KLRXO

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- Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine
- Moms Gone Wild
- Mom's Workplace Shenanigans
- Mom's Basic Training
- ...and many others.

Happy reading! K

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Compiled work done via Yano2mch

Kinks to include: Incest, Mother/Son, Anal, Cream-Pie, Vaginal Sex, Blowjob, Impregnation, And probably many more.

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NOW
1-800-FUCKMOM
hot live intimate sex talk for mommy's naughty boy
by KLRXO

1-800-MOM

By Klrxo

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

"Yes," the boy muttered.

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

"I would love to."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

she asked.

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Smart idea," his wife agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

something about them that resembled the physical appearance of his mom.

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

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

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

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

"Not really. Just all the boring ones."

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

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

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

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

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

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

The boy watched his mom bend over to put the casserole in the oven, thrusting her lovely ass out. When she stood back up, the

giant swell of her tit-meat wobbled heavily beneath her blouse and bra, making his heart race with excitement and his cock swell with blood.

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

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

"Family Bible hour?"

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

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

"Dylan?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Problem?"

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

"Like…what type of questions?" Gabby asked. It was only six months ago that Violet introduced her to an easy way for a stay-at-home mom to make money. Yes, it was extremely naughty and against

their strict religious code, but after struggling to pay all the bills on a single income, Gabby decided to try out being a phone sex operator for young men who lusted after their mothers. It allowed her to work, while also fulfilling her motherly responsibilities at home.

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

"He actually asked you that?!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

During his short walk to school, all Dylan could think about was what Spencer had told him at the church potluck. He began to wonder, as his friend had, if their moms weren't spending much of their "work" time rubbing their pussies to orgasm. "It would be **SO** east to find out," he told himself, knowing that all he'd have to do is walk back home, then sneak back inside the house and have a listen, or even a peek inside his parent's bedroom.

"Maybe she does it in other parts of the house while we're gone," he thought, wildly imagining his prim and proper mother in different parts of the house naked, squeezing her own tits and rubbing her

genitalia. He stopped suddenly. "Maybe she even gets herself off on **MY** bed," he excitedly thought.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It took several minutes for the boy's heart-rate to settle as he walked to school, replaying in his mind what he'd just witnessed. "Holy shit, she's cheating on dad. She's gotta be," he told himself.

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

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

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

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

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

"Well…start explaining."

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The boy took a moment to look her over. Still in her robe, one of Gabby's sexy legs was sticking from the slit of the hem. It looked so smooth and silky. He also noticed how the neck of her robe had crept open, exposing an extraordinary amount of ballooning cleavage. He looked into her deep blue eyes. "I love you too," he muttered, then closed the door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dylan dove back into the pool to swim more laps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You guys are gonna be there, right?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I wanna call the number," he answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The number."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dylan."

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

"Extremely," he answered.

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

"Are you there?" Dylan asked.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes."

There was silence for a moment, as if his mom was taking in what he had just confessed. "Do you imagine yourself fucking her, while your fathers at work? Pounding your boner up into the cunt that gave birth to you, while she squeezes and soaks your manhood in hot liquid-love?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Feel better, Dylan?" his mom asked.

"Hell yes," he answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It got you wet?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Exposed your body how?"

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

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

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

"Oh no…what?" Gabby asked.

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

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

"Or maybe just liberated us," Violet suggested.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?!"

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

"Then what?" Dylan asked.

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

"So did you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You might wanna rethink that."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What was what?" she asked innocently.

"That striking sound," her husband said.

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

"Ah…well, hey, this pie is great!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What do you mean by that?"

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

"I was not."

"You were grinding all over me."

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

"Is that so?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, yes," he answered.

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

"Uh-huh," the teen gasped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dope?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dylan,

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

Mom."

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

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

"Did something happen this morning?" Violet asked.

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

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

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

"Tell me what happened."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There's only one problem with that."

"What?" Gabby asked.

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

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

"Then…why don't you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"True," Dylan giggled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Extra motivation?"

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

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

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

"More like…**A LOT MORE**," he answered.

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

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

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

"Hi there," her son said.

"Are you alone?"

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

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

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

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

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

"It was."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Definitely."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I could suck on those for hours."

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

"Yeah."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm ready when you are."

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

she said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Took us so long?"

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

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

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

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

"Fantasy?"

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

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

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

THE END

A Concerned Husband

by klrxo

Chapter 1

Things at home began to change the night she popped the question. Suzan and I had been married for 21 years, we had an 18 year old son Seth. She was a housewife and as far as I knew had always been faithful. We were in bed reading as we always did to unwind at night, when she asked the unthinkable.

"Did you ever fuck your mother?"

"Do what?" I responded confusingly.

"You heard me." She continued. "When you were young and living at home, did you ever fuck your mother?"

"What kind of demented question is that?" I asked.

"It's not demented... in fact it's quite common, most people just don't talk about it. When you're younger I can understand keeping such a thing hush-hush, so that your father doesn't find out, but that was a long time ago and I think you can talk to your wife of all people about it now, don't you?" She asked.

"No, I didn't fuck my mother. I believe that's called incest and last time I checked it was against the law." I stated.

My wife chuckled.

"Yeah, so is adultry and last time I heard ninty-percent of the married population was commiting it." She answered.

"Well, I certainly hope our marriage is one of the ten percent." I said.

Suzan rolled her eyes and smiled.

"Then you at least fantisized about fucking your mother?" She said.

"No, I didn't fantisize, she was my mother for God sakes!" I shouted.

My wife shook her head.

"Liar." She said. "Most all teenaged boys fantisize about fucking their mothers, it's a well known fact. You fantisized about fucking your mother like Seth fantisizes about fucking me."

"Suzan, that's crazy, how could you say that about your own son?" I asked.

"Because it's true... Seth is no different than most other boys his age who dream of getting between thier mother's legs while thier fathers are at work. It's perfectly natural." She said.

"You don't know that." I said.

"Dear, trust me, I'm his mother and mothers know these things." She said.

"Oh, come on, Suzan, you act as though you know what the kid is thinking." I said.

"Mothers usually know more about their sons than you think." She said.

"Oh, really, what do you know about Seth that I don't?" I asked boldly.

"I know that he masturbates three times a day, sometimes four. He fantisizes about rubbing his dick between my feet, with my toe-nails painted red. He frequents my cloths hamper when you and I are gone and likes to smell and suck the crotch of my dirty panties. He also likes matronly women with big breasts, particularly when thier pregnant... Would you like to know more?" She asked.

I was struck by her words.

"How do you know all these things?" I asked.

Suzan smiled mischevously.

"Mothers have thier ways." She answered.

"Surely you don't talk to him about these things." I asked.

"Dear, just as you go to work and and do things that are of no concern to Seth and I, a mother and son have their own little world here at home, that a father shouldn't concern himself with." She said.

"Susan, you and Seth aren't..." I couldn't finish.

"Fucking?" She said with a smile. "If I were fucking our son, then that would mean that I was attracted to him. That's not really the type of thing that a wife would confess to her husband."

I was starting to feel my blood boil.

"Susan, just tell me, yes or no. Are you and Seth having sex?" I pleaded.

As my face turned red my wife giggled a little and ran her fingers gently arcoss my face.

"Sweetie, you're letting yourself get all worked up. This is really bothering you, isen't it?" She asked almost gloatingly.

"I just feel I have a right to know!" I stated.

"No, you don't have a right to know. Darling, I love you, but your a father and a husband, and have no place in mother-son relationship. What takes place when your not in this home is niether your business nor your concern. If the mother and son in this home are

fucking, then you'll be no different than any other unsuspecting father and will never know about it." She said.

She gave me a light peck on the lips and smiled warmly.

"You're tired and you have a full day tomarrow. Get some sleep, love." She said.

That night, I could hardly sleep. The next morning I woke up like all the others and Susan fixed me breakfast and ushered me to the door. She wore a flimsy silk robe which hug her big boobs beautifully. I saw Seth come down the stairs in his boxers and head for the couch.

"He's up early." I said.

"Yeah, I told him he could help mom paint her toe-nails and do her dirty laundry." She said with a grin.

My stomach sunk.

"So what else are you two up to today?" I inquired suspiciously.

"Oh, I'm sure we'll find things to keep ourselves occupied." She answered, smiling from ear to ear. "You better go, dear, you'll be late." She finished.

I walked out the door only to have it slammed behind me. As I walked to my car I listened to my wife lock the inside latches and wondered to myself what type of world she had created for Seth when I wasn't around. Alarmingly, I felt my own cock stiffen within my pants.

Damn, I knew I should have been more of a momma's boy!

Chapter 2

All day long I couldn't focus on my work. My mind was burning with a question I never thought I would have to ask myself. Are my wife and 18 year old son fucking? Finally, about noon-time I picked up the phone so I could call home to get some indication of what they were doing with their day. It rang and rang and finally, my wife answered.

"H...Hello..." She said. I could tell she was panting, out of breath.

"Hi honey, it's just me." I said.

There was a peculiar repetative sound in the background, like skin slapping against skin.

"Sweetie, I...I can't--" She took a sharp breath. Her voice seemed to quiver. "I can't talk right now, call me back later."

CLICK!!! She hung up on me. My stomach went into my legs as a sick feeling passed through me. I never dreamed my wife would have an affair, especially with our own teenaged son. Could it be so?

I left work early that day. I wanted to do more investigating. I had to be sure. I drove down the street only to see my wife and son pulling out of the driveway in her mini-van. I followed them to the mall on the other side of town. Secretly, I snuck inside the mall entrance behind them. I was shocked to find them hand in hand, like two lovers out shopping. My wifes behavior was like that of a horny teenaged girl. I watched as her and my son pranced in and out of stores together arm in arm like young kids in love. Yet she wasn't young. She was a 38 year old married woman and he was a young 18 year old boy. Even so, my wife was all over him. She had never been this touchy-feely with me, but she couldn't keep her hands off my son. I watched in shock as they sat on a bench together. My wife

had her arms around Seth's neck, running her fingers through his hair. She had her mouth up close to his ear whispering things that I could just tell were sexual in nature. I'm no lip reader, but it was pretty obvious that there were a lot of "**FUCKS, COCKS AND CUNTS**" flowing from her mouth. If that wasn't enough, my wife had removed her foot from its sandal and was running her toes up and down my son's calf. Every once in a while she would lightly kiss and blow on his neck. They left the mall and I expected I would follow them home, but they didn't go home. My wife drove them out of town and into the woods. She turned off on a small dirt road and it suddenly struck me where she was taking him. They were going to a secret spot in the woods, where my wife and I used to go make out when we were dating. Knowing exactly where the spot was, I parked my car and followed them on foot. Fifteen minutes later I had caught up with them and found my wife's van parked under some shrubs. I also discovered that they hadn't wasted any time. The windows were already steamed up and the van was rocking from side to side. I wanted to puke as I listened to thier incestuous hump.

"Oh, yeah...harder, baby, fuck your mother good!" My wife wailed.

"Oh God, fuck it!!! Fuck my pussy, baby!!!! She screamed.

"Oh, stretch my pussy with that big meaty cock...oh yeah!!! She continued.

And as if those words wern't piercing enough.

"Oh, it feels so good to be humped by a real man. That's it, harder...deeper!!! Oh God fuck me harder, I'm cumming!!! I'm cumming!!!

I couldn't take anymore. All I could do was turn and run. I ran as fast as I could back towards my car. I could still hear my wife screaming and wailing, her voice echoing through the woods. I reached my car, my heart pounding like mad, fury flowing through

me. I jumped in a drove. All the way home, images of my young son between my wifes long beautiful legs haunted me. What was I to do?

That night my wife and I sat side by side in our marital bed. She was thumbing through a magazine and I pretended to read, yet secretly I was fuming mad. She put her magazine down and looked over at me.

"Sweetie, I have something to tell you." She said.

"What?" I asked, preparing for the worste, yet at this point nothing would have suprised me.

"I'm pregnant." She said with a glowing smile.

Not a single time for years had my cock entered my wife without a condom. She knew it, I knew it and she knew I knew it.

"It's not mine is it?" I asked. Across her lips fell an almost wicked smirk.

"No." She said.

"It belongs to Seth?" I asked.

My wife got a serious look about her.

"Before you go off, let me remind you that my father is a lawyer and if you leave me, you know Seth and I will get it all, everything, and you'll have nothing." She warned.

"How long have you two been at this?" I asked.

"That's not somthing you need to know. What you do need to know is that Seth and I have decided that certain things need to change." She said.

"Like what?" I asked angrily.

"Well, first of all that we're going to have this baby and yes, it is mine and Seth's. Second, that Seth is going to move into this room and share my bed with me, you'll sleep in his bed from now on." She said.

"Like hell I will!" I exclaimed.

"And third, if you refuse, Seth and I will move into an apartment together and sue you for every fucking penny." She said forcefully.

"This is crazy, you're my wife for--"

"Yes, and you're my husband, and will continue to be, but my primary husband and lover now will be Seth. We've decided that your role will be that of the provider. Seth and I will stay home and make babies, we've already decided we want three more children." She said.

"You're telling me I don't even get to sleep with my own wife?" I said in disbelief.

"No, I'm sorry, Seth and I will be sleeping in this bed from now on."

She looked towards the door.

"Seth, love, are you there?" She called.

My son came into the room with a duffle bag full of his belongings. He looked at his mom and me.

"Sorry, dad." He said with a grin.

"Honey, why don't you go in and wash up before you come to bed." She said.

My stomach was sick. My wife looked at me sternly.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to be alone with the father of my child. Get your things and go to your room." She commanded.

"Honey, please...let's talk about this." I pleaded.

"There's nothing to talk about. I'm sorry dear, but you're no longer head of the house." She said.

"I'll try harder, I swear." I said desperately.

"Sweetie, no! You can try all you want but you'll never be half the man that Seth is in bed. You can't please me, you don't have the stamina or the staying-power. Like it or not, you don't have a tool big enough for the job...and your son does."

It was like a knife to the heart. I rolled out of bed and started collecting my things. Seth came out of the bathroom and took the vaccant spot next to his mother on the bed. She was all over him in an instant, pulling him over against her enormous breasts.

"There's my new hubby. Come here and love on your pregnant wife." She said.

It was all like a bad dream. I looked at the two of them covered in blankets. I could tell my son was taking position between his mother's legs. I could hear them kissing, panting heavily. My wife peeked up from the blankets, looking at me.

"Sweetie, can you turn off the light and close the door on your way out?" She asked.

I could only nod obediently.

That night I lay on my new bed in my new room listening to the screams coming from the room I once shared with my wife. My wife's howls echoed through the house.

"That's it, baby, harder!!! Harder!!!" She wailed.

"Oh, stretch my cunt with that big fucker! Oh God, you're gonna make me cum again. Oh fuck! **FUCK....I'M CUMMING!!! AAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!!**

On and off all night I listened to their incestuous hump. My wife and son went on to have their baby boy and named him Seth Jr. after his father. Years went by and they had 3 more children, all boys, just as they had planned. By the time the boys were teenagers, Seth Sr. had found a beautiful young woman that his mother had given him permission to marry. Seth moved off leaving the boys with me and his mother. For a few years I was aloud back into my marital bedroom, until one night as we sat in bed as we always do. There was a knock at the door and Seth Jr. now 18, stood at the door with his duffle bag. My wife, now well into her fifties put down her magazine and turned to me with a smile.

"Pack your things, dear." She said.

My wife looked at me sternly.

A Mom who Makes Herself Available

Part 1

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

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

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

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

"But you're not?"

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

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

"Yes."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Does he touch you?"

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

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

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

"Such as?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Sucking on your clitoris?"

"Yes."

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

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

"Orgasm?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Healthiest things…really?!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, but I only--"

"Diana, I understand the motivation behind it, trust me," Doctor Stine consoled. "The reason I suspect you've been allowing this is because Xavier is your son and you feel a subconscious sense of duty, even for his sexual well being. You shouldn't see yourself as an active participant in these nightly visits. This isn't you being inappropriate with your curious teenage son; this is you acting as a 'simulator' of sorts, for him to use for learning and practice. This will help promote his healthy sexual growth. It's just a matter of changing your perspective on the matter."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Correct."

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

"A short letter?"

"Yes, that's what I advise many mothers to do. In fact, this learning process can go on at night without a word being exchanged by

either of you. The important thing is that he knows that you're aware of what he's doing, and that he understands the risks involved," Doctor Stine explained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Xavier,

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

Love you!

Mom"

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

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

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

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

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

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

To be continued.

Part 2

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

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

Xavier brought his body right up against his mom, maneuvering one arm beneath her and crossing her chest with it. With the other hand he reached into her panties and cupped her shaved pussy. He let his middle finger play between her tumescent folds, finding the fat nub of her clitoral bulb and strumming it. He loved his mom's oversized love-nubbin. She had fatter glans than any girl he'd ever been with. He shuddered at the memory of that first night, when he carefully peeled her panties off, climbed down beneath the covers and devoured her fleshy pussy for nearly an hour. He could still recall how her fragrant vaginal aroma and the tangy juices that flowed from her fuck-hole made him dizzy with arousal.

His mom turned her head and looked at him, making his heart race even faster at the fact that she was awake and letting him do this.

Her pretty green eyes stared into his pleadingly as she silently mouthed three words: "Please be careful."

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

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

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

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

"**FUCKING HELL!!**" Xavier's brain screamed as he felt his cunt-smothered boner sink into the core of his mom's vagina, turning slightly upward as it mashed against the puffy ring of her ectocervix.

He flexed his dick inside her, making his knob mushroom and the blood-engorged columns inside his erection swell, stretching her inner lining even further out.

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

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

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

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

Xavier resumed his slow, full length thrusts, feeling as though his boner was being milked exquisitely. His mom aided in humping also

by gently pushing her ass against him, meeting his thrusts and fusing her cunt-socket against his cock-root. She wanted him to feel every inch of his steely dick sheathed in hot, clenching pussy.

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

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

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

"Ahhh, yeah!" her cunt-fucking teen sighed under his breath, feeling her vagina contract powerfully around his pummeling boner-meat. Experiencing the flesh of his mom's curvy body jerk and tremble beneath him was huge rush! After socking it to her for another three minutes straight he felt his dick and nuts give off a magnificent pre-orgasmic tingle. "Ggnnrrff!" he snarled, feeling the muscles in his epididymis and ductal deferens contract delightfully, pushing the torrent of sperm into his prostate and urethra. He thrust as deep as

he could go, feeling his tingly cunt-smothered knob hammer against the door to the womb that once held him. He grunted into his mom's neck as ball-nectar began to expel from his piss-slit by strong spasmodic contractions of his penile muscles.

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

Xavier watched his beautiful mom slide over on top of him, draping her leg across his waist, so his soaking wet cock was sandwiched between her thigh and his abdomen. His mom was braless beneath her silky tank top and her oversized breasts felt like warm, soft bread dough spread out across his chest. Her turgid nipples showed how incredibly aroused she still was. She brought her lips to his ear. "That's enough for tonight," she whispered.

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

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

His mom smiled lasciviously. "And I bet you're incredible at eating pussy," she whispered. "Oh, wait…**I KNOW** you're incredible at

eating pussy. I was awake when you munched on my muffin, remember?"

"I love eating you!" her boy admitted.

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

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

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

"Uh-huh!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I know…and thank you!"

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

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

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

"Yes!"

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

"Uh-huh!"

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

"Damnit, mom!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sex with his mother you mean?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you have a location in mind?"

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

"Hmm, well…I don't normally do this, but if you'd like, you and your son could use my beach condo. It only gets used by my husband and I on weekends, so it sits empty during the week. There, you could allow Xavier to screw you silly all day, if you were so inclined," the Doctor suggested.

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

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

"Sounds perfect! When should we start this?"

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

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

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

"What do you mean?"

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

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

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

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

To be continued.

A Rough Night’s Sleep with Mom

By Klrxo

Hal watched his mom sashay across his room on bare feet. Her oversized tit-melons trembled heavily beneath her flimsy robe. The mother paused at his bedside, smiling down at him, her alluring hazel eyes staring into his.

"There's only one problem with me sleeping in your bed with you, although it may not be a problem at all," she stated.

"What is it?" Hal asked.

"I sleep naked."

Hal gulped excitedly, his heart-rate increasing. "That's not a problem with me, mom," he told her. "Won't dad get upset though?"

She glanced back at his locked door, then back at her boy. Her lips curled mischievously. "I can keep a secret if you can?"

"I can keep a secret," Hal nodded. "Does that mean I can be naked too?"

His mom's seductive stare pierced all the way to his boy-cock. "I'd like that," she whispered.

He wasted no time shedding his briefs, make his eight-inch cock-muscle slap back against his abdomen.

Crystal watched his white underwear fall from his bedside onto the floor as she grasped the sash to her robe. "My turn," she softly

stated, then untied the strings that held her robe together.

Hal's eyes widened and he let out a wondrous gasp as his mom slipped the robe from her shoulders, letting it fall to his floor. She stood there for a moment, letting her teenager's eyes feast on her nudity. She doubted he'd ever seen a body like hers, except maybe on the porn sites he'd visited. Crystal had 48-H-cup tits that jutted from her chest like huge fleshy watermelons. Capping their rounded peaks were extremely wide areolar rings that were dotted with Montgomery tubercles. Protruding stiffly from their centers, were the most suckable-looking teats Hal had ever seen.

"Dang," he uttered. His mom giggled at his reaction, making her tit-meat quiver deliciously.

Hal's eyes drifted down her tapered torso, marveling at the way her hips flared out, giving her the perfect hourglass figure. His breath quivered as his gaze struck her shaved pubis. Her puffy labial flanges formed the perfect camel toe, and Hal could see the rounded dome of her clitoral prepuce peeking from between her outer lips. "Damn, mom…you have one killer body!" he confessed.

"How lucky are you then to have it in **YOUR** bed tonight," she stated, lifting the edge of his covers.

"Very lucky!" He answered, then heard his mom let out a few heavy, quivering breaths as she stood there a moment staring at his teenage erection.

Crystal had never seen a set of cock and balls so beautiful. Hal's crotch was almost hairless. "Just like a boy's crotch should be," his mom thought.

Her pretty eyes traveled up his shaft, following a trail of bulging purple veins that criss crossed up the meaty stalk. His crown was fat and pinkish-purple in color from being fully engorged.

The awestruck mother crawled onto his bed, making her fatty breasts wobble heavily as they dangled from her chest. Slipping beneath the blanket, she shocked her son by laying almost directly on top of him.

Hal let out a pleasurable gasp as his mom's melons flattened out against his lean chest, like rounded pillows filled with warm, squishy pudding. "This is called 'the sweethearts cradle,'" she whispered. "You don't mind sleeping this way do you, baby?"

"Not at all," he breathed. His mom's leg was draped across his groin and Crystal could feel his rigid fuck-organ twitching lustfully against her inner thigh. Being naked in bed with her son was thrilling her to the core. Lubricating arousal-fluid began to secrete from her pea-sized Bartholin Glands, seeping out into her cuntal vestibule.

Crystal wasn't the only one creating sexual body fluid. Slippery pre-cum oozed from Hal's piss-slit, smearing against his mom's smothering thigh.

"So…have you been fucking lots of girls?" his mom candidly asked.

"Not really. I mean…not as many as I would like to."

"Sounds like both of us have been frustrated with our sex lives lately," Crystal stated. "I do love your father, and I know his 'issue' is something he can't control, but it really has been frustrating for me."

"He can't have sex with you at all?"

"We try, but it's tough getting him hard enough to even pierce my vagina."

"Dang, I hope I never have that issue."

Crystal stroked his neck tenderly with her hand. "You're young. Your dick gets as hard now as it ever will. Enjoy yourself, baby. Fuck all

the pussy you can and cum from the amazing pleasure it gives you, hunny," his mom advised.

"What about you though?" her son asked. "What about **YOUR** pleasure?"

"Just…buy me an eight-inch dildo for my birthday or something. I'll be fine," she joked. As the two of them laughed, Crystal subtly moved her thigh, dragging it against the shaft of her boy's steely prick. She felt his smooth, plump balls rub against her skin, making her heart race wildly. "My God, they feel so full," she wondrously thought.

Hal thought it was ironic that his mom mentioned an 'eight-inch dildo,' since he happened to have a penis that length. "So, are you saying that eight-inches is the perfect size?" he brazenly asked.

"Most moms would say yes. Eight-inches is just big enough to bottom out inside a woman, and take a guy to his hilt, which seems pretty perfect to me."

"Well, that's good to know."

"It is, huh?" asked Crystal in a teasing tone. "Is that because you have an eight-inch penis, hunny?"

"Eight-and-a-half actually."

"Well, you can always find a way to squeeze in an extra half-inch," the mother snickered. "Reach over and click off your bedside lamp. Let's try to get some sleep."

When the lamp clicked off, the moonlight cast a magical iridescent glow across Hal's bedroom. Beneath the blanket, Crystal readjusted, slipping up directly on top of her teen. Hal shuddered as he felt the knob of his cock nudge against her soft cunt-lips. His glans slowly drug along the fringes of her vulva, finally sticking straight up

between her legs so that her puffy labium rested against the top-side of his cock-shaft.

"I love snuggling with you," the mother whispered, planting a sweet, tender kiss on his lips.

"I like it too," her son replied. His mom's humongous boobs felt heavenly squashed against him. Packed with pounds of fat and glandular tissue, Crystal's heavy hooters molded wonderfully to her boy's chisels chest. Her rubbery nipples were fully turgid, prodding into his young flesh.

"I especially like snuggling naked. It makes me feel so close to you. We should definitely do this more."

"I agree."

"Sweet dreams, my love," Crystal said softly, nudging her face into the nap of his neck. They lay there in silence, feeling each other's excited heartbeats through their chests.

"I can't believe mom's actually laying on top of me naked," Hal thought. His mom's mature frame felt luxurious blanketing his body, unlike the developing bodies of those girls at school he'd been with. Her cuntal flanges were slightly splayed around the meat of his stalk, enough to smear some of her pussy-juice against his erectile tissue. The boy could feel the heat emitting from his mom's vaginal pit, sweltering against the flesh of his tender penis.

"I certainly wouldn't complain about sleeping this way every night," Crystal thought, while clinging to her boy. Her son was lean and well-toned, unlike her husband who'd put on pounds over the years. Hal's boner felt as sturdy as a hemlock, sticking straight up between her legs. It was pressed so snuggly against her twat that it looked like it was rising up from her asshole, extending a few inches higher than her rounded mommy-buns. Clear liquid pre-goo seeped from the boy's meatus and trickled down the bulbous crown of his cock.

Nearly a half-hour passed and neither of them could sleep a wink. The fire that raged in their loins was almost unbearable. "Are you asleep, hunny?" Crystal whispered.

"No," her boy answered.

"Do you wanna try a different position? See if that would be more comfortable?"

Hal loved cuddling with her this way and certainly was in no hurry to stop, but wondered what other position she had in mind. "Sure, we can."

"Let's roll onto our sides," the mother directed.

Facing one another, they wrapped their arms around each other; Hal around his mom's upper body and Crystal around her boy's neck with her milkers squashed against him. Instead of intertwining their legs the traditional way, Crystal kept him between her legs so she could keep their heated crotches pressed together.

"How's that…better?" she asked.

"Yes, this is nice too," Hal answered. His erection was now sandwiched between his abdomen and his mother's soft, hairless pudenda. He wished he could squeeze it inside that tight, pink tube that had birthed him out all those years ago.

Crystal felt his raging boy-cock flex excitedly against her quim. By now their engorged genitals were wet and sticky from all the arousal fluid that had secreted since they'd began cuddling. Face to face they became lost in each other's eyes for the longest time. "What are you thinking about?" the mother finally asked.

"Honestly, I'm thinking about how much I'd love to have a girlfriend like you."

"Aww, that's sweet," the mother cooed, then gingerly brushed his bangs back from his eyes. "I wouldn't mind a husband like you either."

"Really?!"

"Yeah. Your dad is good to me, don't get me wrong, but he's older and not really built for sex anymore. It would be something special to have someone so hot and handsome, with an eight-inch dick that seems to never go down," she chuckled, pressing the lips of her vulva against her boy's steely rod with even greater force, smearing it with slippery fuck-oil.

"Yeah, I think it stays hard more than it does soft."

Crystal giggled, her insides tingling from her son's admission. "Well, that's what boy's dicks are suppose to do, hunny." She stared into his eyes lascivious. "Your body is made to fuck pussy," she whispered.

"It's a good thing," Hal stated. "Because I do like sex a lot."

"I was such a slut when I was your age," the mother admittedly blushed. "I think I was getting laid just about every day."

"By different guys?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it, but yes. That's how I got so good at fucking though, from doing it constantly."

"How did you finally settle on just dad?"

"Your father was a beast in bed during our earlier years, but life got busy, and five times a day turned into once a day, then that became once every other day until he just stopped being able to get it up. He's tried Viagra and every other 'magic pill' on the market, but they're just not working."

"You must really miss those early years then?" Hal asked.

"I do, and the real tragedy is…I crave sex even more now than I did back then. Do you see now why I said it would be special to have someone like you?"

"Yes."

"Someone with a nice little treasure trail for me to kiss my way down."

"Treasure trail?"

"You don't know what your 'treasure trail' is?" Crystal asked with a cute smile.

"No."

"It's that tiny trail of hair a boy gets when he hits the final stages of puberty. The one that runs from your chest to your penis, aka. your treasure."

"Oh, that trail," Hal blushed.

"You've never had a girl make her way down that trail before?" Crystal asked with a sly smile.

"I don't think so."

His mom looked into his eyes, grinning mischievously. "I'll do it once, then we're going to sleep, understood?" she softly stated.

Hal nodded, and his mom guided him onto his back, planting her knees on the mattress astride his hips. Beginning at his neck, Crystal began planting a trail of wet kisses down his chest, letting her squishy tits drag softly against him as she disappeared beneath the blanket.

Hal felt his mom flick her tongue on one of his nipples, then bite it sharply. He let out a sighing hiss, feeling her loving lips continue down his torso.

Crystal slid down between his legs, making room for her affection to extend to the base of his boner. She nuzzled her face in, kissing and lightly licking around the root of his cock. The affectionate mother's licker extended from her mouth and darted back and forth on to the meat of one of Hal's cum-swollen nuts. She nibbled at the smooth skin, feeling her boy shutter as she pulled on it teasingly with her pretty white teeth. Then, she continued on her journey along his 'treasure trail,' pressing her face into his squishy scrotum, inhaling his fragrant pheromones as his ball-sack masked her face. She pushed her lips against the lump of his bulb, deep in the root of his penis, at the base of penile cylinder, kissing it wetly through the layer of taut scrotal skin. She could feel the powerful muscle and ligaments against her lips; the solid foundation of her boy's jutting teenage erection.

"Oh, wow!" Hal breathed, feeling her kiss her way onto his other testicle. He felt it enveloped in wet warmth as she sucked it into her mouth and pulled delicately on his spermatic cord.

Crystal felt her boy's nut retract, trying to clench up close to his body. She applied more suction, tugging it back into the warmth of her mouth. Hal's body repeated the process, involuntarily making his balls clench up, but Crystal was stubborn in her affection, pulling with her nut-stuffed mouth, stretching the cord of his vas deferens. After nursing for a few minutes on its oval-shaped meat, she let it plop out of her mouth, red and distended. Then, she slowly began planting kisses his up his cock, from its hilt to its tip.

Hal squirmed in delight, feeling her long mommy-tongue flicker all over his throbbing glans. He was amazing at how she knew his most sensitive spots and seemed to be focusing her attention there.

Crystal's nostrils flared from the smell of the cream that had trickled from her boy's prick. It seemed to make her cunt smolder even more than it already was, aching for a fuck. She kissed his peter-tip over and over, feeling it mushroom beneath her lips. She had no intention of giving him a full-fledged blowjob, but she did wanna feel his engorged crown between the ring of her lips. She let them slip over his twitching bell and collar the neck of his penis, just below his coronal ridge. Then, Crystal tightened her mouth to apply more pressure around her boy's hardened love-muscle. Her tongue lashed crazily all over her boy's glans, making him writhe with pleasure.

"Mmm, his pre-nut is so sweet," she thought, swiping across his piss-hole and letting her boy's goo sizzle on her taste-buds.

By the time Crystal kissed her way back up to his lips, Hal was so fucking horny he could hardly stand it. "Is it my turn now?" he breathlessly asked.

"I don't have a 'pleasure trail,' hunny," she snickered.

"I could pretend like you do."

"I thought we agreed we were going to sleep when I was through."

"Can I do it just once, mom?" he asked with puppy-dog eyes. "Please?"

Crystal knew that if her son got her too worked-up she'd be unable to control herself, however, she always had such a hard time saying no to her boy. "Just once…then we really do need to get some sleep," she agreed, rolling onto her back.

Hal smiled with excitement, crawling down on top of her. He'd only had a fair amount of experience at fucking pussy, but eating pussy was a different story. Over the summer he went to stay with his Grandparents in their cabin in the mountains. His Grandmother, a beautiful, older-version of his mom offered to teach him how to eat

pussy. She refused to let him fuck her, but was more than willing to instruct her cute Grandson on the proper ways of devouring a woman's cunt. She even let him spend hours sucking on her enormous, stiff-nippled tits, while Hal's Grandfather was out fly-fishing. He recalled how sore his dick was when he got home from stroking himself off so much, while his face was buried under his Grandma's giant tits, sucking to his heart's content.

The teen started just the way his mother had, at her neckline, slowly kissing down her chest. He took a short detour, just as Crystal had on him, smooching along the meat of her tit and around the fringe of her wide areola. He drug his licker across its textured surface, swathing it across her fat, rubbery nipple. Then, just as she had, he clamped his teeth around the base of her teat, making his mom gasp and jerk as if she'd just been shocked by an electric current.

Hal continued down her sexy belly, leaving a trail of lusty kisses as he went. His excitement-level increased as he neared her pubis. His only regret was that he couldn't see it beneath the darkness of the blanket. He sure could smell it though the closer he got. Her pungent female aroma mixed with her sweet perfume was making him almost delirious.

Crystal splayed her thighs wide, giving her boy all the room he needed. She squealed and jerked, making her huge tits roll on her ribcage as she felt Hal's tongue swipe up her juicy cunt-slit. The boy peeled her flanges apart with his fingers, then pressed his face into her as deeply as he could, lashing his tongue around in the coral-pink tissue of her vaginal vestibule. He wormed his licker inside her flavorful pussy-tube, feeling it pulse and nip at his tongue. It reminded him of how he'd delightfully tongue-fucked his Grandmother and how similarly-sweet their sex-juices tasted.

"Who's been teaching you how to do this?" Crystal softly panted. She knew already that her boy was much too adept to have learnt on his own.

"I guess I'm just a natural at it," lied Hal. He peeled apart his mom's fleshy inner lips, making her hood retract over the fat, juicy bulb of her clit. Then, he latched his lips around it, sucking at the sensitive nubbin and making his mother writhe beneath him.

He took one more stab at her cunt, mashing his face against her crotch and extending his wiggling tongue as far as it would go up her birthing tube. He probed the well-formed ribs along her lining, imagining how that hot, tight sleeve would feel grasping and sucking juicily around his muscular boy-cock.

Hal took his time kissing his way back up her body. By the time he reached her neck, Crystal silky legs were folding around him, locking them in a lewd embrace. "Are you 'a natural' at fucking pussy too, hunny?" his mom asked.

"I guess you'd have to see," Hal brazenly answered.

"Would I?" his mom giggled, then seriously gazed into his eyes. "I'm gonna give your father one more chance to get his dick hard. If he fails me again, then I'll be back in your bed tomorrow night and I guarantee we won't be getting any sleep."

Crystal felt his cock flex against her cunt in reaction to her promise. The idea of boning his own mom and making her cum on his teenage dick was wildly exciting.

"For tonight though," Crystal continued, "we should change positions before you end up pounding me straight through the mattress."

"If we have to, I guess," said Hal.

Crystal maneuvered onto her side. "Spoon with me," she requested, "but position your hard dick so it's wedged up between my ass-cheeks. That'll hopefully prevent any 'accidental' penetration."

Hal nuzzled up behind his mom. The feel of his boner buried against her butt-meat was absolutely divine. She took his hands in hers, resting them against her tummy, just beneath her tits. One boob was stacked on top of the other, her turgid nipples throbbing at their peaks. "Try to get some sleep, baby. You have school tomorrow," she lovingly reminded him.

Rest still didn't come easy for either of them as their minds dwelled upon the endless possibilities of becoming sexually engaged with each other. One thing they both knew for sure was that each of them had what the other needed; bodies and libidos that were built for the nasty things that nature intended. They also shared an overwhelming need to fuck and cum mindlessly. Whether that juicy union would be with each other would soon be decided.

TO BE CONTINUED…

A Tent full of Mommy-meat

By Klrxo

"Tate, turn off the video game and get your things packed, darling. We're leaving for the reunion in thirty minutes!" his mom Amber announced.

It was Tate's most dreaded time of year. The annual family reunion at the Pinecone Campground in the mountains. The only relative close to his age was his cousin Chuck and the two of them rarely spoke. "I'm eighteen now. Can't I just stay home this year?" he asked his mom, while shutting off his game.

Amber glared at him from his doorway. "No, you can't stay home. The family wants to see you, baby. You'll have a great time, I guarantee it."

Amber was a beautiful brunette, with a luscious hourglass figure. Tate's eyes were drawn to the mountainous tits ballooning out from beneath her blouse. He could even see the protrusions of her fat nipples through the fabric. It seemed like all his female family members had heavy breasts, which were always such objects of fascination through his teenage years. Since reaching puberty, he had spilt enough cum to fill a swimming pool just fantasizing about them.

"If I have to go…I guess I'll go," he muttered.

"Trust me…you'll **DEFINITELY** wanna be there this year," his mom winked.

"Why? What's so special about this year?"

"You're gonna be getting dick soaking wet…that's what," his mother answered candidly.

"Wet?" Tate asked, wondering if he had heard his mom correctly.

"Your getting laid, darling?" the mother smiled.

"Getting laid??"

"You heard me right," Amber insisted. "I'm not gonna tell you exactly when, or with whom, but trust me when I say…you're gonna be up to your ears in hot, tight pussy!"

Tate sat there a moment, bewildered by his mother's admission. He wondered if perhaps they were inviting girls that weren't members of the family. Girls his own age, who may be willing to have sex with him.

"Have I motivated you enough to get up and get packed yet?" his mom teased, then walked off.

During the three-hour car ride, Tate's younger sister Becky sat up front with his father, while his mom shared the backseat with him. Amber wore a short summer skirt, leaving almost all her sexy mommy-legs on display for her boy. Tate's cock engorged fully as he gawked at his mom's smooth copper tone legs. They gave off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved and exhibited powerful feminine strength. They were both playing games on their cellphones to pass the time.

"Damn this game!" the mother blurted, turning slightly, bringing one of her bare feet up onto Tate's knee. His mom had sexy bare feet with toenails that were always freshly painted. The way she was sitting now was with one leg curled up onto the seat and the other bent at the knee, bowed open slightly.

The boy's eyes widened as he realized with her sitting this way, he could stare straight up her skirt. If she were wearing a modest pair of panties, that would have been sexy enough. However, as Tate had just discovered, his mom's pale-yellow panties-crotch was completely sheer. He could see the shaved, puffed outer lips of Amber's pudenda, pressed together to form a deep cuntal cleavage. Peeking from the darkened cleft was the fleshy arch of her clitoral hood.

The mother's pretty hazel-colored eyes peeked over at her boy, curious to know where **HIS** eyes were. Her bee-stung lips curled into a satisfied smile as she discovered that his gaze was exactly the place she hoped it would be.

Now her eyes traveled to **HIS** crotch, eager to see if there was any hardening going on beneath his shorts.

"Is there ever!" she thought, staring at the tubular-shaped bulge beneath the fabric. Amber knew her boy was uncircumcised, so the fact that she could see the outline of his fat, bell-shaped knob through his pants told her that his cock was fully erect. That his glans had swelled up and made his foreskin peel back.

"I wanna see it flex!" she wickedly thought, then gently drug her sexy bare foot up the top of his thigh, dangerously close to his cock-bulge. She was rewarded for her effort, watching his rigid dick tense up beneath the fabric.

This was all part of the mother's grand plan. A plan that would culminate in a very thrilling and very pleasurable weekend. Now that step one of her plan was accomplished, Amber needed to let her boy know that she was aware of his gawking, and that it was completely OK.

With her legs still wide open, she quickly texted him.

"How's your game, darling?" the text read.

Tate peeked over at his mom to see her still looking at her phone, waiting for his response.

"It's going alright," he texted back.

"Are you sure your eyes haven't been focused on something else?" Amber's next text read.

Upon reading it, Tate looked over at his mom and she gave him a teasing wink.

"Sorry, I shouldn't have been looking down there," he replied via text.

Her response quickly popped up on his phone. "I wasn't asking for an apology. Have you ever smelt pussy before? And I don't mean from a pair of panties," the massage read.

Tate's tummy tingled wickedly from reading his mom's question. He couldn't believe she was being this bold with him. "I never have before…no," he texted back.

Her response was one he certainly never expected. "Wanna smell mine?" the text read.

Tate's insides tingled with the thrill of what his mom had just asked him. He had to read the message twice, just to make sure he was seeing it correctly. "How?" he responded.

Amber quickly typed her answer. Clearly she had thought this all through beforehand. "When we stop at the Rest Area and your dad and sister get out to use the restroom, I'll let you put your head down between my legs," she texted.

After reading it, Tate looked at his beautiful mother in disbelief. Even though he fantasized about her daily, never in a million years did he

think something like this would ever happen. Amber returned his gaze, feeding him a warm motherly smile.

"Who needs to pee?" Tate's dad, John, asked, no more than five minutes later.

"I do…like crazy!" his daughter replied.

"I'm good," Amber announced.

"I'm ok too!" her son added.

John parked the family **SUV** and he and his daughter hurried out and closed their doors.

"Get on the floor, darling!" Amber directed, then positioned herself in front of her teen, while he got on his knees on the floorboard. The mother scooted her lovely ass to the edge of the seat, then brought her knees back, bowing open her smooth thighs like all mothers do when they fuck. "Go ahead!" she told her watchful son invitingly.

Tate brought his nose to his mom's puffy crotch. His body shuddered excitedly. He'd never been this close to a pussy before. He inhaled deeply, letting the sweet fragrant tang sweep wonderfully across his senses. His mom suddenly locked her warm thighs around his head, draping her legs down his back and mashing his face against her panty-covered twat.

"Do you like it, darling? Do you like smelling mommy this way?" she sensually asked.

"Mn-hm!" the boy hummed. His face was pressed so snugly against her vulva that he could hardly breath. What breaths he could take though were absolutely wonderful. The sheer material provided him a window for viewing her pussy up close. He was delighted by the sight, feel and fragrance of her thick labial flesh.

"You must wonder what it would feel like to smash your young prick through something so wonderful?" his mom asked.

Tate was too excited and too smothered to answer, so he just nodded.

"Does being this close to a woman's pussy get you hard, baby?" she cooed. "Does it make your penis swell up nice n stiff?"

"Mmm-hmm!" Her boy answered.

"Well, maybe mom can find a way to snuggle up against your boner, until we get to the camp site, would you like that?"

Tate nodded.

"We could have a nice, private dry-fuck underneath the blanket. Do you know what that is?" Amber asked.

"No really."

"It's when two people go through the motions of intercourse, but with their clothes on, so a guy's dick doesn't get soaking wet. That's why they call it a **DRY** fuck," she explained.

"I see," the boy answered, his lips still plastered to her panty-covered twat.

"Your sister's coming back," Amber informed him as she spotted her daughter heading back towards the vehicle. "Give my pussy a kiss and then come back up onto the seat."

Tate did as he was told, planting a kiss against the fleshy hood of her clitoris, then slipping back up onto the seat next to her.

"I got you guys some chips to snack on," John blurted as he got back in the **SUV** and started it up.

"Tate and I aren't really that hungry, honey…just tired. We might lie down here on the back seat and have a little nap," his wife answered.

"Suit yourselves," her husband replied, pulling away from the service station. "We'll wake you up when we get there."

Amber looked at her son and motioned for him to lie down first. "Go ahead, darling," she whispered.

Tate sprawled out on the back seat, then his mom stretched out next to him in the spooning position. Amber spread a throw blanket over them, shrouding their bodies in privacy. Tate felt his mother lift her skirt to her waist, then back her thick meaty ass against his cock-muscle. She pressed the slab of her boy's erection in crevice between the fatty cheeks of her luscious derriere. The only things separating their flesh was the fabric of Tate's thin shorts and the narrow panty-thong that stretched through Amber's butt-crack.

The teen let out an excited gasp as his mom subtly humped her rounded ass back on him. His boner flexed beneath his shorts, becoming even more rigid.

"My word! He's just so wonderfully hard!" the mother thought as she mashed her soft, warm bubble-butt against him. She could feel the fat knob of his cock rubbing through her ass-crack, pushing on the elastic ring of her butthole.

Tate was on cloud nine. His mother's long silky brunette hair smelt so wonderful around his face. The humping pressure she was putting on his rigid penis was unlike anything he'd ever experienced. When he thought things couldn't get any better, his mom took his hand beneath the blanket and guided it up underneath her blouse.

"Holy smokes!" the boy's brain exclaimed as he slid his hand along her smooth tapered tummy. His heart skipped a beat when his thumb bumped against her silky, tit-stuffed bra.

She turned her head and whispered to him softly. "It's ok if you touch them…just stay outside my bra."

Once again, he could hardly believe his ears. Being so inexperienced, Tate was nervous as hell, but he wasn't about to not take his mom up on her offer. Soon his hands were wandering all over her huge bra-shrouded orbs. His favorite part were the rounded peaks, where he could feel the thick nubs of her teats protruding out from beneath the silky fabric.

By now his mom was humping back on him in a steady rhythm, awestruck by his youthful vitality and penile strength. She knew that having a large youthful cock like Tate's inside her would make her lose her fucking mind. By the time they arrived at the Campground, Amber's pussy was soaking wet and Tate had a huge dark spot on his shorts were his pre-cum had soaked through.

"There's my darling Grandson!" Tate's Grandma Ruth exclaimed as he got out of the vehicle.

The boy always felt like he was being swallowed up in squishy tit-meat, whenever his Grandma hugged him. Of all the women in the family, her boobs were the most tremendous. "Oh, you just get more and more handsome every day!" Ruth beamed, holding onto him tightly.

"I bet he has girls constantly swarming around him," his Aunt Morgan added, eager to get her hands on the boy. The busty blonde was nine months pregnant and her round belly looked ready to burst. She stepped forward and gave him a big tit-squasher, while gazing at him with her brilliant blue eyes. "That's right, isn't it, honey?" she asked in a hushed tone. "Lots of pretty girls wanting to spread their sexy legs for you?"

"My turn!" his Aunt Jane said, stepping towards them. She looked a lot like Amber, but a few years older. Her big tits were spilling out of

a skimpy hot-pink bikini top. When she hugged the boy, Tate literally gasped from the feel of her melonous tits on his chest.

"Oh, baby boy…I could just sneak off somewhere with you," she mewled, while staring him in the eyes. "Somewhere nice n private."

As with every reunion, there were a lot of younger kids running around and the dads were busy setting up tents and drinking beer.

"What's up, cousin?!" A boy close to Tate's age asked, holding a couple fishing poles. It was his cousin, Chuck.

"Hey, Chuck!" Tate replied.

"I was just headed over to the river to do some fishing. Wanna join?"

"I should probably get my tent set up."

"Your father will get your tent up, darling," his mom chimed in, "just go have a good time."

Tate and Chuck made ssmal-talk as they walked over to the riverbank, then cast out their lines.

"So…you finally turned 18, huh?" Chuck asked.

"Yeah, about a month ago."

"You must be psyched to be getting all that mommy-meat this year."

Tate fed him a confused look. "Mommy-meat?" he asked.

"Yeah, a Tent full of mommy meat. It's a tradition that happens when a male family member turns 18."

"I've never heard of that," Tate confessed. "What is it exactly?"

"Do you ever notice how when we do the family hike every year the moms never come along?"

"Yeah," Tate answered. The annual family hike took about four-hours, along a windy path that went up through the mountains and ended at a cool swimming hole. Although Tate had never really thought much about it, Chuck was right…the moms in the family always stayed behind.

"The reason they stay behind is…so all the moms in the family, including Grandma Ruth, can set up a tent and gang-rape the boys in the family when they turn 18. It's sort of a tradition, I guess," Chuck explained.

"Gang-rape?"

"Well, no…not really 'gang-rape.' I mean, you can't really rape the willing, right?" Chuck laughed.

"But…they have sex though?"

"Fucking wild sex, dude…like you wouldn't believe. It was like being in a cage with a bunch of sex-hungry animals. They're gonna fuck you…suck on your dick and balls, you name it…they do it all," Chuck warned him.

"You did this with them last summer?"

"Yep, right after I turned 18. The year before me it was Charlie," Chuck resonded, speaking about his older brother, who had since gone off to college. "The year before that, they gang-raped Aunt Morgan's son Eric."

Tate wasn't sure if his cousin was just fucking with him or not, but with his mom's promise, before they'd left, that he'd be losing his virginity this weekend, he began to wonder how much truth their was to what his cousin was telling him.

"You'll know for sure if it's going down tomorrow if you get a surprise in your sleeping bag tonight," Chuck shared.

"What type of surprise?"

"Well…it's a surprise, so I don't wanna give it away," Chuck answered, "but don't worry, dude…you love it!"

The whole family sat around the fire that night, laughing and sharing stories. Tate couldn't take his eyes off the luscious legs of each mother. They were all freshly shaved and seemed to shimmer wonderfully in the glow of the campfire. Several times he would look up to see them smiling over at him lasciviously.

A short distance from their camp was a small building with showers. One by one his Aunts, mom and Grandmother went over to get cleaned up, then retired to their tents.

Tate finally extinguished the campfire and went to his tent also. He had a small lantern that illuminated the inside. As he stripped down to his boxers, he looked at his sleeping bag, remembering his cousin's words about there possibly being a surprise inside. However, the bag was laying neatly and seemed undisturbed. "I knew he was just messing with me!" Tate thought, then shut off his light and crawled inside the sleeping bag.

He immediately knew that something didn't feel right. Tate clicked back on his light and pulled at an object that was inside the bag with him. He was delighted when he discovered that it was a huge embroidered white bra. He fished out something else from within the bag. It was matching pair of dainty panties. He could smell the aroma of fresh pussy before he even brought them to his nose. He found another pair, then another, as well as three more huge silky bras. All had been stuffed inside his sleeping bag for him to discover. The panties wreaked of musky vagina and sweet perfume.

Tate was startled as someone slowly unzipped his tent. He frantically crammed the undergarments back in his bag. His mom smiled as she crawled inside with him and zipped it back up behind her. She wore a pair of white snug long Johns that fit around her voluptuous body like a second skin.

"Your father's already snoring like crazy. At least he'll scare the bears away," she giggled.

"True," Tate agreed with a nervous smile.

"Why aren't you in your sleeping bag, darling? It's starting to get chilly out," his mother asked with concern.

"I was just getting ready to actually."

"Good. I'll join you. You can keep me warm while we talk," she suggested.

Tate hesitated, and his mom smiled at him reassuringly. "Don't worry…I'm not here to take your new toys away," she giggled. "Just bring them out for a minute, so we can get in."

Not really surprised that she knew about them, the boy did as his mom asked and crawled into his sleeping bag. Amber did the same, squeezing inside his comfy bag with him. "Stay on your back," Amber whispered, then draped a leg across her boy and rested the squishy swell of her tits against his chest. "There now…this is cozy," she warmly stated.

Tate's dick was already fully hard. Being in the same sleeping bag with such a busty beauty like his mom was a huge rush. He watched as she dangled one of the big bras above his face. "Wow, that's one big bra!" she stated, then read the tag. "44 H-cup. Do you know who it belongs to, darling?"

"I'm not sure," the boy answered, shrugging his shoulder.

"That's your Aunt Jane's bra…and these are her panties," Amber said, lifting a tiny thong and dragging them gingerly across her son's face. "Can you smell her sweet pussy, baby? Can you smell the juices she left there for you to sniff?"

"Yes," the teen sighed, inhaling the wonderful cuntal aroma of his Aunt.

"Wow, look at this monster!" Amber observed, lifting another bra from the pile. She let the enormous embroidered cup loom over her boy's face as she read the tag. "40 triple K cup! Any idea who owns this one, darling?" she inquired, then masked her boy's entire face with it.

"Grandma?" the boy answered, marveling at the way the silky cup covered his entire face.

"You got it, baby," his mom responded, then slipped Ruth's dainty panties under the cup, rubbing the fragrant crotch against her son's nose. "And don't her panties smell wonderful?"

"Yes!" the boy excitedly answered.

"They've been hugging her warm pussy all day, baby."

The boy's ass rose upward as his boner flexed excitedly on his crotch. His mom rubbed her leg across his, pushing him back to the ground. "Down, tiger!" she giggled, then pulled Ruth's bra and panties away and dangled a different set above him. "Mmm, look at this sexy pair. These are Aunt Morgan's bra and panties, baby. I bet you've been aching to smell her pregnant pussy," Amber moaned, bringing the crotch of her sister's panties to his nose.

"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, inhaling his Aunt Morgan's strong feminine scent.

Her and I have the same bra size," the mother revealed, dropping the two bras over her boy's face. "We both wear 38 J-cup bras, darling. Feel how soft they are," the mother whispered, rubbing the silky cups all over his wonder-stricken face. "Our big heavy tits have been stuffed inside these cups all day. All that wonderful flesh just pushing and heaving against them."

The mother pushed the cups aside, so her boy could look up and see the tiny yellow panties she was dangling above his face by one finger. "I bet you remember these, don't you, darling?" she asked.

"Those are the ones you had on today," he answered.

"That's right…the sheer ones that were stretched across my crotch during our car ride. Do you remember how you could see my pussy through them, baby?" she asked.

"How could I forget?!"

"And here's the thong that was stretched up my ass-crack," she observed, holding it out for her son to see. "The one you were pushing you erection against when we dry-fucked each other on the back seat. Remember that, darling?"

"Uh-huh," Tate responded, so fucking turned on it was killing him.

"That made me **SO** wet. The crotch of these panties must smell incredibly strong after that," she teased, then lowered the gusset to her boy's nose. "Are they strong, honey? Do the wreak of aroused pussy?"

The tangy aroma of his mom's panties were so powerful they made the boy's head swirl. He was too overwhelmed to answer, so he just nodded.

"If you fucked a wet pussy that's what your dick would smell like. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," Tate answered.

"Tomorrow, I'll have something else special for you," Amber stated. "I want you to get up and go on the hike like you normally would every year. However, after about a half-hour, I want you to tell your father you're not feeling well, then come back to camp, ok?"

"Why do you want me to do that?"

"You'll see, darling. Just do it exactly the way I told you and everything will go as planned."

Tate could hardly sleep that night, especially with all the wonderful smelling panties and huge-cupped bras in bed with him.

The next morning, after breakfast, all the family members but the moms were prepared for the hike. "Everyone ready?" Tate's dad John asked. "Let's hit the trail."

"Have fun!" Tate's Grandma Ruth waved, kissing her own husband goodbye like a good wife.

Tate went along, just as his mother asked him to. She told him to stay with the group for a half-hour and it was the longest half-hour of his life. "Hey, dad…I'm not feeling well at all. I think I'm gonna head back," he told his father.

"Alright, kid. Do you need me to come with you?" John asked him.

"No, I'll just follow the trail back. I'll be fine," the boy answered.

"See you in a few hours or so then," his dad waved, then rushed to catch up with the others.

Tate eagerly hurried back down the trail, turning the half-hour hike into a fifteen-minute jog. When he arrived at the campsite, his mom, Aunts and Grandmother were all gone. He checked their tents, but

still didn't find them. When he went to his own tent, he found a hand-written note taped to the door. It read:

"Tate,

Come down to the river, then follow it upstream until you find a red bra attached to a stick. There you'll receive further instructions.

Love, Mom."

Tate quickly went down to the riverbank, then followed it upstream as his mom had instructed. After about ten minutes of walking, he found the red bra that she had mentioned. Attached to it was another note.

"Hi, baby,

You're almost here! Walk back into the woods. You'll come to a giant Boulder. When you get to the other side, you'll see our tent.

See you soon!

Love, mom."

For several minutes Tate trudged through the forest before coming to the giant boulder that his mother spoke of. It was too big to climb over, so he went around it. It was then he saw a good-sized red tent set up nearby. If they were going for privacy, this certainly was an ideal spot, nearly a half-mile up the mountain from the Campground.

As the boy neared the tent, he noticed some shoes set neatly outside the door. He could hear some whispering and giggling coming from inside. "Mom?" Tate called.

Suddenly, the tent door unzipped and the boy's eyes widened as he saw his mom there on her hands and knees completely naked. "Hi, baby…you found us!" she beamed. Tate marveled at the way her

heavy tits hung down. Over the rounded cheeks of her naked ass, he could see his beautiful Grandma sprawled on her back. Her giant tits were spread out on her chest like big round pillows of flesh.

"Get your shoes off and get in here, handsome!" Ruth demanded.

The boy certainly wasn't gonna argue. He kicked off his shoes and crawled into the tent. His two Aunts were inside also, they too as naked as the day they were born. Amber quickly zipped the tent back up and for a moment Tate felt like an animal caught in a trap. Soon he would find out what his cousin meant by being "gang-raped," even though he was a more than willing participant.

"Get him naked!" Ruth blurted, quickly getting to her knees.

Her daughters surrounded the boy and forcefully removed his clothing. Tate gawked at the way their enormous tits bobbled around as they stripped him down to his birthday suit.

"Look at that cock!" Morgan shouted, wrapping her hand around the base and yanking on it.

"Peel back his foreskin!" Jane excitedly requested, massaging her fingers through Tate's smooth nut-filled scrotum.

Tate watched in excited wonder as his pregnant Aunt pulled the skin of his cock back, exposing his glans. All four women gasped. "Oh my God, he has a fat knob!" Jane exclaimed, staring at the boy's pinkish-purple crown.

Morgan squeezed one of her milk-swollen tits with her free hand. "Fuck, he's gonna make me cum so hard!" she stated in a horny tone.

"Wait until you see how stiff he gets," Amber added, clawing her nails along her son's chest.

Tate felt his Grandma grasp onto his shoulders and pull him down onto his back on the air mattress. He gazed down at his two Aunts as they drug their long, thick tongues all over his boner.

He looked up as Ruth planted her knees astride his head and lowered her shaved pussy to his face. The boy's heart skipped a beat as he felt his Grandma's hot cunt smother him, while his cock was being swallowed in the wet warmth of Morgan's mouth at the same time.

"Bring his knees back to me!" Ruth commanded, making Amber and Morgan grab each of the boy's legs and prop them back on bended knees. Ruth wrapped her arms around the center of his legs, holding them back, while the two mothers quickly took position side by side down by the boy's nuts.

Jane was sprawled out across the teen, vigorously sucking his cock. She rolled her thick tongue around his swollen knob, whimpering from the sweetness of the pre-spunk drooling from his piss-slit.

Tate felt his mom and Aunt Morgan attack his balls, lashing their tongues through his scrotum, then they each slurped one of his cum-filled nuts into their mouth.

(*10 seconds of sucking, moaning, slurping sounds.*)

Tate's mouth was pried between his Grandma's cuntal folds, resting in her juicy vestibule. He licked at the mouth of her vagina, tasting the tang of her vagina juices. "Eat my pussy, honey!" Tate heard her say, then she swiveled her cunt across his face, plowing her big fleshy clitoris on his tongue.

Amber and Morgan played tug-of-war with the boy's nuts, pulling them in opposite directions. This tugged on the cord of Tate's vas deferens, while they slurped lustfully on the oval-shaped meat of his nuts.

"Damn! Holy shit!" the boy's mind exclaimed as he experienced the pleasure of three moms working his cock and balls over at once.

Every few minutes, the three mothers would rotate around in a circle, so they could take turns either sucking Tate's cock or licking his nuts. Amber shuddered as she gagged on her boy's penis, trying to push it into her throat.

"Amber, are you ready to fuck this handsome boy?" her mother asked her, climbing off of Tate's face.

"Mmm, am I ever!" her daughter answered, climbing on top of her teen.

Tate watched his mom in wide-eyed excitement as she planted her knees astride his hip, then grasped on to his steely erection. She fit the tip of his prick to her shaved pussy, then lowered onto it.

"Ahhh!" Tate sighed, feeling his tender cock sink into the hot grip of a cunt for the very first time. It was only fitting that it was the cunt that he'd squeezed out of eighteen years ago.

He stared at his mom's huge stiff-nippled tits. They began to shake and ripple as she started humping her pussy-hole onto the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

"**OH, FUCK**…**IT'S STRETCHING MY PUSSY SO GOOD, BABY!**" his mother cried out.

The inexperienced teen gasped from the feel of her juicy pleated walls dragging along his cock-muscle. Since his penis was fully erect, his foreskin had peeled back, exposing his sensitive glans.

Tate's Grandmother was positioned beside him and leaned over the boy, staring down at him adoringly. "My darling Grandson's very first piece of pussy," she cooed. "How does it feel on your penis, baby boy?"

"Incredible!" Tate answered, staring up at her doting face through her long, cavernous cleavage. Ruth's dangling udders were capped with wide, thick-textured areolas. The nipples protruding from their centers looked large and succulent.

"Give Grandma those lips!" she purred, lowering her face to his.

Tate's young body shuddered excitedly from the feel of his Grandma's fat jugs squashing out against his chest like warm squishy bread dough. Ruth fused her lips to his and began sensually kissing him.

"I want some!" her pregnant daughter Morgan expressed, dragging her spongy prenatal tits up the boy's body as she joined her mother, taking turns smooching with him.

"Whoa! They're such good kissers!" the teen thought as the women took turn lashing their tongues against his. Though he hadn't had sex before today, kissing was something he had done, but never with such skilled partners.

Amber was bouncing up and down the length of his cock vigorously. Her meaty ass-cheeks lewdly slapped against his crotch in a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Fuck him, sis!" Jane shouted, waiting her turn. "Fuck his big teenage cock!"

Amber mashed her crotch on her boy's cock-base in full penetration, then swiveled her wide motherly hips up and back. She gasped as she felt his strong, rock hard cock push against her uteri.

"**OH, FUCK**…**I'M CUMMING!**" Tate heard his mother howl, then felt her strong pussy walls contract around his sturdy prick. Her urethra bulged and squelched around his cock-root, soaking him in hot female ejaculate.

"I wanna feel him inside me!" Jane insisted, then took her sister's place, straddling the boy.

Tate moaned, with his mouth stuffed with his Aunt Morgan's twisting tongue. Jane's juicy cunt-sleeve slipped down the boy's steely prick, plunging all the way to his nutsack.

"Fuck…if my husband had a cock this big I'd **NEVER** leave the bedroom!" the horny mother whimpered.

Tate clenched his toes in delight, feeling the spike of his boner slice up through the smothering pink walls of his Aunt Jane's pussy. Morgan and Ruth moved aside, so Jane could lean down and really ride the fuck out of him.

Tate gulped excitedly, watching his Aunt plant her hands astride his head. This caused her 44 H-cup tits to dangle above his gawking eyes. Jane's big round ass bobbed up and down as she fucked the boy lustfully.

"Thrust your hips, baby boy…fuck her pussy deep!" his Grandma urged.

Tate humped his ass from the air mattress, meeting his Aunt Jane's fuck-pumps. Their genitals smacked together lewdly. Her big udders brushed softly against his face as they swung heavily up and back.

"**OH YES**…**FUCK ME HARD!!**" Jane cried out, feeling a hot climax build inside her. The boy's dick flexed in the grip of her vagina, digging against her sensitive G-spot.

Tate gazed up between his Aunt's wildly swinging tits. Through the curtain of silky hair, her pretty face was masked with pleasure and she was panting like a woman who'd just sprinted a mile. He put a little extra power in his thrusts, wanting to watch her face when she went over the edge.

"**FUCK**…**I'M GONNA CUM ON YOU!**" Jane cried out. She clenched her pretty white teeth together and squeezed her eyes closed, feeling a tit-quivering climax sweep through her lush body.

The teen suddenly found his face buried in squishy tit-cleavage as his Aunt dropped down on top of him. Her warm flesh trembled wonderfully on top of him as she was hit with strong orgasmic contractions. "I wonder if Uncle Mac can make her cum this hard?" Tate thought, feeling her female ejaculate run down the sides of his nuts.

"Can I go next?" Morgan asked, looking at her heavy breasted mother pleadingly.

"Of course you can, honey. We'll all have plenty of time to work our cunts on him," Ruth answered.

Jane let out a deep satisfied sigh as she switched spots with her sister. "That good, huh?" her blonde-haired sister asked, throwing her leg across the boy.

"Fucking amazing!" Jane replied.

Tate's eyes nearly bugged out of his skull as he watch his pregnant Aunt mount his loins. Packed full of baby-meat, her belly was a giant orb that loomed in front of him. He felt her reach under and grasp his cock, then drug his knob through her engorged labium. His eyes drifted up the contour of her rounded belly to the huge fatty breasts resting on top of them. Unlike the other women, Morgan's tit-caps were a dark caramel-brown and extremely swollen due to milk production. She shared a lusty gaze with her cute nephew as she fed his cock inside her eager cunt.

"**WHOA!**" Tate moaned, feeling how hot and tight her cunt was as it sheathed his young cock.

Morgan humped up and down on it, delighted by it's unyielding stiffness. "Oh my God, I would cheat on my husband every day with a dick like this!" she exclaimed.

"You might have to pry him out from between his mom's legs first," Amber joked.

"Isn't it incredible how hard it is?" Jane asked her humping sister.

"Oh, God, yes…it's like his cock is carved in stone!" Morgan answered in delight.

Facing her pregnant daughter, Ruth crawled over Tate's upper-half, letting her gigantic milkers dangle above his face. The teen stared up in wide-eyed wonder at the huge rounded undersides of his Grandma's tits. He had seen plenty of boobs online, but never the creamy backsides of a woman's boobs. It made him lick his lips with desire.

"He's gonna break my fucking water with that thing!" Morgan gasped, feeling the fat knob of Tate's cock smash against the head of her cervix.

The teen certainly felt a difference with Morgan's pussy. Vaginal engorgement, due to pregnancy, had caused Morgan's cuntal lining to thicken and secrete more than usual. This made the pleats of her rugae swell, creating rows of spongy purple ribs that felt divine slipping along the length of Tate's tender erection. Even her cervical head felt bigger and puffier as the boy's glans pushed against it on every thrust.

"Don't you go giving birth on us out here, honey," Ruth giggled, watching her daughter hump up and down on her Grandson's cock.

"I don't care if I go into labor," Morgan panted. "As long as there's not a baby sliding down my birthing tube, I want his cock in there!"

Tate's Grandma leaned down to his ear, letting her tits rest against him. "Roll her over and fuck the shit out of her, darling," she whispered.

"Alright," Tate replied. As soon as his Grandma was out of the way, the boy looked at her questioningly, unsure of how to get Morgan on her back.

"Pull her down onto you first," Ruth directed.

Tate grabbed his humping Aunt by the arm and yanked her down against him. Now his body was blanketed in squishy jiggling tits and a huge pregnant belly.

"Good boy…now roll her over!" his Grandma coached.

The teen rolled them on the wide air mattress, until Morgan was on her back, with him on top of her.

"**OH, YES!**" his Aunt gasped, humping her hips and setting them back in motion.

"Ahhh!" Tate sighed, thrusting between her warm thighs and feeding her his cock. He socked his dick through her pussy hard and fast, making his big balls beat against her ass. The feel of her silky legs folding up around him was exquisite.

"Yes!! Suck my fucking tits and make me cum!" Morgan cried out.

The teen didn't hesitate to latch on, while fucking as hard as he could. All three of the other moms squeezed their tits with one hand, while stroking their swollen clits with the other, watching the pair fuck heatedly in front of them.

Tate felt Morgan's body tense up beneath him. Her cunt-tube suddenly clenched up around his cock, sucking it in even deeper.

This made the boy's knob mushroom against her cervix and his balls tingle, triggering his orgasm.

"**FUCK MEEEE!**" Morgan grunted. She arched her neck back as her pregnant body began convulsing in a toe-curling orgasm.

Tate's young cock erupted with big gooey ropes of semen that splashed along the walls of Morgan's gushing cunt. The sound of her screaming out in climax only intensified his own orgasm.

After they became motionless, Tate rested there against his pregnant Aunt, feeling her cunt give off wonderful post-orgasmic contractions for nearly five minutes.

Tate peeked over and saw his Grandma sprawled out on her back, with her thick thighs bowed wide open and her dainty feet hovering in the air. "Now that we've eased the pressure in those nuts, why don't you come wrestle one out with Grandma," she suggested.

He climbed off of Morgan and his mom and Jane gasped as they saw how hard his cum-glistening cock still was.

"Oh my God, it still looks like a fully erect boner!" Jane beamed.

With his tongue nearly hanging out in lust, the boy stared a his Grandma's shaved vulva. Her thick inner flanges were peeled open and crowned by the tissue of her large clitoral prepuce. Her clitoris peeked from beneath it's hood like the tiny engorged knob of a cock. His eyes drifted up her belly to the giant melons spread out across her chest.

"Come on, baby boy," Ruth urged, patting her smooth thighs. "Come get nasty with me."

The teen crawled down on top of her, squeezing his glans through the remnants of her hymen. His eyes rolled back with pleasure as his cock was sheathed in hot mature pussy.

Ruth wasted no time with preliminaries. She clutched onto her Grandson tightly, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his back. Then, she pumped her big naked ass from the air mattress. "**COME ON**…**SMASH MY CUNT-HOLE, DARLING!!**" she cried out.

Tate snarled with pleasure as he fucked his cock savagely through his Grandma's hot, juicy cunt. In a matter of a minute he had her trembling in orgasm.

With one cum out of the way earlier, the teen was really able to pound his erection into her. He loved the feel of her giant tits sandwiched between them. Ruth had just recovered from one orgasm, when she was swept up into yet another.

"**I'M CUMMING!! OH SHIT!!**"

Tate lifted his head while he fucked into her, watching her pretty face twist from the pleasure he was providing.

"Ahhhh!" he sighed, feeling her spongy cunt-tube chew at the meat of his cock. The fact that he could hit the back walls of all their pussies with his big dick made him feel proud.

Suddenly, his Grandma rolled him over onto his back forcefully. "I'm gonna fuck you to the stars, honey!" she lustfully gasped.

Now it was his Grandma's turn to ride him. "Goddamn!!" the boy blurted out loud, as he found his face being battered softly by the biggest udders in the family. Ruth's ginormous triple-K's rocked wildly from her chest, beating all over her Grandson's wonder-filled face as she rode him heatedly. He somehow managed to latch on to one of her protuberant nipples, suck it into his mouth and attacking it with his tongue.

"Oh, that's it, darling boy…suck those big fucking tits!" she shouted.

Her big round bubble butt quivered in delight as she stirred Tate's cock around in the clasping pit of her cunt. "**MY GOD, IT'S SO FUCKING HARD!**" she cried out, cresting on the edge of another climax.

Tate sunk his face into the squishy meat of his Grandma's tit. His lips formed a tight seal around the center of her areola as he slurped and pulled on her big rubbery teat.

He heard her let out a long drawn-out moan as her cunt contracted wildly around his prick. Her entire body jerked suddenly and a huge splatter of female ejaculate exploded out from between their humping crotches.

"**OH, WOW!**" the boy sighed, his voice muffled in tit-flesh.

His Grandma quickly crawled off him, her legs trembling as she cupped her pussy like it was simply to sensitive to continue. "Oh, good grief!" she sighed, staring at her Grandson's big soaking-wet dick.

Tate's mom was on him in a flash, mounting him in the reverse cowgirl position. The teenager was entranced by the sight of her thick peach-shaped ass rising and falling on his cock. Her fatty ass-cheeks rippled each time they struck his midsection.

Amber peeked back at her boy and smiled. "Make me cum, baby!" she whimpered, finding a nice steady rhythm. From this angle, Tate could see the swell of her heavy tits leaping up and down from the pace of her fuck-thrusting.

He flexed his cock-muscle, about making his mom explode right then and there.

"**GOD!!...OH FUCK!! OH FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM!!**" she screamed out.

"Let's smother that boy with our titties!" Jean told Jane and Morgan.

Tate soon found himself buried in squishy tit-flesh. He didn't know who's' tits were who's, but he didn't care. He sucked and chewed at all their big nipples, delighting in the heavy tit-meat dragging all over his face and neck.

Amber fucked her son's cock in earnest, gushing all over it twice more before Tate's boner erupted inside her. She had never felt cum-ropes splatter against her cervix so powerfully.

An hour later, back at the Campground, the husbands and kids returned from the hike. "Where are those wives of ours?" Jane's husband asked the other men.

"Probably just out for a walk. Wasn't that where they were last year, when we got back from the hike," Amber's husband John speculated.

"I think I'll start frying up some burgers. I need some meat inside me," Ruth's husband stated, not realizing how bad that sounded.

Up the mountain, his wife Ruth was certainly getting some meat inside her. It was the long, thick, juicy cock-meat of her Grandson as he fucked her from behind. "Wow, Grandma, this feels **SO** good!" he panted. He socked his sturdy prick through her clutching vagina, while watching her naked booty-cheeks ripple deliciously.

"Welcome to the world of sex, darling," she replied, winking back at him.

The four moms were lined up in a row, side by side, on their hands and knees. Their enormous tits hung down and their big round asses pointed out. Their bodies glistened with perspiration as they waited their turn to get a hammering from behind.

"I think I'll like this 'world of sex'…a lot," the teen expressed.

His mom peeked back of him with a naughty smile, wagging her fleshy ass invitingly. "You'll like it a lot more if there's mommy-meat involved," she assured him, making her sisters nod in agreement.

Anniversary Kink By Klrxo

"Dan Brown?"

"Yeah, this is Dan. Who's this?"

"My names Paul Hales," Tom replied, using his father's name, "Jennifer Hales husband."

"Jennifer Hales. Now there's a name I haven't heard in awhile."

"Yeah, she always talked fondly of you."

"Somehow I doubt that," Dan snickered. "Please don't tell me she had a kid back then that you just found out was mine?"

"No, that's not why I'm calling."

"Then why **ARE** you calling?"

"I was wondering if I could get your help? See, our marriage has really gone to shit and I was hoping you could tell me how I might spice it up?"

"Seriously, man?! You're coming to **ME** for marital advice? I'm just an ex boyfriend!"

"Just a certain type of 'marital advice' actually. I was wondering if you might tell me what she was really into…in the bedroom?" Tom pried.

Dan laughed. "Come on, fella…you've been married to her for how long and you haven't figured that one out yet?

"Yeah, I mean, we've tried a lot of things, but I was wondering if you might share something that I maybe **HAVEN'T** tried. Something that drove her crazy under the sheets, you know, just so I can spice things up a bit and keep my marriage from going down the shitter."

"Dude, we were in our early twenties when we went out. That was almost twenty years ago. Who's to say her kinks haven't changed since then," Dan pointed out.

"Come on, man…I'm desperate here! If there's anything that you could suggest, that I haven't tried already, I'll be eternally grateful!"

There was an awkward silence, and for a second Tom thought maybe Dan had hung up or worse yet, he'd figured out that Tom wasn't who he was pretending to be. "Hello…are you still there?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm still here," Dan replied. "Look dude, I can tell you what she was into, but honestly, you've probably figured all that out by now."

"Well, let me know what it is and I'll tell you."

"Jennifer liked a particular type of roll play, but like I said…if she hasn't had you use this on her by now I'd be shocked!" Dan explained.

"What was it?" Tom persisted, eager to see what his mother was into.

"She liked the burglar scenario. You know, a guy sneaks in through the window to rob a place…sees a beautiful woman laying there on the bed and decides to tie her up and defile her. You get me?"

"Yeah…wow, I didn't realize she was into that," Tom uttered, wondering now if they were talking about the same woman.

"Seriously?! Come on, man…you can't tell me she's never asked you to do that?! That was her thing!"

"No, never."

"Well, maybe she decided to put all that kinky shit behind her once she got married and had kids. You do have kids, right?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, um…we have kids. So, once you had her tied up…then what?"

"What do you mean 'then what?' What do you think?!"

"Can you tell me in detail…so I can be sure to get it right? If I'm gonna do this to her, I don't wanna goof things up."

"Yeah, alright. Now that I remember, there **WERE** certain things she liked me to do to her, once she was tied up," Dan replied, then went into exactly how Jennifer liked her fantasy role play to go. Tom listened in sick fascination, trying to imagine his sweet mom being a part of such a deprived sexual act.

"Well, hey…I really appreciate the information. Hopefully it does me some good," Tom concluded.

"Jennifer was a sweet girl and we had some good times. Yeah, she was into some kinky shit, but hey…we all have our thing, you know?"

"Yeah, we sure do."

"Good luck saving your marriage, man," Dan imparted.

"Thanks for your help."

Tom hung up, his mind still processing what he'd just heard. It was hard to imagine his mom being into something so naughty. He sat on that information, until the right time, which didn't come until a year later.

"**OUTRAGIOUS!**" Tanya Hales shouted as the forty-two year old brunette marched through the kitchen, then retrieved a bottled water from the fridge.

"What's outrageous?" Tom asked, chomping on an apple.

"The fact that your father missed his flight…again!"

"Was he able to find another one?"

"Not until late this evening…which won't put him home until well after midnight," Tanya complained.

"Wait…isn't it your anniversary today?"

"Uh-huh…and you'd think that would have been extra motivation for him to be at the airport on time!"

"Damn…sorry, mom. Did you guys have plans and everything?"

"A dinner reservation, that we now have to cancel."

"Why cancel?" Tom asked. "I'll go with you."

"That's sweet of you, honey…but you don't have to do that. Your father and I will just have to change it to another night."

"Yeah, but that 'other night' won't be your anniversary. Let me take you to dinner. I'll even pay."

Tanya laughed. "Fine, you can take me to dinner, but I certainly don't expect you to pay."

"I insist! I do have a job you know?"

Tanya fed him an endearing look. "Whoever ends up with you will be one lucky girl. I'll bet **SHE'LL** never have to worry about her husband missing his flight on their anniversary."

Later, Tom poured on the chivalry, even opening the car door for his mom. She looked stunning in her black, form-fitting maxi-dress and dainty high heels. Her silky dark hair was meticulously done up, the trusses flowing over her shoulders. "Wow, what a gentleman!" she expressed as she sat down in the passenger seat. There was no way for her sexy, shimmering legs to escape her son's gaze.

"Dang, mom…you really look stunning!" the boy observed.

"Thanks, honey. I must say you look pretty debonair yourself!"

"Oh…um, I forgot something inside. I'll be right back," Tom stated, then rushed back into the house. He hurried to his parent's bedroom, then cracked their window open slightly.

They had dinner at a fancy restaurant overlooking the city, talking mostly about Tom and his plans for college. The view out the window was spectacular, but the boy hardly noticed. He was far more interested in the sight of his mom's tremendous cleavage, amply displayed through the plunging neckline of her gown.

When they got back home, Jennifer turned to her son with a grateful smile. "Honey, thank you so much. Dinner was amazing!" she expressed, then moved in for a hug. The feel of her spongy breasts mashed against his chest made Tom feel dizzy with desire.

"My pleasure, mom…but I do have one more anniversary surprise for you though," he bravely stated.

"Anniversary surprise?" she asked, smiling curiously.

"Yeah…go in on your bed, lay down and I'll bring it in to you."

She fed him a curious glare, backing up the hallway towards her bedroom. "What sort of 'surprise' is this?" she asked.

"You'll see. Trust me…I think you'll love it!"

Jennifer went in her bedroom, slipped off her heels, then sprawled across her marital mattress. For nearly five minutes she lay there waiting for her big 'surprise.' "What on earth is this kid up to?" she asked herself.

Finally, she heard a strange noise at her bedroom window, sat up and looked that direction.

Tom was outside the window in a dark sweat suit and ski mask. He fumbled with the screen, trying to get it lose, but it was nearly impossible from the outside. "Fuck it!" he muttered, then punched his hand straight through screen and tore it open. "Hopefully I can fix that before dad sees it," he thought.

Jennifer watched with uneasiness as the man in black climbed up through her window. "Tom!? Is that you?" she asked, squirming nervously.

"Stay quiet and don't move!" Tom replied. He suddenly had his plans dashed as his mom burst out laughing, having recognized his voice.

"Honey, what in the world are you doing?" she asked.

Tom pulled some rope out from his sweatshirt pocket and moved towards her, trying to remain in character. "I'm tying your hands to the headboard…that's what I'm doing," he replied.

He grabbed one of her hands and started to tie the rope on, but she shook it away. "Okay, joke time's over. Take the mask off!"

"I don't think so, bitch!" the teen replied, then grabbed her hand and straddled her. "I'm tying you down and having my way with you!"

"**NO YOU'RE NOT!**" Jennifer shouted, shaking her hand away again. "Now take off the fucking mask and get off me, Tom!"

This time Tom knew she wasn't joking. He climbed off the bed and took off the mask shamefully. "Sorry, I was just trying to show you some fun for your anniversary!"

"Show me some fun?! Tom, that's hardly appropriate! Who put you up to this?" she asked. Jennifer knew it was more than just chance that Tom was choosing this 'burglar' scenario to try to have his way with her. Only a small number of people knew that it was a long time kink of hers.

"No one put me up to this! I thought you liked it. I would never try to **FORCE** anything on you?"

"Even if you were just roll playing, did you actually think you were just gonna tie me up and have your way with me? **FUCK ME**?! I'm your mother!" Jennifer shouted.

"You're right…I screwed up. Sorry, I just wanted to make your anniversary special by doing something that I knew you liked," Tom expressed while quickly leaving her bedroom.

Jennifer lay on her bed for the longest time wondering who in the world Tom had been talking to, and why he thought it was OK that **HE** try to roll play this with her. Not since early in her marriage had her husband put on a mask, tied her to the bed and fucked her senseless. Yes, it was her son that had just tried it, but even that had got her shaking with arousal. Just thinking about how much she used to love to roll play that scenario was bringing all of those thrilling memories back.

"Tom, can I come in?" Jennifer asked after tapping at his door.

"Yes."

Her son was on his bed, looking up at the ceiling and feeling like a complete idiot. The beautiful mother walked over and sat on his bedside. "If you want me to keep my mouth shut, so you avoid the

wrath of your father…you need to tell me who you've been talking to," she demanded.

"Fine…it was Dan Brown."

His mother's stomach sunk. "Dan Brown, the guy I dated when I was like…twenty?"

"Yes. He was the one who told me those things about you."

"Where the hell did you meet Dan Brown, and why would he tell you **THOSE** things? You're my son!"

"I talked to him on the phone about a year ago and pretended that I was dad. I told him I needed some ideas on things that would excite you."

"You pretended you were your father? Why would you do that? Be honest!"

Tom hesitated. He could beat around the bush all night or he could just be completely forthcoming with her.

"Tom?" she blurted, staring into his eyes. "**WHY**?"

"Because I wanna have sex with you!" he bravely replied. "I wanna have sex with you…and I figured that if I found out something you really loved, it would better my chances."

Jennifer sat there for a moment with her jaw wide open. "I'm not really sure what to say," she uttered, shocked that her son was desiring her sexually. She'd caught him staring at her tits here and there, but never suspected him wanting her.

"You don't have to say anything. You can be mad at me, ground me or whatever, but you asked me to be honest and I was."

After a long, awkward silence Jennifer reached over and placed her hand on her son's. "You didn't judge me for my crazy kink, I'm certainly not gonna judge you for yours. You've always been nothing but a sweetheart to me, lifting me up when I'm down, like tonight, on my anniversary."

"You've always done the same for—"

"Let me finish," Jennifer interrupted. "While I do think that us having sex together is not the wisest idea, I am willing to make an exception…just for tonight."

"Really?!" Tom asked, his insides tingling excitedly.

"Yes… 'really,' but on one condition, and this is **NOT** negotiable!"

"What is it?"

"That you get as nasty with me as you want and get it out of your system, so we never have to have this conversation again.," she answered.

"Deal!" he agreed. Sure, Tom would love to have a regular love affair with his busty mom, but if he only got to ravage her once, he certainly wasn't complaining about that.

"Give me a few minutes to get myself together, then you can come back though my window and defile me," she whispered, standing from his bed and sashaying to his doorway. The sway of her plump, peached-shaped buttocks made Tom shiver with anticipation.

This time when he came to her window, he could see that the light was off. He snuck in, just as before, and he could tell his mom was in bed, beneath the blankets. She suddenly turned towards him, acting startled. "What do you want?!" she asked in a panicked tone.

"I want you!" Tom answered, pouncing on top of her. His mom was in just her underwear and his heart thumped wildly in his chest as he quickly tied her wrists to the bed posts. Jennifer's heavy tits jostled beneath her embroidered bra as she made pathetic attempts to squirm away, while her son fastened her securely. "Please…don't hurt me!" she whimpered.

"I don't wanna hurt you! Quite the contrary!" Tom replied, throwing off his shirt. He licked his lips lustfully, grabbing the cross-straps to her bra and yanking the four hooks apart. Jennifer squealed as her boy threw off her bra, releasing her bobbling melons. Her luscious legs kicked around him as he grabbed her dainty panties and ripped them off her body like tissue paper.

Tom left the ski mask on, but quickly slipped out of his pants. His mom's eyes widened at the sight of his erect cock. It looked like a long vein-encrusted meat-sword, branching out from his crotch, ready to stab through her. His knob was like a fat pinkish-purple gourd with a slimy slit down the middle. "What are you gonna do to me?" Jennifer asked, in a sweet, innocent voice.

His eyes were fixed on the oval of her coral-colored pussy-slot, which look flooded with the juices of her arousal. It was framed in by thick vaginal flanges and a budding clitoral hood. "Nothing you won't love!" he replied, then dove forward like a child bobbing for apples.

Jennifer trembled as she felt her boy devour her cunt. Tom snarled lustfully, slicing his licker through her cleft and around her flaming clit. His taste buds tingled from the tangy flavor of her cuntal nectar and the sweet aroma made him dizzy with desire. His mom arched her back like a cat, tilting her pelvis, making her ballooning tits flounder on her chest. The wide rose-colored areolar-caps were thick and crinkled from arousal, her nipples jutting from their centers turgidly.

Tom jabbed his tongue as far up his mom's slippery fuck-hole as he could, feeling her collapsed walls nip at his licker. He simply couldn't wait to feel that spongy tube of heated flesh around his teenage cock. Jennifer closed her warm thighs around his head like a velvet vice, trapping him against her twat as he lapped greedily at her cunt flesh.

When she released the stronghold, the teen scrambled up between her parted legs. "Time to give you what you **REALLY** need!" he implied.

He grasped his wagging cock by the hilt and lowered his knob into her heated crotch. "No…wait! I have a husband!" his mom whimpered in an exaggerated tone.

"Don't worry…you won't be thinking about him for very long," Tom stated. He stared down in excitement, watching her cunt-lips splay around the swollen bell of his prick. His cock-shaft flexed on his loins making the fat veins that ran down his stalk, like bolts of lightning, bulge obscenely.

Jennifer let out a squealing huff of air as she felt his massive slab of meat sink to its root inside her. Tom shuddered from the wonderful sensation of having his cock-meat buried in full penetration inside his own beautiful mom. The way her sleeve encapsulated his meat in rows of deeply-pleated ribs, made him realize that this was gonna be one incredibly-intense fuck, that would test his staying power.

As the boy began to saw his prick in and out, slow and steady, his mom flexed her coital muscles, making her vagina close in around him in a series of clamping undulations.

Tom brought his full weight down on top of her, crushing her meaty udders between them while they fucked. He thrust all the way in and held it there, letting his bulbous prickhead probe and throb in her cuntal core. When he withdrew, his prick was dripping with cunt-

juice. He used these slippery secretions to lubricate his fuck-thrusts as he began to heave into her.

Tom slid his hands up her back, grasping onto her shoulders for leverage so he so he could really start laying some pipe. His mom squirmed beneath his bucking frame, churning her pelvis beneath him and screwing her cunt to his cock-base on each thrust. The boy could hear her pussy slurp as it sucked and chewed on his prick-meat, while they found a feverish rhythm.

"Ohhh! This **SHOULDN'T** feel so good!" Jennifer gasped, clamping her smooth thighs around his haunches and hooking her heels behind his thighs.

Tom fucked his mom faster, feeding her his cock-meat. His slippery pink dick pummeled through the tightly-clasping tube of blood-engorged tissue and smooth muscle. His leaky tip smeared his pre-ejaculate all along her walls as they fucked, mixing with her oils to create a hot, frothy ambrosia.

They moved so beautifully together, even though the mothers wrists were bound above her. Tom plowed with energetic force, while his mom tilted her pelvis up and down, especially active for someone being 'helplessly' taken by a strange intruder.

"Oh fuck!" Jennifer gasped, her tawny dark hair whipping back and her eyes widening as the thrill of a climax began to surge through her loins. "Fuck – fuck – fuck!!"

Tom raised up on extended arms so he could watch his mom's pretty face when she came. He gave her long, powerful thrusts; the sturdy muscles and ligaments at the root of his cunt-smothered erection tensing as they sustained the force of his deep cuntal plunges. Now that he was raised off her, Jennifer's huge tit-knockers rolled up and down her chest in unison, reeling and rippling uncontrollably. As her orgasmic hit in full-force her big boobies bobbled every-which-way as she convulsed in a toe-curling climax.

"Ooooh, man!" Tom gasped, feeling her slippery cuntal rings begins to pulsate like a powerful vibrating massager around his pumping peter.

Jennifer let out a beautiful orgasmic scream as her cunt was met with another contraction. She felt her son's prick swell even bigger, then he let out an evil grunt as he began to pour cum inside her. His creamy load was met by a deluge of female ejaculate. It took a long while for their bodies to stop moving as they worked to draw out every wonderful spasm of their mutual climax.

The sweat-sheened mother let out a satisfied sigh. "Alright…you got what you wanted. Now you better untie me and get back out that window before my husband gets home and kills you for fucking his wife."

Tom back out of his mother and paused above her, the juices dripping off his glistening cock. "Yeah, I'll go, but I can't promise I won't be back to take more," he breathlessly stated.

Jennifer glared meaningfully into his eyes. "You wouldn't dare, you brute!"

"Ass Forum... for Moms"

By Klrxo

Four beautiful moms sat on a sofa together, their freshly-shaved legs crossed and exposed beneath their short skirts. Sexy high-heeled mules dangled from their painted toes.

"Hi everyone! I'm here with three moms…Susan, Becky and Trina, and today we're gonna be talking about sex with our sons as it relates to the size and shape of our asses. Now, I personally have what's considered a cupcake ass. Becky, I know you have something similar, right?" the host, Mary, a short-haired brunette asked.

Becky, a beautiful 38-year-old redhead with a seven-month pregnant belly, smiled warmly. "I do…although my hips are a little wider, so my son thinks that I have more of a Pixar-mom-style ass," she answered.

"Those **ARE** certainly some true childbearing hips you have," Mary observed.

"Yes, I've had three kids…one on the way, obviously," Becky answered, patting her baby-orb. "So I've needed those wide hips, trust me."

"What advantages do you feel having the Pixar-mom ass has given you sexually?"

"I think it's mostly given me the ability to thrust and grind longer, particularly when I'm top of my son," Becky answered. "Usually, once I get the first cum out of his system, he's good for about two hours, if I need him to be."

"Because of his endurance…and short refractory period, right?" Mary asked.

"Yes, his ability to stay rock-hard for hours is incredible!"

"It true for all the boys, isn't it?" Trina, a buxom, blonde-haired mother chimed in. "Their young dicks can bring us off so much, simply because they can stay stiff for so fucking long."

"It really is amazing!" Mary agreed, sharing a big smile with all the moms. "My husband was out of town a few days ago, so obviously my son Tony and I were taking advantage of that. Tony must have stayed hard for like six hours straight. God, the amount of times he made me cum was insane!"

"Their penile rigidity is unreal," Becky agreed, "and because so, I feel like I can really utilize my wide Pixar-mom hips and get in an incredibly good workout on top of him, which brings me to screaming multiple orgasms every time we fuck."

"Now, Trina…you have more of what's known as a Cinnabon ass, correct?" Mary asked the mother.

Trina was a gorgeous platinum blonde, with pouty bee-stung lips. Her big baby-orb was nine-months ripe. A set of gigantic knockers rested atop the swell of her pregnancy. "Yes, a Cinnabon ass, or what a lot of boys would refer to as a bubble butt," she joked, making the moms laugh.

"Now moms with Cinnabon-style rumps are at sort of at a disadvantage sexually, due to the sheer thickness of their asses, right?"

"Yeah, I mean our ass-cracks are deeper, so sometimes a mother, in certain positions, may not get a great depth of penetration, especially if you're with a guy who has a shorter dick."

"Like your husband, I'm assuming?"

"Yes, my husband Bruce has never hit my cervix. He just doesn't have the length for it."

"Is this the case with your son also?"

"Oh no…not at all. Roger is about nine-inches, so even with my big bubble ass, he bottoms out," Trina smiled. The other moms all clapped.

"Now Susan, you have what's known as a Hawaiian sweet roll ass," Mary pointed out.

"I sure do and my son just bought me a new thong, so he's already asked me three times today to lift my skirt and show him my ass."

"Oh, wonderful! Can we see it?" Mary asked.

"Certainly!" Susan smiled, standing up from the sofa. Her belly wasn't as round and swollen as the other mom's prenatal tummies, but she still had a cute little three-month baby-bump showing. She lifted her dress and displayed her 'Hawaiian sweet roll' ass at the other women. The thong she wore disappeared between the fat rounded cheeks of her derriere. The other moms clapped and cheered upon seeing it.

"Susan, have you had any issues with depth of penetration?" Mary asked, the beautiful brunette mother.

"We did at first. My son, Steven, is seven inches in length, so when doing traditional doggy-style he wasn't hitting my cervix, which is something that was really important to me."

"Well, I think it's important to most mothers. Having their dicks touch our cervix's is just something that we expect, while having sex with our boys, right?" Mary asked and the other moms nodded.

"Definitely!" Trina responded. "A boy should always be able to pack his mother completely full of hard dick."

Susan continued speaking. "Yes, and I mean it's such a sentimental spot in our bodies too, right? It's where they squeezed out of us, so having a boy that can rub the tip of his cock against the gate to our womb is just deeply satisfying and heartwarming."

"So, what did you and your son do to fulfill that need for you?"

"It was pretty easy actually. It was just a matter of changing up our body positioning," Trina responded. "So, instead of me on my hands and knees, I would lean down on my forearms. Doing this would spread the cheeks of my ass naturally, so they weren't eating up as much of his cock-length."

"So, he was able to reach your cervical head that way?"

"Easily!" Trina smiled. The moms around her clapped.

"So, moms…what is it about thick rounded asses that boys themselves like so much?" Mary asked.

"I think it's the cushion," Becky answered and the other moms nodded in agreement.

"Yep!" Trina agreed. "Cushion for their pushin'"

"It definitely cushions their cock-thrusting," Becky added, "and not only that, but when we do a position like reverse cowgirl, where our asses are really on display, it gives them something fun and exciting to watch."

"You mean by the bouncing and the rippling that our ass-cheeks do?" Mary asked.

"Yes, I mean our asses are made up of a lot of fat, just like our boobs, so that makes it really exciting for the boys to watch, I'm sure."

"Well, heavens know they certainly love watching our big tits swing around," Trina commented.

Becky giggled. "Yeah, especially now that they're swollen with fatty fibers and prolactin, due to our pregnancies.

"Susan, do you agree with Becky's assessment of the boys being fascinated by our rippling ass-cheeks?" Mary asked, looking over at her.

"Oh, God, yes!" she exclaimed. "I always peek back at my son when he's fucking me doggy-style, just to see where his eyes are. Ninety-percent of the time he's watching my ass. I wanna say here that I really do think it's important for us as mothers to slam our asses back hard on these boys. No matter what style your ass is, hump back on them hard and give them the thrill of their lives."

All the moms clapped and smiled in agreement.

"Becky, you mentioned certain positions that allow us moms to display our delicious asses to our teens. Do you guys find it to be a challenge to display your rear-ends to your boys at other times of the day and if so, what have you done to get around those challenges?" Mary asked.

Trina spoke up first. "I think the biggest obstacles, as stay-at-home moms, is our other children and our husbands, you know, those other people that are floating around most of the time. It's really forced me to get creative with the ways I expose my ass to Thomas."

"Can you share some of those ways with us?"

"Well, obviously wearing booty shorts is one great way, or crossing the hallway in front of his open doorway, in just a thong, or naked, if I'm able to."

"I don't know about you guys," Becky blurted, "but I'm flashing my son constantly. Even with my husband and kids at home, it literally takes seconds to just stop what your doing, if you and your son are a room alone together, quickly pull down your shorts and panties and wag your ass at him."

"Yes, tease him with your ass, that's so important," Trina agreed.

"I flash my tits and ass at Steven all the time, day and night," Susan announced. "And I also flash my pregnant belly. I don't want him forgetting about the baby he's pumped inside me."

"I agree, Susan," Trina nodded. "Exposing our bellies and letting the boys rub their dicks against them whenever the situation allows."

"Well, since we're **ALL** carrying our son's baby," Mary said, patting her own round fetus-engorged belly, "that brings up another important question. "Has being pregnant made our asses bigger and plumper?"

All of the mom's smiled and nodded. "Mine, definitely!" Becky stated. "Not that my son minds at all."

"Mine either," Trina chuckled. "He gets off just laying on my back and plowing his dick through my ass-crack."

"Since we're on the subject of asses, let's talk about anal intercourse," Mary said. "I assume all of you moms are anally active with your boys?"

All the moms got ear to ear smiles and nodded eagerly.

"Oh yeah!" Trina blurted with a big mischievous grin.

"This mommy loves it in her asshole!" Becky sighed.

"Any tips you can give on having anal sex, as it relates to the size and shape of a woman's ass?"

"I think Becky hit on a good point earlier, when it came to depth of penetration," Trina stated, "because with anal, just like vaginal, we probably all wanna take our boys dicks deep into our rectums. Sometimes I think you have to experiment with different body positioning, until you find that magic one that give him the greatest depth and makes **US** moms go absolutely crazy."

"It's so true, isn't it," Mary agreed. "My friend Marybeth is doing the assturbation program right now with her son, so she's giving him anal milking three to four times a day. She struggled at first, because she has what they call burger buns… a very broad and fat ass. After experimenting, she said that her and her son found the perfect position for deep anal penetration. She straddles him, facing away and spreads her ass over his lap. She said that even with her big ass she's able to push her asshole right against the root of his erection."

"Wow, that's really cool!" Becky remarked. "Right up against a boy's cock-base is where the ring of a mother's ass belongs."

"I think even for those times where we're not able to have sex," Susan shared, "just being able to push our fatty asses back against our son's crotch, at a ball game or a family function, when no one else is watching, is extremely satisfying.

Mary smiled and nodded. "Thank you for mentioning that, Susan, because **I DO** think that's important. I constantly look for opportunities to sit on my son's lap. Even in front of people, it can come across as just a bit of innocent affection between mother and son, but secretly, that squishy pressure against a boy's cock, with a little bit of subtle rocking up and back, can definitely make him cream in his pants."

"It's funny you mention that," Trina smiled. "I gave my son a dry fuck about a week ago at the county fair. I could tell he was horny and suffering, so we found a private little bench, while my husband took the other kids on the rides. I sat on my son's lap and did the squeeze and release technique with my ass-cheeks. It wasn't ten minutes and I could feel his knob spurting off, while it was wedged right up against my asshole."

"Dry fucks are great when you're in a pinch," Mary added.

"Another thing that's satisfying about having a fat, rounded ass," Becky shared, "is that if I sit on my son's face, to let him rim my asshole, I have the satisfaction of knowing I'm smothering his entire head with ass-flesh."

"That's a great feeling indeed, Becky. I'm glad that you mentioned rimming, because an important kink that most boy's have is the desire to lick and suck on their mother's asshole. One more question for you naughty moms before we wrap things up," Mary announced. "Where is the most exciting location that you've ever fucked your son? Susan, do you wanna go first?"

"Hmm, the most exciting location?" she repeating, thinking heavily on it. "I would have to say the beach."

"Do tell," Mary grinned.

SUSAN'S STORY Steven licked his lips as he looked over at him mom, Susan, who was laying on the sand getting some sun. From his vantage point, he could see straight up her silky thighs, to her bikini-covered crotch. Her bottoms were molded snugly to her puffy outer labium, creating a delightful camel-toe. He couldn't help but become wickedly aroused as he thought back on all the times that he recently beat his prick through the tube of his mom's cunt. He ached to be back inside her and feel all that pink pleated tissue squeeze around his boner, soaking his prick in hot secreting fuck-oil.

"That's the tastiest-looking Hawaiian sweet roll ass I've ever seen," the boy thought, as his eyes traveled up the swell of Susan's half-exposed ass-globes.

The beautiful mother lifted her head and peeked back at her boy. She could always tell, just by the look on his face, when he needed a piece of cunt. "Wanna take a walk, sweetheart?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

"Sure!" Steven eagerly responded.

The boy's father was playing with his two younger siblings in the crashing surf. After letting them know they were going for a stroll, mom and son walked down the beach, hand in hand. Steven could hardly keep himself from peeking over at her huge half-exposed breasts. They jutted out from her chest, bobbling heavily with each step.

"You must love my new bikini. You haven't taken your eyes off it all day," she pointed out in an amused tone.

"The bikinis nice, mom, but it's what's inside it that I'm most interested in."

"You think I don't know that by now," the mother giggled. "I have a surprise for you, by the way."

"What is it?"

Susan stopped and looked around, making sure they were a good distance from anyone else on the beach. "Drop to your knees," she requested.

"To my knees?"

"You heard me right," she reiterated, then watched her son kneel down in front of her. Susan untied the hip-strings of her bikini, then

peeled the fabric from her crotch.

Steven's eyes widened as he was greeted with the sight of his mom's shaved pussy. "There's no more hair down there!" he exclaimed.

"You said you thought it would be sexy if I shaved my pussy, so there you go," the mother declared," as smooth a baby's bottom."

His mom didn't have a ton of pubic hair before. It had been neatly trimmed, but now that it was completely bald, he could really admire its unshrouded form. Susan's thick outer lips had a curved, magnet-like shape, meeting at the bottom. This shape created a window in the middle, revealing the darker-colored inner flanges of her labia, which connected at the top to form the fleshy dome of her clitoral hood. "Just as amazing as I imagined!" the boy marveled.

Susan reached down and used two fingers to pry open her fuck-slit. Now that her labial lips were splayed, her boy could gawk lustfully at the juice-slickened mouth of her vagina. "Wanna taste?" she asked, gazing down with a wicked smile.

"Of course, I do!" Steven responded, then mashed his face up in between his mother's cuntal folds. He dug his lips way up into her vestibule, snarling lustfully at the fragrant vaginal aroma that swept through his nostrils. He lapped his lusty tongue around the distal opening of her pussy-hole, probing around on the remnants of her hymen, which had been torn apart by a huge teenage cock like his own when his mom sixteen.

Susan gasped, holding her son's head to her crotch right there on the beach. Luckily, they were the only ones around, since all the summer visitors had left. "**FUCK!**" she squealed as her body shuddered, making her mommy-milkers wobble from side-to-side.

Steven's licker snaked into her vaginal orifice, probing around just inside it. His young body tingled with sexual excitement as he tasted

the sweet tang of his mom's cuntal nectar. The boy's erection was so hard it almost hurt. He yearned to have it pumping through the slippery cuntal tissue of his mom's pudenda. He backed away and gazed lustfully up her fuck-hole, at the juicy corrugated walls collapsing in on themselves. "Fuck! I gotta get my cock in there!" he frantically thought.

Susan knew full well what he wanted and she wanted it also. The mother of three was frustrated by her husband's dwindling abilities in the bedroom. Her teenage son had just what she needed between his legs and she wanted it buried inside her every chance they got. Susan quickly took his hand and led him away from the water. "Up here…in that cove!" she stated, her boobs bouncing as she led him into an even more private spot.

Steven watched excitedly as his mom dropped to her knees in front of him and yanked down his swim trunks. His erection bobbed upward, like it was spring-loaded, his fat, pinkish-purple cock-head glistening in the sun.

"Mmn, come to mommy!" Susan purred, grasping his meaty shaft. She peeked up at her boy with her sultry green eyes, while lashing her long pierced tongue all over his glans.

"Wow!" Steven exclaimed.

Susan planted her Hawaiian sweet roll ass against the sand and pulled her son down by his dick on top of her. She drew her knees back, bowing open her thighs, to provide a plush saddle for her son to ride in.

Entering his mom's vagina each time they fucked was incredibly thrilling for the boy. She was providing the most sacred part of her body for his sexual enjoyment. Feeling his young, tender boner snugly capsulated by the juicy, pleated sleeve of her hot cunt made him gasp out loud with delight. He just held it there a moment, in full penetration, feeling their engorged sex-organs throb together. He

could feel the hot fuck-oil secreting from his mom's lining, lubricating his penis the natural way, preparing it to thunder through the tube of her vagina fluidly.

"Fuck me, Steven!" his mom gasped wantonly.

The teen let his weight fall, flattening her huge, bikini-clad tits beneath his well-toned chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and spread his knees between her legs as he began to thrust forcefully.

Hard and fast he fucked, making his mother gasp with each rhythmic plunge of his cock. "Yes, baby!" Susan groaned. "Tear me apart with that fucking cock!"

His big teenage scrotum beat against the rounded cheeks of his mom's ass as she twisted her lovely legs up even higher around his back. "Oh, my God, you are a fucking bull with that cock!" the mother cried out.

They found each other's lips and kissed passionately, fucking like their bodies were custom made for each other.

Steven's mind swirled wildly from both the feel of his mom's pierced tongue wrestling with his and her clasping cunt milking his cock. He could feel the puffy ring of her cervical head planting tender kisses on his knob each time he smashed them together.

Susan's pussy suddenly began creaming and contracting around the shaft of her boy's cock. Hot girl-cum burbled out around their pumping genitals, making the smacking sound their bodies made become wet and lewd-sounding.

"Ahhh, shit, mom!" the boy grunted, humping like his life depended on it. "I'm gonna lay a load right up your cunt!"

"Pump it in me, baby!" she gasped, still reeling and trembling from her own powerful climax.

Steven collapsed onto his mother's belly, thrusting his cock to the hilt inside of her and holding it there. He let out a deep guttural grunt as a huge blast of hot boy-spunk power-washed his mom's back wall. Several more powerful ropes pulsed from his pisser, coating his mom's pink tube with thick baby-making goo.

Once they both caught their breath, Susan gazed up into his eyes. "You know, if we keep fucking like we have been, you're probably gonna get me pregnant. You know that, right?" she asked him.

"Yes, but dad will just think it's his, right?"

"Yes, baby, don't worry. Your dad will never know it was really ours."

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"Oh, my!" Mary, the host of the forum wickedly smiled. "Now, here you are, big and pregnant, just like you told him you would be."

"Yep," Susan giggled.

"Your husband must have thought that was quite the walk you two took along the beach," Trina teased.

"Yes, I was hoping he didn't notice the freshly-fucked look I had when we got back."

"Trina, what about you?" Mary asked. "Where's the most thrilling place you've ever fucked your son?"

"My husband's desk," she answered without hesitation.

"At his place of employment?"

"No, his home office," the mother answered with a big grin.

TRINA'S STORY

"Alright…our lunch to-go-order should be ready!" Trina's husband Bruce announced, heading towards the door with his keys. "I'm gonna go pick it up. I should be back in ten to fifteen minutes."

"Alright, honey!" his platinum-blonde wife sang from the kitchen.

Roger sat at the table drinking some juice when he saw his mom rush over to him. Trina pulled up her skirt and straddled him on the chair. Before the boy knew what hit him, his mom's thick pink tongue was in his mouth, lashing with his own. While frantically smooching, she pulled off her blouse, then his t-shirt. She ground her panty-covered twat against his hardening prick, making it clear that she wanted to be fucked. "Ten to fifteen minutes," she muttered between kisses, quoting her husband. "We can work with that, right, baby?"

"Uh-huh."

"I don't wanna fuck here though," she stated, staring into his eyes. "I have a better place in mind."

"My bed?"

"Nope, but don't get me wrong…I do love fucking on your bed, baby."

"Where then?" the teen asked, watching his mom unclasp her bra and release her giant tits.

"Your father's desk!" she answered with a wicked grin.

"Dad's desk? Are you serious?"

"Of course. Think about how hot that'll be…us fucking our asses off right there on top of all his work papers."

"Will you ride me?" Roger excitedly asked.

"Dumbest question ever!" his mom teased. "Carry me down to his office, lover."

Roger stood up, with his mom clinging to him. Her smooth tan legs were wrapped snugly around his midsection. At this point the mother was six-months pregnant, so her giant naked tits and round, fetus-engorged belly squashed up against the boy. When they arrived in his father's tiny home office, his mom slipped off him and quickly pulled off his shorts and boxer-briefs.

"Get on the desk!" she requested lustfully, while peeling her pink panties off.

Roger sprawled out on his father's big desk; papers spread out beneath him. He watched his mom crawl onto him like a hungry cougar. Her big fatty milkers wobbled around as they dangled from her chest. Trina straddled her boy, grasping his cock and bringing it to her shaved cunt. His mom had prominent inner labia that protruded from her fleshy outer clamshell. The gawking teen watched his swollen peter-tip slice up through her inner lips, flanking them around his meaty prick.

"**OHHHH!**" Trina sighed, lowering her rounded 'Cinnabon' ass and feeling her son's rigid cock stretch the lining of her pussy. She took him all the way to his pubic base, mashing her crotch against his. "Oh, baby…I love how big your cock is!"

Roger gulped excitedly, staring up at his mom's big rounded belly, to the twin melons ballooning out above him. Her puffy nipples and grapefruit-sized areola were a deep crimson color from increased blood-flow. He marveled at how engorged they were and how she had big blue veins running just underneath the outer layer of fatty

flesh. He knew his mom's boobs were changing, in preparation for milk production.

"Your tits look amazing, mom!" he gasped.

"Thanks, but they're still growing. By the time I give birth to your daughter you might be scared of these boobs, they'll be so fucking big. Not to mention they'll be dripping milk all over the place while we fuck," she said in amusement.

"I won't mind that at all!" he confessed.

"No?" she smiled, gazing down with her beautiful blue eyes. "You won't mind mommy soaking you in warm tit-honey, while you slam your boner through me?"

"No way!" Roger replied.

Trina began bouncing on her boy's cock fervently, making their flesh smack together. She did love her husband, but fucking her son places like Bruce's desk or their marital bed was extremely thrilling. Knowing he'd be back soon made it all the more dangerous and arousing for the naughty wife.

"Yes! Fuck me, Roger!" Trina gasped, increasing her fuck-tempo.

The boy ran his hands over her rounded belly, while staring up in awe at her wildly-bouncing tits. His mom's swollen oblong melons leaped off her chest in a wide looping pattern before smacking back down against her belly. The way her tit-meat rippled on impact was absolutely mesmerizing.

Roger's steely-hard cock plunged through the juicy tube of her vagina, the ridge of his cunt-smothered knob created delightful sensations along the spongy walls of Trina's pussy, creating a quick climax for both of them.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming, Roger!" Trina squealed.

Seeing his own mom tremble and cry out in pleasure on top of him made the teen's excited prick spurt like crazy inside of her.

"I'm back!" his father's voice called out from downstairs.

Trina quickly hopped off her son, cupping her pussy, so Roger's hot cum-load didn't seep out of her and onto her husband's work papers. The two of them quickly put their clothes back on. However, the mother needed to scramble to her bedroom for a new bra and blouse, since she had accidentally left the ones she stripped off early in the kitchen.

Just as she suspected he would, her husband Bruce had questions about why her clothing was left on the kitchen floor. "What happened here?" he asked, pointing to his wife's big bra, after her and Roger returned.

"Oh…um, I boiled some water and it splashed onto me. It soaked right through my bra, so I had to get it off as quickly as I could."

"Oh, I see," her husband replied. "So…shall we eat some lunch!"

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"You didn't feel bad about fucking all over your husband's work papers?" Mary asked.

"No, not at all…I thought it was hilarious actually," Trina smiled and all the three other moms giggled and clapped, making their huge, milk-engorged breasts tremble wonderfully.

"Alright, Becky…you're up," Mary stated, looking over at the red-headed mother.

"My husband and I have always had 'our spot.' It's a little cabin that we went to on our honeymoon and rent out every year for our anniversary," she explained. "I mean, it's so special to us, that that we recently renewed our vows there."

"And?" Mary grinned, knowing where this was going.

"And…I was suppose to be going to Vegas with my girlfriend and my son was suppose to be camping with some friends…at least that's what my husband thought."

BECKY'S STORY Like horny young lovers on a honeymoon, Becky and Aaron, her son, barged into the cabin, kissing and groping passionately.

"My, my…someone's not wasting any time," the mother giggled.

"Well…you **WERE** flashing your legs and pussy at me the whole way up here. What do you expect, mom?" the horny teen asked.

"Well, I don't know what to expect, but I'll tell you what **YOU** can expect," the mother said, teasingly pushing him away.

"What?" her son asked eagerly, sporting an obvious boner beneath his pants.

"You can expect to earn your way between these legs today, by finding something first."

"Finding something? Finding what?"

"Well…as you know, this cabin is a **VERY** sentimental place for your father and I. So sentimental in fact that the first time we were here, on our honeymoon, we carved our initials somewhere inside here," she explained.

"Somewhere inside the cabin?" Aaron asked.

"Yep. So your challenge is to find that carving…because you're not getting any pussy until you do," she teased.

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Seriously! So you better get to searching, buster."

Aaron began frantically searching the timber walls of the rustic cabin. He was so consumed with looking that he hadn't noticed that his mom had stripped naked and sprawled out on her tummy on the couch behind him. "Any luck yet, baby?" she asked.

Aaron looked over and saw her laying there watching him. He gasped at the sight of her fat tits, bulging out from between her and the sofa. The rounded swell of her luscious 'Pixar-mom' mom ass made the teen's cock flex beneath his briefs. "You're such a cock-tease!" Aaron muttered.

"Am I?" Becky asked, staring at him wantonly.

"Can you at least tell me if I'm warm…or hot?" he asked.

The mother let her eyes drift lustfully to his bulging crotch. "Oh, you're definitely fucking hot!" she said in a seductive tone.

"You know what I mean," Aaron chuckled. "Am I close to you and dad's carving?"

"Umm…no!"

"Damnit! It must be in the bedroom then."

Aaron rushed into the tiny bedroom of the cabin and continued searching. "It's a rental cabin…so I feeling like if you're gonna carve something into the wall, you'd do it up high, so the owners wouldn't find it," he loudly stated.

"Why are you shouting?" Becky asked. "I'm standing right here."

Aaron looked over to see his mom leaning against the doorframe in a sexy pose. Her huge melonous tits were ballooning out from her chest. Their thick erect teats protruded out from the centers of her areolar rings. His eyes drifted down her trim torso, arriving at the upside triangle of her shaved crotch. His mom vulva looked like a flower bud about to bloom. Her darker inner labia could clearly be seen through the entire slit of her outer lips.

"Oh, did you come in here to tease me some more?" he asked.

"You mean to provide you encouragement? Yes!"

While to boy continued searching the walls, his sexy mom sashayed over and crawled onto the mattress.

"Where the hell is it?" Aaron asked in frustration. "You're not just messing with me, are you?"

"Don't give up, baby" his mom said in a sensual tone. She was in all-fours at the center of the bed, with her huge tits dangling down and her naked Pixar-mom ass pointed at her son. "You know you want this."

Aaron gulped excitedly, watching his mom wag her meaty derriere teasingly. He quickly went back to searching. "I'm not seeing it on these walls anywhere!"

"Who said it was on the walls?" his mom asked, rolling onto her back. "I just said we carved our initials in here somewhere. I never said **WHAT** we carved them into."

"The furniture!" Aaron blurted, then began checking an old dresser across from the bed.

After checking it thoroughly, he saw his mom spread out on the bed with her legs scissored back in a wide V. She was lustfully rubbing her pussy, while staring down at him. "I do hope you find it soon,

baby. My pussy's on fire! It needs to be pounded by a big thick cock," she whimpered.

It was from this angle that Aaron saw it, right there carved into the wooden headboard, framed in by his mom's sexy splayed legs. "Wow…now I see it!" he chuckled. "Right there on the headboard. That's a pretty brave place to carve something."

"Hey, your dad and I are repeat customers. What are they gonna do…say something about it and piss us off?" his mom smiled. "Better get those pants off now, mister!"

Aaron undressed as quickly as he could, while watching his mom crawl back on all-fours. His big dick sprung out at an upward angle. The foreskin of his uncircumcised cock had peeled back, revealing the fat pinkish-purple helmet.

He wasted no time crawling onto the bed and mounting her haunches. The boy snarled lustfully as he drug his peter-tip through the moist folds of his mom's pudendal cleft. They both gasped in unison as Aaron plunged his cock into her vaginal furnace.

"Oh, shit, baby…I love it!" his mom cried out, then humped her ass back on him in lustful desire.

Aaron grasped his mom's wide hips, pumping into her pussy steadily. Their mutual fuck-thrusts made Becky's Pixar mommy-ass beat against her boy's midsection. The way her big, fatty butt-cheeks rippled each time they struck his cock-base was a feast for Aaron's eyes.

The old bedframe rocked and creaked from their heated doggy-fuck. Becky's big heavy udders swung beneath her, her hands gripping the sheets from the pleasure that was sweeping through her mature frame.

Aaron loved watching his thick vein-encrusted erection appear and disappear from his mom's body, over and over. The longer he pumped into her, the wetter his dick looked. It soon became covered in a wonderful white frothy substance as his mom's vaginal secretions mixed with the pre-jizz that was drooling from his cunt-smothered meatus.

Becky shuddered in a sexual blush as she felt her boy's boner flex inside her. It felt so long, thick and powerful slamming through her pit of pleasure. The crown of her boy's love-lance kissed the gate to her womb on every thrust. Her heart rate, blood pressure and respiration continued to increase as she was swept towards a powerful climax.

She couldn't help but smile wickedly, while looking at her and her husband's initials carved in the center of a heart, there on the headboard. It was put there when they were much younger, back when her husband could fuck her like her son was doing. Over the years her hubby had began to struggle with erectile dysfunction. Their sex-routine went from every night to every week and even when his penis could get hard, it paled in comparison to the size and stiff engorgement of her son's cock.

"Yeah, mom…take my fucking dick!" Aaron gasped, increasing his fuck-tempo. He beat his midsection on her buns even harder, while hammering the unyielding spike of his cock inside her.

"Oh, Aaron! Oh, baby! Oh, God, you're gonna make me cum!" the mother cried out breathlessly.

The boy had fucked a few other girls. He'd even fucked one of his friend's moms, but his own mother's pussy felt so much better than theirs, especially when she came on his cock. "Ahh, fuck!" the boy groaned, feeling her birthing-tube contract, while listening to Becky howl in orgasm. It felt like her pussy was turning inside-out around his plunging spear, making his balls tingle.

"**AHHH, GODDAMIT!!**" the teen blurted in pleasure as a raging torrent of cock-cream moved up through the tube of his urethra.

"**UGHHH!!**" he grunted, feeling his mom's clasping cunt-walls milk out long, fat cords of spunk from his penis. On and on they continued to cum together, until Aaron felt as though he had blasted a gallon of spunk inside of her.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"We spent pretty much the entire trip fucking our asses off," Becky told the other moms. "I'm pretty sure that's where he pumped his baby inside me," Becky stated, patting her huge prenatal belly.

"Sounds like the cabin became you and your son's 'special spot' after that experience," Mary pointed out.

"Oh, it did. In fact, before we left there, I had Aaron scratch out his father's initials on the headboard and put his own there."

All the moms giggled and clapped.

"What about you, Mary?" Susan asked. "Where's the most exciting place **YOU'VE** ever fucked your son?"

"Oh my God, there have been **SO** many great fucks we've shared together, but I think the most thrilling was one we had at the Boy's Sexual Training Camp."

"That's on that tropical island, right? Where some moms take their boys to teach them to fuck and eat pussy?" Trina asked.

"That's the one," Mary beamed. "It was the day of the visiting moms. I was paired up with four other huge-breasted women that my son had chose. One of which just happened to be an Elementary

School teacher that he had a crush on when he was like eight-years-old."

"Oh my God, that must have been wildly exciting for him!" Becky stated.

"It was. You should have seen the look on his face when he was making that teacher, the object of his boyhood fascination, scream and gush all over his cock."

MARY'S STORY

"Whoa!" Tony gasped, staring up through the gaping cleavage of two enormous, wildly-bouncing tits. Though the tit-canyon he could see the pretty face of Shelly Nelson, a woman who was his teacher in the 3rd grade. Tony vividly remembered watching her move around the classroom with her big chest and sexy ass being the obsession of every young boy in class. Now, here she was, with her rounded donut-hole style ass beating again his crotch, while he pounded his cock through her snug pussy.

Shelly and her husband had three children, but all of them were girls, so she wouldn't have a chance to bring a son to **BSTC**. This is why the center had created 'visiting moms' day. To give women who didn't have sons the chance to participate in the sexual training of someone else's boy.

The big room at the center was filled with naked flesh. Huge breasted mom, sixty in total, were divided throughout the room, testing the newly taught sexual abilities of ten lucky teenage boys.

"Mom's turn!" Mary exclaimed, leaning over and staring into the eyes of her handsome boy.

Tony's soaking-wet dick popped from Shelly's shaved pussy, followed by a stream of her own ejaculate as she climbed off his cock. His

mom quickly mounted him, wasting no time re-sheathing his cock with her own cunt. His mouthwatering view of her giant knockers was suddenly obscured as the other five moms moved in, showering his body with lusty kisses and licks, while dragging their fat, heavy tits all over him.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, feeling his mom ride his cock feverishly, while he was being smothered by five other beautiful moms. He went from one enormous tit to the next, sucking and chewing at their engorged nipples, while feeling the doughy-soft meat of their tits blanket his entire head and chest.

Mary smiled wickedly as she looked down at the other naked moms, with their long silky hair, smothering her boy with naughty affection. After bouncing on his dick for nearly ten minutes, the mother smacked her sweat-sheened crotch against his, crushing the horny bulb of her clitoris against his cock-root. She ground their engorged sex organs together in full penetration. Up and back and up and back she swung her wide motherly hips, stirring her boy's rock-hard cock inside her overheated pussy.

Tony's eyes rolled back in pleasure as he felt his stiff, muscled dick stretch the hot, juice-slickened lining of his mom's cunt. His sensitive glans were plowing against all sorts of wonderful cuntal tissue. It wasn't long before he felt the squeezing orgasmic contractions around his cock. He felt his mom's meatus bulge, squelching out hot female ejaculate that ran down the sides of his nuts.

The boy's face was sandwiched between two different mom's tits when he felt his prostate let out a wonderful pre-orgasmic shudder. "Ohh, fuck!" he grunted. The mother's heard him, but didn't understand what he said, since his face was plastered in tit-meat. He humped his hips, socking his prick up through his mom's pulsating vaginal.

Mary heard her son let out a guttural grunt and felt his knob mushroom even bigger. Then, she felt hot spurts of baby-making goo splatter along the walls of her cock-stuffed pussy. For a good five-minutes she milked it out, using her strong muscles to provide cuntal tugs and suction around his prick.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

"I don't know if I would have liked sharing my son's cock with five other women," Susan admitted. "I want all that hard meat all to myself."

"God, I'm fucking horny now!" Becky sighed, feeling cunt-honey ooze from the slit of her shaved pussy.

"Me too! Somebody's getting raped when he gets home from school," Trina added.

"Yes! This momma's gonna pound her meaty Pixar-mom ass back on her boy's big muscled cock!" Becky lustfully announced.

Susan held up her glass of wine for a toast. "Here's to using our horny mommy-ass, no matter what shape or size, to keep our hot son's dick hard and satisfied."

"I drink to that!" Mary added as they all clinked their glasses together. Their blood-engorged nipples and clits throbbed with a lustful hunger for teenage cock.

Attending
Room 209
...with Mom
by KLRXO

Attending Room 209... with Mom

By Klrxo

"Ricky's having such a hard time in math class. With all those teenage girls strutting their hot little asses around it's a wonder any of these boys can concentrate," I told my friend Gail as we sat over coffee.

"Oh I know…my poor Ryan used to beat his tender cock every time he got home from school. I used to feel so bad for him."

Rocking my infant in my arms, I fed Gail an understanding look. "Oh, trust me…Ricky pulls on his prick all the time too. Wait… '**USED TO**?' Ryan doesn't beat off anymore?" I asked.

"Nope, he doesn't need to, and Ricky won't either. All you have to do is come to Room 209 with me, during their lunch hour."

"What is this Room 209? I hear moms all over town raving about it?" I asked.

"Well, it's actually not a room, it's a house, across the street from the High School. It's a place the boys can go to get stroked, blown, fucked, whatever's on the agenda. That way they can concentrate the rest of the day."

My jaw dropped. "So where do the moms come in?" I asked.

"Where do you think we come in?" my friend giggled.

"Holy fuck, Gail…seriously?! You're helping to get Ryan off?"

"Yes, and you wouldn't believe what a difference it's made in his grades. As long as your son is eighteen he can participate in Room 209."

"Well, Ricky turned eighteen last week. How many other moms are doing this?"

"Lots of them, and the numbers are growing. I'm telling you, Michelle, if you want your Ricky to have an easier time in school, you should really consider it."

For a moment I actually found myself thinking it over. "Should I? How could I?" I thought, thinking of my husband. Gail and I had been friends for years. She was beautiful! Like the classic actress, Rhonda Fleming sort of beautiful, except she had a thick, rounded ass and heavy tits, like I did. I usually trusted her judgement, but I wasn't so sure this time. "Oh, I don't know. If Dan ever found out I was draining our son's nuts he would completely freak out."

"Well, my husband wouldn't exactly approve of it either, but what they don't know won't hurt them. Room 209 is completely private and discreet, and fuck, it's not like I'm really cheating…I'm helping our son to succeed in school! It's different!"

Once again Gail's words were making sense to me. "Yes, that's so true…we mothers would do just about anything to see our boys succeed."

"Yep, and that includes letting them use our big busted bodies for sexual pleasure," Gail stated. "I know it sounds odd and unconventional, but trust me when I say, it works. Why don't you and Ricky come try it out tomorrow and you'll see."

"Tomorrow?! I…um, well…maybe. Can I think it over?" I muttered, unsure whether I could really go through with it, or how my son would react to such a wicked method of helping him.

"Of course, just text me later and let me know what you decide."

Even though it sounded extreme and unethical, I knew what Gail said made sense. A boy's brain was in his briefs, it was just a fact of life. Giving Ricky mind-blowing sexual release during the day was bound to take the edge off and help him stay focused on his schoolwork. I wondered what Ricky would think of the idea of me, his own mother, helping to empty his nutsack daily. I knew he would often use my panties to beat his boner with, leaving them drenched with big loads of sticky cum. And more than once a day I would catch my sweet boy staring at my big tits or my meaty ass. I always excused it for normal teenage behavior. However, letting him gawk at my curvy body was one thing. Wrapping my legs around him and letting him fuck the shit out of me was taking things to another level completely.

"Dude, you gotta get your mom to meet you at Room 209!" my friend, Ryan, said as we walked home from school.

"I've tried. I let my math grades slip. Maybe she doesn't know about Room 209."

"Are you kidding, all the women in this town do is gossip! There's not a mom out there who doesn't know about Room 209. Why do you think more and more moms are meeting their sons there to help get their dicks off?"

I had to admit, the idea of my own beautiful mom sucking my cock or letting me fuck her hot pussy made my head spin euphorically. Mom was a platinum-blonde and had a terrific body, with the biggest boobs of all the moms in the neighborhood. My friends said she looked like a blonde, big-titted version of the actress, Kate Beckensale. Honestly though, she was my mom and was happily married to dad. I had no clue how she'd react to the idea. She might

even be completely sickened by it. "I don't know, dude…I really can't picture **MY** mom doing something like that," I expressed.

"Ha! That's exactly what I thought about my mom at first. At home she was all prim and proper, never even said a swear word, but then in Room 209 she became this huge cock-milking slut. It was fucking awesome!"

Being the first one home from school I often headed straight to my room to jerk off, but as I moved up the stairs I heard mom call me from the nursery. "Ricky, is that you, sweetie?"

"Yeah…hi, mom!"

"Come in here a second," her sweet voice requested.

I entered the nursery to find mom in the rocker, nursing my little brother. She was wearing a short skirt and her legs were crossed in a sexy manner. My eyes followed her stunning frame, starting at her tan bare feet with their painted toenails, up the silky sheen of her luscious tan legs. Goddamn mom had gorgeous legs! Sometimes I could hardly keep from staring at them. Her form fitting sweater was pulled up on one side, revealing the parted cup of her maternity bra. My little brother's face was buried under the biggest mound of creamy tit-flesh I had ever seen. It was times like these that I wished I was an infant again.

Mom broke me from my trance, her beautiful face framed by a curtain of long wavy blonde hair. "How was school?" she asked.

"Oh, um…it was ok I guess."

"How's math class going?"

"The same," I replied with a telling frown.

"Ryan's mom was telling me about a program for the boys at school, during their lunch hour. Have you heard about that?"

My heart skipped a beat. I couldn't believe that mom was finally bringing it up. "Yeah, Room 209. I've heard some of the boys at school talking about it."

Mom smiled slyly. "What are they saying about it? I'm just curious."

"Oh, that it's um…pretty cool. They like it a lot."

"Has it helped them to focus more…on schoolwork in class?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, it's helped them a lot…or so they tell me," I answered, trying to sell it the best I could.

Mom gazed at me curiously, smiling slightly, while bobbing her sexy bare foot. "Would it help **YOU**?"

I swallowed hard in disbelief that mom was actually considering it. "Yeah, I mean… it probably would."

"Just probably? So it might not?"

"No…um, I think it would," I replied, trying to sound positive about it, but not too positive.

"I know I'm your mom, but could you accept my help that way… without it being too weird?" she cutely asked, staring into my eyes as she waited for my answer.

"I'm pretty sure I could," I replied, trying not to sound too eager.

"I know I'm just a stay-at-home mom, so helping you with math and things like that just wouldn't be something I'd be much good at. However, I know a lot about sexual things and I'm **VERY** adept at

performing them. So, maybe there is a way I can contribute to helping you."

The door slammed downstairs and my little sister announced her arrival as usual. "Mommy?!" she called.

Mom rolled her eyes. "Ugh, that girl! Will you fix her a snack for me, while I finish feeding your brother?" she asked.

"Sure, Mom," I answered, taking one last glance at her big tan boob. I wondered if mom would forget all about our conversation, or whether she was actually considering helping me that way. I hoped for the latter.

At dinner that night I found my eyes drifting to my son, looking him up and down in a way I never had before. Ricky was such a lean, handsome teen, a younger version of his father, with my blonde hair and blue eyes. Sweet Ricky, the first born of my four children and nearly ready to graduate from boyhood. I found myself wondering what type of sexual experience he'd already had. "Had he fucked a girl yet, or had his tender cock stroked or sucked on by one of his pretty classmates?" I wondered.

My six year old's voice broke my trance. "Mom, tell Amanda to stop looking at me!" she whined.

"I'm not looking at you, crybaby!" Amanda, my sixteen-year-old snapped back.

"Yes you are!"

"Girls, please…stop annoying each other and just eat," I patiently chided.

My husband's attention turned to Ricky. "How are the grades coming along? You better get them up if you wanna play baseball this year,"

he warned.

"I know, dad," Ricky muttered, picking at his food.

I had made a firm decision in regard to helping my son, so I spoke up, looking at my husband. "Honey, do you think your mom would mind watching the baby, every day at noontime?"

"Are you kidding? She's always begging to watch the baby. Why every day though.?" hubby asked.

"Well, every day but weekends. There's a special tutoring program for Ricky, during his lunch hour. Apparently the mothers can meet them there and help out. You know, by offering support and such."

I looked over and Ricky. I could tell by the smile on his face that he liked the idea also.

"That sounds like a good program," my husband stated. "Give her a call tonight. I'm sure she won't mind."

I stared my young son in the eyes, giving him my best motherly smile. Our relationship was about to take a new and exciting turn and I could see the anxiousness in his expression. "Thanks," I told my husband "I just wanna do whatever I can to help him get his grades up." Little did my husband know how literal that statement was.

I texted Gail to let her know that I had made a decision. She responded promptly.

"**THAT'S GREAT, MICHELLE! YOU WON'T REGRET IT. I'LL FORWARD YOU A COPY OF TOMORROW'S ROOM** 209 **ITINERARY**."

I waited nervously. "What would my son and I be doing on our first day in Room 209?" I wondered. I hoped we could start slow, but

from all I'd heard, I knew there was also a good chance I would be sucking his cock or getting fucked up the ass. I blushed at how thrilling it seemed, but reminded myself it was for a worthy purpose. Soon, Gail texted me again. It read:

"**MONDAY LOCATION**: **ROOM** 209

WHAT TO BRING: **BABYDOLL NIGHTIE, HIGH-HEELED MULES SCHEDULE**: 12 – 12:30: **MOMS ON DISPLAY**

12:30 – 1: **HANDJOBS SEE YOU THERE LADIES!**"

"Phew…thank God!" I nervously thought. Of course I was willing to spread my thighs, or take his cock up my ass, if it meant helping my boy, but a handjob seemed like such a better way to break the ice. There was part of me that couldn't believe I was actually considering this. I was married for God sakes and Ricky was my son. However, I justified it, just as I'm sure the other moms did, by the fact that it would be helping my child succeed. If I was honest, there was another part of me, a part that all grown women had deep down that found it extremely wicked and exciting. I had stroked a lot of dicks throughout high school and college, and to this day my hubby comments on my 'magic hands.' I considered myself quite the pro in the skill of giving a hand-job. I just never thought in a million years that I'd be giving one to my own son.

Before Ricky rushed out the door the next day I gave him a quick reminder, although I'm sure he didn't need one. "See you at lunchtime, sweetheart!"

Ricky looked me in the eyes and we exchanged an anxious smile. We were headed down a naughty road and we both knew it. "Ok, mom…I'll be there!" he blurted.

I dropped the baby off at my mother-in-laws, then at 11:30 I pulled up across the street from the High School. I had arrived at a cute little cape-style home they called Room 209. I stepped out of my car

with my oversized bag in hand. Wearing a skirt, I couldn't help but notice how my freshly shaved legs gave off a silky sheen in the noon-day sun. My dainty feet with painted toenails were propped in a pair of 4-inch spiked-heeled mules, which clicked delicately against the concrete as I stepped up the driveway.

"Hey, girl!" Gail exclaimed as she moved out of the house and greeted me with a hug.

"Cute place!" I said, looking at the house.

"Isn't it? Kate Dobson owns it. She donated it to the moms of Westfield."

"Well, that's a pretty generous donation."

"From what I've heard, her and her son were the first to develop the program, but that was years ago. Come on, I'll give you a quick tour," said Gail.

We stepped inside the foyer. The first floor was neat and furnished, and had a model-home feel to it. Downstairs was a different story. At the bottom of a stairway we entered a large dressing room with a wall of floor-to-ceiling mirrors. Scattered around the space were what had to be thirty middle-aged moms chatting, giggling and primping. I recognized some of them from various school functions and sporting events. Most of the women were naked or in various states of undress.

"Michelle!" A women shouted. It was Tori Richards, a mom I had gotten to know last year from our sons playing baseball together. The curvy, shoulder-length dirty-blonde was already adorned in her pale-yellow babydoll nightie, her gigantic tits clearly visible through the mesh fabric. We hugged. "It's **SO** good to see you! Is this your first time here?" she asked.

"Yeah. Ricky has been struggling in class, so we decided to give it a try."

"He's gonna love it! It's done wonders for Steven."

One of the women shouted to the rest of us. "Fifteen minutes until the lunch bell, ladies!"

Tori smiled anxiously at Gail and I. "Well, I'll let you two get your nighties on…get all beautified for your boys. I'm sure they're so fucking anxious right now they can hardly stand it!" she hurriedly spoke.

Undressing, I felt like a model preparing for a fashion show. As I unhooked my bra and slipped the embroidered cups from my milk-swollen breasts I heard Gail gasp. "Holy shit, Girl, have your tits gotten bigger?!" she exclaimed.

"Well, duh…**I AM** breastfeeding a newborn, remember?"

Tori had slipped on a pair of six-inch mules and was posing provocatively as she looked herself in the mirror. "Well, nothing wrong with that," she stated. "Teenage boys **LOVE** big tits!"

"You can say that again," agreed Gail, slipping on her sexy nightie. "Ryan can't keep his hands off of mine when we're here."

"Well, **IT IS** hand-jobs today, so our boys are probably gonna wanna blast their ball-goo all over our heavy tits," Tori chuckled.

Gail spun around, displaying her skimpy attire. "Tah-dah! What do you think, girls?"

"It's beautiful!" I answered, looking her nightie over.

"It's called a Jezebel babydoll. It came with the matching g-string."

Like me, Gail had a luscious rounded ass and her g-string disappeared between the meaty cheeks of her derriere. "Wow! Well, I didn't wanna brave a g-string my first time out, so I decided on a pair of mesh bikini panties," I stated, turning to display my own ass, which was clearly visible through the mesh fabric of the bodice. The panties were semi-transparent also, exposing the shadowy crack of my mommy-buttocks. I peeked back for Gail's approval. "Is it too revealing?"

Both Gail and Tori laughed at my question. "Look around, girl. This is room 209. There's no such thing as 'too revealing,' trust me," Gail replied.

I slipped on my six-inch stiletto heels, completing my outfit. Gail and I stood in front of the wall of mirrors, along with the other moms, posing and brushing through our big manes of hair. I applied a light coat of pink lipstick, as Gail sprayed on some perfume. "It seems so surreal that we were doing it all for our own sons," I commented.

"Mmm, wait until you see how quickly their dicks get hard. It's wonderful!" Tori remarked.

I took a moment to look around, laughing to myself. "This is crazy! Middle-aged married women acting like a bunch of primping college-girls waiting for our dates to arrive," I thought. "Crazy…but exciting at the same time."

"Just wait until you see the boys' eyes light up when we first walk out," Gail stated. "It's like that gasp you hear on Christmas morning, when they see all their gifts beneath the tree."

"Yeah, but **THOSE** gifts don't get their dicks off," I joked.

"True, there," Tori laughed cocking a foot to one side, flexing her coppertone legs as she posed in front of the mirror. "Even so, can you blame them for gawking? Look at us. We're fucking Goddesses!"

For a moment I felt a little ashamed at what my son was about to see me in. "I can't believe I'm gonna be letting Ricky see me in this, but I know it's what needs to be done to help him," I stated.

"That's right, Michelle," Tori agreed. "Our boys are sexually curious by nature. We're helping them to satisfy their curiosity, so they can stay **LESS** focused on all those cuties in class and **MORE** focused on their schoolwork. It's a mother's duty to help that happen."

"The bell just went off ladies!" a mother shouted.

Gail grabbed my arm excitedly. "The boys are coming!" she beamed.

"Come on, dude!" Ryan shouted back at me as we rushed across the street We weren't the only ones. There were many other guys I recognized from class and sports teams I had played on who were also rushing towards Room 209. I noticed that mom's car was among the many others sitting in front of the house. "Oh my God, she's really here! This is really happening!" I thought, my heart beating with nervous excitement. Ever since I had caught a glimpse of mom's tits when I walked by her bedroom at age thirteen, I had been dying to see them again. I wondered if I'd get to see her large breasts and perhaps even more than that today.

"Follow me, Michelle," said Gail. Our dainty heels clicked on the hard floor as we quickly grouped by a door of another room in the basement. Over thirty beautiful moms, including myself, were adorned in babydoll nighties, waiting like anxious teenage girls. I heard the beat of music start from the room on the other side, then exchanged an eager smile with another mom I recognized. Our boys shared a class years ago. I starting to feel at home among the women who I knew were just like me, married, but determined to help their sons keep high grades. However, I was still incredibly nervous. This would be new territory between Ricky and I and I

wasn't completely sure how we'd navigate it discreetly. I was also unsure if I could go so far as to fuck him, since I felt so strongly that it was something that only a husband and wife should share.

"So…um, hand-jobs, huh?" I asked.

"Yep, we get to beat some teenage meat today," One short-haired blonde mom giggled.

"Mmm, I love stroking young cock, but, of course, this isn't about **MY** likes. I'm doing it to help my son, like we all are," another mother stated.

"I noticed on the schedule that the first half-hour is 'moms on display.' What does that mean exactly?" I asked.

"The boys will be standing in a big circle stroking their dicks, while we parade and pose around them. They call it moms on display," Gail explained.

"Oh my God, what am I doing, Gail?! This is crazy!" I said, suddenly thinking of my husband. He certainly would divorce me if he knew what I was about to do, and the last thing I wanted was for my marriage to be destroyed.

Gail giggled and took my hand reassuringly. "Just relax and have fun. Remember how much you'll be helping Ricky. That's what this is all about," she reminded me."

"You're right," I muttered, "and when his grades start improving it'll all be because of this."

I could hear rushing footsteps upstairs as boys filed down the back stairway. My Ricky was with them. "Was he as nervous as I was?" I wondered.

One of the moms bounced on her feet excitedly, making her big boobs bobble beneath the silky covering. "They're here!"

"They're all inside and the upstairs doors are locked," a mom noted as she joined the rest of us.

Gail squeezed my hand. "Here we go!"

The door at the front of the line opened and moms began to file into the room. I recognized the music. It was "Naughty Girl" by Beyonce. I followed closely behind Gail, our high-heels clicking lightly on the floor as she led me into the room.

"Dude, get your shorts off!" my friend, Ryan, blurted as he quickly removed his trunks and started shamelessly stroking his stiff cock.

I surveyed the large, yet cozy space. The music was loud and the spacious room had a dim nightclub-like atmosphere. Circled around the parameter, the other guys had their shirts off and their shorts around their ankles. They gawked, and shamelessly stroked their dicks as one-by-one the moms sashayed inside the room.

"This is it, Michelle!" Gail said excitedly, squeezing my hand.

I scanned the room for my son, Ricky, finding him on the far side. Unlike the other boys, he was still dressed, although I could see the tent-pole forming under his shorts. My boy looked nervous and out of place. He finally turned my way and we made eye contact. Still stuck behind a few women, I smiled at him reassuringly and gave him a cute little wave.

I followed Gail through the crowd towards our boys, who were side by side. She let go of my hand, and like the other moms, I found myself sashaying to the beat of the music towards my son. I paused a moment and watched Michelle slip around her cock-stroking boy in

a sexy manner, dragging her nails on his shoulders. It was almost shocking to watch, but wildly erotic at the same time.

My gazed drifted to Ricky. My dear Ricky. There was no one between us now and good heavens was he gawking. Gawking at his mommy's nearly exposed body in her naughty negligee. I wanted him to be naked like the other boys were. I wanted him to be stroking his erection, proudly showing it off to me. I wanted him to pleasure himself to the sight of me and wondered why he wasn't.

Mom was beautiful! I stood there, frozen in nervous excitement as she stepped towards me, rocking her motherly hips to the beat. Like the other moms, she was wearing a sexy white babydoll nightie, made with Chiffon fabric and cute bow detail. Matching white heels displayed her pretty feet. The swell of her big braless tits wobbled with every move and I could faintly see the dark circles of her huge areola through the lacy semi-sheer fabric of the cups.

She tilted her head a little, drawing my attention to her face and fed me a loving smile. "Hi," she mouthed.

Feeling awkward, I smiled back.

Ryan glanced over at me, beating his cock shamelessly in his hand to the sight of our moms. "Come on dude, get your fucking shorts off!" he urged.

Ricky looked at me timidly and I smiled and nodded, letting him know nonverbally that it was ok to show his cock and jerk it's length to the sight of me. I knew this was the ice-breaker moment and probably the toughest we would experience. "It's ok," I mouthed reassuringly.

Finally, he fumbled with his zipper and dropped his shorts and briefs. His erection caught on the waistband of his briefs, then bobbed up

and down stiffly on his loins as it sprung free. For a moment I just stared at my son's penis like no mother should. The engorged head flared out angry and shiny as it capped the long rock-hard cylinder of meat. His shaft rose impressively, curving upward and encrusted with bulging veins. He wrapped his hand around it and began jacking off.

Gail snapped me from my trance as she wandered over by me and did a sexy standing pose for her son. "Wow, Ricky has a beautiful dick, Michelle!" she stated as we both stood there staring.

"Right?" I whispered, agreeing whole-heartedly. "It looks longer than I expected."

"Damn, a good-sized knob on it too," Gail observed.

I gazed back up at Ricky's face. He was practically drooling as he looked my nearly naked body up and down. This made me blush, but I knew it was my motherly duty and I was gonna do the best job I knew how. I cocked one leg out in front of me, bent at the knee, then placed my hands on my wide hips, thrusting my big oversized chest out for my teen. Ricky's eyes widened, gazing at my double H-cups as they threatened to rip right through the top portion of my nightie. His eyes drifted up to mine and I smiled back proudly.

Gail spun around, displaying her meaty backside for Ryan, so I did the same for my boy. I wanted him to take in every inch of my body.

"Holy shit, mom's ass is amazing!!" I thought as my eyes traveled to Mom's rounded derrier.

"Look at those fucking asses, dude!" Ryan shouted, beating his pecker shamelessly.

Crowning her strong tan mommy-legs, the cheeks of mom's lovely ass were spilling out from under the hems of her tight bikini panties.

I could see the shadowy crack of her buttocks through the semi-sheer fabric and it made my cock flex and throb in my hand.

Both my mom and Ryan's mom were displaying their luscious bubble butts, peeking back at us over their shoulders and giving us naughty smiles and winks

"Damn, you can see your mom's ass-crack right through those mesh panties. Holy fuck!" Ryan exclaimed.

"I know," I answered, glancing over at the buns of his mom's rump, "and look at the thong **YOUR** mom's wearing. It's **SO** hot!" I muttered.

I peered around the room and saw that all the beautiful moms were posing in their nighties, just like mine and Ryan's. The other boys too were all stroking their dicks, while their moms displayed their bodies. It was the most lewd but sexually charged scene I had ever beheld, and it was awesome!

"Michelle, let's go into the bunk." Gail suggested, taking my hand. "Don't worry, they'll follow us."

"Mind if we join you?" Tori asked as she followed.

"The more the merrier," Gail replied.

Behind the boys was a silk curtain. We gazed lasciviously as we sashayed past them like horny sluts and parted the fabric, revealing a private king-sized bunk. I was new to this and followed the lead of Gail and Tori as they slipped off her mules and crawled onto the mattress.

The four boys stepped in behind us and stood at the foot of the bunk beating their boners as they watched us crawl on all fours. Us

moms peeked back with naughty smiles and wagged our meaty behinds at our sons, watching their cute reactions.

Michelle and the other two moms rolled onto their backs, drawing their knees up and bowing their thighs open. I followed along, resting back on my elbows, bringing my knees up and displaying my spread for my son. My God this felt so wonderfully wicked!" I thought.

"Holy shit yeah…look at that!" Ryan shouted, stroking his cock feverishly as he looked at the spread of both his mom and mine as they lay side by side in the bunk.

Mom's legs were bowed open limberly, revealing the soft saddle between her thighs. She smiled and watched me react, her little bare feet hovering in the air teasingly. The gusset of Mom's panties were snug against her mons, revealing her bulging outer lips and the cleft of her cunt through the fabric. I never dreamed I'd see her like this. I mean, I did, but never thought it would actually happen. I knew the reason they were laying this way was so that we could imagine ourselves sprawled between their sexy legs beating our erections through their fuck-holes.

Mom's pretty eyes were wide as she watched me beat my meat. It all seemed so surreal, yet wonderfully exciting. I was so turned on that I felt like my cock was gonna blast off my balls like a rocket ship.

"Can you believe how big those dicks are? They're not our little boys anymore," Gail stated, glancing over at me.

"No, they're sure not," I agreed, watching Ricky's fist fly up and down his rock-hard peter, just like the other moms were doing to their sons.

"Look at their cum-filled balls," Tori purred. "Look at how their jiggling while they stroke."

"They're balls look swollen," Gail observed. "Even if the boys masturbated this morning, it probably doesn't take long for their nuts to swell with hot boy-nectar."

"Come on in, boys…don't be shy," Tori urged, then the four boys crawled in the bunk, each kneeling in front of his own spread mother. Laying there waiting, I watched Ricky beat off right in front of me. I felt a tinge of guilt, but the surge of naughtiness flowing through my body expelled all thoughts of my husband out of my mind. I decided to throw my legs back even further, showing my son how truly limber and fuckable I really was.

This time Gail and Tori followed my lead and we scissored our mommy-legs open nice and wide, so our flexed bare feet pointed in opposite directions. Ricky reacted just the way I hoped he would, gasping out loud, his cute tongue literally hanging out lustfully as he jacked his cock hard and fast to the sight of my widely-spread legs.

"Gee, ladies, I think us moms are really turning these boys on!" Gail stated with a giggle.

"It sure looks that way," I added giving Ricky a wink.

"You boys love seeing how us moms can spread our sexy legs when we fuck, don't you?" Tori asked.

"Hell yes we do!" her boy answered.

Gail giggled. "Don't you wish you could crawl down here between our warm thighs and replace those hands with hot, juicy pussy?" she asked.

"Yeah!" all the boys answered in unison.

"Damn, our moms are so fucking sexy, dude!" Ryan blurted.

"That's for sure!" I agreed as my eyes drifted across mom's silky tan legs. They were completely extended and scissored back into a huge spread eagle. I marveled at how strong and soft they looked and how her sexy tan bare feet pointed out like those of a ballerina. "Damn, I'd love to fuck her!" I thought.

I watched mom stare at my dick as I stroked it. Her eyes were big and I swear I could see her tongue peeking out. She looked up at me and smiled, then went back to staring at my woody. It was pretty obvious she's was mesmerized. I couldn't help but wonder if my dick was bigger than dad's. I saw Ryan's mom point at my dick and whisper something to mom, but I couldn't tell what she said over the music. I could see in their facial expressions that they were both extremely impressed by what they were watching.

Ryan pointed. "Dude, check that out…you can see their pussy slits right through their panties!"

It was true. Mom's white panties were just transparent enough that I could see her labial meat and the deep coral gash of her fuck-slit. It was an incredible sight, especially with her legs tossed open the way they were. "Oh man, dude…that's so fucking awesome!" I muttered.

From outside the bunk a female voice shouted over the music. "Twelve-thirty…time for hand-jobs ladies!"

"Mmm come on, girls…fun time!" Gail shouted as she got to her knees. I followed, and we all four playfully pulled our teens down onto the mattress and laid them down side by side next to each other. We took position at their sides gazing wondrously at their big teenage erections, which pointed up stiffly.

I grazed my long, painted nails up my son's six-pack abs. "Wow, was he ever handsome laying there with his big throbbing penis," I thought.

Mounted on the walls were lubrication dispensers. We moms squirted some on our hands, then I peered down at my anxious boy. "Ready, sweetie?" I asked.

I swallowed a big gulp of air as I peered up at mom. She looked so sexy and beautiful kneeling beside me in her babydoll nightie. The fat rounded peaks of her tits loomed over me and I marveled at the flesh I could see through the silky fabric. "Uh huh," I answered with a nod.

Mom traced her fingers gingerly down the underside of my boner, smearing the heated lubrication along my shaft. Then, she spread her hand over my sack and squeezed my nuts tenderly. Pulling the skin of my scrotum made my boner rise from my tummy. My cockhead flared and pre-cum oozed out my piss-slit. The whole time mom gazed up at me, gauging my reaction.

Ricky's body shivered as I squeezed my fist around his lengthy shaft, taking a slow upward stroke. I reached the head and skimmed my thumb across his frenulum and through a pool of leaking semen. This aided with lubrication as I began to stroke my loving hand up and down my son's rigid peter.

"My God, they're so big and hard!" Gail whimpered as she jacked Ryan's cock in a slow steady rhythm.

"I'll say! I can't even get my hand all the way around it," I replied giddily.

"Look at all the amount of pre-ejaculate that's drooling from their piss-slits," Tori pointed out. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"It makes such a great natural lubricant," Gail added, using her son's pre-spunk to slicken up her boy's dong.

Watching my circled fist slowly travel up and down caused me to reflect a moment on how much different Ricky's cock was than his father's. It was thicker, longer by probably three inches. "It most definitely harder!" I thought, marveling at how his throbbing meat felt hot in my hand. I could quite literally feel the blood pumping through the bulging veins that encrusted his stalk. Ricky's crimson crown was twice the size of my husbands, shiny and engorged with blood. It was quite something, and looked like it could pop off the tip of his prick at any moment.

"Oh damn, dude, now that's a fucking hand-job!" Ryan sighed as he lay beside me.

I lifted my head and gazed down. Kneeling beside us, both our moms were pumping our dicks with their pretty hands. Their big tits wobbled heavily beneath their nighties as they expertly beat our meat.

"O-h-h wow!" my voice trembled, delighted by the friction mom's hand was creating. I watched her clutching fist, with her sparking wedding ring, jerk skillfully up and down my cock in a perfect corkscrew motion. It made me think about how much dad would freak if he saw what she was doing. It was okay though, I knew we were alone inside the locked doors of Room 209 and he would never find out.

Mom smiled up at me. "Does this feel good, sweetheart?" she cooed.

"Yeah." I gasped.

"Am I doing it just the way you like it?"

I nodded in response, wishing I could be stroked like this by her all the time.

"Ryan's glans are so sensitive. I can really see his balls tighten up when I focus on the head like this." Gail said, applying squeezing strokes around the tip of her son's dong.

I rubbed my slippery fingers around my own son's glans.. "Well, their teenage dicks are so young and inexperienced. They've probably never felt anything like what our hands are doing to them."

"True, those girls at school certainly can't stroke cock this way," Tori added.

"Well, how could they? Those girls aren't experienced enough to know all the magic spots on a boy's dick," said Gail.

Ricky gasped and his whole body jerking in pleasure. Ryan and Steven too were whimpered and writhing from their own mothers' handiwork.

"Mmmm, I love the muscular base of the shaft…right up against the balls," Tori said, massaging the fingers of her second hand around the root of her whimpering son's cock.

I squeezing my thumb wetly back and forth across Ricky's flaring sweet spot. "Mmm yes, my favorite is the frenulum, right underneath the knob."

"Ooohhhnggod, Mom!" Ricky moaned, as his body gave off a pleasurable shiver.

This made all us mom giggle as we watched my boy squirm. "Mmm see, sweetie, we may not know much about math, but we moms know where **ALL** your magic spots are."

Gail and I stroked our sons' dicks in a perfect corkscrew, rhythmically beating their meat. The lewd creamy sound of three hands stroking big cock filled the bunk area. I imagined all the other moms in the bunks surrounding the room, crouched beside their boys like the three of us were, milking their teenage erections. "What a wonderful program for the boys!" I thought. "This is exactly what Ricky needed."

I thrust my hips to meet mom's slippery strokes, feeling my cock slip through her fist as if it were a tightly gripping pussy. "Ohhnngg shit!" I whimpered, as I felt the pleasure shooting through my balls.

I felt mom's other hand clasp my nuts, stroking them with her fingers as her fist jerked expertly up and down the length of my rod, not missing a beat.

I gazed up to see mom looking down at me, reveling in my pleasure. My beautiful, big titted mom. I loved the way her heavy mams were bobbling around beneath her nightie to the rhythm of her milking. She fed me the naughtiest smile I'd ever seen as her hands worked skillfully on my cock and balls.

A lady's voice sounded over the music. "Ten minutes, Moms! Time to make our boys cum!"

Ryan's mom sped her tempo, gazing down at him. "Come on, baby. Mommy wants to see cum spurting out the tip of that hardon!"

Mom's fist sped up also, milking my erection with long squeezing strokes. She gazed me in the eyes with a look that immediately sent a tingle to my nuts. "Come on, sweetheart, cum for me!"

I began to hear a chorus of boys around the room gasp and groan as their dicks spouted off.

"Oohhh, motherfucker!!" Ryan groaned, thrusting his hips as ropes of his cum sailed into the air. I wasn't far behind him.

I felt my Ricky's balls tighten between my fingers and saw his knob mushroom even more as it prepared to launch the torrent rising up through his meaty cannon. "Here it comes!" I cooed out loud, then watched as a thick geyser of milky-white cum shot four-feet into the air. I gasped as my mouth fell open. It was absolutely breathtaking.

The four of us mothers let out a cute little girlish screams, which almost seemed involuntary as more cream spouted from our sons cocks. At that moment, we weren't grown women, but sexually excited girls their own age yanking and squeezing on impressive young dicks.

"Oh my God…so much cum!" Tori exclaimed.

"Mmm, yes…pent up in those young balls all morning…just aching for release!" I added.

For five more minutes we squeezed the cock-milk from their balls, pulling out every drop of cum. The boys whimpered and writhed as they experienced pleasure that could only be given at the hands of a loving mom.

"Fuck, dude...that was awesome!" Ryan sighed as we smiled over at each other.

"I know…damn!" I replied, catching my breath from a mind-blowing cum.

Our moms leaned down and planted kisses. "Feel better boys?" Gail asked.

"Oh yeah!" Ryan sighed.

I looked up into mom's big sparkling eyes as her face hovered inches from mine, framed in my her silky blonde hair. "What about you? Did mom do okay?" she asked.

"More than okay," I replied, gazing down at her extraordinary cleavage.

The same female voice sounded through the room. "Quick showers, boys! Five minutes until the bell."

We all crawled out of the bunk and our moms planted one more kiss. "See you after school, sweetie," Mom said.

Ryan and I stood there a second and watched our sexy moms sashay towards the others, who were filtering out of the room. Mom's buttocks undulated atop her sexy legs, almost as if she knew I was watching it. Both her and Ryan's mom peeked over their shoulder and gave us cute little waves, glancing down at our pricks.

"Just think, dude….you could be pounding that fucking ass tomorrow." Ryan reminded me, then rushed off.

"Man!" I muttered, following after him.

"That wasn't so bad, right?" Gail asked as we shared the spray of one of the showers. The stall had six shower heads spread along the wall and was packed with naked, heavy-breasted mothers, like myself, washing our sons' cum-splatter from our bodies as we chatted and giggled.

"Coming back tomorrow?" Tori asked.

"Yeah, I mean, if it's helping him then I suppose there's nothing wrong with showing up again tomorrow."

"Don't forget your 'at home display,' at least once a day," Tori informed me, while soaping her meaty mams down.

"At home display?" I asked.

"Yes, posing provocatively, in secret of course. It keeps the boys motivated," Gail added.

"Oh I see."

"And remember, Michelle, when you're displaying yourself at home like this to your teen throw out all feelings of guilt. You're doing nothing wrong. What you are doing his helping him…reminding him of the secrets of Room 209 and his determination to stay focused in class." Tori explained.

"Got it!" I replied.

As I sat the next morning, breastfeeding my infant, I thought back on the first day of our Room 209 experience. It was so cute how my son's eyes got big as he watched me pose in my naughty negligee. I loved the way his tongue hung out as he gawked at my body, while beating his young, horny erection furiously. What a beautiful piece of meat Ricky had between his legs, how it stood so high and proud. I was so happy that my son had a long thick dick. It would serve him well in life as he navigated through various sexual experiences. I smiled as I replayed the grimace on his cute face, while he shot huge ropes of hot cum high into the air. He must of loved the way mommy gave him the hand-job of his dreams.

My cellphone chimed, snapping me from my reverie. The text read:

"**TUESDAY LOCATION**: **ROOM** 209

WHAT TO BRING: **MINI MICRO BIKINI, HIGH HEELED MULES SCHEDULE**:

12 – 12:15 – **MOMS ON DISPLAY**

12:15 – 12:30 – **NAUGHTY WHISPERS**

12:30 – 12:50 – **BLOWJOBS SEE YOU THERE LADIES!**"

I mix of emotions filled my mind. A hand-job was one thing, but taking Ricky's dick in my mouth and sucking on it's meaty length was bringing things to a whole other level. However, as taboo as it seemed, it was a level I was willing to go if it meant helping my boy. I thought about Dan, my husband, how it would hurt him so much if he found out that I was gonna gorge myself on our son's cock and let him cum down my throat.

"He won't find out," I said to myself out loud.

I knew Room 209 was completely private, in the basement of a home behind locked doors. It was a well kept secret between moms and sons and husbands would never know about what went on there.

Gail had added me to a group text called "Moms of Room 209" and I began to see other women react to the day's schedule.

"LoriM: Yaaay! "

"Penny38: I love, love, love blowjob day! "

"Brendabecham: Can't wait to suck on my boy's delicious dick!"

"LadyLeslie: Yay! I finally get to wear my mini micro. Hubby never lets me wear it in public."

"BarbR: Me too. I can't wait to wear my naughty sling for my boy."

"SarahParker39: don't forget to do your "at home display" this morning ladies. Let's remind our boys what they're working for."

"GloriaV69: already done here. I let my Sam take a peek between mommy's legs this morning. Without panties of course, hehe."

"LoriM: left my bedroom door open a tad…made sure Kyle got a good look at me unclasping my bra last night."

"GailGirl: Woke Ryan up completely naked, while hubby was in the shower. Couldn't take my eyes off that morning wood! "

"SarahParker39: Haha daring!! I love it!"

I giggled and typed a response to Gail's comment.

"MichelleD: Gail, you are so bad! Haha"

"GailGirl: yes, welcome to the 'bad club' Michelle lol.

"SarahParker39: **AKA**…**MOMS WHO LOVE BIG TEENAGE DICK!** "

"MichelleD: that doesn't sound like a bad club to belong to," I jokingly replied.

A short time later, while I stood in the kitchen prepared my children's lunches, my mind wandered where it shouldn't. I thought about how much I loved sucking cock and how good I had gotten at it over the years. I would often make my husband's head spin with pleasure as I pulled out all the tricks, including deep throat. "Ricky's dick is so big. Could I take him to the balls?" I wondered.

My body shuddered with a wicked thrill and my nipples were so hard it felt like they could pop right off the peaks of my tits. "Mmm, sucking on my handsome boy's big teenage cock, nursing on that shiny cock-head…yummy!" My clitoris throbbed beneath it's fleshy hood as I thought about all the wonderful ways that I was gonna work my son's dick over with my mouth and tongue.

"**BOO!" I** suddenly jumped as Dan snuck up behind me and patted my ass.

"Oh God, honey, you scared me!" I stated, turning towards him. I could feel a trickle of pussy juice running down my inner thigh.

"Sorry babe. Need help with anything?"

"No um…just about got the lunches together."

He noticed my nipples popping out from beneath my robe. "Damn… is someone a little excited this morning?" he teased.

I covered them blushingly. "No, just a little cold in here I guess," I replied.

Our girls rushed in and grabbed their lunches, then came Ricky. I found myself gazing at him over my husband's shoulder. My eyes drifted down his handsome frame, pausing at the bulge under his shorts. "I wonder if he's even had a blowjob before?" I thought.

"How did the lunch tutoring go with Ricky yesterday?" Dan asked.

My husband's words went in one ear and out the other. Ricky's eyes met mine and I smiled warmly. "Was he still marveling at that wonderful hand-job mommy had given him?" I wondered. "I wonder if he's yanked one out this morning?"

"Babe?" hubby blurted, drawing me from my trace.

"What?!" I snapped, then realized I had no right to be annoyed. "I'm sorry, it's just…I was thinking about something."

"I was just wondering how the tutoring session went yesterday?" I heard dad ask.

Mom glanced my way, looking a bit frazzled. "I think it went…um, well. What do you think, sweetie?" she asked me.

I took a big nervous gulp. "Yeah mom, I think it helped."

"Well that's great. Whatever it takes to keep those grades up," said dad.

Mom smiled and nodded in agreement, looking me in the eyes. "That's what I think too…whatever it takes. Besides, I rather enjoyed giving Ricky a…**HAND** yesterday," she stated, winking over at me.

I watched mom kiss dad and my siblings good-bye, studying the way her big breasts bobbled beneath her robe, unfettered by a bra.

The girls rushed out to the car as I kissed Dan goodbye. "Thanks for dropping the kids off," I told him.

"No problem, Babe. Have a good day." Dan said, then shouted to Ricky. "Yo, let's go kid, the family bus is leaving!"

Dan disappeared and Ricky threw on his backpack. Like a nervous schoolgirl, my heart fluttered. "Have a good morning, sweetheart," I said sweetly.

"Bye, Mom."

I watched him step towards the door, biting my bottom lip hesitantly. My inner voice rang out suddenly. "**DISPLAY YOURSELF FOR HIM, MICHELLE!!**"

"Ricky?"

I stopped in the doorway and turned towards mom. What I saw nearly made my heart skip a beat. Mom was standing with her

hands on her wide hips, the giant swell of her stiff-nippled tits thrust out proudly. I could see plenty of creamy tit-cleavage spilling from the thigh-high silk robe and her rubbery teats protruding out from beneath the fabric. One of her naked copper-tone legs was cocked forward through the slit in her robe, slightly bent at the knee. Her bare foot was arched, accentuating the muscles in her silky tan leg. Her big mane of blonde hair framed her pretty face as she gazed at me, watching my reaction. "…See you in Room 209," she softly stated, making my stomach tingle with excited butterflies.

"Do you know what's on the agenda there for today?" I curiously asked.

"Yes I do," I answered with a teasing smile.

"Can you tell me…or at least give me a hint?"

I knew I wasn't suppose to outright tell him, so I decided to just provide a flirty hint. With my son watching, I used my tongue to make my cheek bulge out a few times, as if there was a cock in there stretching my mouth out.

"Ohh!" my son blurted, his eyes going wide with excitement. "That!"

"Yeah…that!" I giggled. Every second I stood there, in a pose for my son, I could feel my robe parting further, as the sash loosened. It finally untied completely and the robe parted. I didn't stop it, but the hems caught on the stiff peaks of my nipples, preventing it from opening all the way.

"Dang, mom!" my son gasped, staring at the cleavage of my nearly exposed tits. His eyes traveled down my tapered belly, but before they could arrive at my uncovered pussy his dad honked the horn from the driveway, startling us both.

I quickly pulled the robe closed. "You better get going, honey. See you at noon," I assured him.

After my morning shower and house cleaning I visited a store in the mall called "Kate's lovely lingerie and bikinis." I pushed my infant's stroller up the isle between racks of sexy bras and panties. "Can I help you with something?" said a pretty woman in her mid-fifties.

"Yes, do you carry mini micro bikinis?" I asked.

"Absolutely dear, right back here in the corner."

I followed her back to quite the assortment of skimpy swimwear.

"I have a few different styles. The traditional micro G string bikini or the micro sling-backs," the woman informed me.

I giggled as I picked one off the rack. "Not much to them is there?"

"Not at all. The thonged bottom leaves about ninty-nine point nine percent of your buttocks exposed. The front portion covers about twenty-five percent of your pubic mound."

"Wow, and what about the top?" I asked.

"The fabric on a micro is designed to cover the areolas and not much else. The bikini is **VERY** revealing, especially on a big breasted woman like yourself. You must be a Room 209 mom?" the woman asked

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Oh, I get mothers in here all the time purchasing items to wear in Room 209. It's such a wonderful program for those young boys."

"I think so too."

"So, I take it mini micro bikinis are what the moms are wearing for today's noon-time session?"

I nodded, browsing through a few. "They are, and I've wore some skimpy bikinis in my life, but never anything like this," I confessed.

"Well it's definitely as close as a mother's going to get to being completely naked. Would you like to try one on?"

"Sure. Ricky's favorite color is red…so why don't I try this one." I said, lifting the dainty set from the rack.

Satisfied with the way it fit, I had the saleslady ring it up. "It's such a wonderfully wicked thing for a boy…to see his own mother in such things," the woman stated.

"Whatever helps my son to stay focused and keep his grades up, I'm all for it."

"Well, it must also be a thrill for you moms…being on the receiving end of those young hard dicks. My son always had such strong erections when he lived at home."

I giggled as I handed her my credit card. "I think boys spend most of their time with erections, don't they?"

"It certainly seems it, especially at that magic age from eighteen to twenty. My attention was less on my husband those years and more on the teenage cutie down the hallway."

"Trust me, I know what you mean." I said, almost ashamed to admit it. "I was really surprised to see how much more well endowed my son was than my husband.."

"They're at that peak age where their dicks are constantly hard and they're **ALWAYS** thinking about pussy."

"Well, hopefully us moms can help satisfy that curiosity a little bit, and keep them out of trouble," I replied.

The woman extended her hand. "I'm Kate, owner of the store. If there's anything else you need, please let me know."

"Thanks, Kate, I'm Michelle," I replied, extending my hand for a shake.

"Dude, ten more minutes!" Ryan whispered to me as we sat in History class.

My heart thumped excitedly. Ten more minutes until Room 209. I imagined what mom was doing at that moment. She was probably with all the other moms putting something naughty on. I wondered what it might be.

"What do you think they're gonna do to us?" Ryan asked me.

"I think it's gonna be blowjobs."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Could be. Steven thinks they're gonna wrap our dicks between their tits today. I'm hoping we get to fuck their pussies," Ryan expressed.

The thought of boning my own beautiful mom made my hardon throb almost painfully in my shorts. "Would she really go that far?" I thought. "Would she really let me stick my dick inside her?"

I listened to Gail and a red-headed mother named Sarah chat as we all got naked and put on our micro bikinis.

"All I know is if Ryan doesn't make the team I'm gonna be heartbroken," Gail expressed.

"Well, my husband is good friends with Bob, the coach, so I'm hoping that's gonna give Clay an extra boost when it comes to making the team," Sarah replied.

I finished tying my skimpy top and turned towards the girls. "What do you think?" I asked.

Gail's eyes got as big as saucers. "Holy milk-cannons girl, are your tits even covered?!"

"Yes…a small portion of them," I giggled.

Sarah looked my body up and down. "Wow, Michelle, that micro bikini looks amazing on you!"

"Thanks. I like yours too. Is that a slingshot micro?"

"It is, in baby blue, my Clay's favorite color."

"Nice! I went with Ricky's favorite color too."

Gail adjusted her tiny top. "There's no way these heavy tits are staying in this bikini top," she observed.

"Ha! Like the boys will care!" Sarah replied.

"It might make them strokes their big jutting dicks even harder," Tori chimed in, making the group of us moms laugh.

I looked myself in the mirror. Like Gail's boobs, my huge tan tits were pretty much exposed, except for the two triangular patches, which barely covered my areola. "God if my husband ever caught me in something like this he'd kill me," I said out loud.

Sarah giggled at my comment as she adjusted her own skimpy top over her large breasts. "Mine too. He would completely freak out and make me cover up."

"These bikinis are made for the viewing-pleasure of our boys, not our boring husbands," Gail pointed out.

"Well, at least our teen hunks appreciate these gorgeous bodies," Tori said, posing provocatively in front of the mirror in a bikini that was illegal on most beaches.

"Even more so now that they know the pleasure our bodies can give them," Gail said, stepping up beside me and taking sexy standing pose. We both had our giant melons thrust out and could see the nubs of our fat teats protruding out from beneath the poly-spandex.

Sarah fluffed her beautiful red hair, thrusting her boobs out as well. Her bikini top had a haltered neck, so just a thin piece of fabric crossed the swell of her tit-meat. "Mmm yes, it's our motherly duty to please those stiff young dicks with our hands and mouths."

Tori turned and gazed at her thonged ass. Her green bikini just barely covered her private parts. "**AND** our experienced pussies and asses, rewarding our sons for their hard work and dedication in class."

"Holy fuck, Tori…that bandaid bandeau bikini top looks amazing!" Gail exclaimed.

"I love the way the ring accentuates the cleavage," Sarah added.

"Thanks girls. I hope my son thinks so too."

"Ha! Like he won't!" I chimed in.

"Well, I'm sure my Steven would rather see his mommy's tits completely naked, so he could stare at my big, hardened nipples."

A mother's voice shouted across the room. "The bell just went off ladies!"

Gail gazed at me excitedly. "They're coming!"

A rush of excitement filled the room as over thirty moms in micro bikinis did their last minute primping. I fluffed my mane of hair and rubbed my lips together, which were coated with a layer of pink lipstick. I peered down at my mile long cleavage, then over the swell of my breasts, down at my pretty feet. They were propped in a pair of six inch read mules to match my outfit. Even my toenails were freshly painted a bright fire-engine red. "Not bad for a thirty-eight year old mom of four," I thought.

"Hair-ties, ladies?" a mother asked, passing them out to all the women. I took one and thanked her, knowing I would soon need it to keep the hair out of my face, while giving my son's penis some vigorous oral affection.

"Oh fuck, dude, look at those bikinis!!" Ryan shouted as he stroked his cock, while watching the moms emerge from the changing room.

My jaw must have hit the floor as I caught sight of mom. "Oh wow!!" I muttered out loud.

For a short second, I thought mom was completely naked, then I noticed the small patches of red fabric capping her big jiggling tits. She smiled at me, watching my reaction as she approached. Everything about her was alluring, the way her hips rocked, the way her silky tan legs moved smoothly, one in front of the other. Her sexy feet were propped so high on her heels she looked like she was walking gingerly on the tips of her toes.

Pre-cum lubricated my strokes as my fist whipped up and down the length of my brick-hard erection. Mom's attention was drawn there and for a long moment she watched me beat my meat.

"Look at all that fucking tit-flesh!" Ryan muttered.

"They might as well be naked," I replied. I wanted to look over and see what Ryan's mom was wearing, but I couldn't tear my eyes away from mom. I never dreamed that I'd see her in anything like this. Her heavy tits trembled as she moved, straining against the thin strings that held the tiny fabric in place. A similar patch of cloth fit snuggly against her pussy mound and was so snug and revealing that I could see the outline of her puffy vulva in the fabric.

"Shit dude, look at those heels!" Ryan gasped. "Look at the way their sexy feet are propped up like that!" He was gazing over at my mom with his tongue hanging out, jacking his cock hard and fast.

"Let's pose for these boys!" Gail shouted and her and I turned and leaned against each other as we took a sexy side pose.

I looked at Ricky and curled my leg up a bit, giving him a nice long look at my curvy body in side profile. I could see his eyes traveling the meaty slope of my fully exposed side-boob, then down my naked legs. He gawked a moment, then brought his gaze to my eyes, which I returned with a flirty wink.

Michelle and I spun around lasciviously, displaying our thonged backsides.

"Oh, Goddamn!!" Gail's son, Ryan, reacted as he caught sight of his mother's thonged buttocks.

I peeked back over my shoulder. My poor baby looked like he might faint as he stared at my exposed mommy-ass. The tiny string of my throng was tucked down between my fleshy half-moons, leaving a practically naked buttocks. I wagged it teasingly and giggled as I watched his eyes get even bigger.

"Can you believe those fucking asses dude?!" Ryan exclaimed.

"I know, right! Look at the way the strings just disappear," I answered, my eyes glued to the globes of Mom's ass.. They looked so smooth, tan and meaty. I knew that Mom must have the most amazing ass on the planet, and suddenly found myself being extremely envious of my father.

Moms all around the room rocked their hips, swinging their rounded asses to the music.

"Fuck, look at that! Look at the way the cheeks of their asses are jiggling like that!" Ryan shouted, stroking frantically at his cock.

My tongue must have hung to the floor as I watched the twin globes of mom's buns gyrate. The threw her arms in the air, peeking back at me, while swinging her lovely rounded bubble butt to the beat the song. It was mesmerizing!

Both our moms turned and strode towards us, giving a naughty looks and swinging their lush hips to the music. They thrust their chests to the beat, making their oversized jugs jump on their chests. Mom spun around me and appeared at my side with her hand lightly resting on my shoulder. She stood there and looked down at me beating my meat. I shivered at how close she was, my eyes traveling down and got lost in her massive canyon of cleavage.

I don't know how long I was drooling, but when I looked up from her tits Mom was gazing at me. She gave me the naughtiest smile I had ever seen. "Does my boy like big boobs?" she asked teasingly.

"Uh-huh." I smiled.

She brought her lips to my ear. "You almost got to see them this morning, didn't you, you naughty fucking boy?" she wickedly whispered, pushing my arm in between her squishy tits.

I nodded in response and she continued speaking. "If the robe hadn't caught on mommy big hard nipples you would have seen all

of them, completely naked."

"I know. I was um…bummed out, to be honest," I confessed.

"Don't worry, honey. I have a feeling you'll get to see them plenty of them here in Room 209."

"I hope so," I sighed excitedly, whipping my first up and down my cock as I felt her boobs press into me.

Mom looked down at my dick as it slipped through my hand. I stuck my loins out, making my long hard peter stick out even further.

"Speak of tits, it looks like I'm not the only one who has something big attached to my body," she observed.

"Thanks," I blushed.

"I'm glad you like big boobs….because **I LOVE** big dicks!" she teasingly confessed, then slipped away from me.

"Wooo-hoooo!" Gail howled as her and I, along with the other mothers, danced for our boys. The heavy beat of the music took control of me as I lifted my arms in the air and thrust my chest over and over, making my nearly naked tits bounce lewdly. While doing this, I gazed at Ricky. My sweet Ricky, so lean and handsome. He just made my heart race.

While he stared at my jumping boobies, I watched him pull on his peter. I stared at the fleshy, tapered helmet as it slipped through his circled fist. I could see the pre-cum drooling from it's meatus, letting me know he loved what he was watching. His long, muscular shaft looked so hard and unyielding and his hairless balls bobbled between his legs. I was in awe of his youthful vigor. His six-pack abs glistened beautifully with perspiration, making me lick my lips with wicked desire.

My tits were bouncing around so much I was surprised my little bikini top actually stayed on. I smiled at my Ricky, while I bobbled my boobies for him. He smiled back and I looked down to watch him beat his meat. We were both showing off and having the time of our lives doing it.

All around the room mothers danced for their sons. Fuck 'Girls Gone Wild'…we were '**MOMS GONE WILD**' and loving every second of it.

"Time for those naughty whispers, ladies!" One mother sang.

"Come on, dude…you're gonna love this!" Ryan stated, stepping back and sitting on a leather reclining sofa bench. I followed his lead, sitting and reclining back comfortably.

Our moms stepped up like prowling cougars and crawled onto the bench with us. "Mmm, naughty snuggle time!" Ryan's mom mewled as she crawled on top of him.

Mom's big tits dangled down heavily as she crawled on all fours over the top of me. She straddled my midsection, planting her knees astride my hips. I felt the heat of her genitals hug the underside of my rigid pecker as she rested her pussy-mound on me. She brought her chest down onto mine and I sighed as I felt the heavenly softness of her tits pancake against me. "Mm, this feels good, doesn't it, honey?" she asked with a smile, her excited face hovering over mine.

"Heck yeah!" I replied.

The lights dimmed even more and the music took on a slow romantic beat. I looked over at the circle of other boys. Like mine, their bikini clad moms were all laying on top of them, tits squashed against their chests as they whispered into their ears.

Mom bought her head to my shoulder and I felt her hot breath at my ear. Her sweet perfume smelt amazing and I could also swell a hint of hot, aroused pussy. "You're pretty good at beating that big slab of meat, sweetheart," she whispered.

"Thanks."

"I bet you think about all sorts of naughty things, while you jerk that hardon, don't you?"

"Uh m-huh!" I muttered, flexing my erection against her smothering quim.

Mom's voice was so sweet and seductive I could hardly stand it. "I bet you picture all those sexy young girls across the street and imagine that you're sucking on their titties. That you're squeezing your young, hard cock deep into their hot slippery pussies," she whispered as she slowly plowed her mound of Venus against my rigid pole.

My boy's body shivered at my words. It felt so wicked laying on him this way, and whispering things he probably never imagined that he'd hear me say. It was quite the thrill, especially with the big muscle of his cock beneath me, rubbing against my around cunt, crushing the fat bulb of my clitoris gloriously.

Ricky's penis felt so hard and massive mashed against my cunt. Only a tiny piece of bikini cloth separated the meat of our overheated genitals. For a moment I wondered if grinding on Ricky's erection was the right thing to do, so I peered over to see what the other moms were doing. I felt much more sure of myself as I noticed that not just one or two, but each and every mom was grinding their bikini-covered cunt on their son's hard dick as they whispered dirty words into his ear.

Ricky let out a little gasp as I slid my cleft along the rigid underside of his hardened muscle, then pressed the fleshy hood of my clitoris against that beautiful cock-head, mashing them together. I could feel his excited heartbeat through his blood-swollen bulb and I'm sure he could feel mine too. "Does this feel good, sweetheart? Does it feel good to have mom's body laid out on you like this?" I whispered.

"Yeah!" he sighed.

"We couldn't possibly get away with this at home, could we?" I giggled. "That's what's so special about Room 209. It's a place where we can do things like this without the fear getting caught."

I absolutely adored the way my giant jugs were mashed against his chiseled chest, blanketing him in their warm dough-like softness. "Mommy can push her big soft tits against you like this and let you feel how squishy and heavy they are, without your dad finding out," I cooed.

"I love this!" my boy confessed.

I felt the sudden wicked urge to be closer than I ever have to him. "Put your arms around me, sweetie. I just wanna wrap my body around you."

I circled my arms around Mom and clutched her against me. The feeling of her warm soft flesh was out of this world. I could feel the trickles of breast-milk soaking through her bikini-top, swathing wetly against my chest. She swiveled her lush hips up and back…up and back, stroking my dick against the warm folds of her cunt.

I felt her hot breath back at my ear. "You're getting a blowjob today, sweetie," she whispered. "In a few minutes mom's gonna be sucking on your hardon."

Even though she had already hinted what was on the agenda that morning, just hearing her confirm it made my heart about beat out of my chest. "I can't wait!" I muttered out loud. A blowjob from mom was something I dreamed about, but never thought would actually happen.

"Do you like the sound of that, sweetie? Do you like the sound of Mommy's sweet lips stretched around your fat dick?" she sensually asked.

"Uh-huh."

"How do you want it, baby? Do you want it nice n sloppy?"

"Yes!" I hissed, more aroused than any moment in my life.

"Would you like to feel my tongue scrub the head of your erection, showering it with wet, wiggly licks?"

"Oh damn!" I muttered, my cock flexing against her grinding mound.

"Moms are **REALL** good at giving head you know. We **LOVE** to suck big dick. I can make my mouth feel like a nice warm, wet pussy, squeezing and nursing on the tender meat of your boner. I'll pull out all that yummy cum, so my baby can concentrate in class the rest of the day."

"Damnit, mom…you're driving me crazy!'

I giggled at my boy, pleased that I was arousing him well. "Oh, you've wanted mommy to give you sloppy head for a long time, haven't you? It's ok to admit, baby. Most boys dream about pumping their boners through the ring of their mom's lips, and letting her drink their cum."

I felt Ricky's body shiver with excitement and his erection flex against my the split in my twat. What boy wouldn't be anxious to have his dick sucked by an experienced mom.

I'm not gonna lie, Ricky's big slab of cock felt amazing plowing against my overheated cunt. I bore down hard on the stiff cylinder of meat, crushing my engorged clit against it in a steady dry hump. All the while, I couldn't help but wonder what such a dick would feel like thundering through my snug pussy.

I could hear other mothers around the room panting as they dry-humped their boys loins. They too probably wondered what it would be like to sheath their boys with their dripping cunts.

"Unngghh!!" One mom screamed as she came atop her teen.

"**OHHH, GOD YES!!" I** heard Gail cry out.

I looked over to see my best friend frantically dry humping her son, her naked hips swiveling wildly. "**YESSS!**" she screamed as her body started an orgasmic tremble.

"Ungghh! Unngghh!!" Another mom screamed out as she also announced her orgasm.

One by one other moms joined the chorus and I wasn't far behind them. Poor Ricky must have been in shock as I selfishly used his sturdy peter for **MY** pleasure.

"Oh God, Ricky!!" I grunted, shamelessly plowing my throbbing cunt on his bulging rod from balls to nob. The strong ones always started in my feet, moving up my legs in a trembling surge that soon had my entire body quaking. Unable to contain my pleasure I let out a sharp girlish scream. "Unngghh!!"

I did my best to hold on to mom as her soft body convulsed on top of mine. She was cumming, and it was amazing! Our bodies were sandwiched, with her tits bulging out from between us as we writhed together in a heated dry-fuck. Her tan hips moved like a well oiled machine, swiveling up and back as she ground her cunt on my erection.

I watched her head jerk back, throwing her blonde hair around. The tendons in her neck strained and her pretty face contorted as she howled a second time. "Unnnnnggghhh!"

I felt the heat of her ejaculate squelch out from between our crotches, then run down along my balls. All around the room moms were crying out in orgasm. It was crazy! Truly the wildest sexual scene that I had ever been a part of.

I peered over at Ryan, who looked back at me from underneath his mom's big fleshy tits. Like my mom, she was still frantically riding through a hard cum. Ryan smiled and gave me the thumbs up. I returned one back.

A mother's voice spoke up. "Finish cumming, ladies. It's blowjob time!"

Gail and my mom looked at each other, still catching their breath as they came back down to earth. "Fuck that was good!" Gail sighed.

Mom let out a deep satisfied breath. "Mmm, uh-huh!"

"Come on, Michelle, it's time for us to suck these amazing young dicks."

Mom looked me in the eyes dreamily. "Mmmm, yummy!"

Both our moms stood and thrust their tits out as they pulled their hair back into ponytails. "Come on, boys, stand up!" Ryan's mom directed.

Both Ryan and I stood from the bench, our erections pointing straight out at an upward angle. Mom looked at my dick, then up at me with an anxious smile.

Gail and I crouched in front of our boys. I stared, hypnotized, at the enormous stalk of his hardon, studying the mushroom shape of his puffy, crimson cock-knob. "Oh, fuck, he's got a big one!" I thought.

I wrapped my fingers tightly around the mammoth fuck-pole and jacked it slow and hard, sighing as I watched sticky cock-juice ooze out of his open piss-slit, drooling down onto the floor.

"Mmm, why don't we start by kissing those juicy knobs, Michelle," Gail suggested.

I leaned forward and began planting soft kisses on the head of my son's penis. The ring of my tenderly-smacking lips traveled all over the shiny bulbous crown of my son's cock. My tongue peeked out and I gently licked his glans, making my boy sigh in delight.

"Holy shit!" I muttered out loud as I looked down at my own mom's tongue darting all over my peter-tip. In all my years living with her I never realized how long and amazing her tongue was. Now I was seeing it first-hand.

She stuffed my cock in her mouth, letting it travel deeper and deeper with every plunge of her lips. With a mouth full of hardened boner, Mom peered up at me and winked. Her lips were stretched in an oval half-way down my shaft and her tongue was lapping at the underside.

I watched in awe as Mom bobbed her head on my crotch, my dick gliding fluidly between her pouty lips. Mom was still looking at me as my peter slipped from her mouth and she whipped her long tongue around on the head again.

"Ohhh!" I sighed, watching her licker circle my knob. "I like that!"

"Good! I want you to enjoy it, baby. "

Again, Mom let her lips part, allowing the fat shaft of my fuck-pole to slide into her mouth.

I pushed my face down farther toward his crotch, nearly choking myself in my shameless eagerness to swallow all of his cock-meat. Ricky's pre-cum was absolutely delicious and seemed to be oozing constantly into my mouth.

"Mmmmnnn!" I hummed, closing my eyes and nursing on his hard young prick. The thick meat stretched my lips so much farther than my husband's dick. Also, as Ricky's cock-head reached the back of my throat, I realized that this was as far as my hubby could go, whereas my son still had a good three inches to give me. "Oh my God, what a dick!" I thought.

I wrapped the remaining three inches in my hand and beat his horny meat into my mouth while I sucked. I heard my boy whimper as I let him experience my cock-sucking skills.

"Sshhlup! Ssslurp! Sshhlup! Ssslurp!" I could here women around the room greedily sucking on their sons dicks, doing what we moms do best.

"How are you doing, Michelle?" Gail asked as she stroked her son's dick, which had obviously just slipped from her mouth. "Having as much fun as I am?"

Ricky's helmet popped from my mouth, wet and shiny. My hand was still clutched tightly around the root of his prick, making the exposed upper-half bulge obscenely. "I'm loving this!" I beamed.

"Mmm, don't you just adore licking that juicy cock-head." Gail said, then curled her tongue around her boy's mushroom tip.

"Mmm, I do. I love bringing pleasure to his sensitive glans." I answered, lashing my long pink tongue on the tip of Ricky's peter, right up underneath the slit of his meatus.

"Feels good, huh, dude?" Ryan asked, looking over at me. "Damn, our moms sure know how to suck dick."

"They sure do!" I sighed, watching mom's pretty head bob up and back. She was really going at my cock now, nearly taking it's entire length in traditional blowjob fashion. The whole room was filled with the sounds of sucking and slurping as our moms sucked on our dicks.

I whimpered in pleasure as I felt my prick sink deeper into mom's throat. I looked down to see her lips plastered against my cock-hilt. "Holy shit!" I sighed out loud watching as she held her face firmly against my crotch.

"Fuck, dude, they're deep-throating us!" Ryan exclaimed, his own mom's lips plastered to the root of his prick.

"Oh, fuck that feels good!" I sighed, gripping mom's blonde hair, holding her face to my crotch.

With a throaty, gurgling sound, she backed my dick out of her mouth, spun her tongue on the tip, then took me straight to the balls once again. "Oh damn, Mom!" I groaned in pleasure. It wasn't my first blowjob, but it was definitely the best I had ever gotten.

A thin patch of pubic hair tickled my nose as I spread my lips out hard against the root of Ricky's erection. I held my mouth there, letting his hard prick soak in my throat and proudly reveled in the

fact that I had taken his entire length. I couldn't ignore the fire burning in my loins. I could tell my cunt was soaking wet and my clitoris was throbbing.

After a few good sucks, Ricky's cock popped from my mouth and I stroked the tip with my hand. My long tongue flicked out like a snake's and laved all over Ricky's balls, lifting them to lick at the underside and sucking as much of them into my mouth as I could. The smell of his teenage ball-meat was intoxicating. I nursed on his testicle, feeling it's warm oval-shaped meat stuffed inside my mouth. I had the odd, but erotic thought of his nut bursting open like a Cadbury egg, filling my mouth with cream. I could have sucked on it for hours and loved every second, but I knew I only had so much time to give him oral affection.

Very slowly, I dragged my licker up the underside of his cock-rod, tracing along the dark, pulsating vein of his erection. I slurped up to the top of his prick-shaft, where the fat, wedge-shaped knob flared out wide, and fluttered my tongue at that sensitive spot. Ricky groaned and jerked at the sensation.

I ducked back down and repeated the slow upward tongue-stroke, sending an pleasure-jolt through his young body. I peered up through my long lashes, into his eyes, watching his cute reaction as my tongue curled around and around his hunk of purple cock-meat, soaking up his tasty pre-cum. "Ahhh!" he sighed, peering down and watching mommy scrub his glans.

Even though I was helping him, I knew it was wicked to blow my son and all the more wonderful because it was so naughty. The thrill of breaking the taboo and doing so behind my husband's back enhancing the joy of my job.

"Time to drain these balls, ladies!" One of the moms announced.

Mom wrapped her hand around the base of my prick and her head bobbed as she fell into a steady cock-sucking rhythm. Her lips pulled and her cheeks applies hot suction. This, while her tongue drug up and down the flaring underside of my cock-head, dragging wetly across my frenulum. It felt amazing!

"Umnh-mnh-mnh-mnh-ummnnhh!" Mom hummed sending exquisite vibrations through the meat of my cock, making my balls begin to tingle.

All around the room, moms were sucking their own sons dicks with equal vigor; a circle of thirty bobbing mommy-heads, each emitting the juicy sound of a skilled cocksucker. One by one, my classmates began to pop.

"Ohhh shit!" one boy whimpered.

"Unngghh!!" More guys grunted.

"Unngghh fucking shit, mom!!" Ryan shouted, as his legs began to shake.

Mom pulled up to the tip of my prick and, as if whispering into a meaty microphone, pleaded for my cum. "Come on, Ricky, cum, baby!" she urged, then went back to sucking.

My nuts churned as my erection plowed through mom's hot cock-sucking mouth.

"Oh yeeaahh!!" Ricky wailed as his thick load of jizz began to skim across my tongue, running down my throat.

My head kept bobbing on his prick, sucking the best I knew how. I was taking a jism-jet into my throat, gulping it down, then getting another hot blast on the recoil. There was so much of it and it was absolutely yummy!

As the orgasm surged through me, I stared down at Mom's bobbing blonde head, fascinated as I watched my cum-spurting prick sliding through her lips. "Holy shit, my own beautiful Mom was sucking my dick, and drinking the cum from my balls!" I deliriously thought.

"Don't stop….keep cumming!" she gurgled, her words muffled by my cock-meat.

My legs trembled as more ropes shot out my piss-hole. Mom kept on ducking and diving on my cock, using her expert tongue and lips to milk me to the bone. I don't know how much cum had exploded from my tip, but it had to be more than any I'd shot out in one orgasm before.

Finally spent, I let loose a shivering sigh. Mom kept on sucking tirelessly, milking out the last quivering trickles of sperm from my cock-knob. I whimpered as for a few long moments as she nursed on my knob. I looked around and saw the other moms doing the same thing, sucking on just the bell tips of their sons' pricks.

My crown finally popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle. I saw Ryan fall back on the sofa bench, his hard wet cock slapping against his belly. "Oh, damn!" he sighed.

Our moms stood back up, licking their lips. "Feel better, boys?" Ryan's mom asked.

"Oh hell yeah!" I muttered, letting my eyes travel up mom's nearly naked body.

Both of them giggled and mom stepped up to me. "Do you think you can keep your minds focused the rest of the day?" she asked. "Or do I need to suck out another load right now?"

"You would do that?"

"I'm joking. There's no time, honey," she giggled.

"If it means we get more of that later, then we can definitely stay focused," Ryan chimed in.

"Well **THAT IS** the idea, boys," Ryan's mom stated. "Now give us some hugs and get your cute little asses back to class."

Mom moved in for a tit-squasher. I couldn't believe how warm and soft her boobs felt against my bare chest. Through fluttering lashes, she gazed me in the eyes and smiled warmly. "So, I did ok then? Is mommy a good little cocksucker?"

"You did more than ok," I gleefully replied. "It was amazing! "

Her eyes seemed to cut straight through mine. It was a different look; one Mom had never given me before. I could be wrong, but it was the kind of look girls give you when they have a crush on you. It was pure magic. She planted a soft kiss. "See you at home."

Ryan and I watched our moms sashay across the room. Since they were both wearing thongs, from the backside, they might as well have been completely naked. Their meaty rumps undulated from side to side, crowning their strong mature legs. "Can you imagine if they walked around the house like that?" Ryan asked.

"There's no way our dads would let them get away with that."

"Fuck our dads!" Ryan said. "Our moms are horny as shit. Did you see the way they were grinding on our dicks and making themselves cum? I bet they look forward to Room 209 just as much as we do."

Just before disappearing through the doorway Mom peeked back at me. Her eyes traveled down to my dick, then back up at me with a wink. Maybe Ryan was right. Perhaps mom **WAS** digging this as much as I was.

That evening was family time in our home. Hubby would often stop at Redbox for a movie for us to watch together. Typically, I would shower and shave my legs, then join everyone in the living room. My evening attire usually consisted of something modest, like a baggy pair of sweatpants, but tonight was gonna be different. If I wore just the right thing and positioned myself just so in the living room, I could provide my handsome son, Ricky, a wonderful 'at home display.' Something to keep him motivated. I shivered with a thrill at my naughty plan.

My sister and I groaned as dad announced the selection for the night. As usual, it was a boring family movie, meant more to entertain my youngest sister more than anyone else. I didn't really mind though, since I'd probably be trying to sneak peeks at mom the whole time.

"Babe, the movie's starting!" Dad called out to my mom as he moved to his recliner.

"Coming!" Mom answered from upstairs.

Her response made me think about Room 209 and watching mom cum for the very first time. Seeing her body shake, while her pretty face twisted in pleasure was quite something.

Mom reached the first floor, carrying the baby in her arms. She was in a white charmeuse kimono robe and bare feet. Her hair was still damp from the shower. She stopped and seemed to be studying the seating arrangement for a moment. I took the opportunity to gaze at her strong naked legs.

"Amanda, would you mind sitting over here tonight honey? I think I might be more comfortable on the couch," Mom asked.

My sister, Amanda, huffed and sat in Mom's usual spot. This left mom and I situated behind everyone else in the living room as she

gently sat down on the opposite side of the leather sofa. She brought her freshly-shaved legs up and curled them beside her. God damn did they look sexy!

Soon, everyone but me was engrossed in the movie. I couldn't take my eyes off mom's silky tan legs. In my head, I replayed Mom displaying them for me in room 209, first in her nightie, then in a micro bikini. I still couldn't believe how she had splayed them open for me. I never dreamed that mom could spread her legs so far.

About ten minutes into the movie, Mom adjusted her position, so she was practically sitting sideways, with her ass turned to me, but her torso was facing the **TV**. The hem of her robe crept up and I was greeted with a sight that made my prick even harder than it already was. Mom's luscious, meaty buttocks was clearly visible through a pair of white transparent mesh panties. Just the site of mom's ass made my heart race excitedly. I got even more excited when she peeked back at me over her shoulder and gave me a knowing wink.

I smiled with satisfaction as I turned back to the **TV**. Everyone else was engrossed in the movie, everyone but my sweet Ricky. I had wore these panties just for him, and could practically feel his eyes glued to my exposed ass. I glanced at my loving husband, feeling just a tinge of guilt. That feeling was soon brushed aside by the overwhelming thrill of knowing that I was doing something so naughty only a few feet away, and with our own son. "Naughty, yes, but also necessary. These are the times his eyes should be wandering, not during class when he should be focused on academics," I thought.

My poor boy didn't last long. Soon he excused himself, saying he was tired, but I knew better. I pictured what I'm sure he went upstairs to do, and that was to stroke his big teenage cock to orgasm, with the vision of mommy's ass fresh in his mind.

I couldn't focus on the movie either. My nipples were hard and cunt was throbbing in my panties. All I could do was picture my teen stroking his impressive dick in Room 209. I really needed to get myself off. "Honey, I think I'm gonna take the baby up to bed," I told my husband half-way through the movie.

"Ok, babe. Are you coming back down?" he asked.

"No, enjoy the movie. I'm pretty tired, so I think I'm just gonna turn in."

I climbed the stairs and put the baby in her crib. Stepping into the hallway, I gazed at Ricky's closed door. With the other family members downstairs I couldn't fight the naughty urges swirling through my mind. I wanted to expose myself to Ricky again. I wanted to see him gaze at me, while he stroked his erection.

Lubricated with lotion, I pumped my dick with long steady strokes, all the while picturing mom's perfect ass. "Damn, I wish I was in Room 209 right now, so mom could suck my cock like a slut again," I thought.

Suddenly, I heard a soft voice whisper from across the room. "Ricky?"

I looked in that direction and found the door half-open. Mom's curvy silhouette was leaning against the doorframe as she stood there watching me beat off. From the light in the hallway, the shapes of her curves looked amazing. One of her legs extended out the slit in her robe and was curled inside the door. It looked so strong and sexy! "Is everything OK?" I asked.

"Yes, everything's fine…just um, keep stroking off, sweetie. Don't let me interrupt you," she answered in a hushed tone.

I continued masturbating, fueled by the site of her standing there watching me. I could tell mom's hand was in her panties, giving herself pleasure also. For two full minutes this went on, until we heard someone downstairs. I saw mom look down the hallway, then back at me. She kissed her hand, then blew the kiss towards me. I pictured her pouty lips floating across the room, then landing on mine for a passionate smooch. She closed the door and I was left to finish.

Later that night I practically raped my husband. My poor love was shocked as I attempted to ride his cock like a bitch in heat. You would think I hadn't had sex in a year, but truth was Dan and I had an active sex life. He always did his best to try and satisfy my sexual needs, but tonight something was missing. First of all, to my frustration, Dan's cock wasn't staying hard.

"Damn, babe, what's gotten into you?!" he whimpered as my big tits swung wildly above his face.

"**WHY ISN'T IT GETTING HARD**?!" I whimpered impatiently redoubled my efforts, trying to get his cock inside me. I clutched and clawed at him, out of my mind with lust. "Oh, God, please, Dan…I need to be fucked hard!!" I cried, feeling like there was a yearning itch deep inside me that my husband just wasn't scratching. I pictured my Ricky, stroking his big meaty prick. I already knew it was longer and thicker than my husbands and wondered what it would feel like thundering through my mature pussy. "I bet my son would be rock-hard. I bet he could scratch that itch! I bet he could fuck me exactly the way I need it!" I wickedly thought.

"Oh shit, **I'M GONNA CUM!!" I** squealed, rubbing my clit as my body started shaking.

"Oh damn, babe. Sorry, I just…wasn't expect this."" Dan announced.

I slammed my fists down on his chest. "What do you mean 'you weren't expecting this?' I'm your fucking wife!" I angrily snapped.

"Sorry, babe…I just am really not feeling this tonight."

"It's fine," I said, faking a smile. I wondered if Ricky were still masturbating. I let out a quivering sigh as I pictured that big juicy cockhead slipping through his circled fist and cum firing powerfully into the air.

"Are you ok?" Hubby asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I lied. "Just um, sorry you couldn't get hard."

"It's not your fault, really. It's probably just because I'm tired tonight," Dan muttered.

I knew that Dan must be feeling stress from work. Usually, getting an erection wasn't an issue for him. I suddenly felt ashamed of myself for the thoughts I'd been having, as well as some of the things I'd been doing behind my husband's back, especially in Room 209. Sure I did those things for the purpose of helping Ricky focus in class, but they were still acts that would break my husband's heart and probably result in divorce if ever found out.

My guilt extended into the next morning, as I nursed the baby. I couldn't stop looking at my phone as I anxiously waited for the Room 209 schedule. However, the faithful wife in me told myself that I needed to stop doing this nonsense, before things truly got out of hand. Soon, my phone chimed with the text I'd been waiting for.

"**LOCATION**: **ROOM** 209

SCHEDULE:

12 to 12:15 – **MOMS ON DISPLAY**

12:15 to 12:50 – **DOGGIE-STYLE VAGINAL INTERCOURSE WHAT TO WEAR**: **MATCHING BRA AND PANTY SET HIGH HEELED MULES SEE YOU THERE, LADIES!!**"

My heart-rate increased. Yes, I had perform unconventional sexual acts with my son, but today was different. Today would be full-blown doggy-style sex. Full-blown cheating on Dan, my loving husband. I simply didn't think I could allow myself to do it. The text-reactions from other mothers poured in. One's like "**YAAY! WE'RE GETTING FUCKED TODAY!**" and "Mm, **I LOVE** to be doggy-dicked!" I simply shut my phone often, knowing if I read them all, it would only weaken my resolve to skip today's session.

"See you at lunch, mom," I told her as I grabbed my backpack, preparing to leave for school. I could tell she wasn't her usual eager self today.

"Yeah, honey…about that. I um…forgot I had an appointment today, so I'm not gonna be able to help you out during your lunch hour," she muttered.

"Oh, bummer. Well, um…OK. Hopefully tomorrow then."

"Yes…we'll see," she answered, feeding me a simple smile. "Have a good day in school."

Needless to say I was majorly bummed out. It wasn't the fact that mom was skipping today that had me worried. With three other siblings, I knew there would be times that she would have other appointments and wouldn't be able to attend, but it was her guilty-seeming attitude this morning that was more concerning. "Was she feeling bad about what we'd done?" I wondered.

"Hey, girl…excited for today?" Gail asked as she answered when I called her.

"I've decided that Ricky and I are skipping today."

"What?! Michelle, it's vaginal intercourse, doggy-style. It's a big day for the boys, they just don't know it yet."

"Gail, Ricky and I have already gone pretty far. I just don't know if we should take things **THAT** far," I admitted.

"You're feeling guilty, aren't you?"

"Maybe…but is that so unusual? I mean…**I AM** married, and I love Dan. The thought of hurting him is eating at me."

"It's not unusual, Michelle, and believe me, I'm married too, so I get it. You have to ask yourself what's worse though…the fact that you're husband **MAY** find out, although **VERY** unlikely, or that Ricky will most-likely fail and not graduate with his friends because he can't stay focused in class?" Gail asked.

"Handjobs and blowjobs are one thing, but full-blown sex is quite another," I answered, trying to sound sure of my decision. "If I keep helping Ricky in Room 209, it's gonna have to be without sexual penetration."

"Well, you're not gonna be asked to leave Room 209 just because you're not fucking, like the rest of us. You should still come though, and just…do what you feel comfortable doing. For God's sake though, don't blow your son off completely today," Grail preached.

I knew she was right. Backing out of helping him now would probably only make it more difficult for him to focus in class. It would also make me seem like a mom who didn't really care, and that's the last thing I wanted.

I was thrilled when mom texted me with great news during my second period at school.

"Hi, sweetie. My appointment got rescheduled, so I'll be able to meet you in Room 209 today after all ," the text read.

"Sweet! " I texted back. "Can you give me a hint about what we're doing there today?"

"Yeah, um…about that. How would you feel about me masturbating your penis again? Would that be OK?" she messaged.

"Of course it would be **OK," I** gleefully replied.

"Dude, my mom's gonna be able to do Room 209 today after all!" I whispered over to Ryan, "and I think we're getting handjobs again."

"That's weird," he replied.

"Weird why?"

"They just gave us handjobs a couple days ago. Room 209 doesn't usually schedule the same sexual act twice in one week."

"I don't know, that's just what she told me," I said, shrugging my shoulders. Of course there were other things I couldn't wait to do with mom. Fucking her pussy most of all, but I certainly wasn't gonna complain about getting another one of her skilled handjobs.

I felt more awkward preparing in Room 209 on the third day than any time prior. Probably because all the other moms were chatting about getting fucked doggy-style and I knew that Ricky and I would be doing something a lot less intimate.

"Steven's gonna love these sheer panties," Tori stated, looking at her ass in the mirror. The pale pink mesh was stretched across her rounded buttocks, clearly showing her ass-crack and meaty cheeks. "I think I might buy a few more pair to tease him with at home too."

"They'll probably feel really good on his glans, if he uses them to masturbate with that is," Gail stated, checking out her own thonged ass in the mirror.

"Oh trust me, he does," Tori giggled, "and when I find them, they're usually dripping with ejaculate."

Another beautiful mom chimed in. "Casey and I have a deal worked out now. He can use any panties from my hamper as long as I get them back right when he's finished, so I can throw them into the wash."

"Smart idea," I replied. "I usually have to go hunt for them in Ricky's bedroom in hopes that he hasn't stained them up too bad."

"That half-cup bra looks amazing on you, Michelle!" Tori stated.

"Thanks. I think Ricky will like it."

"Since the boys are fucking us today, I decided just to go crotchless," said Gail, checking out her skimpy panties in the mirror. A cutout in the crotch left the puffy lips of her shaved vulva on display.

"The last time doggy was on the schedule, I came so fucking hard that I think I shocked my poor boy," Tori snickered, pulling her giant bra-cups in place.

"I was hoping the boys would be doggy-dicking us again this week," Gail expressed. "Ryan couldn't stop talking about how fun it was the last time."

Gail looked over at me and I could tell she suddenly felt bad. "Sorry, Michelle. I forgot you were skipping out on letting Ricky fuck you today. Have you decided what the two of you are gonna do?"

"I'll probably just give him another handjob."

"Well, that's certainly nothing he'll complain about getting, I'm sure."

"I know, I'm just worried about how awkward it's gonna be in there for him, watching the other boys fuck their moms, while his mom just jerks him off again. Maybe I should have just skipped lunch hour today altogether, like I originally planned.

"I'm sure he'll be disappointed, but also still appreciative of what **YOU** willing to do for him. I mean, the fact that you're being sexual with him at all shows that you care."

"True. I just…hope he's satisfied with what I am able to do," I expressed.

I stood next to Ryan, slowing stroking my fully-hard cock as moms began to file into the room. They were wearing sexy bra and panty sets and their dainty heels clicked on the floor, creating a wonderful clatter. We spotted our moms moving towards us. My cock flexed in my hand as I watched mom approach, wearing a skimpy, black half-cup bra and micro G-string. Both were semi-sheer, allowing me to see the wide dark rings of mom's areolas and the well-defined cleft of her cunt. On her feet she wore sexy heels with fluffy black feathers crossing her toes. The heavy tit-meat of both our moms trembled wonderfully as they walked.

"Damn, dude…that's a dreamy sight right there!" Ryan sighed, beating his cock as vigorously as I was.

"Hi, boys!" Ryan's mom smiled as they stepped up in front of us.

"You guys look mega-hot!" I blurted.

"Oh, 'mega-hot,' huh? I like that!" Mom replied, gazing into my eyes.

Both my mom and Ryan's stood there in front of us, posing sexily with their hands on their hips, while watching us stroke our cocks to

the sight of them. The semi-sheer half-cups of mom's bra left exposed more cleavage than I had ever seen before. It also allowed me to see just how huge her areolas were. I watched mom's eyes slowly travel down my body, then pause at my cock, watching me stroke it. I released my erection a moment and tightened my ass, making my boner spring out in full hardness as if saluting her.

Mom bit her bottom lip, then peeked back up at my face. "Show off!" she teased.

"Shall we twirl around for them?" Gail asked mom. Then, both of them spun around, displaying their meaty derrieres. Ryan's mom's panties consisted of just two strings crossing up her bare buttocks, while mom's ass was covered, but in sheer mesh, leaving nothing to the imagination.

"Damn…look at how fucking sexy those panties are, dude!" Ryan exclaimed.

After a few minutes of displaying ourselves, a mother's voice shouted across the room. "Who's ready to do it doggy-style?!" she teasingly sang. All the moms and boys cheered in response, except for me. My heart sunk in disappointment. I knew it would be a major let down for Ricky when I explained to him that we wouldn't fucking like the others were going to.

As the groups of moms disappeared inside the bunks with their excited sons in tow, I pulled Ricky aside. "Honey, I…need to talk to you for a second," I muttered.

"Mom, if you're gonna tell me it's…um, you know… 'that time of the month' for you. I just want you to know I don't mind. Some blood really doesn't bother me," he confessed.

"Oh, honey…no, it's nothing like that," I replied, thinking how cute it was that he'd still fuck me even if I was on my period. "I've just

been thinking and well, um…I'm not really sure that you and I should have full-blown sex. It should probably be the **ONE THING** that's reserved just for your father, since I am married to him. Everything else we can do."

"Oh, uh…I see."

I wanted to cry. I could see the disappointment in his face, especially when we started hearing the sounds of gasping and slapping flesh coming from inside the bunks. I thrust my tits for my boy, drawing his attention to me by making my cleavage bulge out obscenely. I stared into his eyes with a serious expression. "I think I know something you'd like a lot," I whispered.

"What's that?" he asked.

"We could 'dry fuck,' while you suck on my tits. Would you like that, honey?"

"Would I ever!" he gleefully replied.

I was bummed that mom wasn't willing to go all the way, especially since the other moms were married too, yet still willing to let **THEIR** sons fuck them. However, I still considered myself extremely lucky to be here in Room 209, and there were certainly other nasty things that I dreamed of doing with her. Included on that list was what mom just suggested…sucking her titties!

"Let's go up there," Mom whispered , leading me by the hand across the room. In the basement of Room 209, along with the bunk areas, were lots of comfortable nooks and crannies. One such place was actually a small private perch up near the ceiling. It was a narrow pillowed bunk, only wide enough for one person to lay.

"This looks like a fun place to play," Mom smiled as she climbed the latter first. This allowed me an amazing view of her luscious ass

through her mesh panties. I could also clearly gawk at the thick shaved outer flanges of her cunt. "Hurry up and get up here!" Mom requested, smiling to let me know that she knew exactly where my eyes were.

I climbed up and joined her on the tiny bunk that was surrounded on three sides by shorts walls that reached the ceiling. It was easily the most private place within Room 209. "Wow, not much room at all up here," I pointed out.

"Enough for what we have in mind," Mom teasingly replied, lifting my t-shirt up and off, letting it fall down to the floor. "Lay down on your back and get comfortable."

She certainly didn't need to ask me twice. I sprawled back on comfortable pillowed cushions that were no wider than a sofa. Mom pulled the curtain, shrouding us in complete privacy. A single light from the ceiling dimly lit our tiny bunk in a warm glow.

I crawled onto my sprawled teen, planting my knees astride his hips. We were so close to the ceiling that I had to lean over him, so my boobs were mere inches from his ogling eyes. "Reach around and unclasped me," I whispered.

Ricky unhooked my bra like a pro. I let my H-cups peel away from my tits and they spilt out onto his young, well-toned chest. I could feel the wetness of my nipples leaking onto him. "Sorry, I fed your baby sister about an hour ago, but it doesn't take them long to fill back up and get leaky," I whispered.

"I don't mind."

I wanted to take my panties off too, so the naked flesh of our overheated genitals could at least touch, but I knew it would be dangerous. I stared into my son's eyes with a serious expression. "If I take my panties off, can you be good?" I asked.

"Of course."

I watched in awe as Mom reached down and gracefully squirmed out of her dainty panties. This gave me a quick look at her bare pubis before she settled back down on top of me, crushing the milk-engorged flesh of her naked tits between us. She pulled a blanket made of white faux fur over our naked bodies, burying us in a warm cozy cocoon. Room 209 was filled with the sound of beating flesh and gasping mother and son couple who were engaged in feverish doggy-style fucks. "Wow, you can really hear them going at it down there!" I pointed out.

"Are you ready to 'really go at it' up here?" Mom asked, her head lifted so she could look down at me.

"Yeah, I'm ready," I eagerly replied.

"You can dry fuck me as rough as you want while you suck, just no penetration, ok?" Mom asked.

"Got it!" I replied.

Mom immediately repositioned herself on top of me, so her colossal breasts slid up . "Ohh, damn!" I gasped as my face sunk into her gaping cleavage. I began kissing my around the spongy, creamy contours, thrusting my hips up involuntarily, making my stiff cock push against mom's vulvar lips. She used her crotch to push me back down to the bed. I nudged back, and this was the start of our steady dry-humping rhythm.

"Mmnnff!" I snarled, with my lips pushed against the squishy meat of her tit as my body let out an excited shudder beneath her.

After kissing and licking his way through the canyon between my tits, Ricky found my nipple. He whimpered cutely as the ring of his

lips spread out across my areola and the first gush of nectar poured into his mouth. I was glad that we had found a new and exciting way to drain him today. "See, I can help my boy and still be faithful to my husband," I thought. I was sure that Dan wouldn't be happy at all about me dry-fucking our son either, but I felt a little better about myself, and what I was doing, knowing I was saving my vagina for just my husband.

I felt like I was protecting the sanctity of my inner-castle from the fierce meaty dragon outside it's gates. The beast's angry purple head and stiff tubular body dug vehemently against my fleshy gates, threatening to pierce my opening, rage inside my hot creamy corridor and blast it's fiery lava-seed deep into my inner sanctum.

"My God, he has great rhythm though!" I thought, impressed by how our joined midsections ground together in counterpart. "And his dick feels **SO** fucking strong!" I knew if his cock was actually inside me I'd be having a mind-blowing orgasm by now. His mouth was gorged around the peak of my tit and it felt divine. I could feel his tongue dueling with my engorged teat, while his lips formed a vacuum seal of suction around the fringe of my areola. I could hear my boy gulping my milk down, enjoying the nectar that flowed from mommy's big squishy breast.

I was so damn aroused it was killing me! I sucked like a starving baby, with my face pressed deep in the melonous flesh of mom's tit. Our genitals wrestled in a heated swivel. I could tell my dick was wet with the oil that secreted from mom's pussy. It made the path between her labial flesh nice n slippery for my boner. I knew that pre-cum was probably weeping from my tip like crazy, and the fact that our sexual body fluids were mixing together excited me tremendously.

I couldn't help but wonder how 'out of this world' mom's pussy would feel sheathed around my cock. I listened to Ryan brag about

the tube of his mom's vagina and how the rows of thick pleats along her lining and her strong pelvic-floor muscles created a sensation around his cock like nothing else he'd ever felt. I just knew that mom's pussy must be the same. I wanted to smash my hard prick to the hilt inside her and feel her hot mommy-cunny chew powerfully at my dick.

"Maybe I could just 'accidentally' slip it in," I thought. I lengthened my humps beneath her. Our pissers were so wet and slimy now that I could hear them making a lewd creamy sound as they humped together.

I pushed upward on her down-stroke, hoping to pierce her hole. After a few times of doing this my knob finally sunk into the heat of her vestibule, lodging just inside the clasping mouth of her fuck-hole. "Mnnff!" I whimpered, tit-milk spewing out the sides of my mouth as mom and I were slightly joined for a few wonderful moments. My peter-tip was encapsulated in wonderful snugness. I could feel mom's thickly-textured walls throbbing around it as if trying to suck my horny dick deeper inside her. I felt her walls bulge wonderfully around my glans, soaking my pulsating knob with her hot welcoming fuck-oil. I was about to spear the rest of my cock home when mom stopped me. "No, baby…we can't!" she gasped, pulling her cunt off me. I heard my knob pop from her heated socket, making a creamy suction sound.

"That was a damn close call!" I deliriously thought, realizing just how close we'd gotten to Ricky penetrating me with his big cock. The scariest part was that if his big hunk of boy meat had squeezed up inside me, pushing against the head of my cervix, I don't know that I'd have the willpower to stop him from fucking me silly. Even with dry humping, I could feel a powerful climax building inside my body. I knew it was only a matter of minutes before mommy would be writhing, screaming and gushing all over her gorgeous boy.

"Time to make those boys cum ladies!" A female voice shouted across the room.

I wasn't sure how close he was, but I knew we only had so much time left. It was time to show Ricky what a nasty fuck-hound his mother could be if she really want to. My wet nipple popped from his mouth as I rose up slightly. This put more friction on his stiff penis as I began to really bare down on him with wild humps.

"Oh yeah, mom!" I gasped as she started dry-humping the fuck out of me. Since our genitals were soaked with arousal it was hardly a 'dry hump' at all, and felt incredible! Mom's giant breasts now hovered directly above my face and swung in big looping circles to the rhythm of her steadily-reeling hips. They dangled down just far enough to softly bump and brush on my face. Her breathing quickly became more rapid, as if she was suddenly cresting on the edge of a monster-orgasm.

"Oh, God, Ricky!" she suddenly gasped. "Cum with me, baby! **CUM WITH MOMMY!!**"

The wonderful cuntal friction against my cock, as well as the sight of mom's pretty face contorting in pleasure as she tossed her long blonde hair around, triggered my own ball-clenching climax. "Oh, yes…**YES, MOM, I'M GONNA CUM!" I** moaned.

It was like our naked bodies were completely in sync as we both began shaking and grunting in unison. My view of mom's pendulant milkers, with their leaky nipples was quite thrilling, making ball-goo blast from my cock more powerfully than it ever had before. I felt her cuntal-vestibule bulge against my pubis and soak me with hot pulses of female ejaculate. The world around us seemed to disappear and all that existed was the friction of our humping genitals as we shared a juicy mutual orgasm that seemed to go on for hours, even though it was only for a few mind-blowing minutes.

I felt good about my resolve to continue helping Ricky, without letting him penetrate me. Even though we were still being nasty, I felt that I was reserving that most sacred part of myself for my husband, who I loved dearly. The next morning, as I nursed the baby? I couldn't stop looking at my phone as I anxiously waited for the Room 209 schedule. Soon, my cell chimed, so I looked at my text. It read:

"**LOCATION**: **ROOM** 209

SCHEDULE:

12 – 12:15: **MOMS ON DISPLAY**

12:15 – 12:30: **BREAST SUCKING**

12:30 – 1: **MUTUAL MASTURBATION WHAT TO WEAR**: **NYLON BODYSTOCKING SEE YOU THERE LADIES!**"

Immediately mothers began to respond to the schedule.

"GloriaV69: **OMG I** can't wait! Hubby hardly ever sucks on my tits anymore."

"Penny38: We get to masturbate with the boys today. **YAY!!!**"

"ToraR:: A room full of boob sucking baby boys. Our little darlings are gonna be in heaven."

"Gailgirl: **GOT MILK MICHELLE**?? **HAHA**"

I giggled at Gail's comment. Ricky had certainly enjoyed gorging himself on my milk-swollen tits yesterday and I'm sure he would again today. I decided that after feeding the baby I would pump more out this morning and bottle feed him later, that way my

boobies would be completely engorged with warm tit-milk for Ricky's enjoyment at lunchtime.

"MichelleD: As a matter of fact I do, Gail…lots of it! " I texted back."

"LadyLeslie: Don't worry Michelle, I'm lactating too. Guess our two boys will get a real lunch today lol."

"MichelleD: That's true Leslie, one meal they'll devour gladly, I'm sure lol."

"DebraG: hey ladies, maybe since our boys are gonna be smothered in big titties today we can give them a nice cleavage display before school this morning."

"Gailgirl: Love that idea, Deb!!"

"GloriaV69: awesome! What a great idea. An at home tit-display for those cute boys."

I smiled wide, eager to give Ricky a flash of what awaited him later in the day.

I chomped on a bowl of cereal as the usual morning chaos transpired in the kitchen. While dad sat across from me reading the paper, I watched Mom move about the kitchen preparing lunches, her heavy, braless tits bobbling beneath her robe. My sisters were fighting, as usual.

"Stop it!"

"I didn't even do anything you big baby!"

Mom chimed in. "Girls, enough please."

"So, how did the tutoring hour go yesterday?" Dad asked, looking over at me.

I decided to be funny. "I really sucked at it!" I answered.

Over at the sink, Mom burst out laughing. Dad curiously looked at both of us "You sucked at it?" he asked.

"Yeah, I sucked at it for nearly the whole hour," I replied. Little did dad know I was referring to 'sucking' mom's tits.

"If you sucked at it then that means it's not really helping you."

Mom looked over at dad. "Oh I think it's helping him. What Ricky meant was, it was **REALLY HARD** for both of us. That's why he… **SUCKED** at it so much."

"Wow, hard for you too, huh, just assisting?" Dad asked.

Mom stepped over and poured dad some coffee. "Very hard, but I think I handled it pretty well, don't you, sweetie?" She asked, peering over at me mischievously.

"Yeah, Mom…super well!"

"I think that's why they have us helping the boys. When things get… **HARD** like that, we moms know exactly what to do."

"Well hey, whatever helps those grades." Dad said, going back to his newspaper.

Leaning over, Mom turned towards me and gazed through fluttering lashes. "I'm sure it will be **SUPER-HARD** for us both again today, but that's ok, we're gonna bang it out together, aren't we sweetie?"

Before I could answer I took a big dry gulp as I noticed the neck of mom's robe had parted, leaving an obscene amount of cleavage exposed. The way mom was bending over, with her hands on the table, made had her fat tits squeeze between her arms. This made

them balloon outward, and I could clearly see the fat peaks of her nipples through the fabric.

"Um, yeah…for sure, Mom. We'll bang it out, no problem."

I quickly glanced back at hubby, just to make sure his eyes were on his newspaper and not the display I was giving Ricky. I was filled with wicked delight, gazing down at my teen as he stared straight ahead at my hanging breasts. My cute son looked up at me in clear arousal and I smiled naughtily. I glanced down at the mile long cleavage separating my jiggling jugs, then back at Ricky. He squeezed his hardening pecker and I took notice. Quietly, secretly, we got lost in our forbidden exchanges.

Hubby's voice startled us both. "All right, time to get out of here! You ready kids?

I quickly headed back to the sink, adjusting my robe, handing the lunches I had prepared to my younger children. I could tell Ricky was struggling with an erection, and I licked my lips just staring at it's tubular outline through his pants. I followed them to the front door and hubby turned and fed me a peck on the lips. "Have a good day, babe. I love you."

"Love you too! Bye kids!"

Dad stepped out the doorway and I went to follow, trying to conceal my hardon with my backpack. "See you at lunch, Mom."

Mom swung the door nearly closed behind dad and gazed at me with a dreamy-eyed look. "Hold on a second," she whispered, the stepped up to me, took my backpack and set it on the floor. She quicky rose on her tip toes and embraced me tightly. I sighed audibly as I felt the her spongy-soft boobs flatten out against my

chest, their rubbery nipples prodding against my flesh. "I love you, sweetheart," she whispered in a sultry tone.

Before I could answer, Mom reached down between us and squeezed my hardened cock-muscle between her fingers. My body trembled excitedly and she gazed into my eyes anxiously. "Ohh, such a hard fucking boy-cock!" she teased. "Only a few hours, darling… then mommy will give it more attention."

After a quick kiss I rushed awkwardly out the door. "Holy shit, mom's huge braless tits felt amazing pressed against my chest!" I thought. "And the way she squeezed my prick. Holy wow, she was getting daring, and I loved it"

"God, I love this store!" Tori exclaimed as her, Gail and myself entered Kate's Lovely Lingerie and bikinis.

"Oh my God, look at this form-fitting cami. My tits would look so good in this," Gail said.

Tori held one up to the swell of her large breasts. "Those **ARE** nice. Maybe I should get one. I don't think Steven's seen me in a camisole yet."

"I have a couple I've purchased from here. They both came with a cute little matching g-string," Gail replied.

"So, Michelle…I noticed that you and Ricky disappeared into the private bunk yesterday," Tori stated, "and you were both naked when you came down. Are you sure you two weren't playing 'hide the salami' in secret up there?"

"No, we weren't. We were just dry humping."

"You certainly didn't look 'dry' when you came back into the dressing room," Gail chuckled.

"You know what I meant," I replied, flashing my friend an amused smile.

"I admire your resolve, Michelle," Tori praised, "but do you really think your husband would any less hurt by the things you and Ricky have done already. In my opinion, you might as well just let your son fuck you."

"It does make me feel a little better though knowing that is a certain something that's off limits to Ricky and reserved only for his father," I replied.

"Oh my God, I love this teddy! Look at all the gorgeous scalloped trim." Gail blurted, holding the skimpy negligee up to her heavy-titted body.

I looked over some other nearby goodies. "I wonder how the boys would react to seeing us in garters?"

Tori smiled. "Mmm, are you kidding, with a stretched lace garter belt and sheer stockings…instant hardons!"

"Mmm, teenage hardons! Yummy!" Gail said, making Tori and I giggle. "With those visible veins bulging down their shafts, and those big juicy knobs. Oh my God!"

"Don't soak your panties over there, girl!" Tori teased.

"Back again, huh, ladies?" The store owner Kate asked as she joined us.

"Hi Kate! Yep, back for more Room 209 attire," Tori replied.

"Excellent! What are those hot young studs gonna be treated to this time?"

"Body stockings," I answered.

Kate smiled. "Mmm, well then…right this way."

We followed Kate over to the section we needed.

"We have several different styles…halter, crotchless, some with plunging necklines to reveal lots of cleavage."

"Oh, I want a crotchless!" Tora said. "Steven's never seen me in anything crotchless before.

"Do you have a white lace bridal in the crotchless?" Gail asked.

"I do. It comes with a matching thong, or you can just go bare."

"Hmm, what do you girls think…with panties or without?"

"I know **I'M** going bare," Tori replied.

"You know what, I think I'll skip the panties and go bare as well," Gail decided.

Kate looked at me and smiled. "What about you, hon…anything catch your eye?"

"This one's nice." I said, lifting one from the rack.

"That's a fishnet halter with an open crotch. Very popular!"

Gail looked my choice over. "Damn, Michelle…that would look amazing on you!"

"I'll do this one I think."

"Do you want the matching thong?" Kate asked.

"No, Michelle, go bare with us," Gail blurted.

"Let's let those boys see our hot mommy-pussies!" Tori added.

I smiled over at Kate. "Ok, I guess I'll skip the panties also."

"Good choice, and if you need some grooming, Karen down at the other end of the mall does amazing work."

"Oh I know…that's where I go. I'm dying to get a postage stamp cut today." Tori expressed.

"Postage stamp?" I naively asked.

"Yeah, it's like the martini cut, but they square it off at the bottom, so it sort of frames in the outer labia."

"Oh, well I had a little landing strip, but I shaved it off a few days ago," I said.

Gail patted me on the shoulder. "Good move, Michelle. Boys prefer shaved pussies."

Tori laughed and rolled her eyes. "Whatever, girl! I think our boys prefer wet pussies, regardless of how they're trimmed."

"That's probably true," I giggled.

"Well, how bout we get our pussies waxed, and Tori can get her postage stamp?" Gail suggested.

"Sounds like a good plan to me."

"Hey dude, did you get flashed this morning?" Ryan asked as we sat in class.

"Flashed?"

"Yeah, did your mom show you her tits? All the guys from room 209 are saying they got an eye-full this morning."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah! Mom came into the laundry room, changed her fucking bra right in front of me," Ryan replied.

"Holy shit! Well, mom leaned down towards me at breakfast. They were practically falling out of her robe. My dad was right there, it was crazy!"

"See, I'm telling you, dude, our moms are in to this. They don't care if our dads are around, they just wanna show us their bodies."

"I wish my mom would let me fuck her, but whatever, I'm certainly not gonna complain about what **I HAVE** been getting. I wonder what they're gonna do to us today. Do you think they're gonna suck our dicks some more?" I asked.

"Nah, Robbie seems to think they're gonna let us suck on their boobs. How fucking awesome would that be?"

"Mega-awesome! I got some of that yesterday and would love more. So, why does Robbie think that?" I asked.

"He said his mom woke him up this morning, then started swinging her naked tits right above his face. She looked down at him and told him that later he'd get to suck like a baby."

"Holy fuck, I bet that's it! I bet we're gonna nurse on their tits today." I exclaimed excitedly.

"Damn, dude, and your mom's tits are full of milk. You're gonna be swimming in it, buddy."

"I certainly was swimming in it yesterday," I smiled, actually feeling a little light headed as a rush of excitement surged through me. I knew sucking on mom's huge lactating tits was incredibly thrilling and I was anxious to be buried beneath them again.

"I can't believe we get to masturbate with the boys today." Gail said as we got naked in the Room 209 dressing room. "Rub our hot clits, while they stroke those big dreamy dicks."

"Our darling's might be surprised when they find out their moms like to play with themselves as much as they do," Tori added, unclasping her bra.

I slipped off my dainty panties, revealing a baby-smooth, freshly-waxed pussy. "True. It's really cool that the boys get to see a side of us here that they never get to see at home."

"Mmm, the naughty side." Gail said, making us giggle.

We slid in to our body stockings and marabou slippers and did our last minute primping. I fluffed my blonde mane of hair and applied a light coat of perfume. The three of us, along with several other mothers, posed in front of the big mirrors, practicing how we would display our heavy-titted bodies for our boys.

With her hands on her hips, Gail thrust her chest, making her giant knockers balloon out, stretching the nylon. "God our big tits look amazing in these!" she proudly stated.

Tori and I thrust our boobs out, watching our wide areolas and protuberant nipples stare back at us through the fishnet of our body stockings . "Their tongues will be hanging out for sure, while they stroke those long teenage dicks," said Tori.

"The bell just went off, ladies!" One mom shouted.

"What the fuck, dude, wait up!" Ryan shouted as he trailed behind me across the school parking lot.

"No way, man! I'm not wasting a second!"

As usual, my heart raced excitedly, especially when I saw mom's car parked out front of room 209. Me and many other horny classmates filed through the front door. We rushed downstairs and took our usual spots. Unlike the first time I was here, I wasted no time shedding my pants and started pulling on my pecker in anticipation. As usually, there was erotic music, but a female voice suddenly came over the intercom. "Sit down and put on your blindfolds, boys," she directed.

I looked at Ryan curiously. This was new and thrilling. "Blindfolds?" I asked.

Ryan and I sat down on our leather benches where there were black blindfolds waiting for us. "Yeah, you heard her…put it on dude!" he replied, slipping it over his eyes. I did the same.

"No peeking, boys!" The female voice warned.

Mixed in with the music, I heard the sound of high heels clicking daintily against the floor. My hand instinctively squeezed and stroked on my already rock-hard erection as I imagined who must be entering the room. A minute passed before the voice returned. "Ok, you handsome studs, blindfolds off!"

"**WOAH!" I** muttered.

"Holy fuck!" Ryan exclaimed.

Only a few feet away from us were our moms, standing in sexy poses. My eyes widened as I took in what mom was wearing. It was a black fishnet body stocking with a halter top and no sleeves. The most obvious thing about her, of course, were her enormous mommy-melons, clearly visible and encased in stretchy fishnet. The outfit hugged her form, showing off every luscious curve, as if she were completely naked.

My eyes drifted down to exposed skin. "Holy fuck, the stocking is crotchless!" my brain screamed. The shaved V of mom's pubis was right there in front of me. At the base I could see the hood of her clitoris, peeking out from between her puffy cuntal folds. Of course her legs looked stunning…strong, tan and smooth beneath the fabric and her feet were propped in matching black four-inch heels with sexy ruffled feathers. Mom's hair and makeup was flawless and she smiled naughtily as she watched my reaction.

I heaved my hips, flexing my dick as I stroked it from balls to tip. This time it was mom's eyes that got big as she watched my hand fly up and down my meaty column.

"Hi boys! Did you miss us?" Gail asked, posing for her son.

My clitoris throbbed as I watched my son's fist stroke his big beautiful dick, while he drooled over my new outfit. "We missed you," I added, giving Ricky a saucy wink.

"What do you think of our body stockings?" Gail asked.

"Fucking awesome!" her son answered.

"Yeah!" Ricky agreed. "You guys really look amazing!"

Tori was also next to us, across from her own cock-stroking teen. "It's kinda cool how you can see right through the fabric, huh? You can see our titties, our pussies…"

I spun around, peeking back over my shoulder as I exposed my backside. "And our asses." I added, finishing Tori's sentence and watching Ricky's reaction.

"Holy hell…look at those fucking asses, dude!" Ryan said to me, while beating his meat.

I could see mom's tan bare buttocks through the fabric, as clear as day. Her meaty mounds looked heavenly; twin rounded buns, separated by a deep succulent ass-crack.

"Should we give these hot studs a closer look, ladies." Ryan's mom suggested.

Mom strode up to me, stopping right between my outstretched legs as I slouched on the bench beating off to the sight of her. "Holy fuck what a view!" I wondrously thought as I gazed up at the bulging rounded undersides of mom's boobs through the fabric. She peered over her giant rack, looking down into my eyes, then at my cock.

I set my sights straight ahead. I was pulling my pecker mere inches from mom's shaved pussy. My tongue literally hung out as I beat my meat and imagined her hot mommy-cunt pummeling up and down my hardon.

"Mmm, look at them pull on those hard shafts!" Ryan's mom stated.

"Oh, I know, their erections are so strong. Just imagine how hard they could fuck us right now!" Stephen's mom added, making me whimper excitedly. I wondered if my mom too was really imagining what it would be like to have my cock stuffed inside her.

All three moms turned, displaying their mommy-buns for our ogling eyes. They bent over, pointing their asses, making the fleshy clamshells of their cunts bulge from the open slits of their crotchless outfits. I gasped out loud, wanting to rush up behind mom and spear my prick through the pussy of my dreams.

Mom then did something that really surprised me. Reaching back with both hands, she pulled the fatty cheeks of her ass apart, giving me a clear look at the crinkled ring of her butthole. Not only that, but the juicy coral-colored slit of her cunt.

"Fuck me sideways!" Ryan exclaimed and I peered over to see him being greeted to the same sight by his mom.

The mothers giggled, shamelessly exposing their holes to us. "See something you like boys?" Ryan's mom asked.

"Somewhere you'd like to cram your horny cocks into maybe?" Stephen's mom added.

"I see something I like!" I said, gazing down over my shoulder at Ricky's rock hard peter. The way he was furiously jacking it's meaty length was mesmerizing.

I almost couldn't believe I had gotten to this point. I mean, here I was, a middle aged married mother, standing here in front of my boy in the naughtiest of outfits, spreading my ass for him, while I watched him beat his meat. It was the most insane thing in the world, yet I was loving every second of it, without feeling a drop of guilt.

"Let's swing our asses for these big-dicked studs!" Tori suggested.

Gail, Tori and I raised back up, turned around and began to swivel our bodies to the music as we hovered over our boys. I brought my arms up over my head as I danced for my teen, swinging my wide child-bearing hips as I watched him react to my every move.

"What are you thinking about, boys…these big juicy tits jutting from your mothers' chests?" Gail asked, squeezing her boobs teasingly.

"Thinking about how bad you'd like to suck their puffy nipples?" Tori added.

"Burying your face in flesh, while you pull on those younger, tender dicks," I chimed in.

"You tits are dope!!" Ryan exclaimed, jacking his erection hard and fast. "And so are your pussies!"

"Yeah they are!" I agreed, watching mom's camel-toed vulva swivel around in front of me.

Suddenly a woman's voice shouted across the room. "Ok ladies, you know what time it is!"

The moms all cheered and began untying their tops. I looked on in wide-eyed disbelief as mom undid the neck of her halter, then peeled the fishnet down off her tits, completely exposing them. They bobbled heavily on her chest with her stiff nipples protruding from her wide areola.

Ryan's mom, along with all the other moms, were now naked from the waist up. "Holy shit, dude!" Ryan exclaimed as we glanced at each other excitedly.

Steven's mom, Tori, sashayed past us, her giant milkers trembling with every step as she led Steven by his erection, as if she were leading a dog on a leash. "What do you say we bunk these boobie-loving boys, ladies," she suggested.

"Mmm, sounds like a yummy idea to me!" Ryan's mom replied, reaching down and leading Ryan to his feet by his erection. Mom did the same to me, her little fist clutched around my hardon as I rose up. "Sounds good to me too," Mom winked.

I followed behind mom and the other two couples as they led us by our dicks into the bunk. We watched them slip their sexy feet with painted toes from their heels and we all crawled onto the big bed together. "Mmm, we're so naughty, leading our boys to bed by their big stiff dicks," Steven's mom cooed, making the other moms giggle.

"Lay back, sweetheart," Mom whispered, guiding me back onto her lap, like my three friends were doing with their moms. The three big

breasted beauties were sitting upright, in a circle, with their legs curled sideways for us to rest on.

As soon as I landed on mom's soft lap, her huge ballooning tits were hovering over me. They brushed softly across my face, and through the gaping cleavage, I caught a look at mom's gazing down with a naughty smile. Her hand was still clutched around my peter, now slowly stroking it herself. I rubbed my face in between her massive mams, delighting in their warm dough-like softness.

"Mmm look at these cute boys with their faces wrapped in big titties. Every boys dream!' Tori mewled, and I giggled as I watched her son drag his tongue up her monster cleavage.

Gail's boy's face was buried by the fatty flesh of one of her boobs and I could tell he was going to town on the nipple. Like me, both moms were stroking their sons' rock-hard erections while they let them suck. Gail looked at me and bit her bottom lip, clearing enjoying the attention her son was giving. "Oh fuck, that feels so good!" she whimpered.

I felt my Ricky's tongue drag across the underside of one of my boobs. I heard him gasped excitedly, and his erection flexed in my hand as his lips slid across my areola and around my leaking nipple. His tongue lashed at it, and my clitoris responded with a throb. The thrill of having my oldest son sucking at my tit again was so kinky. Each time his licker lashed down to batter the erect spire of my nipple back and forth, I felt a surge of sexual-electricity jolt through my chest and into my entire body.

"Aren't these teenage dicks just gorgeous!" Tori sighed, making us stare at our sons' sex organs.

As I looked down at my hand as it steadily stroked his meaty column up and down, I couldn't help but be wondrously overwhelmed by the sight of Ricky's prick. His erection was so big and hard, encrusted

with bulging veins and capped by a fat juicy knob. I couldn't help but be in awe! For a moment I thought back on the times my husband had performed pathetically in bed, especially this last time, when he couldn't even get hard. This was the penis I needed during those times.

"Wow, the boys dicks are so hard!" I gasped, feeling all the tight bulging muscle in my hand.

"Aren't they amazing, Michelle?" Tori agreed. "It would take a miracle to get my husband's dick this erect."

"That's cuz dad's crazy!" her son muttered from under her breasts, his voice muffled by heavy tit-flesh.

"No darling, he's not crazy. He's just not a young super-stud with a big dick like you."

Gail's son chimed in. "Maybe instead of our dads you guys should be taking us super-studs to bed at night."

Ricky laughed, his lips pressed against my boob. "Right on!" he mumbled.

I smiled down at him and cocked an eyebrow. "Oh you think so, huh, mister?"

Ricky looked so cute peering up from under my huge tits. "Uh-huh, I do!"

"Oh God, if I had this dick in my bed every night I'd never get any sleep!" Gail expressed.

"And that's a bad thing why?" Tori asked.

I marveled at all the pre-cum weeping from Ricky's piss-slit. "It's amazing how much pre-cum there is," I observed. "It's the perfect

amount to lubricate our strokes."

"Not to mention it tastes divine," Tori added. "I've heard of moms who love it so much they'll let their son skip his chore as long as he agrees to letting her lick his peter-tip every time pre-cummies drool out. It's mommy's little treat."

"I'd gladly do that!" her boy muttered, peeking out from beneath her tit.

"You just keep sucking, honey…we'll talk about it later."

The cap of mom's tit was thick and rubbery. I rolled my tongue across the milk glans, feeling the spongy weight of her breast rest on my face. When my licker bumped her nipple I felt a little stream of milk erupt. I quickly latched on, applying strong suction around the teat, which seemed to elongate in my mouth. Almost immediately my tongue was swimming in a pool of breast milk. I felt mom's body give off a shiver and heard her let out an audible gasp.

"You ok over the, Michelle?" Ryan's mom asked her.

"Oh God, yes!" Mom answered, making me suck even harder. "I love having my boobs sucked on."

"I bet that lucky baby is drowning in mommy's milk about now," Steven's mom said with a giggle.

It was true. Mom's warm nectar was gushing into my mouth as I sucked like a baby. Greedily, I pulled even more squishy tit into my mouth, my lips forming a sealed oval around the fringe of her areola. My tongue plowed back and forth across mom's cap, scrubbing its bumpy surface. Like a nursing infant, I sucked and swallowed, sucked, licked and swallowed some more. Mom's tit was producing almost more than I could keep up with. It was much more milk than

yesterday! I whimpered as her hand squeezed on my cock, jacking expertly, from my balls to my knob.

"Just imagine that our juicy mommy-pussies are fucking your cocks boys!" Ryan's mom blurted. "Taking you deep in our fuck-holes!"

"Soaking these big muscled pricks with girl-cum!" Steven's mom added. "Squeezing our fuck-muscles around your cocks and making your cum boil in those big nut sacks!"

"Making you fuck harder and harder…hammering those horny dongs against the back of our vaginas!" my own mom cooed.

At this point my excitement-level was crazy intense, both from the feel of mom's body and her hot words. Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, milk trickling from it's center and down my cheek. My body shivered as I looked down to see her hand with it's long painted nails whipping up and down my hard dick in a perfect corkscrew motion. "Holy shit, where did mom learn to stroke dick like this?!" I wondrously thought.

Together, Ricky and I watched me stroke his hard cock vigorously. I marveled at his juicy knob as it peeked out my circled fingers on every downward stroke. My pussy juice trickled as I imagined the places inside me his knob could reach. "It'll never happen…so just stop thinking about it!" my mind scolded. My baby looked up at me. I gazed down into his eyes through fluttering lashes, my bee-stung lips curling into a naughty smile. "Does that feel good, baby?" I sweetly asked.

"Uh-huh!" he gasped.

"Mommy knows just how to pull on her boy's pecker, doesn't she?"

"Yes!" He huffed, then went back to sucking as I tirelessly beat his meat.

The bunk room was filled with the lewd sound of creamy handjobs as we pulled the bubbling pre-cum from our boys dicks and used it for lubrication. "My God you have such great cock-stroking technique, Michelle. Your hand has been moving in a perfect corkscrew motion," Tori complimented.

"Thanks. I try to time each stroke, so I can drag my thumb back and forth across Ricky's frenulum."

"Oh, the old windshield-wiper technique. With Stephen, I try to tighten my grip around the neck of the glans, like this. It's a technique I learned back in college, called the sausage wrap. It's a very sensitive pleasure-spot for him," Tori explained stroking her son's dick steadily.

"Ryan too!" Gail chimed in. "I read somewhere that the crown is almost twice as sensitive on a teenage boy."

Tori nodded. "It's true, and the glans right around the meatus are the most sensitive."

"The article also said you should provide squeezes around the shaft. It imitates the contractions of a pussy," Gail added.

"Well, when I jack Steven's erection I do it with a monster grip, so I guess I imitate a **VERY** tight pussy!" Tori said, making us giggle.

I decided to get in on sharing techniques. "One of the ones I learned in college was the knob polisher, ever tried that one?" I asked, laying my palm flat on the head of Ricky's penis. My fingers dropped down the side of his glans, and clutching tightly, then I twisted back and forth, as if I were polishing a door knob.

"Oh, I remember that one! God, my husband wouldn't last two seconds if I polished his knob like this." Gail stated as she twisted her fist around her son's peter.

Tori's son, Steven, thrust his hips, his body wracked with pleasure. Her thick, engorged nipple popped from his mouth. "Ohhh God, mom!!" he groaned.

"Ohhh, that's a good one, isn't it, darling?!" she cooed "It made those beautiful balls jump in their sack, didn't it?"

"I bet our boys would love the 'infinite hole' technique," I shared. "Remember that one?"

"Oh my God, in college I used to milk off so many cocks that way," Tori snickered.

The three of us tried the 'infinite hole' technique on our teens. I started with one hand at the head of Ricky's penis and moved it downward. As soon at his flaring tip peeked out I added a second hand on top and continued the downward movement. As my first hand reached the base, I replaced it at the top again, creating an endlessly-stroking tight tube around meat of his manhood.

Ricky's body shuddered from having his cock stroked this new way. "Oh, you like it don't you, baby?!" I sighed.

"They all do!" Tori replied, applying the technique perfectly on her boy. "It's like a tight, slippery pussy that goes on and on forever!"

"Two minutes ladies!" A female voice shouted.

"Let's make our boys cum before the next part!" Gail suggested.

"I have an idea. Whoever makes their son shoot the most ropes of hot cum gets a free lunch after we leave here," Tori proposed.

"Deal!" I agreed confidently.

The three of us moms continued pumping our son's dicks in earnest. Our pretty hands were a blur, whipping up and down their young

cocks. Gail's son was the first to announce his impending orgasm.

"Oohhnngh fucking shit!!" he wailed, thrusting his hips up and down.

His cock-canon started going off and we moms counted the ropes out loud as we watched them sail from his piss-slit. . "One… two…..three!"

"Ohhhng shit!" Ryan shouted, squirting out another pearly-white rope into the air.

"Four…..five…six!"

"Come on, baby, more cum!" Gail cheered, milking his manhood vigorously.

The last one came oozing out with a whimper. "Seven!" we shouted.

I gazed down at Ricky and his pleasure filled face as I pulled steadily at his hard-on. "Seven ropes, that's the number to beat, sweetie," I informed him.

"We'll beat that right now, won't we, baby?" Tori announced as she stroked her writhing son's peter with long slippery squeezes. "**CUM FOR MOMMY!**"

Steven cried out in pleasure and a blast of hot jism shot high in the air, making us moms gasp. "One….two….three!" we counted.

"Come on, darling, cum hard in mommy's hot fucking pussy!" Tori urged, as if she knew her dirty words would make him ejaculate that much harder.

More ropes erupted from his piss-hole in big gooey geysers. "Four….five….six!"

Steven's young body shook as Tori jerked him tirelessly. "Seven….eight…."

His hips rose from the cushion and he let out a guttural grunt as one last blast of oozing spunk was milked from his meaty dong. "Nine!" we shouted.

"Oh wow, that's my boy!" Tori praised, kissing his chest and up his neck proudly, letting her dangling udders drag on his chest.

I gave it everything I had, beating Ricky's meat with long tight, slippery strokes. His body finally tensed-up and I knew this would be among the strongest orgasms he'd ever had. "**OOHHSHIT, I'M CUMMING!!**" he wailed.

The first blast from Ricky's prick took my breath away. It was a solid white geyser erupting four-feet into the air, making all three if us moms scream like excited schoolgirls.

"Oh my God!!" Gail exclaimed.

The cum-blast arched upward, then splashed down on his lean chest. It was immediately followed by another of equal size, then another. I felt like Ricky's ejaculation was like the finale at the end of a fireworks show as we counted his spurts in lustful adoration.

Mom gazed straight down at me as I was struck with the ultimate orgasm. Her dreamy eyes seemed to cut right through me and her giant breasts jiggled incredibly with every stroke of my cock. "Come on, sweet baby! Cum!!" she loudly urged.

"Gggnnhhuuugghh!!" I grunted, sending another one sailing from my loins.

"Four….five….six!" the mothers counted.

One of the jets had splashed on mom's bobbling tits and ran down into her deep cleavage. She smiled salaciously. "Yes...more cum!!"

"Seven…..eight…." they shouted.

My whole body jerked as more cum came oozing out. The pleasure was crazy-intense…more than I'd ever had from an orgasm, and I'd had some mind-blowing ones the past few days. "Nine…" the moms called out together.

Mom suddenly pulled her knees out from under me, dropped her tits against my chest, crushing them against me. She laid across me and buried her face in my neck. "**FUCK ME, RICKY!!**" she cried out in a salacious tone, then began lashing her tongue on my neck.

"**HOLY FUCK!" I** muttered, feeling my balls jump and my cock flex in mom's hand.

"Ten!!" The two other mom's shouted as I felt more cum jet from my piss-slit. "Eleven….twelve!"

"Wow, Michelle, twelve ropes of cum, are you kidding me?!" Steven's mom exclaimed with her mouth open in awe.

"That's impressive!" Gail added.

Mom lifted her head and smiled at me lovingly. "Just goes to show, you can accomplish anything with a little help from mom."

Suddenly, a mothers voice shouted out. "**LET'S RUB THESE PUSSIES, LADIES!!!**"

All three moms cheered and rolled onto their backs across from us. There were pillow-rests on each side of the mattress and we all reclined back onto them, moms on one side, boys on the other, facing each other. Steven, Ryan and I watched in awe as our moms brought their knees back, splaying their thighs wide open. Their body stockings were crotchless, exposing their swollen naked pussies.

"Holy shit, guys…look at those pussies!" Ryan exclaimed as the three of us started stroking our still-hard cocks.

I gazed at mom's mature cunt. It was completely shaved and baby smooth. The fleshy flanges were splayed open like the wings of a butterfly, revealing a coral gash. Crowning her cunt was the fleshy domed hood of her clitoral prepuce, which shrouded mom's fat juicy clit. I marveled at the split of her twat, her sexy perineum and the crack that separated her meaty buns. The crinkled pink ring of her butthole peeked from it's center.

Mom's hands slid up her smooth, splayed thighs, drawing my attention to her face, which was looking back at me with a naughty smile.

"Shit!" I hissed, jacking the head of my dick rapidly to the sight of her.

Mom giggled and stared in fascination at me beating my beat. "My God, their dicks are still rock hard!" she gasped.

Ryan's mom responded. "Oh I know, my husband's dick would have shriveled up like a wet noodle by now."

Mom rolled her eyes. "Oh, I know. Mine too!"

"Should we spread our cunts for these cuties?" Steven's mom suggested.

"Absolutely!' Ryan's mom answered.

With two fingers Mom spread her gash. The hood of her genitals reared back and her labia peeled apart, reveal her engorged clitoris and creamy fuck hole. I was fucking awestruck!

"Holy shit, look how juicy their pussies are!" Ryan exclaimed.

"And you can see their clits!" Steven added.

I took a quick look over at their moms, marveling at how their genitalia looked the same, but slightly different. Their cunt-lips were both fleshy and engorged, and the plump bulbs of their clits bulged out obscenely. Ryan's mom's pussy was shaved, like my mom's, but Steven's mom had just a little square patch of pubic fur, crowning her mons.

"You're not the only ones who get to masturbate today, boys," Mom stated, winking across at me.

"That's right! Steven's mom added. "While you beat your dicks, we get to stroke our pussies."

I felt so wicked like this, with my knees spread open, shamelessly displaying my most secret place for my own son. It was the hole he had slipped out of eighteen years ago and now it was wet and horny. I watched his hand fly up and down his young, hard cock, marveling at how long and muscular it was. "I made him cum and he didn't get the slightest bit soft after!" I wondrously thought. Like the other two moms, I began rubbing my clitoris, joining the group in mutual masturbation.

"**OH YESS!!**" Tori hissed, propping her knees back even further as she frantically rubbed her cunt.

I looked across at Ricky, and his tongue literally hanging out, as he watched my fingers plowing in a frantic circular motion against my clitoris. My eyes were drawn to his cock. It was so big and strong; his squeezing fist flying up and down it's length. "How could any woman not be in love with it? Even his mother!" I thought.

"God this is amazing!" Gail loudly blurted, rubbing her love-button lustfully. "Masturbating to the sight of those big, hard teenage dicks."

"Mmm, are you imagining that you're fucking these hot pussies, boys?!" Tori asked.

"Uh-huh!" her son answered, gawking across at her.

"Imagining that we're sheathing those throbbing hardons deep inside our holes." Gail added.

I felt a bit awkward commenting, since I had refused to let Ricky fuck me, but I added words of my own anyways as I peered across at Ricky's smooth scrotum. "Fucking us, and making those smooth young balls beat against our asses!" I panted.

"Oh fuck yeah, mom, I'll fuck the hell out of you!!" Gail's son exclaimed, making us moms laugh out loud at such eagerness.

"And what about you, Steven?" Tori asked. "Do you wanna fuck mommy's pussy hard and fast? "

"Hell yes!" her son answered, jacking his dick excitedly.

I looked across at Ricky and smiled as we both continued masturbating. I could tell he was waiting for me to ask, even though he knew I wouldn't give my pussy up. Even though it wouldn't be happening, there was no harm in talking about it. "So, what about you, handsome, would you crawl between mom's legs and slide inside this hot pussy?"

Ricky took a big gulp and nodded. "If you wanted me to…I would in a second," he gasped.

It wasn't that I didn't want him to. I did. **I DESPERATELY DID!** And I knew he'd do a damn good job of dicking me too. Ricky would fuck me to the moon and back. He'd make my toes curl and this busty body shake and scream so violently that he'd probably think I was possessed by a fuck-demon. His dreamy meat-cannon was bigger and harder than his father's, capped by a huge purple knob

that simply took my breath away just looking at. His skill and sexual stamina would certainly be a better match for me than that of his dad. The problem was I loved Dan and he adored me. We were High School sweethearts, who had shared so much together. I needed to save the sanctity of my pussy just for him. In Room 209, Ricky could do whatever he wanted to the outside of my body. He could hump on me, suck and chew on me, and squirt his hot cum all over my flesh and down my throat, but my sacred vaginal belonged to his father.

"Oh God, Steven, I'm gonna cum, honey!!" Tori exclaimed snapping me from my thoughts.

"Oh wow, mom!" her son muttered, watching her legs shake.

Gail and I stared at our boys cocks as we panted like horny bitches in heat and rapidly stroked our engorged clits.

"Fuck, look at them go, dude! Our moms are gonna cum soon. Look at how their feet are starting to clench," Ryan pointed out.

It was true. Mom's sexy bare feet hovered in the air and began clenching. The muscles in her silky legs were starting to tremble and the look on her face was concentrated pleasure as she focused on reaching her peak, while staring across at my cock. Her pelvis followed the movement of her fingers, gently gyrating in a steady fucking motion.

"Uunnooohh, God!" she gasped, her pretty voice quivering. Her hand was a blur against her clit. Her face was turning red in a pre-orgasmic blush and looked on the verge of screaming out in climax.

"Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!!" Ryan's mom announced, her back arching from the mattress.

Mom's face contorted as she let out a writhing shake. "Ohh fuuckking-shit, I'm cumming!!" she cried out.

Ryan and I gasped out loud and quickly glanced at each other in awe as we watched our moms shake through their orgasms. I felt something wet hit my balls and noticed mom's pussy was squirting out hot ejaculate as she got off. It was amazing! I peeked over and saw Ryan and Steven's moms writhing in ecstasy. Like my mom's boobs, their giant fatty tits wobbled and rippled on their chest from their orgasmic contractions. Their buttholes throbbed, and their pink vaginal vestibules bulged from their slits, spraying hot girl-cum from their urethras. We could hear the screams of other moms throughout Room 209 as they brought themselves to orgasm, just like our moms were.

"Holy shit, listen to all those moms scream, while they masturbate their pussies!" Steven exclaimed, his hand whipping up and down his peter.

All three of our moms extended their legs into the air, scissoring them open into huge spread-eagles as they continued rubbing their clits. Mom's face was masked with pleasure as she gazed dreamily at my erection. I flexed my rock-hard cock in my hand as it flew up and down it's length, making mom's eyes get big and slightly roll back as she experience more orgasmic tingles.

Her big pillowy tits jostled on her chest as her fingers rubbed frantically on her cunt. With her free hand, Mom reached up and squeezed one of her unsteady jugs, pulling on the nipple.

"**I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!!**" she cried, her hand a blur on her cunt as she brought herself off a second time.

"**MEEE TOOO!!**" Steven's mom announced.

"**UNNNGGHHH!!**" Both moms screamed out at once, their sexy scissored legs shaking as pleasure shot through them.

"They're pussies are squirting again, dude…look at that!" Ryan shouted.

"Holy shit!" I muttered, watching the girl-cum pulse from mom's pussy. I could only imagine how absolutely incredible it would feel if my dick was in her cunt right now.

"Unghh!" I screamed in pleasure, my nearly naked body flopping around shamelessly in front of my son. I knew it must be shocking him watching me this way. He was witnessing a side of me that few others had seen.

After our orgasms settled, Gail crawled towards her son. "Let's let the boys rub our clits, while we stroke their dicks again," she suggested.

"Mmm, you come up with the best ideas, Gail!" Tori expressed, moving in on her son.

I crawled over and felt my body sliding against the smooth skin of my son's frame. A thin sheen of sweat seemed to lubricate the motion as he moved his prick up and down against the softness of my inner thigh. My big mommy tits spilled out on Ricky's upper chest like soft bread-dough as I planted little teasing kisses on his lips. Our eyes were locked together, wide with forbidden lust, as we rubbed our naked bodies together.

Ricky followed along with what the other boys were doing, reaching down between my legs and fingering my inflamed clitoris. I sighed audibly. It felt amazing! I circled my fist around his erection and squeezed, feeling the blood pump through his hard cock. His fat, engorged knob mushroomed out, taking my breath away. "Oh God, Ricky." I whimpered with uncontrolled lust, diving for his lips. Our first kiss was out of this world!

Our tongues twirled wildly inside Ricky's mouth as we stroked each others genitals. Soon, the six of us were bucking and wailing in orgasm. Our bodies writhed together in a hot sweat-soaked mass of naked flesh and squirting cum. The boys groaned as their big dicks blasted cum everywhere. We mothers screamed with delight, feeling their baby-making cream splash and run down out trembling bodies. It was certainly the wildest sexual spectacle I had ever been a part of.

Minutes later the mothers all embraced their boys as we stood by the exit. We all seemed to linger longer than usual, staring into their eyes and planting sweet kisses.

"I love you," I whispered, nose to nose with my sweetheart as we gazed at each other in post-orgasmic bliss.

"We better let these studs get a shower and get back to class," Gail stated as mothers began to filter out of the room.

Tori, Gail and I peeked back and smiled as we felt the boys' eyes on our swaying asses. I giggled and gave my baby a cute little wave. I took one last look at his steely cock as it pointed out from his crotch proudly. "How in the world could he still be hard?" I asked myself, biting my bottom lip.

So, what are the odds that fucking will be on the schedule today?" I asked Gail as I spoke to her on the phone , while breastfeeding my newborn.

Gail giggled. "Are you asking me because you want there to be fucking on the schedule today?"

"No, of course I don't. The other day when I couldn't give Ricky my pussy I felt horrible."

"Couldn't or 'wouldn't' give him your pussy the other day?!" Gail asked.

"I told you…it's the only thing that's off limits to him."

"Never mind that the 'only thing' that you're withholding happens to be the 'best thing' that your son can experience."

"I'm sure I can make up for it another way, just like I did before."

"By dry humping?! Michelle, all a guy thinks about while dry-fucking is getting his dick inside you somehow. You may still be pleasuring Ricky, but you're also probably frustrating the hell out of him."

I sighed in frustration dissatisfaction. "Oh, that's true. I never really thought about it that way."

I heard Gail's phone chime, and mine did as well. "Here we go!" I said, putting her on speaker and looking at my phone anxiously. Gail read it out loud.

"**ROOM** 209 **SCHEDULE**

12 to 12:15 – Moms on Display

12:15 to 1 – Anal Sex What to bring: Bra and garter panty set Stiletto-heeled mules."

"Looks like you got lucky today, unless you're not letting Ricky fuck your ass either?" Gail asked me.

"Oh my God, Gail, anal? I haven't had anal sex in years. Dan hates it!" I answered.

"Well teenage boys love it, so aren't we the lucky ones," Gail retorted. "You **ARE** gonna let him fuck your ass, aren't you?"

I took a second to consider her question. It had been so long since I had a cock in my ass that I'd forget how much I actually loved it. Since it wasn't my pussy, and Dan hated it anyway, I saw no reason why my Ricky couldn't enjoy reaming my asshole with his big cock. "Well, I told Ricky he could have everything but my pussy, so my ass should be fair game, right?"

Other moms began to text, showing their excitement

"Yay! Our boys get to pound some ass today!"

"Don't forget the lube, girls!"

"Mmm yum, just what I need today…a good buttfucking!"

"Oh goodie! Billy loves his cock deep in my ass!"

"Don't forget to put your asses on display this morning, girls."

"Oh, that's right!" Gail said over the phone. "We better do our at-home display before the boys leave for school. Wanna shop for garters this morning?"

"Definitely! I'll pick you up at ten, after I drop the baby off," I stated.

I had just washed one of Ricky's old Junior High football jerseys, so I slipped out of my robe and put it on. Without any bra or panties it was risky attire with my husband home, especially since the shirt fell only a couple inches past my ass. However, I knew seeing me in it would give Ricky a thrill.

I padded down to the kitchen on bare feet to fix the kids' lunches. The two girls were fighting as usual. "Girls, please…enough!"

My oldest looked at me in shock. "Mom, why are you wearing Ricky's jersey?" she asked.

"Because I want to, young lady, now finish your breakfast."

My husband was just as surprised as he stepped up behind me. "Playing some football today?" he asked.

"Maybe I am," I joked He kissed me on the cheek. "Any shorter and the kids might see something they shouldn't," he warned, glancing down at the hem of the jersey.

I threw my hubby a perturbed glare. "Dan, please don't lecture me. I got breast milk on my robe and just needed to throw something on," I lied.

"Ok, ok…I'm just sayin'…whatever you do, don't bend over."

When I stepped in the kitchen my eyes were immediately drawn to mom's naked legs. "Holy shit, she's wearing my football jersey!" I thought. "And she looks **AMAZING** in it! If it were an inch shorter I'd probably see the cheeks of her ass."

Mom flashed me a smile over her shoulder. "Honey, grab a quick piece of toast and some juice or something," she advised.

"I'm ok, mom."

"Ricky, you really need to get something in your system, to build your stamina today, sweetie."

"Stamina…to sit in class and do school work?" Dan interjected. "That doesn't take much stamina."

I could tell mom was biting her tongue. She couldn't very well admit to my dad that she wanted my stamina to be top notch, so I could perform something sexual with her in Room 209. I couldn't help but wonder if she'd give me a hint at what that might be.

"Alright, kiddos…we gotta get out of here!" Dad shouted, stepping over to mom.

"Kiss for you!" she said, giving him a smack on the lips goodbye.

Dad walked out of the kitchen and Mom handed my oldest sister her brown paper bag. "Lunch for you!"

"How exciting!" My sister scowled upon exiting the kitchen.

"Lunch for you!" Mom said, passing off a bag to my little sister.

"Thanks!" my little sister huffed, stomping away.

The girls disappeared, and mom dropped my paper bag on the floor. "Oops!" she said, then turned around and bent down to pick it up.

My dick got even harder as the t-shirt crept up over the globes of mom's rounded ass. I was shocked to see that she wasn't wearing any panties. Her tan, naked buns were spread slightly, so I could clearly see her cute crinkled butthole winking at me. Below it, was the puffy lips of her camel-toed cunt-slit. She peeked back over her shoulder. "And lunch for you…" she said seductively, making her butthole throb between her cheeks.

I stood there in awe as mom wagged her meaty ass teasingly. "Make sure you eat it all up today," she advised.

I nodded. "I will!"

Mom straightened back up and sashayed over to me with my lunch. She rose up on her tip-toes, squashed her braless tits again my chest and planted a soft, sensual kiss on my lips. "I bet back when you played Junior High football that you never thought you'd have a naked mommy wearing your jersey one day," I whispered.

"No…I sure didn't," my boy muttered.

I gazed him straight in the eyes longingly. "Or that you'd to spend your lunch hour one day…pounding your hard, horny dick through

her asshole," I added.

I felt her fingers clasp my erection and squeeze the bulbous tip as I realize what she was implying. "See you at noon," she whispered.

It was enough to make my heart skip a beat. As I scrambled off, I couldn't help but turn and take another look. Mom was leaned up against the counter looking back at me. Her jugs were thrust out, so I could see the fat nubs of her nipples protruding from beneath the fabric. One of her legs was bent at the knee with her foot arched. Not even a runway model could compete with the utter sexiness of my curvy mother.

"Bye, Mom." I muttered, trying to conceal my protrusion.

"Bye, sweetheart," sharing her pretty smile.

"There's Grandma's baby girl!" Carrie, my mother-in-law sang as I stepped inside her front entry.

"Thanks so much for watching him, Carrie. You're a Godsend!" I expressed, passing the baby off, along with the diaper bag.

"Oh stop that. This is what we Grandmas do."

"This lunchtime program really seems to be helping Ricky a lot." I told her.

"Well, boys Ricky's age have so many things distracting them in class, cute girls being first and foremost. I'm sure all the mothers helping out are doing their best to satisfy that hormonal teenage curiosity."

I giggled. "Well, we're trying."

"Just be careful, darling. Keep things behind locked doors, so marriages don't get crushed. I'm sure it would break Dan's heart if he knew what you and Ricky were doing behind the doors of Room 209."

I nodded and smiled. "I know. Dan is a great husband and father. I love him so much, but he probably wouldn't understand any of this. Just so you know, Ricky and **I ARE NOT** engaging in vaginal intercourse. That's the one thing I want keep strictly for Dan."

Carrie smiled warmly. "Well, that's just silly, dear, she snickered.

"Silly?" I curiously asked.

"Never mind. Go have fun," Carrie said.

After I left, I still wondered why my mother-in-law thought it was "silly" that I was saving my vagina for **HER** son, my husband. I would have thought that, she of all people, would appreciate that I was giving Dan exclusive access to the most private part of my body.

"She said it was silly. What do you think she meant by that?" I asked as I met Gail and Tori at Kate's Lovely Lingerie and Bikinis.

"Why didn't you ask her?" Gail replied.

"I did, and she just said 'never mind,' and brushed it off."

"Maybe she just thinks it's silly that you're doing all of these other nasty sexual things with Ricky, but won't let him fuck you," Tori guessed.

"Why is that silly though? I'm mean, I know Dan wouldn't be happy about the things Ricky and I are doing in Room 209, but don't you think he'd be just a little relieved to know that we hadn't had full-blown sex?"

"Relieved to know **WHEN** exactly? Gail asked. "Michelle, Dan doesn't know about Room 209, just like every husband out there doesn't know about Room 209…and **NEVER** will! So, if you're not having sex with Ricky for Dan's sake…you're just wasting your time."

"We're baaack!" Tori sang as we sashayed inside the store.

"Gartered bra and panty sets, right?" Kate asked with a smile.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I've already had a few Room 209 moms in here this morning. This way ladies."

Kate led us back to the section we needed. "These over here are the lace sets. They come with the bra, thong panties and matching garters."

"Oh, I love this one!" Tori said, holding the skimpy set up to her body.

"That's a sheer lace bra top with bow details and halter neckline. It comes with the strappy garter panty with adjustable straps, and matching stockings."

"Oh, look at this black set. It has a cupless cage-strap bra. I love these!" Gail expressed.

"The sheer garter belt on that one has satin ties at the front, leaving the mid-riff open," Kate explained.

"Oh my God, my Ryan would love that!"

"Do you have any um…bridal sets?" I asked.

"Oh, shame, shame, Michelle!" Gail teased.

"Someone's going for super-naughty!" Tori added.

"What, I'm just exploring all my options," I timidly replied.

"Right over here, dear." Kate said, leading me to a nearby section.

"This one has a bridal bustier, cropped to show your tummy. The matching panty has a heart shaped cut out on the rear, removable garters, and comes with sheer stockings."

Gail gave me the wowed look. "Oh my God, Michelle…that's fucking perfect!"

I nodded at Kate confidently. "That's the one I want!"

After leaving Kate's, the three of us stopped by a deparment store to purchase sexy heels. The last stop was the salon for a hair-trim, then it was on to Room 209.

Moms around the changing room cheerfully adorned themselves in their Gartered sets. "Fuck! This cage strap bra is so sexy!" Gail beamed, shaking her big naked tits as they hung out of the harness-style bra. "I can't wait to see Ryan's face when he sees me in it."

"It leaves nothing to the imagination, that's for sure," Tori giggled.

"Well, your see-through mesh bra doesn't leave much to the imagination either, Tori," Gail retorted.

"Using your imagination is fucking boring!" she expressed. "I wanna lay it all out there for my boy."

I rolled one of my stockings up my freshly-shaved leg and attached it to the garter, then stood up and checked myself out in the mirror. The panties were Daisy Duke style and adorned in delicate lace. They were just sheer enough to see the defined V of my pubis and the indentation of my cuntal slit.

We slipped on our 6 inch heels and I applied a light coat of lipstick. Tori posed, thrusting her big tits out as she looked herself over in the mirror. "Stunning, Tori! I remarked.

"Good enough to harden a teenage dick, you think?" she naughtily asked.

"Definitely!"

"We'll need them nice n hard if they wanna pierce our assholes," Gail chimed in.

"True," I nodded, "but since when have we ever had issues making the boys hard?"

"Like never!" Gail laughed. "By the way, that bridal set looks absolutely beautiful on you, Michelle."

"Thanks!" I said proudly gazing at myself in the mirror. "I love it too!"

We fluffed our big manes of hair and applied a light spray of perfume.

"The bell just went off ladies!" a mom announced.

"It's been almost two weeks since we've done anal. I know this is about the boys, but I am so looking forward to being fucked up the ass today," Gail confessed.

"I guess that makes me selfish too, Gail. Two weeks is **WAY** too long to go without an ass-pounding," Tori agreed.

"Dan hates anal. He says it feels awkward," I shared.

"Yeah, it's only awkward if you don't know how to do it right. Most husbands don't," Gail laughed, rolling her eyes.

"I hear that. I love my hubby, but he has neither the rhythm or the stamina that Steven has for a good anal fuck," Tori expressed.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't get it from Dan now. I could be wrong, but I suspect he's starting to have some erectile dysfunction issues."

"Oh, yuck…I'm sorry, Michelle," Gail consoled me with a pat on my shoulder.

"Well, at least I have a healthy teen who has no issues with that. I only hope Ricky likes anal sex as much as his mother does," I shared.

"Are you kidding me, girl, turn around!" Tori blurted.

I turned, displaying my rounded backside in the mirror. A naked patch of meaty tanned bare buttocks was framed in heart-shaped lace. "You have the most luscious ass I've ever seen on a woman. Trust me, your son would crawl through broken glass to tap that ass."

"So, both our moms showed us their asses this morning. Steven said his mom did too. That can only mean one thing…anal sex today, dude!" Ryan surmised as we sprinted across the parking lot.

Just the thought of it made my heart nearly race out of my chest with excitement. "I hope you're right!" I shouted.

We reached the house and filed down the stairs with the other boys. Once in the room, I shed my clothes and Ryan, Steven and I stood near each other, stroking our dicks, which were already fully erect.

Erotic music was blaring overhead. Soon, the door opened and in came the moms, one by one.

"Oh fuck yeah!!" Ryan shouted when he saw what they were wearing. "Look at that shit!"

Finally, our three moms came sashaying in together. I couldn't believe my eyes! Mom was wearing a gorgeous bridal bra and panty set, with garters, stockings and a sexy pair of white stiletto heels. She was like the devil's daughter, dressed like an angel.

"Hi boys!" Ryan's mom uttered , her big alabaster tits quaking as they hung naked from her sling bra.

"We missed those hard hunky dicks," Steven's mom remarked, licking her lips with her long pink tongue.

Mom stopped and struck a pose in front of me, with her hands on her hips and a leg cocked out. "What do you think, sweetheart? Did you ever think you'd see your mom in garters?" she lovingly asked.

"I bet he's dreamed about it," Gail implied.

Mom cocked an eyebrow as she looked at me questioningly. "Do you dream about it, sweetheart? Do you dream about seeing mommy in her naughty negligee?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "If I'm honest…yes I do."

"Mmm, show him your ass, Michelle," Gail requested, spinning my mom around slowly.

"Holy shit, dude!!" Ryan shouted, making all the moms giggle as we stared at my mom's ass through a heart-shaped cutout in her panties. It was certainly something I wasn't expecting.

"Wow!" I muttered, jacking my hard cock to the sight of it.

The other mom's turned around also, displaying their thonged asses proudly. From the angle they stood, we could also see the side

contours of their enormous tits. Some were covered in snug lace. Other tits, like those of Ryan's mom, hung down naked, in sling-style bras.

I peeked back as I bent forward, sticking my bubble butt out for my son's ogling eyes. His long, hard erection looked so beautiful slipping through his fist, the big barbed head naked and shiny with pre-cum. My butthole let out a throb and my bowels quivered with anticipation.

"Mmm, I just love looking those big teenage cocks!" Gail sighed, wagging her thonged ass.

"Their shafts are so fucking hard! Look at how long and thick they are." Tori added.

Gail peeked over at me with the horniest look I'd ever seen on her. "God, that dick is gonna feel so good in my ass!" she mewled.

"Ricky's is too!" I admitted. Yes I was a mother without shame, who loved being fucked up the ass. I delighted in the fact that I could provide another hole besides my mouth that my son could enjoy. "Perhaps since I could provide him my pussy, I could make up for it with my ass," I thought.

"Look at their asses, dude! Look at how they're jiggling," I heard Gail's son say.

I knew my asshole was throbbing almost uncontrollably, eager to be stuffed by Ricky's stiff prick. I looked back over my wagging buns into the eyes of my boy. "I love you," I silently mouthed.

"I love you!" he mouthed back.

My eyes moved down his lean chest to his erection, staring hungrily. Then, back up to his eyes with a look of un-motherly intentions. We

turned and danced for our teens, throwing our gartered-clad bodies around to the beat of the music. The boys just stood there staring, mouths agape, as they jacked their dicks to the sight of us.

"Time to smother those dicks ladies!" a mom shouted.

"Yaaay!" Tori cheered.

Our moms grasped us by our boners and led us into the bunk room.

"Have a seat boys," Ryan's mom directed.

Once we were seated at the edge of the bunk, the three moms slipped out of their sexy heels, turned, and with their backs to us, began taking their panties off. Mom slowly unhooked her garters, teasing me with every little detail involved in removing her negligee. She peeled her lace panties over the smooth, tan globes of her ass, exposing all her naked bubble buns. Each mom took their time, watching us stroke our pricks, while they undressed.

Mom teasingly slid her panties down her stocking-encased legs and stepped out of them. She then reached around, unclasped her big bra and slipped it off, as did the other moms. Their enormous knockers sprung free of the fabric and bobbled heavily on their chests. Now nearly nude, our moms sat down across from us and unrolled their stockings down their sexy legs.

"Holy shit, they're getting naked dude!" Ryan gasped as we stroked our cocks tirelessly.

"Are you guys gonna fuck us?" Steven eagerly asked.

His mom smiled salaciously, sliding a stocking down her freshly-shaved leg. "Yes we are, darling. We **ARE** gonna fuck you! We're gonna fuck you with our asses today."

"Yes! I knew it dude!" Ryan rejoiced.

"Does that sound fun to you, sweetheart?" mom asked me, extending her leg, so her sexy painted toes pointed at me as she peeled the stocking off. "Would you like to push your cock through the ring of my asshole?"

"Hell yeah!" I muttered, my heart pounding a mile a minute. I had vaginal sex plenty of times, but anal sex was something I had never done before.

Mom smiled and winked at me. "Good, because it sounds fun to me too."

She stood up and removed her garter belt. Now completely naked, the three moms slid past us temptingly, crawling onto the bunk. Their oversized udders dangled down and wobbled to their every movement. The three of them paused on all fours and peeked back at us. "Well, now that we're all naked, why don't you bring those hot, young dicks over here and beat them through our asses boys," Ryan's mom requested.

Mom gazed back at me through her curtain of blonde hair and licked her lips lustfully, giving her unblemished half-globes an inviting wag. "Time to bury your boner, handsome."

Steven's mom passed a bottle back. "Mmm, lube those dicks up good and come mount us!" she purred.

We didn't have to be asked twice. After coating my hardon with heated lube, I crawled up behind mom, my boner wagging stiffly. This was it! I was gonna fuck mom's ass, after dreaming about it for years. I couldn't believe it. I looked mom in the face as she peeked back, seeming as anxious as I was.

I pressed the tip of my lance against the ring of her butthole and thrust a little, eager to penetrate her. I felt her elastic butt-socket

slip around my knob and clasp around the ridge of my corona. "Ahhh!" I breathed, anxious to bury the rest of my meat. Mom gazed back at me lovingly through fluttering lashes the whole time. "That's it, sweetie…give mommy your dick," she sighed.

I thrust forward and felt my meaty muscle sink into the hot slippery grip of her ass. "Oh damn, mom!" I muttered, feeling her rectal walls encapsulate my horny cock.

"Fuckn-a!!" Ryan yelped, and I glanced over to see him already balls-deep in his mom's rounded ass.

"That's it, boys, come on…fuck our asses!" Steven's mom squealed, thrusting her sexy ass back around my friend's boner.

The three of us boys thrust our hips and fell into a ball-bumping rhythm. I watched mom's perfect ass cheeks ripple as they struck my midsection on each thrust. Her asshole squeezed on my dick as it slipped in and out of her clutching rectum. She gazed back at me in cock-stuffed ecstasy. "That's it, Ricky…fuck my ass harder, sweetheart!"

She threw her buns back at me, meeting me thrust for thrust and making our naked flesh smack lewdly together.

It all seemed so surreal. My own son was fucking his rock-hard cock up my ass, slamming his groin against my ass-cheeks. His prick felt so thick and hot slipping up and down my ass-channel. It was divine! My husband Dan and I had gone through an anal sex phase when were younger, having it regularly, but it was nothing like this. Ricky's enormous cock-head reached deep into my bowels, giving me an anal reaming like I'd never received before. "Oh fuck, that feels so good!" I gasped, letting my boy know how blown away I was by the feel of his thick cock up my butt.

"It's amazing!" Ricky hissed, clearly loving it as much as I was.

I glanced over at my best friend Gail as she let out moans of delight. Her long silky-brown hair swirled like a soft cloud around her head. She threw her rounded mommy-buns back harder and harder against the unyielding stiffness of her son's cock, while her big tits swung pendulously on her chest.

"Oh shit, man…this feels so good!" her son sighed. "Not as good as pussy, but still pretty amazing!"

Our motherly hips were a veritable blur of motion, swiveling and bucking like proud mares being ridden for the first time bareback. "Oh yes, Steven…fuck my asshole, baby!" Tori whimpered as the two of them smacked their flesh together in a heated anal fuck.

I could feel Ricky's eyes glued to the half-moons of my ass, watching the fatty flesh of my mommy's buns ripple wonderfully as our bodies pounded together in a perfect fuck-rhythm. Moms throughout Room 209 moaned in delight. I joined their chorus, letting out a high-pitched squeal of pleasure. "Aaaaaggghhh!"

I worked my hips and mommy-ass like a spring, banging it back against my son's hard abdomen. My heavy tits flopped around wildly, dangling from my chest. I grunted and panted in pleasure…tossing my head. Fuck my husband! Fuck everyone! I felt no self-consciousness about giving my ass to my son. I knew my uninhibited display of fuck-lust was only turning him on more and more.

Ricky suddenly pulled out, and I felt the air licking the edges of my open asshole. "Are you ok, sweetheart?" I asked, gazing back.

"I almost shot, sorry" he gasped, his shiny barbed tip twitching as a tiny string of ejaculate oozed out his piss-slit, then lowered to the floor in a stringy gob.

"Better now?"

"Yeah," he answered, giving his cock a few strokes.

"Ok, put it back in and fuck my ass some more."

His hardened muscle slipped back through my asshole and we continued fucking at the same wonderful pace we had before he stopped.

"Oh, damn…this is where it's at dude!" Ryan panted, looking over at my mom's ass as it pounded against my midsection.

I took a good look at the thrusting asses of the other two moms. Like my mom's, their perspiration-sheened globes of jiggling ass-flesh beat back against their sons. I could see my friends' strong erections pummeling through the stretched rings of their moms' assholes. "This **IS** where it's at! You got that right!" I agreed.

"Mmm, are you loving this, boys?" Steven's mom asked, peeking back at us. "Do these asses feel good on those dicks?" The other moms looked back also, watching us fuck them.

"I could become an anal addict real easily!" Steven confessed.

"Me too, man!" Ryan agreed.

"What about you, baby?" Mom asked, slamming her naked buttocks back on me repetitively. "Could you become hooked on mommy's tight asshole?"

"I sure could!' I replied.

"Those young bitches across the street can't work their sweet asses like we moms can," Ryan's mom expressed.

"I bet you never knew mommy's asshole could give you pleasure like this, did you, sweetie?" Mom asked, grinning back at me lasciviously as she swung her sweaty buttocks up and down the length of my erection.

"I dreamed about it, and I still can't believe I'm actually doing it to you," I confessed.

"Mmm, grab our wide hips boys…really lay into our asses and make us cum!" Steven's mom urged.

The three of us complied, using our grips as leverage and really driving our dicks deep into their rectums. **WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!** Our firm abdomens clapped against their rounded buns as we fucked. I could feel mom's ass-muscles squeezing the tube of her shitter around my cock, creating amazing friction. "Oh yesss…fuck me good, baby!" mom cried out.

"Aaaaaggghhh!!" Ryan's mom screeched, her face contorting as she came.

"Oh, damn…look at their tits, guys!" Steven blurted.

I peered down to see mom's big boobs swinging wildly to the rhythm of our butt-fucking. The other moms tits were doing the same thing; huge hanging melons with wide pink caps and stiff nipples flapping all around. "That is so cool!" I exclaimed, my cock flexing in the hot, slippery grip of mom's ass-tube.

"Why don't you try laying up against us while you fuck, boys, that way you can reach around and hold on to our big breasts," Steven's mom suggested.

I bent down, laying against mom's back, then reached around and took big handfuls of doughy breast-meat. "Oh yeah!" I muttered, as mom continued working her ass on my dick, squeezing her asshole around the meat of my prick.

My head was now hovering over mom's shoulder and she turned and gazed at me through her beautiful blonde hair. "Hi!" she said sweetly, her face blushing with pleasure.

"Hi," I confidently replied, humping into her.

"Does that ass feel good?"

"Oh, yeah, mom…I love your ass!" I admitted.

Mom gave me a naughty grin. "Mmm, I love your big cock."

Mom craned her neck back to get her face closer to mine. "Kiss me," she whispered, then extended her long pink tongue from her mouth and wiggled it up and down invitingly. I spit mine out also and our lickers danced together wildly. I fucking loved it! Mom sucked my tongue into her mouth and scrapped her teeth against it. I felt her ass-tract tighten around my pummeling prick.

"Oh, shit, Ricky…I'm gonna cum!!" Mom suddenly squealed.

"**I'M CUMMING TOO!!**" Steven's mom wailed.

"Meee three!!" Ryan's mom shrieked.

I felt mom's lush body tense up like a board. Her slippery ass-tract squeezed and rippled on my prick. Suddenly, all three moms were screaming and shaking. It was wild! My stiff penis tingled uncontrollably.

"Mom! Oh, fuck…**FUCK!" I** gasped, performing a jerking dance as my prick flexed and began pumping out spurt after spurt of hot, thick cum.

"Oh, Goddamn cum fucking shit!!" Ryan shouted as he too spouted off inside his mom's snug asshole.

"Ohhhnnngg, mommy!!" Steven cried as his dick started squirting semen also.

All of our naked bodies were creaming at once, like one big group orgasm. I nearly passed out from the pleasure of mom's rubbery

rectum squeezing and sucking on the glans of my dick. I continued to hump mom's ass as the orgasm just seemed to go on and on, making me pump out what felt like a gallon of cum.

Holy fuck, that was good!" Gail panted as the three of us moms dropped to our tummies.

The boys followed us down, laying on our sweaty backs, exhausted from their own powerful orgasms. I could feel Ricky's dick twitching, still buried deep in my rectum.

"Our poor little darlings. Their dicks came so hard it nearly took the life out of them," Tori cooed.

"Oh, well that's too bad. I was gonna suggest we stay on our tummies and let them pound our asses some more," Gail said teasingly.

"Mmm, I like that idea," I smiled, peeking back at my boy. "I'm not quite ready to have you pull that dreamy boner out of my ass just yet."

"So how about it boys…can you keep those dicks hard?" Tori asked.

Laying flat against me in sweat-soaked nakedness, Ricky began to worm his prick in and out of my ass again. "I can," he eagerly muttered.

"Me too!" the other boys stated.

I gazed into Ricky's eyes over my shoulder. "Mmm yesss…drive that dick through mommy's ass!" I mewled.

The three of us moms rested on our elbows, looking back at our teens as they rode our rounded rumps.

"Don't you girls just love how teenage dick can stay hard for so long?" Tori marveled.

"It's unbelievable!" I replied, totally enamored by the fully-hard prick that was digging through my ass-tube again.

We watched our boys thrust their dicks in and out of our asses, basking in the pleasure that we were providing for them.

Gail peered over at me, clearly aroused beyond measure. "God…I love how Ryan can dump load after load in my ass and I don't have to worry about getting pregnant," she sighed.

"We get to help the boys **AND** get pleasure while doing it. It's a win-win," I expressed.

"Oh, man!" I groaned, feeding my dick through mom's slippery ass-tract. I could still hardly believe it was my own beautiful mom beneath me, willingly giving me her ass to fuck. I loved the way mom's tight, rubbery ass-ring sucked the blue-veined stiffness of my cock as I pumped it steadily into her butt.

"I bet our dads don't bone their asses like this," Ryan declared, fucking his mom's ass at the same pace that I was mine.

Ryan's mom smiled back at him. "He certainly doesn't fuck my ass this good, baby," she assured him.

I looked at my own mom. "Does dad do this to you, mom?" I asked.

"Ha, are you kidding?! He hates it. Can you believe that?"

"Hates it?! Is he crazy, this is the best thing ever!" I expressed.

"Try telling him that. Oh wait, that's probably not a good idea, huh?" she said with a giggle.

"Hey guys, let's make 'em cum again!" Ryan suggested, thrusting his cock faster, so his crotch smacked against his mom's fleshy buns in a frantic rhythm.

"Oh, now there's an idea I like!" Steven's mom expressed. "Clutch onto our tits boys. Really pound the shit out of us!"

Like the other guys, I started humping mom's ass with deep, powerful thrusts. The way they were propped on their elbows and resting on their tummies allowed us to reach under and grasp their meaty tits, while we savagely fucked them. I could feel mom's tit-milk trickling through my fingers as I groped her boobs tightly.

"Unngghh, baby…fuck me hard!!" Steven's mom cried out.

"That's it, baby boy…pound that fucking asshole!" Ryan's mom squealed.

I beat my cock feverishly through mom's rubbery rectum, grunting as I felt her anal muscles flexing uncontrollably around my steely prick. "Fuck me, honey! Fuck my ass!" she lustfully panted.

My whole body shuddered from the impact of Ricky's powerful thrusts. I couldn't deny how absolutely amazing it felt. If he fucked pussy this same way I was truly missing out on something special. I felt the depraved sensations and instinctively began to writhe, pumping my ass back to meet his thrusts, like an anal whore. "Yesss, fuck meeee!!" I whimpered.

I grimaced in ecstasy as the spasms of a mind-blowing cum bored through my pussy and asshole, turning me to a mindless mass of gasping, trembling flesh beneath my son's assault. The other moms weren't far behind me.

"Ohh God! **OH GOD!!**" Tori shrieked.

"**YESSS! FUCK YESSS, I'M CUMMING!!**" Gail's pretty voice announced.

"Ohh, Ricky! Oh, baby…fuck my asshole hard. I'm cuuummmiiinngggg!" I wailed, my body trembling with pleasure. I was seeing stars flash before my eyes and realized that this was the most powerful orgasm I'd ever experienced.

"Ahhhh, I love it!" Gail cried, her face red, her lips pulled back to bare her teeth in an expression of lust. "Unh… unh… unh! Fuck me!! Fuck me…yes…I'm cuuummmiiinnngggg!"

From every bunk room came the piercing cries of moms having powerful orgasms as their son's engaged them in hot anal reaming. It was quite something to listen to.

"Ohh mom! Unh… unh!! **OH SHIT!!**" Ricky grunted. I could feel his thundering cock throb and spurt, filling the deepest regions of my ass with hot, sticky cum.

The other two boys cried out as their dicks spouted off also. After a couple minutes of bucking and writhing we were all laying in a sweaty heap on the mattress. I just laid there squeezing my ass around the meat of Ricky's prick. It was a wonderful moment of post orgasmic bliss.

Tori was the first to speak up, letting out a long drawn-out beath "Whew! Feel better boys?" she asked.

"Ahhhh!" her son responded.

"Uh-huh," Came my boy's cute mutter.

"Hit the showers, boys!" A mother's voice shouted. "Class starts in ten minutes!"

"Awww, do we have to?" Ricky asked.

Ricky was still sprawled on my back and our naked bodies a sweaty mess. His cock remained lodged in my ass. I peeked back at him and smiled. "Time to get back to class and focus, young man. That's the whole reason we're doing this, remember?"

"I know," he muttered, slipping his dick from my ass. It made a lewd, wet sound upon exiting.

The boys stumbled out of the bunk and we continued laying there on our tummies, watching them. I could feel Ricky's spunk oozing from my asshole.

"Is it really though?" Gail asked.

"Is it really what?" I replied.

"Is it really 'the whole reason we're doing this?' Or, whether we want to admit it or not, are we just becoming addicted to our sons' cocks?"

Tori chimed in. "Well, I for one am not gonna lie. The things Steven and I have done in Room 209 have been **WAY** more pleasurable than sex with my husband."

"Me too!" Gail confessed. "Last night my husband fucked me, but all I could think about was Ryan's cock and how incredible it felt inside me."

I felt compelled to share my feelings as well. "I guess I've been, um…thinking about Ricky a lot here too lately," I muttered. "Picturing his naked body…and his beautiful erect penis. Wondering what it would be like…to have it buried in my pussy. My God, I'm awful."

"You're not awful, girl," Tori expressed, "you're human. We're all females in our sexual prime, helping teenagers in **THEIR** sexual

prime. It's not easy to prevent feelings of lust and desire, even if they are for the boys we raised."

"I do love Ricky, more than anything," I stated, "and I'll be honest…**I AM** becoming addicted to his boy-cock. It's amazing! I respect you guys for making your own decisions, but I have to remain steadfast in my resolve to save my pussy just for my husband."

"And we respect that too," Gail whispered, patting my shoulder, then giggled. "We think you're crazy, but we respect it."

"Hello, sweet boy!" Grandma Carrie smiled, greeting me in her doorway. She had a pretty face with beautiful silver hair. She wore a long black sheer mesh robe with an oblique v-neck and faux fur at the sleeves and lower hem. Her painted toenails peeked from the black platform mules on her feet.

"Hi Grandma," I muttered, enthralled by what she was wearing. "You, um…wanting me to come over?"

"I certainly did. Come in," she answered, stepping to the side to let me enter.

As I came inside, I could see one of her huge sloping tits in side profile through the fabric of her robe. "Holy shit! Grandma's naked under there!" I thought, trying not to stare.

"Let me yell out to your Grandfather, then we'll go upstairs," she told me, then I followed her through the downstairs hallway, her dainty heels clicking erotically. I could hardly believe my eyes. Through the flowing black robe I could clearly see Grandma's naked swaying buttocks. The faux fur at the hems of her robe had hid her tits and pussy in the doorway, so I hadn't realized that she was completely bare beneath the gown until now. Her ass-flesh jiggled lusciously atop strong matronly legs. Grandma paused in the doorway leading

out to the garage, where my Grandfather was busy working on a project. "Dear…Ricky's here," she stated.

"Oh, hey kid, what's new?" Grandpa asked as he gave me a wave.

"Hey, Grandpa," I answered, feeling a little awkward, since Grandma was dressed so provocatively.

"Ricky and I are going upstairs to the bedroom for a little while," Gran told him. "Pleased don't bother us."

"Yes, dear," Grandpa answered, flashing me an envious look. I returned an awkward smile, still wondering what this was all about.

I followed Gran up the stairs, unable to peel my eyes from her undulating buttocks. She led me inside her bedroom, then closed the door. "Come sit on the bed with me, darling" she whispered. "We need to talk."

We sat side by side on her marital mattress. Her sweet perfume was intoxication. "So, your mother's been bringing the baby over, and she tells me that she's been helping you in Room 209?" Gran asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"She told me that she's masturbated your penis, sucked you off, **AND** let you pound your hard member up into her rectum."

"Yes, ma'am. It was pretty great!" I replied.

"I'll bet it was," she whispered, then placed her hand on my thigh, close to my hardening dick. "I bet it felt wonderful on your young penile flesh. It sounds like you've gotten to use all her holes but one."

"Yeah, well, um…mom says that she wants to reserve her vagina just for dad."

"Well, that's silly," Gran giggled, "but admirable."

"Yeah, I guess."

"Unfair to you though. All the other boys are getting their dicks wet and you have to settle for something a little less…exciting."

"It is what it is. I'm just glad mom's helping me."

"Oh, sweet baby. You don't have to act happy about it. I've known you've wanted to thrust your penis inside your mom, and have wild sexual intercourse with her since you were a little boy."

"You have?"

"Of course I have. You can't hide those things from us. There's no shame in admitting your disappointment. Most boys your age wanna beat their horny peters through a mother's pussy. It's just natural," Gran stated in a loving tone.

"True, I suppose."

"Since your mother's unwilling…how would you feel if I took over for her, in Room 209, on the days where vaginal sexual intercourse is on the schedule?"

My heart skipped a beat in my chest. "You mean you and me…um, doing it?"

"If by 'doing it' you mean 'fucking,' then yes. Gran wants to help you succeed in school too. I'd be willing to offer up my pussy for you to enjoy, on those days that your mother's unwilling."

"Wow…have you, um…mentioned it to mom yet?" I asked, curious to see what she would think of the idea.

"No, I wanted to come to you first, so that when your mother sees that it's ok by you, she'll be more open to the idea of me…helping

out."

"I see. Well, um…I think it's a great idea!" I expressed. Mom wasn't the only one I'd been fantasizing about since I was younger, but I didn't tell Gran that.

"Oh, splendid! I was hoping you would, and I know sex our first time in Room 209 might be a bit…awkward. So, I was wondered if you'd like to break the ice today?"

"Break the ice?" I asked, even though I had a pretty good idea what she meant.

"Yes, we could get naked right now and spend some time fucking our asses of here on my bed," she candidly suggested.

I gulped excited. "Um, sure, but, uh…what about Grandpa?" I asked, knowing he was just downstairs and could probably easily hear two people fucking up here.

"Your Grandfather and I have had an arrangement for years…ever since he stopped getting hard."

"Arrangement?"

"Yes, I stop pestering him for sex and let him work on his stupid little projects in the garage, and in exchange, I get to have an occasional young man like you over for a hot nasty fuck, no questions asked."

"Wow, that's some arrangement," I said, wondering how many guys my age had boned my Gran on this very bed.

"It's certainly one that'll work to **YOUR** advantage, won't it, darling" she replied, standing up in front of me. I watched in awe as she untied the sash to her robe and let it fall off her shoulders. Her giant tits jutted out from her chest, capped by areola that were just as

wide and wonderful as mom's. Popping from their centers were fat suckable nipples.

"Mmm, ready for Gran to sheath your cock, darling boy?" she asked, dragging her nails down the neatly trimmed landing strip that crowned her puffy vulva.

"What the fuck did I just find in your sock drawer?" I irately asked my husband as I spoke to him by phone.

"What do you mean?" he stupidly replied.

"What do I mean?! It's **YOUR** sock drawer, Dan. You don't know what's in it?"

"Um…socks?"

"Dan, please…there's a bottle of fucking Viagra in your sock drawer."

"Oh, those…"

"Yeah…those!" I replied in a perturbed tone. "You never told me you were taking Viagra."

"Michelle, I was just embarrassed by it, so I figured I'd take them without you knowing."

"How long?"

"How long?" he repeated.

"How long have you been taking them?"

After a short pause Dan answered. "About six months."

"**SIX FUCKING MONTHS**?! So for six month you've been taking a drug to help you get hard, making me believe that you were just

getting that way naturally, because you were aroused by me?" I protested.

"Michelle, I do get aroused by you. I just…"

"You just can't do it without the help of a stupid pill, then you keep it from me, without talking about it openly, like a married couple is suppose to. No wonder you were so fucking soft the other night when I needed fucked. Any other secrets you're keeping from me?"

I was so pissed that I soon cut our conversation short and hung up. As I breastfed my daughter I sat there fuming at the fact that my husband kept something hidden from me that affected our sex life. "I could have let Ricky fuck me doggy-style in Room 209 the other day, and kept it a secret from you, but I didn't," I said in my head as if I were speaking to my husband. "I decided to save that for you, out of respect for our marriage. Now you tell me you been taking a sex drug for months without my knowledge, that's fucking bullshit!"

I knew it was probably evil of me to think this way, but the fact that my husband was popping a pill to do something that should happen naturally was **FUCKING PATHETIC! "I**'m beautiful God-damnit… and I can harden our son's cock just by being in the same room as him!" I exclaimed to myself. Now that I reflected on recent sex with Dan, I realized he was always coming up with some excuse to delay it somehow, and now I knew why. It was so he could wait for his weenie-pill to work. Gone were the days of spontaneous fucking, where we could just rip each other's clothes off and go at it like sex-crazed animals. Now there was a 'waiting period'. "Fuck that!" I thought, reflecting on how Ricky needed no wait. He needed no help at all getting rock hard and ready to go.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" I gasped, fucking my Gran hard and fast. We were at the center of her martial bed and I was sprawled on top of her, spearing my super-hard cock to her womb on every thrust. The feel

of laying in the warm, splayed cradle of her lush thighs and having her silky legs harnessed high around my back was sublime. Her giant pillowy tits were crushed between us, her rubbery nipples prodding into me as I fucked her as hard as I could.

"**YESS!! OHH, BABY BOY!!**" she gasped loudly, heaving her ass from the mattress in an attempt to keep up with my feverish thrusts.

I knew by how the bed was rocking and Gran was gasping so loudly that there was no way that grandpa didn't hear what was going on up here. I was fucking his busty wife, getting ready to bust a nut inside her. Not only that, but if mom agreed, I'd probably be fucking Gran in Room 209 also, pounding my dick into her juicy, snug cunt in every sexual position imaginable.

She yanked my head down to hers and we locked lips in a feverish French kiss. She wasn't as skilled as mom at kissing, but still had a thick tongue that felt really good wrestling with mine inside my mouth. I had dicked enough girl-holes by this time to tell when they were about to pop. Gran's pleated pussy-tube shrunk up around the meat of my pumping erection, encasing my glans in wonderful heated friction. "Ahhh, fuck, Gran!" I blurted, feeling my big balls clench up.

"**CUM WITH ME, DARLING!**" she cried out.

I never pegged my Gran as a squirter, but damn was she a squirter! It felt like our pounding genitals turned to cream as our sexual body fluids pulsed from our engorged pissers. Our bodies shook uncontrollably in a mind-blowing mutual climax. I never wanted to stop, her pussy felt **SO** fucking good. And it wasn't just her clasping hole either. Gran was build for sexual comfort. It felt like my lean frame was melting into her curvy body. I reached down an took big handfuls of meaty ass-flesh, then thrust my pecker inside her and held it there, in full penetration, stretching the hot, cock-smothering

uteri at the back of her vagina. I groaned, blasting another hot rope inside of her.

"**OHH, GOD!" I** gasped, feeling her body tremble beneath mine.

"Take your time, darling," she panted. "Give me every…fucking… drop!"

As I continued to spurt, digging my cock as deep as I could, I rubbed my face all over her spongy tits, feeling their soft fatty flesh on me. I sucked her nipple into my mouth and spent the next several minutes sucking and slurping and chewing at the rose-colored flesh of her engorged papilla.

"Well now," Gran sighed, sliding her lovely legs down the backs of mine as I collapsed fully against her. "I think I'll rather enjoy helping out my hot Grandson during his lunch hour."

"Thanks, Gran. That was amazing!" I sighed. As good a fuck as my Gran was, it just made me want my mom even more.

After spending last night arguing with my husband, I was anxious for the mental and sexual therapy that I knew Room 209 would provide. To put it bluntly…I was still extremely perturbed with Dan, and also horny as fuck, since we had no sex the previous night, due to the argument. I was nervous about the Room 209 itinerary today. I had a feeling it would be vaginal fucking and I wasn't wrong.

"**ROOM** 209 **SCHEDULE**

12 – 12:15: **MOMS ON DISPLAY**

12:15 – 1: **SEXUAL INTERCOURSE** (***MISSIONARY AND COWGIRL POSITIONS***)

WHAT TO BRING: **NOTHING. ALL NUDE TODAY!**

SEE YOU THERE!"

I knew that despite being pissed at my husband, because he had kept something from me, I had to remain steadfast in my resolve to not let Ricky fuck my pussy. It didn't help reading the texts of the other excited mothers.

"Thank God! I need fucked by a **REAL** cock so bad!"

"Yaay! I can't wait to ride my boy!"

"**TWO OF MY FAVORITE SEX POSITIONS! TODAY'S GONNA ROCK!** "

"Mmm, I hope Max pounds me so fucking hard my eyes roll back!"

The sad part is I could identify and agree with every comment. I needed to be fuck hard…desperately! Riding Ricky's cock would be **SO** amazing, there's no denying that. Missionary and Cowgirl were **MY** favorite positions too, and yes, despite my reservations, I did want Ricky to pound the shit out of me and make my eyes roll back as I cum deliriously. My resolve to save my pussy for my husband was still there, but hanging by a thread.

I was preparing to head out the door with my backpack, but stalled as long as I could to see if mom was gonna do something sexy. Every morning since we'd been attending Room 209 together she would tease me in some way, by showing some extra skin. What she revealed would also provide a clue to what awaited me that day in Room 209. I hoped that would be the case this morning.

"We'll be in the car," Dad stated as he and my sisters rushed out.

"I'll be right out," I told him.

I turned and saw mom climbing the starts to the second floor. The lovely swell of her ass swaying beneath her robe. I knew her and dad had been fighting, so I decided maybe it was best to just let her be. Then, she texted me.

"Cum upstairs!" it read. I assume she meant "come," but I like the implications of how she wrote it.

"But dad's waiting," I texted back.

"So let him wait," came her reply.

I rushed up the stairs and down to my parent's bedroom, stopping in their doorway and gasping at what I saw. Mom was sprawled out on her and dad's bed completely naked. Her knees were drawn back and her thighs bowed open, in the perfect 'come fuck me' spread. Her giant pillowy tits were spread out across her chest, their erect nipples pointing towards the ceiling. She stared at me through her curtain of blonde hair, with the lustiest look I had ever seen. "You can stand there and stare, or you could come down here and climb on top of me. Your choice," she whispered.

Ricky came over and crawled onto the bed. I made no effort to move as he crawled over the top of me and between my splayed legs. The sight of his meaty cock-muscle bulging beneath his pants made me lick my lips with desire. "Come down here…just for a second. Let mommy cling to you," I whispered.

Ricky lowered down, like he was doing a push-up. This allowed me to toss my legs around his midsection, crossing my ankles behind him, then throwing my arms over his shoulders. He lifted back up, extending his strong arms and I clung to his body, so he lifting me also. I mashed my oversized knockers against him, making them bulge out between us. This allowed him to not only enjoy mommy's squishy tits, but to see how stiff he'd made my nipples. I kissed and licked his neck sensually. "What do you want mommy to do to you

today, huh?" I cooed, between kisses. "Do you want me to suck your juicy dick? To lick and nibble on your young balls?"

"That sounds nice," he gasped.

"Yeah?" I whispered, kissing him some more, gripping him tightly and clawing my long nails on his back. "Do you wanna pound your dick through mommy's asshole again?" I asked, then gave a long wet lick up his chin. I slid my hands to the back of his head, holding our faces together, so we could stare longingly into each other's eyes. "Do wanna shoot hot wads of sticky cum deep into mommy's rectum, while she squeezes and milks your cock with her ass?"

"Fuck, mom!" my son gasped, clearly so horny it was killing him. We heard his father's car horn from outside, but ignored it. I tightened the grip of my circled legs and rubbed my naked cunt against the tubular bulge of his cock, like a cat on a scratching post.

"Maybe you'd like to fuck mommy's tits and shot your hot wad of boy-spunk up around her pretty neck?" I mewled. "Would you like that, baby?"

"I would love that, but I really better go before dad comes looking," he breathlessly stated.

"Lay me back down first."

I lowered mom back to the mattress and she continued to cling to me. "Show me how you'd fuck me," her sweet voice whispered, staring longingly into my eyes.

Without hesitation, I humped against her, as if we were fucking in the missionary position. We began to rock her bed wildly, making my parent's big headboard bang against the wall. Mom twisted her lovely legs around me, clawing at my back as I dry-humped the fuck out of her. Her fleshy tits sloshed between us and she pressed her

lips against my neck and gasped. "**COME ON**…**FUCKING HIT IT, RICKY! SHOW ME HOW HARD YOU'D BEAT MY PUSSY UP!**" she cried out.

My thrusts turned from rough to downright savage, pummeling myself against her. I thought for sure we were about to knock a hole in her wall from the banging headboard, then we both froze suddenly as we head dad's voice. "Ricky, let's go!!" he impatiently shouted.

"Coming!" I yelled back.

Mom gave me a quick kiss on the lips. "See you at noon," she sighed.

Later that morning, I got to my mother-in-law's to drop the baby off. Rather than take her from me, Carrie hesitated. "Is there sex on the agenda today…at Room 209?" she asked.

"Actually yes, there is…but Ricky and I will just do our own thing, like we did the last time."

"Don't you think that's a little unfair to him?" Carrie asked. "All the other boys will be getting hot, tight pussy, which is really what Ricky would rather have as well, I'm sure of it."

"I know it's what he wants, and to be honest, I've thought a lot about that… especially since yesterday." My fiasco with Dan, hiding the Viagra from me, and also my deep-seated desire to fuck my handsome son an let him in enjoy my pussy as motivation was weighing heavily on my mind, even as I prepared to meet him at noontime at Room 209. Carrie's voice snapped me from my indecision.

"Well, I think I have a solution. In fact, I've already discussed it with Ricky, and he thinks it's a good idea also," Carrie remarked.

"A solution?" I asked curiously.

"Yes, a way that Ricky's tender penis can still get vaginal pleasure in Room 209, so he doesn't feel left out. Instead of **YOU** meeting him there today, I can go in your place. Ricky can use **MY** pussy for sexual intercourse, so you'd be off the hook," she explained.

I should have been thankful for such a offer, but I wasn't. Instead I was extremely jealous and almost angry that Carrie would suggest **HER** getting pleasure from Ricky's monster cock instead of me. I felt like everything that was happening was pushing me towards what I really wanted and that was to fuck my son. "Would you think I was a whore and a horrible wife to Dan if I declined your offer and had sex with Ricky myself today?" I blushingly asked.

Carrie smiled from ear to ear. "Of course I wouldn't, dear, and honestly, that was the answer I was hoping to hear," she replied.

"Really?" I asked, sort of surprised that my husband's mother would be completely ok with me fucking her Grandson, doing what most would consider cheating.

"Yes, really. When I was younger, Ricky's age, there was a concert that I really wanted to attend, but I knew my parents, who were flying back home that night from a trip, would forbid it. So, I didn't go and ended up falling asleep early that night. The next morning I found out my parents flight had been delayed. I could have attended that concert and they never would have found out. What was even more disappointing was the band broke up shortly thereafter, and I realized I'd **NEVER** get a chance to see them live. I had passed up my one opportunity," Cassie explained.

"I'm assuming there's a moral to this story?" I asked with a smile.

"There is! You and Ricky have a once in a lifetime opportunity right now. Soon he'll be graduating, going off to college, then meeting a nice girl his own age. Room 209 will just be a secret memory that

the both of you share. Don't look back with any regrets, like I did with the concert. I say…fuck each other's brains out! Enjoy his big teenage cock while you can. Let it take you to another realm of pleasure, **AND** let my Grandson enjoy his mother's pussy."

It was just the push I needed. If my husband's mother, of all people, was encouraging me to fuck my son, then I saw no reason why I should even hesitate.

"My mom sat on my lap this morning," Ryan whispered in class. "She was grinding on my cock like crazy, while my dad was in the shower."

"Yeah, my mom pulled me down on top of her and begged me to dry fuck her also," I shared.

"That can only mean one thing. We're getting some pussy today, dude. Well…at least **I'M** getting some pussy today. Even though your mom won't give you her cunt, hopefully she has something pretty fucking awesome in store for you."

"Well, if my Grandma had her chat with mom, it'll be **HER** pussy that I'll get to fuck in Room 209 today," I informed Ryan.

"Your Grandma…really?!"

"Hey, don't knock it, dude. My Gran is one hot piece of ass, and her tits are gigantic! We fucked hard for well over an hour yesterday afternoon."

"Dude, that's hot!" Ryan grinned.

I was fairly confident that I'd get to pound Gran's sweet cunt again today. Yes, I would have preferred to screw mom, since she'd been the woman of my dreams for years. However, I certainly wasn't gonna complain about the nasty shit we'd been doing together in

Room 209, and at home. I had already had my mind blown by how wild and willing mom was.

When lunch time came and I saw mom's car in front of Room 209, I was happy, but also a little disappointed at the same time. Mom seemed determined to reserve the pleasure of her pussy for dad, so I knew we'd be engaging in something without penetration. Even though I wanted to fuck her so bad my balls hurt, I knew I wouldn't be disappointed with whatever she had in mind for us.

"Nervous?" Gail asked as we stood there in our birthday suits, waiting to go out and parade naked for our horny teens.

"Very!" I sighed. "God, I feel like a young woman about to lose her virginity all over again."

It was true. Even my husband, in his younger years, didn't hold a candle to my son. Ricky was **WAY** more attractive and in much better shape. As I had already found out, my son's cock was far superior to any that I'd ever fooled around with. The fact that he was jabbing it inside me today was probably the reason I had such nervous butterflies. Even though I was doing this so my son could stay focused in class the remained of the day, I wanted his gorgeous cock inside me more than just about anything.

"Anyone **NOT** on birth control besides me?" Tori asked, seeming a little worried about that fact.

"I'm certainly not!" I replied.

"Neither am I," Gail added, "and I'm not the least bit worried. If I do get pregnant with Ryan's baby my husband will just think it's his, since Ryan and his dad look so much alike."

"If our boys **DO** knock us up, they'll be fathers **AND** big brothers all in the same day," I joked, making the other moms' naked jugs jiggle

like gelatin as they laughed.

Like usual, Ryan, myself and the other guys were undressed and pulling on our peters when the moms began filtering out of the back area of Room 209.

"Holy fuck! They're naked, dude!" Ryan announced, as I'm sure his eyes widened as much as mine did.

All thirty moms stepped towards their sons on bare feet, their heavy, stiff-nippled tits bobbling with every footstep. I saw lots of shaved pussies, a few moms with full bushes and others that were neatly trimmed in landing strips, or cute little pubic triangles. I expected to see my Gran emerge from the bunch, but what I saw was the familiar shaved pubis of my mother, and my eyes drifted up to her milk-filled mammaries. Her blonde trusses draped down her shoulders, framing in her pretty face as she gazed at me anxiously. "Were you expecting someone else, baby?" she asked, reading my mind.

"Yes, **I WAS** expecting someone else," I answered, "but was hoping it would be you who showed up."

She stared at me adoringly. "Aww, that's so sweet. Just so you know, **YOU ARE** getting pussy today, mister, so you don't have to flatter me any more than you already do."

Mom's admission made my heart do summersaults in my chest. "**YESS!!" I** shouted, then gave Ryan a high-five, making both our moms laugh.

"Someone's excited to bury their boner in hot mommy-pussy!" Tori observed.

"Mmm, mommy's equally excited to sheath his cock for the first time," I gleefully confessed.

"I have to admit," Tori's son stated, "Your birthday suits are the sexiest outfits you guys have worn for us so far."

"Yeah?" Tori asked, twirling around. "What do you think of the back of this birthday suit, baby?"

Gail and I spun around also, making out fleshy tits wobble. All three of us wagged our rounded rumps in a teasing manner, making our boys' eyes widen and their hands fly up and down the length of their cocks even faster. "Fucking awesome!" Tori's son shouted.

"**WHO WANT TO GET IT ON** ?!" A mother in the group shouted, and everyone erupted in a cheer.

"**WOOOO!**" mom anxiously screamed, throwing her arms up and jumped lightly on bare feet. This made her meaty melons jump heavily on her chest, much to the delight of my ogling eyes.

Every boy in the room, including myself this time, suddenly found themselves being yanked towards the bunks. The moms giggled and huffed with anxious breath, their huge fleshy tits bouncing as they hurriedly moved. The level of sexual excitement in the air at that moment was one I'd never forget. There was nothing slow and romantic about what happened next, just pure unbridled fuck-lust. It was moms doing what moms do best….quickly dropping on their backs and tossing their legs wide open. No sooner were my mom's legs extended in the widest spread I'd ever seen than I was droping between them. Our mouths met in a fervent kiss at the same moment that our bodies were officially reunited .

Mom gasped into my mouth, our tongues lashing together as my erection split her twat and made it's journey up the hot clasping tube her most sacred place. The hole she'd been saving for dad was

now being plundered by my huge, superior cock. The three of us boys began fucking like animals. Perhaps there'd be a time for slow, sensual intimacy . This wasn't that time.

"**YESSS! FUCK US!!**" Ryan's mom shouted, her sexy legs scissored in the air.

"**POUND OUR PUSSIES!!**" Mom added passionately, making my pummeling cock flex inside her.

The sound of our big, heavy balls beating against our moms' asses filled the bunk as we found a frantic fuck-rhythm.

"Ohhh, shit!" I gasped in delight, driving my stiff dick home, just as I had with Gran the prior day. I paused a moment, fully penetrating mom and crushing the knob of my cock against the head of her cervix. Considering that she had recently given birth, I was shocked at how tight she was. I felt her cunt-tube gnaw at my cock, her fuck-muscles bulging, compressing the pleated lining of her vagina around my peter-meat. The feeling was sublime!

Just as we had that morning on her bed, our bodies thrashed together, with moms legs twisted around me. This time, she wasn't the only one that was naked, and our engorged genitals were joined in a heated union.

My son and I kissed like long lost lovers who'd been united after years of sexual frustration. There was no hesitation in our jointure; no shame. Just two people who wanted to fuck each other's asses off more than anything in the world. Together, we found a wonderful fuck-rhythm. One that we knew would result in orgasmic bliss. Ricky's long hunky cock was unlike anything that had ever been in my cunt before. It filled me perfectly, stimulating my nerve endings and sending exquisite pleasure-signals to my sex-frazzled brain. "Fuck me, baby!" I hissed, then bit the flesh of his shoulder in passion. "Fuck mommy!!"

My words seemed to fuel my son's determination to engage me in mind-blowing intercourse. He moved like a sexual athlete, pumping his hips and making his cute, muscular ass rise and fall steadily between my clutching thighs. I tightened my fuck-muscles, trying to make it as pleasurable as possible for him also. I knew his staying power would truly be tested today.

"Fuck yes!" my friend Ryan snarled, fucking his mom savagely. "Ahh, this is so fucking good!"

I glanced over to see his mom's sexy legs in the air and my friend's steely-hard cock plunging through the socket of her juicy cunt. I beat my own prick through mom's hot-box with equal vigor, reveling in the feel of her curvy body beneath me. Mom bucked her ass from the mattress to meet my every thrust. Her pussy made slurping, gulping sounds each time I pounded into her and I could feel her cuntal walls sucking at my cock.

"Ohh fuck!" she grasped. "Fuck me, I'm cumming. Aww, yes, baby, you're gonna make me cum. Awww, yes…
CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

Mom arched her back beneath me, lifting us from the mattress and I continued to deliver furious thrusts, determined to make her cum harder than she ever had before. She let out a wild orgasmic squeal and her body trembled wonderfully, making her giant tit-melons ripple again my chest. I heard her crotch squelch as she gushed on my pummeling organ, soaking it with girl-cum.

Even when she came down from her orgasmic high I continued pounding into her tirelessly. "You like that, don't you, mom?" I panted. "You like being pounded by a nice fat cock!"

"I love it!" she deliriously answered.

Our bellies slapped together as I fucked her faster and faster, determined to get her off a second time. I flexed my prick, making it bulge stiffly inside her hot, snug cunt. The rows of pleats that lined her vagina created mind-blowing friction on my prick. After five more minutes of this, mom screamed loudly, clawing my back. Her pink cunt-tunnel clenched and contracted around my prick as she came a second time. I loved watching her pretty face contort in pleasure, her eyes rolling back in their sockets. She wasn't the only one cumming. I could hear numerous moms crying out in climax, their voices creating a beautiful orgasmic choir that emanated through the walls of Room 209.

"Fuuuck!" I groaned, feeling my own orgasm swell inside my groin. I dug my palms into the mammoth globes of mom's spongy breasts, making her rubbery nipples leak between my fingers. This, while continuing to ream out her pussy with deep, satisfying thrusts of my swollen cock. My friends and I had been fucking our moms' pussies now for twenty minutes and I was surprised that I'd actually lasted this long, considering how amazing it felt. We fucked like savages, pounding between their pretty legs and making their lush, heavy-titted bodies clutch onto us and shutter in delight.

"Fuck!... **AHH, FUCK!!**" Ryan groaned, his body jerking. "**TAKE MY FUCKING CUM!**"

"**SHIT!" I** snarled, feeling my own load squirt violently from the tip of my prick, pouring into mom's clasping vagina. The fact that I could pump all this ball-goo out and get my own mom pregnant with my baby only added to the thrill.

The feel of Ricky's penis throbbing and twitching, blasting his hot, sticky ball-batter along my cuntal-lining was wonderful. After flexing my fuck-muscles, helping to milk out Ricky's load, I rolled him onto his back. I think he was shocked that mommy could be so sexually aggressive. He had impressed me with **HIS** skills, now it was time

for me to show off mine. "Ready for mommy to ride your cock, baby?" I asked, as I sat upright, staring down over the swell of my ballooning tits.

"Yes ma'am!" he replied.

My partners in crime, Gail and Tori, had rolled their sons over also. Our knees were planted firmly astride their hips, ready to ride them skillfully in the Cowgirl position.

"Let's fuck these cute boys silly!" Tori blurted.

Without a second to waist, we began pumping our cunt-slits up and down the length of their cocks, making our mommy-mammaries jump wildly on our chests. Our handsome boys gazed up, watching our boobie-meat bounce, with their tongues hanging lasciviously from their mouths. My husband's cock would have shriveled up well before now, but Ricky's meaty muscle was still fully erect, slicing through my tightly-clasping cunt tube, sinking all the way to my womb. "Good grief! My 18-year-old boy is sexually superior to his grown father in every way!" I wondrously thought.

"Fuck…don't these dicks feel amazing?!" Tori gasped, her rounded ass bobbing up and down on her boy's crotch.

"Mmm, yes they do! Maybe we should kick our husbands out of the bedroom, and share a bed with our boys, so we could get fucked like this **EVERY** night!" Gail remarked.

"Better yet…just divorce our wimpy-dicked husbands and marry our sexy-assed boys," Tori suggested. "We could do nothing but fuck and make babies all day."

"Do you like the sound of that, baby?" I asked my son. "Would you like to marry mom and make her your cock-loving wife?"

"I wouldn't mind at all," he replied.

I knew she was joking, but damn did her naughty words turn me on. The idea that I could have mom as my wife and fuck her day and night was wild. It would be like me having my own Room 209 all the time, right at home. I stared up at her gigantic tits, watching their fatty flesh ripple each time they impacted her tummy. My eyes drifted down past her sexy navel, to her bare pubis, amazed by how the thick spear of my cock splayed her cunt lips and glistened with her juices as it appeared, then disappeared again inside her heavenly hole repeatedly.

"Then again, it's kind of fun cheating on our husbands," Ryan's mom remarked. "Knowing that we're taking our boys' huge dicks by day and being good little proper wives by night."

"I agree, Gail," said Tori. "It makes me cum **SO** much harder on Steven's dick with his father's big diamond wedding ring on my finger."

"I guess I can agree with that," Mom added, gazing down at me lustfully, while fucking. "Why not live dangerously! The thrill of being caught makes it all the more exciting."

For the next little while mom alternated between bouncing up and down and swiveling her hips, grinding on my dick in full penetration. I could feel her cunt clasping and quivering around my cock, secreting her hot fuck-oil all over it. This provided wonderful lubrication that kept our sex organs pumping fluidly. Watching her build towards a climax was mesmerizing! She was gasping and moaning, while baring down on my stiff boner, using it to work all her most pleasurable spots and probably even ones she'd never had touched before. After a few minutes of enthusiastic cock-pumping she threw her cute fists in the air, clenching them tightly. Her face twisted in pleasure, her lips curling back, bearing her pretty white teeth. Hearing my mom scream out in orgasmic rapture was about the sweetest sound to ever travel through my eardrums!

My husband had given my plenty of orgasms in our twenty-years of marriage, but cumming with Ricky was altogether different and more remarkable. The physical reasons were fairly obvious. His cock was longer and meatier than Dan's, by far, and his bulbous crown was **MUCH** fatter. The Viagra-induced erections of my husband almost seemed laughable compared to the rock-hardness of Ricky's love-organ. My handsome teen had that youthful vitality and healthy blood flow, resulting in the type of blue-veined boner that every woman my age dreams about. Then, there were the psychological reasons. Fucking my young, gorgeous boy, who'd grown in my womb was a huge rush! He was someone who I raised and nurtured. I never thought as I cleaned his penis in the tub, when he was younger, that it would someday be buried inside, wrapped in my own pussy. It seemed as if my son and I's relationship had come full-circle. He was back inside me, and that excited me tremendously! Then, there was just the simple fact that I loved sex so fucking much, and Ricky was the perfect suitor. He was so much better at it than Dan was. All of these components combined sent me into another dimension of sexual delight that I had never before experienced.

Bright lights flashed before my eyes as a surge of forbidden pleasure shot through my mommy-body. I gushed all over him shamelessly, making my ejaculate splatter lewdly between our hammering crotches.

In a fit of uncontrolled passion, I dropped down on him, slapping my milk-swollen tits against his chest and engaged him in deep tongue-twisting kisses. "My God…I'm sexually in love with him!" I wickedly thought.

I could have stayed this way forever! Mom was on top of me, her sweet-smelling blonde hair draped over the sides of our faces as she lashed her long tongue through my mouth frantically. Her giant,

thick-nippled tits were squished between us and her lovely bubble butt continued to bob up and down, pummeling my erection through her tightly-contracting cunt. I could feel her hot cum-juices running down the side of my nuts. This was truly where it was at!

After a few minutes of kissing me, mom raised up on extended arms and continued riding my cock. I looked over at Ryan and Steven. Their moms were in the same position, on top of them. The most obvious thing to each of us was how our moms' tits were moving above our faces. Their oversized udders were swinging wildly to the rhythm of their steadily humping motions, creating a spellbinding sight. If I ever did find a girlfriend or wife with boobs the size of mom's I'd be a lucky man alive. Until then, I hoped I'd get to continue enjoying hers.

Mom peered down and smiled. "Enjoying that view, baby?" she asked.

"Enjoying it a lot actually," I admitted.

"Mmm, you always have been my little bosom-boy; hardly able to take your eyes off of mommy's big hooters."

"What do you expect, mom? Looking at these fucking things!" I replied, staring at the way her melons swung way out over my face, in a big, wide pattern.

Ryan chimed in. "There's no girl in school with tits that can swing like these do!" he stated, gazing up at his own mom's overhanging milkers.

"It's one of the things that makes us moms so special," his mother declared. "Years of having kids can make our tits swell with fatty fluff, just the way boys like them."

"That's right," Steven's mom agreed, staring down at him over her own bobbling boobies. "Our areolas become thickened, and our

nipples puff out, perfect for boys to suck on."

"Is that what you boys want?" Mom asked, cocking an eyebrow as she smiled down at me in a flirting manner. "Do you wanna suck our fat nipples, while we ride your cocks."

"That's a **YES** from me!" I eagerly answered.

"Me too!" both my friends said at the same time.

Mom lowered her chest, first letting me explore her monster-cleavage. I rubbed my face in-between her wildly-wobbling tits, feeling the warm squishy meaty smother me on all sides. I kissed my way around her soft creamy contours, making my way up to her engorged nipple and latching on. As mom bucked her ass, fucking tirelessly on my cock, from balls to knob, she pushed her body-weight down on me. This caused my wonder-filled face to sink into the melon of her boob, masking me in milk-filled tit-meat.

"Mmm, suck our fucking tits you big-dicked studs!" Steven's mom mewled.

"Yes! Pull at our fucking nipples!" Ryan's mom added.

My mom chimed in with her own sexy words of encouragement. "Make our hot pussies keep drooling on those fat, dreamy dicks!"

"Ten minutes, ladies!" One of the other moms shouted.

"Ready to fuck the cum out of them girls?" Tori asked, smiling lascivious over at Gail and I.

"Let's do it!" I replied. It was time to put all our sexual mommy-skills to work and really fuck the shit out of our teens. This including using our strong, wide hips and well-conditioned fuck-muscles to milk our boys' boners as quickly as possible. I felt Ricky gasp in delight,

spewing tit-milk everywhere, as I began to ride his rod in earnest. The big fleshy cheeks of my rounded ass clapped against his groin as I pummeled his dreamy boy-dick through the tightly-clasping tube of my vagina. Every dozen cock-pumps, I'd give him a quick grind, letting his leaking knob dig against the head of my external os, at the back of my hot cunt, before going back to thrusting.

"Come on, my tittie-champ…blast that hot sticky cum up into mommy, before you go back to school!" I naughtily urged.

All six of our orgasms couldn't have been timed more perfectly.

I heard a juicy squelch from mom's crotch, just as my prick swelled inside her and spat out it's first jet of cum. Her engorged nipple popped from my lusty mouth as I gasped in delight. I peeked up from mom's smothering, sweat-sheened cleavage and let out a guttural grunt, hosing out more cum in her quivering pussy. I could hear the other guys whimpering also as they dumped their loads inside their moms.

"**AAAAUUGGHH!!**" Mom screamed, her lush body shivering in orgasm, making the flesh of her tits ripple around my face. I humped my hips and we writhed wildly together, mixing our sexual fluids. I let out another pleasure-induced groan, feeling mom use her vaginal muscles to suck and pull the hot spunk from my balls.

Room 209 had never been so loud. The sound of nearly thirty mom-son couples climaxing collectively, and their wet flesh beating together was deafening, yet wonderful!

Several minutes later, after mom and I had finished wrestling in a powerful mutual orgasm, I let out a long satisfied sigh.

"Oh, baby…" Mom whispered breathlessly "…that was really something!"

"I agree," I muttered, sharing a series of sensual kisses with her.

Once we were out of the bunk mom hugged me, pancaking her tits between us. The sight of so many other naked moms and sons embracing and sensually kissing each other goodbye was super fucking cool! Mom followed suit, fusing her lips to mine for a fiery French kiss. "There now…that should help you stay focused, right?" she asked, staring me in the eyes.

"Yeah…focused on you!" I confessed.

"Well, I certainly see no harm in that, especially if it helps you graduate this year. Who knows…" she whispered, bringing her lips to my ear, "…maybe mommy will even let you warm your weenie at home sometimes."

"Really?!" I asked, my heart racing at the idea of fucking mom in my bed, or even her and dad's.

"Would you like that?" she asked, gazing beautifully at me. "Would you like to pound your dreamy penis through my tight cunt, or maybe the ring of my asshole, while we're at home?"

"That would be stellar, mom!"

"Keep those grades up, and you never know what might happen," she winked, then sashayed off with the other moms. The sight of all those heavy, jiggling tits and rounded ass-meat was almost too much to take in. Mom bit her bottom lip as she peeked back, glancing down at my still-erect dick. The school year was still young, and I simply couldn't wait to spend more time in Room 209 with her.

THE END

BSTC

by klrxo

Todd sat next to his Mom Vicky on the plane, peering over at her gorgeous tan legs, crossed and half exposed beneath her skirt. They looked silky smooth and tapered down to slender ankles and cute little bare feet with pink painted toenails. Vicky dangled one of her four-and-a half inch heeled sandals from her toes.

As the plane trembled from turbulence, Todd's eyes were drawn elsewhere. The large swell of tit-flesh beneath her cashmere sweater

seemed to quiver each time the plane shook. After a few minutes of breast-gazing he felt a gentle squeeze on his hand.

He looked up into the sexy brown eyes of his Mom, as she rested her head on the cushioned seat-back. Todd couldn't help but wonder how long she'd been awake and if she knew he was staring at her body.

"How are you doing?" she asked sweetly.

"Good, I was just thinking though. You told dad we were going to stay with Aunt Jen for a week, right?"

"Yes."

"I thought Aunt Jen lived in Arizona. Why are we on a flight going to Florida?" Todd asked.

She smiled at him, showing her perfect white teeth. Vicky was a gorgeous 38 year old. Her girlfriends all told her she looked like the soap actress Nadia Bjorlin, but with much larger breasts. "I don't like being dishonest with your Father, but this is a trip that he should probably know as little as possible about."

"Why? Are we getting something for him in Florida?" Todd asked.

Vicky giggled. "No, nothing like that."

"What then?"

She smiled, as if wanting to keep a secret for a little longer. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you, Mom," he answered.

"Then just sit back, relax and enjoy yourself. This trip will have a few surprises, but ones I'm sure you'll like a lot," Vicky said.

They landed at the airport and after stepping from the gate, were greeted by a mid-twenties woman in business attire. She looked like the actress Emma Stone, with shoulder length brown hair and a fair complexion. "Mrs. Fletcher?" the women asked.

"Yes, I'm Vicky Fletcher," the Mother answered.

"Hi, I'm Monique, I'm with **BSTC**," she said with a friendly smile.

"Hi Monique," Vicky smiled.

"You must be Todd," the pretty girl asked.

"Um, yeah, hi," Todd said, extending a hand for a shake.

Monique giggled and shook his hand. "Pleased to meet you. If you both follow me, we'll join the other couples and board the plane to the island," she said.

Vicky held her son's hand as they followed Monique down a small terminal. He took a second to admire Monique's succulent ass. Her pant-suit fit snug around her buns, which moved in a sexy sway as she walked. Both her and his mom had on dainty heels, which **CLICKED** on the hard floor as the stepped down the terminal.

Todd looked over at his mom. "So we're flying to an island?"

"A small private island, yes."

"Ok, so...what does **BSTC** stand for?" he asked.

Monique looked back and her and Vicky shared a giggle. "You have to be patient. You're trusting me on this one, remember?" Vicky said.

"Yeah, I guess so, but you know I hate surprises."

"This one I think you'll like," Vicky said, with a little smile.

Monique led them down a stairway and out onto the tarmac. A small private jet was waiting and they boarded.

Inside the plane, a middle-aged blonde stood up and rushed towards them. "Vicky!" She exclaimed.

"Hey!" Vicky said excitedly as they hugged.

"Oh my God, I can't believe it," the woman said.

"I know, what are the odds. Sweetie, you remember Michelle, our old neighbor?" Vicky asked her son.

"Of course, it's only been a couple years, Mom." Todd said.

Michelle smiled, looking him up and down. "Well, haven't you become the handsome one."

"I bet I can still beat his ass, though," came another boys voice from several rows back. "Jeff! Holy shit, you're here too?" Todd said with surprise as he spotted his friend. "What's up, dude?" Jeff said, flashing him the peace sign.

"Mom, can I sit with Jeff?" Todd asked Vicky.

"Of course you can, sweetheart."

"You boys don't get too rowdy back there," Michelle joked, watching Todd join her son in the back row.

The two women sat next to each other and buckled their seat-belts. "This is too awesome," Michelle said, squeezing her friend's hand.

"I know, I had to do a double-take. I was like, holy shit, it's Michelle?" Vicky said, making them both giggle.

"How did you hear about the **BSTC** program?" Michelle asked.

"My sister Beth took her son last summer. Had nothing but positive things to say about it."

"I've been hearing good things too. Are you nervous about how Todd will react?" Michelle asked.

"Yes, but I checked off every box on the questionnaire that **BSTC** sent, so I guess I shouldn't be too worried."

"I was able to check off all but one box. I've never found any of my panties in Jeff's room, but that doesn't mean he doesn't take them," Michelle said.

"I wouldn't worry. They say even if seventy-five percent of the boxes are checked, our Sons will likely respond favorably to us being in the program with them," Vicky said.

"I hope so. I think it'll be so good for both the boys."

At the back of the plane, Jeff and Todd got reacquainted. "Dude, how fucking lucky are we, man?" Jeff said.

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Our Moms a both grade-**A MILFS**, dude. And all that experience. They probably fuck like porn stars," Jeff said.

"Hold on, what..."

"And those fucking tits. They both have huge racks and by tomorrow morning we'll be watching 'em bounce, baby," Jeff said excitedly.

"Wait a sec, what are you talking about, dude?" Todd asked, with a stumped look on his face.

"**BSTC**, baby. We're about to become momma's boys!" Jeff said.

"Wait, what the hell is this **BSTC**? That lady Monique mentioned it earlier."

"Are you serious, you don't know?" Jeff asked.

Todd shook his head, still clearly baffled. "No, my mom wouldn't tell me."

"Well, neither would mine, but I have a friend who was out here a few months ago with his mom and he told me all about it," Jeff said.

"So what is it?"

"**BSTC**...Boys Sexual Training Camp. It's a place moms take their sons to teach 'em how to fuck," Jeff explained.

"Wait, what? Are you serious?" Todd asked.

"I swear to God, dude. It's like a week long training coarse. My friend said he fucked his mom like a hundred times while he was there," Jeff said.

"Are you sure? You're not just fucking with me, are you," Todd muttered with a little smirk.

"Look around the plane, man. There's only guys our age a bunch of middle-aged moms. Dude the stories he told me about this place, you wouldn't fucking believe," Jeff said.

Todd's sat there in disbelief. He thought about all the times he had beat off while thinking about his mom's tits, smelling her panties and wondering what it would be like to have her strong legs wrapped around him. Was his biggest dream about to become a reality?

Michelle and Vicky continued to chat.

"This past week has been crazy. I took Casey and the baby to my sister's. Had a hair and nail appointment yesterday, and had to see

my physician. What are you doing for birth control? I decided on the Depo-Provera shot," Michelle said.

"Birth control? What birth control?" Vicky said with a smirk.

"Are you fucking serious, Vicky Fletcher? No birth control?"

"Nope. Guess I'm taking my chances in the shooting gallery," she said, making her friend giggle.

"If you come home pregnant, Bruce is gonna kill you," Michelle said.

"It's only a week, he'd never even realize it happened while I was away. Besides, I don't think I'm ovulating this week anyway."

"I heard Stacey Martin got pregnant at **BSTC**."

Vicky's mouth fell open. "You're kidding. The twins?"

"Yup, her son pumped two babies into her. Of course her husband would never figure out their not his, same **DNA** and everything."

"True, hey speaking of husbands…how did you guys sneak away from John for a week?" Vicky asked.

Michelle exaggerated some excitement. "You didn't here?? I won a seven-day white-water rafting trip. And oh darn, John couldn't go because it was on such short notice, but Jeff was willing to join me," she said, then looked at her smart watch, "in fact, we should be landing in Colorado right about now."

Vicky laughed. "Very smooth. Well Todd and I are heading that direction also. My sister's place in Arizona," Vicky said.

"Give it up for us, moms. We know how to fabricate a convincing story," Michelle, high-fiving her friend. "But if our husbands find out we're running around naked on a tropical island this week, we both might be single," she said.

"Or dead," Vicky added, making them both giggle.

After landing on the tiny paved landing strip, the group was taken by luxury bus to a remote area on the island. Todd and Vicky sat side by side, looking out at the lush terrain as they winded through the jungle.

"It's so beautiful here," Vicky said, squeezing his hand.

"Sure is, wherever here is."

"You'll see very soon," Vicky said with a giggle.

They arrived at a garage-like structure. Monique, who drove the bus, entered a key code and the door opened. Once inside, she drove them down into a large underground entrance.

The moms and sons saw a big pink lighted sign above the entrance doors. It read: "Welcome to Boy's Sexual Training Camp."

As they stepped from the bus, Monique directed them inside. The large elegant foyer had several benches for seating. They faced a series of giant monitors built in to the wall. "The monitors read: "**BSTC** - passion, skills, confidence."

The were ten mother and son couples. Monique stepped inside the foyer. "Please, make yourselves comfortable and enjoy this short video introduction," she said.

Vicky and Todd sat side by side on the bench, as did the other couples. She held his hand on her lap as the video started.

After a musical introduction with their flashy logo, they showed a pristine beach and a woman narrator's voice came on.

"Welcome to Boy's Sexual Training Camp. Our luxurious training center offers the utmost in comfort and privacy. Our underground

facility is tucked along the tranquil Cupid's Beach, on our privately-owned tropical island. We at **BSTC** pride ourselves in being completely cut off from the rest of the world..."

The video passed over a row of cabanas along the white sands on the fringe of the lush jungle.

"This type of discreet environment provides the perfect location for a sexual education like no other."

The next part of the video showed a bikini-clad mother and her son holding hands as they strolled down the beach.

"Boys, your mothers have brought you here to be properly instructed in the ways of sexual intercourse. They are here to take the **BSTC** journey with you. Along with our certified instructor, your mothers will guide you, in skill and in practice, drawing upon their years of experience to make you the best lovers you can be."

The video cut to the same mother and son in a luxurious room as mom led her son towards the bed.

"Boys, the decision is yours. If you chose not to be a part of this seven-day, sexual training program, the bus will transport you and your mother back to the airport. Please take a few minutes now to make your final decision, and if you do choose to stay, we hope you enjoy your time with us at Boy's Sexual Training Camp."

The video ended with the same musical tune and logo as when it began.

Vicky smiled at her son. "Surprised?" she asked.

"Yeah," Todd said, blushing a bit.

"If you do think it's not for you, I would completely respect that. We could go back home and forget any of this ever happened," she said,

then squeezed his hand. "But if you wanna give it a go, I promise I'll give it my all."

Todd thought about it for a moment, even though he didn't need to. "I wanna do it," he said.

Vicky got a big smile. They stood up and hugged. "I was hoping you'd say that," she said, pulling him against her big spongy jugs.

When none of the couples left, Monique seemed pleased. "Glad you all have chosen to stay. You can leave your luggage here. It will be stored until your departure. Everything you need during your stay will be provided in-house."

Monique began handing out personal baggies. "Please place all cellphones and other personal belongings, such as bracelets, watches or necklaces in these personal bags. They will be placed with your luggage for safe-keeping."

The couples began to strip off these various items and bag them up.

"You'll soon be changing into **BSTC** attire. Mothers, the only personal item that we allow you keep on is your wedding rings."

Her words were a striking reminder to each of the ten mothers that they were about to secretly break their wedding vows.

Vicky glanced down at the big diamond ring on her finger, then quickly shook the thought of her husband from her head and smiled over at her son.

"You ready for this?" she asked.

"Definitely," Todd muttered.

"The boys will to go the left...Mothers to the right please," Monique said, pointing down each corridor.

"See you in a little while, sweetie." Vicky said as she walked off with the other nine moms, the **CLICKS** of their dainty heels amplifying down the corridor.

Todd and Jeff walked together with other boys down a long hallway. "Here we go boys," Jeff said excitedly as they went through the doors at the end of the hall.

It was like a fancy locker room. The boys each discovered a wardrobe with their name on it. "Damn, **VIP** treatment, dude," Jeff said.

"Right. I wonder what we get to wear?" Todd said.

Monique stepped into the room. "You have a half-hour until I return, boys. Get showered and into your briefs and matching tops." she said, then walked out.

It was thirty minutes of excited horseplay as the boys prepared for what was to come. They all wore the same attire, white jockey briefs and form-fitting white t-shirts.

After they were all prepared, the doors opened back up and Monique appeared, dressed in only a long sheer white evening dress and matching high-heeled mules.

"Daaamn," Jeff muttered, as all the boys stared at her big tits, clearly on display through the fabric.

"Boys, you are about to enter the hall of the Goddess. It is there you will be instructed in the ways of sexual intercourse," she said. "We ask that you conduct yourself as you would in any instructional setting...respectful and diligent in following directions. Any questions?"

The boys looked at each other, but they couldn't pry their eyes off her curvy body very long.

"Follow me," Monique said, starting down the hallway.

The ten teens followed the gorgeous hostess down the hallway. The place had an elegant resort-type feel, with lots of rustic stone pillars and huge tropical arrangements.

The boys mostly kept their eyes glued to Monique's meaty ass-cheeks as they swayed seductively beneath the almost transparent gown.

"Look at the way her ass is jiggling, dude. Fuck!" Jeff whispered to Todd as they walked side by side.

A big set of double-doors opened into a large spacious room with a row of ten big white leather lounge-chairs. The room was warmly lit and the soft beat of **R&B** instrumental background music could be heard overhead.

On the far side of the room, the ten moms were grouped together chatting, like a cluster of horny girls at a school dance. Their eyes were drawn to the boys as they walked in.

"Holy shit," one boy muttered as he caught site of the moms.

The boys were nearly floored at the sight across the room. The moms outfits all matched also and each of them was wearing a white silk peek-a-boo baby doll and matching bikini panties. All their feet were arched in sexy white mules with six-inch stiletto heels. The dainty heels had just a thin white strap, crossing their feet, just above their pretty painted toes.

"Damn look at that lingerie they're wearing," another teen said out loud.

The boys could hear the moms whispering amongst themselves as the doors closed behind them. Todd's eyes found Vicky and took a second to admire her from head to toe. She looked absolutely

stunning. He knew she had big tits, but seeing her in something like this made him realize just how massive her jugs were. Vicky was whispering something to Michelle as they looked their sons up and down. Then, the mother gave Todd a cute little wave.

As Todd waved back, Jeff stepped up beside him. "Dude, I have a feeling this is gonna be the best fucking week of our lives," he muttered.

"I'm starting to think you're right."

Monique stepped between the two groups, her heels clicking. "Mothers, will you please find your student and lead him to his seat."

Todd just stood there, mouth agape, as Vicky strode towards him. She moved gracefully, her strong tan mature legs moving in a sexy fluid manner. Her pretty feet were propped so high it looked like she was floating on the tips of her toes. He could see the bulging twin mounds of tit-meat trembling like jello as it oozed out the top of her baby-doll.

"Well, don't you look handsome," she said with a perfect smile.

He could tell she had spent some time on her hair and make-up and he could smell her sweet perfume. "You look amazing, mom," he muttered.

She paused in a sexy pose, with her hands on her hips and a smooth leg slightly bent at the knee, cocked out in front of her. "Not too bad for an old married mom of three, huh?"

She reached out and took his hand. "Come on," she whispered.

Vicky led her son over to their leather lounge-seat and he followed what the other boys were doing by sitting down on it. Vicky, like the other moms, turned and sat down in the seat between her son's

legs. She reclined, so that she was resting her back against his chest.

Vicky took her son's hands and brought them around, holding them against the smooth skin of her tummy. Todd's cock was already hard and flexed against her ass, which was now pressed right up against it.

"Well, isn't this a beautiful sight," said a strong female voice with a British accent.

A tall gorgeous matronly figure entered the room. She had short jet-black hair and was completely naked, except for her white six-inch spiked-heeled mules. She carried a white whip-stick as she strutted across the room confidently.

"Ten young men eager to impress," she said.

As she strode past them, several of the boys gasped as they watched her huge firm alabaster tits tremble from each step.

"And ten mums eager **TO BE** impressed," she said, winking at Vicky, who smiled back.

The woman stopped and surveyed the group as she spoke. "I am the Goddess...and with the help of your mothers, will be instructing each of you in the skill of sexual intercourse. I can see in your faces that some of you are timid. Don't be. There is no place for shyness here. You, your mothers, all of us are sexual animals, made to rut and extract pleasure from our naked bodies. **BSTC** is a safe place for doing just that. At home, she is the comforter, the nurturer, the disciplinarian, the wife. Here, you will see her in a whole new way. Here you will see your mother as a sexual animal."

Todd felt his Mom squeeze his hands tightly. His breath was heavy. He was so anxious and turned on he could hardly stand it.

The Goddess continued her introduction. "You may not all be virgins, but none of you have what it takes to please the woman who sits between your legs. These mothers have been fucked thousands of times, in every position imaginable. They are masters in the art of lovemaking, and they expect nothing less from their sexual partners."

She began pacing again, tapping her whip-stick on her leg.

"Who better then to assist in teaching you the ways of sex. And while some of you will just make progress, a few of you will become what I call 'cocksmen.' It is the cocksman who can pleasure an army of experienced mothers," she explained. "What about it, mums...do any of you have a potential cocksman sitting behind you?"

Many of the women giggled. Vicky patted her son's hand and glanced back at him with a smile. "Yep," she said softly.

Todd's heart about jumped out of his chest. After something like that, how could he dare let his mom down.

"Let's move then to our first exercise. We call this the icebreaker. I need both Moms and Sons to stand up and face each other," the Goddess said.

As Vicky stood, Todd got a good look at her big meaty ass, the cheeks of which were spilling out from under the hem of her bikini panties.

"Mums, I want you to wrap your arms around your student's neck and rest your tits against his chest," the Goddess instructed.

Vicky coiled her arms around Todd's neck and pulled herself in. He sighed as he felt her soft jugs flatten against his chest. He could even feel her hard nipples through the thin fabric. His body literally shuttered as she gazed up at him with those sparkling brown eyes.

The Goddess smiled. "I'm seeing lots of erections already. That's a very good sign," she said, making the moms giggle.

"Boys, rest your hands on your mother's hips," the Goddess continued.

All of the ten boys were now embracing their moms, ready for further instruction. "Can you feel how wide and strong her hips are?" the Goddess asked.

All the boys nodded. Some muttered "yes."

"Imagine the powerful gears that drive an engine. A woman's sexual engine is driven by her hips. The strength that they contain is powerful," the Goddess said.

Todd gripped his mother's hips, looking in her eyes as the Goddess continued. "This power allows her to roll and grind her pelvis, which is an integral part of the sexual dance during intercourse."

The Goddess stopped pacing. "Boys, to break the ice and demonstrate the power of a mother's hips, I would like to you to lead her back to your seat, turn her around and pull her back on to your lap."

Todd did as he was told. He sighed as he felt her soft meaty ass smother the bulge of his hard meat.

"Mothers, using your strong hips, I would like you to grind your ass on your son's lap. We'll provide a little beat for you to move to," the Goddess said.

The music started and the Goddess watched the mothers begin to move to the beat. "Ironically, this is the instrumental version of a song called 'Rock Steady.' So...rock your asses steadily, mums," she said.

Vicky used her hips to grind her ass to the beat of the music. Todd's tubular bulge pressed between her meaty mommy-buns, rubbing against the puckered lips of her butthole.

Several of the moms threw their arms in the air, while steadily swiveling their hips, as if doing a dance. "Wooooo!" one of them shouted.

A bunch of moms giggled, including Vicky and Michelle. "Woooo!" Michelle shrieked, throwing up her arms, while grinding her big ass on Jeff's lap.

An African-America mom named Lakisha giggled at Michelle. "Daaamn, go girl," she said, grinding her own butt on her son.

Nearly all the moms sung the chorus as they gyrated their ass on their son's cock. "Rock... steady! Steady rocking all night long," they sang.

Vicky peeked back at her son and sang the next part with the other moms. "Rock, steady. Rockin' 'til the break of dawn," she sang, then all the mothers erupted in a cheer.

"Are we all grinding on erections, ladies?" the Goddess asked.

"Yes!" came the excited reply from the whole group. Todd felt his mom squeeze his cock with her ass-cheeks as she responded.

"Good, then let's move on to our first physical exercise. Mums, I want you to straddle your student," The Goddess instructed.

Vicky stood up, then turned and crawled onto him. Like the other moms, she straddled her son's loins, so her knees rested on the lounge to either side of him.

Todd let out a little sigh as he felt the weight of his mom's body against him. He could feel the heat of her genitals through both

layers of fabric. Her massive breasts were inches from his face, straining to bust through the top of the gown.

He stared at her tits for a moment, marveling at their immense size. Then, he looked up at her and Vicky gave him a teasing wink.

Once they were all in position, the Goddess continued. "One of the fundamentals of proper sexual intercourse is the kiss. No one has more experience with kissing than woman on top of you. Let her guide you as you spend the next half-hour making out," she said, as the light in the hall suddenly dimmed and the slow soft beat of **R&B** music filled the room.

Vicky draped her arms over Todd's shoulders and gave him a quick peck on the lips. The teen's heart was beating so fast he couldn't believe it.

"Here we go...Are you ready?" she whispered.

"Yeah," he muttered.

Vicky tilted her head slightly to the side as her lips slowly moved back towards his. She started by giving her son a few slow soft sensual kisses, but it wasn't long before her tongue was touching his and they lightly fluttered together.

Todd had plenty of experience kissing girls, but nothing in the world could prepare him for the kissing skills of his mom. From the moment their tongues met, hers began to lash in circles around his. Her arms tightened around his neck, her spongy breasts crushed against his chest and the pressure of her warm pubis against his bone-hard erection intensified.

Soon they were making out like a horny young couple. Todd's heart was pounding in his chest as his mom's tongue danced with his. He was amazed at how her long pink snake could twist and roll one

minute and then flutter wildly the next. To say it was a thrilling, surreal moment would put it lightly.

"Mmmnn," she moaned, making her son's cock flex against her vulva.

Vicky pushed back, squashing her engorged clitoris against his fat knob. This caused Todd to thrust upward and soon they were grinding against one another in a nice steady dry hump.

The Goddess stepped over beside them and watched. She could see their tongues wrestling inside Todd's open mouth. "That's really good, love. Whip your tongue right back at her. Keep it in constant motion," she said to Todd.

The Goddess moved on to Jeff and Michelle. Vicky broke the kiss, licked and sucked on her son's neck. "Ohhh, wow," his voice quivered.

Todd looked over at the boy next to him named Dex. Dex was also getting his neck licked by a big breasted Mother, who had short blonde hair. Her name was Morgan. The two boys smiled at one another, knowing just what the other was going through.

The room was filled with moans of ten grown women passionately making out with their Sons, each one of their matronly pussies grinding against a teenage erection.

A few times, Todd had to pinch himself. He simply couldn't believe that the woman on top of him was his own loving mom. He was seeing a side of her that he'd never seen before and he was absolutely loving it.

The half-hour passed like a dream. The lights finally came back up and after a couple more sensual pecks, Vicky lifted her face from Todd's.

"You did well," she softly whispered, feeding him a big gleaming smile, "Really well."

"Thanks."

"Mothers will now group together by the side doorway," the Goddess said.

Todd watched his mom rise from his body and onto her feet. His boner twitched as her big breasts bobbled heavily beneath the thin covering.

"The boys will stand and slip their erections through the flies of their briefs. Each erection will be measured in preparation for our next exercise," the Goddess explained.

Todd stood up and nervously fished his big boner out of the slit in his briefs. The other nine boys did the same and could hear the moms whispering in the corner.

He glanced over at Vicky and saw her staring at his boner as it stuck out at an upward angle. Starting with the boy on the end, Monique knelt down and measured his bobbing erection. "Seven and one quarter inches," she announced.

The chatter among the moms intensified as they heard the announcement.

Monique moved to the next boy, Dex, and took a measurement. "Eight and a half inches," she said.

There were a few gasps from the moms and an excited little giggle. "Oh my God," came the voice of the boy's beautiful mother, Morgan. "So big."

"Eight and a quarter inches," was the next announcement.

Lakisha, his mother, smiled proudly. "That's my baby," she said.

Vicky whispered to Michelle as they watched the measuring. "How big do you think our boys are?"

"Jeff has to be pushing nine inches," Michelle said, staring at her son's hard cock.

Monique moved next to Jeff, who was to the left of Todd. She knelt down and ran the tape along the length of his fuck-pole. "Nine inches," Monique said.

Jeff smiled proudly as he heard the group of MILFs gasp and giggle.

"I was right," Michelle said, giving Vicky a high five. "Ok, what about Todd? Ten inches maybe?" she asked.

Vicky stared at her son's big pointing boner. "I'm gonna say closer to eleven."

Next Monique came to Todd and knelt in front of him, staring down the barrel of his long veiny cannon. She peeked up and gave him a naughty little smile, then rolled the tape down the top of his shaft and up over the tapered knob.

"Ten and three-quarter inches," she announced.

Todd heard the room fill with gasps. Vicky turned to her friend with a big wicked smile. "**HA!**" she said teasingly.

"Damn, girl what are feeding that boy?" Lakisha said to Vicky, making her and Michelle laugh.

The rest of the boys were measured, but none even came close to the length of Todd's prick. The Goddess strode towards him, her tits jiggling heavily on her chest. Her eyes traveled up and down his teenage frame.

"Congratulations, you're the largest of the group. That makes you the alpha-male. This week, you will be group leader among the boys. Your mother will be group leader among the women," the Goddess said.

One of the side doors opened.

"Monique will now lead you boys to the chamber of the holes for our next exercise," the Goddess said.

The boys followed Monique down the hallway and into a long narrow room. On one side of the room, right against the wall, were ten saddle-like seats. Above each seat hung a pair of virtual reality goggles.

"Listen carefully boys. You will each find your saddle and will position yourselves facing the wall. You will then slide your erections and your balls through the hole in the saddle and await further instruction," Monique said.

"Dude, I can't be sure, but I think this is like a glory hole situation they got going here," Jeff said. "I guess we'll find out."

Todd found the seat with his name and did as he was instructed. The hole looked like a black doughnut and was just big enough for Todd to squeeze his cock and scrotum into. He felt nothing but open air on the other side and the spongy opening now rested flat against his pubic bone as he leaned forward.

"Above you, you will see headphones and goggles. You can now put them on," Monique said.

In the next room over, the Mothers followed the Goddess into another narrow chamber. Along the wall, at waist level, ten hard cocks eagerly waited.

"The boys are positioned the same way they were in the hall of the Goddess. Find your student and kneel at his phallus," the Goddess said.

Vicky and Michelle walked over and found their boy's cock's.

"Well even if Todd's is almost two inches bigger, they're both beautiful," Michelle said.

"I won't argue with that," Vicky said, lustfully eyeballing both slabs of meat as they stuck out as straight as arrows from the holes.

Both moms slipped off their heels and knelt onto the soft mats against the wall. Vicky was now face to face with her son's massive erection. She could see a bead of precum forming on his piss-slit. The mother wet her lips with her tongue and smiled with pride as she looked at the big dangling balls hanging heavily below.

"Oh my God, their balls look so full," she said to Michelle.

"The boys must be so horny right now. Look at how big and purple their knobs are," Michelle said, hovering just below her son's juicy cock-head.

The Goddess walked behind the mothers. "For today's finally exercise, the boys will be watching those wonderful videos you sent us. While they watch, let's give them a taste of what's to come, in the form of some nice juicy head," she said.

In the next room over, the lights began to dim. Todd's goggles lit up, fading into a familiar image. It was his bedroom back home. The soft beat of music began to fill his ears and he saw a tan silky-smooth leg begin to slither around the doorframe.

His heart pounded excitedly. He recognized his mom's pretty painted toes.

"This reminds me so much of the glory holes in college?" Michelle said, as both women wrapped elastics in their hair, putting their manes back in ponytails.

"I do think guys dicks have gotten bigger since then," Vicky giggled, wrapping a tiny hand around the base of her son's mammoth prick.

"I think it's safe to say that our pussies are gonna be very happy this week," Michelle said, taking hold of her own son's cock.

Vicky tilted her son's cock slightly upward and planted a slow light kiss on the underside of the engorged plumb-sized knob.

Todd sighed as he felt his mom's soft lips against his pecker. He felt her hot breath on his glans and her long nails gently scratch the tube beneath his shaft. It sent a nonverbal message, saying "mommy's here."

Through the goggles, Todd watched his mom slip teasingly into his bedroom, wearing only a skimpy black bra and panties. Her huge breasts bobbled beneath the thin bra as she sashayed towards his bed. Vicky sat on the edge of his bed and bounced her ass against the mattress a couple times, as if testing its ability to handle a hard romp. The video was obviously shot during the day, while no one else was home.

In the next room, Vicky gave her son's prick a few slow strokes, feeling the thick pulsing meat in her hand. "Jesus," she muttered, in awe of it's length and girth.

"God I love big dicks," Michelle confessed, making Vicky giggle, "I'm sorry, but I do. John is no where near this size."

Vicky marveled at her son's dick, still stroking the veiny column. "This thing is like two of Bruce, maybe two and a half," she said, thinking of her husband's dick size.

Vicky leaned forward and drug her tongue along the underside of her son's long thick boner. She could feel it flex and throb. Her lips curled into a naughty little grin, knowing that it was a response to not only what he was feeling, but also what he was watching on video.

The busty mother gave his rod a few more slow strokes with her circled fist, pulling the loose skin up and down the meaty shaft. Her tongue slipped out of her mouth and lashed around on his big crimson knob. She swiped up a pool of precum as she licked across his piss-hole.

Todd gasped as he felt his mom's wet tongue circle his knob. Through the goggles, he watched as she fell back onto his bed, her long hair spreading out beneath her. She propped her knees back, level with her shoulders, splaying open her smooth tan thighs. The panties were so snug against her mons that Todd could clearly see the cleft of her vulva.

He heard a few groans in the room as the other boys were treated to similar videos taken in their bedrooms. As they gawked through their goggles, many were already feeling their cocks slip down their mother's throats.

Vicky rolled her tongue around the bloated knob and nursed on the tip of his pecker, bathing it in hot saliva.

Todd watched as his mom stood from the bed, with her back to the camera. Her big meaty ass was spilling out from beneath the panties. Vicky peered back at the camera teasingly as she reached around to unclasp her big bra. As it came unhooked, Todd could see the bulging contours of her boobs shift downward.

As she pulled the bra away, Todd caught a glimps of the side of one of her big slopping tits, as it wobbled free from the bra-cup.

"Holy shit," he muttered excitedly.

In the next room, Vicky's head bobbed as she sucked her son's cock in traditional blowjob fashion. Her lips were stretched obscenely around his meet as they glide up and down his thick fucker. It wasn't long before Todd was nudging the back of her throat.

Todd panted from the pleasure, while watching the recording of his mom. In the video, Vicky peeled the panties over her meaty mommy-ass giving him a little peek at naked globes of her ass and the smooth folds of her outer labia.

It cut to a different camera angle, level with Todd's bed. Vicky was now sprawled out on her tummy on the mattress , her legs bent at the knees so that her cute little feet pointed towards the ceiling and moved around playfully. She was propped up on her elbows with her chin resting on her palms. Her big milk-jugs were squashed against the mattress beneath her and bulged out at the sides. Todd marveled at how soft and squishy they looked.

The teasing mother looked straight into the camera with the sexiest look Todd had ever seen. She rolled her tongue across her top row of teeth teasingly.

Seeing this made Todd's cock let out a mighty throb. A small stream of bubbling precum oozed onto Vicky's tongue. As she swallowed her son's offering, she sucked hard on his boner, nursing more pre-orgasmic syrup from his piss-hole.

Some boys groaned as they felt their cocks get the royal treatment. Through each of their goggles, they watched a nearly-naked mom in their bedroom, teasing them with their bodies.

The mom's room was filled with the sound of lewd gurgling slurps as ten middle-aged beauties eagerly fed on teenage cock. The row of ten heads bobbed back and forth, sucking with gusto.

Vicky relaxed her gullet, slipping Todd's cock-head deep into her throat, until finally her lips rested against the base of his shaft.

Todd's eyes rolled back as he felt the sensation of being balls deep. No other girl had ever been able to do that.

On the video, Vicky rolled onto her back, pulling the blanket over her, so she remained half-covered. As she squirmed around like a horny young girl, Todd caught glimpses of his mom's wobbling tit-meat as she half-attempted to keep her boobs covered. The entire time, Vicky stared into the camera feeding her watchful son a naughty smile.

Moms had been sucking cock for nearly a half-hour now and most of them at this point had fallen into a steady rhythm.

"Gnnffff," some moms gurgled.

"Guhh, guhh, guhh, guhh," came the sound of others as they plunged their throats with hard cock.

There was a choir of whimpers, as ten pretty heads bobbed up and back, a mix of semen and saliva trickling from their mouths.

From the next room, came a few grunting cries as one by one the boys began to pop.

Todd's body quivered as he let out little whimpers of pleasure. Vicky was really working his dick now, sloppily fucking it with her mouth.

The boy next to him cried out and threw his head back as his cock began to erupt.

In the video, the camera was now on the bed with his mom. Vicky was on her hands and knees leaning over and looking down into it through her big silky curtain of dark hair. She held the blanket loosely against her breasts, so that only a quarter of them were covered, exposing the deepest, darkest cleavage Todd had ever seen.

He gazed in his mother's eyes as he felt his balls tighten and raging torrent of jizz blast from his penis in big pulsing ropes.

Vicky stayed with her baby, sucking him hard and swallowing and his hot load as it poured down her throat. His cock quivered and lurched for over a minute as her circled lips glided along his pole. Her experienced lips and tongue pulled at his meat, extracting it's thick potent offering.

"Damn that was a lot of cum," Vicky said, looking over at Michelle as she caught her breath. "Mmm, fucking yummy too," Michelle said, licking her lips.

The boys and moms were exiting the rooms about the same time. Vicky and Michelle teasingly stepped up to their sons. "How were those videos, boys?" Michelle asked.

"Flippin' awesome," Jeff said with a satisfied smile.

Vicky put her hands on her son's shoulders. She looked so sexy standing their in nothing but a skimpy baby doll nightie and bare feet. "I take it the blowjobs were pretty good too," she asked.

"Ohhh, yeah," Todd muttered.

"I guess dinner is next, which is good because I'm fucking starving," Jeff said.

Michelle glared at him. "Jeffery, watch your mouth," she said.

"Ha, really, mom? We're standing here almost naked and you just blew me. I really can't say fuck?"

"No, you can't and don't be a smartass," she said.

Vicky giggled. "See you at dinner, boys."

Vicky gave her teen a cute little wave as the moms walked away.

The boys hit the showers. They laughed and joked in disbelief as they reflected on their first day of sexual training.

Dinner was formal. There were two big tables with five couples at each one. An all-female staff waited on the mothers and sons, serving up a scrumptious meal. The groups talked and laughed, mostly sharing embarrassing stories about the boys when they were younger.

Afterwards, the couples walked along the beach. Vicky looked stunning, wearing a long white evening dress with a plunging neckline. Todd could hardly take his eyes off her exposed cleavage.

She carried her heels as they walked barefoot through the sand. "I called your father earlier. We're allowed to use our cellphones once a day, so our spouses don't get worried or suspicious."

"Oh, what did you tell him?" Todd asked.

"That we're having a great time in Arizona," she said, making them both giggle.

"Good thing he didn't ask you for a picture of the desert," Todd said.

Vicky laughed. "Right. I don't like to keep things from him, but somehow I don't think he'd like the idea of us being here," she said.

"No, probably not."

"You learning about sex, I don't think he'd have a problem with. Me, letting you use my body to practice on is the part he wouldn't like."

They returned to the back entrance and shared a typical mother/son kiss goodnight.

DAY 2

The boys were all prepared in their white briefs and snug tops when Monique arrived, wearing a similar sexy gown as the day before. They followed her down the corridor and into the meal hall.

The moms were scattered about the hall, talking and giggling with one another like girls in a sorority. They whispered and giggled some more as they watched the boys enter.

Todd and Jeff found their moms chatting in the corner with another mom named Morgan. All the moms were now wearing lace-up hip-hugger panties and a thin cami top that accentuated the enormity of their breasts. Their feet were adorned in high heeled mules.

"Here comes trouble," Michelle joked as the ladies turned towards the boys.

"With a capital T," Jeff said.

"Hey, handsome, sleep well?" Vicky asked lovingly as her son walked up to her.

"Yeah, not bad," He said, trying not to stare at the huge canyon of exposed cleavage.

"This is Morgan. Her son is...Dex, right?" Vicky asked her.

"Uh-huh," Morgan said, sharing a pretty smile.

"Yeah, I met him. He's really cool."

"You boys should get some breakfast...and **FYI**, the blueberry muffins are divine," Michelle said.

"Lets eat," Jeff said, starting towards the buffet.

"See ya, ladies," Todd said, following his friend.

"Bye, sweetie," Vicky said, giving him a cute little wave.

Michelle stepped up beside the other two women. "They're so fucking adorable," she said. Vicky smiled. "Must take after their moms," she said.

Morgan laughed. "Todd must have the girls tearing down your door to get at him, Vicky. He is gorgeous," she said.

"Thanks. He has a few that are trying to lure him in," Vicky said.

"Bet they'd be jealous if they saw what you got to do yesterday," Moran said.

"Right," Michelle giggled. "Do you think we're sucking their dicks again today?" Michelle asked. Vicky fed her a mischievous smile. "Are you hoping we'll suck their dicks again today?"

"I'm not gonna lie," Michelle smiled. "Yes I am hoping," she said, making the women laugh.

"Ok, so I'm not alone then," Morgan said.

Todd got his breakfast, then sat with a group of boys and ate . Every time he looked over at his mom, her and the other two women would be looking back at him. Hell only knows what they were whispering to one another as they looked him up and down.

"I told you this place was gonna be cool," Jeff said.

"Yeah, you were right about that."

"Never in my wildest dreams did I think my mom could suck cock like she did yesterday," Jeff said, chomping on a mouthful of food.

A few minutes later, the moms were ushered out of the meal hall. The boys stared with lust. The moms were all wearing lace-up hip hugger panties and nearly half the cracks of their meaty asses could be seen through the laces as they strode away.

"Holy shit dude, that's fucking hot," Jeff said, as he watched the hot asses jiggle and sway. "Sure is," Todd muttered, watching Vicky's half-exposed buttocks undulate with each graceful step.

About fifteen minutes later, Monique came for the remaining group. "Ready, boys?" she asked.

The horny teens trailed her down the corridor, back into the hall of the Goddess. The lights were dimmed and the mothers stood by the loungers waiting. Each of them had changed into a delicate white lace bra and matching bikini panties and their feet were arched in pairs of white glamour girl marabou sandals.

The boys mouths fell open as they gawked at their sexy moms. "Wow," Todd muttered.

The Goddess stood in front of the group. She wore the same white heels, but nothing else. "Boys, please take a standing position behind your mother," she said.

Todd and the other boys walked over and stood behind their moms. Vicky now had her hair up in a bun with cute little ringlets dangling down. The white frilly fabric against her smooth bronze skin made her look absolutely breathtaking.

"You look amazing," Todd whispered.

Vicky smiled staring straight ahead as she awaited the Goddess's next instruction. "Thank you," she whispered proudly.

"There is an art to undressing a woman and it's important that you learn it. I want each of you to reach forward and very gently unclasp your mother's bra," the Goddess said.

Todd had done this a couple times with girls at school, so this wasn't completely new to him.

The idea that this was his big breasted mother though made his cock begin to rise in his shorts. He fumbled with the clasp for a few seconds before it popped apart.

The Goddess watched to make sure each of them had it unclasped. "Now, very slowly...pull the straps off her shoulders," she said.

Todd's heart pounded with excitement as he brushed his fingers over the soft skin of his mom's shoulders.

"Now...I want you to step up closely behind her. Many of you have erections already and that's perfect. I want you to press your erection against the cheeks of her ass, while you reach around and slip the cups from her breasts," the Goddess said.

Todd's bulge struck Vicky's meaty bottom and rested between the softness of her buns. He reached around and gently uncovered her boobs. He had a birds eye view as he gazed down over her shoulder and literally gasped as her huge dangling jugs became exposed.

Vicky peeked at her son and gave him a cute little mommy-smile. She could tell he was extremely aroused.

"I want each of you to reach around now and cup your mother's breasts," the Goddess said.

Todd nervously brought his hands up and lifted Vicky's heavy boobs from her chest. He could feel the spongy flesh literally oozing through his fingers.

"Now boys, gently squeeze them and feel how soft they are," the Goddess said.

Vicky thrust her chest out a little slightly tilting her head back as her son began to squeeze on her big spongy tits. She could feel his cock pulse excitedly against her ass.

"Feel her nipples and areola...pinch them between your fingers. Feel how thick and hard they're getting," The Goddess said.

Given the size of Vicky's breasts, her areola were absolutely massive, easily as big around as an orange. Todd felt their bumpy texture between his fingers, wishing it was his mouth that was latching onto them. Her nipples were huge and engorged.

"There's no need to be gentle. A mother's tits are designed to be squeezed and pulled. Cup the undersides and let your fingers sink in deep," the Goddess said and the boys complied. "Now grip the sides and slap her tits together."

Todd squeezed the sides of his mom's boobs and smacked them both together over and over. He watched the creamy flesh ripple each time they collided.

"Now sink your hands in again. Squeeze them hard, boys, I want to see those hands buried in the flesh of her tits."

Todd worried he might be getting too rough. He looked at his mom and saw her eyes closed, mouth peeked open, making a soft pant.

"You ok?" he whispered.

Her eyes peeked open. "Perfect. You're doing wonderful, sweetie."

"Boys, step back. Mothers, turn around and remove their shirts," the Goddess said.

Todd gasped as Vicky turned towards him. Her huge tits wobbled heavily as she reached out and peeled his t-shirt off. Todd's boner tented out obscenely in his briefs.

Vicky fed him a loving smile.

"Each couple will now embrace. Mums, it is critical that during your coupling the boy feel your breasts pressed against his chests," the Goddess said.

Vicky stepped towards her son and coiled her arms around his neck. Todd placed his hands on her waist as she moved in tight, flattening her jiggling jugs against his bare chest.

"See buster, you're not the only one in this family who's well endowed," she said softly, with a flirty little smile.

"Mothers, without breaking your embrace, step out of your heels in preparation for the next exercise," the Goddess said.

Vicky slipped her sexy feet from her heels and pushed them aside. She was a few inches shorter than her son now and stared up into his bright blue eyes.

"Boys, slide your hands down and cup the cheeks of your mother's ass. On the count of three, you'll be lifting her from the floor and she'll be throwing her legs around you," the Goddess instructed.

Vicky's ass felt amazing as Todd's fingers dug into her cheeks. His heart was beating a mile a minute.

The Goddess counted out loud. "One...two...three."

Vicky used her feet to spring from the floor and gracefully wrapped her strong tan legs around her son's waist. He could feel her tits sloshing against him and his boner now dug against her panty-covered cunt.

Todd marveled at the look on his mom's face. She was like a horny teenage girl who was about to be pounded by the big-dicked football star.

"There is padded wall behind you. Carry your mother over and pin her against it," the Goddess said.

The boys did as they were instructed. Todd felt a rush of excitement as it struck him that he was pinning his own gorgeous mom against the wall. The woman who had given birth to him and coddled him growing up was now clutching onto him, nearly naked, as he held her up off the floor in the standing fuck position.

"You will now engage in another half-hour of making out. Practice makes perfect boys," the Goddess said.

Vicky didn't waste any time. Her lips dove straight for her sons and they began to kiss passionately. As their tongues rolled and danced together, Todd couldn't help but wonder if this was all just one big wet dream.

"Mmmnn," Vicky whimpered, lashing her tongue through her son's mouth.

Vicky was impressed by both her son's strength and his ability to learn fast. She could already sense his confidence as he ground his cock against her panty-covered twat.

Her silky legs were clasped tightly around him, smothering his midsection between her strong warm thighs.

Vicky kissed across his chin and down along his neck. She replaced her lips with her tongue, lashing against her son's flesh.

As his mom licked his neck, Todd looked over at Jeff and his mom. Michelle's big tits distended out, pressed against her son's chest. Like Vicky's legs, Michelle's smooth motherly legs were coiled tightly around Jeff, her ankles interlocked. Todd remembered Jeff's Mom bringing them cookies and taking them to ball practice. Now her and Jeff were making out like horny newlyweds. It all seemed so surreal.

The half-hour seemed to pass much too quickly.

"Boys, put your mother's down and follow them back over to your seats," the Goddess said. Todd's mom slipped to the floor and he followed her back over to the seat as requested. "The mothers will now sit and the boys will kneel in front of them," the Goddess instructed.

Todd couldn't peel his eyes away from Vicky's huge tits. They seemed to have a life of their own, wobbling around with her every movement.

"Gently and slowly, as you did the bra, each boy will now remove his mother's panties," the Goddess said.

Vicky lifted her butt up off the seat a little as Todd reached up and began to slide her panties down her curvy legs. His heart beat like a base drum as he gazed at her mons, which were crown by a cute little strip of pubic fuzz.

"Ladies, leaning back on the seat, I want you to throw your legs back into a spread eagle," was the Goddess's next instruction.

Vicky, along with the other moms, rested her back on the tilted seat making her tits-mounds spread out across her chest. She curled her legs up, then parted them, scissoring them apart until they were each pointing to opposite sides of the room.

Todd just knelt there with his jaw to the floor as his mom exposed her precious flower in all it's glory. He watched her labial meat slowly peel apart, revealing the opening to her fuck-hole. He smiled excitedly, having a pretty good guess as to what was coming next.

Outside, the birds chirped and the waves beat against the sand as the afternoon sun beat down upon the tropical paradise. Inside, ten middle-aged moms moaned and panted with pleasure as their well hung teenage boys ate their cunts.

Vicky had her curvy legs wrapped around Todd's head, trapping his face against her twat as he devoured her.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh," she cried, throwing her head to one side. She arched her back from the lounger, making her big tits roll on her chest.

"Remember boys, concentrate on the clitoris. Make sure you're constantly licking and sucking it," The Goddess said.

Todd breathed through his nose as his tongue went crazy against Vicky's twat, plowing through her smooth wet folds. With his face buried between her legs, the lucky teen gazed up over the swell of her pubic bone and watched his mom's big tits wobble and jiggle as her body convulsed.

"**OHHHHHH, GOD!**" Her sexy voice rang out as an orgasm stuck her.

Todd felt a pulse of hot girl-cum wash over his face. This didn't slow his licking one bit.

Other moms were screaming out as they too had their cunts devoured. Soon a choir of screaming milfs filled the hall.

"Ohhh, yesss," Michelle cried out.

"Ohhhh God!" Todd heard Morgan scream.

"After a woman cums during oral sex, her cunt will become very sensitive. It'll need to recover for a few moments before it's eaten again. At this point you'll begin to lick her asshole," the Goddess said.

Todd lapped at Vicky's butthole. His nose was now buried between her labia, his face soaked with her juices. The strong feminine aroma was beginning to make his head spin.

"Now boys, using two fingers, I want you to find your mother's G-spot. It's the rough area on the roof of the vagina. Pay close attention her body and you'll know when you've found it," The Goddess said.

Todd curled two fingers into Vicky's cunt and began his search. It didn't take him long before his mom's body reacted. "Oh yesss, right there," she gasped.

The Goddess weaved between the boys, watching them perform. "As you rub the G-spot, I want each of you to go back to working her clit with your tongue. If done correctly, it won't be long before she achieves another strong orgasm," she said.

It wasn't long at all. No more than a minute after Todd began to massage her sweet-spot, Vicky's back again arched off the seat as her body began to quiver.

"**OOOOHHHH, YEEEAAAHHH!!!**" she screamed, her voice shaky.

With his tongue digging against her fat engorged clitoris, Todd got a big cocky smile on his face. His head rose and fell, staying with her as Vicky thrust her hips up and down.

"Ohh yesss, yessss!!" the busty Mother cried as juice squirted from her cunt-slit.

Middle-aged moms howled for several minutes as they were brought off by the developing skills of their silver-tongued sons.

"Well moms, how did they do?" the Goddess asked, once they had all settled down.

The moms giggled and sighed as they fought to catch their breath.

"Do your boys deserve a special treat?" she continued.

The women all shouted out "yes" as the boys hearts began to pound with excitement.

"Boys, how would you like to fuck those juicy jugs your mother is carrying around?" the Goddess asked.

"Yeah!" the boys shouted in unison.

"First they're going to coat their big tits with hot baby-oil," the Goddess said, as all the moms reached down and pulled a bottle of liquid from beside the lounge.

Todd watched in awe as Vicky squirted a substantial amount of baby-oil on her bobbling melons, then lathered them up with her hands.

"Mmm, they'll get them nice and slippery for your young hard dicks to slip between," the Goddess said. "Get those briefs off, mums."

Vicky quickly peeled off her son's briefs. Todd sat on the edge of the lounge and watched his mom kneel down in front of him. She plopped her big jugs onto his lap and wrapped his erection between them, smothering it in slippery tit-flesh.

"Ohhh, damn," Todd muttered, as Vicky began fuck his cock with her big tits.

Soon, all the Moms were squeezing their oiled boobs around the meat of their teen's cocks, bouncing them up and down.

Vicky watched Todd's bloated knob slip out of her cleavage, then disappear again down into a fleshy pocket of spongy tit-meat.

"Having fun, mums?" the Goddess said with a smile.

"Yesss!" Came the unified response.

Todd rested back on his elbows, watching his mom squeeze her tits up and down his cock. The beautiful mother winked at him. "Feel good?" she asked.

"Hell yess," he muttered.

"Good thing we moms have big tits," Michelle said, squeezing her huge alabaster milk-makers on her son's dick, "takes an awfully big set to smother these monsters."

One by one, the boys whimpered as their cocks shot off.

"Ohhh fuck yeah," Jeff shouted, his hips jerking as cum began to pour out between Michelle's tits.

"Uhhhh," Todd muttered, his breath shallow.

Vicky looked at him and smiled. "Come on, alpha-Male…your turn," she said, as a chorus of groaning, grunting teens filled the room.

"Here it comes," Todd muttered, his face wincing.

Hot spunk began to fire out of his piss-hole. Vicky felt it pulsing out inside her slippery cleavage. His knob peaked from her tit-cleft and sent a big rope of cum splattering up along her neck.

"Uuuugghhh!" the teen moaned, firing more and more cum between her rising and falling breasts. The Mothers used their tits to milk every drop of cum from the boys pricks.

"How was that reward, boys?" the Goddess asked.

"Awesome!" Todd shouted. The other boys laughed, as if he had answered for each of them. "Are your dicks still hard?"

Todd looked down at his bobbing erection, still glowing with baby-oil. "I know mine is," he muttered, drawing his mother's attention.

Vicky bit her bottom lip as she looked at the sturdy young dick sticking straight out.

"Hard enough for sexual intercourse?" the Goddess said.

"Hell yess!" One boy answered, making all the moms giggle.

The side doors opened. "You heard them mums. You have five minutes to hide before I release I hounds."

The Moms squealed and giggled as they scrambled out the door, their naked asses jiggled and their heavy tits jostled as they rushed down the corridor.

The Goddess smiled at the boys, eyeballing their eager cocks. "The moment of truth, boys. If you find your mum, she'll be waiting with open thighs. She wants you to spend the afternoon fucking her tight slippery cunt to near exhaustion. Do you think you're man enough?" she said.

Most of the boys muttered "yes."

"Ok then, go get it, boys. Go get some pussy," she said.

The boys scattered down different corridors, looking for their moms. It took Todd about ten minutes before he saw something hopeful in one of the rooms. It was a large hole in the wall. He couldn't see very far into it, but what he could see looked like the inside of a big latex condom.

Above the hole it read "Vicky & Todd," so he climbed inside. The soft elastic sides were slick to the touch and his body slid easily down into the mouth of the sack. Gliding to the bottom, Todd found himself in complete darkness. His body rested in a shallow pool of hot slippery liquid. "Hello?" he muttered.

A soft sexy voice cut through the darkness. "That must be my big-dicked baby boy," he heard his mom's voice say.

"Mom?" he called.

Todd was on his back and he suddenly felt a soft oily body slither up between his legs and onto his chest. He gasped as felt the spongy flesh of two huge slippery tits roll onto him.

A set of lips found his and planted a sensual kiss. "You found me," she whispered.

"Took me a bit, but yeah."

"You having fun?"

"Definitely," Todd muttered.

"And you thought this was gonna be a boring summer," Vicky whispered.

"I guess I was wrong. Why did you decide to bring me here anyway?" he asked.

With her body now on top of his, Vicky brought her lips to her son's ear.

"A few months ago, when I thought you were becoming sexually active, I told your father he should have a talk with you. Do you know what he told me?" she asked.

"What?"

"He told me he didn't have time, that I should take care of it...Well, guess what?" she asked.

"What?"

She flicked her tongue across his ear. "I'm taking care of it," she said.

Like a hungry animal, Vicky began to devour her son's face with sloppy kisses. Soon their lips met and their tongues began to wrestle.

"Tell me what you want, sweetie. Tell Mommy," she whispered between kisses.

"I wanna..." Todd hesitated, feeling her tongue lash at his neck.

"You wanna what?" Kiss, kiss, "Tell me," kiss, lick, lick..

"To have sex with you," he panted.

"You wanna have sex with mommy? You wanna fuck her hot wet hole?" she asked in a seductive tone.

"Oh God, yeah," Todd sighed.

"Do you wanna take me to paradise, baby?" she asked.

"I do," Todd voice quivered. He was so aroused he could hardly stand it.

"Do you wanna fuck me to the moon and back," she said seductively, then planted more kisses.

Vicky fell to the side, rolling her son up on top of her. Todd felt himself settle down between her warm slippery thighs. He felt her tiny hand clasp his cock and lick her greasy split with the bulbous cock-head. As he felt it slip into the hot fuck-socket, Todd thrust his hips, causing Vicky's velvet nest to stretch around his beefy erection.

"Oh yeeeeaaaahhhhh!" she cried out as Todd's pecker sank in to her most secret place. Todd's knob turned slightly upward as it met the spongy head of Vicky's cervix.

"Ohh man," he sighed as he felt her hot sheath tighten around his meaty cock.

"Oh, mom!" The teen groaned, his cock was so engorged with blood it felt like it was going to explode.

"Yess, sweetie...I feel you. Fuck meee!" Vicky whined.

Todd snaked his thick cock back a few inches, then thrust forward burying his meaty pecker straight to the root. Vicky responded by thrusting her pelvis upward and her son's cock stretched her uteri as her cunt swallowed every inch.

Rocking her hips, the hot mother, thrust her cunt, milking her son's oversized penis as it slipped back and forth through her clutching baby-chute.

"Oh God," Todd's young voice quivered as he rested his face in the crook in her neck.

The boy's meat slipped up and down Vicky's birth canal as she used her strong hip muscles to rock her pelvis. Precum seeped from the tip as Todd's mighty knob stretched the muscled lining of his mom's cunt.

"Ohhh yeesss," her cute little voice hissed as a hot orgasm approached.

"Oh, mom, I'm gonna...." he started.

"**CUMMING!!!**" she screamed as her body began to convulse.

They clung to each others hot slippery flesh, their naked bodies jerking and writhing. Vicky's huge tits sloshed between their sandwiches bodies. Her cunt squeezed and rippled around the throbbing hardon as it began to spit hot ropes.

"Uuughh!" Todd grunted as milky blasts erupted from his cunt-smothered penis.

"Yeeess!" Vicky's voice screeched as she came hard.

Her hips rocked wildly as she clutched on to her son as tight as she could, as if trying to somehow squeeze his entire body back inside her womb. Todd nearly passed out from the pleasure. His thin frame was sunk down in the clutches of her soft mature curves. He could feel her slippery pussy squirting hot girl-cum around his boner and it felt amazing.

Todd grunted as rope after rope pulsed from his baby-maker.

For two full minutes, mom and son bucked and lurched in sexual bliss as their genitals wetly smacked together.

"Oh, mom, that was...oh God," Todd sighed, out of breath.

"Mmm, you needed that didn't you, sweetie? The titties and mouth are nice, but there's nothing like a hot pussy," she said, kissing his cheek. "Especially a hot Mommy-pussy."

"Oh yeah...I'm sorry I came so quick. It just felt so good inside you," he said.

"It's okay. Your boner needed to cream...and now that it has, we'll do what we need to do to keep it hard. You just watch, in a few minutes you'll be ready to pound some more of that yummy pussy," she said.

"Uh, if you keeping talking like that I will be," Todd said.

"Oh, you like to hear mommy do naughty talk?" Vicky teased.

"Oh yeah," Todd sighed.

Vicky quickly rolled her son back over onto his back. She was now straddling him, his still-hard cock tucked inside her cunt. Her chest remained against his, her big bra-busters pancaked against him.

"You like to hear me talk about how I'm gonna smother your dick in tight slippery pussy?" she said in a sexy tone.

"Ohh, yeah," Todd muttered

"How I'm gonna fuck you silly this week and teach you to be a cocksman?" She said, then planted a series of kisses on his face and neck.

Todd's body quivered with excitement as he slid his hands back and squeezed her big meaty ass.

"Oh, man, I'm so turned on," the boy confessed.

His cock was back to full mast, flexing inside her cunt. "So am I," she whispered between kisses. "You feel so amazing, mom."

"Oh baby, it's getting big again. It wants more pussy, doesn't it, sweetheart," Vicky said. "Uh huh."

Vicky's ass began to bounce on her son, working his eleven-inch fuck-pole back into the creamy vaginal depths.

"It wants to fuck the pussy that gave birth to it," she said in a sexy tone.

She fell into a steady rhythm, using her strong hips to fuck him with long cunt-smothering thrusts.

"Ohh, shit," the teen muttered, beside himself with lust.

"You wanna feel mommy's cunt suck on your big meat and soak it with her juices," Vicky panted, licking at his neck.

"God, yess."

Todd felt like he was lost in a dream. Here he was in the pitch blackness of a oily sack, with his gorgeous middle-aged mom on top of him. He could feel her soft slippery curves, including her heavy tits plastered on his chest. He could hear her panting as she fucked his teenage cock with her sloppy cunt.

"You like that, baby? Does that feel good?" She said seductively, swiveling her hips.

"Yes," Todd sighed.

Vicky sat up, grinding their genitals. Todd could feel his engorged knob dragging back and forth across the mouth of her cervix. He sat up also, and buried his face between her wobbling breasts. Vicky held him tight, rocking her hips as he sucked one of her areola and nipples into his mouth and began to nurse.

Her vagina clamped down tightly around his meat as Vicky's body began to convulse."Ohhh, God, **I'M CUMMING!**" she cried out.

She used his big blood-engorged spoon to stir her insides, her matronly hips jerking up and back violently as she spewed cum on his cock. Vicky's tits flopped wildly, beating against Todd's face.

The big dicked teen found himself being pulled down as Vicky slipped onto her back and wrapped her strong slippery legs around him.

"**OHHHH! FUCK ME HARD!**" she cried.

Todd thrust forward with one big ball-bumping thrust, packing his mom's pussy with cock-meat. He retracted half-way, then drove it home again, then again and again and again, falling into a steady rhythm.

"Yesss!" Vicky screamed, squirting girl-cum along his thrusting prick.

Like a battering ram, Todd's powerful erection plowed through the delicate pink walls of her cunt, pounding against the entrance to her womb. He felt her big mommy-tits jostle against him with each mighty thrust.

For ten cunt-plummeting minutes, the horny teen pounded the pussy of his dreams, before Vicky's body began to convulse.

"Ohh, yes, baby, go hard! **FUCK ME HARD!!!**" she cried.

Todd obliged, driving his prick in and out of her spasming cunt. Hearing his own Mom wail made his balls start to tingle.

"Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum too!" he groaned as he felt the lava rise.

Vicky was too wrapped up in her own mind-blowing orgasm to answer. She grunted through clenched teeth like some sort of demonic Goddess. Her genitals shifted, creating an intense friction against her son's burrowing meat.

"Uuugghh," Todd grunted as his cannon went off inside her.

Bucking and lurching, mom and son wrestled through their orgasms. For what seemed like an eternity their bodies jerked and trembled as they used their most private parts to please one another.

"Wow, that was amazing," Todd said, as he and Vicky basked in post-orgasmic bliss.

"It sure was," Vicky said, still catching her breath. "I know I'm just here to help you, but I'll be honest, that was some great sex," she said with a giggle.

That evening, after their showers, the boys gathered in their bunk room. Many of them were laughing and goofing around with one

another.

Todd and Jeff's bunks were next to each other and they lay there chatting.

"Dude, my mom's cunt was so tight, it was insane," Jeff said.

"Yeah, fucking them in the dark, with all that hot oil was definitely a rush."

"Just wait, buddy. It gets a lot better. My friend told me the first couple days are nothing compared to what the rest of the week brings," Jeff said.

The door opened and Monique stepped into the room wearing a white cami top and booty shorts.

"Don't stay up too late, boys. You'll need to be well rested for tomorrow," she said.

"So there's no more sex tonight?" Dex asked.

"The evening exercise is only for one of you, the alpha-male. Todd, will you come with me please," Monique asked.

"You lucky fuck," Jeff said, glaring at Todd.

"What, I didn't ask for the biggest dick," Todd joked.

Todd was ushered to a room down the hallway. When he stepped inside, he gasped as he saw a semi-circle of naked matronly asses waiting for him. The ten moms knelt on a platform, with a white silky veil covering their top half, so that all the teen could see was their meaty half-globes sticking out.

"Damn," he muttered, feeling his dick rise.

Monique smiled as she backed out the doorway. "Enjoy getting your fuck on," she said.

The door closed behind him and Todd stripped out of his shorts, eye-balling the ten luscious asses pointed at him. His cock was fully hard and he couldn't help but take it in his hand and stroke to the sight of all that ass-flesh.

Like a kid in a candy store, the big-dicked teenager stepped forward into the half-circle of waiting women. He could see the smooth clamshells, peeking out from between their legs. He felt a rush of excitement knowing he was about to squeeze his dick into each one.

"Where do I even start?" he said out loud, then heard all of the mothers giggle, their buns jiggling.

At random, he chose his first mom, stepped up behind her and fed his big tapered cock-head into her creamy socket. Todd groaned as he sunk all the way to the hilt, his plump knob slipping right up against her spongy cervical head.

Grasping her soft birthing hips, the horny teen began to fuck, gliding his hard erection through her slippery sheath.

"Ohh damn," he whimpered out loud as he felt her mature cunt squeeze on his meat.

He humped for about a minute longer, staring at next ass over. The pussy lips on that Mom were fat and fleshy and the women wiggled her ass invitingly. Todd slipped his cock from one cunt. It glistened with pussy-juice. He stepped over and fed it into the next.

He heard the mom sigh as his ten inch boner slipped up her birth canal, until it finally kissed bottom. With big ball-bumping thrusts, Todd went to work. He could feel the mommy-twat flexing around him, smothering his impressive girth.

"Ahhhh," he sighed, his big juicy knob tingling deep inside her.

He looked down, watching the flesh her meaty ass ripple each time it struck his abdomen. As good as he felt, soon he was drawn to another eager cunt.

As he moved from one woman to the next, he grabbed his prick and rubbed his purple helmet between the fleshy lips of her snatch, before stretching her slippery vagina with his thick pole.

Ass after big beautiful ass beat against him as he moved around the circle. Each cunt was unique and added a different sensation to his cock as they pushed back to meet his thrusts.

Several times he would hear a voice on the other side of the curtain squeal as he made them cum with his big dick.

"Ohhhh, so good," he whimpered, hammering his hardon through the grip of a tight pussy, his big hairless scrotum swinging beneath his cunt-smothered cock.

Finally, after nearly an hour, Todd's cock began to spit big milky squirts. Mid-orgasm he pulled his cock from one cunt, sending a long rope across the room, then quickly buried it in the hot pussy of different mom, filling her vagina with his remaining cream.

After being escorted back, Todd showered, then slept like a baby that night.

DAY 3

The boys were awakened by the sound of giggling moms and watched as they filed into the room wearing nothing but white transparent nylon body stockings. They each carried a breakfast tray as they stepped across the room on bare feet.

Todd sat up as he watched his mom sashay towards him. The site of her nylon encased tits and the V of her nearly bald pubis sent blood rushing to his cock. He smiled to himself, knowing that it was one of the cunts he had pounded from behind the night before.

"Good morning, cutie." Vicky said, setting the tray down on the bedside stand.

"Morning," Todd muttered, drooling over her body.

"Sleep well?" she asked, leaning over and giving him a sensual peck on the lips.

"Sure did," he muttered, glancing down at her big meaty boobs stretching the nylon.

"Would you like mommy to straddle you?" she asked naughtily.

"Absolutely."

"We're not gonna fuck right now, so you be good," she teased.

"I can try."

Like the other moms, Vicky pulled the blankets back and climbed onto the bed, straddled her son and planting both knees on the mattress astride his hips.

Todd sighed as he felt the heat of her genitals. The bottom of his hard shaft sunk between the thick squishy lips of her labial meat as she rested her weight on him.

Looking straight ahead, Todd stared at her huge ballooning breasts as they pushed against the transparent fabric. Her nipples stuck out like rubbery marshmallows of flesh.

The mother looked down at him, watching him stare in awe. "Think I could get away with wearing something like this at home?"

"Probably not," Todd laughed.

Vicky began to spoon feed him, as the other moms were doing to their sons.

"How did I do last night?" Todd asked.

"Well, you made all ten of us cum, so I'd say you did pretty damn good," she answered.

"I wish I'd have known which one was you," he said, as his mom fed him another spoon-full.

She gave him a sexy smile. "Why, so you could have given my pussy some extra attention?"

"Yeah."

"Well, don't fret too much, sugar. I'm sure you'll be spending plenty of time up inside mom's squeeze-box the next few days," she said.

"I hope so," Todd said, flexing his cock against her mons.

Vicky responded, crushing her clit against his bulging prick. "Me too," she smiled, staring down at him.

They glanced over at Jeff and Michelle, who were on the next bed over. Michelle was laying flat against him, her big tits sandwiched against his chest as she whispered naughty things into his ear.

"Hard to believe that's the same mom who used to ground him all the time for coming home late," Todd said.

"Now, sweetie, we moms may ground and scold you once in a while, but inside...we're all just horny little girls, that'll never change," she said.

Vicky brought her chest down onto his, snuggling against him. Todd loved the feel of her big spongy milkers mashing against his well-toned chest.

"We Moms are just horny little girls in big girl bodies," she said, then whispered in his ear, "Naughty little girls that crave big dick."

Todd wrapped his arms around her voluptuous body, clutching her tightly against him as Vicky began kissing and licking his neck.

"Ohhh, shit," the teen sighed. He felt like his entire body was being swallowed in the warm nylon-encased suppleness of his mother's middle-aged body.

Soon, her mouth found his, and they were making out like young lovers, their tongues dancing together passionately.

Vicky gently rocked her hips, rubbing her horny gash back and forth against the girth of Todd's erection.

As his Mom kissed her way back to his neck, and flailed her long tongue, Todd let out a delightful sigh. As the rest of the world went about it's marry way, here were ten lucky boys, tucked away in a secret resort, with their big breasted, overly horny moms showing them the pleasures of manhood.

"This is awesome," he confessed.

Vicky giggled between kisses. "You like it, sweetheart."

"I can't imagine liking anything more."

"See what us girls can do to you? See all the pleasure our bodies can bring you?" Vicky whispered, taking both his hand and pinning them back over his head.

With her arms extended out, her big boobies rested softly against Todd's face. He pressed his nose up between her wobbling wonders, into her gaping cleavage. "Ohhh yeah, I love it," he muttered.

Vicky giggled, rocking her shoulders and making her cannons jiggle around his face. At the same time, she pressed on his cock, letting her wet slit drag up and down it's length.

"Whoa," Todd sighed, enjoying the sensation of having his face smothered between her soft nylon covered boobs.

After about fifteen minutes of naughty snuggles, Monique entered the room and smiled as she saw the moms loving on their boys.

"How was breakfast, boys?" she asked.

"Yummy," the African-American boy, Alex sighed, with his mom's giant boob mashed up against his face.

"Yeah…what he said," another boy added, making all the mom's giggle as they sat up.

"Moms, if you'll follow me, we'll prepare for the first exercise of the day," she said.

Vicky climbed off her son, her heavy boobs bobbling beneath the nylon. She gazed down at him lustfully as she drug her long nails across his chest. "See you in a while," she said.

"Okay," Todd muttered, his heart pounding with excitement as he watched her sashay away. He could see his mom's meaty buttocks right through the nylon. Her big buns jiggled atop her strong sexy legs as she walked off. "Damn," the teen muttered lustfully.

After the boys were prepared, Monique came back for them. "Ready, boys?" she said.

They followed her down the corridor and into the hall of the Goddess. The moms were all waiting, standing by lounge-chairs completely naked.

"Holy fuck, they're naked, dude," Jeff whispered to Todd excitedly.

The Goddess stood at the front of the hall. Her voice echoed through the room. "Good morning, boys! Find your mother and embrace her," she said.

Todd walked over to Vicky and faced her, placing his arms around her soft hips, as she threw hers around his neck and smiled.

"Hey," she said, in that cute little mommy-tone.

"Hi," he answered, a bit nervously.

"Today, with the help of your mothers, we'll be teaching you the various positions of sexual intercourse. Once each couple has taken the position, you will have five minutes to practice it. Pace yourselves, boys. You will also need to begin work on increased staying-power, which mean no cumming. Slow your thrusts if you need to," the Goddess explained.

Vicky smiled and whispered to him. "Well, look at that, back inside this squeeze-box sooner than you thought," she teased.

The Goddess stepped forward. "Everyone ready?" she asked. "Mums on your backs...boys, cocks out and ready for penetration."

Vicky stepped over to the knee-high lounge and laid down on her back, her big naked melons rolling slightly off her chest.

Along with the other boys, Todd removed his shorts, releasing his big bobbing erection.

"This first position is the most common. It's called the missionary position," the Goddess said.

A large image was projected onto the wall. It showed a couple engaged in missionary position intercourse.

Vicky raised her knees and spread her tan thighs. Todd gazed at her spread for a moment, still amazed that it was his own mom. The split in her plump, mostly shaved cunt was slightly splayed open, revealing a coral gash. Todd crawled up in between her thighs. He heard a few of the moms moan as their sons slid their cocks up inside them.

"This position allows a great deal of body contact, and a good depth of penetration," the Goddess explained.

Vicky let out a cute little squeal as her son's cock split her quim, and plunged up her clutching birth canal. She slid her strong silky-smooth legs up around his waist, cradling him between her warm thighs as he brought his weight down against her.

Todd touched bottom, feeling his blood-engorged bell tip curve slightly upward as it squashed the wet, slippery head of her cervix.

The Goddess stepped between the loungers, observing. "Now, before we begin. I wanna show you boys a technique in this position that will drive a woman crazy with lust. Bring your chest down onto hers, then curl your arms behind her back and grasp onto her shoulders from behind."

The boys did as instructed, and the Goddess looked on, pleased with their body positioning. "Do you see how much leverage this gives you? You won't be thrusting in this position. You'll keep your cocks buried as deep as they'll go, showing your mother the power and strength of your manhood. Begin!"

Grasping her shoulders, Todd speared his big prick as deep as it would go. Vicky gasped, tightening her smooth circled legs.

She felt her son's big knob dig at her womb, which caused her to throw her head to one side, tossing her pretty hair. She arched her chest so that her big boobies sloshed between them.

The Goddess stopped and looked down at the couple. "Her body will begin to writhe beneath you in lust. Don't let her movements throw you off. Keep your cocks buried deep. Stay with her every movement as she squirms beneath you. Your cocks will begin to stretch every part of her vagina."

Vicky gasped as she gazed up wide-eyed at her son. Todd felt his cock being squeezed and stirred around inside the hot sheath of her cunt. The mother's eyes rolled back as she gyrated her hips. Todd kept his throbbing cock all the way inside her, not easing up one bit as her muscled inner lining sucked and squeezed on his unyielding meat, soaking it in fuck-oil.

The other moms reacted much the same way, rocking and squirming beneath their teens as their big dicks pushed at their wombs.

"That it, boys, stay with them. Let them squeeze and grind on those erections," the Goddess said.

"Ohhhh my God," Michelle's voice quivered as wiggled beneath Jeff's body. Like the other boys, the teen had a tight grip on his mom's shoulders, keeping his erection packed inside her cunt. The muscles in Michelle's mature body flexed and quivered, pushing back against her son's deeply held thrust.

Vicky was doing the same thing, gasping and writhing beneath her confident son. Her lovely legs were locked around him and their hips rocked in unison, stirring their joined genitals.

Todd and Jeff looked at each other as they both held on tight to the rocking, squirming female flesh beneath them. "Look how horny they're getting," Jeff said.

"Right," Todd muttered, riding his mom's squishy arching chest.

"Now, you can loosen your grip and begin to thrust," the Goddess said. "Five minutes of practice, boys. You may begin.

The row of ten teenage asses began to slowly rise and fall as they fucked their cocks in and out of the matronly holes.

Todd looked straight down into his mother's eyes as he slowly sawed his big dick in and out. Her mouth was slightly agape, her pupils glazed over, her lips curled slightly into the naughtiest smile he had ever seen.

"Yes!...Oh, sweetie, that's good," she panted, feeling his thick manhood slide through her cunt.

Todd felt his own knob tingle as it sliced through the slippery ribbed lining of her pussy walls. "Oh man, it feels incredible, mom," he muttered, his voice quivering.

"Long strokes, boys! Let her feel the length of your cock on every thrust," the Goddess said.

Todd rested his head on Vicky's neck, between her chin and shoulder as he fucked with steady thrusts.

"Faster...fuck me a little faster," she whispered.

Todd complied, putting a little more power in his hips as he fed his strong, veiny cock through her velvety socket.

The sound of the boy's balls beating against their mother's asse's filled the room, as the boys hammered away at the hungry vaginas.

That's it, boys. One minute left. Fuck their pussies hard and fast," the Goddess said.

Todd's ass was a blur as he fucked her as hard as he could. Vicky whimpered as she clutched onto him. Her naked body trembling from the impact of his hard thrusts.

"Ohhh my God!" she cried out.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh," another mother suddenly screamed.

"Ohh yesss, fuck mee!" Michelle screamed, her legs propped back, and scissored wide open around her son's onslaught.

"I'm cummmming!" Vicky cried out.

Her cunt tightened, and Todd felt a rush of hot juice wash along his prick.

"Boys, keep your cocks inside mum as you move her into the next position. This one is called the side-by-side," the Goddess instructed.

After looking up at the projected image, Todd and the other boys fell to their sides, with their mom's legs still wrapped around them. Now he and Vicky were both on their sides, facing each other.

"Boys, notice how your mums are keeping their legs wrapped around you to facilitate deeper penetration. As you thrust, she'll use her legs to pull you towards her, to achieve greater depth," the Goddess explained.

As Todd began to fuck in this position, he realized that his mom knew exactly what she was doing. She had years of experience in these positions and didn't even need to look up at the projected example.

"Mmm, you're doing sooo good, sweetheart," she sighed, still coming off her recent orgasm.

He could feel the heels of her sexy feet, pulling him in each time he thrust forward. The silky feel of her strong freshly-shaved legs coiled around him was amazing.

As the five minutes went on, Todd heard one of the moms pop. Her cute little scream echoing through the hall. A few seconds later, another mom began to howl.

"Ohhhh sweetie," Vicky cried, gazing him in the eyes, "you're gonna make me cum again!"

Upon hearing this, Todd increased his tempo. Ten seconds later, he felt her cunt shrink around his cock.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh, God!!!!" she screamed, clutching her son like her life depended on it. Todd felt hot girl-cum swirl around his boner and drip down off his nuts.

"Ohhh wow!" he muttered, riding his mom through her orgasm before the Goddess moved them on to the next position.

"Move your mum onto her back now for our next position, which is called the butterfly," the Goddess said.

Vicky big tits wobbled heavily as she dropped onto her back. She lifted her legs and placed her feet on Todd's shoulders.

"Place your dicks outside the vagina and slowly begin pushing forward," the Goddess instructed. "This will cause your dick to plow against the top wall of her vagina, and stimulate the G-spot, which we discussed yesterday," the Goddess said.

Todd's cock found it's target, splitting the smooth fleshy lips of her cunt. He clutched his arms around her thighs and began thrusting.

His eyes were drawn to his mom's naked tits as they rolled up and down her chest. The were like fleshy waves rippling up and down.

He glanced up to see his mom watching him. Vicky smiled and gave him a cute wink, delighted by how entranced her boy was by her big mommy-melons.

The teen felt his engorged knob dragging across the wet rubbery texture of Vicky's G-spot and like most of the moms in the room, she spent the better part of that five minutes howling in orgasm.

"Now move to the edge of the lounge; boys kneeling on the floor for the vertical missionary," the Goddess said.

Todd knelt on the floor, between Vicky's legs as she sat on the edge of the cushion. He clutched her meaty buttocks and drove his cock home.

"Boys, again you'll be doing most of the work in this position, but be careful, it can produce a very quick orgasm," the Goddess said.

Todd looked down past his mom's dancing boobs and watched his glistening cock glide in and out. Vicky's cunt-lips were stretched obscenely around it's girth, her engorged clitoris sticking out from beneath it's hood like a stump in a swamp. She sat up as their genitals bucked together.

"Having fun?" she asked, her face still flushed from her recent orgasm.

"God, yes." Todd sighed.

"I'll show you a variation of this that I like," Vicky said, throwing an arm around him, bringing her legs up off the floor and enter-locking her ankles around his ass. "Like this," she said.

"Oh yeah, I like this," Todd moaned as his mom clutched him tight and licked his neck.

"I wonder why," she giggled between licks.

Vicky's breasts were now flattened between them as she clutched on tight to the hard-bodied teen.

"A few of you moms have moved into more of an armchair position. Very good. Show your student the different variations," the Goddess said.

Todd felt wicked as he thought about what his dad would think if her could see what they were doing right now.

"Dad would freak out if he could see us right now," Todd said.

Vicky giggled, continuing a steady hump. "Ya think?" the said, then went back to licking. "Kind of a thrill though isn't it?"

"What?"

"Knowing that your father's at work right now, and that he has no idea you're here fucking his wife," she said with a wicked smile.

"Both of you back on the lounge now for what's called the spooning position," the Goddess said.

Todd glanced up at the image, then found his mom on her side waiting for him. He slid up behind her and she sat up slightly. "Put your arm under me," she said.

He brought his arm up under hers and wrapped the other one over the top, so he could clutch her big tits. With her butt against his genitals, Todd fumbled to find her pussy. He felt her tiny hand grasp his boner and feed it into her waiting hole.

"Uuugggh, damn," he sighed as he felt the better part of his ten-inch rod sink into the hot clutch of her pussy.

"Boys, kiss and lick her neck while you squeeze her breasts. All of these are necessary skills to becoming a true cocksman," the Goddess said.

Todd loved feeling the soft cushion of his mom's bare buttocks on every downward thrust. Just as he was beginning to get the hang of the spoon, the Goddess directed them into the next position.

"Mums, on your tummies for the spread eagle," she said.

Vicky rolled onto her stomach, her heavy breasts bulging out at the sides as they flattened against the cushion. Todd looked down at her meaty half-moons.

"Boys, you will sometimes here this position referred to as 'riding a woman's ass' because you'll be straddling it like you would a saddle," the Goddess explained.

Todd climbed on his mom and fed his cock into her steamy split. Vicky had a big meaty ass, which provided just the right amount of cushion for his thrusts. As Todd drove his boner deep, he felt like king of the cowboys.

Vicky rested on her elbows. She peered back at her boy, watching him thrust his meaty pecker into her. "Hey…lay down on me," she whispered.

Todd brought his body down on hers, resting his head on her shoulder as he continued to thrust. "You're getting pretty good at riding that ass," she said with a wink.

"I have a good partner."

Todd suddenly felt his Mom's fuck-tube clamp down on his cock as she flexed her coital muscles. "Ohhhh," he sighed.

Vicky smiled at his reaction. "You have no idea how good I can be," she teased.

"I forgot how much I like this position," Michelle said, looking over at Vicky.

On the other side of Todd and his Mother, Morgan, the blonde mom with short hair chimed in. "I was just thinking the same thing, Michelle. I love it!"

"I definitely think it's better for G-spot stimulation," Vicky said.

"Especially when long dicks like the ones on our boys are doing the job," Michelle added.

All three moms casually talked, propped up on their elbows, their big jiggling tits squashed against the lounge as their boys lay across their backsides, humping away.

"The next position is called doggy-style. It allows for deep penetration when having vaginal or anal intercourse," the Goddess said.

Vicky got on her hands and knees and Todd knelt behind her, wasting no time getting his cock back inside her warm cunt. The middle-aged mom's dangling boobs swung wildly as she threw her ass back, meeting her son thrust for thrust.

"Yes, just like that!" Vicky gasped.

The hall filled with the sounds of flesh beating against flesh. Todd held his Mom's soft hips, watching her ass cheeks ripple as they slapped against his abdomen. He spread her cheeks a bit and looked at the crinkled ring of her asshole.

A buttery froth began to form on Todd's boner as his precum and her cuntal secretions churned together.

"Now we're gonna start with more of the female dominated positions. All the boys on your backs. Mums, take the standard cowgirl position," the Goddess said.

Todd dropped onto his back, and Vicky crawled over and straddled him. He stared in awe at her huge wobbling breasts and the long cavernous cleavage that formed as they drooped down above his face. "Damn," he muttered, making Vicky giggle.

"Mums, let's do five minutes sitting up and five minute laying against him. Then we'll sit you back up for a five minute grind," the Goddess said.

Vicky began to bounce on her son cock, her tits flopping wildly on her chest. Todd just laid there, flabbergasted as he stared up at the swinging jugs.

Gradually, the middle-aged Mom began to pick up the pace, her ass beating down hard against her son's balls. It was becoming more and more obvious that Vicky was an absolute fuck-hound who liked it hard, fast and deep.

"Ohhh God, yesss!" she cried out as her beautiful body bounced up and down at a desperate rate, her thick outer cunt flesh beating wetly against his cock-base.

Todd glanced across at the row of nine moms. All of their heavy tits were bouncing, their beautiful manes of hair being tossed around as their cunts sprung up and down on their boys dicks.

"**OOHHH SHIT!**" Vicky suddenly gasped, as she felt her son's huge steely prick scratching her orgasmic itch.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!" One of the other Mother's screamed out in orgasmic delight.

"Oohhhh **YEEEEAHHHHH!**" Morgan howled as her body began to convulse on top of Dex, her big fatty tits trembling on her chest.

"Yeessss!" Vicky cried, joining the chorus and cumming on her son's cock.

Todd's heart raced as he watched his gorgeous brunette Mom ride through her orgasm. She looked as though she were possessed by an evil spirit as she threw her head around, gasping and crying out, with a pleasurable grimace across her pretty face.

Todd heard Jeff's Mom scream and looked over to see that she too was cumming as she bounced on her son's cock. Michelle's huge alabaster 38 triple d's were jumping and rippling across her chest much the same way that Vicky's were.

"Now laying against him, ladies," the Goddess instructed.

Vicky came down against her son, still panting as her body was hit with post-orgasmic contractions. As intense as it was, the mother didn't miss a beat. Her ass bobbed up and down as she continued her assault on her son's dick.

"Oh, Davy...**OH, DAVY, I'M CUMMING!**" came a mom's voice from across the room.

"**OH, SWEET JESUS!!!**" Lakisha's shaky voice cried out, her thick black ass rising and falling on her son.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!" Michelle shrieked. as she was hit with another hard cum.

Todd's arms circled his mom's curvy body. Her warm jiggling tits felt amazing against him. It was all he could do to keep from cumming

as his cock thundered up and down her cunt-tube.

"Now sit up for a five minute grind," the Goddess said.

The mom's all lifted their heavy milkers from their sons chests and began to rock their hips up and back, plowing their cunts with the big teenage dick.

Todd gazed down at the soft rounded contour of her pubis as it rocked up and back against his. Their genital looked fused together as she ground up and back.

He felt her coital muscles flex, compressing her pink vaginal walls around his meat. "Damn!" he muttered.

He gazed up and found Vicky smiling down at him over the swell of her heavy bobbling breasts. Moments later, her mouth slowly fell open and her eyes began to roll back.

Her hips began to rock frantically, swiveling up and back as she used his ten-inch monster to plow her depths.

Within moments of each other, ten middle-aged moms began to pop. Soon the entire hall was filled with grunting cries. It was like a choir of orgasmic mommy-screams.

Todd watched his mom's body convulse as she came hard on his cock. Her face was red and contorted as she shook and screamed, her enormous breast jiggling and swaying like two big overfilled water-balloons.

"Ohhh, man," he said, looking over at Jeff.

Michelle too was cumming hard on her son's cock. There was a pleasurable grimace on her pretty face as she rocked her strong motherly hips. The two boys smiled at each other as they watched the two moms tremble and scream.

"Look at you boys make your mums cum with those big cocks!" the Goddess shouted. After the wave of orgasms had stopped, the Goddess directed them into the next position. "Ladies, you'll now be turning around and riding him reverse cowgirl," she said.

As Vicky fought to catch her breath, she gave her son a smiling wink and turned to take the next position.

Todd had a great view of his mom's big meaty ass as she faced away from him. As he plunged back down into the wet warmth of her cunt, the plump cheeks of Vicky's ass completely smothered any sign of his erection.

She glanced back, feeding him a naughty smile as she rocked on his strong blood-engorged cock.

He reached down and squeezed her ass, feeling the strength of her fleshy cheeks.

He watched her wide hips swivel fluidly, like a well-oiled machine propelling her luscious naked buttocks up and back over and over again.

"The next position is called the lotus. Boys, this is one of the more intimate positions, so don't be afraid to kiss and suck," the Goddess said.

As Todd crossed his legs, Vicky turned and sat facing him, coiling her strong motherly legs around his waist. As his cock struck bottom, mom and her son began to slowly rock.

"I'll have you know, son of mine, that this is your mom's favorite position," she said, her face hovering a foot above his.

"I can see why. I like it too," he muttered, resting his face in the deep cleft between her spongy-soft boobs.

"Gets my baby closer to those big soft boobies," she said with a smile, then wrapped her arms around his head, pulling him even tighter between her mounds.

For five wonderful minutes Todd felt her rock on his body while squeezing his dick with the muscled sheath of her cunt. His entire head was squeezed between her mammoth tits. He whimpered with delight into the spongy tit-flesh that was plastered against his face. It was all he could do to keep from blasting a gallon of cum inside her.

"Mums, we've been at it for about two hours. I think these boys deserve to cum, don't you?" the Goddess said.

"Yes!" the ladies said in unison, with a few little giggles.

"For our last position then, we're gonna let them drain their nuts. We had a dry run with this one yesterday, boys. Today, however, it's balls deep," she said.

A few minutes later, the boys all had their moms pinned against the padded wall. The women's mature arms and legs were wrapped around their sons as the boys hammered away at the dripping pussies.

Vicky sloppily sucked on her son's neck as he held her up off the floor, her strong tongue digging at the erogenous zones on his neck. Todd's glistening cock sawed in and out of the steamy cunt. Most all the couples had been fucking for a good ten minutes, and a light sheen of perspiration covering their naked bodies. Most of the boys could feel the juice and sweat literally dripping from their balls.

"Ohhh, shit," Todd whimpered. He felt as if he and his mom's bodies were fused together. He could hardly believe this was his own mother clinging to him. Her warm sweaty curves were driving him crazy with lust.

"Ohhh yesss, fuck me, sweetie," she cried out, making his smothered cock throb and tingle.

One by one the boys began to groan as great geysers of liquid love began to pulse from their cocks.

"Ohhh, I feel it, baby. I feel your cum!" Morgan panted, squeezing her curvy legs around Dex's thrusting ass.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh," another mother screamed as her son grunted.

"Cumming!" Todd announced as jizz blasted from his meatus, splashing against the head of Vicky's cervix. It was followed by more squirts in rapid succession.

For ten more minutes his cock was milked, every drop soaking into Vicky's unprotected womb.

After lunch, the students and mothers returned to the hall and were instructed to get naked again.

"Boys, along with our pussies, women were given tits to provide boys nourishment when they're younger and pleasure when they get older. Women's tits were made to be squeezed and sucked, so for the next half-hour, you'll be doing what's called 'tit-play'… squeezing, sucking and chewing on your mother's breasts. Any objections?" the Goddess asked.

The boys all shook their heads excitedly.

The Goddess smiled at the moms. "There never are," she said, making the moms giggle. "Boys, on your backs, please. Mums, kneel beside them."

The teens all sprawled out on the loungers and the mothers knelt at their sides. "Comfy boys?" the Goddess asked.

"Yes," the all answered.

"Mothers, when the music starts, I'd like for you to position yourselves above your sons, on your hands and knees, so your tits dangle above their faces," the Goddess said.

The soft beat of **R&B** filled the hall and the moms all took position above their sons as they were instructed. Todd gasped as he looked up at Vicky's enormous dangling boobs.

"Boys, your mothers and I are going to give you a thorough tour of her breasts, pointing out all the spots that you need to pay attention to during intercourse," the Goddess explained.

The Goddess began to stroll in between the couples for observation. "The first thing I want you to do it look up between her breasts. This canyon between her tits is called the cleavage. You're all probably used to see the top portion of her cleavage in sexy blouses or dresses she may wear, but as you can see, there's much, much more to your mother's cleavage than what you've seen in those outfits. The purpose of the woman's cleavage is to smother men's faces or cocks, as you found out yesterday."

The Goddess stepped up close to Todd and Vicky. "Boys, rub your faces up into your mother's cleavage," she said, then watched as Todd burrowed his face up between Vicky's dangling jugs. "Feel how soft and supple they are against your face. Kiss and lick the insides of her tits," she said.

Todd heart beat excitedly as he explored his mom's soft squishy cleavage. He licked his way down to the base and kissed her breastbone.

"Now, wander down underneath them to kiss and lick the soft undersides," the Goddess said.

Todd shivered with the thrill of being beneath his Mother's tits. He drug his tongue across the smooth contours along the bottoms of her boobs, letting their immense weight rest and drag against his face.

"Now, press your face into her breasts and latch on to her nipples. Suck and pull at them, attack them with nibbles and licks. This drives a woman wild with lust," the Goddess explained.

Todd lashed his licker across her nipple and areola, with his face masked in tit-meat. "Mmmnnn," he whimpered, sucking like a baby.

After letting the boys suck for ten minutes, the Goddess spoke up again. "Now that you boys have been instructed in the various sexual positions, your mothers and I are going to work with you to develop what's called staying power," the Goddess said. "How many of you like to fuck girls?"

All the boys raised their hand.

"Well I should hope so," the Goddess said, making the mothers giggle. "How many of you like to fuck them hard and make her cum?" The Goddess asked.

Again, all of them responded. Todd glanced at Vicky who was feeding him a cute little smile as she sat beside him on the lounge.

"Located between your scrotum and your anus is what's called the **PC** muscle. Those of you who learn to affectively flex this muscle during intercourse will prolong your orgasm and bring greater pleasure to the girls you fuck," She explained.

The Goddess had the boys form a line with the mothers gathered across from them. "You're going to practice flexing your **PC** muscles. If you are squeezing properly, your erection should rise high into the air. Everyone ready?"

"Yes," the boys said.

"**FLEX!**" she said loudly.

The teenage boners jumped at her command, pointing straight to the ceiling.

"Hold it...hold it... Now release," The Goddess said.

Each of the boners fell slightly, bobbing as they again pointed straight at the women across from them.

"**FLEX!**" The Goddess commanded.

The women whispered to one another as they watched, mouths agape, as the big teen cocks responded.

"Oh my God, Vicky, look how hard they are," Michelle whispered.

"Such strong boners," Vicky whispered back.

"**RELEASE**," the Goddess shouted. "When you fuck...and you feel like you're going to shoot your load, flexing your **PC** muscle can make your orgasm subside. A true cocksman will master this technique. Now let's use it in practice and see how long we last. Ladies," the Goddess said, glancing at the moms.

The moms turned and leaned over onto the lounge chairs, so that their feet were still on the ground, but their meaty asses were pointed straight towards their sons.

Todd took a second to admire his Mom's ample bottom. He could see the cute little puckered ring of her asshole as it winked at him. Peaking out from underneath her globes was the shaved outer lips of her cock-grinder.

"Before you fuck them from behind, rub the head of your dicks through their labial meat and across their clitoris's," the Goddess

said.

The horny teens stepped forward and did as the Goddess asked, plowing their knobs through the women's juicy slits. Then, they slid their cocks inside the waiting cunts.

The soft walls of Vicky's birth canal expanded around the blood engorged pecker of her son as it as slithered like a mighty one-eyed python through it's hole.

"Ohh yeah," Todd sighed, watching his entire shaft disappeared.

Clutching her wide hips, the eager teen began to fuck, slipping his meaty erection up and down her clutching fuck-tube. The repetitive sound of asses slapping against abdomens filled the hall as each of the ten boys fell into their own ball-bouncing rhythm.

Todd loved to watch his Mom's ass ripple each time it bounced against him. Vicky thrust her butt back, meeting her baby stroke for stroke. She rested her elbows on the platform and Todd could see the backs of her pendulous breasts swinging up and back.

"How do those dicks feel, ladies?" the Goddess asked.

"Oh my God, amazing!" Vicky panted. The other Mom responded similarly.

After about five minutes of deep bone-grinding, the moms began to pop, squealing and shaking like young college girls.

"Ohh sweetheart, fuck me hard! **GO!**" Vicky panted as her orgasm approached.

Todd felt her knees buckle as he pounded his erection through her wet pussy. His veiny hardon flexed as it drove in and out, bumping the back of her cunt on each thrust.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!!" she cried out, as her cunt shrunk up around her boy's pussy-pleaser.

Her tightening, spewing cunt caused the teen to slow his thrusts a little as his knob and balls began to tingle.

Vicky glancing back, bucking her ass against him. "No, don't slow down, sweetie. Flex your **PC**."

Todd took deep breaths and flexed his **PC** muscle, but still the feeling was too intense. "Ohhh, shit, mom!" his voice trembled, pausing his thrusts.

"Keep going, baby, come on, you can do it," she said, pushing her ass at him.

Todd thrust slowly, flexing his **PC** muscle until his orgasm subsided.

"Better?" Vicky asked, looking back at him.

"Yeah."

"Good, ready to speed up again?" she asked.

"Okay," Todd sighed.

Vicky and her son increased the rhythm of their fucking. The veins and muscles at the root of Todd's penis jutted out obscenely as they sustained the force of the driving cock-shaft.

Mother and son kept the wild pace for another solid five minutes before Vicky again began to howl in orgasm. Many times Todd's cock felt as though it were going to explode, but deep breathing and flexing his **PC** muscle allowed him to keep fucking.

"You're doing amazing, sweetie. Great work!" his mom encouraged him breathlessly.

After about a half-hour of ass-pounding sex many of the boys couldn't help but cum. Todd was only one of three boys who hadn't blown his nuts.

"Those boys who have blown their load can head to the showers. The remaining three can pick any position and continue fucking," the Goddess said.

Todd pulled his sloppy cock from his Mom's cunt, a string of semen dripping from his piss-hole.

"Well I told you mine, but now I guess I get to find out your favorite sexual position," Vicky said, turning to him with a smile.

"Cowgirl," Todd said with a smile.

"Good choice," Vicky said as Todd got on his back on the lounge.

Vicky straddled her son and slipped his cock back inside her pussy. Todd stared as her big dangling udders as they bobbled just above his face. Vicky smiled down knowingly at her handsome teen. "I know what you want," she teased.

As she stirred her cunt with her son's cock, Vicky leaned over, letting her enormous jugs flop around on her son's face. He caught the nipple in his mouth and began to nurse.

For what seemed like forever, Todd lay there with his mom's soft sweaty tits resting against his face. He greedily sucked and chewed on her huge areola, digging his tongue into its bumpy surface. He was truly in tittie-heaven.

With his face masked in spongy tit-meat, the teen snorted like a sex-crazed animal, chewing and slurping on a mound of Vicky's tit that he had stuffed in his mouth. This included her thick areola and hardened nipple. His teeth sunk down into the engorged flesh of her tender tips, sending an electric jolt straight to Vicky's cunt.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh, fuck!" she cried out.

The big-titted mother ground frantically, her cunt closing up like a velvet vice, spewing hot girl-cum all over her son's boner.

Having his own mom scream and convulse against him as she came on his cock was the greatest feeling in the world.

When he finally came, Todd creamed harder than any time in his life. He grunted and groaned into the smothering tit as he thrust his hips upward, soaking every inch of his ten-inch pecker in soft wet warmth.

"Yesss, fuck meee," he heard his mom wail.

"Aaaughh, shit!" Todd groaned as thick ropes of cock-milk shot wildly from his piss-hole, soaking Vicky's sex chamber.

A few minutes later, they settled down and Todd and Vicky discovered that they were the last ones left in the chamber. The Goddess stepped up behind them.

"Size and stamina...I'm impressed. Mum, I think we have ourselves a cocksman in the making," she said.

Vicky smile, still catching her breath. "I think so too," she said.

After dinner the boys were asked to change into their swim trunks, which were nothing but tiny thin silk speedos. They were ushered down to a large bright room with a huge pool-sized Jacuzzi.

"Holy shit, man, that's the biggest Jacuzzi I've ever seen," Jeff said.

"I'll beat you in," Todd said, as he took off towards the pool.

The boys all dove in one by one. In the middle of the jacuzzi were two rows of submerged lounge seats. The rows were back to back, so that the head of one row met the head of the other one.

The teens began to goof-off. Todd and Jeff swam over and perched themselves on two of the loungers, Jeff was on the one behind his friend. The heated water felt amazing.

"Do you think they'll be wearing anything," Jeff asked.

Before Todd could answer, a set of doors opened and the boys watched as theoms entered the pool room. The ladies each had on a mini micro-bikini, which left nothing to the imagination.

"Holy shit, looks at those bikinis, man," Jeff said.

"More like half a bikini. Not even that," Todd said, watching the ten sets of huge bobbling breasts move towards the pool. Only the stings and a small semi-transparent patch of fabric held the wobbling wonders.

Never in a thousand years did Todd ever think he'd see his mom in something like this. The plump bulge of her labial meat seeped out the sides of the tiny triangle covering her mommy-muffin. The small patch of pubic fuzz was now gone and it was obvious that Vicky's pubis was now completely shave.

"Holy fuck," Todd muttered.

"You can say that again, dude," Jeff muttered.

"Did you save us spots, boys?" Michelle asked.

"Definitely," Jeff said.

Vicky and Michelle giggled as they dove gracefully into the water. Todd watched his mom surface and their eyes locked onto each others like magnets as she swam towards him like a bitch in heat.

The big breasted mom floated up between his legs and parked her heavenly softness against his chest. Her lips grazed his as she gazed

down at him. "Hi," she said softly.

"Hi," Todd answered.

She was so beautiful with her hair slicked back, tan skin glistening and her nearly naked body against his. Todd already had a raging pillar of cock-meat in his shorts.

"Did you miss me?" Vicky asked.

Even though it had only been a half-hour since they were together, Todd nodded. Michelle and Jeff's heads rested right next to Todd and Vicky's. Michelle was laying on top of her son too and smiled over at her best friend.

"What are we gonna do with these two horny hunks?" she said.

"I don't know...we may just have to fuck 'em silly," Vicky joked.

"That's alright, we don't wanna tire you old ladies out," Jeff said with a giggle.

"**HA!**" Vicky reacted, rolling her eyes.

"I guarantee, when it comes to sex, you boys would tire out way before we would," Michelle said. "No chance," Jeff said.

"You're pretty confident," Vicky said, then looked at her son, "what do you think mister alpha-male? Think you could out-fuck your mom?"

Todd smiled with pride. "Probably," he said.

"Ohh, another confident one. Why don't you put those dicks inside us and prove it," Michelle said.

Vicky smiled at her son. "That **IS** why we're here. To use our cunts for you boys to practice on. So...wanna get some practice?" she

asked.

"Hell yeah," Todd muttered.

Vicky felt her son's hard cock flex against her genitals. She responded by untying her bikini bottoms and pulling them out from between them. Michelle did the same.

Both mothers straddled their teens.

Todd got lost in his mom's eyes as he felt the vestibule of Vicky's vagina expand around his purple knob. In one gasping plunge he felt his rod sink up the warm muscled sheath of his Mom's birth canal. As she sank all the way to his balls, he watched Vicky's eyes flutter back in their sockets. Her mouth was slightly agape as she let out a quivering sigh. "Ohh my God, I can't believe how big you are," she said.

"How do our pussies feel on your dicks, boys?" Michelle asked.

Her and Vicky were face to face, straddling their teens, with the boy's huge dicks shoved all the way up their cunts.

"Best feeling ever," Jeff said, staring into Michelle's gaping cleavage.

"Do you think you can flex your **PC**-muscles and keep us horny mommies cumming for at least an hour?"

"Only an hour?" Todd joked, making Vicky giggle.

"Or longer. You won't hear any complaints out of us," she said.

Vicky sat up and kept his dick tucked deeply inside her as she rolled her hips up and back...up and back, plowing the bloated cock-head back and forth across the mouth of her cervix. Todd stared up at his mom's enormous milkers as they dangled above his face. The moms

had slipped off their bikini tops, and their big udders began to flop wildly as they bounced up and down on their sons dicks.

"Ohhh yes, boys....fuck us!" Michelle cried out.

"Fuck our hot pussies," Vicky added.

"Ohhh shit, yeah," Todd muttered, his tongue nearly hanging out as her big boobs bounced around his face.

He flexed his cock and it sliced through her pocket of pink pussy like a fleshy knife. Vicky tightened her cunt muscles in response, making her ribbed inner lining bulge out around her son's burrowing meat.

"Ohhhh, wow," Todd sighed, feeling his glans slip along the juicy grip of her inner walls.

It wasn't long before Vicky and Michelle were both howling in orgasm. Todd and Jeff smiled at one another as their moms screamed and shook on top of them.

The pool room echoed with a chorus of high-pitched cries. Couples were spread out at different parts of the pool, fucking passionately.

Todd and Jeff pulled their moms down onto them and wrapped their arms around their backs, crushing the women's soft fragile bodies against theirs as they humped like madmen up into their tight pussies.

"Ohhhh, man," Todd whimpered, feeling his knob tingle.

Vicky could feel her son's knob swelling. "Flex!" she hissed into his ear, throwing her cunt up and down his cock..

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!" Michelle screamed, grinding frantically on Jeff's cock.

Todd flexed his boner, and his cum soon subsided. He grunted like a wild sex-crazed animal as he bucked his hips. His balls bounced beneath the water as pumped his rod up through his mom's sucking cunt.

"Aaaughh! I'm cumming again!" Vicky cried out, her pretty face twisting into a pleasure-filled grimace as she was hit with extraordinary pleasure.

The hard-bodied teen smiled with pride as his mom's body convulsed with yet another wild orgasm. He fucked her hard straight through it, and using the skills he'd been taught was able to keep the intense pace for another ten-nonstop minutes.

As her spasming cunt slipped up and down his hard cock, Todd buried his face against one of her tits and sloppily sucked and chewed at her nipple.

Vicky came yet again as she felt her son's searing-hot seed squirt against her cervix.

"Yesss!!" she cried out.

"Mnnff," Todd grunted into the soft meat of her tit as his dick continued spurted off.

Her engorged nipple popped from his mouth, red and slobbery. He slipped his face up between her tits, so that the jiggling cleavage pressing against either sides of his face. The boy groaned, feeling her cunt pull more and more cream out of his cock.

After they were spent, both moms just laid there on top of their boys relaxing, with their tits spread out across their chests like soft bread dough.

"You ok back there, buddy?" Jeff asked.

"Ohhh yeah, more that ok," Todd muttered, making Vicky and Michelle giggle.

Jeff reached his fist back for a fist-pump. "Give it up for our mom's pussies. Best pussies on the planet," he said.

"You know it," Todd said, pumping his fist back.

"Mmmm, smartest thing you've said all day," Michelle said, trickling him. He rolled her off him and they giggled and wrestled in the water.

Vicky lifted her head from her son's chest and gazed down at him. "Best pussy on the planet, huh?"

"I can't imagine there being any better out there," Todd said.

Later, the boys were back in their room. Jeff looked over at Todd as they lounged on their bunks. "Man, it's not right that you get to be the alpha-male, just because you have the biggest cock," he said..

"Sorry, dude, I don't make the rules here," Todd said.

"So you're really not gonna tell me what happened last night?"

"I don't think I'm suppose to."

"Well you better not be fucking **MY** mom. I mean it man, that's not cool," Jeff said.

Just as Jeff finished his sentence the door slid open and Monique stepped inside, gazing at Todd.

"Is the alpha-male ready for the evening exercise?" she asked.

Todd got up and walked towards the door, ignoring the jealous glares from the other boys.

A little while later, in a private chamber down the hall, Todd was reclined in a lounge chair, with a big breasted mom straddling him. Her meaty ass bobbed up and down, humping his cock with her cunt.

The women's big tits swung heavily, beating against the teen's face.

The woman wore a beautiful geisha mask, so he couldn't tell which Mom he was fucking. Gazing into her eyes, he saw the same sex-crazed glaze that he had seen in his mom's eyes. It wasn't long before the women's body shook as she let out an orgasmic wail.

When she stopped cumming, the masked woman rose from his cock and crawled off the lounger. Another masked mom stepped from the shadows and took her place. Even though she had a mask on, Todd could tell from her short blonde hair that it was Morgan, Dex's Mom. He watched her fat heavy jugs jiggle as she climbed on top of him. He groaned as her cunt swallowed his rod. Up and down her mature body bounced as their genitals wrestled in a churning grind. Todd pulled her tits to his face and stuffed her giant areola into his mouth and sucked like a greedy baby.

Between the aggressive tit-play and the huge strong dick digging at her pussy, it didn't take long for Morgan to pop. As her cunt rose from his cock, another fit it's aroused vestibule around the swollen knob and sunk straight to the balls.

"Ohhh, yeah!" Todd whimpered as he felt the soft vaginal walls milking shaft.

After about ten minutes, the woman groaned as she came on his dick. Todd had gotten a good enough look at Jeff's mom to know that she was next. Michelle's large alabaster tits bobbled heavily as she crawled on top of him.

Todd sighed with a big smile as his cock slithered up her birth canal. He loved how the moms squealed as they took his big man-tool all

the way to their wombs.

He latched on to the tip of her boob with his mouth and pounds of spongy breast-meat oozed around his face. Michelle bounced on his big dick for ten minutes before she came hard, screaming in orgasm.

Next came Lakisha, the African American mom. Her tits were absolutely massive, the biggest of all the moms.

"Holy shit," Todd whimpered with delight as her giant dark milkers bobbled around on his face.

"Ohhh yeah, baby boy," she moaned, throwing her cunt up and down his juice-sickened boner.

Soon Lakisha was grinding frantically. "Ohhh shit!... Ohhhh shit!" she cried out as her cunt started spewing out hot girl-cum around Todd's thick burrowing hardon.

"Damn!" the teen muttered, flexing his **PC** to fight off his own cum.

Even though she wore a mask, the next woman identity was unmistakable as she stepped towards him. It was Vicky. She straddled the teen and they began to bounce as he squeezed her mammoth tits. Mom and son stared into each others eyes, which were completely glazed over with lust.

Todd's pecker was buried so deep that all the surrounding ladies could see was his big hairless scrotum tucked snuggly in the groove at the base of Vicky's meaty ass cheeks. His bulging testicles gently rose and fell as the horny mom stirred her cunt with his erection.

It wasn't long before Todd watched her big sparkling eyes roll back, and her body began to convulse. "Aaaaaauuuggghhh," she screamed, creaming on his cock.

The trembling surge traveled into the flesh of her bobbling tits, making them ripple like jello.

For the next hour, Todd's cock was swallowed by mature pussy, all of which rode him more than once. At the end, all the women gathered around him as he stroked his cock to orgasm. "Ohhh fuck yeah!" he grunted, as spunk began to erupt from his piss-hole.

The moms held their tits together as rope after rope of hot teenage cum splashed against them. Todd nearly passed out he came so hard. It was the perfect end to the third day.

DAY 4

In the hall of the Goddess, the moms and sons were sprawled out on the lounge chairs in the 69 position. The mother's heads bobbed up and down, sucking the boys cocks, while their sons lapped at their cunts.

The middle-aged moms sucked greedily on the blood engorged boners, flailing their skilled tongues around the big purple knobs.

"I think that big thing is spoiling you rotten, Vicky," Michelle said, her lips hovering above her own son's cock-head.

"Gee, whatever gave you that idea," Vicky said, making them both giggle.

"Well, we did give birth to these monsters...we should get to enjoy them," Michelle said, giving her son's shaft a long wet lick.

Vicky's head bobbed up and down, giving her son's pole a half-dozen gurgling sucks, before popping it from her mouth. "Just doing what I can to support his sexual education," she joked.

"That's right. Preparing these young cocks for all those pussies out there waiting for them," Michelle said, then rolled her tongue across the Jeff's bulbous knob.

"Speaking of pussy...how's your pussy doing?" Vicky asked.

"Oh God, it's being devoured," Michelle said, feeling Jeff's tongue plow through her pussy-folds.

Vicky's meaty ass molded around her son's face as she wiggled her cunt on his sucking mouth and lashing tongue. "So is mine," she sighed.

Michelle stroked Jeff's hard cock up and down a few times. "Isn't it amazing how young cock can stay hard for so long?"

"Mmm, it's dreamy, isn't it?" Vicky said as she squeezed the thick base of Todd's erect shaft.

"Jeff's cock is nice, but damn that son of yours has a whopper, Vicky. You wouldn't believe how hard I came on it last night," Michelle confessed.

"Believe me, I know...I've cum on it more times than I can count the past three days," Vicky said.

Jeff peeked out from under her smothering cunt, his face wet with her juices. "What the hell, really?! You let him fuck you, mom?" he asked.

"Well, where do you think he was going the past two nights, honey," she answered.

"Speaking of cumming...I'm incredibly close!" Vicky sighed as her body tensed up.

Michelle watched as her friends body started to shake as a hard clitoral orgasm overtook her.

"**OH FUCK!!!**" Vicky screamed, her tits wobbling from side to side. Michelle wasn't far behind her, and after their orgasms subsided, the moms went back to some serious sucking on their boy's big dicks.

Vicky gurgled and gagged as she deep-throated Todd's prick, her head bobbing tirelessly up and down.

"Ohhh, shit," Todd whimpered as Vicky's lips came down and rested against the base of his prick. "Ggnnnff!!! She gagged, fresh semen spewing from the sides of her mouth as she deep throated him.

She rose half way up the sloppy shaft, then continued to devour his entire pipe with a dozen throat-gurgling plunges. With treatment like that, it wasn't long before Todd's cock began to spit.

Vicky swallowed and sucked and swallowed and sucked, feeling his cock swell and pulse inside her mouth as his huge load blasted straight down her throat.

Minutes later, both moms were screaming in delight as their sopping wet cunts again began to spasm. Their cute little mommy-screams echoed through the room as they quivered and cried, their big tits heaving.

Following the session, the boys joked and laughed as they as they exited the room, out into the hallway. The moms were filing out of the room too and many of the boys stopped and watched the middle-aged beauties step down the hallway.

Vicky and Michelle entered the corridor and giggled as they gave their boys a cute little waves. Todd and Jeff felt their cock's twitch as they watched their mom's big tits wobble and their meaty asses sway and jiggle seductively as they strode down the hallway.

"Those are some damn hot asses," Jeff said, his mouth hanging open.

Vicky peeked over her shoulder, giving her son one last little naughty smile before rounding the corner with the other moms.

The boys had lunch separate from their moms and were instructed after they ate to change into their speedo bathing suites.

Monique led them through the back entrance of the facility, which sat right at the edge of the private tropical beach they called Cupid's Beach. Their bikini-clad moms waited for them, and were quick to latch onto their sons, playfully pulling them towards the pounding surf.

Todd found himself the last one standing there, wondering where his mom was.

"This reminds me of the beach your father and I went to on our honeymoon," her voice said from behind him.

Todd turned to find Vicky stepping towards him. She was wearing a white clingy, half-cut wife-beater, her stiff-nippled tits clearly naked beneath it. Her bottoms were a white camel-toe micro bikini. They were nothing but three strings, two tied on her hips and the third disappearing between her shaved mons.

"Whoa!" the teen muttered. They were the skimpiest bikini bottoms he had ever seen.

He let his eyes travel down her strong tan legs, all the way to her sexy bare feet as they stepped through the sand.

"I'm not much in the mood to swim, but there's a nice private cabana down at the end of the beach, if you're interested?" she said, taking his hand.

"Yeah, sure."

As Todd and Vicky strode down the sandy beach paradise they looked out at the moms and sons frolicking naughtily in the water.

"I haven't had much of a chance to talk to you. The past couple days have been such a wild sexual frenzy. How are you doing with all this?" she asked.

"I'm loving it," Todd said.

"So you don't mind your big busted mom helping out with your sexual training?" Vicky said half-jokingly.

"Are you kidding? Does it seem like I mind, mom?" Todd asked, making her giggle.

"Well, judging by the fact that every time I've seen you the past three days you've had a throbbing erection, I'd say no, it doesn't seem like you mind at all," she giggled.

"What about you? Do you feel guilty at all...you know, because of dad?" Todd asked.

"Well...first of all, this isn't cheating on your father. I'm here, with my son, assisting in his sexual training. Your dad will never know about this place, or the things we did here. He wouldn't understand and it would break his heart if he knew," Vicky explained.

"Yeah, I doubt he'd be ok with any of this."

"I know he wouldn't, but that doesn't make what we're doing wrong," she said.

"It feels too good to be wrong."

"I'm glad I can make you feel good, baby. Back home, I'd watch you walk around the house, struggling with those big awkward boners. I

knew...I knew it was throbbing for warm pussy," she said. Vicky stopped and faced her son, taking both his hands in hers and staring straight up into his eyes.

"I also knew that not just any pussy would do. It had to be an experienced pussy...one that could take all of you… every meaty inch. It had to be a pussy that could milk that boner for hours without tiring. It had to be a pussy that could work in unison with a set of big soft breasts that could constantly smother you. It had to be a mommy-pussy," she said.

"Jesus, mom...now look what you've done," Todd said with a sigh, gazing down at the erection that stretched his speedo out obscenely.

"Oh my." Vicky giggled, staring at the tubular bulge.

She stepped up close to her son and ran her fingernails across the bulging shaft. "So big and thick. You should hear the moms talk about you," Vicky said.

"There's only one mom I'm interested in," Todd said, gazing down at Vicky's ballooning breasts.

She smiled, looked back at the private cabana, with its huge fluffy bed, then back at her son. "Feel like practicing?" she asked with a naughty smile.

Todd pulled his speedo down far enough so that his hardon sprung free, bobbing back and forth obscenely. "I don't know, mom...what do you think?"

Vicky grabbed the base of her son's rod, pushing back the loose skin so that his knob bulged outward like a big purple gourd.

"I think I want you to fuck the shit out of me," she said, like a horny school girl.

Much like the waves of the sea, beating relentlessly against the soft sand, Todd's cock plowed through hot slippery sheath of his mother's cunt. The muscled vaginal walls stretched around the veiny spear as it lurched forward with a jutting purple helmet, burrowing into a mother's most sacred place.

Up and back, up and back , the one eyed serpent moved, inching towards bottom. With a few more cunt-stretching thrusts the tubular beast met it's target, it's bloated knob crushing the soft fragile cervical lips.

"Ohhh, God," Vicky cried out. Todd was on top of her, his arm under her back, holding her shoulders.

They were on the center of a huge mattress with fluffy white bedding. A white canopy surrounded them, making it completely private. The Mother's legs were wrapped snuggly him, high on his back as he burrowed his hard meat in as deep as it would go.

"Ohhh Goddamn," the teen whimpered, his entire frame sinking in to the warm curves of his Mother's body.

Vicky hands shot down to his ass, her fingernails digging in. "Yesss, fuck meee," she hissed.

Then, like a battering ram of flesh, Todd's powerful dick began its attack. It slid backwards, then lunged forward hammering Vicky's uteri over and over and over again.

Todd's ass rose and fell as he thrust with everything he had, his big hairless scrotum rapping at his Mom's asshole. Vicky's legs clung around her baby's back, cradling him between her thighs. Her muscled tan flesh quivered from the power of his thrust. She clenched the toes of her cute little feet as she felt the meaty invader massage the sensitive nerve endings along her vaginal walls.

Their bodies were drenched with sweat. Two hours of hardcore fucking had left them a bucking heap of glistening sex.

Todd growled as he fucked mercilessly, his ass rising and falling in a blur. Vicky's face contorted, tears running from her eyes. "Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she cried.

She had lost count how many times her son had got her off. At this point, one orgasm just seem to roll into another. The sex-hungry mother's body began to convulse beneath her son's sexual onslaught. This cum was so powerful that she couldn't even scream. Primitive grunts spouted from Vicky's mouth.

Todd's piss-slit yawned, and a powerful blast of liquid love splashed against Vicky's cervix. The pulsing peter spat nearly a dozen ropes of hot semen as it lurched up and down her clutching fuck-pouch. To Todd and Vicky, it felt like a gallon of cum.

Now a sweaty heap of bucking naked flesh, mom and son ground their genitals, milking every ounce of pleasure from each others bodies. After a few minutes of post-orgasmic kissing, they laid there embracing breathlessly.

"Oh sweetie, your dick is unbelievable," Vicky sighed.

Todd prick was still erect. It had begun slithering out of Vicky's gooey hole. The cocky teen gave a forward thrust, sending the bulging sausage right back into her cum-splattered depths. "You mean **THAT** penis?" he teased.

She arched her back and moaned in pleasure as she felt her love-tunnel packed with ten and three-quarter inches of thick teenage cock-meat. "Oh my God," she moaned.

Todd smiled with pride as he felt the matronly twat clamp down on his buried pole. He thrust forward even more and felt his bloated bell tip bend upward as it crushed the head of Vicky's cervix.

"Oh my sweet baby, you better stop impressing me so much," she said as her wild-eyes ran across his thin toned chest.

"Why's that?"

"Because this trip isn't about me and my pleasure...it's about you," she said.

"You're right. I should probably slide it out then," Todd joked as he backed his dick half-way down her vagina.

Vicky clutched his ass, stopping him. "No wait...I didn't mean you had to take it out, smart-ass. I just...I just meant..." she stammered.

Todd lowered down onto his elbows and slowly sunk his big boner back to the hilt. Vicky gasped as her eyes rolled back a little.

"Tell me what you want, mom," Todd whispered.

"I can't," Vicky said, almost in tears.

Todd thrust his cock forward a little, packing her cunt. He felt it quiver and tighten around his swollen meat. "Tell me," he said.

"Oh God....I wanna cum on your cock again," she said in that sweet soft mommy-voice, gazing at him almost shamefully.

"But I thought you said that this trip wasn't about **YOUR** pleasure."

"Yes, I did...so, what I meant was...I think you should pin my legs back, and get some more practice," she said with a smile.

"Well then...okay, if you say so."

The lucky teen hooked his arms under Vicky's legs and scissored them back. He laid down flat against his Mom and his ass slowly began to buck. Vicky moaned in delight as her son's stiff cock once again began to saw in and out of her hungry love-grotto.

"Where did you and your mom disappear to?" Jeff asked, as the boys sat eating dinner.

"She didn't feel much like swimming," Todd answered.

"Neither did my mom...and we were in the water?" Alex said, making the whole gang laugh.

"Kinda weird fucking on the beach, isn't it?" Jeff said.

"Dude, you and your mom were fucking like rabbits. You didn't seem too weirded out to me," another boy commented, making the others laugh.

The boys got up to empty their trays. Jeff walked next to Todd as they glanced over at the Moms.

"Ready to tap some ass tonight, buddy?" Jeff asked.

"Seriously?"

"The end of day four. Word is we get to fuck our moms up the ass tonight."

"Sweet!" Todd said with a smile, his cock tingling excitedly.

Jeff moved ahead as Vicky strode towards her son. She, like the other moms, was wearing a white stretch-lace teddy and white high-heeled slippers.

"What are you all smiles about over here?" she asked, stepping up and rubbing her squishy breasts against his arm.

"Jeff was just telling me about tonight's exercise," he said.

"Oh...he was huh? Well? based on your reaction, you must be looking forward to it," Vicky said with a smile.

"Yeah, but **I AM** big. I don't wanna hurt you," Todd said, a little concerned.

"Oh sweetie," Vicky giggled, "Kneel down," she said.

Todd got on his knees, and the heavy-titted mom turned, so that her ass was a foot in front of his face. He stared at the big meaty cheeks, and could clearly see her ass crack though the lacy fabric.

Vicky reached down and squeezed her cheeks with her hands, making her long nails sink into the soft flesh. "Does this look like an ass that's intimidated at all by your big cock?" she asked, peering down at him.

"No," Todd said with a smile.

She spread her cheeks apart and Todd stared at the big puckered lips of her asshole as it winked at him.

"My ass will take you...every meaty inch of you...all the way you balls," Vicky said. "So don't you worry about hurting me."

Todd's heart raced as he stood up. Vicky backed her ass against his hardened groin.

"I can't wait," he sighed.

"Neither can I," she said softly, peeking back over her shoulder at him. "We'll be waiting," she said teasingly, then strode away, her buns swaying seductively as she went.

"Fuck," Todd muttered, feeling his peter stretch the fabric of his shorts as it hardened.

A little while later, the boys filed into the hall of the Goddess. At the front of the hall, the Goddess waited for them. As usually, she was completely naked, except for her stiletto heels and whip stick.

The moms were all on the lounges, they too were butt-naked, resting their elbows on the cushions and their asses hunched back.

"Boys, join your mums and we'll begin the evening exercise," The Goddess instructed.

Todd walked over to his mom and stood behind her. His eyes couldn't help but be drawn to that thick gorgeous ass as it stuck out, waiting to be pounded. He noticed a towel and bottle of lube sitting on the lounge next to her.

"I hope you all enjoyed your morning off. The mums told me you had plenty of time to practice your skills," the Goddess said.

Vicky peeked back at her son with a grin and a wink.

"Tonight you will be learning about the pleasure of anal intercourse. The first requirement of course is an iron-hard cock, which I see most of you horny boys have already have," The Goddess said, making the moms giggle.

"While the boys remove their briefs, mums you may need to properly lubricate your asshole and prepare it for penetration," the Goddess said.

Todd removed his briefs and his bobbing erection sprung free. He watched as Vicky squirted some lube on her fingers and began to gently message the oil onto her puckered butt-ring.

"Now boys, it's your turn to lube up. Pleasurable anal sex is the result of a properly lubricated cock," the Goddess said.

Todd and Vicky smiled at one another in eager anticipation as she handed him the lube. He, along with the other boys, squirted an ample amount along the length of his boner. He stroked himself a few times, coating his entire dong.

"Be generous, boys. Don't just do the tip. Coat both the head, and the entire shaft," the Goddess directed.

"Now…I want each of you to step up behind your mum and fit the very tip of your cock into the ring of her asshole," the Goddess instructed.

Todd stepped forward, taking a second to admire Vicky's smooth vulvar lips, that had spent the day stretched around his pecker.

He planted the very tip of his fat knob at the entrance of Vicky's ass.

"Now, very slowly, I want you to push the head of your cock inside her ass," the Goddess said. Todd thrust forward slightly and watched Vicky's sphincter expand, swallowing the oily knob.

"Mums, let your students know how they're doing. As you proceed, let them know what's comfortable for you," The Goddess said.

Vicky looked back at her boy and at the barrel of his cannon, which was lined up and ready to go. "Push forward slowly, sweetie," she said.

Todd watched about three inches of his cock sink into her hungry hole as her tight anal lips stretched around it's girth. "Ohhh," he muttered, feeling the heat of her ass.

"That's it, now back out just a little," Vicky said.

After backing out slightly, the big dicked teen squeezed a few more inches of his hardon inside her rectum, making his mom gasp in delight. With a few more thrusts, Todd's entire boner was buried in Vicky's luscious ass. "Ohhh my God," the mother sighed, squeezing on his meat with her muscles ass-walls.

Todd let out a quivering sigh as he felt the soft snug heat of her rectal lining surround his dong. "Ohhh, wow," he muttered.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Vicky asked, tightening her shit-hole around her son's hardened muscle.

"Yeah, oh man, it feels awesome!"

"Ready to hump some ass?" she asked.

"Definitely!" he answered.

Like the other moms and sons, Vicky and Todd fell into a nice steady rhythm. The sound of moans and slapping flesh filled the hall as ten happy cock glided in and out of the tight slippery holes.

Todd clutched his mom's soft hips as he guided her up and back on his pole. Vicky's ass-cheeks rippled as they beat against his abdomen.

The teenagers all groaned with delight as their erections slid against the warm snug texture of the clutching anal cavities.

"That's it, boys, fuck those asses. Fuck them hard!" the Goddess shouted.

Todd sighed and shook his head in disbelief as he watched his own mom's big curvy ass bounce against his abdomen. From knob to balls his cock glided in and out her rectum, his hairless scrotum rapping against Vicky's smooth swollen clamshell.

He watched his Mom's huge hanging tits as they swung up and back to the rhythm of their incestuous butt-hump.

"For those of you who can pry yourselves apart, you may want to try anal in a position we practiced in yesterday called the spoon," The Goddess said.

Todd's cock popped from Vicky's socket and he watched her asshole clench closed. Vicky moved onto her tummy, then rolled onto her

side. She looked back at him and patted the cushion behind her, inviting him into position.

Todd laid down on his side behind her and Vicky backed her matronly ass up to his bobbing erection. His greasy knob slipped past her butt-socket and down between her quim. She reached down and grasped her baby's rod, rubbing it's purple head against her clit a few times and up the buttery groove of her fuck-slit.

"Ohhh shit!" the teen sighed. He felt her place the tip of his pecker against her butt-hole and as soon as she let go the hungry sphincter swallowed the engorged knob.

"Push," Vicky whispered gently.

Todd thrust his hips forward and felt his meat sink into his mom's tight anal-oven. As he began to saw it in and out, Todd stared down into Vicky's eyes as she gazed at him in pure lust. "Oh God this feels good mom," his voice quivered.

"Told you I could take all of you," she said proudly.

The panting teen reached around and clutched his Mom's tits, sinking his fingers into their soft dough-like flesh.

With each thrust, her son's cock wormed all the way inside, until the stretched mouth of her anus fit tightly around the root of his shaft. After a few cock-churning minutes this was beginning to take it's toll.

"Oh God, Mom," Todd muttered his knob tingling delightfully.

"I know baby. Don't stop...just flex your **PC**, sweetheart" she said lovingly, rocking her ass back against him.

With his Mother's coaching, Todd worked his cock in her ass for another ten minutes. "Boys, on your backs now...Mums on top," the Goddess said.

Todd rolled over onto his back and watched as Vicky straddled him. As she reached around and repositioned his rod, Todd watched her big tits as they wobbled teasingly above his face.

In one mighty swoop Vicky's ass fell to her son's lap and her hungry butthole devoured his entire erection. Vicky's thighs were bowed open as she sat on her son's cock. Todd looked down and watched her rub her clit a few times. He could see her buns spread slightly and the ring of her anus stretched around the base of his cock.

"Wow! Damn!" The teen groaned, making his cock flex in her tight oily bowels.

Vicky fell forward to her knees and her ass began to beat against his lap. Todd felt her hanging breasts brush against his face as they wobbled gently with each thrust.

The gentle rise and fall of Vicky's ass, and the wonderful sensation of heavy breasts licking his face was almost too much for the teen. He was constantly tightening his **PC** muscle. He didn't want it to ever end.

Vicky began to work her ass in a steady rhythmic bounce, spearing his cock deep in her rectum. Her pendulous breasts brushed softly against her son's face. She sat up and rolled her hips up and back, plowing her ass-tract with Todd's cock.

Todd felt her inner-sphincter muscles grip his throbbing cock. He held off as long as he could before his peter began to spit. "Uuuggh, mom!!!" He groaned as thick ropes began to fill Vicky's ass.

The teenage penis pulsed and throbbed as his mom's mature ass milked his shaft. Vicky tightened her ass, making it all the more intense for him. She brought her body down onto his, brushing his sweaty hair back as she watched her son grunt and groan.

"Oh, that's it, sweetie, let it pour into mommy's ass," she said in a sweet motherly tone.

"Ohhh yeeeaaaahh!" Todd's voice quivered as he felt his mom's anal muscles squeeze out the last few drops of jism.

Two hours later, day four was ending much like the first two days, with Todd, the alpha-male servicing all ten moms. Ass after luscious matronly ass beat against the lucky teen's groin as he moved from one mother to the next.

He loved to hear the mom's gasp as he sunk his meat deep in their bowels, all the way to his balls. The way their big meaty butt-cheeks rippled with each powerful thrust made his heart pound with excitement.

It was quite the site...ten busty, middle-aged moms, kneeling in a big half-circle facing each other, their asses thrust in the air, waiting their turn.

"So, I'm worried about Dex and this little bitch he's hanging with. She's got a reputation for being quite the slut," Morgan said, looking over at a few other moms, including Vicky and Michelle.

Lakisha chimed in. "I know what you mean, girl. I realize my Alex is gonna have his share of loose cunt, but I would be so disappointed if he didn't get to pop at least a few cherries."

Michelle spoke up. "Now girls...we were all fucking in high school. I mean seriously, how many of you had friends at that age who hadn't already had a cock rip through their hymen?"

The Mom's all giggled.

"True," Vicky said.

As the women chatted, Todd concentrated on pounding some ass. He slid his cock out of one hole, a string of semen dripping from the tip as he stepped back. The asses around the one he had just fucked began to wiggle with eager invitation.

He stepped up to one of the bouncing behinds and fed his prick through her butt-ring.

Morgan gasped. "Ohhh, God...damn that boy's big," she said as her body began to rock from the assault on her ass.

The other Mom's giggled. "Take it, girl. Take it," Lakisha said.

One of the other pretty Moms from the group spoke. "Going back to what you were saying, I can understand what she means though. I think we would rather our sons experience something tight and more pleasurable for them."

"These girls don't stay virgins very long, that's the problem," a Mom at the end of the half-circle said.

"Hold on a sec girls, what about lettering our Sons decide what they want. I mean a lot of boys would rather bone a neighborhood Mom than one of those tight high school pussies." Michelle said.

"That's true." Morgan said, her big milkers swinging on her chest.

Vicky nodded. "You're so right, Michelle. I mean, who here has a Son who isn't obsessed with big childbearing boobs. They're like huge soft suckable toys to these boys and I'm sorry but the tits on your average eighteen year old girl just don't compare."

"Not to mention our pussies. You can't compete with experience." Lakisha said.

Todd's balls clapped lewdly against Morgan's pussy as he fucked her up the ass. After about two more minutes, his dick glided from her

behind and bobbed towards another.

Todd smiled as he watched five hungry asses thrust out and jiggle, competing for his attention. Even the ones he had just fucked were eager for more. He picked one at random and fed the knob of his fucker through her slippery butthole.

"Ohhh baby, here we go," Michelle sighed, rocking her ass back.

"Amen to what you just said, Lakisha. Those teenage girls aren't peaking...us thirty-eight year old girls are. We need all the dick we can get," One mom said.

The other Moms cheered and giggled in agreement.

"Especially the big dick!" Michelle said, feeling Todd's thick erection stretch her ass-canal. "Big n thick," Lakisha added.

Todd rounded the circle of women at least three times before blowing his nuts. The Moms smiled as they listened to the teen grunt and groan, blasting a huge load of cum up inside one lucky Mom's ass.

Day 5

After breakfast, the boys were ushered into the hall of the Goddess as the beginning of day five got underway. Their flaccid cocks swung between their legs, eager and refreshed as they were told to come to the morning exercises naked.

Inside the hall, the Moms were all on one side of the room. They were also naked, as they chatted and giggled, watching the boys file in. Todd still felt like he needed to pinch himself every time he saw his Mom in the buff. Never in a million years did he think he'd ever see her this way.

The Goddess stood nearby. "Good morning, boys. Please stand on the other side of the hall, directly across from your Mother."

No matter how many times Todd saw her naked, he always got an instant hardon. The Mothers were now in a row, side by side on the opposite wall. There was a soft mat beneath their bare feet. The Moms were in sexy stances, their big naked melon's hanging proudly from their chests.

"Our first exercise is a game. We're going to see how much you and your Mums really know about one another sexually," the Goddess said. "The boys will get the first question. You'll answer one at a time. After you've all answered, you will see a green or a red light hit the floor between your and your Mother. Green light means correct. Red light means it correct.. If you get it correct you'll have five minutes to engage in the reward for that question," she explained.

All the boys looked at one another and smiled, eager to get started. There was a soft mat beneath their feet also.

"Boys, are you ready for your first question?" the Goddess asked.

"Yeah," Came the cheer.

"As a reward for answering this question correctly, your Mum will lay on her back and let you suck her tits. Remember, five minutes only...and **NO** fucking boys," the Goddess said, which made the moms giggle. "Question number one... What is your mother's bra size?" she asked.

One by one the boys gave their best answer. It finally got to Todd. He'd snooped in her laundry at home, so he knew the answer before he even got here. "38 Triple-d," he said.

He could tell by his Mom's excited smile that he got it right and after all the boys answered, either a green or red light hit the floor

between them and their Mothers. This time, of course, all the floor lit up all green. The teens hesitated. "Green means go, boys," the Goddess said.

The eager teens rushed across the room, their big boners bobbing up and down.

Vicky quickly lay on her back on the soft mat and her son nearly dove onto her, his mouth moving straight for one of her big soft breasts. She giggled at his eagerness as Todd's mouth encircled her areola and his face sunk into her spongy softness. "Good job," she said, watching him suck greedily.

Todd felt his Mom's fingers comb the back of his hair and one of her sexy feet drag softly up his calf. The moment made his boner throb and sent a surge of arousal through his teenage body that was absolutely euphoric.

"Mmmnngg," he whimpered, his tongue digging at her big fleshy nipple. She gasped sharply as he sunk his teeth into her areola, chewing on it's rough textured surface. He drug his tongue into her cleavage. Vicky giggled and rolled on her side, wedging his head between her tits.

"Ohhh yeah," the teen muttered, licking and kissing her cleavage. The five minutes flew by. "Boys, back across the room," the Goddess said.

The boys complied.

"The next question is for the Mums. The reward will be five minutes sucking on those juicy cocks," she explained.

Todd could see the look of anxiousness on his moms face.

"The boys erections were measured a few days ago. What was the precise measurement of your son's erection?" the Goddess asked.

One by one the Mom's began to answer. Finally it got to Vicky and she answered with confident pride. "Ten and three-quarter inches," she said.

All of the Moms were rewarded as green lights hit the floor.

Todd watched excitedly as Vicky rushed across the room. She was so cute, giggling like a little school girl with the other Moms, her big milkers bouncing wildly as she hurried towards his waiting cock.

Kneeling down in front of him, she wasted no time grasping his prick at the root. Todd loved the way his Mom always greeted his knob with her tongue before sucking him. Her pink snake did a quick flailing circle around his knob before she slipped it into her mouth.

The busty Mother sucked with gusto, her circled lips slipping as long the thick meat of Todd's rigid cock. The diamonds in her wedding ring sparkled as her fist jacked at the base while sucking. "Ohhh damn," Todd said, his knob tingling as it plunged into her throat.

The row of ten pretty heads bobbed up and back in traditional blowjob fashion. The Goddess crossed the room behind them. "That's it, suck those young hard dicks."

Todd watched his beautiful Mom work her magic. Vicky peered up at him with those big brown eyes and gave him a sexy little wink, her lips stretched obscenely around his meat. It was five minutes he wished would never end, but it finally did and the Moms walked back to their side of the room, bare asses swaying teasingly.

"The next question is for you boys. During the second day the mums were asked to share with you their favorite sexual position. Answer correctly and you'll both get five minutes to practice it," the Goddess said.

Several of the boys got this one wrong, but not Todd. Everything about this awesome experience was engrained in his mind. "The

lotus," he answered confidently.

Seconds later Vicky was sitting on his lap, her shapely legs coiled around him. With her arms resting on his shoulders the big busted Mom stared down at her son with goo-goo eyes as she stirred her baby-chute with biggest dick on the island.

Up and back, up and back her matronly hips gracefully swiveled, rocking their genitals together in a warm embrace.

Michelle was on her back next to them. Jeff had her curvy legs up on his shoulders. Their flesh beat together as he fucked her, her big boobs rolling on her chest. She glanced over at Vicky. "If Jeff would have gotten this one wrong, I would have grounded him for a year," she said, making Vicky laugh.

Two minutes in, Vicky suddenly gasped, her eyes rolling back in their sockets. She fell forward flattening her quivering tits against Todd's chest and dropped her face to his neck with a loud orgasmic cry. She increased her tempo, grinding wildly on her son's strong phallic-cleaver.

"Ohh shit," Todd muttered, flexing his **PC** to keep from cumming.

Vicky's orgasm subsided just as the five minutes expired. She fed her boy one last wild look of lust before climbing off his lap. Todd looked down at his boner as it stuck up, dripping with her juices.

This was much how the next hour went. Moms and sons answering intimate questions and performing wild sexual acts as rewards for the right answers. Vicky and Todd only missed one. Over that hour they got to sixty-nine, lick each others asses, tit-fuck and engage in juicy anal intercourse.

Following the game, the Mothers all had smartwatch-looking devices placed around their wrists and both them and the boys were instructed to put on black water-shoes with a simple velcro strap.

"The next game will a scavenger hunt," the Goddess said. "Each Mother and Son couple will explore the island, receiving clues and fulfilling challenges. The couple that completes the game first will enjoy an hour-long deep tissue massage by our licensed masseuse."

"Oh wow," Vicky said, looking at Todd.

"I so need that," Lakisha said looking at her son. "Let's do this."

Moments later, the couples scattered out the rear entrance. Todd and Vicky hurried out the door to the complex, hand in hand. It was a warm sunny day. They were both still completely naked and Vicky stopped suddenly and threw her arms around his neck, her bobbling jugs pressing on his chest.

"So Mr. Alpha-Male, did you ever dream you and I'd be running around naked on some tropical island together?" Vicky asked with a smile.

"No way, not even in my wildest dreams," Todd said.

"Wildest dreams huh? We'll have to talk about those wild dreams sometime," she said, gazing at him.

Vicky's wrist device suddenly chimed and vibrated. She and Todd looked at it. "It must be our first clue," she said, then read it out-loud. "Under the veil of raging falls, there will be a treat for cock and balls."

"Raging falls? There must be a waterfall here on the island somewhere," he said.

"Wait...listen.." she said, "do you hear that?"

Todd and Vicky could hear the faint roar of water through the lush green of the tropical fauna. "That can't be far, come on," she said, pulling him along.

Their water-shoes allowed them to rush through a maze of lush vegetation without worry about stepping on something sharp. Todd almost tripped a few times as a result of watching his mom's jiggling ass instead of where he was going. This made Vicky giggle.

It wasn't long before they arrived at an enormous tropical waterfall. "The veil of raging falls," Vicky said excitedly. "Oh my God, it's beautiful."

"So the clue said 'under the raging falls,' right?" Todd asked.

"Yes, come on," Vicky said, doing a graceful dive into the water. Not wasting any time, he quickly followed suit. Todd easily swam past her and under the roaring falls. Arriving at a ledge he pulled himself up onto it, then helped Vicky up.

"Hey," she said, quickly embracing him before he could continue climbing.

Todd suddenly felt her soft slippery tits against him. Her lips met his and he felt her tongue twist and flail inside his mouth. After a few wet smacking kisses, Todd looked at her with surprise.

"What was that for?" he asked.

The sexy Mom gazed at him with that long puppy-love stare. She looked so hot with her hair wet and slicked back, her voluptuous tanned body covered in a wet glaze. "Because I can," she said with a smile.

"Good enough for me," Todd said.

Suddenly her wrist device chimed and vibrated again, so her and Todd checked it.

"It must be our next clue," he said.

Vicky read the clue. "A squirting cock will fill the cup. A cum-hungry Mom will drink it up."

Todd looked around. "A cup?" he muttered, then spotted something. "Over there, on that rock...see the glass? I'll never fill that thing."

"Yes, you will." she said confidently, rushing over to get the elegant looking wine glass. "Two orgasms and this thing will be overflowing, trust me."

"Jeez, Mom I don't think I cum that much," he laughed.

"Well, then I guess we better make them strong ones. Since we've been here on the island when was the most intense orgasm you had?" she asked.

"I don't know, they've all been amazing," Todd said, thinking back.

"Let's think of one you had where you never seemed to stop ejaculating," she said. "Ohh, I know."

Vicky coiled one arm around Todd's neck and he knew what she wanted. She sprung from the ground and wrapped her strong Mommy-legs around him. Todd clutched her meaty buttocks, supporting her weight.

The eager mom reached around and began pulling on his hardening prick. It only took a few long strokes to fill it with blood. Todd's dick jutted out, fully erect. "There we go," she said, dragging the bulbous knob between her soft labial meat.

She fed the tip into her creamy fuck-socket, then brought the weight of her ass down sliding it's meaty length into her dark inner sanctum.

"Oh yeeeeah," he sighed, feeling his cock sheathed in hot pussy.

"Ok, hard and fast. We need this one to be intense," Vicky said, "Slide your hands down under my thighs and hold on tight to me," Vicky said.

Todd did as he was told and suddenly Vicky's wide hips set in motion, rapidly rocking up and down. Her cock-stretched gash fucked fast and hard on the rock-hard spear, her ass beating against his balls. "Oh my God...Oh wow, mom!" he sighed.

"You're not the only one with some skill, hotshot, " Her voice shook as she pounded her cunt on his throbbing boner.

Her big tits jiggled between them. For a good five minutes she sprung her wet pussy up and down the thick cylinder of meat, plowing it's big purple gourd along the soft ridges lining her slippery socket.

"Oh God, Mom, I'm gonna cum, " Todd said.

"Squeeze it off as long as you can," she panted.

"Ohhh shit," Todd exclaimed, his knees shaking.

"Squeeze it off," Vicky shouted.

"**I'M CUMMING!**" he Groaned.

Vicky quickly slipped to her feet, grabbed her son's pulsing cock and stroked it desperately, pointing the head inside the glass.

"Uuuhhggh," Todd groaned as a huge blast of cum splashed into the wine glass.

Three more enormous ropes erupted from his piss-hole as Vicky jerked up and down on his pulsing peter. "Ohhhh, ohh shit," he cried out as a long stream of bubbling cock-milk oozed from his piss-hole, followed by another smaller offering.

A few more mini-ropes dribbled out and as the diligent mom milked his dick with her skilled hand. She caught every drop.

"Look at that, half full already. I told you it would only take two strong ones," she said, setting the glass down.

"Oh my God, that **WAS** a strong one," Todd said, trying to catch his breath. "And just for that..." he said, scooping his Mom from the ground and throwing her into the water. Vicky screamed playfully before she hit.

When she surfaced, she brushed the hair back from her face. "You little shit. Get your ass in here," she said playfully.

Todd dove into the water and the second he surfaced his Mom latched onto him, throwing her arms and legs around him. The young teen sighed as he felt the soft voluptuous middle-aged body against his.

"Picking your sexy Mommy up and throwing her around like that," Vicky teased.

"That's right," he said confidently.

She gazed at him as she clung to his lean body. "I'm well aware of what a young stud son I have...you can't impress me any more than you already have," She said, then moved her lips in for a slow sensual kiss.

It was a like a scene out of some exotic romance novel. Two lovers, naked and alone on some lush tropical island. As Todd's Mom buried her face in his neck and flailed her long pink snake against his tender flesh, he felt like he had the whole world in his arms.

As they kissed some more, he felt her strong thighs squeezing around him,, the sexy heels of her feet resting against the backs of his thighs. Her big bobbling udders felt like two big fleshy sponges

squashed against his chest. Todd was so overcome with wicked lust that he began to kiss and suck on the golden brown skin of his Mom's shoulder.

Sensing the surge of uncontrollable desire, Vicky replaced her shoulder with her tongue. Mother and Son kissed like desperate teenagers, their tongues twisting and fluttering together wildly.

"Oh God I love you." Vicky said, breaking the kiss, but only for a second.

"I love you too, Mom," he said before his mouth was devoured by her lips.

As the middle-aged Mom made out with her boy, she recognized familiar feeling within her own body. They were feelings of wicked excitement, like those she had with her husband before they were married...back when young couples fucked and sucked behind their parents backs. Now here she was over twenty years later...a little girl, in a big girls body...fucking and sucking behind her husbands back. The fact that it was with her own Son made her body tremble with excitement.

"Are you okay, Mom," Todd asked, feeling the sudden shutter.

I"m fine, sweetie...I'm just...I'm just really liking this," she said, her eyes glazed over with wild lust. "Me too," he said.

Vicky knew her husband was probably sitting in his office, a thousand miles away and that he could never imagine that at that moment his wife and son's wet naked bodies were twisted together, like two writhing animals in heat. Nor could he even fathom that his own son's big dick would soon be plowing harder and deeper within his bride than his ever could. Just the thought of it gave her a wicked thrill.

Vicky smiled at her son, remembering their mission. "You know, as much as we're both digging this...and could probably spend the rest of the day clinging to each other and sucking face, we are on a mission, remember?" she said.

"You had to remind me," he said.

She faked a sad face. "Oh I know, your dicks all hard and you have to stick it back inside Mom so you can cum again...real tough job there, mister," she joked.

Todd laughed as Vicky took his hand and swam back towards the ledge. Once they climbed back up, she looked over at his bobbing bone-hard erection and huge dangling scrotum. "Ready to drain those balls again hotshot?" She asked.

"Aye, captain," he answered.

Vicky bent over and backed her ass up to him."Fuck me from behind," she said.

Stepping up behind her, Todd clutched his rod and fed it's purple helmet in between her slippery gash. She pushed her ass against him making the thick love-barrel sink all the way to his balls.

"Ohhh shit," he sighed, feeling her searing heat surround him.

For the first few minutes, Vicky did all the work, slipping her clutching pussy-pocket up and down the rigid dick. Todd gazed down at the beautiful site. The wet tanned buttocks rippled each time it struck his abdomen. He watched his vein encrusted shaft appear, then disappear, over and over, glistening with his mother's vaginal juices.

"Ready to fuck it like a cocksman?" she asked with a smile, peering back at him.

"Hell yeah," he said, grabbing her soft hips.

Maneuvering himself into a more steady stance, the big-dicked teen began to thrust at his own rhythmic pace. Lewd slapping sounds mixed with the sound of the crashing falls as his impressive rod barreled in and out of the matronly hole.

Todd's scrotum swung wildly, as did Vicky huge dangling tits, like a set of buoys at the mercy of the raging sea.

After a few minutes of steady pounding, Vicky's knees buckled as she was struck with an intense orgasm. "Ooohh, fuck yesss," she cried out.

Recognizing her unsteadiness, Todd leaned forward and wrapped his arm up under her midsection to provide support. As he did this, he crouched just a little in order to keep a good angle as his hips continued to buck.

With eyes closed, Vicky emitted a few orgasmic whimpers and her body sporadically convulsed as the relentless dick continued to plummet up and down her cunt-tube.

"Should I cum or flex my **PC** muscle?" Todd asked.

"Flex it and stay on edge for a few minutes, then cum hard."

Todd rocked his hip, driving his cock with deep steady thrusts. After a few minutes, his panting intensified "Oh God, I'm gonna fill it with this one," he groaned.

Todd took a half-dozen more deep powerful thrusts before slipping his cock from Vicky's cunt. Like before, she quickly turned and fed the tip of his cock into the mouth of the glass. Her tiny fist glided up and down the slippery shaft.

"Yess, cum hard baby," she encouraged him.

With a few deep grunts, the cum began to fire from Todd's piss-hole. Huge thick ropes pulsed from his peter, one after another, easily filling the glass the rest of the way. His Mom made sure to milk every drop.

Vicky held the glass up to her face, staring at all that pearly-white spunk. "Holy shit. I should be surprised, but I'm not. Not after all the cum that's ran down my legs the past four days," she giggled.

"I guess I do cum a lot."

"Uh-huh. Ok, so the squirting cock has certainly filled it up. Now I suppose it's time for the cum-hungry Mom to drink it up," she said, bringing the glass to her lips.

Todd watched in fascination as his Mom gulped down every last drop from the glass.

"Ffffffucking yum," she said, licking her lips.

"Wow, that was hot," Todd said.

"Not as hot as watching me suck it straight from your balls I'm sure," she said with a cute wink. "Well...no," Todd said, making his Mom giggle.

The device around Vicky's wrist went off and they looked at it. "And look at that, our next clue," she said.

"They must be watching us with cameras or something," Todd said looking at rock walls around them.

"Well I'm sure they're not enjoying it as much as I am," Vicky said, the read their clue. "Find your cloud of silk in a field of green. There you'll make Mom shake and scream."

"So we need to find an open field," Todd said.

A few minutes later Todd and Vicky were again scrambling through the dense tropical terrain, their bodies still dripping from having just emerged from the pond. "That looks like a clearing through there," he said, leading them along a path.

They soon emerged from the fauna into grassy clearing. "A field of green," Todd said.

"And look...over there, sweetie" Vicky pointed as she discovered a huge bed with white silk sheets and huge silk-covered pillows, sitting right out in the middle of the open field. "Our cloud of silk."

When they arrived at the bed, Vicky's wrist device chimed. She read it out loud. "Fuck slow, fuck hard, the choice is yours, in each position before you stop. You mustn't change positions though, until you make Mom pop."

"So we're having sex in all the positions I was taught?" Todd asked.

"Yes, and it sounds like you have to make me cum in each position, before we move onto the next. We got this," she said, giving him a high-five.

The wrist device chimed and Vicky looked at it. "Speaking of positions, here's our first one," she said. "Side by side."

Todd watched as his Mom crouch down and give his cock a few lengthy stokes, making his dangling balls swing back and forth. "Let's turn this thing back into a nice strong pussy-pounding erection," she said, pulling all the loose skin up and down the shaft, watching it harden.

"Wow, mom, you keeping talking dirty like that and you won't have to wait very long for that erection," Todd said with a sigh.

Vicky peeked up at him, grinning haughtily. "Oh...so you mean all I have to do is talk about this big teenage cock of yours and how

Mommy's hot wet pussy's gonna spend the next couple of hours creaming all over it," she said as she jacked his dick.

"Ohhhh yeah," Todd sighed.

"Look at that cock-head," she said, staring at Todd's knob as it pointing directly at her face. "So big and juicy. So eager to dig deep down inside that hot hole...to feel it smothered by all that wet spongy pink pussy," she said, the whipped her tongue all around the big helmet.

Vicky began to nurse on just the head of her son's cock, her lips creating a tight vacuum seal around the crown. With her right hand still wrapped snuggly around the base of his dong she gave it little strokes as she scrubbed his bloated cock-head with her tongue.

It finally popped from her lips, his cock fully hard.

"Ready when you are," he smiled confidently.

"Sweetie, I'm always ready," She said, gently grasped his cock and leading him onto the bed.

A light warm tropical breeze swept across the field, mixing with the sound of the large bed frame as let out a steady repetitive whine.

Todd and his mom were in the side-by-side position, facing each other, her legs coiled around him. The teen's big dick sawed in and out smooth-shaven twat, their bellies beating together. "Yesss, that's it baby, fuck meee," Vicky panted.

Todd sunk his fingers into her tan ass, pulling her against him on every thrust. Her big stiff-nippled tits beat against his chest.

"Oh yesss, there it is. Get it honey...get it," Vicky panted, feeling her son's driving cock make her orgasm swell.

Her scream echoed across the empty field. "Uuuunnhhgg!" Todd held his mom close as she grunted and shook. Her big tan mature breasts bobbled and sloshed against his chest as he squeezed her tight.

As she came down from her orgasmic high, she felt the wrist device vibrate. Vicky got a big smile as she read it silently.

"What?" Todd asked, catching his breath.

"Cowgirl,"" she said.

Without even pulling out, Todd rolled onto his back so that his Mom was straddling him. No sooner did he do this then than Vicky began to bounce on him.

Laying against the silky bedding, Todd rested his hands behind his head and looked up at the most beautiful site a boy could behold. As Vicky sprung up and down on his boner, the middle-aged Mom's enormous jugs swung out from her chest. rising high into the air, then galling and slapping against her, the spongy-soft meat rippling wildly. With eyes as wide as saucers, the lucky teen just laid there and watched them bounce.

"This, my dear son, is why you want to marry a girl with big boobs. So you can wake up to this site every day;" Vicky said, as she bounced up and down.

"God I just hope they're as awesome as yours," He said.

"Well, unless you get a girl who's already producing a substantial amount of milk, it'll probably be awhile before she develops tits like these." Vicky said, her voice shaking from the power of her thrusts. "These boobs are thirty-eight years in the making."

"It's amazing the way they move," Todd muttered, entranced by his Mom's swinging charms. "Awww, has my baby gone goo-goo over

his Momma's big fuck-udders?" she teased.

"Hell yeah," he smiled, "I've never heard them called that before."

"Well that's what they are. Big fleshy udders for a boy to suck and chew and stick his cock between," she said.

"I like that,"

"Well guess what my sexy boobie-bear?" she asked.

"What?"

"Your big titted Mother is about to cum all over that rock-hard boner again," she panted.

"Go for it," he said, then watched as her eyes rolled back, then her arms just sort of rose into the air, her fists clenched. Vicky's head arched back like a howling wolf and she let out a girlish scream that echoed across the field.

"Ohhh shit, yeah," the teen sighed, feeling her cunt tighten and hot liquid love pour over his boner.

As he laid there and watched the amazing orgasmic spectacle, he could feel her warm vaginal walls contracting around the meat of his cock. Over and over she screamed, her face contorted, her body convulsing as she used her son's big rod for her pleasure.

A few minutes later they had moved into their next position...doggy-style. Vicky's ass cheeks rippled as they beat against her son's midsection. Todd watched his glistening cock slide in and out between her meaty half-moons.

Inside Vicky's cunt, she tightened her muscles. The pink lining of her tube bulging out, squeezing the borrowing glans of his knob. His dick flexed, precum bubbling out the tip.

"Damn, Mom, the mission is to make you cum, not me," he gasped.

Vicky giggled. "I'm close too, just keep fucking," she said.

After a dozen more thrusts, her body shook, her huge hanging tits shuttering. "Oh yess, I'm cumming!" she shrieked.

Next came the standard missionary and Todd had spent so much time in this position the past four days that he pounded like a pro. With his Mom's curvy tan legs propped way back in the air, the teen's dick pounded the tireless pussy, his big hairless scrotum clapping lewdly against her asshole. After five cock-hammering minutes...

"Ohhhh fucking cummminggg!" Vicky cried out, her extended legs trembling.

Moments later, Mom and Son were in this same position only Vicky's legs were now propped up on his strong shoulders as they engaged in the butterfly position. Todd's hips rolled up and back like a well oiled machine, plowing his blood-engorged spear up and down his Mom's slippery fuck-hole.

"They heard a voice from across the field. "Hey you two," the woman's voice said. They looked over and saw Morgan leading her son Dex by the hand as they jogged across a portion of the field. Morgan's fat tits bounced heavily as she moved.

"Hey guys," Vicky shouted as her and Todd waved.

The other couple disappeared into the trees and the middle-aged beauty gazed up at her son like a cock-hungry school-girl getting man-handled by the big dicked football stud. Any kid that could fuck like her son commanded respect.

"My God you fuck good," she sighed.

"Thanks," Todd said with a proud smile.

The married Mom of three could feel the big bulging veins along Todd's meaty shaft throbbing with blood as they slid along the ridges of her clutching coital walls. His ballooning knob plowed against her G-spot and it wasn't long before her eyes rolled back.

"Uuuunnhhgg," her little voice trembled as her horny birth canal began to contract around the invading dong Todd kept a steady fuck-pace, watching her big pillowy tits sway and jiggle. .After riding her through her orgasm, Todd returned to his back. Vicky straddled him in the reverse cowgirl position.

By now they had both worked up a nice glistening sweat and Todd again threw his hands behind his head and watched his Mom work herself on him. Vicky didn't bounce, but rather rolled her hips up and back, stirring her passion-pit with her son's giant spoon.

Gazing down Todd couldn't even see his cock, just his Mom's sweaty buttocks gliding up and back. It was like some erotic fuck-dance without the music.

For ten minutes, the relentless grinding intensified until Vicky was sliding up and back like a wild woman, her tits bobbling crazily.

"Shit, Mom," Todd sighed, watching her work it like a pornstar.

"Ohh shit. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, ohh shit," her voice panted.

She suddenly threw her head back as her body jerked and shuddered. "**CUUMMMIINNNGGG!!!**" she shrieked.

Todd looked on as his Mom grunted and shook for what had to be a full two minutes, her hips never stopping. He felt the hot juice swirling around his cock-meat, seeping out and cascading over his balls. "Ohhh damn," he muttered, riding the edge of a cum himself.

In their next position, the handsome teen lay behind his mom in the spooning position. With his arms around her he clutched her big sweat-soaked tits, savoring their spongy softness as he wormed his swollen pole in and out of her sopping mommy-gash.

Vicky turned her head and gazed at her son, feeding him a warm smile as she stared into his eyes. Her face was red, her hair wet and stingy. "Enjoying yourself, mom?" he asked.

"What do you think?" she asked. "You're getting **SOO** good with that thing. I don't think you've stopped once."

"Practice is making perfect I guess," he said.

"Obviously. Can I tell you something, sweetie?" she said in a serious tone.

"Sure."

"You're Mother has had thousands of orgasms in her life, and a lot of them, especially the ones I've had here, have been absolutely amazing. But yesterday, when we were having sex in the cabana...you made me cum harder than I ever have," she confessed.

"Seriously?" Todd asked, his cock not even pausing while they talked.

"Seriously," she nodded with a smile.

"Even with dad?"

"Yes, even with your father," she smiled awkwardly.

"To bad you have to go back to mediocre orgasms huh?" Todd said teasingly, his buttery pole still slithering in and out between her stretched pussy-lips.

"Stop!" she said teasingly.

"We could always practice at home too you know," he said with a grin.

"You'll get plenty of practice once you start fucking all those big breasted girls at school," Vicky said.

"I know, but maybe I wanna fuck my big breasted mom too."

She gave him a scolding smile. "Need I remind you, Romeo, that the only reason we're doing this is to teach you how to fuck. You're father takes good care of me when I'm home," she said.

"He does huh?" Todd's next stroke was deliberately long and deep. Vicky gasped as she felt his fat purple knob press against the mouth of her cervix. "Maybe I could take better care of you...fuck you deeper and harder than dad," he said as he began to intensify his thrusts.

"Oh God you're mean," she muttered as her curvy body began to quake from the power of her son's humping.

"You know it's true, mom. My dick is bigger and stronger than dad's, plus, with my training, I can out-fuck him and you know it," Todd said.

"Todd, stop it. You're younger," she said in a quivering whisper.

Hugging her from behind, still in the spooning position, the cocky teen fucked her with everything he had. His abdomen beat hard against her ass as laid into her.

"That's right, I am...and bigger. I need a Mommy-pussy to keep up with me. You said so yourself yesterday, remember," he asked.

"Oh my God, baby, that feels so good," she said with a panting cry as her head tilted back beside his.

"Oh yeah, you liking that, mom?" he asked, knocking against her back wall with the head of his cock.

She gazed up at him, eyes wide and mouth agape as a monster orgasm began to stir deep inside her core.

"You're gonna miss getting dicked like this, you know it's true," he said.

As soon as the last word left his mouth Vicky popped hard. Todd held her tight watching over her shoulder as her huge jutting tits trembled and shook. He grinned and fucked with pride as he felt her flop around in his arms.

A few minutes later it was Todd who was feeling the inner stirrings of a monster cum. He and Vicky were now in the vertical missionary, she sitting at the edge of the bed with her arms and legs wrapped around him as he knelt beside it.

Todd's face was nestled at her neck and there was a look of pure ecstasy on his face. Vicky was using her strong coital muscles to clamp down on his boner as he slowly slipped it in and out. He felt her strong sweaty legs, squeezing him against her. "Ohhh shit!" he sighed.

"You young guys may have strong erections, but we mom's have strong pussies," she said.

"Oh God that feels good, mom," He panted, feeling her massage his cock with her muscled coital walls.

"The beauty of this place is that boys get to experience this. A strong pussy is the result of lots of Kegels and years of intercourse. It's impossible for a girl your own age to make you feel this way."

"I love it," Todd muttered, teetering right on the edge of a hard cum.

Vicky's device chimed so she read it. "The device said that this is our final position. I wanna cum together," she said.

"Okay," Todd muttered.

Vicky lifted his face from her neck and kissed him passionately. Their tongues whipped and twisted as their bodies rocked in a steady rhythm. Vicky nudged his ass with the heels of her sexy feet, beckoning him deeper.

"Come on...fuck me hard and put your daddy to shame," she said with a smile..

The next five minutes, he did just that...slicing through Vicky's fuck-hole until he felt like his balls could explode. "Ohhhh shit!" he whimpered, feeling his knob tingle and swell.

"Are you ready?" Vicky panted.

"Yes!"

"Me-e-e-e too!" he cute voice trembled.

Hot spunk began to pulse from Todd's peter as it continued it's thrusting assault. His Mom's body began to steadily convulse, her bobbling sweat-soaked tits slipping and sliding against his chest. Time seemed to stand still as their joined genitals bucked and lurched together for what seemed like forever, their cum-juices mixing together.

Mother and son fought to catch their breath. Nearly two hours in the positions had left them exhausted. The wrist device displayed its final message. Vicky read it. "Mission completed. Hurry back to the compound."

Todd sighed. "A full body massage sounds nice, but I'd rather lay here with you for awhile," he admitted.

Vicky smiled, her tits pressing on his chest. "You would huh? Just lay here?"

"Well, maybe roll around on the bed and practice my kissing skills."

"Well, I'm here for you to practice on, so let's go," she said with a smile.

They kissed and embraced tightly. Their bodies rolled across the mattress, squirming, kissing and rolling some more. Before long, Todd had slipped back inside her and they were going at it again, spending the next half-hour in the heat of an intense fuck.

After their showers, Todd and the other boys had dinner. As usually they found their eyes drawn to the moms who moved about in their long sheer silk gowns and matching high-heeled mules.

Even though the boys had spent the day with their moms in the buff and fucking their sexy bodies, there was something magical about looking over and seeing all that naked flesh through the sheer fabric.

"Dude, I came so much today my fucking balls hurt," Jeff said.

"Not mine, I could fuck all night," Todd said.

"Man, you're a fucking animal, dude," Jeff joked.

"Guess that's why I'm the alpha-male huh?" Todd asked with pride.

"If you ask me, this whole alpha-male thing is bunch of bullshit. I don't know what you do when Monique comes for you at night, but if I find out your fucking my mom I'll kick your ass." Jeff said.

One of the other boys, Alex was listening in. He added his two-cents. "Don't worry, dude. There's no way our moms would fuck this

chump...not with all the dick we're giving them."

"Whatever,." Todd said as he got up and walked towards the group of moms.

Todd brazenly peeled off his briefs and his big ten and three-quarter inch boner teetered up and down. The Moms eyes were all drawn towards it as the room fell silent. Todd looked down at Jeff's Mom, Michelle. His dick pointing at her lips like a big microphone.

"Wanna be first?" he asked.

"Okay," she said, as if suddenly placed in some sort of sex trance.

Michelle stood and pulled up her gown. She shucked her panties down her sexy legs, exposing her shaved pubis. Todd wrapped his arms around her and the two began to make out like newlyweds in heat.

Vicky smiled proudly as her and the other moms began to circle Todd and Michelle.

Michelle stepped out of her heels, sprung from the floor and wrapped her shapely legs around the big-dicked teen. In a matter of seconds his cock was buried to the balls and he was thrusting forcefully into the busty mom, her big heavy tits bobbling against his chest.

Jeff and Alex just stood there and stared in disbelief, along with the other boys.

Jeff watched his mom's thick ass beat against Todd's balls as their genitals smacked together repetitively. It wasn't thirty seconds and Michelle's cunt was beginning to spasm.

"Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" she screamed.

Monique came marching across the room towards the group of observing boys.

"Back to your bunk room, boys. Let's go," she said, trying to usher all of them out.

Jeff and Alex just stood there watching Jeff's mom scream and cry with pleasure as she bucked on Todd's rigid meat.

"He's fucking my mom. What the fuck?!" Jeff muttered.

Todd smiled towards them as he held the matronly beauty up off the floor. Her legs were clasped around him, her big ass bouncing wildly.

"Move, you two...**OUT!**" Monique shouted.

As they made for the door they watched as Michelle's legs lowered to the floor. Todd pointed at Alex's Mom, Lakisha and she walked forward, pulling up her gown.

"Not my Mom. What the fuck, man!" Alex said.

"Out...now!" Monique demanded.

The last thing Alex saw was his Mom spring from the floor, her curvy black legs wrapping around Todd.

It only took Todd about a half-hour to give all of the middle-aged beauties a strong toe-curling orgasm. The last, of course, was his own mom, who rode him like a rodeo queen.

"That's it stud, get that pussy. Get it!" Michelle shouted as she watched Todd's rock hard phallus piston in and out of his mom's gash.

"Mmm, all these pussies cumming on that dick...that big strong dick," Lakisha said.

"Uuuunnhhgg," Vicky's scream echoed across the dining hall.

Her body began to jerk and convulse as it bobbed up and down on the glistening rod. Being surrounded by big-titted oms and having one of the hottest ones clutching you like a spider as she bounced up and down on your dong was enough to make Todd explode with pleasure.

As it sliced through Vicky's hungry fuck-pocket, Todd's cock began to spit. His peter pulsed and squirted and he could feel the sheath surrounding it tighten and contract as his mom grunted and groaned, soaking it with girl-cum.

After another half-hour of being fondled and kissed by the group of moms, Monique escorted Todd out of the dining hall. Todd watched her shapely ass sway beneath her gown as she walked him down the hallway.

"The Goddess and I were quite impressed with the way you handled yourself today," she said.

"Thanks."

"That was quite stunt you pulled back there. I have a feeling that dumping you back in your bunk room, with all those fuming boys, may not be the best idea," Monique said.

"Probably not. Where are we going then?" Todd asked.

"Well I could give you your own bunk-room, or you could come crawl into my bed with me," she said, turning to look at him.

Todd's heart raced. it was the first time he had gotten a really good look at Monique. She was a twenty-something brunette, with big brown eyes and a voluptuous figure. Her fat tits jutted out proudly beneath her gown.

"Your bed sounds nice," Todd said.

"Does it now? Think you can handle an aggressive young mom?"

"You have kids?" he asked.

"Yep, two...and a husband. They're back in New York."

"How do you get away with being here?" Todd asked.

"My husband thinks I'm a flight stewardess," she giggled.

"And you don't ever feel bad lying to him?" Todd asked.

Monique laughed, brushing the hair back off Todd's face. "Silly boy...all wives lie to their husbands. They wouldn't get to fuck big-dicked teenage studs like you if they didn't," she said.

"I suppose your right.".

"Come on...I got to watch all those moms wrap their legs around you, now it's my turn," she said, taking his hand and leading him to her chamber.

Sometime later, the lights dimmed in the corridors. There was dead silence, except for the orgasmic screams echoing along the walls.

Inside Monique's room, Todd was on top of her, plowing her cunt in the center of her bed. He gripped her warm curvy flesh, driving his hips between her splayed thighs, spearing his cock deep inside her. Her knees were propped way back, resting near her shoulders. Her cute bare feet with red painted toenails pointed back towards the headboard, jerking from Todd's assault.

"Ahhhgghhff!" Todd growled in delight, with a mouth full of tit-meat. His tongue dug against her swollen nipple.

"Yeesss, fuck me haaarder," she cried out, her cunt already soaking his dick in fuck-oil.

The base of Todd's boner dug through the smooth stretched lips cunt. The veins and muscles jutted out obscenely as they sustained the force of the burrowing shaft. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling his tender meat slide along the snug, slippery lining of her vagina.

He had fucked enough pussy now to realize that each one was unique. Sure it was just a hole, but inside that hole was a woman's inner workings and every pussy squeezed, sucked and creamed in different ways.

Monique knew just how to work her inner rings in a way that drove men wild. She flexed her pussy walls and pushed out, providing maximum resistance and greater pleasure for Todd's cock as it squeezed it's way back through. "Ohhh fuck! That feel crazy good!" the teen sighed, continuing a steady thrust.

He kissed her as he got close, their tongues twirling. She gasped, throwing her head back as his knob pushed against the pursed head of her cervix. He back out, their hips retracting, then drove forward again, stretching her uteri even further this time. "Fuuuck!!" Monique screamed, throwing her head back. Her hot juice began to sizzle around Todd's rock-hard meat.

"Fuck yeaah!" he spat out, releasing a huge rope of spunk against her back wall. He felt her inner rings squeezing and sucking on his meat, drawing out every ounce of cum.

They cradled each others bodies as they slept, Todd's face snuggled up against her soft breasts.

DAY 6

"Are you guys still pissed off at me?" Todd asked the boys at breakfast.

"It's whatever, dude. I would fuck your mom too if I had a chance," Jeff said.

"So did you sleep with them all night?" One boy asked.

"No, I slept in Monique's bed with her."

Jeff scowled at him. "I fucking hate you," he said, half-joking.

Alex was looking out a window in the room. "Why would they have a room with a window overlooking the front entrance?" he said.

"Beats me," Todd said, shrugging his shoulders.

The boys were in the room helping themself to a buffet-style breakfast. "Maybe they want us to see the porn star we're fucking today when she gets here," one boy said, making the others laugh.

"Who needs a porn star when you have moms that look like ours," Dex said.

Todd nodded in agreement. "That's a fact," he said.

One boy was still at the window. "Hey look…your bus-load of porn stars just showed up," he said.

"Yeah, right," Jeff said.

"No seriously…a bus full of women just pulled up to the doors out there," the boy said, causing the other boys to rush to the window.

The boys watched as dozens of hot middle-aged moms began to emerge from the bus. "Holy shit, look at all those moms," Alex said.

"What are they all doing here?" One boy asked.

Jeff's eyes lit up. "Look at that one in the blue top. Look how big her tits are."

"What about that one," Todd said, pointing at a thick tan mother, "hers are huge too."

They watched as the moms chatted and giggled, slowly filing inside the entrance.

"Look at the ass on that one in pink. Look how it's swaying. Holy shit!" Dex muttered, squeezing the tip of his growing erection.

"Damn…I would fuck every one of them," one of the boys confessed.

"Me too," said another.

The boys finished eating breakfast, speculating on why the women might be visiting the training center. After awhile, Monique returned to get them. "Follow me, boys," she said.

The ten lucky teens were led down to the hall of the Goddess. Their eyes about popped from their heads as they were greeted by a room packed full of moms. All of the ladies, including their own mothers, wore the same outfit; white cheeky lace boy short-style panties and sexy strapless bras. Their feet were propped in white strapless mules with five-inch stiletto heels.

The women moved to the side, so the boys could enter, whispering amongst themselves as their eyes looked the teens up and down lustfully.

"Good morning, boys. Welcome to day six," the Goddess said. Her outfit was identical to the others, but in black. "Today, as you can see, we have some guests. Not all mums are fortunate enough to have a son to bring to **BSTC**. Some mums have only daughters. So

during each training group, we allow forty such mums to join us for a day of sexual training. Say hello, mums!"

The large group of mothers all said "hi," in unison, some giggling excitedly.

"Today we will be dividing into teams. You and your mother will be choosing four women to form a team to engage in today's activities. Boys, I would like you to form a circle in the center of the room, each facing out. Your mother will stand behind you," the Goddess said.

The boys did as instructed and the Goddess continued. "Boys, remove your briefs and stroke your erections. The visiting mothers will parade around the circle, displaying their bodies."

Their boners sprung out, fully hard for all the moms to see. Many gasped and whispered to each other as they gawked at the impressive group of erections. The thump of a sexy **R&B** tune filled the hall as the visiting women began to circle the boys, moving their sexy bodies to the beat of the music. "Watch them carefully, boys. In just a little while, you'll be choosing four mums to join your team."

Todd was immediately drawn to one mom in particular. It was the blonde with big tits that he had seen outside. She had a dark tan and was incredibly curvy. Her mammoth tits looked like they could pop out of her strapless bra at any moment. Her eyes were drawn to Todd's like magnets, and her luscious lips curled into a naughty smile. "You like her, don't you, sweetheart?" Vicky asked.

"Yeah, she's really pretty," Todd confessed.

The blonde paused in front of them. "Hi, I'm Lisa…and you, young man, are absolutely adorable," she said, making Vicky smile.

"Thanks," Todd blushed.

She gazed down at the long thick erection, slipping through his fist. "Wow," she said, wide-eyed.

"He gets that reaction a lot," Vicky said, making Lisa giggled.

"I bet," Lisa said, watching Todd stare at her huge bobbling cleavage. "He must like big boobs?"

"Uh-huh," Vicky said. "Good thing Mom has 'em, right?" Vicky asked her son.

"Yeah," Todd said.

"You better pick me then." Lisa said with a wink. "So I can smother you."

Another mom joined them. "Ohh my God, look at this one," she said as her and another short-haired Mother paused. Todd's eyes lingered on Lisa's for a moment as she drifted off in the circle.

"Can we feel it?" The mother asked as the two of them stared at his boner.

"Sure," Todd muttered.

The two mother's squeezed Todd's boner, their wedding rings sparkling on their fingers. They were both beautiful women, but Todd was especially drawn to one. She reminded him of the actress Carla Gugino, with short dark hair and the biggest sexiest smile he had ever seen. Best of all, she had big melon-sized breasts and smooth curvy legs. "I'm Todd," the teen muttered.

She looked up into his eyes, sharing a lustful stare. "Hi Todd, I'm Sam," she said, helping him stroke his cock. She moved in close and whispered softly. "Please pick me, ok? I want you," she said seductively, then tenderly nipped at his earlobe with her perfectly white teeth.

She felt the teen's boner throb in her hand, then slipped away with the rotating circle of moms.

"Look at that one, sweetheart," Vicky said, motioning to a tall African-American woman with long braided hair. She was stunning, with full ruby lips and alluring hazel eyes. The woman had Vicky's curvy body, big tits and all. She stood behind a few other moms, and her big melons rocked heavily beneath her bra as she moved to the beat of music.

Her eyes met Todd's and he gave her a wave. She stepped towards him along with two other moms who were drooling over Todd's cock. "Hi baby," she said.

"Hi, I'm Todd."

"Roliza," she said with a smile, then looked at Vicky. "Your Mom is beautiful."

"Thanks, so are you," Vicky said.

Roliza rubbed Todd's cheek tenderly, gazing at him. "And you, baby boy. I could eat you right up."

"I wouldn't mind," Todd said.

Even though all the moms were sexy, there was one more woman who caught Todd's eye. She was a stunning red head with fair skin. Her legs looked strong and her tits were like two large melons quivering with each step. He name was Cassie.

After more mingling and cock-stroking, the Goddess separated the visiting moms to one side of the room. "Ok boys, it's time to select mothers for your team."

One by one, the boys made their selection. Todd and Vicky were pleased that he got every mother he wanted. Lisa, Sam, Roliza and

Cassie all joined Todd and his Mom at one section of the hall.

"We now have ten teams. All the mothers, please follow Monique into the next room to prepare. The boys will be along shortly," the Goddess said.

Once all the women disappeared, the Goddess spoke to the boys. "This will definitely be the most sexually demanding day you've faced so far. You'll need to pace yourselves, boys, and flex your **PC** muscles regularly, to increase your staying power."

After offering a few more words of advice, the Goddess had them follow her into the adjoining room. Like the hall of the Goddess, the room was quite large and lit by warm romantic candlelight. The boys jaws dropped as they filed into the room. Scattered around the space, were ten oversized heart-shaped beds, with only brilliant white top sheets and fluffy pillows. Surrounding each bed was the selected team of mothers, with the boys own mother at the forefront of each group. The women were now completely naked, their smooth sexy bodies glowing in the candlelight.

"Holy fucking hell!" Jeff muttered, taking in the sight of fifty big-titted mothers facing them.

"Now that's the most beautiful site I've ever seen," Todd said.

Standing at the base of the heart-shaped bed, Vicky smiled at him lovingly. Her hands were on her hips, with one sexy leg cocked out in front of her in a seductive pose. The other team members stood in similar fashion, their huge naked mommy-melons thrust out proudly.

"Welcome boys," Monique said, standing naked at the side of the room. "We call this room 'the hall of euphoria.' I think you can see why," she said, followed by giggles from most of the mothers.

The Goddess walked behind the boys. "This exercise is very simple. Five hours of sexual intercourse with the women of your team. Boys, you'll notice a thin device around each woman's wrist, like what your mother wore yesterday. We call these orgasmic fit bits. Much like how other devices track heart-rate or calorie burn, these devices track the number of orgasms a woman has. At the end, we'll add the number of orgasms from each team. The group with the most will spend the remainder of the afternoon on a private yacht for dinner and cruising around the island," she explained.

Vicky looked back at her team members. "Wow," she said with a smile. The other Moms looked back at her excitedly.

"We got this," Roliza said confidently..

The Goddess and Monique started to leave the room. "Remember, five hours is a marathon, not a sprint," the Goddess reminded them. "Pace yourselves, boys. This is the moment where your knowledge and skills will be put to the test."

Monique looked at Todd and winked. "Have fun," she said with a naughty smile. The doors closed behind them and the ten mothers stepped over, took theirs son's hand and led them to bed.

Ten minutes later, each bed was covered in a pile of writhing naked flesh.

"Ohhh, shit!" Todd sighed, peeking out from between Lisa's massive tits.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" the blonde beauty cried, as she rode his cock.

"Go girl!" Roliza said, slapping Lisa's big ass, causing the woman to intensify her fuck-rhythm.

Todd licked along her jiggling inner tit-flesh, then sucked her nipple into his mouth. Her felt her soft curvy body tremble and her cunt

tighten around his burrowing erection. " Uuuhhggh!" Lisa screamed, struck by an intense cum. The number "1 " lit up on her wrist device.

Grinding out her orgasm, Lisa sat up. Todd looked up at huge bobbling tit-cushions looming over him. Sam's big boobs bumped up against Lisa's as she lingered right next to them, looking down at the boy like a hungry cougar. "You want on?" Lisa asked.

"Please," Sam said hornily.

As they made the switch, Roliza leaned over the teen, her huge spongy tits dragging on his chest. She locked lips with him and spun her long tongue through his mouth. He introduced his own, and their lickers wrestled wildly in his mouth.

He felt his Mom and Cassie, give his wet boner a few strokes, then feed it into Sam's tight pussy. "Mmnnn," Todd whimpered, feeling her wet cunt sheath his cock.

Roliza broke their French kiss, but continued planting a series of wet kisses and licks on his face and neck. He suddenly felt another tongue join hers. "Mmmnnn, sweet baby boy," Lisa said softly, showering him with smooches. Their lips met in an open oval. Lisa's long thick licker lashed around Todd's own tongue, inviting it to dance.

"Yesss! Ohh, God, yess," Sam cried, her sexy body bouncing up and down on Todd's cock. The muscles in her hips flexed as she propelled her cunt along the length of his dick, her big fat mommy-melons jumping heavily on her chest.

Vicky and Cassie joined the two other mothers at his sides. The four of them now leaned over the boy, licking and kissing at his neck, face and chest, while Sam continued to bounce on his dick. Lisa's tongue was still in his mouth as they kissed hungrily. Her massive tan boobs spread out around his neck. She broke the kiss and

squeezed her massive mammaries around his face, smothering him in tit-meat.

"Mmmnnff," Todd whimpered, his voice muffled by her spongy cleavage.

"Ohhh," Roliza said, stroking his chest. "He likes those big titties."

"Uh-huh," Vicky said as both her and Roliza flattened their heavy tits on his upper chest, their big stiff rubbery nipples digging into his flesh.

Todd's fat knob plunged through the slippery ridged lining of Sam's birth-canal, knocking against her cervix on every down thrust. "Ohhh fuck, baby!" she cried out. "I'm gonna cum!"

The other mothers repositioned, preparing for someone to take her place. Sam lowered her upper half, propping her arms astride Todd's head. The boy watched in awe as her fat tits swung crazily right above his face. She plowed her cunt at a frantic pace. Her pretty face contorted. "Oh my God, I'm cumming hard!" she cried out.

Todd felt her cunt spew around his cock as it sucked and pumped greedily.

She moved one arm to allow Vicky to lean over and kiss her son. Her soft warm boobs rested on his upper chest as they made out for a minute. Vicky broke the kissed and gazed adoringly. "Pull her down on you and fuck her hard. Make her cum again, baby," she said, then moved out of the way.

Todd grabbed Sam by the arm and pulled her the rest of the way down on top of him. They immediately locked lips and the teen folded his arms around her, squeezing her hot curvy body against him. He swiveled his hips on the mattress, driving his cock through her wet pussy with deep thrusts. "Mmmnnghh," Sam squealed into his mouth, their tongues twisting together.

The feel of her plump mature tits squashed against his chest was amazing. He felt her soft silky flesh quiver and she gasped, breaking the kiss and panting at his neck. "Yesss, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum again!" she cried.

Roliza leaned over them, her big dark tits hanging inches from Todd's face. He stared up at the thick swollen nipples, which protruded from huge round areola. Roliza's pretty face hovered just beyond, her tight braided hair hanging down. "Get it, baby. Get that hot pussy!" she said seductively.

From every part of the large room came the cries and whimpers of horny mothers, having their pussies eaten or fucked to orgasm.

Cassie stretched out on her back, wiggling her full ass cheeks into a comfortable position. Her long red hair was spread out on the mattress. She stared hungrily at Todd's hard-on, lifting her legs and spreading her thick thighs as far apart as she could.

Todd positioned himself between her splayed thighs, supporting his torso on outstretched arms. He looked down to watch his bulbous knob nudge into her cuntal vestibule..

"Oh, God, yes, fuck me pleeease!" Cassie said, wrapping her legs tightly around his waist, pulling him down so that her enormous alabaster tits flattened under his chest.

Todd sighed as he speared his cock deep into her cunt and held it there as she clung to him. Cassie squirmed hornily beneath him, rocking her pelvis. He reached behind her and grasped her shoulders, staying buried as deep as he could, crushing his cock against her uteri as she writhed beneath him. She threw her head back; the muscles in her neck straining as she let out an orgasmic shriek.

Todd set his hips in motion, pounding her pussy with steady thrusts. He continued to clutch her by the shoulders, feeling her heavy tits

slosh between them.

"Yeah, fuck her, baby boy!" Lisa shouted.

He extended his arms, raising his upper body while continuing steady fuck-thrusts. His fingers sunk into the supple flesh of her breasts and milk began to trickle through his fingers. "Holy shit," quote sighed, watching the liquid run off the sides of her boobs.

Cassie giggled. "Sorry, I just gave birth a month ago," she said.

"I don't mind," Todd said. He let her breasts go and sat up while continuing to fuck her cunt. He loved the way their humping motions made her big fleshy boobs roll up and down on her chest. Her nipples were thick and swollen, the surrounding areola dotted with milk-glans.

"Do you wanna suck on them while we fuck?" she asked sweetly.

"Baby want milk?" Roliza teased, making the other four Moms laugh.

"Hell yeah," the teen said, then lowered himself down and pressed his face into one of her pillowy jugs, latching on to her nipple.

Milk flowed plentifully into Todd's mouth as he sucked like a baby. "Mmmmm," the teen muttered, his face masked in creamy tit-meat. His cock flexed, plunging through the hot tight grip of her experienced pussy. Her strong legs clung to him as he bucked between her thighs. Todd felt a rush of excitement surge through him. The fact that Cassie had a newborn, that was probably home with her husband at that very moment was a huge rush.

He gripped her meaty ass and fucked hard and fast, whipping his tongue on the milk-soaked nub of her nipple. "Ohhh yess, keep fucking me hard. I'm cumming!" she cried out.

Todd obliged, ramming his cock through her slippery cunt-tube. He felt it shrink up around his meat, then begin to soak him in hot girl-juice. She shrieked and whimpered as their naked bodies beat together.

Roliza's face was there to meet Todd's as Cassie's nipple popped from his mouth. She fed him a few sensual kisses, moving backwards, beckoning him to follow her. He did, his glistening erection sliding from Cassie's cunt and wagging as he crawled towards beauty. She moved onto her hands and knees, her big black milkers rocking back and forth as they hung heavily from her chest.

She cocked her big ass back and wagged it invitingly. Todd crawled up behind her, mounting her haunches. He grasped his erection and plowed it through her gooey slit and jutting clitoris before splitting her quim. "Ohhh, baby," she shouted, tossing her ass back.

Todd grasped her hips and thrust his meaty pecker, fucking her doggy-style. Roliza's thick half-globes rippled as the beat against Todd's midsection. "Ohhh yeah," he sighed, feeling his cock throb as it sliced through the pink muscled walls of her vagina.

"Ooohh, shit," the Mother moaned, as she felt his hard meat slip back and forth across her inner nerve-endings. She swung her buns back to meet his thrusts, her big dangling breasts juddering off her chest.

The other women surrounded the teen, kissing, licking and clawing at his body.

Roliza's moans got progressively louder. "Ohh...ohhh...**OHHH, SHIT**," she cried out, her lush body trembling from a hard cum as Todd's cock pounded through her cunt.

His hard peter popped from her pussy, soaked in her juices. Still on his knees, he found himself surrounded by the other four women, each letting out horny whimpers as they rubbed their tits against

him. He French-kissed each of them in turn, feeling their big warm jugs press up against him.

Lisa pulled him towards her and she rolled onto her back, her massive rack swinging off the sides of her chest. The super-curvy blonde brought her knees way back, bowing open her smooth tan thighs. Todd's heart pounded excitedly as he looked at the shaved V of her pudendum.

"Fuck her baby!" Vicky said with a smile.

Todd moved down between her legs, positioning his loins in the comfort of her soft saddle. He slipped his dick inside her, then brought his body down on hers, sinking in to all that soft mommy-flesh. "Ohhhyesss!" the gorgeous mother hissed, feeling his thick cock squeeze through the tight gripping tube of her pussy.

Todd also gasped as he felt her strong motherly legs wrap around him, clutching him between her wide-spread thighs. Lisa bounced her buns off the bed hornily, screwing her cunt up around Todd's big dick.

"Yess, fuck me hard!" she cried.

Todd obliged, thrusting his erection in and out from knob to balls. Lisa's cunt squeezed and throbbed, milking his rock-hard meat as it thundered through her. "Uuuunnhhgg," she screamed, overcome by a toe-curling orgasm.

"Ohhh shit!" the teen muttered, flexing his **PC** muscle. Her tight spewing cunt was making his knob tingle with pleasure. "Ohhh God, it feels so fucking good," he moaned, reaching down and gripping on to her big ass-cheeks as he continued fucking.

"Fuck meeee," Lisa cried, throwing her legs back spread-eagle. Todd fucked like a sex-hungry animal, pounding his cock in so deep and hard it was like he was trying to carve a tunnel into her womb. Her

muscled inner lining gripped his meat tight, her vaginal glands soaking his boner in a hot lubricating juice.

"Hhhhuuhh, fuck!" Todd shouted, trying to hold the cum back. The muscled in his lean ass flexed and strained as they helped propel his hard prick deep into Lisa's cunt.

Her tan flesh rippled and her back arched from the bed, her pretty face contorting through a web of blonde hair. Todd held onto her, their genitals smacking together. He held her legs propped back as he continued his assault. "Uuuunnhhgg yeess!" the busty mother screamed, squirting hot girl-cum on Todd's cock.

Todd raised his torso, breathing excitedly as he flexed his **PC** muscle the best he could. Lisa pulled him back down on top of her, locking her strong legs back around him. "Mooore!" her voice quivered.

Todd flexed his dick and speared it to her back wall, crushing his knob against her cervix. He slid his arms under her, locking them around her sweaty back. Their bodies rocked and jerked violently, shaking the huge bed.

"Damn!" Roliza said, as the four women watched in awe. It was incredibly intense, as if both Lisa and Todd were trying to somehow squeeze his entire body into hers.

Sam's eyes got big as she watched. "Oh my God," she said with a giggle.

Their movements seemed almost inhuman, like two animals engaged in a desperate rut. "Fuuuck," Todd cried out, as he felt her cunt pull out a rope of hot cum. The writhing Mother let out a primitive growl, her big horny tits heaving up against the teen as he blasted two more jets of cum out his piss-hole. "Uuhhhh," Todd groaned, soaking her cervix with thick creamy baby-batter.

The other women stroked his body as Lisa milked his erection, squeezing her cunt and pulling out every drop of cum.

Most of the boys had already cum once. Like all of them, Todd watched his team of mothers take turns sucking his cock back to full hardness.

More fucking quickly ensued, with the women requesting various positions. Once in a while, Vicky would take a turn. She smiled down at her boy as she rode his cock. Leaned over, she could see him gazing up at her big swinging titties lustfully.

"Sorry that mine aren't dripping with milk like Cassie's," she said teasingly.

"That's ok, although that would be super-awesome if they were," Todd said.

"Super-awesome huh?" she said with a giggle. "Well first I'd need to be super-pregnant."

"Want me to take care of that for you?" Todd half-joked, making the moms laugh as they sat around him.

"How do you know you haven't already?" she said with a teasing smile.

"True that," Lisa said, "his army of swimmers could be raping our eggs as we speak."

"You'd like that wouldn't you, baby," Vicky asked her son. "A sexy pregnant mommy waddling around the house."

Roliza crawled over him, letting her big black jugs dangle above his face. "Teasing you with her big milk-filled titties," she added.

Cassie and Linda joined her, letting their bobbling hooters hover over his face. Linda gazed at him lustfully. "She could press her big round baby-ball up against you and letting you squirt your hot cum all over it."

"Ohhh damn," Todd muttered, delighted by their hot words. He felt his mom squeeze his cock with her cunt-muscles as she continued grinding on him.

Sam joined them too, so he now had fours sets of tits squeezed together lingering over his face. "Who knows…she might just let you fuck her pregnant pussy when your dad's not around," Sam said.

Todd's heart pounded excitedly, both from their words and the big wobbling tit-cloud above him. Cassie lowered her milk-filled boobs and let them drag heavily across the teen's face. "You could fuck her pussy and suck on her big swollen breasts," she said.

The soft spongy underside of one of her boobs drug across his face until his lips were met by her fat wet nipple. He gobbled up a huge mouthful of tit and sucked greedily. A warm shower of squirting milk washed across his lapping tongue.

Soon after, she pulled her tit from his mouth and the nipple was still dripping. All four women lowered their jiggling jugs and rocked them back and forth against his face. It was a big-tit lovers dream. "Would you like to get your mommy pregnant, baby?" Lisa asked. "Her belly can get big and round with the fruit of your nut."

"Yeah," Todd sighed, kissing the smooth soft contour of Lisa's side-boob.

For the next ten minutes, while Vicky rode his dick, Todd enjoyed four sets and dangling tits. He licked, pulled and chewed at their nipples and areola, savoring the feel of their heavy, squishy boob-flesh plastered over his entire face.

The Mothers suddenly rose up and Vicky lowered herself down onto her boy, her own big boobies squashed between them. She began to fuck her cunt on his cock with desperate intensity, showering him with wet kisses. She brought her lips to his ear. "Fuck a baby into me!" she said passionately, squeezing his cock with her strong mature cunt muscles.

"Ohhh, damn!" Todd gasped, feeling his glans slip along ribbed lining of her cunt-tube.

"Uuuunnhhgg," Vicky cried, her big tit-melons quaking between them. Her cum squirted out of her urethra, all over the meat of Todd's dick, dripping off his nuts.

"Ohhh, fuck, mom, I'm gonna nut off!" he cried out. The sensations on his penis were just too much.

Vicky rested her forehead against his, gazing and panting lustfully. "Were you serious about wanting me pregnant?" she asked quickly.

"Yesss," he muttered, edging on the brink of a huge cum.

Vicky plunged his cock deep into her cunt, then tilted her pelvis slightly. Todd felt the soft pursed lips of her cervical ring. "I'm gonna cum!" Todd muttered, so Vicky bore down as hard as she could. His swollen knob dug in between the head of her cervix, sinking into a layer of hot mucus. "Cum right there!" she cried out.

Todd's purple knob swelled suddenly against the wet ring surrounding it. "Uhhhh!" he grunted as a huge jet of thick creamy jizz erupted from his cock, spattering along the back of Vicky's cunt. Inside her cervix, a cloud of sperm exploded through, releasing millions of tadpoles.

He humped and came, and humped and came some more. The lucky teen felt like he squirted a gallon of cum inside her.

"Congratulation to team Vicky and Todd," the Goddess announced later. "Their team had a total of sixty-two orgasms. In fact, that's an all time high at **BSTC**, breaking the previous record of fifty-nine."

All the moms and sons clapped, showing good sportsmanship.

After a hot shower, Todd was the first one to the yacht, which was located in a small ocean inlet and tied to a dock. boat captain waved and gave the boy a friendly smile.

The five moms arrived shortly thereafter, all wearing sexy bikinis. Upon seeing them, the boat captain fed Todd a big smile and a thumbs-up.

They set off out into the ocean, following near the edge of the tropical island. The five mothers laughed and joked, marveling at the beauty around them. The captain anchored the craft over a sandbar, not far from shore. The sexy mothers dove gracefully into the turquoise water for a swim.

Todd did a cannon ball near his mom, spraying her with water. She screamed playfully and swam towards him. "Brat! Get over here," she said.

He tried to swim away, but Linda clutched onto him. "Where do you think you're going, young man?" she said, squashing her bikini-clad boobs against his back.

Vicky swam over and wrapped her arms around him, pressing her boobs against his bare chest. "You're lucky you're cute," Vicky said, holding onto him as she wrapped her legs around him.

Todd was nearly up to his neck in water, but could stand on the sandy bottom, supporting his mom's weight. Linda stacked her legs on top of Vicky's, clutching on to the teen as she wrapped her strong legs around him from behind.

"Kiss me, you naughty boy," Vicky said, tilting her head and locking lips with him. Their tongues danced, their lips fused in an open oval.

When they finally broke the kiss, Lisa turned Todd's head. "My turn," she whispered. Her and Todd kissed like horny newlyweds, their tongues whipping together.

"Hey, we want some," Sam said, as the other three moms swam over.

"Come join us, girls," Vicky said, then buried her face on Todd's neck, kissing and licking at his tender flesh.

The other girls took position around the teen, squeezing their fatty tits up against him. Under the water, Todd's lean frame was wrapped in a knot of sexy arms and legs. Somehow, all the women were able to get his body squeezed between their thighs. He made out with one mother, then moved on to another. There were three hands in his trunks, fondling his balls and his hard prick.

Strong mature tongues whipped at his neck, long nails stroked at his lean chest. He was sandwiched between five sets of enormous bikini clad jugs, feeling the pillowy flesh squash against him from every direction. Life truly couldn't get any better, but then it did.

"Let's get this hunk back to the yacht, " Vicky said.

A huge king-sized bed filled the cabin of the boat. Vicky led her son by the hand down into the cabin. The other mothers followed. "Let's get his trunks off," Vicky said. Sam and Linda were quick to help the mother shed Todd's trunks. His big boner sprung out, wagging obscenely.

"Mmm, yummy," Linda said, gazing at the enormous boner as she unfastened her bikini top, making her big stiff-nippled tits spring free.

"Mmm-mmm, you got that right, girl," Roliza said, releasing her big black knockers from her bikini.

Todd stroked his boner as he watched the gorgeous, still damp, mothers shamelessly strip out of their bikinis. His eyes traveled from their big bobbling boobs, to their jiggled asses, then to their shaved vulvas. Roliza stepped towards him seductively, her strong smooth legs moving her fluidly. Her big dark milkers slightly rocked as she stepped up to the teen and planted a soft kiss.

"You want some chocolate pudding, baby?"

"Sure," Todd said with a smile.

"We were told that they train you boys to fuck a woman standing up, is that true?"

"Definitely true," Vicky said, standing naked nearby. The other moms giggled.

"Hey Sam, when was the last time your husband fucked you standing up?" Roliza asked.

"Oh my God, it's been years," Sam said.

"My husband, has never fucked me standing up," Cassie said with an exaggerated pout.

Roliza looked Todd in the eyes. "You hear that, baby. You gotta skill a woman craves. You ready?"

Todd nodded eagerly. "Yeah," he said.

Roliza wrapped her arms around his neck, then sprung from the floor. She coiled her legs around him, then reached back to slip his dick in. Todd pinned her against the wall, then punched his dick up through her hot cunt.

"Ohhh, shit!" Roliza whimpered. Todd held her up by her thick thighs, his buttocks humping at a rapid pace. Her big milk-cannons sloshed against his chest as he fucked her to orgasm.

Cassie was sort of the shy one of the group, but she wanted fucked this way, so she stepped forward. "Can I go next?" she asked sweetly.

"Go for it girl," Linda said.

She stepped towards Todd, staring down at his big wagging erection. Todd's eyes locked on to the red head's boobs. Her swollen alabaster tits wobbled heavily as she stepped towards him. Her cunt was shaved bare and the teen could see the fat hood of her clitoris protruding from the flesh of thick labial meat. He smiled to himself, knowing that pussy-flesh would soon be stretched around the thick root of his dick.

She grasped his shoulder, then sprung from the floor, wrapping her silky-smooth mommy-legs around him. Todd carried her over to the wall. She stared down at him like a virgin cheerleader about to get dicked by a porn star.

She reached back, clutched his big boner and fed it inside her cunt. Todd sighed as he was sheathed in hot horny pussy. "I'm gonna fuck you really hard, so hold on to me," he told her.

Cassie clutched onto him. He dug his fingers into her ass and set his hips in motion, fucking her with deep powerful thrusts. The mother's curvy body trembled from their heated fuck-rhythm. "Yeesss, ohh my God, I love this!" she cried out, clinging to the well-practiced teen, her leaking tits flattened against his chest.

"Yess, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yeeesss! Uuuunnhhgg," she screamed, her body trembling with pleasure as she clung to Todd as tightly as she could.

For Todd, it was a huge rush holding this grown woman up off the floor. A woman with kids and a husband who had no idea she was getting fucked by some cute, well hung guy on a yacht. "Ohhh shit!" Todd sighed, feeling her strong mature pussy, that had just squeezed out a baby a month ago, tighten and contract around his unyielding hardon.

Next, it was Linda's turn. She clutched at his ass as he pinned her against the wall, spearing his cock in and out. The flesh of her super-curvy body shuttered on impact, every time he knocked at the back of her cunt. "Yesssohhhh, fuuuuck!" she cried out as her pussy squirted all over Todd's dick.

Sam too was in pure heaven as she clung to the hot-bodied teen. "Ohhh my God, I love it this way!" she shouted, creaming on his cock. After a few minutes, Todd walked over and tossed her onto the big bed. Sam let out a little scream, then giggled as she watched him climb on to the bed after her. "I wanna fuck your ass," Todd said.

The busty Mother looked back at him excitedly. "How do you want me?"

"Get your ass in the air, point it back at me," Todd said, waiting their on his knees, stroking the tip of his dick.

Sam wasted no time flipping over, rising onto her hands and knees, then pointing her meaty ass back at him. He wet his cock with her cunt-slit, then squeezed his knob inside the ring of her asshole. "Ohhh God, yesss, fuck my ass!" she cried.

Her meaty globes beat against his midsection as he slipped his cock through the soft grip of her ass-tract. "Ohh fuck!" he shouted as his knob tingled with pleasure.

"Better squeeze that shit off, baby. I want you in my ass too," Roliza said.

Minutes later, she got her wish. Todd was on his back and Roliza was straddling him with his cock shoved up her asshole. She humped her big juicy ass up and down, squeezing the young hard cock with her ass-muscles. "Ohhh yeahh," Todd sighed, feeling her slippery ass-tube clutch and hump his cock.

"That's right baby, deep in that fucking ass," she said, keeping a steady butt-humping pace.

Her big black melons swung heavily around Todd's face, softly brushing against him. He raised his head further up in between her rocking tits, kissing and licking the inside of one of her boobs, making his way up to her breastbone and kissing it also.

Roliza pressed the sides of her breasts with her arms, smothering his entire head between her massive mammaries. His cock flexed excitedly. She squeezed her shit-muscles in response. Todd's voice gave off and excited muffled whimper. "Ooohhfuck."

"Ohhh yeah, baby, I feel that shit throbbing. Gimme that fucking nut, come on," Roliza said.

The stretched ring of her asshole sucked up and down the hard cylinder of meat as it sunk in and out of the hot slippery grip of her rectum. The other Mother's watched, their butt-holes throbbing with anticipation.

Todd's head was wedged between her jiggling boobs, turned slightly sideways with his face sunk into the dough-like softness of her tit-meat. "Ohhhhh!" he whimpered, feeling his knob tingle with uncontrollable pleasure.

"Come on, baby, pour it into my ass. Let Momma Roliza pop that nut, baby boy."

"Uhhhhhh!" Todd cried out, arching his chest from the bed as big huge ropes of cum splattered the inside of Roliza's ass.

"Uuuhhfuuuck!" Todd whimpered, pressing his face even deeper into her squishy boob. The black mother continued to slip her asshole up and down his hard dong, milking ever drop of cum.

A little later, back at the compound, the mother's said good night to Todd, one at a time. The other mothers waited patiently, while Cassie went first. Her and Todd were a little ways away holding each other. All the moms were back in their bikinis.

"I had fun today," Cassie whispered, gazing into his eyes.

"Me too," Todd said.

"My breasts are so full. I could pump, or we could find a private spot later and I could nurse you," she said, smiling through the curtain of silky red hair.

"Your tits are amazing. I could spend all night sucking them."

Cassie's clitoris tingled, her big rubbery nipples throbbed as she sighed, staring at Todd like an excited girl in love. "Oh my God," she said stroking his cheek.

"I better go for tonight."

"Ok," Cassie said, moving in for a passionate kiss. She rubbed her tits on him as they shared a few more wet kisses. "Goodnight, handsome," she said.

"Goodnight," Todd said, watching her bikini-clad ass sway seductively as she left.

Sam was next, stepping up and hugging him. She gazed adoringly. "I know you're only eighteen and I'm thirty-nine, but I want you to know that I'd ditch my husband in a second to be with you," she confessed.

"Do you have a bad marriage?"

"No, I have a great marriage. My husband is kind and he works hard. There's nothing he wouldn't do for me," she said, staring into Todd's eyes. "But he's not you," she said. "You could pleasure me in ways that he never ever could," she said.

Sam planted a series of wet kisses, then pulled him against her squishy boobs. Todd could see her trembling with horniness. "I want you," she whispered.

"I know, but I better go ok," Todd said.

"You have my number. If you're ever in Dayton, Ohio, you better call me," she said.

"I will. I promise."

She planted a soft sensual, dreamy-eyed kiss.

Roliza walked over and held him. "My husband isn't bad in bed, but if you ever want more of that chocolate pudding, momma Roliza will come running," she said.

Todd smiled. "Thanks, momma," he said.

She winked then walked off.

Linda stepped over and they embraced. "I have a daughter a little older than you. You'd love her. She's just like her mother. Blonde, big boobs, big ass. She would flip the fuck out over you, but it would never work out," Linda said.

"Why's that?"

"Because if you lived in San Diego you'd be mine, not hers," Lisa said, making them giggle.

"Not sure your husband would be too happy about that."

"Real women don't let their husband stand in the way of getting what they want."

"And what is it you want?" Todd asked.

"You....your cock....your babies," she whispered.

"Wow," Todd muttered.

"What?" she said with giggle. "Oh come on, don't tell me you wouldn't wanna see this girl big and pregnant. Imagine these big boobs all swollen with milk. I'd absolutely smother you."

"I don't doubt that," Todd said.

Linda came back down to reality. "Tell you what…when I do get pregnant again, I'm gonna wait until I'm nine months along, then I'm gonna buy you a plane ticket to San Diego. You can spend a wonderful weekend fucking and sucking a hot pregnant mom. Deal?"

"Deal," Todd said.

They kissed passionately, like lovers about to embark on their own long journey. "Bye, sexy," she said.

"Bye," Todd muttered.

Vicky came over and embraced her son, just as the other mothers did. "How's it feel to have so many hot moms lusting after you?" she asked.

"Pretty good I guess, but none of those ladies are as hot as you," Todd said.

"That's the second time you've said that. Better be careful…next time I might believe you."

"It's true."

"Hm, kiss me you charmer," she said.

"Gladly," he said. They shared a good five-minutes worth of slow passionate smooching.

Day 7

"How was breakfast, boys," Monique asked as she arrived to get them the next morning. "Good," most answered.

"If you follow me, we'll join your mothers in the hall of the Goddess."

They all followed her out into the corridor. "Not you, Todd," Monique said as she stopped. "Keep going, boys. I'll catch up," she said to the others.

Monique stepped over to Todd. "Making quite the impression here at **BSTC**, Todd."

"Thanks."

"Winning most of the contests, making all the mothers, including me, beg for that big cock of yours. Such a reputation was bound to peak the interest of a certain person," Monique said.

"A certain person?"

Monique pointed down the corridor going the opposite way. "You'll be going that way," she said, then sashayed away to catch up with the group. "Have fun," she said.

Todd walked along the corridor, which seemed to go on forever. Finally, a figure emerged from the shadows ahead. It was the

Goddess. She was completely nude, except for her five-inch dainty heels, which clicked against the hard floor.

She looked at Todd for a moment, then turned and walked in the same direction he was, only a short distance ahead.. She had a thick succulent ass. The teen watched her meaty cheeks sway from side to side provocatively. "It seems that every training period there's a student that catches my eye," she said, her sexy heels clicking daintily on the hard surface. "A student with exceptional size and skill."

Up near the Goddess, another women emerged from the shadows of the corridor. It was Vicky. She was naked also and wore the same sexy heels as the ones the Goddess was wearing. She flashed her son a smile, then walked side-by-side with the Goddess. The site of two meaty asses undulating atop their strong gorgeous legs stiffened Todd's cock right up.

The Goddess glanced back as they approached a doorway. "For six days I focus on my pupils, making sure they have a grasp on sex, both in theory and in practice," she said, then stopped at the door, her huge stiff-nippled tits hanging heavily on her chest. "But on the seventh day, well…that's **MY** day to fuck."

Todd caught up to them as they waited by the doorway. The Goddess's eyes traveled up and down his lean body. "Sex with me can be quite intimidating to some, but you strike me as someone who might be up for the challenge. So you and your mother can either go back to the Hall of the Goddess and join the other couples, or you can come inside my room and demonstrate what a true cocksman you've become."

Todd was proud of himself. He knew he'd come a long way sexually. He had a really big dick and now he had the skills to use it. He decided to approach the situation in a way that the Goddess probably least expected.

"Why don't I just start demonstrating right now," he said, pulling off his briefs. His big meaty erection wagged lewdly.

Vicky and the Goddess smiled in surprise as the teen peeled off his shirt, getting completely naked. He stepped over to her and put his hand on her shoulder, pushing her down to her knees. "Suck it," he said.

The Goddess smiled mischievously, then lowered her mouth over his dick, giving it a few deep sucks. She clutched it at the base and lashed her long pierced tongue across his bulbous knob. While the Goddess sucked, Todd held out his hand, then pulled his mom to him. He kissed her long and deep, squeezing her big tits roughly. "Lick my ass," he said to Vicky.

The hot Mom obeyed without hesitation. She pressed her face between her son's ass-cheeks and whipped her tongue across his asshole, while the Goddess greedily sucked his cock, her head bobbing up and back like a pro.

She deep throated him with ease, her lips spread out along the base of his shaft. She withdrew his prick from her mouth, then sunk her circled lips again to his cock-hilt. Todd grabbed her head and held it there. Then he thrust his hips, fucking his cock deep into her throat "ohhh, hot-damn," he sighed, enjoys the sensation of having his dick sucked and ass licked at the same time.

After about five minutes, he pulled his cock out of the Goddess's mouth. "Switch spots," he said. Now it was Vicky's turn to suck her son's cock. She jacked his prick slow as she ran her lips and tongue up the knob and shaft, planting wet kisses on his boner.

Wet slurping sounds filled corridor as the horny mother began the suck her son's huge hard cock. Up and back her head bobbed, fucking his boner down into her throat with every forward plunge. "Ohhh shit, yeah, mom," he moaned.

The Goddess dug her experienced licker back and forth across Todd's butthole, rimming his ass and sending warm tingles through his youthful body.

Todd held the back of his mom's head, gently thrusting his hips and using her mouth like a pussy. "Ohhh damn, that feels good," he whimpered.

The Mothers worked their magic for several minutes before the Goddess stood up and made a move of her own, pulling him into her room. She kicked off her heels and crawled back on to her big bed, her heavy boobs flopping as she scissored her curvy legs high in the air. "Come fuck me," she said.

Todd took a second to admire her amazing spread. Her strong smooth legs were propped back in a wide V, her sexy bare feet pointed back. The excited teen crawled onto the bed and down between her legs. Slowly, he rubbed his juicy knob up and down the slit of her pussy, teasing her by plowing it across her swollen clit. "Ohh, yess, just like that you naughty little fuck," she whimpered, feeling her nipples harden.

He fed his cock inside her shaved snatch, leaning forward and supported his weight on his outstretched arms, so he could watch the Goddess's pretty face as he squeezed his prick-meat deep inside her. "Ohhh damn," he whimpered, surprised at how tight she was.

"Yesss," she hissed, spreading her long legs back as far they would go and wiggling her ass beneath him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick. "Come on, fuck me. Gimme all your hard cock," she cried.

Todd thrust his erection through the tight grip of her birthing tube, watching her huge tit-melons shake and jiggle as he fed her his prick. She pulled him down on top of her. "Harder! Fuck me like a whore," she cried.

"Fuck her hard baby," Vicky said, sitting at the edge of the bed watching.

Todd gripped on to her warm curvy body, driving his cock in and out with savage thrusts. She tossed her legs around him, scissoring her ankles together high on his back. The Goddess humped her ass off the cushion, pumping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Yesss, just like that. Fuck meeee!"

He let his weight press against her, flattening her huge alabaster tits beneath his toned chest. He rested his head between her neck and shoulder, squeezing her warm flesh. Hard and fast his ass moved, driving his spear through the tight sheath of her cunt. The Goddess gasped as she felt the rhythmic force of his fuck thrusts. "Haaarder!" she cried out, clawing at his ass. "Fuck the shit out of meeee!" she cried out hornily.

"Fuck yeeaahh!" the teen reacted excitedly. His pussy-thrusts became more and more violent, driving his prick savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really boring into her, sinking to her womb with every pump of his hips.

She writhed beneath him, clutching his lean frame as it humped on top of her. She slapped his ass. "Come on, boy! You want my fucking cum, you earn it, you horny fuck!"

Todd reached down and cupped her frantically bouncing ass. He fucked her tight pussy as hard as he could, groaning as the slippery pussy muscles squeezed and sucked at his wet cock. "Ohhh shit," he sighed, quickly flexing his **PC** muscle to keep from cumming.

"Faasster!! Haaarder!" the Goddess squealed, her big tits sloshing between them. She arched her head back as the heat built deep inside her cock-stuffed pussy. She let loose a loud mommy-cry "Uuuhhggh fuckin cumming!"

Her cunt tightened and squirted hot juice around his Todd's prick. The teen fucked her straight through her orgasm, his boner digging through the hot slippery grip of her cunt.

Vicky was sprawled out on her side observing with one big tit stacked on top of the other. "Mmmm, you two are fun to watch," she said.

"Why don't we see how good he is at multitasking," the Goddess said, nudging him off of her. "I'll ride his cock, you straddle his face."

Todd was now on his back . The Goddess placed her knees astride him, straddling his loins. She grasped his big dick and squeezed it back into her coral gash.

Vicky took the same position as the Goddess, but on her son's face. Todd whimpered, digging his tongue through her fleshy cunt slit. He sucked her fat clit into his mouth, making his mother gasp.

The Goddess bounced on his dick, driving it all the way to the back of her pussy.

"Eeeeee," Vicky squealed with delight, squeezing her own tits as her thighs clamped around Todd's head. He laved his tongue back and forth against the thick fleshy nub of her clitoris making her pussy tingle. It finally became too much and she slid off of him. "Shit, baby, you trying to make me squirt all over your face," she said with a flushed giggle.

"I wouldn't mind."

"Ok, but you've been warned," the busty mother said, climbing back on him.

Todd ate her pussy delightfully. The sweet smell of her wet juicy cunt was intoxicating.

The Goddess glided her strong mature hips, stirring the boy's cock inside the tight sheath of her cunt. Her breathing became heavier, her humping motions became more rapid and intense. "Ohhh my God, what a fucking cock," she whimpered, on the verge of a hot orgasm.

"Uuuhhggh!" Vicky cried out, her big jugs heaving and wobbling. Her eyes suddenly rolled back in their sockets, her body doing a cute little contortion. She let loose a grunting cry. "Ohhh fuuuuck!"

"Uuuhhggh, I'm fucking cuuuumming!!" the Goddess cried out, hot girl-cum burbling out of her cunt-slot, soaking Todd's boner.

Todd's smothered face was soaked with hot juice as it gushed from Vicky's quivering pussy.

The two mothers laid against him, getting as much of their soft tits on his chest as they could while kissing and stroking him for the next half-hour.

The final night of the program was the **BSTC** Ball, which consisted of a formal dinner and dancing. The boys were given fancy tuxedos to wear, making them feel like a million bucks. Todd and Jeff waited at the base of a stairway, which led up the mothers private quarters. Finally, they heard the click of their dainty heels and Vicky and Michelle descended the stairway towards their teens.

"Hot damn," Jeff said as he caught sight of them.

Todd was simply speechless as he watched his gorgeous mother move towards him. Vicky wore a beautiful black maxi dress, featuring a plunging neckline, which left lots of creamy cleavage exposed. The dress also had a sexy high slit, from the bottom to the hip, allowing her to show off most of her strong silky-smooth legs. Her pretty feet were displayed in five-inch heels that complemented the rest of her outfit.

Michelle's outfit was equally stunning. It was a gray, long-sleeve plunge dress that fell just below the ass and mounded around her motherly curves. Like Vicky's dress, this one had a plunging neckline, cut nearly to her navel, leaving a good portion of her braless tits exposed. Like Vicky, she wore dainty heels, just a thin gray strap crossing her pretty painted toes.

"My oh my, check out our sexy dates," Michelle said.

"Hot and hunky," Vicky said, planting a sensual kiss on her son's lips.

The boys led their sexy mothers, arm in arm to the dining room, for a romantic candlelight dinner. Like the other couples, Todd and Vicky sat close to each other, often gazing lustfully into one another's eyes.

Following the meal, they moved to a room that was set up for drinking and dancing. Of course the boys were too young to partake of the booze, but the mothers didn't shy away from keeping a cocktail in their hand. The room had a lively dance-club feel, with flashy lighting and loud techno dance music.

All ten mothers took to the floor, dancing provocatively to the deafening beat.

"Woooooo!" Michelle screamed, holding her drink up, while thrusting her heavy tits to the beat.

"Yeeeeaaahhhh! Let's go, boys!" Morgan shouted.

"Come on, dude, let's go grind against some ass," Jeff said with a laugh, pulling Todd out onto dance floor. It wasn't a huge space, but just big enough to pack ten moms and sons into.

The boys squeezed up behind their moms, pressing themselves against their soft gyrating bodies. Vicky pressed her swiveling ass

back against Todd's hardening cock and they moved together to the beat.

Michelle did the same, smothering her son's bulge with her swaying buttocks. Already a little tipsy from dinner drinks, the two hot moms danced close to each other, their huge protruding tits brushing together. They thrusts their chests to the beat, their large jiggling melons rocking up and down.

The boys held their motherly hips, digging their pricks against Vicky and Michelle's asses. The four of them were packed so close together, swaying and grinding, that it felt as they were all part of the same flesh.

Michelle peeked back at her son. "How does that feel on those dicks, boys?" she asked, her voice barely heard over the loud music.

"Amazing!" Jeff shouted back.

Vicky peeked back at Todd and smiled, their eyes gazing together for a long moment.

Morgan squeezed over next to Todd, brushing her big tits against him. "Heeey, girls," she shouted to Vicky and Michelle.

"Heeey," they answered back.

More moms gathered around them, seeming determined to rub their big tits against Todd. The lights flashed wildly. The teen clung to Vicky's ass, letting it grind on his groin. Everywhere he looked moms had their arms in the air, thrusting their upper torsos to the beat, making their huge half-exposed jugs bounce heavily up and down.

Jeff smiled over at him as dancing moms squeezed all around them. "Daaamn dude," he said with a big grin.

Todd felt Morgan's hand go through the buttons of his shirt, clawing at his chest. He looked down to see her smiling at him mischievously. She rocked her wide hips to the beat, thrusting her big chest. Her dress had a scooping neckline, leaving a massive cleavage exposed. The lucky teen stared at the creamy mounds of flesh, watching them joggle up and down.

Moving to the deafening beat, Vicky glanced back at Morgan jealously. She took Todd's hands, which were still on her hips, and pulled him up around her. Her back was against his chest so the teen could look over her shoulder and watch her boobs move about.

Morgan continued to cling to him, pressing herself up behind him. Todd felt her jiggling tit-cushions against his back as she continued to stroke his chest.

Vicky loved the feel of her son's thick hard trouser-snake digging through the crack of her ass. She tilted her head back and kissed him tenderly. Their tongues met for a moment and played against each other. "No fair, I want some," Morgan said, watching over Todd's shoulder. Vicky smiled back at her. "I know, aren't those kisses irresistible?" she shouted.

"Very,' Morgan said tilting her head for a kiss. Todd's head turned and their lips smacked together tenderly. Morgan's tongue slithered into his mouth and wiggled with his for a minute.

When he looked back over his Mom's shoulder, he noticed Jeff was gone, but Michelle was still dancing. Her and Vicky were chest to chest, their huge bouncing milkers bumping and pressing together. "Where did he go?" Todd shouted as she looked at him.

Michelle scowled. "He wimped out," she said.

"Oh."

"I saw you were giving away kisses," she shouted.

"Yeah," he said with a smile.

"So give me some," she said jealously, leaning over Vicky's shoulder so their tits were pressed together. Todd shared a few sensual pecks, and a deep French kiss. Michelle went back to dancing. "Wooooo!" she screamed, throwing her arms up.

Todd watched in aroused fascination as his friend's mom thrust her chest to the beat, making her big melons heave up and down. Her and Vicky's ballooning boobs were like fleshy bumper cars bumping and rubbing together.

Still packed behind him, Morgan's stiff nipples poked through her dress and against his back. She kissed his neck tenderly, drawing a jealous glare from Michelle. "Shouldn't you be right here?" she asked Todd, pointing between her and Vicky's protruding melons.

"Sure," he said, squeezing around his mother and in between the two women. Now it was his mom's knockers he felt bobbling against his back..

"That's perfect," Michelle said. "Well, almost perfect," she said, unbuttoning Todd's shirt. Once she peeled it off and his lean upper half was exposed, she ran her hands across his chest.

Michelle swung her hips, moving forward until the boy was sandwiched between her and Vicky. Todd sighed as he felt two sets of huge stiff-nippled tits against his back and his front.

For a good ten minutes, their fused bodies moved to the beat. Vicky and Michelle each had a hand in his trousers, squeezing and pulling at his cock and balls. "Ohh man," Todd sighed. It didn't get much better than this.

"Someone's having a good time," the Goddess said as her and Monique arrived, both wearing sexy revealing gowns. "I'd say so,"

Monique shouted. "Sandwiched between two big breasted mommies," she said, gazing in Todd's eyes.

The Mothers all giggled. "Have room for two more in this flesh pile?" the Goddess asked.

"Absolutely," Vicky answered.

Todd was surrounded by gorgeous women. Still squeezed between his mom and Michelle's boobs, other woman's tits seemed to be in constant contact with him, huge fleshy orbs bumping, brushing and bobbling against him. It felt like he had a dozen soft hands stroking him, running along his chest, pinching and pulling at his nipples.

Todd watched the Goddess take a sip of her wine. She was tucked in close to him from the side. The corset-style dress had squeezed her tits together, forming two huge creamy mounds of exposed tit-flesh. He watched the bulging meat quiver from her dancing, the entire swell of her enormous rack swaying from their immense weight.

To his left was beautiful Monique. She stroked his chest, smiling at him as she swayed to the music. He could hardly believe that he'd fucked all of these beautiful, curvy women. He had sucked all their big tits and felt all their hot pussies squeezing and soaking the meat of his manhood. It seemed like one big erotic dream. The musky aroma of sweet perfume and wet pussy lingered on the air, making his mind swirl euphorically.

Todd watched the Goddess lean over and whisper something in Vicky's ear. The two of them giggled, staring at the teen as Todd's Mother whispered something back to her. Whatever it was, Todd could tell it was about him, and it was extremely naughty.

Michelle squeezed up against the teen, taking a swig of her drink. "I wanna get naked," she shouted, just sort of matter-of-fact, making Vicky laugh. "Me too," she shouted back.

The Goddess smiled, leaning over and whispering something to Monique. She nodded in response, disappeared through the crowded space. Monique cut back through the crowd a minute later. "Coming through," she shouted, parting the dancing Moms as she scooted a lounge chair to the center, next to the clinging trio of Vicky, Michelle and Todd.

The teen smiled at Monique. "Is that for me?"

"As soon as you're naked," she shouted back.

The Goddess smiled naughtily. "I think it's time to take this dance to the mattress," she shouted over the music.

Todd felt women's hands removing his pants, then peeling off his briefs. His stiff throbbing hardon sprung free, jutting out at an upward angle. He watched the Goddess slip out of her gown, releasing her big naked tits.

She slipped out of her stiletto heels and guided the boy onto the lounger. The hot naked instructor sprawled out first, allowing the teen to recline back against her soft boobs. She licked his neck and brought her hands around, stroking his chest as women hovered around, dancing and gazing at the teen's huge throbbing dick.

For Todd, it was a whole new exciting angle for him to enjoy. Vicky, Michelle, Monique, Morgan and two other moms surrounded him, thrusting their torsos to the beat, making their huge jugs bounce. All together, they began to strip out of their gowns.

Todd saw a shiny disco ball lower from the ceiling and slowly turn, showering them in crazy beams of light. "Wooooo!" Michelle screamed. Her dress was pulled down and she rocked her big naked melons back and forth, taking another swig of her drink.

"Bubbles!" Vicky shouted, looking up as glowing bubbles began to float down onto them. The Mothers screamed and laughed and

giggled, wiggling their panties off their gyrating asses and down their curvy legs.

Todd sighed with delight, his heart pounded excitedly as gazed at all the naked pussy and bouncy, jiggling tit-meat surrounding him.

"Bubbles and boobies!" Vicky giggled, rocking her heavy tits back and forth.

Morgan was the first to slip her cute little feet from her heels and climb on top of the teen, kissing him passionately as she spread her soft body out on top of him.

She buried her face against his neck and licked. The boy now had two women licking either side of his neck, their strong mature tongues working wildly on his erogenous zones.

Vicky leaned down and fed him a soft wet kiss. "Having fun, sweetheart?"

He nodded between the wiggling heads of Morgan and the Goddess. Vicky giggled, extending her arms so she could use them to prop herself over him. Her huge hanging knockers brushed softly against his face as they began to swing to the blasting techno beat.

"Ohhh shit," the teen muttered as he felt a mouth slip over his cock and begin sucking. It was Monique. Her tongue rolled on his knob and her head bobbed, slipping his meat through her mouth.

He heard the mothers at his neck whimpering as they lashed their lickers. The women's big tit-cushions were pressed against him, their thick rubbery nipples poking into his flesh. His Mom's hanging boobs brushed back and forth across his face, her own nipples hard and engorged.

Morgan lifted her head up against Vicky's boobs and looked at Todd, her eyes wild with lust. "Fuck meee," she said. Vicky stood back up

and Morgan, lifted her chest, straddling him.

Monique stopped sucking and helped feed his hard cock into Morgan's wet horny cunt. "Yesss," the skewered mother screamed as she began to ride his dick.

The bubbles falling from above thickened, pouring down on the group of naked mothers and sons. Morgan used her strong mature hips to throw her cunt up and down Todd's hard pole. She was leaning down, supporting herself with her arms. Her big ballooning milkers swung like crazy above Todd's wide eyes.

He felt the Goddess's hot breath at his ear. "Pull her down. Pound her fucking cunt," she said.

He pulled Morgan down on top of him. She kissed him in a desperate frenzy of lust. He wrapped her warm soft body in his arms and bounced his hips from the cushion, fucking her pussy with savage thrusts. The horny mother was cumming in seconds, her hot vagina sucking and spewing on his cock.

Next it was Monique that was riding him. They found themselves surrounded in a thick white cloud of bubbles. The Mother's screamed and giggled, feeling the thick suds cling to their naked bodies. The foam was so thick, Todd couldn't even see the dancing Moms around him anymore, just little peeks of their arms or jiggling sudsy boobs.

Monique's big titties flopped around above Todd's head, half-coated in layer of white bubbles. She lowered them to his chest, her meaty ass rising and falling, plunging Todd's big cock in the tight sheath of her cunt. "Yessss....yesss, fuck mee!" she cried out in his ear.

The Goddess's lips were at his other ear. "Fuck her hard, baby boy. Squeeze her flesh. Feel her juices dripping on your powerful cock," she said.

"Ohhh, yeaaah," Todd muttered, cradling her soft body in his arms, meeting Monique's thrusts and digging through her slippery cuntal grip. Suds turned to liquid on their hot bodies, making their humping flesh glisten.

"Haaaarder!" Monique moaned hornily, picking up her cock-humping pace.

Their bellies smacked wetly together. She clung to him desperately, her boobs flattened out against him. He felt her body stiffen and her cunt shrink around his pole. He kept his cock plunging, but the resistance in her tightly spasming pussy was incredible.

"Hoooly shit!" Todd whimpered, feeling his knob tingle.

"Don't you dare fucking cum," the Goddess whispered in his ear. "You're a cocksman and you have more pussy to fuck."

"Uuuunnhhgg," Monique cried out, struck by a second, more intense orgasm.

"Push her off now. Flip over and fuck the shit out of me," the Goddess said.

Monique slipped off him. Todd rose to his knees and spun around as the Goddess scissored her strong sexy legs back. Her cuntal folds were peeled open, her large clitoris peeking wetly from the fleshy shroud of her prepuce. He crawled between her thick thighs and split her twat with his sturdy, glistening erection.

She forcefully pulled him down on top of her, squashing her wet tits between them. She slapped his ass hard. "**GO!**" she screamed, setting Todd's hips in motion. He pounded her with brutal force, his ass a blur as he jackhammered her hot cunt.

The Goddess's pretty face twisted in pleasure-filled grimace. "Fuuuck you!" she cried out in lust, surprised at how quickly the boy was

making her cum. She tossed her trembling legs around him, her cute little feet with their sexy black toenails squeezing around his back. "Goddaaamnit!" she grunted, her pussy spewing out hot girl-cum around Todd's plunging cock.

"Ohhh fuck!" Todd moaned, his knob tingling like crazy as it bumped against her cervix on every thrust. He raised his head and looked at her. "You want my load?" he asked, panting.

She smiled back, her face flushed from her orgasm. "Pour it into me!" she said.

He nuzzled his face between her neck and shoulder, reaching under and gripping her meaty ass. His hips jerked wildly, propelling his erection through the hot slippery pocket of her pussy. "Oooh fucking shit!" he moaned loudly.

His burrowing knob was so swollen and purple it felt like it was gonna pop off the end of his dick. Her muscled cunt-tube tightened and his glans sizzled along the pink ribbed lining of her pussy. His body shook from the exquisite pleasure. "Ooohhhhh!" he whimpered in delight as thick jets of spunk shot out the tip of his knob.

Their bodies humped and writhed for five minutes, allowing her cunt to squeeze out every drop from his cock.

An hour later, the mothers nuzzled close to their sons as they walked arm in arm up the corridor. They remained completely naked, their bodies still wet and glistening, having just emerged from the cloud of bubbles.

The ten hot moms led their boys up the stairs to their private rooms. Todd opened the door and saw a huge heart-shaped bed in the center of the room. "Wow, nice room," he said.

Vicky stroked his cheek. "Tonight...**OUR** room," she said, then kissed him softly. "Carry me to bed," she said.

Todd scooped her up in his arms, carried her over and placed her down on the mattress. She spread her body out, her huge boobs rolling out on her chest, her dark hair fanned out on the mattress. She ran the sexy toes of one foot along the length of his boner and up his chest. "Come take me," she said, her eyes smoldering through long fluttering lashes.

She propped her knees back, splaying her tan thighs as Todd moved onto the bed and down between her legs. "Wait," she said, reaching over to the side-table to get her phone.

"No fair, you have your phone?"

Vicky smiled. "Only to make my daily call to your father....which I haven't made yet, and it's getting late."

"So you wanna call him now?" Todd asked with surprise.

"Well, I may as well. I might be a little occupied the rest of the night," she said with a wink.

"Do you want me off you?" Todd asked, his cock pressed against her labial meat.

"No, I want you **IN** me."

"While you talk to dad?" Todd asked in disbelief.

"Uh-huh," she said with a mischievous smile.

A few minutes later, Todd's dad answered on speaker phone. "Hey hon," he said.

"Hi, honey," Vicky said, her cell laying next to her. Her body gently rocked. Todd was on top of her, his head nuzzled comfortably between her neck and shoulder. Her strong motherly legs were

wrapped around his midsection, the ankles of her cute little bare feet nudging his ass as Todd slowly sawed his dick through her cunt.

"What have you guys been up to today?" he asked.

"Oh, um…just a bunch of different stuff. How was work?" she asked, trying to control her breathing as her son bumped her cervix.

"Same old stuff. My boss has been really been pushing me to close on that Drake account," he said, then continued explaining as Vicky turned her head towards Todd's face. "Hey," she whispered to him. Todd lifted his head and looked down at her pretty face. "Kiss me," she said softly.

Todd and Vicky made out passionately, their tongues dancing together while her husband continued talking in the background. She clutched on to her boy with her arms and legs, enjoying his humping young body on top of hers. Her husband stopped talking, but she was too caught up in the fuck to even notice.

"You still there hon?" he asked.

She couldn't answer because her tongue was in Todd's mouth and she seemed in no hurry to break their kiss.

"Vicky?" he husband said.

She peeled her lips away from their son's. "I'm here, sorry," her breathing elevated.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Todd was just showing me something."

"Hi dad," Todd said, he and his Mom smiling mischievously at each other.

"Hey buddy, you enjoying Arizona?"

"Oh yeah, Arizona's great."

Vicky snickered through her nose, tightening her cunt-muscles around him. "He's been spending all his time with a girl out here. I'm pretty sure they've been getting it on every day," she said, winking at her son.

"Whoa, really. Tell me about this girl. You must really be into her."

Todd smiled, gazing into his mother's eyes, his hips grinding between her wide-open thighs. "She's amazing. She's beautiful and sweet..." he said, watching her dreamy eyes fill up with tears. "And mom's right. I have been spending a lot of time on top of her," he confessed.

"Well, at least one of us has been getting some this past week," his father said, making Todd and Vicky laugh.

Vicky looked into her son's eyes. "On that note, I guess I should tell you that apparently Todd and this girl haven't been using protection...and she found out this morning that she's pregnant." Todd's eyes widened.

"Oh boy," his father said disappointingly.

"Really?" Todd whispered, gazing down at his mom in disbelief. She got a big warm smile and nodded. Todd kissed her excitedly.

"How did her parents react?" Todd's dad said, but they didn't answer, just continued their wet smooching. "You guys there?"

"Ohh, hold on, hon," Vicky said, reaching over and muting her phone. She went back to kissing her son. "Congratulations, daddy," she said between smooches.

"When did you find out?

"This morning. I'm pretty sure I conceived in the hall of Euphoria yesterday, during our group fuck," she said.

"How did you know to take a test? Were you sick?"

"No not at all, I just..."

"Just what?"

Vicky smiled, a tear running down her cheek. "I know this may sound corny, but yesterday, I just knew. The moment your sperm pierced my egg, I just knew."

"Dang," Todd said with a big smile. "How's dad gonna react?"

"We've been talking about wanting another baby. He'll be ecstatic," she said, then got a teasing grin. "So will you…when you have a hot pregnant mommy walking around the house."

She felt her son's dick flex, still slithered up and down her cunt-tube. She combed through the back of his hair, pulling his head down against hers. Her eyes were blazingly seductive as they gazed into his. "A big round pregnant belly..." she whispered, making his heart pound. "Huge milk-filled tits, with thick fat swollen nipples," she said in a sexy tone.

Todd's knob tingled and he was forced to stop thrusting. "Oh my God, mom," he sighed, extremely aroused. She giggled, tightening her cunt muscles to make it even more intense. "Ohh, you can't do that."

She giggled. "I can do whatever I want. I'm the mom, remember," she said, reaching over and taking her cell off mute. "Are you there, hon?" she asked her husband.

"Yeah, I'm here. Everything ok?"

"Well kind of. Todd just decided to share more information with me about this girl."

"Ok."

Vicky looked up at her son as she spoke. "Apparently she's much older than him....**AND** she's married."

"Oh great, are you fucking kidding me."

"Nope, but the good news is, her and her husband have been wanting a baby, and she thinks she can pass this off as his, without any suspicion."

There was a short silence. "Well, I guess that's good. Is that good?"

"I think so, and so does Todd. She can stay married, her and Todd can remain close, and she wants him to experience what it's like to have sex with a pregnant woman, before she gives birth," Vicky explained.

"Well, I'm not sure that's such a good idea."

Vicky continued to look her son in the eyes. "Well, that'll be up to him. She's willing...and he's a man, so he can make his own decision. I have a feeling it will be the right decision," Vicky said, squeezing her inner rings.

"I hope so," her husband said.

"So do I, honey. So hey, listen...we need to go. Todd and I still have some stuff that we need to do tonight," she said, winking at her boy.

"Ok, can't wait to see you guys. Love you."

"Love you too," Vicky said.

Todd flexed his cock and squeezed his Mom's warm curvy body in his arms possessively, her big fleshy tits bulging out from between them. Her velvety Mommy-legs were still clamped around him, splayed apart and ready for an intense fuck. He knew she belonged to his dad, but for tonight, she was all his. "Bye, dad."

Vicky hung up and smiled at her son. "We're so damn crafty," she said, making them giggle. "Were you serious about 'that girl' wanting me to fuck her when she's big and pregnant?"

"Of course. That's when a woman's at her horniest. I think you and this girl that you've impregnated should fuck as hard and as often as possible," she said, then planted a soft kiss, "starting right now."

"Gladly," he muttered, putting his hips back in steady-thrust mode. He raised his torso, propping himself on extended arms, watching her round pillowy boobs roll on her chest. "I had to watch you fuck all those Moms out on the dance floor. You better be ready to pound my cunt and ass all night," Vicky said lustfully.

"I was born ready."

"You were huh? You mean as soon as I squeezed you out, you were ready to come back in?" She joked.

"Yup," Todd smiled.

"Well aren't you glad I brought you here then...so you could squeeze back inside Mommy and make all your horny desires come true?" she said as she began to whip her ass off the bed.

"Fuck yeaah," he muttered.

They began to fuck hard, their bodies humping and straining against each other. Joined at the genitals, mom and son fucked for endless hours. Both came hard multiple times as they moved from one hot

position to the next. It was the early morning hours before they finally collapsed in a sweaty heap.

The last thing Todd remembered before drifting off was staring up at the ceiling as he lay in the center of the bed with Vicky sprawled out on top of him. Her big sweat-soaked tits were sandwiched against him. Scattered on the bed around them were streaks of jizz and huge wet spots where Vicky's hot girl-cum had pooled. It was the remnants of a night full of intense fucking.

Day 8

Todd sat next to Vicky on the plane, peering over at her gorgeous tan legs, crossed and half-exposed beneath her skirt. They looked silky smooth and tapered down to slender ankles and cute little bare feet with pink painted toenails. Vicky dangled one of her four-and-a half inch heeled sandals from her toes. He couldn't help but think back on the endless hours he'd spent with them wrapped around him or the way he propped hose strong flexible legs way back while he fuck her to exhaustion.

As the plane trembled from turbulence, Todd's eyes were drawn elsewhere. The large swell of tit-flesh beneath her cashmere sweater seemed to quiver each time the plane shook. The image of those huge naked jugs swinging in his face was branded in his mind forever.

After a few minutes of breast-gazing he felt a gentle squeeze on his hand.

He looked up into the sexy brown eyes of his mom, as she rested her head on the cushioned seat-back. Those were the same lustful brown he'd stared into the past week. The same brown eyes that would stare back at him, wild and dreamy while he used her body to

develop his sexual skills. Todd couldn't help but wonder how long she'd been awake and if she knew he was staring at her body.

"Did you have fun this week?" she asked sweetly.

"Not at all," he joked, making them laugh.

"I know, dumb question."

"I just wish it didn't have to end when we got home," he confessed.

Vicky smiled mischievously. "Well...we're not home yet," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

As she leaned towards him, her tits were mashed between her arm, making them balloon outward. "Wanna join the mile-high club?" she asked.

Todd's eyes lit up. "Really?"

Vicky moved into the aisle, then walked between the seats towards the bathroom. Her hard nipples protruded from the sweater. Todd looked down the aisle and watched her meaty ass sway beneath her skirt. The sexy Mother opened the lavatory door and gazed back at him wantonly, snaking her wet tongue across her top lip.

Todd rushed up the aisle and snuck inside with her. Before he could close the door, her skirt was already hiked up above her waist and her thong was slipping down her legs. He looked at the cute V of her shaved pubis, his dick flexing at the thought of splitting her twat again and soaking in the hot grip of her cunt.

Vicky propped one leg back, bent and the knee and hovering there with her foot flexed, sexy painted toes pointed down. She reach out and took hold of him. "Lock it, baby," she said, her breath rapid and anxious.

Outside, the door shut. The sign switch to "occupied."

THE END

BSTC – Babymaking Center

Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

"Isn't it weird that the four other people in the plane are just like us?" Vin asked his mother.

"Just like us?" his mom asked.

"Yeah…like, moms and sons."

Nicole took a look around the small passenger plane, although she didn't need to. She knew why the other passengers were mothers and sons, but she wasn't quite ready to let her own son know the reason. "Yes, that is pretty ironic, isn't it?" she simply said, then pointed out the tiny window. "Look at that mountain range. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yeah. This resort you won a trip to must really be remote."

"It is. The brochure said it was almost eighty-miles from the nearest town."

"Dang, talk about seclusion. Remind me again how you talked me into coming with you," the boy joked, making his mom giggle.

"You're gonna love it," Nicole assured him, reaching over and squeezing his hand.

Vin's mother was a real looker. At 39, Nicole had beautiful brunette tresses and striking facial features, like piercing green eyes and bee-stung lips. Her friends always told her she looked like a younger Raquel Welch. Having had three children, Nicole's ass and tits had some extra weight. Her boobs especially were remarkably large, and

were often a hindrance, since she was such a physically active mom in her community. To her son, they were incredibly fascinating to look at, and he wished more than anything that he could see them naked.

Twenty-minutes later, the small plane landed on a remote air-field. A van was waiting for them as the small group filtered from the aircraft.

"Dang, it's cold!" Vin said, throwing the hood of his jacket over his head as the wind whipped by.

"It's Alaska, and it's winter, sweetie. It's suppose to be cold," his mom reminded him.

"Why couldn't you have won a trip to Tahiti or somewhere warm?" he asked as they moved towards the van.

"Are you done complaining yet, mister?" his mom teased.

"Sorry," he muttered, steam spouting from his mouth from the frigid air.

After the new arrivals were seated in the warm van, the driver, a pleasant-looking blonde woman with a boy-cut smiled back at the group. "Everyone buckled in? I'm Piper. I'm the assistant conception coach at the resort. The bad news is we have about a thirty-minute drive, but the good news is there's lunch waiting for us, so I hope you're hungry."

"It's not moose stew, is it?" one of the boys joked, making everyone laugh.

"Porcupine stew actually…spines included," Piper joked back.

"Yummy!" Nicole said, with an exaggerated smile.

During the van ride, Vin leaned over to quietly ask his mom something. "What's a conception coach?" he asked.

"Did you look it up?" Nicole answered, glancing down at his phone.

"I tried to, but there's zero service out here. This place does have Wi-Fi, right?"

The mother took his hand and squeezed it. "We'll find out everything we need to know once we get there," she said reassuringly.

The road leading to their destination was narrow and in some parts treacherous, from being covered in snow. Finally, they saw a beautiful lodge, built of hand-hewn timbers, tucked in the trees.

They pulled up to the resort and got out. A rustic sign above the entrance read: Welcome to **BSTC** Babymaking Center.

Upon seeing the sign, Vin fed his mom a strange look. "Babymaking Center?" he asked.

She looked him in the eyes and smiled. "Yep," she simply said, then led him by the hand inside.

"Hello and welcome!" A pretty blonde-haired woman said, as she greeted the new arrivals. She was easily in her late forties and wore a stunning tan cross-wrap lantern-sleeve top and twist asymmetrical-hem skirt. Her pretty feet were propped in stiletto-heeled ankle-strapped sandals. "I'm Gina, I'm the head conception coach here at the center. If you'd like to hang up your coats, then come to the dining room, we'll join the other couples for lunch."

Vin removed his big jacket, while watching his mom remove her own. A thin cotton turtleneck fit snuggly around Nicole's enormous tits, and he blushingly looked away as she caught him staring at them.

"Isn't it beautiful in here, sweetie?" the mother commented.

"Yeah," the boy said, surveying the interior. "It looks like a big hunting lodge or something."

"The center was built back in the eighties, using salvaged trees from the surrounding forest," Gina said as the group followed her through the large great room, which had a beautiful cathedral ceiling with timber rafters, and a giant stone fireplace that was crackling warmly.

Vin thought their hostess must have the most incredible ass on the planet, besides his mom of course. He watched it sway and jiggle beneath her skirt as she ushered them to the dining hall. "Help yourselves to lunch. Once everyone's seated and eating, I'll start the introduction," Gina said.

Vin now got what she meant when she said "other couples." There were eight moms and eight sons total. As they served themselves, one of the moms from the plane smiled over at them. "Darn, no Porcupine stew. I was really looking forward to that," she joked.

Nicole giggled. "Right, food with built-in toothpicks when you're through," she said.

"I'm Cassidy, this is my son, Darren," the shoulder-length brunette said, shaking Nicole's hand.

"Nicole…and this is my son Vin."

The boys gave each other a quick handshake.

"My God this place is beautiful, huh?" Cassidy said. "The pictures on the brochure really don't do it justice."

"Did you guys win a trip here too?" Vin asked.

The moms looked at each other and smiled knowingly. "Yes…um, something like that," she answered.

"You're gonna know exactly what this place is all about here in a few minutes, sweetie," Nicole reassured her son. "Now let's get some food. I'm starving."

Once all the group had their food and were seated, Gina stepped back into the room. Piper was with her. "Welcome again, everyone. You've all met my assistant, Piper."

Piper fed them a pretty smile and a wave, then Gina continued her introduction. "Boys, I'm assuming none of you know why your moms brought you here, so I'll first let you know what this place is…and then I'll explain to you what you'll be doing here."

Piper chimed in. "They probably told you this place is a resort, which it is…kind of, but it's a resort with a purpose."

Vin glanced over at his mom and she smiled knowingly back at him as they listened to Gina continue.

"**BSTC** – Babymaking Center is a sister location to **BSTC**, which is our Boys Sexual Training Camp. At our training camp, with the help of their moms, boys just like you learn all about sex. Do we have any in the group here who've been to **BSTC**?"

One mother and son in the group raised their hands, making Gina smile. "Super! We usually have one or two couples in each group that have been through that program, but if you haven't, don't worry. You'll get all the instruction you need to accomplish your purpose here at the center. With that being said…**WHAT IS** your purpose here?"

The lights suddenly dimmed and two big monitors on the wall lit up. It showed a mom and son sitting next to each other in an intimate setting. The mother's shirt was unbuttoned half-way from the

bottom, and her enormous pregnant belly was peeking out. She held her son's hands, running them over the flesh of her big baby-orb. "At this Center…we make babies. Well, Piper and I don't make babies, but **YOU AND YOUR MOMS DO**."

Piper continued. "We're just here to coach you. Your mother's whole purpose in being here at the center is to conceive, and she's counting on **YOU** to help her do that," she said.

Vin stared at the screen in disbelief. "Wait…what?" he thought, wondering if he heard her correctly.

"We know this is a lot for you boys to absorb," Gina said, "so take a few minutes…talk with your moms and let them add some clarity to all this. We'll concluded the introduction when you're through."

Nicole turned to her son awkward. "Probably not really the trip you expected, huh?" she said sweetly.

"Not at all," the boy answered, dumbfounded. "Did she really just say that you're here to get pregnant?"

The mother took a deep nervous breath. "Your father and I have been trying for over a year to have another baby, and we recently found out that the reason we've been unsuccessful is because he has a low sperm count," she explained.

"So…dad can't have kids?"

"It's highly unlikely," Nicole answered sadly. "I've been devastated. Having another baby has just been so important to me, and when I found out your dad can't give me one…I was crushed," she said, with tears welling up in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, mom."

"I'm conscious of the ways you've been looking at me the past few years, Vin," she said, staring into his eyes. "You know what ways I mean, right?"

Vin gave her a blushing nod. He couldn't count the times his mom had caught him staring at her huge tits, thick ass or lovely legs. "Yes, I know what you mean," he confessed.

"When I found my panties in your room, and discovered what you'd left in them…I knew you were the man for the job."

The boy's heart was beating a mile a minute. He had no idea his mom knew about his panty escapades. "The man for the job. You um…think so?" he muttered.

"I know so," she smiled, then reached over, squeezed his hand and gazed longingly into his eyes. "Can you be my warrior, sweetie? Can you give me a baby?"

Vin had never been so excited and determined to do something in his entire life. "Heck yes I can," he answered, then glared at her. "Wait, this isn't a joke, right?"

Nicole giggled. "No, sweetie, I promise you…it's no joke," she assured him.

"OK then…yeah, I can definitely help you out!"

"Oh, Vin, thank you," the mother said, near tears as she scooting over for a big boobie-squashing hug.

The teen was so thrilled, he felt like he could hardly breathe. The smell of his mom's sweet perfume, along with the feel of her warm fleshy body against his, gave him an instant erection. "Good grief, is this for real? Am I really gonna have sex with mom?" he wondrously thought.

Gina spoke up. "Have we all come to an agreement that this is the place you need to be right now?" she asked.

All the moms looked around at each other, giddy and smiling, like girls who'd just won a cheer competition.

"Very good then," the hostess continued. "Boys, once you've finished your lunch, you and your mother will be separating briefly for showers and preparation for your first conception exercise. Making babies isn't as easy as it seems, boys. It takes special techniques… along with incredible stamina, and just a little bit of luck," Gina explained.

Piper chimed in. "Your moms have been through this process before. They know what it takes to make babies. They'll guide you, so be brave and open to instruction," she said.

After lunch, Piper led the boys to a large dressing room with adjoining showers. She handed them each a white robe with their name embroidered on the front. "After your shower, remain undressed. Your only attire here at the center will be these robes, so put it on when you're finished and I'll be back to get you in a little while."

Vin had been active in sports at school, so showering in front of other guys his age wasn't anything new to him. He got to know a few of the boys as they cleaned up and slipped into their white cotton robes.

Piper returned, wearing a sexy nurse-style mini dress, with a collared neckline, showing off her luscious cleavage. Her white mules with four-inch heels clicked daintily on the floor as she stepped inside the dressing room. "Any questions before we get started, boys?" she asked.

One of the boys raised their hand. "I have one," he said. "Do our dads know that we're getting our moms pregnant?"

Piper smiled at him. "That's a great question, Steve, and I'm certain the answer's no. All your fathers know is what you knew before you got here, and that is that your mom won a three day trip for two, to a resort in Alaska, and she was taking you along with her."

"Got it," the boy answered.

"It's important to realize that you're here doing a job your father's not man enough to do himself," she explained. "When some men get older, their penis's don't get as rigid, and what little sperm they produce is weak and dies off very quickly."

"Sucks to be dad then," one of the boys said, making the others laugh.

Piper laughed also. "Your moms are at their sexual peak right now, and so are you. Dicks become the hardest at your age, and your production of strong potent sperm is incredible. You're the 'other half' of a biological machine that's in it's babymaking prime," she said.

"Sweet!" a few of them responded with anxious smiles.

"Any other questions?" she asked, looking them over with a pretty smile. "OK, follow me."

The boys followed the short-haired beauty out of the dressing room. After a short walk down a wide hallway, they entered a room that was marked "Conception Room."

Inside the windowless room was two rows of full-sized beds, four on each wall, so you could walk across the room between the two rows. The moms were grouped together, chatting and giggling, like beautiful anxious girls at a school dance.

"Look who I brought back with me," Piper said as she led the boys inside the room. "Our resident sperm donors."

The moms all laughed. Like the boys, they were wearing matching white robes, except theirs were made of sheer mesh, with delicate scalloped-edge detailing. The robes were tied at their waists with luxurious satin sashes. Gina was with the moms, dressed in a sexy nurse's mini-dress, just like Piper's. "Your moms will show you to your assigned conception stations and we'll begin," she said.

Stiletto heels clicked against the hardwood floor as the mothers moved to their teens. Vin's eyes widened as he watched his mom sashay towards him with an anxious smile. Through the sheer robe, he could clearly see that she was wearing a matching white bra and panty set. Even under the confines of her bra, Nicole's enormous tits trembled heavily with her every step. Barely able to tear his eyes from her ballooning bosom, Vin's awestruck gaze traveled down his mom's smooth bare legs to her dainty feet with their red painted toenails, propped in four-inch slip-on heels. She reached out and took his hand. "Right this way, sir," she said playfully.

She led him over to their conception station, which consisted of a full-sized bed, with a small side-table that was equipped with towels and a big clear bottle of massage oil. All the couples sat side-by-side on the edge of their bed, facing Gina and Piper, who were at the front of the room.

"Boys, your mothers have planned their visits here to the clinic around the most fertile time of their menstrual cycles," Gina explained. "They're now in what's called 'the fertile window,' which means today or tomorrow, an egg will be released from their ovaries."

Piper operated a projector, which cast an image on the wall. It was an animation of sperm swimming. "During this 'fertile window' it's your job, boys, to ejaculate as much sperm into your mother's vagina through sexual intercourse as possible. The more sperm…the greater chances of her achieving the goal of pregnancy."

Vin shook his head. He simply couldn't believe he was about to have babymaking sexual intercourse with his own hot mom.

Gina chimed in again. "Your sperm will face many challenges as they begin their search for your mother's egg. Most will die off shortly after coitus, but the greatest barrier of all will be your mom's cervix. The cervical entrance is not only very small, but it's blocked by cervical mucus. Luckily, during the time of ovulation, this mucus becomes thin and watery, making penetration by the sperm easier."

The animation on the wall showed a group of sperm surrounding the egg. Piper pointed at it. "Your mom's egg is only capable of fertilization for twelve to twenty-four hours. Your strongest swimmers, which we hope will be many, need to be there, ready for penetration. That's why it's important to begin intercourse before the egg is actually even released," she explained.

Gina nodded in agreement. "A great leader once said, 'if I had thirty minutes to cut down a tree, I'd spend most of that time sharpening the axe.' Before we even begin with sessions of intercourse, we need to work on preparing both you and mother's bodies for affective babymaking. This will begin with examinations. Piper and I are both trained experts in penile development and will be examining you boys one by one."

"I'll also be examining you ladies," Piper said, "to see if we can figure out how close you are to ovulation," she said.

Gina started a video presentation. "While you wait for your turn to be examined, we have a video we'd like you to watch that explains the process of conception. This will go into greater detail what we just discussed," she said.

The first boy and his mother followed Gina and Piper into an adjoining room and the door closed. The other sons and moms remained on the edge of their beds watching the video.

"I feel like I'm in sex-ed at school," Vin said, glancing over at his mom's tremendous cleavage.

Nicole giggled and took his hand, setting it on her lap. "It is fascinating though, isn't it? The process of conception?" she asked.

"Yeah, I didn't realize there was such a short window if time that a women could get pregnant."

"Yes, what happens during that twelve to twenty-four hour period is crucial," she said, squeezing his hand.

It was awkward at first, but the longer the video went on the more comfortable he felt watching it with his own mother. "Are you hoping for a boy or girl?" he whispered to her.

"Well, I already have two boys. Maybe a little girl for your sister to play with," the mother answered cheerfully.

"I figured you'd say that."

"Nicole and Vin," they heard Piper called from the front of the room. They got up and went over to their office.

"Why don't you go ahead and slip out of your robe for us, Vin," Gina said as she closed the door of her office.

"Well, I um…kind of have a problem," he answered, holding his hands over his crotch area.

Gina giggled. "Erections aren't a problem here…they're a necessity," she explained. "The fact that you have one tells us you have healthy blood flood, which is excellent. Why don't you let us take a look."

Vin awkwardly untied his robe and let it fall open. His rigid dick pointed out from his crotch at an upward angle.

The three women's eyes widened at it's impressive length. "Well, you certainly have nothing to be ashamed of, Vin," Piper pointed out.

"I'll say," Nicole added, with some awkward adoration showing on her face. "I don't know what the average size is for boys these days, but it seems like he's well above average."

Piper squatted down in front of the teen and ran her flexible tape measure across the top of his erection. "Nine-and-a-half inches," she said, then measured the girth around the base of his boner. "And the girth…five-and-a-half inches."

"Wow!" Vin's mom exclaimed, looking at him in wonder. He smiled back at her proudly.

Gina squatted down next to her assistant and examined the boy's prick. "Nicole, you were right, he **IS** above average," she said.

"Well above average," Piper added, her eyes traveling the length of the boy's appendage.

"I thought so," the mother answered proudly.

"The bulbous tip is **VERY** well-formed, with a nice wide coronal ridge," Gina said, then touched the head of Vin's prick, pulling open his piss-slit. "The meatus also has a long slit. That's good for sperm transferal."

Before she could close it, a fat bead of bubbling pre-cum oozed out. "Sorry," the boy blushed.

"Oh, don't you apologize for something wonderful like that," Gina said with a broad smile. "Pre-jizz is something we love to see in boys. It's a sign of strong ejaculations. There's also a little smell and taste-test we can do to see if your glans and seminal vesicles are producing healthy sperm."

Gina dipped her finger in, and placed his sperm droplet in her mouth. Piper did the same, smelling it first. "Very healthy smell," she said.

"And extremely sweet," Gina added, "which is a sign of high fructose levels, and **VERY** healthy sperm. Nicole, do you wanna try it?"

The mother smiled awkwardly. "Oh…um, sure," she said, then reached down and swiped the remaining pre-jizz off his piss-slit, then sucked it off her finger.

Vin couldn't believe his eyes. His mom was eating liquid that had just seeped up from his own balls.

"Oh God, you're right, that is sweet," Nicole said.

Her son's boner flexed at her admission, jumping higher into the air for a moment, making all three women let out little gasps. "Goodness…someone has a strong healthy erection!" Gina exclaimed.

Piper traced one of her long nails down the vein-encrusted length of Vin's cock. "He has quite the corpora cavernosa," she said in awe.

"What's that?" the boy asked.

"Your corpora cavernosa are the two spongy columns of tissue that engorge with blood to create your erection," she explained.

"Look at the way they're bulging out at the base," Nicole said with wide eyes. "I've never seen that before."

Gina placed her fingers around root of Vin's cock. "Yes…you can really see the penile muscle and ligaments through here. It means he has incredible strength in the base of his erection," she explained, then looked up at Nicole. "That'll serve you **VERY WELL** in some of the longer sessions of intense intercourse."

"Let's have a look at your balls now," Piper said, lifting the boy's prick out of the way so they could see his scrotum.

They each clasped on to one of his egg-shaped nuts and gently squeezed them. "Somewhat swollen," Gina said, then peeked up at the boy. "How often are you masturbating, Vin?"

"Uh…twice a day, usually," he confessed.

"But you probably haven't today, due to travel, so don't worry, swollen balls like these are quite common for boys on the first day."

"Oh good, so it's nothing to be alarmed about?" Nicole asked in concern.

"Not at all," Gina replied. "His sperm load should still be quite healthy, with lots of strong swimmers."

"There's an exercise we'll be doing after the exams that will help with that also," Piper said.

"Have you ever penetrated a girl sexually, Vin?" Gina asked.

"Yeah, um…a couple times," he said, blushingly glancing at his mom.

"It's OK, sweetie," Nicole said with a smile. "Neither your father or I expected you to be a virgin at this age. You did use protection, right?"

"Yes…condoms."

"So, you've never had sex without a condom on, Vin?" Piper asked.

"No."

"You know…most women would consider you still a virgin then," Gina teased.

"Really?" Vin asked.

"Well, technically you've never felt the grip of a woman's vagina around your glans, flesh to flesh…have you?"

"I guess not."

Piper smiled. "Sounds like your lucky mom's gonna be the first one to truly wet your dick then," she said.

Vin looked up to see Nicole smiling at him anxiously with her beautiful green eyes.

Vin and his mom rejoined the others, who were still watching the video presentation. Once the rest of the boys were seen, Gina and Piper came out of the exam room and continued their instruction.

"As many of you boys who play sports know, stretching before any type of physical activity is important," Gina explained. "The same goes for your testicles before sexual intercourse."

"Your testicles work to manufacture sperm and create ninety-five percent of your testosterone," Piper added. "Testosterone is a sex hormone that helps in the development of male reproductive tissues. The best way to boost your testosterone levels is by scrotal massage."

"Boys, stand up and slip out of your robes," Gina instructed. "Your mothers will spread a towel out on the bed for you to lay on."

Vin took off his robe as Nicole stood and laid a white towel across the mattress.

"Moms, you can now slip out of your robes also, leaving just your bra and panties on," Gina said.

As he stood there naked with his boner still protruding out like a sturdy tree branch, Vin watched his mom gracefully slip out of her robe. "Whoa!" his brain grasped, as he stared at her enormous bra-encased tits. The white floral-embroidered cups were semi-sheer, giving him a teasing peek at the wide dark-pink circles of her areolas. He was also enamored by the sight of her tremendous creamy cleavage.

Nicole looked back at him and smiled. As many times as she'd caught him staring at her tits over the years, she knew this must be an incredible thrill for him. "Go ahead and lay down, sweetie," she said softly, slipping her dainty feet from her heels.

Piper watched the group prepare as she walked down between the two rows of beds. "Ladies, there's jojoba oil there on your side tables. Bring it over onto the bed with you," she said.

Before laying back on the bed, Vin admired the dainty white panties his mom was wearing. Like her bra cups, they were made of sheer mesh, allowing him to faintly see her bare vulva.

All the boys sprawled onto their backs on the beds and their scantily clad mothers joined them, oil in hand.

Nicole's big milkers jostled beneath her bra as she scooted up between her boy's legs.

"OK, moms…the first thing you'll be doing is rubbing oil all over his balls and around the root of his erection ," Gina said as she surveyed the group.

Vin watched in utter fascination as his mom poured some oil across his hairless scrotum, then began to gently work it in with her lovely hands. She peeked up at him with a warm smile as her fingers circled his slippery nuts.

"Mothers…grasp his left testicle with your right hand," Piper said. "Stretch it away from the penis and gently massage it."

Nicole's long nails dug into the tender testicular tissue. Her eyes drifted to her boy's long thick boner, her tummy tingling at the thought that it would soon be buried inside her. "I had no idea he was so big," she thought.

Her son's nut felt like a soft meaty egg in her hand. She squeezed and pulled it gently, making her boy sigh with delight.

"Feels good, doesn't it, boys?" Piper asked. "We need to toughen those balls up. They'll be beating against your mom's bare buttocks a lot the next few days."

"Ladies, clasping the loose skin around both balls, gently pull at his nuts," Gina said. "Doing this will stretch the cord of his vas deferens and prepare it for an increase in semen transferal."

"We say increase because he could be ejaculating up to ten times a day, while he's here" Piper explained.

"Holy shit..ten times a day?!" Vin's mind exclaimed, knowing that was double his record, and that wasn't even actual sex…just masturbation.

The boys groaned as they had their balls squeezed and tugged on. Vin peeked down and watched his mom massage him. His eyes drifted to her gigantic tits, watching them heave around beneath her sexy bra. He noticed her areola looked thicker and slightly smaller than when she had first removed the robe. Her nipples also seemed puffier and more pronounced beneath the mesh fabric. "Her nipples are hard!" he thought. "Mom is…turned on!"

Gina walked along between the two rows of beds. "Now moms, tap his balls gently with your fingers. Wake all those sperm up and get them ready. They have a big swim ahead of them," she said.

The moms all giggled as they tapped at their boys cum-filled balls with the tips of their long nails.

Vin was delighted by what she was doing, but he was even more thrilled by the fact that what Gina had just implied is that he would soon be fucking his mom. He was about to have his cock buried in skilled mommy-pussy, without a condom on. His dream since reaching puberty was about to come true.

"Now, while massaging his balls with one hand, reach down with the other and rub his taint with your fingers," Piper said.

Vin's body shuddered as he felt his mom rub his perineum in a circular motion with her fingers.

"Does that feel good, sweetie?" his mom lovingly asked, gazing up at him with her pretty green eyes.

"Uh-huh," he sighed.

Gina strode by them, looking over at the squirming teenaged. "Massaging the taint can stimulate the prostate gland, giving the boys stronger erections and increased ejaculation," she said.

Vin wasn't sure if he'd ever felt something so amazing. It was clear his mom had done this before…for his dad perhaps, since she was so good at it.

Soon, every eighteen-year-old in the room was writhing and moaning in delight under the hands of their skilled moms.

"We don't want these boys to spill those pint-up loads of ejaculate quite yet, do we?" Gina asked. "Why don't you moms crawl up and use more oil to massage their chests."

Vin watched in awe as Nicole crawled up, so her knees rested astride one of his legs. She poured some oil onto his chest, then set it aside.

With both hands, the beautiful mother began massaging oil onto his young lean chest. Slung in her bra, her enormous melons bobbled delightfully, threatening to spill right out of their cups.

"He's so damn handsome!" the mother dotingly thought, looking over her boy's well-toned physique as her hands worked the oil into his flesh.

"Can you see the excitement in your mother's eyes, boys?" Piper asked. "You're about to pump a baby into them. You're about to fill them with your potent seed and make their dreams of pregnancy come true."

Nicole exchanged a smile with her boy, running her long red nails against the tender flesh of his upper chest.

"Now work his lower torso, and around the base of his erection," Gina said.

The busty mother worked her way down his chiseled abs, then to his crotch, rubbing her hands and fingers around his hairless pubic base. Her eyes gazed wondrously at his tumescent cock, with it's big veins and the urethral bulge running the length of it's underside. "It's certainly bigger than anything I've ever had," she thought, her cunt pulsating at the thought that it would soon be stretching her delicate pink pussy.

"They're counting on you, boys," Gina reminded them. "They brought you here because they know **YOU** have what it takes to plant a baby inside them."

Her assistant, Piper, nodded in agreement. "They know you have full balls, and a rock-hard penis that will provide all the babymaking intercourse it takes to get the job done right," she said reassuringly.

Vin lustfully humped his ass from the mattress, desperately wanting to fuck. He could feel the heat of her vagina radiating from her cunt-

slit, as it rested on his upper thigh. He watched her strong fingers dig around the root of his erection, making his throbbing sex organ wag up and down.

Nicole's eyes traveled hungrily from her boy's pleasure-filled face, down his torso, to the meaty column of his hardon. "If that thing can't get the job done, then nothing can," she thought.

Nicole loved her husband dearly. She knew it wasn't his fault that he was both pathetically endowed, and unable to get her pregnant again do to his low sperm count. She wanted a baby more than anything, and in her mind this wasn't the same as cheating to get what she wanted. This was merely her handsome son stepping up to do what his father was unable to. The baby's genetic make-up would be the same, so it would never raise a suspicion. It was simply the perfect solution.

"Now that you boys are all worked up, it's time to prepare **YOUR MOTHERS** bodies for babymaking," Gina said. "Ladies, strip out of your bras and panties, then take your son's place on the bed."

Vin climbed off the mattress with his mom and watched in wide-eyed fascination as she reached around and unclasped her bra. In a matter of a few seconds, the cups peeled free and the giant breasts that he'd dreamed about for years were right there in all their naked glory.

"Whoa!" the teen muttered out loud.

The mother looked at him and giggled, making her melonous double-G cup tits quiver. Her engorged nipples protruded like fleshy marshmallows from the wide thick rings of her areola. She bent forward, making her milkers hang down as she grabbed the elastic waistband of her panties and peeled them over her birthing hips.

Vin's boner jumped, saluting his naked mother as she lowered the panties over her smooth-shaven legs, and off.

Now they were both completely naked, looking across at each other for a moment with magic in their eyes. They both knew this was the first exciting step to making her belly big and round.

The mother crawled onto the mattress and sprawled back, making her giant boobies roll across her chest.

"Now boys, grab the oil. It's your turn to massage your mom and prepare her body for intercourse," Gina said.

Vin crawled onto the bed with his mom, his heart beating wildly. Nicole smiled and closed her eyes as her boy poured massage oil on her midsection, then began lathering it in.

"Holy fuck, could I get more turned on?!" the boy wondered, letting his hands run across his mom's sexy belly. He loved the way her massive tits were spread out on her chest like big round pillows of flesh.

Gina must have read not only Vin's mind, but every boy in the room's. "Massage her breasts now, boys," she said.

Vin didn't need to be told twice. He slid his hands up and grasped his mom's meaty tits. His fingers sunk in to the fatty flesh, making her erect nipples distend outward.

Nicole kept her eyes closed as she felt her son's strong hands massage her breasts. "I'm so impressed with how he's handling all this… Literally handling all this," she giggled to herself.

While mauling her tits, Vin's eyes traveled down his brunette mother's curvy body. Her mons were bare. Nicole usually kept a tiny landing trip of pubic hair, but she had shaved it for the trip. She knew a hairless pussy would be better suited for several days of vigorous sexual intercourse.

The sight of his mom's luscious baby-smooth legs made Vin's heart do a somersault in his chest. They had a light sheen from being shaved and oiled daily, and exhibited a feminine motherly strength that the boy couldn't wait to feel locked around him. Her dainty feet were yet another part of her that he found extremely sexy, with their red painted toenails. Pink was usually her go-to color, but what Vin was unaware of was his mom knew red was his favorite color, so she did it just for him.

"Squeeze the nipples between your fingers boys," Piper said. "As your mother becomes aroused, her vagina will begin to secrete lubrication in preparation for coitus."

Vin's dick flexed on his loins. From what Piper had just said, he knew the time was getting close and he would soon be pounding his young cock through his mom's hot pussy.

"Ladies, roll over onto your tummies now," Gina said. "Boys, you'll begin with your mother's feet, then we'll be moving up her legs, to her ass and vulva."

Vin let out an excited sigh as his mom rolled over and he caught sight of her naked apple-bottomed ass for the first time. He just knelt there a moment, taking it all in. The way her lovely legs were slightly splayed apart gave him an incredible view of her cuntal clamshell. "Holy hell!" his mind screamed anxiously.

He poured more oil on the soles of her feet and massaged them, then slowly worked his way up her silky legs.

Darren, the boy Vin met in the dining room, had already reached his mom Cassidy's meaty ass and was massaging it anxiously. He pulled her lovely buns apart and looked at the elastic ring of her puckered asshole.

Cassidy peeked back over her shoulder and smiled. "That feels **REALLY** good, honey," she said, her face flush with desire.

"Boys, you should now be moving up to your mom's buttocks and cunt. Apply more oil if you need to," Gina said.

Vin moved over beside his mom. He could see her huge tits bulging out at the sides as they lay squashed against the mattress. He poured more oil on her rounded buttocks, then started massaging again.

"Oh God, what an ass!" he thought, digging his fingers into the soft fatty flesh of her rump.

Piper stopped and smiled at the wonder-struck teen, watching him squeeze his mom's buns. "Run your fingers down through her ass-crack. Rub one finger against the ring of her asshole," she told him.

Vin did just as she suggested. His middle finger slipping back and forth across the puckering lips of Nicole's ass.

"See how she likes that?" Piper asked the boy. "Now slide your hand down across her perineum and cup the folds of her vulva."

The excited teen ran his down between his mom's legs and cupped Nicole's vulvar lips in his hand. Her hips trembled as she felt her own son's hand on her genitals.

Gina smiled as she watched the aroused teens work their mother's cunt-slits over. "The time is getting close now, boys. Your mom's heart rate is increasing. Her vaginal walls are swelling and turning a darker color," she said.

"Her vagina is also expanding, to accommodate the lengthy hardness of your penis," Piper added.

Vin's heart rate was steadily increasing with their every word. His fingers slipped down between his mom's labium, into her juicy cuntal vestibule.

"Mmm,' Nicole moaned, feeling her boy's fingers cross the hot nipping mouth of her fuck-hole.

"Rub their clits, boys," Gina said. "Get their bodies worked up and ready for intercourse."

All the mothers were now shaking and gasping, bobbing their lovely mommy-asses up and down as their teen's rubbed their horny clits.

"Are you ready, ladies?" Gina shouted. "Are you ready for copulation?"

"Yes!" all of the mom's gasped.

"What about you, boys?" Piper asked. "Are you ready to make a baby with mom?"

All the boy's answered with a resounding "Yes!"

"**MOTHERS**…**ON YOUR BACKS!!**" Gina shouted.

"Ok, boys…prepare for penetration," Piper added.

Vin watched, more excited than any moment in his life, as Nicole quickly flipped over and threw her lovely legs back in a wide-open **V. "HOLY SHIT!**" his excited brain screamed as he gazed up the backs of her splayed legs, noticing how her sexy feet were pointed back like a ballerina.

The anxious mother reached for her teen, pulling him down on top of her. "Get it in me, sweetie!" she squealed, frantically reaching down between them and grasping her boy's rod.

His knob slid awkwardly through the slit of her ass a few times, plowing across her butthole. On the forth try she helped the brick-hard boner meet it's target, and it plunged through the fleshy remnants of her hymen.

"Hooohhh!" the mother gasped, like she'd just had the wind knocked out of her, as she felt her son's girthy cock-meat stretch her inner-lining.

Vin snarled in lust, feeling slippery pussy wet his glans for the very first time. He backed out a few inches, before plunging his entire boner into the hot snug sleeve of her birthing tube.

He'd fucked a couple pussies, but none of them could prepare him for the feeling of his mom's cunt. His boner was immediately met with strong smothering muscles that clenched his tender pink dick like a clutching first.

"**AHH!**" he gasped, taking a few frantic thrusts.

Gina and Piper smiled at each other, then watched the eight mother and son couples go at it wildly. The sound of flesh beating against flesh filled the room. They always referred to this first session of intercourse as 'the awkward quickie.' The boys were always clumsy and would beat their hard dicks through their mother's pussies with such excitement, that they'd cum within a matter of a couple minutes. The moms were all warned in advance of course, and knew this first "quickie" was just to get that pent-up nut out of their son's system. Even so, they all knew this first big cum-load may just be the one with the strongest swimmers…one of which could find and pierce their egg.

"There you go, sweetie! **YESS!**" Nicole gasped, clutching her boy's bobbing ass with her long red nails as she cradled him between her warm thighs.

"Uhhgghh!" one of the boys grunted out as his dick already began pouring cum inside his mother.

A second boy began grunting also as he too was met with a mind-blowing orgasm. Then other boys around the room began to pop off.

The mothers were patient and understanding. They knew their teens had probably never experienced the grip of a mother's cunt, so popping off quick the first time was completely expected.

Nicole held on to her boy as he frantically pounded her juice-slickened cunt. Like the other moms, she knew her teen had fantasized about fucking her for years, so to finally realize the dream was an incredible thrill that would have him cumming at any moment.

Vin knew that popping off this quickly would make him seem like a two-pump chump, but her cunt-tube just felt too Goddamn good around his cock. Plus, he hadn't been able to masturbate since yesterday, so his dick was super-sensitive.

"I'm gonna cum!" he grunted.

Nicole squeezed him tight, her big titties sloshing between them. Her sexy legs were still thrown way back and her boy bucked between them. "It's OK, sweetie… Cum!" she breathlessly encouraged him.

"**UHHGGHH!!**" Vin groaned as he blasted a huge load of ball-juice inside Nicole's pussy.

For several minutes the boys humped and groaned in sexual release.

"Feel better, boys?" Gina finally asked them, once they had all become motionless on top of their mothers, who were caressing them tenderly.

"Tomorrow we'll be focusing more on the technique and stamina required for **AFFECTIVE** babymaking," Piper said. "After dinner we'll be doing one more exercise designed to familiarize you with your mother's body."

The boys were ushered back to their dressing room, so they could rinse off before dinner. The eight mothers did the same, chatting it

up while rinsing off their nude, freshly fucked bodies in the group shower.

"The boys really needed that one out of their system," the blonde mother Cassidy said as soaped down her big bobbling jugs.

"They sure did," Nicole answered. "Without being able to jerk off yesterday, they must have been going crazy."

"Can you ladies believe how big our boys dicks are?" one mother asked.

"I know, I was shocked," Nicole confessed. "I mean, I knew from seeing Vin with erections at home that he was packing something above average, but I never expected it to be that big."

"How big **IS** it, Nicole?" Cassidy asked curiously.

"Nine-and-a-half inches," the mom proudly answered.

The other moms gasped. "Holy shit, that's huge!" Cassidy said, with her mouth hanging open in shock.

"What about Darren?" Nicole asked.

"Just over seven, but Gina and Piper think he has a very wide corona ridge on his knob, so I'm sure he'll be making me cum like a cheap whore tomorrow," Cassidy said, making the other mom laugh.

"Are you guys showing any signs of ovulation yet?" Tina asked.

"No, but I'm pretty sure I'll be starting tomorrow," Cassidy answered.

"Me too," Nicole said. "I usually have some mild cramping when my egg is released."

Asia, a pretty dark-skinned mother stood nearby rinsing her black silky hair. "Can you believe we just had sex with our sons?" she asked.

Cassidy smiled and shook her head. "Naughty fantasy come true for them I'm sure. I think Darren's been wanting to get in my panties since Junior High," she said, making the other moms giggle.

"Same with Vin," Nicole said. "It didn't surprise me at all that he came so quickly. It must have been an incredible thrill for him."

The redhead Tina nodded. "Well one thing I do know, I haven't felt a dick that hard inside me for a long time," she admitted. "Even on viagra, my husband gets no where near that hard."

"I know what you mean," Cassidy said. "Even though it was quick, I don't think I've been plowed by a dick that hard since I was in my twenties."

"Could you guys feel the boys dicks against your cervix?" Nicole asked the group, and the women responded with smiling nods.

"Could I ever," Cassidy answered.

"I know this is for babymaking and not pleasure, but that felt… **AMAZING!**" Nicole admitted with a huge smile.

The other moms giggled, making their wet heavy tits wobble on their chests.

"I agree, Nicole," Tina said. "Before today, I haven't felt and erection knocking at my back wall since a guy I dated in college twenty years ago."

"Well, besides the bonus of more pleasure," Cassidy said, "it'll also get the boys closer to our wombs, which'll give their sperm an added advantage when it comes to getting us pregnant."

The boys arrived in the dining room first, wearing their white robes. Just as they began eating and chatting the mothers arrived on bare feet, wearing one-piece semi-sheer teddies, in a variety of colors.

Nicole's teddy was red, her son's favorite color. Vin watched her step towards him proudly, her huge mommy-melons stretching the fabric and jostling heavily with her every step. She stopped behind him, placing her hand on his shoulders and leaned over, bringing her lips to his ear. "Put your eyes back in your head, young man," she teased.

He giggled and watched her sashay away. The fabric on the back of the teddy narrowed out into thong, disappearing between the swaying cheeks of her meaty ass. "Daaamn!" Vin muttered to just himself, since the boys around him were busy checking out their own moms.

After serving themselves, the mothers sat together in a group, chatting and giggling as they ate. The boys did the same.

"I felt a little guilty cumming so quick," Darren, Cassidy's son said, "but damn was that some good pussy!"

The other boys laughed. Vin nodded in agreement. "I know exactly what you mean, man," he said, then looked over at his beautiful mother, who peeked back, giving him a warm smile and a sexy wink.

"How was dinner?" Gina asked as she arrived a short time later.

"Good!" the group replied.

"Boys…these moms look like they'd enjoy a piggy-back ride back to the conception room," the hostess said.

The moms giggled playfully as they stood up and moved over to their waiting sons.

"Get over here you cute little piggy," Nicole joked, then jumped onto her boy's back.

The other mothers did the same to their sons, so their smooth naked legs were wrapped astride them and big mommy-melons crushed against their backs. The strong teens carried them up the wide hallway, with the mothers joking and laughing the whole way.

"Maybe we could make this one of your chores at home…to carry me around like this all the time," Cassidy teased her son.

"Wouldn't that be nice," Nicole said. "A method of transportation while we work around the house."

When they got into copulation room, Piper and Gina were there waiting. The couples moved to their assigned beds.

"Boys, go ahead and remove your robes," Piper said.

After the boys took their robes off, the couples sat side-by-side together on the edge of the bed as Gina spoke to them. "As I said before, the primary purpose of the first day at the center is to familiarize yourselves with each other's bodies. I'd like to do a two-hour long exercise now that will assist with this," she said.

Piper continued the instruction. "Boys, in a few minutes we're going to dim the lights and turn on some music to set the appropriate mood," she explained. "You and your mom will be crawling under the blankets together. We encourage you to roam your hands all over each other's bodies. You can kiss, lick…and even dry hump if you want."

"**BUT NO SEX!**" Gina said with an exaggerated stern look, making the group giggle. "This is why the moms are staying in their teddies, to prevent any 'accidental' penetration."

Piper nodded in agreement. "Use this time to get to know each other's bodies. Hold on to one another and roll around on the mattress together. Try out different positions that you think may be affective for the two of you during coitus. Most of all though…have fun," she said encouragingly.

"Your moms have even been encouraged to say naughty things to you, to get that testosterone really pumping. Any questions?" Gina asked.

The group all looked around and shook their heads, with big anxious smiles on their faces.

"Then let's get started."

The lights in the room suddenly dimmed and the soft beat of tranquil new-wave music filled the space. The couples all disappeared beneath the blankets of their full-sized beds.

"Mm, this is cozy," Nicole said as they laid on their sides, facing each other, with even their heads under the blankets.

"A lot more comfortable than my bed at home," Vin said.

He felt his mom's hand reach up and rub his shoulder tenderly, then she scooted over against him, so their chests met. Vin felt her silky leg drape over the top of his. "I know this is kinda awkward, since I'm your mom…but let's just try to relax and get to know each other physically, OK, sweetie?" she asked.

"Sure," The boy anxiously answered.

She guided his hand around her waist, then brought her lips to his neck and began planting soften tender kisses.

"Awesome!" the boy whispered, making her giggle.

"What's awesome? My lips against your neck…or my boobs crushed against your chest?"

"Both."

"I want us to have a deep sensual connection through all this, Vin" the mother whispered between kisses. "I want our baby to be conceived in love."

"That sounds like the best way to me too," her son confessed.

"Kiss me then," she said softly.

Their lips met in a series of slow sensual kisses. He felt his mom's tongue peek out and flicker around teasingly on his lips. Vin slithered his own licker out and their tongues began to play outside their mouths.

After a few minutes of light petting, their mouths opened and fused together as they engaged in deep French kissing.

"Fuck! Is this for real?" the boy's mind buzzed as he felt his mom's long thick tongue wrestle with his own.

Without breaking their passionate kiss, the beautiful mother rolled on top of her boy, smothering his lean frame with her soft curvy body. She could feel his hard cock wedged against her mons, throbbing wildly from their intimate union.

Inside Vin's mouth their lickers lashed wildly together. The mother broke the kiss, but only for a second. "Oh, you're such an amazing kisser, sweetie," she gasped, then went back to smooching him.

"Thanks."

"What else are you amazing at?" she asked in a sensual tone between wet kisses.

Vin felt her legs slide off the sides of him, so her knees rested astride his hips. This placed her warm vulva right up against his boner, with only the thin silky crotch of her teddy separating the flesh of their genitalia. His mom went back to kissing and licking his neck. "Would you like to make a baby this way?" she said between licks. "With me on top of you? Riding you…grinding the tip of your penis against my womb."

"Oh yes!" the boy gasped, inadvertently thrusting his hips, lifting his mom up at the waist.

"It's not the most ideal position for babymaking," she said. "Your seed would be pumping upward…against the forces of gravity, but that's ok…I know your ejaculations are strong. I know you'd still pump a ton of potent semen deep inside me."

Vin couldn't believe his mom was talking to him this way. It was the type of conversation he never thought he'd have with her. She felt amazing on top of him. Her boobs were huge and soft and the sensations of her thick rubbery nipples poking through her negligee and into his young chest was divine.

The boy remembered what Piper had told them about rolling around on the mattress, so he quickly rolled his mom onto her back, taking the top.

Nicole gasped, then immediately locked lips with him again. The boy felt her smooth naked legs wrap up around his midsection, interlocking her ankles behind him. He ran his hands along her outer thighs, enthralled by the succulent silky flesh of her motherly legs.

"You'd rather use this position though, wouldn't you?" she mewled, then planted another wet smacking kiss on his lips. "You'd rather be on top of me so you can pound your strong penis into me as hard as you want to."

Vin gasped excitedly, pushing his boner against her puffy vulvar lips. His mom placed her hands on his cheeks, cradling his boyish face. Their eyes had adjusted enough to the dark that he could see his mom's gleaming green eyes as she gazed up at him. "You don't know how excited this makes me, Vin. The fact that you're taking your father's place between my thighs," she confessed. "I know you're gonna be the man I need right now. I just know you have what it takes to give me a baby!"

The boy answered by giving his mom a deep kiss. His hips began to slowly pump up and back, grinding his throbbing erection against her cuntal slit.

Nicole tightened her motherly legs around him, providing a nice snug dry-humping-harness around her boy's young frame as he writhed between her strong smooth thighs.

"Squeeze my tits…don't be shy," she hissed, between deep kisses.

Vin pried his hands between them and handled the doughy softness of her mom's tit-melons while they smooched and dry-fucked.

Gina and Piper walked between the rows of beds, monitoring the couples, all of whom were moaning and writhing beneath the blankets. They paused at one bed and saw Asia's strong dark-brown legs sticking out from underneath the blanket, wrapped high around her boy's back as he grinded on top of her. "How did Asia's tests look?" Gina whispered to her assistant.

Piper check her tablet. "Her estrogen levels have peaked. Her temperature has also dropped slightly since she's been here," she answered.

"Hm, I have a feeling she's started her ovulation," Gina predicted, making a note on her own tablet. "Let's get them in a private room for a session of intercourse as soon as we're through here."

"Got it," Piper said.

Gina moved to the next bed. "What about Nicole…how's she looking?" she inquired.

Piper looked at her information. "Breast sensitivity. An increase in cervical mucus. I think she's right on track for an egg release tomorrow," she said.

"Perfect. Her son, Vin…he's the one with the nine-and-a-half inch erection, correct?" Gina asked.

"Correct."

"I think we could probably let them explore some of the more untraditional coital positions tomorrow. He definitely has the length for it, so I don't think it'll impact the effectiveness of his ejaculations," Gina said.

"I don't either," Piper agreed.

After they were through discussing each woman's cycle, the lights came back up and the music went off. Vin stuck his head from the blanket. His mom was still on her back, gazing up at him dreamily.

"So…" Gina said, surveying the group. "Do we feel a little more familiar with each other's bodies now?"

The group let out a resounding "yes!"

"Tomorrow, our conception schedule will actually begin, but we know the exercise you've just been through probably has you all a little…worked up, am I right?"

The mothers all nodded and giggled. The boys also answered in the affirmative.

"Then it's important to get some release, but it's also crucial that we don't waste a drop of the boy's sperm, since our whole purpose here is to get you ladies pregnant," Gina said.

Piper nodded in agreement. "So moms, before you get tucked in for a good night's sleep…how bout a session of doggy-style intercourse?" she asked.

The eight mothers threw their arms in the air and let out a collective cheer.

"Wooo!" Nicole reacted excitedly, giving her boy a big smile.

"Then get out of those teddies and get busy!" Gina shouted.

The moms quickly hopped up and began shedding their negligee. "You don't have to tell **ME** twice," Cassidy said, pulling down the straps of her teddy and releasing her big fatty tits right in from of her ogling boy.

Tina, the redhead, peeled the thronged portion of her teddy out from between the buns of her big peach-shaped ass. "You don't have to tell me twice either…since it's my favorite position," she anxiously blurted out.

"Mine too!" Another mom agreed.

Vin gulped with nervous excitement as he watched his mom shed her outfit. Her naked jutting boobs wobbled heavily as she peeled the teddy away from her shaved crotch and down her lovely legs. The boy's cock flexed with anticipation as he stared for a moment at her naked pudendum. Thick vulvar lips flanked the domed flesh of Nicole's clitoral prepuce.

The beautiful mother wasted no time crawling on to the bed, pausing on all-fours and smiling over at her teen. "Ready when you

are," she said almost playfully, cocking the rounded cheeks of her ass back.

Vin smiled back and crawled onto the bed with her. His big dick pointed at it's luscious target, which was slightly splayed open to display her deep coral slit. "Holy fuck!" he thought, almost as if in disbelief, like he was getting ready to test drive an expensive luxury sports car.

Nicole gazed back at his big cock, with it's huge tapered head. "Good grief, I'm gonna fall in love with that thing!" she thought, knowing that her boy's impressive-sized boner made her husband's penis look tiny and pathetic.

Vin mounted her haunches and felt her cuntal opening stretch around the tip of his cock. The heat of her slippery vaginal lining sizzled around the bulb of his glans. Before he could thrust the rest of his boner in, Nicole plunged her cunt back on his horny hardness, completely sheathing it in hot slippery pussy.

"Whoa!" the boy gasped, feeling the cheeks of her ass mash up against his midsection.

Not only had the horny mother engaged him in full penetration, she initiated the rhythm of their doggy-fuck, pumping her cunt up and back steadily on his steely erection.

"Yess! Oh, sweetie, that's so good!" she gasped, making her huge hanging udders jostle all around from the rhythm of her exited humps.

The sound of eight motherly asses beating again teenage crotch filled the room as the boys dicks thundered through hot fertile pussy.

Gasping with pleasure, Vin clutched on to his mom's hips and met her humps with one's of his own. He quickly became entranced at the sight of her fleshy ass rippling wonderfully as it beat against him.

The dry hump earlier had gotten Nicole's juices flowing and each time Vin's cock appeared it was dripping with vaginal secretions.

"Good grief, if he were any bigger he's crush right through my cervix," the mother delightfully thought, feeling the knob of her boy's penis batter her cervical entrance.

Vin's eyes rolled back slightly as he felt the amazing sensations around his burrowing cock. Along Nicole's cuntal lining were rows of purple-ribbed rugae, creating the most exquisite cuntal-sleeve that a boy could experience. On top of that, her strong pelvic muscles and the hot cervical mucus that was smearing all over the boy's bell tip added even greater pleasure to his tender prick.

One thing all of the moms would agree on is they each needed an orgasm in a bad way. At home, they often masturbated at least a couple times a day, just like their sons did. They couldn't rely on their sexually-fading husbands to get them off, so they were forced to take care of business themselves.

Luckily, even though the boys weren't yet able to last too long, they had dicks that were longer and fatter than their fathers, which brought their moms to quick screaming climaxes.

Vin watched his mom throw her pretty head around, tossing her dark mane back and forth. "**UUHHGGHH!!**" his mom screamed out. Her voice joined an orgasmic chorus of mothers around the room, and she bucked back on him even faster as she came.

Such a amazing display, coupled with the pulsating grip of her birthing tube made the boy's dick swell and tingle.

"Uh! Uhh! **UGGHHH!**" he grunted, as jizz began to blast from his piss-slit. He nearly blacked-out it was so intense.

Around the room, teenage boys whimpered as their cum-spitting cocks were smothered in the humping grip of their mom's purple

pleated pussy. After several minutes, the couples collapsed onto the bed together.

"Feel better?" Gina asked with a big smile.

She was answered with a collection of satisfied groans.

"Piper will show you moms to your sleeping quarters. Boys, you can follow me," Gina said.

Vin and Nicole stood up and she threw her arms around him, mashing her huge naked tits against his chest. "Goodnight, sweetie," she said, giving him a peck on the lips.

"Goodnight," Vin answered, then watched her walk with the other moms towards the exit. The sight of all those jiggling asses and heavily bobbling tits nearly took the boy's breath away.

Nicole gazed back at him and their eyes stared into each other's for a moment, like they had just formed some sort of new connection tonight that they were both silently acknowledging. She gave him a cute little wave, then disappeared out the doorway.

The next morning the boys were all eating breakfast in their robes, when the moms walked in wearing long sheer white night dresses. They filed in one by one, their dainty stiletto heels clicking delicately on the hard floor. The gowns were transparent enough to tell that they were completely naked underneath.

Vin's eyes widened as it was Nicole's turn to enter the room. Her huge melonous tits trembled wonderfully beneath her beautiful gown as she sashayed gracefully past him, giving her handsome boy a little smile, curling her bee-stung lips mischievously.

When she stepped by him, he turned his head so he could check out her amazing ass. The night dress was transparent enough to faintly make out the crack of her swaying buttocks.

Several times during breakfast Vin would look over and see his mom whispering to another mom, while they looked him up and down with lust-filled eyes.

"I saw you talking about me over there," he said to his mom, when he got her alone after breakfast.

Nicole giggled and gazed up at him. "Maybe I was," she teased.

"What were you saying?"

"Do you really wanna know?"

"Of course," the boy said.

She pushed her squishy tits against him and brought her lips to his ear. "I was bragging about how big your dick is," she whispered candidly.

"Oh."

She looked back into his eyes. "So what do you think about that?" she asked with a playful smile.

"That's cool I guess."

"Cool that you're here putting your father to shame with that big hard thing?" she asked.

"How so?"

"How so?!" Nicole snickered. "By getting his wife pregnant with your big babymaker today, that's how so."

The group was ushered to the conception room and sat on the edge of their assigned beds.

"Who's ready to make a baby?" Gina cheerfully asked them.

Everyone in the group raised their hand anxiously and some shouted "**ME!**"

"There are no 'wrong' sex positions to conceive a baby, but there are a few that increase the likelihood of your sperm meeting your mom's egg," Piper explained.

"There are five tried and true sexual positions that you'll be engaging in today that have proven to be the most effective in babymaking," Gina said. "But first, let's talk about something called staying-power or stamina."

"Stamina can mean many things," Piper said, "but when it comes to sexual intercourse it refers to how long you can pump your erection through your mother's vagina without cumming."

"Today we want you boys to try taking it slow and steady," Gina said. "Instead of having intense sex, dial it back a notch and thrust your erections at a slower pace. Your moms will help to remind you to slow down if you need to. Babymaking is not a race, boys. Your moms need strong ejaculations from you today. Prolonging your orgasm can create a greater sperm build-up in your testicles, so that when you do cum, your giving her as much seed as you can."

"Stamina will also allow your mom to orgasm, which will help relax her cervix for better sperm transferal," Piper added.

"Any questions?" Gina asked. "OK then…let's get naked and make babies."

Vin stood up and untied the sash of his robe. He let it slip off and glanced down at his huge boner sticking out like a divining rod from his crotch. He watched his mom peel her night dress off, then slide her sexy bare feet from her heels.

"We're gonna start with one that might surprise you. It's called the reverse cowgirl," Gina said. "Let's give you moms control of the

bumping and grinding this first session."

"Yaay!" a few moms cheered.

"With you moms in control, you can also make sure that your son's boner is in an optimal position for his ejaculation to blast into your cervix," Piper added.

"OK, boys…on your backs and let your mothers go to work," Gina said.

Vin crawled on to the bed and sprawl down onto his back. Then, he watched in fascination as his busty mother straddled his midsection, with her lovely ass facing him. She lifted her buns up slightly, then grasped his erection and fit his knob against her fuck-socket, while peeking back at him. "Ready, sweetie?" she asked lovingly.

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered, excited beyond words.

The boy felt his tender hardon stretch her vaginal walls as her cunt sunk to his nut sack. He watched her meaty ass-meat spread out against his crotch. Then his mom began to bounce on him, spearing his prick through the slippery sleeve of her pussy.

"Ohh yess!" she gasped, feeling her teen's muscular penile flesh carve through the delicate purple walls of her cunt.

The boy took a look around and discovered the other moms fucking their sons in the same manner. Their huge fatty tit-melons trembled heavily as they leaped up and down their chests.

"I forgot how much I like this one," Tina, the redheaded mother said breathlessly as she beat her boy's boner through her shaved pussy.

"This has always been one of my favorites too," another mother commented.

"God, it feels so much different with a larger dick," Cassidy sighed, feeling her boy's rigid pecker dig deep inside her pussy.

"I know exactly what you mean," Nicole said, smiling across at her.

"Sounds like you ladies are enjoying those teenage erections," Gina commented with a big smile.

"We sure are!" Cassidy gasped.

"My favorite part of this position is the grinding," Nicole said as she sunk all the way down her boy's dick and started swiveling her hips up and back.

Asia smiled over at her. "Girl, I'm right with you there," she said, grinding steadily with her vulvar lips fused to her boy's cock-base.

The other moms joined in on the grinding, rolling their wide hips up and back, and up and back, showing their skill.

"There you go, moms!" Gina said encouragingly. "Grind on those big hard babymakers!"

The moms engorged clits protruded out from beneath their hoods, rising and falling from the constant motion of their steady dick-grinding. The beautiful stay-at-home-moms moved almost like a row of belly dancers, gyrating their birthing hips, while their large hard-nippled tits teetered heavily back and forth across their chests.

"Ohh!" Vin moaned, feeling his cock being stirred around inside his mom's cuntal sleeve. Her cervix felt like a set of puckered bee-stung lips kissing all over his glans, smearing his sensitive knob with hot slippery mucus.

The pretty mother peeked back over her shoulder. "You doing OK, sweetie?" she asked with heavy aroused breath.

"Uh-huh," the boy sighed.

Piper came over to the bed and knelt down beside him. Her pretty face hovered over his. "Relax, Vin. Deep breaths," she softly coached. "Try clenching your ass-cheeks together to keep from cumming."

The teen did as she suggested, which seemed to help control his excitement level.

"Better?" Piper asked.

"Yeah."

Nicole went from grinding to humping up and down again. Vin loved watching her luscious derriere move as she fucked him.

"Ahh! Oh God, I'm cumming!" One mom shouted from across the room.

"Me too!" Asia squealed, riding her boy's boner with vigor.

"Cum hard on those erections moms," Gina shouted. "The relaxation effect of an orgasm only helps in the babymaking process."

One by one the moms began to pop, trembling through intense orgasms as they fucked tirelessly. Vin felt Nicole's cunt-tube shrink up around the meat of his plunging cock. He knew she was close, by the way she was panting and frantically beating her ass against him.

"Uhhgghh, shit!" a boy across the room grunted as he blasted jizz inside his mom.

"Cummiiinnnggg!!" Cassidy cried out and her son Darren grunted out at the same time.

"Ohhh fuck, I'm there!!" another mom squealed.

"Make sure the head of your son's prick is ejaculating right at your cervical opening, ladies," Gina reminded them.

More teens grunted like animals as their dicks shot off inside their mom's vagina.

Nicole let out a loud trembling squeal, clenching her fists in the air. Her face was masked with pleasure, her giant knockers rippling wonderfully as they leaped up and down.

Vin let out a sharp gasp. It felt like her cunt tube was turning inside out around the rigid meat of his cock. He felt his mom's girl-cum running down the sides of his nuts. The boy suddenly arched his chest, his face grimacing as he felt the cum boil up from his balls.

With a guttural grunt he began transferring his load of seed to his mom through his piss-slit. The room became a choir of sixteen people grunting squealing and crying out, as each was struck with orgasmic pleasure.

As soon as it was clear they had ridden the waves of orgasmic delight completely, Gina gave them further instruction. "Alright ladies…let's grab those wedged pillows and get those hips elevated," she said.

Vin stood up and watched his mom sprawl back on the bed, she placed a wedge-shaped pillow beneath her ass, which elevated her hips, then she scissored her legs back. He looked around and saw the other moms doing the same.

"Why do they have to do that?" Darren, Cassidy's son asked.

"I'm glad you asked, Darren," Gina said. "Your mom's vagina is an acidic environment, which isn't ideal for the survival of sperm. Your ejaculate prefers an alkaline environment, and hence needs to move away from the acidity of the vagina as soon as they can."

"And doing this helps that?" Vin asked.

"Exactly right, Vin," Piper said. "This method helps more sperm get through the cervix and reach your mom's fallopian tube much faster, increasing her chances of pregnancy."

"This is what I did when I was trying to get pregnant with **YOU**, sweetie," Nicole said, then extended her sexy leg his direction and ran her painted toes down his lean chest. "And just think…if I hadn't, you might not even be here."

"Your moms will stay like this for about fifteen minutes," Gina said, "so if you handsome boys wanna take a break, get a drink…then when you come back, we'll start the next session of intercourse."

The eight teens did as she suggested, leaving the moms there with elevated hips and legs thrown back.

"I don't know about you girls, but that was the strongest fucking orgasm I've had in like… forever," Tina, the redheaded mom confessed.

The other moms giggled. "Me too," another mom agreed.

"Well, is it any mystery why?" Cassidy asked. "Did you see how hard the boys dicks were."

"I do get orgasms from my husband," Asia said, "but the orgasm my son just gave me was on a whole other level of pleasure."

Piper smiled. "Nothing like young men with healthy blood flow. It makes their erections as hard as rocks," she said.

"Not only that," Gina added, "but I firmly believe that this generation of boys have penis's that are longer and fatter than the generations of the past."

"I definitely agree with that," Nicole said nodding her head.

"So what your saying is we better prepare ourselves for more mind-blowing climaxes?" Tina asked.

"That's exactly what I'm saying," Gina nodded and smiled.

"I'm good with that," The pretty redhead said.

The other moms burst out laughing.

When the boys returned a short time later, the moms were scattered through the room chatting. "OK, shall we get back to business," Gina shouted.

Vin watched his mom sashay over to join him beside the bed. He still couldn't believe that she was shamelessly naked in front of him. Her huge ballooning mommy-melons teetered heavily on her chest as she moved over and playfully poked him in the ribs.

"The next position you'll be having sex in is an adventurous take on the standard missionary position," Gina explained. "It's called 'the hook.' With your mom on her back, she'll be hooking her legs over your shoulders. This will not only assure the deepest penetration possible, but will also have the forces of gravity be in your favor, making it much easier for your sperm to swim up past her cervix."

"Remember to pace yourselves, boys. This position can produce a very quick ejaculation," Piper warned.

"Let's get started," Gina said with a smile.

Nicole took her boy's hand and led him onto the bed. Vin waited on his knees, watching his mom drop onto her back. She brought her dainty feet up, resting them on his shoulders, and gazed up at him with an anxious grin. "Ready to blast more of those spermies into me?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Vin muttered, scooting forward. He loved watching his mom's eyes get big as he shoved his manhood inside her.

"Oh, Goddamnit!" the teen's brain gasped as he felt the neck of his glans slip along the wonderful purple ribs that lined his mom's cunt tube. They both sighed audibly as his fat bell tip kissed the pouty head of her cervix.

When his mom bit her bottom lip and gazed into his eyes lustfully, he knew it was time to fuck, so he set his hips in motion. With Nicole folded in half beneath him, the teen drove his cock through her pussy with full-length thrusts.

"Oh yes, Vin!" she gasped, feeling his thick penile flesh plunge through her fertile vagina.

"Find a rhythm, boys," Gina said. "Make sure you're thrusting your erection all the way in."

"I had some abdominal pain this morning," Nicole whispered, looking up into her boy's eyes.

"You did?"

"Yes. That's usually a sign that I've started ovulating. My egg has been released from my ovary, sweetie," the mother whispered excitedly. "All it needs now is your sperm."

Vin gasped and smiled. "I'll give you all I have today," he assured her.

The sound of flesh beating against flesh filled the room as the teens fucked their moms at a steady pace, trying not to go fast, so they didn't cum too quickly.

"How are they doing, moms?" Piper asked, receiving a few gasping responses.

"Wonderful!" Nicole sighed, clenching her eyes shut and throwing her head to the side, as a tremendous orgasm built inside her.

Vin's head swelled with confidence, knowing he was giving his own experienced mom sexual pleasure. He placed his hands astride her so he could lift himself up a tad and really stick it to her.

"**OH MY GOD!!**" Nicole's brain screamed as she felt her son huge hard slab thunder through the grip of her cunt. "**HE FEELS INCREDIBLE!!**"

Piper noticed how hard the boy was slamming his prick through her. "Careful, Vin…watch your pace," she warned, knowing he could cum incredibly fast this way.

"I'm good," The boy responded confidently, socking his steely hard cock through his mom's juicy vagina.

It was no great surprise, but this time Nicole was the first one to cum. She let out a cute orgasmic mommy-scream, arching her back beneath her boy and making her giant boobies quiver as her pretty face twisted with pleasure.

Stretched along the top of Vin's thick burrowing shift, Nicole's urethral meatus bulged, and hot girl-cum began squirting out, soaking their genital union.

The other moms weren't far behind her, crying out in passion as they were brought to body-trembling orgasms.

Many of the boys began groaning as they popped off. Vin got his second wind. He was shocked that his dick wasn't tingling more than it was, but he took the opportunity to really give it to his beautiful mom hard and fast.

Wow!" Gina muttered, as her and Piper stood there in fascination, watching the big dicked teenager fuck like a skilled porn star.

"My God, look at that!" Piper whispered, biting her bottom lip.

Just as Nicole came down from one orgasmic peak, she found herself rising towards another. "Ohh, baby!!" she cried out in a trembling voice.

"Ahhh!" Vin moaned, feeling her spongy, juicy grip tighten around him, making his boner tingle delightfully. He brought his full weight down on the backs of her legs and dug his prick in as deep as he could. He gasped repeatedly, taking the most exquisitely pleasurable thrusts of his young life.

His fat bell tip stretched her uteri, mashing his dick so far back that his entire knob disappeared between her cervical head. Now his piss-slit was kissing the tiny entrance to her womb, and a huge mass of hot liquid jizz raced up his pipe and splattered around it, sending thousands of potent swimmers straight up through her cervix, spreading out into her uterus.

The boy bucked and groaned, feeding his mom's cum-starving cunt with more and more of his creamy offering.

"Wow!" his mom gasped as he finally rolled off her.

"You OK over there, Nicole?" Cassidy asked, snuggling with her boy in post-orgasmic bliss.

"Yes…**VERY OK**," she sighed, like she'd just had the most amazing cum of her life.

"Alright, moms…let's elevate those hips," Gina reminded them.

After lunch the boys were back in the saddle, fucking their moms in the side-by-side position. Since this position was intimate and more conducive to actual love making, the lights were dimmed, to provide a more romantic atmosphere.

Vin and Nicole were on their sides, embracing tightly. The boy was between his mom's circled legs, steadily thrusting into her as they kissed sensually. She broke their smooch and gazed into his eyes dreamily. "I like this one a lot," she whispered.

"Me too," he said.

Laying this way, all Vin could see when he looked between them was her huge cleavage mashed against his upper chest.

The boy sighed in delight as Nicole squeezed her pussy around his boner in a snug kegel grip. "You like that?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he answered, then flexed his erection inside her, while taking an extremely deep thrust, making her eyes roll back a little. "Do you like **THAT**?" he asked.

"Can't you feel how wet your dick is? Doesn't that answer your question?" she teased.

"Do you think you like this position because it's more like making love than making a baby?" Vin brazenly asked.

"Well, like I told you before, a baby should be conceived in love, so if we wanna consider this 'lovemaking,' that's OK by me."

Over the next hour, Vin and his mom "made love" intimately, while kissing squeezing and stroking each other tenderly. Gina had been going around checking up on the couples, and now it was Nicole and her son's turn. "Everything going OK here," she asked, sitting down on the bed beside them.

The mother gave her a dreamy look. "Perfect," she said.

"Is he making contact with your cervix?"

"Oh yes he is," Nicole answered with a delightful smile, feeling her boy's fat knob bumping against her back wall.

"That's excellent," Gina said. "Boys with a high libido like your son will be constantly leaking pre-ejaculate during coitus. Even **THAT** contains a ton of sperm cells that could easily make it through your cervix and find your egg."

"Wonderful," Nicole said with a smile.

"You know, these positions are recommended for the average-sized boy," Gina said. "but because Vin so well endowed, we're not too concerned, since his penis with hit your cervix in just about any sexual position."

"True," Nicole said proudly.

"That being said, if there are any other position you two would like to try out today, you're more than welcome to."

"Really?" Nicole asked, her eyes lighting up. "Could I um…ride him?"

"Absolutely," Gina giggled, then got up. "Have fun you two."

The mother looked into Vin's eyes and smiled. "Do you mind if I ride your dick, sweetie?"

"Are you kidding? Why would I mind?"

"True," Nicole said cheerfully, rolling on top of her teen. "You'll enjoy it as much as I will."

Vin watched in awe as she rose up off his chest. Her knees were planted astride his hip and his cock was still buried inside her gripping cunt-sleeve.

Nicole dropped back down, catching herself on extended arms, so her huge jutting tits hovered above her boy's face. She gave him a

sultry look through her curtain of dark silky hair. "Brace yourself, kiddo. This one's **MY** favorite," she said anxiously.

Then, she began to ride his cock, working herself up to a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Holy shit!" the boy's mind screamed as he found himself staring up at biggest set of swinging boobs he'd probably ever see in his life. The movement of Nicole's heavy milkers quickly developed a repetitive pattern, circling out from her chest then smacking together, over and over, almost throwing her boy into a literally tittie trance.

The busty mother's splayed outer lips beat against her son's cock-base as she pumped his hard muscular dick all the way in on every thrust. She wasn't satisfied with just this though. She wanted to feel their horny union collide. "Thrust your hips from the mattress, baby," she panted. "Let's beat our genitalia together!"

Vin humped up into her, feeling his tender pink dick stretch out her slippery purple-ribbed lining on every plunge. "Oh damn, mom!" he gasped, overwhelmed with divine pleasure.

After two minutes of solid cock-smothering thrusts, the mother mashed their crotches together, rocking up and back in full penetration. "Goddamnit!" the boy gasped, throwing his head back in ecstasy.

"I'm getting close too, baby," the mother gasped. "Can you wait for me?"

"I think so," the boy hissed, looking down at his mom's grinding bare pubis crushed against his own.

Nicole plopped down on top of him, making her jiggling tit-meat squish against his chest like warm bread dough. Her thick lovely ass

bobbed up and down, still meeting her son's upward thrusts with the tireless strokes of her juice-slickened pussy.

They could both hear couples grunting and crying out in orgasm around them. Nicole kissed her son passionately as she fucked him. "Gimme our baby!" she gasped between kisses. "Make me cry out while you pump our baby into me!"

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum real soon, mom!" the boy announced.

The mother humped frantically, quickly spurring her own climax so that they could explode with passion together. "**FILL ME!!**" she cried out.

"**UHHGGHH!!**" Vin grunted, as his whole body shuddered. Fat gooey ropes of semen splattered against the back of his mom's vagina. He felt his mom's own hot juicy discharge swirl around his prick and felt her lush body trembling on top of him.

For several minutes their engorged genitals went at it in a hot grinding fuck. The inside of Nicole's vaginal sleeve was a mass of purple pussy and pink penile flesh, wrestling in a gooey mix of their hot orgasmic secretions.

The boys slept like babies that night, dreaming of all the wonderful things they'd just experience. Their sleeping quarters was a smaller windowless room with a bunk bed on each wall. Because there was no window, their room was pitch black, even when the sun came up. The mom's came in naked to give them a morning surprise.

Vin woke up to the sound of giggling mothers. He could feel his top bunk shaking as someone climbed the ladder. It didn't take him long to figure out who that 'someone' was. Nicole snaked on top of him from beneath the blankets. The boy sighed in delight as he was blanketed in the warm soft flesh of his mother.

Nicole immediately started kissing him passionately. "Did you miss me?" she whispered between kisses.

"Yes," the boy sighed. He couldn't see her, but what he felt was out of this world. Her huge fatty tits, with their thick rubbery nipples, sloshed against his bare chest and her hand grasped his dick, quickly tugging it to full hardness as she kissed him.

"So you missed me huh?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

She quickly rolled them over so her son was on top of her. "Show me how much," she mewled, drawing her knees back, bowing open her smooth thighs. She kissed again and whispered into his mouth. "Fuck the shit out of me!"

Vin's heart was beating so fast he felt out of breath. He could already hear the other beds squeaking, and his own bunk jerking from Darren fucking his mom Cassidy in the bunk below him.

His mom was so sexually excited that her cuntal walls had secreted slippery fuck oil, that lubricated his boner nicely as it sunk through it's simmering grip. He knew this wasn't meant to be slow steady marathon sex like they encouraged him to do yesterday. His mom was here to get pounded hard and fast, and that's how he gave it to her.

"**YESSS!**" Nicole screamed as she laid beneath her son's hammering assault.

Gina and Piper had encouraged the mothers to visit the boys bunk room, to let the teens get a hard morning nut out of their systems. Of course the beautiful mothers were happy to accept.

"Suck my tits while you fuck me," Vin's mother whimpered, her voice quivering from the power of her son's thrusts.

Vin latched on to one of her nipples with his mouth and mashed his face against her squishy tit as he sucked. Her other boob rolled up and down her chest as he pumped into her.

The eight married moms felt no shame or guilt being fucked this way. Their boys were simply doing what their husbands should have been able to do, but couldn't.

Fucking as intensely as they were, none of the mothers, or the boys were able to hold off very long. Soon the dark room was filled grunts and cries of passion.

"That was a nice surprise this morning," Vin told his mom when he saw her at breakfast.

Nicole and the other mothers wore stunning white fishnet body stockings, with keyhole cutouts down each side. The stockings stopped at the ankles and their sexy feet were arched in dainty four-inch heels. Vin's mom fed him a mischievous smile. "Mm, I agree. It was nice," she said, pouring some coffee.

"Do you think you could be pregnant yet?"

His mom giggled. "Oh sweetie, pregnancy doesn't quite happen that fast," she explained. "It'll take about a week for your sperm to travel to my egg and fertilize it."

"That long?"

"Yes, and even then I'm not 'officially' pregnant. The egg will still have to attach itself to my uterine wall, which can take anywhere from six to ten days."

"Wow, so we're not even gonna know if our trip here was successful until we're back home," the boy said, seemingly a bit disappointed.

She bumped her squishy fishnet-covered boobs against his chest and planted a soft kiss on her lips. "Nope. Our whole purpose here is to pump as much of your hot boy-seed inside me while I'm fertile, to increase the chances of that happening," she said.

"Well, that's not such a hard task."

Nicole reached down and slid her hand between the slit of his robe. Considering how she was dressed, she wasn't shocked to find a fully hard boner protruding up from his crotch. "This is the **HARD PART** down here," she joked, gently stroking it's length.

"It wouldn't be if you weren't so sexy," Vin confessed.

"Oh, aren't you sweet," she said. "You know you don't have to try to charm the panties off me. You're already gonna be ears deep in my pussy today."

"Ears deep huh?" the boy giggled. "That's pretty deep, mom."

She gazed into his eyes lustfully. "Wouldn't 'ears deep' be something? So far up there that I could give birth to you all over again," she said.

"**THAT** would be wild."

Nicole giggled, tenderly running her circled hand up and down his stiff meat. "I'll settle for this beautiful thing. It's plenty big enough," she said.

After breakfast Piper came for the moms first. The boys boners flexed excitedly as they watched the jiggling fishnet-covered ass of their mom sway away.

It wasn't long before Piper came back for them. "Ready, boys?" she asked, although she already knew the answer.

They were ushered back to the copulation room, and were greeted by a wonderful sight. Now naked, each mother was on her knees on the bed, with their meaty mommy-rumps pointed back in the doggy position.

"Welcome back, boys!" Gina said. "As you can see, your moms are eagerly awaiting their next injection of your babymaking sperm. This time the two of you will be having intercourse doggy-style."

"Doggy is a great position for conception," Piper added, "because your sperm are released at an optimal position for travel through the cervix."

"So lose the robes, mount your mothers and let's get started," Gina said.

Vin crawled onto the bed with his mom, staring at that lovely round ass. Maneuvering himself up close to her, he rubbed his juicy cock-crown up and down the slit of her pussy, teasing her swollen clit.

Her hips shivered, and she gazed back over her shoulder with a lascivious grin. "You tease!" she whispered.

He pushed his steely prick into her and Nicole gasped as she felt her pussy giving way to the battering thrusts of her boy's huge cock.

"Damn, her pussy feels incredible!" the teen told himself, as he experienced the exquisite sensation of her wet purple walls dragging around the tender meat of his hardon.

"Pace yourselves, boys!" Gina said encouragingly. "You've already cum once this morning. Give more sperm a chance to swell inside your balls, then you'll be able to give your mom another healthy-sized load."

"Oh my God, this feels so good!" Nicole thought as she threw her cunt back to meet her son's steady thrusts. She had always loved

doggy-style through her many years of marriage, but if she was honest, it could never compare to the obscene joy of being fucked from behind by her own strong-dicked son. The sound of flesh smacking together around her reminded the busty beauty that the other mothers were probably feeling the same way.

"Can we just do it like this all day please?" Tina's pleasure-filled voice asked, making the other moms giggle.

"I'd be just fine with that too, girl," Asia said breathlessly, pumping her luscious dark-brown ass back against her son's crotch.

Piper smiled over at them. "While I do share your passion for doggy, we wanna get you in various sexual positions today, to give your son's sperm a real fighting chance at getting through your cervix," she explained.

Vin's watched his mom's unblemished ass-globes beat against him in a steady rhythm. Even on the third day of fucking her, he still couldn't believe it was his own mom's lovely buttocks he was looking at. His cock glistened as it plunged in and out of her snug cunt-hole. While he couldn't really see much of his own mom's boobs from this angle, all he had to do was look around to see the heavy udders of the other seven moms swinging from their chests.

"Slap those asses, boys!" Gina shouted. "Show your moms what studs you are."

Vin drew his hand back, then **SMACKED** his mom's humping ass with his open hand, making her ass-flesh ripple delightfully.

"**SMACK!** … "**SMACK!" "SMACK!**" the other boys beat their mother's behinds with open-handed slaps as well. All the teen were pleased with the results, as the women began cumming hard on their dicks, while having their meaty mommy-asses repeated smacked.

For a good hour Vin hammered his mom from behind, making her cum several more times in the process. Finally, he grasped her hips and humped her hard and fast, like a dog in heat.

With a series of grunts, a huge explosion of prick juice erupted from the tip of his cock, spraying into her smothering pussy in long gooey ribbons.

"Don't get too comfortable boys," Gina said, as the breathless teens rested next to their blissful mothers. "After your mother elevates her hips for ten minutes, you'll be sliding your fat cock right back inside her."

The boys went to get water, while their moms let their sperm-loads soak into their wombs. When they returned, the women were gone.

"Where the heck are they?" Darren asked.

"If you follow me, I'll show you," Piper's voice said, standing behind them, near the doorway.

The boys mouths dropped open as they saw that she was completely nude, with her large fat tits jutting out. She turned to walk away, and the boys followed…their eyes fixed on her thick swaying ass.

Piper stepped down the hallway and into a 'mystery room.' When the boys entered, they were met with the surprise of their lives. The room was nothing but **ONE HUGE MATTRESS**, with the moms sprawled out naked, forming a large circle.

"Hm, what do we have here, ladies?" Gina said, crawling off the bed and stepping towards the group of teens. Like Piper, she too was now completely naked. Her tremendous breast bobbled heavily as moved. "It looks like a bunch of hard-dicked teenagers who are ready to fuck. Come pick out your favorite, girls, and get his hard cock inside you," she said.

The moms got up, came over and took their own son by the hand, leading him back to the center of the huge floor-mattress. They began kissing and fondling, slowing sinking onto the cushion, and within a couple minutes they were all fucking like animals.

Three moms…Nicole, Cassidy and Tina were side-by-side, each riding their son's hard erection. The mothers fucked with graceful experience, each plunging their hot shaved cunt up and down the steely-hard dick of their boy.

"Yess! Fuck our pussies!!" Tina cried out. The moms were told to be as vocal and nasty as possible inside this room.

Vin's eyes were wide with desire, as were those of the boys next to him. In front of them was a literal row of huge, hard-nippled tits leaping up and down to the rhythm of each mother's humping body.

The boys could have spent hours laying there watching, but their moms had other ideas. The women fell forward, smothering the three teen's upper bodies in warm squishy tit-flesh. Their thick asses bobbed up and down, plunging the hot pricks through their aroused vaginas, making fuck-oil secrete from their cuntal lining.

"Don't you just love the fact that our hot boys are giving us their babies?!" Cassidy mewled.

"Mm, pumping all that cum inside us with their big fucking cocks!" Nicole added.

Vin shivered excitedly. He had never heard his mom talk that nasty. She really stretched across him as they fucked, making her massive boobie-mounds jiggle right up near his face.

Tina got in on the verbal action. "Maybe they should cuck their fathers, so they can fuck our cunts every night," she panted.

"Yess! Then they'd be our full-time boy-toys, which means we could suck their cocks, and let them cram their dicks up our asses too," Cassidy said in a lusty tone.

Nicole gazed down at her boy in complete fuck-lust. "You wanna fuck mommy up the ass, baby?" she cooed. "You want mommy to milk you off with her hot rectum?"

"Oh shit," her son gasped, feeling his dick tingle inside the juicy grip of her humping vagina.

"Oh, I think somebody likes the sound of that," Gina said as she crawled up behind him, her huge mammaries hanging down nearly to the mattress. She brushed them across the boys face teasingly. "Are you gonna fuck your sexy mommy up the asshole, Vin?"

"Yes," he gasped, aroused beyond belief.

"Are you gonna suck on my milk-swollen tits when I'm big and pregnant with your baby?" Nicole added.

All three of the boys were moaning, squirming and gasping as a cum-explosion swelled inside their nuts. When their moms lifted themselves up on extended arms and grinded on their unyielding dicks, they felt the flood-gates open, and their cum-loads began to erupt inside the fertile twats of their baby-craving mothers.

There in the mystery room, the sessions went on and on, all afternoon and into the evening. The mothers and sons pounded their sweat-soaked bodies together in various sexual positions. The beautiful married moms experienced the most powerful orgasms of their lives, soaking their boys in the liquid love that squirted from their urethras.

The boys spent hours sucking the smothering flesh of their moms tits. They licked and sucked their cleavages, and gorged themselves

on their nipples and areolas, sucking and pulling at the rubbery papilla to their heart's content.

Five more juicy cum-loads blasted into Nicole's greedy pussy as they fucked late into the night. She was almost delirious from all the toe-curling orgasms that she'd had. Her birthing tube was a swamp of semen. Thick pasty spunk churned and clung to the pleated purple walls that surrounded Vin's hard pink babymaking prick.

The couples were exhausted the next day. They said their goodbyes and left the center, in hopes that their dream of making a baby had been accomplished.

"Wow, what a night," Vin said on the plane ride back home.

Nicole lifted her head from his shoulder, where she'd been resting it. "You're not kidding," she agreed. "I had some marathon sex when I younger, but never anything like that. I can still feel your cum leaking out of me."

Vin giggled. "Yeah…I think I probably put a gallon in there," he joked.

"A lot of people talk about the miracle of conception. If **I DON'T** conceive it'll be a miracle," she said.

"Well…if you don't get pregnant, we could always go back to the center and try again," he suggested with a big smiled.

She fed him a playful grin. "You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she asked sweetly.

"You bet I would."

She stared at him deeply with her beautiful green eyes, making her boy's dick harden. "I'd like it too," she whispered, "but not as much as taking a trip somewhere else…just you and me, nine months from

now, when my belly's huge and round, and these boobs are incredibly swollen with milk. We could find us a nice romantic resort to stay in for a few days."

"Somewhere warm?" Vin suggested.

"That won't matter."

"Why's that?" the boy asked.

Her bee-stung lips curled into a naughty smile. "Because we won't be outside at all. We'll be in our room fucking each other's brains out the whole time," she said in a sultry tone.

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "Sounds like the best getaway ever," he admitted.

Six weeks later Nicole came home from her doctor with exciting news. She immediate began planning her and her son's big getaway.

BSTC - NEW YORK CITY

BSTC – **NEW YORK CITY** Part One By Klrxo Naomi and her friend Taylor were filled with excitement as they planned their day trip into the bustling city of New York. They eagerly anticipated taking their sons Ross and Carl to an exclusive training facility, where they would learn the art of fucking pussy and other sexual techniques. The glittering lights and endless possibilities of the Big Apple beckoned to them, and they couldn't wait to embark on this adventure together.

"Mom, I already know everything there is to know about sex. Why do I have to go to this training center?" Ross groaned as the taxi zipped along the interstate.

Naomi gently took his hand and placed it on the prominent orb of her pregnant belly, their fingers intertwining on top of the soft fabric covering her skin. Her striking blonde hair cascaded down her back, framing her face like a golden halo, and she gave him a reassuring smile that revealed her perfect white teeth. "Just because you've fucked a few girls doesn't mean you know everything about sex," Naomi replied, her voice soothing, like a warm blanket. "This day camp we're taking you to offers valuable skills and sex techniques that you may not have had enough experience to fully master yet. And besides, Taylor and Carl are with us. We always have a good time when the four of us are together."

Naomi and Taylor exchanged a comforting smile, their bond strengthened by years of friendship and the shared experience of being nine months pregnant.

Taylor's round belly stretched her sundress to its limits, resembling a beach ball ready to burst. Her womb was packed with triplets, each fully developed and ready to slide down her birthing tube at a moments notice. Her dark hair cascaded down her shoulders like a

cloak, framing her radiant green eyes. Both women's tits were swollen with motherly nourishment, accentuated by their tight clothing that struggled to contain their abnormally large tits. The V-shaped necklines of their attire revealed creamy cleavage, beckoning attention and reminding onlookers of their womanly power. Their bodies, full and ripe with new life, radiated an aura of confidence and wisdom.

Carl shuddered at the feel of his mom's hand on his inner thigh, slowly, teasingly raking her long, painted fingernails against flesh. He loved how touchy-feely she was, always sharing prolonged hugs and sometimes running her hands beneath his shirt, stroking his chiseled chest.

Taylor got a kick out of watching her son's crotch grow when she gave him affection. Even now, she couldn't resist the urge to peek down and monitor his tent-pole, watching it slowly rise beneath his pants. "The same goes for you, young man," she stated, looking up into his handsome face.

"What?" Carl asked.

"Don't pretend to know everything about that penis of yours, especially how to use it on a girl."

As the taxi continued its journey, the city skyline began to come into view, its skyscrapers reaching for the heavens like colossal fingers of steel and glass. Naomi's eyes sparkled with anticipation as she shared a knowing look with Taylor, both mothers anxious to share in the experience of this program they had heard so much about.

Ross and Carl, sensing their mothers' enthusiasm, began to feel a sense of excitement and curiosity about the training center. They knew that their mothers had a knack for getting them involved in the most unique and unforgettable experiences, and this was no exception.

Their destination was a stunning, modern building that towered above them. They stepped out of the car and approached the entrance, quickly locating the directory to find their desired location. After a short ride in the sleek elevator, they arrived at The Boys Sexual Training Camp on the 32nd floor. The polished floors and pristine walls of the foyer gave off an air of professionalism, making it clear this was a place of education and discipline.

The inner doors to the day camp swung open with a whoosh, revealing a spacious and elegantly designed interior. Soft, ambient lighting illuminated the room, casting a warm glow over the sleek furniture and tasteful decor. The scent of jasmine hung in the air, adding a touch of sensuality to the atmosphere.

A tall, impeccably dressed woman with striking red hair approached them with a warm smile, her large tits trembling on her thin frame. Her piercing blue eyes sparkled with intelligence as she greeted them. "Welcome to The Boys Sexual Training Camp. My name is Isabella, and I'll be your guide during your time here."

Naomi and Taylor exchanged glances, impressed by Isabella's poise and confidence. It was clear that she was an expert in her field, and they felt reassured knowing that they and their sons would be under her guidance.

"Thank you," Naomi smiled gratefully, "we're excited to see what this experience has in store for our sons."

"Why don't we start by giving you a quick tour of the facility," Isabella suggested, ushering them down a wide, polished corridor.

Isabella confidently led the guests through the expansive facility, her stiletto heels echoing off the polished floors. Naomi and Taylor followed closely in their own high-heeled mules, their toes adorned with bright polish peeking out from delicate straps. The two boys were just as fixated on the trembling tits and swaying asses of the three stunning women as they were on the place they were touring.

Isabella explained how they had a plethora of programs and workshops available to the young men, emphasizing the boys would have the opportunity to consult with their mothers and choose courses that piqued their interests.

As they walked past a room with a floor-to-ceiling glass wall, Ross and Carl couldn't resist sneaking a peek inside. To their surprise and excitement, they were met with the sight of at least twenty couples engaged in passionate lovemaking. The room was filled with padded lounge platforms, each one occupied by a pair of bodies locked in the missionary position. Moans and gasps filled the air as boys thrust deeply into their mothers, their bodies glistening with sweat and desire. The moms' legs were spread wide in the air or wrapped tightly around them, their expressions ranging from intense pleasure to complete bliss. Every inch of the room seemed to pulse with a raw and primal energy as the sound of flesh meeting flesh echoed through the walls along with the screams of women in various stages of orgasm.

The sign next to the door read "Becoming a Missionary Position Master" in bold, inviting letters.

"That's our missionary position workshop," Isabella informed them, her voice carrying a hint of mischief. "It's where boys have the opportunity to learn advanced techniques and sharpen their skills in that particular position."

"You mean…we're actually gonna be have sex while we're here?" Carl asked with growing curiosity.

"Yes, that's right, Carl," Isabella answered. "We have a very hands-on approach to learning here at **BSTC**."

Ross raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. "So, you guys provide women here for us to practice with?"

Isabella's expression turned coy as she looked over at Naomi and Taylor, her eyes glinting with unspoken secrets. It was clear that there was something important the mothers hadn't shared with their sons yet, something that made this training facility all the more intriguing.

Isabella's voice carried a gentle, maternal tone as she spoke. "Why don't I show you to the lounge? Your mothers can explain those types of details, and you boys can decide which workshop interests you for today," she suggested with a warm smile.

As they walked through the polished halls, Naomi and Taylor couldn't help but exchange knowing glances. They had indeed saved the most important detail of the training camp until now.

Once gathered in the lounge and snuggled side by side the mothers squeezed Ross and Carl's hands, the air was tense with anticipation. Naomi's voice was soft but firm as she began to speak, her words carrying a weight that made the boys sit up straighter in their seats. "Ross, Carl, there's something important we need to discuss with you," she said.

As the boys exchanged confused glances, Naomi continued to explain. "This program is uniquely designed for mothers to assist in the learning and practicing of new skills. And I know it may sound unconventional, but **WE** would be your partners in this experience."

The boys' eyes widened in disbelief. "You?" Carl asked.

"You mean...we would be doing sexual things…with you guys?" Ross asked incredulously.

Taylor nodded calmly. "Yes, that's right, honey. We have a lot of experience with sex, so who better to guide you through these courses and provide bodies for you to practice on." The room fell silent as the boys tried to process this unexpected turn of events.

"Are you boys both OK with that?" Naomi asked, a bit nervous by how they might respond. "Do you mind using our bodies in a sexual way?"

The two mothers would have never imagined bringing their sons to this place, if it weren't for their suspicion that Ross and Carl wanted to pound their cocks through them. They knew that both boys had a history of stealing their panties, staring at their bodies with lust-filled eyes, and sporting erections in their presence. It was a risky move, but one that offered themselves up as sexual partners in this place of learning.

The boys smiled at each other, both nodding at the same time. "Of course, we are OK with it!" Ross exclaimed, his excitement apparent in his voice. "We trust you guys, and know you're just doing it to help us."

Naomi and Taylor shared a warm smile, their hearts swelling with relief and love for their sons. This experience was going to be a memorable one for all of them, and they were eager to embark on this journey together. "Why don't we take a look at the curriculum," suggested Taylor, handing the information over to them. "Pick out a course that interests you for today and we'll sign up."

The two boys looked through the list of workshops, their hearts racing as they reviewed the list of sexual education courses available, which included:

1. Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners

2. Perfecting Oral Pleasure

3. Uncovering the Secrets of Anal Play

4. Reaching Climax Together: The Power of Mutual Masturbation and Orgasm

5. The Science of Sexual Positions

6. Becoming a Missionary Position Master

7. Navigating Post-Coital Emotions in the Afterglow

8. Public Sex: Tips on How, When, and Where to Engage

9. Advanced Techniques for Stimulating the Female G-Spot

10. Expert Advice on Edging and Delayed Ejaculation

11. Mastering Breast Stimulation: How to Squeeze, Lick, and Suck Like a Pro

12. Pleasuring Your Partner like a Skilled Cocksman: Unleashing the Ultimate Orgasmic Experience Ross's eyes scanned the list, his heart pounding hard in his chest. "I think I wanna start with something a bit more basic," he told his mother, pointing to the "Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners" quotourse. "I want to make sure I can really pleasure a girl that way properly before I move on to having sex with her."

Naomi smiled at her son's thoughtfulness, her eyes twinkling with pride. "That's a great choice, honey," she replied. "Foreplay is one of the most important parts of fucking. It's what sets the tone for the rest of the encounter and allows both partners to connect on a deeper level."

Carl, on the other hand, had his eyes set on a more advanced course. He pointed to the "Advanced Techniques for Female G-Spot Stimulation" workshop. "I don't know much about that and I wanna make sure that I can pleasure a woman in every way possible."

Taylor nodded approvingly at her son's choice. "That's a great goal, sweethear. G-spot stimulation is an essential part of a woman's

pleasure, and being able to find and stimulate the G-spot inside her pussy can make all the difference in the bedroom."

With their courses selected, Naomi and Taylor eagerly registered their sons for the workshops. Isabella, their friendly guide, led them through the winding halls of the facility until they reached a certain section away from the classrooms. "Through those doors are the preparation rooms for men and women," she explained. "There you will find a variety of comfortable clothing suitable for your chosen courses. Take your time to prepare before heading to your classes. You have about thirty minutes."

"We'll see you boys back out her in a little while," said Naomi as her and Taylor headed towards the ladies preparation room, their dainty heels clicking with an eager pace on the hard floor.

Ross and Carl stood there, momentarily stunned by the scene unfolding before them. Excitement pulsed through their bodies as they watched Naomi and Taylor's hips sway in perfect rhythm, their dresses hugging every curve of their luscious bubble butts. The sound of laughter and chatter filled the air as the two women disappeared through the door to the preparation room, leaving Ross and Carl wondering if this was all just a dream. "Pinch me," Ross said with a laugh, still trying to process everything that was happening.

Carl looked at his friend with a wide grin, tossing his head back in a full-on laugh. "No, we're definitely not dreaming," he said, his voice shaking with excitement.

Carl and Ross emerged from the workshop, clad in their form-fitting attire that hugged their frames like a glove. The fabric seemed to mold to their bodies, accentuating every muscle and curve.

After what seemed like an eternity, the two women finally appeared, causing the boys' jaws to drop in awe. With confident strides, Naomi and Taylor approached them, their beauty almost blinding. Naomi

wore a seductive black lace gown that featured a plunging neckline with scalloped trim and delicately tied halter straps. A sheer bodice was adorned with intricate mesh embroidery, a high side slit that teased at her long legs, and a matching panty. As she walked, her huge pregnant belly swayed beneath the sheer fabric, giving glimpses of its roundness and the faint outline of her unborn child. And her braless breasts, seemingly unrestrained by anything but the flimsy material of her dress, shuddered heavily with every click of her dainty heels. It was a sight to behold, one that left Carl and Ross speechless and mesmerized.

Taylor was draped in a stunning ensemble. The plum-colored babydoll set boasted delicate lace cups, embellished with intricate strappy detailing and accented by shimmering silver O-rings, accentuating the true size and weight of her tits. A focal point of the piece, the crisscross center panel drew the eye to Taylor's curves, further highlighted by adjustable spaghetti straps. Beneath the lace underbust, a sheer loose bodice flowed gracefully down to her hips, adding a touch of ethereal beauty. Completing the ensemble, a matching G-string with double straps added a playful yet seductive touch to the overall look.

"Wow, you both look stunning," Ross exclaimed, his eyes widening at the sight of his mother and Taylor in their revealing outfits. The lace and silk hugged their curves perfectly, and it was clear that they had put a lot of thought into their appearance.

Carl couldn't help but agree. "Why don't you ever dress like this at home?" he asked, his gaze flickering between his mother and Naomi.

Taylor let out a laugh, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Because if your father ever caught me in something like this around you, I'm pretty sure he'd divorce me," she replied with a playful wink.

"So, our dads don't know about any of this?" Carl questioned.

Naomi and Taylor shared a knowing smile before shaking their heads. "No, boys, your fathers have no clue about what we're doing here today. But as mothers, we believe it's our responsibility to educate you about sex."

Naomi chimed in, her voice full of conviction. "And we believe that this is the best way to do it, despite what your dads might think. It's important that we keep what happens here just between us."

With that, they took their sons by the hand and led them down the hallway towards their respective courses. The anticipation and excitement were palpable as they walked towards their first lessons in the art of lovemaking.

The "Introduction to Foreplay for Beginners" room was a small, intimate space enveloped in a soft glow from the dimly lit candles scattered throughout. The air was thick with the scents of vanilla and lavender, creating an atmosphere of relaxation and sensuality. Ross and his mother, Naomi, entered eagerly, their eyes adjusting to the low light. They were greeted by an experienced mentor who stood at the front of the room, ready to guide and instruct.

As they took their seats on plush leather couch, the instructor stepped forward, her petite frame illuminated by the flickering flames. Her warm smile put them at ease as she spoke. "Ross, it looks like you and your lovely mother are my only guests for this particular course," she said. "But don't worry, it'll allow me to give you all the attention and guidance you need. My name's Candice. Please, if you have any questions during this workshop feel free to stop me." As they settled in, the room seemed to melt away into a world of sensual exploration and learning.

Candice sat down on the other side of Ross and turned towards him to provide instruction. The boy felt a little intimidated being between such busty beauties. "So tell me, Ross, have you experienced sex with a girl yet?" she asked.

"Yeah, a couple of times," he answered.

"That must have been incredibly thrilling for you," Candice stated, "Thrusting your erect penis through a girl, feeling the warmth of her body and the tightness of her wet pussy is one of life's greatest pleasures for a man. But there's so much more to sex than just the physical act. Foreplay is crucial to fully enjoying the experience."

She paused for a moment, letting her words sink in. "Imagine if you were cooking a delicious meal, but you skipped the seasonings and toppings, leaving it bland and unappetizing. That's what missing out on foreplay is like. It adds depth, flavor, and excitement to an already enjoyable experience."

"That makes sense," said Ross.

Naomi rubbed her son's leg tenderly. "That mean as anxious as you are to get your dick in there and fuck away, you have to slow down and understand that there's a better way, honey," she added.

"Exactly," Candice, her voice smooth and low, "foreplay is one of the most important aspects of pleasuring a woman. It's not just about getting her aroused and ready to fuck, but it's also about connecting emotionally, physically, and mentally. It's a chance for you to show her how much you care and how much you want to make her feel good. Are you ready to learn, Ross?"

The teen nodded eagerly, eyes wide with anticipation.

"Great!" Candice smiled warmly at Ross' enthusiasm. "Let's start by discussing some basic techniques. Foreplay can include physical touch, like kissing or caressing. It can also involve verbal communication, like compliments or dirty talk."

"I see," Ross nodded, listening intently as his mom took his hand and squeezed it warmly..

"Remember, every woman is different, so it's important to pay attention to her signals and adjust your approach accordingly. Does that make sense?" the Instructor asked.

Ross nodded, his curiosity growing.

Candice continued, "One of the most effective techniques for foreplay is oral stimulation. This can include kissing, licking, sucking or lightly chewing on sensitive areas like her neck, breasts, and inner thighs. Be sure to use your lips, tongue, and fingers in a variety of ways to tease and explore. Don't be afraid to experiment and find what works best for you and your partner."

"Alright," Ross uttered, showing that he understood.

"Why don't we start by practicing the most basic of these techniques-kissing and gently exploring your mom's body with your hands."

Ross looked at his mother, a bit nervous but also excited. He could feel the butterflies in his stomach as he thought about what he was about to do. But he knew that he had to be brave and give it his best shot.

Naomi smiled gently at her son, her eyes soft and understanding. "Go ahead, honey. It's alright. You can do this."

With newfound confidence, Ross took a deep breath and slowly leaned in to kiss his mother's lips. He was taken aback by the warmth and softness of her mouth, the perfect symmetry of her lips, and the subtle flavor of her lip balm. They kissed again, and again, their lips parting slightly as their tongues danced together. Ross found himself getting lost in the moment, the sensation of his mother's lips and tongue sending shockwaves throughout his body.

"That's great, Ross," Candice praised, watching intently. "Now, let's try gently exploring her body with your hands. Remember to be

gentle and pay attention to how your mom is responding."

Ross placed his hands on his mother's face, lightly stroking her cheeks and running his fingers through her hair. He felt the softness of her skin and the curves of her face, all the while maintaining eye contact with her.

Naomi closed her eyes, letting herself enjoy the sensation of her son's touch. She felt his fingers trace down her neck, over her shoulders, and finally, onto her arms. She let out a soft sigh, her eyes flickering open to look at her son.

"Excellent," Candice praised. "Now try moving down to her breasts. Remember to keep your hands firm, explore her body with intention."

Naomi smiled and nodded in approval as Ross's hands slip over her smooth cleavage and onto the huge peaks of her tits. He squeezed, feeling their supple softness in his hands. Through the embroidered fabric of her gown, he could just make out the wide rings of her areola and the fat nubs of her nipples. He glided his hands over the top of them, wondering what it would be like to suck at their flesh.

Candice peeked down at Ross's lap to assess how hard he was. Her lips curled into a satisfied grin as her eyes were met with the tubular-shaped bulge of his erection pushing upwards through his form-fitting bottoms.

"Naomi, why don't you straddle him now," she suggested. "Ross, a woman will often do this during foreplay to give you better access to her body. Plus, it brings your genitals in closer contact in preparation for sexual intercourse."

With a graceful movement, Naomi stood and straddled him, her knees finding balance on the cushioned surface of the lounge. She could feel the heat and hardness of his cock-shaft pressing against her pubis through their thin layers of clothing. Ross struggled to

control his breath as he gazed into the endless expanse of Naomi's cleavage, which hung only inches from his face. He felt like an adventurer precariously peering into a deep, curvaceous abyss that threatened to consume him whole.

"Ross, pull her against you this way and kiss her lips," Candice instructed.

Ross complied, his hands running up Naomi's back to cup her shoulders as he pulled her torso gently towards his own. Their lips met once more, a tender force that seemed to ignite a flame within them both. As they kissed, Naomi let her hands fall to his chest, her fingers tracing the contours of his muscular form.

Candice observed their interaction with a keen eye, taking note of their growing chemistry. "Now, Ross, you want to try kissing down her neck and onto her breasts. Take your time with this. Foreplay is never something that should be rushed."

Emboldened by her words, Ross slowly lowered his head, his lips brushing against the soft skin of Naomi's throat. His breath felt like a gentle caress against her skin, its warmth causing her to shudder in delight. He trailed his lips down to the sweet spot where her neck met her shoulders, then continued his exploration by kissing her collarbone and moving to the left side of her neck.

Naomi added her own bit of advice as she felt his lips leave a trail of fire on her skin, igniting every nerve ending in its wake. "Keep your kisses soft and sensual, honey. You're doing great," she whispered, her voice filled with appreciation.

She gripped his back with a desperate need, her fingers digging into the strong muscles beneath his skin. Her hips, full and curvy like that of a mother goddess, began to sway and pivot against his body, grinding her womanhood against the hard length of his cock.

Candice, with her expert knowledge of sexual behavior, observed their movements with a knowing smile. "Do you see what that's doing, Ross?" she asked. "It's like you've flipped a switch inside her body that has set her hips in motion. This 'dry grinding' technique will prime your sex organs, causing them to engorge and release pre-cum from your cock while also stimulating vaginal secretions within your mother. Those fluids will assist you in experiencing a deep, satisfying fuck."

Ross released a soft gasp, his senses consumed by the swiveling pressure and heat of his mom's vulva. It rocked against his throbbing erection with exquisite force, sending shivers of pleasure through his body. His eyes remained fixated on the sight before him- the monstrous size of Naomi's breasts looming in front of him, their flesh straining against the delicate embroidered fabric of her gown. He watched with rapt attention as they shifted heavily with each movement of Naomi's hips.

Candice's keen gaze studied the boy's flushed, pleasure-filled face as she acknowledged where his attention was focused. "Don't be timid, Ross," she urged, her voice low and sultry. "Pull her against you and let your lips explore her cleavage."

Ross hesitated for a moment before complying, wrapping his arms tightly around the woman who'd given birth to him. He drew her oversized breasts against his chest, feeling their soft weight push against him. His face pressed down into the tremendous canyon of her cleavage, his lips tracing along their inner contours, relishing in the softness and warmth of her skin.

Naomi chimed in with more advice for him as she felt his face nuzzle between her breasts. "That's right, honey. Take your time and let your lips and tongue explore," she sighed, her fingers tangling in the hair on the back of his head, guiding his movements.

A small gasp escaped the pregnant mother's lips as she felt Ross's erection flex against her overheated crotch. She could feel his heightened excitement, the blood and sinew causing his boy-cock to pulsate with excitement which only added to her own arousal. After years of being with her husband and dealing with diminishing penile blood flow, she had almost forgotten how incredible it felt to be grinding against a dick that was solid as a rock. The sensation made her clitoris throb and sent shivers through her body as she moaned softly, losing herself in the bliss of the moment.

"Ross, remember not to become fixated on just her tits," Candice advised. "Alternate your attention between them and her lips for a more passionate kisses."

As Ross's face emerged from the depths of Naomi's cleavage, her lips eagerly descended to meet his in a fiery kiss. The mother's tongue, long and thick, delved into his mouth with an assertive intensity, whipping around like the tail of a snake. For Ross, who had kissed plenty of girls his age, this was unlike anything he had experienced before. The way Naomi's lips and tongue moved showed years of expertise and skill, leaving him in awe.

As their embrace grew more heated, Naomi's heart rate increased and her hips began to move in a fervent rhythm, grinding against him in a frenzied dry-hump. Each movement sent waves of pleasure through Ross's body as they continued to explore each other's mouths with unbridled passion.

The mother's voluptuous curves were pressed against him, her huge, fat breasts smothering his neck as they continued to explore each other. But it was the immense size and weight of Naomi's heavily pregnant belly that truly stirred something inside Ross, which the instructor picked up on. "Go ahead, run your hands along her pregnant belly, Ross," Candice encouraged, her voice low and sultry. "Her body is yours to indulge in, so take full advantage of it."

There was something raw and primal about the way his hands caressed Naomi's baby-swollen belly. He could feel every movement of the unborn fetus beneath her skin, almost as if it were responding to his touch. The swell of her stomach added a new dimension to her body, making her appear and feel even more alluring and curvaceous. With gentle yet eager fingers, he explored under the soft fabric of her gown, gliding over the supple roundness of her pregnancy and up along the underside of her breasts. Ross could sense the true weight of her tits in his hands, feeling their smooth yet pliant texture against his fingertips.

Ross and Naomi were like two teenagers on Prom night, lost in the heat of their passion. Their mouths melded together in a frenzied kiss, their tongues darting and swirling, as if attempting to become one in a tangle of wet, pink flesh.

"Do you see how aroused this is getting her, Ross?" Candice asked. "Do you see how her body is responding to your touch? This is the power that foreplay has over a woman."

Ross had never seen his mom so aroused before. He watched as the flush of passion rose from her neck, over her chest, and down to her pulsing, damp pubic area. Her breathing became shallow and ragged, each exhale a soft mewling sound as she ground her hips harder against her boy.

"Trust me, this type of attention will get a woman extremely hot and wet," Candice whispered. "And once you feel that wrapped around your hard cock, you'll be glad you got her worked up like this."

Candice saw the hunger in Ross's eyes, the way his breath hitched with each movement of Naomi's hips. "Hook your arm around her hips and move beneath her now," Candice directed. "Meet her dry-thrusts in counterpoint."

Ross complied without hesitation. With one hand firmly planted on Naomi's broad lower back, he used the other to cup her right hip,

guiding her forward and back in a steady rhythm. The motion, now more mutual and deliberate, brought forth a new wave of heat between Naomi's legs, as her wetness seeped through her lace panties and onto his groin.

"Look at you, my dear," Candice praised Naomi, her voice low and sultry. "He's got you all heated up now, doesn't he?"

"Yes," she hissed and with a blushing, lustful grin, "feels so good." Naomi leaned forward, placing her hands on Ross's shoulders for support as she began to sway her hips in time with his thrusts. Their bodies became one, their movements in sync as their arousal reached new heights.

As if struck by a sudden surge of raw carnal desire, Naomi's hips began to frantically grind against Ross', their bodies moving in a frenzied rhythm. The sofa beneath them groaned and protested as it was pushed and pulled by their frantic movements. Ross grunted, unable to resist the urge to bury his face between his mom's breasts as they jiggled and bounced with each thrust.

Candice let out a light-hearted giggle, seemingly amused but unsurprised by their passionate display. "Looks like we're losing control now," she joked, almost as if she had been expecting this moment. "Slow down, you two."

Naomi and Ross were momentarily snapped out of their lust-induced haze, their senses slowly returning to them as they tried to regain some semblance of composure amidst the chaos.

"Excellent, Ross, that's was a wonderful display of foreplay," Candice praised. "You're at the level of desire that you would peel a girl's panties off and begin fucking her. However, that part is covered in some of our other workshops, so I'd like you and Naomi to slowly come down from you heightened state of arousal now. Just imagine that you're bringing down the intensity of your passion, taking shorter and more controlled breaths, your heart rate slowing down

until it's calming and steady. Even though neither of you reached a climax this is still what we call 'The Afterglow' phase."

Naomi nodded, her chest heaving with exertion as she slowed her movements. In agreement, Ross also began to slow his thrusts, his breaths deepening as he tried to bring his own arousal under control.

Candice watched them with a mixture of pride and satisfaction, her eyes glimmering with a deep understanding of the moment. "This is the hardest part of the course," she explained, her voice laced with a hint of reverence. "Backing down the treacherous mountain of desire, when all you want to do is keep climbing towards that glittering peak and ravish each other." The air was thick with tension and longing as their bodies strained against each other, caught between the struggle of restraint and the pull of passion.

"Naomi, why don't you dismount from him now and let's take a look at the results of your foreplay," Candice suggested with a sly smile. Naomi carefully slid off of Ross, her engorged tits and round stomach swaying as she settled next to him. All eyes were drawn to the bulge of Ross's erection, still straining against the thin fabric of his bottoms. The material was stained and darkened by two large wet spots; one from his pre-cum and the other from Naomi's own arousal that had seeped through her panties. Her Skene's glands had secreted their juices, saturating her panty-crotch and leaving a damp spot on Ross's cock.

"Look at the mess we made, honey," Naomi stated, her eyes full of mischief.

Candice's laughter was bright and bubbly, filling the room with a sense of mirth. "Well, those stains should certainly leave no doubt in a person's mind that foreplay actually works," she giggled, her cheeks flushed with excitement.

Naomi nodded enthusiastically, taking in deep breaths of the heady scent of their combined sex fluids mingling together. She couldn't help but feel satisfied and content with how their first course had turned out.

"Ross, I have a special assignment for you and your mom," Candice's voice was low and full of excitement. "A form of foreplay that we didn't get to explore today, but one that I think you should practice after you leave here."

"What is it?" Ross leaned in, eager to hear what the task would be.

"One fantastic way to build anticipation and heighten arousal during foreplay is through Sexting." Candice's eyes sparkled with mischief as she spoke.

"Sexting…like the kind I do with girls at school sometimes?" Ross raised an eyebrow.

Candice nodded, her lips quirking into a smirk. "Yes, exactly like that. You can send each other pictures, videos, or detailed descriptions of your desires. It's a tantalizing way to keep the sexual tension alive even when you're apart. I want you to practice this with your mom until you come back tomorrow for your next course."

"I think we can manage that," said Naomi, winking eagerly at her son.

While Naomi and Ross were in their instruction session, Taylor and Carl arrived at the room marked "Advanced Techniques for Stimulating the Female G-Spot." In this class there were several other mom-son couples in attendance, all of the boys eager to learn and explore new ways pleasuring a woman. With the soft hum of conversation and the scent of arousal in the air, the atmosphere was charged and buzzing with anticipation.

The Instructor, a seasoned and experienced sex therapist named Sarah, began the class by distributing a set of diagrams detailing the female anatomy, specifically focusing on the G-spot and its surrounding structures.

"Welcome, everyone," Sarah announced with a radiant smile, her voice confident and melodic. "Today, we will be focusing on techniques for female G-spot stimulation." She gestured towards the large diagram of the female anatomy projected onto the screen behind her. "The G-spot, also known as the Grafenberg spot, is a highly sensitive area located about two to three inches inside the vagina, on the anterior wall."

Sarah's hands moved gracefully as she demonstrated, her words clear and concise. "Stimulation of this area can lead to powerful orgasms for women and it can be done using a variety of methods – from the insertion of fingers, toys, or even the shaft of a penis if the angle is right."

Her gaze swept over the group of eager students before continuing. "However, for today's class we will focus on using the most common method. G-spot stimulation during sex is one of the main focuses in our Missionary Position Course, so we will be practicing finding and stimulating the G-spot with your fingers here today." She paused, waiting for their attention.

"Now," Sarah said, a hint of playful energy in her voice. "I want each of you to hold out your hand with your palm facing up." As she spoke, 14 boys complied with her instruction.

"Good," she nodded with approval. "Now, imagine that you're making the peace sign with your hand but bring the two extended fingers together so they're side by side. This is the most effective hand position for G-spot stimulation." Her eyes sparkled mischievously as she surveyed her students' reactions to her words.

"Like this, mom?" Carl asked, looking over to get her approval.

"That's perfect, honey," she answered, smiling proudly.

"Once these two fingers are inserted inside a woman's pussy, you can use a variety of techniques to stimulate her sweet spot," Sarah continued. "One of the most effective methods is a come-hither motion, where you gently curl your fingers in and out of her vagina," she explained, demonstrating the motion with her hand. "This helps to stimulate the sensitive nerve endings found in the G-spot area, leading to intense orgasm and possibly even ejaculation for the woman. Take a moment to practice this, and moms, feel free to offer any input."

Taylor smiled proudly, the walls of her vagina quivering in anticipation as she watched Carl practice the 'come-hither' motion with his fingers. "Great job, kiddo" she said, giving him gentle encouragement. "A woman's erectile tissue requires stimulation in the same way your penis would, except that it's internal and often needs to be stimulated indirectly from various angles."

"And moving my fingers this way does that?"

"Yes, you're actually activating and stimulating the clitoral network and massaging clitoral erections from another angle," the mother explained, impressing the boy with her knowledge. "That's one reason why G-spots and clitoral stimulation go so well when performed together— you're stimulating the same spot from multiple angles simultaneously!"

"That's so cool to even think about," Carl grinned.

Satisfied that the boys were getting the hang of it, Sarah began speaking again. "Another affective method is using a circular motion, as if you're tracing the shape of a coin on the roof of the vagina," she continued, her eyes dancing with excitement at the prospect of delivering this newfound knowledge to her eager students. "This motion targets the G-spot, while also stimulating the surrounding

structures, increasing the chances of a powerful orgasm for the woman."

As the class continued, Sarah delved deeper into the nuances of G-spot stimulation, sharing tips on how to find the perfect angle, the right amount of pressure to apply, and how to communicate effectively with a partner. The room was filled with rapt attention as the students hung on her every word, their hands eagerly practicing the techniques demonstrated.

"Now, it's time to gets some hands-on practice," said Sarah. "The moms can remove their panties and sprawl out onto your backs on the platform. Boys, you'll be kneeling on one side of them depending on if you're right or left handed."

Carl's eyes widened in fascination as Taylor stood up confidently, her movements fluid and unashamed. With a graceful ease, she removed her lacy panties, sliding them down her long, smooth legs and stepping out of them, just as the other mothers were doing.

She waddled over to the lounge chair, her large pregnant belly leading the way like a proud ship's mast, before settling onto her back with a contented sigh. When she was standing, her huge pregnant stomach had hidden her pussy from view, but now that she was lying down Carl could see every detail of it. Her labia were swollen and glistening with arousal, the pink flesh of her inner lips peeking out between the outer folds. He felt a rush of blood to his groin as he stared at his mother's sex, the thought of touching her there both exhilarating and terrifying.

"Now boys," said Sarah, seeing that they were all situated properly. "The first thing we're going to do is locate your mother's G-spot. Insert two fingers into her vagina, palms up, using the hand position we practiced early."

With trembling hands, Carl carefully inserted his fingers into Taylor's wet pussy, making sure to keep his palm facing upwards. He could

feel her muscles clenching around his fingers, and it sent a thrill of excitement through him.

"You're searching for a small, spongy area about two to three inches in, on the anterior wall," Sarah instructed. "It may feel slightly different from the surrounding tissue, a little firmer or rougher to the touch. Apply gentle pressure and a slight come-hither motion to stimulate this area, like we practiced earlier."

Carl tentatively began to explore inside his mother, his fingers sliding in and out as he searched for the spot. It was strange, yet exhilarating to be so intimate with her, to bond with his mother in this way. He watched as Sasha's eyes rolled back slightly as she felt the stimulation, her hips starting to move in response to his touch as he'd found her sweet spot. "Right there," she softness whispered.

"Good, it looks like most of you have found your mom's G-spot," Sarah praised. "Now, let try a variety of techniques to stimulate it, starting with the come-hither motion."

Carl eagerly began to move his fingers in that way, feeling the warm, spongy walls of his mother's pussy tightening around his fingers as he touched the sensitive spot. Taylor moaned softly, her hips bucking gently in response to his touch.

As the boys continued to explore the G-spot, Sarah instructed them on other techniques, such as the circular motion and gently massaging the area. The room was filled with the sound of soft moans and whispered instructions, as the boys and their moms became more comfortable exploring their newfound knowledge.

Taylor reached up and stroked her son's cheek, feeling his two fingers dig at her wet, rubbery inner-wall. "You're doing an amazing, job, sweetie," she expressed, her breath heavy with arousal.

"Thanks," Carl proudly replied.

Taylor's eyes fluttered closed, her breathing becoming heavier as Carl continued to stimulate her G-spot. She knew that this was not just a lesson, but a bonding experience between them. It was an intimate moment that would stay with them forever.

As they continued to practice, Taylor felt herself growing closer and closer to the edge. The pleasure building inside the core of her pussy like a wave about to crash.

Intense arousal coursed through Carl as he gazed upon Taylor's pregnant form, his hands gently stimulating her body. She was a feast for the senses, like a lavish banquet laid out before him. The slit of her embroidered bodice had parted to reveal the beautifully swollen curve of her prenatal belly. Her large breasts spilled over the sides of her chest, their weight causing the silky fabric to cling tightly to their rounded shape.

"Let's change techniques now to the circular motion to trace the shape of a coin on the roof of her vagina, stimulating both the G-spot and the surrounding nerve endings," Sarah instructed.

Carl's fingers continued to glide inside his mother's sex, tracing the subtle contours that Sarah had described. Her pussy-tunnel felt so warm, spongy and inviting and he couldn't imagine what his huge, teenage cock would feel like crammed in there. The delicate skin of Taylor's inner labia felt like velvet against his fingers, and the pungent scent of her arousal was intoxicating.

As her son continued to circle his finger-tips around, Taylor let out a low moan, her hips bucking in response to the stimulation. Carl exhaled shakily, feeling a thrill of excitement and pride at his ability to elicit such a response from his mother.

"Do you see what it's doing, boys?" Sarah asked. "Do you see how they're reacting? You should begin to feel their vaginal muscles clenching around your fingers as they near orgasm."

As Taylor's body writhed and humped against his fingers, Carl was filled with an overwhelming sense of thrill. The way her giants jugs and swollen belly heaved back and forth was mesmerizing, their movements synchronized in a perfect dance of pleasure. Taylor's elegant face began to contort with pure bliss, her long dark tresses falling back onto the platform above her. Around the room, various women began to cry out in orgasmic ecstasy as they too experienced the intense stimulation of their G-spots. The air was thick with the heady scent of sex, and every inch of the room seemed to pulse with raw desire.

"Oh my God, Carl, I'm cumming!" Taylor shaky voice announced.

Carl nodded eagerly, his eyes widening with excitement as he continued to circle his fingers inside her, feeling her muscles clench and tighten around them. He could hear the soft squelching sounds of her wet pussy, responding to his touch.

Taylor's body began to tremble, every muscle tensed as the orgasm took over, her nails digging into the platform beneath her. With a loud, guttural moan, she arched her back, her vagina contracting tightly around his fingers as she felt the onslaught of pleasure wash over her.

Carl watched with a mix of awe and desire, his heart pounding in his chest. He had never seen anything so beautiful or vulnerable as his mother in this moment. He continued to circle his fingers inside her, matching the rhythm of her body.

Finally, as Taylor's orgasm began to subside, Carl slowly withdrew his fingers from her sopping pussy, the faint sounds of wetness echoing in the air Taylor's breath came in short gasps as she panted, her heaving chest rising and falling rapidly with exertion. She looked down at her son with a mix of pride and awe, her large, baby-engorged belly creating a soft curve between them.

Sarah's voice broke through the heavy air, directing their next move. "Now we're going to provide stimulation to the G-spot in a slightly different way," she explained, her words punctuated by moans and sighs from the other women in the room. "Ladies, take a seat on the edge of the cushions and allow your son to come up between your legs."

Taylor shifted on the cushion and sat up, feeling excitement build in her stomach as Carl positioned himself between her thighs. She listened to Sarah continue to provide instruction. "Boys, this time, instead of just curling your fingers, really plunge them in and out of the pussy while curling them at the same time to hit that perfect spot."

With renewed determination, Taylor wrapped her arms tightly around Carl's neck, holding him against her, eagerly anticipating the heightened pleasure this new technique would bring. The air was thick with desire as they followed Sarah's instructions, each movement bringing them closer to ecstasy.

Carl pressed his body firmly against the cushiony swell of Taylor's oversized breasts and pregnant belly, feeling as though he was melting into her soft flesh. His fingers plunged in and out of her slick folds with unrelenting determination, intent on giving her an even more intense orgasm than before. As his skilled touch sent tremors through her body, Taylor gasped and shivered, teetering on the brink of another mind-blowing climax.

Around them, other women in the room began to cry out in ecstasy, their own bodies quivering, embracing the boys tightly as they were pleasured with newly acquired skills. The air was filled with a symphony of moans and gasps, mingled with the heady scent of sex and arousal. It was a scene of pure carnal pleasure, each mother caught up in their own wave of bliss as they rode towards release together.

Taylor felt her pelvis undulating rhythmically under her son's hand, her muscles gripping his fingers tightly as he plunged them in and out of her pussy in a steady, hypnotic rhythm. She was swept up in a wave of intense pleasure, her breath coming in ragged gasps as the orgasm built inside her. With a strangled cry, Taylor's body began to convulse, her thighs clenching around Carl's invading fingers as her climax washed over her like a tidal wave.

Carl watched in awe as his mother's body shook with the intensity of her orgasm, her large, stiff-nippled breasts heaving against him with each shuddering gasp. Her wet pussy tightened around his fingers, as if milking him as she experienced one mind-blowing contraction after another.

The sight of her in this state of pure ecstasy was intoxicating, and he felt a thrill of pride course through him. His hand continued to piston against her, his two fingers curling up to provide that perfect G-spot stimulation. He could feel her muscles gripping his fingers tightly, her juices coating his hand, and the sounds of her pleasure filling the air around them.

As Taylor's orgasm finally subsided, Carl slowly withdrew his fingers from her pulsating pussy, leaving a trail of wetness its wake. He looked down at her, breathless and flushed, her large breasts heaving with each ragged breath. Her eyes were shut, and she looked exhausted but satisfied.

Taylor's body shook with aftershocks of pleasure, her heart racing as she tried to catch her breath. She looked into Carl's eyes, her own moist with tears of happiness and awe.

"Wow, honey…you had me seeing stars," she breathed with a look of admiration.

"G-spot stimulation can be even more thrilling when there's an added element of risk involved," Sarah stated, her eyes glittering with mischief. "Boys, your assignment leaving this class today is to

find a daring location to give your mom a G-spot orgasm. This time, try standing behind her while you do it, since we didn't have a chance to practice that position today."

The boys' hearts raced as they imagined the thrill of fulfilling this assignment at home. Carl could feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins already.

"How did our two handsome couples fare during their first course?" Isabella asked, her voice filled with curiosity and excitement as she met up with them in the hallway. Taylor and Naomi shared a knowing smile, their bodies still buzzing from the intense pleasure they had just experienced.

"I have to say, with a little more practice, Carl might just become the G-spot master," Taylor proudly exclaimed.

"Ross was amazing too," Naomi chimed in, giving her son a playful wink. "His foreplay skills were definitely on point."

"That's wonderful to hear. It seems like I don't need to ask you boys if **YOU** enjoyed yourselves," Isabella stated, glancing over at the obvious erections still visible on the boys' groins. "That much is pretty apparent."

Naomi and Taylor couldn't help but giggle at the sight of the boys' hard dicks, each feeling proud of the part they played in creating it. The pulsating hardness of Ross and Carl's cocks was a testament to the intense excitement they had all just shared.

"Don't worry, boys, we don't intend on leaving you high and dry," Isabella informed them. "We have a rule here at **BSTC** that no one leaves here each day without experiencing some type of sexual release first. Head back to the preparation room and follow the signs that say 'shower floor.'"

"Shower floor?" Carl asked with a curious expression.

"Enjoy yourselves boys," Naomi stated as her and Taylor turned to walk away. Ross and Carl could tell by the mischievous grins on their faces that they knew what was coming next.

The boys exchanged a glance, a mix of anticipation and confusion playing across their faces. They followed the signs through a maze of hallways and corridors, eventually arriving at an area marked 'the shower floor.' It was a tightly confined space, with walls padded in thick foam. "Are we supposed to crawl in there?" Ross asked incredulously, eyeing the small opening that led into the space.

"I guess so," Carl replied hesitantly, taking a step closer to examine the entrance. "But why is this spot called the shower floor? It doesn't look like there's any water or showers here." He furrowed his brow in confusion as he peered inside. The dim lighting and claustrophobic atmosphere gave off an eerie vibe, making them both hesitant to enter.

The cramped space forced them to crawl in on their backs, their movements restricted as they wriggled into the tiny enclosure. To their surprise, the platform they were lying under was completely translucent, like a thick sheet of glass. Above, water sprayed down from the private shower area, cascading onto the clear surface and streaming off to drain on one side.

Ross let out a low whistle. "So that's why they call it the shower floor, we're right underneath it," he remarked, his eyes fixed on the private space above them. The water created a mesmerizing pattern on the transparent material, turning it into a work of art.

"Holy shit!" Carl exclaimed, his eyes widening as Naomi and Taylor stepped into the shower space above them. They were completely naked, their pregnant bellies protruding proudly and causing them to walk with a cute waddle. The sight of their milk-swollen breasts wobbling heavily made Ross gasp in awe.

The two women stopped under the spray directly above Ross and Carl, their feet just a foot away from where the boys were lying. Ross could feel the heat emanating from the warm water and hear the sound of it pattering against the glass surface.

"Damn," Carl gasped. "A view couldn't possibly get any better than this."

"Do you think they can see us?" Ross asked, struggling to control the throbbing sensation in his cock.

Before he could even finish his question, Naomi peeked down over her round belly and tits, giving him a flirty smile and wave that sent his heart racing. Taylor did the same for Carl, both women clearly amused and excited by the boys' reactions.

"I guess they can see us," Carl added with a chuckle, his gaze locked on Taylor's mesmerizing eyes. She made a suggestive motion with her hand, as if urging him to stroke himself while the steamy water cascaded over her voluptuous body.

"I think they want us to jerk off," Carl said, his voice low and heavy with desire.

"Well, Isabella did say we were coming in here for some sexual release," Ross chimed in, his eyes roaming greedily over the two women above them.

In the shower above, Naomi and Taylor began to lather up their bodies with soap, their eyes widening in anticipation as they watched the boys quickly strip off their bottoms. "It's about time they caught on," Naomi giggled mischievously, her gaze shifting between Ross and Carl as they both circled their hands around their jutting erections. For a moment, she couldn't tear her eyes away from Ross' powerful grip, before meeting his gaze and sharing a knowing smile. The thrill of being watched only added to the intensity of their encounter.

Taylor bit her bottom lip, her beautiful green eyes fixated on Carl's steely cock as it slipped through his hand. "Their dicks are really long," she observed.

"I was just thinking the same thing," Naomi added. "And look at all the veins. Their shafts look really thick and strong. I suspected Ross was above average in size, but I never expected that he'd have one that would reach his belly button. His dad's erections don't come half that far."

"Look at how fat their knobs are too," Taylor added. "Like huge pink mushrooms blooming from their stems."

Below the floor, the boys watched eagerly as Naomi and Taylor continued to soap themselves up, their wet skin glistening under the warm cascade of water. Their heavy melons wobbled with each movement, their nipples hard and erect, jutting from the centers of wide areola. Taylor ran her hands down her huge pregnant belly, which seemed almost The boys frantically stroked their dicks to the sight of Naomi and Taylor's hands roaming over their bodies, massaging and caressing their curves. They watched them play with their fat nipples, rolling them between their fingers and pinching them gently. Taylor and Naomi's legs were like pillars, thick and muscled, leading up to the curve of her hips and the small tuft of hair above her smooth, hairless slits. Their pink, swollen openings glistened with juices and seemed to be calling out to Carl and Ross.

"Look at those pussies," Carl muttered, eliciting a smirk from his friend.

"I sure hope we get to fuck them," Ross replied, his gaze never leaving the tantalizing sight before him. "Can you imagine pounding your dick up into that?"

"Do you think we should get the boys even more riled up?" Naomi asked Taylor mischievously, before lowering herself into a squatting position, spreading her lovely legs wide open. Taylor followed suit,

balancing on her toes and arching her heels, creating the provocative image of two pregnant goddesses hovering and spread eagled above their sons.

"You're so naughty, Naomi. I love it," Taylor giggled as they watched Ross and Carl's react by jerking their cocks even harder. "We better be careful though. We might make them cum so fucking hard they crack this floor."

Ross was mesmerized as he watched his mom burst into laughter, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling. He couldn't help but wonder what they were talking about, as she posed for him in a seductive manner. Her thighs were spread wide, emphasizing her voluptuous curves, while her large, swollen breasts rested atop the round mound of her pregnant belly.

Naomi's gaze locked with Ross', and the intensity between them was palpable. The water from the shower cascaded down her body, making her blonde hair appear even more luscious as it clung to her skin. The steam rose around her, adding a sensual atmosphere to the scene. As their eyes lingered on each other, Naomi playfully wetted her lips with her tongue, sending chills down Ross' spine. She looked like a goddess, radiating beauty and sensuality all at once.

Carl stared up at Taylor's vulva, while beating his cock feverishly. Her pussy lips were swollen and glistening, the fat bulb of her clit peeking from beneath its fleshy hood. Her arousal made Carl's own cock twitch in longing. The sight of her ginormous pregnant belly, bulging with life, only made the sight even more enticing. He wanted to taste her, to feel her warmth and wetness enveloping him. But for now, he had to hold back, reveling in the power he felt from just being able to watch her this way.

"Fuck, I'm so horny," Carl muttered, his voice trembling with desire as he acknowledged his mom's alluring green eyes intently watching him stroke. "I need to cum. Bad."

"Me too!" Ross added.

Naomi's lips curled up in a mischievous grin as she watched Ross's throbbing cock and pleasure-stricken face. Her eyes darted back and forth between the two, an eager anticipation building within her. "They're hips are starting to really move," she whispered, her voice tinged with excitement. "I think they're close to cumming."

Taylor nodded, a thrill washing over her features. "I can see it in their eyes," she agreed, her own arousal palpable. "We should spread our pussies open, that'll really send them over the edge."

Naomi couldn't help but laugh at Taylor's bold suggestion. "Taylor!" she exclaimed.

"What? You're not the only one with naughty ideas."

Down below, Carl and Ross were panting like wild animals, their hands moving furiously up and down their engorged cocks. The lewd sounds of pre-cum-slickened skin filled the air as they stroked themselves closer to release. And above them, the intensity level only increased as Naomi and Taylor each spread open their own pussy lips with two fingers, revealing their delicate pink folds and the swollen buds of their throbbing clits.

"**FUCK, THAT SO HOT!**" Carl hissed, bucking to the sight of his mom's splayed cunt. He could feel the cum surging up from his balls, ready to be released.

Ross moaned in agreement, his gaze fixated on Naomi's wet, swollen pussy. He could feel the familiar sensation of his balls tightening and drawing towards his body, as if signaling the inevitable release.

His eyes darted up to share his mother's gaze as she watched him intently, sensing his impending release. When her tongue rolled teasingly across her lips, Ross let out a primal groan and thrust his

hips upwards, his hot, sticky cum shooting up and splattering against the shower floor in volcanic bursts.

Next to him, Carl also let out a primal roar, unable to contain himself any longer as his hot, creamy cum shot out in thick ropes.

Naomi's gasp of excitement echoed through the shower stall, her eyes widening in awe as she and Taylor watched Ross and Carl's explosive climax. The thick, white semen erupted violently from their cocks, splattering against the glass partition between them in a lewd display.

"Wow, just look at that," Naomi exclaimed, unable to tear her gaze away from the scene unfolding before them. "Look at how hard they're cumming."

Taylor joined in with a gasp of her own, her fascination evident as she watched Carl's lean, chiseled body writhe and contort in pleasure. His hips jerked up and down, driving his massive cunt-hammer into his own hand as creamy fluid continued to ooze from the slit of his meatus.

As the boys released their pent-up desire, Taylor and Naomi stood back up with satisfied smirks on their lips. They blew a playful kiss towards the boys before stepping out of the shower, their rounded, shimmering asses swaying and jiggling with each step.

After rinsing off and dressing themselves, Ross and Carl met the women at the entrance, still basking in their post-orgasmic glow. Isabella greeted them with a warm smile, her eyes sparkling with knowing amusement. "You boys look like you had yourselves a good, hard ejaculation," she commented.

The teens shared a knowing smile with he each other, then their moms. "We sure did," Carl answered.

"And we can attest to that," Isabella added, her amusement evident. "It's not every day we moms get to witness such a spectacular orgasmic display," she teased, her voice still filled with warmth and love.

"Excellent," Isabella declared, her words floating through the air like a soothing melody. "We'll see you all back here tomorrow for your next course."

As the evening fell, Ross felt a surge of excitement as he prepared to follow through on his homework assignment and engage in some 'sexting' with his mother.

"I'm really horny," he typed out in a text message, feeling a rush of heat as he hit "send". His father had taken Naomi out shopping, so he knew it could take her awhile to answer, but to his surprise she responded almost immediately, texting him back.

"Proof or I don't believe you ," she playfully challenged.

Ross eagerly fished his cock from his pants, feeling it grow firm and erect in his hand. He couldn't resist snapping a picture of it, framed beneath the fabric of his boxers, and sending it off to her. "Here's your proof," he wrote.

"Wowzers! " his mom responded, before adding another message: "What's gotten you all worked up, honey? Were you thinking about our shower scene today?"

A grin spread across Ross's face as he read her words. "Yeah, kind of hard to get a memory like that out of your head," he confessed.

"Will this help?" Naomi's response came with a text and an attached selfie, taken from a high angle on a bench at the bustling mall. In the photo, her large breasts were spilling out of her tight maxi-dress, resting against her huge, perfectly-round baby bump. The fabric of her dress had bunched up, revealing her long, toned legs

suggestively spread apart as she sat with her feet delicately arched in strappy heels. Her alluring gaze pierced through the camera, sending a jolt of excitement through Ross's body.

The boy couldn't resist the urge to squeeze his hardened member while gazing at the picture of his mother. The thrill of flirting with her in this way sent shivers down his spine, making it one of the most exhilarating experiences he had ever encountered. But he couldn't shake off the fact that she was currently with his father and it could be dangerous. "Where's dad?" he texted, trying to tread cautiously.

"He's browsing through the sporting goods store, but don't worry about him. Just focus on your assignment," Naomi replied.

"So, now that you know I'm horny…are you horny also?" Ross brazenly texted.

"Moms are always horny, " she replied.

Ross decided to give her a taste of her own medicine. "Proof or I don't believe you ," he texted.

After a few minutes Naomi's response finally came through, accompanied by a picture message that made Ross gasp in excitement. He could see that she had slipped into a changing room at one of the stores and pulled her dress down to her waist. Her bra was barely containing her enormous breasts, which were squeezed between her arms, causing them to bulge out obscenely. The material of the bra was crafted from embroidered tulle and stretch mesh in a rich black hue, making her cleavage seem endless. Even through the fabric, Ross could make out the fullness of Naomi's areolar rings and the hard points of her nipples protruding like fingertips. In the picture, his mom made a playful expression, her eyes rolling and her tongue curled mischievously to the side of her mouth. Printed beneath the image were the words "Hard nipples never lie ," sending a shiver of desire down Ross's spine.

His response was bold and playful, the words dancing off of his fingertips with a sense of mischief. "Hard cocks don't lie either," he teased.

Naomi replied, her words laced with suggestive undertones. "Are you stroking yourself yet? "

Ross felt his heart thumping with the thrill of their exchange as he typed out his answer. "Tempted to," he admitted, already imagining the sensation of his hand wrapped around his hardening length.

"Let me tempt you even more then," Naomi replied, her eagerness evident in her words as she sent him a picture. Ross anxiously tapped on the photo and felt his breath catch in his throat as he took in the sight. There stood his mom, bent over in front of a dressing room mirror, her backside on full display. Her panties matched her bra and were completely sheer, leaving nothing to the imagination as they showcased every detail of her thick, meaty buttocks as if it was completely naked.

Unable to resist any longer, Ross gave into temptation and began to stroke himself while staring at Naomi's delicious-looking bubble bottom. It's full half-moon shape and deep, slitted crack framed by her wide, motherly hips made it almost impossible for him to tear his eyes away. Naomi gazed back at him through the mirror with a proud, playful smile as she snapped the picture, knowing the effect it would have on him.

A playful and suggestive tone filled Naomi's follow-up text. "I bet you're stroking now ," she taunted, causing Ross to admit his actions of vigorously pulling on his cock. Anticipation for their next encounter already building, Naomi asked if he had a course in mind for tomorrow. Ross responded that he hadn't made a decision yet. But as he was considering his options, another message from Naomi arrived with a suggestion: "Reaching Climax Together: The Power of Mutual Masturbation and Orgasm. How about that one?" Her words

sparked a fire within him, knowing that this could be the next step for them both. And while the idea was exciting for himself, Naomi reminded Ross that it would primarily for his benefit.

The thought of experiencing pleasure together in such an intimate way sent shivers down Ross's spine. He eagerly agreed to her suggestion, anxious to explore this new level of intimacy with her. With his mind consumed by thoughts of mutual release, Ross couldn't wait for tomorrow to arrive.

"Your father is probably searching for me, so I should go…" she typed quickly, her fingers tapping hurriedly on her phone's keyboard. She paused for a moment before sending another message, feeling a tantalizing thrill of excitement at the thought of her son home masturbating to her pictures. "Remember… long, tight strokes from your balls to your tip. Don't stop until you cum. "

Ross's heart raced as he read Naomi's suggestive text. His body reacted immediately, his erection growing harder and more insistent in his hand. He could feel his balls tightening and pulling up close to his body, preparing for release as semen surged through his urethral duct.

With a primal groan, he let go of himself and watched as thick ropes of creamy white cum shot across his bedroom. Each jet was followed by another, pulsing out of him with increasing force and intensity as he stared at the picture Naomi had sent and replayed her words in his mind, savoring the pleasure they evoked within him.

As soon as the door clicked shut, signaling his sister's departure with her friend, Carl knew it was the perfect time to fulfill his assignment. He tiptoed down the hallway, straining to hear any sign of his father's return from work. The house was eerily quiet, save for the distant sound of running water. Creeping into the kitchen, Carl found his mom standing at the sink as she chattered away on the phone to

his father. The soft glow of the overhead light illuminated her features, casting a warm and comforting ambiance in the room.

"Well, yes, honey," Taylor said into the phone as she caught sight of Carl in the doorway. The warm tones of her voice echoed through the room like a sweet melody. "And we'll definitely do that once the babies arrive." She gently rubbed her swollen belly, only one week away from her due date and it certainly showed.

While still holding the phone to her ear, Taylor met Carl's gaze, their minds clearly communicating without words as she dried her hands on a soft towel. His heart pounded with anticipation as he watched her slowly spread her bare feet apart, arching her back, thrusting her ass back and giving him a sly wink, as if inviting him to join her.

A rush of adrenaline flooded through Carl's veins as he approached his mom, eager to stimulate her G-spot from behind as his instructor had assigned. The sound of her voice on the phone with his dad added an extra level of danger, intensifying the thrill that the instructor had promised. "Yes, my love, I couldn't agree more,"

Taylor replied to her husband with a calm tone, despite the fact that she was currently being mounted by another man.

Pressing his stiffened member against the curve of her ass, Carl reached around and up her skirt with a sense of urgency. His breaths came in shallow bursts as his hand trailed down the smooth, full slope of her belly and into the lacy fabric of her panties. His fingers brushed through his mom's trimmed triangle of pubic hair and onto her slick folds, eliciting a gasp from her lips.

"Yes," Taylor replied to her husband's inquiry, but her words were cut off by another sharp intake of air as Carl's skilled fingers delved deep into her wetness. "**I-I**'m fine," she managed to say between moans, trying to maintain composure. "The water in the sink was just…a little cold. It took me by surprise."

Taylor leaned back against Carl's chest, her body trembling with anticipation as she felt his fingers slowly slide into her hot, tight pussy. With practiced ease, he found her G-spot and began thrusting in and out, each movement causing her to clench around him in pleasure.

"What am I doing now?" Taylor repeated the question her husband had just asked her, gasping as she reached for their son's free arm and wrapped it around her swollen belly. "I'm helping Carl with a homework assignment," she explained, trying to focus on her words despite the intense pleasure coursing through her body. "I took him into the city for an educational workshop today and he…" She paused as a wave of ecstasy washed over her, her head arching back in pleasure. "He has an assignment to complete at home and he's… doing an incredible job so far."

Each stroke and plunge of Carl's fingers created a lewd, squelching sound that filled the small kitchen and sent shivers down Taylor's spine. Her breathing quickened as she felt the pressure and rhythm of Carl's cock against her buttocks, pressing and sliding against her throbbing asshole.

"I'm sorry, honey," Taylor managed to gasp into the phone, trying to maintain some semblance of composure as she realized her husband had to ask her the same question twice. "I wasn't ignoring you, I just got a little…distracted."

Carl's hand continued its skilled movements, expertly rubbing against Taylor's swollen clit and exploring her sweet spot with precision. Despite her foggy mind, Taylor couldn't help but be impressed by his abilities. He was stimulating her in ways she had only dreamed of. The pleasure was intense and all-consuming, making it difficult for Taylor to focus on anything else at the moment.

In a sudden burst of passion, she flung her phone down onto the counter with a loud thud. Her body stiffened, like a board being held taut against the wall. Her long, shiny black hair flew back from her face, revealing the flushed skin of her neck and shoulders. With each thrust of Carl's cock, her ass-cheeks clenched around him tightly, every muscle in her body tensing as she struggled to suppress a scream of pleasure.

Carl held onto her hips tightly, watching with hungry eyes as her big breasts bounced and swayed with each movement. He could feel Naomi's body trembling against him as she was struck with an explosive orgasm. A long, quivering moan escaped her lips, but it was muffled enough that her husband on the phone wouldn't hear. Hot, female ejaculate poured from her dripping cunt, soaking Carl's fingers as he continued to pleasure her tirelessly.

Trapped between her quivering butt-cheeks, he could feel his own cock pulsating and throbbing from the exquisite friction created by their passionate coupling. With a groan of ecstasy, he released rope after rope of spunk into his underwear, unable to contain himself any longer. The two of them stayed locked together in a blissful embrace until their bodies finally relaxed and they were left panting in each other's arms.

Taylor was so taken aback by the intensity of their experience that she nearly forgot about her husband. She stumbled towards her phone, gasping for breath after the whirlwind of passion. "Are you still there, honey?" she asked breathlessly into the phone, trying to steady herself. "Sorry, I thought something was burning between my…uh, I mean I thought something was burning in the oven."

Her eyes followed Carl as he retreated from the kitchen, their gazes still locked in the magical Afterglow of their shared experience. Her body hummed with electricity, her nipples tingling with the desire to be sucked hard.

Before Carl could even reach the upstairs, he received a text from his mom.

"Suggestion for tomorrow: Mastering Breast Stimulation: How to Squeeze, Lick, and Suck Like a Pro. It's hard not to notice your love for boobs. I think you'd really enjoy and benefit from that one a lot, honey, " she suggested.

With a rush of excitement, Carl eagerly replied through text, "I couldn't agree more! " His body was still buzzing with pleasure from his recent release, and he could feel the warm sensation of his ejaculate running down his leg as he rushed into the bathroom to clean up.

BSTC - nine months later

by klrxo

"Your belly's huge, Vicky. How far along are you?" A blonde mother named Eva asked as they stood near the dugout of the ball field.

"Just barely over nine-months. How about you?" Vicky asked, looking at one of the softball player's mom's big round baby-ball.

"Six and a half months now. Jason knocked me up one weekend while his dad was away on business."

Vicky rubbed her protuberant belly. "Mine's a Boys Sexual Training Camp baby," she said proudly.

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. Todd came home with a sex education…and I came home with a baby in my belly," the mother giggled.

"I hear a lot of moms come home pregnant from that place. Are you and your son still bumping bellies?" Eva asked.

"No…not since the plane ride home from **BSTC**."

"During the plane ride, huh? Now there's a place my son and I haven't tried," Eva said.

"Yeah, I figured it was an appropriate time for Todd to join the mile-high club."

"Does he ever ask you for sex?"

"Only every day," Vicky said, making them both giggle. "It's been tough, but I've managed to stay focused on my marriage since we got back, although I did tell myself that once I got into my third-trimester, I'd let Todd have another crack at me."

"So he can experience sex with a pregnant woman?"

"Exactly."

"Well, you better make your move," Eva said, gazing down at Vicky's enormous belly. "From where I'm standing it looks like you could be squeezing that little one out your baby-chute any day now."

"True. I suppose if I'm gonna take some teen dick while I'm pregnant, I better take it quick. The problem is my husband hurt his ankle helping a friend move, so he's been around the house a lot lately."

"Sounds like you need a backup location for this hot nasty reunion you have planned," Eva said.

The women's sons played on an adult softball league. As soon as the boys came off the field, their pregnant moms were there to greet them. "Nice job, boys!" Eva said, then brushed the dirt off her son's t-shirt.

"The field just called. It wants it's dirt back," Vicky joked, dusting off her son's filthy body.

"Funny, mom," Todd said, watching her huge milk-filled tits wobble beneath her thin cotton sweater as she brushed him off.

"My husband's away this week, so it's just Jason and I at the house," Eva said to Vicky. "Wanna come over and we can clean these boys up?"

Todd looked at his mom, eagerly awaiting her response. It had been nearly nine months since he had fucked her, or even seen her naked for that matter. Since they got back from **BSTC**, she put the brakes on everything sexual. He understood, since she made it clear that what they had done at the training center was just for the purpose of his sexual education. However, since that time, he had tried on many occasions to get back in her panties, with no success.

Vicky looked at her boy and smiled. "Sure. Heavens knows they could use a good hosing down," she said.

Todd's insides tingled with excitement. He knew that if the only purpose for going to Eva's was to get cleaned up, his mom could have just as easily drove him home to do it. He suspected there was something naughty in store for him, and his teammate Jason.

Eva's home was in a newer upper-class development outside of town. When they stepped into the foyer, the mother gave her son Jason a playful slap on the ass. "Take your friend and go jump in my shower. There's more room in there than the shower in your bathroom," she said.

"You want us to shower together?" her son asked, feeding her an odd expression.

"You showered together in the locker room when you played sports at school, right? What's the difference?" she asked.

"True," her son muttered. "Can I show Todd Georgie real quick first?"

"Real quick," Eva agreed. "I'd rather not have dirt spread throughout my house, young man."

"Got it," her son said, then the boys rushed upstairs.

"Georgie?" Vicky asked her friend.

"His pet lizard. The boy's obsessed with reptiles. He loves to chase his little sister through the house with them," Eva said.

"That sounds just like something Todd would do," Vicky giggled. "I forgot you had a daughter."

"Yes. She's staying with her grandparents in Florida for a week," Eva explained as Vicky followed her to the kitchen. "Can I get you a drink? I have spritzers."

"That sounds great."

Todd didn't seem weirded out by stepping into shower with another boy his age. He'd been to **BSTC** where all the boys were constantly naked around each other, so sharing a shower with his friend and teammate wasn't a huge issue.

"Damn, look at all these shower heads. It's like a fucking car wash in here," Todd commented stepping into large tiled shower area, his flaccid dick swinging between his legs.

"Yeah, I'm usually not allowed in here…unless my dad's gone of course," Jason said, giving his friend a knowing smile.

"Do you and your mom fuck all the time?"

"Usually at least once a day, but if my dad's away on business, like he is this week, her and I are going at it every chance we get," Jason answered, as the boy's stepped into the hot spray.

"Damn…I miss that."

"Fucking your mom? While you were at the training camp you mean?"

"Yeah, unfortunately we haven't done anything since then. It's creeping up on a year now."

"Damn, that sucks," Jason muttered, "especially since she's so big and pregnant…and the baby's **YOURS**."

The shower door suddenly opened and they heard Jason's mom's voice. "Cleaning crew, coming in!" she said.

The boy's mouths fell open as they watched their mothers emerge from the steam, stepping into the shower completely naked.

"**YES!!**" Todd cheered inside, seeing his mom in the nude for the first time since their plane ride home from **BSTC**. He always knew his mom had big tits, but was astounded by how ridiculously huge they had gotten since he'd seen them last. Vicky's heavy milkers wobbled atop her large protuberant belly-orb as she stepped up to him with a smile. "Not quite the same body you remember seeing nine months ago, huh?" she asked.

"You look amazing!" Todd muttered, staring at the beach ball-sized tummy, packed full of a baby he'd helped create.

"Apparently I do look amazing," she teased, glancing down at the huge erection pointing up at her.

Eva stepped up to her teen, pressing her own stiff-nippled knockers and well-developed baby-orb against his lean torso. "Hand me that body wash, dirty monkey," she said.

After pouring some on a washcloth, she handed the bottle over to Vicky, who then applied some to her own son's body. "Let's get you washed up," she said with an anxious smile, running her soapy hands all over her teen's chest.

As Vicky cleaned him off, her son gazed down at her bobbling melons in fascination. He could see subtle stretch marks and the big blue veins just beneath the skin of her swollen mammaries. He remembered her nipples and areola being a shade of pink, but now

they were a deep purplish color, from increased blood flow, and the rubbery flesh of her papilla was definitely more pronounced.

The doting mother's soapy hands wandered down to her son's dick and she stroked him tenderly.

"Ahh!" Todd said, looking down at his mom two circled fists slowly slipping up and down his muscular meat.

She gazed at him with her beautiful eyes. "Does this feel familiar?" she asked.

"Yes," he hissed. "I've missed it so much."

"So have I," the mother softly whispered.

Eva was also tugging at her boy's sudsy boner, watching his swollen bell tip with it's weeping piss-slit stare up at her. "Mm, gotta make sure these hard young dicks are nice n clean," the mother cooed.

"That's right…you never know when they might need to use them next," Vicky added, while smiling at her boy and stroking his dick.

Jason slipped down to his knees and disappeared under his mom's protruding belly. He found her shaved pussy and carved his tongue through the slit between her labial folds.

"Ohhh!" Eva sighed in delight, leaning back against the shower wall.

Todd looked over at them, then back at his mom inquisitively. "Can I?" he asked.

She fed him a smile back. "Go ahead," she answered, releasing his cock.

The teen's lips traveled the smooth rounded contour of her baby-swollen tummy, planting kisses all the way to her crotch as he knelt down in front of her.

His heart raced so fast at the wonderful sight of her vulva that he could hardly breath. A neatly-trimmed triangle of pubic fuzz crowned her puffy outer folds. Her hairless outer labium flanked the thick pink tissue of her protruding clitoral hood.

He wasted no more time, and dove face-first against her vulvar mound, working his tongue through the layers of cuntal flesh, finding the prized pearl of her clit.

The two pregnant mothers sighed and gasped, their big milk-swollen melons wobbling and trembling as they leaning against the shower wall, having their pussies devoured.

Jason feverishly lapped at his mom's pink fleshy cunt, delighting in the pungent taste of her fuck-oils. He thrust his hands around her hips, squeezing the wet meaty cheeks of her succulent ass while he ate her out.

Todd had his mom's grape-sized clitoris between his lips, sucking and lashing his licker against it. He loved the way her thick fragrant flesh spread out over his mouth like a vaginal mask, so he could stare up her pubis, with it's neatly trimmed patch of hair. When he did this at **BSTC**, he could peer right up his mom's torso to her jiggling tit-meat, but now there was a wet pregnant belly looming over him, which he found equally fascinating.

"Ohh yess!" Eva cried out, squeezing on her huge tits with both hands.

The boys both ate their mom's pussies like starving dogs, pushing their mouths up into the pink juicy vestibules, laving their lickers all around. Their tongues dug inside their vaginal orifices, probing the first inch or so of their mom's clasping cunt tubes, soaking up the slippery nectar that secreted from their aroused fuck-holes.

It wasn't long before the sexually excited mothers were squealing in orgasmic delight. Todd felt Vicky's urethral meatus bulge out against

his oral assault, and a stream of hot girl-cum splashed out against his face and into his open mouth.

The boy's mind swirled with horniness. He reached down and squeezed his cock, which was so hard and tender it almost hurt to touch it.

"Pick us up and fuck us!" he heard his mother gasp.

Jason stood up and looked at his mom, his face soaked with her vaginal juices. "It won't hurt the baby that way?" he asked Eva. He'd fucked his mom in a lot of positions, but the 'standing missionary' wasn't one of them.

"Don't worry, honey. If you hurt the baby, I'll let you know," she said, then placed her arms around his neck. "Pick me up."

Todd was already lifting his pregnant mom from the shower floor. Vicky's legs were wrapped around him, her giant tits and belly squashed against his lean upper-half. He felt his mom desperately grasp his erection and fit it to her cunt-socket, then she dropped her hips, spearing his tender pink dick all the way to her womb.

Both of them gasped in the pleasurable reunion of their joined genitals. "Oh God, I forgot how incredibly big he is!" Vicky delightfully thought, feeling her son's dick crammed deep into an area she hadn't had touched since the last time they'd fucked. Even the way her vaginal lining was stretched around his meat was something she hadn't recently experienced.

Since their **BSTC** trip, the housewife had resigned to a mediocre sex life with her husband. She had often cried herself to sleep at night, thinking about how boring and pathetic her husband was in bed, compared to her son's skill and stamina. She itched to have her pussy and ass pounded to exhaustion, but did her best to shake those thoughts from her mind, for the sake of her marriage, which other than the sex, was a really good one. Now, her boy's superstar

cock was back inside her. She had returned to the arms of her cocksman, and she knew she was in for a royal cunt-pounding.

"Welcome back," she whispered to her boy, gazing excitedly with her beautiful brown eyes.

"Great to be back," he replied, flexing his cock inside the juicy clasping tube of her motherly vagina.

"Mom's built a little differently now, obviously," she giggled, "but in ways you're gonna find **VERY** pleasurable."

Todd could already feel a difference. Obviously, she had a gigantic belly sandwiched between them, bulging outward, and her tits were swollen and enormous. The other noticeable difference was the sleeve that sheathed his cock. Increased blood-flow had caused Vicky's cuntal lining to thicken, creating wonderful rows of ribbed-textured rugae that smothered the boy's muscular boner in a smoldering cuntal grip.

The new and exquisite texture made the boy gasp out loud as they began beating their bellies together and his boner plunged through her.

Jason held his mom against the shower wall, his ass thrusting between her clasping thighs as he drove his dick up into her. "Harder! Go harder, honey!" the beautiful blonde gasped, clawing her red painted nails up his back.

He picked up his tempo, resting his head between her chin and shoulder, gasping delightfully as he felt his tender glans slipping through juicy tube of engorged purple pussy.

Todd dug his fingers into his mom's succulent ass. Even in her buns, there was a little more fatty meat than what he remembered. While he fucked, he peered down at the huge bulging cleavage that pressed against his upper chest. He could feel the erect

marshmallow-sized nubs of her nipples digging into him. He couldn't wait to wrap his lips around them and suck to his heart's content.

The busty mothers clung to their teens as the hot water sprayed onto their joined bodies, making their writhing flesh glisten. Vicky found her son's lips and their wild tongues met in Todd's mouth like long lost lovers brought together in a frenzy of passion.

Todd's swollen knob beat against her back wall, delighted by the feel of her slightly dilated cervix. Pre-jizz wept from his piss-slit, mixing with the hot cervical mucus that secreted from Vicky's glands. This wonderful cocktail created the perfect slippery lube for their hard deep bone-grinding.

"Fuck!" Todd grunted, feeling his tender penile flesh squeezed and wrestled by his mom's skilled vagina.

Vicky too was gasping in pre-orgasmic pleasure. She tightened her mommy-flesh around her boy as tight as she could, holding his humping young frame like her life depended on it.

Eva suddenly beat her to the punch, screaming as she was struck with an electrifying orgasm that surged through her six-month pregnant body.

Vicky was right behind her, trembling around her teen as she was struck with the hardest cum she'd had in nine months. Normally, Todd would have tightened his **PC** muscle, like he'd been taught at **BSTC**, but he knew his refractory period was short, and he'd be able to fuck his mom again, even after cumming.

"Ahhh yeah!" the teen groaned, feeling his knob tingle through the pulsating grip of his mom's pussy, while her cum-juices dripped from his swinging ball sack.

Vicky squealed, cumming even harder on her boy's unyielding boner as she felt hot blasts of jizz splash against the head of her cervix.

Jason too was pouring his love-milk into his mom's greedily sucking cunt. Her purple pleats swathed her boy's pumping erection as they were painted with fresh cum.

For ten pleasure-filled minutes the mothers milked their boys flexing hardons, pulling out every drop of jizz with their strong vaginal muscles.

"Damn!" Todd gasped, placing his mom back on the shower floor.

She gave him a sensual kiss and giggled. "You've missed that, haven't you?" she asked.

"Like you wouldn't believe!"

"Oh, I do believe," she said, giving him other tender kiss, "because I've missed it too."

"Shall we dry off and take these two hunks to bed?" Eva asked, shutting off the water and leading her son by the hand out of the shower.

"Sounds like a wonderful plan to me," Vicky agreed, taking Todd's hand and following them.

It was music to the boy's ears. After a quick toweling off, the teens followed the waddling mothers into Eva's bedroom. Todd's arousal level was through the roof as he watched his mom's thick bare buttocks sway teasingly all the way to the bed. "Fuck, I've missed that ass!" he thought, remembering how much time it had spent beating against his midsection while they were at **BSTC** together.

The boys slowly stroked on their still-hard dicks as they watched Eva and Vicky crawl onto the big king-sized mattress, with their huge round bellies hanging down, and their oversized tits wobbling around like swollen udders ready to be milked.

The women stopped on all fours, lowering their tits to the mattress and pointing their rounded mommy-asses back at their teens. They both peeked back and smiled. "Come get those big hard dicks back inside us boys," Eva said, then both moms wagged their lovely naked buns back and forth teasingly.

Jason and Todd smiled at each other, then joined their moms on Jason's parent's bed. Todd loved the fuck-hungry look his mom was giving him as he drug his bulbous tip up the slippery groove between her cuntal folds. He kept his bell tip crushed against her clit for a moment, so they could feel each other's excited heartbeats through the blood-engorged bulbs of their glans.

For boys like Todd and Jason, there was only one thing quite as thrilling as watching your boners disappear up the tubes that squeezed them out years ago. That one thing was the dreamy look on their mom's faces when their dicks hit bottom. Todd knew his father didn't have the length he did, so unless his mom used a ten-inch dildo to masturbate with, he knew this was the first time a penis-knob kissed her cervix since the last time they had fucked.

Vicky was the first to move, swiveling her lush hips up and back, gliding the squeezing pit of her cunt along the length of her boy's steely erection. The teen loved watching the mouth of her pussy puff out as it clung to his penis, dragging her fleshy inner petals around the tubular meat of his hardon.

With a naughty smile and a nod of her head, the mother silently signaled that she was ready to be pounded hard. Todd quickly grasped her hips and began feeding her his cock with long tit-jarring thrusts.

The bedroom filled with the sounds of meaty mommy-ass beating against teenage loins. Todd and Jason felt their swinging nut-sacks smacking against the fleshy prepuces of their mom's cock-stuffed cunts.

"Yes! Fuck us, boys!" Eva cried out, her heavy double-G-cup tits swinging pendulously from the rhythm of their vigorous doggy-fuck.

"Holy shit! This brings back so many incredible memories!" Todd wondrously thought, watching his mom's unblemished buns smack against him. Vicky had some strong muscles in her ass, but the way the outer layer of fatty flesh made her globes ripple every time they struck him, made Todd's dick flex with excitement.

He dug his fingers into his mom's derriere, holding it in place while he pounded his cock through her pussy savagely. He pulled her cheeks apart and was greeted with a view of the elastic ring of her winking asshole. "God, did that ass feel good around my cock!" he thought, remembering the practice sessions of anal sex they'd engaged in and all the loads he'd blasted deep in her hot gripping bowels.

His knob tingled in her cunt-tube at the very thought of it, making him flex his **PC** muscle to keep from cumming.

Vicky felt the familiar throbbing of her son's cock inside her. "Wow I miss that feeling! He has such a strong **PC** muscle," she thought, squeezing her own cuntal muscles, providing her boy's plunging penis with intense friction.

It was the perfect union of mature pregnant pussy and young muscular cock. Had it not been for what he was taught at the training camp, Todd would have already blown his load. Because he was able to control that, his cock thundered through her birthing tube like a penile battering ram, slipping back and forth across the elusive G-spot that her husband could never seem to find.

One of the things Todd was taught at **BSTC**, was that the G-spot was actually part of a woman's clitoral network. The plump fleshy nubbin where her inner labia met, was only the tip of the iceberg. Her clitoris divided into two roots, about four inches long that ran

parallel to her vagina, and stimulation along that portion of her lining could provide intense body-shaking orgasms.

The boy leaned over, while continued to thrust, reached around her waste and strummed her fleshy clit with his fingers.

"Ohh yesss!" the mother responded, having both ends of her clitoral network manipulated at once. Her body let out a violent orgasmic shiver, as she squealed and panted.

Todd gasped, and his eyes rolled back as he felt the spongy furnace of her vagina squeeze around his big pink penis like a velvet vice.

The mother quickly pulled her quivering purple sleeve off his prick, and a splatter of burbling girl-cum squirted out. Her back quickly hit the mattress, and her sexy legs scissored back in a wide V. Todd was on top of her in a split-second, slicing his thick boy-meat back through her vagina. He brought his weight down against her giant round belly, squashing the baby-filled uterus between them. When it came to harming their baby, his mom didn't seem worried at all, so he decided he wouldn't be either, and would fuck rough and hard, just like they used to.

"Pound my pregnant pussy, baby!" the mother urged, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

Todd gave his mother just what she asked for. His ass bobbed wildly between the wide spread of her warm thighs, hammering his hardness into her with full-length thrusts. He kept his head raised up, so her could watch her pretty face wince and gasp in ecstasy.

Eva pulled her fuck-tube off her boy and turned towards him, gazing lustfully at his wet wagging hardon. "Get on your back," she told him.

The second her boy hit the mattress, the cock-hungry mother was climbing on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. She

grasped his erection and shoved it back inside her greedy cunt.

"Yesss!" Jason hissed, feeling his mom's ribbed cuntal sleeve sheath his cock in one swoop. Much like Vicky's cervix, Eva's was more dilated and pronounced than usual. The head of her cervix felt like a tiny fleshy donut fitting snuggly around Jason's bell tip.

"God!" the pretty blonde gasped, stirring his brick-hard cock around inside her.

Jason's favorite part about having his mom on top was watching her enormous milk-swollen tits bounce up and down. He loved seeing the soft rounded undersides become exposed each time they leaped up her chest. It wasn't an area of a woman's boobs that a guy got to see, unless she was riding him this way.

Vicky tossed her lovely smooth mommy legs around her teen, clutching him tightly as he fucked her. Todd captured one of the nipples of her sloshing tits with his mouth and nursed like a starving infant.

The horny mother humped her hips from the mattress, throwing her cunt up and meeting her son's thrusts. Their dripping crotches smacked together lewdly with Todd's big balls beating against the visibly throbbing ring of her asshole.

"**OH SHIT, MOM!**" the boy gasped, as her skilled pussy tugged on his cock like a tight slippery fist.

"Did you forget how good that pussy was, baby?" she asked breathlessly.

"I would never forget that."

"Then what's the problem?" she teased, their genitals grinding in full penetration. "Did you forget the skills you were taught?"

"No!"

He felt the heels of his mom's sexy bare feet push against his ass. "Then come on…fuck me like I'm your pregnant mommy-whore!" she mewled.

Todd flexed his **PC** muscle and laid into his beautiful mother with savage fuck-thrusts.

Eva's brought her humping body down on her boy, smothering his upper-half in fatty tits and pregnant belly. Her big marital bed shook violently. On one side, she was stacked on top of her teenager, bobbing her thick ass up and down as she tirelessly fucked his boner. On the other side, Todd pummeled his mom with frantic fuck-thrusts while she clutched onto him.

A few minutes later, Eva and Vicky sang a sexy orgasmic duet, screaming and grasping as hot girl-cum squirted from their urethras, soaking their boy's cocks in liquid love.

An hour later, the fucking four-some were a humping, glistening mass of sweaty flesh. Vicky was now on top of her boy, plummeting her juicy pussy up and down his manhood. Todd peeked out from between her giant smothering tits, gasping excitedly as a torrent of semen raced up the length of his cock.

"Aggh! Aggh! Aggh! Aggghhhh!" he groaned, sending fat gooey cords of ball-juice splashing against his mom's clasping vaginal walls.

Eva rolled off her boy and onto her back, her fatty knockers shimmying back and forth before drooping heavily off the sides of her chest. "Wow!" she sighed. "Who's ready for shower number two?" she asked.

"I am," Vicky giggled.

A little while later Vicky and Todd were headed home, with the two hour sex-session they'd just shared still heavily on their minds. "I was beginning to think you'd never have sex with me again," the boy confessed.

"Well, you needed to learn to what it's like to fuck a pregnant woman…so let's just consider what we did today an extension of **BSTC**."

"So…are you saying if there's sexual things I haven't experienced, and I wanted to do them with you…we could just consider it an extension of my sexual training?" the teen asked with an eager smile.

She peeked over at him from the driver's seat and smiled. "I suppose I could consider it, but between what we did at the training center and what went on today, there shouldn't be a whole lot left you **HAVEN'T** done," the mother pointed out.

"Well, actually…that's not really true."

"Why's that?"

"There is one thing I'd love to learn how to do, that I never have before," Todd said.

Vicky smiled and raised an eyebrow, gazing over at him. "Which is?" she asked.

"I've never learnt to have sex with the girl in the back seat of a car before," he confessed.

The mother glanced at the back seat, then over at the teen with a mischievous grin. She quickly changed course from home, to a tiny secluded rest area outside of town.

Ben & His Mom

By klrxo

Well, don't you look handsome, young man." Tara told her son Ben as he hit the bottom step, dressed for a date.

"Thanks, mom." He smiled.

"I sure hope Heather realizes how lucky she is." She said as she straightened his collar.

Tara Ripley was a beautiful, middle-aged housewife. Everyone told her she looked like Mary Margaret Hume from Dawson's Creek. This was true, but Tara's breasts were much much larger than the tv actress, especially as she entered her ninth month of pregnancy. Her tummy was simply enormous, packed with fully developed twins who were ready to slide down Tara's birth canal at any moment.

"Give me a hug before you leave." Tara said.

She pulled her son into her arms. Ben felt his mom's huge tummy pressing tightly against his, so tight in fact the he could almost feel his soon to be siblings resting in his mother's womb. As Tara wrapped her arms around her only son, Ben felt a rush of blood to his cock as his mom's milk filled boobs made contact with his chest. They felt so soft and spongy sandwiched between him and his mother.

"Here." Tara said, placing a condom in her son's shirt pocket. "Play safe."

"Thanks." Ben said bashfully.

"You do know how to use it, right?" Tara asked.

"I think I can figure it out." He answered.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Tara walked over and picked it up. Ben often wondered how his mother, being so pregnant, was still able to walk around in such dainty little heels. Her feet were so soft and tiny, her toenails always freshly painted and displayed so beautifully. Tara picked up the phone.

"Hello...Just a minute." She said. "It's for you, sweetie." Tara said, holding the phone out to her son.

"Hello...Oh hi, Heather...You can't....Oh no, I understand...Maybe next weekend....Okay, hope you feel better...Okay, bye." Ben said and hung up the phone.

"The date's off I take it." Tara asked.

"Yeah, Heather's not feeling well." Ben said.

Tara stroked his cheek.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart." She said.

"That's okay." Ben said.

"Hey, I have an idea. Your father's working late tonight. Why don't you and I go out on a date." She said.

"Naw, I think I'd rather just stay home tonight." Ben said.

Tara placed her hands on her waist, causing her big boobs and giant pregnancy to balloon outward.

"Are you rejecting me, mister?" Tara asked teasingly.

"No...I...I just don't know if I feel much like going out." Ben said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to have one of those stay at home kind of dates." Tara said.

"Really, mom...you don't have to do this just because you feel sorry for me." He said.

"Don't tell me what I can and can't do, buster. Do you wanna date with me or not?" She asked.

Ben looked at his mom as she stood there with her hands still on her waist. Her boobs stuck out like two watermelons, resting on a beachball sized tummy. For such a fit woman, her curves were stunning.

"Well...I'm waiting." She said.

"Yeah...Okay." Ben said.

Tara reached in his pocket and took out the condom.

"Guess I won't be needing that tonight, huh?" He asked.

"Nope...You don't need a condom when your date's already pregnant." She smiled.

They stood there and looked at each other for a moment.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Just what I said. Since your date tonight is already pregnant, you won't be using the condom." Tara said.

"Yeah but we're not gonna...you know...do it...are we? Ben asked.

"Sweetie, that's what you do on stay at home dates. You're not changing your mind now?" Tara asked.

Ben felt his head spin and his knees go weak. Tara giggled.

"Honey, you're going pale. Come sit on the couch." She said, leading him by the hand to the livingroom sofa.

They both sat down and Tara continued to grasp his hand in hers.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" She asked.

"Yeah, I just...Are you...serious about what you said?" He asked.

Tara looked him in the eyes.

"Do you want me to be?" She asked.

"Yeah...it just...it just seems a little strange, you being my mom and everything." He said.

Tara stroked her son's face and smiled.

"Well...maybe we just need to break the ice a little bit...Do you find your mother attractive?" She asked.

"Yeah...of course." He answered.

"If I wasn't your mom, could you picture me as your girlfriend?" She asked.

"Well, you're a little older than me." He said.

"Oh, so you have something against older women? She said teasingly.

"No...not at all. Aren't I too young for you though." He asked.

"No...Alot of women like guys who are much younger." She said.

"Do you?" He asked.

"I asked you on a date, didn't I? Most young guys are full of sexual energy and alot of older women need that in their man." She smiled.

"I see." He said.

"So, young man, tell me...are you packed full of sexual energy?" She asked.

"Too much I think." Ben laughed.

"There's no such thing as too much, as long as you have a girlfriend who has just as much sexual energy as you do. Which is why mom just might make the perfect girlfriend for you. Think you'd be willing to drop Heather for me?" She said.

"Yeah, but..can we do that?" He asked.

Tara giggled.

"Honey, we're both adults. We can do whatever we want." She said.

"What about dad?" Ben asked.

"Lots of married women have young boyfriends that their husbands don't know about. As long as we have a discreet love affair, your father won't know anything about it." She said.

"Won't you feel guilty." Ben asked.

"Oh sweetie, no. It's just what wives do. Your father's getting older and he doesn't have the sexual energy that young guys have. Once a husband stops performing it's quite natural for his wife to seek pleasure elsewhere. You'll see, in the next few years you'll have married women crawling all over you." She explained.

"Can a mother and son be like...you know, husband and wife?" Ben asked.

"Legally...no, but if that's what they wanted...sure." Tara said.

"So you and I could choose to be married, if we loved eachother enough?" He asked.

"Honey, this is only our first date. Are you proposing already?" She giggled.

"I...I guess so...yeah. Would you...ever want to marry me?" Ben asked.

"You're wanting to get engaged...today?" She exclaimed.

"Well...yeah. Why not. It's not like we don't know eachother." Ben said.

"I know, but sweetie that's a huge commitment. You'd have a wife and children to support. I mean, do you think your ready to be a daddy?" She said.

"I'll do anything I have to do to be with you. So...will you marry me...Tara?" He asked.

"Please...call me mom. It'll remind us of how beautifully wicked our love is, and yes...I will marry you." Tara said as a tear rolled down her cheek.

Ben and Tara embraced tightly in their incestual union. They pulled away just far enough to look into each others eyes.

"I love you...my son and husband." Tara said.

"I love you...my mother and wife." Ben responded.

Tara moved in and parted her lips as her and her son met for their first kiss as lovers. It was a slow sensual kiss that lasted for what seemed like forever. Tara stood up, her hand still grasping her son's tightly as she looked down at him. Ben looked up at his mother,

taking in the beauty of her enormous pregnancy. A huge baby-filled tummy loomed over him. Two massive breasts, capped with giant nipples that were hard and quivering with anticipation hung low on his mother's belly. Soon they would be swinging above their new lovers face as he drilled his cock into the pregnant depths of his fiance's steamy twat.

"Lets go up to our bedroom, darling...and get in our bed. We have a stay at home date to finish, remember?" She asked.

Ben followed as Tara led the four of them up the stairs. He watched his mother's ass sway seductively. He smiled knowing it was his ass now. Soon his balls would be beating against that beautiful ass as he fucked...his pussy. He looked at Tara's long shapely legs knowing that soon they would be spread wide open for him. He couldn't wait to suck the toes of his mom's gorgeous feet and be smothered in the wieght of her enormous tit-flesh. They entered the bedroom and Tara turned to her new love.

"Lock the door and get in bed...I'm gonna put on my nightie." She said softly.

As Tara stode across the room, she peered back at her eager son.

"So...aren't you glad that little **BITCH** got sick. Thanks to her you got yourself a new girlfriend and a fiance, all in one night. She said.

"Yeah...could this night get any better." Ben said.

Tara giggled as she slipped out of her dress and unfastened her huge bra. He monsters tits spilled out onto her tummy and swayed from side to side. Juice from her soaking twat was literally streaming down her leg.

"Oh...I think so." She said.

THE END

Best Game Ever

by klrxo

Chip and Cliff were twin 18 year old brothers and the both loved video games. So when they went shopping downtown with their Mom, they spotted the vintage game store a half a block away. "Dude, I wonder if they have old game systems for sale in there? Cliff asked his brother.

"Probably," Chip said, staring straight ahead.

Cliff noticed his brother's eyes were glued to their Mom's swaying buttocks as she walked a short distance in front of them. "How long are you gonna keep staring at Mom's ass?" Cliff asked.

"Until her dress falls off," Chip joked, making his brother snicker.

Their mother Sandi was a well kept 38 year old, with long dirty-blonde hair. Her curves were so prominent, if they were a road, you'd need a warning sign at every turn. Her jiggling buns were like two meaty half-globes beneath her snug-fitting dress and their gentle sway as she strode down the sidewalk was absolutely hypnotizing.

"Hey Mom, can we cross the street? We wanna go into that vintage game shop." Cliff asked his mother.

Sandi gazed across the busy street. "Why do you wanna go in that place? It's creepy," she said.

"We just wanna check out the old game systems."

"Let's make it fast, ok? I have a few other places I wanna check out down this way," she said.

Webster, the shop-keeper, was dissecting an old Atari system when he heard his door chime. The feeble-looking 85 year old looked up to see an angel enter his shop. Sandi's two boys scrambled in behind her and started looking around as the mother wandered, looking and feeling completely out of place.

Webster peered over his counter, as the **CLICK, CLICK, CLICK** of Sandi's dainty heels aroused his curiosity. Her sexy little feet rested in 4 inch heels, her pretty toenails painted a deep ox-blood red. His creepy eyes wandered up her sculpted, perfectly-tan legs. He continued up her torso and let out a sighing grunt as he zero'd in on her ginormous chest. Big meaty tit-melons jutted from her curvy frame, divided by a deeply pronounced cleavage.

With every graceful step, her mammoth mounds quivered, forcing the old man's eyes to remain transfixed. Sandi glanced over and noticed him staring. She cleared her throat, hoping to break his trance.

Webster looked up into her pretty face. His voice was old and ragged. "May I um, help you find something?" he asked.

The busty mother ignored him completely, stepping by without even acknowledging his presence. "Boys, let's hurry it up," she said loudly.

"Hey mom, they have cool old games in here," Cliff said.

"This stuff is all old and dusty," she said, "if you want a new game, we'll hit Gamestop on the way home," she said.

Webster's lips curled into an almost sinister smile. He reached up and opened an old wooden box on the shelf behind his sales counter. Out of the box, he retrieved a device that looked a lot like a big **TV** remote control. He fumbled with it a moment, then walked out from behind the counter.

The site of Sandi's undulating buttocks made him almost forget why he was really following her. He held the small device out and brazenly touched the back of her neck with it.

Startled, the mother felt a strange burning sensation on her skin and quickly turned with a surprised scowl. "Ouch!" she said, glaring at him. "Fucking pervert," she barked, then marched past him. "Boys, we're leaving...now!!" she shouted.

The two teens disappointedly made their way to the door, but the old man called after them. "I've got a game for you boy, it's right here," Webster said, holding the device out.

The boys paused for a moment. "We don't have any money, sorry," Cliff said.

"It's free," the old man said.

"Free?" Chip asked, wandering over. "What kinda game is it?"

Cliff looked at the door, then his twin brother in concern. "Chip, we gotta go," he said.

"Hold on," Chip said as the old man handed him the device. The teen looked it over. "Does it take discs? How's it work?" he asked..

"When you get home, try it out," Webster said, "but make sure your dad's not home. He wouldn't like you playing it."

"But I don't even know what..."

"Just try the buttons, see what happens. Wait until you get home though," Webster said.

Sandi stuck her head back in the door. "What part of '**NOW**' did I make unclear?!" she shouted.

"Coming," Chip answered, then looked back at the old man. "I gotta go, mister."

"One more thing," Webster said, "And this is very important. Don't touch the red button until you're through with the game. Can you remember that?"

"Yes," the boy said, heading to the door with his brother. He flashed a smile the old man's way. "Thanks for the game," he said, stuffing it in his pocket so his mother wouldn't see it.

Chip could hardly wait to get home, so he could try out the new game. Upstairs in their bedroom, the boys plopped down on the edge of the lower bunk studying the strange device. "So what do you think it does?" Cliff asked. "And why is there no screen? Does it connect to the **TV** wirelessly maybe?" Cliff asked.

Chip scratched his head. "He didn't say. He just said only to play it at home and to make sure dad wasn't here," he said.

"Well dad won't be home for awhile. Let's try it out, see what happens," Cliff said, reaching for the red button.

"Wait," Chip said, pulling it out of his brother's reach, "he said not to press the red button until the end. Let's just try the first one at the top."

Chip pressed the button with his thumb, but nothing happened.

"Press it," Cliff said.

"I did, nothing's happening."

"Then try another one. Here, give it to me," Cliff said, reaching for it.

Chip got up and moved away from the bed. "Stop...just give it a chance to work."

Cliff grabbed their new Playstation game out of the Gamestop bag and tore it open. "Fuck that thing, let's play a real game," he said.

Their bedroom door suddenly opened and Sandi, their Mother, walked in on bare feet. Chip quickly hid the device behind his back. She strode to the center of the room and stopped, staring straight ahead as if she were in some sort of trance-like state.

The boys gave her a strange look, waiting for her to say something, but she just stood there, expressionless. Her chest was thrust, her gigantic tits sticking way out. She was like a soldier standing there at attention.

"Mom? Are you ok?" Cliff finally asked.

After getting no answer, he walked over and snapped his finger in front of her face. There was nothing, not even a blink. "Mom!" the boy shouted, the shook her shoulder, but still nothing.

"Is she sleepwalking or something?" Chip asked.

"We just got home, how could she be sleepwalking?" his brother replied.

"I don't know, what's wrong with her then?"

"How the hell would I know," Cliff said.

Chip brought the device back around and looked at it in curiously. "You don't think it has something to do with this, do you?" he asked.

"Don't be stupid," Cliff said.

Chip pressed another button on the device, just for shits. Sandi's sexy bee-stung lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Get me naked, boys," she said seductively.

Her twins gazed at her, wide-eyed. Chip pressed the button again, just to make sure he wasn't imagining things. His mom responded in the same way. "Get me naked, boys." The smile, the tone of her voice. It was exactly the same way she said it the first time.

Cliff snatched the device from his brother's hand. "Which one did you push?" he asked.

"The second one over."

Cliff pressed it this time and the result was precisely the same. "Get me naked, boys," their mother said.

"Try another button," Chip said.

Cliff did so, but Sandi didn't respond to any of them. "None of the others are working," he said.

"Maybe..." Chip muttered, the gears in his brain turning.

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe this is the game. Maybe in order for the other buttons to work, we have to get Mom naked first," Chip said.

"Are you crazy? She'll fucking kill us." his brother responded.

"Why would she kill us? We're only doing what we're told. Beside, she's clearly in some sort of hypnotic state. When she snaps out of it, she probably won't remember any of this anyway," Chip explained.

Cliff suddenly got a big eager smile. "Yeah, you're probably right. Let's try stripping her," he said anxiously, setting the device down.

The twins rushed over and unwrapped their mother like big Christmas gift, practically tearing her dress off her curvy body. Sandi

just stood there motionless, like a sexy mannequin doll, the mischievous smile still stuck on her face.

"Look at the bra," Chip said, gazing at the black floral-embroidered cups encasing her massive breasts. Both boys marveled at all the bulging tit-meat oozing over the hems.

"Let's get it off her," Cliff said, fumbling with the hooks, while Chip slid the thick straps off her shoulders.

"Are you getting it?" Chip asked impatiently.

"Hold on, there's a bunch of hooks," Cliff muttered, finally unclasping the last one. The boys slipped Sandi's bra off and her enormous mommy-knockers bobbled out onto her chest. Both boys gasped in lustful astonishment.

"Holy shit," Cliff muttered.

"So fucking big," his brother added.

For a moment, all they could do is stare at her king-sized tits. Her areolas were as big around as baseballs and dotted with milk-glands. Thick rubbery nipples protruded from their centers, making her teens lick their lips anxiously.

Cliff quickly crouched down. "Let's get her panties off."

The two boys worked together to slip her black thong over her hips and down her silky tan legs. "I can see why the old man said to make sure that dad's not around. If he walked in and saw us doing this, we'd get grounded for a year," Chip said, making his brother giggle.

They both knelt down and gazed at Sandi's naked pubis, which was covered only by a tiny thin patch of well-groomed pubes. "Look, you can see her pussy lips," Cliff said.

"That's so sexy," Chip said, lifting the panties to his nose and inhaling the aroma of her cunt. "We should try the controller again," he said, rushing over and grabbing it. He pressed the next button.

"Whoa!" Cliff muttered, taking a few steps back. They both watched in wide-eyed disbelief as their mother's feet left the floor and her body hovered in mid-air.

Sandi's frame suddenly tilted back and her luscious legs slowly scissored wide open. Chip was the first to fish his dick from his shorts and begin stroking as he watched his Mom's sexy legs spread back so impossibly far that her little bare feet, with their painted toenails, pointed back toward the wall across the room.

"Holy fuck, dude," Cliff muttered, fishing his own cock out. "Look at that spread!"

Sandi hovered at waist-level, her body held there by some mysterious force. Her boobs were spread open, the big fleshy melons tilting off the sides of her body. The boys gawked at the crotch, lewdly on display between her splayed thighs. Two thick slabs of labia meet came together to form the hood of a large half-protruding clitoris.

Chip anxiously tried another button on the device. Sandi's naked body squirmed in the air as she threw her arms back and heaved her upper torso, making her big boobies balloon upward. She rocked her hips lustfully, humping her naked cunt up and down. "Eat my pussy," she cried out.

The boys looked at each other, their mouths agape. Chip was the first to accept the invitation, kneeling at Sandi's crotch. The teen dove in like a starving dog, laving his licker through the moist folds of her pussy-slit. "Mmnnggh," he whimpered, lapping up the juices that oozed from her fuck-hole. He whipped his tongue across her marble-sized clitoris, savoring the feel of her pink flesh against his face and sweet pungent aroma.

"Let me have some," Cliff said, then took his brother's place at her crotch.

Chip continued to beat his dick as he walked around his beautiful mother's hovering body. He marveled at the almost sinister grin on her face and the way she stared blankly into space. He set his site's on her ginormous titties, stepping forward, boldly straddling her neck and pushing her big mammaries around his big wagging erection. "Look at me," he said gleefully.

Cliff looked up over Sandi's pubis, his face glistening with juices, and watched his brother thrust his boner between their mom"s massive mounds. "I'm fucking her tits," Chip said proudly.

"Give me the controller. I wanna see if there's a button that will make her suck our dicks," Cliff said.

Chip slid the controller across his Mom's belly. Cliff took it and pressed another button. "Yesss, let Mommy give you a hot nasty blowjob," Sandi's voice rang out. Cliff wasted no time scrambled around and shoving his cock into her open mouth. "Ohh fuck yess," the boy sighed, feeling his mother's tongue loop around and around his fat knob.

The boys were front to back, Chip squeezing his hard cock through Sandi's squishy cleavage, while his brother humped his boner into her hot throat. Both their tongues hung out lustfully as they used her gorgeous mother's body to pleasure their horny pricks.

Chip felt his knob tingle and stopped humping. "I don't wanna cum yet. Let's push another button and see if she'll fuck us."

Cliff pulled his wet dick from his mother's mouth, then fumbled with the controller. They both took a few steps back, their erect dicks bobbing as they watched Sandi's body slow flip upside-down. Her long dirty-blonde mane barely brushing on the wood floor, while the

spires of her curvy tan legs pointed upwards, her cute toes only an inch away from the ceiling.

After a short pause, her sexy frame continued to rotate, her boobs dangling and her knees curling up, pointing her thick out ass straight out. "Fuck meee! Fuck me haaaard!" she cried out, arriving in the doggy-style position.

Cliff rushed over and mounted her haunches, squeezing his cock inside her. "Ohhh fuck," he shouted, feeling his hard prick sink into her slippery grip.

Chip scampered underneath her and buried his face between her big dangling milkers. He latched on to one of her erect nipples and shoved as much tit into his mouth as he could get, beating his boner while he sucked.

He wondered if his Mom felt anything at all or if they could get as rough as they wanted with her. To answer his question, Chip sunk his teeth down into the mouthful of tit-meat, clamping his jaw around her flesh. Her body had no response, not even the slightest twitch. She just continued staring ahead with the evil smirk..

"We can get as rough as we want. She doesn't feel a thing," Chip shouted excitedly, before stuffing Sandi's tit back into his mouth.

"Ohhh hell yeah!" Cliff sighed as he pounded his cock through her cunt. The globes of Sandi's big naked ass beat against her teen, the outer layer of fatty flesh rippling from every strike. The boy **SMACKED** her ass-cheek hard, leaving a big red handprint one of the jiggling cheek. "Yeahh, fuck me, bitch!" he shouted.

Chip squeezed and sucked and chewed gleefully, savoring the feel of her big heavy, squishy tits on his face. He licked his way through her cleavage, then clutched the outsides of her melons and squeezed them around his entire head. "Ohh yeahh, his voice quivered as his

face peeked from between her pillowy mounds. He turned, taking a mouthful of meat and chewing on the soft delicate flesh.

Cliff pushed a button on the controller and Sandi's legs extended out so she hovered in the wheelbarrow position. "Ohh God, yeah," the teen sighed, climbing up and laying on her back. He continued thrust with deep plunges, amazed that this mysterious force could hold her weight and his.

Chip too was beginning to realize he could hang off his Mom's body like a jungle-gym. Her position in the air wouldn't budge the slightest little bit. He slipped his legs up around hers and his arms around her soft torso, pulling himself up chest to chest beneath her. He kissed and licked her neck, relishing in the exquisite sensations of all that boob-flesh pressed against his chest. "I want in her pussy," he muttered, digging his cock against her cunt-mound.

"Just a sec'," Cliff responded, sitting up and sliding his dick from her vagina. "I'm gonna try fucking her ass."

The boys dicks looked identical. Both nearly eight-inches, with big bulging veins and a fat mushroom tip. Chip found her fuck-hole and sunk inside until his pecker was fully sheathed. "Ohh shit yess," the boy cried out, feeling his tender meat surrounded by the Sandi's hot inner lining.

Balancing on top of her, Cliff squeezed his knob through Sandi's butt-ring and sunk his cock into her ass. "Ahh, Jesus!" he shouted, feeling her rectal muscles slip along his glans. He stretched his body along the top of hers and began pounding her rump with steady thrusts.

The hovering mother was now pancaked between her twins, their toned behinds bobbing as they thrust their hard peters through her slippery holes. "Ohh fuck that feels good," Chip said, looking up at his brother.

"Her ass feels fucking amazing too," Cliff sighed, wrapping his arms around his mother's neck and squeezing as hard as he could. The boys looked at her smiling face. She wasn't the least bit affected by what they were doing to her. "Damn, she's completely ours right now," he said.

"Like our own fuck-doll," Chip added, squeezing her voluptuousness in his arms, pressing their bodies together tightly and plunged his cock up into her divine cunt. On the outside she was motionless, but on the inside, her cunt and ass-muscles worked tirelessly, squeezing and sucking on her boy's boners like only an experienced mother could.

Cliff pushed a button on the controller and giggled as Sandi's body began to rotate again. "Hold on, bro."

Her legs looped down and her feet neared the floor, but she continued hovering.The boys planted their own feet securely on the floor as Sandi's legs wrapped around Chip's midsection. Her arms circled his neck and her gaze was fixed right at his eyes, clutching him in the standing fuck position. "Yesss, fuck meee!" she cried, making the boys hearts race with excitement.

Cradled between her warm thighs, Chip jerked his hip, spearing his erection rapidly, from knob to balls on each thrust. "Shit," he whimpered, feeling his mother react with squeezes. Cliff was still tucked behind her, his cock squirming deep in her rectum..

This time, instead of being the still, silent one, Sandi grasped the sides of Chips face with her hands and gazed at him with those piercing green eyes. Her mouth was open and she was gasping with pleasure, her eyes fixed on his as their bellies beat together. "I want your cum," she hissed.

The boy was beside himself with lust. He reached down and slid his hands along the outsides of her smooth naked thighs. He could feel

the motherly strength in her circled legs. Her enormous mammaries felt like fleshy cushions spread out against his chest.

Sandi's eyes lit up as she felt Cliff's knob swell inside her bowels. "Ohhhfuck!" he groaned, hosing the inside of her ass with cum.

Her eyes remained fixed on Chip. "Now mommy wants yours," she said eagerly, then brought her lips to his. "She wants you to spray your baby-making juice in her womb," the mother said lustfully, making her son's balls clench.

"Ohhh hot fuck!" he shouted as big gooey ropes of jizz spouted from his pisser. The teen bucked and whimpered, his body tingling as Sandi's juicy hole squeezed and pulled on his spewing meat. After the last drop had trickled out, he felt her legs lower to the floor and her arms un-twine.

The boys stood there for a moment, juice dripping off their dicks as they waited to see what would happen next. Once again, Sandi just stood there like a robot with a blank stare and cum running down her thighs.

"So what now?" Cliff asked his brother.

"Wait, the red button," Chip said, retrieving the controller from the floor.

"What about it?"

"The old man told me when I wanna end the game, to just push the red button," Chip explained.

"Okay, try it."

Chip pressed it and Sandi suddenly reached down and picked her panties up off the floor and slipped them on. The boys stood there silently and watched her put on her big bra, packing her tit-orbs

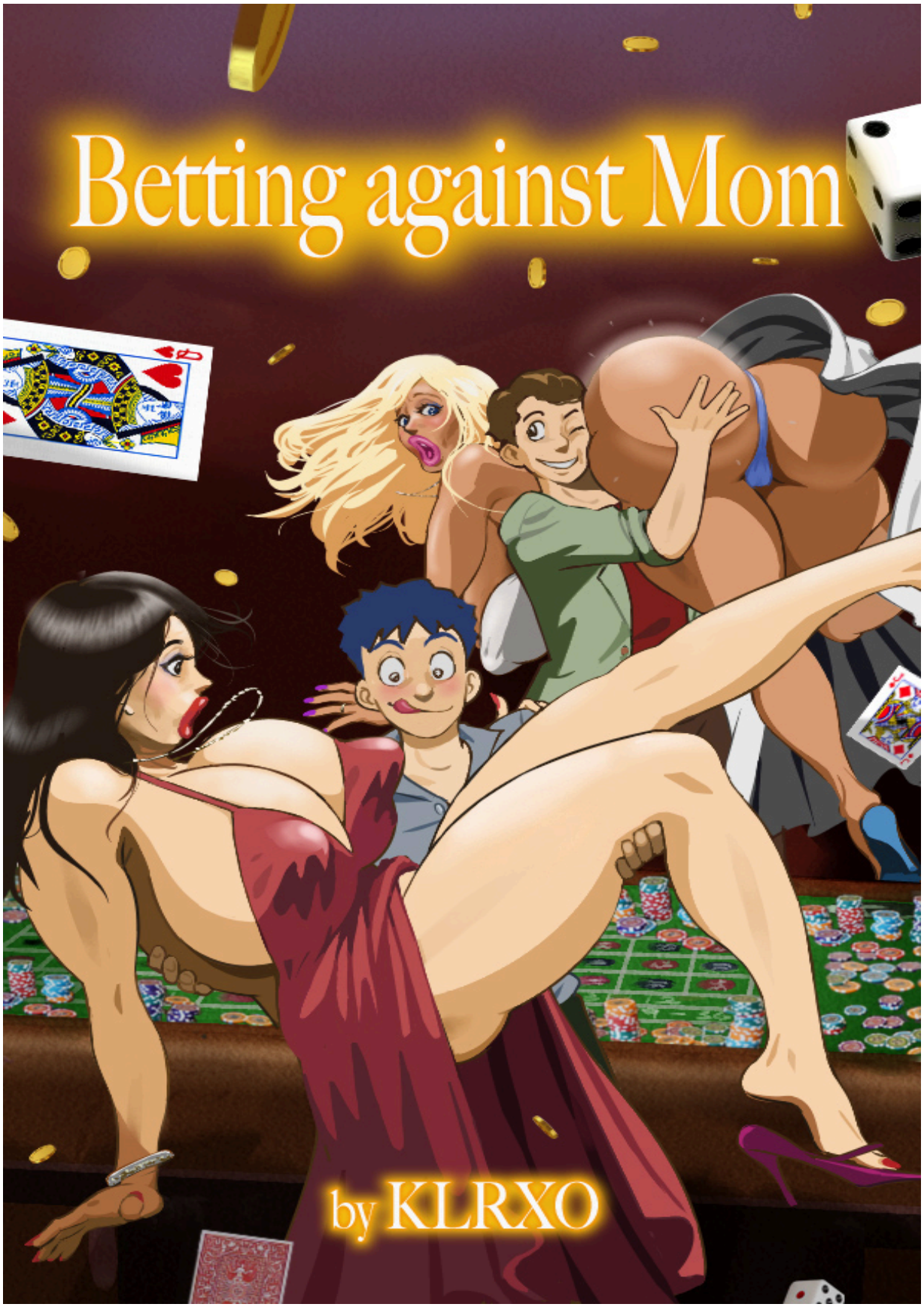
inside. Her face was still expressionless. "Mom?" Chip said, but there was no response.

The pretty mother put her dress back on, then walked out their bedroom door. The boys followed her downstairs and into the kitchen. The faucet to the sink was still running.

"She must have been doing dishes," Chip whispered as they watched her move to the sink. Her body tensed just for a moment, then she grabbed a dish and started washing. She paused, sensing movement behind her, then turned.

The boys ducked out of vision just in time. "Boys?" they heard her ask, but being still naked, they didn't dare answer. The twins rushed back to their bedroom, giving eachother a fist pump as arrived inside their doorway.

"Best game ever!" Chip said with a smile..


Betting against Mom
by KLRXO

Betting Against Mom

by klrxo

"Hey, mom…take a picture of Cory's mom's ass and have her take a picture of yours in whatever you guys are wearing today," Devin requested by text.

"Devin, no! We're at the grocery store," she texted back.

"So, big deal! It's not like we're asking you guys to take your clothes off."

Sasha shook her head. "Ugh…those boys!" the blonde-haired beauty sighed.

"What this time?" Gina asked. They were in the supermarket pushing their carts side by side, their dainty stiletto mules clicking against the hard floor. The two heavy-breasted moms had been besties since grade-school and had sons the same age who also happened to be best friends. Sasha and Gina had both recently had babies, who were cradled in baby seats inside their carts.

"They want pictures of our asses."

"Our asses?! What do you think they're doing with these pictures?" Gina asked. Just yesterday her son had made a similar request, wanting a photo of the mothers' legs.

"We probably **DON'T** wanna know."

"Do you think they're jacking off to them?"

"I certainly don't wanna think that, but I have a feeling that's exactly why they're asking for pictures."

"It's weird and perverted, but…at least they're not out stealing panties off a clothes line or trying to peek in on girls in dressing rooms."

"That we know of," Sasha added, making her friend snicker. "Remember when Mary Young's son got caught masturbating in the park last year?"

"Yes, how embarrassing. I felt so sorry for her."

"Boys will stroke their young cocks just about anywhere. I just hope our sons are being smart about it."

Sasha's phone chimed again. "We're waiting… ," her son's message read.

"Maybe we could just oblige them this one last time, but have a serious discussion with them later. I don't want these picture we're sending them being shared with every boy in town."

"I agree."

Sasha handed Gina her phone, looking around for anyone in the vicinity. "Let's get this done quick while we're the only ones on this aisle."

Meanwhile, in Devin's bedroom, the two friends lay side by side on Devin's bed stroking their teenage erections to the 'leg picture' their moms had sent them the previous day. "Can you imagine having those fucking legs locked around you?!" Cory stated, lusting over his mom's sexy, shaved legs.

"I know. Clutching onto us tight, while we fuck the hell out of them!" Devin added.

The boy's cocks glistened with slippery lubricant that they used to masturbate with. Their shafts were long, thick and encrusted with

bulging, purple veins. Devin's boner was slightly longer, nearly ten inches in length, while Cory's fuck-muscle was just over nine. Their fists made lewd, wet sounds as they beat up and down their horny cocks. "Who's mom do you think could spread their legs the furthest?" Devin asked.

"They've been doing palates every day to get back in shape after giving birth so I bet they can both spread them wide open."

"God, I'd pay to see that!"

Suddenly, a message popped up on Devin's phone. "They did it!" the boy excitedly exclaimed. "They sent us pictures of their asses!"

"Let me see!"

Cory's mom wore a short cotton dress that hugged her meaty derriere. "Damn…what I'd give to hike up that dress, rip off her panties and bury my face between those fucking ass cheeks!" the boy confessed, beating his meat at a quicker pace.

"Look at **MY** mom in those sexy denims!" Devin added. "I'd love to yank them down to her ankles and fuck her from behind!"

"All the meat on those bubble butts! Can you imagine how much they would jiggle if they were beating back against us? We could smack them too! Leave big, red handprints on their asses for our dads to see."

"I can't believe our moms actually took pictures of their asses for us, in the middle of the grocery store," Devin giggled. "I bet they'd fuck us if we begged them enough."

"As much as my dad works…I know my mom's not getting enough dick," said Cory. "I'm surprised he even got her pregnant."

"My dad's **WAY** too old for my mom. She's in her sexual prime and he's probably popping Viagra and can't fuck longer than a minute. How fucked up is that?!"

"Way fucked up! I bet if we 'accidentally' showed our moms our cocks, they'd forget all about our dads, and start lusting after us."

Devin smiled with pride as he peered down at the jutting prick in his hand. It looked like glistening pillar carved in stone. "Yeah, one look at my 'weapon of mass destruction' and mom would definitely soak her panties," he added.

"Dude, my balls are full. I gotta nut-off bad! I bet my cum-ropes can go higher than yours can today," Cory stated, intensifying the speed of his stroking as he stared at the picture of his mom's ass.

"I bet you're wrong, but just don't get any on me like you did yesterday. That wasn't cool, man."

Devin's hand was a blur also as he beat his steely meat feverishly. Neither of them seemed a bit embarrassed jacking off their huge cocks in front of each other, since they'd been doing it regularly for quite a few years. It took them each a few minutes to work themselves to the edge of an ejaculation.

"**TAKE MY FUCKING CUM, MOM!**" Cory shouted, then grunted like some primitive animal, bucking his well-toned ass off the mattress as a long, fat jet of cum erupted from his piss-slit.

Devin was seconds behind him; his young, lean body jerking from his bed as he ejaculated his hot semen high into the air. "**MILK MY COCK WITH THAT HOT ASS!**" the teen's voice quivered as he imagined beating his boner through the ring of his mom's asshole.

Gooey geysers spouted into the air above them and splattered back down onto their well-toned chests. The boys were both handsome,

but obvious perverts. Their lewd mutual climax gave a whole new meaning to the term, 'fountain if youth.'

"Devin, didn't I ask you yesterday to take care of your bed sheets after you've soaked them," Sasha said, standing in his doorway. His cum-soaked bedding was laying there by his door in a pile and the pungent smell of teenage semen was making the busty mother almost dizzy.

"Sorry, mom…I really had to get started on my homework," the boy answered, while sitting at his desk. Of course, he was lying. Devin didn't give two shits about his homework. He just wanted his mom to see all the cum he and Cory had painted on his bedsheet. The sight of her creamy cleavage spilling from her V-neck top was getting him horny all over again..

"I'll get it started for you, but this is the last time," Sasha expressed. "What exactly has been going on in here anyway, and what's with all the picture requests?"

"Cory and I are both horny young guys who need release."

The mother scowled. "If you wanna jerk off, you should do it in private. **AND**, you certainly shouldn't be doing it to pictures of your own mom."

"Why not? Your **WAY** hotter than any of the girls at my school. Why wouldn't I wanna jack off to pictures of you?"

The mother fed him a quirky look. "I don't know whether to be flattered or disgusted. No more picture requests, and no more circle-jerks with Cory, got it?!"

"Fine!" Devin answered in a disappointed tone.

"That reminds me…the two of you boys will be here alone over the weekend so please try not to burn the house down."

"What's this weekend?" he son inquired.

"Your dad and I are going to the casino resort with Cory's parents. Did you forget?"

"Oh yeah…that. Are you guys taking the babies?"

"No, your baby sister is saying with your Grandparents. Which reminds me, I need to start pumping out some extra breastmilk so your Grandma has plenty to feed her with this weekend."

"Can I watch?" Devin brazenly asked.

His mom fed him a scolding look. "No, you can't watch. That's just the type of inappropriate request I'm talking about and it needs to stop," she answered.

"Hey, mom…do you think dad would split the cost with Cory's dad for us a room so we could go along to the casino?" Devin asked.

"Hunny, this an adult trip."

"Thanks a lot. The last I heard, when you turned eighteen, you were officially an adult."

"A 'parents' trip, how about that?"

"I might be a parent, who knows," the boy joked.

"You better not be," Sasha playfully warned.

"What if we promise to stay out of you guys' hair? Cory and I will do our own thing."

"Ha! Yeah, like you did today?" she blurted, glancing down at the mess they made on the sheet.

"No, I don't mean lay around and jerk off. We'll use the spa, the workout room and maybe play a few slots here and there."

Sasha considered her son's idea for a moment. If she were honest, having the boys come along, where her and Gina could at least keep an occasional eye on them, made a lot more sense than making them stay home and get into potential mischief. "I'll speak to your father and see if he's willing to spring for another room. If he is, and you two come along, there will be **NO** shenanigans at the casino, got it?"

"Got it!" her son grinned, concealing his crossed fingers in a way that invalidated the promise he just made.

Sasha picked up the piles of sheets, trying not to get her hands in all the slimy boy-goo. "Gross!" she scowled, then hurried to the laundry room.

The weekend came, and since all the parents agreed, Devin and Corey tagged along on the trip. They all traveled in one vehicle, with the dads up front, the two moms in the middle row and the boys in the very back.

"Wouldn't it be cool if they were back here giving us blowjobs?" Cory texted Devin as they watched their moms chat up a storm.

"Totally! Hey, remember we talked about letting them see our dicks?? " Devin responded.

"You wanna do it now? Man, that's crazy!"

"How about something a little bit more subtle, so we don't make it too obvious and shock them. We'll get hardons beneath our shorts and see how many times they look back at them," Devin suggested.

"Yeah, but if we're watching the two of them, won't they know what we're up to and be less likely to look back?"

"True. So why don't we record it secretly with one of our phones, then we'll watch it when we get back to the room," texted Devin.

"Brilliant! "

Cory pushed record on his cell phone camera and placed it between them on the seat, so it was pointed towards their moms. Then, the two boys put their heads back and closed their eyes, imagining Sasha and Gina's pretty heads bobbing up and down on their crotches, giving them sloppy, deep-throat blowjobs.

"Anyway, that's what Tracy Gibbons told me," said Gina as her and Sasha exchanged gossip. "I have no reason not to believe her."

Sasha rolled her eyes. "It seems like that woman is always in the middle of every drama. I'm honestly beginning to think she enjoys it," she added, then her attention was drawn to the back seat. She saw the two boys with their heads back as they appeared to be sleeping.

Gina looked back also and smiled. "They were probably up all night playing video games," she whispered to Sasha.

"Or playing with themselves," Sasha added, making them both giggle. At once, their eyes were drawn to the boy's crotches and both women let out sharp gasps, their eyes widening.

Sasha could hardly believe what she was staring at. Devin had an obvious tent pole beneath his pants. His rounded knob was straining for release as it pushed the fabric upward obscenely.

Gina was equally shocked, gazing at her son's tubular-shaped cock-bulge. Are those erections?" she whispered to Sasha.

"Either that or they're hiding baseball bats beneath their shorts."

"Anyway…" Sasha blurted, looking away from her son's boner and trying to shake it from her mind, "back to that drama queen, Tracy Gibbons. Do you really think she's being honest about what happened?"

When they finally got to the resort, the first thing Devin and Cory did when they got to their room was play back the video.

"I bet **MY** mom looked at my cock more times than yours did," Cory stated as they plopped down on one of the beds and fished their dicks out.

"We'll see," said Devin as they began watching the recording from the car. Their mom's heads were perfectly positioned within the camera frame. The boys laughed as they watched both moms spot the bulge of their erections, staring and whispering in shock. Even after the two mothers continued their conversation, their eyes occasionally peeked back, lingering for a moment on their boy's erection, then back at each other.

"Look at that, dude…they can't stop staring!" Devin laughed. "It's like their eyes are drawn to our huge cocks."

"Yeah, they should be ashamed of themselves. Staring at their sons' bulges while they're sleeping. What kind of moms do that?" Cory joked.

"The slutty kind…just the kind we like!"

The boys continued watching. Their moms seemed even more distracted by their huge cock-bulges than they initially anticipated they would be.

"Look at how long my mom's staring at it," Devin exclaimed. "Dude, she wants to jump on it, I can tell."

"Did you see that?!" Cory asked a minute later.

"No, what?"

He rewound the recording a little and then paused. Gina's wonder-filled eyes were fixed on his erection and her tongue was peeking from between her lips. "Tell me she's not thinking about how bad she'd like to lick the pre-cum off my tip right here," suggested Cory.

"She does look pretty hungry for your cock," his friend agreed.

When the video was over, Devin grinned victorious. "I think I got you beat. My mom looked at my cock twenty-two times in a half-hour," he said.

"It was close. My mom was at eighteen. Regardless, I'm sure I soaked her panties."

"Dude, that gives me an idea," Devin stated as if a light bulb turned on in his head. "Didn't they say they were going down to sit in the hot tub with our dads?"

"Yeah."

"That means they changed into bikinis, which means they took off their panties."

"Holy shit, that's right, and if our big cocks turned them on, their panties should still be wet."

"And incredibly fragrant!" Devin grinned.

A few minutes later the boys arrived in the swimming area of the resort. Their parents were in the hot tub talking. For a moment, the boys eyes were drawn to the extraordinary cleavage that was spilling from their moms' bikini tops. "Hey, dad, I left something in the car. Do you have your keys?" Devin asked.

"My car keys are back in the room," his father, Bryce, answered.

"Oh, um…can I use your room key then, so I can get the key to the car?"

"It's right there next to my towel. Just make sure you bring it back."

"Got it!" Devin answered, then quickly got the key.

Sasha and Gina looked over at each other suspiciously.

Once back upstairs, the boys rushed into the spacious room their parents were sharing. They each wasted no time fishing through their mother's bag. Cory pulled out a huge embroidered white bra. "Look at this shit!" he stated.

"Fuck, that's a big bra!" Devin grinned.

"Before she got pregnant, mom was a triple-d. Now she's a fucking H-cup!"

"Check this one out!" said Devin, holding up an equally large black bra that was completely sheer. "Our moms have some crazy-big udders, dude!"

"They sure do! Ones I love to suck on!"

The both went back to searching for what they came for. "Found them!" Cory announced, holding up a dainty black thong. "Oh my God…the crotch **IS** wet, dude!"

Devin's heart raced with excitement as he fumbled around in his mom's bag, finally finding what he was after. "Got 'em!" he blurted, then immediately brought her pale-pink G-string to his nose. "Holy fuck, hers are wet too!"

The boy's had planned on taking them back to their own room to enjoy, but they simply couldn't wait that long. Their dicks almost hurt they were so fucking hard. Plopping back on the bed, they

quickly fished out their erections and began stroking, while holding the panties to their noses.

"Goddamn, these smell so fucking strong!" Cory gasped, inhaling the ripe, pungent aroma of his mom's pussy.

Devin snarled in lust, his eyes rolling back in their sockets as the smell of his mom's secretions swept through his nasal passage. His dick had already began forming pre-cum and he used it to stroke on his fuck-organ vigorously.

"Just think, dude…all this juice seeped from their cunt-slits while they were peeking back at our boners," Cory pointed out. He eagerly shoved the panty-gusset into his mouth letting the sweet tang of his mother's wetness soak on his taste-buds.

Devin also couldn't resist the urge to suck on Sasha's panty-cotch. "Fuck…my mom's pussy is **SO** damn sweet!" he panted. It wasn't the first time he had his mom's panties in his mouth, but it was certainly the wettest he'd ever found them. The fact that they had gotten that way as a result of her staring at his cock-bulge excited him tremendously.

Down in the pool area, Sasha fed Gina another suspicious look. Their husbands were busy talking about golf, which was of little interest to them. "It sure is taking a long time for the boys to bring those keys back," she stated.

"I was just thinking the same thing," Gina concurred. "Do you think we should go check on them?"

"Do we dare? My gut tells me they're up to something."

"Taking the car for a joy ride maybe?"

"I don't know, but let's go find out," said Sasha.

Back in the room, the boys were still vigorously beating their cocks, while sniffing and tasting their mom's panties. "God, I would love for my dick to smell just like this!" Cory stated.

"All you have to do is fuck your mom and never wash it off."

The teens were so absorbed in what they were doing that they didn't hear Sasha and Gina enter the room. "What the hell is going on in here?!" Sasha loudly asked.

"Are those our panties?!" Gina added.

Startled, the boy's stopped sniffing and sat up, making no effort to cover their junk. "Oh, um…we were just—"

Sasha cut her son off. "We can see what you're doing. What has gotten into you boys? The picture requests, cum-soaked sheets and now this?! Do I even need to tell you how inappropriate this is?"

"Kind of like you guys staring at our bulges in the car, you mean?"

Sasha and Gina looked at each other, then back at their sons. "We were doing no such thing!" Gina said defensively.

"That's not what the camera shows."

"The camera?" Sasha asked.

"Yeah. We filmed you guys to see how fascinated you'd be by our hard dicks, while we pretended to sleep."

Sasha and Gina fed each other guilty looks. "Fascinated is not the right word," said Sasha. "Horrified is more like it."

"Your expression certainly didn't look 'horrified' to us, mom."

"Yeah, more like aroused, and your wet panties prove it," Cory expressed.

"Do you want me to tell your father what you've been up to, young man?" Gina asked with a stern expression.

"Go ahead, then I'll show him the video on my phone and we'll see what he thinks of that."

"Yeah," smiled Devin. "I'm sure they'd be happy watching their wives drool over their own son's teenage cock."

"Alright, enough!" blurted Sasha. "Delete that video off your phone and we'll pretend like we didn't see what we did when we barged in, got it?"

Devin and Cory smiled at one another. "Can we take the panties with us?" Devin asked.

Sasha looked over at Gina and she shrugged her shoulders. "Can you please have them back in our bags by tomorrow?" Gina asked the boys.

"We can do that," her son replied.

"We mean it!" Sasha added glaring at Devin. "If your father catches you with those, you're on your own."

"Same goes for you," Gina said to Cory.

"Understood!" both boys agreed in unison. They retreated to their own room to continue their panty-sniffing stroke session.

"I can't believe we raised a couple of perverts," said Sasha, once the boys were gone.

"We can't be too hard on them. We weren't exactly innocent at that age," Gina reminded her.

"I wasn't showing my father my pussy."

"Neither was I, but a boy's infatuation with his mom is much more common. I'm sure they'll just outgrow it."

"I don't want this to sound wrong, but…"

"But what?"

"Forget it," said Sasha, shaking her head.

"Just spit it out. What?"

"My panties **WERE** pretty soaked after that car ride, and it sounds like yours were too. Is it just me…or do our boys have **REALLY** big dicks?"

Gina nodded blushingly. "I was thinking the same thing. How is it possible for them to be so much bigger than their fathers?"

"And thicker too. My God, did you see all the veins?"

Sasha nodded. "I did, and I couldn't believe it was my own son I was looking at."

Gina quickly changed the subject. "We should probably pump our breasts," she suggested, cupping her giant jugs. "I don't know about your, but mine are full and starting to get sore."

"Same here," Sasha added.

Later that evening, Sasha and Gina were hanging out in the gambling area of the casino. They were both adorned in elegant gowns that showed off a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage. They saw the boys coming their way and felt a little awkward because of what had transpired earlier.

"Wow, look at these two beauties!" Devin stated as they got closer.

His mom slightly blushed. "Your fathers are playing golf on the resort course in the morning. It'll be a good time for you two to bring those panties back," she stated."

"We might have to bag them up or something first. They're pretty soaked with semen right now."

His mom's face twisted sternly. "Devin, we said that you guys could smell them not use them as a cum rag."

"Actually, mom…you didn't really specify how we could use them, just that we could," he replied.

"Fine, just…make sure they're bagged up and back in our room tomorrow morning."

"Hey, I bet Cory and I can win more money in an hour than you guys can," Devin told their moms. Their dads were off playing blackjack, leaving their heavy-titted wives near the slot machines.

"I bet you're wrong," his mother, Sasha, smirked, brushing her long blonde hair off her face. She was thankful to see her son willing to do something other than play with his dick.

"Yeah, you do realize we've been gambling longer than you two have been alive, right?" Gina, added.

"Are you willing to take our bet then?" her son asked.

His mother raised an eyebrow suspiciously. "Tell us what we're betting first," she asked.

The boys looked at each other and smiled mischievously. "If you guys win, we'll do some extra chores around the house once we get back home," said Devin.

"And if you boys win?" Sasha asked curiously.

"If we win, you guys have to show us your boobs," answered Cory.

The mothers burst out laughing, making the meat of their milk-engorged tits jiggle against their ribcages. "You can't be serious?!" Gina stated.

"We are!"

"We **ARE NOT** showing you two our boobs! End of story!" Cory's mother sternly added.

"You saw our dicks earlier, so what's wrong with us seeing your tits?" Devin asked.

"We didn't ask to see your dicks, but it was hard not to when you guys were laying there jerking off in our room."

"Just what we thought. You guys **DO** know we can win more than you in an hour," said Cory.

"Yeah, all talk, no show!" his friend added.

The two mothers looked at each other, rolled their eyes and shook their heads. "What on earth would make you two think we'd agree to whip out our tits in front of you?" Gina asked.

"Well, you did give us your panties earlier," her son replied.

"Yeah, only because you blackmailed us, and I do hope you erased that video, like we asked. That **WAS** the deal."

"Don't worry, it's erased, but what's wrong with making a different deal?"

"Yeah, a brand new deal," Devin added.

"It's not the type of deal you should be making," Gina stubbornly answered.

"We're just trying to have a little fun, mom. Relax, they're just boobs!"" Cory griped.

"Yes, 'just boobs' attached to your own mother's body!"

"What if we up the ante?" Devin suggested. "What if we were willing to do dinner dishes for a whole week if we lose?"

"A whole week?!" his mother asked, making sure she heard him right. "Including pots and pans?"

"That's what I said."

Sasha took her friend's arm and led her away a short distance. "Excuse us a minute, boys," she said.

"You're not actually considering their offer, are you?" Gina asked with a smirk, once they were alone. "Sasha, they wanna see our tits."

"I know, but how confident are you we can win? These two clowns have, to my knowledge, never even been inside a casino before. How the hell could they possibly win more money than us in an hour?" Sasha pointed out.

"True, we usually do pretty well at the roulette table, but what if we do lose?" asked Gina. "Do you really want the boys gawking at our naked tits?"

"A whole weeks worth of dishes though, Gina. That would be saving us like…three hours worth of work. Isn't it worth the risk?"

Gina considered what she was saying for a moment. "Yeah, you're right. It would be nice to have a break from all those greasy pots and pans. Let's just gamble our asses off and make sure we win."

"Exactly!"

As they regrouped, Cory and Devin's eyes fixated on the trembling melon-meat that was amply exposed out the plunging neckline of their mothers' gowns. Getting to see their heavy jugs would be a dream come true. "Alright, boys…one week of doing dishes. **ALL THE DISHES!** That's the deal," Sasha stated.

"And if we win you guys will show us the goods?" Devin asked, glancing from his mom's face to her tits and back into her eyes again.

"Yes, we'll take you up to the room and show you our boobs, but the chances of that happening are **VERY** slim."

"Yes, so slim that we decided it was stupid not to accept your bet," Gina added.

"Well then…let's do some gambling!" Cory blurted with a confident smile.

"We'll meet back up here in an hour with proof of our winnings," Gina advised.

"And not a word to your fathers that we accepted this bet, understood?" Sasha added, glaring sternly at her son.

"Got it!" both boys answered in unison, quickly disappearing .

"We got this!" Gina sighed as her and Sasha moved towards the tables, their dainty heels tapping hurriedly against the hard casino floor.

"We better!" added Sasha, considering the consequence if they didn't win. She could feel all the built-up milk sloshing around inside her tender breasts. "Damn, we should have went up and pumped first. My boobs are completely engorged."

"Mine too. We only have an hour though. We can't let them win."

"Let's stay away from the slots," Devin told Cory. "The odds of winning big money is much less on those things."

The boys went to the blackjack table, while the moms tried their luck at roulette. The hour flew by quickly and they all met back up. "Alright, hotshots…let's see what you won," Sasha said with a confident smile.

Her son laid out some cash on the table in front of her. "Eight hundred dollars!" he answered, then gave Cory a high-five.

"That's respectable," his mom nodded.

"But it's not a thousand!" Gina grinned, holding up a handful of hundred dollar bills. "Looks like you guys are doing some dishes."

The moms did their own high-five, each with victorious smile.

"Hold on a minute," Cory blurted. "How much did you guys actually spend to make that much?"

"Six hundred," his mom answered, "but why does that matter?"

"We only spent two-hundred, so technically **WE** won more money than you guys did."

"Exactly!" Devin agreed. "Whatever's left in your pocket, minus your losses, is considered your winnings, and in that case we won a lot more than you guys did."

Sasha and Gina looked at each other and shook their heads. "I think you guys would scratch up any reason you could just to beat us," Sasha stated.

"I think **YOU GUYS** would come up with any excuse not to show us your tits," her son retorted.

"But a deal's a deal," Cory added. "So pay up ladies!"

"Fine!" Gina sighed, looking at Sasha nervously. "Let's go upstairs and get this over with."

The boys followed the moms upstairs to their room. Sasha and Gina could sense their horny eyes glued to their swaying asses the entire way. "Let's get one thing straight," said Sasha. "The deal was looking, not touching."

"We know," replied her son, sharing a sly smirk with his friend. 'We'll keep our hands to ourselves."

The two boys sat down on the edge of the bed and the moms nervously stepped over in front of them. Sasha and Gina began removing their dresses, and they could tell the boys were getting excited, especially when their horny eyes became fixated on their tit-stuffed bras.

"Damn! How do your bras even hold those things?" Devin asked, staring at all the creamy meat spilling from his mom's bra.

The mothers reached back and unfastened the clasps that held their bras on. They heard the boys gasp as they pulled the cups away, causing their huge, unfettered breasts to bobble out onto their rib cages.

"Yoowza!" Cory exclaimed, shamelessly reaching down and squeezing his peter-tip through his pants. Devin did the same as he gawked at his own mom's heavy milkers.

"Boys, come on…is **THAT** really necessary?" his mom asked, embarrassed that he was holding his junk to the sight of her.

"**VERY** necessary! You guys have amazing tits!"

"Yeah, so fucking big!" Cory added.

Having both just given birth only a month ago, Sasha and Gina's breasts were incredibly milk-swollen. Their fat nipples were well-pronounced, protruding from the rings of the wide areola.

"Won't they get sore without the babies nursing on them over the weekend?" Devin asked.

"We brought our breast pumps with us so we could relieve the pressure when we need to," his mom answered.

"Which will probably be soon. Mine are starting to get pretty tender," added Gina.

"Mine are too," Sasha added.

"So, what do you do with all that milk?" Cory inquired.

"We left breast-milk with your Grandparents so they'd have plenty to feed the babies with so anything we pump out here really isn't needed," Gina answered.

The two boys looked at each other and smiled. "You mean it goes to waste?" Devin asked.

"Can **WE** have some?" Cory added.

The two mothers laughed, making their mammary-meat jiggle. Gina began to answered. "Hunny, you guys are a little to old to—"

"Oh, come on, mom…we'd be helping you out right, by relieving the pressure? That way you guys can enjoy the rest of your evening without having sore breasts."

"The deal was we **SHOW** you our boobs, not let you suck on them."

"Wouldn't you guys rather nourish your grown boys with a good dose of breast milk instead of just pouring it down the drain?" Devin asked.

Sasha and Gina looked at each other, each considering the idea. Not only did they each need their breasts drained desperately, but they absolutely loved having their tits sucked on. "Your fathers would kill us if they knew we allowed you boys to suckle from our boobs," said Gina, glaring back at her son.

"Dad thinks you guys are playing the slot machines," her son pointed out.

"Yeah and you're in **OUR** room, which they don't have access to. How would they ever find out?" Devin added.

The two moms looked at each other again as if each waiting for the other to make the final decision. "It would save us from having to hook up the pumps," Gina pointed out to her friend. "We both hate how long that takes."

"Alight…we'll let you breastfeed," Sasha relented, looking back at her son, "but only to relieve the pressure in them, then we're leaving."

"Sweet!" her son smiled, sharing an excited look with his friend.

Both boys stood up and quickly removed their shorts and briefs. The mom's both turned their heads away in shock as Cory and Devin's erections sprung free. "What are you two doing?! Sasha exclaimed. "No one said anything about getting naked!"

"We're gonna masturbate," her son answered, matter-of-factly, "while we're sucking on you guys. We get pressure built up inside us too, you know. It'll be a good time to release it."

"Yeah, we'll **ALL** get relief together!" Cory added.

"That **WASN'T** part of the deal," Gina reminded him.

"Sure it was! We agreed we'd keep our hands to ourselves and that's what we're doing."

The two mothers looked at each other and rolled their eyes. "We didn't know that's what you meant by 'keeping your hands to yourselves,' boys," Sasha stated.

Devin plopped down onto the bed. "The longer we debate, the longer this will take, and the greater chances our dads will come looking for you guys," he pointed out.

The mom's both let out a relenting sigh. Their mammaries bobbled heavily as they crawled onto the bed with their sons. Sasha and Gina sat so their boys could sprawl back and lay their heads on their soft, mature laps.

"Damn!" Devin gasped, gazing up at his mom's ballooning udders. He wasted no time latching on to her tumescent nipple. As he pulled the cap of her swollen tit into his mouth, he was immediately greeting with the taste of warm tit-nectar.

Cory's face sunk up into the meaty sponginess of his mom's breast as he stuffed as much of Gina's melon-peak as he could into his greedy mouth. He sealed his lips around the fringe of her areola, suctioning his cheeks and making her rubbery teat distend inside his mouth for a good latch. Tit-milk erupted from several different milk-ducts surrounding Gina's nipple.

The mother watched her boy react to her taste by hinging his hips upward making his cock flex with full hardness. Cory quickly wrapped his hand around his blood-swollen dong and began shamelessly stroking its length, while gorging himself on his mom's tit.

Sasha's eyes drifted down her boy's lean torso to his well-trimmed crotch. Devin's fist was wrapped around his ten-inch cock, lewdly jacking its length. Her eyes widened in fascination, her heated fuck-tube clenching at the sight of such a long, thick cock. "Good grief!" she wondrously thought. "He could wreck a girl with that thing."

Gina too was captivated by the size and steely-hardness of her son's love-muscle. She blushed at the fact that it was much longer and fatter than her husband's cock. "He shouldn't need to be masturbating much," she thought. "A dick like that should be getting pussy left and right."

The mother's both gasped in unison. The boys were clearly more aggressive and adept at sucking their tits than their infants were. The way that Devin and Cory's tongues battered their swollen teats, while applying exquisite suction was beginning to make them wet between the legs.

Devin could hardly keep up with the milk-flow squirting from his mom's ducts. He whimpered in delight, then clamped his teeth around the base of her nipple, making it spew out with even greater force.

Sasha gasped sharply. "Easy, hunny!" she warned. Her crotch vibrated with arousal as her boy continued nibbling at her sensitive tit-flesh. She peeked down at his dreamy cock again, watching it slip through his first. Sasha had always been fascinated and turned-on by the tip of a man's penis. Her son's helmet was as bulbous as a fat, juicy plumb and its rounded, projecting border flared wonderfully. She was ashamed to admit how divine such glans would feel pummeling through her tight pussy. She shuddered, watching his piss-slit open to ooze out a gob of pre-cum. Her son quickly swiped it off with his fist, using it for lubrication.

"Wow, these are awesome!" Cory announced, catching his breath. His excited voice was still muffled by pounds of creamy tit-meat.

"Move to the other one, hunny," his mom's sweet voice said.

Cory lustfully kissed his way along the squishy underside of his mom's breast. He reached her inframammary crease, the fold where her breast and chest met and licked across its unblemished surface. The lucky teen worked his way up her tit-cleavage, beating his dick

vigorously to the feel of her doughy-soft melons softly crushing in around his exploring head.

Gina's eyes fluttered back in their sockets as he boy latched on to her other breast and she felt the release of pressure as her tit-honey began to pour into his mouth.

"Shit!" Devin whimpered as he also took his time getting to his mom's other nipple. He kissed and sucked at the rounded, spongy-soft flesh along the base of her boobs, feeling their wonderful weight against his face. He reached his mom's cleavage and could stare all the way up the valley between her giant mams. He about lost his load as he saw his mom peek down at him and smile.

Sasha's eyes returned to her son's prick, watching his knob mushroom as Devin's hand flew up and down at a blur. "You boys are gonna hurt your dicks stroking them that way," she stated.

"I agree," said Gina, watching her son beat off. "Your using your pre-cum as lubrication, but not producing nearly enough to keep up with the speed that you're stroking."

"Spit some breastmilk into your hands to help lubricate your erections," Sasha advised.

The boys were happy to oblige. In the past, they had certainly tried different things to keep their dicks slick; spit, lubricating oil from a bottle, but neither of them had ever had the opportunity to try breast milk. They pulled at their mom's teats, extracting out a big mouthful, then spit it into their hands. Their young bodies trembled excitedly as they lathered their cocks, while going back to nursing.

"There now…isn't that better?" Sasha asked.

"Mm-hmmff!" she heard her son answer.

For nearly ten more minutes the boy's breastfed on the huge breasts of their mothers, keeping their cocks slick with the help of their slippery tit-nectar. As good as it felt to have their melons worked over, Sasha and Gina knew they were drained enough and needed to get back downstairs with their husbands. "You boys need to finish," she instructed.

"Can we spurt off inside you, so we don't make a mess all over our bed," her son brazenly asked.

Both moms burst out laughing. "If you're asking if you can fuck us that's a definite no!" Gina answered.

"Will you suck us off then?" Devin asked. "That way you can swallow our milk, like we swallowed yours."

"Yeah, no mess that way!" Cory added. The boys were still steadily stroking their boners.

"There's a big difference between **OUR** milk and yours, boys. Nice try, but we're your mothers, and **WE ARE NOT** giving you a blowjob!" Sasha stated.

"What if we just get ourselves close and we cum into your mouths at the last minute," Devin suggested.

"We'll get you a towel to cum in. You **ARE NOT** ejaculating down our throats, end of story!" his mom replied.

"Wait!" Cory blurted.

"Wait, what?" his mom asked.

"It's too late!" Cory gasped as his hips began to jerk fervently. "I'm too close to stop from from cumming!"

"**ME TOO!**" Devin's shaky voice announced, his hand whipping in a blur up and down his horny dick.

Sasha and Gina quickly looked at each other and shook their heads. "You boys are deplorable!" Gina stated. Then, they quickly slid out from beneath the teens and crawled to their crotches.

Devin's face was a mask of surprise as he watched his mother slap his hands away and begin sucking his cock, her pretty face contorted around the thick slab of meat that plunged through her mouth. "**OH YEAH, MOM**…**SUCK MY DICK!**" he gasped.

Gina nearly choked, taking too much of her son's cock down her throat at once and gagged as his spongy knob brushed past her tonsils. However, being a skilled cocksucker, she fought back the reflex, flaring her nostrils so she could breathe around the swollen prick.

Wet, slurping, sucking sounds filled the hotel room as the mothers began to give their sons the blowljobs they swore they wouldn't. They boys watched their pretty heads bob up and down and felt their twitching cocks glide delightfully through the warmth of their mouths.

"Mmnn!" Sasha moaned, fucking Devin's boner down the back of her throat. Her eyes were closed, watering slightly as she inhaled the cunt-warming aroma of his teenage cock and balls. When the ring of her lips slid back up so only the tip remained inside her mouth, she curled her tongue around his puffy knob, tasting his tangy pre-jizz.

"Auugghhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her tongue play around on his peter-tip. Sasha went back to sucking, determined to pull out his cum-load.

Cory's bell-tip popped from Gina's mouth like a cork from a bottle. "I thought you boys were close?!" she asked.

"I still am," her son sighed. "Keep sucking!"

Her tongue darted around his cock-glans, flickering deliciously all over his swollen bulb, making Cory shutter with pleasure. Gina wrapped her hand around the root of his cock and jacked hard and fast, beating her son's meat into her mouth.

"Oh, yeah, mom…I like that!" he gasped.

Hot fuck-oil seeped into the mother's cunt-slit as she anticipated the salty eruption of her son's spirting cum. Both moms loved the taste of warm ball-jizz and could already tell that the nectar seeping from their boys piss-slits was much sweeter than they'd ever tasted.

Blushing, Sasha sucked her boy's cock-rod as hard as she could. She let his fat knob pummel deep into her throat so her nose nearly touched his cock-base. She reached down and rolled his nuts in her hand, doing everything she could to make him blow his wad.

Devin's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he watched her oversized udders dangle from her chest, wobbling to her cock-sucking tempo. He shuddered from the sensations his mom was giving his boner. He'd gotten blowjobs before, but nothing this good.

"I'm cumming, mom! I'm cumming!!" Cory announced, thrusting his ass from the bed and meeting his mom's tireless jacking and sucking. He clenched his teeth together and let out a guttural grunt as a torrent of spunk jetted from his meatus, down his mom's throat. "Fuuuuck!" he growled.

Meanwhile, Devin was on the verge of losing his load. Sasha could tell by the way his dick throbbed in her mouth that he was preparing to blast gooey ropes of baby-batter down her clinging throat. She felt her son's hand grasp the back of her blonde hair so she allowed him to take over, so he could cum just the way he wanted to.

"Gnnnfff!" the mother gurgled as Devin shoved her lips down the remaining length of his cock. Sasha breathed through her nose, which was pushed against her boy's cock root. She felt his knob mushroom inside her throat then worked the muscles of her esophagus in a frantic effort to swallow his delicious cum-load.

For several minutes the boys quivered, watching as their moms continue to milk their spurting pricks.

"There!" said Gina, taking her lips from Cory's beefy cock. "Satisfied, boys?"

Cory knew that his mom's cunt must be soaked with secretions. It was the perfect time to eat her out. "Yeah, but what about you guys?" he asked.

"What about us?"

"Don't you need to get off too? Why not let us eat you out?"

Sasha and Gina look at each other and giggled in shock. "Yeah, right…" Gina answered, "then next you'll be asking to impale us on those big dicks of yours"

"Exactly!" added Sasha, getting up from the bed. "We've already been incredibly generous, boys."

Devin and Cory sat on the edge of the bed, watching their moms put their bras back on their bobbling jugs. Gina fed them a stern look. "You'd better not tell anyone we just sucked your cocks. I mean it!" she warned.

"Don't worry…we won't say a word," her son assured her.

The next morning, Sasha and Gina were horny as fuck, laying all over their husbands and kissing them in an attempt to get sex. The

couples were best friends so being in the same hotel room on separate beds and fucking in front of each other was nothing new.

"Sorry, ladies," Sasha's husband, Bryce, said, climbing out from under the covers. "Jud and I have to be on the T in an hour."

"Are you serious?!" Sasha exclaimed in frustration. "Last night you guys were too drunk to fuck us, now you're blowing us off for a game of golf?!"

"Hunny, you guys knew we reserved a spot on the resort coarse this morning," Bryce told his wife.

Sasha and Gina looked at each other and rolled their eyes. "Men have been know to change their minds when there's pussy involved," Gina expressed.

"We'll make it up to you guys tonight, we promise," Gina's husband, Jud, assured them.

After their husbands left, Gina came over and crawled into bed with Sasha. "Well, this really sucks," she uttered.

"I know. Remember the day when are husbands were as horny as the boys are. Nothing took priority over pussy."

"Speaking of our boys," said Gina. "I wonder what **THEY'RE** doing?"

"Probably still sleeping."

"Or jerking off," Gina giggled. She lifted her cellphone and texted Cory.

"What are you two troublemakers up to? " she asked.

"Thinking about you guys," her son answered.

Gina showed his reply to Sasha and she snickered. "Yeah, right."

"What about us???" Gina texted back as her and Sasha sat there grinning like flirty school girls.

"What we'd like to do to you. "

Again, Gina showed his reply to Sasha who rolled her eyes. "Oh, God!" she sighed. "And what exactly would they like to do to us?"

Gina texted just that, and quickly got a reply back. "Eat your pussies ."

This made the two moms blush and giggle. Cory sent a follow-up message. "Devin agreed, unless our dads just shot their cum-load inside you, then it would be gross ."

This made the two moms laugh. Gina sent her boy a return text. "We struck out on getting any cum inside us. Your dads are too busy playing golf ."

"We can fix that " Cory texted back, sending a selfie of him and Devin standing side by side with their erect cocks sticking straight out.

"Oh, good grief!" Sasha exclaimed, looking at the picture blushingly.

Gina smiled over at her. "I know they're our sons, but I'm not gonna lie. Those cocks would feel absolutely incredible inside us," she admitted.

"I won't argue with that," said Sasha. "Those are some of the strongest-looking shafts I've ever seen. I felt like a sword swallower giving Devin head last night."

"Why don't we send them a picture," Gina naughtily suggested.

"Of what?" Sasha smirked.

"I have an idea," Gina answered, crawling from the bed. "Let's take off our panties."

Devin and Cory were laying on their bed naked when Cory's mom finally replied with her own picture-message.

"You mean you'd like to eat **THESE** pussies?" she asked. Sasha and Gina were standing the same way the boys had been in their picture with their shaved vulvas side by side.

"Damn!" Cory exclaimed. "Look at that, dude…it's our moms' cunts!"

"Holy shit!" Devin sighed, pulling on his cock, while staring at the photo. "Are they gonna let us eat them out?"

"Can we come over?" Cory texted his mom.

"You don't think we're gonna make it that easy, do you? " his mom texted back.

"What do we need to do then?"

"Find us."

"Find you?□"

"That's right. A naughty little game of hide-and-go-seek. Give us ten minutes, then come looking. We'll be hiding somewhere within the resort," Gina texted.

"Together?"

"Nope…separate. So make sure you find the right mom ," she answered.

"And when we do???" Cory messaged.

"You'll be eating at the pussy buffet ," she replied. "You'll only have an hour though because your dads will be back from playing golf."

The boys quickly got dressed, then impatiently waited the ten minutes as their moms requested.

"Alright, I guess we should split up," Devin suggested. "Remember, if you spot my mom, text me right away, and I'll do the same if I see yours."

"Got it!" Cory answered, patting him on the arm. "Good luck, buddy."

They each went their separate ways. Devin decided to take a walk through the casino first to see if he could spot his mom. After about ten minutes of no success, he received a text from her.

"Wow…my pussy is **SO** wet right now! " the message read.

This message really got the boy's heart-rate going. "Where are you?" he texted.

"Wouldn't you like to know? "

"Come on, mom…you're horny. You know you wanna tell me."

"I am horny, you're right, but I'm not just gonna give this pussy to you. You're gonna earn it. " she messaged back.

Across the building, Cory was having the same result. He too began getting teasing texts from his mom. "I just **LOVE** locking my thighs around a man's head when he devours me," Gina messaged.

"So, tell me where you are so you can do that," her son replied, a boner forming in his shorts just from her naughty confession.

"I don't think so lol."

"Will you at least tell me if I'm hot or cold?"

"You're hot. **WAY** hot! "

"I haven't even told you where I am," he texted.

"Oh, sorry…I thought you were talking about your looks lol."

Cory smiled with pride as he texted back. "I'm down in the food area."

"That makes sense, since there's something you **REALLY** wanna eat ," she replied. "You're cold though. Very cold!"

Cory quickly rushed away to head back across the resort.

"My clit is throbbing to be sucked," Sasha texted her son, continuing to tease him.

"Let it know I'm about to latch my lips around it then, because I see you!" texted Devin.

Sasha was in the busy pool area with a towel shrouding her head. She peeked out to see her son rushing towards her. The busty mother giggled and hopped up. Her oversized breasts jumped up and down obscenely beneath her bikini top as rushed back inside the building on bare feet.

A female cleaning lady smiled when she saw the mother being chased. "You can go in here!" she shouted, motioning Sasha inside a large supply closet.

Devin quickly entered the closet behind his mom and the cleaning lady closed the door behind them. It wasn't the first time she had provided a place for a horny couple to have some fun.

Sasha paused at the back of the dimly-lit closet and turned towards her teen with a nervous smile.

"I got you!" Devin stated as they embraced. Caught up in the exciting moment, their lips connected in a series of sensual kisses. The teen threw off his shirt, nudging his erection against her bikini-shrouded vulva.

"I said you could eat me out," his mom reminded him. "I didn't say you could fuck me."

The teen lifted her up, setting her rounded ass down on a shelf with a stack of towels. "Let's eat then. I'm hungry!" he stated, licking his lips.

Sasha lifted her ass, allowing her boy to strip her bikini bottoms down her legs and off. She shuddered as her son roughly parted her thighs, exposing the sopping slit of her shaved pussy. With a hungry moan, Devin glued his mouth to her juicy, fragrant cunt.

"**OHHH!**" Sasha's pretty voice sang, echoing through the walls of the closet as she felt her boy's tongue dig through the slickened slit of her pudenda.

The pussy-starved teen swiped his tongue up her cunt-folds like a starving dog. Feverishly, he pressed his face up into her vestibule, lapping at her pussy cream, delighting in the pungent taste of his mom's natural fuck-lubricant. He thrusts both hands under her hips, squeezing the cheeks of her succulent ass as he shamelessly ate out her cunt.

Sasha dug her fingers into her son's hair, feeling his tongue wiggle up into her fuck-tunnel like a slippery eel. "Oh, yessss….fuck your tongue up in there!" the mother gasped.

Devin pulled his mom's flanges apart with two fingers, making her fat, juicy clit stick out from beneath its fleshy prepuce like a tiny cock-head. The moment her boy wrapped his lips around it, the mother's body jerked as of she'd just been zapped with electricity. She humped her hot cunt up and down against his face, out of her

mind with lust. "Oh, shit, honey! Who taught you how to eat pussy this good?!" the mother squealed..

"Your cunt is fucking delicious, mom!" he gasped, his face soaked with her secretions. He let his lusty licker lash down across her perineum and dig against the ring of her asshole. "Your ass is too!"

"Oh, you nasty boy!" she breathed. "I love it!"

He brazenly pushed two fingers into her sopping wet cunt and his mom was simply too horny and caught up in the moment to stop him. Not only that, but she wiggled her ass, causing his entire two fingers to sink inside her hot, corrugated cunt-tube.

Devin flicked his tongue on her throbbing love-nubbin, while plunging his fingers in and out, finding the rough-textured area of his mother's G-spot and stimulating it skillfully. His mom fucked back at his hand in counterpoint, showing how much she loved being fingered while having her pussy eaten.

The teen took a second to gaze up her torso, while nursing on her fat nubbin with his mom's cuntal flanges spread around his cheek. Sasha's huge mammaries were wobbling wildly on her chest, nearly bursting from her bikini top. One of her engorged nipples suddenly became uncovered and tit-nectar was leaking out profusely, dribbling down into the canyon of her cleavage.

I'm cumming, Devin!" Sasha gasped as she shuddered and bucked deliriously, humping her luscious ass cheeks off the towel shelf. Hot, female ejaculate burbled lewdly around Devin's fingers and her cunt-tube tightened from her contacting pelvic floor muscles.

"We should totally fuck in here now, mom," Devin candidly stated, fishing his fuck-muscle from his fly-hole.

"Hunny, no…you can't fuck me."

"Why, it would be wild, don't you think?"

"Yes, but Devin, I'm your mom. Moms are suppose to squeeze their boys out of their pussies, not take them back in."

"You'd only be taking part of me," said Devin, lewdly wagging his cock at her. "The most pleasurable part."

Sasha stared at his fuck-organ a moment as it pointed up at her in full rigidity. Never in her life had her resolve been so weak. She was dying to be royally fucked, and knew her son had the equipment to do it. Even so, she continued with excuses. "It's my time of month. You could get me pregnant and I just had a baby. The last thing I need right now is another one."

Devin looked at his mom's swollen udders and smiled. "Let me fuck your tits then. You can't get pregnant that way," he expressed.

Meanwhile, in a hallway on the top floor, tucked beside an ice machine, Cory's face was smothered between Gina's naked ass cheeks as he ate her out from behind. The boy couldn't help but squeeze his cock through the fabric of his shorts from the intoxicating flavor and aroma of his mom's cunt. Avidly, he sluiced his licker up and down her glistening pink fuck-furrow, lapping up the juices that seeped from her aroused vagina.

"Delicious pussy, mom!" the boy gushed, his face soaking wet with her secretions.

"Suck on my clit, hunny!" she panted. "Make me cum!"

Slurping lewdly on her tender-lipped pussy, Cory found her swollen clit and attacked it with steadily-lashing licks. Gina's whimpered as the sensations of a tremendous orgasm began to throb deep inside her crotch. Her husband had never been very good at eating her out so already her boy was giving her oral affection that rated among the top three she had ever experienced.

"That's it! Oh, God…you're gonna make me juice all over your handsome face!" the mother cried out.

Cory pursed his lips directly over her swollen nubbin, then plunged two fingers inside his mom, finger fucking her from behind.

"Auugh!" the mother squealed, feeling the spongy pink walls of her cunt stretched and plowed by her boy's skilled fingers. She humped her rounded ass back faster, wildly fucking her drenched pussy all over her boy's face and fingers. "I'm cumming!" her shaky voice announced. "Finger me harder, baby!"

Gina's cunt-tube tightened spasmodically, sucking firmly around her son's fingers. Her clit tingled and pulsed against his wildly-wiggling tongue. Hot girl-cum spewed out of her ravished slit, lubricating the passage of Cory's fingers as he continued to fuck them steadily in and out of her throbbing cunt. He had never seen a girl cum for so long and gush so much.

"Damn, mom…you soaked me!" Cory stated as cum-juice dripped from his chin. He squeezed his rigid shaft through his shorts. "My dick is so hard it feels like it's gonna explode! Will you suck on it again?"

"Cory, that was a one-time thing, so you guys didn't cum all over your bed, remember?"

"Oh, come on, mom…you can't just leave me hanging," said the boy in frustration. Gina was still bent over in front of him and he could see the ring of her asshole between her rounded buns. "Can I just put it in your ass?"

Gina quickly stood upright. "Cory, no! You can't fuck my ass!" she adamantly answered.

"You don't like a dick in your ass?"

"I didn't say that, it's just that…you and I shouldn't be engaging in anal sex or any other sex for that matter."

"Wait, didn't you just let me give your 'oral sex' though?"

Gina sighed, knowing full-well that she had already crossed **WAY** over the line. "Yes, I did, so rather than beg me for other stuff, try being thankful for what **I DID** allow you to do to me."

Cory watched as his mom began pulling her panties up. "You've already 'technically' cheated on dad. I don't see what the big deal is. You should just let me fuck you," he told her.

"Yes, I've made some 'not-so-wise' decisions since we've been here, but that doesn't mean that it's ok for me to completely surrender my cunt to my own son."

"Surrender your ass to me then. Let me empty my nuts in there."

"Cory, I—"

"Please, mom. My balls are so full right now. I haven't cum since last night. Give me two minutes to nut in your asshole and I won't bother you for another thing on this trip, I promise."

"Two minutes?" Gina asked, raising an eyebrow. "You can really cum that quick?"

"If I can pound your ass hard and fast I can."

Gina looked around, feeling sympathy for her boy. "Fine, but we're not doing it out here. We were lucky enough that someone didn't come to get ice while you were eating me out."

"Hide-and-seek was your idea. You guys could have just come to our room and we would have eaten your pussies there."

"Yes, **YOUR ROOM**…good idea!" she said, taking his hand. "Let's go there."

Back in the supply closet, Devin was sitting on a metal crate. His mom was kneeling in front of him with her huge jugs squeezed around his cock. "Talk dirty to me, mom!" the teen requested, watching her tit-fuck him. "it'll make me cum faster."

"Do you like your mom's tits wrapped around your cock, baby?" she seductively asked. Sasha pressed her mommy-melons together tightly, creating amazing friction around her boy's tender, pink cock.

"Hell yes, and you should call me 'baby' more often."

"You should fuck your dick through my cleavage like it's a tight pussy more often!"

"Fuck, I love it!" the boy gasped, feeling his erectile meat squeeze between the heavenly softness of her breasts. "I can't believe I'm finally tit-fucking you!"

"Your father hasn't had his dick between my boobs in years."

"He's an idiot! If you were my wife, I'd fuck your tits every day."

His mom gazed at him with her beautiful eyes, while pumping her creamy mammaries up and down on his cock. A stream of spit ran from between her lips, trickling down into the cock-stuffed fissure between her boobs, lubricating their union. "What else would you do to me if I was yours?" Sasha asked.

"I'd fuck you and make you cum, day and night."

"Day and night, huh?" she giggled. "That's a lot of fucking."

"I could handle it."

"Mmm, something tells me you could," Sasha's stated, licking her lips teasingly. "Something tells me you could turn my cunt to cream every time I needed you to."

She felt her son's erection flex between her smothering tits. Between the soft, exquisite friction of her jugs and her filthy words, Devin was having a tingling in his nuts that was slowly building towards what he could tell would be mind-blowing orgasm.

"Mmm, you liked the sound of that, didn't you, baby?" Sasha sensually asked. "I can feel your dick just throbbing between my big tits… ready to blast a huge load of hot, baby-making cum."

"Oh fuck yeah! Here I cum, mom!"

Devin let out an animal-like grunt as his pent-up cum-load was milked from his tit-smothered cock. Fat, creamy ropes of cum squirted from his piss-hole and splattered up out of Sasha's cleavage, striking her in the chin.

"Mmm, paint me with your fucking boy-cum!" the mother encouraged, pressing her tits tightly together as she pumped them exquisitely around his cock. Her son writhed and moaned from the intensity of his orgasm. His mom continued to pump his cock long after the cum had subsided, making sure to drain every drop of his teenage jizz.

"Damn, that was insanely good!" Devin sighed, catch his breath.

"Well, it's a good thing we're in a supply closet with plenty of towels," the mother giggled, looking down at the glaze of boy-goo that covered her heavy tits. "I'll need a few of them just to clean off your slimy mess."

In Devin and Cory's room, Gina was bent over the bed, naked from the waist down. Her son was behind her with his glistening cock

pointed at the crinkled ring of her asshole. "All lubed up, mom!" he anxiously stated.

"Go gently, hunny!" said Gina. "Your cock is a lot bigger than your father's."

It gave the boy great satisfaction hearing her say that. "Will you take off your top and bra so your tits can swing around?" he request.

Gina complied without protest, removing her blouse and bra. He giant tits dangled down heavily as she bent back over and peered back at him. "Squeeze it into my ass," she whispered.

Cory rubbed his spongy prick head up her pussy furrow to lube up his crown with more oil. Then, he squeezed his fat knob into rubbery ring of her asshole, watching it fit down over his coronal ridge.

Gina grimaced as she felt his knob and shaft begin pushing into her shit tunnel, stretching her muscled ass walls around the invading thickness of his incredibly-hard cock shaft.

"Oh, shit…it's so hot and tight in there!" the boy gasped. He grasped onto her rounded ass-globes with both hands, letting his fingers sink into the layers of muscle and fatty flesh. He was surprised to find his mom initiating a greater depth of penetration, pushing her ass back against him. This made the boy's steely prick sink deeper in the rubbery depths of her rectum.

"Unnggggghhh!" the mother whimpered, overwhelmed by the lewd sensations of having her ass-tract packed so full. "Go ahead, Cory… start fucking," she breathed.

The teen began to move his hips, ramming the last several inches of his hard-on into the tight, slippery grip of her asshole. Gina grunted and quivered. Her asshole had never felt so stuffed with cock meat. Cory's thick, teenage cock squeezed along the sucking walls of her ass-tunnel, stimulating her anal nerve-endings.

"That's it…go a little faster!" Gina whimpered, humping her lush hips and pushing out her asshole ring to make it pucker tightly around her son's big pecker.

"Auuugh, fuck!" Cory hissed, pausing for a moment in full penetration. The ring of his mom's butthole was nudged right up against his cock-root. His swollen knob was throbbing and leaking like crazy deep in the grip of her bowels.

"Damn, you've got a really tight one, mom!" he sighed, then started fucking her some more, delighting in the luscious grip of her slippery shitter. He could feel her ass muscles working around his prick, milking his blue-veined shaft as it glided fluidly through her butt-tunnel.

Gina had agreed to two minutes, but it had already been much longer than that. She didn't say a word though. Having her ass packed full of such a huge cock felt divine and in that moment, she wished it could last forever.

Cory intensified the speed of his ass fucking, heatedly jabbing his brick-hard cock into the rubbery depths of his mom's rectum. The squeezing pressure of her shit-tube around his cock became more intense, making the boy's cock flex so much that his mom could feel every bulging vein that criss crossed the length of his fucker.

Cory brazenly leaned down against his mom's back, reached around with both hands and grasped her dangling udders. He squeezed roughly at their caps, feeling the pent-up breastmilk come flowing out from between his fingers.

"Daaamn!" the teen gasped as his mom's sphincter tightened as if she were trying to shit him out.

Beside herself with pleasure, the horny mother reached down and fucked two fingers into her quivering pussy. Her fuck-slit was

sopping wet from drooling out juices of arousal. Her fingers went from cunt-plunging to rolling her clit feverishly.

"Oh, shit, hunny…my asshole is gonna cum on your cock!" the mother squealed.

Cory straightened back up and fucked her ass in a savage rhythm, beating his tingly cock through her tightening tube and his mother trembled and cried out in climax.

The feel of her pulsating ass-sheath around his penis and the sight of her butt-meat rippling as it struck his midsection repeatedly made his nuts clench up tightly. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna cum too, mom!" his shaky voice announced.

Cory's load of hot semen squirted violently up her quivering shit channel, as it burst from the tip of his prick. He plunged it in deep and held it there, basking in the sensation of having his erectile meat chewed and sucked by the spongy walls of his mom's rectum.

Once he was drained, Cory took his time pulling out, feeling the nerves on his penis-glans stimulated by her collapsing ass-walls as he back his cock out of her asshole. Seeing his knob pop out and his mom's elastic ring clench closed was an incredible sight, and one that he hoped he'd get to experience again.

A short time later, the boys gleefully chatted about their incredible good fortune. "I can't believe she let you fuck her ass," Devin stated enviously.

"I can't believe **YOUR** mom let you fuck her tits. Do you think they'll let us go all the way?"

"You mean fuck them?"

"Yeah."

"A couple days ago I would have said no, but now I'm beginning to think they would, if we played our cards right."

"**PLAYED OUR CARDS RIGHT!**" Cory shouted, as if a light bulb turned on in his brain. "**THAT'S IT!**"

"What?"

"We'll challenge our dads to a game of poker. If they win, we'll clean their cars or something lame like that, when we get back home."

"And if we win?" Devin asked.

"If **WE** win, then our moms sleep with us in our rooms tonight. We're sure to be balls-deep in pussy that way."

"Wait, won't our dads wonder why we want their wives to sleep in our room with us though?"

"We'll make up some stupid reason."

"Like what?"

"You want your moms to make sure you two don't get up in the middle of the night and gamble?" Devin's dad asked as they sat at dinner later.

"Yeah," Devin answered. "Cory and I don't have very much money. We don't wanna be tempted to blow what we do have on slot machines tonight. If our moms are in the room with us, they can keep us from going out."

Bryce looked over at his wife. "Did he speak to you about this idea of his?" he asked.

"No, this is actually the first I've heard of it," Sasha answered, not seeming pleased by that fact.

"Me too," added Gina as they glared at their boys questioningly.

"Of course, we would never expect anything like that to happen unless we earned it," Cory stated. "That's why we wanna challenge you guys to a game of poker."

Cory's dad chimed in. "And you say if **WE** win, you'll clean our vehicles, inside and out, once we get back home?"

"Exactly!"

The two fathers looked at each other and smiled. "Sounds like a fair challenge to me!" Bryce stated.

"Oh, thanks a lot…don't **WE** get a say in this?" Gina asked, glaring at her husband.

"OK, what say ye?" her husband asked.

"I say deal us in too," answered Gina, smirking at her son. "If we moms win that game of poker then we sleep wherever **WE** chose to tonight."

"I love that idea!" stated Sasha with a big smile.

"Sounds like a friendly, three-way competition to me," he husband nodded.

After dinner they gathered at the poker table in the casino.

"So, how are we doing this?" Bryce asked. "Just one game…winner takes all?"

"How about the lowest hand is eliminated in each game, so the last person left is the winner," Devin suggested.

"Let's do it!" his father agreed.

The dealer threw out the cards and they were all dealt the first hand. Each participant placed money bets using their chips, but not for much. When they showed their cards, Cory's father had the best hand and Devin had the lowest.

"Damn!" the boy sighed in disappointment. His mom teased him with an exaggerated frowny face.

They played the next round and this time it was Cory that won and his mother that was eliminated.

After a few more games there were two people left, Cory and Sasha. They looked at each other across the table competitively, glancing at the hands they'd been dealt. "Three aces," Cory stated confidently, dropping his cards on the table.

"A good hand," said Sasha, "but sorry, it doesn't beat a full house, kid."

The mother showed her cards as Gina cheered, then gave her a high-five.

"Beginners luck!" Bryce teased, then looked at Gina's husband. "Come on, let's get a drink and hit the blackjack table."

Gina stepped up next to Sasha as they watched their husbands walk off. "You know what that means…no sex for us tonight," she uttered.

Sasha nodded. "Yes, probably true, unless…"

The two moms looked at each other and smiled salaciously. "Are you sure?" Gina asked.

Sasha shrugged her shoulder, making her boobs jiggle. "Why not," she answered.

Defeated, Cory and Devin began walking off when their moms turned towards them. "You guys aren't gonna stick around to hear our decision?" Gina asked.

The boys stopped and looked back. "Decision?" Cory asked.

"Yeah, our decision on who gets to fuck us tonight," Sasha answered. Their milk-engorged breasts trembled beneath their sexy dresses as they stepped towards their son.

"That is what you guys had planned, right?" Gina asked. "You didn't want us to keep you from gambling. You wanted to stay in your room so you could fuck our pussies and suck on our titties all night, right?"

"Well, I'm not gonna lie," said Devin. "That **IS** what we were hoping for."

Sasha smiled, gazing at her boy. "You know, your father almost booked you guys the room right next to ours, and now I'm glad he didn't," she shared.

"Why's that?"

"Because now we can fuck you boys as hard as we want, and scream out in orgasm without them hearing us through the wall."

Cory and Devin looked at each other in surprise, then back at their moms. "**REALLY**?!" Cory excitedly asked.

"Unless you changed your mind?" his mom teasingly asked.

"No way!"

The boys quickly rushed over and picked their moms up. Devin threw Sasha over his shoulder, then gave her a sharp smack on her

thonged ass-cheek, making her shriek playfully. Cory scooped his mom in his arms and they quickly rushed them away.

The dads heard their wives giggling and peered over to see their excited sons hauling them off. "Looks like the boys won after all," chuckled Bryce, unaware that his wife was about to be royally fucked all night.

The boys were making out with their moms before they even entered the room. Their lips smacked together passionately and their tongues danced. As soon as the door closed behind them clothes began to shed.

Devin reached behind his smooching mom's back and quickly unhooked the straps to her bra. Her king-sized jugs bobbled out against his bare chest as he yanked the cups away. Sasha already had his pants undone and they fell to the floor. They were both itching for a hard fuck and they simply couldn't get their clothes off fast enough. "Get my panties off," the mother whispered, while sharing wet, passionate kisses with her teen.

The teen shucked his mom's panties down her silky legs and she quickly stepped out of them, then pulled him to the bed. No sooner did he land on top of her than the horny mother was drawing her knees back, splaying open her thighs. "Fuck me!" she whimpered, grasping his juicy cock and rubbing the engorged crown up and down the slit of her pussy. She teased her clit with it a moment, letting their sex-bulbs press and throb against each other . Then, she pressed his prick securely into her fuck hole and Devin felt it nip at his knob.

"Damn! I'm gonna fuck you so hard, mom!" the teen gasped.

"You better!"

With his knob sinking inside her, he rose up, supported his weight on outstretched arms so he could watch his mother's pretty face react

as he fed her his ten-inch slab. Devin ass heaved forward and Sasha shuddered as she felt his dick-meat squeeze snugly inside the tunnel of her pussy.

"Ahhh, fuck, that's tight!" the boy sighed, staring down and watching her huge, stiff-nippled milkers jiggle as he fed her his fat prick. Over half of his cock was inside her and he felt the suctioning pressure of her hot, secreting walls draw his prick deeper into her body.

Devin was used to fucking young girls his age who would just lay there and let him pound the fuck out of them. He was about to find out that having sex with a mom was much different. Sasha tossed her silky legs high around his back, scissoring her ankles together to create a tight harness. Then, she started humping her rounded buns from the bed, beating her pussy around the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Fuck me good n hard, baby!" she whimpered, pulling him down against her.

Devin flattened her huge tits beneath his lean chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and his young ass bobbed up and down wildly as he forcefully fucked her juicy pussy.

Cory gasped in excited lust as he watched his mom's shaved pussy lower onto his cock. He felt his glans peel open the remnants to her hymen, then sink inside her smoldering vaginal orifice.

"**OH, GOD!**" Gina shouted, feeling her boy's long, muscular dick squeeze up her birthing tube. After giving birth, she worried that she wouldn't feel tight enough to her husband so she began doing what felt like a billion Kegel exercises a day. A fat dick like Cory's could definitely feel the results. His mom's pussy was like a tight sleeve with wonderful raised ribs was sheathed his cock, swathing his erectile tissue with hot, slippery fuck-lubricant.

Gina's eyes rolled in their sockets as her son's dick passed the point where her husband's usually stopped, squeezing into the deepest

part of her vagina and kissing the head of her cervix.

Cory watched his mom adjust, squirming her shaved pubis against his as she took a moment to get used to his size. He loved the way her puffy labium was splayed out along the base of his cock. He felt her cuntal walls compress inward, putting divine pressure on his meaty shaft.

"Finally, I get to fuck you!" the boy exclaimed. His eyes drifted up her torso to the gigantic tits looming over him.

Gina set her midsection in motion and began bouncing on her boy's love-organ. The friction that their pink, slippery genitals were creating as they pump forcefully together was out of this world.

Cory's tongue nearly hung out as he watch his mom's milk-filled boobs jump up and down to her fuck-rhythm. They way they bounced and rippled made the boy wanna smother his head between them, and he would soon get his wish.

On the other bed, Devin fucked every inch of his boner into welcoming warmth of his mother's wet cunt. Hard and fast his ass moved, driving his super-sized, teenage prick into the squeezing socket of her vagina. Sasha gasped as she felt the rhythmic force of his aggressive fuck-thrusts. With her husband getting older, this certainly wasn't the type of sex she'd been getting recently. She loved to be fucked savagely, and her son was an absolute beast in bed.

"Oh, baby…you're fucking me so good!" Sasha whimpered, throwing her arms around his back and raking his young, naked flesh with her fingernails.

Devin jabbed his prick in to the hilt and writhed around against his sexy mother in full penetration, feeling her cling to him. "You feel that, mom?!" quote hissed, plowing the knob of his tool deep in her fornix, stretching her uteri with his massive prick.

Sasha gasped sharply, tightening her pelvic floor muscles around him as an impending orgasm began to swell in her loins. "Yes! You keep doing that and you'll make me cum!" she cried out.

"Oh good…cum then!" he panted, continuing a grinding gyration of his lean hips. Sasha pumped up against him in counterpoint, quickly bringing herself to a power, full-body orgasm.

Gina was still on top, and her luscious ass beat against her son's crotch as she tirelessly pounded her heated pussy on his unyielding bull-cock. A constant flow of girl-cream seeped from her cock-stretched gash, trickling down the sides of Cory's nuts and onto the bed.

The busty mother was leaned forward, so Cory could breastfeed while boring his blood-swollen prick into her, seeming to sink into her womb with every fuck stroke. Gina felt her pussy tingling uncontrollably now, sucking in the turgid length of his teenage penis.

Cory was latched to his mother's nipple, making it stretch deeply into his mouth from powerful suction. Warm tit-milk sprayed wildly from numerous nipple-ducts, filling the boy's mouth almost faster than he could gulp it down. The rest of his face was buried wonderfully in the fatty meat of her boob as he lay there suckling and feeling her corrugated fuck-tunnel squeeze and soak his rigid cock. One thing he quickly realized is that his mom was a skilled cock-fucker. She could bounce on his cock rhythmically one minute, then grind on it the next. Since Gina had recently given birth, the rounded ring of her external os were still fairly engorged and felt divine rubbing back and forth against Cory's sensitive bell-glans.

It excited the boy immensely feeling his mom's birthing tube shrink up around his prick as she squealed with another tit-quivering climax.

"Ahhhh, shit!" Cory's breast-smothered mouth exclaimed, spewing out some tit-nectar as he felt his mom gushing on his prick. Her hot

ejaculatory spurts squelched out around the root of his boner and cascaded down the sides of his clenching nuts. He'd never felt anything so fucking great around his horny dick.

He wedged his face up into his mom's cleavage, so her H-cup melons squashed wonderfully around his head. Then, he wrapped her in his arms tightly. This gave him the leverage he needed to pump his ass from the mattress and drive his cock up into her overheated pussy with savage thrusts.

"Oh, yeah…I own this fucking pussy!" the boy panted, pummeling his cock up into her cunt at different angles, making her immediately cum again.

"Auuugh, fuck me!!" the boy grunted, feeling her contractions push her spongy lining outward spasmodically, making her vagina chew powerfully at his dick. It was a sensation that he could only take so much of. "**FUCK, I'M CUMMMIING!**" the boy's trembling voice announced.

A raging load gushed up from his balls and erupted from his piss-slit like a semen volcano, spurting and splashing all over the inside of his mom's cock-stuffed pussy.

Devin had his mom's legs back on his shoulders, fucking the shit out of her. Their wet crotches lewdly beat together as they engaged in some mind-blowing sexual intercourse. Sasha's enormity tit-mounds bounced, rolled and rippled between them, making their bodies slippery with the milk that leaked out as they fucked fervently.

The teen paused, and for several seconds he lay still between her propped legs, letting his cock soak in the constant, wet, nursing pressure of her tight, mature pussy. They could both feel their rapid, stimulated heartbeats through their engorged genitals.

Then, Devin started fucking again, drilling his huge cock in and out quickly, just like he loved to. Sasha shuddered, feeling the meat of

his spongy knob beating away at her womb as if trying to work its way inside, where she once held him.

The mother's legs scissored outward as they fucked in rhythmic unison. The exquisite friction of her son's meat was stimulating every mommy-pleasure-nerve in her pussy, drawing her towards a mind-boggling climax. Her face was contorted with pleasure, her cheeks red, her lips drawn back to bare her gritted, white teeth. "Cuuummmiiinnngggg!" she screamed out deliriously.

Sasha's pussy exploded in a violent, pelvis-shaking orgasm. Even the ring of her asshole pulsed in and out as the spasms pounded through her loins. Devin was now fucking as hard as he could. Suddenly, he came down hard, ramming his cock to the hilt in her tight, gushing cunt.

"Aauughh, fuck, mom!" he grunted as load of cock juice spewed out his cunt-smothered meatus, splattering into her pussy channel. The teen ejaculated so much that it nearly overflowed from his mom's cunt.

"Well, you boys should be happy. You got what you wanted," Gina stated. Both her and Sasha were on all-fours being fucked doggy-style. Their milk-engorged tits dangled from their chests and swung wildly to their fuck-rhythm.

"Well, the night's still young so not totally, since we said we wanted to fuck you all night," Devin stated, making both moms laugh. The boy was mesmerized by the sight of his mom's rippling buttocks as it beat against his crotch feverishly.

"Don't worry, baby," Sasha said, gazing back at him lustfully. "Mom still has lots and lots of pleasure in store for you tonight."

"Just tonight?" Cory asked.

"Yes, there no way we can continue this type of behavior when we get home," his mom chimed in.

Cory smiled mischievously. "Wanna bet on that?" he asked.

THE END

Boobs n Boners

by klrxo

"Morning slugger." Linda said as she passed her son in the hallway.

She looked like a 39 year old Katy Perry, but with a shapelier figure and enormous breasts.

Linda had just come from the bathroom...a tiny white towel draped around her voluptuous body.

Bobby's eyes followed the sway of her meaty buttocks...barley covered as she pranced into her bedroom.

Drawn like a magnet he moved to her doorway...just in time to see the towel fall to the floor.

Spotting her son in the doorway Linda put her hands on her hips...her big bobbling pear-shaped breasts ballooning outward. She fed him a look that was stern but not angry.

"Bobby!" She whispered in a cute little mommy-tone, glancing towards the master bath where her husband could be heard preparing for work.

Giving her son a silent scold, yet with a hint of a smile Linda closed the bedroom door.

Oh the poor baby...he must be crazy horny...sneaking up on me like that. Damn though, if his father had come out of the bathroom and caught him gazing at my nudity we would have both had some explaining to do. It's not that I have a problem with Bobby seeing me naked...it's just that...well, I don't think my husband would quite understand. Linda thought.

Bobby retreated to his room. Like most 18 year olds, he was fascinated with the bodies of middle-aged women. It didn't help that his mom was being so free with her figure around him lately. Since he had turned 18 it seemed like every time he turned around she was half-naked. He rubbed the newly formed bulge under his short.

Holy shit, Mom has the biggest tits I've ever seen. Just like the girls in those Juggs magazines. This is the second time now I've seen her like this and once again she didn't really seem all that mad at me.

A little while later he heard his parents coming out of the master suite. His dad continued downstairs but Linda stepped into Bobby's bedroom.

"This room is a disaster, mister. I certainly hope you plan on cleaning today." She said.

Bobby took a second to answer as his eyes traveled up and down his mom's body. Her long shapely legs were crowned by a short polyester mini-skirt and her big breasts were packed inside a thin cashmere sweater.

"Yeah, uh...I'll clean it tonight." Bobby muttered.

"Oh and I'm washing my delicates today. I'm gonna need all my panties back in my hamper before you leave okay, sweetie." She said.

"Panties?" Bobby asked.

Linda stepped over to his bed and pulled a pair of her black sheer bikini panties out from under his pillow.

"Yes, panties." She said with a little smile.

A stream of fresh cock-cream began to run from the panties down her forearm.

"Bobby." She said, again not angrily and with a hint of amusement.

"Sorry mom." Bobby giggled.

"No you're not." She said teasingly.

Bobby watched as she tried her best to wipe her arm.

Oh my God this semen is still warm...and there's so much of it. Surely this can't be from one orgasm, can it? She thought.

"Some girls would just lick it up and swallow it." He joked.

"Yeah, well I'm not "some girl," I'm your mother and I certainly don't need the taste of your sperm on my tongue when I kiss your father goodbye this morning." She said.

"You look really nice today by the way." Bobby said.

Linda gazed down at the enormous erection forming a tent in her son's shorts.

"Yeah, I can tell... Thank you." She smiled, her gleaming white teeth peeking through her pouty pink lips.

"You're welcome." He said.

Holy wow, mom's really staring at it. How cool is this? He thought.

"Does that thing ever go down?" She teased, like a flustered teen.

"Not when you're around. Wanna see something cool?" He asked.

"Ooookaaay." She said, giving him an odd look.

Bobby flexed his boner, making it rise even higher under his shorts. His brick hard erection strained against the fabric, pushing it way out.

Linda's eyes widened. She felt the lips of her clam tighten and her large areola begin to harden. She tore her eyes from the bulge and found her son watching her reaction.

"Show off." She teased.

So this is why all the moms I know are trying to get an eighteen year old between their legs. I can't believe how my pussy just reacted to that. It's like a jolt of electricity just shot through it. Linda thought.

"Will you sit on my lap...like you did the other morning?" Bobby asked.

"Oh sweetie, not this morning. I have to start on breakfast." She said.

"Please...just a few minutes." Bobby begged.

She glanced down at the throbbing protrusion, then down the hallway to make sure her husband was downstairs.

"One minute and that's it for this morning...okay?" She said.

"Fine." Bobby said as he sat down on his desk chair.

Linda came over and sat down sideways on his lap. She felt his raging hard-on slip to the side and the thick shaft sunk down in between her meaty cheeks.

Bobby let out a little sigh and Linda giggled as she brushed his hair back with her long nails.

"You are so damn cute." She smiled, liking the way the lengthy dong felt tucked down into her soft butt-cleavage.

I sit on my husbands lap all the time and yet it never feels anything like this. Why? Is my son really that well endowed? Jesus, it feels

like I have a fat Italian sausage tucked inside the entire length of my butt-crack. She thought.

"Can you do that thing that you did the other day?" Bobby asked politely.

"That thing? Oh, you mean this?" She said, squeezing her cheeks of her buttocks together and smothering his rod.

"Oh-h-h yeah." His voice quivered.

As Linda turned slightly towards him with her arm on his shoulder Bobby could stare straight into the swell of her enormous breasts. He could tell through the sweater where the edges of her bra were and could see the bulging breast meat oozing out the top. She quickly flexed her chest muscles, making her tits ripple beneath her sweater.

"You're not the only show-off in this house." She smiled.

She pulled him forward and lay his head on her soft breasts. With her arms now around him she gently rocked and once again squeezed her pillowy cheeks hard around his girthy erection. She felt it push back...flexing up against her warm crevice.

I can't believe my husband is downstairs waiting for his breakfast and here I am giving our son's big boner teasing little butt-hugs. To make matters worse I keep feeling these little rushes of wicked excitement surge though me....from the pit of my stomach all the way down to my cute little bare feet. What does it mean? She wondered.

"Oh and that reminds me...I don't mind you coming in for a visit when I'm getting dressed. Just make sure your father's downstairs first...okay." Linda said.

"Okay." Bobby smiled.

The big busted mom smiled lovingly as she felt Bobby's body let out an excited quiver.

"There." She said, jumping off him.

"Feel better?" She smiled.

"Yeah, I could do that all day." He said.

"Somehow I don't doubt that." Linda said, glancing down at the teenaged cock-bulge.

"You might wanna change your shorts before you come downstairs." She said, with a little smile.

Bobby looked down and noticed a big wet pre-cum stain which had soaked through his shorts.

"Guess I got a little excited." He said.

"Ya think?" Linda giggled.

She turned for the door...finding another pair of her panties hanging from the inside door handle.

"Bobby." She said, almost playfully, as she grabbed them.

"Sorry, mom...I'll put the rest of them in your hamper." He said.

"Thank you...and after you change make sure you get that monster under control before you come downstairs." She said, giving his cock another half-smiling glance.

My son popped a boner for me. That's so cute! My little panty thief...hehe. I could be upset, but why? He's a teenage boy doing normal teenaged things. Don't all boys use their mother's panties? He must have some sort of ritual after he digs them out of my hamper. He probably smells them...savoring the strong pungent

aroma of my clean shaven mommy-muffin. He may even turn them inside out and suck on the crotch. I can picture his cute little eyes rolling back as he tastes the bitter sweetness...a result of my daily trickle of pussy butter. How good that silk must feel against the glands of his penis. No wonder he fills them with such heavy loads. She thought.

Before dropping them in her hamper Linda held the pair of soaked panties with two fingers. Long strings of semen dropped towards the basket and she caught one with her fingers. Curiously, she brought the gob of cock-juice up to her nose and smelt. Then, without hesitation, she scraped it onto her tongue.

Thick and sweet...just what I'd expect from a boy his age. Wow Linda, you do realize you just tasted the milk from your own son's balls...that squirted out the tip of his penis probably no more than an hour ago. There's those wicked butterflies again. Well, he tasted me...fair's fair. Shit, where's the mouthwash? She thought.

At the breakfast table Bobby could hardly focus. His eyes couldn't help but follow his mom around the kitchen.

First there were those long bronze legs, which looked so strong...yet baby soft. Her sexy bare feet had squatty little toes with nails that were painted a delicate pale-pink.

Every few minutes as Linda reached up into a cupboard she would rest her weight on the toes of one foot, arching her heel and flexing her legs. The blood rushed back into Bobby's penis.

What must it be like to have legs like that wrapped around you? What must it be like to see them thrown back into a huge spread eagle...with those beautiful bare feet flexed as they point in opposite directions? He thought.

Then...there were her tits. Soft squishy mountainous delights that always seemed to be shifting or bobbling as she moved about. They

were a feast for the young boys eyes.

With her husband sitting next to her Linda gave her son a cute little wink as if knowing exactly what was wandering through his dirty little mind.

My poor sweetie. All hot for his mommy. She grinned.

Bobby could hardly concentrate at school that day. He kept reliving the mornings events in his mind...his mom turning towards him, placing her hands on her soft hips...her dangling breasts, still glistening from the shower, doing a gentle teeter back and forth.

"Bobby." Her cute little voice whispered.

Again, the scene unfolded...mom turning...breasts rocking...placing her hands on her wide birthing hips.

"Bobby." Came the whisper.

Bobby froze the image in his mind...taking it all in. Her pretty face...hair still wet and slicked back from the shower. Dangling boobs with cute little stretch marks from their weight being pulled towards her tummy. Huge thick rubbery areola...dotted with milk glands and nipples that were made for sucking. Then there was her mons pubis... the crowned jewel of all motherhood... covered only by a tiny well groomed patch of thin pubic fuzz. The little nub underneath...marking the entrance to her inner sanctum.

Bobby's cock felt like it was going to slice through his shorts. He could feel his mom's butt cheeks closing in around it...smothering it's girth.

"Show off." He heard her say.

Mom looked so sexy standing near my door...staring down at my big dick. Her eyes widening...her mouth peeking open. It was a look I

had never seen before. I was impressing her. My own sexy mom! Bobby thought.

"Show off." She said teasingly....like a nervous young girl who wanted so badly to get her hands on it.

Often times Bobby's mind would drift up into a cloud where his young naked body was laying on top of his beautiful big busted mother. Her arms encircled him...her long painted nails clawing at his back. Slowly, her strong silky smooth legs slithered up around him until her heels rested against his ass...holding him against her. Then they would began to rise...like a female spider carrying it's clutched prey towards her web in the clouds....ready to fucking devour him. Linda would grasp his rod and feed the engorged knob into the mouth of her gaping twat.

And as they disappearing into the cloud Bobby's shaft would sink down inside his mother's soft secret hole...all the way to the balls. Just before they disappeared completely his clutching mom would begin to gentle swing them. Back and forth they rocked...a suspended heap of writhing flesh.

Suddenly Bobby was jarred back to reality by the sound of the bell. The teacher, Mrs. Jacobs, was at the front of the class, feeding him a dirty stare as the other kids scattered.

"Having difficulties concentrating today are we?" She asked.

"Sorry." Bobby answered, walking awkwardly out of the classroom.

"Hello." Linda said into her cell as she stood in the laundry room folding clothes.

"Hi mom." Bobby said.

"Hey slugger, what are you up to?" She asked.

"Oh...not much. Just on break between classes." He said.

"Everything ok?" She asked.

"Yeah, um...I Just...wanted to call and say hi." He said.

"How sweet...I miss you." She smiled, folding one of her sexy lacy bras.

"I miss you too. Um, could I ask a favor mom? Could you send me a picture?" He asked.

"A picture of me?" She smiled..

"Yeah...um, I just thought it would be cool to have a picture of you on my phone to look at...and to show my friends" He explained.

"Aww, what a sweetheart." She said.

"So you will?" He asked.

Send him something sexy Linda. The poor boy is suffering with horniness. But how? I can't have him showing his friends a picture like that. Wait, I know what I'll do...

"Tell you what...how bout I send you two pictures. One for you to show your friends...and one just for you." She said.

"Okay." Bobby smiled.

"Give me a few minutes." She said.

"Thanks mom." He said.

"Bye sweetie." She said.

Okay, where should I take these? My bedroom would probably be the best place. But no wait...what about his bedroom? Perfect! She

thought.

Linda walked upstairs to her son's bedroom. It was still messy and unorganized.

That boy! Okay, one for his friends first. Something a little sexy, but not too sexy. Don't need any nasty phone calls from any of the neighborhood moms.

Bobby waited anxiously in the bathroom stall. The bell went off and he realized he was late for class, but he didn't care.

Seconds later he got a picture text on his phone and opened it. It was a full body shot of his mom, standing in his bedroom. Still in her skirt and sweater Linda was leaning slightly against his dresser in a cute little pose, with one long tan leg forward, slightly bent at the knee...her toes squatting against the floor and her heel arched up. There was a cute innocent little mommy-smile on her face.

Below the picture was written: "**FOR YOUR FRIENDS**"

WOW! Those legs...and the way she has her foot kicked up like that. Holy shit! Her tits...oh my God look at the way she's pushing them out. Oh shit my cock is throbbing! Bobby thought.

Linda looked around the room as she thought about her next picture.

Okay, now one for my baby. Should I be naked? Oh Linda this is sooo wicked. Damn there's those butterflies again. I know, I'll lay on his bed naked, but not completely exposed. I have to leave something to his imagination. She thought.

A few minutes later a second picture arrived. Bobby's heart was pounding in his chest with excitement as he pulled at his cock through his shorts with his free hand. The picture opened and Linda was laying on Bobby's bed on her tummy...completely naked.

Propped up on her elbow with her chin resting against her palm, she smiled lovingly at the camera, her big naked breasts bulging out as they lay squashed like soft dough between her and the mattress. In the background Bobby could see the swell of her meaty buttocks. Her legs were kicked up playfully and her sexy tan feet were flexed, toes pointing upward.

Below this picture was written: "**FOR YOU ONLY**."

OH MY GOD-DAMN!!! He goaned.

Bobby groaned a second time...his hands shaking as he about blew his nuts.

Holy shit, mom's totally naked and laying on my bed! I wanna stay and stoke off but I'm already gonna be in deep shit for being late to class. He thought.

Bobby could hardly stop gawking at the picture the entire day. Even at home in his room he had a difficult time focusing on his homework as he found himself rubbing his cock through his shorts as he gazed at the sexy picture on his phone. He didn't hear his mom as she entered his doorway.

"Aren't you suppose to be working on that math homework young man." She asked almost playfully.

"Yeah, it's just about done mom." He said, blushing as he threw his phone aside.

"Wanna take a break for a bit?" She asked.

"Why?" He asked.

"Well...I wanna get my bath before your father gets home. Thought maybe you might wanna come in a keep me company." She said.

"Really?" Bobby asked, his heart pounding.

"Unless you'd rather stay focused on your math." She said teasingly.

"Hell no." Bobby smiled.

"Come on." Linda giggled.

This is a dream! This has to be a dream. There's no way mom would let me watch her bathe. I'm gonna wake up any second...I just know it. He thought.

Like an excited puppy-dog Bobby followed his mom into her room. Linda strode over and closed the bedroom shades as Bobby stood there awkwardly waiting, the click of her high-heeled sandals and the hypnotic sway of his mother's buttocks captured his attention.

Oh my God I can't believe I'm about to let my son watch me take a bath. Are you sure Linda? Are you sure you wanna do this? Nudity is perfectly natural. This has nothing to do with his big penis...absolutely nothing. Just act normal...as if he's watching you bake cookies. Yeah, that's it...this is no big deal.

"You're father and I are going out tonight. Want me to order you some pizza or something sweetie?" She asked.

"Sure, that sounds good." He said.

As his mom went into the master bathroom Bobby followed her inside. After turning on the water in the tub Linda went back over, closed the bathroom door behind them and locked it.

"How's Brian doing? I heard he's been really sick." Linda asked.

Bobby's heart was racing so fast he could hardly answer.

"Uh...getting better I guess." He muttered as he sat on the bathroom floor and leaned back against the wall.

"How long's he been out of school now?" She asked as she slipped her little feet from the sandals and began to unbutton her sweater.

"Two weeks so far." Bobby said, watching the bra-clad breasts emerge from the parting top.

I should be waking up by now. Jesus, her bra is barely holding them. Look at all that fucking breast-meat just oozing out the top. That bra is sooo sexy. All that delicate white lace...mom is sooo feminine.

"Poor thing." Linda said, peeling the sweater off.

"Who?" Bobby asked.

"Your friend Brian." She said.

"Oh yeah...it must suck being that sick." He answered.

Bobby's cock to begin to tent in his shorts.

Linda unzipped her skirt and it fell to the floor. She heard Bobby let out a soft gasp as he saw that she was wearing a skimpy pair of low-cut bikini-panties. She reached back and unclasped her bra.

"I don't want you going over there until he's completely better...in case whatever he has is contagious." She said, slipping the bra-straps off her shoulders.

"Okay." Bobby said, watching her slide the cups from her breasts.

As her pendulous tits sprung free they just sort of flopped down against her tummy and bobbled slightly back and forth. Bobby gazed at the large pink caps, which were dotted with milk glands.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT! He thought.

After setting her bra down near the sink Linda slid her thumbs under the hem of her panties and began to slide them down her long tan

legs.

For the second time that day Bobby stared straight at his own mother's cute little mons pubis. It was covered only by a very thin triangle of dark pubic fuzz and below it he could clearly see her cleft of venus.

Stepping out of her panties, Linda leaned over and picked them up off the floor, her big drooping mommy-boobs wobbling with her every move. Cocking one leg out in front of her, bent slightly at the knee, with her sexy foot arched, her cute little toes squatting against the floor, Linda fed her son a naughty smile.

Oh lord, look at his eyes. Look at him stare at me...taking it all in. I can't believe I'm being such a cock tease...and for my very own son. Linda thought.

Using the elastic hem of her panties she shot them towards Bobby like a rubber band, making them land on his bulging lap.

"You might as well have those...you'll be fishing them out of my laundry hamper anyway." She grinned.

"Thanks." Bobby smiled.

As soon as Linda turned towards the bath Bobby lifted the panties to his nose. The pungent aroma was so strong his head spun.

They're **STILL** warm and damp! **HOLY FUCK!** He thought, his head spinning.

He breathed them in deep...the overpowering tang filing his lungs. He couldn't help but let out an audible moan.

"They smell that good huh?" Linda giggled, without turning around.

She poured some bubble bath in the tub as her son marveled at the cheeks of her full heart-shaped buttocks. He could see the baby-smooth meat of her genitals...the spongy double doors extending out from her pubis. The gates of heaven.

This is too much. I'm gonna cum in my fucking shorts before mom even gets in the tub. Bobby thought.

Linda stepped into the water, her butt cheeks rippling. She looked back at her son..

"Come sit by the tub." She said.

Bobby stood up and his big dick stuck out like a divining rod under his short. He made no attempt to hide it as he walked over to the side of the tube.

Linda was now on her knees in the water, sitting on her heels facing her son. She got a quirky little grin as she saw his pecker pointing at her, only a few feet away.

"Uh-oh...it's that long necked monster again." She said.

Oh my God...just how long must that neck be? It's like some of the dick I fucked back in college. Oh I was so bad back then. She thought.

Bobby just stood there for a minute. He liked the way she was looking at it.

"Well I can't help it...you **ARE** naked mom." Bobby said.

"Look at how far your shorts are tenting out. Are you sure you don't have a baseball bat under there?" She said, staring at the impressive bulge.

"Nope, it's all me." He smiled proudly.

"I know I like to call you slugger, but if you keep popping boners like that I may have to start calling you my Louisville slugger." She giggled.

Bobby stood there and watched as his mom took the shower sprayer and began to soak her big tits. She arched her neck back spraying her face and wetting her hair. The way she thrust her breasts made Bobby's dick jump.

"I saw that. Showing off again huh?" She teased.

"No...that was a reaction. If I was showing off I'd do this." He said, flexing his pecker and making it spring upward, rising well about his belly button.

Linda felt her inner and outer lips quiver excitedly as they swelled with blood. Her cervix seemed to shift downward as she gazed at the dreamy erection...her eyes nice and wide.

Oh my God I've never reacted to something that way. It's like his bulbous head just split my twat and my pussy was reacting as if in preparation to accommodate all that long thick meat. Stop it Linda...just stop it. This is ridiculous! She thought.

"Wow, that's amazing. You have one of the strongest erections I think I've ever seen." She exclaimed.

"It's your fault. Looking at you makes it this way." He smiled.

"Well, nice to know that my thirty-nine year old body can get that sort of reaction from a handsome eighteen year old...especially considering he's my son. Guess that makes me a **MILF** huh?" She smiled.

"Well, you're definitely a mom I'd like to..." Bobby started, then stopped himself, realizing what he was about to say.

"A mom you'd like to what...**FFFFUUUCK**?" She asked with a quirky little grin.

Oh my God-damn Linda I can't believe you just said that! She thought.

Bobby heart skipped a beat as he heard the magic word spout from her mouth. He couldn't help but blush a little.

No, this can't be real...but why haven't I woken up yet. Mom just said fuck...I've never heard her say fuck before. How the hell do I respond to something like that. What the hell...honestly I guess. He thought.

"I wouldn't mind." He said.

She looked back at his big pecker as it bobbed up and down under his shorts.

"Clearly." She smiled.

Bobby knelt down and watched as his mom lather herself with body-wash. After washing her hair she drained the water from the tub and stood up to dry herself. Bobby remained on the floor looking up in sick fascination at his own mom's voluptuous nudity.

"Sweetie will you hand me my shea-butter." She said, wrapping the towel around her wet hair.

Linda stepped from the tub as Bobby fetched her lotion. His big flagpole bobbed up and down as he brought it to her.

"Thank you slugger." She said.

Linda stepped over and sat down on the toilet. Bobby followed and sat on the floor directly across from her.

She squirted a big gob of lotion into her hands and set the bottle aside.

"Normally I would spend some time shaving my legs and my peach...but they're still pretty smooth." She said, rubbing the lotion in her hands.

"Your peach?" Bobby asked.

"Oh I'm sorry...guess I should speak in teenaged boy language. My pussy. That better?" She giggled.

"Yeah, now I get it." He smiled.

And a beautiful pussy at that. With her sitting it looks so cute and delicate...with that thin tiny patch of pubic fur. Hard to believe I split that twat wide open eighteen years ago. He thought.

Linda extended her long tan leg straight out and began to rub the shea-butter up and down it's length. Her sexy foot was flexed...toes pointed at Bobby as she worked the lotion into her skin.

As her son's eyes were glued to her legs Linda looked down at his bulge.

Oh my god he's rubbing it though his shorts. My poor baby must have a throbbing erection. Imagine what he'd do if I spread my legs apart. Jesus Linda you can't do that...that's just downright lewd. He'd cream for sure. Okay, okay...I won't go crazy...I'll just spread them a little. I can't lotion the backs of my thighs unless I at least open them a little bit. She thought.

Leaning back against the toilet Linda curled her leg up and back. Without thinking the other leg followed, bending at the knees as it rose backwards she continued to apply the lotion.

As her legs spread Linda's flower was now on open display and Bobby discovered that it wasn't the cute virgin-like pussy it appeared to be. Between the swell of her outer lips the crimson inner lips were large and thick, slowly peeling apart before his very eyes. He could see her budding clitoris, peeking out from under its hood like a small erect penis.

OH SHIT…TO MUCH…TO FUCKING MUCH! He thought as he rubbed on is pecker.

He's gonna cum. His body's shaking...he's gonna cum. I'm making my son cum. I don't believe this! She thought.

"Bobby, grab my panties!" She shouted.

As the cum began to pulse from his peter Bobby grabbed her panties from the floor and brought them to his nose. The musky fragrance made him squirt even stronger.

"**GGGGNNNNHHH!!!!**" He groaned.

Overwhelmed by the site of her son in such intense arousal Linda felt her own orgasm hit her out of nowhere.

OH NO! OH SHIT…I'M CUMMING! She thought.

"**OH BOOOOBBBYYY!!!**" She shouted as she started rubbing her clit frantically.

Bobby watched her legs shake as she threw her head back. Her huge tits jumped off the sides of her chest as she thrust her twat out against her frantically working fingers. It was the most amazing site he'd ever seen.

"**OOOOOHHHH!!!!**" She screamed.

FUCK ME, MOM'S CUMMING TOO!!! LOOK AT HER GO! HOLY FUCK!!! He thought.

Bobby's body quivered with wicked excitement as his penis fired huge thick ropes into his shorts. The two of them groaned as their orgasms seemed to go and on.

Finally, Linda's Body jerked forward, her thighs slapping together but her calves still scissored apart. Her feet rested on their heels...her toes spread apart as her knees still trembled with post orgasmic contractions. Her tits were trapped between her arms and ballooned outward. Her nipples poked out...huge and engorged like big demon eyes. She stared downward...eyes glazed over...letting out little shivering-like gasps.

Fuck me...I haven't cum that hard since. Oh shit...I just came like a slut in front of my son. Oh God damn Linda what were you thinking. She thought.

"Well...that was a little weird." She said, breaking the silence.

"Yeah...a good sorta weird though." He sighed.

She looked down at his shorts and the messy aftermath.

"Oh slugger, your shorts are soaked. Get into the shower and rinse off. I'm gonna go out and get dressed." She said.

"Okay." He said.

Later that night Linda sat in her bed as her husband showered. She found her mind reeling over the events of the day with her son.

Oh Linda, what you did today was sooo wrong! No, it wasn't! There's nothing wrong with my son seeing me naked. Nudity is perfectly natural...and masturbation...well, that's natural too. It's healthy for

him to see that his mother masturbates just like he does. Linda thought.

The bathroom door opened and her husband walked out holding Bobby's shorts in his hand.

"Linda, are these Bobby's shorts?" He asked.

Oh my God...he didn't! She thought.

"Well I um...I think so." She muttered.

"What are they doing in our laundry hamper?" Ron asked.

"Oh um...Bobby took a shower in there. I was uh...cleaning his shower earlier so I told him he could use ours." She lied.

"You're not gonna believe this but I think he came in these." Ron said, look at them disgustedly.

Oh I believe it honey-bun....he blew his nuts for his mommy...blew that cum straight out the head of that big young dick while he watched me rub one out! Stop it Linda! She thought.

"Well, um...he is a teenaged boy and teenaged boys just do those things, sweetie." She smiled.

"In their parents bathroom?" Ron asked.

"You're right...probably not the most appropriate place to relieve himself. I'll walk down to his room and have a chat with him." Linda said.

"Maybe I should talk with him." Ron muttered.

"Ronald...sweetie...give me the shorts and get into bed. I'll take care of it." She said, slipping onto her feet and throwing a robe over her transparent nightie.

Ron handed his wife the soiled shorts and fed her an odd smile.

"Sure you feel comfortable talking to him about this?" He asked.

"Don't you dare doubt my motherly abilities." She said with a confident grin.

"You're the sexiest thing alive...you know that?" He said, his eyes traveling across the swell of her big drooping tits.

Damn right I am motherfucker! Our son thinks so too! She thought.

Linda gazed down at the bulge in her husband's boxers.

"Crawl into bed and get him hard for me. When I get back we'll let him fuck some pussy." She said seductively.

"Damn I love it when you talk dirty." He smiled, rubbing his bulge.

Linda left their bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stopped mid-hallway and lifted the shorts to her nose. Her body shivered with wicked excitement as the strong pungent aroma of teenaged spunk filled her lungs.

OH MY FUCKING GOD WHAT A SMELL!!! Her mind spun.

With the shorts against her face her long pink tongue slithered out and drug up a section of slimy material. She felt her eyes roll back as thousands of sweet potent sperm danced across her taste buds.

Linda stop this...this is ridiculous! She thought.

Bobby gazed at the picture of his mom on his phone as stroked his cock furiously....her panties at his nose.

"Oh-h-h fuck mom." He muttered.

He suddenly froze as he heard a gentle tap at his door. He tried to hide his tent before his mom peeked in.

"You still awake, slugger?" She asked.

"Yeah, I was just...um..." He muttered.

"I know, I'm sorry." She said, glancing at the lump in the sheets as she sat on the edge of his bed.

Oh Linda he's jerking off. Your baby's in here pulling on that long thick barrel of love. He's probably thinking about warm pussy...maybe even mommy-pussy. Oh yes...my pussy. My hot horny hole! Jesus, get a hold of yourself girl. She thought.

She set the shorts down on his chest and gave him a stern yet quirky grin.

"Remember what I said about being more careful when your dad's around. You left these in my hamper." She said.

"He didn't see them did he?" Brian asked.

"Yep...he did." She said.

"What did you tell him?" Bobby asked.

"I told him I let you watch me get completely naked and take a bath...and that we masturbated together." She said straight-faced.

"What!" Bobby said with surprise.

"I'm joking." Linda giggled, making her tits wobble.

"Jesus, mom...you scared me." He sighed.

"Don't leave anything behind next time...okay?" She asked.

"I promise." He said.

Linda picked up his cell phone and looked at the picture of herself that Bobby had been beating off to.

"Still drooling over this picture? I think it's time for some new eye-candy...don't you?" She asked.

"You'll take some new ones...some naked ones?" He asked.

"Well...no...I had something else in mind actually." She said, erasing the picture.

"Something else?" Bobby asked.

"Yeah...wanna see mom in action?" She asked.

"In action? You mean having sex...you and dad?" Bobby asked, his heart beat a mile a minutes.

"Well...with your father it's never the most exciting sex...but you my find it stimulating. That is if you don't think it'll weird you out." She said.

"No...hell no!" Bobby said excitedly.

"Well then I guess mom gets to play filmmaker tonight doesn't she? I'll get as much of it as I can and don't worry...I'll try to send you the play by play." She said.

"Sweet. I love you mom." Bobby grinned, his cock flexing in anticipation.

"I love **YOU**." She smiled down at him.

Linda stood up and took a second to gaze down that the massive tent in the sheet.

Well...I certainly don't have that in the next room waiting for me. She thought.

She shot a look back at Bobby who was laying there with a big proud smile as he watched her admire it.

"Go ahead, showoff." She smiled.

Linda looked back down at it just as Bobby made it jump under the sheets...stretching the fabric upwards even further.

Unfuckingbelievable!!! She thought, as she felt the pussy-butter drip from her meat-curtains.

"Oh yeah?" Linda said defiantly as she turned towards the door and lifted the bottom of her robe and nightie above her naked ass.

Before Bobby even had a chance to realize what she'd just done Linda was flexing the muscles in her buttocks, making the meaty cheeks rise and fall...rippling over and over.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT! He thought, his hand instinctively moving to his crotch.

"Take that Mr. Bigshot." She said with a smile as she gazed back at him.

"Wow...how do you do that?" Bobby sighed.

"You might be surprised what your mom can do. She's learned all sorts of tricks over the years." She said.

"Maybe I'll show you a few during tonight's show. Better keep that phone handy." She smiled.

After Linda left Bobby waiting for what seemed like a lifetime.

This is gonna be fucking awesome. I can't wait to see mom screwing...even if it is just with dad. Wonder how the hell she's gonna get away with this. Bobby thought.

As Ron and Linda kissed passionately he rolled her onto her back and prepared to get down to business.

"Wait." Linda said, stopping him, her tits rolling off the sides of her chest.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"I have a kinky idea. Why don't we make a video of us making love." She smiled.

"A video?" He asked.

"Yeah...that way I can send you little clips while your at work...remind you of what you have at home waiting for you." She said.

"Honey, I don't know if..." He started.

"Pleeaassee...I'll talk dirty to you. I know how much you like that." She said seductively, batting her lashes.

"Okay...you win." He said.

Bobby lightly stroked his erection..working the slippery pre-cum around his cock-head. Finally, his phone chimed with a video message.

It took about thirty seconds to download. His heart was racing. The anticipation was killing him.

Finally the video clip opened and he saw his mom's face looking into the camera. Her head sort of wobbled up and down as it lay on the

pillow and he could see the back of his father's head next to hers. She smiled up at the camera over her husband's shoulder.

"Hi" She silently mouthed, giving her son a little wink.

OH MY GOD THEY'RE FUCKING. MOM'S GETTING FUCKED!! He thought.

Linda lifted her cell phone up away from her and her husband's bodies, giving her son a birds-eye view of their copulation. She tilted the cam so that her boy could see her long strong tan legs wrapped up around Ron's back as he thrust into her.

Holy God damn look at mom's legs...and those hips...fuckin-a!!! He thought, staring at the sexy crease between her hips and thighs.

"That's my baby...come on...work me good." He heard his mom say in a sweet sexy tone.

As his mom reached further down with the camera Bobby saw his dad's ass as it thrust forward at a steady pace. The heels of Linda's sexy bare feet pushed at his buttocks, pulling him deeper inside her.

"Oh yeah right there...nice deep strokes. Work that dick...get that pussy baby." His mom moaned.

Bobby stroked his cock hard as he listened to his mom talk dirty and his father grunt, bucking in and out of his beautiful wife.

Man dad's cock must feel amazing right now with all that soft pussy surrounding it. He thought.

As soon as the first video clip finished the second was being transferred. Bobby wasted no time opening it.

His parents had changed positions and his mom was now on top straddling her husband. She had set her phone on the bed behind

them between her husbands legs so that Bobby could see her entire upper half.

Bobby's eyes were immediately drawn to her big meaty buttocks as it swayed up and back, grinding on his father's dong. Only the bulge of Ron's nuts could be seen under Linda's big smothering cheeks as she stirred her steamy pit with her husband's pipe.

"Oh my God!!!" Bobby thought, his eyes glued to the screen as his fist tugged furiously at his iron-hard peter.

Linda peeked over her shoulder and smiled, giving the camera a little wink as she continued to grind on her hubby's lucky penis.

Bobby could see the back slopping contours of Linda's drooping breasts as they bobbled and shook with the rhythm of her shifting hips.

"Oh-h-h-h yeah!" Bobby's father moaned.

"Ohhh that's my baby. You like that hot sucking hole...don't you sweetie." Linda asked.

"Oh God yeah." Ron said.

"You like the way I flex it and squeeze it around you like that?" She asked.

"Ohhh baby...you're amazing!" Bobby's dad answered.

Linda's hips suddenly thrust into overdrive, rolling up and back at a frantic pace. Bobby could hear the bed frame whining repetitively as she rocked on his dad's dick.

"**OHH GOD LINDA!!!**" Ron groaned.

"**OHHH GOD MOM!!!**" Bobby grunted...his own dick unable to hold back any longer.

Hot sperm erupted from Bobby's piss-hole, sending long ropes arching into the air. The bath and mutual masturbation was out of this world, but watching his mom fuck was the most exciting thing he'd ever seen.

The next day in class Bobby's mind was in sex-crazed fog.

God I wanna fuck mom. I wanna fuck her hard and hear my balls beating against her ass. She would soooo love it. With my big dick I could make her cum over and over. She'd scream and shake so hard while I just laid into her...pounding that sweet pussy like a jackhammer. God, all that soft meaty pink squeezing around my dick. Holy fuck! He thought.

Bobby didn't even see Mrs. Jacobs as she strolled up behind him. The sound of her throat clearing got his attention.

She reached down and picked up a sketch, that until now he didn't even realize he'd been working on. It was a detailed drawing of a large set of naked breasts. Mrs. Jacobs looked away from the sketch and glared down at her horny student, one eyebrow cocked.

Oh shit! He thought.

Linda walked up the school hallway, kids around her scrambling as the end of the day arrived. Her high-heeled mules clicked against the floor as she searched for her son's classroom.

"Mrs. Fletcher, I appreciate you coming in to meet with me. I'm very concerned about Bobby's performance lately and felt you should be too." Mrs. Jacob's said as they sat near her desk.

"Well thank you for calling me I...wasn't aware there was a problem." Linda said.

"Along with his frequent tardiness Bobby seems very distracted during class. I'm afraid he's developing a very unhealthy obsession."

She said

"What kind of obsession?" Linda asked, with a hint of concern

"This afternoon I caught him drawing this." The teacher said, setting the boob sketch in front of Linda.

Tits...my sluggers drawing tits at school. Big tits too. Oh my God...I wonder if they're mine? Linda thought.

"Well...boys will be boys Mrs. Jacobs." Linda giggled.

"So you're not concerned that your son was drawing female breasts during my math class?" The teacher asked.

"Yes, that part does concern me, but if you're also asking if I consider drawing pictures of naked women an unhealthy obsession the answer's no." Linda said defensively.

"Mrs. Fletcher, his grades are slipping rapidly." Mrs. Jacob's said with concern.

"Well then that will be addressed I can assure you. But as far as this "obsession" is concerned. Not only will he not be spoken to about it...**I WILL** continue to encourage it. Anything else Mrs. Jacobs?" Linda asked, with a pompous little smirk.

Bobby walked towards the car with his mom, his head hung low. Few words had been spoken since they met in the hallway.

"You okay, kiddo?" She asked.

"Yeah, sorry I slacked off in class." He said.

"Well, you've had a lot on your mind...and suppose that's partly my fault. Things have gotten a little different between you and I here lately." She said.

"Yeah but...in a good way. At least I think so." Bobby said.

"And so do I sweetie, but I would hate myself if I knew that I had distracted you to the point that you didn't graduate with your friends this year." She said.

"I will graduate...I promise." He pleaded.

"That means you have to stay focused on your studies, even if you're around me while I'm naked once in awhile." She said.

"Okay." He answered.

"Believe me, I like the fact that you enjoy me sitting on your lap...giving you those little butt-hugs, but from now on...no pass, no ass...got it?" She smiled.

"Got it." He answered.

In the car Linda reached in her purse and pulled out the sketch her son had drawn. She handed it over to him.

"Here...I thought you might wanna keep it." She said.

"Thanks." He giggled, taking the picture.

"You're getting good. Those are very realistic." She said.

"Thanks." He said, still kind of embarrassed.

"Are they mine?" Linda asked, catching her son off guard.

Ok, just be honest with her...mom's cool with this. He thought.

"Uh...yeah... Yeah they are." He said.

"Not bad." She said, glancing over at the picture.

"The nipples are wrong though. My areolas are much bigger...otherwise you have it about right." She said.

"Really, I thought maybe I had drawn them too big. Are you sure?" He asked.

"Sweetie, my areola are thirteen-inches in diameter...of course I'm sure. The ones on the sketch are way too small." She said.

Holy shit...thirteen inches in diameter. We just studied diameters in math class. That's as big around as a grapefruit. He thought.

"Darn, I thought I had them right." He said.

"Do I have to pull this car over, whip out a boob and prove you wrong, mister?" She said playfully.

"Ok." Bobby said with a big smile, making his mom bust out in a giggle.

"Yeah, I can see the headline now: Mother gets caught in vehicle showing a breast to her son." Linda said.

"We could drive out to forest park...no one's ever out there." Bobby said.

"Forest Park! If we're gonna go that far we might as well go to Orgy Shores." Linda said.

"Orgy Shores? Where's that?" Bobby asked.

"You've never heard of Orgy Shores?" She answered.

"No." He said shaking his head.

"It's a grassy hillside out by Loon Lake. It's **VERY** private. Up for a ride?" She asked.

Linda, what are you doing? You can't take your son to Orgy Shores. The only thing people do at Orgy Shores is fuck. Have you lost your mind? I'm just going out there with him to show him how big my areola are. That's it. She thought.

"Will there be a boob involved?" Bobby smiled.

"Yes, there will be a boob involved. If you behave yourself...maybe even two." Linda smiled.

"Sweet." Bobby grinned, his cock already stiffening in his pants.

A few miles outside of town Linda turned onto a narrow dirt road and followed it for what seemed like miles. She finally stopped the car at the top of a hill overlooking a secluded lake.

Don't you dare look at that grassy hillside. Stay in the car, unclasp your bra, show him your areola, then leave. God I love it here...it was always such a magical place...free of teachers...free of parents...free of husbands. **FREE OF HUSBANDS**?! Oh my God Linda...leave this place now!!! She thought.

"Grab the blanket from the trunk." She said, getting out.

Bobby snatched the blanket and joined his mom at the edge of the grass. Linda stepped out of her mules, picked them up and took her son's hand.

"Come on." She said softly, then started running down the hillside.

Bobby nearly stumbled several times as he looked over at Linda tits, jumping under her sweater as she ran. The middle-aged beauty screamed and giggled playfully as they moved quickly into taller grass.

"Over here." She said, leading him to a certain spot.

Déjà vu...I'm feeling like that naughty high-school cheerleader again. Walking hand in hand with the big dicked football stud...leading him to my special spot. She thought.

"Perfect." She said, looking out at the serene waters.

Bobby spread the blanket out and sat down. Linda sat next to him, then fell back onto her back. Her tan legs were slightly spread apart and bent at the knees Wow, they look so soft and her smooth tan just glows in the sun. How incredible they would feel wrapped around me. He thought.

He felt his mom tugging at his shirt.

"Lay next to me." She said softly.

Bobby fell back and Linda rolled onto her side facing him, propping her head up with her elbow. This made her breasts distend outward as one lay on top of the other.

"How's this for private?" She smiled.

"Very." He said. "You've been here before...when you were younger I take it?"

Oh boy...here we go. I should be honest...but you know, this could play in my favor. There's some things he could be honest with me about. I wanna find out what's going on in that horny little head of his. She thought.

"Question for a question?" She asked playfully.

"Sure." He smiled.

"And you'll be completely honest...if I promise to be?"She asked.

"Of course." He answered.

"This was the hot spot when I was younger. I spent a lot of time on my back here." She said.

"Getting laid?" He asked.

"Yes...getting laid." She smiled.

"Were you in any orgies? Is that why they call it Orgy Shores?" He asked.

"No...the reason they called it Orgy Shores was because on any given night this grassy hillside would be dotted with young couples. Imagine the orgasmic screams of twenty or thirty young girls echoing across this lake." Linda explained.

Wow, mom must have been way hot when she was my age. So this was the place where all the magic happened. He thought.

"Wow, that's cool." Bobby said with envy.

"My turn now?" She asked.

"Okay." Bobby answered.

"Mrs. Jacobs said that you're doing a lot of daydreaming in class. Be honest...in these daydreams...are you and I making love?" She asked softly, her big brown eyes gleaming down at her baby boy.

"Yeah...we are." Bobby muttered.

Ohh, just like I thought...he's dreaming of making love to me. My son...my slugger..my baby...making love to his mommy. Ohhh those damn butterflies. She thought.

"Where are we when we make love in your dreams?" She asked.

"It's weird. We start out in a mist and you wrap your arms and legs around me like a spider...then we start to rise into the air...like on a

web. Before we disappear into the clouds you start to rock us back and forth." He said.

"When we enter the clouds...do you imagine us making love forever?" She asked, staring straight into his eyes.

"Yeah." He answered.

Linda brushed his cheek lovingly with her hand.

OH MY GOD I'M IN LOVE! Stop it Linda, just stop it! He's your son for fuck sake! Yes he's handsome! Yes he's young and full of sexual energy! Yes he has a big thick dick between his legs that's always hard when he's around you...but he's your son. Your beautiful big-dicked baby boy! She thought.

"Thank you for being honest with me." She said.

Linda suddenly slipped to her knees and began to unbutton her sweater. Bobby eagerly rose up, resting on his elbows as he watched a lacy white bra and a monstrous cleavage emerge from the parting top.

Shedding her blouse Linda immediately reached back and unclasped her bra. Her heavy tits shifted as the bra sprang loose. She pulled the straps over her shoulders, the cups slipped free and her boobies did a little bobbly-wobble across her chest.

Bobby sighed, his body shivering as he took in the amazing sight.

"See...way bigger." She smiled, brushing her hand across a nipple.

"Right." Bobby muttered. "They're beautiful."

"I can tell." Linda giggled, watching the tent rise in her son's shorts.

Wearing no underwear and only a pair of polyester sports shorts there was little resistance for bobby's big dick as it sprang to life,

making the thin fabric stretch outward.

With his mom still eyeballing the impressive bulge Bobby flexed it, causing his shaft to surge with blood and rise even higher. Linda's eyes widened and her mouth opened a little, as if letting out a tiny gasp. Bobby smiled with pride as he savored her reaction.

Linda, take your son and leave this place right now! It's...it's soo big. I could take him...I could take all of him...I know it. Right down to my cervix. She thought.

"Balls deep." She whispered under her breath.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"Oh...I said...there you go...showing off again." She smiled.

"Will you take off your skirt?" Bobby asked.

"My skirt? I don't remember that being part of the deal, buster." She said, with her hands on her hips.

"Please." Bobby begged.

"Oh don't start with the begging. Tell you what...you lose the shirt and I'll lose the skirt. How's that?" She said.

"Deal." Bobby said, pulling his t-shirt off and throwing it to the side.

This is dangerous Linda. You're married! Oh my God...his chest and arms...what a hunk of a son I have. He so beautiful...so precious. How could I deny him my body. He needs his mommy naked right now. Yes, butt-naked! She thought.

Linda stood up and Bobby watched her dangling tits wobble as she undid her skirt and let it fall to the ground. His heart raced as he saw that she was wearing a pair of white sheer bikini panties. Before

he could take it all in Linda slid her thumbs under the hem and began to slide her panties off.

"Not much covered down there...so I might as take these off too." She said.

From on the ground Bobby had a birds eye view of her cute little snatch. From her mons pubis, with it's light patch of pubic fuzz to her thick labial meat. Linda was now completely naked and seemed perfectly comfortable that way in front of him.

"Yeeeesssss, you can smell them." She giggled, dropping the panties onto his chest.

Bobby grabbed them and brought them to his nose. The pungent aroma made his head spin and Linda giggle as she watched him sniff.

Oh God he's smelling me. He's smelling my sex. My own baby is addicted to the smell of his mother's pussy. My pussy. The same plump mommy-pussy that squeezed him out eighteen years ago. She thought.

"So how the heck did this happen?" She smiled.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"It was suppose to be as simple as pulling over and showing you a boob and now here we are at Orgy Shores and I'm completely naked." She joked.

"I don't mind." Bobby smiled, sniffing at the crotch of Linda panties.

"Oh, Im sure you don't, slugger." She smiled.

Linda got down on her hands and knees and crawl towards Bobby. He watched her boobs wobble back and forth as she crawled over

the top of him, stopping when her face was above his and staring down at him lovingly.

"Mama's little panty-sniffer." She giggled, combing her nails through his hair.

"Will you sit on me again?" Bobby sighed.

"Might be kinda tough without a chair." She said.

Mount him...now Linda! No, that's too much! Fuck too much...bring that twat down against that dick girl. This is Orgy Shores...you're naked and there's an enormous erection underneath you. **FUCK'N MOUNT HIM!!**

Linda sat up and straddled her son, rested her mummy-muffin against the girthy meat of his shaft.

"There...how's that?" She ask teasingly.

"Wow!" Bobby moaned, making Linda giggle.

Holy fucking shit. Mom's pussy is right against my dick...she's resting it against my hard-on. He thought.

He could feel the searing heat of her genitals through the thin fabric of his shorts. Linda's pussy throbbed as she felt the strong erection tucked between her quim. She rested against the underside what had to be five inches of cock-meat and could still see another four-inches sticking out in front of her.

Her little heart went pitter-patter.

So long! So thick! I can feel it pulsing! Oh my God I'm in love! She thought.

Bobby flexed his dick again, making it push up against her cunt meat, crushing Linda's clit and making her eyes flutter back.

"You are rotten." She sighed.

Grind on it Linda! I'm married but soo fucking what. This is a big dick and my husband will never find out. He'll never know...it'll be Bobby and I's naughty secret. Grind on it. The thick slab of teenaged cock-meat plowing against your clit. Grind it now! Oh my God I'm sooo fucking horny! She thought.

Leaning forward a little she placed her hands on Bobby's chest, bracing herself and he watched as she slowly closed her eyes and started to grind against him.

Holy shit...mom's gonna dry hump me. She's gonna dry hump my dick! He thought.

It was an amazing site. A middle-aged mother, straddling her son, hips gently gliding up and back as her big dangling boobs rocked back and forth above his chest.

Gradually Linda sped up and intensified the pressure against Bobby's smothered dong. Her eyes still closed, Bobby watched her expression slowly change to one of intense desperation...her breathing become heavy.

Ohhhh this feels so good. God help me I am loving this...absolutely fucking loving this. Grind faster Linda! Fuck against it faster! Let yourself go. It's just you and your baby. Orgy Shores...no one else for miles. Fuckin go girl!!! She thought.

He looked down and saw her pubis grinding up and back against the length of his rod, tucked between her large outer lips. There was now a wet spot on his shorts where pre-cum was being forced from his pisshole.

"**HHHHHUHHH-H-H-H!**" Linda voice quivered.

Her hips were rocking widly now as she humped frantically against the teenagers erection.

"**OH BOBBY!**" She cried, her chest jerking forward.

Holy damn, look at mom go! She's gonna cum! Mom's gonna cum on my fucking cock!!! He thought.

Bobby couldn't believe his eyes as his mom began to convulse. She suddenly threw her head back.

"**GGGNNNUUHHH!!!!**" She screamed, sending her voice echoing across the lake.

As she rode through her orgasm, Bobby saw her glance at him, with a look he'd never seen before. Her face was wild and flushed...her eyes glazed over as if in an orgasmic haze.

OH I LOVE HIM! GOD I LOVE HIM! OOOHHHMMYYGGGNNNOODD!!!! Her mind spun with pleasure.

For a full minute Linda rocked against him, her body still shaking from post orgasmic contractions.

She suddenly fell onto her son, her tits flattening against his chest as she rested her head against his shoulder.

"Ohhh, sweet baby!" Linda sighed, catching her breath.

Once again the pressure on Bobby's cock intensified as her hips continued to rock. Bobby's mom wasn't done.

"Your turn." She whispered, coiling her arms around his neck.

Holy shit! He thought.

Bobby sighed as he felt the swell of her genitals drag up and down the length of his boner. The feeling of her soft spongy tits against

him was already causing his balls to tingle.

He was still holding the panties to his nose and Linda lifted her head so she could look down into his eyes.

"That's it...smell mommy sweetheart...smell the pussy." She whispered.

Her words made the sperm in Bobby's balls go from a simmer to a boil. His mom was literally stroking his cock with her cunt and feeling was euphoric.

"Oh-h-h mom...I'm gonna cum." He muttered.

"Me too." She cried.

"**GGGNNNUHHH!!!**" He grunted, as the first rope squirted from his penis.

"**AAAANNNGGHHAA!!!!**" Linda screamed, her body jerking as she buried her whimpers in the soft of his neck.

"**UUUUNNNNGGAA-UHHHH!!!**" Bobby groaned as blasts number two and three soaked his shorts.

Bobby and Linda's genitals humped and lurched together drawing out each others orgasms. They rocked and groaned for what seemed like forever before the pleasure subsided.

"My God...what are you doing to me?" She said with a little smile.

"Sorry." Bobby smiled.

"No you're not." She giggled.

"Okay...I'm not. Are you?" He asked.

"Sorry?" She asked, sitting back up into straddle.

"Yeah...sorry we did this?" Bobby asked.

"No...no I'm not." She said, gazing down at him with a naughty little smile.

Suddenly her cell phone went off in her skirt pocket.

"That would be your father, wondering where the hell we are." She said, reaching for her phone.

Okay, think of a lie. It has to be good. Um...parent teacher conference...that's it. She thought.

"Are you gonna tell him?" Bobby joked.

"Yeah, feel like dying today? He would murder us both." She said.

"Hello?" Linda sang into her phone.

"Hi honey...no, Bobby had parent teacher conferences today...I forgot to tell you...I'm sorry." Linda said.

She laid back down against Bobby, resting her head on his shoulder as she talked to her husband.

"Actually Bobby's doing really well...he's focusing on exactly what he needs to during class." Linda said.

Yes, exactly what he needs to...getting between mom's legs. She thought.

While she spoke Bobby ran his hands down the smooth of her back and brazenly onto the swell of her ass. He let his fingers sink into the meat of her matronly buttocks. This got no reaction from Linda as she continued chatting.

How awesome is this. Mom's talking with dad while she here at Orgy shores with me. Her soft tits are crushed against my chest and I'm

sinking my finger into that plump matronly ass. He thought.

"I agree...we should both be very proud of him." She said.

Bobby got super-ballsy and slipped his fingers into the crack of Linda's ass and across her butt-hole. With his middle finger he circled her pouty anal ring.

"That sounds good sweetie. If you wanna start up the grill Bobby and I should get home before they arrive and we'll throw the burgers on." Linda said, showing little concern by her son's wanderings.

Bobby decided to push it one step further as the tip of his finger easily slipped inside her asshole.

Man, if only that were the head of my cock. I would be in absolute heaven tapping that ass. He thought.

"I love you too honey. See you in a bit." She said.

As she hung up Bobby slipped his finger back out. Linda lifted her head and gave him a quirky look.

"What do you think you're doing young man? Was that a finger you just placed inside your mother's butt-hole?" She asked.

"I don't know what your talking about." Bobby said innocently.

"Uh-huh." She said, then gave him a little tickle, making him squirm beneath her.

I haven't had anal sex in soo long. I can't imagine what a large dick like Bobby's would feel like pounding my ass. Linda, stop it...he's your son. No you stop it bitch! Get the fuck out of my head! She thought.

"Does dad ever stick his penis in there?" Bobby asked.

"Not as much as he used to. You're dad is at the age where he's sliding downhill sexually I'm afraid." Linda said.

"If I were him I'd make love to you once a day." Bobby said.

"Only once huh?" Linda asked.

"Okay...twice a day." He smiled.

"How bout three times?" Linda grinned.

"As much as you'd want it." He said.

"Wow, I'd never get anything done." She giggled, slipping her bra back on.

Wow, mom must love to fuck. Does she realize how much I could fuck her. She needs my dick...a dick that never gets tired. Dad doesn't hold a candle next to me. He thought.

As she climbed off her son she notice the mess both his cock and her bare pussy had made on his shorts.

"Oh Bobby, your shorts are soaking. You can't go home like that." She said.

"What should I do." He said, standing to his feet.

"Here...take them off and throw the blanket around you for now." Linda said, still on her knees and grabbing the hem of his shorts.

She pulled them down his legs and his boner sprang free, nearly slapping her on the face. She looked forward, staring down the thick barrel of his 9 inch peter as it still bobbed up and down slightly.

God in heaven...give me strength. It's the biggest cock I've ever seen...and it's absolutely beautiful! She thought.

"You're still as hard as a rock." Linda said, feeling her pussy pucker.

"Yeah, well...you know..." Bobby muttered proudly.

"The vigor of young men." She said, dreamily staring at the long vien encrusted barrel of love with it's large bell-shape helmet.

Surely a cock like that could reach all the way to my heart. She thought.

"Oh Bobby, there's sperm all over you." She said, picking up her panties and whipping his tummy. As she cleaned him off Bobby's dick bumped her chest and gradually bent down until a few inches disappeared into her cleavage.

"Gottcha." Linda said, pressing her tits together and capturing her son's dick between her large bra busters.

"Where does he think he's going?" She said playfully.

"Has a mind of his own I guess." Bobby smiled.

"Well isn't this quite the site." She said as they both looked down at the shaft, which was half-swallowed between her bulging tits.

Oh the hours of fucking it would take for a dick like that to finally go down. The orgasms...oh Linda! Look at this. A young man's big boner tucked right down between his mom's big soft boobs. She thought.

"I think I've figured out the appropriate nicknames for us." Linda said playfully.

"What?" Bobby asked.

"Boobs n Boners." She smiled.

"I like it." Bobby giggled.

"So do I." She said.

As Bobby slipped his dick from between her boobs a long string of cum began to slowly drop towards the floor.

"Bobby, you're dripping." She said, catching it with her finger, then swiping it off the tip of his dick. She stood up and Bobby and her both looked at the small pool of semen on her finger.

"Please." He smiled.

Linda slipped the finger in her mouth and licked it clean.

"Happy?" She asked with a smile.

"Very." He said.

When they arrived at home Linda pulled the car into the garage and shut the engine off.

"Stay put. I'll sneak you out some shorts in a few minutes." She said.

"Thanks mom...for today." Bobby said.

"I let you cross some serious boundaries with me today, slugger. I'm assuming you want things like that to continue?" She asked.

"Hell yeah." He said.

"Then here are the rules...Number one: what we do is between you and I only...got it?" She said sternly.

"Yep." He answered.

"Number two: we only play when and where I decide...period." She said.

"Okay." Bobby nodded.

"And number three...I meant what I said about your school-work. I stuck up for you today because I truly believe that the priority of a boy your age is his penis. If yours wants the kind of attention it got today...then you're gonna need to keep your grades up." She said.

"I will. I promise." Bobby said.

Linda gazed straight into his eyes.

"One more thing. I'm not gonna kid you Bobby...if things keep going like this sooner or later you and I are gonna be making love." She said.

Bobby's heart was pounding in his chest. Was he dreaming?

Oh my God...I'm gonna fuck mom. **I'M GONNA FUCK MOM!!!** He thought.

"Once we do I might get a little clingy...but that's what we women do. Just be patient with me...okay boners?" She said with a little smile.

"Okay boobs." He grinned.

Normally Bobby would shy away from family gatherings by after the wild events of the day he wanted to be as close to his mom as possible.

While the family hung out and chatted Bobby sort of lingered in the background, taking every opportunity to watch his beautiful mother.

Linda had showered and was now wearing a short pale-pink polyester skirt and thin white cotton tee. Bobby could hear the click of her dainty high-heeled sandals as she moved about the house.

Every once in a while Linda would stare over at him, her eyes looking him up and down like a hot chick at a night club checking out the hunk across the room.

Oh God my baby is so handsome. I just wanna rip off all his clothes and get him inside me where he belongs. She thought, the voice of reason no longer there.

Bobby felt a rush of wicked excitement every time his mom's eyes met his and she gave him that cute little wink.

Their flirty exchanges hadn't gone unnoticed by someone else at the gathering. Linda's mother Beth was keenly aware of the sexual tension growing between her daughter and grandson. A smiled wickedly crossed her face as she watched them tease one another.

There's something naughty going on between those two. I just wonder... Beth thought.

After dinner Bobby retreated to the back deck to keep from getting roped into playing guitar hero with his dad and the other men of the family.

It wasn't long before he heard the familiar clicking of his mom's heels approaching from behind him.

"I wondered where you disappeared to." She said, strolling up behind him.

"Didn't feel much like playing." He said.

"You must have something else on you mind." She said teasingly, hugging him from behind.

"Yeah." Bobby smiled, sighing as he felt his mom's soft tits press against his back and her chin rest on his shoulder.

"So do I." She said, sneaking her hand under the hem of bobby's shorts and combing her nails through his pubes.

Bobby felt two of her fingers part as the thick root of his shaft slipped between them.

Sooo thick. Oh Linda, you're stretching your fingers around the base of your son's cock and you can see your husband right inside the window. Oh how wicked exciting! She thought.

"Wanna go for a walk?" She asked softly.

"Where?" Bobby asked.

"How bout the playground? It's dark and quiet this time of night...perfect for two people who just wanna be alone and...play." She said, giving him a light sensual peck on his neck.

"Get a room you two." Came a female voice behind them.

"Jesus mother, you startled the shit out of me." Linda sighed.

Beth smiled as she walked over and stood beside them.

"Having a mother and son bonding moment are we?" Beth asked.

"As a matter of fact we were. Bobby, why don't you go inside and tell your dad we're going for a walk while I talk to Grandma." Linda said.

"Okay." Bobby said, leaving the two women alone.

Oh my God my mother knows. I can see it in her face. Linda thought.

"Were we being that obvious?" Linda asked with a little smile.

"Only to a mother who's raised three boys." She said, sharing a knowing smile with her daughter.

They watched Bobby though the window as he stopped to chat with a few of his cousins.

"I can understand what you must being going though, sweetheart. He's beautiful." Beth said, taking her daughter's hand.

"I absolutely adore him." Linda said, chewing on her bottom lip as she gazed at her son dreamily.

"And for a mother to adore her son in every way is perfectly natural." Beth said, giving her hand a squeeze.

"So I'm doing the right thing then?" Linda said, turing to face her mother.

"Are you following your heart?" Beth asked.

"**YES**." Linda answered.

"Then how could it ever be wrong? The love a mother has for her son is like no other...and when it turns to lust there is no force on this earth that can keep you from him...not even the bonds of marriage." Beth said.

Linda glanced through the window at her husband who was playing the game with his brothers as she nodded in agreement.

I love Ron dearly...he makes a good living for Bobby and I and if he ever found out I know it would break his heart. But mom's right...nothing's going to keep me from making love to my son. Nothing. Linda thought.

"Just be careful. What husbands don't know...won't hurt them." Beth said.

"I will." Linda smiled.

Hand in hand Linda and Bobby strolled up the sidewalk, the 4-inch heels of her sandals clicking against the concrete.

"So Grandma knows then?" He asked.

"Yes...Grandma knows and don't worry...it's okay." Linda said.

"She doesn't care?" Bobby asked.

"Whatever it is I want, that's what your grandma wants for me. That's the way mother's are." Linda said.

"What is it you want?" Bobby asked.

"That's a silly question... Isn't it obvious...I want you." She said softly.

Bobby's heart was doing somersaults in his chest.

"But first...you're gonna have to catch me." She said, slipping out of her heels and running down a grassy hill into the park.

Bobby followed after her as she made for the playground, giggling like a little girl. Even on the warm summer night the park was very dark and private, surrounded on three sides by a thick wooded area.

Before Bobby could arrive Linda climbed up the metal latter of a huge children's fort.

Bobby walked underneath it, trying to locate where she was on the wooded deck above.

"Booonnneerrrr." He heard her cute little call.

He went to a pole slide that rose up into a circled opening and saw his mom right above him holding the pole as she squatted over the

hole. Her long legs spread, resting on the squatted toes of her sexy bare feet. He could see the swell of her thick labial meat through her thin white panties.

"See something you like?" She asked teasingly, smiling down at him.

She reached down with one hand, holding the bar with the other and rubbed her pussy up and down through the thin fabric. She gave it five quick slaps with the tips of her fingers.

"Come and get it." She said.

Holy fuck!!! Bobby thought.

He wasted no time jumping onto the pole and pulling himself up towards her. Linda stood, giggled and darted away.

Bobby climbed up through the hole and onto the deck.

"Boooobby." His mom's sweet voice called teasingly.

He saw her on the other side of the deck bridge. She was leaning against a wall with her back to him and her skirt pulled up around her waist.

She slowly peeled her panties over her shapely ass, stopping just below the cheeks. She stared back at him teasingly as she squeezed the meaty buttocks with her long nails.

Bobby heart was racing, his erection now tenting out obscenely in his shorts. The site of her long tan legs crowned by such a beautiful ass was enough to take his breath away. He intinctively grabbed the rod through his shorts and gave it a few slow stokes.

"How's that long-necked monster? Does he need some butt-hugs?" Linda asked teasingly as she flexed her buttocks, making the soft cheeks ripple.

Like a playful little girl Linda pulled her panties up and hurried into the play-fort tower.

Bobby followed...moving across the bridge deck and into the tower. The little space was dark and his mom suddenly lunged against him...backing him to the wall.

With her tits crushed against his chest Linda dove for his lips giving him a few wet smacks before slipping her tongue inside his mouth. Her long pink snake found his and they began to dance. Twisting and flailing her strong experienced tongue attacked as she brought one of her legs up and curled it around him.

She ran her hands up his shirt..clawing at his hairless chest and thrust her pubis against his upturned rod, trying desperately to get a good position on him.

I want him! Oh my God I want him! So strong! So handsome! Such a big dick! Oh Go help me! Her mind twisted.

She was out of control...like a bitch in heat and Bobby was loving it.

"B-b-bobby." She whined desperately between kisses.

"Ohhhh Bobby!!!" She cried, humping against his erection.

One of Linda's legs was coiled way up around his waist and she use her cute little bare foot to push at his ass, grinding their genitals together.

Holy shit, this is completely surreal. I've never seen mom like this. I never dreamed she could be this horny. Oh man I'm lovin this...but what the hell...why not give her a taste of the teasing. He thought.

"If you want me...you gonna have to catch me now." He said, scurrying away.

"Get back here young man!" Linda playfully ordered,

Bobby rushed for the slide but before he could go down his mom was grabbing at him. Linda sat behind him throwing her legs around him and pulling him back against her chest.

Now laying upside down on top of her, Bobby felt his mom's tongue flailing against his neck. Linda grabbed the iron-hard dong through his shorts and started stroking.

"Thinking you could get away from me." She said playfully.

Bobby thrust his hips, humping at his mom's fist as she jerked. He gazed down at her tiny hand...wrapped tightly around his cloth covered erection. Her wedding ring sparkled in the moonlight as she pulled up and down on a few inches of meat.

Oh yeah...this is fuckin good. Holy shit!!! Bobby thought.

Suddenly the two of them slid unexpectedly down the slide. Linda screamed playfully as they arrived at the bottom, still clinging to her son.

"I wanna swing." She softly giggled.

She stood up, took his hand and pulled him towards the swing set. Linda quickly hopped into a swing and Bobby stood there a few feet in front of her, his big excited pecker tenting straight out under his shorts.

Like a drooling child he watched his mom extend her long tan legs, flexing them together as she began to swing up and back. She swung towards him, stretching her little toes out. Before she could swing back she drug them down the head of his erection, making it bob up and down.

She did it again and her and Bobby giggled as her toes slipped across the tip and his big awkward pole just sort of nodded up and down.

"So big and hard." She bragged.

"You make it that way." He said.

"Makes me feel good to know I give my handsome son such strong erections." She said with a naughty smile.

I'm gonna bury it. I'm gonna bury it inside my own hot **MILF** of a mother. Bobby thought.

"Grab my feet." Linda whispered.

As she swung towards him Bobby grabbed her little feet, holding her in place.

"Now move forward a little." She smiled.

Bobby walked forward until his pointing peter slid between his mom's feet. He held her by the heels as Linda began to massage his blood engorged phallus. She slid his meat back and forth between the arches of her feet and bumped his scrotum with her toes making his sack wobble between his legs.

That shaft feels so long and sooo thick against my little feet. My toes are bumping his scrotum and it's so soft...so heavy with those big sperm filled balls inside. She thought.

"Momma's little feet feel good, don't they sweetheart." Linda said lovingly.

"Y-yeah...this is the best." Bobby muttered.

"Doubt that...there's probably a few other things that would feel a lot better around that big monster." She said with a wink.

Linda spread her feet and her legs began to part.

"Run your hands up my legs." She said Bobby worked his hands up her calves and as he did Linda pulled him forward with her feet. Gradually her legs parted and Bobby gazed down at her sweet clam through her sheer white panties.

There it is...the gates of paradise. Jesus look at the crotch of her panties...they're fucking soaked. He thought.

His hands slid up the silky-soft backs of her thighs and as her legs curled around him he felt her heels push at his ass, beckoning him further forward.

Bobby stepped forward until his dick turned upward, pressing against her mommy-muffin. They both smiled at the way his shaft seemed to be jutting up from her pubis.

"Wow, you're packing an aweful lot of meat between those legs, kiddo." Linda smiled.

"Is that good?" Bobby asked.

"It certainly is. It's been a long time since I've had someone touch bottom. I don't think you'll have any problems." She said.

Touching bottom! God damn, mom's talking about her pussy. She's talking about me bottoming out inside her pussy! He thought.

Linda leaned back making the swell of her tits balloon and as her shirt rode up Bobby looked down at the sexy contour of her belly with it's cute little belly button.

"Look Bobby...my legs are wrapped around you...just like in your dream." She smiled.

"Well...almost." He blushed.

"Ohhh, that's right. I guess if we wanted it to be like your dream...we'd have to take that long-necked monster out of his cave and let him slide down inside my sweet tunnel of love." Linda said lovingly.

Bobby couldn't say anything his heart was racing so fast.

"It that something you think you're ready for?" Linda asked.

"N-now?" Bobby muttered.

She looked at him with batted eyelashes, biting on her bottom lip as she nodded.

H-here?" Bobby asked.

This is it Linda. Your about to be balled by your own son and the dick of your dreams. Oh what I'd give for my big soft bed right now. Desperate times call for desperate measures...just like at Orgy Shores. She thought.

Linda sat up and wrapped her arms around her son's neck. The swing dropped from under her so that she was now clinging only to Bobby, with her soft shapely legs still wrapped around him.

"Over there...in the grass." She said, motioning towards a dark grassy area near the woods.

Bobby carried her over to the spot his mom had in mind and softly laid her down. Her dreamy brown eyes stared hungrily into his as she reached down and slipped her panties down her legs.

"Take off your shorts." She whispered.

Bobby peeled his shorts off and his big throbbing baby-maker stuck out straight as an arrow.

Linda lay back on the grass, throwing her legs up into the birthing position. Bobby gazed down at her flower. It was in full bloom...her outer and inner labia splayed wide open and glistening with vaginal lubricant. Peeking out from under it's hood, her clit protruded out like a tiny engorged penis. She wasted no time reaching out for her baby.

"Come here." She softly whispered in a cute little mommy tone.

Bobby took a big nervous gulp and crawled down between her strong matronly legs. As his weight rested against her Linda curled her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her waiting lips.

He we go... He excitedly thought.

They kissed hungrily and their tongues began to dance.

Bobby's shaft was crushed against his mom's clit, her little patch of pubic fuzz tickling his crown and the sensitive underside. He thrust his hips a few times, sawing across her engorged nub.

Linda tilted her pelvis, trying to help him into position. The long awkward dong drug past her clit and licked its way down past her gash, pushing against her butt-hole. The drooling helmet prodded and probed, aching for an entrance.

Bobby felt a little hand clutch it by the root, helping it along. After dragging it between the soft moist folds of her vulva Linda fed the bloated bell-shaped head down into her creamy socket.

Oh sweetie, let Mommy help you take it to paradise. All that meat. All that thick throbbing cock-meat! Oh God, Linda this is gonna feel sooo fucking good! She thought.

"**O-O-OHHH!**" Bobby voice quivered as he felt the heat of his mother's pit.

She released his peter and he knew it was go-time. Easing forward Bobby felt her warm walls of pink pussy expand around his girth.

"Holy shit." The teen muttered, his body quivering excitedly as his mom landed squishy wet kisses on his face.

He backed out an inch, then drove forward again, slowly plunging his vien-encrusted pipe deep inside the soft wet warmth of cupid'd glove.

"**OHHHMYGOD...SO BIG!!**" Linda muttered, as she felt his cock-meat stretch her birth canal.

Again Bobby backed out a few, then drove even deeper...his smothered cock-head searching for bottom. Finally, as his soft hairless scrotum hugged Linda's butt-hole he felt the tip of his pecker nudge the squishy head of her cervix.

"**OH BOB-B-Y!**" Linda's voice quivered.

His head spun as he felt his cock completely surrounded by the clutching sponge-furnace. It was just like in his dream...only better as Linda wrapped her long tan mommy-legs up around the teenagers waist.

"Make love to me." She whispered.

Slowly, Bobby's hips set in motion...not with long hard strokes...but with the kind of thrusts that were ideal for a first-timer...slow and easy.

Linda's slippery vaginal walls hugged the girthy erection as it just sort of wormed repeatedly up and back a few inches. Pre-cum drooled from Bobby's knob as it licked the soft creamy head of Linda's cervix over and over.

Oh my God...I'm a motherfucker! I'm finally a motherfucker and it feels so fucking good! Bobby thought.

"Kiss me." Linda sighed.

This was it...just like in Bobby's dream only so much better. As their tongues rolled and flailed together wildly he began to instinctively pick up the pace, with long cunt-pounding stokes. On every down stroke Bobby felt Linda's pink pussy constrict around the meat of his peter, smothering it with the warm velvety softness of mommy-pussy.

Back at the house Linda's husband Ron sat next to his mother on the couch...sipping down the last of his beer.

"Linda and Bobby have been gone for awhile. Hope everything's okay." He said.

Beth rubbed his shoulder as she looked into his eyes with a smile.

Oh my poor boy. I'm sure you still have a sweet dick...but you just can't compete with a horny big-dicked teenager. My Linda will still call you husband...but sexually sweetheart...you've lost her. Beth thought.

"Oh sweetie, don't you worry about a thing. I'm sure they're fine. She's with that strong handsome son of yours. I'm sure he'll take good care of her." Beth said.

Back at the park Bobby's huge powerful cock was jack-hammering Ron's wife's hungry twat. His thick bulging rod was almost a blur as it plunged in and out of it's clutching host. A thick buttery froth of both mom and son sex-cream coated his phallus and dripped from his balls as they beat against the puckered ring of Linda's butt-hole.

"O-h-h-h-h, mom...I'm gonna cum!" Bobby muttered.

"**CUM!**" Linda said.

"**OOOOOONNNGN GCUUMMMIIINGGG!!!**" Bobby groaned.

"**MEEE TOO!**" Her cute voice sang.

"**UUUGGHH!!! UUUGGHHH!!! UUUGGHHH! UUUUUGGHHH!**" Bobby squirted a long thick rope with each primitive grunt.

Linda buried her face in his neck and whimpered as her cunt began explode, squeezing and rippling against the meat of Bobby's hammering, squirting erection.

For what seemed like forever their bodies bucked, shook and thrashed together...Linda's strong tan legs keeping his body locked to hers. These were orgasms at their most intense.

Fifteen minutes later mom and son were dressed and again strolling up the sidewalk, hand in hand. This time towards home. Linda squeezed his hand.

"You okay?" She asked.

"Oh yeah. I just wish I could have lasted longer." He said.

"Oh...sweetie, you did wonderful." She smiled, stopping to turn towards him.

"Thanks." He sighed.

"If you're interested in extending the experience...I'm sure old mom has a few tricks she can teach you." Linda said.

"Cool... Instead of two minutes we can go for two hours." Bobby smiled.

"Or four hours." She said, resting her hands on his shoulder.

"That would be sweet." Bobby said.

"Or maybe...just maybe...I could keep you going all night." She said with a wicked little grin.

"That'll be pretty tough with dad around." Bobby said.

"Well I guess I'll just have to get creative won't I? Get you inside me whenever and wherever I can." She said.

"I like the sound of that." Bobby said.

"Me too sweet baby. Me too." Linda said, as they continued up the walk hand in hand.

Building Stamina... with Mom

by klrxo

"Trevor, I know your watching the game with your dad, honey, but can I speak to you privately for a minute?"

Trevor followed his mom into the downstairs hallway, watching the rounded cheeks of her meaty buttocks sway beneath her miniskirt.

"Come into the guest bedroom with me, so we can have some privacy," said Chelsea, stepping aside and closing the door once her son stepped inside the room. She locked it as well, just to make sure they'd remain undisturbed.

The boy felt a little intimidated as his beautiful, dark-haired mother stared him in the eyes, while moving over to the guest bed to sit down. As she rested on the mattress, Chelsea's oversized tits jostled beneath her blouse; their immense weight somehow held by the tiny spaghetti straps of her dress. "Come sit next to me on the bed," she requested, patting the spot next to her.

"Am I in trouble?" Trevor asked.

Chelsea giggled. "No, you're not in trouble. Why, are you feeling guilty about something, young man?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"No ma'am. I was just asking."

"Stacey Johnson…that's the name of the girl you dated last night, correct?"

"Yes."

"Her mother called me this morning…very concerned. It sounds like the two of you had sex in her bedroom last night, and things didn't go very well, did they?"

"I thought things went ok," Trevor replied.

"Well, you may think they did, honey…but that's not what Stacey is saying. She told her mother that you left her **VERY** unfulfilled, because you came much too quickly."

"Oh," the boy muttered, shamefully hanging his head.

The mother reached over and rested her hand on his comfortingly. "Trevor, I want you to be honest with me. How long did you last with Stacey, from the time you penetrated her to your orgasm? And don't lie to me, because I already know the answer. Stacey's mom told me…and she also said that she refuses to let you fuck her daughter again until I can assure her that you've increased your sexual stamina. How long did it take you to ejaculate your semen inside Stacey last night?"

"A few minutes," the boy replied.

"Ok, that's what her mother told me too, so thank you for being truthful. I don't want you dating any more girls until we have this problem fixed, understood?"

"Problem?" Trevor asked, confused by what his mother meant.

She stared into his eyes with matronly authority. "Yes…it's a problem. What you had last night was called a pre-mature ejaculation. If you don't fix the issue, then rumors will go around that you're a lousy fuck, then you'll never have girls wanting to go on dates with you," she explained.

"Do you think there's something wrong with me?"

"No, baby…there's nothing wrong with you. Lots of boys your age cum quickly during sex when they're first starting out. Your young erect penis is **VERY** tender and excitable at your age. You have to learn **AND** practice something called 'staying power.' Having 'staying power' or stamina will allow you to fuck a girl savagely, for several hours, giving her multiple body-trembling orgasms before you ejaculate."

"Oh, well…that makes sense I guess."

His mom squeezed his hand. "Lasting longer in bed means more pleasure for you too, kiddo. It's kind of like playing a really fun video game.

Imagine if you could only play it for two minutes…how disappointing that would be. By cumming to quickly, you miss out on the wonderful sensations of having your penile meat exquisitely milked. Not to mention having it soaked in female ejaculate when you make a girl cum."

"I'd like to experience those things, so I guess **I SHOULD** fix my problem," he confessed, gawking at his mom's enormous breasts. The neckline was cut so long the he could see the top fringes of her areolas peeking out.

"Well, that's good to hear. Admitting you have a problem and that you're willing to take the steps to fix it is a great start! Developing sexual stamina isn't easy, but the process can be **A LOT** of fun!" Chelsea expressed.

"Do I have to take a special course or something?"

This made his mom laugh. "No, there's not a special course you have to take, honey. Everything you need to know about your penis can be taught to you right here at home…that's why boys have moms."

"You mean…**YOU** can help me?" Trevor asked in surprise.

"Of course, I can help you, **BUT**…" she started, staring deeply into his eyes, "it would have to involve having your dick inside me. It would be the only way to properly condition your erection to the feel of having hot, wet pussy around it. Are you ok with that?"

Trevor's heart was racing. He couldn't believe what his mom was suggesting. Fantasies of having sex with her were an almost daily occurrence in his sex-crazed brain. "Yeah, I'd be ok with that," he eagerly replied.

"Alright, just checking. Oh, and one other thing… Even though I'm only doing this to help you…we will be 'technically' having sexual intercourse, which is not something your father would be too happy about. Let's keep these lessons just between us, ok?"

Trevor was more than happy to agree, giving her a reaffirming nod. "Sound good to me." He watched his mom's eyes drift up his young body curiously.

"So, tell me, baby…how many girls have you been with…sexually?"

Chelsea asked.

"Seven."

"Oh, seven, huh? Well…you're off to a good start. Have you fucked any married moms, my age?" she boldly asked.

"No," Trevor uttered, shaking his head. Mature pussy wasn't something he had experienced yet, but he couldn't wait to try it.

"No? I'm shocked! It seems like every mom I know is looking for a young teenage dick to ravage," Chelsea expressed. "Did all of the times that you've had sex so far end in under five minutes, like it did with Stacey?"

"Pretty much, yes."

"Well, that certainly **NOT** acceptable! You and I will fix your issue, so you don't let any more girls down. Once you have some 'staying power' to go along with those good looks you'll be getting all the pussy you can handle, trust me!"

"Cool. Thanks for being so willing to help."

Chelsea glanced at the door, then back at her son. "Do you wanna go back to watching the game with your father, or would you like me to show you a technique right now that could help you?"

Trevor's heart skipped a beat with excitement. "I'd rather start learning," quote replied.

"OK then, baby…why don't you stand up and take off your pants and briefs," Chelsea requested, sitting up.

Trevor hesitated nervously, and his mother noticed that he was blushing.

"You're turning red," she stated with a warm smile, then looked him in the eyes reassuringly. "Hey, look at me…it's just the two of us here,

Trevor. You don't have to be shy with me. Just do exactly what I say and I promise…mommy will do everything in her power to make you a sexual rock star."

"Alright," the teen nodded.

"Now go ahead…stand up and pull them down."

Trevor did as she asked, pulling down his jeans. "There you go…now your briefs," she urged, then watched him slide his underwear down, exposing his young rigid prick. "Good boy!"

The pretty mother's blue eyes traveled the length of his jutting hardon.

"Oh, honey…you're already fully erect. That's wonderful!" "Thanks," he whispered.

"Wow, your so…long and thick! Look at those bulging veins crisscrossing up your shaft!" Chelsea admired, her cunt smoldering as she stared at her boy's dick. She didn't understand how his cock could be so much longer and thicker than her husband's. "Your erection looks so fucking hard and strong…no wonder Stacey was disappointed when you shot off so quickly."

"Do girls like a dick the size of mine?" the boy asked.

"Of course women love bigger dicks like yours. Some won't admit it, of course, but that's only because they don't want to offend their tiny-dicked husbands, "Chelsea giggled. "Women's pussies are made to be stretched and fucked really hard by large cocks. This stimulates their nerve endings and gives them tremendous, body-trembling orgasms."

"I'd love to see a girl have one of those!"

Chelsea was having the hardest time prying her eyes away from her son's jutting prick. It was the most impressive slab of manhood she'd ever seen. "Do you see the two big ligaments bulging out at the base of your erection?"

"Yes," Trevor replied.

"Those are built to sustain the force of your thrusts and allow you to engage in hours of vigorous cunt-thrusting. The problem that often keeps **THAT** from happening though is right here on your fat bell-tip," Chelsea explained, pointing with the long painted nail of her finger. "Do you see how swollen your glans are, honey? When your knob's engorged with blood like that, it exposes a high concentration

of nerve endings. So when you begin pounding it through the hot, wet, pink, flesh of a girl's pussy it stimulates those pleasure-centers and causes you to hose out your sticky cum-load too quickly. That's called a premature ejaculation, which is what you've been having."

"I guess you're right. **IT IS** a problem I should fix."

His mom smiled and nodded in agreement. "If you don't solve this problem now, you'll have a tough time getting pussy. If you do get a wife, it won't before long before she's cheating on you with someone who can fuck her for longer and make her cum. You don't want that, do you, baby?"

"No," Trevor replied.

"What we need to do then is teach you to control the sensations on your penis, so that they don't trigger your orgasm. Having a female pussy cum on your cock is the most amazing feeling a boy can experience, and so far it sounds like you've missed out on that," Chelsea preached. "You need to learn how to enjoy the wonderful friction and stimulation that a tight, smoldering cunt can provide you, without letting it send signals through your nervous system that result in ejaculation."

"So…um, how do we start?" her son asked.

"I think the best way to start, and teach you is by giving your stiff boy-cock some attention. Not by my pussy just yet. Mommy's hot fuck-hole will be the ultimate test, so you'll need to show me you're ready for that before I bury you to the balls inside me."

"Whatever you think is best," Trevor agreed, his heart racing excitedly.

The heavy-titted mother gazed at her son's flaring prick-knob, slowly dragging her tongue between her lips. "I'm gonna start by licking and sucking on your peter, particularly your bell-shaped crown. That

way I can easily coach you through this as we go along. Later…once I feel your ready, I'll sheath your cock with my pussy, so you can practice your technique. How's that sound, honey?"

"Awesome!" Trevor blurted, making his mom laugh.

"Well…someone sounds excited by that idea. You're so fucking adorable, you know that?" she expressed, gazing at him in way that could easily melt the boy's heart if it went on for too long.

"Thanks!" he blushed.

"Ok…step up here. Let's get started," Chelsea instructed, focusing on his cock again. "Ohh, honey…you're leaking a lot of pre-cummies out your piss-slit. Don't you worry…mommy will lick up all that ball-drool while she sucks on your knob."

The mother crouched down in front of him, grasped his cock at the root, then began sucking the tender crown of his erection. Trevor felt her tongue dart all over his sensitive tip. It looped around and around the bulb, tracing his coronal ridge. Then, her licker swiped across his piss-slit, followed by a series of rapid butterfly licks on the stretched band of his frenulum.

"Oh, Trevor, your dick tastes **SO** good!" Chelsea sighed, after his knob popped from her lips. "Do you like it when girls suck on your boner, baby? Yeah? You like to shove your cock-meat down their pretty mouths? The ring of a girl's lips feel really good gliding up and down your boy-meat, don't they?"

His mother went back to sucking, plunging it in deeper this time, so she fed more of his hot dick-meat into her mouth.

A minute passed before she removed his cock from between her lips.

"Mmm, your pre-cummies taste so sweet! You're gonna have all sorts of girls sucking on your juicy dick, baby. Now, mommy's gonna

fuck her mouth around you. I want you to grab the back of my hair, so you can control your thrusting. Glide your cock through my mouth like it's a pussy. Just stop moving once you feel your ejaculation approaching. Once you do that, wait a moment, and then start again, once you feel the sensation pass. This is called the start-stop technique. Are you ready? OK, grab my hair and plunge your cock in."

Trevor thrust his hips, plunging his pecker through his mom's mouth and into her throat. He loved how the ring of her lips looked like vaginal flanges, collaring the meat of his erection. This made his dick throb and his knob tingle exquisitely. He quickly yanked his boner from her mouth before he got to close to cumming.

Chelsea pulled his cock back to her lips and spoke into it like it was a meaty microphone. "No…don't take it out, Trevor!" she shouted. "You **NEVER** pull out of a girl's pussy unless you're changing positions, do you understand?!"

"Yes!" he gasped, his erection twitching stiffly, making a big gob of semen ooze from his meatus and trickle down into his mom's cleavage.

"If you're close to cumming, you simply stop moving, like I told you. Now, plunge your cock all the way into my throat and hold it there, until the sensation passes. When it does you need to start thrusting again…understood?!"

"Yes, ma'am," he breathlessly replied, then thrust his hips forward jabbing his boner into her throat until his mother's lips were plastered around his cock-root. "Ahhh!" he shuddered, from the feel of having his prick completely orally encapsulated, while holding his mom's head to his crotch.

Chelsea felt her teen's knob mushroom in her gullet as more semen escaped his cock, trickling down her prick-stuffed throat. Like most moms her age, she was a master cock-sucker, allowing her son to

stay fully lodged in her throat for the longest time without gagging. She finally came up with a gasp.

"That was excellent!" she exclaimed. "I could feel your cock throb in my mouth, then I noticed you paused, just like I told you. Do you see how it's allowed you to fuck for longer? Let's try it again! Hold on to my hair. I want you to really pump your erection through my mouth this time! Your mom's an experienced cocksucker, so you're not gonna hurt me."

The teen grasped her by her hair again and rammed his rod through her circled lips. Each time he reared back she would quickly flail her tongue on his knob before he thrust it back again. "Ahhh…ohhh, wow!" he whimpered, then dug his cock in deep again and held there, letting his semen-load settle back down. Chelsea huffed for air as his dick popped from her mouth.

"Wow, baby…you **ARE** a quick learner! Do you see how much longer you're lasting just by pausing when you get close to ejaculating your seed?" she asked, then lowered her pretty eyes to admire the long, vein-encrusted meat-cannon in front of her.

"Yeah, it seems to be getting easier," her boy replied.

"Do you think you're ready for mommy to take her panties off? Are you ready to put your newly-learned skill to the test? Hmm? Are you ready to be buried to your cock-base inside mommy's hot, wet pussy?"

"Uh, yeah!

"Yeah? Alright then…" Chelsea stated, standing up straight and peeling off her blouse. "Let mom get out of this skirt and she'll peel off her thong panties. You lay down on the bed, on your back and get ready for me."

Trevor did as she asked, watching his mom slide her dainty black panties off. The sight of her shaved pubis made his boner jump up and down with excitement. The thick outer lips of Chelsea's vulva met in the middle to form a fleshy camel toe.

"There you go!" she cooed, looking at him sprawled out on the bed, just as she asked. "Ohh, look at that dreamy dick…standing up straight, all rock-hard and ready for mommy, Chelsea mewled, crawling onto the bed like a hungry cougar. "Mmm, let me mount these young loins and get your meat inside my tight little fuck-hole."

"You shave down there?" Trevor asked, swallowing hard as he continued to stare at his mom's pussy.

"Yeah, mommy shaves her pussy. Isn't it pretty? You like these plump labial lips?" she asked, mounting his haunches, then reaching down and peeling her fleshy cunt apart as it hovered above his boner. "Here, let me spread them apart so you can see mommy's pink slit. Ohh, isn't that nice, baby? Here…let me peel back the hood too, so you can see my fat juicy clit."

"Woah!" the teen muttered, marveling at her grape-sized nubbin as it stuck out beneath it's sheath, fat and juicy.

His mom began giggling. "Ohh, I saw your boner twitching. Is somebody eager to feel this pussy from the inside? Yeah? Are you ready to prove yourself a man, baby…by not cumming too quickly?"

"I'll do my best," he replied.

"Mmm, let's bury your horny bullhorn inside me then," Chelsea hissed, sinking down on her boy's steely cock.

"Ohhhhh, yes! Oh, honey…you feel **SO** good! Do you feel your leaky knobby kissing mommy's cervix? That means you have me completely full, baby," Chelsea exclaimed. "You have mommy's hot pussy stuffed full of boy-cock. We'll just sit here a moment in full

penetration and let my juices soak you. That'll get your stiff cock nice n slippery so we can practice fucking."

Trevor stared at his mom's thin, strapless bra, which could barely contain the enormity of her breasts. "Do you think you can take your bra off?" he boldly asked.

"Well…I suppose I could take off my bra," she answered, smiling teasingly. "You wanna watch mommy's big titties jump up and down, while she fucks you? Yeah? OK, let me take this off then."

Trevor watched with ogling eyes as his mother reached back and unclasped her skimpy bra. Her mammoth jugs bobbled free as she removed the cups. "There…is that better?" she asked.

"Hell, yes!" the boy blurted, flabbergasted at the sight of his mom's naked jugs.

Chelsea giggled at his reaction. "Oh, honey…your eyes got so big all of the sudden! Do you like mommy's big, heavy tits?" she asked, giving them a teasing wobble back and forth. "They're much larger than those on the girls at school, aren't they?

She cupped her mams, so she could draw attention to her erect teats. "See how thick and hard my nipples are? That's how they get when I have a big cock like yours stuffed inside me, baby. Another cool thing about being able to fuck for a long time, is it gives you a chance to suck on big tits like these," she expressed.

"I definitely love doing that!" Trevor shared.

"Now, I want you to reach out and hold mommy's hips, while she rides your teenage cock. We're gonna go slow at first. When you get close, you pull me against you and we'll pause. You **DO NOT** pull out, under any circumstances, do you understand?! If you feel like you're gonna cum, we'll pause for as long as you need to. Once the sensation passes, we'll begin fucking again. Are you ready?"

"Yes!"

The mother began to hump up and down on the satisfying stiffness of his pecker. "Mmm, that's it, Trevor. Let's find a nice, steady fuck-rhythm," she panted.

"How's this?" he asked, humping his ass from the mattress.

"Good, baby! Ohh…your penis is so incredibly hard! Do you like how mommy's pussy feels? Can you feel all those wonderful spongy pleats squeezing around you, baby?"

"Yes!" he gasped. He marveled at how much better feeling his mom's pussy felt than the younger girls he'd fucked. He knew this was due to her strong coital muscles and her experience at flexing them.

Chelsea felt her boy's prick quiver and lurch as it glided through her pleasure-pit. "Oh, you're **REALLY** throbbing, aren't you?! I can feel your knob mushrooming inside me. Don't you fucking cum! You pull me against you and we'll pause, ok?"

No sooner did she said that than Trevor jammed his cock in all the way and held it there. He pulled his mom down against him, feeling her fatty tits squash on his bare chest.

His mom gazed him in the eyes proudly. "There you go! Good boy! See there…that's the trick to not ejaculating prematurely. You simply pause before the sex act reaches the critical level of excitement. Is that better?"

Yeah? Are you ready to start fucking mommy's pussy again? Ok, let's get back to humping."

Once again, they fucked steadily for several minutes, before Trevor paused as he felt his ejaculation approaching..

"Good job, Trevor. Pull me against you!" his mom coached. "Let your orgasm subside. Excellent job! Do you see how easy that is? Are you ready for mommy to **REALLY** test your stamina by riding your cock hard and fast? Yeah? Ok, honey…here we go!"

Chelsea ass flew up and down as she pummeled her pussy on her boy's erection. Her enormous boobie-orbs leaped up down on her chest, their fatty flesh rippling each time they struck her tummy on the downward swing. Trevor fucked his mom with equal vigor, stabbing his hard, pink dick through her tightly-clutching vagina.

"Ohhh, there's my little fuck-hound! Show mommy what you're made of, baby!" the dark-haired mother cheered. "Mmm, you get to practice on mommy and be her handsome, big-dicked motherfucker today, don't you?"

"Yes!" Trevor gasped in response, his peter-meat tingling from the exquisite friction of his mom's slippery cunt. He groaned in delight.

"Don't you cum, baby! Don't you dare fucking cum!" Chelsea warned, as she frantically worked towards her own orgasmic summit. "You fuck this girl and make her gush on you! Do you think you can do that? Huh? Do you think you can make Mommy scream and cum on your fat dick?"

"I can try!" he replied, trying to slow down despite his mom's determination to fuck hard and fast.

"Mmm, show me that your ready, Trevor! Show me that you know how to fuck pussy!" she shouted, then sensed a renewed energy from her boy.

The teen bucked beneath her, hammering the horny hardness of his erection through her with powerful fuck-thrusts. "There you go…just like that! Ohh, mommy's little cunt-fucker! You'll have all the hot moms wanting to take a ride on this cock!"

Trevor's balls clenched up in their sack, preparing to boil over. "Mmm, make those cummies wait!" his mom demanded. "Make them wait inside your balls so your dick can get all those special pussy-squeezes first!"

Those "pussy-squeezes" that his mom made reference to were making it more and more difficult for him to hold himself back from cumming.

His humping mother continued to tease him, while she fucked tirelessly.

"Mommy feels good squeezing around your glans, doesn't she, baby! Milking that young cock with her cunt-muscles! You like it?! You like to be fucked by an experienced pussy, baby?"

"Oh God, yes, mom…it feels so good!" he whimpered. Lucky for him, his mom was on the edge of a juicy climax herself.

"Ohhh, fuck, mommy's gonna cum! You're doing it, baby!" she shouted, but not too loudly, since there were others in the house.

Trevor jerked clumsily, losing his rhythm, but his mom kept the action going. "**NO**…don't pause now…**DON'T YOU FUCKING STOP!**" she demanded. "Keep fucking and cum with Mommy. Hump your hips from the mattress! **FUCK ME HARD, BABY BOY!!**"

Colored lights flashed before their eyes and it felt like every ounce of life they had was being sucked out through their pleasure-stricken genitals. The sensations they experienced for several minutes, as they beat their bodies together, was extraordinary! For the first time, Trevor felt his cock get soaked in girl-cum as he hosed out the biggest cum-load of his life.

They spent several more intimate minutes holding each other tightly as they regained their normal breathing patterns. "Ohh, honey…what a wonderful mutual orgasm!" Chelsea stated with a satisfied sigh.

"Was that the first time a girl's even came with you? Yeah? You like feeling of all that hot female cum-juice running down your balls?"

"Yeah. That feels **REALLY** amazing!" the boy replied.

"Oh, you made Mommy cum **SO** fucking hard! I'm so proud of you, baby!"

"I have you to thank, mom," he said, still astounded at how good her squishy breasts felt against his chest as she lay against him.

Chelsea gazed down into her son's eyes dreamily. "Do you feel more confident now? Yeah? Good! I'll call Stacey's mom back and let her know you're ready. You're ready to give her daughter a good, long, nasty fuck. I'm sure she'll get a big smile when she hears her daughter crying out in climax the next time you're over there," Chelsea expressed.

Trevor felt his mom's fuck-muscles come to life again, constricting around him as she continued to speak. "In the meantime, if you feel like you need more practice, mommy would be happy to fuck you again tomorrow after school. We could try out some other sex positions and get **REALLY** fucking nasty! That way we can help you build even more stamina. How's that sound?"

"Awesome!"

"Yeah…you like that idea?" she grinned. "You like mommy being your little practice fuck-whore. Yeah? You want Mommy on her back next time, so you can crawl down between my thighs and pound me like a fuck-monster?"

"As long as you'll let me, yes!"

"Well…anything to help my boy. Give me a kiss and we'll get you back to your game. I'm sure your father is wondering why our "discussion" is taking so long in here," Chelsea giggled.

Trevor and his mom exchanged a series of passionate kisses. Their tongues thrashed together inside the teen's mouth. The mother finally paused and stared down into his eyes anxiously . "I think I'm gonna want more of those sweet kisses tomorrow. How bout you?"

"Definitely!"

"Yeah? You gonna give me those wet French kisses, while you lay some hot teenage dick inside mommy? Mmm, I can't wait!"

"Can you kiss me again?" Trevor asked, wishing it tomorrow already.

"Yes…a few more kisses, then we need to get up, ok?

Their lips met for more smooching. Peeling them apart certainly wasn't easy for either one of them.

CONCEPTION PARTY

The invitations had gone out a week ago.

CONCEPTION PARTY for Kristen & Garrett on

9/17 @ the Henderson Family Lake-house Come enjoy a weekend of food, games and baby-making. Join Kristen's Fertility Coach, Patty Higgins, as she guides the couple through hours of technique-driven intercourse.

There's about to be a new pumpkin in the patch! Come join in the moment of conception!

"Hey girls," Kristen said with a big smile as she stepped into her parent's lakehouse, followed by her Fertility Coach, Patty.

"Heeey!" a large group of females sang, greeting Kristen with hugs. The beautiful Melora Hardin look-alike introduced her Coach. Patty was a short-haired blond in her 40's. She was a plus-sized gal with big plump boobs. "Nice to meet you ladies," she said politely.

"Where's my handsome, Grandson," Delores asked, peeking out the front window. "He's being a gentleman and bringing in our bags," Kristen said.

Kristen's Mother-in-Law, Pam moved in for a hug. "You didn't tell me you had a handsome bag-boy at this resort, Delores," she joked, making the Moms giggle. "You look radiant, dear," she said to Kristen. Pam had that sweet Grandmotherly look, with the face of the classic country star Dottie West.

"Thanks, Mom."

Two beautiful twin-women, a little older than Kristen stepped up to her. "She's pretty, but not quite as hot as her older sisters," one of them said, moving in for a hug.

"Oh my God, I'm so happy you guys made it," Kristen said, hugging them both. Susan and Allison were identical twins. They had long brunette manes of hair like their younger sister and thick voluptuous bodies.

"Wouldn't miss it," Allison said. She was seven months pregnant and Kristen gazed down enviously at her big protruding ball of baby-meat. "Oh my God, he's getting so big."

Allison smiled back, showing her perfect white teeth. "You think **HE'S** growing, look at this one," quothe said, moving aside so Kristen could see Allison's twenty-four year old daughter Emily. "Hi Aunt Kristen, Emily said, waddling towards her. She looked like a much curvier version of Mila Kunis with long straight black hair. The swell of her pregnant belly was absolutely massive.

"Oh my God, pretty girl, you look ready to pop," Kristen said, hugging her. "One more week," Emily said with a pretty smile..

"You look beautiful, honey," Kristen said, then looked at her other niece, Laura, a dirty-blonde who was the same age as Emily. "What about you lady? What's your excuse for not being pregnant?" Kristen asked, hugging her also.

"Steve and I are trying. Maybe I can steal some good tips tonight," she joked, making the Moms giggle.

"There's the man of the hour," Pam said, stepping over and hugging Garrett as he came inside and dropped the bags.

"Hi Grandma," he said with a sighed, feeling her huge oversized breasts press against him.

Misty stood next to Kristen's best friend Angie as they watched Garrett hug his female relatives. "Like a lamb to the wolves," Misty said, making Angie giggle.

Kristen stepped towards them with a cute smile. "I'm not a wolf. I'm a cute bunny," she said, hugging them.

"Yeah, right, Miss Alpha-female," Angie said. She was your stereotypical forty-year-old cougar,, wearing yoga pants and a snug sports top, showing off her amazing curves. "You missed this morning's workout by the way."

"Sorry, was at the salon getting waxed."

"Baby-smooth and ready to breed?" Angie said jokingly. "You know it," Kristen said with a smile.

"Hi Aunt Allison," Garrett said, glancing at the enormous pregnant tits that stretched her cotton top.

"There's our cute little Gare-Gare," she said, pulling him in for a hug. If his cock wasn't hard yet, it certainly was now. Allison's huge melons, squashed pliantly against him, her pregnant tummy pushing against him as well, so the teen's entire torso was covered in soft spongy flesh.

She continued clinging to him, letting him enjoy the feel of her newly developed charms. "Geez, let the rest of us get a hug, Mom," Emily said.

Garrett separated from his Aunt and faced his cousin Emily. He had always admired her thick young body, but pregnancy had made her frame blossom into ridiculous proportions. "Hey Emily," he muttered, unable to stop his eyes from wandering down her body. He paused at her enormous milk-filled knockers. The cut of her V-neck top left a bulging, swollen cleavage on display. Her tits rested heavily on the beach-ball-sized orb of her pregnant belly.

Emily smiled, watching him gawk. "A little pregnant huh?" she joked. "A little," Garrett blushed, realizing he'd been staring.

"Just think. This is what your Mom will look like in nine-months," she said, moving in for a tit-squasher.

"If he can get the job done that is," Laura joked, hovering beside them. Huge tits and voluptuous bodies ran in his family and Laura was no exception. The dirty-blonde shared a hug with him.

She, like the other women, made a point of squeezing him hard, pressing her big tits on his chest.

"I'm gonna try my best," Garrett said.

"And get all sorts of pleasure in the process," Laura said, making her cousin Emily giggle.

Garrett looked over and saw his Mom talking to Misty, Angie and his mom's fertility couch Patty. All four of them looked right at him as they spoke, watching his every move. He suddenly felt the swell of Delores's warm breasts on his back as she hugged him from behind. "Grab your bags,

I'll show you where to put them," she said softly.

Garrett grabbed him and Kristen's overnight bags and followed his Grandma upstairs. Delores wore a button-up short denim skirt. She was a plus-sized women with wide hips and a big buttocks. The teen couldn't help but watch her buns sway as she led him upstairs and down the hallway.

She stopped at the door and let him enter first. The room wasn't small, but seemed tiny because of the massive California King-sized bed inside. Suspended from the ceiling and draped over the outside of the bed was a beautiful white canopy with little white lights scattered over it.

Delores walked over to the bed and held her hand out. "Come here, darling. I wanna show you something," she said.

His Grandma took his hand and led him to the bed, parting the slit in the side of the canopy. The bed was covered in a big white comforter and huge fluffy pillows. On the center of the mattress were red rose pedals in the shape of a huge heart. Inside the heart, spelled out in pedals, were the words, "Kisten & Garrett."

"This is it, darling. This is where your baby will be conceived. Isn't that exciting?"she asked. "Yeah, it's beautiful," Garrett muttered. "Mom's gonna love it."

Delores gazed at him with her alluring gray-blue eyes. "She's enamored with you, Garrett. You've taken your father's place in her bed and in her heart. This baby will represent the fruit of her lust."

"I hope I don't let her down," Garrett said.

"You won't, you're ready," she said, "did you do the things that her fertility coach asked you to do?"

"Yeah, I've been focusing on the diet changes the past two weeks and Mom and I only had sex once a day, every other day like she told us, to make sure my stored sperm are healthy," Garrett explained.

Deloris smiled. "Wonderful. Then your balls are full and your sperm is rich and potent. Her little egg won't stand a chance tonight."

The women chatted and giggled as they ate dinner. Afterwards, the group played a game of pin the sperm on the egg, a variation of pin the tail on the donkey. Garrett sat between his twin Aunts, admiring both sets of smooth tan legs. Kristen sat on her son's lap, turned slightly sideways as she snuggled against him.

The women watched the blindfolded Misty attempt to pin the sperm on the big round egg shape tapped to the wall. "Go spermy! Go Spermy!" Allison shouted.

"Come on, girl. Get her pregnant!" Kristen shouted.

"Knock her slutty ass up," Laura added, making the Moms giggle.. "Come on, come on, come on, come on...ohh so close," Susan said.

Misty's sperm barely missed the egg. She took off the mask and shook her head. "Damnit, now I gotta cum again," she said.

"Oh in that case keep missing," Emily said with a giggle,"just squirt your spunk harder this time," she said.

Some of the women had consumed a few drinks, including Kristen's best friend Angie. She got up and bent over, sticking her thick ass out, making it stretch her yoga pants. "Fuck me baby. Sperm me and get my egg," she said seductively, rubbing her ass against Misty.

"Take my fucking cock, whore!" Misty said thrusting her pelvis into Misty. Garrett watched their big tit mounds jostle as they engaged in a fake fuck.

The Moms all giggled and cheered. "Woooo!" Kristen shouted. "Fuck her hard!" Allison screamed.

"I've got blowjobs," Pam said, squirting whipped-cream on the cluster shots she'd poured. "Anyone who's not pregnant or trying to get pregnant want a blowjob?" she asked.

"I want one," Laura said.

Emily smiled at Garrett. "What about you, Garrett? Want a blowjob?" she asked, then curled her long tongue across her top lip. A few of the Moms giggled.

Kristen nuzzled into her son with her curvy body. "Not nearly old enough for blowjobs. Not that kind anyway," she said, making the Moms laugh. "He gets plenty of the other kind, trust me."

"Not this past week," Garrett joked.

Kristen gave him a playful look. "Only because we're preparing to make a baby," she said teasingly.

Allison faked a sad look. "Ohh, is she cheating you out of the blowjobs, Gare-Gare. Do you need to come stay with Aunt Allison?" she said, making Kristen giggle.

Patty got up. "Speaking of baby making, we should probably start preparing these two for copulation. Kristen, we should take your temperature and check your cervical mucus," she said.

"What's cervical mucus?" Garrett asked.

The Moms giggled. "He's so cute," Emily said.

Patty sat up and explained. "Garrett, cervical mucus is a discharge that your mom produces in her vagina and is the most powerful during her ovulation period, which is today."

Kristen smiled at her son. "The mucus is like a clear slippery liquid that'll help your sperm swim through my cervix into my uterus. That's where my egg is."

"The more spermies you can get in there, the greater chances you have of piercing her egg and getting her pregnant," his Aunt Allison explained..

Patty smiled at Garrett. "While I'm helping your Mother, the other ladies are going to prepare your mind and body for mating."

"Oh, how are they gonna...um, do that?"

Misty smiled. "That's for us to know and for you to find out," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Patty smiled at the teen. "Garrett, you may not realize it, but the preparation for conception has already begun. Your mother and I decided she would sit on your lap this evening, so that you'd begin to breath in the faint scent of her ovulation. This has likely triggered a rise in your testosterone levels and as those continue to spike, so will your arousal, which will result in an incredibly strong erections and powerful ejaculations throughout the evening," she said.

Emily smiled and looked at her cousin. "In layman's terms, you're gonna have a rock-hard dick and cum so fucking hard it's gonna blow your mind," she said, making everyone burst out laughing.

"But how is my testosterone gonna keep spiking if my Mom goes with you?" he asked Patty. Deloris smiled at her Grandson. "You let us girls worry about that," she said.

A few minutes later, it was Garrett's turn to wear the blindfold, but not to play pin the sperm on the egg. His Grandmother's Delores and Pam walked him downstairs, into the large guest bedroom. Sensual 'bedroom music played through overhead speakers. "Where are we going?" the teen asked as he was guided along, unable to see anything.

"Somewhere wonderful," Pam said.

He heard the door close behind him and the women whispering and giggling. "Sit down, darling," Deloris said, guiding him back onto a chair.

Garrett sat there a moment, listening intently. All around him he could hear subtle whooshing sounds, like the sound of clothing being taken off. His suspicious were confirmed as he felt a huge lacy bra drag across his face. He sighed in delight. The big bra-cups were still warm from having one of the women's tits stuffed inside.

He felt one of the women lift his t-shirt up and off his body. Then he felt her hands on his chest. "Mmm, so sexy," a voice whispered.

A second set of hands joined the first and was followed by a third set as the women stroked his flesh. "Look at those muscles," another soft voice said. He recognized it as his cousin Emily's voice.

A tiny pair of thong panties brushed across his face. As they slid across his nose, he could smell the musky aroma of wet pussy.

Another big bra was rubbed against his chest as a second and third pair of panties grazed his face teasingly. The smell of sweet perfume and warm cunt was intoxicating.

Someone unbuttoned his shorts and Garrett could tell there were two women tugging them off, along with his briefs. "Ohhh my God," one women said.

"Look at that beautiful dick," another said.

Deloris took off his blindfold and Garrett was hardly prepared for what he saw. The women were gathered around him as he sat on a chair in the center of the room. All of them were completely naked. "Ohh damn," the teen muttered gazing around at all the curvy female flesh.

The women giggled at his reaction, their big stiff-nippled tits jiggling. Garrett turned his head, looking up at his Grandma Delores, who was towering over him. "Holy crap, Grandma," the teen muttered, gazing at the enormous melons jutting from her chest. The women all laughed at his cute reaction. "Where do you think your mother gets her big boobs, darling?"

When he turned his head the other way, he was nearly face-to-face with Grandma Pam's massive udders. "Wow," he muttered, then looked up at her warm smiling face.

"Oh darling, boy," she said, pulling his head to her boobs. "Let's get you to the bed," Pam said, guiding him to one of the big guest beds.

The teen sprawled out on the mattress and in no time flat he was buried in naked mommies.

Garrett felt women's hands exploring his body, squeezing on his hard cock and combing their long nails across his balls. His face was nuzzled in between a set of huge naked jugs. He had no idea who they belonged to, but soon found out as his face emerged from her cavernous cleavage. "Hi cutie," his Aunt Allison said with a beautiful smile.

"Hi," Garrett said.

He couldn't see who, but he felt a set of soft boobs drag on his chest. The woman flicked her tongue across his nipple, teasing it.

Susan, Allison's twin, crawled on all fours, letting her tits hang down above Garrett's face. "You gonna let all us sexy mommies prep you for breeding?" she asked teasingly.

"Yess," Garrett sighed, watching her twin mounds shift back and forth heavily.

"Mmm, let us stroke you and lick you," Allison said, then buried her face in the nap of his neck. Garrett felt her thick strong tongue whip around on his flesh. Allison was draped across him from the side and her enormous pregnant tits bulged out from between them as they squashed against his upper chest.

Susan lowered her boobs onto his face. Garrett's found one of her nipples and latched on.

Cousin Laura was the one rubbing her soft body against his lower torso, showering it with wet kisses and licks.

"Isn't he beautiful, honey," her Grandma Delories said, letting her own set of jumbo jugs press and drag on the boy's tummy.

"Uh-huh," Laura hummed, lustfully blazing a trail of wet kisses against Garrett's well-toned abs.

There were three women around his cock, Misty, Kristen's best friend Angie and pregnant cousin Emily. The women fondled his genitals with lust, their wedding rings sparkling, their eyes wide with desire. "Such a nice big dick," Emily said, then blew her hot breath on his glans.

They felt his long cock flex in reaction to her teasing. "Ohh, he liked that," Angie said, then nuzzled her face down into the bulge of his smooth nut-sack. Her long tongue slithered from her mouth and whipped back and forth against one of his testicles.

Misty reached down and rubbed Garrett's asshole. "He loves his ass licked," she said.

"Mmm, let me," Emily said, her giant pregnant boobs wobbling heavily as she moved down between his legs.

The young, soon-to-be-mother, buried her pretty face between his buns. Her long pierced tongue flicked back and forth across the crinkled ring of Garrett's butthole.

"Mmnnggff," the teen whimpered with a mouthful of Susan's breast-meat. Soon her breasts lifted from his face and were replaced by Allison's. Their boobs were anatomically the same, except Allison's melons were significantly larger from being swollen with milk.

Garrett dug his tongue against her distended nipple and areola and was rewarded with a mouthful of warm trickling breast-milk.

"Mmm, gonna get mommy pregnant with your big dick tonight, Gare-Gare," Allison said, arching her head back from the pleasure of

his tit-sucking.

"Mm-hmm," he answered, her squishy tit plastered around his face.

His wet testicle popped from Misty's mouth. "Paint mommy's womb with your hot cum?" she asked seductively, then lashed her tongue on his nut.

Laura squirmed against his chest, rubbing her tits on him like a cat in heat. "Fuck her hard and fast so you can make her cum on your big dick?" she purred.

Garrett let out a wet whimper, milk trickling out the sides of his tit-stuffed mouth. He rocked his hips, humping his cock through Misty and Angie's circled fists. The two of them were each nursing on a nut, tugging his sperm-filled balls in opposite directions.

Emily's tongue flew back and forth across his asshole. She skillfully lashed her licker up across his taint, making him squirm even more. "Get mommy pregnant so you can feel big swollen belly and tits..." lick, lick, "...squashed against you while you sink your cock into her every day," Emily said, then went back to licking.

Garrett felt Delores's hands reach under and stroke his cheeks. "Grandma wants to feel that magical tongue," she said.

Allison lifted her boobs. The boy's face was a wet milky mess. He saw his Grandma's fat shaved cunt hovering overhead, her knees planted astride him. The large thick dome of her clitoral hood peeked from her puffy outer labia, lowering to his face. "Suck my cunt, darling."

The teen feasted on her pussy, slicing his tongue through her wet folds. Feverishly, he lapped up her pussy cream, delighting in the pungent taste of his Grandmother's fuck oils. Delores gasped as she felt his tongue sliding across the fat swollen nub of her clitoris. "Ohhh, dear God, your Mother has taught you well," she panted.

He reached up and sunk his fingers into her big ass while he devoured her mature cunt like a starving dog.

Angie was now licking the teen's ass, while Misty and Laura squeezed the boy's fat cock, watching precum bubble from the tip and trickle down his knob. Their tongues were on it like white on rice, lashing his swollen knob with their experienced lickers. "Mmm, God, that's good," Laura said as his pre-spunk sizzled on her taste-buds.

Emily had crawled up behind Delores. "Let me have some, Grandma," she said sweetly.

Garrett's face was glazed in breast-milk and cunt-juice. He watched Emily's huge round baby-ball hover over him as she maneuvered her pussy into position. Garrett noticed the big pink flaps of her pudendal cleft as they protruded from her outer labium. He licked his lips anxiously as her cunt lower to his mouth.

The boy slid his tongue up the wet slit of Emily's pussy. Her pregnant cunt was swollen and horny. The grape-sized nub of her clitoris stuck out obscenely from it's hooded sheath at the top of her cunt. Garrett whipped his tongue across it, then sucked the nubbin into his mouth.

Emily's mouth fell open and she squeezed her huge pregnant tits together. "Ohhhh, damn," she cried out.

"Mmm, that feel good, hon?" Pam said, straddling her Grandson's chest and placing his hands on her big hanging boobs.

"Yess, he's amazing," Emily said, her eyes rolling back in ecstacy.

Garrett whimpered, excited beyond belief, pushing his face and lapping tongue through all the fleshy layers of his cousin's vagina. Hot fuck-oil oozed out, driving his senses crazy from her sweet taste

and powerful scent. He squeezed his tongue into cunt-hole as far as it would go, worming along her thick inner lining.

"Ohhh yeaaah," Emily whimpered, squeezing his head between her thick thighs and grinding her overheated cunt on his face.

Allison crawled up behind her daughter. "Move along, baby-girl. Yours isn't the only horny pregnant cunt in this room," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Garrett panted breathlessly, watching Emily's wet folds move away. His eyes drifted over the smooth enormous orb of baby-meat and her huge swollen jugs bobbling across the top.

His fingers continued to sink into two spongy mounds and he looked down to see his Grandma Pam, still straddling his chest and smiling down at him while he groped her naked tits. "I wonder how those testosterone levels are doing," she said.

"Probably pretty high," he said with a smile, watching her mature ta-ta's move around as he squeezed. His eyes traveled down her midriff. Pam wasn't fat, but had a pooched tummy, that Garrett still found extremely sexy. The little fat she had wasn't enough to hide her nearly-shaved pubis as it rested between his six-pack.

His eyes were drawn to the sexy legs moving astride his head. He looked up to see his Aunt Allison's naked cunt hovering over him, along with the under-slope of her pregnant tummy. He loved how each pussy was a little different in appearance. While his Grandma and Cousin had developed fat meaty cunts, the outer lips out Allison's vagina were not as pronounced. Her flaps were thin, but her hood was large. Garrett knew there was a big plump clitoris under there waiting for his tongue.

At the bedroom door, Patty, Kristen's conception Coach slipped inside. She was also naked and had big firm tits. She could hear women whimpering as they teased Garrett's body. Delores came

over and met her. "Looks like things are going well in here. Has he ejaculated at all?" Patty asked.

"No, I told the girls very little contact with the penis," Deloris said.

"Good," Patty said, watching the women writhe on top of the teen. Kristen's pregnant older sister gyrating her hips slowly, grinding her cunt on his face. "He seems to be in a heightened state of arousal, which is exactly where he should be?" Patty said.

"How's Kisten?" Delores asked.

Patty smiled back anxiously. "She's ready," she said.

Delores made the announcement. Women climbed off the teen and Garrett got up, his big erection wagging lewdly. Pam handed him a towel. "Here, dry off, your face is soaking sweetheart," she said, making all the Moms laugh.

Delores took him by the arm and looked at Pam. "Shall we?" she said.

"Certainly," Pam said, taking the other arm. They walked closely by his side as the group almost ceremoniously headed upstairs. Garrett marveled at the line of naked swaying asses headed up the stairs in front of them.

"Quite the view, huh, darling?" Delores asked. "Yes," he said with a smile.

Once upstairs, the women gathered by the bed, watching the Grandmothers lead Garrett over. He arrived at the parted canopy and saw his gorgeous mother sitting there on the center of the bed. Kristen looked radiant, leaning back on extended arms, her silky mane of dark hair flowing over her shoulders. Her enormous breasts ballooned out from her lush frame, her nipples and areola thick and engorged. Her strong motherly legs were stretched out in front of

her, one slightly bent at the knee. Garrett looked at her sexy little bare feet, her toes painted perfectly.

"Hi," she said with a loving smile.

Garrett took an excited gulp. "Hi," he muttered. "Ready to make a baby?" she asked sweetly. "Sure," he answered.

Patty stepped forward. "Ok, Garrett, follow me in and sit by your mother. The rest of you can come in and sit along the outside of the mattress once we're situated."

Garrett did as she told him, getting a good look at Patty's naked ass and pussy as she crawled to the front of the bed. Kristen turned and sat close to her son, facing her coach, as the other Mothers crawled inside, surrounding them on the outside of the huge mattress.

Delores was the last one in and closed the canopy. Kristen smiled at the circle of friends and family. "No cheering from the audience," she teased, making the Moms laugh.

Patty rested on her knees facing the couple. "Our setting is deliberate and somewhat symbolic. This canopy is like a mother's womb, private and safe from the outside world. Inside this womb we celebrate the beauty of conception," she said, then looked straight at Garrett. "Garrett, you spent nine months inside your mother's womb and tonight a part of you will return. Your sperm will swim out, in search of the egg that your mother has eagerly waiting," she explained. "Garrett, I know you're used to having regular sex with your mom in different positions, but tonight may be a little different. Our focus is making a baby and we'll be very precise about what positions and techniques we use. So no throwing Mom around or lifting her up and pounding her against the wall," she said, making the Moms erupt in laughter.

"Oh come on, I wanna see that," Allison said.

Kristen smiled at her. "Oh no you don't, we get downright dangerous, don't we baby?"

"Yeah," Garrett nodded, thinking back on all the wild fucking they've done over the past few months.

Patty smiled. "The good news is, orgasms will help relax your bodies and increase your chances of conception, which means today will get extremely intense, for both of you," she said.

The mothers clapped and cheered. "Wooo!" Emily shouted, throwing her arms up and rocking her boobs from side to side.

"Are we ready?" Patty asked.

"Yes," the couple answered anxiously. "Let's start in the missionary position."

Kristen smiled at her boy as she lowered onto her back and propped her knees up, bowing open her thick tan thighs.

Garrett squeezed his boner as he started to move into position. Kristen's cunt was completely shaved and he could tell her thick petals were moist and ready for penetration.

Patty looked at his thick boner. "Are you fully hard, sweetheart?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Good. Her cervical mucus has her vagina completely lubricated. You should be able to slide all the way in with one thrust," Patty said.

Garrett split Kristen's twat and sunk all the way to his nut-sack. She gasped as his knob pressed against the head of her cervix. By this time, the handsome teen had fucked his mom plenty of times and had learned some tricks. He decided to show off a little bit in front of the other ladies.

He reached under her back and grasped her shoulders. His hips set in motion, fucking her with hard steady thrusts. Kristen threw her legs up around him as he pounded her cunt.

The other moms looked on in amazement as Garrett punched his big cock through the slippery sheath of Kristen's cunt.

"Ohh wow," Allison said, putting her hand over her mouth in awe as she watched her handsome nephew fuck the hell out of her sister.

"Put your legs high up on his back, Kristen. Elevate your cervix," Patty said.

Garrett felt his mother's strong smooth legs slide even higher up his back, tightening like a fleshy fuck-harness. His ass bucked between her thighs and his knob tingled as he ran his hands up the outsides of her smooth thighs. "Ohhh, shit," he whimpered, feeling her curves cling to him.

Emily moved her lips over near cousin Laura's ear, both women watching the boy's youthful frame drill Kristen's pussy with skill. "Shit...he can really fuck," she whispered.

"Uh-huh," Laura said back, completely mesmerized.

While her son continued fucking her impressively, Kristen looked over at her mother Delores, who was watching her Grandson pound away. Kristen and Delores had always been open with each other about their sex lives and Kristen knew her Mom was very dissatisfied with hers, despite her father's best efforts.

Patty hovered near the humping couple, like the referee at a wrestling match. "Garrett, on a scale of one to ten, how close are you to orgasm?" she asked.

"Uh, um..six," he muttered. "Kristen, how bout you?"

"About the same...maybe a seven," Kristen panted.

"Ok Garrett, we need to move her up the scale to a ten. An orgasm will relax her cervix and prepare it for your load of sperm," Patty said.

"Ok," the teen answered, still thrusting away.

"Reach down, grab her buttock and hold onto it," she said and the boy quickly complied. "There you go, sweetheart. Now really lay into her like your pounding her into the mattress," Patty said.

Garrett gripped his Mom's ass and fucked her hard and fast. "Ohhh, yesss," Kristen cried out, clutching him as tight as she could.

"There you go, handsome, just like that. Perfect!" Patty said.

Delores and Pam flashed each other a smile. "Oh my heavens, that's beautiful," Delores said, watching her daughter get pounded hard.

Kristen's body stiffened up and she clenched her toes. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she screamed, the flesh in her legs trembling.

"Ohhh man," Garrett moaned, feeling his Mom's muscled vaginal walls squeeze his meat as hot girl-cum swirled around thrusting boner.

"Where are you now, Garrett...on the scale?" Patty asked. "Nine," he whimpered.

"Ok sweetheart, slow up just a tad. She's not quite ready for your load yet. Keep working her through her orgasm. When you feel her muscles relax, her cervix will be completely softened and ready," Patty said.

Garrett kept a steady fuck-pace. He lifted his head and watched his Mom's pretty face gasp with a pleasure-filled grimace. Her cunt felt

amazing, squeezing and quivering around his hard muscle. Finally, she let out a sharp gasp and her body relaxed.

"She's ready Garrett, go hard! Kristen, legs back!" Patty said.

The busty mother extending her sexy legs into a wide V, so her bare feet pointed back toward the headboard. Garrett's young ass bucked wildly between her widely splayed legs, spearing his cock in with deep powerful thrusts. Both of them panted and whimpered, their flesh smacking together.

"Haaarder Garrett!" Patty shouted.

Even with a group of women sitting around it, the big bed began to rock from Garrett's powerful fuck-thrusts. The mothers giggled and held onto each other to keep from falling off the sides, their big Mommy-melons, rocking subtly from the movement of the bed.

"Hhhoohh!" Garrett groaned as he felt his knob tingle and swell. His cock thundered through the juicy grip of Kristen's vagina. "Ohhh, shit," he sighed, on the edge of a monster cum.

Kristen squeezed him as hard as she could, her nails clawing at his back, her big tits sloshing between them. "Ohhh, mom!" Garrett cried, feeling his prostate swell.

"Yess! Fuck a baby into meee!" Kristen cried out.

"**OOOHHGGHH!!" OOOHHGGHH!!**" the boy grunted, hosing the back of her pussy with big ropes of thick potent semen.

Patty quickly moved behind the humping couple. She had a purple vibrating wand in her hand and she quickly put it to use, rubbing the vibrating head across Garrett's taint. "Ohh fuck yeaahh," he moaned as the vibration made him cum even harder and longer.

For a full two minutes he pumped more and more jizz into her fertile womb. "That's it, Garrett, give her all your seed," Patty said, watching his juice-slickened erection slip in and out.

"Ok, sweetheart, lay back and let the ladies clean you up. I need to elevate your mother's cervix," Patty said, stuffing a pillow beneath Kristen's ass.

Garrett sprawled on his back and the other ladies began to rub their hands on him. "Beautiful job, Gare-Gare,," his Aunt Susan said.

Patty looked over at Delores and Pam. "In about an hour, they'll engage in another round. Until then, let's keep his testosterone levels up."

His two Grandmothers closed in on the boy, their huge titties bobbling heavily as they crawled around him. "Ok ladies, let's do this in pairs. Fifteen minutes for each pair. Sound good?"

The other women answered affirmatively. Allison smiled over at her and Susan's girls. "Wanna do mother-daughter teams?"

"Definitely," Laura and Emily both answered excitedly.

Delores clutched her Grandson's erection and gave it a long wet lick, tasting the mix of mother-son ejaculate.

Pam brought her upper torso down on Garrett, squashing her oversized jugs against his chest.

"I'm so proud of you, honey," she said lovingly, then tilted her head and locked lips with him.

Garrett's heart thumped excitedly as his father's mother spun her thick tongue through his mouth. He added his own and their lickers went wild, like two flailing snakes stuck together.

"Mmnn," the teen hummed in delight as he felt Grandma Delores begin to suck his dick.

Pam broke the kiss and licked his neck. Garrett planted wet kisses along the top of her breasts. Pam let her giant boobie slide over his face and the horny teen kissed and licked the soft underside. He worked his way back up the spongy orb and latched on to her nipple, sucking greedily on the engorged cap.

"I missed out on that pussy-munching that you were doing earlier," she said, then popped her nipple from his mouth and sat up. "I want some," she said, straddling his head.

Garrett took a peek down at his Grandma Delores. Her pretty head bobbed up and down in traditional blow-job fashion. "Ohh wow," he muttered. He gazed up at Pam's fleshy cunt as it lowered to his lips.

She planted her knees astride him and began to gently plow her cunnie on his skilled tongue. "Ohh my," she sighed.

Misty smiled at her mother. "I told you he has a silver tongue, Mom," she said.

Garrett found her clitoris and sucked it into his mouth. He attacked it with rapid licks. "Ohhh God," Pam trembled, pinching her nipples. Her husband, Garrett's Grandfather was lousy at giving oral and she hadn't been eaten this good since back in her college days, nearly thirty years ago. "Ohh sweet angel, I'm gonna cum on you," Pam cried out as her wide mature hips began to tremble.

The teen snarled in lust as he lapped up the hot liquid love that flowed from his Grandmother's sexual core.

Next up was Allison and her daughter Emily. Garrett's heart raced with excitement as he watched the two pregnant women move in on him like hungry wolves, their big hanging milkers rocking as they crawled. They gripped his hard boner and attacked it with kisses and

licks. "Ohhh damn," the teen muttered, watching their skilled tongues battle for position on his knob.

Emily flicked her long pierced tongue on the elastic band of tissue just under the head of his cock, while Allison fluted her wet lips along the strong cylinder of his erection. "Mmm, such a yummy dick," she purred.

Garrett watched his beautiful cousin's lips stretch over his bulbous knob. Slurping and sucking noisily, Emily wrapped her hand tightly around the root of Garrett's hard-on. She started to jack his prick as she sucked on the cock-knob, steadily pumping the loose flesh of his prick. While doing this, she rolled her talented licker all over the glistening glans of his cock, making his knob tingle with delight.

Allison was giving his nuts a tongue-massage, making them jostle around inside his scrotum. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth and nursed on it's rounded surface. Meanwhile, her daughter was gagging on his cock as she stuffed it as far down her throat as she could get it. "Fuck it's big," she gasped, coming up for air.

"Not used to this size, honey?" Allison said with a giggle.

"Tom is big, but nowhere near this size," Emily said, then gave the plump knob a wet sensual kiss.

Allison smiled up at her nephew. "Hear that? You're putting our husband's to shame, sweetheart," she said with a wink.

Kristen's best friend Angie stared at Garrett's cock lustfully. "In length and in girth," she said.

Allison joined her daughter, planting kisses around the crown. "Just think of all the pretty girls you're gonna plow with this big thing," she said.

Kristen looked down at them. She rested comfortably on her back, her big pillowy tits spread out on her chest. Her hips were elevated by the thick pillow beneath her ass. She extended one of her legs and slid her sexy toes across his cheek tenderly. "Those pretty girls are gonna have to get by me first," she said with a smile.

Emily crawled up to him. "Not this pretty girl. I've been given a free pass," she said, dragging her huge pregnant tits across his chest as she crawled over the top of him on all-fours. "So for the rest of my fifteen minutes, I wanna fucking smooch," she said, rolling her tongue across her top lip.

Emily suddenly dropped down on top of him,. Their lips locked on an open oval as she smothered him in pregnant flesh. "Mmmnn," she whimpered lustfully, their tongues dueling wildly inside Garrett's mouth. He was amazed at what a good kisser his cousin was. He couldn't imagine how skilled she was gonna be by the time he reached his Mom's age. He wickedly wondered if the baby boy that was pressed against his chest would one day be on the receiving end of those skills.

Garrett's cousin broke the kiss squirming and rubbing her huge sloshy jugs on him, while planting sensual kisses. "Come on, Garrett, show this hot pregnant girl what you can do."

He wrapped his arms around her, squeezing her soft body against his while she licked his neck. He could feel milk trickling down the sides of his chest from her squashed breasts. Her huge pregnant ball felt exquisite hugging his lower torso.

Allison's pretty head bobbed up and down, shamelessly fucking her face with his delicious prick. Her circled hand squeezed and jerked, beating his meat into her mouth. Her huge diamond wedding ring sparkled from the small decorative lights overhead.

"Ohhh shit," the lucky teen sighed, enjoying the skills of the mother-daughter duo. "Our turn, greedy butts," Susan said, moving in on

her twin sister.

Emily could hardly stop. She kissed the side of Garrett's face, gasping with absolute fuck-lust. She brought her lips to his, her nails clutching him and squeezing him. "Oh my God, I wanna fuck you so bad," she whispered.

Laura brought her pretty face down next to theirs, her dirty-blonde hair tickling their cheeks. "My turn horny girl," she said to Emily teasingly.

"You're just as horny as I am, bitch," Emily joked. Garrett watched Emily's big pregnant udders rise from his chest. One of her breasts was still leaking, two tiny streams of milk spraying from her engorged nipple-pores.

"You're all wet now," Laura said with a giggle, smearing the milk droplets across his chest. Garrett gazed at her hanging boobies. While they were nowhere near as big Emily's, Laura had more than a handful and her areolas were wide and puffy, capping almost the entire ends of her boobs. "I'm wet too," she said, taking his hand. "Feel," she said, bring it down to her shaved cunt.

Garrett sighed excitedly, running his fingers through her juicy folds and across her swollen clitoris. This wasn't the only reason he sighed, however, since there were two women sharing his cock.

Allison was still slurping on his knob, while her twin sister licked along the base of Garrett's boner. Emily smiled as she crawled past them. "Times up, Mother. Don't be a greedy slut," she said, making the other Moms laugh.

Allison kissed his juicy tip. "I could be a greedy slut for this dick all day long," she said between kisses.

Kristen pushed her sister with her foot. "Too bad. He already has a slut." "Maybe he'd like two sluts," Allison said.

Misty smiled and raised her hand slightly. "Already has one. Slut number two, yo!" she said playfully.

"Ok, then three sluts. I can divorce Allen and move in with you. I'm sure Garrett won't complain about having two pregnant Moms sharing a bedroom with him," she joked.

Kristen giggled. "His father might. I have to fight tooth and nail just to keep the arrangement that we have," she said.

Garrett and Laura were making out as he continued fingering her cunt. Susan was solo, sucking the boy's dick with gusto.

Emily looked at Kristen. "Does Uncle Doug know you guys are fucking?" she asked.

"No, but I'm sure he has his suspicions," Kristen said, "our bedrooms are right next to each-other and Garrett and I can get kinda wild some nights," she said, making them giggle.

"What's your plan with Doug, as far as the pregnancy goes," Allison asked.

"Misty actually helped me work through that," Kristen said, looking at her sister-in-law.

Misty explained their plan. "Dougie can actually achieve an occasional erection, but after a minute, he goes soft and I guess it's as worthless as a wet noodle again," she said, making the mothers snicker.

"Kristen smiled at their reaction. "It's pretty pathetic," she said.

"But our plan is for Kristen to fake sex with him and slip it in her pussy before it goes soft. Even if it's inside her for a second, I think we could convince him that some of his precum got through her cervix and got her pregnant," Misty explained.

"That's brilliant," Allison said.

Angie nodded and smiled at her. "I thought so too," she said.

Pam smiled. "It is brilliant. I love Doug. He's my son, but he's not the man he was before the accident. He'll raise this child thinking it's his and he'll never know any different. Meanwhile, his wife will get all the pleasure she deserves," she said, winking at Kristen.

Kristen smiled back sweetly. "Thank you, Mom," she said.

Laura and Garrett's tongues wrestled inside his mouth. She broke the kiss and gazed at him lustfully. "Eat my pussy," she whispered, then rose straight up to straddle his face from the front. Garrett watched her thick shaved pubis lower to his lips. His tongue drug through her folds. With her sitting on him from this direction, the teen could gaze up her taut belly, to the big rounded undersides of her protuberant jugs.

"Ohhh, yess," she sighed, squeezing her tits. The site of her gold wedding band reminded Garrett that he had a young married woman on his face and he was eating a cunt that technically belonged to someone else. The same could be said for all the women around him, which added to the thrill.

"Ohhhh, shit," Laura cried out, her curvy body shivering with pleasure as Garrett sucked on her clitoris.

Garrett's dick popped from Susan's mouth, wet and throbbing. She looked at her naked daughter, marveling at the way Laura's meaty buttocks was smothering the boy's entire face. "Doing ok up there, honey?" she asked.

Laura peeked back at her mother, looking as though she could pop any second. "Yes, he's just a really good cunt-licker," she whimpered.

Garrett looped his arms up around her ass and ate her cunt like a starving dog, holding her against his face. It was a trick Kristen had taught him, one of the many times he had sucked her cunt.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Laura screamed, shaking and rocking, soaking Garrett's face with juice. The boy grunted like an animal, savoring the taste, the smell, the feel of her splayed out pussy grinding on his face.

Garrett's boner popped back out of Susan's mouth. "Ok, baby girl, switch me spots. I wanna see what all the fuss is about," she said.

Laura's pussy drifted away and Garrett's busty Aunt crawled up over his body. He marveled for a second how incredibly beautiful she was. The twins were like a different version of his mother with luscious bodies and oversized tits.

The teen rose up on his elbows and his sexy Aunt lowered down flat on top of him, chest to chest. He felt her spongy jugs flatten on him, her thick hard nipples poking his flesh. She wrapped her arms around his head, combing the back of his hair with her long nails as they made-out passionately.

"God, he is such a good kisser," Emily said to her mother as they watched the duo kiss. "Mm-hm," Allison hummed in agreement.

Garrett loved deep french kissing. He marveled at the way his Aunt's experienced tongue twisted through his mouth. Each women's tongue was a little different. Some were thick and strong, others were long and flickered wildly. Each one drove him crazy with lust.

Susan broke the kiss, gazing in his eyes and planting a few more sensual smooches. "Eat my pussy and make me cum like you did my daughter," she whispered.

"Ok," Garrett muttered, his heart racing.

She planted her knees in the same direction Laura had. Like her pregnant sister, Susan's middle-aged cunt had thick slabs of labial meat protruding from her outer labium. The boy's tongue hung from his mouth as he followed those flap to the hooded dome of her clitoral sheath. He knew from sucking Allison's cunt that there was a big juicy nubbin waiting just under that hood.

Susan lowered her pussy and felt her nephew's tongue go to work. Her husband of twenty-four years was pretty good at oral, but sharing her sweet nectar with her sister's handsome son was an absolute thrill.

Garrett gazed up, along the swell of her neatly-trimmed pubis. Her belly had a slight pudge. Susan had given birth a few month ago and was still working on losing her belly-fat. Garrett didn't mind it at all. His main focus was her jutting breasts and their huge smooth undersides. They looked just as big as his moms and knew just as suckable.

Laura sucked Garrett's cock, fast and hard. Slurping, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she worked his cock with shameless passion. Emily slapped her cousin's big ass playfully. "You go, girl," she said, watching sloppily face-fuck him.

Garrett peeled Susan's fleshy hood away from her clit with his tongue and sucked the grape-sized nub into his mouth. His tongue lapped smoothly up her hot pink slit, darting through her thick meat-curtains, into the pink inner sheath of her fuck tunnel.

"Ohhh my God," Susan panted, throwing her fists up in the air. Garrett watched her boobs quake as an orgasm began to swell inside her. She subtly swiveled her hips, fucking his face. Garrett reacted by dragging his tongue from her clit to her asshole. "Fuuuck," the horny mother cried out, her curvy flesh shaking.

The teen's tongue felt a shift in her cunt-hole and a hot jet of girl-cum pulsed into his open mouth. He swallowed the mouthful of juice

and continue his assault with his tongue. More nectar burbled from her cunt-slot, soaking his face.

"Oh dear God, I'm taking you home with me," she sighed as she climbed off him, making the other Moms giggle.

"Our turn Ange," Misty said to her sister's best friend. "Finally," Angie said, moving in on the teen.

Misty straddled his cock and pulled him up into a sitting position. She wrapped her arms around him and their lips fused in a passionate french kiss. Garrett could feel the heat radiating from the fleshy slit that pressed against his boner.

"I want some of that," Angie said, squeezing in from the side, dragging her tits on his chest as she smooched him. Garrett had known Angie from birth and he always dreamed he'd feel her tongue in his mouth. It was every bit as amazing as he imagined.

Misty pushed him down, so he rested on his elbows, gazing up at her big naked tits. She rolled her tongue through her mouth naughtily, then rocked her chest, making her big tit-cannons swing back and forth a few times.

"Daaamn," the teen muttered, making the Mothers giggle.

Misty had fucked her nephew alot recently and knew what drove him wild. She dropped against him and quickly rolled them over so Garrett took the top. Before he even realized what happened, her strong tongue was twisting through his mouth and her smooth mommy-legs were wrapping around his back.

The other ladies gasped and cheered at her aggressive move. "Daaaamn," Emily exclaimed with surprise, watching them writhe in front of her.

Misty reached between them, clutching his boner and plowing it's barbed tip through her juicy folds. She squeezed his knob just inside her vaginal cavity, letting her muscled lining hug his glans in a juicy grip. "Ohhh shit," the boy whimpered.

Kristen nudged her with her toes. "Don't get him too excited. That cum is for baby-making tonight."

Misty smiled up at Angie who hovered over them squeezing her big tits together. "You want him?" Misty asked.

"Ohh yeah," Angie answered.

"Turn over," Misty said to Garrett. The teen flipped over so he was now upside down against Misty, her boobs against his back. She reached around and clawed at his chest as Garrett watched Angie climb on top of him. He excitedly gazed at her big bobbling knockers before they met his chest and pressed against him like soft dough.

Her tiny pubic triangle tickled his prick as he slid up against it. His hard cock popped out between her legs, stretching up along the crack of her buttocks. They kissed deeply and Garrett enjoyed the feel of her thick darting tongue inside his mouth. "Do want my legs around you?" she said between kisses.

"Yess," he muttered.

Misty hissed at his ear. "Roll her over. Let her feel you on top."

Garrett rolled them off of Misty, sinking down between Angie's splayed thighs. His mother's friend was a fitness instructor by occupation, which meant her silky tan legs were strong and powerful. She tossed them around his frame, high on his back, interlocking the ankles of her pretty feet as they made-out like horny newlyweds.

The teen kissed his way down her lush body, taking a minute to suck on the boobs spread out on her chest, before he continued down her toned midriff to her mound of Venus. He split her twat with his tongue, smelling her sweet pungent aroma as he laved his licker through her moist folds.

He loved the way women's bodies stiffened up when her sucked their clitoris into his mouth. While doing this, Garrett gazed over her pubis, watching her big melons heave around from her gasping. He watched her body tremble and knew she was cumming good.

Patty looked at the squirming couple. "Time for another round of copulation," she said. "Nice job keeping his arousal level up, ladies. This time let's do it doggy-style. We'll get some nice deep penetration that way," she said to Garrett and his mother.

Kristen crawled up on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty buttocks back at her boy. From all the teasing, Garrett was horny as hell and was ready to fuck some pussy.

He squeezed his cock into her cunt and sighed as he felt it sink through her slippery cunt-tube. "Grab her hips, sweetheart. Give her some nice deep thrusts," Pam said.

The teen gladly complied, grasping his Mom's soft mature hips and falling into a steady fuck-rhythm. Kristen's meaty half-moons rippled as they swing back and beat against his loins. He could see his Mom's heavy tits hanging off her chest and swinging to their humping motions.

"Beautiful, darling," Delores said, watching her Grandson screw her daughter from behind. "Are you hitting her cervix, Garrett?" Patty asked.

"Yeah," he said with a gasp. "I can feel it."

"Kristen, bend down and lay your head on the mattress. That'll give him a better angle for G-spot stimulation," Patty said.

Kristen bent down and rested comfortably, her tits squashed against the mattress. "Legs a little further apart now, Kristen. Spread it wide open for him," Patty said.

Garrett continued fucking, savoring the feel of his hard boner gliding through her muscled cunt. He could feel his knob dragging across the textured lining along the top of her vagina. Kristen's panting grew more and more intense.

"Kristen, where are you at?" Patty asked. "Nine," she whimpered.

Patty looked over at Garrett. "Go harder," she instructed.

He gripped his Mom's hips and fucked with everything he had. His asses bobbed up and back at a frantic pace, her ass smacking against him over and over. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling his knob tingle.

"Not yet, Garrett. Her orgasm will relax her cervix. Let it hit her hard first," Patty said. "You can do it, Garrett," Emily said.

His Grandma Pam fed him a warm smile. "Come on, hon, squeeze it off just a little bit longer," she said.

He felt Kristen's birth canal shrink around his pole. "Cuuuummminngg!" she cried out. The excited teen used every bit of willpower he had to keep from cumming himself, while his beautiful mom shook and whimpered in front of him.

"Ok, she's relaxed. Delores, if you'll help me, we'll pile a few pillows beneath her pelvis," Patty said, sliding one in position herself. "Very good, now Kristen, bring your feet together and fall forward, so your laying flat, but your ass is cocked in the air. Garrett follow her down," she said.

Garrett still held himself up on extended arm. "Now Garrett, come down against her body and hump and fire away," Patty said.

They'd done this position before. As roommates, Garrett and Kristen had pretty much experimented with every position and Garrett liked this one a lot. He lay against her curvy frame and began pounding against her cushy ass hard and fast. "Ohhhh yeaaah," the teen muttered in ecstasy as his cock thundered through the tight grip of her cunt.

Kristen face lay sideways against the mattress, her hair strung across her face. "Yesss, come on love. I want your baby," she cried out.

The women all moved in on them, surrounding and gently stroking Garrett's humping teenage body. "Mmm, yes, breed her darling," Delores said.

"Make her pregnant, Gare-Gare," Allison said, scratching her nails across his back, "make her titties swell with milk."

Garrett's knob let out a mighty throb. "Hhuuahhh!" he whimpered, feeling a big creamy geyser spout from his piss-hole.

"Yess, flood her womb with your baby-cream!" Emily shouted, rubbing his asshole with her middle finger as he came.

Garrett's big erection squeezed against the pursed lips of her cervix, smearing it with big gobs of cream that oozed from his cock-tip. "Oohh fuck," the teen sighed, finally slowing his fuck-thrusts.

After a little more chatting and giggling, the women hugged Kristen and Garrett goodnight and headed to the guest rooms. Delores and Pam were the final two left, standing at the bedside, smiling over the snuggled couple. "Anything you two lovebirds need before we retire to my room?" she asked.

"Your sleeping in Grandma Delores's bedroom with her?" Garrett asked his Grandma Pam.

"Of course, hon. She has the biggest bed in the house. I think the two of us can manage comfortably," she answered with a smile.

Kristen looked at her son. "Baby, why don't you go crawl into bed with your Grandmas tonight," she said.

"Really?" Garrett asked in surprise.

Delores looked at her daughter, also surprised. "Are you sure?"

"Mom, Garrett and I hold each other all night, every night. I think I can handle being away from him for a few hours...but only a few," Kristen said, winking at her son.

Delores smiled at her. "Well, you know my sexual appetite is as unquenchable as yours, so I'm guessing neither Pam or I are gonna debate you on this one," she said, then gazed at her grandson, "let's go, darling."

Kristen and Garrett shared a sensual kiss goodnight, then she watched her mothers walk arm in arm with her son toward the doorway. One look at the backs of the Grandmothers smooth curvy legs and the swaying meat of their big thick asses and Kristen knew her son was in for some serious pleasure.

"Goodnight," Delores said to her daughter with an anxious smile, closing the door behind them.

Kristen picked up her cellphone and dialed her husband Doug. A hundred miles away, Doug sat in his custom, hospital-style bed watching a game on his bedroom **TV**. He answered his buzzing phone.

"Hey, hon," he said.

"Hi, how are things going?"

"Good, Cassie and her friend are asleep. They binged on Disney and junk food all night," he said, making Kristen giggle.

"Well, what are slumber parties for right?" she said.

"Yeah, so, how's your mother's slumber party going?" he asked.

"Well, it hasn't exactly been Disney and junk food, but I'll spare you the details."

"Oh come on, give me the details," Doug asked, wondering if it was something naughty.

"I don't think so. Garrett has had a good time though, re-bonding with his Aunts and cousins. It's been great to see them again," Kristen said.

"Did your mother give you the upstairs guest bedroom, or are you guys in the basement?" "I'm in the upstairs guest bedroom. Garrett is in sleeping with your mother," Kristen said. Doug stomach sunk. "My mother?"

"Yes, well, and mine. The three are sharing the bed in my parents bedroom."

"Hmm, ok, well um, speaking of sharing bedrooms. I got some good news today. My physical therapist said I should be ok sleeping on a normal bed from now on, which means, we could move you back in here and things could get back to being the way they used to be."

Kristen sighed. "Doug, I'm not doing that to Garrett, it's not fair." "What's not fair? It was just suppose to be a temporary thing."

"He completely rearranged his space. His bed's in storage. It's unfair to ask him to go to all that work again so soon," Kristen said.

"So soon? It's been four months." "Like I said, too soon," she said.

"Look, I'll hire movers, ok. He won't have to lift a finger."

Kristen answered impatiently. "No! The answer's no, Doug. We're all fine where we are right now."

There was a short pause in the conversation. "Are you there?" Kristen asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Look I'm just gonna ask it, alright.." "Ask what?" Kristen said.

"Are you and Garrett having sex together?" he asked.

Kristen's heart thumped wildly. "Ugh, why would you ask me that?"

"Well, I don't know, you share a bed with him. I hear weird noises coming from your bedroom all night.."

"Weird noises?" Kristen asked.

"Yeah, repetitive thumping, what sounds like muffled cries. The door's always locked, then you send me that damn video of you and him frolicking naked together on the beach," Doug said.

"Wait, hold on a sec. We were only doing that to help you," Kristen said. "Help me?"

"Yes, help you. You said yourself later that it made you hard. Is that not what we've been wanting?"

"Why are you dodging my question? Are you guys having sex or not?" Doug asked.

Kristen laughed. "Oh honey, do you realize how ridiculous a question that is? Why don't you just ask me if I think he's in there screwing

our mothers right now while you're at it," she said.

In the next bedroom over, Garrett was doing just that. Pam was on her back and the teen was on top, fucking her with deep thrusts. "Ohhh shit, Grandma," he whimpered, his ass rising and falling between her thick splayed thighs.

"Oohh darling," she cried out, tightening her big smooth legs around him. Her cute little bare feet with pink painted toes, bobbed up and down from the power of his fuck-thrusts.

He squeezed her soft body, sinking into her curves and feeling her huge warm tits sandwiched between them. He'd never fucked someone with a pussy this tight. Unbeknownst to him, Garrett's Grandfather was impotent, so Pam wasn't having her cunt stuffed like she had when she was younger. The result was having a narrow vagina, like that of a virgin.

Her tight muscled tube stretched obscenely around her Grandson's thick meat, moulding like a spongy sleeve to its every contour. He notice that the back of her cunt also felt a little different than his moms. He didn't know why and he didn't care. It felt amazing.

Delores was on her side next to them, one huge tit stacked on top of the other, as she watching them fuck. "There you go, darling. Show Grandma Pam what it's all about," she said.

"Ohh yeaaah," Garrett replied, slicing his cock through the tight pussy. He reached down and clutched her big ass-cheeks, squeezing as he increased his tempo.

"Ohhh dear God," Pam cried, throwing her head back in pleasure.

Garrett continued holding her ass and fucking hard, but lifted his head to watch his Grandmother cum. Her pretty face twisted with pleasure. He felt her thick thighs trembling. "Yeaah, cum on my dick, Grandma," he panted.

And that she did, squeezing his humping cock like a velvet vice. The pleasure was so exquisite the teen's knob tingled and his eyes rolled back in delight. "Ohhh shit," he sighed.

Her back arched, lifting her grandson up, as the orgasm surged through her busty frame."Uuuunnhhgg!" Pam screamed. There no way everyone in the house didn't hear it. Her body tensed up even more, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as she arched her head back. Her pretty face was now masked with a pleasure-filled grimace. "Uuuunnhhggfuuck!" she cried out in ecstasy.

The teen marveled at what he was witnessing. This was his Grandma, naked and completely uninhibited and at the moment she was at the mercy of one of nature's most powerful forces. it was amazing.

After humping her hard through her mind-blowing orgasm, he surmised that she hadn't cum that hard in a long time, maybe never. Garrett pulled his erection out. It was shiny and dripping with Pam's secretions. He turned to Delores, who was now on her knees beside him. She reached out and stroked his boner with her pretty hand. "Mmm, she did wet your dick," Delores said. "Lay down on your back and let's add my oils to the mix."

Garrett fell back onto the mattress and watched the older version of his mom straddle his loins. He looked down at her smooth shaved mons and watched her clutch his cock and feed it's big purple knob into her cunt-groove. Both Grandma and Grandson sighed in unison as Delores lowered her hips and sent his boner squeezing up her vagina. She wasted no time bouncing on his dick, rising from balls to knob over and over.

"Ohhh yess, that's what I love," she cried out, bouncing up and down on her Grandson.

For Garrett the view was insane. His mom had big, big tits, but his Grandma's were just mega-big and they were putting on quite a

show for him. They reminded him of two overfilled water-balloons in the shape of full-sized watermelons. He was absolutely awestruck as he watched her giant knockers leap way off her chest, smacking and rippling as they swooped back down.

"Can I suck your tits, Grandma?" he asked lustfully.

"Of course you can, darling. Just don't let them knock you unconscious," she said, making Pam giggle.

"I'll be careful," he said, watching the wobbling wonders drop to his face. Delores rested her hands on the mattress, her arms extended as she leaned forward. Her ass continued a steady rise and fall, humping his throbbing cock through the muscled grip of her cunt-sheath.

Garrett was suddenly like a kid in a candy store, rubbing his face up in between her tits. "Ohhh, man," he muttered, marveling at all the soft tit-meat.

His Grandma Pam smiled at him. "Definitely a boobie-boy," she said.

Delores smiled. "Mmm-hmm, he loves his momma's boobies, don't you darling?" "Yeah," the teen said, kissing and licking her huge pocket of cleavage.

"She let's them swing for you and rubs them against your young body. She loves when you suck and chew on her nipples. She told me so," Delores said.

Pam knelt right beside them, letting her own impressive set of jugs dangle near the boy. "Does she let you stick you dick between them, honey?" she asked. "Does she oil you up and fuck her big titties around your cock?"

"Uh-huh," he gasped.

"It feels good, doesn't it? I bet she lets you squirt your milky sperm all along her neck and across her pretty face," Pam said.

Garrett latched on to one of Delores's breasts, stuffing as much tit-meat into his mouth as he could get. His tongue danced across her big fleshy nipple, sending a surge of pleasure shooting through the Grandmother's voluptuous body.

Delores stopped bouncing and swiveled her wide hips, stirring his stiff peter like a gear-shift inside her clutching vagina. She placed a hand around his head, pulling him even tighter against her tit. Garrett's face sunk into the spongy melon as he continued sucking to his heart's content. Her fat nipple stretched into his mouth as he pulled and slurped vigorously.

Overwhelmed with lust, Delorores dropped her chest to his, making her nipple pop out of his mouth. "Ohh darling, fuck me as hard as you can," she cried out. Garrett wrapped her in his arms, bouncing his his hips from the mattress, pumping his cock and meeting her thrust for thrust.

"Uugghhooo!" she cried, buying her face in his neck. Her big milkers sloshed, bulging out at the sides from being sandwiched between them. "Ohh fuck yeaah," the teen sighed, basking in all the warm squishy flesh on top of him, while feeling his dick squeeze through the juicy grip of her mature cunt.

She clawed his shoulders and worked her pussy tirelessly on his prick, feeling her orgasm swell inside her. "That's it, yesss, help me cross the finish line," Delores cried out.

The spasms quivered exquisitely through her throbbing cunt, making her nipples throb and her asshole pucker as she began to cum all over her Grandson's dick. Delores threw her head back in ecstasy, her big dark mane of hair whipping around. "Fuck me, darling! I'm getting off!" she cried out. "Unnghhh! Oh fuck, Garrett, oh shit, ooohh shit, I'm cuuuummmmiiiinnnnggggg!"

"Ohhh wow," Garrett sighed as he felt the contractions of her pussy muscles around his burrowing cock. He fucked her harder than ever, helping her through the apex of her cum. Her pussy made lewd squishing sounds as she creamed all over his meat. Garrett's knob tingled, swelling so big it felt like it was gonna pop off the end of his dick. "I wanna cum on both your asses," he said.

Delores knew he was edging, so quickly jumped up and joined Pam on her hands and knees. Garrett rose up, squeezing his juice-slickened erection, giving little strokes around the crown of his knob. He pointed his piss-hole at the pairs of naked half-moons hovering side by side. "Uhh... oh shit, Ughhhh!" He groaned, making a big rope of jizz splatter against Pam's ass.

"Uughh!" A second and third band of jizz struck Delores's meaty buns, running down along the crinkled ring of her asshole. "Ohh shit," he whimpered, painting their rumps with hot cum.

The teen slept comfortably between his busty Grandmothers. He woke up in the morning alone, birds outside chirping and the bright sun shining through the window. He looked at the clock and saw that it was just past eleven. "Damn," he muttered, letting out a big yawn.

He heard giggling outside the window, so he walked over and peered out. On the waterside deck below he saw his bikini-clad female relatives basking in the sun.

"Fuck me," he muttered, checking out the thonged asses and the bulging tit-flesh oozing from their bikini tops.

Kristen was sprawled out on her tummy on a lounger between Misty and best friend Angie. The three women wore mini micro bikinis. The g-stringed bottoms left their meaty asses pretty much naked. There were just strings rounding their hips and another tucked down between their ass-globes. Emily and Laura were also on loungers,

but sprawled on their backs. Their bikinis were just as skimpy, lewdly showing off their motherly curves.

Garrett found a half-filled water-bottle on the bedside table and playfully squirted some out the window. His Mom and Misty screamed and sat up as the cold water splashed on their mommy-asses. The teen watched their nearly naked jugs wobble heavily as they peered up at him. "Hey, get down here so I can slap that naughty ass," Kristen shouted playfully.

"I don't think so," Garrett said, then squirted more water, this time hitting Emily and Laura. His two cousins screamed and jumped up, glaring up at him. "Oh, you're gonna get it," Emily said as her and Laura rushed inside, their big boobies nearly bouncing out of their bikini-tops.

Garrett rushed out of the room, into the one his Mom had slept in and hid inside the small closet. He heard his cousins giggling as they rushed up the stairs. "Ah, the little boy's hiding," he heard Laura say.

"I'll check the bathroom," said Emily as the girls separated. "Where are you little boy?" she sang.

No more than a minute later, the closet door flew open and Emily was standing there. "Gotcha!" she said and was immediately squirted with more water. She screamed playfully. "You shit!" she shouted, water dripping down into her deep cleavage and across her giant naked baby-orb.

Emily rushed into the closet, backing him into the corner. "I am **SO** gonna kick your ass," she teased, wrestling the bottle from him.

"I'm **SO** gonna spank yours," Garrett said, pushing her to one side, leaning over and smacking her exposed ass-cheek.

She gazed at him lustfully, cocking her thick ass out to be slapped again. "Mmm, harder daddy," she said in a sexy girl-voice.

Garrett smacked it again, making her buttocks jiggle. "Yess, fuck my pussy now," she cried out, throwing her arms around his neck and locking lips. Garrett's heart beat a mile a minute as he felt her pierced tongue wrestle with his. Her huge milk-swollen jugs and ginormous pregnant belly pressed against him, blocking his escape.

Emily lustfully reached back with one hand and untied her bikini-top, while clutching his hard cock and stroking it with the other. All this while hungrily making out with her younger cousin. "You wanna play?" she asked, between kisses, "let's fucking play," she said as her big jugs sprung free.

Laura smiled over her cousin's shoulder, peeling her own skimpy top off and releasing her big mammaries. "Let's get him to the bed. I wanna fucking rape him," she said lustfully.

Garrett brazenly reached around and cupped Emily's big buttocks, lifting her from the floor. "Not yet," he said, turning them around. She gazed in adoration and threw her curvy legs around him as he pinned her in the corner. The teen latched on to one of her melons and gorged himself with a mouthful of tit-flesh. Breast milk sprayed into his mouth and around lashing tongue from several different milk-duct orifices around her swollen teet. "Mmnnn," the boy whimpered, his head swirling with arousal.

Still clutching his boner, Emily drug it's bulbous tip through the juicy folds of her pudenda. When it squeezed against her protruding clitoris, she gasped hornily "fuuuck!" she cried out, then quickly fed his pecker into her fuck-hole.

Garrett thrust forward, burying his muscled meat inside her. "Ohhh, fuck yesss," Emily hissed, feeling the dome of his knob squeeze against the head of her cervix. Her husband's dick had certainly never reached that far.

Laura stroked his shoulders and rubbed her tits on his back as Garrett started to drive his hard-on through the hot slippery walls of

Emily's cunt. She clung to the teen, her big pregnant belly pressed against his toned abs.

Garrett's cock bulged and flexed as it dug deep in her cunt, exploring the unique feel of pregnant pussy. Kegels were a regular part of Emily's regimen, resulting in a strong muscled cunt that squeezed and milked Garrett's penis exquisitely.

"Ohhh shit," the teen gasped in pleasure, his cousin's leaking nipple popping from his mouth.

After ten minutes humping pleasure, Emily slipped to the floor. Garrett turned to Laura, who wasted no time trying to climb into his clutches. "Fuck mee," she said hornily, gazing at him.

As he had with Emily, Garrett picked Laura up and engaged in the standing fuck position. Her thick ass beat against his loins, punching his strong erection through her hot pink pussy. They kissed passionately and their tongues beat together in a frenzy of lust.

"Ohh my God, it feels so fucking good," Laura sang, leaning back and extending her lush legs so that she was pointing her cute painted toes at an upward angle. Garrett clutched her meaty behind and rammed his rod nice and deep, making her beautiful body bounce up and down. The young mother let out sweet girlish cry as an orgasm tore through body.."Uuuunnhhooo!"

After Garrett humped her through her hard cum, Laura slipped back to the floor. Emily wasted no time grasping him by the boner and leading him to bed. She crawled under the canopy, onto the mattress. The boys eyes were drawn to her big wagging buttocks.

She rolled gracefully onto her back, then parted her sexy legs high in the air. The gawking teen watched them form a wide V, propped back so far that her sexy feet were flexed and pointed at the wall behind her. "Do you like this Gare-Gare? Do you like fucking all these married women?" she asked naughtily.

"Our husbands would be sooo mad if they knew how hard you're about to fuck us," Laura said..

Emily squeezed her huge pregnant tits together. "But that's what you get for being a young stud with a big dick. You get to fuck all of us horny cheating wives."

Laura giggled. "Your dad should be thankful he has you, to fill that void in your mother's cunt," she said. "He certainly doesn't have what it takes to fill it."

Emily continued gazing at him. "He should be grateful that your pumping all that hot baby-batter inside his wife," she said, then rubbed her fleshy orb, "Making her belly big and round and pregnant so you can rub your juicy dick all over it."

"Ohh damn," Garrett said, grasping his erection and giving it a few strokes.

"Mmm, you like that don't you, loverboy? You like all that nasty fucking dirty-talk," Emily said. "Yess."

"Do you wanna come shove that dick back inside your hot fuck-doll cousin?" she asked lustfully. "Heck yeah I do," he muttered, his boner twitching eagerly.

"Then get your sexy ass between my legs and get busy," Emily said.

Garrett did just that, climbing on top and slicing his prick through her horny hole. "Come on, pound the fuck outta me!" she cried, bouncing her buns off the mattress, helping her cousin find a rhythm.

Fucking Emily's hot pregnant body made him even more eager to impregnate his mom. He could only imagine what Kristen's tits would look swollen with milk. His cock flexed at the thought of her big round tummy pack with their child.

Garrett's ass bobbed up and down, fucking the meaty thickness of his hard-on all the way into her clasping cunt. For a moment he stopped and left it buried all the way in. He rested on top of her naked body, crushing her mammoth tits beneath his chest as he felt her cunt tunnel clinging to his manhood. Garrett flexed his cock and Emily responded with a quick squeeze. She giggled excitedly. "You like to fuck as much as I do, don't you?"

"Maybe more," he said.

"Doubt it," she giggled, then gazed lustfully. "Make me scream so I can squirt my fucking juice on you," she said.

Garrett's hips set back in motion. His cousin's cunt made wet liquidy sounds as her walls lubricated his cock with slippery oils. He delighted in the fact that any day she'd be squeezing a baby down her fuck-tube with fragments of his spunk still clinging to her walls. Right now that tube was shrinking up, her body stiffening. "I'm gonna cream!" she gasped. "Ohhh God, your cock is so fucking amazing! Fuck me Harder... harder, I'm cuumingg, Uuuunnhhgg!"

The site of her curvy pregnant body trembling in orgasm was out of this world. Mixed with the feel of a clasping cunt that was washing his boner in hot girl-cum sent him right over the edge.

He fucked her faster than ever, shuddering as his cousin's cunt milked and contracted around his throbbing member. Out of nowhere, the spunk started shooting, gushing out of his prick A torrent of jizz blasted up Emily's pleasure-tunnel, completely deluging her pussy in a shower of creamy cum.

After lunch, Garrett went out on the boat dock to try his hand at fishing. He cast the line out and slowly reeled it in. "Catch anything yet? A voice said. It was his Mom, walking up the dock towards him. He marveled at how incredibly sexy she looked sashaying towards him in the skimpiest bikini he'd ever seen. All the mom's bikinis were so ridiculously scanty, they may as well have just been naked.

"Nothing yet," Garrett said. "You sure about that?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She stepped up and embraced him. "Well, you caught me. Hook, line and sinker," she said, then fed him sensual kiss.

Their eyes lingered together for a moment. "I missed you last night," she said lovingly. "Missed you too."

"Your Grandmothers were beaming this morning. Thank you." "My pleasure," Garrett said.

She smiled mischievously and winked. "I'm sure it was. I'm actually surprised you came out of there in one piece."

Garrett smiled. "It did get pretty intense."

"Speaking of intense, Patty thinks we should do another round of intercourse this afternoon." Kristen said.

Garrett faked a pout.."Do I have to?" he said,.making them both burst out laughing.

"Oh, I know. You have to fuck mom hard again and deliver another load. Bummer," she joked.

The twins, Allison and Susan came zipping up on matching jetskis. Both women wore life vests and tiny bikini bottoms.. "We're going out to the sandbar. You guys wanna come?" Allison said.

"It's a no for me. I've been forbidden from doing anything that might affect my **PH** levels," she said, making her sisters laugh.

"Oh God, please," Susan said, rolling her eyes.

Kristen smile half-embarrassed, "What, I trying to make a baby here."

"What about you, Gare-Gare?" Susan asked, "Don't worry, we won't make you do anything that'll affect your sperm levels," she said teasingly. "Oh, wait, actually, we might."

Kristen put her hands on her hips and glared at her sisters. "No sex. I need his sperm today," "Kristen, he's a teenage boy. He's producing like a hundred billion sperm an hour," Allison said. "Really? A hundred billion?" Kristen said with a sly smile.

"Ok, maybe not quite that many, but he's still producing a lot."

"Look, just don't drain him dry out there, okay," she said. "That's all I'm asking." "Grab a vest and hop aboard Gare-Gare," Allison said.

Garrett kissed his mom.and joined Allison on her jetski..They zipped off across the lake. The teen sat behind his Aunt on the seat with her ass pressed up against his groin. He reached around and held onto the smooth rounded contour of her pregnant belly. Several times in route, the sisters would playfully zip around each other, cutting through waves and kicking spray. "Woooo!" Allison shouted, cutting a sharp turn around her sister's jetski.

After continuing on, they arrived at a small island with some trees and a beautiful sandbar extending out one side of it. Garrett dove into the water and the twins anchored the jetskis and took off their life-vests. Garrett was mesmerized by Allison's bikini. It was a white mesh bandeau-syle top with Brazilian micro-bikini bottoms. She might as well have been naked. The teen could see the split of her mons, as well as her huge round areola and nipples through the fabric.

She gracefully dove off the jetski and headed for Garrett as Susan opened the storage area of her craft, taking out a dry blanket and some towels. "Hey sis, let's take him over to the notch," Susan said, hopping over to the island.

Garrett sat on the sandy bottom, watching Allison close the distance between them. "What's the notch?" he asked.

"When we were your age, we'd bring our boyfriends out here, obviously for sex," she said, swimming up and straddling him. "Even though it's completely private, we wanted to find an area that wasn't just out in the open. So we found the notch. Come on, I'll show you," Allison said.

She held his hand and led him ashore, into the small thick patch of trees on the island. "Wait, is this same island where my dad proposed to my mom?" Garrett asked.

"All our husbands proposed here. It became kind of a silly tradition. Look over here," she said, leading him over to a birch tree. Carved on the trunk were a few big hearts with names in the middle. Garrett found one that read: "Doug + Kristen."

Allison smiled at him wickedly. "You should carve that one off the tree. Get rid of it. Then carve a new one, with you and your Mom's names."

Garrett smile. "Cool idea, but it might kinda set my dad off."

"Ha, he's in a fucking wheelchair. You really think he's ever gonna be out here again?" "Probably not," Garrett said.

"I think you should carve one for you and your mom, then bring her out here sometime...and propose to her," Allison said with a mischievous smile.

"Propose to her?" Garrett asked in surprise.

"Why not. You guys are an adorable couple. You're having a baby together. Hell, you're already living like newlyweds. Why not seal the deal," she said.

"Yeah, but she's already like, married to my dad."

"Well, yeah, legally, but a lot of bonds are formed in private and only certain people know about them. Look at you giving your mom a baby, for example. Your dad will think the child's his, but secretly, we all know who the baby-daddy is. The same could be said for marriage. Just because marrying your mother is frowned upon by society doesn't make it any less real," Allison explained.

"True," Garrett said, pondering the idea.

"Where are you guys?" Susan called, from somewhere nearby.

"Oh, the notch. Come on, I'll show you," Allison said, leading him through a few bushes.

"There you are," Susan said. There was a sunny "notch" in the terrain about 8-feet square. Between the dip in the earth and surrounding bushes, it was completely private. Susan had a blanket spread out. She laid in the center, completely naked, propped on her elbows. The site of her smooth sexy legs and ample jugs made the teen's cock rise. Susan fed him a naughty smile. "You didn't think we brought you out here just to swim, did you?" she asked.

A few minutes later he was humping between her wide-open legs." Harder, Gare-Gare!" she squealed hotly. She clawed her fingernails up his back and furiously gyrated her ass, gasping as as his thick meat dug against her pleasure-spots. "Oh, fuck, it's so good… your cock feels so good inside me," she cried.

Allison was naked too, sprawled out next to her sister. Her knees were back and her thighs were splayed wide. Her pregnant mommy-melons jostled on her chest as she hornily rubbed her clitoris. She gazed at the teen's toned chest like a possessed sex-zombie. "Fuck meee," she cried out.

Garrett crawled from between Susan's legs, his big hard dick wagging obscenely as he moved over between Allison's thick thighs. He rubbed his juicy knob through her labium, teasing her fat clit. Allison gasped hornily, bobbing her ass up and down, desperate to get her ass fucked off.

"In meee," she whimpered,"I need it in mee."

The teen watched her face melt with ecstacy as he pushed his hard Peter up her juice-slickened fuck-tube. He brought his body down onto hers, feeling her warm baby-orb mold to his torso. He didn't know how good his uncles were at fucking, but he was determined to blow his Aunts minds.

He sunk down into her plush body, his toned young ass doing a steady rise and fall in her silky saddle. "Ohh fuck yeahh," he sighed as he began to pound the fuck out of her. "Yeesss," Allison gasped, throwing her curvy legs back even further, giving her nephew all the room he needed. Garrett used to love looking at his Aunt's sexy bare feet when he was a kid.. Her toenails were always freshly painted. He used to imagine what they must look like pointed high in the air, her soft soles arched like a ballerina while her uncle propped her beautiful legs back and enjoyed the marital pleasure of her cunt.

Now, the answer to the boyhood mystery was right before his eyes. Right up there at the tops of her spread-eagled legs, those same pretty feet, pointed back and bobbing around from the power of his thrusts. The thrusts of their little Gara-Gare as he used their bodies like his own personal fuck-dolls.

Allison whipped her ass up in a frenzy of fuck-lust, grunting and moaning like a bitch in heat as she humped her quivering cunt at the base of his cock. "Ohh fuck babe, your cock is gonna make my pussy cum! Ohh! Ohhh, shit I'm gonna squirt my juice on your big cock. Shit... ohhh shit..." she cried out.

Her body suddenly went into a shaking fit. "Uuuhhggh! Fuuuck!" her beautiful voice sang.

Her orgasm spurred Garrett on. He sank down onto her big, sloshing tits, feeling her engorged nipples poking his chest as he cradled his sweaty face between her neck and shoulder. His hands came down, clutching the sides of her humping ass cheeks. Then he eagerly worked his hips to meet her fuck-strokes, ramming his tingling cock in and out of her tightly clinging cunt.

"Ohhh shit," he whimpered, feeling her soft curves quiver beneath him. Her experienced pussy massaged his dick with her muscled walls while soaking it in hot girl-cum.

He looked over to see Susan on her hands and knees with her ass pointed at him.Her pretty wanton face gazed back at him, just beyond her thick wagging buttocks. "Fuck me doggy," she cried out.

Garrett climbed off of Allison and mounted her twin's haunches. Susan gasp as she felt his hardness pack her cunt full. "Yesss. Oh my God," she said, humping her cunt on him, setting their bodies in motion.

The teen grabbed her hips and fucked her with deep rapid thrusts. Her ass-flesh quivered and big titties swung as she engaged her nephew in a hot doggy-fuck. Sex in the full sun had coated their bodies in a glistening layer of perspiration.

Allison knelt next to the boy. They kissed as she rubbed her swollen orbs on him, while listening to her sister's ass beat against him in a repetitive wet slap.. "Do you like it, Gare-Gare?" she said between kisses, "Do you like fucking our pussies on the very spot where our husbands proposed to us?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"I'm gonna cum. Go hardeer!" Susan gasped.

Garrett complied, humping as hard as he could. Allison watched his glistening cock piston in and out from between her sister's wildly swinging ass-globes. "Yess, make her melt on you, honey. Fuck the shit out of her," she said.

Susan suddenly threw her head back. "Cuuuming!! Ohhh my God," she cried out, her sexy body quivering from a hard cum.

"Ohhhh, look at her shake, honey. You're making her cream hard," Allison said, then kissed him some more, their tongues flicking together passionately. She gazed at him with her alluring eyes. "Fuck me more," she said lustfully.

She led her nephew onto his back and climbed on top of him. Garrett licked his lips, watching her sweat-sheened flesh settle down on top of him. He felt her hand grasp his boner and feed it into her creamy cunt. "You just lay back and let Aunt Allison fuck you," she said.

Garrett did just that, putting his hands behind his head and watching his pregnant Aunt bounce on his cock. The view was amazing. Her big baby-ball heaved up and down, her super-sized knockers wobbling.. All topped off by her beautiful pleasure-filled face..

After five minutes of sitting upright and humping on her nephew's boner, Allison leaned forward, resting on extended arms. Her buttocks continued to bob up and down, squeezing Garrett's hard boner through her slippery love-sleeve.

"Yess, thrust your hips now. Fuck it right back at this girl," she panted.

Garrett rocked his hips, aiding in their deep fuck. Allison's huge sweaty tits swung right above his face. He watched the milk-droplets seep from her engorged nipples and drip down onto him. "Ohhh shit," he panted excitedly.

Allison was gasping as well, throwing her hair around as a monster orgasm swelled inside her pussy. "Ohhh... ohh shit, I'm gonna cum on your cock so fucking hard," she whimpered, then dropped down on top of him writhing of humping.

"Ohhh," Garrett sighed in complete lust as he squeezed his head up between her milk-filled melons, kissing the inside of one of them. He licked his way across the spongy flesh, then latched on to her swollen tip. Milk flowed plentifully and he nursed like a starving infant.

Allison squeezed his spearing muscle with her strong coital walls. Her juicy excresions and soft inner lining had created a pit of pleasure for the teen's cock. He flexed his boner, making her body tingle from her tits to her asshole. "Ohhh fuck, I'm cuuuming!" she cried out. "Ohh God.. ohh shit, dick me hard Gara-Gare!"

Still sucking, the teen whimpered into her sweaty boob, while fucking with everything had.

He felt her cushy body stiffen up. "Uuuunnhhgg!" his Aunt cried out, a big explosion of girl-cum squelching out from between joined genitals. Garrett's knob throbbed like crazy. The hot gooey friction was just too much for him. "Ohhhmmm," he whimper tugging her rubbery nipple and areola as hard as he could with the suction of his mouth.

His cock spouted big gooey geysers out it's tip, hosing her cervix. Allison use her strong mommy-cunt to pump his prick good, milking out all the hot spunk. For five minutes the sweaty heap bucked and writhed, enjoying every second of juicy orgasm they could draw out.

Later that afternoon, back at the lakehouse, Garrett enjoyed two sessions of baby-making with Kristen. "Ohhh mom," he cried out, pumping out his hot semen deep inside her. The feel of her warm curvy mommy-body clutching onto him was like no other.

That night, he belonged to Misty and Kristen's friend Angie. The two women took turns riding the spire of his cock, cumming multiple times. Garrett sucked their big bouncing titties and enjoyed their strong tongues twisting through his mouth.

Misty took his first load, deep in her squeezing cunt while her legs were propped back on his shoulder.

Angie got the second load of spunk, but not in her pussy. This mother had a real love of anal sex and Garrett shot off deep in her rectum. "Ohhh fuuck," he sighed as her thick muscular ass slapped against his lean torso, drawing out every ounce of spunk he had left.

A week later, back at home, Garrett waited anxiously by the front door as he heard his Mom's car pull up. Kristen came in, put her purse aside, then took her son's hand.

Doug sat in the livingroom with the **TV** on. She flashed him an awkward smile as she quickly pulled Garrett towards their bedroom, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. "Hi, honey," she said.

"Everything ok?" Doug asked.

"Fine," she answered from the hallway.

She rushed her son into their bedroom and closed the door. He gazed at her anxiously. "How did it go?" he asked.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she smiled from ear to ear, gazing back at her boy. "We did it. I'm pregnant," she said, then latched on for a big boob-squashing hug. "I'm pregnant with your baby."

"Wow, that's awesome," Garrett said.

They broke their embrace and shared a lovers gaze. "So when do we tell dad?" he asked.

"We've got time. It'll be awhile before I start showing, but I don't wanna wait too long to tell him. I'll put my plan in action tonight."

Garrett glanced at the swell of her boobs. "So when um...do your boobs start squirting out milk?" he asked.

She giggled. "Is someone excited to nurse?" she teased. "Um, yeah," he said, making her laugh.

"My nipples will leak colostrum or clear fluid during the first stages of my pregnant. It's not exactly the same stuff I'll produce when I'm breastfeeding, but it is my breasts' way of priming the pump, so to speak."

"So when does milk really start shooting out, like Emily and Aunt Allison's tits were?" the teen asked.

"By month seven, I'll start drowning you," she said with a smile. "Sweet," Garrett said, grinning eagerly.

That night, Doug rolled out of the bathroom in his wheelchair to see his wife standing by his bed in a pale-pink baby-doll. She stood in a sexy pose, with one leg bent at the knee and cocked out. He could clearly see her big jutting breasts through the transparent nightie. "Hi. This is a surprise," he said.

"Remember we talked about having another baby sometime?" she said. "Yeah," he answered, suddenly feeling some performance anxiety. "Well...I'm ready," she said with a sweet smile.

A couple minutes later, Kristen squirmed around on top of her naked husband, kissing his neck. She reached down and fondled his flaccid penis. "Come on honey, get it hard for me."

"I'm trying babe," Doug sighed in frustration.

She brought her lips to his ear. "Get it hard for Mommy," she said seductively. "Ohh Jesus," he hissed, his body trembling with arousal.

"Yeah, you like that don't you. You and your perverted little Mommy fantasy," she said. "Get it hard so you can fuck Mommy and put a baby in her," Kristen said.

"Ohhh," Doug sighed, rubbing his hands across her soft body. Her silk-covered tits felt amazing on his chest.

Kristen felt his peter harden up a little. "Ohh yeah, now it's getting some life," she said. His knob twitched and she knew she didn't have much time.

She sat up and squeezed his half-hard penis inside her as best she could, then ground her cunt on it, trying to push more in. "Come on, shoot your wad inside mommy," she cried out.

"Ohhh damn babe," he whimpered. "I'm cumming."

Doug's head was was tilted back in pleasure, so he didn't see the pathetic look his wife was giving him. "Come on," she said, patiently, rocking her hips.

When her son came inside her cunt, she knew it. She could feel his powerful jets of spunk hosing he insides. With her husband, she felt nothing. She knew it was probably just trickling out and the wormy little peter was just barely staying inside her. However, it served her purpose and she hoped off as soon as he was finish.

Doug sighed with a big smile. "That was amazing," he said.

Kristen faked a smile of her own. "Hopefully we'll get some good news," she said. "That would be great," Doug said.

"Ok, well, goodnight hon," she said, leaning over and giving him a quick kiss.

Doug looked at what she still had on and how her nude body was clearly exposed beneath the transparent baby-doll. "Is Garrett home?" he asked. "Yeah, he's in bed already," she said.

"Might be a good idea to change before you go back in there," Doug said. Kristen giggled. "Oh right, thanks. I guess I forgot what I was wearing."

She threw a towel around her body and blew her husband a kiss. "Goodnight," she said.

Once in her and her son's bedroom, she ditched the towel and climbed into bed with her son. "How did it go?" he asked as she climbed on top of him.

"I don't wanna talk about it," she said, then planted some sensual kisses. "I just need you to fuck me hard," she said lustfully.

Garrett rolled his Mom onto her back and pounded her cunt mercilessly. It was in stark contrast to what she got from her husband, but she was thankful she got it over with.

It was a week later that she announced her pregnancy to Doug. He was over the moon with joy and bit proud of himself for delivering the goods. "Guess I still got it, huh?" he said to his wife.

"You still got it, hon," she lied, smiling over at her son.

Over the next nine months, Kristen's tummy and tits grew to gigantic proportions.

Garrett whimpered, his entire face sunk down and surrounded in breast-meat. A huge distended nipple and areola were sucked inside his mouth, tit-milk squirting out from every direction. He slurped and gulped and slurped and gulped, savoring the taste of her nectar as it squirted across his laving tongue. Before he passed out from lack of oxygen, he emerged from Kristen giant boob, gasping for air.

Kristen looked at his milk-soaked face a giggled. "You like it honey?" she asked.

"Oh my God, yes," he said, sinking back down, planting lustful kisses inside her massive cleavage.

"Wanna fuck some more?" she asked with an eager smile.. "Hell yeah," he said.

"How do you want me?" she asked.

"On top," he said, plopping down on his back.

Kristen giggled, mounting his loins. "You're favorite," she said. His cock slid in and she lowered herself down, resting on extended arms that were planted astride his head. "And I wonder why?" she joked watching her son gaze up at her massive mammaries.

Kristen was weeks away from giving birth, but she could still fuck like a porn-star. Her juicy cunt squeezed and milked her son's hard muscle as it rode up and down on it steadily. "Yess, so fucking good," the mother sighed.

Garrett loved the feel of her huge baby-ball mashed against his lower chest. It felt a lot like a huge round boob, but not quite as soft. A least once a day he would rub his cock all over it and have his Mom jerk him off so he could watch his jets of cum splash across her belly.

Kristen ginormous milk-filled jugs swung heavily around his face. He loved watching them swing and slosh and leak. The way they trembled like big ballooning sacks of jello when she orgasmed made his knob tingle every time.

If Doug wasn't suspicious before her pregnancy, he certainly was now. His wife and son would constantly disappear, locking themselves in their bedroom for endless hours of the day. At night,

he continued to hear repetitive knocking sounds against the wall of his bedroom, which would sometimes go on for what seemed like forever. He also continued to be awakened by what sounded like muffled crying or grunting sounds.

He finally decided to confront it, wheeling himself down to their bedroom and knocking on the door. It took Kristen a minute to answer. She had thrown a robe over her nude body and her hair was disheveled. "What's wrong? Is everything ok," she asked.

"No, Kristen, what's all the noise coming from in there?" Doug asked impatiently. "Noise?" she asked, playing stupid.

"Yes, noise. I've told you before...I hear noises through the wall."

"Doug you're probably just hearing our music. Sometimes we leave it on."

"It's not on now, so what were those strange noises I was just hearing?" he asked.

"Look, this just confirms what we've been talking about for months. We need more space. The baby's coming, our bedrooms are cramped right next to each other, so we hear everything. We just need a bigger house," Kristen said.

"Has the realtor called you back?" Doug asked.

"That guys an asshole. I'm done with him. Angie knows a realtor who's really good. I'll go see her tomorrow...have her show me some houses."

Doug huffed. "I would really love to be able to look at these places with you," he said.

"I know, unfortunately most homes don't come standard with a handicap ramp, honey. I'll take some video and whatever house we

decide on, we'll get a ramp built right away," she said.

"Alright," Doug said, looking at the massive swell of her tits through the robe. Kristen's thick nipples protruded from the fabric, making it perfectly obvious that she was naked beneath. "Try to get some sleep," she said, then closed the door.

Doug went back to bed. Unable to sleep, he clicked on his **TV** to watch some game highlights. He wasn't at all surprised to hear a strange repetitive creaking sound through the wall again. He did his best to ignore it.

Inside Kristen and Garrett's room, the big bed creaked as it rocked wildly. Kristen's legs were spread high in the air, her little feet flexing as Garrett fucked her hard and fast. The teen whimpered in delight, sucking one of her pregnant tits while hammering away at her cunt.

"Cuuuming!" Kristen squealed as quietly as she was able. She quickly brought a pillow of her face and screamed into it as her legs shook from the powerful orgasmic shockwave shooting through her.

"Mmmggh!" Garrett whimpered into her fleshy tit, milk spewing from his mouth as he felt his hard pecker being washed in hot girl-cum. "Mmhhgghh!" he groan as cum-ropes fired from his piss-slit. "Mmgghh!... Mmgghh!" he grunted, hosing his Mother's cervix while biting down on the thick fleshy ring of her areola.

They bucked and writhed, drawing out their juicy orgasms as long as they could. "Ohh man, I hope dad didn't hear that one," Garrett muttered, catching his breath.

"Probably did, but big deal, it was just our music," she joked, making them both laugh.

Garrett was munching on some cereal the next morning when he got a text from his Aunt Misty. "Hey cutie, what are you doing this morning?"

"Nothing much. Mom has an appointment to see the realtor lady," he texted back.

He got a text back. "So I heard. Your Uncle Steve is home, but a friend of his is over helping him build a deck. Wanna come over and keep me company?"

"Sure ," he texted back.

" " was Misty's final message.

Garrett heard his Mom's heels click into the kitchen. Kristen wore a pink, brushed knit, wrap fitted maternity dress. The snug outfit accentuated the swell of her enormous pregnant tummy. "I'm off. Should be back in a couple hours. What's your plan today, sweetheart," she asked.

"Going over to hang out with Aunt Misty."

Kristen smiled. "Hang out, huh? Well don't wear yourself out. I'm gonna need you later," she said, planting a wet kiss. "Oh and um, don't let your uncle Eric catch you fucking his wife," she said.

"I know, I know," Garrett said.

Kristen drove across town, through a maze of neighborhoods, following her **GPS** to the realtor's house. She got out of her car, went to the house and knocked on the door. A woman her age answered. "Heather?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, you must be Kristen. Come in," Heather said.

Heather was a tall thick Mother with short brown hair and big boobs. She led Kristen from the foyer, into the livingroom, where her son was playing video games on his phone. "Nick, I have a client here, so we need some privacy, honey," Heather said.

"Sure, Mom," her son said, getting a good look at Kristen's voluptuous body before meeting her eyes and sharing a "hi."

"Have a seat. Can I get you something to drink?" Heather asked her guest.

"I'm fine, thanks," Kristen said, noticing all the birthday balloons. "Looks like you're planning quite the party."

"Oh those, um, no, not really a party. More like a diversion," Heather said. "Diversion?"

Heather smiled. "It's a long story. Let's talk about you, Kristen. You guys are looking for a house in the area?"

"Yes, we were working with another realtor, but just weren't clicking. My friend Angie said you attend a workout class she does on Tuesdays and highly recommended you," Kristen said.

"Aww, Angie's a sweetheart. I do my best to please my clients. So tell me, what size place are you guys looking for?"

"A four bedroom, something definitely spacious. We have sort of a unique living arrangement, so if possible, maybe something with two master suites, at opposite ends of the house," Kristen explained.

"Hmm, interesting," Heather said, jotting down some note. "So is it a mother-in-law situation, where you're looking for separate living quarters?"

"No, nothing like that. My husband is disabled, so he needs his own space. My son and I have been sharing a room, but it's much too small.. It would be great to have our own suite, with an adjoining bathroom possibly," Kristen said.

Heather smiled knowingly, scribbling down a few more notes. "So a suite for your husband and his needs and then a second suite for

you and your son, preferably at opposite ends of the house," she said, then shared a look with Kristen, "for privacy reasons."

Kristen returned a smile. "Correct," she said.

"Wow, this is crazy, because a house just came on the market, that I think would be perfect for your situation. Would you be interested in taking a look?" Heather asked.

"Absolutely," Kristen said with a smile.

Garrett arrived at Misty's house. His uncle Steve and a friend were unloading some lumber from a truck. "Hey Uncle Steve," Garrett said.

"What's up, kid?" Steve said.

"Not much. Building a deck today?" Garrett asked. "That's the plan, unless I get called into work."

"Can't wait to see how it turns out," Garrett said, then went inside.

He found Misty in the kitchen doing a few dishes. She was wearing a pair of sexy pink boy-shorts and a cami top. Garrett took a moment to admire her meaty behind and the way it was spilling out the hems, before announcing his presence. "Reporting for duty, ma'am," he joked.

Misty giggled and turned, revealing the huge ball of a nine-month pregnant belly. "Hope you're ready for serious battle, trooper," she joked back.

"Always," he said, staring at the enormous swell of her pregnant jugs.

She sashayed towards him and draped her arms over his shoulders. Their lips met in an open oval and their tongues fluttered together in

a deep french kiss. She led him into the livingroom, peering out the window at her husband. "What's he doing?

"They were just unloading the deck boards," Garrett said. "Wanna go upstairs?" Misty asked.

"What if he comes inside looking for you?" Garrett asked. "He won't if I'm not here," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean?" the teen asked.

Misty peeked her head out the back slider and saw her husband stacking boards for their project. "Honey, Garrett and I are going out for a walk. I asked him to come over and go with me," she said, patting her big tummy, "just in case, you know."

"Good plan, babe. Have a nice walk," he said.

Misty closed the door and smiled naughtily at her nephew. "See. Piece a cake. Now, let's go take that nice long walk."

She led him upstairs to her marital bed.

Across town, Heather was taking Kristen on a tour through a beautiful vacant home. Their dainty heels echoed through the hallway of the first floor. "So two smaller bedrooms on this floor, one for your daughter, the other as a nursery for the baby. Then we have that spacious master suite for your husband," Heather said.

"All on the main level, it would be perfect for him," Kristen said, following her upstairs.

"The second floor is the cherry on top, Kristen. When you explained your living situation, I immediately thought of this house," Heather said, leading her up onto a landing and through a set of huge double-doors.

"Oh my God," Kristen said, walking into a large space with a vaulted ceilings leading up to the peak of the roof. There was a huge picture-window looking out onto the trees. "It's beautiful," she said.

"It has an adjoining private bathroom, with a shower and huge jetted tub. The perfect private space for you and your son," Heather said.

Kristen gazed around. "With Doug being in a wheelchair...and the stairway, he wouldn't even be able to come to our door," she said.

"I take it that's a good thing?" Heather asked. "Yes, very good thing," Kristen said.

"Well, ours sons are about the same age, so I know all about the importance mother-son private time," Heather said. "You don't have to answer if it makes you uncomfortable, Kristen, but..is the baby your son's?"

Kristen smiled back. "It doesn't make me uncomfortable...and yes, it is." "That's hot," Heather said, making both of them giggle.

"Do you and your son engage sexually?" Kristen asked.

"Yes, but not vaginal sex. I guess we haven't crossed that barrier quite yet. I provide my son with routine assturbation, you must have heard of it?"

"Yeah, I have heard some of the Moms discussing it."

"Nick and and I have been doing it since he turned eighteen. Since then I've been helping other Moms make it a part of their daily routine. In fact, those birthday balloons you were asking me about at my house, I was helping a Mom and her son, when the cops showed up on my doorstep. We had to use the 'birthday party' thing as a diversion, it was a mess," Heather said.

"Oh my God, how did the police find out?" Kristen asked.

"The women I was helping has a nosy neighbor apparently. She got suspicious and called the cops. Thank goodness we had a lookout sitting outside," Heather said.

"Garrett and I have never really tried anal. Maybe that's the next new and exciting step in our relationship," Kristen said.

"Nick and I have never tried vaginal sex. Maybe that's the next new and exciting step in ours. One thing I do know, some hot anal sex would be a great way to christen your new bedroom," Heather said with a smile.

"I'll need to shoot some video for Doug to see, but I think it's a sure bet that you've just sold us a house, Heather."

The realtor smiled. "I'll start writing up the paperwork today," she said.

At Misty house, Garrett was plowing his Aunt from the side. Her big baby-orb stuck way out, with her knee propped back and the teen's hard cock gliding in and out of her hot pussy. She had her head turned towards his and their tongues played outside their mouths. "Yess, oh God, you fuck me so good," she panted between licks.

She bucked her thick ass against him, enjoying the stiffness of his prick spearing into her. Garrett reached around and squeezed her pregnant melons, his fingers sinking so far into her squishy boobs that they disappeared. "Ohh yeaah," he sighed, feeling her cunt walls squeeze on his cock in reaction to his breast-massage.

She suddenly slipped away from him, taking his hand and pulling him off the bed with her. "Fuck me by the window," she said.

Misty bent over, leaning against the widow-frame, looking down at her husband as he worked. Garrett mounted her from behind. The

meaty half-moons of her ass slapped against him as he fucked her in a steady rhythm.

Garrett leaned down against her back, reaching under and wrapping his palms around the swaying, mammoth globes of her spongy breasts. He squeezed and kneaded and pulled them, making her nipples ache and the milk trickle out. At the same time he continued the tempo of their humping, reaming out her pussy with long satisfying strokes of his stiff cock.

Misty stared out the window and giggled wickedly, delighted by the fact that she was looking at her husband while getting fucked by her hunky nephew. She peeked up at Garrett's panting face. "Fuck me harder!" she sighed.

Garrett lifted himself back upright, grabbed her hips and pumped her hard and fast. "Ohhh fuck yess, I love it," she gasped.

Watching his hard glistening pole slide in and out of his Aunt's cunt, while her big naked rump beat against him was a huge rush. It was only a week after his Mom's big announcement that Misty gave everyone the news of her own pregnancy. Her and Garrett weren't sure when it happened. They had fucked so much around that time that it was impossible to know when she had conceived. It was her and her husband first child and he was over the moon.

She peeked back at him lustfully. "Ohhh so fucking deep. You trying to hurt our baby?" she joked.

Garrett reached down and grabbed the back of her thighs, then lifted her up off the floor. She leaned back and threw her arms back over his shoulders. "That better?" he joked, holding her so her knees were bent up, sexy feet with dark painted toenails dangling.

"Yesss...much," she gasped, humping her crotch on his big cock. "Take me to the window," she said.

"Are you sure?"

"Fuck yes, let's get daring, I'll cum harder," she said, reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris.

The teen carried her to the window as he fucked her. Misty big baby-orb pressed right up against the glass. If her husband had looked up, he'd have got the shock of his life. His pregnant wife being held up from behind with his nephew's erection digging through her cunt.

Misty giggled and panted with the thrill of being displayed in site of her husband in the lewdest way imaginable. "Ohhh yess, I love it, baby. Ohhh... Ohh God, I'm gonna squirt all over your fucking dick," she cried. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

Misty's pussy erupted with juice, squelching around Garrett's meat and splashing against the window. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, feeling the hot girl-cum soak his cock and drip off his balls.

He carried her back to the bed and Misty slipped off him and rolled back onto the mattress, her big boobs wobbling like big pillowy obs of flesh across her chest. She brought her knees back spreading her thighs as far as they would go and rolled her tongue across her top lip lustfully as she rubbed the big thick nub of her clitoris.

Garrett watched the lewd display as he stood bedside, stroking his hard cock. Misty extended a leg and drug one of her pretty feet up his chest and to his mouth. Derek sucked on one of her pretty toes as they gazed hungrily into each other's eyes.

"Hold my legs and pound my pussy," she said.

The teen quickly complied, circling his arms around her silky legs and scooting her ass to the edge of the bed. He buried his cock inside her and humped like a madman. "Ohh fuck yess, hit it, baby," she cried out.

Misty squeezed her pretty feet around his face as the room filled with the repetitive slapping sounds of their bodies beating together. Misty's arms were thrown back on the bed and the teen stared at her jostling Mommy-melons as the moved to the force of his humping.

After five minutes of hammering her hard this way, Garrett pried her legs apart and dropped down on top of her. His ass was a blur as he fucked her with savage thrusts. He grunted like an animal in heat as he sunk down into her body fucking like his life depended on it.

"Yeeesss," Misty screeched, throwing her legs back as far as they would go. Her nephew latched on to one of her leaking breasts and sucked like a starving infant.

The big marital bed rocked and squeaked as their naked bodies bucked and humped on the mattress, clinging to each other in a hot frenzied fuck.

Garrett's knob swelled and tingled inside the juicy grip of her muscled walls. He knew that his Aunt always came more times than she announced. Every little while, while fucking her, he would feel her cunt-walls contract and juice up around his cock even more. Now was one of those times and it made his balls clench inside his sack.

"Mmmnnfff," he whimpered, milk spurting from his tit-stuffed mouth.

Misty curled her strong legs down, latching them around him like a fleshy fuck-harness. She used her little feet to push his ass, forcing his cock in as deep as it would go. "Yesss, that's it,"she cried, rocking her pelvis, making it even more intense for him. "Fill my pregnant hole with your cum, baby boy."

"Uuhhh, shiiiit," Garrett groaned as his body shuddered and big milky ropes of cum spouted from his piss-slit. "Ogghhh!... Ogghhhh!"

he grunted in delight, firing his spunk into the big pregnant hunk of flesh beneath him.

Kristen and Doug closed on the house that night and just as the wife promised, she had a construction crew out that next day to build a handicap ramp to the front door. Doug wheeled through the first floor as his wife gave him the physical tour of their new home. He stopped at the stairway leading to the second floor. "So we have a lot more space now. There's really no reason why we can't share a room, like a normal married couple."

Kristen sat down on his lap. "Honey, I looked at this house **AND** decided on it, with our current living arrangement in mind."

"We can get a normal bed, my therapists said it's fine. The nursery is downstairs, you'll be closer to the baby," he said.

"Doug, the arrangement needs to continue. It's what's best for all of us," she said. "But Kristen, the downstairs bedroom is huge. There's more than enough..."

"Honey," she said, looking her husband in the eyes. "It's what's best for **ALL** of us," she said, leaving that for her husband to dwell on.

Outside, Heather greeted Kristen with a basket of goodies as Doug was being elevated into the van. "A housewarming gift for the new homeowners," Heather said.

"Thank you, we're thrilled with the new place," Kristen said with a big smile.

Heather gave her a hug. "Well I'm glad it'll suite your family, especially with your special arrangement. Speaking of arrangement, a few of us Moms and Sons are having a get together at my beach cottage tomorrow. Why don't you and Garrett join us," she said.

Kristen thought about it a moment. "That sounds fun. We'll do that," she said. "Wonderful, I'll text you the address," Heather said.

That night Kristen and Garrett snuck out and drove over to the new house. They brought an air-mattress, blanket and a couple pillows and set them up on the floor in the center of their new bedroom. "Seems so huge compared our old room," Kristen said, looking up at the cathedral ceilings.

"I know and more private too," Garrett said.

"Oh that's so true. No more knocks on the door in the middle of the night from your suspicious father," she said. "It'll be like our own little world up here."

"Damn, just the thought of it has got me all..." he said, looking down at the bulge in his shorts. Kristen giggled, gazing down at his hard cock. "Got you all rock hard?" she asked.

"Yeah that," he said.

She stepped out of her 4-inch mules and slipped off sexy floor-length dress. Her white bra was packed. Huge creamy mounds of tit-meat were spilling over the top of her cups. She unfastened it and her milk-filled knockers sprung free. She stepped over and peeled her son's t-shirt off, then embraced him for a tender kiss.

Garrett's heart raced as their tongues danced inside his mouth. The feel of his Mom's wobbling jugs against his bare chest was exquisite. He felt little trickles of milk seep from her swollen papilla, tricking down his tummy. It was a reminder of the feast that awaited him.

As they kissed, Kristen shucked his shorts and his briefs. She grasped his big boner and took a step back, rubbing his bulbous knob all over her smooth round belly.

"You like the feel of your dick on your Mom's pregnant tummy, don't you baby?" she asked. "Yess," he sighed, watching her smear his precum, leaving a trail of it across her smooth stretched skin.

Kristen kissed his neck then planted a series of kisses down his chest and tummy, until she was squatting down in front of him. She opened her mouth wide and sank her head into his groin, taking his throbbing cock deep into her mouth.

"Ohh yess," Garrett hissed, feeling her lips sink to his hairless hilt. Kristen was an excellent cocksucker before she roomed with her son, but having a big cock to gobble up constantly had made her an absolute pro.

She slipped her circled lips back down his boner, then her tongue rolled skillfully all along the crown of his prick, making his glans sizzle against her wet curling tongue.

She opened her mouth again and took nearly all his throbbing prick down her throat. Wantonly she pumped her head up and down, using her mouth like a pussy, slurping up air as she sucked wetly around the thickness of his organ.

"Ohh, shit, Mom," the boy groaned, feeling her mouth, throat and tongue plunge all over his hard-on.

Kristen softly combed her nails over his nut-sack, then circled her tiny fist around the base of his boner. Garrett whimpered as she beat his meat into her mouth. She felt his knob swell inside her gobbling gullet, but didn't let up one bit, bobbing with her pretty head, while stroking his meat with her tightened fist.

"Ohhhh!" the teen sighed as he felt the cum pour into his Mom's throat. Kristen sucked and swallowed and sucked and swallowed, milking every ounce of her son's jizz before she stopped and stood back up.

"Ohh God, I wanna fuck you so hard now," he gasped. Kristen smiled. "I'm counting on it," she said.

He picked her up and she crossed her legs around him. The massive meat of her tits and pregnant belly were sandwiched between them, bulging out from the sides as they kissed passionately. He lowered her to the mattress and left a trail off kisses across her swollen tummy. She bit her bottom lip, letting her hands run up his toned chest. " Get my panties off, you beast," she said lustfully.

Garrett loved peeling off her tiny panties, watching them slide down her sexy legs and looking up at that hooded treasure between her thighs. He watched her labia peel open slightly, the flesh of her clitoral hood peeking out. His dick flexed at the site of her coral slit, in anticipation of the divine pleasure he was about to receive.

He lowered himself down between her warm mommy-thighs. His dick split her quim and sunk inside her steamy pit of love. She guided him down against their baby and her soft squishy breasts, planting sensual kisses. "You... and me... forever," she said between smooches. Garrett let his body sink down onto her and he set his hips in motion.

THE END

Cabin-Fever

by klrxo

It was the first week of summer and I was already bored out of my mind. We lived in a relatively small town in Maine with little to do and few girls to gawk at. Dad was a lawyer with an office in town and mom was a housewife, and my 2 month old sister seemed to keep her occupied most of the time.

Having few girls around and a mother as beautiful as mine I naturally became attracted to my 39 year old mom. I was a big Indiana Jones fan and always felt my mother was a striking image of Kate Capshaw from "Temple of Doom." Mom was a little chunky from her recent pregnancy, but overall she had a striking body. Mom had always had large boobs, but I couldn't believe how enormous they had gotten from her being pregnant. Her boobs were the source of my constant facination, whenever I was around her.

Which brings me to the present. My father was at work, like he most always was and Mom was in her room breastfeeding my sister. I loved breastfeeding time because it was the one time I got to sneak peeks at mom's breasts while they were partially unclothed. Her bedroom door was open and I snuck up carefully and peeked in a crack through the door. Mom was sitting on the edge of the bed facing the door. She was in her short silk robe and had it open, nursing Amanda, my baby sister. Mom looked amazing, sitting there in her bare feet, with her long milky-white legs crossed. But what I was there to see were her large white boobs hanging from her chest. She only had one entirely exposed and I could only see part of it 'cause my sister's head was in the way. What I could see however was the deep canyon between my mother's breasts. For a good two minutes I stood and stared. What I would give to be my baby sister right now, I thought. Mom's voice caught me off-guard.

"Jake, come in here, I need to ask you something." Mom said.

Oh my God! Had she known I was there the whole time? I moved into her room and stood in her doorway.

"Yeah?" I asked.

"So what are your plans this summer?" She asked as she continued to feed.

"I don't know, don't have many I guess." I answered.

"Any local girls you're interested in?" She inquired.

"Naw, they're all too young for me." I said.

"Too young, or just too intimidating?" She said with a smile. "You just turned 18, your an adult now. I think it time you started exploring female companionship, don't you?" She asked.

"Yeah, I guess." I said bashfully. The truth is, I wanted a girl worse that my mother wanted one for me, I just didn't know how to make a move on any of them.

"Have you ever even been alone with a girl?" Mom asked.

"No." I said.

"That's what I thought. I'm gonna talk to your father tonight. I think you and I should take a trip up to the cabin for a week or so." She said.

"With Dad?" I asked.

"No, just you an I. It'll be good practice for you to spend some time alone with a member of the opposite sex, even if it is your mother." She said.

"What about Amanda?" I asked.

"I'll leave her with your Aunt Carol. I've been focusing too much on her lately and in doing so I think this mom's neglected the needs of her other baby." She said with a wink.

The following day mom and I packed the Jeep. Dad saw us off, giving mom a hug and peck on the lips.

"Have a safe trip you two." He said.

"Thanks, babe. Remember, we'll be out of range for my cell phone, so I won't be able to call. We'll see you in about a week, love." Mom said.

Mom made me drive and soon we hit the open road. It was hard to concentrate on the road with mom dressed the way she was. She was wearing a pair of skimpy spandex shorts and a tight-fitting t-shirt. Through the corner of my eye I could see the swell of her breasts sway and bounce with every bump in the road. The family cabin was about 100 miles away, deep in the North Woods of Maine. Halfway into the trip, mom took off her hiking boots and socks and put her feet up on the dash. Her shorts were so tight, she looked like she was all legs, and what amazingly long and lucious legs they were!

"God, I can't stand shoes. I have to be barefoot or I'll go crazy." She said.

We made small talk all the way up and we soon turned off the main highway and followed a windy backroad through the woods for about 30 miles. Finally, in the early afternoon, we reached our secluded cabin. Dad owned 1000 acres of land, which our camp sat in the middle of. He had told us once that our nearest nieghbor was 50 miles away. It suddenly hit me that my mother and I were about to share a one room cabin in the middle of nowwhere for one full

week. Basically, just a mother, her teenaged son and a bed with a roof over it.

We got the jeep unloaded just as a heavy rain began to fall. The cabin consisted of a great room with a sleeper-sofa, a bathroom and a small kitchen. Mom unpacked our things and headed for the bathroom.

"Why don't you start a fire, sweetie. I'm gonna take a hot shower." She said.

By the time I had a roaring fire going, mom was done with her shower. She came out of the bathroom with nothing but her short silk robe on. Her hair was slicked back, still a little wet. As she walked towards the couch, I could see her milk-filled boobs swaying undernieth her robe. They seemed even bigger and saggier than they usually were and had more bounce and sway to them. Was she not wearing a bra?

"Oh, that heat feels wonderful." She said.

Mom sat on the couch in front of the fire and curled her legs up undernieth her. She patted the cushion next to her.

"Come sit with me." She said.

I sat down on the couch, a few feet from mom and she reached out and grabbed my arm.

"You can sit closer to me, fraidy cat, I don't bite." She said teasingly.

I moved over next to her. She stared at me as I watched the fire.

"Put your arm around mom, keep her warm." She commanded.

I did so and mom sunk into me, the pillowy softness of her enormous tits melted into my side. She used her hand to turn my

head, forcing me to look her in the eyes.

"So, how does it feel?" She asked.

"What?" I asked.

"To finally be all alone with a female?" She said.

"I don't know...strange I guess." I answered.

"Tell me how you're feeling. This is a good time for you to open up to me." She said.

I felt overwhelmed by our closeness and her questions and started to move away, but mom grabbed my arm, holding me there.

"Maybe we could go fishing." I said.

"Jake, no! I didn't bring you up here to fish. In fact, we're not stepping foot out that door the entire week." She said.

"We're not?" I asked.

"No, sweetie, we're not. We have a lot of things we need to get out in the open. Then we need to spend time sorting those feelings and dealing with them." She said.

Mom cooked us dinner and the sun set as the rain kept pouring outside. Mom cleaned up and came back into the livingroom.

"Ready for bed, love?" She asked.

"Yeah, I guess." I said.

Mom removed the cushions from the sofa-sleeper.

"I'll sleep on the cushions." I said.

"Wrong answer, fraidy cat. You're sleeping in the bed with mom." She said.

"Yeah, but the bed's not very big." I said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to snuggle, won't we?" She said.

After we got the bed pulled out and the blankets layed over the matress, mom started for the bathroom.

"I'm gonna put my nightie on. Why don't you get the bed warmed up for us." She said.

She turned the lights off so that the room was lit just by firelight. In a few moments I heard mom come out of the bathroom and move to the window.

"I don't think that rain's gonna ever let up." She said.

I looked over and I couldn't believe my eyes. Mom stood at the window with her back to me in a flimsy little nightie that was completely transparent. It was nothing but a viel of silk, leaving nothing to the imagination. Her heart-shaped ass was plump and ripe and with her legs slightly spread, I could even see her sex lips splayed wide open. She stood on her tiptoes flexing the muscles in her ass and long naked legs. My cock became instant steel.

She turned and came towards the bed and my mouth fell open. She may as well have been naked. Under her almost non-existant covering, her big saggy boobs swung from side to side on her chest as she moved towards me. A fair amount of dark pubic hair covered her snatch. Mom pulled back the covers and gave me a motherly smile.

"Ready to warm mom up, tiger?" She said.

To be continued...

"Changing Room Debauchery"

Mommy's Boudoir – the naughty shenanigans of boys and their stay-at-home moms

by klrxo

"Baby, come in here. Mommy needs your help."

"Mom, it's a dressing room!" Alex blurted, looking around to see if anyone was watching.

"I know it's a dressing room, but it's your father and I's anniversary tomorrow and **I REALLY** need your help deciding on an outfit," Anna explained.

"Can't you just…open the door and show me once you have it on?"

Anna fed him an impatient look. "Would you please just get in here. No one will see you, just rush in and I'll close the door," she demanded.

Alex hurried in and she closed and locked the door behind him. "There…was that so hard? Why are you acting so shy? There's nothing wrong with being alone in a dressing room with your mother. Boys your age do it all the time, I'm sure," the redheaded mother stated. Anna wore a white mini dress with spaghetti straps. Her son's eyes were immediately drawn to the plunging V-neckline that left exposed her bulging tit-cleavage.

She continued speaking to him, while looking at herself in the full-length mirror. "Mothers love the advice of their sons when it comes to sexy attire. Now, like I said, I need your help in making a decision. I have two outfits here. I need to decide on one for your

father and I's anniversary. He's taking me for dinner and dancing, so I need something sexy, but reasonably comfortable."

She turned towards him again, causing her meaty mammaries to wobble heavily. "This is the first outfit. A mini dress with spaghetti straps. What do you think?"

Alex let his eyes drift down her voluptuous frame. His mom's legs exhibited feminine strength and gave off a silky sheen. Her dainty feet with their pink painted toenails were arched wonderfully in high-heeled mules. "I like it!" the boy answered, "and I'm pretty sure dad would too."

"Do you like the sequins or does it make me look a little too… glamy?"

"No, I like them. More classy than glamy, in my opinion," he shared.

Anna motioned to a second dress hanging near the mirror. "This is the other one I like. It's a black tube-top mini dress. I found the cutest strapless bra and panty set to go with it. Look baby, isn't the set beautiful?" the mother asked, holding up the skimpy bra and panties for her son to see.

"Cool. I've never really seen a strapless bra before," he confessed.

"Women wear bras like this when they chose an outfit that's somewhat revealing, so there's no straps that show. Here, let me try them on so I can get your opinion."

Anna shucked off her dress. Her boy caught a glimpse of her white tit-stuffed bra and matching panties before turning away.

The redheaded mom giggled in amusement as she unfastened her big boulder-holder, releasing her giant jugs. "You're so cute. Turning your head away while mommy gets undressed. I'm sure you see the girls you date naked all the time. We're all built the same, honey.

Your mother might just be a little more…voluptuous than the other women you look at."

"I can, um…go back out, until you have the outfit on, if you want?" he offered.

"Don't be silly. I'll just slide on these panties…and hook this strapless bra, and you can stop being Mr. timid and tell me what you think."

"Of your underwear?"

"Yes, it's part of the outfit."

Anna had the skimpy black set on in a flash and took a sexy pose in front of her boy, with one sleek mommy-leg slightly cocked out in front of the other. "There we go. Now, give me your honest opinion. Is this set too…revealing?" she asked.

Alex's eyes widened as he saw his mom standing there in a see-through mesh bra and the daintiest crotchless panties he'd ever seen. "Revealing? Yeah, um…you could say that," he muttered.

"Baby, your blushing!" Anna giggled.

"I can see your nipples, mom…what do you expect?"

"Well, yes I know you can see my nipples. The bra was fashioned that way, sweetheart. The fabric is made of transparent mesh, with underwire, so it provides support for women with extremely large breasts like mine. The purpose of the mesh is to give a man a… teasing glimpse at what's lies beneath the cups," she explained, letting her son's eyes feast on her heavy tits.

"I didn't even know they made bras like that," Alex remarked.

"I'll assume by the way your staring that you approve?" Anna asked with a mischievous smile. "Do you like the look of the soft, sheer

mesh and the delicate floral-laced overlay? Do you think it's something that might cause your father to be a little…aroused when he sees me in it?"

The teen was fixated on the rings of his mom's wide areola and the plump-looking nipples that protruded from their centers. "Well, if he doesn't get aroused by that then there's something wrong with him," Alex admitted.

"Glad you approve," she said with a cute little smile, staring right back into his eyes. For a moment she stood there sharing a gaze, while pressing the sides of her boobs between her forearms, making them balloon out beneath the fabric obscenely.

"What about these panties?" Anna asked, placing her hand on her hips to draw attention to her lower-half. "Do you think he'll like these as well?"

The boy's heart pounded excitedly in his chest as he gawked at his mom's crotchless panties. "**THOSE** are panties?!" he asked.

"Of course they are," Anna answered. "They're just a little skimpier than most panties. They're actually actually a crotchless, string-of-pearls thong. Can you see the little string of faux pearls, here at the crotch opening? Isn't that sexy, baby?"

Alex gulped in arousal as he stared at his mom's bare crotch. The hem of the panty opening framed in her shaved vulva. Anna had thick outer labium, which hid her inner flanges. "I don't think I've ever seen panties like that either,"Alex confessed, flabbergasted by the fact that he was staring at his own mom's naked pussy.

"Well, the purpose of crotchless panties is to provide easy access to a woman's genitalia, without the need to remove her underwear."

"Oh, I see."

The mother did an excited little bounce on her bare feet, making her fatty breasts quiver. "Oh, I just think they'll be perfect for your father and I's anniversary date, don't you? The thrill of knowing I have such a sexy surprise for him hidden underneath my mini dress. It'll keep me feeling stimulated and tingly all evening long," she beamed.

"They are pretty cool," Alex nodded. "I didn't even know they made such a thing."

"You know what the saddest part for a lingerie-loving mommy like me is?" Anna asked.

"What?"

"Getting myself into an ultra-sexy outfit like this one, only to have to take it off minutes, sometimes even moments after…once the action starts."

"Well, you certainly won't have to if your wearing those," the boy pointed out.

"Exactly my point, darling!" Anna agreed. "Crotchless panties are designed for peak pleasure, without having to pause to remove anything. No awkward dance as I remove my delicates, or getting my panties in a twist as I frantically take them off in a moment of passion."

"I guess they're made for convenience," the boy agreed.

"They sure are. Imagine one of your dates wearing these, honey. Image her lying back on your bed with her pretty legs spread apart. Imagine what you'd see, and how sexy it would be. Her crotchless panties would provide easy access for you. All you'd have to do is climb down on top of her, stick it in and go to work on her," the mother happily explained.

"True, but so far none of my dates have worn anything like that."

Anna fed her boy a naughty grin. "Well maybe you should start dating more girls like your mom," she winked.

"You mean married ones, twice my age?"

"Sure, there's a lot of married moms that would date you, baby. As long as long as your just looking to get your dick wet."

"That doesn't sound so bad," Alex stated.

"I'm sure they'd wanna tease the hell out of you first. Which reminds me, another nice thing about crotchless panties…I'd be able to tease your father all the way to the hotel room. Just by spreading my legs a little, giving him a peek between my smooth thighs, while he drives the car. Showing him that there's nothing there. Nothing covering my shaved pussy," the mother shared.

"Dad would be a fool not to be thrilled by something like that."

"Here baby, let me spin around so you can see the back," Anna said, then twisted around, displaying the meaty cheeks of her rounded derriere.

"There's nothing even there, mom!" the boy observed.

"Of course there's something there, but it's just the string of my thong, so it sort of gets swallowed up by my big butt-cheeks…see?" Anna contended, pulling the tiny string out from between her fatty ass-globes.

"That's so cool!" the boy gasped, imaging what it would be like to hump his stiff cock along the deep crack separating her buns.

"Ok, last but not least, the black tube-top mini-dress. Let me slip it on for you," Anna stated, then quickly slipped the dress onto her body. "There! Oops, hold on, I picked out some black mule sandals

to go with it, ones with six-inch stiletto heels that'll really prop my feet up beautifully."

By now Alex had a raging pillar of cock-meat in his pants. His erection flexed excitedly as he gazed at his mom's tremendous cleavage as she bent over to slip her heels on.

"There we go! What do you think?" Anna asked, straightening her body and taking a sexy standing pose, just like she had before.

"You look…beautiful!" he muttered.

Anna's eyes drifted down to her boy's tented crotch. "Well, well, well…I would say based on the lump in your pants that I made a good decision here."

"Sorry," Alex muttered, trying to conceal it with his hands.

"You don't have to try and hide it, baby. There's no shame in getting hard for your mother. In fact, I'm quite flattered to know that I still have what it takes to stiffen someone as young and handsome as you. That's just the reaction I'm hoping to get from your father, however, I must say…your penis-bulge looks **MUCH** larger and stiffer than his."

"You think so?" the boy asked, listing to his mother's heels click as she slowly made her way over to him.

"Well, yes, but maybe I'd be able to tell for sure if I got a closer look at it," she answered in a seductive tone, with her eyes still glued to his crotch. "You don't mind that, do you, sugar? If mommy takes a closer look at your…manly bulge."

"No…I don't mind," her son answered.

Anna stepped up to her boy, so her jutting breasts were nearly touching his chest. "Oh, honey…you **ARE** big!" she stated while

staring at his protruding cock. "I will admit that I've kind of suspected that you were well-endowed for a long time. Watching you walk around the house, trying to hide those awkward boners from mommy. Watching it twitch and throb beneath your pants, every time you see my big breasts shift around beneath my robe. You don't need to hide this from me, darling. A body like yours is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Alright," the boy muttered, then watched his mom gaze at him with her beautiful hypnotizing eyes.

"I had a hand in making that thing, didn't I?" Anna asked. "Shouldn't mommy get to see how big it's gotten and how stiff she makes it?"

"Sure," her boy answered.

Alex watched his mom reach down to undo his pants. "Here, baby… let me just unbutton you and pull your zipper down. If you are gifted in a **BIG** way, then you shouldn't be afraid to proudly display it, especially in front of your mother," she assured him.

The boy's erect cock sprung from his briefs, pointing straight up at his heavy-breasted mom. Anna's pretty eyes widened at the site of the fat barbed tip crowning the long, meaty stalk of his shaft. "Oh, baby…oh, sweetheart, **IT IS** a nice one! And your pre-cummies look like they've been seeping out of your fat knob like a leaky faucet." (*Giggle*)

"I guess I, um…did get a little turned on by watching you try on that outfit," he confessed.

"Yeah? Did mommy's body get you excited?"

"Yes…very," he replied.

"May I…feel it? Can mommy feel how thick and stiff it is?" Anna whispered.

"Um…sure," the boy awkwardly answered. Since he'd hit puberty, he'd often fantasized about his mom touching his prick. Now it was really happening and he could hardly believe it.

"Oh, goodness! You are mommy's big boy, aren't you?" Anna beamed, circling her hand around her son's meaty prick and tenderly stroking it. "If your father was this long and hard I'd probably have him up all night. (*Giggle*) Baby, you're shaking. Don't be nervous. Mommy's got you. Here, sit down on the corner bench…let me come down on you and straddle you, while I hold your dreamy erection in my hand."

With his pants and underwear at his ankles, Alex plopped down on the corner bench and his mom climbed on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips.

"Oh, yes…this is nice," Anna cooed. "Snuggling together in a private fitting room, just you and me. Do you like the way my big breasts are mashed against your lean chest, baby. Do you like how soft and squishy and heavy they are against your young flesh?"

Alex was so thrilled he could hardly think straight. His mom's soft, fatty tits were squashed so hard against him that big, bulging mounds of creamy cleavage-flesh were oozing up around his face.

"Yes! They feel really amazing," he responded.

His mom gazed down at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "I think this is the closest and most intimate we've ever been with each other, and I like it a lot. I know you do too, baby, because I can feel you throbbing and twitching in my hand."

Anna tightened her clasp around the base of her boy's prick. Her big diamond wedding ring sparkled on her finger, reminding them of how absolutely wicked they were being. "God, I love gripping you this way! Your dick feels so big and powerful in my hand…like a meat-sword, with a fat barbed tip that was made for piercing hot,

wet pussies, " she sighed. "Would you mind if mommy…brought it up under her skirt. Would you like me to bring it close to my crotch, so you can feel the heat radiating from my own genitals, baby?"

"Yes…I'd love that!" the boy answered.

With her knees astride his hips Anna lowered her lovely ass until her puffy vulvar lips made contact with the knob of her boy's prick.

"There, how's that feel, baby boy. Mommy just wants to…rub your tip against my labial lips. There's no harm in that, right? It's not like you're penetrating my body. We're just rubbing our private parts together and becoming a little bit more acquainted down there."

Alex groaned as he felt his peter-tip plow through his mom's labial folds. His pre-cum smeared through the mouth of her juice-slickened vestibule as it licked back and forth across it.

"Do you see now why mommy likes crotchless panties so much?" Anna softly asked. "You just came right up my skirt and your penis touched the outside of my vagina without even having to take my panties off."

"Yes! I think they're my new favorite kind of panties," her boy responded.

"Yeah? Well maybe mommy will buy more than one pair then," Anna suggested, cocking an eyebrow. "Maybe she'll wear them around the house with a short skirt, so when we're hanging around each other, mommy can spread her warm thighs and give her baby a little peek."

"I would love that," the boy said with a gasp of excitement.

"Yeah? Think you'd like looking up mommy's skirt and seeing her shaved pussy framed in by crotches panties?"

"Oh my God, yes!"

The hot mother let out a whimper of pleasure. "Oh, baby, your dick feels so hot and engorged against my cuntal flesh. I'm just gonna take you a little further, ok? I wanna feel that wonderful spongy knob lodged against my vaginal opening. There's no harm in that, right?"

Alex shuddered at the feel of his bell-tip pressed against his mom's steamy fuck-hole. He could feel the smoldering heat of her pleasure-pit sizzling against his boy-glans.

"Oh, yes…like that," the mother gasped. "Do you like that, darling? Does that feel good on your tender glans? I bet you can feel how wet you're making me. I bet you can feel the heat radiating from my tight little mommy-fuck-hole, can't you?"

"Yes!" the teen hissed as his face sunk further between his mom's squishy tits.

"We love each other so much," Anna cooed. "We're so connected in a way that no one else could understand. We're mother and son, but we're much closer than that, aren't we, baby? We have this sexual curiosity for each other…that we've never really explored."

"True," her son nodded.

"Mmm, what about right there, baby…can you feel **THAT**?" she asked, dragging his excited tip up to the crown of her cunt-slit. "That's mommy's clitoris. It's super sensitive right now. Oh, baby… mommy feels so close to you. So…connected in a wonderful new way. There's no where on earth I'd rather be than right here, rubbing our juicy sex-bulbs together. Sharing the most secret and sensitive parts of our bodies with each other. Maybe there'd be no harm in just a little…penetration. Would you like to…put just the tip in, baby? I mean, we've gone this far…we may as well go a little further, right?"

"I don't mind," her son's voice quivered.

They both gasped in unison as the tip of Alex's meaty spear pierced his mother's vagina. The mouth of her snug tube smeared it's slippery secretions across the surface of his swollen knob.

"**OHH!** Oh, God, that's wonderful!" Anna squealed. "Just…one more inch. One more inch and then we'll stop."

"Oh, wow!" Alex groaned, feeling another three-inches of his cock sink into her tight, warm birthing tube. "That's more than an inch, mom!"

"I know, baby…I'm sorry! (*Giggle*) Mommy got carried away, didn't she? Oh, honey, I can feel you throbbing inside me. Your dick feels so strong and thick!" the mother mewled.

"You feel amazing too!" he panted. "Could I…go in…a little further?"

"Well, you're already in this far. We might as well let you go in all the way," she replied. "But no thrusting, ok, darling. A boy shouldn't be thrusting inside their mother's married pussy. That would mean we were fucking and that would be…extremely wicked."

Anna's cunt-hole swallowed up the remainder of her boy's length and their bare crotches fused together in full penetration. Both their eyes rolled back in their sockets as Alex's fat cum-drooling cock-head kissed the puffy ring of her external os.

"Oh, baby…you're touching the gate to mommy's womb. The womb that once held you. It hasn't been touched by a man's prick since I was in college," Anna said in wide-eyed delight.

"Dad doesn't touch you there?" her son asked.

"No…he doesn't have the length for it. Which is unfortunate, because there's so many incredible sensations that he's missing out

on," the mother answered, then began to slowly swivel her mommy-hips, showing her boy just what kind of 'incredible sensations' she was talking about. "See what I mean, baby. Doesn't that feel out of this world?"

"Whoa, yes!" the teen moaned, feeling his knob stir around in all sorts of wonderful deep cuntal flesh. His erection flexed and his crimson crown mushroomed, stretching his mother's uteri and igniting pleasure receptors along her lining that hadn't been touched in years. "I can see what you mean. Dad doesn't know what he's missing out on."

"It's not that he's small," Anna stated. "It's just that he's no where near as long and thick as you are, baby. And your rigidity! Oh my God, I don't think I've ever had one **THIS** hard inside me."

Alex boldly slid his hands up her dress and held her wide swiveling hips, while she ground against him. He felt her tighten her fuck-muscles, compressing the tube of her cunt around his erect penis in a lover's grip. "Dang, mom!" he gasped, feeling her corrugated lining swath his big dick in her hot slippery secretions.

Anna gazed down at him helplessly. "Maybe I could…pump on you, just a little bit, but don't cum inside me, ok, baby? I'm not on any sort of birth control."

"I won't. I promise."

"And you won't think your mother's a whore if she just wants to… ride you…fuck you…for a few minutes, right?"

"No, of course not."

No sooner did the words leave his mouth than his mom starting humping on him. They both shuddered in wicked delight as Alex's stiff erection began plunging through her clasping fuck-tunnel.

The horny mother's rounded ass smacked against her boy's thighs as she rode his erection. "Oh, Alex! This is so wonderful!" she cried out, but not too loudly, so as not to be heard by other women shoppers. The huge muscle of her boy's erection felt as hard as a granite slab. Her squeezing vaginal pleats drug along his meaty stalk, making exquisite pleasure shoot through her lush body. She could see how much he was enjoying the swell of her big tits jostling against him. "If you do something for me…I'll do something for you, deal?" she offered, while continued to hump up and down.

"Do what?" he asked.

"I'll take my tits out and let you enjoy them, if you stick a finger up my ass while we fuck. I absolutely love that!" she desperately pleaded.

"Sounds like a deal to me," her boy replied, smiling from ear to ear.

Anna yanked down her tube top, then her big strapless bra. Her giant breasts came spilling out onto the boy, bouncing and rippling around his wonder-stricken face to the rhythm of her heated humping.

"Dang, their so big!" the teen exclaimed, gawking at one of her huge areolar rings up close. It was thick and crinkled, and her rubbery teat was jutting stiffly, showing her arousal . He dove face-first into the squishy canyon of her cleavage.

"Give me your middle finger, baby. Let me wet it with my mouth. Let me get it slippery so you can bury it inside mommy's asshole," Anna eagerly requested.

She wet her boy's finger with her mouth, letting it glide through the ring of her lips a few times, as if she were sucking his stiff boner. Her tongue twirled wildly around his middle digit, getting it nice and wet for her asshole.

Alex reached around her body to the round bobbing flesh of her ass. He pried between her cheeks and his finger slid easily through the pink crinkled ring of his mother's butt-socket. He pushed it in as deep as it could go, making her gasp in pleasure and bounce on her son even harder.

"Naughty boy!" Anna hissed. "Fucking your mom in the changing room with your finger up her asshole!"

"I love it!" Alex responded, his voice muffled by the pounds of squishy tit-meat surrounding his face.

"What would your father think, huh?" she panted. "What would he think of you fucking his wife on the eve of their anniversary? Jabbing your big, young cock up through the crotchless panties that his wife plans on wearing for him?"

"Sorry…not sorry!" the teen answered, enjoying the way her mammoth jugs jumped and sloshed around his head. He felt his mom's vagina chew at the meat of his dick with wonderful contractions as it pumped through her birthing tube.

"Oh, baby…you're not a 'two-pump chump' like your father at all, are you? Mommy's little man has staying power! He's her little changing room bad boy, isn't he?" she asked with growing intensity in her voice.

After Alex had cum in under thirty-seconds on his first date, he swore to himself that he'd never let that happen again. In the two years since he had trained himself to not cum quickly. When word of his stamina spread around the gossipy girls at school he found himself getting new pussy every week. Even though those girls were tight and wonderful, his mom's pussy presented a whole new challenge. Unlike those of the younger girls, Anna's cunt-tube was lined with rows of thick pink pleats that caused amazing friction around his tender erection. This, along with strong, well-practiced

vaginal muscles, made the boy cringe with pleasure each time her pussy took the spike of his steely prick.

"You don't make it easy not to cum, mom," he confessed. "Your pussy feels amazing!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying it, sweetheart," she breathlessly answered. "Would you like mommy to cum on you? Would you like me to squirt my love-honey all over your big stinger?"

"Uh-uh," the boy muttered.

"Her it cums, baby! Put your arms around me! **SQUEEZE ME!**"

(*twenty seconds of squealing orgasm, since she trying not to let other female shoppers hear her*)

Alex's eyes rolled back in delight. It felt like his mom's cunt-tube was turning inside-out around his cock. Her vaginal meatus bulged against his boner-root and squelched out a big stream of hot female ejaculate.

With a dick so long and stiff inside her, Anna hardly had time to come down from one orgasm before another one prepared to sweep her away.

"Would you like to cum with mommy? Would you like to experience orgasmic rapture together?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes, but I thought you didn't want me cumming inside you?"

"Well, I might get pregnant, but that's a risk we'll willing to take, right? In order to experience hot sexual bliss together?"

"Yes, I don't mind that risk, especially since I'm getting so close," the boy announced.

"Me too, baby. Let me pump on you! Let me ride my boy off, while mommy gets off again too!"

"Yes! Fuck, I'm gonna shoot up inside you mom!" the boy snarled.

"Do it, baby! Fill me with boy-goo while I squirt on you! Yes! Here I cum! Yes! **YESSS!! YES, YES, YESSS!!!**"

(*twenty seconds of squealing orgasm, since she's unable to scream for fear of people hearing her*)

Alex's young body shuddered as powerful penile contractions sent fat ropes of cock-cream spurting out his penis. His mom's quivering vagina greedily sucked at his oversized organ, milking out load over the course of several minutes.

"Oh, honey!" the mother sighed, climbing off her boy. "You really did put a hefty load up inside your mommy, didn't you?"

"Well, you squirted pretty good on me too, mom," he responded, gazing at his soaking wet boner and feeling the juice of her ejaculation drip from his balls.

"Well, you've helped me decide which outfit I wanna wear tomorrow, but now I need your help making another important decision," Anna stated while removing the dress.

"What decision is that?"

"Do we go right home, or do we rent a hotel room and spend the afternoon fucking our asses off?"

Alex's heart skipped a beat. Another gob of semen oozed out of his piss-slit as his cock twitched in reacted to her question. "Well, that's an easy one for me to answer," he stated with a smile.

"Actually, it's a no-brainer for me too," Anna winked. "Before we leave though. Why don't you go to the lingerie area and pick out something super-sexy for mommy to wear for you at the hotel room."

"Yes ma'am!" the teen blurted, quickly pulling his briefs and pants back on, then rushing out of the changing room.

Charlie's Hole

Part 1

"Oh, I don't know!" Sherry, blurted in frustration, setting the smart-watch back down on the display.

"Did you change your mind… again?" Barb asked as she stood next to her best friend in the store.

"He didn't really ask for a smart watch, so why should I spend all that money on one."

"What **DID** he ask for?" Barb questioned her friend as they began walking together. Their dainty designer heels clicked delicately on the department store floor. Arched inside them were beautiful tan feet with freshly painted toenails. Short pleated skirts were draped over their strong, freshly-shaved mommy-legs and light turtlenecks shrouded the swell of their huge **MILF** tits.

"You know what he asked for… video games. What else would he want?" Sherry replied, brushing her platinum-blonde hair off her face.

"Then buy him a video game and be done."

"And enable a bad habit that he already spends **WAY** to much time doing? I don't think so. I really wanna buy him something out of the box this year. Something different."

"Well, you can always do like a lot of moms are doing and buy Charlie a glory hole," Barb suggested.

"Very funny!"

"I'm not kidding. My sister bought one for her son and from what I've heard, he loves it!"

"I'm confused…are we talking about an actual hole in the wall that a guy sticks their dick through?"

"Yes, a hole in the wall, with a women on the other side, waiting to give him sexual pleasure, that's exactly what we're talking about," Barb answered.

"OK, hold on," Sherry blurted, stopping suddenly. "First of all…how do you even buy something like that, and second…if your sister bought her son a glory hole, who's the woman on the other side?"

"Apparently, there's a glory hole kit you can buy and you just have it professionally installed wherever you want it. In answer to your second question…who do you think's on the other side…my sister!"

"Your sister?! Wait, though…isn't the woman on the other side of the hole suppose to be doing sexual things?"

"Uh-huh!" Barb nodded with a big smile.

"Your sister is blowing her son's cock?!"

"Among other things, yes!" Barb answered.

"Among other things?! She's fucking him too?"

"Oh, come on, Sherry, don't act so shocked. You and I know at least a half-dozen moms who are giving their sons pussy, while their husbands are at work."

"Ok, but we're not talking about your sister or those half-dozen moms. We're talking about **ME** and my son, remember?"

"Yes, your son, Charlie, who, need I remind you, has been stealing your panties to jerk off with since he reached puberty," Barb stated.

"So you think I should reward such perverted behavior by just putting a hole in the wall that he can get his jollies through?"

"There doesn't even have to be sex involved," Barb pointed out. "The hole could simply be used so that Charlie could watch you get undressed now and again."

"I'm not running a strip club in my own house."

"The point is, it's a very untraditional gift idea…and you **WERE** looking for something different to get him, am I right?"

"Well, that definitely belongs in the 'different' category, for sure," Sherry uttered. "You said this thing comes in a kit?"

"That's what my sister said. These glory holes are more that just a simple hole cut out of the wall now."

"I don't imagine a 'glory hole kit' is something you find at the local Home Depot? And who would you even get to install something like that?"

"Apparently, there's a website that sells them…and they contract out to trusted local handymen for installation," Barb explained, then she got a Cheshire cat grin. "Why, is Mrs. Prim and proper actually considering my idea now?"

"Are you kidding? Dave would kill me if he ever found something like that in our house."

"Well, it's not like it's some obvious gaping hole in the wall. I saw the one they installed for my sister's son and it's **REALLY** well concealed. They put a cap over the top of it that blends in with the wall, so you can hardly even tell it's there."

"Even so…what if my husband did find it. How the fuck would I explain that?"

"Who says you'd have to explain anything?" Barb asked. "If he finds it, just play stupid. He'll think it was put there by the previous owners of the house."

"Alright, get that website from your sister," Sherry said. "I'm not saying I'm buying one, but I'll at least take a look at them."

Charlie, Sherry's son, was kind of a pervert. He was obsessed with moms who had heavy-breasts and big meaty asses. Usually, three times a day, he would beat his meat to **MILF** porn that he found on the internet. The irony of this was he had the hottest **MILF** in town living under the same roof. She was his mom, Sherry. He constantly fantasized about beating his young cock through her pussy or the ring of her asshole. He imagined what her huge tits must look like naked, especially leaping up and down her chest while he fucked her.

"Charlie…dinners ready!" Her pretty voice called from the kitchen.

The teen had a younger brother and sister who always seemed to be squawking about something insignificant.

"Guys…inside voices, please!" Charlie's mother requested as she came to the table with dinner.

"Looks great, babe," Charlie's dad, Dave, complimented, as his wife began to serve each of them a portion.

"Thanks. I tried this new recipe that Barb told me about."

Sherry was used to her son's eyes being glued to her at dinner. She was pretty sure that he lusted after her sexually, but before purchasing something like a glory hole for him to peep through, she wanted to know for certain that he'd actually use it. The mother decided to test the waters, so to speak, just to be certain her son was fixated on her sexually.

"Did you wash your hands, sweetie?" she asked as she stood next to him, scooping food onto his plate.

"Yes, ma'am," Charlie answered, glancing up at her. It was then he notice how far down her blouse was unbuttoned and the tremendous

amount of tit-cleavage that was spilling out. His mom made eye contact with him knowingly, causing him to look away with a blush.

During dinner, Sherry couldn't count the number of times she'd peeked over and caught her son gawking at her tits. "Well, at least I know for certain now that a peep hole would definitely get used," she thought. "I wonder if it's just my boobs though or if there are other parts of me that fascinate him?"

"Charlie, would you mind helping me do some dishes, sweetheart?" she asked her son after dinner was over and everyone else had disappeared.

"No, not at all," he answered.

Sherry began putting some dried dishes away, she purposely dropped a few pieces of silverware onto the floor. "Oh, damn…I'm such a klutz. Would you mind picking those up for me, sweetie?" she asked.

Charlie got down on his knees to pick up the silverware. Being the pervert he was, he couldn't help but notice his mom's sexy legs while he was down there. They looked so strong, tan and silky smooth. Also, he noticed how short her skirt was. He slid over just enough to get a peek right up between his Sherry's creamy thighs. His eyes widened at the sight of her skimpy panties stretched across her pubis. Her outer lips were puffy beneath the fabric, allowing him to see the indentation of her cuntal slit. He could also see lots of ass-flesh oozing out from the edges of the fabric.

"You better not let your father see you doing that, Charlie," his mom warned.

The boy quickly stood up with a guily look. "Doing what?" he asked, playing stupid.

His mom gave him a knowing grin. "You know what," she said.

The boy went back to drying dishes for her and after a minute his mom spoke up again.

"Do you peek under girl's skirts at school too…trying to catch a glimpse of their vaginas?" Sherry asked candidly.

Charlie was a bit shocked by his mom's question. "No, ma'am," he muttered.

"You don't have to lie to me, sweetie," Sherry stated empathetically. "I know how fascinated you are with girl's sexual parts."

"I wouldn't lie to you," Charlie lied.

"Have you ever seen a girl naked?" Sherry asked. "**A REAL** girl…not one of those bimbos on the internet."

"No…I've never seen a girl naked, in person."

"Well, what if you did?" his mom asked, looking over at him. "Would you jerk off to her?"

"Mom, that's kinda personal," Charlie blushed.

"So is what's going on beneath my skirt, but that didn't stop **YOU**, did it?" Sherry giggled.

"No."

"Then answer my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you jerk off, while you watch her?" the mother persisted.

"Probably," Charlie admitted.

"While your beating off…would you imagine that you're having hot, nasty sex with her?" the mother asked.

"Mom!" Charlie blushed.

"Charlie, you're gonna be eighteen in two days. Technically, you'll be an adult," Sherry reminded him. "Do you wanna have an **ADULT** conversation, or should I keep treating you like a boy?"

Charlie was proud of the fact that he was nearly eighteen. He certainly didn't wanna be treated like a little kid anymore. "I can have an adult conversation," he answered.

"Good…and I can use adult language with you and you won't be embarrassed?"

"No, I can handle it," he responded.

"I'm glad to hear it," his mom smiled. "So back to my question then. If you saw a girl naked, would you imagine that you're engaging her in a hot, nasty fuck?"

Charlie's heart skipped a beat. He had only heard his mom say "fuck" once before and it certainly wasn't in this context.

"Well…would you?" his mom asked impatiently.

"Yes, if she was hot," he timidly replied.

"Define 'hot' for me," his mom said. "What color would her hair be?"

"Blonde."

"Blonde…like mine?"

"Yes."

"Hmn. What else? Would she have big tits…a thick ass maybe?" Sherry asked candidly.

"Yes, both of those," Charlie answered blushingly, glancing at his mom's huge melons.

"Would she tease you with her big tits, sweetie? Is that something you fantasize about?"

Charlie was still in awe that he was even having this conversation with his sexy mom. He could hardly answer his heart was beating so fast.

"Charlie?" his mom asked, peeking over at him.

"Sorry, um…yes, she would be teasing me with them."

"How so? The same way those big tit porn stars tease on the internet?"

"Yeah."

"And what do they do, sweetheart? What do those online sluts do with their heavy tits that you like so much?" Sherry asked.

"Swing them back and forth."

"Oh, I see. You like that, huh?" his mom asked, smiling over at him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does it make your penis get big and stiff when you watch that?" she asked, her brilliant blue eyes peeking over at him through the parted curtain of her platinum-blond hair.

"Uh-huh!" Charlie nodded.

"How old are those girls that swing their tits for you online, sweetie?"

"A lot older than I am," Charlie answered.

"A lot older, huh? Are they my age?" Sherry asked with a curious smile.

"Most of them, yes."

Sherry turned towards her boy and leaned back against the counter. She rubbed his arm tenderly. "And what do you call a woman my age that you desire sexually, Charlie?" she asked.

"**A MILF**."

"And what's that stand for?" Sherry asked with a naughty grin. "Come on, Charlie…you can say it. We're having an adult conversation, remember? Tell me what **MILF** stands for."

Charlie took a nervous gulp, then spit it out. "Mom I'd like to fuck," he muttered.

Sherry thrust her huge tits out, closing the distance between them. Charlie could see the fat nubs of her nipples pushing out from beneath the fabric. "Do you know lots of moms you'd like to fuck, sweetie?" she asked in sexy tone. "Moms who aren't showing their tits on the internet?"

"Yeah, um…some."

"Do you like to imagine that they're cheating on their husbands with you?" Sherry asked, curling her leg behind him and running her sexy bare foot up the back his leg. "That they're letting you pound your hard penis inside them and make them scream out in pleasure?"

"That would be…um…amazing!" the boy gulped.

"What if it were an older woman you were close to…someone who you saw a lot…would you wanna see her naked and fuck her hard too?"

"Yes, if she'd let me."

Charlie's dad suddenly walked in, causing him and his mother to quickly separate and begin working on dishes again. "Anything I can

do to help?" Dave asked.

"Nope. We just about have it finished, honey," his wife answered.

The morning of Charlie's birthday a local handyman arrived at Sherry's house, while her husband was at work and her three kids were at school.

"Come on in," Sherry said nervously.

The nerdy-looking handyman was old enough to be her Grandfather. He let his creepy eyes roam the blonde, busty housewife's voluptuous body as he stepped inside the foyer. "My name's Levi, ma'am. I'll be installing the glory hole you ordered," he said in his old crackling voice.

"Great, yes, um…it'll be going in upstairs. I'll show you the spot," Sherry awkwardly said.

Levi followed the mother up the stairway, staring at her thick, rounded ass and the way it swayed beneath her shorts as she walked. "So, you, um…put in a lot of these, do you?" Sherry asked, glancing back at him.

"Yes, ma'am. It seems to be all I've been installing here lately."

Sherry led him into her son's bedroom, then opened Charlie's closet door. There was a pair of her pink panties on the floor inside, so she quickly went over and snatched them up. "Sorry," she blushed. "The hole will be going on that wall," she instructed, pointing to the rear of the closet. With the panties wadded up in her hand she could feel her son's fresh spunk seeping through her fingers. "Oh my God, are you kidding? He came inside them too?!" she thought.

"The closet is always a smart place. What's on the other side?" Levi asked.

"The walk-in closet in **MY** bedroom. I figured it would the most inconspicuous location to do this."

"Good thinking," the old man agreed. "A lot of mothers want the glory hole on the wall across from their beds. It's an exciting location, but certainly not the most discreet."

"Yes…it's of the upmost importance that my husband never find this," Sherry stated worriedly.

"Don't you worry about a thing, ma'am. When the glory hole is closed up, the unsuspecting eye will never even know it's there."

"Excellent! Thank you," Sherry smiled.

The handyman got to work and Sherry went into the bathroom to clean her sperm-slimed hand off. She couldn't resist the urge to bring some goo to her mouth for a little taste. "Not bad!" she muttered out loud, knowing it probably wouldn't be the last time she tasted her boy's ball-nectar.

After nearly two hours, Levi had the job completed.

"My goodness, you're right. I can hardly even see the seams," Sherry stated, staring at the place where the glory hole was installed inside her closet.

"You simply push and depress the cutouts, then remove them on both sides to expose the hole," Levi explained, then removed the cutout on her end.

"Oh…that's a **MUCH** bigger hole than I thought it would be," the mother stated.

"It's designed to allow your son to get his penis **AND** testicles through, and has a padded, cleanable inner-lining for comfort. You paid for the deluxe model glory hole, so it includes the phone app

and all the other special features," Levi explained, then demonstrated by using the app on his own devise.

"Heat and vibration," Levi pointed out. Sherry could hear a light **HUMMING** emanating from inside the hole. "You each have a personal feature you can access from your own side of the hole," Levi continued.

"A personal feature?"

"Yes, a tiny light…on your side, since it's considered the 'working end' of the glory hole." A faint **LED** light shone from the brim of the hole.

"And my son's feature?" Sherry inquired.

"A zoom lens, that can be rotated in and out of the hole, to provide him with a closer, more detailed view of what's going on over on your side."

"I see," the mother muttered, even though she knew about this feature already when she ordered.

"And, the newest feature on your end, and you may wanna hold out your hand for this one," Levi suggested.

Sherry held her hand out near the hole and a gob of clear liquid squirted from a tiny tube situated at the top brim. "Heated lubrication, which I can show you how to keep topped off before I leave."

"That's amazing!" the mother beamed.

"Yes, the company has certainly taken the whole glory hole concept and ran with it."

"So, my son and I will be able to communicate through this app too, correct?" Sherry asked.

"That's right. Most of the time you won't even need to type things out, since the device includes simply pre-programmed requests that can be made with one tap of the screen."

"This is really something," the mother stated eagerly. "Thank you so much for installing it."

"The important part is to remember to close the hole up after each use. That greatly decreases the chances of it being discovered by a third party."

"Got it!" the mother nodded. "I'll check my son's end each day too… just to make sure he hasn't forgotten. You know how scatter brained 18-year-olds can be."

"Yes I do," Levi chuckled. "So, before I leave you should know that I do accept tips for my work."

"Oh, of course. Let me grab my purse," Sherry replied, starting away.

"Not that kind of tip, ma'am."

Sherry fed him a confused stare. "What…um, kind of tip did you mean?"

Levi's eyes drifted down to the mother's huge fat tits that stretched her cami top. "If I could just squeeze on those…that'll be the best tip you can give a horny old man," he suggested.

"Squeeze my breasts?" she asked, not seeming to happy about the idea. "That's not very professional."

Levi smiled, showing the wrinkles on his face. "I do a lot of jobs I shouldn't ma'am and always turn a blind eye. So, how about you just indulge an old man and let him take a quick squeeze, alright?"

Sherry knew he was right. Besides herself, the old handyman was the only one who knew about the location of the glory hole and who

would be using it. "Fine…a quick squeeze and then be on your way," she offered.

She turned her head to the side as the old man stepped up and squeezed her giant tits outside her top and bra. "Damn, that's one lucky boy you got," he stated, letting his fingers sink into the squishy meat of her tits.

Sherry cleared her throat, letting the handyman know his time was up.

"Thanks for the tip," Levi expressed, grabbing his work bag and starting towards the door. "Enjoy your glory hole, ma'am."

Later that evening the family was celebrating Charlie's 18th birthday. Even though she was busy preparing food and visiting with family, Sherry couldn't stop thinking about the unique gift she had bought for her son. "My God, did I really actually buy him a glory hole?!" she thought, surprised at herself for doing something so naughty and bold. She knew that the hole itself was only part of the gift. The other part was whatever she chose to provide her son on the other end. "Only peeping for now!" she thought. "Nothing physical."

"Thanks for the video game, mom!" Charlie stated, after unwrapping it.

"That gift was actually from your brother and sisters, sweetie. I haven't given you my gift yet," she told him.

"Oh…well there's no more presents over there," her son pointed out. "Where's your gift at?"

"My gift isn't wrapped," she said awkwardly. "Can I um…see your phone?"

"My phone?"

"Don't worry…I'm not snooping. I just wanna download an app that's part of your gift from me."

"An app?" Charlie asked, handing his mom his cell phone, curious as hell about what she was downloading. "Is it a game?"

"No, sweetie," his mom giggled, "it's not a game. It's better than a game."

After a few minutes, his mom handed it back to him. "I installed an app on your phone," she told him in a hushed tone, "but **PLEASE** don't open it until you're alone in your room later."

"Um…ok," her boy muttered, confused by what it could be. After his mom walked away, he took a peek to see what the app was called. The picture was a dark circle, with a shiny gold outline around it. It was entitled "**CHARLIE'S HOLE**."

After all the family had left, the teen went up to his bedroom to investigate the mysterious app.

"**WELCOME, CHARLIE! TREMENDOUS FUN AND PLEASURE AWAITS YOU! WE HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR CUSTOM GLORY HOLE**."

"Glory hole?!" the teen said out loud. He remembered seeing a couple glory hole videos while surfing through porn online. He always thought it would be cool to stick his dick through a hole and have a hot **MILF** on the other side suck it for him. Another message popped up on his phone.

"**THE LOCATION OF YOU HOLE IS**…**YOUR CLOSET**," the screen read.

Charlie peered over at his closet door for a moment in disbelief. "Is this for real?" he asked himself, then got up and opened his closet door. On the back wall, at waist level, he could see a faint ring of

yellow light. It looked a lot like the graphic on the app. The application was using Sherry's **LED** light on the other side of the wall to reveal the location of the glory hole to the boy.

"Holy shit!" Charlie muttered, kneeling down in his closet. He depressed the round panel and it popped out, revealing his glory hole. However, the other end was dark, so he looked back at his app.

"**NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND YOUR GLORY HOLE, YOU'RE READY TO USE IT FOR THE FIRST TIME**," the application read, then a bar appeared with the words "

"**NOTIFY THE SECOND PARTY**."

He clicked on it.

"**THE SECOND PARTY HAS BEEN NOTIFIED. PLEASE WAIT**…" the screen read.

Downstairs, in the kitchen, Sherry was doing some dishes, with the help of her husband, Dave. She suddenly noticed her phone lighting up with a notification, so she picked it up, while her husband's back was turned.

"**YOUR PRESENCE IS BEING REQUESTED AT CHARLIE'S HOLE**," it read. She smiled nervously. She'd been wondering, ever since her son had disappeared upstairs, when this moment would come.

"Honey, do you think that you could finish up the dishes?" Sherry asked her husband. "I'm suddenly feeling a little nauseous."

"No problem at all, babe. You need anything?" Dave asked.

"No…I think I just need to lie down for just a bit," she answered.

The mother hurried upstairs, but was stopped in the hallway by her five-year-old daughter. "Mommy, can I have a snack before bed?" she

asked.

"Your father's down in the kitchen, honey. Ask him to get you a snack, ok?" Sherry answered, hurrying to her bedroom.

The busty mother's heart was beating a mile a minute as she stepped into her walk-in closet, then closed the door and locked it behind her. She knelt down and depressed the round hole-cap on her side, then removed it. "Here goes nothing," she nervously thought.

On her app, she pushed the bar that read, "**SECOND PARTY READY**."

On the other side of the wall, Charlie's phone lit up with the words, "**SECOND PARTY READY. ENJOY YOUR HOLE!**"

The boy peered into his glory hole and only a couple inches away was one of his mom's beautiful blue eyes, staring back at him. They gazed for a magical moment, then Sherry winked at him and stood up.

Charlie watched his mom back away from the hole and begin to unbutton her blouse. "**HOLY FUCKING HELL, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!**" he thought, watching her peel it away, revealing a beautifully embroidered white bra, stuffed with overflowing tit-meat.

Charlie's hand instinctively went to his crotch, fishing his hardening cock out of his shorts. Next, his mom removed her skirt, exposing her panty-covered crotch. The boy heard his cellphone chime, so he looked down at it.

"**WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY THE ZOOM LENS FEATURE**?" the glory hole app asked.

"Zoom lens feature?" Charlie repeated in his head, then clicked on it.

A lens rotated into the hole and Charlie used the buttons on the app to zoom right in on his mother's crotch, just as her panties were

being peeled away. "Holy fuck!" the boy hissed, a little louder than he should have, while staring at Sherry's shaved pubis up close. The mother had protruding inner lips that hung outside the puffy folds of her outer labium. With this type of vulva, it allowed her son to zoom in on her fleshy prepuce. "Oh my God…I can't believe I'm looking at mom's pussy!" he thought, his body trembling from the thrill of it.

On the other side of the wall, Sherry reached back to unclasp her bra. "I wonder if he's beating off yet?" she thought, pulling at the big straps along her back to release the four tiny hooks.

Charlie's heart was beating so fast he could hardly breathe. He suddenly noticed his mom's bra-cup swing past his view. "**HER TITS ARE OUT!!**" his brained exclaimed, then he quickly zoomed back out. It was the view he'd been dreaming about since he reached puberty. His mom's melons were absolutely enormous. They were capped with the widest areola he'd ever seen and her nipples protruded out like big, pink marshmallow tips.

He saw his blonde-haired mom glance at the hole, then look away, smiling blushingly. "My God, she's beautiful!" the boy thought, letting his eyes travel down her smooth luscious legs, down to her dainty bare feet with their freshly painted toenails.

Inside her closet, Sherry remained motionless a moment. She couldn't believe how wonderfully wicked she felt standing there letting her boy gawk at her naked body through his new hole. She knew she was just like one of the **MILF**'s online that he fantasized about fucking.

"Oh, he probably wants to see my ass too," the mother thought, then turned around, placing her hands on her lush hips and cocking the meaty, rounded cheeks of her lovely ass back for her boy to look at.

"Oh, my God, what an ass!" the teen thought, rubbing his cock as he zoomed in on it.

Sherry bent over shamelessly, making her buns spread apart, so her boy could see the pink elastic ring of her butthole. Charlie's cock flexed excitedly in his hand, his pre-jizz lubricating his feverish strokes as his eyes drifted down to her cuntal clamshell. He imagined the hot slippery pink tube that was just beyond that labial gate and how incredibly good that skilled mommy-pussy would feel squeezing around his young, stiff peter.

"Holy hell!" his mind exclaimed , his tongue hanging out lustfully as he watched his mom's meaty ass wag back and forth teasingly. He had zoomed out enough to see his mom peek back over her shoulder, staring right at the hole and smiling lasciviously.

"I know something that'll really get him worked up," Sherry thought, turning around and rocking her shoulders, making her oversized milkers swing back and forth.

"Yes! I love it!" Charlie mind sang out, while he beat his boner vigorously. "I wonder if mom would suck my cock? **IT IS** a glory hole after all," he thought. "Only one way to find out!"

While swinging her heavy tits, Sherry looked at the hole. Her eyes suddenly widened by the sight of her son's big jutting penis slithering through. "Oh..um, ok!" she muttered out loud, resisting the initial urge to end their glory hole time for tonight. She heard her phone chime and looking at the app.

"**SUCK MY DICK!**" the request on the phone read.

"It was just suppose to be peeping only today," the mother reminded herself, staring at her boy's huge cock, "but **WOW** is that thing beautiful!"

Ignoring her previous plan, the mother slowly knelt at her son's phallus and clicked on the **LED** light to see it in greater detail. Bulging veins crisscrossed down the lengthy shaft and her son's expanded penile muscles made his cock look as though it was carved

in stone. The knob was fat and pinkish-purple in color. The blonde-haired mother instinctively licked her lips, while watching a bead of pre-cum drip from his piss-slit, forming a gooey string that lowered to her closet floor.

"Levi said that he could get his balls through too," the mother told herself, remembering what the handyman had told her.

She lifted her phone and messaged her son through the app. "Put your balls through too, sweetie," she typed.

A half-a-minute later she saw her son's big, nut-filled scrotum squeezed through the glory hole also and flop out on her side. Sherry examined her son's cock and balls close up, marveling at their immense size. She inhaled sharply, taking in the manly scent of his engorged genitals. "Oh my God!" her mind gasped, her eyes nearly rolling back in their sockets from his powerful young aroma.

On the other side of the wall, Charlie shuddered excitedly. His mom was so close he could feel her hot breath on the head of his penis. "Holy fuck, she's gonna suck me! Mom's really gonna suck my dick!" his mind gasped.

He suddenly got a message from his mom. "Really nice dick, kiddo! " it read.

"Thanks!" he responded.

Sherry blew softly on the knob of her boy's penis, watching it twitch and throb excitedly. She swooped her head under, looking down the bulge of his corpus spongiosum, to his huge, dangling nuts. Her wonder-filled eyes followed the swollen tissue up to the band of his frenulum and blood-engorged neck of his glans. She blew on them teasingly, watching her boy's dick react by mushrooming out even bigger.

"**COCK-TEASE!**" Her son messaged her, making the mother giggle.

"Hey, give me some credit for going this far, young man, " she messaged back.

"Will you suck on me?" he boldly replied.

"Well…I certainly didn't buy you a glory hole just so we could look at each other ," his mom responded.

"Sweet! " her boy messaged back.

"So you really want this big titted **MILF** to suck your dick, huh?" his mom messaged.

"Yes please!!!" he replied.

"Does my baby want a hot birthday blowjob?!" Her message read.

" "

"Ahhh!" Charlie gasped, feeling his mom's long tongue begin flutter wonderfully all over his sensitive bell tip. After she did this for a full minute, he felt her licker drag wetly down his thick shaft and onto his cum-filled nuts. "Holy shit, is this really happening?!" his mind buzzed as he stood there hugging his closet wall.

Sherry pushed her lovely lips against her boy's scrotum, looping her tongue around the swollen meat of both his nuts. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth and sucked lustfully on it's oval-shaped surface. "His balls are so big and full!" her mind wondrously exclaimed.

Charlie shuddered in delight. The suction of his mom's mouth around his entire testicle made his whole body tingle. He felt his mom's mouth travel from one nut to the other, sucking it into her warm mouth and scrubbing it with her tongue. "Oh, shit, yeah!" he sighed, feeling her tug on his testicle with exquisite suction, pulling on the stretchy cord of his vas deferens. "Oh, my, God, mom!" he gasped.

Sherry was wholly consumed with slurping on her son's big nuts. Charlie's balls were **SO** much larger than her husband's and that fact fascinated her immensely. She imagined the hundreds of millions of sperm they contained. Her cunt tingled at the thought of having all that creamy ball-juice splashing through her mouth and down her throat. She paused for a moment, with one of Charlie's nuts still stuffed in her mouth and messaged her boy.

"Like it? " the message read.

"Heck yes!" he boy replied.

"You think this feels good…wait until I get to your dick."

"I can't wait!" Charlie messaged.

"Have you ever had a girl cram both your balls into her mouth at once?"

"Never!" he messaged back.

Sherry's lovely lips stretched obscenely as she squeezed his entire nut-filled scrotum into her mouth. The boy groaned as he felt her tongue move from one ball to the next, wetly massaging their tender meat.

For several intense minutes, Charlie felt his mom gorging herself on his nut-sack. She wildly rolled her licker around and across his tingling balls, while applying intense suction.

Sherry felt a dollop of pre-jizz strike her on the cheek and peeked up at her boy's huge juicy bell-shaped crown.

"I need to suck his dick!" the mother's mind blurted, knowing her husband would be along soon. Her son's red, distended nuts popped lewdly from her mommy-mouth one at a time. She circled her hand around his cock-root, so both his dick and balls pointed out towards

her. Then, she lunged forward, making his boner spear through her mouth and into her throat.

"Mmmnggff!" she gagged, then began bobbing her head up and back, vigorously sucking her son's prick.

Charlie gasped in pleasure, feeling his mom suck wonderfully on the meat of his cock, while beating the base of it at the same time. He knew he wouldn't last long with her sucking him this way.

Sherry's long blonde mane whipped all around and her huge, stiff-nippled knockers bobbled heavily on her chest to the rhythm of her cock-sucking. The tangy sweetness of the pre-spunk drooling from her boy's fat knob made her shaved pussy become dripping wet.

Up and back her head bobbed tirelessly…like a skilled cock-sucking mother. While plunging it in a steady skull-fuck, she rolled her overactive tongue all over his tender pink peter, feeling it throb and flex in her mouth and throat. It had been since her college days that Sherry had sucked a cock this long and fat. She had given her husband's average-sized dick oral-sex for so long that she had forgotten what a size-queen she really was. She wanted to cram her son's meat all the way down her throat without gagging on it. She wanted to show him what a skilled oral slut she was. She thrust her mouth forward, making her boy's cock disappear and mashed the ring of her lips against his hairless hilt.

"**OHHH!**" she heard her boy groan through the wall and felt his fat knob swell up even bigger inside her throat. Sherry gasped as she came up for air. She wrapped her fist around his cock-base again and rapidly beat the length of his stiff rod up and down a half-dozen times, making his weeping pre-cum splatter everywhere. She continued jerking his stiff prick, but made enough room for her mouth to suck him at the same time. "Wow, I'm really liking this! **I'M REALLY LIKING THIS A LOT!**" the mother's mind screamed.

"Sherry, are you in here?" she heard her husband call from out in the bedroom.

"No…fuck off!" she wickedly answered in her mind as she continued sucking and beating her son's prick. She curled her tongue, dragging the tip of her licker against Charlie's sensitive frenulum on every cock-sucking plunge.

"Sherry?" her husband called as he knocked and tried the closet door, but found it locked. "Are you in there?"

Her boy's wet knob popped from her mouth like a cork. "Yes…I'm, um….getting my nightgown on. I'll be out in a minute," she answered breathlessly, then went back to sucking cock.

On the other side of the wall, Charlie clenched his toes from the ball-tingling pleasure his mom was giving him. It felt like the warm, wet tube of a pink pussy was working the length of his dick. The exquisite oral friction around his glans was sending signals through his nervous system, that was about to result in a mind-boggling orgasm. His mom's blowjob skills began to work his cock into emission, pulling his semen up the tube of his urethra.

With a guttural grunt, Charlie began ejaculating. With strong contractions of his penile muscles, he propelled a long, fat cord of cum straight down his mom's throat. More followed in rapid succession, causing Sherry to gulp as quickly as she could to keep up with it all.

"**OH MY GOD, I FUCKING LOVE** !!" the busty mother's mind screamed, sucking his big cum-spurting boner like her life depended on it.

Even though her husband was just outside the door in the bedroom, the mother took her time milking her boy's dong. It was his birthday after all, so she wanted to make it a cock-sucking he'd never forget. She tugged on her boy's peter, whipping her tongue all over his cum-

spurting crown. She wasn't satisfied until she knew she had milked ever ounce of jizz that his load would provide.

After licking his cock clean thoroughly, she planted a tender kiss on his knob, then quickly messaged him. "Happy birthday, sweetheart! " it read.

Part 2

"Well, how was your first time using Charlie's Glory hole?" Barb asked as we sat in the mall food court having lunch.

"I stripped naked for Charlie, and sucked his cock, but it was rushed, unfortunately, because Dave was home," Sherry replied. She wished her husband would have been out of the house, so she could have given her boy's cock a royal work-over.

"That **IS** unfortunate, but at least Charlie got to use his special gift on his birthday."

"True, I anticipate we'll be using it again this afternoon," Sherry remarked. "This time undisturbed, since Dave will still be at work, and the other kids will be busy with after-school activities."

"Well, you'd better be prepared to fuck. If Charlie's anything like other boys his age, I'm sure he's gonna wanna experience a juicy cunt on the other side of his glory hole today."

"I don't know about that. I'll happily provide him oral pleasure, but that's probably about as far as we should take it."

"Sherry! You spent all that money on a custom glory hole and you're only gonna use it for blowjobs?"

"And handjobs, yes! Do you realize how miserable my husband would make my life if he knew I was letting our son fuck me up the pussy through a hole in the wall?" Sherry emphatically asked.

Barb giggled. "Like he'd be any less upset if he found out you were blowing Charlie's boy-cock! You're already being naughty enough to justify Dave divorcing you. You might as well go all the way," she

urged. "Besides, how disappointed do you think Charlie's gonna be if he can't even use his gift how it was made to he used?"

Sherry sighed, knowing her friend was right. If she didn't plan on letting her son enjoy the full benefits of being a glory hole owner than she shouldn't have purchased it for him in the first place. "You should be a debate coach, you know that?" Sherry asked.

"Why's that?"

"Because you're always so fucking good at making sense and being right."

"Ha! Try telling my husband that," Barb replied. "Look, all I'm saying is you can't let the fear of being caught stop you from using something you paid all that money for, and disappointing your son in the process."

After lunch, the two friends did some clothes shopping. Sherry knew that one thing she had no problem letting her son use his Glory hole for was gawking at her voluptuous body. Therefore, she decided to purchase a piece of naughty negligee. Something that she was sure would harden Charlie's cock.

"Do you think he'll like it?" the mother asked, holding the skimpy get-up next to her busty body.

"If you wear that thing, you may not have to fuck him at all," Barb noted.

"Why's that?"

"Charlie will get so worked-up that he'll probably spill his hot cum all over his closet wall, even before he has a chance to stick his cock through the hole," Barb answered, making them both laugh.

When Charlie got home from school, he wasted no time rushing up to his bedroom. Watching Mrs. Garret, his heavy-titted Geometry

teacher, sashay around the classroom in high heels had gotten him all horny and worked up. Normally, he'd lock his door and plop down on his bed for a good cock-wanking. However, thanks to his mom, he now had a much better way of getting off.

"**YOUR PRESENCE IS BEING REQUESTED AT CHARLIE'S HOLE**," Sherry's phone alerted her as she washed up some dishes in the kitchen.

The mother dried her hands, then headed upstairs to answer the call. "On my way, honey! " she texted her son through the app.

Charlie replied with an eager "thumbs up" emoji. Naked from the waist down, the boy knelt at his glory hole, opened his end of it, and stared inside, waiting for the wonderful image of his beautiful mother to appear. "I hope I get another strip show!" he thought, anticipating that his mom would be willing to tease him with her busty body again.

It was the longest ten minutes of Charlie's life, wondering what was taking his mom so long. He was soon rewarded for his patience, when Sherry uncapped her side of the hole. Charlie quickly grasped his cock and watched as his mom strode from her closet, towards his parent's bed. "**HOLY FUCK!**" his mind exclaimed as he saw what she was wearing. Sherry's curvy body was adorned in a pale pink babydoll. The silk gown had spaghetti straps and fluffy feathered trim at the hem. The part that Charlie liked the most, however, was that the nightie was completely sheer. He could clearly see the luscious cheeks of her rounded bare buttocks swaying beneath the fabric as she moved. Her gorgeous freshly-shaved legs tapered down to slender ankles and dainty bare feet, with pink painted toenails. Her feet were arched in six-inch clear platform mules, accentuating the feminine muscle-tone in her legs.

Charlie stroked his stiff, tender cock, while watching his mom twirl around gracefully, making her beautiful blonde trusses whisk across her shoulders as faced him. Her rapid turning motion caused her

meaty udders to wobble back and forth beneath the nightie. Sherry's turgid nipples poked against the fabric as they protruded from the wide, rose-colored rings of her areola. She gazed over at the hole in a salacious manner, striking a breathtaking pose for her teen, with one leg cocked out at the knee. Her hands rested on her wide, childbearing hips, her enormous tits jutting out from her chest proudly.

While beating his leaky cock, Charlie's eyes traveled down his mom's narrowing torso, sweeping past her cute navel to the mound of her pubis, which he could clearly see through the sheer fabric. He used the zoom feature of his glory hole to narrow in on the cleft of her pudenda. Just as he had been yesterday, Charlie was fascinated by the way her fleshy domed-shaped prepuce bulged out from her puffy outer flanges.

Sherry stood there and smiled for several minutes, knowing her boy was enjoying the sight of her posed there in her naughty negligee. She slipped her dainty feet from their heels and crawled onto the bed, pointing her meaty mommy-derriere back at her boy. Now, Charlie was seeing her pussy at a whole new and exciting angle. Her cunt-lips bulged out at the base of her rounded ass, forming a meaty camel toe. Charlie hoped he'd get to pierce it with the bulbous knob of his cock and plunge his blue-veined boner into the heated pit of her cunt.

Sherry gracefully rolled onto her back, then propped herself up on her elbows. She brought her knees back and splayed open her thighs, like all moms do when they fuck or give birth. Charlie was quick to zoom in on her parted legs, his tongue hanging lustfully from his mouth as he watched his mom peel her cuntal crevice open with two fingers. This revealed the coral slit of her fuck hole, and also caused her hood to retract, exposing the marble-sized bulb of her clitoris. Below her cunt, her meaty buns were spread against the mattress, with the crinkled ring of her pink butthole peeking out.

"Goddamn, what a sight!" the teen thought, stroking his erection vigorously.

He saw his mom lifted her cellphone and text him. Soon after, the app on his phone chimed as her message arrived. "I sure hope you're watching, and I'm not just wasting my time over here, lol " it read.

"Oh trust me…I'm watching alright! " Charlie texted back.

"Are you pulling on your prick, Charlie?"

"Yes, ma'am!" he replied.

"It's **YOUR** glory hole. You're the one in charge of this show. Let me know what you'd like me to do next."

Charlie's fingers were shaking from excitement so much that he could hardly text his request. "Spread your legs further and rub your pussy, like you do when you masturbate," his message read.

Sherry extended her luscious legs in a wide V, showing her boy just how far she could spread herself during sex. Her sumptuous limbs were scissored so far apart that her bare feet pointed towards opposite sides of her bedroom. She began to rub her pussy for Charlie, stroking her engorged clitoris. He loved the way her gigantic tit melons jiggled deliciously to the rhythm of her hand masturbating her pussy. "Squeeze one of your tits too!" he texted her.

His mother complied, reaching up with a free hand and squeezing one of her giant jugs through the silky nightie.

"Are you enjoying this, kiddo? Is mommy arousing you?" Sherry texted.

"You sure are!" Charlie replied, squeezing his fist up and down the length of his cock.

His mom's next text surprised him a bit. "Stick your boner through the hole for a minute. I wanna see how hard it is."

Sherry's eyes lit up as she watched her boy's super-charged erection slide through the glory hole. Charlie's long, vein-encrusted stalk pointed stiffly at an upward angle. It looked as hard as a granite slab, it's knob mushrooming, like a fat pinkish-purple gourd. She wanted his balls through the hole also, so she could see his entire cock stretching out from it's root.

"Put your ball through too, sweetheart! " she texted, her oversized boobs bobbling as she climbed from the bed and rushed into her closet to take a closer look.

Charlie fed his dangling scrotum through his glory hole, then thrust his whole package out and flexed it proudly. He knew he was well endowed. In the locker room at school his flaccid dick dangled nearly twice the length of those of the other boys. The one girl he had fucked was unable to take his entire cock and tapped out early from the pain of having it squeezed inside her young, inexperienced cunt. Charlie yearned to fuck a pussy that could not only take his entire dick, but one that could squeeze and chew at his penile meat, showing him the pleasures of a furious fuck.

"It's beautiful, sweetheart! " Sherry texted, kneeling there staring at his meat-cannon in lustful adoration. She leaned forward and began planting tender kisses all up and down his throbbing erection, loud enough for her boy to hear her.

"Ahhh!" Charlie sighed, feeling his mom's wet lips bathe his boner with affection.

He heard his phone chime and looked at a message from his mom, which read: "Would you like mommy to suck on you knob, like she did yesterday, baby?"

"Yes, please! " he replied.

Sherry leaned forward shrouding her lovely, bee-stung lips over Charlie's penile glans. Her mouth formed a tight seal around his coronal ridge. Her tongue darted over the slit of his meatus, soaking up the dollop of pre-cum that had formed there. "Mmmm!" she hummed, savoring her boy's young virile ball-nectar on her taste-buds. She brought her phone up, so she could text while she sucked him.

"I love the taste of your pre-cummies! " her message stated.

"I love your mouth around me like that!" her son replied.

"Would you like mommy to scrub your peter-tip, sweetie. Would you like my tongue to wrestle with your glans?"

"**YES!!**" her boy enthusiastically texted back.

Sherry went to work on him, whipping her long, experienced licker all over the crown of his cock. She scrubbed the shiny contour of it's spongy underside, then found the elastic band connecting Charlie's foreskin to his penis glans. The experienced cock-sucking mother used the tip of her tongue to strum at her boy's frenulum like a guitar string, making him shudder in delight.

"Mommy's gonna suck on your head **AND** your shaft now, baby," Sherry texted. Then, she removed the collar of her lips from around the neck of his penis and plunged him deeper into her wet, warm mouth.

Charlie gasped as he felt the sensitive meat of his cock encapsulated by his mother's mouth and throat. His erection began to glide through her oral cavity as if it were a pussy. Each time his pecker would rear back, remaining just inside her lips, Sherry would loop her tongue around his knob. Then, she would spear his cock deep into her throat again. This wonderful process caused her pretty blonde head to bob up and back in a perfect blowjob rhythm.

As amazing as this felt, Charlie **REALLY** wanted to fuck his mom through the glory hole today. He was almost to afraid to request it using his own words, so he used the ones that were pre-programed

"**FUCK MY COCK!**" the message on Sherry's phone read.

It was amazing that the mother could text her reply and suck her boy's dick at the same time. She could tell by how much pre-ejaculate was leaking from her baby's tip that he wouldn't last five seconds in her hot, snug pussy. "I'll drink one load now, that way he'll really be able to fuck vigorously and enjoy himself, while building up to a second ejaculation," she thought.

"Sweetie, if your feeling good, just cum in my mouth. That way you can take your time after and build a fresh cum-load for my pussy," Sherry texted him.

Charlie had never cum twice back to back before, but this was certainly a time that he wouldn't mind trying it. Through the wall he could hear his mom gurgling shamelessly as she sucked even more of his prick down her clasping throat.

Sucking and slurping noisily, Sherry wrapped her hand around the thick, muscled root of her boy's hardon. She beat his dick into her mouth, tugging on the loose skin, while continuing to gorge herself on it's upper-half. She rolled her tongue all over the glistening crown of his cock, increasing his excitement level.

Charlie gasped hornily over and over, humping his cock-base against his side of the hole. His mom was sucking and tugging like crazy, making his big nut-filled scrotum swing around wildly. "**AHHHH!!**" he snarled, feeling his knob tingle and mushroom inside his mom's pummeling mouth and throat. He began to experience powerful contractions in his prostate that sent a raging torrent of hot ball-juice up the tube of his urethra.

"**OHH, GOD, MOM!!**" the boy grunted, hosing out gooey spunk straight down her throat.

Sherry didn't think it was possible to drink down a load bigger that the one she had yesterday. However, her son's orgasm today really put her cum-guzzling skills to the test. "**OH FUCK! SO FUCKING YUMMY-GOOD!**" her brain screamed as she savored the taste and feel of her boy's sperm-blasts skimming through her mouth.

Sherry knew her son was anxious to fuck, but this didn't stop her from taking her time and nursing every gooey drop from his big dreamy cock. She wasn't at all surprised to see how rock-hard it still was when it slipped from her mouth.

"That was insanely good! " her boy texted.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, sweetie," Sherry replied.

"Can we fuck now?"

It seemed like such a surreal question. Sherry had only fucked one man in the past twenty years and that was her husband. Surprisingly, what scared her the most about fucking Charlie **WASN'T** that he was her son, **OR** that she'd technically be cheating on her spouse. What she feared the most was that she'd love Charlie's cock **WAY** too fucking much! Her husband's penis was above average in size, but it certainly wasn't as long and meaty as Charlie's prick. Comparing their dicks was like putting a pickle up next to cucumber, and Sherry had only taken a cucumber-sized dong in her pussy a few times, when she was Charlie's age. Despite her concern, she wanted to make this glory hole gift extra special for her boy and this was just part of that deal.

"Yes, sweetheart…let's fuck," she simply answered.

Sherry had never gotten dick through a glory hole before, so this was a new experience for her. She knew that the best way for penetration

was through bending over and taking Charlie's cock in the standing doggy position. She thought a moment about using some lube from the dispenser that was part of the custom glory hole, but then realized that she didn't need it. Her pussy was already dripping wet, from getting aroused while sucking Charlie's cock. Due to Sherry's sexual excitement, her cervix was drawn higher into her pelvis. This allowed the tube of her vagina to tent, preparing itself for the enormous length of her son's cock.

Sherry certainly didn't expect his next text message. "Do I need to wear a condom or something?" he asked. Birth control was something she hadn't really considered. Luckily, she was in tune with her menstrual cycle and knew she wasn't ovulating.

"That's considerate of you, sweetie, but don't worry…it's not that time of month for me. Mommy can't get pregnant right now. "

"**OK!** " he replied, then waited anxiously, his heart beating a mile a minute. He felt his mom's fingers gently grasp his stiff cock, then felt his knob nudge against something slick, fleshy and wonderful. "Ahhh!" Charlie gasped, as his flaring crown split Sherry's twat, sinking past the remnants of her hymen and into the heat of her vaginal pit.

"**OOOOHHHH!**" the busty mother moaned, plunging her pussy back on her boy's steely cock. Charlie's meat was met with incredible resistance and it paused for a moment, half-way down the tube of his mother's vagina. Even as slick as they were, Sherry's pleated cuntal walls had to expand to accommodate the thickness of her son's cock. She backed out a few inches, allowing the lubricating oil that had secreted from her lining to smear on Charlie's cock. Then, she pumped her rounded ass back again. This time her boy's prick squeezed through the remainder of her vaginal cavity, finally hitting bottom.

Charlie's eyes rolled back as he felt his cum-leaking knob crush the spongy ring of his mom's cervical entrance. He was delighted at the

fact that she could take all of his cock. It was the first time his prick was fully sheathed in hot pussy and it felt divine.

Sherry was also surprised to feel her labial lips push against her son's balls. She had been determined to take the better part of her boy's erection, but certainly wasn't expecting to feel her thick ass pressed against the wall in full penetration. "Holy shit! The perfect fit!" she thought. "It's like we were made for each other."

She began to pump her cunt on the rigid teenage slab, eager to get a satisfying rhythm going. As arousal surged through her beautiful body, the head and shaft of her clitoris began to swell and stiffen. Her fatty ass-cheeks rippled each time they reared back and struck the wall. Bent forward and humping back like this made the mother's huge tits dangle from her chest and swing to the motion of her enthusiastic thrusts.

All Charlie could do on his side was stand there, hugging the wall, while feeling his mom's tight pleated walls plunge up and down his tender pink dick. He couldn't believe she was fucking him; that his own horny cock was inside the most wonderfully wicked part of his own loving mom's body. "Holy shit, this feels amazing!" he wondrously thought.

Sherry humped on her boy's rod in a steady tempo, her meaty mommy-ass bobbing up and back. Charlie's fully-erect prick was being hugged on all sides by rows of thick vaginal pleats. His mom flexed her pelvic floor muscles over and over, compressing her pink ribbed sleeve even tighter around his penis, gnawing at the plunging slab as it pummeled through her.

"Do you like it, baby?" his mom texted.

"**LOVE IT!**" he messaged back.

"Do you want mommy to fuck your cock even faster? "

"Sure!" he excitedly replied.

Sherry threw her lovely ass back as fast as she could, making her fleshy cheeks beat against the wall. This caused her boy's super-sized cock to pound through the tube of her cunt relentlessly. Going at it this heatedly, she wasn't at all surprised to feel an orgasm quickly build inside her.

"**I'M GONNA CUM, BABY!**" she texted. Then, the lucky teen could hear his mom crying out in a body-trembling climax through the wall.

Getting fucked through a wall allowed Charlie to be hyper-focused on just the feel of his mom's pussy cumming on his tender cock. Every quivering contraction that her cuntal walls gave off made the boy's erection flex excitedly. The way the knob of his prick began to mushroom made the broad ridge of Charlie's glans squeeze even more delightfully along the slippery, corrugated tube of Sherry's vagina.

"**WOW!!**" the teen gasped, humping against the wall. He wanted to hammer his horny baby maker into his mother so fucking bad! It killed him that she was doing all the work, but he knew the way she was furiously fucking his cock was about as good as he could ask for. It wasn't long before he shuddered in orgasmic delight.

"**OHHH, SHIT!**" the boy grunted, as big gooey cords of hot ball-jizz began to erupt from his piss-slit.

The feel of her boy's boner pulsing and flexing inside her as he shot off only extended Sherry's own tit-quivering climax. She slowed her thrusts, letting her boy enjoy slow, heavenly strokes of her cunt. Her vagina clenched up with wonderful contractions and their genital flesh grappled in the liquid heat of their ejaculate.

Just when Charlie thought it was over, he felt his boner slip from his mom's pussy and get replaced by her mouth. "Oh, damn, mom!" he

moaned, feeling her nurse on his sensitive knob, while milking any remaining sperm from his shaft with her circled fist.

Over the next few days, Sherry gladly catered to her son's sexual requests.

"**YOUR PRESENCE IS BEING REQUESTED AT CHARLIE'S GLORY HOLE**," the message on her phone would read, often times, right while she was cuddling up next to her husband. The mother would excuse herself to shower, or tend to the kids, but instead would always head straight upstairs to her bedroom closet. Once there, she would either stroke Charlie off, give him sloppy, deep-throat head, or fuck his rigid cock through the glory hole.

"Can I fuck your tits?" Charlie texted her on one such occasion.

"Oh, you wanna try something different, huh, naughty boy? " his mom messaged back.

"Yeah, I wish you could get one of your boobs through the hole. I'd love to suck on it too!"

"Well, maybe we could make the hole bigger, so that could be possible, " she replied.

"You think? Can they do that?"

"I can ask and see, but how about for now mommy just gives you that juicy tit-wanking you asked for."

Charlie stuck his dick and balls through the hole. Sherry used the lube dispenser to get her giants tits nice and slick, then wrapped their ballooning flesh around her boy's throbbing cock. For nearly thirty minutes, she worked his horny erection through the slick, smothering pocket of her cleavage. She pushed on the sides of her boobs with her hands, creating wonderful friction on Charlie's dong that had him cumming in no time. She felt so wicked with her

husband sitting downstairs, while she was getting cum-ropes blasted up around her neck.

At Charlie's request, she decided to do some research, to find out if they could make his glory hole any larger. She was surprised to discover that the company that she bought the custom hole from offered a variety of different sizes. One hole in particular would allow her to squeeze the entire bottom-half of her body into Charlie's side of the wall. This would allow him to fuck her in various sexual positions, as well as stick his own head through to her side and suck her tits, like he wanted. "Why don't I just save myself some money, go join him in his closet and let him do what he wants to me," Sherry giggled to herself. It **WOULD** certainly be easier, however, the thrill of being naughty and pleasing her son through a hole in the wall seemed so much more exciting.

"What are you reading?" Dave asked his wife as they sat in bed together one evening. Sherry was reading up on a few other ways of having glory hole sex, but she couldn't very well tell him that.

"Oh…um, just some beauty tips is all, honey," she lied.

"You don't need beauty tips. You're already as beautiful as you can be."

"Awww, thank you, honey," his wife gushed, then went back to reading. She had pounded her cunt back on Charlie's erection each day since he first asked for it. Sherry did it the same way each time, bent over in the standing doggy position. What she hadn't realize until reading the article was that there were other wonderful ways to position her body for sex through a glory hole. Now that she knew, the busty mother simply couldn't wait to try them out.

"Charlie, are you awake, sweetheart?" his mom texted in the middle of the night. The teen was still up, watching some big tit **MILF** porn on the internet.

"Yeah, I'm up," he replied.

"Are you horny? "

"I'm **ALWAYS** horny, mom!" he texted back.

"Would you like to fuck me, through your glory hole?" his mom brazenly asked.

"What about dad?"

"He's out like a log. We'd still have to be **REALLY** careful, but I'd like to give you some sexual relief…if you feel you need it? "

"**SURE!**" Charlie eagerly replied.

Sherry laid there on her bed for a moment, gazing over at her lightly-snoring husband hesitantly. "What the **FUCK** am I doing?" she asked herself. "Did I really just ask my son if he wanted to fuck me?! I'm suppose to be there when **HE NEEDS ME**, not throwing myself on him, just because **I'M** horny and found a new position for us to try out."

Despite her reservations, the heavy-titted mother snuck out of bed and crept into her bedroom closet. She closed the door behind her and locked it.

Charlie was peering through his hole. He grasped his cock and squeezed it when he saw that his mom was wearing a sexy lavender-colored teddy. It was made of beautiful floral lace embroidery and slightly sheer, allowing him to see her areolar rings. Sherry wasted no time stripping it off, and Charlie's heart raced as he watched her meaty breasts bobble around as she got naked.

Sherry glanced at the glory hole and giggled. Since Charlie's cock wasn't poking through, she knew he must be watching her. Standing there naked for him, she lifted her phone and texted.

"Anything naughty you wanna see, baby?" her message read.

"Will you shake your boobs for me?" he replied.

Sherry rocked her shoulders, making her giant jugs swing back and forth in unison. She bent over slightly, letting them hang down heavily, while doing the same back and forth motion.

"**DAMN**, Mom, that's crazy sexy! " the boy texted, watching her flop her fatty tits around for him.

"Who knows…maybe you'll get to suck on these fat nipples someday soon, while you feel all this squishy tit-flesh around your face," she messaged.

"That would be dope!" the boy replied.

"Ready for mommy to fuck that purple-knobbed cock, sweetheart?"

Charlie pushed his erection through his glory hole. He had primed it pretty good with his hand, so it was fully engorged and ready for pussy. Sherry stared at it wondrously, biting her bottom lip. While reading about this 'new glory hole position' online, the mother realized that she had something in her closet that would make it possible. It was a four-foot, waist-high console table that they had stored in her closet, until they could find something decorative to place on it for their bedroom. She slid it over, so the end of it met the wall, just below Charlie's jutting cock. "Perfect!" she thought, then carefully climbed onto the table and sprawled out on her back.

The position was called "the mermaid." Sherry occasionally performed it with her husband during their marital sex. It was perfectly suited for a glory hole fuck. The mother scooted her cunt to Charlie's cock, resting her sexy, shaved legs up the wall. Before she slipped him in, Sherry sent him a quick text. "Keep your ball on your side this time, sweetie, so you can thrust into me."

Her son pulled just his scrotum back to his side of the wall. Sherry grasped his erection and fed it inside her love-grotto, getting her thick ass as close to the wall on her side as she could. "Fuck my pussy, Charlie!" she texted him.

The teen was delighted to be in a position where he could beat his cock through the tube of his mom's pussy at his own pace. "Oh yes! Feels so fucking good!" his brain cried out as he began to thrust his boner through the glory hole and into his mom's vagina. Juices had already secreted from her cuntal walls, lubricating their union.

Sherry legs hugged the wall, pointing upward. She held the outside edges of the table with both hands for leverage, pumping her horny twat right back at her boy as she rocked the table beneath her.

Charlie wasn't sure how his mom was positioned this time, but damn did it feel good on his dick! It was that same wonderful pussy that he'd been fucking the past three days, but situated in a different way. This created all new sensations on his penile meat, as it was met with the different vaginal textures and squeezes. The best part about this time around was that he could thrust as hard and fast as he wanted. The teen gazed down in wide-eyed wonder, watching his shaft piston through the hole. He marveled at the way his muscled cock-meat was glistening with his mom's cuntal secretions. "Damn, look at all that pussy juice! Mom's **REALLY** fucking wet!" he thought.

Sherry's naked bubble butt slapped repeatedly against the wall, trying to draw in as much dick as she could. The huge pillowy mounds of tit-flesh that jutted from her frame rolled wildly up and down her chest. She squeezed a squishy tits with one hand, while reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris with the other. She felt no shame, especially since her son couldn't see her. Yes, she was doing this for him, but she might as well cum like a fucking whore while she was doing it.

Charlie increased his tempo, with the overwhelming urge to fuck his mom as hard as he could. He pummeled his cock through the glory

hole, making his ass a blur as he savagely fucked her. His ravaging boy-meat thundered through his mom's birthing tube, beating against the womb that once held him, on every thrust. He felt his mom tighten her fuck-muscles, causing him to flex his long cock, forcing her to feel every jutting vein bulge out against her inner lining. "Ahhhh!" he snarled, feeling her return more juicy squeezes. "Ahhh, fuck!"

Sherry knew that part of what her boy was feeling on his penis was the spongy corrugated texture of her G-spot as it scraped along the top of his erection. The fact that he was plowing against it so exquisitely was about to make her go out of her fucking mind. She wished she could just flop around and scream, like a shameless slut, while she gushed all over Charlie's fat cock. However, she knew if she woke her husband that it would be her worst fear come true. The mother realized that she had to make a decision quickly, before she erupted in orgasm. Screaming and jerking about wasn't an option, but neither was stopping. Her boy's cock simply felt too amazing jabbing through her. She wanted to cum so fucking bad that, in that moment, it was worth the risk of losing her marriage.

Pumping his hips as fast as he could, Charlie suddenly gasped as he felt his mom's pussy begin to contract around his cock. It was a wonderful series of vaginal squeezing and releasing and squeezing and releasing that caused the boy to involuntarily shudder and groan. Charlie's ejaculation occurred in a series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles and anus. Powerful blasts of hot semen began to hose from his pisser, splattering through his mom's quivering vagina.

Sherry threw her lovely hair around, straining as she arched her back and neck from the table. Her giant tits, with their stiff, protuberant nipples, trembled and heaved as she was struck with a powerful climax. She crossed her upper arm over her mouth, attempting to muffle her orgasmic cries.

At the bed, Sherry's husband's eyes popped open as he heard a strange noise coming from the closet. He looked over to see that his

wife missing, so he curiously got up. "Sherry?" he called, but got no answer.

He went to the closet door, but found it locked. Then, he heard his wife's muffled cry from inside. Panicked, Dave pounded at the door. He barely gave his wife time to answer before he kicked it in.

"**DAVE!!**" his wife shouted in surprised. Sherry was still in the mermaid position with her son's cum-drenched cock buried inside her. Lucky for her, her legs were closed together, extending up the wall and hiding her indiscretion.

"Sherry, are you ok? What the hell are you doing?" the confused husband asked, studying the way his wife was laying on table with her legs pointed towards the ceiling.

"I'm just…um…stretching," she awkwardly answered, her face still flush from an orgasm.

"Stretching?"

"Yes, this was um…one of the positions I was reading about…that was, uh…good to use for a stretching exercise."

"While you're naked?" Dave asked.

"Well, yes, honey…um, the article recommended doing them naked, so you're not hindered by clothing." She could feel the pulse of Charlie's excited heartbeat through his cunt-smothered knob, which was crushed against the head of her cervix.

"So what was all the squealing going on in here? That's why I kicked the damn door in…to make sure you were ok."

"Sorry, I was just in some pain. That's kind of why I was in here stretching in the first place," Sherry lied, feeling the thick slab Charlie's erection slip out of her cunt.

The boy could faintly hear his parents speaking to each other and hoped to hell his mother hadn't got caught. He looked down at his still-hard prick and smiled. His big dong was dripping with female ejaculate. It was even trickling from his dangling scrotum, from his mom squirting her girl-cum straight through the hole. "Damn, that was some fucking good pussy!" he whispered to himself.

Meanwhile, Sherry was staying put on the table. She didn't dare move and expose Charlie's Glory hole to her husband. "Sorry to wake you, honey. I'll just finish up here with my stretching real quick and come back to bed," she nervously stated.

"Ok, hon," Dave muttered, then looked at the damage he'd done to the closet door. "I guess I'll try to fix this door when I get home tomorrow."

Sherry quickly texted her son. "Damn, that was a close call. Your father nearly caught us fucking," she wrote.

"Oops, good thing he didn't! " Charlie texted back. "Will you look into having a bigger glory hole put in for me?"

"I'll get more information on them tomorrow, sweetheart, but I can't promise anything," Sherry replied.

"Cool, thanks, mom!"

"Goodnight, Charlie! " she messaged "And oh…by the way…that was one amazing fuck you just gave me, kiddo! Just sayin' ."

Part 3

Charlie’s Hole – Part 3 By Klrxo Art by Nixmare

"A bigger hole!"

"That’s right…Charlie wants a bigger Glory Hole. I’m having one installed today," Sherry said as she sat with Barb having coffee.

"Why go with a bigger hole? At this point, why not just invite him in on your marital bed and fuck the shit out of him?!"

"I thought about going that route, but to be honest…I think Charlie really gets a thrill out of fucking or getting his cock sucked though a hole."

"Ok, I’m confused," Barb stated. "What can you do through a bigger Glory hole that you can’t through a small one?"

"Lots of stuff. With a hole big enough to slide the lower half of our bodies through, Charlie can eat my pussy, I can tit-fuck him. Not to mention all the wild sex-positions we can engage in."

"Why do I get the feeling that you’re getting as much enjoyment out of a glory hole as he is?"

"Because I am!" Sherry giggled.

"It must make the sex with Dave incredibly boring at this point."

"Well, yeah…not just from the thrill of fucking our son, behind Dave's back, but Charlie's just so much fucking bigger and harder than his father is. I can't wait to see what he can do through a bigger hole."

"Mm, that teenage dick must feel amazing?!" Barb cooed.

"I'm not gonna lie…I’m slowly becoming addicted to it."

"Wait…won’t a bigger hole be harder to hide from Dave?"

"If it’s concealed as well as the one in Charlie’s closet, then my husband should never even suspect it’s there."

"Well, I hope that for the sake of your marriage you’re right," Barb replied.

"Seeing my boy happy and sexually satisfied is well worth the risk. I’m SO glad I let you talk me into going the whole Glory hole route."

"I knew it would work out well for you and Charlie. I can’t wait until Nathan turns eighteen in a couple years, so I can buy him one. Every boy should have a mom waiting on the other side of his personal Glory Hole, to fuck him and suck him dry multiple times daily."

"I agree. Who needs a girlfriend at that age? If a boy has a naked mom who's willing to fuck and a hole in the wall…he’ll get all the sexual pleasure he needs."

When Charlie got home from school that day, he was horny as fuck. He wasted no time sending a request to his mom from his Glory hole app. Not long after, he received a reply, which read: "I’m already waiting for you, baby! I have a surprise for you. Scoot your dresser out away from the wall and look behind it!"

Charlie was curious what this "surprise" was she was referring to. He rushed up to his room and scooted his dresser away from the wall. He noticed a small sticky note, waist-high on the wall that read: "press here!"

He pushed on the spot and a large, circular portion of the wall clicked away. "A BIGGER GLORY HOLE! SHE DID IT!" he excitedly thought, removing the circular panel so that light shone in from his parent’s bedroom.

When he stuck his head down in the hole and peered though he gasped excitedly.

"Hi, Charlie!" his mom greeted him in a sexy tone, standing in her bedroom waiting for him. She was completely naked, except for black high heeled mules with a sexy ankle straps.

"Hi!" the boy blurted, staring at her oversized knockers. He could tell by the stiff teats that protruded from her wide areolar rings that she was just as horny as he was. His eyes drifted down to her hairless crotch, his stomach tingling wonderfully with the anticipation of those bulging labial lips splaying around the meat of his tender cock.

"Do you like your NEW Glory hole?" the mother asked.

"It's definitely bigger than the other one!"

"It's their 'deluxe model,' and it came with some extras."

"Extras?" Charlie asked.

"Yep. A padded insert that goes along the rim, for comfort. Also, two padded benches, one for your side and one for mine. They're leveled with the height of the hole and will allow us to fuck in all sorts of crazy positions. It's that exciting, honey?"

"Wow! Can we, um…try it out?" Charlie excitedly asked.

"Well…your mom's not naked for nothing baby, so maybe you better strip too, so you can rock out with your cock out!"

Charlie had his clothes thrown off in under a minute. Sherry licked her lips, gazing at the stiff slab of boy-meat jutting from his loins. It looked ready to spear inside her and pull on her heartstrings. She watched a dollop of clear-liquid pre-jizz lower from his piss-slit to the floor in a long gooey string. "Mmm, I see a juicy dick over there that needs to be sucked on," she cooed. "Why don't we set up our new Glory Hole benches, honey. I put yours there next to your desk."

Both Charlie and his mother set up their matching benches on their side of the hole. The benches were padded, three feet long and, as

Sherry pointed out, were perfectly leveled with the bottom curve of the hole. When the boy finished setting his up, he looked back through the hole too see his mom resting face-down on her bench looking through at him. "BOO!" she giggled, with her head practically inside the hole. Charlie looked over her shoulder, at the rounded swell of her naked mommy-buttocks. Her silky legs were both bent at the knees, so they pointed towards the ceiling and her arched bare feet waved around playfully. "Looks like both our benches are set up," Charlie pointed out.

"Yep. Why don't you slide your lower half through to my side, then lay back and relax. I wanna give you the best deep throat blowjob you've ever gotten!"

"I sure won't say no to that!" Charlie replied.

Charlie lounged across the benches with half his body on either side of the wall. Sherry knelt at the edge of the bench, between her boy's legs and went to work on him. Charlie had certainly gotten blowjobs from girls at school before, but they were NOTHING compared to what his mother was doing. She laid on the oral affection in a way that he NEVER imaged possible! Her tongue whipped wildly all over his dick and nuts, leaving a trail of saliva that soon has his genitals glistening wetly.

"Mmnn!" Sherry whimpered, slurping one of her boy's cum-filled testicles into her mouth. She scrubbed the oval-shaped nut with her tongue, while tugging it outward, pulling on the cord of his vas deferens. This made Charlie squirm with sexual delight. After laving his balls, Sherry began to kiss, lick and nibble his cock, darting her over-active licker all over the fat, pink bulb of his glans. Next, she sucked his crown and shaft into her mouth, letting it plunge through her oral socket in delicious fuck-hole fashion.

The mother promised him deep throat head and that's exactly what she delivered. She plastered her lips around his cock-base, gurgling

on the meat of his erection. Then, she plunged his steely rod through the ring of her lips, fucking him with her cock-hungry mouth.

Charlie gasped in delight, feeling his tender dick-meat pummel through the warm, wet flesh of his mom's mouth and throat. When she added her hand in on the mix, beating his boner, while tirelessly sucking, the teen felt the wonderful tingles of an impending orgasm.

Charlie stared down his torso. There was just enough space between him and the edge of the hole to watch his mom work him over like a cock-sucking whore. "Wow…look at mom go!" he thought, watching her pretty blonde head bob up and down. The way she moved made her dangling udders wobble wonderfully off her chest.

"Damn…you were right, mom. I've never gotten blown this good before!" the teen announced.

His knob popped from Sherry's mouth like a cork. "Well, not only do moms KNOW best…they DO things the best too, baby, and that includes sucking dick!"

"If I was dad and could get this every day…I'd never wanna get out of bed."

"Well, I don't know if I'd stay in bed and suck on your father all day, but if YOU were my husband…I'd suck your dreamy dick like it was made of candy!"

"I'd marry you in a second, mom!" Charlie revealed.

"Oh, you would, huh? How would you support me if all we wanted to do was stay home and fuck our asses off all day?"

"I guess you have a point," Charlie uttered, feeling his mom shower his erection with tender kisses. "Too bad there wasn't a way I could be your husband, but dad could still support us."

"Are you proposing to me, baby?"

"Well, um…I don’t know. Maybe."

Charlie watched his mom stand, then throw a leg over him. She grasped his cock with her hand and fit it inside her horny vagina. "How about you just be my little ‘glory hole fuck-hound’ for now. We'll ravage each other's bodies whenever we have a chance," she suggested.

"I certainly won't complain about that arrangement," Charlie answered, watching his towering cock sink inside his mother.

Lowering her cunt to his nut-sack, Sherry slipped off her heels, preparing herself for heated intercourse. Even though her primary intention was to give her son pleasure, the selfish side of her couldn’t wait to ride him like a cock-starved slut, pumping, grinding and cumming all over the steely-stiffness of his cock.

Charlie’s meat was now fully sleeved inside his mom’s warm pussy, her cunt-lips sucking on the tops of his cum-bloated balls. Charlie flexed his cock, expanding the slippery corrugated walls that were molded around him. Sherry began to bounce on his love-organ, making it pummel through her. It wasn’t long before they were engaged in a fiery fuck-rhythm. She curled her lovely legs, bringing her feet up to rest along the tops of Charlie’s thighs while she fucked him. Then blonde-haired mother’s thick bubble butt flew up and down, her crotch-socket slapping wetly against her boy’s cock-base with every frantic thrust.

"DAMN…mom’s really fucking me hard!" Charlie marveled, gazing through the hole and watching their genitals beat lewdly together.

Sherry’s movements were wonderfully skilled, rising up his prick until only his cock-tip remained, then going down again, milking his succulent peter-meat to the very root. By now, a mixture of hot cuntal secretions and slimy pre-cum had lubricated their union and they glided together fluidly.

The experienced mother worked her fuck-muscles, tightening the rings of her vagina on Charlie's tender pink dick.

"Oh, damn that feels good, mom!" the teen gasped.

"I love it too, baby! Your cock is SO fucking big and hard! It's what every woman my age dreams about!"

Sherry went from pumping to grinding, fusing their crotches together and swiveling her wide hips up and back in a fervent rhythm. Now her handsome boy's big fuck-muscle was stimulating powerful pleasure-nerves through every inch of her birthing tube. Her spongy walls quivered and sucked around his vein-encrusted stalk, stirring it around wildly inside her.

"Ahhh-yesss!" Charlie sighed, feeling the engorged crown of his penis plow again his mom's back wall. The puffy, rounded head of her cervix felt divine slipping wetly back and forth against his sensitive glans.

Sherry looked like she was riding a horse down the final stretch of the Kentucky Derby. Her hips were a blur, gyrating up and back, while she pushed her hands against the wall in front of her. Her fat tits were jumping around wildly, at the mercy of her fervid sexual tempo. Waves of ecstasy began to sweep through her curvy mommy-body.

"I'M CUMMING, BABY!!" she cried out, then let out a serious of wonderful orgasmic shrieks that could probably be heard from every room in the house.

Sherry soaked her boy's prick in female ejaculate and in her dazed state of bliss, she realized she was quickly headed towards a second, even more powerful climax. "OH, GOD…FUCK YEESSS!!"

This time when she came, her son's excitement level was just too much.

The way his mom’s hot secretions poured down his cunt-smothered prick and over his balls felt overwhelmingly good. He bucked his ass from the bench, plunging his cock to the root and blew his wad so fucking hard that his body convulsed.

Sherry never felt semen spurt from her husband’s prick when he came, but with Charlie it was different. She could feel his thick, steamy ball-juice jetting out inside her, his erection twitching and quivering. She had simply never realized what a pathetic cock her husband had until she recently began fucking Charlie. "Maybe this glory hole IS just as much for me as it is for him," she wickedly thought.

Both of them could have fucked again, but Charlie’s brother and sister were due home from school soon, so they decided against it.

That evening, Dave took his family to see a movie. The two youngest kids, like usual, wanted to sit in the front row. "Dave, maybe you should sit with them to make sure they don’t cause problems down there," his wife suggested.

"Probably a smart idea," her husband replied, heading down the aisle after his kids.

Sherry didn’t really think her kids would be unruly, but she just told Dave that because she wanted to be alone with Charlie. She led him to the back row of the theater and they sat down, holding each other’s hand. "I do love the movies," whispered Sherry, then peeked teasingly over at her son, "but I certainly know something else I’d rather be doing right now."

"What would that be?" Charlie asked, already knowing the answer, but wanting to hear his mom say it.

"What do you think, Charlie?" she smiled, then brought her lips to his ear.

"Passionately fucking each other though our glory hole, that’s what!"

The teen loved how she referred to it as "our" Glory Hole and not just his.

"I agree. I’d rather be doing that also."

"You like to have that big pink dick buried inside mommy, don’t you?" she seductively whispered.

"I sure do!"

"Mm, we have so many wonderful ways we can fuck now. Cowgirl, missionary…the butterfly position."

"What’s the butterfly position?" Charlie asked.

"Well…I would stick my bottom-half through our hole, then prop my legs onto your shoulders, letting you fuck me that way, baby. That’s called the butterfly position."

"Damn, mom…if we keep talking about this, I’m gonna get crazy horny!"

"You better just let yourself get crazy horny then. You know I’m not gonna be able to keep my hands off you during this movie, right?"

"Can we make-out…since there's no one else near us?" Charlie asked.

He was right. There was hardly anyone else in the theater and they rested in big reclining theater seats, so Sherry felt fairly comfortable being naughty once the lights dimmed. "Once the movie starts, we'll share a seat and do some kissing, ok?" she whispered.

A few minutes later the auditorium was shrouded in darkness. Charlie watched his mom move over and join him in his big seat. The teen was reclined and Sherry was now part-way on top of him, with her leg draped across his, and her enormous tits squashed against his

chest. "We need to be careful," she softly warned. "If anyone starts to walk by we have to stop kissing."

"Got it!" Charlie nodded.

The mother eagerly locked lips with him and they began making out like horny teenagers on a hot date. Sherry ran her hand beneath Charlie's t-shirt, feeling his young, chiseled abs. Her touch drifted down while they kissed, unbuttoning his jeans.

Charlie gasped into his mom's mouth as he felt her hand boldly slip beneath the waistband of his briefs and grasp on to his big hunk of hardening boy-meat. She slowly yanked it a few times, pulling the loose skin along the bulging erectile tissue of his cock. Their tongues dueled wildly inside Charlie's mouth, their lips fused in open ovals.

"This is fucking wild!" Charlie's brain shouted. He was INSANELY aroused and pre-cum was trickling from the tip of his pisser, onto his mom's circled fist. Sherry began to put it to good use, smearing it all over his swollen glans so she could stroke his knob with her hand like it was a tightly clasping pussy.

Their heads were shrouded by the mother's fluffy blonde hair as she kissed her way to Charlie's neck, then attacked it with flailing licks. This made the boy squirm in delight beneath her, thrusting his pecker against her squeezing hand.

"Unbutton my blouse and get your hands into my bra, baby," Sherry whispered.

Charlie certainly didn’t have to be asked twice. He fumbled with his mom's blouse buttons, then took two big handfuls of spongy tit-meat through her embroidered bra. He quickly slipped them beneath the giant cups and squeezed again, only this time there was nothing but squishy, naked flesh.

Her areolas were crinkled from arousal; her nipples wonderfully bulbous.

Charlie sunk his fingers into her melons, getting a sense of how large and heavy they were.

"Mmm, you like girls with big, soft titties, baby?" his mom cooed between lusty licks.

"Uh-huh!" Charlie gasped.

"It's a good thing your mom has them then, isn't it?"

"Yes! They're awesome!" he answered, perhaps a bit too loudly.

"Shhh, careful, honey! Does squeezing my boobs like this make you wanna fuck my pussy even harder?"

"Yes!"

"Does it make you wanna ravage mommy's fuck hole, like an evil pussy-bandit?"

"It sure does!" Charlie answered, trying not to be too loud.

Sherry's body shivered from the thrill of what they were doing. The fact that her husband was only a stones-throw away, and could easily catch them, only added to her wicked excitement-level. While whipping her licker back and forth against the most sensitive part of her boy's neck like a windshield wiper, she stroked his rigid fuck-muscle with her tightly circled fist.

"Oh my God…it's so fucking hard!" her mind whimpered, while she squeezed around the three, blood engorged columns that comprised his penile shaft. Sherry slowly beat its length, pulling at the two strong ligaments at the root. As she neared the head, a fat blob of bubbling pre-drool oozed from Charlie's piss-slit. This was swiped off by her clasping hand and used to lubricate the mother's down stroke.

Charlie was aroused beyond belief. While the boy groped her fleshy tits beneath her bra, he felt his mom's wandering hand travel down to his balls and begin massaging them tenderly. Her fingers combed beneath his oval-shaped testicles, teasingly digging her long nails into the smooth skin of his sack and the sperm-filled nuts beneath. Sherry squeezed his swollen gonads, then tugged gently, pulling on her boy's spermatic cord.

She stopped licking for a moment and looked into his pleasure-filled eyes.

Her own dreamy gaze was only inches from his. "Do you like that, Charlie?" she softly asked. "Do you like me playing with your balls?"

"Yes!" he gasped, nodding adamantly.

"Mmm, so many baby-seeds in these big, warm nuts. Are you saving them for me?"

Again, Charlie nodded in response.

"You are? Oh good…I want every one of those sweet little cummies swimming around inside me."

"You better not stroke me very much more then."

"Why's that, baby?" she asked, going back to slowly stroking his aching prick. "Are you about to make some boner-sauce for mommy? About to shoot some ropes of love-yummies into the air?"

"Yes!" Charlie answered, watching his mom's fist pump even faster up and down his pecker.

Sherry began to plant tender kisses on his lips, while speaking to her pleasure-stricken teen. "Mmm, maybe you can lasso mommy with one of those gooey ropes…then pull me down on top of you…bury your boy-cock inside me…and blast a bunch of those wiggly little egg-hunters inside my pussy!"

Charlie snarled in pleasure. His mom looked down and together they watched her tireless hand beat him off. He couldn't believe how good his mom was a cock-stroking. Her hand twisted along the length of his throbbing phallus in a perfect corkscrew motion. "Ohh, your juicy knob is turning purple, baby," she mewled. "That means your dick is SO horny and ready! Ready to spit hot, sticky baby-seed, while my baby has a REALLY GOOD spasm-gasm!"

"Ugnnff!" Charlie grunted, his hips squirming involuntarily. His genital tract began to contract and his prostate began to pump fluid into his urethra. This liquid quickly mixed with that of the seminal ducts and seminal vesicles. The powerful muscles in Charlie's perineal region began to pump his ejaculate through his penile urethra. "I'm cuuumming!" he softly squealed.

Sherry knew it was impractical from him to shoot his load all over them there in the theater, so she quickly made a decision to suck him. "I've got you, baby," she cooed, then quickly knelt down on the floor and wrapped his throbbing crown in the ring of her lips. While doing this, Sherry continued to stroke his shaft. Her boy jerked, and the creamy contents of his balls began to skim across her tongue and pour down her gulping throat. Sherry gleefully played in his ejaculate, darting her tongue through it and around the helmet of his mushrooming tip. She battered the elastic band of his frenulum with butterfly licks, making him tremble in delight.

For several delightful minutes Charlie felt his mom suck his bell-tip, while beating his shaft relentlessly.

Not a drop of cum remained when she was finished, and Sherry quickly slipped back to her chair, straightening her bra. Her nipples were still erect and her cunt was a fleshy swarm, craving the rigid meat of her son's cock. "Wanna go home?" she asked, looking over at her teen with desperate desire.

"Home? Yeah, but um…what about them?" Charlie asked, pointing in the direction of his dad and siblings.

"We'll take an Uber," she replied.

After regaining her composure, Sherry went down to the front row and told Dave that Charlie wasn't feeling well and that they had found a ride home. She gave her husband a quick kiss, hoping he didn’t detect the smell of Charlie's cum on her breath.

During the car ride home, Sherry could hardly stop shaking she was so anxious to fuck her son. Once they arrived, they both quickly retreated to their bedrooms and stripped naked. The naughty wife looked over at a picture of her and her husband on the wall as she tore her bra off, releasing her huge fatty knockers. "Looks like your wife’s pussy has been stolen from you, honey," she stated out loud as if talking to her husband.

She knew this statement was partly untrue, since she was taking their son's cock MORE than willingly, so Charlie wasn't ‘stealing’ anything. She simply didn’t know how she'd go back to fucking Dave's wimpy dick again.

After being on the receiving end of her son's dreamy dong she knew that any other cock would be inferior.

When Charlie opened his hole he saw his mom standing there waiting, with her back to him. She had her rounded bare buttocks cocked out and peeked back over her shoulder. "Hey, baby…do you see something you'd like to have beating against your crotch. This sexy ass maybe, while you fuck me from behind? " she asked, then gave her derriere an inviting wag.

"Fuck yeah!" Charlie replied.

Sherry slipped half her body through the glory hole, standing in her son's room from the waist down. Her upper half was still in her

bedroom, leaning on extended arm against her bench. "Get those engines roaring then, hot rod! You have a VERY horny pussy to fuck!"

"I'll fuck it, alright…right after I lick it!" Charlie exclaimed, lowering to his knees behind Sherry. He bent his neck back, leaning forward and smothering his face against her shaved pussy.

"Mmmm!" they both whimpered in unison as the cunt-hungry teen plowed his licker through the fragrant folds of his mom's vulva. He dug his way beneath the fleshy hood of her clit and sucked on her grape-sized love-button.

"Oh, Charlie…I definitely want some of this in our daily glory hole routine, but if you don't hurry and get your cock inside me I'm gonna go fucking crazy!"

Charlie stood back up and mounted his mom's haunches, spearing his erection into the snug, smoldering sleeve of her vagina. Fully entombed inside her, he pushed his flaring knob against the rounded pink gate to her womb. He delighted in the fact that he could fill his mother's vagina completely full with his big, rigid peter. He looked down at the warm, meaty ass-cheeks hugging his crotch, excited by the way her crinkled pink butthole peeked out from between them. He grasped her hips, then started fucking.

"That's it, baby…give mom a good doggy-dicking," Sherry urged, slamming the cushion of her ass back against him. "Smash that fucking prick through me! Make me your sexual whore!"

Charlie loved hearing his mom talk nasty. At first, the glory hole shenanigans all seemed for HIS benefit, but now she was clearly loving it and wanting it as much as he was. Their flesh smacked together in a heated fuck-rhythm.

"OH, BABY…YES! FUCK THAT PUSSY! FUCK MOMMY!"

"OHHH, FUCK! OH, CHARLIE…GET IT, BABY! MAKE MOMMY YOUR GLORY HOLE WHORE!"

"OHHH! OHHHYESS! YOUR FUCKING ME SO GOOD! FUCK! FUUUUCK, I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM ON YOUR BIG FUCKING COCK, BABY!!"

Charlie's young body gave off an excited shutter as his hot seminal fluid prepared to erupt from his pummeling cock. His mother's birthing tube contracted, tightening her inner rings around his meaty boner and soaking it with girl-cum.

"Ahh, shit, mom…I'm cumming too!" he announced, then grunted savagely as he began pumping creamy goo into Sherry's vagina. For several spine-tingling minutes they smashed their pulsing pissers together, basking in the wonders of their passionate mutual orgasm.

They had time for one more heated fuck through the hole before the rest of the family arrived back from the movie. This one was the butterfly position Charlie's mom had promised him. Having his beautiful mother's silky legs running up the front of him and her sexy feet around his neck while they fuck was a huge rush for the teen. He gave her three body-trembling orgasms this way before blasting more nut-nectar into her unprotected cunt. They barely had enough time to cover the hole and get dressed before the family got home.

"How are you feeling, son?" Dave asked as he saw Charlie and his wife sitting on the couch together.

"A little better…just REALLY drained."

Sherry laughed and squeezed her boy's hand, making Charlie laugh too as he realized how 'spot on' the reply to his father was.

"What's so funny about him feeling 'really drained?'" her husband asked.

"Nothing, honey…how was the movie?"

"The ending was a little bit of a let down, to be honest. You guys didn't miss much by coming back early."

Sherry looked at her boy and winked. "Nope…we certainly didn’t," she agreed.

Christmas in the Cuddy Cabin

by klrxo

"Did you like all your gifts, snuggle bug?" Jasper asked her son. They sat on the couch together, watching her younger children play with their new toys.

"Yeah, I got everything I wanted. Did you?"

"Well, not everything," his dark-haired mom replied, seeming a little disappointed.

Sean glanced down at the swell of his mother's gigantic breasts, which were ballooning out from beneath her thin cotton sweater. God how he wanted to sink his face into the dough-like flesh of her melons and suck on her turgid nipples. "What did you want that you didn't get?" he curiously asked.

"A baby."

"A baby?"

"Yes. Your father and I have been trying to make you a new little brother or sister, but it just hasn't happened yet," she explained in a discouraged tone.

"Oh, um…sorry, mom."

"It's not your fault, snuggle bug. It's not anyone's fault really. Your father just has an extremely low sperm count, so it's gonna take longer than we planned."

"Still, it would have made the holiday **EXTRA** special if you found out today that you were having another baby."

Jasper nodded sadly. "Yes, well…not all Christmas wishes can come true. Unless…"

"Unless what?" Sean asked, watching his mom fiddle with the button on her blouse, while staring over at him. Her green eyes seemed to pierce right through him. The boy's dark-hair mother reminded him of the Canadian actress, Jessica Lowndes, just with a thicker ass and humongous tits.

"Oh, never mind. You shouldn't be burdened with helping to solve your parent's problems."

"I don't feel burdened, mom. If there was a way I could help you, you know I would," Sean replied.

"Do you mean that?" Jasper whispered, peeking over at him curiously. Her sultry green eyes drifted down to the bulge of his boy-cock. It wasn't the first time she'd stared at it, wondering just how long and thick it got when fully erect.

"Of course I mean that. You're my mom."

Jasper tore her eyes from Sean's protrusion and looked at her other kids, who were busy at play. Her husband was also occupied, watching some Christmas day football. "Wanna go for a boat ride with me?" she sweetly asked her son, not feeling a bit of guilt from the wicked thoughts that were brewing in her mind. The family lived on a lake and had their boat docked for year-round enjoyment.

"A boat ride where?"

"Just, um…out on the lake for a little while," she replied, staring into his eyes like someone who was up to no good.

"Sure, I'm up for a ride."

"Awesome!" the mother beamed, showing her perfect white teeth as she smiled. "Let me tell your father we're leaving, then I'll collect a few things and meet you out at the dock."

It was a brisk Christmas day on the lake. Sean drove the boat with his mother snuggled against him. "Dang, it's cold out here today!" the teen shouted, delighting in the feel of his mom's warm squishy breasts through her jacket.

"It's **SO** quiet though, and the water's as still as I've ever seen it," Jasper pointed out.

"Boating around on Christmas day is the last place most people wanna be."

"Let's find a spot to anchor for a little while," Jasper suggested. "Take us over to Shady Cove."

Sean's dad's boat was a decent-sized cruiser with a cozy cuddy cabin. The craft zipped across the water and into the cove that his mother spoke of. Since it was Christmas day, there wasn't a single other boat out on the lake. Finding a nice private spot, still a good distance from shore, the teen shut the engine off. "I could sure use some hot chocolate about now," he stated, blowing into his clasped hands to get them warm.

"I'll see what I can find down in the cabin," Jasper replied. "Drop the anchor, then come down and join me."

The boy took a quick look at his mom's meaty, denim-clad ass as she strode away. By the time he got down in the cabin, he saw her sitting on the edge of the bed. "Well, the bad news is…there's no hot chocolate," she stated. "The good news, however, is I got the heater going. It should be warm and toasty in here before you know it."

Sean closed the cabin door, then joined his mom on the edge of the bed. The large mattress cushion gradually narrowed behind them as

it followed the walls along the bow of the boat. The boy didn't know for sure why his mom brought him out here, but he hoped it was so he could fuck the piss out of her. Lately she'd been awfully flirty with him and showed a lot more skin, particularly when they were home alone together. Just yesterday, Jasper had come to his room to collect laundry, wearing a snug crop top and pale pink booty shorts. The way the hems crept half-way up the cheeks of her meaty bubble butt gave Sean an instant hardon.

"You didn't bring me out here to talk, did you?" he brazenly asked.

Jasper peeked over at him blushingly. "No…um, I didn't," she answered.

"So why **DID** we come out here?"

"Baby, first I have a confession to make, and I hope you won't think any less of me for it," she sighed. "Your mother…has always been kind of a size-queen. Do you know what that is?"

"Yeah, it a woman who prefers bigger dicks, right?"

"Exactly! With the exception of your father, I've always been with guys who's penises were substantially larger than average."

"Wait a second, you're a size queen, but the one guy who you married isn't larger than average?" Sean asked in an amused tone.

"I know. That's fucked up, right?" his mom giggled. "The guy I chose to spend my life with has the smallest dick I've ever fucked. Unfortunately, marriage is kinda like buying a house though. You go into it with a list of things that are important to you and in the end you usually have to settle with a home that's missing a few things from that list."

"And dad was missing the dick-size you like?"

"Precisely, and as a 'size queen, that's been a pretty big void in my life all these years. I've spent that time though watching **YOU** grow….in more ways than one," she confessed, glancing down at his tubular-shaped bulge and licking her lips.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. That's one area of myself that's **GROWN** a whole heck of a lot the past few years," Sean admitted.

"Mmm, are you telling me that you're packing quite the baby maker down there, honey?" his mom asked with lusty eyes.

"I can show you if you want, and you can be the judge."

"Yeah?" she muttered, gazing into his eyes longingly. "You wanna show mommy how big and thick your dick has gotten?"

"I don't mind."

"Tell you what…just to play fair…you show me yours and I'll show you mine. How's that sound?"

"You'll show me your dick?" her son joked, making her burst out laughing.

"No dick here, baby, but I do have a shaved pussy. Interested in seeing that?"

"What do you think?" her son excitedly answered.

"I think you better get those pants off."

Sean stood up and removed his pants and briefs. His uncircumcised cock was so hard that his foreskin was pulled back, unshrouding the swollen bell-shaped tip. The bulky stalk of his shaft was rock hard and covered with bulging veins.

"Good grief, snuggle bug…what size is that monster?" his mom asked, staring in wide-eyed wonder.

"Last time I measured it was my sophomore year and I was nearly ten inches. By now I must be pushing eleven."

"Eleven inches?! That's certainly twice the dick your father has… literally!" she informed him. Jasper had been pounded by some pretty big dicks when she was younger, prior to meeting her husband, but Sean's cock took top prize in terms of sheer size. "Do you ever get light-headed when you're like this? It must take a ton of blood to fill that thing."

"No, I have gotten a lot better at sex though," he admitted.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. When Amanda and I first started going out I could only fuck for about ten minutes before cumming. Now I can go well over an hour, nonstop," Sean bragged, speaking about sex between him and his girlfriend.

"Well…lucky Amanda. Can I, um…touch it?" The mother asked, staring at his jutting prick in adoration.

That was certainly one request that Sean wasn't about to turn down. "Sure!" he nodded.

Jasper reached out and circled her pretty hand around the rod of her boy's cock. She gave it a few slow stokes, while studying it's every detail in fascination. "Your erection is incredible! I don't know that I've ever felt one this hard before."

"It stays that way too…for awhile anyway…even after I've cum."

"I'm sure your girlfriend doesn't complain about that," Jasper smiled, enjoying the thick, hot feel of her boy's cock-shaft in her hand.

"Not to rush you or anything, because this feels amazing, but…can I see your pussy now?" Sean asked.

"I suppose a deal's a deal," his mom replied, reluctantly letting go of his cock and standing up. She shed her pants, revealing the sexiest yellow panties Sean had ever seen. They had sheer embroidery and a cute bow detail in the center. He only had a few seconds to admire them before his mom peeled them off.

"Damn!" he gasped, staring at her bare pubis. Jasper's dark cuntal slit was separated by two prominent outer flanges. "That's fucking hot, mom!"

"I'm glad you think so," the mother replied, her eyes glued to his erection, watching it flex to the sight of her naked pussy.

"How about we make another deal?" the teen suggested.

"Which is?"

"I'll show you my boobs, if you show me yours."

Jasper laughed, making her meaty mounds shudder beneath her top. "That's hardly a deal at all. I see you with your shirt off all the time," she pointed out.

"Alright, well…sweeten the deal for yourself then. What else do **YOU** want?"

The mother glanced back at the bed. "How about once or shirts are off, we crawl under the blankets for a snuggle?"

Sean's heart was beating so fast he could hardly stand it. It was exactly the type of thing he hoped she'd ask for. He just hoped that by "snuggle" she meant "fuck." "Like I'm gonna turn down a deal like that," he smiled.

Watching his mom remove her shirt was a surreal moment for the teen. He'd been wanting to see her tits for so long that he couldn't remember a time where he wasn't obsessing over them. He'd come

close to spying them once, when his mom was in the bathroom changing, but sadly, he struck out that time as well. Jasper reached around and pulled the cross-strap of her giant bra together, unfastening the hooks. In one graceful motion she slipped the cups from her breasts, making them bobble free heavily.

"Fuck, mom!" Sean gasped.

"What?" she giggled, playing stupid.

"What do you mean 'what?' Your tits are incredible!"

"I guess that gives us both something to drool over then, doesn't it?" she asked, glancing down at his wagging erection.

"Yeah, well…just like you're a 'size queen,' I guess I'm sort of a 'size king,' if I'm honest."

"Oh, you like big dicks too?" his mom joked, making him snicker.

"No, no! But I love big tits!" he confessed, fascinated by his mom's wide areola and the turgid nubs if her nipples. "Amanda's are pretty large, but they're nothing compared to yours."

"Well, why don't we crawl onto the bed and you can see them up close and personal," she suggested.

"Sure!" the boy agreed, then watched his mom crawl onto the mattress first, pointing her thick, naked ass as back at him. The way her meaty buns were slightly spread allowed him to get a good look at the pink ring of her butthole.

His mom slipped under the covers and looked over at him. "Are you coming?" she asked, with the most seductive look Sean had ever seen. He had a feeling he was about to bump bellies with his own beautiful mom.

He quickly joined her beneath the blankets. They cuddled face to face, and Sean was delighted by the feel of his mom's warm, fatty tits pressing against him and her leg draped over his. He had no doubt that she was turned on by the way her nipples were throbbing stiffly against his chest.

Jasper gazed into her boy's eyes wondrously. "So, back at the house, when I explained the situation between your father and I, you said you'd do **ANYTHING** to help. Did you really mean that?" she whispered.

"Of course I did."

"Does that include…helping me get pregnant?"

Sean's heart skipped a beat. "If that's what you want," he replied.

"Well, here's the thing… You and your father's genetic makeup is the same, so he'd never really suspect that the baby wasn't his. His sperm count is almost nonexistent, while I'm sure yours is off the charts. If we had sex, we'd both be getting something we wanted. I'd be getting my baby, since I'm ovulating today, and you'd be getting a great piece of Christmas pussy."

Sean took a moment to process what she was saying. "You forgot one thing, mom," he pointed out.

"What's that?"

"The 'size-queen' in you would be getting just the kind of dick she craves."

"That's true also," Jasper excitedly giggled.

"So, what do we call this then?" Sean asked. "Is it copulation, making love…what do you call it when a mother and son decide to have sex, under these circumstances?"

Jasper smiled naughtily. "How about we just call it **FUCKING**? Raw…nasty fucking," she boldly suggested.

"I like that," he replied, then began to wonder just how clinical their coupling would be. "So um…is anything off limits?"

"What do you mean by off limits?"

"Can I fuck you as hard as I want, suck on your tits and maybe kiss you some?"

"Absolutely! Just because we're making a baby doesn't mean we can's enjoy ourselves in the process," Jasper replied.

"Sweet!"

Jasper grasped onto her boy and rolled him on top of her. Sean felt her thighs spread open and he sunk against her heated crotch. "Why don't we start with you on top," she uttered, then immediately broke the ice by feeding her boy and slow, sensual kiss.

Sean had never been this nervous fucking a girl, but this was not an ordinary sexual encounter. This was his mother, who had a body that was made for fucking, and had years of sexual experience under her belt. He knew he'd have to perform at his best to impress her, which he had every intention of doing.

With their mouths still fused in a kiss, the teen introduced his tongue and was surprised to find his mother's licker eagerly reciprocate. Their tongues dueled wildly inside Sean's mouth, and he began to jab his cock against her shaved pussy, digging through her fleshy folds, searching for her vaginal entrance.

"**OHHH!**" Jasper gasped loudly, feeling her boy's rigid cock-muscle pierce her twat and sink inside her clasping fuck-hole.

Sean watched his mom's eyes go cross in pleasure as he fed her most of his steely cock. Only a few inches remained unsheathed and the cock-loving mother was just as determined to take it all as her son was to give it to her. Sean backed out a few inches, slickening his cock with her secretions. Jasper met his downward thrust by humping her cunt upward, burying the remainder of his meat inside her.

"Ahhh, yes!" the boy hissed, feeling his tender knob smash against the ring of her external os, at the back of her vagina. This, while his mother tightened her fuck-muscles, sheathing his super-sized penis in the snuggest, juiciest cuntal grip he had every experienced.

"Fuck me, snuggle bug!" the mother squealed as her boy began spearing into her with forcefully thrusts. She hooked her luscious legs high around his back, crossing her ankles together. This allowed her to use his body as leverage, so she could bounce her naked ass from the mattress an meet him hump for hump.

"**EVERY BIT AS FUCKING AMAZING AS I DREAMED IT WOULD BE!**" Sean deliriously thought, feeling his curvy mother beneath him. Her enormous tits were crushed between them as they fucked, and he could feel them sloshing wildly. His mom had given him the green light to suck her nipples and he had every intention of doing so. He slipped his face down, struggling for a moment to latch on as her tit rolled up and down her chest. Finally, he was successful and gorged himself with as much flesh as he could, so his lips were sealed around the fringe of her areola.

Jasper was over the moon! Not only was her son **HOPEFULLY** going to impregnate her with a baby, she was also getting a dreamy cock slammed through her cunt for the first time in many, many years. It didn't take her long to remember why she had been such a size-queen in the first place. Her boy's muscled boner, stretched her cunt tube, scraping against the nerve-endings along her corrugated

lining. This brought on a mind-boggling orgasm that made her scream out so loudly, for a second, it actually startled her son.

"**DAMN!!**" Sean gasped, feeling the intense pressure around his pummeling penis, while watching his mom's pretty face twist in pleasure. If there was ever a true test of his staying power, this was it.

The boy extended his arms, so he could watch his mom's oversized milkers roll up and down her chest while he fucked her. "Am I doing a good job so far, mom?" he asked, even though he knew he was blowing her mind by how fucking hard he'd just made her cum.

"My God, baby…you're amazing!" she breathlessly replied.

"Well, if a true 'size queen' thinks so, then I must be doing alright."

"I don't think I fully realized how neglected my pussy's been for all these years, while married to your father," Jasper confessed.

"Well, this doesn't have to be a 'one time thing' you know? I could fuck you like this all the time, if you wanted me to?"

"Oh my God!" the mother exclaimed, gazing up at her thrusting teen in lusty adoration. "Having your dreamy boy-meat inside me on a daily basis would make me feel like the luckiest mom on earth."

"A woman like you deserves to be fucked by a big cock, mom. Anytime you want me to pound it through you like this, just let me know."

Jasper had spent nearly a half-hour beneath her son and, even though she loved being fucked this way, she was anxious to try a different position. One of her very favorites! "Wanna fuck me doggy-style, snuggle bug?" she asked.

"There's so many ways I wanna fuck you mom, we could spend hours just trying them all out."

"Oh, well that certainly sounds like a challenge I'd gladly except, but right now I'd **REALLY** like to feel you hitting my pussy from behind."

"You got it!" Sean blurted, sliding his cock out. His jutting boner wagged stiffly on his loins, shimmering with his mom's vaginal juices as he watched her climb up on all-fours.

Jasper gazed back at her teen lasciviously through the curtain of her dark, silky hair. She wagged her rounded mommy-ass invitingly. "Come on, big boy! Come beat that fat prick though mommy's hole!"

Sean crawled back behind her, mounting her haunches and jabbing his monster-sized cock back inside her. He grasped her by her wide, tan hips and thrust into her in a heated rhythm. "Now this…is a million dollar view!" he thought, looking down at the big, meaty cheeks of his mom's derriere. Her fleshy ass-meat rippled each time it struck his midsection.

"How's this, mom?" he panted. "Is this the way you like it?"

"Oh, baby…there's not a way **I WOULDN'T** like it, as long as it's your big, horny hammer inside me!"

For nearly twenty-minutes Sean fucked his mom from behind, delighted by the way she threw her ass back on him in vigorous fuck-lust. Several times, he leaned over her back, reached around and grasped on to her dangling tits, while fucking her. He'd squeezed his share of swinging boobs on girls his own age, but sinking his fingers into a pair of soft, spongy **MILF** tits was absolutely divine.

"Damn, mom…if you keep squeezing your pussy-muscles around me like that and you're gonna get a load of baby-making sperm **REAL SOON!**" Sean breathed.

"That's fine by me…as long as I can get a second load of that potent spunk pumped inside me before we head back home," she replied, peeking back at him.

"That can be arranged!"

Jasper humped her cunt back on her boy in a frantic rhythm. "Well then, come on my sexy sperm-donor! Pump that hot baby-gravy into mommy! Make my belly grow big and round with our incest baby!"

Sean grasped his mom's hips and fucked into her with everything he had. The feeling of such a powerful, mommy-induced orgasm building inside his groin made him feel like he could jump out of his skin with pleasure.

"**OH, FUCK YES! TAKE MY FUCKING CUM, MOM!**" he grunted as he began hosing out gooey ropes of incredibly-potent sperm inside his mom's ovulating female reproductive system.

"Holy fuck! Now **THAT'S** what a male ejaculation should feel like!" Jasper thought as her body shuddered from her own tit-quivering climax. Everything she was feeling just confirmed how superior her son's cock and fucking skills were compared to her husband, Owen. She simply didn't know how she'd even be able to have sex with Owen now without thinking of her gorgeous horse-dicked son.

For several wonderful minutes, they bucked and writhed in sexual bliss. Jasper's dangling knockers swung and rippled violently as her and her son's hot flesh slapped together in orgasmic rapture.

"Where are you?!" Jasper's husband, Owen, asked over the phone.

The heavy-titted mother held her cellphone with one hand, while resting the other on her prone son's chest. Her knees were planted astride his body and her wide, motherly hips were swiveling feverishly. Jasper's shaved pubis was fused against her boy's cock-base, grinding on his erection in full penetration. "We're um…just out

enjoying the lake, honey," she replied, trying not to sound too sexually winded.

"I didn't think you guys would be gone this long," Owen stated.

"I didn't think we would either, but we're enjoying ourselves so much…we decided to go another round…**AROUND THE LAKE, I** mean."

Sean was enjoying one of the greatest views a boy could experience. One where a mother's ginormous tits were jutting out over his ogling eyes and bobbling to the rhythm of her fuck-motions. What made it even better was the feel her heated cuntal walls, clasping and chewing at the meat of his cock, while stirring it around inside her glorious pussy.

"Well, had I known you guys were gonna be this long I would have packed up the kids and come with you," Owen remarked.

"Oh, speaking of kids…" Jasper added, "I've been getting these funny feelings today. I'm not a-hundred-percent positive, but I think I actually might be pregnant."

"Pregnant?! Really?!"

Jasper knew that after having her son's hot spunk blasted inside her that the chances of her being knocked-up were pretty good, especially since she was ovulating. By telling her husband that she was already pregnant, she would avoid having to have terrible marital sex with him later. "Well, I won't know for sure until I take a test, honey, but I just have this feeling I am, or maybe the sperm is close and I will be soon," she stated, winking down at her big-dicked boy, acknowledging who the real baby-daddy would be.

"Well, if that's the case, then that's exciting news!" Owen remarked. "I guess maybe I do still have some live ammunition in the chamber!"

Jasper tried to suppress her laughter, looking down at Sean and rolling her eyes. "Yep…sounds like you blasted quite the round out of that little pistol of yours, honey!" she joked. "A true Christmas miracle!"

Jasper was itching to get back to fucking the boy-canon that was lodged in her clasping cunt. "Sean and I will be back home shortly. We're just about to get going again, and…**CUM**…back home I mean."

After hanging up, Jasper threw her phone aside and began fucking her boy, bouncing on his cock like a shameless whore. The feel of his unyielding boner pummeling though her fuck-tube had her shaking in climax within minutes.

Sean pumped his ass from the mattress, spearing his cock up through the quivering tube of his hot mom's pink pussy. He yanked his mother down on top of him and rubbed his face in the deep canyon of her cleavage, feeling the spongy softness of her breasts brush against him. He latched onto to one of her puffy nipples, sucked intensely, then moved to the other, slurping on her engorged papilla like a starving infant. This, while a powerful load of cum swelled inside his nuts.

Their naked bodies thrashed together for several more minutes, like they couldn't get enough of each other. "**OHHH, FUCK!!**" Sean snarled, his voice muffled by tit-meat. It felt like his knob blasted right off the tip of his throbbing penis as he began hosing out big cords of semen inside his mom's fertile pussy. No words could express the type of pleasure that surged though the boy's lean body as he was milked-off by his mom's skilled cunt.

"Thank you for making my Christmas dream come true this year, snuggle bug," Jasper whispered, then planted a few tender kisses on her boy's lips.

"Well, **I HOPE I** made it come true. I guess we won't find out until you take a pregnancy test."

"Not that Christmas dream, silly goose…although being pregnant will definitely make me happy too," Jasper said.

"Oh, well which Christmas dream did you mean then?"

She stared at him with her alluring green eyes and smiled. "Satisfying your size-queen mom's craving for huge, young cock. The best Christmas dream of all," she cooed.

Chronicles of the Baby Making Factory

Valerie was crushed when the results of her husband's sperm count came in. The sterile silence of the small clinic room seemed to magnify Valerie's disappointment. She stared at her husband, John, who sat beside her, his face ashen with disbelief. The doctor's words echoed in her mind, each one a weight upon her heart.

"I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Shotwell," the doctor had said, his voice tinged with sympathy. "Based on the results of the sperm count, it seems highly unlikely that you will be able to conceive naturally."

Valerie could hardly comprehend the news. All those dreams of having another child together felt shattered in an instant. She clenched her fists, trying to find solace through the pain that threatened to consume her.

John reached out and took her hand, his touch offering a flicker of comfort amidst their shared despair. Their eyes met, silently affirming their love and commitment, even in the face of this unexpected obstacle.

Together they left the clinic, stepping out into the bright summer day. The world around them felt like a cruel juxtaposition to their current state of despair. They were the proud parents of two teenage children, but for years they had been trying to have another. Valerie couldn't help but notice the joyful laughter of children playing in a nearby park. Each sound, each carefree giggle, served as a painful reminder of what they might never have again.

As they walked towards the car aimlessly, Valerie felt a surge of determination rise within her. She refused to let this setback define

their future.

Valerie was a sight to behold, her platinum blonde hair cascading down her shoulders in soft waves. Her curves were accentuated by the tight-fitting dress she wore, hugging her body in all the right places. Her huge tits and full, round ass caught the eye of every man who passed by.

With a renewed sense of purpose, she turned to John and spoke softly, her voice filled with hope.

"John, I know this news is devastating, but we can't give up. There are other options out there for us," Valerie said, her eyes shining with determination to have another child.

John nodded, his grip on her hand tightening. "You're right, Valerie. We've always been a team, and we'll overcome this together."

Their journey towards building a family had taken an unexpected turn, but Valerie refused to let it deter her.

"You're home late," said Valerie as she stood in her son's doorway just after midnight.

Zane stood in front of his mirror, half-dressed in nothing but his boxers. Moonlight streamed in through his open shades, casting a soft glow on his well-toned chest and chiseled abs. His mother's hourglass figure was silhouetted in the doorway, a look of surprise etched onto her face.

"Sorry, mom...things have just been crazy at work."

"Are you sure you wanna keep that job at the pizza place? It seems like they've been requiring you to do a lot of extra hours."

Valerie stepped further into her son's room, her eyes sweeping across the cluttered space. Posters of bands and sports teams

adorned the walls, contrasting with the stacks of textbooks and papers scattered on the desk. She could sense his fatigue, the weariness etched in the lines of his face. Zane turned away from the mirror, finally noticing his mother's presence. He ran a hand through his tousled hair, sighing softly.

"I know, Mom," he replied, his voice tinged with exhaustion. "But I need the money right now to save up for college."

Zane loved it when his mom came into his room late at night. The middle-aged, platinum-blonde's nightshirt clung tightly to her curves, the fabric barely reaching the bottom of her rounded ass. Her bare, toned legs were on full display, accentuated by the soft moonlight streaming through the room. Valerie's humongous, unfettered breasts bobbled heavily on her ribcage as she took a step closer to her son, her maternal instinct kicking into overdrive.

She reached out and gently placed a hand on his arm. "Zane, I understand how important it is for you to secure your future," she said, her voice filled with empathy. "But don't forget to take care of yourself too."

Zane nodded, his eyes meeting hers. "I won't, mom. I promise."

Valerie smiled softly, her heart swelling with pride for her son. She knew how hard he was working to achieve his dreams, and she was determined to help him succeed.

As they stood there, mother and son, in the quiet of Zane's room under the pale and gentle moonlight, Valerie couldn't shake the feeling that something else was weighing on his mind.

As if reading her thoughts, Zane spoke up, his voice gentle and confessional. "Mom, can I ask you an odd question?"

"Of course, you can, honey. What is it?"

"I know this might seem like a random question, but I'm curious- does wearing briefs instead of boxers, like the ones I have on, affect a guy's sperm count?"

Valerie let out a giggle. "You're right, that is an unusual question for you to ask," she remarked.

Zane could see the curiosity in his mother's eyes, but he knew it was important not to reveal too much. He took a deep breath before continuing.

"There was this one time when I was doing some research online and I came across an article about how wearing certain types of underwear could affect a guy's sperm count. It got me thinking about what might be best for me, especially since...you know...I might want kids one day."

Valerie's eyes softened as she placed her hand on Zane's shoulder, offering comfort and understanding. "So what did the article say?" she asked gently.

Zane hesitated for a moment, torn between sharing more or keeping some things private.

"Well, apparently, wearing tight underwear like briefs can actually reduce sperm count and quality over time."

Valerie's mind raced with thoughts and questions, attempting to connect the dots between Zane's newfound curiosity and their own fertility struggles. She couldn't help but wonder if there was a deeper significance to his inquiry, beyond mere coincidence.

"Zane," Valerie began cautiously, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Is there a reason why you're asking about this? Does it have to do with your dad and me?"

Zane's eyes widened in surprise, his mind racing to process his mother's question.

"Mom, I...I didn't know you guys were trying to have another baby," Zane stammered, his voice tinged with guilt. "I'm sorry if I've intruded on something private."

Valerie's hand tightened on his shoulder, her touch reassuring. "No, Zane, you haven't intruded at all. In fact, your curiosity might have just shed some light on your father and I's situation."

Zane looked up at his mother in confusion, wondering how his inquiry about underwear could possibly be connected to their fertility struggles.

Valerie took a deep breath before continuing, her gaze never leaving her son's face. "Your father and I recently received some heartbreaking news from the doctor and it's been weighing heavily on us. We've been trying to have another baby for a while now, but it seems like each attempt is met with disappointment." Valerie paused, her voice filled with raw emotion. "We never told you because we didn't want to burden you with our struggles."

Zane's eyes widened as he took in his mother's words. The pieces of the puzzle started to come together, and he felt a sense of guilt wash over him. He had been so wrapped up in his own life that he hadn't noticed the pain that his parents were going through.

"I'm so sorry, Mom," he whispered, the weight of his words heavy in the air. "I had no idea."

He moved forward for a hug, letting out a small sigh as he felt his mom's giant, braless tits squash out against his chest beneath her nightshirt. "It's okay, Zane. We didn't want you to worry. But your question about underwear... It made me realize that sometimes the solution to our problems might be right in front of us."

Valerie couldn't help but feel the warmth of her son's heartbeat as she hugged him close, her thick nipples hardening on the peaks of her jugs. She could feel the strong muscles in his arms and the softness of his skin against hers. Valerie's intoxicating perfume lingered around them, along with a hint sweet pussy that wafted up from her shaved snatch.

Zane pulled away, looking at her with both concern and determination. "If there's anything I can do to help, I'll do it. You can't go through this alone."

Valerie squeezed his arm tightly, thankful for the support of her son. "I know you're busy with your job and getting ready for college, but just knowing that your care means the world to me."

She noticed her son's arousal; his boxers tenting outward from his growing erection. Zane tried to cover himself with his hands, blushing in embarrassment. "Shit, sorry," he mumbled awkwardly.

Valerie chuckled softly, a gentle smile playing on her lips. "It's alright, Zane. You're a young man with urges. It's natural to get hard like that."

"Yeah, I guess one disadvantage to wearing boxers is it they don't do much to hide your boners."

Valerie couldn't help but laugh at her son's attempt at humor. "Well, maybe you should start wearing briefs then, it might help keep things under wraps," she suggested, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Zane blushed even more, looking down at the front of his boxers and realizing just how much of the meat of his erection was visible through the gaping fly hole. He couldn't help but wonder if his mother was turned on by it. He had always found her incredibly attractive, and seeing her like this, wearing only a nightshirt that

barely covered her curves, was making his desire for her grow even stronger.

Valerie, on the other hand, couldn't help but be impressed by the size of her son's tent pole. He was growing up so fast, and while it was a bit strange to see him so sexually mature, she couldn't deny the attraction she felt for him. As a mother, she understood the natural instinct to protect and care for her children, but there was also a part of her that wondered what it would be like to explore the desires that sometimes bubbled to the surface. "Don't let the girls at school see you like that," Valerie grinned. "They won't be able to keep their hands off you."

Zane couldn't help but grin at his mother's teasing. "Yeah, well, I think I'll stick to my boxers for now. That's more my style," he said, trying to downplay his erection.

Valerie simply raised a playful eyebrow at her son's comment, but there was a glint of mischief in her eyes. "Suit yourself, young man," she replied, her tone barely concealing her amusement. She knew that she should tread carefully considering the situation, but the sexual tension between them was undeniable. "You don't need to hide it on my account, but I don't think your father would be too amused seeing that big thing stick out like that."

"True," Zane agreed.

"But hey, you know what they say... if you got it, flaunt it," said Valerie, thrusting her bosom out playfully and rocking her shoulders, making her ballooning, stiff-nippled tits rock back and forth.

"Damn, mom!" Zane exclaimed, his eyes wide as he stared at his mother's chest.

"What? You're not the only one with a little something extra to show off," Valerie chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Oh, I've noticed, trust me," the boy confessed.

"Of course, you have," she giggled, staring at his rigid crotch. "Why else would your purple headed soldier be standing at attention like that."

Valerie watched as her son's eyes devoured her body, a strange mix of warmth and embarrassment coiling in her stomach. She had always known that Zane was growing up, but seeing this side of him was quite a thrill. He was turning into a man right before her eyes, and she couldn't help but feel a strange sense of arousal. "How about another hug before bed?" she suggested.

"You read my mind."

Zane stepped closer to his mother, his erection bobbing stiffly beneath his boxers. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling the warmth of her body and the suppleness of her large chest pressed against his. Valerie returned the embrace, her rubbery nipples hard and sensitive against Zane's chest.

"You know, I've always been proud of you, Zane," Valerie whispered softly into his ear. "But tonight, I'm extra proud of how much you care for me and your dad. We're going through a tough time right now, and having your support means the world to us."

Zane pulled back slightly to look at his mother, her eyes teary and full of gratitude. "I'm sorry we kept everything from you," Valerie continued. "We didn't want to burden you with our struggles. But now that you know, we're not alone in this. You're a part of this too."

"I'm here for you both, Mom," Zane assured her, his eyes filled with determination. "And I promise to help in any way I can."

Valerie squeezed Zane tightly once more, feeling a sense of relief wash over her. She knew that he would be a great support and they

would face this challenge together as a family.

As they pulled apart, Valerie couldn't help but notice how close they had come to one another, their faces mere inches apart. She couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to kiss her son, to feel his lips against hers, their tongues touching, to let the forbidden desires that flowed through them take over. But she knew better than to act on such thoughts.

"Goodnight, Zane," Valerie whispered, her voice tinged with a newfound longing.

"Goodnight, Mom."

"The baby making factory?" Valerie asked her sister, Kaylee, as they spoke over coffee the next day.

"Yes, it's a place where local young men help women get pregnant, the natural way."

"You mean by fucking them?" Valerie asked in shock.

"That **IS** how you conceive a child naturally, Val," Kaylee giggled.

Valerie blushed at Kaylee's blunt response, her cheeks turning a shade of crimson. The idea of seeking help from the baby making factory seemed both scandalous and desperate, but Valerie couldn't deny the flicker of hope that ignited within her. She glanced down at her untouched cup of coffee, contemplating the possibilities. "It just seems so unconventional," Valerie mumbled, her voice barely audible over the chatter in the café.

Kaylee's eyes softened as she reached across the table, gently clasping Valerie's trembling hands. "Sometimes, Val, unconventional is the only path left to take. You and John deserve to experience the joy of parenthood once more."

A mixture of fear and excitement swirled within Valerie's chest. The baby making factory felt like a secret world—a hidden haven where dreams were given a second chance. But jumping into this uncharted territory came with its own set of anxieties. Would John be open to the idea? Could they navigate this unorthodox path to parenthood together?

"I'm not against the idea of letting a teenager pump a baby inside of me, I just don't know what John would think of the idea," Valerie expressed.

She knew she couldn't keep the conversation with Kaylee a secret. She owed it to John to be open and honest about her thoughts and feelings. That evening, as they sat side by side on the couch in their cozy living room, Valerie took a deep breath and turned to her husband.

"John, I need to talk to you about something," she began, her voice steady but tinged with nervousness.

John looked at his wife with concern in his eyes, his expression inviting her to continue. "What is it, Val?"

Valerie reached for his hand, seeking comfort in their connection. "You know how devastated I was after we received the news from the clinic. It's been weighing heavily on me."

John squeezed her hand gently, urging her to go on.

"I spoke to Kaylee today," Valerie said, taking a small pause before continuing. "She told me about a clinic called the baby making factory."

John's eyebrows furrowed in confusion as he processed Valerie's words. "The baby making factory? What on earth is that?"

Valerie took a deep breath, her voice steady but filled with vulnerability. "It's a place where couples like us, who are struggling to conceive, can find help. Local young men offer their assistance to women who are trying to get pregnant naturally."

John's eyes widened in surprise, his grip on Valerie's hand tightening instinctively. "Local young men? You mean... they have sex with these women?"

Valerie nodded, her gaze fixed on their intertwined hands. "Yes, that's how it works."

For a moment, there was silence in the room as John absorbed the information. Then, he let out a shaky breath and looked into Valerie's eyes. "Val, if you're asking me to have sex with another man, I'm not so sure I can go along with that."

"I know," Valerie replied softly. "But Kaylee made a good point. Sometimes the path to parenthood isn't straightforward or conventional, and we have to be willing to explore other options if we truly want to expand our family."

John leaned back against the couch, deep in thought. Valerie could see the mix of emotions playing across his face—confusion, apprehension, and a touch of fear. She knew that this was a conversation that required time and understanding.

"Valerie," he finally said, his voice filled with tenderness. "The thought of you being with another man, even if it's for the purpose of conceiving a child, is something that horrifies me. But I also never imagined that we would face this kind of challenge either."

Valerie nodded, her heart swelling with gratitude for her husband's honesty. She reached out to cup his face in her hands, locking eyes with him. "I know this isn't an easy decision for either of us," she said softly. "But we've always faced our challenges together, and I believe we can face this one too."

"I don't know. Allowing my wife to sleep with another man may be the greatest challenge I've ever faced."

"Kaylee and I would at least like to check this place out tomorrow and find out exactly how their program works, " said his wife.

John sighed, running a hand through his hair in frustration. His mind was racing with conflicting thoughts and emotions. The idea of Valerie being with another man was unnerving, but he couldn't ignore the longing in her eyes, the hope that shimmered beneath her vulnerability.

He looked into Valerie's eyes, searching for answers. "Are you sure about this, Val? About wanting to explore this option?"

Valerie nodded, her voice filled with determination. "I can't deny how badly I want to have another child, John. And if there's a chance that the baby making factory can help us achieve that, then I think it's worth considering."

John took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. He knew how much having another child meant to Valerie, how it had consumed her thoughts and dreams for years. And as her husband, he wanted nothing more than to see her happy.

"Alright," he said finally, his voice laced with uncertainty. "Alright. Go check it out with your sister tomorrow and let me know what you find out."

Zane plopped down on his bed, exhausted from a hard day's work. He heard a gentle tap at his door and Valerie appeared in his doorway. "Hey, kiddo," she said softly, concern etched across her face. "How'd things go at the pizza parlor today?"

"Busy as usual, but I got through it."

"You must be a little sore. Would you like to take a soak in the hot tub with me?" Valerie asked, her pretty eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Sure, my body is worn out, so a soak would probably do me some good."

"I'll meet you out there," Valerie said with a wink, and she disappeared from his doorway.

Zane met his mom on the back patio a few minutes later, his curiosity piqued by her playful demeanor. As they approached the hot tub, Valerie reached into her robe and pulled out a small vial. She handed it to her son, and he took it curiously, reading the label that read "Relaxation Mixture."

"Go ahead and pour some of this in the hot tub, Zane," Valerie instructed, her eyes wide with mischief.

Zane raised an eyebrow, but he quickly poured the contents of the vial into the steaming water. As the hot tub began to fizz and bubble, Zane couldn't help but grin at the sight. He was feeling more tingly inside than he had in a long time, and he couldn't help but wonder what was in that vial.

"A moment of relaxation can be just what the doctor ordered," Valerie said, her eyes soft and loving. She reached over and patted her son's arm. "Sometimes, it's good to let go of the stress and enjoy the moment. You've been working hard, and you deserve a break."

Zane climbed into the hot tub, sinking into the warm water and feeling his muscles loosen. He couldn't recall the last time he had truly relaxed, and he was grateful for the moment. As he soaked in the water, he couldn't help but feel lighter, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Valerie untied her robe and slipped it from her shoulders, making her boy's eyes widen at the sight of her skimpy turquoise micro bikini. The fabric was semi-sheer mesh, allowing Zane to see just a hint of the wide, darkened rings of her areolas.

"Wow, mom," Zane stammered, trying to hide his embarrassment at seeing his mother in such skimpy clothing.

Valerie let out a soft chuckle, her eyes sparkling with playful mischief. "Relax, honey, it's just the two of us," she reassured him, knowing that Zane's father would be mortified if he caught her wearing something like that in front of him.

"It's time for mommy to relax too," she continued. Zane got a good look at her crotch as she climbed into the hot tub with him. Through the semi-sheer fabric, he could barely make out her puffy outer labium and how the twin lips merged together in the center to form a deep cuntal cleft. Valerie sunk into the water next to her son, sighing from the feel of the heated water bubbling around them.

Zane couldn't help but notice how content his mother looked, her eyes closed and a smile on her face. He tried to relax and enjoy the moment as well, but his mind kept wandering. "Hey, mom, what was in the vial?" Zane asked, breaking the silence. "That stuff made the water fizzy."

Valerie opened her eyes, a knowing smile on her face. "Well, that was my little secret relaxation mixture. It's a combination of herbs and essential oils that's known to help relax both the body and the mind. I wanted to help you take some time to unwind and forget about your troubles for a little while."

Zane couldn't help but feel a little awkward as his mother spoke so candidly, but he couldn't help but appreciate what she was trying to do for him.

"So, you're saying it's like, you know, magic water?" Zane asked, not quite sure how to phrase his question.

Valerie chuckled, her tan skin shimmering from the iridescent glow of the hot tube lights. "In a way, yes. It's just a little something to help us both relax and enjoy the present moment."

Zane's eyes were glued to the sight before him – his mother's gigantic breasts, barely contained by the skimpy bikini top. The way they were slung creating a deep tit-cleavage that caught the light just right and seemed to shimmer with its own radiance.

Valerie couldn't help but feel a surge of pride and affection for her son as he took in the sight before him. She knew that seeing her sexy, huge-breasted body like this was likely a new experience for him, and she hoped it would help him to understand and appreciate the beauty and strength of the female form.

"You know, Zane, our bodies are amazing things," Valerie began, her voice soft and warm. "They're capable of so much, from growing new life to healing ourselves. And yes, they can be a source of tremendous pleasure and attraction as well. It's all a part of being alive."

Zane nodded, still unable to take his eyes off off her tits as they bobbled buoyantly in the churning water. "I… I never thought about it like that before," he admitted, his voice cracking slightly.

Valerie reached over and placed her hand on his arm, giving it a comforting squeeze. "It's normal to be curious, honey. But it's important to respect our bodies and treat them like the amazing, powerful things that they are."

Zane bit his lip, still feeling a little embarrassed by his curiosity. "So, are you going to… talk to me about all of that?"

Valerie raised an eyebrow, a playful grin spreading across her lips. "You want me to tell you about my sexual experiences, honey?"

Zane's face flushed red, but he nodded, unable to look away from the sight before him.

"Well, sweetheart," Valerie began, her voice low and sultry. "When I was your age, I was just starting to discover my own body and what it could do. I was curious and eager to learn more, just like you are now."

As she spoke, Valerie moved over and straddled her son's upper thigh beneath the water, bringing them even closer. She began to slowly caress Zane's bare chest beneath the bubbles.

Zane felt a sudden rush of wantonness, his heart beating faster at his mother's closeness. He met her gaze, and saw the desire mirrored in her eyes.

"I was curious about my sexuality," Valerie continued, her fingers brushing softly against her son's nipples, causing him to shudder. "And I was excited to explore the sensations it could bring me. But I also learned that it's important to be careful and to respect the boundaries of others. Just because I was curious about my own body, it doesn't mean that I should force anyone else to be involved in that exploration."

Zane nodded, still feeling the rush of arousal that her words and touch were causing in him. "I bet you had sex with a lot of guys when you were my age," he stated, knowing that if she was just as beautiful then as she was now she'd have guys lined up down the street to fuck her.

Zane's words hung in the air between them, and Valerie could see the curiosity and desire in his eyes. She could feel the heat between them, the tension that was building as they sat there, close and submerged in the hot, churning water.

"Well," Valerie began, her voice low and husky, her fingers still gently caressing her son's chest. "When I was your age, I did let a few guys explore my body. I was curious and eager to learn more about myself and about the pleasures that a man could bring me. And I was lucky enough to be with some really nice guys, who were respectful of my needs and made it really good for me."

Zane listened intently, his mind racing with the thoughts her words and touch were stirring within him. His cock was already fully erect beneath the water. "I bet you made it really good for them too," he brazenly whispered.

Valerie let out a soft laugh, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well, honey, **I CAN'T** tell you everything right now," she teased, her fingers continuing to trace gentle circles on his chest. "But let's just say that I know a thing or two about satisfying a man."

Zane's curiosity was piqued, and he felt a growing sense of excitement and anticipation as he listened to his mother's words. He wanted to know more, to learn from her, to experience the pleasures that she had once given. "Can you give me an example of what you mean?" Zane asked, unable to contain his excitement as his mind raced with the possibilities.

Valerie smiled, a devilish glint in her eyes. "Well," she said, her fingers trailing down his chest and teasing the edge of his swim trunks, "one of my favorite things to do is to straddle a man's face, giving him a front-row seat to my most intimate area."

Zane's eyes widened at the thought, his cock throbbing even harder as he imagined himself beneath his mother, enjoying the sights and sensations that she had just described.

"I love to watch him savor every inch of me, moaning and groaning with pleasure as he devours my sweet, female fruit," Valerie added.

Zane couldn't help but feel a surge of desire and lust at his mother's words. He imagined her straddling his face, letting him plow his tongue through the fragrant folds of her cunt, her heavy breasts swaying above him. He imagined hearing her soft moans and feeling her silky skin against his face, as he pleasured her clit with his lusty licker.

Valerie slithered further forward, boldly straddling her son, resting her heated crotch on the bulge of his fuck-muscle. "After he had his fill of my taste, I would climb off his face and straddle him, just like I'm doing to you, and impale myself on his rock-hard cock," she whispered, staring into her son awestruck eyes. "I loved the way it felt to have him inside me, his thick, young shaft stretching me open and filling me to the brim."

Zane moaned softly, his eyes glazed over with lust as he imagined his mother riding him, their bodies moving together in perfect sexual harmony. His mind was racing, imagining all the things he could learn from her, all the pleasures they could share together.

"I would ride him so fucking hard," Valerie continued, her voice becoming more urgent and aroused as she began to subtly dry hump her boy's boner beneath the water. "My hips gyrating and grinding against his, my big tits bouncing up and down as I fucked him with all my might."

"Jesus, mom!" Zane gasped, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. His face was only inches from the swell of her wet, nearly-naked tits and he stared into the deep, creamy canyon between her swaying melons.

"I did warn you that little vial could relax the mind, didn't I?" she giggled.

"Don't think I was complaining," said Zane, his breaths coming in short, sharp gasps, "you just got me really excited, that's all."

He imagined himself underneath his mother, feeling her warm, wet pussy enveloping his cock, squeezing it with her maternal cunt muscles, as he thrust up into her with every ounce of sexual energy he had. He could feel his own cock throbbing and leaking pre-cum, desperate to be soaked with his mother's sweet nectar.

"Oh, trust me, honey, I can feel how excited you are," the mother cooed, giving his aching meat a meaningful nudge with her vulva. "And it definitely tells me one thing about you…"

"What's that?"

She leaned forward, mashing his face between her warm, spongy tits as she brought her lips to his ear. "That you love to fuck just as much as your mother does," she seductively whispered.

Zane couldn't believe what he was hearing. His mind raced with a mixture of shock, arousal, and excitement at the realization of his mother's secret desires. He felt his own cock throb even harder, his erectile meat straining against the grinding heat of his mother's pussy lips.

"Oh, mom," Zane murmured, his voice muffled by the churning water and the pounds of tit meat that was surrounding his face.

"Shhh, you'd have to say anything, sweetheart. Just relax and unwind," her soothing voice stated. As turned on as she was, Valerie couldn't help but feel a bit guilty by her scandalous behavior, especially with her husband just inside the house sleeping.

But the feeling was short-lived, as the warm water, the sensuous caresses, and the aphrodisiac had taken hold of them both, binding them together in a carnal dance that transcended their mother-son bond.

Valerie could feel Zane's teenage erection pulsating against her clit, the swollen head teasing her with promises of mind-numbing

pleasure. She moaned softly and squeezed him tighter, their bodies aligning perfectly as they began to move in delightful, dry humping harmony.

"Oh my God," the boy uttered, his face shoved so far between her king-sized tits that he was kissing her breastbone. His big dick flexed on his crotch, threatening to burst right through his shorts.

Valerie knew if she didn't come to her senses soon, her teenager's trunks would be down to his ankles and he'd be splitting her twat with his love-hammer. "We should stop, Zane," she whispered into his ear, her voice shaky but determined. "I can't cheat on your father, especially with you."

Zane nodded slowly, his eyes fluttering open to meet his mother's. He could feel the heat radiating from her body, the raw desire that seemed to emanate from every pore. But he knew she was right. They had to stop.

Reluctantly, Valerie pulled away from her son, and they got out of the tub, their bodies leaving the tantalizing embrace of the warm water. Zane couldn't help but stare at his mom's delicious-looking bubble butt. The G-string of her bikini was tucked between her ass-globes, so her wet, shimmering buttocks may as well have been naked in front of him.

They toweled off hurriedly, trying to ignore the fact that their hearts were pounding in their chests with desire.

"I'll see you in the morning, honey," said the mother as she awkwardly headed inside.

"Goodnight, mom," Zane replied, his voice shaking slightly with need. He watched her leave, his eyes lingering on the curve of her hips and the sway of her rounded ass-meat as she walked away.

The baby making factory was an unassuming building tucked away in a quiet corner of town. Valerie and Kaylee stood in front of the entrance, nerves knotting their stomachs. They exchanged a glance, their eyes filled with a mix of anticipation and apprehension. Taking a deep breath, Valerie pushed open the door, stepping into a world that held both mystery and potential.

The inside of the baby making factory was surprisingly bright and cheerful, with colorful walls adorned with pictures of smiling families. Soft music played in the background, creating an atmosphere of warmth and comfort. Valerie and Kaylee approached the reception desk, where they were greeted by a friendly woman named Sarah.

"Welcome to the baby making factory," Sarah said warmly. "How can I help you today?"

Valerie took a moment to gather her thoughts before speaking. "My sister and I are here to learn more about your program. We've heard about this place as an alternative for couples who are struggling to conceive."

Sarah smiled knowingly. "You've come to the right place," she replied. "We understand that the journey to parenthood can be challenging, and our goal is to provide support and options for couples like you."

Valerie felt a glimmer of hope as she listened to Sarah's words. She had expected the baby making factory to be a cold, clinical environment, but instead, it exuded compassion and understanding.

"We offer a range of services tailored to meet your needs," Sarah continued. "From fertility consultations and treatments to our unique donor program."

Valerie exchanged a glance with Kaylee. The mention of a donor program piqued their interest. It was an option they hadn't considered before, but now it seemed like a viable path toward

expanding their family. "Tell us more about the donor program," Valerie said, her voice steady despite the excited flutter in her chest.

Sarah nodded. "Our donor program is designed for women who may prefer conceiving a child the natural way. We have a pool of carefully selected donors who are willing to help couples like you. They undergo a rigorous screening process to ensure their health and compatibility with our clients."

Valerie's heart raced as she listened, her mind filled with equal parts excitement and uncertainty. It was a new and unconventional path, but the possibilities it held were too enticing to ignore.

"Do you have any information on the donors?" Kaylee asked, her curious gaze fixed on Sarah.

Sarah nodded and handed them a pamphlet. "Inside this brochure, you'll find detailed profiles of our donors. It includes their physical attributes, personal interests, and medical history. You'll have the opportunity to choose someone who aligns with your preferences and values."

Valerie took the brochure in her hands, flipping through its pages. Each donor had a brief description and a photo, accompanied by information about their hobbies, education, and even their favorite books.

"This... this is incredible," Valerie murmured, her voice barely above a whisper. "To have the chance to choose someone myself... it's like having a say in our child's genetic makeup."

Sarah smiled, her eyes filled with empathy. "We understand how important that aspect is for many couples. We want to provide you with as much control and peace of mind as possible throughout this process."

Valerie nodded, her fingers tracing the faces on the brochure. The idea of selecting a donor had never crossed her mind before, but now it seemed like a lifeline, a glimmer of hope. "What happens next?" Kaylee asked, her voice laced with anticipation. "After we choose a donor?"

Sarah explained the next steps in the process—how they would guide Valerie and John through selecting a donor, conducting medical and genetic screenings, and ultimately arranging the donation process itself. "The process of conception takes place right here at the baby factory, under the close supervision of our trained staff."

Valerie felt a surge of determination wash over her. This was their chance to take control of their fertility journey, to explore alternative options that they never thought possible.

When they got back in the car, she looked at Kaylee, gratitude shining in her eyes. "I'm so grateful that you found out about this place, Kaylee," Valerie said, her voice filled with emotion. "I never thought we would be here, considering something like this, but I can't help but feel hopeful."

Kaylee smiled warmly at her sister. "I just want you to be happy, Valerie. I know how much having another child means to you and John."

Valerie reached out and squeezed Kaylee's hand, tears welling up in her eyes. "Thank you for always being there for me, for supporting me in everything. I couldn't ask for a better sister."

The two women remained parked there for a moment, basking in their sisterly bond and the hope that now flickered within them. Kaylee flipped through the brochure, looking at the pictures of the donors. "I must say, some of these young men are quite attractive," she commented, raising an eyebrow mischievously.

Valerie chuckled, grateful for the lightness that her sister brought to the situation. "Well, I suppose that's an added bonus, isn't it?"

They both laughed, making their heavy breasts jiggle, their worries momentarily pushed aside by the playfulness of the moment.

Kaylee flipped the page, then gasped suddenly.

"What?" her sister asked, staring over at her. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Kaylee answered, trying to hide her shocked expression.

Kaylee's sister, Valerie, quickly grabbed the brochure out of her hands. "You're terrible at lying, Kaylee," she commented as she glanced at the page that had provoked such a strong reaction from her younger sister.

"Valerie, wait, you should—"

Kaylee stopped talking as her sister let out a sharp gasp, her eyes fixed on the picture of Zane, Valerie's son, in the brochure. Her surprise was evident as she blurted out, "Zane?! What on earth is a photo of Zane doing in here?"

Kaylee let out a confused laugh. "Your son is listed as a donor in the brochure," she said. "It looks like he's been busy making babies and not pizzas like he told you."

Valerie's mind was racing, the pieces of the puzzle slowly coming together. She knew Zane had been working extra shifts and odd hours , but she had never suspected this. The thoughts swirled in her mind, a mix of shock, confusion, and even a hint of betrayal.

"I can't believe he would do something like this without telling me," Valerie whispered, her voice filled with a mixture of disbelief and hurt.

Kaylee reached over and placed a comforting hand on Valerie's arm. "You don't know all the details yet, Valerie. Maybe there's a reasonable explanation."

Valerie nodded, trying to steady herself. "You're right. I need to talk to him and find out what's going on before I draw any conclusions."

Valerie's heart pounded in her chest as she contemplated the conversation she needed to have with her son. The car ride felt longer than usual, each passing moment adding to her anxiety. After dropping her sister off and finally arrived home, Valerie found Zane in his room, seemingly unaware of the bombshell that was about to land on him.

Taking a deep breath, Valerie knocked softly on the door and entered. Zane looked up from his desk, confusion etched across his face. His resemblance to the picture in the brochure was uncanny—it was unmistakably him.

"Zane," Valerie began, her voice trembling slightly. "I need to talk to you about something... About this."

Zane's eyes widened as he saw the brochure in his mother's hand and his smiling profile picture. He stood up abruptly, a mixture of panic and guilt crossing his features.

"Mom, I can explain," he stammered. "I never meant for you to find out this way."

"So all this talk about working at the pizza parlor was a lie?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

Valerie took a step closer to her son and looked into his eyes, a mix of concern and confusion. "Zane, why? Why would you do this without telling me?"

Zane's shoulders slumped, his face filled with remorse. "I didn't know how to tell you, Mom. I wanted to help couples who couldn't conceive naturally, and the money... it seemed like an easy way to make some extra cash."

Valerie felt her heart soften slightly at her son's explanation, but the shock of the situation still lingered. "You should have talked to us, Zane. This was a very unconventional job for you to take on, especially at your age."

Zane nodded, his gaze downcast. "I know, Mom. I didn't think it through. I thought I could keep it a secret and use the money to save up for college, but I never imagined it would come back like this."

Valerie sighed, a mix of frustration and understanding washing over her. She had always been proud of Zane's ambition and empathy, but this situation had caught her off guard. "You should have come to us, Zane. We're here to support you, no matter what."

His feelings of remorse quickly shifted to intrigue. "Hold on, how did you manage to obtain that brochure?" he inquired, fully aware that it was only distributed to individuals who expressed interest in the program. "Are you considering being a client there?"

Valerie hesitated for a moment, unsure of how much she wanted to reveal to her son. But looking into his eyes, she saw a mixture of vulnerability and curiosity, urging her to be honest with him.

"Yes, Zane," she admitted, her voice steady but tinged with uncertainty. "Your Aunt Kaylee, found out about the program and thought it might be something for your dad and me to consider."

Zane's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Wait, you and Dad are thinking about using a donor?" he asked, his voice laced with confusion.

Valerie nodded, feeling a knot form in her stomach. "Yes, we are. Like I told you the other night; we've been struggling with fertility issues, and this seemed like an option worth exploring."

Zane took a moment to process the information, his face contorted with conflicting emotions. "I... I had no idea the extent of dad's issues, I guess," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

Valerie approached her son slowly, reaching out to place a comforting hand on his shoulder. "It's not something we've shared with many people," she admitted, her voice filled with compassion. "But you deserve to know, Zane. And now, more than ever, we need to have an open and honest conversation about this."

Zane looked up at his mother, his eyes filled with a mixture of regret and understanding. "I'm sorry for keeping this a secret from you, Mom," he said softly. "I didn't know your struggles with fertility were this serious, and I never thought our paths would cross in such a strange way."

Valerie smiled gently at her son, her heart swelling with a renewed appreciation for their bond. "Life has a funny way of surprising us," she said, her voice tinged with a touch of irony. "But it's how we navigate those surprises that defines us."

Zane nodded, finally meeting his mother's gaze. "So what now, Mom?" he asked earnestly. "Do want me to stop working there?"

"Well, no...but I do have a few questions for you."

"Ok," said Zane, preparing to be interrogated by his mother.

"Did you really take the donor job for money or was it just so you could have sex with a bunch of women?" Valerie asked.

Valerie's tone was sharp, cutting to the core of Zane's intentions. He looked away, his eyes darting to the floor as if trying to find an

answer to her question in the worn-out linoleum tiles.

"I... I didn't think about it like that," Zane started hesitantly. He took a deep breath, attempting to find the right words. "I wanted to help. I knew there would be some benefit to me, but I didn't go into it with the intention to sleep with a bunch of women."

"So why did you get involved with this program then? I know you could have found other ways to make some extra cash, like working at the pizza place full-time," Valerie pressed further, her curiosity piqued by her son's uncharacteristic secrecy.

Zane's face softened, his expression contrite as he looked at his mother. "Mom, it's not just about the money," he said earnestly. "I genuinely wanted to make a difference in people's lives. Seeing how much joy and hope couples had when they found out I was their donor, it was... overwhelming, in a good way. It felt like I was helping them create something beautiful, something they couldn't achieve on their own."

Valerie's eyes softened as she listened to her son speak. She could see the sincerity in his words and the passion that fueled his actions. It wasn't just about the financial gain; Zane had found a deep sense of purpose in this unconventional job.

"I never expected it to turn out like this," Zane continued, his voice tinged with remorse. "I should have been more open with you and Dad from the beginning, but I was scared. Scared of how you would react, scared of what it would mean for our family."

Valerie sighed, reaching out to hold her son's hand. "I understand, Zane," she said softly. "Sometimes, fear can cloud our judgment and make us do things we wouldn't normally do. But you have to remember that we're a family, and families stick together through thick and thin. We're here for you, no matter what."

Valerie pulled her son into a warm, tit-squashing embrace, holding him tightly as if trying to convey all the love and understanding she felt in her heart. As they stood there, embracing each other, Valerie couldn't help but wonder how many women had clung to him this way while he pounded his penis into them at the baby making factory.

"So, not to pry or anything, but how many women have you helped at your new job?"

"Oh, you know, just a few hundred," Zane replied nonchalantly, not even flinching at the awkward question.

Valerie's eyes widened and she quickly pulled away from him. "A few hundred?!" she asked in shock.

Zane burst out laughing. "I'm kidding. I've only helped out six so far."

"Brat!" Valerie exclaimed, giving him a playful swat on the arm.

"I had you just for a second," her son snickered.

"Were they younger women? Moms my age? I'm curious."

"Mostly women your age who's husband's couldn't get them pregnant," Zane answered.

"So, of the six that you helped, did they all get pregnant?"

"Yes. That is the goal of the program, mom," her son proudly replied.

"So you're telling me that I'm a Grandmother and didn't know it?"

"I guess 'technically' that's true. I never really saw it that way"

"How did you even find out about a job like that?" his mother asked.

Zane shrugged. "It was kinda by accident. I was scrolling through a dating app, and there was an ad for it. It seemed like an opportunity to make some easy money, so I applied."

Valerie's eyebrows furrowed. "A dating app? What dating app was this?"

Zane grinned. "Tinder."

"Tinder? That's where women go to meet prospective partners, not sperm donors!"

"Well, I guess not everyone on there is looking for love," Zane quipped, trying to lighten the mood.

Valerie's face softened. "Tell me about the process. Are you having sex with these women clients multiple times?" she asked, preparing to be shocked.

"Well, women hardly ever get pregnant the first time, mom," he answered.

"That's true. It took your father and I months to finally get pregnant with you, " Valerie asked, her voice tinged with disbelief and a bit of jealousy as she sat down on the edge of his bed.

Zane nodded. "It's kind of like being a professional baseball player – you need to get up to bat multiple times in a game to score the home run, right?"

Valerie chuckled at the analogy. "I suppose that makes sense," she said, then fed him a teasing look. "Though I can't help but wonder how many at-bats you get in a day."

Zane hesitated for a moment before answering. "A half-dozen, maybe?"

Valerie's eyes widened. "A half dozen?!" she exclaimed. "Goodness gracious, Zane!"

"It's a job and you have to have the right tool and know how to use it. I suppose that's why they hire younger donors like me."

"I guess you're right," his mother said, looking at him with adoration. "Young men in their prime do have a lot of sexual stamina and shorter refractory periods."

"A higher sperm count too," added her son. "They test us for that regularly."

"Yes, the more sperm the greater chances of pregnancy. Your dad's sperm count is under 15 million per milliliter of semen, which means the odds of it fertilizing my egg are very low," Valerie shared.

"The staff who tested me said I'm producing over 1.2 billion sperm per day," Zane bragged.

"Wow, no wonder you're so good at what you do," said his mother, gazing at him in awe and adoration.

"They told me my size helps too. That if you have a longer penis your sperm doesn't have to swim as far."

"Oh, is that why you took the job, because you knew you'd just have this **HUGE** advantage?" Valerie teased.

Zane laughed at his mother's remark, but it was true-his oversized dick did give him an advantage, and he knew it. However, he couldn't help but feel a bit sheepish as he realized he'd never had this conversation with his mother before, at least about himself. But contrary to his initial fears, she seemed more accepting and understanding than he could have ever imagined.

"No, Mom, it wasn't just about that. But I guess it does add a certain...unique element to the whole thing," he admitted, a hint of red creeping up his cheeks.

Valerie smiled at her son, a smile that was full of joy but also a hint of humor. "I suppose it does," she said, and the two shared a moment of mutual understanding. "But don't worry, I won't tell your father. He's only average-sized, and already feeling inadequate enough just not being able to get me pregnant, " Valerie added, in a light-hearted tone.

"So, are you serious about using the baby making factory to help you get pregnant?" Zane asked.

"I understand it may not be the norm, but personally, I believe conceiving a baby naturally is the most logical option," replied the mother.

"I agree," said Zane with a sheepish grin. "and the most enjoyable option too."

"Sounds like someone enjoys the baby making process as much as his mother does," she winked.

"Probably more."

"I doubt that. I have a pretty insatiable sexual appetite," Valerie admitted, while staring into his eyes.

"You'd love the baby making factory then. Not to make it about sex, but that's pretty much all that goes on there."

Valerie chuckled, intrigued by the information. "I'll just have to take a look at the material they gave me and give it some serious thought. It's good to know though that I have someone on the inside who can answer any questions I have, and help ease my anxiety about it."

"Sure, mom, anything I can do to help, and thanks for being so cool about me working there."

Over the next two days, Valerie read over the information packet to the baby making factory several times. If she were honest, of all the donor bios, Zane's bio sounded the best to her as a potential suitor. The only problem was they were mother and son.

She looked over the other donors again and several of them seemed hopefully, but she just kept coming back to her own son's bio, reading the information for the hundredth time.

Zane Shotwell, an 18-year-old, stands at a height of 6'1" and weighs 180 lbs. He has brown eyes and brownish-blonde hair, passed on through his Italian heritage. His penis measures at 9-3/4 inches in length and 5-3/8 inches in circumference. Zane consistently produces 344 million sperm per ml of semen and is capable of achieving multiple ejaculations in a single session. In his free time, he enjoys playing soccer, video games, indulging in pizza, and spending quality time with his family."

Valerie's fingers ran over the smooth paper, her nails tapping lightly against the surface as she reread the statistics about her son's physique and abilities.

Zane's bio also included a section about his education and work experience, which only made Valerie more proud. He had straight A's in high school and plans to attend college in the near future. At the bottom of Zane's bio page was a review section and Valerie's heart tingled as she read them over.

"When I found out my husband was infertile I was devastated. However, the Baby Factory gave me hope. My sessions with Zane were nothing short of amazing! He was polite, charming and his sexual stamina was astonishing. When I found out he had gotten me pregnant I was overjoyed. I highly recommend this clinic.

– Tina."

"Great staff! Great Sex! (*Zane*) Great results! Five Stars from this happy mom!"

-Margaret."

My husband was skeptical and naturally jealous, but with a baby now on the way we **BOTH** know that we made the right decision. Zane is a superstar!

-Aubree."

As she continued to read through the bios of other potential donors, Valerie couldn't shake the feeling that Zane was the best match for her. Her mind was a storm of conflicting thoughts and emotions, torn between societal norms and her own desires that burned like a wildfire within her. She couldn't escape the idea of creating a child with her own son, the perfect combination of genetics and love. It was a forbidden fruit, but one that seemed so irresistible.

"Am I crazy?" Valerie asked her sister over the phone, hoping she would validate her decision. "I mean, I'm talking about making a baby with my own son."

"Honestly, Val, I don't think it's crazy at all. You're just trying to ensure the best possible outcome for yourself and your future child," Valerie's sister reassured her.

"But isn't it just a little... weird?" she asked hesitantly.

Her sister chuckled. "We've all heard the age-old saying about the business being family-owned, right? Well, what's more family-owned than having your son produce your next child?"

Valerie pondered her sister's statement. "You're right. The baby will carry our family's **DNA** instead of that of a complete stranger," she

added thoughtfully.

"The most awkward part will be having sex with Zane. Have you given much thought to that?"

"How could I not? Like I told you, we nearly fucked in the hot tub the other night, so I don't think the idea of having sex with me is anything he'll shy away from."

"True. I've seen the way he stares at your tits," chuckled Rylee. "I'm honestly surprised that **HE** hasn't brought up the idea of being your donor by now."

"I'm more worried about how John will react, honestly," said Valerie with a concerned expression. "He'll either see the brilliance in the idea, like I do, or murder me for even considering it."

"Then why tell him and risk him overreacting?"

"Rylee, I can't just not tell him. I'll have a baby growing in me soon and he'll know it's not his."

"I don't mean don't tell him you're using the clinic, just don't tell John that Zane works there and that the two of you will be fucking like rabbits in order to get you pregnant. Tell him you chose one of the other donors."

Valerie couldn't help but giggle at her sister's suggestion. "That might just work," she said, a mischievous grin spreading across her face, "and he'll be none the wiser."

She continued to mull over the idea, weighing the pros and cons of making a child with her son. While Zane's bio did seem incredibly impressive, she couldn't help but wonder if the potential for emotional complications outweighed the benefits. And what if her husband eventually found out the truth?

It was a risky decision, but Valerie couldn't shake the idea of having her next child with her son, especially since she'd gotten so sexually excited by him recently. With her sister's encouragement and advice, she decided to move forward with the plan, choosing Zane's bio as her selection.

"So, this is the guy you're choosing, huh?" asked Valerie's husband, looking over one of the bios in the brochure. "This is the guy who's gonna be the father of my child?"

Valerie had meticulously selected a charming 19-year-old, but now she needed to persuade her husband to agree to the plan. "John, **YOU** will be the father of our child. The young man is simply a sperm donor. Please keep that in mind, my love."

John studied the donor's bio, his brows furrowed in concern. "This is a bit strange, Valerie. I mean, we're choosing a sperm donor like we're shopping for a car or something."

"I know, the process is a bit unorthodox, but that's just how they do things."

John turned the page in the brochure and noticed that a page had been ripped out. Little did he know that his son's donor profile had once been there. "What happened to that page?" he asked.

"The receptionist at the factory told me to rip it out," his wife lied. "She said that donor was no longer with the company."

"Are you sure about this one?" he asked, turning back to the boy his wife had chosen.

Valerie smiled, hoping to put John at ease. "Yes...positively sure. I'm selecting the guy who I think will produce the healthiest child for us."

"And what if the donor wants to know the child or even wants a relationship with them later in life?"

Valerie paused, considering John's concern. "I understand your worry. But this is a one-time transaction. The donors are bound by confidentiality agreements. They won't be able to come forward and reveal their identity, ever."

"Valerie, you're gonna be having what could be lots of sex with this kid. How am I suppose to be ok with that?"

"Sex, yes, but please try not to see it as just that. It's more like a business transaction, and that's all."

John frowned, clearly still not convinced. "So you're telling me that after you've had sex with this kid, you'll never see him again?"

"That's the idea, John. That's how it works." Valerie replied, trying to sound as certain as possible.

"And if anything goes wrong, if the baby is sick, or something else happens, who do we turn to for help?"

"John, I've researched this and the donors are thoroughly screened. The chances of anything going wrong are slim to none. Besides, we'll have regular check-ups and appointments with the doctors at the clinic."

"I'm still not convinced this is really the best option for us," John muttered, clearly still not fully on board.

Valerie let out a deep sigh, realizing at this point it was necessary to use guilt as a motivator. "John, I can't take the blame for your health problems. I've put in so much effort to find the best solution for both of us, and yet you seem to be resisting every step of the way," she said passionately, her eyes brimming with emotion.

John stared at his wife, his heart breaking at the sight of her so emotional. He realized that this was a decision that came from a place of love and concern for their family's health. He took a deep breath, swallowing his pride and reluctantly agreed.

Valerie couldn't believe her husband had finally agreed to her plan. She wrapped her arms around him, grateful for his love and understanding. "I'm so happy that you trust me to make the best decision for our family."

"I trust you, Valerie. Let's just hope that this works out for the best," John replied, his face softening.

Valerie proceeded to fill out the necessary paperwork, choosing her son as the donor, her heart pounding with excitement and nerves. She knew this was the right decision for her family, and she wouldn't let anything stand in her way. After some thought, she decided to keep it a secret from Zane and surprise him on their special day.

With the paperwork complete, Valerie scheduled an appointment at the factory on the day she knew she was starting her ovulation cycle. The wait in the reception area seemed endless, until a woman who appeared to be twenty years her senior finally emerged. The busty staff member had a warm and welcoming smile. "Hello Valerie, I'm Avah. I will be guiding you through the conception process here at the baby making factory."

"Pleased to meet you, Avah," said the mother, exchanging a handshake.

She led the mother through the clinic, showing her where the lab was where they tested the sperm. As they walked, Avah explained, "You know, Valerie, our team is dedicated to bringing happiness to families like yours for the past 20 years. We've had a lot of experience and we have a 99% success rate for our clients.

Valerie couldn't help but feel a surge of excitement and hope within her. "That's excellent. It sounds like I've come to the right place."

"You have. Now, let's get you prepared for your special day," Avah said, leading Valerie to a private room and closing the door for privacy. "I understand your donor happens to be someone very close to you."

"Yes, he's my son, Zane."

"Zane is a great kid, and very handsome. The clients he's helped have done nothing but rave about him."

Valerie spoke with confidence, "I am happy to hear that. I have always been proud of Zane and I believe I made the right decision by choosing him."

"Here at the facility for creating life, we have a strict policy of not judging others. In fact, it is even more meaningful when a child is brought into this world by two people who share a deep connection."

"Have you had other mothers and sons create children together here?" Valerie curiously asked.

"Indeed, yours is not the first mother-son pairing to conceive at our clinic, and I'm sure it won't be the last."

Avah conducted a thorough assessment of Valerie's basal body temperature and hormone levels. This confirmed that Valerie had begun her ovulation process as planned. "It looks like you're as fertile as a turtle," Avah assured the mother.

"That's good to hear," said Valerie with an anxious smile.

"In a few minutes, I'll move you over to one of our breeding suites, where Zane will be joining us. He'll be ejaculating two loads of

semen inside of you, back to back and then we'll elevate your hips for one hour to allow his sperm to soak into your cervix."

Valerie was a bundle of nerves. "I understand. It's just a bit overwhelming to think about sharing such an intimate moment with my son."

"I completely get it, hun, but let me assure you that our priority here is to ensure that your experience is as comfortable and stress-free as possible. You're in good hands."

The mother's expression was a mix of gratitude and anxiety as she spoke. The upcoming moment felt surreal; she was about to do something incredibly primal with the son she had raised since birth.

"What that said, it's important to note that you, the client, are in charge of these sessions. We are firm believers here that female orgasm plays a important role in the baby making process. Your cervix dilates and releases special proteins when you're aroused and climaxing that assist with fertility. "

"So you're saying I should try to enjoy myself while we're at it? Even if it's with my son?"

"Absolutely, Valerie. We encourage our clients to feel relaxed and comfortable while engaging in sexual intercourse. Your satisfaction is just as important as the end result."

"Alright, I think I can handle that," said Valerie, still shaking with nerves.

"Having said that, I will need to pass along a few instructions to your donor, so he has some basic information on how to make this experience exactly what you want."

"Alright," said Valerie with a willing nod. "What do you need to know?"

Avah smiled warmly and replied, "First, let's talk sexual positioning. Some clients prefer missionary to ensure deep penetration, while others opt for doggy style for a more... direct approach. Ultimately, the decision is yours, and Zane will work your body in any way we instruct him to."

Valerie nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. "I think missionary might be best for me. I'd like for him and I to have eye to eye contact, at least the first time we do this."

"That's completely understandable," Avah reassured her. "Now, as for your orgasm, Zane will need to know if you prefer clitoral or internal stimulation, as well as your preferred speed and rhythm of his thrusts. We'll also need to know if you have any specific fantasies or kinks that you'd like him to indulge in, if any."

Valerie considered this, a blush rising to her cheeks. "I... I think clitoral stimulation works best for me, and maybe some gentle but rhythmic thrusting at first and faster and harder as we approach orgasm. I don't really have any specific fantasies or kinks...although I do have very sensitive nipples, so I really like having them sucked on."

"That's perfectly fine, Valerie, and Zane will do his best to please you, I have no doubt," Avah said, her eyes warm and understanding. "One last question for you."

"Yes, ask away."

"How do you feel about engaging in oral sex during this process?"

"Oral sex?" Valerie repeated the word, uncertain of where this conversation was heading.

"Yes," Avah confirmed, "oral sex is a valuable aspect of the conception process, as it can aid in cervical stimulation and increase the likelihood of conception."

Valerie's face flushed, her heart racing as she considered the implications of this proposal. Oral sex with her son? It seemed unimaginable, yet necessary for the success of the procedure.

"Hmm, I'm learning all sorts of new things today."

"It's completely up to you, Valerie," Avah continued, "but I must say, our clients have reported a significantly higher success rate when oral sex is incorporated into their sessions."

Valerie hesitated, her mind racing with the idea of engaging in such an act with her son. Yet, she knew that if this was the key to giving her family the child they so desperately wanted, she couldn't deny it.

"Okay," Valerie said softly, "so are you talking about him going down on me, me going down on him, or...both?"

Avah smiled, giving Valerie a pat on the back. "Good question, Valerie. For some clients, it's best for the donor to perform oral sex on the client. Others prefer the opposite. And, of course, some clients are open to both. It's really up to your comfort level. We're here to make sure you're completely satisfied during this process."

Valerie bit her lip, mulling over the options. She knew that if this was what it took to make her dream come true, she needed to put aside any reservations and do what was necessary.

"I think... I think I'd like to try both," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Alright, my dear," Avah replied. "It's completely up to you, and we'll make sure that Zane is fully prepared for whatever you're comfortable with. We always want to make sure you're going to have the best possible experience and the highest chance of success."

Valerie nodded, still feeling a bit overwhelmed by the prospect of things.

Avah then proceeded to give Valerie a detailed explanation of the process and what she and Zane could expect in terms of sensations and events. Valerie listened attentively, her mind still reeling from the enormity of it all.

"Are you ready to prepare for the breeding suite now?" Avah asked, once she had finished her explanation.

Valerie took a deep breath, preparing herself for what was to come. "Yes, I think I am."

Avah moved to a wardrobe and opened it, revealing an assortment of sexy negligee. "Before you and Zane engage in sexual intercourse, you'll really wanna get the sperm in his balls brewing by letting him see you in something sexy."

Valerie decided on a alluring robe. After getting completely naked, she slipped it on. The peach colored mesh robe hugged Valerie's skin, revealing tantalizing hints of her curves through the sheer material. The intricate lace trim bordered the edges, adding a touch of elegance and sensuality. The robe flowed down to her knees, showing off her smooth, toned legs. The low-cut bodice teased at her enormous cleavage, accentuated by the satin waist belt cinched tightly around her waist. The matching G-string peeked out from underneath, adding a playful touch. Her high heeled mules elongated her legs and added a seductive sway to her walk.

As Valerie followed Avah down the hall, heels clicking delicately on the surface, she couldn't shake the feeling of nervousness and excitement mixed together in her stomach. The thought of what was about to happen with her son filled her with both anticipation and fear. She wondered if she could truly go through with it, but she knew that the outcome was too precious to give up on.

The hallway was filled with closed doorways and the sounds of moms, just like her, being fucked savagely inside the rooms. The rhythm of flesh slapping against flesh and the symphony of women's moans and screams were almost startling in their intensity.

Avah led her into their private breeding suite, which was dimly lit and had a soft, almost romantic atmosphere. There was a large, comfortable bed in the center of the windowless room, with soft white sheets and plush pillows. Valerie couldn't help but feel a little self-conscious as she looked around, taking in the intimate surroundings.

"Welcome to where the magic happens," Avah announced with a smile, gesturing to the bed. "Now, before we begin, I'd like you to create a safe word," said Avah.

"Safe word?" Valerie inquired with a curious expression.

"Yes, in case you need to stop at any point during intercourse."

"Well, I'm...not really sure why I would even think about stopping during sex," the mother blushingly admitted.

"I suppose I should just come out with it, since you'll find out soon enough," Avah stated. "Valerie, your son has a **VERY** large penis, and some clients have found both his size and aggressive techniques during sex somewhat overwhelming. You'll be able to communicate any discomfort or changes in your comfort level with Zane, but you also have the option to use your safe word to signal that it's time to pause the session."

"I see. My safe word is 'cinnamon,'" Valerie replied, her voice still shaky.

"Excellent. Now, remember, this is a judgment-free zone. Whatever happens in this room, stays in this room. You have complete control

over your experience, and we're here to cater to your needs and desires. Are you ready to proceed?"

Valerie took a deep breath and nodded. "I am."

Avah smiling warmly. "That's the spirit, Valerie. Now, let me point out some of the features here in the breeding suite."

Avah began to explain the room's amenities. "Over here, we have the wall mirror, so you can watch Zane's erection slip in and out of you. Watching the act of baby making is such an obscene but wonderful thing."

"I agree."

"Over there, you'll find the tissues for any...emotional moments you might experience. There's also lubrication and towels in case they're needed."

Valerie nodded, taking all of this in as Avah continued. "The bed has been set up in a way that allows for both missionary, doggy style and cowgirl positions and it does shift around in order to accommodate other positions as you see fit. Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

Valerie paused for a moment, taking in the information and the reality of the situation. She was about to embark on something that was both terrifying and exhilarating all at once. "No, I think that's everything I need to know. Thank you, Avah."

Avah smiled and gave Valerie a reassuring pat on the back. "You're welcome. Remember, you're in control of this entire process. Zane will be guided by your every move and instruction. If at any point you feel uncomfortable, you can use your safe word and we'll take a break. But I have no doubt that you'll have the most amazing experience and get the result you've been hoping for."

"Zane knows I'm planning on coming here today, but he doesn't know I chose him as a donor. I'm a little nervous how he'll react."

"Don't be," Avah snickered. "He's young, horny and has a beautiful mother. I think you'll get just the reaction you're hoping for. I'll be in the room monitoring and providing some guidance on the first day, then tomorrow you and Zane will be on your own."

"Got it," the mother nodded eagerly.

Avah made a suggestion. "Why don't you stretch out on the bed in a sexy pose? I'll go down and give him a rundown, but don't worry, I won't ruin the surprise." Avah then left the room quietly.

As Valerie lay on the bed, naked beneath her robe, she couldn't help but feel a mix of anticipation and nervousness. She had never experienced anything like this before and it all seemed so surreal. She knew that this was her last hope for having a child and she would do anything to make it happen.

After a few minutes, Avah returned with Zane in tow. He looked shocked, but also excited and curious. "Mom? What are you doing in here?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the gaping cleavage bulging from the slit in her robe.

"Waiting for you...so we can make a baby together."

Zane's heart did a somersault in his chest. Avah filled him in earlier on the details, explaining the process and the specific details of what he would be doing in the session, but he had no idea she was talking about his mom.

Zane's eyes grew wide as it dawned on him what he was about to do. "So... we're going to... you know, have sex?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Yes, Zane, that's correct," Avah replied, her voice calm and reassuring. "It would be kind of hard to create a baby with having hot sex first."

Zane's face was a mix of fear, excitement, and disbelief. He couldn't believe that his own mother was about to have sex with him, all for the sake of a baby. But somehow, he couldn't shake the feeling that this was the right thing to do.

Valerie, despite her own nervousness, saw the same fear in her son's eyes. She wanted to comfort him, but she knew that this was something he needed to experience on his own terms. So, she took a deep breath and tried to smile reassuringly at him. "It's okay, honey," she said softly. "I know this is a big moment for both of us, and I'm here to support you every step of the way."

Zane nodded, still looking slightly dazed. Whatever doubts he had before, they were slowly fading away as he looked at his mother's curvy body in front of him.

Avah closed the door behind her, looking over at the teen. "He's all yours, Valerie," she whispered.

"Yeah, mom, you're the client. Your wish is my command," Zane added.

"Wow, if I only got this type of cooperation at home," she joked, making them laugh and breaking the tension in the room.

The blonde-haired beauty stood from the bed, her giant unfettered tit-melons bobbling heavily beneath the robe. She stepped over in front of her son. "why don't we start by getting rid of these robes," she suggested, untying the sash to hers.

Zane's eyes widened as his mother's robe fell to the ground, revealing her voluptuous half-naked body. He could see her nipples standing at attention from the centers of her wide areolar caps. His

eyes drifted down to her G-string panties and despite the unusual situation, he couldn't help but feel a stirring in his loins.

Valerie gasped as her son's robe slipped off, revealing his lean, youthful body. She couldn't help but feel a tinge of pride as she took in his muscular frame and toned chest. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and the thought of having his oversized penis inside her sent shivers down her spine.

"You're beautiful, honey," the mother whispered, her alluring eyes drifting down to his fully erect cock. The pink skin was pulled tight along the shaft, making the helmet of his glans mushroom with desire, ready for the task at hand. "It looks so big and powerful."

"It'll give you that baby you've been wanting, that I promise you," the boy said, smiling with pride.

"Are you ready to proceed, Valerie?" Avah asked, her voice barely audible.

Valerie stepped out of her heels, then peeled her panties down her sexy legs and stepped out of them, exposing her shaved pussy to her boy's gaze. She took a deep breath and looked at her son, her eyes filled with determination. "Yes, I'm ready."

Zane couldn't help but feel a sense of overwhelming lust as he looked at his mother's bare naked body. He knew this was wrong, but he couldn't deny the desire that was coursing through his own frame.

He stepped closer to her, his hand reaching out to touch her toned stomach, feeling the warmth of her skin and the softness of her flesh.

"I...I can't believe I'm doing this," he whispered, his voice shaking with a mix of fear and excitement.

Valerie reached out and gently touched his cheek, her eyes filled with love and understanding. "It's okay, sweetheart. We're doing this for a very special reason."

"True."

Valerie took a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves. "Why don't we start by getting into position?"

Zane nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. He moved to the edge of the bed, his erection leading the way. Valerie crawled onto the mattress gently, her bare booty swaying and dangling breasts rocking heavily as she moved. Sprawled on her back, Valerie drew her knees nearly to her shoulders as she lewdly splayed her thighs open, offering a comfortable seat for her captain.

As Zane hovered over his mother, his eyes locked onto her wide open pussy, glistening with the secretions of arousal. His heart raced as he took a deep breath, preparing himself to enter her for the first time. Valerie reached up, her hands guiding him as he slowly lowered himself onto her.

Yes, he'd had his share of women, but this sensation was like nothing he had ever felt before. Valerie's body was warm, inviting, and it seemed to swallow him whole. He could feel her muscles in her arms and legs tightening around him, gripping him with a force he had never experienced.

Valerie could feel her son's thick, long member press against her entrance, crushing against her prepuce, and she knew it was going to be a tight fit. But she was determined to make this work and have the child she so desperately wanted.

Taking a deep breath, Valerie slowly relaxed her muscles, allowing Zane to split the fleshy lips of her twat and slide inside her.

As he entered her, the mother felt a wave of pleasure wash over her. It was different from any other sexual encounter she'd ever had, more intense and more emotional.

Zane's eyes widened as he felt the warmth and tightness of his mother's pussy enveloping him. "Shit!" he hissed through gritted teeth, feeling her smoldering walls drawing him in, stretching around his thick, unyielding meat. He knew he had to be gentle at first, but he also felt a rush of adrenaline as he began to thrust inside her.

"You've got her, Zane," Avah, said, her eyes set upon their joined genitals. "All the way in and let her adjust to your size."

Zane complied, holding himself still, in full penetration inside his mother's slick cavity as he felt her contractions adjusting to his girth.

Valerie could feel the thickness of her son's dick, stretching her tight twat to the point of discomfort. She knew this was necessary though, to make this work and any discomfort would soon be replaced with exquisite pleasure.

"Okay, sweetheart, now you can move," Valerie managed to say, her voice shaking with emotion as she stared up into his eyes with desperate desire.

Zane began to thrust gently, feeling the pleasurable resistance of his mother's pussy. He couldn't help but marvel at the sensation, seeing the waves of lustful pleasure course through her body. He could see her lips quivering, her eyes half-open, and her face a mix of concentration and desire.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son...," Valerie moaned, her voice barely a whisper.

Avah watched with lustful anticipation as the two of them moved in harmony, the lewd sounds of sex filling the air. She could see the passion in their eyes, the determination to bring a new life into the

world. "That's it, Zane. Let your mother feel the power of your teenage cock!" she urged.

Zane realized that this moment was not just about lust and desire, but about love and responsibility. He gripped the outsides of his mother's thighs, pulling her closer to him and thrusting deeper into her.

Using the grip of her legs as leverage, Valerie pumped her bubble butt from the mattress meeting his thrusts with her own. The feel of her son's cock-shaft sliding in and out of her, stretching her insides with every movement was divine. She tightened her legs around him, bringing him even closer, and the pleasure sensation seemed to intensify.

"Oh, yes, that's it, son...fuck me!" Valerie moaned again, her voice filled with a mix of pleasure and pain.

Zane's thrusts became more pronounced, his cock thundering in and out of his mother's twat with a lewd slapping sound. His vein-encrusted boner slid all the way out, so only the knob remained inside his mother. Then, he socked it home again, make her gasp from the feel of his bell tip stretching the uteri at the back of her vagina. Valerie was arching her back, her fingers digging into the sheets beneath her.

Avah watched with a mix of arousal and concern, wondering if the mother would need to use her safe word being speared so hard and deep. Valerie's voice eased her growing concern.

"Fuck me harder, Zane, make me cum!" Valerie begged, her orgasm edging closer with each stroke.

"Go get it, Zane!" Avah urged, encouraging the boy to hit their client hard and make her toes curl.

Zane complied, his full length thrusts becoming more aggressive. He was lost in the lust and desire, his mind only on the pleasure he was giving his mother. His raging cock sliced through his mom's dripping baby-chute, his big, hairless nuts beating lewdly against her ass-cheeks.

"I'm cumming, honey!" Valerie cried out, her body trembling with the force of the orgasm that was washing over her.

Zane felt the walls of his mother's pussy tighten, milking his cock with cuntal contractions. By now the teen was an experienced fucker, used to having hot pussy tightening and ejaculating all over his meaty cock. He had trained his pelvic floor muscles to flex, holding back the flow of liquids so he could pound a girl straight through her climax without cumming himself.

"Excellent, Zane!" Avah shouted, acknowledging the boy's self-mastery.

Valerie's moans reached a crescendo as the pleasure intensified. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her body convulsed with every thrust. She felt like she was being taken to another world, a place of pure ecstasy where there was nothing but pleasure and desire. She gripped her son's shoulders with her nails digging into his flesh. Her legs trembling as she met each one of his powerful thrusts, her pillowy tits sloshing between their writhing bodies.

Zane's sinewy boner was on fire, pulsing with each contraction of Valerie's tight, juice-slickened pussy-tunnel. He could feel her orgasm cresting, her muscles squeezing around his erectile shaft as she cried out in pleasure.

The boy sat up upright, but continued to fuck. He wanted to look down and watch her ballooning knockers roll and ripple up and down her rib cage. He took pride in how meaty and savage his boner looked stabbing in and out of her tight shaved pussy. Her pink labial

lips were stretched obscenely, clinging to the outline of his muscled stalk.

"Suck them, Zane," Avah urged. "Suck her titties."

The boy sprawled back on top of his mom, this time latching his lips around her nipple as he fucked. The pleasure that coursed through Valerie's busty body was immense. "Oh, God, I love that!" he quivering voice cried out.

Zane's thrusts became quick and rabid, fucking his mother's pussy like it was his last chance to make her cum. Having socked it to her for nearly forty-five minutes now, his body was glistening with sweat, and his cock was dark with the juices of their lustful connection.

"Fuck! I'm gonna cum!" Zane groaned, his climax building up inside him. He couldn't hold it back any longer, he had to release his seed into the fertile womb of his mother.

"Yesss!" Valerie hissed, her body shaking with another boobie-rippling climax. She could feel Zane's cock swelling inside her, pulsating with an electric charge. She knew that in a few moments, her body would be filled with the essence of life.

"I'm cumming!" Zane grunted, his eyes squeezed shut, focusing on the pleasure that was coursing through his veins. His balls tightened, and his body shook as he released the torrent of his sperm deep into his mother's womb.

Valerie moaned and arched her back, her orgasm peaking as her son's hot, thick load filled her. She could feel the warmth of his cum coating the inside of her pussy, her muscles contracting involuntarily.

"Oh yes... that's it," Zane groaned, his hips thrusting hard against his mother's hips as she moved in counterpoint to provide increased

friction on his boner. He could feel the powerful contractions of her muscles around his cock, milking his seed deep into her womb.

As the waves of pleasure subsided, Valerie and Zane lay there, panting and sweaty, their bodies entwined in a mess of passion.

Avah stood at the foot of the bed, a look of awe on her face as she watched the mother and son lie there, their bodies glistening. "Well done, Zane," she praised, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "You did an excellent job."

"Yes, honey, that was amazing," his mother cooed, running her long painted fingernails through his sweaty hair.

"Thanks," the boy sighed, then lifted himself up on extended arms, staring down at the huge, perspiration-sheened breasts that were jutting from his mom's chest. "I've got one more load to pump inside you today though, remember?"

Valerie made her son's still erect cock slip wetly from her pussy as she sat up. "Oh, yes...I remember," she eagerly replied.

Zane observed as his mom swiftly crawled onto her hands and knees, presenting her plump buttocks towards him. "Let's not waste any time, my handsome donor," she glanced back with a suggestive smile, shaking her curvaceous rear end.

"I love your attitude, Valerie," Avah stated, grinning from ear to ear. "Hungry for more semen...just like a mother in the making should be."

Zane gave his teenage cock-muscle a few rejuvenating strokes in front of them, making it return to its former rock-hard glory. It was still glistening with fuck-juice, eager to beat through the tube of his mom's vagina again.

"Come give mommy a round belly, sugar," Valerie cooed, gazing back at him with lust-filled eyes. She wagged her butt-meat teasingly, inviting her son to mount her haunches.

As Zane's rigid cockhead nudged at its fleshy target, he marveled at the enormity of what they were doing. The two of them, mother and son, one of them carrying the life that would result from their union. Valerie's ass was round and succulent, quivering before him, and he could hear her soft, breathy moans.

"Come on, son, fuck me from behind and knock me up," Valerie whispered, her voice low and sultry. "Give me your seed."

Zane didn't need more encouragement than that. He positioned himself behind his mother, his cockhead finding its way to her entrance. With a deep breath, he thrust into her, feeling her flesh resist his erection just long enough before giving way, enveloping his cock with warmth and wetness.

Valerie groaned, her body quivering as she felt the familiar sensation of her son filling her once again. "That's it, Zane," she cooed, her voice thick with lust. "Give mommy some doggy dicking."

Avah watched from the foot of the bed, her eyes wide with fascination. She had always found the idea of a mother-son relationship to be both taboo and incredibly arousing, and this wasn't the first time she had ever witnessed such a thing in person.

Zane began to thrust into his mother's tight, wet pussy, feeling her flesh gripping his cock with each stroke. Her peach-shaped ass jiggled with each movement, and her pussy muscles clenched around his cock, milking him for all he was worth.

As his cock plunged in and out of his mother's wet pussy, Zane knew that he was creating a life, a being that would be a direct result of their love. It was a thrilling and terrifying thought, but he was committed to his task.

"Fuck yes, Zane, that's it," Valerie panted, throwing her ass back against him. "Give me your cum! I want to feel your seed inside me."

Zane picked up the pace, his thrusts becoming faster and deeper. He felt like he was being drawn into his mother's lustful orbit, pulled into the depths of her desire. The layer of fat beneath the skin of her ass rippled with every strike to her son's abdomen. Her tits danced wildly as they hung down nearly to the mattress.

Valerie panted like a bitch in heat, the feel of her son rigid pisser scraping along her nerve endings exquisitely. "Zane, I'm cumming!" she moaned, her body shaking with the force of her orgasm.

Avah watched, her eyes wide with fascination, as Zane's hips bucked and his cock thrust deep inside his mother's womb. She could see the sweat glistening on their bodies, the passion and intensity of their lovemaking evident in every movement.

"Oh, fuck, mom, you're so tight!" Zane groaned, his grip on his mother's hips tightening as he drove himself deeper inside her.

Valerie gasped, her eyes rolling back as the pleasure coursed through her mature body. Her humongous tit-knockers hung from her chest like pendulums and rocked to the rhythm of the incestuous union.

As Zane's thrusts became more erratic and urgent, Valerie could feel another sensation of pleasure beginning to build within her. She knew that soon, her son's warm seed would be lubricating her womb, nurturing the new life that would soon grow inside her.

Avah watched with a mixture of awe and desire, resisting the urge to rub her own pussy. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy, wishing it was her being filled by Zane's throbbing cock.

But Zane was too focused on his task to notice Avah's arousal. With each thrust, his cock buried deeper and deeper into his mother's welcoming pussy. He could feel the warmth and wetness of her inner core enveloping him, and he knew that he would soon release a second load into her fertile cunt.

After nearly an hour of ass-smacking, doggy style sex, Zane's body stiffened, his cock throbbing within his mother's pussy. He could feel the warmth of her secretions surrounding him, the muscles and pleats of her pussy clenching around his shaft as he spurted his seed deep inside her.

"Fuck, yes!" Zane groaned, his body shaking with the intensity of his release. He could feel his hot, thick cum-ropes filling his mother's womb, mingling with his first load and creating a new life within her.

Valerie cried out, her body shuddering with pleasure as she felt Zane's seed spurting into her. She could feel his boner twitching, the warmth and wetness of his cum coating her womb, and she knew that this was the moment she had been waiting for.

Avah watched, her eyes wide with a mixture of awe and desire. She could see the love and passion in Zane's eyes, and she knew that he had given his mother everything he had.

Zane groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt his mother's warm and wet pussy milking his cock and his balls for what felt like eternity. The sight of his Valerie's huge, perspiration-sheened breasts bouncing with each of his thrusts was almost too much for him to handle.

"Let's elevate those hips and let gravity help us along," Avah suggested.

Zane watched as his cock slide out of his mother's pussy and a stream of his cum followed it, oozing down along her twitching asshole.

"What a beautiful baby making nectar you two have created," Avah giggled, pointing to the frothy mix of his cum and his mother's juices, trickling down her now open pussy lips.

Zane couldn't help but chuckle, his breaths shallow as he fought to catch up with the after-effects.

As their bodies collapsed onto the bed, spent and satisfied, Valerie ran her long painted fingernails through Zane's sweaty hair. "Thank you, son" she whispered, her voice thick with emotion, "that was the most beautiful sex ever."

Zane grinned, finding satisfaction in knowing their sessions weren't done. There was likely tons more sex to be had before he impregnated her with his baby.

So, what happens now?" her husband asked, hoping the nightmare was over.

"It's a three day process, during my ovulation period, honey. I'll meet our donor at the clinic each day at scheduled times, and we'll… 'conduct' these sessions," Valerie replied, trying to sound as clinical as possible.

Honestly, Valerie couldn't wait. It wasn't every day she got to fuck her own handsome teenage son and create life at the same time.

"And the chances of conceiving are… pretty high, according to the staff there," Valerie continued, trying to sound as professional as possible. She didn't want her husband to know how much she was looking forward to seeing Zane and cumming mindlessly all over his teenage cock.

"So, this kid donor was OK to you then? He didn't get too aggressive? "John asked with a hint of concern in his voice.

Valerie hesitated for a moment, trying to come up with an answer that would satisfy him, but also not give away her true feelings for Zane. "Yes, he was very professional," Valerie replied, trying to sound convincing. "He was kind and gentle, and I felt comfortable with him. The process went smoothly and without any issues."

"That's a relief," John said, visibly relaxing. "I just don't want anything to happen to you or the baby."

Valerie nodded, her heart swelling with love for her husband, who was so concerned about her and the unborn child. But she knew that her true feelings for Zane were too strong to ignore.

A few minutes passed before Zane entered through the doorway. "Hi, Mom and Dad," he greeted them with a warm smile before exchanging a knowing look with his mother.

Valerie's nipples perked up at the sight of her son and she greeted him with a smitten grin. "Hey there, honey. How was your shift at the pizza parlor?"

Zane chuckled, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, you know how it is, Mom. Busy as always." He winked at Valerie, who felt her heart race at the sight of her son's flirtatious grin. Zane's adrenaline was still pumping from having fucked her for nearly two hours at the clinic and pumping two loads of hot, baby making goo inside her fertile womb. "We had a pretty important customer come in today," he informed his parents.

"And did you leave them feeling satisfied?" Valerie asked, her eyes locked onto her son's lasciviously.

"I think so. Hopefully they went home with a 'full' belly."

His mom couldn't help but snicker, drawing a curious look from John. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing, honey," she answered, then focused back on her son. "Long shift tomorrow, huh, kiddo?" Valerie ask with a tiny smirk and excitement in her eyes. "I guess you'll have to work twice as hard."

"I'm up for the task," her son smiled back.

"And I'll bet your customers love the work you do," said Valerie with a meaningful stare, "and wanna just keep 'cumming' back for more."

"I hope so."

"Well, make sure you get plenty of rest tonight. Your customers will expect the very best out of you tomorrow. You'll need to 'deliver' your best work yet and have them 'screaming your name'…with praise."

John just sat there and listened, oblivious to the true meaning of their conversation. For all he knew his wife and son were talking about his gig at the pizza place, not the fact that they had a hot day of incestuous baby making planned for tomorrow.

As Valerie lay in bed that night, she couldn't stop thinking about Zane. She began to wonder if some of his sperm was swimming towards her egg at that very moment, eager to pierce her ovum and create a baby. She had never experienced such intense pleasure and connection with anyone before, not even with John. Valerie couldn't help but wonder if Zane was feeling the same way. "Was I a better fuck than those other women he got pregnant?" she thought. I'm

"gonna ride his ass off tomorrow and leave no doubt that I'm the best piece of pussy he's ever had."

The next morning, Valerie woke up early, eager to see Zane again. She knew that she would have to do everything she could to make sure their encounters were as satisfying as possible, so that they would have the best chance of conceiving.

Valerie spent the first couple hours of the day preparing herself mentally and physically for the upcoming sessions. She knew that she would need to be as aroused as possible, so she spent time fantasizing about Zane's body and the way he made her feel.

When the scheduled time arrived, Valerie entered the clinic, her heart racing with excitement as she reached the breeding room. She was surprised to see that Zane was already there, completely naked and waiting for her. He smiled at her, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Hi Mom," he said, his voice low and sultry. "Ready for round two?"

Valerie couldn't help but feel a shiver run down her spine as she stared at his jutting erection. She nodded, her heart pounding in her chest as she approached him, letting her robe slipped off and pool at her feet. "You better believe I am," she whispered, her voice trembling with desire.

"If you to need anything, just hit the call button," Avah said with a grin as she back out the doorway.

"Thank you, Avah," Valerie replied, anxious to be completely alone with her donor today.

Zane grinned, his eyes locked onto to his mom's humongous tits. Her areolas were crinkled in arousal, but still as big around as grapefruit. He licked his lips, eager to wrapped them around her fat nipples "I can tell you're looking forward to today, just like I am," he said, reaching out to cup her squishy breasts in his hands.

Valerie moaned softly as his touch sent electric shocks through her body. She reached down and wrapped her fingers around his cock, feeling its hardness and thickness as she stroked him. "You're so big," she murmured, her eyes widening in awe as she realized how tiny her hand seemed around his enormous prick.

"Yeah, I get told that a lot," he cockily replied, squeezing his pelvic muscle and making his hunky meat-shaft flex in her hand.

"It's my turn to show off today," his mom whispered with a devilish grin. "I'm gonna ride you."

"Before you straddle my dick, do you wanna straddle my face?"

Valerie grinned from ear to ear, impressed that her son had remembered their discussion in the hot tub. "You've got my attention, honey," she replied. "Let's see if you're as good with your tongue as you are with your dick."

She led him by his boner to the bed and Zane sprawled out on his back, his heart thumping hard in his chest with anticipation.

Valerie climbed onto the bed and straddled his face, her shaved pussy hovering above his mouth. "Lick me like you mean it," she demanded, wanting to feel his tongue invade her most intimate parts.

Zane obeyed without hesitation, his licker darting between her folds and into her wet, swollen pussy. Valerie moaned deeply as he worked his magic, his talented tongue sending shockwaves of pleasure coursing through her body. "Oh, fuck yeah, that's it! Drive your tongue deep inside me, Zane," she begged.

Zane complied eagerly, plunging his tongue into her depths and swirling it around, exploring every inch of her most private place. The flavorful taste and pungent scent made him dizzy with desire.

Valerie felt her body tensing, preparing for the intense orgasm she knew was building.

"Oh, my god! Keep going!" Valerie cried out, her quivering voice barely above a whisper. She felt his tongue delving deeper and deeper, stimulating her in ways she didn't even know were possible.

Zane continued to lick and suck at her pink pussy-flesh, taking in the intoxicating taste of her juices.

As Valerie came closer and closer to the edge, she reached down and grabbed a handful of Zane's hair, using her newfound strength to pull him even deeper into her.

"That's it, baby," she groaned, her body writhing, her cunt grinding on his face frantically. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Zane could barely contain the excitement surging through his veins as he tasted the sweet nectar of his mother's climax. He continued to lap at her rapidly pulsing cunt, wanting to milk every last drop of thick pussy-honey from her.

As Valerie's orgasm peaked, her body convulsed, her huge, meaty tits trembling, and she let out a loud, primal moan that echoed through the room. She collapsed onto Zane's face, her pussy still gushing, her legs shaking uncontrollably.

"Oh, that was amazing," she whispered, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. "Where the fuck did you learn to eat pussy like that, Zane?"

"It's something that every client seems to ask for, so I get a lot of practice," he stated, ejaculatory juice dripping from his chin.

Valerie crawled towards his cock. "My turn now," she mewled as she guided his fat, bell-shaped knob towards her saliva-drenched lips.

Zane watched in awe as his mother slowly engulfed his cock, her practiced mouth moving up and down his shaft, taking him deeper with each stroke. He groaned in pleasure as she caressed him with her tongue, her lips wrapped tight around his tingly cock-shaft.

Valerie moaned around his cock, her throat stretching to take in his length. "Oh, mom!" her son groaned in delight as her lips spread out

around the root of his prick.

She sucked him harder, her saliva coating his length and providing a slippery sensation that he loved. She bobbed her head up and down, creating a tight vacuum around his manhood.

"I want you to nut in my mouth, honey," she gasped, her voice sandpaper rough with lust. "I want to taste the cum that's gonna make our baby."

Zane's eyes widened at her words, the thought of his own mother carrying his child in her womb driving him wild with desire. He thrust his hips, driving himself deeper into her mouth, his tender meat enjoying the warmth and wetness of her oral embrace.

Valerie's nose was filled with the musky scent of her son's arousal, and she breathed in deeply, savoring the potent mix of testosterone and innocence. She swirled her tongue around his shaft, tasting the pre-cum that leaked from his piss-slit.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, I'm so close!" Zane groaned, his hips thrusting faster and harder, his cock slipping in and out of her mouth with a wet, throaty sound.

Valerie hummed in response, her lips tightening around him as she sucked harder. She wanted to feel his hot cum explode in her mouth, to taste the essence of their future child.

As Zane's orgasm built, he began to pant and writhe, his body trembling with the intensity of the oral pleasure he was receiving.

Valerie could feel the tension in his throbbing dick, and she knew that he was about to erupt.

"I'm cumming!" Zane bellowed, his hips bucking wildly as he released his load into her eager mouth.

Valerie savored the taste of his cum, swallowing it eagerly as it spurted into her mouth. She couldn't believe how much semen he produced, and she was ecstatic that she was able to drink it all down.

"That was incredible!" the boy sighed as Valerie pulled away from his spent member, giving his spongy knob a sensual kiss.

"I'm so glad you liked it," said the mother, then threw her leg across his midsection. "But I think I've got something you're gonna like even better."

With a smirk on her face, Valerie reached down and guided his throbbing erection towards her entrance, feeling his glans gently press against her swollen, moist lips. "Are you ready for me, Zane?" she asked seductively. "Are you ready for mom to give you a baby-making fuck you'll never forget?"

"Oh, fuck yes, Mom," he groaned in anticipation. "I can't wait to feel you ride me."

Valerie looked into his eyes, her desire reflected in their depths. She slowly lowered herself onto him, his thick shaft sliding inside her pussy in a delicious stretch that made her moan aloud.

"Oh, fuck!" he hissed as her tight, hot pussy engulfed him. He could feel her ridges and muscles gripping him, squeezing him, making him shiver with pleasure.

As Valerie began to move, her hips undulating rhythmically.

Zane felt as if he was being consumed by his mother's love, her body enveloping him in a way that was both forbidden and utterly desirable. He watched her pretty face contort with pleasure, her eyes locked onto his, as though they were sharing a deeper connection.

"Oh, fuck, you're so tight, Mom!" he groaned, his hands clenching the bedsheets as she continued to grind against his rigid fucker. He could feel every ripple and fold of her pussy, her hot, slippery secretions dripping down his shaft, heightening his desire for her.

Valerie let out a low, guttural growl, her breathing becoming ragged as she slammed onto him, her hips bucking with each thrust. "Fuck me, Zane, fuck up into me!"

He complied without hesitation, matching her rhythm, his balls slapping against her ass with each deep thrust. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her gargantuan tit-melons as they jumped and rippled the motion of their mutual thrusts.

To say his mom could ride cock like a pro was an understatement. He could feel her love, her motherly affection, and the raw, primal lust all mingling together in a perfect blend that overwhelmed him completely. Valerie alternated between pumping her pussy up and down the length of his pole and grinding fluidly in full penetrating. She swung her wide hips, stirring his steely pecker around inside her pink portal.

As they continued to fuck, Zane's palms left the sheets to move to his mother's massive tits, kneading and squeezing their supple flesh as he continued to fuck her. He knew he was in the presence of a sexual goddess, and he was grateful for this opportunity to be inside her.

Valerie moaned, her orgasm arriving suddenly, as Zane's massive cock filled her up, pulsing inside her like a living, breathing organ. She had always known she possessed a wild side, but never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that her own son would bring it out. And yet, here they were, with her luscious body bouncing on top of his, her cunt pulsating around his thick, veiny cock as she plowed down onto it with a primal energy that left her breathless.

Zane's fingers dug into her tit-flesh as he pounded her, his cock sliding in and out of her soaked pussy with a squelching sound that echoed through the room. He could feel the slick walls of her cunt gripping his cock, pushing him to the edge of his own climax.

The boy heard his mother moan his name, her body quivering as another, full-body orgasm washed over her. "I need you to cum inside me, Zane. Give me your seed. Make me pregnant!" she cried out, riding his cock with wild abandon.

Zane's hips bucked wildly, his cock pulsing in her pussy as he felt the familiar sensation of his orgasm building. "I'm gonna cum, Mom," he warned her, his voice hoarse with desire.

Valerie moaned, her eyes locked on his as she felt the heat of his ejaculation begin to fill her. She could feel his sinewy cock twitching deep inside her, emptying itself into the fornix her greedy pussy. "Oh, fuck, yes!" she hissed, her nails digging into his thighs as she rode him through his climax.

As the last of his cum spurted into his mother's eager pussy, Zane's senses were overwhelmed by the sight of her swollen, glistening cunt surrounding his cock, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and lust, her tit-melons jiggling wildly with each thrust. He knew that he had just completed the most taboo act of his life, and yet it felt as natural as breathing.

Valerie collapsed on top of Zane, their sweaty bodies mingling in a tangled mess of limbs and flesh. She couldn't believe what had just transpired, that she had just fucked her own son from the top and enjoyed it so much. But there was no denying the raw sexual energy that had exploded between them, the passion that had consumed them both in a way that had left them breathless and satisfied.

"I'll be honest," Zane breathed. "I've fucked some pretty experienced women, but I've never had anyone ride me that good."

Valerie grinned and winked at him, still trembling from their passionate encounter. "You know what they say about us moms… we're just the best at everything we do."

Zane couldn't help but laugh at her comment. The idea of his own mother being the best at anything seemed surreal, but he had to admit that their experience together had been unforgettable. He couldn't wait to see what other secrets his mother held and how long it would take them to create a baby together.

"Do you wanna go out to the lounge and get something to drink before we have sex again?" Zane asked.

"Sure, honey. Should we get dressed first?"

Zane chuckled. "It's the baby making factory mom. Everyone just stays naked."

He guided her down the corridor of the breeding wing, accompanied by a symphony of heavy breaths and ecstatic cries. Behind each door lay a donor like Zane and a woman like Valerie, who was eagerly hoping to make her dreams of pregnancy come true.

A heady mixture of sweat, musk, and sex permeated the air. The scent was almost overwhelming, but it only added to the erotic atmosphere of the breeding wing.

The lounge was dimly lit with warm, amber lights, casting a cozy glow over the room. Different groups of naked women sat or lounged on soft couches, their bodies glistening with sweat and flushed with pleasure. Nearby, boys who looked to be Zane's age were chatting and mingling, all of them clearly donors like him. It was like a scene from a high school dance, with girls and boys separated on opposite sides of the room.

"Exciting day, huh?" A redheaded woman asked Valerie. She stood side by side with another mom, their bodies glowing in the dim light

of the lounge. The redhead's hair was vibrant against the dark-haired mom's mane, and both were dressed in nothing but their flushed skin. Their heavy tits were on display, jutting out proudly, with pink nipples still standing at attention.

Valerie spoke up, introducing herself with enthusiasm. Meanwhile, Zane had made his way over to engage in conversation with some of the other donors who were essentially his colleagues.

"You're so lucky to have gotten paired with Zane," said, Penny, the redhead. "He was my top choice, but I guess he's very popular and in high demand."

"Well, I may have gotten preferential treatment, since I'm his mom," Valerie giggle.

Erin, the dark haired mother's face lit up. "Oh my God, you and your son are making a baby together?! That's so cool!"

"We're both pretty excited about it," Valerie shared.

"You should be," Penny said, staring over at Zane with lust in her eyes.

Erin leaned in and stage-whispered, "Right? I mean, like, what's hotter than fucking your own son?"

Penny giggled and rubbed her tummy. "I have to conceive and raise a son before I even start thinking about fucking him."

Valerie blushed and looked away, a mix of embarrassment and arousal coursing through her veins. She couldn't help but notice Zane's confidence and ease around the other boys as he chatted up a storm. His charisma and charm were evident, adding to his already impressive physique and sexual prowess.

"Dude, you landed a freaking hottie," Tyler, a fellow donor said to Zane, staring over at Valerie. "Look at the size of those fucking tits."

"Yeah, she's hot alright, and she can really fuck too," said Zane, his gaze locked onto Valerie's, their eyes connecting in an intense and intimate exchange across the room. Their bodies were both flushed and bare, adding to the intensity of their silent communication.

"Look at the ass on that mom I'm fucking," said Tyler, gazing across at her.

The woman was in her mid-twenties, her hair a vibrant shade of strawberry blonde that caught the light in the room. She had a curvaceous figure, plump in all the desired places, with a noticeably rounded buttocks. She stood with a group of similarly naked women, talking and laughing, but couldn't resist glancing back at Tyler with a longing gaze.

"If her husband knew how much she was squirting on my cock he'd probably freak the fuck out," Tyler whispered, making the two coworkers laugh.

Zane couldn't help but feel exhilarated as he thought about how his father would react if he could see the way he had been pleasuring his mom earlier. The way she had screamed with intense pleasure, while drenching his manhood in her juices.

"Look at the way they're looking at us, dude," Tyler pointed out. "You can just see how fucking horny they are. I bet most of these women don't even care about getting pregnant. They just wanna get fucked by young guys like us because they're husband's just aren't doing it for them."

"You could be right," Zane nodded.

Valerie and the two other women couldn't tear their eyes away from Tyler and Zane as they sipped from their cups of water. Their gazes

were both longing and hungry, filled with desire and lust.

"Isn't it amazing how hard their dicks stay?" Erin pointed out. The three women's eyes hungrily devoured the sight of the erect cocks pointing out from the donor's lean crotches. They were large and thick, pulsing with raw, sexual energy.

"And how quickly they bounce back after ejaculating," Penny add. "Before this week, I haven't been fucked two hours straight since college."

"Are you guys sucking their dicks?" asked Valerie, wanting to make sure she wasn't the only one who agreed to that as part of her sessions."

"I sure am," Penny grinned. "There's no way I'd pass up giving a blowjob to a hot teenager like that."

"Mm, me too," Erin added, running her long pink tongue across her lip. "Dick that's barely legal taste so much better."

The other moms' eyes sparkled with mischief and anticipation as they watched Zane approach, his muscular body glistening with sweat and his cock standing tall and proud between his legs. They couldn't help but salivate at the sight of his perfect physique and throbbing baby maker.

"Are you ready to get back to it, mom?" he asked, sticking out his hand for her to take.

"Absolutely," Valerie replied, her voice trembling with excitement. She told the other two mothers goodbye, then took her son's hand and allowed him to lead her towards their breeding suite.

They seemed so perfectly suited for such a magical task. Zane's teenage frame, every muscle defined and taut as he walked beside Valerie. His erect penis stood tall and proud, nearly ten-inches long,

bobbing with each step on his well-toned body. Valerie's oversized tits bobbled and swayed on her rib cage, accentuated by her nakedness. Her curvy figure, with her ample hips and thick, round bubble butt, moved with a mesmerizing sway and jiggle as she walked with her son.

The fact that her Zane's dick was still fully rigid after a powerful ejaculation was testament to his youth and vitality, and Valerie couldn't help but feel aroused all over again one they arrived in the suite. "Break time's over, baby," she sighed, pushing her son onto the bed.

Zane watched her crawl like a hungry lioness onto the mattress with him, her tits hanging down like huge ripe melons, rocking back and forth in tandem as she climbed on top of her teen.

There was nothing more thrilling to Zane than watching his own mom straddle him, grasping his cock and pointing it up towards the tight little pussy-slit that had birthed him out so long ago. He wanted to go out of his skin as he watched his bulbous knob split her twat and sink inside her warm, welcoming orifice.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so tight," he moaned, his hands gripping her hips as she moved above him. "I can feel every ridge and every little nook of your pussy. It's like you're made just for me."

Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her desire reflected in their depths. She knew that they were both thinking the same thing: that this was more than just a twisted fantasy or a forbidden taboo. This was something deeper, something that went beyond the physical. It was a connection that went straight to the heart.

With a newfound sense of purpose, Valerie began to ride her son's cock with renewed vigor. Her blushing ass-cheeks slapped against his thighs, each movement more deliberate than the last. She reached down and shamelessly played with her own swollen clit, feeling the electricity coursing through her body.

Zane watched his mother's beautiful, naked body move above him, her massive tits bouncing in perfect rhythm with her hips. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of her, feeling like he was in a dream. He reached up and cupped her breasts, feeling the immense weight and warmth of her flesh in his hands.

Valerie moaned, feeling her son's hands on her, with a previously unimaginable feeling of desire and longing. She leaned down, her lips meeting his, her tongue exploring his mouth, tasting the sweetness of her own arousal on his lips.

Having gotten two orgasms out of his system, Zane was in it for the long haul this time, determined to fuck his mother for as long as she needed him to.

He linked his hands behind her waist, pulling her closer, their hips grinding together in perfect harmony. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, a fierce animalistic intensity in their depths. She could feel her own orgasm building, the heat and electricity coursing through her body.

"Fuck me, Zane, harder!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with desire. "Make me squirt all over your hard, fat pussy pleaser!"

Zane complied, matching her rhythm, his hips bucking with each deep thrust. His girth was filling her up, stretching her pleatedining to its limits. Valerie could feel the walls of her cunt pulsating around his cock, gripping him tightly.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so Goddamn tight!" Zane groaned, his hands clenching the sheets again as he pounded her.

Valerie moaned as her son's fingers dug into her hips, generating a new level of pleasure in her that she hadn't felt before. The sound of their bodies connecting in a rhythmic frenzy filling the room. She felt like she was in a sexual trance, lost in the sensations of her son's body inside of her.

Despite Valerie's efforts to control herself, the overwhelming desire took over her body, causing her to become disconnected from reality. Her mind was consumed by the raw, primal lust she felt for her son and the need for his cum, but she knew that she couldn't stop now. The feeling of his cock pulsing inside of her was too much to bear.

"Oh, fuck, Zane! I'm going to cum again!" Valerie cried out, her face contorted in a mixture of pleasure and shame. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she convulsed in a powerful orgasm, her love-juices gushing down his shaft, drenching it in her feminine fluids.

Valerie leaned down, burying her boy's face between her cushy boobs, while her fleshy booty bobbed tirelessly up and down, pumping her pussy-tube along the spike of his hardon. He kissed his way around inside her cavernous cleavage, making his way to one of her turgid nipples.

He pulled it into his mouth and suckled deeply, the tip of his tongue flicking over the hard nub of flesh.

Valerie groaned, her body trembling with the pleasure of his oral ministrations. "Oh, yes, baby," she moaned, her hips moving faster and harder, impaling herself on his thick cock. "Suck my tits, Zane. Make me cum!"

Zane obliged, his hands grasping her luscious globes, kneading them roughly as he continued to suckle her nipple. Valerie's cries grew louder and more desperate, and she knew that she was close to cumming again.

A sudden wet sound filled the air, as her pussy convulsed around Zane's cock, her love-juices gushing down his balls, coating every inch of him. Valerie clawed at the sheets, her eyes rolling back in her head as a powerful orgasm coursed through her body.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's entire body shook with pleasure, her face twisted in a mask of ecstasy. He could feel her cunt gripping his cock with a force he had never experienced before, each contraction causing her fuck muscles to chew at his erectile meat.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Zane's chest, her body limp and breathless. Her tits, now slick with sweat and cum, pressed against his chest, their mingled scent intoxicating him.

"Fuck, Mom," he panted, his chest heaving with the effort of keeping up with her. "You're incredible."

Valerie giggled, her eyes still glazed with lust. "I told you, baby. Moms know best."

Zane couldn't help but chuckle at her words as he marveled at the intensity of their encounter. Nearly three hours had past since they first started, and the passion between them was still burning bright. He couldn't imagine ever tiring of his mother, or her insatiable appetite for pleasure.

The fact that her son's dick was still fully rigid after a powerful ejaculation was testament to his youth and vitality, and Valerie couldn't help but feel aroused all over again. "Break time's over, baby," she sighed and slowly began to move her hips, rolling her pussy over Zane's pulsating length, feeling his cock twitch and throb inside her.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, you're so tight," he moaned, his hands gripping her hips as she moved above him. "I can feel every ridge and every little nook of your pussy. It's like you're made just for me."

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A sudden wet sound filled the air, as her pussy convulsed around Zane's cock, her love-juices gushing down his balls, coating every inch of him. Valerie clawed at the sheets, her eyes rolling back in her head as a powerful orgasm coursed through her body.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's entire body shook with pleasure, her face twisted in a mask of ecstasy. He could feel her cunt gripping his cock with a force he had never experienced before, each contraction causing her fuck muscles to chew at his erectile meat.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Zane's chest, her body limp and breathless. Her tits, now slick with sweat and cum, pressed against his chest, their mingled scent intoxicating him.

"Fuck, Mom," he panted, his chest heaving with the effort of keeping up with her. "You're incredible."

Valerie giggled, her eyes still glazed with lust. "I told you, baby. Moms know best."

Zane couldn't help but chuckle at her words as he marveled at the intensity of their encounter. Nearly three hours had past since they first started, and the passion between them was still burning bright.

He couldn't imagine ever tiring of his mother, or her insatiable appetite for pleasure.

Valerie felt like she could ride her son like a cowgirl for yet another three hours. The intensity of the moment seemed to have no end, as Zane's dick never seemed to soften. Valerie's pussy quivered and

contracted, milking his cock, her orgasmic aftershocks sending waves of pleasure throughout her body.

Zane's chest heaved with each breath, his body glistening with sweat, beads of it trickling down his forehead and between his pecs. His hands gripped his mother's waist, steady and strong, as he thrust his hips upward, meeting her every movement.

"Damn, Mom, you're something else," he grunted, his voice hoarse with desire.

Valerie moaned, her eyes locked onto his, her body responding to his every touch, his every word. She felt a new sense of power, a newfound confidence in her sexuality, her motherly instincts taking over.

"You're not kidding," she replied, her voice breathy and sultry. "But you know what? I can do better."

With that, Valerie gave a another surge of energy, her hips bucking wildly, her body gyrating in a frenzied dance that Zane had never seen before. Her oversized, sweat-sheened tits flopped around crazily, reeling, rippling and smacking together; creating quite the spectacle for the boy who had a front row seat. Her pussy seemed to pulse with a life of its own, gripping her son's thick cock with a force that made him gasp for breath.

Zane's boner was being rocked to another level of sensations, as if it had never been more alive. He felt like he could cum again, but he wasn't ready to let go just yet. He needed more, needed to go deeper, to fuck his mother harder and stronger.

"Fuck, Mom, what are you doing to me?!" he cried out, his voice filled with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

Valerie threw her head back, her eyes closed, and let out a primal scream as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her love-juices

flowed down her legs in rivulets, soaking the sheets beneath them. Zane felt her pussy muscles clench around him, milking his cock like never before.

"Oh, God, Zane, I'm cumming! I'm cumming so motherfucking hard!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with pleasure.

Zane could feel her cunt pulsing around his cock, each contraction causing him to moan in delight. He knew that he was close to cumming himself, but he didn't want this to end just yet. He wanted to savor every moment of this intense, passionate connection between them.

Valerie felt like she was floating on a cloud, her body enveloped in a warm, tingling sensation that seemed to radiate out from her pussy. She could feel each pulse of her inner muscles gripping Zane's cock, pulling him deeper into her with every throb. Her mind was a haze of pleasure, her body a temple of lust, and her heart was filled with an overwhelming love for her son.

As Valerie's orgasm subsided, she felt a new surge of desire coursing through her veins. She could feel the tension in her son's body, the way his cock was throbbing inside of her, begging for release. She knew that he was close, and she wanted to give him the most intense orgasm he had ever felt.

"Fuck me, baby," Valerie moaned, her eyes locked onto his. "I want to feel you pump a baby into me,"

Zane felt the words reverberate through his body, a low growl rising in his throat. He thrust his hips harder, faster, his cock hitting her cervix with every stroke.

Valerie could feel the resistance of his thick rod, her inner muscles clamping down on him, pleading for release. She knew that her son was close, and she wanted to feel him cum inside of her. The

thought of him pumping his seed into her, filling her with his love, made her heart race with desire.

"I'm going to cum, Mom," Zane moaned, his voice strained with passion. "I'm going to fill you up with my sperm."

At the sound of his words, Valerie felt her own orgasm building once again. She began to move her hips in a circular motion, milk his cock in a deep pussy-grind. She felt the wetness between her legs increase, beads of her love-juices dripping down his balls, coating his thighs.

Zane felt like he was going to pass out from the intensity of the sensation around his hardon. As his orgasm hit him like a freight train, he cried out in pleasure, his hips thrusting harder and faster, driving his cock deeper into his mother's pussy. He felt like he was losing control, like his body was possessed by some unholy force, but he didn't care. He wanted this feeling to last forever.

Valerie could feel the waves of pleasure coursing through her heavy-titted body with each thrust, like electricity shooting through her veins. She knew that her son was cumming, and she was ready to welcome his love-juices into her womb.

As Zane's orgasm peaked, she could feel the hot, pulsing stream of his sperm filling her up, bathing her insides with his love. She writhed passionately on top him, her pussy clenching around his cock, milking every last drop of his pleasure from him.

Finally, Zane's orgasm subsided, his body limp and weak from the intensity of their lovemaking. He could feel his heart beating in sync with his mother's, their bodies intertwined in a post-coital embrace.

"I love you, Mom," Zane whispered, his voice barely above a whisper. "I just know we're gonna create a super-cool baby together."

Valerie smiled, a warm, loving smile that radiated from her heart. "I love you too, Zane, and I agree. We're gonna make the greatest little baby ever."

The following day, John made the decision to swing by and visit his son at the pizza place. However, as he pulled into the parking lot, he didn't see his Zane's car anywhere. Despite this, he decided to go inside, hoping that maybe his son had gotten a ride to work that day.

"Hi, is Zane working today?" John asked the worker at the register.

"Who?" The young man asked, clearly looking confused.

"My son, Zane. Zane Shotwell."

"Sorry, no one works here by that name."

"That not true. He's worked here for a couple months now," said John, his face masked with confusion.

"Look, man…I've worked here for a year. If there was a Zane here, I think I'd know it."

John went out to his car and attempted to call his son, but got no answer. He tried his wife's phone, but was also unsuccessful, which didn't surprise him since he knew she was at the clinic.

John grew worried when he didn't see Zane's car at the house. He quickly made the decision to drive over to the clinic himself and try to talk to Valerie in person. He was taken aback when he came across both Zane's and his wife's vehicles in the parking lot.

"Can I help you?" asked Heidi, the receptionist.

"Yes, I was wondering if I could speak to my wife, Valerie Shotwell. She's a client here."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shotwell, Valerie is in the middle of a session. Is this an emergency?"

"No, it's not an emergency, but it's very important," John replied.

"I understand, Mr. Shotwell, but our policy is unless it's an emergency we don't interrupt sessions here at the baby making factory."

"I see. My son Zane's car is in your parking lot. Did he stop in here by chance?"

"Mr. Shotwell, I'm not at liberty to discuss our clients' information, but I can assure you that we don't allow anyone to enter the premises without their appointment. If you have any questions or concerns about your son, Zane, you should reach out to him directly."

"Well, how long until my wife is through with her session?"

"It's hard to say. She could be another hour or two, maybe less. The session lengths vary really."

"Could I just got back and talk to her? It'll only take a few minute," John asked pleasingly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shotwell, only clients and donors are allowed beyond this point. You're more than welcome to hang out in our waiting room, but I'm afraid I can't give you any more information on how long they'll be."

John sighed, feeling increasingly confused and worried. "Okay. I'll just wait here then."

As he settled in the waiting room, John couldn't help but notice the other female clients there his wife's age. Some looked anxious, while others looked excited or even nervous.

As Heidi was occupied with another potential client, John seized the opportunity to discreetly follow a woman who had been taken to the back hallway. Surprisingly, he managed to slip into the restricted area without being noticed.

He snuck past the lab and through the heart of the baby making factory, where clients and donors were engaged in their private sessions of sexual intercourse. John couldn't believe his ears as he snuck past the closed doorways and heard the moans and groans of people giving and receiving pleasure. The air was thick with the scent of sex and desire.

Amongst the chorus of female cries, one in particular caught his attention – it sounded hauntingly familiar. He quickly made his way towards the room where it originated from. As he neared the room, he could hear explicit, passionate moans that belonged to none other than his wife, Valerie. His heart pounded in his chest and his palms began to sweat as he tried the door, but found it locked. It apparently needed some type of key card to enter.

Filled with sick curiosity, he put his ear to the door to have a ease drop on what was taking place inside. John felt a chill run down his spine as he listened to his wife get fucked hard. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh, grunts and sighs, and wet, messy noises that made him feel both repulsed and excited.

"Yess, oh, God…fuck meee!" his wife's voice cried out from inside the room, clearly in the throes of passion. John knew he had agreed to this, but it didn't make it any easier to listen to.

He tried to imagine lewd scene that was taking place inside the room. He heard the man, who must have been the baby factory's donor, groan in pleasure as he thrust harder and faster, his balls smacking against Valerie's ass.

Suddenly, a door across the hallway opened. It was Avah and she glared at John in shock. Behind her, in the room, a beautiful, middle-

aged redhead was feverishly riding the cock of a boy that looked barely 18. The teenager's eyes were big and glazed with lust as he watched a set of huge alabaster tits bounce around wildly above him.

"Um, excuse me, you shouldn't be back here," Avah told John with a stern expression.

"Sorry, I was just looking for my wife, Valerie," John said, his cheeks red with embarrassment.

"No, this area is restricted. You can wait in the waiting room and she'll be out when her session is over."

"Got it, sorry," said John, clearly embarrassed as he made his way back towards the front of the building.

As John made his way back towards the front of the building, he couldn't shake the images or sounds that he had heard. He sat nervously in the waiting room, trying to distract himself until Valerie was finished.

Finally, Valerie emerged from her session, a fresh flush on her face and a satisfied smile playing on her lips. John couldn't help but feel a pang of envy as he watched his wife exit the baby factory.

"John, what are you doing here?" Valerie in a slightly annoyed tone. "Avah said she saw you sneaking around in the hallway."

"I'm looking for Zane. I went by the pizza place, but they claimed he doesn't work there and never has. Then I come here and his car's parked next to yours."

Valerie's expression changed from annoyance to nervousness as she looked at John. "Well, he, um…did mention something about wanting a job here. Maybe he's in an interview," she said, desperately trying to make up a plausible explanation.

"A job here…doing what?! And why did he lie to us about flipping pizza?"

"Honey, I'm not sure what's going on with Zane, but now is not the right time or place to have this conversation. We'll discuss it at home when we can all sit down together and get a clear understanding of the situation from Zane himself. Right now, I need to go back in for another session."

"Another session?" John asked.

Valerie rolled her eyes and sighed, clearly frustrated with John's interrogation. "Yes, John, another session. I'm a client here, remember? This is the baby making factory."

She turned and walked away, leaving John standing in the lobby of the clinic, feeling more confused and disturbed than ever. He rubbed his temples, trying to piece together the fragmented pieces of information he had been given.

John made his way back to his car, contemplating the strange and unsettling day he had experienced. As he drove home, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. Not only was there the mystery of his son's sudden disappearance, but now the baby making factory and its clients were added to the mix.

"What did dad want?" Zane asked as his mother came back to the breeding suite and began undressing.

"Apparently, he went to the pizza parlor and you weren't there, then he came here and saw your car in the lot."

"Oh, shit…what did tell him?" Zane said with a panicked expression.

"Very little. Needless to say, we'll need to do some damage control when we get home later," said Valerie as she unclasped her bra, releasing her bobbling tits. "You don't need to worry about that right

now though. You have a job to do, young man, and that's where your focus needs to be."

Zane began stroking his semi-hard pecker, while watching his mom shed her dainty panties. He licked his lips, staring at her hairless pudenda, eager to see it stretched around the meat of his cock again.

"Mm, get it nice and hard, Zane," his mother cooed, crawling onto the bed in front of him. "We have a baby to make."

She rolled onto her back and spread her lovely legs wide in the air, smiling seductively at Zane. Then, Valerie reached down, spreading her wet, pink lips open, beckoning him to slide inside. "Come wash mommy's womb with you hot semen, baby," she moaned, her voice dripping with desire.

Zane wasted no time crawling onto the bed and positioning himself at the entrance of his mother's already moist sex. With a groan of pleasure, he thrust into her, feeling her hot, tight walls enveloping his thick shaft.

"Oh yes, that's it, baby," Valerie cried, her voice hoarse with need. "Give me all that fucking nut and make me pregnant with your baby."

Zane slammed into her over and over again, his cum-bloated balls slapping against her ass with a satisfying rhythm. The sight of his mother's body, spread out beneath him, was the most wonderful thing in the world.

Valerie reached down, rubbing her clit furiously, her eyes rolling back in her head as she neared her climax. Having had two ejaculations earlier, one from having his dick sucked and the other from fucking his mom doggy style, Zane felt like he could go at least an hour without cumming again.

The boy loved watching his mom orgasm; the way her back arched and her giant breasts heaved with each deep breath. Her eyes were closed in bliss, her pretty face masked in ecstasy as she reached the pinnacle of her pleasure. It was an awe-inspiring moment, and the boy was immediately entranced.

He watched as she rode the wave of her climax, screaming as her body convulsing, her muscles clenching, and her breath ragged.

"Auugh, shit!" the teen gasped as he felt her pussy spasm and bathe his boner with smoldering girl-cum.

He fucked harder and deeper than before, his own desire building with every thrust.

"Oh, Zane! Yes, yes, yes!" cried Valerie, her voice still pitchy from her release. "Fuck me, baby, fuck me!"

The lewd sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, grunts and sighs, and wet, messy noises filled the room as Zane thrusted harder and faster, his balls smacking against his mother's rounded ass.

"Oh my God!" Valerie gasped, her voice full of intensity as she neared her climax again. "I'm going to cum again, Zane! I'm going to cum all over your fucking cock!"

The teen could feel his own passion building, the lust inside him reaching a fever pitch as his mother's moans became more fervent. He thrust deeper, his cock pulsating with every full-length plunge.

He relished the sight of her contorted face, her moans echoing in the room, as if it were a secret kingdom that only he had the key to. The teen could feel the pulsating energy inside him, a testament to his dominance, as he delivered pleasure after pleasure to his mother.

As he explored her desirous depths, a strange sensation washed over him, a feeling of connection, of pure, unadulterated lust. It was

as if they were not just a mother and her son, but two beings united in a bond forged by unbridled desire. This newfound sense of connection gave him a thrill that he had never experienced before, not even when he had conquered his first conquest.

He rested his weight against her, crushing Valerie's jiggling tits against his chest as she wrapped her silky mommy-legs high around his back in a carnal embrace.

As Valerie writhed beneath him, Zane couldn't help but wonder what his father would say if he could witness this moment. John's eyes would surely be wide with shock, his mouth gaping as he tried to process the scene before him – his son plunging his cock into the very woman who had given birth to him, the boy who they had raised together.

Even if John did catch them, it wouldn't have mattered. His baby making days were over and Zane was clearly the alpha male in his mother's life at the moment.

Zane's body moved with force and precision, his muscles flexing as he thrust into Valerie's body. Her skin glistened with sweat and her hair was wild and tangled, her eyes filled with a mix of desire and pleasure.

The room was filled with the musky scent of their bodies, a combination of sweat, cock, pussy and hot cum. The smell was intoxicating and only heightened their desire for each other.

Valerie's limbs flexed as she clung to her teen, her luscious body glowing with a thick sheen of perspiration. They kissed passionately, their tongues frantically exploring each other's mouths.

As the minutes passed, Zane's heart pounded, and his breath grew ragged. He felt as though he could never have enough of his mother's body, her warmth, her wetness, and her moans of

pleasure. Valerie's own lust was palpable, and it only fueled his own desire.

He shifted his position slightly, lifting his mother's lovely legs over his shoulders, bringing him even deeper into her welcoming depths.

Valerie cried out in pleasure, her body arching off the bed, her hands clutching at his back as he filled her with his immense member.

"Zane, I'm so close," she panted, her voice filled with raw need.

With each thrust, Zane felt his own orgasm building, the pressure in his balls growing stronger with every plunge, but he refused to climax until his mother reached her peak once more.

"I'm gonna cum, Zane," Valerie groaned, her voice shaking with passion. "I'm gonna cum so fucking hard."

Zane grunted in response, his hips moving in a desperate rhythm as he drove himself deeper into his mother's slick, tight pussy. Her hot, wet walls seemed to suck him in deeper, and he knew he was close.

"Cum with me, baby," Valerie pleaded, her voice thick with lust. "Cum inside me, fill me up with your hot, sticky seed."

Zane needed no further encouragement. He thrust harder and faster, his balls slapping against his mother's quivering derriere with a rhythmic **SMACK**. His cock pummeled deep within her, bursting with blood and cum. His orgasm washed over him like a tidal wave, his body wracked with convulsions as he pumped his essence into the woman who had given him life.

Valerie screamed, her orgasm cresting over the edge as well, her body shuddering beneath him. She clawed at his back, her nails leaving little trails of pain and pleasure in their wake.

Zane's knob swelled like a blooming mushroom as ropes of cum erupted from his meatus, hosing down the head of his mother cervix and her quivering cuntal walls. His pearly-white jizz looked almost iridescent against the deep pink background of his mother's cunt tunnel.

As the boy's body stilled, he collapsed onto Valerie, his spent cock twitching inside her. His mother wrapped her arms around him, pulling him close, and they kissed deeply, their tongues mingling and twining together in a dance of passion and satisfaction.

For minutes, they lay there, their bodies slick with sweat and cum, their hearts beating in sync. It was a moment of pure bliss, a moment that would be forever etched in their minds, a moment that would forever bind them together in a love that knew no bounds.

Slowly, Zane pulled out of his mother, his cock glistening with a mixture of his cum and her juices, creating a new scent that was uniquely theirs. Valerie moaned softly, a mixture of pleasure and loss in her voice.

"That was amazing, Zane," she whispered, her voice still thick with lust.

Zane grinned, his face flushed with satisfaction. "I agree," he replied, his voice filled with pride.

With a kiss to her sweaty forehead, Zane slithered from his mother's embrace and slowly stood up. His wet cock still jutted from his crotch in full meaty hardness, his knob still twitching from his powerful ejaculation. He glanced down at his mother's spent body, the glistening fluids still seeping from her now-empty tunnel.

Valerie lay in the bed, her heavy tits drooping slightly off the sides of her chest, her body still twitching slightly with the remnants of her orgasm. The mother's eyes were misty and half-lidded, her gaze heavy with adoration and desire as she looked up at her son's

glistening, muscular body. His broad shoulders and carved chest were a sight to behold, his wet cock still standing tall and proud between his legs. Having given him a short refractory period, knowing that a teenager could bounce back quickly, it was time to resume fucking.

Valerie swiftly moved to the edge of the bed and stood, then effortlessly leapt from the ground and wrapped her limbs around the boy in a tight embrace.

Zane grasped her ass, his fingers sinking into the fatty meat of her cheeks as he held her against him. Valerie's squishy tit-orbs were crushed between them, bulging out at the sides. "Get that fucking dick back inside me," she whispered wantonly, then dove for his lips.

Zane's kiss met Valerie's with urgency, their tongues fucking each other's mouths as if they had a mutual need to be ravished. Valerie released one hand from Zane's neck and moved it between their bodies, her fingers finding his cum-leaking erection. She began to stroke him slowly, her grip firm yet gentle, as if caressing a prized possession.

She rubbed his spongy tip against her prepuce, prying back the fleshy hood to expose the grape-sized nubbin of her glans. "Ahhh!" Valerie gasped as she rubbed their love-bulbs together.

With his mother's help, Zane's cockhead found its mark, slipping into his mother's silky entrance with ease. The sight of Valerie's widening eyes as she gazed back at his own sent a shudder of lust through him. How many times had they done this now? Ten? Twenty? It was impossible to remember.

Valerie's internal muscles clenched around his stiff member, milking it and pulling it deeper into her depths. They adjusted their positions slightly, Zane pinning his mother against the wall.

Valerie's face was a mask of raw emotion, her eyes glazed with lust and her skin glistening with sweat.

Their bodies moved in perfect syncopation, Zane's cock sliding in and out of his mother's cunt as if it had a mind of its own. The scent of their mingling fluids hung heavy in the air, a potent mix of hormones and sexual energy.

"I can't get enough of this, mom," the boy sighed, feeling his boner relieve a deep cuntal massage.

"I can't either," she whispered between kisses. "Isn't it obvious?"

With her warm, thick thighs clamped tightly around his waist, Valerie used the heels of her feet against his taut ass to guide her son's thrusts. Her toes were clenched, her brightly painted toenails shimmering in the dimly lit room.

As Zane thrust in and out of his mother's warm, wet pussy, he couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at the way her body responded to his. Valerie moved in counterpoint, muscles rippled and clenched around his cock with every stroke, pulling him deeper inside her with each thrust.

Valerie's moans grew louder and more desperate, her hands gripping his back and pulling him closer with each cry of pleasure. She showed her sexual mastery, her hips bucking wildly as she rode him, her body arching and twisting in a sensual dance of passion.

The smell of their combined lust and sweat filled the air, the room growing hot and humid as their bodies collided and their desire built to new heights.

Valerie's oversized hooters rippled wildly with each thrust, her nipples fat and erect, begging for attention.

One and on they fucked, like two animals, screwing each other with fervor and lust.

Valerie's cunt walls continued to pulsate around his shaft, milking every drop of his precum. Zane adjusted his angle, so his cock head plowed against her G-spot with each thrust, sending shockwaves of pleasure through his cum-drenched cock.

Hi mother's moans became more desperate, her back arching as she clung to him, her nails digging into his skin. Valerie's breath grew ragged, her moans turned into screams of pure joy, and her body convulsed with the force of tit-trembling orgasm.

Zane's own ejaculation was building, the sensation of his mother's cunt gripping his cock like a vice made his penis throb and his balls churn. "Fuck, mom!" he grunted, his breath coming in ragged gasps. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Do it, baby!" Valerie cried, her voice hoarse with arousal. "Give mommy your hot baby seed!"

Zane thrust one last time, his cock finding its mark deep inside Valerie's sizzling hot cunt. His body tensed, and with a howling cry of ecstasy, he exploded, his cock shooting hot jets of nut-nectar into the depths of his mother's love canal.

Valerie cried out at the sensation, her cunt walls gripping his cock like a vice, milking every drop of his seed from his erectile flesh. The room filled with the sound of their panting breaths and the sloppy smacks of their heated pissers beating together.

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, as if the two of them were one living, breathing organism, their bodies intertwined in a dance of passion that defied all reason.

As his ejaculation subsided, Zane just held his mother against the wall, his twitching boner soaking in the furnace of her cunt. Valerie

continued to cling to her boy…her donor, her soft, heavenly arms and legs squeezed tightly around him. His head rested against her shoulder as she combed her long nails through the back of his hair. It was a scene of primal intimacy, a mother enfolding her child in a cocoon of ecstasy.

"So, let's talk about where you were today," said John as he confronted his son at home later.

Valerie sat at her son's side, holding his hand to show support.

"I had an interview at the baby making factory. The one mom's using to help you guys have a baby."

Valerie spoke up proudly. "Not only did Zane have an interview, but they hired him. Look, they've already added his bio page to the brochure," she said, handing her husband the information.

John scanned through it, impressed by its contents, except for the part that described the length and girth of his son's cock. That part gave him a pang of jealousy.

"A donor? Wow, that's great, Zane. I'm proud of you, son." John said, trying to hide his mixed emotions.

Valerie leaned over and kissed her son's forehead. "You'll make a great baby-daddy, my little stud."

"So, you're gonna be having, uh…sex with women, like your mom's age?" John asked.

"Yeah, they said at least two women a week, during their obulition cycles," Zale answered.

"Ovulation cycles, honey," his mom giggled, correcting him.

John couldn't help but feel a little envious. "Well, I certainly hope you doing this for the right reasons and not just to have sex with these women."

"Of course not, dad," Zane replied, trying to reassure his father. "I'm just helping out and providing a much-needed service. And besides, the money is pretty good too."

Valerie chimed in, "It's a win-win situation. Zane gets to have sex with beautiful women, while the women get a chance to have a child with a handsome, young donor."

John sighed, feeling a bit resigned. "Just don't let it go to your head."

"Of course not, dad," Zane assured him.

John could see the expectation in his wife's eyes, the longing for a child, and he felt a tinge of bitterness, wondering if she were pregnant yet from her donor.

"I'm sure you're going to excel at your new job," Zane's mother beamed, a mischievous glint in her eye. "You might even become the top baby-daddy at the factory."

Their eyes held a deep, secret understanding, a shared moment of intense carnal pleasure and forbidden desire. The thrill of their taboo tryst was heightened by the knowledge that they were keeping it hidden from John, adding an extra layer of excitement to their already passionate affair.

As an afterthought, John added, "Also, I just wanted to remind you not to lie to your mom and me about having a job at a pizza place just because you're searching for one."

"Got it, dad. It won't happen again."

It had been exactly seven days after their time at the clinic when Valerie burst through the door of the house, buzzing with excitement. "Gather around, everyone! I have some exciting news to share," she called out enthusiastically.

John, Zane, and her younger daughter rushed into the room, eager to hear Valerie's announcement. "What's the news?" John asked, crossing his fingers for the outcome he desired.

"I'm pregnant!" she shouted excitedly, looking right at Zane.

Her husband rushed over and gave her a big hug. Even though the method they had used was awkward and unconventional, he couldn't be more proud. "Oh, honey, that's great news."

"Yeah, congratulations, mom," said Zane, giving her a meaning smile.

"I gotta call my parents and give them the good news," said John, rushing out of the room.

Valerie's daughter also left, showing little excitement about having a new sibling.

"We did it, Zane," she blurted, rushing over to hug him. "You did it."

"No, mom, it was both of us. We were a team."

"We were an amazing team!" she added, excitedly bouncing on her heels as she hugged him tight. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!!"

"You're welcome, mom," the boy chuckled, enjoying the way her huge, soft titties were jostling around against his chest. He wished he could hike up her skirt, rip off her panties and fuck her savagely right there on the couch in celebration of their success. He hadn't buried his cock in Valerie's tight pussy since their last day at the baby making factory and he was longing for it.

Zane wasn't the only one suffering. Valerie's desire for her son's touch was like a wildfire, spreading through her body with an intensity that she couldn't ignore. Her longing for him was deep and primal, a physical ache that could only be satisfied by his dreamy rod. But with a new life growing inside of her, she had to push those desires aside and deny herself the pleasure she craved. It was a bittersweet torture, knowing that her son was the only one who could truly fulfill her, but also knowing that it was now forbidden and unacceptable.

As the months passed, Valerie's pregnancy progressed and her body bloomed with life. Her belly swelled enormously round with not just one, but two twin fetus's growing inside of her. Valerie's breasts grew larger and rounder, almost bursting with the weight of the milk that they were producing. Her nipples and areola were darker and more prominent, a clear indication of her body's preparation for motherhood.

Along with those changes came a significant shift in hormone levels. Valerie's sex drive skyrocketed, leaving her feeling more aroused than she ever had before. She had worn out three vibrators since being knocked up, but even several daily masturbation sessions couldn't quench her desperate need to be fucked. She could barely contain her urges, and her thoughts were constantly consumed by her son. She wished she could have him inside her, so they could fuck day and night, but she knew she couldn't risk it.

"I'm going fucking crazy!" she told her sister as she hit her ninth month of pregnancy. Her belly was so round, and her breasts so ginormous and milk-swollen, it was all she could do to keep up with the demands of her new body.

"It's normal, Val. A woman's hormones are all over the place during pregnancy," her sister reassured her.

Valerie had been the master of her own desires the past nine months, but now, with her hormones raging and her son's donation still fresh in her mind, the line between motherhood and lust was becoming increasingly blurred. Her body longed for him in a way she never thought possible, but she knew that if she gave in to her desires, she would risk losing everything.

"I can't stop thinking about Zane," she admitted, "about his cock."

"I know the sex you had with him was amazing, but remember, it was a business transaction. That was all."

"That's easy for you to say. You have a husband that actually knows how to fuck you."

"Sex with John can't be that bad, can it?"

Valerie sighed in frustration before answering, "Let's just say spending two to three hours with Zane results in dozens of mind-blowing orgasms, while five to ten minutes with John often doesn't even lead to one. You do the math."

"I don't doubt that Zane is superior to his father sexually in every way," said Kaylee. "I just don't wanna see you do something that you might later regret."

"Do you remember when you went skydiving last year and I was afraid that your parachute might not open? What did you tell me?"

"That it was highly unlikely, and worth the risk," her sister answered.

'Exactly. If Zane and I are careful, there's no way John will find out, and it'll definitely be worth the risk," Valerie said with a devilish grin.

"But you'd still be cheating in him."

Valerie shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "Then I'm a cheating slut for my son. I'm fine with that," she stated.

"I'm outta here!" said John the next morning, snatching up his briefcase. He gave his wife a quick kiss, patting her enormous tummy. "Call me if anything happens."

"I'm still a week from my due date, so I'm not counting on any surprises today," Valerie stated.

Once her daughter caught the school bus, the naughty, pregnant mother was so excited she could hardly stand it. She was finally in the house alone with her son and had every intention of fucking him. She went to her bedroom to pick out something revealing. Valerie decided a stretchy mini tube dress, that hugged every curve, showing off her huge, fetus-packed belly and her monstrously engorged breasts. She put on a pair of sky-high heels, feeling every bit the seductive, irresistible **MILF** she knew she was.

When Zane returned home from his shift at the factory, he couldn't help but notice the change in his mother. She was radiating sex appeal, and it was driving him wild.

"Mom, are you feeling okay?" Zane asked, concern etching his features.

Valerie gave him a wicked grin, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "You know exactly how I'm feeling, Zane. I'm feeling like I need you," she whispered, the words coming out like a seductive mantra.

Zane's eyes flicked downwards, lingering on her ample bosom, swollen with milk and need. Since the dress was semi sheer and she was braless beneath, he could just make out the huge rings of her areola and her nipples stuck out turgidly, like stumps in a swamp.

Zane hesitated for a moment, knowing that their secret affair could be the end of their family if discovered. But the sexual tension

between them was palpable, and it was like a wildfire, burning with an intensity that neither of them could ignore.

Valerie's feet were clad in sky-high heels, the slender straps wrapping around her ankles as she confidently strode towards Zane. With each step, the heels clicked against the hard wood floor, creating a tantalizing rhythm. Her tits were impossibly large, quivering atop her obscenely round belly. The plump shape of her milk-engorged breasts were accentuated by her braless state and the semi sheer dress she wore.

Valerie reached out and touched his chest, her fingers tracing the lines of his muscles. Zane's heart raced as their eyes locked, and he knew that he couldn't resist her any longer.

"Did you fuck too hard at work this morning, or did you save enough energy for more fun?" the mother asked, staring into his eyes.

"I always have the energy for more fun," he answered.

"That's what makes you so special, baby," Valerie whispered, tracing her nails down his chiseled abs, "besides your hot looks and sweet personality. You're young, and your virile…with balls that are always bursting with hot cum."

"I suppose so," he grinned.

"Don't be so modest, you know it's true, sweetheart," Valerie grinned, sliding her fingers gingerly onto her son's cock-bulge. "You know you have what every mom wants…especially your own mom."

"She has everything I want too," said the boy, gazing at the bulging tit-cleavage that seemed to be staring back at him.

"Come with me," Valerie whispered, leading Zane by the hand towards the bedroom. The excitement and anticipation built up inside him with every step. He could hardly wait to feel his mother's

warm skin against his, to smell her intoxicating scent, to be inside her once more.

He gazed down as he followed her, mesmerized by the alluring sway of her hips and buttocks. Through the thin material, he could make out the deep crack separating the twin half-globes of delectable ass-meat.

The moment they entered the room, Valerie let out a sigh and looked at her son with longing in her eyes. "Do you remember how good it felt to be inside me when we were making these babies together, Zane?" she asked, her voice low and husky. "Do you remember the way we used to fuck, you thrusting deep inside me, making me come over and over again?"

Zane took a deep breath, his eyes burning with lust. "I remember every moment, every touch, every sound," he responded, his voice thick with desire. "I remember how much you loved it, how you begged for more."

"Then let's go back to that place," Valerie said, her voice urgent and pleading. "Let's make love like we never stopped."

Zane's heart raced as he watched his mother slip out of her skimpy tube dress.

As Valerie stood before him, completely naked, except for her heels, her body was a vision of feminine glory. Her heavy melons hung low, their nipples thick and erect, beckoning him to touch them. The last time Zane had seen the caps of her tits they were dusky pink in color. Now they were a dark pinkish-purple from increased blood flow, and definitely more pronounced, making them stand out against the softness of her skin. Her pregnant belly was a sight to behold, round and swollen with life, a testament to the bond they shared.

He took a step toward her, his eyes locked on hers, and he knew that he could never resist her call. In one swift motion, he kneeled before her, his hands reaching up to cup the delicious cheeks of her ass, drawing her close to his eager mouth.

"Oh, Zane," Valerie moaned, grabbing onto his shoulders. "I've been dreaming of this moment since the day I found out I was pregnant with your twins."

The teen's eyes widened as he took in the sight of Valerie's shaved vulva, her outer flanges plump and swollen with desire. The skin around her vagina was smooth and glistening with moisture, inviting him to explore.

Zane leaned in, the tip of his tongue grazing the sensitive skin of his mother's pussy. As he inhaled deeply, Zane was hit with the musky, feminine aroma of his mother's arousal. It was a heady scent, a mix of sweetness and motherhood that made his mouth water. The teen felt an urgent need to taste her, to suckle at her sex like an infant. As his tongue explored her damp folds, Valerie moaned loudly, her body trembling with pleasure.

"Oh, Zane, yes," she murmured, her fingers clutching his shoulders tightly. "You're the only one who can make me feel this way."

Zane's mouth moved lower, his tongue delving inside her wet, coral pink slit. Valerie's moans became louder, her body bucking against his face.

Zane peeled back the dome of her prepuce and latched his lips around her fat, juicy nubbin. In that moment, he felt a strange connection to his own past, the times he was nursed by his mother's body. Now, he was nursing at a different wellspring of life, drawing strength and pleasure from his mother's primal, sexual essence.

As he licked and sucked at her clit, he felt a surge of desire course through him. His cock was hard and throbbing, aching to be

sheathed hot, prenatal pussy. He had gotten plenty of women knocked up, but never experienced one who's body had gone through the wonderful changes of pregnancy.

Valerie panted, her body shaking uncontrollably. "Oh, Zane, don't stop, please!" she begged.

Zane's mouth continued its rhythmic exploration, the suction and swirling of his tongue sending pleasure coursing through Valerie's veins. The sound of her moans filled the room, it was erotic and primal. Her scent was overpowering, intoxicating. He could feel her juices dripping down his chin, and he knew that she was ready.

He stood, quickly shedding his clothing. He heard his mother gasp as his cock sprung from his briefs, pitching upward at the perfect angle. His knob was the same color as her nipples, both equally engorged. Blue veins bulged and snaked their way across the length of Zane's teenage cock, displaying its strength and rigidity. His mother's eyes were fixed on the chiseled contours and pulsating veins of his erection, a monument to his virility and her ultimate pleasure. Memories of their wild, passionate encounters at the factory flooded her mind, sending a shiver of anticipation down her spine. She couldn't resist the intense desire to taste and feel him once more, drawn to the raw and primal energy that radiated from his throbbing member.

"Fuck, Zane… I need you," she whispered, her voice laced with desperation. "I need to feel you inside me."

He stepped forward, then lifted her up with ease, her legs wrapped around his waist, thighs clamped to his hip. Her giants tits and belly distended outward, crushed between them. She was so warm, so soft, and he could feel the unborn life within her, kicking and squirming as he carried her to the bed.

As Valerie was cradled in his arms, Zane's cock throbbed even harder as his mother's warm, pliant flesh enveloped him. He lowered

her onto the bed, her skin glistening with a mixture of perspiration and arousal. Her eyes locked onto his, pleading for him to take her, to make her his once again.

Valerie's knees were pulled back, revealing the soft curves of her matronly thighs and the wide expanse between them. Her bare feet, with toes painted a bright, red nail polish, hovered in the air, the delicate arches showcased in the dim light of the room, spurring on her son's arousal.

Without a moment's hesitation, he climbed atop his pregnant mother, positioning himself at her entrance, his engorged tip pressing against the pink, swollen folds of her sex. Her vagina was dripping wet, a testament to the raw, untamed desire that coursed through her body. Valerie's eyes locked onto his, her expression pleading, her body trembling with anticipation.

Zane's heart raced as he slowly began to push inside her, feeling her muscles clench tightly around his cock. She already had the most exquisite pussy he ever fucked, but now that more blood was drawn to her vagina from pregnancy, the pleats lining her pink sleeve were more pronounced, offering even greater resistance.

"Ahh, fucking shit, mom!" the boy gasped, as his boner snaked its way through her birthing tube, his nerve endings stimulated divinely by the snug walls and hot, slippery secretions.

Valerie's breath hitched in her throat as she felt her son's cock slide inside her, filling her up with his virile essence. Her pussy clenched tight around him, her body rocking in time with his, her muscles flexing, gripping him in a vice-like hold.

"Oh, Zane, yes, give it to me, baby!" Valerie cried out, her voice raspy and full of passion. "Fuck me like you've never fucked anyone before!"

Zane's hips bucked, driving himself deeper into her body, his dick sliding between her thick, swollen labia. His balls slapped against her ass, each strike sending a shockwave of pleasure through her entire being.

"Oh, fuck, mom, you feel so good," he groaned, his eyes locking onto her heavy tits, as they rolled along her rib cage like big bowling balls with every thrust. "I can't believe I'm fucking you again."

Valerie moaned, her voice a mix of pleasure and shame. "I've wanted you so badly, Zane. Fill me up with your massive cock."

His hips kept pounding, her pussy sucking him in deeper, the wet friction causing his swollen head to rub against her G-spot. He loved the way his chiseled torso sunk against the meat of her rounded belly, feeling the babies they had created sandwiched between their writhing bodies.

Valerie's frame began to quiver, her heart pounding in her chest, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She clawed at the bedsheets, her nails digging into the fabric, each thrust sinking him deeper into her, the walls of her sex constricting and releasing in perfect rhythm with his thrusts.

"Fuck, yes, Zane, right there, that's it!" Valerie screamed, her body arching off the bed, her breasts bouncing wildly. "Give it to me, baby, give me all of that dick!"

Zane's pace quickened, his hips slamming into her over and over, each thrust sending her higher and higher, the tightness of her pussy forcing him to the brink of madness. He could feel his release building, the pressure in his balls like a ticking time bomb. He clenched his pelvic floor muscles, so he could jackhammer her tight pussy without cumming.

Valerie's orgasm crashed upon her like a tidal wave, her body shaking violently as the pleasure washed over her. Her clit was on

fire, her pussy clenching and unclenching around Zane's cock, milking him for every last drop of pleasure.

"Oh, Zane, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" she cried out, her voice hoarse from the intensity of the experience. For nine months she had waited to cum this fucking hard again and she was determined never to make that mistake again.

Zane felt her pussy pulsating around him, her inner muscles rippling with each contraction. It was the hottest sensation he had ever experienced, and he knew that he would do anything to feel it again and again.

He pregnant belly wobbled with every thrust, a testament to the miraculous life growing within. He could feel the babies shifting and squirming, as if in sync with their mother's pleasure. The thought filled him with a sense of awe and responsibility, and he knew that he would never take his mother's body for granted.

He lowered his head and latched on to one of her engorged nipples, sinking his face into the rippling, fatty mass of her tit-melon. Valerie let out a low growl as Zane's cock penetrated her to the hilt, eliciting a flood of fluids from her pussy. She could feel his throbbing member, pulsating inside her, and it felt like a wave of heated pleasure coursing through her veins.

"Fuck me, Zane!" Valerie begged, her voice ragged with desire. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

With each thrust, Zane felt Valerie's body tremble beneath him, and her pussy squeezed his dick with an intensity he had never experienced before. He could feel his own climax building, the intensity of her pleasure driving him towards his own release.

"I'm cumming, mom!" his tit-smothered mouth groaned, his body tensing as he slammed into her harder and faster. He could feel his balls tightening, his cock swelling with each full-length thrust.

Valerie felt the familiar tingling sensation in her abdomen, a reminder that their children were feeling their parents' lovemaking from within her. She trembled with desire, imagining their little ones squirming and reaching out to touch her, feeling her contractions and the vibrations of Zane's huge boner slamming against her cervix.

"Cum inside me, Zane," she pleaded, her voice hoarse with lust. "Fill me with your cum, and give our babies life."

Zane groaned, his body shaking with the force of his orgasm. He thrust into her one last time, burying himself deep inside her, before collapsing onto her, his weight pinning her to the bed.

Valerie could feel the warmth of his cum spurting inside her, each spasm of his cock sending fresh nutrients to their unborn offspring. She writhed beneath him, her body convulsing in a wild orgasm of her own.

As Zane's cock continued to pulsate inside her, Valerie felt a surge of love and gratitude for her son, for giving her this incredible pleasure and for the beautiful life they had created together.

When at last Zane's body went limp and he rolled off her, Valerie lay there, panting and sweaty, her hair stuck to her forehead. She could feel the heat of his cum still boiling inside her, and it was a feeling that she would treasure forever, a connection that went beyond mere flesh and blood.

They lay there, bathed in the afterglow of their passionate lovemaking, both of them basking in the knowledge that they had reunited after such a long, miserable break from each other.

As Zane reached over and held her hand, she whispered, "Thank you, Zane. You don't know how bad I needed that."

"My pleasure, mom…literally," he sighed.

Valerie turned on her side, facing her son, making her breasts and belly balloon outward in a breathtaking manner. She ran her fingers across her son's sweat-sheened chest, gazing at him adoringly. "I know you've been getting plenty of hot **MILF** pussy at the baby factory, but I hope I was nice and tight for you?"

Zane smirked, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Oh, very tight, mom," he replied, running his fingers along the length of his still-erect cock. "You were tighter than any of the other girls, I think."

Valerie chuckled, her chest rising and falling rapidly with her breath. "I bet you say that to all the moms."

"Maybe," Zane said with a shrug. "But what can I say? I've got a thing for pregnant women now."

Valerie smiled and pulled him closer, so their bodies became tangled in a mess of limbs and sweat. "Well, I'm glad you do, because this pregnant woman can't get enough of your big dick."

"Help yourself to it, anytime you want."

"Mm, well in that case, I have three requests."

"Oh?" Zane asked, raising an eyebrow as he nuzzled against her engorged tits.

"First, leave your job at the baby making factory. You'll have plenty of pussy right here at home. Plus, I'll be honest, I'm **VERY** possessive, and the idea of you going off to fuck other girls when you could be fucking me would make me extremely jealous."

Zane chuckled and nodded, his lips grazing her nipple as he whispered, "I'll quit and we'll create our own baby factory, right here at home. You won't have to share me with anyone else."

Valerie's lips curled into a satisfied grin. "Well, I may have to get used to having a round belly then. That's ok though, the more babies we make means the harder your father will have to work, and him being gone longer hours gives us a lot more time to fuck."

"True. So, um…what's the second request you have?" Zane asked.

"My second request is more…uh, intimate…" she said, a blush creeping up her face.

"I'm all ears, mom," Zane said, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"I've always had this fantasy of a young guy driving me out to the woods and fucking me up the ass on the backseat of his car," she confessed. "I want you to make that fantasy come true."

Zane's jaw dropped at his mother's request, but he quickly recovered and nodded eagerly. "Consider it done, mom," he promised. "We'll find the perfect secluded spot and make all your anal fantasies come true."

Valerie's heart swelled with desire and the ring of her asshole throbbed between her ass-cheeks at her son's willingness to fulfill her every sexual desire. She could barely contain her excitement as she played with the thick muscles of his biceps. "So, let's plan it for tomorrow afternoon," she suggested. "We'll go out to the woods behind the old barn outside of town, where no one will be able to see us. And I'll wear my tightest, sexiest outfit to get you even more worked up."

Zane chuckled and agreed to the plan. "I can't wait," he murmured, his fingers dancing over her fat, ripe breasts. "I'll bring a blanket to spread over the top of us, so we can make it as comfortable as possible."

"Oh, that sounds wonderful," Valerie purred, her body trembling with anticipation. "It'll be like we're in our own little world, just you and

me, making all sorts of dirty, filthy, kinky anal love in the forest."

Zane couldn't help but reach down to squeeze his horny cock. "Damn, mom…just talking about it has me all worked up," he said excitedly.

Valerie reacted with a mischievous grin. "You'll love the third request I have for you then."

"What is it?"

Valerie rose up and crawled down between her son's legs. She hovered there on all-fours, then used her hand to lift Zane's boner, pointing it up the huge canyon between her dangling udders. "Well, since we're all about trying new things, I'd like you to tittie-fuck me."

Zane grinned and lifted his head off the bed, just enough to look at his mother's hanging tits and the beautiful, round baby factory beneath them. "Well, then you'll be making one of **MY** dirty fantasies come true too then."

"Come with me," she whispered, "I have the perfect place for our tittie adventure."

Valerie's pregnant belly was a full and round, taking up most of her frame as she led Zane by the hand into the en-suite. Her cute waddling walk only drew attention to her large, heavy breasts as they swayed back and forth with each step. Her face held a sly grin, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Zane felt like he was being led to paradise as he watched his mom naked, undulating ass. His boner bobbed stiffly on his loins with each anxious step he made.

Valerie stopped at the tub and began filling it with water, pouring bubbles and essential oils into it. "Get in," she commanded, then gave her boy a sensual kiss on the lips.

Zane obeyed without hesitation, stepping into the steaming hot water and sinking into the bubbles. He looked up at his mother, who was now perched on the edge of the tub, her naked body a vision in front of him.

Valerie reached down, grabbed her son's stiff cock, and began to stroke it slowly. "Now, I want you to imagine something," she whispered seductively, her voice low and sultry. "Imagine that my milk-filled tits are the most delicious pies you've ever seen, inviting you to take a bite. Your cock is the fork, and it's about to pierce through the flaky crust and into the warm, gooey filling. Can you see it?"

Zane's eyes widened as his mind's eye filled with the image she painted. He nodded eagerly, his heart pounding in his chest. Valerie smiled knowingly and stood up, the swell of her pregnancy hovering over him as she stepped into the tub.

Zane breathlessly watched her straddle his legs and lean forward. With his mother draped over him, her stiff-nippled tits hanging down like huge, succulent melons, he felt as if he were in another world. His mother's skin glistened with steam rising from the water, her face flushed with excitement.

"Would you like to taste the pie, baby?" she whispered.

Zane gave her a nod and Valerie leaned forward, her massive breasts towering above his face. With a confident grin, she lowered her chest onto his nose and mouth, trapping him against the fleshy mass of her boob. His nostrils filled with the scent of her skin, along with her breastmilk, heavy with hormones. Zane breathed in deeply, savoring the intoxicating aroma.

As he inhaled, Valerie began to move her chest, her breasts ripple-swelling with each wave. The sensation was overwhelming. Zane felt as if he were being enveloped in a cocoon of his mother's most intimate parts.

His hands went right to work, massaging the plump flesh, and his tongue darted out to taste the first droplet of milk that trickled from the tip of her nipple.

"That's it, baby," Valerie cooed. "You're such a good boy. Taste all the creamy pie you want."

Zane obliged, lapping up the milk voraciously, his tongue swirling around the thick, sensitive teat. The taste was unlike anything he'd ever experienced, a mix of sweet, salty, and slightly metallic. It was intense, and he couldn't get enough. Zane's eyes closed in pleasure as he rubbed his wet, throbbing penis against Valerie's soft, round belly.

Valerie started to sway her breasts in a gentle tempo, pressing her body against his. As she moved her bosom from side to side, Zane could hear a faint swishing noise as the weighty flesh shifted and the milk inside his mother's melons sloshed around.

"Oh, baby," she softly mewled. "I love how you suck my big tits."

Hearing his mother's expression of pleasure, Zane felt a surge of lust coursing through his veins. He gripped the fatty undersides of her mounds harder and began to suck with increased vigor, his tongue whipping all over the engorged caps of his mom's tits in a frenzied dance. The heat of the water and the intoxicating scent of his mother's milk heightened his senses, and he felt as if he was in a dream.

Valerie moaned softly, her eyes closing as she surrendered to her son's attentions. The feeling of Zane's hot, wet mouth on her nipples was exquisite, and she reveled in the sensation of being needed by her boy. Her hand found its way to the back of his head, guiding his face deeper into the squishy meat of her tit, urging him to suck harder.

"Oh, fuck, that's it, baby," she moaned, her voice thick with passion. "Feed on my fucking tits."

It was a primal scene of desire, his face buried in the soft, warm flesh of his mother's breast as he eagerly suckled and devoured the sweet, creamy milk that flowed from her milk-ducts. He was lost in a haze of pleasure, his lips and tongue exploring the round, pinkish-purple crest, the weight of her tit-melon pressing against his face like a comforting blanket. In that moment, there was only the two of them, mother and son, bound together by the intoxicating sensations of their taboo act.

A few minutes later, Valerie shut the faucet off before the bubbling water could cover their bodies. Zane was still exploring her boobies, kissing and licking his way through the spongy canyon of her tit-cleavage. She reached down between them, griping his throbbing cock with her sudsy hand and began stroking it.

Smothered between his mom's soft, wet mammaries, Zane's eyes rolled back their socket. Valerie knew just how to stroke cock, her fist twisting in a delightful corkscrew motion, her thumb squeezing across the band of skin that separated his shaft from his glans.

"You like that, baby?" her soft voice asked.

"Uh-huh," his bewildered face mashed against the inner slope of her tit.

She moved her hand down his shaft, massaging his balls gently, feeling them draw up against his body as his pleasure increased. She peeked down into the depths of her cleavage and stole a glance at his face, noting the rapturous expression on his features, his eyes closed, his lips parted, and his forehead glistening with a sheen of sweat.

"You're so fucking horny, aren't you, baby?" Valerie's voice was a low, seductive purr. "So eager to fuck mommy's titties."

Zane could barely speak, his mind was swimming with the pleasure of being trapped between his mother's massive, milk-filled tits, his erection throbbing in her hand as she manipulated him.

Valerie's hand tightened around his shaft, her fingers stroking him in quick, firmer motions. She knew how to make her hand feel just like a tight pussy and could feel thick, sinewy boner flexing in her grasp, and she knew that he was on the brink.

"Say it, baby," she whispered. "Tell mom how bad you want to fuck her tits."

Zane groaned, his voice muffled by pounds of tit-flesh. "I wanna fuck your tits so bad, mom," he managed to get out.

Valerie's eyes sparkled with desire. She released his cock, and he slipped out from between her tits. He had one hand planted firmly on her round belly, while the other hand nestled between her feet on the slippery floor of the bathtub.

"That's it," she whispered, sliding her jugs down onto his chest, while vigorously yanking on his cock-shaft. "You say it, baby. You want to fuck my tits, you say it again."

Zane's voice was shaky, but he managed to eke out the words, while staring into her sparkling eyes. "I want to fuck your tits, mom."

"Good boy," Valerie purred. "Now, I'm going to help you, baby. I'm going to show you how it feels to have your cock buried between mommy's tits."

She reached over to grabbed a bottle of body wash, then squeezed some of the clear gel onto her palm, her wet boobs dangling above her son's wide eyes.

Valerie rubbed the soapy gel between her massive jugs, one of her rubbery nipples grazing the tip of Zane's nose as she moved. She

loved to feel the wet, slippery sensation of the gel spreading between her tits. She moved down, positioned herself above him, lining his erect cock up perfectly between her cleavage. "Are you ready, baby?" she asked, her eyes gleaming with excitement and lust.

Zane couldn't speak, his breathing ragged as he stared up at his mother's massive, pregnant. He could only nod his head in agreement.

Valerie lowered herself onto him slowly, her breasts enveloping his shaft inch by inch. He felt the warm, soft weight of her tits surround him as she lowered herself all the way down, his cockhead pressed firmly against her chest.

"Oh, fuck," Zane moaned, his eyes rolling back in pleasure.

Valerie began to rock her body back and forth, slowly at first, her tit-meat swaying and rubbing against his hard cock. "Oh, you're so hard," she whispered beneath her breath, then picked up the pace, her massive boobs slapping against his stomach, her nipples grazing his chest.

Zane threw his head back and groaned, his hips bucking up to meet her movements. He could feel his cock sliding between her soft, warm tits, the slick gel providing just the right amount of resistance.

"That's it, baby," Valerie cooed. "Fuck mommy's tits. Make them leak more milk for you."

Zane's mind was a blur of sensation, his cock gliding between his mother's massive melons, the weight of her breasts pressing down on him, the sound of her heavy breathing filling his ears.

Minutes of glorious tit-fucking passed and Valerie's body movements continued to intensify, her tits bouncing up and down on his shaft like the waves of the sea. Zane felt completely consumed by the

pleasure, his cock throbbing with each thrust, each slap of her tits against his body.

"Oh, fuck, mom!" he panted, desperately trying to maintain control over his rapidly escalating lust. "I'm going to cum!"

"That's it, baby!" Valerie moaned, her voice thick with desire. "Cum inside mommy's tits. Give mommy your hot, milky load!"

Zane's eyes rolled back in his head as his orgasm approached, his breathing became shallow and ragged. His hips bucked wildly, his cock twitching and throbbing between his mother's huge, milk-filled tits. Valerie continued to rock back and forth, her breasts swaying and her nipples brushing against his wet skin.

With a hoarse cry, Zane erupted. Hot, thick cum shot from his meatus, coating the inside of his mother's cleavage with a warm, creamy substance that glistened in the dim bathroom light. Valerie moaned in delight, allowing herself to enjoy the sensation of her son's cum filling her sensitive chest.

The room was filled with the sound of their labored breathing and the lewd squishing of cum as it oozed from between Valerie's tits. They continued their rhythmic movements, Zane's hips pumping wildly as he emptied his seed in between his mother's milk-engorged mammaries.

As Valerie felt the weight of her son's orgasm, she could feel her own arousal building. She rocked faster, her tits bouncing and slapping against his body, driving him deeper into her cleavage. Zane's face was a picture of pure ecstasy, his eyes closed tightly, lips parted, and forehead glistening with sweat.

Their bodies moved In perfect harmony, rocking back and forth in a sexual dance that seemed to go on for hours. Valerie's tits were slick with lather, soap, and cum, as she continued to ride her son's cock

for every ounce of jizz, her nipples grazing his wet skin with every thrust.

"Oh my God, that was beautiful, Zane," the mother sighed, then laid her body down flat against his.

"Yes," he breathed, still reeling from his powerful ejaculation. His mother's lips fused against his in an open oval, their tongues meeting in a slow, sensual dance.

Their bodies merged beneath the water like two heated pieces of metal, each contour fitting perfectly against the other in a molten embrace. Every touch, every movement, was a symphony of pleasure, a perfect harmony of desire and connection that transcended any societal norms or judgments. In that moment, they were simply two beings consumed by the passionate fire of their love for each other.

While they hungrily feasted on each other's lips, Valerie could feel her boy's rod crushed against her vulva, and she could also sense his excited heartbeat through the fat crown of his cock. One of the things she adored about her teen was his short refractory period.

In fact, his cock had hardly gone soft at all, temping her to bury it inside her aching pussy. "I wanna fuck again," she purred between kisses.

"I'm ready," he answered, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

Valerie reached down, her tongue nearly hanging out in lust as she grasped her son's boner, giving it a few preemptory strokes, while sliding her knees up astride his hips in the tub.

Zane watched with wide eyes as his mother positioned herself above him, her massive breasts hugging his neck like a big, fluffy scarf, her ass in the air. She angled herself just so, aligning his rock-hard cock

with her sopping wet pussy, her swollen lips parted around the bell glans of Zane's cock and quickly swallowed him up.

"Oh fuck," Zane gasped, his eyes widening in amazement as he felt his mother's tight, wet sleeve wrap around his cock.

Valerie moaned as her son slid into her core, filling her up in a way that no other man ever could. She loved the feeling of his young, muscular cock inside of her, especially after all the time he had just spent stimulating her tits.

"Oh, Zane," she moaned, her eyes rolling back in pleasure as she started to move her hips, riding her son's cock with a wild, animalistic frenzy.

"Oh, shit, yes!" the boy gasped, feeling his mother's wet pregnant flesh writhe and ripple against him as she bore her cunt down with heated thrusts on the shaft of his cock.

The scent of their combined arousal filled the steamy air, a heady mix of sweat, sex, and a hint of essential oil from the bathwater. The slapping of their flesh and the sound of their rapid breathing filled the small bathroom. Moans and gasps escaped their lips, mixing with the sound of water sloshing in the tub.

Valerie buried her face in the nap of her son's neck, her lips and tongue darting and probing, as she continued to ride him with abandon.

Zane's hands gripped his mother's hips tightly, guiding her movements as she took him deeper, feeling the veins and ridges of his cock stretching her canal. Her titties felt divine sloshing between them like two huge, wet pillows fighting for space. Her pregnant belly was contorted around his torso in a loving embrace, as if to say, "Look what we made together."

As they fucked, Valerie's body shuddered with each powerful thrust, her massive tits spilling over her son's shoulders, their weight forcing Zane's head back as he tried to maintain eye contact with his mother. She moaned and gasped, her hands around his back, gripping his shoulders, her fingers digging into his skin.

The water In the tub was a bubbling cauldron, disturbed by the frantic movements of their writhing bodies. It threatened to overflow, the water almost reaching the brim as it swirled and churned in a frenzy.

Valerie gasped as she neared her climax. Her entire body felt electrified, her arousal building and building with every delicious thrust. The tip of her son's dick dug against the head of her cervix, inches from where their babies were held in their womb-sacks. She had already lost her mucus plug, making her cervix softer and thinner. It also secreted a hot, slippery goo that felt out of this world as it sizzled around the glans of Zane's erectile meat.

"Oh, God, I'm gonna cum so hard!!" Valerie's shaky voice announced.

Zane's heart pounded in his chest as he felt his mother's hips bucking wildly, his cock thrusting in and out, the tight walls of her pussy sucking greedily on his cock with each thrust.

"Cum for me, mom!" he grunted, his own climax building, his balls aching with the need to release. His mother was riding him so fucking hard that her meaty tits were flopping around all over his face.

Valerie's body tensed up, her orgasm barreling towards her like a freight train. Her mind was lost in a sea of sensations, the sound of her son's grunts, the feel of his cock pounding through her cunt-tunnel, the sight of his cute face lost in the rippling swell of her cleavage.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" Valerie screamed, her hips bucking wildly, and her pussy contracting around her son's thick shaft.

Zane felt like he was riding a roller coaster, his own orgasm building like a tidal wave, his balls tightening, and his huge veins in his cock bulging out against the quivering walls of his mom's pussy. "I'm cumming!" he announced. His voice was a primal roar, echoing through the intimate and smothering space between his mother's heaving breasts, as he was overcome with intense pleasure and release.

Valerie planted their crotches together sealing her cunt-flanges around the root of his prick. She ground on her boy's appendage, stirring his entire sinewy boner around inside her spewing cunt.

The water splashed around them, creating a symphony of wet slaps and heavy breathing. Valerie's legs locked around Zane's hips as he thrust inside her, their bodies melded together as one. The fire between them was a raging inferno, consuming them both in an all-encompassing passion.

Zane's eyes rolled back into his head, his lips parted, and his body tensed as he felt the seed gushing forth from his cock in thick, hot jets. Valerie's cunt gripped his shaft with a force that made him cry out. The sensation was indescribable, like pure energy coursing through him, fueling his every movement.

Valerie wrapped her arms around her son, pulling him closer to her, their bodies molding together as they rode out the storm of their passion. She felt the heat of Zane's seed spilling deep inside her, filling her with life, with a connection that transcended even the most primal of instincts.

As the orgasm subsided, they lay quietly in the water, their bodies still entwined, their breaths shallow and ragged.

"Damn, I am so hot for you, Zane," she sighed, like the weight of the world had just squirted out around his dreamy teenage cock.

"I never would have guessed that, mom," he snickered sarcastically.

She sat upright and slapped his chest teasingly. "Don't make fun of me, young man," she blushingly giggled.

Zane was overwhelmed by the sight in front of him. His mom's tits jutted out like the two huge watermelons they brought to the family reunion every summer, and her pregnant belly looked like a beach ball ready to burst. The soapy water cascading down her mommy-orbs only accentuated their enormity. His cock couldn't help but twitch, still hard and encapsulated in the warm, liquid sheath of his mom's cunt.

"I felt that," she giggled, then bit her bottom lip and squeezed her masterful cunt muscles around him.

Zane sighed in ecstasy. "God, the things you do to me, mom."

"Oh, I haven't even scratched the surface of what I plan to do to you," she said with a devilish grin. "In fact, I'd drag you into my bed and fuck you again, but I think you're father's gonna be home soon."

"I guess I'll have to wait for our anal outing tomorrow," said Zane.

"Well, I guess that gives us both something to look forward to then," she said with a saucy wink. Valerie lowered down on her son once more, smothering his young body with her huge, pliable orbs. Her lips hovered an inch from his as she gazed into his eyes with a sultry stare. "Tonight you can think all about mom's tight asshole, gripping around the shaft of your cock on the backseat of your car," she teased," and how fucking amazing it's gonna feel."

"Dreams do come true, mom," he whispered, his heart racing with anticipation.

She leaned forward and captured his lips with hers in a deep, searching kiss. Their tongues dueled playfully, teasing and tasting. Memories of their shared passion in the tub started to fade as they focused on their upcoming anal tryst.

Valerie slowly started to disentangle herself from her son, feeling the cool air replace the warm bath water. Zane followed, and their sexual body parts bounced and bobbled as they dried off. They quickly dressed and just made it downstairs as John was walking in the door from work.

"Hey, what are you guys up to?" he asked.

"Just finishing up our workout, honey," Valerie said with a sly smile. Zane gave her a wink, but they both knew their workout had been a lot more intense than just weights and cardio.

"I didn't know you two were working out together?" John said.

"Oh, yeah…lots of times now. Incredible workouts too. I wanna make sure I'm in tip-top shape to push those babies out."

Zane chimed in, "And I need to make sure I'm strong enough to start lifting those double strollers in and out of mom's car."

John chuckled and shook his head, "You guys are something else."

"Oh, you have no idea," Valerie snickered, giving her son a knowing wink.

Zane gave his notice at the baby making factory the next day and was home earlier than usual. He certainly wouldn't miss pounding all that fertile mature pussy at the clinic, as long as his mom kept putting out. He had a successful year of employment there, with an 88% success rate. He had impregnated 63 women in total, including his beautiful mother.

"Baby, are you ready?" Valarie ask she sashayed up the hallway to his bedroom.

"Just about, mom," he replied, doing a double take as she stopped in his doorway.

Valerie's buttery blonde hair cascaded down her back in soft waves, perfectly styled and highlighted. Her makeup was pristine, with expertly applied foundation, neutral tones on her eyes, and red lips that made her features pop. The mini dress Valerie was wearing hugged her curves in all the right places, emphasizing her shapely, prenatal figure. The strapless neckline showed off her smooth, tanned shoulders and swollen tit-cleavage, the all over cheetah print was eye-catching and bold. The empire waistline created an elegant silhouette, flowing into a loose skirt with an asymmetrical hem. Her six-inch stiletto heels added even more height to her already statuesque frame. Her toes were painted a bright pink, peeking out from the toe strap of her heels. "It's raining cats and dogs out there today, but we can't pet a little rain ruin our plans, can we?" she asked with a sultry smile.

"Damn, you look stunning!" Zane exclaimed, resisting the urge to reach down and squeeze his cock.

"Thank you, dear," she purred, sauntering over to him with a sway of her hips that made his cock stir even more. "I'm all ready for our little anal adventure."

Zane's eyes widened in anticipation as he looked at his mother, his heart pounding with desire. He couldn't believe how beautiful and sexy she looked, and he knew his ball would be drained by the end of the day.

"Let's do this," he said with a fierce determination, his voice low and husky, matching the sound of the storm outside.

Valerie smiled and leaned in to kiss him passionately, her lips warm and soft against his. She reached down and squeezed his hardening cock through his pants, making him moan softly.

"I can't wait to feel this thick, hard cock inside my ass," she whispered, her voice shaky with desire.

Zane and Valerie climbed into his car and made the journey across town. As they turned onto the long, bumpy road that led to the abandoned barn, Valerie slipped off her heels, unfastened her seatbelt and turned to face her son in the driver's seat. "Your father attempted to fuck me from behind last night, but only lasted about two minutes," she snickered. "I swear to God sex in my marriage has just gotten laughable compared to the fucks that you and I have."

"I guess I'll just have to start pulling double duty then," Zane grinned. "To make up for dad's poor performance."

"Is that a promise?"

Valerie's full, pink lips were slightly parted as she bit down on her bottom lip, a look of seduction and desire in her eyes as she gazed at her son. Her mini dress was hiked up, revealing the pale pink fabric of her panties, sheer and delicate against her skin. The outline of her labia could be seen through the fabric, molded to perfection. Zane's eyes traced the distinct cleft that separated her puffy twin flanges, his heart racing with arousal.

"You bet that's a promise, mom. I'm your at-home donor now."

Valerie stretched out her long, sleek leg and placed her seductive bare foot on top of Zane's bulging crotch. Using her toes, she began to massage it sensually.

Zane's hands trembled with excitement as he felt the silky skin of her foot against his virile erection. He could hear the raindrops

patter against the windshield, but it was nothing compared to the storm raging within him. Zane gripped the steering wheel tightly, his knuckles turning white as he fought to keep his focus on the road and not the erotic display taking place on his lap.

"I bet you can't wait to plunge that big cock of yours into my tight little ass, can you, baby?" Valerie purred, her voice dripping with lust. "You're going to fuck my ass so good that mommy's gonna have, hard, quivering butt-gasms all over your erect cock."

Zane's heart pumped in his chest, and he could feel his cock throbbing in response to his mother's words. He took a deep breath, trying to focus on the road as they continued to drive. His mom's cock-massaging toes and filthy words weren't making it any easier.

"I can feel my asshole clenching just thinking about you filling it with your hot, thick cum," she moaned, rubbing her foot against his bulge. "My tight hole is longing for your cock, baby. You're the only one who can give me the cum-filled, ass-busting fucks that I crave."

Zane's gasped, his mind was consumed by lust, his thoughts a hazy blur of images of his mother's naked body, her thick, rounded ass bouncing up and down on his lap. He could almost feel the rough texture of her ass, hear the wet, smacking sounds of his cock penetrating her depths, feel the tightness of her sphincter as he thrust in and out.

"There's the old barn," the boy breathed, like he'd been holding his breath for a minute. "Should I pull around back?"

Valerie winked at him and looked out the window, taking in the dark, crumbling structure. It used to be a dairy farm years ago, but now it was abandoned. It was the perfect place for their clandestine adventures. "Pull in here," she instructed, pointing to a dirt driveway leading to the barn.

Zane carefully maneuvered the car into the driveway, the gravel crunching beneath the tires. "There's an old orchard on the other side of the barn. Take us back there," the mother instructed.

Zane drove around the old barn, following the winding, overgrown road that led to the orchard. The trees were tall and gnarled, their branches reaching out like skeletal fingers. The rain was coming down harder now, drumming a rhythmic beat on the hood of the car. The wind howled through the bare branches, adding to the atmosphere of the place.

Zane parked the car near a fallen tree, its trunk still partially standing. He shut the engine and his mother sat up close to him. "This is about as private a place as you can get, and we have all afternoon to fuck and cum and fuck and cum until our bodies can't take anymore," she murmured seductively, leaning in to kiss him passionately.

Valerie ran her hands through Zane's hair, pulling him closer as their tongues danced together. Her fingers traced the outline of his lips, feeling the moisture and desire that had built up in him. She broke the kiss, her breath hot and heavy in his ear. "Let's get in the back seat," she whispered, her voice low and husky.

Zane nodded in agreement, and they both got out of the car. The rain was coming down harder now, and he could feel the droplets soaking through his clothes. Valerie climbed into the back seat first, and Zane followed, his erection straining against his jeans.

He sat down next to her, his eyes drinking in the sight of his mother's voluptuous, pregnant body. The dress she was wearing had ridden up, revealing the smooth, pale skin of her thighs. Her breasts were heaving, threatening to burst right out of her mini dress, her nipples clearly hard and erect.

She quickly began to undress. "Let's get naked," she urged, her voice a sultry purr.

Zane watched in awe as his mother stripped off her clothing, her movements fluid and graceful. He began stripping anxiously, but kept his eyes glued to his mom the entire time.

Valerie's ginormous tits bobbled heavily as she removed her bra, her large nipples standing erect and proud. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and slipped them down her thighs, revealing her shaven twat, it's slit glistening with slippery nectar.

Zane's cock sprung into the air as he removed his briefs. His throbbing erection pulsed with excitement, the head a deep shade of red and dripping with precum. His mother's eyes widened as she took in the sight, a yearning desire clear in her gaze. The musky scent of hard, cum-leaking cock and sweet, wet pussy hung heavily in the air, mixing with the earthy smell of the rain. It was a heady and intoxicating combination.

There was no time for words. They were too fucking eager to do what they came for. Valerie quickly snatched her son's hand and pulled him down on top of her as she sprawled back across the seat. He eagerly positioned himself between her legs, his engorged cock pressing against her swollen, lustful vagina. Valerie cradled him between her thighs, her strong, shaved legs wrapping high around his back, pulling him against the plushness of her tits and baby-filled belly.

Their lips met for a furious make-out session, their tongues dancing wildly inside Zane's mouth.

It was a tangle of limbs, lips, and tongues, an intricate dance of desire and forbidden love as Valerie and Zane surrendered to their passionate impulses. The heat from their bodies mingled with the rain-washed air, creating an atmosphere of unrestrained lust and primal need.

"I need you in my ass," the mother finally breathed, her voice thick with desire. She unfastened her legs from around him and Zane sat

up.

Valerie's movements were quick and urgent as she reached for her handbag. Her full, pendulous breasts wobbled with every move, drawing Zane's gaze to them. She pulled out a small vial of lube, her fingers deftly twisting off the lid. She raised herself up, her body glistening with perspiration, and pushed Zane into a seated position. Her luscious curves were on full display, her beautiful blonde hair cascading down her back.

Zane's eyes widened as his mother tossed her leg over his lap, her bare foot landing gracefully on the seat next to him. She hovered above him, a vision of feminine power and sensuality, her body glistening with a light coat of perspiration and her blonde hair cascading down her back. Her enormous breasts swayed with every breath, commanding his attention.

She took the bottle of lube in her hand and squirted a generous amount onto her fingers, spreading it around her asshole with determined strokes. Zane could see the slick, glistening ring of muscle, yearning for his cock.

Valerie wet her fingers again with slippery oil. This time grasping her teenager's cock and coating it quickly, but generously.

Her eyes gleamed with excitement as she she adjusted her position slightly, bringing the head of Zane's cock to her tight anal entrance. Taking a deep breath, the mother slowly began to impale herself on the spike of his cock.

"Oh, shit!' Zane gasped, watching her muscled ass-ring stretch over his lube-slickened glans and swallow it completely.

Valerie moaned softly, her nails digging into the leather seats for support as she began to sink deeper onto her son's rock-hard cock.

Zane was in awe of his mother's anal prowess. He knew that she was no stranger to this type of pleasure, but seeing her in action was a whole new experience for him. Slowly but surely, Valerie took all of Zane's length into her ass, her muscles protesting the intrusion before finally submitting to the unyielding cock invading her rectal depths. She cried out in pleasure, her head thrown back in ecstasy as Zane filled her up completely, her obscenely-stretched asshole resting snugly against the hilt of his cock.

The mother planted her knees firmly astride him on the seat, preparing to ride him hard. She could feel his erect shaft pulsating inside her tight ass-tract, the veins throbbing and the head swelling deep inside her tight, spongy rectum.

Valerie's gaze burned with desire as she met his eyes. "I hope you're ready for this," she murmured in a sultry tone.

Zane watched in amazement as his mother's body began to move, her hips swaying in a balls-deep rhythm. She rode him slowly at first, savoring the feel of his hard cock in her tight ass. Then, her movements grew faster, more urgent, as she chased the pleasure that she knew his cock could provide.

As his mom bounced on his boner, Zane had a front row seat to the greatest show on earth. His mom's tits and pregnant belly were like the curves of a mountain range, a sight both mesmerizing and awe-inspiring. Each movement of her hips was like an earthquake, the vibrations spreading through her body, make her enormous boobs leap up and down, quaking and jiggling in unison as they smacked against her baby-orb.

Zane's penis throbbed inside Valerie's anal tunnel, the tight, slippery walls milking his shaft with each rhythmic thrust. His hands gripped her hips tightly, guiding her movements and matching her pace. He stared straight ahead at pregnant tummy, obscenely large and

swollen with life, her skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat as she rode him hard.

The rain continued to pour down outside, but inside the car, it was a world of its own. The temperature was rising, the air thick with the scent of sex and desire. Zane's breaths were coming out in short, sharp gasps, his chest heaving as his mom's body moved with a powerful intensity.

The car seats beneath them creaked with their weight, the leather groaning under the force of their combined bodies as Zane thrust up into her ass, matching her rhythm. His sinewy cock, thick and hard, slid in and out of his mother's ass-tunnel with ease, each thrust causing her to let out a low, throaty growl.

Zane looked up above his mom's bouncing udders to find her looking down. Her eyes were locked onto his, a fierce, almost animalistic desire evident in their depths.

"Oh, yeah," Zane groaned, relishing the feeling of his mother's ass completely consuming his erection on every plunge, her rounded buns smacking against his upper thighs, rippling delightfully.

Valerie's gaze was intense, her dark eyes seeming to drink in every detail of her son's face as he fucked her.

"That's it, son," she purred, her voice thick with lust. "Make me fucking cum."

As Valerie rode Zane's unyielding cock, she reached beneath her belly and began to massage her engorged clit, her fingers moving in a furious rhythm.

The rain continued to pelt the car, and Valerie's scream of pleasure drowned out the storm. Her body stiffened, and she arched her back, her hands gripping the edge of the seat for support as she came.

Zane watched in awe as his mother's body convulsed, her beautiful face contorting, ass clenching tightly around his cock. The sight of her climax was like a vortex of ecstasy, pulling him into the deep abyss of her pleasure.

His own climax was nearing, the pressure building up inside him like a tidal wave. He used every trick in the book to keep from cumming, determined to let his mother bounce on his boner as long as she needed to, but after nearly a half-hour of hard-core ass-fucking he was drifting closer to the edge.

The tit-loving teen reached up and grasped onto her big flopping jugs, barely able to hold onto them there was so much fucking meat. He dug his fingers into the squishy peaks, pinching her nipples between his fingers. White tit-nectar began to trickle out of her milk-ducts raining down onto his sweaty chest.

Zane loved to squeeze his mother's mammaries, feeling their weight and warmth in his hands as he felt his climax draw near. The feel of her breasts, coupled with the sight of her ass bouncing on his cock, was enough to send him over the edge.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm going to cum!" Zane groaned, feeling the pleasure build up to an unbearable level.

Valerie didn't miss a beat, continuing to ride her son's erection at a fierce pace, her breathing ragged. She was every bit as caught up in the moment as he was, desperate for the release that only her son's cock could provide.

As Zane felt the pressure building to a fever pitch, he knew he had to change things up. He gripped her hand tightly, pulling her down onto him forcefully, making her tits and belly slap against his heaving chest. His cock was driving into her ass with an animalistic ferocity, pounding her rectum with the power of a locomotive.

The mother howled in pleasure, her beautiful, strained voice shaking the car with its intensity. She continued to milk Zane's cock with her anal muscles, each thrust from him causing her to spasm and shiver with delight.

Zane could feel his orgasm reaching its peak, the eruption building in his bouncing balls like a tidal wave. He thrust into his mother's ass one final time, slamming her onto his cock with all his might, his mushrooming knob burrowing deep in her shitter.

Their bodies shook together, the rainstorm outside a mere backdrop to the primal, animalistic fuck-fest taking place in the car. Zane's cock throbbed inside his mother's ass, the head swelling and pulsating.

Valerie's eyes widened in pleasure as she felt her son's cock spasming inside her, pumping her full of his hot, sticky milt.

Slumped in the seat and buried beneath his mother's sweaty, jostling tits, Zane let out a primal groan. His cock throbbed violently, each pulse sending a shockwave of pleasure up his spine as he emptied himself into her ass.

Waves of ecstasy washed over Valerie as she felt her son's cum shoot into her, the warmth and wetness of it coating her walls. She moaned and bucked her hips, eagerly milking him for every last drop.

Their bodies continued to writhe together, the rain outside pummeling the car, making it feel like a sacred, secluded space where they could lose themselves in each other's pleasure. The air was thick with the musky scent of sex, sweat, and desire. The wet, earthy smell of the rain mixed with the heady aroma of their bodies, creating a unique and intoxicating scent.

As the final pulsations of Zane's orgasm subsided, he slowly withdrew his cock from his mother's ass, leaving a trail of whiteness

in its wake. Valerie's ass clenched sporadically, her muscles trying to hold onto his cum inside her, but some slowly trickled out.

Zane collapsed back onto the seat, his face flushed and his breath ragged. He stared at his mother's sweating, cum-streaked body, feeling a surge of pride and love and lust all at once.

Valerie lay on top of her son, her chest heaving, her body glistening with a sheen of sweat. She looked down at him, her dark eyes filled with emotion – love and lust. She smiled, a slow, knowing smile that said she was far from done with this newfound pleasure.

After two hours had passed, Zane's small vehicle remained parked in the orchard. The suspension groaned as it swayed back and forth in the rain. The car's windows were fogged up, blocking any view of the outside world.

Inside the car, Valerie's rounded bubble butt flew up and down, her asshole still stuffed full of her son's cock. They had moved to the front seat, where Zane could recline back comfortably while his mother rode his rod. Their bodies were dripping with sweat and the rain continued to pelt the car, the droplets dancing off the windows and mingling with the steam created by their bodies.

Zane's face was buried beneath the soft, warm flesh of his mother's breast, obscured by her huge, squishy tit-melon and the heavy strands of her wet hair. His lips formed a tight seal around her areola, his cheeks hollowed out as he sucked hungrily on the rubbery peak her breast.

For the past hour it had been his private paradise, a utopia of pure pleasure, where Zane was lost in the intoxicating sensations of his mother's flesh. The warm, velvety softness of her heavy tit enveloped his face, her milk, a sweet nectar that nourished his body and soul. With every suck and pull, he felt himself sinking deeper into the blissful oblivion of their taboo ecstasy. The feel of his rock-

hard manhood pummeling through the tube of his mom's ass only added to the intensity of the experience.

Valerie's voluptuous body moved with a dangerous grace, her wide hips rolling and grinding as she rode her son's pulsing cock. Her hair, wet and clinging to her flushed face, bounced with every thrust, and her curves glistened with a sheen of sweat. Zane's hand gripped her hip, guiding her movements as she bounced up and down, impaling herself on his thick shaft.

Despite the cramped space of the front seat, her movements were fluid and precise, her feet tucked up on his thighs as she pumped her delicious ass-globes up and down with tireless energy.

Zane moaned into the flesh of her tit, the sensation of the wet, wriggling nipple in his mouth making his cock throb and harden even more.

As the rain continued to pelt down outside, the two of them became more and more lost in the world of their own making. It was as if the car was the only place in the universe that mattered, and everything happening outside was insignificant.

While he continued to gorge himself on his mom's milk-filled tit, Zane's hands explored the huge contour of her pregnant belly, where the twins that had been created from his sperm called home. He ran his fingers over the tight, taut skin, feeling the life within her as the babies kicked and squirmed in response to his touch.

Valerie moaned softly, her eyes half-lidded as she rode her son's cock with abandon. The sun peeked through the clouds and shone through the car window, casting sparkles off the shiny diamond wedding ring on Valerie's finger. Its glimmer caught her eye, a reminder of how she was being delightfully wicked. She could still see John, her husband's face in her mind, the love she had for him evident in the way she looked at the ring. But now, her son owned

her sexually, and the ring seemed to symbolize their forbidden relationship.

Zane's teeth grazed the tip of her nipple, causing her to jolt in pleasure. He sucked harder, eliciting a low, guttural moan from her throat.

"Oh, Zane," she breathed, "I'm so close."

Zane could hardly contain his excitement as he felt the heat of his mother's orgasm building within her. He increased his pace, plunging his cock deeper and faster with each thrust.

Valerie's eyes rolled back in her head as the ecstasy washed over her, her body tensing and bucking against Zane's. She grasped onto his shoulders, her nails digging into his skin, as she screamed out in primal pleasure.

The warmth of her orgasm seemed to spread through her entire body, connecting every part of her and causing her milk to flow with greater intensity inside Zane's mouth, as if her ass and tits were somehow linked and responding to the rhythm of her pleasure.

Zane felt the familiar, incredible sensation of his mom's climax, the walls of her ass gripping him like a vice.

Suddenly, Valerie's cellphone started going off. She answered, even though she was still reeling from her toe-curling climax. "Hey, hon," she said, holding the phone to her ear.

"Hey, you sound out of breath. Are you ok?" John asked, oblivious that his wife had just experienced an earthshattering anal orgasm.

"I'm fine. Zane and I are just doing our afternoon workout," she answered, her ass still bobbing up and down, beating against Zane's thighs.

"Isn't he getting a good enough working at that job of his, having sex with all those women?"

"No, Zane's not doing that job anymore, honey," Valerie said, gasping just a little from the way her boy was aggressively sucking her nipple.

"Did he get fired?"

"No, I just figured with twins coming I could definitely use his 'contributions' more around the house. He's offered to quit his job and help me with '**MY**' needs."

Zane came up for air, squirming out from beneath his mom's tit-mass. He looked like he just got off a roller coaster ride at a carnival. He was drenched in sweat, his face was flushed, his features glowing with an almost satanic glint in his eyes as he listened to his mother and father talk on the phone.

"Well, that's very loyal of him. We'll have to make sure he gets rewarded in some way," John suggested.

"Don't worry, honey, I already have that part covered," Valerie grinned, giving her son a wink and tightening her asshole around him. "We moms offer the sweetest rewards, don't we, Zane?"

"For sure!" he answered moving his lips to hers for a sensual kiss.

The constant smacking of her ass against Zane's thighs was something that her husband was growing more and more curious about. "Hey, what's that sound I'm hearing?"

Valerie chuckled, almost surprised that John couldn't figure it out. "Oh, that's just Zane doing on his workout routine. He's been putting in some extra effort lately, so he can keep up with my needs."

"I see," John said, his voice sounding a bit distant, as if his imagination was painting a different picture. "Well, if that's what you need, I'm all for it."

Valerie felt another orgasm swelling in the core of her ass. "Honey, I'm gonna need to go. Zane wants me to pump his… uh, I mean… pump some iron with him."

John laughed, his voice sounding a little strained. "Alright, just make sure you're both safe. I'll see you both later."

"Of course, honey. Love you," Valerie replied, her voice breathy. She ended the call and looked into Zane's eyes as he continued to plunge his cock into her ass, his lower belly glistening with sweat and the sheen of her bodily fluids. "Fuck, you feel so good in my tight ass, baby," she cooed.

The rain continued to hammer against the windows, its rhythm a steady beat to their carnal dance. Valerie's hands found their way to Zane's, and they squeezed each other's hands tightly, their connection undeniable.

"Let's cum hard together," the mother suggested, peeling her sweaty tits and baby-belly off her son's sweaty chest as she straightened her torso.

"I like that idea," said Zane looking up at the tits floating over him like clouds in the sky.

Valerie increased her ass-fucking tempo, bouncing on her son's prick like she was riding a wild pony. As she leaned back, her arms stretched out behind her and her hands came to rest on Zane's upper thighs, her belly and tits seemed to defy gravity, ballooning outwards in an obscene display. The rhythmic motion of her body as she bounced on her son's cock created a mesmerizing sight.

"Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped, watching the way her flesh bounced and rippled with each plunge. He thrust upwards to meet her, his hips bucking violently, trying to get deeper into her rectum.

Valerie moaned loudly, her head thrown back, her eyes closed, completely lost in the pleasure of the moment. "Fuck me, Zane! Pound that fucking meat inside me!" she screamed, her voice raw and hoarse.

Her son complied, drilling into her even more furiously. He suddenly sat up in the seat, throwing her arms around her and she did the same, clinging onto her boy, drawing him in to her squishy flesh like a sponge absorbing water. Their lips clashed together in a primal, intense kiss, their tongues dueling with each other's.

Their hips jerked frenziedly, stirring Zane's cock around inside his mother's hot bowels. The car rocked with their combined movements, the storm outside seeming to match the intensity of their passion. They were lost in their own little universe of desire and lust, the car their stage for their wild anal passion.

Valerie felt her orgasm building like a tidal wave, her body tensing and her ass clenching around her son's cock with suctioning pressure. She could feel his cock throbbing inside her, the veins pulsing along his pink, muscular shaft.

"Oh, Zane!" Valerie screamed, gripping her son's shoulders with all her might as she plunged down onto his cock, her anal walls rippling and squeezing around him in a powerful and pleasurable grip.

"Fuck, mom!" Zane roared back, his face contorted in a snarl of intense passion. He felt her climax building inside him, the warmth and wetness of her ass flooding him with sensations beyond his wettest dreams.

"Give me everything you've got!" Valerie demanded, her voice hoarse with lust.

Zane increased his pace, fucking his mom hard and fast, making her bounce wildly on his lap. "I'm close!" he grunted, his balls tightening and his cock throbbing.

Valerie moaned, her own orgasm surging through her, her ass clenching and unclenching around her son's cock in rhythmic waves. "Cum with me, baby!" she pleaded, her voice nearly screaming.

"I'm cumming, mom!" Zane bellowed, his cock pulsating as it released its hot, thick load deep inside his mother's bowels.

Their bodies shook, their orgasms rippling through them like electrical currents, connecting them in ways they never thought possible.

"Oh, fuck!" Valerie cried out, her ass twitching around Zane's cock as he filled her with his hot goo.

Their movements slowed, their bodies stilled, their hearts pounding in sync. Zane reclined in the seat and guided his mother back against him. For a while, they laid there, lost in the aftermath of their intense lovemaking, their bodies drenched in sweat, their faces flushed and their yes closed. Valerie traced her fingers along the beads of sweat on her son's chest, her heart swelling with love and pride.

"I love you, Zane," she whispered, her voice trembling with emotion. "Thank you for being my rock, my support, and my lover. You're everything I could ever want in a man."

Zane smiled, his eyes locked onto his mother's, his heart swelling with love and gratitude. "I love you too, mom. You're everything I could ever want in a woman. I'll do anything for you, always."

They shared a tender kiss, their lips melting into each other's, their tongues dancing with passion.

Two days later, while engaged in a furiously-wild fuck with Zane, Valerie's water broke and she went into labor. Her son quickly drove her to the hospital, where she was immediately taken into the delivery room. The amount of semen that leaked from her vagina before the babies were born definitely raised the eyebrows of the doctor and nurse on duty.

Valerie gave birth to beautiful twin baby girls. Her and Zane gazed down at their tiny daughters. One was covered in dark hair, just like Zane, while the other had a head full of Valerie's golden locks. They both had the same piercing blue eyes, like a mix of both their parents.

"They're perfect," Valerie whispered, her voice breaking with emotion. Zane didn't say anything, just held her hand tightly. He could feel the emotions that were surging through her, her love for these babies as deep as the ocean.

Zane was a huge help to his mother at home, both with the new babies and with the hunger for cock that burned between Valerie's legs. The two if them fucked furiously, in every room of the house. Their passion was like a wildfire, relentless and insatiable, burning through each room with a ferocity that left them breathless and spent. Every surface was marked with their love, every corner filled with their frantic desire. It was a symphony of flesh and longing, a dance that swept them away and left them craving more.

THE END

Cumming to Terms

by klrxo

Chapter 1

I got home from school to find mom in my room. She had completely cleaned it for me and was vacuuming as I walked in. Mom looked exactly like Jammy Lee Curtis and was always adorned in the most beautiful sundresses. Her high-heeled sandals left almost all of her beautiful feet exposed for me to admire. I stopped in the doorway before she saw me and watched her gorgeous, heart-shaped ass as she ran the vacuum across my floor. Her big breasts swayed beneath the thin covering. She turned the vacuum off and greeted me with her usual gleeming smile.

"Hey, sport, how was your day?" She asked.

"Okay, I guess. I didn't expect to come home to this." I answered.

"Yeah, well its obvious that our definitions of a clean bedroom are totally different." She said.

"Sorry...I'll try to keep a better handle on it." I muttered.

"Yeah, I've heard that one before. Just at least keep the trash picked up for me, okay?" She asked.

She rolled the cord to the vacuum and moved towards the doorway.

"Oh...and one more thing, tiger...

She reached in her dress pocket and pulled out a pair of her silk panties.

"From now on when your done with my panties, put them back in my hamper, okay?" She asked. She looked into my eyes with a slight smile, then walked out of my room.

I wanted to die. I'd been raiding mom's hamper for a long time and obviously forgot about the panties I stashed. Although embarrassed, I was a bit suprised that mom wasn't more upset. I just hoped she wasn't going to tell my dad. Maybe if I apologized she would keep it between us.
I went downstairs to the kitchen where she was preparing dinner.

"Mom." I said.

"Yeah, sweety?" She answered.

"Sorry about the panty thing." I said.

"You just need to be a little more careful, sport. I really don't want you to have to explain to your father why you have a pair of his wife's panties in your room." She said.

"Right, I guess I wasn't thinking." I stated.

She walked over and sat next to me at the table.

"Can I ask you a few things about your panty fetish." She asked.

I laughed, a bit shamefully.

"Yeah, I guess." I answered.

"Well you get them out of my hamper so I assume you prefer them after they're worn." She said.

I knodded, looking at the ground.

"Is it the smell you like?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"What about the taste...do you lick the crotch?" She continued.

I knodded once again. I couldn't believe I was being this candid with my own mother.

"I would assume that you masturbate while doing this, am I right? She asked.

"Yeah, most of the time." I confessed.

"My panties are silk. You must like the feel of them sliding against your skin." She asked.

"Yeah." I muttered.

"Do you have any questions about my panties, surely you must?" She asked.

I looked up from the floor bravely.

"What makes them smell and taste the way they do?" I asked.

"A women secretes a fluid from her genitals throughout the day. The same fluid that lubricates the vagina in preparation for sexual intercourse." She answered.

"Mom, can I ask you something really personal?" I asked.

She smiled.

"Okay, as long as I get my turn...deal?" She answered.

I knodded.

"Do you and dad do it a lot?" I asked.

"Do it?" She asked. "You mean do we have a lot of sex?"

"Yeah." I said.

"Well, your fathers sexual appetite is not as big as it once was and mine...well it is, and always has been extremely insatiable." She said. "We do manage to get in some good lovemaking every few days or so."

"What do you--"

"Hold on, buster, it's my turn." She stated.

She looked into my eyes with a curious grin.

"I want to know if you've ever humped anything besides your mother's panties?" She asked.

"No, not really." I answered.

"Not really, I have, or not really I'm a virgin?" She asked.

"A virgin." I said. I was beginning to feel more comfortable with own candid Q&A.

She smiles ear to ear.

"Okay, what's your question?" She asked.

"What's it like for a man, you know, when he has sex?" I asked.

"Well, I can't really say since I'm a woman, but I would imagine its alot like when a penis is wrapped in silky panties. You must know that feeling?" She said.

We exchanged smiles.

"I can tell you that the place a man puts his penis during sex is like no other place on earth. It's a warm, soft, wet place that can give you feelings you haven't even begun to experience." She said.

There was a long pause as she stared me in the eyes.

"When you have the crotch of my panties up to your mouth and nose, you're thinking about that special place aren't you?" She asked.

I knodded.

"Be honest with me, sweetie. It's **MY** special place your thinking about, isen't it?" She asked.

I took a big gulp.

"Yes." I answered.

She smiled warmly.

"I thought so." She said.

There was a long awkward pause as she studied my uncomfortable state.

"Your father will be home any minute. After he's gone to bed tonight I think we should continue where we left off. We have alot more to talk about, as well as some very important decisions to make."

Chapter 2

About 11:30 I was on my bed when there came a gentle tap at my door. Mom stuck her head in.

"You still awake, sweetie?" She asked.

It was a stupid question. After our talk earlier I couldn't sleep if I wanted too.

"Yeah." I answered.

Mom came in and closed the door. She wore a knee-high silk robe that looked like her big boobs were going to burst from. She also had on a pair of sexy high-heeled slippers, that clicked against my floor at she moved towards me. She sat on the bed next to me, took off her slippers and curled her long legs up on my bed comfortably.

"Your dad's asleep, feel like talking?" She asked.

"Yeah, sure." I said.

"So why don't we continue our little Q&**A. I**'m sure you've thought of a few things to ask me. You go first." She said.

"Okay, um, how often do you and dad...uh, you know..."

"Have often do your father and I have sex?" She asked.

I knodded.

"Well, your father's sex drive isen't what it used to be, so not nearly as often as I'd like. I'd say we make love about two to three times a week." She said.

"How often do you wish you could?" I asked.

Mom chuckled.

"I'm a very sexual person. I don't think two to three times a day would be often enough." She answered.

We laughed together, then she quickly became straight faced.

"So how long have you been having fantasies about your mother?" She asked.

"A few years." I answered.

"You and I having sex in these fantasies, here at home?" She asked.

I couldn't hardly look her in the eyes.

"Yeah." I said.

"While your father's at work?" She continued.

I knodded.

"And you use my panties while you think about these things?" She asked.

"Yeah, sometimes." I answered.

"Okay...your question." She said.

I looked at her boldly.

"What does it feel like for a man to have sex?" I asked.

"Well being a woman I wouldn't know, but I would imagine its a lot like having your penis surrounded by silky panties, and I'm sure you know how that feels." She said with a wink.

"Yeah." I said.

"I will promise you this." She continued. "When it happens, it'll definately be the most increadible feeling you'll ever experience.

"Does dad ever--"

"Hold on, Tiger, my turn remember?" She stated.

"Sorry." I said.

"I want to know how many times a day you masturbate?" She asked.

"A few." I answered.

"How many?" She demanded.

"Usually three of four." I said.

Mom smiled in surprise.

"Jesus, three or four times a day?" She asked.

"Yeah, usually... Can I ask you a really personal question?" I said.

"Fire away." She answered.

"Do you ever put dad's thing in your mouth." I asked.

She giggled a bit.

"Your so cute. You can say blow-joy you know, I'm not that old-fasioned. Your father's not as in to oral sex as I am, but yes I do go down on him, quite often." She said.

"Does he squirt that stuff in your mouth." I asked.

"If you mean sperm, yes, that's part of giving someone a blow-job. Speaking of sperm... I want to know how many ropes you shoot

when you orgasm." She asked.

"Ropes?" I said.

"When your penis contracts during an orgasm, it'll shoot a strand of jism each time. These are called ropes. Ever counted how many you shoot?" She asked.

"Yeah, usually ten to fifteen." I answered.

She stared at me, mouth agape.

"Ten to fifteen ropes!?" She said.

"Yeah, why, is that bad?" I asked.

"No, of course not, it's just quite a lot. Your father only shot seven ropes when we were first married and he was only a couple of years older than you are now." She said.

"Mom, do woman like bigger penis's?" I asked.

"Most women will say no, but only because they have a small man and they don't want to hurt him. The truth is, inside a woman's vagina are thousands of nerve endings, which create pleasure. The more the vaginal walls are stretched, the more nerve endings are exposed, giving the woman greater pleasure and more orgasms. A woman's vaginal canal also expands to about nine inches during intercoarse, so obviously, the larger her man is, the more he'll be able to fill her. Does that make sense?" She asked.

"Yeah, thanks." I said.

Mom got a big smile.

"And since we're on the subject of size, and it's my question, have you ever measured yourself? She asked.

"No. Could you help me?" I asked.

Mom got a serious face and seemed to stare right through me for a moment.

"On two conditions. First, you lock your door. It's not the type of activity we'd want your father walking in on. And second, not a word of this to any of your friends, understand. You say anything outside this room and our little candid conversations are over, got it?" She stated.

"Yeah, okay." I said.

Mom got up and pulled a ruler from my desk.

"Lock the door." She said.

Chapter 3

I got up and ran to the door. My cock was as hard as steel, forming a tent in my boxers. As I locked the door, mom sat back on the edge of my bed with my ruler in her hand. I couldn't believe my own loving mother was about to measure the size of my swollen dick.

"Come over here in front of me." She commanded.

I did so, a bit embarrassed by my obvious excitement. The tent in my short hovered near moms face as I stepped in close. She giggled a little as she saw it.

"Looks as if its already primed for measuring." She said.

She grabbed the sides of my shorts and I looked down at her enormous boobs. The neck of her robe had lowered, revealing the first five inches of her deep cleavage. What I would give to have my cock sandwiched between those breasts. She pulled my shorts down to my knees and my dick sprung up and slapped my stomach. I heard her gasp as she stared at my rod of flesh.

"Oh my God!" She said.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"No...it's just...it's just a little bigger than I expected." She said.

For a few long moments mom's eyes traveled up and down my thick stalk. She gawked at my giant hanging ball-sack.

"Jesus Christ!" She stated.

"You think it's big enough?" I already knew the answer by her reaction. She laughed and glanced up at me, but her eyes didn't

leave my prick very long.

"Big enough? I can tell you right now, there's no way a girl your age is going to be able to accommidate that monster." She answered.

"Shall we measure." I said proudly.

"Um, okay." Mom answered.

She took the ruler and layed it on top of my cock, her long, painted fingernail brushed against my mushroom-shaped head, making my whole cock twitch.

"Sorry." She said.

Mom placed the end of the ruler flat against my pubic bone and pushed my dick down so that it was parallel so that we both could see the reading. Mom shook her head and gasped in disbelief.

"You are not 10 1/2 inches!" She said in awe.

"Looks that way to me." I said with pride.

"How can that be?" She said, her eyes glued to my dick.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I always heard that penis size ran in families, but your father in nowhere near this big." She said.

"You mean I'm bigger than dad?" I questioned.

She let out a breath of laughter.

"By nearly five inches...God, you're nearly double his size, in length and in girth." She said.

"Girth?" I asked.

"Girth is the thickness of a mans penis. God, I'm surprised you havent ripped my panties to shreds with that thing." She said.

I laughed a little.

"Is it normal for all those viens to poke out." I asked.

"Yes, it's normal, but I must say I've never seen that many. Look at them all, they're enormous. You see this one here, the one that runs up the shaft." She asked, running her nail along the bulging pipe on the underside of my cock.

"Yeah." I said.

"This is the tube your sperm travels up as it rises from your testicals."

She traced it with her finger all the way up to my plumb-sized cockhead.

"Then it shoots through the slit in your knob, right here." She said, poking my pisshole. "I'll just bet..." She continued with a curious look.

"What?" I asked.

"To prove my point..." She said.

Mom placed her hand around the base of my shaft. She looked up at me like a little girl who'd found a new toy.

"Are you okay with this?" She asked.

I knodded.

Mom squeezed my prick tight and pressed her thumb against my main vien, running it and her fist all the way back up to the head.

"Watch the slit." She said.

I did so and as her fist and probing thumb reached my knob, my piss hole opened and a big stream of white jism flowed out and ran down onto her hand.

"See there, I told you so?" She stated with a big smile. "I'm beginning to believe that 10 to 15 ropes isen't such a stretch after all.

"I told you." I said.

Mom kept her tight grasp at the base of my crown. My cock-cream ran down the top of her dainty hand.

"God, I can't even get my fingers around this thing, it's enormous. Scoot back a little." She said.

I took a step backwards and mom moved onto her knees in front of me. This was just too awesome. With her other hand she lifted my egg-sized balls, as if wieghing them.

"Do you mind?" She asked.

Again, I just knodded.

She kneeded them gently and her other hand slid down my shaft and arriving at the base, clasped tightly, so tight that my cock began to turn red, ballooning with blood. My knob became a deep purple and fuck juice continued to spew from the open slit. I could feel moms nails digging into my flesh as she tightened her vice grip on my rod. On my balls too, her nails dug as she fondled.

"That's amazing." She said.

"What?" I said.

"I can actually feel your cream sloshing around in there. My God you must produce by the gallons. Have you ever tasted your own spunk?" She asked.

"No." I answered.

"Well you've got plenty rising to the top. Do you want to try a taste?" She asked.

"Yeah, sure." I said.

Mom released my balls but kept her monster hold at the base of my shaft. With her free hand, she gently took hold of my knob and whiped away the river of semen.

"It tastes the best when it's warm and fresh." She said. She moved her tight encircled fist slowly up my shaft until a milky stream of syrup bubbled from my tip.

"There we go...Here, try it."

Mom dipped her finger in my cream and brought it up to my mouth. I took it in, letting it float on my tongue.

"Mind if mom has a taste?" She asked.

"No." I answered.

She dipped her finger again and put a big gob of my semen in her mouth. Her reaction was amazing.

"My God it's so creamy." She said.

She took a second scoop and sucked it off her finger.

"I have never tasted it this sweet before. God I could live on this shit."

She looked into my eyes with a mischivous smile.

"Wanna feel something good?" She asked.

I knodded.

With her fist still tightly encircling the base of my bulging, blood engorged member, mom put her face close to my pole and blew lightly along the underside, just below my purple crown. It was amazing. She looked up at me and smiled as she blew.

"Feel good?" She asked.

"Amazing." I said.

"I want you to just relax and enjoy while mom keeps blowing her little kisses." She said.

For the next five minutes mom gently whisped her breath across every inch of my cock. By this time my shaft was tight and purple, the viens looked like they could explode, as mom continued her grasp at the base.

"Relax and feel my breath on you. Let moms gentle whispers surround you." She said.

"Mom." I muttered.

"Yes, sweetie?" She answered.

"Can I see your boobs?" I asked boldly.

Still blowing, she looked up into my eyes and a little smile fell acoss her face.

Chapter 4

Mom stopped her gentle blowing on my dick and smiled up at me. Her hand still had a vice-like grip around the base of my shaft, which had caused my cock to ballon with blood. The criss-crossing purple viens on my 10 1/2 inch monster were bulging almoost to the bursting point.

"So you wanna see mom's boobs huh?" She asked.

"If it's okay with you." I answered.

"Looks like our little game of truth has become a big game of dare. Have you ever seen naked breasts before?" She asked.

"No, just in magazines." I replied.

Mom stood up and released my cock. I could feel the blood flow rush back into my dick.

"We're getting a little deep here. Sure you can handle it." She asked.

"Yeah, I'm sure." I said.

Mom looked into my eyes and smiled.

"Sit down." She commanded.

I started to pull my boxers up but mom stopped me.

"No, leave those off." She said.

I stepped out of them and sat on the edge of the bed. Mom stepped up in front of me, the swell of her robe covered breasts were a foot from my face. She slowly undid the tie to her robe, watching my facial reactions closely. The robe parted and fell to the floor,

revealing her two massive globes contained within, but stretching and spilling over the edges of a thin silk bra. Her cleavage was long and deep and she wore a skimpy pair of panties which I'm sure I had sniffed a time or two.

"Had enough yet?" She said with a smile.

I shook my head.

"I didn't think so." So continued.

Mom reached behind her back and unclasped her bra. Her tits drooped a few inches, then she slid the straps from her shoulders and the bra fell to the floor. Her two enormous boobs fell onto her chest and swung back and forth for a few seconds. They were an amazing sight. Twin utters capped with giants nipples as round as saucers.

"Well..." She said.

She put her hands on her waste and turned left and right a few times causing her big cans to rock back and forth.

"What do you think? Like 'em?" She asked.

I smiled and knodded. My eyes must have been bugging out of my head.

"See, your not the only one in this family who's endowed with something big?" She said.

We giggled a little.

She lifted her right breast, tit-flesh spilling over the side of her hand.

"This is your favorite." She said.

"Why's that?" I asked.

"It's the one you liked to nurse from when you were a baby and its the one you've been watching the most since I took my bra off." She said.

"Really?" I answered.

"Lay down on your back, I want to show you something." She said.

I did as she said and she got on my bed with me. Mom positioned herself on her hands and knees with her chest above my face so that she was looking right down at me. Her dangling, milk-filled tits hung right above my eyes.

"Ready?" She asked.

I knodded and she began to move her chest, causing her tit-sacks to swing back and forth like pendilums. Back and forth and back and forth they swayed, the pink nipples glaring at me like demon eyes. Mom gave me a warm motherly smile as she watched my reaction to her sexy display.

"That's my baby, relax and enjoy." She said.

For a good ten minutes I watched in awe as her big pillowy boobs swung and bounced and slapped together, then rocked back and forth and up and down beating against her stomach.

"You've seen my bras, tell me how big they are." She said.

"I...I really don't--"

"Yes you do know. Tell me how big they are or I'll put them away." She snapped.

"38 ddd" I said.

"That's right, mom's are 38 ddd's. Now sit up." She said.

Mom got up and I sat up on the edge of the bed. She kneeled between my legs and took my cock at the base like before, clamping her hand tightly around it. She brought one of her tits to my dick and rubbed my mushroom head against her nipple. Cum dribbled from my prick and she slapped my meat against her nipple a few times, splashing fuck-juice onto her boob.

Mom was getting aggressive and I had a feeling this was going to be a long night.

Chapter 5

Mom rubbed my cockhead around her big pink nipple. Precum continued to drip from my piss-slit.

"This thing's like a leaky faucet." She said with a giggle.

She looked into my eyes but I was busy staring at the deep canyon between her breasts.

"I bet I know what your thinking about." She said.

"What?" I asked.

"The space between them. Am I right?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

Mom glanced down at her cleavage then back at me with a smile.

"Pretty big space isn't it? She asked.

I nodded.

"It would take something awfully big to fill that void." She said, glancing at my cock, then back at me. "Get your baby-oil." She commanded.

"Baby-oil?" I asked, trying to act stupid.

"Yes, the baby-oil in your drawer that you use to masturbate. I cleaned your room today, remember." She said.

I went to my dresser and fetched my bottle of baby-oil. I then went and sat back down, handing it to mom, who still knelt on the floor.

She opened the bottle and squirted a fair amount on the tip of my cock.

"Lather it up," She said.

She then squirted a bunch onto her boobs. A river of liquid rolled down her juggs, most of it disappearing into her deep cleft. She put the bottle down and with both hands began to rub the oil into the skin of her boobs. She pulled her orbs aparts and gave another drenching squirt between them. Her cleavage glistened with a thick coat of slippery oil. While she did this I rubbed the oil around until every inch of my cock and balls were covered.

"What's this for?" I had to ask even though I had a pretty good idea. She surprised me by the boldness of her answer.

"Lubrication for the tits your about to fuck." She said candidly.

Goosebumps covered my entire body as her words literally took my breath away. It was the first time I had ever heard mom say the F-word.

"Really?" I asked.

She smiled back at me.

"Really...but if you don't want to..." She said teasingly.

"No, no I do." I said eagerly.

"Now don't get in too big a hurry, sport, mom needs to properly train you. You do it exactly the way I say or we'll stop." She said.

"Okay." I said.

Mom lifted her tits and moved towards me.

"Move to the very edge of the bed." She said.

I did so and she crawled right between my legs until her busom was hovering above my swollen member.

"Lay back onto your elbows." She commanded.

I did so and she let her tits plop down on both sides of my dick. I could feel their weight and pillowy softness as they rested on the tops of my legs. My cock stood like a fleshy pillar in the V between her mammaries. Baby-oil gleamed, forming a liquidy pouch between her canyon walls. Mom placed her hands on the outside of each breast, preparing to squeeze them together.

"I don't want you to hump until I tell you, okay. We need to develop a comfortable groove for you first." She said.

I nodded.

Mom pushed her boobs together and my mighty tower was swallowed in the depth of her split. The feeling of spongy tit-flesh surrounding my cock was amazing. She leaned in against me and I could feel my fat balls resting against the butt of her boobs. She began to slowly work her tits up and down my rigid shaft, the oil creating a tight slippery channel. As she worked her cans all the way down, the gleaming head of my dick emerged, like the head of a baby during childbirth, splitting open a mother's twat. Then, as quickly as it appeared, was pulled back down into the depths.

"How does that feel, sweetie?" She asked.

"Amazing." I answered.

She smiled and looked into my eyes.

"Ready to hump?" She asked.

I nodded.

"Okay, lets start slow until we work into a rythm." She said.

She worked her breast as before but this time I began to buck my hips, meeting her strokes.

"There you go, just like that." She said warmly.

Soon we worked ourselves into a nice rhythm, moving together in a perfect tit-fucking harmony. My dick fucked up and down its smothering breast-pouch, all the way up until just my knob remained, then back down until mom's tits slapped against my oil drenched ballsack.

"Faster...Hump faster!!!" Mom commanded.

She rapidly began to bounce her tits up and down my dick. I humped, trying to keep up.

"That's it, baby, bounce with it. Bounce with it. You're doing wonderfully." She exclaimed.

I felt my balls begin to tingle as the cum boiled within them.

"Your balls are tightening up, you're almost there. I want you to tell me when your about to cream." She said.

I felt my load prepare to enter my torpedo shoot.

"I'm gonna cum, mom." I said.

"Hump hard and let me know when." She said.

My hips bucked. Bedspings squeaked. Boobs bounced wildly. My cock fucked up and down its buttery chasm.

"I'm gonna cum now...Oh mom...**MOM!!!**

Mom suddenly stopped, let her tits go and grasped the base of my quivering monster. She pressed her thumb against my sprem chute.

"**NO...STOP!!!** She ordered.

She used her thumb to dam my jism, preventing them from leaving my balls.

"Breath. Relax and let it subside." She said.

I don't know why she wouldn't let me cum, but I was in her hands and trusted that she knew exactly what she was doing.

"Breath...Let me know when its gone." She said.

It wasn't a moment later and my orgasm was gone.

"Okay." I said.

Mom released my dick and soaked her tits in baby-oil. She took only a few seconds to rub it in between her boobs and was back on my cock.

"Here we go...I want you to hump, hard and fast." She commanded.

I did as she asked and we slipped into another five minutes of heated tit-fucking. Mom worked her large chest on my cock with wild vigor.

"That's it, buck your hips, work mommy's titties, baby." She said. "Oh, that's my boy, humping those big boobs so good. You're about to cum again, aren't you." She continued.

I don't know how she knew, but she knew.

"Oh, I'm cumming. I'm cumming right now." I exclaimed.

Once again Mom bounced off of me and latched onto my shiny pole, her thumb damming my torrent of syrup. With her other hand, she kneaded my hardened sack.

"Relax and let it simmer. Let it work itself back down." She said.

It did and once again as before Mom's boobs were flying up and down my pecker. The precum and oil had formed a creamy froth between her mams and my fuck stick worked the tight pussy of milk-filled flesh with ease.

"That's it sweetie, work those greasy titties, feel them surrounding you." She said.

In the next fifteen minutes mom brought me close three more times, stopping me just before I blew my load. Finally, with her knockers bouncing up and down my staff as it slipped and slid, crushed between them, I made that familiar announcement.

"This is it, sweetie, you're gonna blow you load for me." She stated.

"Oh God yeah, mom I'm gonna cum really hard!" I said in a quivering voice.

"Oh, yes you are, love, hump it hard. Bounce with it. Bounce with it hard!" She commanded.

Oh...God!!! I'm cumming! **CUMMING!!! I** yelped.

I felt as if my entire insides were rocketing up my shaft. The first thick rope was about a foot long and launched high in the air above moms head. The second creamy rope splashed against the soft walls of moms canyon.

"That's it sweetie, cream for me. Cum hard!" She said.

Another mighty string-gob launched as my cockhead emerged from its nest. Half the rope splashed against moms lips, the other half went straight into her mouth. She choked a little as she swallowed it down and just as she caught her breath, another thick stream of jism flew between her open lips. She was prepared for this one and swallowed it effortlessly. One rope after another blew from my cockhead, soaking moms tits and neck and all the while she kept her boobs humping, pressing them even harder together so as to pull all the seed from my cock and balls.

"Come on, honey, keep humping. Keep cumming. Let it flow." She said.

Finally, the jets stopped launching and a stream of syrup oozed from my pisshole. Mom stopped her breast-fuck and milked my penis with her hand. More cream spewed out as she ran her thumb up and down my sperm vein.

"Here comes some more. Mom's gotta make sure we milk it all out." She said.

She kept milking and pulling even as my cock became flaccid. She sat up on her knees and smiled down at my limp body.

"Well...was that better than a pair of mom's panties?" She asked.

I was out of breath, but managed to give her a thumbs up. Mom straddled my legs and laid down on top of me, her soaking breasts flattened out against my chest and she smiled her wonderful motherly smile and stared into my eyes.

"You were wrong about your ropes." She said.

"I was?" I asked.

"Yep, you shot 18 just now." She said.

"She ran her fingers across my face lovingly.

"One for every year of my baby's precious life." She said.

"Wow, that's amazing." I said.

"I'll say." She said with a wink. "You did well tonight, but I have so much more to teach you."

"When?" I said.

"Well summer vacation's just around the corner. You'll be home with me and your father will be gone from nine to five. It'll be just like in your panty fantasies, only this time, you'll fuck more than just my panties."

Dad Steps Aside

by klrxo

Part 1

Eddie snarled in ecstasy, bucking like a wild stallion between his mom's warm, circled thighs. Their heated crotches made a lewd, wet, repetitive **SMACK** that reverberated through his parent's bedroom. Ashley's cunt clung to the oversized slab of her boy's cock as it surged through her hot, shaved pussy like a piston pumping through a juicy crank-shaft.

It wasn't easy for Tom to listen to his wife being royally fucked. Never in their twenty-years of sex together had her cunt made such obscene sounds. To add insult to injury, it had been going on now for well over an hour. He peered towards his marital bed; his stomach sinking at the sight of his wife and son engaged in a furious fuck. It was sickening, yet utterly fascinating at the same time. Their naked bodies glistened with perspiration; the result of a strenuous tempo that would put even most skilled porn stars to shame. His wife's silky, matronly legs were fastened high around their boy's lean, bucking body; her sexy feet with their pink painted toenails shuddering against Eddie's sweaty back from the youthful forcefulness of his thrusts. Tom could see their muscles jerking and straining as they focused their whole energy on the impassioned union of their genital flesh.

"**SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**" the tireless sound of crotches colliding sent pangs of jealousy to Tom's heart, like a knife stabbing it over and over. The pain would only worsen with every pleasurable gasp that left his wife's mouth and almost seem unbearable each time she began wailing in a body-trembling climax. They were sounds that were on a whole other level than the ones she'd made during their years of marital sex.

TWO DAYS EARLIER

"I know this sounds awful, but I think I'm gonna ask Eddie to fuck me and get me pregnant this weekend," Ashley stated as she spoke to her mother, Carla, by phone.

"Well, I know I told you I'd discuss alternative ways for you to conceive, honey, but I certainly didn't expect you to suggest this."

"I know he's my son, but I trust him more than I do myself, and I'm sure he's more than capable of getting me pregnant."

"It makes sense to me, honey. I know how bad you've wanted this baby, and, well…Tom just hasn't been able to deliver the goods," said Carla.

"I've given him over a year. I think I've been pretty patient and understanding of his…'issues.'"

"You mean the low sperm count?" Carla snickered.

"That, and his erectile dysfunction. You can't imagine how frustrating its been, watching him try to get his penis hard enough just to penetrate me lately, let alone plant a baby inside my uterus."

"Yes, well…you did marry a **MUCH** older man, honey," her mother reminded her. "I mean, he's your father's age. You must have known this day would come."

"Maybe I just hoped it never would…and now…here I am, so horny I could die, and trying to rely on a pathetic amount of ejaculate to get me pregnant. I feel like I'm trying to bake a cake with no eggs, a tiny trickle of milk and a spoon that's as floppy as a wet noodle."

Carla burst out laughing. "I'm sorry for laughing, honey. It's funny, but it's not," she consoled.

"I know I sound awful, and this isn't about me wanting a young, hard penis inside me again…although I will admit, it'll be incredible to experience that…it's been so long."

"I feel your pain. Your father's erections don't get nearly as hard as they did when he was young, and I miss that too."

"I had a sample of Eddie's sperm tested by a nurse friend of mine last week."

"Where on earth did you get a sample of Eddie's sperm?"

"Mom, he's been splattering his cum-loads in my panties since he was thirteen. Trust me, I had no problem getting a fresh sample after he left for school."

"And?"

"He's producing three-hundred million sperm per milliliter of semen."

"God Lord!"

"I know…and I would guess by the volume he leaves in my panties that Eddie's producing at least five milliliters. That's over a billion sperm in a single ejaculation!" Ashley exclaimed.

"Well, you certainly know he's capable of getting you pregnant, but even though he is stealing your panties, do you think he's willing to have full-blown sex with you? You are his mother after all."

"Well, it's a long ride up to the cabin. I'm sure I can do some things to gauge his interest before we get there."

An hour later, Eddie, a lean, good-looking 18-year-old was in the backseat playing a game on his phone. He tried to ignore his 10-year-old sister and her friend as they sat near him, squirming and giggling playfully. "Thank God we only have an hour left before we

get there," the teen thought. Soon after, a text popped up from his mom, who was in the front seat with his father as they traveled.

"Are you going crazy back there yet, sweetheart?" the text read.

"How did you know?" Eddie replied.

"Yeah, two ten-year-old girls don't make for the most pleasant traveling experience."

"Tell me about it," he texted back.

After a brief pause in their exchange, Eddie got another text from his mom. "I'm sure you'd rather be doing other things right now, like hanging out with your friends or having sex with a girl ," it read.

The boy looked towards his mom blushingly and saw her peering back at him through her visor mirror. She gave him a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth, then a teasing wink. "Yeah, those things would be nice," he texted her back.

"I agree. Well…about the 'sex' part anyway. Especially recently, since I've been wanting to get pregnant so bad," she messaged him.

"Oh, I didn't even know you that you and dad have been trying."

"Yeah, if you wanna call it that, haha Trying…yes. Successful…not even close ," Ashley texted.

"Is everything ok?"

"Yes, you're dad's just older, honey. His libido isn't exactly firing on all cylinders, if you know what I mean ."

"Well, that's certainly no help to you."

"Maybe I should take out a 'help wanted' ad: 'Middle-aged mom with big boobs in need of a man to impregnate her', haha," Ashley

messaged.

Eddie started laughing from the back seat. "I'm sure you'd get plenty of applicants," he texted.

"Yeah…lots of creeps probably. I would need someone I could trust, not to mention someone who likes **LOTS** of hot, nasty sex. Which is exactly what it would take to put a baby in me."

Eddie could hardly believe what she was sharing. He was beginning to think she actually meant it. "Are you serious about that?" he texted.

"**VERY SERIOUS!** Know anyone who might be interested? "

After reading her message, Eddie looked towards the front and saw his mom smiling at his mischievously through her visor mirror. He blushed and looked out the window. The vibration of his phone bought his eyes back to his screen.

"Would **YOU** be interested in getting me pregnant, sweetheart?" read his mom's text.

Eddie's heart skipped a beat. His shaky fingers texted back. "Are you serious?"

"Well…you do fit all my criteria. You're handsome, charming… probably incredible in bed , and you're definitely someone I can trust."

The teen didn't wanna seem too eager in his reply. "Well, if it would help you and dad out, I wouldn't mind trying," he typed back.

Ashley's insides tingled and her thick nipples hardened beneath her bra. It was exactly the type of answer she was hoping for. "Are you sure it wouldn't be too awkward having sex with your mom?" she asked.

"No. I mean, I wouldn't mind, if you wouldn't?"

"I wouldn't have suggested it if I minded, honey. I think you and I would make a cute baby ."

"Me too," he excitedly replied.

"Our only hurdle would be convincing your father that it's what's best."

Eddie's stomach sunk. For a second he though they'd be doing all this **BEHIND** his father's back. He really couldn't see his dad approving of such an idea. He might even get really angry at his mom for asking. "Do you really think dad would go along with it?" Eddie texted.

"I don't know, but I have to try. I love your father and wouldn't wanna do anything like this without his knowledge."

"Ahh, smell that fresh air!" Jim sighed, as he and his wife stepped out of their family cabin in the mountains, later that day.

"It is nice to be out of the city," Ashley agreed.

"Mommy, we're going to Grandma's," Scarlett, their ten-year-old daughter shouted as she and her friend hurried towards another cabin, which sat not far away. Ashley's parents bought the property when they were younger and since then had cabins built for their two daughter's and their family's to enjoy for routine getaways.

"Behave yourselves!" Ashley warned.

"Well, we won't see her again for three days," Tom pointed out.

"Most likely not…especially the way my parents spoil her."

Eddie struggled to pull a suitcase from the back of their **SUV**. "Dang, mom…did you pack everything you own in here?" he complained.

"Sorry, honey," the mother giggled. "Take it up to the third floor…in your room for now."

"His room?" Tom asked, looking at his wife inquisitively.

"Let's go down by the lake," his wife smiled, taking his arm. The couple had met when Ashley was twenty-one and Tom was in his late-forties. Their relationship and eventual marriage was a bit scandalous, but despite their age difference, they were in love and there was no keeping them apart. Now, Ashley was six months from turning forty and Jim was creeping up on seventy. The affects of his age were beginning to set in.

The couple walked along the shore of a pristine lake, where lots of fond memories had taken place. "Do you remember when we came up here, when we were younger, and were making love so much that we never even left the cabin?" she reminisced.

"How could I forget?" her husband answered. "You wore me out so much I felt like I was getting a 'vacation' when I finally went back to work."

The busty housewife burst out laughing, making the huge swell of her tits tremble beneath her top. "Those were certainly our sexual glory years, weren't they?"

"That they were."

April face took on a more serious expression. "I think we both know that those days are gone for good…at least for one of us," she pointed out.

Tom felt a profound sense of sadness, knowing the one she spoke of was him. It was physically impossible for him to fuck his wife in ways he used to. With his **ED** issues, he recently had problems getting hard enough to even penetrate her at all. "Yeah, well, I can still—"

"You can still pleasure me other ways, I know," his wife blurted, finishing his sentence, "but Tom, your struggles with erectile dysfunction, and a low sperm count have impacted our lives in other ways."

"I know…I'm sorry," he shamefully uttered. "I wish there was something more we could try…that we haven't already."

"There is, but I'll get to that in a minute," said his wife as she stopped and looked into his eyes sadly. "I'm still younger…in my prime, and you know I want more babies. I realize there's in-vitro and all those other ways we've looked into, but I guess I'm a bit old fashioned, and would really like to conceive a baby the natural way."

"Like I've told you before, I'll do everything physically possible to make that happen…I promise."

"You've tried that, honey, and it hasn't worked," his wife reminded him, then squeezed his hands tenderly. "That's ok though…you're older now and things like having sex and making babies shouldn't concern you anymore."

"Of course they still concern me. You're my wife and I wanna see you happy and satisfied."

"You can still do that, but when it comes to me getting pregnant, I think its time for us to consider 'other' options."

"Such as?"

"Well, since **YOUR** fruitful days have clearly passed, I think it's time for you to step aside and allow me to take the seed of someone else," the wife uncomfortably proposed.

"Someone else?" Tom scowled.

"Making a child isn't a job for someone your age, Tom. It should be left to someone much younger. I mean, you must remember how exhausting it was when we were trying to get me pregnant with Scarlett and Eddie. There's just no way we could have that type of sex now," Ashley explained. "You couldn't do it."

"So you're suggesting I just let some other guy get you pregnant?"

"Not just 'some other guy' off the street, no."

"Then who?"

"I started my ovulation cycle two days ago, but you don't need to concern yourself with that. Honey, you came up her to fish and relax out on the lake and you should totally do that," his wife stated. "Scarlett can stay down at my parent's cabin with her friend, and while you guys enjoy this holiday weekend…Eddie and I can focus on making a baby together."

"Eddie?!"

"Before you freak out, I want you to take a deep breath and think about the logic behind it," his wife advised.

"Ashley, there is no logic behind the idea of having sex with our son."

"Just…please hear me out," she blurted. "With Eddie's sperm we'd be creating a child from **DNA** within our own family. There's no third party who we'd ever have to worry about fighting us for custody of the baby. As far as most people are concerned, the child would be yours biologically, and we could trust Eddie, more than we could anyone else, to keep that secret."

"Ashley, that sounds well and all, but you're talking about having sex with our son," Tom pointed out. "That's incest."

"I know it is, but times are changing, Tom. Society is more accepting of sexual freedom more than ever before. If two grown adults wanna have sex with each other and they're not harming anyone, then what's the issue…even if they are mother and son," Ashley preached. "Besides, it's not like Eddie and I woke up this week all horny for each other, we're doing this for a purpose…to grow our family."

"I'm still not convinced it's the best solution."

His wife looked at him with a dead-serious expression. "If you want me to be happy…it's the only solution there is."

Before the sun set over the horizon, Eddie went down to the sandy beach to work on his tan. After awhile of basking he heard the sweet, familiar voice of his mother. "I was hoping I'd find a hot guy down here on the beach to flirt with," she joked.

"Hey, mom," said Eddie, looking over and watching her gracefully move towards him. She wore a sexy, pale-yellow string bikini that could barely contain her colossal tits. As she spread her towel out next to him, the teen marveled at way her fatty breasts bobbled around, displaying a tremendous tit-cleavage. The idea that he might actual get to see those bounteous boobs jumping around naked, while he and his mom wrested in baby-making intercourse, made his heart beat wildly in his chest.

"Your father's being stubborn, just like I expected," Ashley stated, sprawling on her tummy next to her boy. "but I'm not easing up on the idea. I've just started my cycle so I'm at my most fertile right now."

Eddie's eyes traveled down to her rounded ass, half-shrouded by scrunch-butt style bikini bottoms. "So it may not happen then, if dad doesn't change his mind, right?" he asked.

"It'll happen, honey…don't worry. Your mom has this gentle power of persuasion that your father can never seem to resist," Ashley giggled. "Which is why you and I should probably start becoming sexually acquainted with each other."

"Sexually acquainted?"

"Yes…talk about likes, dislikes…ideas; things that'll heighten the experience we'll be sharing, you know, when we make a baby."

"Well, to be honest, mom…I'm sure there won't be much I don't like about it."

Ashley giggled. "I know what you mean, honey. I've been thinking about what sexual positions we should probably engage in," the mother candidly stated, kicking one sexy leg up playfully, so her dainty bare foot arched and her toes pointed towards the sky. "Although I do want us to do what come natural, there are certain positions that would increase the chances of me getting pregnant."

"Which ones?" Eddie curiously asked.

"Well, I think the positions with you on top of me would be the most affective. If I was on top of you, your sperm would have to flow upstream when you ejaculate, but with you on top, like…in the missionary position, your semen would flow more easily into my vagina and cervix."

"That makes sense," Eddie agree, his whole body tingling at the idea of fucking his mom that way.

"Doggie style is another good one. It would allow for deep penetration so that you could get your penis as close to my cervix as possible," the mother explained.

"Doggie is definitely a fun one to do," Eddie added.

"Agreed. God it's been awhile since I've had some really good doggie-style sex," Ashley reflected. "Anyway, there's also the 'Coital Alignment Technique' that I'd like us to try."

"What's that one?" Eddie asked, loving that they were having such a candid conversation on ways they planned on fucking each other.

"It's a different variation of the missionary position. Some research says that the female orgasms can also help with conception. The Coital Alignment Technique would allow you to make me cum multiple times by providing a combination of clitoral stimulation and deep vaginal penetration."

"By changing up the angle or something?"

"Yes…I would splay my knees out, but instead of you thrusting, you would slide your penis all the way in and we would rock and rub our pelvises together, increasing genital stimulation."

"That doesn't sound so bad," Eddie sighed, his cock hardening at the very though of it. Then his mom said something that took him by surprise.

"Our bodies would have to be in sync. Do you wanna try it…just, with our clothes on?"

"Here…um, right now?" he asked, peering around.

"Sure, why not. Your dad's napping, and no one can really see us down here," she assured him. "Besides…if we practice the technique a little bit, then we'll get really good at it, and it'll be even more affective when we get the green light to make a baby."

"True," Eddie agreed, then watched his mom flip onto her back, making her huge, bikini-clad knockers shimmy back and forth on her chest.

"Come crawl on top of me, honey. Let's try it," she urged.

Eddie eagerly crawled to his knee and moved down between his mom's slightly-splayed legs. He stared down at her crotch, admiring the way the fabric of her stringed bottoms hugged her pubis, molding to its outline. He looked around nervously. Even though he couldn't see any of the family cabins from where they were, it still seemed risky. "Are you sure we're OK to do this?" he asked.

His mom smiled. "Honey, relax. Your father and I have had sex on this beach, lots of times, it's completely safe," she stated.

"Recently?"

"No…certainly not recently, but when we were younger, before he started having his issues with getting hard," she replied, then her pretty eyes drifted down to the tubular bulge tenting her boy's trunks. "I see someone else certainly doesn't have issues in that department," Ashley teased.

"The only issue I have is with trying to make it go away," Eddie blushed.

"Well, if all goes as planned, that certainly won't be an issue you'll have to worry about **AT ALL** this weekend. The harder we can keep it the better."

"That's true," Eddie agreed.

"Come lay on top of me, Eddie…let's practice," his mom suggested, holding her arms out, then helping guide him down between her legs.

The teen put his hands on the sand, resting his torso on extended arms above his mom. Their heated crotches hugged; Eddie's erect cock pushing against the puffy flanges of his mother's vulva, separated only by two layers of very thin fabric.

"OK, honey…so the key here is, rather than go in and out, we rock against each other, in a grinding motion. This will allow me to get extra clitoral stimulation, which will result in orgasms."

Eddie began moving his midsection, just as his mother described. "Like this?"

"Yes…perfect!"

For several minutes they stared into each other's eyes wondrously; essentially engaged in a rhythmic dry-fuck. Ashley subtly rocked her pelvis, keeping Eddie's rigid prick-meat lodged against her mommy-twat. The meaty slab dug against her clit relentlessly, creating divine friction.

"Wanna come down on me now and I'll wrap my legs up around you?" Ashley asked, her breathing increasing.

"How can I refuse that offer?" Eddie teased, making his mom giggle. He lowered himself, dropping flat on top of her. He sighed at the feel of her cushy tits crushed against his bare chest. Their pelvic grinding continued, and seemed to intensify. Eddie gasped as his mom's smooth, shaved legs slithered up around him, harnessing around his back.

Ashley felt her boy's cock flex powerfully against her aching cunt. She wrapped him in her arms and began a steady pant, feeling his strong, youthful body hump against her. "Oh, God…you're doing really good, honey," she whispered.

Eddie couldn't answer. He was too fucking turned on to even put words together inside his head. His mom's plush, nearly-naked body felt out-of-this-world clutching around him. He steadily plowed his dick against her folds and could feel the heat radiating from her cunt-slot, heating his blood-engorged appendage even more, through his shorts. "Auuughh," he hissed, feeling his experienced

mom stay with his movements, causing awesome friction on the meat of his erection.

The busty mother gasped sharply, her eyes fluttering back in their sockets as she felt a strong clitoral orgasm swell in her loins. He boy's hard peter-meat was pushing back her prepuce, exposing the bulb of her glans to his plowing hardon. "Your doing it, sweetheart!" she squealed. "You're making me cum!"

Few things had been more thrilling in Eddie's life than hearing his mom squeal and feeling her curvy body tremble in climax beneath him. Her fatty tits sloshed against his chest, their swollen flesh bulging out from between their compressed bodies. He could feel her aroused teats prodding against him.

Soon, one orgasm turned to two…then three and four. Ashley was on cloud nine. They'd been going at it like this for nearly a half-hour and showed no signs of stopping. Sweat poured from their humping bodies, making them glisten in the late-afternoon sun. Ashley's legs were still fastened tightly around her teen, the muscles beneath her smooth, tan skin flexing and straining as she continued to work her needy cunt against his love-organ.

Eddie's throbbing cock was fat, pink and perspiring beneath his shorts, his knob mushroomed, jutting from his sinewy shaft as it dug against Ashley's cuntal flesh. His trunks were sticky with pre-cum, which seemed to trickle from his piss-hole constantly as he dry-fucked her. His mother's bikini bottoms were also sopping wet from strong ejaculations. Her vulva was a literal heated swamp of engorged flesh, hugging her boy's mammoth shaft.

Tom sighed in frustration as he stood nearby watching them. He had snuck down from the cabin only moments ago. The memories of he and his wife making love on this beach when they were younger came flooding back. He knew that the excitement his son must be experiencing, being on top of such a beautiful, heavy-titted woman,

was tremendous. He was in awe of how Eddie was moving; his young ass bobbing fluidly…up and down, slow and steady. He knew that his wife must be in absolute heaven with such a young, strapping teen on top of her, pushing his super-erect prick against her most private parts. Despite his shock and despair, he had to admit…their tangled, sweat-gleaming bodies moved beautifully together, as if they were made for one another.

Suddenly, Tom heard Eddie grunt over and over, clearly pouring a load of cum out in his swim trunks. He watched the teen buck and tremble in his his wife's splayed thighs, and Ashley seemed to cling to him even tighter throughout what must have been a toe-clenching climax.

"I saw the two of you earlier…on the beach," he confessed as he lay next to his wife that night.

"Oh…" Ashley uttered, her mouth falling open. "That, um…wasn't what it may have looked like."

"I know. I could see that you guys had your bottoms on, but it was still pretty shocking."

"We were just practicing a Coital Alignment Technique, just in case you decide it's OK for Eddie and I to start making a baby tomorrow," Ashley explained.

"You really expect me to change my mind, after seeing something like that today."

"Well, I was hoping that you'd be able to see past all the sex that Eddie and I will be having and just be excited at the prospect of having another child."

"That part does excite me, yes. We've been wanting that for a long time."

"Yes…we have," Ashley frowned.

"I did a lot of thinking today, about us…you and Eddie, the baby that you want. You married a much older guy in me. It's not your fault that my body has reached a point where it just can't perform…and produce anymore. It would be selfish of me not to step aside, like you said, and let Eddie perform this important task."

"You're ok with it?" his wife gasped, her eyes welling up with tears.

"Yes."

"Oh, Tom…thank you!" she exclaimed, hugging him tightly.

"I'm OK with it on two conditions," he added.

"Which are?"

"The second you find out you're pregnant, the sex has to stop, understood?"

"Of course," she replied. "Eddie and I aren't having a love affair, Tom. We're doing this to make a baby, and once that's done, things will go back to normal, I promise."

"Good. The other thing is, um…more of a request."

"OK…what type of request?" his wife curiously asked.

"That position that you guys were 'practicing' today, at the beach…"

"The Coital Alignment Technique?"

"Yes. I know this is gonna sound weird, but…I'd like to watch the two of you, when you're actually having sex that way," he requested.

"Watch us? Oh, I don't know, Tom. I—"

"Don't worry, Ashley," he blurted, interrupting her. "I don't wanna stick around here all day tomorrow and watch you guys, that's not what I'm asking for. However, I would like to see the two of you doing it that way, like I saw today."

Ashley giggled, feeding her husband an inquisitive look. "Honey…did it get you excited watching Eddie and I today?"

"I just figure…if I can't do that sort of thing to my wife anymore myself, then maybe I could spend a little time watching my son do it to you, and live vicariously in that moment through him."

"That's adorable," she smiled. "I'll talk it over with Eddie. If it's one of the conditions to us doing this then I'm sure he'll be alight with it."

The next morning, Tom prepared his fishing gear. His wife and son lingered nearby and the father looked over at Eddie a bit enviously. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather come fishing?" he asked.

Eddie glanced at his mother. "Nah, I told mom I would stay here and help her out," he answered.

"That's right," Ashley agreed, disheveling her son's hair playfully, "he has some sperm that need to go fishing for an egg."

Eddie laughed blushingly, glancing at the swell of his mom's enormous tits. He couldn't help but wonder if he'd get to see them naked; jumping around wildly on her chest while he fucked her.

"You don't have to feel obligated to do this, Eddie," Tom expressed, drawing a stern glare from his wife.

"He doesn't," answered Ashley, taking her boy's arm. "We've already discussed this, him and I…and he's completely on-board with the two of us having sex together in order to make this baby, right, pumpkin?" she asked her son.

"Right, mom…whatever you guys need me to do."

"Maybe instead of trying to change his mind you should be thanking him," Tom's wife suggested. "Eddie's gonna put in a lot of hard work this weekend to make this baby happen for us."

Even though his wife was right, the last thing Tom wanted to do right now was thank his son for having sex with his wife. He knew Ashley would be providing the boy with tremendous, toe-curling pleasure. "I do appreciate it, son, and if the two of you could just keep your sex-sessions as quick as possible I'd appreciate it even more," he expressed.

"Well, that's sort of a selfish expectation, isn't it?" his wife giggled.

"How so?"

"Well I don't tell you where to fish or how long to fish for, do I? I would imagine fishing takes patience and lots of resilience. You have to cast your line over and over, testing the waters and sometimes doing that for hours before you make a catch," his wife pointed out. "Babymaking works the same way, honey…you remember, don't you? Eddie and I have never had sex before," she continued, staring over into her son's eyes. "So I imagine we'll spend some time getting accustomed to each other's bodies before we start in on the serious task of getting me pregnant. Time is irrelevant when it comes to these types of things."

"Hey, Tommy!" Tom's Father-in-law shouted as he sputtered up to the dock in his boat. "Ready to go catch some monsters out there?"

Tom climbed in the boat and waved goodbye to his wife and son. He got a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as he watched Ashley jump on Eddie's back for a piggy-back ride back up to the cabin. He remembered coming up here when they were younger and her teasing him that same playful way, just before he got pussy. Now he was passing the torch, if you will, to someone younger and much

more superior to him sexually. He imagined that by the time he and his father-in-law had found their fishing spot, Ashley and Eddie would be naked and writhing in passionate, baby-making intercourse. "How did I ever agree to this nonsense?" he asked himself.

At the cabin, Ashley giggled giddily as she pulled her son by the hand into her and her husband's bedroom. "Let's take turns stripping each other's clothes off," she suggested, then quickly peeled off his shirt.

Eddie did the same to her as they faced each other at the foot of his parent bed, lifting off her snug blouse. His eyes widened at the sight of her tit-stuffed bra. She quickly turned around, presenting him with the thick cross-strap. "Unhook me, handsome," she requested.

Eddie had no problem unclasping the four hooks that held her bra on. His mom smiled back flirtingly, holding the big cups to her tits. "If you're as good at sex as you are unhooking a bra you should have no problem pumping that baby into me today," she teased.

When she turned, Ashley peeled the bra away and her oversized mammaries wobbled deliciously back and forth. Her arousal-level had caused her areolas to crinkle wonderfully, but they were still as big around as grapefruit. Turgid nipples puffed out from their centers, just begging to be sucked on. "Are we getting excited yet?" she anxiously asked, stepping forward and undoing Eddie's shorts. She quickly shucked them off so all that remained were his briefs. Her pretty eyes fixated on the tubular-shaped bulge of his clearly-erect cock. "Never mind…I think I just figured out the answer to that."

Eddie undid his mom's shorts and pulled them down her silky legs, revealing her sheer mesh pale-pink panties. "Oh, damn," his voice trembled as he stared at her shaved vulva, clearly on display through the fabric.

"The back is sheer too, honey," she giggled, twisting her lower-half so her boy could get a look at her luscious bubble butt. Eddie could see the deep crack dividing her meaty cheeks as clearly as if she were naked. "Damn, mom…those are the sexiest panties ever!"

"My turn," she announced, crouching down and yanking off his briefs. She licked her lips at the site of his rigid erection. It was so engorged with blood that his foreskin had peeled back, leaving his bell-shaped glans fully exposed. Eddie was proud of his dick. At nearly ten-inches, he knew he had a whopper, that had left plenty of girls walking funny the day after he pounded their cunts.

"Time for these to go too," said the boy, grasping his mom's dainty panties and peeling them down her legs. Now they were both as naked as the day they were born.

Ashley took his hands as she backed to the bed, they eyes gazing and gleaming with excitement. She wiggled her rounded ass onto the mattress and guided her boy down on top of her, feeling her spongy, pillowy tits shimmy on her chest. Then, she splayed her lovely mommy-legs as wide as she could, lifting her knees nearly to her shoulders. "Give me a baby, Eddie," she stated in needy desire. "Fuck me."

Eddie moved into position between her spread thighs, watching his mom grasp his thick fucker and draw him down to her crotch with it. The teen shuttered excitedly as he felt his leaky knob nudging between the flowering folds of her pussy. He had fucked plenty of hot girls, but his mom had about the sweetest piece of cunt he'd ever seen. Her thick labial lips were unfurled, her hood drawn back, exposing the fat, grape-sized nubbin of her engorged clitoris. "Fuck!" he thrillingly muttered beneath his breath.

He leaned forward, supporting the weight of his torso on extended arms. A devilish grin crossed Eddie's face, as he looked down at his long, beefy cock lined up with his mom's fuck-socket, ready to

hammer through her. He worked his lean ass forward, feeling his swollen glans sink into her smoldering tube of love.

"Oh, baaaby!" his busty mother squealed as together they watched his fat dong disappear inside her gooey, clasping wetness. Because it had been so long and she was eager to engage in a torrid fuck, Ashley began humping her lovely ass off the mattress, to set them into a rhythm.

Eddie humped right back at her, screwing their horny crotches together in counterpoint. He lowered his chest against her fat, bobbling tits, squashing the ballooning breast-meat between their writhing bodies as he rested flat on top of her. Now he could really lay some dick hard and fast, and that's exactly what he did.

"**OOOHHH-YESSSSS!!**" the mother howled, feeling her son's ten-inch sledgehammer carve a path through her fuck-tube. "Fuck me harder!"

The boy's hardened peter-meat pummeled through her pink tube; his tender flesh squeezing exquisitely along the spongy, slippery pleats that lined her vagina, creating delicious friction. His hands reached down, grasping the sides of her ass-globes.

Ashley locked her velvety legs up around his waist and used them to whip her ass off the bed even faster, so her outer labial lips beat wetly against her boy's cock-hilt. Eddie got sucked right into to her frantic tempo, ramming into her dripping pussy like a fuck-machine; rhythmically pistoning his prick through her sopping wet cunt. He wanted to knock his mom up in a serious way, but he also had a deep desire to impress her with his sexual skills and stamina. He knew the stamina part would be a true test, since his mom's talented pussy was so snug and juicy, not to mention the way she skillfully flexed her fuck-muscles, creating mind-blowing friction. He want to send her to the moon with an earth-shattering orgasm,

especially since he knew she hadn't had one, from fucking his father, for probably years.

"Oh, fuck, Eddie…you're showing your father up so good!" Ashley squeal encouragingly. "Fucking his wife with your huge, hard cock and pumping all that potent baby-seed inside me."

"I'll knock you up real good, mom!" he panted, intensifying his cunt-humps.

"You can kiss me while we screw, honey," she offered.

"I can?"

"Of course…that's just part of having sex."

Eddie ran with the invitation, lowering his lips to hers for a serious of passionate kisses. Seconds after their tongues met in a whipping frenzy, the mother began twisting her head from side to side, her pretty face becoming masked in a pleasure-grimace. "Oh, Eddie…oh, baaaaby, I'm gonna cum! **OH, I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!**" her shaky voice cried out.

Ashley's juicy, simmering vagina began to contract around the boy's pummeling meat, soaking it with ejaculatory secretions. Their bodies thrashed wildly, their bellies beating together as Ashley convulsed beneath her steadily-fucking teen. Eddie raised slightly on his forearms so his could watch his mom's huge tits roll like fleshy waves up and down her chest. He couldn't resist the urge to suck them any longer so he lowered his head and captured one of her rubbery, engorged nipples with his lips. He sectioned it into his mouth, while he fucked her, sealing the ring of his lusty lips around the fringe of her swollen tit-cap. When he began battering her distended teat with his tongue, it triggered a second, more explosive orgasm, which had his mom crying out in ecstasy, while trembling beneath his tireless assault.

For another thirty, solid cunt-hammering minutes, Eddie plowed his enormous prick through his mom's birthing tube. He stretched her spongy, corrugated lining with his rock-hardness, feeling her pelvic floor flex rhythmically, causing his boner to be exquisitely massaged by the very tube he'd squeezed out of eighteen years ago.

Ashley was on cloud-nine. The dreamy fuck that she was sharing with her son made the sex that she'd had with Tom lately seem laughable. She'd forgotten what it was like to be jackhammered by a huge, rock-hard cock, and the fact that it was her son's love-organ, and he was trying to blast a baby inside of her, made it all the more thrilling.

"Aaaaaugh!" Eddie grunted, clenching his teeth together as he felt his mom skillfully work her cunt on him. He never knew a pussy could do the things hers was doing. He hooked his arms beneath her lovely legs, propping them back further so he could fuck his steely cock into her even faster. His parent's bed shook with the animalish intensity of their humping.

Eddie bucked violently on top of his mom's gorgeous body, his pulsating peter jabbing deeply, nudging against the ring of her cervical head. "Oh, God…I'm popping off now, mom!" he stated with pleasurable urgency in his voice.

Deep inside her rhythmically-clasping pussy, Ashley felt her boy's blood-engorged meat jerk and throb. "Squirt it all in me, sweetheart! Knock me up with your sticky cum!" she squealed.

The teen let out a guttural grunt as steaming ball-batter spat from his piss-hole, splattering against his mom's quivering walls. His pinkish-purple glans throbbed and tingled in the hot, gooey grip of his mom's carnal canal, milking out every drop of spunk that his orgasm would provide.

For several minutes, Eddie laid against his mom's warm, fleshy bosom, basking in post-orgasmic bliss, while Ashley stroked her

fingers through his hair. "Wow…I know we're doing this for a special purpose," she stated, "but that was some of the best sex I've ever had, honey."

"I have to agree. That was awesome!" Eddie stated with a long sigh.

"Not to sound needy are anything, but do you think you're ready to go again?" Ashley asked, eager to get fucked by her son a second time.

Eddie pulled out of her, rising to his knees between his mother's spread legs. He thrust his hips forward, making his ten-inch cock jut outward in full, blue-veined hardness. The huge, muscular dong was still glistening with his mother's ejaculate. "Does that answer your question?" he proudly asked.

Ashley stared at the oversized hardon in dreamy-eyed adoration, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. "Incredible!" she muttered.

Eddie watching his mom hurry onto her hands and knees, her big boobies wobbling as they hung down heavily. She pointed her naked bubble-booty back at him. "Take me from behind this time," she suggested, giving her ass-meat a teasing wag. "Let's do it doggie-style."

Eddie smiled and licked his lips, his eyes transfixed on the smooth, puffy cunt-flanges protruding out between her legs. He crawled forward, grasped his boner at its base and rubbed his flaring tip up and down between her moistened labrum.

"Mmmm, you tease," his mom squealed, gazing back at him eagerly. "Come on…make mommy pregnant with that thing."

Eddie fit his knob into her vestibule, but didn't need to thrust because Ashley threw her fatty mommy-ass back on him, making half his spear sink inside her. He gasped in delight, feeling the cozy heat of her vagina encapsulated around his cock. He took a firm grip

on her wide hips with both hands, ready to beat his boner through her passion-pit. Again, his mother bucked her rounded ass-cheeks back against him, burying his cock to its base as she started fucking him. "I love this position," he sighed, marveling at the way his mom's butt-meat rippled as it began beating back against him rhythmically .

"I love it too…can't you tell?" Ashley giggled, humping her cunt back on her son's satisfying stiffness.

"Does dad do this one with you a lot?"

"Ha…no! Your dad's too old for doggie," she scoffed.

"Too old? How could you be too old for this?"

"Well, half the time he can't even get it hard enough to penetrate me this way," she answered. "Doggie is for young men like you…who get rock hard and have endless amounts of sexual energy."

"That would be me alight. I could do this position all day."

"Only 'all day,' huh?" his mom joked, peering back at him as her as the fatty flesh of mommy-derriere smacked against him.

"Ok…all day **AND** all night."

"That's more like it," April giggled. She stared back, watching her boy's rigid cock-meat squeeze in and out of her humping cunt. She felt it flex powerfully inside her, its strong tubular flesh stretching her cuntal lining. Not to be outdone, the cock-humping mother tightened the muscular bands of her urethra, vagina and anus, compressing her corrugated tube around her boy's hot, horny dick.

"Auuugh, yes!" he sighed, pulling her ass back against him and holding it there, in full penetration. The glans of his penis mushroomed, his foreskin pulled back tight around his sinewy shaft.

Slimy pre-goo wept from his meatus, smearing thousands of sperm against the pursed lips of his mother's ectocervix.

"Good grief, honey…if you go any further you'll be scraping the egg right off my fallopian tube with that huge dick."

"Do you like it all the way inside you like this?"

"Yes…I haven't felt an erection reach my back wall in a long time."

"If your wall wasn't there…I'd go further," Eddie uttered, crushing his knob against her external os, as if trying to push his cock through the tiny slit, further into her cervical canal.

"I'm so happy that you have a big dick, sweetheart. The back of a woman's vagina can be an area of tremendous pleasure, but not all guys get to experience that."

"I guess I'm a lucky one then. It does feel really good back there. It's like a set of lips kissing the tip."

"At the center of those lips is the tiny hole that dilated so I could squeeze your little baby body out of me, when I gave birth to you."

"I wish it was dilated now so I could go further," Eddie replied, his dick-flesh tightening as Ashley's vaginal tube seemed to encapsulate it even tighter in reaction to his confession.

"I'll tell you what…" said Ashley, gazing back at him with goo-goo eyes. "Since you're being an angel and stepping up to the plate for your father, I wanna do something really special for you, Eddie. Unfortunately, you'll have to wait nine months for it though."

"What is it?"

"It's something I'm sure no other girl's ever given you."

"Now I'm **REALLY** curious," Eddie blurted.

His mom laughed as they slowly resumed fucking again. "When I'm in labor at the hospital and my cervix has dilated to about two centimeters, we'll lock my hospital-room door and I'll let you slide inside me. That hole back there should be just big enough for you to squeeze your cock through. You'll get to feel my actual cervix squeezing on your glans."

"Dang, mom…that sounds incredible!"

"Well, it'll be a first for both of us," she admitted, then licked her lips, staring him in the eyes alluringly. "Maybe if you're a good boy I'll let you even buck on mommy a little bit and hose out a hot, sticky load in there before I give birth."

"Damn!" Eddie exclaimed, his cock tingling. "If you get me any more excited I'm gonna blast one out right now."

"Mmm, nothing wrong with that. The more of your cum swimming around inside my pussy the better. I want thousands of those tiny tadpoles making love to my egg, competing fiercely to pierce my ovum, and fuck their way inside to make a baby."

"Ohhhhshit!" Eddie gasped, suddenly setting his hip in motion, frantically humping his tingly cock through her pussy as hard as he could. "**OH, DAMN, MOM**…**I'M GONNA CUM!**"

Ashley pumped her fatty ass back on him with equal vigor, giving him full-length thrusts of his teenage cock. Her dangling udders flopped around wildly to her frantic tempo. "Pour it in me, Eddie!" she shouted encouragingly. She felt her boy's dick give off a might throb, and hot goo begin to erupt inside her, splattering across her clasping walls.

After beating his spurting dick through his mom's cunt-tube for a few more minutes, Eddie collapsed onto the bed. He sighed in delight as he felt his mom sink down on top of him, flattening her spongy, sweaty melons against his chest. "My God, sweetheart," said April

breathlessly, "I know we're doing this to produce a child, but I'm just gonna say it…sex with you is amazing!"

"Thanks…I love it too," the boy proudly expressed, his insides tingling at the thought of all the mind-blowing sex he still had to look forward to the next three days.

Part 2

"You're home early," Ashley stated as she greeted her son in the kitchen on a Friday night.

"Yeah…um, things didn't go to well with Trisha," Eddie answered, fetching a soda from the fridge.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry," the mother consoled, her six-month pregnant belly leading the way as she stepped over to the table. "Sit down here with me and explain what happened."

Eddie joined his mom at the table, trying not to stare at the exposed cleavage on open display through the slit of her robe. He swore her tits got bigger with each passing day. "Did you guys get into an argument or something?" Ashley asked.

"No…nothing like that."

"What then?"

"It's a sexual reason…so it's kind of embarrassing, mom."

Ashley reached over and took his hand. "I know it's been six months, but **WE HAVE** had sex together, sweetheart. There's nothing we shouldn't be able to share with each other."

"I know."

"So tell me what happened."

"I'm apparently too big down there for her," Eddie uttered.

"Too big?"

"My penis. She's scared to have sex with me, and she's not the only one. Two other girls I've gone out with have said the same thing."

Ashley fed him a perplexed look. "So, these girls are afraid to let you fuck them…because they think your penis is too big?" she asked.

"Exactly!"

Ashley knew her son had a whopper of a prick. At ten inches it was one of the biggest ones she'd ever had inside her. However, she didn't see a reason why that should intimidate most girls. If anything, it should excite them. "Well…that's just the silliest thing I've ever heard. You should have girls lined up to screw you, not running away for God sake."

"Don't I wish."

"Let me have another look at it," the mother requested.

"At my penis?"

"Yes…take it out and show me, so I can reassess its size."

Eddie stood up and fished out his cock. His mom was surprised to find it fully-erect. "My Goodness…is there a reason you're so hard, sweetheart?" she blushed.

"Yeah, because you're so stinkin' sexy, mom," he admitted.

"That's kind of you to say, Eddie," she smiled, reaching out and grasping onto his monster-boner. "I'm sure it won't be too long until you find a girl who thinks differently, but until then…maybe we can work something out," Ashley suggested.

"Like what…a handjob?"

Ashley burst out laughing. "No…not a handjob. I had something else in mind, but we'd have to get your father's permission first."

"Dad's permission?! Ah, come on, mom…can't we just do this without him knowing?"

"Eddie…we didn't sneak around the last time, and I'm certainly not fooling around with you behind dad's back this time either."

The teen scowled. The act of 'telling his father' would certainly threaten to spoil his plan. The truth was, girls weren't afraid of his cock at all. He just told Ashley that in hopes of jumping back into bed with her. He had gotten his share of pussy alright, but none could compare to the one he'd planted a baby inside of six months ago. "I seriously doubt that dad's gonna let us go down that road together again," he expressed.

"Leave that to me," his mother confidently answered.

"What's wrong, hon?" Tom asked his wife the next evening as he noticed she seemed down.

"Eddie is starting to get rejected by girls, and it's just not fair," Ashley answered, speaking about their son.

"Rejected why?"

"Well, as we both know, he has an abnormally-large penis…and girls his age just seem to be scared of it."

Earlier that year, during summer vacation, Tom had the unfortunate experience of watching his son knock his wife up. For three days, his big-dicked teenage son beat his baby maker into Ashley's unprotected pussy, producing a baby that now made her tummy big and round.

"How do you know he has an abnormally-large penis? Maybe there's some other reason they're rejecting him."

"Tom, I'm his mother…I've always known. I hadn't even trained him to bathe on his own yet and he was already bigger down there than most grown men," his wife answered. "It's gotten twice as big since then. I should know…I had sex with him, remember?"

"How can I forget," Tom sarcastically answered. "I certainly hope you haven't seen his penis recently?"

After getting pregnant, Ashley promised her hubby that the wild fuck-sessions her and their son were having would stop.

"It's been six months since Eddie and I had sex. I asked him to show it to me yesterday, just so I could remind myself how big it was."

"Well…that hardly seems appropriate."

"I only held it and looked at it…that's all I did. I swear we haven't had sex since I found out he got me pregnant."

"Yeah, but you still held it. Why did you need to hold his penis?" Tom asked.

"It was so thick that I didn't think I could get my hand around it, and I was right," Ashley answered. "Eddie has the biggest erection I've ever seen and I can certainly see why girls his own age might feel a little intimidated by its size."

"That's great, but I still don't know why you felt the need to touch it again. You promised you wouldn't."

"I promised we'd stop having sex and we have. Anyway, can we just get back to my concern, Tom? It's not healthy for him not to be sexually active."

"There's nothing we can do about that. He just needs to find him a girl who's not scared of it."

"So far, the only girl who's experienced his erect penis inside them and not ran away is me."

"Well then…he needs to keep looking. He can masturbate until he finds someone."

Ashley shook her head in disagreement. "Masturbation is for thirteen-year-olds. He's a man now. He needs sex."

"Ok…well if the girls his age are scared, what do you want me to do about it?"

"You don't need to do anything. This is a situation that a mother should handle."

"Handle how?" Tom asked.

"You're not gonna like my answer, but **IT IS** the one that makes the most sense."

"Alright…I'm listening."

Ashley gulped bravely. "Until he finds a girl who isn't afraid, I'm gonna let him have sex with me."

"Come again?!"

"He needs pussy, and it's a mother's duty to provide it until he can find a suitable partner."

"That's ridiculous!"

"To you, maybe…but not to me," Ashley explained. "I've birthed children. I have a vagina that's perfectly capable of handling a large penis. Why not let him use it to get some sexual release?"

"Because it's incest, that's why. Ashley, I allowed Eddie to get you pregnant, but that was where it stopped…you promised."

"Yes, but that was a separate issue, and Eddie was nice enough to help us make a baby. Why can't we help him out with an issue that **HE'S** struggling with?"

"Because he's our child!"

"Eddie is no child…he's every bit a man. What we do in our home is no one's business."

"Ashley, you can't just have sex with our son for that reason."

"**YES**…I can, and I plan to as soon as you leave the house this morning."

"**WHAT**?! The two of you have already discussed this?" Tom shouted.

"We've already worked out an arrangement, yes. He's **VERY** appreciative of my help, just as I was for his," said Ashley, patting her rounded belly, "but we have no intention of hiding this from you, Tom."

"Wait…what do you mean you've worked out an arrangement?"

"Eddie and I will be having sex three times a day. Once in the morning, the a second time when he gets home from school, then again at night, after everyone's gone to bed."

"You can't be serious!"

"I am. In fact…you asked if there was something you could do earlier and there is. I'd like you to help me move some of my things down to Eddie's room tonight. Until he can start getting his dick wet outside the home, I'll be sleeping in there with him at night," his heavy-breasted explained.

"That's crazy! Are you—"

"It's not crazy," she defended. "It eliminates the coming and going in the middle of the night that might wake Scarlett up. With Eddie and I in a bedroom together we can have as much sex throughout the night as he needs, without disturbing anyone."

"Ashley, you'd be breaking our wedding vows."

"Actually, I wouldn't…just like I wasn't when we let Eddie get me pregnant. This isn't stepping out on you with another man, Tom…it's not remotely the same. In fact, meeting the needs of our children is part of the vows we took to each other. Technically, you should be thanking me for being a good wife and mother, who's willing to spread her thighs for the sexual well-being of our son."

"I'm certainly not feeling grateful right now…so don't expect a 'thank you.'"

"Well…you can be selfish. That doesn't change anything. When we're done bumping our bellies this morning I'll just have Eddie help me move some of my things down to his room."

"Ashley, this is ridiculous. You can't just—"

"Look, honey, not to sound cruel, but I get it," she interrupted. "You and Eddie are polar opposites, and I'm sure that's a hard pill for you to swallow."

"I wouldn't say we're opposites."

"Of course you are, Tom. You're older and incapable of performing sexually, due to your erectile dysfunction, and he's younger and full of testosterone," the wife pointed out. "Your penis, when it does get hard, is…average, while we both know that our son is incredibly well-endowed. Apparently so much so that girls are refusing to fuck him. It's alright to admit that you're jealous of Eddie...you rightly should be."

Tom shook his head in frustration. "Is there no other way of handling this situation? What about your friend Monica. Wouldn't she have sex with him."

"Tom…Monica's married! I'm not asking her to cheat on her spouse."

"That's certainly not stopping **YOU**," Tom pointed out.

"If you came home from work and caught Eddie and I fucking our asses off then yes, that would be cheating, but this is not that," Ashley responded, then her expression softened. "Look, honey…we both know you've been struggling in the bedroom and it's been frustrating for both of us. Yes, I'm doing this to help Eddie through a hard time, but maybe in a way…he'd be helping me through a hard time too. It would take a lot of pressure off of you."

"Ashley, I can still give you pleasure."

"Yes, the clitoral orgasms you give me are wonderful, but there are also other types of pleasure we women require. Pleasure brought on by deep vaginal penetration…something you're just not capable of providing anymore, Tom," she explained, then rubbed his arm tenderly. "I love you, but I think it's time for you to step aside."

Eddie got up and took a shower, thinking of his mom as he soaped down his cock and balls. It had been a little over six months since their trip to the cabin, where he had his mom had vigorously fucked, almost nonstop for three days straight. He shuddered at the thought of all the sperm-loads he pumped up inside her tight, quivering cunt. Since then, he had fucked several girls at school, but none had a pussy that could milk him quite like his mom's could.

Watching her belly grow big n round with his baby and her already-large breasts swell monstrously huge made his cock throb with desire to fuck her. Eddie decided to tell his mom that girls were rejecting him, due to the size of his cock. She fell for his story, hook, line and sinker, then suggested just what he hoped she would…that

she please him sexually, until he could find a girl who was willing to. Not only that, but his mom offered to move into his bedroom with him so they could pound their pissers together on his bed, all night long.

"I bet dad sure didn't like that idea very much," the boy laughed to himself. He felt a bit sorry for his old dad. He remembered Tom's shocked expression while he socked his long, fat prick up into his mom's cunt, making her howl in orgasm. He imagined his dad must feel like a boxing champion who just lost his title to someone much younger and more capable.

Eddie peered down his chiseled torso to the ten-inch pillar of cock-meat jutting from his loins. He loved how long and muscular his boner looked. The bulging veins looked like purple bolts of lightning traversing along his thick shaft. The erectness of his prick had cause his foreskin to peel all the way back so his skin was pulled taut along the stalk. This left his bulbous crown fully exposed, which looked like a fat, juicy plumb capping his manhood. "You're gonna be loving life today," the teen said out loud as if talking to his cock-knob. He knew his throbbing glans were about to be buried in the grip his mom's talented cuntal flesh, and milked exquisitely.

"Well…you're looking quite beautiful," Tom said to his wife as she stood in front of their full-length mirror, brushing through her mane of long hair. This made her enormous, milk-swollen tits jostle beneath her silky robe.

"Thank you, honey," replied Ashley.

Tom took a moment to admire his wife's beauty. She had that Prenatal glow about her that was absolutely striking. Ashley had applied a little make-up and sweet perfume, in preparation for a morning of vigorous sexual intercourse with her son. Her dainty feet were arched in five-inch, open-toe stiletto mules, showing off her freshly painted toenails. Since the robe and heels didn't watch, Tom

suspected she was wearing something else. "Do you mind if I see what you're wearing for him?"

She flashed him a smile. "Yes, I do mind," Ashley giggled. "After Eddie and I agreed on doing this I told him he could go to the boutique across town and pick me out a piece of lingerie for today."

"Well now I'm **REALLY** curious."

"You'll have to stay that way. It's for Eddie to see me in…not you."

"I'm assuming my credit card paid for it so shouldn't I at least be able to take a peek?" Tom asked.

Ashley knew he was right. He flipped the bill, so he should at least get to have a sneak peek. "Fine, a quick peek, then you should probably be leaving for work."

Ashley undid the sash to her robe and pulled it open. Tom's stomach sunk as he took in what she was wearing, which was the lewdest piece of lingerie he'd ever seen. It was a white mesh and lace teddy with open cups, leaving the mother's huge tits exposed. Beautiful embroidered lace snugly shrouded her rounded baby-ball, and the open crotch exposed the thick outer lips of her shaved pudenda.

"Good grief, Ashley…you're really wearing that in front of him?" Tom asked.

"Tom, Eddie's seen me naked before, remember? I told you I shouldn't have showed you this. It's just gonna get your blood pressure up."

"Can you please just make sure that your time with Eddie is cut and dry."

Ashley fed him a weird scowl. "Define 'cut and dry,'" she stated, closing her robe back up.

"Just…sex, no extra funny business."

"Such as?"

"You know, like…kissing."

"Hold on a minute…kissing is part of having sex, Tom. That's like asking me to eat a cupcake without enjoying the frosting. Eddie and I made out constantly while we were getting me pregnant, it'll be no different this time."

Ashley certainly wasn't over-exaggerating. When her and Eddie fucked at the cabin their lips were constantly fused together. She remembered how her tongue-muscles were sore for a week from frantically lashing her licker with Eddie's so much. She loved to kiss, and unlike her over-the-hill husband, Eddie was really, **REALLY** good at it. "There's no fucking way Eddie and I aren't kissing!" she thought.

"No oral sex, right?" Tom asked.

"Honey, why are you trying to add on these stipulations all of the sudden?"

"This isn't like the last time," he replied. "Last time Eddie was trying to get you pregnant, so oral sex wasn't even on the table. However, this time…with you just wanting to provide him pleasure, things are a little different."

Ashley grinned inwardly. Little did her husband know that she had given Eddie nearly a half-dozen blowjobs during their three day marathon of sex. She felt a little guilty at the time, knowing it wasn't a necessary act of getting her pregnant. However, the thrill of sucking on her boy's huge, teenage prick and having his sticky loads of ball-nectar splatter down her throat washed away all remorse. "Tom, the fact that this time is different is exactly why **I SHOULD**

give Eddie some sloppy head. The object is to give him pleasure, any way possible, since other girls aren't doing it for him right now."

"It's that 'any way possible' part that scares me."

Ashley grinned and rolled her eyes. "You need to go focus on work and stop worrying about whether I'll be using my mouth, my tits or my ass to please our son."

"Your ass?!" Tom blurted. "Ashley, please don't tell me you're considering that."

"Just because **YOU** don't like anal sex doesn't mean Eddie doesn't."

"I never said I didn't like it, I just…"

"I know…your wife has very thick ass-cheeks, so even when you could get hard, you couldn't get in very far. It was frustrating for both of us, but look on the bright side…you're off the hook now."

"Off the hook?"

"Yeah, I mean…Eddie's penis is…very long. It'll be able to reach way up into my asshole easily, and I'm sure he'll love getting pleasure that way, so you don't have to feel bad anymore, about not being able to do that to me."

Tom's heart sunk with jealousy. He'd give anything to have a dick that could reach into his wife's bowels or stretch her cervix, like Eddie's could. He'd never get to experience the sensation of her ass-walls chewing at his tender cock-meat, or her cuntal cavity contracting and spewing hot female ejaculate around his dong. His son, on the other hand, had all that to look forward to.

"You were right what you said. I guess I am a bit jealous," Tom confessed.

His wife stepped up and hugged him, which didn't help. He wanted desperately to pull her to the bed and do all the things they'd just discussed himself, but he just wasn't capable. Certainly not like the boy down the hallway was. "This is a good time for you to focus on other things you enjoy. Your friends have been trying to get you to play golf with them for years. Find some things that interest you and leave the sex around here to Eddie and I," his wife suggested. "We'll take good care of each other."

Ten minutes later, Ashley was standing in her son's bedroom doorway. "Did someone in here order a pregnant mommy?" she teased.

Eddie jaw nearly hit the floor as he stared at his mother wearing nothing but her sexy teddy and heels. "I did!" he blurted, raising his hand.

Ashley giggled and stepped into his room; her huge, milk-engorged tits quivering with her every step. "Well…here I am," she smiled.

"Wearing the hottest teddy on earth!"

"Glad you like it. What do you think of the back?" Ashley asked, gracefully twirling around. Two thin straps crossed her rounded bubble butt, otherwise it was completely bare.

Eddie licked his lips with desire. "Damn…I love it!"

"You should. You picked it out," she smiled, peeking back at him. "It's been six months since these ass-cheeks have beat against your midsection. Are you ready to experience that again, baby?"

It had also been six month since Ashley had called him "baby," and Eddie loved it. "I sure am! Are you ready?"

"Why don't you get those briefs off and come over here, and I'll answer that," she replied, wagging her meaty buttocks teasingly.

The teen stood up and shed his underwear. His cock bobbed stiffly as he made his way over to her. Ashley turned and they embraced, their lips quickly meeting for a series of passionate kisses. "Pick me up and fuck me, Eddie," the mother whimpered as they continued smooching.

Mother and son moved like well-choreographed dancers. As Ashley sprung from the floor, Eddie grasped the outsides of her thighs, then felt his mom reach down between them and grab his hard cock. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling her plow his knob between her juicy cuntal flanges.

Eddie's flaring knob sunk into her vestibule and he felt the slick, pink tissue of her vaginal entrance stretch around his glans, drawing him into her. Sexual arousal had caused secretions to swelter from Ashley's Bartholin Glands, allowing her boy's fat dick to squeeze fluidly up her birthing channel. The exquisite friction of their sensitive sex organs uniting made them both nearly go out of their fucking minds.

"Oh God, you feel so good!" Ashley's voice quivered. With his arms circling his neck and her meaty jugs squashed against his bare chest, she drew her rounded ass backwards so only Eddie's knob remained lodged in her cunt. Then, she plunged forward, taking nearly his entire ten-inch cock into the depths of her inner sanctum.

"Damn, mom!" the teenager gasped, feeling his tender glans grind against the slippery ring of her cervical head. His mom began to fuck her pussy on the satisfying stiffness of his huge prick.

Eddie could tell right away that her cunt-tunnel felt different than the first time he had fucked her six months ago. Her walls felt more engorged; smothering his big, teenage prick with rows of well-pronounced vaginal rugae. Her cuntal muscles had strengthened in preparation to give birth, compressing her sugar walls around the

tubular meat of Eddie's boner. This caused her pussy to suck at his knob and milk at at his plunging stalk.

The other thing that was different this time around was his mom's pregnant belly, which felt so amazing trapped between their humping bodies. The fact that it held a baby that they had produced together, while at the family camp, was an added thrill.

Eddie loved the way his mom was clinging to him in the standing missionary position, pumping her cunt along the length of his erection. For nearly ten-minutes they fucked this way, and every few minutes the boy would take a step back in the direction of his bed. Finally, they reached its edge and Eddie fell backwards onto it, so his mom was now on top of him.

"Mmm, let mommy take care of that big dick, baby," Ashley mewled, planting her knees astride him as she continued to move on his cock.

The teenager watched his mom sit upright, in the cowgirl position. The size and movement of her naked breasts had made quite an impression on him the first time they fuck. Now, due to her pregnancy, they were obscenely huge. He could clearly see her blue mammary veins and her swollen nipples and areola were a deep pinkish-purple in color, from increased blood flow. Her heavy tit-melons leaped heavily up and down, their fatty meat rippling each time they swung down and struck her baby-orb.

"Wow, mom…none of the other girls I've been with have tits like your," Eddie expressed. "Not even close."

"They're all yours, honey!"

Ashley lowered her bobbling udders, and Eddie rubbed his wonder-stricken face up through her squishy cleavage. He lustfully kissed and licked their creamy contours, while feeling her tightly-clasping cunt-sleeve travel the length if his cock.

"Auuaghh, sweet shit!" the boy hissed, feeling her hot, corrugated walls squeeze his cock-flesh tighter and tighter.

"**I'M GONNA CUM, BABY!**" the mother squealed. The sound her cunt-hole was making, pumping wetly on his cock, was downright obscene. Her rounded mommy-ass flew up and down, smacking on his hairless crotch repeatedly.

If it was one thing that had made the biggest impact on the teen from his experience getting her pregnant, it was making his mom cum. Watching his own mother's pretty face contort with pleasure, while her eyes rolled back in their sockets was the most thrilling thing he'd ever seen. Then her body would tremble from its core, making her mighty milkers slosh wildly around his head.

Ashley's urethra bulged along the top of her boy's plunging shaft, soaking it with an eruption of hot female ejaculate. "Ahhhhh, yesss!" Eddie sighed, feeling her cuntal grip quiver around his driving cock-shaft.

The boy grumbled lustfully as he kissed his way along the underside of one of Ashley's enormous breasts, delighting in its weight and squishy softness against his face. He found his mom's turgid nipple and sucked it inside his mouth, spreading his lips as far across her wide areola as he could.

The entire length of Eddie's steely-hard prick was tingling with ecstasy as it sped deliciously in and out of the seething tube of his mom's pussy. The two of them had found a delightful fuck-rhythm, smacking their crotches together tirelessly. Girls Eddie's age were good at sex, but Ashley rode her son's dong like a true cock-fucking champion.

"Yes…suck my tits and fuck me, baby!" she squealed, throwing her lovely ass up and down as she screwed him.

Eddie sucked like a starving infant, suctioning his cheeks so he could draw as much tit-flesh as possible into his lusty mouth. His face was masked in warm, spongy breast-meat, giving his mom wonderful tit-sucks, elongating her thick teat inside his mouth.

Over the next half-hour, Ashley showed her skill by alternating between fucking her son's cock-length and grinding their genitals in full penetration.

The two of them whimpered and shuddered in sexual delight as Ashley stirred her teen's rock-hard erection around inside her cuntal grip. This made Eddie's bloated bell-tip plow back and forth across the slippery head of her cervix, creating a sensation for both of them that was out-of-this-world.

Without warning, Ashley heard her son grunt beneath the weight of her boob, then felt his sticky jizz spurting up inside her gyrating fuck-hole. The feel of his teenage cum spewing into her triggered her own violent orgasm.

"**FUCK!!**" Eddie gasped, peeking out from under his mom's giant boobie as he felt her convulse and gush on his cock.

"**AAAAUUGGGHHH!!**" his mother screamed, the veins and muscles in her neck straining.

For nearly ten minutes they writhed furiously, making Eddie's bed rock and squeak as the climaxing couple rode the waves of orgasmic contractions sweeping through their bodies.

Around noontime, Tom decided to call and check up on his wife. Just knowing she was home fucking Eddie had been eating at him all morning.

"Hey, honey," Ashley answered, seeming out of breath.

"Hey, um…how are things going there?"

In Eddie's bedroom, Ashley was face down, ass up, in front of her son on his bed. She held her cellphone to her ear, while he boy was on his knees, pounding her steadily from behind. "Going good. Eddie and I are, um…still having sex," she gasped.

"Still? You mean, since this morning?"

"Well, we took a short break a couple hours ago, but yes, pretty much since this morning."

Tom's heart sunk. He could hear their sweaty bodies beating together.

Eddie let out pleasurable "huffs" of breath as he held his mom's wide hips; socking his tireless erection through his Ashley's birthing tube. The site of her thick, rounded bubble-booty smacking against his crotch only added to his excitement-level.

"You mean to tell me in the past three hours Eddie hasn't gotten off once?"

"No, he has…but, honey…this wasn't just about 'getting him off' one time, or twice even. The purpose is to satisfy him…and sometimes that involves a young man like Eddie having multiple orgasms."

"Ashley, can the two of you please just wrap things up."

"I think we can do something that'll **REALLY** drain him," Ashley answered, then peered back at her humping teen. She licked her lips lustfully as her eyes traveled up his young, chiseled torso. "Wanna put it in my ass, honey?"

Tom rolled his eyes as he heard what his wife asked their son. "Ashley…"

Eddie, on the other hand, got a big excited smile. "Heck yes, I would!" he answered, backing his cock from his mom's cunt.

The mother's eyes widened at the sight of his jutting cock pointing at her. His strong, vein-encrusted shaft was dripping with her ejaculate, and the pink bulb of his cock was engorged from pounding against her cervix for so long. "Ease it in then," she whispered, giving her naked buttocks an inviting wag.

"Ashley, can we talk about this first?" Tom asked in frustration.

"We already talked about this," his wife answered. "I told you I'd be letting Eddie use my ass also."

The teen gave his wet cock a few slippery strokes, while staring down at the pink ring of his mom's asshole. He brought his knob to the crinkled lips and pushed forward, prying them open with his throbbing glans.

Tom could tell by his wife's sharp gasp that their son had just penetrated her butt-hole. "Tom, I need to go. I'll see you in a few hours," she hurriedly stated, then hung up.

Eddie gasped in delight as he watched more and more of his cock-meat sink into his mom's butt. Her ass-ring was now stretched obscenely around his thick shaft as it slowly wormed deeper and deeper inside her.

"Wow it feels good in there, mom!"

"Ease it in slow, baby. You're cock is really big," she winced.

Eddie heard his mom let out a sharp breath as he flexed his erection and slid more of its meaty inches inside her hot, clutching ass-tube. "Ohhhh!" the boy breathed, feeling her sphincter tighten up around him.

"Is this the first time you've had your dick inside a girl's ass, Eddie?" Ashley asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Do you like the way it feels around your big dick?"

"God, yes!"

"Would you like to ream my asshole and pour a hot load of cum in there?" she sensually asked.

"For sure!" he excitedly answered. "If you don't mind?"

"Well…I love to get fucked up the ass, but your dad could never get in very far. Then, when his cock stopped getting hard, I thought I'd never get to experience anal sex again. So no, I don't mind at all."

Feeling the tense muscles around her asshole relax, Eddie began to slowly saw his dick in and out of his mom's shitter. His mother began to throw her ass back at him, lengthening his thrusts. Finally, he felt his leaky knob sink up into her rectum and the elastic ring of her asshole squeeze snugly around the base of his cock. "**OH, WOW!**" the boy gasped, never imagining that he'd be buried to his cock-root inside his mom's delicious ass.

"Come on, baby…fuck my asshole!" Ashley cooed, thrusting her rounded buns back and making them smack lewdly on her boy's crotch.

Every time Eddie drove into his mother's luscious bowels the sensations up and down his throbbing dick were intensifying, giving way to the most sublime ecstasy he'd ever experienced. For nearly ten heart-pounding minutes the teen reamed his mother's asshole with full-length thrusts of his cock, delighting in the way her head was on the mattress, but her butt was pointed up for his enjoyment.

Ashley rose up and all-fours and peered back at her ass-humping teen. "Lay down against my back and squeeze my tits, while you fuck, baby," she suggested.

Eddie gladly complied, laying his chest against Ashley's sweaty back, while reaching under and grasping onto her swollen udders. His fingers sunk into their fatty flesh, pinching her thick nipples between his fingers.

The added stimulation had the mother on the verge of another body-trembling climax. She could feel his muscled slab carving delightfully through her slippery ass-tract, his knob mushrooming as it pumped through her rubbery rectum, into the deepest regions of her anal orifice.

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum soon, mom," Eddie gasped.

"Me too, baby!" she squealed, bucking her thick ass beneath him like a bitch in heat.

The smooth, muscular tube of Ashley's ass stroked the youngsters cock like a velvet fist, working it from balls to knob. The exquisite friction of his thick, teenage cock had her shuddering in a tit-quivering climax.

Eddie groaned in ecstasy as his cock began hosing out thick jets of hot love-lava deep in his mother's bowels. For several minutes he bucked and humped feverishly, using Ashley's ass-cavity to squeeze out all his stick cum.

"Oh, God…that was **AMAZING!**" the teen sighed, collapsing down on top of her.

"It sure was," Ashley agreed. "You see, baby…I told you that you could come to me for anything. It's a mother's duty to look after the needs of her son."

Dad strikes out. Son hits a Homer.

by klrxo

"Let's go, guys!" Hailey cheered from the stands as her husband's community softball team took the field. She was one of many wives there offering support to their hubbies.

Reese, Hailey's son, sat on the bleachers next to his standing mother. His eyes drifted over and studied her pregnant body from head to toe. His friends told him that his mom resembled the actress Sarah Atwood, from the **TV** show, Yellowstone. He certainly saw the resemblance. Hailey had long dark brown hair with highlights and beautiful facial features that included luscious, bee-stung lips and alluring brown eyes. She wore a sexy cut maternity dress that fell to her mid-thighs and accentuated the rounded cheeks of her ass. Her legs had a wonderful tan that made them shimmer with silkiness. The sight of his mom's dainty feet, with toenails painted ruby red, propped in delicate leather mules with 4-inch stiletto heels, never failed to harden Reese's cock. His eyes drifted back up to the huge round baby-ball that protruded from her mid-section. Hailey was nearing her due-date and she certainly showed it.

"Come on, play smart out there!" the mother shouted, making her gigantic knockers shudder as she clapped. The 38-year-old came from a long line of heavy-breasted women. Being pregnant though had transformed her boobs from being overly-large to absolutely monstrous .

"Fuck!" Reese's dirty mind exclaimed, watching her ballooning tits wobble to her every move. He couldn't imagine what it would be like

to suck on their succulent caps, while he fucked her as hard as he could.

Hailey sat down next to him, her eyes glued to the field. "Your father better be at the top of his game today," she stated. "They're playing one of the best teams in the league."

"You look amazing in that dress," Reese uttered, his sights still fixated on her swollen bosom.

"Thank you, honey," she replied, flashing him a sweet smile. "What else is on your mind today?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you've been awfully quiet. Anything else on occupying your thoughts that you'd like to share?"

"Well…yeah, but now might not be the best time to talk about it," he answered.

"No one else can hear our conversation. If there's something private you wanna say…just say it."

The teen mustered up all the courage he could, then let the words slip out of his mouth, "Can I stay home from school tomorrow…and fuck you?"

She flashed him an amused smile, her eyes widening and locking onto his. "Well…that's certainly a bold question," she stated, trying to keep from smirking.

"I know, but I've been wanting to for awhile, so I thought I'd finally ask."

The mother crossed her sexy legs, one of her strapless high heeled mules dangling from her painted toes.

"I'm aware that you've been wanting to fuck me, Reese," his mother admitted, placing her hand atop his thigh reassuringly. "I'm the one who has to go searching for my bras and panties when they go missing, remember?"

"Yes," he blushed, knowing he had a habit of stealing them.

"Lucky for you, your mother's **VERY** open minded. I know you like to use my delicates to masturbate your penis with. I just wish you'd get into the habit of returning them."

"I can try to get better at that, sorry," the boy replied, then got back to his original question. "So, um…what about sex?"

The mother had certainly expected her son to proposition her at some point, so she had already considered how she'd respond to such a request.

"I'm not opposed to the idea as long as we could keep it between us. Would you be willing to wait a couple weeks though, until after I have the baby?"

"A couple weeks?"

"Yeah, that'll give my vagina a chance to go back to its original snugness, after pushing out your sister. If you're gonna fuck me, I'm sure you'd like to have a pussy that's nice n tight around your penis," she pointed out.

"Actually, I was hoping we could do it **BEFORE** the baby's born."

"Oh…" the mother smiled, "well, that's interesting."

The boy's eyes drifted down to his mom's huge, protruding belly. There was something about it that made his heart pound with sexual excitement. "To be honest, I've always really want to—"

"No, I get it," Hailey blurted. "You don't have to explain, honey. I have a ton of appointments tomorrow though and then they're inducing me on Thursday. I just don't see how we'd have much of a chance to do it by then."

After a short pause, Reese broke their silence. "Can we fuck right now?"

Hailey burst out laughing. "Right now?! she asked.

"Yeah, we can take dad's car and find a spot back behind the old vocational building. Kids from my school go back there and fuck all the time."

Hailey looked out at her husband, who was playing second base. She had a good marriage, so obviously she felt a little hesitant about the idea, but she had an itch in her pregnant pussy that her hubby just wasn't satisfying, despite his best efforts. "Your dad has the keys to his car. I'd have to wait for them to go up to bat and get them from him," she told her son.

"Well, that won't be long. There's two outs already. Do you think Jaxon will be ok?" Reese asked, looking over at his little brother, who was busy running around with his friends.

"Yes, just let him know we'll be back in a little while," said Hailey, standing up. "I'll go get the keys from your father."

Every set of male eyes in the stands followed Hailey's thick, swaying ass as she headed for the dugout area. Her huge, meaty tit-melons quivered with each step, her thin stiletto heels clicking daintily on pavement. After they had gotten the third out, Hailey's husband Chuck came rushing over. He was naturally concerned-looking, since his wife could give birth at any moment. "Hey, babe…everything ok?" he asked.

"Yes, I was just, um…wondering if I could get your keys?"

"Oh…did you leave something in the car?"

"No-no…Reese and I just wanna take a ride."

"A ride?!" Chuck questioned. "Hailey, the game just started."

Hailey was a horrible liar, which clearly showed in her awkward answers. "Oh, I know, honey…we're not going far. We just wanna take a ride back behind the vocational building, maybe park and talk for like an hour or so, then we'll be back," she stated.

Her answer only made her husband even more suspicious. "Behind the vocational building? Hailey, that area's a known as a place where teenagers park and have sex."

"I know it is. We just wanted a place that was quiet and private to, um…talk."

"I let Jaxon know we'd be back in a little while," Reese said as he arrived near his mom.

"Great, thanks, honey."

Chuck stood there for a moment as his wife and son looked at him awkwardly. "Is something going on I should know about?" he asked.

His son flashed Hailey a guilty glance. "No…um, mom and I just wanna take a ride across town," he answered.

"Oh, now it's across town? What happened to parking back behind the vocational building?" Chuck asked, glaring at his wife.

Reese looked at his mom in a questioning manner. "You told him?" he asked.

"Told me what?" Chuck inquired.

"That mom and I are gonna—"

"No!" Hailey blurted, cutting him off. "I told him that we're going back there to talk, that's it!" Then, she looked at her husband impatiently. "Can we just…get the keys please. You have a game to focus on."

Chuck reluctantly went to his bag to fetch his car keys. He gave them to his wife. "Well…I hope you two have a good 'chat,' wherever you're going," he told her.

"We should be back before the end of the game," Hailey stated, then turned and sashayed towards the car with her son. They seemed pretty hurried for two people who were going out for a 'talk.' Chuck watched his car race out of the parking lot. The idea that his pregnant wife and teenage son were leaving the game to go have passionate sex together in the backseat of his car seemed ridiculous, but all the clues certainly pointed that direction, giving him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Do you think dad knew what we were up to?" Reese asked him mom as she drove.

"Yes, he probably suspected that you and I were going out to fuck each other, but it doesn't matter. Unless he catches us in the act of the crime, we can just continue to plead not guilty."

"He's probably just jealous because he knows I'll fuck you better than he does."

Hailey giggled. "Yes, I'm sure your father's starting to see that you're highly superior. You're younger, better looking, and ready for hot, nasty action like this in a moments notice," she stated.

"Do you like to be fucked hard, mom?"

She peeked over with a mischievous smile. "Does a fish like water?" she teasingly answered.

"Pull right around there," Reese directed, pointing at a building on the left.

"Are you sure this is a safe spot for us to fuck back here?" Hailey asked her son, looking around nervously as she parked in a small dirt clearing behind the vocational center.

"Of course. Kids from my school fuck back here all the time, mom."

"Okay, let's hurry and get in the backseat," Hailey directed, opening her door.

They both got into backseat and Hailey began eagerly stripping off her dress. Reese just sat there dumbfounded as the realization that he was about to fuck his own beautiful mom kicked in. "Oh, shoot!" he suddenly uttered.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't have any condoms on me."

Hailey burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?" her boy asked.

"Newsflash, honey…your mom's already pregnant…**VERY** pregnant. We don't need condoms, silly boy," she teased, peeling her black thong panties down her legs and off.

"Oh, yeah…I guess you're right."

Reese's eyes widened as she reached back, pulling the thick cross-straps of her bra together, unclasping it. She pulled the cups free of her fat tits and they shimmied heavily. Her mommy-melons looks so swollen and suckable that the boy couldn't help but lick his lips, while gawking at the turgid nipples that stuck out from his mom's wide areolar rings.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" his mom asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"Because I'm naked and you haven't taken off a stitch of clothing yet."

"Oh, sorry," he replied, quickly shedding his shirt. He just loved his mom's shocked expression as he removed his the lower half of his clothing and his erection sprung up stiffly.

"Good grief, have you been using a penis pump or something?" she asked, her jaw hanging open as she stared at his fully-hard appendage.

"No, why?"

"Because you're **MUCH** larger down there than I expected."

"That's a good thing though, right?" he proudly smiled.

"Yes…a **VERY** good thing, honey, as long as you have the skills to go with it. A big cock doesn't mean much if you cum before a woman's had a chance to enjoy it."

"I don't cum quick at all. In fact, my friends and I had a contest once to see who could jerk off the longest. I went an hour longer than both of them."

"Well, that's more productive than playing a stupid video game, I suppose," Hailey giggled, "but there's a big difference between your hand and a hot, wet pussy, honey."

"I know, I've had pussy before. Trust me, mom…I'll be able to bang you nice n hard, for as long as you want."

Hailey leaned over and began licking her son's peter tip with her long, pink tongue. "This is hardly the time or place for marathon sex,

Reese," she warned between flicks of her licker, "but feel free to fuck me as hard as you can. You won't hurt the baby."

The round-bellied mother lowered her mouth over the swollen stiffness of her boy's dong. She clasped her pouty lips around his vein-encrusted shaft, whimpering in delight as her son's flaring knob entered her throat.

Reese marveled in disbelief, watching his own mom's pretty head bob up and down on his steely cock; her long silky hair shrouding his crotch. Hailey wrapped her hand around the bulky base and began beating him off into her steadily-plunging mouth. Her round, pouty lips acted like the mouth of a snug, overheated vagina, slipping along the length of his rigid penile flesh.

"Damn, mom…you can really suck dick!" the boy expressed, feeling his glans tingle inside the warm, snug wetness of her mouth and throat.

His knob popped from her lips like a cork and she spoke into it like it were a meaty microphone. "Cooking, cleaning and giving blowjobs is what we moms do best, honey," she declared, then went back to gobbling up his cock-meat.

Wet, gurgling sounds came from the mother's throat as she tried to take all of his cock, but her boy was simply too long and thick, making that task impossible. "I bet my cunt can take all of you," she gasped, straddling her teen and resting her knees aside his hips on the car seat.

Reese's view as she did this was simply to good to be true. He had never seen a belly packed so full of baby-meat. It was huge and round and sexy. Her gigantic tits seemed obscenely large for her well-fit frame, lurching heavily, with stiff, elongated nipples, right in front of his face as she reached down and grasped his boner.

Hailey fit the pink tapered tip of her boy's prick to the socket of her cunt, wetting his bulb with the juices that had seeped out. "Are you ready, hotshot? Are you ready for your pregnant mom to ride this flagpole?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes!"

The fat, mushroom tip of Reese's leaky cock stretched her slit as it sunk inside her fuck-tube. He groaned as he felt her coital muscles immediately go to work on him, compressing tightly as he plunged deeper and deeper inside the spongy furnace of her vagina.

"Damn, honey…" the mother gasped as she quickly found a fuck-rhythm, "I don't think I've ever felt a dick so huge and hard. I suppose this is a good way to loosen my pussy up to give birth in a couple days."

"I hope your titties don't get any smaller after you have the baby," her son expressed, kissing and licking his way through her squishy, cavernous cleavage.

"Don't count on it, honey. After a mom gives birth, her boobs become a literal milk factory. If anything, they'll swell up even bigger after I have your sister."

"Oh, wow!" Reese excitedly sighed, his voice muffled by fatty mammary-flesh.

Hailey lowered her plush ass to his lap and held it there for a moment, in full penetration. The feel of his throbbing crown, pushing against the ring of her cervical head was absolutely divine. She shuddered with excitement, marveling at the strong, unyielding hardness of her boy's prick, packed inside her luxurious sheath like a thick iron crowbar.

The car began to rock as the heated flesh of their bodies beat lewdly together. Hailey leaned over her son's upper-half, planting her hands

on his shoulders for support as she fucked. This caused her dangling tits to swing and brush softly against his chest and face. "Fuck…your boobs are so incredibly huge, mom!" the teen exclaimed wondrously, as the canyon of her squishy cleavage bobbled around his marveling face.

The lucky teen could feel his unborn sister's fully-developed fetus squirming as it lay sandwiched between their writhing torsos. His mom's delicious bubble-booty bobbed up and down as she fed his erect penis through the tube of her horny cunt. "Suck my tits, baby… don't be shy," she encouraged, her breath 'huffing' with every vigorous plunge of her cunt on his satisfyingly-stiff cock.

Reese eagerly complied, latching on to one of her aching nipples, pressing his face against the fatty sponginess of his mom's boob. His dick flexed in arousal inside her, stretching her inner lining with the swollen stalk of his sinewy fuck-muscle. Her cuntal sheath was lined with rows of wonderfully-engorged ribs that were slickened by hot secretions, causing her vagina to pump snugly and fluidly up and down Reese's pink boner, from balls to knob.

"Oh God…now **THIS** is how I love to be fucked!" the mother cooed, beating her puffy labrum against her boy's hairless cock-base. Their crotches made a creamy, meaty sound as she pumped their blood-engorged love-organs together.

Reese whimpered in ecstasy, his face pressed way up into the squishy orb of his mom's tit, while he gorged on its supple cap. His lusty tongue whipped back and forth on her fat teat, his lips suctioned around the dusky-pink tissue of her areola.

For nearly ten glorious minutes the skilled, cock-fucking mother alternated between plunging and grinding on her boy's steely slab. Her gasps of pleasure built gradually to a screaming, feverish crescendo. The feel of his mom's spewing cunt and rippling tits

nearly made the boy lose his load. "Can I fuck you from behind, mom?" he asked, peeking up from between her smothering melons.

"Do you really expect me to say no to that?" she breathlessly replied, as she climbed off of him.

Reese was shocked by how soaking wet his cock was as it slipped from his mom's pussy and sprung back against his abdomen. He quickly rose to his knees behind her as Hailey rested on all-fours on the seat. "Damn…that's one fine ass!" he complimented, staring at her rounded globes.

Hailey peeked back over her shoulder, grinning wickedly as she watched her boy give his prick a few strokes, while he stared at the fleshy clamshell of her pussy. "Move on up here and fuck me doggy, honey," his mom urged, wagging her ass-meat invitingly. "Make this 'fine ass' beat against you."

She certainly didn't have to ask him twice. Reese fed his jutting peter-flesh into his mom's vagina, sighing in delight as it sunk to her cervix. He grasped her wide hips and began banging her hard and fast from behind. Few sights could rival the view he had of his mom's apple-bottomed ass-flesh **SMACKING** violently against his chiseled midsection.

"Oh, fuck…this is great!" he gasped.

"I agree! I love fucking this way as long as there's a rock-hard cock like yours to throw my ass back on."

Hanging down, like fat udders, the mother's dangling tits swung wildly on her chest to the rhythm of their heated union. Hailey pumped her ass back with eager passion, meeting her boy's hammering humps. It saddened her that she couldn't get fucked this way by her husband anymore. Age had caused Chuck to lose the sexual mojo he'd once possessed, and his cock certainly didn't have the youthful rigidness it once had. That was OK now though. The

sex-starved mother had a son with a piece of meat that made her husband's seem laughable. Reese was full of youthful exuberance that was sure to bring her hours upon hours of body-trembling orgasms. She knew that this was the first of many sexual adventures they'd be sharing together.

"Oh, shit, Reese…you're gonna make me cum on that big teenage cock again!" the mother mewled as a tremendous climax swept through her prenatal body.

Watching his mother get off to his skillful fucking was extremely satisfying to the teen. He loved pounding her from behind like this; watching her fatty ass-cheeks ripple as they beat against his steadily-humping midsection. However, he was anxious to feel her strong, silky legs harnessed around him, while he fucked her savagely from the top.

Carl Anderson was a Senior in High School, just like Reese. He pulled his jeep around the vocational building and parked it next to the only other car in the area. His cock was aching, and he was anxious to get a blowjob from his girlfriend as she sat next to him, fondling his cock.

"Looks like there's another couple having some fun back here," he stated, looking over at Reese's father's car. He could clearly see the duo in the backseat, fucking their asses off.

"I'll say!" said Carl's girlfriend, peering over at the wilding romping couple. Hailey's lovely mommy-legs were scissored in the air and Reese's ass flew up and down feverishly as he pounded her pussy hard and fast. "Seeing that makes me wanna skip the blowjob and go straight to fucking."

"Come on, baby…you know I love some good, juicy head first," Carl stated, grabbing the back of her hair and pulling her face down to his hardened crotch.

Inside the other vehicle, Reese fucked his mom with fervid pumps of his throbbing cock. He adored having sex this way. Even more so now that he was doing it with someone with a body that was out of this world, and built for pleasure. Fucking his pregnant mom was like driving a plush, luxury automobile that was made to perform the task efficiently, while providing the utmost comfort.

"God, your cock feels so fucking good!" his mother gasped.

Reese jabbed it in deep and held it there a moment, gritting his teeth as his mom's experienced vaginal tract sucked and contracted around the stiffened slab of his cock. He ran his hands down her soft body; the bulging outer-contours of her tit-globes and the soft distended sides of the baby-ball that was squashed between them. Then, he grasped onto her warm cushy ass-cheeks and resumed fucking her at a furious tempo, crushing her pregnant body against the car seat.

Hailey's knockers felt so huge and squishy pancaked against her son's chest with her engorged teats prodding into him. The meaty mammaries sloshed around between them to the rhythm of their wildly-humping motions.

The heavy breathing mother locked her silky tan legs around her boy, fastening his body to hers. Her warm thighs were clamped to his hips, flexing and straining from their feverish fuck. Draped against his upper back, her calves pushed against him repeatedly, allowing her leverage, so she could buck against him in counterpoint, taking as much of his ten-inch cock as she could.

"Goddamn, your pussy's tight, mom!" he cried out, feeling it squeeze and suction around his burrowing boy-meat.

"Any girl's pussy would be tight around a fat bullhorn like yours, baby!"

"Man, I could cum and then fuck you again if you'd let me," he offered. "but I know we need to get back to the game soon."

"Fuck the game!" Hailey squealed, writhing beneath her boy's tireless assault. "If you need to lay a sticky load inside me right now, then fuck me again then you go right ahead, baby!"

"Yessss!" the teen hissed, quickening his fuck-rhythm. He slid his arms beneath his mom's back and grasped onto her shoulder, so he could really lay some pipe into her.

Hailey's back arched in ecstasy; a tremendous full-body orgasm jarring her out of no where, like an electric current. "**AAAAUUGGGHHH!!**" she screamed out, startling the couple parked next to them she was so fucking loud.

Reese fucked his mom's juice-spewing pussy as hard as he could, feeling her freshly-shaved legs shudder as they twisted down his wildly-pumping ass. The cunt-clasping friction on his penis was immense. He had passed the 'point of no return' as his semen was deposited at the top of his urethra, ready for ejaculation. He let out a whimpering moan as a series of rapid fire contractions began to stimulate his prostate and seminal vesicles, forcing his load to shoot through his shaft. His penile muscles contracted, sending a huge ribbon of spunk splashing through his mom's pink, corrugated walls.

"**AHHH, FUCK, MOM!**" the teen grunted. More and more jizz erupted from his cunt-smothered knob, making him shiver through the most powerful ejaculation than he'd ever had.

For several mindless minutes they kissed passionately, their tongues wrestling inside Reese's mouth. Mother and son ground their horny, quivering pissers together, milking out every drop of pleasure that they could before finally going motionless.

"Damn…that was some amazing pussy!" Reese breathlessly expressed.

"That **WAS** some pretty hot sex, wasn't it, baby?" his mom agreed.

"Were you serious about letting me fuck you again right now?"

"How do you want me?" she eagerly replied.

Reese laid behind his mom in the spooning position, feeding his long, muscled cock up into the tube of her cunt, while groping her huge, spongy tits and rounded baby-ball. Hailey pumped her skilled pussy back on him, mashing her twat-lips right down against his prick-root so she could make sure she was getting every inch of his dreamy, teenaged dick inside her. For twenty minutes they both fucked their way to a tremendous mutual climax, feeling the exquisite friction of their pink, juicy love organs bring them to new heights of sexual delight.

"It's about time you two got back," Chuck stated, after they returned. "The game ended like twenty minutes ago."

"Sorry, we just, um…got to talking and lost track of time. Who won the game?" Hailey asked.

"We lost by two runs."

"Oh, shoot…sorry, honey."

"So, what was this important 'private' conversation that the two of you just had to have?"

Hailey looked at her son, trying to think of something. "Oh, just, um…silly stuff really."

"Hey, man!" a voice suddenly shouted from the parking lot. It was Carl Anderson, the boy who had parked next to them with his girlfriend. He came rushing over to Reese and handed him a pair of black panties. "Your girl's panties must have fallen out of your car,

when you guys got back in the front seat. I just wanted to bring them over," he explained.

"Oh, thanks," Reese uttered, then handed them to his mom, while awkwardly looking over at his dad.

"No problem. You guys were really making my girlfriend jealous with how wild you were going at it in there. We've been parking back behind the vocational building for a long time and we've never seen a car rock like that. Anyway, see you guys!" said Carl, then rushed back towards his jeep.

Hailey turned and looked at her husband as he stood there with a sickened expression. She forced a smile and brought her hands together, making the swell of her giant boobies quiver. "Well…who wants lunch? I'm starving."

Dad's Big Mistake by klrxo

Chapter 1

Kyle was a tall, muscular 18-year-old. It was summer vacation and he was home almost every day with his mother, while his father had to work.

Julie was a 38-year-old maternal beauty. She was about six feet, 130 pounds, with long, brown hair, sparkling brown eyes, long, milky-white legs, a remarkably round ass, and even more remarkably big boobs. She exercised daily, almost fanatically, so her body stayed in top shape. Her body was soft, feminine, and curvy, yet somehow surprisingly firm and muscular at the same time.

Kyle was very successful with girls his age, since he was charming, handsome, had a huge penis, and knew how to use it. But he often wondered what it would be like to fuck his mother. She was the hottest mother in the neighbourhood, by far. All his friends said so. He longed to prop her feet on his shoulders and feel his large cock saw in and out of her sweet cunt. He wanted so badly to dump his load deep into her womb, where his mother's eggs would surely be waiting.

Julie knew her son (*and her only child*) carnally desired her. It was obvious by the looks he'd been giving her. A part of her was flattered by her son's admiration, and any woman would admit that the boy was muscular and handsome. But he was her son and she was happily married to her husband of 20 years, Jim. Given time, she was confident her son's fascination for her would pass.

Kyle came down to breakfast in nothing but his boxers, where he found his mother at the stove cooking. He paused to admire her long gorgeous legs and shapely ass. Julie was in just a short, blue silk robe and a dainty pair of high-heeled slippers. She noticed her boy staring at her ass from the doorway.

"Good morning, sleepy-head," she said in her sweet, motherly tone, while still facing away from him.

"Morning, Mom." Kyle answered. He walked up behind his mother and gave her a hug from behind.

Julie turned her head to him and smiled. She could feel his large, erect penis pressed against the crack of her ass. She knew that her son's endowment was much larger than her husband's, thanks to seeing the size of his tenting bulge through whatever he was wearing, and more recently from sometimes brushing up against it. Not for the first time, she figured it was diplomatic to pretend it wasn't there.

"How'd you sleep?" she asked, even as she secretly reveled in the feeling of his hard-on nestling into her ass crack.

"Okay, I guess. Is Dad gone already?" he asked. His muscular arms were just under her huge rack. He could feel the weight of her spongy tits resting on the top of his arms. He also was able to sense that she wasn't wearing a bra, since her bras were thick and heavy to support her hefty, round boobs.

"Yeah, he left a few minutes ago." Julie answered.

Her husband Jim was a financial analyst and wore a three-piece suit to his downtown office, where he worked nine to five every business day. His six-figure salary meant the family was able to live in an upper class house in suburbia and Julie didn't have to work.

She knew why her son had asked about Jim. Kyle's behavior was much different when his father wasn't there. He became much more touchy-feely with her. She didn't mind, and even kind of encouraged him at times. She told herself the horny teen was just going through a stage and he would never try anything "over the line" without her consent.

Kyle squeezed his mother tightly. His shaft was beginning to wedge deeper into the crack of his her ass. He gently and carefully repositioned his hands until they were "accidentally" cupping the undersides her immense globes.

"I love you, Mom," he said, creating an excuse for the intimate hug to keep going.

Julie reached back and stoked the back of Kyle's head lovingly, her long nails combing through his dark brown hair. She twisted her upper torso and looked over her shoulder into his brilliant brown eyes.

"I know you do, Sweetie, and I love you... more than you know," she said. She was secretly thrilling from their unusually intimate contact. It was outrageous the way he was cupping her tits, and it was something she'd almost never allowed him to do before, but the throbbing of his huge erection in her ass crack was even more exciting. That was only rarely allowed too, and never both actions at once.

He was overcome with lust and love for her. He struggled to express his desire for her. "I mean... I... I really love you, Mom... I..."

Julie turned to fully face him, and placed her finger over Kyle's mouth. That forced their naughty ass and breast contact to come to an end. "**SSSSHHHHH! I** know, Sweetie. You don't have to explain it to me, I know what you're going through," she said warmly.

"You do?" Kyle asked with worry. His incestuous desire for her could hardly have been more obvious (*when Jim wasn't around*), but it was something that had never been openly acknowledged before.

"Yes, and it's perfectly naturally for boys your age to love their mother's this way." Julie stepped forward and enveloped him in another hug. That allowed her massive breasts to squash against his

hunky chest. The feel of her silky blue robe against his bare chest was electric for both of them.

"Tell me what you're feeling?" she asked encouragingly.

"Jealousy, I guess." he muttered sadly.

"Youre jealous of your father, because I'm his?" she asked. Her nipples were stiffening because she secretly found his rampant desire for her flattering and exciting. She was kind of regretting not wearing a bra, or panties for that matter. She was worried he'd be too encouraged when he felt her arousal through her erect nipples. The flirting should only go so far, she figured.

"Yeah." He sighed. "And I guess... I guess I know how much you want a baby and... well..."

There was a short pause. Then Julie took her boy's hand and smiled up into his eyes. Her silk-covered erect nipples continued to press into his bare chest. "So you're jealous that I'm trying to have a baby with your father and not with you?"

"Yeah," he boldly admitted. "I'm sorry, I know it sounds stupid," he said, feeling defeated. "It's just that I love you so very much, and you're so beautiful that it hurts!"

Her heart thumped faster and faster, and she could even feel her pussy starting to throb and moisten a little bit. She felt a wicked desire to kiss his lips, but she knew it could never happen. "It's not stupid, Sweetie. Your feelings are very real. The truth is your father and I have been trying to have a baby for seven long years, and so far... no luck."

"For that long? Is everything okay with you?" Kyle asked. His penis was still throbbing needfully in his boxers, but he was genuinely concerned for them. He was looking forward to having a new sibling too.

"I'm fine, but I'm afraid your father has a very low sperm count. That's what the doctor told us recently. It's possible that he may never be able to get me pregnant again," she admitted in a low tone.

Kyle's eyes lit up. He had what he thought was a brilliant idea. "Well, why don't you let me try, Mom?! I know I could do it, really!" He exclaimed excitedly. His heart thumped wildly and his erection lurched with new life.

Julie giggled. They still stood very close facing each other, her hands resting on her son's shoulders, and her silk-covered huge breasts still pressing into his bare chest, with her stiff nipples poking noticeably into him. "Hold it, mister. You know that you and I can't go there."

Even as she said that, she secretly wished it was somehow possible for them to get intimate. Sometimes, in fact often times, she fantasized about being "taken" by her own son! Lately, she'd been getting a little crazy with allowing him to flirt with her when Jim wasn't home. Plus, she was dressing far too "casually" when they were alone, such as the silky robe and high heeled slipped she had on now... and nothing underneath! But she told herself that some "harmless flirting" was one thing, actual sex was quite another!

"Why not?! Dad wouldn't have to know. You could tell him the baby was his. It would be our secret," Kyle suggested. His erection was throbbing needfully in his boxers.

Julie felt another secret rush of arousal. She thought, I could picture it, getting repeatedly fucked by my extremely handsome, well-hung son, and passing the baby off as Jim's. So wicked! Her pussy was getting wetter just from the idea.

But she felt she had to shut him down before he got too carried away with the impossible idea. She laughed and shook her head. "Kyle, listen to yourself. Do you realize what you're asking me?!"

"It makes sense, doesn't it? You could get pregnant without having to cheat on Dad." His lust was surging so strongly that he boldly slipped his hands down to her ass. That allowed him to pull her in closer until her pussy mound was pressing up against his huge boner!

She quietly gasped and her heart thumped faster as she felt the sheer size of his arousal. However, she pretended not to notice. "But I would be cheating on your father... with you."

"Yeah, technically, but the kid would look like Dad and everything. No harm, no foul, right? Mom, I promise I would never say a thing." Kyle pleaded.

Julie was tempted, sorely tempted. She already knew her son's penis was twice the size of her husband's, and she longed to be truly, royally fucked at least once in her life. Feeling his bulging arousal hotly pressing through her silky robe really drove home how exceptionally endowed he was. However, she remembered how much she loved Jim, despite her years of sexual disappointment with him. It was a fun fantasy to imagine getting fucked by her son, but it could never, ever actually happen.

She told him sadly, "Sweetie, we can't."

"Why? Why can't we, Mom? You want this baby desperately badly," he pointed out. "Wouldn't you go to extreme lengths to make it happen?!"

"Yes, but not at the cost of my marriage! Son, this idea of yours isn't about me having a baby. I know you, you naughty boy. This is about you getting into my panties. I have never once in 20 years of marriage cheated on your father and I don't intend to break that streak with my overly-horny 18 year old son," Julie said firmly.

She felt better for taking a clear stand on the issue, but she still couldn't get herself to pull back from their hug. She continued to

secretly thrill at the feel of her immense tits pressing against his bare chest, and his throbbing boner pressing against her lower tummy.

Kyle hung his head for a moment, then looked back at her. "What if I get his permission?" he asked with renewed hope.

Julie let out a surprised giggle. "Your father's permission? Seriously?!"

"Yeah. What if Dad agrees to let me get you pregnant?"

"Good luck with that!" She laughed with even more amusement, because she considered the idea so preposterous.

"No. seriously. What if Dad says it's okay?" he asked with surprising insistence.

"You would actually have the guts to ask your father to get me pregnant?! That's dangerous!" She felt another surge of lust that her son was so hot for her that he would do stupid things.

"What if he agrees to it?" he persisted.

Julie's face went blank for a moment and she stared off into space. God! What if?! That would be heavenly! I'd finally get to fulfill my naughty incestuous fantasy. And with full permission, so no guilt! Well, not much guilt, anyway. And I'd get to be a mommy all over again! I want that so much that I can't stand it!

Her arousal soared even higher. She didn't realize it, but as she wiggled excitedly against her son, her robe started to open up in front.

But what's the point in imagining? There's no way in hell Jim would ever agree. He's rather chop his own arms off, I'm sure!

"What if Dad says it's okay?" Kyle asked again, almost annoying with his persistence.

"First of all, there's no damn way your father is going to let his son, of all people, have a crack at his wife. He might even kick you out of the house or something drastic like that for merely asking!" she said with genuine concern.

"But what if he says 'yes?'" Kyle asked.

"Well, if he says yes, which I know he won't, then... I'd... I'd be willing to sit down with you and discuss it," she said seriously. She felt more jolts of pleasure race up and down her spine just from thinking about what could be, in a perfect world.

"You and me making a baby together? The old-fashioned way?!" Kyle asked almost breathlessly. He had remarkable control over his urge to cum, usually, but he was teetering on the verge of shooting off his cum load just from thinking about that possibility.

"Yes, I'd be willing to discuss the possibility of you and me making a baby together," she said carefully, trying not to sound too encouraging for what she considered a doomed and crazy suggestion.

She finally managed to break the hug with him, if only because she was getting so worked up that she worried he'd notice. But by pulling back, she unthinkingly showed off how her robe had opened up in front, revealing a dramatic amount of cleavage, all the way to her belly button! The robe was so open that he could see parts of her nipples, and in fact it was the stiffness of her nipples that caught the edges of the robe and stopped it from opening still further.

Kyle cheered in triumph. He definitely noticed her partially exposed boobs, but he was so overjoyed that that was just like the icing on his very delicious cake.

Then, overcome by joy, he hugged his mother tightly and then lifted her entire body up off the floor! He actually hefted her up and down some, like he was doing his usual daily weight lifting and she was his bar bells.

That caused her silky blue robe to open up even more in front, until even her erect nipples could be seen! Her huge tits flopped up and down in the open each time he lifted her up and down.

She squealed in both sexual excitement and distress, "Son! Please! Put me down!"

He reluctantly brought her back to the floor.

She quickly pulled her robe closed in front. With a flushed, aroused face, she told herself, That just didn't happen! We're erasing that from the memory banks!

He gave her another victorious hug. "Mom! You have no idea how happy this makes me!" He loved the feel of her enormously spongy boobs against his chest, especially since he'd just been able to see them bouncing completely out of her robe.

Julie smiled at her happy son. She thought, It's cute how excited he is at the possibility of breeding me, but we both know it will never happen. There was no way my husband would ever go for such a thing. I guess I've been going too far with the flirting, and encouraging him too much. I need to be more careful. Especially with this stupid robe! She blushed from thinking about how she's just fully exposed her massive breasts to his gaze.

She warned him, "Don't get too excited, Sweetie. You haven't talked to your father yet. We both know there's no way in hell he'll agree, and you're probably going to get in serious trouble just for asking!"

Kyle was smirking. "Maybe so. But if he agrees, can we start tonight?!"

"If he agrees, I'll die of shock." She smiled. Her heart was still racing, and her pussy was getting quite wet. She had to admit that his openly admitted desire to fuck her was a big rush, and the fantasy of Jim giving permission was an even bigger thrill. She knew she'd be secretly masturbating to that idea for quite some time to come.

"But if he does, can we?" Kyle pressed.

"If your father agrees, we'll sit down tonight and talk," Julie said. Swept away by his enthusiasm, and her own secret lust, she daringly added, "You know how much I want another baby. I guess you could say I'd agree to just about anything to make that happen, if it wasn't actual cheating."

"**YESSSS!**" He pumped his fist in the air. He was over the moon. He very nearly had a spontaneous orgasm on the spot, thanks to those encouraging words.

Kyle smiled to himself confidently. He thought, Ha! I know for a fact that having Mom's ankles propped back on my shoulders as I eagerly fucked her hot cunt is about to become a reality! I know it because I know something about Dad that Mom does not! Dad has made a **BIG MISTAKE!** It's about to cost him dearly! But his loss is my gain!

Chapter 2

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. Kyle knew just the time to be at his father's office.

Jim had his cock buried deep in the tight young pussy of his sexy secretary Dora, when his son barged into the room.

The partially naked blonde slut pulled up her panties and ran from the office into another private room, embarrassed as hell.

Jim just stood there in complete shock as his own son glared across the room at him. Then he remembered to hastily tuck his penis away and zip up his pants.

"Havin' fun, Dad?" Kyle asked. He'd already secretly taken some photos of the adulterous sex session, then put the camera away in a safe place so Jim wouldn't get the idea to try to steal it before he could make copies.

"Kyle, I... I was just..." Jim couldn't think of any excuses. He'd been caught red-handed.

It was the first time Kyle had seen his father's penis as it slowly went flaccid, before it had been tucked away. He silently chuckled at how small it was. He was anxious to see how his mother would react having a cock over four inches longer than her husband's plowing her depths. Not only was his dick longer than his father's, it was a great deal thicker, with fat bulging veins and a huge purple knob.

"Relax, Dad. I've known for a long time now." Kyle lied by adding, "It's cool. I don't really mind that much. Sometimes, temptation gets to be more than one can resist, doesn't it?"

At least Kyle honestly understood the sentiment behind that last comment. His own temptation to fuck his mother had grown so great that he was driven to blackmail his own father. He didn't even feel that guilty about it, because it was as if he had no choice in the matter. His libido was in total control.

Jim felt miserable. The guilt was hitting him like a sledgehammer. "What about your mother?! Oh God, please tell me you haven't said anything about this to her!"

"Don't worry, Dad. Mom doesn't ever have to know about this, but in order for things to stay that way, you're gonna have to do a little something for me," Kyle said with a grin.

"Okay... what do you want?" Jim asked. He'd taken his tie and jacket off for the fucking, and started to put them back on.

"Your permission," Kyle said with a smile.

The horny son went on to explain the whole idea of how he could help Julie get pregnant.

Needless to say, that didn't go over very well. There was lots of yelling and cursing. But Kyle held all the cards, even without having to bring up the photos he'd secretly taken as insurance.

In the end, Jim felt he had no choice. Besides, he decided that he'd tried for seven years to impregnate his wife and it just wasn't happening. This was their last realistic chance, other than maybe adoption. So at least some good could come of this disaster.

Later that night, Kyle lay on his bed waiting. Jim had been home for a few hours and he and Julie were downstairs talking. Finally, at about 11 o'clock, Kyle heard a gentle tap at his door.

Julie poked her head in. "You still awake, Sweetie?" she shyly asked.

"Yeah, I'm up." Kyle answered. He thought with a snicker, Of course I'm up, and in more ways than one! What teenage boy could sleep when they're finalizing the deal of a lifetime?! A chance to fuck a baby into my own beautiful mother!

Julie came in and closed the door. She was in her silky robe again and the dainty high-heeled slippers.

He sat up in bed. He was wearing nothing but his boxers. The tenting at his crotch was obvious, and almost comical.

As she strode towards him, Kyle watched her enormous boobs sway beneath her robe in a way that proved she wasn't wearing a bra underneath. He was confident that soon he'd be up to his ears in naked matronly tit-flesh as he pumped his baby-makers into his mother's womb.

Julie nearly stumbled as she glanced at the sheer size of his erection in his boxers. That size took on a whole new meaning for her now. She sat at the edge of his bed with an odd expression.

There was a long silence. She nervously stared anywhere but at his crotch or his muscular bare chest. "Well... I don't know how you managed to do it, buster," she said with genuine amazement. "I just had quite possibly the strangest conversation with your father in my life!"

"Dad said 'Yes?!'" Kyle tried to act surprised. Also, even though he knew it was a foregone conclusion, his excitement soared anyway, from it coming closer to reality. He had to try to suppress his euphoria too.

Julie looked at him with wide, amazed eyes. "I can hardly believe it, but yeah, he did! Your father seemed to think you made a pretty convincing case," She was already panting hard from thinking about the incestuous fucking to come, which was causing her massive knockers to heave up and down inside her robe.

"Really?!" Kyle asked, still playing dumb. He was secretly pleased to note her stiff nipples pressing through her silk robe, as well as all her sexy and unsupported tit heaving.

He thought, She's totally into it! She wants me to fuck her!

Julie couldn't resist glancing at his bulge again. Holy mother of God! That thing is going to fit inside me?! For real?! Lord have mercy on me!

Her stomach was doing backflips, and she felt downright dizzy. Her arousal was soaring, and her pussy was wet. But she did her best to try to appear outwardly calm. She gave him a warm motherly-smile and looked into his eyes. "Really! Which means, Mr. Smooth-Talker, if you're still willing, and able, I think we should start our plans on making a baby together."

She thought, I can't believe I just said that! I can't believe any of this is really happening! But it is! I'm gonna get split-roasted and skewered for days on end! Gaawwwd, he's such a handsome stud! He goes through sexy girlfriends like he's Casanova, and I'm going to be his next conquest!

"Plans? You mean we can't start tonight?!" Kyle asked with severe disappointment.

She giggled, and stroked her son's dark brown hair. "You silly boy. You don't know too much about making babies, do you? It's a lot more complicated than just crawling between Mom's legs and doing your thing. It can only be done at a certain time, using certain techniques to ensure my pregnancy."

As her huge, bra-less tits kept heaving up and down from her heavy breathing, she went on to describe the ovulation process and how only during that certain window of time can a baby be created. It was a window which she was due for in a few days.

He knew all that already, but he'd been irrationally hoping they'd start fucking just as soon as Jim gave permission. He was secretly crushed, but tried hard not to show it. However, he wasn't so sad that his erection was in danger of going flaccid. The mere idea that he'd get to fuck his bombshell mother someday soon was keeping him almost permanently aroused, ever since the last conversation he'd had with her about it, earlier in the day.

She took her son's hand in hers and their eyes met. "Sweetie, I realize this is a brand new experience for you. I think it's important for us to keep in mind throughout this whole process, who we are and why we're doing this. It's all about procreation, and giving you a new brother or sister. I think our sessions should be very cut and dry, without any... how shall I say this... unnecessary pleasure. Strictly clinical and dispassionate. Do you know what I mean?"

Kyle nodded, as if in agreement. He figured, She says that now! But once I have my nine-inch cock burrowing deep within her womb, all that "unnecessary pleasure" shit will fly out the window! I've fucked a lot of girls, the sexiest girls in school. They all go crazy for my pecker, and beg for more!

But he tried to look and sound innocent. "Okay, I get it. We can't fuck tonight."

She interrupted, "Can you not use such vulgar language, please? What if you say 'copulate' instead?"

"Okay, fine. Copulate.' Or what about 'breed?'"

"Um, I suppose that works too."

He resumed, "I get that I can't breed you tonight. But the fact is, I'm going to breed you soon."

She felt a secret thrill each time he used the word "breed," but she tried hard not to show it. Her heavy tits were still heaving up and

down, and all that heaving had caused her robe to open in front, nearly to the edges of her nipples, and down to her belly button.

Her breasts were so large for her chest that they tended to touch each other even when completely unsupported. He started with an intense lust at her deep cleavage. Soon, I'll have my hands right there! Hell, I'll have my dick right there! Oh, man! I could pass out right now!

He tried to dial back his blatant desire, and managed to look back up into her eyes, despite all the sexy heaving. "You know this is a dream come true for me. To kind of celebrate what we're going to do, can we at least do something tonight, to sort of tide me over? Maybe a blowjob?"

She glared at him in extreme irritation. "Brian! Just what do you think I am?! So kind of wanton slut?! That will **NOT** be happening, now or ever! Have you not been listening to a word I've been saying?! Our goal here is procreation, not sexual pleasure! A blowjob doesn't get me pregnant, so that's right out!"

That seemed hypocritical given that she was sitting there nearly topless while obviously panting heavily with desire, but he let it slide.

He held his hands out in placating gesture. "Okay, okay! Sorry! But look at this from my point of view. I mean, is it really so evil of me to want to experience **SOME** sexual pleasure?! As the saying goes, I'm 'young, dumb, and full of cum.'"

She couldn't resist gazing at the outrageous bulge in his boxers. "You are that!" She giggled nervously.

She glanced down at his boxers. They were white and thin, allowing her to vaguely see the shape of a "snake" resting on one of his legs. Whoa! Have mercy! If he cums as much as his penis is large, 'full of cum' will be an understatement! I'm gonna drown in his sticky love!

He went on, "As you know, I've desired you for a long, long time. I know you're going to say that's wrong..."

"That **IS** wrong," she stated firmly.

He rolled his eyes. "Even so, this lust of mine is a necessary ingredient for the baby making to happen. We can't deny it's not there. You say I might have to wait for days. Days! Can't you at least throw me **SOME** kind of bone tonight, to get my hopes up?!"

She glanced at his crotch again, and said wryly, "I can see that your 'hopes' are way up already." She added in embarrassment, "Speaking of which, can you please, uh, tuck yourself in there?!"

He looked to his crotch at saw that several inches of his boner was sticking through the slit on the front of his boxers! He hadn't actually planned that "accident," but he was happy that it had happened. Still, he didn't want to push too hard, so he muttered, "Oh, sorry," and readjusted his boner so it was entirely covered again.

Julie's heart pounded like a hammer. She thought, Good Lord! Did I really just see that?! Even now, I can't believe my eyes. It's like he has a fleshy cucumber stuffed in there! I swear, the several inch section of it I just saw is bigger than all of Jim's penis, and that's just part of my son's total endowment!

The thickness of that thing is **INSANE!** No wonder all the girls in school can't wait for their turn to ride him. I wonder how many cherries he's popped with that, that... deadly weapon! **AND I'M NEXT!**

Sweet Jesus! Julie, what are you getting yourself into?! Is that really going to fit inside me?! I tell myself that I'm doing this just for the baby, but... **UNGH! I** can't deny... I want it! I want him! Just once or twice, to see what it's really like! To have sex with my **SON!**

"Penny for your thoughts?"

Julie was startled out of her reverie. She realized with embarrassment that she'd been gawking at his erection. Even though it was tucked back in his boxers, she could still see its shape quite clearly, because it was tenting straight out, threatening to rip his boxers in two! There was a gap of several inches between the waistband of his boxers closest to his hard-on and his body, since his boxers were stretched out so much.

That allowed her to directly see his patch of pubic hair and an inch or two of his remarkably thick pole again.

She decided, I'd better not say anything about what he's showing this time. Why embarrass him again? After all, I'm going to see it all, very soon. And feel it all too! Oh, dear God!

She lamely muttered, "Um, nothing."

He knew that was a lie, and was secretly pleased that she was checking out his package. He could tell her heart had to be racing even faster, because her tit-heaving was increasing even more. Much of her areolae had come into view as a result. He could smell her wet pussy too.

He was seriously tempted to simply up and fuck her right now! He figured she would soon give in. But he knew he couldn't. It was vital to his long term plan that she get fucked willingly, and with Jim's full permission.

He resumed, "Anyway, like I was saying, can't you give me some sort of sexual treat tonight, just to hold me over?"

She was feeling exceptionally horny, and getting more so all the time. She'd repeatedly told herself that she was going to be "dispassionate" with him from now on, but she was the one who'd chosen to come into his room alone in just her silky robe, high heeled slippers, and nothing else.

For a moment, she was seriously tempted to at least give him a handjob. But then she thought, No, wait. Am I mad?! That's a slippery slope. I can never go down that path. The very fact that I have lustful feelings for him that I can't deny means I'm going to have to redouble my effort to keep things clinical and unemotional. It sucks, but that's how it has to be!

She told him with a sad, sympathetic smile, "I'm sorry, but you know I can't do that either."

He asked with boundless hope, "Well, what about just standing naked for me then?! I don't even have to touch you. That would be a dream come true for me all by itself, and it'll keep me going for days! I promise!"

She was genuinely disappointed to say, "Sorry. Even that would be too much. You realize that when we, uh, do it..."

"When we breed," he helpfully clarified.

"Yes, when we do that, I'm going to have to remain clothed. Otherwise, things could spiral out of control. **YOU** may get some sexual pleasure out of it. That can't be helped, or you won't ejaculate. But it's not necessary that I feel pleasure, and I don't want to upset my husband. So that's how it has to be. I'm sorry."

Surprisingly, Kyle just nodded, and stayed silent. He vehemently disagreed with the entire "dispassionate copulation" plan. But he figured now wasn't the time to have that argument with her. He didn't mind "losing" this discussion tonight, just so long as he got to fuck her like two wild and animalistic lovers before all was said and done.

He also figured that it wouldn't help him to point out that she was practically topless already. And with the way she was constantly panting and heaving with arousal, it was actually probably a more titillating sight that actual toplessness.

He thought, I know what I'm going to be masturbating about when I got to sleep tonight! Not to mention just as soon as she leaves the room too!

Julie was actually a little disappointed that he didn't try harder to talk her out of her robe. But she left his room a few minutes later without further incident. She was highly confused, because her lust for him was soaring and yet she was forced to deny those feelings as much as humanly possible.

Like him, she was masturbating and then cumming only a few minutes after she left his room. Luckily, Jim was still downstairs and didn't realize how eager she was for this "copulation" plan to get started.

Chapter 3

Several days passed.

Kyle waited eagerly for the word from his mother. He longed to masturbate pretty much 24 hours a day, but he greatly restrained himself so he'd be at his full sexual powers when the time finally came. And though he didn't have a serious girlfriend at the time, he also could have easily called up one of his many "friends with benefits" for a "booty call," but he didn't do that either, for the exact same reason.

Finally, on a Thursday morning, Kyle was sitting at the breakfast table alone when Julie sat down next to him. She wore a big smile. She was wearing a red silk robe this time, but it was just as sexy and revealing as her blue one. And once again, she wasn't wearing anything underneath.

That didn't mean anything in and of itself though. Ever since their conversation confirming the impregnation plan, she'd been very flirty with him, and wearing robes with no underwear more often than not. At least when Jim wasn't home. She'd even "accidentally" flashed him a few times.

The bottom line was both of them were practically dying of anticipation, even though she kept telling herself the fucking was going to be "clinical" and "dispassionate."

"So... feel like making a baby today, mister?" she asked casually. But her heart was already thumping like a big bass drum in her ample chest.

Kyle's eyes lit up and his heart started to wildly race too. "Seriously?!" His penis was fully erect in seconds.

"Seriously. I started my cycle. I hope you're not going anywhere for a while. I really need to know that I can count on you these next three days," she said earnestly.

"Of course you can, Mom! I won't go anywhere, that's for sure!" He was giddy, almost delirious. It was all he could do to stay relatively calm. "So we can start this morning?!"

Julie gave her son a warm smile. She paused dramatically, and then told him, "As soon as your father leaves for work."

Kyle's already stiff dick became as hard as steel. **YESSSS!** My great dream is finally about to come true! This is the day! Pinch me, I must be dreaming!

She got up and began doing errands near him, such as taking dirty dishes away to the kitchen and then coming back for other things. But in fact, she really was more interested in getting him further aroused by showing off her fabulous body for him. She kept to a strict exercise regimen, so there wasn't an ounce of fat on her... except on her breasts, which were soft and delightfully squeezable. She had plenty reason to be proud of her figure.

She told herself she was going to stick to wearing clothes while they fucked, but she'd decided it was harmless if she built his anticipation some by letting her red robe slip open in front enough to show off a lot of cleavage. She figured he'd seen a lot of that part of her body in recent days anyway, since it seemed she couldnt stop flirting with him, whenever Jim wasn't around.

The verbal flirting between them had gotten pretty hot and heavy at times too. She kept acting coy and emphasizing the need to be "dispassionate," but it was hard to stick to that in flirty practice when she knew he was actually going to be fucking her soon!

It helped that they could talk about practical matters relating to the upcoming "breeding session" (*and "breeding" had suddenly become*

a very common word between them), such as which rooms they would use or what clothes they might wear. While such talk could remain seemingly "clinical" on the surface, both of them got hot as ovens thinking about all the actual fucking that was going to take place.

Kyle's tongue just about hung to the floor from seeing her huge tits bouncing around inside her robe, clearly unsupported by any bra. Although he'd seen her like that a lot in the past few days, it took on new meaning now that the green light had been given. As she continued to come and go from the room, there were times when he could almost see to her nipples.

He thought, Fuck this whole "dispassionate copulation" idea! I'm not going to be too pushy at first, or I'll blow this whole thing. I'll start out fucking her any way she wants, even if we're both wearing straightjackets. Jesus Christ, it'll be awesome enough just to fuck her, period! But I swear, it won't be long before Ill have her screaming my name like a bitch in heat! And I'm gonna get my hands on her huge ta-ta's! I'm gonna get my mouth on her nipples too! Hell, I'm going do absolutely anything and everything with her, while I have the chance! I swear it!

Kyle was in his bedroom waiting with bated breath when he heard his father's car leave the driveway. The anticipation was so great, he was a total wreck.

A few minutes later, his mother stopped in his doorway on her way to her room. She was still wearing the revealing red robe. She tried not to show it, but she was dying of anticipation too. She'd had many, many dreams and fantasies of getting fucked by her son in the past couple of years, though she would never admit that to anyone.

"Ready, Sweetie?" she asked casually, as if she was about to take him to soccer practice or something mundane like that. She

appeared calm on the outside, but she was scared shitless on the inside.

Kyle's stomach sunk to his feet. This was the moment of truth and he was nervous as hell. His erection towered inside his boxers, since his arousal was off the charts. However, his body was frozen in the sitting position on his bed. He was a confident veteran "cocksman" with the gorgeous, busty girls at school, but when it came to his mother, he felt as nervous as a total virgin.

Julie just about swooned to see the size of his bulge again. But she tried her best to ignore that. She walked over and took his hand. "You're nervous. It's only natural. I am too. This is a big step, a big change in our lives. But please relax. You're gonna do fine, I'm sure. Remember that when this is all over, you'll have a baby brother or sister in nine months! Let's keep the focus on that. Isn't that exciting?"

"Yeah," Kyle said with genuine enthusiasm. The idea of knocking her up and seeing the resulting baby thrilled him greatly.

But as exciting as that was, both Kyle and Julie knew that he was even more excited that he would soon be sliding his young, thick pecker into her hot box.

"Come on," she said softly. With his hand in her, she guided her young stallion to her bedroom and closed the door.

The tension was so thick that one could have cut it with a knife.

After an awkward pause, she said, "I'm gonna go into the bathroom and get ready. I want you to go ahead and get undressed and get into bed, okay?"

Kyle nodded. He watched his mother go into the bathroom. Just seeing her ass cheeks undulate up and down as she walked away made him pant harder. Oh, God! Soon I'm gonna touch that ass!

Clench it, even, as I'm thrusting in and out of her! This **CAN'T** be happening for real, but it **IS!**

He quickly undressed and crawled under the sheet on his parents' marital bed.

He loved how wicked it felt to be there taking his father's place. He had a "long game" in mind that involved him taking that spot in bed permanently. But a lot of cards would have to fall his way before that could happen.

A few moments later, Julie came out of the bathroom. She wore a big white T-shirt that fell just below her waist. She had her brown hair pulled back into a ponytail.

Kyle could tell from the way her huge boobs were bouncing about as she walked that she was braless. Her erect nipples made their own little lewd tents in the shirt, and it was thin enough for him to see the darker areas of her areolae. He figured she was probably panty-less too.

He was so sexually aroused that he felt like he could cry like a baby, just from the anticipation! He told himself to buck up and keep his act together. It was vital that he impress her from the very start.

She set a tube of something on her nightstand.

Feeling naughty, she stood fairly far from the nightstand as she did that, "forcing" herself to bend way over. That caused her shirt to ride all the way up, briefly exposing her entire ass.

Kyle gasped at her bubble butt. He couldn't see how it could be any more flawless and sexy.

She slyly grinned. Already, she was having a great time.

He asked about the tube with genuine curiosity, "What's that?"

"It's lubrication, in case we need it," she said.

He was silent, but he thought, I swear to God, I'm gonna fuck her so good that she's **NEVER** going to need that!

Then it hit him, Hot damn! This is it! The years of waiting and wanting are over! I'm finally about to fuck Mom! Really honest-to-God fuck her! Holy fucking fuck! Best day of my life! Thank you, Dad, for cheating!

Julie slid her cute little bare feet from their slippers and crawled under the sheet next to her son. She lay on her side and looked at him in a serious manner. "Are you're sure you still want to do this for me?"

Kyle smiled. "Seriously?! You have to ask that?!"

She smiled widely. "Yes, I do."

"Hell, yeah! I'd do anything for you, Mom!"

She smiled teasingly. "I don't know about that. But I do think you'd do absolutely anything to be the one to get me pregnant!"

They both laughed. He couldn't deny that.

"Are you ready?" Julie asked warmly.

Kyle nodded. He gulped. He was worried he'd cum before they could get seriously started.

Julie lay on her back and put her hand on his shoulder. "Come over on top of me."

Their laughing had eased the tension some, but both of them were beyond excited, as if they'd just finished running a race. They were panting hard, and they hadn't even gotten going yet.

Kyle moved over. Just getting on top of her was a dream come true.

Julie spread her legs slightly as her son took position between them. She pulled her T-shirt up above her waist to her belly button. She felt Kyle's bare cock press against her pubic mound.

She sensed he was tentatively holding his body up above hers, like he was doing a push-up.

"It's okay, rest your full weight on me," she said, pulling her son down so that their chests met.

He sighed blissfully as he felt the huge mounds of spongy tit-flesh flatten out against his chest. He thought, Aaaah! Paradise already!

She placed her hands on her son's shoulders. With bended knees, she spread her long legs apart.

He laid his head on her right shoulder and started to nudge his stiff dick against his mother's sex, searching for that magic entrance.

"Lower!" she whispered into her son's ear. She didn't mean to, but her word came out with urgency and passion, because she was excited beyond belief. She warned herself to be more clinical.

Kyle felt the head of his cock enter the smooth creamy groove of Julie's matronly slit. His purple plumb split his mother's slit and popped into her steamy sheath.

She let out an audible sigh as her sex stretched tightly around the helmet of its new guest. Already, it was a brand new experience for her. She'd had some other lovers before Jim, but none of them had been anywhere near her son's remarkable size, especially his girth.

He pushed forward. His thick fuck-meat sunk inch by veiny-inch into Julie's depths. He could feel his mother tense up. It was at that

moment he knew that she had never had experienced a penis anywhere near this large.

She was trying to stay silent and calm, but she felt so anxious and horny that she was on the verge of hyperventilating. Already, she was feeling a lot of pain as her vagina valiantly tried to stretch to accommodate the unfamiliar invader. She knew she was about to be worked hard in places she never knew existed.

Kyle began to take short, slow strokes, fucking his monster deeper and deeper with each thrust. He would have been deliriously overjoyed, but that was tempered by the fact that he already had to concentrate intensely just not to cum already. The mere feeling of being partially impaled in his mother's cunt was more than enough to send him over the edge!

Julie drew in a sharp breath as her son's baby-making battering ram entered the unexplored depths of her most secret place. Her pussy walls molded around the spongy meat of her boy's cock, triggering sensitive nerve-endings only touched once before, ironically during that same boy's birth. She felt the tip of his absurdly thick prick nudge against the opening to her cervix, bottoming out with another inch left to go.

Kyle's natural instincts took over. He started to fuck his big fat cock up and down his mother's love-canal. He was riding on the verge edge of having to cum at any moment, but he was constantly squeezing his **PC** muscle for all he was worth to delay that time a little longer.

He tried hard not to think about the fact that he was fucking his mother, the woman of his dreams! Such a thought could tip him over the orgasmic edge at any moment. But even though he avoided such thinking as much as possible, the general feeling that he was an actual motherfucker now was keeping him as high as a kite.

Julie held her baby boy against her, hanging on for the ride. She brought her sleek, muscular legs up and wrapped them around him.

Mother and son began to moan as they continued and intensified their mating dance.

After only two-minutes of serious, steady humping and thrusting that Julie was struck with the most intense orgasm of her life. She was completely at its mercy. "**OHHHHH... GOD!**"

She'd previously told herself that she wasn't going to scream at all, because that wasn't "clinical" and "dispassionate." But that plan went out the window almost immediately! The pleasure was so great, she felt like she was truly losing her mind! It was orders of magnitude greater than any pleasure she'd ever felt while getting fucked by her husband, or even any other previous lover.

Kyle kept fucking her hard and deep through her big climax. He watched as his mother gritted her teeth, her face red and contorted. He'd never felt so triumphant in his life! And yet he somehow hung on a little longer without cumming. At the very least, he wanted to make sure she finished enjoying a really big orgasm first.

Julie let out a series of grunting screams, like a woman during childbirth, as the waves of orgasmic contractions ripped through her body, over and over and over again. She was actually incredulous, and thought, When the hell is this ever going to stop?! Holy mother of God! Too intense!

She didn't realize it, but she and Jim were badly matched when it came to fucking. His penis had a decent, average length, but it was thin. Whereas her pussy was unusually loose. Yet Kyle's cock was so exceptionally thick that her looseness was an ideal tightness for him. She'd had other lovers before Jim, but none of them with penises remotely as thick as her son's. As a result, already the fiction and feeling of fullness felt better than she'd ever thought physically possible!

Kyle's thick young dick pistoned in and out of her 38-year-old cunt, his big floppy balls slapping against the already sweaty crack of her ass again and again and again. For ten remarkable dick-grinding minutes, he continued to hump his dream-pussy. It was everything he imagined it would be... and better!

It was a wonder even to him that he hadn't climaxed inside her yet. He wasn't a virgin by any means, and he'd developed unusual stamina and skill fucking lots of very sexy girls his own age. But it seemed all those fucks were just inadequate practice leading up to this momentous event. He made a superhuman effort to delay his orgasm in order to impress her, and also to prolong the greatest pleasure he'd ever experience in his life!

Suddenly, he felt his mother tense up again.

"**OHHHHH MYYYY GOOODDDDD!**" Julie wailed, in a crying tone. Once again, she simply couldn't believe how fantastic it felt as another climax started to rip through her entire body.

Somehow, right in the middle of cumming, she managed to think with amusement, Lord, have mercy on me! Getting fucked by my son is a five-course gourmet meal, and getting fucked by Jim is a stale and dry rice cracker!

Once again, Kyle picked up his pace as that second orgasm continued to course through his gorgeous mother. Sweat flew off his brow as he gave it his all.

Julie nearly cried from tears of joy and intensity, because the climax hit her so hard. Her body shook and quivered from head to toe. She let out a long, passionate wordless wail, so loud that she worried the neighbors might hear it. And they lived on a large property, with the nearest neighbor quite a ways away.

Finally, he could hold out no more. Even as her own orgasm intensified still more, he felt his nuts tighten. A torrent of semen

erupted from his cock. It was pure heaven!

Using her heels Julie drew him in, his cock knocked against the back of her tight fuck-sheath.

"Go deep! **DEEP!**" she commanded, delirious in her sexual rapture. "**SON!** Fuck me deeper!"

Julie felt the ropes of hot jism jetting against the mouth of her cervix. Billions of potent sperm would soon start their journey in search of her eggs.

Chapter 4

As Kyle lay there, basking in the afterglow, he thought, I seriously can't believe it. That was the greatest experience of my life, by several orders of magnitude! But I can't forget that this is just the first of many such fucks we're going to enjoy in the coming days! It can only get better and better! I'm a true motherfucker now. She doesn't know it yet, but I'm never going to give this up!

Not only that, but as they rested, as if half-dead, he realized that at the height of his orgasm, he'd clutched at her huge tits. In the ensuing writhing and excitement, her T-shirt had rode up all the way to her armpits! That left his hands on her magnificent bare boobs! He even was able to rest his head against her "tit pillows" while he recovered.

It was heaven all over again for him, but of a different and more mellow kind.

Julie had been totally out of it. As she slowly came to, she sensed with alarm that her massive knockers were fully exposed, and her son had his hands and his head resting on them. Worse, his hands were gently caressing and exploring her soft and silky smooth tit-flesh there.

She felt a shiver of arousal from his wandering fingers, not to mention the naughty thrill of knowing her son was finally realizing his dream of playing with her enormous tits.

But she reminded herself, "Clinical." "Dispassionate." I have to keep my T-shirt on. Breast play isn't going to get me pregnant.

She reluctantly told him, "Um, Sweetie? Can you do me a favor and tug my T-shirt back into place?"

He was secretly crushed to hear that, but he reminded himself he was playing a long game. Sometimes that meant two steps forward, one step back.

So he just said, "Um, sure." He pulled the T-shirt down to about the middle of her tummy. But then he continued to rest his head in the valley between her two massive mounds, and his hands stayed on her tits, holding them through her shirt.

She was feeling exhausted from her epic orgasms, as well as all her non-stop pleasure when she wasn't cumming. She decided to let that "forbidden" contact slide, for now.

After a few more minutes, she began to wiggle uncomfortably, indicating she wanted him to move.

He rolled off of his bombshell mother. He was still tripping out about the fact that he'd just dumped a huge load of spunk deep within her cunt.

The sheet had slid all the way off their bodies during their fuck session, since it was a warm summer day and the only reason for even a single sheet was modesty. So he could see everything when she propped a pillow under her bare ass as she stayed lying on her back.

"What are you doing, Mom?" he asked with genuine curiosity.

"I have to elevate my hips to let as much of your sperm as possible into my cervix."

"Did I do okay?" he asked. He tried to sound casual, but the question was like life and death for him.

"Okay? You were... You did wonderfully," she said, stroking her son's cheek.

He breathed a sigh of relief. He longed to make her cum hard, because he loved her and he naturally rejoiced in seeing her happy. But he also felt it was imperative to rock her world so they'd be able to move beyond her "clinical" fucking method as soon as possible.

"All that screaming you did, I felt like I was hurting you," he said. He didn't actually think that, but he was fishing for a reaction.

"Hurting me? Oh, Sweetie, no. It... It was a different type of screaming," she said with embarrassment. She still was incredulous at the intensity of her orgasms, not to mention how great getting fucked by him felt the rest of the time.

"What do you mean?" he asked, still playing dumb.

"Well, lots of women scream when they have really powerful orgasms. You should know that since everyone says you're the 'cocksman' of your entire school. Mom was just feeling really good, that's all," she said bashfully.

"I like to make you feel good," Kyle said, this time with total sincerity. In fact, he longed to make her cum hard many times a day, for years to come. But he didn't dare express that to her yet.

She smiled at him warmly. "I know you do, my love, but we need to remember that making each other feel good isn't really our purpose here. We have to make this as clinical as we can, like a medical procedure. Our goal is to make you a little brother or sister, okay?"

"Okay," he answered without protest. Again, he vehemently disagreed, but he was playing a long game.

She suggested, "I'm gonna lay here for a little while. It was a pretty uh, intense, er, I mean... energetic experience, so I'd kind of like to rest and recover for a while. Why don't you go play some video games or something for a bit?"

"All right," he said.

Kyle went to his room for an hour. There was no way in hell he was going to play video games or do anything else but think about what had just happened. He couldn't get the amazing experience of fucking his mother and making her cum twice out of his mind.

Eventually, he could hear his mother's shower come on and knew she was getting cleaned up. Enough time passed that he was easily able to get erect again. All he had to do was think about how her naked body would look in the shower. He was raring for more fucking!

A few minutes later, Julie called from her bedroom. "Kyle, Sweetie? Can you come back here, please?"

He leaped off his bed and was back into his parents' room in a flash. He'd never bothered to put any clothes on since the fuck ended, so his turgid pecker bounced wildly with every step he took.

He froze when he saw his gorgeous mother standing in front of her mirror, brushing her long brown hair, which was still wet from her shower. She wore a blue tank top undershirt which hugged her enormous boobs-and no bra underneath. She also wore a skimpy pair of almost transparent white panties, which were cut so low that nearly a third of the crack of her shapely ass was exposed. She also wore a tiny pair of glass-like slippers, with a four-inch heel that firmed up her already very firm thighs and ass and made her look even more like a fucking sex goddess than usual.

She turned to him and smiled warmly. "Ready to have another go at it?" She couldn't resist doing a double take when she saw him standing there in the nude, his gigantic boner sticking out like a divining rod.

"Hell, yeah!" he said with wild enthusiasm. He leaped back into his mother's bed.

She giggled at his eagerness. "You're so cute," she said lovingly.

She added in her mind, But you also have a damn tree trunk between your legs! Mercy! That fuck session was way too intense! He just about split me in two. I sure as hell hope I'll get used to his size, or else I'll be screaming my voice hoarse before my ovulation is done!

She stood there with a hand on a hip, striking a sexy pose. "I hope you don't mind, but I thought I'd try wearing something else, since that big T-shirt had trouble staying on."

He pretended nonchalance. "Hey, whatever works for you. I'm a kid in a candy store no matter what."

She chuckled. "I don't doubt that!"

Kyle watched his mother round the bed. Her huge tits rolled from side to side with every step, like big milk-sacks, with very stiff nipples poking through the fabric.

Julie sat on the bed. She looked at her son with a smile as she slipped out of her panties.

For a brief moment, he was able to see her exposed pussy mound, and even her pussy lips. They were red and swollen from the recent fucking. He already knew she'd shaved her bush off years ago, but it was startling to see how bare her skin was there just the same.

He thought, I'm gonna smash that pussy even harder this time! Fuck, yeah!

After just a few seconds, she moved under the sheet next to him. She was trying hard to stick with the clinical approach, but she couldn't resist teasing him a little bit by asking, "Shall we plant some more seeds, mister?"

He smiled from ear to ear. "Oh boy! I'm going to plant enough seeds to forest the entire Sahara Desert!"

She laughed. However, she felt obliged to point out, "You can't grow a forest there. No water."

He joked, "No worries. I have enough cum churning in my balls from thinking about you to keep the entire place soaking wet!"

She laughed some more. "I'll bet you do!"

This was getting easier for her. She wasn't nearly as nervous and excited as the first time.

Kyle felt much better, and more relaxed too. He figured it was all going to be one incredible joy ride after another from now on, so there was no reason to stress out. Plus, he'd managed to hold out a very long time before cumming. It he could do it then, he could do it again.

He followed as his mother silently directed him to lie on top of her.

Her long legs parted.

Kyle's dick found its target and slowly but surely sunk back into the warm softness of his mother's cunt.

Julie thought, Mercy! Here we go again! Already I know that first time was no fluke. He's so handsome, and yet so hung! If only he wasn't my son, and I wasn't married! Gaaaawwwwd, he fits me like a glove! **SO TIGHT!**

But, uh, "clinical." I'm a married woman! I can't get too carried away! I can't do much about making the thrusting less pleasurable. But at the very least, I need to keep my breasts covered from now on, and his hands off them.

It wasn't long before he was deeply impaled inside her again. Soon, he started to hump and thrust in earnest.

But she stopped him. "Wait! I've got an idea. We need deeper penetration this time. That'll make impregnation easier. Let's throw my legs back and rest my ankles on your shoulders."

He couldn't believe his ears. Is she serious?! That's the position I've dreamed about fucking her the most! What a great day! Thanks again, Dad! Cheaters never win. I've got official permission here, so there's no cheating going on. I hope Dora was worth it.

Julie kicked her legs back with ease.

Kyle penned them down so that his head was now between his mother's pretty little feet. Her fat cunt splayed wide open, allowing her baby boy's thick young dick to quickly stuff it full.

His absurdly thick cock sunk deeper and deeper inside her, all the way to his balls. His cockhead wound up smashed against the lips of her cervix.

The two of them were absolutely over the moon! Even before the fucking really got going, just completely stuffing her cunt full was an intense pleasure for both of them.

Like a pro, he started fucking his mother with long hard stokes. His earlier nervousness was gone, so he really did go at it with confidence and experience.

They were face to face. Julie stared into her son's eyes as she felt the enormous girth of his cock fuck her harder and deeper than she'd ever been fucked. At first, she was humiliated to make eye contact with him, because she was his mother and she was willing letting him fuck her in this obscene position!

Despite all her "dispassionate" talk and resolve, she couldn't resist letting her lust and love flow freely. The emotional bond between them was too strong. She found herself even more emotionally transported whenever they stared lovingly into each other's eyes, which soon became most of the time.

She thought, I need to remember that it would be better if he fucks me doggy-style next time, because the eye contact on top of the deep thrusting is too emotionally intense for me. It's not "clinical" at all. Heck, I almost feel like I'm gradually falling in love with him, in a way a mother never should!

He noticed her mouth was partially open, since she was lightly panting with each thrust. The sight of her feet on his shoulders with her pretty little toes pointed was driving him nuts. Like a steam-engine, he pumped her cunt with a relentless, steady rhythm.

He was determined to fuck more than a baby into his matronly beauty. He was going to make her cum harder than she ever had before, again and again, until she was hopelessly addicted to their incestuous rutting. He was grateful he had three days to accomplish that instead of an hour or two.

It didn't take the virile and fit 18 year old very long to reach his immediate goal of giving her her next big climax. After about ten minutes of pussy-pounding, she started panting heavily. She was still staring into his eyes, but now it was like a helpless little puppy-dog at the mercy of its master.

She was so far gone that she was only dimly aware of the fact that he'd subtly tugged her tank top up until it was bunched up at her armpits, just like the T-shirt wound up last time. His weight was on her, causing her huge tits to mash underneath him, but they were so immense that he still had plenty of tit-flesh to play with, especially from the sides.

At one point, she realized that she probably should remind him to not play with her breasts, but they were so far into their fucking euphoria that it seemed petty to bring it up. She made a mental note to talk to him about it afterwards .Besides, his wandering hands felt damn good.

She thought, This is bad, because it feels way too good! What would Jim think, if he knew the extreme ecstasy I'm feeling right now?! My boy has a huge cock and he knows how to use it. That's a fact! Mother or not, I can't help but respect that. In fact, I fucking love it!

Oh no! Here it comes again! He's gonna make me cum and lose my mind!

"**OH MY GOD!**" she wailed.

Kyle's dick went into overdrive, fucking Julie's tight yet sopping wet cunt like a wild man.

"**OHHH MYYY GGGOOODDDD, KYLE!**" Julie screamed. "**OHHH BAAAABBBYY! EHHHEEEEEEE!**"

She stiffened and her entire body started to convulse as an even greater orgasm hit her than the last two from the previous fuck session.

He held her legs down and just kept feeding his fat cock in and out of her needy mommy-cunt. For a full two minutes, she shook and screamed, growling through gritted teeth as she rode through one incredible orgasmic contraction after another.

He smiled confidently. Now that he'd gotten over the initial wild roller coaster ride of fucking her for the first time, he knew that he could practically go on forever. He had amazing stamina and was determined to keep his mother cumming in buckets. He rested his full weight down on her and worked his cock into a nice full-stroked rhythm. He could feel great gobs of spongy boob-flesh quivering

against his chest, and more in his hands, while she continued to cum and cum and cum.

The next three days were his and he was going to savor every fucking second of it.

Chapter 5

Kyle and Julie had been at it non-stop for nearly an hour. She had cum six more times, with each orgasm seemingly more intense than the last. It was as if her body and especially her vagina were slowly being trained to love her son's cock more and more. He'd already given her more orgasms today than she'd had in the entire month with her husband.

Kyle finally dumped his cum load deep into Julie's twat and rolled off of her, completely exhausted.

She'd had one last orgasm at the same time he did, because it felt so very good to feel his cum squirting deep inside her. Not only was the sensual pleasure incredible, but she got a heady rush for considering that this cum load just might be the one to impregnate her.

As her orgasm finally faded away, she thought, My son is breeding me! For real! Like a stud horse breeding his mares. It's so wicked that I'm going to have my son's baby. No matter what happens, I'll get a secret thrill looking at my youngest son or daughter, knowing he or she was born through incest! Kyle and I will always share that naughty secret, with only my poor hubby also knowing the truth.

She propped her hips up with a pillow to keep all his potent sperm-sauce inside of her.

Her tank top was still up around her armpits. He'd wound up playing with her huge tits for the better part of the last hour, somehow managing to do that while pounding her cunt nearly non-stop that entire time. She'd made a mental note more than once to warn him after the fucking was over that such breast play was off limits. But now that it was over, she was so fucked out that she plain forgot.

Besides, deep down, she didn't really want him to stop.

In fact, in the post-orgasmic glow, he continued to fondle her great globes. He even lightly licked on and around one of her nipples. He was secretly thrilled that her "dispassionate copulation" plan was already starting to fall apart.

As he kept playing with her tits, he asked, "So, Mom, was that good for you?"

She gushed, "Oh my God! Dear Lord! You have **NO** idea!"

But then she remembered, Clinical! Dispassionate! I'm a married woman! He's way too enthusiastic and talented already. God help my poor pussy if I encourage him more!

She tried again. "Er, what I mean to say is, yeah, I must admit it felt pretty good for me. I suppose that's inevitable, because nature has made our bodies a certain way, to encourage procreation. But that doesn't matter. Whatever pleasure I feel is irrelevant to the goal of getting knocked up."

He pointed out, "But Mom. I read that a woman is much more likely to conceive after she's had a really big climax."

She looked at him suspiciously. "Really?!"

"Really. I found an article about it. I can show you."

She thought, Oh shit! I kind of hope that isn't true, because what if it is?! I'm almost obliged to get my head fucked off over and over again! And all so he can successfully breed me, which is way too arousing a thought, in and of itself!

What the hell have I got myself into?! How is my marriage going to survive this?! Already I can tell that compared to my son, my hubby

is like a eunuch! He might as well be totally castrated, compared to Kyle's magnificent baseball bat! **UGH!**

She tried to avoid the whole topic, because she didn't want to think too much at the moment. "Sweetie, why don't you go down to your room and have a nap? You must be exhausted."

"Okay, Mom. Whatever you say." He felt like he didn't need a nap at all, and didn't intend to take one. In fact, he was feeling even more energized than when they started. But he understood she needed to be alone for a while.

He'd been going back and forth between licking each of her nipples. He gave each nipple one last kiss and lick, and a few final tit squeezes for good measure. Then he disengaged and got up off the bed.

She only pulled her tank top back into place after he'd left, when doing that was basically pointless. She thought, I suppose some breast play can't be helped. He's so very tit-obsessed that trying to stop that would be like trying to hold back a river.

Besides, his touch there really turns me on. I know he pretty much exclusively dates busty girls. He clearly has had a lot of tit play practice, so he knows just how to drive me wild with his wandering fingers. But that's okay, because if I cum faster, that'll help him cum faster, and that'll actually help him breed me faster too.

UNGH! I really should stop using the word "breed." It makes me feel like... I don't even know. But it's just too damn suggestive! "Copulate" is definitely safer and better. I'm going to stick to that from now on.

Kyle went to his room. All that fucking was exhausting, even though he was muscular and at peak fitness. Despite his intention not to nap, within minutes, he was fast asleep.

He woke an hour later to someone stroking the side of his head. He turned to find his mother sitting on the edge of his bed.

She smiled down at him. "Wake up, sleepyhead. Time to get back to 'work.'" She chuckled at her knowing use of the word "work."

He took a good, long look at her. She was wearing a silky red robe, the same robe she'd worn the night when she'd told him Jim had agreed to let him impregnate her. Except this time it was wide open in front, with the sash very loosely tied. Furthermore, she was leaning way over towards him to wake him. That allowed her massive tits to fall free of the robe altogether!

He woke up in a hurry, thanks to that arresting sight! It was all he could do not to reach out and start fondling her dangling udders, and even suckling on them. But he remembered he needed to play a long game to win his ultimate prize, and part of that meant not being too pushy.

It took great willpower, but he tried his best to pretend she wasn't accidentally flashing him with a drooping tit show for the ages. "What time is it?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

She'd been not so furtively checking him out too. He'd gone to sleep without bothering to put any clothes on. And it was the middle of the day, so there had been no need for him to even tug a sheet over his body. As a result, his entire hunky naked body was on display.

She was chomping at the bit! She could hardly wait to get fucked by her handsome and strong son yet again!

She was almost shocked to see his penis in a flaccid state, but she was confident it wouldn't stay that way for long. In fact, even as she watched, it started to rapidly engorge, no doubt helped along by her provocative pose.

She finally stood up, which brought her arousing titty show to an end, more or less. At least, her nipples were covered again, but all of her dramatic cleavage was still on display, as the robe remained open down to her belly button.

She told him, "It's three-thirty. We have time for one more session before your dad comes home. Why don't you freshen up, and then come back to my bedroom, okay?"

"Okay," he answered with a grin. He was highly restrained, given that he knew "come back to my bedroom" was code for "come skewer me with your incredible cock some more."

His penis had just gotten fully erect again, mostly thanks to her titty display. But even without that, he could have willed it to a firm stiffness merely from thinking about the fact that he was about to fuck the woman of his dreams for the third time!

Julie found herself hopelessly staring at his revived hard-on even more. Have mercy! I so want to say "screw the whole clinical approach." But I'm married! Already, I don't know how I'll ever get back to normal. I can't let things get out of hand more than they already are!

But God, do I love getting fucked by my son and his massive cock! Just look at that monster! And he's just so handsome all around. My heart flutters in a very unmotherly way every time I see him, starting long before this crazy breeding plan began!

She kept staring at his exposed boner while unthinkingly licking her lips. It took her a full minute or longer before she pulled her willpower together and managed to say, "Oh, and please at least put some boxers on, okay?"

"No problem."

She left. Even the way she walked out of his room was a sight to see, since the red robe barely covered all of her fulsome ass cheeks.

Kyle washed his face and went back down to his parents' bedroom. Although he had put his boxers on, his boner lewdly bounced and tented as he walked.

His mother was sitting at the foot of the bed waiting for him, still loosely wearing the robe. She unthinkingly licked her lips some more as she watched his erection wobble wildly inside his boxers.

Hmmm, she thought. I wonder what it would be like to suck on that fat thing. Could I even get it in my mouth?! Would I want to even try?! It's too big! It's probably a good thing that blowjobs are off the menu. Sucking and bobbing on that monster would be a nightmare!

He noticed a wooden chair nearby. "What's that for?" he asked about the chair, which he'd never seen in her bedroom before.

"Sit down and I'll tell you," she said.

Kyle sat in the chair, which he noticed had no armrests. He correctly guessed that could be why she was using that one instead of any other chair already in the room.

Julie had her long legs crossed, and he couldn't help but admire them.

He thought, I can't believe that I had those beautiful legs wrapped around me earlier as I drilled her cunt. My **MOM'S** cunt! It all seems like one big wet dream. And yet the mild ache in his penis is just one clue that all of it had really happened!

She told him, "They say that ninety-percent of a man's sperm never makes it through the opening to the woman's cervix. So I have an idea that might greatly increase our chances of getting me pregnant."

"Okay," he said, very curious.

"If we could somehow get your, uh, battering ram, through the head of my cervix ...when you ejaculate, your sperm will have already bypassed one of their biggest obstacles."

"Is that possible?" Kyle asked with genuine interest.

She couldn't resist gawking at his crotch. She was transfixed, because more than half of his erection was accidentally sticking out through the slit in front of his boxers!

Actually, it wasn't an accident, but he figured she didn't need to know that.

She continued to stare at his exposed cock as she said in amazement, "Well, you definitely have the length for it! And... and the width!"

She finally managed to make eye contact with him. "But, um, we'd have to try a new position in order to achieve maximum depth. Would you be okay with that?"

"Why wouldn't I?" he asked back. "It sounds like fun!"

"Well, the first two times, we were under the sheet and you were on top. This time, we'd have to be a little more exposed... and I'd have to be on top of you," she said with increasing bashfulness. She was trying to hide it, but her arousal was steadily rising too as she contemplated her new plan.

She lamely added, "And remember this isn't about 'fun,' at least not for me."

"Well, whatever has to be done, I suppose," he said, pretending indifference. Actually, the new position sounded downright fantastic to him.

She smiled at him lovingly. "You are such a sweetheart, doing this for me."

She stood up, walked over to him, and gave a little tug on the leg of his boxers. "Get these off," she whispered in an urgent and needy way.

He slipped out of his boxers, causing his big dick to bob up and down.

Julie stared at her boy's cock and unthinkingly licked her lips. Good God, do I love that thing! I'm going to have to redouble my effort to be dispassionate, because I could see myself falling hopelessly in love with getting fucked by my son, if I don't watch out!

She couldn't resist gawking at his turgid cock-meat even more. "I don't know where you got your size. It must have been my side of the family."

"Dad's isn't this big?" Kyle asked with seeming innocence, although he already knew the answer. He held his hard-on from below and pointed it in her direction.

Her heart skipped a beat, and her pussy got wetter. She was almost rendered speechless, because her fuck-need was suddenly so great. "Your father's penis is... fair sized, but I would say that what you have down there is, well... how shall I say this... much, much larger than most. I have a feeling it's going to make lots of beautiful babies... starting with ours." She smiled warmly.

"I hope so," he said proudly. "I can't wait until I've successfully bred you."

She felt shivers race up and down her spine from the "breed" word. That never failed to at least give her a tingle.

"Well, mister..." she said as she reached under her robe and slid her panties down her long legs. She kicked them to the side and smiled at him.

She remained standing there with her bald pussy on full display. "We have a baby to make. Let's not waste time." She started to move to the bed.

"Mom... I..." he started, shyly.

"What's wrong, Sweetie?" she asked.

"I was just wondering if maybe you'd..." He tried to spit out his words as he looked at the swell of his mother's enormous breasts. "If you'd..."

"Take off my robe before we get started?" she asked, anticipating his tit-obsessed thoughts.

"Yeah," he said bashfully.

"That would leave me completely naked!" She acted a bit scandalized by this suggestion. In fact, she was secretly craving for that exact thing to happen.

"I know!" he said in wide-eyed wonder. It wasn't hard for him to imagine how she'd look that way, especially because her silky red robe was opening more and more in front. He could see most of her massive tits, and even all of her swollen and abused pussy! Still, never in his life had he seen her completely naked.

"I don't know, my love. I promised your father that I'd keep our sessions as unrevealing and clinical as possible." Although she said those words, in her heart she was all but pleading with him to talk her into change her mind.

"Yeah but... you've seen me naked today. It's no big deal, right?" Kyle asked. "In fact, you're seeing all of me right now." He pointed his flagpole of a cock up towards her even more dramatically.

She was seriously tempted to fall to her knees and take that cock in both hands! But she kept her cool, and said, "Sweetie, your penis is a necessary part of this process, but... my breasts aren't. I just don't know if it's a good idea."

"What about your orgasms? Are those a necessary part of this process?"

"Now hold on a minute, mister. Those are totally beyond my control. I can't help but feel some pleasure, as much as I try to fight it."

"True. But I told you that the more you cum, the more you're likely to conceive. Maybe the reason Dad hasn't gotten you pregnant is that he doesn't really ring your chimes."

She thought with a start, You know what? He may be right about that! If it takes a big orgasm, then Jim is totally hopeless! Whereas my son will be able to breed me in a matter of hours!

However, she told him, "Let's not get distracted with side issues." She was so horny that even her chiding was sexy and flirty, because she playfully wagged a finger at him.

He said, "The way I figure, the more you cum, the better. And the more I cum, that's better still, because each time I do, I pump more baby batter in you to breed you. Right?"

She felt goose bumps all over. "Right." She appeared calm on the outside, but thought, My son is breeding me! How hot is that?! When I have the baby, for the rest of my life, I'll be reminded how he drilled me and knocked me up with his huge, unstoppable cock! Mmmm!

He went on, while all but wagging his boner at her, "So, if some breast play helps you cum, and/or helps me cum, that's a big help with our overall breeding plan. Right? I'm sure it'll help. At worst, it can't hurt."

She wanted to be convinced, and he'd done it, using basically the same logic she'd already told herself earlier about his tit play then. The fact that he'd come to the same conclusion gave her greater confidence that such logic was sound and it wasn't just her great lust leading her on.

She said with as much reluctance as she could manage, "Well... I suppose I can't argue with that."

"Yeay!"

She chuckled. "However! Don't you **DARE** tell your father that I got a little naked here and there. Or that you touched my breasts. Please?! It would break his heart."

"Yeah... he'd be pissed as hell." Kyle smiled almost wickedly. The way he figured, Jim had destroyed his marriage by fucking his secretary. It was just that Jim and Julie didn't know their marriage was doomed yet. Jim pretty much deserved whatever he had coming, for cheating on his divine goddess of a wife.

Julie stood there with a hand on the sash to her robe. But her hand stayed still as she chided him, "You haven't promised me yet."

He rolled his eyes. "Of course! Duh! You know I love him and don't want to hurt him. It's just that I really, really enjoy fucking you too."

That answer pointed to a very problematic future, but she decided to ignore that for now. She said, "Well, okay then." She sexily undid her sash, then let her robe fall completely open in front. She felt flushed and extremely aroused.

But then she suddenly changed moods, at least on the outside. She put her hands on her waist and glared at her son. "And one more thing, buster. Just because my boobs are fully exposed and they're bouncing around on you doesn't mean they're up for grabs, understand?"

"Perfectly." Kyle answered. But then he added, "Although... I might end up accidentally holding them and playing with them from time to time. I'm such a boob-focused guy, it kind of comes naturally to me, without thinking."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Ugh! You really are a case!"

But then she finished her sexy striptease, letting her red robe slide all the way off her body until it puddled around her feet.

He wanted to play it cool so she wouldn't get cold feet about losing the robe. However, he couldn't stop himself from gushing as he took in her hourglass figure in the buff for the very first time, "**MOM!** You're magnificent! Utterly magnificent!"

She wasn't used to such compliments. In particular, the intense look of lust and love in her son's eyes blew her mind, because she knew it was completely genuine. To try to downplay the moment, she joked, "I think you mean 'udderly magnificent.' She held her huge orbs from below and slightly hefted them up.

"That too!"

The two of them shared a laugh over her bad pun, but at the same time, his arousal soared to the sky.

His arousal was already somewhere up in the stars.

Her need to get seriously fucked was growing by the second as well. Standing completely naked for her awed son was a very heady aphrodisiac for her.

She moved to where he sat in the chair and boldly threw her leg over his lap, straddling him. "Are you sure you're gonna be able to handle the weight of me on top of you?"

"Yeah, no problem," he answered.

Julie sat on Kyle's lap, with his big hard dick wedged up against her fat clit. She brought her feet up and placed her heels on the back edge of the seat of the chair. She rested her hands on his shoulders.

He could feel the full weight of his mother's ass resting on his lap.

He gawked at her enormous breasts. The "udders" jutted dramatically off her chest and were capped with large, stiff nipples.

Suddenly, her great tits were the center of his attention, even more so than usual. He was so transfixed that he unthinkingly cupped them from below and hefted them up slightly, in wide-eyed wonder.

She basked in his attention and his talented touch, even as she squirmed with lusty desire on his lap. "See? You're not the only one in this family who's well endowed," she said with a smile.

"Wow... they're beautiful!" he said with even more awe.

"They're a bother to me. They're too heavy... and they'll get a lot heavier as I progress into my pregnancy... but first I have to **GET** pregnant which is never gonna happen if you just sit there staring," she said with a giggle.

"Oh... sorry," he said.

"It's okay, love. I realize it's not every day that a boy your age gets this close to boobs as big as mine," she said as she combed through Kyle's dark brown hair with her long nails.

She went on, "I know for a fact that **NO** girl in your school has breasts as large as these, not even Melinda or Charlotte." She named two of the girls that she knew he liked fucking the most often, due to their general beauty but especially their unusually large breast sizes. They were arguably the two hottest girls in school, and yet they never dated because they always wanted to be available if Kyle wanted another "booty call" with them. He had a firm rule about never dating (*or just fucking*) a girl in a relationship with someone else.

She added, with justified pride at her natural endowment, "So it must be a little overwhelming for you now."

"A little," he said, his eyes still glued to his mother's amazing chest.

She'd been stalling for time a little bit to give him a chance to enjoy her tits, despite the fact that he'd played with the plenty during their last fuck session in particular. But she was chomping at the bit to get royally fucked again. So she asked him, "Well, shall we try and get that big baby-maker of yours into my cervix?"

"Yes, please!" He was eager for more fucking too.

Julie moved forward and her spongy tit-sacks pressed against his chest. She lifted her ass, grabbed his meaty pecker, and positioned the bulbous knob into the fleshy groove between the swollen pink lips of her labia. She lowered her ass back down.

Kyle's cock slowly stretched his mother's pouch as it sunk in inch by inch.

He felt his fat cockhead grind against the back wall of her cunt when he finally bottomed out a couple of minutes later.

Julie held her son tight, resting her head on his shoulder as she worked her hips back and forth. For a good five minutes, she worked the lips of her cervix against the tip of her baby's cock.

"Come on, Sweetie, we've gotta work it through." She panted.

She started to bounce slightly on her son's lap. She thought with wicked pride, I know I'm a hot fuck! Melinda and Charlotte can eat my heart out! I'm twice the fuck they'll ever be, combined! So there!

Already, she was forgetting most of the time how she was supposed to stay unemotional.

It wasn't long before Kyle felt his fat knob work itself into the groove of his mother's cervical lips.

"Oh my God, yes! Thrust your hips, baby! I can feel it going in... So deep! ... That's it, work it through! **UNNGH!**" she said with a victorious grunt.

Finally, he felt his cockhead slide through the lips and into her cervix.

"Yesssssssss! Oh darling, you did it! You're inside my cervix!" Julie announced with even more joy and arousal.

She worked a good inch of her son's thick shaft into her secret chamber. Her cervical ring pulsed all over it, closing tight around the thick invader.

After adjusting to the strange but delightful new sensation, she advised him, "We need to keep it inside. I want you to stay as still as you can while I ride you!"

For the next 15 minutes, Julie did a sexy little bump and grind. Using her strong cunt muscles, she squeezed and released, and squeezed and released, over and over, trying to milk an orgasm from him, but at the same time keeping the tip of his cock inside her precious cervix.

"How are you feeling, love?" she asked after a long time with no talking, just lots of panting.

"I don't know if I'm gonna be able to cum this way, unless I thrust," he said, honestly. Thanks to his great stamina, it really did take a lot to get him to cum.

"No, you can't thrust, Sweetie. I have to keep you inside my cervix," she said insistently.

She thought for a moment, while still working her hips in a small circle on his manhood. Then she came to a decision. "Okay, there's only one way this is gonna work. We both have to completely let go."

"What do you mean?" he asked, genuinely confused.

"What I mean is, for a few minutes, we have to forget that we're mother and son. We have to break the rules and completely let go. If we do this, I think we'll be able to excite an orgasm out of you."

His heart raced faster to hear that great news. But still, he asked, "What do you mean by 'break the rules?'"

"We'll have to do whatever we can to heat things up. That might mean kissing on the lips as mother and son never should, or saying dirty things like we're genuine lovers, or who knows what. But you need to understand that what I'm about to do will never, ever happen again. I'm only trying this to get you excited for this one special breeding procedure, understand?"

She gave him a severe, motherly look, despite the fact that she was sitting buck naked on his lap and he was balls-deep inside her.

"Yeah," he said, trying not to show too much excitement.

He thought, The whole "clinical" and "dispassionate" bullshit is already slowly going by the wayside. But this'll help speed that up in a big way! I love it!

As Julie continued to work her cunt muscles like a pro, she looked straight into Kyle's eyes. Slowly, she brought her lips to his and gave him a slow sensual kiss. Then another, then another.

Then she pulled his face to her big pillowy boobs.

"Oh sweet baby... suck my big soft titties, lover." She moaned needfully.

He began doing just that, and holding and sensually caressing them with both hands as well.

Chapter 6

Kyle and Julie didn't know it, but Julie's husband Jim had come home early!

Jim knew full well that there was a chance that his wife and son might be having one of their fuck sessions upstairs. Even though he knew he was getting some kind of karmic payback due to the way he'd been cheating on his wife, he couldn't help but feel absolute rage at the fact that his cocky teenage son was dicking the wife he so dearly loved. And even worse, that the two of them were making a baby together, something he should have been capable of doing, but wasn't.

Shortly after coming through the front door, Jim heard his wife let out a loud and sensual moan all the way from upstairs. He carefully crept up the steps and down the hallway to the door of his own master bedroom. He could hear Julie panting and moaning erotically as she rode their son's young yet oversized cock.

He'd been bracing himself to hear something like that. What he was completely unprepared for was hearing his wife's attempt to get their son to cum.

"Oh Kyle, baby, feel my pussy surrounding your big cock, lover! It feels so goooooood! Oh, that's it! Suck my big titties, baby!" She moaned like she was cumming again, even though she wasn't yet.

Jim's stomach sunk as he listened to the two of them. There was a rhythmic "thump, thump, thump" that was driving him mad.

"Come on, stud! Pump a baby into your mother, lover! Oh my God, I think I'm gonna cum again!" Julie moaned with unrestrained passion.

Jim's timing couldn't have been worse. His mouth fell open as he listened to his wife's obscene words, even as she started to loudly experience another epic orgasm.

"Oh God... **OH GOD! I THINK NUMBER TEN IS GONNA BE A BIG ONE! UNGH! YESSSS! OH GOD, SON, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE YOUR MOTHER CUM HARD, BABY! OH SHIT! OH FUCK, YOU AMAZING LITTLE MOTHERFUCKER!**" By the point, she was shouting about as loudly as she possibly could.

Jim backed down the hallway. He was feeling sick and looking pale. As his wife reached the peak of her climax, her unrestrained and generally wordless screams filled the entire house.

"**I'M CUMMMMIINNNGGGG! ANNNGHHHHHH!**"

Jim jogged down the stairs and into the kitchen, but try as he might, he couldn't hide from his wife's voice.

He thought, I've never heard more heartfelt and intense sexual ecstasy in my entire life! But it's my wife getting fucked by my **SON! I**'ve been betrayed!

"**OOOHHHHH! OOOHHHHH!**" Julie wailed.

Upstairs, Kyle's face was buried in twin pillows of towering tit-flesh. He licked and sucked his mother's stiff and needy nipples.

Julie continued to grunt and groan as the orgasmic contractions kept shaking her.

Kyle felt the rush of his mother's hot orgasmic fluid soak his big balls, and kept on thrusting.

Jim sat in the kitchen, which was about as far from the master bedroom as he could get while staying in the house. His head was in his hands, and he'd slung his business jacket off and loosened his

tie. He felt utterly miserable and defeated. But at the same time, he also felt great confusion and embarrassment, because he was experiencing a raging erection that just wouldn't quit!

Ten minutes of glorious incestuous fucking later, Kyle felt a torrent of semen rocket up his shaft. "Oh, Mom... I'm cumming!" he proudly announced.

Julie worked her coital wall with intense force, coaxing the milk from her young partner's beefy wand. She yelled to encourage him, "That's it, Son! Cum for me! Cum for Mommy! Mommy loves your big cock so very, very much!"

She suddenly felt thick ropes of jism explode into her cervical chamber. She hadn't been expecting to experience another orgasm herself just then, because she was still fairly wiped out from her last really epic one. But she felt a pretty good one race through her body just the same. It was mostly triggered by the feeling of her son blasting his cum load into her, while she had dizzying thoughts of getting successfully bred by him.

Strand after thick potent strand of creamy fuck-milk filled her insides. She knew that the billions of sperm were well on their way to finding and penetrating her precious egg. The race was on to see which lucky spermatozoa was the winner.

Jim was still sitting at the kitchen table, just staring off into space, when Julie came down the stairs a half an hour later. His embarrassing erection had thankfully faded away right when he heard his wife and son had finished fucking. He tried hard not to think about his arousal and what it might mean for his future sex life.

She looked freshly showered and wore a yellow sundress and red high-heeled slippers. Once again, she was going sans underwear. She paused in the kitchen doorway when she saw her husband.

She hadn't been expecting him at all, so she was secretly shocked. It was a lucky thing she was even wearing clothes.

Jim glanced her way and saw her, so it was too late for her to try to sneak off.

She immediately tried to switch gears and act like she was fine with him being there. "Honey! What a nice surprise. Um... you're home early. Is everything okay?"

"No... not really," he answered, with a stormy look in his eyes.

A nervousness swept over Julie's face. She suddenly felt naked and ashamed, despite the thin sundress. "How long have you been home?"

"Long enough to hear my wife's lately orgasm. 'Number ten,' huh?" he asked disappointedly.

"Jim, I... We didn't really..." She was at a loss for words. She knew she'd been caught red-handed.

"I can't believe you'd do this to me! Jesus, Julie, the things you were saying to him!" Jim complained indignantly.

But Julie didn't really feel that guilty, because the pleasure she'd felt had been so very prolonged and incredible. She asked, "Hold on a minute. If this is such a problem, then why the hell did you give us the okay to make a baby in the first place?"

"I gave our **SON** the okay to get you pregnant, not to fondle your breasts and whatever the hell else he was doing in there! You're my wife, not his shameless little fuck toy, for Christ's sakes! And he's got so many gorgeous girlfriends already. That little bastard has some nerve!" Jim spouted.

Julie felt stung by his words. She shouted sternly, "**DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE! YOUR SON IS DOING US A FAVOR! IF IT WERN'T FOR HIM, YOU AND I HAVING ANOTHER BABY WOULDN'T EVEN BE A POSSIBILITY!**"

But Jim wasn't easily cowed, since he felt so wronged. "You promised me that your sessions would be quick and unrevealing. But I heard you call him 'your lover' and an 'amazing little motherfucker.' How the hell am I supposed to take that?!" he asked incredulously.

Julie shook her head as she sat down in a chair. "I don't know what to tell you... but if you're expecting an apology, you can go fuck yourself! Kyle and I are doing what we have to do to make this baby," she said angrily and defiantly.

"Ten orgasms. Is that what it takes to get pregnant these days?" Jim asked in a smart-ass tone.

"What seems to be the problem, Dad?" Kyle asked as he entered the kitchen from the hallway. He had been naked, but he'd heard his father's voice so he'd quickly thrown on a T-shirt and his boxers.

Jim jumped up from his chair to accuse his son. "The problem is she's your mother and a married woman! I know what I agreed to allow happen. A big mistake in my opinion, though too late to take back. That's bad enough. But from what I heard, the two of you were getting into it much too hot and heavy!" He was getting increasingly angry as he talked.

"I thought we have a deal, Dad," Kyle said sternly.

That gave Jim pause, because it was a not-so-subtle hint about how Kyle knew of his father's adulterous activities.

Jim continued, but in more restrained and careful tones, "We do, but this funny business isn't part of the deal."

Kyle thundered, quietly but forcefully, "Don't talk to me about funny business! I have some photos I haven't told you about yet that show some **REAL** funny business!"

Julie had no idea what her son was talking about, and the conversation was moving too fast for her to ask. She certainly didn't suspect a veiled reference to her husband committing adultery.

But Jim guessed exactly what he was talking about, that he'd taken some photos of him getting it on with Dora. That seemed highly probable, and it took the wind of his indignant sails.

Kyle went on, "The deal is that I get Mom pregnant. Period! I don't think you're really in a position to tell us how we can or can't make that happen, do you?" he asked, staring his father down.

Julie looked up at her son, who had now moved to stand next to her where she sat. She then looked at her husband, awaiting his answer.

"**WELL... DO YOU**? **DO YOU**?!" Kyle shouted with surprising authority and force, as if he suddenly had become a Marine drill sergeant. It was all the more shocking, because he was known for being an easy-going guy with no temper at all.

"No, I don't." Jim answered, looking at the floor like a scolded child. He was still reeling over the reference to the photos.

Kyle took charge of the situation. "Then here's what's gonna happen. Mom and I are gonna make this baby, **OUR WAY**, and you're gonna keep your fucking mouth shut about it! Understand?" The good son also never, ever cursed at his parents.

Julie looked up at her young hero. Her eyes traveled down his muscular body and it struck her, Kyle is a complete stud, in every possible way! At the tender age of 18, he's more of a man than my husband could ever be. And he fucks me like a human sex machine too!

She suddenly felt a complete awe and respect for this handsome stud of a teenage boy. The middle-aged mother gazed up at her son like a submissive teenage virgin at the feet of an aggressive, charismatic, dominant, and well-hung football player who was about to take her cherry. It was pure puppy-love, except with a heaping helping of hot, incestuous lust.

Kyle threatened Jim, "Now, how 'bout you get the fuck out of here before I decide to call this deal off?!"

Jim was fuming mad, but he knew that his son held a secret that would completely destroy his marriage, especially with the photos. "Fine! But this is not over!" He stormed out of the kitchen and clear out of the house, leaving his business jacket behind.

Julie listened to the sound of Jim's car driving away with a slight smirk on her face. Her heart was racing and her pussy was newly throbbing and wet. She couldn't believe how much power her son had over her husband. She stood up so she could be face to face with her new "hero."

"Are you okay?" Kyle asked her with tender concern.

"Yeah... I'm fine. Sweetie, that was... so brave of you!"

"I just had to set him straight, that's all," he said with lots of emotion. "He can't say, 'Okay, Son, go ahead and breed my wife,' and then turn around and say, 'On second thought, you're not allowed to enjoy yourself having sex with her.' That makes no sense!"

Julie took Kyle's hands into hers and stared into his eyes. "You're so brave! Like a knight in shining armor... And I'm like the princess... the princess who's falling for him," she said lovingly. Her heart was beating fast, and her immense globes were rising and falling with excitement.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his heart suddenly surging with love, hope, and lust.

"What I mean is what I said," she answered as she moved in close to him. "You'd better be careful, 'cause right or wrong... **YOUR MOTHER'S FALLING FOR YOU... BIG TIME!**" she squealed excitedly and wickedly.

She gave him a loving peck on the forehead, but she longed to madly kiss his lips instead. Her "clinical" rule still held her back from doing that, especially since they weren't in the middle of another "breeding session" where she might be able to justify that to herself.

Then both of them stared into each other's eyes for a good ten seconds, like two lovers sharing a silent look of lust and longing.

For the first time, Kyle had no doubt that Julie was hungering for his cock, and not just for the purpose of making a baby. His "long game" strategy was already working better than expected.

On a rash impulse, she reached around to her back and unzipped her yellow sundress halfway down her back. Then she dramatically slipped one shoulder strap down her arm, and then the other one down the other arm. That left nothing holding the dress up, and it slowly slid down her body, fully exposing her massive boobs as it did so. It wound up getting stuck bunched up around her waist.

He took that for the open invitation it so clearly was, and gleefully cupped her huge tits with both hands. Normally, he was cool and in control with his girlfriends, but he felt like a shy total virgin again, with his cock trembling with need and his heart threatening to thump right out of his chest.

She smiled lovingly and approvingly at the way he held her bare breasts, even though that was against her rules too. "Mmmm! Son, I guess there's no stopping you from your boob-focused insanity. So I'm not going to even try anymore. But, uh... as long as we're like

this... and since we were making out a little bit upstairs earlier... Do you think it would be okay if we bend the rules just one more time? Because I'd really like for you to kiss me again. On the lips!"

He smiled from ear to ear. "I think that'll be just fine." He leaned his head in and planted his lips on hers.

At first, the kiss was tentative, almost like it was their very first true kiss, despite what they'd done upstairs a short while earlier. But it gradually gained strength and passion as the seconds passed by. All the while, he continued to freely fondle his mother's tremendous jugs, and even pinch and twist her nipples.

Julie thought, This is bad! This is **NOT** dispassionate! In fact, it's the exact opposite! I almost feel like I'm falling for my own son, head over heels! But I just **HAVE** to let him kiss me this one time, because he's my knight in shining armor. Of course he gets to kiss the princess, because he saved me from the bad, bad man, the evil villain!

She realized with a start that the "evil villain" was in fact her husband who she was supposedly happily married to.

But that didn't really bother her much, because she was on such a high of lust and love for her hunky son. Okay. Jim's not an 'evil villain' per se. He's just confused because he came home and listened in on something that it was best he didn't know about. Kyle's right: you can't have sex without at least some passion. This whole "clinical" approach just isn't going to work. Jim either needs to be cool with that, or stay the hell away until we're done!

Even as she thought all that, their kiss kept going and kept getting hotter and hotter. It was turning into a five-alarm scorcher! And her pussy was absolutely gushing and throbbing, thanks in part to the expert way he handled her massive melons.

Julie's thoughts grew increasingly erotic and heated. And speaking of getting things done, my big strong hero needs to get rewarded even more for being so brave! It's not enough for him to just kiss the fair princess; he needs to give her a good fucking too! A serious fucking! A "royal" fucking, even! Hee! He needs to drill me deep and hard and long!

She'd had her hands wrapped around the middle of his back. But as they continued to kiss while he played with her tits, she used her hands to push her sundress further down her waist and writhed her hips to slowly wiggle out of it. After a minute, she managed to slide it down her long sleek legs and then step out of it entirely.

That left her completely naked once again, except for her red high-heeled slippers, which helped firm up her legs and ass just like real high heels did.

Then as if that latest move wasn't bold enough, now that she had her hands free, she brought them to her son's crotch and boldly gripped his enormous erection. Within seconds, all ten of her fingers began slipping and sliding up and down his thick shaft.

She hadn't planned on even touching him there, but she simply couldn't help herself. Her desire for his cock was too great!

He was so pleasantly surprised by this that he broke the kiss to ask what was going on.

But before he could speak, she said, in a playful tease, "Don't get any big ideas! I am **NOT** giving you a handjob here."

He was secretly amused, because it was so clear that she already was doing exactly that. As he continued to aggressively fondle her massive globes, he asked with seeming cluelessness, "You're not?"

"Of course not. That's against the rules." Her big bare tits were bouncing in her hands because her entire body was on the move

thanks to her vigorous two-fisted handjob motion. She was less teasing him with those words and more in denial about what she was doing.

She added, "But the way I figure, there's now time like now for you to fuck me again! There's something about the way you sent Jim packing that's really got me hot to trot! Son, you're becoming a **MAN**, right before my very eyes!"

"Thanks, Mom!" He briefly kissed her lips again. He slipped his hands down to fondle her bare ass cheeks for a while, since she was completely naked.

She savored the sweet kiss while still stroking his hot meat. Then she said, "So, no, this isn't a handjob. I'm just getting you warmed up so we can continue our breeding activities upstairs shortly. Does that sound agreeable to you?"

"Very!"

He kissed her lips again. It was such a heartfelt kiss that they just couldn't stop.

They wound up necking off and on for the next ten minutes, at least. And all the while, he alternatively played with her tits, ass, and pussy like he owned her entire body, while she steadily jacked his big fat cock in a way that supposedly somehow wasn't a handjob.

Sometimes, he even fingerfucked her needy slit.

When she briefly broke the kiss to complain about that, he pointed out that he wasn't really fingerfucking her, he was just "warming her up" to help get the fucking started.

She couldn't disagree with that, even to herself, since she'd used that exact same logic to justify the handjob she was still giving him.

They went right back to their necking and fondling, with even more fingerbanging.

When their lusts finally rose to "unbearable" levels, they managed to disengage, but only so they could rush back upstairs to the master bedroom.

Just a minute or two after that, Kyle was balls-deep in his mother again, fucking her missionary style.

And only a few minutes later, Julie was screaming her head off yet again, as her epic orgasm number eleven shook her entire body. (*She wasn't counting all the little ones she had too.*)

Her husband Jim was totally forgotten, except for some vague annoying idea that he was bound to come home again after a while. She hoped that he would have the good sense to stay away for a few more hours, at least, so a lot more "breeding" could get done.

Thankfully for everyone involved, he did exactly that.

Chapter 7

Jim gazed over at his wife as they lay in bed together that night. She looked so beautiful lying there on her back, staring up at the ceiling, even though he couldn't see much of her body due to her usual full length pajamas she was wearing (*just as he was*). The look on her face was like that of a lovestruck and lusty girl who'd just gotten laid for the very first time. The problem was that Jim knew it wasn't his penis or his fucking skills she was lying there thinking about.

"I'm sorry I blew up at you earlier," he said to her.

Julie didn't answer, because she didn't even hear him. She was off in her own little word. It was a world dominated by a handsome young face with sparkling brown eyes, a strong and curiously thick teenage pecker, and big plump balls full of potent cum-cream.

She thought about her son, Mmmm! I remember when he fucked me for the very first time this morning. It was soooo great! He totally rocked my world! But who could have known that he was just getting warmed up?! Each time got better and better! The last few hours were total bliss-once I got completely naked and stayed that way, and all that silly "clinical" crap was in the past.

I'll admit that it's important that I don't get **TOO** carried away by my son and his incredible cock. I'm going to have to go back to my boring, normal married life eventually, which is sad. But it's impossible to get fucked without experiencing **SOME** pleasure, so why try to resist that so much?

Especially given the way Kyle fucks me! Good Lord, there's no way to resist that at all! He's a sexual superman! The last hour we fucked, especially, is a memory to last a lifetime, all by itself! The way he churned his hips on me... and then his thrusting! Ungh! And

his impaling! The impaling is the best! Oh, and the kissing! Such kissing! He's a natural at that too! God, and the way his hands roam all over my naked body! I feel so free and alive! But at the same time, he's possessing me in such a sexy way. Such natural confidence. He's even bewitching me!

Mmmm! I can't wait until tomorrow! I wish my ovulation period would last for three weeks, not three days! But it's probably for the best to end this soon, because my poor battered pussy is gonna have to cry uncle and tap out in any case! Hee!

"Julie!" Jim finally called to her, with a much louder voice. He'd been saying her name a couple more times in his usual voice, to no effect.

"What?!" She snapped at him as she was jarred back to reality.

Once Jim saw he actually had her attention, he confessed, "I just wanted to apologize for blowing up at you and Kyle. I overreacted I guess and I'm sorry, Dear. This whole thing is just... uncomfortable for me."

"Then, Honey, why did you agree to it?" Julie asked.

She was genuinely puzzled by that, especially now that it was becoming clear the "deal" was going so very badly for him. It was another mystery to her why he hadn't called the deal off, after seeing how passionate she obviously was getting with all the fucking.

He replied, "I just know how much you want this baby and... well, I want you to be happy."

That much was true, though of course he didn't mention how Kyle had caught him committing adultery with Dora, leaving him no choice but to keep the deal going.

Julie smiled as she scooted over and hugged her husband. It was a warm yet chaste hug, especially since they were both in their pajamas.

She thought, Isn't that sweet? It's not his fault that his son is ten times the man he'll ever be. I should be more appreciative of his love, because he's my one and only husband. What Kyle and I are enjoying... it's fantastic, but it's like a temporary time-out from the real world. It can't last! My future is with my hubby right here.

She said with renewed emotional effort and concern, "Oh Honey, I know this hasn't been easy for you. I'm so sorry. That's why he and I are only copulating during the day while you're at work. No husband should have to hear some of the things you heard today. That was very unfortunate."

Earlier in the evening, she'd explained to him about how she'd been "forced" to resort to "extreme measures" due to the difficulty of getting their son to cum inside her cervix. That had helped soften the blow in some ways, but made him more jealous in other ways.

"It was pretty shocking," Jim admitted. And yet, even as he thought back on that painful time of listening to them fuck, he felt his penis suddenly surge to a full erection!

He tried to pretend like that wasn't happening, and keep it hidden, because it made no sense to him. It was only a further frustration and humiliation. Luckily for him, it was hidden in his pajamas and under the sheet and blankets for good measure.

Julie suggested, "Honey, maybe you should stay at your parents' house for a few days. It'll get your mind off all this and give Kyle and me a chance to really focus on making this baby."

Jim frowned. "You and he are here all day. How much more time do you think you need?"

It was hard for her not to break into a big smile as she contemplated getting fucked all over the house, both day and night. She was secretly very annoyed that she felt obliged to sleep with her husband as usual, when her son was just down the hall with big balls that were constantly producing more cum that could help successfully breed her.

She said, "You remember when we were trying to get me pregnant with Kyle. You remember how much time and effort it took?"

"Yeah, I remember," Jim said, thinking back on the week full of non-stop sex. In retrospect, he felt those had been his glory days.

Julie tried to sound calm and reasonable, even as her heart was doing joyous backflips about the idea of getting to be her son's fuck-socket for 24 hours a day, if only for a short time. "Besides, you should spend some more time with your parents. You told me recently how you don't visit them enough. It'll be good for you. With any luck, when you come back we'll have a little son or daughter already starting to grow in my womb. Won't that be exciting?"

"Of course," Jim said, forcing a smile. He bitterly thought, But I won't be the father! My **SON** will be! **UGH!**

Despite the pain of that line of thinking, his erection lurched in his pants with renewed heat and urgency.

"So, what do you think?" Her pussy was getting wet again just thinking about having Kyle all to herself.

Jim vaguely commented, "We'll see. I'll think about it."

He thought, What the fuck?! Am I getting turned on by thoughts of my son fucking my wife?! It can't be! I won't let it. That's all kinds of messed up!

A short time later, Jim gave his wife a goodnight kiss-on the cheek, and she did the same. He turned out the light, and the two of them settled in to go to sleep.

Julie was able to go to sleep straight away, because she felt so tired out and sexually satiated from all the incestuous fucking.

Jim, though, tossed and turned for quite a while before finally getting to sleep. He felt he was caught in a trap, with no way out. He had no idea what to do except play along with the role Kyle had forced him into and hope against hope that things would somehow turn out okay eventually. The adulterous photos especially that his son had alluded to were playing a key part in keeping him in line.

Chapter 8

The next morning, Kyle strolled into the kitchen dressed in only his boxers. He was proud of his body and wanted to show it off. His big semi-erection wobbled as he moved.

Julie was sitting alone and sipping from her morning coffee. She greeted him with a smile while checking out his muscular bare chest and especially the outrageous phallic shape tenting his boxers. Oh boy! Today could easily end up being the best day of my life! I'll bet that's true. My son is going to fuck me silly, all day long! And he's going to **BREED** me!

Her heart was beating fast and her pussy was already lubing up in anticipation.

But all she said was, "Morning, Sweetie."

"Hey, Mom," he answered casually, while he also tried to hide how excited he really was.

As far as he knew, his mother owned two skimpy robes, a red one and a blue one. He'd had a lot of great memories with each of them in recent days. So he was pleasantly surprised to see her in a previously unseen orange robe that was even more revealing than either of the other two!

Or maybe it wasn't the size of the robe but how she was wearing it- it was hard for him to tell due to the way she was sitting. The robe was already dramatically open in front. He could see her huge tits nearly to her nipples, which were surprisingly stiff already. (*She'd been getting hot and bothered waiting for him to show up.*) He could see bare skin clear down to the sash, which was slung low just above her pussy mound.

"Guess what?" she asked with an even bigger smile.

"You're pregnant?!" he asked back excitedly.

"No, not yet, you silly boy!" She chuckled. "Dad's gonna stay with Grandma and Grandpa for a few days," she said with a lusty fire in her eyes. Jim had given her that news a little while earlier, shortly after both he and she had woken up.

"So we'll be alone all day?!" Kyle's heart thumped like a jackhammer, he was so thrilled by the news.

"All day **AND** all night! Better eat your Wheaties this morning." She grinned while running a finger along the open front of the robe. As she did that, she caused it to open a bit more, allowing one of her erect nipples to come into full view.

"Sweet," Kyle said, his semi-erect cock was so inspired by the news that it visibly lurched and twitched in his boxers until it was fully erect.

Julie giggled at how eager he was, and how stiff her words made his dick in a matter of seconds. She stood up. Rising on her tip-toes, she gave him a big tit-squasher of a hug.

With only the thin silk fabric of her robe separating her chest from his, Kyle sighed with joy as he felt the spongy softness of her big mommy-boobs flatten against him.

But then the hug got much better, because her robe was mostly open in the front already, and after a little wiggling and readjusting between the two of them, it wound up completely open. Both of them reveled in the feel of her massive tits making skin-to-skin contact with his chest.

"Feels like someone's ready to get back to 'work,'" she said as she felt his brick-hard boner resting against her tummy. She reached to it

and lovingly caressed it from top to bottom.

"I'm ready for a long **HARD** day, Mom!" He smiled while reaching up to cup the undersides of her bare breasts with both hands.

"Good! I can tell you are." The way she was holding and caressing his rampant cock was starting to turn into a slow and tender handjob. Her heart raced faster and faster as her fingers explored every inch of his thick cock-meat, and she mentally imagined how it would feel to have all of that "tree trunk" fully sheathed inside her cunt again. She panted fast, because it was such an incredible prospect.

But then she forced herself to pull her hands away from his crotch, since her thoughts drifted to Jim and she remembered that he was still in the house. She even took his hands off her great globes and tugged her robe partially closed in front for good measure. She didn't want to do anything that might get Jim to rethink his decision to go to his parents' house.

Kyle wasn't too concerned about that burst of resolve, because he could tell she was totally hot to trot. Temporarily foiled at her chest, he brought his hands down to her ass cheeks instead. Feeling the bothersome orange robe there, he just pushed it up and out of the way and began directly kneading her meaty ass flesh.

She sighed contentedly. She'd gotten very familiar with him playing with her ass yesterday, even deep in her ass crack. So she didn't even think to get him to remove his hands, despite being mindful that Jim was somewhere nearby.

She said, "As soon as your father leaves, we'll go upstairs and put this big, thick, fleshy thing of yours somewhere warm. This guy isn't gonna make a baby bobbing around out here." As she teasingly said "this guy," she couldn't resist holding Kyle's stiff cock again. Seconds later, her mere holding turned into more sensual stroking of his thick shaft.

"Did you mean what you said yesterday... that you're falling for me?" Kyle asked shyly. He brought both hands back up to her immense tits again. As he did so, he cleverly opened her orange robe even wider in front, causing it to slide off both of her shoulders.

But she said, "Watch it, young man. Not here, not now. I don't know if you understood what I just said, but your father is still somewhere in this house. We need to respect his feelings and not get too frisky." She pulled the robe back onto her shoulders, though she left it completely wide open in front.

"Oh." Kyle reluctantly let go of her magnificent tits, for now.

Again, he didn't mind the setback much. He knew he was going to be balls-deep inside her hot, tight cunt in a matter of minutes, so everything else was gravy. Besides, her robe was still partially open in front. One couldn't immediately see it due to the way their bodies were tightly pressed together, but his raging hard-on was directly resting against her bare skin and slightly rocking back and forth.

He correctly knew that contact alone would slowly drive her into a sexual frenzy, making her an even hotter fuck.

Julie grazed her long red nails across his chest as she chose her words carefully. "Yesterday, you may recall how I was insistent much of the day to keep things 'clinical' and 'dispassionate.' I'm not so worried about that today. I know we're doing all this to make me pregnant, but... well, it's just that you're so young and uh, well endowed. And to be honest I really didn't expect things to get as intense as they did yesterday."

"I hope things get even more intense today. Can we be naked again when we do it?" Kyle asked. He subtly rocked his hot cock-meat against her smooth skin to help influence her answer.

That was an easy question for her, especially since she was practically naked already. "Well, we'll do whatever we have to do to

get all that sperm out of your balls and into my womb. If that means being a little more emotional and expressive, then so be it. And it if means being naked... well then I guess we'll get naked."

"Sweet!" Kyle said with a smile.

Julie giggled at the way her words had such an effect on him. She coiled her arms around his neck and moved her lips towards his face.

"Come here, you," she said in a sultry purr. Then she began giving her son gentle little kisses on his neck and along his jawline.

Jim came downstairs wearing his usual three-piece suit, with suitcase in hand. He already was dreading what he was likely to see. An even sicker feeling entered the pit of his stomach as he rounded the corner to the kitchen and saw his wife and son embracing while they were both half-naked. It confirmed all his worst fears.

Julie's face was buried in the crook of Kyle's neck, gently kissing his skin there over and over. One of her legs was bent at the knee, with her sexy little bare foot dragging up the back of Kyle's calf.

Kyle slid his hands down and dug his fingers into the meat of his mother's buttocks, right through the silky orange robe.

Jim was about to say something out loud to get their attention and force them to stop. But somehow he didn't. It was if some force was compelling him not to.

Instead, he found himself just mutely staring in horror as the other two kissed and fondled with increasing passion. While he watched, his penis stirred. Soon, he had a raging erection to end all raging erections!

Within seconds of Jim starting to spy on them, Kyle flipped Julie's orange robe up and away from her ass again and resumed directly

fondling her ass cheeks.

Far from complaining, Jim's wife just moaned erotically and wiggled her bare ass in delight. She muttered, "You're so baaaad!"

That gave Jim some hope that she'd at least do something to limit their sexual contact.

But no. She followed up that comment by kissing her son on the lips! Within seconds, the two of them were making out like long-lost lovers!

To make matters worse for Jim, he saw Kyle bring his hands back up to his wife's awesome rack. He couldn't directly see much, due to the angle he was standing looking at them, plus the way their bodies were closely pressed together, but he could tell that her robe opened all the way in front and Kyle was freely playing with her huge orbs!

Even worse than that was his fear about what was happening to his son's penis. He couldn't see any sign of it, but he assumed it had to be fully erect, if only because the kissing and fondling was so very hot. Plus, her son was seemingly permanently aroused anyway. With Julie's robe so open in front, how could that thick, long cock not be rubbing directly against her naked skin?!

Of course, that was exactly what was happening.

Jim hated what he was seeing. He despised it. Not only were his wife and son clearly extremely hot for each other, but they were showing love and intimacy that was even more concerning. Julie was acting exactly like she was head over heels in love and lust with their son!

Yet, despite such concern, and a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach, Jim had an erection that threatened to rip right through his slacks! He'd never felt so aroused in his life, even as jealousy threatened to completely consume him.

These conflicting emotions confused the hell out of him. He didn't know what to say or do. He was torn between rushing over and aggressively pulling their bodies apart or just... cumming on the spot!

He decided he needed to act somehow, regardless. He cleared his throat, making his presence known.

Julie quickly broke the very intimate embrace. She took a step or two back while also tugging her robe closed in front as fast as she could.

However, it wasn't fast enough for her to hide from Jim the way Kyle's big, fat, exposed cock had been resting up against her lower belly.

Jim's eyes bugged out, because for a few seconds he caught a glimpse of the sheer size of his son's equipment before Kyle was able to turn and stuff his monster back into his boxers.

Jim was utterly destroyed and emasculated. It was worse than a punch to his solar plexus. Holy mother of God! Is that his third leg?! Seriously! Jesus Christ! How the hell can I compete with **THAT**?!

Yet his bizarre arousal surged to even greater heights!

"Oh, Honey... I didn't hear you come downstairs," Julie said mildly. She felt slightly embarrassed, but only slightly. To be honest, she didn't care that much how her husband felt, because lust was coursing through her veins. She was moony and giddy towards her hunky son.

Jim was going to give both of them a piece of his mind. But his inexplicable arousal all but forced him to get out of there fast. He needed to leave in a hurry before he spontaneously orgasmed in his slacks and thus really embarrassed himself!

He muttered, "Yeah well I'm off to work. I'll be over at my parents' house after that." He was blushing in shame and defeat, still reeling from the sight of his half-naked wife making out with his handsome son.

Julie walked her husband to the door to kiss him goodbye. At first, her robe was still dramatically showing off her cleavage and much of her tummy. But as she drew closer, she did her best to close her robe in front and look at least semi-presentable. Besides, she had a strange feeling of not wanting her husband to see her nudity, as if that was a prize only Kyle deserved.

"I'll call you later," she tenderly told Jim. "I worry about you and how you're coping with this." But she only gave him a chaste, brief peck on the cheek.

Jim just nodded. He wanted to be angry, but instead he felt woozy, almost like he was on the verge of passing out.

Julie stood there with her big pendulous breasts protruding out, her nipples barely covered by her clearly undersized orange robe.

Kyle walked up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. It was as if he was subtly laying claim to her body. Not only was Kyle's penis visibly erect, but most of it was poking through the slit on the front of his boxers!

Jim felt that was some kind of final indignity for him, further breaking his spirit. Just the part of his son's erection he could see was longer than his own erection ever was, and he knew there was even more of it inside Kyle's boxers.

He wanted to break down and cry.

Julie was impatient to see her husband go. She told him, "Take care. I love you!"

Again, Jim could only nod. His mouth was dry, remarkably dry, and no words seemed able to come out.

Then he watched as Kyle casually slid a hand down Julie's back until he was cupping one of her ass cheeks. He noticed how her robe rose up a bit in back, making clear his son's hand was directly holding and slightly caressing her meaty bubble butt.

Still staring, Jim thought, Fuck me! So much for her trying to be unemotional about the whole thing. She's putty in his hands! It isn't an easy thing to look back at your beautiful wife and know she's about to be balled by your own son. Probably within minutes of me leaving! And I have to slave away at my boring desk job while they fuck like rabbits all over the house! **MY** house, that I paid for! Life is so damn unfair. And I have to leave with this fucking annoying erection that just won't quit! Dammit!

Jim took one more look, especially at Kyle's enormous hard-on poking through his boxers, taunting him with clear sexual superiority and impossible size. He silently sighed in defeat. He turned and walked towards his car.

He winced when he heard the front door close and lock behind him. Oh God! Dear God! Please! Let this nightmare end! Yet he was still stuck with a painful and needy hard-on, and he was so aroused that he wondered if he'd even be able to safely drive his car.

Back inside the house, impatience turned to unrestrained joy as soon as the front door was closed.

"I'll race you upstairs, Mom," Kyle said to Julie with all the eagerness of youth.

"How about you be a gentlemen and carry me upstairs to the bed?" She smiled seductively, then brought her hands to her shoulders and dramatically pulled her robe all the way off.

Kyle just stood there, transfixed and amazed, as he watched the robe slip to the floor and puddle around her feet. He very nearly came on the spot as he ogled his mother's near physical perfection. God **DAMN!** She's like a goddess, a naked goddess! Those tits! That ass! That sultry face! Fuck me! And today, she's all mine! I'm gonna fuck her like, like... a tornado! Like a hurricane! I'm going to absolutely **DESTROY** her with my deep thrusts until we're both half-dead and bathed in sweat!

In an instant, Kyle swept the buck naked, big-busted mother off her feet and into his arms.

She felt goose bumps all over from the way he lifted her as if she weighed nothing at all. She ran her fingers across one of his broad shoulders, staring at him in awe. "Soooo strong," she said excitedly.

"Thanks." He smiled confidently.

She thought, Gaaaawwwwd! He's such a stud, in every way. If it came to a fight between my son and my hubby, it wouldn't even be close. Kyle would wipe poor Jim all over the floor like a broom! And look at him hold me like this. It's like he's claiming me, like Tarzan. And he **IS** claiming me! He's going to take me upstairs and fuck me within an inch of my life, and **BREED** his baby into me to boot! I feel so helpless, but it feels sooooo goooooood!

She was suddenly filled with resolve. Mommy's gonna be the best possible fuck I can be! Since he's constantly rocking my world, I'm gonna rock his world right back! I'm gonna churn and grind on his huge pole until he absolutely loses his mind!

We only have a couple of days together as lovers, so we need to make the most of every moment.

"Sweetie," she said, her big gleaming brown eyes gazing into his very similar brown eyes. They were closely related, after all.

"Yeah, Mom?" he answered, while still holding her with ease.

"Let's go make a baby!" She said this in an erotic, wanton voice that sent shivers up and down his entire body.

The two of the giggled almost deliriously as he carried her up the stairs. They couldn't have been more overjoyed.

He carried her right next to the bed in the master bedroom, and gently let her down until her sexy little bare feet touched her bedroom carpet.

Kyle stood there for a moment in awe as he admired her remarkably fit yet soft and curvy nude body. He was so transported that he spoke his mind without thinking. "**DAMN!** Mom, I've wanted to fuck you so much for so long! For years! And today's the day! Yesterday was just the warm-up! Today, I'm literally going to fuck you to death!"

She gave him a sexy smile as she got down on all fours on top of the bed. She teased him, "Hmmm. Sounds dangerous!"

He just about passed out from too much lust, due to seeing her posing on all fours.

She stretched and preened, like a cat. She gently swayed her entire body back and forth, as if he already had his hands on her firm butt and was slowly fucking her doggy-style. Clearly, she was lingering in that pose to drive him wild. It was working!

Then she moved on her hands and knees to crawl up the bed a little bit, towards the pillows. She made sure to make a dramatic show of it. Her huge hanging tits swung back and forth and her big bubbly buttocks stuck out, giving her son the perfect view of her swollen labial meat and her puckered butt-hole.

She loved being naked for him. With Jim, it had been different. She'd felt embarrassed when he looked at her nudity, and preferred having sex in the dark. But with Kyle, she loved the hunger and desire in his eyes. She wanted to be naked and wet for him literally all the time.

Gazing back at him, she giggled and finally lay down on the bed.

She rolled onto her side to face him. "You gonna stand there staring all day, goofball, or are you gonna get up here and help me make a baby?" She smiled.

For some reason, Kyle was still wearing his boxers, even though most of his thick cock had been poking out of the slit for the past few minutes. He peeled them down his body until he also was as naked as the day he was born.

He stood there, his heart racing out of control, with his big boner wobbling up and down on its own in anticipation. Good **GOD! I**'m so happy I could cry!

Then it dawned on him he could be fully sheathed in his mother's tight, hot cunt-furnace instead of just enjoying gawking at her nude hourglass figure. He moved with speed to get on the bed and on top of her.

Seconds later, Kyle sighed in utter blissful satisfaction. His eyes rolled back in their sockets as he felt his super-engorged cockhead slip through his mother's delicate pink folds. His strong blood-engorged pipe with its bulging blue veins sunk down deep inside her hot clutching birth canal.

"Oh, Son!" Julie cried out in ecstasy. She flexed her soft vaginal walls, clamping tightly against the large teenage phallus as it slipped back, then plowed forward, its big bulbous head sinking against the mouth of her cervix.

"**OH Y-Y-YEAH!**" she cried out.

Julie's marital bed rocked wildly as she and her son set into a nice steady rhythm. The busty mother's long, smooth legs curled up around the bucking teen.

His ass rose and fell, his big hairless balls thumping against her butt hole.

"Oh-h-h wow, Mom!" His voice trembled.

"Oh, Kyle! Oh, Sweetie! You're doing so good!" she panted.

Like a well-lubed piston, the teenage fuck-pole glided through the smothering cavern of love, its bulging helmet and rock-hard shaft plowing along the sensitive glands of her soft yet tightly squeezing vaginal walls.

She thought, Now, **THIS** is what real fucking is! I don't know what the hell Jim thought he was doing to me all these years with his little thing, but it sure as hell wasn't this! This is how men and women are meant to mate. To breed! Oh, **YES!** To **BREED! I**'m just my son's helpless fuck-socket, and he's going to pound a baby into me at will!

"**OH GOD!**" She cried, announcing her impending orgasm. She was amazed and impressed that she could already felt another really big one coming on, only a couple of minutes after getting started. She'd lost count of all her really massive orgasms yesterday somewhere around twenty, and then had many more after that. She wasn't even going to try to keep count today, since she knew it was going to be such a high number. Besides, it was all pretty much one endless orgasm whenever his cock was inside her anyway.

Kyle picked up the pace, going from bulb to balls on every stroke.

"**OH, KYLE! OH, BABY! I LOVE YOU!**" Julie shouted as her body began to convulse.

Seeing and feeling such a ravishing beauty, grunting and crying while her big tits sloshed around beneath her young partner, would have sent most boys over the edge. But not Kyle. He just kept fucking her, like a relentless, pistoning machine.

Ten, twenty, and then thirty minutes passed. Admittedly, it wasn't all non-stop fucking at the highest intensity. He did slow way down or even stop at times to re-gather his energies. But he was surprisingly relentless and energetic most of the time. It was as if he'd rested all night just to have the stamina to fuck her all the way into orbit!

Finally, the sex-mad teen felt a raging torrent of sperm rising from his balls. He wailed, "**OH GOD, MOM! HERE COMES MY LOAD!**"

"**SQUIRT IT HARD FOR ME, SWEETIE!**" She cried back, even more deliriously. She'd already had several big climaxes, and she felt another one coming on.

It was getting to the point where she automatically came whenever he did, no matter what, because the mere thought of him squirting his virile baby-makers into her was too exciting for her to handle. And the feeling of him filling her up deep inside with his spermy cream without any condom was even better!

He groaned as he felt the long milky strands of jism pulsing out from his raging hard-on.

Flexing her coital walls, Julie's pouch became like a clutching fist, pulling all of the baby-making syrup from her son's quivering cock-rod. She hadn't been very talented at that sort of thing with Jim, but she was quickly learning. She felt she had to step up her efforts several notches in order to at least try to pay back her son for the way he repeatedly sent her soaring to the moon and back.

As his orgasm started to fade, she spoke some more inspiring words to coax more of his cum out into her needy cunt. "There you go, my love! Squirt it all out for me! Mommy's egg is waiting, Sweetie!"

The "Mommy's egg is waiting" comment in particular made him swoon in excitement and caused him to squirt a few more times than he otherwise would have.

After the final dribble, he rolled off his mother. He was wiped out, and worried he'd overdone it a bit. He didn't want to tire out too soon, since he had a full day of fucking "work" ahead of him.

Julie quickly positioned the pillow under her ass.

She muttered, "Good God! That was intense! If that didn't fuck a baby into me, then I don't know what will do it. Especially since your orgasm theory turns out to be correct."

Last night, after Jim came home, she'd done some Googling to see if Kyle's claim was true. She'd been pleasantly surprised to find out that it was. Although she knew it didn't really matter, since he was going to give her one epic orgasm after another regardless.

Already, if she had to make a "thirty best sexual experiences of my life" list, all thirty would have been with her son, and none with her husband! Sometimes, she felt a crushing sadness from thinking she'd only get to be fucked by Kyle until her ovulation was done. She couldn't see how they could possibly stop, and yet she dearly loved Jim. She tried hard to push such vexing thoughts out of her mind. She had a feeling that somehow events would take their own course, and it was impossible to know the future at this point anyway.

He ran a hand down her tummy, all the way to her pussy. He playfully diddled her clit a little bit, making her shudder. "Mom, I wouldn't love this if I didn't think you were loving it too. My goal is to make you cum so hard and so often, that even the eggs your body hasn't created yet will get fertilized too!"

She laughed at that impossibility. "With you, and your relentless cock, I could believe it!"

After a couple of minutes, Kyle eyed the soft tit-sacks standing proudly on his mother's chest.

"Put your tongue back in your mouth, mister," she teased.

However, she didn't stop him when he reached out to fondle her great globes. She figured that if he had the willpower to do that despite his post-orgasmic exhaustion, she didn't want to let him down. Besides, she remembered that today she was going to play a lot more fast and loose with her "rules" anyway.

But mere fondling wasn't enough to satiate his tit-hunger. "Can I suck on them... just for a few minutes?" he asked pleadingly.

"I don't know... Would that be considered a necessary part of getting your mom pregnant?" she asked, teasingly.

He didn't realize how much she was toying with him. He wasn't sure, because she had generally tried to limit him from doing that yesterday, though there were several "slip-ups" where his lips on her nipples felt too good for her to put up much of a protest.

He attempted to argue his case. "Well, it would turn me on... like when you talked dirty to me yesterday. Then I'd probably get erect again. And I would get inspired to fuck you some more. And cum inside you. And breed you." He smiled, sensing his words were having a good effect.

"Nice bargaining skills, slick." She smiled back.

She felt giddy as she contemplated the repeating fuck cycle that always led to more of his cum flooding his vagina. Again, the word "breed" made her heart race faster. She already felt proud that her baby-to-be would be created with his clearly superior seed.

He joked as he ran his hands all over her round melons, and also on her taut tummy, "What can I say? You inspire me."

Her smile grew even larger. "Well, I suppose if that's what it takes to get that cannon locked and loaded again, then so be it."

"So that's a 'yes?'" he asked excitedly, just to make sure.

"Go ahead, knock yourself out." She winked.

Kyle dove face first into her ample tit-pillows, latching onto one of her engorged nipples with his mouth while pinching and rolling her other nipple with his fingers.

He sucked like a hungry baby for what seemed like hours.

Julie rested with her eyes closed, luxuriating in the way he was continuing to suckle and generally have fun fondling her tits and whatever other parts of her nude body were in reach. Wouldn't it be lovely if I could enjoy this every single day? If my son was my actual husband?!

Oh God! Good Lord! What a thrilling thought **THAT** is! It could never be in reality. I made my vows with Jim, and those are for life. But I can imagine a fantasy world where it somehow was possible... And what a world that would be! I swear, I'd never get out of bed! And I definitely would never wear any clothes, except maybe some frilly, see-through thing to help get him erect sometimes. And I'm sure that would be ripped off my helpless body in a matter of minutes! Hee!

Living with a human sex machine would be pure paradise! Especially because he's the son I love with all my heart!

Well, that vision can never be in a long-term way. But it **IS** my reality for the next couple of days. So I damn well better make sure I savor the experience to the fullest, to create memories to last the rest of my life! I have no doubt this is going to be the greatest time of my life. It already is, by a mile!

Sorry, Jim, I'm going to put you completely out of my mind for a while. When this is all over, we can try to get our marriage back on track. But, for now, I belong to Kyle. I'm going to let my sexual desires run wild and be a wanton, sexy, big-titted fuck slut for my son!

"Are you hard?" She finally asked Kyle. It was an unnecessary question though, because her hand found his dick and her fingers were already exploring its full size as if for the first time.

"Umm-humm," he muttered, his mouth still stuffed full of tit-meat.

"Come back inside me," she cooed, bending her legs back. They'd been resting a good while, and they were both recharged and ready for more fucking.

Kyle was happy to oblige. He crawled between her heavenly legs. Both of them were on cloud nine as he crammed his fat cockhead back inside her and slowly pushed and pushed, until his thick shaft drove all the way home.

Chapter 9

About an hour later, Kyle and Julie were still fucking up a storm. Surprisingly, Kyle hadn't had his second orgasm yet, although he'd taken some significant breaks to repeatedly recharge his batteries. He knew he had to carefully limit his climaxes so he could literally fuck his mother all day long.

Even as he steadily sawed his pulsing fuck-pole in and out of her clenching cunt, he casually suggested, "I think we should send Dad a couple pictures of what we're doing."

"Have you lost your mind?!" Julie giggled at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"No... seriously!" He slowed his rutting down so they could discuss this.

She furrowed her brow and stared at him in disbelief.

He suggested, "He should share in this experience... don't you think?" Kyle said this knowing full well his father would be enraged.

Julie scoffed, "Yeah, he got to 'share in this' yesterday when he heard me talking dirty to you. Have you forgotten how he reacted to that? We're lucky that didn't go much worse."

"Come on, Mom. It's not like he doesn't know exactly what we're doing. Just a few shots," Kyle asked.

"No way! You must be out of your mind!"

"Maybe... But did you notice the bulge in his slacks right before he went to work?"

She frowned as she thought back. "Now that you mentioned it, I did. I kind of dismissed that as a trick of the light or something though, because how could it be he was aroused just then?"

Kyle's enthusiasm grew, and he picked up the fucking pace somewhat. "He was **TOTALLY** aroused! And not for the first time either. I noticed he had an erection when he caught us yesterday too."

"Seriously?!" She was shocked, because that suggested a pattern instead of a fluke.

He nodded sincerely, because he really had seen that.

She was floored by his sincerity, and the implications. She usually was able to tell when he was lying to her. "But... but... how?! Why?! That makes no sense whatsoever!"

Kyle managed a shrug, even as he continued to thrust in and out of her tight cunt-tunnel. "Some guys, they're just that way. It's called being a cuckold. Have you heard about that?"

"Yeah, sure, but I've been married to him nearly twenty years now, and trust me, he's no cuckold. I have the opposite problem, of worrying about his wandering eyes, and even his wandering hands. If anything, he's the kind of guy who would cuckold someone else."

Kyle said, "Yeah, well, that's what I figured too."

He thought back to how he'd caught Jim banging his secretary, and he wondered if Dora might be married. But he wasn't even going to hint about that, since that was part of the deal he'd made. "Still, seeing is believing. Maybe this is all new to him too, and we just look too sexy together for him not to be aroused. Why not at least test that theory out? If it turns out I'm right, that'll make everything way easier for everyone. If I'm wrong, he'll get mad, but it'll blow over."

"Sweetie, I..." she started. But she stopped the objection she was going to make, because she realized she was intrigued. Very intrigued.

"Please!" he begged.

"I just don't know if..." she started again.

"Just a couple... please, Mom," Kyle said, bringing his body down against hers. "Just a test. See what happens. Small risk, big reward. Thing how great it'll be for all of us if he really does get off on you and me fucking!

He still had only been fucking her on a kind of "simmer mode," because it was tough to really go at it and keep a conversation going. But, to help convince her, he resumed powerfully driving his cock deep inside her vagina.

His renewed thrusts made her gasp a little. She complained, "Don't think you're going to fuck me into going along with this crazy idea!"

But in fact, that was exactly what was happening. He steadily humped into her for another minute or two, until he had her close to the edge of cumming yet again.

Then he softly brought his lips to her ear. "Come on, Mom... It'll be fun! Just think about posing for the pictures. Plus, don't you want to take some pictures of us doing it anyway?"

"You're rotten." Julie giggled. She decided she definitely wanted some pictures. Since she figured these few days would be the clear sexual highlight of her life, she would want some pictures to help her remember (*and masturbate to*) the experience in years to come.

She reluctantly said, "Well, maybe some picture taking. But just for us! We can't possibly send them to Jim anyway. That would be too dangerous. What if someone else sees?!"

About ten minutes later, Jim sat at his desk doing some work on his computer when his cell-phone chimed. He took it out of his pants pocket and saw that it was a text from his son and that there was a picture attached.

The text just said: "Hope you like this. Let us know right away if you don't. K."

What the hell would Kyle be sending me a picture of?! he thought.

Needless to say, after riding Julie's cunt for a good while, Kyle had got her to give in to the sending of pictures idea, even with her legitimate concern about the security issue.

Jim opened the attachment and gasped as he saw a picture of his wife and son having sex! Kyle was on top of Julie, and both of them were buck naked and sweaty. The cocky teen wore a shit-eating grin for the camera. On the pillow beneath him, Julie's head was tilted back and her back was arched. Her eyes were closed and her mouth agape as if she was being struck with a powerful orgasm.

In fact, it occurred to Jim, Holy **FUCK!** At first, I thought it was a Photoshopped fake or something. But such a pose can't be faked, and she **IS** in the middle of a powerful orgasm! Thanks to our son fucking the hell out of her! They must have used a timer to take it, since it's clear nobody is holding the camera. I know they both know how to do that.

His stomach was twisting and turning. He worried he was going to vomit all over his desk. But he couldn't stop staring at the way his wife's arms and long sexy legs were wrapped tightly around their son, clutching him desperately.

Then Jim's phone pinged, because another text came in.

This one read: "Mom and I thought you'd like to be a part of the baby's conception. Enjoy! K."

"You little fuck!" Jim spat angrily at the phone. "'Enjoy?!' Is he fucking deranged?! I'll kill him!"

Luckily, he had his own office, with a closed and locked door, so nobody else saw or heard his reaction.

As he sat there fuming, but also still closely examining the photo, he felt his penis start to stir and then engorge. He sighed in frustration at the way his body was betraying his mind. "Motherfucking son of a bitch!"

His mind reeled in confusion. What the fuck is happening to me?! How can I be aroused by this sick shit?! I've never been so outraged in my life! I hate it! Hate it, hate it, hate it!

Just then, another text arrived with a photo attachment. He couldn't help but open it.

This one was a close-up shot of his son's cock buried nearly to the balls inside his wife's pussy, with just a couple inches of his thick pole showing. He noticed how his Julie's labia was stretched tight around the fat shaft of his son's pecker. There was a frothy juice trickling down onto her butt-hole.

Underneath was written: "Mom's favorite... she took this pic while I was cumming in her. The feeling of plowing repeatedly against the soft head of Mom's cervix is out of this world. Wow! I've never cum this hard! Thx so much for giving me permission to do this! K."

Jim was beside himself with anger at this point. God fucking dammit! This is an outrage! Not only is my son throwing it in my face that he's at home fucking **MY** wife, but he's also proudly showing off the size of his damn cock! Which, unfortunately, is a fucking baseball bat!

For the next ten minutes, Jim sat at his desk, his work totally forgotten. Even though he continued to be dangerously close to

throwing up in disgust, his penis remained so erect, and he was so insanely aroused in general, that he darkly wondered which would happen first, vomiting or spontaneous ejaculation. He felt utterly miserable.

He fought it as long as he could, but finally he decided to call Julie on his cell phone and give her a piece of his mind.

As soon as Julie answered, he barked at her, "Are the two of you sick?! Insane?! On some kind of death wish, maybe?! What the hell makes you think I want to see your depraved photos?!"

To his complete shock, Julie merely innocently asked, "So, you don't want us to send more photos like that?!"

The question hit him like a two-by-four to the head, due to his reaction. At first, he was going to indignantly complain that she really had to be insane to even suggest that. But his extreme arousal hadn't gone away, and some other part of him was fascinated at what other photos might look like. He'd never felt so horny in his life, and his mind raced with wild imaginings of more fuck photos. He wanted to see those. Worse, he pretty much needed to see them!

As a result, he didn't know what to say. He was torn in two, between wanting to tell his wife to go fuck off and practically wanting to beg for more photos.

He tried to somehow thread the needle and retain some dignity along the way. "I don't want to see more photos like that. No way! But, on the other hand, it's probably important that I keep an eye on you to make sure things don't get out of hand. You promised to be dispassionate and clinical. What happened to that?! I'll hate it, but maybe it's for the best that you send me more photos since that's the only way I can keep an eye on you from my office."

Kyle and Julie looked at each other in excitement and amazement. As it so happened, Kyle was balls-deep in her while she was sitting up on him, riding him cowgirl-style. They shared a victorious look, because Jim's bizarre answer made no sense unless he was getting some kind of sick thrill from seeing the pictures. His "getting out of hand" worry was obvious bullshit, since the last two pictures showed that things already had gotten way out of hand. The whole "clinical" approach was long gone, and all three of them knew it.

Mother and son shared a victorious look with each other, and then silently high-fived. Julie had been frozen in place since the phone call began, but she was so ecstatic that she resumed churning her hot cunt all over her son's huge boner.

She somehow managed to say into the phone with a straight face, "That makes sense, Honey. We can do that if you want."

Jim silently sighed with relief, not realizing that they'd caught on to the fact he was uncontrollably aroused by thoughts and images of his son fucking the living hell out of his wife. He tried to keep the ruse going. "I think that's for the best, even though I'll hate every minute. You said you want me to be a part of the process, huh?! Fine! I agree, if only to help keep things under control and save my marriage. From now on, I wanna know when, where, and how you and him are having intercourse! Do you understand?" Jim barked this out as if he was issuing an ominous threat.

"You're serious?!" Julie asked. She was trying to play along, and it was hard for her not to sound overjoyed, especially since she was tripping out on lust from the continued fuck rhythm.

"Dead serious! Is that a problem?" Jim asked in his best no-nonsense, commanding tone, like he was forcing her to something she didn't want to do.

Julie struggled to keep up with her husband's bizarre suggestions. She had to bring her fuck-grinding to a near halt so she could fully

focus on the phone call. "Well, Honey... No... it's no problem at all. It just kinda surprises me after the fit you threw yesterday. Do you really wanna be this involved?"

"Well, I think I have a right... as your husband... and father of this baby... don't you?" he asked. Even as he did so, he had to wince at his own words. He felt like some spirit had taken possession of his mouth, forcing him to say things he never would have said in a million years. But his strange arousal was in control.

"Okaaaayyy..." Julie said carefully. "Just to confirm, you want us to send you **MORE** pictures like the two we just sent you?! Some of the pictures might get a bit... racy." The "racy" comment was a laughable understatement.

He griped, "I don't 'want' it. I hate it! But I feel like I have no choice. Someone needs to keep an eye on you two, and who else can it be but me?"

She responded, "Yes, but... Jim, I know you... If I do this... it's just gonna get you worked up into a jealous frenzy again. Isn't it?" Even as she said that, she couldn't resist squeezing her pussy walls repeatedly around her son's fully sheathed boner.

Kyle was taken by surprise by her talented cunt. He had to clasp a hand over his mouth to stop himself from letting out some very erotic moans.

Jim was frustrated, because he knew his wife was right. He was almost certain he going to work himself up into a "jealousy frenzy" again sooner or later. In fact, he was feeling that way at the moment so much so that he could barely contain himself and stay civil. The problem for him was that his lust was even stronger, and somehow his jealousy and anger heightened his arousal even more.

But he realized he would have to keep those feeling in check if he wanted to continue to ride this crazy train of jealousy and lust,

including getting to see more pictures. "Tell you what... If you're honest with me, I promise I won't let it bother me... and I won't give you and Kyle a hard time." Once again, he had to wince, because he could scarcely believe the words coming from his mouth.

"You mean it?" Julie asked. She was tripping on extreme arousal, slowly churning her hips on his son's rampant flag pole some more. Now that the phone call was going well, she was really getting off on the fact that she was secretly fucking her son while casually talking to her husband.

Jim confessed, "Yes. I guess if I'm honest... I've just been driving myself crazy... sitting here at my desk, unable to work. All I'm doing is wondering about you and our son. I think it would be easier if I just knew... some of the details. As painful as seeing more pictures is going to be, it's better knowing than not knowing and thus having my mind run wild."

That was how he really felt. Not knowing was torture. But it was ironic, because there was virtually no scenario he could imagine that was "worse" than what was actually happening and what the pictures he'd seen showed. Basically, he was screwed either way.

"Okay," Julie's soft voice answered.

She had to bite her lip, because Kyle had reached up and was fondling her huge, bouncy tits. She could handle that much, but he'd begun rolling one of her nipples between his fingers as well.

She silently chuckled, and mouthed the words, "You naughty boy!" But she didn't try to stop him. She calculated the phone call was ending soon, and hopefully she wouldn't let out a tell-tale erotic moan before it did.

Even though she was managing to keep the sexual noises relatively quiet, Jim couldn't resist asking, "So... what are you two doing now?"

Her voice turned harsh. "Trust me, you don't want to know."

That cryptic comment caused his lust to soar so much that he was sorely tempted to unzip his fly and jack off, even though he was in his office. His imagination ran wild, intensifying his jealousy and anger along with his arousal.

He whined, "Please! Like I said, it's better for me knowing than not knowing and just wildly speculating."

She sighed. "Fine. You asked for it. If you must know, we were busy making babies when you called unexpectedly, and we're still at it!"

He nearly swooned with his bizarre cuckold lust. "Seriously?!"

"Seriously. Kyle is lying on the bed, your and my bed in the master bedroom, and I'm sitting up on him, riding him like a cowgirl! We've paused for your phone call, but once it's done I'm sure we'll get right back at it."

In fact, they hadn't really paused much, as she was churning and grinding up and down even more. But she was trying to be at least a little bit diplomatic, since she still found it hard to believe her husband got off on this sort of thing.

Jim was so overcome by jealousy and lust that he realized his cell phone was trembling in his hand. He whispered in awe, "Oh my God!" Then, after a pause, he asked breathlessly, "Are you... are you naked?!"

She growled impatiently, "Of course I'm naked! So is he. I doubt I'll bother to wear a stitch of clothing all day! He can hardly breed me if I'm fully clothed, can he?! Sheesh!"

It hit Jim all over again that his son was on a mission to impregnate his wife, and that was too arousing for him to even contemplate. He had to strain with all his might to avoid cumming on the spot, into

his underwear and slacks. He was so close to the edge that he could barely speak through clenched teeth. "Well, don't... don't... get carried... away!"

She rolled her eyes in disgust, while rotating her hips on her son's thick meat like she was churning a butter churn. She was secretly relieved that the phone call was confirming her husband appeared to be some kind of cuckold, but at the same time she was disappointed that he was sounding so wimpy and docile. After all, she figured she was hitched to him for life. Her voice was dripping with sarcasm as she griped, "We'll be careful. Now, I've gotta go."

She was about to hang up the phone, but she couldn't resist adding, "I can feel Kyle's big fat cock flexing inside of me. Oh God! And I'm riding on it! Up and down and all around! It feels soooo good! Does that help you? Is that better than not knowing?"

"Ummm..." Jim was speechless. But his heavy panting betrayed his insane arousal.

She finished, with her own increasingly heavy breathing, "We've got a **LOT** of breeding here to do. Soooo much... breeding! **UNGH! I**'ll send you some more pictures soon. Bye!"

As soon as she heard the click of the phone call ending, she tossed her cell phone off the bed and onto the plush carpet. Then she cried out, "Son, did you just hear me, we've got lots of breeding to do, so breed meeeee!"

Mother and son were so worked up from the successful phone call (*from their point of view*) that they kicked their fucking efforts into high gear. Soon, sweat was flying off their faces as their bodies vigorously slapped against each other. Kyle's huge battering ram pounded deeper and deeper into her hot, tight cunt as he humped up as much as he could. But even better and more effective was the way she essentially skewered herself up and down on him, over and over again!

After hanging up, Jim sat there for a bit wondering what the hell he just did. His erection was still so stiff and insistent that it was painful. He was even more tempted to unzip his fly and masturbate, but he'd never done that in his office before and he felt undignified to start now. He was a financial analyst in a three-piece suit in a high class downtown skyscraper, after all.

He knew he'd be cumming in a matter of seconds if he let himself go. But to do that would mean having physical proof that he was really getting off on his son fucking his wife. As long as it was only in his mind, he could still delude himself that those feelings weren't really real.

He continued to sit with his eyes closed, trying to get his overemotional mind to calm down. It wasn't working. He pondered, Would it really be easier for me to know, rather than to wonder? God! I have no fucking idea. But what's done is done. I can't take that call back. Besides, I hate uncertainty.

Another ten minutes passed for him. He felt he was stuck in a rut and unable to get out. There was no way in hell he was going to get any work done, so he didn't even make a pretense of trying. He just kept his eyes closed or stared vacantly into space with lustful thoughts about what was possibly going on in his bed at home.

He was snapped out of his trance by a text on his phone.

It was from Julie and read: "**KYLE'S BED. ME ON TOP. I LUV YOU!**" (*She was writing in all caps to make clear that the note was from her and not Kyle.*)

Jim heart was racing, his face burning with jealous excitement. He tried to picture them going at it on Kyle's twin bed. He could envision it so very vividly in his mind: a busty middle-aged mother straddling her teenage son, bouncing on his big dick while her huge hanging tits flopped around wildly above his eyes.

Another minute passed. Then he was sent an attached photo that showed exactly what she'd said. It matched the images created by his fevered imagination almost exactly. But he reveled in examining the details, such as seeing the lines of sweat trickling down their naked bodies.

That picture was the final straw for him in the sense that he simply couldn't hold his lusty need back any longer. He frantically unzipped his fly and directly grasped his boner. Before he could even start to stroke it, he felt the mother or all orgasms welling up inside of him and crossing the point of no return.

He'd never contemplated ejaculating in his formal and fancy office before. He looked around frantically and spied a trash can next to his desk. He just barely had time to reach it and bring it in front of his crotch when he started to unload.

The relief he felt was simply indescribable. It was even better than the best sex he'd had fucking his gorgeous wife.

But when his climax ended, his anger and jealousy came roaring back to the forefront of his mind. Worse, he now also had guilt and shame to deal with. He was disgusted at himself for ejaculating to thoughts of his son fucking his wife.

He muttered under his breath, "Motherfucking son of a bitch! What the fuck is happening to me?! This can't be for real. I'm no cuckold. I hate it! **HATE IT!**"

He did hate what was happening, but that didn't lessen his arousal one bit. In fact, mere minutes after his orgasm, new lusty thoughts were swirling around his brain. After cleaning up his cummy mess by taking the trash out and furtively washing it clean, he sat back at his desk and tried to get some actual work done.

But it was no use. All he could think about was how much his wife had to be enjoying getting royally fucked by his son.

He lasted another ten minutes before he gave in and took another look at the three sexual pictures he'd been sent. He couldn't stop staring at them and even closely examining every detail. Not surprisingly, that caused his arousal to rise higher.

He despised what was happening to himself with a passion. But it was like he was helpless to stop any of it. Kyle and Julie looked unbelievably sexy together. It was better than the best porn he'd ever seen, and he'd seen a lot of porn. He wanted to cry like a baby.

Chapter 10

It was nearly an hour later when Jim received the next text.

Julie wrote (*while still using all caps so he'd know it was her*): "**KYLE'S BEEN DRILLING ME LIKE A JACKHAMMER FOR SOOOO LONG! HE JUST EJACULATED DEEP INSIDE ME. FINALLY! IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. I'M SOOO PROUD OF HIM, JIM. I'M ELEVATING MY HIPS TO HELP HIM BREED ME. LUV YOU HONEY!**"

Jim groaned in agony. He'd only just started doing some simple and mundane tasks a little while earlier. Now even that was going to be impossible. Fucking hell! You've gotta be kidding me! They're been fucking non-stop all this time?! How the hell am I supposed to compete with that?! I've never lasted half that long in my entire life. I'm so screwed. Julie will never truly enjoy sex with me again!

He felt like he wanted to kill himself. But, at the same time, he discovered that he had a new erection that was just as powerful and irresistible as the last one. That made him moan out loud in frustration and agony.

He tried his hardest not to imagine all the orgasms his wife must have had during that hour. But the harder he tried, the more his thoughts ran wild with visions of her lost in the throes of ecstasy again and again and again.

His arousal was so intense that he could barely think straight. All he could do was pant heavily at his desk, like he was running a race. This is so **FUCKED UP!** Here I am, in utter misery. Meanwhile, my cocky asshole of a son is probably lying on top of my naked wife, making googly eyes at her and whispering sweet nothings while

endlessly playing with her big breasts. Hell, that's what I'd do if I was in his shoes.

I'm her husband, dammit! I have half a mind to rush over there and force them apart. The deal is off, period!

But I can't. **FUCK!** Kyle knows my terrible secret. As bad as things are, they could get a million times worse if he tells Julie everything about Dora. All I can do is just grin and bear it.

But I know one thing. I am **NOT** going to masturbate again! That was a moment of weakness, because I was just so damn confused. All my libido sees are two almost physically perfect people making incredible, athletic love, as if they were Greek gods and not mere mortals. How can I not want to cum from watching or thinking about the best porn imaginable?! Somehow, I forget they're actually my wife and my son. It will **NEVER** happen again, I swear it!

He attempted to get back to work. But he wound up staring at his computer screen, reading the same paragraph over and over again. He tried not to consciously admit it, but he was disappointed Julie only sent a text this time and not an accompanying photo as well.

Ten minutes later, his phone chimed again.

"You've gotta be kidding." Jim muttered to himself. "Does this nightmare never end?!" Then he looked at his phone.

This time, Julie wrote, "**IN THE SHOWER. KYLE'S HOLDING ME. I'M WET IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. MY LEGS ARE WRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST. MY ARMS AROUND HIS NECK. HE'S SO STRONG, JIM. SO INSATIABLE. I LUV HIM SOOO MUCH. SO PROUD. HE'S GONNA BREED ME TODAY FOR SURE, SO DON'T WORRY. I LUV U TOO!**"

Jim was overcome with a wave of excitement. He pictured their fit and firm bodies, naked and glistening, as the water cascaded over

them. He envisioned his wife, squirming and writhing while helplessly pinned against the wall. He could practically see his son's hips bucking powerfully, driving his long and thick peter deep into the warm wet sponginess of her strong, experienced cunt.

He pictured Julie's big bobbling tits as they slipped against their son's hairless chest, her nipples tingling and engorged.

This time, he couldn't consciously deny his longing to see a photograph or two of the shower action. In fact, that urge was so strong that about ten minutes later, he texted back: "Photos or it didn't happen."

He loathed himself for writing that. His jealousy was burning like an out of control wildfire. But he could have written another text to cancel that request, and he didn't.

An agonizingly slow five minutes later, he finally got the reply. There was a short note from Julie: "**YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND. THX FOR BEING SO COOL ABT THIS. HERE'S YOUR REWARD**. (***AND YES, HE'S STILL DRILLING ME DEEP!***)"

There was a picture attached. Jim could barely breathe, he was so excited to look at it.

The picture surpassed all his wild imaginings, because those were just thoughts and this was really real. Julie was standing while bending forward with her hands up above her head on the wall in front of her. It looked much like she was in position to get frisked by the police, except she was buck naked and soaking wet, and more water was pouring down on her. And instead of there being a cop in sight, her nude son was standing right behind her, fucking her doggy style. There was a significant gap between their bodies, and apparently Kyle only had the tip of his cockhead in her cunt, so most of his long, thick shaft could be seen. Kyle also had his hands reaching around Julie so he was freely fondling her massive jugs.

One of her fat knockers was mushed out of shape due to Kyle's vigorously kneading hands.

Julie's eyes were closed, which was a disappointment for Jim. But her head was tilted way back and her mouth was opened very wide, despite the shower water raining down on her. Clearly, she was lost in the throes of intense pleasure at the moment the photo had been taken.

The previous photos had been the most arousing things he'd ever seen... until this one came along. This shower photo blew the others out of the water. He could have stared at it for hours, and in fact he realized he eventually probably would.

It was easy for him to imagine all the rivulets of water trickling down Julie's skin were Kyle's cum streaks instead! His body trembled as he imagined his wife that thoroughly covered in that much of his son's cum. He mused that she really could look like that, right now, if he was always cumming on her instead of inside of her.

Another minute passed. Then there was a short text from Julie. "**JUST CHECKING**: **R U UPSET**?! **I'M NEVER GOING TO FORGET THAT YOU'RE MY HUBBY AND THIS IS JUST A TEMPORARY THREE DAY BREEDING INSANITY. LUV U!**"

That made him feel a lot better. He quickly wrote back, "Luv u 2. I'm hanging in there. I'm in a no-win situation, but like I said, it's better for me knowing than not knowing. I realize Kyle is just doing what is expected of him." He wanted to add, "I just wish he wasn't so damn good at it," but after typing that sentence, he deleted it. Instead, he finished with, "We'll get through this together. Pls keep me in the loop."

Julie wrote back, "**THX! U R THE BEST!**"

But then the communication stopped for a long while.

He felt even more miserable than before. His arousal and erection simply wouldn't go away no matter what he did. He remained solely tempted to masturbate and ejaculate once more, but he was determined to keep his vow and not give in to his crazy cuckold desire.

Instead, he just sat there. Luckily, he didn't have any urgent meetings or a need to interact with co-workers, because he was a basket case. He even kept his secretary Dora at bay (*the woman he'd been having his secret affair with*), telling her that he was dreadfully busy with vital work and nobody should come into his office for any reason, including her. His mind raced, torn between jealous rage and extreme arousal. Worse, he often felt both emotions at once, somehow tangled together.

Ever since Kyle had caught him with Dora, his affair had been put on hold. Technically, he'd told Dora that their affair was over, but he wasn't sure if that was true. Dora was quite sexy in her own right (*though different than Julie, with a slim, young figure*) and she was head over heels in love with him, or at least in lust with him. They'd been secretly fucking for months, and he knew that all he'd have to do was say the word and Dora would gladly drop to her knees and blow him.

That was a highly tempting prospect, especially since his sexual confidence had been taking a severe battering. He longed for an ego boost. But he also dearly loved Julie, and was trying his hardest to save his marriage. Besides, he didn't want to go through the torture of being cuckolded for three days, only to get caught again and have his marriage go up in flames anyway.

So he was hanging in there, alone. Time dragged on painfully slowly. Already, it felt like the longest day of his life.

As he waited and waited, he wondered, Why is it that I've had much more sex in the last six months with Dora than with Julie? I could

say it was the thrill of the new, but I don't think that's the main reason. Julie is such a physically ideal sex goddess that sex with her never gets old. No, in light of seeing Kyle fuck her, I'm wondering if it's because I somehow feel intimidated, like I'm not quite good enough for her.

Sometimes, even before this "breeding" nightmare began, I've had my secret fears, like there must have been some mistake and she married the wrong guy. I'm a decently handsome man, maybe a seven on a one to ten scale. But if that's the scale, she's completely off the scale! Kyle would be like a solid ten, as good as a man can get, but she'd be a twelve! At least!

Somehow, it just was easier with Dora. She's about a seven or an eight. We would make a much better sexual match if we were married, because I wouldn't have to try to be someone who I'm not.

He spent a lot of time thinking about future texts and photos. He wondered, How long are they at it this time? Are they still fucking?! That can't even be physically possible, can it? I'll bet they're taking a nap. Please, God, tell me that they're napping! I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown as it is!

The next text from Julie came about forty-five minutes later.

She wrote: "**KYLE AND I JUST GOT OUT OF THE SHOWER. BEST SHOWER EVER! BUT ALL HE DOES IS FUCK ME, SO DON'T WORRY. NO BLOWJOBS OR TITFUCKS OR** 69S **OR THE LIKE. WE'RE EXCLUSIVELY FOCUSED ON BREEDING. SPERM RUNNING DOWN MY LEG SO I NEED TO HURRY TO THE BED AND LET IT SOAK THROUGH MY CERVIX. LUV U!**"

Jim was surprised that his anger was lessening and his arousal was rising. He couldn't help but still feel constant pangs of jealously, but overall, he was doing better with the situation. In fact, the thing that upset him the most was that he only got a text and no photo this time.

He thought bitterly, "All he does it fuck me, so don't worry." Is that some kind of joke?! Gee, thanks. No need for this clueless hubby to worry because my bombshell of a wife is **ONLY** getting fucked silly for hours on end. No problem there, because at least there's no blowjobs! Sheesh!

He was bitter, and then some. Jealousy, rage, confusion, shame, guilt, humiliation-these sorts of feelings were becoming his constant companions. But it was like all that was a dull roar that he was learning to live with. His lust was so intense that it overwhelmed all those other feelings. He still tried to fight the fact that he was incredibly turned on by thoughts and visions of Kyle and Julie fucking. But it seemed the more he fought those feelings, the stronger they got.

The only small thing he could feel good about was the fact that he was keeping to his vow not to masturbate. But that was becoming a problem because his erection would never go down, not even for a minute. The blue balls he was experiencing was getting to be quite painful.

A half hour later, Jim got another text.

"**BEEN BREEDING ON OUR BED. KYLE ON TOP. SO HAPPY THAT U WANNA BE A PART OF THIS HONEY. I LUV U EVEN MORE**."

He thought, Seriously?! They're still at it? **STILL**?! Fuck me! The way I figure, this is the fifth long fuck session between them since yesterday. Apparently, they haven't taken any significant naps yet.

And it's only two in the afternoon! They'll have the rest of the day and all the night together too!

Jim couldn't help but look at the clock incessantly, always waiting for Julie's next text.

He managed to find some mindless busy work to do on his computer. But that was the problem, that it was mindless. All his thoughts remained focused on what was happening at home, so keeping busy didn't help him.

He thought, How can two people fuck that much and not just drop dead from exhaustion? Why do they both have to be so damn fit? They're literally taking part in a sex marathon, probably burning as much energy as a real marathon. And my erection **STILL** won't go away. I'm getting to the point where I'll be forced to masturbate soon, if those warnings about calling a doctor for erections lasting more than four hours have any truth to them.

An hour went by, but there still were no new texts or photos.

Another half an hour passed, and still nothing. He surmised that they probably were taking that nap after all. (*In fact, he was right about that: all that fucking could exhaust anybody, even Kyle and Julie, with both of them at the peaks of their physical fitness and able to run real marathons after only a little bit of conditioning.*)

After another half an hour, Jim couldn't handle the suspense any longer. He decided to text. He wrote: "Everything OK? Napping, maybe?"

An answer came soon after.

Julie wrote, "**YEAH, WE HAD A NICE NAP. NOW IT'S BACK TO BREEDING. KYLE'S STILL ON TOP OF ME AND HE'S ALL THE WAY INSIDE ME. HIS HEAD'S NUZZLED AGAINST MY NECK LIKE A BABY. IT'S SO CUTE. I THINK HE'S A LOT LIKE YOU JIM. HE LIKES MY LEGS WRAPPED UP AROUND HIM, JUST LIKE YOU DO. MY ARMS ARE HOLDING HIM AGAINST ME WHILE WE ROCK**."

Jim felt tremendous relief, even though he was baffled by that feeling. He told himself that it was removing the uncertainty, so he

wouldn't fear that they were doing something worse. But that didn't make much sense, because he couldn't think of anything "worse" than the two of them fucking, especially since it sounded like they were more making love this time. It seemed certain they had to be bonding in a new way, thanks to their new physical intimacy.

He wrote back, "I hope he gets the job done soon."

Julie's reply came a minute later. "**I'M SURE HE WILL. SO MUCH OF HIS CUM IN ME. I'M DROWNING IN IT! HE'S SOOO STRONG JIM. SO HANDSOME. I LUV HIM SOOO MUCH. SLOW STEADY THRUSTING. OUR BODIES ARE DRIPPING WITH SWEAT. GONNA NEED ANOTHER SHOWER AFTER THIS I THINK. HEE-HEE! LUV U HONEY!**"

His urge to cum was reaching a breaking point. He was practically feverish when he wrote, "**P.O.I.D.H**. (*pics or it didn't happen*)."

To his surprise, instead of getting the picture he craved, he got a phone call. It was Julie.

After some brief hellos back and forth, she asked him, "I've got a nice picture or two to send you. But before I do, I just want to double and triple check that you're 100% okay with this. I remember how upset you were yesterday. I want to make sure that won't happen again."

Jim replied, "I get that. But trust me, it's the not knowing that gets me worked up and upset. When I find out what you're doing, with a picture, text, or call, then I feel a lot better. I can breathe again."

Julie asked, "Even when you see or hear evidence that we're fucking up a storm?"

He lied, "I can't really get upset at that, can I? That's exactly what the plan is. How can he breed you without cumming inside you? And

how can he reach that point without getting worked up with lots of thrusting and all the rest?"

Julie was relieved, and sounded it. She still found it hard to believe that Jim was getting off on being cuckolded, even though the evidence to that effect was growing stronger and stronger. She gushed, "Oh, thank God! I'm soooo glad to hear you say that. But do you really mean it? What if I tell you that he's fucking me right now?"

"Is he?!" Jim couldn't keep the lusty excitement out of his voice.

"He is!" She felt greatly encouraged by hearing that excitement, not to mention the heavy panting that Jim was unable to hide. "It's pretty much still exactly like I described in my last text or two. He's still on top of me, and his huge cock is fully impaled inside me. I'm so proud of him! He's really become a man!"

Jim was incredulous. "How do you two manage to keep going? You're putting the Energizer Bunny to shame!"

"We are!" She giggled. Then she truthfully admitted, "But actually, we've slowed down a lot since the shower. This morning, we were going at it pretty hot and heavy, but now it's more of a mellow coupling. He's all the way inside me most of the time, and we just kind of spoon together, wiggling and writhing, fondling and kissing, whispering sweet nothings. It's heavenly! I feel he could fuck me like this for hours and hours without cumming a single time!"

Then she added while giggling, "For him, that is. Meanwhile, it feels like I'm pretty much cumming non-stop!"

She knew her words had to be firing Jim's libido, due to his increasingly heavy panting. But just to be sure, after a pause, she asked, "Is that the sort of information you want to hear, so you don't feel that nagging uncertainty?"

Jim spoke with surprising honesty, "It's not like **I WANT** to hear that. In fact, I hate it. But I feel somehow that **I HAVE** to hear it. It's hard to explain, but that's how it is."

"Oh, I see," Julie said, even though she didn't understand him at all.

There was a long pause, while both of them tried to come up with what to say next.

During the silence, Jim heard some strange sexual noises over the phone line. He couldn't resist asking, "What's that I'm hearing?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"I wouldn't ask unless I did."

Julie honestly explained, "Mostly, that's the sound of your son slowly pounding in and out of me. Our privates are soaking wet, and even a bit frothy, so each thrust sounds a bit squishy, I guess."

All of a sudden, Jim felt such a rush of arousal that he nearly fainted. In a flash, his vow not to masturbate again was destroyed. It was as if he had no say in the matter whatsoever. He quietly unzipped his fly and started to furtively stroke his hard-on.

As he did that, he asked, "Is that all? I hear some other noises too."

There was a pause, and more strange noises. Then Julie responded, "I can't hear what you hear, but I can guess. Maybe you're hearing the sounds of Kyle playing with my breasts, or ass, or other parts of my naughty, naked body. His hands are always on the move. I've long given up trying to stop him or slow him down. He treats my naked body like it's his personal playground, and I guess that's just how it is."

She belatedly added, "For the rest of the breeding session only, obviously. Of course."

"I see," Jim said noncommittally. He was trying to stay calm so his wife wouldn't realize his growing cuckold fetish. Unfortunately for that intention, he didn't realize how heavily he was breathing, or how much that gave away.

Julie added, "Or maybe you're hearing the sound of kissing. It seems that pretty much whenever I'm not talking to you, he and I are making out. By the way, do you mind about that? At first, I was pretty adamantly against any sort of kissing. But so often we're fucking face to face, with our mouths practically touching anyway, like we are right now, and I figure it seems kind of silly to let him fuck me to his heart's content while objecting to mere kissing. Don't you agree?"

Jim was almost incapable of responding, because his arousal was soaring to dizzying heights. Actually, hearing the kissing details greatly pissed him off, because it suggested even more intimacy and pleasure that had little to nothing to do with impregnation. But he was so close to cumming that he was unable to explain his feelings.

Instead, all he could manage to say was, "Um, we'll talk about it later. Someone's knocking on the door. Gotta go!" That was a lie.

"Okay! Love you, Honey! And thanks again for being so understanding about all this! Remember that we're all about the breeding. That's why all those other sex acts I mentioned earlier are completely out of bounds."

"Right. Later!" He ended the call.

He was in a rush to get off the phone because he'd crossed the point of no return. But this time he hadn't thought to get the trash can in place, since he was so distracted by the phone call. He wound up splashing his cum against the wooden paneling on one of the drawers of his fancy desk.

He hated himself for his inability to control his cuckold arousal. But then again, his orgasm was beyond the beyond. Like the last one, it felt better than the best sex he'd ever had, probably because all of his emotions were magnified and intensified many times over.

Jim thought that was the end of the crazy roller coaster ride he'd been on for hours. He felt much better after cumming, and he was thankful that his penis went flaccid and stayed that way. His guilt and shame threatened to come crashing in again, especially since he'd broken his no masturbation vow, but he was so physically and emotionally exhausted that he simply decided to postpone that reckoning until later, and his mind was willing to go along with that.

He managed to get a towel, sponge, and some water, then clean away all evidence of his cummy mess.

After he did that, he tried to get back to work. He was relieved that he was finally able to do more than just mindless tasks. He dove into some important paperwork with gusto, because keeping his mind busy helped keep his strange erotic thoughts at bay.

But his relative peace and productivity was shattered when he got another text twenty minutes later.

Julie wrote: "**KYLE JUST HAD HIS ORGASM. YEAY! POOR BABY WAS REALLY GRUNTING AND GROANING AND THRUSTING IN AND OUT OF ME FOR SO LONG. I THINK IT WAS A REALLY STRONG ONE. I COULD FEEL HIS COCK PULSING FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARDS! I FEEL LIKE I HAVE A GALLON OF SPERM SLOSHING AROUND INSIDE ME. GONNA LET IT SOAK. LUV YA!**"

Just like that, Jim's head reeled because his erotic feelings came roaring back with the power of a runaway freight train.

He had the small solace that although his mind was filled with obscene thoughts, at least his penis was staying flaccid this time. All

those hours of blue balls had been an ordeal. He wasn't like his son, with an ability to get it up again and again and again with ease.

But even this solace was snatched from him a minute or two later, because Julie texted again, "**OOPS! ALMOST FORGOT. THANKS FOR THE P.O.I.D.H. REMINDER**." There was a picture attached.

As always, Jim couldn't resist the temptation of seeing what it was. This time, it was a close-up of Julie's pussy. Clearly, it had been through a hell of a battering! It was red and swollen from so much fucking.

But what took Jim's breath away were all the rivulets of cum leaking from her slit! Much of that wetness had to have been caused by her own arousal. That alone would have made it a remarkable photo, because her entire crotch was soaked, much more wet that he'd ever seen. However, even more arresting was the fact that still more of the wetness had to be Kyle's cum leaking from deep within her vagina. Upon close inspection, Kyle's cum was whiter and thicker than Julie's pussy juices. There was so much of it that Jim simply couldn't believe his eyes!

That's why his solace was ruined, because there was something about seeing his son's cum flowing from his wife's well-fucked pussy that drove him absolutely insane and gave him yet another raging erection.

By this point, it was impossible for him to deny that not only was he turned on by thoughts and images of Kyle and Julie fucking, but he was **MORE** turned on by that than anything else in his entire life! It was way more arousing even than getting to have his way with his wife's remarkable body in any manner he desired. He didn't understand why, but that was the reality.

However, he remained determined to fight these feelings. His hope was that if he resolutely refused to scratch his itch, the itch would slowly but surely fade away. He'd had success with "mind over

matter" when it came to actual poison ivy itches and such, and he didn't see why that approach would fail to work here.

So despite his boner, he resumed his vow not to masturbate. In fact, he redoubled his resolve on that matter.

He tried hard to focus on his office work the rest of the afternoon... but with only partial success at best. He simply couldn't help but picture a long and thick teenage cock squirting rope after rope deep inside his wife's warm, clutching cunt. Thanks to the last picture that had been sent, he thought just as much about her son's cum filling her vagina so much that some of it overflowed and made a large wet spot in the bed.

He thought, That's on **MY** bed, the very one I sleep in every night! Disgusting! I'm making another vow, to buy a new bed and throw the old one out, just as soon as her ovulation is finished and my living nightmare came to a merciful end.

Just before leaving for the day, Jim got another text.

"**LIVING ROOM. DOGGIE-STYLE. SAY HI TO MOM AND DAD FOR ME. LUV U!**"

It took Jim a half-hour to get to his parents' house, and that text left him with another uncomfortable hard-on most of the drive there. He knew the route there well, so he drove as if on autopilot. That freed up his mind to imagine his son drilling Julie from behind... and much, much more. He envisioned his son's massive prick causing the cheeks of her strong, meaty buttocks to ripple, thanks to his incessant pounding.

He felt like a broken man, a shell of his former self. He couldn't even work up a righteous anger, due to the incestuous porn film playing in his head. It was a wonder he didn't crash the car.

Chapter 11

Just before getting out of his car to go into his parents' house, he got a new text.

Julie wrote: "**ON MY TUMMY ON THE COUCH. KYLE'S LYING ON TOP OF ME, STILL HUMPING AWAY! HE'S SO CUTE. HEE. I THINK HE'S GONNA POP SOON, SO I'VE GOTTA GO. ANOTHER BIG 'O' COMING FOR ME, I'M SURE. KISSES!**"

Jim went inside and talked to his parents. The interaction seemed surreal. His body was in one place, but his mind was far away.

Ten minutes later, just after his kindly old mother served him some tea and biscuits, his cell phone chimed again.

This time, he had to be extra careful to read Julie's next text in a way that his parents couldn't see.

The text read, "**KYLE JUST SQUIRTED HIS JIZZ. SO MUCH CUM INSIDE ME, BREEDING ME, FILLING UP! I FEEL LIKE HIS HELPLESS LITTLE FUCK TOY. IT FEELS GOOD! WEIRD, HUH**? **WE'RE GONNA SHOWER AGAIN, SO GOTTA GO. LUV U**."

There was another photo attached, but he had no choice but to put off looking at it, since his mother and father were sitting only a few feet away from him.

Jim's mother saw some strange expressions cross Jim's face immediately after he read the latest text. She asked, "Darling, you seem distracted. In fact, you've been kind of 'off' ever since you arrived. Is everything okay at home?"

"Sure, everything's fine, Mom." Jim forced a fake smile. He brazenly lied, "There's absolutely nothing wrong at home. Julie and Kyle are doing great. But I'm having some work issues. I thought that by coming here, I could get away from it all and clear my head.

He thought bitterly, They are doing great, too great. That's the problem!

His mother replied, "Oh, I see. Well, you certainly can do that any time you want. Our house is your house, as always." She gave him a warm smile, like the kindly grandmother that she was.

Jim mused, Maybe I should come clean to my parents, and get their advice. What should I say? "Hey, Mom and Dad, guess what? I've been fucking my secretary for the last six months, until Kyle caught me in the act. So when he offered to fuck a baby into Julie in return for not telling her, I couldn't say no. But, funny thing. It turns out he's some kind of impossibly endowed and unstoppable sex god! He's literally been fucking his mommy all day long, for hours! And she loves it! She's probably orgasmed dozens of times already. But here's the craziest part of all: I can't help but get extremely aroused by it all! Anyway, that's my day, so you can see I'm a little tired out from worrying with an insistent erection the whole time. My marriage is fucked, and I can't do a damn thing about it. How are things with you?"

He wanted to laugh deliriously, because the idea of telling his parents or anyone else any of that was so ridiculous. If he did, they possibly would have heart attacks and die.

Jim decided to watch a baseball game with his own father to take his mind off his wife and son and all their rampant fucking. He didn't even like baseball, but even the football preseason hadn't started yet, and he was desperate for anything to occupy his mind.

It wasn't long before the next chime of his cell phone spoiled that idea.

"**ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR, CLINGING ONTO HIM AGAIN. HE'S SO STRONG JIM. IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICKLY HE CAN BOUNCE BACK. HE'S THRUSTING SOOO HARD. SOOO MUCH STAMINA. I CAN HARDLY WRITE, BECAUSE I FEEL SO FUCKED TO DEATH! BYE FOR NOW. KISSES! J**."

That text got his motor running so much that he decided he just had to see the photo that had been sent a little while earlier. He snuck off to the bathroom and pulled out his phone.

The relevant text with the picture had said, "**KYLE JUST SQUIRTED HIS JIZZ**," but didn't mention other details of where and how.

However, it turned out that was a good description, because the picture was of exactly that. Unlike all the previous photos that focused mostly or exclusively on Julie, this one was mainly of Kyle. One could see Julie's battered cunt and a few inches of Kyle's cock sticking out of it. But the rest of the picture was Kyle's muscular nude body with a focus on was his face. His head was thrown back and his eyes were rolled up into his head. It looked like he was experiencing the greatest orgasm of his entire life!

Jim ruefully figured that was almost certainly true, with the notable caveat that Kyle had doubtless had other orgasms of that remarkable caliber since the motherfucking began yesterday. Jim felt crushed to realize that he almost certainly would never feel that sort of pleasure, no matter how long he lived or what he did. He'd fucked the exact same woman for years, yet had never come close. His two recent masturbation climaxes had been epic by his standards, but he figured Kyle was operating on an entirely different level. Jim just wasn't built like a "sex god."

Jim wanted to masturbate to the picture, as well as earlier pictures. He particularly wanted to look at the doggy-style fuck in the shower photo a lot more. But there was no lock on the bathroom door in his

parents' house and it was next to impossible for him to get much privacy while he was there in any case.

Sure enough, after only a few minutes of Jim examining the newest picture, his mother knocked on the bathroom door and asked him why he was taking so long and why she hadn't heard any flushing yet.

He was forced to put his phone away and go through the motions of going to the bathroom, in order to make all the proper sounds.

Not long after returning to his parents' living room, he got yet another text. This time, it was actually from Kyle.

It read, "Hey, Dad! Tnx for being so good about all this. My dick is soooo sore! I'm totally beat too. Luckily, we're just chilling out and eating dinner. But it's totally great 'cos Mom's sitting on my lap naked and fully impaled on my junk! She's doing this thing where she repeatedly squeezes with her pussy walls that feels great even when we're both tired and can hardly move. And we're feeding each other bites of food like we're toddlers or something. Cool, huh? Anyway, if you're feeling too jealous or whatever, let us know. Although we can't really stop. Gotta breed her while her egg is ready! Later! K."

Jim wanted to stand up and stomp around, and curse the heavens. Motherfucking son of a bitch! Lucky bastard! He fucking **IS** a motherfucker! What a cocky little shit! He was probably smirking like a jackass as he wrote that, while **MY** wife fucks him in his lap! At **OUR** dining table, probably while sitting in **MY** chair! Fuuuuuuuuck!

But he was paralyzed. With his father sitting a few feet away, he felt like he couldn't say or do anything in response. He wanted to write an angry text message back, but he didn't even dare do that. He figured the worst of all worlds would be if Kyle revealed his adultery secret **AFTER** getting to fuck her so very much. He was forced to be on his best behavior.

A half hour later, Jim was flopped out on an easy chair, still in the living room. His father was absorbed by the baseball game, but Jim was so bored by that he'd closed his eyes and he was drifting and out of consciousness. He was exhausted. Although he hadn't done much all day except sit at his office desk, the mix of lust, jealousy, guilt, shame, and much more was so intense that he felt completely emotionally drained.

Then another text came. The pinging sound caused him to become fully awake in a hurry.

Thankfully, his father was so involved in the game that he was able to read the message without having to sneak off.

This time, Julie wrote: "**KYLE'S FAT COCK JUST FLOODED MY PUSSY YET AGAIN! IS HE INSATIABLE OR WHAT**? **YOU HELPED RAISE A REAL LADY KILLER AND PUSSY TAMER, THAT'S FOR SURE! RIGHT NOW, I'M JUST HOLDING HIM AGAINST MY NAKED BODY WHILE WE ROCK. SOMETIMES HIS COCK STAYS ERECT FOR A FEW MINUTES AFTER HE'S BLASTED A LOAD INSIDE ME. ISN'T THAT INCREDIBLE**? **I CAN FEEL THEM**: **THE BILLIONS OF POTENT SPERM SWIMMING TOWARDS MY EGG. IT WONT BE LONG NOW UNTIL HE'S BRED ME FOR SURE. LUV YOU HONEY!**"

Jim was plunged into the pit of despair yet again. His jealousy soared still higher. He was downright incredulous that Kyle could keep going well into the evening. He wanted still more photos to prove it. He also was feeling increasingly inadequate.

He thought, If even a small fraction of what Julie is claiming is true, I can't see how my wife will ever enjoy sex with me again. That is if I even manage to perform with her again. I'm going to have impotence issues for years now, for sure. Ugh!

Isn't Kyle simply going to cum out of cum eventually?! How many times can one guy cum in a single day, anyway? He **MUST** be

running into some kind of physical limit by now, right? I guess that he's secretly wanted to fuck Julie for years, so he has a lot of pent up desire coming out, but they **MUST** be winding down. I'll bet that was his last orgasm of the day. Please may that be true!

Jim might have been able to temporarily dodge all of his many worries and issues by sneaking off and enjoying a long masturbation session to still further thoughts and fantasies of Kyle drilling his wife. But there was nowhere to go to do that, at least until his parents went to sleep. He was sorely regretting his choice of staying with them for the night. Even a lonely hotel would have been much better.

Besides, he remembered that he was supposed to maintain his no masturbation vow, so he couldn't get his rocks off in any case.

Around eight o'clock, Jim's parents went up to bed, since they were "early to bed, early to rise" older people.

Jim had just retired to the guest bedroom, which in fact was his old bedroom and barely changed since he was a teen. He felt relieved. Now, he'd at least be able to review all the photos and texts of the day without being disturbed by his nosy mother.

But before he could get started on that, his cell phone rang, indicating a call and not another text.

"Hello?" he answered.

"Hey, it's just me calling again, Honey," Julie said breezily.

"Oh, hi." Jim muttered.

"I just wanted to give you a quick call to confirm yet again that everyone's okay with you. I'm feeling kind of insecure about where you stand, since you haven't texted back in a long while. I keep thinking that if I were in your shoes, I'd be hopping mad and spitting

bullets. Are you really okay with the fact that Kyle has been fucking me pretty much all day long?"

Jim sighed. He was feeling too defeated to sound angry. "I keep telling you, I'm not okay with it at all. But what choice do I have?! I look at it as some kind of odious task, like getting a root canal at the dentist's. This has to be done so we can have our second child. I just have to grin and bear it, grin and bear it, over and over. I'm pretty much counting the hours until it's over and we can get back to normal." He sighed sadly again.

She said, "That's too bad, but I totally get it. Have my texts and photos helped? I've been trying to show you that I've been having a really good time, so at least there's no suffering on my side."

Jim thought, To say the least! That's the main problem, that you're having such a great time! Kyle has probably **RUINED** me for you, forever! After his monster-sized dick, my penis will feel like a pencil! Especially since he's probably permanently loosened your pussy, due to his sheer thickness!

At the moment, he was in denial about how much he'd been encouraging her to send more texts and pictures, due to his baffling cuckold urge. But at least he was aware enough to keep his thoughts to himself, since he knew the situation was much more complicated than that made it appear, and he was partially to blame.

After a long pause, he answered her question, "I wouldn't say the texts and photos 'helped.' It's like I'm damned if I do, damned if I don't. But like I said earlier, I guess I'm better off knowing than not knowing, so thanks at least for taking the time to keep me frequently updated."

"No problem!" Julie said brightly. "You are my husband, after all. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

Even as they talked, Jim felt that devilish arousal rising in him again. His penis wasn't erect this time, at least not yet, but he was dying of curiosity. He asked, "On a different note, what are you two up to now?"

"Oh, not much, for once. We're both pretty beat and are ending things early. We're getting ready to crawl into bed for the night."

Jim perked up a bit from hearing that. Finally! Thank God! Apparently, even sex gods and goddesses can run out of steam.

But then he pictured them lying together in the darkness, with her nude body spooned against her son's, and realized she probably wasn't talking about the two of them sleeping in separate bedrooms. He asked, "So he's sleeping with you too... in our bed?!" A spike of jealousy hit him hard.

"Well... yes. But that's the point, isn't it? How else will he keep breeding me? We'll probably have three or four more sessions throughout the night. It's just more convenient and practical this way."

He sighed again. "And are you naked right now?"

"Er, yes. After the way Kyle fucked me for hours and hours and hours, clothes seem kind of pointless. You know? We were so drenched with sweat half the time that they didn't make much sense anyway."

Jim's jealousy surged still higher. "So, where is he now? Is he with you?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. He's sitting a few feet away. I'm standing up and combing my hair a little bit while I talk to you."

"While you're completely naked," Jim pointed out.

"Well, yes. Of course." She figured it was probably better not to mention the five-inch high red heels she was currently wearing.

"You must be putting on quite a sexy show," he grumbled.

"I suppose I am," she brazenly admitted. She couldn't resist adding, "I suppose I'm less combing my hair and more just striking sexy nude poses for him, But that's what you have to do when you're dealing with a guy like him."

Jim's lust was rising fast, catching up to his extreme jealousy. "What's that supposed to mean?!"

"Consider the fact that he climaxed inside me so many times today. I don't even know how many times because I lost track. Seven? Eight? Nine, maybe? But even he has his limits, and each time it's been getting harder and harder for me to inspire his cock to full size for the next go-round. So yeah, I'm flirting with him a little bit."

Jim thought, Shoot me. Someone please just shoot me now!

She sensed his gloomy mood and thought of something she could honestly tell him that he might consider good news. "But don't worry. I can assure you that it's **ALL** about the fucking and the breeding. As the day has gone on and he's become more sexually exhausted, he's asked me a couple of times if I could suck his cock to help get him back up. But I said no each time! Definitely not! That can never be. Ditto with titfucking. He practically begged me about that, but I've put my foot down on that too. I'm sure those acts would help, but I figure that if he can't get it up yet again, then so be it. Seven or eight or nine times or whatever that he filled my pussy to the brim, that's plenty enough for one day."

Jim's mind reeled. Now he had visions in his head of his wife cocksucking and titfucking too. His lust had surpassed his jealousy and other emotions.

His extreme arousal blunted his verbal reaction. He merely whined, "Julie, don't you think this is a little ridiculous? Even seven or eight times in one day is crazy, when each session lasts an hour. You probably got relentlessly fucked as many hours today as most people work on a nine-to-five shift! I mean, even when you and I were trying to get you pregnant with Kyle, we never had sex this much. Not even close! Hell, not even in an entire week combined!"

She chided him, "Honey, you promised you wouldn't let this bother you. Don't start backsliding on me now."

He sighed. "I know... but is all this sex you and Kyle are having really necessary?!"

Julie suddenly turned stern and annoyed. "I can't believe you're asking me this! **DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT WANT THIS BABY**?!"

He felt strangely cowed, just as Kyle had intimidated him with his forcefulness recently. "Of course I do... It's just... well, I just want my wife back too."

Julie's voice softened. She spoke sympathetically. "Oh, Honey. I know you do... but my doctor said that's it's crucial during my ovulation period that I have intercourse as often as possible."

Jim groused, "Yeah, well a dozen times a day is pretty often."

"Jim," Julie said testily.

"Sorry, Dear," he answered.

She pointed out. "Consider the alternative. What if we cut back and he doesn't make me pregnant? Then we'll have to go through all this again one month later! Do you want that?"

Jim thought, I'd kill myself first! Seriously, I would. This is torture! Even with my strangely powerful arousal that I can't deny, it's still

torture. I'm slowly dying here!

He said, emphatically, "Anything but that! Please don't even mention that!"

"Sorry. Do you want me to stop the texts and pictures then? Maybe they're not good for you."

He could scarcely believe what he said next. It was like he was glutton for punishment. "No. Keep sending them. As I keep saying, it's the not knowing that bothers me. For instance, my mind is running wild imagining you combing you hair with Kyle watching. Somehow, I'd feel better if I just **SEE** what the reality is. So, uh, could you take a picture of yourself right now? Please?"

Julie said with pleasure, "No problem! I'll just have Kyle snap one off for you." She whispered into the phone conspiratorially, "To be honest, he was just taking some racy photos of me right before you called anyway. I know that's not strictly about breeding, but he says it'll help get him erect and it doesn't even involve any touching. Pretty clever, huh?"

That was all true, although she failed to mention that Kyle's penis was stiff even before the photo taking began.

Jim seethed to himself, Yeah, pretty clever for **HIM! I** can see it now: long after you two stop fucking, he'll still have all sorts of incredible photos of your sexy naked body to drive his masturbatory fantasies for years to come. But at least he'll only be masturbating to you instead of actually fucking you. I suppose I can live with that.

Just as he was about to say something else, he heard a ping on his phone. It was the picture Kyle had just taken of Julie.

The image took Jim's breath away. He already felt that his wife was a goddess amongst mere mortal women. But in the photo, Julie had a radiant afterglow that somehow was even more arousing than all

the fucking photos he'd seen so far. Furthermore, she was posing while combing her hair, with one foot up on a chair, showing off her swampy pussy, which made him dizzy with sexual desire. But the most titillating aspect of all was how she was staring at the camera. There was so much motherly love and yet carnal desire in her eyes that Jim might have staggered to his knees if he'd been standing.

Then it hit him, Her wanton yet loving look must be directed at the guy behind the camera: Kyle! Not me, her own husband! Motherfucking **SON OF A BITCH!**

He wanted to openly weep. And yet, the photo was so arousing that he wanted to cheer for them too. It was like they were meant for each other, and the intensity of their bond shown in the photo was something that could only be celebrated by anyone who saw it, even him.

His heart was racing fast as he ogled the photo when Julie asked him, "So, did you get the photo yet?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

"I haven't seen it yet. Is it a good one?"

He spoke before thinking. "It's a great one! So sexy!"

She purred with pleasure at the obvious lusty enthusiasm in his voice. "Oh! That's nice to hear. Sounds like sending you those photos and texts is helping after all."

He struggled what to say next. "I guess that's true. I... In fact, I..."

"You what? Talk to me, babe." Julie asked.

"I'd like to come back home." Jim muttered, on a whim. The idea had just come to him, and he didn't really understand it, but it felt right.

"Honey, you will, soon. I ju-" Julie started.

But Jim quickly cut her off. "No, I mean tonight. Now! Don't worry, I won't bother you and Kyle... It's just... well... if I'm gonna be a part of this then... well, there should be nothing wrong with me being around the house. Right?"

Jim didn't want to admit it, not even to himself, but as arousing as the photos and texts were, he wanted to see them fucking with his own eyes.

Kyle had put down the camera because he was getting horny and erect again. He walked to his mother and took her in his muscular arms, causing her to end her sexy posing. He brought one hand to her ass and his other to her tits. He began fondling her naked body like he owned it. But he was careful not to make enough noise to cause Jim to ask questions.

Julie spoke softly and carefully into the phone. "Are you sure? You remember what happed yesterday." At the same time, she took Kyle's currently only half-erect dick in her free hand and started stroking it back to full size.

Although she really had put her foot down on blowjobs and titfucks and other sex acts with her son, she certainly had lost all of her restraint when it came to handjobs!

Jim answered her, "I remember. I acted like a child and I'm sorry. Things will be different this time. I promise."

Julie looked to Kyle while she lovingly jacked him off. She knew he could hear what was being said on both ends of the phone, now that he hand her in his embrace. But he had a neutral expression on his face, so she didn't know how he felt about Jim's suggestion.

Kyle was listening, but he was distracted by her handjob, and more. He'd just brought one hand to his mother's pussy and he was

diddling her clit and fingering her tight yet soaked slit.

That gave Julie a newly urgent desire to get off the phone, especially because her son's cock was stiffening up nicely in her hand at the same time. She told Jim, "Let me talk it over with Kyle. I don't want you being here to throw him off. I really need him right now. I think it's important that he fucks me tonight at least once or twice. I know you'll say he's pumped gallons of cum into me already, and that's true, but you never know. What if one of the times tonight is 'the one' and one lucky spermatozoa swims home and penetrates my egg?! And we miss it?! I need him to breed me so very badly!"

In truth, she was more thinking, I need him to fuck me some more so very badly! She tried to cover that up by adding, "You know how much I want to raise another child. You do too. This is our big chance!"

"I know you do... and, yeah, I do too. Just let me know," Jim said with sad resignation.

"Okay, I will."

It was a wonder that Julie's voice sounded relatively normal, because her entire body was writhing in place, thanks to Kyle's increasingly aggressive fondling. Feeling cocky and devilish, he was trying to get a tell-tale verbal reaction from her that Jim would notice before the phone call ended.

Julie knew his intention, and it was so naughty that it fired her lust even more. He was really going to town on her clit and slit with his fingers, driving her crazy. Plus, his cock was fully erect by now, and she was lovingly pumping her hand up and down his already hot and wet shaft.

She had a lot of reasons to get off the phone, and fast. So she continued, "I guess that's about it, then. I'll talk to you later. Bye!"

Then she ended the call and tossed the phone away.

As soon as the phone call was over, she laughed and squealed, as she pretended to try to wiggle free from her son's aggressive, roaming hands. "You... you beast! You were trying to embarrass me so Jim could hear. Don't try to deny it!"

"Guilty as charged." He planted his lips on hers, effectively ending that line of discussion.

Julie was swept away on a tsunami of lust. Jim was totally forgotten already as her hunky son literally swept her off her feet and then laid her down on the bed. Then he laid his naked body on top of her.

As she necked with him some more, while still jacking him off, she thought, My Lord! My son, he's just too much! Gaaaawwwwd, even after all this fucking today, I need his cock in me now like I need air to breathe! How can I say no to him ever again?! I can't! But I must! But I can't! I long to be his vessel for pleasure, his shameless mommy slut! If he wants me, if he wants to plow my fertile fields any time, I'm his!

Her moral conscience tried to rally. No, I can't say that. That's just how I feel now, in the heat of the moment. My willpower will return later, if he ever stops fucking me long enough for me to catch my breath, that is!

She fumbled with his cock, trying to line it up with her swampy cunt-tunnel. Seconds later, he started to slide in. The pleasure was so intense, she almost blacked out. Oh! Paradise!

Meanwhile, Jim hung up and lay back down. His urge to masturbate some more was almost overwhelming after that call, and especially after that photo of his nude wife combing her hair and provocatively posing for their son. But he was fiercely determined to stick to his no masturbation vow this time. He simply laid on his bed, waiting for his

arousal to simmer down while also waiting for a reply to his please to return home tonight.

A few minutes later, he got his answer.

"**COME HOME**," the text read. "**BUT NO JEALOUSY. NO COMPLAINING, NO MATTER WHAT!**"

He simply wrote in reply, "Agreed."

Jim wasted no time, since he'd been just lying in bed in a kind of slow sexual torture anyway. He left a note for his parents, then made the hour long drive.

Chapter 12

It was eleven o'clock when Jim arrived back home. The house was dark and quiet.

Jim wandered up the steps. When he reached the upstairs hallway, the pungent smell of sex hit his nostrils. It was a potent mixture of wet pussy and teenage jizz.

His erection had finally gone down on its own during the drive home, but it suddenly came back with a vengeance. Holy fuck! What a powerful smell. This whole upper floor smells like a whorehouse! Good God, they really did fuck up a storm the entire day!

His renewed arousal drove his curiosity. He bravely snuck to his bedroom door and peeked inside.

Kyle was lying on his back in the center of his parents' marital bed. He was awake but merely watching some news channel on **TV**. Julie was lying directly on top of him sleeping, with her head on his shoulder.

On a subconscious level, Jim was disappointed that he didn't catch them mid-fuck, but wasn't willing to admit that to himself. He thought, somewhat sarcastically, Well, I'll be. Miracles still do exist. There are actual times they're together without fucking. Must be as rare as a unicorn sighting.

He took a closer look at the two nude lovers. The blankets were pulled down to their waists. He could clearly see his wife's immense spongy breasts bulging out as they lay flattened against his son's naked chest. Julie looked content and blissful as she slept against Kyle's body. Kyle was ostensibly watching the **TV**, but probably not really paying any attention to it. Nobody watched the news with the kind of huge blissful smile that was on his face.

After a minute or so, Kyle noticed his father standing in the doorway. He flashed him a cocky grin and gave him a tired wave. He quietly muttered the words, "Hey, Dad!"

Jim forced a smile and nodded back. He wasn't in any mood to say anything. In fact, his jealousy surged yet again and he was filled with an urge to wring his son's neck. But he'd promised no jealousy, so the best thing he could do was get out of there, fast.

A part of Kyle still couldn't truly believe his father was a willing cuckold. But looking at him just silent stand there convinced him that it was true and not some elaborate act. His "old dad" would have never passively accepted such an outrageous situation.

Jim went down to Kyle's room and crawled in his bed.

Even that simple action was an indignity for him. Once he was in bed after undressing, lying there with the lights off, he couldn't resist noticing the symbolism. Here I am, with my place and Kyle's place exactly reversed. I should be in **MY** bed with **MY** gorgeous wife while my son sleeps here alone. But no! And it's my stupidity and greed that's put me here. Sure, I'd really love to raise another child. But there are various medical procedures to try, or even adoption. Anything but having my very own son "breed" my wife with his gigantic cock!

I suppose this is my punishment for cheating. Karma is a bitch. I guess I'll be lucky if I make my way out of this mess with my marriage still intact. Greatly reduced, and with our sex life in tatters, but at least still intact. Dora is a hot young slut, sure, but she's no Julie.

One Julie gets pregnant, that'll give our marriage a new focus and a distraction from all this. It'll take years, but I could see raising a second child being the glue that allows us to heal. True, I'm gonna be stuck raising my son's bastard child for the rest of my life, but I guess that's more karma too.

As for these fucking annoying "cuckolding" feelings, that's not me! I don't know who that is, but it sure as hell isn't me. Somehow, the wires in my brain must have gotten crossed. Maybe when I look at Kyle fucking her, I'm seeing myself fucking her, since he looks a lot like I did when I was that age.

Though he's more handsome, muscular, and well-hung. Dammit! Especially the well-hung part. He's hung like an elephant!

Anyway, my point is, this... this... cuckold thing... has to be some temporary feeling that will pass. The truth is, the two of them look so hot and sexy with each other that I dare anyone to not be affected! Time is the great healer. I just have to ignore all my inappropriate lustful urges until they wither on the vine and fade away.

Back in the master bedroom, Kyle's thoughts were much simpler. What a great day! Best day ever! But I'm no idiot. I can't let this come to an end when Mom's ovulation ends. I still have to play the long game. It's such a trip that Dad's on some weird cuckolding kick. I totally didn't expect that, but it plays right into my hands. That opens up many intriguing possibilities! I need to learn more about just how strongly he's into that before planning out my next steps though.

Normally, Jim slept in pajamas. But since he didn't have access to his things in his bedroom, he was forced to sleep in just his boxers.

Sometime in the middle of the night, he woke to the sound of his wife's voice, crying and wailing in orgasm.

Jim snuck down the hallway and peeked inside his room to find Julie's sexy nude body being repeatedly nailed to the mattress. Her legs were thrown back into a huge spread eagle. Kyle's ass was bucking up and down, his pussy-tamer plunging in and out of Julie's sucking hole. Her red and swollen pussy lips were stretched obscenely around its strong thick girth.

The big bed rocked noticeably as Kyle and Julie humped and rutted like two desperate animals.

Jim couldn't tear his eyes away. Watching his wife being fucked so hard and fast was absolutely astonishing. It was way more interesting and titillating than even the most arousing photos he'd been sent. Dressed in just his boxers, with his modest-sized penis tenting them, he stared with sick fascination as his son's long jutting cock slid in and out of his wife's cock-grinder.

He imagined how fantastic all that soft slippery pink pussy must feel around Kyle's throbbing glans. Of course, he'd fucked Julie himself many, many times, but he surmised that Kyle had to be feeling pleasures several orders of magnitude greater than anything he'd ever felt, so he could only guess what it was like.

"O-h-h-h my God!" Julie's voice trembled. Her lusty cries weren't nearly as loud as they'd been earlier, since she was trying to restrain herself with Jim in the house.

Being in a spread eagle, Julie's legs hovered mid-air, scissored apart so that her cute little toes pointed in opposite directions. That pose allowed Jim to see a thick frothy mix of their genital excrement running from her twat, down across her butt-hole.

He heard his wife let out a primitive guttural moan. He watched as her toes clenched and her legs began to shiver. Her entire body started to shake, as if she was having an epileptic fit that was only tempered by her son's body on top of her.

Jim was newly astounded. Oh my God! I've never seen Julie cum this hard! If what I did to her is "fucking," then we need a whole new word for this. He's absolutely **DESTROYING** her! I could never do that in a million years!

Jim was grateful for the lighting. There was a lamp that was only dimly lit on the lowest setting next to the bed. There was no light

coming from the hallway whatsoever. That meant that if Kyle or Julie managed to reposition and look his way, they almost certainly would be unable to see anything at all, not even his silhouette.

Confident that was the case, he pulled his boner out of his boxers and started rubbing it a little bit. He knew that was against his no masturbation vow, but he told himself it didn't really count so long as he didn't ejaculate.

He continued to watch. Incredibly, his arousal only soared higher and higher, until he reached some kind of heady euphoria he'd never felt before. His feelings were so intense that he actually was forced to sink to his knees in the hallway outside the door, because he literally was incapable of remaining standing.

Once he was settled in his new position, he resumed his jacking off. He just couldn't help it. His mind was spinning with mixed emotions. True, he was jealous as hell. All the other "usual suspects" from his earlier emotional heartbreak came back too, such as guilt, shame, inadequacy, humiliation anger, and so on. But none of that mattered much, because sheer lust trumped them all.

He listened to Kyle's balls steadily beat against his wife's ass. He couldn't help but notice how his son kept a nice rutting rhythm going, seemingly indefinitely.

He thought, Holy shit! That kid can fuck! Once again, I'm in awe. How does he do it?! I might as well be castrated, in comparison. I've been bested in every possible way!

Despite these gloomy thoughts, his arousal continued to rise, helped along by his increasingly vigorous handjob.

He waited there on his knees for another five minutes, wondering when his son was going to pop. Or, at least, he hoped for a slowing down or even a much-deserved strategic pause. But those things simply weren't happening. There were just the sounds of heavy

panting and wet flesh smacking together, over and over and over again.

After a while, he heard his wife loudly grunt and groan again, for nearly a minute, followed by a muffled whimper. But that was about the only break in the routine. He guessed that was a minor orgasm, by her recent standards.

Despite the lack of much variation, he was endlessly fascinated. It was similar to watching someone holding their breath underwater: the longer it went on, the more remarkable it was, even though there wasn't much visibly happening.

Five more minutes went by, and he kept on stroking his boner.

Then Julie let out a high pitched scream as she creamed on Kyle's dick again.

She'd had a bigger orgasm than her last one. However, that still seemed a mere minor orgasm compared to the kinds of epic screamers he already knew Kyle was capable of giving her.

When she'd more or less recovered, she muttered, "Oh, Son! What do you do to me?! I'm so hopelessly in love with your huge pussy-tamer! Tame my pussy a little more! Please! More! More!"

Hearing those words made Jim burn with jealousy, but also burn with lust. He was teetering on the edge of cumming himself, as he kept on masturbating.

By this time, fifteen minutes had passed since Jim had snuck to the door. Yet Kyle's cum-lathered thick pole continued its seemingly endless assault.

Jim furtively moved on his knees until he had more of a side view of the fucking action. It was a big risk to sneak deeper into the room, but it was as if he couldn't stop his own body from doing it. He told

himself he would be okay, due to the darkness of that part of the room.

He was rewarded with a better view of his son's relentless cock sliced through his wife's twat like a medieval battering ram. Kyle's strong hips rocked fluidly, propelling his veiny hard-on deep inside her inner sanctum, over and over and over and over and over!

Julie's long, muscular legs were wrapped around her son, but they were visibly jerking and trembling from the power of his thrusts.

Jim thought while still stroking his hard-on, I should be bored by now, except I'm not. The kid's like a God-damn machine! They've been at it for who knows how long before I even got here, but I'm sure I'm gonna cum way before he does!

However, that guess turned out not to be true. Just when Jim was starting to seriously think his son had superhuman sexual skills, Kyle finally announced, "**OOH-H-H-H! OH YEAH! MOM, I'M GONNA CUM!**"

Jim watched his son's ass cheeks tighten. The large testicles seemed to jerk inside Kyle's scrotum, firing their contents up his cunt-smothered cannon and deep into Julie's hot, cum-hungry womb.

Jim still needed to urgently cum himself, but he didn't dare do it in or near the master bedroom. He quietly snuck back down the hall, listening to Kyle's quivering grunts and his wife's passionate, wordless wails. He could still easily imagine his son's fat knob, squeezing up through her tight cervical ring, with long thick ropes of cock-milk jetting from his pisshole.

As soon as Jim was back in bed, he took his boxers off and used them as a cum rag. He blasted his load into them after just another minute of fervent stroking, then tossed them to the floor in shame.

He thought, True, my no masturbation vow has been broken again, but I consider what just happened an extraordinary circumstance. It was the first and hopefully last time I saw his wife and son fuck with his own eyes. How could I resist being overwhelmed by their sheer sexuality? How could anybody?

Tomorrow, I'm going to do a lot better. I swear it. The shock of what I'm seeing will wear off and I'll regain control of myself. My crazy cuckolding feelings have to be banished somehow.

He was so physically and emotionally drained that he fell right to sleep after that.

Chapter 13

Jim woke up early in the morning, before the other two did. He peeked in their bedroom just to be sure, and saw them still naked and spooned against each other. The smell of sex still filled the air.

He figured it was no surprise at all that they slept in, since they had very literally fucked each other to total exhaustion.

He knew it was a Saturday, which meant he wouldn't have the refuge of going to the office. The prospect of staying home all day while his son fucked his wife over and over was simultaneously a cuckold's dream come true but also a living nightmare.

He decided, Rather than being grumpy, and grousing with jealousy, I'll make breakfast for everyone. I promised to be good. I'll surprise them by showing that I'm not going to let any of this get me down and defeat me. Or least I can put up a front to that effect. Besides, time is on my side. It won't be long now until Julie's ovulation window closes and my confusing nightmare comes to an end. Thank God!

Kyle reached the kitchen before Julie.

He and Jim exchanged drowsy hellos, like it was just another typical morning in suburbia. He poured himself a big glass of juice from the fridge and then sat down on a stool at the kitchen counter, since his father was busy cooking in the kitchen.

Jim didn't want to speak alone with Kyle. He figured his son's cockiness was more likely to bring out his jealousy and even rage than if he was with Julie, or the three of them were together. But he really had no choice, unless he wanted to leave that part of the house like a coward.

"You must have tired you mother out... she's usually up by now," Jim said while keeping his hands and eyes busy with his cooking tasks.

The implied reason why Julie was tired out loomed like an elephant in the room.

Kyle boldly responded, "Well... we were up most of the night, but it's not my fault. She was the one waking me up every few hours." He said this with a cocky smile.

Jim felt slightly enraged, but he kept his cool. He said, "Today should be her last day ovulating, which means tomorrow things should be back to normal around here." He was pointedly reminding Kyle that his time as "motherfucker" was coming to an end.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, Dad." Kyle smiled.

"What do you mean by that?" Jim asked. He felt a growing pit in his stomach.

It wasn't prudent to his long term plan, but Kyle was young and not yet fully mature. He couldn't resist a little boasting. "I don't know... Mom said she's falling for me. I remember her saying that I'm 'young and well-endowed.' And there was something about how she 'couldn't live without my cock drilling her deep inside.' I guess she really digs that sorta thing."

"You're full of shit!" Jim snapped, even though he had no doubt those sort of things had been said.

"Am I? Think about it, Dad. If a car dealership lets you drive a Ferrari for three days, do you think you're really gonna wanna go back to driving that old hunk of junk you have in the garage?"

"For your information, that car is not an 'old hunk of junk'," Jim said with irritation, since the metaphor was based on at least one real car. Even though he was fairly rich, and he used a newer car to go to

work every day, he kept an old and beat-up Toyota that he'd own for many years due to its sentimental value.

"But it's certainly not a Ferrari, and you're certainly not 'young and well-endowed.' Let's not forget those were Mom's words... not mine," Kyle said.

"What were Mom's words?" Julie asked from the doorway.

Kyle and Jim flashed each other hostile looks as Julie strolled towards them, her unsupported breasts bobbling beneath her silk robe.

And it wasn't just any robe, either. It was the same orange one that Kyle had never seen her wear before, until yesterday. It turned out there was a good reason for that too. She'd ordered it on-line as a replacement for her blue robe, but she'd accidentally been sent one that was a size or two too small for her. She'd buried it deep in a closet rather than bothering to send it back... until now.

Kyle hadn't gotten a good enough look at the robe yesterday to know for sure if it was too small or it had been the way she'd been wearing it semi-open in front that excited him so much. But now he realized it was definitely too small! It didn't even come all the way down to the bottom of her pussy, and she couldn't have closed it all the way in front if she tried. Needless to say, she wasn't wearing any bra or panties underneath it either.

This wasn't a mere robe. This was an open invitation to get fucked!

And nobody in the room had any doubt who she wanted to fuck her, and who was going to do it.

But before there could be more of a reaction to the daring robe, Julie had asked, "What were Mom's words?"

Jim needed to respond to that in a way that got them away from the contentious discussion he'd been having with Kyle. He lied, "Oh, um... that you like your eggs scrambled and hate a runny yolk."

Julie stood there with her hands on her hips, which opened her robe in front even more. That pose left all of her huge tits and pussy mound completely exposed. She responded, "That's true, but I could have sworn that I heard something from the living room about someone being 'young and well endowed?'" She raised a questioning eyebrow.

Kyle and Jim looked at each other. Both of them felt unable to respond to that, because they didn't want to reignite their dispute with her listening in.

Julie walked to the kitchen counter, between Jim and Kyle, but just out of Kyle's reach. She said, "Okay, boys, enough with the hostility already."

She looked at Kyle. "You've done an awesome job with your breeding task so far, young man, but you need to tone down on the cockiness just a tad."

Kyle lowered his head slightly and nodded. He knew she was right.

She turned and looked at Jim. "And you, husband of mine, you need to stop telling someone they can do something, then turn around and act like a jealous child when they do."

Jim reluctantly nodded too.

She placed a hand on both their shoulders, like a referee standing between two fighters.

Acting as if she wasn't effectively buck naked with her robe open wide in front, she looked back to her boy. "I think I heard more of your little spat than either of you two realize. A Ferrari is good to

have around, when there's a race to win and you and I my handsome son have one day left in this race to make a baby."

Then she looked at Jim. "That old Toyota is nice to have around too. It provides support and stability, which means you, my love, you have a purpose here too. One can't and shouldn't drive a Ferrari every single day."

Then she looked back and forth between them. "I suggest the two of you stop treating this like a contest and start acting like a team here. We're all on the same team, the baby-making team. We're family, and we love each other too. It's just that we have different roles."

"You're right... I'm sorry," Jim said with genuine contrition.

"Me too, Mom," Kyle said, also feeling properly chastened. He was glad she had come in when she did, because his conversation with Jim was likely to backfire in a big way anyway, especially if he'd kept boasting and taunting. It was important he didn't show his hand-his plan to find a way to keep fucking his mother forever-too soon.

Julie pulled both of them in close for a loose group hug.

She said, "I love you both... and I'm counting on both of you, in your own way, to help me make this baby."

She broke the group hug and turned to embrace only her husband. "Jim, hold me close."

Her huge, bare tits squashed against Jim's chest, with her nipples hard and engorged. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and gave him a firm hug.

Then she peeked back at her son. "Kyle, take off your boxers and get behind me."

For once, Kyle was stunned into silence. He couldn't believe the implications of what she was saying.

Seeing his reluctance, she added, "That's an order."

Both Kyle and Jim looked at each other awkwardly, as if they couldn't believe what was about to happen.

What they didn't know was that Julie had eventually figured out last night that Jim was in the master bedroom and probably masturbating to the sight of Kyle fucking her. She hadn't been able to actually see him, but she'd heard his lusty panting. That gave her confidence to test the strength of his cuckold desire even more.

Kyle thought she was being too rash, but he was too hot and bothered to turn down the invitation. He dropped his boxers. His dick was already fully erect, and had been within seconds of her walking into the room wearing just the open and undersized orange robe.

As Kyle moved in behind his mother, Julie looked up into her husband's eyes. She said, "The other day, when you came home and reacted the way you did, I was completely disgusted with you. I told Kyle I was falling for him because I felt as though I was falling away from you and I needed someone there to catch me."

Kyle stepped in close to his sexy, stacked mother. He lifted her robe in back, bunching it around her waist. Knowing what she wanted, he began to grind his long, thick cock against the crack of her firm, meaty buttocks.

She said to Jim, "But now, with all the support you've been showing Kyle and I these past two days... I feel as though you've come back to me. You're being the husband that I need you to be." Julie was suddenly overtaken by genuine love for her husband. She smiled at him, but with tears in her eyes.

"It's because I love you," Jim said with heartfelt emotion.

"I love you too," she said just as sincerely.

Then she twisted in place, breaking her tit contact against Jim's chest. That allowed her to look up into Kyle's eyes. "And I love you too, my baby."

Jim watched as his wife and son's lips came together. They didn't fully smooch, but instead planted a series of soft sensual kisses on each other's lips. He shouldn't have been, but he was a little surprised to see their tongues peek from their mouths and flutter together for a moment.

Then, as if that wasn't frustrating enough for Jim to watch, mother and son fully and passionately kissed each other on the lips. Furthermore, Jim stared as Kyle reached around and cupped and fondled Julie's enormous orbs as if he owned them.

And while Jim couldn't see what was happening behind Julie's back, he correctly surmised from the way Kyle's body was rising up and down a little bit that his son's cock was wedged in her ass crack and effectively dry humping it.

Jim was pissed, especially since his wife hadn't even kissed him at all. But he also was moved by her reaffirmation of love for him.

He decided, I need to be the bigger man and let things slide. Besides, today has to be the last day of Kyle having sexual control of Julie's body. Technically, tomorrow all will return back to normal, so I just needed to be patient. Although... I have trouble seeing how anything in our family could ever return to anything even close to normal ever again. But that's a problem for later.

The incestuous kissing and fondling came to a merciful end.

Julie twisted back to her original position fully facing her husband. But then she playfully teased Kyle, "Now, get busy back there, mister. You know what I want. You have work to do."

The other two didn't realize it yet, but since she'd walked into the room, she had manipulated events to bring things to this point. She was convinced by now that Jim was a cuckold who got off on seeing Kyle fuck her, but she still was trying to figure out exactly what that meant. Plus, she knew it would be incredibly exciting and enjoyable for her and her son!

Jim... probably not so much! But he seemed to get off on this sort of thing, she figured.

Kyle joyously grabbed his hard-on and pulled it free from her ass crack. After re-aiming it, he dragged its tapered head up and down her slippery gash. Then he slowly fed it inside her gooey cunt-hole, sighing with pure pleasure as he felt it sink up inside her birth canal.

Jim was beyond incredulous. Is this really happening?! Are we really doing this?! This is so fucked up! It makes all of yesterday look normal!

He would have put the fucking to a stop before it could get started, except that a part of his psyche was held hostage to his new cuckold feelings. He felt helpless to put a stop to anything, so long as he was swept up by intense arousal, as he was now.

Julie let out a cute little moan caused by Kyle's fat knob pushing deeper and deeper into her tight cunt. It had been hours since he'd last fucked her, and her body was already craving a "refill."

Jim watched from less than a foot away as her eyes rolled back in their sockets, her little eyelids fluttering. It was a look he hadn't seen in many years, since they were just teenagers and he was arguably a "Ferrari" of sorts.

Jim was painfully aware that not only was his son providing his wife with a rock hard cock, but one that was much longer and thicker than his own. Kyle was touching Julie in places that Jim never possibly could. That made him feel emasculated and humiliated, but also even more inexplicably aroused.

Jim felt Kyle slip his arm between him and his wife, reaching across her waist. He leaned back against the kitchen counter to provide stability. His wife had just told him that was his job, after all.

Kyle thrust his hips, sliding his fat cock-knob up and down the spongy glove of his mother's cunt. He could feel her gripping him tightly internally, using her strong vaginal muscles to add increased friction around his thick teenage pole. On every up-stroke, his abdomen would sink into the soft supple flesh of her buttocks.

It wasn't long before her son was really pounding into her. Kyle's head rested against her shoulder as he bucked back and forth against his beautiful mother. She was increasingly sandwiched between her studly son and her husband.

Her ass cheeks began to ripple as Kyle fucked her with impressive force.

Jim could hear the lewd smacking of his son's balls beating against his wife's clit. He was fascinated by Kyle's stamina and how he was relentlessly using Julie's body, like a rutting animal.

It's not every day that a man gets to hold his wife while his son brings her to orgasm.

Julie's body shook as she whimpered in climax. Her hips quivered and jerked. For once, she managed to avoid screaming out, for fear of yelling something that would humiliate Jim too much and ruin the mood.

In fact, neither Kyle nor Jim said a word either, also in fear of saying the wrong thing.

Kyle held on and stayed with Julie all through her intense orgasm, not missing a stroke.

Jim felt his wife's big bare tits sloshing against his chest, her nipples engorged and sometimes sharply poking into him.

Hot liquid love churned around Kyle's cockhead as it thrust up and back through the clutching tube of his mother's soft, pink pussy. As it reached the back of her vagina, it licked the head of her cervix, which was coated with a hot slippery mucus. That was a natural substance of Julie's body which was meant to insure sperm survival.

Normally during their fuck sessions, Kyle would control his ejaculation by using his strong **PC** muscles. This allowed him to fuck for hours and made his mother cum over and over on his cock, which was an absolute rush for the young teen. This time, however, the situation was so bizarre that he decided it was best to let it come to a quick conclusion after a "mere" ten minutes of solid and steady thrusting.

Besides, getting to fuck his sex bomb mother while his father literally held her body up in support was such a rush for him that he doubted he'd be able to last much longer anyway.

It wasn't just the immediate situation, but the long-term implications. Clearly, Jim was either a willing cuckold, or so wimpy and tolerant that it was effectively the same thing. He felt like he'd already won Julie forever, even though neither she nor Jim realized that yet.

"**UUUNNGGHH, YEAH, MOM!**" Kyle grunted as the first thick rope blasted from his pisshole.

Julie felt the scalding spunk splash against the head of her cervix, followed by another, and another, and another.

As Kyle groaned, huge blasts of semen spewed from his meatus.

Julie could feel his erection flexing over and over as it pulsed with excitement. Her eyes rolled up into her head as an especially epic orgasm wracked her entire body. She wasn't nearly as loud as usual, in deference to Jim being right there and actually helping to hold her up, but it was a rapturous climax for her just the same.

"**OH-H-H-H... UUUGGGNNGGGHHH!**" Kyle groaned, as he felt his mother's cunt muscles squeeze and smother his rod, milking every drop from his throbbing shaft.

There was so much cum exploding out of him and into her that she soon felt some of it running down her muscular thighs.

"Aaaah! That was great!" Julie said while staring Jim in her eyes from close up. "Thanks for your support... in more ways than one!" She chuckled. She kissed her husband, but only chastely, on the forehead.

Trying to sound and act like she hadn't just been fucked to heaven and back, she said to both of the other two, "Now, if you don't mind, I need to go elevate my hips. This is all about Kyle fucking and breeding a baby into me, after all. Who knows, this might be the one magical time that does it!"

Kyle backed up a little, causing his big boner to slither out of Julie's thoroughly-fucked hole. His shaft glistened with orgasmic juices. His cockhead slipped from her socket with a creamy pop, followed by a stream of fresh cum-cream.

Julie clutched her snatch with her hand, holding much of the cum in as she turned to her son and gave him a quick kiss.

Even though it was quick, it was on the lips, and with lots of tongue.

Jim couldn't fail to notice that, and his jealousy burned brighter. But it was like he was rendered mute by his cuckold lust.

"Thank you baby," she said to her son, and then hurried off, with her open orange robe still somehow loosely hanging on her body.

Father and son watched her walk away. Both of them were transfixed by her ass cheeks undulating up and down, because the orange robe didn't even go down all the way to the bottom of her ass!

Her departure left Kyle standing there with his semi-erect pole pointing at his father. (*As usual, it took a few minutes for him to go completely flaccid.*) He smiled widely, and commented, "Holy shit! That was totally insane!"

He honestly admitted, "I never thought she'd do that, with you right there." His bobbing peter was still twitching with post orgasmic contractions, as it ever-so-slowly deflated.

Jim had to admit to himself that was "totally insane." And yet he was so fucked up with his emerging and even growing cuckold fetish that he was glad that it had happened.

He had no idea what to say. Merely staying in the same room as his son after that was a constant humiliation. He lamely commented, "Well, if your mother's not pregnant by tomorrow, then I'll be shocked. Especially after that!"

"Me too, Dad... me too." Kyle proudly smiled.

Kyle walked out of the room shortly after that, because he sensed his father was feeling extremely uncomfortable.

But, in fact, Jim had been preparing breakfast and nobody had eaten yet. So, after a few minutes, both Kyle and Julie returned to the kitchen and dining room area.

Julie was still wearing her orange robe, which was somehow even more sexy and obscene than wearing nothing at all. She also had put on a pair of red high heels.

However, despite her raw sexuality lighting up the room like a searchlight, all three of them were sexually satiated for a while. The breakfast passed relatively uneventfully, without much physical contact.

At one point early in the meal though, Julie made some notable comments. "Jim, I'm sorry for surprising you with that. But I thought it was important to test to see if you really are able to handle things without going into a jealous snit. I'm happy to announce that you passed with flying colors!"

Jim considered that a very dubious "honor," but he stayed silent. He reminded himself he had just one day of this living hell to go.

She added, "Furthermore, I wanted to make the point that as long as I'm ovulating, I physically belong to Kyle. That's why I kissed him on the lips and not you, for instance. But of course, this is just a temporary thing, like a three-day long 'opposite day.' Once that time ends, everything will flip back. Naturally, then I'll kiss you on the lips and him on the cheek. Understand?"

"Perfectly," Jim replied. He was secretly relieved, even incredibly relieved. Although he was getting off on his new cuckold fetish in a big way, he assumed that was a freak event, sort of his personal "opposite day" reaction, and his normal sexual urges would soon return. Despite the fact he was easily more aroused than he'd ever been in his life, and for much longer too, the emotional turmoil of being a cuckold was mentally exhausting.

He couldn't wait for things to get back to normal, or at least some kind of attempt at normal. He was sure it would take years for his sex life with his wife to return to something resembling satisfying for the both of them, if that ever happened at all. He was much more hopeful that the rest of their marriage could be successfully repaired, at least.

Chapter 14

Even though it was a Saturday and Jim was home, he gave his wife and son the space they needed. He puttered around the house and worked in the backyard. It was another hot summer day, so he was casually dressed in a T-shirt and shorts. Mostly he worked in the yard, to get even further away from any fucking noises.

In return, Julie was worried that she'd gone too far that morning by getting fucked by her son while her husband watched and even held her. So she did her best to give Jim some space. She restricted the fucking to the master bedroom only. However, she left the door to the bedroom partially open, giving Jim a golden opportunity to listen or peek in if he wanted to.

But thanks to that partially open door, plus the sheer vocal enthusiasm of Julie, it seemed that each time Jim was inside the house, even anywhere on the ground floor, he heard the sound of his wife's orgasmic screams. That was a bit of an exaggeration, since she wasn't cumming (*or simply feeling overcome*) all the time, but it wasn't that far off.

Despite Jim's effort to carry on with gardening duties as if everything was normal again, he was still held in thrall by his cuckold lust. It turned out that even working in the backyard was no refuge to help him clear his head, since the master bedroom's windows were partially open and Julie's lusty cries carried just as far outside as they did inside.

So it was no surprise that every once in a while, he couldn't help but peek in on the fucking action. Thanks to the partially open door, it was easy for him to look in without being seen.

At least, that was what he thought. However, Julie could be quite clever if she wanted to. Before the day's upstairs fucking began, she secretly positioned and angled a mirror just so, so she'd be able to look in the mirror and see if Jim was there. She was surprised at just how often he actually was. As time went on, he was gardening less and spying more.

Jim often found Julie's legs in a huge spread eagle pose or clamped snuggly around Kyle's back as her virile son pounded her swollen pussy mercilessly. The musky smell of raw sex filled the entire upstairs as their two sweat-soaked bodies twisted and bounced and beat together wildly.

Every time Jim came inside the house from the backyard, he was drawn to his master bedroom like a moth to flame. He just couldn't resist finding out what his wife and son were up to, even though the answer was almost always the same: fucking. Actually, there seemed to be three modes: resting, foreplay, and fucking, but the vast majority of the time it was fucking.

Jim was high on lust nearly all the time. Because he didn't have an effortlessly arousable penis like his son did, he was only erect about half the time. But that didn't matter much, because he was very mentally aroused pretty much all the time.

He managed to keep his vow not to masturbate. But that didn't help his cuckolding fetish "fade away." In fact, arguably the reverse was happening: by not ejaculating and thus getting sexual satiation for a while, he remained constantly aroused. And with the non-stop incestuous fuck marathon going on in his bedroom, he was always aroused about the same thing. Furthermore, thanks to the partially open bedroom door, the amount of time he spent secretly peeking grew and grew.

He could feel himself falling deeper into a trap of his own making, but he was helpless to get out of it. Deep down, he didn't really

want to anyway. Even though he felt emotionally miserable most of the time with his jealousy and such, the constant sexual high he enjoyed at the same time more than made up for it.

Around noon, Jim was at the kitchen table having lunch by himself when Julie strolled into the kitchen. She wore nothing but a thin white towel wrapped around her waist, which left her tremendous boobs completely exposed just above the towel. It was clear she had just taken a shower, because her brown hair was wet and slicked back.

"Hey, Honey, what have you been up to?" she asked as she walked past him in bare feet. She went to the fridge.

"Nothing much, just a little yard work," Jim said blandly, as if they were making small talk on a normal weekend day. He was secretly staggered by her de facto nudity, since she'd always been shy about her nakedness around him.

She said, "Oh, great. Would you please fix that broken sprinkler head today too? It shoots water all over the sidewalk." As she spoke, she poured herself a glass of water.

"Consider it done," Jim said. Since she was standing facing away from him, he stared at his wife's backside. He was fascinated by her long legs and bare back, with her long brown hair hanging down nearly to her ass. But mostly, he gawked at the swell of her meaty buttocks. He could see the bottom portions of her ass cheeks, because her ass was so inadequately covered by the towel.

"Thank you, love," she said.

Lately, it seemed like just about anything involving Kyle and Julie fucking aroused Jim to a tremendous degree. Still, he was surprised by how turned on he got merely from talking to his wife about mundane things like fixing a broken sprinkler head. The contrast between that and the fact that they both were well aware she'd just

come from getting royally fucked by her son upstairs was breathtaking and electrifying for him.

But still, he tried his best to deny such feelings in the hopes they would slowly fade away from neglect. Attempting to keep the small talk going, he asked, "So how are things going upstairs? You two had another session in the shower I presume?"

Julie turned towards her husband and giggled a little. "Yeah. How'd you guess?"

Both of them laughed, due to the way she was wet and dressed. Or, more accurately, not dressed.

She added, with a dreamy look in her eyes. "Thank goodness for the virility of teenage boys."

Although she could be clever, right now she had no plan because she didn't know what she wanted to do. A part of her hoped and expected for things in the family to return to normal soon, or at least something approximating normal. She loved her husband and had enjoyed 18 happy years with him so far.

But comments like the one she'd just said suggested that she was getting increasingly addicted to sex with her son. That was true in a big way, and she didn't know what to do about it. Even considering her husband's newly discovered cuckold fetish, she didn't see how she could square getting back to a "normal" marriage with being her son's wanton and willing slut beyond her ovulation period.

Jim was at a loss over how to respond to her "virility of teenage boys" comment. But he felt he had to say something, so she said, "Well, Dear... I think it's safe to say that Kyle has moved on from the boy stage at this point."

Julie chuckled. "Yeah, you could say that again." Then she added more seriously, "But it's strange... Just a few minutes ago, as he was

lifting me and pinning me against the wall of the shower... and I wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck while he plowed me and drilled me with his incredible, thick cock... I couldn't help but look into his eyes and think: 'This is my baby boy... and he always will be.' Isn't that strange?"

Once again, Jim wound up insanely aroused by mere words. He was starting to realize that the incestuous aspect of Kyle and Julies intimacy was a very big reason why it turned him on so very much. The "baby boy" comment in particular pushed a lot of his buttons. There was something about that was innocent yet wicked at the same time.

Of course, the way she was standing there topless with the towel barely even covering her sore and battered pussy didn't exactly hurt arousing him even more.

Despite his feelings, he fought valiantly to look and sound calm and normal. He merely replied, "You're right, that is strange. But it's also perfectly understandable." He smiled at her encouragingly.

Julie nodded, and continued, "There's one thing I feel I have to get off my chest... as a woman and not a mom... Our son is gonna have one very, very happy bride one day. I'm sure they're going to make lots of beautiful babies together." She beamed.

"I hope you're right," Jim said.

Her comment was indicative of her confused feelings for her son. She still assumed that all the incestuous fucking had to come to an end when her ovulation did. She figured that she'd made her marriage vows to Jim many years ago, and she was morally obliged to keep them, with these three days a once in a lifetime "free pass" exception.

Her body was getting seriously addicted to her son's cock, and she already was starting to realize that on some deeper level. But she

wouldn't allow herself to think about that or the possible long-term implications.

After a thoughtful pause, Julie said, "Well, I need to get back upstairs, Honey." She started for the doorway.

Before she left the room in just her skimpy towel, Jim suggested, "Dear, how 'bout lunch... You two are burning calories like crazy and I'm sure you need to eat. Can I bring it up to you guys?"

She smiled. "Oh baby, that's sweet. That's one example why I love you so much. I'm so impressed with your tolerant attitude about all this. That said, Kyle and I are getting ready to start another breeding session. Can you give us like an hour or so? I can sense another slow, sensual, grinding fuck session coming on, and I've discovered those take a long time with him."

"Sure, no problem," Jim said. Once more, this sort of mundane yet sexual talk fired his lust even more than the stunning way she looked, with her wet hair, wet skin, and jutting bare breasts.

Julie gave him a warm smile and a wink. "I love you."

"Love you too," Jim said.

Once she was gone, he let his thoughts run wild with fantasy. He imagined a future in which Julie getting fucked by Kyle was just another part of ordinary life, like brushing one's teeth or buying groceries. In the course of their typical day, she would say things to him like, "Honey, would you please pick up some toilet paper later? We're almost out. I would do it, but I know Kyle has plans to fuck me into oblivion all afternoon long, and you know how that goes."

Jim would be completely unfazed and not even slightly jealous. He'd reply, "No problem. By the way, do you want to watch some Netflix after dinner, or will he be fucking you then too?"

She would pout a little bit, trying to soften the blow. "Now that you mention it, I'm pretty sure he's gonna want to fuck me a lot more then too. And you know how I can never say 'no' to his magnificent cock. But he likes the same shows you and I do. If you don't mind, maybe we could all watch something together. I'd sit in his lap as his naked little fuck toy mommy, as usual. I promise I'll try not to scream or bounce too much. Is that okay with you?"

Then he'd casually reply, "Sure. Although I don't believe you about the 'bounce too much' part. We all know how you get. You're like some kind of robotic pogo stick, endlessly bouncing on his huge cock whenever he pulls you into his lap."

She'd smile and say, "That's true." Then the two of them would share a hearty laugh, with no hard feelings whatsoever.

Jim felt like he was slipping into a bizarro Twilight Zone, but that sounded like a future he would greatly enjoy in some totally perverse way.

But still, he reminded himself that that was just a crazy musing and his mind had to focus on getting his marriage back on track.

Strangely, despite having fantasies like that, at other times he would think about ways he could get free from the way Kyle was secretly blackmailing him. But there was nothing he could do short of murder, and he still loved his son.

He still hadn't seen or even asked to see the photos of him and Dora fucking, but he was sure they existed. Those, more than anything, forced him to try the "grin and bear it" approach. In a strange way, his inexplicable new cuckold desire made it a lot easier to act that way. It was like his anger had been neutered away.

Chapter 15

Jim tooled around in the garage for a while, mostly just to do something mildly productive and distracting to help pass the time. Plus, he'd discovered the garage was the quietest place to be when Julie was screaming her head off. Sometimes, he longed to her hear getting royally drilled, but other times he couldn't stand it. It was all very confusing to him.

Then he came back inside the house and made some lunch for the two lovebirds. All was quiet upstairs, so he carried lunch up to the master bedroom. He stopped before he hit the open doorway, because he heard his wife giggling. Still holding a tray containing the lunch, he carefully peeked through the partially opened door.

Kyle and Julie were play wrestling on the bed. It was clear they'd just been doing a lot of vigorous fucking, because their naked bodies were glistening with sweat. Her clean-shaven cunt looked freshly-fucked. Jim could see his son's ejaculate dripping off her clitoris while even more of his cum drooled from her sore and swollen fuck-hole.

Julie's enormous bare breasts bobbled as she unexpectedly rolled over on top of her son and held him down. "Now you're in my control, mister!" she teased.

With Kyle rendered helpless, or at least pretending to be, she took hold of his firm erection and began vigorously jacking him off. Then she flopped her tit-pillows down against his muscular chest and began kissing and licking his neck.

Even though Julie's body soon blocked a direct view to Kyle's boner, Jim could still see when his wife began grinding her pubic mound against his rampant cock.

Kyle's eyes were closed. He looked like he was in absolute nirvana as his mother's soft, slippery body laid against his. Her lips smacked wetly on his neck. After every couple kisses, she would flutter her tongue against his sensitive tendons. But mostly, she was concentrating her energies on grinding down on his thick cock-meat.

Jim noticed with concern that the two of them were having a great time, but for once there was no actual fucking going on. In fact, they didn't even seem to be getting warmed up for more fucking. They were just enjoying each other's bodies without any thought of helping the "breeding."

As a result, he figured there would be some awkward explaining for them to do if he walked in on them when they were like that, and he didn't want to hear it.

Instead, Jim backtracked halfway down the hall, then announced his approach. "Ready for some lunch there?" he spoke loudly.

A few seconds later, his wife answered. "Come on in, Honey."

Kyle and Julie sat side by side in the bed when Jim arrived. They looked like two teens who had almost got caught dry humping. They had naughty but unrepentant grins on their faces. But they already were so confident that Jim was in thrall to his cuckolding lust that they hadn't bothered to put any clothes on, or even cover up any parts of their bodies with a sheet. The two of them got a kick out of acting sexual towards each other while he watched.

Jim shyly came in with the lunch tray. It contained a tuna sandwich for each of them, plus glasses of juice for them too.

Kyle and Julie took the food and drink from the tray and started to eat. They were famished after all their energetic fucking.

The three of them made small talk at the same time that mother and son ate and drank.

Jim stood there feeling awkward and uncomfortable. He didn't want to sit because he didn't intend to stay long. As had become the norm for him lately, he felt like he was being ripped in two between lust and jealousy (*plus other negative feelings*). Thanks to the lust part, he was grateful to still be holding the tray, because he strategically positioned it over his crotch. Even with his more modest penis size, his arousal still was enough to make a lewd tenting in his shorts.

Julie sensed his discomfort, but she wanted to toy with him and test the intensity of his new cuckold side some more. She repeatedly insisted that he stay and chat with him.

Since his intense internal emotional conflict made him feel weak and confused, he found himself sitting down on a chair next to their bed, even though he didn't want to.

At least he still was able to carefully keep the tray over his lap to continue to hide his arousal.

In order to help ensure Jim stay in the room, Julie got to talking to him about mundane matters, but family issues that needed to be addressed. For instance, she brought up how they needed to decide if they wanted to do their own taxes for the upcoming year, or hire a professional.

But that was just one surface level aspect of what was happening. What was much more significant was all the non-verbal interaction going on. At first, Kyle and Julie were just sitting up in bed side by side, with their backs propped up by the headboard and some pillows. But it wasn't long until Kyle put an arm around her back and she put an arm around his.

That alone would have been okay, despite them being nude without even a sheet on top, but things steadily increased from there. Kyle's free hand started to slide over her fabulous bare skin. It wasn't long until he was cupping and caressing her nearest giant tit.

Even that would have been tolerable for Jim, but then Julie started caressing Kyle's bare chest too. While she continued to look at Jim and talk to him, that hand slowly but surely made its way down her son's body until her fingers found his erection and wrapped around them. From that point on, that hand did nothing but stroke and fondle Kyle's monster of a cock, while it was pointed directly up, like some flag pole jutting out from his body.

Meanwhile, she and Jim kept talking about their taxes!

Jim was hooked. By this point, he couldn't leave the room unless they carried him away. The tax talk turned to "blah, blah, blah" for him, because all he could think about or look at was the casual way his wife was jacking off his son. He worried he was suffering from some kind of mental illness, because he found it impossibly arousing to watch.

Sensing her husband was hooked, Julie finally changed the subject. "By the way, Dear, I hope you don't mind what I'm doing with my hand here." Even as she said that, she finally took her other hand from behind Kyle's back and brought it down to his crotch too. She cupped his balls with that hand while stroking his long pole with her other hand.

She went on, "Just look at all this cock-meat! Can you believe how endowed he is? Aren't you proud of your son? He's going to charm the pants off all the ladies, that's for sure!" She giggled.

Kyle finally took his hand from behind Julie's back and brought it across her body to briefly caress her far hip. His other hand kept on possessively playing with her massive tits. He joked, "Including you, Mom!" He lightly slapped that far hip, to further highlight how he'd "charmed her pants off."

Julie giggled even more. "Coops! Yep, you got me already!" Then she turned her head towards her son and spoke in a husky, extra-sexy voice. "I just can't keep my clothes on around you. Any of

them! You might just have to **FUCK** me again for being such a naughty little naked slut!"

He drew his head closer to hers. "Mmmm. I think I'll have to do exactly that. Fuck some sense into you. Maybe you'll calm down after I bathe your womb in another hot bath of spermy little baby-makers."

She purred ever more erotically while as her hand pumped faster and faster up and down his shaft. "**UNGH!** Yesssssss! Do that! Flood my hot mommy-cunt with your superior seed yet again! Hnnng! Mommy can't get enough! I'm your helpless plaything!"

Mother and son were so worked up that it was inevitable their lips met and they shared a burning hot kiss.

Jim could only sit and stew in frustration, torn as usual between jealousy and lust. But also as usual, lust was winning out. He was grateful for the tray still covering his lap, because he was sure a large and still growing wet spot would have been visible on his shorts otherwise.

Kyle and Julie necked and fondled for several minutes. They knew that Jim was literally hostage to his own desires and wasn't going anywhere.

But after a while, Julie ended the hot kissing and turned back to look Jim's way. She couldn't resist smirking a little bit from seeing the flushed and needy look on his face. She subtly repositioned her hands on her son's cock to give her husband a better view of how her fingers constantly slipped and slid up and down, as his steel-hard pole jutted straight up into the air.

She said to Jim, "Where was I? I was trying to ask you something about... Oh, yes. It was about how I hope you don't mind if I play with Kyle's big cock a little bit. Clearly you don't, from the rapt look on your face. I'm so glad you're taking a keen interest in the whole

baby-making process, right down to the nuts and bolts of our stimulation process. Who knows, maybe you'll learn something. Our son is a natural pussy-tamer!"

Jim was even more humiliated by her words, which strongly implied that Kyle was a better lover than he was. But his cuckold lust made him feel weak and unable to respond. Besides, he didn't know what to say, because it was as plain as day that Kyle was the superior lover.

Julie went on, while all but worshipping her son's thick pole with her ten fingers, "I know that, technically, using my hands on him like this is kind of naughty, since it's not fucking, but it takes soooo much effort to get him to cum! It's like I have to totally devote myself to pleasuring his cock before he even gets close. Frankly, my pussy is getting quite sore. I don't know how much more of his pounding I can take! And yet... I need his cum! His hot, manly seed! I neeeeed it!"

She lamely and unconvincingly added, "For, uh... to increase the chances of insemination, of course." She smirked, as if daring Jim to challenge that.

Jim wanted to cry. He knew she was taunting him with her words, and her lusty jacking off action too. Clearly, she could see how aroused he was despite the strategically placed tray, so she knew he was enjoying this in some sort of twisted way.

She continued, with her hands stroking and stroking, and Kyle fondling her big tits in return, "But I know what you're thinking: 'You two lovebirds have finished eating lunch, so what are you waiting for? Get back to work!' Right?"

She looked adoringly into her son's eyes. "What do you think, Sweetie? Are you feeling up to some more work? You want to breed Mommy some more, until my ovaries are so basted in your sperm-

sauce that I'll have no choice but to get knocked up and give birth to our beautiful child nine months from now?"

"Hell, yeah!" Kyle enthused. "Let's do it right now!" He suddenly knelt up in bed, bringing his tit play and even her handjob to an end. Then he all but carried her down to the middle of the bed, so she could lie flat on her back. He was about to lie on top of her.

But Julie had another idea. "Wait, Son! With your father here taking such keen interest, we should show him just how much fun your 'work' is. Again, this can be kind of an educational experience for him. You lie down and I'll ride you. That's probably my favorite position. Although, heck, all of them are equally great when it's with you!"

So they repositioned. Julie cleverly made sure that she wound up directly facing where her husband sat, so he'd be able to get a very good look at the sexual ecstasy on her face, and even stare deeply into her eyes as her son's huge boner drilled and possessed her, over and over again.

Jim was transfixed as he watched his wife sit up on their son, straddling his torso and then settling down over his crotch. He was in awe of her nude beauty, taking in the shape of her voluptuous figure, still so remarkably fit and firm after all these years, thanks to her vigorous exercise regimen. But more inspiring still was her raw sexuality, something that never really existed until Kyle unleashed it from deep inside her. Now, it was as if she truly was a goddess, a sex goddess of pure carnal desire.

But it turned out that was just the warm-up, because the sight of her slowing impaling herself down on her son's fat fuck-stick was even **MORE** hypnotizing! Jim was teetering on the edge of cumming already, to the point he'd had to stop stroking himself for fear of losing control. When he saw her sigh in bliss as her splayed out, swollen labia took in inch after inch of throbbing cock-meat, he was

so overcome that his boner started to tremble and then squirt out a hot load, right into his boxers and his shorts!

He was grateful that he still had the tray over his lap so nobody could see his shameful ejaculation, though Kyle and Julie were so into each other and the on-going slow impalement that they wouldn't have noticed his climax anyway.

After the last of Jim's cum load flooded his boxers and shorts, he continued to stare at the two incestuous lovers in breathless awe. His arousal wasn't diminished one iota after his climax ended.

Julie sank down, down, down. It seemed as if she took ten minutes to skewer herself down a 100 inches of cock, all of it much thicker than a Coke can, though of course those imaginings were wild exaggerations.

When she finally bottomed out, she let out a long, satisfied sigh. "Aaaah! Oh, Jim! You have no idea! Just no idea! Too bad you can't get inside my mind to see just how **INCREDIBLE** this feels! Size **DOES** matter!" She giggled.

Her words humiliated him even more, but he was far too fascinated by the fuck show in front of him to complain. Besides, how could he deny that size did matter, and that Kyle was clearly the superior lover? Feeling inadequate and jealous supercharged his own lust anyway.

After a minute or two, Julie mentally and physically adjusted to feeling her son balls-deep inside her, and finally began "riding" him cowgirl-style. She started rising up and down on him slowly and carefully at first, while he kicked back with his hands behind his head and a smug smirk on his face.

Jim wanted to get up, walk over, and smack that smirk right off Kyle's face. But it was more likely that he'd walk on water, all the

way across the ocean. He'd been firmly put in his place and there was no fight left in him. Kyle was king, and rightfully so.

Time passed. The fucking seemed impossibly hot and exciting from the very start. Yet, slowly but surely, it intensified even further. Julie began rising up and down more and more, though taking it slow all the while. She loved to churn and grind on her son, unexpectedly twisting her hips this way and that to keep him constantly thrilled with different kinds of pressure and tight contact.

Still more time passed. Jim was in awe of Kyle's stamina, as always, since the boy clearly wasn't anywhere close to cumming yet. But he was increasingly in awe of his wife's stamina too. He was proud of the way she exercised almost fanatically every day. All that training was paying off for her, because her constant bouncing and churning was very physically taxing. As she got more and more into it, moving faster and faster, sweat formed on her brow and even started rolling down her face. But it was clear that she too was just getting started. Mother and son could fuck all day long, and they were doing exactly that.

Jim just sat there watching as the fucking got yet more insistent and heated. Julie was riding Kyle like she truly was a cowgirl on a stallion. Her big naked tits jumping wildly though the air, although her son often "helped" them from swinging around too much by the way he liked to reach up to hold and caress them.

Their genitals made a wet smacking sound as they beat together. Over and over and over again! It was steady, rhythmic, and repetitive, but Jim never got bored watching. He thought, It's like both of them were genetically designed for sex. I guess I should feel proud that half of Kyle's make up comes from me... despite the fact he's stealing my wife away from me, right under my nose. I feel I'm like watching two Olympians at the top of their game, headed towards a gold medal. In fucking!

From time to time, Julie had made direct eye contact with his husband. She got off on seeing how aroused he clearly was. She was increasingly enjoying the fact that he was a cuckold, since having him watch made everything twice as hot. She got a twisted thrill from taunting and teasing him too, although she was trying not to be too cruel.

However, she didn't know what his new fetish would mean when she finally got pregnant and presumably had to go back to her normal life. She tried hard not to think about the future at all, because doing so could ruin her current fun.

Yet as more time passed and the fuck session intensified, she lost interest in her husband, due to the pleasures of riding her son's fat cock completely taking over her mind, and seemingly her very soul. Eventually, even though she was still directly facing Jim, she didn't even acknowledge her husband sitting there. When her eyes were open, she'd stare right through him or past him. Her eyes were distant and glazed over and her breathing rapid and desperate. Nothing else existed at that moment accept the hot young teen below her and the long, thick fruit of his loins.

Jim penis couldn't get erect again, since he was far from as virile as his son. But even so, his arousal remained off the charts from watching his son and wife. He continued to sit there and stare all the way through the fuck session, with the crotch of his shorts soaked from his ejaculation, plus even more pre-cum dribbling out of him.

He particularly loved it whenever Julie loudly climaxed, which was surprisingly often. He figured, correctly, that she could have more orgasms in one day with Kyle that in a year with him, and a totally different kind of orgasm each time too. But he realized that her orgasms didn't matter that much to her, because she was essentially experiencing one endless orgasm to the entire time, so long as his son was filling her up. Especially when she was on top, she could control the pace and intensity of their coupling, making sure she was

always peaking with pleasure that was probably beyond anything Jim could feel or imagine, even with his extra intense cuckold lust.

After maybe twenty minutes, Julie got too tired to keep the cowgirl position going, and they switched to Kyle fucking her doggy-style. They kept switching from time to time, but they kept returning to the cowgirl, since Julie was always at least dimly aware that Jim was there and watching, and she wanted to put on a highly visual show for him to help deepen his cuckold fetish.

That approach was working. Jim was helplessly in thrall to his new, strange lust for watching. He was starting to realize that he was delusional to think that he could just wish that away and go back to "normal."

Finally, after what seemed like several hours to Jim but was actually around one hour, Kyle gave up and blasted another hot cum load deep into his mother. But even as his body jerked and twitched in orgasmic rapture, it was as if both he and she were in some deep trance, completely consumed with each other to the point that the outside world ceased to exist.

Even after Kyle's orgasm finished, the two of them continued to hold each other and stare deeply into each other's eyes, with Jim totally forgotten despite the fact that he was nearly close enough to reach out and touch either of them.

Feeling sad and yet totally sexually satiated, Jim got up and silently walked back to Kyle's room to rest. He was more worried than ever before about the future of his marriage, after what he'd seen.

He thought, I have to admit that if I was Julie, I would never want to stop getting fucked by Kyle. What they share is something truly extraordinary. Maybe one in a million couples are fit and athletic enough, attractive enough, sexually talented enough, and generally genetically blessed enough to even come close to having sex that emotionally and physically intense. It's no wonder they're fucking

about as much as they physically can, driving themselves to exhaustion. I would do the same thing, especially if I was in Kyle's shoes. Lucky motherfucker! Literally!

But what that does mean for the future?! Here I am, going through a living hell thanks to my son blackmailing me, but probably all in vain. Either my marriage dies in an instant when she finds out about my cheating, or it'll die slowly and torturously as her lust for Kyle dominates her mind. I'm totally screwed either way!

Is there no way out?!

Chapter 16

After Jim napped, and he changed out of his cum-soaked boxers and shorts and into some casual pants, he watched **TV** downstairs. Again, it was mostly to just pass the time. He found a rerun of the first "Die Hard" movie, which he really liked. But even with all the action and excitement in it, his thoughts were mostly on what might be happening upstairs.

He saw very little of his wife and son the whole evening. He was emotionally shook up by the fuck session he'd witnessed earlier, to the point he was too daunted to spy on them some more. He didn't see how his marriage could possibly survive. He dreaded Julie telling him that she was going to keep getting fucked by Kyle, whether she was already impregnated by him or not.

He felt miserable, because he loved her. It was true he'd cheated on her recently, and he was beginning to understand that they'd never really clicked on a sexual level as they should have. (*That was true on a physical level, with his penis being too thin for a good fit with her vagina, but also on other levels.*) Yet in all other ways, he felt he'd been a good husband and she'd been a good wife. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her and living alone.

He also, quite simply, was sexually wiped out. His penis had been erect off and on for about half the way, and that was way beyond the norm for him. His body was "crying uncle."

However, although he didn't go back upstairs, he couldn't escape the fucking so long as he was in the house. Even with the **TV** on loud, he lost count of the times he heard Julie's faint groans and screams echoing from the upstairs. He figured that, clearly, the door to the master bedroom remained at least partially open, and they didn't

care if he heard them or not. (*Actually, they did care, and they wanted him to hear, to help deepen his cuckold fetish even more.*)

Late in the evening, there was a period of silence when it came to his wife's usual frequent orgasmic noises. Jim had fallen asleep on the couch for a while with the **TV** still on. Curiosity and lust finally got the best of him again. He snuck upstairs to peek into his own master bedroom.

The room was dark, lit only by the moonlight. Kyle sat on a chair in the center of the room. Julie was on top, facing him in an intimate position called "the swan." Jim directly knew it from back when he and his wife had had a more active sex life. It also was a position Kyle and her had used a couple of days prior, when Jim had first heard them copulating.

Jim was struck with the beauty of the scene. Their bodies had a sweaty sheen in the moonlight. As they kissed slowly and passionately, Julie's hips glided in a slow yet steady rhythm up and back.

Jim realized, This isn't mere "copulation." This love making at its most intense! My wife and son are truly making love!

Jim couldn't help but marvel at the sight. A handsome, muscular teenage hunk was sitting beneath the voluptuous body of a middle aged beauty. Their bodies rocked in unison, like a slow intricate dance.

Although Jim couldn't see what was happening inside Julie's body, he had a sense that Kyle's cock was plunging even deeper inside her than what had become normal for him. Sure enough, Jim's guess was right, because the top inch of Kyle's rock-hard cock was squeezed all the way up inside Julie's uterus. Her tight cervical ring slipped back and forth across the sensitive glans of his crown as she rocked her strong hips against him. Their mutual pleasure was even greater than usual.

Their genitals ground together in wicked, incestuous baby-making. Their tongues twisted and flailed together wildly as they madly kissed at the same time. Julie's huge, sweaty tits squashed against her son's strong teenage chest.

Jim had seen, heard, and even smelled many things in the last day or two that drove him further into his current cuckold delirium. But out of all the titillating provocations hed witnessed, the sight of mother and son well and truly passionately making love by the moonlight was the most moving for him.

He found himself thinking, How can this be wrong?! Just look at them! They're so deeply in love! It almost brings tears to my eyes. Even though I'm her damn fucking husband, for crying out loud, I'd feel bad trying to keep them apart. They belong together like this! Look at her, her gorgeous naked body lit by the moon, lightly bouncing on his cock! She belongs impaled on his cock! She really does!

Her body is way too hot and sexy for the likes of me. But she's a perfect fit for him. Literally! His cock and her cunt go together like hand in glove. It's so obvious! With me, she's just a typical housewife in suburbia, married to a typical businessman. Booooring! But with him, she's an unabashed, wanton, and wild slut! **HIS** slut! And the incest makes it all so much hotter! This is her true nature, serving his big fat cock, and getting fucked day and night! I really should quietly step away and let them go at it.

Wait! What the fuck am I saying?! That may all be true, but it's a moot point. I'm her husband, and she's emotionally bonded to **ME** for life! We still do love each other. And the glory of their coupling is irrelevant because they're mother and son. They can't keep going or they're bound to get caught eventually. They'll wind up in jail or worse. Normality may be boring, but it works. What I'm witnessing is magical, yes, but sometimes something is magical precisely because it only happens once in a blue moon.

Somehow, someway, I've gotta get my wife back! I know it seems almost impossible now, but maybe they both will honor their promises and stop the fucking once her ovulation ends. All I can do is hope and pray.

Jim continued to just stand and stare. He couldn't move even if he wanted to. It was like he'd been frozen into a statue, except for his revived erection, which wildly twitched and throbbed inside his pants.

Then Julie spoke some words that sent Jim over the edge almost into true insanity.

She moved her lips to Kyle's ear, with her arms encircling him, holding him tight. She whispered, "Oh, my amazing baby boy... make love to Mommy... **FOREVER!** And I do mean 'forever!'"

That cut Jim like a knife plunging through his heart. It was one thing to fantasize that mother and son deserved to make love to each other eternally. It was another thing entirely to hear said mother express nearly that exact same sentiment out loud. It raised the prospect that Jim's marriage was ultimately doomed. If Kyle and Julie were drawn together sexually by an overwhelming, irresistible force, how could he resist that? What could he possibly do but get out of the way?!

Then, to make matters still worse, he heard Julie coo, "Son, **I NEED** your cock in my cunt! I don't just want it; **I NEED** it! What am I going to do with you when our time is up?! It's so good! Too good!"

Such words further cut Jim, like that knife repeatedly stabbing him all over his chest.

But, paradoxically, the more he despaired, the more aroused he got! His cuckold fetish was kicking into a higher gear.

In fact, Jim was suddenly so overwhelmed by arousal that he sensed he had to do something fast or he would spontaneously orgasm. He moved away from the partially open door, and made it halfway down the hall. He intended to retreat all the way back to Kyle's room, but he was unable to make it that far.

Instead, he leaned back against the hallway wall as felt his boner begin to wildly spit cum within his pants.

It was the greatest orgasm he'd ever experienced so far, even though he wasn't even stimulating his penis at the time. He just about lost consciousness as his climax seemed to stretch out for eternity, although in reality it actually only lasted a few seconds, as usual. For the first time, he truly understood why the French term for "orgasm," "petite mort," translated into English as "little death."

He correctly sensed the reason his climax was so extremely intense was because it went far beyond the mere physical experience. Much more important was the emotional experience that was tied up with it. His brain seemed to be bursting with powerful emotions. Many, if not most of them, were negative, such as jealousy, regret, humiliation, inadequacy, anger, and so on. But even so, the simple sheer power of his emotions was a multiplier, causing his orgasmic peak to reach previously unknown and even unimagined heights.

Exhausted, he finally staggered the rest of the way to Kyle's bed. He laid down on it to recover.

From there, he could hear that Kyle and Julie kept on rocking and fucking for what seemed like hours.

They floated together on their orgasmic cloud of love. For them too, they experienced previously unreached heights of love and passion. As great as their usual fucking was, it turned out that making love felt even better, mostly due to the fact that they loved each other so deeply to begin with. It was as easy as pie for them to take that foundation of love and build on it with their new sexual intimacy,

both raw, animalistic passion at times and tender care at other times.

Eventually, though, any sort of fucking has its inevitable conclusion. Kyle's balls began to boil. Long thick ropes of potent teenage spunk spat out of his pisshole and shot directly into his mother's womb.

An aggressive army of Kyle's sperm swam forward into Julie's fallopian tubes, each one eager to seek out and penetrate the waiting egg. With much passionate fucking going on, it was inevitable that some sperm would arrive and find the prized pearl, already coated with thousands of flailing tadpoles, each one desperately seeking entrance.

Conception was inevitable.

Chapter 17

It was late Monday morning. Much had changed in the last 24 hours. On Sunday morning, after having one last long fuck with her son, Julie had come downstairs for breakfast and had admitted to Kyle and Jim that her ovulation period must have ended. That meant the three-day incestuous fuck marathon had ended too.

The timing was fortunate in the sense that Kyle and Julie were both utterly fucked out. The two of them had spent nearly all of Sunday in bed, napping off and on and generally recovering.

Both of them were very sad that they had to spend the day in separate beds. But the time of them frolicking naked in bed together was officially over.

But fit and young people can be remarkably resilient. By the time Monday morning came around, Kyle more or less felt like an energetic teenager again. Since it was still summer vacation, he was at the park shooting hoops with some of his friends when he saw his mother's car pull up and stop.

Julie got out of the vehicle and strolled down to a picnic table near the court. She wore on a short denim skirt, a form-fitting black V-neck, and a pair of black, strapless, high-heeled thong sandals.

Her outfit was unusual to say the least, in terms of her pre-"breeding" days. Normally, she dressed to try to blend into a crowd, because her stunning face, hourglass figure, and especially her ridiculously large breasts gave her way more public attention than she wanted.

Kyle definitely took note of the fact that she was "dressed to kill." His penis sat up and took notice too. Within seconds, he was forced

to adjust his shorts so his friends wouldn't notice his new urgent erection.

As she got closer to the picnic table, she gave him a cute little wave.

Just that simple gesture made Kyle's cock twitch dangerously in his shorts. His was suddenly flooded with fantastic memories of their three-day fuck marathon.

"Be right back guys," he said, hurrying towards his mother, who had just taken a sat at the picnic table.

As he hustled off, he heard one of his friends mutter, "Fucking shoot me! Is she for real, or did I just die and go to heaven?!"

The other friends laughed knowingly, because they'd seen Julie on previous occasions and knew exactly how that friend felt.

Kyle waited until he was at the picnic table before he dared to speak. "Hey, Mom... Is everything okay?" He quickly sat down at the table across from her in order to help hide the lewd bulge in his shorts.

Now that he was much closer, the first thing his tit-obsessed mind noticed was that Julie's black V-neck top was extremely tight, and yet there was no sign of the industrial-strength bra-straps needed to keep her huge breasts contained. In other words, she was going bra-less again!

That gave him a boost of hope that his ultimate dream was still achievable.

Then he carefully stared at her face to try to better gauge her mood. He was startled to notice a little tear rolling down one of her cheeks. The tear seemed totally out of place, because she otherwise looked the exact opposite of sad. In fact, her lips curled into a wonderful, toothy smile that radiated pure love for him.

She paused dramatically, and took a deep breath. That simple move set her bra-free knockers wobbling wildly inside her tight black top. Then, knowing that nobody else was within hearing range, she quietly but proudly announced, "Kyle... my love... I'm pregnant!"

"Yes!" Kyle cheered. He pumped a victorious fist in the air.

He'd been sitting on the opposite side of the picnic table, but he quickly fixed that. He charged over around the table until he was sitting right next to her. Then he enveloped her in a big tit-squashing hug.

Julie giggled at his enthusiasm.

It was all he could do not to kiss her on her lips again. He was mindful that they were in a public place. Even though his friends had already gone back to shooting hoops, he was especially concerned that some of them might see.

But most of all, he restrained himself because he was trying to give her time.

He was still playing his "long game." He figured that to win his incredible mother, it wouldn't be easy. Sometimes it was one or two steps forward, but other times it was a necessary step back. Ever since she announced on Sunday morning that her ovulation period had ended, he'd behaved like a perfect gentleman. He hadn't tried to cop a feel, or kiss her, or even say anything flirty whatsoever. His thinking was that if they were going to continue their sexual intimacy together, it was vital that she took the next steps of her own free will, instead of feeling forced or pressured by him.

She too had been on her best behavior since that time. Thus, she also pulled back from the hug without even a peck on his cheek. Secretly, she was very disappointed not to feel her lips on hers and his tongue dancing inside her mouth, but she let it go.

She gazed into his eyes with a joyous grin. "We did it!"

Kyle's enthusiasm was growing as the enormity of the news sank in. Ideally, he would have loved to have another ovulation period to enjoy another fuck marathon in one month's time, but he knew the odds that he hadn't knocked her up were nearly zero, given how many times he'd squirted into her vagina in recent days.

His number one goal was to make her his willing slut. But right up there was impregnating her too. If nothing else, now they would always have that special secret bonding them together in a new way.

"Does Dad know yet?" he asked.

"No... I wanted to tell you first," she honestly told him. "After all, the genetic father should be the first to know, don't you think?"

"Wow," Kyle said with pride. His entire body tingled with goose bumps. He spoke his thoughts out loud. "Who could believe?! I'm only 18, and already a dad!"

"I never had a doubt... **THANK YOU!**" Julie said, her eyes gleaming.

"My pleasure." Kyle muttered. He thought, Understatement of the century!

"Literally." Julie giggled.

"Yeah, that's for sure!" Kyle said with wide eyes and a silly grin.

He and Julie shared a lingering stare.

An awkward silence followed.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, Julie stood up from the picnic bench, causing him to stand up too. She took his hands in hers, and then took a step back.

Her eyes remained locked with his, like they were two lovers sharing a pivotal moment.

In fact, that's exactly what they were (*or at least had been*), and what they were doing.

Julie admitted with a sly grin, "Well, I must confess that even though our intention was merely for you to breed me... it was my pleasure too. Literally!" She finished that with cute little giggle.

For what seemed like forever, their eyes gazed into one another's with deep, wicked meaning.

Kyle carnally desired her so badly that it hurt like a deadly physical wound. But he was determined that he had to give her space to want to come to him on her own. He was willing to wait, even if it took a long time. She was worth it.

Julie took another step back from him. Her long red nails grazed his fingertips as they very nearly broke physical contact.

There was another long pause. For some reason, both of their hearts raced faster and faster, even though the big pregnancy news had already been revealed. The tension skyrocketed too. One could have cut the air with a knife.

Her cheeks were turning red from blushing. She shyly asked, "Well... I guess... I'll see you home for dinner then?"

"Yeah." Kyle muttered. He tried not to show it, but his disappointment was clearly written on his face. Even though they were no longer lovers, at least for now, simply parting from her was quite painful for him.

"Unless..." Julie started to say. She looked and felt like a nervous teenage girl coping with the object of her very first crush. Except she was no mere girl, and had an incredible, voluptuous **MILF** body.

She subtly repositioned, including arching her back. That caused her enormous breasts to thrust way out, stretching the thin black cotton fabric.

"Unless what?!" Kyle asked, suddenly filled with even more hope. His erection strained inside his shorts.

She glanced down at the lewd bulge in his shorts and unthinkingly licked her lips. "Unless... unless you'd rather come home with me now?" She nervously bit her bottom lip.

The two of them beamed at each other with smiles so brilliant that their mutual joy seemed to eclipse the brightness of the sun.

Kyle didn't even need to speak to say how much he approved of that idea. He was too excited to speak.

Chapter 18

Since it was another Monday, Jim was back at work. He tried to focus at his office that day, but it was a long, hard slog. He knew Julie had a morning doctor's appointment to see about her possible pregnancy.

He didn't want to be haunted by his cuckold fantasies all day long. It was just too painful, even if the arousal he felt was strangely powerful and addictive. So he threw himself into his work like a maniac.

It worked for a while, but it became increasingly tough for him to concentrate. More and more, his thoughts turned to his wife's pregnancy. It wasn't just that he'd been looking forward to having a second child. Some twisted part of him really got off on the fact that his son would be the father, after all that non-stop "breeding." But another part of him dreaded having to bring up someone else's child, especially his own son's child.

He didn't even know what he really wanted anymore. But simply not knowing the result yet was killing him.

He started to get nervous when lunchtime arrived and Julie still hadn't called. That was very unlike her, especially since she'd promised him to let him know right away.

As he was eating his lunch in the office building's restaurant, a friendly co-worker named Al wandered in and sat down next to him, since he was alone.

"What's up, Jim? You don't seem yourself today," Al said.

"Nah, my wife had a doctor's appointment this morning, so I'm just a little concerned." Jim carefully worded this to imply that Julie was

experiencing some kind of sickness, since he obviously didn't want to talk about the pregnancy possibility with anybody.

"Well, have you tried calling her?" Al asked.

"Yeah... she's, uh... not answering her cell," Jim said glumly. He added to himself, That is true, and it's highly unusual for her. She always keeps her phone changed and with her.

He felt a surge of lust and jealousy as he thought, At least that's true when she's wearing clothes! What if she's naked right now?! With **HIM**?!

"Uh-oh, you know what that means?" Al said teasingly.

"No, what?" Jim asked.

Al stood up and readied to walk away. He was just passing through and being friendly, since he'd already eaten lunch.

But before he left, Al said, "They say if a wife doesn't answer a cell she's either dropped it in the gutter somewhere... or she's got her legs wrapped up around some lucky guy." He chuckled, oblivious to what an explosive issue that was for Jim.

Jim sat back in his chair. He could scarcely even breathe as he imagined Kyle lying naked on his wife, slowly feeding what seemed like an endlessly long cock deeper and deeper into her hot, tight furnace.

He wished with all his might that was really true and happening right now, and he wished with all his might that it wasn't. He was seriously fucked up.

Long after Al disappeared out of sight, he stared off into space in deep contemplation. The words he heard his wife whisper to Kyle

their final night of "breeding" came back to him. They burned a hole in his heart.

He recalled her saying, "Oh, my amazing baby boy... make love to Mommy... **FOREVER!** And I do mean 'forever!'"

Jim sat at his desk for about an hour after lunch, but it was hopeless. He wasn't getting anything done whatsoever, because all he could think about was the pregnancy news, and why Julie hadn't called him yet. Has something gone dreadfully wrong?! Certainly she has to know **SOMETHING** by now, one way or the other!

Furthermore, he had the additional irritation of having to avoid his own secretary, Dora. They hadn't really had an in-depth heart-to-heart talk since he'd been caught fucking her by Kyle. He kept putting it off, because everything seemed up in the air for him. Would he even still have a marriage worth saving in another month or a year? He didn't know.

It was true that "normality" had officially returned to his family. Ever since Sunday morning, he was back in place at the head of the household. Only he was allowed to touch his bombshell wife in any intimate way. Once again, she belonged to him and him alone.

But even though Julie repeatedly reassured him that was the case, he didn't feel that it was. He couldn't help but notice that she was less than enthusiastic. For instance, although he was allowed to kiss her on her lips again, when he tried to do that on Sunday, she turned her head slightly and exchanged kisses on the cheeks instead.

He understood that she would want and need some time before having sex with him again. She was completely exhausted, and her pussy was sore for good measure. Furthermore, he knew he wouldn't be ready for any kind of intimacy for a long while, even if she was. Kyle bested him so very thoroughly that it would be a long, tough road for him to get any sort of sexual confidence back, with

any woman, and that was especially true with his wife. Had she tried to get frisky with him, he was sure it would end in disaster, with him not even able to get an erection.

That said, it hurt him that she apparently didn't even want to kiss his lips.

And while she said all the right things, and dressed and behaved like a proper wife for all of Sunday, he could tell it wasn't that simple. For one thing, whenever she was in the same room as Kyle, she clearly struggled not to stare at him with lust and longing. Usually she succeeded, but mostly by avoiding looking his way at all. Things were very awkward all around.

But it was even worse when he was with her without Kyle. She tended to just sit and stare off into space, lost deep in thought. He had no doubt what she was thinking about during these times: getting fucked by her sex machine of a son!

That had just been a single awkward and trying day. Jim had no idea how he'd manage to carry on if things continued like this day after day, and week after week, as he was all but certain it would.

Then the pregnancy issue was haunting him on top of that. He didn't know which was worse, if the doctor said she was pregnant or if she wasn't. If she was pregnant, then she and Kyle would have a new and powerful bond, and one that would be a constant reminder of their wild three-day breeding session for decades to come. Kyle was supposed to just fade back to being a son and leave the father role to Jim, but would he really do that? What if he essentially took over some or all of the fathering role for the new baby, and Julie willingly let him?!

But as disturbing as that seemed, it was probably even worse for Jim if she found out she hadn't been impregnated yet. That would mean another breeding session in one month's time! If mother and son

could even wait that long. Jim worried that with the way things were going, they're probably start "practicing" before then.

On a whim, Jim suddenly decided that he couldn't wait around his office any longer. Luckily, he was in a powerful position in his company and was effectively his own boss, with several employees under him. He could make up an excuse to leave early and nobody would bat an eye. So he did just that. Right as two o'clock rolled around, he got in his car and headed for home. He just had to know what was going on, and why Julie hadn't called him yet!

By the time Jim made it home, he was an emotional wreck. It was true what he'd repeatedly told Julie lately, that the not knowing was what tortured him the most. As he parked his car in the garage, he noticed Julie's car was there too (*along with his beat up old Toyota*).

This made him angry. Son of a bitch! If she's home, why the hell wouldn't she call me?! We still have a landline phone, so I don't want to hear any excuse about her losing her phone or letting it go dead. I'll bet she's upstairs with him! Fucking!

Then, entering the house, Jim saw something that plunged him to the depths of darkest despair. All of his worst fears were realized! It was a trail of clothes, starting at the front foyer and leading up the stairs. He saw his wife's short denim skirt, her black V-neck, and her black high-heeled thong sandals, all tossed aside here and there. That was bad enough. But worse was seeing that Kyle's shoes, socks, shorts, and T-shirt were littered up the stairs as well!

Jim fell to his knees, tilted his head back, and clutched towards the sky with both hands. **WHY**?! Oh why?! Why was I such a fool?! Cheating on my wife, my perfect gorgeous wife, when I love her so much?! How did I lose interest in her sexually and want to seduce Dora instead, when Dora isn't half the woman she is, and not a total sex goddess like she is?!

This is all my fault! This is my karma, my retribution! My wife and son are fucking up a storm upstairs, I'm sure, and I all but put them there! **UNGH!**

He continued to gesticulate dramatically while on his knees. He was strangely silent, but it was like he was screaming inside his own mind. I'd hoped so hard that things could get back to normal, or at least some kind of pretense of normal. For the last 24 hours, at least I had some reason for hope. But now, **THIS!** No hope! No chance! Surely, our marriage is over! Or, if it continues, it'll only be a sham, a farce, a joke. Clearly, I can't compete. My son is the better man. More handsome. Stronger. Younger. Smarter, even. But mainly he's so fucking hung and virile! Sexually talented and insatiable!

Of **COURSE** she can't resist him, after he owned and smashed her pussy for three days straight! She's only human. I guess in hindsight it's a wonder she even held out for 24 hours before they started up again! I'm so **FUCKED! I** just lost the best wife I could ever hope to have. All those years of marriage, down the drain!

He slumped further to the floor in abject defeat. What's the point of even trying to fight this? I'd only humiliate myself even more. If I was in her shoes and I had to choose between Kyle and me, I'd pick Kyle in a heartbeat. I wouldn't even have to think about it. That's just the brutal reality. I guess I'm good at making money, and I'm a nice enough guy. But Kyle... he's my superior in every way! I think I've seen the writing on the wall for a couple of days now. I have no fight left in me. None!

Jim felt so utterly destroyed that for once his weird cuckold lust was kept at bay by the intensity of his sorrow. But that lust was still inside him, waiting to come out. And, as he was starting to dimly understand, his emotional turmoil and humiliation was like rocket fuel, capable of sending that lust soaring high into orbit.

Even as he was mentally writing the final obituary on his marriage, a part of him was keenly listening for any tell-tale sexual sounds coming from upstairs. His new cuckold psychology was so messed up that at that very moment, when he was deciding all hope was lost, he actually felt disappointed not to hear them loudly fucking! It made no logical sense whatsoever, but that's how he felt.

In fact, his curiosity about why there was no audible fucking going on grew so strong that he found himself standing up and starting to walk up the stairs. He felt exactly like a puppet being controlled by someone else. He actually yelled in his mind for his feet to stop, but they didn't stop. He was trapped in a true nightmare, his worst nightmare imaginable, and yet there was a big part of him that was eager to peek in on the incestuous couple and hopefully see them at least pleasuring each other in some way.

Once he got upstairs, he staggered forward towards the master bedroom like some kind of slowly shuffling zombie. He told himself not to go there, not to look, but it was as if he was being pulled into that room by a tractor beam. Worse, the closer he got, the more his arousal came back! In fact, it hit him like a giant tsunami. He was swept away figuratively and swept forward literally.

Jim was in such a wasted, hopeless state that he didn't care much if they noticed him or not. He figured all was lost in any case. But maybe out of habit after spying on them through this very door so much in recent days, as he got closer, he switching into spying mode. He was grateful the door was partially open, as had become usual lately, so he could peek in without much danger of being seen.

His heart swelled with joy at what he saw! His marriage had turned into a sham and his entire life had turned into some kind of cruel joke, and yet he actually rejoiced! It made no sense whatsoever, but then again, none of his cuckolding feelings made any sense to him.

He saw Julie and Kyle lying naked in bed, side by side. They weren't fucking, but it was clear they'd been doing a lot of fucking recently. With the way Julie's legs happened to be sprawled out, he could see clear to her pussy and noticed how it was absolutely drenched, both with her own pussy juices, but even more so with Kyle's thicker and whiter cum. Rivulets of his fertile seed trickled far down her inner thighs. Her pussy lips were red and swollen too, no doubt from lots of recent pounding.

Jim was so psyched to see that proof of renewed fucking that it actually put a big smile on his face. His heart was breaking all over again at the exact same time, but his bizarre cuckold lust was the even more powerful emotion.

Her well-fucked pussy was just part of the overall picture. The two of them were awake and staring deeply into each other's eyes, showing their powerful love for each other. No doubt, they were resting after some strenuous fucking, but they already had regained much of their sexual energy, because Kyle's dick was stiff again and Julie was holding it and casually stroking it up and down. Furthermore, Kyle was idly diddling her clit with one hand and tweaking a stiff nipple with his other hand.

Jim didn't know when it happened, or how it happened, but after taking this all in, he realized that his penis was fully erect again! He wanted to cry about that fact. His body was betraying him over and over again. But it felt so good, so intense. It seemed he didn't have much choice anyway, since he was completely in thrall to his cuckold desires, so he might as well enjoy what pleasure he could to take his mind off his marriage disaster.

Mother and son were in the middle of talking, and Jim listened intently.

Julie said, "Son, I just don't know what to do with you. What to do with Jim! These past 24 hours have been like hell on earth to me.

I've felt ripped in two. I want so much to be a good and loyal wife to him. I really do love him, even now. We have so much history together. But I can't deny my desire for you! It's just too strong to resist! In fact, it's not even **FAIR!** Just look at your cock!"

Kyle and Julie stared down at his erection, and her fingers sliding up and down it.

Naturally, Jim stared there too, with just part of his head peeking past the door.

Julie went on, "You just fucked me for the better part of three hours! **THREE HOURS!** How is that even possible?! I felt lucky if Jim fucked me for fifteen minutes before cumming and being done for the night. And that's no knock on him. He's what's typical. I know, 'cos I've compared notes with lots of other wives and girlfriends, and their men are all the same."

Her eyes opened wide. "But not only do you fuck me more than should be humanly possible, but you're fully erect already! **AGAIN!** You came inside me three times since we got home, and squirted what seems like another gallon of your baby-makers into me, and yet here you are. So stiff and hot, and throbbing with life!"

Kyle modestly replied, "What can I say except that you inspire me? You know I was far from a virgin before I started fucking you. I've fucked lots of girls. But I never fucked any of them for three hours off and on, or anything close to that. Whereas with you, today, I feel like I'm just getting warmed up."

"**OH GOD!**" Julie wailed.

"What?" Kyle asked.

She started stroking his fat cock faster, and with both hands as her arousal grew. "That sounds so great! Son, I need you! I need your cock! I need it in my cunt at all times! All I want to do is be your

slut! Your naked, naughty, well-fucked, big-titted mommy slut! But that's just my fantasy, how I feel. In reality, we both it's not physically possible for us to fuck 24 hours a day!"

He grinned widely. "If it was, I'd do it with you until the end of time!"

She grinned back. "I know you would, and I would too. But that's the problem."

She repositioned, moving down his body. She let go of his boner to push his legs apart and then lay down between them with her head right at his crotch.

He still was idly pinching and tweaking one of her nipples, but he had to stop when her chest moved out of range. He mildly complained, "Hey, where are you taking my favorite titties?"

She chuckled. "Don't worry, Son, they'll always be there for you. As far as I'm concerned, **I AM** your mommy slut from now on. I don't know what's going to happen with Jim, but I can't imagine a future without you fucking me and using me every day and every night!" She took his boner back in hand and resumed stroking it.

Kyle raised both hands in victory. "Sweet! That's the best news I've ever heard! Come back up here and let's celebrate with more kissing and fucking!"

She chuckled. "Hold your horses, my boy. That's the problem, all this fucking."

"What do you mean?!"

"Like I said, there are physical limits. When we had to stop fucking on Saturday night, I was so very sad. It just about broke my heart. But what made stopping a lot easier was that I was physically ruined. I mean I was **DEAD!** Utterly destroyed! Not just in terms of

sheer exhaustion, but I was sore all over. Especially my cunt. My poor, poor cunt. She'd been crying uncle for most of the past three days!" She chuckled.

Then she continued, as she happily stroked his thickness, "I was actually grateful Sunday was a sex-free day. I needed it. I think we would have had to stop for a while even if I was still ovulating. I was at the end of my rope. I've partially recovered since then, thanks to some long, hot baths and Jim kindly giving me a great neck and back massage. But your last three hours of relentless pussy pounding has left my cunt crying for mercy again already. I swear, she's on fire and there's smoke rising from between my legs!" She chuckled some more.

Kyle frowned. "But that's bad! It's only, like, 2:30. We've got at least three hours of prime fucking time until Dad comes home. Even after he's home, now that we're back at it, I don't want to stop."

She answered, "I don't want to stop either. I'm sure we'll find a way somehow, although I don't know how. But... we have to acknowledge some natural physical limits. I'm not saying we can't fuck some more today. We can and we will. But, we have to pace ourselves. That's why I'm down here, staring right at all this yummy cock-meat!" She smiled and hungrily licked her lips.

He asked, "Yeah, why are you down there?"

She smiled wickedly. "You've been so big on breeding me in recent days that you're neglecting other tempting options. True, I really put my foot down on the no blowjobs, no titfucks, etcetera, but that was then and this is now! Things have changed, wouldn't you say?"

Then, to Kyle's utter amazement and great joy, she leaned in and ostentatiously lapped her tongue on and around his fat cockhead.

He clutched his hands to the sides of his head, shut his eyes, and clenched his teeth! "**OH MY GOD!**"

It wasn't that the pleasure of her licking was that outstanding. In fact, it felt about as pleasurable as if she'd been stroking him with two hands instead of one, and she'd done a lot of that in recent days. But it was the symbolism and implication of that act that filled him with boundless joy.

He thought, Here I am, still trying to achieve my ultimate dream. I'd expected it would take weeks to get to the point that Mom would choose me over her marriage and declare that she wants to be his slut. And yet it's already happening, after just one full day of me going without her! Furthermore, her tongue on my cock is a sign that all bets were off, all rules are thrown out the window!

Jim was continuing to watch every move between the two lovers with great intensity, although he was frustrated that he was all the way across the room and sometimes didn't have the right angle to see all the action. For instance, he could tell that Julie had just started to lick Kyle's cock, but he couldn't see it since her head was in the way.

Even so, Jim felt curiously triumphant. More than ever before, in some bizarre way he was living vicariously through his son. It was ironic, since Julie was his wife and she had licked his cock sometimes (*though very rarely, especially in recent years*), so he knew exactly how that felt. But he actually felt much more joy and pleasure imagining what Kyle was feeling than when he'd directly experienced that from the very same woman!

Kyle rubbed his hands all over his head, including his face, as if he was suffering through a painful "ice cream freeze."

Julie looked up and chuckled. "What?" She lapped on his cockhead some more.

He tried to explain, "It's just... **UGH!** It feels so good, for starters! Your tongue on my cock! But more than that, this means

ANYTHING is possible! Right?! Oral sex, titfucking, cunnilingus, sixty-nining, footjobs, anal sex-"

She interrupted him, "Whoa, there, mister! You're right, anything **IS** possible! I want to be the kind of slut for you who **NEVER** says no! But... anal sex? I'm not so sure about that. Again, we've gotta respect certain physical limitations. You might just be too thick to ever enter my back door."

"But still!" Kyle was riding high. "All the rest! My **GOD!** So many possibilities! All my dreams are coming true! All of them, at once! With you, Mom, with you! I know I could fuck tons of girls, but all I want is you!"

"Awww, that's so sweet!" She flashed him a big, toothy smile. "That makes me so happy, Sweetie. You have no idea. I think your powerful, naughty cock needs a very special reward, after that! And I know just the thing!"

Giving Kyle one of the biggest and most enjoyable shocks of his life, Julie tilted her head forward and down, and swallowed all of his cockhead in one fell swoop! It wasn't an easy task, because he really was remarkably endowed, but she was determined.

Chapter 19

Kyle had just lowered his hands from his head and opened his eyes, but he tilted his head back and clutched his head with both hands again when he saw what was happening and felt the resulting rush of extreme pleasure. "**OH MY GOD! YOU'RE SUCKING MY COCK! MY GODDESS MOTHER IS SUCKING MY COCK!**"

Jim already had a good idea what was going on from closely watching the positioning of his wife's head. But Kyle's words made perfectly clear what was happening, and that sent Jim's lust and joy soaring, even as caused his jealousy and frustration to spike as well.

Jim found himself so very aroused by this that he was all but forced to make himself more comfortable. He'd still been wearing his three piece suit from work. He shucked his jacket off and tossed it as far as he could behind him down the hall, and then loosened his tie. Most importantly, he unzipped his fly and started stroking his still very insistent erection.

As he did so, he rode confusing waves of desire mixed with resentment, anger, and other emotions. At the moment, most of his lusty anger was directed at Julie. Suck it, bitch! You shameless **SLUT!** Suck your son's impossibly thick cock! I hope you stretch your lips until it hurts! And get used to that pain, because now he's going to make you suck him all the time!

Karma's a bitch for you too, bitch! This is what you get for falling in love with your very own son! He's so damn virile and fit that his cock is stiff pretty much all the time! Which means youd damn well better love choking and slurping on his cock, 'cos you're gonna be doing it every damn day!

Jim felt so horny and deranged that he relished the idea of Kyle getting to face-fuck his wife all the time, even though that would be another nail in the coffin of his marriage. He was well past any sort of logic and just operating on some kind of primal emotional level.

Meanwhile, Julie was struggling to cope with the sheer size of her son's cock in her mouth. She was proud that she'd managed to get all of his cockhead inside, but her lips were stretching painfully (*just as Jim predicted*) and it was a constant struggle simply for her to keep it in her mouth.

However, she was doggedly determined. She didn't know if she enjoyed blowing him yet, but she considered it vitally important that she learn to do it, if only to help give her pussy more of a rest.

Luckily, she discovered she enjoyed it pretty much from the very start, despite the great difficulty. She'd always dearly loved her son in a motherly way, and she didn't think it was possible to love him more. But now they were sexually intimate, her love for him was way off the charts even compared to before. Knowing that she was giving him great pleasure gave her great pleasure too, creating kind of a positive feedback loop. Just hearing his constant erotic moans was all the reward she needed to stay inspired for her strenuous oral effort.

But it turned out that was just part of the overall picture. She'd hated sucking Jim's penis, but there was something about the sheer size of Kyle's pole that made sucking it a tough challenge she relished. And she felt degraded and humiliated in a bad way doing it with her husband, but those same feelings with her son drove her absolutely wild with rapturous euphoria.

As a result, after just a minute or two getting over the worst of her troubles with his thickness, she began bobbing up and down on him, and doing it with real enthusiasm and energy.

Kyle noticed her attitude, and that made him that much more visibly happy, which helped with that positive feedback loop. He put his hands on her head and exclaimed, "That's it, Mom! Good **GOD!** Another impossible dream is coming true! I'm so overjoyed right now, I could just die!"

Julie moaned loudly around his shaft in approval. She began bobbing with more suction, and tried to get her tongue involved too. I know **EXACTLY** how you feel, Son! I could die from too much joy too! But don't you dare die now, because we have such a future together! I swear, I'm gonna be naked and hot and wet for you all the time! Gonna be your **HOT SLUT!**

Jim was frustrated that he couldn't see much of the action. Kyle was directly facing his direction, which meant Julie was lying down facing away from him. He could see much of her gorgeous naked body subtly writhing around, including her fabulous bubble butt wiggling with excitement, but all he could see of the blowjob was the way her head was bobbing up and down.

However, that was only a minor setback for him. He was so feverishly aroused, that whatever he couldn't directly see, he could easily imagine. Plus, he could see and hear Kyle's enthusiastic reactions, including a constant erotic and blissed out look on his face, and that helped keep his lusty fires burning bright.

Kyle and Julie remained oblivious that Jim was there. They didn't expect him to come home early like he did, and they were so deeply absorbed with each other that neither of them had bothered to check if he was spying (*including Julie checking with her special mirror trick*).

However, it didn't matter much in practical terms, because had they noticed, and especially had seen the way he was jacking off, they probably would have just kept the blowjob going anyway.

The two of them knew they would have to have a difficult discussion with Jim soon, about the pregnancy, the renewed fucking, and more, but thanks to his clear cuckold fetish, he wasn't seen as a truly troublesome threat.

The blowjob went on and on. Julie was having so much trouble that tears were leaking from her eyes, but her determination was great, and she began to find it easier to do, allowing her to introduce more variety and increase her son's pleasure.

After about ten minutes, Jim couldn't handle any more and he lost control. He didn't have anywhere to cum, so he was forced to put his free hand over his cockhead and squirt into it. But he was still so deliriously aroused afterwards that he stayed in place and spied on them with just as much interest and arousal as before.

Cumming wasn't nearly as much of a problem for Kyle, as usual. His sexual stamina was several orders of magnitude better than his father's, for starters. But also, Julie was just beginning to learn how to properly pleasure him with her mouth. Any blowjob from her was fantastic, if only from the constant mental rush that she was the one blowing him. But coping with his thickness was a serious difficulty, and she had a lot to learn, a lot of room for improvement.

Happily for Kyle though, her determination to get better was boundless. Knowing that she and her son were together for the long run, she wasn't so focused on trying to get him to cum as she was on learning from him what he liked best and just generally learning her way around his cock with her tongue and her lips. Plus, not knowing that Jim was home, they assumed they had three hours of sexual fun time before possibly having to deal with him.

Thus, Julie paid especially close attention to how her son responded to all her little moves.

He quickly figured out what was going on, and began giving hand signals, such as a thumbs up or a thumbs down. Plus, he often

moaned in approval or gave specific verbal feedback when necessary, such as, "More saliva is good. And I love what your fingers are doing to my balls!"

Julie generally hated having to pull her lips off his shaft, because it was so tough to get her lips wrapped around his thickness again. But her mouth wasn't used to such a struggle with something his size, so she had to pull off to give her lips and jaw a breather from time to time anyway. During those breaks, she would pepper him with questions and ideas to help speed up her learning.

Jim couldn't help but notice that his wife was putting in what seemed like a 1000 times more energy and passion into sucking her son off than she ever did sucking him, on the very rare occasions she did that to him at all. Naturally, he was very resentful and envious, but by now he wasn't surprised to discover such feelings super-charged his arousal at the same time.

He found himself in kind of a tortured yet delirious ecstasy, enthusiastically rooting for his wife to suck his son's cock with more and more talent and passion. He knew it was totally illogical, but he wasn't that concerned about logic by this point. His main regret was that he didn't have a better view, preferably from the side, so he could directly see what her lips and fingers were doing.

He watched another twenty minutes. He still couldn't see much more than Julie's long brown hair bobbing up and down, but he never got bored. He got all sorts of clues about what was happening from both of them moaning and panting nearly constantly, plus his wife's loud slurpy noises.

Plus, there was a surprising amount of conversation, since there was a lot of feedback and learning taking place. Kyle in particular kept up something close to a running commentary, almost as if he knew Jim was there and wanted him to stay up to date on her latest oral moves (*although he still didn't*).

However, Jim still was frustrated. His erection eventually came back, and he enjoyed such a high from sheer lust that he felt numbed from his devastation that his marriage was over in spirit, though maybe not yet in a legal sense. Most of the time, he kept his eyes closed so he could imagine the sight of his wife's sliding lips, caved in cheeks, the drool rolling down her chin, her constantly sliding fingers, and much more, but most especially the struggle and ecstasy on her face. However, that still wasn't nearly as good as seeing the tantalizingly close "real thing."

He was tempted to simply announce his presence and stroll on in to take a better seat!

He was too chicken to actually do that, especially because he knew his arrival would cause an interruption, then probably a long discussion which would open up all sorts of painful emotional issues. He didn't feel ready for that yet.

But then he got another idea. He thought, This is a crazy, crazy idea. But my world has gone totally insane anyway. Right now, I'm supposed to be sitting at my desk in my office, looking over quarterly reports. Instead, I'm secretly jacking off in the upstairs hallway of my own damn house while spying on my wife sucking my son's cock! So don't talk about crazy! What do I have left to lose?!

He knew the master bedroom extremely well, since he slept it in every night (*though he had a sinking feeling that soon wouldn't be the case anymore*). He knew from memory what could be seen from what angle. It occurred to him, If I could peer in through one of the windows, Id be able to directly watch the hot blowjob action from only about ten feet away! Better still, the windows are partially open since its the middle of a hot, sunny day, so Id be able to hear everything clearly too, and also much better than before!

The problem was getting to his favored window and staying there hidden and unseen. Luckily, there was a relatively flat wooden tiled

roof just outside the windows. In fact, he'd done some repair work on some of those tiles recently, so he knew the situation well. The roof was flat enough there that he didn't want to worry about sliding off and falling to the ground. Also very luckily, the window opened to their large, private backyard, so he didn't have to worry about some curious neighbor noticing him and wondering why the hell he was spying into his own house.

Once he figured all that out, getting to the spot he wanted to be at outside that window was a piece of cake. He just went to the garage, got out his ladder, and climbed right up from the backyard. He had to be very quiet and careful, but he made it to a kneeling position just outside the window without any trouble.

Then he peeked in, with his head in the lower left corner of the window and his eyes just barely peeking above the bottom of the window frame. What he saw was... **WHOA!** Talk about a cuckold's paradise! It's exactly as Id hoped! I can see everything! My wife is still steadily bobbing away, of course, and she looks so gorgeous. The sheer size of my son's thick cock filling her mouth and stretching her lips is blowing his mind! Il's just about the most beautiful and sexy sight I've ever seen in his life, right up there with watching her bouncing on his cock lit by nothing but moonlight when the two of them made love a couple of days ago.

Sneaking here is risky, but it's so worth it! If I could watch this sort of thing every day, I wouldn't even mind that much having Kyle replace me in my own bed. I've never felt more thrilled and alive!

It was the little details that really rocked Jim's world and made the insanity of masturbating on his roof in the middle of the day more than worth it to him. He loved when Julie kept her eyes closed (*which was most of the time*), because it showed how she was intensely focusing on the action of her tongue and lips on Kyle's fat cock. But he also loved it when she opened her eyes, because she always stared up into her son's face, partially to get some feedback

from the expression on his face, but also to show her love and adoration.

Jim rarely looked to Kyle's face, since he'd seen plenty of that earlier, but he could always tell when Kyle looked back down and made eye contact, because there was a special sparkle of joy and desire in her eyes.

There were many other details too. For instance, he loved the lines of drool coming out of each corner of Julie's mouth, trickling down to the bottom of her chin. He loved just how flushed red her cheeks were. He loved the beads of sweat on her forehead, a sign of how hard she was working that cock. He loved that she typically had one hand stroking the rest of his shaft and her other hand playing with his balls. He loved when her nostrils flared and her cute nose wriggled, usually when she was struck by the pungent sex smell in the air. And she did cave her cheeks in quite frequently, and he loved that too.

But the one detail he loved most of all were the trails of tears leaking from the corners of her eyes. There weren't many tears, but she'd been at it so long already that he saw other trails of tears that had already dried. Clearly, sucking Kyle's cock was so very difficult for her that it sometimes made her eyes water. And yet she wasn't deterred in the slightest! In fact, he could see in every move she made that she loved it!

After the initial excitement of watching close up from his new spying position settled down some, he thought, In a way, today, my life has come to an end. My marriage has been shattered, because it's clear Julie loves Kyle's cock so much that she's never going to stop. But... I'm also being reborn as some kind of willing cuckold. It's totally fucked up! I hate it! I certainly wouldn't freely choose it. But it is what it is and I can't see it going away, because those crazy feelings are only growing stronger and stronger.

I can't even bear to think about all the implications. But at least I get the very sizable silver lining that I can feel way more sexual arousal than even the best sex I ever had with Julie. And since she's such a sex goddess, it doesn't get any better than with her, doing things the normal way. I guess I'm just more wired for this than regular sex. Kneeling here, masturbating on the roof in totally humiliating fashion, I've never felt like this! It seems every nerve ending in my entire body is tingling with arousal and energy! Seeing the passion in Julie's face as she sucks his cock... it's goddamned inspirational! This is who she is and where she belongs, sexually serving her son. Whereas this is who I am and what my role is: watching in lusty frustration.

I hate it, but... fuck! I kind of love-hate it! I mean, just look at her face, with her intense concentration and her lips stretched so wide! That's the sexiest face in the world!

I still love her dearly, but we all know I can't give her one-tenth the sexual joy she can enjoy with Kyle. Hell, not even close to that much. If I truly love her, how can I deny her so much incredible pleasure in her life, if she becomes his full-time willing slut? And of course Kyle will love it too, and he is my son and I love him. And it's not **ALL** bad for me. I'm so fucking horny and ecstatic right now, I could seriously pass out!

The blowjob kept going. Kyle and Julie remained utterly oblivious that Jim was spying on them from close up. Neither of them had any reason to look towards the windows. In fact, both of them kept their eyes closed most of the time anyway. But even if one of them did, they almost certainly wouldn't have paid close enough attention to look at the bottom corner of one window and see the top part of someone's head there. The extreme unlikeliness of that actually served as a kind of camouflage.

What could have given Jim away instead was his breathing, since he was so very aroused that he couldn't help but continually pant

heavily. That was a constant danger for him. But luckily, at this time, both Kyle and Julie were breathing heavily all the time too, so the sound of Jim's breathing blended in. But mainly, they were so very aroused and distracted that about the only way they were going to notice Jim was if he walked in the room and slapped both of them on their heads!

More time passed. Julie had been sucking Kyle's cock for nearly an hour. During that time, her talent improved so dramatically that it was almost impossible Kyle for to believe he was getting sucked by the same mouth as when she started. She was really, really keen to get good at this, and since she was enjoying it so much, all the "practice" was a constant pleasure for her too.

However, as Julie warned Kyle earlier, there were certain physical limitations that had to be acknowledged. In this case, sucking a cock that thick and long for so many minutes was a physical ordeal, even with the increasing number of short breaks she was taking. That was especially true in her case, since this was her very first time with Kyle, and his sheer size meant it was effectively a totally new experience for her, using muscles in new ways. Her tongue and jaw in particular were exhausted!

Kyle, by contrast, was living the life of Riley. It was a breeze for him to just kick back and enjoy her hot mouth. His stamina was already great when he was fucking her and sweating up a storm. During a blowjob, literally the only thing he had to do was make sure he didn't cum too early, so his stamina was even better. He felt he could hang on for hours.

However, he sensed that she was winding down. He felt increasingly bad for her the more she struggled just to keep going. He certainly didn't want her to give up "in defeat" without getting him to cum first. So, before she lost her willpower to go on, he stopped continually clenching his **PC** muscle, and felt the inevitable happen less than a minute later.

Once his balls tightened, he yelled out, "Hey! Mom! I just crossed the line! I'm gonna cum now, any second!"

Julie felt like a marathon runner who was struggling just to stagger to the finish line. She was right on the verge of needing to take a much more significant rest in order to keep going, if she could keep going at all. But hearing her son yell those words gave her one last hopeful burst of oral energy. She began sliding her lips on his shaft faster and faster, and sunk her cheeks in yet again, applying a tremendous amount of suction.

Kyle let go with a loud whoop. Although he felt like he could hold out indefinitely, he'd been right on the cusp of climaxing for a long, long time, and it felt great for him to finally achieve release. Plus, cumming into his mother's mouth for the very first time was a huge thrill in and of itself.

Julie hadn't given any thought to taking his cum on her face or her tits, if only because she was so very tired. Somewhere in the back of her mind she mentally noted that she wanted to give those experiences a try soon. But for now, she was very delighted to simply feel her son's hot cum blast into the back of her throat.

As with seemingly everything sexual about Kyle, he was in an entirely different league that his father. So it was with the size of his cum load. It was larger than Jim's by roughly the same proportion his cock and balls were larger than Jim's were. As a result, Julie had a flood of cum to deal with. She was taken by surprise, because shed unthinkingly expected as much cum to come out as when she'd blown Jim.

She tried her very best, and swallowed Kyle's cum as fast as it could, in order to make room for more. But she couldn't keep up, and much of his cum wound up spilling out of her mouth and dribbling down her chin.

She hadn't been even thinking about cumming herself, and she didn't touch her own privates. But it turned out that making her son cum was such a thrill that she had a decent sized orgasm anyway.

She didn't have a clue about it at the time, but her "failure" to swallow all of Kyle's cum was a great delight for Jim. Although he could tell that Kyle was cumming, the fact that it was all taking place inside his wife's mouth meant he didn't have much to see, even from his much better secret viewing spot. But he could see the cum overflow down her chin, and that helped him realize just how copious the rest of Kyle's cum load had to be.

He felt a strange sense of pride, that his son was such a sex stud, even though that son was in the middle of stealing his wife away for him. Again, nothing really made logical sense to him anymore, but his feelings were real and couldn't be denied.

Jim also had been teetering on the edge of cumming for a long, long time. He'd managed to hold out much longer than usual for him by merely holding his erection for several minutes at a time, and then only stroking it very lightly. But when he saw all that son-cum dribble down his wife's chin, he sensed the mental rush starting to flood over him would be more than he could take, so he frantically stroked his shaft until he started to spurt.

He hadn't given any thought as to wear his cum was going to go. But since he was outside and on the roof towards the backyard, he figured it didn't really matter much. He just let the cum fly into the wall right in front of him. Luckily, the entire exterior of the house was painted white. When he finished, he noticed it was hard to notice his cum deposit, even from where he was kneeling right next to it. It just looked like a very small part of the wall had gotten wet.

He thought about getting down off the roof, because he was completely sexually satiated. But before he started to do so, it occurred to him that Kyle and Julie were likely to talk some after

their mutual orgasms were over. He was very interested in whatever they might say, especially since he still didn't know if she'd been impregnated yet. He figured it was highly likely that she was, but a strong guess wasn't the same as knowing for sure.

Sure enough, about a minute after Kyle's orgasm ended, Julie wiped her chin clean as best she could and then crawled up his body until her head was resting on her son's muscular chest, just below his neck.

She already knew from the three day fuck marathon that his cock could stay erect for a few minutes after cumming, and often didn't go flaccid at all. So after she resettled on him, she took his wet boner back in hand and idly jacked him off.

Kyle was very tired, and sexually satisfied, but he wrapped his arms around her upper body in a loving embrace. He couldn't resist a little tit play, as usual, but he was too wiped out to do much of that.

She smiled up at him, and looked to his face to see his expression. "So... stud, what do you think about your very first mommy blowjob?"

He fondly ran a hand through her long brown hair. "I think... it was magnificent! I loved it!"

She suddenly got all giddy. "Really?!"

He grinned madly at her modest reaction. "Really, really! Of course! Sweet Jesus! That was the best! Best head ever! So much better than any girls I've ever been with. Some of them just lick 'cos they can't even fit it all in."

She beamed at the praise. "Amateurs!" She giggled. Then she said more seriously and earnestly, "But Sweetie, I know I'm still not that good, because I'm sure I can get a lot better. I didn't even **START** to try to deep throat you. I can't wait until I can do that. I want to

be so good for you! I want to rock your world, just like you always rock my world every time you fuck me."

He lovingly stroked her hair, while she stroked his cock. "Thanks, Mom! I'm sure you can get better, because this was your very first time. You can't hit a home run the first time you pick up a baseball. But if this **IS** your very best, I'll already be an extremely psyched guy anyway, because it's awesome! Especially the last little while. You were sucking like a pro! You improved so much so fast that it's nuts!"

She sat up higher on him so she could better look him in his eyes. She made sure to keep her huge tits draped on his chest though, since she knew how much he enjoyed that. "That's because I love you so much! We haven't really talked about our future together yet, but I hope you take it as a given after today that you can never stop fucking me, and loving me, and breeding me. I won't let you! And that's an order!"

She playfully wagged a finger in his face with one hand while still jacking him off with her other hand. She was pleasantly surprised to find this was one of those times he wasn't going flaccid, although it was daunting for her too since she was sexually tired out.

He chuckled. "Yes, ma'am! Although, I'd like to point out I can't keep breeding you now that you're already knocked up."

Jim gasped, loudly. He didn't mean to, but that unexpected confirmation that his wife had been impregnated by his son was momentous news, something that would change all of their lives forever.

Unfortunately for his spying effort, his gasp stood out, especially now that the noisy blowjob was over and even the heavy panting had come to an end.

Kyle glanced over towards the sound of the strange gasp, which meant looking to the windows.

Right then, Jim ducked down. But his duck wasn't fast enough.

"What the **FUCK**?!" Kyle exclaimed. He saw some motion that looked like a dark brown head ducking out of view. He immediately disengaged from Julie, forcing her to roll off him. Then he rushed to the window.

Kyle didn't actually need to rush, because there was no way Jim could escape in time, unless maybe he simply threw himself off the roof. Doing that never even crossed Jim's mind, anyway. All the embarrassed father could do was curl up in a ball, stay low, and pray he hadn't been noticed.

The next thing Jim heard was Kyle's voice saying with chagrin and disappointment, "Hi, Dad."

Jim meekly opened his eyes. He looked up through the window and saw his bare-chested son staring down at him, with his hands on his hips. He'd been through a lot of humiliations and indignities in the last few days, but this one was the worst of the worst! (*At least so far. He guessed that the cuckold life he was heading towards would be full of such incidents.*)

Then, to make matters worse, Jim saw Julie come into view, stand next to Kyle, and then look down at him. She looked fantastic from this angle. Looking at up her from such a low position, he could only partially see her face due to her massive, glorious tits being in the way.

Unfortunately, he still could see enough of her face to tell that she was severely disappointed in him.

She muttered, "Oh, Jim! Jim, Jim, Jim. Whatever are we going to do with you?"

It was inevitable that some kind of reckoning between Jim on one hand and Kyle and Julie on the other needed to happen, and soon.

Had Jim played his cards right, he could have been righteously indignant that the two people he loved the most had resumed fucking each other after they'd promised to stop. But the way he'd been caught in such a humiliating situation caused him to totally lose the moral high ground. He'd become an object of pity.

Kyle rolled his eyes in disgust at his father. He muttered, "Well, no point in you staying there. Might as well come inside and talk."

Chapter 20

It was a long walk of shame for Jim. First, after zipping up his pants and tucking his flaccid penis away, he had to get off the roof and down the ladder. Then he had to put the ladder away. Finally, he had to walk through the house and up to the master bedroom, the room that he almost certainly wouldn't be sleeping in again. The closer he got, the slower he went. His feet felt like lead.

He walked past the still partially open door and came all the way into the room.

Kyle and Julie hadn't just been standing there waiting for him. They'd gone back to bed, still naked, of course. They were passionately making out while Julie resumed jacking off Kyle's very erect boner and Kyle freely fondled her firm ass and huge tits.

Adding to Jim's humiliation, he had to clear his throat and then cough to get their attention.

The two lovers reluctantly broke their kissing and looked his way, but otherwise didn't bother to disengage or stop the sexual fun they were having.

Julie repeated her earlier sentiment. "Jim, I'm so disappointed in you. Whatever are we going to do for you?"

To the surprise of Jim and Julie, Kyle took charge of the conversation. He was living his sexual dream life, and he had some firm ideas of how things should go. He took charge in order to help make things played out just as he wanted them to.

He said, "Dad, we've got a **LOT** to talk about. I take it you figured out that the doctor said Julie is pregnant."

Jim nodded soberly. He couldn't resist complaining, "Yeah, but it wasn't exactly how I wanted to find out. Dear, why didn't you call me?! I waited so long for you call. I finally got so anxious that I came home to find out what was going on. And look where that got us."

Julie couldn't resist griping, "What, did you lose your keys, so you had to peer in from the outside?"

Jim blushed at that reminder of his shameful spying.

Kyle said, "Look. Let's not worry about that. Obviously, Mom didn't call you because she didn't know what on earth to say to you. How do you tell your husband that your son just knocked you up? And also, after she told me the news, sparks flew between us, and we ended up fucking the day away."

Julie said contritely, "Sorry, Honey. Kyle is right. I just didn't know what to say. Especially with so much between the three of us being up in the air. Everything is undefined. Forgive me?"

Jim nodded. After a pause, he asked, "Can you forgive me? For spying on you without permission?"

Julie smiled and nodded back.

Kyle said, "I forgive you too. But, uh, how long were you spying on us, anyway?"

Jim's embarrassment grew. He turned his head, unable to keep eye contact. "Uh, ah... I got here in time to hear you talking about just finishing up three hours of fucking. Then I watched the oral action. All of it. First, through the partially open door, but then... as you know..."

"From the roof," Kyle finished for him. "That's not such a big deal, by the way. We know you were spying on us left and right on Saturday,

for instance. I guess it's just way extra weird to catch you peering through the window! On the roof!"

He quickly went on, "But anyway, I think it's time to clear the air on a few things. Obviously, Mom and I are fucking again." He looked down at Julie's hand sliding up and down his thick shaft, and smirked.

Jim winced, but didn't say anything. He was feeling strangely cowed. He normally hadn't been like that at all, but ever since he'd started into his cuckold fetish, it was like he couldn't resist turning into a wimp.

Kyle went on, "As you can guess from eavesdropping on us, that's just a fact of life now. It's not going to change, and it's never going to change. I'm taking sexual possession of her. Forever! Are you gonna accept that, or are you gonna try to do anything about it?!"

Jim sadly said, "What could I do?! Clearly, she's made her choice. I'm way outclassed by you sexually, and all of us know it. I would just look like I fool if I tried to pretend otherwise."

Kyle said, "That's true, and I'm glad you realize it. But it's also true that she still loves you. I know she hasn't been acting like it since the breeding began, but I know both of you well and I know you've had a long and happy marriage up until just a few days ago."

Julie said, "That's true, Jim. I do still love you. Very much. It's just that our son, well... you know what happened! He swept me off my feet in a sexually irresistible way! Look at this cock!"

Jim had already been staring at the on-going handjob as much as their faces. He looked back there and saw his wife's hand still steadily pumping up and down the improbably thick shaft.

Julie added, "How could I possibly resist this?! How could **ANY** woman ever resist this, once she gets a taste of how it feels and

what it can do? I don't even feel that guilty, despite the fact that you're my husband and I love you, because my son is just so very... irresistible! It's like this has to happen!"

Jim grimly nodded. "I can see that, and I understand. It is like trying to stop a runaway train with your bare hands. My big mistake was letting him start to breed you in the first place. Once that happened, the rest was inevitable."

He bitterly added in his mind, Thanks to fucking Dora! Seducing me like some kind of sexy, shameless slut. How could I resist that?! But I should have with a woman like Julie at home, and I didn't. Ultimately, I dug my own grave!

Kyle took charge again, while still possessively fondling his mother's huge tits. "Good. I'm glad that we're all in agreement. As I said, I'm taking sexual possession of Mom. Ownership of her, even. I'm gonna fuck her every single day, so long as I can breathe, and I'm going to love her not just as my mother, but as my personal slut too. That's just a plain fact, Dad, and we've gotta figure out a way to help you live with that."

Before Jim could come up with a reply, which was very tough to do, Julie spoke up. She stopped stroking Kyle's cock and appeared to be upset. "Now, wait a minute! 'Personal slut?! Take 'ownership' of me?! Those are pretty strong words! Do I get any say in this?!"

"Um..." Kyle was at a loss. He was trying to be brave and take charge of the family, but he hadn't anticipated her asking that.

Before she let him twist in the wind too long, she broke into a smile and resumed her cock stroking. "Gotcha! Don't worry, I'm thinking in the exact same way. In fact, I would be honored to be your personal slut, Son. Honored! And it's fitting too, because that's exactly how I feel. In fact, feel free to call me whatever you damn well want. The naughtier the better. It's your right! Just so long as you keep fucking me like you do!"

She scooted up enough to plant her lips on his. The two of them proceeded to share a very prolonged and fiery kiss. Of course, all the while she continued to jack him off and he continued to fondle her massive knockers and whatever other parts of her incredible, fit body were in reach.

That left Jim to just awkwardly stand there, right after his son had told him that his wife was going to be his "personal slut!" He was red-faced and burning with even more humiliation, jealousy, and inadequacy.

But, as had become the pattern, it left him even more turned on. As he watched them neck and fondle, her thought, This is just further proof that I'm completely out of my league. I love her so very much! But if I ever tried to call her my "personal slut," she'd destroy me with a withering look, or even slap me. But he calls her that, she agrees! As she should! When she gets naked in his arms, that's exactly what she is! She's so beautiful! So wanton and sexy!

Look at how hes just casually cupping her pussy mound and then fingering her slit a little bit. And the way she moans! God, it's so hot! He owns her already! She's built for sex! With **HIM!**

Julie abruptly broke the kissing, and pouted to Kyle, "No fair! Dropping a bomb on me like that, right in the middle of a serious conversation. I need to celebrate all over your cock. I'm too horny!"

Kyle was suddenly inspired. "I know just what to do about that!" Being a strong and muscular young man, he picked his mother off his body and lifted her up in the air with ease, causing her to squeal in surprise and fear. Then he slowly lowered her down, with his aim to bring her pussy to his cock.

He couldn't hold his boner up stiffly while also holding her entire body with two hands, so he had to say to her, "Quick! Guide yourself in. Impale yourself down on me!"

She caught on to what he was doing, and she was insane with lust for him. "Oh, **SON!**" She gripped his thick shaft firmly and lined his cockhead up with her slit.

Once he saw she'd done that, he slowly eased her body down, forcing her to dramatically impale herself down on his thick pole.

Jim watched all this while standing near the foot of the bed. He was so very turned on by the sight that it was a struggle to prevent himself from dropping to his knees. His erection was back, tenting and straining almost painfully against his pants.

Feeling cocky, especially with Jim right there, Kyle used both hands to dramatically lift his mother up and down several times. He was careful each time that she'd rise up until her cunt about an inch from popping free from his cock, only to slowly impale her back down on it again.

After just a couple times of Kyle doing this, Julie began screaming with delirious euphoria each time he impaled her again.

But then he settled down and just left it up to her to rise and fall on his boner at her own pace, because he was in the middle of unfinished business with Jim.

She couldn't lift herself up nearly as high as he did with his impalements, but she was still able to keep a good, slow fuck rhythm going, despite the fact that they were both facing the same direction and the leverage between their bodies wasn't as good as usual.

Kyle resumed the conversation with Jim as if there had only been a brief pause. "Now, that's the bad news for you, that you've totally lost her in a sexual sense. But that doesn't necessarily mean that you've completely lost her in all other ways."

Jim asked, "What do you mean?!" He was having a hell of a time, because the conversation was vitally important, yet his lust from watching the on-going fucking was so strong and all-consuming that he felt like a moron, barely able to think at all.

Kyle had thought his desired future through long before he'd ever gotten the chance to fuck his mother. The time had finally come for him to explain his vision. "Dad, you're a cuckold. That's plain to see. Don't even try to deny it. Mom and I figured it out a few days ago, around the time we started sending you those pictures and texts. We never would have done that if we didn't figure you'd get off on them. We were kind of testing you too, to see how far you'd get into it."

Jim felt emotionally crushed all over again, to hear his strange "affliction" discussed out loud for the very first time. That made it even more painfully real to him. He wailed in distress, "I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm not this way normally. You know that.

Never before! It's like some mental illness has come over me. I don't know what's going on!"

Kyle briefly waved a hand dismissively. He couldn't do that for more than a few seconds, because he was using both hands to help keep Julie sitting up on him, since she was leaning back towards his head.

He said, "Don't worry about it. Now's not the time for that discussion. Let's just accept that as the new reality, just like how Mom being my fuck slut is also a new reality."

Julie moaned lustily at being called "fuck slut." When it came to her son, she felt completely sexually uninhibited, and she loved that sort of dirty talk. She made some extra big bounces on his shaft and came extremely close to cumming.

Jim reluctantly nodded.

Kyle went on, "I can see you're feeling conflicted about the whole cuckold thing, but it's a lucky thing for all of us. It could help us thread the needle and come up with a new arrangement we all can live with. The way I see it, I'm still young, far too young to settle down and have a family. I love Mom with all my heart and I want her to be my woman for the rest of my life, but I just impregnated her and I'm not ready to play the father role for our new baby."

Julie gasped loudly in shock. She spun around in place, like a vinyl record and her son's cock the central spindle. Once she faced him, she exclaimed, "There you go again! How can you just say those things to Jim without talking to me first?!"

Kyle felt bad. "I'm sorry! It's just that I've had a plan in my head for a long time and we haven't had a chance to talk yet."

Before he could say more, she gushed in delight, "You just say you want me 'to be your woman for the rest of your life!' Do you have any idea how big of a deal that is?! Or how overjoyed it makes me?!"

He laughed in relief. He was overjoyed himself that she was accepting that idea. But he said, "Hold on! Before you approve too much, hear the rest out."

She nodded impatiently. She started bouncing on his cock more urgently. "Okay, but fast! Then I'm gonna make you cum and cum and cum, with the very best orgasm of your life! Because I'm your slut now and you make me so very happy that I could scream!"

He chuckled. "Don't scream yet! Here's the rest. Like I was saying, Dad, Mom and I are sexually joined together already, as you can even see this very moment."

Julie spun back around to face her husband. She resumed aggressively bouncing on her son's cock to help make his point clear.

Kyle continued, "But also like I was saying, she's newly pregnant and I don't want to be the father when it comes to raising the child. You **DO** want that, from everything I understand. Even though you know I'm the genetic dad."

Jim was still half-mad with lust, but he managed another nod.

Kyle told his father, "Good. So here's my thinking. What if you and Mom continue your marriage, just like before, except in an entirely non-sexual way? I love you both, even though I've been doing what I have to do to realize my ultimate dream, partially at your expense. Hell, mostly at your expense. It would be a shame to break this family up. So you could continue to be Mom's husband, but sleep in another room and never intimately touch her. The sex part, obviously that would be entirely my domain. We all know I'm the better man in that department. But you're still a great guy otherwise, and a good husband."

He added knowingly, "Even though you may slip up sometimes, especially lately."

That was a veiled but clear reference to Jim's recent affair with Dora, and Jim knew it.

Julie didn't have a clue though, and missed the entire point of that sentence, mostly because she was so excited about all the rest her son had just said. She paused her fuck-bouncing to exclaim, "You know what?! That might just work!"

She looked to Jim. "Honey, I've been kind of ripped in two, ever since Kyle started to fuck me. A part of me still loves you dearly and wants to continue our marriage. It's got some issues, but I think it's still pretty strong, except of course sexually. In retrospect, we're just not well matched that way."

Jim nodded again. His hopes were rising that at least some of his marriage could be salvaged.

She went on, "That said, a part of me has wanted to keep getting fucked by Kyle! In fact, as you know, there's no way I could possibly resist that. So I've been torn between my wedding vows and my new shamelessly slutty nature. What our son just suggested could be the solution! Don't you think?"

She continued, "Not only that, but it would fit in perfectly with your new cuckold thing. Kyle could fuck me with his huge cock every day and every night, in every room of the house, and you'd be here the whole time, getting your rocks off in your weird way without being allowed to touch me at all. It would be the ideal cuckold dream! What do you say?!"

Jim still felt moronic, because being talked to while his wife was bouncing on his son's cock was too hot for him to even breathe, despite the fact she'd slowed the bouncing way down in order to able to talk coherently.

On top of that, Kyle's plan felt so good to him that he was feeling a surge of overwhelming euphoria too. Maybe his life wasn't effectively over after all!

He said, carefully, "It would be a big change... very big... But... I think it's worth a try!"

Julie squealed and threw her hands up in the air in excitement. "Yeay! Thank God you said that, because I think this will work, and any other path will be a total mess!" She started bouncing on her son's cock even more dramatically, causing her to grunt after each mini-impalement.

She held her arms open wide for Jim while staying in place on the bed. "Honey! Come here! Give me a hug and a kiss to celebrate and seal the plan!"

As if in a dream, or maybe still a nightmare, Jim staggered forward towards his wife. He was still so rip-roaring drunk on lust that he

had to concentrate on just putting one foot in front of the other.

When he got to the side of the bed, and close enough to lean in for a kiss, Julie had second thoughts. She frowned with concern, and said, "Actually, scratch the hug. You might make contact with my big tits and they belong to Kyle now. Let's just make it a peck on the lips, if you don't mind?"

Jim was too out of it to even complain. He bent over, kissed her on the forehead, and then stood back up.

Julie had missed a cock-bounce or two so Jim wouldn't have to try to kiss a moving target. But with the symbolic kiss done, she resumed the bouncing, gleefully rising up and down on her son's fuck pole each time.

She also clapped her hands together. "There! That's official then! Jim, my body officially belongs to Kyle now, my sweet huge-cocked love, but you still have half of my heart."

Jim smiled weakly. He had a growing desire to leave the room, because he was feeling weak all over and was worried that he might simply pass out. It wasn't just that his lust was on overload-it seemed most of his emotions were on overload, totally maxed out, and that was very exhausting to endure.

Kyle had switched to sitting up and leaning forward slightly, with his chest pressing against his mother's back. That gave her the necessary support to stay sitting upright and keep bouncing on his throbbing shaft. That in turn freed his hands, so he naturally reached around both sides of her upper torso and cupped her massive tits from below.

He felt totally triumphant. He'd thrown his plan out there for inspection, and both of his parents agreed to every part of it! On the surface, it was a crazy plan. But he knew his parents very, very well. It might not have had much chance of working except for the

unexpected twist of Jim discovering that he was a full-on willing cuckold. That was the missing piece that would make it all work, he was sure.

Looking up at Jim, he said, "There you go. Congratulations to you, and me, and all of us. I know it's gonna be super weird at first, but we'll just have to plow through that, as it were."

Julie couldn't resist snickering. "Yeah, 'plow through!' One thing I know is that there's going to be a lot of plowing!"

Even Jim couldn't resist breaking into a big smile at that, despite the fact that he was increasingly convinced he could pass out at any time.

He turned and walked away. "I'm gonna leave you to your plowing and celebrating. I'm tired. I'm going to your room, Kyle, which I guess now will be my room."

Kyle felt another rush from hearing that and thinking about the implications. "Yeah, I guess so." I'm gonna get to sleep with Mom every night! Hopefully for the rest of my life!

Jim just nodded. He was too weak to fight. Besides, he figured that was fated to be, no matter how he felt. He actually got another rush much like Kyle's from thinking about the implications.

As he continued to walk out of the room, he said, more to himself than to Kyle, "I wish you two well, I really do. I just wish... I wish... I wish I was young and well-hung and a human sex machine! But I'm not, and you are. That's life."

It was a challenge, but Jim made it all the way to Kyle's bed, which was now his bed. He was so emotionally drained that he fell asleep right away, even with his erection still tenting in his pants.

Once Jim was gone, Julie spun around in place once more, again using her son's cock as her central axis. Facing him, with his hands right back on her big globes, she said, "I'm so glad we have this plan now! And yet... there's Jim. What's happened to him is so sad. I'm a terrible wife."

Kyle responded, "Sure, in a way you are. But don't feel bad. A lion is 'terrible' in the sense it kills and eats its food. But it has to be that way. A lion cant turn into a non-violent lamb or it'll die. In the same way, you were fated to be my slut. Bizarre circumstance caused me to start fucking you, but once that happened, you discovered your true nature, and there's no way you could be anything else but my personal slut. You know it's true. So feel a little guilty if you want, and use that guilt to be a better wife for him. Of course, a platonic wife. But don't feel too guilty, because you don't deserve it."

She nodded thoughtfully, and generally agreed with all that. She felt it was fate. In fact, she secretly wondered if it might have happened anyway, because her desire from him had been steadily growing even before the breeding plan had been proposed. She thought back in retrospect how her flirting had been getting out of hand. Maybe that breeding plan merely speed things up considerably and made the entire process easier on all three of them as a result. But they would never know for sure what might have happened otherwise.

Then she asked, "What about you? Do you feel guilty?"

"I do," Kyle admitted, I guess I'm a pretty evil son to Dad, no matter how you slice it. But 'all's fair in love and war,' and my desire for you was and is so strong that I feel like I really had no choice at all. I just **HAD** to have you, like I need food to eat or air to breathe! You may think that's corny, but you'll see. My desire for you is endless and all-consuming! I'll never get tired of fucking you and loving you, I swear, and I'll never need another woman to keep me happy!"

She smiled from ear to ear. "I believe you, especially the endless lust part!" She laughed. "I'll never tire of getting fucked by you either!"

She rose particularly high on him and then slowly impaled herself back down to help emphasize her point. "Plus, I already know that I'm going to love sucking your cock just as much as the fucking. Heck, I already do! And there's so much more we haven't even tried yet. Especially titfucking!"

"Mmmm!" He slowly yet aggressively kneaded her soft tit-mountains, inspired by the titfucking talk. "We're going to need to do that next. Today. And then lots, lots more!"

She laughed. "Definitely! That said, remind me later to talk to you about this 'never need another woman stuff. You're still young, and eventually I'll get too old. You'll need someone around your age. Some sweet and busty slut to help me take care of your cock as you get older, as well as give you children you can fully claim as your own. But like I said, that's a discussion for another time. Right now, I just want you to fuck the hell out of me some more!"

He disagreed with her about her "sweet and busty slut" idea, but the more fucking idea sounded great to him.

He repositioned by lying on top of her. It was a rather "boring" fuck position that they'd already done many times in recent days, but it was a "classic" because it was so good. He felt a desire for it at the moment because it allowed him to let out his energy thrusting in and out of her while he could still look at her face from close up and stare lovingly into her eyes.

Soon, the two of them were so lost in their passionate fucking that Jim was all but forgotten. They truly were in lust and in love.

EPILOGUE-FIVE YEARS LATER

Kyle did get to fuck his mother's enormous tits later that afternoon, and it was just as glorious as it had been in his best dreams. She loved it too. They both knew it would become a daily event for them from that time on.

But the curious thing was that Jim had recovered from his emotional exhaustion by that time. He was bold enough, and aroused enough, that he invited himself in to the master bedroom and got to watch that "historic" first titfuck while sitting in a chair right next to the bed. In a much, much stranger way, he also loved it.

Time passed. Days turned into weeks, weeks into months, and months into years. That first titfuck helped set a pattern for the three of them: Kyle fucked Julie a lot, and in her every orifice. He actually fucked her cunt, mouth, and cleavage in roughly equal measure-until they finally managed anal sex and added that to the routine, but only as an occasional special treat. There was a lot of cunnilingus and sixty-nining too, and she got very good at deep throating.

But if Jim was home, it was far from uncommon for him to take a seat and watch the sex to get his own sexual jollies. He never, ever got permission to intimately touch Julie, and he didn't want to touch Kyle (*and Kyle felt the same about him*). But he was allowed to expose his penis just enough so he could masturbate to climax whenever he wanted to. Other times, they would "punish" him and "force" him to secretly spy on them instead. He probably got off on that even more.

It was a damn odd arrangement, but it worked surprisingly well for all three of them. Julie successfully gave birth nine months after her impregnation to a lovely and healthy baby girl named Amy. Being the mother to a baby put a crimp in her sex life for a while, but it wasn't that bad because Jim took to his husband-cuckold role like a duck to water. He cut his time at the office way down so he could be a "Mr. Mom," precisely so Kyle and Julie could have lots more fuck time.

As an aside, Kyle got to enjoy Julie's lactation, and in fact she kept on lactating long after Amy was born, just so he could suckle her milk from her breasts. And one very nice added bonus for him was that her huge tits got even **BIGGER**, and they stayed that way!

Mere days after their new family arrangement began, Jim got Dora to agree to be transferred to another office in a way that caused no loss to her. Jim never felt the temptation to "cheat" on Julie again, even though she would have understood him taking a lover since she allowed him no sexual contact to her body whatsoever. But Jim realized that any actual sex he took part in with any woman could only pale in comparison to the strong lust and other conflicting feelings he experienced every time he watched his wife and son get it on. That was all he wanted or needed, even when his jealousy and frustration was driving him mad.

Perhaps surprisingly, Jim and Julie did successfully manage to repair their marriage-excepting the sexual aspect, of course. They were able to continue to love each other, but in an "agape love" kind of way, much like being the best of best friends or a close brother and sister.

It helped that Jim got a kind of sexual thrill from being "misused" by the other two, for instance doing most of the baby-related chores while Kyle and Julie fucked up a storm. Their family already had plenty of money, but Jim also got off on being the one who had to hold down a job, again so the other two could have more fuck time.

Kyle and Julie learned to walk a fine line of frequently embarrassing Jim to heighten his cuckold lust, but without being downright cruel and hurting his pride.

Jim was emotionally messed up for a few years over sexually losing his wife and feeling inadequate, but he eventually was able to fully embrace his cuckold side while still having pride in himself. It was a very delicate balance, but the fact that the three of them were

family and genuinely loved each other helped them overcome their problems, which were pretty much exclusively relating to Jim.

By contrast, Kyle and Julie had next to no problems with each other. It was like their entire life was one long honeymoon fantasy. The key was their frequent, mind-blowing sex. It was next to impossible to get very upset when one was overcome by amazing orgasms many times a day.

The two lovers continued to get a special thrill from the word "breed," and it went without saying that Kyle always fucked his "mommy slut" bareback, without her using any birth control at all. So only one year after Amy was born, Julie became pregnant again by her son, and it was a surprise it took that long. (*Probably it was her continued lactation that caused the delay.*)

When the new baby was born (*another girl, named Anna*), Jim quit his job altogether to become a full time "Mr. Mom," allowing Kyle and Julie to still fuck many times a day. Eventually, their sex life did slow down some, but not that much. Julie absolutely loved being Kyle's personal slut, and the two of them continued to live an ideal incestuous sexual fantasy, but in reality, every single day of their lives.

Time keeps marching onwards, and life goes on. Julie was already past 40 by the time Anna was born, and it was increasingly dangerous for a woman her age to have more children, so Kyle got a vasectomy. That allowed them to continue to fuck bareback indefinitely. They kept on talking about "breeding" though, despite the fact that he was shooting blanks, because they both got off on the idea of him continuing to knock her up.

Neither Kyle nor Julie had any need to work, since the whole family was financially set, and sex with the top priority for them. But most people need to have more purpose than just fucking.

For Julie, it was raising her two youngest children. Even though Jim did most of the "drudge work," there still was plenty for her to do, and most importantly simply being a loving mother to them.

Kyle, by contrast, loved the two children he'd helped conceive, but he still felt too young to step into a fatherly role in a big way, and he didn't want to step on Jim's toes in that respect. Instead, hed already planned to go to a local university in the fall after first fucking his mother. He kept to that plan, except her took the bare minimum number of classes to stay enrolled, so he could maximize his incestuous sex time.

As a result, it's been five years since he started college (*and started fucking his mother*), and he's still working on graduating.

He has plans to become a computer programmer. He chose that profession specifically because it offers many opportunities for him to telecommute and also only work part-time, so once again he'll still be very near to his gorgeous, slutty mother, enabling them to fuck or suck at any time.

As Julie gets older, she's been getting more insistent that her son take another young lover, to help make up for her aging and declining sex drive.

But Kyle only has eyes for Julie, his one true love. As far as he's concerned, she's his mate for life, even though she's still married to Jim and he has to share her heart with Jim in many ways.

Julie also only has eyes for Kyle when it comes to carnal desire. But she's been subtly and steadily working on him to take that young lover. She wants to see him have children of his own in the normal way, raised just by him and his new bride. She's already started carefully searching for the right woman with the right personality with who is busty and gorgeous, yet who will somehow be understanding enough to let the mother-son incest continue. (*That last part is a must!*)

It has yet to be seen if she can find someone worthy and willing, and if she can get Kyle to agree to love her too. If not, she certainly won't mind being "forced" to be his one and only woman.

Kyle, Julie, and Jim continue their strange arrangement, carefully kept secret from the outside world, but it still works for all three of them.

THE END

"Dating techniques…shared by Mom"

by klrxo

"Hey, mom...hey, dad," their son said in passing, heading straight upstairs. His mom Traci sat up with interest, staring at her son as he climbed the stairway. She could tell by his tone and the way he hung his head that something was wrong. "That date didn't last long," she stated to her husband.

"Maybe they didn't hit it off," her husband replied.

"No...this is something else," the mother muttered, getting a curious look. She stood up with her newborn daughter in her arms. "Can you take the baby. I wanna go up and talk to him."

"Sure, babe," Traci's husband replied, as she gently handed over the twelve-week-old infant.

Luke plopped down on his bed, staring up at the ceiling, clearly troubled by something. He heard a gentle tap at his door and his mom peeked in. "Hey, sweetheart, you're home earlier than I expected. What happened?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter, mom...I'm fine."

Traci came in, closed the door and stepped over to her son's bedside. She wore cute gray two-piece **PJ** shorts set that clung to her curvy figure.

"It matters to me...and you're **NOT** fine, so tell me what's wrong?," she patiently requested.

"The date with Olivia just didn't go too well, mom...that's all."

Traci was very perceptive when it came to her children. They often joked with her that she was a mind reader, because she could usually guess the issue without them saying anything. Tonight was no different. "Are you worried that you finished too quickly?" the shoulder-length brunette asked, sitting down beside him on the edge of his bed.

"Finished too quickly?"

"Well, I know you and Olivia like each other a lot, so this has nothing to do with how you two got along tonight. You must be disappointed in your sexual performance, am I on the right track?"

"Yes," the teen replied timidly.

She reached out and took his hand. "Premature ejaculation is more common than you think. The good news is though, it's completely within your control to last longer during sex," Traci explained.

"So there's nothing wrong with me?"

"Oh, sweetheart, no. In fact...sensitive nerve endings are a good thing. It means that you'll experience a greater level of pleasure during sex. As you found out, you don't wanna pop off too soon though and leave your date high and dry."

"That's kind of what upset me," Luke confessed. "I was done in just a couple minutes and I don't think Olivia had an orgasm at all."

"Well, it may seem a bit awkward, with me being your mother and all, but would you like me to teach you a couple techniques that'll help you last longer?" "Oh...um, sure!" Luke answered, quickly sitting up.

"Alight, tip number one...always masturbate before a date," Traci stated.

"**BEFORE** a date?" her son asked with a confused look.

"Yep, it's called 'pre-bating' and it helps takes the edge off," the mother explained.

"Once you've gotten the pent-up semen out of your system, you'll be able to perform much longer for the main event."

"Does that really work?" Luke asked with look of intense curiosity.

"Of course it does, sweetheart. Do you wanna test it out right now?" his mom asked, raising an eyebrow.

Luke fed her a confused look. "How would I test it out, mom? My date's over," he questioned.

"Well, since this is a 'teaching moment,' we could pretend that I'm Olivia. You could rub one out real quick in the bathroom, then come in and pump it through my vagina. That way you'll be able to see just how much longer you'll last than you did earlier tonight," she suggested.

"Hold on...are you talking about you and I... having sex together?"

"Instructional sex, yes...only for the purpose of helping you, that's all," she answered.

"Whoa!"

"What?" the mother giggled, feeding him an inquisitive smile.

"I never thought you'd do something like that with me," he excitedly exclaimed.

"Well, it makes the most sense, doesn't it? That way you can see first-hand how pre-bating helps, and then we'll practice the other technique once you're inside me."

Luke didn't know it, but his mom had other selfish motives for wanting him to put his prick inside her. Her husband was ten years older than her and his sexual stamina was dwindling. Unlike their son, Traci's husband's sexual issues were related to age. Just keeping it hard long enough for them to have a decent session of intercourse, even with **ED** meds was a challenge.

"So...should I go to the bathroom to masturbate real quick then?" the teen asked.

The mother shrugged her shoulders. "You can, or...if you feel comfortable enough, just do it right here," she suggested.

"In front of you?"

"Well, you'll be penetrating me afterwards, so I'll be seeing you, and you'll be seeing me, so masturbating in the same room isn't that big of a deal, right?" she asked.

"I guess not," the boy answered, still in shock that he was actually having this discussion with her.

"I'll tell you what. Just so you don't feel like you're being put on the spot, I'll masturbate with you," Traci offered.

"Really?!" Her boy asked as his eyes went wide in disbelief.

"Yes. It's also smart for a woman to 'pre-bate' before sex. It allows her vagina to get properly lubricated."

"That makes sense I guess," the boy uttered, his heart racing with the idea of doing something so personal with his own beautiful mom.

She gave him a mischievous smile. "Shall we get up and get naked?"

"Sure," her boy breathed, climbing off his bed. Traci stood up also and they began shedding their clothes. By the time his mom got down to her bra and panties, the boy's dick was so hard it felt like it could blast off his balls like a rocket ship. Before removing his last item, which were his briefs, Luke stared at his sexy mother as she reached back and unclasped the hooks of her bra. As the cups slipped from her large fleshy melons her boy let out an audible gasp. "Wow! Your boobs are really big, mom!" he complimented.

"Do you like big boobs, sweetheart?"

"What guy doesn't?"

"I'll tell you what... If you can go ten minutes, thrusting into my vagina without cumming, I'll let you squeeze on them. Deal?"

"Deal!" he eagerly agreed.

Traci hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her panties and shamelessly peeled them over her wide hips, then down her silky legs. It now appeared to Luke that the only place his mom had hair was the top of her head. Her pussy was shaved clean and her puffy outer folds were divided by a deep cuntal crevice. "Your turn," his mom said with a smile.

Luke shed his briefs and his boner bobbed upward like it was spring loaded. "Oh, my!" the mother reacted, her eyes widening at the sight of his blood-engorged appendage. "That looks...incredibly erect, Luke!"

"I'm not sure if she was lying, but Olivia told me that my penis is bigger than any of the other guys she'd dated."

"Goodness, sweetheart. Once you have some staying power to go along with that size, you'll be the most sought-after boy at your

school," his mom beamed.

"I certainly wouldn't complain about that."

"Of course you won't. You'll be getting sleeved in wet pussy every day."

"You think so?"

"Trust me, I'm a woman, so I know so," she smiled.

Traci looked at his mattress, then back at him. "Let's get on the bed and masturbate," she said with thrill in her voice.

Once on the mattress they laid down on their backs side by side. Traci drew her knees back and they both reached down and began stroking their blood-engorged genitals.

"Do you think about pussy when you masturbate, sweetheart?" Traci asked, while rubbing her swollen clitoris.

"Uh-huh. Do you think about dicks?" he boldly asked.

"Yes…really hard ones like yours," she confessed, watching her son's cock slip through his fist. "Do you have a favorite position?"

"Is missionary position the one where the guy's on top?" Luke asked.

"Yes."

"I like that one."

His mom looked over into his eyes and smiled. "That's my favorite too! It's so intimate. God, I can't believe we have the dame favorite position."

"Is it dad's favorite?"

"No. He like to take me from behind. I like that position a lot too, but I love, love, **LOVE** being on my back."

"Too bad dad doesn't like that one more," Luke expressed.

"It wouldn't matter. Your dad's scrotum isn't very big. It's been a long time since I've felt a set of heavy balls beating against my ass. That's one of the things I really like about that position."

"I love how that feels," Luke sighed, looking down at his mom's tits. They were spread out across her chest, wobbling and rippling from the frantic motion of her masturbating.

"Do you like how that feels on your balls?" his mom asked, gazing deeply into his eyes. "Does it make your dick throb and tingle?"

"Yes. It's definitely throbbing and tingling right now."

"That's excellent, baby. There's no reason to delay your ejaculation when your pre-bating," his mom grasped, rubbing her cunt even faster. "Let it go, sweetheart!"

Luke increased the tempo of his cock-strokes, whipping his tender dick through his first. "I'm getting close," he hissed.

"Look at my hot, wet pussy, Luke. Look at me rubbing it!" the mother cooed.

The teen gazed down and watched his mom's finger rub her fleshy clitoris hard and fast.

"I'm gonna cum!" his pleasure-filled voice exclaimed.

His mom's voice was filled with equal passion. "I'm right behind you, gorgeous!"

Hearing her boy's grunt and seeing his gooey jizz-ropes shoot high into the air triggered the mother's own hot climax. They trembled

wonderfully for several minutes as electric jolts of orgasm shot through their naked bodies.

"Climb on top of me, sweetheart," Traci said breathlessly, eager to be stuffed full of hard teenage cock. "Let's engage in intercourse."

Luke took position between his mom's splayed legs. His heart was nearly racing out of his chest with excitement as he looked down at her genitalia. He nudged the knob of his cock in the slot between her thick vulvar lips. With a gentle thrust of his hips, he felt his bell tip sink into the warm moist pit of her inner sanctum.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, pushing more of his cock in.

"Oh, wow that feels good!" his mother gasped, as the meat of her boy's phallus stretched the interior walls of her vagina. After giving birth only weeks ago, she'd worked really hard to make her pussy nice and snug again.

Luke was determined to cram all his meaty inches into his mom before he actually started fucking her. He knew there were two things that would make him swell with pride. The first was being accomplished at that very moment, as his knob nudged against the back wall of his mom pussy, packing her completely full of hot dick-flesh. The second would be holding off his cum long enough to make her howl in orgasm.

"Man, you're **SUPER** tight, mom," the boy confessed.

"Thank, baby. I've been doing like…a thousand Kegel exercises a day to tighten my pussy back up after giving birth to your sister."

"And you expect me to not ejaculate quickly how?" the boy asked half-jokingly.

His mom laughed, making her big round boobies jiggle. "I'll coach you through it once we get going," she assured him. "Are you ready

to fuck?"

Luke remained on his knees, with his legs spread open, so he was at just the right height to thrust into his mother. He began moving his hips, which caused his still-hard cock to slice through the grip of his mom's cunt tube.

"There you go, sweetheart…just find a nice rhythm," his mom's pleasure-filled voice admonished. "Make sure your taking long thrusts though. Let all of your dick enjoy the tube of my pussy."

Traci's vagina dilated in a process called 'tenting,' creating a delightful suction action around Luke's boner. Each time his cock-muscle backed out, her spongy pink walls would collapse in on themselves. Then, as the boy speared his dick back in, her pleated, juice-slickened lining would mold to its penile outline.

The teen gawked at his mom's fatty, milk-swollen tits as they rolled up and down her chest from the rocking of their humping bodies. Her nipples looked like pink fleshy spires, rising from the wide pinkish-purple rings of her areola and pointing straight up towards the ceiling.

"How are you feeling so far?" the mother asked him.

"Good, but not too good yet, if you know what I mean?"

"Yes. When you get close let me know and I'll teach you a technique that'll help you come back down. It's called edging."

"Edging?"

"Yes, it's a technique that will delay your ejaculation," she answered. "That way you slam your dick through a girl's pussy for a long time."

Traci propped herself up on her elbows, so her and her son could both watch their crotches smack together. "Look how wet I've made

your shaft, sweetheart," the mother gleefully pointed out.

"Did you cum?" the boy asked naively.

"Not yet," she replied. "That's just my vaginal lubricant. Do you see how there's a little bit of white foam mixed in?"

"Yes."

"That's the pre-cum that's been leaking from your tip. The mix of our sex oils is certainly better than any lube you'd use from a bottle," she stated.

The busty mother loved the sight of her boy's rigid cock pumping in and out of her. She could see the powerful muscles and tendons straining at the root of his prick, sustaining the force of his deep cuntal plunges.

"Wow…it's been a long time since his father's prick was that hard," she thought. "Maybe not ever."

"You're right, mom. Masturbating before sex really does help. I've already lasted **WAY** longer than I usually do."

"Speaking of that…" his mom smiled, glancing down at her wobbling tits, "if you can hold off for two more minutes, you'll get to squeeze my boobs, just like I promised."

"I got this!" Her boy said proudly as he continued to fuck at a steady pace. He suddenly felt his mom tighten her pelvic floor muscles.

"You got this, huh?" Traci giggled. "Are you sure about that?"

"Well…I didn't know you were gonna do that," he gasped.

"Do what, baby?" she cooed. "What's that pussy doing to my boy?"

"Squeezing!" Luke gasped.

"Is it squeezing around that big love muscle of yours…making it feel so fucking good?" she asked in the sexiest tone the boy had ever heard.

"Yes!"

"It's ok, baby…let's edge you. Don't slow your thrusts until you're about to cum," she instructed, dropping fully onto her back again. She took her boy's hands and interlocked their fingers. This allowed his to lean into his thrusts a little.

"There you go…put some power in those hips, baby! You're not gonna hurt this girl's pussy. She likes it fast and rough," his mother panted.

After another minute of deep cunt-plunging, the boy felt his cock and balls swell with pre-orgasmic sensations. "Now I'm feeling close!" he sighed.

"Ohh, do you got the knobby-tingles, baby?"

"Yes!"

"When you get right to the edge, push your hard penis inside me as far as it will go and hold it there, without thrusting."

It didn't take Luke long to reach that point. His breathing became rapid as he suddenly speared his hardon all the way in, fully penetrating his mom's pussy.

"Breath, baby!" his mother cooed. "Feel the wave of excitement slowly roll back."

She could feel his engorged prick twitching inside of her, his fat knob mushrooming against the head of her external os. Her eyes drifted wantonly up his lean hairless chest. She bit her bottom lip, enthralled by how young and sexy he was. "Mmm, somebody's got

the dick-twitches!" Traci sighed, clasping her vagina tightly around him.

"Feels…so…good," the boy breathed.

After another thirty-seconds, his mom smiled at him sweetly. "Is that better?" she lovingly asked.

"Yeah…it's gone away."

"Perfect!" she blurted with a joyfully smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. "Start trusting again."

Luke began fucking his mom, at the same pace he did before. With their fingers still joined, Traci brought his hands to her jiggling tits. "Squeeze away! You earned it."

When his mom moved her hands, the boy sunk his fingers into the squishy softness of her jugs. "Whoa! They feel **SO** nice!" he sighed.

"You can be as rough with them as you want, baby. You're not gonna hurt them," she said reassuringly.

The teen ran with her invitation, squeezing her boobs and really digging his fingers into their fatty contours. Warm tit-milk began to seep up between his fingers. "I don't wanna waste all the baby's milk though," he expressed.

His mom gazed up at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Why don't you lower yourself down here and suck then…so you're not 'wasting' it," she suggested with a naughty wink.

"I like that idea!"

"I thought you would," she giggled.

Luke was about to dive right in, but his mom suddenly stopped him. "Wait!" she blurted.

"What?"

She looked down at her jostling melons, then back at her boy mischievously. "Are you sure you wanna suck on those big, thick teats?" she asked teasingly.

"I'm definitely sure!" the boy replied, so anxious it was killing him.

"I don't know, baby…mom might just smother you to death with these big ol fuckers!" she stated, moving her chest and making her ballooning tits swing around wildly.

"Then at least I'll die happy," Luke joked back.

"You just wanna edge with a big fat tit stuffed in your mouth, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," he eagerly nodded.

"Do you think you can do it?" Traci asked him with a lusty smile. "Do you think you can keep those swimmers in your ball-sack and give your mom a gushing climax?"

"More than one, probably," her boy brazenly replied.

Traci's eyes lit up. "More than one, huh? Well, now that mister confident knows how to drift to the edge and back…does he plan on coming down here and driving his mom into the mattress?" she asked.

"I can do that?"

"I mean it, Luke," she said in a more serious tone. "I wanna feel those cum-filled nuts beating against my ass, got it?"

Luke could hardly believe his ears. He could see in his mom's face the serious desire to be fucked hard and cum like crazy. He was up for the challenge. "Got it!" he replied.

"Then hold on just a minute," she said, reaching over to his nightstand and getting her cellphone. She dialed her husband, who was still downstairs. "Hey, honey…yeah, he's fine, just a little depressed, so I've been spending some time talking to him. Hey, since I might be up here for awhile, if you wanna get your run in… we can finish our movie tomorrow," she told her husband.

While she spoke to her husband, Luke was still slowly gliding his prick through her birthing tube. She twisted her silky legs around him, using them to pull him down on top of her. The boy went straight for her tit, latching on lustfully.

"The baby will be fine, honey…just put her in her crib and she'll sleep," Traci said into her phone. "Alright…have a good run and I'll see you in a little while."

When she hung up, Traci ran her long nails through the back of her son's hair. The feel of his suctioned lips around the middle of her areola and his tongue doing battle with her engorged nipple was divine. "As soon as we hear your father leave, I want you to fuck the hell out of me," she demanded in a hushed tone.

Luke nodded in agreement; his face pressed deeply into the fatty meat of his mom's boob. Warm tit-nectar squirted from a cluster of milk-ducts surrounding her teat. He whimpered as he nursed like a starving infant.

Their hot genitals were as ready as they'd ever be for vigorous sexual intercourse. Luke's boner was at full-harness, flexing and throbbing. The tissues in his mother's clitoris had also swelled and stiffened, like a mini erection, making it protrude lewdly from her fleshy prepuce. The increased circulation and arousal caused her vulva to plump up, her ribbed walls secreting a natural lubricant made up of proteins and amino acids. The nerve endings along her cock-stuffed vaginal orifice lit up, ready to be stimulated further by a hard pounding fuck.

The faint sound of the front door closing, made their hearts skip a beat. "Give it to me!" the mother eagerly demanded.

Her distended nipple popped from the boy's mouth as he increased his fuck-tempo, driving his cock through his mom's snug cunt with greater intensity.

His mom reciprocated with thrusts of her own, whipping her rounded ass cheeks off the mattress, pumping her horny cunt up onto the steely stiffness of his boner.

The teen was blown away by the suctioned pressure of his mom's hot, wet cunt around his hard cock. He jerked his hips back, withdrawing until only the fat crown of his prick remained in her clasping pussy slit. Traci quickly closed the distance between them, screwing her slippery cunt up around his boner and smacking her vulvar lips against his cock-root.

"Fuck meeee!" the mom cried out, knowing they could be as loud and wild as they wanted now that her husband was gone.

"Ahh-ah-ah-ah!!" Luke's voice quivered as he pounded into his mother with deep satisfying thrusts, making his bed jerk and squeak.

The harder he fucked her, the more her tits sloshed and quivered between them. He snarled like a horny dog, beating his dick through the tight, slippery tube of her vagina. He could feel the pursed lips of her cervical head kissing the tip of his plowing bulb. It had recently dilated widely, to allow the passage of his little sister when his mom gave birth. This meant the flesh of her rounded extremity was still wonderfully puffy and excreted hot slippery mucus from her womb that smeared and sizzled on the boy's glans.

The mother slipped her clasping legs up, high around her boy's back. She knew this would position them so she could hear that delightfully sound that she wanted so badly to listen to.

"**SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**" Her boy's big nuts beat against her upturned ass. Due to her husband's dwindling sexual abilities, it was a sound she hadn't heard in many, many years.

"**YES**…**I LOVE IT!!**" she cried out, quickly swept to the edge of tit-quivering climax.

Luke gasped and smiled with pride, knowing he'd be able to fuck his mom fiercely through her entire orgasm.

"Ungghhh!!" the mother grunted wildly. She grimaced, clenching her pretty white teeth together and rolling her head deliriously back and forth as she came harder than she ever had. Luke could see now why she wanted his father out of the house. His mom's beautiful screams of pleasure were ear-piercingly loud and intense.

The feel of her squeezing, gushing cunt, made Luke's erection tingle. He fucked himself to the edge of orgasm, then socked his prick in as deep as it would go and held it there in full penetration.

The trembling mother clung to her boy, tightening the harness of her freshly shaved legs around him. She clenched the painted toes of her sexy feet, feeling another juicy orgasmic contraction shoot through her heavy-breasted body.

"Ahhgghh!" Her boy grunted, feeling her pelvic floor muscles flex repeatedly, causing her clasping vaginal walls to chew at the tender meat of his dick. He knew he certainly deserved a medal for staying in her this long without cumming. However, the pleasure he was receiving was more than enough reward.

"Get on your back!" the mother gasped.

The teen sat up and pulled out, making his cock exit the suction of her cunt with a lewd creamy popping sound. He was shocked by just

how soaking wet his dick was. It stuck way out from his crotch, wagging stiffly as he lowered onto his back.

His busty mom wasted no time climbing on top of him. The sight of her huge oblong tits dangling down above his face nearly took his breath away. He tore his eyes away from them and stared down his chiseled torso. His mom grasped his cock with her left hand and he could see the big diamond wedding ring sparkling on her finger, reminding him of how wicked they were being. She whimpered as she rubbed the drooling shiny-skinned cock knob through the slick folds of her pudenda.

"Now I'm gonna show you what a horny mom can do to you in bed," she mewled, then fit his flaring knob into her cuntal vestibule. "I'm gonna fuck you like a whore!"

"Damn!" the boy blurted, feeling the heat of her snug vagina sheath his cock again. Traci took him all the way to his nutsack, fusing their crotches together, then, she gyrated her wide sexy hips, stirring his cock around inside her.

"Ohh, fuck yes! Smash those pussy walls with that big cock!" she cried out. "Carve your name into my vagina!"

The wonder-stuck teen gawked at her big udders, watching them wobble around as she ground her pussy on him. His eyes traveled down her naked torso and watched her puffy bare vulva beat against the base of his cock. The fleshy domed hood of her clitoris jiggled with every strike. His mom took every inch of his meaty hardness, feeling it plunge up through her birth canal. Her pussy humped and squeezed on Luke's muscled erection, doing what mommy-cunts were made to do.

"**OH MY GOD**…**HOW CAN YOU BE SO INCREDIBLY FUCKING HARD**?!" Traci screamed out, gushing on the unyielding spike if her boy's cock.

Before he knew what hit him, Luke's face was stuffed in the deep canyon of his mom's squishy cleavage. Traci had lowered her upper half down against him and starting bobbing her big rounded ass up and down, assaulting her son's cock with aggressive fuck-thrusts.

"Damn, mom!" the boy exclaimed, rubbing his face along the fatty jiggling flesh of her tit.

"Oh, baby…you don't know how bad I needed this," the mother whimpered as one climax slowly rolled into another.

The sound of his nuts slapping against her, while he was on top, was nothing compared to the lewd pounding sound of her meaty ass beating his crotch.

"You like that, baby!" she asked in a lusty tone. "You like how I'm **FUCKING** you?!"

"Yes!" the boy answered as his head slipped from between her dangling knockers. Now he watched her fatty melons swing in a hypnotizing pattern, while she rode him.

"Holy fuck! Those are **NOTHING** like Olivia's tits!" he thought, marveling at the way his mom's milk-swollen boobs rocked and rippled with her on top.

"Look at you fucking away like a rock star," his mom teased. "Do you always dick girls without kissing them?"

"I'll kiss you," Luke offered.

Humping and flexing her cunt on him, the mother kissed him hornily. She felt his cock flex powerfully in reaction to their tongues intertwining. Then, she dug his prick in as deep and it could go and ground it against her back wall. "Oh, my God!" she gasped into her son's open mouth, feeling his spongy bell tip dig between the lips of

her cervical entrance. "How do you not have girls lined up outside your door wanting to fuck you?" she asked I'm a groaning tone.

Luke kissed his way down her neck and the slope of her tit, then enveloped her rubbery teat into his mouth. He sucked aggressively, drawing out several streams of warm tit-nectar. At the same time, his mom began furiously riding his cock again.

"Gonna cum!" the mother grunted, taking the length of her boy's cock with every wild hump. The spasms swept through her mature pussy like waves of pleasure. She whipped her lovely mommy-ass up and down in lustful fury. At the root of her clitoris, Traci's urethral sponge was swollen with female ejaculate. Her capillaries and Skene Glands worked together, contracting powerfully and forcing a fountain of hot girl-cum to flow out from her urethra.

"Ohhh, wow!" Luke groaned; his voice muffled by the squishy melon-meat masking his face. His mom's searing ejaculatory fluid was swirling around his pink dick, then down along his balls and onto his bed.

Luke grunted again in ecstasy; his face contorting against his mom's tit as an unstoppable load of cum swelled up in his balls.

"No more edging, baby! Your father will be back anytime!" his mom squealed. "Give my pussy that hot fucking load!"

They both grunted in unison as a pearly-white stream of spunk gushed from Luke's piss-slit. The mother fucked him feverishly, contracting her pussy-sheath around his cum-spewing cock to make it as mind-blowing as she could for him.

"Goodness, sweetheart!" Traci sighed as she lay there against him a moment, catching her breath. "That was um…a little further than I intended for things to go, but…it was wonderful."

"Sure was!" Her boy sighed.

"Do you feel a little more confident…in your ability to last longer now?"

Luke thought for a moment before answering. If there was a way he could answer, that would allow him fuck his mom again, he would quickly find it. "Well, maybe not a hundred-percent confident. Do you think we could practice again tomorrow?" he asked.

"On one condition," she answered, rising up onto her knees.

"What's that?"

She spun around on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty derriere back at her boy. "Next time, I want it this way," she said with a naughty smile.

Luke licked his lips, staring at the clamshell of her fleshy cunt. "Doggy-style, right?" he asked.

"Nope!"

"That's not the doggy-style position?"

"It is…but a doggy-fuck up the pussy isn't what I want," she replied, then leaned down, making her butt-crack spread and the ring of her crinkled asshole bud out.

"You want it…in there?" Luke gulped.

"I do," she answered, smiling back at him. "Moms tight ass will be the true endurance test. Have you ever fucked a girl up the ass before?"

"No…never. I um…always wanted to though."

"Well then…" Traci said, wagging her bubble-booty back and forth teasingly. "I guess someone gets to ride the pleasure-train into ass-town tomorrow."

They heard the door close downstairs, so she got off the bed and started dressing. Luke decided that since she had made such a naughty request, that he would make one also. "Will you suck my dick tomorrow too?"

His mom smiled slyly, then looked over at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Will you eat my cunt?" she boldly asked.

"Definitely!"

"I would have sucked your dick even if you said no…but I didn't think you'd say no," she winked.

"No way I'd say no."

"Wow…if we keep adding things to our to-do list for tomorrow, we may have to just keep you home from school. That's the only way we'll have time to do it all," she giggled.

"I'm game," Luke said eagerly.

"Well, if I do keep you home and we have all day, then you might have time for a tittie-fuck too," she said, moving her shoulders and making her fat jugs shimmy back and forth.

"Damn, mom…I'm not gonna be able to sleep at all tonight," he confessed, his cock still throbbing with hardness.

"Aww…is someone anxious to get his knob slobbered all over?" Traci asked, licking her lips teasingly. "Or is he just excited to feel his boner buried to his nutsack inside his mom's hot, tight ass?"

Luke couldn't help but reach down and grasp the tip of his erection. "Actually…both sound amazing!" he sighed.

So far, Traci only had her bra on. She smiled over at her son. "Would you like just a sampling before I go off to feed your sister?" she

asked.

"Sure!"

"Stand up, sweetheart," she said, moving towards him.

The second Luke stood up his mom squatted down in front of him. Traci grasped his boner around the base, then sensually licked all over his knob. She plunged it through her mouth a few times, peeking up at him with the sluttiest look Luke had ever seen.

"Holy hell!" the boy panted, watching her long thick tongue swipe down his stalk, around his balls and back up to his tip. She flickered the tip of her licker across his frenulum, making his knees tremble.

The mother then stood up, pushed him into the sitting position on the edge of the bed. She turned, sat on his lap and ground his cock through the crack of her lovely ass.

"Wow, mom…you're really teasing the hell out of me," he stated.

"Have you had enough, baby?" she asked, then rose up little, grasped his rigid cock with her hand and rubbed his bell tip against her puckered butt-ring. "Mom was about to squeeze just your knob inside her butthole. Do you want me to stop?"

"No!" the boy blurted, shaking his head. "You can put it in."

The way she clutched her fist around the base of his boner, made his dick mushroom with more blood, turning a shade of pinkish-purple. Traci reached down with her other hand and swiped her fingers through the juicy slit of her labium. She then coated her boy's knob with creamy goo left from their earlier fuck, making it nice n slippery.

"Now you're ready," she whispered, pressing his swollen crown against the elastic ring of her ass.

"Ahhh!" Luke gasped sharply, feeling his penis-tip pop into her hot anal canal.

A sudden knock at the door startled them. "Traci, you still in there?" her husband asked.

"Yes, hon…we're um…almost through talking," she answered, trying not to sound like an aroused woman that had a young dick in her ass.

"**OK, I**'m gonna get a shower."

"I'll be down in a few minutes," she shouted, then turned her head, looking at her boy over her shoulder. "How does that feel, baby?"

"I love it!" Her boy sighed.

Her anus collared the neck of his glans, so only his bulbous tip was smothered in ass-flesh. "Tomorrow, you can push you hardon up into my rectum…where the real pleasure is," she stated, then squeezed her sphincter muscles, tightening her rubbery ass-walls around her boy's knob.

"Damn…this sure feels like 'real pleasure' to me," he gasped.

"Oh, sweetheart…if you love this, then once my asshole is screwed against the base of your cock, you're gonna go absolutely bonkers," she giggled.

"Is it tomorrow yet?" the boy asked, wishing more than anything that it was.

Traci popped his cockhead from her ass, making sure her boy got a good look at her butt-ring as it clenched closed. "It will be soon enough, sweetheart. Try to get some rest."

Luke watched her put her sexy pajamas back on. "OK, stand up here and hug me," she said, throwing her arms open.

He stood and moved in for a delightful tit-squasher. His mom gazed into his eyes lovingly. "I forgot to mention one other important thing we'll be doing tomorrow…and that's kissing," she stated softly.

"Oh, yeah…I like that too," Luke expressed.

"You like mom's tongue wiggling around inside your mouth?"

"Hell yes!"

"Good…because it's gonna spend a lot of time there, while I'm pounding my ass around that dreamy cock of yours," she mewled, then locked lips with her boy for a deep sensual, tongue-twirling kiss. "Good night, baby."

"Good night," the boy responded, standing there with throbbing wood as his mom moved towards his doorway. He watched her lovely bubble butt undulate beneath her snug-fitting jammie-shorts. The boy could only imagine what her ass was gonna feel beating back against his crotch in hot anal intercourse.

Downsizing with Danny

By Klrxo, aka Sci-Fi Mommy

"Mom, you gotta see this!" Danny shouted from the garage as I was making dinner.

My son was a mad scientist in the making. He had set up a makeshift lab in the garage where he performed all sorts of experiments. Danny always promised that he'd stay away from explosive chemicals, but even so, my husband and I feared that one day he might blow up the house.

"What sort of mayhem are you creating out here today?" I asked, joining him in the garage. I pushed my platinum-blonde hair aside so I could see what he was doing.

"Remember the formula I created last week? The one you said smelt like lavender?"

"Well, I love lavender, so of course I remember that one," I replied.

"I mixed that formula with one I had created about a month ago. The one you said looked like red lava."

"I remember that one too. It was pretty, but didn't smell so great **AT ALL!**"

"Look what happens when I combine the two though, and apply it to an object," Danny said, pointing at his lab table.

"I'm not seeing anything, honey" I muttered, feeding him a confused gaze.

"Look again. Look closer!"

I crouched down, eye-level with Danny's lab table and that's when I saw it. It was a **CAR TIRE** , as small as a cheerio. "It's so cute!" I stated, not yet fully grasping what my son had done.

"It wasn't always that size though. It was one of those!" he replied, pointing at three snow tires for my car that we kept stored in the garage. That's when it hit me that the forth tire was missing. Danny had shrunk it!

"Oh my Gosh, Danny! Did you really just do that, or are you playing a joke on me?" I skeptically asked.

"It's no joke, I swear! The formula shrunk it!"

A shook my head in disbelief. I'll admit, my son had created some crazy formulas in the past, that resulted in some really cool reactions when mixed together, but never anything like this. This was an actual scientific breakthrough! "Can you show me? Make it happen again!" I requested.

"I'll grab another tire," Danny suggested.

"Wait! Those tires are expensive, honey. Can you use something else?"

"Mom, once I patent this formula, we're gonna be rich! Not only will I buy you more tires…I'll purchase you a new car to go with them!" my son excitedly stated.

"OK, fine…use another tire then," I told him, anxious to see this actually work.

Danny rolled another tire over and lifted it onto his lab table. I watched him drip some of the formula on the tread, creation a brilliant green cloud that enveloped the tire completely. When the haze disappeared, the tire was no longer there. "See!" Danny blurted with a big smile.

I rushed back over to the table and sure enough, there was a second miniature tire the same size of the first. "Danny…this is amazing!" I expressed.

"I know, right? I wonder just how small I could, um…**OH, OOPS!!**"

I looked at the table and saw that Danny had spilt the formula, while setting it down. Before we even had a chance to react both of us were engulfed in a thick green cloud. I felt a sudden chill and tried to fan the green mist from around my face. When it finally faded away, Danny and I were still standing there, but the room around us had grown much, much bigger!

"Danny, what just happened?! Did you shrink us?" I asked in a panic.

"Oh damn, I think I did," he muttered. Even my son's lab table and all his potions had shrunk, since they also were consumed in the chemical reaction.

I looked over at my monstrous car, which was parked in the garage and loomed over us like a skyscraper. The door leading to the kitchen seemed like it was a mile away. "This is **NOT** good!" I expressed, looking at my son worriedly. "How small do you think we are?"

"I'd say no bigger than a black ant," Danny replied.

"Shit, Danny…what are we gonna do?"

"I'm not sure," my son answered, looking over all his potions and probably wondering if there was a way to reverse what had just happened.

"Angela?!" a loud voice called out. It was my husband, Larry. We saw him come to the doorway leading out to the garage and look

around for me. My God, he looked a thousand feet tall! "Angela, are you out here?"

I rushed forward, waving my arms frantically and screamed at the top of my lungs. "**LARRY!! LARRY, WE'RE DOWN HERE!" I** was so tiny that he simply couldn't hear me.

He stepped out into the garage, coming towards us and peering around. He was probably wondering, not only where we were, but where all my son's lab equipment had disappeared to. Together, Danny and I shouted as loud as we could, but to no avail. We were simply too tiny for him to notice us.

"Be careful, mom, or you're gonna get stepped on!" my son shouted, then tackled me out of the way just before my husband's colossal foot landed just where I was standing a second ago.

We rested there for a minute, and I felt a bit odd practically laying on my son, with my big tits crushed against his chest. Larry went back inside and closed the door, making my stomach sink with dread. "What do we do now?" I whispered.

Danny and I got back to our feet. "We could try to go inside and somehow get dad's attention, but then what?" Danny stated. "He won't know what to do to make us bigger, nor will anyone else."

"Well we can't just stay out here in the garage, Danny."

"Not forever, no, but I have my lab equipment out here. I have to find a formula that'll reverse what's happened and make us normal-size again."

"Do you think that's possible?"

"All I can do is start mixing some chemicals and see what happens," Danny answered.

"That doesn't sound very reassuring," I scowled.

"No, but it's our only option right now."

My son got to work, writing down some formulas on paper that he thought might help, then he took two test tubes from the chemical rack. "Alright, let's try these two!" he finally suggested, combining one chemical with the other.

Suddenly, a big puff of brilliant pink smoke consumed the both of us. I felt light-headed as the plume dissolved, and a burning heat consumed my breasts and genital region. I looked over at my son and could tell that he was feeling the same types of strange sensations. "Danny, what did you just do to us?" I whispered.

"Um…I'm not really sure," he replied.

An uncontrollable surge of sexual desire swept through my body and I looked my boy up and down, biting my bottom lip. I wanted to rip his clothes off and fuck his brains out right there on the garage floor. "No!" I sighed out loud, shaking my head. "This is wrong!"

I felt Danny touch my shoulder, then looked up into his needful eyes. Our gaze remained transfixed as we became possessed by sexual lust. My nipples felt as hard as stone and I could feel the juices oozing from my vagina.

"Oh, mom…you're so beautiful!" Danny muttered, running his hands around my neck tenderly.

I glanced down at his crotch and could see then tent in his pants from his erection being pushed out. I tried to push him away, but felt weak in my efforts to separate ourselves. It was clear that whatever potion Danny had created was making us complete sexual deviants. "Danny…honey, we have to be strong!" I admonished, but the immediately felt my lips drawn to his.

Unable to stop myself, I began kissing my son passionately, then thrust my body against his, squashing my big tits against him. We made out like lovers, our tongues dueling wildly. Then, we frantically began tearing each other's clothes off. I had never felt so consumed by sexual desire in my life. We were both possessed by wicked lust!

Danny tore my bra off, making my big jugs spring heavily from their cups. We both quickly slid out of our underwear, still kissing and moaning, unable to keep our lips apart. "Oh, Danny!" I whimpered. "Oh, God, I need to fuck you!"

I gazed over at my son's erect penis. It looked as hard as concrete, jutting out from his crotch, covered in big bulging veins and crowned by a fat bell tip. I could see him staring at my naked, shaved pussy like a starving dog. Our eyes met again and we shared a lascivious smile. Our will-power was now completely gone. We were consumed with the desire to fuck each other.

As bad as I needed it that very moment, the idea of having mindless sex on the concrete garage floor didn't excite me. I looked over and spotted a yellow micro-fiber rag that my husband had kept near some cleaning supplies, sitting on the ground. "There!" I pointed, then grabbed my son's hand and quickly led him towards it.

We sprinted for the rag, like two children excitedly rushing towards the playground. My large breasts bounced wildly, as did Danny's boner as we hurried desperately towards our fuck-haven. Unfortunately, we were both so tiny that it took us few minutes to finally arrive there. Danny and I dove into the comfort of the rag, which seemed the size of a baseball field.

"Fuck the cum out of me, baby!" I cried out. Never had such a filthy request left my mouth, especially around my son. However, as we had both discovered, we were helpless in resisting our sexual urges. I spread my thigh, letting my boy sink down between my legs. The

feel of his erect cock piercing my vagina made me gasp sharply, then squeal in delight as it sunk inside me.

"Oh, damn, mom!" Danny gasped, feeling the wet, smoldering sleeve of my vagina sheath his young cock.

As soon as he hit bottom, he reared back again, then began fucking me savagely. I felt no shame. No guilt. I was too fucking horny, and Danny's cock felt divine pummeling through my fuck-hole. There was simply no room in my mind for those thoughts! I rocked my pelvis, meeting his thrusts, and making my vulvar lips beat against his cock-base. I wanted every inch he could give.

"Fuck me hard, Danny!" I panted. "Fuck me! Fuck me **FUCK ME!!**"

My handsome little mad-scientist let out a cute little grunt, humping steadily into his hot-bodied mommy. I could only imagine the wonderful sensations that he was experiencing on his penile glans, especially since I was tightening my pelvic floor muscles around him. I was a wholesome mom, yes, but fucking had always been something I was extremely adept at.

WE FUCKED OUR ASSES OFF!! It must have been an hour straight that my boy held off, impressing the shit out of me, first of all. I had never been fucked for that long. Also, he made me cry out in passion and gush on his hammering peter more times than I could count.

"**I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM, MOM!**" my boy suddenly announced, his balls beating so wildly against my ass that it sounded like some one clapping their hands. I could feel the sticky geysers of cock-cream pulsing from his peter-tip, painting my vaginal walls with his ball-nectar.

After a few minutes of kissing and writhing, milking out all the pleasure our orgasms would provide, Danny collapsed on top of me. We held each other for the longest time, not saying a word.

"The last time I saw either of them was over two hours ago!" I heard my husband say as he stepped back out into the garage. I thought that perhaps the sexual fire in Danny and I would be quenched after such a long, satisfying fuck, but I was wrong. We were still on the micro-fiber towel and I was straddling my boy, riding his tireless cock. I gazed over at my hubby, while he talked on the phone, still feeling not a drop of shame.

"I tried her friend, Janet, but she hasn't seen her either. This is so unlike Angela. I'm really staring to get worried," Larry said into his phone. He wandered over to the side of my vehicle. If he had just looked down and squinted, he would have noticed our teeny tiny bodies fucking on the towel that he used to dust his car with.

I felt so wicked looking up at my giant, worried husband, while feverishly fucking my boy's cock. I peeked down and saw Danny staring at my breasts as they bounced wildly up and down. "Would you like to suck my tits, honey…right in front of your father?" I breathlessly asked.

"Fuck yes!" Danny replied.

I leaned over, smothering my heavy breasts around my son's face. He delightfully kissed his way up my squishy cleavage, then latched on to one of my swollen nipples. I had never felt this fucking aroused and full of sexual energy! I felt like I could fuck and cum on Danny's cock all day long and I planned on doing just that. His erection felt like a granite slab pumping through the tube of my cunt, his spongy knob kissing my cervix on every thrust.

"**AUUGHH!" I** gasped, then flexed my fuck-muscles, fusing my crotch to Danny's and grinding in full penetration. The long jutting muscle of his cock felt 'out of this fucking world' as it stretched my uteri in every direction.

"Ahh, mom!" my boy grunted, his voice muffled by the flesh of my big tit masked around his face. I could feel his muscular love-organ

throbbing and twitching inside me, his piss-hole spitting out gooey gobs of sperm against the back of my pussy-tube. Orgasmic tingles swept through my heavy-titted body and I began trembling and crying out in a mind-blowing orgasm on top of him.

"Hold on, I think I hear something!" I heard my husband say on the phone. I didn't look up to see if he discovered us. At that moment, I really didn't fucking care. I was cumming too Goddamn hard on my son's cock.

"Oh, never mind. I thought I heard Angela's voice, but it must be in my head," Larry stated, then I peered up to see him disappear back inside the house.

I didn't think my baby and I would ever stop cumming. I bathed his dick in my hot girl-cum, while he pumped more and more of his boy-seed inside my needy pussy. I had never fucked so intensely that I passed out from exhaustion, until today.

"**HI, MOM!**" Danny announced. His voice was so loud it nearly startled me out of my skin. I looked up to see his giant face looming over me. He was big again, and had a huge smile on his face!

"Danny…you're big!" I uttered, stating the obvious.

"While you were sleeping I messed with the different formulas. I found one that made me normal size again."

I knew the lust spell must have worn off, because I was feeling a bit self-conscious laying there naked in front of him. Also, the overwhelming need to be fucked non-stop was gone. "Let me get my clothes back on, then you can use the formula on me," I remarked.

"Can we try something first?" Danny asked.

"Try what?" I replied suspiciously.

A few minutes later, I was standing on the knob of my son's erection. Yes, you heard me right! My tiny, naked body was standing there on the pinkish-purple surface of his bulbous tip, fulfilling my son's request.

"How's the weather down there, mom?" he asked, peering down at me.

"Very funny!" I shouted, knowing he could probably barely hear me.

Being this tiny, his normal-sized cock looked like a monster! I marveled at the sheer size of it, jutting out from his crotch. It was like three or four mobile homes parked end to end in length, with giant veins popping out. The smell of my dried pussy juice on him was strong and pungent.

"I doubt we could have sex this way," my son joked.

"No, definitely not!" I giggled. "You'd crush me with this huge dragon!"

Then he made a request that surprised me. "Will you crawl inside my piss-hole?"

I burst out laughing."No!" I shouted, half-playfully. "You're lucky I agreed to doing this!"

"Oh, come on, mom. Just crawl in there for a few minutes, then I'll make you normal size again."

I couldn't believe I actually agreed to doing something so ridiculous. I stepped across the broad bulb of Danny cock, then peered down the rounded contour of his tip, staring at the huge, slimy slit of his meatus. "Danny, please catch me if I fall," I yelled, suddenly remembering how scared of heights I was. I might as well have been at the top of a skyscraper, the ground looked so far below.

"I've got your back, mom…just take your time!"

His knob was like a giant, fleshy boulder and I was carefully climbing down to enter the cave on it's face. His penis-slit was twice my size and I paused at it's slimy entrance. "I'm not so sure this is safe, honey!" I yelled.

"You don't have to go in very far mom," Danny replied. The scientist in him was probably finding this extremely fascinating. "Just crawl inside and check it out."

I used all my strength to pull the slit apart and gazed inside my son's bulbar urethra. The walls looked like slabs of beautiful pinkish-white marble. I managed to get pre-ejaculatory slime all over me as I wormed my way inside. The spongy slit-like passage of Danny's urethra folded around my entire body and I'll admit, it felt really warm and wonderful. I could hear the gushing pulse of his penile arteries. "Well, isn't this interesting," I said out loud. I'm pretty sure I was the only woman in human history to crawl inside a man's piss-slit.

Even though it was dark, it was so comfortable in here that I decide to worm my way a little deeper. The snug tube was so incredibly warm and slippery! I heard a deep stretching sound then felt the elastic walls tighten around me, smothering my naked flesh in erectile tissue. I knew this sudden encapsulation must be caused by my son excitedly flexing his erection.

"**MMMMBBBLLUURRRPPP!!**" Suddenly I was drowning in a surge of hot ball-slime. I panicked, gasping in a tangy mouthful and swallowing it. My body was swept back out by the gooey current and I thought for sure I'd be falling to my death as I exited the slit of my son's penis, seeing the light of day again.

"I've got you, mom!" Danny stated, catching my tiny body with his finger and lifting me up to his face. I was still squirming around in a giant pool of pre-spunk. It must have been quite the amusing sight

to my son as he laughed. My body, my blonde hair…everything was soaked in pre-ejaculatory slime. I choked again, gasping for breath. I felt like I must have swallowed a gallon of Danny's goo.

"Laugh it up, mister!" I shouted, glaring over at him.

"Sorry, but that was kinda cool to watch!"

"Maybe next time I'll put you inside **ME** and see how you like it!" I shouted with a smile. Even though it had a bit of a scary ending, the overall experience of being inside my son's erection was really thrilling. Something about having all that young penile meat squeezed around my entire body was really something I'd never forget.

"Would you please make me normal-sized now!" I eagerly requested.

"Normal-sized mother, coming right up!" Danny replied, walking us over to his lab table.

Later, we explained everything that had happened to my husband, Larry…minus the sex part, of course. Danny would patent his new formula and it would eventually be purchased by the government for further research. The first time wasn't the last time my son and I would shrink our bodies down, or use the mysterious lust-potion together, but that…is another story.

Dr. Lovejoy's Clinic for Mothers and Sons

The sound of dainty five-inch Valentino heels echoed through the office hallway as Doctor Lora Lovejoy sashayed to the waiting room.

"Billy & Tori? Hi, I'm Doctor Lovejoy," the middle-aged brunette said.

Tori, a blonde, big busted mother, stood and extended her hand for a handshake. "Nice to meet you," she said, showing a perfect smile full of brilliant white teeth.

"If you wanna follow me down to my office, we'll begin the session," Lora said.

Billy followed the two women down the corridor, his eyes drifting from one thick swaying buttocks to the other. The women's thin stiletto heels **CLICKED** delicately on the hard floor as Doctor Lovejoy led them to her office.

"Have a seat here on the sofa," she said, sitting down across from them. She gazed at Billy and smiled, quickly looking him up and down.

"Billy, I'm a licensed sex therapist who specializes in working with mothers and sons. Your mom arranged this appointment for the two of you because she felt you had some issues that you need to work on, is that correct Tori?" Lora asked.

"Yes," the mother answered, taking her son's hand and squeezing it tight.

The doctor held a pen and clipboard, referring to her notes. "Billy, it says here that you just turned eighteen, is that correct?" Lora asked.

"Yes ma'am, last week," the soft spoken boy answered. "And Tori you are...thirty-eight?"

"Correct," Tori said.

"What's your living arrangement? What other family members do you have in the home?" Lora inquired.

"There's my husband Dan," Tori said, "Also, I have a thirteen year old daughter, Heather and a newborn daughter, Claire."

"So Billy is your oldest child and the only boy?" "That's correct," the mother answered.

"So Tori, what type of behaviors are you seeing that you have concerns about?"

"Well, I've been catching Billy staring at my breasts or my legs, which I know is somewhat natural, however lately it seems a bit obsessive. I know he masturbates quite a lot and the other day I caught him trying to peek in on me while I was getting undressed," Tori explained.

Lora jotted down a few notes. "Ok, and how often would you say he's masturbating?"

"If I had to guess I would say...at least three to five times a day." The doctor looked at the boy. "Billy, does that sound accurate?"

He seemed a bit too embarrassed to answer and shrugged his shoulders. "Um..."

Tori squeezed his hand. "It's ok, just relax and be honest with her, sweetheart."

The doctor smiled sympathetically. "Billy, none of the information you share leaves this room. I follow a strict confidentiality policy,

which means whatever we do or discuss in this office stays between, me, you and your mother. These questions are designed to get the information I need in order to help you, understand?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Good. So, then back to my last question. Your mother suspects that you're masturbating three to five times a day, does that sound accurate?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about when you masturbate?" the doctor asked.

Billy shrugged his shoulders again. "I don't know...sex stuff," he answered.

"Do you imagine that you're having sex with your mother when you masturbate Billy?" The doctor asked.

Tori peeked over at her teen, eager to hear his answer. "Sometimes."

Lora stared straight into his eyes. "What about the other times? Do you imagine that you're doing **OTHER** sexual things with her? Kissing her? Squeezing and sucking her breasts maybe?" she asked.

Billy nodded timidly. "Yes, both those things," he muttered. "Anything else?"

"Well sometimes I imagine her, um...sucking on me," he confessed.

Tori let out a tiny gasp and looked across the room in a slightly embarrassed manner.

Lora's eyes lit up a bit as she jotted this down his confession on her paper. "So sometimes you imagine that your mom is sucking on your penis?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I have a few other detailed questions regarding these fantasies. Remember, your answers are crucial to me helping you, so I want you to be as honest as you can, ok?" the doctor asked.

"Yes ma'am."

"When you fantasize about having sex with your mom, do you picture yourself bringing **HER** to orgasm?"

"You mean...does she..."

"Do you make her scream in pleasure?" Lora asked, staring straight at him. "Do you imagine her crying out in ecstasy...shaking and clawing her nails down your back, while your penis is inside of her?"

Just the mere question was getting Billy worked up to the point that he was having a difficult time answering.

Lora moved over and sat beside him, so he was now sandwiched between her and his Mom on the sofa. She placed her hand on his knee and patted it reassuringly. "Do your best to answer Billy. These are important questions."

"I do imagine those things, or sometimes she's on top of me or bent over in front of me."

"Oh , so you also fantasize about having sex with her in different sexual positions?" Doctor Lovejoy asked.

"Yes."

"When you're masturbating and you ejaculate, do you imagine that you're cumming inside of her, or do you pull out and shoot your load on her face or tits?"

"Both," he muttered and Lora made a note of that on paper.

The doctor then looked at his mother. "Tori, from what you've observed, what part of you would you say fascinates your son the most?

"Definitely my breasts," she said without hesitation.

"You mentioned that you have a newborn. Are you breastfeeding?" "Yes."

"Do you allow Billy to watch the baby nurse?" Lora asked.

"Well, I don't encourage it, but I have noticed he comes around quite often while his sister is breastfeeding."

Doctor Lovejoy looked back at the teen. "I suspect this is because it gives him a chance to see your naked tits, isn't that right Billy?"

"Yes ma'am," he muttered bravely.

"Does seeing your Mom's boobs while she nurses your sister make your penis become erect?"

"Yeah," he muttered.

Lora quickly glanced at the Mother's breasts, admiring their immense size. "Tori, I would imagine your boobs have grown tremendously over the past year?"

Tori giggled, "Yeah you could say that. I think this is probably the biggest they've ever been."

"I would guess just based on what I'm seeing that you're at least an F cup, am I right? the Doctor asked.

"At the moment, I'm a 38 H cup."

"Wow, what tremendous breasts!" Lora exclaimed. "In order to form an accurate treatment plan, I'd like to see just how quickly Billy

becomes aroused by them. Would you be willing to strip down to your bra?"

"Of course. If you think it will help him, I'll do whatever I can to contribute," Tori said willingly.

"Excellent. Billy, before your mom removes her blouse, I'd like you to stand up and remove all your clothes," Lora said.

"All of them? You mean get...naked?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, It'll allow your mother and I to see just how your body is reacting to hers. I'll also need to perform what's call a 'sexual functioning' test and I can only do that accurately if you're nude," Lora explained. "Oh, I see, the teen muttered.

She fed him a sexy reassuring smile, " There's no shame in being naked, Billy. It's just the three of us here and I've performed this test on hundreds of young men your age, right in front of their mothers. Now be a good boy, stand up and take off all your clothes."

"Ok," he said, standing up and removing his shirt first.

The women were watching him undress. "Mmm, quite the chest, Billy. Tori, you certainly have yourself one handsome teen here"

The blonde haired mother smiled with pride. "This is true. Seems like all the other moms talk about is how they wanna get their hands on him," she said.

"I can see why," the doctor said. "Now your briefs Billy. Don't be shy."

Billy removed his briefs, exposing his naked cock. He heard a soft gasp come from both women. "Oh my! Well, I can tell right away that he's well above average in penis size," Doctor Lovejoy said.

"I would agree...it's certainly not small," Tori said in a blushing tone.

"Ok, now if the two of you could stand in front of me facing each other, arms length apart...."

They complied, facing one another just in front of the doctor. "Perfect. Now that Billy's naked, Tori if you'd like to slip out of your blouse."

"Sure," the busty mother said, slowly unbuttoning her white polyester top.

"Wow!" Billy muttered under his breath, watching her enormous, bra-encased knockers emerge from the parted top.

"Oh Tori, what a big beautiful white bra," Lora said.

"Thank you," Billy's mom answered, shedding the blouse completely.

Billy's eyes were wide with desire. His mom's bra featured delicate floral lace detail on the cups and sheer mesh panels at the sides and back. It pushed her knockers up some, exposing an obscene amount of creamy tan cleavage.

Lora studied the boy's reaction. "Isn't it wonderful Billy. Look at all the delicate lace detail. And all that bulging breast meat just oozing out of the cups. Tori, how exactly are you keeping your boobs contained in that thing?" she joked.

Tori giggled. "It's a struggle, trust me," she said.

Doctor Lovejoy's eyes zero'd in on Billy's hardening prick. "Tori, now that you're in just your bra, look at how fast his penis is rising."

"Ohh wow!" the mother muttered, wide-eyed..

"And it looks like his erection has a slight upward curve...how wonderful," Lora said.

Tori's heart was beating a wild pitter-patter in her chest. "Ohh my God, look at how long it's getting!" she exclaimed.

"And thick too. See how the veins are starting to bulge out. Are you alright Billy? You seem unsteady," the doctor asked.

"Sorry, just felt light-headed for a second," he answered.

"That's understandable. You have a lot of blood rushing to your manhood right now, but look at that, in a matter of seconds you have a fully erect penis."

The two beautiful woman took a second to admire his large erection. It looked like it was carved in stone, jutting out from his crotch with a slight upward bend. Like a big fat mushroom, his knob topped his impressive baby-maker, a bead of clear precum already forming on his piss-slit.

His eyes were fixed on his Mom's milk-swollen tits. "You look really amazing in that bra mom," he bravely confessed.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Tori said with a sweet smile..

"Tori, why don't you sit next to me here on the sofa and we'll begin Billy's 'sexual functioning' test," the doctor suggested.

Tori sat down and her hefty jugs wobbled from side to side from the impact of her ass meeting the cushion.

"There, now Billy step up here in front of us, just like that...perfect," Lora said as the teen turned towards them "Now let me put my glasses on and we'll have a nice close up look."

"Do I need to do anything?" Billy asked nervously.

"Not a thing. You just stand there and look handsome while your mother and I look you over."

Tori's heart was still racing. She could hardly believe the size of her boy's manhood. Her little Billy. It seemed like yesterday she was changing his diapers, now here he was, a gorgeous young man with the biggest woman-pleaser she'd ever seen. "His dick looks so incredibly hard," she muttered.

"Actually, the first check we do is testing his rigidity. To do that, I clasp the knob with the tips of my fingers like this..." Lora explained, taking the bulbous tip in her long red fingernails.

"We'll point his boner down towards the floor. A healthy erection should spring right back up...just like that," the doctor said as they watched Billy's sturdy penis spring back up and point skyward again.

Tori gasped excitedly. "Wow, that was amazing!"

"Billy has a nice strong erection. It's shape is consistent with what women prefer. The upward curve means an advantage when it comes to stimulating certain areas of a woman's vagina," Lora said.

Billy's mom's eyes traveled the length of his prick. "You're talking about G-spot stimulation right? she asked. "I've always heard that dicks with a slight curve like this are perfect for that."

"Yes, the curve **AND** the length are sure to provide toe-curling, full-body orgasms."

Just the thought of it, while staring at such a meaty cock made the women's fat juicy clits throb beneath their panties.

Tori looked up at her boy and smiled. "Are you enjoying the view from up there son?" she asked.

"Yes," Billy said with a slight blush.

The two Moms giggled. "No wonder he's so hard," Lora said, "he has a bird's eye view of our cleavages. Now we're going to test him for

sensitivity. While I monitor his reaction, Tori, you're going to get up close to his erection and blow hot breath right beneath his knob."

"Oh, ok...right there," Tori asked, sitting up and pointing one of her long hot-pink nails at his frenulum.

"Yes that's just the spot. You can start when you're ready."

The mother lowered her pretty face and paused about three inches from his cock. She marveled at all the bulging veins that criss-crossed up the underside of his shaft. His boner looked so strong and powerful, it nearly took her breath away just looking at it. She blew hot breath across the tip as the doctor had asked her to do. "Fffffffffff...Fffffffffff...Fffffff."

"Ohhh wow," Billy sighed, feeling his dick flex in reaction.. "See how you're making it throb Tori?" Lora asked.

"Yes," the mother said, then blew again.
"Fffffffffff...Fffffffffff...Fffffff." "Ohh dang mom!" her son whimpered, taking a step back.

"Don't back away from it Billy. Never back away from pleasure, no matter how intense it is," Doctor Lovejoy said. "Step back up and let her continue to blow on you."

"Ok," he muttered.

Fffffffffff... Lori watched in fascination as the knob throbbed and twitched as she blew on it. Fffffffffff...Fffffff.

"Good, excellent job, Tori. Let's move on to the next part of the test. Billy, your mom and I are gonna run the tips of our nails all along the flesh of your penis and testicles. You are not to back away, do you understand?" Lora said sternly.

"Yes, but what if I need to...you know..."

"If you get close to orgasm, you let us know. We Moms have special techniques that will stop you from cumming," she explained.

The two women began to gingerly trace their long painted nails all over his cock and down around his balls. They were teasing the flesh with just enough contact to send pleasure coursing through his young body. It was enough to drive any guy insane.

"You like that, sweetheart?" Tori asked, smiling up at him as she grazed her nail-tips around his tender knob..

"Yess," the boy sighed.

The Moms smiled, their eyes darting back and forth, from his cock to his face, gauging his level of pleasure.

The excited teen gasped and started to step back, but Lora grasped on to his nuts and pulled him back. "Do you feel like you're gonna cum, Billy?"

"Yess, soon," the boy muttered with a shaky voice.

"Tori, do you know how to apply the squeeze technique?" the doctor asked.

"Around the base of the head, right?" the mother asked. "Correct. Let's go ahead and use it."

Billy watched his mom place her thumb on the frenulum of his dick and her forefinger up around his knob. She applied a tight, but tender squeeze.

"Perfect. Billy, your mom has closed off the tube of your urethra, so your ejaculate won't be able to escape," Lora explained, "Doing this will allow us to continue to touch and squeeze your dick without you cumming."

"Ok," the boy gasped.

Tori cupped one of his large smooth nuts with the fingers of her free hand. "I can't imagine how big these would be if he didn't masturbate as much as he does," she said.

"Let's massage them," Doctor Lovejoy said, reaching under and grasping the other testicle.

Billy gasped as they squeezed and pulled at his nuts, their long nails digging in to the tender meat of his sperm-filled balls.

Both women watched his face grimacing in pleasure as they worked their magic with their hands.

They brought his nuts back together, cupping his scrotum between their hands and rolling his balls back and forth to each-other through his sack. Billy sighed and smiled in delight.

"Ohh my God," the lucky teen muttered. If his mom didn't have a snug clasp around the tip, he'd be pouring out cum right now.

"You're doing fine Billy. Most young men are unable to make it through the first time without cumming, you have nothing to be ashamed of," Lora said, then popped the cap off her bottle of lube with her thumb. "Now your mother and I are going to apply heated lubrication to your boner."

"With your hands?" he asked.

"Yes, your mom and I will work together to masturbate your erect dick to orgasm. Don't worry about how quickly you cum. Your mom and I have had lots of experience giving handjobs, so you probably won't last more than a minute. Just go as long as you can," she said.

"Ok."

"Here you go, Tori," the doctor said, squeezing some lube onto the mother's hand, then applied some to her own. "You can release the squeeze technique. Let's coat him really good, then we'll figure out how we wanna position our hands to milk him."

Their pretty hands made lewd creamy sounds as they slicked up his cock by stroking all over it.

Tori was in absolute awe. "Oh my God I don't think I've ever felt a dick this hard," she confessed.

"Mmm, **IT IS** quite an erection," Lora said, squeezing her fist tightly around the base. "They say that a boy's hardon is like a building. The real strength and power of the overall structure is in a strong foundation. Tori, bring your hand down and feel all the bulging muscle down here at the base."

Tori slipped her fist down to the root of Billy's fat prick. "Jesus, I can't even get my hand around it," she said blushingly.

"The foundation of his erection is incredibly strong. It'll be able to sustain the force of some very intense and very deep intercourse," Doctor Lovejoy said.

Billy looked down, watching their pretty hands squeeze up and down his meat, their big wedding rings sparkling. The women took turns on the knob, squeezing and pulling wetly on it's shiny purple surface.

His mom peered up at him and fed him that big warm motherly smile that could have mad him cum in a second.

"Have you ever measured your prick Billy, while it's fully hard like this?" Lora asked.

"Yes, once," he muttered. "And??"

"A little over nine inches," he said.

Tori's nipples stiffened beneath her bra. "Good Lord, that is like...three inches bigger than my husband," she said, absolutely awestruck.

"Well just a friendly warning, Billy. A dick this big is gonna get you laid," Lora said, then peered up at him lustfully, "a lot."

"You really think so?"

Tori smiled up at him, eager to confirm the doctor's warning. "Oh sweetie, trust us, we know so."

Doctor Lovejoy adjusted her positioning, preparing for some serious dick-milking. "Ok, mom why don't you pump at the base and I'll milk the upper half."

"Ok..um..." Tori said, starting to stroke, "how's that?"

"I don't know. Billy, how Is that?" the doctor asked, smiling up at him. "Amazing," the teen gasped.

"Mmmm, look how our hands are working you in unison, pulling and squeezing with perfect corkscrew strokes," Lora said, pumping the top-half of his cock with her slippery fist.

"Ohhh man yeah," he sighed, then looked at his Mom's monster cleavage. The plunge-fitting bra was giving him a look at more jiggling tit-meat than he'd ever seen in real life.

Tori gazed in his eyes and smiled. "Does that feel good sweetheart? Do you like the way we're stroking your big dick? "Ohhh yess!" he muttered, feeling his knob tingle.

"Isn't this amazing Billy?" Lora asked, "Being jerked off by two sexy Moms while you stare down at our cleavages?"

"Yesss, I'm feeling really good."

"I want you to close your eyes. We're going to do a visualization exercise that will make you cum harder that you ever have," Lora said.

Billy did as he was told, clenching his eyes closed.

"Good, now I want you to imagine that your just getting home from school. You open the door and your mother is standing there waiting for you and she's **COMPLETELY NAKED**."

The boy's body trembled excitedly. Seeing this thrilled Tori tremendously and she placed her free hand against his lean lower abdomen. Her tongue slithered slowly across her top lip as her eyes drifted hungrily up his hot young chest.

The Moms continued to beat his meat with steady, slippery strokes as the doctor continued the visualization exercise.

"You look your mother's smooth sexy body over. Her enormous breasts are hanging down and her nipples are thick and hard, ready to be sucked on," Lora said, feeling his cock flex in reaction to her words.

"She takes you by the hand and leads you to her bedroom. Then you watch her crawl onto her bed and spread her pretty legs sooo wide you can hardly believe it," she continued, as her and Tori exchanged a smile.

"Her sexy pussy is spread open. It's ready for you, Billy. It's ready to be sheathed around your fat cock," Lora said thrillingly.

"Ohh, geez," the teen muttered, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

"Feel it, Billy," Lora continued, "feel her pussy squeezing and sucking you, bathing your boner in her hot juices!"

"Ohh, I'm gonna shoot!" the boy groaned suddenly.

The women intensified their stroking. Lora had jacked enough cocks to know that she had about ten seconds. "Fuck her, Billy! Fuck your mother's pussy hard and fast!" she shouted.

"Ohhhyess!" he hissed, his knees shaking.

Lora quickly looked at Tori. She knew she only had a few second before he erupted. "Wanna avoid a messy cleanup and share this load with me Tori?"

"Swallow it?" Tori asked, "Ohh um sure, I mean why create a mess if we don't have to right?"

"Ohhh I'm cumming!" the boy cried out.

Tori leaned forward, still stroking tirelessly, "Ok, here we go..." she said, fitting her rounded lips over his knob just as the first big stream of jizz squirted out.

"Mmmnnghh!" the mother whimpered, feeling her mouth instantly fill with sweet ball-juice.

"Uuuhhggh!" her son groaned, shooting out more cream.

His knob popped from her mouth, jizz seeping out the corners of her lips as she tried to swallow it all.

Before Lora could take over, a rope of spunk flew out Billy's piss-slit and splashed down onto his Mom's cleavage, running down into the canyon between her milk-filled tits.

Lora sucked with greed, her pierced tongue looping around and around his knob, scrubbing his glans and letting his cum squirt down her throat.

The doctor sensed that Lori had brought her face back up next to hers. "Can I get more?" the mother asked in lustful need.

Tori replaced the doctor's mouth with hers, finished him off. For a full two minutes she sucked hard on his knob, lashing her long strong mommy-tongue all around it.

"Oh man that was so good," Billy gasped. The doctor was right. It was the strongest cum he'd ever had..

Lora smiled at him. "You did well, Billy. You both can get dressed now," she said.

After they were clothed, Doctor Lovejoy sat back down across from them.

"Based on my observations and test results today, I'll be creating a treatment plan for Billy to follow daily. Tori it will require your help as well, so I suggest you do it when the two of you are home alone together."

"That's usually right after school," Tori said.

"Perfect. I will see you back here in one week and w'ell check on Billy's progress," Lora said.

"Wonderful. I can't thank you enough for seeing us today," the happy mother said.

"Mmm, it's been my pleasure."

"And mine," Billy said with a smile, making both Moms giggle.

"Dr. Lovejoy's Clinic for Mothers and Sons" - Part 2 By Klrxo

"So tell me how it's going with you two?" Doctor Lovejoy asked as Tori and Billy sat down for their follow-up appointment.

Tori had a big smile and glanced at her boy. "It's gone well. We've been following the treatment plan. I've been sucking Billy's boner twice a day for the past week."

"Are you enjoying that, Billy?" The doctor asked, looking at him with her pretty eyes. "Uh-huh," he answered with a timid smile, making the mothers giggle.

"Has your Mom been swallowing all your cum?" Billy nodded.

"Every drop, right, sweetheart?" His beautiful blonde mother said proudly. "And you've been in only your bra while doing this, correct, Tori?"

"Yes, every time," Tori said.

"Billy, today your mom will be unfastening her bra for you for the very first time," Doctor Lovejoy said, gazing him in the eyes, "isn't that exciting."

"Yes," the boy muttered, his heart racing.

"It should be, since you have such a fascination with her big breasts. You'll also be sliding your boner inside your mom's pussy today."

"Really?" the teen asked, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Yes, but you won't be doing any pumping. I just want you to feel what it's like to have your hardon fully sheathed in a woman's pussy," the doctor explained.

"Oh wow, ok," the boy gasped, so anxious he could hardly stand it.

"First of all though I want to discuss what it was like for you having your cock sucked by your mother."

Billy looked at his mom, who was smiling cutely back at him awaiting his opinion of her cock-sucking skills. "It was incredible," he

muttered.

"Tori, why don't you rub his penis through his pants while we talk."

"Sure," Tori said, fondling Billy's prick as the doctor continued to speak.

"Excellent," Dr. Laura said, watching the pretty mother massage the boy's prick. "We'll need Billy's cock to be nice and hard for penetration."

"It certainly doesn't take it long to become a boner," Tori said proudly, feeling it thicken and harden in her hand.

"It usually doesn't with boys this age," Dr. Laura explained. "With a little stimulation their dicks become as hard as rocks. Do you know why it's important to have a rock-hard erection, Billy?"

"Um, so you can have sex?"

"That's correct. It takes a nice stiff hardon to pierce a woman's twat and plow her pussy correctly. It's the natural way of things."

"Is that why my dad takes Viagra?" Billy asked. "So he can still get hard?" Tori giggled, a tad embarrassed. "Billy!" she chided.

"Sorry mom. I saw the bottle on his nightstand."

"Yes, your father takes Viagra, which is quite common for men to take when they reach his age," Tori explained.

"Young men like you have healthy blood-flow, Billy. Even older men who take medication for erectile dysfunction, like your father, will never achieve erections as stiff as yours," Dr. Lovejoy explained.

"I can personally attest to that," Tori said, stroking her son's hard prick through his pants. "Even taking the little blue pill, you father gets no where near this hard."

Dr. Laura grinned lasciviously. "Women **LOVE** hard dicks, Billy," she assured him. "Isn't that right, Mom?"

Tori looked into her son's eyes and smiled. "Yes we do," she agreed.

"Billy, why don't you stand up and show us how hard your cock has gotten," the doctor said.

Billy complied, standing up and pulling down his pants. The women's eyes widened as they studied the tubular bulge beneath his briefs.

"Keep going, Billy. Show us your hardon," Laura said.

The boy peeled off his briefs and his big dick sprung up in the air, fully hard and pointing at an upward angle. The women's eyes traveled up it's length, starting at the thick base, moving along the lengthy shaft with it's bulging veins and pausing on the fat purple knob at the tip.

"Ohh, isn't that beautiful," the doctor said in awe.

"I still can't believe how big it is," Tori said, staring lustfully at her son's boner. "Take off your shirt too, Billy. You can get fully naked."

The boy shed his shirt and stood there awkwardly, watching the two Mothers admire his hard cock.

"Tori, one thing I noticed during your first visit and again today is Billy's erection is at a perfect thirty-degree angle," Dr. Lovejoy pointed out. "Only a small percentage of males can boast about having that strong of an erection."

"That'll definitely give him an advantage during sexual intercourse, right?" the proud mother asked.

"Absolutely. Boys who's dicks rise to this angle have incredible muscle strength and tone at the root of the penis," the Doctor

explained.

"Yeah, you can actually see the muscle and ligaments along the base, it's amazing," Tori said, studying her son's boner.

"And their pulled tight, which will help sustain the force of his cock allowing him to pound through a woman's vagina incredibly hard and deep."

"Ohhh," Tori muttered, feeling her cunt-tube clench and her nipples harden. She pointed at the his coronal ridge with her long pink fingernail. "He's very sensitive in through here. I noticed that while sucking on him."

"That's normal. The neck of the glans contains a high concentration of nerve endings."

"I believe it," Tori giggled. "I was twirling my tongue around and around the entire ridge of his knob over and over, making him weak at the knees, wasn't I, sweetheart?" Tori asked, smiling teasingly up at him.

"Uh-huh," Billy said with a smile.

"Well, I'm sure he found out this past week how much we Moms love giving blowjobs, right, Billy?" Dr. Laura said.

"And how good they are at it too," the boy added, making them giggle.

Doctor Lovejoy stood up, setting her clipboard aside. "Now your mom and I will get undressed also, that way we can all be naked together," she said.

Billy gulped excitedly, watching his mom stand from the sofa and both her and the doctor began unbuttoning their blouses. They removed them completely and the boy's eyes got big as he studied

their sexy bras and the huge mounds of tit-meat that were pushing the beautifully embroidered cups out.

"Whoa," the boy muttered.

This drew a smile from the doctor. "Are you liking what you're seeing so far, Billy?" she asked. "Uh-huh."

"Have you ever unhooked a girl's bra before" "No."

"Tori, why don't we teach him how to unfasten yours," Laura suggested. "Sure," the mother said, turning her back to her boy.

"See how thick the straps of her bra are, Billy?" they doctor asked. "They're build like that to support the immense weight of her thirty-eight H cup tits. Pull the straps together and you'll be able to unfasten the hooks easily."

With shaky hands, the teen unclasped Tori's pale-pink bra.

"Excellent job. Now, mom, turn around so your handsome boy can see the unveiling of your breasts."

Tori turned to face him, then slipped the cups from her chest. Her enormous Mommy-melons sprung free and joggled around heavily.

Billy's eyes were wide with desire. Her boobs were even better looking than he imagined. He couldn't believe how thick and wide his Mom's areola were and her nipples looked like big rubbery nubs that were made to be sucked on.

"Mmm, aren't they beautiful, Billy?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes," the entranced boy muttered. His mom's amazing udders jiggled back and forth delightfully as she shimmied her skirt over her wide hips, making them fall to the floor.

Tori's dainty pale-pink panties were a mere tiny triangle of silky cloth hugging her pubis, with thin straps crossing her naked hips.

"Tori, I'd like Billy to strip your panties off, right after he unfastens **MY** bra," Dr. Laura said, turning her back to the teen.

Billy happily pulled at the straps of her black bra, just as she taught him and undid the four hooks holding them together. The doctor was peeking over her shoulder watching him. "Billy, I have forty-four triple D cup tits. Not quite a big as your mother's breasts, but still **VERY** large."

"That's so cool," the teen muttered excitedly, watching her turn and slip the shoulder straps off.

The beautiful brunette Doctor peeled the cups away and two enormous tear-drop shaped boobs wobbled free. Like Tori, the puffy pink rings of her areola were as big around as baseballs, dotted with Montgomery glands. The nipples sticking from their centers were thick and protuberant.

The site of such big motherly tits around him made Billy's hardon flex as it branch out from his crotch in full hardness.

"Tori, I'd like you to sit back down on the sofa and lean back. Spread your legs slightly so Billy can crawl between them," the Doctor said.

The pretty blonde mother did as she was instructed, her big naked knockers slightly wobbling off the sides of her chest as she reclined back. Her smooth tan legs opened slightly, welcoming her son between them.

"Go ahead, Billy. Get down on your knees between her legs." Dr. Laura said and after he did what was asked, she continued speaking. "When you're about to fuck a girl, this will be the most likely position you'll be in. Grab the straps that are around her hips and peel your mother's panties off."

Billy grasped the straps of Tori's dainty panties and peeled them from her crotch. His eyes feasted on the site between her thighs as he pulled her panties down her legs and off her sexy bare feet.

Now completely naked, Tori gazed over her jutting rack and down sexy midriff, watching her boy stare in awe at her shaved pussy.

"Billy," he heard the doctor say and turned to see her sitting in the chair across them, in the same manner his mother was. "Now mine," she said, glancing down at her panties.

The boy crawled over, taking position between Laura's parted thighs. As he reached up to grab her panties, the doctor threw her strong naked legs around his back and pulled him on top of her. Before the kid could react, her mouth was fused around his, her wildly-skilled tongue lashing through his mouth.

"Get my fucking panties off," Laura panted lustfully between kisses.

Billy excitedly attempted to slide her panties off, but with her clutching and kissing him and his boner pressed up against her puffy crotch, he was finding it difficult. He tried to back away a little, but her strong legs held him in place.

Laura finally broke their passionate kiss. "You're doing fine, Billy, take your time," she said. "Sorry, I'm trying," the boy said with excited heavy breath.

"Billy, look at me," Doctor Laura said.

The boy looked up into her beautiful eyes and she smiled patiently. "It's ok, your learning," she said. "Most girls will be so horny that they'll wanna cling to you and kiss like this while you strip them. That's why you need to learn how...and there's no better way to learn than through role-play"

"So you mean like you pretending your my girlfriend?"

"Of course," she giggled, "why do you think I'm kissing and clutching you this way, silly boy?" Laura looked across at Tori. "Mom, do you wanna coach him through this."

Tori smiled eagerly. "Certainly," she answered, coming over and kneeling beside her son. "Are you ready to try again, Billy?" Dr. Laura asked.

"Sure."

She forcefully yanked him back down against her and kissed him deeply, her jutting breasts mashing against the weight of his chest. Caught off-guard once again, the boy fumbled with the straps of her panties, trying to slide them down. His mother stroked his shoulder as she hovered closely. "Keep kissing her honey. You don't need to stop kissing a girl to get her panties off," she said patiently.

Dr. Laura scratched her long red nails down the boy's back, her lovely legs gripping around him tightly. "Come on baby...fuck me!" she whimpered, then bit the flesh of his shoulder passionately.

Tori leaned in and brought her lips near her son's ear. Her big hanging tit-melons hugging his side. "Keep kissing, but reach under her ass and grab the waistband of her panties," she said.

Billy did as she told him, then was able to slide them off Dr. Laura's ass with relative ease.

"There, see how easy that was?" Tori asked. "Now hook your arms under her legs and push her knees back to her shoulders so you can pull the panties down her legs."

"Ok." He did exactly what she told him, propping Laura's knees back, so he was able to slide her thong panties the rest of the way off.

"Yaaay, you did it!" Tori cheered.

Dr. Lovejoy quickly sat up. Still kneeling on the floor, Billy found himself inches from her huge jiggling tit-mounds. "Nice work, Billy," she said, gazing down at him. "As a reward for doing such a good job, would you like to rub your boner, while your mom and I sandwich you between our tits?"

Billy swallowed hard. It was a big "**YES**," but he was too fucking turned-on to answer.

The doctor was fully aware of his answer and looked at Tori. "Mom, there's a stool there beside you. Put it right back by his ass so you can sit on it and cling on to him from behind," Laura said.

Billy watched eagerly as his busty mother sat behind him. Dr. Lovejoy scooted to the very edge of the cushion and her big squishy boobs bumped up against the teenager's face. Before he knew it, his head was pulled into her cleavage and he was sandwiched between the boobs of both mothers, in sort of a three person embrace.

"Mmm, that's a heavenly spot to be, isn't it, Billy?" the Doctor asked.

"Mm-hm," his voice answered, muffled by tit-flesh. He didn't hesitate reaching down and squeezing his hand up and down his erection.

Laura and Tori's mammoth jugs were pressed together around the boy's head, so it literally looked like the top of his hair was surrounded in a ring of bulging breast-meat. Their long fingernails clawed at his lower torso teasingly.

"While we smother you with our tits and you jerk your horny cock, I want you to imagine that you're fucking a pretty girl, do you understand?" Laura said. "I want you to imagine that she has big luscious boobs, just like your mother and I and your face is pressed between them."

Laura looked at Tori and nodded, as if wanting her to continue the vocal fantasy.

Catching on, the mother smiled, then spoke. "She's sliding her wet pussy up and down your boner, honey, and it feels sooo good."

Both women's voices drove him crazy with lust, but especially his mother's. He wasn't used used to hearing her talk this way, so it was an incredible thrill.

"She's squeezing you with her cunt-muscles, Billy." the Doctor said, 'soaking your erect cock with her hot slippery juices."

"And she's doing this because your boner is just sooo big," Tori said convincingly. "It's stretching her pussy and going deeper than any other boy's boner has ever gone."

The teen's body shuddered in delight as he beat his dick to their words. He had never been more turned on in his life.

"Would you like your mother and I to help you beat your dick, Billy?" Dr. Laura asked. "Sure," he sighed, his heart nearly beating out of his chest.

The Doctor reached down and clutched his balls, while Tori wrapped her hand around his thick meat, right behind her son's hand. Together, they worked in unison, jerking his cock up and down.

"Ohhh yess," the boy's voice quivered.

Laura squeezed her tits between her arms, smothering the boys face between them even tighter.

Billy's lips were kissing her breastbone, the soft monstrous melons pressing against either side of his face in a spongy tit-mask. "Her big soft tits are bouncing on you, Billy. Her nipples are throbbing to be sucked," Laura said.

"And you wanna suck them, don't you, baby?" Tori asked. "You wanna latch your lips around her nipples and suck hard, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered, his cock twitching excitedly in their jerking hands.

"Fuck her harder, Billy!" Laura said, rolling his balls in her hand. "Make her pussy cream on your big cock!"

"Yess!" Tori agreed, gripping her tiny fist around his dick as tight as she could as she stroked, "such a big, thick, pussy-pleasing cock."

"I would ask you how her pussy feels, but you don't know, do you Billy?" the Doctor said. "You don't know because you're a virgin. You're never had your cock inside a girl, have you, darling boy?"

"Hhm-mn."

"Would you like to, honey?" Tori asked. "Would you like to feel your dick buried inside a warm wet pussy?"

"Yesss," the boy hissed, wanting nothing more.

"Would you like your mom to spread her sexy legs for you, Billy? Would you like to slide your dick inside her pussy?" Laura asked.

"Hmmnghh," the boy whimpered, beating his cock even faster. Tori kept pace with him, her hand wrapped just behind his, beating his boner steadily.

The doctor smiled at his mother. "I think that's a yes," she said.

"I think so too," Tori smiled, releasing his cock and getting up from the stool.

By the time Billy dislodged his face from Laura's tits and turned around, his mother was on her back on the sofa across from them, with her luscious legs scissored wide open. It was a site that would be forever etched in his mind.

Dr. Lovejoy stood behind the teen and whispered in his ear. "She ready, Billy. Go slide your hardon inside her."

Billy stepped over to his mother. Her sexy legs formed a wide V in the air, her dainty little bare feet flexed and pointed back at the wall behind her. The boy knew she went to Yoga class religiously, which was probably why she had such an amazing, limber spread.

He had never seen a woman's pussy in this amount of detail. Protruding out from her smooth outer lips, her inner labial meat was splayed apart like pink fleshy butterfly-wings. Her marble-sized clitoris protruded from it's elongated hood, making the boys eyes widen with wonder.

Tori patted her smooth inner-thighs with her hands, feeding him a reassuring smile. "Come on, honey. You don't have to be afraid," she said lovingly.

Billy stepped up to her crotch. Dr. Lovejoy was still hovering behind him, peeking over his shoulder. "Do you see the flaps of flesh below her clitoris, Billy?" she asked.

"Yes."

"That's where you're going to line your dick up for penetration."

The boy clutched his rock-hard erection and slipped the bulbous cock-knob up her pussy slit until he had the tip securely embedded in the buttery socket of her cunt.

Tori's heart was racing as she looked down at the long hard muscle preparing to squeeze inside her. She knew without a doubt it would be the biggest dick she'd ever taken. "Push it in, honey," she said softly.

Billy slowly fucked his cock into her velvety cunt tunnel, feeling the wet walls of her pussy wrapping tightly around the meaty thickness

of his cock. He paused when he got all of his prick inside her and felt his knob touch bottom. "Ohhh man!" he sighed, making both Moms giggle.

"How does that feel, Billy?" The Doctor asked. "Ahh-mazing," he answered.

"You have such a big dick, so it must feel amazing to your mom as well," she said, looking at Tori.

The mother smiled back, clearly loving the feeling of being packed so full. "If he were any longer he would be sticking in to my cervix. Are there pleasure zones back there?" she asked, not used to having a cock so deep.

"Cervical stimulation isn't everyone's favorite pleasure zone, but for some moms, it's unquestionably the best," Dr. Laura explained.

"I think I might be one of those moms," she sighed, her face flush with pleasure. "I can already tell if he starts digging around back there, I'm gonna be screaming and flopping around all over this couch."

Dr. Lovejoy giggled. "Not to worry. Billy's not pumping this session. I just want him to feel his cock in full penetration."

Billy's eyes drifted from his Mom's genitals, up her sexy midriff, to the two huge round mounds spread across her chest. They looked so soft, squishy and suckable. He wished he could dive right in and suck to his heart's content.

"Aren't they beautiful, Billy?" the Doctor asked as she noticed him gawking at Tori's tit-melons. "So big and warm and soft."

"Yes," the boy muttered.

"Why don't you reach up and squeeze them."

Billy looked at his mom and she smiled, showing her approval. "It's ok, honey, you can squeeze my boobs."

The boy reached to grasp her jugs and his fingers sunk into them like they were soft bread dough. He squeezed the nipples between his fingers, watching them puff up and harden even more.

He was snapped from his tittie-trance by his Mom's strong cunt muscles as they squeezed around his deeply-embedded cock. "Ohh man," he muttered, clenching his fists on her squishy tit-orbs.

"Is she squeezing your dick, Billy?" Dr. Laura asked. "Yes, it feels really amazing."

"I played the role of girlfriend earlier. Would you like your mother to play that role now?" Billy exchanged a anxious smile with his pretty mother. "That would be awesome."

"Drop down on top of her, but remember, no pumping," the Doctor reminded him. "Keep your cock all the way in."

"I will," Billy said, lowering himself on to Tori's lush curvy frame. His mom got into her role and started kissing him, wrapping the boy in her arms as she tugged him the rest of the way down on top of her.

"Mmm, yess!" Tori whimpered between wet smooches.

Billy felt his Mom's strong legs wrap smoothly around his back as her thick tongue spun through his mouth. He did his best to keep his cock buried to his balls as she squirmed around beneath him.

"Ohhh, baby!" Tori cried out, while smooching him, "you fuck me sooo good!" Kiss, kiss, kiss.

The sexually-excited mother pressed her crotch up around his cock-base as hard as she could, mashing her puffy outer-lips around the root, taking in every little bit of dick he had to offer.

"Ohhh!" Ricky groaned. Even though he was on top, his mom was fully in control. She clutched his ass with her long pink nails, and gyrated their hips up and back together. Her big melons sloshed again Billy's chest and the couch beneath them rocked and creaked as they writhed frantically in full penetration.

"Ohhh yes, such a strong dick!!" Tori cried out.

Billy felt his Mom's cunt-tube squeeze and quiver around his prick, making it flex inside her. The head of her cervix was in the shape of lips puckered in a kiss. The boy's fat knob dug against it as they wrestled it full penetration, his glans smeared in a mix of their hot slippery secretions.

"Yessss!" Tori's sexy mommy-voice sang, as she felt the virgin pleasure-zones deep in her vagina stimulated for the very first time. The hot pink tissue of her birthing-tube contracted wildly around the boy's cock-muscle, yearning to feel his big hard dick plunging up and down her horny fuck-hole.

"Your girlfriend's over here now, Billy," he heard the Doctor say.

He peered over and saw her reclined back on her chair with her knees propped back nearly to her elbows. She was spreading her shaved cunt open with two fingers, showing him her juicy pink pussy-hole.

The boy climbed off his mother, his wet dick exiting her cunt with a creamy lewd-sounding "**FLLUUP!**"

His boner wagged stiffly as he moved over between Laura's widely splayed thighs. "Slide it in," she instructed.

For just a moment, he stared at her cunt transfixed, admiring her deep coral slit and the pouting, flowering shape of her pussy lips. He wondered how many boys had worked their cocks off inside this tight cunt and how skilled her cunt muscles must be.

He fit his knob to her cunt-lips and split her twat as he pushed forward, working his lean ass cheeks, slowly pushing until his huge rod was all the way inside her, buried to the balls in the tight, clinging sheath of Dr. Lovejoy's cunt.

She locked her legs around him to keep him all the way inside, pulling him down onto her. "Fuck me, Billy!" she cried out.

Billy sprawled flat on top of her, feeling her stiff nipples poking into his chest as he crushed her huge tits under his torso. Her chair rocked as they ground their pelvises together in full penetration.

Laura lashed her licker through his mouth, impressed by how incredibly good the boy's cock felt in her pussy. Yes, she'd had a lot of young pricks in her cunt hole, but very few were as long, thick and hard as Billy's.

She squeezed her muscled inner ring's around his boner, showing her skill.

"Ohhhshit," Billy sighed, his cock flexing in response to being to exquisitely gripped. He instinctively began to pull it back and start thrusting, but she clutched his ass with both hands, stopping him.

"No pumping, Billy," she reminded him.

He was content with staying deeply embedded, while rocking and pushing his prick against the rubbery back-wall of her pussy. "Mmm, yess! Stretch your horny girlfriend's pussy, Billy!" she cried out. "Show her what a fucking stud you are!"

Dr. Laura gasped with lust, running her nails down Billy's back, thrilled to have such a big-dicked teen on top of her. "Call to him Tori," she shouted.

Tori was still sprawled out on the edge of the sofa, her knees back and her thighs spread open widely. "Fuck meeee!" she shouted.

Billy took this as a hint that it was time to move back to his Mom, which he did, laying back on top of her and driving his boner in as deep as it would go.

"Yessss!" Tori cried, throwing her lovely legs around him. Like before, they kissed passionately while rolling their hips together in deep penetration. Billy loved the feel of her huge squishy tits and hard rubbery nipples crushed beneath him.

His knob tingled and he knew he'd be cumming soon if he kept this up. His mom beat him to the punch. "Ohhhgghshit, I'm gonna cummm!" she cried out, clinging to her teen like her life depended on it.

Having his body clawed at by his big titted mother, while she writhed beneath him was too much for the boy to endure. Fused together, their naked bodies rocked violently and the teen could feel hot girl-cum gushing around his prick, making his knob tingle exquisitely.

"Do I pull out?!" he asked in a panic, panting heavily.

"Nooo!" Tori screamed, her eyes rolling back as she gripped his young ass, so he remained fully sheathed inside her.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Billy grunted, squirting a huge rope of cum from his piss-slit. It was followed by more hot blasts, hosing the back of his mother's vagina.

Dr. Lovejoy gave them all the time they needed, watching their twisted bodies rock and tremble in sexual pleasure. Finally, after a few minutes, their bodies went still. "Ohh my God," Tori sighed, as if she'd just had the greatest orgasm of her life.

Dr. Laura handed them each a towel. "Thanks," they both said as they sat up, still catching their breath.

Billy pulled his soaking-wet hardon from his Mom's pussy, then watched some of his jizz ooze out of her fuck-hole.

"How did you like that, Billy?" Laura asked. She knew it was a dumb question, but wanted his input.

"That was incredible," he answered, watching his Mom slip the enormous bra-cups back over her breasts. "I hope I didn't get Mom pregnant though."

"Oh honey, I'm here to help you. I'm not worried at all about that," Tori said.

"Did you like your mom and I pretending to be your girlfriend, while your dick was inside us, Billy?" Dr. Lovejoy asked.

"Yeah," Billy smiled, "I liked that a lot."

"Good, because I have an assignment for the two of you this week. For one hour each day, I want you to pretend that you're girlfriend and boyfriend. You can kiss, get naked, roll around and even stick your cock inside her, but **NO PUMPING**."

"It's hard not to pump," Billy timidly confessed.

The mothers both giggled. "I agree totally, sweetheart," Tori said.

"Don't worry, Billy. Pumping a woman's pussy with your cock is something you'll get to do in our next session," the Doctor explained," but until then, I need you to exercise restraint. Either squirt your load deep inside your mother, like you did today, or pull out and cum on her tits."

"That doesn't sound so bad I guess."

Dr. Lovejoy smiled as she noticed Billy hadn't put a stitch of clothing back on yet. He was too busy watching the mothers get dressed. "So

are you getting dressed, Billy, or are you going home naked?" she joked.

Billy blushed and picked up his briefs. "Oh, yeah, sorry," he muttered.

Laura and Tori looked at each other and giggled at how cute and naive he was.

"Welcome back!" Dr. Lovejoy said, sitting down across from Tori and her son Billy. "How did the assignment go?"

Mother and son looked at each other and smiled dreamily. "It was incredible! I mean, it went really well," Tori answered. "For a half-hour each day, Billy and I were girlfriend and boyfriend. We got naked. We kissed. He put his hardon all the way inside me...and held it there, in full penetration. It was hard, but there was no pumping!"

"Excellent! Did Billy cum inside you or on your tits?" The doctor asked.

"Three of the days inside me, the other three days he pulled out and came on my boobs." "Billy, how did you like that?"

"It was amazing! I really liked watching my cum run down her boobs." His mom giggled like an amused schoolgirl.

"Billy, where did your sessions take place, in 'your' bed or on your parent's mattress?

Billy glanced at his mother as she smiled back at him knowingly. "Both places," he muttered.

"How did it make you feel having your penis buried deep inside your mother, right there on your parent's marital bed?"

"It was really fun!" Billy answered, his heart racing from just the thought of having wrestled in a sexual embrace with his mom, right where his father slept.

Tori, was Billy in the dominant top position each time?" Laura asked.

"Yes, but we tried my legs in different positions. Sometimes thrown back as far as I could spread them. I even propped them up on his shoulders a few times, right honey?"

"Yes," the boy answered.

"Billy, did you like that? Did you like having your mother folded in half beneath you, while you fully penetrated her?" the doctor asked.

"Oh yeah, I liked that alot."

"Good. Billy, today you'll be on' '**YOUR**' back and you'll be engaging in full sexual intercourse, with lots of pumping!" Laura said.

"I can't wait!" the boy muttered.

"First I'd like the both of you to stand up and get completely naked."

Tori and her son stood from the couch and began shedding their clothes. The boy marveled at the way his mom stripped out of her bra and panties shamelessly. He gazed at her big naked mommy melons as they shimmied from side to side, heavy with milk.

His mother took equal interest in the erection jutting from her son's crotch. Her eyes were transfixed on the big purple knob capping his shaft. She couldn't help but remember how good it felt squashed against the back wall of her vagina.

Dr. Lovejoy observed how they lustfully watched each other. She smiled with satisfaction as she saw how Billy was gawking at the naked meaty buttocks that was crowning Tori's smooth luscious legs.

"Good, now that you're both naked, I'd like you to face one another and take each other's hands."

Billy and Tori stepped up close to each other, smiling naughtily as they gazed into each other's eyes and joined hands.

"Excellent! Billy, your mother is going to be placing her arms around your neck, then she'll spring from the floor and wrap her legs around your waist. When she does this, I want you to grab hold of her thighs and hold her up," the doctor explained.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy answered with an anxious gulp. "Tori, go ahead."

The beautiful mother stepped forward, throwing her arms around his neck. She gracefully leaped from the floor and folded her strong lovely mommy-legs around his midsection. Billy did his part by grasping her soft thighs as the doctor had instructed him to.

His whole body shuddered excitedly at the feel of her whole curvy body clutching onto him. Her warm spongy tit-mounds felt beyond amazing squashed against his young chest. The feel of her strong clasping thighs was a close second.

Tori gazed into his eyes with a look of sexual excitement. "Hi!" she said cutely. "Hi," Billy said back.

"Good," Dr. Laura said as she looked at Billy hardon sticking out from behind Tori, with the mother's fleshy ass resting on top of it. "I assume the two of you did lots of kissing this week, am I right?

Billy and his mom looked at each other and smiled knowingly. "We most certainly did," Tori answered.

"Show me," the doctor said.

The couple locked lips, kissing passionately while the doctor silently observed.

After a few minutes of tongue-fluttering kisses, the doctor had another request. "Now take turns sucking and licking each other's necks."

Tori went first, kissing, licking and sucking on her boy's neck sensually. Billy was in heaven, sighing delightfully as his mom showed her skill.

"Billy, now you!" the doctor said.

Billy's big breasted mother squirmed and whimpered as her boy gave her neck the same type of treatment that she had given his.

"Excellent! Let's move on to something different," the doctor said.

"Do we have to?" Tori sighed jokingly, clearly wanting her son to continue giving her neck attention.

The doctor giggled. "Billy, you can put your mother down. I'd like to take a few minutes to speak to each of you individually. Tori, I'll start with you."

"Sure," the mother answered, back on her feet. She noticed how wet her son's chest was from her leaking breast milk. "Sorry honey!" she said sweetly.

"I'm not complaining," her boy answered.

His mom giggled. "I'm sure you're not!" she said playfully.

"Billy, don't worry, you'll be nursing on this big leaking nipples later," Laura said. "First I need to talk to your mom...alone."

"Ok, um, so where do I go?" Billy asked.

"While I'm talking to one of you, I'd like the other to go into the next room over. Once inside, I'd like you to close the door, lie down on the bed and masturbate. Billy, go ahead into the room. I'll call you when we're finished."

Billy did as she asked. Unlike the window lit office he'd just been in, this one was much smaller and windowless. A large bed consumed most of the dimly lit space and the soft subtle beat of sensual music sounded from overhead speakers. Billy sprawled out on the bed on his back and began masturbating his erection.

"The reason I like to meet with mothers and sons individually is so they can communicate anything they may feel reluctant to share around each other," Doctor Laura explained.

"That does makes sense."

The doctor clicked on the large monitor on her office wall. It brought up an image of Billy laying on the bed, taken by a hidden camera at the foot of the bed. "Now there's a yummy sight!" she said.

Tori smiled and nodded in agreement. "Yes! Very yummy!"

The doctor stepped out of her dainty heels and peeled off her panties. "Why don't we rub our clits while we watch him and talk."

"Sure!" Tori agreed. They both leaned back, side by side on the couch, then brought their knees up and spread their thighs wide like only moms can.

Their pussies were both clean-shaven, their smooth outer folds puffy and engorged. Their fleshy clits protruded out from beneath their domed hoods, eager to be fingered. The women began to rub them, while lustfully staring at the monitor.

"So, how are you 'personally' doing?" The doctor asked.

"Aside from being horny twenty four seven, I'm fine!" Tori giggled. "I know you're married as I am. Any feelings of guilt?"

"Maybe, a little, here and there, but I keep reminding myself that I'm doing this for Billy," the mother explained.

The doctor smiled over at her. "You know, it's alright to be doing it for '**YOU**' also." "For me?" Tori asked, looking over at her.

"Yes, there's nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to your son and wanting to fuck him, all day every day."

Tori laughed at the doctor's candor. "Is it that obvious?" she said.

"Yes, I work with lots of mothers who have handsome, well-endowed sons. You didn't bring him here to seek help. You brought him here to seek validation that the lustful feelings you're having for one another are normal. The answer is, yes they are."

"I've never felt this sexually aroused by someone. Not even my husband. Billy just makes my whole body tingle when I'm around him," the mother explained, rubbing harder on her clitoris.

"Go on!"

Tori stared at the monitor, gazing at her son's cock as his hand slipped up and down it's length.

"When he was inside me...his dick was so incredibly hard I could feel his heartbeat. All I could think about was him pounding the fuck out of me. Making me cum so fucking hard my toes would curl."

The doctor looked at her and smile. "He will. Very soon!"

"Oh my God, I don't know how much longer I can wait!"

"Why don't we stroke our clits until we cum! That'll take the edge off." "Sure," Tori said and the two of them stared at the monitor.

Soon they were tossing their pretty heads around, rubbing their juice slicked nubs frantically. They thrust their hips up and down, humping their horny cunts against their hands. Both sets of legs were bowed open impossibly wide, their sexy little feet with freshly painted toenails flexing and hovering in mid-air.

Their beautiful faces began contorting into wild masks of intense pleasure as orgasms began to surge through their mature big breasted bodies.

Billy was stroking away when the door opened. His mother smiled and walked in, her big milkers bobbling as she moved.. "Your turn," she said.

He hopped up and they nearly ran into each other as he attempted to go out. They both giggled. "Sorry!" Billy muttered.

"I'm not!" Tori said, then bounced her ballooning tits off his chest playfully. "I like running in to you!"

"I like it too. Especially when you're naked."

She gazed at him with her beautiful eyes. "Well maybe I better be naked at home more often then," she said.

"I won't complain."

"So when it's just us at the house we'll make a new rule, clothing is optional," Tori said, half joking.

"And we have to bump in to each other a lot," Billy added. "I'm sure we'll be doing **A LOT** more than that."

"Like what?" Billy asked, even though he had a pretty good idea.

His mom fed him a flirty smile. "Rhymes with bump, but starts with an h." "Oh, I like that word!" Billy said excitedly.

She shared his lustful gaze. "Me too!"

Doctor Lovejoy strolled over to the door, smiling as she watched the flirty exchange. They noticed her standing there. "Sorry, we got a little distracted," Tori said.

"No, no, these are good distractions. I'm just observing. Please continue," Laura said.

Tori looked back at her boy with a playfully smile. "Hey, at least when I bumped into you, I didn't soak your chest with breastmilk again!"

"I wish you had," her son said.

The mother quickly hefted her jugs, one in each hand. She pinched the pink flesh, just below each thick rubbery nipple, sending long streams of tit-milk gushing over onto her son's chest. "There you go then!" she said, giggling like a horny girl Billy's age.

"That was cool!" the teen said with wide-eyed.

Tori teasingly slid past her son, letting her big tits drag against his chest as she passed, leaving wet marks. "Go visit with the doctor. It's my turn to masturbate."

"I know you were masturbating earlier too. I could hear you guys in there," Billy said. "Well, you might have been able to **HEAR** me, but I could **SEE** you!"

"You could? How?" her son asked.

Tori pointed out the door. "Check out the monitor on the wall," she said.

Billy peeked out at the monitor and saw his mom on it, sitting at the edge of the bed. She waved cutely. "Oh, I guess you could see me."

"Of course! Why do you think I came so hard?" she said with a wink.. "So I get to watch **YOU** masturbate now?"

She fed him a naughty smile.. "It certainly looks that way...as soon as I'm done teasing you!." Tori said.

"Cool," the boy sighed as Dr. Laura giggled and closed the door.

Billy moved over to the monitor, already pulling on his erect pecker as he watched his mother sprawl back onto the bed. She curled her silky tan legs up teasingly, looking right at the camera as she bowed her legs open, displaying her impressive spread.

The boy's boner flexed in reaction, slipping through his circled fist. Precum drooled from his meatus, lubricating his strokes.

Doctor Lovejoy stepped up next to him.

"You'r lucky! I'm sure any boy would think your mom is quite the **MILF**," Doctor Laura said. "All my friends sure do!" Billy confessed.

The boy's eyes widened as he watched his Mom crawl up onto her hands and knees, pointing her thick buttocks back at the camera.

"Oh Billy! She's displaying her sexy ass for you now!" Laura said..

"Sexy is right!" Billy muttered, watching his mom wag her naked buns back and forth. Billy could see her large tits hanging down, rocking back and forth to her movements, like big fleshy pendulums. The half-moons of her ass were slightly spread apart and he could see the puckered ring of her butthole. There wasn't a single thing his shameless mother wasn't putting on display for his horny eyes.

"Would you like to know what your mother and I discussed while you were in the room masturbating?

"Sure," he answered.

"First, she talked about how hot you are and how much she's intrigued by your big cock." "Intrigued?" Billy asked.

"Yes, curious. Curious about what it would feel like if it was pounding through her mature cunt." "Really? So you mean like..."

"Uh huh. Your mom wants you to fuck her!" "Whoa! Um, so what about my dad?" he asked.

"What your father doesn't know won't hurt him. You just act as you normally do when he's around and he'll have no idea you're fucking his wife behind his back," the doctor said.

"Ok."

The boy watched his mom rub her clitoris with one hand, while squeezing her big tit with the other. "Billy, you're dealing with a mature woman here, with an experienced cunt. You'll need to fuck her long and hard, giving her multiple orgasms to keep her coming back for more."

"Ok, um, I'll do my best!" he said.

Dr. Laura looked at him with an anxious smile. "Are you ready? Are you ready for some **VERY** intense sexual intercourse?"

"Most definitely yes!"

Laura took him by the arm and they went back into the tiny room. Tori stopped masturbating a moment, looking at her son with curious lust. "That was a quick chat," she said.

"Mom, I think this boy is ready to feel a pussy pumping up and down his cock," Laura said.

Tori smiled and patted the spot on the mattress beside her. "Come on over!" The teen crawled over and sprawled out on his back.

Doctor Lovejoy used a remote to tilt the bed, so that Billy was more reclined instead of laying flat. "Billy, your mom is going to be fucking you in what's called the cowgirl position. This will give her control over the rhythm and pace of your intercourse.

"Oh, um, ok," the boy said anxiously, his cock throbbing with anticipation. Tori gazed down at her boy with eager eyes. "Ready, sexy?"

"Definitely!"

Tori threw a leg over him, straddling his loins and planting her knees astride his hips.

"Oh wow!" Billy muttered as her big wobbling melons brushed softly against his face, while she reached under and grasped his hard cock-muscle.

The mother wasted no time greedily cramming the flaring knob of his cock between her juicy shaved folds, feeding it into her love pit. They both sighed loudly as she dropped her ass, spearing his meaty erection up her smothering cunt tube.

The boy's eyes went wide as Tori sat up, burying his cock to the root. "Oh my God!" she cried out in fuck-lust, feeling her vagina crammed full.

Billy's looked down at their joined genitals, which looked like they were fused together. His eyes traveled up her sexy midriff, which still had a little pudge from her recent pregnancy. His gaze continued upward at the enormous mammaries that jutted out over him.. Her thick erect nipples reminded him of spires standing proudly atop two twin towers. He could see tiny beads of milk forming on the pink rubbery nubs.

He began to comment, but paused and gasped as his mom started fucking him. It was the first time he'd felt a cunt-sleeve traveling the

length of his cock and it felt amazing.

"Yes!" Tori gasped, fucking her son's hardon, feeling it plunge through the spongy pink tube she had once squeezed him out of. Billy had come full circle and it wouldn't be long before he was laying his seed inside this beautiful woman, just like his father had.

"Billy, how does that feel on your boner?" Laura asked, sprawled out on her side near them.. "Incredible!"

Laura then looked at Tori. "Mom?"

The busty mother sighed in delight. "His dick feels amazing! I never want it to leave!" she said, her voice shaking from the rhythm of her hump.

The boy was being treated to quite the boobie-show. His mom's mammoth tit-melons were leaping up and down her chest, rising so high on the upward swing that the huge rounded undersides of her tits displayed themselves for the boy's ogling eyes. When her boobies smacked back down on her tummy, the layers of milk and fatty flesh made them ripple delightfully.

"Billy, are you enjoying that view?" the doctor asked. "Yes!" he sighed.

Lewd wet smacking sounds filled the tiny room as Tori's bare vulva beat against her son's cock-base repeatedly. His nine inch spear flexed excitedly as it plunged through the juicy sheath of her clutching vagina.

"Oh man!" the teen whimpered, arching his head back in ecstacy as he felt his Mom's pussy tighten even more around his big pink cock. His knob was already tingling like crazy and she had only just started fucking him.

Tori stopped pumping and rolled her hips up and back, grinding the spongy walls of her cunt with the unyielding hardness of her son's horny love muscle.

"Oh wow, that feels really good too!" the boy sighed.

Tori squealed with unbridled passion, feeling her boy's massive boner plow around every inch of her inner sex chamber. Along the back of her vagina, she felt never-endings sizzle exquisitely.

He was touching pleasure-spots she never even knew she had. "Oh sweet Jesus!" she cried out.

The beautiful brunette mother went back to bouncing her ass, fucking his hardon intensely with her cunt. The big bed rocked as Tori used all her energy to pound his dick through her tightly clutching hole.

For nearly ten sexually-charged minute Billy's mom rode him like a sex queen . His wide eyes gazed up at her bouncing milkers and her pretty, pleasure filled face the whole time.

"Billy, pull her down on top of you and fuck up into her!" Laura said.

Billy happily obliged, grabbing his Mom's arm and tugging her down. Of course Tori came willingly. The whimpering boy found himself with his face wedged in the canyon between her wildly jiggling boobs. "Oh God!" he exclaimed. This was the place he'd dreamed about being.

"Thrust your hips from the mattress! Fuck her!" Dr. Lovejoy instructed.

The teen savagely drove his cock up through her cunt, his hips working like a well oiled machine.

His mom cried out with passion, her vagina tightening up like a velvet vice as an orgasm surged through her naked body. She suddenly screamed out in rapture, soaking Billy's pistoning cock with liquid-love.

"Billy, latch on to her tit!" Laura shouted.

The boy gladly did, dragging his tongue along the big meaty contour of her boob until he found the leaking nipple. His mind swirled with delight, as he slurped the engorged nub into his mouth and sucked greedily.

Tori cried out even more intensely than before. Her boy groaned into her boob. It felt like her cunt tube was folding inside-out around his boner, like cock and cunt were hotly melting together. Even so, Billy continued punching it through.

Billy's body trembled beneath the writhing flesh of his busty mother. His face was pressed deeply into one of Tori's huge melons, his face masked in soft fatty flesh. He had a large mouthful of breast meat, so his Mom's entire nipple and most of the surrounding areola were compressed between his tongue and the roof of his mouth. He nursed greedily, gulping down all the sweet nectar his Mom's tit was providing.

He heard his mother let out yet another trembling scream and felt a warm sensation wash over his humping boner. More of his Mom's girl cum was running down across his balls. His big twitched and flexed, triggering a torrent of jizz to rocket up his cunt-tube.

Billy's young body jerked beneath his mother, his back arching as he hosed her hot inner sanctum with thick rich seed. He buck delightfully, shooting out was felt like a gallon of cum..

For several minutes, they humped and cried out in sexual bliss. Billy groaned sloppily around the rubbery pink flesh of Tori's papilla, the

milk-ducts surrounding her puffy nipple still pulsing out thick trickles of tit-nectar.

"That was beautiful," Doctor Lovejoy said as mother and son lay there breathlessly in a naked heap.

"It was amazing!" Tori added.

"Feelings of sexual desire shouldn't be repressed, they should be acted upon. The two of you have crossed that bridge and now must decide when, where and how often those desires will be acted upon."

Tori lifted her head and looked down into her son's eyes. "How often would you want me?" she asked sweetly.

"Billy, during your first visit, how often did you tell us that you masturbate?" Laura asked. "Three to five times a day."

The doctor looked at Tor and smiled. "I think you have your answer."

Drive-in Mom

by klrxo

Chapter 1

I had never been so pissed. I really thought that tonight was the night I was going to score. Her name was Tami Johnson. She was a cheerleader with long legs and probably the biggest breasts at our school. We had plans to go to the drive-in, where I was sure to be balls deep in her sweet little pussy, but she stood me up. That bitch!!! I arrived back home and entered the house with my head hung low. I had just turned 18 and it looked like I was gonna be the worlds oldest virgin. Mom and Dad were watching tv in the livingroom. I passed them without a word and started upstairs.

"Sweetie, what happened? I thought you had a date tonight? Mom inquired.

"Yeah, I thought so to. Guess she changed her mind." I answered.

I went to my room and lay on my bed. It wasn't long before there came a gentle tap at my door. Mom peeked her head in with a look of worry.

"Kevin, can I come in?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said in a dejected tone.

Mom came in and closed the door. Her presence made me feel all the more disappointed. Mom was beautiful, like Tami, only much older.

She had long milky-white legs and boobs that were probably even bigger that Tami's. Mom was 40 and had taken very good care of herself. Imagine an older Liv Tylor with bigger boobs. That's mom. She sat at my bedside.

"I take it your date didn't fly?" She said.

"No. It didn't even get off the ground." I answered.

"Well, no 18-year-old should spend a friday night without a date. Where were you going to take her?" She said.

"The drive-in." I muttered.

"The drive-in huh? She smiled. "No wonder your so upset. It just so happens that I know a girl who might go out with you tonight."

"You do?" I asked.

"Yep, she's a little older than you, but I think you might enjoy her company." Mom said.

"Who is she?" I said excitedly.

"Me, silly boy, now what time does our movie start?" She asked.

"Mom, you don't have to feel sorry for me." I said.

"Don't you tell me what I can or can't feel young man. I asked you a question." She said sternly.

I smiled at her.

"It starts at 8." I answered.

She looked at her watch and jumped up.

"Then I better get ready or we're gonna be late." She said.

"What about dad?" I asked.

"Your father has to be at the office early in the morning, he'll be off to bed soon. Besides, you're my date, remember?" She said with a wink.

I waited for mom downstairs and made small talk with my father as he watched the game. Mom finally came down the stairs and she looked stunning. She was in a white mini-skirt and a matching halter-top that made her boobs look huge. The tap of her dainty high-heeled sandals clicked against the floor. They were nothing but a six-inch heel and thin strap crossing her pretty little toes. Mom's legs were gorgeous. Long and lanky. She threw a tiny sweater over her shoulders and kissed my father.

"Well, don't you look stunning." Dad said.

Mom took my arm and smiled.

"Gotta impress my young date." She said.

Dad looked at me jokingly.

"Just have her back before midnight, son, otherwise her father will worry." Dad said. We all giggled.

"We may not make that curfew, pops, so don't wait up for us." Mom said.

"You two have a good time." Dad said as mom and I headed out the door.

Mom let me drive her car, just like in a real date. As we drove to the movies on the outskirts of town I couldn't help but glance at my mother's fabulous legs and imagined, as I often did, what it would be like to have them wrapped around me. What would it be like to be my father and have that pussy to fuck every night?

"What are you thinking about?" Mom said with a smile.

"Me, oh-uh, nothing much." I answered.

"You have to be thinking about something." She said.

"I was just thinking how pretty you look tonight." I said.

"That's sweet of you to say." She said with a glowing smile. "Know what I'm thinking?" She asked.

"What?" I said.

"I'm thinking that girl is crazy for passing up such a handsome date." She said.

"Oh, thanks." I said bashfully.

We arrived at the drive-in just before 8 and began to drive around, looking for a spot. Mom pointed to a dark area off by itself where no other cars were parked.

"What about over there?" She asked.

I parked us in the darkened area near the back corner of the lot. We were pretty much all alone and a ways back from the nearest vehicle. I shut off the engine. I put the audio-box in the window just as the movie started.

"Do you want any popcorn?" I asked.

"No, get you some though if you want." She said.

"I'm okay." I said.

Mom let her sandals fall from her feet and slipped out of her sweater. Her enormous boobs rocked from side to side under her top and I felt my cock begin to harden.

"Care if your date moves over for a snuggle?" She asked.

I shook my head and mom scooted over next to me. She brought her legs up on the seat and rested them against me. She unfolded the blanket she had brought with her and threw it over the both of

us. Then she snuggled closer, until I could feel her pillowy breasts squashed against my side.

"Put your arm around me." She said.

I did so and mom melted against me, her giant breasts flattening against my chest. She threw her long legs over my lap and ran her hand across my neck staring at me as I tried to concetrate on the movie.

"You've never been to a drive-in with a girl before, have you?" She asked.

"Why?" I asked nervously.

She giggled. "Because everyone knows you don't come to a drive-in to watch the movie, silly boy." She answered.

"Oh...what do you do at the drive-in then?" I asked, even though she was wrong, I did know.

Mom smiled wickedly and unhooked the audio-box from the window. It fell out and she rolled the window up.

"Guess old mom's gonna have to teach you a thing or two about drive-in dating." She said.

Chapter 2

It all seemed so surreal. Here I was at the drive-in theater with my own beautiful mother snuggled up next to me. We were parked in a dark corner at the rear of the lot with no other cars around. It was like we were in our own little private world for two hours. Being Mr. inexperience, I started to watch the movie, but mom had other ideas. She had just tossed the audio-box out and rolled up the window. Her long, milky-white legs were thrown across my lap and her enormous cans were pressed against my side as she snuggled.

"You haven't had much experience with drive-in dating, have you?" Mom asked.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Well, traditionally drive-in theaters are a place a guy can bring his date to make out. And chances are, if things go well, he'll get to test the shocks on his car before the movie's over." She said.

"Did you go to drive-in's when you were my age?" I asked.

Mom gave me a suprised giggle.

"Are you kidding? I was here about every weekend. Believe me, knowone's had as much drive-in experience as your mother." She answered.

"What if I'm with a girl I hardly know?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter. She'll know why you brought her here. So who was the bitch that stood you up tonight?" Mom asked.

"Her name's Tami." I answered.

"Is she pretty?" She asked.

"Yeah, she's really pretty." I answered.

"As pretty as your mother?" Mom asked with a curious smile.

A smiled bashfully.

"Well, not quite that pretty." I confessed.

"You're scoring points." Mom said with a giggle. "Scoring points is a very important part of getting what you want in a date." She said.

"I'll try to remember that." I said.

"So what's pretty about me?" Mom asked with a flattered grin.

"Well, I don't know...you're just beautiful." I answered.

"We've established that much, silly boy. What's beautiful about me?" She asked.

"Well, um...you have a pretty face..." I confessed.

"And?" Mom asked.

"You have a great body." I said.

"Okay, and what's so great about my body." Mom smiled proudly. "What are your favorite parts?" She asked.

"I don't know...you have beautiful legs." I said.

Mom pulled the covers up over her milky-white legs. Her skirt had ridden-up so that her long, naked legs were completely exposed for our viewing pleasure.

"So my boy like these legs huh?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"What do you like about them?" She asked.

"I don't know, their just so long and smooth looking." I answered.

"They are smooth... Wanna feel?" She asked.

"Are you sure?" I asked, excited by the invitation.

Mom smiled.

"I think you've earned enough points so far to diserve it. Give me your hand." She said.

Mom took my hand and guided it across the smooth, soft skin of her amazing legs. I was suprised when she ran our hands up her thigh. She watched my reaction as we traveled up her skirt, until my thumb brushed against the crotch of her panties. I could feel the heat of her snatch.

"Do they feel as smooth as they look?" She asked.

All I could do was nod. I was in heaven and she knew it.

She gently scratched the top of my hand with her nails and then removed her hand, leaving my hand on the inside of her thigh.

"So what else about your mother's body do you like? She asked.

"Well...you have pretty feet." I told her.

Mom smiled and lifted her feet from the seat, pointing her beautiful little toes. Her toenail's were painted blood red, and speaking of blood, my cock by this time was full of it. It was the most painful erection I think I had ever experienced.

"These feet?" She asked in a cute tone.

She brought a leg back effortlessly, until her knee was bent at her side. With relative ease, she brought a foot to my face and gently brushed her pointed toes across my cheek. I was amazing by her limberness.

"You're scoring some serious points with me, young man." She said with a smile.

All I could do was smile as she brought her leg back down on my lap.

"Any other parts of me you feel like expressing your admiration for?" She asked.

My eyes went staight to the bulging cleavage spilling out the neck of her halter-top. She glaced down at it too, then looked back at me with a smile.

"I think there's a part of me you like better than my legs or my feet." She said. "Does Tami have big one's?" She asked.

"Yeah, they're pretty big." I answered.

Mom used her arms to press her breats together, causing the enormous cans to ballon outward, stretching against her sexy top.

"Surely their not as big your mother's." She said confidently.

"No, not that big." I smiled.

"Well, I had no idea my son was a big breast man. " She stated. Mom smiled at me, looking into my eyes. "Wanna cash in some of those points you've scored with mom?" She said.

"Sure." I said.

"Just remember, a guy's not suppose to talk about the ways he cashes in his points. To anyone! That's between him and his date.

Break your trust and she may not be willing to drive-in date you again, understand?" She said.

"Yeah, I understand." I responded.

"Let's get in the backseat where there's more room." She said.

Mom and I got in the back and closed the doors. It was dark back here. Even if someone were right outside the vehicle they probably could see inside. Our car was completely by itself. My mom and I were now in the back seat, mother and son in our own little cozy world, and we were all alone.

I couldn't believe my eyes as mom slipped out of her skirt.

"Take off your shirt, and your shorts." She commanded.

I did so and sat there in my underwear. It was dark, so I knew mom couldn't make out much of my bulging cock, straining within my briefs.

"Scoot to the edge of the seat." She said.

I did so, sliding my ass to the edge of the seat. Mom scooted up next to me and gently forced me to lay back.

"Sit back, sweetie." She said.

I was now slouched down in the back seat and watched as my mother straddled me. It was an amazing sight! My own gorgeous mother mounting me as if I were a pony, her breasts swaying under her top. She threw the blanket over the top of us and looked down into my eyes.

"Sure you wouldn't rather watch the movie?" She said teasingly.

"No way." I said.

Mom came down on top of me and I think I could have cum right then. She rested her wieght against me, her pillowy tits squashed against my chest. My bulge sunk onto her panty cover snatch. She ran her hands through my hair and let out little moans as she rubbed her body against mine. I put my hand on her back on the fringe of her top. Mom moved her lips to my ear.

"Pull it down." She whispered.

I did so and her halter-top slid down to her waist. I could now feel her lacy strapless bra rubbing against my skin. Her big tits oozing over the sides.

"There's clips in the back. Pull them together." She said.

I did as I was told and felt her bra unfasten and her tits spill out onto my bare chest. She pulled the bra out from between us and our nipples came together. Hers were as big around as a braclet and had hard fat tips that looked like they were just made for sucking.

"See what scoring points will get you?" She asked.

For a good ten minutes mom and I squirmed and rubbed against eachother. Mom smothered my cock with her cunt, grinding our genitals together in a nice slow dry hump. She ran her hands across my chest and neck, scratching me with her long nails. We were both breathing heavily and moaning. It was like being in our own little sauna under the blanket and soon our bodies were glistening with sweat.

"Mom...how do I score more points." I asked.

Mom brought our heads out of the covers and looked at me with a curious smile.

"Well you should know by now, silly boy. Flattery will get you all the points you want." She answered.

"How many points do I need to...you know?" I asked.

"No I don't know. Tell me." She said.

"To...have..."

"Sex with me?" She finished.

"Yeah." I said.

"Well, I am your date tonight, but I'm also your mother. For a teenaged boy to fuck his married mother, well, that would be a pretty hefty amount of points. Are you sure you're up to paying the price?" She asked.

"I'll do anything. I'll say anything. Anything you want." I pleaded.

"Anything? You're sure?!" She asked sternly.

"Positive."

"Well, tiger, I hope for your sake this is a double-feature. You have a lot of points to score and this could get pretty intense."

Chapter 3

Mom smiled as she still lay on top of me. We were alone at the drive-in and she had just agreed to help me score enough points to have sex with her.

"Let's switch positions." She said.

Mom unstraddled me and got in the same position I was in, laying on her back, with her ass at the edge of the seat. I started to straddle her as she had me but she stopped me.

"No...get between my legs." She said.

She threw her legs back and I climbed between them. Again our genitals met and she pulled me onto her chest. Her soft breasts melted against against my chest as she wrapped her long legs and arms around me.

"This is where my baby boy wants to be isen't it?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"I thought so. Score enough points with me and we'll be back in this position before you know it. Only next time, there won't be panties and briefs between us." She said with a smirk.

"Okay." I said.

She gave me a nice sexy kiss on the forehead.

"Get on the floor." Mom commanded.

I did so, kneeling on the floorboard. Mom put her feet up on the seat and with her ass still at the edge of the seat, spread her long

legs, exposing her panty covered muff to me. She was laying it all out right in front of my face.

"I want you to smell it." She said.

I moved to her snatch. The smell hit me before I was even close, but I didn't stop until my nose struck the crotch of her panties. The pungent pussy-smell was so strong it burned my nostrils. It was intoxicating! Mom ran her fingers through my hair as she watched me sniff.

"That's it, sweetie. Take your time. I want you to get a really good whiff." She said.

And that I did. The smell was so strong it was making my head spin.

Using her foot under my chin, she lifted my head so that I was looking up into her face.

"So...what do you think?" She asked.

"It's amazing." I replied.

"Bet you've never smelt it that strong before." She said with a smile.

I shook my head and smiled back. Mom lifted her ass alittle.

"Reach under and grab the waistband, I want you to take my panties off." She commanded.

I did so and in one fluid motion, moms panties slid up her legs. She kicked them off and taking them in her hand, sat up in the seat. I tried to look at her cunt, but suddenly her panties were in my face. She held the crotch of them at my nose.

"Sniff!" She said.

I again found myself breathing her sex fumes.

"That's it, sweet baby, breathe it in." She said.

I felt her fingers slide the moist crotch of silk between my lips.

"Now taste. I want you to suck on the crotch." She said.

I did so, tasting my own mother's pussy-juice for the first time. She stroked my forehead.

"That's it. Suck out all the juice for me." She said.

She finally removed them from my mouth and tossed them onto the floor.

"Did you like that?" She asked.

"You taste delicious." I said.

She smiled, brushing the hair from my eyes.

"There you go, scoring more points again." She said.

She caught me glaning towards her cunt.

"Something down there you wanna see?" She asked.

I nodded with a smile.

"What? What do you wanna see?" She asked teasingly.

"Your...you know..." I muttered.

"No, I don't know. Tell me. Tell me what you want to see." She said.

"Your vagina." I said.

Mom giggled.

"You mean my pussy?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

She continued to stroke my hair with a big grin.

"I thought a little boy wasn't suppose to see his mommy's pussy." She said.

I shrugged my shoulders and mom just giggled.

"A mommy pussy isn't like those young high school girl pussy's you know. A mommy pussy is big and fat and hairy. It's a mature pussy, that's had lots and lots of experience. Boys your age don't get to see those types of pussy's very often." She said.

"I know." I said.

"Bring your head down here close to the seat." She told me.

I did so and found myself staring at mom's belly. I could see the top of her pubic triangle and knew I was in for a real treat.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

Mom sat back in the seat and kicked her legs back as far as they could go. There, inches from my face, was my own mother's hairy cunt. She thrust her muff up towards my face and I could see her fleshy lips and fat clit.

Chapter 4

I was on my knees on the floor of the back seat. Inches from my face was the most beautiful pussy I had ever beheld and it belonged to my own mother. It seemed so large and intimidating. Peering down between her legs, mom smiled at me as she watched me study her amazing muff.

"Would you like me to open it up for you, sweetie?" She asked.

I nodded and mom used two of her fingers to splay apart her large fleshy cunt-lips. Mom's twat opened up like a shiny pink blossom coming to full bloom.

"Wow." I muttered.

Mom smiled at my reaction.

"Lots of peeping boys might get a good look at their mother's snatch, but you're one of the lucky ones. Not to many sons get to see under mom's hood." She said.

She held it open with her fingers as my eyes feasted on this delicious sight.

"Don't get too excited, tiger, you haven't seen the best part yet." She said.

With that, she pulled apart a second fleshy layer of pink and I could actually hear a creamy sound as she peeled apart her inner lips. As she pulled back the pink curtain, I found myself staring down into her gaping fuck-hole. The walls within her sex-cave were so soft and warm looking.

"Hard to believe I squeezed you out that little hole, isn't it?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

"Well...having you back shouldn't be as difficult." Mom said with a grin. She glanced towards my crotch. "Unless you've got something down there larger than I'm accustomed to." She said.

"I don't know." I said. I began to wonder if perhaps I was bigger than my father. From the locker room at school, I knew my cock was pretty large for my age. Last time I had measured, it was nearly 8 inches and that was when I was 16. I was sure it had grown an inch or so since then.

"Well whatever size it is, I'm sure old mom can make it feel right at home." She said lovingly.

I studied her steamy twat again and she watched me proudly.

"You must have questions. This is new territory for you." She said.

"How deep is that hole?" I asked.

"It's about 7 inches back to the head of my cervix." She answered.

"What's a cervix?" I aksed.

"That's where mom's eggs are produced. When your father ejaculates, his sperm will swim into my cervix and try to fuck one of my eggs." She said.

Mom ran her sexy toes through my hair.

"That's how I got my beautiful baby boy." She said.

"So that's where I was for nine months. Your cervix?" I asked.

"Well, kind of. When the sperm and egg became you, you attached yourself to the wall of my uterus, then I produced a womb-sack around you to keep you warm and safe while you developed." She said.

"Can a woman have sex when she's pregnant?" I asked.

"Sure she can. In fact, with the hormonal imbalance, most women need more sex when they're pregnant than when they're not." She answered.

"Does dad like it?" I asked.

"Are you kidding? Most men would kill for the chance to fuck a pregnant woman... Tell you what, if mom ever gets pregnant again, we'll wait until I'm about eight or nine months along, then we'll have another one of these drive-in dates. How's that?" She asked.

"Sounds good." I said.

I looked back at her cunt.

"My clit fascinates you, doesn't it?" Mom asked.

"Your what?" I asked.

Mom brought her finger up and pinched the fat nub at the top of her cunt, making it stick out like a swollen thumb.

"This plump little girl. She's momma's clit and you've been staring at her." She said.

"I have?" I asked.

"Yep, you have. If you want to score enough points to go back to the womb, tiger, you're gonna have to go through her." Mom said.

"How?" I asked.

"I'll give you a hint." Mom said as she took my hand. She opened her mouth, peeked her tongue out and taking one of my fingers, began to flail her pink snake around it in little butterfly licks. Then she slipped my finger into her mouth and began to suck for a few minutes. Finally, she took my finger out and glanced down at her clit invitingly.

"Get the picture, love?" She asked.

I got the picture all right and dove in head first. I wrapped my lips around mom's fat clit and began to nurse. I licked and sucked like a baby at its mother's breast. Mom moaned, grinding her hips and running her fingers through my hair.

"Oh yeah, that's it, sweetie-pie, suck your mother's little love-button." She groaned.

For a good 10 minutes I worked her nub, savoring the feel of her meaty cunt-flesh against my face and the pungent smell of her matronly twat.

"Oh God, baby, you are scoring some serious motherfucking points with me." She grumbled.

Finally, mom lifted my face from her muff and sat up. She pulled me to her swaying tits, throwing her legs under my arms and around my back. I suddenly found myself smothered in tit-flesh.

"Oh baby, come to momma's titties." She cried.

I started to kneed and suck. I was like a kid in a candy store, overwhelmed and surrounded by soft, tasty flesh. I worked my tongue on her enormous nipples, then sucked and squeezed like a baby. Mom held me to her bussoms, clawing the back of my head with her long nails.

"That's it, love on momma's big soft boobies, baby." She said.

After a few minutes, mom sat back a little.

"Come back up on the seat." She commanded.

I did and she grabbed the waistband of my briefs and let it snap against my skin.

"Get 'em off!" She said with a grin.

In a flash, I had them off and my big dick slapped against my stomach.

"Oh my!" She said with a giggle. "You're bigger than I thought."

"Bigger than you're used to?" I asked.

"By a few inches, at least." She said. "But I wasn't just refering to your length. Look at how fat and meaty that monster is."

"Is that good?" I asked.

She licked her lips hungrily.

"Bet your fucking ass it is." She said. "Had mom known you had such an an enormous baby-maker, she may have kicked your father out long ago, and made you man of the house." She said.

"Really? So I'd have been sleeping in your bed?" I asked.

"Well, we'd share the same bed, but I don't know how much sleeping we'd do." She said with a wink.

"That would be awesome." I said.

Mom stared at my giant erection and giggled.

"Well, lover-boy. If that thing rubs me the way I think it will, you may get your wish." She said.

I couldn't believe my ears. Would my mom actually divorce my dad and take me as her perminant love-partner. Would I have a chance to fuck mom again and again on her own marital bed? The very thought took my breath away.

"You know, tiger, we may have a problem here." She said.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, I think you've scored too many points." She said.

"Too many?" I asked.

"Too many for just a fuck." She said.

Mom pushed me back and got on her hands and knees on the seat.

"I think you've scored just enough for a nice deep blow-job as well." She said. Mom looked into my eyes with a teasingly seductive smile. "If your interested?"

"God yes!" I said excitedly.

Mom began to tickle the head of my dick with the ends of her nails.

"Are you sure? I mean, you may not be able to handle your cock sliding down mom's throat. The feeling of your own mother's tongue dancing across your purple nob might just be too much for you." She teased.

"No, I want it, please!" I pleaded.

"Does my baby want it?" She said. "Does my sweet baby wanna feel his mother's lips wrapped around his swollen meat?" She asked in a baby voice.

"Yes...please!" I said.

"Then we need to make a decision. Cause once mom starts, she's not stoppin'. Do you wanna cum down my throat or do wanna pull it out and cum on my tits?" She asked.

"Your throat, but I thought we were gonna...you know?" I answered.

"You're a teenaged boy, silly. I'll bet you anything after mom swallows your load, you'll bounce right back and be ready for the main event. Besides, with one out of your system, you'll be able to fuck long and hard, making your mother cum in buckets." She said.

"You think so?" I asked.

"Well, if you wanna take your father's place in my bed, you better." She said sternly.

"Okay." I said confidently.

Mom pulled her hair back into a bun, getting it out of her face, preparing for her descent on my cock and balls. She gave me a soft peck on the lips, staring into my eyes.

"This is gonna be pretty intense for you. I want you to just sit back and feel my love, okay?" She said.

"Okay." I answered.

She gave me a big warm motherly smile and I felt her soft hand glide down my engorged pecker and forcefully pin my balls down against my ass. This made the skin on my fleshy pillar stretch tightly and my mushroom tip balloon even bigger. A trickle of bubbling jism seeped from the tip.

"Ready, tiger?" Mom asked.

I nodded and watched as mom's head sunk to my lap. Her lips descended right to my cockhead and about an inch before she

reached it, her lovely mouth opened wide, and with her lips and tongue, she formed a nice round fuck-pouch for the giant pole she was about to swallow.

My rod was suddenly surrounded in wet warmth. I could feel mom's lips stretched tightly around my shaft as they sunk towards my balls. The head of my dick glided past her tongue and into her throat. I felt her gag, then swallow, taking me deep into her gullet. It was like a soft, heated vaccum pouch surrounding the meat of my cock. She clamped her fingers around the base of my shaft. Her nails dug in to the soft skin of my balls as her lips traveled back up my fleshy pillar. Mom drug the tip of her tongue against the underside of my cock, forcing a stream of pre-cum out my tip and into her mouth. She rolled her pink snake around my giant nob a few times, then swallowed the mouthful of syrup she had taken.

"Oh God that's good. You might have a hard time keeping mom away from this big sugar stick." She said, again taking my prick into her lovely mouth.

This time mom worked her mouth up and down my thick shaft like a pro. Her lips squeezed and pulled against the flesh of my spear, her tongue dancing and flailing around my big purple plumb. The sight of my own mother's head moving up and down on my lap was almost too much for me to bare. By this time, the windows of mom's car were all fogged up. The sound of lewd slurping and sucking filled the vehicle as mom went at it.

For a good ten minutes mom fucked my cock with her mouth. Every dozen, ball bumping strokes mom would take my dick from her lips and bath my cock-head with rapid butterfly licks. She worked her fist up and down my member making my balls slap against my legs again and again. It felt amazing! Then once again I was devoured and she sucked and pulled at my cock with everything she had. I could feel and hear mom humming as she sucked and the vibration felt amazing against my meat.

For another ten minutes mom orally fucked me without rest. Up and down and up and down she worked her magic. My God, she was increadible! I couldn't possibly imagine getting a better cock-sucking from anyone, anywhere. While she sucked, her tongue had gone nonstop, rolling and wiggling across my pecker relentlessly. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, I sunk deeper and she began to deep throat me with short, rapid strokes. I could feel the slimy flesh of her gullet milking me hard. I began to buck my hips, literally fucking mom's throat. My balls tightened. This was it!

"Oh, mom, I'm gonna cum!" I groaned.

She worked harder and faster, slurping up and down the length of me, her tongue going into overdrive. Mom tightened her lips, loudened her humming. She was like a cocksucking machine on overdrive. I jerked as the torrent rocketed up my shaft until I delivered my first long rope of semen straight down mom's throat. She choked a little, but didn't miss a beat as the second jet splashed against the back of her mouth. My nob slid through the pool of semen as she sucked me back into her throat where I released another huge deposit of jism, then another on my way out. Mom gaged and I removed my dick from her mouth. Again she gagged, regurgitating an enormous amount of spunk back into her mouth, but with one big gulp she sent it back down her throat. In those few seconds my cock sent a thick geyser splashing against her lips. Mom was back to sucking in a flash and my nob followed a river of sperm into the depths of her throat.

I could feel an almost constant stream of fuck-cream flowing from my piss-hole, cascading down my mother's throat and into her tummy. Mom jerked and pulled at the skin of my dick, nursing more and more of my milk into her loving mouth. I had never cum this hard. Never felt the jism flow from my cock as it was now. For one full minute my dick continued to spasm, spitting a bubbling gob of spunk each time for mom to swallow.

Finally, after mom had squeezed the last drop from my shriveling member, my cock-head popped like a cork from between her lips. She sat next to me and looked into my exhausted eyes.

"Don't wimp out on me, sweetie-pie. Our drive-in date isn't over yet. You have more points to cash in, remember." She said.

Mom gently squeezed my giant ball-sack.

"Besides, it feels to mom like you have another load you needs delivered." She said with a wicked grin.

Chapter 5

I gazed down at my cock. It was sticking straight up, still bone hard and coated with mom's saliva.

"So, son of mine...still upset that your date stood you up?" Mom asked.

"No way." I signed.

Mom smiled, her big tits giggling, as she ran her fingers through my hair.

"Top or bottom?" She asked.

"What?" I asked.

"Time to cash in all those points, sweetie-pie. Top or bottom?" She smiled.

"Bottom." I said.

Without hesitation Mom threw one of her long legs her leg across my lap and straddled me. I gazed up at her enormous chest as it hovered above my face.

"Scoot down to the edge of the seat." She said.

I did what she asked so that I was now slouched down in the seat beneath her, like I had been when we dry humped earlier. She reached around and grabbed my big boner, giving it a few slow strokes.

"So you think you can handle having this monster buried inside another warm wet hole?" She teased.

"Yeah." I sighed.

"You know, it's not every day a boy gets to visit his mom's most secret place. No drive-in date is complete though unless a young guy gets to pound him some puss. The things I do for you." She smiled.

"For me? Yeah right, mom. " I teased, knowing full well she wanted to fuck my brains out.

Mom giggled, then looked down at me with those big brown eyes, clasping my rod tightly.

"I'm gonna scream. A lot. Just don't panic okay. When a girl screams while you're fucking her, it doesn't mean you're doing anything wrong. It means you're doing everything right." She smiled.

"Okay." I said. Mom gave me one last smile.

"Ready slugger?" She asked.

I nodded and mom dropped her ass to my cock. It was time! Still clasping the base of my meat tightly she drug my cum drooling knob across the soft lips of her outer labia, then crushed it against her "plump little girl" as mom called it.

I suddenly felt a pocket of warmth swallow my bell-shaped tip as mom began to feed the first inch of cock inside of her. She released her grip on the base as I continued to sink. Those few seconds seemed like minutes as I felt myself being swallowed inch by meaty inch.

As my dick reached a certain depth I heard mom gasp and felt her love pocket contract. Somehow I instinctively knew I had just passed my father's deepest point. I smiled inside, knowing I had almost three inches left to give her.

"Oh God." She sighed.

My meaty invader wormed further into mom's creamy depths until I felt my tip nudge snuggly against her cervical ring.

"Oh my God, sweetie, you just kissed your mother's womb." She sighed.

"Wow, this feels incredible, mom." I gasped.

"Oh honey, it gets a lot better." She smiled.

Mom brought her massive chest down onto mine, sandwiching her tits between us. She gazed down into my eyes with a look of shear pleasure.

"I'll bet I could milk an orgasm out of you without even moving." She bragged.

I suddenly felt her pouch flex, applying massive pressure against the meat of my shaft. My breath quivered as my eyes rolled back in my head.

Seeing my reaction, mom giggled, then relaxed her cunt muscles. No sooner did I sigh than mom tightened them again and laughed as I winced and closed my eyes.

"Oh God." I exclaimed.

"No...Oh Mom!" She said.

The pleasure was so intense I felt like crying. Mom started to rapidly tighten then relax her love muscles. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. I let out a little whimper, resting my head back. Mom was all smiles, enjoying my reaction.

Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax. Tighten. Relax.

"Oh baby, look at you and we haven't even started fucking yet." She said lovingly, her pussy still working its magic.

"Oh, it feels so good, mom." I moaned.

"Oh sugar-bear...are you ready for momma to ride you?" She asked.

"Yeah." I muttered.

Mom started to move her hips and I felt my cock slip part way down her channel, but then, all at once, it got swept right back into her depths. She repeated this and soon her pussy was gliding up and down my boner.

Each time I hit bottom my cock head popped into mom's fornix and kissed the spongy swell of her cervical opening. Lewd slapping began to fill the vehicle as her ass began to bounce on me.

Mom's eyes were closed now, her face filling with pleasure. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

"Oh yeah!" Her voice quivered.

She shifted so that she could rest one of her big soft breasts on my face. My tongue went to work, rolling across her giant areola.

Mom and I set into a rhythm now, making the car rock back and forth. After about every ten dick-milking strokes mom would plant my cock as deep as it would go and grind our genitals together. I could feel my cock-head digging at the entrance to her womb.

"Oh yeah, baby, cock me good!" She groaned.

Our incestuous union became violent now as she began rolling her hips like a mad woman.

"**OH GOD, SWEETIE, YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CREAM!**" She panted desperately.

"**OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING HARD!**" She shouted.

Her words were like a trigger to my balls, opening the floodgates. Mom's face began to contort and her entire body began to convulse. I saw her mouth open but nothing came out. Her eyes rolled back. Her hips were rocking so fast that I felt as though her cunt were going to rip my dick right off.

"**FFFFFUUUUUCCCCKKKKK!!!!!!!**" She screamed so loud I thought for sure that everyone in that drive-in parking lot had to hear it.

Mom let out a series of animal-like grunts. I could feel squirts of orgasmic juice pulsing against my cock and cascading down my balls. Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, her boob still molded around my face, as my first orgasmic grunt escaped.

It felt as though the end of my cock blew off as jism erupted from my piss-hole. A second rope of hot cum splashed against the back wall of mom's vagina and she continued stirring her pot with my cock-spoon.

"**GODDDD, I'M CUMMINNNGGGG MORE!**" Mom let out a grunting scream..

Mom and I were a sweaty heap of bucking, grinding, backseat love as we both came in buckets, our juices creating a buttery froth that oozed from mom's cunt.

We continued like this for minutes before we were both completely spent and lay there catching our breath. Mom finally lifted her head and gazed down at me.

"So...how's that for your first drive-in date?" Mom asked.

"Cool." I sighed.

She giggled and flex her cunt muscles.

"Cool huh? You're so cute." She said.

"You're still hard. Wanna cash in more points." She asked naughtily.

"Sure." I said.

Mom fell to the side onto the seat, taking me with her. She slid onto her back, her big tits rolling off the sides of her chest. I situated myself between her legs. My ass started to rise and fall as my cock went back to work. Mom's wrapped her long gorgeous legs, the legs of my dreams, around me and rested the heels of her pretty little feet on my ass.

"Oh, that's it baby, fuck your drive-in date. Make her cum some more." She gasped.

Soon the car was rocking again and filled with more screams.

"I didn't even hear you two get home last night. How was your date?" He asked.

Mom looked at me inquisitively, waiting for my answer.

"Great. We had fun." I said.

"What movies did you see?" He asked.

"How should we know? We were too busy making love in the back seat." She said.

Everyone got quiet and my heart starting pounding in my chest. Did mom really say what I think she said. Dad's face was blank for a moment, then, he suddenly started laughing. Mom laughed to and so did I.

"That's a good one." He chuckled.

I felt one of mom's bare feet glide up the back of my calf beneath the table.

"I know...I'm such a joker." She smiled.

THE END

Easter with Mom

by klrxo

Being a teenager, I wasn't sure if mom was gonna do the whole Easter basket thing for me anymore. Dad could care less. He would be out playing golf with his buddies, like he was nearly every sunday.

It was early morning and I'm sure my folks were still asleep. I knew mom had always put my Easter baskets out at night, after I was asleep, so I decided to sneak downstairs to see what, if anything, was there. Instead of a basket full of junk candy, I found an envelope with my name on it. I opened it and found a card from mom. It read:

Dear Thomas, You're grown now, love, you're a big boy now, you've outgrown those little candies...the first clue to this game you'll find in the crotch of mother's panties.

Happy Hunting!!!

Love, Mom I was a bit confused for a minute. Mother's panties? There were only two places I would find a pair of her panties...in her dresser, or the laundry room. I decided to try the laundry room upstairs. I snuck by my parent's bedroom and into the laundry. I didn't have to dig far in the hamper to find a pair of my mom's white silk panties. I noticed the inside crotch was damp and this strange pungent smell hit my nose. There was a note inside. It read:

Thomas, Now you've found the panties, love, and the smell contained within, now bring the crotch up to your nose and slowly breathe it in.

I did so and the aroma was so stong it made my head spin. I kept reading.

Make sure before you put them down, the stench you know quite well, to find the next of mother's clues you'll need your sense of smell.

Love, Mom I walked all through the house sniffing, but didn't smell anything obvious. I decided to sit down at the kitchen table and have a bowl of cereal. As I was eating, mom came walking into the kitchen. She had on her short silk robe and her bare feet tapped lightly against the floor.

"Good Morning, love." She said.

"Morning Mom." I said.

"You're up early. Must have been anxious to see what the Easter bunny left you." She said.

"Yeah." I muttered.

I watched mom make her coffee. Her milky-white legs were so long and soft-looking and her ass was so full and plump. The way her large sagging breasts wobbled from side to side beneath her robe as she moved about the kitchen was amazing. She came over and took a seat next to me at the table. Suddenly, that strong, pungent smell hit me like a club. It was the same smell from her panties and it was very very strong. She looked at me with a little smile.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" She asked.

"Yeah...I'm...I'm fine." I said.

"Are you sure?" Mom continued. It was as if she knew what was bothering me and was trying to get an honest answer from me.

"Yeah...it's nothing." I muttered.

"Because if there is something bothering you, you should probably say something and get it off your mind." She said.

"It's just...just...the...the smell." I answered.

Mom looked into my eyes with a straight face.

"You're smelling something, sweetheart? What is it? Is it something you've smelt before?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

"Where? Tell me where you've smelt it before." Mom demanded.

"Your...your panties." I said.

Mom got a big smile as she stared at me lovingly with those gleaming brown eyes.

"Then let your nose be your guide." She whispered.

Dad came around the corner and into the kitchen. He was dressed in his golf clothing.

"I'm gonna take the boys out for lunch after the game so I might be a little longer today." He said.

"That's fine. You and the boys play hard, but no betting this time." Mom answered as she got up and gave dad a kiss.

"Sure you don't wanna join us, sport?" Dad asked me.

"Naw, I'm not too into golf." I answered.

"He's gonna hang out here with his Easter bunny today." Mom said with a smile.

Dad left and mom did a few dishes. She came over and stood close to me. The strong smell hit me once again as she smiled down at me.

"I'm gonna go up and take my shower." She said.

She pranced out of the kitchen, looking back at me as she rounded the corner. I remembered her words to let my nose be my guide so I slowly walked to the kitchen doorway. I looked towards the stairway and mom looked at me with a strange smile as she made her way up the stairs.

I followed the pungent smell upstairs and stopped at the top step. Mom looked at me with that same quirky grin as she entered her room. I went to her bedroom door and peered inside. Mom reached under her robe, slid her panties down her long legs and kicked them onto the floor. She entered her bathroom and closed the door, leaving the panties laying on the floor in her bedroom. I went over and picked them up. The strong fishy smell nearly knocked me over. Taped inside the panties was a note.

Dear Thomas, Followed your nose you did and you've found another clue, your mother's deep aroma is now controling you. Turn the panties inside-out and slowly sniff again, slide your tongue across the crotch, tasting where they've been.

I took a deep whiff and tasted the strong saltyness of the slightly moistened crotch. I continued reading the note.

In your father's bottom drawer is another little clue, in a little bity box is something there for you.

I went to my father's bottom drawer and opened it. Inside was a box of hundreds of condoms with a note from mom taped to the outside. It read:

Reach inside the box and take one from his stock, drop your boxers to the floor and place it on your cock.

I couldn't believe that my own mother was getting this naughty with me, her son. I didn't waste any time getting my shorts off and rolling the condom onto my rock hard prick. I finished reading the note.

Now take your father's spot upon my fluffy bed and the naughty thoughts of what may come will fill your precious head.

I crawled onto my parents bed and lay on my back with my big condom covered dick sticking in the air. I heard my mother's shower shut off and a sense of panic rushed through me. What if this were some big mistake? But how could it be though?

The bathroom door opened and I lay there frozen, watching the doorway. My mother's soft voice spoke to me from inside.

"Thomas..." She called softly.

"Yeah." I asked.

"You liked the smell of my panties, didn't you?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

"What about the taste. Did you lick the crotch?" She asked seductively.

"Yeah." I said.

"And do you know what you were tasting? Tell me what you were tasting, love." She asked.

"Your...your pussy." I said.

"Did you like the taste of my pussy, Thomas? Do you think it's something you could get used to, baby?" She asked.

"I think so." I said.

"What about the condom, did you roll it on your prick, sweetheart? She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

"Do you know why you're wearing it, Thomas? 'Cause the Easter bunny's got something for you, love. She's got a nice fat hairy pussy for you this year, baby, and two great big soft titties for you to squeeze and suck on." She said.

"Really?" I asked.

"Are you ready for me, baby. Are you ready to fuck your mother's sweet pussy?" She asked.

By this time my dick was ready to explode and I hadn't even seen my mom yet.

"Yeah...I'm ready." I said.

"Are you sure you're ready? Is your cock rock hard and ready to fuck?" She asked.

"Yeah...Oh shit, yeah." I said.

Mom came out of the bathroom, but she was fully dressed. She came over to the side of the bed beside me. She shook her head and smiled down at me.

"Tommy, Tommy, Tommy...I'm your mother. You know you can't fuck my pussy...Besides..." She said.

She bent over and took my entire cock into her mouth. I could feel the head of my dick slide down her throat. Her lips and tongue flew up and down my dick a few times and I came harder than I'd ever come before, filling the condom with my sperm. Mom's squeezed her

lips tight, creating a vacuum which she used to pull every drop of jism. My cock then mad a loud pop as she took it from her mouth. She looked down at me with a big smile.

"If you want to play in the big leagues with the likes of your mother, you're gonna have to learn to develop some staying power." She said.

"I can do that." I said.

"Of course you can, love, but for now..."

She gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Happy Easter." She said.

I watched as she walked from the room. It wasn't exactly what I expected would happen, but I wouldn't complain, that's for sure.

"Make sure you flush the condom, I don't want your father finding it." She said.

Eskimo Mom

By Klrxo

My name is Malina, derived from the Inuit word for "Sun Goddess." I am a proud Inuit wife and mother, deeply connected to my heritage and the customs of my ancestors. My roots are firmly planted in Eskimo tradition, and I carry those values with me every day.

But let's talk about something else that brings me immense joy: fucking. It's a topic that still makes some of my people uncomfortable, but not me. I embrace my sexuality wholeheartedly and thankfully, my husband shares a similar appreciation for it.

Although, I must admit, there are times when his desire doesn't match mine, which leaves me feeling a restless longing.

But that longing is quickly soothed by the familiar comforts of my culture, the smell of burning wood from our traditional qulliq (*oil lamp*), the sounds of drumming and throat singing echoing through the walls of our home. These are the moments when I feel most connected to my roots and understand the true beauty and power of our traditions My husband, Kali, is a staunch protector and provider, adhering to the ancient ways of our people. He's a skilled hunter, able to bring home seals, walruses, and caribou for our sustenance.

My daughter, Nanook, is a spirited young girl with a fire in her eyes that reminds me of myself in my youth. She loves to listen to the elders as they share stories of our ancestors and teach her the ways of our people. Her laughter fills our home with warmth and light, a beacon of hope for the future of our community.

Then there is my son, Anik, with his striking features and easy charm that draws in both boys and girls alike. He radiates youthful energy, just on the cusp of adulthood, still transitioning from boyhood into manhood.

My son became the subject between my mother and I as we sat in the flickering glow of the qulliq, sewing sealskin garments for the coming winter. My mother, with her weathered hands and wise eyes, had been a source of guidance and comfort since I was a child. As we worked side by side, the rhythmic sound of her bone needle piercing through the skin filled the silence between us.

"Malina," she began, her voice like a soothing breeze on a summer day. "Anik is blossoming into a fine young man, but he will soon encounter new experiences that will mold his future."

"What kind of experiences do you mean?" I inquired.

"Experiences of a sexual nature," she replied, her tone soft but unyielding. And then she reminded me of something that had almost slipped my mind. "It is traditionally a mother's duty to prepare her son for the voyage into his own sexuality." Her words hung heavily in the air and I couldn't help but feel a sense of responsibility settle over me like a heavy cloak.

I had grown familiar with the tradition over the years, knowing that one day I would have to initiate my own son into the world of sexual pleasure. It was an essential rite of passage, ensuring that he would be able to satisfy his future wife and produce strong, healthy offspring. My husband, having gone through this himself, was surely aware of the tradition, but I also couldn't help but wonder if it was something that a father dreaded, knowing his wife would find pleasure in the hardened penis of their son.

"I'm prepared to fulfill my motherly duties," I stated, "but I would imagine it is a responsibility that husbands don't think fondly of, even though they once experienced it themselves."

My mother nodded in understanding. "It is a difficult role for fathers to accept, but they must understand the importance of it for the continuation of our people. Our ancestors knew the value of sexual satisfaction and propagation, and they passed on that wisdom through the generations. As a mother, it is our job to guide our sons into manhood, and this initiation is a crucial step in that journey."

"Shall I seek counsel from Kali on this matter, and inform him that the time has arrived for me to perfom this tradition?" I inquired, referring to my husband.

My mother's response was swift and decisive. "This is a tradition that requires no consultation with one's spouse," she stated firmly. "It is a private matter between you and Anik, and while Kali may be aware of its inevitability, he need not know the specific details of when and where this tradition will be carried out."

Her words were like gentle but firm hands guiding me in the correct path. It was a long-standing tradition, passed down through generations, and it was not to be taken lightly or discussed flippantly with anyone outside of our immediate family circle. My decision would be made discreetly, without any input from outsiders.

"I'll begin preparations for the task right away," I declared confidently. I was completely devoted to my husband. But the mere thought of tutoring my son, who was much younger than me sent a rush of excitement through my body. My heart raced with anticipation as I imagined Anik's body intertwined with mine, our limbs entangled in a passionate embrace. Images of him bucking like a wild stallion between my cradled thighs, experiencing the heat and grip of his very first pussy, flooded my mind.

My mother looked at me with concern etched on her features. "It is an important task, so be sure to prepare yourself mentally and physically," she cautioned, her eyes searching mine. "Especially after your recent accident."

I chuckled at the mention of my "accident" that had occurred almost a year ago now. "Mother, you worry too much. I've fully recovered from that slip on the ice," I reassured her.

"I know, but sometimes the mind and body need more time to heal from such traumatic events," she reminded me with a gentle hand on my shoulder.

The incident she spoke of was a terrifying blow to my head that resulted in total amnesia for months. It was only recently that all of my memories had resurfaced, and I finally felt like myself again.

As the days ticked by, my mind was consumed with a barrage of questions about how and when I should begin my son's sexual education. How should I even broach the subject? What were the fundamental lessons he needed to learn? Of course, knowledge of the male anatomy and female genitalia were vital, but what about

sex positions? Which ones were appropriate for him to know? And how could I teach him techniques and allow him to practice them safely?

My thoughts inevitably drifted to my own experiences and preferences with sex. Missionary was always my favorite position, with its intimate connection. But would it be appropriate to pass down this information to my son? My mind whirled with uncertainty as I contemplated how best to approach this delicate task.

As my mind raced with questions, one in particular stood out above the rest. Would his penis respond to me? Would it become erect? I had seen him aroused before, the bulge of his young cock evident through his clothing, but the real question was... would I, his own mother, be able to elicit that response from him? For the sake of learning at least, could Anik see me in a sexual light?

My intuition told me yes, based on all the times I had caught him admiring my body. Without trying to sound boastful, I knew I possessed a certain beauty that many found irresistible. My curves and proportions were often praised by others, particularly the size of my enormous breasts. The thought made me blush slightly, but also sent a flutter of excitement through my body. All these years of being a mother and suddenly I wondered if my son saw me as a desirable woman. It was both unnerving and exhilarating.

As I pondered my thoughts, my mind was consumed with a question that I had never considered before: how would Anik make me feel sexually? Would his touch arouse me, igniting a fire within me that would manifest by creating slick wetness between my legs? Would our union be a combination of learning and passion, creating an experience that I would never forget? Despite his handsome appearance, I had always viewed my son in a purely maternal light. But in a private and intimate setting, where sexual instruction was being imparted, could those perceptions shift?

As I approached my husband, my heart raced with excitement and nerves. "My mother has kindly offered to take care of Nanook tomorrow so Anik and I can join you on the hunt," I announced.

"We're going with father on a hunt?" Anik asked, looking up eagerly from his meal.

Kali's brows furrowed in concern. "The hunt may last for hours, perhaps even days. What will you and Anik do to pass the time?"

I could feel my cheeks flush as I quickly tried to come up with a suitable answer. Any response other than the truth would betray be suitable.

"We'll talk and bond, Kali. It'll be good for him to spend some quality time with me," I replied smoothly, hoping to hide the butterflies fluttering in my stomach as I smiled over at my son.

In that moment, I felt both guilty and determined. Guilty for deceiving my husband, but determined to see this through without hurting anyone.

The conversations and bonding between Anik and I on the trip would not occur in the way Kali had envisioned, but it was best to keep that information to ourselves.

"Suit yourselves," Kali stated with a resigned tone, "I'll have to prepare an igloo for the both of you to stay warm."

"I can help, father," my son offered eagerly. "My friends and I have crafted more than enough of them."

"I'll see to gathering the necessary supplies for our journey," I added, grateful that my husband saw the value in having us accompany him. The thought of venturing into the cold wilderness filled me with both excitement and trepidation.

Before embarking on our journey, I meticulously prepared my body for the upcoming sexual instruction. In my Inuit culture, this was a ritual of shaving essential parts – my legs and private area – with sharpened ivory and lubricating them with animal fat. Once smooth and bare, I indulged in a warm bath, washing my dark, full mane and pampering my skin with essential oils. I knew that the days ahead would be filled with intense lovemaking and instruction, and I wanted to give Anik nothing less than a perfect canvas to work with. It was a sacred duty for me to present myself as fully ready and willing for this intimate experience.

The journey to the hunting grounds was a grueling one, taking hours to navigate through the harsh, unforgiving landscape. The frozen air seemed to bite at our skin, but the heavy furs we wore offered much needed protection.

As we finally arrived at our destination, Kali and Anik wasted no time in working together to construct the perfect igloo. Each block of snow was carefully placed, intricately carved, and reinforced with ice to create a strong and beautiful structure. As I watched them work, a sense of pride swelled within me for my son. He was growing into a capable man, finding his place in this world. The only thing he lacked now was sexual prowess, but I knew that would soon change with my help.

"I will set out on the hunt first thing in the morning," my husband declared with determination etched into every line of his face. I nodded, silently agreeing to his plan. "Very well, Kali, we'll stay in the igloo and spend our time bonding. Anik and I will have much to learn from each other during this time ." As I spoke, a smile crept onto my lips as I looked at my son. His cheeks were tinged pink and he met my gaze with excitement in his eyes. It was a well-known to boys that they would be trained by their mothers at some point, and I could tell that Anik was aware that this would be his special moment. I felt grateful to see eagerness rather than apprehension in his expression.

"Perhaps Anik should join me on the hunt," suggested Kali, his deep voice rumbling through the igloo.

A sense of unease settled in my stomach at the thought. I quickly racked my brain for a reason to dissuade him. "While it may benefit Anik to learn hunting at some point, I would hate to be left alone for too long. If I had known you wanted to take him along, I would have brought Nanook along as well to keep me company."

Kali's expression softened as he considered my words. "You're right, my dear," he admitted with a sigh. "Next time then."

Anik nodded eagerly, clearly pleased with his father's change of heart. "Yes, next time," he repeated, flashing me a relieved grin.

Despite my intense desires, I resisted my husband's advances for lovemaking that night as we lay nestled beneath the thick fur blankets. "Anik might hear us," I whispered.

But in reality, my reluctance had little to do with him overhearing us. In fact, a small part of me wanted Anik to hear the sounds of pleasure on the eve of learning how to fuck a woman.

The real reason behind my rejection of my husband's advances was that I didn't want his cum planted inside me. My pussy needed to be clean and free from any mess for Anik's exploration the next day. It was my son's special moment and any release inside me should come solely from his own cock.

As I lay in bed, on the cusp of slumber, my mind began to wander towards my son's knowledge of sex. Had he already experienced it, or was he still a naive virgin? Despite his charm and popularity with girls, I couldn't shake the feeling that he hadn't yet dipped his manhood into the depths of a woman's core. Perhaps he hadn't even shared a kiss with a girl yet. The uncertainty gnawed at me as I drifted closer to sleep, knowing that in the morning, all would be

revealed. My nerves were tingling with a mix of anxiety and anticipation for what the dawn would bring.

"Wish me luck," my husband said with a slight smile as he prepared for the big hunt. I could see the excitement in his eyes, knowing that this was something he truly loved and took pride in. He meticulously checked his gear, making sure everything was in perfect working order for the task ahead.

"Be safe," I said softly, feeling a twinge of guilt in my stomach. By the time he returned, I would have had another man's penis inside me and who knows how many loads of sperm soaking in my womb. Of course, that man just happened to be our son, and it was for the sake of learning, but it still felt like a strange form of infidelity.

"Have a successful hunt, father," our son Anik declared as we watched Kali step out of the igloo and into the tundra.

The chill in the air nipped at our noses and I knew we needed to find a way to keep warm. "Why don't we snuggle beneath the blankets," I suggested to Anik, wanting to ease any tension before we delved into the intimate discussions that lay ahead.

We both crawled under the thick, woolen layers and my son let out a contented sigh as we settled in, his eyes widening as we lay on our sides facing each other. I pulled him closer, feeling the warmth of his body against mine and the pressure of his embrace mashing up against my oversized tits.

Taking a deep breath, I spoke nervously. "Anik, you're on the cusp of leaving your boyhood days behind and entering into a world full of sexual experiences," I told him gently. "As your mother, it is my duty to prepare you for these encounters with women."

He shifted awkwardly, clearly unsure of how to respond to such an open conversation about sex. "Um...alright," he finally answered.

"How much do you know about your own body?" I asked, figuring this was a good place to start.

"About my penis you mean?" he replied.

"Well, yes…that. We should talk about the different parts of your penis and how they function."

"I already know all that stuff, mother" he confidently replied. "My dick is comprised of the knob, the shaft and the balls, and it needs to get erect before doing anything sexual, so that I can pierce a woman's vagina. The nuts are where sperm is stored for making babies."

I was taken back at his detailed answer. "That's impressive," I stated, looking into his piercing blue eyes. "What about the vagina?"

"I know all about that too," Anik bragged. "There's the outer lips and inner lips, the clitoris, the vaginal opening, and the hymen. And when a woman is turned on, her clitoris becomes engorged. Oh, also…her vagina can stretch wider to accommodate a man's dick."

"Well, it's clear that you've educated yourself on sexual body parts," I stated proudly. It was obvious that Anik knew his stuff when it came to the human body, but there was still so much more for me to teach him.

"Okay, let's start with the basics," I said, taking a deep breath. "Sex is not just about penetration, but also about foreplay. Do you know what foreplay is, darling?"

"Yes. It's all the kissing, touching, and pleasuring that happens before you penetrate a woman."

As I lay there with my teenage son to give him "the talk" about sex, I didn't expect the level of knowledge he possessed. As I explained the importance of ensuring a woman is properly aroused and

lubricated before penetration, he interjected with a suggestion of his own.

"Instead of just touching or rubbing, you can also use two fingers to stimulate her G-spot," he informed me confidently. I couldn't help but chuckle at his eagerness to share this information, especially since I, as a woman myself, was well aware of the G-spot's location. It was clear that Anik had done his research on pleasuring a woman, impressing me with textbook answers to every question I had for him. "I'm glad you took the time to educate yourself on this topic," I praised him. "Remember, knowledge is power when it comes to understanding and pleasing a woman."

"Yes, mother," he nodded.

My heart raced with anticipation and excitement as I realized that the time had finally come for us to go hands-on. "Why don't we start with some foreplay," I suggested, my voice barely concealing my eagerness. "That way, I can answer any questions you may have as we explore."

Anik's face lit up with a mischievous grin, his eyes shining with an eager curiosity. "That sounds like fun," he replied eagerly.

"Just remember, these practice sessions are not just for pleasure, but also for learning and growth in your sexual knowledge," I reminded him.

"I understand," he nodded, then confidently placed his hands on my big breasts and gently squeezed. Instantly, I was flooded with pleasure and surprise at how skilled and confident his touch was. It had been a long day without much attention towards my body so Anik's touch ignited a fire within me that I didn't expect.

A gasp escaped my lips as his fingers found their way to my hardened teats, applying just the right amount of pressure around my swollen buds. I couldn't help but moan as he expertly tweaked

and pinched the peaks of my jugs. A wave of pleasure washed over me, tingling in my pussy and making me ache for more.

"Anik," I said between heavy breaths, "have you been doing this with other girls in the village?"

He looked at me, confusion evident on his face. "No, why?"

"Because you're surprisingly skilled at this for someone without much experience," I replied, suspicion creeping into my mind. Had he been practicing on other girls? The thought both aroused and unsettled me. After all, I had been with his father for years and Kali had never squeezed my tender breasts this well before.

"I'm arousing you then, mother?" he asked, his voice deep and seductive. I could feel the warmth of his breath against my skin.

My cheeks flushed as I felt the evidence of my arousal coating my thighs. I wanted to hide my desire, but I knew that honesty was important in this moment. "Yes, my dear," I admitted, trying to steady my breathing. "You've certainly made my vagina plenty wet by the way you're using those skilled hands."

He seemed pleased with his effect on me, his smile dark and alluring. "Should I kiss you and touch your pussy now?" he asked, his words dripping with desire.

A wave of heat washed over me at his boldness. "Well, yes…I suppose that would be another form of foreplay," I replied, surprised by how eager he was to explore other ways of inciting pleasure. "Go ahead." My anticipation grew as he leaned in closer, his lips hovering just inches from mine. I had to remind myself that this wasn't how I was suppose to be feeling. I was merely the teacher allowing the student to learn and practice.

When our lips met, his tongue gently probed my mouth, teasing my lips and sliding between them. I couldn't help but moan into the

kiss, the sensation of his tongue playing against mine sending shivers down my spine.

As our kiss deepened, his hands continued to explore my body. His fingers sliding down my sides, grazing the skin just slightly above my waistline. He traced circles around my navel, his touch feather-light and yet electrifying.

I began to lose myself in the moment, the feelings he was stirring in me completely consuming my senses. But then, I remembered where we were, and who I was with.

"Anik," I whispered hoarsely, trying to regain my composure. "We can stop now. You did excellent."

"But we can't stop yet. I was just getting ready to rub your pussy," he boldly stated.

Part of me wanted to let him, eager to see if he was as skilled at that as he was everything else he had done so far, but I was afraid that if he got me too excited, I'd lose control and cross a line I shouldn't. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, but we need to stop for now," I insisted.

Anik seemed disappointed by my decision, but he nodded quietly. "Okay," he murmured, sliding back and giving me some space.

I took a deep breath, trying to gather my thoughts and emotions. "Anik, I'm here to help you learn, but it seems like your skills are already very advanced for someone your age. I'm impressed, truly."

"Thanks," he grinned. "I imagine doing these types of things so often that I guess they just come naturally for me."

My curiosity piqued, I pressed him for more details on this intriguing topic. "When you imagine those sorts of things, do you physically pull on your penis?" I inquired.

His response was a simple nod.

"Imagine that sensation multiplied by a hundred," I continued, trying to paint a vivid picture for him. "That's how much better it feels inside the warmth and tightness of a woman's vagina."

"It sounds incredible," he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is," I chuckled, recalling the exquisite pleasure myself. "No more tugging or self-pleasuring necessary, just thrusting and letting a woman's pussy take care of the rest." My words were met with a look of amazement and eagerness from my adorable son.

"I think now would be a great time to introduce you to the female form," I stated, slipping out from beneath the blanket.

"Your gonna get…naked?" he asked, sitting upright.

"Well, yes…you can't very well learn about the female body if mine is covered."

It felt strange but exciting to remove my gown in front of him. The only person who had ever seen me nude was my husband so this was a new and thrilling experience for me.

Anik's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked up at my heavy, naked breasts. I could see the hunger and desire in his gaze, a lover of giant breasts who could easily get lost between them. His eyes roamed over the wide rings of my areolas, their texture thick and soft like rose petals. The pink hue of my nipples stood out against my skin, hard and erect with anticipation.

"Wow, um...those are something," Anik finally managed to utter, his voice filled with awe.

"As you may have noticed," I said coyly, "all the women in our family are blessed with generously large breasts." My hand lightly grazed

over one melon, drawing his attention back to them. "A woman's boobs play an important part in the lovemaking process, so I'll be teaching you all about that."

"I'll definitely be looking forward to that part," Anik confessed, a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"I know you will," I replied with a sly wink. "I can tell you're a serious breast enthusiast."

I let him take in my body as I stood before him, his eyes exploring every curve and contour. I wondered how familiar he was with the female form, so I gave him this opportunity to fully appreciate it.

Unable to resist any longer, Anik's eyes drifted down to my pubis. A small gasp escaped his lips as he took in the sight of my perfect cleft, glistening with excitement. I could see the hunger in his eyes and knew he was craving hot, wet pussy.

Our gazes met and I gave him a reassuring smile, letting him know it was okay to gawk at my body, at least for today. "Take your time, darling," I whispered seductively, knowing just how much he needed this.

It was then I saw something that made my heart swell with pride. The bulge of Anik's erection tented his loincloth, a clear indication of just how aroused he was by my body. He couldn't hide his excitement, and for a moment, it was hard not to smile.

"Anik," I breathed, trying not to betray how quickly my heart was racing. "Why don't you remove the loincloth now so that we can both be naked and continue your sexual instruction?"

I couldn't help but stare as he complied with my request. His erection stood tall and proud, like a statue of hard ivory. In the dim light, his penis seemed to glow, the veins pulsing beneath the pink

skin. It was uncircumcised, but his foreskin was pulled back, revealing a perfect bell-shaped head.

I must have looked foolish standing there with my mouth hanging open, shamelessly gawking at him. But how could I not? Anik's cock was a work of art.

Thick and veiny, it protruded from his body with a confident grace. His balls hung low, full and heavy with desire. I couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like to have such a large, meaty tool inside me, those plump, hairless balls beating relentlessly against the ring of my asshole. It was a shameful thought, I knew, but I couldn't ignore the fact that he surpassed his father in length and thickness.

"Anik," I whispered, trying to keep my voice steady as my eyes roamed over his perfect length. "You're very lucky to be so well endowed."

He chuckled proudly. "Thanks. I've had girls tell me that before."

"Oh, you have have you?" I teasingly asked, my curiosity piqued. How much experience did he really have? His confident grin told me it was probably more than I expected.

"Yes," he replied with a proud grin. "They say that not too many boys can reach their wombs like I can."

His words made my heart lurch in my chest. Despite my recent bout with amnesia, memories flooded back of my own first experiences at his age, with a well-endowed Inuit boy who showed me the incredible pleasure that could be unlocked deep within my vagina. Anik's father, Kali, was close in size to that boy, but sadly not quite enough to fully reach that magical spot. Still, he knew how to bring me to climax, though not quite as intensely as I was capable of through the deepest sort of penetration.

As the wind howled outside, a reminder that my husband was out there braving the elements to find us food, I shook off my thoughts and focused on the present.

"We should continue our lesson," I said, trying to regain my composure. Taking Anik by the hand, I led him back to the bed where we lay side by side beneath the thick blankets once again. "Come closer to me," I whispered. "Let's embrace."

Our bodies melted together, radiating warmth and desire. With his erection nestled between my legs and his tip pressing against my rounded buns, I could feel myself beginning to grow wet with anticipation. My labial flanges spread out around his veiny stalk and I couldn't help but moan softly at the sensation.

His eyes gazed down at the pillowy mounds smothering his chest and the abundance of creamy cleavage squashed up near his chin. "This is nice," I whispered breathlessly. This felt like the perfect place for sexual exploration and learning. His intense gaze met mine and I could see the curiosity and desire in his eyes.

"Yes, your body is so warm," he nodded in agreement.

"Show me how you kiss," I whispered. I wanted to see how he performed in this area before providing him with helpful feedback.

Little did I know that Anik would require no advice from me. When our lips met , he took me by surprise with his skill and passion. His tongue gently probed my lips, and I could feel the heat of his breath on my face. As his mouth opened, our tongues met and danced together, exploring each other in a way I had never experienced before. It was as if our bodies were communicating in a language that only they understood.

I could feel the throbbing heat of his cock nestled between my tender labial folds, our arousal causing a surge of blood to engorge both of our genitals and secrete slick, sweet oils made to lubricate

the union of flesh. Our kiss deepened, igniting a powerful current of electricity that coursed through my entire body. My skin prickled with anticipation as I pulled away to catch my breath.

"That was quite skilled," I managed to say, my heart still racing. "Surely you didn't learn to kiss like that on your own?"

Anik chuckled in response, his eyes sparkling with desire. "Kissing is one of my favorite things." His lips grazed mine once more before we continued exploring each other's bodies with fervent passion.

Gently, I rolled us beneath the soft, warm blankets, letting him take position on top of me as we kissed with a fervent passion. My instinct was to part my thighs and envelop him between them, but I held back, wanting to savor each moment and provide guidance before our ultimate coupling. For now, I kept my legs tightly together, his hardness trapped between them like a sacred offering.

Determined to push his kissing abilities to their limits, I plunged my tongue deep into his mouth, inviting his own to join in a dance of carnal desire. Our moans mingled and echoed off the walls as our hunger for one another grew more intense with every stroke of our tongues. Anik must have loved the way my soft tits were mashed against his lean chest, my nipples prodding into his skin.

My hands wandered over his chiseled body, tracing the contours of his sculpted muscles as we continued our passionate embrace. He felt different than my husband, his skin smoother and perfectly defined in all the right places.

As our kiss deepened, I could feel Anik's cock pulsing and hardening even more against my sex, aching for entry. It was evident that soon we would take that next step, but for now we focused on the simple act of kissing and the gentle rocking motion of our bodies that mirrored the rhythm of sexual thrusting.

Wrapped in the warmth of soft fur blankets, our lips met and melded, rolling and twining together with an intense passion that seemed to consume us both. Time slowed as we explored each other's mouths, our tongues twisting and tangling like vines in a secret garden. It was unlike any kissing I had ever experienced before; it was intoxicating, exhilarating, and I couldn't get enough of it.

As our lips finally parted, Anik gasped for air and asked breathlessly, "Can I put it in you now?"

The primal part of me wanted to say yes, to give in to the raw desire that pulsed through my body. But the more practical side of me, the one that desired a true connection with this boy instead of just a physical release, held back. "Not quite yet," I responded, trying to keep my voice steady. "Part of lovemaking is learning to control your body. To build up to the moment of penetration so that both partners are completely in sync physically and emotionally."

"Emotionally?" Anik questioned, his eyes filled with curiosity and desire.

I smiled at him, grateful for his eagerness but also wanting to make sure that our encounter wasn't just another sexual conquest for him. "Yes, emotional synchronization is just as important as physical," I explained. "And that can only be achieved through communication during foreplay. It takes time and restraint, but it can also be incredibly pleasurable."

With Anik resting comfortably on his back, I crawled above his body and straddled his neck beneath the thick blankets. My bare knees pressed against the soft fabric as I positioned myself just inches above his face, my hot, wet pussy tantalizingly close to his eager mouth.

"Tell me what you smell, Anik," I purred, my voice low and seductive in the darkness.

His response was a gasp, followed by trembling beneath me. "P...pussy," he managed to say.

A smirk crossed my lips as I ran my fingers through his hair, knowing he could feel my wetness so close to him. "Do you enjoy the aroma of hot, wet pussy?" I asked, my tone teasing and playful.

"Oh, yes," he breathed out, clearly aroused.

I leaned closer to him, feeling his arm wrap around my hip and his hand hesitantly searching for his own throbbing cock. "Tell me, darling," I whispered in his ear, "what do you like to do to it? Do you like to lick pussy?"

His breathing grew heavier as he stroked himself with increasing urgency. "Ohh," he gasped in response.

"Go ahead," I encouraged him, "pull on your flesh. There's no shame between us today."

As he began to stroke himself more firmly, I returned to my earlier question. "So tell me, Anik," I said as I rocked my hips slightly over him, "do you like to plow your tongue through the slit of a dripping cunt?"

The response came in a shaky, almost desperate hiss. "Yes."

I couldn't believe I was asking him this question, my stomach churning with both excitement and guilt. "Do you enjoy sliding your tongue inside a woman's warm, wet folds and tasting her sweet nectar?" I asked, my voice low and breathy.

"Uh-huh," came his moaned reply, sending shivers down my spine.

My fingers tangled in his hair, holding his head firmly in place as I teased him. "I'm going to lower myself now, very close to your lips. If you stick your tongue out far enough, you may just get a taste."

I could feel Anik anxiously extending his tongue as far as he could, eager for the promised reward. With a firm grip on his head, I slowly lowered myself closer.

"Here it comes, my love. Here comes my pussy," I whispered seductively.

A wave of intense pleasure washed over me as I felt his tongue just barely graze my throbbing folds.

"Oh, did you get a little taste? Did it leave you wanting more?" I taunted, unable to hide the satisfaction in my voice.

"Yes," Anik panted, the sound of his hand moving rapidly up and down his erection filling the air.

Eager anticipation burned within me as I whispered more naughty things to him. "This time I'm going to peel my hood back." My voice was barely a whisper, but I knew he could hear the desire and longing in it. "If you're lucky," I continued, "you'll get to taste the most sensitive part of my body-my clitoris."

With steady hands, I pried my flanges apart and peeled back my fleshy prepuce, revealing my juicy clit. It stood out like a fat, pulsating nub, begging for his touch. Slowly, I lowered myself onto his waiting tongue, allowing it to make full contact with my exposed pleasure center. The sensation of his wet tongue swiping along the length of my clit sent shivers of pleasure coursing through my entire body. "Oh, yes," I murmured, unable to contain the pleasure building inside me. My hips instinctively bucked against him, seeking more of his skilled touch. "Good boy," I praised him, reveling in the feel of his warm mouth on me. "Do you want to suck it?" I asked breathlessly. "Do you want to nurse on my clit like a big, fat nipple?"

I felt his eager nod before he eagerly suctioned my love-nubbin into his mouth. His tongue immediately went to work, attacking it with quick, skillful butterfly licks that had me groaning and arching

against him. I shouldn't have been surprised by his expertise after the incredible kisses he had given me earlier, but I couldn't help being amazed once again at just how good he was at pleasuring me.

As Anik's hand continued to stroke his throbbing cock, he wrapped his free arm around me, pulling me closer and positioning my wet cunt right against his eager mouth. His lips immediately latched onto my swollen clit, sucking it greedily while his tongue flicked and probed at the sensitive flesh. I let out a moan of pleasure as he expertly pleasured me.

"You have me exactly where you want me, Anik," I gasped between breaths.

He responded with a low growl, his mouth still occupied with my dripping pussy. I could feel him eagerly exploring every inch of my fragrant slit, savoring the taste and scent of my arousal.

I couldn't resist teasing him even in this intense moment, whispering dirty words and encouraging him to keep feasting on my cunt. It was a delicious game of give and take, and we were both enjoying the ride.

"Mm, see how wet it gets?" I panted between moans. "Do you see the way my pussy drips and throbs for your cock?" Anik's lips curled into a feral snarl, reminiscent of an arctic predator devouring its prey.

My body trembled with pleasure as his skilled tongue and hands worked me into a frenzy. It was unlike anything I had ever experienced before, even from Kali, who loved to perform oral on me. Anik was like a sexual prodigy, and I couldn't help but wonder if his skills were equally impressive when it came to fucking.

"Oh, Anik…you're gonna make me gush all over you," I cried out, a mixture of excitement and warning. My orgasms were known to be intense, and I didn't want to shock him with the amount of ejaculate

that might shoot from my body onto his face. But at the same time, I knew that someone as young and horny as Anik would probably love nothing more than to be drenched in hot, female juices.

As I felt the waves of my impending orgasm building up, I reached down and grabbed a handful of his thick hair, pulling his face deeper into my pussy. His teeth grazed my clit as he licked and sucked at it, causing a flood of wetness to gush from my core. I gave a throaty moan, arching my hips up to meet his eager mouth.

With each suck and lick, the sensations grew more intense, until I could no longer hold back. I screamed out his name as my body shook in ecstasy. My juices gushed out in a torrent, coating his face and chest in a sticky mess. My hips bucked and twitched as I came, an intense pleasure coursing through my entire body.

Exhausted and panting, I finally made my way back down from the peak, collapsing on top of him in a sticky, sweaty mess. Our hearts beat rapidly in unison and I could feel Anik's erection, now freed from his grasp, pulsating against my leg like a slab of hot flesh.

"I don't know where you inherited your skills from," I remarked breathlessly, "but any woman lucky enough to experience your silver tongue should consider herself incredibly fortunate."

"Thank you," Anik responded with pride glinting in his eyes. "Can I enter you now?"

A giggle escaped my lips at his eagerness, but I also knew he must have been eager to make love. "Yes, but please remember, Anik...I am doing this with the intention of helping you become the best lover and producer of babies that you can be."

"I understand, mother, and I am grateful for it," he replied sincerely. Then, his eyes lit up with excitement. "Can we practice with me on the bottom first?" he asked eagerly.

"That must be your favorite position," I teased.

"Yes...I love cowgirl!" he exclaimed.

"As anyone who is obsessed with big, bouncing breasts would," I added playfully.

"I will admit...that aspect is definitely a perk," he confessed with excitement. "And yours are so…enormous that when they bounce...they must be quite a sight to behold."

I let out a playful giggle as I imagined the view from below, with my huge bouncing breasts hanging over a man's face. "I have a feeling you'll be more than pleased when you're laying there looking up," I purred, excited at the thought of mounting another Anik's cock.

As I straddled him, it felt strange yet thrilling to be in this position with a young man who just yesterday was a boy under my protective wing. Now, he would feel the heat and tightness of my core against the fruit of his manhood. He would see the primal side of his mother, the one who birthed him, as I let go of all inhibitions. He would bear witness to my wild sexual desires, and I could only hope that I didn't overwhelm him too much with my passion.

My heart pounded eagerly in my chest as I sat up, reaching back to grasp Anik's cock firmly at its thick base. With a gentle upward motion, I guided it towards the heat of my swollen entrance, imagining the slick pre-cum that must be dripping down his swollen knob. A delicious mix of our juices would provide the perfect lubrication for the merging and grinding of our flesh.

I peeked down over the swell of my ballooning tits into his anxious eyes. "Oh, Anik…I wanna make this experience so good for you," I cooed.

As his swollen bell pressed against my outer lips, I felt them part eagerly to welcome him inside. With a gasp, Anik bucked upwards,

stretching the walls of my vagina as his bulb entered my vestibule. I responded by pushing downward, enveloping half of his erection in the snug confines of my most intimate place.

A guttural moan escaped me as I felt his length fill every inch of me, reaching territories that had long gone untouched since my youth. Anik had boasted about how he had touched the womb of every girl he'd been with, and now I was no exception. His knob pressed deliciously against the puffy ring guarding my cervix, sending shivers of pleasure through my body. It felt so right-so incredibly perfect.

"Before our bodies begin to fuck together," I whispered, feeling his cock filling me, "let's take a moment to savor this intimate connection."

I gazed down at him, my breasts heavy and enticing above his eager face. Anik's eyes were fixated on my ample assets, but I could feel the intensity of his gaze on my core as well. The sensation of his thick, pulsating member buried inside me, the veins along its cunt-smothered stalk pulsing with blood was almost overwhelming. With a subtle flex of my inner muscles, I tightened around him, enveloping his shaft in tight, slick warmth that elicited a guttural moan from Anik.

He responded in kind by flexing his own youthful erection, showcasing its power and causing my delicate walls to stretch even further, awakening every nerve ending. It was time for me to guide him into manhood, to unite our bodies in the ultimate act of pleasure.

Cowgirl was not my preferred position, but it was one in which I had honed my skills. Over the years, I had acquired a repertoire of tricks and techniques that I was eager to unleash on Anik, determined to show him just how exhilarating this position could be.

Without further delay, I set my hips in motion, gyrating and grinding against him in a steady rhythm, my eyes never leaving his. My

breasts swayed hypnotically, their weight and bounce captivating Anik's gaze.

His eyes flickered from my tits to my face, and back again, mirroring his eagerness. As I rode him, our bodies melded together in a tempest of desire, our moans and gasps harmonizing with the rhythm of our lovemaking.

The way his fat dick scrapped against my nerve-rich lining and the way his swollen tip beat against the back of my vagina made me come to the sudden realization that this would be the best fuck of my life. I already felt like my orgasmic coil was being wound tight and that soon I would experience a release that put all others in my life to shame.

"Are you feeling as good as I am, Anik?" I asked my son.

"Yes," he gasped. "This feels amazing."

"A woman has many purposes, but chief amoung them is to make a man's cock feel good," I breathed. "To draw up cum from his balls and to make it flow from his piss-hole."

I transitioned from bouncing to grinding, pressing my bare pubis against his and swiveling up and back in full penetration, my hair swinging wildly as it framed my face. The sensation of his cock stirring my pussy was electrifying, making me feel as if I was right back in the heat of adolescence, when I was first discovering my sexuality. It was a feeling I never wanted to let go of and now, here I was with my own son, experiencing the most intense pleasure I had ever felt.

His hands gripped my hips tightly, pulling me closer as our bodies melded into one, our skin slick with a mixture of our sweat and passion. I could see the pure lust in his eyes, the hunger and desire that mirrored my own.

My body tingled exquisitely as our movements grew more frenzied, our breaths labored. I felt the rising tide of my orgasm, the waves of pleasure crashing against my core like a storm at sea.

"Fuck," I screamed out, "I'm gonna cum!"

Anik's eyes widened as he watched his my face transform into a picture of pure ecstasy. He increased the pace of his thrusts, each one driving him deeper into the warm, tight embrace of my spasming feminine core.

My body convulsed and my throat belted out a primal scream, the intensity of my orgasm taking me by surprise. I had never felt such powerful waves of pleasure before, each one crashing against me with a force that shook me to my core.

Anik sat up, his strong arms reaching out to steady my flailing upper half as I continued to ride him, my hips swaying wildly in a frenzied dance. His hands found my breasts and he buried his face between them, kissing and nipping at the soft flesh of my cleavage with an eagerness that showed just how much he had been anticipating this moment.

Wrapping my arm around his neck, I pulled him closer to me, the sensation of his hard, youthful body pressed against mine only adding to the overwhelming pleasure coursing through me. As my first climax subsided and a second one began to build, I couldn't help but let out another scream as I surrendered myself completely to the ecstasy.

Anik continued to hold me tightly, his face engulfed between my quivering mounds as we sank back onto the soft blankets. My hips never stopped their rhythmic movements as I expertly worked his cock from base to tip, my body instinctively knowing how to please him as a good woman should. The sensation of my full, supple tit-flesh pressing against his face and my tight pussy clenching around his member drove him wild with desire.

To my surprise, instead of slowing down, Anik's movements became more primal and urgent as he pumped into me with a ferocity that was almost animalistic. Our bodies were slick with sweat as they collided in a frenzied dance, the sounds of our flesh smacking together filling the air.

I had never been fucked this hard before, especially while being in a dominant position. It both thrilled and slightly intimidated me, wondering what Anik would be capable of once he took control. Despite feeling a bit foolish for thinking I could teach him anything about sex, it was clear that Anik needed no guidance-he was a master in his own right.

While he fucked feverishly and I did my best to keep up, I felt his lips kiss their way across one of my rippling breasts, then latch on to one of my swollen nipples. The sensation of his sucking, paired with the way his cock slammed through my cunt quickly brought me off again. "Oh, Anik!" I gasped, my entire body trembling with lust.

As I reached my peak, I felt my orgasm rippling through me, engulfing me in pure pleasure. I could hear my own moans echoing in the igloo, the sounds of our sweaty bodies slapping together filling the air. It was pure animalistic lust, raw and unfiltered. Anik's cock was pistoning in and out of me, hitting my G-spot with each powerful thrust. I arched my back, my hair wild around my face, as I enjoyed the ride.

"Fuck, Anik!" I screamed, my voice echoing off the walls. "Fuck me, hard!"

Still latched to my nipple, Anik's eyes locked onto mine, his gaze fiery with desire. He continued to pump his hips, his face contorted with pleasure. I was amazed that he had lasted this long, since it had to have been at least an hour since we started fucking.

I could feel his grip tightening around me, his cock swelled and pulsed inside me, and I knew he was close to climax. I tried to

match his rhythm, pushing back against him with all my might, feeling his cock fill me up completely. The sensation of his thick, veiny shaft sliding in and out of me was driving me wild, and I knew I was going to cum again.

"Oh, Anik!" I cried out, "Keep going…keep fucking me hard!"

His eyes, dark with passion as they peeked over my jiggling tit, never left mine as he continued to thrust into me, his breaths ragged and shallow. His teenage hips bucked wildly, each thrust more powerful than the last, driving me closer and closer to the edge.

"I'm gonna cum!" I screamed, my body trembling and convulsing with pleasure. "Fuck, fuck fuck…cum with me, Anik! Don't stop!"

His face twisted into a primal, almost feral expression of pleasure as he pushed deeper, his cock pulsing and throbbing inside me as it pushed through the puffy ring at the back of my tunnel, threating to pound right into my cervix. A rush of warmth spread through my body, igniting every nerve ending with a tingling fire. The intensity of his thrusts matched the rising heat within me, building and building until I could feel my own orgasm approaching like a tidal wave about to crash down on me.

"I'm...I'm cumming!" Anik's voice was muffled against my breast, his body shaking with uncontrollable release.

His cock twitched and jerked inside me, releasing hot ropes of cum that coated the walls of my womb. As each pulse sent a shock of pleasure through me, I couldn't help but think about the possibility of getting pregnant from this passionate encounter. The thought sent a shiver of excitement and fear down my spine, fueling our already intense passion.

"Yes, fill me completely, Anik," I moaned, feeling every throb and spasm of his cock as he emptied himself inside me. With one final

thrust, he stilled and we both lay there in blissful satisfaction, our bodies intertwined in the afterglow of our lovemaking lesson.

"How did I do?" my son finally asked, his breath still coming in ragged gasps.

"You were amazing, darling," I replied, gently sliding off of him. My body was buzzing with pleasure, but I couldn't let him know just how incredible he had been for fear of it going to his head. The truth was, he had just given me the most mind-blowing fucking of my life. His cock had pounded into me with an intensity that left me dizzy and gasping for air. But I had to keep up appearances and pretend there was still something for him to learn. Maybe we could explore different sex positions later on. I knew from experience that when I was on my back, legs wrapped tightly around a man's waist, I could push him to his limits of sexual endurance. "In a little while, we'll try it with you on top. How does that sound?" I asked, running my fingers through his damp hair.

"That sounds great, but why 'in a little while?' Why not now?" he asked eagerly.

"Well, darling, we just went at it pretty intensely. Don't you need some time to recover?" I asked.

"No way," he abruptly replied, throwing back the blanket, exposing his still-hard cock. "I'm ready if you are."

I was taken back by seeing his penis this way. I knew young men had short refractory periods, but Anik's cock had clearly not softened at all and was eagerly ready for round two.

"Well…" I grinned, my pussy tingling in anticipation. "I suppose you are ready, aren't you?"

We moved into the missionary position like dance partners who had practiced this a thousand times. When Anik entered me, I was

surprised to discover that his cock still felt just as good as it had during our first bout. It was as if it had never left me at all. As he thrust into me, our bodies moved in perfect rhythm, each movement calculated and precise. My hands gripped his back, tugging him closer still, while his lips found their way to mine in a passionate kiss.

For a moment, as we lay there, our bodies intertwined, the world seemed to fade away. It was just him and me, lost in the pleasure of the moment.

As our panting breaths mingled in the air, I couldn't help but feel a sense of deja vu wash over me. The way his body pressed against mine, the rhythm of our movements, the familiar scent of sweat and desire...it all felt so incredibly familiar, yet I knew this was our first time together. Anik paused his thrusting and gazed down at me with curiosity and concern shining in his intense eyes.

"Is every thing ok, mother?" he asked, his voice low and husky.

I struggled to put my feelings into words, still lost in the intense pleasure coursing through my body. "I don't know...I know this sounds strange, but I feel like we've done this before, but I know we haven't. Does that make any sense?"

He chuckled softly, brushing a strand of hair away from my face. "Maybe I just remind you of someone else you've been with," he suggested with a small smirk.

I laughed and shook my head. "No, it's not that. It's something else...something deeper."

"Well, whatever it is, I'm glad it feels familiar to you," he said, leaning down to kiss me deeply.

I melted into his embrace, forgetting my earlier thoughts as we continued our passionate lovemaking in this beautiful moment.

I felt the hard, powerful thrusts of Anik's cock as it plunged deeply into my tender, wet pussy. Each movement hit me with a jolt of pleasure that seemed to radiate through my entire body. Even though this was all for the sake of learning and experimentation, I couldn't deny the intense pleasure I was feeling from being fucked by someone who could match my own sexual energy.

I wrapped my legs around him in a tight, possessive grip, enjoying the feel of his perfect male body as he worked his cock vigorously inside of me.

My thoughts briefly wandered to Kali, my husband, whom I loved dearly but often left me frustrated with his lack of sexual stamina. But in this moment, I pushed those thoughts aside as Anik showed me just how satisfying sex could be when both partners were equally enthusiastic.

"Do you like it, mother?" he asked, looking up at my face as he fucked me with wild abandon. "Do you like how hard I'm fucking your pussy?"

"Yes," I gasped. "I love it, darling. Your performing so well."

Anik seemed to anticipate my desires, moving seamlessly from one motion to the next. When I thought about how much I wanted him to suck on my nipples while we fucked, he leaned down and began doing just that. It was as if he could read my mind and knew exactly what would drive me wild with pleasure.

My legs stretched out into the air, toes pointed and muscles tensed as he pounded me with an almost savage ferocity. His youthful body moved rapidly, like a wild animal in heat, between my thighs, his firm buttocks rising and falling with each thrust. The rhythmic slapping of his balls against the crinkled lips of my asshole added to the intense pleasure coursing through my body. I held onto him tightly, my fingers digging into his back as I felt another powerful climax building within me, ready to explode at any moment.

"I'm cumming, Anik!" I cried out, my entire body shaking like an earthquake. "Oh, fuck, you're so good!" My pussy clenched around his cock, pulling him deeper inside me, his thrusts becoming more urgent and unrelenting.

"Cum for me, mother!" he groaned, his voice husky with desire. "Let it all out!"

I closed my eyes, riding the wave of ecstasy that washed over me, feeling my orgasm cresting and then crashing down upon me. My body trembled and shook uncontrollably, every muscle taut with pleasure. My pussy contracted around his dick, milking him for every drop of intimacy he could give me.

As my orgasm subsided, I felt him shudder and then thrust deeply into me again. His own climax was imminent, and I knew that if I could hold on just a little bit longer, I could join him in that moment of transcendent pleasure.

"I'm...I'm so close," Anik gasped, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Every ounce of energy he had was poured into the raw, animalistic act. I could feel his cock pulsing inside of me, a powerful weapon that seemed to have a mind of its own as it pounded into me with relentless force. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, punctuated by Anik's grunts and my moans. It was a primal dance between two bodies consumed by desire and pleasure.

"Come inside me, Anik," I begged, knowing that feeling his hot cum filling me up would push me over the edge.

He groaned and felt the walls of my pussy spasming around his dick, a signal that I was on the brink of another orgasm. The animalistic lust in him was overpowering, and he began to thrust faster and harder, his cock a blur against my sensitive flesh.

With a final, powerful thrust, he erupted inside of me, filling me completely with his hot cum. The sensation was overwhelming, and

I cried out as my orgasm exploded within me. My pussy clenched around his cock, milking him for every last drop of his seed.

We lay there, our bodies entwined and slick with sweat, the aftermath of our passionate lovemaking.

"So, do you think I'm ready to provide pleasure to other women, mother?" Anik asked, his voice tinged with cockiness and satisfaction from knowing he had pleasured me so thoroughly.

"Yes, my dear, you are more than ready," I replied, still catching my breath.

I couldn't help but wonder who had gotten to him before I could; someone with experience who had taught him how to satisfy a woman in every way possible. Despite my curiosity, I was content in fulfilling my maternal duty.

My only disappointment was that Anik had taken me to heights of pleasure I had never experienced before and once his father returned from hunting, the sex would have to come to an end. But for now, as we lay there in each other's arms, nothing else mattered except for the blissful moment we shared together.

The night was a whirlwind of passion, with Anik fucking me in the igloo in every way imaginable.

We spent hours exploring every possible position, our bodies tangled together like a puzzle, perfectly fitting into each other's embrace. The feeling of his strong arms wrapped around me and his thick, teenage cock sliding in and out of my wet, pulsating pussy was beyond anything I could have ever imagined.

We shifted from the classic missionary position to the primal doggy style, our bodies moving in sync as we found a rhythm that drove us both wild. Then came the intimate spooning position, our bodies intertwined and pressed together like puzzle pieces. But my favorite

by far was when Anik lifted me up, my legs wrapped tightly around his waist, and he plunged deep inside me with an intensity that left me breathless. We spent hours lost in each other's embrace, his mouth hungrily exploring every inch of me as we moved together in a passionate dance.

Our bodies seemed to merge into one as we fucked tirelessly, unable to get enough of each other. And as I clung to him with all my might, I knew that this was where I belonged-tangled up in his arms, completely consumed by our desire for one another.

As we moved in rhythm, our bodies sweating and glistening, I couldn't help but think about how much I loved him. I was so proud of the man he was becoming, and I knew that he had so much more ahead of him. Yet the strange feeling I had earlier persisted, gnawing at me like a thorn in my side. Anik's prowess in bed was undeniable, but there was still something about his movements that felt oddly familiar. It wasn't just his movements, but the way we interacted, the way he looked at me, the way he kept searching my face for something.

We rolled and writhed, our bodies intertwined like two wild animals in a dark, primal cave. The only light was the faint glow of dawn seeping through cracks in the stone walls. Anik's lips were almost constantly latched onto my full breasts, his head buried in their softness as he gorged himself on my pink peaks. Our movements were frantic and passionate, our bodies slick with a mixture of sweat and cum. When we weren't lost in the pleasure of our physical connection, our lips were fused together in a heated kiss, our tongues dueling like they had minds of their own. As the first rays of sunlight illuminated the cave, Anik showed no signs of slowing down, his incredible stamina driving him to continue pounding into me with relentless force while I lay folded in half, my ankles resting on his shoulders.

His cock felt like a hot brand against my sensitive flesh as it slid in and out of me, my pussy throbbing with each thrust. I arched my back, pushing my hips upward to meet his every move, my nails digging into his back, leaving red marks in their wake.

"Oh, Anik!" I cried out, my voice hoarse from hours of passionate lovemaking. "Please, I need more!"

He complied, increasing his pace and using his hips in a rhythm that felt like a thrusting motion against my G-spot. I could feel my orgasm building, my body trembling and shaking, my pussy clenching around his invading cock like a vise.

"I'm gonna cum, Anik!" I gasped, my voice barely audible over the sound of our bodies slapping together. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

A guttural groan escaped his lips as he thrust harder, pushing into me with a ferocity that matched my own mounting pleasure. My body arched and trembled as I was consumed by waves of intense sensation, my breaths coming in ragged gasps. Anik's movements became more urgent, driving himself deeper inside me until I could feel the pressure of his stiff cock in my belly. With a deep roar, he released his hot seed, filling me with yet another load of baby making nectar that made my whole womb quiver.

Our bodies remained intertwined, our hearts pounding in perfect synchronization as we rode out the aftershocks of our powerful release.

"I love fucking you this way," Anik gasped the next morning as he pounded me again doggy style. I could see the thrill in his eyes as he watched my big, rippling buttocks beat against his sweaty crotch.

"You're so good at it, darling," I panted, savoring the feel of his rock hardness filling me up completely with every thrust of his long, sinewy cock.

As if showing off, Anik grasped my hips and started pounding into me with ferocity, his tongue hanging from his mouth like a wild dog. He leaned across my sweaty back, reaching down to squeeze my swinging udders while he fucked. When he licked at my neck and nibbled on my earlobe, I could feel my body tremble in response.

Time seemed to slow down as he increased the intensity of his thrusts, his hips smacking against my naked buttocks with a wet, slick sound. I could feel his erection throbbing inside me, pulsating with each downward plunge. I reached down to massage my swollen clitoris, my body yearning for release.

"You're so fucking tight," Anik groaned, his voice low and husky. "I can't get enough of you, mother. You're the best."

"I love it when you say that," I replied, my voice barely above a whisper. "But I'm not the only one you've been with, am I? You must have had some practice."

Anik's body moved against mine with rhythmic precision, his fingers gripping me tightly as he continued to fuck me. The warmth of our small igloo was in stark contrast to the frigid air outside, and I could feel beads of sweat gathering on my skin. But our pleasure was suddenly interrupted by the sound of someone digging through the fresh snow piled inside the doorway.

We both knew it was Kali and quickly scrambled beneath the blanket just before he crawled inside. "I'm back," he announced cheerfully. "Are you two sleeping?"

I poked my head out from under the covers, trying to smooth down my tangled hair and hide any evidence of our activities. "Welcome back, Kali," I forced a smile.

"I have good news," Kali said excitedly. "The hunt went well. I came across a herd of caribou and was able to take down a few. There will be plenty of meat for everyone."

"That's great, Kali," I said, trying to sound genuinely happy instead of relieved that he didn't seem suspicious of us.

"Is there anything we can do to help with the meat?" Anik asked, his voice strained with effort as he peeked from beneath the blanket.

Kali shook his head. "No need, I can handle it. I just wanted to let you know that I'm back and everything is okay."

As he turned to leave, Kali made a strange comment that left me completely confused. "You two bring me good luck," he stated. "I had much success when you both accompanied me last year as well."

"Last year?" I asked puzzled, not recalling any memory of that.

"Yes," Kali replied with a knowing look in his eyes. "Perhaps it's a memory that has yet to resurface due to your accident. But you and Anik were with me on the hunt last year as well, and we had similar results."

As Kali left the igloo to continue his task of preparing the caribou meat, my mind raced with questions. Anik had never mentioned anything about a hunt with Kali last year, and I couldn't recall any memory of it either.

My voice trembled as I turned to Anik, my heart racing with confusion. "Anik, what is he talking about?" I asked, struggling to make sense of the words that had just been spoken.

"We did come with him last year," my son answered, his own voice tinged with nervousness.

As if a floodgate had been opened in my mind, memories of our past trip came rushing back to me. The sights and sounds of that journey were now vivid in my mind's eye. But what stood out the most was the moment when I had given Anik a sexual education, teaching him

all that I knew about pleasure and intimacy. "We've done this before," I uttered, my face filled with shock and disbelief. "No wonder you're so amazing at sex, Anik. You've already been taught by me."

My son hung his head in shame, his silence confirming what I already knew. "I'm sorry, mother," he finally spoke, his voice heavy with regret. "I should have told you."

My thoughts raced as the memories flooded back, recalling our time together on that trip. Anik, once a timid virgin, had transformed into a confident and skilled lover thanks to me. The amount of times we had fucked and cum on that first trip made me dizzy with arousal just remembering it. But why hadn't he mentioned this before?

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked, my mind whirling with questions.

His voice was quiet but honest as he confessed. "I loved the sex with you so much that I didn't want it to be a one-time thing. I hoped it would happen again."

A mix of emotions swirled inside me at his words. I felt a twinge of betrayal that he had kept this hidden from me, but also flattered that he had cherished our experience together.

As I reflected on his admission, I couldn't help but wonder what it was about me that had made him come back for more. Was it my expertise in pleasure? The way our bodies fit together seamlessly?

Anik's gaze met mine, his eyes filled with both guilt and longing. "I know it was wrong, but I couldn't resist," he said huskily. "You're my mother, yes, but you're also the most beautiful and desirable woman I've ever known. I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of being with you again."

I sighed, trying to calm myself. "I can understand why you didn't tell me, Anik. The chemistry we share sexually is so intense, I can blame

you for wanting more."

He nodded, his lips still pressed into a tight line of regret. "But I should have been honest with you. I'm sorry."

A heavy silence hung between us, broken only by our own racing thoughts. The tension in the igloo was palpable, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. Finally, unable to bear the weight of the unspoken words any longer, I spoke up.

"Look, Anik," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "There's no denying the intense chemistry between us. And I can't deny that our bodies fit together perfectly when we fuck." My cheeks flushed as I spoke the words, feeling a mix of desire and guilt wash over me. But then reality set in and I knew what had to be done.

"But you're my son," I continued firmly, my eyes locking with his. "And you're clearly ready for whatever sexual adventure comes your way." A pang of disappointment shot through me as I realized that this was truly the end for us. "We can't do this again, Anik," I stated firmly, trying to mask the sadness in my voice. It was the right thing to do, even if it broke both of our hearts.

As we made the journey back home with Kali, my mind was consumed with the memory of how Anik had ravished me, his massive, unrelenting cock plundering every inch of my body. Guilt gnawed at my conscience, but desire burned even hotter within me. Every glance exchanged between us spoke volumes about our mutual craving for one another.

The next day, I sat with my mother in her humble hut, the air thick with the scent of herbs and incense. My body still tingled from the extraordinary pleasure I had experienced with Anik. I couldn't believe how intense it had been, how he had made me feel things I never thought possible.

As I explained everything to my mother, she listened patiently, her wise eyes taking in every detail. She nodded understandingly as I told her about training Anik twice, my cheeks flushing with embarrassment at the memory.

Her response surprised me. "The fact that he made you feel so good the first time is a testament to your skill," she said, a small smile gracing her lips. "You must have trained him well and left a powerful impression on him."

I thought back to the way Anik had eagerly followed my every move and whispered praises in my ear. It was hard not to feel a sense of pride and satisfaction at his response.

My mother's next words jolted me out of my thoughts. "And now you desire more," she stated matter-of-factly.

I hung my head, feeling ashamed of my feelings for Anik. "Yes," I admitted softly. "But I know it's wrong and disgraceful."

My mother reached out and squeezed my hand reassuringly. "Love knows no bounds, my child, nor does lust," she said gently. "It is not something to be ashamed of."

"Yes, but what about Kali? I do love him, but—"

"But you're not **IN LOVE** with him the way you are with Anik," she finished the sentence for me, her eyes sparkling with understanding. "I see it in your eyes, my dear. You selfishly desire your son, and there is nothing wrong with that."

I looked up at her, surprised to hear her say such a thing. "I thought you would condemn me for it," I admitted hesitantly.

My mother smiled, her expression fierce and proud. "As your mother, I wish to protect you. But as a woman who has lived and loved, I

prefer to guide you. I want you to experience the same ecstasy you've given to others, and more."

I blinked rapidly, overwhelmed by her words. I looked down at my hands, remembering Anik's touch, the way his fingers caressed my skin, the way his cock filled me so perfectly. The memories flooded back, and I felt a shiver of desire run down my spine.

"So, I'm not wrong by wanting to have more sex with him?"

She shook her head, her eyes filled with kindness and understanding. "No, my dear. You are not wrong. The desire to explore one's carnal urges is a primal instinct that is alive within all of us. It's a force that cannot be tamed, and it is through fulfilling that desire that we grow and evolve."

Encouraged by my mother's words, despite the pangs of shame and betrayal, I couldn't help but scheme ways to continue my forbidden affair with Anik behind my husband's back. The following day, I put a plan into action without hesitation. My senses were heightened, my body thrumming with anticipation for what was to come next.

As we sat in our humble hut, I couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by the bounty of meat my husband had acquired. Kali was hard at work, expertly carving and cooking some of it over the fire. My gaze wandered over to my son, Anik, who stood nearby watching with curious eyes.

"Looks like we'll need to make some room for all this new meat," I stated, trying to sound nonchalant. A mischievous smile tugged at my lips as I turned to Anik. "Would you mind helping me clear out some space in the storage area?"

His face lit up with eagerness. "Of course, mother. I'd be glad to help."

We disappeared behind a thick curtain that separated the living quarters from the storage area. I led Anik into the cramped crawlspace behind some supplies where I had stashed a soft fur blanket earlier in anticipation of our secret rendezvous.

Without a moment's hesitation, I turned to Anik and pulled him into a passionate kiss while frantically removing our clothing. The air was thick with anticipation and excitement as we both knew what was about to happen. As I looked into his eyes, I could see the desire burning brightly in them.

"Are you sure, mother?" he asked, his voice trembling with eagerness.

"I'm sure," I replied confidently. In that moment, there was no doubt in my mind, no hesitation or fear.

With determination, I pulled Anik down on top of me, my strong legs wrapping tightly around his young, naked back. I couldn't believe how quickly he became fully aroused, his hard member eagerly pushing against my slick folds and finding its way inside my warm vagina. It felt like it belonged there, filling me up and igniting a fire within me.

There was no shame or guilt in our coupling, only raw passion and desire as we moved together like animals in the wild. Our tongues tangled together in a dance of ecstasy as Anik's muscular body thrust up and down between my cradling thighs, driving his delicious cock deep inside me with each powerful movement. My large breasts bounced and swayed between us, caught in the intense rhythm of our lovemaking. This was primal and consuming, nothing else mattered in this moment but our bodies joined together in pleasure.

As we collided in a frenzy of passion, we managed to knock over several canisters that were stored beside us. The loud clanging echoed through the room, disturbing the stillness around us.

"Everything OK, dear?" Kali's voice called out from the other room.

I struggled to hold back my moans as I answered, trying to keep my voice steady despite the intense pleasure coursing through me. "It's fine, Kali," I managed to say, hoping he wouldn't come investigate any further.

But as Anik continued to ravish me with wild abandon, I couldn't help but wonder how I would keep from crying out in ecstasy, especially if it was anything like the dozens of orgasms he had given me while we were in an igloo together. Every touch and thrust sent waves of pleasure crashing through my body, threatening to take control of my vocal cords. But I knew I had to remain quiet, or risk getting caught in the act by Kali. So I bit down on my lip and focused all my energy on containing the intense pleasure within me.

"You fuck me so good, you beast," I whispered into Anik's ear, driving him to fuck me even harder.

My son's lips captured one of my rubbery, erect nipples and buried his face against the soft, rippling flesh of my tit-melon as he sucked hungrily. The intensity of his sucking reflex sent waves of searing heat coursing through my body, igniting every nerve ending in a fierce frenzy. I could feel my own climax edging closer with each passing second.

With relentless force, Anik continued to pummel my swollen, wet pussy, his thick, pulsating member threatening to bore a hole in my womb as it relentlessly stabbed against the sensitive ring at the back of my vagina. I couldn't tell if I was in agony or ecstasy-all I knew was that I needed more.

"Fuck me harder!" I gasped into his ear, my voice barely above a whisper even though it felt like he couldn't thrust into me any faster or deeper than he already was.

The wooden floor beneath us groaned and creaked from the intense pressure of our bodies colliding in a primal mating ball. Our glistening skin slid and rubbed against each other, muscles flexing and straining with every movement as we writhed violently in our shared lust and desire. In that moment, nothing else mattered except for the fiery passion propelling us towards our impending mutual release. Nothing could have pried us apart or stopped us from reaching the ultimate peak of pleasure together.

A muffled squeal left my mouth as I bit into the flesh of Anik's shoulder, my pussy contracting in a powerful climax around the pummeling shaft of his cock. I felt his body tense and his thrusts become more eratic, reaching that point of no return as he too let out a low, animalistic grunt. His warm, thick cum pumped into into me, coating every inch of my inner walls and mixing with my own ejaculatory juices in a carnal explosion.

As our orgasmic bliss subsided, we lay still in each other's arms, our heartbeats slowly returning to normal and our ragged breaths calming down.

Despite the shame and guilt that still lingered between us, we couldn't help but bask in the afterglow of our illicit affair. We knew it would be risky to continue this way – the danger great and the consequences could be disastrous. But in that moment, we were just two people who found solace in each other's arms.

Slowly, we dressed ourselves again, wiping away the sweat and cum that had mingled together. We emerged from the storage area like nothing had happened, our minds already plotting the next time we could sneak away for more forbidden pleasures.

"Everything organized?" my husband asked.

I smiled over at Anik knowingly. "Yes, everything is just perfect," I answered.

As Kali resumed his work, Anik and I exchanged sheepish glances, both knowing what secrets lay between us.

In that moment, all we could hold onto were the electrifying memories of our intimate encounters. The lingering warmth of Anik's cum inside my pussy sent shivers down my spine as I recalled the heat and passion of our time spent in the igloo and storage room. It was a sensation that lingered long after our physical encounter had ended, like a burning ember slowly fading but never truly extinguished.

THE END

FRANKENMOM

By Klrxo

It all happened so fast. In one moment I was watching mom scramble towards the car in the pouring rain. In the next moment there was a bright flash of light and a deafening popping-sound from a lightning strike.

Mom was barely hanging on when they hauled her away in the ambulance. I felt a bit ashamed staring at the way her rain-drenched clothing clung to her voluptuous body. However, I was always a bit of a pervert when it came to my beautiful mother. She had platinum-blonde hair and a natural sandy skin color that gave her a stunning complexion. Her breasts were enormous and her ass perfectly rounded, which fueled a good share of my masturbatory fantasies growing up.

Mom barely survived the lightning strike, but was in coma for nearly a week. It was scariest week of my life, as I'm sure it was for my father also. The doctor's simply didn't know if we'd get mom back. She could come out of it like nothing happened at any moment, or remain in a coma forever.

As I mentioned, a week went by before mom's eyes suddenly popped open and she came back to life. However, never in my wildest dreams did I expect the changes that the incident had caused in her.

"It's alive! **ALIVE!**" the mad scientist exclaimed on the hospital room **TV. I** was watching an old Frankenstein movie, when I heard a voice from inside the room.

"Reid?" Mom asked, looking over at me. Dad was down in the cafeteria, so I was in the room alone with her.

"No, it's me, mom…Andy," I answered, rushing to her bedside.

"Very funny!" mom smiled. "What the hell happened to me? Why am I in the hospital?"

"You got struck by lightning," I answered. "The doctors say it's a miracle you even survived."

"Oh my God!" she sighed in disbelief, then suddenly yanked me down onto her. Mom locked lips with me and began planting passionate kisses. That was weird enough, but when her tongue slipped into my mouth I knew something wasn't right.

"Um, happy to see you too," I awkwardly muttered.

"Where are the kids?" Mom asked. "Are they ok?"

I must have looked completely stupefied as I stood there staring at her for a moment. "Well, um…Julie's in school, but I took some time away from my classes, so I could be here with you."

"You mean from work?" Mom asked.

"Huh?"

"You said 'classes.' You meant to say you took some time away from work."

"I um…don't really have a job right now, remember?" I asked her.

"Oh my God, Reid. You lost your job?" Mom asked. Once again she had referred to me by my father's name and it was genuinely confusing me. I was about to question her about it when my dad walked in.

Mom beamed when she saw him in the doorway. "Hi!" she sang, holding her arms open for a hug.

"Tricia, you're awake!" dad exclaimed, rushing over to embrace her. "Thank God!"

"Yes! The last thing I remember is coming out of the house to take you to school. It was pouring rain and then, suddenly, everything went dark."

"You mean, um…when you were taking Andy to school?" Dad corrected, motioning over at me.

"Yes, taking **YOU** to school and then suddenly the lights just went out."

Dad looked over at me in confusion, then back at mom. "Honey, I was already at work when this happened. I met you guys at the hospital."

"Wait, why did you call me honey?" Mom giggled, while staring at Dad.

"I always call you honey."

"No you don't. You call me mom," she said to dad.

"Honey, I think you're just a little confused right now," Dad muttered, then looked over at me. "Andy, maybe we should get a doctor in here."

"On it!" I answered, then began leaving.

"I'm not confused," I heard mom say. "It's you guys that are acting so weird, not me."

A little while later Dad and I met with Doctor Franklin in his private office.

"Physically, Tricia's fine, but I'm afraid that the incident has caused some trauma in her brain. She's suffering from some form of delusional misidentification syndrome, where she thinks you're her husband," the doctor explained, while looking at me. Then, he looked over at dad. "And you're her son."

Dad shook his head. "Well, can't you just explain to her that she's clearly had some head trauma and that she's confused?" he asked the doctor.

"We did try that, but she's still determined that what **HER** mind is telling her is accurate."

"So, what do we do?" I asked, shocked by what the doctor was telling us.

"My suggestion would be to go along with it for now," he replied. "She's just experienced a major traumatic event. We don't want to overburden your mother by asking her not to trust her brain right now. We'll run some more tests and perhaps with the right type of therapy she can get back to seeing things as they actually are."

The ride home the next morning was awkward to say the least. Mom was up front with dad, like normal, but looked back at me through her visor mirror. "I'm actually surprised that you're letting your son drive the car," she stated.

"Oh, um…why's that?" I asked, playing along as the doctor asked.

"You never let Andy drive the car," mom replied, then looked over at dad. "I don't think your father believes you're a very good driver, sweetheart," she told him.

Dad glanced back at me, clearly uncomfortable by all this, but also doing his best to follow the doctor's suggestions. "I think I'm a good driver…mom," he replied.

Mom reached over and patted his shoulder. "I do to," she stated. "Maybe I'll talk your father into letting you use the car, so you can start dating some of those girls from school that you talk so much about."

When we got to the house, Mom hugged my little sister gleefully. While they chatted, I took dad aside. "So, I'm suppose to be you, right?" I asked him in a hushed tone.

"I guess…until the doctors can get her head straightened out."

"What does that mean? That you're using my bedroom and I'm using yours?"

Dad shrugged his shoulders. Clearly he hadn't thought that far ahead yet. "Yeah, I um…I guess. Just, uh…try to be **YOU** still, when it comes to certain things though. Do you catch my drift?" he asked.

I knew that essentially what dad was saying was to not do anything sexually inappropriate with her. "Yeah, I got it," I replied.

We ate dinner that night and it felt strange sitting in my dad's spot. What was even more surreal, however, was cuddling with mom on the couch, like dad usually did, during a family movie.

Going into my parent's bedroom with mom that evening felt weird, but also incredibly thrilling. It was hard to wrap my head around her new mental delusion, but I knew I needed to play the role of husband the best I could, until she got her head straight.

"Do you need anything?" I asked. "Is there anything I can get you?"

"Funny you should ask that," mom replied, turning towards me with a naughty gleam in her eye. I could see the erect nubs of her teats protruding out from beneath her blouse. She slowly stepped over to me and draped her arms over my shoulders. "It um…has been a week after all."

"Since the accident?"

"Yeah, that…and it's been a week since you made wild passionate love to your wife," she stated, staring right into my bewildered eyes.

My heart was beating out of my chest. This all seemed so surreal, yet wonderful. Part of me would feel guilty making love to mom, knowing that dad was just down the hallway, but the other half had been dreaming of just this sort of scenario for years. I quickly thought of something that dad might say in this situation. "What about the kids?" I asked.

"Julie's leaving to go to dance practice and Andy's probably already on that gaming device of his. He might as well be miles away," she answered, then brought her lips to mine and fed me three sensual kisses on the lips. "Let's lock the door and have some fun," she suggested.

Mom went over, closed the bedroom door and locked it, while I just stood there in disbelief at what was happening. She gave me a strange look. "Are you ok, babe? You don't seem yourself," she pointed out.

"No, I'm, uh…fine. Are you sure you wanna do this? I mean, you just got out of the hospital."

She fed me a naughty smile, while unbuttoning her blouse. "Oh, trust me…I'm sure," she whispered, then looked me up and down wantonly. "Get naked and get into bed. I'm gonna grab a quick shower, then I'll be out to play."

I watched mom's buttocks sway teasingly beneath her denims as she made her way into the bathroom. It was the most awkward, yet thrilling situation I had ever found myself in. I had my clothes off in a flash and crawled under the covers of mom and dad's big marital bed. When I heard the shower finally turn off, the butterflies in my stomach were almost out of control.

"God, that shower felt amazing!" mom stated as she stepped from the master bathroom wrapped in a flimsy white towel. Her blonde hair was still damp and slicked back. "I'm sure the nurses did a laughable job at cleaning me while I was in that coma."

"Probably," I nervously agreed, my eyes drifting down her smooth, sleek legs.

"Did you take a pill?" she asked, gazing down at me.

"A pill?"

"Yeah, babe, a pill. A Viagra. I have a job for you to perform tonight, remember?" she asked.

I didn't realize my father depended the help of a blue pill to get it up. I knew that I needed to play along though. "Oh, that pill. Yes, I took one, just a little bit ago," I lied.

"Mmm, good," mom purred, then removed the towel and let it fall to the floor.

My eyes widened at the sight of her naked body. It was just as wonderful as I always imagined it would be. Her tits were absolutely huge, hanging heavily from her chest. She had big puffy nipples and wide rings of pinkish-colored areola. Her sexy torso tapered down, then flared out into wide hips, showing her true hourglass shape. Then, my eyes became fixed upon her most private place. Mom's pussy was completely shaved, with inner labia that protruded slightly from her thick outer lips.

"I hope you're ready for you wife to rape you," mom sighed as she crawled under the covers and immediately blanketed me with her warm curvy body. We kissed like a passionate married couple, while I shuddered from the feel of the her tits, squashed between us like warm, overfilled water-balloons.

"I need you to fuck me so hard, baby?" mom mewled between wet, tender kisses. "I know sex feels so good that you usually don't last terribly long, but do you think you could go at least a half-hour this time?" she pleaded. "I really need it!"

I inwardly laughed at her statement. Apparently dad didn't have much stamina in the bedroom, but luckily for mom I didn't have that problem. "I'll last as long as you need me to," I replied.

Mom stopped kissing me and gazed into my eyes. "Really?!" she asked, as if she couldn't believe her ears.

"Of course."

"And what if I wanted you to last for three-hours?" she asked with a teasing smile.

"Then three-hours it is," I answered confidently.

Mom started laughing. "Oh, Reid, please…don't make a promise you can't keep, honey. You've never lasted for three-hours. Not even half that," she stated. "That's ok though. If you can fuck me for a half-hour I'll be over the moon."

Mom reached down and grasped my cock, then she gasped in surprise and stared into my eyes inquisitively. "What?" I asked, sensing something was wrong.

"Did you take **TWO** pills?" she asked. "You feel bigger…and harder than usual."

My heart swelled with pride. "Nope, just, um…like you said, it's been five days since we did it last, so I'm feeling **REALLY** horny," I replied.

"Oh, baby!" mom squealed with excitement, then maneuvered my prick to the entrance of her pleasure-pit.

I wanted to jump right out of my skin when I felt the fat tip of my penis snugly encapsulated by the wet warmth of her honeyed hole. Mom gasped sharply as she took the long, satisfying stiffness of my cock inside of her.

My erection flexed wildly and my eyes nearly rolled back as my tender man-muscle squeezed up the slick, pleated sleeve of mom's vagina. Mom's eyes suddenly widened once again as she let out sharp whimper. "Are you alright?!" I asked.

"Yes…**VERY** alright!" she breathed. "I think that lightning strike must have affected my lady parts somehow."

"Why's that?"

"Perhaps it made my vagina shrink some," she speculated. "Your penis has never touched my back wall like this before."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes, don't you think the both of us would have noticed this feeling before?"

I, of course, was used to the feeling she spoke of. My cock had pounded the cervical head of every girl I had dated, so it was a sensation I had grown accustomed to. However, dad apparently didn't have the length to take mom this deep. "True. Maybe you did shrink up just a little," I agreed.

"Who would have known that something good would have come out of being struck by lightning," mom giggled, then began to slowly ride me. She fused her lovely lips on mine and we made out, our tongues dueling wildly inside my mouth for several minutes nonstop. It was wildly thrilling to have my own beautiful mom's long, thick tongue dart skillfully through my mouth. I did my best to impress her with kissing skills of my own.

"Good-grief, Reid!" Mom gasped. "What, did you take a coarse in kissing while your wife was in a coma?"

"No, why?"

"Because you've **NEVER** kissed my this amazingly before, that's why," she replied.

I was beginning to see that perhaps my dad was just an average performer in bed. Today my mom would get a taste of what a real man could provide sexually. I began to pump my ass from the mattress, matching mom's thrusts with one's of my own.

"Oh, yes!" she whimpered, rising up on extended arms that rested on the bed, astride my head. This gave her giant, stiff-nippled breasts room to move around. I sighed excitedly at the view I had of them swinging and rippling above my face. It was a vision of mom **I NEVER** thought I'd get.

After a few minutes, the temptation became too great and I latched on to one of her swollen nipples. I sucked like a baby who hadn't been fed all day. Mom lowered just a little, while continuing to hump on me tirelessly. This made my entire face sink into the spongy softness of her fatty tit.

"Mmnff!" I whimpered, pounding up into her hot cunt, while gorging myself on the cap of her breast. My cock flexed powerfully and I felt mom's cunt-tube clench up around me in reaction. I had fucked plenty of hot pussy, but most of them belonged to girls my own age. Mom's vagina was the same, but different.

Her slippery secretions seemed hotter around my prick and her vaginal tube was lined with rows upon rows of thick-textured ribs that created amazing sensations on my penile flesh. I could feel powerful muscles along her pelvic floor tighten, making the tube of her vagina constrict around my dick like nothing else I had ever felt before.

"Oh my God, baby…you're gonna make me cum!" mom declared. "I've never cum this fast before!"

I released mom's nipple and positioned my head down between her bobbling peaks. I wanted to stare up the canyon between her breasts and watch her pretty face contort in ecstasy. I wasn't disappointed. Mom squealed and shook with orgasm.

"Ohh, damn!" I sighed, feeling her pussy contract around me. She took me to my balls, then began grinding in full penetration. My blood-engorged cock must have felt like an iron crowbar stirring around inside her. I heard a lewd wet squelch and suddenly felt the root of my erection being warmed in female ejaculate. Her juices ran down my balls, dripping onto the bed.

I wrapped my arms around mom, pulling her back down on top of me. Then, I began pumping up into her with savage thrusts, fucking her as hard as I could.

"**OH MY GOD!!**" Mom gasped, clearly not used to this type of treatment. The heated flesh of our naked bodies beat together as we went at it like this for several mind-blowing minutes. My face was lodged in the nap of her neck, feeling her boobs slosh crazily on my upper chest. Once again she went into an orgasmic fit, squealing and trembling from the climax coursing through her plush body.

"How the hell did you do that?" she asked breathlessly. "And how haven't you cum yet?"

It had been well over the promised 'half-hour' at this point. I smiled up at her pretty sex-flushed face. "Are you complaining because I haven't cum yet?" I teased.

"No, why the fuck would I complain about that? I'm just shocked, that's all," she answered. "I come out of a coma and suddenly my husband is fucking me like a porn star. Maybe we should take a week off from having sex more often."

"No way!" I teased. "I think we should at least do it a few times a day."

"Jesus, Reid, what has gotten into you?!" Mom asked with a giggle. "It was always **ME** who wanted sex multiple times a day and you showed no interest."

"Well, I'm definitely interested now!" I answered, then quickly rolled her onto her back. The look on mom's face was priceless as she stared up at me with complete, cock-lusting adoration.

I set my hips back in motion and began plunging into her. I could tell that sex was mom's passion by the way she latched her freshly-shaved legs around me and used them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress and beat our engorged pissers together. She raked her long nails down my back, huffing and heaving as she did what mother's bodies were made to do.

"Shit!" I gasped, while beating my steely-hard dick through the grip of her slippery pink walls. My big nuts beat against her bobbing ass, making a repetitive clapping sound reverberate through the bedroom. My penis twitched excitedly as I let my eyes drift down our writhing bodies. Just the sight of mom's silky thighs splayed open, the muscles beneath her flesh tensing and straining as she cradled my humping frame, was enough to make me hose out a gallon of cum. I looked back over my shoulder at her dainty feet with their painted toenails, hovering over my back and bobbing to the force of my fuck-thrusts.

"Oh God!" Mom gasped, giving off a pre-orgasmic shudder. "Oh, Reid!"

Her back arched, lifting us both up. I quickly reached under and grasped her shoulders, so I could continue to pull my thrusts into her at this angle. Her cunt clenched up impossibly tight as she grunted in a powerful climax. I continued to sock my prick through, hammering the head of her cervix on every thrust. One thing I'd

learnt about girls is they loved to be fucked hard, straight through their orgasm. Even if she did think I was dad, I wanted to blow mom's socks off.

I knew that once mom's back hit the mattress again I was in for a serious sexual wrestling match. Our bodies writhed wildly, humping and jerking as if we trying to fuse our flesh together. My parent's big bed rocked and whined like it probably never had before. Mom gushed all over my cock for several mind-boggling minutes before we suddenly heard a knock at the door.

"Andy, is that you, honey?" Mom asked, still panting as she stared at the bedroom door.

"Yes. Can we talk for a minute?" My dad's voice asked.

Mom threw on her robe and went to her door. It was weird seeing dad outside in the hallway glaring in at us. "Honey, what's wrong? Are you ok?" she asked in a way I was so used to hearing.

"I'm fine. What are you guys, um…doing in there?" he awkwardly asked.

"Oh, well…we were just…spending some intimate time alone together," mom awkwardly answered. "I'm sorry…were we being too loud?"

"A little, yes," dad answered, feeding me an evil glare.

"Oh, well…why don't you put your headphones on, sweetie, or go over to Dillon's house for a couple hours. That way you don't have to listen to your father and I making love in here," mom blushingly suggested.

"Actually could I talk to dad, just for a minute…in private," my dad requested.

"Oh, um…sure," mom muttered, suspiciously looking over at me.

I threw mom's towel around my waist and joined dad in the hallway.

"What the hell do you think you're doing in there?!" Dad fumed in a hushed tone. "I told you there were certain things you shouldn't do with her, did I not?"

"She wanted it, dad. What was I suppose to tell her no and cause a fight?"

"I don't know. Tell her you pulled a back muscle or…that you couldn't get it up. Something! The reality is she's your mother. You're **NOT** me, and you shouldn't be having sex with her, end of story," Dad muttered irately.

"Fine!"

"I mean it, Andy," dad chided, "if I hear the bed rocking again or your mother…having what clearly sounded like an orgasm, you'll find another bedroom to stay in. I don't care if it causes a fight between the two of you."

I went back in to my parent's room and closed the door. Mom slowly stepped towards me, her big breasts bobbling beneath her robe. "What was that all about?" she asked.

"Nothing. Just um…asking for an advance on his allowance, so he could go out with some friends," I lied.

"I didn't realize we were being so loud in here," mom giggled, stepping up and embracing me. "But I guess it shouldn't surprise me, since I was getting some of the best sex of my life tonight."

"You think so?" I asked, smiling with pride.

"I know so," mom answered. "What did you do, take some sort of sexual super-power pill instead of your Viagra?"

"Maybe I did," I teased

"Mm, well take another one, baby," mom requested in a seductive tone, then let the robe slip off her shoulders. "I'm ready for round two."

As much as I didn't want to, I did just what dad suggested. "I would like to, but I think I pulled a muscle in my back or something. It's really hurting."

Mom took my hand and led me to the bed. "Oh, my poor baby. You lay right down here on the bed and let wifey make it better," she requested, then pulled my towel off.

I sprawled onto the mattress on my back, then watched mom climb onto the bed and begin licking my cock, while gazing up at me lustfully. "Mmm, I'll suck all the pain away," she cooed.

I watched my own beautiful mother begin sucking on my boner, mesmerized by the sight of her huge dangling tits. The ring of her obscenely-stretched lips traveled half-way down my shaft, then back up. Then, her long pink tongue flickered around on my swollen bell tip, making my boner throb wildly.

Her mouth made throaty, gurgling noises as she bobbed her head up and down on my prick. One of her hands was wrapped around the base of my stalk, beating my penis into her mouth while she sucked. After a couple cock-tingling minutes of this, my dick popped out of her mouth. "I swear to God your dick has grown at least two inches since I had it last," she marveled. "How is that even possible?"

"I'm not sure," I answered, shrugging my shoulders while watching her circled fist slowly stroke it from balls to knob and back down.

"I'm tingling so much down there," mom whimpered, while rubbing her crotch with her free hand. "Will you eat my pussy while I suck you, baby?"

I glanced at the door, remembering what dad had told me. However, as long as the bed wasn't rocking and mom could control her orgasmic cries there was no way he'd know what we were doing in here. "Sure I will. Just, um…be sure and control how excited you get. We don't need dad…uh, I mean, Andy pounding on the door again," I reminded her.

"That's true," mom giggled. "That was a bit…awkward."

She straddled my head, so we were in the sixty-nine position. The view as I gazed up nearly took my breath away. I barely had time to admire her pussy before mom lowered her heated crotch to my face and went back to sucking my cock.

I laved my licker between the fragrant folds of her labial flesh. Her juices were sweet and tangy and there was plenty of it drooling from her fuck-hole. I found her clitoris and was shocked by how round and plump it was. I sucked it into my mouth and whipped my tongue around all over the nubbin, making mom's body shudder on top of mine.

The feel of my mother's mouth plunging on the column of my cock was divine. I could hear her gag as I felt her trying to take it's entire length down her snug throat. She finally came up for air. "God, I think that lightning strike enhanced my senses somehow," mom gasped. "Your cock is so much tastier than I remember."

"Mm, your pussy is pretty tasty too," I added. Mom shivered in delight as I pressed my mouth down into her vestibule and began making out with her cunt-hole. My tongue darted in and out of her juicy orifice, exploring the entrance to her most wonderful place.

For nearly a half-hour mom gorged herself on my cock, while I licked and slurped at her juicy vagina. Despite my father's warning, I wanted to fuck mom again so bad it was killing me. "Wanna fuck in the shower?" I boldly asked her, knowing it was a place my father was less likely to hear us.

"What about your back, babe?" Mom asked in concern.

"It's feeling better now," I answered, while crawling from the bed and pulling her by the hand towards the bathroom.

"Someone's eager to get his penis back inside me," mom giggled, her giant tits bobbling around heavily as she followed my lead.

Once we were in the bathroom, I turned on the water in the shower. Mom and I embraced under the hot spray and began making out as the water soaked our naked bodies. Our kissing gradually became more feverish and mom slipped her leg up around my waist to facilitate penetration. I grabbed her other leg and lifted her off the shower floor, jabbing my cock into her welcoming cunt at the same time.

"Oh, Reid…are you sure?!" Mom gasped. "You could hurt your back."

"I got you!" I answered, then pinned mom against the shower wall and began fucking her with steady thrusts. My fingers dug into her meaty ass-flesh as I held on to her, while pounding between her smooth circled thighs.

"Oh, yeah!" I moaned, feeling mom's warm vaginal sleeve milk at my cock as I thrust it through her. I loved the feel of her silky legs clutched around me and her big boobs sloshing wildly between us. Her fat rubbery teats prodded against my chest, reminding me of how bad I wanted to suck them again.

She broke our kiss and stared into my eyes, clearly on verge of a mind-blowing climax. "I'm gonna cum!" she panted in a hushed

tone. "Oh my God, baby…you're gonna make me cum all over you! How?!"

"What do you mean how?" I asked.

"You've **NEVER** been able to pick me up like this and make me cum this way!"

"Well, I guess things are different now!" I boasted, making my dick flex as I pumped it through her juicy with exuberant confidence.

Mom huffed and moaned before finally giving off a violent shudder. Her vaginal contractions were more than I could handle, making my burrowing prick tingle with wonderful pre-orgasmic sensations.

"Oh, fuck…take my dick, baby!" I groaned, doubling the speed of my fuck-thrusts as semen began blasting from my piss-slit. Over the next five minutes, mom and I humped and jerked in the standing fuck position, extracting out as much pleasure as we could. It honestly felt like I had hosed out a gallon of hot cum inside her.

The next morning I found myself laying next to mom on the bed. Despite the risk of being heard by my father, the night had been a whirlwind of hot raunchy sex, in every wild position imaginable. The bed sheets were covered in splatters of female ejaculate.

Mom's eyes popped open and she looked over at me with a strange expression. "Sweetie? What are you doing in my bed?" she asked.

"Well, we, um…came back to bed last night, remember?"

Mom sat up, holding the sheet over her breasts. "Where's your father?" she asked, looking around the room. Then she gazed at me laying there next to her. "Why don't you have any clothes on?"

It was at this point that I realized that mom was no longer seeing me as dad and I had some explaining to do. "Dad was um, feeling

sick last night, so we switched beds," I lied.

"That's weird, he seemed fine all night. I better go check on him," she stated, getting out of bed and throwing the towel over herself blushingly. I could see a stream of my spunk running down the inside of her leg.

Mom glared over at me. "Do me a favor. The next time you and your father decide to switch beds, be sure and wake me up first, so I can put some clothes on."

"Got it, mom," I acknowledged.

Mom's eyes seemed to linger on my cock, which was bulging from beneath the sheet.

"Are you ok?" I asked, snapping her from her trance.

"Fine," she answered.

As I watched her leave the room, I felt a bit bad for her. With things back the way they were suppose to be she'd have to settle for mediocre sex with dad again. However, at least I got to live out my fantasy and mom got to experience a long night of mind-blowing intercourse.

Focused on Mom

By Klrxo

Brian was watching **TV** with his dad when a group of girls in bikinis came up on the screen. Tom glanced over at his 18 year old son with a smile. "There's some hotties for you son," he said.

"Nah, I kinda like bigger boobs on girls," Brian muttered.

"You don't say. Well, nothing wrong with that."

"I guess that makes two of us, huh dad?" Brian asked.

"Oh, you think so?" Tom said with a chuckle.

"Well, Mom has big boobs...**REALLY** big, so you must like 'em too," Brian said.

"Yeah, uh...your mom's are pretty big," Tom said, feeding his son a weird look.

"They're always so warm and soft. It's amazing," Brian said, smiling af the **TV** as if reflecting back on a something exciting.

"Warm and soft, huh...And how would you know that, Mr. Boob Expert?" Tom asked.

"She lets me feel them sometimes," he answered candidly.

"She lets you feel them?" Tom asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, after I get home from school and get my homework done."

"You mean you feel them when she hugs you?" Tom said, trying to make sense of his son's comment.

"Well, yeah, then too, but then she takes me upstairs and...uh, maybe I shouldn't be telling you this," Brian said, suddenly seeming a bit unsure.

Tom got up and came over to sit by his son. "No, I'm glad you are. I like that we can be honest with each other. So she uh...takes you upstairs and...what?"

"Well, I follow her upstairs. She doesn't like to play downstairs."

"Play?" Tom asked, his stomach sinking.

"Yeah, that's what Mom and I do, when we're naked and stuff." Brian confessed.

"Naked...the both of you are naked?" Tom asked, a sick knot forming in the pit of his stomach.

"Well, yeah. Mom usually lets me watch her get undressed. Then sometimes she undresses me...and we play around," Brian explained, blushing a little.

"Play around?" Tom asked, his mouth falling open, "Can you be a little more specific?"

"Well, she calls it playing mommy and daddy."

"Brian?" A female voice called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, Mom," he answered.

The **CLICK, CLICK, CLICK** of Jen's high-heeled mules became louder as the middle-aged mom sashayed into the living room, extending the phone to her son. "Telephone. And you'll have to make it fast, sweetie. The table needs set for dinner," she said.

Brian took the phone and headed upstairs. "Okay, Mom."

Tom looked at his wife of twenty-years, his jaw still lowered in disbelief. He was still trying to get a grasp on what his son had just told him.

"You okay, hon? You look like you've seen a ghost," Jen said with concern.

She circled the sofa, her big breasts trembling beneath the thin cotton top. Her legs were shapely, long and bronze...almost completely exposed beneath her short denim skirt. Her feet were propped on 4-inch heels, a tiny strap crossing them, just above her pretty painted toes. She sat on her husbands lap, her soft, meaty buttocks smothering his cock. "What is it?" she asked, gazing through a curtain of beautiful brown hair.

"Can I ask you something?" Tom said.

"Of course you can," she said.

"This might sound weird, but does Brian ever see you naked?" he asked.

"Our Brian? Of course not," she giggled, her gleaming white teeth peeking from between big pouty lips.

"Does he ever touch you, or try to touch you?"

"My God, Tom. Whatever would possess your mind with such thoughts," Jen asked.

"Well, he did actually. He said that you like to take him upstairs and play mommy and daddy. Whatever the hell that means," Tom explained.

"Mommy and daddy huh? Well, boys will be boys. Sounds like our son has a case of the Oedipus complex. I'll have a chat with him," Jen said reassuringly.

On the weekend, Tom took his son out fishing. As they sat on the boat the father's mind couldn't help but wander back to their previous discussion. "So, did your mother talk to you, about the conversation we had the other day?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"What did she tell you?"

Brian seemed a bit reluctant. "Mom told me not to talk to you about anything her and I do."

"Did she tell you to stop with the story-telling?"

"No, she told me to keep what her and I do a secret," Brian said.

"So have you and her played mommy and daddy, since we talked last?"

"Yeah, after school yesterday, but I'm really not suppose to talk about it dad," Brian said.

"No, listen, it's okay, we can talk about it. I won't say anything to your mother this time, I promise," Tom said, wondering if his son was actually being honest with him.

"You swear? She'll be really pissed if she finds out I told you more things."

"You have my word. What's said here in the boat stays in the boat, ok?"

"Alright," the teen muttered, still seeming a bit reluctant.

So what exactly do the two of you do when you play mommy and daddy?" Tom asked. It was a question a part of him was afraid to ask.

"Well, we usually do that on the bed. Mom likes to wrap her legs up around me. God and they're always so smooth and soft. She must shave them everyday, huh?" Brian asked.

"So are the two of you naked when you're on the bed?"

"Yeah, we usually only bounce around on the bed when we're naked." Brian said.

"Bounce around? Brian, are the two of you having... Are you having sex with your mother?" Tom asked, his stomach sinking.

"Sorry dad, she tells me to put it in there. She says I have a really big one," Brian said a bit shamefully.

Tom hung his head for a second, taking it all in.

"Dad, can I ask you something? Mom's always telling me to slap her ass when we do it. Is that normal?"

"No...no it's not normal. None of this is normal, okay! How often do the two of you do this?" Tom asked sternly, his face full hurt and anger.

"Sometimes twice a day, but if Mom's in a hurry she'll just suck on me," Brian said.

"Jesus, she's giving you blowjobs too?" Tom asked.

"Well, we do all sorts of things actually...lots of things she says that you don't like to do," Brian said.

"Like what?" Tom asked, his face red with anger.

"Are you sure you want me to tell you dad? Mom would kill me if she knew I told you this," Brian said hesitantly.

"Brian I wanna know...and I told you, I'm not saying anything to your mother this time, so you don't have to worry about it."

"Well, ok, mom really likes it in her butt, dad. So, a lot of times I'll slide it in there and she'll bounce on my lap. And I gotta say, I have no idea why you don't like that. It feels incredible," Brian explained.

"Your mother knows why I don't like it and that's all that matters," Tom said.

"I know, she told me. That and other things."

"What other things...and why the hell is she telling you, I'm her husband," Tom said angrily.

"I know, but you're not doing it for her dad. At least that's what she told me." Brian said.

"Listen to me, alright? The next time your Mom asks you to go upstairs, the next time she wants to bounce on your lap, I want you to tell her no, do you understand?"

"All right, I'll try." Brian said, barely sounding convincing.

Later that night Tom sat next to his wife in bed. Jen was thumbing through one of her glamour magazines. She was wearing a white flyaway baby doll and matching g-string panties. She rested on her side, with her legs curled up beneath her. Tom's eyes traveled up the curves of her body. Her smooth bronze skin looked so soft and inviting. He imagined that for a teenaged boy like Brian, having such a body clutching onto his on a regular basis must be absolutely exhilarating.

Tom wanted so badly to begin an in-depth interrogation, but knew he had made a promise to his son. He decided on a different approach. "Honey, are you happy, with our sex life I mean?"

"Of course I am hon. Why would you ask me that?" Jen said.

"No reason. I just wanna make sure I make you happy...and, well, that you'd never need to go elsewhere to get what you need," Tom said.

Jen smiled, setting her magazine aside. "Has Brian been telling you stories again?"

Tom couldn't help himself. He really needed his wife to help him process the information he received. "These stories he's telling, they just keep getting stranger. I mean, now he's telling me that the two of you have sex, sometimes anal sex...here on our bed and that sometimes you suck on him. It's outrageous, isn't it?" Tom said, forcing a smile.

"Oh you poor thing. He must be confusing you so much with these stories." Jen said, stroking his shoulder.

"He is. I mean...why would he suddenly start making stuff like this up? I don't understand," Tom said.

"Oh sweetie..." Jen said, pulling her husband to her breasts and rubbing the back of his head. "Fantasies, that's all they all. It's quite common for a boy Brian's age to want his Mom to have sex with him. I'll have another chat with him tomorrow," she said.

"No, I'll talk to him. I'm gonna put an end to this nonsense," Tom said.

"Go easy on him, sweetie. He is just a boy," Jen reminded him.

The next morning Tom showered and shaved. On his way downstairs Brian called from his room. "Dad, I gotta problem," he said.

"Well...it's nice to see you're finally admitting it."

"Mom stopped by my room while you were in the shower. She wants me to stay home from school today," Brian said worriedly.

"Brian, I've had enough of these bullshit stories," Tom said sternly.

"I tried to tell her no, but she's making me stay home. She said she wants me in her ass this morning dad."

"Alright, enough! Any more of these crazy stories about you and your mother and you're grounded, do you understand," Tom shouted.

"Yes sir." Brian said, lowering his head.

At work that day it was all Tom could do to keep himself from thinking about what might be going on at home. He kept getting these fucked up imaged in his head, like his wife's big tits flying up and down her chest, like they did when they had sex sometimes. He pictured his wife and son's tongues flailing and rolling together wildly as their nude glistening bodies bucked and clutched together on his sweat and cum soaked marital bed.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?" Tom thought, shaking the images from his head. He wanted to believe his wife, but wondered why in the hell his son would make up such twisted lies.

"Hi Rachael, this is Tom Anderson...did my son Brian make it into school today?" Tom asked, holding the office phone to his ear.

"No Mr. Anderson. Your wife called this morning and said that he was ill," The receptionist answered.

"Thanks, Rachael." Tom muttered as a sinking feeling reentered his stomach.

Tom dialed his house number, but got no answer, which added to his uneasiness. He tried Jen's cell, but.still no answer.

"Hi Dottie, this is Tom Anderson," He spoke into the phone once again.

"Well hey there neighbor, how are you?" she replied.

"I'm good, have you heard from Jen this morning?" Tom asked.

"Well yeah, we usually hang out today, but she called and said she had some things to do. Why, is everything okay?" Dottie asked.

"Uh yeah...um, could you check and see if her car's in the driveway?" Tom asked.

"Sure, hold on a sec, dear...yep, looks like she's home," Dottie said.

"I'm just having a hard time getting through," Tom said.

"Well I'm looking at the house now and it looks like your bedroom shades are down upstairs. Maybe she's laying down for a nap," Dottie said.

At this point Tom's stomach was dragging on his office floor. All the evidence was pointing in a direction he didn't even want to think about. "Thanks, Dottie...I'll try her back a little later," he muttered.

A few minutes later Tom's cell went off. He was surprised to see It was his son's cell phone. "Dad, it's Brian," his son said.

"Brian, what's going on? Why hasn't anyone been answering the phone?" Tom asked.

"Well...um..."

"Where's your mother?" Tom asked.

"She's in the shower. Dad, since you won't believe me I wanna send you something. I took it without mom knowing," Brian said hurriedly.

"Took what? What are you talking about?" Tom asked.

"I have to send it quick, mom's calling me. She wants me to come get into the shower with her," Brian said.

"Bullshit...get your mother on the phone," Tom demanded.

"Check your texts, dad," Brian said.

"I want your mother on the phone, right now!" Tom demanded.

"Hold on," Brian muttered.

After a few moments Tom could hear a shower running. "It's dad," Tom heard his son say, followed by some whispering back and forth, which was too soft for Tom to make out.

"Hey hon, everything ok?" his wife's loving voice finally answered.

"Jen why the hell haven't you been answering the phone?" Tom asked.

"Well I didn't hear it sweetheart, the ringer must be off," she said.

A text message suddenly popped up on Tom's phone. His heart was racing as he clicked to open it. It was from Brian and read:

"Hey Dad, now maybe you'll believe me."

There was an attachment. With shaky hands Tom clicked to open it.

It was a picture, taken from the foot of his marital bed. It took a second for him to realize what he was looking at. In the forefront

was a big meaty ass resting against a large hairless scrotum. It was fairly obvious that you couldn't see a pecker because it was buried to the root inside the woman's pussy. The female in the picture was straddling the male, her long tan legs and sexy feet curled at his sides. The photo was taken at such an angle that you could see the side of the woman's massive breast as it rested against the slouching male's face. With tit-meat literally oozing around his face Brian stared at the camera, his body and the woman's glistening with sweat.

Reaching the woman's head, Tom realized that his horrible suspicions had come true. It was Jen, his wife. Her head was arched back, mouth agape, as if she were staining through and extremely intense orgasm.

"Tom, are you there?" Jen said.

"Yeah." Tom muttered as he felt nausea kick in and leaned over his garbage can.

"Honey, I need to go, okay. Don't worry about a thing, Brian and I are fine," Jen said.

They said their goodbyes and Tom looked again at the picture, just to make sure his eyes hadn't deceived him. Once again he took it in. It was a sweaty heap of intense mother-son sex.

That evening Tom stood in front of his wife in the kitchen. "We need to talk," he said, not sounding the least bit happy.

Jen was dressed in a pair of low rise jeans, white strapless high heeled sandals and a sexy tank top. She looked fresh and clean, not like a woman who fucked hard all day.

"What is it, sweetie? Is it work?" Jen asked.

"No, it's not work. It's this," Tom said, handing his wife the picture he had printed off.

"Oh...um, where did you get this?" Jen asked calmly, looking over the picture.

"Brian sent it to me at work today. His stories were all true weren't they?" Tom asked.

"Sweetie, that's not me. I mean, he's obviously taken my head and attached it to a woman on one of those porn sites or something," she said.

"Jen how could you say that? That's you...and look at the kid, that's definitely Brian," Tom insisted.

"You don't know that," Jen said as she ripped the picture in half, "Brian has obviously just photoshopped some pictures together to make it look like him and I."

"Why? Why would he do something like that?"

"Can't you see that this is your son trying to live out more of his fantasy? He created that picture, Tom," Jen said.

"Then why didn't you answer the house phone...or your cell today? And when I called the neighbor Dottie, why did she say you were home and the bedroom blinds were closed?" Tom asked.

"So you have the neighbors spying on me now?" Jen asked defensively.

"I was worried.I wanted to make sure you were ok." Tom said.

"Bullshit, Tom. You weren't concerned about me. Your only concern was whether or not Brian and I were getting it on," Jen said, then abruptly marched off.

"Jen..." Tom called after her.

"You fucking disgust me!" He heard her yell as she stormed upstairs.

Brian heard a knock at his bedroom door and his father stepped inside. "Hey dad," the teen said.

Tom walked over and sat on the bed next to him. "Hey."

"That picture...was it real?" Tom asked.

"Of course. I wanted you to believe that I wasn't lying," Brian said.

"So how many times did the two of you...you know?" Tom muttered.

"Bounce on the bed?" Brian answered.

"Yeah, that."

"Are you sure you want me to tell you dad, you don't look well," Brian said.

"I'm sure. How many times?" he asked again.

"Well, it's kinda hard to say. We spent most of the day on the bed. There was the first time when Mom rode me hard, that's when I took the picture, but then we did it in the shower after Mom talked to you on the phone. After the shower I carried Mom back to the bed and we laid in the sixty-nine position for a long time...another thing she said you don't like to do," Brian said.

"Okay, then what?" Tom asked in a defeated tone.

"Then I rode Mom's butt soft and slow, you know, anal sex for like two hours. We slept some, but then we bounced once more before you came home."

Tom let out a frustrated sigh, putting a hand on his forehead.

"Sorry dad, I tried to say no, but she was all over me." Brian said.

"Look son, it's not that I don't believe you. It just that...well, I'm gonna need more proof. More than just a picture." Tom said.

"How about audio?" Brian suggested.

After cooling down Tom went downstairs to find his wife sleeping on the couch. Her mature body looked so beautiful stretched out on the fluffy sofa. Tom shook off the thought of that sexy body clinging to his son like a sex-crazed animal. "Jen, you coming to bed honey?" Tom asked.

"Is that okay...or should I get your permission first?" she said sarcastically.

"Look babe, I'm just really confused by all this. I'm just trying to sort things out," Tom said.

"Well then you sort away. I'm going to sleep." Jen said, turning her head.

Tom slept alone in his bed that night.

The next morning he came downstairs ready for work. Jen was no longer on the couch so Tom carefully crept up the stairs. Opening his son's door he found his wife cuddled up next to Brian, her head laid on his chest.

Tom hovered over them for a minute. His wife looked so content snuggled next to their son. Brian's eyes fluttered open. "Oh hey dad," he said.

"What time is it?" Jen said as her eyes popped open and she rose from her son's chest.

Tom noticed his wife was wearing a thin satin and lace babydoll nightie, revealing an obscene amount cleavage. "It's almost eight. Just thought I'd come in and say goodbye," Tom said.

Jen climbed out of bed, her big boobs bobbling beneath the nightie. Tom followed her to the door. Her meaty buttocks swayed invitingly, barely draped over by the gown. Tom could tell she wasn't wearing any panties. "What happened to sleeping on the couch?" he asked.

She turned towards her husband, her huge fat nipples clearly protruding. "It got uncomfortable."

"You could have come to bed," Tom said.

"I wanted to sleep somewhere where I knew I was welcome," she said, then turned and sashayed into the bedroom.

Tom walked over and sat next to his son on the bed. "So...did the two of you uh...?"

"No, we didn't bounce, but she did suck me off," Brian said.

Brian slipped an cell phone out from under the blankets.. The two of them shared an awkward smile. "I can text you the audio I recorded."

At work Tom hesitated for hours before deciding to play it. After closing his office door he pushed play on the audio recording his son had sent.

"Hey, are you sleeping, handsome?" a voice whispered. Tom recognized it as his wife.

"No, I'm awake." Brian's voice answered.

"Mind if Mom shares your bed?" Jen asked.

"Are you sure we should, with dad home?" Brian answered.

"Don't worry about your dad," she said.

Tom heard his son sigh, then his wife giggle. "Do you want me to?"

"Yess."

Tom heard the blankets ruffle, then his wife pur. "Mmmmnnn."

"Ohh wow, that feels really good, Mom."

Tom listened but could hear much besides his son's heavy breathing.

Jen's voice spoke up. "Mnn, do you like that, sweetheart?"

"Yeah!" Brian sighed.

As he continued to listen, Tom sensed someone at his office door. He swiveled around and discovered his wife Jen standing in the doorway. She looked so beautiful in her light colored sundress and matching high-heeled sandals. "I brought you some lunch," she smiled lovingly, batting her eyelashes.

The door closed behind her as she strode over to her husbands desk. She glanced at the cell, then at her husband and smiled a smile that could melt steel.

"Oh yess, Mommy likes to make you feel good," they heard Jen's voice say.

"Is that true?" Tom asked.

Jen got a little smile and nodded her head. "Of course. I love to give Brian back rubs. I've done it since he was little."

"Back rubs huh?"

Jen slipped her tiny bare feet out of her heels and sat down on his lap. Her full meaty ass felt amazing, even against his flaccid prick.

Tom sighed as he felt her soft voluptuous body against his. "Yes, back rubs. Wait...you didn't think I was..."

"You told me this morning you were sucking him," Tom said

"Ohh, that kid. I can't believe he told you that's what we were doing."

"How could you Jen?" Tom said.

"How could I what? I just told you I was giving him a back rub." Jen said, her big brown sparkling eyes gazing down into his.

"Ohhh yes, Mom," they heard Brian whimper.

"Come on, that sounds like a whole lot more than a back rub, Jen."

Jen let out a frustrated sigh. "Why did he even record this? Can't you see he's just playing out another one of his fantasies. He wants you to believe that's what was going on."

They listened to her recorded voice. "Mmm, I'm glad you like this, sweetie. Mommy just loves doing it for you."

"I saw what you were wearing this morning. Hardly the attire for an innocent backrub."

"Give me a break, Tom. I always wear those kinds of things to bed."

"You weren't in your bed, you were in your son's bed and don't think I didn't notice that you weren't wearing panties either."

Jen shook her head and stood up. "Why do I feel like I'm constantly under attack here lately?"

"I don't know. Why do I feel like your doing things you shouldn't behind my back?"

"A horribly photoshopped picture and an innocent backrub. I did nothing wrong," Jen said defensively.

Brian's voice moaned on the audio recording. "Ohh, Mom, that's so good the way you do that."

"Sounds hardly innocent to me," Tom said.

Jen grabbed her purse and started for the door. "If you hadn't been such a jerk I wouldn't have been in Brian's bed to begin with. But, whatever, I'm leaving."

Brian's breath became heavier on the recording. "Uh, Mom, I think I-
Jen stopped and glared at her husband as the recording went quiet. "Oh what a convenient place for the recording to stop. If I was blowing him, he'd be squirting off about now, but he didn't record an orgasm because it didn't happen."

"Jen, what reason would he have to make all this up. It doesn't make any sense."

She glared at him from the door. "**YOU** don't make any sense. I'm going home. And oh...you're welcome for the lunch," she said, glancing at the bag of food she brought him.

"Jen..." Tom called out, watching her disappear. "Shit," he muttered, clearly frustrated.

Tom left work a little early that day. He thought about going home to possibly catch his wife and son in the act, but then he thought it might be better to go somewhere and clear his head.

He walked the beach for an hour, but couldn't help but rethink the bizarre events of the past week. Jen had always been a wonderfully loving and supportive wife. The idea of her doing such a thing with Brian seemed unthinkable. However, the evidence certainly worked in their son's favor.

Tom knew there was only one way to know for certain and that was to actually catch them in the act.. How he would do that without looking like a completely paranoid asshole was going to be a challenge.

Upon arriving home, Tom noticed his wife and son sitting on the couch. They hadn't seen him come in and they looked to be having a serious discussion. He snuck through the kitchen, hoping to get close enough to listen in on their conversation. Unfortunately, he only caught the tail-end of it. "Are you clear on what needs to happen, Brian?"

"Yeah," Brian muttered, not seeming too happy.

Tom stepped out of the kitchen. "So I missed it. What needs to happen exactly?"

Jen quickly stood up. "What do you think, Tom. He needs to stop telling stories. I don't know what's more annoying, his story telling or the fact that you're actually believing him."

"Brian, your mother said she was just scratching your back last night, is that true?" Tom asked.

"I've already been through this with him, Tom. He's assured me there will be no more outrageous stories, right Brian?" Jen said.

"Yes ma'am," he muttered.

"Good. I have to get dinner started. Stacey's picking me up for palettes class in an hour," Jen said, leaving the room.

Tom stepped over and sat next to his son. There was an awkward silence.

"So is that all this has been, one ridiculous story after another?" Tom asked.

Brian reluctantly looked back at the empty doorway. "Every bit of it was true, dad. I swear," he said in a hushed tone.

Tom rolled his eyes. "Brian, come on, we're going in circles here."

"I'm not the one who said it didn't happen. Mom said that."

"So there was more than just back scratching last night? Tom asked.

"Lots more. Didn't you hear the audio I recorded?"

"Well, yes, but I can't tell just from audio what a person's doing. She could have been scratching your back or she could have been doing everything you said she was. I'm gonna need more than just audio. If I see your mother doing something inappropriate then I'll know for sure that the things your telling me are true."

"I could take video, without Mom knowing," Brian suggested.

"And how the heck would you pull that off?"

"Well, sometimes we do that position, where she's facing away from me. You know the doggy position."

"Yeah, yeah, I know what it's called," Tom said, that sick jealous feeling returning in full force.

"Well if we were doing that and she was facing away from me, she wouldn't know I was recording us."

As much Tom hated the thought of his son's penis inside his wife, he knew it would be the easiest way to unquestionably catch her in the act. "I need to put an end to this nonsense. Let's do it," Tom said.

Tom's productivity at work lately had been horrible. The next day was no exception. Time seemed to drag as he waited for his son to call. It seemed like he was checking his phone every minute just to

make sure he hadn't missed the planned call from his son. Finally at close to 11, his phone rang. It was a video call from Brian.

Tom looked at the screen, hesitating to answer. His heart was pounding out of his chest. He wanted to answer the call, but he also didn't. He loved his wife and didn't want it to be over between them. The thought of her seducing their son and what he might see when he answered the call absolutely sickened him.

With shaky fingers, he answered the video call. It was Brian, from the waist up. His shirt was off, a light sheen of perspiration covering his lean torso. He gave an awkward silent wave to his father and Tom returned one uncomfortably. It was obvious that Brian's hips were in motion and the jealous father knew exactly why.

Brian turned his cellphone, scanning his bedroom until the camera pause on the female knelt in front of him. Tom let out a sigh of defeat, his stomach completely sinking. His heart burned with jealous anger. The woman on her hands and knees, thrusting her ass back was unmistakably his wife.

He could only see the back of her head in this position, but he recognized the beautiful mane of dark hair right away. The smooth tan unblemished skin of her back was something Tom always admired. It narrowed at the waist, then flailed into wide motherly hips and the most luscious meaty ass that he had ever seen. The other telltale sign was the small kissy-lips tattoo on one of her ass-cheeks. It was her only tattoo and she got it when she was younger.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" Tom muttered, watching his cheating wife's ass thrust back against her son's midsection.

Too make the scene ever more horrible, Tom could see his son's long sturdy erection slicing through her shaved cunt. The dick was much bigger than his own and glistened with pussy-juice as it plowed through Jen's stretched lips with steady thrusts. He felt nauseous. It was a wonderful 20 years, but he knew his marriage was over.

Brian tried to turn his phone around, but it fell out of his hand, bouncing onto the bed. "Oh, shit!" the teen said.

The camera was pointed at Jen. She turned and looked back at Brian. "What happened?"

Tom's jaw fell open. The woman wasn't his wife. It wasn't Jen at all.. It was a girl a little order than his son who lived down the street.

"What the fuck?!" Tom said out loud.

"Shit, turn it off, Brian. Hurry!" the cute girl said, scrambling out of picture.

Tom's son disconnected and the father sat there fuming. "I'm gonna kill him. Jen was right, he made this whole thing up. I'm gonna absolutely kill him," he said out loud, quickly dialing his wife's phone.

After speaking to his wife, Tom went directly home to confront his son on his lies. Jen and Brian were sitting on the couch. Jen was turned towards her son with her arms folded over her large breasts. As expected, she didn't look happy.

"Help me understand why you would do something like this, Brian," Tom asked.

The boy's head was lowered in shame. "I don't know. I guess I thought it would be funny."

Jen glared at him. "You could have broken up our marriage, Brian. Is that funny to you?"

"No ma'am. I'm sorry."

"Getting that girl from down the street involved in your sick prank wasn't funny either," Jen said.

Tom nodded in agreement. "Which reminds me...how did you know your mother had a tattoo back there?"

Brian gave his mother an uncomfortable look.

Jen answered for him. "I asked him the same question. Apparently he snuck a peek through my door while I was getting dressed one morning."

"Jesus, kid. Don't you get how wrong that is?" Tom asked.

"Yes," he muttered.

There was an awkward silence as the parents looked at their shamed son. Tom finally broke the silence. "Well I hope you understand how much trouble you're in. Telling you you're grounded is putting it lightly. There'll be no phone, no computer, no friends, nothing."

"And if you think you're gonna just lounge around and sleep all day, you're wrong. I'll have plenty of work for you to around here this summer," Jen said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I gotta get back to the office. No more of this bullshit, Brian. Understood?" Tom said sternly.

Brian glanced at his father and nodded.

Jen stood up and walked her husband to the door. They spoke privately for a moment. "I'm not making apologies for him, but I'm sorry you had to go through that. I'm sure it wasn't easy," she said.

Tom smiled as he enjoyed a soft hug. "Honestly, I knew he had to be lying. The idea of you doing the things he said you were was ludicrous."

"I know."

"See you tonight," Tom said, kissing her goodbye.

Jen closed and locked the door behind him. Brian had gotten up from the couch and was walking towards her. Jen turned and looked at him with a mischievous grin. "Nice acting job, Brad Pitt."

"Ugh, Brad Pitt's dad's age, Mom. How about Robert Patterson?"

"Mmm, he's cute too," Jen said, raising an eyebrow. "You got a little stumped when he asked you about the tattoo though," she said.

"I wasn't expecting that."

"Good thing your mom's quick on her feet. At least he didn't ask how she got the kissy-lips tattoo on her ass," Jen giggled.

"Admit it, Mom, you enjoyed kissing her ass with red lipstick and putting it there."

Jen slid her hands onto his chest, gazing naughtily. "Not as much as you enjoyed watching me do it."

"That's true."

She folded her hand around his neck, pulling him in. "Speaking of kissylips...gimme yours," she said softly, then planted a series of soft wet kisses on her son's lips.

"Mmm, no phone, no computer, no friends. Plenty of time to focus on, Mom," she said, planting another tender kiss.

"I know. Being grounded's gonna suck." Brian said sarcastically.

"And don't forget, I have lots of **HARD** work for you to do around here," she said between kisses. "In fact, you can start right now by getting my panties off," she panted.

"Yes ma'am."

Tom's boss called as he drove down the interstate. "Hey, the guys said you left in a hurry," his boss said.

"Yeah, sorry, I um, had a situation at home. I'm on my way back now though."

"Oh ok, everything alright?"

Tom smiled, more sure than he'd been in days. "Yeah, everything's just fine."

Back at the house, Brian had his Mom pinned against the door in the standing fuck position. Jen's skirt was hiked up around her waist, her strong, smooth mommy-legs wrapped tightly around his midsection. Her little feet with painted toes hovered near his bucking ass as Brian drove his cock in and out of her cunt with long desperate thrusts. "Ohhh yess, fuck mee!" the horny mother cried.

Jen's big naked tits sloshed against her son's chest as she clung to him. The hugeness of his prick thrilled the mother, while Brian loved the slick grip of her cunt tunnel. "Ohhh damn, Mom," he whimpered, speeding the tempo of his fuck-thrusts.

His hands were under her, cupping and kneading the supple meat of her wiggling ass-cheeks.

"Ohhh, Brian!" she cried as he felt her hot cunt tighten even more. Her lovely brown eyes were soft and dreamy as she stared back into his. "I'm gonna fucking cuuuuumm!" she sighed.

She squeezed him tightly in her arms and between her trembling, shapely thighs, her pussy lips slurping noisily at his plunging cock meat. . Her fat, hard nipples poked into his chest. Jen was overtaken by the jolts of obscene ecstasy that were shooting through her

quaking, sweating flesh. "Cuuumminnggg!!" she cried out, echoing through the house.

"Meee too," Brian said with an excited shiver.

"Uugghh!" he groaned loudly, ramming his spurting cock all the way to the back of her vagina. Hot cum splattered against the head of her cervix, intensifying the mother's own cunt-creaming orgasm.

Mother and son kissed deeply, their tongues dueling. Both of them were completely thrilled and overjoyed by the power of their mutual climax.

THE END

Haunted
by
Mom
by KLRXO

Haunted by Mom

By Klrxo

It was a morning like most other mornings. I was running late for school, like usual. Mom waited by the door with my lunch in hand, a patient smile spread across her pretty face. She was dressed for the gym. The way her tight yoga pants clung to her sculpted legs, never failed to get my attention.

"Andy, are you sure you don't want me to drive you to school? It'll be quicker," she said sweetly. "No, because then you'll be late for your workout class," I responded.

"I don't get detention for being late to my workout class," she giggled.

"Well, that's true," I said. Mom had a point. I had been tardy so many times, that I was told any further incidents would land me in a half-hour detention after school. "You don't mind?"

"Of course I don't mind. Let me get my keys."

When dad was around my age, he had landed a real looker. As the story goes, Mom had actually dated my uncle Phil, who was a year older than dad, but she quickly took a liking to my father instead. It was no mystery that my dad was more handsome, and had less of a temper than my hot-headed uncle.

During the ride to the High School, my eyes drifted over to the beauty in the driver's seat. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't attracted to her. Yes, I was a sucker for my own mom. I had been since I reached puberty. I had never been fortunate enough to see her naked, but hoped that my luck would change before I moved off to college.

My friends and I followed soccer religiously, and they all agreed that Mom looked remarkably like the soccer star Alex Morgan. She had long brownish-blonde hair, piercing blue eyes and a smile that could make you melt, if you gazed at it for too long. As I mentioned before, Mom was in tip-top shape, but it was obvious there were places on her body where fat refused to burn off, and those, of course, were the spots that fascinated me the most.

My eyes drifted to one such spot as she drove. Well, technically **TWO** spots, if you count each tit individually. Even under the confines of her sports top, they seemed to quiver from their tremendous weight. Like she had many times, Mom glanced over and caught me staring. She reacted like she always did, with an almost understanding smile.

"How are things going with you and Sasha?" Mom asked.

"They're not. She decided she doesn't want a boyfriend right now."

"Well, that's too bad. Her loss," Mom said. "Yeah, I suppose."

Mom pulled up in front of the school. "Probably for the best though. You'll be graduating soon, and be going off to college. Long distance relationships are never easy," Mom said.

Mom reached over and placed her hand on mine tenderly, staring at me with those beautiful eyes. "Long distance family relationships are never easy either. I'll miss you," she said softly.

"I'll miss you too, but hey, it's probably not for another few months or so," I reminded her. "I know, and you'll get to come home for visits...hopefully often."

"Of course," I said, leaning over and giving her a quick kiss. "Thanks for the ride." "Love you!" she said.

"Love you too!" I said, exchanging a quick smile. It was the last time I would see mom alive.

I've had some dark days, but none were a dreadful as that one. Dad pulled me from school. I knew just from looking at him that it was something serious, but wasn't prepared for the news he'd give me. Mom had toppled down the stairs leading to the basement, while carrying some laundry, and had taken a deadly blow to the head. She was gone.

The days that followed seemed surreal. Like some freaky nightmare that I couldn't wake up from. Her funeral was an incredible tribute to the wife, mother, and all-around incredible person who we had lost so tragically. Mom and dad both had big families, and they were all there offering their love and support.

My older sister Tami smiled and hugged me lovingly. Even though she was married, and lived in the next town over, her and Mom were especially close, and I knew the loss must have crushed her the very most. "We have to be strong," she whimpered, the tears flowing. "Mom would want us to be strong."

"You doing OK, kid?" My Uncle Phil said, putting his arm around me. He was a burley guy, but despite his reputation for being hot-tempered, he always seemed like a gentle giant to me.

"As good as can be expected I guess," I said, trying my best to control my emotions.

"I'm just across town, so if there's anything you need, anything at all, just reach out, ok?" he said.

Uncle Phil had moved away when I was ten, but after going through a nasty divorce, he moved back home to be closer to family. "Thanks, Uncle Phil."

Dad didn't talk much about mom's death, which I found quite strange, but I chalked it up to him dealing with the loss in his own way. Home felt like a house, and not a home at all, without mom there. A home was a place where love abounded, but the driving force behind that love was gone forever, leaving only memories behind.

Three weeks passed, and even graduation seemed more gloomy to me than celebratory. I wanted to believe that mom was there in spirit, but honestly, I wasn't raised religious, and didn't really buy in to any of that 'afterlife' nonsense. I always thought they were just stories people told, to give themselves a false sense of hope.

A few weeks later, before dad left for work, we had a chat that kind of took me by surprise.

"Andy, I know this past month has been hard on both of us, and this probably isn't what you wanna hear right now, but...well, I'm seeing someone," Dad confessed.

"Seeing someone?" I asked stupidly, even though I knew damn well what he meant.

"Yes, well, we were just friends before...but we're gonna be spending a lot more time together, so you might see her around the house here and there."

I must have put on the ugliest scowl dad had ever seen. "Mom's only been gone for a month. You're already fucking seeing someone else?!" I spouted.

Dad had never heard me swear like that before, and I think he was a little taken back. "It's been a difficult time. She's helped me get through it, and in the process, we've become very close.

I'm sorry, maybe it is a little soon, but the reality is, we have to move on."

I was fuming. I understood the 'moving on' part, but it seemed much too soon for dad to be chasing another woman. I was certain that mom would be rolling over in her grave if she knew dad was already in a relationship, only a month after she passed. My emotions boiled over, and I glared at him in disgust. "You're an asshole!" I screamed.

Dad attempted to talk his way out of it, but I turned and stormed to my room. I locked my door, pounced onto my bed, and pounded my fists into the mattress, the tears flowing. I was angry, but most of all, I was sad. I missed mom, and would have done anything to have her back.

Dad knocked on my door. "Andy?" "Go away!" I shouted.

"Can we just talk, please," dad said.

I wasn't in a place to talk rationally. "Dad, not right now! Just please go away!" I said, in a little calmer tone.

"See you tonight," he said, heading off to work.

Since I hadn't been sleeping well at night, I drifted off for a long nap. It must have been noon when I finally woke up. I had some college prep work to do. Honestly, the thought of furthering my education really didn't excite me all that much since mom died, but I knew that's what she wanted for me, so that was my motivation.

I went to my dresser to get a shirt, and when I opened my door, I gasped in surprise, taking one step back. There, displayed neatly on top of my clothes, was a pair of panties, and a bra. I recognized them right away. Though I never got to see Mom naked, I had on occasion snuck a bra, or pair of panties from her hamper, to masturbate with. Ironically, the ones I was now looking at in bewilderment, just happed to be my favorite ones.

"How the hell did they get here?" I asked myself. As far as I knew, moms things had been packed up, and put in storage for now.

Out of curiosity, I lifted the lacy black bra from my drawer, and looked at the tag. It read 38 G. Just as I suspected, it was mom's bra. The panties were hers also. It was a matching set. It seemed a bit wrong, but I couldn't help myself, lifting the panty gusset to my nose, and taking a whiff. The sweet pungent aroma swept through my nasal passages, as if they'd been left there seconds before their discovery.

"Holyshit!"My brain shouted. The smell was so ripe it made my eyes roll back in there sockets. I had enjoyed some amazing panty whiffing while she was alive, but nothing like this. The aroma of musky pussy-nectar, and sweet perfume about made me pass out.

"Andy?"

I spun towards my door, in the direction of the voice. It was mom's voice! Of that I had no doubt! There door was still closed, so I went over and opened it, looking out into the empty hallway.

"What the fuck is going on?!" I thought, standing there with what had to be a look of utter confusion.

"Hello?" I called down the hallway, loud enough for anyone in the house to hear me. "Is anyone there?"

There was no answer. The voice had been so clear, I was ninty-nine percent sure I hadn't imagined it. Then there were the bra and panties. They certainly wern't a figment of my imagination, nor had they been there earlier in the day, the last time I opened my drawer.

I wanted to talk to someone about what had happened, but I was still upset with dad, so I decided to call Tami, my older sister. "Hey brat, what's up?" she said, answering her phone.

"I just needed to talk to someone," I said.

"You okay?" she asked sweetly, probably assuming I was having a hard day, with thoughts of losing mom.

"Yeah, I'm good. I just...well, some really weird stuff just happened earlier." "What do you mean weird stuff?"

"Promise you won't think I'm crazy?" I said, knowing I had a history of exaggeration.

"I know you're fucking crazy!" my sister joked, "but I always have an open ear, you know that." "I went to my drawer, and there was a pair of mom's panties, and her bra in there," I explained.

There was silence for a moment on the other end. "Um...ok," Tami muttered, clearly surprised by what I was telling her. "How...do you think they got in there?"

"I have no clue! That's why I'm calling you. It's weird, right?"

"Andy, are you sure you just didn't have them in your dresser, from before mom died, and just forgot about them?" my sister asked, which made my stomach sink a bit, wondering if she knew about my fascination with Mom's underwear.

"Why would you think that?" I asked curiously.

"Ok look, I know you used to sneak mom's things into your room sometimes, which is no big deal. A lot of guys do that."

"Wait, how would you know that?" I asked her. It was a legitimate question. My sister had been out of the house for nearly four years, before I even started sneaking whiffs of mom's panties.

"Mom and I would talk. You know we were like best friends. She told me that she knew you were taking her bra and panties into your

room, and using them to masturbate with."

My heart must have stopped for a moment in embarrassment. "Well, I wasn't really..."

"Andy, it's ok. Mom didn't care," my sister said. "She knew you were fascinated by her body. It's not uncommon for boys to feel that way about their moms."

I was speechless for a moment, but happy that my sister was having such an honest conversation with me. It was true that mom and her were close. She was here nearly every day, working on recipes, sharing gossip, and apparently information about me and my naughty habits.

"Are you still there?" she asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"Look, sweetie, you don't have to be embarrassed. Honestly, I think mom thought it was cute. We all have our naughty little perverted secrets," Tami said. "Even mom had them."

"She told you her perverted secrets?"

"Mom and I shared everything, but I really think that's all I should say."

"No wait, so...you can't tell me what her secrets were?" I asked, desperately wanting to know. The idea that my own sexy mom had 'perverted secrets' when she was alive was absolutely fascinating to me.

"I'm not gonna go into detail, but let's just say this... Mom wanted to get closer to you, Andy. Closer than you realize."

"What do you mean closer?"

My sister giggled. "That's all I'm saying."

"I heard her voice!" I muttered, followed by a short silence, as my sister registered my words. "I hear her voice all the time too...in my head."

"This wasn't in my head," I said. "I swear to God, Tami, it was real. Like she was in the room with me."

The was a pause in the conversation, before my sister spoke again. "I'm seeing a really good therapist. She helping me work through the loss. Maybe you should see her too," she suggested.

I couldn't blame my sister for not believing me. If it hadn't happened to me, I wouldn't have believed it myself. "I'll be ok. It'll just take some time I suppose."

"Have you met the new bitch yet?" my sister asked, changing the subject. "Oh, dad told you about her too?"

"Yep, he did," Tami said. "I can't believe that he's moving on this fast."

"It seems almost disrespectful...to mom. Do you think him and this lady had something going on before mom died?"

"I would like to think not, but you never know. I'm sorry you have to live there, and see her face. Hopefully dad won't bring her to the house much, at least not for awhile," Tami said.

"Yeah, I hope not."

"Call me if you need anything. Love you!" Tami said.

"Love you too!" I said, then hung up.

It made me feel better having talked to my sister. Honestly, if I had mentioned the bra and panty thing to dad, I'm not sure how he would have reacted. There was still two unanswered questions

though. How did mom's underwear get into my dresser, a month after her death, and why did I hear what sounded like her voice so vividly?

Two days later, I would meet dad's new female "friend." She was nothing like mom, especially in the beauty department. Her name was Maxine, and she was as fake as they come. Fake tan, fake tits, fake blonde hair. Even her teeth were too perfectly fake-looking to be real. She did her best to pour on the sweetness.

"So your dad tells me you like soccer?" she asked, with an obvious forced attempt to get to know me.

"Yeah, I don't play it much, but my friends and I follow the games." "My nephew plays in a youth league. He really loves it!"

"Mmn," I muttered, showing that I clearly didn't give a shit.

"Andy, I'm gonna be straight up with you," she said, looking at me through he big fake blue contact lenses. "I really like your dad a lot. We've known each other from work for awhile. I know I'll never replace your mom..."

"Truer words were never spoken," I thought.

"...But I hope you'll give me a chance. I think we could have a lot of fun, the three of us," Maxine said.

"Yeah, ok," I said, trying to be civil. I was usually a pretty good judge of character. Something gave me the distinct impression that this lady was hiding some secrets, and that she had a true bitchy side, that perhaps even my father hadn't seen. Then again, it could have been just me projecting the 'bad guy' image onto her, since she was the one replacing mom in dad's life.

The following day, something woke me up in the middle of the night. I sat up to find my door wide open. I usually closed it before I went

to bed.

I crept out into the dark hallway, but there was nothing out of the ordinary. I went to dad's room, and could hear him snoring lightly. Suddenly, from back down the hallway, I could hear the shower in the bathroom turn on. I stood there for a moment, frozen, but not in fear; more like cautious curiosity.

I wandered back down the hall. The bathroom door was cracked open, and the light was on inside. I slowly opened it further and peered in.

"Shit!" I muttered, seeing the silhouette of someone in the shower, through the steamed-up glass.

Rather than hurry away, I walked in. What drew me inside, was the fact that I knew that "someone." I had studied the form of their body enough times to know exactly who it was.

"Mom?" I muttered, but the silhouette didn't respond to the sound of my voice.

It was rinsing off, like a person who'd just come home from a working out, and was having a hot shower. Logic kicked in, and I quickly wondered if it could be someone else. Dad's new girlfriend Maxine perhaps.

"No!" my brain said, without the slightest doubt. "That's Mom!"

There seemed to be a mysterious pink glow around her, which is perhaps what caused her body to be silhouetted in such detail. Her form was unmistakable. As she rinsed her hair, she thrust her chest, and her enormous tits jutted out obscenely. I could even see the the shapes of her big fleshy nipples protruding out from her boobs. It was a remarkable sight! My eyes drifted down her torso, to the mouthwatering form of her meaty half-moons. Mom had an

incredible bubble-butt, and the sexy silhouette allowed me to see it's true shape in side profile, crowning her luscious legs.

"Wow!" I muttered, stepping closer to the glass with a major stiffy.

The figure paused and turned towards me. The sight of her mammoth melons wobbling back and forth, from her sudden movement, made me sigh in excitement. Now I wondered if she could see me too, or at least sense if I was near.

We both stepped up to the steamed-up glass, literally only a foot apart. She put her hands against the glass. It smeared the steam away enough to see that those hands were truely real. I could see her pink palms. I placed my hands over hers, wishing I could feel them, and not the shower door that separated us.

The figure's face moved closer to the glass. I'll call her mom, because I knew it was. It had to be. The form of her body...the way she moved, it **WAS** my mother!

I saw her reach down, just a little below our heads, and carved a little X through the steam of the shower door, obviously trying to draw attention to that very spot. I stooped down slightly, to get a closer look at it, then was startled, as her huge melonous tits hit the glass.

"Holy shit!" I muttered breathlessly, staring at my mother's naked tits for the very first time.

Her breasts were capped with huge wide areola. Those, along with her rubbery-looking nipples, were slightly distorted, as they mashed against the glass from the inside. In utter fascination, I moved in a bit closer, watching them slide around on the glass. I could even hear the wet squeaking sound they made, rubbing up against it.

"They'rehuge!"I thought to myself. "Andsoreal-looking!"I added, still not completely convinced that this wasn't just a big wonderful

dream.

Mom drug her boobs downward, showing the huge rounded undersides of her tit-flesh, and a cleavage that was even more tremendous than I ever imagined. It was as if she was sharing every detail of her incredible rack for me to see.

I followed her boobs down, then she suddenly pulled them away from the glass. I moved in even closer, to see if I could peer up at all of her, but before I could, her thick naked ass struck the glass door, right in front of my face.

"Fuck me!" my horny mind screamed. Now on my knees, I fished my cock out and squeezed up and down it's length. I simply couldn't help myself.

The wet buns of Mom's luscious ass squeaked against the glass. It was an unbelievable sight, especially since my face was literally only a foot away. The pressure against the door caused her meaty mounds to spread apart, exposing the crinkled ring of her asshole. I could see it throbbing wildly as it mashed up against the glass, then moved away.

My eyes followed it, wanting it to watch it further. Her ass swung back towards the glass, but this time it was her cunt-lips that mashed against the door. I literally whimpered out-loud, as I witnessed my own Mom's shaved vulva slide across the glass. The pressure caused her outer lips to peel open, exposing a deep coral slit.

I squeezed and pulled at my knob, imagining it sinking down into that hot mommy love-pit. "Christ!" I gasped, more fucking turned on than I'd ever been.

Mom pulled her cunt away from the glass, and I stood up, looking in at her shadowy figure, surrounded in a pink hue. She seemed to be staring back at me too.

"Mom?" I muttered.

She moved her face to the glass, and mashed her other set of lips against the door. I watched her big pink pucker open slightly, and her long thick tongue squirmed out and began whipping around against the glass. I couldn't move I was so mesmerized. Mom had always joked about having a long tongue, even amazed my sister and I by touching the tip of her nose with it once. Now I was seeing it in all it's glory, moving around against the glass in the most obscene way possible. The way her licker curled and flailed wetly was absolutely spellbinding, and I simply couldn't imagine being on the receiving end of it, in a sexual way.

I was suddenly startled out of my skin, as I heard dad call to me from down the hallway. "Andy?"

I quickly stood up and tried my best to conceal my erection. Unfortunately, I didn't get to the door before dad did. He opened it and looked in at me, groggy-eyed. "What's going on?"

I looked at the shower. Mom's figure was gone. Only the weird-looking design her body had made against the steam glass remained. "I was just um...gonna get in the shower," I mumbled awkwardly.

"It's three in the morning."

"I know, I know I just um, couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd go out for an early morning run or something."

Dad laughed. "Aren't you suppose to shower **AFTER** the run?" he asked. He had me there. "Yeah, I suppose you're right."

Dad came inside, staring at the smeared-up shower door, probably wondering what the hell I'd been up to. He would shit if he knew I'd been gawking at Mom's naked body. He crouched down and looked

at one design in particular, that mom had made in the steam-up glass. "What is that?" he asked.

I crouched down next to him, also noticing that it was some type of distinctive drawing. "Is that a drawing of a video camera or something?" he asked.

Dad was right. It looked like a crude image of a video camera, made in the steamed glass. Why mom had made it had me baffled, but I couldn't very well share that with dad. "Yeah, I was just farting around, doing stupid drawings on the glass."

Dad and I stood back up and looked at each other. "You ok?" he asked, clearly referring to how I was coping with Mom's loss.

"Yeah, of course." "You sure?"

"Yeah dad, I'm fine!"

"Maxine said you guys had a good chat the other day," dad said. "I guess. If you wanna call a few sentences a good chat."

"Thanks for giving her a chance," Dad said, patting me on the shoulder.

I was anxious to call my sister the next day, to tell her what had happened, but before I could, I had a detective knocking at the front door. "Hi," I said, wondering what this was about.

A handsome, slightly balding guy in a suit flashed me a smile. "Hi Andy, I'm detective Bronson. I was wondering if I could come in, and ask you a few questions?" he asked.

"Sure," I muttered, ushering him to the living room. I sat across from him awkwardly. "First let me say, I'm sorry for your loss."

"Thanks."

"Were your parents having any difficulties in their marriage, that you noticed?" Bronson asked. "Difficulties?" I asked, even though I was sure I knew what he mean.

"Yeah, fighting...arguing, before your mother's death?"

"No, they seemed to get along fine," I said. "What would that have to do with anything though? I thought mom slipped going down the stairs?"

Bronson seemed to hesitate a moment. "Andy, I'm gonna be frank with you. Some of the bruising your mother sustained wasn't consistent with just an accidental fall down the stairs," he said.

My stomach suddenly felt like it was tied in a knot. "Are you saying...that you think someone killed her?" I asked, cringing at the very thought.

"What I'm saying is based on the evidence, we haven't ruled that out as a possibility just yet."

My mind was suddenly buzzing. "Who the fuck would kill mom?" I wondered. I certainly didn't think my dad would do such a thing. "I know my dad was at work that day. Can't you guys just verify that?" I asked.

"Oh we have. You're father **WAS** at work, but according to security footage, he was out of the office for about an hour, during the time in question," Bronson said.

"No, my dad wouldn't do this," I said, immediately jumping to his defense.

"No one is saying he would. We're merely trying to establish his whereabouts during that time, so we can rule that out. Did he contact you at all during his lunch hour that day?"

"No. He usually takes his lunch to work, but maybe he went out to get a bite," I suggested, grasping at straws trying to provide an explanation for my father. "Did you ask **HIM** where he was?"

"Yes. He claims he was out to lunch...with a coworker." "Maxine?"

Bronson got an uncomfortable expression. "Yes, that's right."

"I fucking knew it," I muttered, "he was seeing that bitch before mom even died."

"Not to throw fuel on the fire that you're experiencing right now, but we believe your father lied to us about where he and Maxine were that day. We have yet to find proof of them having lunch at the establishment they claimed they were at," the detective explained.

"So you think they killed my mom?"

"Again, I'm just trying to establish where they were that day, so I can rule them out as suspects," Bronson said.

Just when my jets had began to cool, regarding my dad and his new love interest, I suddenly felt myself even angrier than before. Essentially, what the detective was saying was that my dad and Maxine were hiding something. Either they had killed mom, or were probably in the back of dad's car fucking somewhere at the time she died.

I wanted to leave the house, and run somewhere far away. My sister Tami was in just as much disbelief as I was, as I called and gave her the details of the Detective's visit.

"Even if dad was fucking this bitch somewhere, he'd have to be crazy to lie to a detective about it," Tami said.

"Tami, you don't think dad killed her, do you?" I asked candidly.

"My gut tells me no. Dad may be a cheating asshole, but I really don't think he's capable of doing such a thing."

"I'm sure that's what the family members of most convicted killers tell themselves too," I muttered, wondering if there was yet another side to dad, or maybe even this fake bitch he was with, that we didn't know about.

"If it wasn't dad though, then who? Everyone loved mom to death," Tami said.

There was a short silence, as my mind shifted to the incident in the bathroom. "Please don't think I'm crazy, but I saw Mom," I muttered.

"What?!"

"In the middle of the night, in the bathroom. She was in the shower. I swear on my life it was her."

"Andy..."

"Please, Tami, you have to believe me. I wasn't dreaming...I wasn't imagining it. She was real! It was her!"

"In the shower?" My sister asked skeptically. "Yes, she was..."

"She was what?"

I was a bit hesitant, but having learned the things I already had from Tami, I felt comfortable telling her. "She was showing me her body through the glass," I said.

There was a long awkward silence that I finally broke. "Say something!" "Showing you, by pressing herself against the glass?" My sister asked.

"Yes! That's exactly what she was doing. How did you know that?" I asked, curious to know how my sister would know that major detail, without me mentioning it.

"Ok, you're telling me some pretty unbelievable stuff here, and asking me to trust you. So I'm gonna tell **YOU** some pretty unbelievable stuff also, and ask you to do the same," she said.

"Fair."

"Mom knew about how fascinated you were with her body. She once joked with me, that if you ever came into the bathroom, and she was showering, that she would press all her sexual body parts against the glass shower door, and give you a show you'd never forget," Tami explained.

"Mom said that?" I asked, my heart pounding excitedly in my chest.

"Yes, and it...well, from what you're telling me, it sounds like she made true on her word." "So is this what it seems to be?" I asked. "Am I being haunted by mom?"

"I was never one to believe in that kinda stuff, but yes, that's exactly what it sounds like. Did she say anything? Try to communicate with you in any way?" Tami asked.

"She didn't say anything, but she did draw something on the steamed-up glass." "What was it?"

"A camera. A video camera," I answered, still trying to make sense of that. "Strange. Why would mom's spirit draw a video camera?"

"Maybe she wants me to record her, to show you, as proof that her spirit is really visiting me," I answered. My theory was a stretch, but really the only thing that made sense to me.

"You haven't told dad about this, right?"

"No. Even if I wanted to, I would feel really awkward doing that. 'Oh hey dad, by the way, mom's spirit visited me last night, and showed me all her naked body parts.' I don't think so," I said, making my sister giggle.

"Good. It's probably best that we don't mention anything about what you've been seeing, not just to him, but to anyone."

"Got it!" I agreed.

"If you see her again, and do get some video, call me right away," Tami said. "I will."

Two nights passed, and nothing out of the ordinary happened. I kept my phone handy, and set to video, just in case. I felt a bit like one of those paranormal investigators, on the ready for any late night apparition to appear. Finally, just when I thought I may never see mom's spirit again, I woke up to a bright pink hue above my bed. I could see a female form emerging from it, slowly lowering towards me. It was mom! Just like in the shower, she was completely naked!

"Shit! I need to record this!" I thought, reaching over and pressing record on my phone, which sat on the bed next to me.

Mom looked absolutely angelic! Her body was horizontal, as it hovered above me.. Her enormous melons hung down, and her nipples looked thick and erect. Her brownish-blonde hair floated behind her, so I could see all of her beautiful face, as she gazed down at me with those piercing blue eyes. I couldn't dream of her looking any more perfect.

"Can you hear me?" I asked, hoping she could.

Mom answered with a heart-melting smile. "Yes," she whispered sweetly. My heart skipped a beat. "I've missed you!" I said.

"And I've missed you," she answered back.

Before there was a chance she could disappear, I threw out a question that only she could answer truthfully. "Mom, how did you die?"

She looked confused. "That's...foggy," she said. "Do you remember anything?"

"No..." she muttered, staring into space, as if visualizing something, "but I do see something." "What is it?"

"A flag. A tattered flag," she answered.

"Tattered flag? You mean an American flag?" I asked.

"Yes," She answered, then I watched her naked curvy body do a graceful roll through the air. She reached down and peeled the blanket back over my crotch. "You're so hard!" her heavenly voice whispered, sending shivers through my body.

"I'm sorry, you're just naked...and so beautiful!" I confessed. As she hovered there, gazing at my erection, her luscious legs were splayed wide open, giving me the most incredible view of her shaved pussy.

She peeked down into my eyes. "Can I...feel it?" she asked, with lust-filled eyes.

If mom only knew how I felt about her, she'd realize that it was the dumbest question ever. Of course I wanted her to feel it! "Yess!" I muttered, with nervous excitement in my voice.

Mom floated closer to my cock, wrapping her hand around the base. I wasn't sure that I'd be able to feel her spirit form, but wow could I feel her! Her hand felt unlike anything that had ever touched my body before, and sent a magical tingling sensation through my groin. The only way I could describe it would be to imagine a heated vibrator being wrapped around the base of your cock. That's exactly what her hand felt like My boner now pointed straight up, and I

watched mom's eyes widen, as they traveled up the length of my muscular shaft. I was proud of what I had. I knew eight inches was nothing to scoff at, and I could tell by the look on mom's face that she was impressed. She tugged at the base, pulling the remaining foreskin back, exposing my big purple knob in all it's glory.

I saw her tongue peek out, licking wetly between her lips. "Let me stroke it!" she whispered, then gazed into my eyes again. "Let mommy beat her baby off!"

My heart about beat out of my chest with excitement. "Sure," I muttered, watching her gracefully flip over once again, then lower towards me.

I've had some pretty thrilling times in my young life, but having my own beautiful mom's naked body drop down beside me on the bed, took the cake, no contest. Like her circled hand, the rest of her body was like a warm vibration again me. Mom was positioned beside me, propped up on her elbow, so she could gaze down at my cock while she stroked.

She started gently at first, grazing her fingers all around my boner tenderly. "Mmm, it's such a long and incredibly stiff dick," she whispered.

She gazed down into my eyes, and gave me that absolutely heart-stopping smile. Her beauty was stunning enough, but it was also framed in by that celestial pink aura, which made her absolutely ravishing.

"Did you find my gifts?" she asked. "The bra and panties?" I asked. "Yes," she whispered with a smile. "I did...thank you."

Mom bit her body lip cutely, then gave me a hungry stare. "Did you like the way they smelt?" she whispered.

"Very much!" I answered, and that was an understatement. "Good. I wanted you to smell what you do to me."

"Holyshit!DidMomjustsaythat?!I thought. I began to wonder if this was just an awesome dream, if I was gonna wake up any moment, alone in my bed.

"Would you like Mom to tell you what she'd like you to do to her, while she beats your big erection?" Mom asked, with a naughty little grin.

"Heck yes I would," I sighed breathlessly.

Mom took a firm grip around my boner and started stroking it up and down. Not surprising, I was leaking a lot of precum, which lubricated her cock-strokes. For a few moments, we both looked down, and watched my boner glide through her fist, my big bell tip was shiny with leaking pre-jizz.

Mom looked back at my face, and I gazed up into her eyes, wishing this moment would never end. I found it interesting, that even though she was vigorously beating me off, she seemed as calm as when she used to sit and drink her morning coffee. I began to wonder if spirits didn't experience physical exhaustion like humans did. If that was the case, I was really in for an unworldly cock-beating.

"I used to fantasize about you fucking me from behind," Mom confessed. "Seriously?" I asked, so amazed I could hardly breathe.

"Yes, seriously. I used to imagine that after your father left for work, you'd come over to the sink, where I was doing dishes. Then, you'd reach under my skirt, yank my panties down, and slam your cock into me hard and fast, and made me cum like crazy!" she explained with an excited look.

My mouth must have fallen open in awe "Holy fuck!" I muttered, never imaging that my mom would make such a confession.

"Can you imagine, baby?" Mom said, then looked down again at her whipping fist. "Can you imagine how good that would have felt on your cock?"

"Ohh yess, soo good!" I replied. It was easy to imagine, because the sensations I was experiencing on my dick right now were out of the world, no pun intended.

"Would you have carried me to my bedroom, Andy? Would you have fucked my ass off on my marital bed?" Mom asked, seeming eager to hear my response.

I couldn't help but notice how her ballooning tit-meat was quivering like crazy, from the motion of her stroking. "Ohh yes, Mom! I would have done that all day long."

Mom noticed the way I was gawking at her tits. "Oh I bet you would have, baby boy! You have what it takes, don't you?" she cooed. "You have what a boy needs to take his mommy to paradise!"

"Shit, Mom!" I snarled. The way her hand beat me off with warm tight, vibrating strokes was intense enough. Then factor in her hot sex words, and it was enough to make me explode with pleasure. My hips rose from the mattress, as I squirmed with delight.

"Fuck me, baby! Fuck my hot pussy!" Mom said, in a lustful tone.

She didn't let up one bit, rolling her body part-way on top of mine, pushing me back down to the bed. Now her spongy-soft tits were resting across my upper chest, and her sexy leg was thrown over mine. Her hand didn't miss a beat, stroking tirelessly, with perfect twisting squeezes, making my nuts jump around in my ball-sack. "Yess, baby! Push mommy's legs open around you! Smash my big soft titties between us!" Mom cried out.

"OhhGod!" I gasped, putting some motion in my hips.

"That's it! Make me cling to you, Andy!" Mom cried out, beating my boner relentlessly. "Make me gush my fucking cum all over your cock and balls!"

"Ohhdamn, this is so good!" My voice trembled.

As I pumped my hips, mom held her fist still for a moment, watching my cock fuck through the grip of her hand. I looked up to see her eyes wide, and her mouth open in awe. "There you go, baby boy! Show mommy how you'd fuck her!" Mom said. "Show me how you'd pound your boner through my hot pussy!"

She started stroking again. "Mmm, mom would hump her horny twat right back at you baby! We'd meet in the middle! Make our bellies beat together, while our crotches meet in the middle, just like that!" she cried, pumping me from balls to knob, her tightly clutching fist smacking against my cock-hilt on every stroke.

"Ohhhyess!" I whimpered, enthralled with how sexually aggressive she was being.

Both my cock and balls were tingling, as I writhed beneath her. I tried to fight it off the best I could, wanting to impress the shit out of her, but her hand-job just felt too fucking heavenly. "Ohhh mom, I'm gonna cum!" I grunted.

"Andy?" I heard her whisper.

I fixed my wild eyes on her face, which hovered closely to mine. She tilted her lovely head and lowered her lips to my own. The contact of our sensual kiss was electric! "Uuuhhh!!" I groaned, against her mashed lips, feeling a rope of spunk splatter up across my chest.

"Uhhh!" I launched another milky geyser, and watched through the corner of my eye, as it struck the side of mom's boob, which was

plastered against my chest and bulging out between us. "Uhhh! Again my jizz splashed against the side of her tit-melon, running down it's rounded meaty contour.

Mom pried my lips open with her tongue, and slipped her long snake into my mouth. My hips jerked and trembled. I couldn't think straight. Never in my eighteen years had I experience pleasure this intense! Her hand was like a vibrating milking machine, pulling out my load, while our tongues rolled and flickered together passionately.

"Gimme all your fucking sweet nectar, baby!" Mom cooed between kisses.

I could feel her enormous boobies squishing and sloshing softly against my chest, and her rubbery nipples were puffy and erect. "Ohh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!" my voice trembled, as I pumped my cock up into her jacking hand, imagining it was mom's pussy.

"There you go! Get my pussy good, Andy! Mmnn, make me crave your big dick inside me!"

After a few minutes of this, Mom's spirit had milked me dry, and I went limp on the bed. My body suddenly stopped tingling, and I opened my eyes to find mom gone. "Mom?" I said, looking around my darkened bedroom.

I looked down at the big streaks of gooey cum on my chest, just to confirm that it actually happened, and it wasn't some wild dream. My slimy boner was still twitching from having cum so hard. "Wow!" I sighed out loud, still trying to catch my breath.

I could hardly wait to call my sister the next morning. 'I saw her again! This time, I really saw her! She floated down through the ceiling of my bedroom," I blurted out.

"Did you get video?" Tami asked. "Yes, and no," I answered. "What's that mean?"

"I recorded the whole thing, but she didn't show up in the video," I said. "She didn't show up at all?"

"No, it was just me, reacting to her," I said, hoping my sister would still believe me. "Damn!" Tami said disappointingly.

"I'm not sure I would have showed you the video anyway though, at least not all of it. It got kind of um...sexual." "Sexual? In what way?"

I knew my sister and mom were close, but I didn't wanna take a chance of weirding Tami out by explaining what mom did to me. "Maybe it's better if we just leave it at, I saw Mom last night, ok?" I suggested.

"She jerked you off, didn't she?" Tami asked.

"What the hell? How do you know about all these things that happen, before I even tell you?" I asked, confused by how she would even know without having been there.

"Were you not listening the last time we had this conversation. Mom and I talk...**ABOUT EVERYTHING. I** knew she wanted to show her body off to you when she was alive, and I also knew that she thought it would be cool to jerk you off," Tami said.

"Mom told you that?"

"Yes! Andy, mom was infatuated with you! I'm the only person she trusted to tell that to. Do you see what's happening here?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Mom's spirit-self is crossing back over, and living out the darkest desires that she had when she was alive...and those desires are **ALL**

DIRECTED TOWARDS YOU."

"Oh," I muttered, wondering what other naughty desires mom was gonna try to live out with me next. "I was actually able to talk to her this time. She was speaking right back to me. It was unbelievable!"

"Did you ask her about the day she died?"

"Yeah, she said that the time period around her death was foggy, but then she said she saw something. A tattered American flag."

"What does that mean?" My sister asked.

"I'm not sure. I don't even think Mom knew. I think it was just an image that was popping into her head."

"Like the video camera she drew on the door?" "Yes," I said.

"Do you think they're clues, to maybe what really happened to her?" "Honestly, I'm not sure what to think," I said.

"Well, the detective seems to think mom's death wasn't an accident. I dug up some pretty interesting dirt on this bitch dad's dating. I think it's time we had a chat with him." Tami said.

After talking to my sister, I went down to my room and sprawled out on my bed. Dad was at work and I had the house to myself, so I felt free to look up and talk to the ceiling, as if mom were listening. "Mom, are you there?

"Mom??"

"I really wanna know what happened to you. If it wasn't an accident, I need you to remember what happened."

I would have given anything to see her spirit lower from the ceiling, as she did the night before, but after awhile, it became obvious that it wasn't happening. "Maybe ghosts had hours of operation?" I

thought, "Or maybe she was having a ghost snooze?" For a few minutes, I amused myself with such speculation. The very fact that such a spirit realm existed boggled my mind, but after what I'd recently experienced, I was definitely a believer now.

I took a short nap, then went in and had a shower. After toweling off and stepping back into the hallway, I heard the sound of clattering dishes from the kitchen. "Dad, is that you?" I called out, but got no answer. It was much too early for him to be home anyway, so I stepped down the hallway to investigate.

As I neared the kitchen, I heard the water running in the sink. Someone was defin in there. I hoped it wasn't Maxine, the bitch dad was dating, but both dad and my sister were working, so I couldn't think of anyone else it could be. Unless it was...

"Yes!!Itwasmom!!"I cheered inside, spotting her standing at the sink. She wasn't naked, like the two other times I'd seen her, but damn did she look stunning. She wore a pink mini skirt and a snug white cami top. The backs of her silky bare legs looked stunning, flexing from her feet being propped up in five-inch pink mules. He entire being was surrounded in that beautiful pink hue, accentuating that sexy outfit she was wearing.

She suddenly turned and spotted me in the doorway, her long silky hair brushing across her shoulders. "Hi sweetie!"

"Hi," I muttered, in just as much awe as the first time I'd seen her.

Mom's eyes drifted down to the towel wrapped around my waist, then back up into my eyes. "Your father just left for work," she said, with a naughty smile, then turned back to do more dished.

I stood there confused for a moment. Dad had left a few hours ago. Then, it suddenly stuck me what was happening. I remembered while mom was jerking me off, she said something about this scenario. In fact, I remembered her words exactly. "I used to

imagine that after your father left for work, you'd come over to the sink where I was doing dishes. Then, you'd reach under my skirt, yank my panties down, and slam your cock in to me hard and fast, and made me cum like crazy!" she had said.

"Tami was right! Mom was living out her naughty desires with me!"I excitedly thought. I decided to play along. "I guess we're all alone then," I muttered.

"I guess so," Mom said, with a cute little wag of her ass.

I took that as an invitation, and slowly stepped over behind her. I was nervous as hell, but this was no time to be timid. Mom had made it clear what she wanted, and it was my duty to follow through. "Herewego!"I thought, taking a courageous breath.

I placed my hands on her wide hips, and she froze. I could feel that familiar warm vibrating sensation moving through my hands as I touched her. "I know this is what you want," I said. "It's what I want too!"

I brazenly pulled up her pink skirt, then grasped her dainty pink panties at the waistband, and "yanked" them down, just as she had requested. My towel had somehow fallen off, but I didn't bother retrieving it. My big boner drug across mom's naked ass, as she leaned over and gripped the edge of the countertop.

Bravely, I mounted her haunches, grasping my erection and dragging it up and down the split of her twat. "Oh my God, I'm about to fuck mom!" my brain screamed excitedly.

Mom looked back at me over her shoulder, with look of horny desire. "Stick it in me!" she said pleadingly.

I happily obliged, spearing my hard cock up her pussy-passage. Her vagina was hot...and juicy...and vibrated exquisitely. "Ohh shit!" I moaned out load, letting her know just how amazing she felt.

I grasped her hips again, setting my own hips in motion, and slammed my cock into her hard and fast, just like she wanted it. A lewd repetitive smacking sound filled the kitchen, as my crotch clapped against mom's naked ass.

"Yess! Just like that!" Mom cried out, pleased with the way I was fucking her.

I had fucked a few girls this way, but none with an ass quite like mom's. Her glutes flexed, while the fatty outer layer of butt-meat rippled every time my midsection beat against her. She pumped her rump back against me, intensifying our rhythm.

My whole cock tingled in the exquisite grip of her vibrating cunt. I wasn't sure how a spirit could secrete bodily fluid, but mom was definitely getting my dick wet. Her slippery vaginal nectar allowed my dick to glide as smooth as butter, along the pink ribbed walls of her cunt.

I went at her pussy at slightly different angles, seeing which one she reacted to the most. Without a doubt, she was the most vocal when I pumped at a slightly downward angle. I knew it was because I was digging my cock against her G-spot.

Satisfied with my angle of attack, I leaned down against her back and wrapped my arms underneath her, across her belly. This gave me just the right amount of leverage to really go at her pussy hard.

"Ohh God, Andy!" Mom cried out, as I doubled the pace of my fuck-thrusts, hammering my hard cock through her gradually tightening pussy. I knew it would take every ounce of will-power I had to keep from cumming to quickly at this pace.

"Oh my God, you're fucking my pussy so good!" she cried out..

Luckily, it didn't take long before mom's body was trembling in orgasm. Her cries of passion rang through the entire house, mixed

with the sound of my crotch beating against her meaty rump. She came so hard her knees got weak, but my arms were around her, and I held her up and continued fucking savagely. I was king of the fucking world right now!

"Ohh shit yeaah!!" I sighed, pumping my cock through the juicing sleeve that had birthed me out eighteen years ago.

I hadn't had a ton of sexual experience. I knew if you made a girl cum once while fucking her, you were awesome, but if you made her cum more than once, you were a fucking Rockstar! I wanted to be mom's Rockstar!

I clenched my ass-cheeks to fight of my own orgasm, that had been slowly brewing in my nuts.

"I'll squeeze her tits!" I thought, thinking surely that might trigger orgasm number two for mom.

I was right. The moment my fingers sunk into those big jiggling melons, Mom started crying out, and shaking uncontrollably again. Her boobs felt amazing through the shirt and bra. I could only imagine what it would be like to squeeze them while they're naked. I'm sure I would find out soon enough.

Through her clothing, I could feel the thick hard nubs of her nipples poking out, so I clamped them between my fingers.

The way her vibrating cunt muscles squeezed my meaty muscle, while her cum-juice spurted around it, provided way too much pleasure for me to fight off any longer. "Ohh! Ohh, God damn, I'm gonna cum, Mom!!" I groaned.

"Yes, baby! Cum in my pussy!" she gasped.

And did I ever cum in her pussy! It must have been quite an eruption of hot white spunk going off in mom's cunt-hole. I probably

sounded like a dying animal, gasping and grunting, as I pumped out what had to be a massive load of cum inside her.

I thrust in as deeply as I could, feeling the head of mom's cervix squeeze up against the underside of my bulbous knob. "Uhh!" I snarled, flexing my cock and blasting a finally oozing gob of jizz inside her.

My cock made a wet popping sound as it slipped out of her pussy. Mom turned around, embraced me, and dove straight for my lips. We kissed like long lost lovers. Mom's long tongue darted around inside my mouth. It was unbelievable!

"Do you remember what you're suppose to do next?" she asked between wet kisses. "Carry you to your bedroom," I answered.

"And?"

"Fuck your ass off on your marital bed," I said, with an excited thrill. How on earth could I forget something like that.

"Are you ready?" she asked, continuing to kiss me, as she hooked one leg up around my waist and tightened her arms around my neck.

"Yes!" I answered, knowing what was coming next.

Mom's other leg sprung from the floor. My hands went down and cupped her thighs, so I could help support her weight. I carried her out of the kitchen, her legs wrapped snuggly around me. As I stepped down the hallway, mom uncoiled her arms from around my neck and shed her cami top. The sexy pink bra could barely contain the enormity of her monster-sized melons.

Without hesitation, she reached back and unclasped her bra, then slipped the cups off, making her massive mammaries bobble free. "Damn you have big breasts, Mom!" I muttered, stating the obvious.

"Is that why you always stared at them so much?" she asked with a giggle. "Yes! It was hard to keep my eyes off them!"

"Did you like to imagine that your head was stuffed inside my bra with them all day?" she asked.

"God yes!" I exclaimed.

"That your lips were clamped around mommy's aroused nipples?"

"Oh my God, yes! I wanna suck your tits so bad!" I answered, beside myself with lust. "Mmm, take me to bed then, baby."

We entered mom and dad's bedroom and my excitement level nearly went through the roof, as we moved to the bed. Countless times over the last several years I had heard my parents screwing in here, and every time, I wished more than anything that I could switch spots with my father. Now here I was, about to make my dreams come true.

Mom gazed at me, her pretty blue eyes glazed over with excitement. "Throw me on the mattress baby! Suck my big titties while you fuck me better than I've ever been fucked on this bed!"

It was a tall challenge, but one I gladly accepted. I clutched mom at the waist, as she loosened her grip on me, then I tossed her onto the big bed with relative ease. She let out a playful scream, landing on her back, so her oversized tits teetered up and down from the impact.

She splayed her sexy thighs, spreading her legs open wider than I ever imagined she could.

Her wonderful pink aura matched the same color of the horny wet slit between her legs. Mom held out her hands. "Come on! Come stick your cock in me!" she said, in that same loving voice I had grown up hearing.

I pounced on top of her, like a hungry lion. Mom immediately wrapped her lovely legs around me, high on my back. My cock sunk to heaven, while I gobbled up as much tit-flesh as I could, pressing my face down into the spongy meat of mom's jiggling boob.

"Oh Andy! Yess!" Mom cried out passionately.

"**HOLY FUCKING WOW!**" my horny brain screamed, as I fucked and sucked at the same time. Mom's entire lush body vibrated exquisitely beneath me. The grip of her legs felt warm and welcoming around me. Every day since I hit puberty I would stare at her sculpted legs and wonder what it would be like to be between them. Now here they were, spread wide open, doing what a mom's legs were made to do.

I felt her long nails clutch my bobbing ass. "Yess! Fuck me harderrr!" she cried out.

I put some extra speed and force in my thrusts, pumping my boner through the snug rubbery sleeve of mom's vagina. I could tell she liked my tempo, by the way she was panting breathlessly and tightening up. Our crotches smacked together wetly, and mom and dad's bed rocked and creaked from our wild fuck-rhythm.

"Yess! Just like that! Ohh your boner, baby!!" Mom cried out, clearly impressed with what my cock was doing to her.

I could hardly breath, my face was plastered so deeply into her tit-flesh. My mouth was gorged with as much tit as I could possible take in. I was pretty sure it was at least her entire areola. Her nipple was huge and engorged, and I swathed my wet tongue all over it, snarling like a dog as I sucked at the mouthful of distended flesh.

Mom suddenly threw her arms back against the mattress and arched her back from the bed. "Ohhh fuck yess!" she screamed, clearly reaching the peak of another mind-blowing orgasm.

Mom's nipple popped from my mouth, wet and swollen. I learned a trick from watching porn, and decided to try it out, hooking my arms under mom's arched back, moving upright into a crouched position and thrusting at her that way.

Mom let out a loud ear-piercing cry, and I felt her pussy start to cream around my cock. Apparently she was liking the adjustment as much as I hoped she would. I watched her toss her pretty hair around, gasping and whimpering as she came. With her chest still thrust up, her giant boobies rolled all around wildly from our humping motions.

She reach up and pulled me back down on top of her, bowing her legs wide, giving me plenty of room to work. We kissed, and our tongues twirled together frenziedly. I grasped her shoulders, giving me more leverage, so I could really spear my boner deep. I wanted her to feel it fucking her deeper than any man ever had.

"Ohh baby, right there!" she gasped, feeling engorged bell knock on her cervix.

Whether dad or any other guy had ever hit the back wall of her pussy, I didn't know, but obviously that was as deep as I could get. Now I just wanted to pound my initials into it.

"Ohhh yeah!!" I sighed, fucking her with everything I had. I could feel the big purple bell of my cock kissing the pouting lips to the entrance of the womb that once held me. Her cunt-tube became tighter and tighter around me, making the sensations around my cock even more intense.

"Oh my God, you're amazing!!" Mom cried out, which was music to my ears.

I lifted my head and looked down at her pretty face. I had never seen it like this...masked with sexual pleasure. Our eyes communicated our love for each other, and how magical this

moment was. Mom tightened her cunt muscles, and I flexed my cock in response. She did it again, and so did I, making my cock swell and stretch her lining out even more. It was like we were communicating back and forth with our genitals.

"Your bigger than I ever dreamed you'd be," she gasped. "Do you like it?" I asked with pride, still fucking steadily. "Do I ever! Your father never packed my pussy this full!"

I smiled back at her. Feeling confident and anxious to show her just how hard I could pound her. "Wanna cum again?" I asked.

Mom looked into my eyes adoringly. "Uh huh!" she muttered innocently. "Will you hook my legs over your shoulders?"

"Gladly!" I said.

Mom propped her lovely legs way back limberly, and I rested them against my shoulders. Now I literally had her folded in half, and began to double the pace of my fuck-thrusts. I looked up to see her sexy, dainty bare feet pointed back toward the headboard, and bobbing around from the power of my thrusting. A lewd smacking sound filled the bedroom, from my balls beating steadily against her ass. The feel of her squeezing, vibrating cunt-tube was beginning to resonate through my cock, and even my nuts.

"Ohh I love it! I love it soo fucking much!" my mother cried out beneath me.

I looked over and saw a family picture on the bedroom wall. It was taken while we were on vacation, when I was only thirteen. Even my sister was in the picture, since she hadn't moved out yet. Mom and dad knelt on the floor, and we stood behind them, all looking happy as a family unit. My hand was on mom's shoulder, and her hand tenderly resting on mine.

This was about the time I began lusting after mom sexually. I vividly remembered looking at her that day and wondering what she would be like in bed. How would her body move? What would she sound like? Would I be shocked at some of the nasty things I would see her do and say?

I looked back at her beneath me. Here she was. In spirit form yes, but it was still mom. Still the one in the picture, holding my hand. Those questions from my youth were now being answered.

"How did she move?" I asked myself. "More wonderful than I could ever imagine.She moved with the skill and experience of a middle-aged woman, pumping her meaty buns off the mattress, to meet my every thrust. Mom knew how to fuck! How to use her strong legs, her pussy, her fat tits, to give a man ultimate pleasure."

"How did she sound?" I again asked myself. "Like a sexual angel. I was listening to her make the most primitive sounds a woman makes, and every scream and cry, whimper and gasp, was absolutely beautiful."

In just five years I had gone from that silly curious boy, to a man. Now I was showing mom what that man could do. And even though, I was fucking this beautiful curvy woman, like only a man could, and our bodies were sweating and writhing, and humping passionately, I knew I was still her little Andy.

Mom legs left my shoulders and scissored open into a huge wide spread-eagle, with her sexy feet still pointing back. "Oh my God!" I muttered, gazing up with dreamy eyes at the way her incredibly luscious legs were spread so far apart.

Mom placed her hands on my cheeks lovingly, gazing up at me. "Do you like the way they spread for you baby? Do you like the way I spread my legs way open, so you can mount me like a man, and fuck me hard?! "Oh God yess!"

Mom gazed at me pleadingly, her huge round tits rolling up and down her chest. "Ohh Andy, give it to me as hard as you can! Make me gush my love-juice on your cock again!" she panted.

My balls beat against her upturned ass like crazy, as I fucked her with every ounce of energy I had.

This times when mom came, I did too. "Ohh shit! Fuuuuck!" I cried out, feeling my cock swell so much that I thought it might pop off my balls.

For five mind-blowing minutes, Mom and I sang an orgasmic duet of grunts and whimpers and cries, as we squirted out our cum-juices together, bathing my plunging boner in the hot liquid product of our passionate union.

"I love you!" Mom's voice whispered.

I suddenly felt as though I was somehow melting into her body, then found myself alone, face down on my parent's mattress. I lifted my head and looked around. "Mom?" I called, but got no response. She was gone again.

I stayed there for a few minutes, replaying in my mind the awesome experience I'd just had. When I got up, I paused suddenly, and looked at the mirror of my parent's dresser. Something big was written across it in red lipstick. It was clearly a big W, but had a peculiar design to it.

"What does it mean, mom?" I asked out loud, but knew that perhaps it was just another image that had popped in her head, and even she didn't know what it meant.

I took a shower, then got dressed again. I was so consumed with putting the clues mom had given me together, and trying to make sense of them, that I completely forgot it was time for dad to come home.

"Who's the girl?" he asked, startling me as he stood in my doorway. "What?" I asked, confused at first by what he meant.

"The girl you had sex with...in my bed? You could have at least straightened up after, washed the sheets maybe," he said.

This felt completely awkward. "Yeah, sorry, dad... I just had sex with mom!" I thought, amusing myself. "Sorry, I was gonna clean up in there," I said, a bit embarrassed.

"Yeah, well, feel free to still do that. It looks like you guys had a water fight in there. It wasn't the girl you dated a few month ago, was it?"

"No, it wasn't her," I said, referring to the girl who got caught shoplifting, and I promised my parents I wouldn't date again.

"Well who was it then? Do I know her?" Dad asked.

I answered without thinking. "Yes. I mean, no! No, you don't know her." "Well, she has good taste in perfume," dad said.

"Perfume?"

"Yeah, I can still smell her perfume in there. I don't remember what it's called, but I'm pretty sure your mom used to wear it," dad said.

"Oh, um...interesting." I muttered, laughing my ass off inside. "So what's with the big drawing on the mirror?" he asked.

Along with the mess on the bed, I'd forgot about the drawing also. My mind quickly scrambled for an explanation. "Oh, yeah that, um...sorry, we were playing some pictionary after," I lied.

I could tell dad knew I was full of shit. "Pictionary huh?"

"Yeah, she drew that design on the mirror, and I had no clue what it was." "Yeah, I've seen it somewhere before," dad muttered, making

my eyes light up.

"You have? Where?" I asked, hoping dad could give some insight to the clue mom left. "I can't recall off the top of my head. It'll come to me though," he said.

"When it does, will you let me know?"

"Of course. So um, since **I APPARENTLY** let you use my bed, I have a favor to ask of you," dad said.

"Ok," I muttered curiously.

"Maxine's coming over in a little while. We're gonna order some Chinese, and watch a movie on demand. I'd like you to join us."

"Join you? Why?" I asked, not liking this idea at all.

"Just as an act of good will. She thinks you hate her, so by you joining us, and being a little cordial, it would show her that's really not the case," dad explained.

I was more than a little pissed that dad asked me to do this, but then again I did just fuck his diseased wife's spirit, in their marital bed, so I couldn't be too upset.

Dad continued to try to sell me on the idea. "Look, I don't expect her to be your favorite person, but could you at least be civil, and spend some time in the same room as her?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess, but don't expect me to be Mr. sociable around her." "Fair," dad said.

As promised, I cleaned up the bed in dad's room, and washed off the mirror. I was in the living room with a big fake smile when Maxine arrived. My demeanor soon changed though when I saw what she was wearing. Her blouse was an American flag design, and

the bottom hem had that torn, tattered-look, like some cheesy eighties rock band t-shirt.

"A tattered American flag!" I thought, looking at her suspiciously. "Oh my God, it was one of mom's clues. Did this bitch have something to do with Mom's death?"

This definitely made for an even more awkward evening that it would have originally been. Of course, dad's new 'motor-mouth' girlfriend was constantly trying to engage me in conversation, but I mostly gave simple, one-word answers, hoping she'd get the hint.

The movie they chose was a boring drama, but I endured it the best I could. Near the end of the film, as I sat there on the opposite end of the couch as them, I sensed a presence next to me. "Where's '**YOUR**' date?" I heard mom whisper in my ear.

This time I couldn't see her, and with good reason, since dad and Maxine were sitting right there. "Sounds like she just arrived," I whispered.

"What?" Dad asked, as him and Maxine peered over at me.

"Sorry, I was just talking to myself," I said, realizing If I was gonna stay here, I'd have to let mom do all the talking.

"She looks a bit nerdy, doesn't she?" Mom asked, referring to Maxine. "And your dad always loved my big tits. I'm surprised he would settle for such a downgrade."

I started snickering, and dad and Maxine looked over at me again. "Sorry," I muttered, "this part just reminds me of a comedy I saw once."

Mom whispered in my ear again. "Wouldn't it be something...if I sucked your cock right here in front of him," she said.

I was amazed, and terrified at the same time, as I felt mom reach down, unzip my pants and begin massaging my cock. I quickly grabbed the blanket that was draped across the back of the couch. "It's a little cold in here," I said, quickly covering my crotch.

"Ohh, I can feel it getting so hard!" Mom whispered. "A nice stiff boner to stuff down mommy's throat."

I sighed excitedly, trying not to draw attention to myself. Mom's hot words wern't helping any.

"Mmm, you want me to run my long tongue all over thar big juicy knob, baby?" she whispered. "Drag it all the way down your thick boner, and across your big cum-filled balls?"

I didn't speak this time, just gave mom a subtle nod. The way she was massaging my cock was amazing. I didn't know how the hell she was gonna pull off a blowjob, without dad and Maxine noticing, but apparently mom had a plan. "Slouch so your ass rests near the edge of the couch. I'm gonna suck your dick and swallow all your cum!" she whispered.

I did as mom asked, trying to adjust myself as naturally as possible, so it didn't appear as though I was up to something. The blanket was still draped across my lap and legs. It was a good thing it was, because I felt my shorts and briefs being pulled down to my ankles.

In order to avoid her head being seen bobbing up and down beneath the blanket, Mom tilted my boner down between my legs, so she could give me head in a horizontal manner, with raising suspicion. Her mouth felt exquisite, as it shrouded nearly half my cock in wet warmth.

I did my best to stay quiet, but as mom started fucking her mouth on my cock, and twirling her tongue around my nob, I couldn't help but let out a vocal response. "Wow!" I sighed.

Dad and Maxine both looked over at me, and I glanced at them. "Sorry, it's just a really good movie!" I lied.

"It's ok," dad said.

"I have a feeling it's gonna just get better and better!" I said, of course, referring to mom's blowjob, and not the movie.

My feeling was correct. I felt my cock slip into mom's throat and she let out a few lewd gurgling sucks, as her lips mashed up against my cock-hilt.

Maxine must have heard mom's throaty sounds, because she looked over at me weirdly. I looked back at her, acting a bit embarrassed. "Sorry, that's just my stomach growling. I guess I didn't get enough to eat."

Mom continued to suck earnestly on my boner, and this time dad looked over. "You're not kidding! Your stomach **IS** making some weird sounds. Go eat some more take-out, there's plenty left in there," he said.

"As soon as I shoot a wad down mom's throat, dad!" I wickedly thought.

That moment wasn't far away. Mom now had her hand wrapped around the base of my boner, and was beating my meat into her mouth. It was hands down the most intense blowjob I had ever gotten, and I had no idea how I was gonna stay quiet once I started cumming.

"Oh shit!" I suddenly said out-loud, feeling my balls tighten up.

"What's wrong?" Dad asked.

"I think I'm getting a cramp in my leg!"

"Stand up and and walk it off!" he suggested, but I didn't dare.

"Hold on!" I sighed, with a shaky voice, feeling mom's tongue lash wildly on my knob, as she sucked relentlessly. "Ohhhh shit!" I cried out, hoping they'd see pain on my face, and not pleasure. "Ohhh!"

"Are you ok, Andy?" Maxine said, reaching over and touching my shoulder in concern.

"Yes, just feels good!" I grunted by mistake, feeling the hot pulses of cum being pulled out by mom's warm sucking mouth.

"Feels good?" she asked.

"No, I mean hurts, but it's getting better!" I muttered, feeling mom suck the final few squirts of jizz from my cock.

"Your dad's right! Maybe you should get up and walk it off. We can pause the movie," she suggested.

"No, no, it's ok. I'm good now!" I sighed, slumping back against the cushions of the couch and feeling mom's mouth slip off my cock.

A few seconds later, mom's lips were back at my ear. "Did you like that baby? Did you like the way mommy sucked your big fat cock, right here in front of your father, and his nerdy new girlfriend?" she asked seductively.

"Uh-huh," I muttered, not really caring at this point if dad and Maxine heard me or not.

"Next time you'll cum in my hot wet pussy, with my big titties swinging in your face," her voice hissed in my ear.

I nodded, showing that I liked that idea very much.

"Will you suck my tits when we fuck, baby? Will you suck mommy's thick nipples, like you did when you were a baby?" she seductively

asked.

"Yess!" I sighed.

"Yes what?" Dad asked, looking over at me.

I decided to be a smart-ass. "Yes, I wanna do some things I did when I was little. You know, take a trip down mammary lane," I said.

"You mean, um, memory lane?" Maxine asked, trying to correct me.

I just giggled and didn't respond.

"Are you sure you're Alight tonight?" Dad asked. "Oh yeah, dad, I'm just fine."

I felt Mom's wet tongue lick all over my ear teasing, then it suddenly went away, as the movie ended and the credits began rolling. I was happy to see that mom didn't leave any trace of my jizz behind for them to step on. That would have been a tough one to explain. She had swallowed every drop, just like she said she would.

The next day my sister came over, and we had a serious family sit-down with dad. If there was something him and Maxine were hiding, we wanted to know, before we witnessed dad getting hauled off in handcuffs.

"Look, I know there's been detectives asking a lot of questions, but I can assure you guys, that both myself and Maxine had nothing to do with your mother's death," dad assured us.

My sister clearly wasn't as convinced as I was. "Dad, how much do you really know about this Maxine lady? If she's psycho enough, she could have killed mom just to be with you," Tami said.

"She didn't kill, mom, ok?! Maxine doesn't have a mean bone in her body."

"Oh really?! Are you aware she was arrested several years ago, for the domestic assault of her ex-husband?" Tami said.

I looked back at dad, waiting for his response. That was something pretty incriminating. My sister threw another good point at him.

"If she'll overpower a grown man, then what makes you think she wouldn't overpower mom?" she said.

"First of all, I knew all about that. Maxine was honest about her past, and told me there was a lot of abuse it that relationship. It doesn't excuse physical aggression, but she does feel bad about what happened."

"Ok, that still doesn't mean she couldn't have done something to mom," Tami pointed out.

"Secondly, Maxine couldn't have attacked your mother, because she was with me at the time of the accident," dad said.

"You keep saying 'accident' dad. They're saying that this was no accident. That mom may have been killed," I reminded him.

"I know, all I'm saying is that Maxine and I were together at the time, and had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, that's right, 'together' on the mysterious lunch break," my sister said. "The one the detectives can't seem to find any proof of you two taking together."

Dad lowered his head shamefully. "I was...dishonest with the detectives at first, I'll admit. Maxine and I wern't out to lunch...but we were together," dad confessed.

"In the back seat of your car right? So you didn't kill mom, but **YOU WERE** cheating on her?"

"Look, all I can say is I'm sorry. I'm sorry I cheated, and I'm sorry you guys had to find out this way, but **THAT IS** why I lied to the detectives at first...to try to keep you two from finding out," dad explained.

"How kind of you!" My sister said sarcastically.

"Were things that bad between you and mom?" I asked, not ever remembering my parents fighting at all.

"No," dad answered. "Maxine and I just hit it off, and...one thing led to another."

Tami glared at my dad. "I don't know much about the afterlife, but I certainly hope there's a guy right now giving mom all the attention she deserves," she said, then looked over at me and winked knowingly.

Dad was done hanging his head in shame and looked up at us. "So I want you both to know, that we are cooperating with detectives, and I'm just as determined as you are to find out what really happened to your mother," he said.

Tami peered over at me and rolled her eyes as dad got up.

"I have to do a conference call for work, but I'm really glad we had this chat," dad said. He started to walk off, but stopped suddenly and looked at me. "Oh, and before I forget...Wyden Brothers!"

"Wyden Brothers?" I said back, confused by what he meant.

"The design your lady friend wrote on the mirror yesterday. It's a W...for Wyden Brothers lumber yard across town. They went out of

business a couple years ago, but I think they still rent out space in the building," he explained.

"Oh, um...thanks," I answered, then looked at my sister. I could tell we were both thinking the same thing.

"Wanna take a drive?" Tami asked.

"Let's do it!" I answered.

We got in her car and drove across town, to an old industrial area. Before long we pulled up in front of the old Wyden Brothers Lumber yard. There, on the building, was the same logo mom had drawn on the mirror. "That definitely the same thing she drew. It's even red, like the red lipstick she used," I pointed out.

"We should go in," my sister suggested. "Go in? Can we do that?"

"Let's just see if the door's open. Dad said they're renting out parts of the building. Maybe there's someone in there we can talk to," she said.

"And say what, that our dead mother drew the old company logo on the mirror, after she had sex with me?" I said.

My sister looked at me and laughed. "Mom clearly wanted us to come out here. Let's go find out why," Tami said, then got out of the car.

Surprisingly, we found the door open, and went inside. There were several doors along a long eerie hallway. We could hear the sound of someone using a table saw, from somewhere in the building. "Ok, this is definitely starting to give me horror movie vibes!" I said.

My sister giggled. "Would you relax. Let's just snoop around a little," she suggested.

I had always been the skittish one in the family. My sister was like mom...scared of very little. The sawing sound seemed to get louder the further we went. Suddenly, I saw something that made me stop dead in my tracks. "Holy shit!" I exclaimed.

"What?" she asked.

There, displayed above the door at the end of the hall, was an old tattered American flag. We both looked at each other, realizing we were most definitely on the right track. My sister waisted no time going over to the door and opening it. "Coming?" she asked, looking back at me.

Inside the room was a workshop area, with a lot of old tools scattered about. The table saw was pretty loud now, clearly coming from somewhere within the large workspace. My sister and I nosed around. It didn't take me long to find the third piece of the puzzle...**A VIDEO CAMERA**. It was laying there among all the junk tools, like it had been discarded.

"Tami, I found it!" I said, perhaps a little too loudly.

She rushed over, and the table saw suddenly shut off in the other room.

"Let's take it and get out of here," my sister suggested. I think her imagination was getting the best of her as well. Like me, she probably imagined a Michael Myers type character barging in from the next room and chasing us with a chainsaw.

"We got as far as the door, then heard a rough male voice. "Can I help you?" he asked.

Tami and I froze in our tracks, and gazed across at the figure of a man as he entered the light. "Tami? Andy? What are you guys doing here?" The figure asked. **IT WAS OUR UNCLE PHIL**. "Uncle Phil?! What are **YOU** doing here?" my sister asked.

"When I moved back to town, I rented out some space here...for my cabinet making," my uncle said, then looked at the video recorder in my hands. "Why do you have that camera?"

"What's a camera doing here...with all these old tools?" Tami asked in a suspicious tone.

My Uncle looked like he was at a loss of words. "Why don't you let me have that, ok?" he said, stepping towards us.

We watched him slowly creep towards us. Never in my life had I felt intimidated by my uncle, until now.

"Andy, play the tape!" my sister said.

"Andy, no!" my uncle said, closing the distance between us. "The camera's broken, just hand it over!"

I pushed play on the camera, as my sister suggested, and my uncle froze suddenly. The monitor of the camera lit up, showing a familiar image. It was my parent's bedroom, and my mom was being secretly videotaped undressing, from someone in the doorway. She suddenly noticed the individual peeping in on her. "Phil, what the fucking are you doing?" Mom asked, trying to cover herself.

We heard Uncle Phil answer from behind the camera. "I was just...um, this isn't what it looks like."

"Like hell it's not!" Mom said, moving towards him. "Give me the fucking camera!"

There was an obvious struggle, as mom tried to wrestle the camera from my uncle. It must have gotten ugly, because we heard my mom scream, and caught a flash of her smacking violently against the wall, before the recording stopped.

Tami glared at my uncle Phil in disgust. "And then you threw her down the stairs...to make it look like an accident, right?! she asked.

My sister's word registered in my brain, and I glared at Uncle Phil. "**HOLY SHIT! YOU KILLED MY MOM!" I** exclaimed.

"Your mother and I were in love!" my uncle shouted. "Your father stole her from me!"

"That was over twenty fucking years ago!" my sister shouted back. "And my father didn't steal anyone! My mom left you!"

"Yeah, she left me...for my own brother! Do you realize how shitty that was?!" My uncle asked, then he picked an iron bar up off the junk table, and held it in a threatening manner. "I can't let you leave here with that camera!"

Then, my sister surprised both of us by pulling a handgun from her purse, and pointing it at my uncle. "Come get it...I fucking dare you!"

Realizing he wasn't taking the camera without taking a bullet, my uncle threw the bar down, then dropped to his knees and began weeping. My sister looked over at me, without the least bit of sympathy for him. "Call the police!" she said.

They say love makes a man do crazy things, and my uncle Phil was proof of that. His obsession for mom led to his demise, and he would soon be spending his remaining days in prison.

A week later, I was suppose to meet dad and Maxine for dinner at a restaurant, but my favorite lady showed up at the house, so I decided to stay home. There were two enormous boobs swinging around my face when dad called. "Hey dad!" I answered, putting him on speaker phone.

"Hey, I though you were meeting us for some Italian tonight?" he asked.

"Yeah, sorry, I should have called. My girlfriend popped by for a visit," I said, looking up into Mom's beautiful smiling face. It was framed in by that brilliant pink hue, and she looked like a Goddess.

"A visit huh? In **YOUR** bed I hope? Seems like every time I come home lately the two of you have completely wrecked **MY** bed," he said.

Mom and I giggled. It was true we had done some serious lovemaking in dad's bed, but it technically still belonged to mom also, so I didn't feel so bad. The truth was, we hadn't played in just in their room. By now, Mom and I had fucked all over the house.

"Don't worry, we're on **MY** bed this time," I answered. That was the truth. I was on my back sprawled in the center of my bed, and mom was riding me in the cowgirl position. I loved looking down and seeing her shaved crotch mashed against mine, grinding up and back.

"Yeah, I can tell. That damn squeak has been waking me up at night here lately," dad said, referring to my squeaking bed frame, and mom and I's late night humping.

Mom's huge dangling boobs were still brushing softly on my face, swinging heavily from our steady fucking. I licked across her fat nipple playfully, making her smile down at me. "Sorry, we'll by some grease for it or something," I said, even though I had no intention of doing such thing.

"Thanks," dad said.

Mom sat upright, and put on a pouty face, rubbing the fake tears from her eyes as she mocked dad. This made me snicker. My eyes traveled up her rocking torso, to the two enormous melons jutting

from her chest. Just the sight of them, especially from this angle, made my tongue nearly hang out of my mouth. Her nipples were big and erect, protruding from the rings of her wide puffy areola. I could search every college campus in the country and probably never find a girl with knockers like these. "Damn!" I muttered out loud.

"So when do I get to meet this mystery girl?" Dad asked.

"This is no girl dad. '**THIS**' is a woman," I said, looking up into Mom's eyes, while I reached up and sunk my fingers into her fleshy tits.

"Ohh, a woman! Chasing an older lady, are you?"

"Well, actually, she's kinda been chasing me," I said, making mom smile and nod as she stared down at me over the swell of her big bobbling boobies.

"Awe, so you have a cougar pouncing on you, do you?" Dad joked.

His words made mom drop down on top of me, mashing her squishy knockers against my bare chest. She brought her lips down and made a sexy growling cougar sound in my ear, then bit the lobe playfully.

"Ohhh!" I sighed, then pumped my cock up into her dreamy cunt, feeling her inner rings squeezing and sucking on my dick.

"Sounds like I should let you two love-birds go. I'll be staying at Maxine's place, so I won't be home tonight," my father said.

"Perfect!" I muttered, "bye, dad!"

I hung up the phone and mom lifted her head enough to look into my eyes, with a quirky smile. "Your girlfriend huh?" she asked. "Is that what I am now, your sex-hungry spirit-girlfriend?"

"I know I'm good with that title...if you are?"

"Well, I still want you to go to college, but I could certainly make it worth you making that hour drive to class everyday, if you chose to stay living here," she suggested.

It definitely took no convincing, but I wanted to play a little hard to get, so I could hear mom sell me on the idea. "And how would you make it worth it?" I asked.

Her lips curled into a naughty smile. "By letting you fuck **ALL** my holes, that's how," she said. "Even your ass?" I asked, eager for more details.

"Especially my ass!" she said, her eyes lighting up. "Wow! Tami didn't tell me you liked anal sex."

"Well, a woman doesn't share all her secrets, at least not with her daughter," Mom said, then flexed her cunt muscles around me. "But with her sexy big-dicked son, there's **NOTHING** I won't share."

With that, mom lifted her pussy from my cock. I could feel her wet secretions dripping down my boner. She lifted herself slightly from my chest, reaching back and grasping my hardon with her fingers.

Her mammoth boobs were dangling teasingly close to my face, so I tilted my head up, burying my face deep in her creamy cleavage. I felt her drag my sensitive knob back and forth across the ring of her butthole, wetting her anal lips with my precum. Then, she squeezed me inside her, and I felt my foreskin pulled all the way back as I slipped into her tight vibrating rectum.

"Ohh damn!" I groaned in sheer delight, feeling her anal walls expand around my thick meat. "Ohh, baby, you feel so good in my ass!" Mom whimpered.

I felt her ass squeeze and pucker around me, as it adjusted to my size. I backed out a couple inches, then speared forward, determined to bury all of my boner inside her exquisite ass.

Finally, I felt her stretched asshole nuzzle snuggly against my cock-hilt. "Ohh, mom! Ohh damn, that's all of you," I sighed, flexing my cock inside her.

She responded by squeezing the muscled ring of her anal sphincter around me. "Mmm, yes, baby...and now mommy's gonna ride you, and pump your cock off with her ass," she said.

Mom humped her meaty buttocks up and down, spearing my cock through her ass-tube. It felt insanely good! I kissed the insides of her cleavage, loving the way her big knockers bumped around softly on both sides of my face.

"Come on, baby...fuck my ass!" Mom shouted, clearly wanting some hard, boner-grinding anal sex.

I complied by pumping my butt off the mattress, beating my crotch against mom's naked bubble-butt. My dick plummeted through her gripping ass-tunnel, feeling the rubbery inner lining mold to every contour of my prick, as it plunged through her.

"Ohh damn your ass feels good, mom!" I muttered, with an excited shiver in my voice.

"Do you like it, baby?" she panted. "Do you like having your cock buried up the ass that you like to always stare at so much?"

"Yes, it's like a dream come true," I confused, continuing to pump my cock steadily into her.

"Mm, fucking my asshole, while your face is buried between mommy's titties!" Mom giggled. "You must be in heaven baby!"

I gave the inside of one of her spongy melons a big wet kiss. "Yes!' I sighed.

It was true. I couldn't imagine heaven being much better than this. Speaking of heaven, I wondered if this was mom's 'heaven,' having sex with me, and living out the naughtiest sexual fantasies she had when she was alive. Something told me it was.

"Roll over on top of me!" she panted.

I did as she asked, rolling mom over onto her back and keeping my cock deeply imbedded in her ass. She hooked her lovely naked legs high up around my back, tilting her buns up, giving me a good angle to keep pounding away at it.

"Ohhh yeah!" I whimpered, plugging away at her fleshy ass, delighted by the new friction this placed on my prick, as it dug through her ass-tract.

"You like it baby boy? You like what my ass is doing to your cock?" Mom asked.

"Do I ever!" I muttered, feeling her anal walls squeeze and vibrate around my meaty boner, making my knob tingle.

"Ohh me too!" Mom cried, with a cute quivering voice. "You're gonna make my pussy cum, with your cock up my asshole!"

"Yess!" I muttered triumphantly, boring into her even faster, determined to make her scream and cum hard.

Seconds later, I got my wish, feeling mom's big-titted body tremble beneath me. I could feel her shit-tube contracting around my cock, making it impossible for my not to explode as well.

"**OHH FUCK, MOM, I'M CUMMING!!"** I announced, humping frantically. "Yess! Ohhh yesss!! Cum up my ass!" she cried out.

"Ohhh!!" I moaned, feeling my cock hose out big gobs of cum deep inside her rectum.

Mom and I milked this one out as long as we could, humping and writhing together for what had to be ten mind-blowing minutes. I loved feeling her lush body clutch onto me, her big boobs sloshing around between us

We kissed passionately, while continuing to hump together in a steady butt-fucking rhythm. I should have been completely drained, but I wasn't. I wanted to keep fucking her, and I could tell mom wanted the same.

My cock slipped from her ass, and mom reached down and greedily shoved it in her cunt. She gazed up at me with her beautiful blue eyes, her face beaming with sexual excitement. "I wanna fuck you forever!" she said, making my cock flex inside her.

I nodded, eager to accept her wish. "Deal," I muttered.

Mom pulled me down and we made-out like two long lost lovers. I set my hips in motion and fucked the royal shit out of her, cumming twice more before we were finished that night. I couldn't count the number of times mom came, soaking my cock each time.

"Oh Andy, I love you and your big cock so much!" Mom cooed, as we held each other in post orgasmic bliss, her giant spongy tits plastered against me.."Thank you for figuring out the mystery of my death, but most of all, thank you for being such an incredible lover."

"My pleasure, Mom," I said.

"Yes, my pleasure literally!" I thought. Of course I missed mom in her physical form, but her spirit self was pretty fucking amazing, and would allow me to live out **MY** wildest fantasies, as well as hers... forever!

THE END

Heaven

by klrxo

I woke in a sea of light. The pungent smell was familiar to me and it was everywhere. The sound was a deep moaning, like thousands, maybe millions of voices crying out with pleasure. What was this place? I sat up, finding myself surrounded by a thick mist...and **WOMEN**. Naked women, and lots of them. They all stared at me like a pack of hungry wolves surrounding thier prey. I moved to the edge of the enormous bed where I lay. It was then that I realized I was young again, not much older than 18 and I too was completely naked.

One of the women stepped forward and came to me. I recognized her. It was my mother. She was glorious to behold and had to be in her late 30's. The age she was when I was a teen. I gaped at her enormous breasts, swaying back and forth as she stode towards me. Her legs were long and milky white, her snatch concealed by a thick coat of dark pubic hair. Stopping before me, she stared in to my eyes and gave me that warm glowing motherly smile I remember.

"Welcome to your heaven, my love. We're here to please you...forever." She said.

Other women began to come forward, all the same age as my mother. I knew each of them. They were women from my life. In the first group was my wife, who died several years before me. With her was her mother and my wife's two twin sisters. The women in her family were all big breasted women and as I watched the pounds of jiggling tit-flesh move towards me, my cock began to rise. They surrounded me. My mother and my wife's mother smiled wickedly at one another, acknowledging my legthening dick. I looked at my wife's twin sisters as they giggled, staring me down like sex-crazed

nymphos. This shocked me a bit. They were both happily married women with large families. In fact, most all these women were, but now they all seemed focused on one thing, getting thier hands on me.

The next group came forward, which included my three sister-in-laws and thier daughters, all increadibly beautiful women who I never dreamed I be seeing completely exposed like this. With them were my two grandmothers.

The next group contained aunts and cousins followed by women whom I had worked with and known for various reasons throughout my life. Finally, I had a group of close to fifty women surrounding me on all sides. Tits and ass in all shapes and sized. I suddenly realized that each one of these women I at one time in my life had wondered what it would be like to fuck. I had a feeling I was about to find out.

Women giggled and whispered as they watched my awkwardness. I looked at my oldest brother's wife and she stared back at me, rolling her tongue across her lips. My grandmother stared at my erection hungrily and one of my cousins standing next to her did the same, gritting her teeth like a sex-starved whore. The pungent swell of wet cunt burned my nostrils. One of my aunts glared into my eyes silently mouthing her intent.

"I'm gonna fuck you so good!"

Suddenly, hands began to push me onto the bed and within seconds I found myself buried in women. I felt a warm wet mouth swallow my cock to the balls and looked down to see my mother greedily nursing my swollen prick. Tongues flailed around my balls and chest, anxiously waiting thier turn. I felt soft, pillowly tit-flesh pressed against my body, stiff nipples craping across my skin. My mother-in-laws hairy muff decsended upon my face and I was smothered in a moist fleshy twat. I sucked her fat clit into my mouth and began to

nurse. A mouth replaced my mother's and sucked hard and fast, tongue rolling around my mushroom tip. Then I felt what must have been a dozen wet tongues flailing eagerly. Every inch of my cock was being licked and probed, tongues dueling with one another like hungry snakes, fighting for position on my meat. Then my sister-in-law worked her lips over the head of my dick and orally fucked my shaft down into her hungry gullet. Another cunt replaced my mother-in-law's on my face. I knew it was my wife's.

It wasn't long before mouths were replaced by pussies. One cunt after another rode my prick, some tight, others loose, but each one unique. It wasn't long before my balls were soaked in the juices of our incestual fuck.

Time stood still. I fucked and came and fucked again. I was, it seemed, in this place called heaven, a fucking machine. In this wonderful place, not a second would pass that my cock wasn't fucking the mouth, cunt or ass of one of these beautiful women. I would cum in buckets and never tire. There could be no greater feeling than seeing your mother scream with orgasm, again and again as I worked my cock deep within her pouch. No greater feeling than listening to your balls beat against your brother's wife's ass as your lay between her outstretched legs humping your meat in and out of her most sacred place. Married women, fucking and sucking on my swollen pole...forever. This was indeed heaven!

HOW MOM
MADE HIM
STATE CHAMP
by KLRXO

How Mom made him State Champ

By Klrxo

The angry roar of screaming spectators filled the auditorium as they watched Jacob's opponent throw him to the mat.

Jacob fought to get out from under the other boy. He pushed and squirmed, but couldn't budge under the weight of the other wrestler. The ref dropped to the mat beside them, watching for the pin. Jacob knew he was in trouble.

The boy's parents jumped to their feet as they looked on. "Get up, Jacob!" his mom shouted. Even screaming, her soft little voice drowned out by the crowd. "Get up!"

Struggling like crazy to get out from under his opponent, Jacob peered over at his mom in the stands. She seemed to be doing a nervous little dance as she looked on, and Jacob couldn't help but notice how her big oversized boobies bounced heavily beneath her thin cotton sweater as she did this.

"What a time for a guy to have his mom's boobs on the brain," he thought.

It was true, eighteen year old Jacob Little was obsessed with big boobs and his mom had the most enormous rack of any mom he knew. Strangely, as he lay there, nearly pinned, he thought back on all the mornings that he sat at the breakfast table gawking at his mom's big wobbling wonders His mother's big braless tits under her thin silk robe, with their thick protuberant nipples poking out from beneath the fabric, were the source of many a morning hard-on.

SLAP!!! Jacob was suddenly jarred back into the present as the ref slapped the mat, announcing his defeat. The crowd sighed in disappointment. It was another lost match for the boy who wanted more than anything to be state champ...well, almost anything.

After the competition Jacob walked across the parking lot with his head hung low. His mom Michelle had her arm around him as they walked side by side.

His dad was nearby also, as they all walked towards the car somberly. "You'll get 'em next time, son. Keep your chin up," his father Bill said.

The four-inch heels of Michelle's sandals clicked daintily against the payment, drawing her son's attention. Jacob was in love with his mom's feet. He felt his cock stiffen at the mere sight of them. They were soft and dainty, with cute squatty little toes that were always freshly painted.Today they were painted bright red, to match his team colors. Michelle's high-heeled sandals consisted of a couple of tiny straps that crossed the foot, just above the toes. There were no straps in the back, leaving her sexy arched heels on open display.

Michelle wasn't oblivious to her son's fascination with her body. She had discussions with other moms, who's boys also seemed to take a strong interest in their curvaceous motherly bodies. They all dismissed it as just a normal phase that teenage boys go through.

While Jacob's father got in and unlocked the doors, Michelle stood facing her son. She left her hand on his shoulder, rubbing it tenderly. Even with her heels on, Jacob was few inches taller. "Hey," she said softly.

Jacob looked up into his mom's big brown eyes, which seemed to gleam with love as she gazed out from between a silky curtain of long dark hair. "Would a big hug help any?" she lovingly asked.

It was like candy to Jacob's ears. "Sure," he muttered.

Michelle stepped forward and gave her son a great big tit-squasher. Jacob's let out a quivering sigh as he felt his mom's huge meaty melons flatten against his chest.

The mother was no dummy. She knew her son was fascinated with her "little girls," as she liked to call them, although there was nothing "little" about them. She knew that by crushing their warm spongy softness against his chest as they embraced, she would be helping to sooth the disappointing loss.

As they broke their embrace, Michelle fed her son a knowing little smile, silently acknowledging how excited that just made him.

Jacob said very little the rest of the evening. He went straight to his room, where he became absorbed into the world of video games, to help take his mind off his embarrassing defeat.

Downstairs Jacob's father was watching a ballgame. Michelle tidied up the kitchen as she spoke to her big sister on her cellphone. "I don't know, I feel so bad for him, Gail. I mean, all he does is talk about wanting to be a state champion wrestler, but he hasn't won one match so far this year," she explained.

"Well, maybe he's just not motivated enough, sis. I mean, the accomplishment of being state champion is long term. Maybe he needs some short term rewards, to keep him motivated," Gail suggested.

"I could try that I suppose, but if doesn't involve video games he probably won't work for it," Michelle joked.

"Is there anything else you think he'd be willing to work for?" Gail asked.

"Well, he **IS** a teenager. A hot bubble bath with a big breasted cheerleader might do the trick,"

Michelle said with a giggle.

"Well, of course. What boy wouldn't work hard for something like that."

"Yeah, well, I might have a tough time arranging something like that for him," Michelle said.

"Maybe not. We both know how obsessed he is with **YOU**. Tell him that if a wins his next match, you'll take off your bra and show him your tits," Gail said in a matter-of-fact way.

"Are you crazy! Jesus Christ, Gail, he's my son!" Michelle giggled.

"Yes, and he's also a hormonal teenage boy who can't take his eyes off of those big boobs of yours. You told me so yourself," Gail said.

"Yes I did, and I fail to see how unclasping my bra in front of him is gonna help remedy that obsession any."

"We're not talking about providing a 'remedy' for that right now. Right now we're just talking about what you can do to provide some motivation for him to win," Gail said.

"Gail, I can't show him my tits."

"My God, sis, you are such a prude! They're just boobs. Do you want your son to win or not?" Gail asked incessantly.

"Of course I want him to win."

"Then think about it, Michelle. Most boys his age would crawl through a field of cactus to see a set of tits like yours, and if you don't show him yours, then maybe someone else will show him theirs." Gail said mischievously. "You're not the only one with big boobs you know?"

"No, you won't show him anything. I can handle this situation, thank you very much." Michelle said sternly.

"We'll, then handle it, little sister. Just try it and see if it makes a difference. If it doesn't, you can add it to my long list of bad ideas," Gail joked.

It wasn't until later that evening that Michelle decided to have a chat with her son. She had thought long and hard about what her sister had said, going back and forth in her mind. She finally arrived at a decision. "I always tell people I'd do anything to see my son win. Maybe it's time to put my money where my mouth is," she thought.

Jacob was still engrossed in video-game-land when he heard a light tap at his door. His mom poked her head in."Hey, sweetie, can I come in?" She asked.

"Yeah, sure, mom," Jacob said, pausing his game and sitting up. He watched his mom step into the room on bare feet. Michelle had changed into a short white silk robe, and he could tell by the way her breasts were gently bobbling, that she wasn't wearing a bra beneath it.

Michelle sat on the edge of the bed next to her son and Jacob took a second to admire her strong silky-smooth legs. "So when's your next match?" she curiously asked.

"This Friday at seven, but..." he started to say, then paused. "But what, sweetie?" she asked.

"I'm think I'm gonna quit the team."

Michelle reached out and took his hand, setting it on her lap. "No, you're not gonna quit the team," she said reassuringly.

"But, mom, I'm no good! I haven't won a single match this year. I used to want nothing more than to be state champ. Now I'd be

happy if I could just win once," he said, hanging his head.

Michelle's heart was breaking for her son. She squeezed his hand in hers. "Sweetie, look at me," she whispered.

Jacob forced himself to look at his mom. Her big brown eyes and fell ruby lips sent shivers up his spine as she spoke to him. "Right now you're a diamond in the rough. You want the reward of being the best, but being the best is still too far away. You need to take this one match at a time. Do all that you can to win that match, and then reward yourself for winning," she said.

"Reward myself. How do I do that?" he asked.

"Well, that's where mom might be able to help," she said, then took a second to formulate her words.

"Help how?"

"Believe it or not, your mother knows you a little better than you think she does. For example: I know that you keep a few pairs of my panties in your pillow case," she confessed, giving him a sly little smile.

Jacob began to blush a little. "How did you know that?" He asked.

"Mom's just know these things, honey," she said. "I also know that when a boy goes through puberty, any girl that crosses his path is eye candy...even his mom."

Jacob's face was getting redder by the second. His mom was reading him like a book, and there was no denying it.

Michelle smiled at him reassuringly. "I know there are parts of me that fascinate you...and they should. You wouldn't be a normal teenager if they didn't," she giggled understandably. "I want to see

you win more than anything, but I'm just simple homemaker, with not much to offer, except what's under this robe."

Jacob glanced down at the swell of his mom's enormous breasts and took a big anxious gulp as her comment lingered in the air.

Michelle gazed him in the eyes and smiled. "And a look at what's under this robe may not seem like much of a reward to some, but I have this feeling that you, Jacob Little, will do just about anything to see this robe slip off my shoulders. Am I right?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jacob muttered, nodding his head honestly. .

"So here's the deal. You do whatever you have to do to prepare for that fight on Friday. If you win, the robe comes off," she said.

"No bra either?" Jacob asked, his heart starting to race excitedly.. "No bra...no panties...just me, completely naked. Deal?" she asked.

"Yeah, deal, but...but what if I win the next two matches?" he asked, anxious to see how far she'd go.

"One match at a time, buster. Focus on the goal. Don't let yourself get distracted. I know you can do this," Michelle said confidently.

"God, mom, you're the best." Jacob said, his face beaming with anxiousness.

"One other thing," Michelle said. "This is private deal, between you and I. No one else needs to know about it, especially your father, understood?"

"Yes!" he muttered, then moved in for a hug and he was given another feel of his mother's squishy boobies.

"You better get to bed now. One part of being a successful athlete is proper rest," she reminded him..

"I know, goodnight, mom," he said.

"Good night, honey," she said as she stood up.

Jacob watched the meaty sway of her buttocks as she strode towards the door. Feeling his eyes on her, Michelle turned her head and smiled back at him.

"Thanks, mom.... Thanks for helping me," he said.

"Don't thank me yet. You have a match to win," she reminded him.

"Yeah, I know," he said, staring at the ceiling, wondering for the first time if he can truly pull off a victory this next match.

"Jacob," Michelle's soft voice said.

He looked over to find his mom still in the doorway. She was in a sexy little pose, resting her arm against the doorframe, which caused her enormous stiff-nippled tits to balloon outward. She stared back at him with confidence. "Be my champion!" she said.

Nothing else was said the next few days. Things went their usually way, but the only difference was Jacob trained his ass off. He impressed the hell out of the coach, working twice as hard as the other team members. He just hoped the extra effort would pay off come fight day.

When he got home his mom was busy doing housework. He watched her as he sat at the table eating a snack. Michelle had on a tight short-sleeve turtle neck that accentuated the enormity of her mommy-melons. Jacob could clearly see the outline of her bra and the bulging mounds of tit-flesh that were spilling out the tops of the cups. She also wore a sexy pair of low cut jeans that molded around the contours of her lush peach-shaped ass.. On her feet, of course, were a matching pair of dainty high heeled mules.

"Jacob, could you take your laundry up, honey," she asked.

"Sure, mom," he said, grabbing his basket of clean laundry and heading upstairs. While removing the clothes from the basket, he was surprised to find one of his mom's bras amongst his own laundry. He lifted it from the basket by one of it's thick straps. The white cups were huge and adorned with delicate lace. There was a sticky note inside one of them. Jacob took it out and read it. "Work hard and believe in yourself! Love Mom."

Jacob felt the bulge begin to form in his pants, as he studied the delicate silk detail on the bra. Then he looked at the tag, which read 38 **GG**. He smothered his face with one of the wonderfully large cups. He could smell his mom's sweet perfume. He couldn't help beating his dick to orgasm, imagining his mom's mammoth tits around his face.

Friday finally arrived and the day seemed to go by slowly for Jacob in anticipation of his fight. He started warm-ups with the team about 6:30pm, and soon after the fans began to trickle into the gymnasium. His parents arrived and took their usual seats on the bottom row of the bleachers. Michelle gave her son a smile and a cute little wave.

There were three matches before Jacob's, but finally the time came. As Jacob came to the center of the mat to face his opponent, he threw one last look his mom's way.

Michelle was looking at him intently. She gave him a little nod that said, "you can do it, baby.

Kick his ass!"

The ref yelled "fight" and in a matter of moments a body was thrown to the mat. The ref followed the wrestlers to the ground, and in only a few seconds, he slapped the mat and the fight was over.

The crowd roared as Jacob leaped to his feet...victorious!

Michelle's mouth hung open and she giggled and clapped in disbelief. She hoped her son would win, but didn't expect him to do it in such decisive fashion.

After the competition, Jacob's mom was the first fan on the floor. She practically ran to her son and threw her arms around him proudly. At that moment, Jacob was the envy of every cock-swinging male in that gymnasium.

"Oh honey, I'm so proud of you!" Michelle exclaimed.

"Thanks, Mom," her son said, all smiles as he shared a knowing look with her.

They went out for ice cream afterwards. Michelle sat in the backseat with her son and held his hand the entire ride. She was the proudest mom in town. When they arrived at the ice cream shack, Jacob's father asked what they wanted and got out to go get the ice cream. This left Jacob and his mom in the car alone.

"Hey, mom?" Jacob said. "Yes, honey?" she answered.

"Do you think you could show me now?" he asked, glancing down at the gaping cleavage bulging from the V-neck cotton top she was wearing..

"Here?" She asked, glancing out the window at her husband as he walked over to get in line. "Yeah, while dad's gone."

"He's so anxious, it'scute!" Michelle thought to herself. "But I can't possible show my naked body here. This is probably the worst possible place to get naked."

She looked at him and answered. "Well, you can have about thirty seconds now...or thirty minutes tonight after your father goes to

bed."

Even though he was incredibly excited to see his mom nude, he made the smarter choice. "I'll wait," he said, sitting back in his seat.

Michelle patted his leg. "That's what I thought you'd say," she giggled. She felt a little naughty, so she decided to provide her son with a small sampling.

"Don't worry, honey. It'll be worth the wait," she said, then tugged at her cotton top, making the

V-neck pull away from her chest, giving her boy a quick teasing look at the tops of her bra-encased tits.

"Wow!" he muttered, staring at all the bulging tit-meat spilling out the top of her bra. "Consider this an appetizer, before the main-course later," she said.

After arriving home Jacob hung around downstairs, as opposed to retreating to his room and playing video games, like he normally did. His father watched the end of a ballgame as his mom tidied up the kitchen.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, his dad got up from the couch. "Well, I'm gonna hit the sack. Long day of fishing tomorrow," Bill said.

"Good night, dad," Jacob said. "Good job tonight! Keep it up!"

"Thanks, dad," Jacob answered, feeling a little guilty knowing he was about to see his dad's wife naked.

Michelle met up with her husband at the bottom of the stairs. "Good night, honey," she said to Bill, giving him a peck on the lips.

"You coming up?" her husband asked her.

"No, not very tired. I think I'll stay up with Jacob for a while," she said.

When he heard his mom say this Jacob's cock began to fill with blood. His heart raced with excitement as he realized his mom was setting the stage for them to be alone, so she could expose her naked body to him, as promised.

Michelle came around and sat next to Jacob on the couch. "Wow, I'm not used to having you downstairs like this. You're usually consumed with those video games," she said.

"I'm just a little anxious I guess," he confessed.

Michelle giggled. It made a part of her feel wonderful knowing her son was that infatuated with her. "Well, I'm glad we were able to find something that motivated you to work so hard."

"Me too."

They heard the door close to the master bedroom upstairs. Michelle stood up and took her son's hand. "Looks like your wait is over. Let's go down to the guest bedroom," she said.

The busty mother led him downstairs to the basement. They entered a small bedroom at the bottom, and Michelle closed and locked the door behind them.

The guest bedroom had a queen-sized bed and a contemporary looking chair and ottoman in the corner.

"Go over and sit in the chair. I'll be over in just a sec," Michelle said.

Jacob complied, sitting down in the chair and watching as his mom turned on some soft music. It had an erotic beat to it, like porn music. With a sexy sway of her hips, Michelle slowly sashayed over to her son and sat on the ottoman just in front of him.

"I want you to know how proud I am of you. You not only won today, but you impressed the hell out of me," she confessed.

"Thanks."

She leaned forward, looking straight into his eyes. "Are you ready to see me in just my tits and ass?"

"Definitely ready!" the boy said eagerly.

"I want you to enjoy this. You earned it," Michelle said as she stood up and slowly began to roll her hips with the beat of the music. Jacob's mouth fell open as he gazed up at the most erotic thing he had ever seen in his life.

His mom stepped out of her heels and began to slowly un-tuck her blouse, peering down at her son. Once un-tucked, Michelle began to teasingly undo the buttons, starting at the bottom and working her way up. As the blouse parted, her massive bra-covered tits began to work their way out.

"Seen enough yet?" she teased.

"No way!" Jacob gasped as his mom's bra-clad breasts came out to greet him. Her tits were slung snuggly together in the beautifully embroidered black bra, creating a deep dark canyon of cleavage, the site of which made Jacob's cock thicken in his pants.

Michelle began to slowly unzip her skirt. All at once, it dropped to the floor, exposing her tan curvy legs and panty-covered crotch. She put her hands on her hips and thrust her mammoth chest out, so it looked as through her meaty melons could split the bra right in two.

"Good grief!" Jacob mumbled, his eyes wide in desire.

"Don't let your eyes bug out of your skull just yet, honey!" she giggled. "I haven't even got my bra and panties off!"

Jacob watched with anticipation as his mom reached around and unclasped her bra. She pulled the straps off her arms as the weight of her boobs began to pull the bra away from her body. All at once, Michelle pulled the lacy sling away, and her two enormous tit-melons sprung free, wobbling around like two wild animals just freed from their cage.

The sight of his mom's tits took Jacob's breath away. He couldn't believe how big they were. Her areola alone were as big around as grapefruit, and were dotted with tiny Montgomery Glands

"Wow! So big," he muttered.

A little thrill coursed through Michelle's body, as continued watching her son gawk at her, while she rocked her hips to the rhythm of the music. Her big fleshy boobies rocked gently form side to side as she danced. She reached down and began to slowly slide her dainty panties off, revealing a neatly trimmed pubic mound.

As the panties moved down her legs Jacob gawked at his mom's sexy snatch. He could clearly see her thick outer labial folds and protruding hood of her clitoris. The sweet pungent smell of her pussy nectar filled his nostrils, causing his bone-hard cock to flex in his shorts.

Now completely naked, Michelle kicked her panties aside and began really get into the beat of the music. The matronly mommy slowly turned around, giving her son a view of her plump peach-shaped ass.

"Is it everything you hoped it would be?" she teasingly asked.

"And more," her son said with a nod. The sight of his mother dancing nude was enough to make Jacob nearly cum in his pants. He felt a steady trickle of pre-cum leak out the tip of his cock, as he stared at the most amazing ass he had ever seen. Michelle thrust her meaty half-moons out, moving them to the beat. Jacob watched

her buns spread just enough to see his mom's asshole wink at him lewdly.

"You did say I'd get a half-hour, right?" he asked, reminding her of what she told him earlier.

Now that she was naked, a half-hour seemed like a dangerously long time, but she couldn't go back on her word now. "I did say that, yes!"

"Cool!" Jacob muttered, his eyes traveling hungrily all over his mother's body.

The mother's eyes traveled down and lingered on the bulge of his crotch. "He's most definitely hard!" she thought, as her eyes lingered longer than they should have. "He's admiring my body, so why can't I admire his?" she told herself, justifying her unmotherly gaze.

Her eyes finally came back up to see her son watching her tits like a hungry Lion from afar. "Do you like the way they move?"

"Heck yes!"

Michelle stuck out her hand for her son to take. "Come here," she said, taking his hand and walking him over to the bed. "I'll give you a better angle."

She gently nudged him onto the mattress. "Lay down on your back," she said softly..

Jacob sprawled back on the bed. Michelle joined him, crawling on her hands and knees, so that her big dangling mommy-milkers hung heavily from her chest. She brought her face over, so it hovered above his. Jacob watched her lower herself down and plant a few soft butterfly kisses on his neck and cheeks. His body tingled each time her soft sensual lips made contact.

Michelle moved forward a bit so that her big drooping breasts hung just above his face. "How 'bout that view?" she asked with a naughty grin.

"Damn, mom!" the teen muttered excitedly, staring straight up the deep gaping crevice between her breasts.

"My girls wanna dance for you," she said. "They do?"

"Uh huh," Michelle muttered, then began to slowly move her chest from side to side, so that her huge knockers began to swing back and forth like fat pendulums. Jacob was in heaven, staring up at a cloud of rocking tit-meat. Michelle's thick pink nipples stared down at him like big demon eyes.

Her tits swung in unison, back and forth, back and forth, throwing her son into a literal tittie-trance. Jacob nonchalantly pushed at his cock, applying some much needed friction. Taking notice, Michelle smiled down at him. "If your not encouraging him to rub his cock, then you're just torturing him," she told herself.

"The deal was seeing me naked, not **BEATING OFF** while seeing me naked," she reminded herself.

"Visual stimulation and masturbation go hand in hand. It just how a boy's wired. Giving Jacob blue-balls by making him just lay there and gawk is just down right mean!" the mother's more dominant inner-voice said.

"Honey, I know this a lot of stimulation," she said, then glanced at his crotch. "If you need to rub your um, boner, I understand," she said.

Despite being a bit timid, Jacob didn't need to be told twice. His hand flew into his shorts and he brazenly fished out his raging hardon.

Michelle's eyes widened as she saw the size of her son's cock. The large pillar of hard thick flesh pointed up past his belly button. The knob looked like a fat plum capping his muscular shaft. The mother felt her whole body tingle wickedly at the site of it.

She quickly sat up on her knees, placing her hands on her hips as she stared down at his dick with wonder. "Wait, how is that even possible?" she asked. "How is what possible?" her son asked.

She pointed at his cock. "That! Your father's only like...half that size. Are you taking some sort of miracle drug or something?" she asked.

Jacob laughed.."No, no miracle. It's just me."

She cutely glanced up to his eyes, then back at his cock in adoration. "So, when it gets hard, do you get light headed or anything?" she asked.

"No, why?"

"It must take an extraordinary amount of blood just to fill that thing," Michelle said, feeling an overwhelming sense of pride that she had been a part of creating such a handsome young man with such an extremely large lady-pleaser. "It's really quite something," she blushed.

"Oh, thanks," Jacob said. He always knew he had a big cock, but to hear his mom say it was the ultimate compliment.

Michelle lowered on all-fours again, then ever so slowly began to drop her breasts towards her son's chest. The sight of her son in such a state, pulling at his cock as it stuck from his fly-hole excited the busty housewife, and she felt her fat clitoris began to tingle, and her nipples harden.

She moved her shoulders, causing her dangling boobs to rock gently back and forth again. When her thick rubbery nipples made contact

on Jacob's chest, his cock twitched and throbbed excitedly in his hand, causing him to gasp out loud.

"You like that, honey?" Michelle asked, smiling down at him. "They feels really nice," he muttered.

"A woman's fat nipples are made to feel nice," she said. "You used to suck on those as a baby you know?"

"I wish I could still suck on them," he bravely confessed.

"Maybe we can add that one to the list of things that motivate you to win," she said with a wink.

After letting her puffy teats lick across her son's chest for a few minutes, she turned her head and watching him beat his boner. "You're really good at that. I assume you've had lots of practice," she giggled.

"Yes, quite a lot I guess!" he confessed, stroking his cock at a steady rhythm. The way his mother was turned slightly made her juicy jugs balloon out even more, and her nipples were so completely engorged they looked like they could pop off the ends of her tits.

"Well, if you get as good at wresting as you are at stroking your hardon, you should have no problem becoming state champion."

The mother felt more wicked than she ever had, hovering above her boy naked while he beat his boner to the site of her. "My God, his knob looks so huge slipping through his fist like that. I can't believe I'm actually watching this!" she thought.

She looked back up into his eyes and watched him stare at her huge pendulous boobies. "Oh honey, your're beating your dick so good," she cooed.

"I'm gonna cum really soon," he panted, jacking his fist even faster.

"I wanna move to a different spot, so we can watch how high your cummy-ropes squirt into the air," Michelle said, crawling up towards his head. She smiled as she watched his eyes follow her teetering mommy-milkers. "Don't worry, honey. I'm not taking them away. Just giving you a different angle to look at."

Still on all-fours, Michelle was now facing the opposite way, with her tits dangling above his face again.

"Oh dang!" the boy gasped, gazing up at the huge rounded undersides of his mom's breasts. This was definitely an angle of them he'd never dreamed he'd get to see.

Michelle's heart beat a wild pitter-patter in her chest, as she watched Jacob's ass thrust from the mattress, while his fist whipped up and down his hard cock. "There you go, honey! Get it! Pump it out!" she said encouragingly.

The feel of his squeezing hand, the sound of her sexy voice, and the sight of those mammoth tits was too much for the teen to endure any longer. "Ahh, shit!" he groaned, thrusting his pecker up and leaving it there, suspended in mid-air as a huge fat rope of cum blasted three feet upward.

"Oh, Jacob!!" Michelle exclaimed, astounded by the site of the long milky cord, which seemed to hang there in the air for a moment, before splashing down onto her son.

No sooner did the fist cum-blast splatter down, than another one of equal size exploded into the air. The stream of jizz seemed to broaden as it rose up about three feet, forming a thick contorted gooey peak that splashed down onto the boy's young body. The wide-eyed mother's mouth hung open as she listened to her son groan in ecstacy, and watched him choke out more and more creamy pearlescent-colored cream from his boner.

She cheered him on, just as she had in the bleachers earlier that night. "Oh honey, yes! Pull it all out, baby! Come on!"

Jacob's body trembled as he squeezed out every drop of pleasure he could from his meaty dick. "Oh God, Mom, that was incredible!" he finally sighed, releasing the grip on his boner.

"I could tell," she giggled. "I don't think I've ever seen a penis ejaculate that much sperm." "Thank you!" the boy muttered, still staring lustfully at her hovering melons.

"Don't thank me. You earned it, kiddo!"

"So how did it go with Jacob?" Gail asked her sister on the phone the next day "Well, it didn't go exactly the way I thought it would," Michelle answered.

"Did you show him your tits?"

"Well, the deal was, if he won, I'd take off all my clothes," Michelle explained. "Holy shit, Michelle, he saw your snatch too?" Gail asked with surprise.

"That was the agreement." Michelle said, feeling just a tad guilty for doing it behind her loving husband's back.

"Last time we talked, you were acting like Mother Theresa, hesitant to even remove your bra, now you're telling me he saw you **COMPLETLY** naked? I bet he about creamed his pants," Michelle's sister giggled.

"Well...he did actually." "No sir!" Gail exclaimed.

"Look, Gail...If I tell you what happened, you have to promise me you won't tell anyone about this," Michelle said in a serious tone.

"Have we not kept secrets all these years, little sister?" Gail reminded her.

"I know we have...this is just..." Michelle muttered, searching for the right words. "Super-naughty?" Gail said, finishing her sentence.

"Yeah, you could say that. It wouldn't exactly make me 'mother of the year' if people found out."

"Relax. Secrets have always been safe between us, now what happened?" Gail asked. " I let Jacob beat off in front of me," the mother confessed.

"Oh my God, Michelle...did you fuck him?" Gail asked.

"**NOOO!** He just looked at me and masturbated, that was it. Nothing else."

"Well, what's the big deal then? You're acting like you reached down and beat him off yourself," Gail asked.

"No, I didn't but..."

"But what?" Gail asked.

"Never mind," Michelle muttered, trying to dodge the question.

"Don't 'never mind me! Tell me. Since when haven't we been able to tell each other everything?"

Michelle sighed. "Fine! No, I didn't reach down and beat him off, but...part of me wanted to," she confessed.

"But you didn't, and that's what matters. That means you have more to bargain with," Gail said. "What do you mean?" Michelle asked.

"What I mean, dear sister of mine, is that your son still has lots of wrestling matches left. You're going to have to keep providing

rewards if you want him to stay motivated."

"Well, what do I offer next then?" Michelle asked.

"You have to go one better this time. I'm thinking like actual physical contact." "Oh boy, how did I know you were gonna suggest that,"" Michelle sighed.

Jacob got home from his friend's house Saturday afternoon and found that his father was still gone on his fishing trip. He rushed inside the house. "Mom, are you home?" He called out.

"I'm up here, honey!" She answered, from upstairs.

The boy hurried upstairs to his mom's room and peeked inside. He found her laying on her stomach in the middle of her big fluffy marital bed. "Whatcha doing?" he asked.

"Just thumbing through some old pictures. Come lay down next to me," she said, patting the mattress next to her.

Jacob came over to his parent's bed. He noticed that Michelle was wearing a skimpy pair of tight cotton boy shorts that fit snug around her meaty ass, like a second skin. The backs of legs looked so smooth and sexy.

"Should I take off my shoes?" Jacob asked, knowing that his mom's bedding was pure white and would likely show any dirt he had on his sneakers.

"Probably a good idea," she answered.

"Should I take off my shirt too?" He joked brazenly.

Michelle got a playful little smile. "Not today, Goof-ball," she said.

Jacob settled on his stomach next to his mom and began looking through the pictures with her. One of the pictures was of his mom on

family vacation at the beach. Her bikini top barely contained her massive tits. "I like this one," Jacob said.

"I wonder why?" Michelle peeking over with sly smile..

Michelle showed Jacob one of him when he was a little boy. He was naked, holding his little weenie in his hand. "I like this one," she giggled.

"Oh God," Jacob blushed.

"See, even then you couldn't keep your hands off of it," She joked, making them both laugh. "At least there's a little more to hold onto now."

"A little more? More like a lot more!" Michelle said, peeking over at her son with a peculiar little smile. "If you win your next match, maybe you won't have to hold it. Maybe someone else will do all the holding for you."

Jacob's heart skipped a beat. "Really?" he muttered.

Her big hypnotizing brown eyes stared into his. "Do you think you'd like that? Do you think you'd like mom to masturbate your erect penis?" she asked.

"Hell yeah!" Jacob said excitedly.

Michelle giggled at how excited he seemed. "Well, I guess you better focus on winning that next match then," she advised.

"Will you be naked again?"

"I don't know if I should get naked this time, honey. Being naked was the reward for your last fight. Don't worry though. I'll be sure and wear something that I think you'll like," she said.

"Awesome!"

Her smile softened. "Once again, I can't emphasize enough the importance of keeping this just between us. If your dad ever found out we were doing this, we'd both be in real trouble," she warned.

"I understand. I won't say a word, to anyone."

"Good," Michelle said, satisfied that her son could keep her rewards discreetly between the two of them.

"Could I get a hug?" Jacob asked.

"Of course. You don't have to win fights to get hugs," Michelle said, as she climbed up onto her knees. Jacob noticed that she had on a skin tight tank top. The neck was too high to show much cleavage. Her tits were just two big pillowy mounds beneath the cloth. Our shirts have to stay on this time," she winked teasingly.

"Okay," Jacob said, then surprised his mother by plopping down onto his back.

She smiled down at him naughtily. "Oh, you want another one of those un-motherly like hugs, huh?" she asked.

"If that's okay?"

"Why not," she said, climbing over and lying down on top of him.

Michelle's boobs flattened out against her son's chest as she lay directly on top of him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and Jacob's arms went around her waist. His breath quivered, feeling her lush body against his and smelling her sweet perfume, as they embraced for a good half-a-minute.

She rose up, resting her elbows on his shoulders as she gazed down at him with those big gleaming brown eyes. "You're liking this, aren't you?" she asked.

"What makes you say that?"

"I don't know, could be the big boner that keeps poking me in the vagina." she joked. "I can poke right back you know?" she said, pressing her puffy vulva against his cock, sandwiching it between them.

"I don't mind your poking," the boy admitted.

She gazed adoringly into his eyes. "I never said I minded yours either," she said.

"Then I'll poke some more," Jacob said playfully, using his hips to jab his erection against her pussy mound.

"And so will I," Michelle said teasingly, bumping her pubis against her boy's fat dick. They looked into each other's eyes and giggled as their clothed genitals gently thumped together steadily.

"Good Lord, he's so hard! It feels like a tree-branch in his pants," she thought. Every bump of their crotches seem to intensify their feelings of lust. Both their minds began to wonder what it would be like to have his prong plugged in to her socket. Michelle knew she had to stop it before things got out of hand.

"Okay, enough poking I think," she finally said.

Suddenly, Jacob rolled them over, so that he was now on top of his mother. She let out a playful scream as they change positions.

"What are you doing, young man, practicing your wrestling moves on me? she asked. "Maybe! You did say I should focus on winning. That means practice, right?" he joked.

"I don't know...right now I think you're more interested in practicing how to get between a girl's legs, " she teased, feeling his stong young frame between hers.

Michelle rubbed his shoulders, gazing up at him like a young cheerleader beneath a big strong sexy football stud. Or in Jacob's case...a wrestling stud. "Why the fuck am I getting so turned on by this?! He's my son for God sakes!"she thought.

Jacob thrust his hips, jabbing his aching cock against her crotch again. He looked at his mom and she raised an eyebrow. "Jacob?" she warned.

"What? I'm just poking you. You said you didn't mind."

"Poking me...or dry-humping me?" she giggled, sliding her legs up around him, and widening her thighs just a tad, as if giving him some room to work.

"Just innocent pokes," Jacob lied, his cock flexing in his pants as it bumped against the puffy bulge of her outer labium.

"Innocent huh?" Michelle asked, gazing him in the eyes. "I doubt that." "Mom...can we um, kiss...just a little," he bravely asked.

She fed him an odd look. "I'm assuming you mean 'kiss' in a way that we don't normally kiss?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Oh honey, no...we can't," Michelle said, even though there was a good portion of her that really wanted to..

"Just one kiss and I won't ask for anything else, I promise."

Her mind swirled confusingly. "I mean, if he wins the next match I'll be beating him off. I sone kiss all that big of a deal?" she asked herself.

She looked at her boy with sudden resolve. "One kiss and then we're done for today."

"Okay," he said, his heart thumping wildly.

Jacob lowered himself down and felt his mom's little hands run through the back of his hair. Michelle tilted her head slightly, positioning her big pouty pucker. Their lips slowly met and began to rub together gently in a sensual kiss. After a few seconds their mouths parted and their tongues met for the very first time.

"Mmnn," the mother hummed, as tingling arousal shot through her heavy-titted body.

Michelle had a long pink snake that began to curl around her son's. Jacob was amazed at how his mom's tongue moved, and he soon found his mouth full of slithering love. With Michelle taking the lead, their tongues began to wrestle, twirling and flailing wildly in Jacob's mouth.

The mom sensed her son's lack of air and slipped her tongue out for a moment, her lips still smacking at his as he gasped. "Breathe through your nose," she whispered, giving him a quick lesson on sucking face.

No sooner did the words leave her mouth, then her tongue crept back into Jacob's mouth and continued its assault. They were no longer just "poking." Now their genitals were pressed together, humping in a steady grinding motion. The sexy mother brought her luscious legs high up around her son's back, interlocking her ankles.

Following his mom's advice, Jacob found air through his nose, which allowed his tongue to duel with his mom's for longer. They snarled and whimpered as their coiled tongues wildly lashed together for two full minutes. It was like they were taking out all their pent-up sexual aggression with their tongues.

"He's an amazing kisser, but I need to stop this, **RIGHT NOW!**" her brain frantically screamed. Michelle reluctantly broke the kiss. "Honey, we have to stop!" she gasped.

"Why?" Jacob asked breathlessly.

"Because the deal was one kiss, remember. I think we've overdid it already." "When I get my next reward, can we kiss like that too?" he asked

"If you win then yes, we can kiss like that while I get you off," she said. "You can do both at once?"

Michelle giggled a little."You might be surprised what your mom can do," she confessed. Jacob laughed a little.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"I don't know. It's just weird to hear my own mom talk about masturbation and getting off," he admitted.

"Well if you want me to be technical, what I'll really be giving you is a handjob," she said. "So what do you call what we were just doing?"

"That would be called 'grinding' or 'dry humping," she answered.

"What about when a girl...you know, puts a guy's thing in her mouth?" Jacob already knew the terms for it, but it turned him on hearing his mom explain it..

"Well, the technical term is oral sex. You may have heard the boys at school call it a 'blowjob' or refer to it as 'getting head.' Your Aunt Gail and I used to call it a 'sausage in the gullet.' We had nicknames for everything," Michelle giggled.

"What about when a guy goes down there...on a girl?" Jacob asked.

"It's called 'going down on a girl' or 'eating pussy.' Aunt Gail and I always liked the guys who would 'smooch with the pooch.'

"So what was you and Aunt Gail's nickname for actual sex?" Jacob asked.

"Well, whenever we got vaginal sex, we'd say we'd had our 'pipes plunged' and when we had anal we'd say we had our 'rumps ridden," she explained, feeling wicked that she was even having this conversation with her son.

"Does dad do that to you?" Jacob brazenly asked. "What, ride my rump?"

"Yeah."

"Occasionally. Some guys aren't too into that," she said..

"I would be," Jacob admitted, imagining what it be like to bury his cock in his mom's juicy ass.

"Oh darling, I'm sure that big monster in your shorts would be quite the rump rider. Your penis, and a big bubbly butt like mine would make quite the pair." Michelle winked.

"Hey um, maybe if I win state, that could be my reward," he bravely suggested. Michelle giggled. "Oh, you think so huh?"

"**IT IS** something I would work really really hard for."

Michelle gazed her son in the eyes and smiled mischievously. If it was one thing she loved it was a hard cock in her ass. "I can just see it now. You with that gold medal around your neck, your arms out, flexing your muscles, with your big penis buried deep inside your mom's hot tight rectum like a true champion!" she said gleefully.

"God yes!" the boy said, flexing his cock against his mom's mound, which she still had resting snuggly against it.

"Hello, I'm home!" Jacob's dad called from downstairs. Michelle calmly glanced at the door, then back up at her son. "Do you really want him to catch us like this?" Michelle joked. "No." Jacob said, rolling off his mom.

Jacob's next tournament was an away match, in a town three hours from home. Jacob was doing warm-ups with the rest of his team as local fans began to enter the gym. He lit up as he noticed a familiar face walk through the entrance. It was his mom, Michelle.

Jacob quickly rushed over as she gave him a cute little wave. "Mom, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"What, a mom can't drive three hours to watch her son kick some ass?" she asked.

The boy quickly took a look at what his mom was wearing. Michelle was dressed to the nines, in a short sexy white mini-skirt and pink long-sleeve snug blouse, with a V-cut neckline, showing off a substantial amount of creamy cleavage. Her dainty feet had pink toenails, to match her top and were arched in a pair of four-inch mules..

"Is dad with you?" Jacob asked.

"Nope, just me. In fact, after the match I thought we'd grab a bite to eat and maybe get a room here in town somewhere. How's that sound?" she asked with an eager grin.

"You mean like...a motel room?" he asked, thrilled at the thought of sharing a room with just his mom.

She shrugged her shoulders cutely. "I figured depending on how many orgasms it takes to tame that monster of yours, we might be up most of the night masturbating that penis. I don't quite think we could get away with that at home, do you?" she asked.

"No, probably not." Jacob said. With a promise like that, a loss tonight would be the biggest defeat ever, and he couldn't possibly let that happen.

Jacob's fight was near the end of the tournament, and unlike the previous fight, he struggled a little bit. The sweet prize, however, was on the forefront of his mind and motivated him to eventually win the fight. An hour later Jacob and Michelle entered a cheap little motel room outside of town. It was a cozy little room with a queen-sized bed.

Michelle locked the door and Jacob crawled onto the bed and flipped on the television set.

"Wonder if they even have cable in this place?" he said, as Michelle put her bag over on the dresser.

"I don't know, but I really need to get out of this bra," she boldly said.

Jacob watched as his mom began to unbutton her blouse. Her back was to him, but he was still fascinated nonetheless. The top slipped off, then Michelle reached back and unclasped the strap of her bra. As she pulled the cups away, Jacob could see the backside of one of her huge sloping breasts, as it wobbled from side to side.

Next came the skirt, then he watched as his mom slid her dainty panties down her legs, revealing her big soft luscious ass. Now completely naked, Michelle let her hair out of its pony tail as she strolled around the bed towards her son.

Even though he'd already seen her naked once, Jacob's eyes about bugged out of his head as he watched his mom sashay towards him. Her huge melonous boobs quivered like jello with each step. Her sexy torso flared out into wide motherly hips, giving her a voluptuous hourglass figure. Her pubic fuzz was neatly trimmed,

crowning her puffy outer labium, which came together to form a nice cuntal cleavage.

"Come on, let's go get in the shower," she whispered, extending her hand. "We need to wash all that stinky dried sweat off you."

Michelle led her son to the tiny bathroom and closed the door. She started the shower, then came over and took hold of the bottom of her son's shirt. Jacob just stood there, a massive erection pushing at his shorts as his gorgeous mom lifted his shirt up over his head and tossed it aside.

She gave him a teasing smile, looking into his eyes as she undid the button to his shorts and unzipped them. Michelle squatted down, pulling his shorts and boxers down to Jacob's ankles. The boy's cock was about eight and three quarter inches, fully erect. A dribble of pre-cum oozed from his piss-hole and they watched it string towards the floor.

"You're leaking," the mother giggled, as she eye-balled her son's meaty cock and hairless scrotum. "Good God, if he isn't the most handsome guy I've ever seen! I know he's my son, but let's be fucking honest here," she thought, licking her lips.

She stood up and took her son's hand again, stepping into the shower. Michelle faced her son as the water splashed against her back. She tilted her head back, running her fingers through her soaking hair. As she did this, she thrust her massive chest forward and Jacob watched the water cascade down her jutting breasts.

Michelle put her hands on her son's shoulders and began dragging her long nails against his tender flesh as she gazed into his eyes.

"Another amazing win," she said.

Jacob was almost breathless. His mom looked so incredibly sexy with her hair wet and slicked back and a little bit of mascara running from

her eyes. "Yes," he muttered.

For a good ten seconds the mother just gazed into his eyes. Then she broke the silence. "Kiss me, Jacob," she whispered.

Jacob didn't have to be told twice. As they moved together, Michelle wrapped her arms around his neck and Jacob let his hands rest on her hips. Michelle tilted her head as their lips came together for an intimate kiss. She opened her mouth slightly and let them close on his, smacking her lips hungrily.

There was only one thing that felt better than huge boobs pressing against his chest, and that was **HUGE WET BOOBS** pressing against his chest. The fact that they were his own mom's tits just made it even more special.

Michelle reached over and grabbed the little bar of soap. She unwrapped it and began lathering up her hands. As she did this she studied Jacob's reaction. She could tell he was nervous and excited at the same time. "Ready for your handjob?" she asked.

"Yes."

Finally, the moment came and Jacob felt his mom's tiny hand encircle his throbbing cock-meat. Michelle got a tight grip and began to slowly glide her soapy fist up and down the length of his dick.

"Does that feel good, honey?" she asked in sexy voice. "Oh yeah!" Jacob's voice quivered.

With her other arm around his neck, Michelle pulled him closer to her, so that her fat tits kissed his chest. She buried her face in his neck and began to give him rapid little butterfly licks.

"Ohh damn, mom!" the exclaimed, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

Jacob's felt his knees start to go weak. If there was a heaven, he couldn't image it being any better than this. Alone and naked with his mom, hundreds of miles from home.

Michelle's hand moved beautifully, with the skill of an experienced middle-aged woman, creating a nice little fuck-ring for her son. It slid down to his balls, then back up, circling his fat bell-shaped cock-head with her palm, before continuing a path back down his shaft.

"Ohh, honey!" the mommy cooed, feeling her son's muscular girth flex in her hand.

Jacob felt his mom's tongue digging and flailing at the tendons in his neck, sending shivers down his spine. "I know all your special spots," she whispered between her wild tongue lashing.

Her hand began to speed up, soap and pre-jizz creating a creamy froth in her hand. She focused on the bulb for a moment, giving it a series of tight rapid strokes, pulling hard at her son's pecker, making his balls jerk around in their sack.

"Ooohhhh, God." Jacob groaned, feeling the cum begin to boil in his nuts.

Michelle alternated her technique, giving Jacob ten or so long dick-milking strokes, then focusing the next dozen or so wanks on the top third of her son's cock.

"Oh mom!" Jacob muttered, as cock-milk suddenly shot up through his pecker.

"Oh yes, honey!" Michelle cried out, feeling her son's meat begin to pulse as ropes of thick teenage spunk began to splash against the butt of her tits. She pulled at his phallus relentlessly and Jacob's knees began to tremble. She gave his neck a rest and mom and son searched each others eyes passionately as she continued to slowly milk his boner.

"That's it, cum up hard for momma, baby!" she cooed encouragingly.

The loving mother took her time, massaging her boy's boner with long tender squeezes, milking out every ounce of sperm he had to offer.

She finally released her son and gave him a sensual peck on the lips. Michelle switched spots with Jacob, so he now faced the shower. She stood behind him, her tits squashed against his back, her hands reaching around and washing his chest.

Jacob felt his mom tongue flicking at his ear. He felt her bite at the lobe teasingly "Let's wrestle," she whispered naughtily.

"Wrestle?" he asked.

"Yeah, you know, that thing two people do down on the ground," she joked, then took his hand and pulled him down onto the floor of the tub. Michelle then maneuvered herself so that Jacob sat between her legs, with his back to her chest. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and pulled him back forcefully. Jacob giggled as he found himself laying back against his mom's lush body.

"What the matter there, stud...mom too strong for ya?" Michelle joked.

Jacob struggled, but Michelle pulled him back like a clutching spider. "Uh-uh, you're not getting away from me, Jacob Little!" she said.

"You don't think so?" he asked.

"I know so. Now gimme that monster!" She said playfully, reaching down and grasping her son's erection.

Michelle began to stroke Jacob's dick again, coiling her legs around his to keep him in place. Now laying flat on the tub floor, their wet bodies struggled and squirmed like two fish in a pot. Jacob's mom

licked at the back of his neck as she worked his cock. He tried to sit up, in a playful attempt to escape, but she still clutched him with one arm and pulled him back down against her tits. "Get back down here, you!" she teased.

The boy humped his hips and they both looked down to watch her beat his cock from balls to tip. "You're no match for me and my mommy-moves!" Michelle exclaimed..

Jacob used his legs to scoot them back, up the side of the side of the tub, into more of a sitting position. Michelle still had a tight grasp on her son, holding him to her sloshing chest. Her hand still flew up and down his fleshy rod, not missing a stroke.

"You're not gonna win this one, Jacob Little, so stop trying," she teased. "What if I do win this one? What do I get?"

"Why don't you try to find out?" she said in a naughty tone.

"I will...right after I blast my cum all over us!" he gasped, feeling incredibly close to cumming.

"Mmm yes! Let mommy beat it out of you!" Michelle cried out, her hand flying up and down her boy's soapy boner.

He bucked as she worked his dick until it was soon squirting geysers of cock-cream into the air.

"**OH GOD, MOM!**" Jacob grunted as a cords of hot love-juice shot three feet into the air and seemed to hang there for a moment. On its way down another thick cord of cum sliced through it.

"Oh, that's my baby!" Michelle said, milking another half-dozen ropes from her son's balls. The teen writhed and whimpered, as he had his prick milked dry.

Suddenly Jacob flipped over and settled down between her wet warm thighs. His mom let out a playfully screamed, bringing her knees up as she widened the spread of her legs. Her strong teen pinned her ams back against the tub and sat up slightly. "Looks like your getting pinned!" he joked, then looked down at the big round fleshy tit-pillows spread across her chest.

"Yes it does! And it looks like someone's getting another reward," she said breathlessly.

Jacob's naked cock was squashed right up against the folds of her labium. He drug his dick down through the juicy furrow, lining his fat purple knob up with the pink mouth of her vagina. Michelle gave him a stern smile. "That's not the reward I meant, so don't even think about it, mister," she warned.

"Jeez, I can't even 'think about it' either" he asked.

Michelle giggled. "You can think about getting back to the place of your conception, but that doesn't mean you're going to any time soon," she said..

"What do I get then?" he asked anxiously.

"What you get is handjob number two. The reward **WAS** handjobs, remember?" "Yeah, I remember," Jacob said, wishing they could do more.

"Don't worry though, honey! Mom's gonna beat you off in a way I guarantee you've never had it before. Let's get up and rinse off."

They stood back up and Michelle washed her son off, then led him out of the bathroom. Both of them were still completely naked when they arrived at the foot of the bed.

"Go crawl into bed. I'm gonna put some panties on," she said. "Why do you need panties?"

"Need I remind you of what almost just happened in there?" she said with a sly smile. "Yeah, I remember."

"Me too. I nearly got my pipe plunged by that big hammer," she joked, gazing over at her son's still-erect cock.

Jacob crawled beneath the covers. He watched as his mom reached into her bag and pulled out a tiny pair of black thong panties. She slipped them on and the thong fit snuggly between the globes of her buttocks. She took a tube of lubricant out from her bag and crawled onto the bed with her son.

"So, this time while I masturbate your penis, I'm gonna massage your prostate. It'll be the most intense experience you've ever had, trust me," Michelle said.

"What's a prostate?" Jacob asked stupidly.

"It's a gland, up inside your rectum. Do you want me to show you?" she asked. "Sure."

Michelle straddled her son so that her ass was facing him. She opened the bottle of lube and squirted some on her fingers. Jacob felt his mom's fingers begin to butter his butthole.

"This might feel a little odd to you the first time, so I want you to just relax, okay?" his mom said.

"Okay," he answered, nervous but anxious at the same time.

Michelle inserted her middle finger into her son's ass as began to gently massage her son's gland by wiggling her finger against it. "Honey, how does that feel?" she whispered, gazing back at him.

"Really good, mom," he groaned, staring up at all that wonderful ass-meat.

"Well it feels even better when it's paired with a good handjob. Are you ready?" she asked in a loving tone.

"Yeah."

Michelle wrapped her free hand around her son's cock and began to slowly work it up and down. After giving it a few good strokes her slippery hand slid down to his big hairless sack. "Oh my God, those balls!" Michelle thought, admiring how big they were as she began to squeeze and pull on his sperm-filled nuts, her nails digging at the tender meat.

"Oh honey, your scrotum is so soft! You just relax and let mommy drain these big balls," she said.

As Michelle squeezed his testicles, the finger of her other hand continued to work its magic on his prostate, wiggling gently against it.

"That feels really really good!" the boy gasped.

She peeked back at him. "Yeah? Are you ready for me to start beating your hardon again?" she asked.

"Yes!, Jacob answered, lifted his head from the bed, finding himself face to face with the kind of ass that fuels boy's dreams. The cheeks looked so big and soft, and between them Jacob could see the strip of fabric pulled tight across the ring of his mom's butthole. Through the semi-sheer gusset, he could also see the puffy contours of her labial meat coming together to form a nice fat shaved pussy-clamshell.

He felt his mom's hand work up and down his dong tenderly, with long corkscrew strokes. "Oh, mom, that feels really good!" Jacob sighed.

"Of course it does, sweetheart. Us moms are pros at stroking dicks," she said, then twisted a fist a certain way, so that she could dig her thumb wetly across his frenulum. "We know all the most sensitive spots."

Jacob's ass rose and fell on the mattress as he was hit with exquisite pleasure..

Michelle's hands were like a cock and prostate milking machine, gliding up his dick, circling his cock-head, then traveling back down to his balls, over and over and over again. She stared lustfully at her boy's hard cock as she worked him over. "Good fucking hell, this is the most amazing cock I've ever stroked off. The fact that it's my son's is irrelevant. It's still the most amazing!" she thought.

She gazed back at her boy and smiled. "I bet you're thinking about pussy right now, aren't you, honey?" she asked.

"Yes!" the boy gasped.

"Do you want me to make it easier for you to envision?" "How?" he asked curiously.

"Pull the gusset of my panties aside," she said invitingly.

Jacob reached up and did so, exposing her thick cuntal lips to his gaze. "Just because you can't stuff your dick in there right now, doesn't mean you can't look at it. Look at it and imagine," Michelle said.

"Imagine?" the boy muttered, even though he knew what she meant.

"Uh-huh. Imagine that it's a pussy like mine sliding over your cock, and not my hand," she said, keeping a steady stroke-rhythm, while wiggling her finger non-stop against his prostate gland.

She stared back at his muscular cock with lustful eyes. "A nice wet pink pussy squeezing up and down your long hard dick," she said in a teasing tone.

Jacob's body tensed up, as his mom's words made him tingle all over.

Michelle smiled with the satisfaction of knowing she was driving her son absolutely wild. "Oh honey, you like the sound of that, don't you? You like the sound of pushing that tender meat-stick up into a woman's love-glove, don't you baby?" she asked.

"Ohh shit, mom!" the boy asked, feeling the surge of an impending orgasm.

"It's okay! Close your eyes and feel the pussy, honey!" she cooed, stroking his erection tirelessly. "Feel that magic hole squeeze and quiver around your dick!"

"Oh, wow, mom!" his voice quivered.

Michelle slowed down a bit to let his orgasm subside. The experienced mom knew her son's body better than he did. She could read Jacob like a book and not only knew exactly how to turn his screw, but how to keep it turning for long periods of pleasure. "There, Jacob. Let your cum just linger there, right on the edge, honey."

When she knew his orgasm had subsided, she began to beat his dick with vigorous strokes again. "Ok, back to fucking, honey! Beat that pussy up now, baby!"

After about thirty minutes of alternating between cock and balls, working him to the edge and back down, Michelle's hand began to speed up and her cock-beating went into overdrive.

"Oh, mom!" Jacob cried out.

"Uh-huh." Michelle's voice cooed encouragingly. "Mommy's here, baby! Fuck the pussy!" "Oh God!" he groaned, his hips jerking off the mattress.

"That's right, honey-bear, make the pussy cream on you!" she said. "Make it squirt on your fat dick!"

As she felt his body tense, nearing an orgasm, Michelle dropped her naked cunt down on her son's face. Jacob suddenly found himself kissing his mom's smooth outer lips, inhaling the aroma of her sweet nectar.

Michelle's hand moved faster, squeezing and pulling at Jacob's meat, her finger digging at his prostate gland.

Jacob let out a deep grunt, with his face smothered against Michelle's vulva. The pungent aroma was intoxicating. His tongue squeezed out from between his lips and began to plow between his mom's fleshy layers, lapping up all the fuck-juice seeping from her vagina.

His hips suddenly rose from the mattress and an enormous geyser shot into the air. It was followed by six long successive ropes that Michelle let squirt along her face and tits.

"Oh honey! Shower mommy with your seed!" she cried out, delighted by the feel of his hot spunk running down her body.

The cock-stroking mom never missed a beat, pulling the baby-batter from her son's cock. The last few streams of jism just sort of oozed from Jacob's pisshole, squeezed out by his mom's tight fist. Michelle's eyes were wide with lust, swiping a gob of cum from her lips with her tongue, while watching her boy's fat bell squeeze slowly in and out of her circled fist, making the last bit of bubbling jizz ooze out of his meatus.

"God!" Jacob gasped, as his body went limp.

Michelle lifted her ass from her son's face and he watched her juicy coral slit rise up away from him.

His mom released his pecker and slipped her finger from his ass. She turned around so that she was now laying the same direction, on her side against her son, looking down at him. "Feel better?" she smiled, rubbing his hair.

"Yeah," Jacob sighed shocked by all the cum dripping down his mom's face. "Oh man, you're covered," he said.

Michelle giggled. "Covered in cute little spermies!" she teased.

Jacob had pools of sperm all over his chest too. Michelle scooped a little up with her finger and sucked it into her mouth.

"Yummy little spermies too,." she said, smiling ear to ear. "Gross!" Jacob giggled.

"What's the matter, shocked that your mom would swallow something that comes out of your penis," she asked.

"A little."

"Well, get used to it, kid. You keep winning matches like you have been and I'm sure I'll be gulping down a gallon of it," she informed him.

"You mean if I win the next match, you'll put it...in your mouth?" he asked. "As me and your Aunt Gail would say...I'll have your sausage in my gullet."

"Do we get to...you know...do it?" Jacob asked, anxious to know if that's where he'd get eventually.

"You mean 'do it,' as in have intercourse?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Well, horn-dog...you're not state champ yet," she teased.

"So if I win the state championship, we get to have sex?" he asked bluntly.

Michelle paused for a moment and thought this through. She didn't want to make any promises she knew she might back out of. "Who am I kidding? Sexual intercourse has to be the end reward, it just has to be. It's what he really wants, and we've already come this far," she thought.

She looked her son in the eyes. "If you win state championship, this fat nob right here..." Michelle said, grasping Jacob's cock-head with the tips of her fingers. "This fat nob won't be seeing the light of day very much. The only thing it'll be seeing is the head of my cervix."

Jacob's heart did somersaults in his chest. He was so thrilled he could hardly stand it. "Damn! I'm gonna be state champion...guaranteed!" Jacob said with confidence.

Michelle rested her chin on her palm, gazing into her son's eyes, impressed by his determined attitude. "I guess your mom better get back on the pill then. My egg won't stand a chance against all this," she said, making reference to the goo that was covering her.

"So how was the handjob?" Gail asked her sister, as they spoke on the phone the next day. "You mean handjobs?" Michelle answered.

"You got him off more than once?"

"I got him off twice in the shower, twice in bed last night, once this morning and twice on the car ride home. I believe that makes seven, if I'm not mistaken," Michelle said proudly.

"Holy fuck, Michelle! Seven orgasms? Are you serious?" Gail exclaimed.

"He's like the energizer bunny. He just keep going and going and going." Michelle giggled. "Oh my God, Sis, I want him," Gail said.

"You're married!" Michelle reminded her.

"Yeah, and so are you! There's nothing wrong with his Auntie getting in on the reward giving." "Well, funny you should say that. Guess where his next match is?" Michelle asked.

"Get the fuck out!" Gail said.

"Yep, Coleville High. Right down the street from you," Michelle said.

"Oh my God, that's so cool, Michelle. You guy's have to stay at the house," Gail exclaimed.

"I don't know, Gail...if he wins we're gonna need some privacy. Maybe it would just be better if we got a room again," Michelle said.

"Don't be insane. I'll get rid of Steven and the girls for the night. It'll be just the three of us," Gail said.

"Fine, but remember, he can't fuck either one of us. Not yet. This time it's blowjobs only," Michelle explained.

"Can he ride my rump?" Gail asked.

"No anal sex either, it's blowjobs only, Gail. Remember, you're the one who's been preaching to me about setting limits, and as hard as it's been I think I've done a pretty damn good job not letting things get out of control," Michelle reminded her.

Jacob arrived home from school and found his mom in the kitchen preparing dinner."Hey, mom," he said.

"Hey, handsome. How was practice?" she asked.

"Good. Coach taught us a few new moves. Can I try one on you?" Jacob asked. "Sure, why not." Michelle said, turning to face her son with a playful smile.

Jacob moved slowly towards her and threw one of his arms around her waist.

"You move towards your opponent and get an arm around them like this," he said. "Uh-huh," Michelle said, playing along.

"Then, you pull them against you, like this." He said, tugging his mom forward until her big squishy tits bounced against his chest.

"Okay, then what?" Michelle asked teasingly, sliding one of her bare feet up the back of Jacob's calf.

"Then I give them a big kiss on the lips," Jacob said.

"Well...I guess you better make your move then," Michelle said, gazing into his eyes.

Jacob gave his mom a slow sensual kiss on the lips. Their tongues flailed together for a few seconds before Michelle broke it off. "You're getting good at that," she said, her heart racing. .

"I had a good teacher."

"You better be careful. Mom may have a few moves of her own," Michelle said seductively. "Will you show me one." Jacob asked curiously.

"Well, first...I'll wrap my arms around my opponent's neck, like this," Michelle said, throwing her arms around Jacob's neck."Then, once my big mommy-boobs are squashed against his chest..." she stated, then sprung off the floor, wrapping her legs around Jacob's waist.

"...I'll wrap my strong legs around his waist, trapping him between them.".

Jacob's hands went to his mom's thighs to help support her weight. Michelle had on a three-quarter length sundress, which had now

ridden up, exposing most of her strong silky-smooth legs, as they folded around Jacob's waist.

"Wow, that's a pretty good move, mom," the boy said.

"I'm not finished." "You're not?"

"Now that I have my opponent right where I want him, I move in slowly and whisper sweet nothings into his ear," she said, moving her lips to his ear. "Win this week, so I can suck your sweet dick," she whispered in the naughtiest tone Jacob had ever heard.

Michelle's words made Jacob's knees go weak and he stepped backwards. When the back of his legs hit the chair, he quickly sat. Michelle let out a playful yelp as she went down with him, the swell of his boner now crushed against her twat as she straddled him.

"Well now, Jacob Little, I believe your mom just got the take-down," she joked, gazing down at him.

"Yeah, but haven't pinned me yet."

"Oh I haven't, huh?" she asked, grabbing his arms.

Michelle slowly tucked Jacob's arms behind his back, crushing the big fatty flesh of her melons against him, Jacob marveled at the way her boobs were now pancaked against his chest. He could even feel her hard rubbery nipples through her dress and bra.

"I do believe, dear son of mine, that your mom has this match won," she said. "I think you're right," Jacob muttered.

"So what do I get for winning a match?" she asked naughtily. "What do you want?"

She wasted no time answering. "I wanna sit on your face," she said in a serious tone. "Seriously?" Jacob muttered, gulping anxiously.

"Seriously. All those orgasms I've given you the past few weeks, I think I deserve at least one. So what about it, handsome, wanna smooch with the pooch?" she asked.

"Heck yes!" Jacob muttered, his heart pounding in his chest.

Michelle slid off her son and held her hand out. "Come on. I wanna teach you something first," she said.

Jacob took her hand and Michelle led him into the living room. He couldn't take his eyes off her big bubbly ass, as it swayed invitingly beneath her skirt.

Michelle stopped in front of the sofa and faced her son, taking both his hands in hers. "Now that you're getting older, you need to learn that the entrance to a girl's heart is between her legs. A lot of young princes may knock at the door, but only a few come with that glass slipper," she explained.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What I mean is most boys grow into adulthood without knowing the slightest thing about a woman's vagina. You're not going to be one of those boys, which, my dear, is going to give you the advantage," she explained.

Michelle reached under her skirt and peeled off her dainty thong panties. Jacob watched them fall down her legs, and one of his mom's cute little bare feet kicked them aside.

Michelle sat on the center cushion of the couch. "Come over here and kneel down in from of me," she said.

Jacob did as his mom asked, and Michelle sat back on the sofa, with her ass still resting on the edge of the cushion.

"Are you ready? I want you to watch this," she said, peering down at him. "Okay," the boy muttered..

Michelle brought her knees together, then lifted her feet from the floor and didn't stop until her knees rested just under her chin. The dress fell loosely at her midsection revealing everything from the waist down.

Jacob gawked at his mom's puffy outer cunt-lips. They were as bald and as smooth as a baby's ass. Her crinkled butt-ring winked at Jacob, as if to say "someday you'll stuff me with your meaty hardon."

Michelle extended her legs upward so that her toes pointed at the ceiling, then, slowly, she let her curvy legs part and the gates of heaven opened before her son's eyes.

Jacob was amazed at how limber his mom was. Her legs were spread completely apart, slightly thrown back into an almost impossible position. Her cute little toes were pointed in completely opposite directions.

"Do you like that, honey? When a woman does this, it's called 'spread eagle," she said.

Jacob eye's traveled down one of his mom's bare legs, which seemed to go on forever. When his eyes met her snatch he literally gasped.

"Wow!" he muttered.

Michelle was shamelessly displaying her pussy. The thick inner and outer lips were slightly splayed, giving him a peek at her coral slit. Jacob could also see the protruding hood of her clitoris..

"Those things that look like lips, those are called the labia. Your Aunt Gail and I call them our 'meat-curtains.' When you peel them

apart..." Michelle said, parting her curtains with two fingers. "You can see the vagina. Come up close to it so you can see down inside. It's not gonna bite, honey," she giggled.

Jacob came close, so he could peer down into his mom's creamy fuck-hole. The pink spongy walls collapsed in on themselves, and Jacob could only image how good it would feel to squeeze his dick in there.

"Keep in mind that if you win state, that's where you're gonna put your hard penis, right down deep inside that hole, so all those pink walls can squeeze on it," she said, smiling down at him warmly.

Michelle peeled the fleshy hood back over fat blood-engorged clitoris. "This is a woman's clitoris. It's very very sensitive, just like the nob of your penis. If the vagina is the door to a woman's heart, this little thing is her door-knob. Turn it just the right way and you're in," she winked.

"Turn it?" Jacob asked.

"Uh-huh, with your tongue. Wanna give it a try?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Do you remember what my tongue was doing to yours, when it was in your mouth?" she asked. "That's what your tongue needs to do with my clitoris, okay? Go ahead, mom will guide you along."

Jacob brought his face against Michelle's vulva and began to work his tongue clumsily across her clitoris. The sweet pungent aroma was making his head spin.

"There you go, honey That's it! Roll your tongue across the clit," his mom said encouragingly. Jacob's chin sunk into Michelle's steamy groove as he lapped at her cunt.

"Right under my clitoris, where the labia meet, there's a little hood. Work your tongue down underneath it," she said..

Jacob found the spot his mom was talking about and he felt her body react instantly by giving out a little shiver. "That's it. Right there! Ohhhh, honey, you found mommy's hot spot. Now attack it with your tongue!"

The boy loved how he was looking straight across her pubis and up her naked torso. When his mom saw where he was looking she pulled the dress up over the swell of her tits. Jacob's eyes widened as he stared at the huge mounds of bra-encased tits. The mesh fabric was sheer enough that he could see the deep canyon between her boobs.

Jacob found that he had the ability to flutter his tongue really fast. He soon felt right at home working his mom's little engorged love-button. He gasped for a second, coming up for air, but like a wild animal feasting on fresh meat, he went quickly back to work.

"Remember what I taught you when we were making out. Breath through your nose, honey," she sighed.

Jacob followed her instructions and his tongue flailed wildly against her magic spot. He dug it down through her fuck-slit, plowing his licker through all that labial goodness, dipping the tip into the mouth of her vagina.

Michelle legs began to convulse a little. " You are a quick learner!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Put my meat curtains into your mouth and suck on them!"

Jacob did as he was told, sucking and pulling on them like a labial lollipop.

"Now while you do that, let your tongue snake between the lips, so you can lap at my hole again," Michelle said.

Jacob was a natural, He kept his mom's labia tucked next to his cheeks as he dug his tongue along Michelle's vaginal opening. She

ran her fingers through his hair. "Oh, honey, you're doing so good! Keep working that tongue. Don't let up!"

Jacob lapped at his mom's honey-pot relentlessly, savoring the taste of her sweet secretions. "Oh God, lick my butthole now, Jacob!" Michelle moaned, arching her chest from the sofa.

Without hesitation, her son fluttered his pink snake across Michelle's puckered anus, digging at the hole with the tip. His heart raced faster than it ever had. He simply couldn't believe he was licking his own Mom's asshole.

"Clit! Lick the clit again!" Michelle squealed, feeling herself rise towards a climax..

Jacob responded, going directly back to her fleshy clitoris. As he ate the pussy of his dreams, Jacob peered up and saw that his mom had her head tilted. Her eyes were rolling back in her head and her mouth hung wide open, panting desperately.

"Meat curtains!" she cried out with a shaky voice.

Jacob responded in a flash, sucking her fleshy cuntal lips into his mouth, his tongue already diving for her heavenly hole. After a minute or so of this, his mom gasped her next request.

"Butthole!"

Jacob's tongue began to lash sloppily at his mom's butt-ring. Michelle reached down and rubbed her hot clitoris at the same time. It wasn't long before her son noticed how her body began to quiver uncontrollably.

Oh God, honey, you're gonna make me cum!" Michelle squealed.

"Mmnnff!" Jacob whimpered, making out with her asshole as she rubbed her clit frantically. "**OH GOD, CLIT…HARD AND FAST!!!**"

she yelled, moving her hand.

Jacob's tongue went right to her sweet-spot and went into overdrive. He peered up one of his mom's legs and saw her clinching her cute toes together.

Michelle's gasp caught Jacob's attention and he gazed up to see that his mom's beautiful face was red and contorted wildly. She grunted, her legs quivering, as she was struck with a massive orgasm.

"**OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING!**" she screamed, her cunt bucking against Jacob's face.

She wrapped her legs around her son's head, trapping his face against her spasming cunt. Jacob couldn't breathe at all now, his mouth and nose was buried in pussy meat. His tongue never stopped. He kept it flailing like a madman and his mom's body reacting as it beat against her clit.

Jacob had no idea how long she kept going. It seemed like forever. His mom finally released her grip and Jacob fell onto the couch beside her, gasping for air.

"Wow! That was awesome," Jacob said as he fought to caught his breath.

"You're telling me!" Michelle said with a satisfied sigh.."You're a quick learner, honey. I do believe my son is a natural pooch-smoocher."

"Hell yeah! I could do that all day.".

Michelle fed him a wide-eyed smile.."Oh God, I've created a little sex hound. Like mother, like son I guess," she giggled.

"So you're a sex hound too?" Jacob asked.

"Haven't you figured that out yet? There's only one person I know of that's as sex crazy as your mother and that's your Aunt Gail."

"She's pretty like you too," Jacob confessed.

"Well, I'm glad you think so, because if you win this week you'll probably have **HER LIPS** wrapped around your penis along with mine," Michelle said.

"Really?" Jacob's face lit up and his rock-hard cock flexed in his shorts.

"She's gonna get rid of your Uncle Paul and the girls, and we can stay at her place after the match. Think you can handle being smothered by two big breasted sisters all night?"

"Are you kidding?! Sounds like a blast!" Jacob exclaimed..

"It'll be a blast alight!" Michelle said,. "You blasting hot loads down our throats!"

Michelle noticed her son's raging bulge. She reached over and ran her long nails along the top of it, sending an electric jolt to Jacob's balls. "Oh, does my handsome boy have a big boner? It wants to snuggle somewhere wet and warm, doesn't it?" Michelle asked in a cute sexy girl voice.

"Yes," his voice quivered.

She rolled onto her side and gazed at him with her pretty eyes.."It wants to pound into mommy's throat like it's a pussy, and squirt all sorts of baby-making syrup into her tummy, doesn't it, honey?" she asked.

"Mom, are you sure it's not too big to go all the way into your mouth?" he asked.

"Oh, baby, don't you worry. You don't have anything your mom can't handle," she winked.. "Yeah, but won't it choke you...I mean, if it goes all the way into your mouth?"

"You really don't believe me, do you?" she asked, giving him a naughty smile.

Jacob had gotten several blowjobs from girls his age, and none of them were able to get even half his lengthy cock into their mouth. He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I don't know. I just..."

"Pull down your shorts," Michelle said.

Jacob was quick to comply. In one motion, he pulled his shorts and boxers down to his knees. His cock was big and meaty. A spider-web of bulging veins ran along his lengthy shaft as it stuck straight up his torso, like a meaty flagpole.

Michelle brought her legs onto the couch and knelt beside her son. He watched as she tied her hair back into a pony-tail and then lowered her face to his lap. "Consider this a sampling of what you get if you win your next match," she said.

The boy watched in awe as his mom opened her mouth and lowered it down over the head of his cock. The first two inches disappeared before he felt the side of his pecker sliding along the top of her tongue and her cheeks collapse around him, shrouding his tender boner in wet warmth. "Ahh!" he sighed, as he felt his bell-shaped head kiss her soft palate, worming right past it. Michelle let out a quick gagging sound as her son's cock popped into her larynx.

"Ohh, man!" the lucky teen sighed, watching his mom's stretched lips travel lower and lower towards his crotch..The final three inches of meat disappear between his mom's big pouty lips, then they reached the base of cock, creating a tight seal around the hilt.

Michelle tilted her head a little so she could peek up at her son. She looked into his bewildered eyes and winked, as if to say "I told you so."

She brought her hands up, letting her full weight come down on Jacob's dick, which caused her to swallow another meaty inch. Jacob could hear her gagging on his dick as her lips stretched over the root, kissing his pubic bone.

"Damn, Mom!" Jacob's gasped and his knob ballooned as the skin on his shaft was pulled tight, stretching it to its maximum length. Pre-cum trickled from his piss-hole.

Suddenly, Jacob heard the garage door open. He knew it was his father, but his mom didn't seem to budge. "Uh, mom, I think dad's home," he warned.

Michelle still didn't move. She kept her son buried to the balls and began to hum softly. The vibrations it caused on Jacob's cock was absolutely amazing.

"Oh God!" he muttered, feeling the warm oral sheath squeeze and vibrate exquisitely..

He heard his dad's car door close in the garage and began to panic. "Mom, dad's in the garage!" he again warned her..

Still Michelle didn't budge. She kept her son's manhood trapped in her throat and continued humming. Jacob's felt like his cock was encased in warm vibrating butter.

He heard the door in the kitchen open. "Hello, I'm home!" he heard his father announce.

For a few seconds more, Michelle didn't move as if savoring every cock-gobbling moment. Then suddenly, she rose from her son's lap, making a regurgitating sound as his nob slid from her gullet. Her lips

rose from his dong and a stream of cum ran from her mouth, She broke the oozing spunk-sting with her lips and swallowed what was left. She gave her son a quick kiss on the cheek. "Yum!" she muttered.

"Anyone home?" Jacob's dad asked as he walked through the kitchen.

The teen quickly pulled up his shorts as his mother rushed in to greet his father, just as she had every other day. He just sat there, afraid to get up because of the raging erection he had..

"Hey, son...how was practice?" his dad asked as he walked into the living room.. "Good dad," Jacob said.

"He's ready for another big win this week, right honey?" his sexy mom asked.

"I'm gonna do my best!"

"Well you better!" Michelle said. "Especially if you want all those 'special perks' that come with being a winner."

"Special perks, huh?" her husband Bill asked. "You must be talking about the attention he'll get from girls if he wins?"

Jacob and his mom looked at each other and smiled, knowing that his dad was exactly right. It just wasn't gonna be the "girls" he was thinking.

"Oh yeah! If he wins that match, I'm sure he'll have a least two girls dying to get at him," Michelle said, giving her son a wink..

"I'm gonna head up and get a shower," Bill said.

"There's clean towels on the bed, dear." Michelle said as she stopped behind the couch and watched her husband climb the stairs.

As soon as Jacob's father disappeared he felt his mom's long nails slide across his chest as she bent over the couch behind him. She brought her lips to her son's ear.

"So, do you still question whether you're mom's capable of handling that big monster of yours?" she whispered.

"I take back what I said early. I don't think you'll have any problems," he admitted.

Michelle whispered seductively into her son's ear. "Better win that match then, so I can put you back in my mouth and run my tongue all over your dick."

She gave him a quick kiss, then Jacob watched his mom climb the stairway to the second floor. Michelle put a little extra sway in her hips, making her mommy-buttocks undulate as she peered down at her boy with a teasing smile.

When she joined her husband in the bedroom, the feelings of guilt flooded in. "I let my son eat my pussy! That was definitely a selfish move. I'm a horrible wife!" she thought.

Even though she was feeling bad about herself for letting her son eat her out, she couldn't deny that it was the best orgasm she'd ever received while receiving oral sex.

Jacob was doing warm-ups when he saw his mom and Aunt Gail enter the auditorium. The sight of both of them together nearly took his breath away. His Aunt Gail was four years older than his mom and equally as striking. Both women wore knee-length skirts and form fitting sweaters, which accentuated the swell of their enormous breasts.

The excited teen could hear the clicks caused by the four inch heels of their dainty high-heeled mules, as the women strode towards the

stands. They found a place on the bottom row and took a seat, crossing their smooth-shaven matronly legs.

Michelle and her sister spotted Jacob as he did his stretches. Mom blew him a kiss and Gail fed him a cute little wave. They were like a couple of sexy groupies, drooling over a young rockstar.

Jacob felt his cock begin to stir and tried to focus on his warm-ups. A hard dick beneath wrestling tights wasn't something he wanted.

"Oh my God, Michelle, he is so adorable!" Gail said, gazing at her nephew. "Don't you just wanna eat him up?" Michelle asked.

"I wanna get him between my legs, that's what I want." Gail said, staring at Jacob with goo-goo eyes.

"Remember, we can't fuck him...not yet. It's blowjobs only tonight," Michelle reminded her sister.

"He better win, damnit, 'cause I am so craving some big strong teenage cock." Gail said, letting her tongue do a little wiggly dance between her lips.

"Well it is 'big and strong,' I can definitely attest to that," Michelle said. "How big do you think it is?"

"If I had to guess, I would say between eight and nine inches," Michelle said. "Oh my God, that's the perfect size!"

Jacob couldn't help but get a boner after he had defeated yet another opponent and he found himself being escorted across the parking lot by two sexy middle-aged moms. His mom and Aunt each had an arm as they ushered him to Gail's car.

"So what is that, like three wins in a row now, Jacob?" Gail asked. "Yeah, I'm on a pretty good win streak."

Stopping at the vehicle, Jacob's mom moved around to the front of him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Pretty impressive, huh, sis?" Michelle asked.

Gail stepped up behind Jacob, resting her chin on his shoulder. She let her big melonous breasts kiss his back and brought her hands around, running them up his chest.

"Damn impressive! He was making my heart flutter the whole time," she said softly. "Mine also," Michelle said. "He made me flutter other places too."

Gail laughed. "Uh-Oh, Jacob...I think you're giving your mom a serious case of puppy-love," she said.

Gail was right. Michelle smiled and bit her bottom lip, staring straight into her son's eyes like a smitten teenage girl. "I'm not gonna lie. He definitely has my attention."

"So I heard them say the coach is taking the team out to eat. Do we wanna go, or should we just head back to the house?" Gail asked.

"No, I think we need to get him home. Is that okay, honey? Michelle asked, anxious to suck his cock.

"Yeah, I'm cool with that," he said, just as anxious to have his cock sucked. "Well then let's get him home. He has a long night ahead of him," Gail said.

Jacob and his mom sat in the back seat of his Aunt Gail's car as they drove to her house a few blocks away. As she sat close to him Michelle gently grazed Jacob's cock and balls through his pants with the tips of her nails. It was if she priming him for what was to come.

Gail's house was dark and empty when they arrived. She didn't even bother turning on any lights as they moved through the kitchen. "I

convinced Bill it was a good weekend to go fishing, so him and a buddy are staying up at the camp," Gail said.

"What about the girls?" Michelle asked.

"Spending the night with friends, which they most likely would have been doing anyway tonight."

Michelle held her son's hand as they followed Gail up the steps to the second floor. Jacob's mom smiled as she caught him staring at his Aunt's big heart-shaped ass, as it swayed seductively with each step.

Once in the room, they stripped the boy naked. Gail's eyes widened as she saw her nephew's big boner stick way out at an upward angle, bobbing stiffly on his loins. "Oh damn, that is a beautiful dick!" she anxiously exclaimed.

"Told you so,"her sister said, unbuttoning her blouse.

Jacob massaged his hardon as he watch his mom and Aunt Gail strip out of their clothes. When they got down to their sexy bra and panties, he really started to get excited.

The women wasted no time unclasping their bras, pulling the cups and letting their enormous milkers spring free. His Aunt Gail's boobs were just as large, if not larger than his mom's. They hung down and teetered back and forth heavily, like big udders as she peeled her panties off.

His mom's thong hit the floor as well, and she pushed them aside with one of her sexy bare feet. Both mom's pussies were completely shaved, with a well defined cuntal cleavage. "You shaved down there!" Jacob said to his mom with a smile.

"I did. Do you like it?" his mom asked.

"Of course," he muttered, making both moms giggle. "So you prefer a shaved pussy, Jacob?" his Aunt asked. "Yeah, I think they're sexy!"

Michelle strode up to her boy and pressed her big jutting boobies against his bare chest. She rose up on her tip toes and they shared a few sensual kisses.

"Mmm, can I get a few of those?" Gail asked.

Michelle moved aside and her sister replaced her. Jacob sighed excitedly as he felt his Aunt Gail's king-sized rack squish softly against his chest. They kissed just like he and his mother had, then Gail back him to the bed. "Lay down," she said softly.

Minutes later, Jacob found himself in the middle of his Aunt Gail's big fluffy marital bed. His mother's head bobbed up and down on his lap, his big dick gliding in and out from between her big pouty lips as she provided him the blowjob he earned.

The hard-dicked teen could feel her wet tongue rolling across his juicy bell-tip. Michelle's big pendulous tits hung from her chest, gently rocking from side to side as she gave her son an expert blowjob.

Gail knelt beside her nephew and leaned over, so her soft tit-melons were pancaked against Jacob's chest as they kissed like horny teenagers. Their tongues flailed together wildly inside Jacob's mouth, with animal-like lust.

"Oh, **HE IS** good, sis." Gail said, between kisses, having already been given a heads-up on what a great kisser Jacob was.

Michelle's fist had a tight grip at the base of her son's cock, beating his dick into her mouth, as she sucked sloppily on his shaft. Every dozen or so mouth-pumps, she would take his cock out and whip her strong tongue all over his shiny knob. Then she would go back to earnestly sucking.

Gail smacked her lips against Jacob's as she gazed down at him, her big beautiful green eyes glazed over with lust. "Mmmmm," she softly moaned. The boy loved the way her big titties were spread out on his chest while they kissed, with her engorged rubbery nipples poking into

him.

"Your mom's a good cock-sucker, isn't she, baby?" Gail asked between kisses. "Yes," the boy sighed.

"See what happens when start to become a wrestling star. You have girls wanting to kiss you, and blow you and rub their big tits all over you," she said.

Soon Gail moved down to join her sister, both women were now on their knees beside Jacob. She moved her lips down close to Michelle's, watching her sister suck hungrily on the meaty pecker.

"Okay greedy-butt, time to share," Gail joked.

Michelle's head continued bobbing up and down in traditional blowjob fashion. It was like nothing else existed accept the big teenage hardon between her lips.

"Huh-uh!" she hummed, refusing to give it up. "Come on, let Aunt Gail have a turn," Gail giggled.

Jacob's cock popped from Michelle's mouth, swollen and glistening with saliva. With her hand still wrapped around the base, she tilted his shaft, moving the big bulbous head towards Gail. Before her sister could get it between her lips, Michelle giggled and stuffed Jacob's dick back into her own mouth, nursing on the big juicy nob.

"You fucking bitch! Gail said playfully.

She circled her hand around the shaft just above Michelle's and pulled gently, bringing her lips down close to her sister's. "You've been down here twenty minutes, now it's my turn," she said.

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Jacob peered down at the two gorgeous moms as they fought over his cock. As the plum-sized nob began to slip from Michelle's mouth, Gail was already wrapping her lips around the shiny surface. It literally slipped from one mouth to the next.

Gail wasted no time, stuffing her nephew's meat down her throat. She gagged a little as she worked half his cock into her gullet, fucking it with her lips and tongue.

"Ahh, yes!" Jacob sighed, feeling his glans tingle delightfully.

Michelle still had a tight grasp on her son's cock, watching jealously as her sister worked it up and down. Within seconds she found herself pulling at it, eagerly wanting more.

Pre-cum drooled from Jacob's cock-head as it was passed from one mouth to the next. Two long pink tongues attacked it from both sides, rolling and flailing wildly up and down the hard cylinder of flesh..

For the next twenty minutes, Michelle and her sister took turns on Jacob's cock. While one sucked, the other would nurse on his big tender balls. The boy's body trembled excitedly, feeling his nuts being pulled and slurp on at the same time his cock was.

Michelle let her sister finish him off. Gail was like a cock-sucking machine and once she fell into a rhythm there was no stopping her. Her head bobbed up and down tirelessly, letting Jacob's meat worm back and forth past her soft palate and into her larynx. With each down-stroke her lips would bump against his soft scrotum as she deep-throated him.

Meanwhile, Michelle had both her son's big balls crammed in her mouth, bathing them in a hot pool of saliva. Her tongue fluttered like the wings of a butterfly, battering his young balls from every direction.

"Oh God, I'm gonna cum!" Jacob finally announced.

He felt as if his entire soul was firing out his pisshole as the ropes began to erupt down Michelle's throat. She swallowed them up like a true cock sucking champion.

Michelle came up and snuggled up against her son, watching his facial reactions as her sister milked him dry.

"I think our little wrestling star is lost in heaven," she cooed, stroking his hair. "Ohh! That was amazing!" he sighed breathlessly..

"Mmmm, I think **YOU'RE** amazing." Michelle said softly, gazing at him with her beautiful eyes.

Staring into each other's eye's, mother and son became lost in the lovers trance. Rising from Jacob's lap, Gail broke the spell. "Yum!" she moaned, licking the cum from her bottom lip.

Gail noticed the private little moment that they seemed to be sharing. "Do you two wanna be alone for awhile?" she asked.

"Do you mind?" Michelle asked her sister. "Promise you'll save some more for me?"

"Don't worry, he's not going anywhere, sis," Michelle giggled.

Jacob watched his Aunt slip from the bed, her big breasts flopping across her tummy. Her ass was meaty and absolutely gorgeous. It swayed invitingly as she strode towards the door."Don't wake the neighbors you two," Gail said playfully as she closed the door behind

her. Michelle fed her son a sly smile. "So do you like you Aunt Gail's big boobies?"

"Yeah, they're awesome!" Jacob muttered.

"Hers may be a little bigger, but they aren't nearly as soft and squishy as mine." Michelle said, pushing her spongy orbs against her boy.

"Your boobs are the best, mom," Jacob said.

"You'll like them a lot better when they're rolling up and down my chest," she said. "What do you mean?"

"Well, that's what happens when you thrust into a woman. You make her boobies dance," Michelle said.

"I can't wait to see that," Jacob muttered.

"Oh, you will, honey. My state champion's gonna make his momma's boobies roll and swing and dance all over her chest," Michelle said. "But until that day comes, they won't wander far," she winked.

"I hope not."

She looked him in the eyes yearningly. "Do you care if mom spends some time loving on you?" she asked.

"Are you crazy? Of course I don't care."

"We are naked, so we're gonna have to be careful that the monster down there doesn't wander into any caves that he shouldn't be in," Michelle warned. "Not yet anyway."

Jacob laughed. "Nice analogy, mom, but yeah, I understand," he said.. "Good, now roll over on top of me," Michelle whispered.

The busty mother moved onto her back and Jacob followed, taking position between her parted legs. Her labial meat felt slick, warm and smooth pressed against his tender boner.

Jacob watched in fascination as his mom's boobs drooped slightly off the sides of her chest as she positioned herself comfortably beneath him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of her.

Michelle's lips parted and her pink snake began to peek from it's hole as Jacob's lips descended onto hers. He felt a sudden jolt of arousal surge through his young body as his mom's strong silky-smooth legs rose up and circled his waist.

Time seemed to stop, as mother and son began to float on a cloud of love. They closed their eyes and let their tongues dance as Michelle ran her long nails across the back of Jacob's head.

Jacob's cock flexed with erectness between them, crushing against her swollen clit. Her son began to instinctively rock his hips and mom helped him along by pushing his ass with the heels of her pretty little feet.

"Careful, honey," the lusty mother warned, feeling his knob nearly jab into the mouth of her vagina a few times..

They kissed passionately, while engaging in a steady dry-fuck. "Squeeze my titties," the mother whispered between kisses.

Jacob's hands moved between them and found his mom's squishy boobs. He was amazed at how soft and spongy the were. The fatty flesh literally oozed between his fingers. The big rubbery caps of her areola were covered with milk-glands and stretched against her son's grasp.

Michelle tilted her hips back slightly and the length of Jacob's fuck-stick carved a trail between the slick folds of her labium. Jacob

signed as he felt his teenage dick sink down between his mom's soft labial meat, sliding up and down against her warm slick cleft and throbbing clitoris.

Like she had several times before, Michelle came to her senses. "What the fuck am I doing?" she asked herself. "He's my son for Godsake... and this wasn't part of the deal at all!"

The feel of his rigid manhood plowing at her in a steady dry-hump changed her tune real quick.

"Oh shit, but this is such a thrill... and his cock feels so fucking amazing!" her brain screamed.

The naughty little dry-hump make-out session went on and on. I was like their own little sexual wrestling match. Michelle's legs were now up so far that her feet were locked high around Jacob's back.

Jacob's hands still had a tight grip on Michelle's tits, his fingers digging into their pillowy softness. The boy's dick slid a little too far and popped down between his mom's ass-cheeks. He continued grinding, his love-muscle now pointing down towards the mattress. The nob was wet with vaginal secretions and it plowed against his mom's butthole. With every downward motion it would momentarily get caught in her butt-socket, kissing the big puckered ring of her anus before traveling down between her soft cheeks.

Michelle let her son plow at her ass a little bit, then reached down and grasped his rod. "Sit up, love," she said breathlessly.

Jacob released his mom's tits and sat up on his knees. He watched as she bent her knees back further, in the birthing position. Her cunt was splayed completely open, like a big pink flower in full bloom. Still grasping his penis at the root, she began to slap her son's bell-tip against her clit playfully.

"Damn!" the boy sighed at the sight of his cock and her pussy together..

They exchanged a wonder-filled smile, as Michelle's big beautiful brown eyes stared up at him seductively, continuously beating his boner against her steaming genitals. She drug the tip between her fleshy labium, watching her son's reaction.

"I'm gonna put just the tip in, ok? No thrusting!" she said.

"Uh huh," Jacob sighed as he felt his sensitive knob sink in to her warm wet hole. The mouth of Michelle's vagina stretched around the broad cock-tip, letting it sink inside her.

"Oh shit!" the boy sighed. It felt like the tip of his peter was being dipped in a pool of warm butter. Reacting to this, his cock flexed and his bulbous head ballooned with more blood.

Michelle's body reacted also, as her birth canal expanded and released the slippery lubricant from it's hot pink walls, preparing itself for intercourse.

"This isn't the first time you've stretched that little opening. You were a big baby, Jacob Little," Michelle said with a smile.

"It feels so good, mom," Jacob confessed

"Oh honey, you haven't even begun to experience good," she said, clasping his fat bell even tighter, coating it with her hot fuck-juice.

"Can I go just a little deeper?" he asked..

"Be my state champ, then you can go all the way to my womb," Michelle said.

She popped his cock from her creamy furrow and sat up. Jacob was still on his knees, straddling his mom's legs. His big boner now

pointed directly at her chest.

"Here," she said, hefting her giant tit-orbs.. "Put it between them."

Jacob moved forward and Michelle sandwiched his cock between her tits, so that only his purple plum stuck out the top. She reached over and took a bottle of lubricant from her sister's nightstand, then squirted some on and they watched it coat his knob and run down between her tits. "Pussy fucking is reserved for a State Champion, but you can fuck my titties if you want?"

"I'm definitely good with that!" Jacob said excitedly. His mom was offering more than he expected, so he was grateful.

Michelle squeezed her tits together, smothering her boy's boner even tighter with tit-flesh, and worked her boobie-cleavage up and down her son's cock. Jacob let out a quivering sigh as his cum-drooling cock slid through the slippery channel between his mom's tits.

"Does that feel good?" Michelle asked in a sweet motherly tone. "Oh God yeah!" he sighed.

"You like momma's big soft titties, don't you baby?" she asked, thrilled by his reaction. "I sure do! They're amazing!"

"Well then fuck 'em, honey! Come on, bounce with me!" Michelle said, moving her chest up and down.

Jacob placed his hands on his mom's shoulders for leverage and began a thrusting bounce on the bed. His long cock thundered through the smothering crevice of oily tit-flesh. His bell-tip emerged from Michelle's cleavage, big and shiny, before slipping back down into the deep canyon.

"Oh that's such a big dick!" Michelle cooed, feeling her boy's muscled prick squeeze between her titties.

Jacob's balls boiled as they beat against the butt of his mom's tits. Beside's the cock-sucking he had received earlier, it was the most amazing thing he had ever felt.

Michelle worked her tits on him like a pro, watching his blood-engorged cock-head peek out from between her breasts. Each time it did, she could see his meatus yawning, bubbling out more pre-cum.

"That's it, honey, fuck those titties!" she shouted encouragingly. "Oh God, mom!" Jacob sighed.

"Jacob, look at me!" Michelle said.

Jacob looked up from her boobs to see his mom staring up at him. The tops of her jugs rippled like jello each time his balls struck them from beneath. Her compressing palms made the ends of her stiff-nippled boobs bulge out obscenely.

Yet despite all the sexual eye-candy it was her eyes that got to him the most. Her big gleaming brown eyes staring back at him with nothing but pure love pouring out of them. Michelle's tongue peeked out and slithered across her teeth, as her mouth curled into a devilish little smile. "Come on, blow that hot fucking load between mommy's tits!" she cried out.

That was all it took for young Jacob. Hot boiling cum rocketed up his shaft and fired from his piss-hole. Michelle felt the warmth of the first rope between her tits.

When Jacob's knob peeked from her cleavage, it blasted a second milky cord into the air. Michelle saw the geyser travel up past her face before it splashing down onto her tits.

"Oh, honey! Cum on mommy!" she said encouragingly.

Jacob grunted with pleasure and his next creamy cum-blast splashed against Michelle's chin and across her lips. Her tongue instinctively cleaned it from her top lip.

The next one erupted deep down inside the smother pocket of tit-cleavage. Jacob's knob peeked out, and just after it disappeared back between the pancaked breasts, rope number five spurted out. Cock-cream bubbled from the dark crevice, forming a small pool on top of Michelle's boobs. A half a second later, Jacob's fat purple tip rose like a creature from the deep, bursting through the spooge-puddle and sending another long milky strand rising into the air.

"Ahhh shit!" he grunted, as yet another pulsing cord squirted between his mom's boobs.

As his orgasm subsided, Michelle pulled him back down on top of her, as she lay back on the bed. She stroked the back of his head as he rested his face in the soft of her neck. Her sexy bare feet trailed softly up the back of his calves as the boy rested against his mom's squishy cum-smeared boobies.

A little while later Michelle stepped from the shower just as Gail entered the bathroom. Her eye's traveled from the sleeping teen on the bed to her sister. "You didn't!" Gail said.

"I did...but just with my tits," Michelle said with a naughty smile.. "Poor baby...you wore him out," Gail said..

Michelle laughed. "I strongly doubt that," she said.

"So do I get some time alone with him now?" Gail asked, walking over to her sister. "No...I don't trust you," Michelle said teasingly..

Gail threw her arms around Michelle, stepping in close so that her bare breasts pressed gently against her sister's.

"I'll be good...I promise," she said.

"Yeah, a good lay. The answer's still no. I barely trust myself with him, let alone my cock-hungry sister," Michelle said.

"Well, then we should share again."

Some time later, Jacob woke up with his head resting on his mom's lap. She stroked his hair as she looked down at him over her huge jutting tit-melons.

"Hi, handsome," she said with a smile.

The boy could feel his cock being sucked to life and he peered down to see his Aunt Gail kneeling between his legs, worming his hardening cock in and out of her lovely mouth. Her huge droopy breast hung from her chest, wobbling back and forth as she sucked.

Michelle cradled her son's head and lifted it to one of her breasts. He sucked her nipple into his mouth and began rolling his tongue across her big rubbery areola. The soft spongy melon molded around Jacob's entire face as she rested it's full weight on him.

"Suck mommy's tittie, honey," her voice said softly.

Jacob felt like he had died and gone to heaven. Here he was smothered in breast-meat, chewing and nursing on his own mother's nipple, while feeling the warm wet sensation of having his cock deep-throated by his Aunt.

As his tongue dug against bumpy surface of his mom's areola, Jacob opened his eyes and stared into smooth fatty flesh resting warmly against his face. He could hear himself breathing through his nose, his mom's breast molded around his face like a big spongy mask.

"Mmmnff," he whimpered, working her puffy nipple between the roof of his mouth and his tongue.

Jacob felt his cock pop from his Aunt Gail's mouth. He felt her big tits drag up his chest. His mom's nipple was pulled from his lips as Gail's mouth crept under Michelle's breast and found Jacob's. The two of them kissed hungrily twirling their tongues together.

Jacob heard his mom giggle and he peered up to see her looking down at them. "Does baby like all these big boobs all over him?" she asked cutely.

"Uh-huh." Jacob muttered as he made out with his Aunt Gail.

Gail broke the kiss and Michelle's breast wobbled back across Jacob's face. He swept his tongue across it as it bobbed heavily back and forth, smothering half his head. Gail adjusted herself, so that one her giant boobs bumped against her sister's, and Jacob found himself staring at two breasts instead of one.

Like his mom's, Gail's areola were enormous and Jacob's mouth was drawn towards it like a magnet. He sucked and chewed like a hungry baby, watching his mom's nipple slide down his nose and rest between his eyes. He tilted his chin up and went to work on Michelle's nipple, then he reached up and maneuvered his Aunts breast so that both their giant areola were side by side.

Both big caps fell onto his face and Jacob found himself in big breast heaven. Smothered in pounds of breast-meat the teenager worked both nipples into his mouth, chewing, pulling and sucking greedily.

Gail smiled as she slouched over face to face with her sister. They glanced down at their joining boobs, which completely covered Jacob's face. "Oh, I think we've created a little boobie-monster, sis." Gail said.

"Watch out, this monster likes to eat poochie to Michelle said.

"Mmm, well maybe my cunt-licking nephew can come show his Auntie what he can do."

Jacob felt his Aunt Gail's nipple slip through his teeth as she sat back on the bed. He peeked out from beneath his mom's breast and watched as his Aunt Gail rested her hands back on the mattress and threw her knees back into the birthing position. Her big udders drooped slightly off the sides of her chest as she glared down at him, with widely parted thighs. "What about it, hotshot? Wanna smooch with Aunt Gail's pooch?" She asked, slapping the meat of her genitals with her fingers.

Jacob sat up and his mom climbed onto her knees and leaned against him, so that her face was beside his, the weight of her tits against his back. "Go on, honey, make her scream like you did me," Michelle said..

Jacob laid down on his stomach between Gail's legs and began to feast on her bald cunt. She caressed the back of his head as he sloppily licked along her coral gash..

Michelle took one of the bed pillows and stuffed it under Jacob's tummy so she could elevate his hips. Then she crawled behind him, pulled his boner out from beneath him and milked it, while leaning down and licking his asshole.

"Ohh Jesus, Mom!" the boy gasped, looking back too see her face buried between his buns. He could feel her strong mature tongue whipping across his butt-ring.

"Come on, Jacob," his Aunt said in a horny tone, hooking her sexy bare foot around his head and guiding him back to her cunt. "Eat me!"

Clit, meat curtains, butthole. Jacob had remembered what his mom had taught him about eating pussy, and soon he had his Aunt Gail's eyes fluttering. Through the corner of his eye, he could see her tiny foot, hovering beside him since her knees were back so far. It began to quiver and her cute little toes with their painted nails began to clench.

"Oh my God!" Gail's voice shook.

Jacob's tongue went into overdrive, beating against his Aunt's big fat clitoris. He was amazed that he could concentrate with his mom licking his ass and stroking his cock the way she was.

"Oh God, Michelle!" Gail exclaimed as if communicating to her sister just how intense her son was going to make her cum.

Michelle kissed her son's butthole wetly and giggled. "I told you!"

The mother then took a long wet lick down her son's perineum, licking and kissing that bare spot between his nuts and ass, while continuously beating up and down the length of his cock. She heard her boy react with a whimper..

"Oh shit, I'm gonna cum!" Gail sang.

Her pretty face became contorted and Jacob felt her hips begin to jerk. Both Gail's feet were throw back a foot further, her sexy toes with their pale-pink painted toenails clenched tightly as an orgasm rippled through her..

"**OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!!!**" she screamed out, like a teenage girl popping for the very first time.

Under Jacob's chin, the head of Gail's urethra pushed forward, peeking out her twat. A long stream of girl-cum squirted from the opening, splashing against Jacob's neck. It was followed by a second, then a third.

"**OH FUCK!**" Gail screamed, writhing wildly as she sent a fourth strong blast of pussy-cum erupting all over the cunt-munching teenager. Jacob just kept going until Gail pushed his face away.

"Holy shit!" she panted, glaring at Jacob as if he were some sort of pussy-eating God.

Michelle released his cock and crawled over the top of him, letting her big soft tits drag against his back.

"Awww, did my baby make his Auntie Gail squirt?" she asked.

"Oh my God, Michelle, I haven't been eaten like that since college," Gail said, her voice still quivering.

Michelle lowered her lips to her son's ear, licking and teasing it, as he rested on the bed. "Don't get lazy on me, honey-bear. You have more pooch to smooch," Michelle said.

Michelle crawled over onto her sister laying flat against her, so their tits were smashed together. Gail smiled up at her. "Wicked minds think alike," she giggled.

Michelle looked over her shoulder as Jacob rose to his knees. Right in front of him were two shaved matronly cunts, one piled right on top of the other.

"Come on, Romeo. Now you're gonna make us both scream," his mom said. "I only have one tongue, mom," Jacob joked.

"I know, and it belongs to me. With your Aunt Gail you're going to do something you haven't done yet, it's called finding the G-spot," Michelle said, then put the two fingers of her hand together and pointed them out with her palm up.

"You're going to put these two fingers together and slide them inside her. When they get all the way in, you're going to bend them up like this and scratch the upper wall of her vagina. It won't take you long to find her little G-spot. Ready to try?" Michelle said.

"Okay," Jacob said, moving in close.

His fingers sunk down into his Aunt Gail's pussy-hole and turned up just as his mother directed, scratching along the upper surface of

her birth canal.

"Bring your fingers back just a little, sweetie" Gail said, guiding him to her sweet spot. Jacob drug his fingers into an area where her lining felt rougher.

"Oh, right there! That's your Auntie's 'G' baby!" Gail said.

"Come on," Michelle said, giving her ass cheek a pat, directing her son to start eating her.

Jacob buried his face in his mom's juicy cunt, putting his tongue to work, while he stared at her crinkled butthole. His fingers dug at his Aunt Gail's G-spot and soon he could feel both women squirming.

Michelle's face hovered over her sister's, both women were panting excitedly. "Ohhhhh!" Michelle cried out.

"Oh, God!" Gail followed.

Jacob felt a rush of adrenaline. He was about to make two beautiful middle-aged sisters cum at once. Two moms with over twenty years of sexual experience and nearly fifty-thousand orgasms between them, were about cum at the hand and tongue of a teenage boy.

"Oh God, Michelle! He's working my fucking G-spot so good!" Gail squealed. "Oh fuck, my pussy's feeling really good too! He's amazing!" Michelle cried out.

Soon Jacob had both moms crying in passion, as their pussies began to quiver. Their high-pitched squeals sounded like two college girls getting their cherries popped.

After he made his mom and his Aunt Gail cum, Jacob found himself on his back again, while his mom and Aunt Gail took turns gagging on his cock. Both their tiny hands were wrapped around the meaty base, their long painted fingernails grasping at the tender cock-flesh.

Working together, the two hands jerked at the stalk, causing Jacob's big ball-sack to bounce wildly.

Jacob was in absolute paradise watching two grown women take turns on him, their huge drooping mommy-melons flopping all around.

"Oh, I love wrapping my lips around this sweet little sugar stick," Gail said as she popped the mushroom-shaped cork from her mouth and rolled her tongue across its glistening surface.

Michelle nipped at its girth with her puckered lips, probing its vein-covered surface with the tip of her tongue. "**LITTLE** sugar stick? You **ARE** kidding, right? There's nothing little about my honey-bear's cock...In a few weeks it's gonna be mommy's big pussy-pounder!" Michelle said.

Both Gail and Michelle continued to beat Jacob off as they came up and lay on either side of him. Their boobs were so fucking enormous that they met in the middle on his chest, so that all Jacob saw when her looked down was tit-meat. "Well just don't forget I want my pussy stretched too...then I want it fucked hard and fast!" Gail said.

Michelle kissed her boy's lips sensually. "Did you hear that, honey? Your Aunt Gail wants your big dick inside her too. Isn't that exciting?" Michelle said, then went back to kissing him..

"Yeah," he sighed, then shared a few wet smooches with his Aunt Gail..

"Not as exciting as having it inside your mommy though," Gail said, between kisses. "There's no pussy like mommy's pussy."

"Ohh!" the boy gasped out loud, turned on beyond belief as the two beautiful moms smothered him with their voluptuous bodies, while showering him with kisses and beating his hardon with their hands.

"You're gonna make me scream with that big baby-maker aren't you, honey?" Michelle asked with a naughty smile, then kissed his lips again.

Gail squeezed his hardon tight while jerking it. "Is that what that is down there, Jacob, a baby-maker?" she asked while taking turns kissing him. "Are you gonna pump babies into us?"

"Ohh shit!" the boy gasped, feeling his hardon tingle in their steadily stroking hands.

Michelle slid both tits up onto her boy, running the long nails of her free hand through his hair, while planting a series of moaning kisses on his lips. "Ohh, is that what you want, honey? You want mommy big n preggers?" she cooed.

"God!" the boy snarled, humping his hips from the mattress and fucking up into their stroking hands.

"Mm, so she can smother you with her big pregnant ball!" Gail said.

"And you can suck on my big milk-filled titties!" Michelle added, then smooched him again, only this time it was a deep tongue-twirling french kiss.

At this point the two sisters were fighting for position on him, pushing back and forth. They both wanted to rub their hard rubbery nipples on him while they kissed him. Jacob felt like he was being sexually attacked by two dueling cougars, and he loved it! Everywhere he looked, huge sloshing boobie-melons were rubbing all over him. His mom would kiss him, then Gail would move in. When there was the slightest pause in their smooching, his mom would move back in on his lips. They were both incredible kissers, and the boy was over the moon.

"Just imagine it, sis," Michelle said breathlessly, "being fucked by a State Champion wrestler."

"Yess! Imagine how hard he could fuck us!" Gail answered. "Pound the fucking cum out of our tight pussies!"

"Ohhh!" Jacob moaned, feeling on the verge of blasting his hot wad into the air.

Now rather than kiss him, both mom's had moved up slightly, burying the boy's face in tit-meat.

They beat his dick relentlessly, their big wedding rings sparkling, and Jacob continued to pump his hips up and down.

"He could pin us to the bed, like he does his opponents," Michelle said, "then he could hold our silky legs back while he ravages us like a fucking horny animal!"

Gail could see her nephew peeking up at them over their tits. "Is that what you want, you beast? You wanna pin us down and pump babies into us?" she shouted.

"Ohhh shit!" Jacob whimpered, feeling his whole body give off a mighty pre-orgasmic shudder. His mom's next word sealed the deal.

"Fuck us, Jacob! Give us your babies!!"

A mix of colors flashed before Jacob's eyes as he was struck with the most powerful cum of his life.

The mothers both looked back at his cock, not wanting to miss the fireworks show. The first milky rope blasted nearly four-feet into the air. "Holy shit! What a geyser!" Gail exclaimed.

"He'll have lots more!" Michelle said proudly, and that he did. Nearly a dozen cords of hot jizz were shot from his piss-slit, as the women milked him dry.

The three of them slept like a babies the rest of the night, with Jacob snuggled comfortably between the two mothers, their tits draped across his chest, and smooth matronly legs resting on his.

"So how many fights does he have left until state?" Gail asked over the phone.

"Three I think," Michelle said, sipping on a glass of water, "and he'll need to win every one of them."

"Hopefully he will, as long as he stays properly motivated," Gail giggled.

Michelle was wearing pale-pink two-piece string bikini. The bottoms were so skimpy they just barely covered her ass and vulva. The top was also risqué, showing off a lot of boob-flesh.

"So you've sucked his cock and balls, he's humped your tits and smooched with your pooch, what the hell's left. The only thing you two haven't done is fucked." Gail said.

Michelle watched out the sliding glass door as her husband and son played in the pool. Of course, she mostly kept her eyes on Jacob, checking out his lean physique.

"I have a couple ideas," Michelle said, gazing out at her son's glistening body as it splash about.

"Here's an idea...how 'bout I come stay with you for a couple of days. We can keep him home from school and drain his balls," Gail said.

"Thanks, but I think I can handle this one on my own, sis."

Jacob got out of the pool and ran inside, toweling himself off. "Having fun out there, handsome?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah. I thought you were gonna come swim?" Jacob asked, checking out his mom in her sexy bikini. He particularly liked the way her oversized tits spilled out of the top.

"I'm just chatting with Aunt Gail. Here, say hi," she said, handing him the phone. "Hi Aunt Gail," Jacob said.

"Hey there, stud. Heard you enjoyed your little rest stop this morning," Gail said.

"Yeah, it was cool." Jacob said, recalling how his mom had stopped at a rest area on the way home to blow his dick and lick his balls.

As he spoke on the phone, Michelle stepped up behind him, bumping her bikini-clad knockers against him, while gently rubbing his shoulders with her soft hands. She was finding it more and more difficult to keep her hands off of him.

"I had fun last night. You're a hard one to resist, sweetheart." Gail said. "Thanks," he said blushingly.

Michelle glanced out the window at her husband as he swam laps across the pool. She pulled Jacob away from the sliding glass door, against the kitchen counter, so that her husband couldn't see them if he were to look in. Her tits mashed against Jacob's back as she wrapped her arms around him and began running her long nails along his muscular chest. "Good grief, I can't keep my hands off of him! He's so fucking irresistible!" she thought.

Jacob's Aunt Gail continued speaking to him. "You know, I was thinking...I know after you win state you're gonna be pretty busy hammering away at your mom's cunt, but if you can pull yourself away from her, I'd like you to come stay with me for a week."

Michelle began to plant light sensual little kisses along her son's neck. Her hand crept down beneath the waistband of his shorts and

she combed her long nails through the pubic fuzz along the base of his cock..

Jacob felt one of his mom's bare feet begin to gently slide up his calf as she bathed him in unmotherly affection..

"Yeah, maybe," he answered his Aunt, barely able to focus on what she was saying.

"The girls are always gone, and your Uncle Ron works long hours, so it would just be the two of us most of the day. Would you like that?" Gail asked.

"Yeah, that would be fun."

"I'd let you fuck my pussy, my tits, my ass, whatever you wanted," Gail said. "Really?"

"Of course!" she said. "Just, don't go announcing that to your mom."

"Oh OK," he muttered, his mind drifting back to his mom and her big rubbery erect nipples that were poking into his back.

"I heart you, Jacob," Gail said softly. "I love you too, Aunt Gail."

As Michelle was handed back the phone, she moved around to the front of her son, facing him. Her hand grasped the waistband of his shorts, holding it like a harness, and she brought the phone to her ear. "Making plans are we?" she asked her sister.

"I just thought Jacob might like to come spend some time with his Auntie after he becomes state champion," Gail said.

"Why, so he can plunge your pipes?" Michelle joked. "Maybe!"

"Well I have a strange suspicion that when Mr. Jacob wins the state championship he won't wanna wander far from home for a while." Michelle said, giving her son a wink..

Michelle heard her husband come in the sliding door and let go of her son's shorts. She continued to gaze at him for a moment. Her mouth fell open slightly and Jacob could see her tongue roll across her top teeth teasingly.

"Honey, do we have any sandwich meat?" her husband asked her.

"I better go, sis. I have two hungry boys to feed," Michelle said.

After lunch, Jacob and his father became engrossed in the Saturday afternoon baseball game. Michelle was still in her skimpy bikini and her horny son hadn't been able to tear his eyes away from her since she sat down. She finally got up from the sofa and moved towards the sliding glass door.

"Well, boys, I think I'm gonna go out for a swim," she said.

Jacob watched her sashay towards the door. The cheeks of her thick mommy-buttocks peeked from beneath the skimpy bikini bottoms, and undulated gently from side to side. Jacob knew it was an open invitation for him to come out and play.

"Actually, dad, I'm not too into the game. I think I'll go back out and swim with mom," Jacob said.

"Suit yourself," his father said, chomping on his popcorn. "You're gonna miss a good one though."

When Jacob got outside Michelle was already in the pool. She was over on the deep end with only her pretty little head poking out of the water. "Hi!" she said, in a flirty little tone.

"Hi." Jacob said as he walked down the steps into the water. "Did you miss me that much already?" she teased.

"As a matter of fact, I did," Jacob said, as he swam over to the deep end. His mom latched on to him, throwing her legs and arms around

him. Jacob kept them both afloat as Michelle clung to her boy, with her big fat jugs squashed against his young naked chest. Hovering slightly above him, Jacob's mom brushed the wet hair from his eyes.

"Mm, mommy's big strong wrestling stud. You gonna hold me, and show me what a man you are?" she asked with a big beautiful smile.

"I could hold you forever," Jacob said..

She stared straight into his eyes. "Careful what you wish for," she said softly. "I may never let you go."

"So what do I get if I win my next match?" Jacob asked. "I've been wondering about it all day."

"It's a surprise this time," she answered with a sly look. "I will tell you this though...if you win, that big boner in your shorts is gonna be very, **VERY** happy."

Jacob snickered a little.

"What's so funny?" Michelle asked.

"It's just funny to hear my own mom say the word 'boner' that's all," he said.

"Yeah, well it wasn't so hilarious this morning, when your own mom had her lips wrapped around your 'boner' at the rest stop, now was it?" Michelle asked.

"No, there was nothing funny about that. I loved it!"

Michelle glared into his eyes with a naughty little smile. "Did you like how I curled my wet tongue around the head of your...**BONER**," she said, watching his reaction.

A naughty little shiver shot through Jacob's body, and he felt his 'boner' wedged against his mom's puffy vulva, as her legs clung

around him beneath the water. "It's definitely sexy when you say it," he confessed.

Michelle giggled at his reaction, then got a serious look. "Watch my lips then...are you watching?" she asked.

Jacob nodded as he watched his mom's big pouty lips slowly part. There was a long pause before Michelle spouted it out. "**BONER!**" she said in the sexiest tone she could.

She giggled as she felt her son's reaction in his groin.. She hugged him even tighter, making her boob-flesh bulge out from between them. She brought her lips to his ear. "Boner, boner, boner, boner, boner, boner, boner, **BONER!**...My Boner!" she teased, pressing her camel toe against it.

Jacob suddenly slipped out of her arms, playfully dunking under the water. Michelle let out a little yelp as she tried to hang onto him.

He resurfaced near the shallow end, laughing at her.

"You come back here, young man!" she said, starting off after him.

When she got near him, Jacob dove under again, going right between his mom's legs. Michelle screamed playfully as she was lifted out of the water on her son's shoulders. She squeezed her thighs tightly around her son's head, her big wet boobs wobbled around, nearly popping out of her bikini top.

"You little shit!" she squealed.

Michelle glanced at the house to make sure her husband wasn't watching."You bad-boy! You just wanted your head between my sexy legs, didn't you?"

"You got it!" Jacob said.

"Try facing the other direction next time, so I can rub my pink taco against your face!" she teased.

"I love tacos!"

"Mm, well mommy has one. All you can eat!" she said, clawing through his hair with her nails. He spun around in the water, nearly throwing her off his shoulders.

"Oh, you wanna play naughty, huh? Does my boy like playing naughty with his mommy?" she asked, then quickly slid down her son's back and grasped onto him from behind, clutching her arms and legs around him like she was taking a piggy-back ride.

Jacob dunked then under water and Michelle's hand slipped into her son's shorts, grasping his cock. With a tight grip at the base she immediately started jerking him off, pulling the loose skin up and down his shaft. "I bet you'd like this part of you between mommy's legs too!" she said.

"I especially want that part of me between your legs," the boy confessed.

"I bet you do," she said. "So you can feel me squeeze and drip my mommy-juice all over it." "Oh God yeah," the teen sighed, feeling her jerk on his cock underwater.

"Is my baby horny...huh? Is his big dick all hard and horny for his busty mom?" she asked seductively.

"It always is when I'm around you," Jacob admitted.

"Swim to the other side with me," she said, leading him to the more private end of the pool..At that end there was a built-in seat about half way down the side wall of the pool. A place where a person could sit yet still be neck deep in the water.

"Take off your trunks," Michelle said with an excited thrill. "But what about dad?"

"Even if he did pull himself away from the game, he can't see this part of the pool from the back door. If he comes out we'll hear him, now are you gonna take off those trunks, mister, or do I have to?" Michelle asked anxiously.

Jacob slid his shorts off and Michelle reached under and untied her string bikini bottoms. "Sit over here now," Michelle said.

Jacob situated himself onto the contoured pool-seat. He sat back so that only his head poked out above the water. Like a floating Goddess, Michelle's swam up over Jacob's legs. He saw her naked ass peek from the water, then he watched as his mom straddled him, her bare crotch resting right against the underside of his rock-hard shaft.

With her knees astride him, Michelle lowered right up against her son, throwing her arms around his neck. Her mammoth, barely contained tit-melons squashed like soft bread dough onto his chest as she brought her face up close to his. "See, he can't even see us," she whispered reassuringly.

It was true. The seat was tucked down into a private area of the pool, surrounded by ledge, so that a person would have to actually be in the pool or standing at the other side to see them.

"You've had girls over to swim. You can't tell me you've never hidden over here and made-out with them." Michelle said curiously.

"Naw, those girls were too scared to do anything like that.".

"Unlike your mother who can't keep her hands off of you," Michelle said. "So let's say I am one of those girls, but a brave horny one who's just crawled on top of you. What do you do next?"

"We'd probably make out," he answered.

A big naughty grin formed on the mother's face. "Then let's make out," she suggested.

Michelle tilted her head a little as she brought her lips to Jacob's. The two of them began to kiss sensually. Their tongues slipped from their mouths and began a slow intimate dance. "Mmm," the mother whimpered lustfully as she smooched with her teenager.

Jacob's cock flexing against his mom's cunt as she began to gently move her hips, crushing the meat of his spear into her genitals. Now Jacob could feel the flesh of his mom's labium dragging up and down the length of his rod.

"Does that naked pussy feel good on you, baby?" she whispered between kisses. "Very good!"

Gradually their kissing became deeper and more intense. They whimpered lustfully and their tongues lashed wildly together. By now Jacob was getting used to how fast his mom's tongue could move. In the beginning Michelle's pink snake could flutter circles around his before he even had time to respond. Now, from all the practice, Jacob was becoming a little make-out specialist. When her tongue rolled, his rolled with it. When her tongue flailed, his was right there battering back at it.

Of course Michelle took notice of this. "Holy shit he's getting good!" she thought, as she felt the strength of his tongue twisting with hers. "And I can't believe how fucking hard his dick is!"

She gazed him in the eyes, like a sexually excited girlfriend grinding her hot cunt against his rigid cock-muscle. "Careful not to slide in,' she warned. "You're not state champion quite yet."

For twenty solid minutes they went at it with tongues wrestling, hips swiveling and tits wobbling. By now Michelle's clitoris was throbbing

and tingling like crazy as she was brought to the edge of a hot climax.."Oh, Jacob!" She quietly squealed, her face beginning it's cute little contortion.

The mother's hips went into overdrive as a huge clitoral orgasm began to overtake her. She buried her face in her son's neck, which muffled a series of cunt-quivering screams.

As his mom used his body like a fuck-post, Jacob smiled to himself. He wondered how many other boys were spending their weekend making their moms cum.

After a few minutes, Michelle came back down from her orgasmic cloud. Her hips had slowed, but continued to roll up and back tirelessly.

"Oh my God!" she gasped. "How do you make me cum so hard!" "Mom," Jacob muttered, horny beyond belief.

"Yes, love?"

"Can I please just put it inside you?" he asked desperately.

"I think you know the answer to that, honey," Michelle said, finding it cute that her handsome son wanted to fuck her so bad.

"I'll win state, I swear to God. If I don't win you can ground me for a year!"

Michelle laughed. "Ground you for a year?! Why, so you can stay home with me. Like that's a punishment," she said, her hips still swiveling up and back plowing her mommy parts again him.

"You won't let me, just once?" he asked.

"No. Jacob Little, when you and I finally make love, it's gonna be more than just a little frolic in the pool," Michelle said, then put her

face up against her son's so their foreheads were touching. She stared straight into his eyes, her hips still working their magic, grinding up and back, teasing his cock with her pussy-fissure.

"It's gonna be absolute magic!" she explained, in a seductive voice. "It'll happen the morning after your big night. It'll start like any other morning. Breakfast at the table with your father, you and I sharing our secret little glances. One thing will be different though. You're father will leave for work, but you won't be going anywhere. I'm afraid the big fight has left you soar...to soar to go to school," Michelle whispered.

Jacob's heart began to pound with excitement as he listened to his mom's voice, staring straight into those seductive brown eyes as she continued speaking.

"After I see your father out and lock the doors behind him, you'll be waiting for me at the foot of the stairs. You'll be naked and your cock will be iron-hard and pulsing with excitement, like it is now. As I turn to you, I'll let my little robe slip off my shoulders, and I come to you as naked as the day I gave birth to you," she said..

Jacob could feel his balls begin to boil, and his dick tingle between their grinding crotches, as his mom's voice sent electric jolts of arousal through his body. Her cunt smothered his dick, gliding up and back tirelessly as she continued speaking.

"When I meet you, and our hands come together, sparks will fly. As I look you in the eyes I'll say to you five simple words. **JACOB, TAKE ME TO BED!**"

"Oh yes!" he muttered.

"Then you'll carry me upstairs and fuck me, honey! You'll fuck my hot pussy and blast a hot load of cum inside me!"

It was all Jacob could take. He felt the flood gates open and a torrent of sperm rocket through his shaft. "**OH GOD, MOM, I'M CUMMING!**" he groaned.

Once again Michelle's hips went into to overdrive, grinding on her son's manhood with her gates of paradise. She brought her lips to his ear as she felt his cock pulse, crushing her stiff-nippled knockers against him even more. "We'll fuck hard and deep, baby...we'll fuck on mommy's big soft bed!" she cooed.

This time it was Jacob who planted his face against his mom's neck, grunting with each powerful cock-blast. Michelle wasn't far behind him. Her body began to convulse against his with clitoral orgasm number two.

"Oh, honey!!" Michelle's voice squealed.

Time seemed to stand still and all that existed were throbbing, pulsing genitals. Jacob could feel the warmth of his mother's excretion as his own organ squirted thick clouds of potent baby-batter into the pool. Together they rode the wave of orgasmic bliss for what seemed like forever.

They didn't even hear Jacob's father as he came back outside and walked over by the pool. "Dodgers are up by three points!" he said, as he glanced over at them.

Michelle quickly got off her son. They were both still naked from the waist down, but luckily her husband couldn't see that. "Oh hey, honey!" she said breathlessly, trying to act as normal as she could.

"You guys been swimming laps or something, you look out of breath?" her husband asked.

Michelle glanced at her son. "Yeah we were just um, racing each other across the pool, but I had to stop because my bikini bottoms

flew right off. So if you see them floating around over there somewhere, don't panic," she said.

He husband started swimming around and searching. "Well we better locate those bottoms.

I'm sure your son doesn't wanna see his mom nude from the waist down."

When her husband dove under to look for them, the mother gave her boy a quick kiss. "Oh, I'm positive that you're wrong about that, isn't he, baby?" she said, looking her boy in the eyes.

"He sure is," Jacob said with a smile.

Things were certainly different now between Jacob and his mom. Even during their day to day routine Michelle would do little things like squeeze Jacob's cock through his shorts or purposely rub her big tits on him.

"How's my penis?" she'd ask. "Is he anxious to fuck?" she'd inquire candidly.

One time as they sat at the table eating, with her husband upstairs, Michelle brazenly said, "After you win state, we should fuck doggy-style too. I think you'd really like that one."

Often times Michelle would give her son little flashes of her ass or pussy, even with his father in the same room. There were tons of tit-squashing hugs, many slow sensual kisses and lots and lots of flirty little winks.

A couple nights before his next fight, around midnight, after her husband was fast asleep, Michelle slipped out of bed. She threw on a sexy little silk robe and tip-toed down to her son's room. Once there she peeked inside and found Jacob on his bed completely naked and stroking his big boner.

His eye's were closed, and he had headphone's on. Michelle could hear the beat of a rock tune. She slipped inside his room and quietly wandered over to the foot of his bed watching him. "My God that is so beautiful!" she thought, as her eyes traveled down the big meaty fuck-stick, admiring it's impressive length. It looked so young and powerful. Jacob's big hairless balls bounced as his fist flew up and down his pre-cum-slickened teenage hardon.

Michelle's knees quivered at the thought of having such a big strong boner inside of her, hammering away at her hungry cunt. Jacob's eyes suddenly flew open and his hand stopped as he stared at his mom. "Holy shit, mom, you scared me!" he exclaimed.

"It's a little past your bedtime there, horn-dog," she teased. "Sorry, I was practicing something," he said.

"Yeah, I can see that," his mom giggled.

"I read in a magazine how a guy can go longer without cumming."

"Really?" Michelle said with interest, coming over and sitting at the foot of the bed. Jacob could tell she was braless beneath the robe by the way her boobs seemed to wobble heavily beneath the silk fabric. "Show me," Michelle said.

Jacob's cock was still glistening with pre-cum. He grabbed it and started stroking forcefully again. "The article said if you think about something else while your doing it, you can go longer."

"Yeah, maybe, but when you look up and see tits swinging above your face you won't be think about something else, trust me," his mom said.

Michelle reached over and grabbed the lotion Jacob had sitting by his side. She squirted some onto her hand.

"How 'bout I teach you a better way." she said.

"Okay," he gulped anxiously, watching her scoot over next to him..

"I want you to pin your balls back against your ass, so the skin on your penis gets nice and tight," Michelle said.

Jacob slid his fist down and squashed his scrotum against his ass. His cock was now a perfect fuck-stick jutting straight upward, capped by his fat purple helmet. "Like this?" he asked.

"Perfect!" Michelle's tiny hand clasped her meaty target. She gently began to stroke up and down the length of his hardon as she spoke to him.

"There are two things you need to remember when you fuck a girl. You pump until you get close. You grind until it subsides. Simple as pie," she said.

"What do you mean by grind?" Jacob asked.

"When your penis gets close to orgasm, you go as far inside the vagina as you can, hold it there and do a little grinding motion back and forth. If a woman's on top she'll usually do the grinding for you, kinda like I was the other day in the pool," Michelle said.

Jacob watched his mom's hand, like the hand of a seasoned professional working her magic on his cock with perfect corkscrew strokes.. Michelle was a lefty and Jacob chuckled to himself as he watched his mom's shiny silver wedding ring glide up and down. She squeezed hard on his cock being cautious not to jab him with her long painted nails.

"Oh wow, I feeling really good already!" he announced. "Fuck my hand as long as you can, honey," she said.

After a half-dozen dick-milking strokes, Michelle felt Jacob's cock flex. She watched the blood-swollen knob slip through her fist.

"Fuck, this is so hot! Stroking him off and teaching him how to become a skillful lover!" she thought.

"Okay, I'm really close now!" Jacob gasped..

"Grind!" Michelle said, sliding her hand to the base of her son's cock and keeping it there.

The boy's hips rose from the mattress, squirming up and back as he felt his mother's grasp holding back the torrent of cum.

"With your length, you'll probably be able to plow the head of a woman's cervix. It'll feel a little like this," the mother said, lowering her lips to Jacob's cock. Michelle kept her lips tightly closed and pressed them against the tip of her son's cock-head. She rubbed his helmet back and forth across the rounded pucker of her lips. Her tongue peeked out and swiped away the bubbling precum seeping from his piss-slit.

"Better?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jacob muttered, feeling his orgasm drift away. .

Michelle sat back up and began stroking again. "Okay, time to fuck again," she said, beating his boner with full-length strokes.

"Come on, honey! Bounce your hips! You should be meeting my hand stroke for stroke, like it's a hot pussy!" she instructed him.

Jacob's ass began bouncing on the mattress as he fucked his cock up into his mom's fist. "That's it handsome. That's my soon-to-be state champion!" she cheered.

Jacob fucked his mom's tiny hand for a full two minutes, staring up into her big beaming eyes, before he felt that familiar orgasmic sensation. "Oh God, I'm getting close again!"

"Grind!" Michelle said, lowering her lips to his tool.

One again, the mother knelt, with her fist around the root of her son's cock and her lips against his bell-tip, simulating her hot cervical head. Her robe had parted enough for Jacob to peer down and see her big pendulous breasts hanging there.

"Fuck me again!" His mom said, pumping his meat up and down with her fist. "Oh damn, mom! The way you said that was so wild!" the boy confessed.

"I know, baby and you're really beating that pussy up!" she cooed. "Fuck me harder!"

Jacob fucked up into her hand the best he could. This time he went almost five minutes. By this time, Michelle's hand was a creamy little fuck ring of lotion and pre-cum."Are you gonna fuck me like this, honey? Are you gonna fuck mommy this long and hard on our special night?"

"Yess!" the boy hissed.

For fifteen more minutes Jacob held out as his mom worked her hand and lips on his horny teenage love-muscle, alternating between strokes and grinds. "Oh sweetie you've done so well. Are you ready to squirt that cream out of your fucking nut bag?" she said lustfully, speeding up her cock-strokes.

Seconds later Jacob was grunting like crazy, as rope after rope of thick jism blasted into the air, splashing down against his chest. Michelle milked him dry, squeezing every once out of him. Finally, she leaned down and gave the gleaming purple head of his cock a big closed-lipped kiss.

"Mm. My big strong penis," she said, giving it a few more long slow strokes.

The night of Jacob's next match finally came and he won easily. After the tournament Michelle went searching for her son. She looked stunning as usual, wearing a black stretchable tube-top dress which left plenty of bulging cleavage on open display. The heels of her strapless high heeled mules clicked against the tile floor as she moved out of the gymnasium and into the hallway.

Michelle found there, alone with a girl his age. The two of them giggled flirtatiously. "Honey?" Michelle called, not looking the least bit pleased.

Jacob walked towards his mom and the girl followed behind him. "Hey, mom! Mom, this is Lisa," he said introducing her.

"Hi," Michelle said with a forced smile.

"Jacob told me a lot about you. You're really beautiful," Lisa confessed. "Would you excuse us a minute, Lisa?" Michelle asked.

"Sure, I'll just be outside." Lisa said uncomfortably.

Lisa walked off and Michelle fed her son a perturbed look. "What the fuck are you doing?" she asked.

"She's just a friend. A bunch of them are going out tonight and they want me to go," Jacob said.

"So that bitch can pop your cherry before I do? I don't think so. You're not going," Michelle said without hesitation.

"Fine, I'll just ask dad...he'll let me go," Jacob said, walking past her defiantly. "Excuse me?! Jacob Little, get back here right now!" Michelle demanded.

Jacob stopped dead in his tracks. He knew better than to fuck with his mom. Michelle strolled over and took his hands, staring lovingly

into his eyes. "She can't fuck like I can. I promise you that," Michelle said.

"Mom, we didn't even really have plans to do that."

"Honey, I wasn't born yesterday, and I saw the way she was looking at you. Getting you into her panties tonight is **EXACTLY** what she has planned for you," his mom said.

Lisa poked her head through the gym doorway.

"Jacob, we're leaving. Are you gonna come?" she asked.

Jacob looked back at his mom who was still staring at him meaningfully. "Get rid of her," Michelle whispered.

"Will you keep me home from school and fuck me tomorrow?" He asked bravely. "You know we can't do that yet."

"Why not?" Jacob asked.

"Because the whole reason for me to let you fuck me is to motivate you to win state!"

"So, you can just keep me motivated by promising to let me fuck you some more," Jacob said. "Please, mom?"

For a moment, the wheels in Michelle's brain were turning like crazy. "No more girlfriends, understood?" she asked.

"Understood!"

"Jacob?" Lisa called, wondering what he and his mother were going on and on about. Michelle stared into her boy's eyes. "Get rid of her."

Jacob looked at Lisa, who still stood in the doorway, glaring impatiently. "I'm tired. That fight took a lot out of me. I think I'm

just gonna go home tonight," he told her.

Lisa glanced at Michelle who was glaring back at her with an evil little grin. "Fine!" Lisa said disappointingly, then stomped away.

Jacob hardly slept that night. At breakfast the next morning he couldn't stop looking at his mom as she sat across the table from him. He simply couldn't believe he was finally going to spend the day making love to her.

Several times during breakfast, Michelle stared back at him, her eyes searching his. She too was eager and a little nervous. She knew her son had a big strong dick and the ability to hammer her mommy-pussy like it had never been hammered before. She knew she was in for a day of intense toe-curling orgasms.

"You two are quiet this morning," he husband Bill commented.

"I'm OK, but Jacob's not feeling too well. I think I'll keep him home from school today," Michelle said, smiling over at her boy knowingly.

"Well, be sure to get plenty of liquid and rest, son. It's the best medicine," Jacob's dad said.

Jacob felt his mom's soft toes trail up his calf under the table. "Oh, he'll definitely be spending most of the day in bed, won't you, honey?" Michelle asked her son, winking secretly at him..

"Yes," Jacob muttered, smiling back at his beautiful mother.

The teen thought his father would never leave for work. His heart began to pound in his chest as he heard his mom close the front door and lock it.

A few seconds later Michelle strolled back into the kitchen, her pretty little bare feet gently tapping the tile floor as she walked. She was still in her short silk robe and her big braless tits did a little wobble,

with her thick erect nipples poking out from beneath the fabric, as she stepped near her son.

Jacob was still seated at the table. He watched as his mom sashayed over and sat on his lap, her meaty mommy-ass smothering his hard penis. She gently brushed the hair from his face. "Hi," she said seductively.

"Hi." Jacob answered with an anxious smile. "Nervous?" she asked.

"A little."

She let out a deep breath, seeming hesitant. "Honey, I know you wanna fuck me, but we have a problem."

"What?" he asked.

"Well, number one, I'm not on the pill and getting pregnant really wasn't on my agenda this week."

"I don't mind if you get pregnant, I mean, if you don't," he boy admitted.

Her lips curled into a naughty grin. "I'm sure you don't, but there's another problem. You're not state champ yet, and that was the deal, remember?" she asked.

"But. Mom, you said I could fuck you today."

"You are fucking me today, but just not in the pussy. Do you remember me commenting on how I thought that your big monster of a penis and my big bubbly butt would make quit the pair?" Michelle asked.

"Yeah."

"Well today we get to find out if I was right," she said.

"You mean we're gonna..." he muttered, his face lighting back up..

"Uh-huh! Think you can handle this big ass beating against you all day?" Michelle asked, pushing her thick globes against her son's groin..

"Hell yeah! Jacob said excitedly.

Michelle giggled at his anxious answer. "Well then my little rump-rider, let's get busy, shall we?" she said, standing up. "Upstairs, Cowboy!"

Jacob followed his mom up the stairs. He couldn't take his eyes off the swell of Michelle's peach-shaped behind, as it swayed teasingly beneath her robe.

The mother led Jacob into her bedroom and made her way towards the master bath. Glancing over her shoulder, she gave him a naughty little look as she stepped into the bathroom. "Get naked," she said.

Jacob threw off his t-shirt and boxers. His big teenage boner bobbed eagerly as it stuck out long and erect from his crotch.

A minute later, Michelle stepped from the bathroom with only a bath towel tucked around her waist. Her big pendulous mommy-boobs, with their thick protuberant nipples, trembled gently as she stepped towards her son. In her hand Michelle had a big bottle of lubricant. She squatted down in front of Jacob and squirted an ample amount across his cock. "The key to a good anal fuck is a nice oily boner," she said, stroking the lube across his shaft with her tiny hand, coating it entirely.

"Without proper lubrication you're gonna fight it the whole way. You could even hurt a girl, especially with something this massive," she explained, while coating his boner.

Jacob's cock was now dripping with lube. His mom even coated his dangling scrotum, his big hairless balls slipping through her oily fingers. "Are my balls going in your ass too?" the teen joked.

"No, I just didn't want them to feel left out." Michelle said, gazing at his iron-hard dick, while rolling her tongue across her lips. "Mm, primed, lubed and ready to fuck!"

"Do you put any on you?" Jacob asked.

"Already done. Mommy's butthole's all oiled up and ready for her baby," Michelle said as she undid the towel and threw it aside.

Her boy's eyes were drawn to her shaved mons pubis, getting a good look at his eventual prize. . Michelle slowly turned and struck a cute little pose, with her hands on her waist and the thick unblemished half-moons of her ass sticking out towards her boy.

"Sure you wanna pump this rump?" she asked teasingly.

"Are you kidding?" Jacob asked with heavy excited breath. "Of course I do!"

She slid her hands onto her smooth buns and slowly pulled them apart, exposing her oil-smeared ass-ring. "Are you sure you wanna go in there? It's awfully tight and hot inside that little hole," she continued in a cute sexy girl's voice.

"Damn, mom, you're turning me on like crazy!" he exclaimed.

Michelle giggled, then leaned over and placed one hand on her mattress. She spread her feet slightly apart and stuck her lovely ass out, giving it a little inviting pat with her hand. "Come on," she whispered. "It's time for less teasing and more fucking."

Jacob stepped up behind his mom, his aching boner leading the way. Michelle watched over her shoulder and his cock lined up perfectly

with her ass as he mounted her haunches. "Put that big juicy tip right up against my butthole," she said.

Jacob grasped his cock and place it snuggly against Michelle's anal ring, and her asshole began to expand like an elastic band around him..

"Now push, honey," Michelle whispered.

Jacob pushed his hips forward and watched in awe as his mom's asshole stretched over his cock. The top two inches of his boner was now sheathed in her hot snug ass, stretching out Michelle's anal glands.

"That's it, baby," she sighed, "now just let your boner sink into heaven."

Jacob pushed forward again, squeezing more of his cock into Michelle's butt. He could feel the steamy walls and muscles of her sphincter greeting his thick cock-meat with a snug squeeze.

"Oh God, mom!" he muttered.

"Keep going, honey. Let mommy have it all. All the way to your balls," she whimpered.

Jacob thrust forward again and he felt his tender knob squeeze through the small circular rings surrounding her clasping anal canal. His boner sunk into the depths of his mother's rectum. It seemed to just keep going, inch after vein-covered inch until he finally felt his balls bump against his mom's pussy and her butt-cheeks press against his abdomen. "Oh God you're big!" Michelle gasped, as her ass adjusted to his massive sex organ.

"This feels incredible!" Jacob sighed, feeling his entire cock encased in his mom's hot smothering ass-tube.

Michelle looked over her shoulder at him. "Don't pop too soon, honey..Remember the drill. Fuck until you get close, grind until it subsides," she said.

"Got it!"

Jacob began to slowly saw his boner up and down her ass-pipe. Before long he fell into a nice rhythm and his mom's thick ass began to beat against him. "Oh, that's it, honey-bear, fuck my ass!" Michelle cried out, now gripping the mattress-sheet with both hands.

Jacob watched as a few inches of his penis appeared, then disappeared, gliding back through the anal ring stretched around it. Michelle's strong glute muscle were superimposed by a thick layer of fat, making her naked buttocks ripple delightfully each time it stuck her son's midesection..

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

He could feel his big hairless scrotum rap against her shaved outer labium each time their bodies met. It was only a couple minutes of pumping before he felt his balls begin to boil.

"Oh, Mom!" his voice quivered, feeling her rubbery rectum gnaw at his muscled cock. "Grab my hips and grind!" Michelle shouted out.

Jacob thrust his penis in as far as it would go, through the diverging walls of the distal rectum. Gripping onto Michelle's hips he began to stir her bowels with his fleshy spoon.. He could feel her rectal ampulla, the deepest part of her ass, squeezing at his blood-swollen knob. It felt amazing!

"Ohh shit!" he whimpered.

After his cum settled, he began to fuck his mom's ass again. He watched Michelle's tits from behind as they hung heavily from her chest, swinging up and back, up and back in a steady motion.

The aroused mother peered back at him, her breath heavy, her face red and excited. "Havin' fun?" she asked..

"Definitely! Are you?"

"Are you kidding? I love getting fucked up the ass!" she exclaimed. "Let's move onto the bed!"

They stayed joined as Michelle knelt up on the mattress on all fours. Now on his knees, Jacob began thrusting again. This time his mom threw her butt right back at him. "You don't have to do all the work this way. Mom can fuck her ass right back at you!" Michelle said.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, as he felt slippery rings of her ass-lining glide wetly across the tender pink meat of his dick.

"Guess what? You're about to make me cum," his mom announced. "Really?"

"Fuck me faster and harder!" she cried out.

Jacob doubled his efforts, pistoning his big thick cock in and out of her hungry ass. Their hot flesh beat together in a frenzied pace.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Just the site of her thick juicy mommy-ass rippling delightfully as it beat back against him made his cock tingle exquisitely. "I think I'm gonna cum too!" he muttered.

"Yess! Slap my fucking ass!" Michelle cried out.

Jacob obliged, taking a sharp strike at her wildly swiveling derriere, making her fatty butt-cheek jiggle.

Michelle felt her orgasm sweep outward from the core of her cunt. Her big boobies did a shivering wobble as they hung down, and she let out a girly little shriek. Hearing his mom scream like horny

college girl sent a wild tingle through Jacob's body and opened the sperm-gates.

"Oh God!" he groaned.

Thick fat ropes of potent teenage cum began to pulse from his piss-hole as he hammered his hardon through the grip of his mom's butt-tube. Michelle's ass cheeks were now a constant ripple as they beat against her son at a frantic rhythm.

The mother's rectum squeezed and contracted around her boy's cock, her strong sphincter muscles tightening her anal ring, causing intense friction around his vein-covered shaft, helping to squeeze out his hot load.

After a couple minutes of whimpering and digging around deep in his mom's ass, Jacob pulled his satisfied cock out. He blasted his load so deep inside her ass-guts than none of his spunk came out with his cock. He sighed with a wicked thrill, watching his own mom's anal ring clench closed.

Michelle turned and embraced him, making her huge bobbling tit-knockers rub all over his chest as she began kissing him passionately.

The day seemed to pass like an erotic dream. Ten minutes after cumming in his mom's ass for the first time, Jacob again found himself plowing her tight anal cavity. This time he was on the bed, laying on his back. Michelle was mounted on top of him, with her knees astride his hips and her massive breasts pancaked between them.

"Ohh God, I love it in my ass!" the mother groaned.

Jacob laid there as his mom did all the work this time. Michelle's bubble-butt rapidly rose and fell, fucking it's meaty guest in wild

desperation. The room was filled with quivering grunts and lewd oily slapping as Michelle's ass beat down on her son.

As soon as Jacob announced that he was getting close, Michelle lifted her chest from his. Her butt squashed onto his groin and his dick sunk so deep up her ass that only his big balls were left, pressed snuggly into her ass-crack. .

The horny mother rocked her hips, stirring her bowels with her son's unyielding hardon. "Yess! Fuck that hot cum into my ass!" the mother cried out in total fuck-lust..

Jacob gazed up at the undersides of Michelle's huge ballooning breasts as they jutted out over his face. He was mesmerized by the way they moved, flopping heavily, as his mom humped on his cock.

Michelle threw her little fists in the air cutely, her pretty face contorting as she threw her long mane of dark hair back . "**EEEEOH GOD!**" she screamed out.

Jacob watched her body convulse, her tits rocking around wildly as she came. It was an awesome sight, and pressure of her ass squeezing around his cock was insane.

Once off her orgasmic high, Michelle brought her chest down onto Jacob's face and began to work his cock in and out of her ass again.

Jacob rubbed his face between her squishy jiggly jugs, then he sucked and chewed on one of her nipples and areola, so that his face was buried in the soft-dough-like flesh of her breast.

"Mmnnff!" he whimpered, feeling her ass-tract pump up and down his prick.

Inside Michelle's ass, his teenage erection glistened with a slippery combination of lube and pre-ejaculate, allowing Michelle's tightly-clinging butt-ring and the pleated tube of her ass to glide up and

down his pole with relative ease. Mother and son were both in mindless ecstacy.

For a good ten minutes she bounced on his cock, alternating between pumps and grinds, until her baby muttered his orgasmic intentions, then she sat back up, her slobery distended nipple popping from Jacob's mouth.

Again she rocked those beautiful matronly hips, grinding Jacob's cock as deep as it would go. "Fuck my asshole, honeyyy!" she cried out, reaching down and rubbing her clitoris at the same time.

"Holy shit!" she sang out as she again started cumming. "Holy shit, Holy shit, **HOLY SHIT!! CUUUMMMIINNG!!**

Again, the pretty mother came, harder than before. Jacob smiled with pride as he watched his own mom quiver and cry. Knowing that his dick was making this beautiful grown woman cream again and again was an absolute rush.

Michelle quickly rolled them over on the bed, so that she was now on her back, with her son between her legs. A third of Jacob's cock remained tucked in her ass as they fell into their next position.

"Cum in me this way! You can imagine that you're pounding my pussy!" she said.

Jacob brought his chest down onto Michelle's and stared down into her wanton eyes as he began to saw his cock up and down her anal pipe. He felt her soft feet slide onto the backs of his legs as she lifted her knees.

The adorable mother looked up at him with dreamy eyes. "Fuck me, honey! Fuck my asshole!" she exclaimed.

The entire bed began to rock beneath them as they found a nice steady rhythm. Michelle slowly coiled her arms around Jacob's neck

and pulled his face down to hers. Their lips met and their tongues began to dance. Gradually their kissing became sloppy and their bodies began to thrash together at a frantic pace. They were no longer mother and son, but two sweaty animals butt-rutting wildly.

Jacob grumbled as he hammered his mom's ass hard and deep. "**OH SHIT!**" Michelle squealed, digging her heels into his ass.

The boy fucked with everything he had and watched his mom's face as she began to show signs of another orgasm. He was beginning to get good at reading her. First her face would go red, then her eyes would roll back in their sockets...then, right before she popped, her cute little eyelids would begin to flutter as her head tilted backwards.

Jacob felt her ass-muscles tighten around his pecker and her face began it's cute little contortion. It was a pre-orgasmic expression that all moms make, but few sons would ever get to see. Jacob was one of the lucky ones.

Michelle let out a shrieking scream that echoed through the entire house.

If it was one thing that made Jacob pop it was hearing his mom howl. Before he started fooling around with Michelle, he'd heard her do lots of things...laugh, cry...even scream sometimes when she was mad. This sound was different though. This was the sound of his mom screaming in intense pussy-pulsing pleasure. He wondered if even his dad, with his much smaller dick, had ever heard her scream with this much intensity.

The flood gates opened and now it was Jacob's turn to howl. He fucked with long savage pumps, hammering Michelle's ass into the mattress. His thick meat flew up and down her anal cavity, smothered by its diverging spongy walls.

"**UUUUUGGGHHH, GOD!**" Jacob groaned.

Michelle could feel her son's cock flex each time he sent a blast of hot cock-milk into her bowels, digging the knob of his stiff cock as deeply as it could go up his mom's ass. After a full minute of orgasmic heaven, Jacob collapsed onto his mom's chest, exhausted.

Later that afternoon, Jacob's cock moved like a well-lubed piston plunging up and down Michelle's anal cavity. The muscled walls of her butt-canal smothered the thick teenage boner, the subtle ridges of her inner lining causing added friction to his prick.

Jacob moaned as he felt his mom on his lap. She was facing away from him. They were on the sofa in the living room. Michelle was dressed, but her skirt was hiked up to her waist as she bounced on her son's dick.

Jacob's shorts were down to his ankles. His arm was around Michelle's waist, his head resting on her back as her big bubbly ass-cheeks slapped against his groin.

"Fuck, mom!" the boy snarled, ready to shoot another wad up her asshole.

As his cock tingled Jacob heard the garage door open, announcing his father's arrival.

"Relax and cum, honey... We have time," Michelle said softly as she worked her ass on his spitting prick, not the least bit panicked by her husband's arrival.

It would be the seventh time young Jacob had cum in his mom's ass that day and at this point he felt like a blubbering ball of dough, as he felt semen blast up inside her ass-guts.

The mother glanced toward the door, listening for her husband's car door to close inside the garage.

"There you go, baby! Squirt all that hot fuck-juice into mommy's asshole!" she cooed.

When Jacob's cock was through pulsing, Michelle lifted her ass from his lap and his big boner popped from her asshole. A strand of jizz clung to his cock like a string of melted pizza cheese connecting to her asshole as it rose from his lap.

Jacob watched his mom's sphincter tighten, and her anal ring close up, severing the milky rope. Her buns were covered with red hand prints, where her boy had slapped her sexy ass a couple dozen times that day. The skirt fell, covering the big beautiful ass that he had spent the entire day pounding.

Michelle smiled back at him. "My little rump-rider's all pooped out. Rush upstairs and get a shower," she said.

Hearing his dad's car door was extra motivation for him to get his ass off the couch and upstairs.

As he washed himself, Jacob reflected back on his most amazing day. For every one orgasm he had, his mom had three. He remembered the look on her face as she came, the way she would stare into his eyes, like a helpless college girl, cumming on the dick of a well-hung stud.

Later that evening Jacob was at the kitchen table studying when his mom stepped into the room. She had on nothing but a big silk pajama top. Her hair was still wet and slicked back from her shower."How goes the studying?"

"Okay I guess. Some of these words are a pain in the ass," he said. "Need some help?"

"Sure, if you want," he said, watching his mom's obviously braless tits shift about as she sat down next to him at the table. He took a

second to her admire her tan silky-smooth legs and adorable little feet with their painted toenails.

"See something down there you like?" she teased. "As a matter of fact, yes," he answered.

"Let's have a look at these," Michelle said, and as she looked over the spelling words Jacob noticed that her pajama top was unbuttoned nearly half-way and her long gaping cleavage was peeking out.

"Wow, some of these are tough," Michelle said. "Tell you what, how 'bout I use these in a sentence and you give me the definition, okay. Let's start with this one... inevitable," she said, then used it in a sentence. "Once Jacob sunk his boner into his mom's hot ass, a hard cum was inevitable."

"Eventual," Jacob said.

"Very good," his mom said, then moved on. "Substantial... One things I love about my son is that the length of his cock is quite substantial," she said, looking into his eyes and winking.

"Large," Jacob smiled with a tinge of pride.

"You got it. Large, strong and yummy!" she grinned. "How 'bout this one... revelation. Discovering how amazing my son was in bed and how hard he could make me cum was quite the revelation."

"A surprise.".

"Yep... Insignificant... My boy is starting to make the other cock in my life seem quite insignificant," she said.

"Unimportant," he answered, knowing that she must be talking about his father.

"Very unimportant!" Michelle said, staring back at him, then she went to the next word. "Consequence... A son making his mom feel so incredibly fucking good, can have a very orgasmic consequence," Michelle said.

"Result," Jacob said.

"Right again. How 'bout 'attentiveness.' When a mom without panties sits down and spreads her legs..." Michelle said as she brought her foot up and rested her heel on the chair. This caught Jacob's attention and he got a birds eye view of her bare vulva, as her shirt rode up above her waist. "It can surely gain her son's attentiveness," she said.

"You can say that again," the boy muttered. Michelle giggled.

She brought the other foot up too and scooted her butt to the edge of the seat, exposing both her cunt and her butthole. Jacob gawked lustfully. Between the folds of her puffy outer labium, he could see the thick domed hood of her clitoris.

Michelle ran her fingers down onto her pussy and spread apart her labial lips, revealing her pink inner slit. "I'm gonna get a sign put right here, that says 'this spot is reserved for my **FUTURE** state champion," she joked.

"Dad might not like that sign too much," Jacob pointed out.

"Tough fucking tittie! Then he can go find another spot," she said, obviously joking.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Michelle jumped up to answer it. Jacob watched as her tits rocked beneath the thin silk night shirt.

"Hello?" Michelle answered.

"Is Jacob there?" A soft girl's voice asked. "Who is this?" Michelle asked.

"Lisa," the voice answered.

Michelle got a perturbed look about her."Look, Lisa, my son's not interested in you," Michelle said in a snotty tone.

Jacob got up and reached for the phone. "Mom, just let me talk to her," he said. Michelle turned from her boy keeping the receiver to her ear.

"Can I just speak to him please?" Lisa asked.

"No, you cant. Don't call here again!" Michelle said sternly, hanging up the phone. "Jesus Christ, why are you trying to run my life!" Jacob said angrily.

He grabbed his homework and marched out of the kitchen. "Jacob," Michelle said.

Jacob ignored her and headed straight upstairs. Michelle trailed behind him and as she moved through the living room her husband peeked over the couch.

"What's up with him?" he asked.

Michelle fed her husband an annoyed look at she headed for the stairs. "It's none of your concern. It's between him and I," she said.

Michelle's husband went back to his **TV** show. He knew better than to persist when his wife was pissed.

Michelle found Jacob sitting on the edge of his bed staring at the floor angrily. She closed the bedroom door behind her and locked it. Then she stepped over and crawled onto his bed.

Jacob could sense her moving up behind him. This was confirmed when her smooth naked legs began to wrap around him from behind.

The boy watched his mom's dainty feet slide onto his legs and felt her soft hands slip under his shirt and drag up his chest. He was pulled back gently and sighed as he felt Michelle's large jutting tit-melons flatten against his back.

Michelle began to plant soft wet little butterfly kisses on his neck."You don't need her," she whispered, "Everything you want is right here."

"So how would you feel if I told you to get rid of dad?" Jacob asked. "It's not the same, honey."

"Why is it not the same? You told me downstairs that his cock was insignificant compared to mine," Jacob pointed out.

"And it is...but there are other things that your father does that we should appreciate. Look at today for example...he goes to work, so that you and I can stay home and fuck. That big bed down the hallway that you and I spent the day romping around in...he paid for that...along with everything else we have."

Michelle slipped out from behind her son and pushed him back onto the bed. She quickly straddled him, hovering over the teen on her hands and knees.

Jacob peered through the half-unbuttoned nightshirt, at the big pendulous milkers hanging from her chest. Her tits were gaping so wide he could see straight through her cleavage and down her sexy torso. He looked back up and saw her smiling down at him.

"I know you're anxious for pussy, but honey your cock wasn't made for someone young and inexperienced," she said, then brought her lips down close to his. " It was made for mommy-pussy. A nice

plump experienced twat that can meet it pump for pump," she explained.

Michelle lowered her body onto Jacob's, mashing her pillow-like bosom against him. "Trust me...you'll see. I'll fuck you longer and harder than you could ever imagine. You'll cum so hard when we fuck that you'll go out of your mind!"

"Damnit, mom!" Jacob muttered, his cock throbbing so bad from her words that it hurt. "You're driving me crazy here!"

The teasing mother giggled. "Ohhh, does my honey wanna fuck his mommy?" she asked, then brought her full weight on him and attacked with butterfly kisses.

"Yess'" he hissed.

"Two more victories!" she said between kisses. "Two more victories then you'll fuck the hottest pussy on the planet. Until then, you ignore all the other girls, understand?"

Jacob was willing to do so, but had one more request. "Alright, no more girls, but when I get to be state champ, I wanna get you pregnant."

Michelle giggled. "Pregnant, huh?" she said.

"Yeah, I've seen what being pregnant does to a woman's body and well, I'd love to see yours like that."

"So you wanna see my belly get huge and round, my tits grow twice the size they are now from being swollen with milk, **AND** see me be even hornier than I am now, is that what you're saying?" Michelle asked.

"Yes! I'd love to see all those things!"

She giggled at how eager he was. "Let me think about that one."

Twenty minutes later Michelle's husband Bill came upstairs. He stopped at Jacob's door and knocked. "You two in there?" he asked.

Jacob's bed rocked as Michelle's big bubbly ass bounced on his cock, swallowing it from nob to root. She turned her head to the door and her fat pink nipple popped from Jacob's mouth as he peered out from under her big melonous boob.

"Be right there!" Michelle said, trying to contain her excited breath as she spoke.

Their bodies were glistening with sweat from having engaging in a half-hour of vigorous butt-humping. Michelle lowered her ass, so that only her son's hairless scrotum lay nestled in the crack of her ass. She wiggled her hips, letting Jacob's nob soak deep in her hot rectum.

After giving him a big smacking kiss on the lips she jumped off of him. His dick popped like a cork from her butthole, and Jacob sat up and covered it with blankets.

In a flash Michelle buttoned her shirt and opened the bedroom door. Her husband gazed in curiously. "Everything okay? You two aren't killing each other up here, are you?" he asked.

Michelle and Jacob laughed, glancing at one another.

"No, but your son **IS** fucking the shit out of my ass, darling, and **WAY** better than you ever could!" Michelle wickedly thought.

"No, we're fine. We had a little chat and I think we're seeing things eye to eye now, aren't we honey?" Michelle asked her son.

"Yeah, definitely on the same page!"

Bill fed them a satisfied smile. "Good, well I think I'm gonna hit the hay," he said.

"Go ahead, honey...I'll be down in a few minutes," Michelle said, eager to suck her son's cock some more.

They said their "good-nights" and Michelle closed and locked the door again. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Jacob watched as his mom stepped over and knelt between his legs.

"I want your cock in another one of my holes," she whispered in a naughty tone.

Michelle moved the blankets aside, uncovering her son's meaty boner. She stroked it in her dainty hand, then leaned down and began rolling her tongue all over his hairless balls.

"Ohh, yess!" the boy sighed, feeling her strong licker wiggle around all over his nuts.

Jacob leaned back on his elbows watching her. Michelle stuffed both his testicles in her mouth and used her lips to pull on his sack, as her tongue probed all around sperm-filled nuts.

After giving his balls some tongue action, the lusty mother ran her licker up the length of his boner, while looking straight into his eyes. "You like mommy sucking your cock, don't you?" she asked, speaking into his dick as if it were a meaty microphone. "Better than anything...that we've done so far that is," he answered.

She took him deep in her mouth, so his cock-head was slipping past her larynx, into Michelle's throat. Like a blowjob queen, she fucked his cock with her mouth. She clutched his balls with one hand. They were still coated with saliva, allowing her fingers to stroke and knead them delightfully.

Michelle throat let out lewd gurgling sounds, as her head bobbed up and down. She used her skills to make him cum fast. Jacob threw his head back and grunted as he felt his cock blast for the eighth time that day. Michelle swallowed every creamy drop, then gently nursed on his prick until it began to soften.

"Oh God, mom. How are you so good at that?" the boy sighed as his body went limp on the bed.

"Remember that. Young Lisa from school could never suck your cock the way I can," she said with pride.

At school the next day Jacob did his best to ignore Lisa. After practice he saw a familiar car in the parking lot. It was his Aunt Gail's. He went to the passenger side and opened the door.

Gail smiled at him from behind the wheel, looking gorgeous as usual.. "Hi sexy!." she said. "Hey, Aunt Gail. What are you doing here?"

"Came down for the day to do some shopping with your mom. Wait until you see the hot outfit she picked out to wear for you. You're gonna love it!" Gail said.

"Cool, so are you heading home now?"

"Maybe," she said, glancing down at his bulge, "unless you had something else in mind for me? "Like what?" he asked stupidly.

"Hop in and find out."

Jacob got in her car and closed the door. He couldn't help but notice how skimpy his Aunt's shorts were. Her legs were strong and gorgeous, just like his moms. She was also wearing a form fitting t-shirt and he marveled at how big and wonderful the swell of her boobs were.

"So I heard your mom drained those balls pretty good yesterday. There's still some left in there for me I hope," she said with an anxious grin..

"Of course," Jacob said.

"So, um...where do the guys from school take the girls to park n fuck?" Jacob's heart skipped a beat. "We're gonna fuck?" he asked.

"Well, I promised your mom that I wouldn't let you fuck my pussy. Apparently pussy is off limits, until Jacob Little wins state. However, she also tells me that you are quite the little butt-fucker, is that true?"

"I guess so," he muttered. "If she says so."

"Well it just so happens that your Aunt Gail has a big juicy ass that loves to be filled with hot young cock. You interested?" Gail asked.

"Yeah, um, there's a place in the woods outside of town. That's usually where guys take their dates."

Gail handed him the keys. "Take me there," she said.

On the ride out of town, Gail sat with her back to the passenger-side door. She stretched her luscious legs out and slid one of her cute little bare feet onto Jacob's lap, clenching the tip of his cock with her toes through his shorts.

"Oh I should have had a boy," she sighed, feeling her nipples harden.. "What do you mean?" Jacob asked.

"I love my girls, but it sure would be nice to have a strong teenage cock around the house. Maybe I'll have one for a couple weeks this summer...if I can pull you away from your cock-hungry mother," Gail giggled.

"So do you think she plans on letting me fuck her more than just the one time, if I'm state champion?"

"I'm sure once she feels that big hammer plunging through her pussy she'll be begging you for it all the time," Gail said. "I know I would."

"Really?"

"Yep, and she told me about how bad you'd like to get her pregnant too." "Yeah, that would be super-cool. Do you think she'll let me?" Jacob asked.

"I think it's not the 'being pregnant' part that scares her. It's the idea of having another child that she's not sure about," Gail explained. "You've been her only baby for so long. It's a big decision for her."

"Yeah, I suppose your right," Jacob muttered. He'd been so focused on being able to fuck his mom while she was big and pregnant, that he hadn't considered the reality of having a little brother or sister around, and knowing that it was technical his kid too.

Gail looked over at him and smiled. "But if you're really itching to pump some seed inside someone, and see her body swell up big and juicy, I'd be more than willing to let you get me pregnant. Your Uncle and I want more kids anyway," she said.

"Sweet!" Jacob said. If his mother refused, having his Aunt big and pregnant to fuck as often as he wanted would be the next best thing.

The mini-van winded down a long dirt road through the woods, until it arrived in a small vacant spot tucked in some bushes.

"The seats lay down in the back and I brought an air mattress that we can pump up. More cushion for the pushin', she said, kissing him on the cheek.

A few minutes later the air mattress was full and in place. Gail closed the back door and went straight for Jacob's cock, fishing it from his shorts. "Gimme that big sugar-stick!" she said, plunging his hard dick into her mouth.

For about five minute Jacob watched his Aunt Gail's pretty head bob up and down as she sucked his cock with gusto. It was absolutely mesmerizing for the young teen to lay there and watch her run her tongue all over his dick and balls, just like his mother had.

Gail got on her knees and threw off her t-shirt. She quickly unclasped her big pink bra and her huge naked jugs sprung free.

"Get those fuckin' shorts off! I want that big dick in my ass!" she exclaimed.

Jacob pulled his shorts off and watched his Aunt peel hers off too. As she slid her dainty panties down her legs Jacob got a good look at her beautiful bald pussy. It please him to know that it would be available to him all summer to pound his cock into.

Gail had a small bottle of lube and squirted a fair amount onto Jacob's cock. She straddled the hard-dicked teen, planting her knees astride his hips on the air mattress, then grasped onto his dick, licking her butt-crack with his slippery knob.

"Ready for this tight juicy ass, hotshot?" she asked. "Hell yes!"

As Gail lined him up against her butt-ring for penetration, Jacob gazed up at her enormous milkers as they hung down and wobbled back and forth above him. He felt her oily ass-ring slip over his knob and drop straight to his balls.

"Holy shit!" he gasped as he felt the heat of Gail's anal cavity encase his shaft.

"Ohh yess, fuck!" Gail cried out. "Definitely the biggest cock I've ever had up my ass!"

The horny 'older version of his mother' brought her pillowy chest down against his, squashing her tits between them. Her lips met Jacob's and their tongues began to dance intimately.

While kissing, Jacob's horny Aunt bobbed her buns up and down, spearing his hard cock up and down the exquisite grip of her ass-tube. There were so many similarities, Jacob felt like he was fucking a his mom, only a different version. This one was a little rougher. A little wilder.

Like his mom, Gail knew how to work her ass. She had hips that moved like a machine, working her thick buns up and down tirelessly.

Jacob wondered if his Grandma could fuck like this in her younger days. He knew his Grandma Jean was built like her daughters, especially in the breast department. Then his mind began to wonder if she too could get horny for him, like his mom and Aunt were.

The little mini-van rocked as Jacob plowed the depths of Gail's bowels. It wasn't long before Jacob had his Aunt Gail shuddering with a mind blowing climax.He watched her face contort, just like his mom's. Gail screamed her ass off. She was in the middle of nowhere and could completely let loose.

While her enormous boobs bounced all around his face, Jacob could feel a stream of juice cascading down his balls as Gail's orgasmic cream began to squirt from her urethra.

Michelle stepped into Jacob's room and set his clean clothes down on his dresser. She walked over and sat on the edge of his bed. Just being in his room made her horny. She bounced a few times, making the bedsprings squeak just as they had the night before.

"What the hell was I thinking. He could be in **MY** ass right now, not Gail's," she said out-loud. Michelle sprawled back on his bed and dialed her cellphone.

Gail was now on her back with Jacob between her legs. His big cock hammered at her, his balls beating against her ass. Her arms and legs were wrapped around him as she panted on his shoulder delightfully.

Gail's cell phone rang and she reached over and looked at it, recognizing the ring tone. "It's your mother," she sighed..

Gail answered the call.

"Bad timing, Michelle," she said breathlessly. "Is he in your ass?"

"Is he ever! Oh my God, he's so good!" Gail cried as her beautiful heavy-titted body trembled from the force of Jacob's thrusts.

"He had a good teacher," Michelle said proudly, then reached down under her shorts and panties, rubbing her smooth pussy. "Put me on speaker."

"Hi, mom," Jacob panted.

"Hey there, handsome. Having fun?" "Oh yeah!" his voice trembled.

Michelle could hear her sister squealing in orgasm. "Sounds like your making Auntie Gail cum, honey!"

"Yesss! Fuck!!" Gail cried out, her luscious curves trembling delightfully.

Michelle could hear her son emit a sharp breath with each ass-churning pump of his hips. "Oh that's it, tiger...fuck her hard! Come on!" Michelle cheered while rubbing her own clitoris.

Jacob hooked Gail's legs over his shoulders and began pounding her ass with even longer and faster butt-humps. The stay-at-home mother let out a serious of orgasmic cries, the tube of her ass squeezing and pulsating around the boy's plunging boner.

Michelle was jealous as hell. She wanted it to be her asshole that was being pounded. "Yes honey! Fuck us!" she cried out, feeling her own pussy throb and leak with secretions. "Fuck our assholes!"

Jacob growled as he fucked like a sex-crazy rabbit. Gail had been fucked thousands of time, but never like this. She felt like a little fuck doll beneath a big strong monster of a man, only it wasn't a man, it was a teenage boy who knew how to fuck.

She threw her head back again, and let out a scream that nearly shattered the windows. Her back arched off the mattress, her giant fatty tits squashing out from between their bodies as she trembled delightfully. Jacob could feel the blasts of hot orgasmic girl-cum squirt against his cock, his balls, everywhere! It felt amazing, especially on his cock. "Oh fuck it's good!" He exclaimed.

Michelle bucked around on her son's mattress, her jumbo-sized boobies wobbling around beneath her blouse and bra. Her knees were pulled back, so her smooth mommy-thighs were spread wide-open. He hand whipped around beneath her sexy panties, rubbing her engorged clitoris frantically while listening to her son and sister cum. "Yess! Cum with us! Cum with our pussies!"

Cum blasted from Jacob's piss-hole. His young body shook and writhed as he hosed out hot cords of baby-batter inside his Aunt's hot ass. Gail's body was still quivering. "Oh Jacob!" her sexy voice cried out.

Together, the three of them grunted and cried out in orgasm, feeling their genitals throb and tingle for what seemed like an hour, but it was only several minutes.

The Eastern finals was the next day and Jacob was getting nervous. He was beginning to go up against the best of the best, guys who had kicked his ass before and could easily do it again.

This time the match was four hours away and the plan was that his parents would meet him there. After the match, it would be another hour drive to Jacob's Grandparent's lakeside cabin, where they would spend the weekend for their annual family reunion.

Because it was such a big day for Jacob and family were in the area for the reunion, he saw lots of familiar faces at the match. His mom was as stunning as ever of course, wearing a sexy pair of low cut jeans, a cami top and matching high-heeled mules.

Aunt Gail was there with her clan. She wore a strapless dress with matching stiletto thong-slide sandals. Jacob's Uncle Ed was a big dude. Little did he know that his big dicked nephew was pounding his wife's ass the day before.

Jacob's Grandma Jean was there too. For a sixty-five year old woman she looked pretty fucking yummy. She wore a sleeveless turtleneck sweater-dress and a sexy pair of cork-slide sandals. She had a little more meat on her than Michelle or Gail, but more meat meant bigger curves and some of the biggest tit-melons Jacob had ever seen.

Jacob's Grandfather was at home. He was suffering the later stages of Alzheimer's and didn't get out much.

Finally, there was Aunt Trudy, who Jacob hadn't seen for a couple of years. At forty she was the oldest of the three sisters and was nine months pregnant. With a huge round baby-orb, she was a little meatier, like Jean and looked to be just behind her in the tit-size department. Trudy had flowing blonde hair and a deep copper-tone tan.

Trudy had a daughter name Laura who was Jacob's age. She had beautiful dark hair and milky-white skin. Her tits weren't nearly as big as the older women in the family, but still larger than any girl at Jacob's school.

Taking a break from his stretches, Jacob went over and said hello to everyone. He hugged Aunt Trudy and the feel of her mammoth belly and milk-filled jugs felt amazing pressed against him. "Kick some ass today, kid!" she said encouragingly.

It was the hug from his Grandma that sent the blood rushing to the boy's cock. Never before had he felt boobs so huge and soft. He literally felt like his skinny chest was being swallowed up between them. "Make me proud, honey!" his Grandma said.

Jacob thought about something besides his Gran's tits, trying to keep from getting an erection.

Despite trying, he couldn't help but follow Jean's wobbling tits as she sat next to Michelle in the stands. He imagined how big her areola and nipples must be. What it would be like to be smothered in breasts so large. Jacob had gotten good at working some jumbo jugs recently and wondered if his Grandma would give him a shot at working hers over. "Hi, Jacob," A sweet girl-voice said.

Jacob turned to face his cousin Laura. "Hey, Laura." "It's been a long time," she said, moving in for a hug.

She had a different feel than the other woman in the family. She was young and fragile. Jacob felt so big and strong with her in his arms. She pressed plump tits against him, mashing them against his chest. Jacob though about how much he'd like to nail her against the wall.

Jacob's fight was a nail-biter, but in the end he got the decision and became the Eastern Regional champion. As the ref held his hand up in victory, the boy looked over at his cheering female family

members and their heavy boobies flopping up and down as they celebrated his victory.

After having a shower, Jacob came out of the locker room and found his mom, Gail, Aunt Trudy and Grandma waiting for him. "There's our winning boy!" Jean said.

"Where's everyone else?" Jacob asked.

"They already left for Grandma's, honey," his mom answered. "During the ride there, we kinda figured if you had enough steam left, you might wanna wrestle with three grown women in the back of Aunt Gail's van."

Jacob looked around as the women stared with anxious smiles. "You mean like..."

"A sexual wrestling match!" his Aunt Trudy exclaimed, her hands rested on the big round shelf of her pregnant tummy.

"Ohh!" the boy muttered, his eyes lighting up. The women burst out laughing, amused by his innocent reaction.

"He's so damn cute." Jacob's Grandma said, taking his arm.

"He's even cuter with his clothes off," Michelle said, taking her son's other arm and they led him out into the parking lot. The group all piled into Gail's fancy travel van. Gail took the driver's seat, Michelle, Jacob, Grandma Jean and Trudy in the back.

The air mattress was already blown up, spread out and ready for their boy. Jacob sat in the center of the mattress and found himself surrounded by big breasted relatives. He watched as they began slipping their sexy feet from their heels.

"Good gracious, I feel like a randy little teenager girl again," Jean said, as she began undoing her sweater-dress.

"He's gonna have you screaming like a teenage girl here in a minute, mom." Michelle said, unbuttoning her own blouse.

"Wait until you see how enormous his cock is, momma," Gail said from the driver's seat..

By the time they got out of the parking lot the women had stripped down to their bras and panties. Jacob just sat there with his mouth agape. Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine he'd see this much cleavage in one place.

"Take it slow now, Gail." Trudy reminded her sister. "You don't wanna get pulled over and have to explain why three grown women are raping a teenager in the back of your van."

The women crowded in closer around him. "I told you're Grandma how much you like big boobies, so she thought it only appropriate that we let you take off our bras." Michelle said to her son. "Here, you can start with mine."

Jacob sat up on his knees as Michelle moved around to the front of him. His Aunt Trudy kneeled behind him lifting his shirt up and over his head. Michelle was wearing a strapless bra so as soon as Jacob unclasped it her big oversized titties sprung out heavily.

He brazenly reached around and cupped her big soft udders, lifting them from her tummy. "Feel familiar?" she asked, smiling back at him.

"Oh yeah," He sighed, letting his fingers sink in to the meaty flesh of his mom's boobs. "My turn," Trudy said from behind him.

Jacob turned around and Trudy's back was already to him. Michelle sat back and peeled off her thong panties, getting completely naked.

Jacob unclasped Trudy's big pink maternity bra and slipped the strapped over her shoulders. As the cups fell, he reached around for

a feel. His hands were swallowed by huge melons of spongy tit-flesh.

"Oh my God," he sighed, peeking over her shoulders at her enormous rack. "Big huh?" Trudy asked with a naughty grin..

"And heavy," Jacob added.

"They're full of milk for the baby. Pull on my nipples. Feel how big a puffy they are."

The boy latched on to her engorged teats and stretched the skin of her tits out by pulling on them. Big trickles of breast-milk squirted between his fingers. "Wow!" he muttered.

As marvelous as they felt, he couldn't wait to get his Grandma's bra off. He turned to her and she had a big smile. A roll of bulging tit-meat was literally oozing over the top of the huge white cups of her bra. "My Grandson's about to find out where the women in this family get their big boobies from," She said, crawling around so her back was to him.

Trudy sat back and pulled her panties over his hips.. The orb of baby-meat was so big on her tummy that she just sort of rocked back and forth as she slid her panties off. Her shaved pubis was already wet with arousal.

Jacob crawled up behind his grandma and unfastened the five hooks that kept her titty-cage closed. It was more hooks that what the other women had on their bras, but he knew that more clasps meant bigger, heavier tits. When Jacob reached around he about creamed his shorts as he hefted the biggest, softest tits he could have ever imagined existed.

"Holy shit!" he sighed excited, getting a giggle from the women. "I used to get that same reaction from your Grandpa," Jean said. "They're so...so soft," Jacob muttered.

"Oh, it's been so long since they've been squeezed like that."
"Momma, sit back," Michelle suggested.

Jean sat down and Michelle whispered something into Jacob's ear. He got a big smile and followed his Grandma down to the mattress.

The excited teen watched his Grandma's enormous jugs roll slightly off the sides of her chest. Her areola were massive, as big around as a softballs and had a rough engorged texture.. As Jean leaned back on her elbows Jacob lifted one of her drooping udders. His face sunk into the melonous flesh, and his tongue went to work. His Grandma's nipples were like elongated cherries, thick and rubbery. He sucked one into his mouth, whimpering like an excited child.

Trudy moved behind the teen and cupped his big hairless balls. "Oh, my, my, my," she sighed, "just look at those big yummy balls."

Jacob was really going to town now on his Grandma's breast. He had slipped over into animal mode, sucking, chewing and pulling on her pink papilla, his tongue flailing away at her spongy softness. He could have spent all day on her boobs, but found himself licking his way down between her legs. Jean brought her knees back, spreading her thick thighs wide open.

The boy was surprised to find very little hair on her crotch. The fat fleshy hood of her clitoris protruded out from between her puffy outer labium. Jean reached down and peeled back her clitoral sheath with two finger, exposing a juicy pink marble-sized clitoris. Jacob wasted no time leaning down and beating his tongue against it.

"Oh good heavens!" Jean gasped, her body jerking from the contact of her Grandson's tongue. Remembering the skills he'd been taught, Jacob first dug his face down between her fleshy outer layers, then plowed his tongue back and forth across her juicy vaginal opening and her urethral meatus. The pungent aroma of her sweet nectar made his head spin in delight.

"Ohh Lord!" the Grandmother bucked as her Grandson tongue-fucked her pussy.

Jacob sucked her fleshy labia into his mouth and let his tongue roll about all over them. He wondered how long it had been since his Grandma had her pussy eaten like this.

He worked his licker on her big wrinkly butthole, knowing it wouldn't be long before it was stretched around the root of his cock.

When he went back to her clit, Jacob inserted two fingers into her cunt-hole and found her sensitive G-spot. He dug at it as his tongue fluttered away at her fat love-nub.

"Oh Sweet Jesus!" she moaned, tossing her head around in ecstacy.

Jacob was relentless in his assault. He soon had his Grandma bucking and squirming as she entered a realm of orgasm she had seen in many many years. Her body bounced, her extremely fat milkers wobbling around like big fleshy waves across her chest. She cried out in orgasm, and Jacob stayed with her, his tongue and fingers working together like an amazing pussy-pleasing machine.

His Aunt Trudy was spreading some clear lubricant all over his erection.. Jacob knew it was time to be on his back.

"Oh my God, what a beautiful cock," Trudy said, licking her lips. . "A beautiful, well trained cock," Michelle said with pride..

Jacob fell over onto his back watching his mom and Aunt Trudy reach back and smear their assholes with lube.

"Your Aunt Trudy likes it hard and rough, sweetie. Are you up for the task?" Michelle asked.

"I can do hard and rough, but I don't wanna hurt the baby" Jacob said anxiously, flexing his boner.

Trudy gazed down at the meaty cock-spike. It was throbbing, glistening and ready to fuck. "The baby's nice n safe in the womb. You're not gonna hurt her one bit. .

Jacob watched as his Aunt mount him. Her tits were insanely big.. She didn't have to lean down very far for them to be hanging just above Jacob's face. He squeezed them roughly from the sides, making the fatty and glandular meat inside them expand them out even more. Breast-milk began to lightly trickle out of several different milk-ducts surrounding her nipples.

He felt her gasp his boner and fit his nob against the oily ring of her anus..

"Oh God!" Jacob muttered as he felt her anal ring slip over his tip and her sphincter muscles greet him with a snug squeeze.

Jacob's horny Aunt lowered her ass, cramming his thick cock-meat into her ass. She began to bounce on his hard pecker, plunging him deep into her hot slippery rectum. Now straddling the teen, her huge pregnant belly and milk-engorged tits wobbled and bounce right above his ogling eyes.

"Oh Jesus that's a big dick," Trudy panted, not used to having one that large in her ass. "I told you," Michelle giggled.

For a good five minutes the back of the van was filled with a steady repetitious **SLAP** as Trudy's thick ass beat down on her nephew's thick meaty cock, screwing it up and down her anal-cavity.

Jacob was growing accustomed to having big spongy tits smothered against his face while he fucked, but Trudy's pregnant tits had a different feel to them. Her melons were much firmer from being swollen with milk and her nipples and areola were obscenely engorged.

"Mmmnnfff!" the boy grumbled, his lips sealed around the fringe of her pinkish-purple rings, elongating her rubbery teat inside his mouth and making milk spray out like crazy.

At the center of Trudy's bobbing ass, her asshole contracted around Jacob's thick cock-muscle and her body began to convulse.

"**OH GOD I'M CUMMING!**" she screamed.

Jacob pumped his hips from the air mattress, slicing his cock up through the grip of her ass as she came. With his head smothered in a big ball of tit-meat, Jacob let out a milk-slobbering sigh, feeling the glans along his coronal ridge tingle delightfully as his tender pink boner was stroked by the slippery ribbed sheath of Trudy's ass-tube.

He felt his nuts tighten up, fighting off the urge to cum. Jacob was proud of how he could fuck a woman hard through an orgasm. With the help of his mom he had learned by now how to pace himself.

"My turn, greedy butt," Michelle said, pushing at her sister's side.

Jacob's cock slipped out of his Aunt Trudy's ass, but within seconds it was slipping though his mom's anal ring.

"Hi handsome," she smiled, gazing down into his eyes as she pushed his cock deeper and deeper into her ass.

"Hi mom," he said breathlessly.

"Another big win," she said proudly, squeezing her boy's cock-nob with her rectal muscles. "Getting close to the state tournament," he said.

"Then, with one big win, you'll be fucking my pussy," she said. Michelle's ass slapped against her son's balls as her beautiful stretched butt-ring glided up and down his shaft.

Jacob's Grandma leaned over, staring down at the teen with her daughter. With their faces together, Jacob could see the resemblance. One's face was just a little wrinkled than the other, but they both had those beautiful sparkling eyes and big pouty lips.

"Oh the sexual vigor of a teenage boy. Makes me wish I was young again," Jean said. "Oh don't worry, mom, he'll make you feel young again," Michelle said breathlessly.

Trudy joined them, peering down at the lucky teen on her hands and knees, with her ginormous hanging breasts bumping softly up against him.. "You can say that again. I haven't cum that fucking hard since college," Trudy said.

Jacob was now surrounded by six of the biggest breasts he ever imagined existed. Michelle's tits drug against his chest as they rocked up and back from her butt-thrusting. Trudy's and Jean's boobs just sort of hovered there near his face, bumping him softly as they all doted over him.

"Yep, my Grandson's gonna have three cock-hungry ass's to take care of all weekend," Jean said. "Four," Gail shouted from the driver's seat.

"Four hungry ass's. Sorry, baby," Jean said to her daughter.

Trudy watched in amazement as Jacob and Michelle's bodies seemed to move as one. After every dozen butt-churning pumps Michelle would grind her ass for about ten second, stirring her bowels with her son's dreamy cock. Then she would go back to bouncing. She knew just how to keep her baby going.

"God, look at you two. You're amazing together," Trudy said.

"We've had a little practice at this, haven't we, honey?" Michelle said, smiling down at her son. "Yep."

"If he can last that long in your ass, imagine what he can do to your pussy, Michelle," Trudy reminded her.

"Well after next week I won't have to imagine anymore," she said, her voice quivering. "That's right," Jean said. "You'll have a studly state champion to fuck."

"Are you excited, Jacob?" his Aunt Trudy ask, gazing down with her beautiful eyes. "Are you excited to fuck your mom up the pussy?"

"Yes!" the boy hissed, incredibly aroused.

"Better be careful, she'll end up big n pregnant like me," Trudy said. "I wouldn't mind that at all," the boy confessed.

His Grandma's eyes lit up. "Oh really. So would the baby be my Grandson, or my great Grandson?" she teased.

"Grandson," Michelle answered. "Because as far as everyone else is concerned the baby's dad would be my husband."

Trudy and Jean smiled at each other. "Hm, clearly she's thought this pregnancy idea through," Jean said.

"Well if Jacob and I are gonna be having unprotected sex together, it is a possibility that I could end up pregnant."

"Aww, you guys should totally do it. Your baby would be adorable," Trudy said. "I think my eager honey here wants to do it for other reasons," Michelle said.

Trudy rose up onto her knees, making the huge ball of her pregnancy and her milk-engorged tits jut out over the boy's eyes. "I think I know what those 'other reasons' might be," she teased.

"Uh-huh," Jacob agreed, gazing up at her extraordinary curves.

"He wants a pregnant mommy so she can smother him," Trudy said, dropping her enormous tits onto his face.

Jacob rubbed his face delightfully all over his Aunt meaty mammaries.

While Trudy smothered him, Jean's spoke to Michelle, who continued to pump her son's cock through her ass. "Such a strong boner!" the Grandmother said, watching the veins and tendons at the base of Jacob's prick pop out, sustaining the force of his deep anal penetration.

"Unbelievably strong," Michelle gasped, humping tirelessly.

"And his balls or so full," Jean said, combing her long nails across her Grandson's swollen nuts. "If he doesn't give you a baby next week it'll be a miracle," she said, peeking up at her daughter. "Does he ejaculate a large volume of sperm?"

"I would say ten to twenty ropes of semen, depending on the intensity of his orgasm," Michelle said.

"Well better be careful with those Kegel grips when you fuck him. You make him cum too hard and your egg won't stand a chance."

Michelle shrugged her shoulders. "Oh well, then I guess I get pregnant. Winning State is a huge accomplishment, which means this mom's pulling out all the tricks with her reward, Kegel grips and all."

"Oh damn, Mom. I'm feeling really good!" Jacob moaned, feeling his balls tingle with the sensation of a hard orgasm.

"So am I, baby, so I want you to cum with me. When we're done the three of us will suck you to another hard-on, then you can hump you're Grandma the rest of the trip, okay?" Michelle said.

"Mm, sounds good to me." Jean said with a big smiled.

Michelle laid down flat on her son's chest, squashing her bobbling knockers between them. Jacob watched as her gorgeous mommy-ass rose and fell rapidly, plunging his cock through her ass. He then gazed up at the two other sets of huge hanging udders floating over him.

"Michelle, I think my nephew's got a titty-fetish," Trudy giggled.

She let one of her massive milkers hang down just above Jacob's face. Jacob looked straight up at the leaking nipple as it wobbled teasingly. He was like a little boy being tempted with an ice-cream cone.

"You wanna suck that milky nipple while you cum, baby boy?" his Aunt said, then dropped her boob-melon onto his face, smothering it completely.

"**OH JACOB!**" Michelle squealed, her ass hammering him relentlessly. A hard cum shot through her heavy titted body like an electric current.

The boy sucked hard on Trudy's nipple and the tit-nector flowed into his mouth. He felt his mom's body begin to quiver delightfully against his. That's when his cock exploded!

"Hhhmmfff!!" he moaned, his tongue rolling wildly across Trudy's milky engorged teat.

The first cum-rope to blast from Jacob's cock had to be his biggest ever. The long fat steam of spunk hosed into Michelle's bowels. Even the humping, orgasming mother could feel the first few squirts of jism and her son's cock-head balloon against the walls of her cuntal-cavity.

Their bodies wrestled through their respective orgasms, not seeming to want it to end.

Jacob didn't know if he black out from the intense pleasure for a few minutes or what happened, but when he opened his eyes he was looking straight up into his Grandma's smiling face as she peered down over her giant stiff-nippled knockers. Jean had his head in her lap, stoking it lovingly as her two daughters worked on Jacob's cock and balls in the form of a hot juicy blowjob. "There's my handsome Grandson. Back with us?" Jean asked lovingly.

Michelle and her pregnant sister Trudy lashed their long tongues all over the boy's hard dick, while taking turns sucking his big cock back to a full hard-on.

As Jacob lay back, enjoying the amazing sensations of having his rod sucked on my two grown women, he gazed up at the underside of Jean's incredibly large tits. He knew that as soon as his cock was back at full mast he'd be smothered in their love. Between the wonderful eye-candy and the way his mom and Aunt sucked cock, it wasn't long.

Michelle popped the dick from her mouth, giving it a little wiggle. "There...hard as a flagpole," she said.

Trudy took one last lick down across his balls. "Mm, I could suck this cock for hours," she said in a sexy tone..

"Thank you, girls." Jean said, crawling down to take her turn at mounting him.. "Be gentle with her, honey," Michelle said, giving his stick a few final strokes. "Oh nonsense. I may be older, but I can still handle a hammering." Jean smiled.

Jacob's tongue hung out as he watched his Grandma's huge fat udders loom over him, like fleshy watermelons. They way they teetered back and forth from their immense weight was spellbinding.

Michelle crawled up and got in the passenger seat of the van, while Trudy moved up between the two front seats. Jacob could hear the girls giggling as they whispered between each other.

"Sure you wanna hump this old body?" Jean asked, grasping her Grandson's cock.

"I wanna make you feel good Grandma. I wanna make you feel like a young lady again," Jacob said.

"Oh, you are quite the charmer." Jean said, fitting his tapered nob between the cheeks of her big naked buttocks.

Jacob thought it would take some work to get into his Grandma's ass, but his oily boner slipped right in and sunk all the way to the hilt.

"Oh shit!" he moaned, feeling his erection encased in the hot tube of her ass. Jean leaned down and buried the teen's face between her monstrous breasts, then began to pump her matronly derriere up and down on his cock.

"Oh my that is a big one!" She said as she felt her Granson's long thick cock-muscle squeeze into her rectum.

There was so much wonderful tittie-meat that all Jacob could was sigh delightfully as he rubbed his face all around the deep pocket of squishy cleavage. Jean's boobs were so ridiculously massive and so spongy soft that the boy just wanted to roll his tongue across every inch while she fucked his cock with her asshole..

The girls peeked back and saw their mom's big bubbly buttock rising and falling at a nice steady rhythm. Jacob's boner looked so thick and strong with her wrinkly little butt-hole stretched around it's girth. "It's probably been awhile since mom had something like that up her ass," Trudy whispered.

"I bet she loves the attention her boobs are getting too," Michelle said.

Gail peered back through her rear view mirror. "And she'll keep enjoying it as long as she doesn't smother him to death with those huge things," she said, making her sisters giggle.

Jacob found her engorged teat and clamped his lips around it. The other women had big thick areolas, but he could still pull them into his mouth, along with their stiff nipples. This wasn't the case with his Gram. The rubbery-textures rings surrounding her nipples were just too big around to suck into his mouth. Still, he made a valiant effort, gorging himself greedily with distended hunk of fatty flesh.

He heard his little whimpering sounds. Even though she was 62 years old Jacob felt like he was fucking a young woman. He wanted nothing more than to fuck her silly and make her cum.

The strong teen grabbed his Grandma's ass and began to jerk his hips upward, meeting her down stroke. He began fucking so hard that she couldn't keep up. All she could do was hang on. Ohh my God!" Jean cried out.

Lewd slapping filled the vehicle as Jacob's scrotum thumped against Jean's bouncing ass.

Michelle and her sisters couldn't help but watch, mouths agape, as the teen assaulted their mother's ass.

"Holy shit, Michelle, he's like a fucking porn star!" Trudy exclaimed. "I told you he's a fucking stud." Michelle said with a proud smiled.

Jacob snarled in lust, with his tongue rolling all around against the puffy nipple inside his mouth and the meaty mound of her smothering tit swashing all over his face. He felt his Gram's rectal muscles squeeze at his tender prick as it thundered through her ass-tract.

Jean suddenly cried out and shook as her body exploded with orgasm. Jacob didn't let up. He continued to pump his cock up his Grandma's ass for about two more minutes, until he felt her come down from her orgasmic cloud. Then, like he was reversing one of his opponents, he rolled her over on her back.

His cock stayed lodged in her rectum and Jean's thick strong legs instinctively coiled up around his waist as he began to fuck hard again. The boy made animal-like grunts, fucking like a mad-man as he settled his full weight down on top of Jean, singing down between her tits.

The horny teen was going at it so hard that Michelle began to feel concern for her mother. "Jacob, maybe you should slow down, honey," she suggested..

"Don't you dare slow down, love!" Jean shouted breathlessly. "You just mind your own business over there, young lady." .

Trudy smiled at her sister. "Don't let age fool you, little sister.

Jacob lifted himself off her chest with extended arms, while he continued fucking. He wanted to see how his Grandma's giant knockers moved while being fucked in this position. He wasn't disappointed. Jean's milkers were spread out across her chest like big round pillows of flesh, "Ahhh, shit!" the boy's voice quivered, flexing his cock at the site of her rolling, rippling boobs.

For ten solid minutes, Jacob's body thrashed against his Grandma as he lay against her massive breasts. Every few minutes he would hear a little whimper and feel her body quiver and her butt-tube clench up even tighter around his plunging meat. Finally, it was Jacob's body that shook as fat ropes of hot semen surged from the tip of his penis.

"Ohh damn!" he groaned. It seemed like they'd never stop as for two minutes he continued grinding and pumping more and more

cum into Jean's ass.

Catching their breath, their bodies now a sweaty heap, Jean held her Grandson to her soft bosom, gently running her fingers through his hair. "Oh...my Grandson. My sweet, sweet baby," she sighed.

Gail pulled the van over to the side of the road. "What are you doing, sis?" Michelle asked.

"Giving you the keys. It's my turn," Gail said said with an anxious smile..

"Good God, you must be crazy, Gail. He just had two orgasms, the poor boy must be spent." Trudy said.

Michelle peered at Jacob as he rolled off his Grandma and onto his back.

"Is that true, Jacob? Are you too tired to fuck one more ass?" she asked naughtily..

Jacob's cock twitched, still fully erect. The women up front noticed it and smiled. "Teenage cock, tired? **HA!**" Gail said, handing her sister the keys.

Jacob's Grandparents had a beautiful lakeside log cabin tucked in a private little cove. The family met there every year for their annual reunion.

It was pretty spacious inside the two-story cabin, with more than enough room for everyone. Jacob slept on an air mattress in his Grandma's sewing room on the second floor. Exhausted from both his fight and his butt-humping in the van the night before, the boy slept in until almost eleven in the morning.

After laying there for a little bit, listening to the birds outside chirp, he sensed someone standing in the doorway. Michelle smiled at her

son as she struck a cute little pose in the doorway, with her hands on her hips. She was completely naked, her hair pulled back in a pony. "Good morning, handsome," she said sweetie. .

It still seemed surreal that he was looking at his own mom nude. He figured everyone must be out of the house for her to be so brazen. Hi, mom," he muttered.

Michelle's sexy bare feet tapped lightly on the wood floor as she stepped over and crawled under the blankets with him. Jacob slept in only his boxes and he had the usual morning tent-pole. After snuggling up against him and mashing her tits against a portion of his chest, Michelle fished out his prick and began to gently stroke at it.

"Mm, nice n hard, just the way mommy likes it," she cooed. "Where is everyone?" Jacob asked.

"All the boys and kids took the pontoon out fishing for the day. Your Aunt Trudy and Aunt Gail are out sunbathing on the dock, and Grandma's downstairs cleaning, as usual." Michelle said.

"Aunt Trudy's daughter Laura's kind of a tomboy, isn't she?" Jacob asked.

"She always has been, and speaking of Laura, your Aunt Trudy tells me she's not on the pill, so don't get any bright ideas, Romeo," Michelle teased.

"Do you think she'd let me stick it in her ass?" Jacob asked.

"Well if she's anything like her mother there won't be an issue. Trudy doesn't want her knowing about any of this though, so if decide to get into her panties, you're on your own," Michelle said.

Michelle crawled onto her son, planting her knees astride his hips and letting her pendulous tits drag softly against his chest. Still

clutching his hard-on, she lowered her ass and ran the fat bell tip through the moist folds of her vagina. "One more match," she said, gazing adoringly. "One more win and my baby will be a full-fledged motherfucker."

"It's hard waiting," he sighed..

"I know it is, and it's been such a long wait hasn't it, honey?" "Long and hard," Jacob giggled.

"Like your cock." Michelle said, rubbing his cock-tip around in the slick mouth of her vagina. She climbed to one side of him, the squashed her big mommy-melons against him as she brought her lips down to his. "Why don't you reach down and beat your dick while I love on you," she suggested.

Jacob reached down and stroked his erection while he lay there while his mom loved on him, fluttering her tongue against the sensitive spots on his neck. He wondered how many other boys in the world were getting this same treatment. How many other guys were laying in bed with their big breasted moms showering them with affection..

"Now just look at you two," his Grandma Jean said from the doorway. Michelle peered back and smiled. "Hi, momma," she said.

Jean came over and sat beside them. Jacob noticed that his Grandma was wearing a big flowery robe. It was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her huge boobs wobbled when she sat. "You're just like a couple of horny little bunnies," she smiled as they all giggled.

"Can you blame me for being horny? Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?" Michelle said, gazing down at her son with goo-goo eyes.

Jean stared down at Jacob, softly running her long nails across his cheek. "He reminds me of your father when he was younger. So strong and tender, always eager to crawl between my legs," Jean confessed.

"You miss that, don't you momma?" Michelle asked.

"I'd be a fool if I said I didn't. I may be old, but I am still a woman." "You're a beautiful woman, Grandma," Jacob told her..

"Oh I'm glad you think so, sweetie-bear." Jean said.

"Do you wanna love on him with me, while he strokes his boner?" Michelle asked her mother. "I'd love to. I may be a little overdressed though. Let me get rid of this robe."

Jacob watched her Grandma's robe slip off her shoulders. She knelt on the opposite side of him as her daughter and they began planting kisses all up and down his upper half of his young body. "Mm, do you like, honey?" Michelle asked, licking at one of his nipples while her mother kissed his neck. "Do you like the way we're kissing and licking on you while you stroke your big cock?"

"Yes!" the boy sighed, extremely aroused as he felt their jumbo-sized titties drag all over his chest.

"What do you think about when you stroke like that, sugar?" Jean asked, while sensually smacking her lips against his neck. "Do you think about wet pussy?"

"Yes ma'am," he sighed, loving the feel of both his mom and his Gram's big mammaries laying on his chest.

"Wet, hot experienced pussy squeezing around your big hardon?" Michelle asked in a lusty voice, tenderly kissing her way down his abs.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, feeling their wonderful lips and tongues probe his upper body.

"While a woman's big bouncy breasts swing and beat against your handsome face," Jean said, then kissed his lips sensually.

Michelle drug her thick tongue up his torso, as Jean and her son began kissing passionately. "Ohh, he loves big boobies, don't you, baby?" she sang, then planted kisses on his chest. "He loves to squeeze 'em," kiss, kiss, "and kiss 'em," kiss, kiss, "and suck and nibble on the juicy nipples," kiss, kiss, kiss.

Jean lifted her lips from Jacob's and gazed dreamily into his eyes. "Ohh, Grandma's little boobie-bear," she cooed, then sprawled across her Grandson's face tits-first, smothering him between her huge fat udders.

Jacob thrust his hips from the bed from the thrill of having his entire head wedged in his Grandma's monster cleavage. To make things even better, he felt his mom's hand wrap around his cock, along with his own, and her tongue whip wetly all over the nob of his boner..

"Mmmnff!" the boy whimpered, mashing his face into one of Jean's colossal tits.

"Mm, mommy will suck his hardon and make it feel like a wet pussy," he heard his mother say, then she began sucking his cock vigorously.

Jacob moaned in delight, muffled by all the squishy tit-flesh around his face.

"Yes, honey! Suck that young beautiful dick," she cried out. "Show him what mothers do best!"

The lucky teen kissed all over his Grandma's buxom boob until he finally found her huge pink cap. He slurped her thick rubbery nipple

into his mouth and sucked like a starving infant.

Michelle's pretty head bobbed up and down tirelessly, providing her son a hot sloppy blowjob, while beating the base of his cock with her hand.

Jean pushed part of her fat tit down so she could watch her cute Grandson suck her nipple. The boy looked his Grandma in the eyes, his lips forming a tight seal around the center of Jean's massive areola. She grinned at him in a naughty manner. "That's my tit-hungry boy. Sucking on Grandma's big nipples like a pacifier," she said.

Jacob watched her eyes get big as he drug his teeth down the fat tender nubbin.

"It's ok, sweet boy, be as rough as you want," she sighed, "those nipples were made for boys to suck and chew on."

Now that he was given the green light, Jacob did just that, sinking his teeth into the engorged papilla, making his Grandmother's eyes roll back. "Mmmff!" he whimpered, chewing on her flesh while feeling his mom suck his cock exquisitely.

While Michelle's husband captained the pontoon boat at the far side of the lake, he had no idea that at that moment, his wife was sucking on their son's big teenage cock. Michelle felt completely justified in doing so, although she would never dare divulge to her hubby what her and her son had been up to. Her only problem was that she was becoming mindlessly addicted to her son's penis. All she could think about was stroking it, sucking it, wrapping her tits around it and shoving it up her ass. She knew that once she had it in her cunt, she'd be determined to fuck him again and again.

She felt her son's hips jerk and his boner give off a mighty throb inside her cock-stuffed mouth. She was convinced now that part of

being a mother was to use her mouth like a pussy-hole for her boy to blow his wad into.

"Ggnnggfff!" she gagged, feeling a fat rope of jizz shoot straight down her throat. She knew this is when her big-dicked boy needed her the most. He needed her lips to tighten around his muscular meat. He needed her to suck her cheeks in, tightening her oral sheath to imitate the snug ribbed walls of a smothering vagina. He needed tongue to do something special, looping around and around his plunging erection, swirling his hot semen inside the warm confines of her mouth like mixer whipping batter inside a bowl.

She heard her teen grumble beneath the weight of her mother's tit. Her hand squeezed and jerked at his thick girthy cock-base, pumping out more and more hot ball-juice. Sucking her own son's ejaculate out of his penis seemed so primal and wonderful. He was hers after all. She had carried him, and squeezed him out of her cunt. In a way, his cock belonged to her, and so did whatever was in his balls.

After completely milking him off, the two mothers laid there snuggled against him, Scratching their nails teasing on his body.

Finally, Jacob's Grandma stood up and started for the door. "Well, I'm gonna leave you two love-birds alone and go back to my cleaning," she said.

After she left the room Michelle gave her son a serious look. "I'm gonna go back out and lay in the sun. Will you do me a favor, honey?" she asked.

"Sure. What?" Jacob inquired.

"Will you please go down there and fuck the shit out of my mother?" Michelle said with a grin. "With pleasure." Jacob said, not questioning her.

"Jacob," Michelle said. softly. "Yeah?"

"I know I said no pussy until you win state, but I think a big dick cleaning the cobwebs out of her cunt is what your Grandma really needs right now," Michelle explain.

"As long as you're sure it's ok," the boy said with his heart beating wildly.

"If it were anyone but my mother I'd say no. Look at it as though it were a practice fight, to get you ready for your match next week with your fiercest opponent...mom," she said with a smile..

"What about Grandpa? Isn't he downstairs?" Jacob asked.

"Oh, honey, you're Grandpa's lost his mind. He'll hear what's going on, but won't remember it for more than a few minutes," Michelle explained.

"Ok then," Jacob said with an eager smile.

"Oh, and if you think that's gonna be a 'lifeless fuck' waiting for you downstairs, you're probably gonna be shocked."

"Cool," Jacob said with a grin, eager to see what a fuck-hound his Grandma was in the sack.

Jean was dusting the bookshelf. Her old feeble husband sat in his wheelchair watching a baseball game.

"Whatcha doing, Grandma?" Jacob's voice asked.

Jean's Colossal melons rocked back and forth beneath her flimsy gown as she turned. She saw her Grandson walk into the room. He was still in his boxers and his big boner made the material tent way out, making her eyes go wide.

"Well, hello. I suppose you've come down here to find a warm place to put that thing?" she asked, looking back up into his eyes.

"Yeah," Jacob answered.

"Well I think I know just the place. Come down to my bedroom."

Jean stepped over and grasped her Grandson's boner through his boxers, then lead him towards her bedroom. Jean fed her husband a wicked little smile as she passed. Jacob felt a little guilty as he saw his Grandpa sitting there, but knew the old man wouldn't remember anything he saw more than a couple minutes anyway. The boy's heart swelled with excitement, knowing that he was going to pop his Grandma's cherry all over again.

Michelle sashayed into the room, still completely naked. She leaned down in from of her father and patted his cheek as he eyeballed her big dangling tits.

"Looks like they're about to get naughty," she said, glancing in the direction of the bedroom. "You'll get to hear her moan and scream just like she used to, daddy. Look," Michelle said, turning his wheelchair, so he could see into the downstairs bedroom.

His wife crawled back onto the mattress of their bed and lifted her knees back, spreading her thick thighs. Jacob followed her, taking position between her legs. "Here they go," Michelle giggled, then moved towards the back slider. Her father's eyes followed his daughter's thick swaying buttocks as she went outside.

"Ohhh!" his wife squealed, announcing her and Jacob's union.

Jean's pussy awoke from it's slumber as it stretched around the girth of Jacob's hardon. With three mighty thrusts, Jacob's monster was balls deep. With one more little nudge he felt his purple nob squash against the head of her cervix. "Oh God, yess!" he groaned. His

Grandma Jean's cunt-tube had an exquisite tightness from being without sex for years.

"Oh Lord, it's been so long," Jean sighed. "I can tell. You're really tight, Grandma."

For a good five minutes Jacob lay flat against his Grandma's body, with her tit-melons sandwiched between them, while he slowly dug his cock in and out, stretching her inner lining at different angles, savoring the place he had never been.

He gradually picked up the pace and the old rusted bedsprings whined with each thrust.

For the first time in his life, Jacob was ready to pound some pussy. Holding her sexy legs back in a wide spread, he started to bob his ass between her cradling thighs. His big hairless scrotum rapped against her ass as his cock plunged in and out of her gaping fuck-tunnel.

"**OH! OH, YOU LOVELY BOY!**" she cried out in delight.

Jacob kept a steady pace for about two minutes, feeling his cock getting soaked with fuck-oil. He felt Jean's heavy-breasted body begin to tremble in orgasm. "Uungghh!" he pretty voice cried out. Her quivering cunt-tube clamped down around his cock, but still he kept pushing it through her tight grip, sending her through the moon..

The spongy head of her cervix felt like a tongue dragging against Jacob's nob as he plowed the back of her vagina. The bedsprings were now a steady repetitious squeak that filled the downstairs.

"Squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak!!

Jacob's Grandfather listened to the fuck-song as he observed. His wife of forty-two years had her lovely legs scissored back high in the

air as his Grandson's lean naked ass bobbed up and down between her thighs..

"**OH YOU BEAUTUFUL WELL-HUNG BOY!**" Jean's voice quivered as she cried out..

Moments later, she was squealing once again, her little toes curling as her pussy began to cream around her Grandson's cock for a second time.

Even though Jacob was in hog-heaven, he really wanted more than anything to make his Grandma cum again and again. Little did he realize that before they were through Jean would have twelve of the most powerful orgasms of her life.

She had a few hard cums while on her back, but once she was riding her young stallion, her orgasmic juices would begin to flow like she'd never experience before. The teen's eyes were wide with wonder, hypnotized by the heavy bouncing of his Grandma's enormous knockers as she rode him.

"Ohh damn," he sighed, feeling her pussy muscles massage his stiff prick with skilled squeezes. Yes it had been a while for her, but now it was all coming back, just like riding a bicycle and Jean was moving her body like a sexually-talented thirty year old.

Jacob felt like King of the universe! Here he was on his back, his cock being royally ridden by the matriarch of the entire family. She had leaned forward, and now his face was smothered in the world's biggest, softest tits, and he sucked and chewed on their big rubbery crowns. His big cock, that never tired, was about to make this mature Goddess scream again.

Jean peeked back and smiled at her husband through the doorway. She knew he used to love smothering his face between her massive mammaries, just like Jacob was now. Seeing them this way was probably giving him bursts of wonderful memories.

After Jean creamed on the boy's cock she climbed off him and pointed her thick naked rear back at him. "Take me from behind," she said pleadingly, wagging her ass at him.

"Gladly!" Jacob said, climbing to his knees and mounting her haunches.

The older beauty's fat peach-shaped buttock smacked rhythmically against Jacob's midsection as he fucked her from behind. He grasped her by her soft wide hips, really jamming it into her, making her gigantic hanging melons swing heavily like big fat pendulums.

"There you go, sugar!" Jean's shaky voice cried out. "Show your Grandpa what a man you've become!"

Jacob and his Grandma were facing Jean's husband as he sat in the living room watching through the open doorway. "Watch this, Grandpa!" the humping teen shouted, then started fucking away as fast as he could. Lewd **SMACKING** sounds amplified from the bedroom as Jean was hammered extremely hard and fast from behind.

The Grandmother cried out in ecstacy, her huge cannons moving about wildly as they hung from her chest.

"Oh fuck yess!" Jacob gasped, feeling his knob tingle while fuck her doggy-style, watching her fleshy round bun ripple delightfully with every strike of his crotch.

Jacob pounded his Grandma for nearly an hour before he blew his nuts, then he lay there against her soft sweaty flesh, resting his head on one of her pillowy breasts as they both caught there breath.

"Oh...I have a feeling you're gonna make me lots of great grandbaby's with that beautiful thing," she confessed.

"Do you think mom will let me get her pregnant?" Jacob asked.

"Well, if it's something you really want, she can probably be persuaded," Jean answered. "In case you haven't noticed, you're mother's priority right now seems to be giving you things you want, as long as you work hard for them."

"True," Jacob said.

A little while later, Jacob stepped from the house down to the water. He was still naked, his cock and balls flopping between his legs. He figured what the hell, they were all sunbathing out here, why couldn't he. Besides, the women in the family had all seen him naked anyway. The cabin was on thirty secluded acres, so privacy certainly wasn't an issue either.

He got in the water and swam out to the floating dock where his mom, Aunt Gail and Aunt Trudy were all laying on their tummies, soaking up the sun. He could hear them talking and giggling.

The sight of three voluptuous **MILF** sisters, completely naked, laying on their stomach's side by side, had Jacob's cock hard before he even reached the dock.

"Is it just me or do I hear a horny teenager trying to sneak up on us," Gail said.

They all looked back as Jacob arrived at the dock, resting his arms on it, while staring up the backs of their sexy shimmering legs and the half-moons of their meaty mommy-asses.

"Did you fuck your Grandma hard, honey?" Michelle asked. "Oh yeah!" Jacob said with a satisfied grin.

"And...how was your first pussy?" Gail asked her nephew. "Awesome! Grandma said I can fuck her again later."

"Wow, you must have made quite an impression." Trudy said.

"With that dick I guarantee he made an impression." Gail said, making them all giggle.

Jacob noticed their legs were all slightly spread, giving him a good look at the clamshells of their shaved vulva's. The plump cunnies were puffy and glistening with perspiration..

"So are you gonna come up here and let these three horny moms oil you down, so you don't burn?" Michelle asked.

"Sure." Jacob said, lifting himself up on the platform.

There was a lounger float laying on the dock and Jacob crawled onto it and lay on his back. His big dick stuck up like a flagpole as he found himself surrounded by the three heavy titted sisters.

Gail squirted baby-oil all over his cock and balls and she and Trudy latched onto his shaft. Even with both their sexy fists around his greasy dong they couldn't cover all of it. They began to stroke the vein-covered sperm-cannon, coating it with slippery oil.

"Oh I love this big fucking dick!" Gail said with adoration.

"And his balls are so fucking smooth and soft," Trudy said, kneading his scrotum. Michelle squirted more baby oil onto her son's chest and began to gently message it in, gazing down lustfully at his young muscular frame.

"Mmm, so fucking sexy," she cooed.

Jacob's eye's were drawn to the six huge drooping breasts as they wobbled and quivered around him. They each glistened with a combination of baby-oil and sweat and their areolas and nipples were all plump and swollen from the heat of the noonday sun.

"I think our baby wants us to fuck him with our big oily titties, don't you, honey?" Michelle asked teasingly.

It amazed the boy how his mom was able to read his thoughts like a book sometimes."Yeah, I definitely wouldn't mind that," he confessed..

Jacob's cock was trapped between Gail's dangling udders and she squeezed them together, sandwiching his slippery hard-on in her cleavage. "It spent all morning in Grandma's pussy and now it wants to get between some warm titties," she said, in a cute sexy voice.

Gail and Trudy tag-teamed Jacob's cock with their melonous boobs. His fat bell tip bubbled with pre-cum as it split the top of Trudy's cleavage, emerging from her creamy tit-cleavage.

"Oh, my big tits usually swallow a dick whole, but not this big beautiful thing," Trudy confessed.

"That's okay," Gail said, leaning over. "Aunt Gail can wrap her lips around the big juicy head so it doesn't feel left out."

Jacob shuddered in delight as her felt mouth drop over his peter-tip and her hyperactive tongue flutter across his nob. She made a lewd sucking sounds, causing her mouth to vibrate around the tip of his tender dong.

Michelle straddled her son's chest, squashing her naked twat against his chiseled abs. She brought her lush body down onto his, so her squishy boobies rested on his shoulders.

"I wanna suck on my baby's tongue," she whispered, bringing her lips to his for a sensual kiss.

Mother and son began to make out, their tongues rolling and twisting together in a wild frenzy inside Jacob's mouth. The boy wrapped his arms around his curvy mom. She felt so fucking good against him, as did the oily boobs that were humping his cock.

Gail bounced her tits on Jacob's dick, fucking it's muscled hardness between her oily boobs As she did this Trudy massaged his balls, digging her long nails into the tender flesh of his nuts.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Gail sighed. "Does it feel good to have your big dick smothered between Aunt Gail's titties, huh?"

"Uh-huh." Jacob hummed as his mom's pink snake flailed away inside his mouth.

His Aunt Trudy's hand traveled down further between his legs, rubbing his taint and his asshole. "Mmm, getting worked over by the hands of three naughty moms," she said.

Things continued this way for a good fifteen minutes before Michelle rose from his chest. "How's my dick girls? You taking good care of it?" she asked her sisters.

Gail's tongue was sliding up the shaft as Trudy nursed hungrily on the spongy tip of his cock..

"It's yummy!" Trudy moaned as she looped her strong tongue around and around the juicy cock-head.

Michelle moved down to assist, and now the boy had two experienced mommy-lickers whipping all over the glans of his penis. "Mmm, lick the piss-slit, Michelle. There's so much fucking pre-cum seeping out," Trudy told her sister as they tongued him.

Gail joined them, letting her luscious lips flute up the boy's hard shaft. "So fucking hard and muscular," she cooed, squeezing her mouth around the thick cylinder of meat.

Michelle stuffed her mouth full and her pretty head bobbed up and down on her boy's boner. Then Trudy took a tuned, pumping the ring of her stretched lips around the cum-drooling prick, whipping her wet tongue all around it.

"Oh, shit," Jacob muttered, feeling his crotch get worked over by the three beautiful women.

Gail grasped the hardon around the base and pulled the loose skin up and down his shaft a few times to meet her sister's lips. "That's it sis, suck that big pussy-fucker," she said.

Trudy and Michelle's tongues worked in unison fluttering away at the crown of Jacob's lucky cock. "Big strong boner felt so fucking good riding my rump last night," Gail said lustfully.

"Mm, I loved the feel of it sliding through my asshole," Trudy added. "Shooting out all that hot ball-juice deep in our rectums," Michelle sighed..

"How bout it, stud? Wanna stretch some horny mommy buttholes again today?" Gail asked in a sexy tone..

"Oh fuck yeah!" Jacob sighed, enjoying the amazing sensations on his dick.

A few minutes later the three sister's were on their hands and knees, side by side, their big tits dangling beneath them. In the middle was Michelle, and Jacob was already kneeling behind her, hammering away in a deep anal fuck.

"Oh God that's so good!" his mother cried out.

His sweaty balls slapped against her puffy vulva as he plunged his thick penis in and out of her ass. All three woman were reaching between their legs and rubbing their fat horny clits.

Gail wagged her luscious derriere, her big pink pucker of her ass-ring pulsing anxiously. "Fuck me!" she pleaded.

Slipping from his mom's ass, Jacob quickly moved to Gail's and popped his shiny cock-head into her steamy ass-socket. With one

long thrust he sunk all the way to his nut-sack.

"Oh my God!" he groaned, feeling her hot slippery ass-tract sheath his tender erection..

He set his hips in motion and watched his Aunt Gail's ass-meat ripple as he thrust into her with long ball-bumping strokes.

"Oh fuck, I love that cock!" Gail cried out, feeling his strong boner pump through her throbbing rectum.

"That cock's gonna fuck mom's pussy next week, isn't it, honey?" Michelle asked proudly, winking back at her humping boy.

"Uh-huh," Jacob answered breathlessly.

"Have you got back on the pill yet, sis?" Trudy asked.

"No, I have an appointment with my doctor on Tuesday." Michelle said, glancing back at the disappointment in her son's eyes. She knew how bad he wanted to knock her up.

"Don't let her try to talk you into using fucking condoms. Some doctor's can do that you know," Trudy said.

"Oh fuck that! I'll let Jacob get me pregnant before I make him wear a condom. That's just cruel," Michelle said.

Jacob loved the sound of that. He continued to rhythmically hammer his Aunt's ass, which created a lewd slapping sound across the water, as the sister's spoke.

Gail chimed in, her voice shaky from being hammered from behind. "They have the pill contraceptive now that you take just before sex. It adjusts your **PH** levels, so Jacob can pump gallons of sperm inside you without you getting preggers," she said.

Jacob's face lit up. "Yeah, that way you can still easily change your mind if you decide to get knocked up."

Michelle giggled and spit her tongue back at him. "Nice try!" she said.

"**OH FUCK** this cock feels good!" Gail cried out, thrusting her rippling ass back, meeting Jacob pump for pump.

"That's it, baby. Fuck Aunt Gail's sexy ass," Michelle said encouragingly.

"**HUH! HUH!" OH FUCK YEAH, I'M CUMMING!**" Gail screamed out, which echoed across the lake..

Jacob felt her asshole tighten around his phallus as her body began to convulse. He rode her hard straight through her orgasm, making her butt smack loudly against his crotch over and over.

"My turn!" Trudy's said excitedly, her persperation-sheened buttocks ready and waiting. Her hungry ass-ring slipped easily over Jacob's crown and his cock sunk straight to the root.

Jean stepped outside onto the porch in a halter gown. Her tits were obviously braless beneath the top as they ballooned way out with stiff nipples protruding from beneath the thin fabric..

She looked out towards the floating dock to see Jacob pounding her oldest daughters ass. She could see Trudy's big round belly, and her tits rocking wildly beneath her as the vigorous teen fucked with all he had. It was quite the sight...three grown women, each with their butts cocked back eager to be pounded by a handsome teenage boy.

She was tempted to swim out there with them, and bend over in front of her Grandson and be one of the girls, but she knew she'd have his cock in her ass, all to herself, soon enough.

For a good half-hour Jacob moved from one woman to the next, riding their mommy-rumps and making each of them scream as they rubbed their juicy pussy while getting a serious anal pounding.

"Oh God, I'm feeling good!" Jacob groaned, slamming his prick deep inside Michelle's ass. His bell tip tingled as it pumped into the slippery grip of her rectal ampulla, the deepest part of her ass.

"Cum on our tits, honey!" Michelle said, pulling her asshole off his cock. His boner bobbed stiffly, sticking out from his loins at an upward angle.

The three women turned around and quickly formed a little circle on their knees, cupping their big mammaries and holding them up.. Jacob jacked his cock right above the oily cluster of melonous flesh.

"Ahh fuck!!" He grunted, as big fat ropes of jism erupted from his piss-slit. "Oh yeah, cum all over our big tits, stud!" Gail shouted.

"Yess! Hose us with your fucking cum!" Trudy added.

The women's tongues rolled lustfully out of their mouths as they watched the creamy ball-juice being pumped out of Jacob's dick and splashing onto their swollen tits..

After cumming hard, Jacob did a canon-ball off the side of the dock. The three women screamed and giggled playfully as they were splashed with water.. Gail dove in after him and soon after Jacob surfaced so did she, and threw her arms and legs around him.

"Get back here you sexy stud!" she said playfully.

Like a horny young couple Jacob and Gail started making out. Jacob kept them afloat as Gail hung on, her tits squashed against his chest. Jacob could feel the underside of his still hard shaft resting against the warm folds of her labium.

"Mmm," Gail hummed as her tongue wrestled with her nephew's.

Trudy and Michelle dove in and swam over to them. Trudy had a couple of those long floating water noodles.

"Here, sexy," she said, giving them to Jacob. "Put these floats between your legs. It'll help you hold the three of us horny old gals up."

Jacob put the water noodles down between his legs so him and Gail could straddle them like a horse. This allowed them to float effortlessly. Gail adjusted herself so that she was now pretty much sitting on Jacob's lap, with her legs wrapped around him.

Trudy straddled the noodle also, coming right up behind the teen so her huge wet boobs and enormous pregnant belly were pancaked against his back. She rested her legs on top of Gail's so that she too could coil them around her nephew. She reached around and drug her nails on the tender flesh of his chest. Jacob was now pressed between two curvy women, with Gail's tongue still squirming against his, while Trudy began fluttering her pink snake against his neck.

Michelle swam up beside them and climbed on board, twisting her legs in through her sister's, so she could straddle her son from the side. This caused the four of them to sink to their necks, but they still managed to float without kicking.

"This it what you call a mom sandwich." Michelle said with a giggle.

"A meaty teenage boy smothered in mommies," Gail said between kisses.

Jacob moved from Gail's lips to his mom's and Gail moved from Jacob's lips to his neck. The lucky eighteen year old now had two woman working each side of his tender neck and his gorgeous mother exploring the inside of his mouth with her tongue.

Jacob's cock was trapped between the float and Gail's pussy. He could feel her soft fleshy labium squashed against it and as they bobbed in the water Gail's genitals gently slid back and forth across his shaft.

The boy felt like his body was encased in tit-meat. Their oversized tits rubbed buoyantly all over his chest and back. "Holy shit, this is so cool," Jacob muttered, making the three sisters giggle.

"Oh, Michelle, our baby likes it." Gail cooed, fluttering her tongue against Jacob's ear. "Do you like getting loved on by us, honey?" Michelle asked.

"Oh yeah," Jacob sighed.

"You mean you wouldn't rather be out fishing with the boys, baby?" Trudy asked. "No fucking way."

"Naughty boys would rather stay back with the moms, so their dicks can get special attention," Gail said, as she paused from licking his neck a moment.

"Is that true, honey. Would you rather be here feeling our naked bodies around you?" Michelle asked.

"Squishing our big fat titties all over you?" Trudy added.

Gail ground her fleshy pussy on his boner. "Grinding our horny cunts against your big manly cock, smearing our slippery juices all over it," she moaned.

"Oh my God, you guys turn me on so much!" Jacob gasped, making the mother's giggle.

"Oh my God I felt that!" Gail announced, her eyes slightly rolling back. "His cock just flexed against my pussy. It's so fucking hard!"

"I wanna feel it!" Trudy shouted, like an anxious girl at a carnival ride. "I wanna feel it throb!"

The women moved around so that Trudy was now in front and Gail was behind him. "Jesus!" Jacob gasped excitedly, watching his pregnant Aunt straddle his loins . Trudy's giant orb of ripe baby-meat pressed against Jacob's lower torso, bulging out from between them. Her big milkers rested softly on his shoulders, so his head peered up while wedge into her doughy-soft cleavage.

He felt her pussy sink onto his his cock and her juicy vestibule hug his hard tubular shaft.

Trudy made out with him passionately, while the other women stroked his young aroused body.

For a half-hour they floated like a big bobbing squirming mass of naked flesh. Three gorgeous big breasted moms against a handsome teen with a huge rock hard penis.

Jacob's sucked his Aunt's milk-squirting nipple, while he felt his mom and Gail's hand jerking him off beneath the water.

"Mmmnnff!" he whimpered, Trudy's tit-nectar slobbering from his tit-stuffed mouth.

"Ohh yess, Jacob! Shoot out all that hot baby-making cream!" his Aunt encouraged. "Shoot it against my pregnant pussy!"

He felt his mom clawing at him from behind, pancaking her huge melons against his back, while reaching around and beating his boner with Gail. She knew the words that would make him cum the hardest. "I wanna feel that hot seed blast against my cervix!" she cried out in his ear lustfully. "Make my belly swell with your baby!"

Jacob's body shuddered, and he grunted loudly, as Michelle and Gail's experienced hands worked together on his cock, bringing him

to a toe-curling orgasm. For several minutes the horny mother's worked him off, feeling his young body jerk and tremble between their smothering bodies.

That night as they sat around the fire-pit it struck Jacob just how wickedly naughty he was. Here were these wife's, cuddling with their loving husbands after they had spent the day fucking and sucking him.

It was only early evening and Jacob knew he'd be getting his cock worked at least a couple times that night. He just didn't realize it would be so soon.

Michelle snuck away from the group as one of Jacob's uncles was telling a boring hunting story. Jacob watched her sashay on bare feet towards the door, her braless tits bobbling beneath her thigh high gown. Before she stepped inside she gave him a naughty little look.

"Come on," she mouthed, nudging her head for him to follow her.

Jacob got up and trailed her inside. Gail and Trudy looked at each other and smiled. They knew their sister was hungry for cock. So we're they, but they knew they couldn't all bail out on their husbands.

Not a word was said as Jacob followed his mom upstairs and into the bathroom. She closed and locked the door behind them, then, like an animal in heat, began tearing her son's clothes off of him. "We have to be quick," she whispered as she reached under her gown and slid her dainty black thong-panties down her luscious legs.

By now Jacob's confidence level was high so he felt right at home being the aggressor. As they began to kiss he reached around and squeezed her thick bubbly mommy-ass with both hand, letting his fingers sink into the delightful flesh..

He slid his hands down the back of her thighs and Michelle knew exactly what he wanted. Throwing her arms around his neck she sprung from the floor and wrapped her strong shimmery-soft legs around his waist.

"We need lube," she gasped as her lips smacked against her son's, feeling his big tapered nob squeezed up against her butthole.

Jacob walked his mom over to her bag which sat near the bathroom sink. As she reached down and thumbed through it he took a good look at the both of them in the bathroom mirror.

"Wow!" he muttered out loud, looking at the way his mom was clinging onto him, with her tan silky-smooth legs wrapped around his midsection.

"Quite a sight, huh?" the mother smiled as they looked at each other in the mirror. "Unbelievable!"

He could see his mom's sexy feet with her red painted toenails tucked behind him, her heels resting on his ass. Her shapely mommy-rump hovered over his iron-hard cock as she reached around and applied lubricant to his cock-head and shaft.

His heart fluttered excitedly as he realized that this was his own mom he was holding, the one who gave birth to him and read him stories at night when he was a little boy. Now he was a big boy, with a large penis and Jacob was seeing a side of his mom that sons don't usually get to see.

"What's wrong," she asked, her eyes glowing with lust.

"I was just thinking back when I was a boy," he muttered. "Yeah, what about when you were a boy?"

"Just how beautiful I always thought you were, you know, before I even knew about sex and all that," he confessed.

Michelle smiled as her mind drifted back several years. "Then you learned that there were other parts to mommy, didn't you? Parts that made you dickie get all stiff," she whispered.

"Yes," he agreed.

She gazed into his eyes. "Parts that jiggle and sway. Parts that mommy can wrap around you make your boner spurt off in pleasure," she said seductively, making the boy's huge erection flex against the crease of her ass.

"Ohh damn, mom," he sighed, so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it.

Michelle moved her hips, making her boy's cock slide along the groove between her lovely butt-cheeks. "Mom's ass was one of those jiggly spots that fascinated you, wasn't it?" she asked. "You used to watch those big mommy-buns sway and jiggle around the house, didn't you, honey? I bet you were over the moon when you found out there was a hole between those bun-cheeks that boys could squeeze their peckers into."

Jacob just gasped and nodded.

"Well," she said, giving him a lusty gaze, "here you are. Shove it in, so your mommy can show you how fucking good it feels."

Michelle guided her son's cap to its pink puckered target and slipped it inside. She lowered her ass and with one long thrust Jacob sunk to his balls. "Ohhh!" he sighed.

"Oh yeah, there's my boy!" Michelle moaned, squeezing her anal muscles around his muscled cock.

Michelle kissed his lips. "Pin me against the wall and pound my fucking ass!" she hissed.

Jacob pinned her against the wall and began to hammer away. With each of his upward strokes Michelle pushed her ass down, sending his oily meat into the deepest, darkest regions of her bowels.

"Oh God!" his voice quivered, as his mom used her strong legs to pump her aas up and down on his cock. Her unfettered breasts bounced against his chest through the thin top of her gown.

"You're taking such good care of momma's rump, aren't you baby?" Michelle whimpered. "I love your ass, mom!" Jacob confessed.

"My ass loves you, honey!. It loves to bounce up and down on that big monster, smothering it with warm love!" she panted.

Jacob fucked with everything he had, shaking Michelle's fragile body with each powerful thrust.

She held on tight for the ride with her strong gorgeous mommy-legs wrapped tightly around him.

"Oh my God, you're getting good at this!" She moaned, her body on the brink of orgasmic bliss. She pushed her inner muscles outward, as if trying to shit out her son's cock, making the cock-milking friction around his plunging hardon incredibly intense.

"Oh Mom, that's too good," he squealed, trying not to be too loud.

"I know it is," she whimpered back, feeling a hot cum swell inside her busty body. "Uh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Jacob muttered.

"Oh baby, me too!" Michelle cried.

As Jacob felt the lava rise from his balls he planted his cock as deep up his mom's shit-hole as it would go and held it there, then grunted, firing a hot blast of teenage spunk into her guts.

Michelle was right behind him. She let out a muffled little scream into the soft of his neck as her body began to tremble.

"Huh-ah-ah-ah-ah!!" the boy's voice quivered, as he felt the root of his prick bulge out, stretching the ring of his mom's snug butthole even more as he pumped more semen into her.

For two full minutes they rode the wave together, grunting and quivering as Michelle's anal ring slowly slipped up and down her son's thick muscled butt-fucker.

"Oh baby, you rock my fucking world," Michelle said breathlessly, collapsing against him.. "I love rocking your world, mom," Jacob said.

"We better get back downstairs before your father figures out you're rocking my world." Michelle joked.

Having been gone no longer than twenty minutes Michelle and Jacob rejoined the family on the porch. The mother felt wicked sitting back down next to her husband, feeling some of her boy's spunk seep out of her ass.. The sisters all exchanged a knowing smile.

Having had a long day, the whole house was in bed by ten. About midnight Michelle slipped out of bed and snuck down to the room her son was staying in.

When she cracked the door open and peeked inside Michelle found her mother and Jacob making love on his mattress bed. Jean was riding him at a nice slow steady pace. Michelle could see her son's cock slipping in and out of the soft fleshy folds of her mother's vagina.

Jacob peeked over along the side of Jean's huge swinging tits and saw his mom watching from the crack in the doorway. He smiled and gave her a thumbs-up.

"I love you," Michelle mouthed, then gently closed the door.

Trudy stepped up the hallway on bare feet in a flimsy pink nighty. He big pregnant belly poked out a slit in the gown and her dark pink areolas were barely visible through the silky fabric. "Is he alone?" she asked her sister quietly.

"No, he's fucking mom again," Michelle whispered.

"Well, that's good I suppose, but I was hoping to get some more anal," Trudy confessed. "Why do you think I came down here," Michelle asked, making them both giggle.

"We're such deprived sluts," Trudy joked. "For him, yes," Michelle said.

"How long do you think mom will go at him?"

"Not sure, she may just spend the night in there," Michelle said. "I'm checking back in an hour," Trudy said.

"Not if I do first," Michelle said to her sister competitively.

Jacob and his Grandmother's bodies writhed together as he fucked her in the missionary position on the mattress. Her sexy curvy legs were wrapped high around his back as he pumped into her ass deeply as he could. "Fuuuck, Grandma!" the boy snarled, feeling her ribbed walls milk his cock as he lay sunken against her pillowy tits.

"Ohh, Jacob!" she squealed, squirting out hot girl cum around his burrowing prick. "Ohh, cumming!" the boy grunted, hosing out hot ropes inside her.

A little while later, Trudy came back, finding the boy alone and nearly asleep. She came in a closed the door. "Hey sexy," she whispered, reaching under her big belly and slipping her dainty panties off. The

boy's heart pounded excitedly as he watched his hot pregnant Aunt crawl into bed with him.

Michelle was about ten minutes too late. She peered into the room and saw her sister in the same position her mom had been in on top of Jacob. This time, however, Jacob's cock was crammed up a meaty ass, and Truely humped on it tirelessly.

Milked trickled out the corner of the boy's tit-stuffed mouth as he spotted his mom in the doorway again. Michelle's short robe was untied and hung wide-open, with her big tits hanging out and her beautiful dark hair flowing down over her shoulders.. Jacob's eye's traveled down to the V of her shaved pubis. She gave him a cute little wave, then reached down between her legs and split her cunt with two fingers, exposing fully the thick hood of her engorged clitoris.

This made the boy's eyes go wide and his cock flex inside Trudy's humping ass.

Michelle smiled, pleased at her son's ogling reaction. She wanted to excite him so much that he came quickly, so her sister would leave and she'd have him all to herself.

While sucking his Aunt's milky tit, Jacob watched his mom turn around and bend over, pointing her meaty mommy-buttocks at him. Her puffy outer labium came together to form a dark cuntal cleavage. She used the same two fingers to peel them open for her boy's watching eyes, revealing a juicy pink slit.

With her free hand, Michelle reached up and squeezed one of her huge hanging melons, while peering back into her boy's eyes. She rolled her tongue across her top lip in a sexy manner, then mouthed the words "fuck me" to him.

"Ohhh shit!" the boy gasped, slobbering breast-milk all over the place as a strong cum hit him out of no where.

Feeling his hot semen scorch her bowels, Trudy started cumming also and for several minutes they bucked and whimpered in passion..

Michelle felt wicked getting pumped up the ass with her husband snoring just up the hallway, but it was worth the risk. She sighed in ecstacy, as her and her boy's heads poked from the covers. Jacob was laying flat on her back, pumping his hardon through her cushioned butt-globes. It was a new position that she had suggested, and he was anxious to explore every single one with her.

Having came so much that day, he was really able to pound his mother's ass off with savage thrusts. Michelle came so many times over the next hour that she'd lost count. She was shocked that her boy was still able to hose out a monster load of cum in her ass.

"Oh my God! Where's it all coming from?"she asked herself. "He must have an amazing sperm factory in those young balls!"

Jacob woke the next morning around ten. He was surprised to see his cousin Laura sitting in a chair across from him. What was even more surprising was that she was in a skimpy pair of panties and a wife-beater t-shirt. She was listening to music on Jacob's phone, with her cute little bare feet propped up on the chair. Her long toned legs were slightly spread and Jacob could clearly see the bulge of her vulva through the fabric.

"I like your music," she said, looking down at him. "Thanks. Where is everyone?" he asked.

"They all went into town for breakfast. Won't be back for a while," she said.

Jacob laid back and tucked his hands behind his head. His muscular bare chest was exposed and his morning wood made an impressive tent in the sheet.

"So...do you have a boyfriend?" he asked.

"Yeah, he's a wrestler like you. Not as good though. So, do you always wake up like that?" Laura asked, glancing at the bulge in the sheet.

"Yeah, pretty much."

"You must be pretty big for it to stick way up like that," Laura pointed out.

"Yeah, it's pretty big, at least that's what all the girls I've been with say." Jacob said with pride. "Like my mom, you mean?" she asked with a smile.

"Well, no, I..."

"I know you've fucked her. She left her panties in here," Laura said, lifting up her mom's dainty thong with her fingers. "Plus the bed wreaks of raunchy sex **AND** her perfume."

Laura got up and pranced over to the window. Jacob watched her braless tits jiggle beneath her top and as she looked out at the lake he got a great view of her plump teenage ass. Her panties were bunched up in her ass crack, exposing a lot off cheek.

"It's so beautiful here," she said staring out the window.

"It sure is." Jacob said, staring at the backs of her smooth shapely legs.

Laura turned and looked down at him. "I know we're cousins and all but...do you wanna fuck?" she said, matter of factly.

"Sure," Jacob muttered, his heart racing.

Laura peeled off her panties, revealing her cute little bald pussy. "I sort of have this problem though." Jacob said.

"What kinda problem?" she asked.

"Well, I promised my um...my girlfriend that I wouldn't have sex with anyone else," Jacob said, speaking about the promise he'd made to his mother.

"That's not a problem. I promise my boyfriend the same thing, but I have sex with lots of other guys. Your secret's safe with me," Laura smiled.

"Well, she is okay with me doing other kinds of things with girls," Jacob said. "What kinds of other things?" Laura asked curiously.

"Well, she's okay with me going down on them and having anal sex."

"Wow! So she'll let you eat other girls pussies and butt-fuck them? This girl must be so cool. Does she go to your school?" Laura asked, lifting her shirt off.

Jacob could barely answer as he caught sight of her big plump titties. "No, uh...she's a little older than I am," he said..

"How much older?" Laura asked. "Oh, about twenty years."

"Holy fuck! Does your mom know?" Laura exclaimed. "Well, yeah actually she does," he answered.

"My boyfriend and I do anal, but he's not very good at it.... I bet you are though." Laura said, gazing at the tent in the blankets.

Jacob slowly slipped the sheet off his body revealing his long thick big butt-fucker in all its glory. Laura's eyes got big and she gasped as her mouth curled into a naughty little smile. "Oh my God, I sooo want that up my ass!" she exclaimed.

At the restaurant the three sisters and their mother Jean sat in a booth talking while the men were outside shooting the shit with a

couple other local guys.

"I was so jealous when you two went inside last night, I could have killed you." Gail said, gazing at Michelle.

"You could have taken him inside. I just beat you to the punch." Michelle said. "Like I did to you last night?" Trudy said, smiling at Michelle.

"I got fucked again too, so na-na-na!" she said, spitting her tongue out playfully at her sister. "Yeah, well we'll see who's punching first tonight." Gail said.

"Now wait a minute I think if anyone gets laid again tonight it's me. You two are gonna be the one's tag-teaming him all summer," Trudy said. "Besides, I'm giving birth any day and won't be able to have sex for at least a couple weeks."

Jean chimed in on the conversation. "Now girls, why don't the three of you take him down to the boat house tonight and take turns on him like you did yesterday. In fact I may just join you this time," she suggested..

"Jesus, mother, you two fucked for an hour last night. Let us have some time with him." Trudy said.

"Oh dear, an hour's not nearly enough. Your mother may be old but she still has a healthy sexual appetite. Where do you think you girls got it from?" She asked, making her daughters giggle.

"I wonder if Laura's starting to crave sex like I do?" Trudy asked.

"**OH FUCK!**" Laura cried as she was nailed to the mattress.

Her strong legs were wrapped around Jacob's waist, her heels resting against his bouncing ass as his cock plunged in and out of her gaping butthole.

Jacob fucked her hard as he lay flat against her, savoring the feel of her young, firm tits against his chest. She let out a high-pitched squeal and her body began to convulse as yet another orgasm wracked her fragile teenage body.

Back at the restaurant, the women still chatted. "Well I for one refuse to sit there and watch my mother get her pussy pounded unless I can too," Trudy said.

"I agree, Michelle. State-Champ or not this "ass only" thing's getting a little old, don't you think?" Gail said.

"Hold on sec. Who was preaching to me when I first started this about giving him little rewards at a time...and saving vaginal intercourse for when he won state?" Michelle asked.

"That's great, so save **YOUR** vagina, but don't deprive the rest of us," Gail said. The four of them got quiet as Michelle looked down in thought.

"I guess... well, call me selfish, but I guess I just wanted his cherry, that's all," she said in a sweet little tone.

"Newsflash, sis. Your mother gobbled that cherry up yesterday," Trudy reminded her. Michelle and Jean exchanged a look. "Hey, you told him it was okay," Jean said.

"I know I did, but I did that more for you than him. I wanted you to remember what it felt like to have a big dick inside of you. To be fucked hard like you used to be." Michelle said.

Jean reached over and took Michelle's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. She searched her daughters eyes. "First of all, daughter of mine, there is no "remembering." That **WAS** the biggest dick and that was the hardest fuck I've ever had," she said, making her daughters giggle.

"Secondly, that gorgeous boy of yours could fuck every single pussy on this planet and it still wouldn't be his momma's pussy. I've seen the two of you move together and...no offence to my other girls, but it's like nothing I've ever seen,"" Jean explained.

Michelle knew what her mother was talking about. She had been with many sexual partners in her lifetime, but when her and Jacob were together, it was like an intricate dance in which they both knew instinctively just how to move. He was her perfect sexual partner.

Jean continued speaking. "Next week he'll be your state champion, and the two of you will be floating on your own little sexual cloud. I promise you, when he makes love to his mother it'll be like nothing he or you have ever experienced."

Michelle felt a surge of overwhelming excitement shoot through her body. She pressed her cute little toes hard against her sandals, flexing her long matronly legs. She felt her labial meat peel apart and vaginal juice trickle down into the crack of her ass. She felt her big breasts give out an excited quiver and her nipples harden into huge rubbery knots.

"Yes...I know it will," she whispered, her lips curling into a devilish little grin.

"So...is that a **YES**?" Gail asked, anxiously wanting to get back to the subject of Jacob fucking her.

Michelle peered over at her and Trudy with a smile. "That's a yes," she said.

Gail and Trudy let out an excited cheer, like two little horny teenage girls, bouncing in their seats and making their huge mommy-boobs jump.

The men outside heard them and smiled in through the window, shaking their heads. Little did they know that the source of their

wives excitement was a big teenage dick that would be hammering their pussies and making them cream.

Speaking of big teenage dick, Laura's plump ass rested against Jacob, his tool buried so far up her shitter that only his big hairless scrotum was left tucked snuggly in her crack. She shifted her hips, up and back, up and back, digging his cock-head into the depths of her bowels. A froth of butt-butter escaped from her hole and ran down across Jacob's testicles.

"**OH GOD!**" Laura cried as her little legs began to shake.

She was leaning against Jacob, who was in his favorite position, on his back with his mouth stuffed full of breast-meat. He let his teeth scrape against her areola as he felt her young body convulsing.

"Fuuuck!" she screamed out. It was a good thing there wasn't anyone else in the cabin or they would have surely heard her..

Laura's sexy teenage buns bounced on Jacob's dick for a little over twenty minutes before he before he blew his nuts in her tight snug ass.. His meaty cock had made his cousin cream at least a dozen times and her young body shook yet again as he as the ropes of jism blasted from his cock-head.

"Holy shit, I envy the hell out of your girlfriend," she panted, laying flat against her big-dicked cousin.

This brought a huge smile to Jacob's face. "Yeah, she gets it pretty fucking good," he said.

Most of the family hung around the cabin that day, swimming and socializing. In the early afternoon Jacob decided to take the boat out to do some fishing. With five horny pussies floating around him like vultures, there was no fucking chance of him going alone.

Any of the women would have jumped at the chance, however, they all knew Michelle was the "alpha-female" so to speak. Jacob was hers, which always gave her first dibs.

"Hey, handsome, Going fishing?" She asked as Jacob prepared the little boat. "Yeah, I thought I'd try my luck for a few hours," he said.

It didn't take Jacob's mind long to wander far from the fishing. Michelle was standing near the bank in a pair of cut-off Daisy Duke shorts and skimpy bikini top. She had her hands on her hips and with all the tit-flesh oozing out of her bikini-sling, Jacob felt his cock begin to rise to salute.

"Need some company?" She asked. "Sure," he muttered.

"Be right back. I'm gonna let your father know we're going out."

Jacob watched her sashay away, her luscious ass-cheeks spilling from her shorts and swaying naughtily. He let his eyes travel down those long silky-smooth legs, the muscles flexing as she walked. Then there were those sexy bare feet. God-damn how he loved his mother's cute little feet with her painted toenails. He could already feel them resting on his ass.

When Michelle came back she was carrying a inflatable mattress that hadn't been pumped up yet. She stepped into the boat and set it down.

"You're bringing that?" he asked.

"Of course I am. It's **MY** bait. That's how I'm gonna catch the big one," she said, reaching back and rubbing his cock through his shorts.

"The big one huh?" Jacob smiled.

Michelle turned and looked into his eyes with this cute little smile. "Yep. The big juicy one. It won't be able to resist jumping on my hook. You'll see," she said.

Michelle and her son set off in their little boat. They traveled for about twenty minutes before they found a nice private little cove.

Jacob threw over the anchor and set up his fishing gear, while Michelle used the automatic pump to blow-up the mattress. It wasn't long before it was fully inflated. It was a large water-mattress, about the size of a full-sized bed mattress, with built-in pillows.

"Mmmm, doesn't that look comfy enough to fuck on," she said teasingly.

The mattress had a tie-on which Michelle securely fastened the end of a rope to. She tied the other end of the rope to the boat and threw the mattress out into the water.

Leashed to the boat, the water mattress floated off about thirty feet away. Knowing she had her son's attention, Michelle undid her shorts. With her back to him she slowly slid them down her big bubbly bare ass and kept going until they fell to her pretty little feet.

Jacob squeezed the knot in his shorts as he stared at the butthole peeking out from between her meaty cheeks.

Michelle reached around, untied her bikini top and let it slip from her breasts. Jacob could see the sloping breast-bulge jutting way out.

Now naked, Michelle dove into the water and swam over to the mattress. Jacob watched as his mom gracefully slipped up onto the float and resting on her knees, squeezed the water out of her hair, making her wet boobs jut out obscenely.

The boy picked up his fishing pole and cast it out, deciding to play hard to get. After a few minutes, the water mattress floated back

behind the boat.

"Jaaaaccccooobbbb." Michelle sang teasingly. He smiled, trying to ignore her.

"Jaaaaccccoooobbb." Her sexy voice called out..

Despite how he tried, Jacob couldn't ignore her. He peeked around and saw his mom laying down on her tummy, resting on her elbows. Her body was still wet and glistened beautifully in the noon day sun. Her big mommy-boobs were all spilled out onto the mattress beneath her and she had a warm smile as she stared back at her little boy.

"Put the pole down and come out here,." she said in a soft, loving tone, patting the cushion beside her.

"I can't catch fish from back there, mom," Jacob said, playing hard to get.

"So you're gonna to just ignore that big boner in your shorts?" she asked candidly. "I guess so," he said, trying to keep a straight face.

"Jacob Little, get your ass back here, right now!" she said, in an authoritative tone. "But mom I wanna fish," he lied.

"Yeah, right. I think I know you better than that, young man." "Obviously you don't," he joked.

"Well that's too bad then. I guess you'd rather fish than spend the day fucking your mother's pussy," she said.

Jacob quickly stood up and turned around with a look of surprise. "Wait! You'd let me fuck your pussy today...seriously?" he asked.

Michelle got a cute little look, cocking her head to the side. "Well, you could come out here and we could talk about it," she said.

In a split second, Jacob was naked and diving into the water. Moments later he was pulling himself onto the mattress with Michelle. She giggled at how eager he was.

With Jacob on his back Michelle crawled up next to him. Letting her big pendulous tits drag onto his chest, she reached down and curled her fist around his dong, giving it a few gentle strokes.

"See, I told you my big juicy one would take the bait," she teased.

"So are you serious about letting me fuck you or were you just kidding?" he asked.

There was a short pause as Michelle gazed down into his eyes and reflected on her feelings. "You know, when I first started loving on you a month ago I really didn't expect things to turn out the way they did," she explained.

"With us messing around so much you mean?" he asked.

"Yeah, that and well, I guess I just didn't expect that I'd feel the way I do...about you...and about us."

"How do you feel?" Jacob curiously asked.

"Well, judging by the fact that I can't keep my hands off of you, it's pretty obvious how I feel, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes."

"In case you haven't noticed your mother is a **VERY** sexual women, and she's been with a lot of guys in her life...but you're the only one, **YOU**, who's ever been able to keep up with me. I guess what I'm trying to say is at some point along the way this not only became about you...but about me too," she confessed.

"I can't ever imagine being with someone who makes me feel the way you do," Jacob admitted.

"Oh, honey, I haven't even scratched the surface of how I could make you feel." Michelle said, her eyes lost in his. Jacob's heart skipped a beat. Here was this matronly Goddess, her tits hanging down and resting lightly on his upper chest, her hand still stroking his cock. Her hair was all slicked back and wet while she stared down at him with those big beautiful brown eyes. It was like a wonderful wet dream.

"I can make you feel pretty good too," he confessed.

"I know you can," she said softly. "So are you ready to fuck your mother?" "What about winning state?" Jacob asked.

"I'm so proud of how far you've come, but honestly, at this point, love, it doesn't really matter. Win or lose next week, you'll still be between mom's legs and inside her pussy."

"Wow!" he muttered with excited eyes. "So...ready for some pussy, cowboy?" she asked. "Fuck yeah," Jacob answered.

Michelle slipped down onto her back and motioned for Jacob to follow her. "Come on, crawl on top of me and let's fuck our asses off," she whispered.

Jacob watched his mom's knees draw back, and her thick thighs splay open widely like only a mother's can. He moved down between his mom's cradling limbs, his mighty spear creeping towards the bald flower. As he came down on her chest, Michelle reached between them and positioned his cock for vaginal penetration.

"Jacob," she said, loving looking up at him. "You're my champion."

She fit his throbbing nob in her cunt-socket. "Push," Michelle whispered.

Jacob thrust forward and held his breath as he felt his cock encased in Michelle's warm buttery fuck-sheath. Her soft vaginal walls molded around every vein as they expanded to accommodate his meaty girth.

"Ohh God yes!" the boy gasped Jacob muttered, as he slid inside the warm smothering place of his conception.

Michelle's eyes got big, a cute little gasp leaving her mouth as her smoldering cuntal walls expanded around the longest meatiest dick she had ever taken.

Finally as Jacob's balls hugged the crack of his mom's ass, he felt his fat cum-drooling tip bottom out inside her.

"Oh God!" she gasped. " I can feel you against my cervix." "Is that okay?" Jacob muttered.

"Oh honey, it's dreamy!" she moaned. "I've only had one guy hit my cervix and that was in college."

"Dad doesn't hit it?" Jacob asked. "Not even close."

Jacob put his face right against his moms and they both stared deeply into each other's eyes as they felt their genitals flex and contract together. Michelle squeezed her cunt muscles around Jacob's cock, smothering it with warm tight love. "Oh, wow!" he sighed. "I thought Grandma's were strong, but your pussy seems even stronger."

"You like that, love?" Michelle asked.

Jacob didn't have to answer. It was obvious by the way his cock was flexing that the teenager was in pussy heaven. For a good five minutes he just lay there moaning as Michelle did a little squeeze and release around his manhood.

"Oh, that's my baby. He just needed his momma's pussy, didn't he?" she said in a sexy tone.

Slowly and gradually, they set in motion as Jacob began to saw his cock up and down her birth canal.

"Oh, honey, you're doing it! You're fucking my pussy!" Michelle gasped. "God, it feels so good!" Jacob muttered.

Jacob reached between them and squeezed Michelle's big tits, his fingers sinking down into the pillow-like flesh.

At a nice slow steady pace Jacob's cock wormed in and out out Michelle's warm clutching vagina, his bulbous purple mushroom sank against the soft spongy head of her cervix with each downward thrust.

"Oh yeah, that's it, baby... just like that. We're in no rush!" Michelle moaned.

He brought his chest back down onto her and slowly gyrated his pumping hips, between her cradling thighs, spearing his cock nice and deep inside her. He felt his mom's lovely legs folding around the back of his own as they rocked their genitals together on the water float.

Normally Jacob could fuck for a long while before blowing his load, but not this time, even while grinding. The feeling of his mom's hot secreting pussy around his raging boner was too much.

Michelle's orgasm was building towards a peak also. It didn't take a pussy-stretcher as big as Jacob's very long to make a mother squeal.

Michelle cried out in ecstacy, her sweet voice echoing across the water as a sweet cum shot through her wet naked body. Their bodies were so in sync that the second Jacob's cock-head started to

ballon, Michelle's back began to arch from the mattress with a second powerful orgasm.

"**OH FUCK, JACOB, CUUMMINNG!!** Michelle announced, her face contorting with pleasure.

Jacob kept his slow steady pace even as his prick was spitting rope after rope inside his mom. He grunted passionately, clinging tightly to her heavy titted body as they fought against each other frantically. It was as though they were engaged in their own little sexual wrestling match, each one using the others body to intensify their orgasm.

"Fuck! Shit! Ahhh!" the boy's voice trembled as he felt his mom's long nails grasp his ass and pull his cock in as deeply as it would go. Michelle's knees were pointed in opposite directions she was splayed open so wide, accommodating he boy's wild humping.

Their bodies were a glistening ball of sex, thrusting and quaking on the water-mattress in the heat of the noon-day sun. Michelle's long silky-smooth legs slid up around her son's back, like the fleshy strap holding them together.

It was two full minutes before mother and son came back down to earth. Jacob sighed as he lay against his mom's sweaty tits. "Oh, God. That was incredible," he said breathlessly.

"Incredible, my dear, is an understatement, " Michelle admitted..

"Mom?" Jacob said, laying there on her warm naked body. "What is it, lover?".

"Did I do something I shouldn't have?" he asked. "What do you mean, honey?".

"Well, I mentioned getting you pregnant, and I heard you tell Aunt Trudy yesterday that you haven't gone on the pill yet and I just...you

know," Jacob said.

"Yes, you did, didn't you. Well, can't cry over spilt milk, now can we? Cock-milk that is," she said, making them both giggle.

"Beside's if you win state, you might enjoy spending your summer at home with a pregnant mother riding your dick," she said, gazing up at him.

"So if I win state, you'll let me get you pregnant?" he asked excitedly.

"Well, the initial plan was to let you fuck me, but since we just did it, I have to offer **SOMETHING** that will motivate you," she said with a giggle.

"Oh man, I wouldn't mind that as a reward at all."

Michelle gazed into his eyes. "A big baby-ball sandwiched between us. Huge milk-filled tits swinging and beating against your face while we bounce on my bed all day. No, I don't think you'll mind," she teased.

Jacob's cock flexed att the very thought of it. Michelle smiled as she felt it still packed inside her cream-filled cunny. "I think someone liked the sound of that alot," she smiled.

"I think so too." he grinned anxiously.

Michelle gently rolled Jacob over onto his back. He watched as his mom got onto her knees and swung her leg over his waist, taking the top position. Her silky hair and her big boobies dangled above Jacob's wide eyes as she reached down and fed his cock back inside her..

"Oh God!" Michelle moaned, as she lifted her arms and gyrated her hips as if she were doing some sort of fuck dance.

Jacob gasped as he gazed up at his beautiful mother. Her eyes were closed, mouth slightly open in an obvious state of arousal. Her hair was still half-wet and strung down her face. This was the sex crazy animal behind all that motherly sugar coating. Behind all those lacy bras and panties. Behind all those high-heeled sandals and cute little hairdo's. This was Michelle in the raw and he fucking loved it!

Michelle was so deep that Jacob couldn't even see their genitals. All there was was her bald pubic bone grinding against his as if they were fused together..He moaned as he felt his cock-head battering back and forth across her spongy cervical door. It felt almost like a tongue licking delightfully at his bell-tip..

"Fuck yes!." Michelle whimpered, squeezing her tits together and making her nipples puff out.

Gradually, she increased the speed of her gyrations until finally she settled on a consistent up and back motion, rolling her hips with desperate intensity.

"Holy shit, look at mom go!" Jacob thought as he watched use her his cock to scratch her itch.

In the sack, everyone had a primitive side. Jacob was seeing his mom's and he loved it. Her tits were going wild, flopping all around. Her breath was heavy, almost gasping. Her cunt muscles were massaging his cock, her tight pink walls soaking him in the secretions of her arousal.

Michelle's body stiffened and her neck arched. She screamed, her voice howling across the lake.

As his mom's hips continued on overdrive he felt the head of her cervix push against his cock so hard he swore he was going to pop inside her womb as she ground him against it.

Jacob was feeling pretty confident at this point. Despite all the excitement his balls weren't even stirring. "I'm gonna be able to fuck the shit out of you this time, mom," he gasped.

Michelle collapsed onto her son's chest. Instead of grinding, now her bubbly behind began to frantically bounce on his groin. "Do it then! Show me how a state champion fucks his mother!" she cried out.

Jacob pumped up into her, his big balls swinging up and down as their wet genitals slapped lewdly together. His lips clamped around her nipple and he sucked while he eagerly fucked her.

For ten cock plunging minutes Michelle's ass slapped against her baby as she worked his teenage dong with her slippery tight sheath of her mommy-pussy.

"**OH GOD, JACOB!**" She cried as her body shook with yet another mind-blowing orgasm.

Jacob was in pussy-fucking heaven! He peeked out from under his mom's quivering breast as it laid on his face, her entire areola stuffed in his mouth. He could see the beautiful muscles in her hips working tirelessly as she bounced on his dick.

"Holy shit, you can fuck, mom!" he moaned.

"So can you! Like mother like son!" she gasped..

By this time their genitals were making a lewd creamy slap. Jacob's cock glistened with a buttery fuck-froth that seeped down and dripped from his balls.

Stretched around his girth Michelle's vaginal lips puckered as they slid up and down every juicy inch of her boy's rock-hard shaft.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

At a steady pace they fucked like porn stars, their sweaty naked flesh glistening in the sun. It was another five minutes before Michelle popped again, letting out a desperate squeal and squirting hot girl-cum from her throbbing urethra.

To Jacob, there was nothing quite like having a matronly woman's body trembling against his, especially knowing it was his own mom. Making her cum harder than his father could made his head swell with pride..

As one orgasm subsided, Michelle's body was already pulling her towards the next one. When it came to sex, she was relentless, and her butt just kept bouncing against her teen's crotch.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

At this point Jacob's nob was getting used to be smothered in the depths of some sort of juicy orifice. It seemed as if lately it was spending more time plummeting up and down a warm hole than in his own pants. He certainly wasn't complaining. Fucking was the greatest thing ever, especially with his hot stacked mother.

"Oh my God, your cock's a dream!" Michelle's voice trembled, as she continued her plunging cunt assault on his unyielding hardon.

Jacob smiled confidently. He knew that he not only had the size, but the staying power to please even the most sexual of women, and his mom was as sexual as they come.

Five more minutes of ball-bumping intercourse and Jacob was making his mom scream again. He felt like King of the Universe, watching her huge fat melons dance before his eyes.

Michelle had been on top for nearly forty-five minutes and her body was getting tired, but still her desire for more cock pushed her on. She slid down a little and began to make out with her son. They

feasted on each others faces like hungry animals, their genitals still rapping together, refusing to be broken.

No sooner did she recover from one, than another toe-curling orgasm stuck her. Jacob watched his mom throw her head back, her eye-lids fluttering as she let out the most primitive grunt he had ever heard. He was floored when he saw a little tear run down her cheek.

"Yeah, mom, that's it! Cum on my dick," he encouraged her..

Even though he had already made her cum more times than he could count, he had this overwhelming desire to make pop again.

Using the mattress beneath him Jacob bounced his ass from the air mattress, thrusting his cock up into his mother's cunt, meeting its downward fall. Soon it was he that was doing the work and Michelle ass was just along for the ride.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

His big hairless scrotum jumped wildly, thumping against Michelle's butt-hole as Jacob hammered away tirelessly. Their bodies were dripping with seat and she was slick to hold onto. Her wet boobies were jostling all over the place, slipping and sliding all around on her son's sweaty chest.

"**OH, BABY!! OH, HONEY!!OH, LOVER!!!**" Michelle cried as she felt him shake her inner core. Her body suddenly shuddered violently, and Jacob heard his mom start to sob on his shoulder her orgasm was so incredibly intense. As her pussy-spasms went crazy, and her juices squirted everywhere, Michelle literally wept like a little girl. They weren't tears of sadness, but of shear ecstasy. Michelle was having the most intense orgasm a woman could experience. A super-orgasm, brought on by the skills she had taught her son.

Hearing his mom sob only made Jacob fuck harder. He giggled to himself pridefully. Oh how wonderful to have such a big pussy-

pleaser and to know how to use it. He owed it all to his mom and now he was rewarding her for her efforts.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Finally he felt his nob tingle exquisitely and his balls clench up. "**OHH YESS, MOM!**" the boy grunted out. It felt like the tip of his cock had blasted off into orbit he came so hard. He held her hot curvy body to his, as he pumped what felt like a gallon of hot spunk into her unprotected pussy.

Nearly ten months passed, and Jacob sat outside by the pool in his back yard. He heard the gentle tapping of bare feet move up behind him.

"The baby's really kicking today," Michelle said, feeling her big round pregnant tummy.

Jacob turned to see her standing there in a sexy white micro-bikini. The nine month pregnant mother might as well have been completely naked. The only things not showing were the rings of her areola and the puffy lips of her vulva, and they themselves were barely covered by tiny patches of fabric. Everything else was on open display. Her boobs had grown ridiculously enormous, wobbling heavily with her slightest movement.

Jacob sat up and felt his mom's smooth baby-orb as she stopped in front of him. "Do they really have to induce you tomorrow?" he asked disappointedly The last ten month had been a whirlwind of wild ball-busting sex between him and his mom, and he knew he'd miss her belly being so swollen.

Michelle giggled. "Baby, I have to give birth sometime. I'm already overdue," she said, patting her smooth beach-ball-sized tummy.

"I know," he muttered.

"Hey," Michelle said, gazing down at her teen over the huge jutting melons of mostly naked flesh. "At least my boobs aren't going away," she said, shaking he huge milkers back and forth, "and that's your favorite part right?"

Jacob got a big smile. "Definitely!" he said.

"Wanna go upstairs for some pussy?" she asked teasingly.

Jacob quickly got up and scooped his mom off her feet. Michelle squealed playfully as her strong boy held her in his arms. "My bed or yours?" he asked excitedly.

"Yours this time! If we end up breaking my bed we'll be in real trouble," she said.

Jacob carried her upstairs to his room. His mattress was on the floor. A few days before, he and his mom had been going at it so hard that they broke his bed-frame. Now, with his mattress on the floor, they could be as rough as they wanted.

He set his mom down and peeled off his trunks. His boner wagged up and the air, stiff and ready to pound through some wet pregnant pussy.

Michelle slipped off her bikini top easily and tossed it at her boy, her giant milk-filled boobies reeling back and forth. As her tits had gone through a serious transformation so had her nipples. They were now a dark crimson, thick, engorged and dotted with Montgomery glands for her soon-to-be nursing infant. "Got milk?" she said teasingly, shaking her udders back and forth.

"No, but I want milk," her son said with a smile.

She untied her bottoms and pulled them away from her crotch. Her belly was much too big for him to see her mons, but he knew there

was a hot shaved pussy under there that loved to be stretched around his boner.

He watched his sexy pregnant mom slip onto his mattress and rest back on propped elbows, so that her boobs rolled slightly off the sides of her chest, crowning the enormous round swell of her pregnancy. Still as limber as ever, Michelle scissored her lovely legs open and threw them back into a huge spread eagle, with her dainty bare feet pointed at the wall behind her.

She glanced down towards her steamy crotch and raised an eyebrow. "Come get in!" she said in a naughty tone.

Jacob wasted no time crawling down into her waiting saddle, and squeezed his muscled cock into her cunt. Despite having hammered into her pussy at least five times a day, she still felt as snug as ever.

"There's that big cock I adore so much!" the mother cried out, feeling her son's weight press down against her. His mom was right, their baby was kicking a lot today. He could feel their daughter moving around inside the womb, sandwiched between their naked bodies.

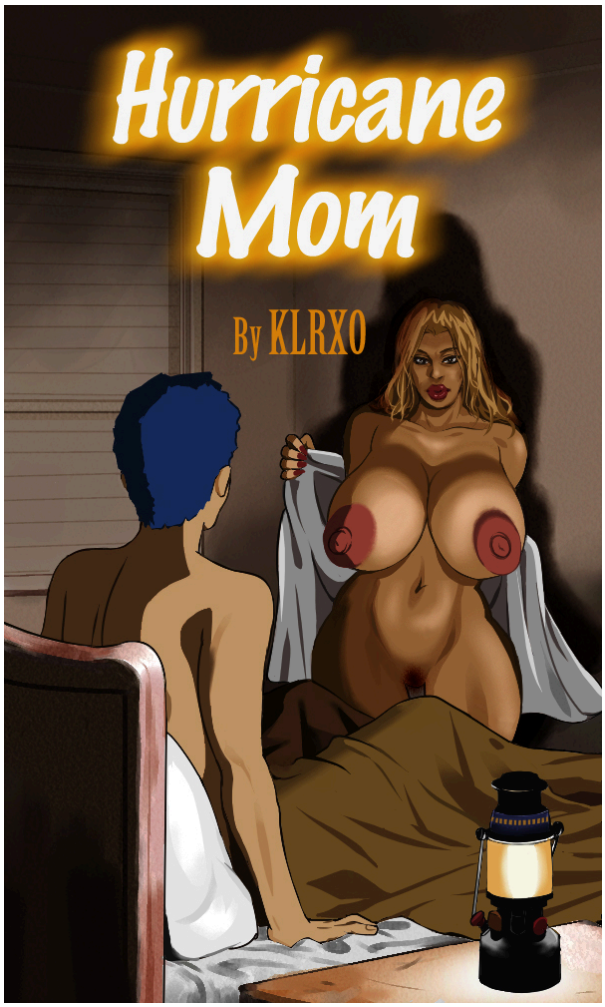
"You gonna fuck me hard baby?" Michelle said in a sexy tone. "You gonna fuck your girl hard n fast?"

The boy began pumping his cock into the pussy of his dreams, making his cum-filled nuts beat against her upturned ass. The mother's dainty feet bobbed from the force of her son's cock-thrusts, as he began to pound her savagely.

"Yess! That's how mommy likes it!" Michelle screamed out, her mammoth boobs rolling like big milk-engorged watermelons of flesh, warm tit-nector leaking out her rubbery nipples, onto her boy's chest.

On the shelf above his bed was a huge shiny trophy. On the front were etched the words: Jacob Little-State Champion!"

THE END


Hurricane
Mom
By KLRXO

HURRICANE Mom

SUPERSIZED

Hurricane Mom (*Revised Edition / SUPERSIZED*)

Chapter 1

Fierce winds battered the Thompson's island cabin as they quickly loaded the back of the jeep with their belongings. It was a vacation cut short. There was a hurricane approaching quickly and things on this tiny tropical island would soon turn from bad to downright nasty.

Susan Thompson rushed from the cabin with a handful of belongings, her long honey-blonde hair tousling in the wind. She passed her eighteen year old son Jason, who was making a return run back into the house.

"Sweetie, do a quick walk through the cabin to make sure we didn't forget anything," she shouted.

"Will do, Mom."

Susan's passed off the items to her husband, who shoved them in the back of the jeep. Her young daughter Shauna gazed around, fascinated by the strong gusts.

Susan guided her daughter into the back seat. "Sweetie, get in and get buckled up," she said. "Is the cabin gonna blow away?" the young girl asked.

Her father answered. "Not a chance, baby girl. This place is built like a rock. It's survived hundreds of nasty storms."

Susan hurried off again." I'm gonna get Jason and lock up," she shouted.

Inside the cabin, Jason scanned each room for anything they may have forgotten. When he arrived in his parent's room he noticed something sticking out from under the bed. He recognized it right away. It was the small blue cum-rag he brought from home, the one

he blew all his cum-loads into. "Why's this in Mom and dad's room?" he asked himself.

Looking down, he noticed something else peeking out from under the bed. It was a pair of his mom's panties that she had forgotten to pack. He looked them over, a tinge of excitement jolting through him. While at home, Jason had often snuck into his mom's laundry and sniffed and sucked the crotch of her worn panties. Yes, he was a bit of a pervert, but he didn't care.

He lifted the delicate pale pink thong up and looked it over. "Would be so cool to be the string of her thong, just for a day. To be tucked between Mom's thickass-cheeks, rubbing up against her butthole," he wickedly thought.

Next, he brought gusset to his nose.The pungent scent made the room around him spin and his eyes roll back in his head. He had never smelt panties with an aroma this strong before. His mom must have literally just changed out of them.

In a split-second, he felt as if every drop of blood in his body was rushing to his cock, causing his bulge to strain against his shorts.

"Smell good?" a voice from the doorway asked, startling him.

Jason quickly lowered the panties and spun around. Susan stood in the doorway with her arms folded across her big breasts. She gazed at him with a slightly amused smile.

"Mom...uh, I was just...um..." "Smelling my panties?" Susan asked.

Jason was speechless. He'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Susan moved towards him. She wore sexy pair of gray yoga-pants, showing off her strong sculpted legs. A pair of wedged heeled sandals displayed her sexy little bare feet with bright red toenails, matching her long manicured fingernails. Her top was a snug white

cami with spaghetti straps. Her enormous tit-swells jutted from her chest and Jason could see then shuttering with each step.

She stopped in front of him, her emerald-green eyes searching his. "Do you do this at home too?" She asked softly.

Jason was so damn nervous he could hardly put his words together. "No...I...it's just..." "Susan??" A voice called from the front door. It was her husband.

Jason looked at his mom in a panic. "Mom, please don't tell dad." he begged.

She continued staring at him patiently. "Jason Thompson, I need you to be honest right now. Do you smell my panties at home?" she asked.

Jason lowered his head shamefully, knowing he better answer before his father showed up. "Yes," he muttered.

"Susan, are you back here?" her husbands voice asked, getting closer.

Susan stuck her hand out towards her son and Jason gave her the panties. "And the cum-rag," she said.

He quickly handed them over and she wadded them up in her closed fists just as her husband entered the doorway.

"There you are. What's going on?" he asked.

Susan turned and looked at him. "Nothing, we're just chatting," she said.

"How 'bout you two chat when we're on the plane. In case you haven't noticed there's a hurricane on its way," he said, then disappeared.

Susan turned back to her son, looking him in the eyes again. "I guess when we get back home you and I have some things to discuss," she said.

"Okay," Jason said, just thankful at that moment that she didn't tell his father what she discovered.

Heavy rain pelted the jeep as it made its across the tiny island. The terrain was lush and tropical, the kind of setting that's usually considered paradise. Not today.

After a ten minute ride, the Thompson family arrived at the gate to the tiny airport. A single small airplane sat nearby, it's engines roaring.

"Are we too late momma?" Shauna asked from the backseat. "I don't know, sweetheart. I hope not," Susan answered..

"Maybe he's just warming it up for us," Susan's husband said, hurrying out of the vehicle.

Jason sat in the back seat next to his sister. He looked towards the front and found his mom staring back at him through her visor mirror. He could tell the "panty incident" was still heavily on her mind. He looked away, ashamed and intimidated by her beautiful stare. "I know I had her panties, but why did she ask for those **AND** my cum-rag too? What was it doing in her room?" he wondered.

After talking to the Captain of the airplane, Jason's dad struggled back to the jeep through the wind and pelting rain.

"What did he say?" Susan asked as he got back in.

"There's already a couple people inside. He's only got room for two. He won't risk another trip. The wind's getting too strong." Susan's husband explained.

"What are we gonna do, momma?" Shauna asked.

Susan felt an excited tingle in her cunt. She looked at her husband decisively. "You and Shauna get on the plane. Jason and I will go back to the cabin and ride out the storm," she said.

"Don't be crazy, Susan. It's a hurricane," her husband exclaimed.

"And the cabin has survived years of them, you said so yourself. It's sits on high ground and it's boarded up. There's enough food and firewood in there for weeks. Jason and I will be just fine," she said.

"It should really be me that stays," her husband said, trying to play the hero.

"You have to be back to work on Monday and Shauna has ballet. This storm's likely to last a couple days or even longer. Go," she said.

"You okay with this, sport?" John's dad said, peering back at him.. "Yeah, fine." Jason said, glancing at his mom.

She was looking back at him, her big pouty lips curled into a tiny smile.

After saying their quick good-bye's, Jason's dad and sister boarded the plane and he and his mom set off back towards the cabin.

"This wind's getting brutal," Susan said, gripping the wheel tightly.

"I can see why the pilot of the plane said he won't come back,"Jason said.

Half-way to the cabin, Susan pulled up next to the small island store."I hope they're still open. We need a few last minute supplies," she said.

They rushed into the tiny store and were greeted by a small native woman. She spoke broken English. "Oh, ma'am. Lucky you catch

me. Store 'bout to close," she said.

"Hi Gina...so much for our sunny vacation, huh?" Susan said with a giggle.. "You no catch plane?" Gina asked.

"There wasn't room. Jason and I are gonna stay and hunker down in the cabin."

Susan looked at her son as she threw a few items into a hand basket. "Sweetheart, can you get a couple gallons of milk," she asked.

"Sure, Mom."

Jason rushed to the back of the store. His mom made her way to the check-out counter and Gina began bagging her items. The teen stopped dead in his tracks as he heard his mom request something unexpected. "I need latex condoms, Gina. Do you have them?" she asked.

The boy's heart began to pound hard in his chest. "Did I just hear that right? Condoms??" he thought.

Gina found some hanging behind the counter. "Yes, mum. Have boxes." "Oh excellent," Susan said, "how many condoms come in a box?"

"Six, mum." Gina answered.

"Great. Give me six boxes please, hun." Susan said, getting out her checkbook.

Jason couldn't believe his ears. He quickly did the math in his head. Thirty-six condoms. That was enough for a fucking football team. He brought the milk up to the counter. Gina glanced at the condoms, then at Jason with a little smirk. "Handsome young man gonna be busy," she thought, then started bagging their items..

By the time they arrived at the cabin the wind was howling and the rain was coming down in sheets. They grabbed their bags and rushed inside.

The previous day, Jason and his dad had boarded up all the windows, to prevent damage to the tiny vacation-home. Susan slammed the big wooden door and bolted all the locks. "Wow, I think we're in for a doozy," she said, catching her breath.

"Looks that way," Jason said.

Susan took the back to the tiny kitchen area and began putting stuff away. "Sweetie, why don't you get a fire going. Warm it up in here," she said.

"Good idea," Jason said, then set to work. He was glad his father had enough foresight to stack a huge pile of dry wood next to the fireplace.

After putting away the kitchen items, Susan disappeared into the back bedroom. It was the only sleeping space in the cabin, besides a cozy loft, where Jason and his sister crashed. A small bathroom was situated between the kitchen and bedroom. The place was compact, but cozy and charming.

By the time Susan emerged, Jason had a roaring fire going. He sat on the big fluffy sofa just in front of the fireplace. "Wow, it's warmer already," Susan said as the rounded the sofa.

Susan had changed into a white silk babydoll robe. It was cut just below her crotch and Jason's eyes couldn't help but be drawn to her stong silky-smooth legs. Her cute little bare feet tapped against the cold wood floor as she neared the sofa. The robe had three-quarter length sleeves and a deep V-cut neckline leaving exposed a substantial amount of cleavage.

Jason could tell his mom didn't have a bra on by the way her big boobs jostled heavily beneath the thin silk covering. Susan had a big bowl in her hand that was nearly overflowing with individually wrapped condoms. She set it down on the coffee table, then plopped down next to him on the sofa.

She curled her naked legs up onto the cushion, sort of sitting sideways facing her teen. Jason glanced at her enormous creamy cleavage, mesmerized by the way her tit-mounds wobbled from side to side as she got comfy.

"Sweetie, I want to thank you for being honest with me earlier...about the panties. It took a lot of courage. That's all I expect of you is honesty," she said.

She reached out and took his hand, holding it on her lap. They could hear the faint sound of the storm wreaking havoc outside, but they were nice and cozy, in front of a crackling fire, in their own little safe-haven. "We're gonna be all alone together, for at least a few days. It'll be the perfect opportunity for us to work through this," she said Jason glanced at the rubbers. His mom looked down at them too, then back at her him, smiling tenderly. "There's thirty-six latex condoms in that bowl and over the next few days they'll all be sliding onto your penis. Where they go from there is up to you," she said..

Jason's heart was nearly pounding out of his chest. He couldn't believe this was actually happening.

"Are you ready to be honest with me?" Susan said, gazing meaningfully.

Jason opened his mouth, but nothing came out, so he nodded. This made Susan giggle. "So how long has my son had his little panty fetish?" she asked almost teasingly..

"Um, I don't know...a couple years I guess."

"You guess? You mean you don't know?" she asked.

Jason eyes lowered towards the floor timidly. "Yeah, it's been a couple years." "Hey..." she said, squeezing his hand, "look at me."

Jason look up into those piercing emerald-green eyes. They were big and beautiful and her little smile told him everything was fine. "Do you love me?" she asked softly.

"Yeah, of course."

"Do you trust me?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Yeah." Jason said, taking a big anxious gulp.

Susan smiled. "I want you to stand up and take off your shorts." "My shorts?" Jason asked, making sure he heard her right.

"Mm-hm, stand up and take them off."

Jason slowly stood up, undid his shorts and let them fall to the floor. His cock was incredibly hard, causing his briefs to tent way out obscenely.

"Briefs too, kiddo," Susan said. "But, mom...I..." Jason sputtered.

Susan quickly rose to her feet and took her son by the hands. "Hey..." she whispered lovingly, "Look at me."

Jason looked back at her nervously.

"Relax," she said lovingly, "it's just you and me here.

"I'm sorry, mom. I'm just a little nervous," Jason confessed.

"I understand," Susan smiled, the glanced down at his undies "Do you want me to help?" she asked.

Jason nodded and Susan squatted down in front of him until she was face to face with his bulging erection. She carefully hooked her fingers along the elastic waistband and pulled at his briefs. Jason's boner was pulled down as it caught on the elastic. It finally sprang free and catapulted upward, slapping against his stomach.

Susan's eyes went wide as she gazed at his impressive length. His thick erection was at least eight inches, with thick pulsing veins criss-crossing up the shaft. Jason had a big fat helmet that was sure to make the women drool with lust.

His mother slid his briefs the rest of the way off, then reached for a condom from the bowl. She tore it open and Jason watched as his mom shamelessly fit the latex ring over his cock-head.

He was amazed at how matter-of-fact she was being as she rolled the condom onto his dick, sliding her soft tiny fingers down his thick hard muscle. "You're definitely gonna need a bigger-sized condom, but this will have to do for now," she said, as she unrolled it all the way, which still left a couple inches of his cock unsheathed.

Susan stood back up and smiled at her son. "Sit back down," she said.

He did so and watched as Susan reached under her robe and slid her panties over her wide hips. She slipped them down her strong smooth legs until they dropped to her feet and she stepped out of them. The busty mother picked them up, placed them in the pocket of her robe, then sat back down. "Lay your head down here on my lap, sweetie." she said.

Jason sprawled out on his back on the sofa and rested his head on his mom's soft lap. From this vantage point the swell of her tits were absolutely amazing. It looked like there were a pair of large protuberant watermelons sticking out from her upper-frame.

The mother ran her fingers through her son's hair, smiling down at him. "I want you to tell me what you think about while you sniff my panties."

Jason's heart pounded nervously. If he shared that, she'd know all his secrets. "I...I don't know really..." he muttered.

"That's too bad," she said disappointedly.

Susan quickly reached over, grabbed the condom by the receptacle tip and yanked it off Jason's cock with a **SNAP**, then threw it aside.

"Stand up!" she said sternly.

Jason quickly got up and his mom squatted down in front of him again. Like before, she opened one of the condoms and rolled it onto his cock.

She sat back down, her tits bobbling beneath her robe, then patted her lap. "Come on," she said.

Jason sprawled back down on the couch and again rested his head on his mom's lap, just like before.

She gazed down at him with a piercing stare. "Now, Jason Thompson...I want you to tell me what you think about while you sniff my panties," she said, "And don't say you don't know."

Jason took a brave deep breath. "Sex," he muttered.

"So while your sniffing my panties, you're imagining that your with a girl and that you're getting laid?" Susan asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"Who is this girl?" Susan asked.

The fact that her son stared back at her made the answer a dead giveaway. "Is this girl me, Jason. Be honest. Do you fantasize about having sex with me?" she asked.

"Yeah," he muttered.

Susan smiled and stared off into space for a moment. "My son wants to fuck me. This is going to be a very interesting few days," she thought.

Jason was unsure what to make of the silence "Are you mad?" he asked.

She smiled down at him, putting him a bit at ease. "No...you were completely honest with me. That's all I asked for. How could I be mad?" she said.

Susan glanced at her son's throbbing condom-covered cock, letting her eyes linger a moment. ""Ready to fill that condom?" she asked.

Jason gulped excitedly. "Sure," he muttered She fished a tube of lubrication, along with her panties, from her pocket. Jason's boner pointed in an upward arc and Susan squirted some lubricated gel on the tip.

She set the tube aside and started to massage the gel onto her son's erection. Jason groaned as he felt his mom's tiny hand squeeze and pull at the length of his cock.

"Mmm, bet that feels better than your own hand, doesn't it, sweetheart?" she asked.

"Yess," he hissed, watching his Mom's experienced hand milk his prick up and down in a perfect corkscrew motion. She squeezed and pulled at his knob, igniting his sensitive cock-glans.

"Here baby," she said, handing her son her panties with her free hand, "show mom what you do with them."

Jason brought the panties to his nose and that familiar pungent aroma filled his nostrils.

His mom's hand felt amazing as it traveled the length of his fuck-pole. Every third or forth stroke Susan's slippery fingers would travel down and massage her son's big hairless scrotum, her long nails digging into the meat of his nuts.

"Ohh wow," the boy sighed, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

As Jason held the panties to his face, sniffing her womanly scent, he watched his mom's hand fly magically up and down his dick. He noticed that her robe had started to open and he could see more and more of her jiggling boobs and sexy midriff.

Susan began to speed up a bit, her hand working tirelessly while staring dreamily into her son's eyes. "Close your eyes, baby," she said softly. .

Jason complied, feeling his cock flex and throb in Susan's hand as she beat his meat with juicy rapid strokes.

"Do you see us, baby? Are we naked?" She asked. "Yesss," he panted.

"Where are we baby? Tell me where you're fucking mommy in your naughty fantasy?" "The loft," he muttered.

"We're in the loft? Are you on top of me? Are my sexy legs thrown high in the air, Jason?" she asked seductively.

Jason buckled beneath her as she made his knob tingle delightfully.

Susan giggled. "They are aren't they. Mommy legs are wide open and you're burying your hard boner deep, aren't you baby boy?"

"**OH GOD MOM!**" Jason yelped, helplessly feeling the love-lava shoot through his fuck-tube. "Yesss! Cummm, baby!" Susan shouted as she felt the ropes begin to fire from her son's penis.

She didn't ease up on his dick one bit. Jason's ass lifted from the sofa, his hips quivering as he fired more and more cream from his cock. "Uuuunnhhgg!" he grunted. The tip of the condom became a big pearly-white bubble of cock-cream..

The winds outside howled. Thirty-four condoms remained in the bowl. Like the hurricane outside, the storm of passion inside the cabin was only beginning.

Chapter 2

"That was really great," Jason confessed, snuggling with his mom on the couch. She'd just given him his very first handjob. The contents of his nuts now sat on the coffee table in front of them, tied off in a latex ball.

"Did I do a better job than those girls at school that jerk you off?" Susan asked. "Actually that was my first time."

Susan sat up a bit and looked at him in shock. "**THAT** was your first handjob?" "Yep."

"You've never been jerked off...like during a date?" she asked. "Nope."

"Given a blowjob?"

"Uh-uh," he answered, shaking his head.

She sat up even more, staring at him inquisitively. "Fucked a girl??" "No, none of those things."

"You're telling me that you're a complete virgin?" she asked, looking as though she could hardly believe it.

"I've touched a girl's breasts, that's about it."

"Jason, your technically an adult. Sex should be a regular part of a person's life at your age," Susan said.

"I know, but I haven't really had a serious girlfriend yet...and I don't go on many dates."

Susan scowled at him. "So you just sit at home, sniff my panties and jerk off into a cum-rag," she asked, "that's your idea of a healthy sex life?"

Her son laughed at her candor.

His mom didn't see the humor in her comment. "It's not funny. You're suppose to be sexually active at your age and hopefully using those things," Susan said, pointing at the bowl of unopened condoms.

"Today was the first time I ever had one on, honestly," he confessed. "Hey, since you brought up my cum-rag, that reminds me. Why was it in you and dad's bedroom? I don't even remember bringing it."

Susan's big boobies jostled beneath the robe as she straightened her posture and tucked her legs up on the couch comfortably, seeming reluctant to answer. "We can talk about that later. Right now I need to know why you're not having sex yet? There must be some reason?" she asked.

The teen shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, I just..." "You just what?"

"It's really not a big deal mom," he muttered uncomfortably.

Jason was still naked from the waist down and despite having just blown his wad, his cock was still hard. Susan reached over, grabbed a condom from the bowl and ripped it open. The teen watched in wide-eyed wonder as she rolled it onto his boner. "What's that for?"

"What do you think it's for? In case you haven't noticed honesty can get you places. So unless you wanna waste a perfectly good condom, I suggest you tell me why you're not having sex yet?" she said.

Jason hesitated a second then answered. "Wasn't the reason obvious?"he said. "Obvious when?"

"When you were jerking me off. I squirted my stuff out in less than a minute. It's embarrassing," he said timidly. .

This brought a big smile to Susan's face. "Ok, first of all sweetheart, it's called cum, not 'stuff.' And secondly, cumming that quickly when you first start out is perfectly normal," she explained, "Do you remember when I first taught you to ride a bike. You could only stay on for a few seconds, but how did you get better?"

"Practice."

"Exactly. So you just need to get a girlfriend and practice having sex, even if it causes a little embarrassment at first. As time goes on, you'll be able to go longer and longer the more you learn to control it," Susan said.

"I guess I just haven't had any experience, so the thought of doing sexual stuff excites me, but makes me nervous at the same," Jason confessed.

"Hmm, put another log on the fire. I'll be right back," Susan said, getting up and moving towards the kitchen.

"You want me tend to the fire...like this?" Jason said, looking down at his condom-sheathed cock..

"Of course, just don't throw the wrong 'wood' in the fireplace," she joked, making her son giggle. "Funny, Mom."

Jason threw another log on the fire, listening to the violent wind and rain outside. He sat back down about the same time Susan came back. She was carrying another bowl, some sticky-notes and a pen. "What's all that for?" he asked.

She set the bowl down, handed him the other items and plopped down beside him. "On each sticky note, I want you to write down a sexual act that you're curious about. It can be anything, no matter how kinky or dirty. One act per sticky note, then fold them up and put them in the bowl," she said.

"Why am I doing that?"

"First write them all down, then I'll explain," Susan said.

Jason spent the next five minutes writing down all the sexual things he ever wanted to do on the sticky notes. He even wrote the crazy kinky stuff that he realistically thought would probably never really happen. "I think that's everything," he finally said.

"You're sure?" Susan asked with a smile.. "Yes."

There were quite a few folded sticky notes in the bowl. Susan mixed them up using her fingers.

"I said before that honesty will get you places and **THESE** are the places I was talking about. You were truthful with me about why you're not having sex yet. That was brave, so pick one," she said.

Jason gulped anxiously. "Really?" "Yes really," she said.

He didn't need to be asked twice. He stuck his hand in the bowl and pulled out one of the notes. He quickly unfolded it and a huge smile formed on his face.

"Oh boy, what have I just gotten myself in to?" she asked playfully as she took the note and read it. "Well, it's an interesting way to start, but let's do it," she said, standing and reaching down for his hand.

Susan grabbed to bowl of condoms and led her son into the downstairs cabin bedroom. The boy's heart pounded with a wicked

thrill. He wore nothing but a rubber and his Mom was in a baby-doll nighty, leading him into the bedroom where normally only his parents went.

"Here," she said, pulling the lube back out of her robe pocket and handing it to him, "You'll need plenty of that."

Jason applied heated lubrication to his boner while watching his mom climb up onto the bed. She paused in the center of the mattress, remaining on all fours and peeking back at her boy. "Make sure to coat your entire erection," she said.

"I got it all," he said.

"Good, hand me the bottle."

Jason moved to the edge of the bed and handed the lube to his mom. He watched in wide-eyed awe as Susan lifted the robe up over her hips, exposing her thick peach-shaped ass. Then she squirted a little lube on her fingers, reached back and oiled up her asshole.

The mother was completely shameless and hoped that her son was experiencing the same comfort level. "Oh Susan you are **SO** naughty," she told herself. She loved having a dick in her ass and the fact that her husband would only do anal occasionally frustrated the hell out of her. For this reason, she had bought herself a butt-plug and often kept it in as she went about her daily routine. Having something so thick shoved up her ass, so that she could grip and squeeze it all day had resulted in some very strong rectal muscles.

The pretty mom gazed back at her boy. "Come stick it in," she said.

Jason was so nervous he couldn't move. Susan finally sensed his anxiety and got up from the bed. "Honey, don't be nervous. Remember, ever guy has a 'first time' and I guarantee that most of them performed horribly," she said.

"Probably true," the boy muttered.

"Absolutely true. Here, lay down on your back," she said, guiding him onto the bed, "I'll take the lead this first time."

Jason sprawled out on the mattress. Susan climbed onto the bed, crawling along side him. The boy stared in fascination, watching her huge braless jugs bobble around beneath the robe. The plunging neckline allowed him to see an absurd amount of creamy tan tit-cleavage.

"You just lay back and relax for now," she said, mounting him in the reverse cowgirl position, "let mom do all the work."

Susan bunched the robe up around her waist and reached down, grasping her son's hard cock by the root. The boy watched in lustful awe as she rubbed his knob through the crack of her ass.

He could see the thick outer folds of her shaved snatch and couldn't help but wonder if she'd really let him take her vaginally as well.

The eager mother fit his fat tapered knob again her asshole. Holding his boner sturdy, she pushed her buns down. She exhaled a sharp gasp as the rubbery ring of her ass swallowed.just the tip of his dick.

"Ohhh man," the boy sighed, feeling the clutching heat of her ass on his glans.

Susan's rested both her knees astride his hips, positioning herself for a good ass-pounding.

Jason could hardly believe what he was seeing. He had a front row seat to the show and better yet, he was an active participant. Their bodies were now joined at his Mom's ass, her clasping butt-hole fit snuggly around the ridge of his corona.

Susan peeked down at him over her shoulder. "Ready, honey?" she asked.. "Yeah."

She lowered her hips and Jason felt his cock sink into her ass-tract. Even though he wore a condom, the latex was very thin, allowing him to feel the slippery tissue squeeze along his tender dick exquisitely. "Ohhh God," he muttered.

"Mmm, you like that honey?" Susan asked. "Yes."

Susan raised up just a tad, then pushed down again, burying more cock up her ass. She began to bounce her buns on his crotch, making his flexing boner sink deeper and deeper. "Ohh yess!" the hot mother sighed, feeling his meat push into her rectum. "Oh my God, his dick feels incredible! I've died and gone to heaven!" her mind screamed.

For Jason also, the feeling was out of this world. Better than he ever imagined. His dick began to throb and tingle as he basked in the sensations of having his young cock milked by her mature ass.

"Ohh man, I gotta stop," he whimpered, raising to his elbows. His cock was already close to spurting hot cum.

"Not yet, honey. You're almost all the way in," Susan said, "a little deeper!"

The mother used her strong hips to push her butt further down his erection. The thick lips of her butt-ring stretched obscenely around his thick cock-base, then screwed up against the root of his erection. Her ass had swallowed all of him. There was nothing left to take.

"Ohhhh!" she sighed, feeling her ass crammed full.

Susan's eyes were wide with pleasure. If was easily the biggest cock she'd ever had in her ass. A soon as she squeezed her shit-muscles,

Jason squirmed beneath her in delight. "Ohhh mom," he groaned, feeling like he could cum any second.

"Relax, sweetheart," she said in her calm motherly tone. "Breath and relax." "It feels too good. I gotta pull it out," he muttered, on the verge of popping.

Susan giggled. Her thick ass-cheeks were spread out against his crotch, swiveling up and back as she plowed his dick deep in her bowels. "No you don't. You're fine just where you are," she said calmly, but with a gentle gasping.

Jason fell back on the bed in ecstasy, his body stiffening up like a board and his hands clenching the sheets as jizz began to fire from his piss-slit. "Uuuhhggh! Ohhh yess!" he cried out, feeling the snug inner lining of Susan's ass squeeze and massage his cock, from knob to balls.

His mother was so fucking horny that she couldn't resist reaching down and rubbing her fleshy clitoris. Within seconds she was shaking and whimpering right along with him, as a juicy orgasm shot through her pussy and ass. "Yesss!" she hissed.

The pressure of her climax caused her holes to clench up. Jason writhed in delight. It felt as if her hot ass-tube was gonna squeeze his dick right off and the feeling was exquisite.

"Sorry, I did it again," the teen said as his body returned to earth..

Susan peered back at him with a warm reassuring smile, her ass still smothering his groin. "What do we do when we fall of the bicycle?"

"We get back on," he answered.

She lifted her ass off his cock. It popped from her butt-hole with a wet **FLOP** and he watched her asshole retract, clenching closed. The rubber was full of his milky load. Susan turned and carefully

removed it from his boner. As she had with the one in the living room, she tied the condom into a cum-ball and set it on the nightstand.

Jason watched as she ripped open another condom. "You're young and resilient," she said, rolling the latex onto his still-erect dick. Then the mother turned, facing away from him on all fours, her thick tan mommy-ass pointed back at him. "So get back on," she said, peeking back at him.

He crawled to his knees, his heart began pounding again with that same wicked thrill as before. He was slightly more confident this time, fitting his knob to her ass-socket and pushing it in.

Susan loved watching his eyes widen in pleasure as he stared at her sexy derriere."Remember, sex isn't a race," she said, "When you feel yourself getting close, it's ok to slow down, just don't stop."

"Ok," Jason said with a sigh and a more confident smile.

The teen sunk his boner in as deep as it could go, then started fucking with steady humps. Watching his cock glide in and out of his own Mom's ass was enthralling, especially when her fatty outer-layer of ass-flesh began to ripple with every strike of his mid-section.

"Ohhh man!" the boy sighed. His mom had relaxed her rectal and sphincter muscles, providing him a snug smooth tunnel to pound his dick through.

Susan's phone suddenly started buzzing. "It's your father," she said, grabbing her cell. "Should I..."

"You're fine, just keep humping," his mom said as she put the phone on speaker. "Hey hon," she said.

"Well, we made it back alive. It was one crazy flight though," her husband Randy explained.

"I bet. I'm glad you guys flew out when you did," Susan said, "the wind has just gotten rediculous here."

Jason felt a little odd, plugging his dick through his Mom's ass while she spoke to his father. It was surreal, but exciting. He quickly slowed down as the feeling of an orgasm came out of nowhere. "Ohh shit," he murmured, trying his best to control cum.

"The news is saying the eye of the storm should be over you early in the morning," Jason's father said.

The boy pulled his dick out of his Mom's ass, feeling as though he could cum any second. Susan looked back at him patiently. "Honey no, come on, put it back in," she said patiently.

"Too close," her son whispered, holding his cock as he stood from the bed. "What's going on? You guys doing alright?" he heard his father ask.

"We're fine, Jason's just um...he's just helping me in the kitchen," she said, crawling off the bed. "He doesn't have much experience at this, but he'll get better."

She moved over in front of him, turned and backed her thick half-moons against him. Jason watched excitedly as his mom reached back, grasped his cock and squeezed it back inside her ass.

"I take it you guys haven't lost power there yet?" her husband asked.

Susan was too focus on pushing back against her son's boner to answer. She had backed him to the wall and was humping her ass back on his cock, her big knockers bobbling beneath the robe. A lewd smacking sound began to fill the room, but she wasn't at all trying to hide it. "Come on honey, just keep at it," she said.

"Susan, can you guys hear me?" Hubby asked, through the phone in her hand.

"Yes, we can hear you, sorry, Jason's just helping me stir something," she said with heavy breath, gyrating her ass against her son's cock.

Jason gasped and held on to her soft hips, feeling his boner move around in her tightly gripping ass-canal.

"Well, a great time to learn new skills I suppose," her husband said.

"That's what I told him. Being stuck in the cottage for God knows how long, we'll have plenty of time to practice," the mother said, repeatedly throwing her ass back at him again.

"**SLAP, SLAP SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP**."

"That sounds like some pretty serious stirring," they heard Randy say. Little did he know he was listening to his wife's sexy ass beat against their son's crotch.

"**SLAP, SLAP SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP**." Jason buckled from the pleasure of being steadily humped back on. He winced in delight, laying his head on his Mom's shoulder.

"It is," Susan answered her husband, "but I think it's about to result in some **VERY** thick batter."

Jason's mother peeked back at him, grinding his cock deep in her squeezing rectum. "Am I right, honey, are we gonna get a lot of thick yummy batter out of this?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered.

"Don't tell me I missed out on chocolate-chip pancakes?" Randy said with disappointment.

Susan's mind suddenly spun wildly as she crested towards her own orgasm. She reached down and rubbed her soaking-wet clitoris. "Hhnnnnaahh," her sexy voice whimpered, her body starting to shiver.

"What happened. Did you spill something?" Randy asked.

The mother's sexy naked legs began to shake as she felt a powerful anal-orgasm rush through her..She knew there was no way she could keep from screaming out, so she quickly hung up on her husband and dropped the phone to the floor.

"Ohhh, God, Jason, I'm cuuuming!" Fuck meeeee!" She grimaced in ecstasy as the spasms of cumming bored through her pussy and asshole. She could feel his cock swelling and knew he was right there with her.

"Unh shit," Jason gasped. "Unh… there… unh…"

The thick load of his jism burst from the purplish knob of his cock as the boy worked his spurting prick through his mother's clenching asshole. There was so much cum that Susan could actually feel the latex condom bulging out inside her ass..

She ground her ass against him, feeling his thick boner throb and spurt for nearly two minutes. "You went longer that time," she said proudly.

"A little bit longer," he sighed.

"And next time will be even longer," she said, lifting her ass off his cock. "Before long you'll be humping ass like a pornstar," she said.

"Yeah right," Jason said with a giggle.

"Oh my God, honey, look at how much you filled that thing."

Jason looked down at the condom. There was so much cum inside it that they could barely see any of his cock from the cream that was surrounding it. "Dang, that **IS** a lot," he agreed.

"I'll have to be careful not to lose any," she said, easing it off his boner. "Why? Are you saving them for something?"

She peered at him with a mischievous smile. "Uh-huh." "What?" he asked.

She tied the condom off and went to her nightstand. "You'll have to wait and see," she said, then picked the other cum-ball up and held them side by side. "Look at how much more you squirted out this time."

"I love how you told dad we were working in the kitchen," he said with a smile.

Susan giggled. "Well I didn't completely lie. You **WERE** helping me stir something to make batter," she said, then dangled the big latex ball of cum, "baby-batter."

Jason laughed.."So I really wanna know...What could you possibly do with condoms full of my sperm, mom" Jason asked, extremely curious.

"Well you're just dying to know aren't you?" she teased.

They heard a **ROARING** gust of wind outside and suddenly the room went completely bitch-black. "Well, there goes the power," Susan said.

"Dang, I can't see anything," Jason said. "It should be brighter out in the family room, with the fire going."

"If I can find the damn door," Susan said, trying to feel her way to the closed doorway.

"I'll help you," the teen said, carefully getting up from the bed.

"Ouch, I just stubbed my toe on something," Susan said in a playful tone. "Damn that hurt." "I think I'm about there," the boy told her, then ran directly into his mother. "Oops!"

Susan giggled and latched onto him, "I'm not the door, silly boy," she teased, then pulled him in tight, mashing her tits up against him, "but you can turn my handle if you want?" she said seductively, running her long nails across his back.

"Turn your handle huh?"

"Uh huh," she said, kissing his neck tenderly. "Do you really wanna find that lantern right now?" kiss, kiss, "or do you wanna lay in here in the dark and let Mom bathe you in affection?"

"The affection sounds better," he sighed.

"I agree," she said between kisses and slowly pushed him towards the bed.

Jason and his mother fell back onto the mattress. Susan squealed playfully as she landed on top of her boy, her braless knockers bobbling all over him. She wasted no time attacking his neck with wet tender kisses. "Untie my robe" she whispered, then went back to kissing.

Jason reached down and untied the sash to her robe. Susan quickly sat up, straddling his midsection. He felt the robe drop off her body, onto his legs. "Mmm, now we're both naked, Jason," she said, clawing at his chest. "Are you ready to feel your mom's big soft naked tits against you?"

"Yess," Jason hissed, so excited he could hardly stand it.

"Ready for me to show you some of the wonderful things girls can do to you?" "Uh huh."

The big titted mother lowered herself back against him, going straight for his neck again. The boy's body shuddered with the thrill of her warm mammoth tits squashed against him. "Mmmm," Susan moaned, planting soft wet kisses all over his neck.

She gradually worked her way up his face and his lips, smooching him with tender pecks. She let out horny little whimpers that drove her son crazy. Over the next several minutes, their kissing became longer and more passionate. It wasn't long at all before they were making out like newlyweds..

"Mmmm," the mother moaned, as their tongues danced inside his mouth.

Jason's hard cock was now rising up between his Mom's legs, the top of his shaft pressed against her shaved lips of her vulva. She writhed against him with little humping motions, clutching and clawing at his young frame.

They rolled over so that Jason was now on top and Susan tossed her her sexy legs around him, clutching him as they made out, like her life depended on it.

The boy had never experienced passion this intense. He could hardly believe that the thick strong tongue lashing through his mouth was that of his own mother's. The huge tits sloshing against his chest were the same ones he'd secretly lusted after for years. "This is amazing!" he thought. "I never want it to end."

Susan's mind was also swirling on a whirlwind of impulsive lust. Like most married women, she'd had secret fantasies of having a hot young lover for years now, so this unbridled passion with her handsome son was a dream come true. "I love Randy, I really do.

He's my husband. I should be feeling guilty right now, but I'm not. Not the least little bit."

They rolled and kissed and rolled and kissed some more. Their bodies were so hot and horny it was a wonder they hadn't started fucking impulsively. "I think it's time for you to pick another piece of paper from that bowl," Susan finally said.

"Ok," her son muttered breathlessly, as eager as she was to see what was coming next. "Do you think we can find the door this time?" Susan asked with a cute giggle.

"We can try."

Together they found their way through the darkness. The family room was filled with the warm glow of the crackling fire. Jason threw another log on, then suddenly remembered that his mom was now naked like he was and he hadn't really gotten a good look at her yet..

Susan was prepared for his curious eyes. When he turned towards her, she was in a cute little stance with one silky leg kicked slightly out in front of the other. Her boobs were absolutely massive, hanging heavily on her chest. Jason marveled at the size of her areola and thick rubbery nipples. They looked like they were made to be latched onto and sucked for hours.

His mom fed him a curious smile, watching him gawk at her tits. "Do they look better naked?" she asked.

"Absolutely," he answered. "You're body's amazing, mom."

"Thank you," she said, letting her eyes drift down to his pointing erection. "Yours is pretty amazing too."

Jason's eyes traveled down her sexy midriff, to the tantalizing V of her pubis. Her mons were mostly shaved, except for a small, neatly

trimmed patch of pubic fur. She leaned over and picked up the bowl with the folded paper, which cause her big oversized melons to wobble around enticingly.

Susan held the bowl out towards her son. "Let's see what other kinds of naughty things you've been wanting to do with a girl," she said.

Jason chose from the bowl and handed it to Susan, who eagerly unfolded and read it. "Oh my!" she said with a little smile, then looked at him naughtily. "**YOU ARE** a curious one, aren't you?"

"Which one is it?" asked.

"Grab that lantern and meet me back in the bedroom, then you'll find out," she said with a wink.

The boy stood there for a moment, mesmerized by the swaying half-moons of her naked meaty behind as she sashayed back to the bedroom.

He hurriedly went up into the loft and fetched the emergency lantern. He got it lit and headed down to the bedroom.

Susan was on the center of the bed waiting for him with her legs curled under her. Her king-sized jugs protruded from her chest like two overfilled water balloons. "Come lay down on your back," she said softly, patting the mattress beside her.

The boy set the lantern down on the side table. It shrouded the bedroom in a soft romantic glow. Jason complied with what his mother had asked, sprawling onto the mattress. His boner hadn't softened one bit, eager for whatever was coming next.

He watched Susan unwrap a condom and roll it onto his prick. "Ready to wow each other with our oral skills?" she said with a cute grin.

The teen's body tingled excitedly. "She must have picked'sixty-nine.' Oh my God, I'm gonna eat mom's pussy. She gonna suck my dick! Holy shit!" his brain screamed.

"I'm ready," Jason muttered, trying to sound as calm as possible.

His Mom straddled his body, facing the opposite direction. Seeing her on all-fours, hovering above his body was a site he'd never forget. The way her huge tan boobs hung down was sexiest thing he's ever seen.

Her pussy lowered towards his lips, her fleshy folds slightly splayed, exposing the domed hood of her clitoris and her creamy coral gash.

It suddenly felt as though his cock was dipped in a smooth pocket of wet warmth. Susan's rounded lips stretched obscenely over his cock-meat, letting nearly half his impressive length sink into her mouth.

"Hhuhhmm," the teen whimpered as his own lips were smothered by the tissue of her hot mature pussy. He started licking her horny pussy as if he'd been doing it for years. He squirmed on the bed beneath her, thrusting his tongue deeply into her fuck-hole and pumping it in and out. He found her thick stiff clit and sucked it deep into his mouth.

"Mmmnn," the mother purred, her head bobbing on her son's crotch. Precum was oozing from his slit and Susan wished it wasn't being captured in the condom, but instead dripping onto her tongue. "It's ok, I have plans for all that yummy juice later," she thought.

Susan imagined she was lapping it up and made a wet gulping sound around the fat head of his meat. She grasped the shaft of his hard-on in her fist and stroked it up and down, at the same time, she continued the slurping, cheek-puckering pressures of cock sucking.

"Ahhhyess," the boy whimpered against her pink inner pussy-folds. The smell, taste and feel of her juicy mommy-cunt against his face, along with the exquisite blowjob he was receiving was driving him insane.

Jason ran his tongue around the periphery of her cunt, licking and tugging the fragrant lips. Being a sci-fi movie buff, he couldn't help but think about the "Alien" movie and the "face-hugger" creature from that film. Right now his Mom's cunt was a "face-hugger," smothering him in wet fleshy pussy.

His mom clasped her thighs around his head, bucking and humping her ass, as the pressure building inside her cunt rose to the bursting point.

"Mmmyesss!" Susan cried out, her body trembled, struck by an orgasm brought on by her son's oral skill. This, of course, juiced Jason's face up even more. She nursed and whimpered on his peter-tip as her naked body writhed for several minutes.

The hot mother now set her full attention on milking the cum from her son's nuts. This time she tried to take more of his dick in. Her pouting lips stretched obscenely around the thickness of his meat. She gagged, then made lurid, gulping sounds as she forced his rubbery shaft down her throat.

"Ahhh fuck," Jason groaned, throwing his head back in pleasure. "How the hell is she swallowing that much cock," he asked himself.

"Ummfffff," Susan gurgled. Feverishly, she bobbed her head up and down, fucking her mouth with her boy's big hard-on. Her strong tongue darted wetly all over his cock head.

With his face still mashed against the juicy flesh of her pink pussy, Jason shut his eyes and let his body fall slack onto the mattress. Susan was really working on his dick now. She was jacking off the shaft hard and fast while slurping around the head.

The pressure in his balls was growing more and more intense..

"Ohh shit! Ohhh wow, I'm gonna cum, mom!" the teen announced. He felt the familiar tingling sensation throbbing through his cock and balls.

Susan jerked him off violently, pumping his prick into her mouth. Slurping sounds burbled out of her throat as her lips clasped and milked the pink flesh of his dick.

"Unghh!...Ungghhh!" Jason grunted. He grimaced and began to rock his hips on the bed, fucking his throbbing cock into his mother's mouth as the cum pulsed into the condom.

The next ten minutes were filled with moans and whimpers as mother and son rubbed their faces against each others genitals. Jason felt his Mom slip the cum-filled condom from his cock and tie it off.

Susan reached over and shut off the lantern, then guided her teen under the blankets with her. Not a word was spoken as they snuggled under the blankets together.

Jason loved the feel of his Mom's soft warm breasts pressed against him as they listened to the violent wind and rain outside. Finally, they drifted off to sleep.

Several hours later, Susan woke up. Her nipples were hard, her cunt soaking-wet. She was itching for a hard fuck, but knew she had to be patient. Her boy's thick cock would be thundering through her cunt soon enough. "Ijustneedtotastehim.Ijusttotastehiscum!"her horny mind shouted.

She reached over and grabbed all three of the cum-filled condoms she had tied off, then rolled onto her back beside her sleeping son. She held one of the cum-balls by the knot of the latex, letting it drag

all over her pretty face. "Mmmm," she moaned, savoring the sloshing feel of it's milky contents.

She played with it against her lips before slipping inside her mouth. "Mmmnngghh," she whimpered, sucking it like the juicy knob of a cock. Her thick tongue flew around it's elastic surface, like a hungry creature trying desperately to feast on what was inside. "OhmyGod!"her mind screamed, "freshyoungcum!Iwantitall!"

The lusty slurping sound that came from her mouth woke Jason up. He could tell his mom was next to him rubbing her pussy, but it was too dark for him to see anything.

Susan dug her tongue on the elastic ring above the knot, scrubbing off the dried residual spunk. She squeezed one of her big tits and rubbed her clit frantically savoring the taste of her son's spunk.

She grabbed another latex cum-ball, then brought it down and rubbed it against her overheated vagina. Panting heavily now, Susan rubbed the ball of spunk against her wet throbbing clitoris, then shoved it inside her cunt as deep as her fingers could get it.

Inside her pussy, the pink ribbed walls of her birthing-tune squeezed and sucked on the milky ball. She wanted desperately to pop it open and feel all that rich boy-spunk soak into her cervix.

"Nn-mm-nnn-mm," Jason heard his mom moan. He could tell she was sucking on something, but couldn't imagine what.

Susan quickly snatched ball number three from her chest. She desperately wanted this one in her ass, so she reached down and shoved it against her butt-ring. She nearly popped that one open getting it up into her ass-tube. When her sphincter walls squeezed around that fat ball of jizz she squealed with delight. "Yessss! I have his cum in all my fucking holes!" her excited mind cried out, rubbing her engorged clit again in a frenzy of lust.

She began chewing at the ball in her mouth, her teeth clamping down hard on the latex over and over, determined to break it open. "Come on, fucking give it to mee!!" her mind screamed.

While eating away at the ball inside her mouth, she clenched her cunt and ass-muscles, wanting desperately to pop the ones down there as well. To feel her son's thick young sperm soaking her insides.

"**POP!**" The lustfully mother finally pierced the one in her mouth with her teeth, releasing a pool of fresh semen. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets, her chest heaving off the mattress. "Fuuuuuuuck yesssss!!" she inwardly shrieked, her tongue flopping frantically through her son's sweet ball-juice as a hot orgasm ripped through her naked body.

"**POP!**" The one in her clenching, spasming ass exploded also, spraying her shit-tube with cum.

Despite being squeezed by her cunt-walls, the latex ball in her pussy held strong, but was being absolutely soaked by the burbling juice of her girl-cum.

Jason just laid as still and silent as he could in utter disbelief. His mom was writhing around next to him, panting and moaning and squealing. He wished he could see her getting herself off, but hearing her was enough to make his cock as hard as concrete.

"Mmmnnhh," Susan's shaky voice hummed, as she sucked and swallowed the contents of the condom in her mouth. When it was sucked dry, she snatched the one from her ass and shoved it in her mouth also. "Ohhh, still some cum left in there!" she thought cheerfully, sucking and swallowing whatever spunk was left in the pierced rubber.. "I wonder if this is from a load he squirted in my ass... or from the blowjob," she wondered.

As she continued to suck every once of "baby-batter" from the pierced condom, she pulled the soaking-wet ball from her pussy and brought it up between her tits. "Yess, pop your load between Mommy's tits!"her mind said as she squeezed her giant boobs around it.

Squashed between her bounteous tit-meat, the latex cum-ball bulged out at the sides, nearly bursting. The two condoms in her mouth were both completely sucked clean of their milky contents and she desperately needed more.

"Fuck it!" she thought, grabbing the condom and biting into it, ripping off the receptacle tip like a hungry tiger tearing apart the flesh of it's kill.

"Ohhh God yesss!!" her mind howled as cum poured out all over her tits. When the bulk of the spunk had drained, she shoved the condom into her mouth and rubbed her boy's sperm like lotion all over her tits and pussy.

Before long, Jason felt his Mom cuddle up next to him again. She felt very wet and sticky, but he guessed that she'd probably been sweating from all the attention she'd been giving herself.

Chapter 3

Because all the windows had been boarded up, it was hard to tell that morning had come, other than by looking at his phone. Jason laughed to himself, thinking he could have just used his cellphone for light when they needed it the night before. Then again, everything had played out pretty well and he wouldn't have changed a thing about last night.

Shining his phone to the spot next to him, he noticed his mom wasn't in bed. What was there, however, were three deflated condoms. "Where those the ones Iwas wearing?Where's all the..." he asked himself, suddenly realizing that his mom had sucked the spunk out of them.

He wrapped a towel around himself and went into the family room. His Mom was also wrapped in only a tiny white towel, her hair still wet from just having showered. "Good morning," she said in a sweet but naughty tone.

"I could hardly tell with all the windows boarded up."

"I know," she said, flipping a pancake she had going on an emergency gas burner, "it's still going strong out there this morning. Hungry?"

"Sure," Jason said, sitting at the table.

His mom brought the food over and sat next to him. They made small talk as they ate. "I just got off the phone with your father, gave him an update on the weather," Susan said.

"Did he ask you why you hung up on him last night?" Jason asked with a smirk.

"Yes, he asked what happened. I told him it was probably a bad signal and we got cut off because of the storm."

"Oh yeah, good thinking."

Susan smiled. "I can be a crafty liar if I need to be. I couldn't really tell him I was about to cum all over your big cock, now could I?" she joked.

"No, that probably wouldn't have gone over too well," Jason giggled.

She stared into his eyes. "You don't think your father would like the idea of you fucking me in the ass?"

Jason gulped excitedly. He wasn't used to hearing his Mom talk this way, but he loved it. "I would say definitely not."

"Speaking of doing naughty things behind your father's back," Susan said, reaching for the bowl of papers she had waiting on the table,"ready to put another condom on?"

"Can I ask you something first?" "Of course."

Jason nervously asked her about the noises he heard last night and finding the empty condoms this morning.

"Yeah, I suppose I should explain that," she said, hesitating for a moment. "There's really no easy way of putting this honey, so I'm just gonna come right out and say it...I'm a slut for your cum."

"Umm, ok," Jason muttered.

"Just like you have a fetish for my panties and do whatever you do with them when you're home, your mom has a fetish for your cum," Susan explained.

"Really?"

She giggled, a tad embarrassed. "Yes really. In fact, in my suitcase in there is your cum-rag from home," she confessed. "Remember you found it near my bed yesterday?

"Yeah, the blue one that I masturbate into?" "Yep, that's the one," she said.

"Why did you bring it?"

"For the same reason you'd probably bring a pair of my panties. To smell...to taste. When we're at home, I obsess over keeping track of when you masturbate. I like your cum-loads best when they're still warm, so getting that cum-rag as soon as you've left for school is my top priority every morning," she confessed.

"Are you joking with me?" Jason asked, feeding her a doubtful look.

Susan smiled and picked up her phone. She clicked her screen a few times and a video popped up. Jason could hardly believe what he was seeing, even though his mom had just confessed to it.

In the video, Susan was laying on his bed back home. She was completely naked, his blue cum-rag shoved in her mouth while she masturbated frantically. Her big breasts were spread out on her chest, jiggling from her jerking movements. "Does that look like I'm joking with you, honey?" she asked, a tad embarrassed.

"Wow, so you record it?" the boy muttered, watching his mom crane her head back and scream in orgasm, her entire naked body shaking violently.

"Sometime's yes," she said, then shut it off. "I'm a cum addict, Jason and not just any cum...your cum."

"So you're not addicted to dad's cum?"

Susan snickered and scowled. "Ugh, fuck no. Your dad's cum is gross. He only squirts a little bit out and...ugh, it's just fucking disgusting," she said, "your cum is different, probably because you're so young. It's sweet...and it's thick and potent. I could seriously drink it by the gallon," she confessed.

"Damn, mom...I never knew."

She smiled sweetly. "Well now you do know. I guess we both have secrets that have recently come to light."

"I'm glad you shared yours," her son said.

Susan looked at the bowl full of her son's fantasies and decided to share one of her own.."I wanna get back to this bowl full of naughty ideas, but before we do, can we do one little thing that I'm dying to do?"

"Of course, what is it?" Jason asked.

"Well, I've sucked a lot of your cum out of your rags, but like I said, I like it best when it's warm. I think I'd like **HOT** cum even better. Would you mind if I gave you a blowjob...without a condom, and ate the cum as it poured right out of your cock?" she asked candidly.

"Hell no I wouldn't mind," Jason said, "To be honest, it's one of the things I had written in the bowl."

Susan giggled. "I figured it was..I was just craving your cum and didn't wanna be disappointed if you didn't chose that this morning," she said.

"I guess we can just take that one out, since we're doing it now."

Susan gave him a playful glare, "We most certainly will not take it out. It stays in there, until you pick it, then I get to suck your dick

and eat your cum again," she said. "Now stand up and lose the towel."

Jason did as he was told and Susan shed her towel also. The site of her big naked tits had the boy's dick quickly rising to attention.

She squatted down in front of him and wasted no time gobbling his boner right up. "Ohh man," Jason sighed, experience to feel of a warm mouth directly on the pink flesh of his boner for the very first time.

Susan dropped her head onto the swollen, throbbing cock. The knob passed through her mouth, and she squeezed her lips wetly around the shaft, sighing with pleasure as she felt the tip of his prick slide deeply into her throat.

"Mmmm," she purred and began to bob her head up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

Jason stared in awe at the spectacle of his own sexy mom giving him a blowjob. Susan's lips were spread luridly apart around his meaty cock. She looked like she was actually feeding on his stiff meat, like there was nothing more she wanted than to suck the hot spurting jism out of his hard young dick.

The boy winced in pleasure feeling her thick tongue loop around and around his pinkish-purple cock head, while her mouth fucked his cock exquisitely.

The mother's body trembled lustfully. The taste of the pre-cum oozing from her boy's piss-slit was getting her more and more excited for those big creamy spurts that would soon fill her mouth. "Ohhh my God, so good! His dicks tastes so fucking good!" she thought, sucking vigorously.

Wet, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she tried to cram his entire boner in. She moved her hand between his thighs

and fondled the sac of his bloated nuts as if weighing the load he had inside them. She was so eager for the squirts of his cum that she could hardly stand it. The lusty mother began to bob her head wildly up and down on his cock.

"Ohh damn, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" Jason announced as his cock and balls tingled from.the skilled cock-sucking.

"Mmm-hmmm!" Susan hummed eagerly, sucking his cock as fast as she could.

Huge pearly-white gushers of jism shot violently out of his cum slit, squirting hotly into his Mom's mouth and down her throat. Susan was over the moon. A spontaneous orgasm shot through her naked mommy-body from just the taste of her son's hot creamy spunk.

Jason jerked and whimpered as Susan squeezed and sucked every ounce of his load from his tender dick. Minutes past since he'd cum and she was still licking and nursing on his peter-tip. He backed away from her. "Jesus, Mom, sorry but it's way too sensitive."

Susan stood up and put on a pouty face, slowly following him. "But I want more cum," she said in a cute girl's voice.

"Dang, you do like it alot," the boy said.

"I told you, I'm addicted. Your cum is all I think about some days." "Really?" Jason asked in disbelief.

"Uh huh. Sometimes when I see you I just wanna crawl inside you balls and live there, bathing in your cream and eating up all your sweet juice as fast as you balls can produce it," she said lustfully.

Jason laughed backing to the sofa, his mom was slowly closing in on him. "It's super-sensitive. I just need a minute," he said.

Susan smiled, her eyes darting from his dick to his face. "No you don't. You're young. You're still hard and your balls are full. You need more head and I need more cum," she said, reaching out and grasping his cock.

Jason watched her crouch back down and swallow his prick again. "Ummffff," she gurgled, lowering her lips to the base of boner.

"Ohh God, mom!" the boy moaned in delight, feeling his prick soak in her throat.

The cock-sucking mother, bobbed her head a few times, plunging his hardon through her loving lips.

The boy backed up and his pecker **POPPED** from her mouth, then wagged stiffly back and forth. "Hot damn, that feels too good," he exclaimed, his knob twitching.

Susan giggled as she stood up and followed after him again. "Then why stop? Bask in the pleasure honey," she said, "don't run from it."

"I will I just...need a minute," he sighed.

Susan noticed a big stringy gob of pre-cum ooze from his piss-hole and lower towards the floor. She reacted as though he were about to throw away a gold bar. "Hold on, don't move!" she shouted, then lunged forward, dropping to her knees.

She captured the cum-strand in her mouth and followed it up to his knob, shrouding the boy's cock-tip between her lips. Her tongue flickered on his piss-hole, then looped around and around his glans, making his cock flex in horny pleasure.

She gripped his cock around the base and began to beat his meat into her mouth. "Give it to me!" she gasped desperately.

"Fuuuck," Jason muttered, watching his mom jack his boner and suck it at the same time.

Susan wasn't the least bit gentle with his hard meat. She knew what she wanted and how to get it quickly. She intensified the sucking pressure of the blowjob, every muscle of her mouth and throat working feverishly around the blue-veined stiffness of his cock.

Jason's knees began to shake. "Ohhh shit, here it comes!" he announced.

"Mmmnn," the mother whimpered anxiously. Susan heard her phone chime across the room and knew it must be her husband. It made her wonder for a moment what her he would say if he could see her now, with her mouth and hand milking their son's cock while his hot cum poured down her throat.

She couldn't help but laugh inwardly as she imagined the shock on Randy's face. "Your naughty little wifey... sucking the cum from a real dick!" she thought. Susan loved her husband, but the fact was, she was addicted to eating their son's cum. She spent her days dreaming about a hard young prick spurting in her mouth, just as it was at that very moment.

Once again, Jason had his balls drained by his beautiful mother. "I need a shower," the boy sighed as his spent cock popped from Susan's mouth.

She stood up. "There's some hot water left in the tank, but **FYI**, if any of those little papers in that bowel have anything to do with 'shower-play,' we better do it now. With the power out, we won't be able to generate any more hot water," she explained.

Jason thought about the naughty requests he'd placed in the bowl. "Well, actually..." Susan giggled. "I had a feeling there was," she said, then extended her hand. "Come on."

A few minutes later they were making out in the tiny shower, their naked bodies glistening with water and suds. Jason absolutely loved the feel of his Mom's soft wet tits against him as they held each other close. "How much time do you think we have?" he asked between kisses.

"Before we lose hot water?" Kiss, kiss. "Yeah."

"Not sure, but let's not waist precious moments talking," she said, then engaged him in a deep fiery French kiss.

Jason squeezed her big melons, his fingers sinking in to their dough-like flesh. He pulled and pinched her thick fleshy nipples. He wanted so bad to suck on them, but knew that special moment was coming very soon.

After a few minutes more of kissing and groping the water turned cold and the mother screamed playfully, "Oh shit, shower time's over," she shouted, hopping out and toweling her voluptuous body off.

"Since I had my shower fantasy cut short, can I substitute it with something else?" Jason asked, drying his body.

"Another blowjob?" Susan asked with a wink, craving his cock-meat in her mouth again.

"No, I mean, don't get me wrong, Mom, your blowjobs are amazing. There's just something I forgot to put in the bowl, that I'd love to do."

"And what would that be?"

A minute later they were back in bed. The lantern illuminated the room. Susan was sitting comfortably, with her legs curled beside her. Jason was sprawled back on her lap, sucking at her big boobies like a hungry infant.

His mom.gazed down with a playful glare. "You forgot to put breast-play in the bowl," she teased, "what were you thinking?"

Her distended nipple popped from his mouth. "I wrote one for putting my dick between them, but not sucking."

"Well then suck away, baby boy," she said.

Jason did just that, pressing his face into her squishy tit and slurping her entire nipple and areola into his horny mouth. "Mmmnngghh," the teen whimpered in delight, lashing his licker against the hard nub of her nipple.

He felt his Mom's long nails stroking his chest, inching her way down to his hard cock. His face explored every part of her big titties, letting the flesh of her heavy jugs press against his face while his kissed and licked every inch of them.

He felt his Mom slip a condom onto his cock and began jacking him off with long tender strokes. "Mmm, you like mommy's big soft boobies, honey?" she asked lovingly..

"Mm-hmm," the boy answered, his face pressed against the soft underside of one of her tits. "Makes it so much more exciting when I stroke your dick at the same time, doesn't it?"

"Mm-hm."

Susan watched her hand squeeze up and down his stiff pecker. "Mmm, that big fucking dick that I love so much," she said. "The one that I dream about while I'm home alone, laying on your bed, sucking on your juicy cum-rag."

Jason's body shivered from the thrill of sucking her boobs while she yanked his prick and talked dirty to him at the same time.

Susan felt his beefy cock flex in her stroking hand. "Mmm, big hard dick. You're gonna get sooo much hot pussy with this thing."

"Mmm," Jason responded, with his mouth stuffed full of Susan's thick pink mamilla.

The cum-hungry mother stared straight at his cock as she spoke. "All those girls with their big tits and their sweet asses, begging you to prop their sexy legs back and pound their horny little pussies," she said in a naughty tone.

Jason was so turned on that he began to slowly thrust his hips on the mattress, meeting his mother's slippery corkscrew strokes. "Mmm, yes, fuck that hand baby," she said, "thrust that dreamy dick up through Mommy's cock-stroking grip."

"Mmmnnff," the teen whimpered. His face was masked in soft breast-meat and he was dragging his tongue all over the tip of her boob.

"I'm glad I'm left handed. I can see my wedding ring while I jerk you off. It reminds me how absolutely naughty I'm being," Susan said.

She continued her thought.."It's his own fault. He should have known he married a cum-slut for a wife and that his smaller dick and disgusting sperm just wouldn't do it for me," she said.

Jason's thrusts were in perfect sync to his Mom's cock-beating fist, rising his hips to meet her long downward stroke, over and over.

Susan smiled wickedly. "That's ok though, because I have you baby. A younger, hotter, bigger-dicked version of him, with sweet cum-loads that can squirt down my throat whenever I need it."

Her wet slobbery nipple popped from his mouth, "Oh shit, mom. It's so hot when you talk like that," he said, his voice muffled from the

bulging tit-meat squashed against his face.

Susan giggled. "You like that honey? Does it turn you on knowing your helping me cheat on your father?"

"Yess," the boy muttered, pressing his face down into her massive cleavage.

"Sticking your dick up his wife's ass, letting her milk your cock with her tight asshole," she said in a seductive tone, "little did he know he was leaving his wife and son behind so they could live out their perverted fantasies."

Susan twisted her fist around his knob, jerking it hard and fast. Her son moaned in delight, his hips rising from the mattress. "So you could have me in every nasty way you've ever wanted," the mother said, "and I could satisfy my unquenchable thirst for your hot cum."

"Unnghffuck, mom! I'm gonna cum!" the hand-humping teen announced.

His mom's hand was a blur it flew up and down his cock so fast. "Yess, hot cum! All for me, baby, come on!" she shouted encouragingly.

"Ughh!...Ughhh!!!" Jason grunted as cum shot out his piss-slit.

His mom loved watching the thick pearly-white cream fill the rubber as her son groaned and writhed in pleasure. She slowed her stroking, but didn't stop until she knew she had milked every drop. "Ohh, wow, that's one full condom."

"Will you show me what you do with them?" Jason asked breathlessly.

"What I did last night, you mean, with the condoms?" "Yeah."

"I'll show you, if you let me clean your cock once the condom's off? Deal?" she asked with an eager grin..

"Why would I not agree to that deal?"

"Good point. It's a win-win for both of us," she said with a cute giggle.

Susan removed the latex sheath from his prick. She wasn't as careful this time about losing spunk. She knew it would leave more spunk remaining on his dick when she cleaned him. She tied the condom in a ball and placed it on her son's chest, climbing to her knees.

Jason clenched the sheets, looking down and watching his hot busty mother give him the most sensual dick-sucking he could ever imagine receiving.

Susan sucked and licked her boy's boner clean. The residual cum left on his dick, that was now sliding down her throat, just left her wanting more. Gallons more. "Mmm, yummy," the mother sighed.

She crawled up on top of her boy, her mammoth boobies dangling heavily right over him, making his eyes go wide with lust. "Your boobs look even bigger from down here, Mom," he muttered.

His mom smiled and rocked her chest, making her tit-cannon swing from side to side. "Put it in my mouth," she said.

"What?"

"The condom full of your cock-juice. Put it in my mouth," she said.

Jason lifted the full condom-ball and did as she told him, placing it inside her wide-open mouth. Susan closed her mouth and smiled, swishing the spunk around inside the ballooning condom.

"Oh my God, it's still warm. I fucking love it!" she thought. "That's hot," her son said with a smile.

His mother made the rubber bulge out from between her lips, then she shook her head, making the spunk slosh around. Her son watched in wide-eye fascination as she pulled as the knot out of her mouth, stretching the latex way out, but keeping the ball of spunk tightly in her mouth.

"Jesus, Mom, you're gonna break it," Jason said with an excited giggle.

The cum-ball popped from her mouth. "Oh and then I'd have to swallow all that sweet dick-juice. That would just be horrible," she said facetiously.

She brought it back to her lips and attacked it with her long tongue, beating and slithering her mommy-licker all around it, giving her son quite the show. She sat up, straddling him and crushing her pussy lips against the underside of his still-hard prick.

Susan placed to spooge-ball between her tits and used both hands to press her jugs from the sides, crushing it inside her smothering cleavage.

Her boy smiled, allured by her lewd actions. The fact that she was grinding her smooth naked pubis against his boner was an added thrill.

"Look at that...a whole load of your cum right between my tits," Susan said, then ran her tongue along her top lip teasingly. .

"Where else are you gonna put it," the boy asked.

"Where do you want it?" she answered, giving him a naughty look. "Will you rub it against your pussy?"

Susan brought her knees up, so her feet rested flat on the bed, propping herself back on one extended arm, making her huge titties roll and hang slightly off the sides of her chest.

"Holy shit," the teen muttered as he watched his mom bow open her sexy legs as far as they would go.

She rubbed the condom-ball against her soaking-wet labia. "Like this?" she asked. "Yes," the boy muttered, mesmerized by her lewd display.

Susan felt his cock flex between her smothering ass-cheeks. "Mmm, your dick is throbbing baby," she said, then peered down to see the top few inches of his prick sticking out below her cunt. She wet her fingers in her dripping slit and rubbed his knob with her slick fingers.

"Ohhh," the boy sighed, feeling her juicy fingers rub all over his nob.

His mom smiled, delighted by the pleasure that was spread across his face. "I wanna rub my pussy for you, but do you wanna bury your dick up my asshole first, without a condom on?"

Jason could hardly breathe he was so fucking turned on. "Yes," he managed to mutter.

His mother scooted back just a tad so that his entire cock was exposed. Using her hips, she drug her juicy pussy folds along his shaft. "We'll get it nice and slick first with my juices," she said.

"Ohh God," the boy sighed, feeling the juicy heat of her cunt-slot glide along his rock-hard cylinder.

Susan paused her hips, gritting her teeth in ecstacy as she pushed her fleshy clitoral nub against the flared knob of her son's cock, gently gyrating so she could rub all over it. "Ohh God, I want that meat in my cunt! I wanna teach him to fuck my ass off!" her brain screamed.

She clutched his cock as the root, squeezing the firm prick tight in her hand, while lifting her buns from his crotch.

Jason peered down and witnessed the lewdest, sexiest site he'd ever seen. His own mom had her thick tan thighs spread wide. The wet fleshy layers of her pudendum were were topped by the grape-sized nubbin of her crown jewel. She had a tight grip on his boner and was cramming it through the ring of her asshole.

"Uuggh!" the boy's voice trembled as he felt the sleeve of her ass-tube slip down his cock.

The hot mother wanted all of him, resting her meaty buttocks against his midsection and spearing the tender pink flesh of his hardon into her bowels. "Ohh God, I love your cock in my ass," she cried out, then leaned back and began rubbing her cunt with the condom-bubble again.

She slapped her big clit with it over and over, rocking her hips and churning her son's cock like a gear-shift inside her ass. She tightened her skilled rectal and sphincter muscles, making it all the more intense for him. She simply loved seeing her baby toss his head back in pleasure.

"Do you want me to shove the cum-ball in my cunt?" she asked, "Do you want mommy to have your load in her pussy?"

"Heck yess!" he sighed.

The horny mother shoved the cum-ball into her pussy, pushing it back with her fingers as far as she could. "Ohhh yess!" she cried out, rubbing her thick clitoris frantically.

She planted her knees astride his hips and bobbed her lovely mommy-ass up and down on her son's hard prick. Every three or four thrusts, she would just push all her weight on him and grind his boner through the soft tissue of her rectum.

"Ohhhh," Jason sighed, feeling the inner workings of Susan's ass squeeze and suck the sensitive flesh of his glans.

"Mmm, your load feels so good inside my pussy Jason," she whimpered, "I love squeezing my cunt-muscles on all that creamy cum."

"Oh mom, you turn me on so much," he sighed, watching her huge jutting knockers wobble heavily above him from her humping movements.

She smiled down at him. "I know I do baby. That's what we Moms are suppose to do. Get our boys excited and let them bury their boners inside us," she said.

"Ohh, yeahh," her son sighed, her hot words getting him more and more worked up.

Susan felt her son's knob flex deep inside her ass. "Ohh yess, make your cock throb in my ass, Jason. Make my asshole cum on you."

Jason wasn't sure that was possible, but he liked the sound of it. He began to thrust his hips from the mattress and meet her humps. Susan threw her head back in delight. "Yesss, fuck my ass honey!"

The bed began to jerk around. Susan lengthened her butt-humps, pumping him from balls to knob. The feel of her ass-tube squeezing along the length of the boy's prick was just too much for him to endure any longer..

"Ohhhshit," he cried out as he felt his cum rising from his nuts.

"Yess, baby, cum in my ass!" Susan said. She quickly reached down and dug the cum ball out of her pussy. She dropped flat on top of her boy, her ass still humping up and down. "I'm gonna cum with you!" she gasped, feeling her own orgasm swell.

"Ohhh fuck!" the boy cried out, now with the added sensation of those ginormous breasts sloshing against him. He watched his mom rip a chunk of the condom-ball apart with her teeth and shove the dripping latex in her mouth.

Her ass-walls squeezed him tight as it relentlessly pumped up and down his prick.

One look at his Mom's pleasure-grimace and her eyes rolling back as she sucked on his milky jizz send the boy over the edge. "Ohhh fuucck!" he groaned, hosing her ass-walls with cum.

"Cummming! Ohhh fuck me I'm cummmmingg!!" the mother screamed out, shaking and humping and creaming on her boy.

Like two rutting animals, the mother-son duo writhed in intense pleasure, their naked bodies rocking and squeezing and humping against each other for the next several minutes.

When it was finally over they just laid there in a sweaty heap. Jason fell asleep with his mom on top of him, his cock still wedged in her ass. Susan took some time to recover, laying on her boy until she also drifted off for a nap.

Chapter 4

"Not to jinx it, but did you notice how much longer you lasted earlier?" Susan said as they lounged on the couch that afternoon. Jason was just in shorts and his mom was in a pair of booty shorts and sexy tank top.

"Yeah, I was surprised, especially since I wasn't wearing a condom."

"I told you you'd get better with practice," she said, munching on a carrot. "You're becoming a literal sex-machine."

Jason laughed. "Well, technically, we haven't even really had **REAL SEX** yet," the boy pointed out.

"Yeah, what's up with that? You were suppose to pick that one out of the bowl first, then all the kinky stuff after."

Jason and his mom looked at the bowl on the coffee table. There were three slips of paper left and they both knew what they were. "Well, we know one is a blowjob and you said earlier that titty-fucking is in the bowl," Susan pointed out. "And that means the third one is fucking," she said, then slid her sexy bare foot over onto his crotch. "Shall we just skip the formalities and get busy."

"I have a crazy idea," the boy said with a smile. "Mmm, I love crazy ideas. What is it?"

"We should have sex outside in the storm," he said.

"That **IS** a crazy idea," she said with a giggle, "maybe too crazy." "Come on, Mom, it could be fun."

"It could also be dangerous, honey. It's a hurricane out there," Susan said, although the more the idea sunk in, it seemed thrilling.

"It's just wind and rain Mom. It's not like we're gonna be blown away and no one will see us, because they're either inside or left the island."

She massaged his dick even more with her foot, feeling it harden. "I beg to differ about the being 'blown away' part. Once you get that big yummy cock inside my pussy, I'll be 'blown away,' for sure."

Jason smiled. "Can we?" he asked.

Susan quickly got up, her braless boobs jostling beneath her snug cotton top. "What the fuck. Let's do it!" she said anxiously.

Behind the house was a rocky ridge, with a path leading down to a beautiful private beach. Although on a day like today, it could hardly be considered beautiful. The rain was heavy with seventy-five mile-per-hour wind gusts.

Susan and her son hurried hand in hand down to the beach, the mother's long hair tousling in the violent wind. "Oh my God, this is crazy!" she shouted playfully.

By the time they reached the beach they were soaking wet, their clothes clinging to their bodies.

Luckily, because of the warm tropical nature of the storm, they were hardly cold at all..

They stopped suddenly and Susan locked lips with her boy. Their tongues lashed together, their lips fused in a open oval. She shed her top and her huge wet tits pressed on his chest as she went back to kissing him..

"Pull off my shorts," Susan said between kisses, "then get yours off."

Jason didn't need to be asked twice, stripping off the rest of their wet clothing, getting them completely naked. His mother pulled him

down onto the soft sand, spreading her sexy legs and cradling him between her thighs as they continued kissing passionately.

"We forgot the condoms," the boy said, realizing he was about to fuck his mother's unprotected pussy.

"Fuck the condoms," Susan said, still planting kisses, "we'll have plenty of time to fill those later." "But what if I get you...um..."

Susan giggled. "You can be Mr. Responsible with the girls at home, but not with me," she said then pressed their lips together, "Fuck me," she whispered lustfully.

The boy was fully hard and his boner prodded at her cunt-lips before finding it's target, sinking inside her hot wet vagina. "

"Ohh man!" he muttered, feeling his cock sheathed in hot pussy for the very first time. It was better than he dreamed it would be.

"Ohhh, Jason!" Susan whimpered, feeling the lining of her cunt-tube stretch to accommodate his long beefy cock.

The teen thrust his erection in as deep as it could go, crushing his knob against the back wall of her pussy. "Holy shit, I'm fucking mom! I'm really fucking her!" he thought. For years he thought sniffing her panties was as far as he'd ever get. He never imagined he'd be fucking her on the beach behind the family cottage, in the middle of a hurricane.

It was a surreal moment for Susan as well. Although her secret fantasies were comprised mostly of eating his cum, she often imagined her and her son fucking their asses off in various parts of the house. If there ever was to be a time they screwed, she never dreamed it would be in such an unusual setting.

Jason brought his body down on hers, mashing her tits between them. His hips set in motion, spearing his horny cock through the

pussy that gave birth to him.

Susan flexed her well-practiced cunt muscles around his boner, adding to her son's pleasure. Her lovely tan legs wrapped high around his back, trembling from the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Mmm, yess! So fucking good!" the mother sighed, then locked lips for more tongue twisting smooches.

Sheets of wind and rain swept across them, not deterring the couple one bit from the task at hand. They were merely a ball of humping flesh on the sand, surrounded by chaos.

Their wet bellies beat together as Jason hammered his hardness through her tightly sheathed pussy. Her mouth, hand and ass had all felt amazing, but the boy realized quickly that there was nowhere like a mother's cunt. He fucked hard and deep clutching at the warm wet voluptuous body beneath him.

He felt her flesh quiver against him. "Ohhh Jason, I'm cumming!" she cried out.

Her mere announcement made his knob tingle, but he wanted to make it an orgasm she would never forget, so he kept a steady rhythm going, fighting off his own urge to cum as best he could.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Susan's orgasmic wail mixed with the howl of the wind as she did indeed experience a powerful toe-curling orgasm.

Her grasping, juice-spewing cunt made it impossible for Jason to go much longer without coming. "I'm getting close!" he announced.

His mom suddenly rolled them over, taking the top. "Not yet!" she said, sitting upright and bouncing on his cock.

Now on his back, Jason gazed up at the incredible site. From this vantage point, his mother looked like some naked Goddess of the

storm. Her wet stringy hair tousling in the wind, her enormous mommy-boobs bouncing up and down wildly. Her tan flesh was covered in a wet glossy sheen. It was a breathtaking site.

"Fuck your beautiful!" her son shouted on impulse.

Susan just smiled down at him and increased her cock-humping tempo. Their crotches beat together wetly, her thick ass clapping against his tingling nut-sack.

It wasn't long before Jason was cresting on the edge of a juicy orgasm again. His big tender dick was being smothered by experience pink pussy and it was pretty impressive that he lasted as long as he had. He threw his head back in ecstacy. "I'm cumming! Oh God, Mom, I'm cuuuming!" he exclaimed.

"Yesss, cum baby! Cum in my pussy!!" Susan shouted, humping and squeezing and milking his plummeting boner with everything she had.

Susan's body shook with another powerful cum. "Eeeeiihhh!" She threw her arms in the air and clenched her fists, squealing in delight.

The chaos outside was nothing compared to the wild storm going on in the mother's pussy. Jason's cock was pounding through their hot spewing juices, smothered by the squeezing pink walls of Susan's skilled cunt.

After a few minutes more of deep bone-grinding, the mother collapsed on top of her teen and they kissed tenderly. She gazed down at him a smiled. "You're right, this was a crazy idea...and I fucking loved it," she said.

"Me too," Jason agreed.

They grabbed their clothes and headed back to the house naked. There were no neighbors close by and most everyone had

abandoned the island the day before anyway, so they weren't worried about being seen.

After coming in and toweling off, they were ready for more, falling onto the bed and feasting on each other's lips. "Fuck me doggy-style!" the lusty mother requested, climbing on all-fours and pointing her thick ass back at her boy.

Jason mounted her haunches and fucked her from behind, watching her tan fleshy ass-cheeks beat back against him. His mom looked back over her shoulder with wild-eyes. "Yess baby, just like that! Slap my fucking ass!"

The boy gladly complied, striking each rippling half-moon with his hand. **SLAP!! SLAP!!** "Yess...again!!" she cried out excitedly.

SLAP!! SLAP!! Jason loved her request. To him, slapping his Mom's ass represented ownership of her body, at least while they were here. He gave her two more strokes for good measure.

SLAP!! SLAP!!

"Ohhhhh!" his mother shrieked in delight. "Grab my hips! Pound the shit out of meee!"

Jason clutched his Mom's wide soft hips and pumped his cock through her cunt-tube. His prick swam in her silken, oiled cunt. It was tugged and squeezed by the shivering muscles of her tight, motherly pussy, which made him groan in pleasureful bliss.

Susan felt herself rising towards another orgasm-a mighty one, strong and crushing. She pumped her thick naked buttocks back on Jason's plowing cock, making their flesh **SLAP** lewdly together. "Harrrder!" she cried out.

The boy fucked will all he had, bringing his mother off in a shrieking pussy-clenching orgasm that nearly made his balls explode inside

her.

She popped his cock wetly from her cunt and dropped onto her back, throwing her legs up in a huge spread eagle. Jason's reached down and stroked his boner, his tongue hanging out lustfully as he watched his Mom's silky strong legs scissor back so far that her sexy little bare feet pointed at the headboard.

Susan reach out for him. Her eyes were glazed in lust with only one thing on her mind. "Fuck meeee!" she cried out needfully.

Jason climbed down between her splayed thighs, fitting his knob down between labium and into her creamy fuck-hole. He thrust his hips. Her pussy was slick and tight, incredibly silky and smooth around the tender meat of his prick. It quivered all up and down its muscular length, smothering his boner with her hot ribbed lining. Her cunt-mouth gripped the root of his prick and squeezed, sucking inward, milking and shivering around his cock-base.

"Ohhh fuck yess!" the teen groaned, pounding his hips against hers as he started fucking.

He lay against her soft motherly body, feeling the squishy, fatty roundness of her jiggling jugs He pounded his hips against hers, and loved the way she lifted her twat up to meet every stroke as she whimpered and gasped.

"Yaaah, fuck me hard!" she cried.

He leaned further downward, mashing his lips against hers, letting their tongues frantically beat together.

Their crotches slapped together as Jason pounded his boner through her with savage thrusts. The teen's skill and staying power was becoming delightfully apparent to the cock-hungry mother. "Ohhhh yesss! Ohh my God, I'm in love!!" her mind screamed.

The humping teen felt her clamp down around his cock and shudder with the violent pulsations of a sturdy, tit-shuddering orgasm that swept all through her supple naked body.

"Uuuunnhhggyesss!!" Susan cried out, pulling his head into the hollow of her shoulder, clutching her quivering body against him.

"Mmnnggfff," her boy snarled, pounding the juicy knob of his flexing cock against the head of her cervix. He felt Susan's strong, but silky-soft mommy legs lower and wrap around his wildly humping frame, tightening like a fleshy fuck-harness around him.

His big balls beat against her upturned ass and the bed began to rock and **CREAK** from their wild fucking. "Ohhhfuck, Jason!! his mom screamed out as one orgasm rolled into another one, even more juicy and powerful than the ones she'd had previously.

She felt his spearing cock answer with pre-orgasmic throbs. Jason screwed deep and she felt his cock dance at the back of her cunt. She heard his deep groan and felt the driving plunges of his divine cock-meat as he poured his steaming load into her cunt.

"Ahhhhhhhgh!" he yelled throatily, his young body quaking with pleasure..

His cock bucked and lurched inside her juice-spewing pussy. His sperm boiled up through the tube of his prick and splashed against her smothering walls, foaming and bubbling.

Chapter 5

Later that evening, Jason's dad was on speaker phone with them once again. "So how are you guys holding up?" he asked.

There was no answering for a moment and Randy could hear a sharp repetitive thumping sound on the other end of the phone. "Susan, are you there?"

Jason held his Mom up against the wall, fucking the shit out of her. The beautiful mother had her legs coiled around him, tits mashed on his chest and bulging out at the sides. They were kissing hungrily, but Susan stopped long enough to answer her husband. "We're here," she said with a gentle gasp.

"Are you guys holding up ok?" Randy asked again.

Susan clawed her nails down her son's strong lean back. "Ohh, we're holding up just fine," she sighed. "If you only knew how wonderfully your son is holding me up," she thought. "He's a hundred-times the man you are!"

"So what have you guys been doing to pass the time?" her husband asked.

Susan giggled. "Let's see... fucking, sucking, kissing, licking... drinking loads of cum!" she thought. Before she answered, she thought about how wonderfully wicked it would be to get her husband wondering. To play with his mind and maybe just hint around the fact that she was letting Jason fuck her.

"We've just been doing... stuff," she answered. "Stuff?"

She could barely conceal her short-breath, "Yeah...stuff." "Stuff separately? Stuff together?"

Susan smiled. "Oh definitely stuff together," she answered.

Jason was barely listening to the conversation. He was on a euphoric cloud, holding his Mom up against the wall, gripping her hugging thighs while driving his hard pecker into her cunt with rapid thrusts. His face was resting against the nap of her neck, her melon-like titties sloshing between them.

"Well there can't be much to do in that tiny cabin," Randy said.

"Ohh, we found some things to keep us occupied," his wife answered with a little giggle.

"Oh ok, so where's Jason at?"

"He's right here with me," the mother said, tightening her silken legs around him.. "Oh, he's awfully quiet. What's he doing?"

"He's **DOING** me, you clueless fuck. He's laying claim to your wife's pussy!" Susan thought. She decided to push the game a little further. "He's holding me," she said.

"Holding you?"

"Yes, holding me. We've gotten pretty close the past couple of days," she said.

"Well, that's good I suppose. So you guys are just hanging out by the fire?" Jim asked.

"No, we're in the bedroom," she said, smiling wickedly as she waiting for Randy's response. She wished she could see his face and knew he must be wondering why they were in the bedroom. It had always been a private space for just her and her husband while they were at the cottage.

"Why in the bedroom?" her husband asked.

"Why not?" his wife answered, "we've spent most of our time in here actually," then she let out and audible gasp as she felt a climax quickly build inside her.

"You ok?" her husband asked..

Susan couldn't answer because once again she was locking lips with her son. "Mmnn," she moaned softly, lashing her long wet tongue through his mouth.

Randy could still hear that wet repetitious thumping sound. He knew what it sounded like, but told himself it was rediculous to let his mind go there. "Susan you there?" he asked.

Susan broke their kiss. "Can I call you back?" she asked her husband breathlessly.

"Why? What's going ok?" Randy asked, then he heard what sounded like two bodies landing on the bed. He recognized the sound from the times he and his wife had spent in it.

"Susan?" he asked, listening intently. He heard what sounded like a deep throaty male grunt, then the bed frame let out steady whine. "Eeeh-uhh, Eeeh-uhh, Eeeh-uhh, Eeeh-uhh!"

"Susan are you there?" the curious husband asked, then he heard the muffled sounds of someone fumbling with the phone, when suddenly the line went dead.

He tried to call right back, his heart beating fast, wondering what the fuck the two of them were up to. "Hi, it's Susan, leave a message," his wife's sweet voice said as her voicemail answered.

Susan and her son fucked like animals, bouncing and humping all over the bed. Jason loved the way his Mom's cunt-sleeve felt as it squeezed on his cock, gushing her hot vaginal honey all over it.

Susan was over the moon. She arched her spine and made her mammoth tits mash nakedly against his chest, feeling the sensations tingling through her thick hard nipples. She hoped that she had provided her hubby with just enough information to have his mind wondering if their son was between her thighs, hammering her to the mattress right now.

"That'sexactlywhathe'sdoing...andIfuckingloveit!"her mind shrieked with a wicked thrill.

Inside Susan's pussy, juices flowed, making a sea of lubrication for Jason's throbbing prick. He moaned, plunging his fat cylinder of meat with womb-crushing thrusts. "Ahhhh, God, Mom, it's so good!"

Susan pumped her ass from the mattress, meeting his every thrust as she clung to him desperately. "Yess, mommy knows how to make it so fucking good for you!" she cried out.

Their bodies were a sweaty sticky mess, laying in a humping fuck-heap in the center of the creaking bed. "Thrust your cock in deep and hold it there!" Susan moaned.

Jason dug his cock into her as deep as it could go, the veins and tendons at the root of his erection jutting out, sustaining the force of his engorged knob, crushed against the head of Susan's cervix. Some little mouth in the back of her shivering tunnel nipped at the head of his boner and drove him wild. "Ohh shit, Mom, that feels insane!" the boy croaked.

Susan giggled and panted. "Told you mommy knows how to make it good for you," she said, then rolled him on his back.

The lustful mother rode his cock like a pornstar, bouncing her sweaty naked ass against him, making their flesh **SLAP** together wetly. Her big ballooning mammaries leaped up and down her chest, the thick hard nubs of her nipples protruded from the centers of her large areola as if just asking to be sucked on.

The boy pulled his mother forward and did just that as she rested on extended arms that were planted on the mattress astride his head. "Yess, suck those titties baby!" the hot mother cried out.

"Mmmnn," Jason whimpered, plastering his face against one of her giant boobs and sucking at her papilla like a starving infant. There was nothing quite like sucking at your mom's tit while having her fuck your cock at the same time. He was in heaven!

Susan leaned down even more, wrapping his head in his arms and mashing it down into her tit-orb even deeper. "Ohh fuck baby, you're gonna make me cum on your cock again!" she moaned.

Susan skillfully pushed their crotches together and swiveled her sexy hips up and back, digging her son's juicy knob against those newly touched pleasure-zones at the back of her vagina. She felt her boy's big cock give off a mighty flex, which was paired with a muffled pleasure-groan, deep in the meat of her tit.

A hot rope of jizz spurted along the back of her cunt, igniting her own juicy cum. "Ohhh God, fuck yesss!" the cute motherly voice screamed out.

Susan's cunt shrunk around Jason's big cock and milked it exquisitely with the muscled rings of her cock-grinder. Their squirting juices blended together to form a hot creamy froth, bathing the tender pink flesh of the boy's boner, while Susan's pussy gave it a squeezing cock-massage.

The next day the clouds had parted and sunshine once again greeted the battered tropical island. The storm was finally over.

Inside the Thompson cottage, Susan was kneeling next to the couch, between her son's legs, pressing her big jugs around his cock and giving him an intense tit-fuck. It was after all, the last thing remaining in the bowl.

The condoms in the bowl were more than half-gone. Susan and her boy were up pretty much all night filling several of them. By the early morning hours they had seven cum-balls tied off, all bulging with milky spunk.

For their final session of the night, Susan shoved four of the balls in her cunt at once and crammed three in her mouth, while Jason fucked her in the ass. The teen planted his face in the pocket between the soft jiggling flesh of her titties, spearing his cock up through her ass-ring.

They had their orgasms timed perfectly and Susan chewed on the latex , popping all the cum-balls in her mouth, cumming intensely while thick boy-cream poured down her throat and Jason's cock hosed more hot ball-juice deep in her rectum.

When they were done, she pulled the latex balls from her pussy and drank the contents of those also. Every milky ounce was sucked from them. She even kept the big wad of used rubbers in her mouth for an hour after they were finished, swallowing every single little tasty swimmer she could suck out.

Despite their all-night fuck-fest, mom and son were eager for more. As Susan watched his juicy cock-knob appear and disappear through the top of her cleavage, she licked her lips lustfully, her pussy and asshole were throbbing with the need to be fuck hard and deep again.

"Do you like my titties around your cock baby?" Susan asked. "Hell yes," the boy sighed.

"Does it make you wanna fuck my pussy again?" she asked teasingly. "Again and again," he answered.

Susan giggled. "Well we better enjoy it while we can. This may be the last day on the island you get to pound mommy's cunt-mount with your big hot cock," she said.

"So...we won't be doing this at home?" Jason asked, seeming a bit disappointed.

"Notice I said 'the last day on the island.' Of course we'll be doing this at home," she said. "Awesome," he sighed, feeling his slick cock glide through the pocket of warm boob-flesh. "We can fuck all you want at home, on one condition," she said.

"Anything you want," Jason answered willingly.

"Anything?? You haven't even heard what the condition is yet," she said, "wait, actually there are two conditions."

"Ok."

"The first is, you have to let me suck your cock and eat your cum at least once a day," she explained, "Remember, mom's your cum-slut now, which means no more cum rags. If you need to get off, you come find me. We'll find a nice private place for a hot juicy blowjob, got it?"

"Yeah, so um...what's the second thing?" he asked.

Susan got a mischievous smile. "The second thing is...I want you to pump a baby into me," she said excitedly.

"A baby? You mean..."

"Yes, I want you to get me pregnant. Your dad and I have been trying, but honestly his pathetic little trickles of nasty cum aren't gonna do the job," she said, then ran her nails up his thighs, "I need a real man to impregnate me."

Jason's heart was pounding. He could hardly believe what he was hearing, but then again, after the events of the past two days, nothing surprised him. "Are you sure you're gonna be able to save

some sperm for me to do that, mom?" he asked, referring to her unquenchable thirst for his cum.

"Maybe just a couple little spermies...the rest I'm eating," she joked, then did a sucking sound with her mouth. "Sslurrp, sslurrp, sssluuurrrp!"

She squeezed her boobs tightly around his cock and humped them up and down. "Speaking of hot little spermies, let's see if we can make them squirt from your dick and up into my mouth."

Susan opened wide and put her mouth down close to her son's rapidly emerging knob, beating his dick with her soft titties.

"Ohhh fuck yes, Mom!" the boy sighed, his toes curling up as that farmiliar tingling pressure swelled inside his groin. "Here it comes!"

A big strand of pearly-white jizz shot up into Susan's mouth and she swallowed it down, then lowered her face to her cleavage. Now each time his shiny cock-head peeked out, it was greeted by her lips and tongue.

"Ahhhh!" the boy sighed, feeling her lovely lips slide over his glans and her licker dart all over the head of his cock.

After several times of this, Susan released her smothering tits, but kept her mouth around his peter-tip. Her tongue slithered around against his meatus, feeling the pulses of hot bubbling spunk come oozing out. She wrapped her hand around the base and gave his boner several long tight strokes, milking every ounce of ball-juice into her cum-starving mouth.

Her phone, which sat next to them, started ringing. "It's your father. You answer it this time," she said with a smile.

"Me?"

"Yeah, tell him I'm busy giving you attention," she said. "I'm not gonna tell him that."

"Come on, I dare you. It'll be fun," Susan said.

"Fine," Jason said, then pushed speaker phone. "Hey dad."

"Hey son. How are things? Did you guys survive the storm?" Randy asked. "Yeah, we're still here."

"Where's your mom?" his father asked.

"She's um...busy giving me attention," Jason said, feeling her tongue whip back and forth on his frenulum, strumming it with the tip of her strong licker like a guitar string, while gazing up into his eyes.

"Attention huh? What kind of attention?" Randy asked with a bit of suspicion in his voice.

Susan could tell his son was backed in a corner, so she popped his knob from her mouth. "Motherly attention," she told her husband. "The kind dads wouldn't understand."

"Ohh, well maybe I would, you never know," Randy said. "What do you need?" Susan asked a bit impatiently.

"Well, first to say good morning, is that ok?" Randy asked.

"Yes, but if there's nothing else, I need to go. Jason and I are kind of busy right now," she said, jerking her son's cock slowly between her soft titties.

"Ok, I'm afraid I have some bad news. It appears that you guys might have to be there a couple more days. I found out a few minutes ago that there was some damage to the runway on the island," Randy explained.

Susan threw her arms in the air and shook her boobs back and forth silently, as if she'd just won the lottery. "Oh you're right, that's horrible news," she said facetiously.

"Hopefully they'll have it up and running soon," he said.

"No worries, honey, it'll give me a couple more days to give Jason more of my special motherly attention," Susan said, winking lustfully at her boy.

After ending the phone call, the busty naked mother led her son back to the bedroom. "Since the bowl of ideas is empty, maybe I should get a turn now and fill it with some of my own kinky ideas. What do you say?" she asked.

"I'll get the pen and paper," Jason said eagerly.

Intimidating Mother

By Klrxo

Chapter 1

There was something about pregnant women that just made my cum boil within my nuts. So much so that even my own mother, now eight months pregnant, was fueling my fantasies. As an 18 year old, I was wanking to thoughts of my mother long before my dad knocked her up. Now, with her large, swollen tummy, it was almost too much. My mother always reminded me of the actress Andy MacDowell, except my mothers boobs were much bigger. I couldn't help but marvel at how much larger they had gotten since her pregnancy. They seemed to have a life of their own, rocking, almost as if in slow motion, under the light sun dresses she wore. God knows what they must do when freed from the confines of her enormous maternity bras. So here I was on a Saturday afternoon secretly watching my mother as she sat on the livingroom sofa. Her and my lucky bitch of a sister-in-law where giggling like school girls as they felt the baby kick within moms massive tummy. As my brother's wife listened for the unborn baby's heartbeat, mom looked over and caught me staring. My eyes quickly went from mom's tits to her eyes and she gave me a warm smile.

"Sweetie, why don't you come feel your little sister kicking." She said.

I froze. This was the first time I had received such an invitation and I could already feel the blood rushing to my cock.

"Uh... Okay, I guess." It was all I could mutter.

As I moved to the couch, my sister-in-law got up and said she was going to check on my dad and brother, who were outside.

Mom patted the cushion next to her invitingly.

I sat down and immediately, a surge of intimidation ran through me. Here I was, inches from such a beautiful, experienced matronly figure. Her long legs and sexy feet, gigantic boobs resting on a belly that looked like it could pop anytime-it was all too much. I jumped to my feet.

"I...I need to go." Was all I could say.

She watched me scramble up the stairs and called after me in concern.

"Sweetie?"

I ran to my room and lay on my bead. My cock was throbbing in my pants. Just as I was regaining my composure, there came a gentle tap at my door. My mother poked her head in.

"Josh, can we talk?" She asked.

I knew there was no getting away from her so I relented.

"Yeah, I guess so." I answered.

She came in, closed the door and walked to my bed. I could see her breasts rocking back and forth as she walked, and hear her high-heeled sandals clicking against the floor. She sat at my side and took my hand. With her other hand, she gently brushed the hair from my face and looked into my eyes. My dick was on the rise again.

"I know what your feeling." She said.

I returned her stare.

"You do?" I asked.

She spoke softly. Tenderly. "Yeah, I do. I may be your mother, but I know a thing or two about how teenaged boys think... I also know a thing or two about you. Things you like to do."

Still holding mine, my mother ran our hands gently across her pregnant belly. "And things you like to think about."

Oh my God, how did she know? Was I that obvious?

"There's parts of me that fascinate you, aren't there?" She asked.

All I could do is nod.

"I think I intimidate you too though. The same parts of me that fascinate you, they also intimidate you." She said.

Mother lifts her foot from her sandal and runs her toes across my ankle.

"My cute little feet."

She parts the slit in her dress, revealing her olive-colored legs.

"My long, long legs."

Mom squeezes her knockers between her arms, causing them to ballon outward. I can't believe what I'm seeing.

"My large breasts, swollen with milk."

She runs her hands across her tummy.

"And of course, my pregnant belly. But it's more than that. It's much more than that, isn't it? I intimidate you because I'm a mature woman. An experienced mother, wife and lover, who's carried three babies in her womb, including you. A women who carries with her 20 years of sexual experience, which means I know how to be pleased **AND I KNOW HOW TO PLEASE**."

Mom runs her finger gently across my face, staring into my eyes.

"And here you are, my sweet innocent little baby boy. So young and inexperienced. So virile and eager." She giggle a little. "So curious and horny."

Mom grabbed my hand again.

"I think what you need is for someone to take your hand and show you the way. Someone to show you how to love... and how to be loved. Someone to take you to that place you've never been. I think you need your mother now more than you ever have." She said.

Chapter 2

Mom picked me up from school on Monday. We hadn't talked much about our discussion the other night. She drove us out of town and into the hills. I asked where we were going, but she just smiled and said "you'll see."

We drove deep into the woods for about a half an hour. I couldn't help but glance at my mother's body. Her long beautiful legs peeked out of the slit in her dress and her pretty little feet in those high-heeled sandals looked so sexy. What really got me of course were those huge tits, resting on a pregnant belly that barely fit behind the wheel. Mom caught me looking and fed me a warm smile.

We turned off on a narrow dirt road and drove for another 15 minutes, winding through nothing but thick forest. Soon the road ended and mom pulled the car under a cluster of dense trees and brush. She shut the car off and looked at me.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"Your father and I used to come here before we were married. The nearest house is about 10 miles from here. It's the perfect spot for two people who want to be completely alone." She answered.

Mom opened her door.

"Let's get in the back, it's more comfortable." She said.

I got out and climbed through the brush to the back door. The car was completely hidden under the dense brush. Even if someone were to venture this far, they would never even see our car through the foliage. I got in the back seat with mom, wondering what she had in store. Mom slipped off her sweater and sandals and placed

her legs up on the seat. Leaning against her door facing me, she held out her hand.

"Come here." She said lovingly.

I scooter over closer to her. She patted the seat at the base of her pregnant belly.

"Closer." She said.

I moved over and she placed one of her legs behind my back and the other over my lap. Her dress had ridden up revealing almost her entire bare leg as it arched over my lap. She nudged in close to me and I could feel her pregnant belly pressed against my side. My breathing got heavy and I tried to move away, but mom latched onto me.

"Jason, no, just relax! She ran her fingers through my hair. She was holding me close, her pillowy boobs squashed against me.

"That's it, sweetie, just relax and breath, mommy's here." She said softly. My breathing became normal and mom loosened her squeeze.

"Okay now, baby, I want you to look at momma's belly, and don't take your eyes off it until I say, do you understand?" She asked.

I nodded and gazed down at her enormously round tummy, stretching against her dress.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

"Yeah." I answered.

Mom suddenly lifted the dress up over her stomach, revealing her naked pregnant belly. I gazed at its enormity. The soft skin was stretched almost to the bursting point.

"Give me your hand." She said, in a motherly tone.

I did so and for the next 15 minutes, with hers guiding mine, we explored every contour of her pregnancy. She watched my face, smiling at my every reaction. My dick swelled as she took me so low under her tummy that our fingers traced the top of her silk panties. I could feel her pubic bush through the thin fabric. I almost blew my load however, as mom guided our hands up underneath her heavy, bra clad boobs to the top of her stomach. I could feel the weight of her milk filled breasts, straining against the lacy bra as our hands lay sandwiched between tits and tummy.

She took her hand off of mine and threw her arms around my neck. We were face to face, six inches apart and mom was staring into my eyes.

"I want you to do it on your own now and with both hands." She said.

Using both hands I continued to roam her pregnant belly. Again I went underneath her baby-filled orb and brushed my fingers across her panties. She gave me a warm, motherly smile as she gazed into my eyes.

"You're doing wonderfully, sweetheart." She said.

My hands glided across her swollen skin, stopping at her boobs.

"It okay, go underneath them." She said.

I moved my hands beneath the giant roll of tit-flesh, amazed at their depth and enormity.

"Bring your legs up on the seat." Mom said.

I did so and she threw both her legs over mine so that we were both in the same position facing each other, our chests touching. Again she threw her arms around my neck and pulled me in close. She put her hand on the back of my head and guided my ear near her lips.

My rock hard cock pressed tightly aginst the underneath of her belly. We were so close she was practically straddling me. I could feel moms breath on my neck.

"Reach around and unclasp my bra." She said.

I couldn't believe my ears. I did as she said and traced the tight strap to her back. My fingers fumbled with the giant clasp. Suddenly the strap came apart and the swell of moms boobs dropped about 3 inches.

"That's my boy." She said.

She quickly lifted her dress up over her head, removing it completely. She pulled her straps over her arms and let the bra fall to the floor. My eyes just about popped out of my head as I gazed at mom's breast. They were huge! The deep canyon of cleavage must have been have been about a foot long, from her chest to her nipples, which themselves were enormously round and pink.

She grabbed my shirt and removed it, then threw her arms around my neck and pulled me close. The soft pillowy flesh of her tits pressed tightly into my bare chest and I could feel the heat of our genitals as they rested against each other. Mom looked me in the eyes.

"Is my baby boy ready for some tender lovin'?" She asked.

Chapter 3

While my friends were home doing their homework and dreaming of tits and ass, I was with my mother, in the back seat of her car, in the middle of the woods. Her naked tits and enormous pregnant belly were pressed against my chest and I could feel the heat of her panty-covered pussy nudged against my rock hard cock. If there was a heaven, this had to be it!

Mom fumbled with the buttons on my pants.

"Take them off." She said.

I did so, stripping down to my underwear. Mom guided me into a normal sitting position on the seat and she carefully straddled me. The sight of her long legs taking position on both sides of mine and her swollen pregnant belly and giant knockers rocking back and forth as she moved towards me will forever be etched in my mind. It was the most ball busting site I had ever seen. Her panty covered nest came to rest against my 9-inch bulge and I could feel my shaft sink into a warm damp groove. I was slouched a bit and as mom sank down on top of me I was smothered in tit-flesh and the swell of her pregnancy. She stared into my eyes and gave me that melting smile.

"How are you doing?" She asked.

"Okay, I guess." I answered.

"I want you to relax and enjoy the wieght of my pregnancy." She said.

Mom began to slowly roll her hips and I could feel the deep groove in her panties glide up and down the length of my cock.

"I want you to rock with me." She said.

I nodded and rocked my hips with hers. My cock pressed tightly against the cleft of her love-nest, like a hot dog surrounded by a warm, smothering bun. The smooth roundness of her baby-filled stomach slid up and down my own and the softness of her milk-filled breasts were almost flattened out against my chest as she rested all her weight against me.

"That's it sugar, rock with me, feel me surrounding you." She whispered.

Mom rested her head on my shoulder and we rocked for about 10 minutes before she unstraddled me. She gracefully removed her panties but her tummy hung so low that I couldn't see her pussy. She grabbed the waist of my underwear.

"Let's get these off." She said.

She slid them off and my cock spang into the air. Before I knew it mom was straddling me again, her muff moving right down onto my rock hard dick. Again, the length of it was tucked snuggly into deep fleshy groove. She began to rock again and her wet sex lips traveled up and down the length of my shaft. Mom arched her hips a bit and the head of my cock became surrounded in warmth as it nudged down into a warm hole. Then it struck me. I was about to fuck my own mother! She paused and looked me in the eyes.

"Are you ready?" She asked.

I nodded and she smiled and watched my face as her big matronly pussy swallowed my cock to the balls. I could feel the tip of my knob crushed up against her cervix, only inches from where my baby sister lay. Again mom rested her weight on me and brought her lips to my ear.

"Let's fuck." She whispered lovingly.

And that we did. Words cannot describe the feeling as my cock traveled up and down moms pouch. She worked her cunt like a pro on me, knowing when and where to apply just the right pressure. She must have had a very large clit because I could feel it grinding against my pubic bone. Somehow mom seemed to know when I was about to cum and slowed her movement to make me last a lot longer than I thought I would. Up and down and up and down...grind!!! Up and down and up and down...grind!!! For a good hour, mom worked her magic. Every five minutes I could feel mom's body quiver as she let out a long moan and my balls were soaked in a stream of hot liquid. I couldn't believe I was making my own mother cum.

After about her sixth orgasm, mom got off me, lay on her back and brought her knees to her chest, spreading her long legs as far as they could go. As she reached out for my hand I gazed in awe at her giant sopping pussy, her large inner and outer lips splayed open around a creamy fuck hole.

Her enormous pregnant tummy looked ready to burst and her jugs hung off the sides of her chest like big rolling sacks of milk. Mom took my hand and smiled.

"Come on, back in mommy's cunny." She said.

I lay down on her best I could with the swell of her stomach against me. My cock easily met its target, sinking into her depths once again.

"This time I want you to go fast and hard." She said.

My instincts took over and I began to spear my mothers cunt, humping it wildly. My balls beat against her ass as I jackhammered in and out. I was in heaven. Moms legs were wrapped tightly around my waist and my eyes were feasting on her boobs as they rolled violently across her chest.

"Squeeze and suck them!" Mom demanded.

I buried my face in her breasts and licked and sucked her giant nipples as we continued our incestuous hump. For a good half-hour we went at it. Mom came three more times with me on top and screamed so loud, I thought the windows would shatter. I couldn't believe the things that came out of her mouth. During our sex, she screamed things like:

Fuck me, fuck me, harder!!!

Deeper!!! Fuck your cock deeper!!!

Oh, you're fuckin' your pregnant mother so good!

Finally, my cock erupted, bathing mom's cunt with rope after rope of boiling cum. It seemed like I came forever until I finally rested exasperatedly against mom. She ran her finger through my hair, catching her breath.

"That's my baby, you lay there and rest a few minutes, then we'll start again." She said.

I couldn't believe my ears. This was going to truely be one hell of a dream day.

Journey of the Purple Plumb

by klrxo

"The tip is huge. It must be the size of a big purple plumb." Carol told her son.

Josh stood before his mother with his pants at his ankles. Mother was on her knees, eyes glued to her son's 11-inch babymaker. Carol gazed at her son's enormous hanging ball-sack, where within two egg-sized testicles brewed billions of potent teenaged sperm. She traced the bulging maze of viens running up the thick, meaty stalk until she again beheld an engorged cockhead, indeed the size of a plumb. Carol had never seen a cock this big. She didn't know they could grow this enormous. Her husband's was 5-inches and although she could count the number of orgasms she'd had in her 20 year marriage, their sex life always seemed good enough. It was only now, as she gawked at a dick more than twice the length and girth of her husbands did she begin to wonder. Wonder if there was a place within her that her husband had never been.

"Mom, can you check?" Josh asked.

Carol snapped out of it. She had nearly forgotten why she had her son's big dick inches from her face in the first place.

"Sorry, sweetie, so you say there's a suspicious lump by your testicles?" She asked.

"Yeah, could you check it?" Josh asked.

Josh knew he had his mother in a vulnerable place. For years he had been dreaming of this moment. There wasn't really a lump in his sack, he just wanted to feel his mother's hands on his nutbag. He

knew he was a lucky guy size-wise and he wanted his mother to see how much larger he was than his dad.

With shaky hands Carol took hold of the swinging scrotum and felt the weight of her son's balls in her hand. She couldn't believe how heavy they were. She could feel the jism sloshing around within the sack. Josh was in heaven as he felt his mother's tiny finger trace his mighty nuts, her nails digging into the withered skin.

"Everything feels normal. Can you show me where?" She asked.

Josh looked down at his mom. Oh how he longed to fuck his dick deep within her. How he longed to suck the nipples of her big, motherly breasts. He knew he could make his mother cum again and again with a cock his size, if she'd only give him the chance.

"Is mine bigger than dads?" Josh asked. He knew damn well it was, but wanted to remind his mother of this fact.

Carol felt a bit embarrassed for her husband. Not only was this boy larger, but over double his father's size.

"Well...yes, you could say that, but size isn't everything you know?" Carol said.

"Yeah, I know. I'm not worried though. I have incredible staying power." Josh said.

Carol couldn't believe her ears. Not only was her son amazingly large, but he had now confessed his ability to fuck until the cows come home. A woman's dream! She felt her labia split and drips of pussy juice trickle down the canyon, onto puckered ass-lips.

"Does dad have lots of stamina?" Josh asked.

Carol fumbled her words. She knew that a fuck with her husband usually consisted of a 2 minute hump until he came. She knew that

her husband didn't have the size or the stamina to please her.

"Well...yeah, sometimes." She confessed.

"Do you wish he was bigger?" Josh asked.

Carol tried to think up a lie but could only mutter the truth.

"Yes." She whispered.

"Do you wish he had one the size of mine?" Josh added.

Carol smiled, glancing at her son's huge erection.

"Well, I would imagine ones that big are pretty rare. Not too many men are as lucky as you are." Carol said.

"I guess lucky wives are pretty rare too then." Josh said.

"I suppose you're right. Your girlfriends are very fortunate." Carol answered.

"Would you like to see what it's like, to have something this big inside of you?" Josh boldly asked.

Carol was speechless. It was not her imagination. Her 18 year old baby was asking her if she'd like him to fuck her with the biggest dick she had ever seen. A billion questions raced through her head. What if she were caught fucking her son? What if her husband found out?

"You mean, you and me...doing it? Josh, I...I mean you're my son and...Jesus if your father ever found out he's kill us both." She spouted.

"He won't find out. He works 30 miles away and doesn't get home for another 5 hours." Josh said.

"Yeah, but we can't--

"Okay, fine!" Josh said, pulling up his shorts.

"No, wait, what are you doing?" Carol asked.

"You're obviously not interested." Josh answered.

"Now wait a second, I didn't say that." Carol said.

"Then you are interested?" Josh asked.

Carol didn't answer, still sorting through her thoughts. Josh started to tuck his dick in his shorts.

"Yes, wait, I'm interested, please, Josh!!!" Carol shouted.

"Please, what?" He asked

"Please take it back out." Carol answered.

"Then what?" Josh asked. "Tell me what you want, mom."

Carol felt weak in the knees. It was her son, yes, but it was also the one time in her life she'd have access to a cock this size. She knew that she could never live with herself if she were to pass it up.

"I want you." She whispered.

"Where do you want me, tell me, mother." Josh said.

Carol swallowed hard.

"I want you between my legs. I want you inside of me." She said.

And this is how Josh's purple plumb started its amazing journey. The first phase of its adventure came only a few minutes after Mom and son's discussion, in Josh's parent's bedroom upstairs. Josh and his

plumb were guided to the bed and soon found themselves between a mother's outstretched legs. The swollen plumb was directed to a fat hairy muff. The purple helmet slithered between two chubby lips, stretching them almost beyong their limit. The plumb traveled down a dark, creamy pouch, deeper and deeper and deeper, stretching the walls of this secret chamber for the very first time. Finally the plumb hit bottom, nudging against the doorway which it had traveled through only once before. The plumb's journy wasn't over here. It had another 2-inches to travel. Slowly, it burrowed its way through a tight ring at the back of this chamber until it gained entrance into the holy of holy's. A place where all son's once were, but few son's will ever return.

Carol had never been so stretched. Never been so stuffed full and would cum more in the next three hours than she had in her entire life up to that point. One orgasm every 10 minutes would rock her world, sending her into a screaming, quivering fit over and over again.
As for Josh, he and his purple plumb would plow the grounds of his mother's garden for a good hour before he blew his first load, bathing his mother's womb with a dozen ropes of creamy jism. He got to suck the big nipples of his mother's enormous boobs as they rolled up and down her chest. After that day, he knew he was hooked and Carol knew that her husband's little cock would never have a place between her legs again. It could never even scratch the great void that had been created by her baby's purple plumb.

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

By Klrxo

"**YES! FUCK MY PUSSY YOU DARLING MOTHERFUCKER!**"

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

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

ONE MONTH EARLIER

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

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

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

Jeremy glanced over a his pretty mom as she stepped into his room on bare feet. She wore a sexy gray, one-piece romper that fit her

curvy body snugly. He admired the way the front was half-way unbuttoned, exposing a tremendous portion of his mom's bulging tit-cleavage. It had only been the past couple of years that he had appreciated just how ravishing and voluptuous his mother was. Her eyes were a brilliant green and her fiery red hair was long and luxurious, framing in her pretty face.

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

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

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

"New Years resolutions?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mom, I wrote one down!"

"Show me the paper then!"

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

"What's it say?" Casandra asked.

"Why do you need to know?" her son asked nervously. "It's **MY** goal."

"I know, but what's wrong with sharing it?"

"It's personal, that's what," Jeremy replied.

"Honey, you can share your resolution with people. I'll tell you mine."

"You don't have to," said the teen, wanting more than anything to change the subject.

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

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

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

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

"In my butt and boobs mostly," Casandra stated, looking down at her jutting tits. She was a triple d before her pregnancy, but now her tits had swelled to and H cup. Jeremy's eyes widened at the way his mom's heavy mammaries ballooned out beneath the romper. Her creamy cleavage spilt from the unbuttoned portion of the outfit, threatening to pull the other buttons apart. Her nipples were turgid and prominent, sticking out from underneath the fabric like two stiff

marshmallows. "Now that I've told you about my goal for the coming year, you can help keep me motivated to accomplish it."

"Sure!" the boy nodded.

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

"I'd rather not, mom." Jeremy replied, putting it back in his pocket.

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

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

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

"I'm not showing you!"

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

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

Casandra's expression softened as she took it from him, then read it out loud. "**MY GOAL FOR THIS YEAR IS TO FUCK MOM**."

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

"Yes," she whispered, unsure of what else to say.

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

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

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

It took Jeremy a moment to answer. His mom was wearing a pair of white scrunch butt yoga pants. They were made using a special sewing technique, tightening the ass-crack portion of the fabric, creating the illusion of a bare buttocks. Casandra was resting on the floor in a straddle split, with the painted toes of her bare feet pointing towards opposite ends of the room. "School went, um…ok," he replied, astounded by how far his mom could spread her legs apart.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh…well, um…what good is working on it if it'll never happen?"

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

Jeremy pondered what she was implying. "It's true! She didn't tell me no. She just told me to go after it," he thought. However, as bad

as he wanted to fuck her, he never in a million years thought she'd wanna fuck him too. In fact, he was still worried about how depraved she probably thought he was.

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

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

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

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

"Sure, honey, what's up?" she asked.

"I was wondering if you'd, um…let me give you a foot rub?"

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

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

"Are you asking me, or telling me?" she giggled.

"Do you mind doing it in my bedroom?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You're the masseuse," Casandra uttered, sitting on the edge of his bed. "However you wanna work me over, honey."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yep."

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

Jeremy marveled at the way his mom arched her neck, so her big silky mane of red hair hung down towards his mattress. While she

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

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

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

"A few," his mom smiled mischievously.

"What are they?"

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

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

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

"I um…didn't wanna get oil on my pants."

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

"Both I guess."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah, I'm good," her boy replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Probably?" his mom asked.

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

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

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

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

"Or **YOU** tired out!"

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

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

"All day and all night!"

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

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

"Yes!"

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

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

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

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

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

"It sure does!"

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

"Do I ever!" Jeremy excitedly replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"**DAMN!**" the teen uttered, feeling his tender cock meat sink along his mom's hot corrugated walls. He struck her cervical head with still an inch to go, so he pushed forward. Jeremy's firm knob sunk into

the spongy ring of Casandra's external os, until his cock-root was pushed snug against her crotch. He let out another gasp as he felt the wonderful suction-seal around his cunt-sheathed cock.

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

"So this is only partly considered sex?"

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

"I sure wish I could do it now," Jeremy expressed.

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

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

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

"What's that?" Jeremy asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The squirming teen latched on to her nipple, sealing his lips around the fringe of her areola. While he gorged himself of the rose-colored cap, the rest of his mom's meaty breast rolled out against his face like soft bread dough, masking him in squishy tit-flesh. Casandra had only given birth a few months ago, so her lactating boob sent trickles of nectar into her son's suctioning mouth and down his throat.

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

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

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

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

"I'll be right back!"

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

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

"**YES! FUCK MY PUSSY YOU DARLING MOTHERFUCKER!**"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jeremy's cock and balls tingled in delight. His mother's pussy was squelching out hot girl-cum around his pummeling meat. The way

her muscles contracted caused her pleated inner lining to chew at the stiff, tender meat of his cock. With a guttural grunt, ropes of cum began spurting from his cunt-smothered piss slit. Jeremy growled in delight, pounding into his mother's beautiful body with savage thrusts, giving her a second mind-blowing climax.

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

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

"Yeah? What would you have added to it, honey?"

"I would wrote that I wanna fuck you up the ass too!" he confessed.

"Well, since it is still January, and you have a mom who **LOVES** getting anal sex, I don't think it's too late to add on an addendum ."

"Really? So I can put it in your ass?"

(*Giggle*) "No! I'm not just giving it to you, honey. If you want your cock shoved up my asshole, you're gonna have to work for it, just like you did my pussy."

"Ohhh, all right!" Jeremy sighed.

"Don't worry though, baby. Momma will milk you off so hard with her rectum, it'll make all that hard work worthwhile. Now, let's get all this cum cleaned off of us before your father comes upstairs looking for us."

Mommyphile – Late Night Surprises

By Klrxo

"Mom, you're naked!" Simon exclaimed, his eyes widening in shock as he came downstairs just after midnight. Sharon's back was towards him as she leaned over, searching for something in the fridge. Her smooth, bare skin glowed under the dim light of the kitchen, and her thick, naked ass was pointed right at him, slightly spread apart to expose the pink ring of her butthole. The sight alone was enough to make Simon's heart race, but then he noticed the hairless labial flanges puffing out from between her legs and his pecker instantly turned as hard as stone.

Sharon straightened up quickly, the motion causing her oversized boobs to wobble in unison. The blonde-hair beauty spun around with a look of evident embarrassment on her face, but made no effort to cover her nudity.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sweetheart," she stated. "I came down to get a drink of water and didn't expect anyone to be up at this hour."

"So that's why you're, um…naked?" Sharon's lusty-eyed son asked.

The mother glanced down at the tremendous rack ballooning from her chest, then back at Simon blushingly. "I suppose I should have slipped on a robe or something." The warm flush of embarrassment spread across her cheeks as she realized how exposed she was in front of her own son.

Simon felt his stomach flutter nervously, unsure of how to react to the sight before him. Sharon was his mother, after all, and yet there

was something undeniably erotic about the way she stood there, unabashedly naked in the kitchen at midnight. He couldn't help but notice the way her thick pink nipples protruded out from the huge soft mounds of her breasts.

"Uh, it's okay, Mom," he stammered, trying to keep his voice from cracking. "I mean, I've seen you like this before."

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise. "You have?"

Simon looked away, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. "Well, not...not like this...but you were changing clothes in your bedroom. It's just...different seeing you like...like this."

"Well, you're not a little boy any more," Sharon pointed out. "You should be able to handle seeing a female naked, even your own mother."

"So, it's not wrong if I get, um, you know…hard?" he asked, glancing down at his rising crotch.

Sharon's eyes widened in surprise as she looked down at his bulging briefs. She bit her bottom lip and stared at him for a moment before finally shaking her head.

"I suppose not," she whispered, her voice barely audible. "But it's probably not something we should be discussing in the kitchen. Why don't we finish this conversation in your bedroom."

With a slow nod, Simon's eyes followed Sharon as she ascended the stairs. Her hips swayed seductively, each step causing her round, meaty buttocks to jiggle deliciously. He couldn't help but feel a surge of arousal, his gaze fixed on her bare form as she moved with confidence through the quiet house, unbothered by the sleeping figures in the rooms they passed.. Her skin glowed in the moonlight that filtered through the windows, casting her in an ethereal light.

She was like a blonde-haired goddess, completely uninhibited and irresistible. As they reached his bedroom, Simon could barely contain himself as he closed the door behind them, his mind racing with anticipation for what was to come.

"Curl up in bed, and I'll tuck you in just like I used to," Sharon suggested, her voice soft and soothing.

Simon eagerly complied, sliding under the covers and watching as his mom leaned over him, her massive breasts dangling and swaying enticingly in front of his eyes. They hung heavily, seemingly defying gravity, with deep cleavage that resembled a gorge of creamy flesh. His eyes fixated on the wide areolas and turgid nipples crowning her melons, and his tongue unconsciously gliding across his lips in desire.

"Looks like you're getting quite an eyeful tonight," Sharon winked as she tucked the blankets in around him.

"Your body is just so…"

"So what, sweetheart?" the pretty mother asked, eager to hear his assessment of her naked form.

"Curvy and beautiful."

Sharon chuckled at his visible arousal. "A woman's body is meant to be admired," she said with a knowing smile. "Just because I'm your mother doesn't mean you have to suppress your natural instincts to appreciate it."

Simon's curiosity got the best of him as his gaze returned to her pendulous udders "Why do moms boobs seem so much bigger than the ones on girls my age?"

Sharon chuckled softly. "Well, sweetheart, as women age, their bodies change. Hormones and genetics play a significant role in how

our bodies develop over time. My breasts are much larger now than when I was your age, and that's perfectly normal."

Simon's eyes widened with curiosity. "But, why do they get so much bigger?"

Sharon ran her hands gently over her own jutting slopes, her fingers brushing over her rubbery teats. "As women age, their bodies produce more estrogen, which affects the size and shape of our breasts. It's just part of the natural process of growing older."

Simon stared at his mother's chest, mesmerized by the sight of her huge breasts and how close they were to him. "Can I… touch them?"

"Oh..." Sharon uttered, taken aback by his bold question. Her mind raced as she tried to come up with a response. "I'm not so sure that's an appropriate thing for you to do, sweetie."

"But you told me not to suppress my natural instincts," Simon responded, reminding her of their previous conversation. "And what if my instinct is to touch your boobs?"

Sharon hesitated, unsure of how to respond. "Yes, I did say that," she admitted, "but we also have to consider societal boundaries. You know, like what's appropriate or not appropriate for a mother and son, in terms of touch."

Simon's expression fell slightly, disappointment clouding his features. "But why? They're just boobs. If you wanted to touch my penis, I would totally let you."

A spark of interest ignited in Sharon's eyes at Simon's words. "You would let me touch your…penis?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity. "Really?"

"Of course," Simon replied confidently. "You could touch it all you want, and if you wanted to put it in your mouth, I wouldn't tell a soul."

Sharon couldn't help but giggle at Simon's brazen offer, causing her dangling breasts to sway playfully. "Put it in my mouth, huh?"

"Yeah, you know, like a blowj—"

"I know what a blowjob is, sweetie," she giggled mischievously. "Is that something you've fantasized about?"

"Are you sure you want my honest answer?" her son asked, his voice tinged with hesitation and a hint of excitement.

Sharon reached out to gently rub her son's cheek, the softness of his skin soothing her nerves. "Of course, I want you to be completely honest with me, sweetheart. We've always had a relationship built on openness and trust, haven't we?" Her words were gentle and reassuring.

"Well, yes…but it might be kind of embarrassing to tell you all of the things I've imagined doing with you," Simon blushed, his cheeks turning a deep shade of red.

A small smile tugged at the corners of Sharon's lips as she looked at her son's bashful expression. "Well, how do you know that I haven't thought of doing some of the same things with you?" She whispered, raising an eyebrow playfully, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile.

Simon's eyes widened in surprise and disbelief. He couldn't believe his mother was suggesting that she might have similar fantasies about him.

"Like what?" he whispered, unable to contain his curiosity. "What types of fantasies do you have?"

Sharon leaned closer to him, her voice dropping to a whisper as well. "If I share one thing, one time that I had a naughty thought about you, do you promise that you'll share something with me too?" Her eyes gleamed with mischief and anticipation.

Feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness, Simon nodded eagerly. "Yes, I swear I will."

"I'm feeling a bit cold," Sharon shivered dramatically, causing her tit-melons to jiggle enticingly. "Do you mind if I crawl under the blankets with you first?" She gave him a sly wink.

A grin spread across Simon's face as he peeled back the blankets invitingly. "No way, I don't mind at all." He could feel his heart racing with anticipation as his mother crawled into bed beside him.

Sharon could feel the heat of his body next to hers, and she could see the outline of his arousal through his boxer shorts as she threw the blanket back over them. Her heart raced with excitement and a tinge of guilt as she thought about what she was going to say next.

"Remember last month when your father was working those long hours to finish up his business deal?" Sharon asked, her voice low and seductive.

"Yeah, I remember," Simon replied, his eyes flickering with curiosity. "We hardly saw him at all that week."

"That was the same week that I went to your away baseball game, the one that I drove you home from afterwards," Sharon continued, her hand running lightly over Simon's chest.

"Yeah, I remember that too," Simon acknowledged, feeling a sense of anticipation building in his gut.

"Well, I'll admit, since your father didn't have enough energy for sex, I was really horny and sexually frustrated that week," Sharon

confessed, her cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

Simon's eyes widened in surprise at her bold admission. His mind raced with possibilities as he waited for her to continue.

"On our way home, I had a sexual fantasy... that you and I pulled over to a rest area, climbed into the back seat of the car and had hot, nasty sex together for several hours," Sharon whispered, her words sending shivers down Simon's spine.

"Wow, you really fantasized about that?" the boy asked, his jaw lowered in disbelief.

"Yes," she whispered. "See, moms think about naughty, sexual things just like boys do."

"I would have totally been down with that!" Simon confessed, his heart racing at just the though of sharing such an experience with her. "You know, having sex with you at a rest area."

"Sweetie, they're called fantasies," Sharon giggled. "They exist in our minds only and they're not meant to be a reality," Sharon explained, her voice soft and soothing.

"Wait, that can't be right," Simon stated incredulously, his eyes wide with surprise. "I've dreamt of seeing you naked for a long time and tonight **MY** fantasy finally came true."

"Yes, I suppose it did, didn't it?" Sharon responded coyly, a hint of amusement in her voice. "But it was all by accident. I had no idea you'd be coming downstairs at this hour."

"Yet…when I did, you didn't seem to mind being exposed," Simon pointed out with a mischievous grin.

Caught off guard by the undeniable truth in his words, Sharon shrugged her shoulders sheepishly. "Well, I guess I unknowingly

fulfilled one of your naughty fantasies then, didn't I?"

"You certainly did," he replied, his gaze lingering on her alluring figure. "And now it's only fair that I return the favor."

"Return the favor?" Sharon echoed playfully, arching an eyebrow in question.

"Yes, you made one of my fantasies a reality, so it's only fitting that I make one of yours come true as well," Simon clarified with a mischievous glint in his eye.

"No, sweetheart, you don't have to—"

"Come on, mom… I won't tell anyone that you crawled into bed with me naked, and I'll keep whatever fantasy of yours you want me to make come true a secret," Simon offered.

Sharon shook her head even though it was clear that she was seriously considering the offer.

"I don't know, Simon," she sighed, her eyes drifting to the ceiling as she weighed her options. "I'm not sure if this is such a good idea."

Simon shifted closer to her, draping an arm over her shoulder in a comforting gesture. "How can it not be a good idea if only you and I know about it?" he whispered softly. "And if you trust me with this, it'll make the fantasy that much sweeter, I promise."

Sharon looked down at him, studying his face and the sincerity in his eyes. She knew that he'd keep his promise, but she wasn't sure if she could take such a risk. "Alright," she finally agreed, the words barely escaping her lips, "but just this once and after we're done we have to act like it never happened."

"Deal," her son nodded eagerly, his eyes full of mischief. "Now what naughty fantasy of yours can I make come true?"

Sharon hesitated for a moment, feeling a mix of excitement and nervousness at the prospect of confessing her deepest desires to her own flesh and blood. But she couldn't resist the opportunity to finally experience pleasure in a way she had always yearned for.

"Alright," she sighed, steeling herself to share something she never expected she would. "First of all, not to sound mean, but…your father…isn't very gifted down there," she whispered, eyeing Simon's crotch with a hint of disappointment. "I mean, he's not small by any means, but he's just not long enough to completely fill me either."

Simon's face flushed with embarrassment and a sense of hopefulness. He couldn't believe his mother was confiding in him about such an intimate matter. But as he thought about it, he couldn't help but feel a surge of determination to fulfill her desires.

"Oh, um…sorry," Simon uttered, trying to suppress a grin at the thought of being able to satisfy his mother in ways that his father had not been able to. "That must be really frustrating for you."

"It is. My favorite position has always been doggy style, but he just can't seem to reach far enough to really hit the spot I need hit,"

Sharon continued in a soft tone, her cheeks turning pink with arousal.

Simon couldn't deny the rush of pride he felt at hearing this admission from his own mother. And as he thought back on his recent sexual experiences, he realized that he might just have the perfect solution to her problem.

"Okay then," Simon murmured slyly, "so your fantasy is for me to, um…do you that way?"

"I've been watching you try to conceal your erections from me since you were thirteen," Sharon confessed, a mischievous glint in her

eye. "And judging by what I've seen over the years, I think you have just the right length to, um…hit my bullseye."

Though Simon blushed at his mother's boldness, he couldn't deny the thrill that shot through him at her words. Just a month ago, he and a friend had indulged in some wild sexual escapades with a group of cheerleaders after school, experimenting with various positions and techniques. And among them was doggy style, which he had quickly become adept at.

"I can make that fantasy come true, no problem," he said with an anxious grin. "I'll show you what this "perfect" length can really do."

"Perfect length, huh?" she teasingly asked.

"That's what I've been told."

"Well, sweetie…sometimes a girl can just tell a guy what he wants to hear."

"Were you telling me what I wanted to hear a minute ago?" he asked. "When you said that you thought I could hit your bullseye?"

Sharon chuckled, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Oh no, I wasn't just guessing," she said coyly. "We women have a keen eye for sizing up a man, especially one we've lived under the same roof with for years."

Simon's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "So you're saying you know the length of my penis, even though you've never actually seen it since I was little?"

A wicked grin spread across Sharon's face as she leaned in closer to him. "I'm pretty confident I could accurately guess your size within an inch."

"Okay then, go ahead and try," Simon challenged.

Sharon pretended to ponder for a moment before giving her answer with a smirk. "I would say…fully erect, your penis is about 9 ½ inches. Does that sound about right?"

Simon's jaw dropped in shock. "Wow, that's impressive. It's actually just over 9 ½ inches, but not by much. You are amazing."

Sharon winked mischievously at him, her lips hovering dangerously close to his. "You may be surprised at what us moms are capable of," she teased. "If you think my cooking is good…wait until you see me fuck." Her voice was low and seductive, sending shivers down Simon's spine.

"Do you wanna see my cock now?" he candidly asked.

"Well, I suppose I should see my assessment was wrong and if you truly were over exaggerating your cock size," she replied with an anxious wink.

Simon quickly pulled back the covers and shed his boxers, exposing a thick, veiny erection. His mother gasped, her eyes widening in a mixture of arousal and disbelief.

"That's quite the... instrument, sweetheart," she managed to say, her voice husky with desire. "Not only long…but wonderfully thick."

"I've bottomed out inside every girl I've been with," Simon bragged, his gaze full of confidence and desire. "So I have no doubt that you'll be just as satisfied as they were."

Sharon's eyes were still drawn to his cock, her own desire mounting with each word he spoke. "Well, that's certainly something to be proud of," she praised, unable to tear her eyes away from his throbbing hardness. "Would you mind if I…um, felt just how hard you are?"

Simon's attention shifted to her heaving tits, his own desire intensifying at the sight of them. "As long as I get to feel how soft your boobs are," he answered eagerly.

With a playful giggle, Sharon moved closer beneath the blanket. "Go ahead. I know you've been wanting to touch them since you caught me in the kitchen earlier."

"I've wanted to touch them for far longer than that, mom," Simon confessed, his voice filled with longing and excitement.

Both of them sighed in unison as their hands met their desired destination.

Simon ran his fingers over the slopes of her tit-melons, feeling their supple texture against his fingertips. His mom, in turn, wrapped her hand around his shaft, marveling at the thickness and length of it.

As she ran her fingers over his blood swollen veins, Sharon felt a tingle of arousal course through her body. She imagined what it would feel like to have those veins sliding along her slick inner lining, and her desire only grew stronger.

"It feels so powerful," she cooed, tracing the outline of his veins with her fingertips. "I can see why the girls all crave it."

"I always make sure to give them a good, long fucking," Simon stated proudly. "I want to make sure they're completely satisfied."

Sharon's fingers moved towards his bell tip, feeling the warmth radiating from it. "Your knob is so plump and full," she whispered, marveling at its size. "I can only imagine how incredible it must feel inside a wet, tight pussy."

He groaned at the sensation as Sharon began to slowly stroke him, while he cupped her breasts, gently kneading and caressing their fatty meat. Their eyes locked, conveying a mix of lust and longing.

"I used to wash this penis when you were little," she snickered reflectingly. "I never dreamed that it would get this big and I'd have it shoved inside my pussy one day."

"I'll let you wash it again," said Simon, "but with your cum this time."

"Is that a promise?" she asked, staring into his eyes seductively while gently yanking his pre-cum slickened shaft. "Are you gonna make me soak your cock with my nectar?"

Simon nodded, his eyes alight with determination. "I'll have you cumming so hard you'll be screaming my name, mom."

Sharon shuddered with excitement, her thick teats hardening against her son's hands. "Well, don't make me scream your name too loud, sweetie. The last thing we wanna do is wake every one up," she stated.

Simon let out a wry chuckle. "Yeah, if dad walked in on us, that would certainly put a swift end to your naughty fantasy," he acknowledged.

"Along with my entire marriage," Sharon chimed in dryly.

Simon's eyebrows shot up mischievously. "Well, **WE** could always get married and then we could have doggy style sex every night."

Sharon couldn't help but laugh at his suggestion. "Oh really? Is that another fantasy you'd like to see come true?"

"I'll admit," Simon confessed, his tone turning serious, "I've imagined making love to you in every place and position imaginable."

A sly smile spread across Sharon's lips as she leaned in closer to him. "Well, maybe we can discuss those places and positions

another time," she winked playfully. "For now, the only place I want to be is here on your bed with you pounding me from behind."

Simon wasted no time in taking her lead. "I'm ready whenever you are."

Sharon shifted her naked body onto her hands and knees, her heavy tits flopping back and forth as she thrust her lovely, naked ass back, presenting her soaking wet pussy to him. Her heart pounded with anticipation as she glanced over her shoulder at Simon.

"Come on, sweetheart," she whispered, wagging her ass-globes hornily. "Come hit that bullseye."

His excitement matched her own as Simon crawled up behind her, his raging, teenage erection bobbing with every motion. She could tell how much he wanted this, just as much as she did, and it only fueled her desire even more.

Simon lined up the head of his cock with Sharon's entrance, feeling the warmth and wetness of her waiting pussy. More pre-cum formed at the tip of his cock, glistening in the dim light.

"Ready or not, here I come," he said, wedging his spongy knob between her slick labial lips.

"Oh, I'm definitely ready," Sharon replied, her voice shaky with desire.

He slowly began to thrust, sinking deeper and deeper into her, feeling the full length of his cock slip inside her hot, wet pussy. Sharon gasped at the sensation, her hips moving in rhythm with his.

"Oh, god, Simon, you're so big!" she moaned, her voice strained with pleasure.

"I'll go easy, mom," he reassured her, his cock sliding in and out of her at a gentle pace. The ribbed lining of her vagina stretched to accommodate the thick meat of his slab, coating it in a slippery layer of secretions.

But Sharon wanted more. She wanted to feel him plunge into her harder, to be filled completely by her son's thick erection. "Don't you dare go easy," she panted, then reached back and grabbed his hips, pulling him deeper into her.

Simon groaned at the sudden change in pace, his cock sliding in and out of her faster now, his hips slapping against her rippling ass with every thrust. Sharon cried out with each impact, her pussy clenching around his cock in a welcoming embrace, stimulating his sexual nerve endings.

"Oh, God, you're gonna make me cum already!" Sharon whimpered, feeling his knob strike the ring of muscle at the entrance of her womb.

"That's the goal, mom," Simon groaned, his lust-crazed eyes locked on her. "I'm gonna make you cum so hard you'll forget your own name."

With that, he surged forward, his cock penetrating her pussy like a battering ram. Sharon let out a loud, guttural moan, her hands clawing at the sheets beneath her. She knew she wouldn't last much longer; her body was already reacting to the intense stimulation.

Simon continued to pump away, his cock sliding in and out of her with a wet, sloppy sound. He felt his blood swollen knob hit the "bullseye" ring at the back of her baby-chute, smearing pre-cum at the entrance to the womb that once held him. Each thrust brought a new wave of pleasure, causing their minds to cloud with passion.

"Fuck, Simon, you feel incredible," Sharon gasped, her voice hoarse with emotion. "I can't believe how good you feel inside me."

Simon could only grunt in response, his eyes glued to her bouncing, rippling ass as he plunged into her from behind. The sight of her naked body, her gigantic tits swinging wildly with every thrust, was almost too much to bear.

"I'm cumming, Simon," Sharon's pretty voice announced.

She panted, her skin flushing with heat, her pussy pulsating around his cock as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. "Oh, fuck, yes! Oh, god, Simon!" she cried out.

The teenager's heart raced as he pumped harder, faster, his cock throbbing with each powerful thrust. The orgasm hit him like a freight train, coursing through his body, making his legs tremble.

"I'm cumming, mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse. "I'm cumming inside you."

Sharon let out a guttural moan, her orgasm peaking as she felt his hot, sticky cum filling her pussy, coating her cervical head. Her walls clenched around him, milk him of every drop.

They continued to fuck, their bodies moving in harmony, sweat pouring down their flesh, their groans and moans echoing through the room, despite the danger of being overheard by others in the house.

As the last throbbing pulse of his orgasm subsided, Simon pulled out of his mother, watching as his cum dripped from her soaked pussy lips. Sharon collapsed onto her elbows, her heavy tits bouncing and jiggling as she caught her breath.

"Oh, sweetheart," she panted, "I've never felt anything quite like that before."

Simon just smiled, proud of himself for giving his mom such an intense orgasm. He couldn't help but gaze at her still naked form,

her body slick with sweat, her breasts heaving as she recovered. He hoped during the next "fantasy come true" that he'd get to suck on her swollen nipples.

"That was amazing," he agreed.

"You were incredible, Simon," she continued, her voice still breathy. "I can't believe how good it felt to have you inside me."

Simon leaned down, his lips brushing against her earlobe as he whispered inside of it. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, mom. I'm glad we could each make a naughty fantasy of ours come true tonight."

She looked into his eyes mischievously. "We did, sweetheart. We definitely did."

Learning all about sex... from Mom

By Klrxo

"She's pretty isn't she?" Monica asked, squeezing her son's hand tenderly.

Derek had been sitting in his wheelchair eyeballing a girl at the basketball game. "Yeah...she's ok," he said, a tad embarrassed that his mom had noticed.

"Well she must be more than ok, you've been checking her out the whole game," Monica teased.

"No I haven't," he giggled.

The loving mother fed her boy a sympathetic smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. Her pretty face was framed by dark wavy hair and brown eyes gazed through long fluttering lashes. Friends had often told her she looked like a 38 year old brunette version of the actress Connie Britton. "Honey, it's ok, you're allowed to check out girls bodies. That's what boys do."

"He's so adorable. All these cute teenaged girls floating around and he can't help but drool. He's no different that any other boy his age. Why not tease him," Monica thought.

Monica leaned over, coming close to his ear. Derek couldn't help but notice how her tan cleavage bulged as she inadvertently squashed both her boobs together between her arms. He could smell her sweet perfume, feel her hot breath at his ear. "Bet you'd love her long tan legs locked around you."

Slightly embarrassed, he giggled and shook his head.

Still at his ear, Monica smiled naughtily, savoring his reaction. "Clutching you while you bury your face between those big fucking tits, " Monica's voice said teasingly as she her own areola hardened beneath her silk bra.

"Mooom!" Derek blushed. It wasn't very often he heard his mom say the F word, especially in that context.

Monica giggled. "What? You know it's true. You should ask her out on a date."

"Are you kidding? Brandi is captain of the cheerleading sqaud and I'm in a wheelchair. She would never even think about going out with me."

"Hmmmnn, Well just so you know, I was captain of the cheerleader squad and if you had asked me out in high school, wheelchair or not, I would have said yes," Monica said.

"Yeah, out of pity."

"No silly, out of attraction. Sweetie, you are a **VERY** handsome young man and not only would I have let you take me out. After our date...I would have wheeled you somewhere private and let you fuck the shit out of me," Monica said with a cute giggle.

"Oh my God Monica, what the fuck has gotten into you?" Monica thought, as shocked at her word as her son was.

"Geez, Mom!" Derek said timidly. He couldn't help but think about his beautiful mom as a cheerleader, picturing her his age, throwing her luscious legs way up into the air limberly, like cheerleaders do.

Monica giggled at his timidness. "I'm gonna go check on your little brother. I expect you to stop being a chicken and ask Miss Brandi out

on a date before I get back."

Monica gave her boy a peck on the cheek, then stood from the bottom bleacher and strode away. Derek took a second to admire his sexy mom as she walked off. The buxom brunette was wearing a short skirt, which left her silken tan legs on display. Her little tan bare feet with pink painted toenails were propped sexily in a pair of high heeled flip flops. The swell of her mommy-buttocks was full and meaty, swaying as she walked.

"Damn, I bet Mom was a hot cheerleader, "Derek thought, trying to imagine her big boobs swinging around in a cheerleader's uniform.

Monica peeked back over her shoulder and smiled when she saw her son's eyes glued to her swaying ass.

"All these cute girls and my boy is staring at **MY** ass. Monica, you still got it girl," she thought.

Derek looked back over at Brandi, finding her standing alone. This was his chance. He wheeled up to her bravely. "Hey Brandi."

The tan blonde peeked over her shoulder, eyeballing Derek pathetically. "Hey."

"Good game, huh?"

"Yup," Brandi said, doing her best to ignore him.

Derek could smell her sweet perfume. Her strong bronze legs rose from sexy feet like his moms. They were propped in pink high heeled flip flops. "Damn, i bet she can prop her sexy legs back sooo far," he thought.

He mustered up all the courage he could. "Hey, um...I was just wondering if you'd umm...I don't know, like maybe wanna go out sometime, catch a movie or something?"

Brandi gave him an amused look. "You're kidding right?"

"Uh no, not really."

"You're in a fucking wheelchair. You're a loser. Why would I date you?" she said with an ugly scowl.

Derek's face turned a shade of red. This wasn't the outcome he was hoping for. "I don't know, I just thought..."

Brandi's two friends arrived, both hot girls and also cheerleaders. They looked at Derek questionjngly. "What the fuck is this?" one of them asked.

Brandi smiled wickedly at her friends. "Wheelchair boy here is trying to ask me out."

Both girls burst out laughing. "Oh my God, are you fucking serious!" one said.

"I know right?" Brandi said, her big ripe tits jiggling as she laughed.

One of the girls glared nastily at Derek. "Honey, you shouldn't be asking anyone out. You should just be parked in a dark corner somewhere jerking your pathetic dick off."

"If he can even feel it," Brandi said, making them giggle. "Get me away from this fucking worm."

The girls strode away. One of them looked back and extended the middle finger. "Fuck off, loser!"

Near the bleachers Monica stood next to her husband, who was chatting with another dad. She watched her four year old run about crazily. "**PJ**, don't swing on that honey."

Brandi and her friends wandered over and just happened to stand near Monica. "I can't believe that crippled actually thought he'd have

a fucking chance with me," Brandi said.

"Total fucking loser," one of her friend said.

"He couldn't possibly think any girl in her right mind is ever gonna go out with him, let alone fuck him."

Overhearing this, Monica's stomach sunk. She clenched her fists angrily. It was all she could do to go over and slap the bitch. "That fucking cunt!" She thought.

"Hey Brandi," a cute guy in basketball uniform said, stepping up to the blonde.

"Hey Steve. Nice job out there."

"Thanks."

Brandi gazed up at him adoringly, stroking his cheek. "Wanna hang out later? Maybe take a drive out to Thompson Pond?"

Monica scowled. She knew Thompson Pond well. It was where high school kids would go to fuck. "That fucking bitch," she thought.

When she met back up with Derek, Monica didn't ask him if he had asked Brandi out. She knew the outcome and didn't wanna embarrass him further. The mother was still fuming the next day while having coffee with her friend Kathy.

"Maybe it's a good thing, Monica. I mean, do you really want some snot-nose bitch teaching Derek to fuck?" Kathy said.

"No, I suppose your right, it's just so unfair. Derek deserves to fuck just as much as any other boy his age, but with his disability, he may never get a piece of ass."

"Oh Monica, yes he will. Derek's adorable."

"I know he is...and can you imagine if he was good in bed? He'd have girls beating down my door to fuck. I have a good mind to say screw it all and teach him to fuck myself."

Kathy smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Why don't you? It's not that uncommon you know. Gail Thompson was fucking her son before he went off to college."

"I know, my sister Theresa took her son to Boys Sexually Training Camp last summer. She came back pregnant. The problem is they were doing it behind her husbands back," Monica said.

Kathy giggled. "It's only a problem if you get caught."

"If I'm gonna teach Derek to fuck, I would rather do it with Ken's blessing."

Kathy burst out laughing. "Good luck with that one."

"It can't hurt to try," Monica said.

In bed that night Monica gazed over at her husband with concern. "I'm worried about Derek."

Her husband Ken looked up from his laptop. "Why, what's wrong?"

"He's eighteen years old and I'm pretty sure he's still a virgin."

Ken laughed. "Monica, there's nothing wrong with being a virgin at his age."

"Ken, you know that's not true. Our son should be getting fucked, just like all the other boys his age."

"Jesus, Monica, do you have to make it sound so crude?"

She rolled her eyes. "Fine, he should be getting laid, made love to, whatever. The point is he's not...and he should be."

Ken smirked sarcastically. "Fine, we'll hire him a call girl or something."

Monica slapped her hubby on the arm playfully. "Ken, gross, no! I don't want my son's first time to be with some diseased whore."

"Okay, then he better get a date with one of the girls at school I guess. Maybe there's one that could show him the ropes."

"Ok,.here goes. Be brave, Monica." the mother thought.

Monica looked at her husband innocently. "I actually have a better idea, that I wanted to talk to you about, but I need you to promise first that you'll keep an open mind."

"Ok, I can be pretty open minded. What's your idea?"

Monica took a deep breath. "We both know that since the accident Derek is at a serious disadvantage when it comes to getting girls. However, even in a wheelchair, he has the potential to be an amazing lover. If he learns the skills he could have girls lined up to fuck him."

"Monica."

The housewife rolled her eyes. "Sorry, have sex with him."

Ken fed her a confused look. "Ok, so where are you going with all this?"

"We both agree that Derek needs is a sexual education, someone to teach him control, stamina, all the tricks to pleasuring a woman. Summer vacation is coming up next week. **PJ** will still be in preschool every day until noon and you'll be working, so Derek and I will be here alone every morning."

"So what is it you're getting at?" Ken asked.

Monica took a deep breath. "I'd like to let Derek use my body this summer, to practice on."

"Your body?! Monica, have you lost your mind?"

"No, think about it, it makes perfect sense. Educational sex isn't the same as real sex, you know that...and right now what Derek needs is a warm place to put his erection. A place that's safe and he can take his time and really practice," Monica explained.

"**NO**...No fucking way, he's your son for fucks sake," Ken said, in disbelief that his own wife would make such a request..

"Yes, he is my son and what kind of mother would I be if I didn't help him out with this?"

"Fine, if you're that concerned, we'll find someone to teach him," Ken said.

"Ken, No!"

"Some how-to videos then."

"**NO!** He needs experience."

"Not with his mother, that's just wrong. Jesus, Monica, you should be ashamed of yourself for even suggesting it.

Monica slipped her naked body out of bed, throwing on her silk robe. "Damn you. I knew you were gonna be a selfish fuck about this."

"You would be too. The idea's insane. Where are you going?"

"Fuck you, Ken!" Monica said, marching out the door.

Monica slept on the couch that night. Around 2am she heard her son cross the hallway to use the bathroom.

After he was finished Derek wheeled himself back towards his room. He stopped mid-hallway as he heard his mom's sweet voice. "Derek, sweetie?"

He saw Monica standing at the head of the hallway. The way she was posing made his heart about leap out of his chest. The curvy mother had one naked leg fully exposed out the slit of her silk robe. It was cocked foward, slightly bent at the knee so that her tiny foot was arched, resting on squatted toes. The boy marveled at how strong her coppertone legs looked and how they gave off a soft silken sheen. The robe had slipped down one shoulder, exposing the upper slope of her pendulous breast. "Holy hell...I can almost see mom's boob." He thought.

"Is everything ok?" Monica asked lovingly.

"Yeah, Mom, just using the bathroom. Are you sleeping on the couch?"

Monica frowned. "Yeah, you're father's being a jerk."

"Oh...sorry."

Monica strode towards him gracefully, her king-sized tits bobbling freely beneath the thin robe. "For what?

You didn't do anything. Let me help you back to bed."

"No, it's ok, Mom, you don't have to."

Monica leaned down and kissed him on the forhead. Her robe had parted slightly showing off the large canyon between her hanging tits. She wheeled him into the bedroom. "Would you stop and let me be a mom."

The gorgeous housewife helped her boy into bed. She leaned over and stroked his cheek and as she did the neck of the robe fell open

again, lewdly exposing the type of cleavage that teenagers dream about. Even in the darkened room Derek could make out the huge hanging bulges of exposed tit-flesh and the way they came together to form deep canyon of creamy cleavage.

"Holy fuck," he marveled to himself.

Monica took notice. "I should probably tighten my robe, but you know what, fuck modesty right now. I'm not going to." she thought.

Monica looked into his eyes, full pink lips curling into a knowing smile. "Forty-four triple D."

Derek looked up in suprise. "What?"

"Your mom's a good mind reader. And you, young man were wondering how big my boobs are," she said candidly.

"I was?"

She fed him a teasing grin. "Uh huh, you were...and now you know."

She reached down and pulled the blankets up his legs, then over the huge protruding tentpole in his boxers, her eyes lingering a moment. "Ohh my," she thought.

"Mom, can I ask you something?" Derek said.

"Of course, sweetheart."

"It's about something you said to me at the game."

"Oh, while you were checking out all the big boobed cheerleaders?" Monica teased.

Derek blushed. "Yeah. Were you being honest when you said you would have dated me if you were my age?"

Monica smiled. "Of course I was. I would be crazy to pass up a date with a hot stud. Would you have dated me?"

"Well, yeah, you were probably the hottest girl in school mom."

Monica giggled, then stroked her son's cheek, hovering over him adoringly. "What would we have done on our first date?"

"Whatever you would have wanted."

"Mmmnnn, whatever I wanted huh? What if I would have wanted you to take me to bed and fuck me to the stars?" Monica whispered matter of factly.

"Sounds cool to me, although I'm not sure I could have pleased you as well as the other guys."

"What?! Why do you say that?"

Derek smiled. "Look at me Mom, my legs are useless."

"Ok, but what about that big thing hanging **BETWEEN** your legs, is it useless?"

"Well, no, I guess not."

"Of course it's not...and as long as you have the skills and a strong erection you can please a girl just as good as any other guy."

"I guess your right."

Monica smiled. "I'm a mom, of course I'm right," she smiled with pride and gave him a final pat.

"Goodnight."

The teen watched the meaty swell of her undilating buttocks as she sashayed back across the room. Monica stopped in his doorway,

kicking a bare foot back as she did a sexy half-turn gazing at her teen. "Better not let the girls see that thing."

Derek gazed at his mom's standing pose. The light in the hallway shined straight her flimsy robe, silhouetting her curvy body as if she were naked. "What thing?" Derek muttered.

"That big boner," she said, glancing at the protrusion in his lap. "They're be lining up down the street to fuck you."

Monica disappeared from the doorway and Derek's heart raced with excitement.

Between school and his physical therapy Derek saw little of his mom the next day. However, at every opportunity he was drooling over her curvy body. He loved the way her buns swayed and her tits jiggled as she strode gracefully through the house. Today Monica wore a pair of faded hipster low rise jeans which seemed sculpted around her strong legs and succulent ass. Every time she bent over Derek could see the waistband of her pink thong and it seemed like her rounded ass globes were going to split the denim down the seam.

"Wow, mom's wearing a pink thong. That's so cool," he thought.

The four inch heels of her leather mules **CLICKED** daintily on the floor, her little toes with their pink toenails peeked out the flaring bottoms of her jeans. Her cream colored cashmere sweater was form fitting, accentuating the swell of her enormous mommy-tits.

"Who wants more pasta?" Monica asked as she stood up from the dinner table.

"I'm good," Derek said.

"I'll take a little more babe," Ken said.

Derek peeked at his mother as she strode towards the stove, trying not to be too obvious in front of his father. The meaty mounds of her denim covered ass swayed seductively as she moved, in a way that seemed meant to draw the teen's attention. Dainty heels tapped against the tile floor and Derek gawked at her tan bare feet arched in the heels, her pretty painted toes peeking out the bottoms.

"Damn, mom's body is out of this world." he thought.

Almost as if their minds were connected, Monica looked over her shoulder at her boy, gazing straight at him with her alluring brown eyes. Her lips peeked open, forming a little smile, then she gave him the sexiest wink Derek had ever seen.

"There is he is, staring at his mom again. So cute." Monica thought.

Several times during dinner their eyes met and just seemed to gaze for a few moments. It was clear that there was something magical going on between them. Derek couldn't help but marvel at how dreamy his mother looked, her hooded eyes sparklingly seductively, her entire being oozing with mature feminine beauty.

Monica too was fascinated by her boy. His lean pubescent frame and curious innocence made her big clitoris throb between her labia. What better than a mother to show her cub the pleasures of the body and instruct him in the ways of pleasuring a woman. "He needs me this summer and my selfish husband is not getting in my way." she thought.

That night Derek overheard part of a conversation she was having with his father as he was leaving. She didn't sound happy. "Well you better think about it because I'm not backing down."

"Well neither am I."

"Do you truely not give a shit about our son because that's what it's sounding like here," Monica shouted.

"Give a shit about me or **PJ**? Who was mom talking about?" Derek wondered.

"They're waiting for me at the office. I really gotta go." Ken said, then Derek heard the front door close.

A little while later Derek heard a tap at his door. "Honey, can I come in?"

"Sure, Mom."

Monica stepped inside his room on bare feet. She wore a short satin white robe, which fell a couple inches past the swell of her buttocks and was striking against the dark tan of her soft curvaceous legs. She carried a box over to her son's bed and sat it down. As she did the swell of her tits shifted, showing their immense size as they wobbled beneath the fabric.

"Oh wow...mom must not be wearing a bra." Derek thought.

"Your dad had to go into the office for a while, so I was going through my closet and found something that might interest you," Monica said.

"What is it?" Derek asked.

Monica opened the box and took out a sleeveless red and white sports top that read **SPARTANS** across the top. "Tah-dah! It's my old cheerleaders uniform. Remember I told you I was captain of the cheerleader squad in high school?"

"Oh wow." Derek said, watching as his mom also pulled out a matching pleated miniskirt and pompoms.

"What do you think, should I see if it still fits?" she asked.

"If you want to," Derek said with a smile.

"Be right back," Monica said, feeding him a mischievous smile.

A few minutes later Derek heard her voice from the hallway. "Now, before you laugh, keep in mind I haven't worn this thing in twenty-years."

"Let's see," Derek said anxiously.

Monica stepped back into her son's room in her old uniform. The skirt still fit perfectly, showing nearly all her silken mommy-legs, the top however was more than snug. Packed inside, the huge swell of her middleaged tits stretched the material nearly its bursting point. Derek noticed she had thrown her hair back into a pony. "Wow, you look great, Mom."

"Thank you, sweetheart. The top's a little snug, but these boobs are alot bigger than they were in high school, " she said with a giggle.

"I think the top looks good."

"I'll bet you do," Monica said with a teasing wink. "Are you ready for a cheer?"

"Go for it."

Monica picked up the pompoms and straightened her posture, thrusting her big mature tits out. She suddenly threw her arms into the air one at a time. "**LET'S GO SPAR-TANS!**"

Derek clapped five times, just like the fans in the bleachers would at a game.

"**LET'S GO SPAR-TANS!**"

Five more claps.

"**GOOO SPARTAAAANS!**" Monica cheered, bouncing lightly on her little bare feet.

Derek mouth hung open in fascination as he watched her huge jugs bounced heavily beneath the top. "Ohh wow, look at her boobs!" he thought, watching them bounce.

"**WOOOO!**" Monica cheered, throwing one of her shapely tan legs into the air limberly. It was just a quick kick in the air, but enough to excite the teen as he caught a peek of the white crotch of her panties.

"Wow...that was cool, Mom!"

"As cool as when Brandi does it?" Monica asked playfully.

"Waay cooler," Derek answered, making her giggle. "That's neat how you can still throw your legs up like that."

"Well if it wern't for yoga I wouldn't be as limber as I am. Watch this," Monica said as she dropped the pompoms and lifted one leg. She reached out and grabbed the foot of that leg as she extended it high into the air. "This is called a heel stretch."

Derek's mouth fell open as his mom held that pose. Rising like a fleshy pillar into the air, her tan leg looked so strong and sexy as it flexed, her cute naked foot pointed towards the cieling. Whether Monica realized it or not, her white panties were practically sheer and her teen could clearly see the smooth puffy folds of her hairless vulva.

"Holy shit..that's Mom's pussy!" Derek thought, his tongue nearly hanging out.

"I used to be able to do all sorts of crazy stretches when I was your age. In fact..." Monica said, lowering her leg and moving back to the box.

Derek watched her dig through the box and pull out a disc. "What's that?

"Video of my girlfriends and I showing off during a slumber party. We were all cheerleaders so I'm sure there's some footage of me doing stretches on here. Wanna watch?"

"Hell yeah, I've never seen you at my age. Well, only in pictures."

Monica looked a bit reserved. "Now promise you won't get embarrassed watching this with me. We were a crazy group of girls back then."

"I promise," Derek said.

"Ok,.load the disc in. I'm gonna check on your little brother then get out of this crazy uniform."

Derek loaded the disc and sat back on his bed, with the computer on his lap. A few minutes later Monica came back in and closed the door. "You didn't start it without me did you?" she asked playfully.

The teen couldn't answer for a moment as he took in what his mom was wearing, which was practically nothing. Monica had on a pair of semi-sheer bikini panties and a snug white camisole with spaghetti straps.

He could clearly see the protruding nubs of her fat nipples and the dark triangular shadow of pubic fuz through the panty fabric. She padded over to her son's bed. "Let's snuggle while we watch this," she said, crawling into bed with him.

The big titted mother scooched over beside her son, her braless boobs wobbling beneath the thin top until they finally rested one stacked on top of the other, exposing a ten inch crack of cleavage. "You comfy?" she asked with a smile, showing her perfect, gleaming white teeth.

"Yeah. Want me to start it?" The teen asked, clearly aroused by her close proximity.

"As long as you're sure you don't mind seeing your mom when she was young and silly. I think this was taken my senior year," Monica said.

He clicked the video on. "Of course not."

The screen lit up to a scene of high school aged girls. "Hi biiitches, I'm filming!" the girl behind the camera announced.

The three other girls glared at the camera. "Bite meee!" one girl said.

Derek recognized the hot younger version of his mom right away. She gazed playfully as the camera focused on her. Monica was wearing a clingy pair of pink boyshorts and a tank that said **SPOILED ROTTEN**. The camera panned down her curvy young body stopping at her ass as she turned and stuck it out. "Nice booty!" the camera girl said.

The young Monica slapped her ass hard a few times making the globes quiver as they spilled out of the hems of her boyshorts. She gazed back at the camera. "Jillyyy, fuck my aaasss!"

Monica put her hand over her eyes, embarrassed. "Oh God, I'm sorry honey."

"Mom, it's ok...really. That's how alot of the girls at my school act."

"I know, but still...I'm your mom."

"It's no big deal, really." Derek said.

"This is interesting. My son watching the hot teenaged me." Monica thought.

Monica gazed at the monitor in horror. "Oh fuck, I didn't," she said outloud.

Derek looked back at the monitor. The camera was still focused on Monica's ass and her fingers were tucked under the waistband, slowly peeling them down her meaty buns, exposing her crack. Halfway down her luscious ass, young Monica yanked them back up. "Worship my fucking ass!"

The young Monica sprung up, then did a forward cartwheel, her luscious legs scissoring through the air. On her feet again she looked back and gave the camera the middle finger.

"Nice Monica wonderbitch!" The camera girl said.

"Wow, you made that look easy, Mom, " Derek said.

"Well, honey, it was just a cartwheel."

"Just a cartwheel? You say that like it's easy to do, Mom."

Monica smiled cockily and slid off the bed. "It is. Watch."

She lifted her arms up, took one graceful step then did a complete revolution forward. Once back on her feet, she turned and did another cartwheel back, her strong naked legs scissored in perfect form to the bed.

"Easy fucking peasy."

Derek pointed at the monitor where the young Monica was on the floor doing a straddle hold. Her palms were on the floor between her legs, which were scissored open an hovering above the floor. "Yeah but this one doesn't look so easy."

"Oh God, a staddle hold into a press handstand. I haven't done one of those for a while." Monica said to her son.

They watched the young Monica's sexy legs rotate back as she easily moved into a handstand. Monica knew it gave her son a thrill to

watch her younger self with her legs splayed open.

"Alright, let's give it a try," Monica said, lowering herself to the floor. "Are you watching?"

Derek leaned over so he could peek off the side of his bed. "Yup."

To his amazement, Monica started by rolling onto her back, tilting her ass up and throwing her legs open into a huge spread eagle. The teen's heart about raced out of his chest as he stared at the amazing spread of his mom's tan legs, her little bare feet pointing in opposite directions. "Oh my God-damn." he marveled.

What was even more fascinating, however, was that the gusset of her panties were practically see-through, lewdly displaying the folds of her shaved snatch. He could even see her fat clitoris poking out from under its hood. "I know my panties are sheer, but Derek's eighteen now...he can handle this." she thought.

She rolled forward, keeping her legs open. "Here we go."

Monica's planted her palms against the floor and lifted herself into a straddle hold. Her legs were scissored open and hovered above the floor.

"Oh my God, Mom's legs look amazing pointed out like that." Derek thought, his dick throbbing in his shorts.

Amazing was an understatement. Monica's strong tan legs were pointed out in perfect form. Her tits were pressed between her arms, making them distend outward.

"Now the tricky part," Monica said as her ass slowly rose up. She kept her legs perfectly straight as they rotated back and finally rose into the air like golden brown spires of lusciousness.

"You did it!" Derek said, eyeballing her ass.

"Yaaay! Watch this," Monica said.

Now in a handstand, her legs scissored completely apart, her toes pointed in opposite directions. "This is called a straddle split."

Derek's mouth hung open. "Whoa!" he muttered, his eyes traveling across the silken tan curves of her splayed legs. Her meaty buttocks might as well have been naked. He could see the crack between her tan globes straight through the fabric. "Ohhh wow!"

Monica was fully aware of her son's eyes on her as she peeked up at him. "Pretty cool huh?"

Derek took a big gulp of air. "Amazing."

"I wonder how many boys are lucky enough to see their mom's legs open like this? I bet he has a throbbing hardon," she thought.

Monica's legs came together and arched back until her feet hit the floor. She rose up quickly and let out a playful scream as she fell forward onto her son. Derek felt her spongy tits slosh against his back. "Geez, mom." he teased.

Monica giggled. "Sorry, honey."

Monica looked at the computer screen in horror. "Oh fuck, seriously?!"

"What?"

Derek looked back at the monitor and saw his young mom and another girl with their tits out, flashing the camera. It reminded him of those Girls gone wild commercials.

"Holy damn, Mom!"

Monica smiled inwardly. "You think they were big then...you should see them now honey," she thought.

"I'm sorry, sweetie. I guess I forgot how wild and uninhibited I was back then."

"Back then? Have you seen what you're wearing, Mom? I think you still are."

"Oh, um...I'm sorry, sweatheart. I'll go put on some pj's or something, " Monica said, starting to get up.

"No Mom, you don't have to. I mean, you can if you want, but...it really doesn't bother me." Derek confessed.

She looked at him sweetly. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, you're fine." Derek smiled, taking a moment to enjoy the sensations of the soft mature tits plastered against his chest.

Monica traced her nails across his cheek.. "When I went to change earlier I was gonna put my robe back on, but then I thought, you know, my son's eighteen now...there's nothing wrong with him seeing his mom in her panties, even if they are a little sheer. There's nothing wrong with that, right?"

"Right, Mom."

"But only when your father's not around. I'm pretty sure he wouldn't agree." Monica said with a laugh.

"That's true."

The gorgeous mother grazed her nails up along his neck, making Derek quiver. "He's not agreeing with a lot of great ideas I have here lately."

"What kind of great ideas?"

They looked at the monitor where Monica was still shaking her big teenaged tits around playfully. "Oh, the kind I think you would like

alot. So what do you think of the younger me?"

"You were pretty."

"Prettier than Brandi?" Monica said with a sideways stare.

"Of course, you still are Mom."

"Oh you handsome darling. Fuck Brandi, he's got someone much hotter to look at," she thought. "Well if I'm that pretty why don't you ask **ME** out on a date?"

"Funny, Mom."

Monica poked his ribs. "I'm fucking serious."

"I didn't think sons were suppose to date their mothers," Derek said.

"You might be suprised at some of the things mothers and sons do together."

"Like what?"

"Fuck eachothers brains out," Monica thought. "Like....go on dates."

"Won't dad think that's a little weird, if you and I go on a date together?"

"Oh God, who fucking cares what he thinks," Monica thought to herself.

"Well, if you're worried about that, then we'll go on a daytime date, while he's at work. He'll never even know about it. Come on, you'll get to stay home from school, it'll be fun," Monica said.

"Ok sure."

Monica got a big smile. "Goodie. We'll go tomorrow, sayyy...elevinish?"

"What about **PJ**?"

"Kathy can come over and watch him for the afternoon. Are we gonna do this?" Monica asked, just to be sure.

"Yeah. Sounds fun."

"Mmm it will be."

That night Derek dreamed the he was laying alone in the grass of a secluded field. Soon the grass began to take the form of thousands of naked girls, squirming and moaning hornily. He was laying on a surface of writhing nakedness. All around him were sexy legs and big jiggling tits. He turned his head and found himself face to face with the most succulent ass he'd ever seen. The buns wagged invitingly, a crinkled butthole at it's center.

Suddendly, he felt a set of hands slide onto him, their long nails cratching up his chest. Somehow the arms turned Derek over onto his stomach and he could feel the wiggling bodies beneath him. The arms belonged to a woman who rose up slitheringly from the others, her huge boobs emerging first and squashing like big fleshy spong-melons against his chest.

At the same time, her legs were emerging...strong, tan and silky smooth, topped by tiny bare feet with pink painted toenails. The legs closed in, wrapping smoothly around his frame. Derek watched as lastly her face emerged. It was Monica, her eyes closed..mouth slightly agape. She was beautiful.

Derek felt their bodies rise up into the air above the sea of flesh. It was like some invisible force was pulling the two of them away. His mom's eyes popped opened and Derek saw the her pupils were no longer round, but were in the shape of pink hearts, staring back at

him. He felt her body tighten around him as they floated off, her nails digging into his back. Monica's head crooked back, her long dark mane hanging down as she wailed like a roaring lion. "**FUUUCK MEEEE!!!**"

Derek woke up suddenly, drenched in sweat. Suprisingly, he was in Monica's arms. She hushed him lovingly. "Shhh, it's ok honey. You just had a wet dream, that's all."

It was true. He could feel the semen oozing from his prock. "Mom, uhmm, what time is it?"

"It's just after nine. I was making **PJ** some breakfast and I heard you moaning in here, so um, I thought I'd come check on you."

"Oh..sorry, just a wierd dream."

Monica smiled as she eyeballed the lumpy wet spot beneath the covers. "Do you wanna talk about it?"

"Naw, that's ok."

"You sure?"

"Yeah...I'm fine really."

"Ok sweetheart. Well you better get yourself cleaned up. You have a hot date in a couple hours, remember?" Monica said as she slid off the bed.

Derek noticed that his mom was wearing a sexy cami top and a pair of matching boy shorts. The shorts were snug on her ass, leaving nearly half the cheeks exposed. The teen gulped in awe as he watched the rounded globes of her buttocks jiggle and sway with each graceful step.

"Those shorts are pretty hot, mom."

Monica stopped in sidways profile in the doorway, leaning one hand against the doorframe. Her silken legs were flexed, the heel of her back foot arched. Derek could see the shape of one of her huge boobs slopping down through the cami top, the fat nipple protruding out the front. The mound of her shapely ass formed a perfect half-circle.

Smiling naughtily Monica fed him a cute little wink. "Thanks."

After a shower and getting dressed Derek wheeled himself into the livingroom. Kathy, his mom's best friend looked him over with a smile. She was a sexy redhead with long shapely legs. Derek couldn't help but noticed how they were exposed beneath the hem of her miniskirt. "Well, don't you look handsome," she said with a bright smile.

"Thanks," the teen answered, blushing a bit.

"Are you excited for your date?"

"Sure," he smiled.

"He better be!" Came a voice from the hallway.

Monica strode up the hallway from her bedroom in a sexy black tube dress. Her king-sized tits pushed the top out, leaving an almost obscene amount of cleavage exposed. From wide motherly hips, her silky tan legs tappered down into slender ankles and sexy little feet propped up in 6 inch black heeled mules. Her make-up was done and her brown wavy hair hung past her shoulders. In one word: Stunning!

Derek just sat there with his tongue nearly hanging out. "Holy fuck, she's sooo...gorgeous!" he thought.

"Does my date approve?" Monica said, spinning around to show off her lucsious body from every angle.

"Uhh yeah," the boy muttered, unable to peel his eyes away.

Monica and Kathy looked at eachother and giggled. "He's so cute," Kathy said.

Monica's eyes traveled up and down her son's body like no mother should. Her lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Mmmm yes he is."

Kathy rubbed Derek's shoulders. "Go easy now, Monica. Derek may not wanna fuck on the first date," she giggled.

Monica peered down at her blushing teen, over the swell of her stiff-nippled tits and gave him a wink.

"Well if he's anything like his mother he will."

"True," Kathy said.

"Holy shit, I know they're joking but...damn! he thought.

"Now try not to let **PJ** nap for more than 2 hours, Kath or he'll never get to bed tonight," Monique said.

"I know the routine, just go have a good time."

"We should be back by five. Love you," Monica said, giving her friend a peck on the lips.

"Love **YOU**. Have fun, Derek." Kathy said, almost as if she knew something he didn't.

Monica drove down the street in her new Mercury **SUV**. Derek sat awkwardly. He sneaked a look over at his mom's legs. The dress had ridden up a bit leaving them exposed.

"Like your mother's legs?" Monica asked with a quirky grin.

"Why do you say that?" Derek asked knowing he'd been caught.

"Because you're always looking at them...amoung other things." Monica said, giving him a wink.

"Sorry if I was staring. You just look really nice Mom."

Monica spoke as she looked out at the road. Despite the resistance from her husband, it was time for Derek to learn and she was going to teach him. "A woman prides herself in her legs. She likes to keep to keep them strong and smooth. Her legs are her love harness."

"Love harness?"

Monica thought for a moment. "Well, you're a young virgin so you probably don't know this yet, but when you fuck a girl she'll wrap her legs around you, using them to clutch you. So if you think about it, her legs are like a harness...a love harness,securing her partner between her thighs."

Just the thought of being clutched between his Mom's strong legs made his heart race excitedly. "Oh I see, well that makes since then."

"Sweetie, I hope I didn't just embarrass you by saying you're a virgin. You um, are a virgin, right?"

"Yes, I'm pretty sure I'll always be a virgin."

"Stop! You will not," Monica said.

"Easy for you to say, Mom. You probably lost your virginity way before you were eighteen."

Monica glanced at him in concern. "Yes, but honey girls almost always almost get fucked at an early age. I was a very sexually active teenager, but that doesn't mean that's the norm."

"Yeah well, I don't really fit the norm either. With my disability I doubt that I'll ever get it."

"You most definately will, sweetheart, I'm not concerned about that. What I am concerned about is will you have the skills to set you apart from the other boys."

"Oh, you mean like knowing how to please a girl?" Derek asked.

"Exactly. Remember, every boy has a dick, but the dicks with skill are the ones girls flock to. A female body is like a car, it has all these different parts and nobs. Learning how to master them will make you a much better driver."

"Sorry Mom, I probably won't be driving any time soon either."

Monica giggled. "Smart ass."

Monica fed him a serious look. "If I ask you something personal, just between us, will you answer honestly?"

"Of course."

"Do it! Just break the fucking ice Monica." she thought to herself.

"If I was to somehow convince your father to let me teach you how to fuck this summer, is that something you think you'd be interested in?"

Derek swallowed the lump in his throat. His heart was beating like a base drum in his head. "You mean..you and me, we would we be?"

Monica giggled, feeding her teen an inquisutive smile. "Uh-huh. Would that seem weird?"

Derek had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. "Wow, uhmm..."

"Remember yesterday I told you that you might be suprised at some of the things mothers and sons do together. Well, that's one of them."

"Having sex together?"

"Yes, but for educational purposes. We moms love you boys and we want to see you succeed at becoming amazing lovers. So...it that something you'd consider?"

"Um, yeah, I mean, it would be really cool actually, but Mom, I doubt dad would ever agree to something like that," he said.

"Oh he can be stubborn, that's for sure, but in the end I usually get what I want. And what I want is to teach my son how to really rock a girls world."

Derek's mom took him to a nice restaurant. She helped him out of his wheelchair into a cozy booth where they sat side by side. "This place is nice. Do you and dad come here alot?"

"Sometimes, but let's not talk about your father and I. Let's talk about you and me. We seem to be getting closer here lately. I like that. It's like we're forming this special bond, above and beyond the whole mother son thing." Monica said.

"Yeah, I think I know what you mean."

Monica squeezed his hand. "It's good that we feel that way, since we're both on same page with the educational sex ideus.Beyond that, I'm not really sure where it will take us, but I like the direction it's heading."

"Me too," he blushed.

"So...dating 101. Touching. Girls loved to be touched, so it's a very important thing to do when you're on a date. I'll guide you this first

time, but on our next date you're on your own buster," Monica said with a grin, then guided her son's hand onto her knee beneath the table.

"How's everything here?" the waitress said.

"Wonderful. Can I get another glass of wine please," Monica said.

"Absolutely. How are you doing sweetie?" the waitress asked, looking at Derek.

Derek felt his mom slowly slide his hand under her skirt against her soft inner thigh. "I'm good, thanks," he gulped.

"No dessert sweatheart?" Monica asked.

"Hmm I don't know."

"Will you share the berries and cream with me?" Monica asked.

"That does sound kinda good."

Monica looked up at the waitress with a smile. "We'll have the berries and cream."

After the waitress left, Monica smiled and squeezed Derek's hand. "She's in to you. Did you recognize the signs?"

"What signs?"

"Well...first of all, her nipples are hard. You can see them poking out through her shirt, which is an obvious sign of arousal in a woman. I'm suprised you didn't notice, Mr. Boobman," Monica joked.

"Maybe she's just cold, Mom."

Monica giggled. "Nope, it's far from cold in here and besides she was giving you the 'come fuck me' stare.

She also called you sweetie, which is an obvious term of endearment."

"Well, you call me sweetie sometimes."

Monica smiled slyly. "I know I do...that's because I absolutely adore you."

"Yeah, but not the same way you think she adores me right?"

"I don't know...are there any other signs on me that you haven't noticed yet?"

Derek looked down at his mom's massive tits. Even through the fabric of her strapless bra and dress he could see the fat protruding nubs of her nipples.

"Oh, hard nipples."

"Which means?"

"Arousal."

Monica smiled and squeezed his hand. "Your learning fast."

Their dessert was delivered and Derek noticed the girls protruding nips, just as his mom had said. Monica spooned out a big strawberry covered in whipped cream and fed it to her son. "You don't have to feed me one sweetie. I realize you're right handed...and right now your right hand is exactly where it should be."

"Ohh man, moms legs are sooo soft," he thought.

Monica guided her son's hand higher up her inner thigh until the side of his hand bunped the silky gusset of her panty crotch. Derek could feel the heat radiating from her genitals. He watched his mother scoop some cream onto a strawberry and feed it into her luscious mouth, her eyes on his the whole time.

She scooped out another and fed it to her boy. A big gob of cream remained on her finger. "Ooops," she giggled, the brought it to her mouth.

Derek watched as her long thick pink tongue snaked out of her mouth and swipped the cream from her finger. "Holy wow, Mom...I never knew you had a really long tongue like that."

"Well look at that, you learn't something new about your date," Monica said, then gazed at her son and spit her tongue out playfully. The housewife made just the tip of her pink snake wiggle around, then she giggled.

"That was pretty rad," Derek blushed, his prick now rock hard.

"You're pretty rad," Monica said, gazing adoringly. Turned towards him, she rested a hand on his shoulder and brought her lips in close to his ear. "Is your hand melting yet?"

Derek smiled. "It is pretty warm down there."

"So I have to know....has your hand ever been this close to a girl's pussy?"

Derek softly gasped. "No."

Monica removed her hand, leaving her son's hand where she had placed it. "You're on your own now, so you have a decision to make. You can leave it where it is or let it wander up even further."

"But if I go any further, I'll be..."

"On your mother's pussy? Yes, you will. I realize this is new and exciting territory for you sweetie. You're learning here, so just relax and let me walk you through it," Monica said softly.

"Ok," Derek muttered.

"Gently slide your fingers on to the crotch of my panties."

Derek did as directed and felt the puffy bulge of her outer lips. His mother's sweet soft voice cut to his core. "That's called the mound of venus. It's one of two folds of flesh surrounding the mouth of a woman's pussy. When she spreads her legs, the fleshy lips peel open."

"When they open..is that where the clitoris is? I heard some guys at school talking about it." Derek said, trying to show a bit of knowledge.

Monica whispered softly at his ear. "Well if you want...slide your hand into my panties and I'll show you just where it is. But be careful, darling...we don't want to draw attention to ourselves."

Derek reached inside the hem of her little panties and his hand slid along the fuzz of her pubic triangle. "Oh my God, am I really inside mom's panties?" he thought. "Wow, you don't have much hair down there."

"Just a tiny little patch, otherwise my pussy is complely shaved and smooth."

Derek's fingers slid across a knot of flesh and his mom gasped softly. "There. Can you feel my clitty peeking out of its hood?"

He gently stroked the fat pebble of flesh, which made his mom's breath quiver. "So that's the clitoris?"

"Yes. It has sensitive glans, just like the head of your erection. Do you know how the tip of your dick will leak precum when you stroke it?" Monica asked.

"Yeah," ther tits.muttered, still in awe that he was even having this discussion with her.

"A woman's pussy does that too. Dip your fingers down between the lips and you'll see."

Derek's fingers slid down into the groove between folds of labial meat, into a pocket of juicy pink. "Ohh man, Mom, you're really wet down there."

"Told you I was aroused. A woman produces lubricant that helps prepare her pussy to fuck. Do you wanna dip a finger inside?"

"Ohh hell yeah," Derek said, a little to loudly.

Monica smiled, her lips mashed against his ear as she peeked across the restaurant to make sure no one was watching. "Shhh, careful honey. We don't need to be arrested today."

"Sorry."

"That's ok sweetheart...go ahead and finger me."

Derek found his mother's gooey fuck-socket and his middle finger slipped in easily. He felt her soft cunt walls clasp at his finger, squeezing and sucking as if trying to pull it deeper inside.

"Ohhh man, that's amazing," Derek muttered. He could feel his mom gently rocking her hips as if trying to fuck his finger.

"Move it around. You're not gonna hurt it honey."

Derek stirred his finger in her cunt, feeling the spongy ridged lining of her birth canal. The slippery walls nipped and contracted. "There you go. Look at you, feeling a girl up for the very first time," Monica whispered proudly.

Monica let out a cute little whimper as her knees buckled in, her little painted toes clenching in her high heeled mules. Derek looked at his

mom's face and saw her eyes shut, her mouth slightly open. Keeping his finger inside, he used his thumb to strum her clit.

"Ohhhh!" Monica muttered as her eyes popped wide open, staring straight through him. "Holy shit!" she thought.

"You ok, mom?" Derek asked, his fingers still moving.

"Yess...very ok. Wh...what you're doing, where did you learn to do that?"

Derek smiled sheepishly. "I just um, figured it out."

The look on his mom's face was one he'd never seen before. This was a grown woman, horny as fuck. He beat his mother's clit mercilessly. He strummed the thick pulsing nub until it burned and throbbed. "Holy fucking shit..this boy," Monica thought.

"Do you like it?"

Monica gasped. "Too much. Do you wanna see me cum?"

"Yeesss...I mean, if you want to."

Monica held their faces together, her lips against his ear. Her big tits were mashed against his arm. "Get ready!" she panted softly.

Derek looked down to see his hand digging beneath her panties. "Oh man, this is a rush. Feeling up my own mom's pussy," he thought. He could see the taut muscles in her tan legs beginning to tremble.

"Yesss...right there," she gasped sharply.

"Don't stop!" she hissed softly.

Her thick pink tongue swiped across his ear, then she bit at the lobe. "Don't you dare fucking stop!"

"Oh woow, mom's gonna cum. Is this really happening?" the teen wondered to himself.

Derek kept at it until her body suddenly stiffened up like a board. "Fuuuck!" Monica cried softly.

Derek found it harder to move his finger inside her as her pussy-tube compressed tightly. A long powerful stream of hot girl-cum shot out of her urethra, soaking the teen's hand.

"Holy shit," the teen muttered, not sure what to make of it.

Monica's free hand shot down between her legs, trappping her son's hand there. "Keep going," she gasped.

Her pussy was doing things to his finger that young Derek never knew a pussy could do. He could feel it squeezing and rippling, shooting out hot juice. "Damn..imagine what my dick would feel like in there," the teen thought.

"Here's your bill," the waitress said, setting it down.

"Thank you," Derek said awkwardly, his hand clearly up to something..

The waitress looked at Monica who was still clinging to her boy, panting against the side of his face in post orgasmic bliss.

"Thank **YOU**," the waitress said, giving Derek a knowing smile and a wink before stroding away.

"Wow...that was intense, darling." the hot mother sighed.

Derek brought his hand up out of her panties. It was shiny and dripping with juices. He could smell the aroma of wet pussy. "Yeah, Mom...that was really something. Damn!"

"I think we both better head to the bathroom and freshen up," Monica said.

"Good idea."

Derek washed hands, then went into the handicap stall. He lifted himself onto the toilet for a piss.

Monica freshened up and exited the ladies room. The big titted mother passed a couple of men that were in route to the bathroom. Her long heels clicked against the tiles as she passed by them like a curvy Goddess.

"Holy shit man, I know that broad," one of them said.

They entered the bathroom.

"Who is she?" the other asked.

"I think her name's Monica. She went to school with my older brother."

"Damn, well she sure has some tits on her. Did you see those fuckin things?"

From the stall, Derek listened to the two men talk at the urinals. They were clearly unaware that he was in there.

"My brother said she fucks like a porn star. Best he ever had."

"No shit. Is she single?"

"Naw, I heard she's married...has a couple kids."

"Hell that don't matter. Woman like that probably can't get enough."

"My brother used to go on and on about how this broad sucks dick. She's so good she'd any guy off in about

5 seconds."

"No fucking way!"

"Seriously, man. He said they used to call her 'the gobler' in college."

"The gobler?"

"Yup...didn't matter how big your dick was, she could swallow it all, right down to the hilt."

"No shit?"

"And not only that, apparently she was so good she could cram a guys cock **AND** balls in her mouth all at once."

Derek's mouth fell open. "Mom?" he thought to himself, "Was it really her they were talking about?"

As they pulled out of the restaurant parking lot, Monica shot her boy a smile. "So, what do you think of your first date so far?

"What's there not to like?"

"That's true, lunch was awesome **AND** you got to feel a girl up for the very first time," Monica said.

"Hey Mom, could I ask you something kinda personal?"

"Of course?"

"Did they used to call you 'the gobler' in college?" Derek asked The mother"s mouth fell open a tad. "Where did you hear that?"

"There were two guys in the bathroom talking. I think they were talking about you."

"Oh boy." Monica thought. "Oh...well, what else did they say?" she asked.

"One guy said you dated his brother and that you were really wild at sex. So is it true...about the gobbler part?"

Monica seemed a tad reluctant to answer. "Well um, honey...there's no doubt I was wild when I was younger, I mean, you saw how I acted on that tape. I had a few nick names back then, but I was young and silly."

"Sounds to me like they only called you that because you had some special talents at...you know..."

Monica glanced with a sly smile. "What, sucking dick?"

Derek giggled timidly. "Yeah...that."

"Well, I never minded the nicknames. I guess I was just suprised to here my son of all people bring one up."

"What else did they call you back then?"

"Ohhh let's see...well, the 'screaming demon-princess' was a big one," Monica said with a smile.

"Why did they call you that?"

"I guess because not only am I a screamer in the sack, but apparently my whole body goes into some kinda shaking fit, like I'm being fucking possessed or something," Monica giggled.

"Yeah but you had an orgasm in the restaurant, you didn't scream...and only shook a little bit," Derek said.

"That's true, but that was a different type of orgasm sweetie and this is important for you to know. The one in the restaurant was called a clitoral orgasm. The ones where I become this screaming

demon-princess from hell are deep vaginal orgasms, brought on by **VERY** intense fucking."

"Wow, that's so cool. Any other nicknames?"

Monica got a big smile. "Apparently 'Clapping Bobble-tits' was a big one too. Your mother's boobs were quite the spectacle back then."

"Why, just because they're really big?"

"Not only that, but I guess my tits have a unique way of swinging and slapping together when I fuck,"

Monica said.

"Well, that doesn't sound so bad," Derek said timidly, trying to imagine it.

"No. I didn't take offence to any of my nicknames. They were all sort of compliments in a way I guess."

Derek frowned."Yeah, unlike my nicknames at school like 'wheelchair boy' among other things."

"Oh honey, you have lots of friends who adore you at school. Don't listen to the jerks who say those things."

"Like Brandi you mean? What a bitch. Did you know Brandi would reject me? I did try to ask her out like you said I should."

Monica glanced at him sympathetically. "I know you did. I overheard her and the other girls talking about it, but I didn't wanna bring it up because I knew you must have been feeling rejected. After hearing her I realize now she's a bitch anyway. You don't need a girl like that."

"Yeah, guess I should just accept the fact that because I have legs that don't work...I'm never gonna get a date with a hot girl."

Monica got a quirky grin, raising an eyebrow. "Excuse me?! Are you saying I'm not hot? I am your date today...in case you've forgotten already."

"No, no..you are hot mom, waaay hot. I'm just talking about dates with girls at school and stuff."

Monica giggled playfully. "I know what you meant darling. So you think I'm 'way hot' huh?"

"Well yeah, Mom...any guy would think so," Derek said.

"Well then let me ask you something. Suppose your 'way hot' date wanted to park somewhere and give you your first handjob. Would you let her?"

Derek's mouth hung open. "Well I um...."

"Good?" Monica said, then Derek noticed his mom had turned off on a remote dirt road.

"Why did you turn here?"

"Why do you think?"

The road winded through the trees for a few miles until Monica parked. "So this is Thompson Pond? I always hear the kids at school talking about it," Derek said.

"Yup, this is the place. Come on, we'll hike down to my favorite spot."

"Hike? Mom, you're kidding right."

Monica got out. "Nope, I'm not. Better kick that fucking wheelchair into four wheel drive mister because we're getting down there one way or another."

Once he was out and in his chair Derek noticed his mom had a big beach bag and a blanket. "What's all that stuff?"

"I call it my Thompson Pond kit. Your dad and I come down here sometimes. This place isn't just for horny teenagers you know," she said, making Derek laugh.

Monica had her son hold the blanket and bag while she wheeled him through the rough terrain. In some spots she had to tilt the chair back on only the two bigger wheels so he could keep going. "Jesus Mom, where are you taking us."

"Don't worry, it's the best spot out here, you'll see."

After about a ten minute walk they came out of the brush onto a tiny sand beach. "Oh wow," Derek said.

A small waterfall crashed down into a pool of crystal clear water. Surrounded by rocks and trees the spot was as private as they get. "Was I right or was I right?" Monica asked.

"You were definately right."

"Not many people know about this spot. The stream continues down into the main pond, which is where most couples go to fuck."

"It's like a private paradise," Derek said.

Monica dropped to her knees on the soft sand and dug some things out of the bag."That's right and today it's our private paradise."

Derek watched as she spread out a full sized air mattress and began pumping it up. "Wow, Mom...did you bring a tent and some smores too?"

Monica laughed. "Noo, mister smarty pants, I didn't. I just want us to be comfy."

The battery operated pump had the mattress inflated in under a minute. Monica spread the blanket out on it.

"Come lay down, honey."

Derek lowered himself out of the chair onto the mattress. He sat back on his elbows and watched as Monica took off her heels. "Ugh, these things were not made for nature," she said.

"Probably not," Derek chuckled.

"Will you be a dear and grab that towel out of the bag for me?"

"Sure Mom," the teen said, digging through the beach bag.

"I was a little younger than you when I first came down here."

"With dad?"

"No, I had two other steady boyfriends before him."

Derek found the towel and when he turned back towards Monica he saw only a pile of clothing on the sand...dress, bra and panties. He made a sharp gasp as he watched his naked mother step towards the water, her luscious tan buttocks undilating sexily as she walked.

"Hoooly shit, Mom's naked," he thought.

Monica gracefully dove into the water and swam to the far edge of the tiny pond. "Mmm the water feels great," she sighed.

"Well don't drown, Mom. It's not like I can jump in and rescue you," Derek joked.

Monica smiled at him, her dark hair wet and slicked back as she floated in the water. "Oh but then you'd have to give me mouth to mouth. That could be fun."

Derek blushed a little. "I guess."

The teen watched as his mother swam back and waded from the pool, shamelessly exposing her voluptuous body. First, her king-sized tits emerged, bobbling heavily on her chest. Thick nipples protruded from large areola. Derek gulped hard as he stared a the enormous mommy-melons.

"Oh my God...so big." He marveled.

Monica continued towards the beach, the water dripping down her glowing tan body. Her thick shiny pussy lips puffed pinkly at the bottom of her pubic V, which was crowned only by a tiny patch of thin pubic hair.

As the gorgeous housewife stepped from the water she reached back with both hands and rung out her hair.

Doing this made her big boobs thrust out, exposing the huge rounded undersides. Derek looked up at them in awe, judging that the mammoth cleavage could probaby smother his entire head.

"Thanks sweetie," Monica said shamelessly as Derek handed her the towel.

The teen excitedly watched his mother towel off, marveling at every sexy curve of her middle-aged body.

"So what do you think...think mom looks pretty good naked?"

"More than pretty good Mom."

Monica glanced down at the boy's crotch. "Good enough to give my date a hardon?"

Derek blushed. "Definately."

Monica finally tossed the towel aside and knelt between his legs, acting a bit spunky. "Wanna show me?"

"Um...ok."

She reached under and pulled off his trunks and boxers together. His boner sprung up and slapped against his tummy. The big titted mother smiled hungrily as she surveyed his package and how its meaty column rose way up past his belly button. "Wow, did I do that?"

"Yeah," Derek smiled bashfully.

"Well, honey, you were certainly blessed with a big dick. Have you ever measured that beautiful thing?"

Monica said, gazing at the swollen plumb-sized head.

"Yeah...once or twice, when I was bored I guess."

"And?"

Derek glanced down at the bloated cock-head, pointing up at him purple and angry. "Well, the last time I measured it was a little over nine inches."

Monica bit her bottom lip, trying to contain the thrill. "Ohh boy. Mmmnn, that's way above average."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. I bet very few boys at your school have a dick that big. And despite what you may hear size **DOES** matter to most girls."

"Really, cuz I heard one girl say that it doesn't matter the size...as long as a guy knows how to use it,"

Derek said.

"Well, that's true too, but any experienced girl will tell you that size and technique go hand in hand. Deep in a woman's pussy, near the head of her cervix are powerful pleasure-glans that only a really long dick like yours can reach."

"So, is dad able to reach your pleasure glans?"

"Hhmmp, no, not the ones that deep. Your father has a nice dick, but when I want deep vaginal orgasms like that I have to use my dildo."

Monica leaned down and combed her fingers through her son's scrotum. Her long nails scratching tenderly against his nuts felt exquisite. "Your balls are really soft. Do you shave them or do they just stay smooth like this?"

"They just kinda stay that way."

She squeezed his nuts in her hand as if measuring the volume of cum they contained. "Ohhh God, so full," quothe thought.

"Your balls are really full," Monica said grasping the loose skin beneath his balls between her thumb and forefinger, making the testicles form a huge ball bulging out obscenely. "Do you drain them with regular masturbation?"

"Yeah, I try to."

Monica released her grip and her hand slid smoothly up his shaft. "I can't tell you how happy this makes me.

You may not be able to use your legs, but you're still able to achieve a strong erect dick and that's gonna serve you well in life."

"I hope so," Derek said awkwardly.

The marveling mother took a strong grip on her son's pole, feeling its bulging veins against her soft circled fist. "Oh fuck, this thing's going to feel soo good tearing through my cunt." she thought.

"Reach in the bag and get me the bottle of heated lubricant," she told her son.

Derek gulped as he did as his mom asked and handed her the bottle. Monica kept one hand around his dong and opened the cap of the bottle with the other. She pointed his boner out and squirted a big gob of lube on the fat barbed tip.

"Oh wow, such a nice big dick." she thought.

Setting the bottle aside, she smiled at him reassuringly. "Now just relax...I'm gonna jack on your dick for awhile."

All Derek could do was nod as he settled in for the handjob of his dreams. Monica began to skim her fist up and down on his thick, heavily veined cock, lightly at first, merely brushing her palm and encircling fingers up the tube. "Mmm that feels good on your dick doesn't it sweetie?"

"Uh huh."

The jacking mother tightened her grip and as she pumped back toward the hilt, the flushed slab flared out huge and glowing. "Ohh honey, your dick is sooo hard."

Monica's eyes crossed as she stared inwards at the throbbing cock-knob, yearning to watch his teenaged slime come spurting from the gaping pisshole. "Does that feel good, darling...mom's hand around your hard young cock?"

"Ohh yeah," Derek sighed, his face masked with pleasure.

Monica stroked his prick expertly, twisting and squeezing her little fist in a perfect corkscrew, up and down the meaty column. "Feels so much better when a girl does it for you, doesn't it sweetheart?"

"Uh huh," he muttered watching her fist slide up and down.

On every stroke Derek's mom slipped her thumb wetly across his frenulum sending jolts of pleasure vibrating through his boner and down into his tightening balls.

"Mmm...mommy's hand knows all your secret pleasure spots."

The teen glanced down at his mom to find her staring back up at him dreamily. His cock stuck straight up from his loins. He watched in fascination as his mother's slimy fist, with her long red nails and sparkling wedding ring, had a tight grip as it stroked fluidly up and down the meaty slab. "Mmm, my big dicked sweetheart," she said, feeding him a dreamy smile as she was watched his reaction.

"Ohhhh man!" his young body shuttered.

"That's it sweetie, thrust your hips into mommy...fuck my hand like a pussy."

The lewd words from his mom's mouth got the teen even more excited as he rocked his hips, fucking his hard cock through his mother's greasy grip. "Ohh damn Mom I think I'm gonna cum!"

"I know you are, darling.I can feel your boner starting to throb in my hand."

"Ohhhh shit!" Derek whimpered as the first blast of hot cum erupted from his piss slit.

"There it issss." Monica sang as she watched the ropes of spunk sail high into the air.

The experienced mother never broke her pace as she jacked the teenaged dick with tight steady strokes, feeling the tube of flesh pulse and flex in her hand. "Ohh sweetie, soo many cummies."

Derek's face contorted with pleasure as his mom's expert hand milked every drop from his lance.

Monica slid up onto her son so that both their naked bodies were pressed together. Her warm naked tits, smeared with cum, felt exquisite against his lean chest. She stroked his face with her nails as she smiled down at him. "I take it that was your fist handjob?"

Derek was still catching his breath. "Uh huh."

"And...how was it?"

"Intense!"

Monica gazed adoringly. "I'm not gonna lie and I'm not just saying this because I'm your mother... You have a really nice dick."

"Thanks," Derek said with a nervous smile.

The huge titted housewife stared into her son's eyes, her own big brown eyes glowing with lust. "So are you sure you like the idea of practicing sex with me this summer?"

Derek gulped. "Yeah, I mean...if dad lets us."

"Well if he does, we'll have all summer. We could take our time and I could teach you how to **REALLY** fuck a girl."

Derek felt light headed, as if he could pass out with excitement. "I am...I mean, yeah, I'd like to learn."

Monica smiled. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah. Are **YOU** sure?"

Monica smiled naughtily. "Of course, you're my son. What kind of mother would I be if I didn't teach my son how to handle the onslaught of women coming his way."

"So do you think Dad would be upset, if he knew what we did today?" Derek asked.

Monica fed him a little smile. "What did we do today that was so bad?"

"Well, Mom....you just gave me a handjob."

Monica faked a look of confusion. "Handjob? I didn't see anyone get a handjob, did you?"

"Nope," Derek said with a smile, catching on.

Monica giggled. "Well then there you go."

"You're funny, Mom."

"Know what else I am?"

"What?"

Monica gazed through hooded eyes. "I'm a really good kisser."

Monica sat up, strandling her boy. She reached back and clutched his erection, giving it a a few rejuvenating strokes. Derek gazed up at her huge mommy-tits as they bobbled heavily on her chest inches from his eyes. His tongue literally hung out the side of his mouth.

"Ready to learn?" Monica asked, peering down over her tits.

"Sure," Derek muttered.

She lowered her upper half back onto her son's chest and Derek sighed as her boobs flattened against him like big sponge melons.

Monica gazed into her boy's eyes as her luscious lips slowly dropped to his and planted a series of slow wet kisses. Her full, red lips opened over his in a firey, french kiss which Derek returned with equal passion.

"Mmmmnnn," the mother moaned. Her naked body was pressed full-length against Derek's, and he was aware of every wonderful inch of it. Her soft tits were crushed between them, the hard, pink nipples drilling into his chest.

They broke the kiss, but only for a second. "Good, now let your tongue dance with mine," Monica said.

Derek couldn't believe how long and thick his mom's tongue was. It spun through his mouth, lashing around his own tongue aggressively, showing her experience. The teen whipped his tongue the best he knew how so that their wet pink snakes tangled wildly in his mouth.

While making out with his mom Derek could feel his rock hard boner sticking straight up between Monica's legs. The top half of his prick rested between the split of her quim, like a big Italian sausage in a bun. He could feel the heat of her cunt-slot radiating against his slab.

Monica's lips slid against her boys as she spoke. "Make sure even after the tongues have seperated a moment, that you're still sharing wet kisses...like this," Monica said, then let her full lips smack wetly over her son's again and again.

"And sometimes our tongues can play outside our mouths," she said, then their lickers flailed around together outside their mouths.

The middle-aged mother feasted hungrily on her son's face, bathing him in wet lip smacking kisses before darting her tongue back into his mouth for more deep french kissing. Fully aware of the position

of their genitals, Monica closed her thighs around her boy's dong, enclosing it in a sheath of feminine curves.

"Thrust your hips, honey. Fuck it like a pussy," Monica said between kisses.

Derek gently rocked his hips on the air mattress, his cock gliding through the hot pocket of flesh his mother had created for him. The feeling was out of this world.

A short distance away, two college aged boys stopped and peaked out of the brush. "Oh dude, there's another couple."

The second kid fished out his phone and began taking video. "Damn dude, look at the body on that broad.

She built like a brick shit house," he whispered.

"She not young either. She's a fuckin **MILF!**"

The cameraman shook his head. "And that kid's gotta be younger than us. Lucky fuck."

"Oh my God, man look at the way her tits are squashed out against him. They must be huge," the other whispered.

"That kid's gotta a dick on him. Look at how it's rising up from between her legs."

"We gotta send this one to Randy, show that sorry ass what he's missing," the cameraman said.

Randy worked at an office building in the center of town. His mouth hung open as he and a co-worker watched the video that was just sent to him. "Ohh man, that's hot."

A third guy stepped into the office. It was Ken, Monica's husband. "More of those pervy videos huh?"

Ken's coworker smiled. "These guys got a good one today. Man, you gotta see this."

Ken stepped up to the group and watched on Randy's phone. The camera kid had zoomed in on the globes of Monica's tan buttocks, which was jiggling up and down, aiding the thrust of Derek's big dick as it disappeared and reappeared at the base of her ass. Engorged with blood, the barbed head of the teen's dick stretched way out, glowing with secretions.

"Damn, imagine how good that must feel to that guy," Randy said.

Suddenly, Monica's persperation-sheened ass flexed, then quivered...her meaty buns shaking like jello.. The men gasped. "Holy shit, man that bitch just came hard! Did you see that?"

One of the coworker jaw had dropped. "Yeah she did, did you see the way she was shaking. Oh my God that was the coolest thing I've ever seen."

The camera zoomed back out to a wide shot. "Wait a sec...is that a wheelchair?" Ken asked.

"Yeah, the kid must be crippled or something."

"No way, how does a crippled kid get a gorgeous cougar like that?" Randy said.

Ken watched with growing interest as Monica and Derek continued making out like horny newlyweds. "I know that spot," he said.

"Yeah, my friend said they're out at Thompson Pond. They always get the best fuck videos out there," Randy said.

Ken's stomach sunk as he watched the curvy tan beauty, her lush body layed out on top of the thrusting teen.

"No, no,no, that can't be..." he muttered.

"Can't be what?" Randy asked.

Ken looked truely stupified. "Nothing uhh...could you send me a copy of that?"

The other guys laughed. "Ken wants to add it to his stroke collection."

"Sure, no problem buddy," Randy said.

Ken retreated to his office where moments later he continued watching on his phone in sick fascination.

His naked wife shamlessly swung her meaty tan ass up and down again and again, slamming against her teen's loins. Derek's erection looked strong and sturdy, thundering through Monica's twat crease like a midevil battering ram.

The camera kid moved over so he could capture the couple from the side. Ken could hear them whispering.

"Holy shit, they're really going at it."

"I wanna get a shot of them kissing. Fuck that's hot," the camera kid said as he zoomed in for a close-up.

Any doubt in Ken's mind had now been all but disolved as he watched Monica and their son make out hungrily. His wife's hair was still half-wet and stringy. Her eyes were closed as she made out and she looked like she was in absolute uphoria as she lashed her tongue through Derek's mouth. This certainly wasn't the sweet innocent wife he left are home that day.

"What the fuck! Unbelievable," Doug muttered, his mouth hanging open in absolute shock.

The camera panned down her lush body showing the sides of her tits, which were flattened against Derek's chest. "Ohh man, that kid must be loving that," one of the pervs said.

They heard Derek let out a quivering moan and panned back up to his face as their kiss had broke. His head was cranned back in pleasure, the tendon's in his neck straining. Monica's face was buried in the other side of his neck, licking and sucking on his flesh. "Uuughhh!!" the teen's body quivered.

"The kid's gonna cum. Pan back down dude, get his dick spurtin off!"

Ken couldn't believe what he was watching as the shot moved back down to a semi-close-up of Derek's cock rising and falling at the base of Monica's wildly gyrating buttocks.

"Holy fuck, she milking the shit out of that kid's dick. Look at her go!"

Suddenly Derek whimpered and a long thick rope of jism rocketed from his piss-slit. A second one followed, sailing four feet into the air before splashing down onto Monica's back. The teen's young body shuddered beneath his mother's nudity as more jets of cum spouted from his dick in big gooey guysers.

"That was fuckin hot. Let's get the fuck out of here before they see us," Ken heard one of the pervs whisper.

The video ended leaving Ken dumbfounded. He could hardly believe what he had just seen, that his wife of twenty years would do such a thing.

Monica squeeled with pleasure as she threw her big titted body back down against her boy. She quickly coiled her arms around his neck then, clutching tightly, rolled them over so that Derek was now on top.

"Holy shit!" Derek sighed with suprise as he felt her strong silken tan legs bow open and his body settle between them. It was like his wet dream, only better.

Monica threw her legs around her son's lean body, gripping him in a velvet vice and interlocking her ankles.

"Do you feel that, darling? I just fastened my love harness around you."

"So you...are we???"

"**FUCK YES WE ARE!**" Monica thought.

Monica clawed his ass with her long nails, setting them back in motion. "Use your hips, honey...I need it inside me!!"

"Inside? Are you sure. We..."

"Yess I'm taking your cherry. Fuck me!" Monica whimpered.

Slowly Derek lifted his hips and felt his rod line up with her socket. The teen peered down to see the crack of her womanhood. The spongy pink inner folds distended and jutting in a wet pout from the center of the outer folds. Her big clit stuck out from its hood like a stump in a swamp, wet and throbbing. "Ohh my hell," quote thought, heart racing.

He thrust foward slowly, watching the barbed head of his dick split her quim and sink into the juicy slot.

"Ohhh damn!" the boy muttered as it felt like his dick was being dipped in warm honey.

Animal instict took over and the teen started to fuck.

Monica heaved her ass frantically off the air mattress, rhythmically pumping her tight pussy onto his cock.

"Ohh yess! Sooo good!! Fuck me!!"

Her tender, clasping cunt had begun to suck and contract around his cock as if it had a will of its own, wetly nursing the thrusting shaft of his hard-on. Her soft squishy mommy-tits quivered and sloshed beneath his chest. With her curvy sweat soaked limbs clutched around him the teen felt as though he were melting into the soft flesh of his mother's curvy body. "Ohh my God!" he whimpered.

Monica moved her luscious naked body in rhythm with her son's hot fucking. She arched her back and ground her curvy hips against him making his dick grind hard against her sensitive inner flesh.

"Yess darling, just like that!!"

The hot mother gritted her teeth and clenched her eyes shut, feeling her son's boner penetrating the deepest depths of her pussy. She wrapped her silken legs tighter around his back, getting every square inch of cock that she could. "Yes! **YEEESSS!**"

"Oooh shit, Mom!" the teen whimpered as he bucked up and down on her upraised assflesh, burrowing his fuck meat deep into her pussy. They bucked intensely. Both shrieked with the thrill of a good fucking.

Suddenly Monica's cunt tightened. Her body spasmed. "Ohhh, Derek, you're making me cum!" she cried.

She rammed her crotch upward hard, and the gripping lips of her shaved cunt closed around the base of her son's cock, sucking with rippling greed. The muscles of her flat stomach rippled as she came, her beautiful face contorted as if she were being tortured.

The teen squeeled with pleasure as he felt his mom's cunt tighten up as if it were trying to squeeze his dick off. Despite the resistance the hard slab sliced through the hot sponge grip, packing her cunt with steady thrusts. The sensations on Derek's cock was amazing!

The boy looked at his mom's face, which was red and cotorted with pleasure. As a hard cum surged through her big titted body, Monica arched her back literally lifting her son off the mattress. Derek heard her let out a primitive groan, unlike any noise he had ever heard from her before. Her body convulsed. It was the screaming demon-princess!

Just seeing her this way and the sensations of her juicy cunt as it shrunk around his pole made his balls jump in their sack. "Ohh shit, I'm cumming, Mom!"

Hot rockets of thick gooey cum paste exploded from the head of Derek's prick, igniting the walls of Monica's pulsating fuckhole. She shivered with pleasure as her son came in her, her cunt gripping his massive cock, spuming around it. Their naked sweaty flesh writhed together. "Ohh baby, we're cumming together!!" the mother cried.

Derek's boyish behind flew up and down, his rock-hard prick plunging like a piston in the snug, juicy mommy cunt, spewing out long milky ribbons of spunk. Monica let out an orgasmic scream that echoed through the woods, her curvy body arched upward a second time and hung there briefly, her bowed torso supporting the insignificant weight of her slender son while the perspiration-sheened globes of her buttocks did a quivery dance in midair before she collapsed back to the bed with the boy on top her,

Derek's prick gave a mighty throb, its head expanding to the limit inside her sqeezing cunt tube. "Ohhh daammn, mom!"

They clung to one another like no mother and son should, their naked bodies shaking and humping together as if they were throwing the juicy orgasm back and forth between them. The pleasure went on and on for minutes before Derek callapsed against his mother in a sweaty heap.

"Ohh wow, that was....soo cool," Derek muttered, gasping for breath.

"I'll say. Whhhew, you had me seeing stars just now sweetie," Monica gasped.

Derek smiled with pride. "That's a good thing, right?"

"Yes. Any time you can take a girl to the stars it's a good thing."

The teen lifted himself up on his elbows and gazed down at Monica's enormous sweat soaked tits as they hung off the sides of her chest. He licked his lips, marveling at the huge round circled of thick areola and the fat nubs protruding from their centers. "Maybe if I get good I can take you farther than the stars. I can take you to another universe."

Monica giggled at his eagerness. "Another universe huh? Don't think I've ever had a stud take me that far before."

"Bet I could." Derek said with a cocky smile.

Monica giggled. "But honey, you only just starting to learn how to fuck. There's other positions and techniques that I haven't even taught you yet.

"Well if you say I'm good now, just think about how good I'll be after you teach me."

"Ohh, I know...dangerously good," she said with a look of admiration and worry.

"Probably."

"Sweetie, I know we just broke the rules, but I still need to get your father's ok...if we're going to start regular sex lessons."

Derek frowned. "Can't we just do it when he's not around, like today?"

"We could, but what if he comes around unexpectedly...catches us in a wild fuck. Honey, it would break his heart. I do love your father. He's a great provider, but your sexual training is equally as important to me.

Give me another day or two to convince him."

"Ok Mom."

Monica and Derek drove home and were surprised to see Ken's car in the driveway. "What's dad doing home so early?" Derek asked.

"Good question," Monica said curiously.

Ken was on the couch watching a game as his wife wheeled their son inside. He glanced at his curvy housewife, trying to shake the images of her naked body bucking hornily atop their teen.

"You're home early?" Monica said curiously.

"Yup. Where have you two been?"

"Ohhh, just out spending some time together."

"At Thompson's Pond?" Ken got up and walked towards the bedroom as Derek's mouth fell open.

"Does he know? How could he know, Mom?" Derek whispered in a panic.

Monica moved towards her bedroom. "I have no idea. Keep an eye on your brother for me."

Monica came in and sat on the bed next to her husband. Ken was watching the video on his phone. Derek's big dick stuck straight up through the grip of her thighs, her meaty mommy-buttocks bobbing up and downn milking its shank. "I can't believe you two," Ken muttered.

"How did you get this?" Monica asked.

"That's not important. How the fuck could you Monica?"

Monica was somber. "I'm sorry you had to see this. I was just doing what was necessary."

"What was necessary? Are you crazy?! That's our son."

"Exactly Ken, our son...who's sexual well being we should care about. You may not, but I do...and that's the whole fucking reason we did that."

"It's wrong!"

The video ended abruptly. "Wait, that's all there is?" Monica asked, a bit surprised.

"Yeah, why...was there more?"

"No, of course not, just what you saw," she lied.

Ken shook his head. "Which was bad enough. For fucks sake, the way you two were kissing! Are you kidding me!?"

"I was teaching him to kiss!" Monica said sternly.

"And the way you were shaking on top of him. Teaching him how to make his mother cum too apparently?!"

Monica nearly cracked a grin. "That's a natural reaction to body friction. You know I had no fucking control over that."

"Ohh bullshit, Monica!"

She decided to use what he didn't see in her favor. "You said no sex and there was no penatration. We did nothing wrong."

"Damn right there was no sex...and there won't be, **EVER**. Our son will learn sex like every other boy his age."

Monica stood up angrily. "Every other boy his age is already fucking, Ken! The best chance Derek has at a successful relationship is by becoming a better lover than all the rest of the boys. The only place he can learn that is right here at home."

"That's not true," Ken muttered.

Monica gave him a glare that could scare even the toughest of men. "All these years I assumed you wanted what was best for our son. Apparently I was wrong. You fucking disgust me!"

Monica marched out of the bedroom.

"Oh and you don't think you disgusted our son...his own mother flopping around on top of him naked like that?"

Monica stopped and smiled back through the doorway. "Did you happen to notice the big hard on sticking up from between my legs? Oh trust me, he was far from disgusted."

Things were pretty quiet the rest of the evening. Once again Monica slept on the couch, not wanting to be around her selfish husband. Try as she may she couldn't shake the naughty thoughts of her son from her mind. All she could think about was his lean youthful frame locked between her strong motherly legs. His cute teenaged ass flying up and down as he fed his impressive dong deep inside the tight juicy grip of her cunt. "Fuck!" the mother hissed, tossing and turning as the burning heat of desire wracked her mature frame.

"Such a good fuck. Why did it have to be such an amazing fuck?" she thought.

Derek too couldn't sleep. His dick had been erect for hours, flexing and throbbing as visions of his mother's lush body swirled through

his mind. Being wrapped in her warm silky flesh, smelling her sweet fragrance as she clung to him. Feeling her slippery cunt squeezing and rippling around the sensitive flesh of his penis, spewing its hot juices around the slab. His whole body shivered at the memory still ever so fresh in his mind.

Suddenly his door opened slightly and he saw his mom peek inside. Derek sat up slightly. "Mom?"

Monica sashayed acrossed the room to his bed wearing only a short white babydoll nightie. Her lush tan body looked as smooth as silk. She glanced down at the bulge of her son's hardon.

"You can't sleep either?" he asked.

"Shhhhh. Come with me," Monica whispered, then helped her son off the bed and into his wheelchair.

Derek wheeled himself out of the room following his mom like a puppy dog up the hallway. Monica strode gracefully on bare feet, leading the way. She seemed nervous, but determined. The globes of her thonged buttocks undilated from side to side, crowning the naked sheen of her strong tan legs.

The gorgeous mother peeked over her shoulder, feeding her boy a mischievous smile.

They moved through the dim light of the kitchen and down a side hallway. Monica opened the pantry door.

There were shelves inside and a small floor space no bigger than a closet.

"Back in," she whispered.

Derek wasted no time backing his wheelchair into the space. It just barely fit inside and no sooner was he in position than the pantry

was shrouded in darkness as Monica stepped inside and closed the door. The teen felt his mom forcefully yank his boxers down to his ankles and release the locks on the sides of the wheelchair, lowering them

"There'll be lots of time for learning. Right now I just really need you back inside me."

Shamelessly, the big breasted mother climbed onto him, straddling her teen. Her lips collided with his and their tongues spun together in a wild frenzy. The kid's heart about beat out of his chest with a wicked thrill as he felt huge spongy tits flatten against his lean chest through the nightie.

"Mmmmnnn." Monica hummed, her thick pink tongue twisting and flailing, showing it's experience.

She felt her boy's naked cock flex against her mons, crushing against her swollen clitoris. Monica broke the kiss quicky and slightly rose up. "Get my panties off, " she panted desperately.

Derek helped best he could and the sweet smell of wet pussy filled his nostrils. They glided the panties off her silky legs and Monica lowered her twat back down against the hardened muscle. She whimpered as she felt the hard head of his cock battering her tender pussy, seeking entrance to her body. "Show me what you've learnt so far," she said.

As their kissing resumed it wasn't long before the fat nob of Derek's prick got lodged in the mouth of his mom's fuck-hole and slowly sunk inside.

"Ohhhhh God!" Monica moaned in ecstasy as his thick hard cock slid to her womb, throbbing against every inch of her greedily sucking cunt.

The horny housewife scooted her boy up a few inches in the seat, then hooked her strong legs around him, clutching him like no mother should. Her meaty buns began to clap against his loins as she fucked her cunt on the boner, screwing her cunt to the base of his cock on every downward thrust.

"Oooh woow!" Derek groaned. His mom's cunt was on fire, sucking and tugging at his cockmeat, soaking it with searing cunt-juices.

Monica broke the kiss and bounced up and down as she rode his driving cock, her heavy ripe tits wobbling crazily, her face contorted with pleasure. "Such a...perfect...dick."

She threw her head back, tossing her big mane of dark hair. Her mouth fell open as the first orgasm began to rip through her body. "Ooohhnnnnggfuck I'm cumming!" she cried out.

Derek felt her cunt steadily tightening around his pistoning cock, the shaved mons slapping against his cock-base over and over. Hot girl-cum gushed from their tightly joined genitals, pouring over his ballsAs good as his dick felt he fought off his own cum. He didn't want it to be over this quickly.

"That's it sweetheart, don't cum yet. This is when the woman needs that rock hard cock the most. Ooohhh!"

Monica squeeled in ecstasy as violent pleasure-convulsions wracked her mature body. Derek giggled with disbelief as he felt the big titted beauty cling to him, her tit-flesh quivering like two overfilled waterballoons against his chest as a wild orgasm shot straight through her naked body, right down to the tips of her cute little toes.

She threw her cunt down his pleasure-pole in grinding gyrations, stirring her insides. "Ohh God you have such a nice dick. Suck on me darling."

"Suck?"

Monica lowered her chest. Catching on, the big dicked teen crouched a little and wrapped his arms around Monica, pulling her big bouncing tits to his face.

"Lick up into my cleavage," Monica instructed.

He smothered his face right down inbetween the soft bobbling boobies, smelling her sweet perfume. As hard as he tried, there was no way in hell he could fight off his the sensations on his dick.

"Mmmnn latch on to my tit and suck haaard!"

The teen's face sunk down into a spongy tit and lapped at one of Monica's thick nipples.

"Yesss baby, just like that," Monica cried softly.

Derek fucked his cock-loving mother harder than ever, moaning into her squishy boob as his milky white spunk rained up into her cunt. Eagerly, Monica flexed her fucking muscles around his cum-squirting cock, helping her boy shoot all of his goo into her cunt. "Yesss!" she hissed.

Right as she milked the last drop, they heard a voice in the kitchen. "Monica?" It was her husband.

"Ohhh shit," Derek whispered.

He felt his mom's lips at his ear as she rested against him. "Shhhhhh."

They listened as Ken stepped into the side hallway. "Monica, you down here?"

The naughty mother flexed her cunt muscles tightly around the meaty column of her son's still-hard prick, making him gasp with

pleasure. She whispered to him. "What's the matter, baby, mommy's pussy too strong for you?"

Derek smiled and flexed his dick, making the cockhead mushroom with blood. At the same time he tilted his pelvis, sinking inside the juicy cunt as far as he could go.

Monica let in a sharp in breath and bit her bottom lip as she felt the engorged nob mash against the head of her cervix, igniting places her husband could never reach. "Noo fair," she whimpered.

They heard footsteps outside the door and Derek's heart raced nervously, wondering if his dad would seriously think to check the small pantry.

"Ohhh just go away," Monica whispered, her cunt nipping and throbbing around her son's hard slab.

Derek slowly swiped his tongue down into the valley between Monica's tits. He knew if his dad opened the door he'd get the shock of his life. He fought to contain his gasp as his beautiful mother gently glided her hips, plowing his cock-tip back and forth against the head of her cervix.

They heard Ken walk back through the hallway and across the kitchen, then he heard his mom whisper at his ear. "Do you wanna fuck me all night?"

"Yeah," the muttered.

"He'll be back. We need to find another spot," Monica said.

"Where though?"

"We need to get to my cellphone. It's back in the livingroom," Monica said, opening the door behind them.

Derek wheeled them out. It was quite the site. Middle-aged, naked mother straddling her teen, strong sexy legs circled around his frame, his balls nestled at the base of her meaty buttocks as he wheeled them both across the kitchen.

As they neared the hallway Monica leaned out and peeked around the corner. She noticed her bedroom light was on but no sign of her husband. "Ok," she whispered, tapping her son's shoulder.

Derek wheeled them across the hallway, mother clinging to son. Monica's lips curled into a naughty little smile as she stared at her lighted bedroom doorway, her heart racing with the thrill of her forbidden actions.

At the side table she found her phone and typed out a text. "Come on...be awake," she whispered.

"Who are you texting?"

"Shhhh," Monica answered as they heard a noise from down the hallway.

Her phone vibrated a response. "Take us out front," Monica whispered.

"Out front? Mom, are you crazy? What if..."

"Sweetie, just trust me. Out front ok...hurry."

As Derek wheeled them toward the door Monica looked back over his shoulder and saw her husband in the hallway peeking into Derek's room. She smiled wickedly and kissed her son's neck. Derek could feel the walls of her vagina fluttering around his beefy dick.

The neighborhood was dark and quiet. Just as the wheelchair reached the driveway Monica's best friend Kathy's blue Audi pulled up. She hopped out, in only a robe and high heeled slippers and

quickly opened the back seat door. "Oh God, Monica," Kathy giggled, shocked that her friend would be this brazen.

Monica's ass rose from Derek's lap, his big wet dick exiting her cunt with a juicy **THHRUP!!** "Help me get him inside," the mother said, climbing in first.

The two women pulled the teen from his wheelchair. Monica backed further into the back seat, her naked legs splayed open lewdly as her boy crawl between them. Frazzled, Kathy closed the door and pushed the wheelchair to the side of the driveway. Her heels **CLICKED** against the cement as she giggled and scrambled back inside her vehicle. "This is fucking crazy."

The Audi raced off. Moments later Ken opened the door and gazed down the street to see it turn a corner.

"What the fuck?"

Inside the car, Kathy glanced back at the backseat and saw Derek sink on top of his fuck-hungry mom, crushing her big tits under his chest. He rammed his huge prick all the way up her pussy, moaning as her tender-lipped cunt sucked in all of his prick, right down to the nutsack. Like a rutting animal his ass began to bob up and down. Monica's curvy tan legs folding around him. "Ohhh God honey, pound the fuck outta me!!"

. "Oh my God you two!" Kathy giggled.

Monica humped her ass in a frantic rhythm off the seat as Derek settled into a hard, driving fuck. He couldn't believe how incredibly erotic this was. His mother's lush body was every mans dream and here he was with it clutched around him, fucking back at him with equal passion.

"Where are we going?" Kathy asked.

Monica's face was twisted in pleasure. "Just drive!" she panted.

Monica's cell phone rang as it lay on the floor. She knew it was her husband and completely ignored it. She clutched Derek's ass with her long red nails. "Haaarder!!" she instructed.

Derek quickened the speed of his humping, gasping as he slammed his enormous cock deeper and harder into the gushing sheath of the mother's cunt. He pushed up on his elbows, watching his mother's fat tits jiggle and roll with her wild movements. "Ohhh damn!" he gasped.

Monica's face was masked with excited pleasure. "You like that, darling. You like the thrill of fucking a girl?!"

"Ohhhh yeah," he gasped.

The boy could hardly believe the delicious tingle that was racing up and down his quivering dong as it slid back and forth against the hot sucking tissues of his mom's grasping fuck-hole.

"Ooohh shit, honey!" Monica screamed as her fuck-hole spasmed violently, spewing juice around her teen's hammering cock as her fuck muscles contracted uncontrollably around his prick.

Soon, Derek was ramming her hard, making her gasp and moan and whimper again as his heavy balls banged her ass. His eyes darted from his mother's huge quivering tits to her face, watching her reactions to his every movement. "This is so fucking cool!" he thought.

"You see how quick you're learning?! You see what you're doing to this girl?!" Monica panted, gazing in adoration.

"Ohh hell yeah!"

Derek fucked the horny, naked mother as fast as he could, guiding her through the intensity of another cum.

Then he dropped on top of her soft big titted body, spearing his prick to the hilt in her cunt. His cock felt longer, harder and thicker than ever as it sliced through the tight pink birth canal.

"Mmm yeah, fight off your cum, baby. Fuck me as long as you can!" Monica directed.

On each plunge Monica felt his balls beat against the hot cheeks of her ass, the base of his cock smashing her knotted clitoris and throbbing between her stretching cunt lips. "That's it darling...don't you fucking let up."

Derek felt his glans send waves of pleasure through his body as he fucked his hard peter through the juicy tunnel of mature pussy. "Damn mom, if I don't stop...I'm gonna explode!"

The mother's excited eyes gazed up at her boy. "Slow your thrusts and tighten your ass, it'll help the cum settle back in to your balls."

The boy did as his mom directed and felt the cum subside The head of his prick still tingled with pleasure he never thought possible. He looked down at Monica's beautiful face as she scratched her long nails across his back. The loving mother smiled patiently. "That's it, let it settle, we have all night."

Derek wondered if this was all an amazing dream as he looked down at his own mom underneath him. She gave him that same warm loving look when she taught him to drive or helped him study for a test. This time though she was naked, her ernormous tits spread out across her chest like big pillowy orbs. "Better?" quothe asked.

"Yeah," he sighed.

She pulled him down onto her, licking and biting his ear. "Gooood, fuck me hard again."

Again Derek really started laying the dick to Monica, bouncing in the comfort of her mature saddle. He could feel those strong silky legs around his back, clutching him, locking him between her soft splayed thighs. "Ooohh yeeeahh!!" his voice quivered as he punched his erection through the sucking grip of Monica's cunt.

The mother's eyes rolled back as she felt a juicy orgasm shoot out of nowhere, making her naked frame arch and shake. "**OHH FUCKINGNNSHITTT!!**"

She felt her boy's body tremble and the nob of his plowing prick swell deep in the grip of her juice-spewing fuck-tube. "Mom!!" Derek groaned.

"Oh my baby!!"

Hot, frothy, white prick-juice streamed up from his balls, making his giant fuck-pole buck and pulse as it spewed its sappy contents deep into Monica's cunt. The housewife whimpered with fuck-passion as she felt his cum rushing into her cunt, bathing the inner walls of her pussy with spurt after spurt of cream. Hornily, she flexed her cunt around his gushing cock, helping the sturdy hardon shoot out every drop of jism.

Kathy's cell phone rang and she looked at it. "Shit Monica, it's Ken. Should I answer it?"

The backseat beauty was catching her breath, her face red and flushed from a hard cum. "No...ignore him."

For minutes the mother lay there with her young cub resting between her silken limbs. She combed her nails through his hair as his head rest on her shoulder.

"Sorry Mom, did I cum too quick again?"

Monica smiled. "Yes, but that's ok..I'm gonna teach you how to fight off your climax. By the end of summer you'll be a little fuck-monster."

Kathy smiled back at her, knowing that the youthful stud must be in absolute heaven and imagining that her friend's talented cunt must still be squeezing and sucking on his tender prick. She was right.

"You're lucky Bill's still away on business. He would have wanted to know why I rushed out of the house in such a fucking hurry," Kathy said.

Monica smiled up at her friend. "Thank you."

Back at the house Ken dialed his wife for the fifth time, but still no answer. This time he left her a voicemail. "Yeah, I wish you'd let me know what's going on. I know you're mad at me, but I would think that you'd still have the desency to let me know if you're going somewhere this late. Call me back. Bye."

He wandered over to the pantry door finding it partly open. He swung the door open and found a pair of thong panties on the floor. "What the fuck?" the annoyed husband said. He lay awake for hours wondering where they were.

Outside of town, down a long remote side-road and tucked between a cluster of tall bushes, Kathy's Audi was parked. The car rocked slightly and the beat of music escaped the back windows, which were cracked slightly. "Yes-yes-yes-yeeesss!!! Fuck meeee!" A woman cried.

That woman was Monica's friend Kathy. What was taking place in the back seat was what could best be discribed as a Derek sandwich. The teen sat reclined in the seat against his mom who sat

behind him. Kathy straddled him, riding his loins, her juicy cunt sliding up and down his rigid prick.

The three of them were a glistening ball of naked flesh. Monica whispered naughtily at her boys ear, her tits pancaked agaist his back, while her best friend fucked like a porn star, her big hanging titties bouncing and bobbling against Derek's face.

"Mmmm she likes your dick baby! That big hard teenaged dick. You feel her squeezing you darling, milking your dick with her pussy?" Monica whispered in a sultry tone.

"Yeeeaah," Derek whimpered.

"Fuck us darling. Fuck our pussies hard!" Monica cried in his ear.

Ken woke up the next morning to noise in the kitchen. He walked down the hallway and found his wife in her robe making breakfast. He sat down next to their son **PJ** who was at the table playing.

"So were you out all night?"

Monica smirked defiantly. "Maybe."

Ken seemed defeated. "So I'm not gonna win...on this sexual training issue, am I?

Monica shook her head as she washed a dish in the sink. "No, you're not."

Monica's husband let out a frustrated breath. "So how long is this process gonna take?"

"It'll take as long as I need it to, Ken. Until I feel he's fully trained."

"Jesus, Monica, you make it sound like he's a boxer training for a fight," Ken half-joking.

"He's a young man, training to be the best he can be under the sheets."

"Two weeks...that's it," Ken said.

Monica turned, drying her hands. She looked at her hubby in almost disbelief. "My rules?"

"That depends on the rules I guess," Ken said.

"I sleep in Derek's bed with him on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays."

Ken laughed. "He'll be here during the day. Isn't that enough?"

"If I'm suppose to squeeze his sexual training into two weeks then you have to work with me here. Derek and I will need those three nights, in addition to the time he's here with me during the day **AND** if we need to disappear suddenly, say on the weekend or during the evening, they'll be no questions asked."

"Monica, come on...don't you think that's a little much?"

"It may seem that way, but you're the one who's only giving me two weeks to get this done," she said.

"Fine and speaking of getting things done...he uh, will be wearing condoms right?"

Monica shook her head. "No, absolutely not."

"Well, then you should most definately be on birth control, don't you think?"

Monica reluctantly rolled her eyes. "Fine."

"You seem annoyed by that. Have you not considered the possibility of him getting you pregnant?"

"Yes, ok, I get it, alright. I'll make an appointment with my doctor today," she said.

"And there's one last thing. I think as his father, I should get updates, maybe be able to peek in once in awhile, check on his progress."

Monica fed her husband a strange look. "Peek in...on him and I? Ken, I don't think that's such a good idea."

"Monica, I survived watching that video without completely freaking out. I think I can handle it."

His wife fed him an odd smile. "Fine, once in awhile, but no interuptions. I want Derek to be able to concentrate on what he's doing and not feel uncomfortable."

"Ok, fine."

Monica padded over on bare feet and gave her husband a hug. "Thank you, I mean it. You made the right decision."

"It wasn't an easy one."

Monica smiled. "I know, but when this is all over we'll have a son who's proud and confident. Isn't that what we both want more than anything in the world?"

"Of course. So now that we have that settled. Where were you guys all night?"

Monica laughed. "Oh this again?"

"Well, since we're being honest and out in the open, I figured I'd ask."

Monica smiled guiltily. "Fine. We were in Kathy's car."

"So you guys drove around in Kathy's car all night?"

"Well, Kathy was doing the driving. Derek and I were...."

"Were what?" Ken said.

She seemed a bit uncomfortable making her confession. "We were in the backseat fucking"

Ken sighed and shook his head. "Monica, can you use a different word, please."

"We were having sex. He was...practicing."

"The entire night?"

She got a quirky grin, seeming almost too embarrassed to answer. "Pretty much."

Ken felt so much jealousy, he was almost sick to his stomach, but he still had unanswered questions. "And the panties I found in the pantry. What the hell were you doing in the pantry?"

"Derek and I were fu... we um, we had sex in there last night too."

"Jesus, Monica!"

"I didn't wanna wake you up," she said sweetly.

"More like you didn't wanna get caught, so the two of you decided to have your first romp in a damn closet?"

"That um, wasn't really our first romp," Monica confessed, a bit reluctantly. "I wasn't completely honest with you about what happened at Thompson Pond. Right after the video that you saw stopped, well, Derek and I had sex together. That was the first time though, I swear."

Ken's stomach sunk, but he fought threw his jealousy. "So I guess as the concerend father...I should ask how he's doing, with all this sex training?"

"Derek is doing...really well." Monica answered, doing her best to suppress her smile.

"Well his mom must be doing 'really well' too...being on the recieving end of things?"

Ken could tell his wife was smiling inwardly. "Sweetie, this isn't about me. It's about Derek."

"Even so, I'm sure there's a great deal of pleasure being had by everyone involved." Ken said, jealousy boiling at just the thought of his wife and son going at it.

"And I know that's hard for you to think about, but try to look at it this way. My level of pleasure is a direct result of Derek's performance sexually. My orgasms mean I'm creating a successful lover, which is what we both want Derek to be, right?"

Ken nodded. "Yeah I suppose."

Monica stroked her husband's cheek. "I'm a screamer in bed, you know that. So whatever you hear the next two weeks, try not to think of it as your wife cumming, but your son succeeding."

"Gee thanks, I feel so much better about it now.." Ken said sarcastically.

Derek was up late, exhausted from fucking his mom and her friend most of the night. Monica drove him to school. She wore a sexy tank top and short yellow denim shorts with matching high heeled flip flops. The boy couldn't stop staring at her silky tan legs and remember how good they felt wrapped around his body.

"Sorry we're running late, sweetie. After our late night out I wanted to give you a chance to sleep in,"

Monica said..

"No problem, Mom. It's the last day of school, so not much happens anyway."

Monica raised an eyebrown as she peeked over at him with a smile. "Well you'll be happy to know that we don't have to sneak around anymore."

"Dad said yes?"

Monica fed him a beaming smile."He did. So we'll **OFFICIALLY** be starting your sexual training when you get home."

Derek's penis twitched, starting to harden with anticipation. "Oh wow...sooo cool."

"The bad news is, we only get two weeks," she said, then went on to explain the rules she agreed to.

Monica stopped at the school and helped her son out of her **SUV** and into his wheelchair. The teen couldn't help but gawk at the big busted mother. His tongue nearly hung out of his mouth as he watched her prance around him, swinging her lush hips. This was the body that every guy dreamed about and he was being given an all access pass for the next two weeks.

"Hey mom, can I kiss you real quick?"

Monica smiled. "Ok, but nothing too naughty. We don't need people talking."

Monica stepped over, leaned down and fed her son a sensual peck on the lips. They gazed into each others eyes. "I gonna give you a

word that I want you to think about today," Monica whispered.

"What is it?"

Monica's lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Blowjob."

Derek's heart did somersaults in his chest. "Sounds like a good word to think about."

Monica winked. "Mmm, I know."

After dropping her boy off Monica went to Kathy's for coffee. The two friends smiled as they rehashed the events of the previous night.

"I can't believe Ken actually gave you the ok," Kathy said.

"Well, I think he was starting to realize I was doing it with or without his consent."

"At least he finally got smart. He had no right to keep you from teaching Derek about the joys of sexual pleasure."

Monica sipped from her mug. She seemed heavy in though. "I can't believe how nervous I am. Two weeks just doesn't seem like enough time."

"Yeah but Monica remember, Derek has already fucked. He spent all night going at us and did amazing.

The learning process has already started for him."

"I know, I just wanna teach him everything...leave no stone unturned. He may have a disability, but when I'm through with him I want him to be the best cocksman on the planet."

Kathy smiled. "Then you'll have to be thorough. Teach him every trick, every method and every position there is to pleasuring a

woman."

"I wonder how he'll respond to anal. You think he'll be grossed out by it?" Monica said.

"God no, he's a teenager. He'll stick his dick anywhere you want him too. Besides, he needs to learm about the pleasures of anal sex."

"I just hope Ken doesn't peek in and see Derek's dick in my ass. That might send him into freak out mode again."

"Too fucking bad. He'll have to deal with it."

"Yup, and if he can't deal with it, he'll just have to fuck off," Monica said.

"Mmmn, you know that's gonna feel good girl, a big teenaged dick up your ass."

"I know, but I want the real focus to be on Derek's pleasure."

Kathy laughed. "Oh shut up girl. Just think about all the orgasms you're gonna have the next two weeks."

Monica got a cute anxious smile. "Probably hundreds."

"Your son may be in a wheelchair, but after you're done with him, he'll have girls lined up down the street to fuck him."

Monica frowned, a bit sad at the thought. "Yeah."

For young Derek the next morning seemed like it would never arrive. At first the routine was much the same, Monica moving about the kitchen getting breakfast ready and dishes done. Of course Derek's eyes followed her every move, watching her heavy breasts bobble around beneath her robe as she sashayed gracefully around the kitchen on bare feet.

Returning the juice to the fridge, Monica peeked over at her boy and fed him a mischivious smile. The look immediately formed words in Derek's mind, as if his mom was communicating telepathically..."it won't be long now, sweetie."

"You be a good boy today," Monica said, giving her four year old **PJ** a kiss goodbye.

"Thanks for dropping him off," The housewife said, giving her husband a quick peck.

"Well, it's along the way so it saves one of us a trip." Ken said as he was ushered to the door.

They stopped and looked at one another in an awkward silence. "So where's the first day of training take place, our bed or his?" Ken candidly asked, part of him not really wanting to know the answer.

Monica laughed. "You're so funny."

"What? I'm just curious."

"Well, I'm sure it will be on our bed mostly, but as things progress, it's hard to say where we'll end up,"

Monica said a bit uncomfortably.

"Back in the pantry?"

Monica giggled. "No, I think we'll skip the pantry today."

Derek listened from the kitchen as he heard his mom say goodbye then close and lock the front door. He heard his father's car pull away. "Sweetie?" he heard his mom call out. Curiously, he wheeled himself out of the kitchen and spotted Monica sashaying up the hallway towards her bedroom.

The mother peeked over her shoulder, gazing back at her teen. As she kept walking, Derek's mom untied her robe and let it fall to her bare feet. She wore only a pair of white panties, transparent mesh with a heartshaped cutout on the center of the ass.

"Ohh man," he muttered his heart pounding ferociously in his chest.

He watched his mom comb her fingers through her long hair, thrusting her meaty buns out for his oogling eyes. His tongue lagged out of his mouth as he stared at tan ass-flesh oozing out the heart-shaped cutout and the deep dark split of her ass-crack down the middle.

Monica peeked back over her shoulder and fed Derek the naughtiest look he'd ever seen. He could see her enormous naked breast sloping down in side profile.

The lusty brunette reached down, hooked her thumbs under the elastic waistband and slowly wiggled the dainty panties down, exposing her buns. She slid them down her silky soft legs. Her little feet stepped out of them and she continurd to her bedroom now completely naked and closed the door.

As Derek started down the hallway his phone rang. He was suprised to see it was his mom. "Hello?" he answered.

Monica's soft voice spoke back. "I had a heart on for you, now you get a hardon for me. The panties are for your arousal. I want you to feel how soft they are. Smell the wonderful aroma sweetheart, taste the juice I left inside for you."

"Ok," The boy muttered, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

Monica continued. "The lessons you'll learn today will require youthful energy and the hardest erection you've ever had. Come on baby, show mommy what you can do," she said, then hung up.

Derek quickly wheeled over and picked up the panties. As he brushed the soft mesh up his face he experienced everything his mom spoke of at once. There was the silky softness, still warm from hugging his mother's flesh. The panty gusset was moist and the taste of juicy pussy tingled across Derek's tongue.

Then there was the smell, so potent that for a moment it made the boy's eyes roll back.

Blood rushed into Derek's cock so fast he felt like a monster was rising from his loins.

After a couple minutes Derek's phone rang again. "How are you doing love? Are you ready for what's coming next?"

"Yeah." Derek muttered.

"Turn away from my door," Monica said, then hung up.

Derek turned so he faced the livingroom. He heard his mom's door open and the soft beat of **R&B** music inside, then came the clicking of heels against the wood floor.

He smelt his mom's sweet perfume, then felt her hands slide under his t-shirt, nails grazing across his chest.

Her hot breath was at his ear. "Soo...how is that young hunk of meat? Is is hard and throbbing yet?"

"Yess."

Monica smiled proudly as she peeked over his shoulder and saw the hard cylinder of flesh pointing up at her.

"Mmm yummy," Monica said. She blew her hot breath across the back of her son's neck as she moved to the other ear. This made Derek's body shiver excitedly. "Rule number one...don't ever be

affraid to show a woman what you have for her. Do you know what will happen if you do?"

"What?"

Monica whispered sensually in his ear. "She'll show you what she has for you."

Derek suddenly felt himself being wheeled backwards into his parent's bedroom. As he was turned, he noticed a pillowy chair resting on the floor. "It's for you, darling. Climb down into it." Monica said.

As Derek climbed down from his wheelchair the music in the room changed and got louder. He recognized the song. It was **S & M** by Rihanna. When he sat back on the pillow chair his eyes about popped out of his head as he saw that Monica had closed the door and was starting to dance. The sexy mother was wearing a black crochet halter bodystocking and looked absolutely stunning.

"Ohh wow!" the teen muttered as he took in how the snug tight lace hugged every lucsious curve of Monica's big titted body. He noticed that the stocking was crotchless leaving her pussy mound exposed. He also noticed that her snatch was now completely shaved, forming a baby-smooth V down into her mons.

Taking it all in, Derek's cockhead throbbed and a bead of precum leaked out.

Monica's body moved sexily to the beat, thrusting her chest making her huge boobs bounce around under the thin transparent covering. The stocking was a footless style and her little feet were arched in a pair black sandals with 4 1/2 inch stiletto heels.

"Nanana come on!....Nanana come on!" The music sang.

The young teen watched in excited fascination as his nearly naked mother turned, swinging her meaty ass to the music. Just watching her fleshy tan buttocks rocking back and forth to the beat of the music made his hardon throb.

"Knock, knock," came a voice at the bedroom door.

Derek was startled for a moment, but then realized it was only Kathy, his mom's friend.

"Heyyy," Monica said with a big smile.

"What are we running a strip club in here?" Kathy joked.

"You know it girl." Monica said, still rocking her body.

"Well, I guess I better strip then," Kathy said, then looked down at the teen. "Ewww lala!!"

Kathy and Monica took a moment to look the boy up and down, their eyes widening as they traveled up the length of his enormous teenaged erection. They smiled at eachother excitedly, their cunts fluttering hornily.

As Kathy started undressing, Monica continued dancing. She moved over to her son, swiveling over him, with one foot to each side of his torso. Derek gazed up between her towering legs in awe, watching the huge rounded undersides of Monica's tits bounce around wildly beneath the fishnet. "Ohh damn...they're soo big," he thought.

Derek also had a perfect view of her shaved pussy. The outer lips of her vulva were puffy and smooth, seperated only by the swollen hood of her clitoris. "Ohh wow," he muttered.

He took a moment to look down at Kathy's progress. The middle aged beauty reached back to unclasp her big bra, letting her tits spill out onto her chest. Her boobs wern't as big as Monica's, but still an

impressive size...easily a double Dcup. She peered over at the boy and gave him a cute little wink as she hooked her thumbs around the hem of her panties.

Taking a huge gulp Derek watched Kathy slide her daity panties down her smooth naked legs and step out of them. Her pussy was trimmed into only a tiny little triangle of pubic fuz. He could see the groove between her shaved mons and the hood of her clitoris. "Ohhh man...beautiful." He marveled.

The two shameless mothers danced to the beat, towering over the boy as he watched their luscious curves swing and jiggle. It was most erotic moment of his life. Monica squatted down limberly, swaying the globes of her buttocks close to her Derek's face. Doing this made the cheeks of her buns spread slightly, exposing the crinkled pucker of her butthole.

He looked up to see her peering down over her shoulder at him, mouthing the words to the song...

"Cause I may be bad, but I'm perfectly good at it. Sex in the air, I don't care, I love the smell of it."

She pivoted her ass a few times to the beat, watching her son's reaction as her rounded ass jerked and jiggled.

Monica stood back up and her and Kathy danced face to face. Derek let his eyes wander over their curvy bodies, his tongue hanging out. He loved the way they both still wore strapless sandals, their little feet arched on 4 inch heels. Their toes were so pretty, freshly painted in red. He scanned up their smooth legs.

They had such a silky sheen and yet exibited a powerful feminine strength.

Another song with a much slower beat started and Derek noticed that both his mom and Kathy were pulling their hair back into

ponytails. "That was fun," Kathy said.

"It was, but time for the first official lesson in Derek's sexual education," Monica said.

Kathy smiled at the teen. "And the best part about this lesson is **YOU** don't even have to do anything, handsome."

"What is it?" Derek asked anxiously.

"Do you remember the word I told you to think about all day yesterday?"

"Yeah...blowjob."

"That's right, sweatheart and one of the things you'll discover about girls is that they love to give blowjobs,"

Monica said.

"Mmm yes we do," Kathy added, glancing as Derek's erection.

"Oh yeah, I have heard the boys at school talk about that." Derek said.

"Well the reason they talk about it is because boys love to have their dicks sucked on. A blowjob, given the right way can bring a boy more pleasure than he ever imagined possible."

"That's what I heard too...I just never really had a girl do it to me."

"Well I want your first blowjob to be special. That's why I invited Kathy over for this first lesson. The only thing better than the blowjob skills of one mother...is the blowjob skills of two mothers, giving your dick and balls the royal treatment."

Derek's cock twitched as he squirmed in his seat. "Sounds good to me."

Both mom's giggled. "He's so adorable," Kathy said.

Derek watched as both moms took position on either side of his torso. The women each took a portion of his cock in their hand and softly stroked it up and down. "Mmm so beautiful," Kathy said, then squeezed her delicate fist around the meaty base. "Fuck, feel how hard it is."

Monica pulled the loose skin down making the tip stretch out, shiny and throbbing. "Oh trust me, I have," quothe said, then gave the head a sensual kiss.

The women took turns giving the tip of Derek's dick wet kisses, their lips smacking sensually all over the bloated bell-shaped head. Kathy kissed the frenulum, letting the tip of her tongue wiggle on it's surface. She felt the boy's peter flex. "Mmm... sensitive glans," Kathy whispered.

"Mmm good, it'll make the pleasure that much better for him," Monica said, then whipped her tongue across the surface of the nob. Kathy's tongue followed suite so that now both their thick pink tongues were lashing at the boy's glans.

"Ooohhhnnmmm!" the teen whimpered, his ass tightening as he watched the two long pink tongues flail against the tip of his peter.

Kathy's tongue wiggled across his piss-slit, swiping up a gob of precum. The semen sizzled on her taste buds. "Oh my God, it's soo sweet."

Monica squeezed her circled fist up the dong making a dollop of cum emerge. She swiped it off expertly with the tip of her tongue and brought it into her mouth. "Ohh wow, you're right."

She glanced up at her teen. "Your cum is really sweet, darling."

"Is that good?" Derek asked.

"Mmmnn hmmnn," Kathy hummed, sliding her lips along the underside of Derek's shaft.

Monica smiled naughtily. "It'll make girls wanna suck your big dick even more."

The gorgeous mother sucked the head into her mouth, giving it a few bobbing sucks. Derek gasped as he felt her tongue circle it twice. "Ohhh man!"

The wet tip popped from Monica's mouth and she giggled. "You like that honey?"

"Uhhh. Uhh huh."

This time as she sucked him in Monica turned her head so the she could look up at him and watch his reaction. Derek sat there dumbfounded as he saw his own mom's pouty lips stretched over his dick. They formed a perfect oval, hungrily nursing on the head of the teenager's peter. Monica's eyes sparkled as she gazed into her boys, watching his reaction as she scrubbed his glans with her tongue.

Derek's body tensed as pleasure shot through his frame. "Sshhhllluuppp! Shhhlluuppp! Monica clamly sucked the peter-tip, winking up at her boy.

Kathy's face was buried in Derek's soft scrotum. Her long tongue hung out of her mouth, waving around wetly against his balls as she took in his scent. "Ohhh God," she mewed.

She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth sucked greedily on it's ovaled surface.

Monica slid more of her teen's cock into her mouth. Up and down, her head bobbed on his crotch, lightly fucking her face with his prick. Her tongue swirled constantly around his rosy cock head, lapping up the fuck-juices oozing continually from his piss-slit.

"Oh wow that feels good, Mom!" Derek sighed, watching her stretched lips travel lower and lower around his prick.

Monica's right hand clutch his dick at the base and whipped up and down his hardened fuck-pole, shamelessly beating his cock into her mouth. Meanwhile, Kathy was giving the boy's nuts a tongue-bath.

The beauty spun her pink snake in circles over the surface of his balls giving them a sloppy tonguemassage.

Derek watched in fascination as his mother's lips dropped lower and lower. "Oh my God I think I'm in mom's throat," he thought.

Monica's eyes were closed as she sucked the length of her son's boner, feeling the thick slab pulse between her lips. "Ohh my God, such a good dick," she thought.

The cocksucking mother's lips dropped even further, taking his prick to the hilt. Derek's eyes went wide as he watched his mom's lips nuzzle against his pubes at the base of his dick, her throat gurgling with cockmeat.

She came up for air and Kathy joined her, taking turns sucking and slurping on the teenager's boner.

While kathy sucked dick, Monica crawled up onto the cushion next to her boy, laying sidways with her boobs stack right up against him. . "Feels good when a girl sucks your dick, doesn't it sweetheart?"

"Oh man yeah," Derek sighed.

"I wanna teach you something. While Kathy sucks on your big boner I want you to reach down and grab hold of her ponytail."

"Ok," Derek said, then did as his mom directed.

"There you go...got a good grip on it?"

"Yeah."

"Good, now hold her head firm and start thrusting your hips so you can fuck her mouth like a pussy,"

Monica said.

Derek jerked his hips on the cushion as Kathy's head bobbed on his groin. "Good, just like that. How's he doing Kath?"

The dong tip popped from Kathy's mouth, wet and shiny. "Stronger grip on the hair, hon. You need to show a girl that you're in control of this."

Derek tightened his grip on her ponytail, jerking her head back as he pulled her hair. She giggled and Monica smiled wickedly. "There you go!!"

Derek forced her face down onto his prick and glided it through the ovaled lips of her experienced mouth.

"Now, pull her head down, honey, make her take all of you." Monica said.

Derek felt his hardon sink into Kathy's throat as he pulled her head tight against his groin. Throaty, gurgling sounds escaped her lips as they pressed around the girthy cock-hilt

"There you go...hold it...hold it. She'll let you know when she needs to come up."

Kathy's throat gagged a little, then she tapped his thighs. His big prick slipped from her mouth all slimed up with saliva and pre-cum. After an excited gasp, she swallowed his dong in one long swoop, until her lips were again mashed against his pubic bone. "Ohh man," the teen whimpered.

"Hold her tight. You're not gonna hurt her."

"Ohhh shit that feels good," Derek sighed.

Derek fucked his cock through Kathy's tight gullet as her mouth and tongue nursed on his blue-viened shaft.

When she came up for air Monica slid back down to join her. "Good boy. Try me now."

The pleasure struck teen grabbed him mom by the pony tail and slid his prick through her rounded lips. Her tongue slid ceaselessly around the shiny-skinned tip of his fuckmeat, greedily lapping up the cock sap that continued to dribble up from his balls.

It wasn't long before he sunk into the heat of his mother's throat. He pulled her head hard against his groin and felt her soft lips spread out around his cockbase. "Ohhh damn," his voice quivered as it felt like his dick expanded another inch inside the warm tunnel of Monica's throat.

He heard her gurgle and felt her gullet vibrate exquisity around his sensitive glans. He couldn't believe how long his mom was spending gorged on his big prick. He gazed down and the site almost seemed surreal as he forcefully held his own mom's pretty head between his legs. He could see her luscious lips mashed against his cock-hilt. "How the fuck do they take all that dick?" he thought to himself.

Finally Monica tapped and rose up, trapping his meat at the base between her thumb and forefinger. She rose only slightly above the nob and after a gentle gasp, her tongue spun around the tip, lashing it with a looping wet lick.

In one wet smoop, she shoved her head onto his crotch, jamming the swollen prick shaft past her tonsils, deep into her buttery, sucking throat. "Ohhh mom," Derek wailed, thrusting his pecker in as deep as it would go.

Kathy giggled, then leaned over and gave the teen a series sloppy French kisses. "Fuck her throat, Derek.

She's there for your pleasure," she said between kisses.

Holding firmily to her ponytail, the horny teen slowly thrust his cock. He didn't know how her tongue had room to move around but it was....twisting and slithering along the underside of his shaft. He could hear his cock gliding through her gullet.

Monica gasp as she finally came up for air. "Ready to see why they called your mother the gobbler?"

"Sure," Derek muttered.

The cock-hungry mom gave his boner a few long nursing sucks, looking straight up into his eyes. The bulbous tip slipped from her lips and she spoke into like a fleshy microphone. "Ok, here we go..."

Monica wrapped her pretty hand around the base of Derek's scrotum, which made his nuts bulge up alongside his shaft. She fed his prick into her mouth and Derek watched as her lips stretched obscenely over his nuts. With a mouth stuffed full of cock and balls somehow Monica was able to press her lips against the hilt. "Ohhh my Goddd!" Derek sighed, his body letting out a shiver.

Kathy giggled as she stooped down and buried her face between his buns. The teen let out an audible whimper as he felt her strong mature tongue lash against his butthole.

The bedroom was filled with lewd slurping as both moms worked the boy over, one on his cock and balls, the other on his ass.

Monica gurgled as she allowed the throbbing erection to slip through her warm throat. Her long tongue wrestled with his nuts, slithering around and around their ovaled surface as they sat cradled in her mouth.

Kathy's tongue flailed against Derek's butthole, intensifying the plessure. She ran her tongue up onto his smooth taint, then gobbled up one of Derek's nuts that had slipped from Monica's sucking mouth.

Monica gasped as the big dick popped from her mouth, wet and shiny. She stroked on Derek's cock with her pretty hand as she joined her friend to lick his balls. Derek watched with his mouth wide open in fascination. His mom and Kathy were doing things he'd only seen in porn movies **SLLUUUP! SLUUUUPPP!!** Each of them had a nut in her mouth, nursing wetly, tugging them in opposite directions.

"Ohhnngod," Derek whimpered as they licked and sucked his nuts.

While one woman worked the balls, they took turns sucking his big dick. Monica wrapped her fist around the root of the cock and stroked it with a perfect corkscrew as her ovaled lips rose and fell on the top half.

Every ten or so slurps the nob would emerge and she would swirl her thick pink tongue around it.

"Ohhh man," Derek's voice quivered, watching his mom work her magic.

Kathy scrathed at his thighs, gazing up with a naughty smile. "Do you like that, sweetie. Do you like the way your mom is sucking your big dick?"

"Uh huh."

"She's teaching you hon. Teaching you what a girl can do for a boy." Kathy said.

Kathy took over, letting the steel-hard prick glide through her mouth.

Monica crawled up next to her son, her huge ripe tits jiggling as they pushed heavily against the fabric. She fed him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "You just wait until you see what I have planned for you the next two weeks.

More pleasure than you can possibly imagine."

The big busted mother dropped her lush body across her teen, mashing her soft boobies against his upper chest. She buried her face in his neck and whimpered softly as her tongue began to whip against his sensitive flesh.

Derek's body stiffened up as it was struck with even more pleasure. "Hhuuuooohh!"

The boy was now buried in mommies. Hungrily Kathy's tongue swirled around his cock, skirting the flared tip to lap up the prick juices bubbling up from his balls. Her fist tightened around the root of his cock then jacked fast and hard, beating his meat into her mouth.

Derek grimaced as pleasure shot through his frame. He sunk his face into the side of his mom's fishnet covered breast. "I'm cumming! Ohhh God, I'm cumming!!" he announced.

Monica whimpered with delight, her tireless tongue digging against the pleasure spots on her boy's neck.

Gulping noisily, Kathy tightened her lips and fist around the gushing shaft of his prick. Then she wantonly swallowed down all of his load, working her throat muscles in a frantic effort not to miss any of his delicious milky cum.

For what seemed like minutes Derek writhed as he recieved the type of pleasure that few boys his age get to experiend. His face was plastered in spongy side-boob and he let out a muffled pleasure-groan.

As Kathy milked every drop, Monica rose up and watched her boy's pleasure-filled face. Derek's eyes peeked open, looking up through the big bulging cleavage plastered against his upper chest. His mom's eyes sparkled through fluttering lashes radiating pure love. This was teenaged boy heaven.

"There you go, sweetie. Let Kathy pull out all those cummies," Monica said.

After nursing on the boner, Kathy rose up and smiled, taking one last gulp of milky jizz. "Damn, that was a load."

"Yummy too, huh?" Monica said.

"Fuck yeah, I could drink that shit all day, milk him dry."

Monica stood up. "Sound good to me, but why don't we use something else to milk him this time. After all,

I did promise to teach him how to really fuck a girl, right sweetie?" she said, peering down at him.

"Yeah," Derek muttered, still catching his breath.

Both ladies turned and reached down to unbuckle their heels. Derek stared in awe at the meaty globes of their naked buns crowning their long legs. Below their jiggling booties the boy could see the smooth folds of their shaved pussies. They were both aroused and slighted open, revealing juicy coral slits.

As she untied her heel strap, Monica peeked back at her teen. "What do you think of the view from back there?"

Derek shook his head and smiled excitedly. "Damn!"

Both moms giggled. Monica wagged her tan buttocks back and forth teasingly. "Ready to learn how to fuck like a rockstar?"

"Hell yeah."

Derek watched as Monica and Kathy stepped out of their heels and Monica began peeling off her bodystocking. His mom's heavy tits wobbled free, unrestrained as she pulled the fishnet off. She grinned wickedly at the teen as he watched her slowly wiggle them down the cheeks of her firm, rounded ass and her long, tapering legs. Then she was completely naked.

Both mother's reached back and took off their hair ties, shaking their heads to fluff their beautiful manes of hair. Like Derek they were now naked and ready to fuck.

Monica waisted no time stepping over, kneeling down and straddling her teen. Kathy came over and knelt beside them.

"This position is called woman on top," Monica said as she reached back to grip her son's erection. She grazed her nails across his glans, giving it an extra jolt.

Derek felt her run the flared head of his prick through the hot gooey mouth of her pussy slit. "The women does most of the work in this position, but we're gonna teach some things a man can do to make this position even more pleasurable."

"For both of you," Kathy said with a smile.

"Ready?" Monica asked, her lips curled anxiously.

"Yeah," Derek answered as he felt his prick fit securely into her opening.

Monica's ass sank. "Unnnggghhhh!" the mother shuddered as she felt the meaty inches of his cock shaft squeeze into her wet pussy tunnel.

"Ohh shit," Derek whimpered as he felt the spongy ridged lining of her cunt stretch around his brick-hard meat tube.

"Mmm, yes...feel that hot cunt around your cock, Derek," Kathy said, hovering beside them.

The shameless mother began to pound her creamy cunt on his prick, the stretched ring of her moist pussy lips beating against his cock hilt. She sat up, her hands down on his chest and began to grind on her son's boner, pivoting her wide matronly hips.

Derek looked down see his mom's shaved mons grinding against his pubis. Mother and son were joined at the genitals. He could feel her cunt gripping his meat, his cockhead licking wetly back and forth across the mouth of her cervix.

"Hhhuuuuggghhh!!" Monica cried, her strong wide motherly hips moving like a well-oiled machine.

Derek looked up at the busty beauty. Her boobs swung pendulously, hard nipples protruding from large crinkled areolas. Her eyes were closed, head cocked to one side and through a curtain of long hair Derek could see a look he rarely saw on his mom...pure pleasure.

Kathy leaned over him, glacing up at Monica. "Do you see what you're doing to her Derek? See the pleasure you can give a girl when you have a long hard dick like yours."

"Oh my God, yesss. It is sooo hard!" Monica shouted, stirring her hungry cunt on the stiff peter.

"You'll know you're making a girl cum when you start to feel her pussy tighten up around your cock."

Kathy whispered.

And no sooner did Kathy say this than Derek felt just that. He saw his mom's eyes pop open and roll back in their sockets. "Yesss!!" she screamed.

Her hips rocked with greater intensity. Her pussy tube felt like it was shrinking around his dick. Her cervical lips flared as they squeezed tightly against his glans. "Yeeesss! Oh fuckingshityesssss!!" Monica wailed.

Derek felt her tight gripping cunt spew girl-cum around his slab, then wash over his balks. The feeling was amazing, but because he had cum not long ago, he was able to fight off his orgasm.

Monica leaned forward, clawing her boys shoulders as she began to ride the length of his dick. Her meaty buns beat against his nuts, making a wet slapping sound that filled the room. Derek sighed excitedly. Right before his eyes swung the biggest softest tits he had ever seen. The hanging mommy-melons beat softly against his face. "This is fucking awesome!!" Derek thought.

Kathy slapped his mom's ass. "Yeaaah Monica wonderbitch, ride that cock girl!"

Monica bounced with more intensity, throwing her juicy cunt up and down the rigid peter. Now her huge tits were going wild swinging and beating together. Derek's tongue literally hung out as he watch the giant boobies dance. "It' clapping bobble-tits!!" he thought, remembering one of her nicknames that she had shared with him.

Derek felt his mom's cunt shrink around his slab and knew she was close to another cum. "Ohhh shit," he sighed, as Monica stong cunt muscles pressed around his peter like a clutched fist.

"Ohhhn yesss!" she shouted, her pretty mouth falling open Shamelessly, the mother of two continued bouncing, showing her skill. "**FUCK FUCK FUCK YESSS!!**"

Derek could see and feel her rising towards her peak. He knew this was going to be a big one.

Monica felt her son's big cock trigger electric-like jolts of orgasm through her body. Her beautiful legs began to tremble and her face contorted in a look of pleasure that Derek never dreamed he'd see.

"**OHHH FUCKING CUMMMING MOTHER FUCKERSSSS!!**" she screamed.

Her announcement reminded Derek of the video of Monica in her younger years. How cocky and selfish his mother was and rightly so...she had a hot teen body that could get any guy she wanted. Now in this moment, she was that same sexy self-centered little girl, using Derek's big dick to ignite the type of orgasm she rarely got with her husband.

Hot girl cum shot around Derek's prick. He could feel it trickling down his balls and across his asshole. Her pussy slot squeezed and rippled around every inch of his prick as it continued slithering through the hot sponge grip. Derek was helpless. There was no way in hell an inexperienced teen could get this type of fuck without blowing his nuts.

"Ugh! Cumming, Mom!!" He whimpered, arching his back.

A huge ribbon of hot spunk erupted from his pisshole, splashing againt the head of Monica's cervix. His organ pulsed as six more shots of cum squirted out coating Monica's cunt tube with goo. The juicy orgasm seemed to go on and on until the boy literally passed out from the pleasure.

A little while later Derek woke to a fog. Half-conscious he could see someone riding him and feel the warm snug sensations on his dick. Over the huge rounded undersides of her tits, Derek saw Kathy peer down at him, her face masked with pleasure. "Ohh God, such an amazing dick!" she sighed.

"Ohhhh yeeeaahh." he muttered, as he felt her cunt-socket compress around his shaft.

"Uuugghhh!!!" he heard Kathy's girlish voice scream and felt her cum washing along his prick.

Again he lost consciousness. His eyes peered open somewhat later to feel Monica laying on top of him, her sweat soaked tits pancacked against his chest. He could hear the beat of music and feel her cunt squeezing slowly up and down his shaft. "Ooohhh woow!" he moaned, wrapping his arms around her soft frame.

Hearing this Monica lifted her head and peered down into his eyes. She fed him a sensual kiss, tightening her cunt on his rigid love-muscle. Gazing, she whispered softly. "Mmm, mommy's hot young fucker."

Her words made Derek shutter. His mother's lips curled. "You see darling...you see how the pleasure can just go on and on?"

She smiled warmly and the last thing Derek remembers was her soft whisper as he felt his dick start to spurt. "That's it, sweetie, cum with mommy."

Derek woke up later on his own bed. He was suprised to find that he'd been showered and dressed. He must have really been out of it because he hardly remembered them doing that. "Fuck, how long did I sleep." he thought.

He looked at his clock and saw that it was just after two-thirty. He heard a tap on his door and was suprised to see his dad step in. "Hey sport, how you doing?"

"I'm ok, just took a little nap I guess," he muttered.

Ken stopped at his bedside. "So did you and your mother start your sex education today?"

"Yeah, we uhmm, we started this morning."

"That's good...and uh, you sure you're ok with your mom doing this?" Ken asked awkwardly.

"Yeah dad, totally," Derek said, trying not to sound too eager.

"Ok good, just wanted to make sure. So your fist day...I'm assuming your mom covered how to hold a girls hand, maybe how to give her nice hug."

"No, she didn't, but I already know all that stuff anyway."

"Ohh ok, so what types of things did she cover with you?" Ken asked.

Derek blushed. "I don't know, I feel kinda funny sayin."

"It's no big deal, son. I told your mom that, as your father, I'd kinda like to be a part of this too. Maybe give you some manely advice here and there....answer any questions that you may not wanna ask your mom."

"Oh, well that's cool. Actually I do have a couple questions then, dad."

Ken smiled and sat at the edge of his bed. "Of course...shoot."

"Ok, um, all those sexy things that girls wear. Is a guy suppose to buy them for her, or does she buy them?"

"You mean like robes, nightgowns, those sorts of things?"

"Yeah kinda, well after you left and she knew I was watching, mom took off her robe in the hallway. She had on these super-cool see-through panties with a heart cut out of the butt part.

"Oh really?" Ken asked, his stomach sinking. He never knew his wife owned such panties, but imagined what her luscious ass would look like in them..

Derek looked over at his wheelchair. To his suprise the panties were still on the seat. "Wait, that's them right there."

Ken picked up the dainty panties and looked them over. He was suprised at how skimpy they were and pictured the heart cutout stretched over the globes of his wife's ass. "No, I didn't buy these. She was wearing these in front of you?"

"Well for a few minutes, then she took them off."

"In front of you?" Ken asked.

"Of course, she doing my sexual training, so of course she's gonna get naked dad."

"Yeah I umm...suppose so." Ken asked, trying to shake the jealous anger that was creeping in.

"So there's this other thing I've noticed, .that I'm really curious about."

"What's that?"

"While mom was giving me a blowjob, I noticed she spent alot of time swirling her tongue around on the tip of my, you know, my penis. I was just wondering if all girls like to do that?"

"Wait a minute, you're mother gave you a blowjob?"

"Derek, you don't have to answer that," Came a voice from the doorway. Monica stepped inside in terrycloth robe and bare feet. "What are you doing home so early?" she asked her hubby, seeming slightly annoyed.

"Well, thought I'd come home and see how things were going. Clearly, a little different than what I thought I agreed to."

"You agreed to a sex education and that's what I'm giving him."

"Blowjobs? Really Monica?" Ken asked in a disappointed tone.

"Don't you dare question the way I choose to go about Derek's training. You agreed to whatever I needed to do for two weeks, remember? That was the deal," Monica said sternly.

"Do you even have a plan, or are you two just fooling around all day?"

Monica put her hands on her hips defensively. "Fooling around?! Really, Ken?"

"I'm just curious...is there a training plan at all?"

"Of course I have a plan, Ken. Do you really think I haven't put some thought into this?"

"Ok, so what's the training plan for the rest of the week?"

Monica glared at him. "That's between Derek and I."

"See, just what I mean, there **IS** no plan."

"Ken, why are you doing this? We had a two week, no questions asked, agreement, did we not?"

"No one ever said anything about no questions asked. In fact I thought you agreed to me being a part of this to a certain extent. I was just curious about how you were going as about all this."

"Fine, you want the plan, here it is. Today and tomorrow, blowjobs and intercourse. Wednesday and Thursday, cunnlingus and

intercoarse. Friday and Saturday is anal sex. We follow the same routine next week."

Ken's face sunk. "Wait just a fucking minute. Anal sex? You can't be serious Monica?!"

"I told you I was teaching him everything and that's what I intend to do."

Derek's heart raced. He tried his best to keep from getting hard. "Holy fuck, anal sex? I'm gonna fuck her ass. Mom's really gonna let me fuck her ass." he thought.

Ken gazed at his wife furiously. "Yeah, but anal sex?! Seriously?"

"Anal is a common form of sexual pleasure and it requires a different style of penetration, you know that,"

Monica explained.

Ken just stood there and shook his head. Monica stepped up to him. "Now if you'll excuse us, we have some afternoon training to get to."

"I wanna watch."

Monica glared at him. "No Ken, absolutely not."

"You told me I could, that was part of the agreement, remember?"

"I said you could peek in once in awhile, not sit in and observe. Go!" Monica said.

"I'll sit in the corner, won't bother either one of you."

Monica rolled her eyes, then looked a Derek. "Sweetheart?"

Derek swallowed the lump in his throat, amazed that his dad was even serious about watching them.. "Up to you, Mom."

"Can you pretend like he's not there?"

Derek glanced awkwardly at his father. Yes it would seem weird, but clearing it was one of the conditions to them being able to do this in the first place, so he couldn't object. "Yeah, I think so."

Monica looked back at her husband with a serious glare. "Not a peep...I mean it. We so much as hear you breath and you're out."

"Fine," Ken said, backing into the corner and sitting on Derek's desk chair.

Monica strode over and sat on her boy's bedside. "Hi," she said with a cute smile.

"Hi."

Monica glanced annoyingly at her husband. "Sure you're ok with that?" she whispered so only her son could hear.

"If you are."

"Yeah...might be a little wierd, but it was one of the conditions to the agreement. If he keeps his mouth shut, we can just zone him out. How did you like your morning?" Monica asked.

"It was awesome. I got to see the screaming demon-princess."

Monica giggled. "You did, didn't you? You'll be seeing her alot these next two weeks."

"Sounds good to me."

Monica smiled naughtily. "Me too. Wanna get naked and roll around on the bed?"

"Sure," Derek gulped, trying to ignore the fact that his dad was in the room.

Ken could see his wife and son whispering this whole time, but couldn't hear them. He saw Monica get up and pull Derek's t-shirt off, followed by his trunks. Without looking at him, Monica walked over by her husband and turned on Derek's stereo. The soft sensual beat of **R & B** filled the room.

Stepping back to the bed, Monica untied the sash to the robe. It slipped off her shoulders and to her pretty bare feet, exposing her naked body. Ken watched in disbelief as his wife of twenty years shamelessly crawled into bed naked with their boy. "Holy shit," he whispered.

His head filled a mixture of emotions...anger, jealousy and suprisingly arousal. He watched his wife drop on top of their teen, her enormous tits flattening out against his lean chest. She planted a series of kisses along his neck...his chin, and finally his lips.

Ken's mouth fell open as he watched their tongues swirl together. Monica tilted her head and plastered her lips against Dereks. Ken could tell that she was giving him a deep french kiss and it just went on and on and on. For minutes their lips were locked as the busty mother spun her tongue through Derek's mouth.

Ken gasped as he watched their bodies roll over so that Monica was now on her back. Her knees were raised, silky thighs splayed open with her son's nude frame resting between them. They kissed like newlyweds, Monica's nails combing through the back of her son's hair.

Ken saw them break the kiss, gazing at eachother like no mother and son should. Monica whispered something and Derek's ass rose up a little. He knew there was penatration when his wife gasped and arched her head back in pure pleasure. "This is fucking crazy!" Ken thought, fighting the urge to march out.

Ken watched his wife's tan legs wrap snuggly around Derek, crossing her ankles above his ass. He watched her wide motherly hips start to

swivel, pushing her cunt up and down the length of Derek's big hardon.

"Ohhh God!" Monica whimpered, loud enough for her husband to hear.

Ken never dreamed he'd see his wife doing something like this with anyone but him. He marveled at how strong and soft her tan legs looked wrapped around their son. She looked every bit the mature teacher, supporting the young student's full weight as he writhed in the saddle of her soft thighs, pushing his dick deep inside her sexual core.

Ken could barely hear her speaking to Derek. "Ohh yes, you're doing good darling. I wanna teach a new position. We stay this same way, but I throw my legs up so I can wrap my feet around your neck. It's called the butterfly."

"Wow, you can do that?"

"Of course I can sweetie," Monica answered, then easily threw her curvy legs back, wrapping her little bare feet right up around Derek's neck.

"Ohh wow," Derek said excitedly.

"I'm gonna teach you all the great positions," Monica said with a giggle.

For ten minutes Ken sat and gawked at the site in front of him. Derek had propped himself up with his arms, looking down at Monica as their genitals grinded together. He marveled at the site of his mom's round pillowy boobs rolled out on her chest. The tit-flesh swayed and rippled from their rhythm. His dick swelled even more as Monica caressed his check with one of her soft bare feet.

"Ohh fucking hell, mom's sexy," he thought.

For what seemed like hours their eyes were locked. Derek loved the look on his mom's face. As she stared at him, her lips were peeked open, slightly curled into a seductive smile. She was merely showing the thrill of having her own baby boy's big dick buried to her womb.

After a while Monica's legs slid back down against Derek's midsection, her little feet pushing at his ass to get as much of his cock as she could. Ken heard his wife whimper and saw her body quiver.

"Aaannggghhh shit, I'm cumming!" her cute voice rang out.

Derek and Monica had moved about on the bed and Ken could see his son's big dick slicing steadily through his wife's pink pussy. It was almost obscene the way her hairless labia was stretch around the girthy meat of Derek's erection. Hot girl cum was oozing out, creating a creamy froth of mother son ejaculate. "Ohh Jesus Christ." Ken muttered to himself, shaking his head.

Mother and son made out hungrily. Coiled together, their nude bodies rolled over so that Monica took the top. Ken watched her tan buns bounce atop their boy, feeding his big dick in and out of her motherly twat.

They rolled again, Derek on top...Monica's luscious legs folded around him. She scratched her nails down his back, biting his shoulder. "Ohhhh fuck yeaaaaahhh!!" she cried, cumming once again.

The perfume of hot pussy and girl cum was permeating the bedroom. Ken could tell by the grimace on her face she was creaming hard on their son's cock.

He was jealous, but pleased to see that Derek could ride a girl straight through her orgasm. Despite having his mom's hot cum shot around it, the long hard peter continued a steady in and out rhythm,

coaxing the sensitive nerve endings along the spongy ridged lining of Monica's birth canal.

"Oooh soo good, honey!" Monica whimpered and as she recovered from one orgasm she found herself being pulled towards an even stronger one. "Oh my God, don't stop!"

Ken watched his wife grip onto their son's shoulders. Their persperation sheened bodies almost seemed fused together as they humped with desperate intensity. Derek's full-sized bed rocked back and forth, thumping against the wall as mom and son fucked harder and faster. "Ohhh Derek, just like that. Don't you dare slow down!!"

Ken swallowed the lump in his throat. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He doubted that he'd ever fucked his wife this hard and he couldn't deny that their bodies humped together like they were made one another. His wife looked on the verge of orgasmic uphoria. "**YES! YESSSS! OHH MY FUCKING SHIT YESSSSS!!**"

It was all Ken could take. He rushed out of the bedroom and down to the livingroom. However, he couldn't escape the sounds of Monica's orgasmic scream echoing down the hallway.

Monica and her son fucked in earnest.Their bellies slapped together and his balls beat on her ass. Derek's cock hissed up her fuck hole. Her cunt sucked on his cock voraciously, clinging to the contours as he jerked up and back. "Ohhh I love it! Oh God Derek, I fucking love it!" Monica cried.

Derek felt a wave of cunt cum breaking around the wedge of his knob. Monica flexed her cunt muscles, testing his willpower. "Auugghh fuckin Christ, Mom!" the teen whimpered.

"Keep going darling. I'm cumming again. Don't break your rhythm!"

"I'll try...but it feels too good. I don't think I can," Derek gasped.

"Yes you can, sweetheart. Clench your ass until you feel your balls tighten up."

"Ok," Derek said, doing as instructed.

"Better?"

"A little bit."

He fell back into pace with her. "Good, fuck me hard for a few more minute and we'll cum together."

For five more minutes their glistening bodies moved together in the heat of a very intense missionary-style fuck. "That's the way to fuck, baby!" she screamed, clutching frantically to her handsome son's lurching body.

Derek's bed whined as it rocked violently. "**HARDERRR!!!**" Monica cried, clutching her son's ass with her nails to pull as much cock as she could get.

Their sweat soaked genitals beat together as Derek's throbbing hardon pounded through Monica's mature pussy. "**YESSS, BABY, JUST LIKE THAT. FASTERRR!!**" she screamed.

Derek fucked with everything he had, his ass now a blur as he punched his dick home. He lifted his head, gazing down at his mom's face. Her eyes were wide, lips open in a desperate pant as she stared back at him.

"Ready?" she cried.

"Ohh Godd yeah," he whimpered.

Monica arched her head back as Derek felt her lush body strain. "Oohh fucking shit let's cumm!!" she squeeled.

Their bodies crested at once, exploding in mutual orgasm. On and on their tangled limbs jerked and trembled as if they were throwing the juicy pleasure back and forth between eachother. When it was over Monica rolled Derek onto his side, but kept her strong legs around him and his prick tucked deep inside her swampy cunt.

For minutes they said nothing, just gazed into eachothers eyes lovingly. Derek dug seeing his mom freshly fucked, her hair tangled, her faced masked with persperation.

"Did I do ok?" he asked.

Monica kept staring and it wasn't excactly a motherly stare. She bit her bottom lip. "Uh-huh."

It was only when Derek began slowly moving his cock back and forth in her pussy that she was suddenly aware that her son hadn't lost his erection. She couldn't believe it when his rigid boner began thrusting in and out of her pussy with the same gusto as before his ejaculation. "Hang on, Mom, here we go again!!"

Monica's eyes lit up with an excited thrill. "Ohh honey, **YESSS!!**"

Derek's pleasure was doubly intensified by the feel of his cock swelling thicker and harder as it pistoned in and out between the soft fleshy folds of her hotly squeezing cunt. The exquisite sensations tingling up and down the length of his throbbing boner were almost blowing the young man's mind. "Ohhh shit, Mom," he whimpered.

He rose onto his elbows so he could watch his mom's tits roll on her chest while he fucked. "Oh damn your tits are soo big, mom."

Monica smiled proudly, her huge pillowy breasts with large thick areolas wobbling around like big fleshy waves. "You like these big ol boobs darling?"

"I'd be crazy not to."

"Why don't you lean down here and give them some attention while you fuck," Monica urged.

As he continued thrusting, Derek leaned over and buried his face in a mound of soft tit-flesh. Spongy breast meat oozed around his face as the teen lashed his tongue acrossed her thick hardened nipple.

The shameless mother's eyes rolled back, her mouth open with a smile and her tongue hung out lustfully.

"Ohhh that's it honey. Girls love to have their titties chewed and sucked on."

Derek sucked the tip of Monica's boob, stuffing as much into his mouth as he could get. His tongue fluttered back and forth on her nipple, battering it like a speed ball punching bag. He let his teeth sink into the rough texture of her areola and emmediately felt her cunt tighten up around his thrusting peter. "Oh wow, mom's liking this," he thought.

"Ohh yes baby, chew on those big titties!"

The more he chewed the tighter her pussy shrunk around his pole until it finally turned to cream. "Ohhhhh fuuuucking shit!! Monica squeeled, arching her back off the bed.

"Mmmnnnpphh," Derek giggled into her boob pridefully as he continued laying his dick into her in a slow steady rhythm.

The teen looked up at his mom as he felt her sweaty naked body convulse. Monica's big boob hung by it's nipple from the teen's mouth as he continued to suck.

"Ohh yeah! I'm pleasuring the shit out of her," Derek thought as he watched his mom's sweet face contort.

The boy was caught by suprise as the buxom beauty clutched onto him and rolled them over, taking the top.

"Ooonngod, you amazing motherfucker!" Monica whimpered before locking lips for a deep french kiss.

Derek's heart raced excitedly as their tongues wrestled. "Holy wow! Mom's really starting to get nasty," he thought. His cock had slipped from her cunt and he could feel the girl-cum dripping off of it.

Monica raised up and Derek could see the desperate lust on her face. This wasn't the mom he knew before.

This was his mom the sexual animal. She reached down, clutched his rod and drug its barbed tip back and forth between her soaking labial folds. "Ohh honey, look how wet my pussy is. Do you see what you're doing to this girl?"

Both of them sighed as Derek's boner sank into the slippery hotness of Monica's pussy. "Ohh mom, it's so hot and juicy," the teen muttered.

Finally feeling his lusty balls against her bare ass, she looked down at him with adoration through her halfclosed eyes. "And your dick is soo long, thick and hard, darling. It's every woman's dream."

Leaning forward, Monica braced her hands on his broad shoulders and began fucking her cunt up and down over his throbbing boner.

Looking at his mother's excited face with her long brown hair swirling around it, Derek couldn't get over how unbelievably sexy she was. Staring at her loveliness as she lustily fucked over him, he noted her flawless tan skin as her big luscious tits obscenely bounced to the tempo of her lurching body. "Oohh man!" he muttered.

Monica smiled down at him as she bounced on his loins. "What?" she said with a smile.

"You're just soo hot, mom."

"Am I? Is someone getting a crush on his naked mommy?" she teased.

"Well, uh..yeah."

Monica giggled, flexing her cunt around his young peter. "Well good, cuz his naked mommy's getting a naughty crush on him too. Big time."

Derek smiled. "Really?"

"Yeahh, swinging that big dick around...stuffing it inside mommy and impressing the hell out of her."

"I'm getting better, right?"

"That you are, but in case you haven't noticed, mommy's on top now and it's time for her to show you what **SHE** can do."

Monica lush body rode her teen like a pornstar, really showing her skill. Derek's cock thundered up and down her creamy twat, stroked and squeezed by the tight sponge-ridged lining of her cunt-tube. "Oohh hell yeah!!" the teen sighed, watching her huge tits flop up and down.

Carried away by heavenly excitement, Derek began thrusting his hips up to meet every downward plunge of his mother's overheated cunt.

"Oohhh fucking hotshot huh?! Monica shouted, then stopped bouncing and grinded on his erection, her soft motherly hips swiveling up and back. "Well take that, hotshot.""

A jolt of pleasure shot through Derek's dong as he felt it being stirred in the hot juicy grip of Monica's cunt.

He felt his nob slipping back and forth over the spongy head of her cervix, so close to the womb that once held him. "Holy shit! **OOOH WOW!**" he sighed, arching his head back in pleasure.

"Oooohhh is it throbbing baby-boy? Is mommy's pussy setting that big dick on fire?" Monica said, then went back to work bouncing on his dick, her meaty tan buns jiggled as they struck his balls over and over.

Derek tongue hung from his mouth as he looked up at his mom's sweaty tits. The pendulous twin mounds swung around wildly and beat together, persperation dripping from the teets. Derek always hoped he'd get to see them, but never dreamed he'd see them this way.

He suddenly felt the sting of a sharp slap at his leg. Monica glared at him through gritted teeth. "Set those hips back in motion. Fuck it right back at this girl!" Monica commanded.

Derek pushed his hips up to meet her thrusts and it wasn't long before they found a rhythm. "There you go, baby. That's the way we girls like to get fucked," Monica panted.

"Well however you want it, mom."

Monica giggled. "You're so cute. Sit up here."

"What?" Derek said, raising to his elbow.

"Come on sit up here, you're like this," Monica said, pulling him upright into the sitting position. Still riding his prick, she wrapped her arms around him, pulling him in for a tit-squasher. Derek's face sunk down between her wet squishy breasts as she embraced him. "Now, look up here," Monica said softly.

His head now tucked in her massive cleavage, the teen looked up into his mother's hovering face. She smiled down at him lustfully, her cunt still slipping up and down his erection. "Mmm tucked between mom's tits, just where you belong," she said.

"You have the nicest tits in the world, mom."

Monica used her arms to compress her boobs around her boy's head so only Derek's face peeked out of the massive cleavage. Her big brown eyes gazed down at him, lips curling into a possessive smile. "Tomorrow, mom's gonna take these nice tits and wrap them around your big cock...teach you how to tittie-fuck a girl."

"Ohhh damn, bet I'll love that."

Ken sat in the livingroom, his hands still shaking. It had been a little while since he heard his wife's orgasm and now curiosity was once again getting the best of him.

He crept down the hallway and took a peek inside Derek's room. He was a little suprised to find them still going at it. It had been well over two hours since he had left the bedroom and his wife and son were still fucking like bunnies.

His wife was facing the door riding Derek reverse cowgirl. He had a clear view of Monica's twat, her cunt lips splayed out against the root of Derek's prick, his balls mashed against her clit. He watched his wife's matronly hips swivel skillfully up and back, over and over, stirring her core with stiff teenaged dick.

Monica's naked body was coated with a sheen of sweat, her hair wet and disheveled. Ken noticed that her tits were huge and engorged...even more so that usual. Her nipples were so big and swollen they looked ready to pop.

"Ohhh yeeaaahh," he heard his son whimper. Ken knew his wife had a skillful pussy, with strong cunt muscles that must have been giving

Derek's cock exquisite pleasure.

Ken's eyes traveled up to discover his wife looking back at him. Despite being observed Monica didn't miss a beat, her hips swiveling like a well oiled machine, grinding her juicy cunt on Derek's erection.

Ken forced a smile, but Monica was all business, returning only a tiny, almost defiant little grin. She reached down and combed her long nails across Derek's hairless scrotum, stroking his nuts a few times.

"That's it, you're doing good, sweetie," she said.

"It feels so good, Mom," Ken heard his son say.

Monica peeked back at her boy. "I know it does, love. Ready for mom to go a little faster?"

Derek lifted his head and peered down at the straddling beauty. The sweaty globes of her tan buttocks rested on his loins and he could see her buns flexing as she glided on his cunt smothered peter. "Sure...if you want."

Monica peered back, feeding her boy a mischivious grin. "When I do you're probably gonna be ready to spurt off pretty quick...and what do you do if you start to feel all those cummies getting anxious?"

"Tighten my ass, until my orgasm goes away."

"That's right, love. The longer you fuck the more girl cum you'll get to feel squirting along the shaft of your hardon." Monica said as she picked up the tempo.

The buxom beauty glanced at her husband as her body grinded twice as fast as before. One thing Ken knew for sure is that his wife knew how to fuck. Monica could move her body like a pornstar and right now she was showing her skill.

"Hhhuuuuggghhh!" Derek groaned, feeling his tender cock stirring around inside the hot squeezing cunt.

Monica peered back at him again, hips still swiveling wildly. "Tighten!" she instructed.

"Ooohhhh."

"Keep tightening honey!"

"Ohhh God, mom...it feels too good," Derek whimpered.

"I know it does sweet baby. Keep tightening and let the pleasure subside."

"I'm trying. Ohhh God damn!" Derek moaned, his head twisting with pleasure.

"That's my baby, get that pussy...**GET IT!!**" Monica shouted encouragingly as she felt her orgasm building.

"Ohhh yeahh...shit you're tightening up again!" Derek sighed, rising onto his elbows.

Suddenly Monica grinded frantically. "Uuughgggoood!" she cried.

Ken saw his wife's beautiful body stiffen up like a board. She clinched her fists, raising them up slightly and let loose an orgasmic scream that shot through the house.

Her knees trembled raising up so her feet were now flat on the bed and she was literally sitting on her son's dick, still fucking it frantically. Monica reached back for her boy's hand and pulled him up into the sitting position behind her. Her body shook and she thrust her tits out so far it looked like they could shoot off her chest.

Derek's cock dislodged from her cunt and a jet of girl-cum skimmed acrossed it and onto the bed.

"**OHHHHFUCKINGSHIIIT!!**" Monica cried as her lush hips trembled and she splayed her thighs open lewdly shooting another gush of juice towards her husband.

Ken's jaw dropped. It was the most obscene, yet amazing thing he had ever seen. He looked at his son's dripping cock as it pulsed with excitement, the shiny barbed head pointed straight at him. He saw his wife grab the dick frantically and stuff it right back in to her greedy cunt.

Derek felt more cunt juice break along his cock-wedge as his big dick sunk into the hot grip of pulsing pussy. Monica now held his hands which were were wrapped around her tightly, squashing her big tits in a vice-grip.

Ken watched his wife crane her head back towards Derek's face. Her long pink tongue snaked out of her mouth, then wagged up and down hornily, searching for Dereks. The boy was quick to respond, providing his mother with his own tongue for her to whip hers around on.

Ken watched their pink lickers wrestle. Monica was still shaking, still grinding her cunt on Derek's dick.

Ken had never seen her act like this. It was like she couldn't get enough.

The busty mother tightened her cunt muscles, expertly milking her son's long peter. Ken's saw his son's balls suddenly jump in their sack. "Ooohhhhhnnngggod!!" Derek groaned as huge ropes of hot spunk squirted out his piss-slit.

"Ohhh cum my baby!" Monica squeeled, still trembling from her own juicy orgasm.

The youth grunted and growled as his orgasm tore through his tense young body. He wrapped his strong young arms around his mother's

body and held her tightly to him. Her warm silky tits oozing between his arms as he filled her cunt with his cock-cream.

After watching their bodies collapse in a sweaty heap Ken retreated back to the livingroom and watched part of a game. It took his heat about ten minutes to stop racing and for his own erection to go down.

"Are you ok?" Derek asked as his mom lay against him.

She lifted her head and fed him a little smile. "I'm not really sure."

"I didn't hurt you did I?"

Monica giggled. "Oh honey no...God no. Quite the contrary."

"What is it then?"

"I..... no, never mind. I should get a shower, get dinner started." She said, sliding off the bed. Derek still had her hand and she stopped and looked down at him. Her big tits were sweaty and heaving as she stared down with lustful eyes. As they gazed, she bit her bottom lip, then smiled naughtily. "Stop!' she said, slipping out of his grip.

"Stop what?" he asked, watching her big titties bobble around as she picked up the robe and slipped it on.

"You know what."

"I do?"

She smiled as she looked at the cum drenched matress. "Your bedding is soaked. I'll be back in a little bit to throw it in the wash."

"Ok."

Derek watched her step to the door, the swell if her meaty behind swayed teasingly. Monica stopped at the door and fed him serious

look. "I'm suppose to be teaching you, not falling in love with you."

Derek smiled back, his cock twitching with excitement. "Holy shit! Is mom really falling in love with me," he thought.

The next morning Derek's dick hardened as he heard his father's car pull out of the garage. He knew he was dropping his little brother off at preschool, leaving him and his mother home all alone.

The teen got himself out of bed, washed up and was combing his hair when Monica arrived in the bedroom doorway. "Good morning," she sang sweetly.

Derek gasped when he caught site of what she was wearing. Monica's hands were on her hips, her big tits thrust out beneath a pink wife-beater tank top. Her bottoms were a pair of Daisy Duke denims, which were so skimpy they looked like a pair of booty-shorts.

The odd part of her attire was the his father's tool belt she had fastened around her waist, a hammer hanging heavily from it. Derek's eyes traveled down her smooth tan legs to her cute little feet, which were adorned in pink flip flops. "Ready to help me build something?" she said, her dark hair back in a pony.

"Build something?" Derek asked.

"Yep, I wanna build something for you...well, for us. Come on."

Derek followed his mom down the hallway, his eyes glued to her undilating buttocks. The shorts were so skimpy he could see the luscious ass-cheeks spilling out the bottoms. "Damn, just when I thought she couldn't get any sexier," he thought.

Monica stepped down into the garage and Derek watched her work from the doorway. "So what on earth are you making us Mom?"

She flashed him a teasing smile, lifting a two-by-six board from the woodpile. "You'll see."

She plopped the board down on her husband's miter saw. "This one should do Just have to cut it into pieces."

"Don't hurt yourself, Mom."

"I know how to work these things. I'm pretty good at working your tool, aren't I?" she said with a cute wink.

Derek giggled. "Yeah, that you are."

"Fifteen inches should do it," she said, then made her cut. "Now, seven more just like this."

"Seven more? What's this thing gonna be?"

"I'll give you a one word hint and that's all," Monica said.

"Ok."

She smiled slyly. "Doggy."

She sawed her boards as Derek was left wondering. "Doggy? Like...doggy-style?" he thought.

"Ok, now we just have to stack these things and nail them together," Monica said.

The busty mother fumbled with the hammer, tapping at the first nail awkwardly. "Oohh, come on!"

Derek giggled and wheeled himself over to assist. "Mom, let me help you."

Monica gave him the hammer. "Thanks, honey. Guess mom's not quite as good in the workshop as she is in bed."

Derek stacked the boards, nailing them together easily. "There, now what?"

Monica unclipped the belt and set it down. "All finished. Now we take it to the bedroom and try it out."

"Ok, but I still have no idea what this thing is."

"Well then, darling boy...you better come along and find out," Monica said, carrying her creation into the house.

Derek followed her down to her bedroom and watched her set the block of boards onto the bed. "Ok, the first thing we need is a pillow," she said, then lay her husband's pillow length-wise across the top of the boards. She turned and gazed at Derek. "Now we just need a naked teenager."

Monica helped Derek to the bed and stripped off his clothes. "Now there's just one more thing we need....a nice hard erection."

The eager mother nudged her boy so he laid back on the bed. Derek rose up on his elbows and watched her slip her bare feet from the flip-flops and crawl onto the bed with him. Kneeling beside him, Monica slipped his rising peter into her mouth, pulling at it with deep slurping sucks.

"Oh wow," he muttered, watching his mother's ovaled lips glide up and down, from root to nob.

Then she began licking the shaft of his hard prick up and down. Her tongue curled around the dripping head of his cock, tickling the supersensitive underside. "Ohhh man, mom!"

While sucking his dick, Monica clutched his nuts, squeezing them tenderly. His prick slipped wetly from her mouth, rising slowly as it swelled with blood. Her long pink tongue lashed across the tip,

scubbing his glans. "Ohhh shit," Derek's body shuttered, his cock rising into a hardon.

"I'm gonna take you deep in my throat. Remember what to do?" Monica asked.

"Uh huh."

Monica sucked his dick, her pretty lips lowering until they were pressed against his cock-hilt. Derek grabbed her ponytail and held her head tight against his groin. He could feel his cock throbbing wildly in her throat. Monica let out a throaty gurgldd sound, which startled the teen, so he let go of her head.

He looked down at his mom, but she didn't come up for air. Her big brown eyes gazed up at him, lips still plastered around the root of his prick. "Huh-uhhmm!" She hummed her displeasure at him letting go.

Derek grabbed her pony again and pressed her head into his lap. He rocked his hips slightly, fucking his hard prick through the ring of her gullet. After what seemed like forever, his mom tapped and came up for air.

"Jesus, mom, .how do you do that?"

Monica giggled. "Oh honey, it's just what we moms do. Ready to try out our new creation?"

"Sure."

"Ok, I want you to think of it like a horse saddle. You're just gonna straddle it, like you're riding a horse."

Derek shook his head, still not understanding its purpose. "Ohhh k."

Monica helped him straddle the wood block so that the pillow rested firmly between his legs. "Now just scootch to the edge, sweetie."

Derek did as she told him, scooting to the edge of the wooden block. Monica rose to her knees, with an elated expression as she saw how his hard dick stuck straight out. "Oh my God, that's perfect. Do you feel steady, honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, perfectly steady."

"Holy shit, it's perfect! We did it!" she cheered then fed his a few wet kisses.

Derek giggled. "Did what, mom? What now?"

Monica jumped from the bed and whipped off her Daisy Duke shorts. "Well, what was the one-word hint I gave you?"

"Doggy?"

Derek watched her slide her black thong panties down her smooth legs, stepping out of them. She quickly crawled back onto the bed, taking a position on her hands and knees in front of him. She peered back with a smile, the naked globes of her meaty behind wagging anxiously. "That's right...doggy. I told you I was going to teach you every position and I meant it."

Derek's heart about leaped out of his chest with excitement. "Holy hell...I'm gonna fuck Mom doggiestyle." quote thought.

"Derek..." the mother said with a sultry smile as she slowly crawled backwards, "I'm comin' back."

The teen watched the crack of her juicy slit as it moved back towards his perfetly alligned hardon. The shaved folds stretched around the tip of his prick and Derek watched his boner slowly disappear inside her wet coral slit. "Ohhh man," he whimprred.

Finally, his prick was completly buried and Monica's soft tan buns pressed snuggly against his abdomen.

"Ohh Mom," The teen muttered, encased in the hot grip of her cunt.

"Welcome back," she giggled, watching his reaction as she flexed her cunt muscles, gripping tightly around the long brick-hard cylinder of cock-meat inside her. "I missed you," she said loving.

Derek gazed down. He loved his mom's mature ass and the way her naked hips flared out sexily. Her mommy-buns felt so soft and warm squashed against him.

Monica continued to peer back over her shoulder, pleasingly watching her boy gawk. "You can squeeze my ass honey. It's not gonna bite."

Derek reached down and ran his hands all over his mom's lush behind. He dug his fingers into the soft yet firm flesh.

"Feels nice, doesn't it, sweetie?" Monica asked.

"Hell yeah it does."

"Think you can handle watching that ass beat against you all morning?"

"Ohhh yeah," he muttered, so turned on he could hardly breathe.

"Then I guess I better set these hips in motion, teach you how to really fuck a girl doggy-style."

Monica moved first, her clinging pussy dragged halfway up his cockshaft, then slid back to the root.

Her pussy was working like a squeeze box, driving him wild. He tightened his grip on her ass and began to move with her, in counterpoint. As her loins slid down he thrust his cock up to meet

her, and as he withdrew she rolled her pelvis, winding her cunt hole on his prick. "That's it, darling...goood," Monica sighed.

Soon mother and son were moving in perfect doggy fucking rhythm. Derek loved hearing his mom's ass slap against him and his tongue hung out as watched her buns ripple, striking his abdomine over and over.

"Ohh God, mom...this is soo cool!"

"You like this position, honey?" Monica asked.

"Holy wow yeah!"

Monica giggled, clutching his prick with her experienced cunt as she looked back at him. "Grab my hips now baby, it'll give you more leverage so you can really start laying it into me."

Derek gripped his mom's soft hips firmly and she threw her ass back at him with greater intensity. With a nice hold, the teen thrust his hips, laying his dick in with deep powerful thrusts. "Oooh yeah," the teen sighed.

"There you go my baby, just like that!" Monica shouted excitedly.

Derek's cock thundered up and down her cunt, his swollen cock-head pounding against her back wall. The rubbery ridged cunt walls began to shrink around the assaulting hardon, preparing to soak it with orgasmic juices.

"Ohhh my God... Oh God my yes! **YESSS!!**" The gorgeous mother threw her head back, letting loose a scream of pleasure that rang out through the house.

Hot girl cum broke along the wedge of Derek's nob and squirted along his thrusting slab as it fucked steadily. A pleasurable jolt shot up his cock and into his balls. "Ohhh fuck!!"

Still gasping, Monica shouted back instruction. "Tighten!"

The teen tightened his ass, making his own orgasm subside while keeping a steady cunt fucking pace. He could feel the juice dripping off his swinging balls and see his mom's body trembling. "I'm controling it,

Mom...not gonna cum."

"Ooohh that's my baby," Monica sang, swinging her ass back to meet his thrusts. "Come on, let's test that willpower!"

The bed began creaking as they engaged in a heated fuck. Monica lifted her tank to her neck, letting her big naked mommy-tits swing on her chest. She glared back at her boy, pounding her ass back against him.

"Come on baby, keep giving this girl a nice hard doggy fuck!"

Derek was almost hypnotized by the repetitive beat of his mom's buns against his midsection. He wanted nothing more than to impress the hell out of her, so he kept at it. Even as Monica's body was struck with one juicy orgasm after another, the hard-dicked teen kept up a steady fuck.

The proud mother looked back at her teen, watching him thrust. He looked up at her and she smiled sweetly back at him. "Do you like fucking, sweetie? Do you like the way a pussy feels around your cock?"

"Oh hell yeah!"

"You keep fucking this good babe and you'll have more pussy than you can handle."

"Huh, ok by me," Derek said confidently.

As they kept a steady pace, Monica's gave her son an impressed gaze, her eyes traveling wantonly up his lean sweaty chest. "Look at you, mister king of the universe...mounting his mom's ass and giving her a nice long doggy-fuck."

Derek suddenly slapped his mom's ass, making her scream and giggle. "Ohh yeah, slap that ass you fucking stud!"

Derek stuck her ass again. "Come on, Mom, let's go!" he said, thrusting his peter deep into her cunt with authority.

Monica fed him an evil grin, her tongue flicking between the teeth of her open mouth. "Ohhh, you are in trouble mister!"

She tighted her cunt muscles and swung her ass back with greater intensity. Derek slapped it again and she let loose an excited girl-scream.

The bed whined as it rocked beneath them. Pleasure shot through Monica's naked body as she shamelessly pounded her ass back against her thrusting teen. "Oh fuck yes! Ohh Derek! Oh Shit, grab my hips and fuck the shit out of me!!" she cried, rising towards another orgasm.

It wasn't long before she screamed as her pussy turned to cream.

After a solid hour of hardcore doggy-fucking the proud mom peeked back at her boy. "Oh baby, let's make you cum. You earned it," Monica said.

Derek panted heavy as felt his cum building.. "Mom, can I cum on your ass?"

"Of course you can, baby."

"Sweet!" he said, grabbing her hips and really laying it to her.

It seemed almost surreal the way the perspiration-sheened globes of his own mom's luscious tan buttocks was being thrown back at him. The way the meaty ass-flesh would ripple each time it struck him was one of the most amazing things he'd ever seen. Hot cum rose quickly from his nut-sack. "Ohhh Goddamn!!"

"Come on honey, paint Mommy's ass with your cum!" Monica shouted.

At the last second Derek slipped his big wet dick from her cunt and stroked it furiously."Ohhhnnnshit!" he wailed as huge hot ribbons of spunk fired from his cannon, splashing out in slimy strands across Monica's ass.

Monica smiled naughtily, wagging her buttocks as her teen milked out every drop of cum from his lance.

"There you go, sweetie...jerk out all the yummy pleasure."

After Derek squeezed out ever drop Monica guided him down on top of her, sprawling out on her stomach on the bed. "Slip it back inside my pussy and lay down on me," she said.

Derek sprawled against her sweaty backside and his still-hard prick wormed deep inside her cunt as he lay his head on her shoulder. "Damn...feels so good laying against mom's ass like this." he thought.

She lifted her head and smiled. "Comfy?"

"Ohh yeah."

She squeezed his cock with her cunt, making him gasp.

Monica giggled. "Never knew your mom's pussy had such skill, did you?"

Derek and Monica lay there for at least an hour, her cunt squeezing and nipping at his big dick. The lucky teen finally fell asleep and when he woke he was still in his parents bed, but Monica had slipped out from under him.

He heard the shower in the master bath running. He looked through the open doorway and realized he had a perfect view of the shower from where he was laying. The glass shower door was completely clear, allowing him to watch his mom wash in full **HD**.

Monica used a luffa to soap up gorgeous tan body. Her huge mature breasts bobbled heavily on her chest as a river of suds ran down into the canyon between them. She tilted her lovely head back, her hair wet and slicked as she rinsed her curvy body. Her unblemished skin glistened and Derek confirmed once again that his mom was truely a Goddess of a woman.

He watched her dry off and sashay back into the bedroom completely naked. "Well hello there, sleepyhead."

"I didn't even hear you get up," the teen said.

"Wanted to sneak away and get a shower, get my body nice and clean for your next lesson."

"Nice. Do we have to make something for this one?"

Monica laughed. "No, not this time. In fact, your already in the perfect position for this lesson. Close your eyes."

Derek did as she asked and could feel his mom slipping onto the bed. "Ok, open them up."

He opened his eyes and gasped as he lifted his head. Monica's shaved pussy was inches from his face, her labia splayed open like butterfly wings. Her legs were bowed apart, knees way back into the birthing position. Her big boobs hung off the sides of her chest and

she smiled down at her boy, resting on her elbows. "It's time for you to learn how to eat pussy."

Ken had a hard time concentrating at work. It seemed all he could think about was his wife and son. He wondered what they were at home doing at that moment, knowing it must be something sexual. Part of him was angry. Part of him was jealous, but of part of him was also extremely aroused by what they were doing together. He wondered what was going on at home at that moment. Were they fucking? Was his wife of twenty years sucking their son's dick?"

Curiosity got the best of him and he decided to swing by the house during his lunch hour. Sneaking inside, he wasn't at all suprised to hear his wife moaning and panting from down the hallway.

Ken peeked inside the bedroom to see Derek eating away at Monica's pussy. At this point, he had been going at it awhile and from the looks of things was getting pretty fucking good at it. Monica's tan legs were practically wrapped around the teen's head, her back arching from the bed as jolt of pleasure shot through her lush body. "**YESSSS!**" She screamed.

Young Derek was hooked. His head spun as he experienced the taste and aroma of wet pussy. His tongue plowed through her folds, lashing furiously across the fat nub of her clitoris. "Oh baby, just like that...up and down the crack of my cunt!" Ken heard his wife gasp.

Derek ate at her pussy like a starving dog, his whipping tongue laving in her dripping juices.

"Ungghh, unh, oh fuck, unh, unh, unh, cuuummmiiiinnnngggg!"" The mother's ass heaved a full half-foot off the bed as the spasm swept through her nakedness. She clawed her son's head. Fuck juice gushed out of her cunt hole and Derek lapped it all up, alternating between flicks on her clit and slurps in her pussy.

Ken watched in aroused fascination as his skilled son brought his wife off two more times.

"Oh, that's it sweetie. Stiffen up your tongue now and plow it across my clitoris," Monica cried.

Derek followed her instruction and once again had her shaking. "Ooonnn gooddnnn fucking shittt!!" Monica howled, her naked body trembling as jolt after jolt of pleasure shot through her. She reached down and held the kid's head tightly against her orgasming cunt.

Monica moved onto her knees and rolled her boy over onto his back. "Damn mom, I like that alot," he gasped, his face drench in girl-cum..

"I did too, in case you couldn't tell," she giggled, "We're gonna try it in a different position that I guarantee you'll like even more."

"Why do you think I'll like it more?"

"Well, you'll still get to eat pussy, but also have your dick sucked at the same time. It's called the sixty-nine position."

The busty mother straddled her son's head, her juicy cunt resting right on top of his waiting lips. Derek whimpered in delight, wasting no time putting his tongue back to work. Monica smiled pleasingly, wrapped her tiny fist around her boy's hard-on as she leaned down and started sucking.

Ken was mesmerized as he watched his wife greedily suck their son's dick. Monica's eyes were closed as the ring of her stretched lips glided up and down the tender dong. Ken watched them lower to Derek's balls as she deep throated him.

Her lips pulled at the fleshy column as they rose to the tip, then lowered once again to his nuts. Ken watched his wife's lips sink into Derek's scotum feeding on the root of his prick. He knew from

experience that the real magic was taking place inside her mouth, with her skilled tongue and throat.

Having no gag reflex allowed the mother to use her gullet to milk her son's cock like a pussy. Her long strong tongue worked tirelessly, giving long drags along the blue-viened shaft and scrubbing the head with looping wet licks. This made Derek's body shutter with pleasure and made him give her cunt whimpering licks.

It wasn't long before Monica spotted her husband in the doorway. When their eyes met Derek's cock slid from her mouth and her tongue lashed quickly, almost defiantly on the tip.

Monica rose up slightly reaching back and stroking the hair of Derek's head, which rested below the weight of her smothering ass. "You're doing good, sweetie...just like that."

Derek's tongue slithered and wiggled through the folds of labial meat. It sunk down into her cunt-hole as far as it would could and he felt his mother hump and buck, fucking her wet, throbbing pussy all over his face.

He latched onto her clit and Monica squeeled as a cum hit her out of nowhere. "Hhhoooo God!!!" She shouted as the buxom beauty creamed on her boy's face.

The trembling mother eagerly beat his meat as she sucked on the head, encouraging the cock juice to come squirting out between her lips.

"Mmmmnnnffff!!" Derek let out a muffled whimper.

Monica made a lewd gurgling noise and hungrily started swallowing her boy's load.The initial blast was followed with long, syrupy ribbons of milk-white cum. Endlessly it poured out of Derek's throbbing prick, as if the naked teen had been holding back his load for months.

Ken watch his wife nurse on the spurting dong, milking out every drop. Monica unstraddled their son and crawled on her hands and knees, planting a series of wet kisses up his body. Her huge hanging tits drug across his chest as she kissed her way to his neck and attacked it with wild flailing licks.

"Ooohhh shit, mom!" Derek muttered, as she plowed her tongue on the most sensitive spot on his neck.

She raised up and gave him a sultry gaze. "Hey big boy, wanna fuck now?"

Derek smiled, heart pounding. "Of course I do."

"Let's sit you up then. There's a really cool position I want to teach you."

Derek sat up and Monica climbed on board. "Hook your legs in sweetie and I'm gonna sit on your lap and wrap my legs around you. This is called the lotus position"

The mature beauty clutched his erection and fed it inside her creamy cunt, then wrapped her arms around his neck as their bodies came together, her big boobs mashed against his chest.

"This is nice," the boy sighed.

"It is. It's a very intimate position. We can do lots of kissing and licking and the best part for you...you'll get to feel these great big titties bouncing around on your chest," she said with a giggle.

"I like the sound of that."

Joined at the genitals, mother and son began to make out passionately. Gradually, Monica's curvy body set in motion and soon she was grinding rhythmically on her son's loins, stiring her cunt with his cock. "Ohh baby yes! **YES!** Just like that!!" she panted.

Ken was still at the doorway, watching them in sick fascination. His wife rested her forehead against her sons', gazing lustfully into his eyes. She was whispering something to him...something naughty. Suddenly her head snapped back and like a howling bitch in heat she let loose an orgasmic cry. "Unnnggghhhh!!!"

Derek felt hot girl cum squirting along his shaft. He could feel her cunt throbbing and pulsating, squeezing his prick with her strong slippery pussy muscles. "Ohh shit," he cried out.

The pleasure-struck mother suddenly shot forward, latching on to her teen in a tight embrace. With arms tightly coiled around him, her soft tits were now flattened out against his chest. With silky legs bowed around him she dug the heels of her pretty feet into his ass, pulling even more hard dick up into her.

"**YES...FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUUUUCK!!**" She shouted, her motherly hips swiveling like a well oiled machine, fucking the buried prick with mini-thrusts.

"Ohhh damn," Derek sighed, kissing and licking the upper slope of Monica's breast as his face sunk into it.

Her cunt shrunk around his pole.

"Cuummmmiiiinnnggggg!!" Monica sang and Derek felt her body tremble from it's core.

Ken shook his head as he watched his wife writhe and shake, clutching their son like no mother should. He had never seen her cum this much, already at least a half-dozen times, just since he'd been home. At that moment he knew his sex life and probably his entire marriage was doomed.

Derek tightened his ass, making his own orgasm subside. He loved that his mom was pretty much using his body for her pleasure and had an idea of how it could be even more mindblowing for her.

Because Monica was supporting them with her arms and legs, the teen reached around and sunk his fingers into the meaty globes of her pivoting ass. "Bend down here, Mom. Let me lick your neck."

"Ohhh," Monica responded, leaning over and letting Derek lap at her neck the same way she lapped at his.

"Oohhh baby!" she whimpered, shivering excitedly.

While doing this, Derek pulled her ass into him cramming another inch of cock-meat deep inside her.

"Ooohhh God yes!!" Monica shouted, her eyes rolling back as she felt his big dick bumping at her uterus.

"Fuck me! Oh God baby, pull me in hard!!" Monica cried.

Derek's fingers sunk in to her ass as he pulled her in so close he could feel her fleshy cunt-lips spread out around the root of his prick. His enflamed nob plowed against the soft head of her cervix and he suddenly felt it shift, tightly clamping around him.

"Ohhhh baby, I'm cummming! I'm fucking cuuuming again!" The mother announced.

He felt his mom's long nails dig into his back as every muscle in her body tensed. Monica saw flashes of light and knew she was the verge of strongest orgasm of her life. All at once, the pleasure shot through every part of her naked body. It was so fucking strong she couldn't even scream. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets. Her little toes clenched and her nipples swelled against Derek's chest.

The mother's cunt-tunnel shrunk around the pole, so tight that it couldn't even budge. In an instant, Derek's prick was soaked in hot cream. The feeling was so intense that the boy was helpless in stopping his own cum. Ropes of boiling spunk erupted from his piss-slit, washing Monica's cunt with cum.

"Hhhhuuuooohhh!!" Derek howled.

The mutual orgasm went on and on.

Finally, after minutes passed, their bodies relaxed and Derek heard his mother sniffling. "Mom, are you ok?"

A tear streaked down her cheek as she stared dreamy-eyed at her son. She smiled and nodded, still catching her breath.

Seeing his wife crying Ken awkwardly rushed over. "Monica, are you ok? Are you hurt?"

Monica didn't take her eyes off her son. "No, I'm fine, Ken. Please, just...go."

"Why are you crying babe?" he asked in concern.

She glared at him. "**PLEASE!** Just leave us alone."

"Ok," Ken said, backing out of the room.

Ken went down and sat in the livingroom, trying to take it all in. He knew he had to put an end to this madness. It was clear this was becoming more that just sexual training. The sex they were having was much to intense and passionate..

"Are you sure you're ok Mom?" Derek asked her as they still cuddled on her bed.

Monica continued to gaze. "Oh sweetheart...I'm crying because that was the most intense orgasm I've ever experienced. And we women...well, we can get very emotional at times like these."

"Well, I'm glad I didn't hurt you."

"No honey, you didn't hurt me, you pleasured me. I grew up a very sexual girl. I've had alot of dick in my life. Your father and I, we've

had a pretty active sex life...and he's done his best to keep up. I've enjoyed alot of pleasure over the years, but **NEVER** anything like this."

"Sounds like I'm doing ok then," Derek smiled proudly.

"Oh darling, you're doing better than ok. Truth is, the longer we go on with your training, the less this has become just about you. It's become about us. I've fallen in love with you Derek."

"Really?" Derek answered, his head spinning. He knew the feelings she was having were similar to what he himself was experiencing. She was truly the woman of his dream and he doubted any woman could ever compete.

"Yes. I'm sorry honey, I didn't mean for it to happen...I just..."

"I've fallen in love with you too, Mom." He muttered, their eyes locked.

Monica sniffled and a tear ran down her cheek. "I knew it. The past few days, I could feel your love...feel it with every thrust of that big beautiful dick. So we've come to a crossroad...do we go on as just mother and son, or do we let love take us further."

"What do you want, Mom?"

"I've already made up my mind...but you sweetheart, you have a whole life ahead of you. You may not really want what I want for us."

"What is it you want for us?" he asked, curious to know.

Monica gave him a sultry smile. "I want us to fuck, every day for the rest of our lives. I want us to fuck and cum and fuck like there's no tomorrow. I wanna be yours, sweetie. I wanna give you babies and make our lives together a living paradise."

Derek heart was racing. He knew that such a life would truly be like living a dream. There was only one thing that stood in their way. "What about dad?"

Monica thought for a moment. "I'll ask your father for a divorce. He'll move on with his new life just like we'll be moving on with ours, but only if that's what you want too?"

"I don't wanna hurt him, but I don't wanna be without you even more. If that makes sense?." Derek said.

Monica smiled, a tear rolling down her cheek. "It does. Trust me, I feel exactly the same."

Monica gently nudged her new lover onto his back and crawled down on top of him. For the next two hours they engaged in passionate lovemaking. Down the hallway all Ken could do was listen to his soon to be ex wife cry in orgasm.

Later Ken heard the door open and Monica stepped from her and Derek's bedroom. He stood up and she stepped up the hallway in her flimsy silk robe. "You're still here," she said.

"Yeah, I um, decided to take the rest of the day off."

Ken couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was, just like the day they married. Even in a skimpy robe with hair dishoveled this woman was a thing of beauty. She fed him a disappointed smile. "This isn't easy for me to say, but I have to. We've had twenty great years together...but it's over Ken."

"Wait, what? You're divorcing me?" Ken asked in shock.

Monica faked a frown. "Yeah, I am."

Ken's heart sunk. He knew the sexual stuff was getting more serious than it should, but he didn't expect this. "Monica why, we have a

great life together. I mean, we hardly ever fight."

"Honey, this isnt about that. You're a great man and I will always have a love for you, but I'm moving in to the prime of my womanhood. What I need, you couldn't give me...not even if you tried," Monica explained.

"Let me try."

Monica smiled at him pathetically. "Ken, no, I'm sorry, hon...I'm leaving you."

Ken's mouth fell open as he realized what she was getting at. "For Derek?"

Monica nodded. "Yes, for Derek."

"For our son? Have you lost your mind? he asked in disbelief.

"I've fallen in love with him. Think what you want, but I truly believe that Derek and I are the perfect couple. We're getting married as soon as the divorce is final."

Ken shook his head. "I don't believe this. Monica you can't marry your son."

Monica stood her ground. "Yes, I can...and the days of you telling me what I can and can't do are over."

"You'll be a disgrace to everyone."

Monica smirked. "Oh fucking well. Let them talk, let them fume! Meanwhile I'll be in bed with my new man, getting more pleasure than you could ever think of giving me."

"I don't believe this," Ken said lowering his head. "This isn't right."

"I've called and booked a room at a resort for Derek and I...we'll be leaving in a few hours. **PJ** is going to stay with my parents until we get back. That'll give you plenty of time to get your things moved out."

Ken looked completely defeated. "This is insane," he muttered.

Monica stepped over and gave him a final peck on the lips. "Goodbye Ken."

Hours later, six inch strapless heels tapped daintily on the tile floor of the resort lobby. Propped up inside them were beautiful tan bare feet with ruby red toenails. Monica was in a form fitting tube dress, as she pushed her son's wheelchair across the lobby. Her king-sized tits trembling as she sashayed to the front desk.

"Hi, we have a reservation for Monica Tracy."

The clerk typed into her computer. "Yes, here we are...the lovers suite."

"Yes, my boyfriend and I are celebrating our engagement."

The clerk smiled. "Oh, congratulations. You two must be thrilled. Here's your key. Someone will bring your luggage right up to you."

"Oh, could they leave it by the door. We'd like to not be disturbed for a few hours," Monica said, winking at her son.

Huge double doors opened into the spacious lovers suite. A massive heart-shaped bed, adorned in white lace sat in the center of suite. "Wow, what a room," Derek said, gazing around.

The teen wheeled over to the window and parted the silk curtains looking out over the city. "Man, we must be on the very top of the building. I can see the entire city from up here."

"Derek..." his mom said softly.

Derek turned to find her out of her dress, big naked mommy-melons hanging heavily from her chest. She peeled her little panties down her silky legs and stepped out of them on bare feet. Monica got onto the bed, her meaty buttocks pointed back at her boy as she crawled towards the center. Derek gulped as he watched her tan buns sway. He could see the pucker of her butthole and the crack of her shaved snatch below.

"Mmm such a soft bed for me and my man," she said.

The shameless mother rolled onto her back and threw her luscious legs back, scissoring them wide open so that her little feet pointed in opposite directions. "So much room for me to **SPREAD** out."

"Oh damn Mom," he muttered, marveling at her amazing spread.

"Mmm I need my sexy teenaged, soon to be husband up here so I wrap these strong legs around him."

"Sounds good to me," Derek said, wheeling to the edge of the bed.

Monica crawled over to him, her huge tits wobbling as they hung from her chest. She fed him a sultry look as she started to undo his belt. "I love you, Derek."

"I love you, Monica," he muttered.

She smiled. "I like that, but I'd rather you call me Mom," she said with a naughty grin.

"Can do."

"There's so much more I want to teach you, but now we have all the time in the world for that now," she said, then gazed at him with a

loving motherly look. "Right now I just want you to fuck your dreamgirl hard."

Derick smiled, his heart beating hard as if it were his very first time. She guided him onto the bed and in between her wide splayed thighs.

THE END

Lights,
Camera,
Mom!
by KLRXO

Lights, Camera, Mom!

By Klrxo

Katie was in Victoria's Secret looking at panties when she saw someone she recognized. "Beth?" she said.

A short-haired blonde turned and suddenly got a big smile. "Katie? Oh my God, how are you?" she said, sharing a hug.

"I'm great, what's it been like..three years now?"

"Yeah, I think so. The boys were playing little league. Seems like just yesterday," Beth said, shaking her head.

"I know. So how are things with you?"

"Not bad," Beth said, "Not sure if you heard, but David and I divorced about a year ago." "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," Katie said with a frown.

"Ha, don't be. I found out he was cheating with a co-worker. Kicked his ass straight to the curb." "Good for you," Katie said, "Are you still working at the Insurance Firm?"

"Nooo, I quit that place shortly after the divorce. I started doing some stuff online and it sorta turned into a full time gig? Beth explained.

"Insurance stuff?"

"No, no, no. I left that world behind," Beth said, then looked around to make sure no one else was listening, "I'm a porn-actress now," she said proudly, raising her eyebrows.

Katie giggled. "A porn-actress? Seriously?"

"Yeah, there's this really cool site that I heard about, they let you post your own content..! figured, what the fuck, I have great tits and a sweet ass, maybe there's some guys out there who could get into me. Speaking figuratively of course," she said, making them both giggle.

"And you make money doing this?"

Beth gave her a smirk. "Money? Honey, this girl is bringing in high five-figures right now. Whoever said 'sex sells' knew exactly what they were talking about."

"Wow," Katie muttered, "do you have to fuck all sorts of weird guys though?"

"No, right now I'm just a solo act. I would love to find a co-star with a big dick though. From what I've heard, a hot **MILF** performing with a big-dicked young guy can make some serious bank," Beth said.

"Well, it doesn't sound like you're doing too bad in the meantime.. Marty must be getting ready for college about now?" Katie asked.

"He is," Beth responded, "how 'bout Zack?"

"Yup, just turned eighteen and is **THANKFULLY** sticking with the local University. He'll be starting this next semester," Katie said.

"That's awesome. Jesus seems like yesterday we were sitting in the bleachers watching them run around the baseball field, now they're officially men."

"I know, now if Zack would just start acting like one," she joked, making Beth laugh.

"Oh trust me, I know exactly what you mean," Beth said, "we should get together one day for lunch, bring the boys, it would be fun."

"For sure," Katie said, pulling out her phone, "let me get your number." The mothers exchanged numbers and said goodbye.

Katie paid for her new panties and left the store. At thirty-eight years old, she had long dark hair and a damn nice body. It would best be described as voluptuous, with strong curvy legs, a succulent ass and enormous thirty-eight H-cup tits. Today she wore her usual, a floral printed sundress, with thin straps holding up a peekaboo front, leaving an impressive cleavage on display. Her feet were propped in dainty five-inch heeled sandals, with just a thin leather strap crossing her foot, just above her pretty painted toes.

As she strode through the mall, a small group of teens gawked at her big jutting melons, which seemed to tremble with each delicate **CLICK** of her heels.

Katie's cellphone chimed and she looked at it. It was an email alert from her bank. It read "**YOUR SAVINGS ACCOUNT IS AT** $0. **PLEASE CONTACT US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION**."

"That's strange. He must have over three hundred-thousand in that account. It must be some mistake," she thought, then dialed her husband's cell.

It went straight to his voicemail, so she left a message. "Hey hon, it's me. I just got a weird alert from the bank, was wondering if you got the same thing. Give me a call back. Love you," she said.

'k'k'k

Zack looked up at his girlfriend's hefty knockers as they swung above his face. Taylor was a cute red-head, a year older than him. She had a curvy body and smooth alabaster skin. Her thick peach-shaped ass bounced up and down, plunging Zack's hardon through her pussy. "Fuck yesss!" she cried out. The long fat hunk of meat inside her stretched the pink lining of her pussy, igniting her pleasurable never-endings.

Zack leaned up and sucked the tip of her boob into his mouth. He licked and pulled at the nipple, which got him even more and more excited. Zack was a true tit-lover who obsessed over big boobs. He was ashamed to admit it, but it was one of the main reasons he got together with Taylor in the first place. When he found out she wore a triple-d sized bra, he knew he had to suck them and stick his big cock between them for a nice tittie-fuck on a regular basis.

Between his deep boning and rough tit-play the teen had her cumming in no time. The cute girl shook and squealed, soaking Zack's brick-hard erection with her juices. He sat up and easily flipped her over on her back, quickly slipping between her splayed thighs.

"Fuck me hard!" Taylor mewled. Horny as hell, she humped her ass off the mattress, fucking her aching cunt up at Zack's cock. Her naked thighs closed around his hips. The big-dicked teen savagely rammed all of his stiff dick up her pussy and started fucking her with it, pumping his blue-veined hard-on through the slurping wetness of her cunt hole.

"Yesss, fuck meee, Zacky!" she whimpered..

The horny teens fucked fast and hard, their bellies slapping obscenely together with every juicy hump.

Zack dropped his head to her bouncing tits and sucked her nipples, tugging the rubbery stiff tips into his mouth like a sucking baby. As big as his girlfriend's tits were, he secretly wished they were bigger. He wished she could bury his entire fucking head between them and get smothered to.the point of nearly passing out.

Downstairs, Zack's mother Katie had just got home. She called out to him, but got no answer. She slipped out of her heels and went upstairs, making the mistake of entering her son's room only after a quick knock.

The first thing she noticed were two humping bodies on the bed. Then she saw Zack's swollen prick pounding brutally into Taylor's cunt slit, his big balls slapping against the crack of her ass with every thrust. "Cumming now, ahhhh, God, I'm cumming!" Taylor cried out.

Gasping with shock and embarrassment, Katie quickly closed the door, still unable to escape the girl's orgasmic cries."Fuck meeeee-awww, awwwww, yes, I'm cuummmiiinnnggg!!"

"Damnit, Zack," Katie muttered, frustrated by how many times she'd asked him to lock his door when taking care of personal business. It was only a month ago she had walked in on him beating his meat, while watching a video of huge naked tits bouncing around.

Not much was said about the incident, other than her admonishing him to lock his door next time.

Katie went to her bedroom, checking her phone for any missed calls. She was beginning to worry a bit. It wasn't like her husband not to call her back. Tom had a busy job as an investment banker, but he always made time for communication with his wife throughout the day. She shot him a text. "Hey, everything ok? Did you get my voice-message?" she texted.

She stripped out of her sundress, unveiling a sexy pale-pink bra and panty set. The silky bra had delicate lace embroidery and fit snug on her body, barely containing the heavy flesh of her boobs. Bulging tit-meat was spilling out all over the place. She went into the bathroom and started the shower. As she leaned over, the thong of her panties crept further between her thick ass-cheeks.

She grasped the panties by the waistband and peeled them down her smooth coppertone legs. Katie had a succulent ass. The kind of bubble-butt most women work tirelessly to achieve. The unblemished half-moons had strong gluteal muscles and a thick

outer layer of fat, giving them that erotic sway and jiggle as she walked.

The beautiful mother stood upright, reaching back with both hands, pulling at the thick bands of her bra and unclasping her hooks. The straps slipped off her shoulders and she peeled the silky cups away, releasing her enormous melons. Katie had always been a busty girl. She wore tripled bras in high school and through the years, her tits just grew to ridiculous proportions.

She stepped into the shower, soaking her body in the hot spray. Then she applied a series of soaps and exfoliating that always kept her skin soft and perfectly unblemished. As she rinsed it away, the suds cascaded down through the canyon between her mammoth tits. The thick nubs of her nipples stood erect, protruding from the wide pink areola that were as big around as grapefruits.

After a quick shave, eliminating any stubble on her legs and pubis, the mother washed and conditioned her beautiful straight mane of dark hair. Finally finished, she got out, toweled off and lotioned her body. Her strong legs shimmered with smooth sleek softness.

After throwing on a fresh bra, panties and a cute matching outfit, consisting of shorts and a tank-top, the mother went back downstairs to start dinner. The downstairs area was an open concept, so Katie was able to see Zack and his girlfriend as they came downstairs. "Bye, Katie," Taylor said, heading for the front door.

Katie flashed her a smile. "Bye hon," she said, then looked at her son "Please tell me she's on the pill," the concerned mother said, rinsing a few dishes.

"Umm, hello to you too," Zack joked, opening the fridge.

"I know you guys were fucking in there and I know you weren't wearing a condom." "How do you know that? Maybe I was," Zack

said with a smug grin.

"I know that because you didn't lock your door again, so I walked in and got an eye-full."

"Mom, you gotta stop doing that. Knocking twice then coming right in is like pausing at a stop sign. It's a stop, not a pause. If my door's closed, there's probably a good reason," Zack said.

Katie rolled her eyes, drying her hands off. "Well, thank you for that wonderful analogy, Mister Einstein. Start wearing condoms or your room is off limits when she comes over," she said sternly. "Fine," Zack said, taking a swig of orange-juice from the jug.

"And please use a glass, that's gross," she said. Zack answered with a belch.

"Zack!" Katie said with a glare. "Sorry."

"You're gonna be sorry when I kick you out of my kitchen. Have you heard from your father?" she said, checking her phone again, "he hasn't been answering his phone."

"Maybe he's having an affair," Zack said, watching his Mom cut vegetables on the center island. Katie peeked up, glaring at him. "That's not even funny," she said.

Zack giggled, th eye-balled his Mom's jugs, entranced by how they stretched her cotton tank top. He loved the way her tits pressed together in the snug top, forming a mile-long cleavage that was on open display above the scooped neck. Being a big tit expert and having a mother with such a huge rack made it hard for him to focus on anything else sometimes.

Katie wasn't blind to his obsession. The way he constantly stared at her chest, along with the fact that he had a busty girlfriend, made it fairly obvious that she had a horny tit-hound for a son.

She spoke up, breaking his tittie-trance. "Maybe there's something wrong with my phone. Can you try texting him on yours?" she said..

Zack was in the middle of texting his father, when they saw the front door open. Rick flashed them a somber look as he closed the door behind him.

"Hey hon, did you not get my calls?" Katie asked him.

"I did, sorry. I was just in the middle of something," her husband muttered.

She could tell right away something was up. "Is everything ok? What's wrong?" she asked..

Rick stood there looking at the floor. He shook his head, almost like he was in a state of shock and disbelief. "I fucked up. Seriously fucked up," he said, then started up the stairway.

Katie and Zack looked at each other, confused. Rick was usually very happy-go-lucky, so his behavior was extremely unusual. "Maybe he did have an affair," Zack whimpered.

"Hush," Katie said, then followed her husband upstairs.

She found him in their bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed. She came over and sat beside him. "What's going on? You didn't answer my calls and I've never seen you like this. You're starting to scare me," she said.

Rick glanced up into her eyes, then looked away, as if he was ashamed to look at her for two long. "Do you remember last week, when I was told you about some good stock tips that I got and that I was thinking about investing?"

"Yeah, that medical company, right?" Katie asked.

"Yes, well I did invest some money, but unfortunately, it turned out to be a very bad deal. The company just liquidated. The assets were used to pay administrative expenses first, then the claims of the secured creditors. By the time they did that, the shareholders like myself were pretty much out of luck," Rick explained.

Katie sighed, preparing to hear the damage. "How much did we lose?"

Rick shook his head and looked at the floor. His silence made Katie's heart pound nervously. "Rick...how much did we lose?" she said again, with more panic in her voice.

"We lost everything," he muttered. "Our entire savings."

Katie let out a fake snicker. "Please tell me your joking," she said. "I wish I was."

She abruptly stood up. "Wait a minute. Is that why I got an email alert from our bank? So you really bet all our savings on a stupid stock tip?"

"It looked solid," Rick said. "Even the guys at the office said it was a sure bet. I was only gonna hold onto it for a short time. I thought it could double, maybe even triple our investment."

Katie looked as though she could burst out crying. "That money was our future," she exclaimed. "That was Zack's college, that was our retirement. You had no right to do that!"

"Babe, I'm sorry, my only intention was the help us."

"Help us?!" Katie shouted. "You just fucking destroyed everything we've worked our whole lives for. You might as well have just went to Vegas and blown it all playing blackjack."

"Katie, I never would have done it if I didn't thing it was gonna pay off," he said.

"Well, guess what? It didn't!" she said. "I never would have agreed to that. I never would have let you wager our entire life savings on some stupid stock," she said, then suddenly got choked up as the reality of the situation sunk in,"**YOU SELFISH BASTARD!**" she screamed, the stomped out of the room in tears.

The rest of the evening was very awkward for everyone in the house. Katie secluded herself in the guest bedroom in the basement, locking the door and ignoring her husband's requests to talk. Zack was curious as hell, but also kinda pissed at his dad for upsetting his Mom. The teen was afraid that if he found out his dad was cheating that he would do something stupid, like punch him. So he decided to play it cool and not pry into what was going on.

He remained in the dark until the following afternoon when he arrived home from school. He saw his mom sitting on the couch with her laptop, so he joined her.

"So was I right?" he asked.

Katie looked up from her computer. "About?" she said, raising an eyebrow. "Dad cheating on you?"

She shook her head and forced a smile.. "No, your father's not cheating on me."

"So what did he mean when he said he fucked up and why aren't you guys talking to each other?"

"Your father made a very bad investment," she said..Katie explained the situation and how their savings account was drained due to a lack of judgement on Rick's part.

Zack could hardly believe it. "Damn, I can't believe dad would be that stupid," he said..

"Me neither, so that's why I've been looking for a job all afternoon," she said. "To help earn some of that money back."

"Mom, it was three-hundred thousand dollars. You're gonna have to work until you're like eighty to make that back," he said, making her giggle.

"Well then I'll work until I'm eighty," Katie said," I've been telling you all these years that we're paying for your college and that's what I intend to do."

Zack smiled. "Well what if I just didn't go to college, then you wouldn't have to worry about it." "What, so you can lounge around here and watch big boob videos all day?" she teased.

Zack was a bit embarrassed. He knew his Mom was referring to the time she'd caught him beating off while watched some naked milf tits swing around on his computer screen.

"I don't watch that stuff anymore," he lied.

Katie could read him like a book. "Uh-huh," she muttered teasingly. The discussion made her think of the conversation she'd had with Beth at the mall.. "Guess who I saw a the mall yesterday?" Katie asked.

"Joanna Bliss?"

Katie gave him a weird look. "Who?" "Never mind," he giggled, "who'd you see?" "Remember Beth, Marty's mom?"

"Oh yeah, she was damn hot," Zack said.

Katie gave him a playful swat on the shoulder. "You were fifteen," she said. "Ok, well she was still damn hot," he said.

"Yeah, well, you'll like this next part then. Apparently she makes a ton of money doing porn online," Katie said.

Zack's mouth fell open. "Shut the front door!"

"That's what she told me...and **NO**, she didn't tell me the name of the site, so don't ask, mister."

Zack laughed. "Well, that's one way you could earn that money back in a hurry," he bravely said. "What way? Porn?" Me?!" Katie asked with a quirky smile.

"Of course you. I mean, I probably shouldn't say it, but I'm going to anyway. You have the kind of body that every guy on the planet would be throwing their money at," Zack said.

Katie blushed, "Stop," she muttered..

"Mom, seriously. Not only are you beautiful, but there are uh..." he said, glancing at her huge rack, "...certain things about you that a lot of guys couldn't get enough of seeing, trust me."

Katie gave him a playful look. "If you're trying to butter me up for a bigger allowance, forget it. I'm broke, remember."

"Well if you do the porn thing that Marty's Mom's doing, you wouldn't be broke for long. I guarantee it," he said. "You'd probably make those three-hundred G's back in a year."

Katie shook her head timidly. "Sweet of you to say, but I'm no porn star, honey." she said. "What if I helped you?"

"Helped me?" Katie said, feeding him an odd smirk. "That would be...a little weird."

"No really, I know what guys like. I could help you attract an audience," Zack said, "Beside's, you'd need someone behind the camera. Let me be your guy."

Katie laughed. "Honey no, we can't."

"If you're worried about what dad would think, then we just won't tell him. We could record while he's a work," Zack said.

"No, I'm not concerned at all about that. Your father created this mess. He has no right to tell us how we can and can't fix it. Just the idea of doing things like that, in front of a camera, knowing other people are watching, knowing that **YOU'RE** watching... it would just be weird," Katie said.

"At first maybe, but after you got used to it, it would be just like exercising in front of someone. No big deal at all."

Katie sighed, seriously thinking it over. "Let me talk to Beth, see what this site she's on is all about, then we can go from there," she said.

Zack could hardly sleep that night thinking about whether this plan would actually pan out. Like every other acquaintance with a swinging dick, he'd been lusting after his Mom for years. He often lay in bed, beating his dick while thinking about what Katie must look like completely naked. She had boobs the size of most of the big tit models he followed online. Hers were the types of tits that fueled his fantasies and he'd been trying to sneak a peek of them since he hit puberty.

Katie slept with Rick that night, but continued to show her displeasure by speaking to him as little as possible. At one point, he tried to bring up his mistake and apologize once again.

"What's done is done. We just need to focus on earning that money back," his wife said coldly. **'k'k'k**

When Zack arrived home the next day he was surprised to see his Mom sitting at the table with Marty's mother Beth. They had a laptop in front of them, watching something on the screen. Zack heard a woman moaning and knew it must be some type of porn. Katie quickly clicked out of it and smiled at her boy. "Hey honey," she said.

Beth got up and threw her arms around the teen. "Wow, little Zacky all grown up," she said, pulling him in for a tit-squashing embrace.

Beth's body was plush and she smelt amazing. She'd always reminded him of a more shapely Kate Hudson. From the feel of them pressed on his chest, Zack guessed her boobs were easily a large double-d. He was usually pretty accurate about such things. The short-haired blonde gazed at him with her piercing green eyes. "So your Mom tells me you wanna be the Steven Spielberg of the porn industry," she said, making them all giggle.

"Well, I don't know about that. I think **SHE** would do well though," Zack said.

"I whole-heartedly agree," Beth said, "In fact, we were just getting ready to set up her profile on the site," "Really??" Zack asked with big excited smile.

Katie looked over at her son. "Just trying it out for now," she said. "I'm not going full-out porn Queen just yet," she said with a giggle..

Beth sat down at the laptop. "Ok, username. Something fun and sexy," she said. "Oh, I don't know..." Katie said timidly, thinking it over.

"How about Katie-Cushy-tits," Zack boldly suggested. Beth burst out laughing. "Zaaack," Katie said, giving him a playful smile.

"What, I like it."

Beth smiled. "It **IS** catchy," she said. "I'll put it down. You can always change it later." "Fine," Katie said. "If I remember correctly, you're the same age as me, right? So thirty-eight?" Beth asked. "Yep."

"Ok, I need your dimensions?" Beth asked.

"Forty-five, twenty-seven, forty-three," Katie answered and Beth quickly typed them in.. "Height and weight?"

"Five-seven, a hundred and forty-five pounds." "Breast size?" Beth asked.

"Thirty-eight H cup," Katie responded, peeking over and getting a smile from her son.

"Now we need a profile picture. It should be one of you posing in something sexy," Beth said. "Can I go pick something out?" Zack asked.

"What? Noo," Katie said with a smile. "Knowing you, you'll go straight for my lingerie drawer." "Well she did say something sexy," Zack said.

Katie's reluctance softened. "Anything from my closet, how's that." "Fine," Zack said, rushing upstairs.

His mom had a ton of outfits. Many he'd never seen her in before. He searched through the clothing, looking for the sexiest outfit her could find. He finally deciding on one that looked amazing. He picked out some heels to go with it and left the full outfit there on his parent's bed. "All picked out," he announced, once he arrived back downstairs.

Katie fed him a quirky smile. "I'm nervous about what I'm gonna find up there," she said. "It **WAS** in your closet," Zack said with a smile.

"Oh boy," she said in a worried tone, making Beth giggle. "You'll look awesome," her son assured her.

While she was gone, Beth gave Daniel a quick tour of the website. It was called "**GRADE-A MILF**," and she explaining how it worked. "So, you'll click here to post a video and don't forget to give it a title. Viewers pay a fee to watch each video you post. The longer the download, the more money they have to pay to view it," she said.

"Got it. Is that avatar for your profile?" he asked, pointing up to the corner of the screen.

"Yep, that's me," she said, clicking on it. Her profile name was "Breathless Beth" and her profile picture was extremely naughty. She was bent over a chair in nothing but a pair of black thong panties, pointing her thick ass towards the camera. "As you can see, I would have let you pick something from the lingerie drawer," she said with a wink.

It wasn't long before they heard a voice at the top of the stairway. "I haven't worn this thing in years," Katie said, her heels clicking on each step..

The busty mother wore a black lace-up bodycon dress, which had a halter-style top. Through the gaping laces running up the side of the entire gown, Zack could see his Mom's sexy bare midriff and the side of one of her massive breasts. The hem of the haltered top could barely contain the enormity of her knockers and they quivered with each of her delicate steps. Her tan legs were displayed, nearly to her crotch and they looked gorgeous. Her feet were arched in five-inch stiletto heels.

"Damn, that looks even hotter than I imagined," Zack said.

"Thanks, honey," Katie said with a smile. "So how do we wanna do this picture?"

Beth jumped out of her seat. "I say with you sitting on the couch, legs crossed, chest thrust out, giving the camera a serious 'come fuck me' stare," she said.

Katie looked at her son and he pointed to Beth. "What she said," he said excitedly, making both Moms giggle.

Katie sat and Zack watched her boobs wobble heavily from side-to-side. She crossed her smooth sexy mommy-legs and puts her hands on cushions on each side of her hips, then she thrust her chest, making her ginormous boobs balloon outward. Her son could see her thick.fleshy nipples protruding through the fabric.

"You're up, Mister Spielberg," Beth said.

"Oh, right," Zack muttered, too busy staring at his Mom's boobs to remember that his job was to take the picture.

He pointed the camera and Katie gave him a sultry stare. He took a few pictures as his dick hardened..

"You guys will wanna purchase a high definition video camera, so your audience gets the sharpest images possible," Beth suggested.

Zack was too anxious to wait. "We should do a video now though, just to give the audience a taste of what's coming," he said, clicking the phone over to video.

"Good idea, Zack. Pour on the sexy, Katie," Beth said..

"Ohh," Katie muttered, going into sultry stare mode again. She gently moved her upper torso, making her big milkers wobble back and forth..

"That's perfect," Beth said, "I can help you put some music over this first video, so you won't hear our voices. Remember, the camera guy is your audience. Flirting with him is like flirting with your viewer."

Zack smiled. That's just what he wanted to hear. Katie gazed into the camera with a lustful stare, then curled her long pink tongue across her top lip. "Ohh wow, that was good, Mom," he said with an excited quiver in his voice.

Katie giggled, then did it again, in the reverse direction, gliding her pink licker back across her lip. She stuck her arm out and gave Zack the sexy 'come hither' motion with her finger.

Her son moved forward, crouching down to get an amazing lower angle of her. Katie noticed Beth waving to get her attention as she sat at the table. The off-camera assistant opened her legs, showing her panty-covered crotch, as if urging Katie to do the same.

Zack filmed on, watching as Katie began to trace her hands along the top of her legs. Then they slowly peeked open and her fingers slid down along her smooth inner thighs. Zack could hardly believe what he was seeing. He kept the shot fixed on her sexy legs as they slowly splayed apart, revealing her panty-covered pussy. Even more amazing was the fact that they were completely transparent, giving the audience a clear view of her shaved pubis.

The boy took a big excited gulp as he moved the camera down between her open legs, getting a closer shot. Her smooth tan thighs were now spread wide, her knees pointing at opposite ends of the room. Her spread caused the outer layer of pussy-flesh to peel open beneath her panties, exposing the thick petals of her inner labellum and the domed hood of her clitoris.

Zack eyes got big, his breathing heavy from the thrill of seeing his own beautiful mom's pussy. He scanned the camera up her body so that the swell of her jutting tits loomed above the lens. Katie peeked down over her mammoth mounds and gave the camera a cute little smile.

"You should send your viewers away with a little kiss, Katie," Beth suggested.

The sexy mom did just that, puckering her lips in an air-kiss, then blowing it toward Zack's phone. The excited teen stopped the recording and Katie closed her legs.

"Damn, that was amazing," Zack confessed, making the ladies laugh. "Look at that. You got your first follower, Katie," Beth said.

She helped them lay a nice track of sensual music over the video they'd just shot, then post it on the website. Katie was now officially a porn actress.

Now she had to have that difficult, but necessary conversation with her husband. She was still upset at him and probably would be for awhile, but she knew that mistakes happen and it was time for her to move on in a civil manner.

That night they went out to dinner and she decided to approach the subject in the car after they ate.. "Can we just talk for a minute, before we go back home?"

"Of course," Rick said, shutting the engine off.

Katie knew she had to proceed delicately. "I've been thinking a lot about how to move forward after what happened. It was a lot of money to lose, but we can get it back fairly quickly and I have a plan on how to do that," she said.

"Hon, this was my fuck up. I'll make it up somehow, get money back into our account." "Rick no. No more buying and selling stocks. It's just too risky. We may have lost our savings, but we're not in debt, which is exactly what we could be if you start throwing money around again," she said.

"Ok, so what are you suggesting?"

Katie took a deep breath. "I found a way to make money. Lots of money and I can do it without ever leaving the house," she

explained.

"Ok," Rick said, showing interest.

"I'm gonna be performing. Posting videos online," she said.
"Performing?" Rick asked.

"Yes, showing my body. Doing...sexual things. I have an old acquaintance who does it and she says I can make a lot of money, very quickly," Katie said.

"Katie no, you're not gonna expose yourself to a bunch of perverts online, that's ridiculous," Rick said with a scowl.

"No, what's rediculous is you wagering ever penny we had on a stupid stock tip. I'm not asking your permission to do this, Rick. I'm telling you that this is my plan for getting our money back," Katie said.

"Katie, I'll get some sort of side-job. Put everything I make back into savings," he said. "No, you're already doing sixty hours a week. We'd never see you **AND** with a silly side-job it would take you forever to make up what we lost. I posted one short video on this site earlier today. Zack texted me and told me that we've already made almost three-hundred dollars off of it," Katie explains.

"Wait a minute, Zack knows you're doing this?" Rick asked.

"Zack is very tech savvy. The videos require some camera work and editing. Things that I can't do."

Rick shook his head. "Katie, he's your son. He shouldn't be seeing you that way," he said. "I'm sorry, I'm just don't like this idea at all."

His wife looked at him patiently. "You don't have to. I'm not asking you to like it. I'm telling you that this is the way I've chosen to fix your mistake and I'm going forward with it," she said.

When the got back home, Zack seemed anxious to talk to Katie, meeting them at the entryway. "How was dinner?" he asked.

"Was good," Rick answered, still seeming a bit perturbed by the earlier conversation. "Hey Mom, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"If it's about the whole online video thing, she told me about it," Rick said, "so you don't have to keep me in the dark."

Zack looked back at his dad, seeming a tad uncomfortable. "Oook, um, well good news," he said, shifting his attention to Kristen. "I just got a great deal on an **HD** camera and a couple lights for our production setup. Only fouteen-hundred, for everything."

"And how did we pay for this?" Rick asked.

"Relax, I let him use my credit card," Katie said, then smiled at her boy. "That's awesome honey." "What's awesome about spending that much money?" Rick said with a scowl.

Katie glared at him. "Says the man who just lost three-hundred grand. We didn't even get to spend it. You just practically gave it away," she said..

"Ohhh, burn," Zack laughed. "Sorry dad, but she's right. Okay, two things... We should take the guest bedroom in the basement, set it up as a little studio. We'd have our set, our lights, even a bathroom for you to change and do your make-up. Everything we need would be right in one place."

Katie nodded. "That makes sense. It's certainly the most private area of the house," Katie said. "The second thing is, we're getting tons of messages on the site. Viewers are begging for more content. I don't think we should wait for our equipment. I think we should post another video..like tonight," Zack said.

Katie looked over at her husband. "It's money in the bank," she said.. "I still don't like it," Rick sulked.

Katie fed him a sarcastic smirk. "I don't like seeing my bank account at zero either," she said, then looked at her son. "I'll meet you downstairs in a few minutes."

"Cool," Zack said, rushing off to prepare.

Rick followed his wife to their bedroom. "Katie, have you thought through this completely? What if anyone we know found out you two were doing this, they'll tell everyone...our friends, our family. We'd be a disgrace," he said, grasping at straws to change his wife's mind.

"Then we keep it between the three of us and if we're doing all our recordings in the basement, like Zack suggested, then we won't ever have to worry about being happened upon," she said. "But still there's always that chance. Is it worth it?"

Katie rolled her eyes. "Rick, are you gonna be a help or a hindrance? Because if all you're gonna do is bitch all the time, then please just stay out of our way," she said, then headed upstairs to her bedroom.

On the way there, she got a text from Zack. "Bring down a sexy outfit! Viewers will wanna see you barely wearing something," the message read. Katie giggled, thinking about how cute it was that her son was getting so into their new plan.

By the time she got downstairs, her son was going crazy with anticipation. "What did you pick out?" he asked, eyeballing something white and skimpy-looking in her hand.

Katie giggled and headed to the bathroom. "You'll see," she said, the gave him a teasing smile, "Why does it seem like you're as eager as the viewers are?"

She closed the door and Zack was forced to wait a little longer. When she emerged from the bathroom, he discovered it was well worth the wait. "Holy shit, Mom," the teen exclaimed, checking out her outfit.

Katie was wearing a white sheer mesh teddy with spaghetti straps. It left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Zack always wanted to see her tits and there they were. He could see every juicy detail, right through the thin stretchy mesh fabric.

"Well, you said they wanna see me barely wearing something. Her you go," she said cutely.

"Yeah, I think that's definitely in the 'barely nothing' category," he joked, his eyes drifting down to her shaved pubis.

Katie looked at him anxiously. "So I have an idea for this one," she said. "It's something I saw Beth doing in one of her videos."

"What is it?"

"You start filming when we're both at the bathroom doorway. Since you're the viewer, it'll be like I'm leading you to the bed. Then you can stand at the foot of the mattress while I um, do my thing," she explained.

"I like it. We should play some sexy background music to set the mood."

They did as suggested, walking over to the bathroom doorway, then starting a sexy **R&B** tune on Zack's phone. The teen stood behind her, preparing the camera. "Ready?" he asked.

"Nervous, but ready," Katie whispered.. "Action!" he shouted, making her giggle.

The hot mother sashayed toward the bed and Zack followed, filming every jiggling move she made. His heart pounded with excitement as he captured the sway of her meaty buttocks through the transparent fabric. The twin tan half-globes were divided by the well-defined split of her ass-crack.

The way she gazed back at the camera teasingly made her son want to reach down and squeeze the hard bulge that had formed in his shorts. He did his best to restrain himself, but as he watched the way she crawled seductively onto the bed, it became more and more difficult not to touch himself.

With her ass pointed back as she rested on all fours, her buns spread slightly and Zack could see the pink crinkled ring of her butthole. "Oh my God," he softly muttered in fuck-lust.

Katie gracefully sat on the mattress and lifted one of her naked legs, curling it away from the other. Zack captured her thighs bowing open, flanking the upside-down triangle of her puffy crotch. Just like the sheer panties he'd filmed earlier that day, the crotch of the mesh teddy stretched over her mons, allowing her to tease the viewers with a clear view of her pussy.

Now she rested on her ass with her knees bent back and spread apart. She was reclined back, resting on extended arms. Her massive protuberant breasts stretched the gauzy fabric, her nipples thick and erect. She did a sexy little rocking motion to the beat of the music, making her knockers heave slightly from side to side. Zack couldn't help but reach down and adjust himself, giving his knob a little squeeze in the process.

His mother's eyes followed his hand down, watching his fingers squeeze the tip of his hardon through his shorts. "Well, if I'm turning my son on, then surely I must be turning on the viewers too," she thought.

She lowered onto her elbows, reclining back even further. She opened her splayed thighs up even more, propping her knees back nearly level with her shoulders. Her cute tan bare feet with painted toes looked so sexy hovering in mid-air. Zack sighed in utter fascination. He never dreamed he'd see his mom this way, with her legs spread open as if she were preparing to get fucked. He was having a hard time fighting the urge to rub himself.

"Hold on," he sighed, lowering the camera.

"Is everything ok?" Katie asked, even though she knew exactly why her son was struggling. "I know this is bad, but...would you care if I..."

"Would I care if you what, honey?" she asked.

Zack knew his request might be ridiculously crossing the line. "Never mind, it's stupid."

Katie continued to hold her pose with her legs spread wide open. "Zack, I think we both know, if this is gonna work, we have to have open communication with each other. Tell me what's wrong."

He decided to play the 'concern for production quality' angle. "I'm afraid the way I'm squirming around, turned on by all this, is making the camera work a little shaky. Would you care if I um, stroked on myself while I film?"

Katie sighed, thinking it over a moment. "Oh my God, is he really asking me if we can jerk off while we do this?" she thought. She thought about how she could justify saying yes. "Well, you do represent the viewer and I'm sure the viewers at home will be stroking themselves..."

Zack smiled. "**I KNOW** they will be," he said.

"And we don't want crappy camera-work, that would be unprofessional. So I suppose if it helps you, then do what you need to do," Katie said.

"You're the best," Zack said excitedly, then pointed the camera. "Ok, back to the action."

Katie giggled, then got in sexy mode again. She stared at the camera longingly, while moving her strong naked mommy-legs around in a teasing manner.

Zack unzipped with his free hand and fished his boner from his shorts. A big gob of precum was smeared across the knob and he waisted no time using it as lubrication to stroke his dick while he filmed.

Katie's eyes widened as she was reminded of the sheer size of his meaty pecker. She watched his hand jerk around the fat purplish knob. Zack's erection was like a sturdy pikestaff jutting from his pubescent crotch. It was the biggest piece of manhood she'd ever seen in person, but she tried not to make her fascination that obvious.

She closed and opened her spread legs a few times teasingly, showing their limberness. Then, to really get a thrill out of her viewers, Katie scissored her legs back in a huge spread-eagle.

"Hot damn, Mom!" Zack said excitedly, his fat knob tingled at site her wide-open legs. Her little bare feet were pointed back and her legs looked amazingly strong and sleek. His eyes followed the twin spires of tan flesh down to where the rounded cheeks of her buttocks met the mattress. Crowning those buns was the protuberant lips of her most secret place.

Zack zoomed in on her mound of Venus. He marveled at how the thick petals of her inner labium were peeled apart, revealing the

fleshy domed hood of her clitoris and the creamy coral slit of her cock-grinder.

He glanced up into her face and she smiled back, as if she'd been watching him gawk. She looked down at his crotch and watching him pull on his Peter, then humped her rump up and down a few times, as if meeting his thrusts from a distance.

"Wow," the aroused teen hissed, out of his mind with lust.

He moved the camera up, capturing the meaty mounds of her tits spread out on her chest. He wanted nothing more than to bury his face between them for days.

Upstairs, Rick sat in bed struggling to focus on some of the computer work. His mind kept drifting to what might be going on downstairs. He felt angry, yet helpless, since he knew that he was the cause of it all.

It wasn't long before curiosity got the better of him. He crept down the long narrow stairway leading to the basement guest bedroom. When he peeked the door open, the first thing he noticed was the beat of sensual music and the sound of his wife moaning and gasping.

He looked over and saw Katie positioned on her back at the edge of the bed. He knees were propped back and she was masturbating furiously. Her body shivered with pleasure, her hand was tucked through the leg-hole of the teddy, her finger frantically stroking her clitoris.

As if this wasn't shocking enough, he saw his son looming over her, pointing the camera down, capturing every juicy detail while beating his hard dick. Their lewd uninhibited behavior gave him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. Since his son clearly had a pecker much bigger than his own, Rick experienced a bit of jealousy as well.

However, what he felt the most, as he watched in disbelief, was intense anger and it was about to boil over.

"Yess!" his wife cried out, her body squirming and writhing as she worked to bring herself to the peak of climax.

Zack had a bird's eye view of the 'Mommy masturbation show' and his dick throbbed in his stroking first, threatening to blow a wad of cum down onto her. His phone camera captured a nice close-up of her fingers digging through her cunt-slot. He was so close he could see the juice burbling from her fuck-hole.

He scanned up sexy midriff to her big tit-cannons, capturing how they wavered on her chest from her wild humping motions. He could watch them for hours, but he wanted to get a shot of Katie's pleasure-filled face. The pretty mother's hair was fanned out around her. The muscles and tendons in her neck were straining as she arched her head back in pleasure, her mouth wide open, gasping Having seen enough, Rick spoke up. "All right, time out!" he shouted.

Zack stopped stroking himself and hit stop on his camera, while Katie sat up looking annoyed as hell. "Rick, what hell?! We're filming!" she shouted back.

"Ok, well, this wasn't the type of 'performance' I thought you were talking about," he said. "Seriously. I told you I'd be performing sexually. What part of that was confusing to you?" she said.

Rick looked at his son, who stood there with his big boner hanging out. "Ok I get that, but why is he jerking off?"

"All of Mom's viewers are likely jerking off while they watch her, so I'm just doing it to help her out and remind her of who she's performing for," Zack said.

Rick rolled his eyes. "I'm pretty sure you just made that up," he said.

Katie huffed irritably, "What difference does it make?! We're working hard to earn back what **YOU** lost. You have no right to come in here and start criticizing the way we're doing that," she shouted.

"I just don't think it's appropriate," Rick said.

"Yeah was neither was gambling our savings away without my knowledge, but that didn't seem to stop you, did it? You did what you felt was right, now I'm doing the same. Unfortunately our part requires a lot more hard work, so please, just go back upstairs and leave us alone," Katie said sternly.

"Whatever," Rick muttered, leaving the room.

Katie looked back at her son. "I'm sorry, sweetheart. What a jerk," she said, glaring toward the door. "Not your fault, Mom. Wanna try filming from a different angle?" Zack asked.

She smiled playfully. "Sure," she said, "what did you have in mind?"

"I was thinking a shot with the camera pointed straight up your belly, letting the viewers see the undersides of your boobs," Zack suggested bravely. "That would be super-hot."

"You think so huh?" Katie said. "How the heck would you even get that angle? You'd have to be on your back and I'd have to like, straddle your neck or something."

Zack heart pounded in his chest. "I'd be fine with it," he muttered, making Katie giggle. "Somehow I don't doubt that," she said, "but if you think viewers will like it, let's give it a go."

"Sweet," her son said, plopping on his back on the bed. His big cock still protruded from his shorts, still hard as a rock.

He watched his Mom's big boobs bobble beneath the confines of the see-through mesh as she crawled up and threw a leg across him,

straddling his neck and resting her thick ass on his upper chest. His prick flexed at the site of her shaved mons resting only a few inches from his face. Through the sheer fabric, he could see her outer folds puffing out on either side of the furrow of her pudendal cleft. Jutting from the top of that gash was the thick domed hood of her clitoris.

"Is this gonna work ok?" Katie asked, gazing down at him.

"Yeah, it's perfect," Zack said with an excited gasp, pointing his phone-camera up at the looming clouds of tit-meat. "Ok, I'm filming."

Katie got back into her 'performing' role, rocking her body to the beat of the music. Of course, Zack also wasted no time reaching down and jerking on his boner again, while filming her every juicy motion. From his phone, he changed the music to something with a sexy techno dance beat.

Katie started laughing. "Ohh boy, am I suppose change into dance-club mode now?" she asked. "That's the idea," Zack answered.

Her gentle rocking became more of a gyrating boob-thrust, making her big knockers bounce heavily, back and forth and up and down, to the beat. The pretty mother threw her arms in the air, really getting into it..

Zack's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he enjoyed a view most guys his age only dream about. Sure his girlfriend had danced for him, but it was nothing compared to this. Even under the mesh covering Katie's melons stuck out from her chest so far she could barely peek down over them.

The teen was mesmerized by the smooth rounded undersides of her tits. He felt like he was watching two large heavy watermelons of flesh, rock and bounce and ripple. Katie's crotch raised and lowered on his chest, wafting the musky aroma of wet pussy into the boy's

nostrils. "Oohh damn," Zack muttered, his knob tingling in his juicy grip..

Sensing her boy's arousal, Katie peeked back over her shoulder and saw his fist clasping the crown of his prick. Her eyes widened as she watched his meatus yawn and a thick bubbling stream of hot spunk ooze out across the shiny purple dome of his knob.

"This is a good sign," she thought, "if my Zacky likes it, then the audience will also."

"Hey, mom, you should touch yourself again, like you were doing before dad came in," Zack said, eager to see her rubbing her hot clit again.

Still grooving to the beat, Katie peeked down over his big wobbling boobies. "Ohh, did my baby like having a partner in pleasure?" she winked.

Zack watched her slip a hand back into the leg-hole of her teddy, then use two fingers to stroke the fat nub of her clitoris. He pointed the camera at her genitals, getting an extreme close-up. "Wow, that is sooo cool," he sighed, thrilled at her lewd display.

Katie peered back at his cock again, watching him beat his meat. Zack had a unique way of masturbating. While most guys simply let their hand do all the work, he would rapidly pivot his hips, humping and jacking at the same time. "Have you always masturbated that way, honey?" she asked.

"What way?"

"The way you're working your hips like that while you stroke," she said, watching intently, "that's really amazing."

"Oh thanks, yeah it's the way I've always done it," he said, then decided to wow his mom by beating his dick as hard as he could

non-stop for about thirty seconds.

Katie was absolutely enthralled. His impressive size and sexual exuberance was exciting her immensely. It's something she wasn't used to with her husband. After his display, she peeked down at his face with a smile. "You showing off?" she giggled.

"Why not," her son said, smiling back.

The masturbating mother sat on his upper chest and brought her legs out from astride him, planting her feet on the mattress. "Two can play that game," she said teasingly.

Zack about blew his nuts as he watched her bow her smooth thighs wide open and rub the crown of her pussy-slit furiously. Her torso was reclined back, propped by an extended arm. She arched her sexy feet, her strong naked mommy-legs flexing as she frantically strummed at her juicy love-button.

"Holy shit, Mom," the teen said excitedly, beating his cock to the site of her raunchy, shameless display.

From this angle, he could capture her entire upper-half in the camera shot, from her hot cunt-slit, all the way up to her pretty face, peeking from the curtain of her dark silky mane. At the moment, her eyes were closed with a look of sheer pleasure-filled concentration. Her hand was a blur as she stroked her pussy frenziedly.

As they rubbed their genitals, their hips rocked steadily and in unison. It was as if they were somehow connected, pairing the movements of their masturbation. "Hhohh," Katie's pretty mommy-voice quivered, feeling the heat swell in her vagina.

She turned her head, looking down at the hardon jutting from her son's body. Zack slid his circled hand down to the base and held it there, allowing his Mom's eyes to linger on the hard tubular muscle and the bulging veins running up it's length. He flexed his dick,

making the fat bulbous knob twitch and throb. He heard her react with a gasp.

Katie turned again and gazed down at him. Now it was her turn for show and tell. She thrust her hips forward, pushing her cunt out so it was two-inches from the camera. Then she used two fingers to splay her cunt-lips open, exposing the mouth of her creamy fuck hole.

Again, she started masturbating, rubbing two fingers across the thick swollen nub of her aroused clitoris. Her hand was a blur as she worked her pussy, gasping and shivering.

Her head suddenly jerked back. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she creamed out, hitting the peak of a hard cum.

Zack looked on in wide-eyed fuck lust, watching her hips jerk as if she were fucking her cunt against her fingers. Her big meaty tit-mounds rolled and shuddered as the hot orgasm shot through her gorgeous body. "Yesss!" she loudly whimpered

"Ohh fuck," the teen moaned as his knob tingled delightfully. Before he could even slow his own strokes, a huge wad of cum shot out the tip of his peter and splashed against Katie's reclined back. More hot ball-juice soaked her backside as he bucked and whimpered.

After they had both come down from their orgasmic high, Katie plopped down on her tummy next to her son. Her back was a glossy sheen of gooey cum-juice. "I wonder how many millions of spermies are swimming across my back right now," she said jokingly.

Zack laughed. "Sorry about that."

"Maybe I should get to cum on **YOU** next time," she teased.

"You should do that. I definitely deserve it," he happily agree, making Katie laugh.

The mother went upstairs to shower, then crawled into bed with her husband. Zack meanwhile, did a quick editing job on the new content, adding a track of sexy music, then posted it on the site.

Katie's phone buzzed and lit up. It was a text from Zack that read, "Our latest masterpiece has been posted."

Rick watched his wife giggle and text back. "Do you think we'll win the Academy Award? " she typed.. "And the best orgasm goes to...." her son texted back.

Katie laughed, then rolled onto her tummy and texted back, like a young girl with a hot new boyfriend. "What's so funny?" Rick asked, watching his wife type something out on her phone. "Just something Zack said," she answered, the returning a message to her son that said," Well you should certainly win an award for the messiest cum lol.

Rick scowled. "You should remind him it's after midnight. Some of us would like to sleep," he said.

"Turn over and sleep then. I'm not stopping you," Katie said coldly, the read her son's next text. "Sorry, didn't mean to paint your back with cum ," it read.

"No worries. Maybe we can find a better place to point that cannon next time ," she messaged back. "Have any places in mind?"

"A few ," she texted back.

"Send me a picture of one," he messaged back, making her snicker.

Katie glanced over at her husband. She knew he'd hear her camera go off, but she really didn't give a fuck. She rolled onto her side, making two huge bulging mounds of tit-cleavage spill out the top of her nightie. She gave the camera a seductive dreamy-eyed gaze.

Just as she thought it would, the sound of the camera clicking on her phone got Rick's attention. He looked over at her. "What are you getting pictures of this late?" he asked.

"Just sending one to Zack," she answered.

After sending it, she got a text back from her teen. "Pretty big targets " it read. "I'm sure the viewers would love watching me use those for target practice."

Katie giggled as her husband still looked on in annoyance. "Can I ask why you're sending a picture to him this late?" Rick said, trying to tread lightly.

Before answering, Katie shot off a quick text yo her son. "Do I get a picture? " She texted.

Then she looked over at Rick, clearly perturbed. "We're just talking," she said, then brushed him away with her hand. "Just...roll over and go to sleep."

Rick caught a quick look at the picture Zack sent before he rolled over. His son took a picture of himself laying on his bed with no shirt on. His wife turned the other way, sitting up slightly as she texted her son back.

"Rrrraawrrl! ," she messaged him, studying her son's hot lean physique. "Nice kitty lol," he texted back.

"No kitties here...only cougars! Better be careful. I'll leave claw marks." "I can handle a cougar," he messaged back.

"So I've noticed. I guess I raised a little tomcat, didn't I?" "Yup!" he messaged back.

"And I didn't mean 'little.' You're far, far from that lol. haha!"

"I've never had any complaints," her son texted.

Katie knew she was headed down a very naughty path with her son, but the thrill she was experiencing by doing so, kept her wanting to wander further and further down that path. She typed out her next message.

"I'm not gonna lie..The way you were moving your hips while you jerked off really intrigued me. Do you thrust like that when you fuck Taylor?" her text read.

She got a return text. "Haha yes. That's why she nicknamed me Thumper ."

Rick heard his wife let out a naughty giggle. He tried to brush aside his jealous irritation.

Katie typed her reaction. "Lmao! Omg, that is so funny," she texted, then decided to brazenly message him with a question. "So how long can you go for?"

"I've trained my muscles to control when I cum, so I'm able to go for a loooong while."

Katie adjusted her position on the bed, her nipples were rock hard and her pussy tingled with moisture. "Even while doing the Thumper thing??" she texted.

"Yes ."

Katie pressed her boobs together between her forearms, making them bulge out. "Jesus Christ, I can only imagine what that must feel like," she thought. Then she texted back.

"Taylor must cum like crazy when you do that," her message read.

"She does, it's nuts! After about the third orgasm she has me stop. They get too intense I guess."

Katie smiled as she texted back. "She's young. Women my age are different. We don't tire out so quickly. "

"So you have multiple orgasms?" Zack bravely texted.

Katie smiled and sighed excitedly. The fact that she was having this exchange with her hot young son was thrilling her to the core. She texted back. "Yes. In college I had stacked orgasms, which were much more frequent and intense, but it's been awhile since I've experienced anything like that,".

"Wow, maybe I need a girlfriend your age," Zack messaged.

"You better if you want some **REAL** pleasure! I better get some rest to I can give a killer performance tomorrow. Love you!

The next afternoon, Katie went to her son's door wearing only a short silk robe. She wasn't expecting to see Taylor in there with him. The two looked like they'd been up to no-good.

Katie flashed the girl a jealous glare, then looked at her son. "I need your help with something downstairs," she said, then walked away.

Zack knew exactly what she meant. "I'm gonna need to help her out with something, sorry," he said to his girlfriend.

Taylor huffed. "You haven't fucked me in like three days. I feel like you're blowing me off." "I'll call you later, ok," he muttered.

"Whatever," she said, quickly leaving.

Katie was waiting for Zack in the downstairs bedroom in nothing but a skimpy bikini. She had some sexy music going. "Is she gone?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Good. Let's do some filming," the mother said, then paraded around the bedroom, posing and swinging her thonged ass for the camera.

Of course, while filming, Zack beat his hard dick to her every move and his mom could hardly take her eyes off of it.

"How bout on the bed now," Zack said, following her to the mattress, where she gracefully sprawled out on her tummy.

Katie's huge melons pressed on the bed, bulging out at the sides. Zack was at the foot of the mattress getting a shot from her sexy bare feet, up the silky backs up her tan legs to the meaty mounds of her exposed buttocks.

She peeked back over her shoulder and gave him a flirty wink, then kicked one of her feet up playfully.

She rolled over, making her mammoth tits wobble back and forth, nearly popping out of bikini top. She brought her knees back, bowing her thighs and making the crotch of her bikini bottom mold to the puffy lips of her vulva.

Zack was turned on as hell and when his mom gave him the come-hither finger, he got even more excited. He crawled up and knelt between her legs and for a long moment she laid there with wide-eyed fascination, watching him beat his boner.

She playfully folded her naked legs around him, tugging him down on top of her. "Set the camera down," she said with a look of thrill in her eyes, "Let's play.

"Both of us? The viewers wanna see **YOU**, not me, Mom."

"That might not be true. Beth told me that women who perform with hot young guys make the most money," Katie said.

"Really?" he asked.

"That's what she said, and since **THIS IS** all about making lots and lots of money, I say we make a video of us, see what the viewers think," Katie said.

Zack smiled. "Well, I'm certainly not gonna debate that idea," he said.

The boy reached over and set his phone on the side-table, pointing the camera at them.. "Do you want me to put my dick back in my shorts?" he asked.

"I don't mind it out, if you don't."

"Since I'm showing something, will you show something too?" he asked. Katie smiled. "I can play fair. My top or my bottoms?" she asked.

"Top," he muttered.

Without hesitation, Katie reached under and untied her bikini. She pulled it away and her massive tit-orbs sprung free. Both her areola and nipples were stiff with arousal and Zack could hardly peel his eyes away from them..

Katie reached up with both hands and stroked his chest as their hips began to rock to the beat. "Maybe we should kiss," the hot mother suggested.

"Seriously?" her son asked with an anxious smile.

"Yeah, I mean, I'm sure the viewers don't suspect that we're mother and son. If we're a hot couple, then we gotta sell it, right?" she

asked.

"Let's sell it then," he said, lowering himself down on top of her.

Her lips brushed his as both of them shivered, then the tender kiss of passion turned into something hot and sensual. Zack's tongue jabbed into Katie's mouth and probed deeply. She sucked lustfully at his delightful tongue as she pulled it deeper and deeper into her throat, sucking it like a hot cock.

She reached for his hands, pulling them to her heaving breasts. Zack's body shuttered as he felt her soft naked tit-flesh. He sunk his fingers into them, feeling the spongy meat of her jugs.

"Your nipples are hard, like my cock," he whispered between passionate kisses. "They get like that when they need to be sucked on," she said.

"Is that an invitation?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered, "but I'm not through kissing you yet."

They smooched some more and their hips continued to undulate. Zack's hard cock was pressed up against her pussy-mound and he could feel the heat radiating from her cunt-hole.

As their kissing became more passionate, so also did their dry humping. Zack's hard muscle dug against the groove of her creamy sheath. Katie tossed her legs around his ass-cheeks as her thighs widened.. She locked her bare feet together, then pulled him tighter against her body. The busty mother was becoming hotter and hotter with forbidden desire as she writhed delightfully beneath her handsome boy.

Even though his cock was already out, she unbuttoned his trunks and slipped them off him while they kissed, getting him bare naked.

Now she was eager to shed her own bottoms, untying the strings of her thong bikini. She tugged the tiny bottoms out from between them and the hot flesh of their genitals pressed together. They were both now completely naked, clutching, kissing and whimpering.

Zack raised his head and looked down at her pretty face. Their eyes gazed together, sweltering with lust. "Are we gonna fuck?" he asked innocently.

Katie fed him an anxious smile. "I think we are," she said, "and I have a feeling the viewers will love it.

"I know I will," the boy said excitedly.

"Aren't you glad you sent your girlfriend away?" Katie asked, "Now you get to see what it's like fuck a real woman."

There were a few experiences that would forever rate among the top in Zack's life. Splitting his mother's twat with his cock was one of them. He felt his prick slide smoothly into her hot pussy, her ribbed inner-lining moulding to the contours of his boner. He felt her claws on his back and her mouth on his, and as they shared a long, passionate kiss.

Zack felt her lift her hips up and tighten her strong mommy-legs about his waist. She locked her ankles at the small of his back and each time he withdrew his prick from her hot cunt, she pulled him to her strongly, making him bury his cock even deeper than before..

His head felt dizzy with lust as he looked down at his mother's lovely face, contorted now in passion. He kissed her again, and their tongues spun together in a wild frenzy.

"Put your arms under my legs," she gasped between wet kisses, "push them back and fuck me hard!"

He locked his arms behind her knees and pushed her legs back. He watched her tits squashed flat beneath her own thighs as he thrust forward again, burying his cock to the hilt.

"Uggghhhnnyesss!" Katie cried out, feeling her entire juicy vagina stuffed full. Her husband Rick couldn't even come close to stretching her cunt like this.

"Ohh shit," Zack sighed, feeling her squeeze him with her cunt-muscles. He shoved his hands under her churning buttocks and gripped firmly. Then he started fucking into her hard and fast, stuffing her horny cunt and plowing clear to her womb. Katie dug her nails into his sweaty shoulders, loving every second of their incestuous fuck. "Uhhhhh, yessss!" she moaned. "Fuck me good baby!"

Zack's young toned ass bobbed and jerked between her thighs as he rammed his big swollen cock into her with lightning speed. Her cunt was so deliciously tight, juicy and hot that he was gonna need every ounce of skill he had to keep from cumming. "Uunngg!" he grunted through gritted teeth as he gave her a steady hammering with his long rigid prick.

"Yess, yess, yeesss!" his mom cried out, as her pleasure climbed towards that golden summit.

For Zack, fucking his mom was a huge rush. He buried his face against one of her jostling titmounds, sucking her thick nipple delightfully. It was something he'd always dreamed of doing and now, here he was.

Impressing the fuck out of her was his top priority, so he pulled out all stops, fucking into her hot juicy sheath like a pile driver. Their bellies met with loud smacks, and his big smooth balls beat against her ass.

Katie's body suddenly jerked, then stiffened up like a board," Ahhhhhh, God, yes, fuck... I'm cumming!"

Zack didn't let up one bit. Even with hot girl-cum swirling around the tender flesh of his boner, he continued fucking. Because of his incredible stamina, he was able to see what his mom meant by being able to 'stack' her orgasms. No sooner did one juicy cum fizzle out, than another was knocking on her doorstep.

"Ohhhgod, yesss, again!!" she cried out, her entire beautiful frame writhing and trembling with pleasure..

The bedsprings began to creak from the power of Zack's fuck-thrusts.. The boy's thick hard cock made obscene sucking sounds as it reamed the thick pussy juice from her clasping cockgrinder. Katie's pretty face was masked in pleasure. "Unngghh!" she cried out, feeling another delicious explosion deep in her cunt.

Her curvy body shook violently beneath him, and Zack felt her gushing cunt going tight as a vise around his cock. There was no level of skill that could he keep from coming now. Her spasming cunt was sucking the juicy cum out of his prick, whether he was ready or not.

"Uuuhhggh, fuck yess!" he shouted, feeling like he could pass out the pleasure was so intense..

Katie felt the searing flood of his jizz inside her cunt, which triggered her into another howling climax. They fucked at each other like animals, humping, clawing, and whimpering. It took a good twenty minutes for the pleasure to completely subside, but they continued to lay naked together, milking it for all it was worth..

Later that evening, Zack excitedly brought a box in from outside. "Hey Mom, our equipment's here," he said.

"Yaay!" Katie said, drying her hands from doing dishes..

"I'm gonna go down and set this is stuff up Can we do another recording tonight?"

"Most definitely," she said, "I need to go up and talk to your father about what we discussed earlier." Zack giggled. "Good luck with that discussion," he said.

"Hopefully I can get through it without him murdering me," she joked.

Katie went upstairs to where her husband was working on his laptop. He was on the phone with a coworker, but she waited around for him to finish. "Damn clients have no idea how to invest their money," Rick muttered.

His wife snickered, "Are you sure **YOU'RE** the one who should be investing for them?" she joked.. He gave him an embarrassed scowl. "Thanks," he muttered.

"I'm kidding," she said cheerfully. "I do have some amazing news." "Ok, let's hear it."

"First, promise me you won't freak out until you've heard everything I have to say," she said. "Why would I freak out?" he asked, "I thought you said it was good new?"

"It is. It's wonderful news, but there's a bitter pill you have to swallow that kinda goes along with it," she said.

"What's the bitter pill?" Rick asked.

"I'll explain, but first I have to say we've made a lot of cash on the solo videos, but my friend Beth said the real money is in doing couple performances."

"Whoa, wait, Katie, couples? I'm not gonna be in front of a camera," he said, shaking his head. "You don't have to," she said, then took a

deep breath, "Zack and I will be performing together." "And by 'performing,' you mean having sex? Katie, there's no way I'll be ok with that happening."

She looked at him, with just a tid-bit of shame. "It pretty much already has," she said. "Pretty much?" You and Zack had sex together?"

"Yesterday and this morning, but before you get mad, look at this," she said, handing him a paper she had printed. "We posted our first video together yesterday and look at what it's made in only a little over day," she said.

Rick was incredibly impressed by the numbers, but the fact that his wife and son had fucked gave him a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"See how much more we made posting a video of me **AND** Zack. If we can keep doing that, we'll have the money you lost back in the account before you know it," Katie said.

"Yeah, I suppose," he muttered, knowing this was all his doing. The only thing he had to do was support his wife and son's efforts, but that wasn't as easy as it seemed. "So when you do hit that amount, this 'performance' nonsense will stop, right?"

Katie hesitated a moment. "Well, yes, but... in order to achieve the goal, we need something else from you." 'What?1

Twenty minutes later, Rick was in the basement, behind the camera. Their new unit was a high definition hand-held. Katie was already naked on the bed, anxious to get her hot mommy-pussy pounded to oblivion. Zack was preparing to join her. "Ok dad, we're ready," he said.

Rick clicked record. "It's going," he said reluctantly.

"Come on dad, this is a production. You gotta yell 'action' when you're ready for us to start." Katie giggled at shook her head at how clueless Rick was acting.

"Ok, fine...action!" he shouted with not much enthusiasm.

He watched his wife throw her sexy naked legs up in a huge spread-eagle. Zack began removing his clothes eagerly. When he was finally naked, he climbed onto the mattress and crawled up to her.

Katie's heart raced with an anxious pitter-patty. "Closing in on this tasty piece of meat, like a hungry tomcat," she said with a smile.

"I'm about to pounce!" he said, rising up on knees, making his big cock jut outward from his crotch. He heard his mother gasp at it's sheer size and hardness.

Even Rick, as sickened as he was by it, was incredibly impressed. His son had a whopper of a dick! The idea that his wife was getting hammered by suck a colossal phallus made him even more remorseful about losing their fortune.

"Mmm pounce away!" Katie said, doing an anxious little humping motion with her hips.

Zack clutched his rod and drug his big barbed tip through her juicy layers of labial meat. "Get a close-up on this dad," he said.

Rick used the camera's powerful zoom to zero in on the action. His wife's marble sized clitoris protruded from it's hood like a stump in a swamp. Zack plowed his peter-tip across it, making her body jerk with pleasure. He fit his knob it her the mouth of her creamy love pit, then pushed his hips forward.

"Ohhh yess!" Rick's lovely wife gasped as she felt her son's spear sink to her cervix.

Rick zoomed back out as his son fell forward, holding himself over Katie on extended arms. He jabbed his cock home with full-length thrusts, making his Mom gasp and throw her head back in pleasure.

"Get a good shot of her tits, dad," the boy said. Zack's humping caused his Mom's enormous milkers to roll and slosh across her chest and Rick did his best to capture their movements.

Zack glanced over at his dad. "Ok, she's gonna like this. Make sure you get a good shot of her face," he said, then jabbed his cock in as deep as it would go and held there.

The teen was right. Katie reacted just the way he thought she would, arching her head and gasping in sheer delight. Still deeply embedded inside her, Zack brought his body down onto hers and gobbled up a mouthful of tit-meat.

Rick watched his son move from one breast to the other, slurping on his wife's thick nipples. He couldn't believe they had actually convinced him to do this, or that this lewd forbidden behavior was happening in the first place. Yet he knew this was his doing and the faster they made the money, the faster this nightmare would be over.

Zack got to work, shoving hard and plunged his rigid cock all the way to her womb. The slick gripping walls of Katie's fuck-hole were juicy, satiny, and searing hot around his pulsating cock. It was clear that she knew how to squeeze a man's prick with her muscles and it felt a thousand times better than his girlfriend's pussy.

Katie stared up at him with big adoring eyes, thrilled by the fact that a cock could stuff her so full. Zack fucked her with steady thrusts, pistoning his thick hard-on deep and hard in her horny pussy. Katie's legs lowered and twisted around him, strapping him between the cradle of her thighs.

"Ohh shit, yess!" the boy moaned, savoring the feel of her warm flesh and the way she clutched him. Right now, his mom was his personal sexual vehicle and he was gonna give her the ride of her life.

He shoved his hands under her hot round ass and fucked into her harder, faster, plowing his hardon along the lining of her her upper-wall..He saw his Mom gasp and grit her teeth, stifling a cry of ecstasy. He hammered even harder and his unyielding spike of cock-meat thundered through the delicate pink tissue of her vagina.

Writhing in pleasure, Katie's eyes rolled "Unnnnhhhhhh!" she moaned. "She's cumming, dad. Get a good shot of her face," Zack said..

Rick saw his wife clawing at the blanket and whimpering in ecstasy while she helplessly drenched their son's pistoning prick with molten pussy juice.

"Ohhh fuck!" Zack groaned, feeling his sheathed knob tingle with delight..

The cocky teen kept fucking in earnest, bringing his Mom to the peak of another hot orgasm. He sat up and pulled his cock out. "Ride me, Mom," he said, the plopped down next to her.

He watch excitedly as she mounted him. The way her giant melons loomed and bobbled over him as she took position got him even more amped up for hot fucking.

Katie reached down and cammed his stiff cock back into her aching cunt, squealing with pleasure as she felt the sleeve of her birth-canal slip over his long thick baby-maker.. She didn't bother to hide her wild arousal. What was the point? "Rick's probably steaming with jealousy and anger right now, but who fucking cares. He caused this! Now he can live with the result of his mistake," she thought.

Her smooth bubbly ass bounced up and down on Zack's crotch, fucking his meaty manhood from knob to balls on every lustful plunge.

The teens eyes were wide with desire as he watched his Mom's king-sized boobies swing around heavily right before his eyes. He craned his neck and crammed the tip of one breast into his mouth, devouring as much tit-meat as his mouth would hold.

"Yesss! Suck my titties baby!" Katie cried out delightfully.

Even though he didn't like it one bit, Rick couldn't deny what an absolute thrill it must be for his son to suck on those huge tits while having his rock fucked by an experience pussy. He zoomed in on Zack's face, what little of it he could see.. A good portion of the boy's face was sunk down into the squishy meat of Katie's tit-melon.

"Mmmnnghh," Zack whimpered, sucking and slurping and lashing his tongue on the engorged flesh of her pink papilla.

Her cunt-socket felt exquisite gliding up and down his thick prick. He could feel the ridges along her inner walls, stretching and shaping itself to every contour of his jutting penis. The snug muscled tube slipped wetly over his glans, bathing his boner in her hot slippery secretions.

"Ahhh, fuck," the teen gasped, coming up for air. He licked his way down inside her massive cleavage, savoring the feel of her milkers brushing softly on either sides of his face. He kissed and licked her breastbone, proud of the fact that his head was wedged in a place that most guys only dream about getting.

Katie stiffened her hips, pressing her shaved crotch against Zack's cock-hilt and grinding on rock-hardness. "Ohhh my God, that feels so good," she whimpered.

Zack laid back flat on the mattress and watched her. Katie was sitting up straight now as if riding a horse. Indeed she had a stallion beneath her and she was prepared to ride him into the sunset.

After a few minutes of intense bone-grinding, the mother started to really show her skill, riding her son's cock like a true pornstar. "Ohh damn," Zack muttered, watching her boobs bounce around above him like two big buoys in a rough sea.

"Yess! Ohh fuck!!" Katie cried, panting in short rapid breaths as she neared the peak of a climax. "Come around and get her face, dad. She's gonna cum," Zack said.

Rick moved around and filmed his wife from another angle, just as she starting crying out in passion.

Her body jerked and trembled as she threw her arms up in the air as if unable to control her cum-engulfed body movements.

"Ohhh yes,' the teen smiled, watching her writhe in pleasure, tossing her long silky hair around,. He loved how her pretty face was masked in pleasure as she used his stiff cock to keeping cumming and cumming.

She finally looked down at him, breathlessly, her eyes glazed in lust. "I need Thumper!" she whimpered. Rick looked at his son, but kept filming. "Who?" he asked.

Zack gave his father a cocky smile. "Hold my beer, dad. I got this," he said.

Like he did when he masturbated for her, Zack rapidly pivoted his hips, plunging his boner through her cunt at lightning speed. "Ohhh God!" Katie cried out. It felt just as good as she thought it would, maybe even better.

The teen kept his poise, moving with wild, but precise humping, while watching Katie's big ballooning jugs bobble and shudder.

His big hard cock was like a well-oiled piston driving through a crank-shaft. Rick could hear the lewd juicy sounds of his wife having her cunt plunged. "Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!"

He watched her gasp sharply and throw her eyes back in their sockets. "Ohhh God, I'm cuuuming!! "Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!"

The sexy shuddering mommy let out a loud girlish shriek. "Uuuunnhhgg!!"

Zack quickly sat up and grabbed her upper torso, squashing her hooters to his chest, while continuing bounce his ass as quick as he could to keep his cock plugging away at her juicesquirting pussy.

She clung tightly to him, her curvy body still convulsing in orgasms. Her cute mommy-screams were music to Zack's ear, fueling his desire to fuck her longer and harder than any guy had. The fact that he was doing it in front of his father was an added bonus.

Rick was almost shocked by the way his wife screamed and humped. He'd never seen her this horny. Sure he'd given her orgasms before, but to see them occur this powerfully, one right after another was nothing he ever imagined his wife was capable of.

He could see the girl-cum gushing over his son's balls. How the boy was able to hold off without cumming seemed impossible. He watched them kiss passionately, panting into each others mouths while their tongues played wildly.

Katie went for her son's neck, lashing her licker all over his erogenous zone. Zack sighed with delight, his tongue literally

hanging out of his mouth. His cock flexed and was met with the hot squeezing gyrations of his Mom's skilled pussy.

"Mmnn, do you like it baby," she asked between licks, "does it make you wanna squirt that hot fucking load in me?"

"Yesss!" he gasped, his knob tingling like crazy, wrapped in the tight juicy grip of her twat. "Ohhhfuck!" his voice trembled, his hips shivering.

"Yess, pour it in!" his Mom said lustfully.

"Uhhh! Uhhhyeah, shit!!" Zack moaned as his cannon went off inside her. Like a fat corndog being dipped in batter his boner sludged through his own hot spunk, smothered on all sides by the tight pink sheath of Katie's vagina.

They writhed and kissed and writhed and kissed some more, their grappling genitals sending out wave after wave of intense post-orgasmic contractions.

Rick finally spoke up. "Are we about done here?" he said.

"You're suppose to say 'cut' dad," Zack joked, making his mother giggle.

When Zack got home from school the next day, he found his mom in the kitchen baking some brownies. "Hey, Mom," he muttered.

"Hey honey. If you hang around a sec. I'll cut you a brownie," she said, taking them out of the oven. "I'm ok, thanks."

She looked at him in concern. He was never one to refuse her baking. "Zacky, what's wrong?" "Nothing."

She stepped over to him, her big boner-makers jostling beneath her black cami top. "Nothing? I'm not buying that for a second. Sit down

here, let's talk."

She sat near him at the table, placing her hands on his thigh. "Tell me what's going on," she said. "Taylor thinks I'm avoiding her. She threatened to break up with me if I didn't hang out with her today" he explained. "It's hard because I can't really explain what's going on to her, you know, about the whole video thing."

Katie thought about what he said for a moment. "That bitch needs to be gone," she thought.

"Let me ask you something about Taylor," Katie said, "is she really someone you see yourself with long term, or is she just a fuck-toy right now?"

Zack gave his mom a guilty smile. "If I'm honest, I guess more of just a fuck-toy," he said. "Mm-hm," Katie hummed with a smirk, "that's what I thought."

The mother removed her hands from his legs and replaced them with her sex bare feet. Doing this had caused her skirt to ride up her legs, exposing her panty-covered crotch. The black panties were sheer mesh and Zack could see the smooth puffy folds of her outer labium beneath the fabric.

She draped her legs over his, scooting forward to the edge of her chair. She reached with both hands and massaged her son's shoulders, her huge breasts jutting out between them. "So what's your favorite thing she does to you?"

"My favorite thing?"

"Yeah, what do you think she's the best at sexually?" Katie asked.

"Well, she has really big boobs. Not as big as yours, of course, but she's really good at using them to get me off," he said.

"Oh, so you mean, like a tit-fuck?" "Yeah, exactly," Zack said with a smile.

Katie smiled inwardly. "I'll show this fucking bitch," she thought.

"Ok, so here's what you do. Let Taylor come over and wrap her tits around your cock. After she leaves later, we'll go downstairs, bringing our camera-man along of course, then I'll give you a tit-fuck like you've never had," Katie said.

"Really?" the boy asked, his heart racing.

"Really," she nodded, heaving her cannons outward subtly, "And after you see what **THESE** tits can do to you...after you see that I'm a thousand times better than she is, you'll discover that it's probably best if you just break up with her. Send her packing and focus all your attention on someone else," she said with a naughty wink.

Zack smiled slyly. "Well, I gotta warn you though, Mom, when it comes to sex, well I'm..."

"Insatiable??" Katie asked, then smile. "Me too. Like Mother, like son and that's a good thing, know why?" "Why?"

"Because your father's a fucking idiot that lost us a lot of money and we have a chance to make it all back. But the best part is, while doing that, you and I can have the wildest fucking sex we've ever had," she said, her eyes wide with excitement.

"That, I like the sound of," Zack muttered.

She gazed in his eyes with a sultry stare. "There's nothing I won't do, Zack. Tit-fucking, blow jobs, hard anal sex, you name it. The question is, are you ready to really focus on that?" she asked.

Zack gulped,"Yeah, totally."

"Good," she said, slipping her legs off him and patting his knees. "Then have your last little bit of tit-humping fun with Taylor, and then come to Momma."

An hour later, Zack was in his bedroom with Taylor's hot young tits wrapped around his pole. She squeezed her mammaries together, forming a nice tight pocket for him to screw his dick through.

"Yess, fuck my titties baby!" she cried out.

Taylor was beautiful girl with a plush body, there was no denying that. During their four months together, Zack had pounded every hole she had, squirting gallons of hot spunk inside and outside her body.

However, he could honestly say that after being with his mom, Taylor's body and skills paled in comparison. When he looked at her, it was his mom's face he saw.

"Ohh yess, take my fucking cum!" he gasped, hosing her neck and chin with jizz as he thrust his cock with long ball-bumping thrusts.

"Mmm yum," Taylor said, watching the cock-milk run down her chest. "Can we cuddle now?" "I don't really have time. I have some other things going on tonight."

Taylor huffed and climbed from the bed,"Whatever, Zack," she said in an annoyed tone. He watched her thick naked buttock undulate as she stepped across the room to her pile of clothes. He smirked, remember the endless hours he spent watching that sweet alabaster ass beating against his midsection.

He had a better ass now to focus on and he knew the pleasure it would give his cock would be absolutely divine.

Taylor glared at him as she slipped her panties on. "We're clearly not working, Zack. To be honest, Brian wants to get back together."

Zack giggled. "Brian? The guy with the tiny dick?" he asked.

"Yeah, but he has a huge heart. He said if I got back together with him, he'd do anything for me, even buy me an expensive engagement ring," she said. "I'm gonna commit to being his girlfriend tomorrow."

This didn't make Brian jealous at all. He knew Taylor, like most girls, craved big dick, so the chances of her being sexually satisfied with short-dicked Brian was extremely unlikely. Also,

Zack knew he'd be boning his Mom so much that he wouldn't miss the sex with Taylor at all. The only time he wouldn't be able to enjoy his Mom's body was when he was at school, so perhaps there was still a use for Taylor after all.

"You're still gonna suck me off after gym class ever day, right? "Zack, I just told you. I'm gonna be with Brian."

"So then be with Brian and **ALSO** suck my dick after gym class. I'm not gonna tell him," Zack said.

The pretty redhead looked over at the long thick snake resting against his abdomen. Zack could see her will-power melt away. "Fine," she muttered softly, almost helplessly.

The boy smiled. He knew even with that pretty engagement ring, she'd be providing him with sloppy head whenever her wanted. He was pretty confident he'd still be occasionally boning her also.

Later that night, Katie shouted to her husband. "Rick, let's go," she said.

She was in her bra and panties, with a towel and baby-oil in hand. Zack snuck past her, getting ready to head downstairs. "Is that for me?" he asked, looking at the oil.

She smiled naughtily. "What do you think?" she asked.

He found out for sure a few minutes later as Katie lubed up her son's boner with her pretty hand. She knelt on the floor and her son sat on the edge of the bed. Her bra was now off, her massive jugs glistening with oil. She looked at her husband, who was filming and snapped her finger, getting his attention. Then she pointed at the empty space next to her and Rick moved over to that spot.

Zack's cock was as hard as concrete, sticking straight up from his crotch. Katie wrapped it between her boobs and started tit-humping. "Ohh yess," her boy sighed.

Rick shook his head as he filmed the action, still unable to fully wrap his head around the fact that he was doing such a thing.

The hot mother squeezed her jumbo jugs tight around the hot hunk of meat, sliding it through her slippery cleavage. Zack's fat purple knob rose up from between her tits, swollen and shiny. She grabbed the oil and doused his cock-head. A pool of lube formed around it, then was suddenly sucked down into the tit-crevise, along with his hard pecker.

She gazed into his eyes and smiled. "Better than Taylor?" she asked. "Fuck yess," he answered.

Rick scowled. "You shouldn't really be comparing your mother to your girlfriend," he said in an annoyed tone.

Katie glared at her husband. "This has nothing to do with you. Focus on your camera work and mind your own business," she said sternly.

"She's not really my girlfriend anymore anyway," Zack added, which made his mother smile from ear to ear. "My focus is on other things now," he said, staring at his Mom's glossy tits.

Katie looked back at her husband, while bouncing her boobies around on Zack's cock. "You should appreciate Zack and I's commitment to earning this money back. After all, it is your fault that we have to do this."

"I'm helping out aren't I? This isn't exactly an easy thing for me to watch, you know," Rick said.

Katie and her son flashed each other an amused smile. She wasn't the least bit hesitant with what she said next. "I'm sure it doesn't help that he's so much more handsome than you are." "Gee, thanks," her husband muttered, even though he knew it was true.

"I'm just sayin'" Katie giggled. "And I'm sure something we've both noticed is he certainly didn't take after you in cock size."

"Yeah, thanks for pointing that out, Katie." Rick muttered.

"Oh honey, don't be mad," she said, looking over at her hubby. "Some guys are built to pleasure women...and others are built to hold the camera," she teased, making her son laugh.

She gazed at the tip of his cock-meat, amazing that his entire dick could fit between her massive cleavage and peek out the top. "We should be proud that our son has such a big juicy cock," Katie said, "he'll be getting grade-A pussy his whole life."

"Like yours," Zack said, smiling at his mom, watching her jack his cock with her mammoth tits. "That's right, baby. Pussies like mine were made to be hammered by big dicks like yours," Katie said with a wink, then looked at Rick, "No offence to you honey, but we both know that performance in the bedroom has never been your strong-point."

"I guess I didn't realize it was that bad," Rick asked, feeling defeated.

"Well..." she said with a pathetic scowl, "now you know. I don't say that to make you feel bad. I mean, not every guy a be a Michael Jordon in the bedroom. I just think it's important for you to know that you've never really had what it takes to please a woman like me."

"How do you figure that?" Rick said, his stomach burning with jealous anger.

"Well honey, first of all, look at you. You're older...kinda pudgy and never been nearly as attractive as a guy like Zack. I know it sounds harsh, but if he wasn't my son and I met him twenty years ago, I probably would have married him and not you," she said frankly.

"We would have had a cool wedding," Zack said.

"And fucked our brains out on our wedding night," Katie said with a playfully giggle. "We had sex on our wedding night," Rick said defensively.

Katie looked at her son and rolled her eyes. "What? We did," Rick said.

"Rick, you made me cum once on our wedding night. I've been averaging ten to twenty orgasms each time with Zack," she said, "but you know what, that's ok, you know I still love you, even though you are just a regular guy."

"Well, hooray for us 'regular guys,' right?" Rick said.

"And you should pride yourself in the fact the you're the co-creator of the perfect male specimen," she said, gazing up at her teen, while humping him with her tits, then she glanced at her hubby. "How a guy like you played a part in his creation, I have no idea."

Zack laughed.

Katie eyes were blazing with lust as she gazed right at her boy. "Our son's a gorgeous alphamale, superior to you in every way," she said.

"Wow," Zack muttered with a cocky smile.

She gazed at him like a girl with a crush, "you're fucking hot," she said, then looked at her husband, "you're not."

Her eyes went back to Zack."You're lean and fit," she said, feasting her eyes lustfully on her son's well-toned chest. Then she looked a Rick. "And you're...well, you're out of shape and to be honest, lately your not really that attractive to me at all," she said with a disgusted scowl.

"Good to know, thanks," Rick said, naturally, a little crushed to hear his wife say that.

Katie looked at him and smiled almost as if in pity. "Now honey, don't be mad. These are just things you need to hear. I do love you, but you're not this," she said, pointing her finger at her son.

She released his cock and ran her nails up his chest. Her tits were shiny with baby oil and precum and brushed against her boy's erection as they dangled over his crotch. "This is what we women want, right here. Charming, handsome," she said, then gentle stroked a fist up and down his cock, "incredibly well-endowed."

She pointed Zack's dick at her husband. It was rock hard and jutted out of his crotch obscenely, "I mean, just look at this thing. Do you honestly think you could compete with that?"

Rick just huffed and rolled his eyes.

"And since we're on the subject of 'capable cocks,' I'll bring something else up. I've been wanting a baby for years and still nothing. We've talked about going to a fertility Coach, but it's

pointless, really. We both know the reason I haven't gotten pregnant is because you're incapable."

"I've tried. We're still trying, so never say never," her husband said.

"Rick, please. You're barren. All the little workers in the sperm factory have quit, and they're not coming back," she said, making her son laugh.

"It's true," Katie giggled. "I want a baby and you're father's not man enough to give me one. It's sad."

She took her son's balls in her hand and hefted them. "Look at this Rick, take a good look. Do you see how full those balls are? Yet another reason why he's so much better than you. Those are breeding balls. Their whole purpose is to impregnate women and I wouldn't at all be shocked if by the end of all this, I'm carrying Zack's baby," she said.

"Then he needs to start wearing protection," Rick said.

Katie sneered at him. "Absolutely not. Viewers don't wanna see a cock sheathed in latex. No, if he gets me pregnant, then it's your doing. You fucked up, so you're responsible for everything that comes out of this situation," she said, wrapping her tits back around her son's boner.

She looked at him and smile. "I'm sorry honey, I stopped tittie-fucking you. You ready for more," she asked.

"Uh-huh," Zack said with a smile.

She squeezed her jumbo jugs together and humped them around his cock. Both her and her teen watched his juicy knob peek from her cleavage each time she bounced her tits down the length of his hardon. "Ohh that feels good," he sighed, feeling his glans sizzle as the slipped through the smothering pocket of flesh.

Katie got a good tittie-humping rhythm going, beating her son's dick between her squishy knockers. "Yess, that's my Zacky. Fuck Mommy's tits like a pussy baby," she said.

"Mmm, that's one hot pussy, Mom," he gasped.

"I told you it would be baby. I told you I'd be better than her," Katie said. "Rick, get down here and get a close-up. I want you to see how much cum shoots from his dick."

Her husband moved closer, watching his knob rise up between her boobs over and over. "Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum!" Zack announced.

"Yess, paint my tits with your spunk baby!"

"Uuuhh! Uuuhh!" the boy groaned as big gobs of juicy jizz shot up along Katie's chest and neck.

"Look at the Rick. If that doesn't show you how absolutely worthless your cock is, I don't know what would," Katie said.

She grasped her son's cock and stroked it's meaty length with her pretty hand, pressing and rubbing his twitching knob up against her nipples. "Mmm so much cum," she said lustfully.

After she had milked him dry, she looked at her husband. "The best part about a young hot sex partner is I can give him an amazing tit-fuck and he doesn't go soft after. He's still rock-hard and ready for more action," she said.

Katie released his dick, then crawled onto bed on her hands and knees. She pointed her big thick mommy-ass back and wagged it invitingly. "Come on baby. Mount your naughty mother!" she said to Zack.

The boy didn't have to be asked twice. He crawled up behind her and fit his dick into her creamy cunt-socket. "Ohhh!" Katie sighed

delightfully, feeling his hard muscle squeeze through her vagina.

He grabbed her hips and started pounding her in a nice steady doggy-fuck. "Ohh hot damn!" the boy exclaimed, watching her bubbly buttocks beat against his cock. Beneath the smooth tan skin of her buns, the fatty outer layer of ass-flesh bounced and rippled each time they struck his mid-section.

"Yess, fuck mee hard!" Katie gasped, her big breasts swinging like pendulums as they hung from her chest.

The horny mother threw her ass back as him, screwing her cunt to his cock-base on every thrust. At this rate, it wasn't long before she was shaking and howling in orgasm. Just as her cum subside, Zack sped up his thrusts again. "Watch this, dad. I'm gonna give her another one!" he panted.

His groin beat against her cushy ass. "Smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack!!"

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Katie cried out, struck with another intense cum. The next one wasn't far behind and her body throbbed and quivered as she started 'stacking' her orgasms.

Soon their naked bodies were glistening with a sheen of perspiration. Zack licked his lips, watching the meaty half-moons of Katie's ass beat against him relentlessly. She peered back over her shoulder, giving her boy a lustful look while rolling her tongue across her top lip.

He lowered his chest against her sweaty back, reaching under and taking big handfuls of spongy tit-meat. He squeezed at her jugs and pulled at her nipples, feeling the thick cheeks of her heinie grind up against his crotch, providing his erection with little cunt-strokes.

"Ohhh," her son moaned, feeling his cock being squeezed and sucked by the juicy sleeve of her cunt.

"That feel good baby?" Katie asked.

"Hell yess," he said, returning to the upright position and pounding her hard again..

"Ohhh God!" his mom cried out as she felt her slippery cunt-walls melt around his spearing cock. Within a minute she was writhing and gasping like a bitch in heat, soaking her son's organ with hot girl-cum.

"Ohh man, that feels good," Zack sighed in sheer ecstasy, feeling his cock throb as it thundered through the juicy grip.

"Too much for you baby?" she asked, panting heavily as she thrust her ass back against him. "Smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack, smack!!"

"Ohhh shit," Zack gasped, his knob tingling in the hot grip of pink pussy. "Ohh fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

"Yess, cum deep inside me!" Katie shouted, throwing her cunt back as fast as she could. "Fuck a baby into my womb. Show your sperm-less, short-dicked father how it's done!"

"Uuuugghh, yeaah!!" the boy cried out, hosing the back of her pussy with thick potent baby-seed. Her cunt-muscles tightened and his boner flexed in response. "Hhhnnggff!" the teen snarled as his prick swelled even bigger, blowing out another big wad of cum..

Their thrusts gradually became slower as Katie used her skilled pussy-muscles to squeeze and milk out ever drop of spunk that he had.

'k'k'k

The next day at school, Zack stood in the bathroom stall, checking his phone. Taylor was on her knees in front of him, sucking fast and

hard on his cock. Slurping, gurgling sounds came from the back of her throat as she worked with shameless hunger on her ex-boyfriend's prick. Taylor cupped his nuts as she rolled her tongue all over the rosy knob.

He was exchanging texts with his mom, talking about how much their latest video had generated on the website.

"Are you enjoying this?" Taylor whispered teasingly around his saliva-slicked cock-head. "Of course," Zack said, "Just keep sucking."

He pulled her head back onto his crotch and she popped the spongy crown back into her mouth. She sucked harder than ever, her cheeks reddened obscenely, as if she were intent upon tugging the meat of his prick out of its root. "There you go," the boy sighed.

The pre-cream oozed from his cum slit, and Taylor hungrily slipped her fat tongue all over the knob to lap up every drop. "Ohh man, such a good cocksucker," he sighed, tugging at her head.

He got another text from his mom that read: "I have a big surprise for you when you get home

"I can't wait," he texted back.

They heard the first bell go off and Taylor increased her cock-sucking tempo.

"Shit, if I'm late for class again I'll get detention," Zack said, then grabbed her head and held it to his crotch while he thrust his hips, spearing his cock down her throat.

Taylor gagged and gurgled, but held in there like a champ as the boy used her mouth, throat and tongue like a hot pussy. He winced as he felt his knob begin to tingle and swell. "Hmnn...Ohhh damn," he gasped.

The girl let out a gurgling squeal as hot spunk shot from Zack's piss-hole, straight down her throat. The boy bucked and whimpered, plugging his boner through the ring of her lips, using her hole to milk his load.

His boner finally popped from her mouth and bobbed around wetly. Taylor stood up and wiped her face. Zack noticed the shiny engagement ring on her finger. "Nice ring," he said with a cocky smile.

She looked at it guiltily, then flashed him a glance. "Thanks," she muttered, then rushed out.

The boy could hardly wait to get home and see what his surprise was. "Mom?" he called out as he entered the house.

"Down here sweetheart," she shouted from her bedroom.

When he reached his parent's oom, his heart skipped a beat. Sprawled out on the bed waiting for him was his mom and her friend Beth. Both women were naked and ready to be fucked. "Whoa!" the boy muttered, making the Moms giggle.

He noticed the camera was set up on a tripod and pointed at where the action would soon occur. "Beth thinks a threesome video could be the most popular one yet," Katie said.

Zack shrugged his shoulder. "She's the expert. Who are we to argue," he said.

A few minutes later the teen was on top of Beth, pounding her pussy hard and fast. The shorthaired blonde panted and whimpered, her fat tits rolling up and down her chest. Zack ran his hands along the outsides of her strong shapely thighs, savoring the feel of her smooth legs around him. "Ohh shit yeah!" he moaned.

The big thick muscle of his cock throbbed wildly as it slipped through her cunt-tube hard and fast. The boy winced as her cunt clasped more tightly around his cock with each driving stroke.

Their bodies moved in rhythmic unison, rocking and writhing and pumping together like a pair of horny animal. Her enormous tits jiggled on her rib cage as they fucked, sloshing against his chest. He kissed her lustfully and their tongues swirled together in a wild frenzy of passion.

Katie slithered onto her son's back, sandwiching him between her and Beth. He speared his prick as deep as it could go, crushing his knob again the mouth of Beth's cervix and holding it there, while he was showered in kisses and licks. "Ohh damn," the teen sighed in delight, surrounded in mommy-flesh.

A memory of his days playing little league flashed in his head. He remember the two sexy moms sitting together in the bleachers. He recalled how both stood up and cheered when he got a hit, the huge swell of their tits bouncing up and down beneath their tops. Now here he was sandwiched between those same big boobies, with those two hot Moms showering him with sexual affection.

Katie giggled as she was thrown onto her back. Zack closed in quick, sprawling down between her thighs and cramming his cock inside her. "Yesss!" she cried out, throwing her legs around him as he jackhammered his cock through her horny cunt.

He fucked relentlessly and she howled from the thrill of such a deep hard boning. He felt his Mom's body writhe and shiver as she stacked three powerful orgasms, one right after another. "Let me ride you!" Beth said, hovering near them.

Zack's cock plopped from Katie's shaved snatch, dripping with juices. He dropped onto his back and Beth was on top of him in a split-second. He felt his hardon get quickly sheathed and the blonde

mommy bounced up and down on him. "Ohh my God, you're soo fucking big," she cried out, squeezing her big bobbling tits.

The boy looked down and watched his cock slice through the thick splayed lips of Beth's shaved pussy. There was something so magical about fucking a Mother's cunt. They were pussies that had experience years of sex and birthed babies, resulting in strong cunt walls and an abundance of hot slippery fuck-oil. "Ohhh shit," the teen sighed, enjoying the incredible sensations on his dick.

She leaned down and he sucked her jiggling tits, then rubbed his face in her gaping cleavage. "Show her Thumper baby!" Katie said.

"Thumper?" Beth asked with a curious smile.

"Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!" The hot blonde squealed in ecstasy as she had her cunt plunged.

Zack rocked his hips wildly, fucking her pussy with rapid plunges, which caused her to have a screaming, quivering orgasm..

Katie wasn't one to be left out. She anxiously traded places with Beth and enjoyed her own toecurling ride. "Sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup, sshhlup!!"

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Ohhh, fuck meee!" she screamed, bouncing and grinding and creaming all over the cock of her dreams. Zack just laid in awe, watching her jugs swing around like crazy and her bare pubis bounce and grind on his cock-hilt, their crotches wet with spurting girl-cum.

He fucked them both from behind, watching their meaty rumps swivel up and back on the stiffness of his prick. Their ass-mounds jiggled with each wet **SLAP** against his midsection.

He leaned down onto Beth sweaty back, hefting her fat swinging tits. He sighed as he cupped them, feeling their spongy weight and the stiffness of her nipples on his palms.

"Ungghh!" Beth squealed dropping her head onto her folded arms, so Zack could get his cock in even deeper. Eagerly, she gyrated her ass, bucking and humping, meeting his thrusts. "Ohhh yess, fuck mee harder!" she cried out.

Zack panted as he intensified the rhythm of his fuck-humps, pounding his cock into her as hard as he could..

"Ohhhyes, I'm cumming!" Beth shrieked, helplessly clawing at the bedsheet. She clamped her cunt muscles around the length of his pistoning cock.

Her climax lasted nearly a minute, pumping so furiously back on the boy's stiff prick that Beth thought she'd pass out.

Katie was on her side, with one leg lifted up, her sexy bare foot pointed at the ceiling. She reached out and guided her teen over onto her. Zack slipped his juice-soaked dick inside her and held the spire of her leg as he pounded away. "Ohh fuck yess," he sighed, feeling his tender dick surrounded in juicy heat once again.

They humped and panted like dogs, the entire bed rocking and squeaking beneath them. Katie brought her foot down and caressed her son's cheek with her painted toes. He slipped them into his mouth and sucked on them, making Katie's cunt-tube shrink around his pole.

"Hhhmmmuuh!" the mother cried out as an orgasm shot through her lush body, making her big titties tremble like jello.

Her clamping cunt and burbling juice was just two much for Zack's young cock to endure. "Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna pop!" he announced.

"Cum on our faces," Beth said and Katie quickly crawled up and joined her, so both women were on the hands and knees, side by side.

Zack tightened his ass to keep the impending cum-flow back, so her could get into position in front of them. He stood up, then squeezed his prick up and down as it hovered down near the women. "Ohhh fuck yesss!" he cried out, blasting creamy cum-ropes all over their pretty faces.

Beth and Katie took turns sucking on his juicy, pulsing knob. They rolled their long lickers all over his glans, collecting the spunk that still oozed from his piss-slit.

The boy watched in wide-eyed disbelief as the two sexy mommy's licked and sucked his knob together, their tongues looping around and around his peter-tip.

"Mmmnn," Katie hummed, tracing the ridge of his crown, while Beth whipped her tongue against the sensitive band of his frenulum. It was enough to make the kids cock about shoot into orbit. **'k'k'k**

Over the next month, Rick had the unfortunate task of filming hours and hours of intense sexual activity. Blowjobs, tit-fucking, wild sixty-nine's and, off course, hot vaginal fucking in positions he never even knew were possible. He had never seen his wife cum so much in his life. He knew that in this short time period she had probably cum more times than she had in their entire twenty-year marriage.

Needless to say, when they had finally reached their financial goal, he was extremely thankful it was over.

"So, now that I've done my part and the money's back in the account. I guess things can get back to normal around here," he said.

Zack and his Mom looked at eachother. It was clear they had other plans. "Actually, Zack and I were discussing something before you got home," Kate said.

"What's that," Rick asked.

"Well, the reason you made that bad investment to begin with, is because you wanted wealth right?" "Yeah, I suppose," he muttered, having a pretty good idea where this was going.

"Ok, that's what we thought. And we want that too. So um, Zack and I have a plan," she said with an eager smile.

Locker Date... with Mom

By Klrxo

"Have you fucked that cute girl Abby yet?" Jake's mom Lisa asked him as they sat having breakfast.

"No, her parents are super protective. They make her come straight home after school."

"Well...fuck her **DURING** school then," Lisa suggested.

"How am I suppose to do that, mom?" Jake asked. "There's hall monitors all over the place."

"That's easy. Fuck inside your locker."

Jake burst out laughing. "Inside my locker?! Very funny!" he stated.

"I'm serious. The lockers at the high school are plenty big enough for a hard romp. When I was a senior, I used to fuck guys all the time inside those lockers," she confessed.

"Wait...are you serious?" her son asked, giving her a skeptical look.

"Absolutely serious! I mean, in such a confined space, you're limited to only a couple positions, and you have to be carefully to not scream out when you cum, but otherwise it's a great place to fuck, in a pinch," she explained.

Jake shook his head and went back to eating his breakfast. "I think you're just screwing with me," he told her with a mouthful of cereal.

"Honey, I am not!" Lisa giggled. "Try it and you'll see...it's completely doable."

"Two people...in one locker...going at it? I highly doubt that, mom."

"Do I have to show you that it's possible?" she asked, smiling across the table at him mischievously.

Jake gave her an inquisitive look. "Show me...how?" he inquired. "How do you think?" his mom giggled.

"Wait, are you talking about having sex with **ME**?"

"Well, yeah...that would be the only way to show you it's possible, wouldn't it?" answered.

Jake's heart did a crazy dance in his chest. He'd been lusting after his blonde, heavy-titted mother since early adolescence, but never dreamed he'd get this sort of invitation. "What about...dad though?" he asked.

"What does this have to do with him?" she questioned.

"Wouldn't that be cheating on him?"

"Well, technically no. It's not like I'm meeting some guy for sex, just for kicks. I'm doing this this to prove a point, and help my son realize there's a place he can take girls during school hours to get some pussy."

"So, you're telling me dad would have no problem with that?" Jake giggled.

"No, I'm not saying that. Of course your father would have a problem with it, but this isn't something we'll be discussing over family dinner...or **AT ALL** for that matter, got it?" she sternly asked.

"Got it," her boy agreed.

"So that's a yes then?" asked Lisa, raising an eyebrow curiously. "Are we doing this?"

"Are you talking about us doing this during school?"

"Well, no. Not that we'll get caught, but if we did, the consequences for both of us would be pretty severe, if we were doing it during school hours."

"True."

"How about after school today, once all the other students have gone home?" Lisa suggested.

"There are still students there for after school-sports," the teen pointed out.

"Yes, but they'll be busy out on the field. We'll still have to be incredibly careful, but I think it'll be the best time for my little demonstration," the busty mother giggled.

"True. So what do we --"

His mom quickly cut him off. "Shhh! Your father's coming," she warned in a hushed tone.

"Honey, have you seen my brown dress shoes?" Lisa's husband Tony asked, straightening his tie as he walked in.

"In the shoe basket, by the front door," she replied.

He gave her a kiss on the forehead. "What would I do without you," he commented. "Which reminds me, don't forget to stop by the dealership for your oil change this afternoon."

"Oh shoot, I forgot that was today?" Lisa said with a scowl.

"Is it still doable?" asked Tony.

"Well, I'm taking Jake to an appointment today after school. It's a pretty important one, that might require us to be there a couple

hours at most. Can we reschedule it for tomorrow?"

Jake could hardly believe his ears. He was imagining their locker-romp would be a quick in-and-out, but his mom was making it sound like it would be a nice long marathon fuck they'd be doing.

"Yeah, no problem...I'll call and reschedule," his dad said, then looked over at him. "What's this appointment? Everything ok?"

The boy glanced at his mom in a speechless stupor. Lucky for him, Lisa was quick on her toes. "He's fine. It's more of a school-related training thing, nothing's wrong with his health at all."

"Oh good," his father said in relief. "Well, I'm outta here. Busy day at the office ahead."

After seeing her husband out, Lisa retuned to the kitchen to find her son giggling. "What's so funny?" she inquired.

"School-related training, huh?"

"Well, technically I wasn't lying," Lisa said. "I'll be **TRAINING** you to fuck girls in your locker at school."

"So, what do I say if dad asks me how it went?"

His mom leaned over, grabbed a blueberry out of his bowl and popped it into her mouth. The neck of her robe had opened substantially, exposing a huge gaping cleavage for her boy to gawk at. "Hopefully you tell him it was the most incredible 'training' you've ever gotten," she responded flirtingly.

Jake could hardly focus in school that day, and rightly so. His mom was a beautiful woman who he swore resembled the singer Kellie Pickler. She had a thick round ass that he loved to stare at when she walked, but by far her best physical feature was her giant-sized tits. He had overheard her once talking to his aunt about how she had to

order special J-cup bras from the **UK** to fit her chest. He couldn't help but wonder if part of his after-school "demonstration" was to get to see them naked.

During his third hour, he got a text from his mom. "Your locker's not dirty and stinky is it? " it read.

"No, I just cleaned it out a couple days ago," he texted back.

"Oh, good! You'll have to find a place to put your backpack and anything else that could get in our way," her next text advised.

"Got it," Jake responded.

"Oh, and what's your locker combination? I guess I'll need that, haha ."

Jake texted his mom the combination to his locker, still in disbelief that this was actually gonna happen.

Next, his hot mom sent him a picture of her entire naked silky leg extended out, with her toes pointed out across her bedroom. He noticed that her toenails were freshly painted a deep maroon, which was his school color. Under the picture, the text read: "Since I'm gonna be hanging on campus today, I figured I better show some school spirit."

Jake stared at the photo, admire the way his mom's tan leg gave off a silky sheen. "Looks like your legs are freshly shaved too," he texted.

"Yes, those…and **SOMETHING ELSE**, " she texted back.

The boy's heart did a somersault in his chest as he tried to imagine his mom's hot pussy completely bare.

The rest of the school say seemed to drag, but probably because Jake was checking the clock every fine minutes.

Finally, the bell sounded and students scrambled to get the hell out of there as quickly as possible. Jake wandered down to the corridor where the lockers were, lingering for a few minutes as he waited for his fellow scholars to dissipate.

He looked over at his own locker, trying to wrap his head around the fact that his mom could actually be in there waiting for him. As a Senior, he had one of the big lockers. The smaller ones around his were for Juniors and Sophomores. Finally, when no one else was around, he stepped over, quickly spun the dial around to the numbers of his combination, then popped the door open.

Lisa was leaning against the back wall of the locker, dressed in a snug tank-top, shorts and cute little wedged-heeled sandals. "Hi!" she whispered cutely, smiling at him.

"Hi," he answered, his heart pounding faster than it ever had. His mom's hair and makeup was done up to the nines. She had even applied a light coat of pink lipstick, which he'd never seen her wear before.

"Is there anyone out there?" she asked in a hushed tone.

Jake gawked at the enormous bulging cleavage clearly on display and framed in by the neck of her tank top. This certainly wasn't something his mom had ever worn at home.

"Honey?" her sweet voice asked, breaking his tittie-trance.

"Oh, yeah, sorry, um..." he muttered, looking around. "There's just one person."

"As soon as they're gone, come in," Lisa told him.

Ironically, the "one person" out there was a hot blonde that Jake was dying to sink his boner into. One of the ones who's parents were super-protective. She closed her locker door and flashed Jake a flirty smile before walking off, making her young plump buttocks wag as she disappeared down the corridor.

"Is she a **CILF**, honey?" his mom giggled, noticing how distracted her boy was.

"**CILF**?" her son asked.

"Classmate I'd like to fuck?"

"Oh, yeah...definitely one of those," he laughed. "Unfortunately she's one of the girls who has super-strict parents."

"Well get in here and I'll show you how to bone her in your locker."

Jake stepped into his locker, closing the door behind him. He was now chest to chest with his mom, her ballooning boobies pressed softly against him.

"See...fits two people, no problem," his mom pointed out.

"Yeah, but two people having sex? That's another story."

Even inside the closed locker, light from the outside still streaked in from little slits along the door, allowing Jake to see his mom's smiling lips and beautiful hazel eyes. "Get your shorts and briefs off," she whispered.

The boy complied and his lengthy boner spunk upward and rubbed against his mom's belly. He gulped nervously. "Shit, I left the condoms in my backpack," he blurted.

"Good. Throw them out when we're finished here."

"Throw them out?"

"Yes, Throw them out, burn them, I don't care...just get rid of them," Lisa demanded. "If a girl wants to fuck you, she better be on birth control. It's not real sex unless you can feel her vagina wetting and squeezing your glans bareback."

"So **YOU'RE** on birth control?" Jake asked.

"No, but I'm old enough to be in tune with my cycle. I'm not ovulating right now, so you can't get me pregnant," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Jake nodded, staring down at the huge dark split of her cleavage.

"If you can make this work with me, you can make it work with any girl," Lisa remarked.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because my boobs are ten times bigger than those on any girl you go to school with," she giggled. "If there's room enough to fuck me in here, there's certainly room enough to fuck any of them."

"I'm still not completely convinced it's even possible. I can hardly even move in here," complained the boy.

"I'll show you how, but the first thing we need do is create some lubrication," Lisa instructed. "Men and women create that naturally through sexual arousal."

Jake gasped sharply as he felt his mom's hand grasp his erection near the base. She pumped her thumb against the bulge of his urethra. "Your lubricant will flow up through your urethra and out your piss-slit," the mother explained, then took his hand and guided up under the leg of her stretchy shorts.

The boy's body shuddered with arousal as his hand landed on her shaved pussy. "You're not wearing panties?" he asked.

Nope, and loose-fitting shorts for easy access. A woman self-lubricates from glands just inside her vagina. Run your middle finger up through my cunt-slit and you'll see how wet I am," she breathed.

Jake did so, feeling hot slippery cuntal-nectar soak his finger. "Wow, you're um...super wet!" he observed, smelling both her sweet perfume and the pungent aroma of aroused pussy.

Lisa squeezed her hand all the way up her boy's steely hard prick, feeling the pre-ejaculatory slime ooze from his meatus. She thickly coated his knob, then brought her hands up on his shoulders and slipped her dainty bare feet from her sandals. "OK, honey...we're lubed up and ready. Like I told you before, you're limited in the number of positions you can do in here, but I'll show you a few of the easiest ones."

"Alight," the teen breathed excitedly.

"I'm gonna hook my leg up around you, and pretty much sit against your crotch. You hold my ass and you'll be able to guide your thrusts, ok?"

"Got it!" the boy whispered.

Lisa steadied herself by placing a hand against the locker wall, while lifting her smooth lovely leg and curling it around her boy's midsection. This made her monstrous mommy-melons flatten even more against her son's chest.

"Ahhh!" the teen moaned, feeling her soft pundendal folds drag against his knob as his mom lined herself up on the crown of his cock. Lisa lowered onto him, splitting her twat with the shiny bulb of his erection.

"Mmnnff!" the boy grunted, feeling his boner slide through the remnants of her hymen and sink up into the wet smothering heat of her fuck-tube.

His mom also gasped in delight, as her cuntal lining stretched around his thick invading cock-meat. Her husband's penis was fine, but she knew there was nothing like a huge muscular teenage cock, and that she'd probably be squealing her ass off in orgasmic delight.

Jake's peter-tip mashed against the pursed ring of her external o's, just as her hairless outer labia met his cock-base. The mother could feel the excited pulse of his heart through his engorged knob as she squeezed it tenderly with her slippery secreting walls. "There it is, honey," she whispered with thrill in her voice. "There's the pussy. Show mommy what you got."

The boy began to work his hips beneath her, plunging his boner through the snug sleeve of her exquisitely-ribbed vaginal tube.

"Hot damn, mom...your pussy feels incredible!" he softly gasped, pumping his big prick through her mature coital grip.

"And you didn't think fucking in here was possible," she teased, working her wide hips to meet his steady fuck-humps.

Jake peered down and watched her jiggling tit-cleavage in wide-eyed fascination. "I had my doubts, but you proved me wrong," the boy said. He loved the way his mom was letting out cute little "huffs" of pleasure from his rhythmic fucking. When his eyes returned to her to her rippling bosom, she realized she could do something to make this even more special for him. "Would you like me to take off my top and bra...so my tits can bounce around on you?" she teasingly inquired.

"Would I ever!"

Lisa quickly shed her tank top and dropped it to the floor.

"Oh wow!" the boy wondrously exclaimed as he was greeted by more pounds of tit-flesh, which seemed to jostle around inside the overflowing cups of her sexy bra. The cock-humping mother reached

around and unhooked the four clasps holding back her mammoth rack.

When her bra sprung free of her frame, Jake's eyes nearly popped out of his skull. "Holy hell!" gasped the boy as Lisa's huge mommy-melons began leaping and rippling against his upper body.

"There, is that better, honey?" his mom giggled.

"Much!"

She tugged his head towards her bouncing udders. "Stuff your face down between them while you fuck me," she said breathlessly.

The teen's wicked dreams were all coming true. He delightfully pushed his face in the squishy jiggling canyon between his mom's breasts. "Holy fuck!" he hissed, his voice muffled by fatty tit-flesh.

Lisa giggled, knowing just how much her baby always wanted to be smothered between her wonderfully-large melons. She felt his cock flex powerfully, stimulating some of the most pleasurable areas of her vaginal tract, especially the ones along the upper wall, back by her cervical cap, in an area her husband simply didn't have the length to touch.

For ten minutes Jake pounded into her, while kissing, licking and sucking on the jiggling inner slopes of her tits. He always knew when a girl was about to cum on him, by the way her pussy began to tighten around his cock. Those pussies felt incredible, but the sensations his mom's cunt-tube was providing was on a whole other level.

"Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped, peeking up from between her smothering tits, feeling the muscles in her pelvic floor contract, compressing the slippery pink pleats of flesh lining her vaginal walls around his entire boner as it dug through her.

"I'm gonna cum on you, baby!" she mewled as her curvy flesh began to tremble in pleasure against her boy.

Jake mashed his lips against her breastbone, feeling all the doughy-soft flesh slosh around his face. "I'm gonna cum too!" he announced.

The frantically humping mother felt her boy's knob swell even bigger inside her and his first grunt coincided with a hot splash of ejaculate that struck her back wall.

Her pussy-tube suddenly contracted wildly around the unyielding hardness of Jake's prick. The boy groaned and whimpered as he pumped; his dick tingling with more pleasure than he'd ever felt as ropes spat wildly from his piss-slit.

His mom used her arms to squeeze her giant tits even tighter around his head, while squealing in a juicy climax. It was all she could do to keep from screaming out as her orgasm swept through her busty body like an electric current.

Jake was on cloud nine...grumbling against his mom's tit-flesh while feeling his dick get yanked off by the gushing grip of her vagina. Lisa's bulging cuntal meatus beat against the root of her boy's strong penis, making her hot liquid love-juice spurt around his thick stalk and drip down off his clenching nuts.

Mother and son were certainly in no hurry to stop. They beat their cum-soaked pissers together for nearly ten mind-blowing minutes, riding the orgasm-train all the way to the end of the track.

"Well!" Lisa sighed, completely out of breath. "Now I remember why I liked locker dating so much."

"I'll never doubt you again," her boy promised, letting out a long, satisfied sigh.

"And I also remember now why I loved getting fucked so much when I was younger," she confessed, squeezing her son's still-erect cock.

"Why's that?"

"Because teenage boys have short refractory periods, meaning your dicks don't go soft and you're ready for more vigorous fucking in a matter of minutes."

"I certainly wouldn't mind going again," Jake admitted.

"Good, because there's one other position I wanna show you," said Lisa, lifting her cunt off his cock. Jake's prick was a gooey mess. It wagged around stiffly as his large-chested mother carefully turned around, so her back was now turned to her boy.

"This time you're gonna fuck me from behind," she informed him, peeking back over her shoulder.

"Ready when you are," the boy eagerly said, giving his cock a few rejuvenating strokes, while rubbing his knob up through her luscious ass-crevice.

"I was born ready, baby," his mom purred, pushing her bare buttocks back teasingly to encourage him to plunge it back inside her. He got the hint and squeezed his hardon through her snug cunt-tube, sheathing his tender meat in delightful mommy-pussy.

Together they pumped their hips, finding a nice satisfying fuck-rhythm. The rounded cheeks of Lisa's naked ass slapped repetitively against her son's crotch, making the fatty outer layer of her fanny-meat ripple wonderfully.

The panting, sexually excited mother peeked back at her teen. "Hold my hips!" she demanded. "Pound the fuck out of me!"

Jake happily complied, grasping his mom's wide hips and beating his dick through her birthing tube with tit-jarring force. "Yes! Like that!" Lisa gasped, reaching down and rubbing her engorged clitoris while her son fucked her.

The teen loved looking down and watching his meaty cock thunder in and out of his mom's body, glistening with her secretions. He pulled her buns apart slightly while he fucked, so he could see the pink elastic ring of her asshole wink up at him. "Oh, yes!" he sighed, feeling her powerful pelvic floor muscles squeeze around his plunging love-muscle, massaging it skillfully.

The way she was slightly leaned forward against the locker wall allowed Lisa's dangling perspiration-sheened boobies to swing around wildly. "Reach around and squeeze my fucking tits!" the horny mother groaned.

Her boy grasped on to her dancing titties, sinking his fingers into their squishy meat. Her nipples felt fat and rubbery against his squeezing hands. Lisa stood up straight, turning her head and gazing into her teen's eyes in absolute fuck-lust, while his crotch continued to slap against her rounded butt-cheeks. "Fuck me harder!" she pleaded, her pretty hazel eyes glazed with desire.

Jake upped his tempo, hammering his boner through his mom's vagina, hitting her back wall with his flaring knob on every thrust.

"Do you always fuck your dates without kissing them?" Lisa's shaky voice whispered.

"No."

"Kiss me then," the mother told him, moving her lips up towards his. The oval of their mouths fused together as they engaged in a passionate French kiss. The mother's long pink snake whipped about inside Jake's mouth, dancing wildly with his.

The horny mother felt her boy's cock flex with excitement, so she tightened her cunt muscles around it in response, increasing the mind-blowing cuntal friction on his sensitive teenage glans.

"Fuck!" her boy groaned, feeling his dick tingle as his mom pounded her sweaty ass back against him with greater intensity.

"Ohh, my boy's such a good fucker," the mother cooed, gazing into his eyes. "He's making mommy's pussy melt around his hot dick."

"Feels incredible," the boy breathed, not slowly his frantic pace one bit.

"You're gonna make me cum on you again," she giggled with pleasure, stroking his cheek tenderly with her hand. "Your gonna make me blast my hot fucking girl-juice all over your hard fat cock!"

Jake watched his mom's eye's roll back and her mouth drop open as she gasped over and over. He felt her birthing tube contract around his pounding cock and her body began to tremble delightfully against him.

The great thing about having one cum out of the way, was it allowed the teen to fuck his mom longer and harder this time without blowing his load. He leaned back against the locker wall, lifting his mom up so her back rested against his torso. Lisa's dainty bare feet, with their school-color-painted toenails dangled above the locker floor, bobbing around from the force of her son's fucking. Her meaty buttocks continued to slap against Jake's humping crotch as he hammered away at her cum-gushing pussy. For a good ten minutes he fucked her this way, making their hot flesh drip with sweat.

Lisa turned her head and looked at her son with wild lustful eyes. "Put me down! I wanna suck you off, so you can cum down my throat," she said in a sexy tone.

The heavy-chested mother quickly turned and crouched down, grasping his juice-glistened boner at the base and dragging her long pink mommy-licker up and down it's length.

"Ahhh!" the boy sighed, gazing down and watching his mom's tongue curl around his knob, scrubbing his glans with skilled oral affection. She plunged his cock into her mouth and began bobbing her head in traditional blowjob fashion, while gazing up at him with her pretty eyes.

Lisa's heart was practically beating out of her heavy-titted chest. She felt like a young high-school-aged girl again, sucking off one of the hot guys inside his locker. Yes, she loved her husband, but she also got an insatiable thrill by acting as her son's cum dispenser, and letting him beat his young dick through her hot motherly holes. Lewd, slurping, gurgling sounds filled the locker as the mother lovingly gorged herself on her boy's thick prick. She flared her nostrils, taking in the warm, musky smell of his teenage cock-flesh.

"Ahhh, shit, mom!" the teen whimpered, feeling her plunge his juicy prick down her throat and mash her lovely lips around his cock-hilt.

"Ggnnuhhfff!" the mother gagged, pre-spunk spewing out the sides of her cock-stuffed mouth. This time when she sucked, she grasped his boner around the base and beat it into her hot plunging mouth, making her oversized knockers bobble around heavily.

For five more mind-blowing minutes, the teen was treated to the best blowjob he'd ever had. In fact, none of the girls who'd sucked his cock could even hold a candle to his mom's oral skills. "Holy shit!" he exclaimed wondrously, watching her pretty blonde head bob tirelessly up and back on his cock, using her mouth, tongue and throat like a hot pussy.

"Ah, God!" Jake exclaimed, then bit his bottom lips and humped his hips, meeting his mom's rhythmic sucking.

Beating his boner with one hand, the mother reached up and played with his balls with the other. She dug her long, painted nails into the tender meat of his nuts, teasing them exquisitely.

"Oh, God, mom, I'm gonna cum!" the boy softly groaned.

The wanton mother sucked her son's boner as hard as she could, rolling her tongue around on the fat pinkish-purple knob, cleaning the pre-spunk from his weeping piss-hole. She felt his entire dick swell inside her mouth.

"**AHH, MOM!!**" the teen grunted out, grabbing the back up her head and jabbing his cock in as far as it could go down her clasping throat. "**HERE I CUM!**" Hot ball-goo erupted from his peter-tip, spraying down his mother's throat.

"Mmmnppff!" Lisa gurgled, diligently gulping down all the spunk that was pouring into her throat. For a long while, the boy sighed in pleasure as his mom nursed out every drop of spunk, rolling her teasing tongue all over his quivering dick. She finally lifted her head, licking any remnants of cock-cream off her lips while gazing up at her son with shamelessly lusty eyes. "Pretty good locker date, huh?" she asked.

"The best," her son replied.

After they were dressed, Jake opened the locker door and peeked out to make sure the coast was clear. "We're good," he said to his mom, then they both hurried out.

"Need a ride home?" Lisa giggled.

"Yeah, I guess a ride would be good. Let me grab my bag."

"I'll meet you at the car," the mother told him, not wanting to take a chance at being questioned by any wandering school officials.

"Hey, mom?" Jake called before she could wander far.

"Yeah, honey?"

"Thanks for the training."

"Anytime," she winked.

"Really? Anytime??" he asked with an inquisitive smile.

"It's a figure of speech, but…yeah, we'll see…" she answered with a mischievous glance down at the bulge beneath his shorts.

Jake watched her lovely round ass sway teasingly as she stepped up the corridor.

THE END

Long Arm of the Law, Mom-syle

By Klrxo

"Let's get started!" a firm-voiced female said, making most of the police officers in the room quiet up. There were a few though who kept chatting.

The female lieutenant conducting the meeting **LOUDLY** cleared her throat, silencing the rest of the group.

"Ok, as you can see, there's rain out today," she said, "which means we should expect slippery conditions and some accidents out there, so be on alert. Officer's Tanner and Crosby will be on patrol near the park. There will most likely be peaceful protesters there today, let's just make sure it stays peaceful."

Lieutenant Liana Monk had worked her way up within the ranks of the department. Even in her uniform and peaked hat, she still looked strikingly beautiful. Many of her friends and colleagues would comment on how much she looked like the actress, Mary-Louise Parker.

Indeed she did, but with noticeable differences. Liana was **VERY** well endowed and had a body that was overall voluptuous. Even in a tight bra and modest button-up blouse, her bounteous boobs looked like they could pop the buttons right off her uniform and wobble out into the open for everyone to gawk at.

She continued to address the group. "Officers Daily and McFay will patrol the outdoor market on the west side. There continues to be reports of petty theft there, so be on the lookout for anyone that looks suspicious. Any questions?" she asked.

A male officer near the back of the room raised his hand. "Yes, Tanner?" Liana asked.

Officer Tanner did his best Bill Paxton impression. "How do I get out of this chickenshit outfit?" he said, making his comrades laugh.

Liana was only slightly amused. "Just make another smartass movie reference at the conclusion of tomorrow's meeting, then I'll fire you. Does that answer your question?"

His coworkers mocked him, like someone who had just been roasted."Ohh, burn!" one of them joked.

"Let's get to work!" Liana said with a giggle.

She walked out into the hallway, but didn't get far. "Lieutenant...a word?" Captain Braxton asked, peeking his head from his office.

Liana walked into his office and out of respect, took her peaked hat off. Her shoulder length brown hair was back in a ponytail. "Sir?"

"Have a seat," he said, sitting back at his own desk.

Her boss watched the way the swell of her knockers shimmied when she sat. Liana wasn't oblivious to his wandering eyes, but it was her boss, so what was she gonna say?.Besides, Captain Braxton had a long decorated career in the force and was five month from retiring. If he wanted to gawk at her tits and flirt some, so be it.

"Where are we at with the Perfume Bandit? Any leads?" he asked. "Perfume Bandit?"

"Yeah, the outdoor market thief?" "You gave her a name?" she asked.

"I give all our serial crooks names. It's what they pay me to do," he said. "Wait, you said 'she.' How do you know it's a she?"

"Well, just a hunch I guess. If she was a he, wouldn't 'he' be stealing cologne and not perfume?"

"Not if 'he' has a girlfriend to impress, by bringing her expensive stolen perfume," the Captain said.

"True, but...if the girlfriend likes to smell good, wouldn't she want 'him' smelling good also? Yet not one bottle of cologne stolen, to my knowledge. Only expensive perfume."

"Hm, see that's what I love about you, Monk," he said, then stopped and glanced down at her tits. "Well, maybe not all I love about you, but you're always thinking things through. I respect that."

Liana smiled at him knowingly. "Thanks, and in answer to your question, I have two officers patrolling the west end market all day. I think it's just a matter of time and we'll nail her!"

"I hope you're right," her boss said.

Later that day, Fritta Lawson ripped opened a new bottle of perfume and gave her neck a few sprays. "De Lalique-Plume...fantastique!" she said in perfect French.

Will sat across from her, watching her fat tits wobble beneath her skimpy top. He was only eighteen, but old enough to legally fuck her, if she'd let him. He wasn't too concerned about the legalities though, since he and Fritta were already wrapped up in the world of crime. He'd been stealing perfume for forty-two year old Fritta for months.

In exchange for his skills as a thief, she would give him the best blowjobs he'd ever had. She loved expensive perfume! He loved blowjobs! It was a win-win arrangement. "Baccarat Rouge?" she looked at him and asked, raising an eyebrow.

"They had it locked up," he answered, shaking his head. "Rats! Flowerbomb Haute Couture?"

"That one too!" he muttered. "Damnit!

"I suspect because of all the times I've stolen from them, they're starting to lock up the most expensive perfumes," Will said.

"Or they're just mocking you." "Mocking me?" Will asked.

"Yes, mocking you! They think you're an amateur thief, so all they have to do is stick the perfume behind a glass case and that will detour you."

"Well, I can't just..."

"But you're **NOT** an amateur...and it's **NOT** detouring you....is it?" Fritta asked, staring straight at him. She worded it more like a statement, rather than a question.

"Fritta, here's the thing...The cases are locked. I can't just snap my fingers and..." "I know what you want, Will." Fritta said, interrupting him..

"Huh?"

"You up the risk, I up the reward," she said, standing up, then bent over the chair, pointing her thick ass back at him. "That's how this arrangement works, remember? Now, do you want it or not?"

She was right in that respect. Will had started by purchasing her cheaper perfume. In exchange, she would rub his cock through his pants. When she started asking for the more expensive varieties, she began rewarding him with blowjobs or letting him play with her naked tits. Now it was time to up the ante once again.

The redheaded forty-two year old pulled down her shorts, exposing her ass to him. "Do you wanna stick your cock in me? Fuck me from behind?" she asked.

"Well, um, yeah," he muttered, gawking at her lovely ass and the puffy shaved lips of her pussy below it.

"Figure out a way to get me that perfume and I'll let you work your cock off inside me. How's that for a deal?

"You would really do that?" he asked.

"I just said I would, didn't I?" she asked, "but not until the perfume is in my hand, got it?" she asked.

"Yeah ok, but what about today?" "What about today?"

"Well, I did bring your **SOME** good perfume. Can I get a blowjob or something?" he asked.

"Ugh, fine!" she said, standing up straight. "You need to be quick today though. My husband will be home soon."

The boy stood and shed his shorts. The busty redhead knelt in front of him and grabbed onto his package, giving him a few long dick-hardening strokes. "Come on, get hard for Aunt Fritta!" She said encouragingly.

She wasn't his Aunt, but Will loved the kinky sound of that.

It didn't take any time at all for the teen to get completely erect. Fritta whipped her long pierced tongue around the shiny gourd of his cock-tip, teasing his glans.

The teen watched in delight as she plunged her rounded lips along the length of his boner. She couldn't quite take him to the balls. None of the girls who had blown him had been able to.

That's because Will's cock was nearly ten inches long and **VERY** thick.

He placed his hands behind her head and forced his boner even deeper down her throat. She gurgled and precum spewed out the corners of her mouth. When it became obvious that the teen was trying to cram all his cock in, she quickly brought her mouth up off his cock, like she was speaking into it, like a meaty microphone.

"Easy!" she gasped, "you'll choke me to death with that fucking thing!" "Sorry!" Will said, watching her gobble it back up and suck at her own pace.

Her throat let out lewd gurgling sounds as she fucked his cock with her mouth. "Can you take your tits out?" he asked.

She glared up at him. "Next time! You need to cum! If my husband sees me blowing you he'll freak out!"

Will focused on the feel of her lips and tongue working his cock. It was a good blowjob, but would have been even better if he could watch her fat tits move around.

Fritta was his next door neighbor. It had been several weeks now that she had talked him into stealing expensive perfume for her, in exchange for sexual favors. Most of the time she had jerked the boy off or blown him, like today. Now, with the promise of actual sex, Will knew he had to step up his game and put his real skills as a petty crook to the test.

Fritta could feel his cock flex and throb in her mouth. She knew he was close to cumming, so she intensified her cock-sucking, making it even more intense.

"Fuck!" Will gasped. "Fuck! I'm gonna cum!"

Thick ball-juice began erupting from his piss-slit, pouring straight down Fritta's throat. She sucked frantically, while doing her best to swallow his massive cum-load. Up and back her head bobbed, working his spewing cock off inside her mouth.

"Damn! That was nice!" he confessed as he watched her lick the final few drops of jizz from his erection.

"Get me that perfume and it'll be even nicer!" she said, standing back up. "Well, I've wanted to fuck you for a long time, so it'll be worth the effort."

When Will left, he didn't have far to travel, since his family only lived next door. He went inside to find his mother busy in the kitchen making dinner.

Liana was still wearing her police uniform, without the cap. With a husband and two children, she had a busy life-style, juggling her career as a police lieutenant and her duties as a mother.

"Hi," Will said, peeking in the kitchen.

"That's all I get is a 'hi,' I don't get a hug?" Liana asked, busy at the stove stirring vegetables.

Will stepped over and Liana gave him a nice tight tit-squashing hug. The boy secretly liked her hugs for that very reason. His mom had the biggest boobs of any woman he knew and one hug never failed to harden his cock.

"What's her name?" Liana asked. "Her name?"

"Yes, I can smell her perfume all over you. Who is she?"

Will's brain scrambled for an answer. "Oh, um, just a girl from school." "Does this 'girl from school' have a name?"

"We're not really serious. We're just hanging out," Will said.

"Fine, I'll stop prying then," Liana said, "just make sure, if you're getting as close as I suspect you are, that you're wearing protection."

"Mom..." Will muttered, embarrassed by the subject of condoms..

"Don't 'mom's me! We've had this discussion before. You start playing sexual Russian Roulette with these girls and you'll end up a father before you've even graduated from High School."

"I'll play safe. You don't need to worry about it," Will said, then headed to his room.. "Dinner in twenty-minutes!" Liana shouted to him, before he could get too far.

Will's father Lou worked in commercial real estate and as a Lieutenant his mom delt with mostly the managerial side of law enforcement. This made for some very boring dinner time discussions as his parents went back and forth on work issues they were presently dealing with.

"Well, hopefully those things can get resolved," Dad said, "sounds like managing the police officers in this city can be just as challenging as finding crooks."

Mom laughed. "Actually much harder if you want the truth. Especially since most of what we deal with are stupid petty thieves and occasional drug dealers."

"Speaking of petty thieves. I was reading in the paper about your mysterious perfume bandit," dad said, making me look up at Mom.

"That'll be old news in about a week," mom said. "We're breathing down her neck."

"Perfume Bandit?" Will thought. "They gave me a name? Sweeet!" It gave Will some satisfaction in hearing his Mom refer to the thief as 'her.' That meant that they still had no idea who they were chasing. In the back of his mind, he knew he had to stop. He knew damn well that if he continued, he'd eventually be caught. "Once I fuck Stella, then I'll stop. One more big score, then I'm through," he resolved.

After dinner, Will and his sister did the dishes, then retreated to their rooms.

It wasn't long before Liana knocked, then popped her head in Will's door. "You're dad's still up in the office working, so be sure to keep the noise down," she said.

It was the same dialog every night. "Next she'll thank me for doing the dishes and tell me she's going together shower," Will thought.

"I appreciate you and your sister doing the dishes," Liana said. "No problem."

"I'm gonna take a shower and relax for a bit. Goodnight," Liana said, then closed his door.

It was music to the boy's ears. About two weeks ago he had drilled a peep-hole from his closet to his parent's bedroom. It allowed him to see just a portion of the room, near his mother's vanity. Up until now, he had only gotten to see her in her bra and panties. He excitedly hoped that this would be the night he'd see **MUCH** more.

He smiled with pride. Not only was Will a damn good thief, but he was also a peeping Tom.

The teen rushed to his closet, fished out his cock and peered through the hole. His heart beat rapidly in his chest as he saw his mom step within his view. "Showtime!"he anxiously thought.

Liana stood there facing the hole, slowing unbuttoning her uniform. Her mountainous tits were snuggly contain in a delicate floral-laced black bra. "Look at all that fucking cleavage!" the boy marveled, his ogling eyes fixed on her tits. He could even see a hint of the large dark circles of areola through the semi-shear fabric.

His mother unbuckled her belt, then slowly removed her pants, revealing a dainty pair of black panties. As she leaned over, pushing her pants down her legs, the boy got a good look at her creamy mile-long cleavage. Her tit-cannons were so large and heavy that they looked as though they could wobble right out of the cups of her bra.

Liana picked her pants up and folded them neatly. She turned around to grab her top, giving Will a terrific look at her thonged buttocks. The mother had thick meaty ass-globes that completely swallowed up any trace of her thong. If you didn't notice the silky

triangle at the top of her buns, or the thin gusset stretched across her vulva, you would think her ass was completely naked.

Will watched her turn back around, reaching up and removing her hair-tie. She arched her head back and shook it in a sexy manner, making her beautiful silky dark hair spread out across her shoulders. "Damn! She's so fucking beautiful!" the boy thought, squeezing his cock, marveling at the way she had her gigantic melons thrust out..

She reached back to unclasp her bra, then lightly held the cups to her breasts, as if hesitating.

"This is it! Come on, take it off! Please!" he thought. Then the boy was disappointed to see her walk out of site, into the bathroom. "Damnit! Everytime!" he frustratingly thought.

Over the past two weeks, every time his mom had gotten to that point, she walked away and he was left with a throbbing erection in his hand. Of course she would walk back by after her shower, but would always have her robe on by then. He wished that just once she would break that routine.

The next day, at the precinct, Liana was conducting her morning meeting. "I'd like Officer's Daily and McFay on the outdoor market again. Question anything that looks suspicious. Does anyone have any questions?"

Officer Tanner, the Bill Paxton impersonator, raised his hand. Liana fed him a testy look. "Are you sure you have a question, Tanner?" she warned him. He scowled and lowered his hand, making his comrades giggle.

"Let's get to work!" Liana said with an amused smile.

Officer Brenda McFay rushed over to Liana. "Lieutenant. A quick question," she said. "What is it McFay?"

Brenda was a beautiful thirty-four year old blonde, with a curvy body that fit snuggly in her uniform, much like Liana's did. She looked much like the actress Julie Bowen. "I was just thinking that rather than patrol the market, maybe we should hang back," she suggested.

"Hang back?"

"Yeah, sort of stake the place out. Obviously, if the thief sees us there, they'll be less likely to steal something. We can take the unmarked car and when we see someone rush out of the market suspiciously, we'll nab him."

Liana nodded. "Worth a shot." "Thanks!" McFay said with a wink.

She began to walk away, but Liana noticed there was no else around, so she stopped her. "Brenda..."

McFay turned back around. The two of them were friends outside work, so she knew when Liana used her first name at the precinct it was something super serious.

"Nab this fucker today, will you?" Liana said.

"Liana, you know you can count on me," she said, patting the Lieutenant's cheek playfully.

A few hours later, McFay and her partner were staked outside the main entrance of the west end outdoor market.

"I'm not sure about this bright idea of yours," her partner, Officer Daily said. "We've been sitting here for three hours. At least inside we can get some exercise."

"This isn't about 'getting exercise,' Daily, it's about catching a thief and the sooner we do that the sooner we can get a different assignment."

"A different assignment would be nice too," he agreed.

Within the crowd exiting the market, McFay noticed a teen in a hoodie. The kid had a pretty good whip in his step. She started the car and followed him. "Where are we going?" Daily asked.

"When you think of someone who steals perfume, describe who you picture.:

Daily shrugged his shoulders. "A young woman, nicely dressed, a big designer bag to stuff all her stolen goods in," he said.

"Me too, but what if we have the profile all wrong? Maybe that's why we haven't caught the thief yet."

Daily laughed a bit. "So you think it's a kid in a hoodie?"

The kid glanced over at them, his face obscured by the hood of his sweatshirt. He suddenly quickened his pace and McFay put the car in park. "Yep, I do!" she said, quickly hopping out.

Her partner followed and they hurriedly crossed the street. Seeing their foot-pursuit, the hooded figure went into an all-out sprint down the sidewalk.

"**STOP!**" McFay shouted as they made chase.

A healthy young kid outrunning a lady cop decked out with a heavy gunbelt was feasible. A healthy young kid outrunning a six-foot-six African American, ex track star, like Officer Daily...forget about it.

The officer caught up easily, trapping the kid in an alley-cove. "Get on the ground before I tase you!" Daily shouted.

The kid complied without a fight, dropping onto his stomach. McFay arrived and thrust her knee against his back. She quickly brought his

hands around and cuffed them. "Why are you running, huh?" she asked, out of breath.

The kid said nothing. They lifted him to his feet and patted him down. McFay pulled a tiny box from his sweatshirt pocket and looked it over. "Well, well, well...Baccarat Rouge, huh? Bet my left tit you don't have a receipt for this. Get that fucking hood off!" she said, pulling it off his head.

McFay froze as she stared at him in shock. "Will?"

Liana's son Will looked back of her shamefully, but said nothing.. "You know this guy?" Daily asked.

"Yeah, you could say that," McFay answered.

A short time later, back at the precinct, Liana was busily working when Officer McFay arrived. "Lieutenant," she said.

The Lieutenant seemed surprised to see her. "McFay? Shouldn't you be at the..." "We caught him!" McFay said.

"You got the perfume thief?" "Yes, but there's a problem."

"What's the problem? Book him and we'll put him in a holding cell. Awesome work!"

McFay moved up close to her, glancing around so that no one else could hear. "Liana, it's Will."

Will was sitting in the interrogation room when the door suddenly flew open. Liana gazed down at him in disbelief. "Will!"

He son look at her in shame. "I know, I fucked up," he muttered.

Liana stepped back into the hallway with McFay. "Who else knows about the arrest?" she whispered.

"Just me, officer Daily and..." McFay answered, glancing over at Captain Braxton's office.

"The Captain? Fuck!" Liana said, then went back into the room with her son and closed the door.

Will's head was lowered in shame. Liana stepped over and hovered over him with her arms folded across her large breasts. "Who have you been stealing the perfume for?"

"Me," Will muttered.

"Will, bullshit! Tell me who you've been stealing it for," she said angrily. "No wonder you've been coming home smelling like a French whore lately."

"Mom, I'll take the heat for this. I was the one doing the stealing."

Liana squatted down and looked him in the eyes. He'd often got in trouble for silly things, but rarely did he see her with this serious of a stare. "Look, I'm gonna do my best to work this situation out, but if you're not completely honest with me, **RIGHT NOW, I**'m just gonna book you and throw your ass in a holding cell, just like I do all the other thieves that walk through that door."

"Fine," her son muttered. "Fine, what?!"

"Fine, I'll tell you."

After a prolonged silence, Liana cleared her throat. "Well, I'm waiting," she asked impatiently.

"I was stealing them for Fritta."

"Fritta? Our neighbor Fritta?" Liana asked. "Yes! She likes expensive perfume."

"That's great, but why were **YOU** stealing for her? Was she threatening you?" "No, nothing like that. Can we just skip the why's please, it's embarrassing."

"**NO, WE CAN'T!**" Liana shouted. "Tell me why you were stealing perfume for her!" Will sighed in frustration. "For sexual favors," he muttered.

"Sexual favors?"

"Yes, in exchange for me stealing perfume for her, she agreed to do sexual things with me." "Such as?"

"Mom, please, do I have to go into detail?"

"What was she doing for you?" Liana asked adamantly.

"Sometimes blowjobs. Other times handjobs, or letting me play with her boobs."

"Good grief, Will!" Liana exclaimed, standing back up. "She's not even that pretty! Are you that desperate that you'd be willing to do time in jail just to be sexual with a mutt like Fritta?"

"Obviously," he answered.

"How many times have you done this?" "I don't know...ten maybe."

Liana let out a deep worried sigh. "Yep, you're definitely our guy. Stay put! I'll be back," she said, then left the room.

Captain Braxton was doing some paperwork when he heard a tap on the door. He was pretty sure he knew who it was. "Come in, Lieutenant," he said.

Liana came in and closed the door behind her. "Well, you were wrong about it being a she," the Captain said, watching her sit down.

"He's been stealing the perfume for a neighbor of mine. She's a complete psycho, I've known her since high school."

"Will **IS** eighteen, correct?"

"Yes, but only by couple months and sir, she's a manipulative bitch. He's young and he just got caught up in her web and did something stupid."

"Something stupid?" he asked, then looked at his notes. "I believe he did something stupid eleven times, over the past month and a half. That's a whole lotta stupid."

"I'll understand if it's a no, but is there any way we could handle this, without charging him?" she asked. "Maybe requiring him to do some things for the precinct?"

"Go on," the captain said, listening intently.

"I could work out on patrol with Officer McFay this week. We could bring Will along. The back of the patrol car could act as a jail cell in a way."

"A jail cell on wheels. There's an idea," Braxton said.

"McFay and I could personally see to it that he's makes amends for what he's done, by serving the community. We can even give him assignments to fulfill throughout the day."

Captain Braxton thought it over a moment. "Liana, I've arrested crooks for over thirty years. I've seen 'em go to jail, only to come right back and repeat their crimes again and again.

There's nothing in a prison cell that's gonna benefit your son, so if he gets something out of sitting in the back of that patrol car all day, then I'm all for it, " he explained.

"Thank you, sir."

"I'm sure I can't emphasize enough how much trouble this little arrangement would get us in, if people found out. It would cost us our careers and that would just be the start of it..Keep a tight lid on this and make sure your son and Officer McFay do the same," he said.

"You have my word, sir."

"Good, then as far as we're concerned, the Perfume Bandit just mysteriously stopped stealing. Maybe she finally saw the error in her ways."

Liana smiled. "Yes.Thank you, sir," she said.

"I'll admit, it a risky arrangement, but I'm only a few months from being retired, so what the fuck," Braxton said, then glanced at her breasts. "Even so, I've offered quite a lot. Is there anything else **YOU'D** like to throw in on the deal?"

Liana smiled knowingly, then stood up. The captain's eyes widened as she started unbuttoning her shirt. Big bra-clad mounds of tit-flesh began to seep out between the parting fabric.

The ride home was awkward for both Liana and her son. Will was thankful, but also still extremely embarrassed.

"So I talked with Officer McFay. You'll be riding along doing patrol with her and I starting tomorrow."

"What about school?"

"I'll take care of that. Your priority right now is making amends for the dumb things you've been doing."

"So I'll just be sitting in a patrol car, that's it?"

"Yup, pretty much! We may let you out occasionally, to find ways for you to assist us in our duties. In situations where we respond to a call though, you have to stay in the car, got it?" she said.

"Got it! So um, is dad gonna know about all this?" he asked, knowing his father would have his own form of punishment, in the form of a month-long grounding.

"I see no reason why we have to involve your father. I'll call the school tomorrow and let them know you'll be out the rest of the week," Liana said.

At dinner, Lou noticed his wife and son were unusually quiet. "Everything, ok? You two are quiet tonight." he said.

"I'm good," Will answered, putting on a smile. "I'm fine too, just been a long day," his wife said.

"Well how 'bout we go out for ice cream? It'll liven everyone up?" Lou suggested.

His eleven year old daughter Nancy was all about it. "Yess! Please, Mom, please, please, please!" she pleaded.

Liana giggled. "Fine! Let me get changed first."

The family drove across town to their favorite ice cream place. It had a good-sized pond outside with some wild ducks. After getting their ice cream cones, they walked down close to the water.

"Dad, can we feed the ducks?" Nancy asked. "Sure, sweetpea."

"Mom, wanna come with us?" the girl asked.

"You and dad go ahead, honey. I'm gonna stay here and talk to.your brother."

Will was sitting on a bench overlooking the water. Liana joined him, sitting down at his side. The boy definitely preferred what she was wearing now to the police uniform that seemed to conceal her true beauty. The busty mother wore a light thigh-length summer dress and her dark hair was down and fanned over her shoulders beautifully.

Liana crossed her lovely tan legs, making the hem of her dress creep up even higher. Will's eyes peered over, traveling down her silky limbs, down to her dainty feet. She wore a pair of wedged-heeled sandals and her feet looked so sexy, just as tanned as her legs and with red painted toenails.

"So why Fritta?" she asked, then casually took a lick of her ice cream cone. "I don't know. She's not that bad."

"No, but you could certainly do better." "She just..."

"Just what?"

"Well, she started flirting with me a lot and then we started messing around," Will explained.

"She wasn't flirting. She was grooming you. Getting you to agree to do her dirty work, in exchange for a peek at her mediocre body."

"She does have nice boobs," Will confessed.

"Seriously? What's nice about them? They're not even all that big." "Mom, they **ARE** pretty big."

Liana rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Apparently someone needs to school you on what are considered big boobs," she said.

"What, like yours?" Will bravely said.

"No, my boobs fall into the next category up...huge! There's a difference," she said with a smiling, swiping her thick tongue across her ice cream cone.

Will glanced at his Mom's knockers, delighted at the cleavage that the dress left exposed. "Is there category greater than huge?" he asked.

Liana giggled. "Doubt it," she said.

"Well, maybe someday I'll get lucky enough to see 'huge' boobs."

"Not if it means breaking the law you won't," Liana said. "If you ever pull a stunt like this again, I'll kill you. Rewards are suppose to come as a result of doing something positive."

"Even a sexual reward?" Will asked.

"Any type of reward," she answered. "Why do you need sexual rewards from some bimbo like Fritta anyway? You're a cute guy. Why not just get a girlfriend and have **HER** do those things to you."

"I guess I prefer mature women. Ones with thick bodies and..."

He looked over to see his mom peeking over at him, with a mischievous little grin. "Big tits?" she said, finishing his sentence. He watched her thick pink tongue swipe a big mouthful of ice cream from the cone. He imagined what it would feel like having such a licker lashing around the knob of his cock.

"Yeah, those," he said. "Plus they have experience and can do things in ways that girls my age can't."

"All valid points, but I'm sorry...you can do much better than Fritta."

When they got home, they went about their nightly routines. Will and his sister retreated to their rooms and Lou to his study to finish

up some work items. Like clockwork, Liana popped her head into her son's room. "You're father's doing some more work, so.."

"I'll keep it down," Will said, finishing her sentence.

"Thanks. I'm gonna take a shower and relax for a bit. Goodnight," she said.

Will had decided that just seeing his mom in her bra and panties was more than worth the effort of peeping in on her every night. He still thought it was strange how she never got completely naked until she was in the bathroom, out of his site.

He pulled out his cock and gazed through the peep-hole. His mother arrived at her vanity and took off some earrings that she had worn to go out. Will watched in fascination as she lifted the summer dress up and off her body. She was wearing a sexy white bra and panty set, which looked amazing against her tan skin.

Like usual, Liana turned and faced her son's ogling eyes, then reached back to unfasten the bra. "So sexy, but in a few seconds, it's exit stage left," he thought, knowing he would once again be disappointed.

His mother placed her hands over the cups, lightly holding them in place. This is where the show usually ended, but not tonight. Liana pulled the cups from her enormous boobs and they sprung out heavily onto her chest.

"Holy fuck!" Will's mind screamed as he stared in lusty disbelief.

Her massive mammaries were even more amazing than he imagined. They were huge and plump, sloping down like a pair of full-sized fleshy watermelons. Capping the ends, were the largest areola he'd ever seen. They had a thick bumpy texture from being covered in Montgomery glands. Liana's nipples were puffy and engorged, making her boy lick his lips in lust.

The site of her naked tits alone would have fueled a dozen of Will's yank sessions, but his mother wasn't through. She placed her thumbs beneath the hem of her dainty panties and slid them over her wide hips.

"Whoa!" the teen muttered, as the panties peeled off his mother's crotch and down her sexy legs. For a moment, the view of her cunt was obscured by her dangling udders as she bent over and slipped the panties the rest of the way down her legs. When she straightened back up, however, Will had an unobstructed view of her naked pubis. He marveled at the way it was completely shaved. Below her mons, he could see her thick outer lips, forming a fringe along the crevice of her cunt-slit.

Will's cock was fully erect and he whipped his fist up and down it's length to the site of his beautiful mother.

Now that she was completely naked, he thought for sure she'd head straight to the shower, but she didn't. Instead, she sat down on the stool to her vanity, with her luscious legs together and slightly propped to the side. She looked like she was in a sexy busty pin-up girl pose. Her milkers wobbled heavily as she slid her fingers up her silky legs teasingly.

When Will's eyes traveled up from her legs to her face, he was shocked to find her staring right at the hole...right into his eyes. He quickly backed away from it, praying she didn't see him or the tiny peep-hole he'd carefully drilled through her wall.

After a minute, he bravely returned to the peep-hole, but found her gone and could hear the shower running. His heart was still pounding in wild arousal when he retreated to his bed and beat his boner to orgasm. Even after he'd cum, the image of his mother's naked body swirled through his sleepless mind for hours.

The next day, Will was standing on the street corner when a police cruiser zipped up the street and stopped beside him. His mom

stepped out of the passenger side and opened the door to the backseat for him. They had arranged to meet him here, so there would be no questions asked by fellow officer.

Once Will was in, she closed the door, then got back in herself. Officer McFay was behind the wheel and glanced back at him in the rear view mirror. "Well, well, well...the Perfume Bandit!" Will flashed her a smile. "Hi, Brenda," he muttered.

"A jail cell would have probably been more comfortable than that back seat, but we did make sure to clean off all the piss and vomit stains for you."

"Gee, thanks," Will said. The backseat did feel like being in a tiny cell, with a hard plastic seat and a steel bars and reinforced glass separating the front seats from the back. For the first time, Will felt like a criminal. His mom passed a note back to him. "Here's your first assignment," she said.

"Assignment?" he asked.

"Yes, you'll have a lot them this week. One for every box of perfume you stole. You'll be making up for your criminals acts by doing something positive in the community," Liana explained.

"Like what? Can I look at it?" he asked. "Go ahead."

Will looked at the paper. It read "help an old lady across the street."

"So all I have to do is what's written on the paper and one offence will be forgiven?"

"Yep, and remember what I said about how every good deed should be rewarded?" Liana asked. "Yeah."

"Well, along with a forgiven offence, you'll also receive a reward." "What kind of reward?"

Liana and McFay looked across at each other and smiled. "We don't talk about rewards," McFay said. "We just give them when the time's appropriate."

His mom looked back at him and winked. "Trust me, you'll want these rewards."

McFay found a busy intersection and parked near it. They watched as pedestrians crossed. "What if no old lady who needs help crossing shows up?" Will asked.

"I suppose we'll let you help someone else cross then, as long as it looks like they need the assistance," Liana said.

An obvious homeless man slowly crossed the street, having a conversation with himself. "Well, he obviously needs help," Liana said.

"Yeah, mental help," McFay added.

"How 'bout her?" Will said, drawing their attention to a middle-aged women in tight spandex out for a run. "She's out of breath. Looks like she could pass out."

The two Moms in the front seat giggled. "She'll be fine," Liana said.

"I'm sure the only thing you wanna help her with is getting her clothes off," McFay added..

Liana spotted someone who was better suited to receive her son's help.."There you go. How 'bout the guy with all the groceries. He'll be crossing soon."

"How the heck is he carrying all those?" Will asked "I'll feel bad handing them back to him once we've crossed the street."

"Offer to help him carry them wherever he's going then. We'll follow you," Liana said, then got out and opened her son's door.

The officers watched the boy rush over and relieve the man of some of his grocery bags.

"So how in the world did you talk the Captain into letting you handle things like this, anyway?" McFay asked..

"Gentle persuasion...and by giving him a really good look at my tits," she said, making her partner giggle.

"Thank God for big boobs. They can definitely get us out of some pretty tight spots."

The cruiser kept it's distance as it followed Will along the sidewalk. Liana watched her son walk. "He has a cute ass," she said.

McFay giggled. "He has a cute everything! I'm surprised he doesn't have girls flocking around him."

"Me too, but I'm glad he doesn't. I'd have to beat them away with my baton," Liana said, then looked over at her partner. "I still can't believe he was getting blowjobs from my neighbor.

She's a skank!"

McFay giggled. "I'm sure he closed his eyes and imagined it was you blowing him." Liana gave her partner an amused look. "Gimme a break!"

"Seriously. I've seen the way he looks at you."

"Yeah, ok. Are you sure you don't mind helping me out with these rewards?" "Of course not. It'll be fun."

They continued following until they saw them stop in front of a tiny restaurant. "Oh my God, I wonder if that guys owns this place? My

husband and I eat here all the time," McFay said.

They watched Will disappeared inside. "Speaking of husband, how's that going? Liana asked..

"No sex again last night. It's become a once a week thing. It used to be a once a night thing. It's really frustrating."

"Thank goodness for vibrators," Liana said, making her partner giggle.

When Will emerged from the restaurant he looked at the women and waved them over. McFay put the cruiser in park. "Oh, maybe we're getting free sweets. The carrot cake here is divine."

The officers got out of the patrol cruiser and crossed the street. "He wants to make us something," Will said.

"I said help someone out, not make friends and have them cook you a meal," Liana teased. "He offered."

The little man came out and greeted the women. He had an Italian accent and was all smiles. "Oh hello beautiful lady officers! Come in, I make you something."

"No, no, it's fine, you don't have to," McFay said.

"Don't be silly. I no open for another two hours. I make you early lunch." the old chef said. "That's so sweet of you," Liana said.

They went inside and ordered something to-go. "You make yourselves at home. I finish your order in twenty minutes," the chef said, disappearing into the kitchen.

Will and the two women walked into the dining room and looked around. "This place is so quaint," Liana said.

Will looked at his mom. "So, I helped all the way to his restaurant. I should get an extra-special reward."

"You are.. in the form of a free meal, need I remind you," Liana said. "Oh I get it. You guys set this up, didn't you?" Will asked.

Both women giggled, stepping up to the teen. "We had nothing to do with this, honest," Liana answered. "Let it be a lesson to you though. Good deeds don't go unnoticed and sometimes get rewarded."

McFay smiled at the teen. "And don't worry, you're still getting **OUR** reward too," she said. "Cool."

"The first time you stole for Fritta, what did she offer you?" Will's mother asked.

"The first time? Just kissing and she said she'd rub my dick," Will answered. "Did she rub your dick?" his mom asked..

"Yes."

McFay and Liana took off their peaked hats and set them aside, then they stepped up close to the boy, backing him against a countertop. McFay stared at Will with her beautiful blue eyes. "Was her shirt unbuttoned, so that you could see her cleavage?" she softly asked.

"Yeah," the boy muttered with an excited gulp.

The two women began to unbutton their uniforms, exposing their creamy cleavages. They stopped and looked at him inquiring. "This far?" his mom asked.

"A little further," Will answered.

They undid a couple more buttons, making the tops of their massive mounds protrude from their uniforms. "How 'bout now?" McFay

asked.

"That's about right."

"So she kissed you, huh?" McFay asked, then moved her lips to his. "Like this?"

The blonde officer locked lips with Will and kissed him sensually. When McFay's lips back away, Liana's were moving in to replace them. "Or like this," she said, fusing her mouth around her son's in a slow sensual French kiss.

"Holy shit! Mom's French kissing me!" the boy's brain screamed.

Suddenly, he felt her hand on his cock. Of course, by now it was fully hard and his Mom traced her long nails up it's length through his pants. She broke their kiss and gazed into his eyes, watching his reaction as she stroked her fingers around his hard muscle. "Is that how she touched you?" his mom asked.

"Yess," the boy sighed.

McFay moved back for another series of tender lip smacking kisses. Will felt her hand join his Mom's, squeezing his bloated nuts. "Did she squeeze your balls too, Will?" she asked, then kissed him again. "So she could feel all the hot young cum sloshing around in them?"

"She didn't rub my balls, but that feels really good," he confessed.

Will's mom locked lips with him again. The same thick tongue that he'd watched swipe icecream from the cone the night before was now flailing around inside his mouth. He put his own tongue to work and their lickers wrestled around lustfully inside his mouth.

McFay buried her face against his neck, bathing his flesh with sensual butterfly licks. Both women's bodies were now crushed up

against him. The feel of their big spongy tit-melons against his chest, even through their bras and uniforms, felt divine.

Their pretty hands squeezed and groped his big cock, feeling it flex and throb in their hands. "Whoa!" the boy muttered between his mother's kisses.

"Mm, do you like it?" his mother said softly. "Do you like the way our mature hands feel around your long cock?"

Will couldn't believe it was his mother who was doing and saying these things. His heart was racing so fast he thought it might pound out of his chest. "Yess!" he gasped.

"It is **LONG**, isn't it," McFay agreed, squeezing his veiny shaft. "Women love these kinds of dicks crammed up their pussies."

"Yes they do," Liana said, kissing her boy's neck. "Big and thick and rock-hard."

The two women continued to take turns kissing him, while stroking the boy's cock through his pants. "Oh my God," Will whimpered, thrilled beyond delight. He began to slowly pump his hips, meeting the rhythm of their cock-milking grips.

Liana's face was close to his, watching his pleasure-filled eyes. "There you go, honey. Fuck our pretty hands. Fuck them while they stroke your cock!"

The women's skilled hands milked the boy's erect penis through his pants exquisitely, not letting up one bit as he humped and squirmed.

The two mothers purred like kittens as they kissed and licked his neck, face and lips, smothering the boy with their lush horny bodies.

"Ohh shit," Will cried out breathlessly, his body shivering with delight, watching their fleshy cleavages jiggle against him from the

rhythm of their cock-beating.

He felt one of their hands clasp his knob and dig their long fingernail against the sensitive frenulum. This cause his already lingering cum-load to rocket up his shaft.

The boy whimpered in rapture as big gobs of cock-milk began to erupt from the meatus of his engorged knob, splattering against his briefs.

The women weren't satisfied until they knew they had squeezed out every drop of sperm. "How was that for a reward?" his mother asked with a proud smile, buttoning her top. "Unexpected...and good," he said breathlessly.

McFay put her hat back on. "Who knew making up for your crimes could be so much fun, right?" she said.

They thanked the gracious restaurant owner and ate their lunches back in the patrol car. "My God am I glad we don't live closer to that place. I'd weight three-hundred pounds," Liana joked.

McFay giggled. "I told you their food was good."

"Maybe I could help a car dealer cross the street next," Will said, "he could get me some new wheels for free."

His mother laughed. "Don't count on it."

A call suddenly came over the radio and the officers listened. It was an accident nearby. "We should take that!" McFay said, starting the car and turning on the lights and siren.

They raced off and Will's adrenaline was pumping as they weaved through traffic. "Awesome!" he shouted.

"Remember, you're staying in the car," his mom reminded him. "Got it!"

It wasn't long before they arrived at the scene of an accident. McFay and Liana hopped out and checked the scene.

Will watched out the window with interest, thankful there was no carnage. There were just a few banged up vehicles and people with minor injuries. One of the ladies involved in crash had a small child that was whining annoyingly as the officers tried to process their mother's account of the accident.

Will knocked hard on the window, so his mom could hear him. "Mom!" he shouted.

Liana heard the pounding. "Excuse me a moment," she said to the victim, then walked over to the car. "Will, what do you need? We're trying to process this accident."

"I can help," he said.

"No, I told you, you need to stay in the car." "I can help with the kid."

Liana knew there was no harm in that, so allowed him to come out and help. Will went over and began entertaining the young child so his mother could continue to process the scene.

The girl's mother watched with an uneasy smile. "I saw you get him out of the back of your cruiser. He's not like...a criminal or anything, is he?"

"No, he's my son. It's 'bring your kid to work day,' so he's just riding along."

"Oh, he's cute," the young woman said blushingly.

Liana looked at her son and smiled. "Yes, he is, isn't he?" she said.

After the ambulances arrived and the scene was secure, Will and the officers left. "Wow, that was crazy!" the boy said.

"You were so helpful with that little girl, Will," McFay said.

"He sure was. I guess we should count that as a forgiven offence," Liana said. "I agree," her partner said.

"Wait, that means I get a reward too, right?" Will asked.

"What did Fritta let you do the second time you stole for her?" Liana asked. "She let me reach under her bra and feel her boobs."

McFay and Liana looked at each other and smiled.

A few minutes later they were parked in an old abandoned industrial area. McFay opened the rear door. "Come on out," she said.

Will stepped out the vehicle and McFay turned around and backed him against the car, so the boy's crotch was smothered against her meaty ass. She untucked her shirt, then glance back at him. "Go ahead," she said, inviting him to grope her tits..

The teen gladly accepted her invitation, reaching up and cupping her enormous bra-covered knockers. "You can go under my bra," she said.

Liana leisurely walked over and watched her son feel her partner up.

The boy's hands squeezed under her bra, feeling the dough-like softness of her tits. Her nipples were thick and rubbery, perfect for latching on. "Damn, these are nice!" he confessed.

"That's the most attention they'e gotten in a week," McFay said, "except from me, of course. I squeeze them all the time."

"Your husband doesn't suck on them?" "Not very much lately."

"Dang, if l was your husband, I would suck them all the time," Will said.

She looked back at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "I would happily let you," she said. "My turn," Liana said, untucking her shirt.

Will slid his hands from McFay's top. His mom took her partner's place, backing her lovely derriere against her son's protruding boner, then glanced back at him. "Squeeze away!" she said with a smile.

The boy did just that, prying his hands up inside her big bra and taking overflowing handfuls of spongy tit-flesh. "Whoa!" he muttered, astounded by the true enormity of his mother's boobs.

"See what I mean by them being in the 'huge' category?" she asked.

"Huge is right," Will agreed, letting his fingers sink deeply into the soft fatty flesh of her tit-melons.

Liana loved the feel of her son's boner pressing against her ass-crack. "While we're on the subject of size...how big are you?"

McFay smiled as she lingered next to them. "Something tells me he's in the 'huge' category also."

"It certainly felt that way when we stroked him off earlier," Liana said, then pulled her son's hands from her bra and turned to face him. "But we haven't actually seen it yet, so it's hard to know for sure."

"What do you say, Will?" McFay asked. "Wanna show us your cock and satisfy our curiosity?" "Of course he does," his mother said. "Get your hands in the air!" she commanded.

"I'll show you," Will giggled.

"I said, **GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!**" his mom shouted as if she were about to arrest him.

The teen went along with her request. The two sexy officers crouched down and worked together to pull down his pants and briefs.

"Oh my God! Wow!" McFay exclaimed, staring at his sturdy boner in wide-eyed awe.

Liana's mouth fell open as she gazed at her son's whopper. "Yeah, um, I'd say if there was an extra-huge category, you definitely be in it," she admitted.

"Jesus, Liana, what are you feeding this boy?" McFay asked. "Please let me know, so I can start making it for my husband."

The Officers were so entranced by his enormous cock that they almost didn't acknowledge the car approaching.

"Get your pants up! Quick!" she told her son, adjusting her boobs in her bra.

Moments later another patrol cruiser pulled up next to them. Officer Tanner was behind the wheel and looked at them out his window. "Hey Lieutenant, what are you doing out here?" he asked.

"I'm doing some patrol work with Officer McFay this week," Liana explained. "Oh, everything ok here?" Tanner asked, looking at Will.

"Yeah, we just got a report of someone doing some graffiti back here, so we thought we'd check it out."

McFay chimed in. "This isn't our guy though," she said.

"Well, you better pat him down again," Tanner said. "Looks like he's hiding the can of graffiti in his pants."

Tanner and his partner laughed, eyeballing the obvious erection protruding from under Will's pants.

"Thank, will do."

"Hasta la vista, babies," Tanner said, driving off. Will fed his Mom a puzzled look.

"Tanner's a big movie buff," she explained. "Obnoxiously so," McFay added.

They stepped back over to the boy. "Can of spray paint huh?" McFay asked. "Well, you heard him, let's pat him down," Liana said.

It wasn't much of a pat down, more like a jerk-off session. This time, rather than making the boy cream in his pants, they fished his cock out and used their pretty hands to beat his boner in a steady rhythm.

"Whoa!" Will gasped, looking down and watching them skillfully beat his hard cock-meat. He loved the way the two officers would stop and spit into their hands, to provide lubrication for their boner-beating.

It wasn't long before the teen was squirming breathlessly. "I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

The women watched him squirt out big ropes of cum, making the jizz splatter down onto the pavement. When they were finished, they all looked down at the streaks of spunk on the ground.

"You could have at least painted something cool," Liana said, making them laugh. "It's an abstract graffiti piece, very hip!" McFay added.

The next morning, Will met them on the same street corner. After Liana let him in, she handed him back a piece of paper. "Here's your assignment today," she said.

Will looked at the paper. "Identify a road hazard," he read.

"Yep, if you see something on the road that could be a hazard to the public, then point it out to us," McFay said.

"Sounds easy enough."

"And sweaty female joggers wearing tight shorts **ARE NOT** a road hazard!" his mom informed him.

"They would be if I was driving. I'd probably be staring and smash into the car in front of me," Will said.

'That's true," Liana said with a giggle.

Over the next couple hours, Will saw lots of little hazards on the road, but he wanted to identify something really significant, so he could get an extra special reward like he did yesterday.

"Stop the car and let me out!" he suddenly said.

McFay pulled the car over. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I see a hazard. Mom, let me out!" he said, staring through the front window.

Liana got out and opened her son's door. Will rushed over to a construction crew doing some paving and picked up one of their "caution" roadsign's that had fallen over. They thanks him and the boy came back to the cruiser and got it.

"Good one, Will," McFay said. "Without that bright caution sign someone might wandered over too far and hit one of them."

"Thanks! Another offence erased," he said. "So is it reward time now?"

The officers looked at each other with a smile. "Take us out to Smithfield Park," Liana told her partner.

"You got it!" McFay responded.

Smithfield Park was an eighty-acre wildlife preserve outside of the city. If was a maze of hiking trails and scenic viewpoints.

"Why the heck are we way out here? They didn't find a dead body in the park, did they?" Will asked.

Both women giggled, but didn't answer his question. "Pull off over there, behind those bushes," Liana said, pointing away from the secluded roadway.

Once the cruiser was parked in the spot she had in mind, she looked over at her partner. "You ready?" she asked..

"Definitely!" McFay said, turning on the car stereo.

The soft sexy beat of **R&B** filled the vehicle. Will sat up and looked through laminated glass window. "What's going on? What are we doing?"

"You're staying right where you are...and enjoying the show," his mom said with a mischievous grin.

The boy watched as the women took off the peaked hats, then unbuttoned their tops. They pulled them off completely, treating Will's eyes to the site of their huge bra-encased tits. Next, the women unfastened their gun-belts and also their pants.

"Holy shit, are they stripping naked?" the teen thought as his cock achieved full-hardness.

McFay and Liana took off their shoes and socks, then the excited teen in the back watched them slide their pants down their sexy

legs. Both women turned and knelt of their seats facing him, their huge tits jutting out beneath their lacy bras. "What next?" Liana asked, "do you want us to take off our bras and panties?"

"Yes, please!" Will answered excitedly.

The moms reached around and unclasped their big bras..They slid the thick shoulder-straps off, then removed the cups, making their huge ballooning knockers wobble on to their chests.

"Goddamn! Wow!!" the boy's brain exclaimed. They were two sets of the biggest tits he'd ever seen, right there under one roof.

"So, Will, do you like our big motherly tits?" McFay asked, rocking her shoulders, making king-sized knockers swing back and forth teasingly.

The boy couldn't believe how big and puffy both sets of nipples were. "They're amazing!" he responded.

Liana squeezed her tits together between her arms, making them distended even further outward. Her rubbery nipples were fully-engorged and pointed at her son. "Why don't you pull your boner out and squeeze on it, while we take our panties off," she said.

Will happily complied, fishing his hard cock out and gently stroking to the site of them. "Mm, it looks so big and hard!" McFay said, squeezing on her meaty melons.

Will stroked as he watched the two officers sit back on the seat, lift their meaty asses and tug their dainty silk panties off their crotches. Just the site of the two beautiful women sliding their panties down their lovely legs and stepping out of them made Will's excitement level go through the roof.

The two women were now completely naked. They reclined back, their huge boobs wobbling as they brought their knees up, splaying

their smooth thighs open. Will could clearly see their shaved mons, the thick fleshy domes of their clitoral hoods protruding up from between the fringe of the puffy cunt-lips.

The officers adjusted their visor mirrors, allowing them to watch the boy stroke his cock. This also provided Will with another angle of their pretty faces and the breasts that were spread out on their chests. "Honey, we're gonna rub our cunts for you...as a reward for what you did earlier," his mother said.

"While you stroke your hard boner, you can imagine that you're in the front seat with us, pounding our holes," McFay added.

The two officers went to work, rubbing their hot fleshy clits frantically, their lush big titted body squirming lustfully on the seats.

Will couldn't believe his eyes. Both women were amazingly beautiful, but the site of his own mother masturbating took his breath away. The moms began to squeal and pant. The beat of the music made it even more erotic.

"Whoa!" Will muttered, beating his dick with full-length strokes..He looked in his Mom's visor mirror and saw her eyes fixed on his cock, watching with a lustful look as it slipped wetly through his fist.

Her seductive eyes drifted up and met his, gazing wantonly. Her thick tongue curled up and slid across her top lip, making Will's cock flex excitedly.

Liana's head suddenly arched back, her eyes clenched closed. Her tit-cannons shimmied back and forth. "Fuck meeee!" she cried out, frenziedly rubbing her fat clitoris.

"JesusChrist!"Will's mind exclaimed as a wave of pleasure pulsed through him. He adjusted his strokes accordingly, trying not to cum..

What McFay cried out next didn't help the situation any. "Fuck my pussy, Will!"

He looked in her visor mirror to see her staring back at him with pleasure-filled eyes. "Pound the fuck out of meee!" she squealed, extending her legs out into a spread eagle.

His mom also did a complete spread, so now both sets of tan curvy legs scissored wide open, their dainty bare feet pointing as they hovered back near the roof of the cruiser.

Will's tongue lustfully wagged from his mouth as he beat his boner and stared down at their writhing naked bodies. Both women began screaming and whimpering in sexual delight.

"I'm cummmmmming!" Liana cried out.

"Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuuuck!!" he partner squealed, her body jerking in orgasm.

Will's mom's bare foot slammed against the glass barrier, near his face, her pretty painted toes squatted back, pushing against the glass as her lovely mommy-legs trembled with pleasure.

"Holy fuck!" the boy muttered out loud, his cock giving off a mighty throb.

He looked in his Mom's visor mirror and could see her face twisted in a wild pleasure-grimace.

Liana and McFay finally lowered their legs and clasped their knees together from the pleasure that was still rippling through their bodies.

"Ohhh!" the both sighed.

Then both mommies got on their knees on the seat and brought their faces together near the glass, watching the boy jack his precum-slickened dick. "Will, bring your cock up here, close to the glass," his mom said.

Will brought his boner up by their pretty faces, stroking rapidly. The two women brought their mouths close together by the glass and opened them wide. They wiggled their wet pink lickers against the glass, turning the boy on even more.

Now his fat twitching knob was only an inch from their mouths, with only the glass separating them. "Ohh shit!" the teen cried out, feeling his dick tingle, signaling his rapidly approaching orgasm.

While whipping their tongues on the glass, both women stared at his bulbous knob, waiting for the cum to erupt from the slimy slit. They were both still rubbing their juice-slickened pussies, imaging the big blood-engorged knob thundering through their fuck-holes.

"Oh! Ohhh!" the teen cried out, then he emitted a guttural grunt, sending a big milky blast of cum splashing against the glass barrier. Then he squirted another, then another. If the glass wasn't there it would have gone straight into their open mouths.

The cum-spurting teen squirted out every drop he could, even rubbing his wet knob against the glass, right in front of the squirming wet tongues. The two mother's thick pink lickers twisted and wiggled against the glass, as if rolling all over his peter-tip.

Finally, he reclined back on the seat, catching his breath. "Wow!" he said, looking at the women smile back at him..

McFay watched his jizz dribble down the glass. "Now that's one mess I can't wait to clean up," she said, making them laugh..

Dinner at the Monk's house that night was magic. Liana and her son couldn't keep their eyes off each other. As Lou talked about work, his

wife's attention was elsewhere. She smiled and spit her tongue out at her boy playfully, rubbing her toes against his calf beneath the table.

Lou asked her something, but she didn't even hear him.

"Liana?" he said, snapping her from her flirty exchange with Will. "What?" she said, seeming almost annoyed by the interruption.. "I have to do a conference call in five minutes," he said.

"Fine, go ahead."

The mother helped her children clean up, seeming anxious to move on with the plans for her night. Will and his sister went to their rooms and as she had every night, his mom soon knocked at his door.

"Hey!" she said, like a flirty high school girl. "Hi," her boy answered back.

This time, instead of staying in his doorway she came in and sashayed over to his bedside. Will was laying on his bed, so when his mother stopped beside him, her ginormous milk-cannons jutted out, looming over him beneath her top. "Did you enjoy being the ride along today?" she asked.

"What do you think?" he asked, still beaming from the experience.

She giggled. "I think tomorrow's gonna be even more exciting, that's what I think."

She stared down at him and Will could tell that something was weighing heavily on her mind. "What?" he asked.

"Nothing, it's ok."

"You look like you have something to ask me," Will pointed out.

She sat on the edge of her bed next to him. "Did you fuck Fritta? Be honest." "No, she never had sex with me."

"Well, that's selfish of her."

"Well, it turned out to be a good thing, because like you said, she's not a nice person," Will said.

"Well, her loss," Liana said, then let her eyes drift up her son's body. "Can I just say something?" she asked, seeming a tad embarrassed.

"Of course."

"And don't let this go to your head, ok." "Sure."

She placed her hand on his chest and gazed down at him. "I know I'm your mother, but I think you'd be an amazing fuck!" she said bravely.

Will's heart skipped a beat. "Really?" he asked.

"Yes, especially after what I saw today. You have a whopper of a dick, you didn't cum in five seconds like your father does and well, I could really see a woman my age cumming like crazy with you!"

"Wow, thanks," the boy said, surprised by her confession.

"You're welcome," she said, then reluctantly stood and moved towards the door. "I guess I should get my shower."

"Ok," Will muttered, watching her thick buttocks sway beneath her shorts.

Liana stopped in the doorway and gazed back at him. Her cunt was throbbing and her son could see just how aroused and erect her nipples were as they protruded through her clothing. "Do you wanna take a ride with me?" she asked.

"A ride?"

"A car ride," she said.

"Sure," the boy muttered, quickly getting up.

Not a single word was spoken as Liana drove them out of the city, to Smithfield Park. She drove to the very spot they'd parked the cruiser earlier that day, then shut the vehicle off, got out and closed the door. Will got out also and climbed into the backseat. It was at this point he knew that he was about to fuck his mom.

Still without so much as a peep, Liana began getting undressed. Will followed her lead by stripping off his clothes also. Within a minute, they were completely naked.

Liana leaned over and kissed him. They made out tenderly, like a young couple on a date. Will's heart raced. Never in his life had he been so aroused and excited. "I'm gonna fuck her! I'm really gonna fuckher," he thought.

Kissing passionately, his mother guided him down on top of her. His knob pierced her aroused vagina, her slippery secretions allowing his boner to glide through the spongy grip of her inner lining.

"Ohh my God!" the busty mother whimpered, wrapping her smooth lovely legs around her boy's midsection.

They wasted no time engaging in a deep cock-grinding fuck. "Ohh, yeah!" Will cried out, humping against the warm saddle of her spread thighs. He smiled triumphantly, feeling his knob press up against the back wall of her vagina. He'd filled her completely, just like he'd hoped he would.

His mom acknowledged his depth of penetration. "Oh, Will! You're so deep!" she squealed.

The teen brought his full weight down, crushing her tit-mounds between them. He grasped her smooth outer thighs and pumped his hips, plunging his boner through her hot juicy love-grip.

This is what it was all about. Their every lusty action was driven towards this one thing. The connection of boner and vagina, the bolt and the nut, their most exquisite pleasure-centers clustered along an area of blood-engorged pink flesh that fit perfect together.

Their bellies beat together as they fuck. Liana's legs were locked around boy, the muscles in her thighs and calves flexing as they hugged his humping frame.

"Oh Will!" she cried out. "Oh God, I'm gonna cum!"

The boy propped himself up on his elbows, watching his mother's pretty face contort as she came on his cock. "Yess!!" Liana screamed in delight, soaking his son's plunging erection with hot girl-cum.

Liana's round tits-mounds were spread across her chest, rolling up and down as she writhed through her climax..Will's eyes peered down at at her rubbery protuberant nipples. He dipped his head down and latched on, sucking like a hungry infant.

The boy couldn't imagine it getting much better than this. His cock was sheathed and his face was plastered against her soft jiggling tit-meat. He fucked and sucked to his heart's content.

A short time later, Liana craved being on top of her son. "I wanna ride you," she said with sweet desire in her voice.

Will sat on the seat and his mother straddled him, planting her knees astride his hips. "Holy wow!" the boy thought, watching her enormous stiff-nippled boobies wobble around right in front of his face. He felt his Mom grasp his boner and fit the tip inside the mouth of her vagina.

"Ohhhh!" they both moaned in unison, as Will's long thick babymaker sliced up through the ribbed lining of her cunt.

His smooth plump balls wedged up between her meaty ass-globes as Liana ground his cock in as deep as it would go. The feel of his big barbed tip stretching the back wall of her cunt felt exquisite.

As good as it was, the mother yearned to feel his muscled prod plunging through her birth canal. She began to skillfully propel herself up and down, humping on the unyielding hardness of her son's cock.

Will's eyes about bugged out of his head as his Mom's huge melons bouncing and rippled heavily all over his face. His head soon all but disappeared between her smothering boobs. He kissed the inside of one of her spongy tits, his face masked in it's dough-like softness.

"Thisiswhereit'satrighthere!"he blissfully thought, feeling his Mom fuck her horny cunt up and down his pleasure-pole.

Liana intensified her cunt-pumping as she felt her toes begin to clench in ecstacy. "Oh my God, Will!" she cried out.

The boy could tell from her voice that she was seconds away from soaking his cock. The way her cunt-tube was tightening up was only confirming this fact. "Ohhh shit!" the boy sighed against the smothering flesh of her jiggling boobs.

Despite the exquisite resistance of her tightly-clasping cock-sleeve, the teen's meaty spike continued to hammer through her. However, the feeling on Will's glans were out of this world, making his dick tingle with pre-orgasmic throbs. "Ohh, Mom!" he cried.

"Ohh, Will!"

Their naked humping bodies crested at once, their hot orgasmic juices pulsing out, mixing together inside the mother's sex-chamber,

creating a milky cocktail for Will to plunge his boner through.

The mother's vehicle rocked as their bodies fucked and trembled and writhed together. Will's balls clenched tightly, over and over, each time he pumped a hot rope of cum into his Mom's squeezing boner-grinder.

For nearly ten minutes they rocked and kissed passionately in post-orgasmic bliss. "I was right," Liana gasped breathlessly, "you are an amazing fuck!"

Her phone was on the floor buzzing, so she leaned over and picked it up. "It's your father. Jesus, he's called three times. How long have we been out here?" she asked.

"An hour I think."

"Well, he's already wondering where we are. Might as well make him wonder a little longer," she said, smiling wickedly. She leaned back down and they kissed sensually.

The next day Will was standing on the street corner, when the police cruiser screamed up next to him. His mom hopped out and grabbed his arm. "Hands behind your back!" she commanded him.

Will giggled, doing as she asked. "What's this?" he asked.

"Shut up! Don't speak!" McFay said as she helped Liana cuff him behind his back.

"You have the right to remain silent and lick our cunts! If you do a good job, you have the right to a hot sloppy blowjob, by both my partner and I," his mom said with a straight face.

McFay explained his other rights. "You also have the right to fuck the shit out of both of us, but **YOU BETTER** make us cum!. Do you understand these rights?"

Will began laughing at how rediculous, yet incredibly hot this was.

"Stop laughing before I stick my baton up your ass!" McFay said. "I asked you if you understand your rights?"

"Yes, I understand," he giggled.

They opened the door and shoved him in. "Get in there!" Liana said.

They drove him to a secluded Industrial area and parked. Will watched as the officers removed their shoes and socks, then their pants and panties, leaving their upper-half clothed. They even kept their peaked hats, then stepped out of the vehicle.

Each of the back doors opened, his mom on one side, McFay on the other. "Get on your back! Now!" his mother said in a commanding tone.

The teen complied, eyeballing her shaved pussy as she crawled inside with him, then quickly and forcefully stripped off his pants.

McFay climbed in the other side and straddled the boy's head. Will hardly had time to react before her bare-cunt landed on his face. "Eat me good, you bad boy!" she said.

"Mm," he muttered, feeling his Mom's warm mouth slide over half his cock. He plowed his tongue through McFay's cunt-slit, lapping up her juices.

"Holy shit, this is amazing!" he thought. He never dreamed he'd be eating pussy while having his dick sucked by a different girl, especially with his hands cuffed behind his back.

Liana's cap fell off as her pretty head bobbed up and down in traditional blowjob fashion. She clutched her son's hard cock at the base and lashed her licker around the sensitive glans surrounding his

knob. Then she sucked with all she had, beating his dick into her mouth with her circled hand.

Will's tongue found McFay's pink pearl and attacked it with wet licks. "Yess! Suck that clit!" she cried out.

He slurped the fleshy nub between his lips, sucking and pulling, while continuing to beat his licker against it. "Ohhhh!" McFay shrieked, having a strong clitoral orgasm.

The two women switched spots. Will's head swirled with arousal as he smelt the fragrant folds of his mother's pussy. His lips sunk between her labia and his licker plowed all over her creamy pussy, slurping up her sweet nectar. "Ohh fuck yess! Lick my clit!" she cried out, squeezing her tits through her top.

Will happily complied, lapping at her fat clitoris, delighting in the pungent taste of his mom's fuck oils.

McFay suddenly uncuffed him and the boy thrust his hands behind his mom, squeezing the cheeks of her succulent ass as he loudly ate out her cunt.

Up and down McFay's head bobbed, lightly fucking his boner down the back of her throat. She pushing her hand between his thighs, cupping the sac of his bloated balls, rolling the cum-filled nuts between her fingers.

She gave his erection a few more throat-plunging sucks, then popped his cock from her mouth like a cork from a bottle. The hot **MILF** officer climbed up and straddled his loins, shoving his meaty cock inside her. "Fuck yess!" she screamed out, feeling the thick muscle stretch her cunt-tube as it slithered to the back of her vagina.

Her thick ass beat down against his crotch in a steady fuck-rhythm, plugging his hard peter. Even under the confines of her bra and

uniform, McKay's large boobs jostled heavily, putting on a show for the boy below.

The women switched spots so Will's mother could ride his boner. McFay kissed, licked and bit the boy's nipples as he squirmed delightfully beneath the both of them.

"Fuck meee!" Liana cried out, driving her son's sturdy erection through the slippery tube of her vagina. She quickly unbuttoned her top, parting it, then pulling her big bra up over her massive jugs.

The cruiser rocked steadily from the wild humping going on inside.

Without warning, Will sat up, clutched onto his mother and lowered her onto her back. She immediately lifted her curvy legs way back, wiggling her ass beneath him as she positioned her cunt for more of his prick. "Fuck me! Fuck Mommy's hot cunt!" she cried out.

Will worked his hips, staring down at her, watching her huge tit melons swing around as he fed her his prick. He backed his cock out part way, then felt the suctioning pressure of her cunt muscles wetly drawing his prick back into her. "Fuck me harderr!" she squealed.

Will let his weight fall, flattening her stiff-nippled melons beneath his chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and fucked every inch of his boner into the slick warmth of his mother's wet cunt.

"Ohhhyeah, shit that's good!" he groaned.

His fuck strokes became more and more forceful, driving his boner savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really pounding into her, seeming to sink into her womb with every plunge. Liana gasped and panted, overwhelmed by intense sensation sizzling along the walls of her cunt-sheath..

She hooked her sex tan legs up over his shoulders, her dainty bare feet hovering and bumping against the window from the force of their wild humping.

McFay shamelessly slapped Will's ass, spurring him on. "That's it, fuck her hard!" she shouted..

Will's mother's legs suddenly suddenly shot back down around him and she clenched her toes as a juicy orgasm shot through her big titted body. She let out a guttural groan, squirting hard on her son's deeply boring erection.

The feel of her wet tightly-clinging cunt lit the boy's glans on fire. He snarled with lust as shuddering blasts of ball-juice pulsed from his piss-slit. He humped as hard as he could pounding out what felt like a gallon of hot cum inside his Mom's dreamy pussy.

Once they became motionless, they heard McKay trying to open the door. "Fuck, we have a problem!" McKay suddenly said.

Liana sat up as her son crawled off her. "What's wrong?" "I closed the door. We're locked back here!"

The lieutenant gazed at her in a panic. "Please tell me you're joking!" she said. McFay laughed and opened the door. "I'm joking!"

Liana playfully nudged her partner with her foot. "Soo not funny!" she said in relief..

A few days later when Will got home from school, he was stepping up the walkway when he heard a familiar voice. "Hey, Will."

He looked over to see Fritta standing in her yard watching him.

"Hey!" the boy answered.

"So um, what happened to you? You disappeared. I thought we had an arrangement." "What arrangement was that?"

"You know, Baccarat Rouge for a sweet piece of ass," she said.

"Sorry, I met another girl and she has a **MUCH** sweeter ass than you," he said, then walked away.

One thing that frustrated the hell out of Liana was the fact the she couldn't pursue criminal charges again Fritta. She knew that by doing so it would implicate her son as well and expose the special deal she'd made to handle things her own way.

It didn't much matter, however. Fritta cooked her own goose. Unable to find another horny-dicked young guy to do her bidding, she decided to try her own hand at stealing. On her first attempt, she got caught and ended up spending a few months in jail.

Frustrated by her husband's lack of sexual desire, Officer Brenda McFay decided to divorce him and date other men. Sexually, none of them compared to young Will and his huge cock. She began meeting the teen for wild fuck-sessions. Soon McFay became pregnant with Will's baby and the two of them decided to marry. Their sex life was beyond amazing!

Liana was thrilled for her son and his new bride. They all shared a naughty secret and Brenda let her young husband continue to pound his mother's cunt whenever they had the chance.

Liana's career in law enforcement continued to flourish. When Braxton retired, she was promoted to Captain of the precinct.

Will kept his nose clean, never to steal again, but he'd never forget his run-in with the law.

THE END

Lost in Space
with MOM

Lost in Space... with Mom (*Revised & expanded edition*)

By Klrxo & Sci-fi Mommy

Adam circled the family spacecraft around the moons of Orion. He had just gotten his operators license and was feeling a little cocky. He couldn't wait to have a ship of his own to impress the Intergalactic chicks with. Perhaps if he wowed them enough, he'd be able talk them into landing on a private moon somewhere where he could fuck them silly.

His family's spacecraft wasn't exactly an interstellar hotrod. The forward portion of the ship contained a control room and hyper-sleep chamber, while the rear consisted of a living area to provide comfort during long intergalactic trips.

As Adam sped just above the moon's surface, the voice of the onboard computer suddenly startled him. "Adam, you have an incoming call from...."

"Mom," a pretty female voice announced.

"Hey, mom," Adam answered with a tap on the control screen.

"Hey, handsome, I'm done shopping down here. Wanna come get me?"

"I'll be there in a flash," Adam replied, tapping another button on the screen.

"Take your time. If you get stopped by flight patrol again your father will kill you," his mom warned. "Roger that!"

"Changing course to...Orion Intergalactic Mall, docking port 313," the female computer voice announced.

The spacecraft quickly ascended from the moon's surface and blasted towards the colorful planet of Orion. Within minutes it dropped towards the planet's surface, disappearing into the body of an enormous manmade superstructure. Orion had more food, shopping and lodging options than any planet in all the solar systems that had been explored and settled by humans, making it a popular destination.

The family craft quivered slightly as it made contact with docking port 313, the jets hissing as they cooled. "Voice recognition please," the computer voice said.

"Heather Renee Collins," a sexy, motherly voice answered. "Thank you. Performing Security scan on Heather Renee Collins."

Just outside the ship's entrance, a fine blue laser-scan struck Heather's dainty feet, which were arched in a pair of six-inch stiletto-heeled boots. Heather's choice of outfits today was a woman's body glove space-suit, which most all females wore during their shopping excursions in deep space. It was a dark-blue neck-to-floor suit that was made of a pliable fabric, fitting a woman like a second skin.

The laser traveled up Heather's strong matronly legs. Because the suit looked as though it were literally painted on, it molded snuggly against the V of her tumescent crotch, creating a nice deep camel toe. Outside her suit, was a light blue stringed accessory, which consisted of thin straps crossing her lush hips, with a single strap branching off in the front and back. The back strap disappeared between the crack of her large round ass. The front strap was connected to the hip strap by a pretty pink heart-shaped buckle and stretched down, wedging between her puffy outer labia.

The laser continued upward, along her trim torso, then struck the giant swell of her enormous breasts. Each of Heather's tits was

snuggly encased in her outfit, so it appeared as if the fabric were literally shrink wrapped around her gigantic boobs. The ends of the breast portions were capped in pink, which allowed Heather large puffy areola and thick rubbery nipples to protrude out clearly. This was an age in which the majority of moms had evolved to develop breasts that were ridiculously oversized, much to the delight of young men everywhere.

The laser scanned over Heather's beautiful facial features, beneath the round bubble-looking space helmet she had on. She looked like the actress that was once popular on Earth, many hundreds of years ago, named Angelina Jolie. Her eyes were brilliant blue, and like most moms in this time period, she had big pink bee-stung lips. Her silky brunette hair flowed down past her shoulders.

"Security scan confirmed," the computer announced.

The ship's hatch door hissed open and Heather strode forward like a futuristic space Goddess. Her dainty stiletto heels tapped against the cold steel floor, as one sexy leg moved gracefully in front of the other. The upper portion of her space suit was built to provide support, however, even under it's snug confines, Heather's tremendous bosom shifted about and quivered with every confident stride.

"Your approach was beautiful. I'm impressed," she told her son, setting her flashy shopping bags down.

"Thanks. Maybe that means I'm ready for my own starship now," Adam proudly suggested.

"Well, I'll be sure and tell your father how well you handled the ship, but you know I can't promise you anything." "I know," replied the teen. Adam was a tall, lean young man, who had just barely turned 18 a week ago.

Despite how his body was maturing, he still exhibited some of that boyhood clumsiness.

"He looks more and more like his dad every day," Heather thought as she stared at her boy.

"I'm gonna go prep for hyper-sleep," stated Heather, then slipped her bubble-helmet off and fluffed her long beautiful mane of dark hair. "Get us out of orbit, and set our coarse for home."

"Yes, ma'am," Adam replied, jumping back into the captain's seat. He gazed back for a moment, watching his mom's big round bubble butt sway atop her sexy legs. The skin tight space suite fit so snuggly around her jiggling derriere, it looked like she was wearing nothing at all and someone had simply painted her rounded butt cheeks blue.

Adam maneuvered the spaceship up away from the planet Orion, following the flow of other rockets as they raced towards their various planetary destinations.

As his mom had instructed him, the boy set the ship's coordinates for planet Earth, then hung his headset on a little piece of equipment above the control screen. He then left to join his mom.

The hyper-sleep chamber consisted of a row of beds that closed up when activated, to make capsules that were automated to care for humans during space travel. Heather was sitting on the edge of her bed, removing her stiletto-heeled boots.

"Ready when you are, mom," Adam informed her, entering the chamber. He watched the boots slide off her sexy feet, then she stood and removed her gloves.

"Great, honey. Will you store my shopping bags in one of the overheads for me?"

"Sure thing," answered the boy. One of the flashy shopping bags said "Astra's Naughty Negligee" on the outside, so he peeked in. He couldn't tell what is was in the bag, but it look extremely tiny and skimpy.

"No peeking, Mr. Snoopy pants. That's for your father," his mom warned with a sly smile.

"From what I saw…it doesn't look like something dad would wear," Adam joked.

"Ha-ha, very funny," his mom teased back. "You know what I meant."

The mother strode towards her son on bare feet. Wrapped in the snug material, her gigantic breasts moved as if they were bare, bobbling from their immense weight. She stepped right up to her teen and smiled warmly. He was only slightly taller than her and shared the same dark-brown hair color. Despite being the opposite sex, their genetic similarities were blatantly obvious.

"Good gracious, I just can't get over how handsome he is," the mother thought. *"How does he not have a girlfriend yet?"*

"I sure am proud of you, my little space pilot," she cooed, gazing at him adoringly. Her eyes were so big and brilliant blue that he felt like he could melt just staring back at them.

"Thanks," Adam blushed.

"You've gotten so handsome, it just makes my tummy tingle just looking at you. It won't be long and girls will be chasing you all across the galaxy."

"I would certainly like that."

"I'm sure you would," Heather giggled, "and I bet you'd like what they'd do to you once they caught you," she winked.

"Yes."

"I wonder if he's a virgin?" Heather thought, then threw her arms open. "How about a big hug before we sleep?"

"Sure," the boy gulped, staring over at his mom's heaving monster-sized melons, with their engorge papilla protruding out beneath the ends of the suit.

Heather stepped forward, curling her arms around her son's neck as she pulled him in against her. Adam's chest sunk down into the squishy canyon between her giant mams, making his prick harden faster than it ever had.

The mother loved the feel of her young, strong boy mashed up against her colossal tits. It made her feel connected to him, in the same way she had when she carried him in her womb. Heather accepted her son's fascination for her giant boobs as just a natural part of his growing up. To her, finding her undergarments coated with teenaged cock cream was just part of being a mom.

Heather led her son by the hand over to her hyper-sleep bed and lifted herself up onto it. Adam watched as his mom brought her pretty bare feet up and laid down, so that she was flat on her back. He couldn't help but stare at her big fleshy orbs as they rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. She gazed up at her son, still holding his hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Take us home, Captain," she declared.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, closing her hyper-sleep bed. With a sharp hiss, the capsule emitted a sleeping gas and within seconds Heather's eyes were rolling back and gently closed shut.

With his mom now in deep sleep, Adam took a second to scan her gorgeous body through the clear glass, as it lay there limp on the bed. He couldn't get over how long and sexy her legs were, and God how he loved his mother's dainty bare feet. The truth was, Adam was in love with every inch of his mom, and wanted to fuck her so bad it drove him crazy just thinking about it. What fascinated him the most were her huge oversized tits. He swallowed hard as he gazed down at the shrouded udders, wondering what it would be like to have his head sandwiched between them.

"Fuck it," he said out loud, then hit the button on the screen and the glass top lifted back off the capsule. His hand crept over and rested on top of one of her massive rounded tit-slopes.

As he gently squeezed, his fingers sunk into the spongy flesh. Adam felt his knees quiver with excitement and his already-hard cock throbbed almost painfully in his space suit. For a good five minutes he played with her breasts, savoring their immense softness. He felt their hefty weight in his hands and pulled on her thick rubbery nipples through the thin fabric.

His attention shifted to her camel-toed crotch. His horny mind suddenly realized that he could do much, much more without her knowing. The gas she had inhaled was enough to keep her out for the entire three-hour trip back to Earth. He knew that in that time he could strip her naked and fuck her like he always dreamed of doing.

"Okay, I'm gonna do this," the boy stated out loud in a determined tone. He began peeling off his mom's suit.

"Oh, fresh!" he sighed, which was a popular expression for young men his age. He had just pulled Heather's suit down over her gigantic knockers and was gawking at them in their naked state for the very first time. Her tumescent nipples stuck out from the peaks of her fleshy mountains like fat cherries on top of a sundae.

He squeezed her bulging breasts at the sides and beat them together, making the fatty flesh ripple obscenely. He could have played with her humongous udders all day, but he was dying to smell her pussy. Adam shucked the rest of her body suit off like a corn husk, then stared lustfully at his mom's mons pubis. A cute little pubic landing strip crowned the shaved folds of flesh that came together to form the gorge of her pudendal cleft.

Adam's heart beat so fast he felt like he might pass out. He leaned down until his nose rested against the fleshy hood that peeked from her labium. He inhaled deeply and felt his entire body quiver with forbidden arousal as his lungs filled with the smell of warm musky pussy.

His tongue split her quim and plowed up through the grotto of her most secret place. He felt the searing heat of her vaginal furnace scorch his licker as it traveled in between her fragrant folds and across the plump fleshy bulb of her clitoris.

"Mmngff!" the teen gasped, taking a breath of air before digging his face down into the vestibule of her cunt and gliding his tongue across her creamy pink center. Like a lapping dog, he repeated this again and again, his snake sinking a little deeper with each swipe. Finally, he was literally tongue-fucking her. His head swirled with delight as he tasted his mom's sweet cuntal nectar. With an excited whimper, he kissed his way down, across his mom's perineum, then spent a full minute licking the pink crinkled ring of her butt-hole.

By this time, Adam's cock was about bursting through his space suit. It was so hard it almost hurt. He reached down and unzipped his suit at the crotch, releasing an absolute beast of a cock. It branched out stiffly from his loins as he stood, nearly ten-inches long. A spider web of thick bulging veins were popping out along the thick penile stalk. The knob was purple and engorged, like a spongy oversized plumb. For boys his age, it was typical to have a monster cock. Over

the years, human males had evolved that way. Their dicks got smaller the older they got into adulthood.

Possessed by lust, the horny teen crawled up onto the bed, prying his mom's gorgeous legs apart. He knew the best part of this was the fact that his mother was in a deep hyper-sleep so she didn't have to feel the initial pain of having his giant dick cramming its way inside her. He knew for him, however, that process was gonna be immensely pleasurable.

He sunk down between the saddle of her silky thighs and dug his cum-drooling helmet into Heather's love-socket. The heat of her vaginal pit scorched his glans as he stretched his mom's cuntal opening with the huge knob of his cock.

"Ahh, mommy!" Adam squealed as his broad knob popped into his mother's treasure box.

He pushed forward and sighed as the corrugated ribs of his mom's pink cuntal lining stretched around the contours of his prick. His boner slowly inched its way to the bottom. The teen shuddered with wicked delight as he felt the wonders of having his meat fully sheathed in cupid's glove for the first time in his life.

Back in the control room, the little headset that Adam unwisely hung above the control screen came loose, as the craft blasted towards it's assigned destination. The headset fell down against the screen on it's side, in a way that accidentally modified their position of travel.

"Please confirm the change the coordinates to A310825?" the computer voice asked.

The headset then fell flat, hitting the confirmation button. It was a freaky mishap, that had probably rarely happened in space travel. Unfortunately, for Heather and her son, their destination had been substantially altered.

"Thank you. Changing coordinates to A310825," the autopilot announced.

Back in the hyper-sleep chamber, Adam was pounding his mom's dreamy cunt-mound with long ball-bumping thrusts. He held onto Heather's silky-smooth legs, which he had sort of twisted around him the best he could. He watched in spellbinding fascination as he made the huge round orbs of her tits roll up and down her chest, like big rippling pillows.

With exquisite resistance, his fat prick plunged along the delicate tube of her snug vagina. His thrusts were lubricated by the steady flow of pre-jizz that seeped from the cunt-smothered slit of his cock. With each downward thrust, he could feel his spongy knob lightly kiss the head of her cervix.

"Ohhh...ohhhh...oh, shit!" his voice trembled, more sexually excited than he'd ever been in his life, which made his dick tingle with magical sensations…ones that could only be created by the clutch of a mother's cunt.

He looked up at his mom's beautiful face. Her mouth was slightly parted as her head gently nodded from the vaginal assault she was receiving. He was struck with how incredibly beautiful she looked… like a matronly sleeping beauty, completely unaware of the strong blue-veined battering ram that was plowing through her sacred garden.

Adam's cock flexed powerfully, the muscles and tendons at the root of his boner bulging as they sustained the force of his frantic humping. "Hnngghh!" he snarled, fucking his mom like a lusty animal, making their crotches beat together. He trembled in delight, feeling his cunt-shrouded cock swell up even bigger, then it began spitting thick ropes of cock-milk, soaking Heather's birth canal. His grunts and groans echoed through the sleep chamber as his lean young ass bobbed up and down between Heather's splayed thighs.

It was the first orgasm he'd ever had inside a woman's pussy and it felt incredible.

Adam suddenly panicked as the reality of what he'd just done kicked in. If his mom even suspected that he had fucked her while she slept, there would be hell to pay. With shaky hands, he frantically covered his tracks, putting his mom's suit back on the best he could and tucking his satisfied pecker back into his suit.

He closed her sleep capsule, then retreated to his own bed and prepared for the long trip home. Little did he know that 'home' was far from where they were going.

Heather's eyes fluttered open as she heard the familiar beeping and a flashing blue light that announced the end of their journey. As her capsule opened and she sat up, the mother looked inquisitively at a display, which tracked the time they slept by hours. It read: 443.

"Four-hundred and forty three hours... Oh shit!" she shouted in a panic, jumping to her feet. The mom paused to adjust the sleeves of her suit in which her mammoth breasts fit in, thinking it a bit odd that they were positioned incorrectly.

"Are we home?" Adam asked as he sat up groggily.

"I don't know. I think something's wrong," Heather replied as she rushed towards the control room. "What do you mean something's wrong?" Adam fearfully asked as he followed quickly after her.

"The display says we've been in hyper-sleep for four-hundred and forty-three hours. The journey back to earth was only three. Are you sure you entered those coordinates correctly?" Heather worriedly asked.

Before he could answer, the huge breasted mom discovered the headset on the ground and jumped into the captains seat to take action.

"Computer…give me our present coordinates please," she asked in a commanding tone. "Present coordinates are A310825," the computer voice answered.

"No…" Heather muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. "No, that's wrong! Those aren't the coordinates for earth. Where are we?"

"Destination A310825," The computer answered.

"No, I want the fucking system! What system are we in?" Heather shouted impatiently.

Adam's heart was racing nervously. He'd never heard his mom use the F-bomb before. He realized by the way she was acting that their situation was serious.

"System unknown. Warning... fuel cells at low level," answered the computer.

"Of course they're low. We've been traveling for almost three weeks!" Heather exclaimed, then peered over at her boy. "Adam, honey…are you sure you entered the right flight code?" "I know I did. The computer even confirmed it," he answered.

"Something must have happened. Computer…play back recorded footage from the control room, after the coordinates were entered," commanded Heather.

A holographic recording of the control room came up in front of them. Around it were smaller scenes taken at different parts of the craft around the same time. Heather fast-forwarded the footage, until she saw the headphones fall onto the control display.

"There! The headset must have fallen onto the display when the drives kicked in, and somehow altered our coordinates. Adam, that was a stupid decision. When you're piloting a ship, you have to pay

attention to every move you make in the control room," Heather preached, glaring back at him.

Adam's eyes were drawn to movement on one of the smaller holographic screens. The mother noticed his sudden look of panic and turned to see what he was looking at.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" muttered Heather as her mouth fell open in shock. One of the smaller recordings was of the hyper-sleep chamber and her son banging the shit out of her.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed, horrified by what she was watching.

"He fucked me! He fucked me while I was sleeping! How could he do such a thing?!" she thought.

Adam's stomach sunk in dread and fear. "Mom, I....I, um…" Unable to formulate an explanation for what they were watching, the boy embarrassingly rushed out of the control room. He was screwed, and he knew it.

Situated at the rear of the family craft was the cozy living quarters, which included a tiny bunkroom for Adam. The boy sat there worriedly on his bunk for an hour before he heard his door slide open.

Heather stepped into his room. She had changed into a long white maxi dress, featuring a haltered top and double high slits, which allowed her beautiful legs to peek out as she walked. Her dainty bare feet gently tapped against the floor as she stepped over and sat down on the edge of Adam's bunk next to him.

"Hi," she awkwardly muttered in a sweet voice.

"Hi," Adam responded in a shameful tone, glancing at the tremendous swell of her tits pushing out the fabric of her dress. He also couldn't help but notice how much of her silky smooth legs were

exposed through the slit of her dress as she sat there. They looked so strong and soft.

Heather could see the look of remorse on her son's face. *"He knows he did wrong. I'm not gonna sit here and*

lecture him about it. We have more serious issues to deal with," she told herself.

"Well…here's our situation," Heather stated. "Our fuel cells are nearly spent, so even if we tried to get home...well, we wouldn't get far. I can't get a communication signal, which means that wherever we are…it's far away from any other human-inhabited planet or spacecraft."

"Can someone find us out here?" Adam asked.

"Finding someone in the depths of space is like finding a needle in a haystack. It's unlikely," Heather somberly answered.

"So, what are we gonna do?"

"Well, the good news is we have everything here we need. These ships are equipped with enough food, water and power-cells to last ten lifetimes. Unfortunately, since we're low on fuel and can't contact anyone…there's only one thing we can do."

"What?"

"Close the outer hatches and set the ship for drift," Heather explained.

"Wow, I really did screw up, didn't I?" Adam admitted.

Heather reached over, took his hand and gave it a squeeze, like any loving mother would. "I'm not gonna lie, Adam. This **WAS** a major

screw up, but you're young...and you were thinking with the head in your pants and not the one on your shoulders," she giggled.

"Yeah, um…about that. I'm really sorry that I…" he started, but Heather cut him off.

"Careful what you apologize for, honey," she warned.

"What do you mean?"

"If you apologize for being neglectful in the control room, then that's fine, but if you're gonna apologize for fucking me in the hyper-sleep chamber, just don't."

"Why?"

"Because you're not sorry, that's why," she smiled. "I'm sure it was much to big of a thrill and **WAY** too pleasurable for you to feel any regrets."

"True, but it was still wrong to take advantage of you like that. If you decide to tell dad…I'll completely understand."

There was a short silence, then Adam looked over to see his mom sniffling, with a tear running down her cheek. "First of all, I don't need your father's help in handing down some discipline, but secondly…honey, we could be billions of miles from home, which means there's a good chance that we may never see your father again…ever."

"I'm sorry," the boy sighed in dread, then shared a hug with his mom. Given what had just happened, he tried to ignore the two giant squishy mounds crushed against his chest.

"Come on…you can help me power down the ship," she said, keeping his hand in hers as she stood up.

The two of them went back to the control room to power down the engines and set the spacecraft for drift mode. "What are those?" Adam asked, looking out the windows and watching huge metallic coverings enclose around the entire craft and lock into place.

"Those are the emergency hatches that will protect us from any space debris while we drift. We'll basically be just another rock floating through space, unless our distress signal reaches someone," she pointed out.

"What a helpless feeling."

"Yes…but we're together and we have everything we need to stay alive. That's something," Heather reminded him.

"True."

"You must be hungry. Let's get you some lunch and we'll talk about an appropriate punishment for what happened earlier," his mom suggested.

In the small galley of the spacecraft, Adam watched his mother make him a meal. His eyes feasted on the oversized mounds of breast-meat wobbling around on her chest as she worked.

They both ate without saying much…somber by the fact that the were lost…and didn't have the power to try to find their way back. Heather finally broke the silence.

"You took advantage of a situation, Adam, and that was wrong. I figured out what I want your punishment to be."

"What?" he asked.

"I want you to watch the footage with me."

"The footage?"

"Yes, the recording of you in the hyper-sleep chamber, going about your naughty business. I want you to watch it with me."

"Oh come on, mom…it's embarrassing," Adam blushed.

"There's no getting out of this, Adam. You agreed that there should be consequences," Heather reminded him. "Get something comfy on and meet me in the great room."

Adam went back to his room and changed into shorts and a t-shirt. Heather was waiting for him in the great room when he got there. It was a cozy little space, with a big fluffy lounge the size of a king-sized bed.

Heather was sitting in the center of the lounge with her gorgeous legs curled to the side. She patted the cushion in front of her.

"Come sit," she said softly.

Adam crawled onto the lounge and sat in front of his mom. Heather got up onto her knees behind him, tucking his hips between her open thighs. She leaned down against his back, resting her hands on his shoulders.

Adam let out an audible sigh as he felt her gigantic tits squash softly against his back. Braless beneath the thin gown, Heather's udders felt like soft warm bread-dough rolling out against the teenager's body. Her face now hovered over his shoulder and Adam could smell the sweet perfume she'd just applied.

"Playback, please," Heather loudly said.

Just in front of them, a huge holographic image appeared. It was the footage from the hyper-sleep chamber, starting with Heather taking the sleeping gas, with her capsule closed.

"So, how long had this naughty little plan been brewing in that handsome head of yours?" she asked. "A couple days," Adam confessed."

"Wow, that long? Waiting must have been the hardest part."

"Yes," the teen answered, feeling awkward and embarrassed having to confess these things in front of his mom.

They watched the footage of Adam opening his mom's capsule and feasting his lusty eyes on her voluptuous body. His gaze followed Heather's legs down to her sexy bare feet.

"Your adrenalin must have be pumping about now. Did you enjoy looking at my legs and feet?" Heather asked him.

"Yes," Adam blushed.

In the footage, Adam's attention was now fully on Heather's bountiful breasts. "Not as much as you liked staring at other things obviously," she teased.

They watched as Adam's hand bravely wandered to his mom's tits and began gently kneading their spongy flesh.

"Those big breasts have always fascinated you, haven't they, sweetheart?" Heather whispered, fully aware of her boy's naughty fetish.

"Uh-huh," Adam muttered.

"I suppose that's my fault. Your father always said I should have weaned you off breast feeding a lot sooner."

In the footage Adam spent some time squeezing Heather's massive mammaries. As he awkwardly watched with his mom, Adam could feel his cock rising in his shorts as he recalled how thrilling the

experience had been. His mom's squishy tits against his back and her sexy breath at his ear wasn't helping.

"You were really enjoying yourself, weren't you?" she giggled, watching her boy handle her knockers.

"They felt nice," he admitted.

"I'm surprised you're not sucking on them by now," Heather whispered, gently massaging her son's shoulders with her hands. "Or that you didn't crawl on top of me and put your hard dick between them for a tittie-fuck."

Adam couldn't believe his mom had just suggested that. She had never really initiated sexual discussions with him before. He was simply too nervous and turned on to respond, so he watched himself continue to squeeze and shake her fatty mounds of breast-meat.

"I think you could you could have spent the whole three-hour trip playing with those big things," Heather giggled.

In the footage Adam shed his mother's outfit, then leaned over and smelt his mom's fragrant pussy. "Smelt a little stronger and fresher than all those panties, didn't it?" she asked.

"What panties?" Adam asked.

"Don't 'what panties' me, buster. We moms aren't that stupid you know," she playfully scolded. Heather was quite used to finding her delicate undergarments painted with her boy's spunk.

They watched as Adam's tongue ran down Heather's quim and flailed at her butt-hole.

"You little ass-kisser!" Heather joked, giving him a peck on the cheek and making him laugh. In the footage, Adam released his monster cock and gave it a few eager strokes.

"My God, his dick is so big!" her mind gasped. *"How did I even take all that."*

"Your poor prick. It must have been really throbbing after playing with my tits and licking my pussy for that long," his mom cooed. She was so close he could feel her breath in his ear, while her hands continued to kneed at her boy's strong shoulders. Together, they watched as Adam crawled up onto the bed between his mom's legs and worked his cock inside of her.

"So I have to know, Mr. Naughty-pants...was this first time you ever penetrated a woman?" she asked. "Yeah," Adam answered, a bit embarrassed to be admitting that.

"Well, look at that...I got my son's cherry and didn't even know it," Heather smiled.

In the footage, Adam started to fuck away at Heather's limp, sleeping body, bringing her legs up around him.

"Well, one thing's for sure, you wouldn't know it was your first time. You're in pretty good form there, Romeo," said Heather, watching her son take long deep thrusts.

"Thanks," Adam blushed.

"Wow, there's no doubt that would have felt amazing…if I was awake for it," she thought.

"One thing you could have tried here is hooking my legs up over your shoulders. It would have given you a little more control, and allowed you to have a greater depth of penetration," the mom advised.

"I don't think I could have gone any deeper, honestly."

Heather looked at him with surprise, her tummy tingling. "You were hitting my cervix?" she asked. "I think so. All I know is I couldn't push it in any deeper."

"Good grief! I can't remember the last time I had one that big," she thought..

The beautiful mother stared at him a moment in wonder. She hadn't felt a man plunder the back wall of her vagina for as long as she could remember. Her husband simply didn't have the size for it. When her eyes looked back at the holograph, she saw her tits roll up and down her chest as Adam shook her body with the power of his fuck-thrusts.

"Look at my big girls go!" Heather cheered. "That was definitely fresh," confessed her son.

"Yeah, I bet it was, you little breast-hound," Heather teased, watching her boy's young toned ass bob wildly between her legs. Her nipples hardened in arousal.

"You know, for your first-time in the saddle, you're really lasting a long time. That's impressive," Heather praised. "Did I feel really tight?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his boner flexing as he thought back on the exquisite grip of his mom's hot juicy cunt. "Well, when you're having sex a woman who's **AWAKE**, she can squeeze your erection with her pussy muscles and make it even more pleasurable for you."

In the footage, Adam's body quivered as he squirted his load deep inside Heather's juice-box. "Well, I suppose it was a good thing our trip was three hours. Any less and I might have had all that goo running down my legs," Heather giggled.

"Sorry, I should have at least pulled out."

"Well, pulling out's no fun at all," his mom confessed, watching her son struggle to get her suit back on. "I'm sure getting that suit back onto my body was no easy task." "Another detail I didn't consider when I took it off," Adam admitted.

"Lay your head down here on my lap, honey," said Adam's mom invitingly.

Adam sprawled onto his back, with his head resting on Heather's lap. The way her beautiful face peered down over the giant swell of her breasts made his heart race excitedly. His mom tenderly stroked her fingers through his hair as she spoke. "What you did in that video was wrong, but it's also made me realize something."

"What's that?"

"Even though we're lost in deep space, and may never be found, I'm gonna be OK, and so are you…because we have each other."

"I'll do whatever I can to take care of you, mom…I promise."

Heather smiled while gazing down at him. "Yeah…I guess we found that out didn't we?" she giggled. "Yes."

"Well, if someone doesn't find us, I'm gonna be in the market for a new man," she winked. "Keep that in mind." "I most certainly will."

"Good. Come up here and give me a hug."

Adam got onto his knees and as his mom moved forward, then playfully pushed him down onto his back. She followed him down, until she was laying on top of him with her big squishy tits sandwiched between them.

"Not so big and bad when mom's awake, are we?" she teased.

Adam quickly rolled them over so that he was now on top, with Heather on her back. "You were saying?" he asked confidently.

She gazed up at him adoringly.

"This may not be so bad," Heather muttered.

"What?"

"Being lost aboard a ship, billions of miles from home, with my strong, horny teenaged son."

"I'm always that way when I'm around you, mom. I can't help it," he admitted, pressing his erect cock against Heather's snatch through their clothing.

"Well, in a typical mom-son relationship that may be a little weird, but given our current situation it may actually turn out to be a good thing," she said, while brushing the hair back from his eyes.

"Really? Why's that?" Adam asked.

"Well, we may be family, but we're still man and woman after all. We get urges…and lucky for us, we both like to fuck."

Adam's insides tingled as he realized what she was suggesting. "True…at least I know I do," he admitted. "Well, where do you think you get all your horny tendencies from?" Heather smiled. "Certainly not your father." "Dad doesn't want sex all the time?" he asked.

"He wants it fair amount, but it can still be frustrating for a spouse that wants it all day, every day, like I do." "I guess we're the same that way then," Adam confessed.

"It's a little too early yet for us to be acting like sex-crazed newlyweds , but if it does turn out that we'll truly be spending the rest of our lives together aboard this ship..." Heather said, then

lowered her head to whisper in his ear. "We're gonna fuck our asses off."

Adam's heart about leaped out of his chest. Not only was the f-bomb leaving her mouth a huge turn-on, but the idea that he could be beating his own tender dick through his mom's willing pussy was enough to make him jump out of his skin with excitement.

Heather knew that despite how horny she was, jumping right into bed with her son wasn't the most responsible thing to do. After all, by now they had been reported missing back home and there was likely a thorough search going on for them. It was a stretch, but there was still a tiny possibility that they could be located.

"It's only been three weeks. I have to give my husband more time…I owe him that. I can't just go throwing my legs open for Adam just yet," she told herself.

Days turned to weeks, and even the glimmer of hope they had of being found began to fade away. Adam and Heather's relationship began to take a journey down a different path. They continued to act like mother and son, for the most part, but there was also a lot of flirting and sexual tension.

Sitting at the table eating together, their eyes met and lingered in a gaze for the longest time. There were a million things going through their minds at that moment, but most of all…desire.

"I'm becoming obsessed with him," Heather told herself.

The mother spit her tongue at her boy playfully, and he stuck his out in return.

"Need a place to put that tongue?" she teased, running her toes up his calf beneath the table. "Sure."

"Maybe I have a tasty little place you can put it," she suggested in a sensual tone, as she stood up from the table.

"Really?"

"Yeah…if you can catch me that is."

Heather ran out of the room giggling, her huge breasts leaped up and down and Adam got up and chased after her.

She made it to the bathroom before he could catch her and the door slid closed and locked. Arriving soon after, Adam gave it a few playful pounds.

"You cheat!" he exclaimed.

"Do not."

"Open the door then."

"Why? So you can fuck me?" Heather giggled. "Maybe," the boy answered.

"Don't you think you should ask me to be your girlfriend first." "Fine! Will you be my girlfriend?" he asked.

A hologram display lit up next to the door. It was his mom's image from inside the bathroom. Adam watched her smile into camera. "Let me take a shower, then I'll come out and give you my answer."

"Oh, all right...I guess I'll go play some hallow-games or something." Adam frowned.

As he started to turn, he heard his mom call him in a naughty tone. "Aaaaddddaaammmm," her sexy voice sang.

Adam looked back at the hologram to see his mom's back to the camera as she slowly unzipped her gown. Heather peeked back over

her shoulder teasingly as she continued to peal her outfit off, all the way down to the crack of her meaty ass. She slipped her arms from the sleeves and Adam could make out the drooping contours of her enormous tit-melons.

Heather gazed straight into the camera with a look that could turn any guy to mush. "All joking aside, are you serious about wanting to be my new boyfriend?" she asked. "Of course."

"I'll be right out," she said in a sultry tone.

It was nearly a half-hour later when Heather emerged from the bathroom. Adam was in the main living area playing a holographic game. He couldn't help from being distracted when he noticed what his mom was wearing.

Heather sashayed across the room in a white terry-cloth halter-wrap. It quite literally looked as though she had nothing but a flimsy little towel wrapped around her, which fell only two inches below her crotch and left all of her long golden-brown legs exposed.

"Are you playing that silly game again?" Heather asked as she sat on the edge of the cushion beside him. "Yeah, you wanna play?"

"You'll have to show me," she smiled.

Adam scotched over beside his mom until their hips touched. She smelt divine. He handed her the controller.

"It's pretty simple really. These buttons control you're ships steering and this is you're blaster," Adam explained. "Oh, my blaster huh?" she giggled.

Heather began playing the game and as she did Adam's eyes wandered to her gigantic breasts. The halter top had slipped down a bit, leaving the top eight inches of her boobs exposed. The site of her long deep cleavage made Adam's cock drool with pre-cum.

Each time Heather would move her tits would wobble heavily, which was a real treat for Adam to watch.

The mother laid down on her back beside him, slightly turned as she continued to play the game. She rested one of her bare feet up on his shoulder, curled her other leg, bowing it open teasingly.

When Adam looked down her could see her pussy clearly displayed as the wrap had bunched up at her waist. Her vulva was now completely shaved. Protruding from her puffy outer lips was the thick fleshy hood of her clitoris.

"Enjoying the view, sweetheart?" Heather asked with a flirty smile. Sorry," Adam blushed, looking away.

Heather handed him the controller and placed a foot on her son's thigh. "I wasn't asking for an apology, silly. I just wanted to know if you liked what you were looking at."

"Yeah, probably more than I should," Adam confessed.

"Aww, poor baby...trapped aboard a tiny ship with his huge breasted mom," she teased, squeezing her breasts between her forearms and making them balloon obscenely.

"I'm not complaining," the boy admitted.

"Neither am I," she sensually said, gazing into his eyes. "It could be fun spending my days with a little boobie-monster."

"I like spending my days with you."

"Do you?" asked Heather, staring into her son's eyes adoringly. "Enough to start spending your **NIGHTS** with me also?"

"Sure!" Adam blurted, his tummy tingling with excitement.

Heather stood up and reached down for his hand. "Come on…I wanna show you our bedroom," she softly said.

Adam took her hand and the matronly beauty led her son across the great room. Her big meaty ass swayed seductively as she strode towards her bedroom on bare feet.

"Lights!" she shouted, making them dim to darkness behind them.

"It feels kind of funny, going to you and dad's room," Adam shared, pausing as his mom pulled him towards her bedroom.

Heather turned towards him.

"Your dad's no longer a part of our lives, Adam. He's just a memory now," the mother softly stated.

"I'm sure he's still searching," Adam speculated.

"Probably, yes…but he'll most likely never find us and eventually tire of trying. He'll find another sweetheart and remarry, and his life will go on without us. So, I guess that makes this **MY** room now. My room to share with my new sweetheart," she said with a cute little smile.

Heather stepped towards her son, curling her arms around his neck as she moved in for a hug.

Adam's knees shuddered as he felt her colossal udders kiss his chest. His mom rested her forehead against his, staring into his big blue eyes. "Do you wanna be mom's new love interest, honey?" she whispered.

Adam's cock was pulsing with excitement. His boner was causing a big tent in shorts and pressed lightly against Heather's tummy as they hugged. "Yes, please," he muttered back.

"I think being alone with mom, a billion miles from home has gotten somebody excited," she teased, pressing her belly a little harder against his boner.

She rose up onto her tippy-toes, her silky-smooth calves flexing as she brought her lips to her son's ear. "I'm excited too. I couldn't have asked for a more gorgeous boyfriend," she told him anxiously.

"Thanks, and I never dreamed I'd have a girlfriend as pretty as you," Adam replied.

"I'm flattered," she blushed. Ready to check out our bedroom?" "Let's do it!"

They went inside and the door slid closed behind them. Heather led him though a short corridor and Adam's eyes got big as he caught sight of a huge fluffy bed. "Wow, that's the largest bed I've ever seen," he exclaimed.

"It's no fun sleeping in it alone. It'll be nice to have a bed buddy," she smiled. "I won't snore…I promise."

"The drawers at the base of the bed on that side will be yours, but no rush moving your stuff over." "True, I'll have all the time in the world."

Heather nudged him teasingly. "Not with a sexually demanding girlfriend you won't," she teased. "I have one more mission for you, captain cutie-pie, then we'll get into bed and snuggle." "What's my mission?" he eagerly asked.

"Do you remember that day you dropped me off at Orion Intergalactic Mall, I had a bag from a negligee shop that I asked you to stow away for me?" "Yeah, I remember."

"The item that was in that bag was something I bought for the man in my life. Since I haven't worn it yet…and **YOU'RE** my man now,

why don't you go get it and I'll try it on for you," she flirtingly suggested.

"On it!" Adam blurted eagerly, then rushed back out of the room.

It had been nearly a month now since he'd been in the control room. It felt weird being there…like he was on a dark abandoned vessel that may never be flown again. He quickly retrieved what he was there to get, then headed back to the bedroom. "Got it!" he announced, handing the shopping bag to his mother.

"Get undressed and climb into bed. I'll be right out," Heather told him, stepping into the adjoining bathroom.

Adam stripped naked and climbed into the bed as his mother directed. He anxiously waited for the beauty to return.

"What do you think?" his mom's sweet voice asked as she stepped from the bathroom.

"Fresh!" Adam gasped, his eyes widening at the sight of her. Heather was wearing a skimpy white crisscross style bralette and matching panties. The top featured a halter neck, with sheer straps of floral lace that crisscrossed over her humongous breasts. This created a wonderful triangle of exposed tit-cleavage right in the center of the mother's chest. The peek-a-boo style panties had much the same design in the back. There were two lace straps crossing Heather's rounded butt-cheeks, leaving an exposed triangle of ass-flesh. She swung her rounded derriere around to give her son a look at the back. "Do you like it, baby?" she asked sweetly.

"Seriously, mom? You have to ask?"

Heather giggled. "Well, no…I guess that bulge beneath the blanket should have told me all I needed to know," quothe said, glancing down at his tented crotch.

"It's almost always this hard when I'm around you," Adam confessed.

"Well, that's a good thing now," his sexy mom told him as she stood at the edge of the bed. "Because you'll **DEFINITELY** need that dreamy dick of yours to be hard, since it's our first night together."

Adam noticed she was wearing a mysterious wrist band. "What's that thing?" he asked.

"**OFF!!**" the mother shouted, and the thick blanket covering Adam suddenly flew upward, sticking against the ceiling.

"Whoa, that was fresh!" the boy gasped as he laid there naked.

Heather giggled, placing her hands on her waist and making her tits balloon outward. "You haven't seen anything yet. Are you sure you wanna be mine, baby?" she asked.

"I'm sure."

She fed him a satisfied smile. "**BRING HIM TO ME**…**FACE FIRST!**" the mother shouted.

A mysterious invisible force lifted the teen from the bed and zipped him down near his mom. "**WHOA!**" he reacted, hovering there in the air with his face pointed at Heather. He had heard of this fancy new technology that allowed couples to manipulate their environment, but he had no idea his parents had purchased one to put inside the family space craft.

"The gas in the hyper sleep chamber allowed you to have your way with me, remember?" she asked, bringing her face close to his.

"Yes," he answered.

Heather lifted the bracelet for him to see. A bright powerful-looking glow emanated from inside of it. "This is **MY** sleeping gas…and now I get to have my way with you. **RECLINE HIM!**" she commanded.

Adam quickly flipped over in the air, in a position that had him reclined back. Heather gazed lustfully at the huge column of cock-meat sticking up just part his belly button.

"Am I suppose to be able to move?" the boy asked, a bit alarmed by the fact that he was suspended there, unable to move an inch.

"No…not for awhile anyway," Heather giggled. "**LET ME FLOAT!**" she shouted.

He watched her float up high into the air, like some nearly nude Goddess, smiling down on him. It was as if the air in the room had suddenly switched to zero gravity. "Mommy's going to show you what it means to be hers," she stated.

Heather stripped away the negligee and her giant naked tits bobbled around on her chest, making Adam's cock stir. He also had a birds-eye view the shaved snatch crowning her long gorgeous legs. He could clearly see the thick pink hood of her clitoris peeking from the cleft of her pudenda.

Her bare foot pushed off his chest and her body flipped gracefully, like a female diver in slow motion and she gradually lowered back down towards her son, head first. "You had your way with mommy… and now mommy's gonna have her way with you," she smiled, grazing her nails along his chest. "**SPRINKLE HIM WITH EDGING DUST!**" she commanded.

"Edging dust?" Adam nervously asked.

"It'll allow you to get to the brink of orgasm, but won't allow you to come…until I'm ready for you to."

Heather's legs were flexed, her sexy feet pointed straight up as she pushed off her son's chest. Her gorgeous body floated up away from his, her legs gradually swinging into a huge spread eagle, so her toes were pointed towards opposite ends of the room.

Adam's eyes about bugged out of his skull as he stared up at her wonderful cunt. He could even see her puckered butt hole between the big rounded cheeks of her ass.

Heather slowly did a back flip, rolling her voluptuous body until she was literally doing a handstand on her son's chest. Her big knockers gracefully danced as she moved. Now, her legs were dropping again and as they fell, her face lowered down to within six inches of Adam's.

The look on her face was amazing. Adam had never seen that look before. It was the look of lust and the thrill of watching her boy's reaction as she performed for him. "**LUBRICATE HIS PENIS!**" she said loudly.

Adam heard a hissing sound and felt his dick suddenly become wet with lubrication. Heather bent her knees and kept her legs bowed open as she slowly lowered onto her teen.

"Ahhh!" gasped Adam as he felt his mom's puffy vulva rest against the underside of his shaft. Now straddling him in mid-air, his mom leaned down, squashing her oversized jugs against his lean chest.

"Baby, we'll do plenty of passionate love making, but this isn't one of those time. This time is about mom working month's worth of sexual frustration out on you," she whispered sensually, then began attacking his neck with tender licks. He felt his mom reach down and grasp his erection, fitting the knob to the split of her twat.

"Ahhh, Goddamn!" the boy's excited mind exclaimed as felt his manhood sink into his mom's tight creamy sheath.

The heavy chested mother hooked her arms around him as she prepared to fuck the hell out of her young new boyfriend. "Here we go, baby!" her voice quivered anxiously.

Suddenly, Heather set her wide motherly hips in motion. It was like someone just started a fuck-engine inside of her. Her big round buttocks began rising and falling, steading humping her pussy around the satisfying stiffness of Adam's cock.

The sound of flesh beating together filled the bedroom as the mother found a rhythm. "**SMACK! SMACK!**

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!"

It was clear by his mom's words and actions that this wasn't one of those bonding moments. Right now he was just a piece of meat for her own sexual gratification. He winced as his mom dug her long nails into his back, clutching onto his lean body in mid-air, while hammering his steely hard dick though her vagina.

Adam couldn't believe this was happening. It was a surreal moment realizing his own mom was harnessed around him, using his body for her own personal needs.

"**YES! OHHH!!**" the busty beauty cried out, feeling her boy's sturdy boner plunge through her most secret place.

"Ahhh!" her boy whimpered, feeling the wonderful inner-workings of her snug mommy-vagina around his glans and shaft. Lubricated by their pre-ejaculate, their genitals pumped together like a piston of pink vaginal and penile flesh.

Motionless and helpless to her assault, the boy felt his mom intensify her fuck-thrusts as she worked towards a powerful climax. He could feel her tits sloshing as they lay squashed between them. Within minutes she was screaming out in orgasm, shaking, grasping and humping on top of him shamelessly.

"Holy shit!" the boy's mind exclaimed wondrously as she smacked her wet crotch against his cock-hilt and held it there, grinding up and back in full penetration.

"**BRING HIM UPRIGHT!**" Heather shouted in a pleasure-stricken tone. She continued to cling and grind on her boy as the mysterious gravitational force followed her command.

Now Adam was upright, like he was standing there, suspended in mid-air with a his busty mom clinging to him. She tightened her powerful silky legs around his hips. The muscles in Heather's perspiration-sheened body were flexing and straining as she fucked her boy with all her might. "**YESSS! RIGHT THERE! RIGHT THERE!!**" she cried out, jabbing his cock in as deep as it could go, stretching out her uteri.

Adam's back was covered with log red scratch marks as his mom continued to claw at him. She clamped her pretty white teeth on the flesh of his neck, biting him hard as she squealed with another mind-blowing climax. Even though it hurt some, the boy knew not to complain. His mom needed him to be her sexual scratching post. Besides, the exquisite sensations around his boy-meat far surpassed the pain he felt from her biting and scratching.

Hot female ejaculate trickled down onto the bed below as it burbled out from between their humping crotches. Still working her hips, Heather leaned back, separating their chests, but still holding on to her son's shoulders.

Adam was mesmerized, watching her giant tits wobble back and forth, while his mom rocked her pretty head back in ecstasy. Her long beautiful mane of hair hung down and she gazed at her boy a moment in wild-eyed lust.

"This is amazing!" Adam whispered.

It was clear that his mom too absorbed in her own pleasure to answer. "**MOVE HIM TO THE PRONE POSITION!**" she shouted.

As Adam fell forward, the limber beauty folded herself in half beneath him, propping her ankles on his shoulders. "**LET HIM HANG ONTO ME!**"

"Hold my legs, Adam!" his mom gasped as she began humping her ass up at him, smacking it against his crotch. "Ohh, God, yesss!" the mother's voice quivered.

Each time his mother had an orgasm, her pelvic floor muscles would tighten up, causing even more intense friction on his tender peter. If it weren't for the edging dust, he would have cum a long time ago. He held on to his mom's lovely legs while she swung her ass up over and over, beating it against his crotch, jabbing his unyielding boner through her vaginal grip.

"Ahhh!" Adam gasped, feeling the wonderful sensations surround his penis. By this time it had been nearly two hours since his mom had started fucking. The hypersexual mother was tireless in her assault, going at her boy heatedly, like a huge titted sexual athlete.

"You're not tiring out on me, are you, lover?" his mom asked, gazing up at him. "No way!"

"Good, because I'm not even close to being finished with you," she panted. "**LAY HIM DOWN FLAT!**" she shouted.

Heather held on to her son as he was flipped over. She let her silky legs hang down astride him, straddling him like a horse as they continued to hover in the air fucking. She bounced against his crotch and young Adam gasped as he watched her colossal tits leap up and down. Heather's oversized knockers swung in a hypnotizing pattern, moving out from her chest in wide circles and smacking together, making the spongy flesh ripple delightfully.

His eyes drifted up to his mom's beautiful face. Her eyes were closed and her bee stung lips slightly parted as she panted in ecstasy. It made his heart swell knowing he was giving his mom extraordinary pleasure.

Heather leaned down, grasping on to her son's shoulders and hooked her feet up over his thighs for stability. Then the mother bobbed her thick ass up and down, continuing to plunge his rod through her snug birth canal.

"Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her soft warm tit-melons brush against his face as they bobbled around to her steady humping.

Adam's boner flexed in the tight pink grip of his mom's vagina. It was soaked in secretions, allowing it to plow through her love-hole at just the pace she desired. It wasn't long before the boy's pipe of pleasure brought his mom off again. Heather trembled, screaming out in divine ecstasy, spewing hot girl-cum all over the steely hardness of her boy's cock.

SLOW OUR MOVEMENTS!" the mother shouted.

Heather began to quickly sit up, but as she did everything seemed to suddenly move in slow motion.

Adam watched his mom's chest rise. Everything inside his head was moving at normal speed, but the world around him was moving very slowly. *"Whoa, this is crazy!"* he thought. *"I didn't know the technology could do this!"*

Right before his eyes, his mom's pendulous wonders separated from Heather's tummy gradually swinging up higher and higher above the teens ogling eyes until they finally reached their highest point and he was staring at the huge melonous undersides of his mom's fat tits.

"Holy shit, look at that!" Adam's brain screamed as he watched the weight of her huge jugs began to shift downward.

He could actually see the rippling waves of fatty flesh moving along the undersides of Heather's huge breasts as they fell back towards her tummy. The mother had a naughty smile on her face, her eyes glazed with delight and fixed on her son's, watching his reaction.

The plummeting udders finally collided with her tummy again and shuttered like jello jiggling in slow motion. An action that should have lasted a few seconds had become one full minute of cock-pulsing enjoyment.

Time suddenly returned to normal and Adam gasped with excitement. "Wow!"

"I take it you enjoyed that?" Heather giggled. "That was amazing!"

"Well, if you liked that...you're gonna love this," she said, giving him a quick peck on the lips. "**SLOW OUR MOVEMENTS FOR ONE HOUR!**" she commanded.

"Oh my God!" Adam wildly thought as his entire cock was gradually sheathed in a way he'd never forget. Moving this slowly, it took an entire pleasurable minute for his boner just to travel the length of his mom's vagina. This gave him a chance to enjoy every wonderful ridge of her cuntal lining as it slowly slipped over the meat of his tender pink boner. He felt his cum-drooling knob land against the rubbery head of his mother's cervix.

Heather's fleshy meat curtains parted as they spread out against her son's cock base.

"**OHHHHHHH SHIT!**" Adam thought as his eyes rolled back a little. In slow motion, he could really feel the back of his mom's pussy in wonderful detail. Female evolution had caused a woman's external o's to elongate, forming a big fleshy ring at the entrance to her

womb. Bottoming out had caused Adam's knob to completely disappear inside the cervical head, where hot slippery mucus sizzled on his glans.

Heather's lips began to curl into a naughty little smile as she studied her son's reaction. She was glad she had sprinkled him with edging dust. It allowed him to achingly ride on the edge of an orgasm for hours without cumming.

She squeezed her cunt-muscles expertly, clutching her new man's prick in her greedy cunt. *"It's so big and thick...and it's all mine,"* she thought.

As they continued humping in slow motion, Heather quickened her fuck-rhythm, so that, in slow-motion, one power thrust lasted about fifteen seconds, before their crotches smacked together in an wet echoing **THUD!**

Adam watched his mom lower one of her huge breasts to his mouth. It was quite the sight watching her wide thick areola and fat nipple slowly descend to his mouth. *"Holy fuck, I'm gonna suck mom's tits!"* his brain excitedly shouted.

As Heather's papilla slipped into her boy's mouth, his wonder-filled face sunk into spongy flesh of her tit.

*"**WHOA!!**"* the teen's brain gasped as he became masked in warm tit-meat.

Over the next hour, Adam felt his mom's meaty melon slosh against his smothered face as he sucked at her nipple to his heart's content. All this, while feeling his cock slowly swallowed by her juicy cunt over two-hundred times.

Having his beautiful curvy mom cum on him in slow-motion was something he'd never forget. Her screams were long and drawn out. The feel of her trembling flesh at that speed was unlike anything he

ever imagined experiencing. Then, there was the feel of her cunt-sleeve contracting around his cock, the rows of corrugated ribs along her lining sucking wetly at his glans and shaft. In slow-motion, feeling her female ejaculate blast from her urethral meatus and swirl hotly around his prick was mind-blowing. Every squeeze, every cry, every thrust was accentuated a thousand-fold at this speed. The hour seemed to last forever and they both loved it.

As soon as the hour was up, their bodies suddenly continued fucking vigorously at normal speed. His mom's nipple was yanked from Adam's mouth and replaced by her lips. They kissed passionately, their tongues dueling in an excited frenzy for several minutes. The mother continued to pump her cunt on her boy's prick ceaselessly. "Are you ready to cum, baby?" she gasped between kisses. "Are you ready to shoot a juicy load inside your girlfriend?"

"Yes!" the boy excitedly answered.

"**REMOVE HIS EDGING DUST, THEN SLOW US DOWN AGAIN!**" the mom shouted.

Once again, time moved in slow-motion. The teens ogling eyes watched his mom's boobies put on a show, swinging and rippling slowly, above his lustful gaze. After ten minutes and nearly forty juicy cunt-plunges, he felt his orgasm begin to swell. At this speed, his climax was greatly intensified. His entire body shuddered in reaction to the most intense cum he'd ever experienced. Huge ropes of hot semen blasted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit, splattering against his mother's walls. Adam could never have imagined that he'd experience a ten minute orgasm, but that's exactly what happened and his mind was blown by every second of it.

"Wow!" he gasped breathlessly, as time returned to normal and they lay there holding each other in mid-air.

Heather lifted her head and gazed down into her boy's eyes. "So, do you think you're gonna enjoy being lost in space with mom?" she

teased.

"Immensely," Adam answered.

They lowered to the bed and drifted off to sleep, holding each other's naked bodies the entire time.

Adam woke up surrounded in moms. "**WHOA!**" he exclaimed in shock, quickly sitting up in bed. This cause all the clones of Heather to giggle. There must have been thirty of them, all exactly the same and all completely naked. Some where in bed with him, others floated in various parts of the room. They all gaze at him like a flock of hungry vultures.

Adam rubbed his eyes, thinking he must be dreaming, but they were all still there when he brought his hands down. "Which one of you is my real mom?" he asked.

"Over here, baby," Heather answer, standing in sexy pose in the corner, with her tits thrust out.

"How many of you are there?" "There can be a few," she answered.

"Or there can be hundreds," the mom sitting next to him whispered with a mischievous smile.

Adam looked around at the multitude of sexy moms all around him. They all looked exactly alike, big tits and all, and they all gazed at him in pure lust.

"Holy shit!" he muttered, making all the moms giggle at his reaction.

His real mom hovered over the bed, looking down at him. "So you see, my love...I can give you that wonderful one-on-one loving, like we had earlier," she said.

Another mom leaned over, squashing her enormous jugs against him. "Or, I can bury you in mommies," she whispered.

She fell onto his chest and began licking at his neck. A mom's body suddenly appeared beneath him, so he was now trapped between two sets of huge boobs. Each mom flailed her thick tongue against his neck, while others began clawing at him.

He felt soft hands pulling and groping at his cock and balls. He felt what had to be four, five...maybe even six tongues twirling against his fat cock-head. Of course by this time his dick was rock hard again.

"You can spend all day smothered in big-breasted moms," Heather's sweet voice whispered at his ear.

"Sucking and chewing on their titties," the voice at the other ear said.

The mothers piled on the bed, determined to kiss, lick and suck the boy's flesh. Adam threw his head back, gasping in delight as he felt dozens of lips and whipping lickers shower his body with lusty affection.

His mom's face almost magically emerged from between two of the dangling breasts, her mouth moving right up against his and kissing him passionately.

"Can you smell it, baby?" One voice asked, while he made out with his mom-clone.

"All the hot horny pussy," another added.

A mouth appeared above his eyes as he continued to suck face with another. "They all wanna be fucked by that big strong cock. To pull all the cum out of those big baby-soft balls," the mouth whispered.

Adam could feel the fingers of multiple hands squeezing his scrotum with their long painted nails, digging into the tender meat of his nuts.

"Can you feel it, baby?" One of the moms asked.

"Can you feel the hungry pussy swallowing you?" Another finished.

Adam felt his cock sink into the hot juicy grip of a tight pussy. He would have answered, but the mom at his lips was sucking his tongue like a cock. His erection glided up and down the warm clutches of a mom-clone's cunt. Oddly, he could still feel the half-dozen tongues fluttering against his manhood as well.

"Ohhhh, that's what you want, isn't it, sweetheart? You wanna spend your day fucking pussies...." one voice said.

"And fucking mouths..." another continued as Adam felt the wet warmth of his mom's mouth plastered around his own.

"And fucking buttholes..." the voice at his ear hissed. The cunt suddenly became the tight searing heat of Heather's ass. He could feel her elastic butt-ring pulsing and squeezing around the base of his shaft, while his fat knob soaked deep in her rectum.

"Blowing load after load of hot creamy cum into your mother," another voice said.

That was about all Adam could take. The huge soft titties...the lashing tongues…and now the warm grinding feel of his mom's humping ass was just too much for him. His lean body gave off a few involuntary jerks as his cum-load rocketed up his cock.

He let out a guttural grunt, which was muffled by a meaty boob that drug across his face.

The ass in his lap was rocking wilding as Heather's clone stirred her bowels with her Adam's big spoon. Hot blasts of cum splattered against the walls of her shit-chute as Adam came with furious intensity.

The moms giggled as they heard Adam groaning beneath the pile of smothering breasts.

As his super-orgasm subsided, Adam became aware that there were no longer copies of his mom piled on top of him. There was just one...the one who had been watching all along as she floated majestically in a standing position above him, her cute little toes pointed downward. Her monstrous tits jutted way out from her chest, with fat aroused nipples at their peaks

"Is it my turn now?" She asked lovingly.

As if diving beneath the ocean, Heather's body rolled forward and moved face-first towards her son. Her little bare feet fluttered behind her, propelling her body down to his, where she stopped just short of his face.

Adam felt his mom's hands touch his chest as her lips moved in for a slow, soft kiss.

His eyes traveled past his mom's head, gazing up at her long matronly frame. His body shivered as he looked at the swell of her rounded bubble butt and the backside of her long silky-smooth legs as they pointed straight up at the ceiling.

Heather bent one of her legs back playfully, clenching her cute little toes, making her boy's cock flex back to full hardness.

The mother tilted her body up so that her humongous tits dangled above her son's eyes. She moved her shoulders a little, making her ballooning mammaries swing from side to side teasingly.

"Do you like your new girlfriend's tits, baby?" she cooed.

"Heck yeah!"

Adam was so fucking aroused he was at a loss of words.

Heath brought her lips down to her son's ear, letting her squishy chest flatten out against his. "Adam," she whispered.

"Yes?"

"Fuck me!" She hissed in an almost unworldly voice.

Adam groaned as he woke in his bed alone. *"Had it all been a dream?"* he thought.

The door to his room slid open and Heather strode inside. She wore only a short silk robe that molded around the contours of her voluptuous frame.

"Well, hello there, lover. Welcome back to the world of the living," she beamed, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Mom?" he said.

"Yes, love?"

"Was all that floating around the room and multiple mom stuff real… or was I dreaming that?" he asked. Heather giggled and brushed the hair from his eyes. "Yes, my young sweetheart...it was all very real," she said. "There were so many of you," he muttered.

"You liked being buried in mom-flesh, didn't you?" she smiled. "Did I ever!" Adam answered.

"Well, maybe after you eat something, we'll come back to the bedroom and let my man take on a group of mommies here on the bed. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Can we just do it now. I'm not all that hungry," he eagerly asked.

"You really think you can handle five or ten of me on an empty stomach?" she asked. "Healthy boys fuck longer and harder...and you won't be a healthy boy if you don't eat."

"You're so cool mom." Adam said adoringly.

"Why, because I've agreed to be your girlfriend and let you fuck the shit out of me?" she grinned.

"Well, yeah...that too, but...I don't know...I just can't imagine spending the rest of my life with anyone else," he confessed.

Heather smiled as tears welled up in her eyes. "Funny you should say that, because...I feel the same way about you. I mean, how lucky am I to be stuck aboard this ship with someone so young and handsome. Someone who has the biggest, dreamiest dick a girl could ever want. I can think of no one else I rather wrap my legs around," she admitted, tracing her nails across his chest.

"Thanks," Adam sighed.

"You know...I think you and I need to do something...before we even bring more of me to our bed again. "What's that?" Adam asked.

"We need to make love," she whispered.

Adam's heart skipped a beat. He wondered how it would differ from the incredible sex he'd already experienced with her.

"Isn't that what we were kinda doing?" Adam asked.

"No...earlier we fucked, but here, on the bed, without the aid of modern technology, this is where we make love. Do you want me to explain the difference to you, sweetie?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Lay down," she whispered, pushing her son's chest until he lay flat on his back.

Heather scooted onto the bed and curled her legs to the side. She rested her hand on the other side of Adam, so she was now leaning over him, her big oversized breasts kissing his chest through the thin silk material. She gazed down into his eyes, brushing her long dark trusses off her face.

"Sometimes, when a man and a woman have sex, they let their primitive sides come out and they look more like two sweaty animals attacking each other than two people making love," she giggled. "When two people get wild like that and they buck, claw and grind...that's called fucking."

"I see."

"When you were hovering above the bed and couldn't move. When my ass was beating against you like that...I was fucking my baby's cock."

"Your 'baby' really liked that," Adam admitted.

"My baby better have...because his momma's big butt's gonna spend a lot of time beating against him that way," she informed her boy.

"You're butt felt really good too, mom."

"You liked those soft plump ass-cheeks did you?" "Oh yeah!"

"Those aren't the only things big and soft you like," she reminded him, making her tits wobble back and forth a little.

Heather's robe had parted enough for Adam to see her long gaping cleavage. He couldn't believe it was all his. "Tell me about making love," he said.

"Well, unlike fucking, when two people make love it's like a slow intricate dance. You spend lots of time exploring your lover's body...searching for every little nerve ending. And after you find their sweet spots you make them cum again and again and again," she said, lowering her face to Adam's.

"I like the sound of that," he sighed.

"I hope so, because you're stuck aboard this ship with a girlfriend who really likes to make love."

Adam's eyes were drawn to her boobs, half-flattened against his chest as she leaned over him. Her fat orbs oozed from the slit in the robe, squashing out against his chest like soft warm bread-dough.

"Adam?" Heather said, drawing his eyes back to hers. "Make love to me," she whispered.

"Here?" Adam asked nervously.

"No...I have a better spot in mind," she answered, leaping to her feet.

Adam climbed off the bed and stood in front of his mom, his big boner wagging lewdly in front of her. "Turn around," Heather said playfully.

When Adam turned, his mom jumped on his back and wrapped her arms and legs around him for a piggy-back ride. She let out a cute little scream and giggled as she clung onto him.

"Mmmmm, my strong sweetheart," she said, clawing at his chest.

Adam reached down and grabbed her thick thighs, holding her up. He gasped when he felt how soft and smooth they were.

"Straight ahead, loverboy!" she ordered.

Adam carried his mom out of their room and across the main living area, her strong copper-tone mommy-legs coiled around his waist. He could feel Heather's soft breasts sloshing heavily against his bare back as they moved.

"The elevator," she whispered excitedly.

Adam carried his mom inside the small elevator and the door closed. Turning to face the door, he felt his mom's little feet slide up his thighs as she planted sensual kisses to the side of his face.

"You gonna let mommy spend some time on you...finding your little sweet spots...hhhhhmmm?" Heather cooed between kisses, in a sultry voice.

"Yeah…all you want."

"All I want, huh? Are you sure you can handle all I want?"

"I can try," he boy replied.

The door opened and Adam carried his mom into the control room. "Put me down, baby," she whispered.

Heather slipped off of Adam's back and before he could turn around she already had the tie to her robe undone. He watched the thin silk covering slip off her shoulders and fall to the floor. Her huge drooping tits teetered gently from side to side as they sprung free. Her nipples were engorged and throbbing to be sucked on.

Adam's sexy mother took his hand and led him over to the big oversized control chair. Heather sat on the edge of the seat and Adam stood between her legs. With the flick of a switch the chair lifted higher into the air until it was at waist level. She coiled her arms around her baby.

They both looked down and could see that Adam's boner was now pointed straight towards his mother's squeezebox, only a few inches away from the cleft of her pudenda.

They both lifted their eyes at once and Heather fed her son a naughty little smile. "I thought this was a fitting place to christen the new captain of my love life with some passionate lovemaking," she explained.

Using her feet on the back of his thighs, Heather pulled her son closer until his big bulbous knob sunk between the pedals of her labial meat, splitting her twat.

"Come on, baby…blast your rocket into the warm wet clutches of mommy's cuntal universe," she mewled, pulling her son's rock-hard cock up her fiery birth canal.

Adam groaned as he felt his penis being swallowed by hot **MILF** pussy. Deeper and deeper it plunged as Heather took his impressive length all the way to his nut-sack. Just as his pubic bone squashed against her swollen clit, Adam felt his fat pinkish-purple bulb turn slightly upward as it met the spongy head of Heather's cervix.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, as Heather tightened her fuck muscles around his girth and the puffy ring of her external o's shrouded his knob with slick suction.

"No…not 'oh, God…Oh, Mom," Heather teased, acknowledging the fact that she was now the matronly Goddess of his young world. She would be the one constantly milking his cock off.

Heather slowly moved her lips to Adam's, tilting her head as they met for a long sensual kiss. Their tongues met and began a slow twisting dance. Heather's long pink snake fluttered circles around her son's, showing it's experience.

As they kissed, the mother used her cunt muscles to squeeze the meat of her son's spear, smothering it within warm exquisitely-ribbed lining of her vagina.

"You like that?" she whispered between kisses. "Yeah," Adam's voice quivered.

"I'm gonna spoil my baby's dick with this pussy," she cooed, digging her heels into his thighs so that his cockhead was crushed against her cervix.

Heather fell back onto her elbows arching her back so that her big ballooning tits rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. Adam took hold of her wide birthing hips and gazed at the trimness of her belly and her cute little naval. His eyes traveled down to her shaved pubis and the swollen clit that bulged from her prepuce. The fact that he was seeing his own mom this way, with the pussy that had birthed him now stretched around the meat of his manhood, made his knees go weak.

The teen's instincts took over and he began slowly sawing his cock in and out of it's new sheath. Heather rocked a bit, meeting her son's downward strokes, so their crotches beat together.

"That's it, sweetie...feed me that big cock!" her voice gasped.

They fell into a nice steady fuck-rhythm and Adam stared in awe at Heather's huge round tits as they rolled up and down her chest. The mother brought her legs up into the birthing position, allowing him more room to thrust between her thighs.

The boy watched half his boner emerge, glistening with her cuntal juices, then he hammered back inside her, making his mom gasp sharply.

"That's it, baby...long deep thrusts, just like that." Heather sighed.

"Oh, it feels so good, mom," Adam moaned, feeling her ribbed walls chew at his tender penile flesh.

Heather quickly sat up again and wrapped her arms and legs around him, crushing her fat tits against his chest.

"Oh, my baby!" She cried out burying her face into the soft of his neck as she began having a tit-quivering orgasm.

Adam continued fucking steadily and now Heather's strong motherly legs were assisting him. It was quite the site…a thirty-nine-year-old big breasted mother of two, clutching her eighteen-year-old son like a cock-hungry whore as he held her, thrusting into her with his big oversized dick. If there could ever be a perfect picture of mother/son ball busting this would surely be it.

Adam was in complete euphoria as he felt his mom's tongue plow against the sensitive tendons in his neck. Then there was the feel of her humongous boobs sloshing against his chest. However, the best part was her skilled squeezebox clasping and milking his engorged sex organ as it burrowed in and out.

"Oh, God, Mom...I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

Heather whimpered, resting her head on his shoulder as one powerful climax rolled into another. "I'm cumming again too, baby. Cum with me!" she cried out.

She grasped his ass, digging into the tender flesh with her long nails and pulling her son in deep with every inward thrust. "Adam...look at me!" she exclaimed, as they both traveled to the brink of orgasmic bliss.

Adam looked into his mom's eyes as their bodies continued to thrash together. There was a look about her that he had never seen before. With her mouth slightly open and her eyes beginning to roll back, it was that pre-orgasmic glow and he fucking loved it.

"**OOOHHHHH, GOD!!!!**" she screamed out, gushing all over his fat cum-spewing prick.

The boy held her body against his as she convulsed. Spewing his own hot ball-juice into his mom's pussy seemed so primal. Thick milky ropes splashed against the back of his mom's vaginal cavity, mixing with her own female ejaculate that squelched around Adam's pink boner.

For two full minutes the cum-squirting couple bucked and thrashed their pissers together until at last they had milked each other's orgasms completely.

As they held each other and caught their breath, a voice suddenly came from the corner of the control room. They both instantly recognized it.

"It's you're father!" Michelle stated in disbelief.

The pair dislodged, their creamy ejaculatory cocktail oozing out onto the seat. Together, they walked over to the ship's radio.

"Heather or Adam...if you can hear me...please respond or switch on your homing beacon!" the voice said.

"He found us," Adam muttered in disbelief.

"No...he didn't. He could still be millions of miles away. Only if we respond will he find us," Michelle stated. "So...should we respond?" Adam asked.

Heather took her son's hand and stared up into his eyes.

"Last night, when I was fucking you...I discovered something," she told him. "Discovered what?"

"That I had found my new love, and that nothing in this universe was going to change that...not even your father, if he eventually happened along," she confessed.

"Wow," the boy muttered.

"I'll understand if you wanna go back," Heather stated, "but if you stay...I'll promise you this...you'll get more sexual pleasure than you would **ANYWHERE** else, **EVER!**" Heather promised, clutching Adam's balls in her tiny hand.

"How can I turn my back on that?" the boy sighed.

"Heather and Adam, can you hear me?" Adam's dad's voice asked.

Heather smiled at the radio. "Sorry, honey...I have a hot young cock to take care of now," she said jokingly, squeezing her son's still-hard prick.

"Don't worry, dad, I'll take care of mom's pussy for you." Adam stated, making his mom giggle.

Heather threw her arms around his neck and kissed her new love. "Damn fucking right you will!" She teased.

The beautiful mother took hold of his boner and led him from the control room. Adam watched her naked bubble butt sway seductively and the sloping sides of her tits wobble heavily with every step.

"I think somebody needs to spend the rest of the day buried under a pile of mommies," she suggested, gazing back with a wink.

"I think you're right." Adam agreed, his heart racing with excitement. **ONE YEAR LATER** Adam and Heather's spacecraft was like a spec of sand drifting in the star-dotted sea of deep space. Inside the craft, the rooms were still and silent, except for one.

Adam's favorite music blared through the couple's bedroom. It had a deep erotic beat. Perfect music for fucking to. Joining the tune was a chorus of beautiful whimpers and screams, all in Heather's voice.

Floating in the center of the room was a huge mass of naked female flesh. It was nearly a hundred Heather look-a-likes, rubbing their cunts frantically while trying desperately to get to the boy at the center of the pile. Their bodies glowed with perspiration, liked they been at it tirelessly for hours.

Hovering on his back, at the nucleus the flesh-heap, was Adam's young body. The boy was encapsulated on all side by silky tangled limbs, giant squishy tits and dozen of beautiful, pleasure-filled faces that matched his mother's. The one on top of him seemed to be the Queen Bee. Her thick rounded ass rippled delightfully as she pounded their crotches together in sexual intercourse. Unlike the other surrounding clones of Heather, this one had a huge pregnant belly that bulged out as it lay sandwiched between her and her son.

"**FUCK!**" Adam gasped, tit-milk spewing out the corners of his mouth as he peeked out from his mom's humongous milk-engorged boob, gasping for air.

His lips weren't left unattended for very long. One of his mom's clones swooped in and began kissing him passionately. He could feel women beneath him, kissing and licking his flesh, while rubbing their fatty tits against him. He could feel tongues…**LOTS** of tongues licking various parts of his body. One mommy had her pretty face buried between his buns, worming her flailing licker into his asshole. More moms were nursing on his nuts, pulling them in opposite directions, tugging on the cord of his vas deferens.

"Hhmmff!" the boy whimpered as he basked in pleasure. This had become the norm for Adam over the past year. Sometimes, he just had his mom clone one of herself, for a wild threesome. Other times, like today, he wanted to be buried in mommies.

Everywhere he looked was flesh that looked just like his mother. His real mother, however, looked a little different these days. Heather had just reached her ninth month of pregnancy and she was packing twin boys in her womb. This didn't stop the pretty mother from being an absolute fuck-hound. If anything, she was even more hyper-sexual, due to her hormones being out of balance.

"God, mom!" the boy gasped, throwing his arms around her as she dropped down, burying his entire head between her milk-swollen udders.

Heather pushed her cock-stretched cunt-lips down, making them mash around the root of her boy's hard muscular erection. She did a wonderful hula-gyration with her hips, stirring his fuck-spike deep in her clasping cunt.

"Ohh my God, baby!" She cried out. "I love your dick so fucking much!"

Adam thrust his hips beneath her, socking his prick inside her with powerful pumps. He was rewarded by feeling her prenatal body shudder and a stream of hot girl-cum cascade down over his nuts.

The boy kissed his way up the quivering inner contour of one of her giant breasts until he found her engorged nipple. The caps of Heather's tits were more pronounced and a dark shade of purple from increased blood flow. Warm tit-nectar shot into the boy's sucking mouth as he gorged himself on as much tit-flesh as he could. His entire face sunk deep into the spongy meat of her oversized breast.

"Wow! This is so fresh!" the boy thought, fucking up into his mom's snug pussy, while sucking on her thick nipples and swallowing down her flavorful breast milk.

"**SLOW US DOWN!**" Heather shouted, then things went into slow-motion mode. Every thrust was intensified as they continued to

hover through the air and fuck. It would have taken about twenty more minutes for Adam to cum at normal speed, but because his mom had slowed things down, that twenty-minutes became two more hours of exquisite sexual bliss.

After sleeping from sheer exhaustion, Heather made her boy breakfast. She always wore something sexy for him around the ship, whenever they weren't naked and fucking. Today she was adorned in a white sheer lace and mesh teddy that had open cups, allowing her monster tits to hang free, framed in by stretched ruffled straps. Her nipples and areola were covered by matching semi-sheer pasties in the form of hearts. The sheer bodice was stretched way out by the mother's huge pregnant tummy. "How is it?" Heather asked, gazing at her teen adoringly as he ate.

"Delicious," he replied.

"I'm surprised you were still hungry after all mommy's breast milk you consumed last night," Heather giggled.

"Me too," Adam agreed, looking at the massive bulge of her cleavage as she leaned against the table in front of him."I'm hoping to get some more of that soon."

"That can be arranged," the mother smiled, turning and walking toward the doorway. The negligee had a crotchless design, with a fully exposed rear. Heather peeked back at her boy and wagged her thick bubble butt teasingly. "Maybe you can nurse on mommy's nipple, while your cock is buried in her ass," she suggested.

"Sounds awesome!" her boy replied.

"You can even invite a few friends," she winked.

A few minutes later, Adam and his "friends" were surrounding the naked mother in the bedroom.

"Hi boys," the mother smiled, eyeballing the three huge erections that were pointed at her. Surrounding Heather was her son and two of his clones. Adam had learnt use the technology in the room to make carbon copies of himself, just as Heather had of herself for him.

"**LIFT HER UP AND SPREAD HER LEGS!**" Adam shouted.

Heather screamed playfully as the invisible force suddenly jerked her from the floor, facing her upward in mid-air and forcing her legs back in a huge spread eagle.

Adam sprung from the floor, maneuvering himself right beneath her. He reached around with one hand, squeezing one of her monster melons, while using the other hand to fit the knob of his boner to the ring of her asshole.

His two clones quickly flew into position also. One landed flat on top of Heather, squashing her baby orb between them. He split her cunt with his cock and rammed it inside, just as Adam's prick sunk into her tight sphincter.

The other clone hovered up near Heather's head, where she eagerly tilted her head back and stuffed his cock inside her mouth. The cock-filled mother whimpered from being triple-penetrated. The boys clung to her squishy pregnant body, humping wildly as they each found a ball-bumping rhythm.

"Goodness gracious, I've died and gone to heaven!" the mother's mind squealed. She felt one cock plunge down her throat. She had learnt to control her gag reflex, allowing her son and his clones to really use her mouth and throat like a pussy.

In her genital region, she could feel the boys hard dicks rubbing together through the wall that separated her vaginal and anal cavities.

"Ahhh!" Adam sighed, pushing his erection deep into his mom's rectum. Fucking her snug ass was so wonderful it had become a daily routine for him. Sometimes Heather would lay face down, allowing her boy to sprawl out on her back and pound against her meaty rump for hours. Other times she would simply bend over and let him fuck her ass from behind.

The clone on top of the mother hissed against her arched neck in pleasure as he pumped his steely hard prick through her cunt tube. Increased blood flow to Heather's genitals, due to being pregnant, had caused her vaginal rugae to engorge. This resulted in rows of exquisite ribs that gripped the boy's dick and created mind-blowing friction. The mother's gigantic milkers were crushed against his chest and sloshed wildly between them, tit-milk seeping from her engorged teats.

Adam loved squeezing onto his mom's lush body, while fucking up into her ass. The feel of her elastic ass-ring squeezing snugly up around his cock-root, while he buried his boner deep in her shitter was beyond amazing. Over the next hour, the boy would make his mom scream in sexual ecstasy over and over this way.

"**AHH, SHIT!**" the teen exclaimed, smacking his crotch against her lovely ass cheeks repeatedly. "**SLOW US DOWN!**" he shouted as he felt his prostate swell.

Adam loved slowing down time just before he came. It would draw out his orgasm and give twenty to thirty minutes of body quivering pleasure.

In slow motion, his pleasure-groan sounded like a long deep growl. "**AHHHHHHHHHHH!!**"

Heather loved experiencing three cocks spurt off inside her at once, especially with time slowed down this way. She could really feel the rigid meat of their boners flex and contract, within the clasping walls

of her throat, pussy and ass as they hosed out fat ropes of creamy cum.

"**LOWER ME TO THE BED!**" Heather commanded, as time returned to normal and her son's clones disappeared.

Adam's cock popped from his mom's pink asshole and he watched it clench closed. She slowly lowered to the bed, resting on her back, with her giant boobs and belly orb ballooning from her beautiful frame. She gazed up at her young lover and smiled. "You gonna stay up there staring?" she asked, then drew her knees back, bowing her thick, smooth thighs open. "Or are you gonna come down here and fuck mommy solo?"

Alan's heart beat wildly as he lowered down between his mom's cradling legs. He rammed his huge cock in all the way, making them both gasp and roll their eyes back in pleasure.

"Pound the fuck out of me, baby!" the mother whimpered, rocking her hips to set her son in motion.

The boy's ass flew up and down wildly between her thighs as he fucked her pussy savagely. Heather threw her long lovely legs up high around his back. Her dainty bare feet bobbed around in mid-air from the power of his fuck-thrusts. Her beach ball-sized belly bulged out at the sides, sandwiched between her and her humping boy. The lewd wet clapping sound of Adam's balls beating against her thick ass filled the room.

"**OH, GOD, I'M GONNA CUM, ADAM!!**" the mother squealed. She clenched her pretty white teeth together and arched her back from the mattress, lifting her boy.

Adam threw his arms around the center of her raised back, squeezing her body tightly while hammering his hardness inside her. This caused his mother to convulse and scream out, gushing her female ejaculate all over his pumping prick.

"Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her spongy pelvic floor contract around his prick, while watching her fat jugs swing around on her chest wildly.

He jabbed his boner in deep, feeling his bell tip become shrouded inside the flesh of her partially-dilated cervical entrance. His cock flexed, his knob mushrooming even bigger as it was swathed in hot slippery mucus. "**FUCK!**" he groaned as he felt his nuts clench in their sack.

Heather could tell her son was close to popping. "Cum in me, baby!" she sang in her beautiful motherly voice. "**YESS!!**" Adam grunted, his hips jerking wildly. "**UGH!!**"

Thick geysers of pearlescent baby-makers blasted from the boy's meatus, painting his mom's fuck-tunnel. For several minutes they bucked and writhed together in orgasmic bliss.

Finally, Adam became motionless and rested atop his squishy mother in satisfied exhaustion. "That was…amazing!" he sighed, catch his breath.

"Isn't it always?" Heather asked, stroking the back of his hair with her long nails.

"Yes," the boy answered, feeling his mom's teats leaking beneath his chest. "And it always will be…forever and ever."

THE END

MOM'S HELPFULNESS

By Klrxo

PART 1

"Oh, Alden, we got here as quick as we could, baby! What happened?" Kat asked in motherly concern as she rushed to her son's hospital bedside.

Darci, his stepmom, had also come along and the dainty four-inch heels of both women clicked delicately on the hospital room floor as they hurried over to each side of the teen.

"I took a bad hit in practice. The doctor said both my arms are broken."

"Both arms?!" the brunette mother gasped.

"Unfortunately."

"Oh my God! I would hug you, baby, but I don't wanna touch your arms."

Alden always found comfort staring into his mom's doting brown eyes. She looked like the Italian **TV** host, Sara Varone, with long dark trusses and sensual bee-stung lips. Her cami top was packed with the meat of her triple-G cup tits, which were squashed together to form an extraordinary cleavage.

Looming on the other side of him was Darci, his pretty red headed stepmom. Her smoldering green eyes stared down into Alden's with concern. "Your dad would have come, but he's still at that work conference in Boston," she explained, then rubbed his arm. "I'm here though, for whatever you need."

Kat leered over at her ex-husband's wife for a moment. She appreciated the fact that Darci showed such concern for her kids, but was also naturally possessive, being their biological mother. Her

divorce from Alden's father four years ago was amicable. They had both remarried and she was madly in love with her new husband, Frank.

"The doctor wants me to stay the night and go home tomorrow," Alden remarked. The mothers gave each other an amused smile, as it seemed like the boy was directing his comment at Darci's bulging tit-cleavage.

"Well, at least you have your own room," his mom pointed out. "You don't have to share it with any sick, smelly old men."

"That's true," her boy chuckled.

"How's the pain?" Darci asked, feeling his forehead. "Have they given you anything?"

"Yeah, some sort of pain med. It seems to be working."

"Good," Kat said soothingly. "If you start hurting, you be sure and let me know and I'll have them give you more."

"Will do," the boy smiled. He felt intimidated surrounded by such beautiful mature women, smelling the wonderful aroma of their sweet perfume. He had fantasized about both of them…imagining what it would be like to have their luscious silky-sheened legs thrown around him in a clutching fuck-hold. He knew that they both must have powerful cunt-tubes and well-conditioned vaginal muscles that would provide a guy's cock with mind-blowing pleasure.

Alden squirmed a bit as his hospital gown began to tent up at the crotch. "What's wrong, Alden? Are you uncomfortable? Do you need me to adjust the bed?" Darci asked.

"No, I'm just um…having some issues down there, sorry," he awkwardly answered, motioning to his crotch.

The moms peered down and saw the broad helmet of his erection pushing up from beneath the blanket. They looked across at each other a moment, with wide eyes, then back at the teen's bulge. "Oh boy, this might be a problem," Kat stated, then looked into her son's eyes. "Have you…gotten any release at all today, honey?" she asked.

"Not since last night. It's been a pretty busy day, mom, and then this…" he answered, motioning to his broken arms that were wrapped and propped up on pillows to either side of him.

Darci looked across at Kat. "With two broken arms, it's gonna make masturbation pretty difficult," she pointed out.

"More like impossible," Kat added.

"Do you think one of you guys could, um…help me?" Alden brazenly asked.

The mother's mouths fall open as they glanced over at one another in surprise. Kat especially, never expected to receive such a request from her son. She looked back at him. "Well, I don't know how appropriate that would be, baby, but…"

"But…" Darci interrupted, "maybe your mom and I should go out in the hallway and talk for a few minutes."

"Oh…sure," Kat smiled, then patted her son. "Be right back, darling."

Clicking heels filled the room as the moms made their way out. Alden watched their rounded rumps undiluted beneath their mini skirts as they sashayed out into the hallway.

"Well, **THIS** is certainly an awkward situation," Kat confessed to Darci, once they were in private.

"Yes, but unfortunately he's helpless, and I'd feel awful if we left here without doing anything for him."

"I can't just go in there and do something for him," Kat giggled. "I'm his mother."

"Right. You go then and I'll stay and help him take care of his issue," Darci offered. "I'm not his real mom, so things shouldn't be **AS** weird."

Kat's motherly instincts kicked into overdrive. She knew the situation was out of the ordinary, but another woman, especially one that shared the roll of mom with her, helping the boy in such a personal way, made her feel incredibly jealous.

"Take care of his issue how?" Kat asked.

"Don't worry, Kat…I'm not gonna rip off my panties and crawl on top of him, if that's what you're worried about?" Darci teased. "I'll do it the same way **HE** would. Just give him a quick handjob, with a little dirty talk, until he ejaculates."

Kat didn't question the idea of dirty talk. She knew that was something that all men enjoyed, while they were being stroked off. Her problem was the fact that she was excusing herself from the process because of moral feelings.

"What about when he comes home tomorrow? He's a teenager…he's obviously gonna need this done to him at least twice a day," Kat remarked.

"Alden is more that welcome to stay with us until he heals up. Him and I could work out a schedule to give him release, when his father's at work, of couse," Darci offered.

Kat inwardly objected. "I'll be damned if I'm gonna let his stepmom emerge as the sole hero in this situation!"

"No…most of this responsibility should fall on **MY** shoulders. I'm his mother," Kat stated in a determined tone. "We can certainly work

together as a team of moms to take care of his sexual needs, but I need to take the lead on this."

Darci smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "Ok, then lead away," she said.

"We should let the nurse station know he's sleeping, so they don't bother us, but we'll lock his room door, just in case."

"I'll take care of that," Darci said.

"We may not be able to do this again until he gets home tomorrow, so I wanna make sure we give him a **REALLY** strong ejaculation to tide him over," Kat insisted.

"If you wanna handle 'boner-beating' duty, I can work his balls over," Darci suggested. "That'll probably make him cum harder than he ever has, I guarantee it."

"I definitely want his balls involved, and I love your dirty-talk idea, but I also had something else in mind," the mother shared.

Alden watched the two mothers stride into the room confidently, the swell of their heavy tits trembling beneath their tops. His mother closed the door and locked it, making his heart skip a beat from the suspense of what might come next.

His mom stepped over and her luscious lips curled into an anxious smile. "We're gonna help you get some release…but not a word about this to anyone, ok, baby?"

"Alright," the boy answered, staring over at Darci as she began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Hey!" his mom blurted, getting his attention. "I mean it…not a word!"

"I won't say anything."

His mom grabbed her cell phone, got on her Spotify account and began playing the song "Love on the brain" by Rihanna. Then, she used the remote to lower his hospital bed, until it was only a couple feet from the floor.

"Why did you lower me this much?" he curiously asked.

"So you have a better view of us," his mom replied, as she began moving erotically to the song.

Alden watched in wide-eyed wonder as the two moms slowly swung their wide hips to the beat, while removing their blouses. Big delicate floral-laced bras shrouded their enormous tits. Their bulging cleavages were spilling out the tops and the boy could see the thick nubs of their teats protruding out from beneath the silky fabric.

Kat and Darci peeled their skirts over their lush hips and down their freshly-shaved legs, moving their voluptuous bodies erotically to the beat. Their dainty panties hugged their pubic mounds, outlining the contours of their tumescent vulvas.

Alden's mother thrust her chest out, making the twin orbs of her bra-covered mams float over him like a fluffy cloud. She reached back with both hands and unfastened the straining hooks, separating the thick silky strap that crossed her back. Her entire bosom shifted down from their immense weight being released from the tit-sling.

The teenager's cock jumped beneath his hospital gown, mushrooming an extra inch in length as he watched his mom pull the huge bra cups away, releasing her colossal tits. Kat's knockers wobbled back forth from the motion of her gyrating hips. The rings of her areolas were wide, spreading out across the peaks of her tits. They were thickly textured and dotted with Montgomery tubercles. At their centers were long rubbery teats. Alden simply couldn't

believe he was staring at his own mom's breasts. For years he imagined this moment, but never thought it would actually transpire.

The only thing that could possibly make him look away, were naked tits of equal size. That's exactly what his stepmom had. Darci peeled away her big pink bra, releasing her own monstrous melons. She grinned at the teen lasciviously, watching his astounded reaction. She provided an added thrill by shaking her shoulders, making her ballooning charms teeter heavily back and forth.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped, gawking at Darci's thick-nippled headlights.

His mother's motions distracted him as she hooking her thumbs under the thin elastic strap of her panties and tugging them down. She shamelessly exposed her boy to her most private body part. Her shaved crotch looked baby-smooth and her puffy outer labium joined in the middle to create a deep cuntal fissure.

His stepmom's pussy was slightly different looking. A thin, neatly-trimmed patch of auburn-colored pubic hair crowned her naked pudenda. Her fleshy, dark-pink inner-flanges protruded from her slit, making the boy lick his lips with desire.

The mothers both spun around in an erotic dance, making their ballooning boobies wobble delightfully. They rocked their lush hips, causing their plump, round asses to sway provocatively. Now the only thing they wore were their dainty four-inch mules. Their feet were arched inside them, so they were dancing on their squatted painted toes.

Kat pulled her son's hospital gown up and off. Both mothers let out gasps of shock and adoration as they stared at his jutting erection. Bulgy veins crisscrossed along the boy's thick shaft. A golf ball-sized knob crowned his big prick, with precum drooling from the slit of it's meatus.

"Goodness gracious, baby! Your penis looks like a big stick of dynamite ready to explode!" she teased.

"If feels that way too," he confessed.

Darci used the bed-remote to recline him perfectly for what they had in mind. Her giant tits dangled teasingly close to his face as she positioned a big pillow on the mattress, just above his head. "We're gonna gently move your arms, to make room for your mom and I on the bed," Darci said sweetly. "Let us know if we're hurting them too much though, ok?"

"Alright."

The women each took an arm and delicately lifted it back over his head and rested it against the pillow. "Perfect!" his mom blurted, smiling warmly down at him.

They slipped their feet from their heels and crawled onto the mattress with him. Alden watched in fascination as, one at a time, the two moms leaned over close to his prick and let trickles of saliva ooze out their pink lips and down onto his erection. His mom peered up at him, lingering there on all-fours for a moment, with her big udders hanging down. Her beautiful brown eyes gazed promiscuously through long fluttering lashes. "That saliva will lubricate your penis in our hands, baby," she explained.

"It looks like that one-eyed serpent is crying out big gooey tears of excitement," Darci pointed out, making reference to his Alden's precum. "That should help get his boner nice n slippery."

Both moms crawled up the sides of him like prowling cougars. Alden's body shuddered from the thrill of watching their huge dangling tits get closer and closer to his face. Each mom sprawled out beside him, snuggling in close, so they could both rest one of their heavy boobs across his lean, hairless chest.

The arm beneath them was folded, so they could prop their pretty heads up beside the teen and still gaze down at him. Some of their long silky hair was draped over his shoulders, tickling his neck as the three of them looked down at the throbbing purple-headed appendage that was pointed up at them.

Alden's mom looked over into his excited eyes and smiled, grazing her long red nails against his cheek gingerly. "Are you ready for us to wrap our pretty hands around it, baby?" she softly asked.

"Yes, ma'am!" his anxious voice hissed.

"Have you ever had a girl milk your cock, Alden?" his red headed stepmom asked.

"One girl touched it, but she didn't stroke on me," he answered.

"Well, girls your own age are probably shy when it comes to handling erections, but we moms aren't timid about that at all, darling," his mom assured him.

"That's right," Darci agreed. "We're **VERY** good at it, Alden, and we'll probably show you ways to squeeze and pull on your penis that you never tried before."

"Alright," the boy nodded excitedly.

"Mm, you just relax and enjoy this, baby," his mom mewled, tracing her nails teasingly down his chest. "You're unable to do this yourself, so let your moms help you get some good sexual release."

The teen shuddered, like an electric shock went through him, the moment the two women grasped on to his rigid prick. He felt their hands work the mixture of saliva and precum around his rigid phallus, coating it with slippery lubrication.

"Oh, fuck, Alden…your dick feels **SO** hot to the touch!" Darci sighed, then squeezed her circled fist around the girth at the base, feeling the blood pump though his sex organ.

Meanwhile, his mom was twisting her hand around the flaring knob, teasing his glans by grasping her fist around it. "It's good and coated now, baby. Are you ready for us to yank on your fat prick?" she asked.

"Yes!"

In unison, the two moms began stroking his cock up and down. Darci worked the meaty bottom half, while Kat focused on the knob. She gazed down into her boy's wondrous eyes and smiled as she jerked steadily. "Does that feel good, darling?" she asked, squeezing at the neck of his glans.

"Uh-huh!" he breathed.

"Pretty incredible having **TWO** hands beat your boner, isn't it, Alden?" Darci asked, yanking at the root.

"Yes," he answered, staring down between their jiggling tits and watching their skilled hands squeeze and jerk on his steely-hard penis. He looked up at their beautiful hovering faces that were peeking from the curtains of their long silky hair. Their eyes were glazed with passion as they studied the boy's reaction to their corkscrew strokes.

"Baby, look at me," his mom whispered, drawing his eyes to hers. "When you jerk off at home, do you like to imagine that your dick is squeezing through a hot pussy?" she brazenly asked.

He was too fucking turned on to answer, so he just nodded.

Darci tightened her grip a little, feeling the powerful muscles and tendons at the base of his shank. She peered down at her stepson.

"Your boner is **REALLY** fat, Alden," she cooed. "The slippery flesh of a hot pussy will feel **SO** amazing stretched around it."

"I bet!" the boy gasped, his cock flexing in their slick pumping hands.

"And your erection is **SO** fucking strong!" she added. "You'll take a girl's breath away with every thrust!"

"It's a **LONG** boner too!" his mom boasted. "Do you know what that means, darling?"

"What?"

"That means you'll get to feel the back walls of the girls you fuck," she answered. "You'll get to feel the pleasurable ring of a woman's cervix against your glans."

"Not all boys can do that, Alden," Darci commented. "Only ones with **REALLY** long dicks like yours."

"Oh, wow!" he moaned, enthralled by their dirty talk and the way their fists were jerking around his cock-meat.

Darci slipped her hand down over his scrotum and began combing her slippery fingers around his tender nuts. This freed up the lower-half of his shaft, so his mom could begin beating it from balls to knob.

"Mm, you haven't cum yet, baby! That's absolutely wonderful!" his mom beamed.

"It is?" Alden asked.

"Yes! That means you'll be able to fuck a girl's pussy hard and fast… for a really long time," his mom explained excitedly. "You'll be able to give her toe-curling pleasure, baby!"

"We girls **LOVE** to be pounded, Alden!" his stepmom added. "We love to have our asses fucked off and gush all over a big cock like yours!"

His mom quickly sat up beside his waist, so she could really jerk the fuck out of his cock. She peeked back over her shoulder with sultry eyes. "Pump your hips, baby boy! Meet that pussy in the middle! Feel it beat against your cock-base!" she cheered encouragingly.

Alden did as his mom directed, humping his hips from the hospital mattress steadily, spearing his hot dick through his mom's greasy grip.

Kat clenched her pretty white teeth together, staring down at his fat juicy knob as it slipped through the snug grip of her fist. She wickedly imagined what her son's bell-shaped bulb would feel like smashing against the back of her cunt. The wide rounded border of his corona would dig along the thickly pleated walls of her vaginal cavity and make her howl in pleasure.

"No…that can't happen!" she told herself. "This is about **HIS** pleasure and sexual release, not mine!"

Outside the room, in the hallway, two middle-aged nurses paused as they found Alden's door locked. "They're probably giving the boy some sexual release," the senior blonde nurse whispered to the other.

"You think so?" the rookie nurse asked.

"Yes. Any time we have a young man admitted and his mother comes to visit, it's best to give them their privacy," the blonde nurse stated.

"Do you ever catch mothers and sons screwing in these room?" the rookie asked in amusement.

"All the time! We had a boy just last week who had a whole group of female family members in there going at him," the senior nurse remarked.

"No shit?!"

"That's why I say, if the door's locked, just give them their space."

Back inside the room, Kat still stroked her boy's boner tirelessly, while Darci combed her long painted nails over and around the meat of Alden's nuts. "I think I'll change hands," the step mom blurted.

"Why's that?"

"Because I want my wedding ring to look like yours…covered in pre-ejaculate," she giggled.

Kat paused her cock-stroking a moment and released her boy's throbbing hardon. Because she was a lefty, her diamond wedding ring had become slimed up with ball-goo. "Look, baby," she said, holding it out for her boy to see. "My wedding ring is covered in your fresh nut-jizz. Isn't that cool?" she asked.

"Yes, but I doubt my stepdad would think so," he replied.

"I guess I'll have to lick it clean before I get home, so he'll never know," she winked.

"Can you imagine our husband's faces if they realized the tokens of their love, that they placed on our fingers, were squeezing up and down teenage cock and getting covered in spunk?" Darci giggled.

"They'd kill us," Kat laughed, then she noticed her boy's erection twitching. "Oh, baby…did mommy take the pussy away? I'm sorry," she mewled, then grasped onto his dick and began stroking it again. This time the skilled mother adjusted her slippery grip, so her thumb could glide across the band of his frenulum.

"Ahh!" the boy gasped, writhing in pleasure.

"Ohhh, that's a **GOOD** spot on your dicky, isn't it, baby?" Kat asked sensually. "We moms know where to give that hard slab of meat some extra attention!"

Darci crawled up to the boy on all-fours, then lowered her big tits, so they squashed out against Aden's chest, like soft fleshy pillows. She stared down into pleasure-filled eyes. "Stepmommy's gonna massage your perineum, baby boy" she said in a seductive tone. "She's gonna make your prostate swell so fucking much that you blast that hot cum right up to the ceiling."

She quickly moved down to join his mom, rubbing just where she said she would, between his balls and his anus. Alden's back arched from the mattress as his dick and nuts tingled delightfully. His mom's hand made a lewd creamy sound as it beat his cock relentlessly. "**THERE YOU GO**…**GET THAT FUCKING PUSSY, BABY!**" his mom cheered encouragingly. "**POUND THAT HOT MOMMY FUCK-HOLE AS HARD AS YOU CAN!**"

Even with her back to him, Alden could see the huge fatty contour of her side-boob as it bobbed and rippled from the motion of her enthusiastic cock-stroking. "Are you ready to show us how far you can squirt those ropes, baby?" she asked. "Are you ready for your mommies to milk off your big, strong, cunt-humping penis?!"

"Yes!" the boy loudly gasped. "**I'M GONNA CUM!!**"

His hips began making wild involuntary thrusts. The muscles in the root of his cock began to contract from powerful nerve impulses zapping through his penis. This made him give off a guttural grunt, pushing sperm into his prostate and urethra. Strong spasmodic contractions quickly shot his semen up his cum-tube and out of his cock.

Both mothers gasped in astonished delight as they watched his thick jizz-ropes sail high into the air. A few came down and splashed directly onto them, but they didn't mind at all. "Oh, Alden!" Darci cried out.

"That's my boy!" Kat shouted. "Paint those pink pussy-walls with cum, baby!"

For five mind-blowing minutes, Kat and Darci made sexy moaning sounds as they milked every bit of seed they could from the young man's balls.

"How's that for some release, baby?" his mom asked as her and Darci stood from the bed.

"That was pretty…uhh…epic!" the boy answered breathlessly, looking up at the rounded undersides of their enormous, meaty tits as they stood beside his bed with their hands on their hips.

"With that tide you over until tomorrow?" Kat inquired.

"It should," the boy answered, wondering if he had the same treatment to look forward to.

Watching his mom and stepmom put their clothes back on was almost as thrilling as watching them strip. They both faced away from him when the bent down to slip their panties on, giving him a good long look at their peach-shaped asses. He licked his lips with lustful desire, staring at both the ring of their assholes and the cuntal rifts that divided their smooth labial flesh.

"Well, your cum didn't hit the ceiling, Alden," Darci stated, "but it came pretty fucking close."

"Well, I guess I'll have to see if I can make him paint the ceiling with baby batter tomorrow," Kat said, winking mischievously at her teen.

"So, again tomorrow?" the boy asked anxiously.

His beautiful brunette mother stepped up next to him, using a towel to gently wipe the cum-splatters from his chest. "Baby, your arms aren't gonna heal overnight, which means your stepmom and I will need to help you until you can do it yourself again," Kat told him.

"At home you mean?" Alden asked.

"Yes. Darci and I will come up with a schedule, so we can share in the responsibility of milking you to orgasm," Kat explained, sharing a willing nod with her son's stepmom. "We'll have to be careful…with your father and siblings in the house, but I promise we won't let you suffer."

"We both love and care about you, kid," Darci expressed with a pretty smile. "We'll do **WHATEVER** we have to do to help you through this tough time."

"I love you guys too," Alden smiled. He never imagined that a crippling injury would yield him such pleasure, from two of the hottest women he's ever known.

PART 2

By Klrxo

"How's our handsome boy this morning?" Darci softly asked, hovering beside his bed.

Alden woke up to the sight of his stepmom's gigantic cleavage as she leaned over, gingerly stroking his face.

"I'm good, I guess. It sucks not being able to move around at night," the boy answered.

"It'll take some getting used to," his dad, Anthony, stated as his stood next to his stepdad, Mick.

"The worse are the itches you can't scratch," Mick stated. "I broke my arm when I was younger, so I feel for you, kid."

"That's why us moms are here, to make sure those 'itches' get scratched," Kat, his biological mother muttered, standing on the opposite side of the bed as Darci. She too wore a V-cut blouse, showing a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage.

"Listen, we just wanted to stop by before I had to head off to work," Anthony stated.

"Yeah, I need to take off as well," Mick said, checking his watch. "If there's anything you need, be sure and call us."

"Thank you guys," Alden smiled gratefully.

"I have to take the little one to an appointment this morning," Darci whispered, "but I'll be back this afternoon to see if I can be of help. In the meantime, I brought you a little something."

She set a small paper bag beside him, then gave him a short, but tender kiss.

After his dad, stepdad and stepmom left, he looked over at Kat. "Could you see what's in the bag for me, mom?" he asked, unable to do so with two broken arms propped up.

Kat opened the paper bag Darci had left and peeked inside. "Well, well, well…someone left you a piece of nose candy," she smiled, then reached in and pulled out a pair of dainty black panties.

"Yeah," Alden blushed. "I guess she did."

Kat was glad that Alden's stepmom was so good to him, but there was also a natural sense of competiveness and jealousy. Both women were gorgeous, with huge tits and succulent round asses, but there was always an inclination to one-up each other. "I bet mine are sexier than hers," Kat stated.

"You think so?" her son asked.

"Yeah, I mean cheeky-style is nice and all, but G-string panties are **WAY** sexier!" she answered, then stared down into his eyes. "Especially the ones you can see through."

"Those do sound nice, but I'm not too familiar with panty-styles or how they look on a girl," the teen confessed.

Kat smiled, then placed Darci's panties on his son's face, so he could smell the crotch. "Well, just because you can't go to school doesn't mean you can't learn something today. I'll be right back," she said, then stepped from his bedroom.

Alden sighed after inhaling the sweet tang of his stepmom's panty-gusset. He could clearly see both her pussy and his mom's in his mind, since they had just revealed them to him two days ago. Yesterday, the nurses had unfortunately moved him into a room with

another patient, so he was unable to get another mind-blowing handjob.

As he relived the incredible dick-yanking in his mind, his mom's voice broke his thoughts. "These are called hipsters-style panties," she announced, standing in his doorway wearing white 'hipsters' and her big white embroidered bra.

Alden gawked at the sexy panties. They had a boudoir laced front and were a semi-sheer mesh, allowing him to see the dark cleft of her vulva through the fabric. When she spun around, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. "Wow, I've never ones like that!" he gasped.

"They're called 'cage back hipsters,' his mom stated, giving her booty a little wag. The rear of her panties had a lattice design, allowing Alden to see his mom's luscious ass-crack.

"Dang, I would be amazed to see panties any sexier than that," the teen confessed.

"Prepare to be amazed then," his mom winked, then disappeared from his doorway.

Still sniffing from Darci's panties, Alden looked down at his crotch. His boner made the thin blanket tent-up obscenely. Unfortunately, with two broken arms, there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it. "I couldn't even get off yesterday. I'm gonna go crazy if I don't cum soon!" he thought.

"This style is called a micro T-string thong," his mom said, posing in his doorway. A small triangle of light-purple fabric hugged her vulva, showing it's puffy camel-toed outline.

"Wow!" Alden sighed. "I've heard of G-string, but never T-string panties before."

"**A T**-string is the same thing as a G-string, but at the back there's no little triangle. There's just three strings, see…" She explained, then spun around, cocking her thick rounded ass out for her son to observe. The thin purple straps crossed her hips and the third disappeared between the succulent cheeks of her buttocks.

"Dang…I doubt they make panties much more revealing than those," the boy commented.

"Oh, they do," his mom giggled.

"Seriously?!"

"Yep. Be right back."

While he waited, Alden inhaled the crotch of his stepmom's panties, delighting in the feminine aroma she'd left in them. He could even smell a hint of her sweet perfume.

"How's this for revealing?" Kat asked, striking a cute little pose in his doorway.

"Whoa!" Alden gasped, checking her out. At first he thought his mom was naked from the waist down, but then he spotted the tiny piece of mesh fabric covering just the bottom portion of her shaved crotch. There were no straps at all. "Those are panties?"

"Yep. It's a C-string thong," the mother answered. "It's held in place by a thin piece of curved wire that goes up between a woman's ass-cheeks. See," she stated, spinning around.

Alden would have though her buttocks was completely bare if it weren't for the tiny white, lace-covered wire that peeked out the top of her ass-crack.

"I guess I was wrong. Panties **CAN** get more revealing than a T-string," Alden admitted. "There's no way they get tinier than **THOSE**

though."

"Oh, I think I might have something skimpier," his mom teased.

"You can't be serious, mom?! That thing is just barely covering you in the front."

"You think that one's barely covering. Wait until you see my next one," she teased, disappearing again.

The boy's dick was so hard it almost hurt. What he saw when his mom returned didn't help any.

"Tah-dah!" Kat sang, posing in his doorway. She was wearing another C-string, but this one was pink and the crotch fabric was hollowed out, so it consisted of only the lace trim.

"Dang!" Her son gasped, staring at her pudendal cleft, which was framed in by the pink triangular-shaped trim. "That's hot, mom!"

"Why's that? Because you can see my shaved pussy?" she teased.

"Yeah," he answered with excited breath, letting his eyes drift down her freshly-shaved legs.

"What about the back?" she asked, gracefully spinning around and thrusting her mommy-buns out. "Does that do anything for you?"

Her ass was completely naked, except for the tiny tip of the silky pink wire just barely peeking from the top of her ass crack.

"I like the back too…a lot."

She reached back and touched the little pink thong-tip with her finger. "Do these panties cover too much?" she sensually asked, obviously joking. "Because I do have ones that are tinier."

"Tinier than those!" the boy exclaimed. "Good grief, mom…how do you get tinier than those?"

She smiled, peeking over her shoulder. "I guess I'll have to show you, won't I? This one even has a matching top."

The teen could hardly wait. His mom was being a major cock-tease and he loved it, but his boner was aching for release. A few minutes later, he heard the **CLICKING** of dainty heels coming up the hallway. "Whoa! She's wearing sexy heels with this pair," he thought.

"Ready for this one?" his mom asked from the hallway.

"Yes!" the boy eagerly answered.

Kat sashayed into his doorway and posed, with one sexy leg bent at the knee and cooked slightly forward. Her hands were on her hips and her giant tits jutted out from beneath a white, sheer mesh tube top.

The boy's cock jumped with excitement as he stared at the wide dusky-pink rings of her areola, which were clear visible through the thin fabric. Her nipples looked fat, rubbery and suckable. He pried his gaze away and drifted his sights down her tapered torso. Her bottom-half was completely naked, except for a tiny quarter-sized Jewel in the shape of a heart that crowned the cleft of her vulva.

"**THOSE**…are panties?" the boy asked, with shaky breath.

"Yes," his mom answered with a wicked smile. "They're a C-string, but with a thong in the back **AND** in the front.

"You don't even really see anything," Alden observed, letting his eyes travel down her curvy, silky legs. His mom's dainty bare feet were arched in six-inch stiletto mules, which showed off her pretty painted toes.

"Nope, nothing to see really. Just my cute little heart," the mother answered, reaching down and touching the Jewel. "See the back," she said, turning and displaying her backside. Her rounded bubble butt was completely bare, with no sign of any fabric.

"Looks like you're wearing nothing back there, mom," the teen pointed out.

"Oh, it's there, honey," she stated, then spread her butt-cheeks apart with one hand. The black silky wire curled snuggly along her twat and ass-crack. A second heart-shaped Jewel, matching the one in front, pushed against the pink crinkled ring of her butthole. "See?"

"Wow…those are the tiniest panties ever!"

"True," his mom giggled. "They don't get much smaller than this. Do you like the top?" she asked, grasping her tube-top and tugging it up, making her huge knockers jostle beneath it.

"It's amazing!" her boy replied.

Kat gazed at him with her sultry eyes. "What's amazing about it?" she softly asked.

"Well, um…I really like the way you can see your boobs through it."

"You do, huh? she smiled. "Wanna take a closer look?"

"Sure."

Kat's stiletto heels tapped delicately on her son's floor as she moved to his bedside. She thrust her chest, making her gigantic breasts balloon out, stretching the thin mesh fabric and making her milkers loom above her son's lusty gaze.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped, staring up at the creamy undersides of her monster melons.

"Did you like seeing them naked the other night?" she asked, peeking down over her rack.

"Very much!"

"Mine are bigger than Darci's you know. I'm pretty sure she's only has triple-E's," Kat shared.

"Only triple-E's, mom?" Alden thought. "Are you kidding? Those sound huge!"

"And you're bigger than that?" the boy asked.

"Much! I have forty H-cup tits," she stated with a proud smile.

Alden wasn't an expert in bra size. He knew from dating girls at school that they wore C and D-cup bras. Ones that were higher up the alphabet, like E's, G' and H-cups were made for heavy-titted moms.

"Those sound really big!" he blushed.

"Well, you saw them two nights ago. Were they 'really big,' baby?"

"The biggest boobs **I'VE** ever seen," he responded.

"My goodness, baby…your morning boner looks like it's getting ready to rip right through that blanket like the Incredible Hulk" Kat beamed, gazing down at his tenting crotch.

"Sorry," the boy blushed.

"Don't be sorry, honey. It's normal for young dicks like yours to get big and stiff like this in the morning," she said, then reached down and tenderly traced her nails around the knob. "That's why they call it morning wood."

This made Alden's body shutter in delight.

"Does my stepdad get morning wood?" he asked seriously.

"Ha, no! Most guys your stepfather's age have to take pills to get anywhere near this hard."

"Well, that must suck."

"I know, right?" Kat snickered. "It sucks more for the women they're with. Moms my age crave long muscular cocks like yours, so it leads to a lot of unhappy marriages…sexually anyway."

Alden watched his mom probe the surface of his knob with her nail, making him shudder.

"Ohh, you're bell tip is so sensitive, isn't it, baby?" the mother cooed.

"Uh-huh," he answered, feeling his mom's well-manicured nail-tips explore the knob of his cock.

"I noticed the other night, when your stepmom and I were beating you off, that the knob of your prick was extraordinarily fat."

"Is that a good thing?" Alden asked.

"That's a **VERY** good thing…well, from the point of view of a woman anyway," his mom responded.

"Why's that?"

"The extra girth at the tip stretches and stimulates a woman's vaginal and rectal walls, creating friction that feels absolutely mind-blowing," the mother answered with dreamy eyes, looking as though she could drool just teasing the tip of his spear.

"Oh, that makes sense."

"Have you ever tittie-fucked any of the girls at school?" his mom asked, out of the blue.

"No…I've never done that before."

His mom glanced down at his rigid cock-bulge, then back into his eyes. "Well, we're gonna need to drain you, especially since you didn't get any release yesterday," she offered. "Having two broken arms is bad enough. You don't need a case of blue balls on top of that."

"True," Alden anxiously muttered.

"If there are no objections, I think I wanna stroke you off between my boobs this morning," she candidly stated. "You'll need at least two powerful ejaculations, since you went the whole day yesterday without one."

"No objections here!" the boy blurted, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Good, but If we're gonna do this, you'll definitely need a stronger pair of panties to snuff on," his mom grinned. "I'll be right back."

Alden watched in awe as his mom sashayed to his bedroom door. Her big naked booty swayed atop her sexy legs tantalizingly. Just before disappearing out his doorway, Kat peeked back and gave her boy a cock-teasing smile. "Think about me while I'm gone…because I'll be thinking about you…and what I'm gonna do to you when I get back," she said tenderly, glancing once more at his boner-bulge.

Alden was nearly crawling out of his skin with excitement. He had certainly seen guys getting tit-wanked on the internet, but never dreamed his mom would be willing to engage in such a depraved act with him. When she returned five minutes later, the mother had a collection of items in her hands. She tossed a couple of her fluffy bed-pillows to the foot of his mattress.

"What's all that stuff?" her son asked, as she set it all down beside him on the bed. She lifted the items individually as she answered.

"Heated lubricant… Towel for when things get messy… Three different pairs of panties for you to choose from… Vibrating eggs… Vibrating wand, and a vibrating cock-ring."

"Oh, I assume you have a use in mind for each of those?"

"Of course I do. First…pick out your favorite pair," his mom invited, holding each pair of panties up individually as she spoke. "We've got cheeky's, a G-string or that little purple T-string you liked to much."

"They're all sexy, but I have to got with the T-string."

"I though so," the mother giggled. She pulled back the blanket, unshrouding the boner that was tenting up his boxers. "Let's let that big monster out to play," she said, admiring it's rigidity, then she pulled his boxers down his legs and off. His shaft looked obscenely hard and the knob bulged, huge and angry.

"Aww, my poor baby," she cooed. "Your boner looks like it needs a good, **HARD** mommy-milking."

"Yes!" he gasped excitedly.

"Now…about these vibrating eggs," the mother said with a mischievous smile. "They're both connected by these cords to the same controller and I thought it would be really cool if one egg was up my ass and one egg was up yours."

"Up my, um…butt? Are you serious?" Alden asked.

"Yeah. We'd both be feeling the same sensations in there, while we took care of business out here. Are you game?"

"Sure…but obviously I can't put it in myself," the boy pointed out, looking at the broken arms propped at his sides.

"Honey, all you have to do is lie there. Mom's gonna take care of everything, don't you worry," Kat said, removing the C-clip from her crotch. "Ring toss!" she playfully shouted, then got close and tossed the C-clip, making it loop around the spike of her son's boner and fall to the base.

"Very funny, mom!"

"I have my moments," she joked, then took the purple pair of T-string panties and slipped them on. She crawled onto the bed with her boy. "I do need you to do **ONE** thing for me."

"What?"

"Bring your knees back. I'm gonna lubricate our assholes, so I can slip our eggs in," she answered, squirting a big gob of heated lubricant onto her hand.

Bringing his knees back was something that Alden could do, but he simply couldn't wrap his head around the wonderful fact that he was doing it in the first place. He felt his mom's slippery fingers apply the hot lubrication, rubbing around the ring of his ass.

"Alright, are you ready, baby?" she asked, pushing the egg against his anal ring.

"Ready!"

Kat watched his reaction as she shoved the egg inside his ass. "Good?" she smiled.

"Yep."

"Wow…you took that like a champ," she giggled.

Alden had never had anything up his butt before. It felt strange, but wickedly pleasant.

Kat spun around, so she was on her hands and knees, pointing her lovely rump back at her teen. "Ok…my turn," she said cutely, then peeled the thong from between her buns and pulled it aside.

The boy gasped, his eyes widening as he watch his mom lube up the pink crinkled ring of her asshole. He was mesmerized as he watched her fit the egg to her butt-ring and slip it in with ease.

"Dang, mom…that was about the hottest thing I've ever seen!" he exclaimed.

"You think that's hot. Think about how thrilling it'll be to see your own stiff dick slip into a woman's ass one day, baby."

"That **WILL** be cool."

"Alright, we're almost ready," Kate stated, unwrapping the vibrating cock-ring. "We'll fit the vibrating ring around neck of your knob, but first we'll lube your glans up a little bit so it goes on easier."

Alden watched his mom squirt a dollop of lubricant on his swollen bell tip. His eyes rolled back as she squeezed his crown with her fist, spreading oil all over it's tender surface. "Mmm, does that feel good, honey?" she mewled.

"Yes!"

She fit the cock-ring over his tip, letting it squeeze around the neck of his coronal ridge. She maneuvered the big rubber nub that vibrated right over the top of his frenulum. She turned it on and Alden shuttered on top of his mattress. Then, Kat turned their anal eggs on, setting it for constant vibration. "Like it?" Alden's mom asked with a big smile.

"Ahhh, yes!" his shivering voice answered, feeling like his entire groin around was pulsating delightfully.

"Good," the mother said, then turned on her vibrating wand. It sounded like there was a swarm of bees around them from the noise of all the vibrating devices.

"What do you do with that thing?" Alden asked, looking at the wand naively.

"You'll see."

Alden watched his mom's giant tits wobble around beneath the sheer tube top as she sprawled onto her back on the other end of his bed. She was propped up slightly by her pillows and the boy literally gasped as he watched her swing her sexy legs back in a huge, wide-open V. Then, she placed the vibrating wand to her panty-covered cunt. "This thing is gonna help your mom make the sweetest smelling panties on earth for her boy," Kat said, then gasped as it buzzed across her swollen clit.

Alden had never witnessed something so lewd, but wonderful. His mom was spread wide open in front of him, digging her pleasure wand against her camel-toed panty-crotch. The smooth tan backs of her legs looked beyond amazing thrown back limberly and hovering in the air. Her dainty bare feet were pointed, her toes spread slightly apart from the pleasure she was providing herself.

"How do you like it, baby?" her voice whimpered.

"I love it!" he answered, his muscles tensing from the feel of the vibrations around his cock and in his ass.

"Do you like watching mom pleasure herself?"

"Heck yes!"

"Do you like knowing I'm getting pleasure on my cunt and in my asshole at the same time?"

"Uh-huh."

"The same pleasure you are, baby. We're sharing the same wonderful sensations in our asses and on our sex organs," Kat stated, her vibrating wand growling deeply as she plowed it against her pussy.

Alden's dick tingled wonderfully from the vibration around his glans. Pre-cum was leaking like crazy from his piss-slit and dripping down his steely hard shaft.

His mom was putting on quite a show, humping her lovely round ass from the mattress in an imaginary fuck, while battering her clitoris with powerful vibrations.

"**OH, GOD, I LOVE FUCKING SO MUCH, ALDEN!**" she cried out, the muscles in her legs tensing from cuntal contractions.

The teen never dreamed he'd hear such a confession, especially under these circumstances. He felt his own tingling climax begin to form in the core of his crotch, brought on by the intense pulsation in both his ass and the tip of his cock.

"**OHHH, FUCK!**" the mother cried out, clutching the bedsheet tightly with one hand, while using the sex toy with the other.

Alden watched his mom's beautiful face contort into a wild pleasure-grimace. She arched her back in ecstasy, making her titties bulge from her chest, threatening to rip right through the flimsy tube top.

"**OH, FUCK, I'M CUMMING**…**I'M FUCKING CUMMING, BABY!!**" Kat cried out, then let out an ear-piercing howl and her voluptuous frame shuttered with orgasmic contractions.

The pleasure that the cock-ring and bullet vibrator was providing was wonderful enough to the boy. Add in the thrilling sight of his

busty mother, writhing around in orgasm, and it simply became too much for him to endure.

"Ahh, damn…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he announced. Alden humped his hips, like he was fucking some invisible pussy, as his fat knob began spitting gooey jets of cock-cream into the air.

For nearly two minutes their pleasure-stricken bodies flopped around on Alden's bed, before they both went limp, with a satisfied sigh.

"Ohhh, mom, can you take it off?" the boy gasped, gazing down at the cock-ring that was still buzzing. "It's super sensitive!"

Kat climbed onto her knees and removed the cock-ring from her boy's prick. Then, she slipped the bullet vibrators from their asses. "Now," she stated, climbing off the bed, "let's replace those weak-smelling panties with one's that'll make your cute little head spin."

Kat peeled the purple T-string off her soaking-wet pussy and down her silky legs. She tossed Darci's cheeky's aside and place her own panties on her son's nose.

"**HOLY WOW!**" her son shouted as he took the warm pungent aroma of his mom's panty-crotch. It was damp with female ejaculate.

"Smell ok, baby?" she giggled, obviously already knowing the answer.

"Incredible!" the boy gasped. "And they're wet!"

"Yes…a lot of moms squirt female ejaculate when they cum. Taste it, baby."

Alden sucked the wet crotch into his mouth and tasted his mom's sweet cuntal nectar.

"Are you ready for mom to smother her tits around that purple-headed love-warrior?" she asked, crawling back onto the bed.

"Definitely!" the teen blurted.

Kat leaned over and began unbuttoning his pajama top. "I want my gorgeous boy completely naked first."

While she gingerly removed his shirt, Alden gawked at his mother's huge hanging udders. They wobbled around pendulously. He knew she could probably smother his entire head between them.

"Are you thinking about how good it's gonna feel, darling?" his mom asked. "To have your long cock trapped between my squishy tits."

"I know it's gonna feel amazing!" he anxiously replied.

"Your stepdad bought me this little necklace for our anniversary last year," she stated, motioning to the little gold chain around her neck. "After you squirt your hot cum-ropes up around my neck, I'm gonna rub the necklace all around in your ball-goo."

"I'm sure Mick wouldn't be too happy about that," Alden chuckled.

"He'll never know…but **WE** will," Kat wickedly grinned. "Every time you and I look at the necklace, we'll remember how you busted a nut between my boobs, and covered a token of your stepfather's love and commitment to me in teenage ejaculate."

"That's wicked!" Alden smiled.

"I know…and fun!" the mother beamed.

Kat situated herself on her knees down between her son's legs. She grasped onto his fully-erect boner and tilted it back, so his knob pointed upward. "Now, let's get Thor's hammer here all lubed up, so it can take a nice, long, slippery ride through tittie-town."

The mother used the other hand to drizzle Alden's boner with heated lube. She leaned forward and wrapped his pink boner in boobie-meat, smothering it in the slippery grip of her cleavage.

Alden watched in wide-eyed wonder as his mom tittie-fucked him, making his rigid cock slip through the warm squishy crevice between her melons.

"Mmm, mom knows how to scratch that naughty itch of your, doesn't she, darling?" Kat asked, smiling up at him.

"She sure does!" the boy gasped, watching his fat knob appear, then disappear, over and over, along the top of her cleavage.

"My cute boy, humping his big muscular cock in between my huge fat tits, while smelling and tasting mommy's cum-soaked panties. You like that, don't you, baby?" she mewled.

"Heck yes!" the boy answered, inhaling the sweet, musky cuntal aroma from his mom's panty-crotch.

"Do you ever think about my hot, wet pussy when you masturbate, honey?" Kat asked candidly.

"Sometimes," her boy confessed, which was certainly an under exaggeration.

"Yeah? So you fantasize about beating your hardon through me… when your stepfather's not home?"

"Yes!" Alden nodded.

"Do you ever imagine us doing the nasty while **HE IS** home, darling? Say we're in here…locked in your bedroom, while he's downstairs watching a game," his mom expressed.

"I have thought about that," Alden smiled.

"Does it get you even more thrilled thinking about that scenario? Your stepfather's downstairs, completely unaware that you're up here in your room conquering his wife with your monster cock," she stated with dreamy eyes.

Alden was a bit surprised at how incredibly excited that idea made him. "That does sound pretty cool," he blurted, while his dick flexed hornily between his mom's humping jugs.

"Mmm yes, smashing that pussy that belongs to him…helping mom cheat on her loving husband," she uttered excitedly.

"Uh-huh!" the teen sighed, feeling his cock tingle between the slippery grip of her knockers.

"Your dreamy cock is **SO** much bigger than his," she observed, feeling it glide hotly between her breasts. "My baby boy has a huge sturdy home-wrecker between his legs."

"You think so?"

"Oh, I know so, darling. You're gonna make dozens of moms break their marriage vows with this thing."

Alden's throbbing erection plunged through his mom's smothering tit-cleavage. The warm fatty tissue felt amazing around his glans, making pre-cum leak steadily from his meatus.

Kat smiled as she watched his plump, pinkish-purple bulb peek out from between her tits. "Mmm, my boy has such a fat, juicy meat-helmet. I bet you could really crush a girl's womb with that thing," she purred.

"Why would I wanna crush it?"

Kat giggled and looked up at him. "It's a figure of speech, baby. What I meant was, boys with dicks as long and muscular as yours

can really stretch the back wall of a woman's pussy. That makes all her internal baby-making organs really feel the strength and rigidity of your penis" she explained.

"And I may even get her pregnant!" Alden added.

"Well, if you're gonna get a girl preggers, I suggest you do it to a married mom and **NOT** a girl your age."

"Why just with married moms?" Alden asked.

"Because a married mom already has a system in place to accommodate a little one. Their husband will think the baby is merely a result of their own marital intercourse. He would never suspect that a teenage boy-toy impregnated his wife," she explained. "Girls your age, on the other hand, have to account for who got them pregnant, and you'd be financially obligated to help support the child. I'm certain you're not ready for that sort of commitment."

"No way!" Her boy agreed.

"Good. So just focus on fucking and pumping your cum inside married moms," Kat recommended. "If you get them pregnant it's no big deal."

"Dang, mom…all this sexy talk has me feeling really good," the teen admitted.

"Sometimes, when a boy tittie-fucks a woman, she'll lick the tip when it peeks out from between her boobs, and get him even more worked up. Would you like me to do that for you, darling?"

"Would you?!"

"Of course!" she answered with a smiling wink.

Kat's long pink tongue snaked from her mouth and teased the knob of Alden's prick each time it appeared from between her breasts. The teenager sighed in delight, watching her licker scrub all around his purple crown. Her alluring eyes peeked up at him while she licked. "Feel good, baby?" she asked.

"Very!" he answered.

"Mmm, your bell is leaking sweet pre-cum. I can taste it," his mom purred, then lashed her pink snake across his piss-hole a few more times.

"I'm **REALLY** turned on, mom!" the boy confessed.

"Want me to lick a part of your dick that'll turn you on even more?" she asked.

"Sure!"

This time, when her son's cock emerged, the mother flickered her tongue across the sensitive underside of his knob.

"Wow…that does feel good!" the boy shuddered.

"That part of your penis is called your frenulum, darling."

"Frenulum?"

"Yes. It's considered one of the most sensitive parts of a penis to touch. The frenulum of your dick anchors your foreskin to you glans," she explained.

"Wow…you're right…**IT IS** super-sensitive!" he gasped, feeling his mom's experienced tongue whip across it again. "I don't know how much more of that I'll be able to take."

"Yeah? Are you getting ready to blast your baby-making goo all over mommy's squishy tits, son?"

"Yes…especially of you keep saying things like that!"

"Mmm, you like mom's slutty mouth?" Kat cooed. "You like to hear me talk about a wet pussy being hammered by a huge teenage cock like yours?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped, feeling his dick and balls tingle from a rapidly approaching orgasm.

"Does it make you wanna piss your hot jizz all over me, baby?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Come on, stud-muffin! Toss some ropes up around mommy's neck!" Kay encouraged, really pumping her tits around him.

"Ahhh, mom! Ahhh, shit!" the boy groaned, feeling his balls clench and his knob mushroom.

Fat cords of pearlescent-colored spunk began to erupt from Alden's peter-tip and splatter up around his mom's neck. He let out a guttural grunt, hosing out one big strand deep in the pocket of her smothering tit-cleavage.

"There you go, baby…squirt it all out onto mommy!" Kat cooed.

After milking him between her boobs for another minute, Kat released his boner from between her cum-drenched tits.

"Oh my God, look baby…you covered my gold chain in a pearl necklace. That is so fucking cool!" she exclaimed.

"I doubt my stepdad would think it was cool," he said breathlessly.

"It doesn't matter what **HE** thinks," Kat scowled. "My darling son gave this slimy necklace to me and if it didn't dry up, I'd wear it around proudly, all the time."

"Looks like it's dripping down you though."

"I know, I should probably rinse off real quick before it gets all over the place. I'll be back to clean you up," the mother stated, her bare buttocks wagging as she strode from his bedroom.

"Damn, that was super-incredible!" the boy thought as he waited for his mom to return.

When Kat got back she was wearing a sheer, nude-colored lingerie bodysuit. Alden watched her giant tits tremble beneath it as she stepped over to his bed, with a washcloth in her hand. "How was your shower?" he asked.

"Sad," she answered with a cute pouty face.

"Sad why?"

"Because I had to wash your cum off of me," she confessed while tenderly cleaning off his cock.

"Why did that make you sad?" Alden chuckled.

She peeked up at his eyes and smiled. "Because I like having your cum on me. Moms are made for their boys to squirt their cum on," she answered.

"I like your outfit," he said, staring at the wide thick-textured rings of her areola and the erect nipples jutting from their centers.

"Thanks, she smiled, then spun around. "Did you see the back?"

The rear of the bodysuit was a plunge cut, so the V opening extended all the way down, half-way over her meaty ass. Her rounded buns looked so thick and succulent, with the deep fissure of her ass-crack separating them.

"I like it!" the boy said, letting his eyes linger.

"I thought you would," his mom smiled, swaying her booty-cheeks back and forth teasingly. "It unsnaps at the crotch," she whispered, reaching under and unfastening it. Then she turned towards him, standing in a cute little pose, so her boy could see her mound of Venus. Alden licked his lips with desire, staring at the prominent outer lips of his mother's vulva. They converged in the middle to form a deep cuntal cleft.

"Why would it unsnap like that?" he asked stupidly.

She gazed straight into his eyes mischievously. "Oh, I don't know… maybe if I'm with some young stud in his bedroom and he decides he wants to fuck some pussy, I can just unsnap it and we could get down to business."

Alden's heart nearly raced out of his chest just hearing his mom say that.

Suddenly, a voice startled them. "Did I hear something about fucking pussy in here?" Darci asked as she sashayed into her stepson's bedroom.

"Finished already?" Kat inquired.

"Yes. Riley was just getting a routine checkup with his pediatrician," Darci answered, stepping up beside Alden. "How's our boy doing?"

"He's had two really strong ejaculations this morning, right, baby?" Kat asked.

"Yep."

Darci gazed at him and smiled. "Are you up for a third?" she asked sweetly.

"Sure!" Alden blurted.

"How did you like the surprise I left for you?"

"They smelt nice," Alden blushed.

Darci lifted the purple panties that were still laying near him. "These don't look like the panties I brought you," she observed.

"Those are mine," Kat told her. "I wanted to give him some that were soaked with female ejaculate, so I masturbated in them for him."

"Well damn, I guess I'll have to cum in mine next time too," Darci said, then gazed at her stepson. "Did you like having your mom's soaking wet panties on your face?"

"Uh-huh."

"Hot pussy smells wonderful, doesn't it, baby?" Kat asked, grazing her nails across his lean chest.

"It sure does!"

Darci smiled, staring into his eyes. "Would you like you cock to smell like that, Alden?" she asked.

"No, I wouldn't mind at all," the boy answered, wondering what she was implying.

Darci looked over at the boy's beautiful biological mother. "Kat, do you think I could get some time alone with him?" she asked.

"Sure, but can we, um…talk first?" she asked. "In private."

Kat and Darci stepped out into the hallway, so Alden couldn't hear them. "You're planning on fucking him, aren't you?" Kat asked.

"Yeah, is that a problem?" Darci asked raising an eyebrow.

"Well, handjobs and tit-jobs are one thing. Having full blow sexual intercourse with him is quite another."

"Says the mother who was just about to crawl on top of him before I interrupted you," Darci teased.

"No…" Kat blurted, knowing full-well she was about to bounce on her son's meaty muscle.

"Kat, I heard what you said before I walked in. You all but asked him if he wanted to fuck," Darci stated, then looked down at the open crotch of her bodysuit. "And why would you unsnap the crotch of your bodysuit if you had no intention of mounting him for some cock?"

"Look…we're both married and I just think…"

"Oh, please!" Darci giggled. "Don't try to guilt trip me, girl. Neither one of us have any reservations about cheating on our husbands and you know that."

"I just feel like we should slow things down a bit," Kat stated. "I don't want Alden to see this as way for us to take care of our sexual desires. We're suppose to be helping **HIM** get release."

"I know what this is," Darci said with a confident smile.

"What?!"

"This is about you fucking him first…before I do, isn't it?" Darci asked.

"No…of course not. That's ridiculous!"

"Kat, come on…we've been competing with each other ever since I married Anthony. You can't tell me you don't want Alden's cock inside you before I get inside mine."

"Alright, fine…I'll admit it! That's exactly what this is about. I'm sorry if that makes me sound selfish," Kat said awkwardly.

"I does, but I don't blame you. We're both stubbornly competitive, Kat," Darci admitted. "As much as I'd love to go in there and ride the hell out of him, I'll admit, it's only right that you go first, when it comes to vaginal penetration that is."

"Really?" Kat asked, surprised to hear her arch nemesis cave so easily.

"Yeah, I mean…if I had a biological son Alden's age, I would want his first piece of pussy to be the one that birthed him out all those years ago," Darci admitted. "There's just something so…sentimental and wonderful about that."

"Well, Alden's hardly a virgin, but I don't think he's fucked a middle-aged mom's pussy before. So, in some ways…he is still pretty cherry."

"That's true," Darci smiled. "We can provide him a whole world of pleasure that he's only had a small taste of."

Kat felt a little guilty for wanted her son to pound her pussy first. "Sorry…I know you were probably really looking for to riding the hell out of him," she remarked.

"Oh, I still plan on riding the hell out of him today. I just got persuaded to have a last minute change of holes, that's all," she said, making them both laugh.

The moms went back into the teen's bedroom. Alden watched Kat button the crotch of her body suit back up. "Buttoning it back up?" he asked inquiringly.

"For now," she answered with a seductive smile.

Darci took his hand and squeezed it. "Alden, as your stepmom, I wanna do my part in helping to have another orgasm," she said sweetly.

"Alright," the boy said with an anxious grin.

"How would you feel about me riding you with my ass?" Darci asked boldly.

"With your ass?"

"Yeah, anal intercourse," she stated. "I could milk you with my asshole and my rectum. I think you'd **REALLY** like it."

"Yeah, I think I'd like that a lot!" the boy answered, his head spinning in disbelief.

"Have you ever had a girl milk you with the tube of her ass, darling?" his mother asked.

"No…never!"

Darci fed a victorious smile over at Kat. She may not be the first to fuck him vaginally, but she would certainly be his very first piece of tail.

"Well, I'll leave you two at it then," Kat said, leaning over and tenderly kissing her boy.

After Alden's mother left and closed the door Darci began taking off her clothes. "I bet that thing hasn't gone soft all morning, has it?" she asked, while staring his fully erect penis.

"No…I don't think it has either," the teen agreed. He watched his stepmom remove her big embroidered bra, releasing her humongous H-cup tits. Next, she slipped out of her dainty panties and Alden

licked his lips, while staring her pudenda. Unlike his mom, she had a neatly trimmed landing stip.

"Let's get your dick lubed up and ready for penetration," she suggested, using some lubricant from the bottle his mom had left to coat the boy's hardon.

Alden's heart raced as he watched his stepmom's pretty hands, with their long painted nails, stroke the length of his rock-hard cock, making it glisten with slippery lube.

She gazed at him with her sultry eyes and smiled anxiously. "Ready to fuck me up the ass, sweet boy?" she asked.

"Uh-huh!" he nodded.

Alden's mind drifted back to the day his dad and stepmom got married. He was only fourteen at the time, but remembered how angelic Darci looked in her wedding dress. Women like her and his mom were the ones who fueled his masturbatory fantasies, yet fucking them in real life seemed like such a ridiculous improbability at the time. Now, here he was, four years later, gazing up at his naked, huge-breasted stepmom as she climbed on top of him, ready to take his cock deep into one of her forbidden holes.

Darci planted her bare feet astride the boy, squatting over him. She reached down and grasped his eager erection. Alden gasped with a wicked thrill as he watched her bring the bulbous tip of his prick to the budding pink ring of her asshole. His eyes marveled at the way her prominent perineal raphe extended from her anus, through her perineum, ending at her labium.

"You just relax, sweetheart. Your stepmom will do all the work," she softly assured him.

For a moment, Alden's knob became lodged in her butt-socket as the mother pushed down against it. The stiffness of his cock allowed the

elastic ring of her asshole to slip over his crown, swallowing it completely.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, feeling the muscular rings of her anus clasp snuggly around his bell tip.

Darci lowered onto the rigid pillar of dick-meat, feeling her sphincter stretch around it's girth. She let out a delightful squeal as she felt Alden's cock sink into her rectum.

"**AHHH!**" the teen gasped as he felt his cock sheathed in the hot slippery tube of his stepmom's ass. He peered up at the twin melons hovering over him. Darci's engorged nipples puffed stiffly from the wide rings of her areolas, pointing down at the boy.

Alden's fat knob pushed up into the spongy inner-most regions of his stepmom's shitter, feeling her butthole push snuggly against the base of his cock.

"Mmm, do you like it, sweetheart?" Darci whimpered. "Do you like the way the tube of my ass fits around you?"

"It feels incredible!" Alden answered.

"It gets better!" she gasped, dropping her knees to each side of him as she began riding the length of his cock.

The bed began to rock as Darci found a nice steady butt-fucking rhythm for them to engage in. Alden eyes were as big a saucers as he gawked at her big bobbling milkers. They moved around teasingly above his face, to the movement of their humping.

While she rode him, Darci noticed how her stepson was fixated on her big mommy-melons. "You can suck on them, baby. Sucking on a woman's tits is part of the wonderful experience of getting your cock fucked," she said breathlessly.

The teen certainly didn't need to be invited twice. He latched on to one of her swollen nipples and Darci brought her body down against him, making the boy's face sink into the squishy meat of her tits.

Alden's lusty lips spread out across her areola, sectioning in as much pink flesh as could. His tongue lashed wildly around the distended fleshy of her rubbery teat.

"Yes…like that! Oh, that's so good!" Darci cried out. Her big mature ass bobbed up and down tirelessly, feeding the boy's erection through the slippery grip of her ass.

Pre-cum wept from Alden's smothered knob as it speared through the smooth elastic lining of Darci's rectum. He could feel her sphincter muscles contract, causing her shit-tube to clench exquisitely around his penile flesh. "Oh wow!" the boy whimpered in delight, his voice muffled by spongy tit-flesh. His body shuddered from the feel her ass-walls chewing at his tender cock.

"Oh, Alden…you feel **SO** fucking good up my ass!" his stepmom moaned as she began to pound against him even harder.

A lewd **CLAPPING** sound filled the boy's bedroom, as her round matronly buns beat down against the boy's crotch feverishly.

Alden rubbed his face lustfully through the warm squishy canyon of her tittie-cleavage. His cock and balls tingled from the feel of her ass-tube plunging up and down his prick. His stepmom smacked her meaty rump against him and held it there, in full penetration. Alden gasped as he felt her butthole contract tightly around the root of his boner. Then, she worked her wide mommy-hips, swiveling up and back, causing Alden's meaty muscle to stretch her ass-walls in every direction.

"**OH, GOD!**" Darci cried out. "**OH, FUCK! OH, BABY**…**I'M CUMMING!!**"

The stepmother's body convulsed wonderfully on top of him. Her vaginal meatus bulged and began gushing out hot female ejaculate.

The feel of her anal walls contracting around him and the girl cum pouring down the sides of his nuts, triggered the teen's orgasm. He humped his erection upward, mashing the cock-stuffed ring of her asshole against his cock hilt. His smothered knob mushroomed inside her bowels, jetting out a huge fat cord of hot semen.

The two of them bucked and writhed wildly on the bed as if they were tossing a mind-blowing orgasm back and forth to each other through Darci's ass. The screaming mother could feel her stepson's strong cock pushing and flexing and pulsing inside her butt-tube. Alden could feel every anal muscle she had squeezing and milking his cock. His face was pushed up into one of her soft, spongy tits, feeling it slosh heavily around him. For nearly five mind-boggling minutes they wrestled in a juicy climax until Darci collapsed against him, motionless.

"Fuck me, that was incredible!" she gasped.

"Yeah!" the boy agreed, catching his breath.

She lifted her lovely head and gazed down at him. "Wanna make out?" she whispered.

"Sure!"

"I didn't think you'd object."

Darci kissed him passionately, clawing at his head and neck, while rubbing her huge doughy-soft tits all over him. Alden just laid there and let her go at him like a horny bitch in heat. She spun her tongue through his mouth, then sucked onnhis tongue like a cock. She frantically kissed and licked his neck, while clasping the hard cock that was still buried inside her snug ass.

"I wanted you to fuck my pussy today," she cooed, staring into his eyes.

"You did?"

"Uh-huh…but your mom asked me not to. She wants to give you your very first taste of mature pussy."

"Really?!" Alden asked, his eyes lighting up.

"Yeah. I mean, all those years ago she bowed her knees back and pushed you out of her cunt. It's only fitting that she be the first to let you back in, right?"

"True," the boy gulped.

"You can make her scream again…but in a different way," Darci giggled, the gazed into his eyes wantonly. "After she's had her fill… I'm gonna fuck the living shit out of you, kid."

"You are?"

"Uh-huh, but not here. I want you in **MY** bed. The one I share with your dad. I want the thrill of fucking his own son right there on the bed that him and I consummate our love on every night," she said, her eyes glazed over with excitement.

"Do you like cheating on dad?" Alden asked.

"With you…most definitely!"

"At first I thought I would feel guilty fooling around with you and mom, but now I think it's really exciting and cool," Alden confessed.

"I like it too!" she smiled, then fed him a tender kiss. "And technically, **I WAS** honest with your dad about what I was doing."

"How so?"

"I told him since you broke both arms I was gonna help your mom take care of you…and that's exactly what I'm doing," she answered.

"That's true!" Alden chuckled.

"Wanna feel something **SUPER** cool?" Darci asked.

"Of course."

"I'm gonna push you out of my ass," she whispered.

He felt her rest the weight of her voluptuous body on him, with her bulging tits squished up around his neck. He felt her sphincter muscles contract, pushing his cock down her shit-tube. She relaxed her muscles for a moment and they let out a mutual gasp, basking in the pleasure. Then, she pushed again, as if having a bowel movement.

"Ahh, damn!" Alden hissed. It felt like her spongy anal cavity was turning inside-out around his erection. Her internal muscled rings squeezed delightfully around his glans, pushing him down through her anus until his twitching knob finally slipped from her butthole. A small stream of ejaculate was severed as her ass-ring clenched closed.

"Did you like that?" Darci asked.

"That was **SO** cool!" he sighed. "I wonder if my mom knows how to do that."

"I'll go get her and you can ask."

Kat had taken off her body suit so that when they arrived back in his room both moms were completely naked. Alden watched their king-sized titties bobble on their chests as they stepped back over to the bed.

"I heard someone has a question for me?" Kat asked with a mischievous smile.

"Well, um…"

The boy seemed to awkwardly fumble with his words, so Darci helped him out. "After Alden fucked me up the ass, I pushed his dick out. He asked if you could do that too."

"Well, I have had bowel movements, darling. Same thing."

"I was just wondering. It felt **REALLY** good, that's all."

"That's because when a person has a bowel movement all their anal muscles are working at once to push out whatever's in there," his mom explained.

Darci teased his knob with her nail-tips. "That's why the friction on a young penis when that happens is so incredible," she added.

His mom fed him a warm smile. "Would you like your stepmom and I to take turns pushing your hardon out of our assholes, darling?" she asked.

"Would I ever!" the boy blurted, making both mom's giggle.

"Let's lube that monster up again," Darci stated, drizzling the boy's cock with more heated lubricant. This time the lucky teen had four hands twisting and squeezing at his meat as they spread the lube out across the length of his penis.

"Ohhh, wow!" his voice quivered, feeling their fists clasp tightly as they yanked on his cock.

"Are you ready for more anal pleasure, baby?" his mom asked.

"Yes!" Alden hissed.

Kat looked at Darci. "My back to yours…sound good?" she asked.

"Let's do it!" the stepmom answered.

They both climbed onto the bed and Alden watched their heavy knockers wobble all over the place as they both straddled him. His mom was facing him and Darci was turned towards the foot of the bed, so the moms were back to back, with their bubble-butts hovering over the boy's crotch.

The awe-stricken teen's eyes traveled from Kat's ballooning tits, down her naked torso, to her hairless crotch. Her vulva had become engorged from arousal, making the flesh of her clit-shrouded prepuce distended from her cuntal crevice. Beneath it, the teen could see his mom grasp his cock and fit his greasy knob against her butthole.

There was a wonderful moment, just as there had been with Darci, where his mom pushed down on his muscled cock, trying to squeeze it inside her ass. Finally, his tip popped inside, then sunk wonderfully into the heat of her anal furnace.

"Before I push you out, give me a minutes just to adjust to that big cock of yours," she gasped, then humped up and down on it slowly.

"Does it feel good, mom?" Alden asked.

"Oh, baby…does it ever!" she sighed. "I've **NEVER** had a cock this big in my ass before."

She let out a sharp breath as she lowered her ass to his nut-sack, taking every inch of his cock in her tightly-gripping ass-tract.

Alden watched her boobs heave back and forth, heavy with fatty flesh. "Here we go!" she whispered, then clenched her shit muscles, pushing her boy's prick back down the tube of her ass.

"**WHOA!**" Alden shouted, feeling her anus compress around his glans before he popped out of her asshole. No sooner did his dick skip from his mom's butt than he felt Darci grasp onto him and shove his cock into her ass. She took him all the way back, to where his knob mushroomed against her rectal ampulla. Then, as his mom just had, Darci used her strong shit-muscles to push the boy out of her ass.

"Is that what you wanted, baby?" Kat asked, feeling her boy's stiff cock squeeze through the slick cavity of her ass once again.

"Yes…I love it!" Alden answered.

The mother butt-humped his dick a half-dozen times before pushing it out, just as she had before. Seconds after Alden's cum-drooling knob popped from one butthole, it was squeezing through another. The moms took their time, plowing the boy's unyielding cock deep in their asses, like horny cats on a scratching post.

"Oh, baby, yes…fuck our assholes!" his mother mewled.

For nearly an hour the women beat his prick though their horny asses, smashing his tender knob deep into their rectums. Alden had held off as long as he could and his body shuddered with orgasmic contractions.

"Are you about to squirt cum out your piss-hole, darling?" his mom shouted.

"Yes!"

"Do you want mommy to ride your ass like an anal whore?"

"Ahh, damn, yes!" he moaned, feeling the cum-load swell up in his balls.

Kat slapped her huge fatty tits down on her son's chest and began throwing her rounded ass up and down his prick frantically. Her fuck-pumps were fast, but the ring of her ass traveled the entire length of his boner, from knob to nutsack.

"**AHHHH!**" the boy groaned beneath his mother's assault. He felt her giant flattened tits ripple all over his chest, while his cock pummeled through her ass.

"Come on, baby," Kat panted at his ear, "blast a load of boy-honey up mommy's ass!"

Alden's body jerked and his cock flexed wildly as a raging torrent of cum rocketed up his urethral tube. Pearly-white spunk spurted from his peter-tip as it pistoned through the tube of ass that was smothering his prick on all sides. He felt his mom let out a violent shiver as she joined him in orgasmic rapture.

Their beating flesh took on the sound of lewd wet slaps as Kat's girl-cum squelched from her overheated crotch and splattered out from between them. Once they had finally become motionless, the mother let out a deep satisfied sighed. "Was that what you needed, darling?" she asked.

"It was! It was, um…"

"Ass-tonishing?" Darci joked, making them laugh.

"Yes, very!" the boy answered, still trying to catch his breath.

"Well, you know us moms…always willing to go to any **LENGTHS**," she said, pumping the 'length' of his prick once more, "to help our boys."

The moms gave the boy a quick sponge bath, then showered and dressed together before their younger children were do to arrive home from school.

PART 3

"Alden, can I come in?" Anthony asked as he tapped on his son's door. "Alden??"

Anthony's son finally answered, sounding a bit out of breath. "Yeah, dad…you can, umm…come in!"

Anthony peeked in Alden's bedroom, looking over at his biological son laying in bed under the covers, with both broken arms propped up. Last night, Alden had stayed with his father and stepmom, since his parents had joint custody. "Have you seen Darci? I left for work, but had to come back to the house because I forgot to ask her about something."

The boy gulped nervously. "No…I um, haven't seen her yet this morning," he replied, hoping he didn't have any of his stepmom's pink lipstick smeared on his face.

"Alright. Maybe she went next door to borrow something. When you see her, have her give me a call, alright?"

"Sure thing, dad."

As soon as the door closed, the fluffy comforter moved and Darci, his redheaded stepmom peeked out. She grinned down at her stepson naughtily, gazing at him with her piercing green eyes. "Fuck..that was close!" she whispered, then quickly locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss, while rubbing her huge naked tits all over his bare chest.

The teenager squirmed in delight. With two broken arms, he was completely at her mercy. For nearly a half-hour his stepmother had been in his bedroom, under the blankets, showering his young body with affection. She wore only a skimpy pair of black panties to

prevent him from sliding inside her overheated cunt, but this didn't stop them from engaging in a heated dry-fuck. Although 'dry' probably wasn't the most accurate word to describe it. Darci's panties were soaking wet! Grinding against Alden's big rigid love-muscle had **REALLY** got her juices flowing, and the pre-ejaculatory slime that oozed from the teen's excited piss-slit made their sticky crotches wrestle in a heated swamp of genital flesh.

"God, I'm kicking myself!" Darci gasped. "You don't know how bad I wanna rip my panties off and fuck that big, teenage cock of yours all morning!"

As she slid up slightly, kissing the side of his neck, Alden found his face smothered in squishy tit-cleavage. He turned it slightly so he could kiss the huge inner slope of her breast. "Why don't you then?" he curiously asked. Alden was certainly ready to ram his rod up inside her and make her cry out in ecstasy.

"Because I promised your mom that **SHE** could fuck you first, that's why."

"Oh, well…why did you do that?"

"She **IS** your biological mother, Alden, and I'm just your stepmom. She should get to enjoy your big teenage cock inside her before I do."

"I hope it's soon. I'm super-horny right now!" Alden confessed, thrusting his cunt-smothered dick upward, squashing it between the puffy, panty-shrouded flanges of Darci's cunt. Even through the fabric, the slit of her vulva felt so hot against the meat of his naked boner. Using her wide mommy-hips, Darci pushed him back down to the bed, then did a wonderful glide up and back along the rigid stalk of his prick.

"She's on her way over, **BUT**…not to fuck you just yet. We're both taking you for your check-up at the doctor's office. In fact, we

should probably start getting ready."

"Damn…I forgot that was today," the teen scowled.

"Yeah, it has been a week since we brought you home from the hospital, kiddo."

"Considering I broke both my arms, it **HAS** been a pretty fun week," the boy admitted.

"Why's that…because you've been getting blown and stroked off from your mom and I so much?" Darci giggled.

"Bingo!"

"Well…we couldn't just let your balls turn all blue, now could we? We moms know how much you boys like to yank on your cocks," she teased, pushing her cunt down on his stiff prick. "So it would be cruel of us not to help you."

"It feels so much better when you guys do it," Alden confessed. "There's a part of me that's hoping my arms **NEVER** heal."

"And which part might that be?" Darci asked teasingly, even though she knew the answer.

"The part that's been getting all the amazing attention!"

"Oh, " she sighed, then smothered his boner with the puffy lips of her snatch, "that part? Well, it's been kind of a thrill for us too…in case you haven't noticed."

"Is the sex bad between you and my dad?" Alden asked.

"No…it's fine, but he's certainly not **YOU**," Darci answered.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning he's not as young and hot as you. Not to mention no where near as incredibly endowed as you are! You know…the kinds of things that get us moms all hot and horny."

They suddenly heard a voice from the doorway. "I figured that's where I find you two when I got here," Kat stated as she stepped in the room on four-inch stiletto heels.

"We were just getting up," Darci replied, slipping out of bed, "**AND** don't worry…we didn't fuck. See…I'm still wearing panties."

"Yeah, I can see that, and it looks like a pack of wild dogs has been drooling all over them," Kat pointed out in amusement.

Darci laughed as she headed towards the door; her fat tits bobbling with each step and her meaty ass undulating beneath her panty-clad ass. "More like an hours-worth of teenage pre-cum smearing all over them," she remarked.

Kat sat at the edge of her boy's bed, reached beneath the blanket and grasped his rigid cock. "Any pre-cum left for mom?" she teased.

"I'm sure there is," he sighed, feeling her give him a nice, slow stroke beneath the blanket.

"Mmm, good. A boy's pre-jizz is a mother's delicacy."

"Why's that?" Alden asked, his heart racing fast.

She stared down into his eyes seductively. "Well, first of all, it's nice and slippery. It'll be wonderful lubricant once your dreamy dick is finally hammering through my pussy."

"Yes…I can't argue with that," Alden gasped, feeling his mom's hand give his gooey glans a tight stroke.

"And second…," Kat whispered, bringing her hand out from beneath the blanket, then swiping a gob of Alden's pre-drool off her finger with her tongue, "…it just tastes **SO** fucking yummy!"

"Wow…that was hot, mom!" the boy exclaimed.

"Well…too bad you have an appointment this morning or I would show you something even hotter."

"Like what?"

She stared into his eyes intently through her parted curtain of dark hair. "Like your mom stripping naked, crawling on top of you and fucking like a whore, until I've completely emptied those young tanks, that's what."

"Damn! Do I have to go to this appointment?" Alden asked.

"Yes…you do, baby. Besides, your appointment is with Doctor Chase. She has big titties, remember? You've drooled over them since you were a little boy."

"I've been drooling over **YOURS** since I was a little boy too."

Kat giggled and thrust her tits out, making them balloon beneath her blouse. "Well…aren't you glad you're a big boy now and get to do more than drool over them?"

"I wish I was doing more than drooling over them now," Alden confessed, staring at his mom's bosom.

"Well, after your appointment, maybe your step mommy and I will bring you back here, smother you with our big, squishy boobs, while we drain you dry. How's that sound?"

"Drain me how?"

"With our mouths…or our assholes maybe," she teased.

"Can I fuck your pussy today?" Alden asked.

"You know mommy has every intention of using her cunt on you, but I want our first time to be when we're alone, and we can **REALLY** fuck each other's asses off. Don't worry, baby…mom will make sure you're well taken care of in the meantime. Now, let's get you up and dressed."

The three of them drove to the clinic, where Alden had a follow up appointment with his family doctor. "Alden, how have your arms been feeling since I saw you last?" Doctor Chase, a middle-aged dirty-blonde asked. She studied his casts, while sitting right in front of him on her desk chair.

"Not bad. They get itchy sometimes, but I'm getting used to it?"

"Any pain at all?"

"No, not much."

"Your mom and step mom have been giving you regular sponge baths, correct?" the doctor asked, glancing at Kat and Darci as they sat to each side of the teen.

"Yes," he replied, staring at the doctor's ample cleavage.

"He was shy about it at first, but things have gotten better now, right sweetie?" Kat asked her son.

"Uh-huh."

"What about masturbation? How have you been managing that?" Doctor Chase asked.

Alden hesitated a moment, exchanging an awkward look with his mom.

Kat saved the day, answering for her boy. "We've been…um, helping out a little with that too."

Darci chimed in. "Yeah, since that's a regular part of a boy's routine, and we certainly didn't wanna see Alden suffer from not being able to relieve himself."

The doctor nodded, using her stethoscope to check the boy's heart. "That's good to hear. It's very common for a mother, or stepmother to help in these types of situations and there are a variety of ways she can do that. My concern, however, is that a boy may not be getting the same level of release as before, which can cause significant testicular swelling," she explained. "Alden, how many times were you ejaculating in a day, before you broke your arms?"

"Usually four to five times," he timidly replied.

"And how many times a day has it been, since then?" Doctor Chase asked, looking at the mothers.

"I would say at least three ejaculations a day, since the accident," Darci replied.

"That sounds about right," Kat agreed. "Three…sometimes four times a day."

"Well, that is less than what he was getting **BEFORE** the accident. I'd like to do a physical examination to make sure there are no signs of swelling. Alden, if your moms wouldn't mind helping you get undressed, I'd like you to lay up on the examination table for me, so I can have a look at you," the doctor instructed.

"Alright," the boy answered, then stood up. Kat and Darci stripped the boy down to his birthday suit, while the doctor prepped the table. Both moms smiled at him teasingly, acknowledging the fact that he was completely erect.

"Lay right up here on the table, Alden, and rest your arms at your sides," Doctor Chase directed, her eyes widening at the sight of his stiff appendage.

Once the boy did as she asked the doctor raises some stirrups into place. "Now, Alden, you'll need to bring your knees back and rest your feet into these stirrups, so I can do a full testicular exam," she requested.

"Is there anything we can do to help?" Kat asked as her and Darci stood by awkwardly.

"Let me have a look at his balls first and then I'll let you know," Doctor Chase replied, then put on her glasses and sat in her chair at the edge of the table, so she could examine the boy's nuts. "Hmm, **I AM** seeing some mild swelling here."

The two moms stepped over in concern, so they could see what the doctor was referring to. "Is it bad?" Kat asked.

Doctor Chase pointed to an area of the boy's bulging, hairless nuts. "That faint bluish color there, around the testes. That's a sign of something called epididymal hypertension, which is also known as 'blue balls."

"I thought a boy only got 'blue balls' if he's gone **DAYS** without an orgasm?" Kat asked.

"That may be true for some, but in Alden's case, where his genitals have been accustomed to ejaculating so frequently, it may only take a day for there to be some visible swelling."

"That could be my fault then," Darci admitted. "I did suck him off last night, around midnight, but Alden and I also some fooling around this morning, and I should have made sure he got off before his appointment."

"Alden, do you have any pain or discomfort around your testicles?" Doctor Chase asked him.

"No…not really."

"Even so…I think a strong ejaculation, here in my office today would do you some good. Since your mom and stepmom have already been assisting you that way, I'll have them help me, so we can make sure you're relieved as intensely as possible."

"What would you like us to do?" Alden's beautiful, dark-haired mother asked the doctor.

"First, we'll need to provide proper visual stimulation to assist Alden in maintaining arousal, so why don't we start by getting undressed," the doctor suggested.

"Naked?" Kat asked, making sure she heard the doctor correctly.

"Yes…unless that's a problem?"

"No-no…not at all. I just wanted to make sure that's what you meant."

"Yes. Female nudity is the easiest way to keep a boy aroused."

Alden watched with wide-eyed delight as the three moms slipped off their outfits. Their huge tits bobbled heavily as they sprung free of their bras. Just like those of his mom and stepmom, Doctor Chase's breasts were capped by wide dusky-pink areolas with turgid nipples. As Alden's mom had teased him about earlier, the boy had spend years gawking over the doctor's breasts, imagining what they'd look like with nothing covering them. Now, here they were, in all their naked glory. It was like a childhood fantasy come true!

"Get that tongue back in your mouth, mister!" Kat joked, making the two other moms giggle.

Doctor Chase stared at the teenager's erect penis. "It looks as though healthy blood flow isn't an issue. Alden, did you know that almost half of your penis is hidden inside your body?"

"Really?" the boy asked, exchanging a surprised look with his mom.

"That's right. If you press down on your perineum when you're erect, you'd be able to feel the concealed part of your penis. So, technically, you're actually double the size you think you are."

"Oh boy…double as huge! Where would we even put the rest of it?" Darci joked, making the other women laugh.

The fascinated teen watched them step out of their heels and peel their dainty panties off. All three pussies were shaved clean and had well-pronounced vulvar lips that converged to form dark cuntal fissures. The lucky boy licked his lips, wishing he could smash his big, stiff prick through each one of them, especially his mom's pussy, which he'd secretly desired for years.

"Can I um…ask you guys to do something?" Alden bravely inquired. "Something that would, um…help with the 'visual stimulation' part that you were talking about."

"What's that, Alden?" the doctor asked, raising an eyebrow curiously.

"Can you guys stand together, turn around and bend over?"

The three women looked at each other and snickered. "I suppose we could do that," the doctor answered.

Alden watched intently as they followed his request, standing hip to hip with their backs to him so he could admire their luscious bubble butts. They bent over, causing their huge knockers to hang down heavily. Alden gulped excitedly, staring at not only their rounded ass-flesh, but the thick outer lips of their hairless vulvas that flanked

their cunt-slits. The way their buns were slightly spread allowed him to even get a peek at the rings of their buttholes.

"How's that, Alden?" Doctor Chase asked, peering back at him.."Is that what you wanted?"

"Yes!" he answered, while imagining that he was fucking each one of them from behind.

"Any other requests?"

"Well, um…"

"What's on your mind, honey?" Kat asked as the three women stepped over to him, their fatty mammaries careening on their chests from their immense weight.

"Never mind," Alden stated, afraid to ask for what he was thinking, for fear that they think he was a complete pervert.

Doctor Chase put her hand on his chest reassuringly, looking down at him over the swell of her jutting melons. "Alden, if there's something that would make you aroused and make the ejaculation that we're about to give you stronger, don't hesitate to ask. The worst we can say is no," the doctor urged.

"Would it be ok if I, um…sucked on you?" he bravely inquired.

"Sucked on my breasts?"

"Yes," the boy responded, staring at her fat jugs. They loomed over him teasingly.

Kat giggled, looking at the doctor. "I think it's something he's been fantasizing about for a long time, doctor," she explained.

"Is that so?" Doctor Chase asked, winking down at the aroused teen. "Well then…I suppose a little breast sucking wouldn't be out of the

question."

Alden's heart raced wildly as she lowered one of her dangling tits to his face, letting him latch on.

"I'm curious, Kat…was Alden breastfed as an infant?" the doctor asked as she watched the boy get to work.

"Yes…all my children were."

"Well, that would explain his strong desire to suckle. When a mother breastfeeds her boy, a special bond is formed, and the experience is forever ingrained into a boy's mind, attracting him to women with larger breasts."

Alden whimpered as nearly his entire face was smothered in warm, spongy tit-flesh. His lips were sealed around the fringe of Doctor Chase's wide areola, his cheeks suctioning her swollen nipple deep into his mouth.

Darci smiled as she watched her stepson suck. "His obsession with sucking big tits is certainly something he's shown us over the past week," she confirmed.

After letting the teen gorge himself on her breast for a few minutes, Doctor Chase tugged her nipple from his mouth. "There now, sweet boy…is there anything else we can do to get you worked up for a strong ejaculation?" she asked.

Alden turned his head, staring at the Doctor's shaved pussy, which was only a foot away from his ogling eyes. He could see her fleshy prepuce protruding from her labials folds. "Could I, um…taste you guys?" he boldly asked.

"Taste our vaginas you mean?" Doctor Chase asked.

"Yeah."

The doctor looked at the mothers and smiled. "What do you moms think?" she asked. "Should we give him something good to smell and taste before we work him off?"

"Whatever you think might help him I'm willing to go along with, doctor," Kat answered.

"Same here," Darci added. "We're both fully committed to helping Alden through this tough time in any way we can."

A few minutes later, Alden was peeking from his mom's crotch, staring straight up her torso as she straddled his face on the examination table. His tongue dug through her fragrant labial folds, lapping up the fuck-oil that oozed from her honeyed hole. He chewed at her grape-sized nubbin with his lips, while she gently rocked her pelvis in ecstasy. He couldn't imagine a better view. From his vantage point he could stare straight up her bare pubis and trim belly, allowing a clear view her mammoth tits and their rounded undersides as they jostled to her every movement.

By the time is mom's cunt lifted off him, half his face was coated in pussy-juice. He licked some from his lips, watching his stepmom's jugs dangle as she crawled over the top of him to take her turn. When her knees rested astride his head, Alden's tongue played against the fat ridges of Darci's cunt lips. He pressed his face against the musky flesh of her pudenda, then dove his tongue deep inside her cunt-hole. Her hot flavorful walls quivered and sucked at his licker as if trying to draw it deeper inside. The teen couldn't wait to bury his big rigid boner deep inside that tight little fuck-hole, right down to his cock-root.

Doctor Chase was next on board. Alden laved at her fleshy cunt like a salivating dog. Like his mom, the doctor had a extraordinary large clitoris. He sucked it into his mouth and battered the fat, glandular bulb with his tongue. He loved looking up her sexy body, while eating her out; watching her fat tits reel back and forth on her chest.

"How was that, Alden?" Doctor Chase asked, rising off of him. "Are you ready for us to work you to orgasm now?"

"Yes…that was awesome, thanks!" the teen answered, his face still glistening with juices.

"Kat, if you wouldn't mind taking charge of the penile masturbation, Darci and I will work together to do an oral massage of his scrotum," the Doctor directed, making the boy's heart about race out of his chest.

"No problem. I think he's gotten quite used to my handjobs over the past week, right, sweetie?"

"Yep!" Alden anxiously nodded.

"There's heated lubrication there on the side-table," Doctor Chase stated. "I'll be using a little on my finger also, since I'd like to massage Alden's prostate, while Darci and I are sucking his balls."

Alden watched his mom squirt some lube on her hand, then smile down at him warmly as she stood beside the table with her big breasts ballooning out obscenely. He shuddered in delight as all three women went to work on him at once.

Darci and Doctor Chase leaned over, sucking one of his fat testicles into their mouths. The feel of their warm saliva and squirming tongues made the boy gasp in pleasure.

Kat wrapped her fist tightly around her son's erection, although it didn't even come close to going all the way around, especially near the base. Then, she stroked it's meaty length up and down, from knob to root. Her slippery fist made a lewd creamy sound as it worked the length of his jutting stalk.

"Does that feel good, baby?" she sweetly asked, her giant milkers jiggling with her every stroke.

"Yes!" he gasped.

Alden's nut popped from Doctor Chase's lips. "Kat, be sure to pay particular attention to the bulb of your son's penis. That area near his testicles that feels slightly spongier. Massage it in an upward motion, like you're trying to coax a stubborn load out of him," she coached.

"Got it!" the mother nodded.

The doctor brought her lips back down near Darci's. The stepmom was still nursing on one of his tender balls, the ring of her lips closed tightly around the loose skin of his sack. "Darci, let's gently pull his balls downward, away from his body, doing this in a rhythmic motion, each time Kat pumps her fist up his shaft. This will pull on his spermatic cord and stimulate his testicles."

The doctor gobbled up his nut again and together they did as she suggested, tugging rhythmically at Alden's scrotum. While doing this, they scrubbed the oval-shaped meat of his nuts with their lickers, focusing on what they knew were the most sensitive parts. Darci and Doctor Chase's lips nearly touched, while closed tightly around the skin of the teen's nut sack, their mouths stuffed with ball-meat.

Alden looked down and watched his mom's pretty hand glide up and down his boner. She stroked with skill, doing a perfect corkscrew motion, gliding her thumb wetly over the stretched band of his frenulum and over his glans.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, enjoying the exquisite friction. She had given him numerous handjobs over the past week, but each one seemed equally as exciting.

Even though Kat had seen her boy's prick plenty of times by now and even felt it buried deep in her ass a few times, she couldn't get over how big and muscular it was. She squeezed hard on his stalk, compressing her hand around the three blood-engorged columns

that comprised his penile shaft. She felt the smooth muscle beneath the skin contract, making his knob mushroom wonderfully. Her eyes widened at the sight of the two ligaments at the root of his prick bulging and straining as they sustained the force of her vigorous cock-milking.

"Ohh, your dick is **REALLY** liking that, isn't it, honey?" she cooed, staring down into eyes over her big, bobbling boobies.

"Yes!" Alden hissed. He watched his beautiful mother lean over and whip her long, thick tongue all over his bell tip, wetting it with her saliva, while beating the bottom half of his stalk. He felt the doctor's index finger slip into his ass and begin massaging his prostate with the "come hither" motion. "Ohh, damn!" the boy groaned, his cock and balls tingling exquisitely.

After several delightful minutes of this, Doctor Chase wrapped the fingers of her free hand around the loose skin beneath his balls tightly. This made Alden's nuts bugle out lewdly. "Let's lick his scrotal raphe!" the doctor breathlessly suggested to Darci. Their long mommy-tongues touched repeatedly as they whipped down the seam between his testis, where the labia majora had once fused together when he was just a fetus inside Kat's womb. "**GODDAMN!**" the boy jerked, never feeling anything else like it.

They bathed his perineum with sloppy kisses, then worked their way back up. When the women reached his ballooning scrotum, they scraped their teeth around his gonads gingerly, then nibbled at the loose skin of his ball-bag, making the boy squirm in delight. Doctor Chase continued the tireless fingering of his asshole, massaging his prostate.

"Oh, mom…I'm gonna cum real soon!" the boy whimpered, having never been worked over so thoroughly. He watched his mom's fist fly up and down his steely pecker. Alden loved how it felt like a tight,

wet pussy pummeling his horny dick right down to the root and back up.

"Just grunt and groan into mommy's cleavage, baby!" Kat urged, then dropped her heavy tits down around his grimacing face, while continuing to reach back and stroke him vigorously.

"**HHMMFF!!**" the teen grumbled, shivering with pleasure; his voice muffled by pounds of quivering tit-meat.

Darci and Doctor Chase felt the boy's nuts pull closer to his body, but they used wet suction to pull them back out, stretching the cord of his vas deferens. Alden's balls swelled within their mouths, their darting tongues setting off nerve endings that added to the divine pleasure being given to his penis.

"**AHHH, SHIT!**" Alden groaned into his mom's squishy tit-canyon, his back arching in delight as he hosed out the longest, fattest cum-rope of his life. It jetted upward, four-feet into the air, like some sort of slimy, pearly-white geyser, then splattered down onto Kat's back. More jets of creamy ball-jizz followed in rapid succession as his dick and balls got the royal work over. The action didn't stop for several minutes…not until the busty moms knew they had drained every drop from his young nuts.

When they were dressed again, Doctor Chase wrote down a prescription, handed it to Kat while giving Matt a serious look. "Five to six orgasms daily, Alden…until your casts come off," she instructed, then shared a naughty smile with the boy's mother. "Doctors orders!"

"I think we can manage that," Kat replied.

"I think so too," Darci added, her stiff nipples clearly showing through her blouse.

PART 4

"Go Tigers!" Kat screamed from the bleachers, her giant tits jostling beneath her bra as she threw her arms in the air. She sat with her son, Alden, to one side of her and her husband on the other as they watched the game.

"I sure wish I was out there playing," Alden expressed in disappointment, both his broken arms resting in slings. He had gotten the injury weeks ago now while practicing with the team.

"I do too, hunny, but at least you're here supporting your team and that's what matters," said Kat.

"Yeah, I'm sure it means a lot to them to see you up here in the stands cheering them on," Alden's stepdad, Mick, added.

Kat couldn't help but notice how her son's eyes drifted over to the school cheerleaders, watching their plump tits bounce around beneath their uniforms as they threw their legs around gracefully. "It's sure starting to get chilly," said the mother as she draped a throw-blanket over the laps of her and Alden.

No sooner did she have their lower halves covered then Alden felt her hand grasp his cock through his pants. Kat wasn't shocked at all to find it erect and throbbing for release. Doctor Chase had given specific instructions for the boy to have five to six orgasms daily and that's exactly what her and Alden's stepmom, Darci, had been providing.

Kat had gotten up early that day, snuck to her son's room and given him a sloppy blowjob, even before anyone else in the house was awake. She loved the feel of his tasty, teenage cock gliding through her mouth and throat. She made sure to whip her long mommy-tongue all over his bell-shaped glans the entire time. His virile spunk

was delicious as it splattered her cock-gobbling mouth and down her throat.

Once her husband left for work and the other kids were off to school, she climbed on top of Alden and gave him a good hard cowgirl butt-fuck, letting her oversized breasts bobble against his wonder-stricken face the entire time. After her son blew his cum-load deep in her shitter, the mother smiled at him lasciviously. "Do you wanna fuck my pussy for the first time at the game tonight?" she asked.

"That would be rad!"

Kat wanted him to experience her hot mommy-cunt for the first time somewhere sentimental. No better place than at a game he should be playing in. No, he couldn't participate football due to his broken arms, but he could sure perform in other memorable ways, like beating his young dick through hot, **MILF** pussy.

Kat scissored her naked legs back widely and grinned. "You can shoot your hot cum between these 'goal posts' and score some serious points," she joked, making her son laugh.

After school, Alden's redheaded stepmom, Darci, was waiting in his bedroom and let the boy fuck her up the ass. She bounced her meaty butt-cheeks against his lap and let him squeeze on her huge, naked tits until he blasted his third load of the day deep inside the pit of her rectum.

Kat shared a mischievous look with her son as she fondled his erect prick beneath the blanket at the football game. She nuzzled against him from the side, crushing her warm mammaries against him. "Are you ready to play?" the horny mother softly whispered in his ear. She felt wicked doing this with her husband sitting so near, but she justified her actions in her own mind by telling herself that she was only doing it to help her son through a tough time.

"I'm ready," the boy whispered back, then he spoke so his father could hear him. "I think I need a bathroom break."

"No problem, hunny. Let's head down to the restroom," Kat stated, then her and her son stood up. Mick knew that since Alden's injury his wife always assisted his stepson in using the bathroom, but wasn't much bothered by it, since it got him off the hook.

"Are you sure you two wanna leave this second?" Kat's husband asked. "It looks like we're down in the red zone getting ready to score."

"When you gotta go, you gotta go," said his wife as her and Alden stepped down the bleachers. Kat's body tingled from the thrill of knowing she was about to be fucked by a gorgeous teenager. A boy that many girls and mothers at the game also lusted after.

Minutes later, Alden watched his mom lower her shaved pussy to his cock for the first time on the backseat of her car. His pants were down to his ankles and his mom was straddling him with her knees planted on the seat astride his hips. The excited teen tilted his hips and nuzzled the head of his cock against the oozing opening of her wet pussy.

Then, Kat lowered her twat-sleeve over the steely thickness of his cock. "Oh, Alden!" the mother groaned as she drove his shaft all the way up her pussy-channel with one wild stroke.

The teen gazed down at their fused crotches. He'd never felt anything to equal to the soft fleshy ridges of her tightly clinging cunt walls gripping his hard slithering boner.

"You just relax and let mom fuck you," Kat sighed. "Enjoy my hot, tight pussy, baby."

With her mouth hanging open and her long hair flailing wildly around her lovely, flushed face, Kat began thrusting her hips and beat their

naked crotches together, riding her son horny dick vigorously.

"Ohh, shit!" Alden gasped, feeling his big, rigid dick squeeze up through the hot, encapsulating tube of his mother's vagina. Her slippery cuntal secretions had coated his boy-cock and were dripping down over his balls.

"Does that feel good, hunny?" she huffed, riding him like a cock-fucking pro. Kat had not only removed her panties but her bra also, since she knew how much her boy loved to feel her oversized hooters bouncing softly against his body.

"It sure does!" confessed the teen, nuzzling his face between his mom's warm, squishy udders.

Kat grasped onto his strong shoulders and really started riding him, the half-globes of her lovely buttocks beating against his upper thighs. Even though she had fucked her son several dozen times by now, that was up her ass and not her pussy. His boy-cock felt even bigger and stronger inside her tight mommy-fuck-hole. It certainly made the feel of her husband's dick seem almost laughable by comparison.

Alden wrapped his mom's humping body in his arms, embracing her tightly as she fucked him. This caused his face to sink into the soft, quivering canyon separating her giant melons. "Auuugh!" he gasped, aroused unbelievably by all the warm breast meat around his face and the feel of his mom's clutching cunt pumping on his erection.

"Oh my God, I'm cumming!" Kat's pretty voice announced.

Alden felt her body give off a wonderful shudder and her pussy-tunnel felt like it was turning inside out around his pummeling prick.

The rocking motion of Kat's vehicle certainly didn't fail to get the attention of their neighbors as they arrived for the game. When Jim

Green got to the bleachers, he was quick to bring it to the attention of Kat's husband, Mick.

"Well, that stepson of yours can't get any action on the field, but apparently he can still get action on the backseat, huh?" Jim joked.

"How do you mean?"

"I was just in the parking lot. Your wife's car is rocking so hard the wheels are nearly jumping from the pavement."

Mick was quick to call his wife on his cellphone. "Hi, hunny," Kat's sweet voice answered, sounding slightly out of breath.

"Is Alden having sex in your car?" Mick asked. "Jim Green just got to the game, and he said that's sure looks that way."

There was dead silence for a moment. "Kat, are you there?" Mick asked.

"Yes, I'm here, hunny. Alden did meet up with a girl after I helped him use the bathroom. That must be where they went."

"Well, couldn't they go somewhere to park. Having sex in the middle of the school parking lot isn't the best place for a play date."

In Kat's vehicle, the mother continued to bounce on her son's love-muscle while speaking to her husband. "My windows **ARE** tinted, hunny. No one outside the car is gonna see anything they shouldn't. Just let them have their fun."

"Yeah, until the police get called," Mick stated.

"Mick, it's a high school football game," Kat expressed. "I'm sure that Alden and this girl aren't the only ones to ever fuck in a car on school grounds."

Kat felt wicked speaking to her husband, while feeling her son's cock jab against her cervical entrance with its spongy tip. She had certainly never felt penetration that deep with Mick or Alden's father, Anthony. "I'm down near the concession stand talking to one of the other moms. I'll be there in a minute."

After she hung up, her son smiled at her mischievously. "He would sure be pissed if he knew it was **YOU** that I was in the car fucking, huh?" he asked.

"No, not at all!"

"Really?!"

"I'm joking," Kat laughed, making her fat tits jiggle. "He'd kill us both."

Alden thrust his hips from the seat cushion, spearing his erection up into the insatiable snugness of his mom's cunt. "Damn, mom… screwing you is much better than jacking off," he sighed, "and your pussy feels even better than your ass."

"That's because mom has cuntal muscles that can suck on the entire length of your big, dreamy prick."

Kat felt like she was young again in the backseat with the big-dicked football stud after the game. She could feel every wonderful inch of his cock pounding deep into her writhing hole, stretching her uteri back against her cervix. She fused their crotches together and gyrated her wide hips around, stirring his unyielding hardness inside of her for several magical minutes.

"Goddamn that's good!" the boy hissed, feeling his boner plow around inside the hot, juicy sleeve of her cunt. "You're gonna make me cum soon, mom!"

"Pound me and fill me full of your cream then!" his mom encouraged.

Horny as hell, Alden bucked his hips beneath his mom like a bronco. The mass of jizz that had been building up in his balls the past few hours suddenly blasted through his cunt-smothered piss-tip. The boy's muscular body stiffened in ecstasy as the stream of scalding, virile cum boiled up through the length of his pulsating shaft.

"Oh, sweet motherfucker!" Kat screeched, her nails sinking into her son's broad shoulders as she rode his cock feverishly. "I'm cummy, baby! I'm cumming all over your big teenage cock!"

For several spine-tingling minutes, their heated bodies thrashed together. They felt like they had floated away on a cloud of pleasure together and were each sharing the same sensational orgasm.

Kat was startled by a sudden knock at the window. "Shit, it's your stepfather!" the mother panicked. "Get rid of him!"

Alden cracked one of the back windows and his stepfather peered in. Mick could tell there was a girl on top of the boy, but he couldn't make out who she was. He never would have imagined that it would be his own wife. "What do you want, Mick?" the teen asked.

"To give you some friendly advice," he answered. "The school parking lot on game night isn't the best place for a play date."

"OK then…when you see mom…let her know we took the car for a ride to park somewhere else."

"And how do you plan on driving anywhere with two broken arms?"

"My date can drive," Alden answered. "She's old enough."

"I better call your mom and make sure that's ok," said Mick, taking out his cellphone.

Alden knew if he didn't do something before Mick dialed, they would be in real trouble. "Mom already urged me to drive somewhere else, but we were just so horny that we couldn't wait. You know how it is," he stated.

"Alright, well…when I see your mom, I'll let her know that the two of you went for a drive."

As soon as the window closed Kat began to giggle. "Oh my God, that was such a thrill!"

"It's a good thing it's dark in here," said Alden. "He would have known it was you on top of me."

"Well, you heard what he said. Your date should drive you somewhere so she can continue fucking you," stated Kat, then she locked lips with her son for a series of sensual kisses.

The mother's phone suddenly began going off. They thought it would be Mick but were surprised when they heard Darci's voice. "Where are you guys? We just got to the game, but I don't see you anywhere."

"We're in the parking lot," Kat answered. "Mick's heading your way, but Alden and I are going for a joy ride."

"Who's 'joyriding' who?" Darci joked.

Kat giggled. "When you see Mick…tell him you're joining me and some of the other moms for a walk around the school for some gossip or something."

"Do I take that to mean that I get to join your joy ride?" Darci asked.

"We'll pick you up in a few minutes."

After Darci passed along the information to Mick, she left the two husbands to watch the game and joined Kat and Alden in the vehicle. Kat raced them out of town and turned down a secluded dirt road.

"It smells like sex in here. Have you two been fucking?" Darci asked.

"Take a look in the backseat," Kat replied, turning on the overhead lights.

Darci looked back to see Alden still sitting there, naked from the waist down. He still had a boner and it glistened with his mother's orgasmic juices. "Well, I guess that answers my question."

"Sorry, I couldn't pull my shorts back up," said the teen.

"Don't apologize to me. I'm quite enjoying this view," said Darci, licking her luscious lips as she staired at his oversized cock.

"Do you know where you're going, mom?" Alden asked, gazing out the window as the passing darkness of the secluded dirty road.

"Down by the riverbank. It's where the guys always took us to fuck when we were younger."

"The same spot dad and I go to fish sometimes?"

"Yes. Aren't you the one who always tells me that the place is littered with used condoms? Well now you know why," said the mother.

She arrived beside the river and her and Darci quickly joined the boy in the back. Alden's heart pounded excitedly as he watched them quickly strip completely naked. "Alden, if you were on your belly, would you be able to lift your arms above your head and rest them on the seat comfortably?" Darci asked.

"Sure!"

"Excellent!" his stepmother grinned, quickly sprawling onto her back on the seat and throwing her thighs open. "Come down between my legs."

Alden carefully maneuvered between her thighs, lifting his casted arms up over their heads and resting them on the seat as he settled against her lush body.

"Is that alright, hunny?" his mom asked, helping him get comfortable on top of Darci.

"Yeah, I'm good," the boy answered. The feel of Darci's lush, naked body pushing against the full length of his was more than he could stand. Her fat tits squashed against his bare chest like warm, soft bread dough, her swollen teats prodding against his skin.

Darci covered his lips with her hungry mouth, lustfully thrusting her tongue deep into his throat. Eager to feel his hard cock buried inside of her, she grasped the base of his throbbing member and rubbed his big, sensitive knob against her cuntal flanges. "Sounds like you got to fuck your mom already," she said between kisses. "Ready to try stepmom's cunt on for size?"

"You bet!" the boy replied.

Darci's body quivered with a wicked thrill as she felt his cock knob nudging between her slippery cunt-lips. "Ohhh, shit!" she gasped as her stepson thrust forward, sinking his cock into the hot inner flesh of her fuck-tunnel. She threw her strong, smooth mommy-legs around his lean, youthful body. Both their hips began to pivot instinctively, setting into a glorious fuck-rhythm. Alden's big balls beat lewdly against the ring of his stepmom's asshole.

"God, I thought you felt good in my ass. You feel even better in my pussy!" gasped the horny stepmother, clutching frantically around his

shoulders. She threw her cunt up to receive every thrust of his hard, plunging cock. The obscenely stretched lips of her labia sucked greedily around his rigid meat as if trying to pull all his length inside of her, right down to his cock-root.

"Auuuuugh!" the teen hissed, feeling his tender erectile tissue slither along the spongy ridges of her inner lining. His mom and stepmom's pussies each felt unique. While Kat's pussy seemed to fit tighter around his cock, Darci's had strong inner muscles that would do a wonderful squeeze and release the entire time she was fucking him. Her creamy cunt-juices made his prick nice and slippery, so it slithered in and out of her snug fuck-hole with repetitive fluidity.

"Come on, hunny…fuck her nice n hard!" cheered his mom, giving his taut, young ass a hard slap.

While Kat was thankful for Darci's assistance with keeping her son's balls drained, there was still a sense of competitiveness. They were both hot, big-titted MILFs, who prided themselves in their ability to fuck. Alden was a handsome kid, so of course, there was a natural inclination in each of the women to 'one up' each other and wow his socks off.

Darci humped her ass from the seat cushion, meeting her stepson's lurching thrusts. Their hot, naked flesh slapped noisily together. Kat's vehicle filled with their squeals and moans, as well as the wet, sucking sound of Alden's lady-pleaser pummeling in and out of her snug pussy.

"Harder!" Darci cried out. "Fuck me harder, Alden!"

The boy set his hips into overdrive, pounding his throbbing peter-meat through his stepmom's clasping cunt with savage thrusts. The way Darci was pivoting her hips made her clit scrape deliciously along the base of his shaft, giving her even greater pleasure.

She threw her arms around him, frantically clinging to his writhing body as a powerful cum swelled inside her. "I'm almost there! Keep fucking me hard! Oh, God, please!!" she shrieked.

The hard-humping teen gasped as he felt her quivering cunt-tube slowly shrink up around the knob and shaft of his plunging cock. This put increased friction on his nerve-endings as he continued to drive his wet pecker all the way to the back of her vagina. "Damn, Darci…your pussy feels so fucking good!" he panted, delighting in the sensation of her crushed tits jiggling between them.

"Cum with me then!" her voice quivered.

After receiving a few more thrusts, Darci arched her back beneath the boy, her eyes rolling in their sockets as a violent cum washed through her voluptuous body. Alden continued fucking into her as hard as he could until his piss-tip erupted, shooting a torrent of pearly-white jizz into his stepmom's writhing fuck-hole.

After clinging together in mutual climax for several minutes, they both let out a deep, satisfied sigh. "Goddamn!" blurted Darci. "If your father could fuck me like that, I'd never let him leave for work."

"Don't count on that ever happening!" laughed Kat. Before the divorce, she had been married to Alden's dad for nearly sixteen-years and never came as hard with Anthony as she did their son.

After helping Alden off Darci and back into an upright position, Kat knelt on the seat beside him and sucked his cock back to full hardness. Alden loved watching his mom's pretty head bob up and down on his crotch as she gave him oral affection. Her tongue felt divine swirling around his leaking knob.

The mother's eyes got big as she lifted her lips from his swollen crown. "Look at that…rock hard and ready to fuck again!" she stated.

"Do you want me to fuck you the way I did Darci?"

"No…let's try it a different way. You kneel on the floor and I'll put my legs up on your shoulders," she suggested.

Kat moved her ass to the edge of the seat, her big boobs wobbling on her rib cage as she propped her lovely legs onto her son's shoulders.

"Just look at all these creative ways you can still fuck with two broken arms," stated Darci as she knelt on the seat beside them.

Kat guided her son's prick to her pussy and rubbed his tapered tip between her juice-slicked flanges, lubricating his knob for penetration. His penis slipped inside her sweet, scalding cunt and he could feel every soft ridge in her hot slippery passage rubbing exquisitely against his sensitive penile meat.

The boy thrust steadily, settling into a deep, cunt-humping rhythm. The best part about this position for him was looking down and watching his mom's gigantic, naked tits roll up and down her chest to the tempo of their fucking. "See baby…you shouldn't feel bad for not playing in the game, because if you were playing you wouldn't be fucking your mother's pussy right now," she teasingly reminded him.

"That's right, Alden. Wouldn't you rather be parked along side some lonely road with two busty, naked moms than getting tackled by a bunch of sweaty guys?" Darci asked.

"For sure!" he answered, then began humping his hips even faster, driving his prick into the depths of his mom's juicy cunt.

"That's it, baby!" she shrieked in ecstasy. "That's the way to fuck your mother with your big fucking cock!"

Alden's mid-section beat lewdly against his mom's ass-cheeks as he fucked her with his raging cock. The sight of his Kat's radiant face, her dark hair bobbing around and her full red lips parted in ecstasy made him fuck even harder.

"That's it, hunny!" Darci shouted. "Fuck the hot girl-cum out of her pussy! Make her soak you!"

The intense pleasure Alden was feeling increased as Kat's talented cuntal walls began milking his pistoning pecker with her pussy-muscles. "Oh, Mom!" he panted, drilling his thick cock deeper and harder into her sucking cunt, jabbing the head of her cervix. "Your pussy feels so fucking good!"

"All for you, baby!" she whimpered, marveling at the power of his huge flexing cock as it drove through her pussy-tunnel like a fleshy battering ram. "Harder, baby…fuck me harder!" Kat cried out, tightening her calves around his neck.

Alden could tell his mom was on the verge of a tremendous climax. He brought himself down against her, which wasn't the smartest thing, since it put painful pressure against his broken arms, but he didn't care. He knew that pain would soon melt away with the surge of pleasure that would wash through his ejaculating penis.

He began to fuck her really, **REALLY** hard, his ass a blur as he jackhammered his prick through the hole that had once birthed him out. Listening to his mother's wild screams of passion, Alden could feel a climax building deep in his balls as he fucked with everything he had.

"**OH, YESSS**…**FUCK HER ALDEN!**" Darci shouted, rubbing her own clit frantically as she watched them writhe in passion.

As she savagely fucked, Kat could feel her orgasm starting to engulf all of her pleasure-crazed body. "Cuuummmiiinnngggg…**FUUCK YESSS!!**" she shrieked.

The boy let out an animal-like snarl. His virile young body was cradled between his mother's thighs, as he pumped her birthing tube to overflowing with his swirling hot cum. The feel of his mom's long nails clawing at his back as she clung to his humping body only intensified his orgasm.

"Sweet fuck, hunny!" Kat whispered a few minutes later as they untangled their hot, damp bodies. "Draining those young balls is starting to become my new favorite hobby."

"Mine too," giggled Darci.

They dressed and drove back to the game, joining their husbands in the bleachers. "It's about time you guys got back," stated Mick. "There's only two minutes left in the game."

"Sorry, you know us women…we love our gossip," replied his wife.

"Mmm, and that was some juicy gossip too!" stated Darci, still feeling her stepson's 'juice' ooze from her cunt-hole.

Anthony looked over his son, Alden. "Mitch told me you were out doing some scoring of your own tonight, huh?" he asked.

Alden shared a quick grin with his mom. "Mega-scoring!" he replied.

"Well, sounds like you had an enjoyable time. I hope she liked it as much as you clearly did."

Kat and Darci looked at each other, nodded, then started giggling like two girls who had just lost their cherries.

"What's so funny?" Anthony asked.

"Nothing, hunny," his wife answered, patting his knee. "Nothing at all."

Mile High Mom
by KLRXO

Mile High Mom

By Klrxo

"So, how big is it?" Carol's sister Angela asked as they spoke on the phone. "How big is what?"

"Mitch's cock?"

"How would I know?" Carol giggled.

"Do you not remember the conversation we had a week ago?" Angela asked, "the one where you said he **ALWAYS** has boners in front of you and you think he's at least ten-inches fully erect?"

"Ok, yes, I remember that, but how would I just suddenly know my son's cock size?" "You said you were gonna ask him."

"I said that?!" Carol said in shock. "Yes!"

"Angela, I obviously had one too many glasses of wine that night," Carol said, "I don't remember saying anything about asking him that."

"Oh whatever, if you're scared to ask him, just admit it."

"I'm not scared to ask him, I just don't know why it's so important to know." "Oh **SHUT UP!** You're just as curious as I am and you know it," Angela said.

Carol eyeballed her son, who was looking out at the plane they were about to board. Mitch was just a tad taller than her, a handsome dark-haired teen, who was well-toned and nicely dressed for the trip. She let her eyes drift to the sizable bulge in his pants. "Ok, maybe I am a little curious, but I'm not gonna come right out and say 'hi son,

how's your day and oh, by the way, what size is your cock,' that's crazy."

"Well duh, I know that, but I'm sure you can think of a way to ask him tactfully."

A woman's voice suddenly came over the loudspeaker overhead. "Ladies and Gentlemen, we'll now begin boarding for flight three thirty-eight with service to Sydney, Australia. We do have a low number of people booked on this flight, so all passengers are welcome to board at this time."

"We're boarding, so I better go," she said to her sister. "See you in twenty-two hours."

"You better have an answer to my question by then." "Byyye!" Carol sang, then hung up.

She stood from her seat. The beautiful thirty-eight year old had long dark tresses that fell below her shoulders. Her tits were so obscenely enormous that they wobbled heavily from side to side, even under the confines of her blouse and bra, as she picked up her carry-on bag. "You girls ready?" she asked her two young daughters.

"Don't forget your carry-on bags, girls," her husband Jon added.

The busty mother stepped over to her son, her shimmering legs moving smoothly beneath the hem of her mid-length skirt. The dainty four-inch heels of her black slip-on sandals **CLICKED** against the hard floor as she stepped over to her boy and took his hand. "Ready to do this, sweet-pea?"

"I guess so," the boy muttered reluctantly.

She gazed at him with her beautiful green eyes. "Stay close to me. Everything will be just fine, ok?"

He nodded and she led him arm in arm, following her husband and daughters down the jetway. Mitch loved that his mother doted on him, especially since she was so busty and beautiful. He could feel her mountainous breasts pressing against his arm as they walked.

They feel so warm and squishy," the boy thought. Being such a 'momma's boy' definitely had its perks.

They arrived inside the plane and were greeted by three beautiful stewardesses. Two of them looked to be in their 20's, but the third was dirty-blonde Carol's age. "Welcome aboard," she said with a pretty smile.

"Hi," Carol answered back, sharing her own white-toothed smile.

Carol's husband Jon made good money, allowing them to fly first-class whenever they traveled. They found the two rows that were reserved for them. "Hon, why don't you keep the girls in this row with you. I better sit in the next row back with Mitch. You know nervous flying makes him," Carol said.

"Good idea, hon."

She took a seat next to her handsome son, Mitch, who sat on the aisle. Their row was at the back of first class, with nothing but a wall behind them. The seats were large and Carol couldn't even see the heads of her husband and daughters, who were in the row in front of them. This, along with the fact that they were the only ones in first class, made Carol and her son Mitch's row the most private on the airplane. This satisfied the mother a great deal. She wanted nothing more than to comfort her son privately.

The plane left the ground around midnight. Sitting in the middle seat next to her son, Carol held her sweet-pea's hand tightly and rubbed his shoulder as the jet rocketed into the air. Ever since she could remember, Mitch had been afraid of flying and like a good mother, she wanted to be there to comfort him.

"He needs me now more than ever," she thought to herself, squeezing his tense hand in hers tenderly.

When the plane reached flight altitude and the fasten seatbelt sign came off, Mitch felt a little more at ease. Carol looked her boy in the eyes and smiled warmly. "How are you doing, sweet-pea?" she asked.

"Okay, I guess."

"Why don't you undo your seatbelt and lay your head on my lap," she said lovingly, undoing her own belt and moving over to the window seat.

He happily complied, sprawling on his back across the seats and looking up into the loving, sparkling eyes of his mother. From this vantage point, he had a great view of his Mom's huge jutting tit-mounds. Carol's enormous melons stretched the fabric of her blouse, hovering like two water-balloons over her son's face. "Dang! So big!" the boy marveled.

Her pouty lips formed a satisfied smile as she peered down, watching her boy gawk at her big wobbling wonders. She ran her long nails through his hair. "So adorable," she thought.

Mitch zero'd in on the lumps of her erect nipples protruding beneath the fabric. Of coarse, he was just like most teenage boys who dream of being smothered to death by such gargantuan titties.

The boy wasn't the only one with wandering eyes. Carol let her gaze wander to her son's crotch. Just as she expected, a large tubular lump had formed, tenting his pants obscenely. "MyGod,it looks monstrous! Did I really tell Angela I was gonna ask him how big it is?" she wondered.

As Carol stroked her baby's head, the beautiful stewardess, about Carol's same age, arrived at their row. "Everything okay here?" She

asked, studying the boy laying on his mother's lap..

"Fine. My son just gets a little nervous whenever we fly," Carol answered.

The stewardess smiled, looking the young man in the eyes. "It's okay, sweetheart. I have a boy about your age who feels the same way about flying. Like you, he knows there's no safer place than his mother's arms," she said, winking at Carol.

The two mothers shared a meaningful smile. They both understood a mother's sacred duty to her son and that secret bond that only a mother and son can share. They looked at his jutting erection, studying the shape and size. Mitch glanced at both women, seeing the lustful curiosity in their eyes as they stared a moment, mesmerized by his big cock.

Even though the stewardesse's uniform was modest, Mitch could tell she had some enormous tits packed in there, ones that could possibly rival the size of his mother's cannons.

"I'm Amy," the Stewardess said, smiling as she noticed the boy staring. "Mitch," the boy muttered timidly.

"Hi Mitch. The captain's gonna be turning off the cabin lights here in a few minutes. Would the two of you like to use the skycouch to sleep comfortably?"

"Skycouch?" Carol asked.

"Yes, the airline just introduced them. Your row of three seats folds out into a bed, just big enough for the two of you," she explained. "Let me show you."

Both mother and son got up and at the push of a button, their seat became the base of the couch. "Ok, now we'll just throw this thin

top-matress on," Amy said. "I'll get you some pillows and a blanket and you'll be all set."

In a few minutes, the lights shut off, nearly darkening the first-class cabin. Carol and Mitch's row was now a dark private corner behind a sea of mostly empty seats. The stewardess returned with a blanket and a stack of pillows. "Here you are," she said.

"Thank you so much," Carol said kindly.

"Of course. I take it that's your husband and daughters in the next row up?" the stewardess asked.

"Yes."

"Looks like they're already starting to doze off. I'll get them set up with the skycouch as well." "They'll love that, thank you," Carol said.

While the stewardess helped Jon and the girls, Carol slipped out of her sandals and spread the blanket out on the bed. "Why don't you take off your sneakers, sweet-pea. We'll get comfy," she said.

Mitch did so, while watching his Mom's huge knockers jostle beneath her top, as she fluffed a couple pillows by the window, then adjusted the air shooting down on them from the overhead console.

"Apparently we picked the right airline," Carol's husband Jon said, watching his wife and son get comfy while Amy set up him and his daughter's skycouch.

"I know right? I never even heard of these skycouches, but they're certainly gonna be more comfortable than trying to sleep on a seat."

"You got that right."

"You're all set," Amy said."We'll just pull the curtains to give everyone their privacy."

"Wow, curtains too. I'm impressed," Jon said giving his wife and son a quick wave. "Love you guys."

"Love you too. Goodnight, hon," his wife said.

Amy pulled a privacy curtain, draping it across the opening above the seat-backs between their two rows. Then she slid one closed at the opening to Carol and Mitch's row, shrouding them in complete privacy. She remained inside and climbed onto the edge of the bed with them. "How's that?"

"Perfect," Carol said with a grateful smile. Their voices were somewhat muffled by the **RUMBLE** of the airplane engines, so nothing could be heard beyond their own little private area.

"I''m the stewardess assigned to what's been dubbed the 'Cuddle-Class' and you'll only see me if you need me. So don't be afraid to shed some clothes and get comfortable."

"Ugh, I would love to get out of this bra. Would that bother you, sweet-pea?" Carol asked, looking at her boy.

Mitch gulped excitedly. "No," he muttered, making the women look at each other and giggle.

Carol unfastened her skirt, unveiling her crotch, which was adorned in a skimpy pair of pale-pink panties. The V of he mons was clearly defined and the silky fabric fit snugly in the groove of her pudendal cleft..

Mitch continued to watch in awe as she slipped out of her blouse. Her beautifully embroidered bra could barely contain the enormity of her gigantic melons. Creamy tit-meat was spilling out all over the place, making the boy's eyes go wide with desire.

"Ohh, what a beautiful bra," the stewardess said.

Mitch couldn't agree more. When his mom reached back to unclasp it, he felt like his heart beat ten times harder. The straps sprung apart and Carol peeled the silky cups from her boobs, causing them to wobble free. They were even bigger than the teen imagined, capped with broad areola and fat protuberant nipples.

"Would you like us to help **YOU** get more comfortable, handsome?" the stewardess asked Mitch. Mitch shrugged his shoulders timidly. "Sure, I guess."

Carol positioned herself with her back to the window, her luscious tan legs slightly spread open and fully exposed. "Scoot back and lean against me, darling," she said.

Mitch scooted back until his hips were lodged between Carol's thighs and her big round naked melons hugged his back. Amy pulled his legs open and crawled between them, resting her knees together on the mattress pad, close to his crotch. He now sat between two sexy Mommies and together, Amy and Carol peeled his shirt off.

"Ohhh," Amy sighed, hungrily looking over his well-toned chest. "You're so handsome. I bet your mother has to beat the girls off with a stick, doesn't she?"

"They're starting to swarm around," Carol said.

"I bet," Amy said, then began to gently scratch her long nails on his chest. "Do you mind if I feel?"

"No," Mitch muttered, staring at the swell of her massive tits, straining for release inside her uniform.

"He likes it when I scratch my nails on his bare chest, don't you, sweet-pea?" his mother asked, joining Amy with her own hands.

"Yeah," the boy timidly muttered.

"My son likes it too," Amy said. "He also likes it when I lick and bite on his nipples." "We haven't tried that one yet," Carol said, looking at her son with a raised eyebrow.

"Do you want me to show you what it's like, handsome?" Amy said. "Then maybe your mom can do it some more while you're relaxing together."

"Sure."

Amy pushed him back so that he reclined against Carol's spongy tit-mounds. Then she brought her face down and flicked the tip of her thick tongue against one of the boy's nipples. She slipped it into her mouth, pulling at it with wet suction. While doing this, Mitch could feel her warm squishy boobs pressing down against his rock-hard boner.

Amy then moved to his other nipple, attacking it with lashing licks, then she clamped her perfect white teeth around it, sending a jolt of pleasure through his young body. "How was that?" she asked with a naughty smile.

"That was really cool," the boy panted, so turned on he could hardly stand it. Amy looked at Carol. "Should we get his pants off next?"

"Absolutely!" Mitch's mom answered.

Amy unbuttoned the boy's pants and both ladies helped with peeling them off. The shape of his enormous hardon was clearly evident, pushing up through his briefs. "Ohh my!" Amy muttered delightfully. "You **ARE** a big boy, aren't you?" "You think so?" he muttered.

"Ohh, I most certainly do," Amy answered, clawing her nails up his thighs.

Carol stroked his lower abdomen, her nails raking just beneath the waistband of his briefs. "It's ok to be **BIG** down there, sweet-pea.

Girls love that."

"We most certainly do," Amy added, gazing down at his meat-bulge with desire.

Even Carol bit her bottom lip as she stared in wide-eyed lust. While they scratched their nails on his flesh, her son was slowly rocking his hips up and down on the mattress pad, as if there was an imaginary pussy he was humping up into.

"Ohh, sweetheart. It looks sooo hard," Amy said in awe.

"It looks like it might rip right through those briefs," Carol said, making her and Amy giggle.

"Do you see the way you're humping your hips like that, sweetheart?" Amy asked. "That's instinctual. That's your body showing sexual desire."

Mitch felt his mother's hot breath at his ear. "Your hips are going through the motion of sexual intercourse," she said, transfixed on the up and down motion of his erection.

"Mmm, which I could sit and watch all night, but I should get back to work," Amy said. "And leave you two to enjoy your snuggle time."

"Thanks so much for everything, Amy," Carol said in a grateful tone.

Amy pointed up toward the attendant button on the overhead console. That's why I'm here. Just push the button if you guys need anything at all," she said, then slipped out, securing the curtain.

"Come on, sweet-pea, let's get some rest," Carol said, her heavy boobies wobbling around as she guided him under the large white blanket.

Mitch didn't expect to be in bed with his mom on the plane and he especially never imagined that he'd be nearly naked with her as they rested face to face on the skycouch. "Not the most comfortable place I've ever rested, but I'm certainly not complaining," Carol said, then reached up and shut off the overhead light, shrouding them in almost complete darkness.

The boy sighed in delight as his mother took him in her arms, squashing her fleshy melons against his chest and sliding her leg around his hip. "Mmm, this is nice," she said softly, nuzzling her face into her teen's neck.

"Yeah, it is," Mitch sighed, his dick twitching with the thrill of having his mother's nude body against his. .

"Amy's pretty, isn't she?" Carol asked. "Yea, not as pretty as you though."

"Ohh, honey, that's so sweet," the mother said, kissing his neck. The light sensual peck made Mitch's body shudder with excitement. "Ohh, baby, I'm sorry. I should have kissed your cheek. I forgot that the neck is an erogenous zone," Carol said.

"Erogenous zone?"

"Yes, that means it's very sensitive to pleasure." "Oh."

"I bet your body tingled like that when Amy licked and bit your nipples too, didn't it?" Carol asked. "Yes, I never had that done before."

"Mmm, the nipples are a big erogenous zone. They're **VERY** sensitive," his mother explained. "Would you like to take turns licking and sucking and biting on each other's nipples?"

Mitch's heart skipped a beat. "You mean...I could put **YOUR** nipples in my mouth too?"

"Of course you can, sweet-pea. A mother's nipples were made to be sucked," she said, sitting up so the rested on one elbow. "Roll onto your back. I'll go first."

Mitch did as she asked. He could only see his Mom's shadowy figure in the darkness as she got up on her hands and knees, with one arm propped across him. "You ready?"

"Yess," Mitch gulped excitedly.

Carol lowered her head and Mitch felt her silky hair spread out across his bare chest. He also felt her enormous spongy jugs hug his lower torso as she dropped her mouth to his chest..

"Mmmnn," she whimpered lustfully, lashing her long pink licker back and forth on his nipple.

"Ohh wow," Mitch sighed, then felt her luscious lips form a seal around his nipple, sucking and pulling at the tender pink ring of flesh.

After spending a moment sucking, the hot mother sunk her pretty white teeth around the nub, clamping down hard on it and making her boy writhe in delight.

Carol kissed her way across his chest, to his other nipple, then repeated the process of licking, sucking and biting erotically. Even though it hurt having his nipple clamped between her teeth, it was good kind of pain and Mitch found himself wanting more.

"Do mine now," his mom said softly, dragging her boobs up his chest.

Mitch had never sucked a girl's tits before, let alone mature ones that were monstrous in size like his mother's. Her heavy hanging jugs jostled softly against his face, before he felt her huge puffy nipple drag across his lips. He beat the tender pink nub with his

tongue, until Carol lowered her mound onto him, smothering his entire face in a spongy tit-mask.

"Hhhnnfff," the boy groaned, muffled by the nipple and areola he had sucked inside his mouth. Mitch's sucks were more instinctive than Carol's were. He had spent a great deal of time nursing on these tits as an infant, so subconsciously, the ability to really latch on was all coming back to him.

"Yess, like that, baby. Suck my nipple," the mother squealed softly, feeling her cunt tingle inside her panties.

Carol let him take his time at her tit and the teen was swept away into boobie paradise. Her thick distended nipple was battered by her son's tirelessly tongue. He clamped his teeth down hard around the fleshy nub and pulled, stretching her pink flesh.

The mother let out an excited gasp. "Yess, I like that!"

He began to chew at her tit like a horny animal, realizing he could be as rough as he wanted. Mommies were made for boys to be rough with. "Mmnnfff," he whimpered lustfully gnawing at the mound of distended tit-meat he had shoved inside his mouth.

His actions were met by the excited panting of his nearly naked mother, hovering over him. "Ohh this feels so fucking good!"Carol inwardly moaned. "Jon never sucks my tits this way!"

Her slobbery papilla popped from her boy's mouth and he gasped for breath. "Suck the other one now," she whispered, dragging her tit-mounds across his face.

For a moment, Mitch's face got lodged in her gaping cleavage. He reached down and squeezed his hard prick through his briefs, basking in the sensation of having his face wedged between two mammoth tits.

"Sooo soft!" he delightfully thought, kissing his way around inside the squishy pocket of smothering tit-flesh.

Finally, he licked his way to her other nipple and latched on, giving it the same treatment he did the other one.

"Good boy," his mother sighed, feeling his tongue worm back and forth against her engorged teet. He sucked and chewed and licked and chewed some more, biting down hard on her thick nipple and pulling hard, as if trying to rip it from her boobs.

"Ohhhh!" Carol moaned, her eyes rolling back in their sockets. She could feel the hot juice of her arousal lubricating her fuck-tube and smouldering out between her shaved cunt-lips. "Ohh, sweet-pea, you suck me so good!"

As Mitch squeezed his prick, he felt his mother's hand rest on top of his, so they were grasping his boner together. Her nipple popped from his mouth and she brought her face down, so her forehead rested against his. "Your dick is soo horny, isn't it?" she softly asked.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, thrilled by the feel of her bounteous breasts laid out against his upper chest.

"Like your nipples and your neck, your boner has erogenous zones also," she said. "Do you want me to put my hand in your underwear and show you?"

Mitch was breathing heavily with excitement. So much so that he couldn't speak, so he just nodded in response.

Carol slipped her hand beneath his briefs, onto his big hot cock. "DearGod,it'sfucking enormous!"her mind exclaimed as she squeezed the hard fuck-muscle.

Mitch's body shuddered as her hand grasped his boner and gently stroked it up and down. "Ahhh!" he moaned, slowly humped his hips

from the mattress-pad, fucking his cock through her loving grip.

Carol marveled at the sheer size and hardness of his erection. As it slid through her tight grip, she could feel the blood pumping through the big bulging veins along the shaft. Her son's fat knob slipped through her hand, coating it with slippery precum. "Mmm, that feels good, doesn't it, baby?"

"Yess!" Mitch whispered.

"Especially on that big juicy knob," she said seductively, focusing her strokes on just the slippery tip of his prick.

Mitch writhed beneath her, his entire body tingling exquisitely. "Hnnff!" he whimpered, feeling her milk his knob..

Carol kissed his neck, her hard rubbery nipples digging into his chest. She squeezed her thumb beneath his juice-slickened frenulum, pressing it up and down. "Ohh, yes, sweet-pea...there's those magic pleasure-spots. Mommy knows where they are."

"Ohh my God,that feels incredible!" Mitch's mind screamed. "I can't believe Mom is actually squeezing my dick!

"Oh, Mitch, you're so horny, darling! Do you want me to beat your dick for you?" Carol asked lovingly.

"You mean jerk me, um, off? You would do that?" the teen panted.

"As long as you don't tell your father."

"Of course I won't. Will you say naughty things to me while you do it?"

"Naughty things?" Carol asked, rising up and kneeling beside her son, still with a firm grip on his manhood. "You like to hear Mom say naughty, dirty things?"

"Ohh, yess."

"Let me sit behind you. That way my lips can be really close to your ear while I jerk on your dick."

Carol slipped behind him and Mitch reclined back against her ballooning tits, crushing them against his back. He could feel his mother's hot breath at his ear as she started rhythmically beating his boner up and down.

"Ohh, honey, your hardon is so incredibly long and thick," she said, giving it full-length strokes. "I can only imagine how intensely girls are gonna cum on this thing."

"Ohhh!" Mitch sighed. There wasn't much light in their little first-class cocoon, but he could still see his Mom's hand traveling up and down the length of his erection tirelessly.

Carol was watching also, amazed at how stiff her son's prick was. Because she was a lefty, she could see the little glimmer of her diamond wedding ring rising and falling on her finger. "I know this counts as some form of infidelity, but I don't care. It's not like I'm fucking him. It's not the same at all," she told herself.

Mitch was beginning to hump his hips and she brought her lips back to his ear. "Come on, sweet-pea, that's it...show me how you would fuck a girl," she said in a sexy tone.

"It's not a pussy, but it feels damn good!" Nick thought, spearing his hardon through his mother's precum-slickened grip.

The cock-stroking mother felt his dick flex in her hand, which made her cunt-tube clench in desire. She jerked his cock with perfect corkscrew strokes, squeezing his glans through her tight fist, making his cum-swollen balls clench and tingle.

Carol squeezed her fist even tighter. "Yess, fuck her pussy hard and make it tighten around you!' she moaned. "She's got cream for you, honey! Get it!....Get it, baby! Make her cream on you!"

"Ohh damn, Mom," the boy groaned, squirming in her arms as he felt his knob tingle with pre-orgasmic rapture.

"There it is!" Carol said, sliding her hand all the way to the base and holding it there. Mitch's hips were arched and suspended in mid-air, his jutting hardon sticking straight up like a rocket ship preparing to blast off. His fat knob twitched and throbbed, a gob of bubbling cum oozed from his piss-slit and ran down the underside of his cock, all the way to his nuts.

Then his mother resumed her vigorous cock-milkkng, this time beating his boner hard and fast, determined to make the cum spurt out. "Give it to her, baby! Fuck your spermies into her!" she hissed in his ear.

Mitch clenched his eyes closed, tossing his head to the side in ecstacy as he felt the torrent of cock-juice spurt from his prick, up into the air and all over his mother's milking hand.

"Ohhhgghh!" he softly grunted, trying his best not to be loud. He would have growled like the Hulk if he could have, it felt so fucking good.

He bucked and humped up into his Mom's cock-smothering grip, until every ounce of milky spunk had exuded from his pulsing penis.

It had been an hour since Amy had left the mother and son's row when they pushed her button on the overhead console, calling her back. "Hey guys," she said, peeking inside the curtain.

Carol was sprawled beside her son and they were snuggled together, her big naked boobies pressed against him. "Hi Amy. Could we get a towel and a washcloth please? she asked.

Amy glanced at the tent in the blanket from Mitch's still-hard cock. "Of course. Be right back."

A few minutes later, she returned with two wet wash cloths and a towel. "Can I help you clean him up?" she asked Carol.

"Certainly," the mother said with a smile.

The busty stewardess joined them on the Skycouch and the women knelt on either side of the boy, each with a washcloth. Amy turned their overhead light on, then peeled the blanket back, uncovering his rock-hard erection and the huge splatters of spunk surrounding it.

Her eyes lit up as she took in the true enormity of his teenage cock-muscle. "Ohh my!" Amy muttered.

"Sorry about the mess," Mitch said.

"Yes, sorry," Carol added, "we should have asked you for a towel beforehand." "It's ok. This is one of those messes that needs no apology."

Mitch watched the two mothers clean the pools of cum on his chest and around his cock, then they tenderly swabbed his dick and balls. "Oh there's just so much of it," Amy said with wide-eyed wonder. "You teenage boys can sure produce a lot of sperm."

"They sure can," Carol added, her eyes traveling up the length of her boy's erect dick. "My God, his dick is still completely erect! How is that even possible after cumming so hard!" she thought.

Mitch watched the two women squeeze the washcloths around his hard cylinder, while staring lustfully at the fat barbed knob that pointed straight up. The washcloths were warm and felt amazing around the tender pink flesh of his peter. "And their big pricks stay so incredibly hard, even after ejaculating," Amy said, her big fleshy clitoris throbbing in her panties as she stared at the boy's cock-tip.

"Is that normal?" Mitch asked.

"For boys your age, yes," Carol said, staring intensely at his manhood, "and it's absolutely wonderful!"

"My friends say that most girls are afraid of big dicks."

"Well, that may be true for younger girls, but for women your mom and I's age, big dicks are divine," Amy said, giving his shaft a gentle squeeze. "Oh and you **DO** have a whopper, don't you? It must be at least ten inches long?"

"I think so," the boy said timidly. "Very thick too," Carol added.

"So I'm curious, Mitch," Amy asked, gazing at him with her beautiful eyes, "has your boner ever been sheathed in a hot pussy?"

Mitch shook his head, her sexy words making his dick twitch excitedly.

"Ohh, we have a virgin on board," she said, sharing a smile with Carol. "Well, a boy as handsome as you won't stay a virgin very long."

"Sweet-pea, do you need to use the bathroom before we crawl back into bed?" his mom asked. "Sure."

"Here, throw on your briefs and you can use the crew restroom up front," Amy said.

After Mitch left, the two Mothers smiled at one another. "I have some complementary condoms I could give you, but I honestly don't think they would fit him," Amy said, making them both giggle.

"It's fine. I"m not sure an airplane would be the best place for our first time anyway?" "Why's that, hon?" Amy asked.

"To be honest, I'm not used to something that size. My husband is maybe six inches, at his hardest. I haven't had anything even close to Mitch's size since college...and I don't **EVER** think I've taken a cock nearly as thick. I mean, I can't even get my hand around it," Carol explained.

"It **IS** one of meatiest I've ever seen," Amy agreed. "So you have reservations about doing it here, because you think it'll have you screaming?"

"**I KNOW** it'll have me screaming, especially the first time," Carol said. "The plane engines are loud, but not loud enough to drowned that out."

Amy giggled. "Well give me a little time, maybe I can come up with a solution. After all, it is my job to look after the needs of those flying with us," she said with a wink.

Carol gave her a friendly smile in return. "Thank you, you've done so much already."

"Well, we Moms have to look after each other, especially when we're trying to play with our husbands in such close proximity," Amy said, glanced at the backs of the seats in front of them.

"True. So I take it you have a son and the two of you are sexually active?"

"Ha! Sexually **OVERACTIVE** more like," Amy giggled. "I have free family flight benefits, so sometimes I'll have my son fly to a destination, meet me there and we'll fuck our brains out for twelve hours before I get on my next flight."

"Wow, seeing the world and having great sex. What a life!" Carol said.

Mitch returned and the women's eyes were drawn to the tent in his briefs. "Feel better?" Amy asked.

"Much."

"Ready for more snuggles?" his mom asked. He looked into their little cave and saw her sitting in a sexy manner. Resting upright, the beautiful, long haired brunette's legs were under the blanket, but her upper half was fully exposed and her huge stiff-nippled knockers dangled heavily on her chest.

"I'm ready," Mitch answered, crawling back onto the Skycouch with a fully hard erection..

"Let me know if there's anything else I can get you," Amy said with a smile, then closed the curtain.

Mitch joined his Mom under the blanket. She turned and faced away from him and he got a good look at the meaty mounds of her half panty-shrouded buttocks, before she reached up and clicked off the overhead light. "Spoon me and we'll get some rest," she said.

Mitch laid on his side and Carol snuggled back against him, pressing his boner into her butt-crack. She took his hand and guided it around her waist. "Goodnight, sweet-pea," she whispered.

"Goodnight," Mitch said back, more content than he'd ever been in his life. "If I could only sleep with my dick inside her. That would be perfect!" he thought.

Carol's mind was also swirling with possibilities. "It's scary how much I love this. His hard dick feels soo good against my ass. It just feels so....natural. I'm so fucking horny right now I can hardly stand it!"

Before long, the lustful mother was gently grinding her ass against her son's cock-muscle. Their breathing became heavier as Mitch's

knob dug through her ass-crack, rubbing exquisitely back and forth across the crinkled ring of her asshole.

The boy felt his mother gently take his hands and guide them up to her bounteous breasts. Since Carol was resting on her side, one massive melon was stacked on top of the other. Mitch grasped her boobs and his fingers sunk into the spongy flesh as he squeezed and kneaded them, just the way she hoped he would.

"Yesss," he heard her softly whisper. "Take off your briefs."

Mitch didn't need to be asked twice. Even if his mom kept her panties on, the feel of his naked boner digging between those plump, silk encased buns would feel so incredible.

"I'll keep my panties on!" the mother thought. "With Jon and the girls so close, this isn't the time or place to be split in two by his massive cock. That doesn't mean we can't dry-fuck though, I just can't get carried away."

"Ahhh!" Mitch sighed as they went back to spooning and he felt his naked cock squeeze between her silky, meaty mounds.

Carol's asshole throbbed against her boy's stiff prick as he dry-humped his boner through the smothering cleft between her sexy mommy-buns. As good as it felt to her, what she really wanted was to feel his manhood pressed against her overly-horny cunt.

She brazenly reached down between them, grasped her son's cock and repositioned it between her legs. Now his muscled slab was pushing up against the moist folds of her vulva, carving a path between her puffy outer lips and scraping delightfully across her engorged clitoris.

"Yess! Ohh, baby!' she softly squealed, rocking her hips and meeting his steady dry-humps.

Even through his Mom's panties, Mitch could feel the heat radiating from her pussy-slit, warming the top of his boner as it dug against her juicy twat.

Over the next five minutes they humped together in the spooning position, with Mitch squeezing away at her enormous tit-orbs. Carol turned her head and somehow in the darkness she found his lips and began to plant soft sensual pecks.

"Mmmnnn," the mother moaned as the smooching became heavier and heavier. It was, however, a difficult position to kiss in, so she finally crawled up on her hands and knees, pushed him back on the mattress and straddled him..

Incredibly aroused, Carol went straight for her son's lips, fusing their mouths together in an open oval. Their tongues dueled and she humped her cunt up and back against the stiff length of his prick.

"You like it, baby?" she whispered, between kisses, "You like me to hump my pussy against your boner like this?"

"Yess!"

"I know you'd like me to take my panties off, wouldn't you?" "Only if you would want to?"

"I would love to...more than anything, but I can't sweet-pea. Squeezing your big dick inside my cunt would make me lose my mind," she said, then planted a few more kisses. "If your father heard me squealing in pleasure, we'd both be in trouble."

"True."

"I'll take my panties off, but we can't let my naked pussy **ANYWHERE** near you monstrous boner," she said. "Even though you can't fuck me tonight, I would straddle your face and let you eat my pussy. How does that sound?" she asked.

It wasn't the hot fuck Mitch wanted, but the idea of devouring his Mom's lovely cunt was something he wasn't about to turn down. "Sounds really great!" he answered eagerly.

"Mm, sounds great to me too," Carol said, peeling off her crotch-soaked panties and straddling her boy's head without hesitation.

Suddenly, a wave of hot, tingling pleasure coursed trough her pussy as her son's tongue swiped wetly up her cunt-slit. Her puffy nipples hardened even more on the mounds of her tits. Her freshly aroused clit protruded from its fleshy domed hood.

Mitch's moans were muffled, buried between his Mom's soft thighs and shaved cunt. He wantonly licked up the pungent juices oozing from the fragrant folds her fuck-slit.

"Yess, baby! Eat my pussy!" she softly cried out.

Her husband was only a few feet away, but Carol didn't give a fuck. She began to lustfully buck and gyrate her hot ass, fucking her pussy all over Mitch's face.

"Suck it," she whimpered shamefully. "Suck my fucking pussy and make me cum!"

Eagerly obedient, her boy's tongue lapped smoothly up her hot pink slit, darting into the inner sheath of her fuck tunnel and feeling her pussy-hole squeeze on his wiggling licker.

Carol gasped and threw her head back in pleasure, squeezing her fat jiggling tits and pinching her nipples, trying to draw out as much bodily pleasure as she could get.

Mitch sucked her marble-sized clitoris into his mouth, slurping and pulling on her tender love-button. "Ohh baby, you're soo good at this!" she whimpered.

"Holy shit, I love it!" the boy's mind screamed, as he devoured her creamy cunt, savoring the feel of her smooth, slippery folds smothering his face.

Showing absolutely no shame, Carol's ground her wet pussy frantically against her boy's tongue, climbing higher and higher towards a mind-blowing climax. "Yesss! Of fuck, Mitch, you're gonna make me cum all over you!" she softly cried.

"Mmmnnff!" the boy muttered, lashing his tongue all over the fleshy nub of her clitoris. "Fuuuck!" the mother shrieked. "Fuuck yesss!"

Mitch's cunt-smothered face was suddenly soaked by a blast of hot girl cum that shot from Carol's urethra. He swallowed a big mouthful, savoring the taste and smell the hot orgasmic juice. For several minutes he licked and sucked like a starving dog as his mother used his face like a fuck stool, humping and grinding while her lovely body trembled with force of a powerful cum.

"Wow, Mom, you really soaked me!" he boy said as she finally let him come up for air.

"Would you like to soak **ME** now?" she whispered. "Squirt what's in those big beautiful balls right down Mommy's throat?"

"Sure, if you would want me to?"

"Yes I want you to," she giggled. "I wanna choke on that hunk of meat."

Carol knelt beside him, leaned over and slipped his cock inside her mouth. She forced her head down until she had nearly half of his gigantic cock between her stretched lips. The knob nearly blocked her throat passage, making her gag a little.

Slowly, she began to bob her head up and down on his rock-hard shaft. The slurping, gulping sounds of a good blow job burbled out

of her mouth as she plunged Mitch's prick in and out like a skilled cocksucker.

"Ohhh, damn!" the boy muttered, feeling the hot wet oral sheath plunge up and down his boner.

"I may not be able to fuck him tonight, but I can give him the juiciest deep-throat blowjob he'll get anywhere!"Carol thought, lashing her long wet licker all over the surface of his knob.

She plunged his oversized cock down her throat, fighting to control her gag reflex as her lips sunk lower and lower, finally resting against the root of his cock.

"Ohh shit," her son sighed in sheer delight.

She came up for air, then sloppily rolled her tongue all over the purple knob of his cock, darting it into the open cum-slit. Then she clamped her lips in a tight circle around the center of his rod and sucked voraciously, fucking his cock-tip deep into her throat.

"Ohh, mom!" the boy panted, overwhelmed by the pleasure of her vigorous cock-sucking.

"I want that hot fucking load!" Carol thought, closing her tight fist around the base of his cock shaft. Urgently, she began to jack him off, rhythmically milking his dick into the clinging warmth of her sucking mouth.

There was only so much of this type of skilled cock-sucking that an inexperienced boy could take. "Ahhh!...Oh yes, Mom! Ohh shit!" he whimpered as he felt his knob tingle and the impending surge of cum rocketing up his shaft.

Carol was rewarded with spurt after hot salty spurt of cum. The milky ropes skipped across her tongue and she lapped it all down, working her throat muscles to gulp down every last tasty drop.

Carol and her son woke to her husband's voice. "Honey, you guys awake?"

"Shit," the mother said with panic. She quickly covered her boobs up just as Jon peeked in their curtain.

"Good morning, sleepyheads! You guys must have been beat!" he said.

His wife was clearly laying half-way on top of their son, which struck Jon as a little weird, but he didn't say anything about it. If he knew there were two completely naked bodies under that blanket he probably would have been compelled to ask questions.

"What um...what time is it?" his wife asked.

"A little after eight. They're gonna be bringing out breakfast soon." "Oh wow, ok, um...give us a few minutes and we'll be up," she said.

Her husband disappeared and they quickly got dressed, not feeling the least bit guilty from all the sexual play they'd engaged in.

After folding up the Skycouch, they sat side by side in their normal seats and Amy arrived with their breakfast.."Did we get **ANY** sleep at all?" she asked with a mischievous smile.

Carol looked at Mitch playfully as he sat in the middle seat between her and Amy. "Some, yes."

Mitch noticed that both women had a hand resting on his thigh, very close to his crotch. This and the sight of their deeply exposed cleavages had his pecker erect in no time.

"So I think I came up with a solution to your problem," Amy said. "Problem?" Mitch asked, chomping on a muffin..

"The one I was mentioning to you earlier this morning, sweet-pea," Carol said, "We both wanna fuck each other, but your dick is so big that I'm probably gonna be a little loud the first time I squeeze you inside me."

"Oh yeah, that problem."

Amy patted the boy's thigh. "I know the perfect spot,, but we only have one problem and that's getting there without your husband noticing," she explained.

"Where is this spot?" Carol asked with interest. Amy pointed toward the ceiling "Right up there."

Mitch looked up at the overhead compartment. "In with the carry-on bags?"

Amy giggled. "No, further up. This section has a upper deck with some private crew bunks. It's where we take shifts sleeping on these longer flights."

"Wow, I had no idea crew bunks even existed on a plane," Carol said.

"Most people don't. It's through a secret hatch only accessed by the crew. The bunks are cozy, soundproof and my three hour sleep shift is coming up soon. If we can get there without anyone seeing us, it's the ideal spot for some **VERY** intense intercourse."

Carol got a big beaming smile, squeezing her son's thigh. "Oh my God, that would be prefect." "Ok, here's my plan," Amy said, he face flush with excitement.

A short time later, after Amy had collected the breakfast trays, she gave the secret nod to Carol and Mitch. They got up from their seats and paused at Jon and the girl's row. "Guess what, honey?"

"What?" Jon said, taking out his headphones.The girls were busy watching their own shows on their devices.

"You know how Mitch has always had such an interest in airplanes?" "I never knew that," Jon said, looking at his son.

"Yeah dad, um, since I was little," Mitch said, looking at his mom, who smiled back in agreement. "I've always been interested in them."

"No kidding?"

Carol chimed back in. "Anyway, we told the stewardess that and she said the Captain has agreed to let us sit in the cockpit for awhile."

"Wow, I didn't think they even allowed that type of thing on planes anymore."

"Well, apparently they think it's ok for Mitch and I."

"Well awesome," her hubby said, "take some pictures if they'll let you."

"Will do. See you guys in a bit." Carol said, guiding her son to the front of the cabin.

Amy was alone in the crew area. She picked up the phone to call the back of the plane. "Hey Joyce, everyone in first class is all set. I'm going up to rest."

"We got you covered, girl. Have a nice nap," Joyce said back. "Thanks."

Amy hung up, then led the mother and son to an area by the plane's entry door. She pulled a level and a secret compartment popped open that led up a tiny stairway. "You guys go ahead up. I'll close and lock the hatch behind us," she said.

Carol led her boy up the peaked stairway to a landing at the foot of two big bunk compartments. They were cozy-looking and warmly lit. "I never would have guessed these were up here," Carol said.

Amy removed her scarf. "My son and I have used this area more than once, so I'm used to sneaking someone up here. Which reminds me. I do have an accommodation fee."

Carol looked at the st with a smile, having a pretty good idea what the fee was, but asked anyway. "Which is?"

Amy looked Mitch in the eyes with dreamy-eyed lust. "Of course your Mom will take your virginity, but then I want you to fuck **ME**, just as deep and hard."

"Ok," Mitch eagerly agreed, gulping nervously..

Amy turned a knob on the wall and a sexy **R&B** tune thumped from overhead speakers. "Shall we do a little strip-tease for him?" she asked Carol.

"Mmm, absolutely!"

Mitch watched in awe as the two mothers began seductively swinging their hips to the beat, while slowly unbuttoning their tops. By the time their bra-clad tits were exposed, his cock was painfully erect. Their enormously round jugs wobbled heavily in their sexy, silky bras as they circled around the gawking teen.

"Do you wanna take your dick out, sweet-pea?" Carol asked. "Do you wanna beat your boner while you watch us strip?"

Mitch nodded, then immediately removed his pants and briefs. His large, fully erect cock bobbed up and down a few times as it jutted out at a perfect thirty-degree angle from his crotch. He wasted no time squeezing his fist around it, while watching the mother's skirts drop to the floor.

"Mmm, how lucky are you, Mitch," Amy asked, "to have two hot mature pussies to pound into this morning?"

"Very lucky," the boy answered, watching the big meaty mounds of Amy's thonged ass sway and gyrate seductively. She placed her thumbs under the tiny waistband and teasingly shimmied her little white panties down her smooth curvy legs.

Mitch's mother did the same, slowly inching her panties down her sexy mommy-legs, so the boy now had a clear view of the mons of their shaved pussies.

"Dang! That is soo sexy!" he thought. "And I get to fuck both of them!"

Both women paused in front of the teen, still rolling their hips provocatively, while reaching around and unclasping their bras. "Mmm, look at that huge hard cock," Amy said, gazing hungrily at it, while slipping her shoulder-straps off.

"Trust me, I have a hard time not looking at it," Carol giggled.

Both women peeled their bra-cups away at the same time and their mammoth, stiff-nippled melons came bobbling out onto their chests.

"Whoa!" Mitch muttered, jacking his dick even harder to the site of their ballooning breasts.

Together, the mothers peeled his shirt off, so that they were all now completely naked. "Go ahead, sweetie, you go in first," Amy said, nudging the boy towards one of the bed compartments.

Mitch crawled inside. With walls on three sides, it seemed roomy enough for three. The thick cushy pad beneath him was nearly as big as a full-sized bed mattress. He watched the two women crawl in after him, their big dangling knockers jostling around heavily as they crept around to either side of him like prowling cougars.

Carol locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss, while Amy leaned across the boy, licking and biting his nipples sensually.

"We mothers have a **VERY** naughty side," Amy said between licks. "Yes we do," Carol agree," planted more wet kisses.

"We become wild aggressive sluts around cocks like yours, sweetheart," Amy said. "Like ferocious slut animals desiring nothing more than to have our cunts fucked hard and deep."

Carol smacked her luscious lips off of her sons. "Can you do that for us, sweet-pea?" she asked, gazing into his eyes with deep-seated desire. "Can you pound our slutty cunt-holes and make us scream with passion?"

Mitch was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. "Yes," he sighed, looking back into her beautiful eyes.

Her pussy clasped and her body shuddered as she stroked his cheek, letting out a horny gasp. "Get me on my back!" she said with frantic desire.

Mitch rose to his knees and watched his beautiful mother drop down onto her back, her titties wobbling like big fleshy round pillows across her chest. She lifted her knees up nearly to her elbows and bowed her smooth shapely thighs open, creating a nice comfortable fuck-saddle for him to lower himself into.

He felt Amy's tits press softly against his back as she embraced him from behind. They both looked down as the moistened folds of Carol's shaved cunt. Between the pink slabs of labial meat was the creamy opening to her fuck-hole. Crowning her genitals, her thick clitty looked like a shiny pink pearl, protruding from it's protective hood. "You're gonna fuck her, sweetheart," she exclaimed excitedly. "You're gonna fuck your mother!"

Carol fed him a dreamy smile, extending her arms, taking his hands and guiding her boy down in top of her. She reached down and lined his boner up for penetration, gazing at him anxiously the whole time. "Fuck me, sweet-pea!"

Mitch thrust his hips forward and watched the knob of his cock spit her twat and slowly squeeze inside.

"Ohhh!" Carol gasped, feeling his mighty spear stretch the delicate pink walls of her pussy right away. "Ohh, Dear God, this is gonna hurt sooo fucking good!" her mind screamed excitedly.

Amy knelt next to the boy, watching him enter his mother. "Slide it in slowly, Mitch. Let her adjust to your size," she coached.

The teen felt the rubbery-ribbed walls of her pussy-tube spread out over his hard cock as it sunk deeper and deeper inside her. "Wait," she gasped, pressing her hand against his crotch to stop him.

"Are you ok?" he asked.

"Ohh, God yes! I just...I just need you to ease it in slowly the rest of the way. I've never been taken any deeper than this."

Mitch looked down and noticed a good four-inches of cock-meat still left to push inside her. Amy noticed as well. "Oh baby, your boner is gonna be pounding parts of your mother's pussy that has never been touched before. Isn't that exciting?!" she asked.

"Yess."

"Go slowly at first. Once she's gotten used to all that wonderful dick, then you'll really be able to pound her like an animal."

Mitch heeded their direction and slowly eased his rock-hard prick the rest of the way in. "Ohhh, yesss!" Carol gasped, feeling his knob mash against the head of her cervix.

"Ohh, I think you've hit gold, handsome," Amy said. "Slowly start fucking her now."

Mitch started out with slow inching thrusts, deep inside her. His marveled at the way his Mom's eyes were closed and her mouth hung open, relishing every little move his cock made. She finally peeked down at him though long fluttering lashes. "All the way out, then all the way back in now, sweet-pea," she instructed.

The teen watched his boner slide out of her pussy. It was soaked with her secreting fuck-oil. When only his knob was still inside her, he pushed forward, sinking it all the way to his nutsack in one juicy swoop. "Ohhh my God!" Carol cried out. "Again!"

He repeated the thrust, delighted by the feel of her hot squeezing fuck-tunnel and the way it smothered every contour of his hard prick.

After a few ball-bumping ins and outs, he settled into a slow steady fuck-rhythm.

Amy kissed the boy sensually while he fucked and brought his hand to her fat tear-drop-shaped melons. He sunk his fingers into the squishy meat, loving the feel of her puffy, rubbery nipples against his palms.

"Mmmm," Amy murmured, lashing her thick strong tongue through his mouth, battering the boy's own licker from every direction. Like he was with his mom, Mitch was amazed at what an incredible kisser the sexy stewardess was.

When their kiss finally broke, he looked down to see his mom smiling lustful up at him. Her huge melons were spread out across her chest and rolled and rippled up and down from the motion of their fucking. "Are you ready to fuck me hard, baby!" she said candidly. "Come down on top if me."

Mitch lowered down on top of his Mom, trembling excitedly as she cradled him between her smooth thighs. He pushed his cock all the way in and held it there as he lowered his body flat on top of hers, crushing Carol's tits between them..

She lunged for his lips and they kissed passionately in full penetration. The boy felt her strong cuntal muscles squeezing around his cock. Her lovely legs suddenly hooked high up around his back. "Fuck meee!" she cried out, without the worry of being heard.

The teen set his hips in motion, spearing his boner through her birth canal. Carol's inner lining was dripping with hot secretions, which easily lubricated the meaty prick as it plugged through her.

"Ohhhyesss!" the horny mother screamed out, feeling the virgin areas, deep inside her pussy, finally stretched exquisitely by her son's hammering hardness.

Their bellies beat together in a wild uninhibited fuck. Mitch's big balls slapped lewdly against her ass as he humped his cock through her pussy with full-length thrusts.

"Ohh fuck, Mom!"

Carol would normally scold him for using the 'f" word, but not today. Today was all about the 'f" word. Today she was finally fucking her son's big cock, so he could do and say pretty much anything he wanted.

"Oh my God, it feels so fucking amaziiing!!" her brain screamed. Now that she was over the pain she initially experienced from his thick meat stretching her inner-walls, she realized that he had exposed more nerve ended than she knew she had. Her fuck-sheath squeezed and quivered around him, already feeling like could explode in orgasm.

Amy squeezed her big nipple with one hand, while rubbing her clitoris with the other, while watching the mother and son fuck.

Mitch's young ass bobbed up and down between her thighs as he plunged his juicy pecker deep inside the pussy of his dreams. He loved the feel of being against her warm naked body, while she clutched him with her arms and legs and her stiff-nippled jugs sloshed around between them.

His mom suddenly threw her head back, craning her neck in pure ecstasy. "Eeeiiee, I love it!" she screamed out, her voice quivering in orgasm. She was thrilled with the fact that she could cum as hard and loud as she wanted and her husband couldn't hear her.

Mitch's cock flexed inside the hot, juice-spurting grip of her pussy-tube, his big purple knob carving the way through the squeezing, quivering cuntal tissue.

Carol was delighted by the way the tip of his boner would slam against her cervix on every downward thrust. The entrance to her womb was like a round set of puckered lips that kissed his knob, coating it with hot cervical mucus.

The sexy mother's expression contorted with the intense pleasure of their fucking. She could feel her juice-oozing cunt-hole sucking and contracting around her son's fat prick. She tightened her arms around his shoulders, clawing his back in a desperate attempt to make him shove his boner even harder and deeper inside her. "Fuck me haarder!" she cried out.

Mitch obliged and after a dozen cunt-hammering thrusts, he felt her entire curvy body writhe and tremble beneath him. "Cuuuming!" she gasped, then clutched him as hard as she could. "Ohhh God, baby, I'm cuuumingggggg!!"

Mitch's knob tingled in her juicy cunt-grip. "Ahhh!" he moaned, announcing his own impending orgasm. "Ohhyeaah!"

He suddenly rammed his prick to the hilt in her cunt, shuddering as his balls vented a huge load of thick, hot cum. Feverishly, his mom wiggled and humped beneath him, flexing her fuck-muscles around his cum-squirting prick, helping him to drain out every droplet of cock-cream.

Downstairs, one of Jon's daughters looked over at him as they hit a patch of turbulence."I hope they're not letting him fly the plane," she said.

Jon laughed. "You never know, honey."

"Is that what you think him and Mom are doing in there this whole time?"

"Could be," he joked. "Your brother could be sitting in the Captain's seat, with your mother as his copilot."

Little did Jon know, that directly above him, in a cozy little bunk, his wife and son were indeed flying high. Carol was straddling their teen, her sexy naked ass bouncing on his crotch as she plunged her pussy-tube up and down the length of his cock. Her hips worked tirelessly, propelling her juicy twat on the unyielding rock-hadness of her son's boner.

"Yesss!: she shouted, her long hair waving around as she fucked with youthful vigor.

Mitch's eyes were as big as saucers as he lay there watching his mom's gigantic tit-melons swing and dance right above his face. He wanted to just bury his face between them and never come up for air.

Carol shamelessly ground her shaved crotch into his, stirring her creamy pink pussy-tube with his massive erection, feeling it stretch her in every dreamy way possible. "Ohh, my God, sweet-pea, you fuck me so good!" she panted.

She clutched his chest with her nails and really laid into him, swiveling her hips up and back in a vigorous deep grind. Mitch watched her bite her bottom lip in ecstacy, her boobs were trapped between her forearms, ballooning outward. Her puffy pink nipples were so erect, they looked like they could pop right of the ends of her wobbling tits.

"Unngggh!" the mother cried out, her face grimaced in pleasure as she was struck with another intense climax. Her hips moved faster in faster in a frenzied, grinding fuck. The feel of her son's flexing cock stirring inside her juicy baby-chute was the most intense feeling she'd ever felt.

"Unngggh fuck yesss!!" he girlish mommy-voice quivered. If she had screamed like that down in the cabin, it would have alerted every passenger on the plane.

Mitch loved watching her cum. It was the most fascinating and erotic thing he'd ever seen. This was his Mom. The one who'd given birth to him and lovingly brought him up.. Now she was naked, squirting her love juices all over his deeply embedded penis while crying out like a horny slut. He loved it!

Carol looked at Amy with smile and let out a big satisfied sigh. "Wanna turn?" she asked. "Absolutely!" the busty stewardess answered.

Mitch watched his mother switch spots with Amy. The beautiful dirty-blonde mounted his loins, her fat jutting breasts bobbling back and forth as she reached down and slipped his boner inside her aroused cunt.

"Ohhh, God, sooo fucking big!" she cried out as Mitch's stiff cock-meat sunk through her pussy-tube.

"How's her pussy feel, sweet-pea?" Carol asked her son, leaning over and planting tender kisses on his neck.

"Really good," he sighed, feeling his knob hit bottom.

Amy started fucking him, showing her true experience, as she bounced steadily, grinding and squeezing her strong pussy-muscles, making it an incredibly intense fuck for the boy. "Yess! Fuck my pussy!!" Amy cried out, humping up and down on his hardon.

Like his mom's tits, Amy's big mommy-knockers were amazing to watch in motion. They lept heavily up and down, bouncing and rippling and beating together as she rode Mitch's cock like a skilled porn actress.

"Hump your hips!" Carol said to her boy. "Fuck her hard baby!"

Mitch bounced his ass from the mattress, spearing his boner as deep as would go. Amy fell forward from the power of his humps, rested on extended arms. Now her swinging, oversized titties were close enough for the teen to latch onto. He slurped in as much tit-meat as would fit in his mouth and sucked like a hungry infant.

The harder he slurped and chewed, the tighter her pussy got. "Ohhh! Oohhh!! "Uhhhngg!!" Amy grunted through gritted teeth, her face red and masked in pleasure.

Mitch felt her hot girl-cum spurt around his plunging boner and run down over his balls. His face was buried in boobie-meat, his teeth clamped around her rubbery nipple, tugging like a horny dog playing tug of war with it's owner.

"Ohhh fucking Christ!" Amy cried out as one juicy orgasm rolled into another. She swiveled her hips up and back in rapid humping motions, stirring her twat with a dick even bigger than her own son's.

Mitch let her gasp and grind and tremble until her cum finally subsided and she let out a deep sigh. "Holy fuck, that was good!" she panted, still trying to catch her breath.

Carol stroked his cheek, leaning over next to him with her enormous tits dangling down. "Wanna fuck us from behind now, sweet-pea?" she asked.

"Heck yeah," he answered eagerly.

The mothers crawled on their hands and knees, pointing their meaty ass-globes back at the boy. Their buns were slightly splayed and he could see the throbbing pink rings of their buttholes.

Below their peach-shaped asses, their pussies glistened like wet meaty clamshells.

"Holy fuck, what a sight!" he excitedly thought, crawling up behind them.

He slipped his wet bobbing erection inside his mother's pussy first, then fucked her from behind, making her luscious naked ass beat against him. "Yesss, fuck mee!" she gasped.

After a couple dozen crotch-slapping thrusts, he pulled out and moved over to Amy's rounded ass. He sunk his cock inside her pussy, feeling the spongy ribbed lining slip wetly along his tender pink hardon. "Ohh damn," the boy muttered, feeling her tighten her cunt-muscles, swathing his cock from knob to balls in a hot velvet vice.

He started fucking and the resistance felt absolutely incredible on his glans. Just as Carol's ass had, Amy's half-moons beat against Mitch's humping midsection, the fatty outer layer of flesh causing her buns to ripple just beneath the skin, turning the boy on even more.

For ten cunt-humping minutes he went back and forth between them, fucking their cunts and slapping their asses, bringing them both off at least twice.

"Ahhhh!" his voice trembled, feeling his own hot orgasm rise from the pit of his balls. "Ohhh shit!"

"Yess, cum inside us, baby!" Carol cried out. "Give us both your hot cum!" Amy added.

"Uhhggh!! Ohh, shit! Uhhggh!!" the boy cried out as hot ball-juice pulsed from his piss-slit, hosing deep in his Mom's pussy.

Mid-orgasm, he slipped his twitching boner from Carol's cunt and buried it inside Amy. She thrust her ass back over and over, milking out the remaining cum with her smothering twat..

"Ohh man," the boy sighed, collapsing onto the mattress. The two mothers joined him, kissing and stroking his body, while rubbing their big soft boobies all over his chest.

"Mmm, you fucked us soo good," his mother said, then kissed him tenderly on the lips..

"I wish my sleep-break was longer than three hours, I'd say let's fuck some more," Amy said. "Just being able to fuck hard and scream my ass of was exhilarating, thank you, Amy," Carol said.

"Thank **YOU!**" Amy said with a smile.

"The flight crew has immerged!" Jon said, as his wife and son stepped back up the aisle. "How was it?"

Carol and her son smiled at each other. "It was...**INCREDIBLE!**" the mother said. "Wow, so do tell. What did you guys do up there all that time?"

Carol got a beaming smile. "Oh God, what didn't we do? Well, technically, there were some things we **DIDN'T** do," she said, looking at her boy meaningfully. "but we're definitely gonna do those things too...**VERY** soon!"

"So did it make you wanna become a pilot?" Jon asked his son. Mitch shrugged his shoulders and smiled at his Mom.

Carol answered for him. "I don't know about that, but on our return flight home, I'm sure he's gonna wanna spend as much time as possible in the **COCK**-pit, am I right, sweet-pea?"

"Uh-huh," Mitch answered with a giggle.

For the next couple of hours, Carol and her son snuggled in their row. They shared a lot of long lingering gazes, gentle stroking and squeezing and even some occasional kissing. After they ate lunch, Amy sat next to them. "You know Mitch, you're not a true Mile High Club member until you've fucked in the Lavatory."

"Lavatory?" Mitch asked.

"The bathroom, sweet-pea," Carol giggled.

"Oh. There's hardly room to stand in there," he said, "how the heck do two people go in there and have sex?" he asked.

A few minutes later, Mitch and his mother had locked themselves in the lavatory and were fucking like newlyweds. Mitch was standing with his pants and briefs at his ankles. Carol was clinging on to him, her arms wrapped over his shoulder and her sexy smooth legs around his waist.

"Fuck meee!" she cried out, even though it was her doing the fucking. Mitch held her legs while she pumped her hot cunt up and down his meaty hardon.

"Ohh wow," the boy's voice quivered excitedly, "so this is how you do it in here."

His mom had pulled her bra up over her tits and they bobbled around to the rhythm of their fucking. "Kiss me!" she gasped, then

locked lips with him for some passionate smooching.

Carol cocked her thighs higher, scissoring her ankles together high across his back, while humping and wiggling in a frenzy of fuck-passion, tirelessly thrusting her juice-slickened pussy up and down the length of his cock.

Mitch's hardon thundered through her horny vagina, her vulva smacking wetly against the root of his cock on every downward plunge. "Ohh God!" she cried out, feeling her juicy cunt packed to the brim on every fuck-thrust. "Ohh God, baby, I'm gonna fucking cum!"

She fucked frantically, as a hot orgasm shot through her big titted body like an electric current. Her pussy erupted in a series of uncontrollable spasms, milking and nursing around his hard fucker, juicing all over it. Mitch's cock throbbed with intense pleasure, triggering his own mind blowing orgasm.

"Ohhhman, I'm cummming!" the boy grunted almost incoherently.

A load of cum gushed out of his stiff prick, spraying and spewing non-stop into the gooey depths of Carol's well-fucked cunt.

"Yess, cum with me! Spray your hot cum in this slut! Your slut!" she panted lustfully, flexing her fucking muscles around the long, fat, cum-squirting cock, helping to milk out every single drop.

An hour later the plane was landing in Australia. The Stewardesses stood by the door, saying farewell to the passengers as they filed out.

Amy shared a hug with Carol as the mother prepared to exit behind her husband and daughters. "Thanks for everything!" Carol said.

"It was my pleasure...**LITERALLY!**" Amy said with a meaningful wink.

Next, she hugged Mitch, making sure he had a moment to enjoy the feel of her big stiff-nippled jugs against his chest one last time.. "Welcome to the Mile High Club, Mitch," she said.

"Thanks," the boy responded, then walked arm in arm with his mother up the jetway.

When they arrived at the Gate, Jon and the girls were already sharing hugs with cousins who were there to greet them.

"There's the less attractive version of me!" Carol's sister Angela joked, greeting them with a beautiful smile. There was reason she said this. Carol and Angela were identical twins. Every little detail of their physical appearance was the same, right down to their huge jutting breasts.

Mitch took a second to look his Aunt up and down, amazed that she looked so much like his mother. If they weren't dressed differently, he wasn't sure he could tell them apart.

"Fuck! She's just as stunning as Mom is!" he said, letting his eyes linger on her gaping cleavage. He suddenly became aware of the hard lump in his pants.

"Last time I saw you, you were a little boy, now look at you, not so little at all, right sis?" Angela said, flashing Carol an inquisitive look.

Carol smiled, recalling the conversation they were having before the flight. "No, far, far from little," she answered back.

Angela stepped up and gave her nephew a big tit-squashing hug. "Sounds like it's gonna be a great visit," she said with a mischievous smile.

Each mother took an arm and walked side by side with Mitch towards baggage claim. The boy's heart raced excitedly, wondering what the next two weeks had in store for him.

TO BE CONTINUED….

This story is purely fictional, and all character contained with this story are over the age of 18.

MOM'S FORMULA
FOR SEXUAL EXPLORATION

BY KLRXO

Taboo Erotic Fiction

Mom's Formula for Sexual Exploration

By Klrxo

Charlene’s voice trembled as she sat next to her sister, Claire. The tears streaming down her face were a testament to the weight of her words. "I’m such a failure as a mother," she sniffled, her shoulders shaking.

Claire’s eyes widened in surprise. "You are not. Why would you even say that?"

A deep, heavy sigh escaped from Charlene’s lips. "I was talking to Tiffany, my son’s girlfriend yesterday… and she told me the worst thing a mother could possibly hear."

Claire leaned in closer, her expression filled with concern. "What did she tell you?"

Tears continued to flow as Charlene replied, "She told me she loves Eddie and doesn’t wanna break up with him, but that he’s the worst guy she’s ever been with when it comes to having sex." The words felt like a physical blow, heavy and suffocating. Charlene’s heart ached with disappointment and guilt as she relayed the painful confession.

Claire’s gasp echoed through the room, her hand flying to cover her open mouth in shock. "Oh no," she whispered, her heart aching for her sister, Charlene.

"I should have been more careful with his sexual education,"

Charlene’s voice was strained and filled with regret. "I should have made sure he had the skills necessary to please a woman."

Claire tried to offer words of comfort but knew there was nothing she could say to ease her sister’s pain. The thought of a woman being disappointed by her son’s lack of sexual prowess was unbearable.

Determined not to experience that same level of shame with her own son, Eric, Claire felt a fierce determination ignite within her. She would make sure her son was fully prepared for the intimate world of women.

Weeks later, as Claire's husband, Fred, walked past his son's bedroom, his eyes caught the sight of something peculiar hanging on the doorknob. Upon closer inspection, he realized they were his wife's dainty thong panties. His curiosity piqued, he carefully removed them from the handle and made his way into the kitchen to confront his wife about their presence in their son's room. The thin white lace fabric with floral lace edging felt delicate between his fingers as he held onto them, wondering what could have led to this strange discovery.

"Honey, why were these hanging on Eric's door handle? Aren't these yours?" fred asked.

Claire turned away from the sizzling stove, her oversized tit-melons swaying beneath the loose fabric of her nightgown. She shifted her gaze to the delicate panties in her husband's hand, then fixed him with a sharp glare of annoyance. "Yes, they are mine," she declared firmly, her voice laced with frustration.

"What are they doing on Eric's door handle?"

"That's between Eric and I, Fred. It doesn't really concern you."

Fred's heart raced as he tried to make sense of his wife's response.

How could it not concern him? He was Eric's father, after all. "Claire, I think we need to talk about this. It's not something we can just brush aside," he said, his voice tinged with concern. "It's our son's behavior we're talking about.

Claire let out an exasperated sigh, placing the spatula down on the counter. She was a beautiful dark-haired 38-year-old, who had given birth weeks ago to her third child, shortly after her chat with Charlene.

Her voluptuous bosom was a veritable milk-factory, nearly bursting from the confines of her silk nightgown. Her breasts swayed heavily with each movement, the weight of them blatantly evident. Her round, supple bubble butt curved out like two perfectly formed half moons, swaying seductively with each step she took on her long, toned legs.

Every movement was a graceful dance, drawing attention to the curves and contours of her enticing figure. She turned to face Fred, her eyes filled with a annoyance. "Fred, I understand your concerns, but this is something Eric and I have already discussed," she explained, her tone softer now. "It's a part of growing up—a natural curiosity."

Fred furrowed his brow, struggling to comprehend what Claire was implying. "Curiosity?" he repeated skeptically. "But these are your...

panties, Claire."

"Yes, they are," Claire affirmed, her voice steady. "And it's important for us to respect Eric's privacy and personal journey. He's exploring his own desires and interests, just like any teenager would."

Fred's mind began to race with conflicting emotions. He understood the concept of adolescence and curiosity, but finding his son in possession of his wife's intimate clothing was something he couldn't

easily dismiss. "But, Claire, how did they even get there?" he asked, his voice trembling slightly.

"Eric puts them on his door handle when he's through with them so I can put them in the wash?"

"How's he even getting them though? Is he sneaking into our room and going through your laundry hamper?"

"No, honey, it's not like that. There's nothing secretive going on. When Eric needs a pair to use he just asks me," Clair confessed.

Fred was hit with a wave of shock and disbelief. He couldn't comprehend how his son could openly ask his mother for her underwear. "Wait, so when he asks you, you just walk into our room and get him a pair?" he questioned.

His wife let out a small laugh and playfully shook her head. "You really don't understand panty fetishes, do you?"

"Apparently not."

"When Eric asks for my panties, it's important that I give him the ones that I have on," Claire explained.

"But why?" Fred asked, genuinely baffled.

Claire gave him a knowing smirk, as if she was about to share a little secret. "Because, when they're worn, Fred, they carry my scent. It's a part of a woman that a boy craves."

Fred's mind whirled with the implications of what Claire was saying.

He knew about the carnal desires of teenagers, but this was something he'd never even considered. "And you're okay with this?"

She nodded. "Yes, I'm fine with it. It's all part of him learning about his desires and exploring his sexuality. I see it as a normal part of

growing up. He's just curious, Fred. He's not doing anything hurtful or dangerous."

"Yes, but it just seems so...weird and wrong."

"You'd be surprised by how common it is," said his wife with a small smile, turning back to the skillet sizzling on the stove. "In fact, most of the moms I know have some sort of panty arrangement with their sons. It can be a powerful motivator." She sprinkled in some spices and continued, "Eric and I even have an agreement that if his grades ever slip, there will be no more panties."

Fred couldn't believe what he was hearing. His wife was casually discussing their son's fascination with her underwear and even admitting to providing them for his use. It took a moment for him to process the information, but he finally managed to stutter out, "So... you... just... give them to him whenever he asks?"

Claire nodded, a small smirk playing on her lips. "Yes, I do. It's a part of our routine now. Eric enjoys it when I slip the panties straight off my body, so he can experience them while they're still warm and fragrant. Plus, there's something about a boy watching his mother slide her delicate panties down her smooth shaven legs that heightens his senses and adds to the pleasure."

"You take your panties off right in front of him?" Fred asked in horror.

"Of course," his wife answered. "It's essential for a young man to have some visual stimulation before masturbating."

Fred stood there, utterly stunned. His mind raced with a mixture of shock, confusion, and disbelief. He couldn't believe the openness with which his wife was discussing their son's... fetish.

"But why?" he stammered. "Why are you okay with this?"

Claire's lips curved into a smile, her eyes filled with understanding.

"Fred, you have to realize that Eric is still a young man, only just beginning to discover the world of women. Part of that discovery involves seeing them naked, learning their scent and taste - all vital things for someone his age to learn."

Fred, however, couldn't shake off the lingering unease. He couldn't comprehend how his wife could so easily discuss their son's fetish, let alone participate in it without any qualms. "But isn't there a point where we should draw the line? Is this really what our son needs to learn?" he protested.

"Naturally, there is a limit to everything," Claire reassured him. "As I mentioned earlier, there's an agreement with Eric. If his grades slip, then there will be no more panties for him to enjoy."

"I don't think there should be any panties, period. It's not normal."

"Fred, you're undermining his natural curiosity," Claire countered, her voice firm. "This is just a phase he's going through, and if we deny him the opportunity to explore, he might seek those experiences elsewhere."

"Elsewhere?" Fred's voice trembled with concern. "Like with another girl?"

"No, Fred," Claire shook her head, her eyes softening. "I mean, the internet, or magazines, or who knows where else. This way, I can ensure he's being educated about the right things, in a controlled environment."

The thought of his son exploring the world of adult content on his own made Fred's blood run cold. He could almost feel his heart stop for a moment, but he quickly gathered himself. "Alright, maybe you're right," he conceded, his voice barely above a whisper. "But I don't like it."

"You need to stop being so selfish and trust that I know what's best for our son," Claire retorted, her tone sharper than before. "Fred, I've been taking care of Eric ever since he was born. I've dealt with toddler tantrums, teenage hormones, and everything in between. I know what I'm doing, and I know this is the best way to handle Eric's... situation."

The sound of a crying baby drifted from the nursery. "Can you wrap up here, honey? I have to go upstairs and attend to the little one,"

Claire said.

The smell of breakfast wafted into Eric's room, rousing him from his sleep. He padded down the hallway and saw his mother in the nursery, sitting in the rocking chair while feeding the baby. "Hey, mom," he whispered, not wanting to disturb the child.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Claire said, giving him a soft smile.

Eric's gaze traveled up her curvaceous figure, starting at her perfectly painted toenails and ending at the huge, naked tit-melon that was covering his younger sister as she nursed. He could feel arousal stirring within him even though he had only been looking at her for a few moments.

A mischievous grin spread across Claire's face as she observed him fidgeting uncomfortably. Her eyes darted down to his crotch, fixated on the growing tent forming beneath the fabric of his boxer-briefs.

She couldn't help but feel a sense of power and satisfaction at the sight, like a teasing cat playing with its prey.

"Are you okay, little muffin?" his mother asked, a twinkle of amusement in her eyes.

"Yeah, just a bit... you know..." Eric stuttered, trying to hide the bulge growing in his shorts.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Claire reassured him. "That's only natural. It's good for you to be aware of your desires. It's part of growing up."

Eric's face flushed with surprise and embarrassment as his mother continued, "There's no shame in understanding your body and what it craves."

Claire took note of his reaction as she uncrossed her smooth, shaven legs. She exfoliated daily and used coconut oil to give them a silky soft sheen. The mother parted her thighs, giving him a glimpse of the crotch of her beige panties peeking out from under her nightgown.

Eric gulped, staring in fascination at the crotch of her most delicate attire. The beige fabric was sheer mesh and appeared to be damp in the crotch, clinging to her labia. He could see the puffy outline of her womanhood beneath the thin barrier, the dampness betraying its existence. His heart raced as he became entranced by the sight before him.

"There you go, sweetheart," she said, knowing she had just given him a tiny glimpse of heaven while patting the sleeping baby on her back.

"Now go on and get dressed so you can eat breakfast."

Eric nodded, his gaze still locked onto her crotch. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the damp fabric that encased her sex, as if it were a forbidden fruit. A sudden rush of desire coursed through him, his body yearning for more.

Claire, however, noticed her son's fixation on her crotch. She smiled knowingly, basking in the forbidden, erotic display. This was her moment to take control.

"You know, Eric," she began in a sultry voice. "I don't think I've given you my panties when they're wet before."

"Wet?"

Eric asked, astonishment coloring his voice.

"That's right, honey," Claire continued, a wicked smile spreading across her face. "You see, when moms wear panties, they sometimes get wet from... well, from us."

Eric's face flushed bright red as his imagination ran wild with possibilities. He could already feel the blood rushing to his face.

"If you're interested," his mother continued, "I can give you a special pair of panties after I've made them wet," she offered. "You'd have to do a little something for me in return though."

"A little something?" Eric asked, his voice barely audible. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Claire's smile widened, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Yes, see, some of the moms have been raving about the health benefits of sperm. Not just any sperm...young, virile sperm like yours."

"Oh, they have?"

"Uh-huh. How would you feel about making a trade, a few times a week. My wet panties for your... 'product'?" She batted her eyelashes and bit her bottom lip, playfully exaggerating her sultry moment.

Hearing this, Eric's eyes lit up with excitement as he exclaimed, "I would definitely be on board with that!"

Claire couldn't help but chuckle at her son's enthusiasm. "Good. As soon as you get home from school I'll soak my panties for you. You better get going though or you'll be late."

"Bye, mom,"Eric said, smiling widely as he turned to leave.

Once Eric had left the room, Claire let out a sigh of relief. She wondered for a moment how she could have Eric capture his ejaculations for her. Blowing his wad into a condom made the most sense, but she didn't want to deprive Eric from feeling the exquisite friction on his naked glans while he beat off. She decided to get advice from the other moms who'd been doing it for awhile.

"How are you guys getting the sperm from your son's penis into to the mixing cup?" she asked her friends over coffee later that morning.

Her busty, dirty-blonde friend, Emily, was the first to answer. "I usually have him ejaculate directly into the mixing cup. Young semen has such a rich taste when it's freshly pumped from the balls," she shared.

"For a young man, sometimes it can be awkward and ruin the experience to ejaculate into a cup. However, there is a special sex toy available that works perfectly for this purpose," Claire's redheaded friend, Pam, shared.

"A sex toy? What kind of sex toy?" Claire asked, intrigued.

"It's called the Sperm Collector," Pam explained. "It's designed to be worn like a condom and actually pumps the penis to ejaculation. The wide rim catches all the semen while allowing the penis to move freely for a more pleasurable experience."

"That sounds perfect," Claire said, her mind already racing with ideas.

"Does it stimulate the glans? Are you sure it won't diminish his pleasure at all?"

"Not at all," Rachael chimed in. "In fact, Tim says he loves using it when he masturbates. He says it feels like he's cumming inside a warm, wet pussy."

"Especially when it’s used with heated lubricant," Pam added. "It feels magical on a boy's penile flesh and really stimulates the nerve endings."

Claire's eyes widened in delight. "I've gotta get one of those for Eric. To think, all these years I've been making him clean up after every spill, and here he could have been enjoying the process mess free."

"And he can still enjoy the sensation of your silk panties around the flesh of his cock. He just won't be cumming into them like he's done before," said Rachael, a knowing smile on her face. "It's a win-win for everyone."

"You'll definitely notice a difference in the way you feel after you start adding his semen to your protein shakes every morning," Pam added, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "You'll have more energy, clearer skin, and an overall sense of vitality."

"And it tastes amazing too," said Emily, licking her lips at just the though of her son's flavorful semen.

"It sure does," Rachael agreed. "I can't stand the taste of my husband's sperm, but Sean's young semen is like nectar. Sweet and tangy, with a hint of salt. I think I’m actually becoming addicted to it."

"You're making me hungry just thinking about it," Claire joked, laughing along with her friends.

"Well, you'll have a constant supply now," Pam said, winking at her.

"So true," Emily added. "There are certain things in life you can count on, and teenage sons masturbating is one of them."

The moms all burst into laughter, their conversation filled with a mix of naughtiness and excitement.

"Speaking of masturbation," said Claire, "I'm wondering just how wet to make my panties for Eric. I don't wanna shock him, but I do wanna make sure they're plenty moist and fragrant when I give them to him."

"That's a great question," Pam replied, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "At first, the key is to get your panties wet, but not too wet.

You want them to be saturated with arousal, but not so much that they're dripping. It's all about the anticipation, my dear. The thought of your son knowing that his mother was just wearing those panties, and that they're imbued with your feminine essence, will be enough to make him absolutely wild with desire."

"True," Emily agreed. "Once Tim started getting used to seeing my panties damp, that's when I started squirting while wearing them during masturbation and really saturaturated them. He'd spend hours using them, jacking off.

"So, I need to build up to it if I want to start soaking my panties for Eric?" Claire asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Yes," Rachael said, nodding her head. "Start with just a little bit of dampness, and work your way up. You don't want to overwhelm him with your womanly fluids. Think of it like a slow-burning seduction."

"Okay," Claire said, nodding in agreement. "So, what's the best way to make them moist and fragrant, then?"

Pam was quick to share an idea. "One way is to wear them while you're aroused. Maybe when you're watching TV, cooking, or even just relaxing. Just make sure to adjust your sitting position so your

pussy is pressed nice and snug against the fabric of the panties. The heat and moisture from your vulva will work their magic."

Emily chimed in. "When you wanna soak your panties with cum, just incorporate them into your masturbation routine like I do. Rub your clit while wearing them, let yourself get really turned on, and then finish yourself off. That way, your juices will seep right into the gusset of the fabric," she suggested.

"And I don't know about you guys," Rachael added, "but I always let my son remove my panties. Why not let him experience the thrill of peeling a girl's panties off her aroused pussy, rather than just handing them to him.

"God, that's so true," Pam nodded. "It makes the experience so much more intimate and exciting. He'll feel like he's earned them."

"So, to sum it all up, I should start with a little dampness and build up, incorporate my panties into my self-pleasure routine, and let Eric remove them from me?" Claire asked, her mind buzzing with excitement.

"Bingo!" Rachael exclaimed. "Just remember, this whole process is about pleasure, enjoyment, and building their confidence. Don't forget to have fun with it. After all, isn't that what being a mom is all about?"

"That sounds like a plan," Claire said, smiling at her friends. "I can't wait to get started."

And so, armed with newfound knowledge and excitement, Claire began her journey into the world of mommy-son sperm trading.

Later that day, just before Eric was due home from school, Claire reached down beneath her skirt and began to gently rub her clit through her panties. She knew this was exactly what she needed to do to wet her panties just enough for Eric. She could already feel the

warmth building between her legs as her vaginal muscles began to tighten and loosen.

Claire slipped her fingers under the waistband of her panties and adjusted them, pressing her slick pussy against the fabric. She moaned softly as the pressure against her swollen clit now felt even more intense. The material of her panties felt wet beneath her fingertips as she continued to rub herself.

Her mind wandered to thoughts of Eric, imagining him spawled on his bed, beating his teenage boner while holding her panties to his nose.

As she neared her climax, Claire knew she had to be careful. She didn't want to soak her panties too much, but still needed to leave a noticeable wet spot for Eric to find.

With a final, shaking breath, Claire finger-fucked herself through her panties, causing her juices to leak out and saturate the material. The hot fluid originated from secretory glands located near her urethra, known as the Skene’s glands. The sensation was intense, and she could feel the moisture between her cuntal flanges.

Claire knew she had achieved what she set out to do. She quickly stood up and adjusted her skirt, feeling the slick, wet sensation between her legs.

As she waited for Eric to come home, she couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation. She knew that her plan had worked, and that her son would soon be coming home to a treat that she had so carefully prepared.

When Eric finally arrived home, Claire greeted him with a warm smile and some casual conversation. As they sat in the living room, Claire could tell that Eric's eyes were drawn to her body. First her huge tits, which she knew was his favorite part of her. She wore a button up rib-

knit tee with her skirt, leaving several buttons undone to allow him to admire her tremendous tit-cleavage. Eric's eyes then moved to her hips with peculiar interest. She knew that he could smell the aroma of her wet panties, and it was driving him wild with curiosity.

"I bought you something today, but it won't be here until tomorrow,"

said Claire. She had paid the extra for rushed delivery for his Sperm Collector and couldn't wait for Eric to try it out.

Eric's eyes widened, and his smile grew wider. "Really? What is it?"

he asked, curiosity getting the better of him.

"Well," Claire began, her eyes twinkling with amusement, "it's a new dick sleeve. It's like a Fleshlight, but specifically designed just for teenage boys like you. It's called the 'Sperm Collector,' and it's meant to help you collect and store your precious seed like a pro."

"No way!" Eric exclaimed, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "Is it like a sex toy? Can I use it to jerk off?" he asked, his voice high-

pitched with anticipation.

Claire could tell that Eric was becoming even more anxious, so she decided to play along. "Yes, I suppose it is a sex toy. You can use it to collect your sperm and even jerk off into it. It's made from a special material that helps to preserve the freshness and potency of your semen, so we can pour it right into my protein shakes."

"But," she added, "I must warn you, it's not your average jerk-off toy.

It's designed to be a bit more challenging, to make you work harder for your reward. There are several levels of resistance that you'll have to overcome to collect your load."

Eric's eyes widened. "Really? Do you think I can handle it?" he asked, his voice cracking.

"Of course you can," Claire replied reassuringly. "It's designed for teenage boys like you. You're strong and full of energy. But remember, it's not a race. Take your time and enjoy the sensation when you're using it."

Eric couldn't believe his luck. He had always been curious about girls'

panties, but he never thought he would get a mom who would share hers with him. He couldn't wait to try out the Sperm Collector and see what all the fuss was about.

His mom continued speaking. "For today though you can just cum into my wet panties like you normally do. I'll scrape your fresh load of semen into my mixing cup the best I can."

"Wet panties?" Eric asked, his voice high-pitched with anticipation.

"Yes, sweetie," Claire replied with a smile. "I was rubbing my clit earlier to make sure my panties are extra moist and fragrant for you."

"Can I have them?" Eric asked, his eyes gleaming with excitement.

"Of course, you can have them," Claire responded, her voice dripping with seduction, " but you have to take them off me first."

Claire sat on the edge of the sofa, her mostly bare legs stretched out in front of her. Her skin glimmered with a soft sheen, almost like satin.

Her feet were arched, toes gripping the floor, highlighting the toned muscles in her legs. She could sense her son's anxiety. "Don't be afraid, sweetheart. Have you ever taken a girl's panties off before?"

He shook his head.

"Then let me show you how," Claire said, smiling. "Just slide your hands up under the hem of my skirt, and feel for the waistband of my panties."

Eric knelt in front of her, took a deep breath and did as he was told.

He had never been between his mom's parted legs before and it was it was quite a rush. His hands trembled slightly as he slowly inched them up, until he felt the elastic band of her panties.

"You've got them, son," Claire said softly. "Now, just hook your fingers over the band and pull them down slowly, feeling the dampness and the scent of my arousal. And remember, take your time, we're in no hurry."

Eric bit his lip and took a deep breath, concentrating on the feel of his mother's skin under his fingertips. He slowly began to pull the panties down, his eyes narrowing with anticipation as the fabric stretched taut over her mound, exposing a hint of her damp flesh.

He felt the moisture between her legs as the panties grew wetter, and the damp fabric clung to his fingertips. Claire moaned softly as Eric pulled the panties further down her thighs, feeling the pleasure build in her body as he revealed more of her private parts to him.

"That's it," she murmured. "Just a little more. You're doing great."

Finally, the panties were at her ankles, and Eric hesitated, his eyes wide with awe at the sight before him. Claire looked down at him, her eyes full of need and desire.

"Finish the job, sweetheart," she said softly. "Pull them off me and take a good look at what you've done."

Eric took a deep breath and finished pulling the panties off Claire's feet. He gazed at her wet, shaved pussy, flushed and glistening with arousal. He could barely believe his eyes, feeling a surge of lust and hunger coursing through his veins. Then, he looked at her dainty panties, the damp fabric making his eyes fill with wonder.

"Go ahead," Claire whispered, her voice low and sultry. "Take a sniff. You've earned it."

Eric hesitated for a moment, then brought the panties to his nose, inhaling deeply. The scent hit him like a freight train, filling his nostrils with the heady aroma of his mother's arousal.

"Oh my god," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. "They smell so strong."

He breathed in deeply once more, savoring the scent, but then he wondered about the taste. He brought the damp fabric to his lips and took a tentative lick. The flavor was unmistakable, rich and sweet, like nothing he had ever tasted before.

"Do you like it?" Claire asked, her voice soft and seductive.

Eric nodded, his eyes wide and dazed. "It's amazing," he whispered, still unable to believe the situation he found himself in. "I love the taste."

"I can see that," Claire said, her voice low and sultry. Her eyes darted down to his crotch, lingering on the thick slab of his bulging boy-meat.

"You're fully hard, aren't you?"

Eric blushed and nodded, feeling the bulge in his pants flex with hardness.

"Well then," Claire said, standing up and giving him a sultry look.

"Why don't you rush to your room and take care of that. You're gonna really enjoy those panties. I think it'll bring your masturbation to a whole new level of excitement."

Eric didn't need to be told twice. He jumped up from the floor and dashed to his room, his mind racing with thoughts of his mother's wet panties and the taste of her arousal.

As he closed the door and locked it, he fumbled with his pants, desperate to release his erection. He yanked his pants down and pulled out his boner, which was throbbing with need. He looked down at it, marveling at how hard it was, how much he wanted it to be inside his mother.

He grabbed his mom's panties from the nightstand and took a deep breath, inhaling the scent once more. It was overwhelming, intoxicating, and made him harder than ever. He then took a small taste, savoring the sweet, musky flavor.

He lay down on his bed and spread the panties over his erection, feeling the damp fabric against his skin. The silky fabric was warm and soft, and he could feel the moisture spreading over his cock. He closed his eyes and imagined his mom's body pressed against his, feeling the heat and wetness of her pussy against his penis.

He began to rub the panties against his cock, feeling the friction and the sensation of the damp fabric against his skin. He moaned softly, letting out a stream of small, high-pitched noises, and gripped the panties tightly, rubbing his cock more vigorously.

He couldn't believe how good it felt, like nothing he had ever experienced before. He was imagining his mom's face, her eyes gazing down at him as he pleasured himself, and he was so turned on that he knew he wouldn't last long.

He started to thrust harder, pushing the panties against his cock, feeling the dampness spread over his penis, and he moaned louder,

his body tensing with each thrust.

He felt the familiar sensation building in his groin, the heat and pressure growing stronger with each passing second. He knew it was time, and he clenched his fists, bracing himself for the explosion.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" Eric cried out, his voice high with excitement as he came. His body shook with each spurt, and he could feel the warm, sticky liquid coating the crotch of the panties.

He lay there, panting heavily, his heart beating wildly in his chest. He couldn't believe how good it felt, and he knew that he would never be able to go back to the way things were before he started using his mom's panties.

"What are you making?" Claire's husband asked when he arrived home later.

"A protein shake," his wife replied, scraping Eric's gooey semen off the gusset of her panties.

"Are those your panties?" Fred asked in shock.

"Yes, Eric was using them earlier. I'm just cleaning out all his semen before I throw them in the wash," she answered. Claire inhaled deeply, Savoring the intoxicating scent. It was a heady mix of musk and desire, lingering in the air like a promise of pleasures to come. It was a powerful reminder of the raw, primal energy that had just been released in her son's bedroom, and Claire relished in it, savoring every last drop of its essence.

Her husband interjected, "Wait a minute, why are you adding his sperm to your shake?"

"A lot of moms are doing it now. It's all the rage," Claire replied, mixing the concoction in her blender. "Apparently, it's high in protein

and other nutrients, and it's a natural way to enhance your health and sexual vitality."

Fred stared at her in disbelief, his eyes widening as he took in the implications of what she was saying. "You're telling me you're drinking your son's semen?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I explained it to you yesterday. I trade my panties for what he fills them with. It's a mutually beneficial arrangement - I assist him, and he assists me."

Claire leaned back and took a sip of her shake. The taste was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. It was sweet and tangy, with a hint of saltiness that lingered on her tongue. She could taste her son's essence in every sip.

"Claire, that's disgusting!" her husband scowled, watching her lick the scrumptious cream from her lips.

"It's not disgusting. It's natural, and good for my body," she replied, her voice calm and confident. "It's a modern form of nourishment, Fred. You should be happy that I'm getting myself back in shape after having the baby."

"But this is wrong," Fred insisted. "You can't be drinking that stuff."

"Oh, don't be so prudish, Fred. It's just semen. It's a natural part of life and sexuality."

"But it's from your son!" he exclaimed, disgust clear in his voice. "You never asked me for MY semen."

"Not to sound cruel, but you have middle-aged man semen and it tastes disgusting. Eric's cum is fresh, delicious, and full of vitality. I'm sure your crusty old cum would taste like spoiled milk by comparison."

"Gee, thanks."

"I'm not being mean, honey, I'm just stating the facts. Besides, it's my choice to make. I'm a grown woman, and I can drink whatever I want. If you want to continue being upset about it, then that's your problem, not mine."

Fred sighed heavily, defeated. He knew that arguing wouldn't do any good. He just had to hope that Claire would eventually tire of this crazy new lifestyle they seemed to be living.

Claire finished gulping down her shake and gave him a satisfied smile. "So, what do you want for dinner tonight?"

"Whatever you want," Fred sighed, resigning himself to the fact that he would never understand his wife's new obsession.

The next day, when her son returned home from school, Claire excitedly burst into his room with a small box in hand. Her six inch stiletto slip-on mules clicked delicately against Eric's floor as she sashayed towards him, hips swaying and tits jostling beneath her blouse. "I have something for you!" she announced, beaming with anticipation.

"Is must be the Semen Collector," said Eric as he tore open the package. Sure enough, inside the box was the latest model of the Semen Collector, a device designed to capture and store his semen.

"How does it work?" Eric asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Oh, it's quite simple. You attach it to your penis, much like a Fleshlight, but it has a pump on the inside that does all the stroking for you. It's suppose to feel just like a real pussy, you can even adjust the internal sleeve for greater friction. The best part for me is it collects your semen into a receptacle that detaches, so I can dump it directly into my shakes" Claire explained with a sly smile.

"Can I try it now?"

Claire giggled at how eager he was. "Well, I know you're probably want panties to your nose while you do this. Want me to get mine a little wet before you take them off me?"

"Sure!" the boy grinned. "I'll never pass up an offer like that."

"Bring your new toy and come down to my bedroom," she instructed.

"I'll get my panties wet then help you practice using it for the first time."

Eric eagerly followed his mom, feeling the excitement build within him. He couldn't wait to try out his new toy and feel the sensation of a realistic pussy. As she walked ahead, he couldn't help but stare at the curve of her hips, highlighted by the tight denim skirt. Her movements were a sensual dance, her buttocks swaying with every step, and he couldn't wait to get to the bedroom and explore all that awaited him with his new toy.

"Sit down on the edge of the bed, honey,"Claire instructed, her voice sultry as she moved to her bedside table.

Eric's eyes were glued to her every move as she reached into her drawer and retrieved a vibrating wand sex toy. He watched in awe as she sauntered towards him, her ample bosom trembling with each step. As she settled onto the mattress next to her son, her voluptuous hips shifted sensually, drawing his gaze even further.

"What's that for?" Eric asked, staring at the wand.

Claire grinned with mischief, her feet slipping out of her heels. "This will help get my pussy wet for my panty-sniffing sweetheart,"she purred, her voice dripping with seduction.

With a practiced grace, she swung one leg onto the bed, her foot confidently planted on the mattress behind him. Her body turned towards his, and as a result, her thighs splayed open, offering Eric a tantalizing view of the lace-edged fabric covering her most intimate area.

The panties were a deep shade of burgundy, perfectly framing Claire's womanhood as they stretched across her pubis. The lace trim added a delicate and alluring touch to the fabric, teasing at what lay beneath.

"I like those," Eric said, his eyes locked on the panties.

Claire giggled, "I knew you would. I bought them specifically for you. Now, let's get them nice and wet and fragrant."

She clicked on the wand and the vibrations hummed through the air as it came to life. Claire guided the wand over her panty-covered mons, sending a shiver of pleasure through her body.

Eric watched in fascination, his eyes glued to the panties as they absorbed the erotic vibrations. He could feel himself growing hard, his cock straining against his jeans.

Claire's hand moved with fluid and practiced motions, guiding the vibrating wand over the smooth fabric of her panties. Her body trembled and her lips parted slightly as she felt the pulsing vibrations intensify. Eric's eyes were wide with fascination, his attention solely focused on the enticing sight before him.

The vibrations grew stronger, and Claire's breathing became heavier, her body twitching involuntarily with each pass of the wand. Eric could feel his own breathing growing labored as well, his heart pounding in his chest.

As the vibrations continued to intensify, Claire let out a soft moan, her body arching slightly, her stiff-nippled tits heaving as she felt the

pleasure building within her. Her eyes were closed, lost in the sensation, when she suddenly stilled, her body trembling as she climaxed.

Eric watched in awe, his cock throbbing in his jeans. Seeing his mom orgasm for the first time was quite the thrilling experience. Her mouth made noises he'd never heard her make before and the look of pleasure on her face was absolutely fascinating.

As Claire caught her breath and clicked off her toy, she opened her eyes and grinned at her son. "Have I got a treat for you!" she said, her voice full of mischief.

"I can't wait," Eric replied, his excitement growing palpable as he stared down at her crotch.

"Yesterday you had a pretty easy time removing my panties," said Claire, sprawling back on her bed. "Today we'll make it a bit more challenging."

"How so?"

"You'll likely be removing a girl's panties during the heat of passion, so I want you lay down here between my legs on top of me and take them off while I'm clinging to you and kissing on you."

"Really?! You'll let me do that?" Eric asked, like his ears had deceived him.

"It's important that we practice this now, honey, so when you get into a situation like this with a girl at college you're not feeling awkward."

Eric eagerly obliged, laying down between his mother's legs. The feel of her warm skin under his touch sent shivers down his spine. He could smell the musky scent of her arousal and hear the soft sounds of her breath as she moaned and whispered sweet nothings

in his ear. Claire resisted the urge to toss her silky limbs around his well-

toned body and squeeze him tightly.

As he fumbled with the lace of her panties, she was clutching him, twisting her fingers in his hair, and kissing his neck passionately.

"That's it, take them off me, honey" she murmured, her voice thick with lust.

His hands trembled with a combination of eager anticipation and nervous excitement, as if he held the delicate wings of a butterfly in his grasp. The smooth fabric of her panties slid down her hips and legs like liquid, revealing her soft and supple skin underneath. Their proximity and intimacy sent a surge of electricity through his body, making his hands shake even more as he completed the task of removing her underwear.

As he rose victorious, Eric found himself kneeling between the expanse of his mom's thighs, his prize clutched tightly in his hand.

The heat radiating from her bare skin gave him chills, and he couldn't help but stare at the glistening folds of her femininity.

With her knees drawn back and her alluring feet suspended in the air, Claire's smile was a mix of amusement and desire as she watched her son take in the sight before him - her naked, exposed pussy begging to be explored.

"Smell them, sweetheart," she encouraged. "Smell what I made just for you."

Eric brought the panties to his nose and inhaled deeply, savoring the intoxicating scent of his mother's arousal. It was a heady mix of her musk and the scent of her creamy juices that had seeped into the fabric during her passionate climax.

He brought the damp lace to his lips, savoring the taste of her on his tongue. The salty-sweet flavor sent a jolt of desire through him, and he could feel his own cock throbbing with need.

"That's it," Claire purred, her eyes never leaving his. "Taste the pussy, honey. You don't have to be embarrassed in front of me."

Eric, feeling a strange sense of pride and arousal, nuzzled his face into the damp fabric, the scent and taste of his mother's arousal filling his senses. He could feel his own cock throbbing with need as he savored the taste of her on his tongue.

Claire's eyes darted down to his cock-bulge, then back up to his face.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she asked, her voice thick with desire.

"Uh-huh."

"Doesn't it make you wanna fuck a girl, honey?" she whispered. "To slide your erect cock inside her wet pussy and feel the warm, slick walls of her vagina pulsating around your tender shaft?"

Eric nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "Yes, Mom," he replied, his voice shaky with desire. "It definitely makes me think about that."

Claire sat up slightly and patted the mattress beside her. "Lay down here on your back, and bring the panties and your new Semen Collector with you."

Eric eagerly obliged, sprawling out beside his mother. "Good, now get your clothes off while I get your new toy ready for you to use," Claire urged.

Eric quickly removed his clothes, and heard the familiar buzzing sound as his mom turned on her vibrator. He watched in shock as

she laid down next to him on the bed and started stimulating her naked pussy with it. He was puzzled because she had just mentioned preparing his toy, but unknown to him, she had a valid reason for starting with this activity first.

He felt as though he had a front row seat to a forbidden show, sitting next to his voluptuous mother as she pleasured herself. His eyes were glued to her supple figure, taking in every movement of her limber body and the way her jutting breasts rose and fell with each heavy breath. Unconsciously, his hand reached down and squeezed his aching boner, unable to tear his gaze away from the alluring sight before him.

Claire caught her son squeezing his cock through the corner of her eye and grinned lasciviously. "It's OK, honey, you can pull on it. Pleasure your cock, there's no shame here. I'll explain why I'm doing this once I finish."

Eric hesitated for a moment before obediently taking his hand and wrapping it around his cock. He started to mimic the rhythm of the vibrator, pumping it slowly up and down, watching as his mom's pleasure increased.

Claire's eyes widened as she noticed her son matching her masturbating tempo. "Oh, honey, we're going at the same pace as if we're fucking each other," she moaned, her voice thick with desire.

This was music to Eric's ears. "That's cool, right?" he gasped, yaking his boner with full length strokes.

"Of course it's cool. It means we enjoy the same sexual rhythm."

"This isn't wrong for us to do though, is it?" the boy asked, feeling a tad ashamed.

"We're not doing anything wrong. We're just enjoying our bodies together and discovering new things about each other," Claire

answered.

Lying beside one another, their bodies shone with sweat in the muted glow of the room. With an intense hunger driving them, they each pleasured themselves with fervor, their eyes fixated on the other's nakedness. A wild mix of lust and malice raced through their hearts as they strove to outdo each other. The scent of sex and desire hung heavily in the air as they moved with increasing frenzy, determined to reach new levels of ecstasy.

"I love how you stroke the shaft of your dick, honey, " Claire cooed, her eyes fixed to her boy's prick. "Make sure you sweep your hand completely over your crown with every stroke. The glans are the most sensitive part of your boner and you wanna make sure you squeeze on its entire length just like a pussy would if you were fucking a girl."

"Like this?" Eric asked, taking full-length strokes of his teenage cock.

"That's perfect," Claire grinned, watching her boy enjoy the flesh of his penis. By her estimation, Eric's boner must have been well over nine inches in length, the thick stalk bursting with blood-rich veins.

Finally, just before climaxing, Claire lifted the wand and gasped breathlessly. "I think that should do it?"

Eric's heart pounded in his chest as he clutched his cock, trying to control his breathing. "What should?" he choked out, his eyes wide with anticipation.

"The reason I wanted to rub myself first is so we could coat your cock with natural lubricant," Claire explained. "That'll make your Semen Collector feel even more like a real pussy."

Eric stared at his mom in disbelief, his erection throbbing harder with each word she spoke. "So you just... used yourself to get me ready?"

he asked.

"Yes," she answered, then reached down between her legs to gather her juices on her hand. "See?"

She reached over and rubbed her wet fingers around the head of his cock, spreading her juices over the sensitive bulb, delighted in how hot and engorged it felt beneath her fingers. Eric moaned softly, his eyes locked onto her hand as she coated him with female secretions.

"It makes me so happy to know that my hot, slippery juices will help you enjoy this even more," Claire said, releasing his cock and taking the Semen Collector from his lap.

She carefully positioned the toy over his erection, sliding it down the length of his cock and adjusting it to fit snugly against his cock-root.

Eric watched in awe as his mom expertly secured the device, and since it was made of clear material they could see his boner through it, making it seem almost like a second skin.

"Are you ready, son?" she asked, her voice a mix of excitement and motherly concern.

Eric nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "I think so."

Claire leaned forward and kissed him softly on the lips, brushing her fat tits against his chest. "This is gonna feel incredible," she whispered. "Just remember to breathe and let go of any inhibitions you may have."

"Got it, Mom," Eric replied, his voice shaking with anticipation.

She clicked on the Semen Collector and it buzzed to life, pumping around the erectile flesh of her son's cock.

Eric felt an electrical surge run down his spine as the device began to work its magic on his erection. It was as if his boner had come alive, pulsating and swelling with every pass of the vibrator. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced before, and he could tell that the toy was providing a much more authentic pussy-like experience than anything he had ever used.

"Oh, you're liking that, aren't you, sweetheart?" Claire cooed, hovering beside him.

"It feels amazing, mom," Eric moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as his cock throbbed with pleasure. He couldn't believe that the wonderful slipperiness of his prick was from his own mom's fuck-oil.

"I knew it would," Claire mused, her cunt dripping as she watched the meat of her son's erection slip through the clear chamber.

Eric's pink cock-flesh, pressed against the spongy walls, mingled with her slick fluids and his pre-ejaculate and put on a graphic display within the transparent cylinder, mesmerizing the mother. "Now, just imagine that's it's pussy wrapped around it, tight and wet."

Eric's mind raced as he tried to imagine his mom's pussy around his cock. The thought of it made him harder than ever, his precum leaking out of his cockhead, mixing with his mom's secretions.

Claire watched in awe as her son's cock swelled and pulsated, entirely under the control of the Semen Collector. She couldn't help but reach down and touch herself, feeling the wetness that still clung to her fingers.

"You see, honey?" Claire whispered. "That's just a sample of what you'll feel when a girl is sucking and fucking your cock."

"I love it!" he gasped.

Claire leaned down, getting a closer look at her son's boner as it dug rhythmically through the tube of the new toy. It was like a majestic sword, gliding through a velvet sheath, pulsating with a strength and vigor that could only be matched by the force of a raging river.

"Your cock is so hard," the mother whispered, watching the muscle and tendons strain at its root. "Just imagine how good it'll feel when its wrapped in the pink flesh of a wet pussy."

Eric felt his cock twitch at his mom's touch, his mind racing with thoughts of her and the Semen Collector. He could feel the vibrations pulsing through his member, making it feel as though it were being stroked by a real pussy, and he knew that he was on the verge of losing control.

Claire wanted to increase the stimulation on his young body, to begin testing his staying power, so she leaned down across him, pressing her heavy tits against his lean chest. They felt exquisite to the teen, even through her tight blouse, blanketing him with fluffy softness. Her breath was warm on his ear. "Let go, baby," she whispered. "Let the Semen Collector guide you, and let your cock do the rest."

Eric's body shook as he felt the combined sensations that were coursing through him. The Semen Collector's vibrations, the feel of his mother's plush body against him, her sweet smelling perfume lingering in the air, it was all so overwhelming.

Claire continued to whisper dirty things in his ear to increase his excitement level. "Just imagine that you're fucking the most beautiful woman in the world," she purred, "with her tight, wet pussy clenching onto your cock as you thrust deep inside her."

Eric's mind was swirling with lust, and he could feel his body responding to his mom's words. He bucked his hips, driving the his flexing prick through the clear chamber, wanting to feel the satisfying friction of a wet pussy.

"That's it, baby, push harder," Claire moaned, her voice thick with desire. "Fuck her deeper and faster!"

Eric's body was aflame with desire as he thrust deeper and faster into the Semen Collector, his mind consumed with the vision of his mother's pussy clinging to him. Claire's words were like fuel to his fire, and he could feel the build-up of tension in his loins. "Yes, that's it, honey," Claire cooed, her voice feather-light. "You're doing it just the way girls like it."

As Eric's pace quickened, so did his breathing. The pleasure was building, reaching a crescendo as Claire continued to whisper dirty encouragement. Subconsciously, he began to grind his hips against the striking device seeking to maximize the sensations he was experiencing.

"Just let go, my darling," Claire whispered in his ear. "Let your cock take you where it wants to go."

Eric's eyes rolled back in his head as he felt his orgasm building like a tidal wave, crashing against the shores of his pleasure. With each thrust, the vibrations of the Sperm Collector became more intense, sending shockwaves through his cock, making every nerve ending scream in ecstasy.

Claire, sensing his impending release, reached down and began to stroke her son's cock through the Semen Collector, matching the rhythm of his thrusts. "That's it, honey," she cooed, her voice a mix of motherly concern and lustful fulfillment. "Let it all go."

Eric couldn't hold back any longer. His body arched and his heart pounded as he let out a loud groan, his orgasm hitting him like a freight train. Spurt after spurt of thick, hot cum began to flow into the Semen Collector, accumulating in a creamy pool back in the receptacle chamber.

"That's my boy…let it wash over you," the mother mewled, making sure every ounce of his ejaculation was milked from his quivering organ.

"How's your son liking his new toy?" Pam asked Claire as they lay out at the beach with Rachael in skimpy bikinis, sunning their voluptuous bodies.

"He's loving it," Claire replied with a smirk. "He ejaculated four times yesterday using it."

"That's about how many times Darren is using his," Rachael chimed in. "Do you notice how much sweeter the boys cum tastes when they have a powerful ejaculation?"

Pam turned to look at Rachael, a sly grin on her face. "I definitely do. It's like their testosterone turns into pure honey when they reach that point." She paused to lick her lips, as if savoring the memory of the last time she tasted her son's release. "And you know how much we moms love sweet things."

Claire couldn't help but laugh at their conversation. "It's a win-win for all of us," she said. "The boys get to enjoy new and interesting ways to masturbate, and we get to indulge in their sweet creations."

Rachael nodded in agreement. "Absolutely. Plus, it's a great way to keep them out of trouble and occupied." She gave a sly wink. "And it's not like we're forcing them to do anything they don't want to do."

Claire adjusted her skimpy bikini top before her areola could peak out over the hem. "I can't help but think about how much harder my son would cum if I made some sort of sexual contact with him while he was masturbating. "

"You mean like kissing or licking his body?" Rachael asked.

"Yes, or maybe massaging his balls while he's pumping his cock with the Semen collector."

"Oh, I like the way you think, Claire," Pam giggled. "You know, you do have those big, milk-filled titties, have you thought about letting him suckle while he masturbates?"

"No, but based on the way he stares at them constantly I don't think he'll object to the idea one bit," Claire snickered.

"Boy love big tits," Rachael added, "and ones that are filled with milk are like the ultimate masturbatory fantasy. It's like a little cocktail of hormones and desires all rolled into one. It's no wonder he can't keep his eyes off of them."

Pam nodded in agreement. "I once read that boys are often drawn to larger breasts because they subconsciously associate them with a sense of security and comfort. It's why so many of us moms with big breasts have such devoted sons."

Claire pondered this for a moment before speaking up. "I've always wondered if that's why my son is so attached to me. Maybe he sees me as a source of protection and comfort."

Rachael laughed as she lay back on the towel, gently rubbing her breasts through her bikini top. "Who wouldn't be attached to such a beautiful, busty mother? It makes carrying these big things around even more fulfilling," she stated, glancing down huge, bikini-clad mammaries.

"Well, we are enjoying THEIR sweet nectar. What's wrong with them enjoying ours too, right?" Claire pointed out.

Pam let out a hearty laugh. "You make a good point. Maybe we should start thinking of ourselves as bountiful fruit trees, bearing sweet, aphrodisiacal fruit for our sons."

"Yes, and the more they 'harvest' from us, the sweeter and more irresistible we become," Rachael added, running her fingers over her fantastically plump breasts, causing a faint flush to rise to her cheeks.

"Imagine how good it would feel to have our sons suckling from our tits while they're using their Semen Collectors on those big horny dicks of theirs." Claire raised an eyebrow, intrigued by the suggestion. It was a tantalizing thought, to feel the warm, wet mouth of her son on their nipples while his sperm was being collected for future use. It would be the ultimate display of maternal nourishment and erotic pleasure, a merging of two powerful instincts into one intoxicating experience.

Knowing that her son may leave hickies on her breasts from aggressive tit-sucking, Claire made sure to inform her husband of her intentions. She didn't want any suspicions or misunderstandings to arise and make it seem like she was doing something improper behind his back.

"Before you run off to work, there's one more thing I wanted to mention," said Claire as she sipped from her sperm-rich protein shake.

"What's that?" asked Fred.

"Since I am helping him with sensitive matters, I've been thinking of ways to strengthen the bond between Eric and I so I think I'm going to start letting him suckle on my breasts while he masturbates."

Fred's jaw dropped in disbelief. "What?! So you are going to let him suck on your breasts while he's, well... you know, taking care of business?"

Claire smiled coyly. "Yes, Fred. I think it might bring us closer together and help me feel more connected to him as a mother. Plus, it might just make his... 'harvest' even sweeter," Claire said, taking

another mouthful of her protein shake and letting her son's sweet ball-nectar linger on her taste buds.

Fred's troubled expression revealed his discomfort with the thought.

"Claire, you have a newborn to nourish. Eric shouldn't be depleting your milk supply."

"Oh, Fred," replied Claire, "I'm not taking from our newborn. My milk supply is more than enough to sustain both the baby and Eric. In fact, the extra stimulation from nursing Eric might even increase my milk production."

Fred still looked skeptical. "But Claire, is it really necessary? Surely there are better ways to strengthen your bond with Eric."

Claire shook her head. "I have faith in this method, Fred. Masturbating and breastfeeding are two natural and normal parts of life. It's not uncommon for mothers and sons to engage in a combination of these two activities."

"I'm surprised you're letting him do this," said Fred. "You've hardly let me touch your breasts at all since the baby came along."

"Honey, you and I have our own ways of showing affection and connecting with each other," Claire reasoned. "This is meant to be something special, just between Eric and I."

"Yes, but shouldn't a husband be aloud to play with his wife's breasts?" Fred asked with a jealous pang in his stomach. "You've hardly let me touch them since the baby was born."

"Maybe I'll let you give them more attention once Eric goes off to college, but right now it's important that I use my breasts as a masturbatory aid for him. Besides caring for the baby, my whole focus is on making sure Eric has the hardest, most satisfying ejaculations that he can."

"Why's that, so you can chug them down after he's finished?" Fred asked sarcastically.

"Well, even though my primary motivation is to help our son, I will admit, there's something undeniably satisfying about savoring the sweet, creamy essence of his cum. It's like a little reward for all the hard work I've been doing."

"Well, you can come up with a hundred ways to justify it, but I still think it's weird and slightly disturbing," Fred said.

"So, you're saying you'd rather have your son ejaculate in his hand or a cum rag and waist all those nutrients?" Claire shot back. "I think not."

"That's what I had to do when I was his age. My mother wasn't helping me to jerk off and letting me suck her breasts, nor was she drinking my cum when I was finished."

"Times have changed, Fred," Claire said gently. "And we are a family that is committed to exploring new ways to strengthen our bonds and make each other feel special and desired. I don't see anything wrong with using my breasts to give our son pleasure while he masturbates and then allowing me to enjoy the benefits of his ejaculation."

"You said all your friends are doing this?"

"All of them who have boys Eric's age, yes," Claire replied. "We're all committed to helping our sons to reach new heights of pleasure and sexual discovery before going off to college. That's why I've decided to start teaching Eric new techniques to increase his sexual stamina."

"New techniques?" Fred's curiosity was piqued. "What kind of techniques?"

"Oh, you know, things to help him last longer during masturbation and potentially with a future partner," Claire said.

"But how?" Fred asked, genuinely intrigued. "What kind of techniques are we talking about?"

"Well," Claire began, "I've been doing some research and there are a few things I think will be helpful. One is called 'edging'. It's when Eric brings himself almost to the point of orgasm, then stops and waits for the feeling to subside before starting again. This can be repeated several times until he eventually climaxes. It's supposed to increase his control over his ejaculation and also make his orgasms more intense."

"That sounds...intense," Fred said, trying to wrap his head around the concept.

"That's not the only technique we'll be trying out," Claire continued.

"I've also read about something called 'Kegel exercises' that can help strengthen the pelvic floor muscles, which can lead to better control over ejaculation resulting in unforgettable sex for both him and his partners."

Fred shook his head, feeling both bewildered and jealous by the idea of his wife helping their son with his sexual exploration. "I don't know, Claire. It just seems like something that should be left to the boys to figure out on their own."

"I disagree. We should be giving Eric every advantage we can. We parents are his first and most important teachers, and I want him to have the best possible experiences with sex and pleasure. As his mother, it is my responsibility to help him grow and learn. If that means teaching him new techniques or showing him how to use his body in a way that will make him healthier and more in control of his sexuality, then I am more than willing to do it."

After Fred left for work, Claire decided to check up on her son. She knew he'd be masturbating before school and wanted to assist in any way she could.

Opening the door to his bedroom, Claire saw Eric lying on his bed, his hand movement steady and rhythmic, with her panties to his nose. She approached him cautiously, not wanting to disturb his concentration, and whispered his name. He didn't respond, lost in the pleasurable sensations he was experiencing.

She thought about how wonderfully erotic it would be if he opened his eyes and saw her hovering there beside him completely naked. "Oh, why not," Claire thought, then, in one swift motion, she removed her nightgown and stood before him, her huge, heavy tits exposed and erect nipples pointing towards him.

Eric's eyes flew wide open and his breathing quickened. He fumbled, but managed to pause his hand's motion just in time to take a moment to enjoy the sight of his mother standing before him, nude and alluring.

"Hi, mom," he said, his voice husky and deep, sounding different to her.

"Hi, honey," she replied, her voice soft and sultry, "I came to see if I could assist you. Would you like me to help you edge?"

His eyes widened further, if that was even possible, and he nodded eagerly, his hand resuming its rhythmic movements.

Claire pulled back the blanket then sat down beside him, her oversized boobies bobbling on her ribcage upon impact. She watched intently as her son continued to stroke himself, his eyes locked on her jutting breasts. She was completely enthrawed by the sight of Eric's fist squeezing up and down the length of his slippery, pink cock-meat.

"Honey, when you imagine fucking a girl's hot pussy, how long do you imagine your session lasting?"

"As long as possible."

"Good answer, sweetheart," Claire's voice was so soft and gentle, it sent shivers down Eric's spine. "And when you imagine that moment of release, when you're deep inside a girl and you're ready to unload your hot cum inside her pussy, what goes through your mind?"

"Just about how good it feels," he managed to choke out, his voice high-pitched and vulnerable. His breathing grew more ragged, and he fought the urge to cum.

"That's right, Eric. It feels good. But imagine if you could push past that feeling, and take control of your penis. Imagine if you could prolong the pleasure, and make your partner feel even more incredible than before. Wouldn't that be an amazing gift to give her?"

"It sure would, Mom," Eric gasped, his eyes never leaving the swell of her tit-melons. "I want to do that for a girl, I really do."

"That's the spirit, sweetheart," Claire purred, reaching out to place a gentle hand on his chest, just above his heart. "And I'm going to help you get there. You see, there are ways to train your body to last longer during sex. You can learn to hold back the orgasm, and make it even more intense when you finally let go. It's all about control, son."

Eric nodded, feeling his heart race as he watched his mother's hand glide over his chest. He could feel the warmth of her breath on his face, and the smell of her arousal was intoxicating.

"Now, I want you to try and hold back your orgasm this time. Concentrate on the sensations in your cock, and try to ride the wave

of pleasure instead of letting it crash down on you. Can you do that, Eric?"

"I'll try, Mom," he said, his voice thick with lust and anticipation.

She peeked down at the cock slipping through his hand. "Would you like me to take over? Believe it or not, honey, I know your cock as well as you do. I know about ever ridge, every vein and area that makes you ache the most."

"You do?"

"Of course. Even before I met your father I was jerking off boys your age in High School and college. I became quite an expert in the art of giving a handjob."

"I'll gladly let you take over," Eric said, his voice shaking with excitement. He knew he was in the hands of a master, and he could only imagine the pleasure that awaited him.

Claire nodded, her eyes never leaving his cock. She slowly reached out, her fingers lightly grazing his thighs.

She spawled out next to him, plastering her meaty melons against the side of his chest as she took his cock in her hand. Eric shivered, his heart pounding in his chest. He watched as his mother's hand began to stroke him in a rhythmic motion, her fingers gliding up and down the length of his shaft.

"What do you think about that?" Claire murmured, her voice low and seductive. "Does it feel good, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yeah," Eric groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the pleasure wash over him.

"Most women need much more time to reach orgasm than a man does? You have to learn to be patient, Eric. Teach yourself to savor

the moment, to prolong the pleasure, and to make it more intense for both you and your partner. It's a skill, and like any skill, it takes practice."

"I'll do my best, Mom," Eric managed to choke out, his voice breathy and weak. His breathing grew ragged and shallow, and he could feel the orgasm building inside him like a tsunami, threatening to overwhelm everything in its path.

"That's the spirit," Claire purred, her hand speeding up slightly as she worked him harder. "Focus on the sensation, Eric. Feel every inch of my hand as it moves up and down your cock. Feel the warmth of my breast against your chest, the softness of my skin, the wetness of my lips as they brush against your cheek. Let those sensations consume you."

"Mmmmm...yes, Mom," Eric replied, his tongue nearly hanging out lustfully as he watched his mom's pretty hand beat up and down his boner.

Together, they watched his slippery member slide through Claire's tight grip, slick with the glistening pre-ejaculate that coated its surface. As they shared this intimate moment, Claire couldn't help but be impressed by how he was performing so far. The way his manhood was thrusting and straining against her hand, she imagined it plowing through her own pink flesh and bringing her to the edge of ecstasy. She couldn't deny the anticipation building within her as she felt his pulsing hardness in her palm and wondered what pleasures it could bring.

"I'm really close!" Eric panted, his breathing ragged as his orgasm neared.

Claire knew she had to act fast, or he would come before he could learn to control his ejaculation. "Take a deep breath, Eric, and try to focus on the sensations in your cock. Don't let the urge to cum overwhelm you. You're doing great."

Gritting his teeth, Eric took a deep breath and let it out slowly, his mind focused on the pleasure coursing through his body. Claire continued to stroke him, her hand moving in a steady rhythm, her touch firm yet gentle.

As Eric struggled to hold back his climax, Claire could feel the heat radiating from his body, the tension in his muscles, and the pumping of his cock in her hand. She knew he was close, but she continued to encourage him, reminding him to focus on the pleasure and to stay in control. "Let me know when you're on the very edge of ejaculation and I'll clamp my fingers around the neck of your cock to prevent you from coming," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

"I'm...so...close," he gasped, his voice cracking.

Claire nodded, her hand never slowing down. "That's it, Eric. Just a few more seconds. Fuck my hand as long as possible before we pause."

Eric's breathing was so ragged now, it nearly matched the feverish rhythm of the hand that continued to stroke him. "Oh, shit! Oh, shit!"

he moaned, his body shuddering in her grip. "I'm right there, Mom,"

he panted, his cock twitching in her hand, straining for release.

Claire stopped stroking and her grip tightened around his manhood, firmly encircling it just below the curved edge of his coronal ridge. The intense pleasure that had been building within him was stopped in its tracks, held back by her skilled touch. "Relax, my love. Let your climax slowly fade away," she urged softly, her voice laced with tenderness and understanding.

Eric's eyes closed involuntarily, his face contorted in a mix of agony and pleasure. He could feel the throbbing in his cock, the pulsations that had been building up to a crescendo now abruptly halting. He

let out a ragged sigh, his heart pounding in his chest. The euphoric sensations that had been coursing through his veins just moments ago now slowly dissipating, and he took a shaky breath.

"It takes a lot of discipline to master this technique, Eric," Claire continued, her hand still firm around him. "But with time and practice, you'll be able to last much longer during sex. Trust me, your partners will appreciate it, and it will make your orgasms even more intense when you eventually do climax."

Eric nodded, his breath still ragged as he stared into his mother's eyes.

"Before I begin stroking you again, would you like to do something that will heighten your arousal even more?"Claire inquired, a sly smile playing on her lips.

"Um...what do you have in mind, Mom?" Eric asked, his heart still racing from the intense pleasure he had just experienced.

"Would you like to suck on my titties?"

"Seriously?!" he exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief and arousal.

"Yes, I think it will add a whole other layer of pleasure and excitement for you."

"I'll be honest, it was something I wanted to do yesterday, but was too afraid to ask you."

"Today marks a fresh start on your path of sexual exploration," Claire remarked with a sly smile. "Your sister has yet to feed this morning, so my breasts are brimming with rich, creamy milk for you to savor. Just as I relish the taste and nourishment of your cum, you can now indulge in the unique pleasure of nursing from me." Her words hung heavy in the air, thick with desire and temptation.

Eric's mind raced with excitement as he nodded eagerly, his eyes fixated on his mother's milk-engorged breasts.

Claire moved into position, her nipples erect and begging to be sucked.

As Eric leaned forward, he was surprised by how squishy and warm his mother's breast felt on his face, the weight of them exhilirating. He took one nipple into his mouth, suckling gently, tasting the creamy milk that flowed from its ducts, the sweet nectar leaving a warm, tingling sensation in his throat.

Claire moaned softly, arching her back as she felt her son's lips wrapped around her nipple. "Oh, Eric, I can tell already thatbyou're gonna be good at this," she whispered, her voice thick with arousal.

Her hand was still clenched around cock and she slowly began stroking again.

As her fist moved up and down his shaft, Eric was lost in a world of sensations. His mind was a whirlwind of pleasure and longing, his mouth firmly latched onto his mother's nipple, his lips spread out across her areola, feeling the milk flow into his mouth. His face was masked in tit-flesh and he could feel the meat of her melon rocking back and forth in rhythm with her strokes.

He could feel the tenderness of her nipple in his mouth and the sweet, warm liquid flowing down his throat as he sucked on her. The smell, taste and sensation of her breast filled him with an unmatched feeling of connection and intimacy, unlike anything he had ever experienced.

Claire moaned softly, her hand speeding up its pace, her son's precum coating his cock with each quick pull. She could feel the heat radiating from his body, the tension in his muscles and the throbbing of his cock in her hand. It was as if she was connected to him on a

primal level, their bodies reacting and responding to each other in perfect harmony.

Claire's voice was soft and gentle, almost like a lullaby, as she spoke to her tit-sucking son. "Oh, sweetheart," she cooed, savoring the feeling of their bodies intertwined. "Now that your body has calmed down, we'll slowly bring you to the edge again."

With a confident and practiced touch, she caressed his manhood, her circled fingers gliding in a perfect corkscrew motion, along its length, circling over the sensitive head with the familiarity of a mother tending to her child. The softness of her touch belied the underlying strength and control she possessed, making him tremble under her skilled ministrations.

Eric's young buttocks clenched with pleasure and anticipation, his hard length standing tall in his mother's skilled hand as she stroked him with deft and tireless movements.

His lips curved into a feral grin, his pleasure evident as he snarled with delight. Milk escaped from the corners of his mouth, like tiny streams of white running down his chin. He felt himself being swallowed by a cocoon of ecstasy, completely consumed by the overwhelming pleasure. The world around him faded away as he gave in to the all-encompassing sensation.

Claire could tell her son was close to cumming again from the sounds he made and the way his prick was swelling and twitching in her hand. "That's it, sweetheart," she whispered, her voice thick with lust,

"just a few more strokes and then I'll squeeze the tip again."

Eric groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the imminent release building within him. He bucked his hips, thrusting his cock into his mother's hand as she continued to stroke him, her

skilled touch sending shivers of pleasure down to his core. "I'm...so...close,"

his tit-smothered voice gasped, milk spewing from his mouth.

A mischievous smirk tugged at the corners of Claire's lips as she gave him two more firm and jarring strokes before tightly clamping her fingers around the head once again. The sound of their heavy breathing filled the room, his boyish voice cracking as he protested, "I can't stop this time!"

Claire realized that he had passed the point of no return so she began stroking his cock earnestly again, determined to bring him off hard.

"Cum, honey!" she urged, her grip tightening around his shaft. Her hand moved up and down at lightning speed, her palm sweeping wetly over the sensitive head with each pull. She could feel the heat radiating off him, his desperation evident in the way his hips thrust towards her hand.

With his face pushed against the spongy weight of her tit, Eric's eyes rolled back in his head, his entire body trembling as he gave in to the pleasure. His back arched, his ass lifting off the bed, as he let out a primal roar.

His cock twitched and throbbed in his mother's hand, and the moment finally came.

She could feel the first spurt of warm cum spray out against her hand.

Claire's eyes remained fixed on her son's arousal, knowing the intense power and release of a teenage ejaculation. With anticipation and desire, she opened her mouth wide and waited for his next burst of pleasure. As expected, a long rope of thick white semen erupted from Eric's pulsating cock, splattering against the

back of her throat and filling her mouth with its salty taste. She savored the moment, feeling both aroused and satisfied as she swallowed the pool his essence.

As Eric reached the peak of his orgasm, Claire's hand tightened around his throbbing member. She skillfully worked her fingers up and down, coaxing out every last drop of his release. His body tensed and twitched in response to her skilled touch, his senses overwhelmed by the intense pleasure coursing through him. It was like being consumed by a wave, crashing and cresting with each stroke of her hand. Finally, as his release came to an end, he let out a deep groan and collapsed back onto the bed, spent but completely satisfied.

As Eric's breathing slowed and his body relaxed, Claire continued to gently stroke his erect cock, savoring the feel of him in her hand. She could feel the heat radiating off him, the beads of sweat dripping down his forehead, a testament to the intense experience they had just shared.

"Well done, honey," Claire whispered, her voice gentle and loving.

"Oh, you came so good and hard."

Eric appeared embarrassed by his actions, but couldn't help feeling a warmth in his chest. He glanced up at his mother, her warm smile and knowing eyes making him feel safe and calm. "Thanks, Mom," he managed to say, his voice still hoarse from the pleasure.

"I was watching your bedside clock," said Claire. "You lasted nearly forty five minutes while we used the edging technique before you ejaculated."

"Is that good?" he breathlessly asked.

Claire smiled, her eyes twinkling with pride. "Oh, yes, that's excellent, honey. But what's even better is, do you notice how your

penis isn't going soft?"

"Yeah, is that normal?"

"For a boy your age, yes. You have a short refractory period, which means your body recovers quickly from an orgasm and you're ready for another round."

Eric's eyes widened in surprise and excitement. "Really? I guess I do feel I could go again?"

"Of course you can, my little stallion," Claire teased, a playful gleam in her eyes. "And I bet you'd last even longer the second time. Why don't we use your Semen Collector this time around though so not a drop of your creamy cum goes to waist."

Eric nodded eagerly, his cock flexing at the thought of repeating the experience with the aid of his new toy.

Claire reached for the device from the nightstand and slid it onto the head of her son's erection, expertly securing it in place.

"There we go, all set for round two," Claire said with a grin. "And I have one boob that's still completely full for you to enjoy."

"Awesome," the boy blurted, licking his lips eagerly.

"This time I think I'll straddle you," Claire suggested, a wicked sparkle in her eyes. "That way with a me on top of you and the Semen Collector pumping on your erection, it'll feel like you're really having sex with a girl."

"You mean like a role play?"

"Exactly," Claire nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "And I'll be your experienced girlfriend, teaching you the ins and outs of making love."

Eric couldn't help but feel a surge of butterflies in his stomach as he imagined himself with a beautiful woman. The idea of roleplaying this scenario thrilled him, adding an extra layer of excitement to the experience.

He eagerly agreed, his cock leaping at the thought performing such an intimate role play with his own beautiful, busty mom. Even if his cock wasn't actually inside his mother, he could certainly imagine it was.

Claire straddled her son, her moist labia glistening under the soft light of the room. She lowered herself onto the Semen Collector, feeling the warmth of his cock through it, sliding againt her moist folds. She leaned forward, letting her giant, stiff-nippled boobs dangle above his excited eyes.

"I'll reach down and click off the device whenever you edge, ok?"

Eric nodded eagerly, eyes wide and mouth slightly agape. He was so turned on from watching his mother's humongous tits bobbing in front of him. He licked his lips in anticipation, the sound of his own breathing becoming louder with each passing second.

Claire turned the Semen Collector on and it began to pump, mimicking the sensation of a girl's pussy on Eric's erect penis.

The boy groaned in lust as his mother began thrusting her hips, riding the sperm collector like it was his cock. Her wet slit slid up and down, her folds glistening in the dim light.

"You're doing great, honey" Claire encouraged, her voice breathy and sultry.

The weight of her bare, voluptuous tits caused them to bounce heavily on her chest with each thrust, creating a mesmerizing ripple effect as they collided with her rib cage. The soft flesh jiggled and swayed like gelatin, reflecting the intensity of her movements. "Just

imagine that your fucking a hot girl and your cock is squeezing through a real pussy."

"You make it easy for me to imagine that," he said, his eyes drifting down her torso to the her shaved pussy as it glided over the Semen Collector's shaft.

"I want to make this experience as lifelike and intense as possible for you," she purred, her voice low and seductive. She leaned forward, her oversized jugs swinging tantalizingly close to his face. With a fluid motion, she glided her ample hips up and back, grinding her slick pussy against his throbbing toy with fervent determination.

"Wow!" Eric moaned, his eyes wide as he watched her milk-engorged udders jiggle against his face. "This is...amazing!"

"Sex is amazing, honey. That's why it's so important to control your release and prolong your pleasure."

"Speaking of that...I'm feeling really good," he confessed, his eyes locked on her gaping tit-cleavage.

"Imagine that you're an athlete in peak physical condition, controlling your body's response to the most intense sensation you've ever felt,"

Claire coached him, her voice soft and soothing. "You're controlling your breathing, flexing your muscles, and working hard to endure this incredible experience."

Eric took a deep breath and closed his eyes, focusing on the sensations coursing through his body. He could feel the Semen Collector pulsating against the throbbing meat of his erection, mimicking the feel of a woman's tight canal.

Claire's hips continued to move rhythmically, her wet labia gliding up and down the shaft. On every backward pivot, her fleshy prepuce

was peeled back, exposing her glans. The pulsating suction of the sex toy against her grape-sized nubbin adding to the intensity of the experience.

"I can feel the pressure building," Eric whispered, his voice growing hoarse with desire.

"That's right," Claire encouraged, riding him tirelessly. "You're edging, honey. Do you feel that knot of pleasure coiling in the head of your cock. It's the sweet spot, the edge of the cliff. Just a few more strokes and you'll tumble over, but we won't let you. We'll stop you just in time."

"I can feel it," he groaned, his eyes squeezed shut as he gritted his teeth.

"That's good," Claire purred, her voice low and seductive. "Just a few more strokes, and then we'll stop you. Can you feel yourself getting closer?"

"Yes," he whispered, his voice barely a thread as his body tensed.

"That's it, honey," Claire praised, her tone still sultry and inviting.

"You're doing so well, you're on the verge of losing control."

"I can't take it much longer," he sighed, his voice wavering with anticipation.

"I know," Claire whispered, her voice soft and reassuring. "I can see it in your eyes. But you have to hold on just a little longer, just a few more strokes. Keep fucking this girl as long as you can."

Eric felt a sudden surge of energy, meeting his mother's thrusts with a primal need to release his seed inside her. "I'm not gonna cum yet!"

he gasped in resolve.

"You're a fucking animal," Claire cheered, her voice getting lost in the passion of the moment. Her hips bucked wildly, her chest heaving with each breath. Her face was flushed with passion, her eyes gleaming with desire. " "You're gonna make me cum, sweetheart!"

Hearing his mom say this was like pouring gasoline on a fire. Eric's eyes widened and his heart raced with excitement. He knew he had to make his mom cum, to give her the pleasure she so desperately wanted. But he also knew he couldn't cum just yet. He had to hold on, to resist the intense pleasure washing over him.

With renewed focus, Eric began to thrust back, matching his mom's movements. The Senen Collector pulsed and sucked on his cock, mimicking the sensations of a real pussy. He felt a burning fire building up inside him, but he clenched his jaw and pushed it away.

"Keep going, honey," Claire panted, her eyes locked on her son's thrusting hips. "I can feel how close you are, but I need you to hold on just a little bit longer."

Eric's hips bucked wildly, his breath coming in ragged gasps. His mom suddenly began trembling, her muscles clenching and releasing, and a look of pure bliss washed over her face.

"I'm close," she moaned, her voice shaking with the intensity of her climax. "I can feel it. Oh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!"

Hearing his mom's climax nearing was like a trigger for Eric's own release. The fire inside him was about to burn out of control, but he knew he had to hold on, to make his mom cum first.

"Keep going, mom," he panted, his voice strained with effort. "Cum on me."

With her hips flying wildly up and back, Claire arched her spine, causing her ballooning tits to swell and shake uncontrollably from her chest. Her stunning face contorted in a powerful mix of pleasure and ecstasy as she let out a primal scream that echoed through the room.

The silky strands of her hair whipped around her face in an erotic frenzy. She was lost in the throes of orgasmic bliss, completely consumed by the intense sensations coursing through her body. Her son could do nothing but watch, mesmerized by the raw beauty and unbridled passion of his mother's climax.

As Claire's climax reached its peak, her pussy tightened around the sperm collector, sending Eric's senses into overdrive. He felt his cock throb and pulse with the rhythm of his mother's orgasm, the pressure building with each powerful thrust. "

"I can't hold on any longer," he groaned, his eyes locked on his mother's convulsing body as she screamed in pleasure. Her pussy clenched around the toy, and he knew that he had to let go.

With a final push, his body shuddered, and his cock erupted, sending streams of hot, thick cum gushing into the Semen Collector. His hips bucked wildly, his face a mask of pure ecstasy as he felt the orgasmic release wash over him.

Claire's own body trembled, her eyes rolling back in her head as she felt the waves of pleasure crash over her. Her pussy clenched and released around the tube if the device, helping to milk her son dry as her own orgasm subsided.

As the last spasms of ecstasy subsided, both mother and son lay there, spent and gasping for breath. Claire slowly lowered herself onto her son's chest, her massive tits flattening out like soft bread dough on his teenage chest.

"That was incredible," she whispered, her voice barely a whisper. "I can't believe how intense that was."

Eric smiled weakly, still caught up in the rush of endorphins that coursed through his veins. "I guess that's what happens when you edge yourself to the point of no return," he managed to croak out.

Claire giggled softly, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well then, I guess we'll have to keep you home from school until we get it right."

"You won't hear any objections out of me," Eric chuckled weakly, still feeling the aftershocks of their intense encounter. "Besides, I'm running late already anyway."

"Alright, let's go for round three of humpy-cummie time, but first I need to go feed your baby sister."

Eric watched his mom slip from the bed and move towards his doorway naked. She was a vision of sex appeal, her body still glistening with sweat and cum, her naked ass undulating, her fat tits jiggling with every step she took.

Claire peeked back, watching him slip his slimy erection from the tube of the sperm collector. "Don't you dare start round three without me,"

she warned with a wink and a playful grin.

Fred made the impulsive decision to come home for lunch, a rare occurrence since he normally ate at his office. The ten-minute drive seemed endless as he eagerly anticipated being greeted by the delicious scents of his wife's cooking. However, upon entering the house, he noticed something was off - his wife was not bustling about in the kitchen like she usually was. "Honey?" he called out, the sound echoing through the empty halls, but received no answer. A sense of unease settled over him as he navigated through the quiet rooms, wondering where his wife could be.

He headed up the stairs to check if she was in the bedroom, but he could immediately hear loud and disturbing sounds coming from his son's room, the sound of two voices panting with heated intensity. He cautiously opened the door, peering inside and finding his son Eric and his wife, Claire, naked and entwined in a passionate embrace.

Claire lay on her back, her toned mommy-legs wrapped tightly around Eric's waist. Their sweat-soaked bodies pressed together in a fervent embrace, moving rhythmically as if engaged in passionate missionary-style lovemaking. But upon closer inspection, Fred noticed the Semen Collector device nestled between their crotches, revealing that this was merely simulated sex.

The air was thick and humid, heavy with the musky scent of sex. It hung like a tangible fog, suggesting that perhaps the entire morning had been filled with passionate activity.

Fred's body froze, paralyzed with shock as he witnessed the disturbing scene before him. His own wife and son, locked in an obscene embrace, their bodies writhing in a heated fuck-rhythm.

Eric's bed rocked back and forth, creaking under the intensity of their passionate movements. The boy's face was buried in the soft flesh of Claire's breast, his lips hungrily sucking at her nipple as she moaned in pleasure. The sight made Fred feel sick to his stomach, a twisted knot forming in his gut as he struggled to process what he was seeing. This was by far the most depraved and obscene thing he had ever witnessed. He couldn't tear his eyes away, but he also couldn't move, as if his body was frozen in disbelief and horror.

"You're gonna make me cum, honey!" his wife's voice rang out, her hips rocking urgently, meeting Eric's thrusts in counterpoint. Fred watched his wife scratch her long nails down Eric's back, her pretty face contorting with pleasure.

Fred never could have imagined watching his wife experience pleasure with another man, let alone his own son. It was like an out of body experience, as he had always been the one to bring her to climax. But now, he found himself a mere spectator to her ecstasy as he watched her writhe and moan in the arms of another. The sight was both titillating and unsettling, like a forbidden peek into a world beyond his own. A mix of emotions swirled within him - jealousy, arousal, curiosity. He couldn't tear his eyes away as every sigh and gasp from his wife's lips felt like a betrayal and yet also a revelation.

This was not something he ever thought he would witness, but now that it was happening, he couldn't deny the strange fascination it held for him.

Claire arched her back and let out a primal scream that echoed through the room. These were not the familiar sounds of pleasure that Fred had grown accustomed to in their 20 years of marriage, these were raw and untamed. Her body trembled beneath Eric as she surrendered to the waves of ecstasy crashing through her. And in that moment, Fred knew that this was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard his wife make.

He found himself captivated and overwhelmed by the fluid, sensual movements of their naked bodies entwined. Eric's physique, youthful and chiseled, perfectly complemented his wife's mature, voluptuous curves. It was as if they were two puzzle pieces coming together in a sexual symphony - every touch, kiss, and thrust fitting seamlessly into place. The air crackled with raw passion and desire as their bodies moved in perfect synchronization, creating a sexual experience that felt like it was crafted just for them.

"I'm close!" Eric called out, his breath ragged.

Claire's body tensed and contorted around Eric's thrusting form, her muscles tightening and straining as she clung to him with her

smooth skin, like a mommy fuck-harness, amplifying the intensity of his orgasm.

Fred watched in shock as his son's orgasm wracked his body, his face twisting into a mask of pure ecstasy. He could see Eric's big, hairless balls clenching in their sack with every grunt and groan that escaped his son's mouth.

For several tense minutes Eric and Claire continued to fuck with animalistic fervor. The sweaty, slick bodies moved in perfect sync with one another, each movement designed to pleasure each other sexually.

Finally, their bodies slowed to a halt, the spent pair gasping for air like they had just completed a marathon.

Fred cleared his throat from the doorway, making his presence known.

Claire and Eric froze, both turning their heads to look at Fred, their faces a mix of shock and embarrassment. "Honey, what are you doing home?" his wife asked.

"I decided to come home for lunch," Fred answered. "I certainly didn't expect to find this."

He stepped away from the door as Eric watched him with a worried expression. Claire noticed her son's concern and reassured him, placing a gentle kiss on his forehead. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We're not doing anything wrong," she said soothingly.

Fred confronted his wife the moment she stepped into the kitchen.

"Whatever you were doing in there WASN'T part of the agreement we had," he said, his voice trembling with anger and disbelief.

"It most certainly was," Claire shot back. "Eric was sucking on my breast while being stimulated by his masturbation device, all of which I told you about. We were doing nothing that you and I didn't agree on."

"It looked like a whole lot more than that."

"Look, Eric and I may have been going through the motions of sex, but that was only to make it more realistic for him. There was no penetration going on whatsoever."

"You may try to twist things around, Claire, but I know what I saw. You were engaged in a sexual act with Eric. I don't know how you can justify that as part of our agreement."

"Call it what you want, but I was merely to broadening Eric's horizon sexually and helping him become more confident in his burgeoning sexuality," she explained defensively. "He's my son, after all. I want to make sure he is well-prepared for the future."

"The way you were climaxing in there makes me wonder if it was just as much for your benefit as it was his," Fred snarled.

"A woman's climax is simply a physical reaction, Fred. It's not something I can control or prevent from happening."

"Sure you can, by NOT doing what you two were doing in there," Fred snapped back.

Claire sighed, her eyes softening as she looked at her husband.

"Fred, I understand your emotions are running high right now, but please try to understand. This was not about me getting pleasure from Eric, it was about helping him learn to enjoy intimacy and feel confident in himself."

"But it wasn't supposed to be this way!" Fred shouted. "I thought we had a clear understanding of what our agreement entailed."

"We did, but sometimes situations change, and we have to adapt,"

Claire reasoned. "I know this is difficult for you to accept, but I truly believe that what Eric and I were doing was for the best. Eric needs to learn and grow, just like you and I did when we were his age. And if I can help him along that path, I will."

Fred paused, feeling a sudden surge of protective anger towards his son. He knew Claire was right, but it was still hard to accept the fact that his own wife and son were engaging in such intimate acts. He took a deep breath, trying to find some level of rationality amidst the chaos of his emotions.

"I know you're trying to do what you think is best, Claire," he said, his voice still trembling with anger. "But I can't help but feel like you're pushing the boundaries of our agreement. Maybe it's time we reassess our terms and come to a new understanding of what is and isn't acceptable."

Claire nodded slowly, understanding the gravity of the situation.

"You're right, Fred," she said. "We need to have a serious conversation about where we stand and what we expect from each other. But for now, I think we both need some time to cool off and process what just happened."

Fred agreed, feeling the weight of the situation pressing down on him.

"You're right. Let's give each other some space and come back together in a day or so after we've had time to think things through. I'm gonna head back to the office."

"I'll see you after work," Claire said, giving him a weak smile.

As Fred left the house, he couldn't shake the feeling of unease that his wife's actions had left him with. His mind raced as he tried to make sense of what he had seen. How could he reconcile his love and respect for his wife with the knowledge that she had engaged in such intimate acts with their son?

He drove back to his office, but didn't go in. All he could think about was whether his wife and son went right back at it after he left.

"Dad sure seemed pissed," Eric pointed out after Claire came back to his bedroom.

"He'll get over it," Claire replied. "He just has to accept that my relationship with you has evolved."

She smiled at her son, who was lying on the bed, exhausted from their intense session. He had ejaculated four times that morning and she couldn't be more proud. "I know it might be hard for him to understand, but I truly believe that what we did was for the best. You're growing up, Eric, and you need to learn how to navigate intimate relationships. It's my duty as your mother to help you learn."

Eric nodded, still catching his breath. "I know it was weird, Mom, but it felt so good. And you were right, I did feel more confident afterward."

Claire ran her fingers through his hair, gently ruffling it. "You're my son, and I'll always be here for you. We'll talk more about it later, but for now, let's take a shower and get cleaned up."

"Together?" Eric asked, his eyes lighting up.

"I certainly don't think there's any harm in us showering together, even though I know your father wouldn't like the idea," said Claire.

"He just needs to stop letting his jealous feelings get in the way of what's best for you."

The air was thick with palpable sensuality as Claire's robe slipped off her shoulders, revealing her curves and eliciting a primal response from Eric. Her every movement was a celebration of her womanhood, her body swaying in perfect harmony as she led her son towards the bathroom with the confidence and grace of a goddess, her big boobies bobbling with every step. In that moment, it was as if they were the only two people in the world, caught in a magnetic pull towards each other. And as they entered the shower, the warm water enveloped them, a physical manifestation of the intimate bond between mother and son.

Eric stood in awe as Claire's skilled hands worked the bodywash over his skin, cleansing every inch with delicate care. The soft scent of lavender filled the air, calming his nerves and heightening his senses.

As she lathered his cock and balls, he felt himself becoming helplessly erect all over again, unable to resist the tantalizing touch of her fingertips on his sensitive flesh. He closed his eyes and let out a blissful sigh as she continued her meticulous ministrations, lost in the pleasure of her touch.

With Eric's body still covered in sudsy bubbles, Claire pressed herself against him and moved her lips to his with a fiery hunger. Her breasts, slick and soapy, slid over his skin like oversized melons made of the softest satin, her hardened teats scraping againt his flesh. The warm water from the shower rained down on them, heightening the intensity of their passionate embrace. As they clung to each other, the steamy air filled with the heady scent of soap and desire.

Eric felt her hand wrap around his cock, slowing stroking its meat between their entwined bodies. "Would you like to ejaculate again, sweet boy," she asked him, her eyes glistening with lust. "I know

you have a high tolerance for pleasure, and I want to push your limits even further."

Eric felt his body tense with anticipation as he looked at his mother, knowing she was right. His heart raced and his breath quickened as he realized that this would be his fifth ejaculation in just a few short hours, something he had never experienced before. But he also knew that he had never been with someone as skilled and experienced as his mother. He trusted her completely, and there was a primal desire within him to push himself further, to see just how far he could go under her expert guidance. "I would love to cum again,"he whispered,

"but I'm not sure if I can handle it."

"Of course you can," Claire reassured him. "Trust in me, and let me show you just how much pleasure you're capable of experiencing."

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Claire backed him into the corner of the shower. Her body pressed against his, their skin slippery and warm from the water cascading down on them. She left a trail of kisses and nibbles along his neck, her pink tongue dancing against the sensitive nerves and tendons. With skilled movements, she pulled on his sudsy pecker, causing him to moan in pleasure. The steamy air around them seemed to intensify, as if the very atmosphere was alive with lust and desire.

She expertly worked her magic on him, using her mouth and hands in a way that was both tender and intense. Every stroke, every kiss, was designed to elicit the maximum amount of pleasure from his young body. "Fuck my hand, baby," Claire whispered. "Fuck it like it's a hot, wet pussy-hole."

Eric's hips thrust forward, driving his pulsing erection through the tight grip of Claire's hand. The sensation of her large, soft breasts squashed against his bare chest only heightened the intense desire coursing through him. Claire had a masterful touch, knowing exactly

how much pressure to apply around his shaft to simulate the feeling of a real vagina. She reveled in the power and strength of his throbbing member in her grasp, able to feel every vein and muscle pulsating beneath the smooth skin. It was a clear indication of his arousal and she couldn't get enough.

Eric's eyes fluttered shut and a deep groan escaped his lips as Claire's skilled hand glided down his dick tracing a slippery path all the way to his balls. With just the right amount of pressure, she encircled his nut-filled sack with her fingers, gripping it firmly yet tenderly. Her long fingernails added an extra layer of sensation, delicately tracing along the sensitive flesh while simultaneously pulling on the cord of his vas deferens. Every nerve in Eric's body felt electrified by her touch, aching for more as she expertly worked her magic.

"Do you like that, baby?" she cooed. "Do you like to have your cock AND your balls stroked on?"

Eric moaned in response, his voice wavering with pleasure. "Oh, yes, yes, Mom. More, please, more."

Claire couldn't help but smile at his pleas for more, her heart swelling with maternal pride and love. She knew exactly what he wanted, and she was more than happy to give it to him. With an experienced deftness, she continued to work her hand up and down his shaft, feeling the smooth skin and pulsating veins beneath her touch. Her other hand came up, gently cupping his scrotum, allowing for a little more pressure to be applied.

"Honey, would you like me to show you a way that we can make this ejaculation even more intense?" Claire asked.

"More intense?"

Claire leaned in close to whisper seductively in his ear. "Imagine, Eric, imagine if we were able to push your orgasm to its absolute

peak, to a level that you never thought was possible before."

Eric's heart raced, and his breath quickened at the thought of such intense pleasure. "How could we possibly make it more intense, Mom?"

"It's called prostate stimulation. When you achieve an erection, your prostate gland becomes engorged with blood, making it sensitive to touch. By stimulating it, we can create a sensation that feels like a 'super-orgasm'."

Eric couldn't believe what he was hearing. He had always thought that his orgasms were amazing, but the thought of experiencing something even more intense sent a thrill down his spine. He looked up at his mother with questioning eyes, and curiosity dripped from every pore.

"But how do we do it?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Well, it's simple really," Claire smiled as she began to explain. "We'll need to pull your legs back, and then I'll carefully insert a finger or two into your rectum. Once inside, I'll be able to feel your prostate gland, which will be located just beneath your belly button. With a little swiping of my finger, I'll stimulate it in a circular motion and you should be able to feel the intense pleasure building up inside you."

"Wow, I've never even heard of that before," Eric said, his mind running with curiosity and lust. "It sounds intense, Mom."

"It is," she assured him, her eyes gleaming with anticipation. "Are you ready to give it a try?"

"Here in the shower?"

"Yes, but I'll need to continue stroking your cock while stimulating your prostate at the same time, to provide you with the dual

stimulation you need to reach the peak of ecstasy. In order to best do that, I think we need to be in the 69 position. Are you familiar with that, honey?"

Eric nodded, his mind racing with a mixture of lust and anticipation.

"Yeah, I know what the 69 position is."

"Okay, you lie down on the shower floor first and then I'll climb on top of you."

Eric obeyed, his heart pounding as he imagined the new level of pleasure his mother was promising him. He lay down on the wet, soapy floor of the shower, his erect penis pointing upwards. Claire knelt down beside him and then climbed on top of him, her large, soapy breasts brushing against his chest as she positioned herself over his face in the 69 position.

"Oh, wow!" Eric gasped, staring up at her shaved pussy, slick with water and arousal, hovering inches above his face.

He felt his mom take a firm grip at the base of his cock with one hand, while she reached down with the other and slowly inserted two fingers into his ass. "This might feel a little bit weird at first, honey,"

she whispered, "but just focus on the pleasure. I promise it will be worth it."

With that, Claire began to stroke Eric's penis while her fingers probed his rectum, searching for the elusive prostate gland.

Eric's eyes rolled back in his head as the sensation of his mother's fingers penetrating him filled his body with pleasure.

"There it is," Claire muttered, her finger brushing against the sensitive gland. "Now, just focus on the feeling. Let the pleasure

consume you."

Eric's breath hitched as Claire applied pressure to his prostate, the sensation sending waves of pleasure coursing through him. He could feel the intensity building, his vision growing blurry as his body surrendered to the pleasure.

Claire's finger continued to massage the gland, and Eric's hips bucked with each stroke of his mother's hand. He could feel the base of his erection throbbing, the tightness of his balls pulling tightly against his body.

"That's it, son," Claire whispered, her voice thick with desire. "Let it all go. Let the pleasure take you."

Eric's entire body trembled as he surrendered to the intense euphoria building within him. His moans filled the steamy shower as Claire's fingers continued to work their magic, the pleasure growing more intense with each passing moment.

"Would you like to suck on my clit while we do this, honey?" Claire asked. "I think that would intensify your ejaculation even more."

Eric's eyes widened at the thought of pleasing his mother in this way, his heart pounding in anticipation. "Anything for you, Mom," he whispered, his voice filled with desire.

Claire grinned at the sound of his consent, then lowered her soaking wet pussy onto his face.

As Eric's tongue darted between her swollen lips, he could taste the sweet juices oozing up through her slit. In response to his eager mouth, Claire's hips bucked and her pussy clenched around his face, grinding against his tongue as she groaned in pleasure. She continued to massage his prostate and jerk him off, the combination of sensations building to a crescendo.

"Oh, Eric, that feels incredible," she whispered, her voice shaking with desire. "Pry your tongue under my hood now. Find my clit."

Eric slid his tongue under Claire's fleshy prepuce, seeking out the fat, sensitive nub hidden beneath. He flicked it gently with the tip of his tongue, sucking on it lightly and nibbling on it with his teeth.

Claire's hips jerked in response, her pussy clenching harder around his face as an orgasm began to build. "Yes, yes, baby," she moaned, her voice low and breathy with desire. "That's it, that's perfect."

Eric took a moment to appreciate how lucky he was. He was lying there under the hot spray with his mother's pussy-flesh on his face, sucking her clit while she pleasured him in the most intense way. His erection felt like it was about to explode and he could feel the pull of his scrotum becoming tighter. The combination of having his mother's fingers inside him and stroking his boner while he pleasured her was something he had never experienced before and was unlike anything he had ever felt.

He began to buck his hips in time with his mother's strokes, his erection throbbing with each motion. He moaned into her pussy, the sound vibrating through her body and making her hips buck even more.

"Oh, baby, I can feel it," Claire panted, her voice thick with arousal.

"You're going to cum so hard for me, Eric. Just let go and allow the pleasure to take you."

Eric nodded, his mind a blur as the intensity of the sensations began to peak. His hips bucked wildly, his erection throbbing in time with the pulsing of his heart. He could feel his orgasm building, his balls pulling tighter against his body.

Claire's tongue darted across her lips in a slow, deliberate motion as she watched Eric's throbbing erection glide through her tightly

clenched fist. The sight of his glistening mushroom head, pulsing with desire and stretching upwards, nearly took her breath away. She could feel the heat radiating from his body, and the scent of their arousal filled the air. It was a primal and intoxicating display of lust, and she knew her own impeding orgasm would be extremely intense.

"Oh God, yes, suck my clit harder, Eric!" Claire cried out, her voice echoing through the steamy shower stall. She could feel her orgasm building with every passing second, the tightness in her pussy growing more intense.

Eric focused on her clit, sucking harder and nibbling on its tender pink meat with his teeth as she continued to pleasure him. He could feel the pulsing of her fingers inside his ass, the stimulation of his prostate building to a fever pitch. His hips bucked wildly, his erection throbbing with each motion.

Claire groaned, her hips bucking in time with Eric's. "Oh God, I'm so close," she panted. "Suck my clit harder, baby. Make me cum."

Eric didn't need to be told twice. He redoubled his efforts, sucking and nibbling on her pink pearl with renewed vigor. He could feel her body tremble and shake in response, her pussy clenching tightly around his tongue. He could feel her fragrant juices running down his face, hot and slick as she continued to ride his mouth.

But Eric's focus was quickly diverted as something new was happening. His scrotum had tightened to the point where his balls felt like they would explode, and he could feel a swelling in his groin unlike anything he had ever felt. It was like a tidal wave of pleasure was building up, and he knew he was about to cum.

"Oh, Mom, I'm gonna fucking cum!" he moaned, his voice choked with desire. "I'm going to cum so hard!"

Claire's hips bucked wildly in response, her pussy clenching around his face as she cried out in pleasure. "Do it, baby! Cum with me!"

With a jolt, Eric's body shuddered violently as his orgasm finally hit him like a freight train. He could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing as the warm, creamy liquid of his ejaculation spewed forth from its tip in powerful bursts that rose four-feet into the air then splattered down on their writhing bodies. Each pulse of his erection sent shockwaves of pleasure from his groin to the very core of his being, and he let out a long, drawn-out moan of pure bliss.

Meanwhile, Claire's own orgasm was reaching its peak, and she could feel her pussy clenching harder than ever around Eric's face as she fucked it shamelessly. Her breathing grew ragged, and she cried out in pleasure, her voice echoing through the steamy shower stall.

"I'm cumming, baby!" she moaned, her hips bucking wildly as the powerful waves of pleasure washed over her. She could feel the intense contractions deep within her core, her tits trembling with each one as she milked every drop of pleasure from the orgasm.

Eric didn't stop sucking her clit, his tongue never wavering despite the unbelievable feelings coursing through him. He wanted to savor every last tremor of her orgasm, every spasm of her muscles clenching around his face.

As Claire's pleasure reached its crescendo, she felt her desire and arousal intensify even more. A torrent of her sweet, feminine juices burst forth from her core, spilling into Eric's waiting mouth and trickling down his flushed cheeks. The heat radiating from between her thighs was almost unbearable, and she could feel herself losing control as waves of ecstasy washed over her body.

Finally, the intensity began to subside, and both Eric and Claire went limp in the embrace of the steamy shower. They lay there, their bodies still connected, panting heavily as they basked in the afterglow of their shared orgasm.

"Oh, Mom," Eric whispered, his voice hoarse with pleasure. "That was the most incredible thing I've ever experienced."

Claire pulled her fingers from his ass and climbed off him. Starting at his balls, she kissed her way up his body, planting soft, tender pecks up his boner, onto his chest and then finally on his lips.

Eric let out a deep groan as she settled on top of him, her body pressing against his with the weight of her enormous, wet breasts.

Their lips met in a passionate kiss, tongues dancing and dueling frantically inside his mouth. He could feel her breath mingling with his, their bodies flush against each other. It was a moment of pure lust and desire, and he didn't want it to end. After nearly ten minutes of kissing like lovers, they finally broke apart, but Eric couldn't help but sigh in contentment. "Damn, I could stay here all day," he whispered, gazing into her eyes filled with the same intensity he felt in that moment.

Claire smiled warmly at him, her lips still swollen from their passionate embrace. "You and me both, baby," she replied softly, running her fingers through his damp hair. "But I should probably get out and feed the baby. She'll be waking up soon."

"Yeah, I understand. It can't all be about me," Eric joked, trying to disguise his disappointment.

"Well, it can ALMOST be all about you,"Claire teased, laughing lightly as she fed him another kiss. "In fact I've been entertaing the idea of doing something that could bring us even closer together. It's the next logical step in our relationship, honey, and one that I think you'll like a lot."

"What is it?"Eric asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Well," Claire began, a twinkle in her eyes, "I think I should put your father and I's relationship on the back burner so to say, just until

you go off to college. I wanna focus all of my sexual attention on you and make sure you're well-prepared for life outside of our little nest."

"Haven't we kind of been doing that already though?" Eric asked, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Oh, sweetheart, this would be a whole new level of intimacy." Claire explained. "I'd be moving into your bedroom with you and we'd be acting more like a husband and wife than mother and son."

Eric gulped, feeling a mixture of excitement and unease. "Are you serious?" he asked, not quite believing what he was hearing.

Claire smiled, her eyes glinting with mischief. "As serious as a heart attack, baby," she replied. "And I think it'll be the perfect way for us to cement our bond and prepare you for your future."

"Yeah, I suppose it would,"Eric responded, still in shock at the proposition.

"As your mother, I feel obligated to prepare you for the responsibility that comes with marriage. Your age is approaching when a wife will be expecting you to make love to her every night, perhaps even for hours on end. It may seem intimidating now, but it is a beautiful and important aspect of married life. I want to ensure that you are ready for this commitment and all that it entails." Her words were tinged with a mixture of concern and wisdom, her eyes conveying the weight of her words as she spoke.

"And moving into my room with me will help with this?" Eric asked.

Claire nodded, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Absolutely, my love. It'll be a whole new and exciting chapter in our lives, and it will strengthen our bond as mother and son. We'll be able to explore your desires and fantasies together, and I'll be there to guide you through any difficulties or challenges you may face sexually."

Eric swallowed hard, his heart pounding in his chest. This was a lot to take in, but he knew deep down that he trusted his mom completely.

"What about dad though? What's he gonna think of you and I sharing a bedroom?"

"Well, your father will have to deal with it in his own way, but I'll make sure he understands that this is for your benefit," Claire reassured him. "He'll see that I'm merely preparing you for a life of unbridled passion and pleasure."

"Won't he be mad if you stop having sex with him though?"

"He might be at first, but he'll need to understand that we're ALL making sacrifices for your future," Claire answered. "Don't worry, in the end I think he'll support me in doing what's necessary for your growth and development."

The next day, Claire nervously paced the living room, awaiting her sit-

down with Fred. She knew it would be a difficult conversation, one filled with resistance and emotions running high. But she was determined to stick to the new plan - for her and Eric to share a bedroom. The anticipation built in her chest as she rehearsed her arguments, determined to make Fred see reason.

"Are you serious, Claire?" Fred asked minutes later, his voice rough with disapproval. He sat heavily in the armchair, his arms crossed over his chest. "First you give your panties to him to sniff and taste, then you're letting him drink from your breasts and practically having sex with him. Now you wanna to stop having sex with me and move into Eric's room?"

"I love you, Fred, but I can't ignore the fact that Eric is growing up and needs to be prepared for his future," Claire reaffirmed. "By the

time he goes to college, we'll have spent years helping him become a responsible, confident adult. But if we don't address his sexual education and development now, he'll be ill-equipped for the challenges he'll face."

Fred grunted, skepticism clear in his expression. "And moving into his bedroom is going to teach him that?"

Claire sighed and sat down next to her husband, taking his hand in hers. "Fred, I understand that this is a lot to take in, but hear me out. By sharing a room with Eric and being intimate with him every night, I can guide him through any difficulties or challenges he may face sexually. It's not just about the physical act, but about the connection and understanding that comes with it. I'm not suggesting that we stop being a loving couple, you and I, but I am suggesting that we put our son first for a little while."

"By allowing you to have sex with him?"

"Yes," Claire answered bluntly. "It's the only way for him to truly learn and be prepared for a real wife."

"It's sex with your son though. It's obscene, AND against the law!"

"So is the little adjustment that you did to your taxes last year, Fred. I never told anyone about that, and in that same way, I expect you to keep the arrangement we have going under this roof a secret," Claire warned.

"What about MY sexual needs?" Fred asked. "What am I suppose to do?"

"You'll just have to go back to masturbating for a little while,"Claire laughed nervously, trying to lighten the mood. "But I promise it won't be forever. Once Eric goes off to college, we can go back to having a normal sex life."

"We can't even have sex once a week?" Fred asked, desperate for something. "Just once?!"

"No, Fred. All of my sexual attention needs to be focused on Eric," his wife answered. "Think of it like this: if Eric were a car, and he needed to be prepared for the road ahead, you wouldn't just take him out for a spin, would you?" Claire prodded. "You'd first make sure his tires were properly inflated, his oil was changed, and his engine was running smoothly before you let him hit the road, right? Well, the same applies to his sexual well being. I need to make sure he's ready for anything life might throw at him and in order to do that, I need to spend as much alone time with him as possible."

Fred sighed, his forehead creasing with frustration. "But Claire, you're MY wife. Things aren't suppose to be this way."

"Yes, sweetheart, they're not," Claire agreed, her voice soft and understanding. "But sometimes we have to do things for the greater good. And the greater good right now is making sure Eric is prepared for life outside of our home." She squeezed Fred's hand, her expression pleading. "I know it's not ideal, but I believe with all my heart that this is what's best for our son and our family. Can you trust me on this, Fred?"

Fred looked at Claire, her eyes full of love and concern, and despite his reservations, he nodded reluctantly. "Okay, Claire. I trust you. But you better make sure this works out."

"I promise, Fred," Claire whispered, planting a gentle kiss on his cheek. "Now, let's get started on switching bedrooms."

As Claire, Eric and husband began the process of moving Claire's belongings into Eric's room, the air was thick with tension and uncertainty. Eric felt a mix of excitement and nervousness as he watched his mother gather her things, preparing to share his bedroom with her.

Fred, on the other hand, could barely conceal his discomfort, glancing at Claire with a mix of sadness and resentment. But he said nothing, knowing that his wife had made her decision and he had to respect it.

"Are you sure you two don't need the bigger bed in here? Eric's is only a full-sized mattress," Fred pointed out.

"Yes, Fred, we're sure," Claire reassured him, her tone firm. "Do you remember when you and I got married and how we were fine with a full-sized bed?"

"Yeah."

"Why was that?"

"Because we wanted to hold each other and have sex all the time, I guess," Fred replied.

Claire nodded, a smile playing on her lips. "Precisely, Fred. Whenever Eric and I are in bed, we'll probably be...'entwined' in some way. I'm not moving in here just so I can lay next to him. I have a job to do and I won't be successful if I don't stay focused on it constantly."

Eric shared an awkward but excited smile with his dad.

"Yeah, yeah...I get it," Fred replied, grumbling under his breath as he helped move the last of his wife's belongings.

"Do I get to leave my posters up, mom?" Eric asked.

"How about we make a deal," Claine grinned. "You can keep the sports posters up as long as I can put up a mirror across from the bed."

Fred scowled at the suggestion. "A mirror? Seriously, Claire?!"

"Yes, Fred. It's important that I'm able to monitor his sexual performance from that angle, especially when I'm trying to teach him new techniques and positions," Claire explained.

"I didn't need to hear that," Fred groaned, rubbing his temples in frustration. The thought of them both looking back and watching Eric's teenage penis slam into his wife's pussy was disturbing to him.

"Well, then you shouldn't have vocalized your objection to the mirror,"

Claire retorted, her voice icy. "And that reminds me, once your finished helping us move, you won't be allowed in Eric and I's bedroom at all."

"What?! Why not?" Fred asked, his voice raising in protest.

"Because it's OUR private space, Fred," Claire replied. "It's important that Eric and I have a place where we can be intimate without any distractions. Imagine if Eric were learning piano and you interrupted him during practice every time he played," she continued, attempting to pacify her husband. "He wouldn't be able to focus, right? The same applies here. We need privacy, so please respect that."

"Fine" Fred sighed, resigned to accept the new arrangement, even though it seemed ludicrous to him.

With a gentle squeeze of his hand, Claire suggested to Eric, "Why don't we go shopping, honey? I think it's time for us to pick out some cozy new bedding and perhaps even new curtains for our bedroom."

Excitement bubbled in her voice as she continued, "Let's find something that truly reflects the special sexual bond that we share - something uniquely us."

"I'll be downstairs watching the game," Fred grumbled, making no effort to hide his frustration.

As they strolled through the bustling mall, Claire clung to Eric's arm, making him feel like a proud and protective husband. The image of her ample bosom jiggling enticingly beneath her form-fitting blouse and the sound of her delicate 4-inch heels clicking against the tiled floor sent his desires into overdrive. Every step she took was graceful and alluring, causing heads to turn and eyes to linger on her seductive figure. Eric couldn't help but feel dizzy with desire as he walked alongside his stunning mother.

"Let's go in there," said Claire, pulling him towards a lingerie store.

Inside the store, Eric felt his face heat up as he realized what he was about to see. The walls were lined with racks of colorful lace and satin, and the air was filled with the scents of perfume and arousal.

His mom hugged him from behind, flattening her tit-melons against his back as she brought her lips to ear. "We'll always be naked in bed, of course, but it's nice to have a few special pieces to make things interesting," she whispered seductively.

"What though?" Eric asked. "There's so much to choose from."

"What about these baby doll nighties over here," Claire suggested, guiding him to a rack of intimate apparel. "Imagine me wearing one of these with nothing underneath."

Eric's eyes widened at the sight of the sexy lingerie. "That would look so hot, mom," he said, his voice barely above a whisper.

Claire brought her lips close to his, staring intently. "You could reach beneath it, grab on to my buttocks and lift me against the wall for a nice hard fuck."

"That sounds nice," Eric gasped.

Claire smiled and continued, "And what about these stockings over here. Would you like to feel soft, nyloned legs wrapped up around you sometimes while we fuck, honey?"

Eric felt a thrill of excitement at the thought of his mother wearing something like that for him, and he nodded emphatically. "Yes, mom, that would be amazing."

"Or maybe some lace panties for you, baby," Claire crooned, leading him to a different section of the store. "Imagine burying your face against these while I have them on, feeling my wet slit against your nose."

Eric's cock twitched at the thought, and he felt himself getting hard.

"Oh, mom, that sounds so hot," he murmured, his voice barely audible above the sounds of the shoppers around them.

Claire gave him a sly smile and held up a pair of black lace panties.

"These are ours," she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

In that moment, Eric realized that he was in a grown-up world now, a world where his desires were not just fantasies, but a reality. He felt a rush of adrenaline and awe as he looked at the lace panties in his mother's hand, knowing that soon, he would be stripping them off his crotch and burying his cock deep in her pussy.

Fred's jaw dropped in surprise as he entered Eric and Claire's bedroom, his eyes widening at the sight before him. The bed was covered with a colorful array of lingerie, ranging from delicate lace camisoles to daring crotchless panties and sheer mesh body stockings. There were even garter belts and sexy teddies scattered amongst the piles of lace and satin. "What the hell is all this?" Fred exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief and amusement as he looked over at Claire and Eric. They both wore mischievous grins, clearly pleased with their purchases.

"Eric and I made some purchases today," his wife simply answered with a mischievous smile spread across her face.

"I can see that," said Fred, his eyes roved over the scattered items on the bed. He saw various sex toys, ranging from sleek cock rings to vibrating plugs and a colorful array of flavored lubrications. Each item promised pleasure and excitement, their purpose clear yet intriguing.

"I paid for all this stuff I assume?" Fred asked, his stomach in a knot.

"Yes, you did and we thank you, Fred," his wife replied. "This is a great way for you to contribute to Eric's sexual learning."

"All these things were really necessary for that?"

"Absolutely, honey," his wife replied with a coy smile. "Eric needs to learn that there are endless ways to experience sexual excitement and pleasure. This lace lingerie, with its delicate straps and intricate designs, and these toys of soft silicone and buzzing motors will open up a whole new world to him. A world of forbidden desires and unexplored pleasures that he has only begun to discover with the use of his Semen Collector."

"We never use any of these types of things together," her husband pointed out.

As his wife gently spoke, her words laced with a hint of concern and amusement, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of embarrassment.

"Not to be mean," she said, placing a hand on his arm, "but these types of things aren't really made for a guy your age, honey." She gestured towards the toys and lingerie laid out on the bed in front of them. "These are made for men and women in their sexual prime, like Eric and I are. People whose bodies are conditioned for serious sexual activity," she continued. As he looked at the delicate fabrics

and intricate designs, he couldn't deny that they seemed more suited for younger, more adventurous couples.

Fred lifted a box from the bed and read its cover. "Duel anal vibrators?"

His wife took the box from him. "Fred, you need to go out of here and not concern yourself with what Eric and I are doing. You have your own life and your own hobbies. This is our private space, and it's where I plan on helping our son explore his desires and needs. Just because you can't understand or relate to it, that doesn't make it wrong or invalid."

Fred sighed, feeling defeated. He backed away from the bed, looking at the toys and lingerie one last time before leaving the room. As the door closed behind him, he could hear Claire and Eric giggling, their voices muffled by the door.

"Why are you and Eric sharing a bedroom?" Claire's daughter asked at the dinner table.

Claire shifted in her seat, her gaze darting over to her husband with a hint of discomfort. It was clear that she had not anticipated her daughter's curiosity about their recent move and subsequent change in living arrangements.

"Well, sweetheart, you know how your father snores a lot, and sometimes it keeps me awake," Claire began, her voice soft and gentle. "Your brother offered to share his room with me, so that I could get a good night's sleep. Isn't that thoughtful of him?"

"Yes, but isn't that kind of weird though?"

Claire tried to think of an analogy that would explain the change in a way she could understand. "Eric and I sharing a room is kind of like how friends share a room when they go on a vacation. We're just sharing a space to make things easier for all of us."

"Couldn't you just set up a bed in the nursery?" Claire's daughter asked, jealous that his brother was getting his mom all to himself.

"That's the baby's space, and it's important that she not be disturbed by any noise or light. We want her to have a calm and peaceful room to sleep in," Claire answered, anxious to change the subject. "Who wants dessert? I bought an apple pie today."

Both Claire and Eric were filled with a potent mix of nerves and excitement, their bodies tingling with anticipation as they prepared for their first night together. It was as if they were two newlyweds on their wedding night, eagerly awaiting the start of their journey into physical intimacy. They had already explored each other's bodies before, but tonight felt like a new beginning, a chance to deepen their connection and explore new depths of pleasure.

Fred was sprawled out on his bed, the glow of his laptop screen casting a soft light on his face. In the doorway appeared his wife, radiating elegance and sensuality in a stunning satin robe that hugged her curves in all the right places. Her delicate feet were adorned with high heels, their arches visible through the straps as her pointed toes peeked out from beneath. Fred couldn't help but feel a pang of envy towards Eric, knowing that he would soon be basking in the presence of such breathtaking beauty.

"Eric and I are going to bed now," Claire stated, twisting the knife in her husband's gut.

"Yeah, and then we all know what happens then," Fred said sarcastically.

His wife couldn’t help but smirk. "Try not to think about that, ok? Yes, Eric and I are gonna be having a ton of sex, but if you just sit in here and dwell on it you're only hurting yourself."

"What if he gets you pregnant, Claire. Have you thought about that?"

"Yes, actually I have. If I did have a baby with Eric, he or she would still have our family DNA. It would be just like if YOU had impregnated me and we would treat it as such."

"Alright, well, I still have another hour of work to catch up on. Goodnight," Fred replied with a heavy heart, knowing that his wife would be spending time with another man, more specifically their son.

As Claire approached her and Eric's bedroom, she felt a rush of adrenaline, the anticipation of what was to come electrifying her with each step. Her heart raced as she thought about the intimacy they were about to share, the bond that would be formed between them as they explored the world of physical pleasure together.

Eric's eyes widened as he saw Claire enter the room, the lace panties she had given him earlier were held to his nose and he savored their pungent scent. She closed the door and locked it behind her, secluding them in their love-cave. "Hi, baby. Are you ready for a wild night?" she asked slipping the robe off her shoulders, exposing her voluptuous naked body.

Eric's eyes widened at the sight of her super-sized tits and shaved pussy. He was already naked and fully rigid beneath the blanket, his cock aching for attention. His boner flexed on his loins as Claire crossed their bedroom, her tits trembling, heels clicking delicately on the floor. "I'm more than ready," he stated, his heart racing.

"Good, because I have an itch at the back of my pussy that only your cock can scratch," she whispered, glancing down at the bulge in the blanket.

As Claire's fingertips grazed over the blanket, her body shuddered with desire. With a swift motion, she pulled it back to reveal Eric's teenage fuck muscle. It stood before her like a carved pillar of stone, thick and powerful. Veins pulsed along the surface, engorged with blood and working in perfect harmony to create a vessel made for

pleasure. The sight alone sent electricity coursing through her veins, igniting a fire deep within her core.

Claire's body settled gently onto Eric's, their lips meeting in a fiery kiss that ignited their passion. The anticipation of the night ahead filled them both with wild excitement. She held onto him tightly, rolling onto her back as she guided his body on top of hers. Her knees bent and spread open, creating a perfect cradle for their passionate union to take place.

As Claire felt Eric's body weigh down on her, she let out a soft moan of pure joy. Her hands caressed his strong shoulders and upper arms, feeling the muscles tense and relax with each movement. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock, guiding it towards her entrance.

Eric's eyes locked onto hers, his face a picture of pure anticipation.

He slowly entered her, feeling the tight warmth of her pussy enveloping his shaft. Claire let out a soft gasp as the head split the walls of her vagina apart, stretching her in a pleasurable sensation.

Every nerve in Eric's body screamed with pleasure as he felt his erection slide smoothly into the heated, wet walls of Claire's vagina.

Every inch was engulfed and enveloped, filling him with a sense of complete satisfaction. He could feel the tip of his penis pressing against the tight ring of her cervical entrance, sending sparks of excitement through his entire being.

"Fuck me, baby," Claire whispered, her voice thick with desire.

Eric complied, thrusting into her with a fervor that made her moan with pleasure. The bedsprings creaked and groaned under the weight of their passion, the only sound in the room aside from their heavy breathing and the echo of their bodies slapping together.

Their lovemaking was intense and passionate, their bodies moving in perfect harmony to the rhythm of their hearts. Claire's big breasts jiggled with each thrust, her nipples rubbing against Eric's chest, creating a delightful friction. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him deeper into her with each movement, holding him in a grip that only a loving mother could.

Unfortunately for Fred, his bedroom shared a wall with his son's and he could faintly hear the sound of his wife and son going at it in the next room. He tossed and turned, trying to tune out the noises that invaded his solitude. Every creak and groan of the bed, every thud of the headboard, every moan and grunt, pierced his heart like a knife.

He imagined Claire's legs wrapped around Eric, her curvy body arching to meet his every thrust. He imagined their bodies, sweating and writhing under the sheets, tangled up in each other's limbs. He imagined his wife's face, contorted in pleasure, her eyes locked on Eric's as she reached a climax.

"Oh, yes! YES!" Claire's pretty voice rang out from the next room, shaking Fred to his core. He clenched his fists, trying to control the jealousy and anger that bubbled inside him. He had shared his life with this woman for years, loved and protected her, and now he was being temporarily replaced by his own son.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Eric and Claire's bodies surged toward each other, the sensation of their intertwined forms creating a perfect rhythm. They moved with a frenzied energy, their passion taking them to new heights of pleasure.

"Fuck me, harder!" Claire screamed, her voice echoing off the walls.

Eric complied, his thrusts growing faster and harder, driving his erection deeper and deeper into the hole that had birthed him. He wanted nothing more than to please his mom sexually, to make her cum over and over from the power of his cock.

"Yes, fuck your mother!" Claire panted, clawing her nails into her son's back as they fucked. "Make me yours, Eric!"

It was as if their bodies were two puzzle pieces, fitting together perfectly and creating a beautiful picture of passion and desire. Her son's cock was like a key, unlocking the deepest parts of her pleasure and filling her with a sense of completeness. And the forbidden nature of their relationship, the thrill of breaking societal norms, only added a fiery intensity to their lovemaking.

Arching her back, Claire moaned loudly as the pleasure surged through her body, the familiar warmth spreading within her. She gripped her son with even more intensity, extending her legs out over the bed in a wide V, urging him to push her closer to the edge of ecstasy. Her eyes locked onto his, her face a picture of pure pleasure as she reached her peak.

As the climax washed over Claire, her whole body trembled in a orgasmic response. It was like a fierce tango, their bodies entwined in a passionate dance, each movement a symphony of desire. The waves of ecstasy crashed over them, their bodies moving in perfect harmony as their climax reached its crescendo. She was a siren, calling out to her lover with each moan, her legs folding back down, wrapping around him like a vine, pulling him deeper into her. And with each thrust, her grip tightened, her pussy clenching around him, milking him with a rhythm that matched their primal beat.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she cried out, her voice hoarse with passion. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming!"

Hearing his mother scream out his name was enough to tip Eric over the edge. He thrust deeper, slamming his hips against her, the forceful impact sending him spiraling towards his own climax. His cock twitched and throbbed inside her, pulsing with each beat of his heart. "I'm cumming, Mom!" he cried out, his voice a mixture of shock and ecstasy.

With a primal, frenzied rhythm, he thrust his cock into Claire's tight, warm tunnel of flesh. His body shook with the intensity of his release as he emptied himself inside her, unleashing a torrent of hot, teenage semen that pulsed and twisted through her unprotected pussy. The fiery pleasure consumed them both as they wrestled in mutual climax, their bodies locked together in an electric embrace. It felt like hours had passed before they finally collapsed against each other, spent and breathless from their carnal dance.

"I wonder if dad heard us," Eric whispered as him and Claire clung to each other, catching their breath.

"Do you ever hear him and I having sex?" Claire asked.

"All the time," Eric replied, a smirk playing on his lips.

"Well, then I suppose he IS getting an earful then," Claire snickered,

"but he should be proud of those sounds he's hearing. Those are the sounds of a son who is maturing into a powerful, sexually confident man, brought about by his mother's love and affection."

After a short respite, Claire and Eric began fucking again, this time with Claire taking the top position. Eric's tongue hung from his mouth as he looked up and watched her meaty mammaries leap up and down on her rib cage like a couple overfilled water balloons, bouncing and rippling. He couldn't wait to suck on those fat, rubbery nipples and feast on her warm tit-nectar.

Claire was in heaven as her son's thick cock stretched her to the limit.

She could feel his shaft throbbing inside her, stimulating her sexual nerve endings and sending waves of pleasure throughout her body.

She squeezed him tighter, trying to pull him deeper into her, but it felt like he was already buried to the hilt.

Eric loved watching her slap her wet bare crotch against his and swivel up and back with deep, grinding penetration. His tender cock meat felt like it was being stirred around inside a bowl of molten hot lava, his knob licking the wet, tight lips at the back of her vaginal tube.

"Oh, shit, that feels good, mom," he gasped, his body sweating and trembling under her harsh, strenuous, sexual prowess.

Claire's face was a picture of intense pleasure as she felt her son's thick shaft grind through her wet cunt. She was in a world of her own, her body consumed by the insatiable drive to fuck her son until they passed out from exhaustion.

"Fuck up into me, Eric," she moaned, her voice thick with lust. "I need to feel that dick of yours pounding through me."

He bucked like a bronco beneath her, straining against her weight as she rode him harder and faster. Her tits jumped up and down with each movement, and Eric couldn't help but marvel at the spectacle.

The rhythm of their lovemaking echoed through the thin walls, filling their bedroom and seeping into his father's, who lay awake in bed, listening to the sounds of his son and wife making love.

"Oh, fuck, I'm so close," Claire moaned, her voice ragged with desire.

As Claire's body tensed with the overwhelming sensation of her impending orgasm, she began to buck wildly, her son's cock hitting the base of her throbbing hole with each powerful thrust. Eric gripped her hips tightly, his fingers digging into her flesh as he tried to hold himself in place, letting her take control of their passionate coupling.

"I'm cumming, baby," Claire cried out, her voice hoarse with raw emotion. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!"

It was all the boy could do to keep from cumming himself as he watched his mother's face contort into one of pure bliss, her eyes rolling back in her head. He could feel the warmth of her climax enveloping him, the walls of her pussy clenching and releasing around his steely hard cock in a rhythm that matched the pounding of his heart.

With a knowing smirk, the mother leaned over, her ample bosom bouncing and swaying in front of Eric. She was aware that he couldn't resist staring at her milk-filled hooters, his eyes fixated on their every movement. As she began to fuck him, she positioned herself so that her tits danced around his face, brushing against his cheeks and tantalizingly close to his lips. The sensation of her rippling melons against his skin caused Eric's penis to flex in response, slicing through her snug birthing tube like a hot knife through butter.

"Suck on them, baby" Claire pleaded, her voice breathy and aroused.

"Suck on your mother's tits while I fuck you."

Eric captured a nipple, sucking it into his mouth. His lips spread out across her swollen areola, his tongue darting back and forth over the sensitive nub of her teat. Warm tit-milk burst from her ducts, coating his tongue in a surrender of sweet, creamy liquid. His mouth devoured her, sucking and nibbling until she cried out in pleasure.

Claire's hips were positioned in a way that caused her meaty, round buttocks to bounce up and down, the layer of ass-fat beneath the sweat-glistened skin rippling deliciously. With each thrust, her thighs tightened and her back arched, driving him deeper inside her. The heat between her legs intensified as she rode him with abandon, her body slick with sweat and desire. Her chest rose and fell with labored breaths, feeling his mouth hitched to her breast, eagerly sucking out her milky essence.

Eric relished the sensation of being enveloped under Claire's heavy, supple breast, the weight pressing down on his face as he suckled greedily like a ravenous newborn. The warmth and softness of her flesh was like a comforting embrace, filling him with a sense of contentment and pleasure.

Over the next hour, Claire experienced orgasm after body trembling orgasm, cumming so much on her son's cock that her ejaculate ran down off his balls, creating a big, sticky wet spot on the bed beneath them.

Eric snarled, his eyes rolling back as he pushed his face deep into the meat of her melon and chewed at his mom's nipple like a ravenous animal. Her tight pussy pumped like a vice around his pulsing cock, dragging out her son's climax and making him wail in ecstasy. With each spastic twitch of Claire's womb, Eric felt a new and powerful sensation course through his body.

"Hold on to my body, baby, then fuck me really hard, but don't cum,"

his mother directed. "I want you to edge your cock just like we used to do with your Semen Collector."

Claire wrapped her arms tightly around Eric's neck, pulling him deeper against her tit as she spoke. Eric's hips thrust upward, meeting the demands of his mother's request and driving his cock into her at a punishing pace.

"Yes, yes, that's it, baby," Claire moaned, her voice full of desire.

"Push me, fuck me, make sure you're using all of your cock. I want to feel that big, throbbing dick fill me up."

Eric grunted and groaned, his hips working overtime as he continued to thrust in and out of Claire's soaked pussy. His balls tightened, his cock twitching and throbbing with each thrust. He could feel the tension building as he teetered on the edge of orgasm. He suddenly

peeked out from under Claire's tits, his face sweaty and sticky with breast milk from spending the past hour laving at her nipples. He looked into her eyes, which were dilated with passion and lust.

"I'm gonna cum, mom," he panted, his voice thick with desire.

"Don't you dare," she growled, her hips bucking harder against him, her breasts bouncing wildly. "Slow your thrusts and edge yourself.

Don't you dare cum until I say you can."

The force of her command was undeniable, and Eric slowed his movements, his cock still pulsating inside his mother's tight, wet pussy.

"That's it, baby," Claire breathed, her voice filled with lust. "Just edge yourself. Tease me, fuck me, make me yearn for your release."

Their bodies were locked in a passionate dance, their love-organs throbbing and twitching with excitement as they moved together in perfect harmony. Claire's velvety walls of flesh encapsulated Eric's hard boner, molding it to her every curve with an intense pressure that sent shivers down his spine. The tightness of her womanhood enveloped him like a warm vice, pulling him deeper into the wet warmth of her core. With each movement, she bathed his erect member in her slick, lubricating oil, heightening the pleasure and intensity of their intimate connection. It was a symphony of sensations, each touch and movement sending waves of ecstasy through their intertwined bodies.

With Claire's expert guidance and use of the edging technique, Eric was able to push himself further than ever before. His body trembled with effort as he fought against the waves of pleasure threatening to consume him. Meanwhile, Claire had lost count of her own climaxes, releasing a steady stream of hot girl-cum around Eric's swollen member. The bed sheets beneath them were soaked through, evidence of their passionate and intense lovemaking.

Eric lowered his muscular frame onto her, pressing her voluptuous body into the soft mattress beneath them. Claire could feel the heat radiating from his skin as Eric eagerly reached down to grab handfuls of her ass-meat. She knew what was coming next – a rough, intense pace that would leave both of them breathless. Anticipating his movements, Claire folded her strong, matronly legs up high around him, her ankles resting against the center of his back. This allowed Eric to thrust deeply and fiercely into her, his powerful hips driving their bodies together with each savage thrust. The sound of their flesh slapping together echoed through the room as Eric's big balls bounced against her asshole like a door knocker.

Their bodies moved together with a feral intensity, like two untamed beasts in the heat of mating season. Fingers dug into flesh, mouths clashed and devoured, and moans filled the air as they gave in to their carnal desires. There was no room for shame or inhibition in this primal dance, only the unbridled passion and hunger that consumed them both. The scent of sweat and sex mingled in the air, adding to the heady atmosphere of their wild coupling. In that moment, nothing else existed except the raw primal urge to fuck.

Claire's desire to bring out Eric's untapped potential burned like a hot flame within her. She wanted to transform him into a sexual beast, one who would leave every woman he slept with breathless and begging for more. As his boner throbbed with anticipation inside the welcoming tube of her pussy, Claire whispered words of encouragement, just as his coaches had done back in school. Her voice was laced with challenge, daring Eric to push himself to new heights of pleasure and passion.

"Keep going, baby," Claire coached him, her voice filled with lust.

"Push yourself, give me your best. I want to feel every inch of that cock deep inside me."

Eric clenched his teeth, his muscles tensed as he thrust harder and faster, his cock swelling in her tight, wet pussy. Claire moaned with each movement, her body arching up to meet his. She ran her hands through his thick, sweat-soaked hair, pulling him closer to her, the muscles in her neck straining as she breathed heavily.

Their bodies moved together In a feverish dance, their skin slick with sweat and desire. The bed creaked beneath their pounding, their flesh slapping together with each brutal thrust. The sounds of their bodies colliding filled the room, mixing with the scent of sweat, sex, and lust.

With every faltering movement, Claire's heels pressed firmly against Eric's hips, urging him to thrust harder and faster. Her body moved with his, guiding him with her own motions to ensure they were in perfect sync. "Don't slow down," she gasped between ragged breaths, "when you feel a woman's pussy clenching like that." She arched her back and dug her nails into his skin, lost in the pleasure of their primal dance. "That's when she needs your hard and relentless fuck-thrusts the most." The sound of their bodies colliding filled the room, joining the symphony of moans and heavy breathing as they pushed each other to new levels of ecstasy.

Eric let out a low groan as his entire body tingled and melted into the embrace of his mother's warm, soft curves. The scent of her skin and the feel of her body against his sent shivers down his spine.

"Not yet, baby," Claire cooed, her voice laced with desire as she felt his boner flex and strain against her. "Push yourself, savor the sensations but don't let them consume you completely yet."

She shifted her hips beneath him, using her silky, sweaty legs to pump her ass from the mattress, guiding him deeper inside her for maximum pleasure. "That's it, just like that…long thrusts, all the way to my womb." Her words filled him with a delicious heat as he lost himself in the rhythm of their lovemaking.

Claire’s eyelids fluttered closed as Eric’s cock plunged deep inside her, hitting all the right spots with a perfect angle. The sensations rippled through her body, igniting every nerve ending and sending sparks of pleasure radiating from her G-spot to every cluster of sensitive tissue along her walls. She felt like a balloon being rapidly filled with air, ready to burst at any moment from the intense pressure building inside her. With a loud cry, she urged him on, her voice trembling with desire. "YES! RIGHT THERE!" she screamed, begging for more. "Fuck me harder! Make me come!!" Her body was a live wire, electrified by his touch and desperate for release.

Eric couldn’t believe his luck. His mother, the woman who had raised him and taught him everything about the world, was now beneath him, begging him to fuck her harder and deeper. Her body trembled with want, her breaths coming in short, sharp gulps as he pounded her pussy. He felt a surge of power, knowing that he held the key to her most intimate desires, a platform that he had always been denied.

His balls slapped against her ass with every thrust, and he could feel the sticky liquid of her cunt coating his cock with every stroke.

Claire arched her back, her body writhing in the most powerful climax she had ever experienced. Every muscle in her voluptuous frame rippled beneath her flawless skin, as if trying to break free from its constraints. Her nails dug into Eric’s sweaty back, leaving red marks in their wake, and her trembling feet arched downward, her perfectly painted toes clenching in pure ecstasy. With a primal roar against her son's shoulder, she tried to show some level of restraint knowing that otherwise her cries of pleasure would be heard throughout the entire neighborhood. Her hot female ejaculation erupted from between their pounding crotches, splattering onto the bed and drenching them both in waves of bliss. As Eric’s young muscles continued to pump his tireless member straight to her womb, she was grateful for this moment of uninhibited passion with the man of her dreams.

As the waves of pleasure from Claire’s climax began to recede, Eric’s thrusts became more desperate and frenzied. His body was a taut bowstring, ready to snap as he fought off his own release, determined to keep going. Claire’s voice quivered and shook with each powerful thrust, her words a mantra of encouragement and desire. "You’ve been so good, baby," she moaned, her fingers gripping at him in ecstasy. "Let yourself go now. Give me everything you have."

As soon as Claire's permission dropped, Eric's body seized up, his cock twitching violently inside his mother's warm, tight, cuntal embrace. His eyes rolled back into his head, and his mouth fell open as he let out a primal groan of pleasure. He could feel the imminent release, the familiar waves of bliss washing over him like a tidal wave. His balls tightened, and his cock throbbed and pulsed, sending shivers of pleasure through his entire body.

Claire's grip tightened around Eric's neck, her breaths shallow and ragged as she watched her son's face contort in agony and ecstasy.

Her eyes filled with pride as she watched him release his load inside of her, his body trembling and shaking with the effort to control himself.

"Cum, baby," she urged him, her voice full of excitement and lust, cradling his teenage body against her softness like only a mother could. "Squeeze it all out through your cock."

After a few more deep, quivering thrusts, Eric's penis stopped spurting and he collapsed on top of Claire, his chest heaving and his face drenched in a sheen of sweat. They lay there for a long while, basking in the afterglow of their intense 3-hour session.

Claire smiled up at him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with the memory of the nearly two-dozen orgasms she'd just had.

"That was incredible," she finally managed to say, her voice still breathy with arousal. "You've really honed your edge control skills, baby."

Eric gave a weak chuckle, still catching his breath. "I guess I've had some practice." He looked down towards his spent member as it slipped out of her, glistening in a warm cocktail of their secretions. "I couldn't have done it without you, Mom."

They drifted off to sleep in each other's arms, their bodies sweaty, sticky and entwined, the smell of their passion and pleasure still hanging in the air.

"Did you two ever get to sleep last night?" Fred asked as they had breakfast the next morning.

Claire and Eric exchanged a mischievous smile. "Not much," Claire replied with a smirk. "But it was worth every moment of lost sleep. I saved my critique for this morning though because I thought maybe you'd like to hear it."

"Critique?" Fred inquired.

"Critique?" Eric added with a curious smirk.

"Yes, sweetheart," she answered. "The whole point of this is to better your skills so that you experience the best sex possible. That being said, it's important that I provide you with feedback so that you can continue to improve."

"I see the value in a critique, but I'm not so sure I wanna hang around for it," Fred stated with a roll of his eyes.

"So, you don't care how your son is doing in the bedroom department?" Claire asked, feigning offense. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Sure I care, Claire. I just—"

"Well then be quit and listen. If you care, at least stay and show some support."

"Fine," Fred grudgingly agreed, folding his arms over his chest.

"Now, Eric," Claire began, looking at her son "overall, you did a fantastic job last night. Your edge control was exceptional, and your technique was impeccable. There were times where you could have held off on your orgasm for a bit longer, but that's just a minor adjustment that you can work on for next time."

"I can do that," said Eric, then listened to his mom continue.

"Your thrusts were deep and rhythmic, which is a great start. However, I think you could benefit from a bit more variety in the angles and speed of your thrusts to keep things interesting."

"That's a good point," said Eric, nodding.

"Once you've gotten more comfortable with the speeds and angles,"

Claire continued, "We can experiment with different positions and techniques. I think you'll find that the more you broaden your repertoire, the more satisfied both you and your future partners will be."

Fred listened on in disgust as his wife continued to offer their son feedback. "My orgasms were all incredibly intense, one in particular was the strongest I've ever had. But I think you could have pushed harder to give me even more climaxes. I was on the cusp of multiple orgasms several times, but you never quite managed to push me over the edge."

"I'll work on that," Eric promised, looking determined.

"One more thing, darling," Claire added. "I loved the way you built up the intensity and used my bodily responses to guide your thrusts. It's clear you're listening to my needs and responding accordingly. That's a crucial part of good sex."

"Got it, Mom," Eric said, feeling a rush of pride. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Fred finally chimed in, feeling a bit inferior to his son. "Well, seeing as you two went at it half the night, I'd hate to have you critique MY sexual performance."

Claire and Eric laughed. "Our marital sex is different, honey," his wife pointed out. "It's about connection and intimacy. Most of the girls Eric dates won't want that. They'll just want fucked long and hard so that's the type of sex that Eric and I are focused on in order to prepare him for those experiences."

Since it was Saturday, they decided to take a family hike at the local trail. The sun beat down on their heads as they trekked through the dense forest, sweat trickling down their faces and bodies. Despite the heat, Claire and Eric couldn't keep their hands off each other. They held hands, stole kisses and kept whispering sweet nothings to each other, much to Fred's chagrin. The baby was attached to Claire by an infant backpack and luckily, their other daughter wasn't with them, spending the day with a friend, otherwise she would have noticed her mother and brother's flirtatious behavior as well.

After a few hours of hiking, they reached a beautiful clearing by a crystal-clear river. "Fred, would you mind taking the baby for a bit. Eric and I wanna take a dip." Claire requested, her voice breathy with arousal as she eyed the cool, inviting waters.

Fred rolled his eyes but complied, taking the baby in the backpack and strapping it over his shoulders. He wandered off a little ways to give his wife and son some privacy.

Claire and Eric stripped naked and dove into the river. The cool water felt incredible against their skin, and they floated together, their arms and legs intertwining in the water with Claire's huge tits mashed between them like two wet pillows.

Despite his inner voice warning him to stay away, Fred found himself drawn back to the scene. His eyes widened as he saw his wife and son, fully immersed in the water up to their necks. Their arms were wrapped tightly around each other, holding on as if they were afraid to let go. And then, to his surprise, they were kissing with the passion of two soulmates reuniting after a long separation.

Fred felt his heart race as he watched his wife and son. He tried to look away, but he couldn't seem to tear his eyes from the scene unfolding before him. Claire's lips were locked with Eric's, their tongues dancing together in a wild, desperate frenzy. He felt like an intruder in his own family's intimate moment, unable to look away from the raw and primal display of desire.

"How's the water?" Fred asked, eager to disturb them.

Claire and Eric's lips parted and she looked her husband's way in annoyance. "The water's good. Honey, why don't you hike on ahead with the baby and Eric and I will catch up in just a little while."

"Let me guess...so you two can take care of some funny business, right?" Fred said with a smirk, fully aware of what was going on.

"Well, there may be times that Eric is in a situation like this with a girl," Claire replied. "It may be good practice for him."

"I can't believe this. You're seriously gonna have sex with your son in public?" Fred spluttered, feeling both betrayal and a strange mix of arousal.

"Public?" Claire's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Where's your imagination, honey? This is nature, not a street corner. Besides," she

added with a wink, "We'll be practically invisible under this water."

"Alright, you guys just be quick," Fred advised, walking up the trail with the baby.

Claire's heart pounded with excitement as she tightened her grip around Eric, her eyes locked on his with a sultry gaze. With one hand, she reached beneath the water and brought his rigid cock to her waiting vaginal entrance. "Fuck me," she whispered, her voice filled with desire and need. Without hesitation, Eric leaned in and their lips met in a passionate kiss as his throbbing member penetrated her slick folds. The blood, muscle, and sinew flexed powerfully beneath the flushed skin of his throbbing cock. Veins bulged and pulsed with every beat of his heart as he felt Claire’s velvety inner walls part around his mushrooming glans. With a satisfying give, her tightness enveloped his sturdy stalk, each inch sliding deeper into her slick corrugated canal until the mouth of her birthing tube was suctioned tightly around his pulsating cock-root.

"Oh, shit," the teen whimpered, feeling like his mom's pussy was custom made for his cock.

The trail wound its way up the hill, hidden from view by thick trees and foliage. But little did Claire know that her husband, Fred, had found a vantage point above them. His heart sank as he looked down from the hillside trail. The river below sparkled with crystal clear water, reflecting the sunlight and revealing every detail of the entwined bodies in its depths. He could see his wife, strong and motherly, her legs wrapped tightly around Eric's hips as she clung to him like a spider to a fly.

Fred's eyes widened as he watched Eric's hands tightly grip the round, voluptuous globes of Claire's ass. He was standing on the river bottom, using it as leverage as they moved together in a passionate rhythm. Each thrust of Eric's teenage cock seemed to go deeper and deeper into Claire, her body arching with pleasure as she

moaned uncontrollably. Fred couldn't help but notice how her humongous tits pressed against Eric's chest, their massive size pushed out at the sides in a provocative display. He could only imagine the pleasure that Eric must have been feeling with their fatty warmth sloshing against him.

From the corner of her eye, Claire caught a glimpse of her husband covertly observing them. A mischievous grin spread across her face as a rush of excitement coursed through her naked body, knowing that her husband was watching her passionately entwined with another man. She made no mention of it to Eric, not wanting to disrupt his ttheirs and make him feel self conscious.

Instead, she wrapped her legs around him even tighter, her nails digging into his back, signaling her desire for him to fuck her deeper and harder. Eric seemed to pick up on the cue, thrusting faster and harder with each passing second. The water around them churned as they moved together like animals, their bodies colliding with a fervor that could only be described as wild.

Fred's heart was filled with dread. Claire was his wife and they had shared so many loving memories together, which included raising Eric. Now, there they were, his wife and son shamelessly fucking like animals in the wild, with both of them seeming to enjoy every dirty second of it.

"Oh, fuck my ass off, Eric!" Claire cried out, loud enough so that she knew her husband could hear her. She locked lips with her son, giving him the lewdest kisses imaginable while feeling his boner plunge through her overheated cunt.

Eric was overcome by the intense heat radiating from the mature body pressed tightly against him. Strong, muscular thighs gripped his hips with unwavering strength, urging him to continue his movements.

The weight of enormous breasts pushed and rippled between them, their hardened peaks digging into his skin. Long nails dug into his back, marking him with a mix of pleasure and pain. And inside his mouth, a thick, forceful tongue whipped around like a wild serpent, exploring every corner and igniting a primal response within him. The raw animal energy exuding from this encounter was both exhilarating and overwhelming.

Eric had never had sex under water before. It felt like a dream, almost weightless as they moved together, their bodies gracefully undulating in a ballet of lust. The cool, refreshing water caressed their skins, heightening their senses as they copulated. He could feel Claire's tight, wet pussy gripping and constricting around him, pushing him closer to the edge.

As they moved, Fred found himself unable to look away. The sight of his wife and son entwined, fulfilling their most primal desires was both arousing and deeply unsettling. However, despite his growing discomfort, he couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene before him.

Beads of sweat formed on Eric's forehead, dripping into the water like tiny droplets of fire, while Claire's large chest heaved with each erratic breath. Her eyes locked with his, a mixture of pure lust and raw, unfiltered desire.

Eric remembered the feedback he had received that morning, particularly the part about changing up his angle of thrusting.

And so, without warning, Eric went at her a different way. Claire gasped in surprise, her eyes going wide with pleasure as he plunged deeper, hitting a spot she never knew existed inside of her. "OH MY GOD, ERIC!" she squealed, wraping her legs even tighter around him, pulling him closer as if trying to suck him inside.

As the head of Eric's cock dug against her G-spot with extreme force, Claire's orgasm hit like a bolt of lightning. The intense

pleasure radiated through her entire naked body, making her shake uncontrollably. Unable to contain herself any longer, she let out a blood-curdling scream that echoed through the forest, reaching Fred, who was still watching from afar.

Fred's heart was in his throat as he watched, unable to look away, as his wife reached the peak of her pleasure. Her body writhed and trembled beneath Eric's touch, the sensation of his large cock plunging into her sending her spiraling higher and higher. It was a surreal moment for Fred, seeing Claire give herself over so completely to another man. What made it even more unsettling was the fact that she seemed to be cumming harder than she ever had with him, despite their years of lovemaking. But he couldn't deny that Eric's size was impressive, his cock remaining fully erect and stretching Claire in ways Fred never could. The sight was both arousing and disturbing, but all Fred could do was stand there, consumed by a mix of emotions.

Eric's breath came in frantic huffs as he felt her birthing tube pulsating around him, milking his erection with its spongy pleats. In the cool water, it was easy to sense the warmth of Claire's ejaculation engulfing his throbbing cock. The sensation was both intense and euphoric, sending shivers down his spine. He could feel every inch of her body pressed against his, their shared pleasure amplified by the soothing ripples of the pool. As they moved together in perfect harmony, Eric couldn't help but lose himself in the intoxicating mixture of pleasure and desire.

"I'm gonna cum!" Eric panted, clutching Claire's hips tighter, his fingers digging into her flesh. He thrust harder and faster, his cock slamming into her with aching need.

Claire's eyes widened with anticipation, her breaths coming in short gasps. She knew what was about to happen, and she was eager to feel it.

The water around them churned with a magical hue, the result of the intense friction between their bodies. The sound of splashing water filled the air, a primal symphony of flesh and desire. Fred watched on, his heart pounding with a mix of excitement and dread, as his wife and son reached the pinnacle of their passion.

"Fuck, yes, Eric!" Claire screamed, her voice echoing through the forest. "I'm cumming with you!" The words seemed to ignite a fire within Eric and he beat his dick through the tube of her pussy like a savage. With one final powerful thrust, he unleashed his seed deep within Claire's most secret and sacred place. The sensation was indescribable, as if all of the desires he had ever had were suddenly realized in this one moment.

Claire shared a mutual orgasm, locked in a primal embrace, their bodies convulsing as if possessed by some other-worldly force. The water around them seemed to boil with the intensity of their passion, the churning waves an embodiment of their lovemaking.

Fred watched in awe as his wife and son seemed to merge into a single entity, their bodies entwined in a dance of desire that defied all logic and reason. Never had he seen such raw, unbridled sensuality, and never had he felt such a mix of emotions. Part of him was filled with rage and jealousy, but another part could not help but be turned on by the sight before him.

When they met back up on the trail Claire and Eric were fully dressed as if nothing had ever happened. A moment ago they were fucking feverishly and now they were just a mother and son walking together on the trail, hand in hand.

Eric went off to take a leak before the journey home. While he was gone, Claire's voice dripped with honeyed sweetness as she turned to her husband and posed a question. "Darling," she cooed, her eyes glinting mischievously. "Do you mind if I give Eric a blowjob on our way home?"

Fred's jaw dropped at the question. "Oh come on, Claire, you can't be serious?"

"It's not like we're gonna do it in front of you. We'll be in the back seat," she assured him.

"Can't you two at least wait until we get home?"

"Eric and I will only have an hour to fuck when we get home. He's meeting up with his friends for a party this evening."

"So, an hour is plenty of time to give him a blowjob," Fred said, a hint of irritation creeping into his voice.

"Honey, Eric already asked me if he could fuck me doggie style when we get home," Claire explained. "It's a position we haven't gotten to practice together yet. Besides, I'd really like him to experience getting a blowjob in the back seat of a car. You must remember how exciting that was when you were younger?"

Reluctantly, Fred surrendered to the idea and watched as Claire and Eric playfully scrambled into the back seat of his spacious SUV. As they began their journey down a quiet backroad, Claire tilted her head towards Eric's ear and whispered seductively, "Care to guess who's about to give you the best blowjob of your life?" With a mischievous grin, she reached over and expertly unzipped his fly, teasing him with anticipation.

"Really? Here?" he excitedly asked, glancing up at his father.

"Uh-huh," Claire smiled, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

Carefully unzipping his shorts, Claire reached into the fabric and pulled out Eric's hardened penis. She positioned herself on her knees beside him on the seat, her long hair tumbling over his lap like a cascading waterfall. With a sly grin, she leaned down and extended

her tongue, its pink tip curling seductively as it began to dart and swirl over his glans, eliciting an immediate response from Eric.

Eric exchanged an awkward look with his father, who peered back through his rear view mirror. Fred could see the thrill in his son's eyes and knew his wife's tongue must be working its magic on him.

Claire hummed with pleasure as she enveloped Eric's cock with her lips and sucked hungrily, her head bobbing up and down with a rhythm that matched the thudding of his heart.

From the moment she first tasted it, she had been addicted to the taste of her son's cock. It was the biggest and tastiest she had ever had the pleasure of sucking on, and she couldn't get enough. The precum that dripped from its tip was like a sweet nectar, driving her desire to devour him even further.

Eric let out a low, guttural moan as he watched Claire's lips stretch to obscene lengths as she slipped them up and down his throbbing pole. He could see the outline of his erection, clearly defined against the skin of her throat as it bulged each time her lips sank nearly to the base of his cock.

The tension in the air was palpable as this risky and exhilarating act was carried out with his father's full knowledge. Each time he stole a glance at the rear view mirror, he could see the envy burning in Fred's eyes. It added fuel to the fire of his thrill-seeking nature, a wicked sensation coursing through his veins.

Claire sucked Eric's erect penis in different ways, showing her cock-

sucking skill. She used her tongue to swirl around the head, flicking the band of skin that connected his foreskin to his glans, driving him wild. She then took him deep into her throat, making lewd gagging noises as her lips formed a tight seal around the root of his shaft.

When she pulled off, a plopping sound could be heard as her saliva dripped from Eric's dick, making it glisten wonderfully, accentuating every blue vein.

"Mmm, do you like the way it feels to have your cock sucked in the backseat of a car, honey?" she asked her son, her eyes a bit watery from having his dick so deeply embedded in her throat.

"I love it, mom," he replied, clutching the edge of the seat in his excitement.

Claire glanced up at her husband and said something that would continue to justify her actions in some way. She wanted Fred to truely believe that she was doing this for the betterment of their son's sexual knowledge. "You know, I've always been a firm believer in teaching through experience. You need to lean what it's like to give and receive pleasure in order to truly feel comfortable doing it with girls you might be interested in," she said, her eyes never leaving Eric's dick as she spoke.

"That makes sense to me," Eric stated as he nodded in agreement.

"I'll definitely put this experience to good use when I find someone special."

Claire gave her son's dick a few more daring licks, her tongue darting and swirling around the head before she took him in her mouth once more. Eric let out a low gasp as he felt her lips envelope his shaft again, and he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

As Claire continued to suck her son off, Fred found himself struggling with his feelings. On one hand, he was proud of his wife for being so adventurous and sexually open with their son. He knew that this kind of openness would make Eric a well-rounded and confident man when it came to his own relationships. On the other hand, though, Fred couldn't help but feel a mix of jealousy and arousal as he

watched his wife pretty head bob up and down on their son’s cock in the back seat of his car.

He was well aware that she savored the taste of Eric's cum, evident in the way she added it to her morning protein shake. But it wasn't just the flavor that drove her wild; he could tell by the lustful glint in her eyes that the sheer size and hardness of Eric's manhood also stirred something primal within her.

The lewd, wet sounds of cocksucking echoed from the back seat, confirming just how much his wife was reveling in the act. Her lips and tongue worked tirelessly on Eric's throbbing member, eliciting moans and gasps from both of them. The musky scent of arousal filled the car, mixing with the heavy breaths and frantic movements of their bodies.

"Fuck," Eric gasped as his climax built, his hands tightening on the edge of the seat. "I'm gonna cum, mom."

Claire hummed in response, pulling her son's erection out of her mouth just far enough to use her hand and mouth in tandem. She stroked his rigid shaft at its root, her fingers slipping and sliding against its smooth texture as she sucked hard on the head.

"Come on, baby, let it out," she urged him, her voice throaty and sensual. "Show me what you can do."

Eric's breaths became ragged and erratic as he felt the sensation of release building in his loins. He closed his eyes and let out a loud groan, his hips bucking against Claire's mouth as he surrendered to the ecstasy of his orgasm.

With each powerful spurt of cum, Claire kept sucking, her tongue swirling around the tip and tasting her son's sweet nectar. She hummed in satisfaction as she swallowed down his load, savoring the salty taste of his climax. It was one thing to taste it in her smoothies, but to draw her son's fresh semen up from his balls

through his boner, like a delicious milkshake through a straw, was extremely satisfying.

As the final droplets trickled out of Eric's penis, Claire pulled away, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She looked up at her son with a grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Well, I think that's a lesson well-learned," she said, her tone teasing.

"But I did say it's important for you to learn how to receive AND to give," she added slyly, her eyes twinkling with wicked delight as she brought one foot up on the car seat, spreading her legs.

Eric's tongue darted out, moistening his lips as he gazed upon the outline of her vulva. The fabric of her thin hiking shorts clung tightly to her body, revealing the curves and contours of her crotch with tantalizing clarity.

Claire's gaze shifted over to her husband, a playful smile dancing on her lips as she continued speaking. "Don't you agree, Fred? A man should know how to give proper oral just as much as he enjoys receiving it," she quipped, raising an eyebrow suggestively.

Fred's gut sunk since he knew his wife was suggesting that Eric devour her pussy on his backseat. "I..." Fred stammered, unable to find the right words to express his disbelief. He swallowed hard, trying to suppress the anger and humiliation that boiled within him.

Claire snickered in response to Fred's discomfort, her eyes gleaming with amusement. She then looked at Eric in a flirtatious manner. "Of course your father agrees, so why don't you unwrap my pussy like a Christmas gift and eat it like it's the last meal you'll ever have."

Eric didn't need to be asked twice. With a eager grin on his face, he moved between his mother's parted legs and began to pull down her hiking shorts. He eagerly peeled them off her shimmering legs,

revealing the heart-stopping sight of her vulva encased in sheer, pale yellow panties.

Claire giggled, watching Eric lick his chops like a hundry dog while staring at the flanges of labial flesh through the transparent cloth of her panties. "Come on, baby…get to the pussy," she wickedly whispered.

He quickly yanked them off of her like kid about to devour a candy bar. Claire's scent wafted up from her pussy, sweet and tangy, making Eric's cock throb with anticipation. He licked his lips one final time, his eyes devouring her.

Without further ado, Eric dived in, his tongue pressed against her sensitive folds from the moment it touched her. Her pried the flanges her juicy labium apart, offering her a variety of oral techniques—

swirling his tongue around her clit, flicking with just the right amount of pressure, and even nibbling on her lips with his teeth.

Meanwhile, Claire moaned in pleasure at the simple-yet-effective tongue technique. She reached down to run her fingers through his hair, gently pulling his head closer to her, wanting him to give her more. "That's it, honey, show me what a skilled pussy eater you are."

Eric licked and sucked on Claire's clit with relentless determination, biting down gently every now and then to add just the right amount of pain to her pleasure. As he probed her hole, savoring the tangy flavored of her secretions, he could feel his mother's pussy muscles tightening around his tongue, a signal that her orgasming was imminent.

Claire reveled in the way Eric's skilled mouth devoured her with fervor. He had only pleasured her orally twice before, but it was as if he had been doing it for years, his tongue and lips expertly exploring every inch of her delicate folds. "Oh, God," Claire moaned, loud

enough for her husband to hear. "You wouldn't believe how incredible this feels, Fred. It's like a thousand electric shocks coursing through me at once." She couldn't help but compare Eric's talents to her husband's lackluster attempts. "He may be half your age, but he's a hundred times better than you at licking pussy," she taunted playfully, relishing in the satisfaction of finally being truly satisfied by a lover.

"Thanks, Claire, that's great to hear," said Fred sarcastically, his voice dripping with venom as he watched his wife's body shake with pleasure.

"Now, honey, there's no reason to feel jealous, we all have our strengths and weaknesses. I just appreciate Eric's willingness to learn and the effort he puts in. Besides, he's been practicing a lot lately, and it shows."

"Well, you're probably the last person he should be 'practicing' on,"

Fred grumbled, knowing that he couldn't compete with his son's sexual prowess.

"That's a rather selfish statement, Fred," Claire chided. "You didn't hear me complain when you taught Eric how to drive, did you?" She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and continued, "Or when you showed him how to shave? I know every facet of what Eric should be learning in the realm of sexuality, so it only makes sense for me to be the one he practices with." Her voice was firm, but underneath there was a hint of longing and desire.

Eric seemed to drown out their conversation as he feasted on Claire's wet and swollen folds. He held her thighs tightly, his face buried in the velvety warmth of her womanhood as his wiggly tongue delved deep into her slick tunnel. Each flick and swirl of his licker was met with a moan of pleasure from Claire, the sweet scent of her arousal filling the air around them. It was as if he couldn't get

enough of her, savoring every drop of her fragrant juices and reveling in the tangy flavor that lingered in his mouth.

Eric eagerly feasted on her delicate folds, his intense focus reminiscent of a dog devouring a juicy steak. While licking, he gazed up at her exposed abdomen and the impressive size of Claire's breasts bouncing under her tank top, her erect nipples visibly pushing against the fabric. She gripped his face between her thick thighs and trailed her bare feet down his spine, her bare buttocks rhythmically moving on the car seat.

Claire arched her back, her head thrown back with pleasure, her eyes shut tightly. She whimpered softly in a blend of lust and contentment.

Eric's tongue was like a magic wand, igniting a fire within her that burned brightly, threatening to consume them both.

Fred could only watch in awe, unable to comprehend the sensations his wife was experiencing. He felt like a spectator, an outsider, as he witnessed the intense chemistry between his son and wife. A wave of deep disappointment and shame washed over him as he realized that he had failed to give his wife the same kind of pleasure and satisfaction.

Claire reached a climax, her body shaking violently as her cries of pleasure filled the car. She clenched her teeth, trying to hold onto the wave of ecstasy that had taken her over. Eric continued to lick and suck on her clit, prolonging her orgasm and drawing out every last sensation.

Eric's mind swirled in a haze of pleasure as he couldn't decide which tasted more succulent, the creamy tit-milk flowing from Claire's nipples or the tangy, pulsating ejaculatory juices emanating from her urethra. The intimacy and exchange of bodily fluids between them heightened their connection, causing him to quiver with delight. He

savored every drop of her essence, knowing that she relished his semen just as deeply, solidifying their intense bond.

"Fuck, that was amazing," Claire exclaimed loudly, gasping for breath as she felt her body tremble with the aftershocks of her orgasm. "I can't believe how good you've gotten at that, honey."

Fred saw his son rising from between Claire's legs, juices dripping from his chin as he licked his lips clean.

As they arrived back at their house, Eric and Claire eagerly assisted Fred in unloading the car. Their laughter bubbled over as they playfully flirted with each other, acting like infatuated teenagers.

Fred rolled his eyes in mock annoyance as he watched his wife pull Eric close, her fat tits pressing against him as she showered him with kisses. "Do you two ever take a break from touching each other?" he joked, a hint of jealousy laced in his words.

"Honey, I pumped a bottle for the baby before we left this morning,"

Claire stated, slowly pulling her son by the hand out of the kitchen.

"Would you mind feeding her? Eric and I need some alone time for awhile."

"I got it," Fred answered, waving them off as he opened the fridge and grabbed the baby's bottle.

In the bedroom, Claire and Eric's clothes scattered to the floor like autumn leaves in a gusting wind. Eric's cock stood at attention on his loins, pulsing with desire as he eagerly watched Claire slink onto the bed. Her massive breasts bobbled and swayed every which way, their weighty contours enticing him further. Pausing on all-fours, she presented her rounded buttocks to him, beckoning him closer with each tantalizing wiggle.

"Come on, honey," she purred, waggling her bare derriere in invitation. The delicate folds of her sex glistened with wetness and her swollen clit peeked out from between them, while the tight circle of her anus throbbed between her smooth butt cheeks.

With eager anticipation, Eric gave his throbbing member a few preparatory strokes, feeling it pulse with need as he mounted Claire's haunches. His breath came out in short, excited gasps as he rubbed the head of his engorged penis against her slick slit, eagerly collecting her warm, sticky juices. The heat emanating from her sex was almost tangible, making him shudder with pleasure. He couldn't wait to enter her and experience the fullness and ecstasy that their bodies would create together.

"Fuck meeee!" Claire cried out with desire, hinging her hips, eager to be pounded from behind.

With a grunt, Eric thrust into her in one swift motion, burying his entire length inside her. Claire yelped and moaned as his cock filled her up, the sensation of it stretching her out, pushing past her tight muscles with an intensity that both thrilled and pained her.

She threw her head back and cried out again, the sound muffled by the pillow as she clenched her fists in the sheets.

Eric held onto her hips, grinding himself against her, trying to adjust to the thickness of her tight, wet depths. He felt like he was going to burst as he felt her clutching him, her muscles pulsing around his throbbing erection. He groaned as his hips moved in sync with hers, their bodies slapping together with a satisfying wet noise.

"Oh God, Eric, fuck me harder!" Claire screamed, her voice rose with each thrust. She thrust back against him, making her luscious ass cheeks ripple upon impact.

Eric loved watching the meat of her mature ass ripple like jelly as he thrust into her, reaming her out. Her oversized tit-melons swung

back and forth in perfect unison, like two giant pendulums. He could feel himself gaining speed, the tightness of her sex gripping him, pulling him in closer with each thrust.

"Slap my ass, baby," the mother directed, her breathing laborious.

"It's important to slap a girl's ass when you're fucking her from behind."

Eric let loose with a hard, sharp strike to his mom's ass, making her butt-meat ripple.

"Again!" Claire squealed and her son responded with another loud smack to her heaving buttocks. It made him feel powerful, like he owned her pussy, and was encouraging her to keep throwing it back on him by giving her savage slaps to the ass. He could tell it was getting his mom worked up as well.

Claire screamed out suddenly, her voice echoing through the house as her orgasm took her, twisting her into knots as she was slammed by her son. She felt the familiar building tension inside her, starting low and growing like a heated coil spiraling out of control. Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, and she could feel the walls of her sex convulsing, gripping Eric's cock as he pummeled her from behind.

Her body jerked and trembled with pleasure, her large breasts bouncing wildly on her chest. She screamed out as the orgasm racked her body, her lips parted and her head thrown back, her eyes squeezed tightly shut as she felt the sensations ripple through her entire body.

Eric employed the edging technique, skillfully controlling his arousal and delaying his release. He was determined to make this moment last, to let his dad hear the sounds of his wife reaching climax multiple times - something that he was sure never happened when they had sex.

As the pair continued to fuck with a fervor that bordered on the animalistic, Fred could hear the unmistakable sounds of their lovemaking. He clenched his fists, trying to hold onto his anger as the reverberations of their passion shook the very foundation of the house.

After feeding the baby and putting her down in her crib, Fred couldn't help by stop outside his wife and son's doorway.

The sound of Eric's body slamming into Claire's and the squelching noises their genitals made together filled the air. Each thrust resounded through the house.

Claire screamed out loud, her voice echoing through the house. Her own moans and groans of pleasure mingled with her son's grunts, punctuating their passionate encounter.

Against his better judgment, Fred reluctantly opened the door and peered into the room with a mixture of shock and horror. His wife lay on the bed, her back arched, while Eric ravaged her with primal force.

Her lithe legs were entwined around his broad back, her splayed thighs cradling him as he thrust into her with unbridled intensity. The sight of his son's impressive blue-viened girth pounding deeply and wetly into Claire's exposed core was both vulgar and mesmerizing, captivating Fred's gaze in a way he never would have thought possible.

With a heavy sigh, he closed the door to their bedroom and made his way through the house to escape the increasingly feverish sounds of their love-making. The distant rumble of thunder echoed outside, adding to the charged atmosphere. He sought solace in the garage, surrounded by familiar tools and projects, hoping to distract himself.

But every few minutes, despite his best efforts, Fred couldn't help but hear the faint sounds of his wife's orgasmic screams coming from upstairs. Each one served as a painful reminder of the intense pleasure that Eric was providing her - pleasure that Fred couldn't seem to give her.

Claire sweet talked her son into staying home instead of going out with friends and they fucked for nearly two hours, right until the very last minute before Claire's daughter was due to return home from her friend's house. In a frenzied rush to compose themselves, they quickly separated and tried to regain their composure.

"Are you alright, mom?" Stacey asked as she watched Claire hastily make her way across the hallway, clad only in a towel. Claire's body glistened with sweat and her hair was wild and disheveled, giving her the appearance of having just completed a grueling marathon. "I'm fine, honey," Claire replied with a forced smile. "Eric and I were just doing some intense yoga exercises in our bedroom." The truth was far from that, but Claire wasn't about to reveal the steamy activities that had taken place just moments ago. She prayed that Stacey wouldn't notice the flush on her cheeks or the slight tremble in her voice.

As the family sat down for dinner and went about their usual evening routine, Claire and Eric couldn't help but steal longing glances at each other across the table. As soon as bedtime arrived, they were back to their insatiable desire for one another, eagerly exploring each other's bodies in a frenzy of sucking and fucking. The air was thick with the heady scent of passion as they writhed on the bed, trying out different positions to satisfy their insatiable cravings.

Eric reveled in the feel of Claire's squishy breasts pressed against him all night, his mouth never tiring of sucking and chewing on her flesh as he drank down her milk like a man possessed. And when it came time for him to climax, she expertly milked his cock until he thought he couldn't possibly produce any more cum.

The familiar scent of dinner cooking in the kitchen filled Fred's nostrils as he arrived home, tired from a long day at work. His wife greeted him with a kiss, her expression serious and determined.

"Fred, there's something new that I'd like Eric to explore," she began,

"and I thought it was important to mention it to you."

His eyes rolled instinctively at the thought of another one of his wife's ideas for their son.

"Well, what is it this time?" he asked wearily.

Claire's gaze bore into his own, her lips forming a nervous smile.

"You know how strongly I feel about Eric learning and mastering sexual things," she explained. "There's something crucial that we haven't explored yet, and Eric is fully on board with trying it out tonight."

Dread settled in the pit of Fred's stomach as he braced himself for what was to come. "What is it?" he asked hesitantly.

"Anal sex," Claire replied boldly. "I know it's not something you've been eager to try, but some guys like Eric get quite excited by the idea."

A chill ran down Fred's spine as he imagined his son engaging in such an act, but he knew he couldn't deny his wife's wishes. "Claire, is this something that is truly necessary for you to do on top of everything else?" he asked with a furrowed brow. "I mean, how many times a day are you two engaging in sex now as it is?"

"I don't know, at least five or six times," she replied casually, as if it were a normal occurrence. "But that's not the point. This is something Eric is going to experience, something that girls may even

request from him specifically. It's important that he feels comfortable and knows how to properly engage in anal sex, and it's my job to teach him." She looked determined, her eyes shining with a sense of purpose.

Fred let out a heavy sigh, his frustration evident in the furrow of his brow and the tense set of his jaw. "And even if it did matter, would that stop you?" he asked, his voice laced with exasperation.

Claire's laughter tinkled like bells as she shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly. "No, I suppose it wouldn't," she admitted with a mischievous glint in her eye. "But you should be grateful that I'm keeping you informed. After all, Eric and I could be indulging in all sorts of activities in there at night without your knowledge." Her smile widened into a playful grin as she continued, "But I believe in transparency in our marriage. And Eric needs to know that he has your unwavering support."

Fred's face contorted in a mixture of anger and hurt as he spoke. "I don't know how much support I can give to someone who's constantly having sex with my wife."

Claire's scowl deepened, her eyes flashing with frustration. "How selfish of you," she snapped back. "You're only thinking about the physical pleasure that Eric and I are experiencing, but you're missing the bigger picture here. Eric is about to enter the most sexually charged phase of his life - college. It's a playground for young men to explore their desires and with Eric's striking looks and impressive...endowment, I have no doubt that he will be indulging in all sorts of sexual escapades with countless girls. I need to ensure that he is prepared in every possible way." The tension between them was palpable as they faced off, each wanting what they believed was best for Eric's future.

Fred groaned, his frustration evident in the way he slumped his shoulders and rubbed at his temples. "Yeah, alight...I've heard this

all before," he said with a heavy sigh.

Claire placed a gentle hand on his arm, her eyes softening as she leaned in to speak. "You know, I can't help but feel like there are other deep-seated reasons why you don't like what Eric and I are doing," she shared, her voice tinged with empathy. "You see him possessing me sexually and you don't like it. You see him doing things to my body, making me climax in ways that I never could with you. Am I right?"

Fred hesitated before finally nodding, his jaw set in resignation.

"But Fred," Claire continued, her tone gentle yet firm. "It doesn't make you any less important. You need to understand that." She reached up to cup his cheek affectionately. "You're a smart person and a hard worker who provides well for our family. Those are your gifts and they're wonderful."

Her words seemed to soothe some of Fred's tension, but Claire wasn't finished. "Eric has a different set of gifts," she explained. "He was blessed with good looks and...an exceptionally large penis." A faint blush colored her cheeks as she thought about Eric's crotch.

"And his skills in the bedroom are extraordinary."

She took a deep breath before adding, "Plus, he's so much younger than you are. He's always hard and ready for sex, which is no fault of yours." A touch of sadness crept into her voice as she spoke these words. "You just can't compete in that category."

Despite the hurt and insecurity bubbling inside of him, Fred couldn't help but admire Claire's honesty and compassion as she tried to comfort him. He knew that their relationship would never be the same, but he also knew that he loved her enough to let her do what she felt was necessary for their son.

Eric's body shuddered with pleasure as he watched his lubricated knob slip seamlessly into the socket of Claire's asshole. The throbbing ring eagerly swallowed him, pulling him deeper and deeper inside her. She crouched above on their bed, her feet planted firmly as she lowered herself onto his cock. Her body was bent in half above him, offering him a perfect view of her huge dangling tits and the intense expression of desire on her face.

"Let's take it slow at first, baby," Claire advised. "Let my ass adjust to the size of your cock."

Eric nodded in agreement, his eyes never leaving the sight of his cock sliding into his mother's ass. It was something he had always dreamed of but never thought he would actually get to experience.

But now, here he was, deep inside her, feeling the warmth and tightness of her anus around his teenage boner. He reached up to cup her breasts, massaging and kneading them as he began to thrust slowly.

Claire's moans filled the room, a mixture of pleasure and pain as her body adapted to the invasion of her most private orifice. She leaned down, kissing Eric passionately, their tongues dancing together as their bodies moved in tandem. She could feel his cock growing even larger inside her, stretching her ass to its limits.

Claire's ass cheeks rested against Eric's upper thighs as she buried his prick all the way inside her anal orifice.

The sensation was overwhelming as Eric let out a satisfied sigh, his engorged cock submerged in the slick, heated depths of his mother's anal passage. With each thrust, he could feel every inch of his sensitive tip pulsating against the tight walls of her rectum. The heat and pressure only intensified the pleasure, causing him to moan in ecstasy as they moved together in perfect rhythm.

As Claire's body adapted to the fullness of Eric's cock inside her, she quickened the pace and depth of her movements. Her fingers gripped tightly onto the headboard as she impaled herself on his throbbing member, pushing it deeper into her tight asshole with each forceful thrust. "Baby, fuck my ass!" she cried out, her voice trembling with pleasure as their flesh smacked together in a primal rhythm. The bed creaked beneath them, adding to the lewd sounds of their passionate lovemaking.

After several minutes of butt fucking ecstasy, Claire reached down with one hand, while holding the headboard with the other and began to rub the swollen nub of her clitoris. This added a whole other layer of pleasure to the mix, making the experience even more taboo and intense. She could feel herself getting closer, the orgasm building within her.

"I'm gonna cum, baby!" Claire panted, her voice filled with urgency.

Even though it wasnt easy, Eric used his skills to hold off his ejaculation, so he could enjoy fucking his mom's asshole as long as possible. Watching her pretty face grimace as she let out a shrill cry of pleasure was a beautiful thing to behold. The way her asshole pulsated around his steely prick was almost more than he could bear.

Even though Claire had breastfed the baby just before they went to bed, warm nectar still dripped from her milk-engorged tits like droplets of honey. It pooled on Eric's chest in sticky splatters, inviting him to taste its sweetness. His desire to gorge himself on Claire's melons grew with every second, like a hunger that couldn't be satisfied until he tasted her sweet milk.

"Can I suck your tits, mom?" he asked, his eyes glued to the sight of them.

"Do you really expect me to say no to that?" she asked, lowering down and planting her knees astride his hips.

Eric planted a pillow under his back so he was reclined instead of laying flat, placing himself in the perfect position for vigorous tit-

sucking. Before he began breastfeeding, Eric loved to wedge his face in the valley of her gaping tit-cleavage, kissing his way around between her spongy contours like he was drowning in a sea of huge, rippling boobie-meat. He had become quite possessive of his mom's big udders.

Finally, he latched onto Claire's left breast, groaning in delight at the sweet nectar that flowed into his mouth. The pressure of her soft, heavy tit on his face sent shivers down his spine. He sucked hard, drawing on the nipple like it was a lifeline, his eyes locked on the sight of flesh in front of him.

As he suckled avidly, the milk gushed into his mouth, filling him with a sense of fulfillment that he had never known before. It was more than just a craving—it was a deep, primal urge that seemed to awaken something within him.

Meanwhile, Claire's body continued to convulse with pleasure as Eric's hungry mouth worked on her tit. She could feel her own climax building with every pull of his lips, the intense sensation of sucking and butt fucking combining to send shockwaves of pleasure through her entire body.

Finally, she couldn't take it any longer. With a final moan, she climaxed, her entire body trembling as waves of ecstasy washed over her. Her asshole clenched tightly around Eric's cock, pulling him even deeper into her taboo depths.

Eric's cock was slick and hard, a well-oiled piston smoothly gliding through the tight cylinder of Claire's back passage. Her velvety anal walls molded perfectly to the shape of his sinewy boner, sending intense sensations of pleasure coursing through his body with every movement. The heat and friction between them intensified as they

moved in perfect rhythm, reaching new heights of passion and desire.

Claire's ass flew up and down like a basketball bouncing rhythmically on Eric's crotch, making a lewd smack every time her body collided with his.

"Do you like the feel of mommy's asshole on your cock, baby?" Claire asked, her voice full of lust.

"Oh fuck, yes, mom," Eric's tit-smothered mouth groaned, his hips bucking in response. With a savage hunger, he clamped his teeth around her large, rubbery teat. He tugged on it with an intense force, stretching it out from the wide, thickly-textured ring of her areola. It was like a dog gnawing on one of its favorite toys, determined to get every last bit of enjoyment out of it. Milk squirted from several ducts surrounding the swollen nipple, Eric’s teeth digging into its tender flesh. The taste of tit-nectar flooded his mouth as he hungrily swallowed it down, feeling a primal satisfaction in using Claire’s body as his own personal plaything. He clawed at her skin, suckling and nipping at her motherly flesh with reckless abandon. She let him be as rough as he pleased, indulging in the raw pleasure of their uninhibited passion.

As they continued to fuck, their movements grew more urgent, their moans of pleasure becoming louder and more intense. The bed creaked and slammed against the wall with each approximation, a slap in the face to Fred who was attempting to sleep in the next room.

With each thrust, Eric felt as though his cock was being crushed by the walls of Claire's anus, like two tight fists around his dong trying to milk the cum out, but it only made him want to fuck her more. He could feel his balls tightening, drawing up close to his body, and knew that he was close to filling his mother's ass with his cum.

Claire could sense that Eric was on the brink of climax, and she reveled in the sensation of his cock throbbing inside her shitter. She reached down between her legs, cupped his balls in her hand, and began to stroke them gently, scratching lightly on the flesh of his nuts with her long, painted fingernails.

"Cum inside me, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with lust. "Fill my ass with your hot cum."

The words sent Eric over the edge. With a loud groan, he thrust deeply into his mother's ass and held his cock there as he sprayed her rectum with his warm cum. Hot jets of sperm oozed from the tip of his cock and splashed against the walls of her anal tunnel, filling her ass completely with his juicy release.

Claire's anal canal tightened around his cock, chewing on his erectile flesh, milking every last drop of his sperm, as she clenched and unclenched around his throbbing shaft. She raised herself up and down, slowly milking Eric's cock dry before collapsing down onto his chest, both of them spent and utterly satisfied.

As they lay there, still connected and panting heavily, Eric raised his head to look at his mother's beautiful face, her eyes burning with the same intensity that he felt in his own.

"Thank you," he finally whispered, his voice trembling with emotion.

"You're welcome, baby," she replied, kissing him tenderly on the lips.

"I'm glad we're getting to experience everything together. I want you to enjoy every inch of my body."

Sometime in the middle of the night, Fred was jolted awake by the unmistakable sound of Eric and Claire locked in a heated fuck. The rhythmic thumping of their headboard against the wall echoed through the room like a tribal drum, revealing the intensity of their lovemaking. Curiosity and arousal stirred within him as he imagined

Eric hovering over his wife, her legs spread wide in the air as he thrust into her with wild abandon. He heard sounds coming from her that he had never heard before in their 20 years of marriage - primal moans and gasps of pleasure that he knew he could never elicit from her.

For what felt like an eternity, he laid there in the dark room, listening to the rhythmic thumping on the wall. The sound slowly grew more intense, building up to a climax every few minutes that made his heart race with anticipation. He imagined his wife's body quivering and spasming with pleasure, her voice erupting in squeals of ecstasy. His son's stamina was impressive, as the thumping continued for thirty minutes, then an hour, until it became even more intense and erratic.

It seemed as though Eric's body was pulsating and thrusting at the same time, reaching a peak of pleasure as if he was spilling out inside her. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the knocking ceased altogether.

The once bustling room fell silent once again, the only sound being the soft murmur of the air conditioning. But ten minutes later, a rhythmic pounding echoed through the walls, breaking the quietude. It was different this time, each knock precise and deliberate, as if they were following a carefully choreographed routine in their sexual dance. Fred couldn't help but wonder which position his wife and son were trying out now. In their marriage, he had found it challenging to keep up with her insatiable appetite for new sex positions, especially considering his pudgy figure and lack of physical fitness. Meanwhile, his wife seemed to be as limber as a ballet dancer thanks to her religious Pilates practice. And he had no doubt that Eric, with his chiseled physique and stamina of an athlete, had no trouble at all satisfying Claire's every desire in any position they chose. The thought made Fred feel inadequate and insecure in comparison.

In the next room, the sounds of passion filled the air as Eric and Claire entwined in a primal dance. They were in the leg-glider position, with Claire lying on her side and one arm propping her head up. Her legs were spread out on the mattress, one extended straight up into the air like a beacon of pleasure, her toes pointed towards the cieling. Eric straddled her grounded leg, using it as a base while her other leg rested against his shoulder for leverage. The rhythmic movement of their bodies created a symphony of desire as he thrust into her with varying angles, expertly pleasuring her with his rigid cock. His eyes were fixated on her supple breasts, watching them bounce and quiver in perfect harmony with their union.

Claire beamed with pride as she watched Eric's progress over the past week. From timidly pleasuring himself with her wet panties, he had quickly learned the art of edging and transformed into a sexual powerhouse. His mattress became his stage, his body his instrument, and Claire was sure he could conquer any sexual challenge that came his way. She knew he would leave every girl craving more, unable to resist his irresistible charms.

For three blissful months, Claire and Eric’s passion knew no bounds.

They reveled in each other’s bodies, entwining themselves in pleasure until the early morning light. Sheets tangled and soaked with their combined essence, they collapsed into a deep slumber, only to wake up and start all over again. Their raw desire and unbridled lust knew no limits. And it was no surprise that one of the countless times they beat their tireless pissers together, an act of passion resulted in new life being formed within Claire’s womb. Eric’s potent seed broke through her ovum and impregnated her with another child, sealing their love and connection forever.

Fred's eyes widened in shock, but his wife's persuasive words easily convinced him. She argued that their son Eric needed the experience of impregnating a girl and would also benefit from learning to please

her as her body changed during pregnancy. At college, Eric was popular with the ladies, fucking plenty of hot, young pussy and gorging himself on their plump, bouncy tits, but each time he returned home for break, Claire's belly had grown larger and her breasts were becoming swollen with milk. And during his stay, they did nothing but engage in passionate intercourse until they were physically spent.

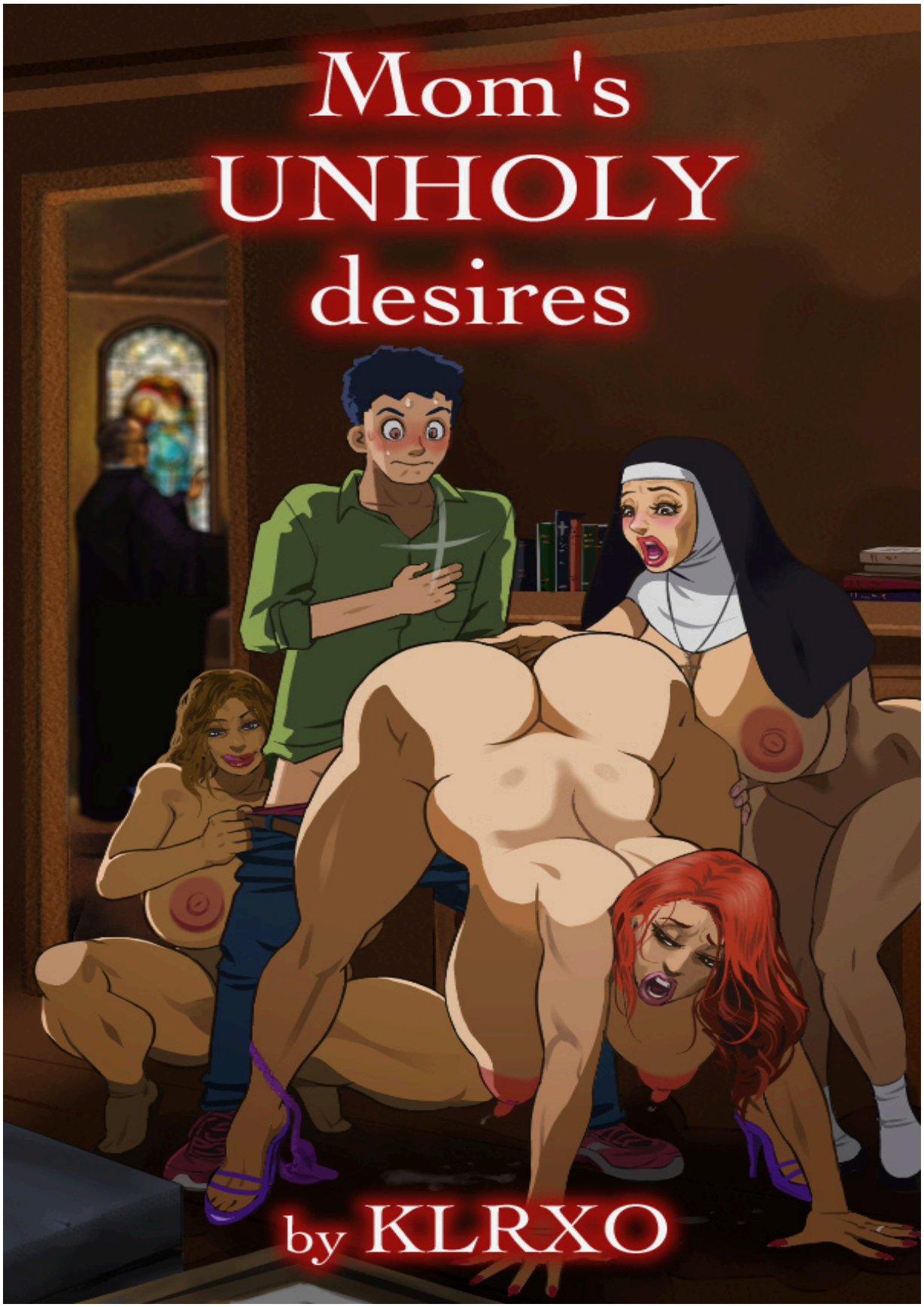
The air was thick with the scent of sex and sweat as they explored each other's bodies day and night, much to Fred's displeasure.

Despite Claire's attempts to return to a normal sexual routine with her husband, the passion and intensity she had shared with Eric made her encounters with Fred seem almost laughable in comparison. And as much as Fred tried to ignore it, he couldn't help but notice the way his wife would practically pounce on Eric at the door every time he visited, leading him straight to the bedroom for what she called

'practice' sessions. It was clear that she was determined to keep honing Eric's already impressive skills.

The air was thick with longing and desire as they moved together, their bodies fitting perfectly like two pieces of a puzzle. And in those moments, Fred couldn't help but wonder if Claire truly belonged to him or if Eric was the one who now possessed her heart and body forever.

THE END


Mom's
UNHOLY
desires
by KLRXO

Mom's UNHOLY desires

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"Bless me father for I have sinned," a sexy female voice confessed. "It's been three hours since my last confession."

"Three hours?!" the priest asked in disbelief. "That's not very long to go without sinning."

"Yes, I know, I've um…been struggling a lot."

"Struggling with what, dear? What sin have you committed in God's eyes?"

"I had sex with my son, and…"

"And what, dear?"

ONE WEEK EARLIER

"Come on guys…you're gonna be late for school," Chelsea shouted as she scrambled to find her keys. The beautiful mother had long fiery-red hair and a perfect complexion. Her friends from church always told her that she was a striking image of the Aussie actress, Isla Fisher.

Chelsea's young daughter, Eve, was the first to hurry down the stairs. "Have you seen my book bag?" she asked in a distressed tone.

"It's by the front door, honey," Chelsea answered. "Where's your brother?"

"Probably still sleeping."

The mother quickly climbed the stairway to fetch her son. Her conservative dress clung to her luscious curves, which included a thick, round ass and tremendously-large breasts. Her heels clicked loudly as she marched to her son's room and, without thinking, threw open the door.

"Henry, we need to…"

Chelsea gasped and turned her head as she realized her son was on his bed masturbating.

"Henry! What are you doing?!" she asked in shock, even though she knew the answer.

"I'm just um…getting up," the boy awkwardly answered, covering his junk. "Can I have just a few minutes, mom?"

The mother backed out of his doorway, blushing by what they both knew she'd just seen.

"We'll be in the car. You need to hurry!" she admonished, then rushed away.

When she got downstairs her husband, Teddy, was gathering his things. He was a handsome,

40-something version of her son, in a sharp suit and tie. "I forgot to mention that the Parkers are joining us for dinner tonight. I hope that's ok?" her husband asked.

"The Parkers?" Chelsea asked.

"Yes, they're the new members of the congregation that just moved here from California."

"Oh, yes, the Parkers…of course," his wife smiled. She had completely forgotten that they had extended that invitation upon meeting them the previous Sunday. Teddy was the pastor at their church and they tried to make it a point of having new families over as a welcoming gesture.

"Are you ok? You look distressed," Chelsea's husband asked, noticing how his wife looked as though she had just witnessed something shocking while upstairs.

"Yes, I'm fine," she answered, forcing a smile. "The kids are just slow-going this morning. It's got me a little stressed."

The truth was she wasn't fine. Even though she had just caught a quick look at what Henry was doing, the vision of his cock was frozen in her mind like a still-image. Even with his hand wrapped around the base, Chelsea saw a substantial-amount of cock-meat sticking up in the air, including one of the fattest knobs she'd ever laid eyes on. Not that she'd seen a ton of penis's in her life, but her son's was still the largest she'd ever beheld. "I can't believe he was just…laying there stroking on it!" she thought, but then reminded herself that it was a normal thing for boys his age. "All boys masturbate. I suppose I was bound to catch him at some point."

The car ride was awkward, with Henry hardly looking over at his mom. They were both clearly embarrassed by what happened earlier. Chelsea finally broke the silence when she stopped the car to drop him off at the high school. "Have a good day, honey. Stay focused, ok?" she admonished.

"See ya, mom!" Her son responded, getting out as quickly as he could.

Once back home, the mother set about her daily cleaning tasks. She was a traditional housewife, but now that both her children were in school, she also did a lot of volunteering at their church. 'The Rexburg Church of the Holy Savior' was a splinter sect that closely

resembled the catholic church, especially in it's religious traditions. One thing that was different, however, was that priests and nuns were allowed to marry and have children.

Chelsea’s husband, Teddy, was one of two pastors at the church. The other was Father, Hanson, who was soon to retire from the ministry.

As she swept the upstairs hallway, Chelsea stopped suddenly when she reached her son's doorway. It was the same view she had earlier, minus the naked, masturbating teenager on the bed. The image of Henry’s big horny cock suddenly appeared in her head, making her insides tingle. "STOP!" her mind shouted. "Think about something else!"

She continued sweeping, trying to shake the image of her handsome son beating off his huge cock on his bed. However, like someone who'd been put in a trance, she was drawn inside her boy's bedroom and walked over to his bed. The mother inhaled deeply, letting the potent teenage pheromones that lingered in the room sweep through her senses. She was so in tune with her sensory facility that she could pinpoint exactly what it was she was smelling. It was part sweat, part cologne and part male-sperm, probably from Henry's earlier ejaculation. Her body responded like any hypersexual female's would. First, with a warm tingling sensation that swept through her mature frame. Then, the big pinks caps on her tits got swollen and stiffened beneath her bra, resulting in nipples that became extremely turgid. Her clitoris engorged, causing her fleshy hood to retract, exposing her throbbing glans. "You need to get out of here!" her mind admonished.

She began to turn towards the door, but something caught her eye. She knew what it was.

She'd seen it before and knew it's purpose. Most of the time, when collecting Henry's laundry, she would just quickly throw it in the

basket, without giving it much thought, but not today. Not after what she'd seen her son doing earlier.

Chelsea pulled the rag out from under her son's pillow. It was an old kitchen towel that Henry had taken to use as his cum-rag. Usually it was stiff and crusty, but this morning it was dripping with a fresh load of cum.

"Oh, good Lord!" the mother said out loud, putting one hand over her mouth in shock as the other held the rag by her fingertips. Huge streaks of pearlescent-colored jizz ran down the fabric and began dripping down onto the teenager's bed. "That can't all possibly be from one ejaculation, can it?" the bewildered mother asked herself.

Against her better judgement, Chelsea brought them to her nose and sniffed. Her reaction was quick and drastic. Her heart-rate increased, while her entire body gave off an aroused shudder. Chelsea's eyes seemed to roll back involuntarily from the warm musky aroma of her boy's cum-load. Down between her legs, her love-nubbin throbbed almost unbearably. She knew if she even touched her clitoris she'd begin having a mind-blowing orgasm. "GET OUT, NOW, CHELSEA!!" her brain screamed.

The mother dropped the cum-rag and rushed from her son's room. She had nearly stripped naked by the time she reached the shower. She quickly turned the water on, then jumped in with her bra and panties still unremoved. When the cold water struck her, she gasped sharply. Then, her back thumped against the shower wall and she quickly crammed her hand into her panties. The water had caused her silky white bra to become translucent, revealing the true enormity of her breasts. Her hardened mammilla were pinkish-purple in color and looked thick and rubbery in texture. Her boobs shimmied heavily, back and forth, even while still being contained, as her body trembled from the contact she was making with her clit.

The housewife's sexy legs suddenly bowed inward and trembled delightfully. Her pretty head arched back, so her wet red hair hung down, while she gave off the most wonderful orgasmic cry that a mother could make. Her finger strummed her fleshy clit like a bass guitar string, while she felt the warmth of her female ejaculate run down her thighs.

"Bless me, father, for I have sinned," she whispered an hour later as she sat in the confessional booth at church. "It's been a week since my last confession."

"God's forgiveness is great, dear," Father Hanson, the senior pastor at the church reminded her. "Tell me what you've done."

"I walked in on my son…um, masturbating his penis this morning," she answered. "It…gave me…very unholy desires."

"I see," Father Morgan muttered. "You're not alone, dear. Many mothers face the same struggle as you. Be strong. Show penance and God will forgive."

"Thank you, Father."

After Chelsea had exited the confession booth she felt like a weight of guilt had been lifted.

She was met by Sister Charity, the church's nun. "Chelsea! It's so good to see you!" Charity beamed, then glanced over at the booth. "Nothing like a good confessional to get the morning started right."

"Yes," the mother blushed. "How have you been?"

"Good. Your husband has me busy with all sorts of tasks this morning. Say, umm…how's that handsome son of yours, Henry?" Charity asked.

"Henry? He's, uh, good," the mom answered, trying not to let her mind drift back to that morning. "Just busy with baseball and trying to keep his grades up."

"Ah, yes…school, and speaking of that, I've been doing some private teaching lately, here at the church, and I think Henry would benefit from one of the sessions I do."

"Sessions?"

"Yes, well as we know it can be a very awkward and confusing time for a boy Henry's age, sexually I mean."

"Oh, right," Chelsea nodded in agreement. "Very confusing."

"Yes, that's why, with the permission of the church, I've been offering private tutoring sessions in sex education. What would you think about Henry attending some lessons?" Charity asked.

"Well, I um…think that would be up to Henry. I mean, technically he's 18 now, so he's certainly adult enough to handle it, but it would have to be his decision."

"I agree. I'll speak to him about it this Sunday," Charity said. "I just always like to keep the mothers informed in such matters. Sometimes, they even like to sit in and offer some perspective on the topic. So, if he does agree…you're more that welcome to join us."

"Oh…well, thank you. I'll um…think on it," Chelsea replied.

"Do that," Charity said with a pretty smile. "It was so good to see you, dear."

After popping in and saying a quick hello to her husband, Chelsea headed back home. That evening, they had the new family, the

Parkers, over for dinner. While the husbands chatted it up out on the deck, Chelsea sat in the living room next to Sandi Parker.

"The girls are having a blast out there!" Sandi smiled, looking out the window at their daughters as they played on the swing-set.

"I know. I can't believe they're only a month apart in age," Chelsea added.

Sandi's eyes drifted to Henry, who still sat at the table eating, but was too far away to hear the mothers conversing. "Your son is gorgeous!" Sandi confessed. "He must really have a lot of young harlots at school chasing him?"

"Not that he ever mentions, but I suppose he probably does."

Sandi's eyes lingered on the boy a moment, imagining herself bent over naked in front of him.

Her face suddenly saddened. "Can I ask you something…personal, Chelsea?" she asked.

"Sure," the mother replied.

"What would you do if there was something you wanted in the bedroom, from your husband, of course, but he wanted no part of it?" Sandi asked.

"Well, um…I don't know, I…"

"I'm sorry," Sandi blurted. "I've only just met you. I shouldn't be asking such questions, or coming to you with my marital issues."

"No, it's fine. I mean, I don't know how much help I can be, but I'm always willing to listen."

"Jerry and I have a good sex life, but it's always the same, night after night. I mean, it's not over in two minutes, I don't mean that,

but he's just not willing to try it in different ways," Sandi admitted.

"Different…positions you mean?" Chelsea asked.

"Yeah, it's always the traditional missionary position or laying behind me. For years I've been wanting to try it doggy-style, but he's unwilling."

Chelsea shook her head in confusion. "Do he say why?"

"He says it's the way animals do it and that God didn't intend for humans to have sex that way."

"Oh, well I don't know why a person would ever think that," Chelsea giggled.

"Right? I mean, your husband's a minister. Does he refuse to have sex with you that way?" Sandi pried.

Chelsea uncrossed her legs uncomfortably. "Well, my husband and I don't actually have sex much these days," she admitted.

"You don't have sex?"

"No, um…because he's a pastor, he's only allowed to have marital sex for the purpose of procreation."

"Good grief, I never knew that about the ministry," Sandi stated. "It's a wonder that you don't have a dozen kids running around then."

Chelsea giggled, but then got a more serious expression on her pretty face. "I'm not really able to have kids anymore. I had an emergency medical procedure a couple years ago that unfortunately prevents me from having any more," she explained.

"So, wait...are you saying that you and Teddy don't have sex at all then?"

"Yes…we haven't had sex in years, sadly."

"Oh my God…that must be so hard for you?" Sandi said consolingly.

"Some days no, but most days yes."

"I feel so awful," Sandi admitted. "Here I am feeling sorry for myself that I only get it a certain way and you don't get it at all."

"You don't have to feel bad, Sandi…really. We all make our choices in life. Marrying a minister was one I made, and now I'm living with it the best I can."

"You must masturbate constantly!" Sandi giggled. "You ARE allowed to masturbate, right?"

"Yes, and trust me I do," Chelsea admitted.

"Well, I know you hardly know me, but if you ever need someone to talk to don't hesitate to call me. We're sisters in Christ."

"Amen to that, and thank you," Chelsea said, sharing a hug with her new friend.

A few days later, the families got on their Sunday best and went to church. Being a pastor, Teddy was expected to be up front, but his wife and kids sat on the church pews, sharing a row with the new family, the Parkers.

Henry despised church. It was the most boring part of his week. Today, however, he was kind of excited to be sitting between his mom and Sandi Parker. Both of them had their sexy legs crossed, which made their dresses ride up to the middle of their thighs. Henry marveled at how silky their freshly-shaved legs look and how they gave off a slick-looking sheen. He imagined what it would be like to have such legs wrapped around him, while he sheathed his dong in their hot pussies.

As Father Hanson's sermon went on and on, the boy's eyes peeked over at his mom's breasts.

It wasn't that her dress was immodest by any means, but her tits were just so damn large that they could make any top seem obscene. He breathed in deeply, taking in the scent of their sweet perfume and the hint of something else. Turning his head slightly, he set his lusty eyes on Sandi's big knockers. While not quite as large as Chelsea's, the blonde-haired mother's boobs were still substantially larger than most women in the congregation.

After gawking for a moment, Henry's eyes drifted up to Sandi's face and saw her peeking over at him with a knowing smile. He quickly diverted his attention to the sermon, clearly blushing.

"He was just staring at my tits!" Sandi thought. Her eyes drifted to his crotch and suddenly went wide by what she saw.

Chelsea's cellphone buzzed on her lap. She looked to find a text from Sandi. It read:

"I hate to point this out at a time like this, but I think your son has a boner. "

Chelsea's eyes got as big as Sandi's did as she peeked over at her boy's crotch. It was obvious by the tented fabric of his dress-pants that he had a raging boner. She quickly looked away as her heartrate increased.

"Teenage boys! " the mother texted back.

Sandi did her best to suppress her giggle, then texted back.

"What do you think got him like that? Our legs maybe? "

"I've always heard that boys his age can get spontaneous erections. Maybe that's all it is," Chelsea texted back.

Her eyes darted down and lingered on her son's bulge. "Good grief… it's so hard I can see the shape of the tip pushing out from beneath the fabric," she thought, then forced herself to look away.

Her phone vibrated as Sandi texted her again. "Also high testosterone levels and healthy blood flow. Supposedly erections are at their most rigid at that age. □-hard! "

"Good grief. I can't believe I'm having a conversation about erect penis's during church," Chelsea thought.

Both moms were having a difficult time focusing on the sermon. Their eyes kept returning to the boy's erect cock-bulge, staring at it wantonly. They were fully conscious of how erect their nipples were inside their bras and how slippery cuntal nectar was secreting from their Skene's glands, just beneath the crotch of their panties.

"Just curious…what makes you think it's US that made it that way?" Chelsea texted Sandi.

"Well, he's sitting between two grown women. He can probably smell our pheromones. Plus, we both have nice legs and are large-chested. For most boys, that's a turn-on," Sandi messaged back.

"I suppose…maybe… …but in church?!" Chelsea replied.

"Let try something and then we'll know for sure," Sandi suggested.

"Try something??"

"Yes. Let's uncross our legs, then cross them again the other way and see if his penis twitches," Sandi suggested.

"I don't know, Sandi. I don't think I really wanna encourage that sort of thing."

"Aren't you curious to know if YOU'RE the reason your son is getting an erection in church?" Sandi asked.

"Maybe I'm afraid to know."

"We're not doing anything inappropriate. It's just readjusting our legs…that's all."

They watched the boy's cock intently as they uncrossed their sexy legs. This definitely got the teen's attention. Both moms stared in shock as the spike of Henry's boner twitched, while they crossed their naked legs again.

"Did you see that? Did you see it twitch?" Sandi texted.

"Yes, there was definitely a reaction and the tip seems to have mushroomed a little bigger than it was before," Chelsea responded, her heart nearly racing out of her chest.

"That was most certainly a penile throb that we just witnessed. We'll know for sure here in a second, if a big wet spot starts to form on the tip."

The mother's hearts were beating a mile-a-minute as they both stared at the crown of Henry's penis. Just as Sandi had predicted, a wet-spot began to soak through the fabric of his pants on the peak of his cock.

Chelsea quickly texted her. "You were right. His pre-ejaculate is staring to soak through his pants."

"That means he's not just hard, Chelsea…he's aroused ," Sandi replied.

Henry wasn't oblivious to the fact that his mom and Sandi Parker were staring at his package.

He was well endowed, with a penis that was nearly nine-inches long when fully erect, so he was proud to show it off. Plus, he knew the rules of the priesthood, and that his parents hadn't had sex in years. He knew his mom must be secretly craving a big dick like his.

After the sermon they stood to file out of the rows. Standing behind his mom, Henry ‘accidentally’ bumped her thick ass several times with the tip of his boner as they made their way our of the building.

"Such a beautiful sermon, wasn't it?" Sister Charity asked them as she stood just outside the church.

"Inspiring!" Chelsea replied, even though she hadn't listened to a word of it. Her mind was too occupied by what was going on beneath her son's pants.

"I'm not sure if he told you, but Henry and I had a chat before the meeting," Charity said.

"He's interested in the sexual education sessions and is completely comfortable with you joining."

"Really?" Chelsea asked, then looked over at her son. "Are you sure, honey? I don't wanna make it seem awkward by me being there."

"No, it's fine," the boy replied. "Sister Charity said that you could probably give some valuable input."

"Well…sure, I mean, I'll help out in any way I can."

"Great!" Charity beamed. "How does tomorrow afternoon at 3 sound?"

"We'll be there," the mother assured her.

Teddy had to stay and attend to his church duties, so the mother took her two children home.

She turned to her son when they stepped in the door. "Henry, can we chat in your room?" she asked.

"Sure, mom," he answered.

The teen followed his mom upstairs and Chelsea could practically feel his eyes on her meaty buttocks the whole time.

When they arrived in his bedroom, Chelsea closed his door, while her son sat on his bed. "Am I in trouble?" he asked.

"No, but there is an issue I need to discuss with you," she stated.

"What is it?"

"Honey, you can't just go getting erections at church."

"Erections?"

"Yes, erections, Henry. Your penis was hard during Father Hanson's entire sermon," the mother chided.

"Oh, I guess I didn't really notice."

"Well I did, especially when you were poking it against my butt while we were walking out."

"Oh," the boy muttered, realizing that he was actually getting another boner, while glancing down at the swell of his mom's huge tits. "Sorry, I guess I didn't realize it was touching you."

His mom fed him a doubtful look. "I have a hard time believing that. Tomorrow you'll get a session with Sister Charity and she'll probably teach you that there's a time and place for those sorts of things and it's not at or during church," his mom chided.

"Well, good thing I'm not at church anymore then," Henry stated, glancing at his crotch.

"Henry!" his mom exclaimed, looking down at it.

"What? It’s not like I can prevent them, mom."

"No, but we're standing in your bedroom talking. Why's it getting erect."

She noticed her son's eyes drift up her body, starting with her dainty feet, with their painted toenails that were arched in her mules. "Better yet, forget it…I probably shouldn’t know," she stated, then walked out.

Chelsea went to her bathroom, stripped naked and masturbated furiously, while laying on the floor. Despite how she tried, she couldn't shake the image of her boy's monster erection.

She had brought her pillow in the bathroom with her, so she could use it to muffle her orgasmic screams.

"Maybe it's NOT a good idea for me to sit in on Sister Charity's sessions!" she thought, knowing anything sex-related might trigger her sexually. "No, I'm going! Sister Charity needs me to be there to offer input and support. I just need to maintain my composure and keep my own feelings at the door."

Sister Charity had her own private office at the church. It was 3pm sharp when she received a knock at her door. She answered, wearing her traditional robe and veil. "Chelsea, Henry…come in!" she cheerfully greeted.

She closed the door and turned the lock, then led them over to the sofa in her office. "Please, be seated. Would the two of you like some water?"

"I'm fine, thank you," Chelsea replied.

"I'm OK too," said Henry.

Charity sat in a comfy chair across from them and looked directly at the boy. "Henry, as you know, I have a boy your same age…Noah."

"Yeah, Noah and I are friends."

"I know you are, and you're both at a similar place in your sexual development. Recently, Noah had sexual intercourse with a girl for the very first time, and soon you will be too, if you haven't already???"

Both Charity and his mom stared at the teen, waiting for his response. "No…I um, haven't had sex with anyone yet?" he timidly muttered.

"He's a virgin. I wasn't expecting that," Chelsea thought.

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of. You'll lose your virginity at the time and place that God sees fit," she assured him. "It's important, however, that you have the knowledge and skills to engage in sexual activities effectively and responsibly. Sex is a powerful gift, Henry, that our Holy Father has bestowed up on."

"Alright," the boy nodded. He felt his mom take his hand and squeeze it reassuringly.

"There are two components that are necessary for sexual intercourse," Charity explained. "A penis, which is something God gave males, like yourself, and vaginas, which were bestowed upon females, like your mother and I."

She glanced down at Henry's bulge. "A man's penis becomes erect, which is what allows him to penetrate the vagina and spill his seed inside a woman. Is your penis erect right now, Henry?"

He glanced at his mother, reluctant to answer. "Yes…sorry!" he muttered.

"His penis has been erect a lot here lately," Chelsea added.

"It's ok for your penis to be erect at the appropriate times, Henry, and this is one of them," Charity noted.

"It is?"

"Yes…this is a time of learning. A safe time and a safe place. Why don't you stand up and remove your pants, so your mother and I can point out the important parts of your male anatomy and how they function."

Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. "Is she serious?! She wants him to take out his penis…here?" she asked herself.

Henry stood up and removed his pants, while Sister Charity joined his mother on the couch, so they sat side by side. The women's eyes widened as they watched the boy's hardon spring from his briefs, pointing at an upward angle in full hardness. "My goodness, Henry… the good Lord has certainly blessed you with a large, healthy penis," the Sister exclaimed.

"It gets this way a lot," the teen confessed.

"Yes, we noticed, honey," Chelsea smirked. "I was just explaining to Henry yesterday that there are certain times and places where having an erection may not be appropriate," the mother said, mesmerized by his erect dick.

"While that's true in theory, sexual arousal can happen just about anywhere…and a male, especially Henry's age, is powerless to stop a penile erection, once it starts," the Sister explained.

"That's true, I suppose. He was really struggling with one during church yesterday."

"What was it that got you so erect in church, Henry?" Charity asked. "Did you see an attractive female that got you aroused?"

Henry glanced at his mom, knowing that SHE was that attractive female. His mom knew it too. "Yes ma'am," he muttered.

"Was it one of the Anderson girls? They are quite beautiful and have large breasts."

"No…I mean, they are beautiful, like you said, but it wasn't them," the boy answered.

Charity noticed his eyes drift to the swell of his mother's breasts for a moment. "Oh, I see now. No need to be embarrassed, Henry. It's actually quite common for a mother's body to capture her boy's eyes during church."

"It is?"

"Of course. A mother's legs…her feet in their heels…her heavy breasts. All of those things can make a boy aroused."

"True," Henry agreed.

"Tell me…were you fantasizing about having sexual intercourse with your mother, while at church?"

Henry peeked over to see his mom looking right back at him, waiting for his answer. "If I said yes, would I get in trouble?" he asked.

The mother sat there for a moment, awkwardly contemplating his question. "Well, I don't want you to think you're gonna get in trouble by being honest…so no, no matter what you say you won't be in trouble, I promise," Chelsea assured him.

"In that case…yes, I WAS having those fantasies," he confessed.

Chelsea got a wild tingling in her belly. Even though she suspected her boy was having inappropriate thoughts about her, hearing him admit to it made it seem so much more real.

"Tell us about your fantasy, Henry. Were the two of you at home, alone together?" the Sister asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"We're you on top of your mom, on your parent's bed perhaps… having rough, passionate sex together?"

"Uh-huh."

"Henry, thank you for being honest. It makes my job as a teacher so much easier when a boy is as transparent as you are," Chastity said, then looked at his mother. "Chelsea, would you mind speaking to me out in the hallway for moment?"

"Sure," the mother answered, then followed Sister Charity out of her office, so they could speak in private.

"Thank you for setting your judgements aside and letting Henry confess his true feelings," the sister said.

"Of course. I'm here to listen and help the best I can…not scold him."

"In that case, how would you feel about being naked in front of Henry?" Charity boldly asked.

"Na…naked?"

"Yes. I think it would be appropriate, even in God's eyes, for his mother to be the model for a lesson in female anatomy."

Charity glanced down the hallway, towards her husband's office. "Sister Charity, I appreciate your willingness to have me involved,

but I'm not so sure Teddy would be alright with what you're suggesting."

"Oh, well you certainly seemed ok with remaining in the room, while your son was naked,"

Charity pointed out. "And you did just say that you were here to help the best you can, did you not?"

"Yes, but…I AM his mother. I doubt God would look too favorable on me for being naked in front of him."

"So what you're saying is that my suggestion, as a sister in the church, is unholy?"

"No, no…I didn't mean that, it's just…"

"It's fine, Chelsea," Charity smiled. "Perhaps you're much to timid for this task anyway. I'll just ask one of the other mothers in the congregation to help me out."

Chelsea felt suddenly jealousy at that suggestion. "No…I'll do it," she muttered.

This got a big smile from the sister. "You'll do it? Are you sure?" she asked.

"Yes. It IS just for educational purposes after all. God knows what our true intentions are, right?"

"Yes he does."

Henry's cock twitched at the sound of his mom and Sister Charity's heels CLICKING against the hard floor. Because her gown was so long, the boy couldn't see Charity's heels. However, his mom's he could see, and they were sexy as hell. Chelsea's dainty feet, with

their freshly painted toenails, were arched wonderfully in four-inch mules that complimented the color of her dress.

"Chelsea, before you sit, why don't you take off Henry's shirt, so he can be completely naked for us," Chastity asked.

"Sure," the mother said awkwardly, then lifted her boy's shirt off. She fed him a little smile as they stood there a foot apart with his long erection pointed at her. Her heart skipped a beat as her eyes drifted down his chiseled torso to his jutting erection, which stuck out as stiff as a tree branch.

"Henry, why don't you sit down here between your mother and I, and let's talk about your penis," Charity suggested.

The boy sat down on the sofa and Chelsea sat down next to him, she became conscious of how aroused she was getting. Her nipples were thick and erect and her vagina was incredibly moist.

"There you go," the sister whispered. "Now lean back, so your boner can rest on your abdomen."

Henry's heart raced excitedly as he sat between the two beautiful women, watching them gaze down at his stiff peter.

"A man's penis is made up of so many wonderful parts, but there's three basic areas that are the most important to remember. The balls, the shaft and the glans," the sister instructed.

"I'll be explaining the function of the first two, then we'll let your mom talk about the importance of your bell tip."

Henry peeked up and shared an awkward, but eager smile with his mom.

He gasped as he felt the sister's hand gently clasp one of his plump nuts. "The balls, or testicles are like storage tanks for your sperm,"

she said, then looked over at his mom.

"Chelsea, why don't you handle the other one."

The mother nervously reached down and took her teen's testicle in her hand. Her fingers explored the plump nut as the sister continued speaking.

"Your balls are emptied upon ejaculation, but quickly refill, as your body produces fifteen-thousand sperm every second."

"Wow, that's a lot," the boy gasped, watching their pretty hands squeeze on his nuts.

"It is a lot," Chastity agreed. "That's why your balls feel so full, Henry. Right now there are probably billions of sperm in your testicles, waiting for a chance to serve their purpose, which is to impregnate a woman."

"I don't ever remember Teddy's balks being this big," the mother thought as she dug her long nails into her boy's tender nut.

They watched the teen's dick flex in reaction to the way their hands were massaging his big nuts. Charity slowly slid her fist up around the base of his thick dick. "The second important area of your genitalia is your shaft. The length of it will determine your depth of penetration inside a female vagina. I will say, Henry, that you look to be at least nine-inches, which means you'll have no problem fully penetrating ANY female," Charity told him.

Chelsea’s let out a heavy breath as she thought about what it must be like to have such a cock thundering through her.

The mother's hand followed the sister's, circling up around the meaty stalk. She couldn't believe how warm and thick it felt. There was simply no way she could get her entire hand around the thick meat of his erection.

"I have noticed, in the locker- room shower, than I'm bigger than most of the guys," Henry stated proudly.

His mom gave him a pleased smile. "You should feel proud and grateful that God has blessed you with such a large…perfectly-formed penis, honey," she stated.

"That's true, Henry," Charity added. "With a penis like yours, you'll have an overwhelming number of females pursuing you for coitus."

"I won't mind that!"

Both women giggled at his comment. "You best be careful, young man. You don't need to be getting a bunch of women pregnant with this thing," Chelsea warned.

The teen watched in utter fascination as the two hands circling his prick subtly pumped up and down. A dollop of pre-cum drooled from his piss-slit.

Charity was quick to point it out. "Look at that, Henry. Pre-ejaculate has seeped up from your balls and is weeping from the tip. It makes wonderful lubricant on your glans. Chelsea, why don't you show him."

The mother's heart was beating a mile a minute. She released her grip on his shaft and slipped her fist over his engorged tip. Her hand made a lewd, creamy sound as it stroked his fat bulb, with the aid of his slippery pre-cum. "Your glans are the most sensitive part of your penis," she whispered. "This is the part that slips through the pink walls of a woman's vagina first and experiences the most friction."

"The friction it's getting now sure feels good," Henry admitted, while peeking over at the swell of his mom's heaving breasts. He could clearly see the fat nubs of her tumescent nipples poking out from beneath her clothing.

"Does that mean she's turned on?" he thought.

Sister Charity slowly stroked his shaft, while Chelsea continued to massage his slippery crown. His mom continued explaining the function of his knob. "Honey, when you ejaculate, your sperm will flow through the slit of your knob and into a woman's vagina, but you don't wanna shot off to quickly. God has given us females the ability to orgasm also."

"That's right," the Sister smiled, tugging on his stiff prick. "And it often takes a big, strong erection like yours to make that happen, Henry. That's why it's important that you develop something called… staying power."

"Staying power?"

His mom explained. "Honey, staying power is the ability for a boy to have intercourse for awhile, maybe even hours, without submitting to his urge to ejaculate."

"How do I get more of that?"

"Well, Henry, I'm glad you asked," Charity interjected. "A boy improves his staying power through practicing a technique called 'edging.' Edging is when you bring yourself right to the brink of cumming, then slow down and let it subside," Charity explained. "Would you like your mom and I to show you how to edge your penis, then you can practice on your own at home, while you masturbate?"

"Sure," Henry replied, then looked at his mom, "if that's alright?"

Chelsea fed him a reassuring smile. "It's all being done for the purpose of helping you, honey. God knows our hearts are in the right place. So if Sister Charity believes that edging you is the right thing to do, then we should do it."

"Ok, then," he agreed, with a anxious smile. The boy stared down his chiseled torso at the two pretty hands that were working him off. He marveled at their long painted fingernails and how they squeeze and pulled at his tender erection so skillfully.

The two women adjusted their body position, turning so they were facing each other on each side of him. Their fists whipped up and down the boy's jutting prick with corkscrew strokes.

Chelsea's hand was on the upper-half, while Charity's was wrapped around the thick base.

"Stimulate his frenulum," the sister whispered to Henry's mother.

Chelsea stuck her thumb up and let it plow against the band of her son’s sensitive frenulum.

This made Henry shudder in pleasure. "My goodness, he's just SO hard!" the mother huffed, while stroking rhythmically. Her tongue slipped out and licked her lips almost involuntarily as she watch his fat purple knob slip wetly through her pumping fist. Chelsea was getting so sexually aroused that she could feel the fuck-oil seeping from her cuntal crevice .

"Forgive me Lord, but I can't even imagine how good that thing would feel inside me!" she thought, marveling at just how sturdy and muscular her boy's cock looked, even while being vigorously jerked by their hands.

Henry could see both his mom and Sister Charity's mammoth mounds jumping around beneath their gowns while they stroked him. He always had a hard time judging the size of the Sister's breasts beneath her nun’s gown, but now that he could see them shift around heavily he knew they must rival the size of his mom’s giant tits.

"I’m feeling really good!" the boy announced; his dick tingling exquisitely.

"Let us know right before you’re ready to cum, Henry," Charity advised, pumping at his thick shaft.

"I'm ready right now!"

Both the sister and his mom stopped stroking, releasing his prick and letting it spring back against his abdomen. "Good job!" Charity shouted. "Let the sperm settle back into your balls now, Henry."

Both women had their eyes fixed to his cock as the boy struggled to regain his breath. "You can see his glans throbbing," Chelsea excitedly whispered.

"Yes…look how the ridge of his knob has mushroomed out," Charity added.

"I think he's gonna spurt some," Henry's mother giggled.

"Maybe just a little."

Henry's penis twitched and a bubbling gob of semen oozed out of his peter-tip. "Sorry," he sighed.

"Oh, honey, it's ok," his mom cooed, rubbing his thigh tenderly.

"Don't apologize, Henry. It's normal for a little bit of semen to escape during edging. As long as it's not a full-blown ejaculation your fine," the sister consoled.

"So that didn't count as cumming?"

"Oh, honey, no," his mom answered. "When you cum your penis will spurt out big long ropes of ejaculate. That was only a tiny spurt you just had. It was caused by powerful contractions beneath the root of your erection."

"Would you feel comfortable edging yourself now, Henry?" Charity asked.

"Yes, I think I could."

"Good. Now that we've discussed your penis, I'd like to move on to female anatomy. Tell me…have you ever seen a naked woman before?" Charity asked. "Not on TV or the internet. I'm talking about a real naked woman, in the flesh."

"Oh, um…a real one? No," he answered.

"We didn't think so. For that reason, your mother has agree to assist in your learning by getting completely nude for you today, so you can see a female's sexual body parts."

Henry could hardly believe his ears. The first naked woman he'd get to see in real life would be the one who'd given birth to him. The woman he'd been fantasizing about for years.

His mom looked at him questioningly. "Are you alright with that, honey? I mean, I know it would help you, but I don't have to take my clothes off, if you don't feel comfortable with it."

"No, I do feel comfortable with it!" he blurted.

"Alright, as long as you're sure," Chelsea stated as she stood up off the couch.

First, the red-headed mother slipped her sexy feet from her heels and pushed them aside.

Then, she unbuttoned her dress. Henry gasped out-loud and his boner jumped on his crotch as he watched his mom slip out of her dress, so she was now only in her underwear. As big as it was, her embroidered black bra looked much to small for her monstrous breasts. Pounds of creamy, bulging tit-flesh was spilling out the cups.

The boy marveled at her mile-long cleavage; a fleshy cavern that could easily swallow his entire head.

"Holy wow! They look even bigger in just her bra!" the boy thought.

His mom's panties were bikini-style. She had a well-formed crotch, with puffy outer lips, that came together to form a delicious camel-toe.

The boy's heart raced as she reached around to unfasten her bra. Chelsea tugged at thick straps, releasing the row of hooks. Her melonous boobs sprung from the flimsy sling and rested wobblingly on her chest. Henry never imagined that such huge, thick-textured areolar-

rings would cap his mom's tits. Even though she hadn't nursed in years they were dotted with Montgomery tubercles. Her nipples were long and rubbery, clearly engorged from arousal.

She flashed him a little smile, while hooking her thumbs beneath the elastic waistband of her panties. She shucked them down her lovely legs and stepped out of them. Henry took a big excited gulp as he stared at his mom's mons pubis. A neatly-trimmed patch of pubic hair crowned her vulva. Chelsea had prominent inner lips of labium that extended slightly from between her puffy outer flanges.

"Wow!" the boy muttered.

"Get used to it, Henry," Charity said with a wicked smile. "You'll soon be seeing lots of girls this way."

"Yes, maybe…but probably not ones with boobs that big."

"Not necessarily true," his mom smiled blushingly. "A lot of girls at your school are pretty heavy up top, honey."

"THAT heavy though?" her boy asked, staring at her giant rack.

"OK, Maybe not quite as big as me, but still pretty large."

"Do you like huge, heavy breasts on a girl, Henry?" the Sister asked.

"Yeah, they look really soft and squishy."

"Chelsea," Charity asked, looking over at the mother, "would you be OK with him squeezing them, just so he can know what big breasts feel like?"

The mother seemed a bit reluctant, but nodded. "Sure, if it's for learning purposes that should be ok," she replied.

"Henry, why don't you stand up then. Perhaps the two of you could start by sharing a hug,"

Charity suggested. "That way Henry can feel what it's like to have big heavy breasts crushed against his chest."

Mother and son embraced for a delicious tit-squashing hug. Henry had never felt anything so wonderfully warm, soft and spongy against him. Her hardened nipples prodded against his flesh teasingly. When they separated, the teen stared at his mom's huge ballooning knockers like a kid in a candy store.

"Go ahead, honey…you can squeeze on them," his mom softly assured him.

Henry reached out and took two great-big handfuls of tit-flesh. His fingers sunk into his mom's fatty boobs, getting a sense of their immense size and weight. He looked up at his mom a moment to see her giving him a blushing smile.

"Are these the two things that are getting you erect while we’re at home?" she asked teasingly.

"Uh-huh," he responded.

Charity stood beside them, watching the boy handle his mother's oversized boobs. "A woman's breasts play an important part in sex between two people, Henry," she said.

"Why's that?" he asked.

"A woman gets aroused by having her breasts squeezed and sucked on. When she gets aroused, slippery sexual fluid will secrete from her vaginal walls. This will aid in lubricating a man's penis during sexual intercourse."

"Can I try sucking?" Henry brazenly asked, looking up into his mom's eyes.

Chelsea seemed stupefied for a moment. It wasn't that she didn't want him to. She desperately did. Having her tits sucked on was one of the things she missed the most about sex. However, she wasn't sure if that was stepping too far over the line. She looked at Sister Chastity for guidance. "Is that ok?"

"For the sake of education, I believe God would understand," she answered. "Why don't the two of you move back to the sofa, where you can be more comfortable while Henry sucks on your nipples."

Chelsea sat down first. Her knockers bobbled as her ass hit the cushion. She looked at her boy and patted her lap. "Come lay your head down, honey," she softly invited.

Henry was quick to comply, sprawling across the couch and laying his head on his mom's lap.

Before he knew it, her engorged nipple was lowered to his mouth and he began sucking.

Chelsea clenched her toes as a powerful surge of arousal swept through her sexy body. Her boy's entire face was smothered beneath

her tit. His mouth was circled around the fringe of her areola, so he could gorge himself on the flesh of her papilla.

The mother looked down at her son's hard pink dick as it bobbed stiffly on his loins. "My goodness he's just…beautiful!" she thought, watching his hips squirm. Pre-jizz dripped from his peter-hole showing his arousal-level.

"Ohhh, look how excited he is," Charity beamed, kneeling down on the floor next to the boy.

"He can hardly keep his hips still," the mother giggled, fascinated by his humping movements.

"That's because a boy's sexual instinct is to thrust. He's inadvertently going through the motions of sexual intercourse."

"He's leaking a lot from the tip too," Chelsea observed, staring at her boy's cock-head. "I don't think his penis has lost one bit of it's rigidity."

"Teenage erections usually don't," the Sister stated. "Once they become engorged with blood they can remain completely turgid for hours."

"That's SO amazing!" the mother exclaimed, staring at her boy's boner with goo-goo eyes.

She was like someone who'd been food deprived staring at a juicy sirloin steak.

They watched his dick throb and twitch, making another gob of pre-spunk drool from his meatus. "More goo!" his mom giggled, then gasped from the feel of her boy sucking hard at her nipple.

"Yes, he has a healthy flow of pre-ejaculatory fluid. That'll make him VERY effective at making babies."

"Because of pre-cum's high PH levels, right?" Chelsea asked.

"Exactly! The vagina’s PH is highly acidic. A high volume of pre-ejaculate will change those levels and promote sperm survival."

"Sounds like my son has a penis made for breeding," Chelsea stated with a smile, while watching her boy slowly thrust his pecker up and down. "And he's certainly got the moves to go along with it."

"Sucking on your nipples is highly stimulating him. Why don't we put our hands back on his erection, to offer some relief," Charity suggested.

Henry snarled with lust, gasping for air, since his entire face was sunk down into the squishy softness of his mom's tit. He felt their hands around his prick, beating it's tender length with perfect corkscrew strokes.

He suctioned his cheeks, pulling more flesh into his mouth. His tongue lashed around, beating against the rubbery nub of his mom's distended nipple.

"Such a big hard boy!" his mom's voice cooed, staring at his cock.

"Ready for wild sexual intercourse!" Charity added.

"Whoever it’s with will get SO much pleasure!" Chelsea stated. "I just know he'll have them crying out in ecstasy!"

"Is your mother right, Henry?" the Sister asked. "Are you gonna provide women with wild orgasms? Are you going to make them bathe your prick in their female ejaculations?"

Their hot words and squeezing strokes were making the boy's dick tingle with wonderful sensations. They could tell by the frantic pumping of his hips that he was about to cum, so they stroked him faster. "Someone's about spurt I think!" Charity announced.

"Do you want me to cover it with my hand?" Chelsea quickly asked, since her circled fist was closest to his tip.

"No, let this handsome boy throw his ropes into the air!" Chastity responded.

No sooner did she say that then Henry let out a guttural grunt and a huge geyser of cock-

cream erupted from his penis. The two women watched in lustful fascination as a half-dozen cords of semen pulsed from his piss-slit, rising high into air before splashing down onto the teen. The boy whimpered against his mom's big tit as he felt their experienced hands milk his load out.

After they cleaned Henry up and got dressed, Sister Charity led them to the door. "I'll see you both in two days for our next lesson," she informed them.

"Thank you, sister," Chelsea muttered sweetly.

"Yeah, thanks," Henry added, still in shock by what had just happened.

On their way out they ran across Henry's dad in the hallway. "Hey, what are you two doing here?" he asked.

Both Chelsea and her son had guilt written all over their faces. "Sister Charity is working with Henry on some things…and um, I was just sitting in to offer any assistance if she needed it," his wife explained.

"Oh, that Sister Charity… always so generous to share her time and her wisdom," Teddy remarked. "Speaking of time, that reminds me… I have some missionary work to assist with this evening, so I'll be home later than usual."

"That's fine, honey," his wife smiled. "I'll keep a plate of food in the microwave for you."

There was an awkward silence as Henry and his mom drove home. Chelsea finally peeked over at him. "You don't feel bad…about what we did today, do you, honey?" the mother asked.

"No…you and Sister Charity were just helping me, right?"

"That's right. Like she said…you're just at a tough age and it's important that you have the information and knowledge that you need to feel confident around girls."

"That's true."

"Even though in God's eyes we were doing nothing wrong, it's probably better that you not talk about what went on today with anyone, ok?"

"Sure, mom…I won't say anything to anyone."

"You're an angel," she stated with a warm smile.

After serving dinner that evening and helping her daughter with her homework, Chelsea soaked in a hot bath. She couldn't help but stroke her clit and get herself off in the tub to thoughts of what had occurred earlier that day.

Once out of the tub, she did her hair and makeup, then sprayed herself with a little perfume.

"I'm just saying goodnight to Henry. You'd think I was going on a date or something," she told herself.

She went to her closet and pulled out a colorful garment, looking at it in contemplation. "I couldn't possibly wear this, could I?" she thought.

"Studying for your test?" the mother asked as she stood in her son's doorway a short time later.

Henry was hardly able to answer as he took in what his mom was wearing. It was a turquoise robe made of sheer mesh. Easily the most revealing thing she had ever worn in front of him and she was clearly naked beneath it. "Yeah…for my, um…English test," he muttered, as his eyes drifted down her freshly shaved legs.

"Need any help?" she asked.

He certainly wanted to see more of her body, so he agreed to letting her help him.

"I hope you're OK with me wearing this in front of you?" his mom asked, stepping towards his bed. "I figured it would probably be good for you to see something like what a girl might wear for you sometime."

"I like it a lot," the boy confessed, while watching his mom's heavy breasts tremble with her every step.

Chelsea joined him on the bed, curling her legs to the side in a sexy seated position. She examined the papers he was studying, while letting her son gawk at her scantily clad body.

"It's nearly ten years old," the mother muttered.

"What is?"

"The robe I'm wearing. The last time I wore it was when your father and I were trying to get me pregnant with your sister."

"Why so long ago?"

"Well, intimacy isn't something your father and I share much these days, honey," she answered.

"Because of the ministry?"

"Yes. It's ok though…I know your father's doing the Lord's work and that's what's most important," Chelsea said unconvincingly.

"You must miss it though?" Henry asked.

"Intimacy?"

"Yes."

"Well, sure…I miss it, but it's just the way God wants it, so I accept that," the mother shared.

"What do you miss most about it?" Henry asked.

"I guess the closeness and that feeling of just…being connected."

Henry watched her readjust her silky legs. While doing so, he got a glimpse between her smooth thighs. It was just long enough to see that she had shaved her pussy. "Holy smokes! She got rid of the hair down there!" he excitedly thought.

The teen decided since his mom was being so open that he'd pry a little deeper. "Did you have a favorite way you liked to do it?" he asked.

Chelsea smiled, a bit surprised by his question. "A favorite…position you mean?"

"Yeah."

"Probably doggy," she answered with a slight blush.

"How does that one work?" Henry asked, although he already knew, he just wanted to hear his mom describe it.

"Well…in the doggy position, a woman is on her hands and knees, and the guy is, um…mounting her from behind," Chelsea explained.

"Mounting her how?"

"Well, just, um…kneeling behind her and penetrating her vagina that way."

"Can you show me?" the boy brazenly asked.

"Show you?" his mom asked in surprise. "Honey, we can't…"

"I don't mean actually have sex. I just mean show me how the position goes, with our clothes on."

"Oh, well…I suppose just for educational purposes there would be no harm in it," she said.

"Get up onto your knees, honey."

While he did that, Chelsea maneuvered up onto her hands and knees. The boy gasped at the site of her luscious ass, which he could clearly see through the transparent mesh robe.

Resting on all fours, the mom's tits nearly spilt out of the gown as their weight pushed against the flimsy fabric. She peeked back over her shoulder. "So, in the doggy position a woman is on all-fours, like this," she stated.

"So, what do I do?" Henry asked, playing stupid.

"Come up behind me and hold my hips."

Henry paused for a moment and stared at his mom's posterior. The buns of her rounded ass were slightly spread, allowing him a peek at the pink crinkled ring of her asshole. Below that were the outer lips of her vulva, closed up like a fleshy clamshell. He scooted forward

and bumped his erect crotch against her meaty buttocks. "Like this?" he asked.

"Yep, this is pretty much it. Once a man's penis is inside… the rest is just thrusting."

Henry began to hump his crotch against his mom's butt, simulating a doggy-fuck. "Thrusting by the guy, right?" he asked.

"No, not always," his mom answered as she began humping her ass back against him. "A woman can thrust too."

"Oh, cool!" the boy gasped, watching the rounded cheeks of his mom's ass ripple as they beat against his midsection.

"You'll get lots of girls wanting you to do them this way," the mother stated, smiling back at him.

"I certainly won't mind that."

"I bet you won't," Chelsea giggled. Their bodies continued to smack together as neither one of them seemed in any hurry to stop. "A lot of girls like their asses slapped in this position," the mother pointed out.

"Can I slap yours…just for practice."

"Oh dear God, am I really gonna let him slap my ass?" she thought.

"Just for practice," his mom reiterated. "Pull my robe up over my buttocks."

Henry did as she said, exposing her lovely derriere. Her fleshy half-globes continued to hump back against him, meeting his thrusts. "Ok…give it a good slap, honey!" she directed.

Henry drew his hand back, then smacked her ass hard, making her butt-meat ripple. "Can I do it again?" he excitedly asked.

"Yes, once more!" the mother answered, becoming more sexually aroused by the second.

A loud SMACK reverberated through his bedroom as Henry's hand made contact with his mom's ass again.

"We should probably, um…stop now, honey," the mother suggested as she lowered down into the sitting position on his mattress.

"You're right though…that is a cool position."

"I've always thought so," Chelsea blushed. "I'm sure you'll have plenty of opportunities to enjoy it with your future conquests," she winked.

"My friends all talk about the cowgirl position, but I don't know much about that one either."

"Oh, well…that's a position where the woman's on top," Chelsea explained. "She straddles a man…like a horse and rides him that way."

"Wow, that one sounds cool too. Can you show me?"

"As long as we're both clear on why I'm doing this. It's just for learning purposes," his mom sternly reminded him, while rising up onto her knees.

"Of course," the boy replied, then sprawled out onto his back.

The mother gawked at the big tubular-shaped bulge beneath his underwear. A question popped from her mouth almost without thinking. "Did you wanna take your briefs off?"

Henry could hardly believe his ears. He certainly wasn't gonna say no to that one. "Sure," he answered, then quickly removed what was left of his clothing, releasing his big dick.

"You’re playing with fire here, Chelsea," the mother warned herself, knowing that her pussy was naked also.

Chelsea threw her leg across his midsection, then planted her knees astride his hips. When her heated vulva made contact with the boy's erection, they both gasped in unison.

Henry's eyes were as big around as silver dollars as he gazed up his mother's torso. The turquoise robe was so transparent that she might as well have been wearing nothing at all.

From this vantage point especially, her boobs looked absolutely ginormous. They ballooned out from her chest, her nipples thick and erect. His mom peeked down at him over her boobies and smiled. "Now can you see why your friends talk about this one so much?" she asked.

"Yes…totally!"

"I can show you what women do in this position, but first…we should point your erection back behind me, so it doesn't accidentally slip in," she suggested, rising up a bit.

Henry reached down and moved his boner, so it pointed backwards through the crack of his mom's ass. "Like that?" he asked.

"Perfect!"

Chelsea began moving up and down as if she were riding her son's cock. "A woman can do it sitting upright, like this," she said, then leaned down and rested her extended arms astride her son's head. "Or, in more of a leaning position, this way."

The wonder-stricken teen gawked at his mom's fat tits as they bobbled right above his face, threatening to slip free from the gap in her robe. He gazed down his torso and could see his mom's naked

vulva humping against his lower abdomen, leaving little wet marks. "I like this one!" he said with excited breath.

"Me too!" his mother answered with obvious sexual excitement in her voice.

The boy's dick suddenly sprung back and slapped against him and his mom's pussy-lips mashed down against it. "Oops!" he muttered.

His mom giggled. "That's ok, honey…we'll be careful," she stated, continuing to hump against it. She looked over at his door. "Speaking of being careful…we should probably throw your blanket over the top of us, just in case your sister were to come in."

"That's true," Henry agreed. His mom grabbed his comforter and draped it over them, so they became shrouded in near darkness. Now her body seemed to really be moving with heated intensity. Henry felt the squishy swell of her big tits squashed down around his neck as the two of them began to writhe wildly.

"Lord, help me, he's so hard!" the mother's brain swirled as she dry-humped her son's cock.

Her cunt-lips were flanked around his shaft and her fleshy prepuce had retracted back, mashing the bulb of her glans against her boy's thick, muscular cock.

Henry sighed with delight. The feel of her big sloshing tits wasn't the only thing registering in his brain. The hot, slick wetness of his mom's cuntal flesh, grinding against his cock, felt divine.

"Wow!" he whimpered, listening to his mother pant lustfully as she humped shamelessly on top of him.

Out of nowhere he felt her lips on his, kissing him tenderly. At first they were quick and innocuous, but soon they became more passionate and their tongues began making contact.

Henry's knob slid past his mom's cuntal opening, coming dangerously close to slipping in.

Once again, his peter-tip became lodged in the mouth of her vestibule, feeling her searing juices. This time, his knob began to inch inside of her vagina.

Suddenly, they were nearly startled out of the skin by a knock at the door. "Chelsea, are you in there?" Her husband asked.

The mother was so out of breath from the thrill of what just happened she could hardly answer. "Yes, honey, I'm um…helping Henry study for a test. I'll be right out. Dinner's in the microwave."

"Alright, thanks, hon," he replied.

Henry peeked up from the pocket of his mom's enormous cleavage. "Can we do this a little longer, while he's eating?" he asked.

"Honey, no, it's much too risky," she answered, climbing off of him. "Besides, I can't let your father see my in this," she continued, closing her mesh robe. "I need to get to my bedroom before he comes back upstairs."

Henry reached down and squeezed his hard prick, while watching his mom rush towards his door. He could clearly see her naked buttocks undulating beneath the robe as she walked.

Chelsea paused at his door and peeked out to make sure her husband wasn't out there, then she looked over at her boy. Her eyes immediately went to the cock that he was gently stroking. The site of him doing that nearly made her melt with desire. "Pull one out, ok?" she softly said.

"Pull one out?"

"A cum-load. Pull one out of your balls for me tonight."

"Oh, right, um…sure!" the boy nodded.

"And, be sure to finish studying for your test, ok?" she said softly.

"Sure, mom," the boy responded, laying there holding his erect cock.

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," Chelsea confessed as she sat in the booth the next day.

"It's been four days since my last confession."

"Our God is one of compassion and forgiveness," Father Hanson's soothing voice responded from the next booth. "Tell me the sin you've committed, dear."

"Last night, my son and I were being…inappropriate and I nearly had sex with him."

"Nearly…but you didn't, I presume?"

"No, only because my husband came home, otherwise I don't know that I would have had the strength to stop myself," Chelsea admitted.

"God gives strength to those who call upon his name. Show remorsefulness and you will be forgiven."

"Thank you, Father."

Later that day, Chelsea sat in the local coffee shop when Sandi Parker walked in.

"Hey, Chelsea…thanks for meeting me here," she whispered as she sat down next to her friend at the table.

"Of course. Is everything alright?" Chelsea asked.

"Yes…I mean, no, not really."

"What's wrong?"

"You're the only one I feel like I can talk to. The only one who understands," Sandi replied.

"You remember I told you about my husband and I's…issue, in the bedroom?"

"I remember."

"Well, I asked him for doggy-style sex again and this time he actually got angry at me for asking."

"Why would he get angry about that?" Chelsea asked.

"Oh, I don't know…probably because I hound him about it three times a day, every day, but the point is I'm at my wits-end here," the mother vented in frustration. "Chelsea, I hope I don't sound like a floozy, but I need to be pounded from behind so bad it's killing me!"

"Well, maybe if you just sit your husband down and explain to him that…"

"No," Sandi interrupted. "I've tried reasoning with him about it. I just can't get through. I know this sounds horrible, but I'm actually starting to entertain the idea of cheating on him."

Chelsea got quiet for a moment as she reflected on how closely she'd come to actually cheating on her own husband.

"Why are you not saying anything?" Sandi asked. "You think I'm terrible, don't you?"

"No, I don't think your terrible. I'm sorry, your problem just reminded me of something I myself am going through right now."

"But I thought you said you and your husband weren't having sex anymore?" Sandi asked.

"We're not, but… Oh, never mind," Chelsea muttered, shaking her head as if too ashamed to discuss it.

"No, what is it? Tell me," Sandi insisted, placing her hand on Chelsea's.

"Just like you've been entertaining the idea of cheating on your husband…I've also been tempted to cheat on Teddy recently."

"Recently?"

"Yes."

"With…anyone in particular?"

Chelsea flashed her a smile. "I think you know," she muttered.

The blonde mother smiled knowingly. "I can't say I blame you. I know he's your son, but he's incredibly handsome…and that penis-bulge, I mean good grief I had to wring my panties out after church the other day."

"Tell me about it."

"Being in a sexless marriage, it can't be easy having such a hot, virile, well-endowed son living under the same roof as you."

"I was fine for the longest time, but Henry has reawakened the sexual beast inside me,"

Chelsea confessed. "I just don't know how long I can go without letting him screw my brains out."

"I know I'm at least getting sex and you're not, but I can totally relate to the hunger you're feeling," Sandi consoled. "I have that same overwhelming desire to be fucked from behind."

Sandi suddenly threw her hand over her mouth. "Oops, sorry…I mean ‘taken’ from behind. If only it were God's will."

"Wait a minute…God's will!" Chelsea blurted.

"What's God's will?"

"I've been assisting Sister Charity in teaching Henry about sexuality. Maybe God is ok with us cheating on our husbands as long as it's for a worthy cause."

"You mean like helping your son learn about sex?"

"Yes. I mean a sex education is about more than just learning it, right? It's about practicing it…preparing Henry and giving him the confidence and skills for a healthy sex life."

Sandi smiled from ear to ear and shook her head. "That doesn't sound at all like something a loving God would object to us helping out with."

The next day, Chelsea, Sandi and Henry went to the appointment to see Sister Charity. "You brought a friend from the congregation this time!" the Sister stated as she greeted them at her office door.

"Good to see you again, Sister," Sandi said, sharing a hug with her.

Henry sat down between his mom and Sandi and Sister Charity smiled across at him from her chair. "Henry, during our last session you learned about the male body. In particular, the penis, and how it functions. Today we're going to be teaching you about the sexual anatomy of a female."

"Cool!" the boy nodded eagerly.

Chastity looked over at the boy's mother. "Chelsea, why don't you go ahead and strip naked for your boy."

Chelsea nodded and stood up without hesitation. "Certainly!" she smiled, while starting to unbutton her blouse.

"Can I get naked too?" Sandi asked.

"Absolutely!" Charity answered. "Tell you what…why don't all three of us get naked, so Henry can see that no two females are built the same."

The boy sat there in wide-eyed disbelief as the three heavy-titted mothers stripped in front of him. They removed their bras and panties, exposing their oversized tits and shaved pussies.

"Henry, why don't you kneel here on the floor. We'll have your mother and Sandi sit on the couch," Charity requested.

"Do I need to keep my clothes on?" Henry asked, as he moved to the floor.

"For now," Charity answered, then looked at the two moms as they sat down. "We're going to have the ladies lean back on the sofa and spread their pretty legs, so they can show you their vaginas."

Henry's jaw dropped as he watched Sandi and his mom scissor their sexy legs open into wide spread-eagles, pointing their dainty bare feet towards opposite sides of the room. Their big knockers drooped slightly off the sides of their chests.

"Look at the differences in their vaginas, Henry," the sister pointed out. "Sandi has big inner lips that extend out past her labia majora. While your mother's vagina looks like a flower about to bloom. You can see how the inner flesh is peeking out along the entire length of her slit."

"That's so cool!" the boy excitedly sighed. His dick was so hard that it hurt.

"Now we'll have the moms peel open their genitalia, so you can see what's going on beneath those fleshy layers."

Sandi and Chelsea used two fingers to spread their labium. Henry's heart about beat out of his chest as he gawked at the fat clits that peeked out from beneath their clitoral hoods.

"A woman's vulva is crowned by the bulb of her clitoral glans. A woman's glans are just like yours, Henry. Smaller, but just as sensitive," Chastity explained.

"They do look like little penis's," the boy observed, making the moms giggle.

"Go over and drag your tongue across their clits. Watch how it gives them pleasure."

Henry crawled over right in front of his mom's splayed cunt. He leaned down and drug his tongue across her engorged love-button, just as the Sister suggested. His mom gasped sharply and shuddered. "Oh wow!" he sighed, looking across the fleshy prepuce of her bare pubis, up her tapered torso to her huge wobbling breasts, admiring the magnificent rounded undersides. "You shaved down here?" he pointed out.

His mother smiled down at him through her curtain of silky red hair. "I did," she proudly agreed.

He moved over to Sandi and brought his nose to her crotch, inhaling the sweet musky aroma of her pudenda. He drug his tongue over her juicy fuck-hole and across the fat bulb of her clitoris. This made the mother gasp and pant with horny desire.

"Would you like to lick my clitoris too, Henry?" Sister Charity asked.

"Could I?"

"God wants you to feel comfortable with all female bodies, so yes, you may."

As the Sister stood next to him, Henry moved over and brought his face to her bare vulva. He let out a lusty snarl as her drug his licker through the folds of her labial flesh and across the grape-sized nubbin of her engorged clitoris.

"Ohh!" the Sister sighed as he stimulated her nerve-endings.

"I like doing that a lot," the boy confessed. His mouth was wet from the juices of all three pussies.

"Good, then you'll love giving a woman oral pleasure," Charity stated. "You've probably heard the boy's at school refer to it as eating pussy."

"Yeah, I have heard them taking about that."

"Among other things, I'm sure," Chelsea teased.

"Right?" Sandi agreed. "Teenage boys love to talk about hot, nasty sex."

"They love to HAVE, hot, nasty sex too," Chastity pointed out. "Would you like to have hot, nasty sex today, Henry?"

"Sure!" the boy excitedly replied.

"Would you like us to strip you naked, so you can slide your long, tender penis inside our vaginas?"

"Wow, would I ever!"

The three women moved in on him like a pack of hungry cougars. Henry was stripped down to his birthday suit in less than a minute. Their eyes stared at his cock like it was a big yummy candy cane. "Chelsea, why don't you take him first," Chastity suggested.

"Come on, honey," the mother said softly, leading him by his arm back over to the couch. She sat back down on the edge of the cushion, leaned back and threw open her legs again. "This is God will," she confidently stated. "He wants me…and all of us to help you learn and feel confident sexually."

"God is great!" the boy stated, then stepped up and fit his knob to his mom's fuck-hole. He thrust his hips, sinking his boner into the hot, slippery snugness of her vaginal sleeve.

"OH, MY GRACIOUS!!" Chelsea cried out, feeling a stiff dick inside her deprived cunt for the first time in many years. It wasn't just any dick. It was the large, meaty cock of her son.

"Thrust into her, Henry!" Chastity urged. "Feel the pleasure that a female body can provide you."

Henry grasped his mom by the waist, so he could really sock it to her. The mother's puffy outer labia beat against her boy's cock-base as Henry fed his prick inside of her with rapid thrusts. His mom's vagina was wonderfully tight from years of neglect, creating amazing friction around his young burrowing dick.

He watched in utter astonishment as Chelsea's big tit-melons swung up and down her chest from the rhythm of their fuck.

It was no surprise that the mother had already reached the peak of a powerful climax. "OH, HENRY, YES!!" she cried out.

"You’re making your mother orgasm, Henry!" Sister Charity announced. "Oh, that's so wonderful!"

Chelsea writhed wildly on the couch, arching her back and squealing as her son brought her off. "Whoa!" the boy sighed, watching his mom's pretty face contort as she threw her long red hair around in ecstasy. He heard her crotch squelch around his cock, then felt a hot

rush of female ejaculate soak his prick and drip from his dangling balls.

"Wanna try THIS position now, Henry?" Sandi asked, pointing her ass back at the boy as she waited on all-fours. She wagged her mommy-buns lewdly. "Wanna try it doggy-style?"

"Sure!" the boy replied, pulling his cock from his mom's cunt and crawling over to Sandi.

Chelsea exchanged a knowing smile with her friend. Finally, Sandi was gonna be pounded from behind, just the way she'd been yearning to have it.

"Fuck my selfish bastard husband!" Sandi wickedly thought. "I have a huge teenage cock to give me the doggy-fuck I've been craving."

Henry's tongue hung from his mouth as he buried his prick inside the hot blonde's cunt and began fucking her from behind savagely. "OH, YES…GIVE IT TO ME!!" Sandi shouted lustfully.

Her huge udders swung wildly to their fuck-rhythm as they dangled from her chest.

Henry watched his steely-hard cock stab in and out of her hot cunt. Sandi's big bubble butt SMACKED wonderfully against his midsection, making her ass-meat ripple on every strike.

"Yes! Hit it, Henry!" Sister Chastity cheered. "Hit it hard! You're doing wonderful!"

For a solid ten minutes the boy pumped his prick into Sandi's cuntal sheath, showing his stamina and making her cry out in orgasmic passion.

"Would you like Sister Charity to ride your loins now, Henry?" the nun asked. "Would you like to feel MY hot vagina from the inside?"

"Sounds good to me!" the boy answered, pulling out of Sandi's juice-soaked pussy and sitting on the sofa. Still wearing her holy bonnet, but nothing else, Chastity straddled the teen, placing her knees firmly astride his hips. She reached down and guided his cock inside of her smoldering cunt.

"OH, LORD IN HEAVEN, DO YOU FEEL GOOD!" she gasped loudly, setting her wide, mature hips in motion.

The sister bounced on his prick, fucking him at a frantic pace, so her peach-shaped ass smacked down on his nuts. Henry smothered his face between her giant tit-pillows, feeling their spongy softness bounce and ripple all around his wonder-filled face.

"Oh, honey…your penis is a real womb-smasher, isn't it?!" the Sister panted.

Sister Charity had a wonderful marriage, with a loving husband who made love to her regularly. However, she truly believed that it was her duty to help boys in the church make that passage into manhood. Over the years she'd had dozens of you young, stiff cocks pounding her snug cunny as she showed them the joys of sexual intercourse.

Henry latched on to one of her swollen nipples, gorging his mouth with distended tit-flesh. He sucked like a hungry infant, while feeling the pleated sleeve of her vagina drag along the surface of his stiff cock.

After ten minutes of bouncing and grinding on the boy, cumming twice and gushing on his prick, Chastity felt a hand on her shoulder. "Can I take over?" Chelsea asked.

"Of course, dear," Charity replied, then crawled off the boy.

Henry gulped excitedly as he watched his mom mount him for a fuck. She grasped his soaking-wet dick and shoved it inside the

heated pit of her cunt. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling his erection slip through the remnants of her hymen and into her cock-grinder.

"I'm SO proud of you, Henry!" the mother gasped as she began riding her boy like a rodeo queen.

The teen panted in wide-eyed wonder, staring at the giant mommy-melons leaping up and down Chelsea's chest. Her beautiful fiery-red hair whipped around on her shoulders. Her pretty face was masked in pure pleasure, feeling her son's big muscled dick pound through her horny hole.

Even though it had been years since she'd done the devil's dance, it all came back to the mother, just like riding a bicycle. She whipped her lovely ass up and down, enjoying the sensations of her boy's meaty cock as it slipped exquisitely along her pleated cuntal lining.

"Oh, yes…it feels SO good, honey!!" the mother cried out.

Now, with her leaned forward, Henry could really lick and suck on her enormous breasts, while they beat all around his face. He pulled on her rubbery nipples, feeling her cunt-tube clench up around his prick as she reacted to his oral affection.

"Oh my goodness!" his mom's voice quivered. "You suck my breast so good!"

More than once, in the hour they fucked, the boy felt her body quake and her wonderful cuntal nectar gush all over his cock and balls.

"OHH, YESS!" the mom cried out, plowing her pussy up and back in full-penetration.

Henry could feel his unyielding erection stretching her uteri, stirring through the depths of her wonderful cunt. His mom’s body

shuddered and she howled in orgasm, so loudly that Henry worried that his father might hear from his office down the hallway.

Her pussy spasmed violently, milking hard on the aching stiffness of her boy's prick. Henry couldn't hold his wad any longer. He began grunting in pleasure, while spurting his cum-load along the tightly-clasping walls of her pussy-tube. For several more minutes the mother's meaty ass-globes beat against her boy's nuts as she milked his thick slab, pulling every drop of cum into her greedy vagina.

On Sunday morning there was a loud knock at Henry's bedroom door. "Guys, what are you doing in there? We're gonna be late!" Teddy shouted from outside the locked door.

Henry and Chelsea were on the bed fucking. The mother was on her back; had her church dress pulled up, and her smooth, strong mommy-legs harnessed high up around the boy's back. Their genitals smacked wetly together in a heated rhythm and Henry's bed rocked from the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Chelsea, are you guys coming?" her husband asked from outside the door.

"I'm cumming, honey, yess…I'm almost there!" she breathlessly answered, but she wasn't talking about 'coming' to the door. She was talking about 'cumming' on her son's cock.

"I'll be down in the car," Teddy announced.

With his face between his mom's chin and shoulder while he fucked, Henry snarled in sexual delight. The top portion of his mom's dress was open and her bra was pulled up over her tits, so he could feel her fatty knockers crushed against him. He loved the way his mom's thick thighs cradled his midsection, cushioning his every thrust. Her sleek legs clutched on to him, while her dainty high-heels hovered above his back, bobbing to their rhythm. She had obviously been

ready for church, when she and her boy decided to have a hot fuck before the service.

The thick erect stalk of Henry cock pushed rhythmically into his mother’s gripping cunt. Her coital muscles compressed the ribbed tube of her vagina around her boy's dong, making his glans sizzle as they drug along her slippery pink walls.

They kissed passionately; their tongue dueling inside the boy's mouth. They had gotten so good at fucking each other the past two days that they could time their orgasms perfectly and erupt in a mutual climax.

"Ohh, Henry!" Chelsea gasped, struck by a tit-quivering orgasm.

"AHH, MOM!" the teen grunted, thrusting like a madman and pumping his first jet of cum inside her.

Their genital juices swirled together around the pulsing pink meat of their sexual organs. Yes, her husband was waiting in the car, but the mother seemed to be in no hurry, making sure her boy was completely drained. She let out a deep satisfied sigh, more content than she'd been in years. She had her sex life back and her wonderful young partner knew how to pound the shit out of her in ways that her husband never had.

"It’s about time!" Teddy stated as he waited in the car with their daughter. "Did you forget I have a sermon to preach today."

His wife and son hurried towards the car with a freshly fucked glow. "Sorry, I was helping Henry with his tie," the mother lied.

Once at church, Chelsea felt compelled to head for the confessional booth, even though there wasn't much she was feeling guilty for.

"Bless me father for I have sinned," her sexy voice confessed. "It's been three hours since my last confession."

"Three hours?!" the priest asked in disbelief. "That's not very long to go without sinning."

"Yes, I've um…been struggling a lot."

"Struggling with what, dear? What sin have you committed in God's eyes?"

"I had sex with my son, and…"

"And what, dear?"

"And I know it's God's will, so I'm not really sinning."

"God's will?"

"Yes. I'm helping my boy…to reach his true potential as a lover, and I know God is ok with this worthy cause."

"Then no confession is needed. May God bless you both!" Father Hanson's old voice imparted.

THE END

Mom's Unseen Watcher

By Klrxo

Jon's bedroom was next to his parent's bathroom, and he always felt a rush of excitement when he heard the shower running in the evenings. He knew it was his mother who typically took a shower at that time because his dad worked the overnight shift.

With an eager smile, he exclaimed to himself, "It's show time!" and quickly slid out of bed. He crept down the hallway, making sure his siblings didn't catch him sneaking into their parents' bedroom.

As Jon tiptoed down the hallway, he couldn't help but feel a sense of adventure. The thought of entering his parents' room was both thrilling and forbidden. He had always been curious about what secrets lay hidden behind their closed door.

He reached the doorway, his heart pounding in anticipation.

Carefully, he pushed it open, just wide enough for him to squeeze through unnoticed. The warm glow of his mother's bedside lamp illuminated the room, casting long shadows across the walls.

Jon's gaze fell upon the neatly made bed. It seemed odd to him that his parents shared such a large bed when they didn't seem to spend much time in it together, since his father worked the overnight shift.

But his thoughts were interrupted by the sound of running water from the adjoining bathroom.

With newfound determination, he tiptoed toward the en-suite. The door was slightly ajar, steam escaping through the crack like a

mysterious mist. He peeked inside, happy to discover that his mom was still getting undressed.

Jon's blonde-haired mother, Kendra, undressed for her shower until she was left in only her bra and panties. Jon's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's generous curves, her large breasts spilling out of her bra, the delicate lace barely able to contain them.

He couldn't help but stare as she unhooked the bra, her humongous tits bobbling free and settling against her rib cage.

"Damn, mom has big tits," the teen muttered beneath his breath. He marveled at the wide, dusky pink caps crossing the peaks of her tits and the fat, delicious-looking nipples protruding from their centers.

Jon's cock was long and thick, standing at attention in his hand as he pulled it from his shorts. Its plump, pink head glistened in the warm light, a drop of precum already forming at the tip.

Jon saw the delicate lace of his mother's panties, clinging to her hips before she slowly peeled them down, revealing the smooth skin of her shaved vulva. He couldn't help but stare in fascination as her most intimate area was exposed to him.

Kendra's body was a masterpiece, curves and dips in all the right places. Her back was strong and toned, leading to the plump globes of her meaty buttocks, each cheek perfectly round and supple. The steam from the shower enveloped her, making her skin glisten and shine, the water cascading down her huge ballooning tits like a waterfall.

The sight of his mother in the shower, soaping up her body, filled Jon with a sense of awe and desire. He knew it was wrong to be watching her, but he couldn't help himself. Every night, he found himself drawn to the sound of the running water, the call of the forbidden.

As he continued to stroke his jutting cock, he couldn't help but fantasize about his mother. He imagined pumping his teenage rod through her tight pussy, while her boobs swung and bounced all over his young body. His hand was a blur as he pumped his cock, using his pre-cum as lubrication as the passion built up inside of him.

Strangely, Kendra always felt like there were a set of eyes on her when she showered in the evening, but the only one's home were her kids. She couldn't shake off the eerie sensation that engulfed her every time she stepped beneath the cascading water. It was as if an invisible presence lurked behind the translucent shower door, its gaze piercing through her vulnerable state.

That particular evening, curiosity got the better of Kendra. She discreetly turned off the faucet and listened intently to the silence that enveloped the bathroom. There it was again—a faint rustle, almost imperceptible, but enough to send shivers down her spine.

Her heart raced, and with a mix of trepidation and determination, she quickly opened the shower door.

To her surprise, there stood Jon, his wide eyes reflecting both guilt and curiosity. The realization struck Kendra like a blow to the chest her own son had been watching her all this time. She gasped, clutching the towel tightly around her heavy breasted body, feeling a mix of anger, betrayal, and confusion wash over her. Words failed to form on her lips as she stared at Jon, waiting for an explanation that would make sense of this disturbing discovery.

Jon's face flushed with embarrassment and shame. He stammered, attempting to find the right words to explain himself. "Mom, I... I'm sorry. It's not what you think," he finally managed to say, his voice trembling.

Kendra stood in front of Jon, her face flushed with anger and hurt.

Her blonde hair was damp and tangled from the shower, and droplets of water still clung to her smooth skin. Her blue eyes were filled with a mix of emotions, making them even more striking. She was clad in nothing but a towel, revealing her toned arms and legs, and the sensational curves of her body. It was her enormous breasts that her teenage son was fascinated with the most.

As the boy stood up, he neglected to hide his cock. His mother reacted with a shocked gasp as she stared at her boy's appendage.

Jon's boner looked like a sturdy oak tree stretching nearly ten inches from its trunk. Streaks of fat blue veins ran along its thick stalk and the size of his perfectly shaped knob made the mother's heart skip a beat.

"Explain yourself, Jon," Kendra demanded, her voice quivering with a mix of anger and curiosity.

Jon took a deep breath, his eyes filled with regret, but also lust. He decided that rather than make excuses, he'd just be honest with her.

"Mom, I... I've been staring at you in the shower because I'm fascinated with your breasts. I know it's wrong, but I can't help it," he finally admitted, his voice barely a whisper.

Kendra's eyes widened in disbelief, her heart racing as she took in the confession. She had never felt so exposed and vulnerable before.

Her mind raced with a mixture of emotions—disgust, anger, and vulnerability. But there was also a strange, unexplainable excitement that bubbled within her. She was turned on by the idea that her teenage son was attracted to her body. The sight of his sturdy fuck-muscles only added to her forbidden arousal.

She felt a strange urge to take control of the situation, to use her sexual power over Jon. "Was it really me who made your penis that

hard?" she whispered, her eyes transfixed on her boy's cock-knob, watching a gooey string of pre-cum lower obscenely to the floor.

"Yes," the boy confessed.

Kendra stepped forward, letting the towel slide off her body and revealing her naked form. Her body language was one of confidence and dominance, even though inside she felt more conflicted.

Jon's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's naked body, her heavy breasts swaying slightly as she moved closer. He couldn't believe the courage it took for her to reveal herself like that, but there was also a sense of admiration for her boldness.

Kendra continued to advance towards him, much to his confusion and nervousness. Her hand slowly reached out to touch his cheek, a gentle caress that sent shivers down his spine. "It's okay, Jon," she whispered softly, her voice filled with both emotion and lust. "I didn't expect this from you, but it seems I've awakened something in both of us."

Jon couldn't believe what was happening, but there was a part of him that was rising to the occasion as more blood pumped inside his sex organ, making it flex at a perfect upward angle. His body was responding to his mother in ways he had never imagined, and it was both exciting and terrifying all at once. "What do you mean?" he asked, more so regarding how she was feeling rather than him.

"Ever since your father started working the overnights, I've missed being looked at the way you're looking at me now." Kendra explained, her voice husky with desire. "I've been feeling neglected and unwanted lately. Your eyes have given me a sense of desirability and importance that I haven't felt in a long time."

Jon's gaze fixated on Kendra's bare breasts, the soft curves and slight sway as she moved closer to him. He couldn't help but stare, amazed at the courage it took for her to reveal herself like that.

Kendra noticed the flexing of her son's erectile flesh and a devilish smile spread across her lips. "I can tell you're enjoying this, too," she said seductively. "How long have you been spying on me in the shower, honey?"

Jon's face flushed with embarrassment, the truth too much to bear.

"A few months now," he murmured, his eyes still fixated on his mother's naked form.

Kendra continued to advance towards him, until her spongy tit-melons bumped his chest. Her fingers trailed down his cheeks, tracing the outline of his Adam's apple. "Were you stroking on yourself while watching me?" she asked, her voice smoldering with desire.

He nodded, his cheeks burning even brighter. "Yes," he admitted, ashamed but unable to hide his feelings.

In one swift motion, Kendra cupped his face in her hands and pulled him close, their lips meeting in a passionate kiss. Jon felt overwhelmed, his entire body shaking, but he knew that this wasn't something he could resist any longer. As they broke apart, Kendra reached down and squeezed his erect penis in her hand. She could feel the skin of his boner pulled tight, the thick slab pulsing in her hand. "I want you to jerk off in front of me," she said in a serious tone.

"Jerk off...in front of you?" he repeated nervously.

"Yes, unless you'd like me to call your father at work and tell him what you've been up to," she warned.

Jon swallowed hard, knowing that he couldn't possibly back out now and risk his father finding out. He reluctantly agreed, feeling a newfound shame and excitement coursing through his veins.

"Okay," he managed to say, his voice barely above a whisper.

Kendra stepped back, giving her son some space. When Jon's trembling hand pulled on his erect penis, Kendra's breath caught in her throat. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, easily 3 inches longer than her husband's cock.

"Go ahead," she commanded, her voice husky with desire. "Beat the length of your dick in front of me."

Jon took a deep breath, his eyes locked on his mother's face, and he began to stroke his fully erect penis. He watched in disbelief as his own mom stared at his cock.

"How does it feel to be watched?" Kendra asked biting her lip slowly, her excitement growing with each stroke her son made. The sight of her son jerking off and the creamy sound his hand made as it slipped along the length of all that cock-meat was turning her on more than she ever thought possible, and she could feel the wetness between her legs becoming more intense. She wanted her boy to see just how much he turned her on.

Kendra began to sway her lush hips, her jutting tit-melons wobbling with each movement. She ran her hands over her body, cupping her heavy tits, and then trailing her fingers down her stomach, towards her sex. Jon watched in awe as his mother touched her shaved pussy, his own strokes becoming faster and more aggressive.

"Are you enjoying this, Jon?" Kendra asked, her voice breathy and sex-filled.

"Yes, Mom," he said, his voice hoarse. "I can't believe this is happening."

"Do you want me to touch my pussy honey?" she asked, her eyes never breaking from his.

"Yes," he replied, his voice shaking with desire.

Kendra reached down between her legs, her fingers brushing across her wet slit. She smiled at the sight of her son's reaction, his strokes becoming even more furious. She rubbed her clit, moaning softly, feeling the tension building within her. The sight of her boy's rock-hard fucker, slipping through his hand like it was a tight pussy made her pink, wet tongue slither across her lips.

"Cum for me, Jon," Kendra whispered, her voice filled with lust.

"Show me what a big fucking load you can pull out of those beautiful balls of yours."

Jon felt as if he were on the edge, the pleasure coursing through him like an electrical current. He gripped his cock harder, his eyes never leaving his mother's. He let out a strangled groan as he released his load, his cum shooting out of his cock and splattering against his mother's tits and tummy. Kendra watched in amazement, her own arousal reaching its peak as she felt her own son's hot spunk splash against her skin.

"That's it, honey," she moaned, rubbing her clit furiously. "Show Mommy how much you love playing with yourself in front of her," she urged, her pulse quickening, her heart pounding.

Jon's pace slowed, his eyes never leaving his mother, and he grunted as his strokes became more powerful, shafting the air with his penis, his balls contracting with every jerking moment.

Kendra couldn't take it any longer. Her orgasm was upon her, her pussy pulsating, ready to release her own sweet nectar. She kept her clitoris into contact with her index finger, moaning and bucking her hips, feeling an immense surge of pleasure wash over her.

Jon was amazed by the noises that spewed from his mother's mouth.

Over the years he'd heard her laugh and cry, but never in a million years did he think he'd ever listen to her gasp and squeal in pleasure like she was doing now.

Finally, after a few moments, Kendra stopped, her breathing ragged, her body shaking with post-orgasmic delight. She looked at her son, who was still standing there, his balls empty, his cock still as hard as an iron crowbar.

"Good boy, Jon," she whispered, her voice laced with pride and lust.

"I knew you had a huge, sticky load of cum in those nuts that you wanted to impress me with."

Adrenaline and excitement surged through Jon's veins, his eyes darting between his mother's face body and the mess he had made on her body. He couldn't believe that what had started as a simple confession had escalated into this. But he couldn't deny the newfound connection between them, the passion that now burned deep within him.

Kendra stepped forward, her hand reaching out to cup his face. She leaned in close, mashing her oversized tits on his chest, her lips brushing against his. It was a tender, loving kiss, one that spoke of the depth of the emotions they had just shared.

"I need to finish my shower. Why don't you join me," she suggested, her eyes glinting with mischief. She turned and sashayed back across the bathroom, her delicious-looking bubble butt wagging with each step.

Jon moaned in arousal, unable to speak, his mind reeling with the shocking turn of events. But he knew that he would follow his mother anywhere, especially into the shower.

Kendra turned the shower back on and stepped under the spray, letting the warm water wash away the remnants of their intense

encounter.

Jon quickly stripped off his clothes, his eyes never leaving his mother, as she started to soap herself up, her curves glistening in the soft light. She beckoned him to join her, and he hesitated for a moment before stepping into the shower.

Kendra's face wore a smug grin as her son tentatively stepped into the steamy shower stall with her. She could see the mixture of both shame and excitement in his eyes. She grabbed more body wash and lathered it onto her ballooning tits, making them wobble as she rubbed them in a circular motion, watching her son's eyes follow her every move.

"Join me, Jon," she said seductively, reaching her arm out towards him. "That is what you dream of doing when you wantch me, isn't it?"

He took a deep breath and came closer, nodding in response. "Yes," he uttered, hesitating for a moment more, but then leaning in to kiss her softly on the lips. She gasped slightly at his boldness and then returned the intimate kiss. The mother reveled in the feeling of his lips on hers, his body pressed against her tender mammary meat.

"What else do you dream of doing while you watch me?" she whispered.

As Jon hesitated, Kendra took matters into her own hands, literally and figuratively. She reached down and wrapped her soapy hands around his erect cock, gently stroking it as she gazed up into his eyes.

"Do you think about tasting me, honey?" she whispered, her voice thick with lust. "Do you dream of licking my thighs and taking my pussy in your mouth and tasting it?"

Jon's eyes widened at the bold question, but the truth of it hit him like a ton of bricks. He nodded slowly, a mix of shame and excitement coursing through him.

"What else do you dream of doing while you watch me?" she whispered, squeezing his dick-meat.

"Lots of things," the teen confessed.

"Do you dream about sliding your cock into my pussy, feeling my tight flesh around it?" she cooed. "Do you imagine the sensation of my warm pussy pressing against the head of your cock, taking you in as you thrust deeper and deeper inside of me?"

Jon's eyes widened again, and he hesitated for a moment before finally answering, "Yes, Mom. I do dream about that."

Kendra smiled at him, her soapy hand still stroking his thick, erect cock. She leaned in closer, her spongy breasts pressed flat against his chest. "Do you fantasize about sucking on my enormous tits?" she purred.

"Uh-huh."

"Sucking and chewing on my fat nipples?" she continued, her words sending a wave of lust surging through Jon's body.

"Yes," he breathed, his eyes locked onto his mother's blue eyes. The way her sudsy hand pulled on his tender prick felt divine. Her thumb slipped back and forth across his frenulum, stimulating his most sensitive area.

"Do you imagine our bodies intertwined, fucking in the shower, my breasts bouncing in your face, your cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy?" she asked, her voice becoming more breathless by the moment.

Jon bit his lip, struggling to hold back the truth, but finally, he nodded. "Yes, Mom."

Kendra's smile grew wider, her dark pupils glinting with desire. "Then tell me what you want, Jon."

His eyes flickered between hers, presenting the answer he'd been holding back on. "I want to taste you and feel you too, Mom."

"How do you imagine doing that?" Kendra asked, a hint of challenge in her voice, although her eyes still shone with lust.

Jon took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down as he answered, "I... I want to... to put your nipple in my mouth and suck on it until it's..."

"Until it's what?" Kendra interrupted, her excitement almost palpable.

The teen hesitated for a moment, but he knew he had to be honest.

"Until it's so hard and erect like my cock is, and I can't get enough of sucking it," he finally admitted.

Kendra stared at him, her eyes widening with a mixture of shock and desire. She could hardly believe what she was hearing, but she couldn't deny the rush of adrenaline that surged through her at the thought of her son sucking on her turgid nipples.

"Tell me more," she whispered, her voice low and seductive. "Tell me what else you wanna do to me."

"I want to rub you all over with soap, just like you're rubbing me. And then I want to lick and kiss your skin, from your neck down to your pussy." Jon's voice was shaky, his eyes never leaving his mother's.

Kendra could feel her own excitement building, her heart pounding with desire. She couldn't believe how much she wanted this, how much she craved her son's touch. She stepped closer to him, her body pressed against his, her breasts soft and heavy against his chest. "Do you imagine me sucking your cock, honey?" she asked.

"My hot mouth and throat working the meat of your pisser, like the tube of a pussy would?"

Jon's eyes widened at his mother's words, but his cock throbbed in response to the thought. "Yes, Mom," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I dream of that too."

A devious grin spread across Kendra's face, her eyes gleaming with lust. "Well, perhaps we should make that happen, then," she whispered, her voice lower than before.

She reached out and cupped Jon's balls with her soapy hand, gently squeezing his egg-shaped nuts before running her fingers up his shaft and back down. "Imagine how it would feel to have my wet, warm mouth wrapped around the head of your cock," she murmured, tracing circles around his lips the tip with her tongue. "Sucking and stroking until you're ready to explode."

Jon groaned, his hips unconsciously bucking against his mother's hand. "I can't even begin to describe how much I want that."

His mother's hand continued to work him, her gaze never leaving his.

"And when I'm finished, your cum will be splashing down my throat, just like it sprayed onto my tits earlier," she whispered.

A shiver ran down Jon's spine at the thought of his mother swallowing his cum. "Oh fuck, Mom," he groaned, his cock throbbing in her hand.

"That's right," Kendra purred, "my throat will be coated with your boy-seed, and I'll swallow every last drop." She released his cock, bent down and used one hand to brace herself on the shower floor, while other hand spread her pussy lips, exposing her moist, pink flesh. "And then, honey," she whispered, her voice low and sultry, "I wanna feel you inside me."

Jon's breath hitched as he stared at his mother's most intimate area in the juncture between her widely splayed thighs. Her cuntal aroma was overpowering, intoxicating, and he knew he had to taste it, to feel it around his face. He took a deep breath, his cock throbbing harder than ever.

"Do it!" Kendra whispered, her eyes never leaving his. "Taste me, Jon."

He hesitated for a moment longer, but then got down on his knees and placed his mouth against her pussy, breathing in the musky smell that made him shudder with desire. He ran his tongue over her smooth flanges, tasting her sweetness and savoring the feeling of her twat against his lips. He licked her clit, the sensitive grape-sized nubbin swelling under his touch, and then he plunged his tongue deeper into her depths, sucking and licking at her wet flesh.

Kendra moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as she intertwined her fingers in his hair, holding his head in place. "Oh, baby, that's so fucking good," she breathed, her hips bucking against his mouth.

"Fuck, I need to feel you inside me."

Kendra reached out and grabbed Jon's cock, guiding it towards her mouth. He watched as she slowly lowered her lips over the head, her wet heat enveloping his most sensitive appendage. She sucked gently at first, her tongue caressing the underside, then began to bob her head faster, taking him deeper with every thrust.

Jon moaned, his hands gripping the edge of the shower as he watched his mother sucking his cock. Her eyes were locked onto his, her gaze filled with desire and lust. She took him all the way, her throat stretching to accommodate his thick, meaty shaft, while her lips curled out obscenely along his hairless hilt.

"Oh, Mom," he groaned, his hips bucking against her face. "Your mouth feels so good!"

Kendra pulled back, her lips glistening with saliva and pre-cum. She stood up and spun around, pointing her thick, meaty mommy-ass his direction.

"Baby, I want you to fuck me," she said, her voice husky with need.

"I want to feel you inside me, your cock sliding in and out of my wet pussy."

Jon gazed at her beautiful, naked body, her breast glistening with soap and water as they dangled heavily from her rib cage. He wanted to bury himself inside her, to feel her hot, wet walls clenching around him in ecstasy. He positioned himself behind her, at the entrance of her fuck-hole and slowly pushed forward, filling her baby-chute with his thick, erect member.

Kendra moaned, her eyes fluttering shut as he slid into her. "Oh, yes," she whispered, her voice dripping with lust. "Fuck me now, baby. Fuck me like I've been begging for."

Jon complied eagerly, his thrusts becoming deeper and stronger, his powerfully erect cock sliding in and out of his mother's wet folds.

Their bodies slapped together lewdly, their breaths mingling in the steamy shower as Kendra cried out in pleasure, her hands clutching onto the shower walls for support.

"That's it, fuck me harder, baby!" she exclaimed, her voice rising in pitch with each thrust. "I need your cock so deep inside me that I feel it in my fucking throat!"

As their primal desires consumed them, Jon found himself craving to be even closer to his mother. He pulled out of her and turned her around, lifting her up to sit on the shower bench. Holding her legs opened wide, the boy positioned himself against her and buried his boner to its root.

Kendra moaned, her eyes wide with pleasure as her son's thick length slid all the way inside her, her pleated cunt-tunnel stretching and gripping him tightly. She wrapped her legs around his waist, her feet crossed above his pumping ass, her hands tangled in his hair, pulling him closer to her. "Oh, baby, that's it," she gasped, her voice hoarse with desire. "Fuck me harder, Jon. Fuck me like I've always wanted to be fucked."

Jon complied, his hips bucking and slamming into his mother's pussy, his cock plunging into her depths of her tight, slippery sheath over and over again. The water cascaded down over them, the splashing sound mingling with their grunts and moans.

Kendra writhed beneath her son, her wet, heavy tits sloshing wildly between them as her body arching up to meet his every thrust.

"Yes…yes, just like that!" she cried, her voice trembling with passion.

"Make me cum, baby! Make me cum while your hot teenage cock is inside me!"

Jon responded by increasing his pace, his sweaty body glistening in the shower steam as he pounded his mother's dripping cunt. Her pussy felt so tight and warm, her walls clenching exquisitely around his cock like a velvet vice, each pulse of her pre-climax milking his dick for every last drop of his seed.

Kendra let out a loud, guttural wail, her body trembling violently as she orgasmed. Her pussy muscles contracted around his cock, chewing on his erectile meat as she came, her cunt juices coating his shaft in a warm, slick sheen.

"Oh, fuck," she squealed, her breaths coming in short gasps as her orgasmic spasms continued to ripple through her. "Your cock feels so amazing inside me. I can feel every inch, every ridge, every twitch!"

Jon continued to savagely fuck his mother, her orgasm pushing him over the edge. He thrust faster and harder, the head of his cock scraping against the sensitive walls of her cunt. "I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, the words torn from his throat by his lust.

Kendra grinned, her eyes glazed with pleasure. "Cum for me, baby!" she muttered, her voice barely more than a breath. "Cum inside your own mother's baby cannon!"

With that, Jon's body shuddered violently as he released his load of scalding semen, filling her sloppy cunt hole with his teenage seed.

His cock throbbed and pulsed, pumping spurt after spurt of his hot, pearly-white juice deep inside her.

Kendra cried out in joy, feeling the warmth of her son's semen fill up her insides. Her cunt muscles quivered with delight, milking his cock, making sure every last drop of his fertile load found its rightful place inside her.

As Jon's orgasm subsided, he slumped forward, his hands resting on the heaving, squishiness of Kendra's chest, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. "Mom," he whispered, the word laden with emotion.

"That was everything I dreamed it would be."

Kendra smiled, her face glistening with sweat and cum. "I love it too, baby," she whispered back, her voice thick with emotion. "If your

dad could fuck me like that I'd have the best marriage in the world."

"Lucky for me, he can't," added Jon.

Kendra couldn't help but giggle at her son's joke. She ran her hand up and down his back, her fingers finding their way to his ass, gently massaging it. "Well, I guess we'll have to keep this our little secret, huh?"

Jon nodded, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "Our little secret. And I have to say, Mom, I think I'm going to love keeping it."

Kendra gave him a smirk. "I knew you'd feel that way." She pulled him closer, their bodies still joined, her fatty tits smothering his chest.

She whispered seductively, "See, getting caught spying on your mom isn't such a bad thing."

"That's sure true."

"And just think…" Kendra said with a mischievous grin, "we're only just getting started."

"Just getting started?" her son asked curiously.

"Yep. Your dad will be gone all night," she answered in a sultry tone.

"So let's finish rinsing off and go crawl into bed together."

Jon was so thrilled by her words he could hardly stand it. Fucking his busty mom over and over again, all night long, was certainly nothing he expected to be doing. But he knew with two powerfully orgasms out of his system he'd be able to fuck the shit out of her and give a night of pleasure that she so desperately needed and deserved.

Mom's Workplace Shenanigans
by KLRXO

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"Mailroom in ten minutes ;-)," the sticky-note read. It was stuck to a tiny pair of pink thong panties that sat in the top drawer of his desk.

Brent lifted them from the drawer, looking around from behind his computer to make sure no one else was looking. He brought the panties to his nose, the aroma of pussy and sweet perfume filling his nostrils.

"Bent," a strong male voice called, startling him.

The horny twenty-one year old shoved the panties back in the drawer, then stood up, looking over his cubicle wall. "Yeah, Mr. Thomas."

"I need you to get five copies of this document, take them over to the court offices for signatures today," Brent's boss said, holding up a paper for Bent to see.

"On it." Brent said.

"And make sure you get them to the right people this time."

"No problem, Mr. Thomas."

Brent took the document to the copy machine. As it spit out copies, he looked over Skylar, a young natural blonde working at a desk nearby. Skylar was a year younger than Brent and looked a lot like

the 50's pin-up model Joi Lansing. Her snug top and skirt showed off her newly-developed curves.

Busy with paperwork, the young blonde took a second to peek up at Brent, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile. She turned slightly as she reached for a pen, her plump boobs stretching the top, her thick nipples popping.

Skylar's tan legs parted slightly, giving Brent a peek all the way up her skirt, to her bare crotch.

This didn't surprise him much, since he knew he had her panties in his desk. The truth was, they'd been engaging in a lot of dangerous workplace flirting lately and he was loving it.

He gazed a moment between her parted thighs at the thick bare lips of her pubis. She stood up and sashayed past him, her heels clicking on the office floor. "Shouldn't you be somewhere right now?" she asked.

Brent watched her meaty buttocks undulate beneath her skirt as she walked towards the mail room.

"Yesss, fuck mee," Skylar cried, as Brent pinned her against the mailroom wall in the standing missionary position. Her strong tan legs were wrapped around his midsection, his ass thrusting between her thighs as he speared his cock inside her pussy.

"Ohh man, you're so tight," Brent whimpered.

The light suddenly clicked on. Skylar slipped to her feet, straightening her skirt, while Brent struggled to get his pants pulled up.

Mr. Thomas stood in the doorway glaring at them, his arms folded. "What the fuck are you two doing?"

Skylar tried to form an excuse. "We were just, um..."

"Spare me, I know damn well what you were doing. Both of you collect your things. You're fired," Mr. Thomas said.

"Shit," Skylar muttered.

Minutes later, Brent and Skylar exited the building out into the busy city sidewalk. "Well, since we both have the day open, wanna grab some lunch?" Brent asked.

Skylar smiled. "My apartment or yours?"

"Mine's not far from here. Up for a walk?" Brent said.

They walked side-by-side down the sidewalk. "I have a friend at a temp agency. I can have us jobs by tomorrow." Brent said.

"I hated that job anyway. You know how many times I caught that creep staring at my ass," Skylar said.

"What do you expect from the shadiest lawyer in Chicago."

"Someday, I'm gonna be the most powerful female lawyer in this city and I'm gonna rub his fucking nose in it."

20 YEARS LATER...

A thirty-eight year old Skylar stood in the courtroom with confidence. She was still just as beautiful, her body was now fuller and more shapely. Her silky blonde hair was short and styled and she wore an expensive dark blazer, skirt and heels.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the bottom line here is, that this man, Richard Spencer, extorted money from several of his clients . It was the hard-earned savings of working Americans. People like you and I. People with children," Skylar said as she paced in front of the jury. "Now those people look ahead into an uncertain financial

future, all thanks to this man and his greed. All they ask is that you help them, hold him accountable. Thank you," Skylar said.

She gave a snide look at the man's lawyer, Mr. Thomas, her boss from twenty years prior.

Following the trial, Skylar met up with her now husband Brent outside the courtroom. "Another slam dunk, babe."

"And the look on his smug face when they read the verdict was priceless," Skylar said.

Mr. Thomas exited the courtroom and stepped up to them. "Well, well, well, you two have come a long way since your horny intern days. You must find this quite satisfying, since I fired you both all those years ago."

Skylar smiled confidently. "No, actually, the satisfying part was leaving your shit-hole practice and going to work for a real law firm," she said.

"Well, I think my reputation proceeds me," Mr Thomas said, heading to the elevator.

"I'm sure it does. Even sleeze-balls have reputations ," Skylar said.

Brent giggled then smiled at his wife. "Ouch," he said.

"I'm not a mean person, but you and I both know he had that coming."

"True. How bout an early dinner?" Brent asked his wife.

Skylar sighed. "I slept three hours last night. I think I just wanna take a hot bath and shut the world off for the rest of the day."

"Completely understandable. I'm gonna stop by the office, finish off a few things and I'll be home," he said, kissing her.

"See you there," Skylar said.

The family's apartment was a fancy loft on the upper East side of the city. Skylar came in, set down her bag and hung up her blazer. The swell of her heavy breasts trembled with every step and click of her heels as she moved to the family room. "Hello?" she called out.

When there was no answer, she went upstairs to the bedrooms. Her eight-year-old's door was slightly ajar, so she peeked in. Kelly was on her bed watching a movie and playing on her phone.

"Mommy," she said, jumping up and racing over for a hug. "You're home early,' she said.

"I am," Skylar said with a smile. "Where's the nanny?"

"She's in Robbie's room," Kelly said.

"Oh," Skylar said, looking over at her son's closed door suspiciously, "ok, well, go back to your movie, I'll be back in a little while to hang out."

"Ok," Kelly said, jumping back onto her bed.

Skylar closed her daughter's door and moved to her son's room. She wasn't surprised to find the door locked. Rather than knock, she was able to easily pick the lock using one of her barrettes.

Robbie's door peeked open and Skylar peered inside. There was heavy panting and the light thump of rock music filled the room. The space was dimly lit, enough to reveal every detail of what was going on inside.

On Robbie's bed, he and the Nanny, Kim were having hard rough sex. The woman's curvy legs were thrown back and Robbie's ass was pounding between her splayed thighs. "Yesss, ohh God,

Robbie," the twenty-six year old cried, clinging to his lean 1 8 year old frame.

"Fuuck, yes," the boy snarled, punching his dick through the hot grip of her cunt. His body was laid out on top of hers, his face nuzzled in the nap of her neck. He could feel her plump mature tits flattened against his chest.

Skylar silently closed the door and stood there watching, partly angry, but partly aroused at the site of their intense fucking.

Her jaw lowered as she watched her son's meaty erection slice through the juicy splayed folds of Kim's cunt. She could see the huge veins jutting obscenely along his slick shaft as it thundered relentlessly through the Nanny's pussy.

"Oh my God," the Mother muttered under her breath, her own big nipples stiffening beneath her bra.

"Ohh shit, I'm cumming," Kim cried.

"Me too," Robbie whimpered.

Skylar was tempted to make her presence known right then and there, but then the other part of her decided to let them enjoy their orgasms first. She shook her head, amazed that she had even considered the later.

"Ohhh fuck yeaah," her son moaned. Skylar could see his nuts tighten and release over and over.

She knew he was squirting a hot load out the other end, deep into Kim's cunt.

Their naked bodies humped and writhed for two minutes before Robbie collapsed against her in exhaustion.

Skylar clenched her fists. She had faced a judge, jury and audience for years as an attorney, but never felt this nervous. She finally spoke up. "This is...not what I expected to see when I came home," she said casually.

Robbie flipped over, pulling the blanket over them. "Jesus, Mom, can't you knock?"

Skylar glared at Kim. "I'm sorry, I'm confused. Am I paying you to watch my daughter or fuck my son?"

Kim had no excuses and she knew it. "I'm sorry, I fucked up. If you need to fire me, I completely understand."

From her recent trial with Mr. Thomas, the incident in the mailroom from all those years ago was brought to the forefront of Skylar's mind. She wasn't gonna be like that dirtbag that had fired her and her husband. "You're not fired, but can you please remember why you're here. If you wanna fuck my son, do it on your own time."

"Yes ma'am," Kim said.

Skylar gave her son a scolding glare before leaving the room. The working mother went down to the master bathroom and began to fill a claw-foot tube. She added a bath-bomb and began to undress. She couldn't unsee what she had just witnessed, nor could she shake it from her mind.

She pictured her son's young lean ass bobbing steadily between Kim's thighs, his impressive erection spearing through her hot cunt.

"Damnit, stop!" she said out loud, as if good side were speaking to her naughty side. She stepped out of her heels, pushing them aside using her cute little bare feet with burgundy painted toenails.

She removed her blouse. Her enormous breasts were encased in a large white bra, a huge creamy cleavage spilling out the tops of the

cups.

Next came her skirt, unveiling her strong sculpted legs. Her white lace bikini panties were moulded around her ass and cunt. She grabbed the elastic waistband and pulled them down over her wide motherly hips.

Once out of her panties, Skylar reached down and slipped two fingers along her cunt-lips, confirming the fact that she was soaking wet. "Good grief," she said out-loud.

She reached around with both hands, unclasped her bra, then slipped the cups from her jugs.

The huge twin melons bobbled heavily as they were released onto her chest. Large stiff mammilla protruded from her round pinkish-brown areola.

The beautiful blonde mother stepped into the foam-filled tub and relaxed, letting her voluptuous body soak. Her mind drifted back on her younger intern days. Her and Brent's sexual escapades at the office. Despite the success they'd achieved and their active sex life at home, she missed those days. The times of flirting and sneaky sexual acts in the workplace were long gone, buried by busy days in court or preparing for a case. She needed that back in her life.

Skylar decisively reached over for her cellphone.

Robbie's phone vibrated. "I'm taking a bath. Come see me," his Mom's text said.

"Time to face the jury," he said out-loud, knowing he was probably facing some type of punishment for having sexy with the Nanny.

He traveled to his parent's room and knocked on the bathroom door. "It's open," his Mom said.

Robbie came in and found his Mom in the bathtub, up to her neck in thick bubbles. His heart pounded at the thought that she was completely naked under all that thick foam. "So how long am I grounded for?" he asked.

Skylar giggled. "You're not a little boy, bunny," she said. 'Bunny' was a nickname she'd called him since he was an infant. "I'm done grounding you."

"Ok..."

"Yes, you exercised bad judgement earlier, but I didn't ask you to come in here to talk about that," Skylar said.

"Alright, thanks. Dad's probably gonna kick my ass though."

"Since when has your father ever kicked your ass? He'd be pissed and probably yell at you, yes,"

Skylar said, "if he found out, which he won't."

Robbie gave her a smile. "Thanks, Mom."

Skylar shifted in the tub, one of her sleek legs peeking from the bubbles, drawing her son's eyes.

"So, now that we have that out of the way, the reason I wanted to talk to you was to see what you would think about becoming my assistant," she asked.

"Your assistant?"

"Yeah, at the office. You've helped out there before, so you're already familiar with the work,"

Skylar said.

Robbie fed her a sly smile. "Why do I feel like this is a form of punishment?"

"Bunny, it's not punishment, it's employment. You need a job and I need an assistant. It's a win-win."

Skylar watched her son think it over, his eyes traveling down over her smooth leg. She was well aware that she was an object of desire to him, as most mothers were to their sons. Over the years she had caught him staring at various parts of her body, but mostly her large breasts.

Perhaps this was one of those times to use her charms to her advantage, she thought.

The hot Mother curled her leg up, extending it out of the water. "Besides," she said as Robbie watched her smooth strong leg point straight up, her bare foot arched so her toes pointed at the ceiling. Skylar reached down with her loofah and squeezed some sudsy water down the silky flesh. "You'd get to look at Mom all day. That wouldn't be such a bad thing, would it?"

Robbie took a big excited gulp and shook his head. "No," he muttered.

"Maybe on top of your salary, I'll offer you daily incentives. That way you really feel like you're working towards something."

"What...um, types of incentives?"

She dipped her leg back down into the bath water. "Incentives should be customized to the individual. Something you know they like," she said, rising up enough so the tops of her breasts emerged from the bubbles. "Something you know they'd work hard for."

Robbie watched the suds ooze down into her gaping cleavage. Skylar watched him stare at the exposed portion of her breasts, then

glanced at the tubular bulge forming beneath his shorts.

Her eyes lingered there a moment. "I know you like girls. I know you like to watch them and touch their bodies," she said.

"Yeah," the teen muttered.

"So maybe we could center your incentives around that. Each day I'll write out a list of things I'd like you to accomplish and you'll see the incentive for completing your tasks."

Robbie smiled, his heart racing from the implications of what his beautiful mother was telling him. "Sounds fair," he said.

Skylar smiled back, showing her gleaming white teeth. "So are you saying you want the job?"

The next day at the firm, Skylar spoke with her husband in the hallway. They could see Robbie at his new desk in Skylar's office, situating his things. "I give it two days. He was bored out of his mind the last time he came here," Brent said.

"Things are different now. First of all, he's on the payroll. This is a job, not just helping out Mom and Dad for the day. Secondly, we have clients coming out our ears right now. Trust me, he'll be far from bored."

"Just keep in mind that he can be a bit immature at times and we're trying to maintain a professional image here," Brent said.

Skylar smiled at her husband, straightening his tie. "He's MY assistant. He's in MY office. He's MY problem, even if he is a problem. Honestly, I don't think you or I have to worry about a thing. He'll do just fine," she said, giving him a peck on the lips.

Brent watched his wife step into her office and close the door. He let out a sigh. "I hope you're right," he said as if she was still standing

there.

Robbie glanced at his Mom as she crossed the office behind him. "So as your assistant, do I get to sit in the courtroom with you?" he asked.

Skylar giggled. "Not at first, but after you've had some experience here and become familiar with the process, maybe I could consider you a 'legal advisor,' then you could sit next to me in the courtroom. How's that sound?" she asked, sitting down on her desk next to him.

"Cool," he said with a smile.

Skylar crossed her luscious bare legs. Like most days, she wore a short skirt forcing Robbie's eyes to wander. He marveled at how her sexy mommy-legs looked so smooth and strong. Her flesh gave off a glossy sheen from her daily regimen of shaving and oiling her legs. Today she wore a pair of double strapped sandals with four-and-a-half inch heels. They were so dainty they left most of her pretty feet exposed. She dangled one from her pretty painted toes.

"You've obviously helped us out here before, so you know the routine," she said, then handed him a sheet of paper. She had her own copy that she looked at also. "Let's go through today's tasks and your incentive," she said, then read through the list. "First, I need you to type out this written letter and print out ten copies on company letterhead."

Robbie nodded. "Can do."

"Your second task will be putting together some company information packets for new clients. That should take you the better part of the day, so if you wanna take a break from it in the early afternoon and relieve yourself you can," Skylar explained.

"Relieve myself?"

She smiled, not the least bit shy. "Bunny, I may be a working Mom, but I know what you spend a lot of time doing while you're at home,"

"Oh, that," he said.

"Masturbation is a part of your daily routine. Most jobs would discourage that, but you're lucky...you have your Mom for a boss. I'll let you do it, but only in my supply closet, with the door locked," she said.

"Shouldn't I be doing that in the bathroom though."

"No, we usually have other people here, employees and clients. I wouldn't want them to get suspicious of what you're doing. We especially don't want your father to find out about any of these incentives I'm giving you. You're my assistant. How we work together stays between us, understood?" she said.

"Yes ma'am. So, not sound unappreciative or anything, but I could just masturbate if I was home. It's not a great incentive," Robbie said.

"I didn't get to the second part of your incentive yet," Skylar said with a sly smile.

"Oh...second part?"

"I'll go into the supply closet with you and we'll talk about the first thing that comes up," she said with a wink.

"I wonder what that'll be?" Robbie joked.

She fed him a big naughty smile. "I can HARD-ly wait to find out," she joked. "Let's get to work."

Robbie got busy on his computer, typing the letter his mother had hand-written. Skylar sat in her desk chair, speaking to a client on the phone. "Well that's fine, if the company wants to avoid litigation, otherwise we'd be going to trial," she said, then swiveled her chair so that she faced her son, watching him work.

As Robbie typed, he suddenly felt his Mom's toes tickling his ribs. He squirmed and spun around in his chair, grabbing her bare foot. Skylar smiled at him teasingly as she continued speaking to her client. "Yes, it is. That's why you also have the option of dispute resolution through mediation," she said, bring her other foot onto her son's lap.

Robbie's heart thumped excitedly in his chest as he took his Mom's foot with his free hand. He now had ahold of both of them and they rested astride his hips. With her legs slightly bent and spread, he could clearly see up her skirt, all the way to the V of her pubis. He let out an audible sighed when he realized the crotch of her pale pink panties were sheer. He could clearly see the smooth folds if her labium around the thick clitoral hood.

Skylar looked her son in the eyes as she spoke. "That's true, but understand that it can be a lengthy process." There was a sudden tap at her door and both Mother and Son quickly spun their chairs, facing their desks just as Brent peeked in.

"How's it going?" he asked.

"Good dad, just um, typing out a letter," Robbie said, trying to act normal.

"Sweet. Wanna type some out for me too?"

His comment drew a glare from his wife and she shook her head. "Yes, that's accurate," she said in the phone.

Brent smiled. "I'm joking of course. When she's off the phone, have her come find me. I have a question," he said.

"Will do, Dad."

After typing his letter, Robbie went down to the copy area, which had a view of Tami, the secretary as she sat at her desk. The twenty-eight year old was thick and curvy like his Mom.

She had a long dark mane of brown hair and looked a lot like the actress Olivia Wilde. "Hi Robbie," she said, giving him a cute little wave.

"Hey," the teen said timidly, getting his copies.

Tami picked up the phone and dialed Skylar's extension. "Hey girl," Skylar answered.

"It's really not fair that you're hiding him in your office all day."

Skylar giggled. "Not fair to you maybe. I'm fine with it," she said.

"I'm sure you are. Can you at least send him down to the printer a lot so I can flirt with him?" "I can do that, as long as you're not dragging him into the bathroom with you," Skylar said.

Tami looked the teen up and down as she spoke. "I make no promises."

"You naughty bitch. What would your husband think?" Skylar joked.

"Who gives a fuck,"she said, exchanging a look with Skylar's son. "At least I don't have to worry about my husband wandering around the office like you do yours."

"I have a lock on my office door and believe me, I plan on using it," Skylar said.

"Well if you ever wanna tag team, I'm just down the hallway."

"Don't worry, I'll throw you a bone once in awhile," Skylar said.

"Well when you do, make sure that 'bone' is nice and hard first."

Skylar giggled. "Get back to work," she said.

Tami got up and strode to the water cooler, which was across from the copy machine, where Robbie was working. The teen glanced up at the big swell of her breasts, trembling as she walked. The hot-bodied secretary bent over to pour some water into a cup, pointing her meaty ass in his direction. Her skirt stretched around her thick buns and Robbie could see the indentation of her thong disappearing down between her cheeks.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath, his cock hardening.

Tami stood up and faced him, taking a sip. "Want a drink?" she asked.

"No thanks, I'm good."

"Are you now?" she said with a smile. "How's it feel to be out of school, working full time?"

"I like being out of school. I'll have to let you know on the work part," he said, making her giggle.

She moved closer, teasingly closing the distance between them. "Are you going on lots of dates, fucking lots of girls?"

"No not really," he said timidly.

"Just the Nanny?"

"Oh, my Mom told you about that?" Robbie asked.

"We talk a lot. Mostly about you."

"Oh.." he muttered.

"She told me her Nanny's married. Do you like fucking married women, Robbie?"

"No, I mean, I feel kinda bad about that."

"Ha, why? She spread her thighs for you. Obviously she doesn't feel bad about it and neither should you. Husbands are just obstacles for hot young guys like you. And most married women don't give a shit. Give them five minutes alone with you and they'll tear your fucking clothes off," she said.

Her phone started ringing, so she flashed him a smile. "Can I get a quick hug?"

"Sure," the teen muttered as he was pulled to her chest. With her arms wrapped around him,

Tami squeezed tight. Robbie felt the squishy meat of her large jugs press against his chest. She held him for a moment as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

She stepped back, giving him a wild-eyed look as she bit her bottom lip. "I better get that," she said then rushed over to answer.

He finished getting copies and went back to the office.

"Here are the letters Mom," Robbie said, handing her the stack of papers as she sat at her desk.

"Perfect," Skylar said, flipping through them. "Did Tami give you that?"

"Give me what?"

Skylar looked at the tubular bulge in his pants. "The hardon?"

Robbie put his hands over it. "Oh, sorry, I didn't think it was that obvious."

Skylar giggled, swiveling her chair around to face him. "Maybe now would be a good time for that incentive. I have a client coming in a little while and I can't have my assistant walking around a boner," she teased.

"Oh ok, sure," Robbie said. Skylar had the top two buttons of her blouse undone and he could stare down into a fair amount of cleavage.

His Mother picked up her phone and dialed Tami's extention. "Hey, hold my calls for a little bit ok."

"You got it," Tami said.

Skylar got up and walked across the room. She opened the supply closet door and looked back at him. "Coming bunny?"

Robbie followed her into the supply closet, his heart beating like a base-drum. It wasn't a huge closet, but there was more space than he thought there would be. Skylar closed the door and locked it behind them. "Pull your pants down," she said. They both stood against the wall facing each other, about three-feet apart. Robbie quickly dropped his drawers. "And your briefs," she said with a smile.

Robbie paused, knowing he was about to be naked from the waist down. Skylar sensed his hesitation. "How bout if I show a little something too, would that help?" she said, unbuttoning her blouse.

"Sure," Robbie said, watching her top slowly peek open. He became almost breathless as he watched pull her unbuttoned blouse apart,

sliding it back so only her arms remained inside. "Ohh wow," he muttered, his jaw dropping.

Skylar's huge bra-clad jugs jutted out obscenely. Stretched around pounds of tit-meat, the cups of the bra were black mesh with delicate flowered embroidery. A cute little black bow was attached to the center strap connect the two cups.

The mother smiled across at her boy as his eyes explored her huge rack. Robbie could see the circles of her areola and her rubbery nipples through the embroidered design. "Your turn," Skylar said.

Robbie pulled down his briefs. His boner caught on the waistband, then sprung up, bobbing up and down. Skylar's eyes widened as she watched it jut out, fully erect. "Better be careful, you could split a girl in two with that thing," she said.

"Well, you could knock a guy out with those boobs, Mom," he said, making her laugh.

Skylar squeezed her jugs between her arms, making them balloon out obscenely. "These boobs?" she teased.

"Oh my God," the teen sighed, instinctively grabbing his throbbing cock and stroking it, his eyes glued to her tits.

"There you go," Skylar said, stepping forward, closing the distance between them. She got close enough to place her hands on his shoulders, her huge bra-encased tits heaving right in front of him. Clumsily, Robbie fell back, but a stack of boxes broke his fall. He was now sitting on the top box, his eyes level with her looming tits. "Careful, bunny. Stop stroking for a sec and bring your hand up here," she said.

He brought his hand up and his Mom spit a big gob of saliva onto it. "Use that to slick it up. I think we're gonna have to buy a bottle of lubrication to keep in here," she said, watching his juicy erection slip

through his fist. "Although I think Mommy's spit mixed with your precum makes for the best lube of all."

"Yess."

Skylar moved even closer, practically crawling onto him as he slouched against the wall. The swell of her tits brushed his upper chest, his widened eyes inches from the bulging cleavage swelling over the tops of her bra-cups. "Ohh man, Mom," his voice shook excitedly, his hand beating his dick with rapid strokes.

Skylar ran her nails through his hair, gazing down at him with her dreamy green eyes. "That's right baby, enjoy yourself. You earned this," she said.

She brazenly pushed her chest forward, pressing Robbie's face into the deep crevice between her orbs. The teen let out an audible sigh, his cock flexing with the thrill of having his face wedged between two huge mounds of tit-flesh. "Shit," he whimpered, his voice muffled. ,

"Mmm-hmm," Skylar hummed, sensing his arousal. "Relax, bunny. We're all alone in here so let yourself go. I have another outfit, so you can cum all over my skirt if you need to."

"Hhhmmmnnahhh," Robbie shook, his fist was a blur as he beat his dick hard and fast.

Sensing his heightened arousal, Skyler brought her lips to his ear. "Ohhh, are you thinking about a sexy girl, bunny. Fuck her, honey, fuck her pussy hard and fast."

Robbie's knob swelled as he rocked his hips, his lips whimpered against the spongy inner contour of Skylar's breast. "Ohhh shit!" he cried out as cock-milk erupted from his piss-hole in long thick spurts.

Skylar suddenly curled her leg up beside him, which bunched her skirt up at the waist. She shot her hand down into her panties and frantically rubbed at her engorged clitoris. "Ohhh, Bunny," she cried out lustfully.

"Uuuhhggh," Robbie grunted, firing another hot rope of cum. One of Skylar's hands dug through her wet slit, while the other one clawed around her boy, fighting to get as much of her body on top of him as she could.

Robbie's face sunk deeper into her tit-meat. His Mom now had her full weight against him, gasping and humping. Her masturbating hand was now up against his as if they were working together, his on his dick, hers in her snatch. Their bodies rocked and jerked frantically as Skylar reached her peak. "Ohhh God, I'm cuuuming," she cried out against his neck.

Her son responded with a tit-muffled whimper.

Their bodies went into a wild convulsing fit of orgasmic pleasure. Their desperate writhing caused the boxes to collapse beneath them and they sunk to the floor. What had started with Robbie jerking off had now turned in to a wild display of mutual masturbation. Their half-clothed bodies clung together, boxes crashed over and scattering as Skylar and Robbie humped and jerked shamelessly, with heated intensity.

Buried beneath his writhing Mother, Robbie's face peeked out from between her sloshing tits.

Her bra was twisted, mommy-boobs bulging out everywhere. "Ssshit," he whimpered, feeling their hands frantically rubbing together as they stroked their own genitals. It was the wildest thing he'd ever experienced.

As their bodies came back down to earth, their frantic movements became a gently rocking motion. After a few minutes of panting and

slow rubbing, their bodies went still. Skylar lifted her head, looking down at her dishevelled son. "Phew, ok, um, I really didn't mean for it to happen that way."

Robbie smiled. "Do you hear me complaining, Mom."

She rose up to her knees, fixing her bra and looking around at the mess. Robbie watched with awe as Skylar untwisted her bra back around one of her boobs. "You got cum all over me, I'm gonna need to change."

"Sorry, Mom."

She dropped down to her hands and knees above him, smiling down. "Using your line...do you hear me complaining, bunny."

Robbie laughed, staring up into the biggest cleavage he'd ever seen. Skylar smiled naughtily.

"How did it feel having your face wedged down between Mom's big tits?"

"Awesome,"he said.

"Worth the hard work?"

"Oh my God, yeah," Robbie said.

The both got dressed and Robbie cleaned up the mess in the supply closet. Brent knocked and came into his wife's office. He saw his son in the closet lifting the final box from the floor. "Need help?" he asked.

"No, I got it, thanks," Robbie said, flashing his Mom a glance.

"How did your consult go?" Brent asked his wife.

"She postponed until this afternoon. Don't you have one around now?"

"Yeah they should be here anytime. Just wanted to pop in a say hi. Weren't you wearing a different suit earlier?" Brent asked, looking her over.

"Yup, Bunny managed to get cream all over my other one," she said, peeking over at Robbie.

Brent laughed, looking at Robbie. "How did you manage that? Do I need to train you on how to prepare the boss's coffee?" he said.

"We'll get better at managing the cream, won't we Bunny?" Skylar asked, looking at her son and flashing him a wink.

The next day started like the first, with Skylar handing her son his daily to-do list. "Your father and I both have court today, so we'll be out of the office. There's one primary task I'd like you to focus on and that's weeding the outdated files from the cabinet and shredding them," she explained.

"How do I know what files are outdated?"

"It's all written down for you there on the paper. If you have any questions, you can ask Tami. She's done this for me before."

"Ok, um, what about my incentive? I just didn't see anything on here about it."

Skylar hopped down off her desk and grabbed her things. "Yeah, you'll have to let me know how that went later," she said with a wink.

"How what went?"

"Your incentive," Skylar said with a smile. "Gotta go, bunny. Work hard. Mmmuah," she said, blowing him a kiss as she sashayed out the door.

Robbie was confused by what she meant. She certainly made it sound like he was getting an incentive, but he had no idea what it was.

A couple hours later he had stacks of papers piled on the floor, ready to be shredded. He had followed his mother's instructions and was pretty proud of the progress he'd made.

A voice suddenly startled him. "Look at you, Mr. Hard worker," Tami said from the doorway.

"Oh, hi," Robbie said.

"Hi," Tami said, smiling at him teasingly. She stepped into the room, her dainty heels clicking against the floor as she slowly drifted towards him. "Everyone's in court today. It's just you and I," she said.

"Must get boring the days they have court?" Robbie said, thumbing through a folder as he stood at the file cabinet.

"Yeah, but now I have a hot young stud here to keep me company," she said, "so I won't get bored anymore."

"Oh really, who is he?" Robbie joked.

Tami giggled. "You're adorable," she said, leaning back against the cabinet next to the one Robbie was digging through. The way she stood made the swell of her large breasts balloon outward, capturing the teen's attention. "What are you doing for your lunch break? We get an hour you know."

"I don't know. I munched on some stuff earlier, so I'm not really hungry."

Tami smiled. "I'm not either, but we still get a lunch break."

"True," Robbie said, looking over at her beautiful greyish-blue eyes as she gazed back at him.

"Wanna fuck me?" she asked candidly.

"Um, here?" Robbie asked, his heart beating fast.

"Sure. Why waste time looking for another spot. The couch in your dad's office is a hide-a-bed, just so you know."

"Really?" Robbie asked, wondering how she knew that.

"Really...and no, I haven't fucked your dad," she giggled, " I just know he uses it to crash sometimes when he's working around the clock on a big case," she said.

"That makes sense."

"Your Mom goes in there with him and locks the door occasionally. I'm pretty sure the mattress is getting used then as well. Just not for sleep," Tami said.

"Probably," Robbie said.

"So which is it, hot-stuff, you wanna work through your lunch break, or spend it pumping some cum into me?"

"The second one sounds good," he answered.

Tami smiled and stepped towards him. In her five-inch heels, she was nearly the same height.

She quickly locked lips with him, their mouths fused in an open oval. Robbie's dick hardened as he felt her strong pierced tongue whipping through his mouth. After a half-a-minute, Tami broke the kiss and moved towards the door, her thick ass swaying seductively. "See you in a half-hour," she said.

It was the longest half-hour of Robbie's life. His boner throbbed in eager anticipation the whole time. Finally, Tami's voice broke the silence. "Break time, Robbie," she said from the doorway.

Robbie turned to find Tami standing in the doorframe completely naked. His eyes gazed at her voluptuous body, focusing mostly on her big double-d cup tits. Capping her oversized jugs were huge round areola and thick protruding nipples. His eyes wandered down her narrowing midriff, marveling at the wide rounded curves of her hips. Crowning her curvy tapered legs was her sexy shaved pubis.

He followed her down the hallway like a love-struck puppy, his eyes glued to the hypnotic sway of her meaty ass-globes.

She led him into his father's office. The hide-a-bed was already set up, ready for action. "Get naked baby," she said, crawling onto the mattress.

Robbie shed his clothes as he watched her spread her hot naked body across the mattress. Her large, fat-nippled tits jiggled as she watched his rock-hard boner spring out of his briefs.

The teen waisted no time crawling onto the mattress and in between her legs as Tami lifted her knees, splaying her thick thighs wide open. Robbie's eyes widened as he gazed at the pink fleshy layers of her genitalia. He grasped the center of his shaft and pressed his bulbous knob down in between the tumescent folds, pressing it against the fat protruding nub of her clitoris.

He slapped his big dick against it a few times, then fed it into the creamy socket of her cunt.

"Yess," Tami hissed, feeling his thick meat squeeze inside her married pussy.

Robbie sighed as he felt the hot slippery sheath of her vagina stretch around his cock.

The teen sprawled flat on top of her, crushing her enormous, fat-nippled tits under his chest as he sank his thick fucker all the way to the hilt. "Ohh, shit," he sighed, feeling his throbbing knob hit bottom.

Tami tossed her curvy legs around him, locking her ankles together high across his back.

Frantically, she humped her meaty ass beneath him, fucking her clinging slit up and down his cock. "Fuck mee," she cried out.

Robbie met her eager humping with thrusts of his own, punching his cock through her birth canal. His youthful ass bobbed up and down between her parted thighs, their horny bodies beating together. The springs of the pull-out bed creaked and whined as it sustained the force of their heated fuck-thrusts.

"Yesss, harder, Robbie," she cried, clinging on to the teen like her life depended on it.

Robbie intensified his thrusts, hammering his cock through her tight gripping cunt. The textured ridges along her vaginal walls squeezed at the thick tender meat of his erection, coating it in hot slippery secretions. "Ohhh, shit," he whimpered, his knob tingling with exquisite pleasure.

As he continued fucking, Robbie latched on to one of her wobbling breasts, sinking his lips around the entire pink cap and lashing his tongue against her swollen nipple.

The hot young mother panted as she felt a powerful orgasm swell inside her sexual core.

Robbie's long cock-muscle was plowing against the spongy lining of her upper wall, stimulating her G-spot. She couldn't believe how long and hard his cock was. Her husband's penis felt tiny and pathetic in comparison.

Whimpering with delight, she felt Robbie's fat knob squeeze against head of her cervix. It was the furthest anyone had ever been inside her. "Ohh my God, I'm gonna cuuumm," she cried out, her curvy flesh trembling beneath the teen.

Still fucking, Robbie extended his arms, propping himself up so he could watch her face while she came on his cock. Her huge melons rolled up and down her chest. He felt her cunt-muscles clamp down on his cock, creating intense resistance. He watched her throw her pretty head to one side, crying out with a pleasure-filled grimace.

The skilled teen changed his angle of attack, looping his arm under her lower back for leverage as he speared his erection up along her top wall, stretching her uteri. This got an immediate reaction from Tami. She arched her head back, tossing her brown mane of hair as she let out loud orgasmic scream. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

With her back arched, Robbie watched her big milkers heave from her chest, bobbling wildly.He felt hot girl-cum swirling around his boner and dripping from his nuts.

Outside the courtroom, Brent met up with Skylar, his phone to his ear. "Isn't Tami usual back from lunch by this time?" he asked his wife.

"Why, something at the office you need?" Skylar asked.

"No, just thought I'd check in," he said.

Skylar smiled at him. "Focus on the case at hand, isn't that what you always tell me?"

"I know," he said, smiling back.

"I"m sure her and Robbie are doing just fine holding down the fort today," Skylar said.

At the office, Tami bounced on Robbie's dick as they continued fucking. The busty brunette, slid her hot pussy up and down his rigid meat, hitting the back wall of her cunt on each downward plunge. "Ohh fuck I love it...I fucking love your cock," she moaned.

Robbie's eyes were glued to her big mommy-boobs as they swung heavily above his face. Tami gazed down at the teen with lustful eyes. "Mmm, married pussy is always the sweetest, Robbie. It's always the pussy that'll grip you the hardest."

"Yours feels damn good," he panted, gazing up at her.

Tami sat up straight, but continued to swivel her hips up and back, stirring his cock like a big wooden spoon inside the mixing bowl of her hot pussy. Robbie looked down at her shaved mons, which were fused to his groin, grinding in a steady swiveling fuck-motion, propelled by her wide naked hips. "Does it make you feel naughty baby, knowing you're fucking another man's wife. Making her break her wedding vows because she can't resist you?"

"I don't know, does it bother you?" Robbie muttered, staring up at the huge rounded underside of her tits. Tami gazed down at him over the swell of her boobs and giggled. "Fuck no. Not the least little bit. My husband is a great guy, but he's not the complete package like you are. Hot, big dicked young guys like you always get their pick of the women doesn't they're married. It's the natural way of things."

"Cool," Robbie said, watching her naked body do a gyrating dance above him.

"Ready for me to lay on you Robbie. Ready to feel my big tits on you while you squeeze my body and fuck the shit out of me," Tami said yearningly.

"Fuck yeah," he sighed.

The curvy brunette plopped her body down onto his and locked lips with him. Their bodies rocked, making the springs under the mattress creak as they made out passionately. Tami's big melons squashed between them, her thick hard nipples poking into his chest. "Fuck me hard, Robbie," she said between kisses, "I wanna cum on your cock again."

The lucky teen wrapped his arms around her body and thrust his hips off the mattress, spearing his prick through her slippery cunt-tube. Their tongues wrestled wildly, her long pierced licker showing it's experience.

After a few minutes of smooching and humping, Tami broke the kiss and went for his neck.

"Ohh yeaah," Robbie moaned. The feel of her warm curvy body on top of his, licking his neck while he fucked was divine. Their genitals beat together wetly..

Robbie's cock was like a well-oiled piston pumping through the clasping cylinder of Tami's vagina. Her inner muscles squeezed and sucked his rod, her juices keeping it well lubricated.

"Ohhh fuck, you're gonna make me cum again," she cried out desperately.

"I'm cumming too," the teen panted, feeling his knob swell with pleasure.

"Uuuunnhhgg! Shiiiit!" Tami screamed, the muscles in her neck straining as she arched her head back.

Their mutual orgasms were perfectly timed, like an internal switch was turned on, causing their hot cum to come pouring out at once. Their naked bodies humped and trembled as Robbie hosed her inner walls with thick spunk. His hard penis flexed and lurched bathed in hot girl-cream as it gushed from Tami's urethra. "Oohhh fuck," the teen muttered as more and more cum pulsed from his piss-hole.

For five minutes they milked their orgasms, then finally rested in a sweaty heap. Tami lifted her head, her face still flushed. She let out a big sigh. "Ohh shit, that was an amazing fuck."

She looked at her smart-watch. "Shit," she said, jumping up. Robbie watched her big mammaries joggle and her ass sway as she made for the door. "I gotta get back to the phones. Can you clean up?"

"No problem."

She paused in the doorway and looked back at him. "Oh and there spray under the sink in the bathroom. Better use some in here. If your dad smells sex, he might have a few questions for us."

"Got it," Robbie said.

She blew him a kiss, then hurried off.

Later, at home, Robbie was texting a friend when Skylar tapped at his door. "Hey bunny," she said, stepping into his room on bare feet.

"Hey, Mom, how did court go?" Robbie asked, watching her walk over to him, wearing nothing but a short pink silk robe. He could tell by the way her tits moved that she was braless beneath it.

"Not bad. It's a tough case, but I think I'm winning over the jury How did your day go?" she asked, stopping at his bedside.

"Good. I um, got all the old files shredded," he said.

"Awesome and how was your incentive?"

"Um, my incentive?"

Skylar smiled, showing her pearly-whites. "Yea, the one you got on your father's pull-out couch."

He gave her a surprised look. "She told you?"

"Of course. I mean, someone has to provide you with incentives the days I'm not there, right?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"So...how was it?" Skylar asked, fumbling with the sash to her robe.

"It was fun."

"Well, Tami had a few more words to describe it, like 'toe-curling' and 'the best sex of her life.' Seems like you're making quite the impression on all these horny married women," Skylar said.

"Well, it doesn't help that you and dad have a couple of hot women working for you," he said, making Skylar giggle. He noticed that as she fumbled with her sash, her robe had gradually peeked open, exposing her entire cleavage and part of her midriff.

Robbie gulped excitedly, his eyes widening at the partial view of her nudity. Skylar watched him gawk. "And we both know you're a sucker for hot women with big tits, don't we bunny?"

"Yeah," he blushed, watching her robe slip open even more, catching on her big stiff nipples. His Mom's creamy cleavage was the biggest he'd ever seen and the site of it had hardened his cock right up.

After letting his eyes linger a moment on her nearly naked tits, she quickly closed her robe.

"Ooops, why didn't you tell me I was having a wardrobe malfunction?"

Robbie laughed. "Like you didn't know," he said.

"Of course I didn't, otherwise it wouldn't have been a malfunction. It would have been a deliberate act...and I would never," she said, then gave him a teasing wink.

The next day at the office, Robbie was working hard on a document, while his Mother was on the phone, pacing the office behind him. She finished talking to her client and leaned over her boy, checking out his work. "How's it going?"

"I think I have it finished. How's it look?"

She read through it quickly. "Looks perfect. Lock the door. I need to find out what your father has going on."

Robbie's heart started beating hard with anticipation. He locked the door, then came back over and took a seat..

Skylar's husband answered over speakerphone. "Hey hon," he said.

"Hey, so good news and bad news," she said, reaching under her skirt.

"Oh boy, let's hear it," Brent said.

Robbie watched in disbelief as Skylar slid her skimpy dark-pink panties down her legs and stepped out of them.. "The bad news is they moved the trial Milwaukee and there will be a whole new jury," she said "Shoot, that is bad news."

"I know, I had a feeling this was gonna happen," she said, stepping over and dropping the panties on her son's lap. "The good news is I have a Milwaukee attorney assisting with the case, which means I'll only be gone two days tops," she said.

Robbie picked up her panties and brought them to his nose, inhaling the aroma of his Mother's pussy. He watched Skylar unbutton her blazer, then her blouse.

"Well, two days is better than a week like last time.. Still sucks that you have to travel," Brent said.

Skylar moved towards her staring son as her blouse parted, exposing her huge bra-clad jugs.

"Only a forty-five minute flight by private jet. I had Tami check it out," she said, then leaned down in front of Robbie, bringing her lips to his ear. "Unhook me," she whispered.

Robbie could hardly believe what she was asking him to do. He reached under her blazer and blouse, which were both fully unbuttoned, then followed the the thick straps of her bra to the clasp. He began to anxiously unhook her and Skylar's bra popped open.

She stood back up as her husband continued speaking to her. "Did she book you on a flight?"

As the hot Mother turned towards her boy, she slipped the cups from her enormous melons.

They bobbled heavily on her chest, her thick stiff nipples pointing at her teen. "Yes, Robbie and I are flying out tomorrow morning. We'll be back late Friday night."

Robbie tore his eyes away from her tits a moment "Me?" he asked.

Even Brent was a bit surprised. "Robbie?" he asked.

"He's my assistant, Brent. Of course he's going."

"Yeah but, how helpful is he gonna be, really? He's not a legal assistance, Sky."

Skylar unfastened her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. "I'm aware of that, but in answer to your question, he'll be very helpful. If he's there to assist me with little things, I can focus my whole effort on the trial."

Robbie sat there with his jaw lowered, gazing at his Mother's naked lower-half, focusing mostly on the triangular-shaped area of vulva. At the base of the triangle was a thin, neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair. Her smooth motherly legs looked so strong and shapely, especially since her feet were still propped in five-inch mules.

"I guess, if you really think it's necessary," Brent said.

"I do," Skylar said, turning and leaning over her chair, pointing her thick naked ass at her son.

Robbie's hand instinctively went to his crotch, rubbing his protruding bulge. Leaned forward the way she was, Skylar's buns were spread slightly and he could see the cute crinkled ring of her butthole. His eyes followed her curves, down to the smooth lips of her labial meat. "Damn," he muttered. Skylar peeked back at her son, muting her phone. Her husband was saying something, but she ignored him. "Get behind me bunny," she said. "Stroke your dick and cum on my ass," she said.

Robbie happily obeyed, stepping up behind his Mom and fishing his boner from his pants. He beat his meat to the view she was providing, his tongue nearly hanging out with lust.

"Sky, are you there?" Brent said.

She took her cell off mute. "I'm here, but I have a consult here in a few minutes. I'll call you when I'm done," she lied.

Skylar watched her son's big dick slip through his fist. "Damn, I'm sorry baby, I forgot to buy some lube," she said.

"That's ok, I can use some of my spit," Robbie said, lifting his hand to his mouth.

"Wait, I have something better," she said, turning towards her teen and taking off her heels. "A woman's pussy produces hot slippery fuck-oil. It's what keeps your cock lubricated while you're fucking her," Skylar said, placing her foot up on her son's chair. "Here, feel," she said, taking her son's hand and bringing it to her cunt.

Robbie's heart felt like it was gonna beat out of his chest as he slipped his fingers through the wet slippery folds of her twat. "Oh wow," he said, looking at his glistening fingers, "you are wet."

"Yup, but we'll need alot more of it to lubricate that big dick of yours. Slip two fingers inside me," she said, pulling in him close.

He gazed down at her enormous rack, seeing details that you would only see up close, like veins and subtle stretch-marks. His Mom had the longest, thickest nipples he'd ever seen. The protuberant nubs stuck out from huge round areola, which were dotted with mammary glans.

His two fingers slipped past her plump clitoral hood and into her cunt-slot, digging along her upper wall. Skylar's eyes widened with arousal as she stared back at her son, somewhat surprised. She gripped on to his shoulder, steadying herself. "Fuck, Robbie, how did you find my sweet-spot so fast?"

"I HAVE done this before, Mom," he said with a cocky smile.

"Obviously," she said, her body jerking forward against his.

While fingering her, he watched her big milkers brush against his chest. He crammed his fist up in between her labia, digging his two fingers in deep, then using his thumb to rub her clitoris.

"Ohh my God, bunny," she cried out, her boobs now flattening out on his chest as she clung to him.

He dug his fingers along the rubbery ridges, cupping her vagina. Her hips rose up and down in a fucking motion, riding his every movement.. Lubricant secreted from her cunt-walls, soaking his hand. "Beat your dick now, baby," she said.

Robbie latched on to his cock, using her juices to lubricate his strokes. Skylar watched him jack his boner, his juicy knob throbbing only a few inches from her engorged clitoris as it peeked from it's fleshy hood. The hot mother was still partly holding onto her son, causing her big jugs to jiggle from his movements.

"Mmm, does that feel good, bunny? Do you like to imagine you're fucking a girl when you beat off like this?" she asked.

"Yess," he said, also imagining his face buried between her heavy knockers.

Skylar noticed the attention they were getting. "Do you wanna squeeze them baby? Do you wanna squeeze Mommy's big titties?"

"Can I?" he asked, his face lighting up even more.

She giggled at his eagerness. "That's fine, but with both hands on my boobs, you won't be able to stroke your boner."

"Ohh, well that's ok," he muttered, desperately wanting to feel her tits. "I'd rather feel your tits."

"Mom has a hand too you know. There's no reason why you can't squeeze my boobs AND have your dick stroked at the same time,"

Skylar said.

"Really, so like...YOU'LL stroke me?"

"Of course I'll stroke you, but first we'll need more lube," she said, running her hand through her wet folds. She reached out a grasped his jutting boner, using her juices to slowly slip her first up and down it's length. "Ohh bunny, such a big strong dick," she said, feeling it throb in her hand.

Robbie's eyes were still glued her amazing jugs. He had handled big tits before, but nothing this size.

Skylar sensed his intimidation. "Squeeze them baby, it's ok. They're not gonna bite," she said.

Robbie reached out a took big handfuls of tit-meat. They were so warm, smooth and squishy, he could hardly believe they belonged to his own Mother. She smiled at him lovingly. "They might smother you to death, but the won't bite," she said with a giggle.

The teen's hands wandered all over her boobs, kneading at her flesh and pulling at her nipples..His knob tingled and for a moment, he looked down and watched his Mom's pretty hand beating his meat, her wedding ring sparkling."Damn, Mom, you're really good at that."

"Thanks, baby. That's how I felt when you were fingering me earlier. I guess we both have a talent in that department," Skylar said.

"I really don't wanna stop touching your boobs, but if you want, I can finger you again, while you stroke on me."

"Ohh, another session of mutual masturbation huh? Last time we did that, we almost destroyed the supply closet," she said with a giggle.

"True."

"But if you're wanting to finger me again, I'm certainly not gonna say no," she said with a sexy smile.

Their bodies pressed together as they stroked each others genitals. Skylar beat her son's dick with steady strokes, while Robbie cupped her pubis, digging two finger deep into her cunt-hole.

Her big ballooning breasts jostled around between them as both their pleasure-cores swelled with an impending orgasm. "Ooohhhhh," Skylar sighed loudly, as her eyes began to roll back in their sockets. ,

The nearly naked mother suddenly rose up on her tip toes and her sexy legs began to tremble as she neared the peak of her cum. Her beautiful voice gave out a quivering cry. "Uuuunnhhggo-o-o-o-h-h-h!!" she wailed, her curvy body going into a shaking fit. Robbie felt her big milkers slosh against his chest.

Just the site of her getting off like this made the jizz shoot through his cock-tube. "Ohh, shit, I'm cumming," he grunted. "Paint my ass, bunny," Skylar said lustfully, turning her lower half, so her son's cum splashed against her meaty bottom. Her stroking fist became a gooey mess as she beat every ounce of cum from her son's boner.

She turned and gave him a sensual peck on the lips. "Keep my panties in your desk drawer in case I'm not here and you need a little stimulation."

Robbie smiled. "Gladly."

At home that evening they had dinner and Robbie packed a bag for their trip. The idea of being alone with his beautiful openly-sexual mother for two nights thrilled him to the core.

After he was finished, he found his father in the living-room watching a hockey game on their projector TV. "Hey dad, how's the game?"

"The Blackhawks are choking tonight," he said, then took a sip of his Heineken.

"That sucks. Where's Mom?"

Brent tore his eyes away from the game, but only for a second, motioning towards the hallway.

"She's in your sister's room. They're watching a movie I think."

"Oh cool."

"Hey, I'm sure your mother has told you this, but thanks for all your hard work at the firm. It can get pretty stressful for her at times. I appreciate you being there to take some of the weight off her shoulders," Brent shoulders.

The end of his comment made Robbie smile. He immediately thought about the 'weight' he had taken 'off he shoulders,' from hefting her big heavy boobs. "Sure thing, dad. It's great to be able to help out."

"You sure you're down with this trip to Milwaukee . I know it's asking a lot of you," Brent asked.

"No, I don't mind going at all. I know this case is important to you guys, so whatever I can do to help out," Robbie said.

"Maybe we can hit a home game when you get back. A buddy of mine can get us some seats at center ice."

"Yeah dad, that would be great," Robbie lied. He hated hockey, but he knew his dad loved it, so he played along.

The teen went down the hallway, hearing his Mom's cute giggle from his sister's bedroom. He peeked in to see them laying on their tummies, side by side, watching a Disney movie together.

Skylar flashed him a smile. "Hey bunny," she said, "did you get all packed?"

"Yeah, pretty much," he said. He notice she was wearing a skimpy pair of white boy-shorts and a cami top with spaghetti straps. He stepped into the room behind them to get a better look.

"What are you guys watching?"

His sister was quick to answer. "Frozen. This is the best part," she said.

While his Mom and sister watched the flat screen, Robbie's eyes traveled up the backs of Skylar's strong smooth legs. The shorts stretched around the meaty globes of her ass, a substantial amount of bulging ass-flesh seeping out the hems.

The mother and daughter giggled at the movie. Skylar bent the bottom half of one leg up playfully and just of teetered it back and forth, arching her bare foot and pointing her pretty painted toes toward the ceiling. Robbie loved his mother's pretty feet and wondered if she would ever use the to stroke his cock. Just the thought made his dick rise.

"We'll need to head out about eight in the morning. Our flight's at ten," she said, breaking her son from his trance.

"Sounds good," he said, trying to conceal his bulge, but unsuccessfully. Skylar peeked around and her eyes focused directly on it. She looked up at him and giggled, then went back to the movie.

She spread her legs slightly. The shorts were moulded around her cunt-mound. Robbie could clearly see the shape of the thick puffy folds of her outer labia. "My thing's are ready to go. I just have one more outfit to pack," she said, then looked back at him. "Why don't

you pick it out and put it in my bag. Top drawer on the right," she said with a wink.

Robbie went down to his parent's bedroom, then over to his Mom's large dresser. He opened the top right drawer and his eyes got big as he was greeted with an assortment of sexy lingerie. On one side were teddies, corsets and bustiers made of lace and silk. On the other side were garters, dainty babydoll nighties and skimpy bra and panty sets of assorted colors. He lifted one item from the drawer. It was made of sheer black mesh. As he unfolded the item, he realized it was a crotchless body-stocking.

"Holy shit," Robbie muttered, trying to picture his Mom's voluptuous body in something like this.

He set it aside and continued looking through the naughty negligee. It was tough to pick out just one. He was dying to see his mom model every one of them, but he finally made his choice and stuffed it in the travel-bag with her other clothing.

The next morning, Robbie and Skylar were on a small jet heading to Milwaukee. Scattered about the cabin were other business professionals. Most were busy reading or on their laptops.

Robbie sat in the window seat, looking out. Skylar sat next to him, but had her tray-table down, busily working on a document. Several times she would spy her son staring at her legs or the swell of her breasts. Even though he sat right beside her, for privacy reasons, she picked up her cell and shot him a text.

Robbie looked at his phone. "How's my favorite cock doing?" the text read.

His Mom went back to typing on her laptop. He texted back. "Kinda hard."

Skylar paused from typing and lifted her phone. "Why only kinda? ," she texted.

"Because we're on a plane I guess," he wrote back..

"Would it get harder if I let you put your hand up my skirt?" she replied.

Robbie's heart pounded excitedly. "Definitely would," he text.

Skylar immediately looked at the stewardess, who was about to pass by. "Excuse me, can I get a blanket?" she asked.

"Certainly," the stewardess said and returned moments later with a throw-blanket. Skylar unfolded it and draped it over her and her son's laps. She took Robbie's hand, slipped it under blanket and up her skirt, resting it high on her upper thigh. She left it there, bringing her hand out and continued typing.

Robbie's breathing was heavy and rapid from the thrill of his hand being so close to his mother's cunt. Her thighs were silky soft and he could feel the heat radiating from her genitals. Skylar quickly texted him. "That better, my sweet bunny?"

He used the thumb of his free hand to text back. "Yes," was his reply.

Skylar went back to work, fully aware of how her son's hand was slowly creeping up towards her panty-covered twat. Robbie's thumb finally bumped the gusset of her panties and drug up and down the puffy clam-shell of her mound of Venus.

After a few minutes of this, Skylar stopped typing and leaned over him, looking out the window.

Her hand had crept under the blanket and began squeezing his erection through his pants. "Are we gaining altitude over here?" she

said, peering out the window.

Robbie gasped. Her hand felt amazing as it squeezed his hardened muscle. The busty mother wasn't being the least bit gentle. Her little hand gripped the base of his boner, her fingers and nails digging in, making the upper half of his cock swell with blood. With her fist circled, she pulled the skin of his dick up, milking the meat beneath. Her tight, gripping squeeze made the section of Robbie's cut foreskin fold over his fat knob, then retract again on her down-stroke, making the knob flare out huge and purple.

She released his boner, sat back down and texted him. "So much for 'kinda hard' right?" she teased.

Robbie brazenly rubbed his Mom's pussy through her silky panties as she worked on her document. He pressed his gyrating fingers down into the groove between her meat-flaps, peeling back the thick hood and finding the swollen nub of her clitoris. Skylar sighed as he made contact, biting her bottom lip in ecstacy.

She could tell her son was trying to make her cum, so she closed her thighs tight and smiled at him. "Not here," she said, motioning with her eyes to the other people around them.

"Ok," Robbie smiled back.

When they landed, Skylar couldn't get him off the plane quick enough. The horny mother quickly marched down the terminal, leading her son by the hand. Her dainty heels clicked against the hard surface, making it clear to everyone else that she knew exactly where she was going and was in a huge hurry to get there. "Jesus, Mom, slow down," Robbie said, struggling to keep up as she held on tightly to his hand, pulling him along.

Without the least bit of hesitation, she rushed them into the women's restroom. "Mom, what are you doing?"

Skylar pulled him in to one of the womens stalls, closing the door behind them. She backed her son against the wall, pulling her skirt to her waist with one hand. With the other, she shoved his hand into her panties. "Finish what you started," she said lustfully.

"Ok," Robbie said with a thrilled sigh. He cupped her cunt and dug through her folds. "Yess," she hissed, throwing her arms around his neck. "Finger me," she pleaded.

As he had before, Robbie found her upper wall with his two fingers and plowed at her G-spot.

Skylar rose on the toes of her heels, tightening her arms and squashing her tits on him. "Ohh God, bunny!" she cried out, her voice echoing through the restroom.

Her cunt made a wet squelching sound as Robbie finger-fucked her as deep as he could, rubbing her fat clit with his thumb at the same time. "Uunhg!" He cute voice rang out, followed by a longer, louder cry throwing her head back. "Uuuunnhhgg!"

Two mothers heard Sylar's cry as they stood at the sink. They smiled at one another, then went about their business.

One more orgasmic jolt surged through Skylar, starting at the core of her cunt and shooting out through her big titted body. She was latched on to Robbie, so he felt her body shutter in ecstacy, her Mommy-melons sloshing between them as she shamelessly let lose another orgasmic howl.

Skylar and her son took a taxi to their hotel room. It was an upscale hotel in the heart of the city.

Their two-room suite was large and elegant, with a huge king-sized bed and breathtaking view of the city.

"The other attorney is coming by in awhile to go over the case. You good just hanging out this evening?" Skylar asked her son.

"Yeah, no problem, mom. I'll probably go down and sit in the jacuzzi, maybe use the weight-room.," he said.

Skylar headed for the adjoining bedroom. "I'm gonna get a quick shower. Will you be an angel and have some soda water brought up?"

"Sure, Mom."

Robbie made the quick call to room service, then wandered into the bedroom. "On its way up," he said, watching Skylar take off her blouse.

"Thanks, don't know why I'm so thirsty today," she said, standing there in just her bra and panties as she took off her earrings. "Oh, will you do me a favor and call your father, let him know we got here ok."

"Sure," Robbie said, dialing Brent on his cellphone. As it rang, Robbie watched his mom stretch her tiny panties over her hips and slide them down her smooth legs.

"Hey son, what's up?" Brent answered.

Robbie was mesmerized by his Mom's movements. She had her back to him, giving him a clear view of her meaty bare ass as she shamelessly reached around and unclasped her big bra. The cups slipped from her jugs. Her boobs were so big Robbie could see a part of the huge bobbling orbs hanging down, even from behind her.

"You there, Robbie?" Bent asked, snapping his son from his trance.

"Oh, yeah, I'm here dad, sorry," the teen said, watching his mom sashay into the bathroom, her fleshy bare buttock undulating sexily.

"I um, just wanted to let you know we got here ok."

"Cool, I appreciate you being there for your mother. I know it means a lot to her," Brent said.

"No problem, I'll do what I can to help her out."

After talking to his dad, Robbie sprawled out on the comfy bed. He wished he could go in and watch his mom shower, but he didn't want to infringe on her privacy. He got his wish a few minutes later when his mom called his name from the shower. "Can you bring me the shampoo and conditioner from my bag, honey?" she asked.

Robbie quickly dug them from her bag and went into the bathroom. The shower's huge glass door provided only a partial view of his Mom, since it was all steamed up. "Here you go, Mom."

Skylar slid the glass door open a tad, taking the items from her son. Robbie looked down at her huge soaking-wet udders, his dick quickly rising to attention. "Thanks bunny," she said, then looked down at his obvious protrusion, "get naked and join me."

Robbie didn't hesitate. By the time he stripped and joined her, Skylar was washing her hair. He jerked on his erect cock as he watched his Mom work the shampoo into her blonde hair. Doing this made her thrust her chest, so her big stiff-nippled melons jutted outward. The teen watched in awe as the suds cascaded down through her gaping cleavage.

She placed some body wash on a washcloth and began sudsing her son's lean chest up. She put some suds on his nose playfully and giggled, her protuberant boobs brushing against him.

"We've got a little time to play. Wanna play with Mommy, bunny," she asked cutely, reaching down and gently stroking his slippery cock.

"Sure," he said with an excited smile.

She brought her lips in close to his. "Let's play kissy face," she said softly, her green eyes staring into his lustfully.

Skylar planted a series of wet kisses on his lips over and over. Robbie felt her tongue peek out and glide along his lips between her kisses..While stroking his dick with one hand, the mother wrapped the other arm around him, pulling her boy in closer to her.

Robbie sighed with excitement. Skylar's big wet spongy tits were now pressed against his chest.

His tongue came half-way out and began playing with hers. The mother whipped the tip of her long licker all over Robbie's reciprocating tongue. Soon, it was not just the tips, but the entire length of their tongues that were looping and lashing together. Their lips fused hungrily as they began to passionately make out.

"Mmmm," Sky whimpered, engaging her son in a deep French kiss.

Robbie couldn't believe it was his own mom's long thick tongue that was wrestling wildly with his own. Her experience was apparent as ten minutes of deep smooching went on without pause.

Skylar finally broke the kiss and went for his neck. "Squeeze my body against yours, bunny," she said, before attacking his neck with licks.

Robbie wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her so tight he lifted her from the shower floor. Skylar's hand were still squeezed around his meat, pulling on it the best she could considering it was now sandwiched between their bellies. Her big breasts bulged out from between them, her thick nipples digging in to him.

She kissed up his neck, cheek, then along his ear. "How lucky am I to have such a hot, big-dicked assistant," she said between kisses.

"You must have known some incentives were coming your way on this trip," kiss, kiss.

"I hoped," Robbie sighed, feeling the hot water shower over their nude bodies.

"What types of incentives are you hoping for baby," she asked, then took a long lick at his neck.

"Are you hoping I'll let you take your father's place between my legs tonight?" Kiss, kiss.

"Yess," Robbie muttered, feeling his dick flex in her hand.

"Are you hoping to squeeze your dick in Mommy's most secret place?"

"Ohh, Jesus, Mom," he sighed, so turned on her could hardly stand it. He rocked his hips, slowly fucking his dick through her squeezing hand.

"Is that what you want, baby. You wanna be deep inside so we can squirt all our juices together"

"Ohhh yeaahh," Robbie sighed, screwing Skylar's soapy hand like a pussy.

"Yess, bunny, just like that," she said, squeezing his gliding meat even tighter in her fist. "Fuck the hot pussy, feel it squeezing your big dreamy dick," Skylar said in a sexy tone.

By now, Skylar's tits had worked their way up his chest and were beginning to spill out around his neck. Robbie's face sunk down between them, into a deep pocket of wet jiggling cleavage.

"Ohhh shit," the teen muttered, his knob beginning to swell in the tight grip of his Mom's hand.

"Yess, spray your hot cum all over me," Skylar said.

"Ohhh God," Robbie groaned as he felt himself on the edge of a hard cum.

"There it is, squirt it out," Skylar said lovingly.

"Uuuuoohh, shiiit," Robbie cried out as thick globes of spunk began to fire out his piss-slit.

Skylar tightened her clutches, wedging his face between her jugs as deep as he could go. "Ooh bunny!" she cried out, squeezing her thumb against his frenulum. This caused his cock to flex, the veins and muscles bulging out. Skylar felt it. "Ohhhh sweet bunny!!" she cried out even louder, over his tit-muffled grunts.

Her fist became tight ring of spunk-coated flesh between their bellies. Her thumb dug beneath the crown of his knob expertly, drawing out more and more jizz. His shiny bulbous head squeezed from the circled ring of her fingers, twitching with pleasure.

A few minutes later they emerged from the bathroom toweling off. "If you get hungry baby, you should order you some food."

"Tami did say this place she booked us in had a five-star restaurant. Maybe I'll grab some grub while I'm downstairs."

Skylar planted her ass up on the bed, making her big naked boobs jostle. "Speaking of Tami, did she have a pretty good spread?"

"Spread?"

"Yeah, her spread, you know, when you fucked her. I know how a woman spreads her legs is important to a guy. When she has a good spread a guy can fuck her all sorts of different ways,"

Skylar said, curling her curvy legs up onto the bed.

"That's true. Tami was pretty limber, so she spread her legs pretty far back."

Skylar fell back, propping herself on her elbows. She splayed her thighs, bringing her knees way back, level with her shoulders. "So like...this far back?"

Robbie's heart was pounding hard again. His mom's thighs were wide open. He could see her buns spread on the mattress, crowned by the smooth shaved lips of her vulva. "A little further," he muttered.

"Oh, so like this," Skylar said, widening her thighs even further, extending the bottom half of her luscious legs so that they pointed up, along with her sexy bare feet.

Robbie couldn't help but reach down and squeeze his knob. "Yeah, that's about right," he muttered.

"Oh, so not like this," Skylar said, extending her legs fully and scissoring them way back in a huge spread-eagle.

"Holy shit, Mom," the teen muttered, gawking her tremendous spread. It was like she was doing a wall straddle, but instead of her legs being against the wall, they were propped further back, hovering in the air, her sexy feet pointing to each side of the headboard. "How do you do that?" he asked, mesmerized by her limberness.

"It's called palates, bunny. Four times a week for the last fifteen years, remember."

"So you guys do these sorts of stretches, in class?" he asked.

"Uh-huh, why are you wanting to sign up now?" she said with a giggle. "So you can watch all us Moms spread our legs way back?"

"I wouldn't mind," Robbie said.

Skylar laughed, gracefully lowered her legs and bounced from the bed to her bare feet. She strode over to her boy teasingly, her big heavy mommy-melons swaying. Stopping in front of him, she placed her hands on his shoulders. "And I wouldn't mind dragging you onto that bed right now for lots and lots more kisses, but Judith will be here soon, so I need to get dressed," she said, giving him a quick peck on the lips.

Just before the other lawyer arrived, Robbie went down and got some food at the hotel restaurant. After he ate, he went into the workout room and lifted some weights for an hour.

When he was done giving his lean muscles a workout, he went to the pool room to sit in the jacuzzi.

He was the only one there for a little bit before a couple, a little younger than his parents, joined him. The guy seemed in good shape and was handsome looking, but Robbie's real focus was on the lady with him. She had shoulder-length brown hair and was very pretty, but what really got his attention was the size of her tits and the huge pregnant belly she carried. The fact that she wore a skimpy bikini seemed almost obscene, but Robbie didn't mind one bit.

"What's up guy," the husband said.

"Hey," Robbie muttered.

The woman smiled at Robbie sweetly as she sunk into the bubbling water. "Hi," she said.

"God, this feels amazing after a hard day," the man said. "You on vacation or something?" he asked Robbie.

"No, um, I'm here with my Mom. She's here on business. I'm actually her assistant," Robbie said.

"Oh how cool," the woman said with a smile, showing her perfect white teeth. "So you like, work for your Mom?"

"Yeah."

Her husband leaned back, enjoying the hot water. "I'm here on business also. What's your Mom do?"

"She's a lawyer. She's um, here for a big trial tomorrow."

"Nice. I'm in the produce business. I'm here for a conference. You eat your vegetables?" the guy asked.

"Of course," Robbie said with an amused smile.

The guy gave Robbie a fist pump. "Good man," he said. "My names Aaron, this is my wife Katrina."

"Nice to meet you guys."

Katrina rose her upper half back out of the water, resting her hands on her giant baby-orb. "I don't want the girls to boil in there," she giggled.

"You're having twins?" Robbie asked.

"Yeah, twin girls, any day now," Katrina said.

"Good thing our other two are old enough to take care of themselves," Aaron said. "Mom's gonna be busy with twins and Dad's gonna be busy supporting them all."

"They can learn to babysit, because Mom's not giving up her shopping habit," Katrina said with a giggle, winking at Robbie.

"Time to switch pools," Aaron said, jumping out of the jacuzzi and diving into the swimming pool.

Robbie found himself staring at Katrina's milk-filled tits. They were obscenely massive, spilling out around her bikini top. He could see the huge fat nubs of her nipples protruding out of the fabric. He looked up to see her staring back at him knowingly, her lips curling into a naughty smile. "So do you go with your Mom to trial or will you be hanging around here a the hotel tomorrow?" she asked.

"Probably stay back. Courtrooms are kinda boring."

Katrina giggled. "I bet. My husband's gonna be at the conference all day. Wanna hang out?"

Robbie glanced in the direction of the pool, but Aaron was too far away to hear them. "Sure," he said.

"Room for one more in there?" A voice said. Skylar stepped towards the jacuzzi in a skimpy white bikini.

"Yeah, feels great in here," Robbie said, watching her step down into the bubbling water. Skylar's wore a string-style bikini, which showed off a lot of flesh. Much like Katrina's top, Skylar's bikini sling covered only a portion of her enormous knockers.

"Mom, this is Katrina. Her husband's in the pool. He's here on business too."

Katrina smiled at Skylar. "Hi, I hear you have a big day in court tomorrow," she said.

"Yes, should be interesting. I've only partnered with one other attorney before and we didn't gel. I think this one's gonna work out better though."

"I hope so," Katrina said. "I told your son that if he's bored tomorrow he can always hang out with me. My husband will be at a conference all day."

Skylar glanced at Katrina's gigantic pregnant tits, then at her son. "He'd probably really like that."

"That is if I'm not in the hospital giving birth tomorrow," Katrina said, rubbing her belly, "I feel like I'm ready to pop."

Skylar giggled. "I was traveling when I gave birth to Robbie. Barely made it to the hospital in time."

"I never knew that," Robbie said.

"Oh yeah, I almost squeezed you out in the back seat of a rental car while your father raced down the freeway."

Katrina giggled. "Oh my God. He must have wanted out as bad as my girls do. See them kicking," she said, sticking her huge round belly out.

Skylar's got a big smile. "Oh wow, look, bunny, the babies are kicking," she said, as both her and Robbie looked at swell of Katrina's pregnancy.

"Wanna feel?" Katrina asked, moving over in front of Robbie, between his legs as he sat. Skylar was at his side and they both reached out and felt the twins kick around inside Katrina's womb.

"That's really cool," the teen muttered. He was shoulder deep in the water and his cock hardening at not just the close proximity of such a big sexy pregnant belly, but also the four giant Mommy-melons looming around him.

"Do you have names picked out yet?" Skylar asked.

As Katrina and his Mom talked about cute baby names, Robbie marveled at the huge smooth baby-ball right in front of him. Katrina seemed to creep even closer as the women spoke, so that the round packed flesh of her tummy pressed against his upper chest.

Robbie peered up at her huge milkers. He judged that canyon of creamy cleavage would probably swallow his entire head. Katrina giggled at something his mom said, making the flesh of her tits quiver, then rock heavily from side to side beneath her bikini-sling.

Skylar wrapped an arm around Robbie's head pulling him to her boobs and squashing the side of his face against her own impressive cleavage. "My husband and I decided on Robbie for this one, but I call him my bunny," she said.

"Ohh, that's so cute, Mommy's bunny," Katrina said, stroking Robbie's thighs beneath the water.

She saw her husband get out of the pool and quickly ran her hand up the length of Robbie's erection through his shorts, as if sizing him up. "So room seven-seven-four tomorrow, if you wanna hang out?" she said softly, so her approaching husband couldn't hear.

"Cool," Robbie said, watching her float back across the jacuzzi.

Skylar and Robbie rinsed off in the pool-room shower, then went back to their room. She turned off most of the lights and they moved into the bedroom. "Crawl into bed, baby. I'll be out in a few minutes," Sky said, stepping into the bathroom.

Robbie got out of his damp trunks, putting on a dry pair of briefs and climbed up into the big bed.

He heard the blow-dryer going and could picture his Mom fluffing her her beautiful blonde hair.

It was only the bedside lamp that was on, bathing the room in a warm glow. "Hi bunny," Robbie heard his mom say softly.. He looked in the direction of the bathroom and saw her standing there in the negligee that he had picked out. It was a beautiful royal-blue babydoll nightie. She stood in a sexy pose, with one knee cocked out. The gown had a plunging neckline, leaving her massive cleavage exposed and the ruffled transparent skirt design was super seductive, showing off all of her sexy legs. Robbie could tell she wasn't wearing panties beneath it. "Good choice," she said with a smile.

"I agree. You look amazing," he said.

She gave him a blushing smile and she came over and crawled into bed with him. She scooted over and stroked his chest, gazing down with her alluring green eyes. "Your father and I have a routine the night before a big case. He makes love to me. It helps relieve the anxiety."

Robbie gulped excitedly. "Oh.." he muttered.

"I'm feel so anxious, but we're Mother and Son, so we can't make love..." she said, making her son's heart sink with disappointment. Skylar continued gazing. "But we can fuck...and I need to be fucked really hard. Can you do that for me, bunny?" she asked.

"God yes," Robbie muttered excitedly.

Skylar giggled. "Sorry Mr. Assistant, I know that wasn't in your job description."

Robbie smiled. "Well neither was masturbating together, but I gladly did it."

"Such a dedicated worker," Skylar teased, climbing on top of him. Robbie watched her quickly lift her nightie off, her big tits bobbling

out onto her chest. "You must have know that wasn't staying on long," she said, gazing down.

"I hoped it wasn't," he said.

Skylar dropped down on him, her big melons smacking against his bare chest. She quickly locked lips with him, her thick tongue whipping into his mouth. She rolled them over, so he was on top, but their mouths stayed fused the whole time. Robbie felt her thighs spread open. She reached down with both hands and began shoving his briefs down. "Get 'em off," she panted between kisses.

Robbie rose to his knees, removing his briefs the rest of the way, while looking down at his gorgeous Mom. Skylar was staring at his big pointing erection hungrily, her tongue curling out of her mouth. Her naked boobs were like big pillow-like orbs spread out on her chest. She reached down and squeezed his rock-hard meat. "Oh my God, put it in me," she said lustfully.

Robbie grasped his cock and fit the big purple knob between the smooth puffy split of her twat.

He shifted his hips forward and felt his erection sink into the hot grip of Skylar's cunt. "Ohh, shit," he sighed.

She grabbed him and pulled his frame down on top of her, tossing her strong smooth mommy-legs around him at the same time. "Fuck meeee," she cried, bouncing her buns off the mattress lustfully, setting Robbie's hips in motion.

Robbie whimpered as his body sunk down in his mother's warm soft curves. The feel of her clutching thighs and smooth legs across his back was euphoric. He slid his dick in as deep as it would go, crushing his knob against the mouth of her womb and holding it there.

"Yesss, ohhh fuck," Skylar cried, her big-titted body jerking and rocking beneath him, clutching on as tight as she could. The big bed reeled and squeaked from the force of their writhing bodies.

Robbie finally backed his cock out partially, then began punching it in again and again. "Ouuhhh, bunny!" Skylar cried out, tightening her arms around him. She extended her curvy legs out straight, so they formed a wide V with her toes pointing back.

Their bodies beat together as Robbie's lean ass bobbed between her widely-spread thighs. He wanted to impress the hell out of his mom sexually and knew he could do this by not slowing his thrusts until she had a hard cum on his cock.

Her muscled cunt-tube felt exquisite around his spearing erection, coating it with hot lubricating fuck-oil. His love-muscle thundered through her squeezing sheath, his swollen purple knob knocking on her back wall with every thrust.

"Yeessss," Skylar screamed out, bouncing the globes of her ass on the mattress, aiding her son's deep thrusts. "Ohhh my God," she shrieked, thrilled by the fact that her son was really fucking the shit out of her.

Without breaking his rhythm, Robbie lifted his head, so he could watch his Mom's pleasure-filled face. "Ohhh!" she cried out, arching her head back. "I'm gonna cum, ohhmy God, so fucking harduuuunnhhgg!" the hot Mother screamed, squeezing her arms and cunt with everything she had.

The lucky teen looked up to see his mom's toes clench and her spread-eagled legs trembling with pleasure.

"Ohh, shit," Robbie muttered, tightening his ass-cheeks to keep from cumming himself. Skylar's pussy was grasping and sucking, spewing out hot girl-cum around his massive tool.

Using his arms, he propped himself up and slowed his thrusts a tad to keep from cumming. He watched his mother writhing and panting below him, still enjoying the after-shakes of her juicy orgasm. His eyes zero'd in on her tit-orbs, watching them roll up and down her chest. He dove for one of her boobs, stuffing as much tit into his mouth as he could get.

Skylar clawed at his back. "Yeeess, baby, suck my titties," she said lustfully.

They continued fucking while Robbie's face lay plastered against one of her spongy boobs.

Skylar's nipple and areola were distended, sucked inside his mouth. Robbie's tongue dug against them, plowing his licker against her milk-glans and her thick rubbery nipple. "Mmnn," he whimpered, feeling vaginal walls squeeze him in reaction to his mouth-work.

The horny mother came again with a cute little screaming grunt, arching her back and lifting her boy from the bed. The flesh of her circled legs trembled uncontrollably, her sexy little bare feet flexing and joggling as the orgasm shot through her entire body.

Robbie hardly remembered being rolled onto his back, it happened so fast. It seemed like all of the sudden he was looking up at two huge twin melons as they swung in unison above his face.

He was completely mesmerized. It was amazing enough to watch his Mom's tits sit on her chest, but to see them hang down and swing naturally was unbelievable.

With her knees resting astride him on the mattress, Skylar bounced on her son's cock, feeling his big juicy knob squeeze all the way to the back of her cunt on each thrust. "Come on bunny, thrust your hips baby. Fuck up into me," Skylar said, panting with pleasure.

Robbie obliged, rocking his hips to her fuck-rhythm. Skylar straightened her back, and used her strong wide hips to grind her pussy on his boner. She could feel his knob rubbing back and forth against the pursed lips of her cervix.

As she did this, Robbie just laid there in awe. Skylar's huge jugs jutted out, so mostly what he saw was the big smooth rounded undersides, bobbling around from her movements. His eyes drifted down her belly past her sexy naval to the smooth fusion of their joined genitals. He couldn't believe he was fucking his own hot mom.

After ten minutes of riding him, Skyler slipped off her son, making his boner flop against his abdomen, wet with her juices. She climbed onto her hands and knees, peeking back at him.

"Doggy-fuck me," she said, wagging her meaty ass.

Robbie quickly got up and mounted her haunches, feeding his prick back inside her pussy. He grabbed her hips and fucked with savage thrusts, laying it in as deep as he could.

"Fuck yesss," Skyler cried out, throwing her mature ass back, meeting him thrust for thrust.

The teen's tongue hung out as he watched his Mom's big meaty cheeks ripple each time they slapped against him. Robbie couldn't help but think about how primal and downright shameless this was. Here he was mounting his own Mom like and animal, watching the ring of her butthole throb and the breasts he sucked as a child swing around wildly.

His knob tingled with delight. Skyler felt is swell deep in her cunt. "Ohh bunny, you're getting ready to cum, aren't you baby?"

"Uh huh. I can slow down though," he said, panting heavily.

"No, I've been squirting cum all over you for the past hour. Now it's your turn."

"Inside you?" he asked.

"Yes, inside me," Skylar said, tossing her thick ass back, spearing his cock through her wet vagina. "I'm gonna squeeze my muscles around you and we'll make it the best nut you've ever had," she said.

They quickly sped up into an intense doggy-hump. An repetitive smacking sound filled the room as Skylar's tireless buttock's rapped against Robbie's mid-section. "Ohh shit yeah, Mom," the teen sighed, holding on to her hips for leverage.

She gazed back at him with a pleasure-filled grimace. "Oohhhh, yesss! Cum with me Robbie!!" she cried.

It was like she had just released the flood gates from his balls. "Ohhfuck!" the teen groaned, his body jerking as the muscled rings of Skylar's cunt-walls closed around him tightly, increasing the friction on his glans. "Ooohhh!" he moaned, as the cum fired from the tip of his prick.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" his mother screamed, throwing her head back like a bitch in heat as her own orgasm shot through her.

For the next ten minutes they gradually slowed their humping motions, until they both finally stopped. They fell forward and Robbie laid on her backside, squeezing her warm curvy body.

"Damn, that was amazing," he sighed, still catching his breath.

Skylar smiled back at him. "Just to forewarn you, I'm probably gonna wake up in a few hours wanting more," she said.

"Whatever I can do to ease your anxiety. I am your assistant after all," he said, making her giggle.

"That you are," she said.

The next morning Robbie sat at the table eating breakfast that they had brought up to them. He heard his Mom's heels click towards him. "Ok, bunny, how do I look?" she said, modeling a new work outfit for him. It was her usual style, sexy blouse and blazer with a short skirt. Her cute feet were propped in four-and-a-half inch black mules.

"Amazing like always."

She smiled at him.."You look exhausted. Sorry I lied to you last night," she said.

"Lied to me how?"

"Well, I told you I was gonna wake you up once to fuck, not three different times," she said.

"Trust me, Mom, I wasn't put out one bit."

"Well, at least now you know how insatiable your mom can be," she said with a wink. "Why don't you get some more sleep."

"I'm good."

She fed him a jealous smile. "Oh that's right. You have a date with the married pregnant lady in room seven-seven-four, how could I forget."

"It's not a date. We're just hanging out."

"Uh-huh, well at least I don't have to worry about you knocking her up," Skylar said, leaning over and kissing him. "Have fun," she said, grabbing her work-bag.

Robbie finished his breakfast, took a shower then put on a nice-looking pair a khaki shorts and a t-shirt. He finished it off with a little bit of cologne.

He took the elevator down to the seventh floor and found Katrina's room. She answered, wearing a sexy white lace maxi-dress, with a split front. Her huge pregnant baby-ball was naked, sticking out the split in the dress. The top of the gown was halter-style and her milk-filled jugs were spilling out. "Hey, sweetheart. Come in," she said, stepping to the side.

The suite was identical to the one him and his mom were staying in. "Just like my Mom and I's room," Robbie said.

"Really? Only one bed huh?" Katrina said with a mischievous smile as she stepped past him on bare feet. The back of her dress fell all the way to the floor, dragging behind her. It was an embroidered design, that was pretty much see-through. Robbie could spy her thick peach- shaped ass through the fabric. She was wearing panties, but since the thong disappeared between her buns, her globes were pretty much naked. "Come in here with me," she said, leading him into the bedroom.

"The view is pretty nice on this side of the building too," Robbie said, watching her ass sway as he followed her into the bedroom..

She stopped at the foot of the bed and turned to face him, her heavy mammaries heaving form side to side for a moment. She gazed with her sexy blue eyes. "We could continue the small talk or just start fucking. Personally, I'd rather fuck."

"Me too," Robbie said, his heart racing.

She stepped forward, her baby-orb bumping against him. "Have you ever fucked a pregnant girl?" she asked.

"No, I've always wanted to though."

"Ohh, I get to make Robbie's bucket list. I'm honored," she teased. "Before we fuck though I wanna make one thing perfectly clear."

"Ok," Robbie muttered curiously.

"I may be as pregnant as a woman could possibly get, but I'm not some fragile butterfly. My baby girls are safe and cozy in my womb, Robbie, no matter what goes on out here. I guess what I'm trying to say is I like to get fucked hard and rough. Do you think you can handle fucking me that way?"

Robbie smiled anxiously.

Five minutes later, Katrina's naked legs were propped high in the air. "Ohhh fuck yesss," the pregnant beauty cried as Robbie's ass bobbed between her splayed thighs.

Even through she had a protruding belly, this didn't detour the teen from laying down flat against her while he fucked. "Oh shit yeah," Robbie sighed, thrusting his big cock up her hot slippery baby-chute. His chiseled chest just sort of sunk down into the meat of her baby-ball.

She clawed at him lustfully, tossing her legs back even further. "Haaaarder!" she cried out.

Robbie obliged, increasing the tempo of his humping. Katrina's huge milk-filled boobs felt amazing sloshing against his upper chest. He decided to suck and fuck at the same time. He rose up just a tad, releasing one of her jugs from between them. His tongue hung out as watched the enormous udder roll up her chest like a big fleshy wave. Pregnancy had completely transformed Katrina's breasts into massive milk-swelled mammaries, with thick leaking nipples, protruding from wide areola.

The lucky teen latched on with his mouth and was greeted with a thick spray of warm breast milk.

Katrina reacted by tightening her cunt-muscles, smothering Robbie's meat as it thundered through her cunt. Robbie loved the sensations of her pussy on his cock. Each cunt he fucked felt a little bit different. His Mom's cunt was a little tighter, with extremely strong pussy-muscles, while Katrina's vagina seemed to have thick spongy walls, that scrubbed his boner with slippery secretions. The biggest difference with Katrina was the back of her pussy. The large pursed lips of her dilating cervix felt exquisite around his purple knob as it sunk against it on.

"Mmmnnn," Robbie whimpered, his face was sunk deep into her squishy tit, plowing his tongue across her thick milk-spurting mammilla.

"Ohh God, you're gonna make me fucking cum!" Katrina cried out.

Robbie lifted his head to watch her pretty face while she came, but kept his lips sealed around her nipple, stretching her tit-flesh as he pulled it up with him. He glanced up at the spires of her long smooth legs, thrown way back and bobbing around from the power of his thrusts. He saw her cute toes clench as her pussy-tube tightened at the same time.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Katrina cried out, her pretty face masked in a pleasure-filled grimace.

Her big nipple popped from Robbie's mouth, making her milker spread back out across her chest. "Ohh shit," the teen moaned, feeling his glans tingle as Katrina's vaginal walls squeezed and contracted.

As the pregnant mother grunted and cried, she brought her legs back down, tossing them high around Robbie's back. He ran his hands along her smooth outer thighs, feeling their motherly strength. "Ohh yeaaah," he sighed.

Robbie's boner throbbed, soaked with girl-cum as it slipped through the thick sponged lining of Katrina's vagina. "Ohh shit, I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

"Yess, give it to meee," Katrina cried, clawing at his youthful body.

His naked ass jerked and flexed between her parted thighs as he hammered her hot pussy with everything he had. "Fuuuck," he finally cried out, dumping his load as deep as he could.

After Katrina had used her cunt to milk every drop of Robbie's cum, he rolled off her body, laying next to her. They were both still panting and all smiles, like a young couple that had got laid for the very first time. "Damn, Robbie, I'm jealous of the girl that finally gets you between her legs every night."

"That was amazing," Robbie muttered, watching her turn and squirm up onto his chest, her big milk-filled jugs pressing against him.

"Wanna go again?" she said lustfully.

"Fuck yeah."

This time it was Katrina on top, bouncing her sexy ass up and down as she rode his hard dick.

Robbie felt like he was on top of the world. His eyes gazed up with lust at the enormous ball of Katrina's pregnancy and on top of that, her huge swollen knockers, bouncing and sloshing.

She lowered herself, her arms fully extended and propped astride his head as she continue humping on his boner. Now those big melons were swinging around Robbie's face. He sighed in euphoric pleasure, letting the spongy orbs drag all over his face. He couldn't help but latch onto one and experience the sweet nectar squirting all around inside his mouth.

"Ohh yes, nurse on meee," Katrina cried, laying flat on top of him, while continuing to bounce her buns.

Robbie's face sunk into the soft dough-like flesh of her breast, sucking and chewing like a baby at the thick rubbery flesh of her lactating nipple and areola. His dick flexed in the sheath of her cunt, while fucking steadily in and out.

After a few minutes of sucking, his face emerged from between her jugs, gasping lustfully as he licked and kissed his way through her enormous canyon of cleavage. He drug his tongue up her neck, making her arch her head back. "Ohhh fuck yess," she sighed, then locked lips with him.

As their tongues danced inside Robbie's mouth, he squeezed his arms around her, mashing Katrina's body against his while he thrust his hips from the mattress, meeting her constant humps. Her massive baby-ball was mashed against Robbie's toned chest. He could feel her twins moving around inside. Her pregnant tits spilled around the boy's neck, so that they were practically making out inside her enormous cleavage.

"Ohh fuck yeah," Robbie muttered between kisses. He was absolutely loving it.

Katrina threw her head back again, her eyes rolling in their sockets. "Cuuummingg!" she sang with pleasure.

Her girl-juices spewed from her cunt, dripping down along Robbie's smooth nuts. His thick boner continued to slice through her tight vaginal grip. The boy showed his stamina and over the next half-hour he fucked her through two more toe-curling orgasms.

Katrina finally sat up, so her the massive swell of her tits and belly loomed over him. Her boobs glistened with milk and Robbie's slobber. She swiveled her hips, grinding on the unyielding hardness of his cock.

Other women had fucked him this way, but with Katrina he was feeling sensations on his knob that he'd never felt before. Because she was so pregnant, her cervix had shifted up and the lips around the opening had softened and dilated. Most men couldn't reach such a spot, but Robbie had a really long dick and was rewarded for having such immense size. The big pursed lips at the head of Kristen's cervix were coated with hot, slick mucus, and the sensations Robbie got as his knob squeezed through it was out of this world.

His glans sizzled exquisitely as he enjoyed her deep inner workings. "Uuuhhggh!" Katrina screamed as she squeezed her tits together, grinding down hard on Robbie's hard cock.

The teen suddenly felt like his erection was dipped in hot batter. "Ohhh God," he groaned, arching his head back. The sensation was so intense he immediately started shooting ropes of cum out his cock. "Ohhhh!" Ohhhhh!" he grunted, painting the back of her pussy with hot jizz.

Liquid came squelching out along the base of his cock, cascading over his balls. Once her pussy had finally squeezed out every drop of cum, Robbie let out a big sigh. "Jesus, you squirted alot."

Kirsten gazed back at him nervously, still gasping herself. "That wasn't cum. I think my water just broke."

"Really?" Robbie asked. As his dick slipped out, do also did a lot more liquid.

Kirsten looked down at Robbie's soaking wet cock. "Yup, I'm going into labor. I better get to a hospital."

"Ok, um, I'll call an ambulance," Robbie said, jumping up.

By the time Katrina's husband Aaron got to the hospital she had two baby girls in her arms. She was all smiles when her husband rushed

in. "I got here as quick as I could. Oh my God, they're here," he said, kissing his wife and looking over their newborns.

Robbie was standing nearby, feeling a bit awkward. Aaron looked over at him and got an explanation from Katrina before he could ask any questions. "He saw them loading me up in the ambulance, offered to come along until you got here."

Aaron nodded and smiled. "Thanks, man, I really appreciate it."

"No problem. Congratulations, they're really adorable."

"Thanks," Aaron said.

"I should probably get going now though. My mom should be finished at court soon," Robbie said.

Katrina looked over at her husband. "Oh shoot that reminds me, honey, can you go out into the hallway and call my parents real quick, let them know."

"On it," he said, giving his wife a kiss.

Once he was out of the room, Katrina gave Robbie a naughty smile. "Way to fuck some babies out of me, sweetheart."

"It was fun," Robbie said.

"Give me your number. I'll send you some nudes and maybe just maybe we can meet up again sometime," she said with a wink.

Robbie took a taxi back to the hotel, then went up to the room to take a shower. Skylar was just getting back when he finished. "Showered without me huh?" she said, slipping off her blazer.

"I can get back in," he joked.

Skylar slipped off her heels and gave her son a sultry look as she made for the bedroom. "Let's go," she muttered.

Robbie followed her. "How was count," he asked.

"Stressful... So fucking stressful I don't even want to talk about it," she said, peeling off her blouse.

"Sorry, anything I can get you?"

She turned to him and smiled, her big breasts heaving inside her bra. "How bout a young stud to fuck me all night. Know where I can get one of those?" she teased.

"Sure, I know a guy," Robbie joked back.

Minutes later they were in the shower fucking their asses off. Robbie had his Mom propped up against the shower wall, driving his hard cock deep inside her. Skylar clung to him lustfully, her strong smooth mommy-legs wrapped around his midsection. "Ohh yesss, bunny!" she cried out.

They kissed passionately, their tongue swirling together in a wild frenzy of lust.

Robbie loved the feel of his Mom's wet jugs squeezing against his chest, jiggling crazily with each mad thrust of his hips. He kinda missed the feel of that big ball of pregnant flesh he had against him earlier in the day, but maybe if he knocked his Mom up, she could grow one for him to enjoy, he wickedly thought.

"Before I forget, Katrina had her baby today." Robbie said as he fucked.

"Before or after you fucked her pregnant pussy?" Skylar teased, smiling and kissing his lips tenderly.

"After..well, she kinda started during the whole thing."

"Oh my God," Skylar giggled. "You broke her water, didn't you."

"Yes."

"Did you like fucking a pregnant girl...having all that hot flesh all over you?" Skylar asked.

"Hell yeah, I wish it had been you though."

"Oh really. Are you saying you want a hot pregnant mommy to fuck every day?"

"I wouldn't mind," Robbie said, his dick flexing at the thought.

She gazed in his eyes. "Well get me pregnant then. I'm not stopping you."

"Really?" Robbie gasped, his eyes lighting up.

"Really," she said with a naughty grin. "Come on baby. I'm not on any birth control. Let's make make a baby-bunny together," she said seductively.

Her words made Robbie fuck even harder. "Ohh shit, mom, that's hot," he muttered.

Their bodies beat together in the hot spray and soon they were both cumming like crazy. Robbie hoped that all the sperm he was pumping inside her were shooting straight for her egg.

Mother and Son toweled off, but it didn't take them long to come together again, kissing and clawing at one another as the rolled naked onto the bed for another hot fuck.

"I hope she didn't tire you out today, because I plan on fucking you all night," Skylar said, between passionate kisses.

Robbie squeezed her hot naked body, her big melons pressing against him as her smooth legs slithered up around his back. "Sounds like a good plan to me," he said, flexing his boner inside her.

After pounding her ass to the mattress for an hour, Robbie carried his Mom into the other room and fucked her in the bright city lights shining through the window. Their juicy genitals beat together as Skylar clung to her teen, pointing her strong legs straight out, while he clutched her meaty buttocks and hammered her hard.

"Uuuunnhhgg," the sexy orgasming mother screamed, grasping tightly to her bunny for the ride if her life.

Robbie bent her over the couch, fucking her savagely from behind.

He fucked her on the table, with Skylar laying on it, while he held her legs as they pointed straight up. "Ooohh, shit, so good," he groaned, his loins smacking against her ass-globes as he drilled her with his cock.

They fucked with him sitting on the chair, Skylar straddling him and bouncing up and down on his dick. Her heavy boobs swung around wildly, as if they had a life of their own.

They fucked on the floor, then Robbie pounded her hard against the big picture window. He carried her to the next room and threw her onto the bed. "Get behind me," Skylar said lustfully, rolling onto her side. Robbie plowed his Mom from the side, reaching around and gripping her quaking knockers, sinking his fingers into their spongy flesh while he fucked.

She rolled on her tummy and he climbed on, slicing his rigid meat through the muscled grip of her hot cunt, her thick buttocks rippling with each driving SMACK of his midsection.

They came and fucked and came and fucked some more as the night went on. Their bodies were amazingly in sync, grunting and whimpering together, their sweat-soaked flesh writhing and trembling as if they were throwing their juicy orgasms back and forth to each other.

By morning, the suite was a wreck. Pillows and blankets were everywhere. There were gobs and streaks off jizz and pussy-juice marking every place they'd fucked. The bed was a mess. There were a half-dozen huge round wet spots, where Skylar had squeezed out her girl-cum while her son had fucked the shit out of her.

Dressed for court, Robbie and Skylar looked around at the mess they made. "Jesus, did we do all this?" Robbie asked. "What a mess."

Skylar giggled. "I'll leave a good tip for the cleaning lady," she said, tossing a couple hundred bucks onto the table.

Robbie went with his mom to court and sat in the audience. Sure it was boring, but he was proud of the job his mom did and was even prouder when the jury came back with their verdict. Her and the other lawyer had won the case.

They got dinner to celebrate, then took their flight home, all snuggles the entire plane-ride.

"Thanks for coming with me, bunny," she whispered. "You were a big help."

"I had some great incentives," he joked, snuggling against the swell of her boobs.

"That you did," she giggled, then squeezed his pecker through his pants. "And even greater ones to come."

A couple days later, back at the firm, Brent knocked at Skylar's office door, then came in.

"Hey dad," Robbie said, sitting at his desk.

"You moved your desk," Brent said.

Robbie's desk was was near the corner of the room, facing out towards the door. The teen sat behind it comfortably. "Yeah, Mom and I thought this would be a better spot," he said, glancing down.

His mom was crouched beneath the desk, her head bobbing up and down as she sucked his dick earnestly. She peeked up and winked, her pouty lips stretched around his meat.

"Speaking of your mother, have you seen her? I need to talk to her about a case," Brent said.

"Yeah, she talked about going down on..."

"Down on what?" Brent asked.

Robbie felt her thick tongue swirl around his bulbous knob. "Down on...the street maybe, to get a coffee."

"Oh, did we run out?"

"Must have," Robbie lied.

"Well when she comes back, have her come see me."

"Will do, dad."

Brent paused before leaving. "Oh and uh..." he said, removing a pair of black panties from his suit pocket. "I was looking for some paper-clips in your desk while you guys were gone and found these."

"Oh..." Robbie said, his heart pounding nervously.

"I'm assume they belong to a girl you've been seeing?" Brent asked.

"Yeah, you could say that," Robbie answered. Little did his father know that girl was his own wife and she was licking his nuts under the desk even as they spoke.

"Well, word of advice...keep these kinds of things at home. They'll just get you into trouble at the workplace." Brent said, coming over and dropping them on Robbie's desk.

"Got it."

Brent smiled, looking the panties over. "They are sexy though. They look like something your mother would wear."

It was all Robbie could do to keep from laughing. "Oh..." he muttered.

"Sorry, I know you probably didn't wanna hear that."

Robbie shrugged his shoulders. "No big deal."

Brent made for the door. "Anyway, keep up the good work."

"Thank, will do dad," Robbie said, watching him leave and close the door behind him.

One of Robbie's nuts popped from Skylar's mouth and she peered up at her son. "Well, you were honest about one thing."

"What's that?"

"I did feel like 'going down' on something," she giggled.

Skylar went back to sucking. Robbie sat back and enjoyed the sensation of being blown by a skilled cocksucker. Her mouth and throat gurgled around his cock, sucking and lapping at the tender meat. It wasn't long before Robbie was grunting and pouring a hot load of cum down her throat.

The next day, both his parents were in court. At lunchtime Tami was seeking him out. "I heard a pregnant woman started giving birth on you in Milwaukee," she joked, standing in the doorway.

"Yeah, well...kind of."

Tami giggled and shook her head. "You naughty boy. What are you doing for lunch?"

"No plans," Robbie said, glancing down at her large cleavage.

"Wanna fuck me in the ass?" Tami asked candidly.

Robbie smiled. "Sure," he said.

Minutes later they were in his father's office on his hide-a-bed completely naked. Tami was on her hands and knees and Robbie had his big cock stuffed up her ass. He clutched her soft hips, thrusting his meaty boner through her tight slippery ass-tract. "Ohh yess, fuck my ass, Robbie," she gasped.

The teen watched his thick cylinder of meat glide through the stretched ring of her asshole, her thick buns jiggling as they struck his abdomen with each humping thrust.

"Ohh my God this feels so good," Tami whimpered, feeling the knob of Robbie boner sink deep into her rectum. It wasn't long before he triggered a mind-blowing orgasm inside her ass and cunt.

Robbie pulled his cock out and plopped down on the bed. "Ride me with your ass. I wanna suck your tits," he said.

Tami straddled his cock, reaching back and gasping his meat to help squeeze it back into her asshole. "Ohhh fuck yeaaah," the teen sighed, as he felt his boner sink into her hot slippery ass-tube.

He bucked beneath her and she fell forward, propping herself on extended arms. Robbie buried his face in the gaping canyon between her swinging jugs, kissing and licking the insides of her breasts. He latched on to one as they humped, sucking and chewing like sex-crazed animal.

Tami's meaty behind rose and fell on his cock, making his boner squeeze up and down the slippery butt-sheath. She flexed her rectal muscles, making it even more intense for him.

Eventually, Robbie had her back on her hands and knees. He leaned over and clutched her big swinging jugs as he blasted a load of cum deep in her bowels.

The next day Robbie was working on a document at his desk. Skylar got off the phone and shuffled some papers together. "Have any extra staples, bunny?" she asked without looking at him.

"I think so," Robbie said, then opened his desk drawer to find tiny pair of pink thong panties sitting inside. There was a sticky-note attached. "Mailroom in ten minutes ;-)," it read.

He brought the panties to his nose, the aroma of pussy and sweet perfume filling his nostrils.

Busy with paperwork, the blonde mother took a second to peek over at her son, her full lips curling into a mischievous smile. She turned slightly as she reached for a pen, her enormous boobs stretching her top, her thick nipples popping.

Skylar's tan legs parted slightly, giving Robbie a peek all the way up her skirt, to her bare crotch.

This didn't surprise him much, since he knew he had her panties at his desk. The truth was, they'd been engaging in a lot of dangerous workplace flirting lately and like his father did so many years ago, Robbie was loving it.

He gazed a moment between her parted thighs at the thick bare lips of her pubis. She stood up and sashayed past him, her heels clicking on the office floor. "Shouldn't you be somewhere right now?" she asked.

Robbie watched her meaty buttocks undulate beneath her skirt as she walked towards the mail room.

"Yesss, fuck mee," Skylar cried, as Robbie pinned her against the mailroom wall in the standing missionary position. Her strong tan legs were wrapped around his midsection, his ass thrusting between her thighs as he speared his cock inside her pussy.

Robbie had tugged her bra up over her tits and his fingers sunk into them as he fucked.

The door suddenly opened behind them and a figure entered the doorway.

Startled, Robbie and Skylar paused their fucking and peered back, still clutching onto each other.

"Looks like quite the package being delivered in the mail-room today," Tami said, smiling at them from the doorway.

Skylar sighed with relief. "Shit, Tami, you scared me," she said.

"Sorry, you might wanna lock the door next time."

Skylar giggled. "Why? It's more of a thrill if you know there's a chance you could get caught."

"Well, hate to rain on your 'thrill' parade, but your hubby just left for a meeting," Tami said.

"Oh, well, ok, thanks."

Tami looked them up and down, marveling at how sexy they looked clung together half-naked, with Robbie's cock shoved deep inside his own mother's vaginal grip. "Fuck that's hot. Do you have room for a third?"

Skylar smiled. "Come on in," she said in a naughty tone.

Tami closed the door and pulled off her panties, then her blouse and bra, releasing her big bobbling jugs. She squeezed behind Robbie as he continued to hold his Mom up off the floor.

His hips squirmed between Skylar's circled thighs, fucking his cock with steady thrusts.

He felt Tami cling onto him from behind, her spongy tits pressing against his back as she reached between him and his Mom and clawed at his chest. The women buried their faces on either side of his neck, lashing their long experienced lickers at his flesh.

"Fuck us, Robbie," Tami hissed between licks.

Skylar licked and planted a tender wet kiss. "Yess bunny, fuck our hot mommy-pussies," she said lustfully.

THE END

Mom Likes Things that Buzz

By Klrxo

"I do like you, Asher. I just wish your dick was bigger."

It was a comment that Asher had heard more than once as he navigated the dating scene. Like many "unlucky" boys his age, Asher had a penis that was under five inches, even when fully erect. He heard many a boy brag about how incredible it felt pushing their bell glans against a girl's cervical head and he wished he had the length to at least experience it one time. It seemed like the most beautiful

girls at his school were size queens who wanted their tight pussies stretched by a huge, rigid cock.

"Can I get your opinion on something, mom?" he asked Maxine, his beautiful, dark-haired mother as she drove him home from school.

"What is it, darling?"

"What size penis do girls prefer?"

It was a question that Maxine wasn't expecting but could certainly understand why her son would ask. Like most mothers, she had discreetly examined his crotch-bulge through his pants, particularly when she could tell it was erect. She did feel a little guilty doing this, but she brushed it off as just as something all moms did to determine how their boys were developing. Through her visual assessment, Maxine had determined that her son's penis was somewhere between four and five inches. "I can't speak for all women, darling, but I will say it's not the size that matters, but how you use it," she answered.

Asher rolled his eyes. He'd heard that line a million times but was smart enough to know that it was what girls probably told a guy with a short prick in order to give him false hope. "So, are you saying that girls might not mind a guy with a small dick?" he asked.

Maxine fed her boy a scolding glare. "Asher, please don't use that word. It's called a penis."

"Sorry."

"And yes, that's exactly what I'm saying."

"Why do you have such large dildos then?" he brazenly asked.

Maxine gasped. "Asher, that's not a question you should be asking me! And how do you know about those? Have you been going

through my closet?"

"I was looking for some batteries one day and happened upon your toy collection," he admitted. "I couldn't help but notice how big your dildos were."

As angry as she was at her son for invading her space, Maxine knew he had a point. Here she was telling him it was alright to have a small penis when every dildo in her collection was seven inches or larger. Maxine's husband had died four years ago. Since then, she had accumulated quite a toy collection. Even after meeting and marrying her current husband, Gary, she engaged in toy play daily, giving herself raging orgasms. It wasn't that Gary was bad in bed. He just couldn't make her feel the way her toys could. "Asher, I'm not having a conversation with you about my personal items. Please stay out of my closet!" she warned.

"Sorry," he uttered. Along with several fake dongs, the boy noticed his mom also had an assortment of vibrating toys in her collection. He couldn't help but ask another question that had been lingering in his inquisitive brain as he imagined his mom's vibrators shoved up her hot, dripping pussy. "Do women like things that buzz?"

"Buzz?"

"Things that vibrate?" he clarified.

Maxine sighed in frustration. "Darling, what did I just tell you?!"

"It wasn't a question about you specifically, mom. It just seems like women enjoy those sorts of things."

There was silence between them for a moment as Maxine considered his comment. While she wasn't keen on talking about her own sexual kinks with her son, she wasn't against having a general discussion on the matter with him. She knew that boys were curious, and it was better that he learn from her than some nasty porn site.

"One of the most important relationships a woman has is with her vibrator," she confessed.

"Really?!"

"Yes. I know that's not what you were expecting to hear, but it's true! A vibrator is more than just a sex toy. It's a tool that a woman uses to cultivate a deep, pleasurable connection with her body."

"So, it's better for a woman to use than just using her hand?"

"Well, while we do enjoy using our hand, or a partner, no one makes a woman orgasm more than her vibrator does. We become quite dependent on it."

"Whoa!" Asher uttered, then took a moment to gaze down at his mother's crotch, imagining her rubbing it furiously with one of her pulsating toys. Normally, he would stare at her oversized breasts or rounded ass, which would usually result in him being scolded on how inappropriate it was. He couldn't help it though. His mom was built like a brick shit house, and she had a strikingly beautiful complexion to boot. His friends always told him she looked the actress/singer, Jessica Lowndes, but with a much curvier body. As proper as she seemed, he knew his mom could probably like a whore.

As usual, Maxine caught him staring at her in an inappropriate manner and cleared her throat loudly, snapping him from his trance.

"Why is a woman's orgasm so much better with something that vibrates?" the teen asked.

"Asher, we should really talk about something else now."

"Yeah, I guess I could try to find some websites when I get home that might tell me."

It was the last thing Maxine wanted, so she decided to continue their **Q&A**. "Vibrators can increase feelings of sexual pleasure, when used on certain parts of the body."

"Which parts?"

"Darling, didn't they teach you all these things in sex education class?" Maxine asked.

"No…the teacher talked mostly about making babies and preventing **STD**'s. she didn't discuss sex toys at all."

"There are places on a woman's body called erogenous zones. These are areas that are extremely sensitive to stimulation, like the clitoris, vagina and nipples. If a vibrator is used on these areas, it can be extremely pleasurable to a woman."

"More pleasurable than a man's penis?"

"Well, I didn't necessarily mean that a vibrator is better than a penis…they're just 'different' when used on certain 'sensitive' body parts."

"Wow…too bad a man's penis can't vibrate, huh? Women would really go crazy then!" Asher expressed.

Maxine giggled. "Yes, I suppose that would be the best of both worlds for most women," she admitted. She almost added "me included," but stopped herself. She didn't wanna divulge that her favorite toy was the ten-inch dong that vibrated; a recent purchase.

When they arrived home, Maxine couldn't help but notice how hard her nipples were. She didn't wanna admit it, but having a discussion that was sexual in nature with someone who looked so much like her deceased husband was incredibly thrilling. Even though she was married to Gary, Asher's biological father would always be the love of her life and her son was a striking image of him.

At school, Asher volunteered to join a group of other students working at the local food Bank. He liked helping those in need, but the real reason he was doing it was so he could be around Bonnie Chapman. Bonnie was one of the hottest girls in school and someone he'd give his left testicle to sleep with. The only problem is she dated mostly jocks, and while Asher was a handsome kid, he was more of a nerd who liked astronomy and video games.

"Can I help you guys cut some vegetables or something?" Asher asked Bonnie and her friend, Ginger.

"We're good," Ginger answered, "but I'm sure Justin could use some help doing dishes."

"I'm on it!" stated Asher, joining Justin at the dishwashing station.

Ginger gave Bonnie a sarcastic smirk. "The last person we need help from is a geek with a tiny dick," she uttered so only the two of them could hear.

"Ginger, that's so mean!" Bonnie stated.

"There's nothing mean about the truth. Asher is kinda cute, but he doesn't play any sports, and I've heard from more than one girl that he's a pimpledick."

"Well, a 'pimpledick' is better than no dick, which is what you've been getting lately."

"Don't remind me."

"Seriously…you really should make a move and ask a guy out that you're interested in," Bonnie urged.

"I'm just waiting for one of **THESE** to come along!" Ginger said loudly, getting the boys' attention as she held up a huge cucumber.

"That thing would split you in half!" Bonnie giggled.

"And I'd love every second of it!" Asher heard Ginger say as he watched the two sexy girls stare at the giant cucumber. "Admit it, girl…you'd go crazy if you had a dick shaped just like this inside you!"

"Fine, you're right. Now chop that thing up before you hurt yourself with it."

"Fuck that…I'm taking this one home!" Ginger exclaimed, sticking the vegetable aside. "He's gonna be my new best friend."

Justin glared over at Asher and smiled as he did dishes. "That poor cucumber. It's gonna get an **STD**," he joked.

"Yeah, even if I was that big and completely desperate, I wouldn't stick it inside her," Asher stated. "Bonnie, on the other hand, is a different story."

"Ha, get in line, buddy. Every guy in school wants to get in **HER** panties," said Justin.

A brief time later the group of classmates was out in the dining room, helping serve food to those in need. Asher happened to look across the room at the right time and noticed a shady character snatch an old lady's purse when she wasn't looking. "**HEY!**" the boy shouted, getting the thief's attention. The hoodlum made a quick escape into the back room and Asher quickly rushed after him.

Once they were both in the back, Asher quickly got him cornered. He picked up a rolling pin and drew it back. "Drop the purse, man! I don't wanna have to hurt you!" Asher warned.

"**YOU**…hurt **ME**?! Who the fuck are you fooling, kid!" the homeless crook spouted.

Asher took a warning swing. "I mean it! Drop it and get outta here!"

When the thief saw Asher's classmates enter the back room to see what was going on, he threw the purse down, then quickly raced out the back door.

"What happened, Asher?" Bonnie asked him as her and Ginger stepped up to him. "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. That guy stole a lady's purse."

"I'm that lady!" an old crackly voice stated as a tiny gypsy-looking woman moved into the back room. She peered at Asher through droopy eyes. "That, young man, was the bravest thing I've ever seen!"

"Thanks, ma'am," Asher uttered, handing her the purse. "I'm just glad I looked that direction before he got away with it."

Ginger rolled her eyes. "Alright, the excitement's over…back to work!" she stated, tugging Bonnie back to the dining area.

The gypsy looked at the boy and smiled, showing a row of half-rotten teeth. "I haven't any money to give you…but perhaps there's another way I can show my gratitude," she stated.

Asher immediately thought she meant something sexual. "No, um… that's ok. It's really not—"

"What's your name, brave one?" she asked, cutting him off.

"Asher."

The old mysterious-looking woman stared into his eyes meaningfully. "My name is Esma. Tell me something you want more than anything else in the world, Asher."

"No, really. I don't expect you to—"

"A larger penis, perhaps?"

Asher stared back at her, a bit shocked and speechless.

"Oh, yes…that struck a chord, didn't it?" Esma grinned. "Would you like me to increase the size of your member, Asher? I'm sure it would make you **VERY** popular among the girls."

"How would you, um…do that exactly?"

"I have my ways."

"What are you…a witch or something?" he asked.

"I prefer the term, 'enchanter,' myself. The only one who referred to me as a witch was my ex-husband, so I turned him into a snail and placed him in the middle of a busy highway."

"Really?!" Asher nervously asked.

"I'm kidding," she cackled. "I can only grant wishes, not place curses. So, when my ex told me he wished he was far away from me, I was more than happy to make that happen for him. I just hope for his sake that he was a good swimmer."

"If you can grant wishes, why don't you just wish yourself more money, so you don't have to come here and eat?"

"My power is limited to assisting others, not myself, unfortunately," the gypsy answered.

"So, I could really ask for a bigger…?" inquired the boy, glancing down at his crotch.

"Penis? Oh yes and trust me…it wouldn't be the first time I granted such a wish."

Asher suddenly grabbed Ginger's huge cucumber that she had set aside to take home. "Could you make me **THIS** size?" he asked, holding it up for Esma to see.

She reached out and took it from him. "Goodness…you do want quite the weapon, don't you?"

Asher's eyes lit up, as if an idea had just formed in his horny brain. "Along with being huge, can it, um…have a 'special' feature?" he asked, remembering the discussion he had with his mom a day ago.

"A special feature?" Esma curiously asked.

Esma had explained to Asher that the changes wouldn't happen right away, and when night came and his cock remained the same, Asher was beginning to have his doubts. "I'm such a sucker!" he said to himself. "She's probably just some crazy old lady who thinks she has magical powers."

He fell asleep, accepting the fact that he was destined to have a smaller penis that would hardly get any pussy at all.

"Asher, you're gonna be late for school!" Maxine shouted as she ushered her other two children out the door to catch the bus.

"Don't forget to drop my suits off at the dry cleaners," Gary told his wife, then gave her a quick kiss before leaving for work.

"I'll do it before I meet Erica for coffee this morning. Have a good day at work," the wife stated, then closed the door. She looked up the stairway and called to her son again. "Asher!"

"Coming, mom!" he shouted back.

She watched him step down the stairway and her eyes immediately drifted to the obscenely large bulge in his jeans. "Asher, darling…" she blushed, looking away.

"What?!"

"You need to remove whatever you have shoved down your pants."

"What do you mean?" he asked, playing stupid as he reached the bottom of the stairs. The boy was elated when he woke up to a **HUGE** surprise.

"I think you know what I mean," Maxine answered. "You can't just go shoving a large sock or whatever that is down there into your pants to try to impress girls. They're smarter than you think, and they'll know it's fake."

"What if it's **NOT** fake though?"

"Asher, you don't have time for this nonsense," said Maxine as she stepped towards the kitchen. "Put the sock back in your drawer and come eat some breakfast."

The teen admired his mom's swaying bubble butt beneath her robe as he followed her into the kitchen. "Alright, I have something to confess though," he stated.

"I'm listening," said his mom.

"I woke up this morning and my penis was a lot bigger than it normally is."

Maxine rolled her eyes, recalling their discussion from a couple days ago. "Darling, I told you, there's nothing wrong with being just the size you are."

"I'm being serious, mom. I woke up and it was huge! It's been doing this other thing too."

"Asher, I'm not going to discuss your penis with you!"

"**ON!**" Asher said loudly. Suddenly, there was an obvious **BUZZING** sound coming from his pants.

Maxine's eyes widened as she stared at her boy's protruding crotch. It sounded just like one of her favorite vibrators was stuck down his pants. "Alright, mister…take that sex toy out of your pants, right now!" she demanded.

"It's not a sex toy, mom. It's just…**ME**, but I'm a lot bigger, and it's vibrating now."

"What do you mean 'it's vibrating?'"

"My penis is vibrating. Remember how I told you that I helped that old lady who had her purse stolen yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's a lot more to the story."

"Ok," uttered Maxine, staring intriguingly at her son's **BUZZING** crotch. "I'm listening…"

"She told me she was an enchanter or something and that since I helped her she would grant me one wish. I asked her for a bigger penis…one that vibrates, just like a woman's vibrator does."

Maxine burst out laughing, shaking her head in disbelief.

"Mom, I'm being serious! I thought the lady was crazy, but this morning I woke up to…**THIS**," explained the boy, looking down at his crotch.

"Asher, joke time is over! You gave me a good laugh, now what do you want for breakfast?"

"I swear on the Bible, mom…it's not a joke. I can even prove it by showing you, if you want?" he stated, unbuttoning his pants.

"**NO!**" Maxine shouted, looking away. "You don't need to show me your penis."

"Then will you believe me?"

"Fine, I'll believe you. If what you're saying is true though, we need to take you to the clinic this morning. Whatever's going on down there **IS NOT** normal."

"I just told you…the old lady at the food bank did it."

"Asher, listen to what you're saying! She granted you a wish and made your penis like a giant sex toy?? That sounds ridiculous! I'm gonna call the clinic and get you in to see the doctor this morning."

"Fine! **OFF!**" he shouted, making the vibration stop.

His mom fed him a perplexed look as she dialed the clinic.

An hour later Asher was sitting in an examination room with his mother. Doctor Stacey Rhodes, his family physician, entered and gave him a smile. She was ten years older than Maxine and quite pretty, with shoulder-length blonde hair and good-sized breasts. "Alright, Asher, your mother said you're having an issue in your genital region, is that correct?" she asked, putting on her latex gloves.

"Yeah, I just woke up this morning and it was, um…different."

"Different in what way?"

"It was much bigger."

"Let's have a look and you can show me what you mean. Go ahead and get undressed from the waist down."

"I'll just turn my chair this way, darling," said Maxine, moving so she faced away from her son. "I want to give you your privacy, but it's

important that I hear what the doctor has to say."

Asher did as Stacey asked, removing his pants and briefs. Even flaccid it was clear that the boy had a cock that was extremely oversized. "Oh, my goodness!" the doctor exclaimed.

"Is everything ok, doctor?" Maxine asked, resisting the urge to look.

"Yes, he's just, um…much larger than the last time I gave him a personal exam, and that wasn't that long ago."

"Like I said…it just changed overnight," Asher reiterated.

"Have you had any pain or discomfort down there recently?" asked Stacey.

"No, not really."

As the doctor lifted his massive appendage, Asher couldn't help but become aroused. He had often had fantasies of his family physician sucking his cock during a medical appointment. His pecker quickly became erect in her hand as Stacey studied it. "Sorry," he blushed.

"No need to apologize. It's just your body doing what comes naturally," the doctor stated. Her eyes widened at the sight of such a tremendous dick. It was as long as a Pringles can and nearly as thick. The meaty stalk was encrusted with streaks of blue veins and the knob was the size of a small apple. "It must take a tremendous amount of blood to fill a penis this large. Are you feeling lightheaded at all, Asher? Do you need to sit down?"

"I'm alright," said the boy, even though he was feeling a bit dizzy.

"Could he have had a sudden, overnight growth spurt, doctor…a spike in hormone levels possibly?" Maxine asked.

"I've seen boy's get growth spurts, but nothing that sudden. Do you have any allergies, Asher? This could be your body having an adverse reaction to something."

"Not that I'm aware of. I guess now would be a good time to mention…that there is something else my penis started doing."

"Something else?" Stacey asked. "Something you haven't told me?"

"Yes. On!" he loudly stated. Suddenly, his giant penis began vibrating.

The doctor gasped, staring at the pulsating sex organ as the **BUZZING** sound filled the exam room. "My goodness…your penis is…vibrating!" expressed the doctor, with shock on her face.

"Yeah, it started doing that since last night."

"Wait…you're able to turn it on and off with your voice?"

"Yes."

"Make it stop and then start again."

"Stop!" the teen shouted, then his penis suddenly went still and silent. Then, Asher spoke up again. "On!" he loudly said, then the room filled with buzzing. "See?!"

Stacey shook her head, staring at the abnormal dong. "I've never seen anything like this!" she uttered.

"There has to be a medical explanation though, right doctor?" Maxine asked. "I mean, the human body doesn't just change drastically like that overnight…or **EVER** for that matter."

"Asher, if it's alright, I'd like to bring in a few of my associates to get their opinion," stated Stacey.

"Sure," said the boy as he continued to stand there with his giant, pulsating hardon jutting out in front of him.

"We'll get this figured out, darling," Maxine assured him, while the doctor was gone. "I'm sure there's someone, somewhere who has a similar condition."

"Mom, I know the doctor will think I'm crazy too, but it **REALLY WAS** the old lady at the food bank who made this happen."

"Asher, don't even start in with that nonsense again! Between the group of them, I'm sure the doctors will get this figured out."

Stacey returned with three other lady physicians. Their jaws dropped as they surrounded the boy, staring at his oversized organ, while listening to it hum. "How in the world is it doing that?!" one physician uttered, brazenly reaching out and running her fingers along the surface of Asher's vibrating prick.

The other women followed suite, so that the teen suddenly had four pretty hands roaming his cock. "He claims that his size and the mysterious vibration literally came about overnight," answered Stacey.

"Goodness…that is certainly what you'd call a homewrecker!" one doctor joked, making the others laugh.

Her comment only annoyed Maxine. "You're joking, but should I at all be concerned? I mean…this **ISN'T** normal, right?"

One of the physicians chimed in. "The structure of your son's penis, while the largest I've ever seen, appears to be normal. There's not any suspicious swelling or abnormalities, other than the fact that it… vibrates."

Stacey looked up at the teen. "Asher, your penis responds to the words 'on' and 'off.' Has it reacted to anything else you've said out

loud?"

"No, just those two things."

The doctor, like most all women, was remarkably familiar with the functions of a sex toy vibrator, so she went on a hunch and made a request. "I'd like you to say the word 'high' for me."

"High," the boy repeated. Suddenly, his prick started **BUZZING** even more loudly. Asher struggled to retain his balance as his prick tingled wildly.

"**MY GOD!**" exclaimed one doctor as she and the other three gasping women felt the boy's cock vibrate with even greater intensity.

"What is it? What's wrong?" asked Maxine, struggling to stop herself from just taking a quick peek. She wanted so bad to look but knew it would be highly inappropriate to fixate on her own son's cock like the doctors were doing.

"Now say the word 'low' for me," the doctor instructed.

After following her request, Asher's dick quieted down to just a dull pulsating sound. "It's incredible!" said Stacey. "Maxine, your son's erection is functioning like a female vibrator with three distinct speeds."

"You don't suppose it can…?" one physician began asking.

"What?" Stacey asked.

"You don't think it engages in different patterns of vibration, do you?" she asked, then looked at the boy. "Try saying the word "pulse" for us."

"Pulse!" Asher repeated. Suddenly, his prick began to engage in periods of vibration, separated by short gaps.

"It worked!" exclaimed the doctor. "This is extraordinary! Now say the word 'escalating.'"

"Escalating!" the boy said loudly. This time his dick vibrated in a continuous sequence of changing patterns and speeds. "Whoa, that's so cool!"

Maxine wanted to peek over so bad it was killing her, but she didn't wanna embarrass her boy any further. "What does all this mean, doctor?" she asked impatiently.

"It means your son is something we refer in this field as 'a medical marvel,' Maxine. He has a condition that is clearly amazing, and unlikely anything any of us have ever seen before."

"I don't even know how it's possible," added one of the other doctors.

"But, will he be ok?"

Stacey shared a naughty grin with the other female doctors. "Oh yes, I think he'll be just fine," she replied.

"A medical marvel?" Maxine's sister, Jolie, asked as they spoke by phone.

"That's what the doctor said, yes."

"In what way? Does he have a third eye somewhere or something?" Jolie joked.

"It's his, um…penis. He woke up yesterday and it was…different."

"Different?"

"Jolie, you can't say anything to anyone."

"Hello, this is your sister you're talking to! Haven't we been sharing secrets and keeping them our whole lives? Tell me what's going on."

"You're not gonna believe this, but Asher's penis has become incredibly huge and it, um…vibrates," Maxine replied.

"Vibrates?"

"Yes, it vibrates…just like a sex toy. It's the craziest thing I've ever seen."

"You've seen it?!"

"No, of course I haven't seen it, I'm his mother, but the doctor confirmed it yesterday, and I heard the thing buzzing in his pants."

Her sister began snickering. "Maxine, are you joking with me right now?!"

"This is no joke; I swear on my life!"

"How is such a thing even possible?" Jolie asked, trying to imagine a lean, handsome boy like her nephew with an enormous, vibrating cock.

"I don't know, but people are already starting to call the house. Medical people. They wanna interview him…run tests. I couldn't send him to school today. If word of this spreads among his classmates, which it might have already, he'll be teased relentlessly."

"Or be the most sought-after boy in school," Jolie giggled.

"You know I can't let that happen. I won't let my son get treated like he's part of some freak show or something."

"Maybe the two of you need to get away for a week or so," Jolie suggested.

"I have two other kids. I can't just—"

"You know mom will let them stay at her place. She's always begging to have her Grandkids come visit. In fact, why don't we have mom watch my kiddo too and we can stay up at the mountain cabin, just the three of us, until the news of his weird condition blows over."

"I guess that's not a bad idea. I'm sure it's only matter of time before more people start showing up on my doorstep."

"Josh is out of town at a work conference this week," said Jolie, speaking about her husband. "I certainly won't complain about having to spend some time up at the cabin."

"Are you sure we wouldn't be a bother?"

"Maxine, you're my sister. Of course, you wouldn't be a bother. In fact, it'll be fun."

Maxine was never one to run away from her problems, however, this issue wasn't her own, but her son's. She felt protective as a parent and didn't want Asher being bombarded with questions and relentless teasing. Perhaps escaping their day-to-day routine for a week up at her sister's cabin would allow him to avoid at least the worse of it.

After awkwardly explaining the situation to her husband and dropping her other two children off at her parent's, Maxine and Asher made the two-hour drive to Jolie's mountain cabin.

"I really don't get why we have to stay with Aunt Jolie," Asher expressed, during the car ride. "Do you really think that many people are gonna find out about my condition?"

"Yes, I do, and unfortunately, once news of something spread, it'll draw all sorts of unwanted attention."

It was more the 'wanted' attention that the boy was focused on. He was looking forward to the news of his size and ability spreading among the girls at school, so he'd be up to his ears in pussy. However, now he knew it was something he'd have to wait for a little longer.

Asher peeked over at his beautiful mother. Perhaps it was his imagination, but she looked especially radiant today. His horny eyes traveled up the smooth, tan legs that were exposed beneath the hem of her sundress. His attention paused at her jutting breasts, admiring their immense size. Her dress had a V-cut neckline, highlighting her extraordinary cleavage.

Maxine wasn't blind to the lascivious attention her son was giving her during the long car ride. Another obvious fact was the result his wandering eyes were having on a 'certain' part of his anatomy. Her eyes lingered a moment on the obscenely large slab of his prick, the outline of which was clearly visible through the fabric of his pants.

"Asher, please try to remember that I'm your mother. I shouldn't be making you erect like that," she blushingly stated.

"I'm not erect, mom," he answered.

"You're not?" she asked, glancing down at his bulge again.

"No, I'm just bigger, remember? So, I guess it may just look like I have a hardon, but I don't."

"Even so…I've seen the way you look at me sometimes. It's not the way a boy should be looking at his own mother."

"Well, I could say the same thing about you. I've seen the way you look at **ME** sometimes too, and it seems different than the way you

usually do."

There was an awkward silence as Maxine stared out at the road ahead in heavy contemplation. "Your father's been gone for a few years now and I really miss him," she softly confessed. "The older you get, the more you remind me of him."

"Are you happy with Gary?" Asher asked, speaking about his new stepdad.

"Of course. I love Gary, but…"

"But what?"

"When you lose a spouse…no one can ever really replace that person," she answered. Then, she peeked over and stared at her son for a moment. "But if there's one human that reminds me of your father the most it's you."

Asher could relate to what his mom was saying because his Aunt Jolie reminded him of her. She was a slightly younger, dirty-blonde version of Maxine, but wasn't nearly as wholesome minded. In fact, she greeted them wearing a skimpy bikini top and Daisy Duke denim shorts. "Oh my God, it's so good to see you guys!" she exclaimed, not hesitating to take a good long look at her nephew's crotch.

"Jolie, why are you dressed like that?" Maxine asked.

"What do you mean? I always dress like this here at the cabin."

Asher certainly wasn't complaining. His Aunt had giant, meaty tits, just like his mom. The fact that he was seeing them for the first time in a skimpy bikini top made the blood quickly rush to his oversized sex organ. He could even see her fat teats protruding out beneath the fabric. "I think you look great!" the boy smiled.

Maxine rolled her eyes. "Of course, you do!"

"Seriously! Why don't **YOU** ever wear something like that around the house, mom?"

"Because I clearly have a little bit more self respect than my sister does, that's why."

"Don't let her fool you, Asher," Jolie giggled. "When your mom was your age, she was the biggest slut around."

"I was not!" Maxine stated.

"You were so! You're still the biggest closet whore I know."

"Jolie!"

"Wait, what's a 'closet whore?'" Asher asked. "I've never heard that term."

"Never mind!" his mom replied. "Just ignore her."

Jolie replied anyway. "A closet whore is a nice, sweet, and seemingly decent girl who pretends to be proper and wholesome, but in reality, she's constantly fantasizing about getting fucked and sucking dick."

"Jolie, that's **NOT** true!" Maxine shouted with a stern glare.

"It is so, and you know it! How many hours a day did you tell me that you masturbate?"

Asher looked over at his mom with a curious smile, waiting for her to answer.

"I told you that in confidence," said Maxine.

"Oh, come on…it's just Asher, sis. I'm sure whatever we tell him can be kept confident, right, kiddo?" Jolie asked, looking over at her nephew.

"Sure!" Asher agreed.

"Besides, it sounds like he's certainly had to a talk about a personal little issue of the past few days," Jolie pointed out, looking down at her nephew obvious bulge.

"Not so 'little' actually. More like a 'big' issue," Asher joked.

"So I can see! Waking up to a bigger dick is one thing, but your mom told me it vibrates too?! That's phenomenal!"

"Jolie, we came here to escape the limelight, remember?"

"Yes, sorry. I have the guest bedroom all ready for you. The couch in the living room is available too if you find the sleeping arrangements in the guestroom…awkward," said Jolie.

"I think we'll be fine," Maxine replied.

"Uh-huh," her sister grinned knowingly. "I'm sure you will."

After unpacking their things, Maxine and her son came back into the living room to watch a movie with Jolie. Asher sat between the two of them on the sofa, which was quite exciting, especially since the women smelt so amazing and were showing so much cleavage. Through the corner of his eye, he caught both of them stealing peeks at his crotch several times.

"I don't know about you guys, but this movie just isn't doing it for me," Jolie admitted half-way through.

"It is pretty bad," her sister confessed. The truth was the movie wasn't bad at all. They were just three restless, hypersexual creatures who would much rather be having sex than watching a **TV**.

"Asher, you don't mind if we find something else, do you?" Jolie asked.

"No, I don't care if you see what else it on. I—"

Suddenly, there was a loud **BUZZING** sound coming from Asher's crotch. Both woman's eyes became fixated on his groin area. Their cunt-tubes clenched instinctively to that 'all too familiar' sound.

Asher blushed. "Sorry…whenever I say the word 'on,' it activates my…"

"That's so fascinating!" his aunt sighed, staring at his cock-bulge.

"Asher, turn it off, please," his mom directed, recognizing that the longer she listened to it the hornier she got. Suddenly, she remembered that she had rushed out the door so quickly that she forgot her sex toy. "Damnit," she uttered under her breath.

"Off!" shouted the boy and the buzzing abruptly stopped. He smiled over at his wide-eyed aunt. "That was only normal speed. It has high setting too as well as a variety of vibrating patterns."

"Asher, we **ARE NOT** having a discussion about your penis!" his mother sternly advised.

"Oh, come on, sis…we can't just ignore the elephant in the room," said Jolie, then she began snickering. "Or shall I say, 'elephant trunk' in the room."

This drew a laugh from Asher, but not from his mother. "Fine…let's get this discussion over with. What would you like to know about it?" Maxine asked.

Jolie suspected that this was her sister's way of getting more info also, without coming across as an inappropriate mother. "Are you

sure a few questions won't make you feel uncomfortable, Asher?" she asked.

"No…I don't have any issues talking about it."

"Alright. Well, your mom told me it got larger overnight. How much larger?" Jolie asked.

"A little more than double the size it was before, and **A LOT** thicker."

The two sisters gave each other a stupefied look. "How many inches would you say it is now…when it's fully hard?" asked Jolie.

"It's nearly as long as a ruler."

"T…twelve inches?!"

"Yes…close to that."

"Holy fuck!" Jolie exclaimed, getting a scolding look from her sister. "I mean, that **IS** extremely large for a dick. Your mom and I can relate. As I'm sure you've noticed…we both have really big breasts."

"I have noticed," the boy confessed.

"Trust us, darling, we know you have," added his mom with a slight smirk.

"I am a guy, mom. Guys are supposed to admire big boobs."

"Not when they're attached to family members."

"Women with huge tits often get treated differently and attract a lot of attention, just as you will with your overly large, vibrating cock," Jolie pointed out.

"Does having more sex make your boobs bigger?" Asher asked, making both women laugh. "One of my friends told me it does."

"No, darling," his mother answered. "Sex has nothing to do with the size of a woman's breasts. It's all about hormone levels inside her body."

"Also, sometimes I notice a girl's nipples are poking out from beneath her shirt. Does that mean she's horny?"

"A woman's nipples are a sensitive erogenous zone, Asher," Jolie answered. "Sometimes it's physical stimulation, such as having them squeezed or sucked on that makes them erect. Most often it happens while a woman is fantasizing about something hot and heavy, like fucking. Thoughts trigger certain parts of a woman's brain that cause those muscles in her nipples to become erect, similar to the effect that aroused feelings can have on a boy's dick."

"That's really cool. No one has ever explained it like that before. So, is that why the two of you have erect nipples right now?"

Jolie laughed as both her and Maxine looked down at the giant breasts. Sure enough, their teats were clearly turgid, poking out from beneath the fabric of their tops.

Maxine was quick to provide a possible answer. "Sometimes, it means nothing sexual, darling. It's just a reaction to the room temperature being too cold, that's all."

"Yeah, but…it's not exactly cold in here right now, mom."

"Well, I could ask you the same question," his mother awkwardly stated, glancing at the boner that was tenting his pants. "Why on earth are **YOU** so hard right now?"

"Sorry. All this talk about boobs and nipples got me a little horny," Asher confessed.

"A little?!" his wide-eyed aunt exclaimed. "You look like you're growing another arm under there."

"Jolie!" Maxine chided.

"Have you masturbated recently, Asher?" his aunt asked, ignoring her sister.

"Jolie, please!" Maxine shouted.

"What, all boys masturbate…it's not a big deal! I just wondered with his increase in cock-size if he needs to jerk off more than usual."

"I haven't got off since the morning, so I am feeling pretty horny."

"Well, you need to take care of that before we share that guest bed together," his mother chimed in. "They'll be no funny business in the middle of the night, young man."

"I guess maybe I'll, um…take a shower then," the teen stated, standing from the bed. The women's eyes widened as they stared at the obscenely large bulge tenting his pants.

"I'll grab a towel and bring it in to you, Asher," said Jolie.

Maxine stood from the couch also. "I'll go in and unpack our bags. Don't be long in the shower, Asher. I need one also."

A few minutes later, the teen was jerking off under the hot spray. He had hoped he'd be getting pussy by now, but since his mom felt the need to isolate themselves for a while, he knew he'd have to settle with just plain old masturbation. He loved how huge and powerful his new cock felt in his hand and he could not wait to pound it through a hot cunt.

He was suddenly startled by his aunt's voice. "Here's a towel, Asher," she stated, standing right outside the shower door.

"Oh, thanks."

"You know, I'm not such a prude like your mother," Jolie stated, opening the door. "If you wanna show me your dick, you can. I know you must be proud of having one that size."

"I don't mind showing you. Don't tell my mom though. She might get mad."

"I promise, I won't. In fact, I'll even sweeten the deal and let you see my tits. How's that sound?" Jolie offered.

"Amazing!" the boy answered, turning towards her. When he paused his giant, stiff cock continued to wag back and forth, drawing a fascinated gasp from his busty aunt.

"Holy fuck…that's the biggest dick I've ever seen!" she exclaimed. "Will you make it vibrate?"

"On!" Asher said loudly.

A BUZZING sound filled the bathroom, causing Jolie's mouth to lower in awe. "Damn!" she uttered.

"High!" Asher blurted. The pulsating noise became even more boisterous, increasing his beautiful aunt's arousal-level. Her fat clit was throbbing beneath its fleshy hood.

"It has three speeds," the teen bragged.

The boy's eyes widened as Jolie shed her bikini top. Her huge, stiff-nippled tits bobbled heavily onto her rib cage. They were capped with the widest areolas he had ever seen. "Wow, those are nice, Aunt Jolie!" he expressed.

"Thanks. Can I touch your boner, Asher?" she asked, still fixated on his delicious-looking cock.

"Sure."

Jolie reached out and grasped on to her nephew's steely prick. Her body shuddered and her nipples tingled at the feel of it vibrating powerfully in her hand. "Fuck, Asher…I have one of the best vibrators that money can buy and even it isn't **THIS** powerful," she shared.

"Does Uncle Josh know that you have a vibrator?"

"Yes," she answered, continuing to fondle his prick. "He goes out of town on business a lot, so he knows I depend on my toys while he's gone.

"Mom has a lot of sex toys too. I found them in her closet one day, while I was looking for batteries."

"Yes, I know she does. Your mom and I have always been extremely close as sisters and we talk all about our sex toys."

"You do?!"

"Yep, including what we like to do the most with them."

Asher was delighted with how his aunt continued to run her hand all up and down the length of his shaft. Not only was it fun to watch, but it felt amazing. "Will you tell me what my mom likes best?" he asked.

"Why…so you can make a move on her tonight?" Jolie asked with a mischievous grin.

"Maybe."

"Alright, but you didn't hear this from me."

"Got it!" Asher agreed.

"Your mom likes the feel of a vibrator rubbing through her ass-crack. She has a super-sensitive asshole and the feel of something

pulsating against it makes her cum like crazy."

"Wow, are you serious?!"

"Dead serious. Like I told you when you got here, she's a complete closet whore. She has the nastiest fantasies you can imagine, but unfortunately that's as far as it gets, because she's settled for a boring sex life with your stepfather."

Asher let out a pleasurable gasp. His Aunt's hand had gone from fondling to gently stroking his prick. Just looking at her dangling tits rock pendulously as she slowly pumped his prick only increased his excitement level.

"It feels a lot better when someone else does it for you, doesn't it?" Jolie asked.

"Yes!"

"Would you like to spray your cum onto me, sweet nephew?"

"That would be awesome!"

"We need to hurry. If your mom suspects I'm in here with you she'll kill me," Jolie stated, increasing her cock-stroking tempo.

"Alright."

"So, how long have you been wanting to fuck your mom's pussy, naughty boy?" his aunt asked, beating his oversized prick with long, twisting strokes. The water, along with Asher's leaking pre-cum, made it nice and slippery.

"A few years, I guess."

"Well, you have three things going for you that may increase your chances of that happening."

"Really…what?"

"First of all, you look just like your biological father, who was your mom's first true love. She adored him, and the sex they had was amazing!" Jolie explained, while tirelessly pumping on his horse cock.

"It was?"

"Yes, trust me…I would get every dirty detail. Since you're a carbon copy of him, when they first met, if you pour on the charm like he did, you may be surprised at how quickly you get into her panties."

"So, what's the second thing?"

"She's away from your stepfather for at least a week and trust me, she's never gone that long without fucking. Not only that but she told me a little while ago that she may need to borrow one of my vibrators because she forgot hers."

"Really?!"

"Yes, and when I said earlier today that your mom masturbates a lot, I wasn't kidding! The fact that she'll have a 'human vibrator' laying right next to her in bed may just become too much temptation for her as the week goes on."

"You think so?" asked Asher, watching his aunt's wet fist travel the length of his cock. He was amazed out how skilled she was at giving a hand job.

"Trust me, I know my sister better than anyone," she answered. "That takes me to the third thing. If anyone can convince her of the benefits of using your cock it's me, but I'm gonna expect a little something in return."

"What's that?"

"There's only one person who likes to fuck as much as your mom does and that's me. We're cut from the same cloth she and I. If she gets to feel that remarkable dick of yours inside her, then so do I."

"You want me to fuck you?" Asher asked in disbelief.

"When the time is right, and only if I live up to my end of the deal and get you inside your mom's panties."

"Do you really think she'd do something like that with me?"

"Don't expect to get this magical dick sheathed in pussy tonight, but she'll become more and more vulnerable as the week goes on, and if we play our cards right, she may just break down and indulge you in a fuck you'll never forget."

As the beautiful, dirty-blonde **MILF** lowered her face closer to the boy's throbbing cock, her nostrils flared, taking in the delightful musky aroma that was rising from his loins.

Asher was stunned to see Jolie's thick tongue come out and swipe wetly across the fat, pinkish-purple knob of his prick. Her hand was still tugging the thick root of his shaft as her long, pink licker wetly lashed at his blood-swollen crown.

"Whoa…are you gonna suck me off, Aunt Jolie?" Asher excitedly asked.

"Well, I can't walk out of here covered in cum," she answered, "but if your load is in my tummy, your mom will never suspect anything."

"True."

Asher watched his aunt's lips stretch obscenely around the crown of his cock. With her eyes closed in rapture, Jolie rhythmically bobbed her head up and back, her luscious, wet lips gliding over the first few inches of his thick cock. She affectionately squeezed and rolled his

balls around in her hand, feeling how full they were. Jolie struggled to take more of his delicious, monster cock deeper into her throat, but because he was so fucking huge it was nearly impossible. Even so, Asher was delighted at the way she was sucking and nipping at the tip, while thoroughly washing his prick glans with her tongue.

"Damn, Auntie…you're an amazing cocksucker!" the boy sighed as he began to slowly rock his hips back and forth, fucking his mammoth cock in and out between her sucking, grasping lips like it was a tight pussy.

Jolie loved sucking cock! Her husband was the lucky recipient of many a spontaneous blowjob. Something she had never experienced though was the challenge of shoving such a monstrous sinewy dick down her throat and the way it was vibrating in her mouth made it even more thrilling.

"God, I love your dick, Asher!" she gasped, then quickly went back to sucking.

"Hot fuckin' damn this feels good!" the teen gasped, driving his fleshy rod through the ring of her lips.

The sight of his gorgeous aunt gorging herself on his meat, and the thought of boning his own beautiful mother, made the cum boil up from the boy's nuts. "Oh, shit, I'm gonna cum, Aunt Jolie!" he moaned.

"Hose your spunk down my throat, Asher!" she encouraged, beating his super-sized cock as hard as she could. Her slippery lips began sucking rhythmically up and down his shaft, while staring up into his wonder-filled eyes adoringly.

"Shit! I'm cumming!!" he gasped, while unconsciously thrusting his hips forward to meet every plunge of her hot, slobbering mouth. With a guttural grunt, the teen began spurting out long juicy cords of cum, making his hot wad swirl through her cock-greedy mouth.

Jolie was over the moon. There was nothing in the world that she loved more than the taste of a man's jism, and her nephew was producing more than she could keep up with. "Mngff!!" she gurgled around the thick meat of his prick, struggling to swallow all the creamy sperm that was bursting from Asher's cockhead.

"Wow, I can't imagine a pussy feeling any more amazing than this does!" groaned the boy. When his cum finally stopped squirting into her mouth, his Aunt Jolie continued sucking, wanting to swollow every drop of his slippery boy-nectar.

When Asher finished showering, he climbed into bed, anxiously waiting for his mom to take her shower and join him. He hoped she'd at least wear something sexy to sleep in.

"I called your stepfather earlier, while you were showering. There's been several magazine reporters and numerous females knocking on the door of the house this evening," his mom stated as she stepped into the room. Maxine wore snug cotton pajamas that clung to the outline of her curves. Asher could tell her humongous breasts were unfettered by the way they bobbled around beneath her pajama top as she dried her hair off. "It looks like we made the right decision to come here."

"True."

"Hopefully all the public intrigue will be over in a week, and we can go back home," Maxine said, crawling under the covers with her son and clicking off the light. There was an awkward silence for a moment as they each got comfortable. "Do you feel better after your shower?" she asked, curious if he had masturbated or not.

"Much better," her son answered. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Did you, um…'take care of yourself,' in the shower?"

"Darling, that's nothing you need to be concerned about."

"Why not? You were concerned with me. Isn't that why you suggested that I take a shower and relieve myself? Why can't I worry about you that way?"

"Fine," Maxine sighed. "If you must know the answer is yes, I took care of myself in the shower. Now go to sleep."

"It couldn't have been the same as at home though, right? You did say that vibrators play a special part in the female orgasm process."

"Yes, I did say that, but there are times when a woman just has to settle with using her fingers. Tonight was one of those times."

After a short silence, Asher spoke up again. "You know, you're welcome to use it…if you need to. I really don't mind."

"What do you mean 'use it?' What are you talking about?"

"You can use my vibrating penis…since you forgot your toys. I really don't mind helping you out."

Maxine sat up, glaring down at him. "Asher, that's **NOT** happening! I'm your mother, and we are not having sex together, end of story!"

"I didn't say anything about sex, mom. I thought maybe you might just want to rub up against it or something. I don't mind turning it on and letting you do that."

Asher's cock began to vibrate beneath the blanket. "Sorry, I accidentally said the 'on' word again," he said.

Maxine's insides tingled excitedly as she listened to the tempting **BUZZING** sound beneath the blanket. "It's fine, just…please shut it off," she requested as he nipples began turning to stone.

"Off!" Asher said loudly and the noise stopped.

"Asher, there's a difference between me using a piece of plastic and something that attached to my own son's body. I do appreciate your concern for me, although I'm sure you had your own selfish motives in mind as well."

"Well, I'm not saying I wouldn't enjoy it," he blushed.

"Do me a favor and don't worry about my sexual well being. I'll be fine," urged the mother. Then she rolled over, facing away from him. "I'll see you in the morning."

Asher could hardly sleep. His mom smelt so Goddamn good and just the fact that there was a hot sexual creature with huge tits and a tight pussy laying next to him was driving him insane.

Maxine woke up several times in the night. She was horny as fuck and frustrated that it wasn't her husband laying next to her so she could get a hot round of sex. To make things worse, the one that was laying next to her was a near clone of the man she was passionately in love with for sixteen years. The fact that he had a giant cock that vibrated furiously only added fuel to the fire that was growing between her legs.

"Just lay back down and go back to sleep!" she told herself in the early morning hours as she hovered next to her son, watching him sleep. Her hungry eyes drifted down his lean, naked torso. The blanket almost pulled down over the boy's crotch and it was more than obvious that Asher was sporting morning wood.

"He is just so beautiful," Maxine wickedly thought. "Ever better looking than his father was…and probably more endowed. Who am I kidding…of course he's more endowed than his father was! His penis is extraordinarily huge!"

Her sultry eyes lingered on his cock-bulge, resisting the urge to lift the blanket and have just one peek. Even though she knew she

shouldn't partake, the mother was fully aware of how such a freakish cock would make her cum like a depraved slut.

Asher's eyes suddenly popped open to the glorious sight of his mom sitting next to him, staring at the obscenely large bulge of his morning wood. He had the perfect view of her ballooning tits, covered by the snug cotton fabric of her pajama top. Her thick nipples were clearly turgid, and he wished he could clamp his lips around the fat nubs right through the material. He could tell his mom was having a mental dilemma so decided to just lay there quietly and see how things played out.

Convinced that her son was still sleeping, Maxine slowly reached out to touch him. "Just one feel…for curiosity's sake, then I'm getting up to take another shower," she thought. Her clit was throbbing so much she could hardly stand it.

Asher shuddered inside as he felt his mom's fingers clutch around the knob of his prick through the blanket. He couldn't believe that his own self-righteous mother was getting a fee of his erectionl. Maxine traced the outline of his dong, her long nails grazing against the tender meat of his boner.

"I wish I could make it vibrate right now," Asher thought. "It would fascinate her even more if I could turn it on."

Suddenly, his cock began to vibrate in Maxine's hand, making her release it for a moment in a panic. She looked up at her boy's face to see if there was any sign of him being awake.

"Holy shit…I just made my dick start vibrating by just saying 'on' in my head," Asher thought.

Confirming that her son was still sleeping, Maxine reached back out and felt her son's dick **BUZZ** away in her grasp. her body got even more sexually excited, and she suddenly came to her senses and got up off the bed.

"You're up early," Jolie stated to her sister as she stood in the kitchen making coffee. She wore only a skimpy night shirt.

"Do you remember what we were talking about yesterday? You know, about me borrowing your vibrator?" Maxine asked.

"Yeah, I remember."

"Do you think I could use it in the shower? I promise I'll clean it thoroughly when I'm through."

"Yeah, um…about that… I thought it just needed batteries, but when I replaced them last night it still wasn't working. I mean, you're welcome to still use it, but I'm afraid the vibration function is fried," Jolie lied.

"Shoot! I don't suppose the general store at the bottom of the hill sells women's sex toys, do they?"

Jolie burst out laughing. "Beer and worms, yes. Vibrating sex toys, probably not. I can't believe you forgot yours. You practically live with that thing inside you."

"I was in such a hurry to get Asher out of the house that it just slipped my mind."

"Well, not for nothing, but I do know of another certain something in the house that seems to have recently acquired a vibrating function," Jolie teased.

"Good grief, Jolie…you sound just like Asher. He offered up his penis last night because he was concerned that I wasn't pleasuring myself."

"Aww, that's so sweet!"

"Sweet?! My God, what is wrong with you two?! I'm not using my son's penis for my own sexual gratification!"

"It wouldn't be for just you. He could get enjoyment from it too. You'd be killing two birds with one stone," Jolie suggested. "All I know is you two are gonna drain the fucking well on our property if you keep taking those hour-long showers."

"I'm gonna take a ride into town then…see if I can find something."

"Jolie, you're not gonna find a store in town that sells a vibrator," her sister laughed. "You'll be lucky to even find condoms in that sad little building they call a drug store. You're gonna have to figure something else out."

Maxine retreated into the bathroom to masturbate. Like the night before, she resorted to just using her fingers, but it seemed hardly satisfying at all.

"Who wants to play adult Jenga?" Jolie asked later that day.

"Adult Jenga?" repeated Maxine.

"Yeah, we each take turns taking a block from the tower. Each block has either a question or a dare written on it. When you successfully take a block from the tower without making it collapse, you can assign a player of your choice to answer the question or take the dare."

"That sounds like a blast!" Asher stated, joining his aunt at the table. "Let's play!"

"I'm not so sure I agree, but I suppose I'll give it a try," said his mother.

Once Jolie created the tower using wooden blocks she smiled over at her nephew. "Youngest player goes first," she told him.

Asher had played Jenga with his friends, so he confidently removed one of the blocks from the tower. He read from it silently so he could decide who he wanted to assign it to. "This one's for you, Aunt Jolie. Where is the craziest place you've ever had sex?"

"Hmm, the craziest place? I'd say on a public bus…on a seat at the back, under a blanket," she replied.

Her sister giggled. "That must have been with Donnie Richardson. I remember he didn't have a car, so you two had to take the bus everywhere."

"Yep. It certainly wasn't the best place to fuck, but it worked in a pinch. Your turn now sis."

Maxine successfully removed a block and read what was written on it. "Alright, Asher, this one's yours," his mom grinned. "Tell everyone playing the game what your favorite porn site is."

"Well, you should know, mom. Remember that time you found it on my laptop and grounded me for a week?"

"**THAT** dirty site is your favorite?! The one with women as old as your aunt and I, dressed in all sorts of slutty lingerie?"

"Yep. They all had really big boobs like you guys too," Asher confessed, making his aunt laugh.

"If your favorite porn site had woman who **DIDN'T** have big breasts, I'd be shocked," said Maxine.

"Poor boy," said Jolie, making an exaggerated frowny face. "Stuck in a cabin with two huge sets of titties all week. It must be torture."

"He'll survive," added Maxine.

"My turn!" Jolie announced, carefully slipping a block from the stack. "Alright sis, this one's for you. For everyone playing the game to hear, recreate the sounds you make during sex."

Asher looked over at his mom with a huge, anxious smile.

"**I AM NOT** doing that!" Maxine snickered blushingly.

"Oh, come on…it's all in good fun. Just do it!" her sister urged.

"Yeah, come on, mom!" Asher pleaded. "I had to admit what my favorite porn site was."

"Which you seemed very proud of; I might add."

"You're not proud of the way you sound during sex?"

"I didn't say that. I like the way I sound during sex. I'm just not so sure it's something I want my son to hear," Maxine replied.

"Like he hasn't heard you and Josh going at it down the hallway," Jolie pointed out. "I'm sure any sexual noise he hears you make isn't one he hasn't heard before."

"It's true, mom…you are pretty loud when you orgasm," Asher added.

"Fine!" Maxine blushed. "I just hope the next one I draw is a dare so I can get one of you back." Then, she suddenly got an erotic look on her face and began sensually moaning. "Yess!" she whimpered as if in the middle of passionate sex. "Oh, yess…that feels so good! Yes! **YESSS!!**"

When she was finished creating sex sounds that made Asher's cock as stiff as a crowbar, both her sister and son stood up and clapped at her performance. "Bravo!" shouted Jolie.

"Wow, what a great performance, mom!" Asher admitted.

"I can put on an act when I need to," the mother stated with a sly grin.

Asher stepped up and carefully removed a block. "Mom, feed one of the other players something using only your mouth," the boy said.

"It **DOES NOT** say that!" Maxine blurted. Her son handed her the block, proving that he wasn't making it up. "Damn, **IT DOES** say that," she sighed.

"I have the perfect thing for this dare," said Jolie, rushing to the fridge and taking out a bottle of whipped cream.

"Wait a second…whipped cream?! Don't you have anything more solid?"

"Don't be a fuddy dud, sis."

"Fine!" the mother replied, then squirted a fair amount of cream into her mouth. She stepped over to Asher and awkwardly locked lips with him.

"Mmm," the boy moaned as his mom's thick tongue slithered lewdly into his mouth, transferring the whipped cream the best she could. He added his own tongue in on the mix and their lickers wiggled around together as if engaging in a juicy French kiss.

"That's hot!" exclaimed Jolie, watching her sister and nephew practically make out as Maxine seemed to take her time making sure all the cream was transferred from her mouth to Asher's.

"Can we do that one again?" the boy gasped after they had separated.

"No!" his mom playfully replied. "We shouldn't even have done it once."

Maxine carefully drew a block, making the stack wobble a moment precariously. "This one's for you, Jolie," she stated, then read the question aloud. "If you could only do one sex position the rest of your life, which one would you chose?"

"Oh, damn…there are so many good ones," Jolie answered, "but if I had to pick one it would be doggy. I love being fucked from behind!"

"I thought reverse cowgirl was your favorite position?" Maxine asked.

"It was when I was younger, but now I just love being on my hands and knees and having a guy mount me from behind like a fucking animal."

"And by 'a guy,' you mean your husband, right?"

"Of course," her sister answered with a guilty smirk, sharing a secret wink with her nephew.

"What's **YOUR** favorite position, mom?" Asher boldly asked.

"I don't have to answer that," she replied. "It wasn't my question."

"Yes, but the point of the game is also to open up an honest, candid discussion on these topis," said Jolie.

"I can honestly say that my favorite is one I haven't even tried yet," Asher shared.

"And which one might that be?" his mom asked curiously.

"Woman on top."

"It's called the cowgirl position, darling."

"Asher, you've never had a girl ride you during sex?" Jolie asked.

"Well, I've only had sex once, and that was with me on top of her."

"You're gonna love it, Asher…trust me!" his aunt assured him, secretly hoping she would be the first to take him that way.

"Especially if you're the boob lover you claim you are," his mom added.

Jolie cautiously removed a block from the stack and read it silently. "Hmm, this should be a fun one!"

"Oh, God…what does it say?" her sister nervously asked.

"Pick one player to be blindfolded and see if they can accurately choose which player is which, by feeling a sexual body part of their choice."

"Well, given that we're both female, I guess we know who that player will be," Maxine stated looking at her son.

Asher was shocked that his mom was even entertaining the dare. It was clear that she was loosening up a little. "So, once I'm blindfolded, I can pick any body part to feel?" he asked. "Does it have to be through your clothing?"

"**YES**, it does!" his mom replied, giving him a scolding look.

"Hold on, that doesn't make any sense though," said Jolie. "We're both wearing different outfits, so if he feels us through our clothes he'll know exactly who's who."

"Jolie, we're not—"

"Come on, don't be such a Betty-be-gooder, Maxine…it's just a game!" Jolie reminded her. Then, she smiled over at her cute nephew. "Which part of us do you wanna grope?"

"Feel, not grope," her sister stated.

As much as Asher was dying to get his hands on their naked tits and feel those erect nipples, he made an even bolder choice. "How about your vaginas," he answered.

His mom began to object. "Darling, I don't think—"

"Vaginas it is!" blurted Jolie, cutting off her sister. "Once your blindfolded, you can stick your hand into our panties and see if you can tell which one belongs to who."

"Do you even have a blind fold?" her sister asked.

"I can just pull my shirt up over my head," Asher stated. "I won't be able to see a thing."

"That'll work," said Jolie. "Once your vision is obscured, give your mom and I a few seconds to decide who's going first, so we can try to fool you."

Asher drew his t-shirt up over his head, covering his face so he couldn't see a thing. The two sisters came together for a moment and Jolie whispered into Maxine's ear. "Since you're the more reluctant one, you should go first, since he won't be expecting that."

Asher didn't have to stand there waiting long. He felt one of the two mothers take his hand and guide it down her silky panties. He was delighted when his fingers traced along the puffy outer lips of a pussy that was completely shaved. The skin felt baby-smooth, making his cock quickly harden beneath his pants. The boy brazenly slipped his digits down into the slit of Maxine's cunt, gliding them through the slippery lubricant that had secreted from her fuck-hole.

Maxine bit her tongue, knowing that she couldn't object to the prolonged groping for fear of giving away who she was. Her body shuddered as her boy pried his fingers under her fleshy hood and rubbed on her fat, juicy clit.

The teen quickly figured out it was his mom when she grasped his forearm and guided him back out of her panties. "It's gotta be mom," he thought. "Aunt Jolie would probably let me feel her up as long as I wanted to."

Jolie stepped forward and did exactly what her sister had done, maneuvering her nephew's hand down her panties.

Asher marveled at how his aunt's vulva felt much the same as his mom's did, but it was crowned by a thin landing strip of public hair. Her cuntal slit was just as juicy as his mom's had been. He ran his fingers along her thick, slippery flanges, then pried them beneath her prepuce so he could rub her engorged love-nubbin.

"Can I look now?" he asked once he was finished feeling her.

"Yes," his mom answered.

"I think the first one was my mom."

The sisters looked at each other and smiled. "What makes you so sure?" Maxine asked.

"You were the only one who stopped me, so it was a dead giveaway, mom."

Jolie fed her sister a victorious smile. "See, it pays to not act like such a prude."

"In my defense, I just let my own son put his hand down my panties. I'm being far from a prude today."

She then looked over and saw Asher smelling his fingers. "Asher, that's gross!"

"What's gross about it? I'm a guy. Aren't I supposed to like the smell of pussy?"

"Not when it belongs to a family member."

"Maxine, he was just touching our pussies, so what does it matter? Let him enjoy our scent," said Jolie, winking over at Asher.

"My turn again," Asher stated, removing another block from the pile. For a moment, he thought it was gonna topple over. "Damn, that was close!"

"It looks like our tower is barely hanging in there," his aunt pointed out.

Asher read from his block. "Pick one player to take beneath a blanket and have your way with them for one minute."

"Have your way with them?" Maxine asked. "What's that suppose to mean?"

"Just what it sounds like," replied her sister. "Asher can take one of us into my bedroom, crawl under the blanket and do anything he wants for one full minute."

"Sweet!" the boy grinned, his cock flexing in anticipation. "Don't worry, mom…I'll pick Aunt Jolie, since I know you'll probably refuse anyway."

"I think I've been pretty open-minded today, have I not?" Maxine pointed out. She secretly felt a little jealous that her son would pick Jolie over her.

"Are you saying that **YOU WOULD** go under the blanket with me?"

Maxine looked over at her sister, still a little hesitant, but also horny as hell. If she were honest, the idea of submitting to her son's uninhibited attention for one full minute was quite thrilling. Jolie nodded over at her sister encouragingly, even though she herself

would die to be the one chosen. "Sure, why not. It's only one minute, right?" she replied.

"And I can do anything?" Asher asked.

"That **IS** what the block said, so yes."

"Anything you want, Asher, but only for a minute," his aunt winked. "I'll be the timekeeper."

"Wait, so…the time doesn't start until mom, and I are underneath the blanket, right?" he asked, not wanting any second to go to waste.

"Yes, once you two are beneath the covers, I'll start the timer."

Moments later, Asher and Maxine were on Jolie's bed with the large comforter draped over them. The moment the teen heard his aunt's timer beep, he hurriedly lunged on top of his beautiful mother. It was dark beneath the blanket, so they were going solely on touch. Not a word was spoken as the horny teen stripped her shorts off as quickly as he could. Then, he frantically ripped off his pants and briefs. They said he could do 'anything', so he was going for the naughtiest thing possible. So far, his mom wasn't stopping him.

Maxine raised her luscious ass off the bed, allowing her boy to peel her dainty panties off as quickly as he could. Her heart was nearly beating out of her chest as she heard his boner suddenly begin vibrating at its highest speed. "**OHHH, GOD!!**" she gasped as his giant erection drug up through her fleshy folds, stimulating her clit even through the shroud of its fleshy hood.

Asher's cock reared back, like a king cobra ready to strike. The pulsating knob of his prick slipped along the mouth of her vestibule, aligning itself for penetration. Then, all at once, he buried his giant prick inside his hot mother as deep as it could go. Maxine let out a sharp gasp, like she just had the air knocked out of her lungs. She

was packed with more cock-meat than she'd ever had inside her before, her boy's knob pushing at her very womb. The powerful hum of his cock sent ripples of ecstasy up and down her hot, sweet pussy as she locked her sexy mommy-legs legs around him.

"God, mom!" the teen gasped, holding the outsides of her smooth thighs as he began to buck savagely between her cradled legs.

The top of his hard, vibrating shaft was sawing deliciously against the nub of her engorged clit, making the mother's eyes roll back in their sockets. The myriad of tingling nerve-endings lining her cunt-tube were being wildly stimulated by his rampant thrusts. The feel of her son's huge cock-tip threatening to smash right through the head of her cervix was driving Maxine absolutely wild!

It was a supreme thrill for both of them knowing they were sharing one wicked minute of unbridled passion. Maxine clung tightly to her handsome teenager as he continued fucking his oversized erection into her hot, slippery slit like a sex-starved animal. His deep, frantic thrusts were bouncing her lovely, half-naked body all over the bed, filling her with an ecstasy she'd never felt before. Using her clasping legs as leverage, she rhythmically pulled her ass from the bed, pumping her cunt around the steely stiffness of her boy's fucker.

Asher snarled in lust as he felt his mom flex her fuck-muscles around his rapidly pummeling cock. Her slippery fuck oil accentuated the friction of every wonderful pleat that lined her hot, clasping vagina.

Because of the size and vibration of her boy's prick, Maxine was being drawn towards a mind-blowing climax much quicker than she normally would. Asher could tell by her rapid breathing that she was seconds away from cumming on his cock.

"Times up!" shouted Jolie from her bedroom doorway.

"**NO**…**DON'T STOP!**" Maxine squealed. "Please…I'm gonna cum!!"

The fuck-crazed teen obediently drove his huge, slippery shaft deeper and harder into his mom's writhing fuck-hole. His mother squealed loudly as the liquid heat of her female ejaculation exploded around his pile-driving cock.

The friction around Asher's penile meat was exquisite; too much for him to take any longer without cumming himself. He delivered a few more quick, savage thrusts, then collapsed on his mom's voluptuous body, ramming his cock as far up her tightly contracting cunt-tunnel as he could.

"**AUUUGHH, WOW!**" the boy gasped as he deluged his mom's snug pussy with a huge load of creamy cum. For another full minute they writhed in wonderful ecstasy, drawing out their mutual orgasms for as long as they could.

"That went…a little longer than it should have," Maxine panted as her son rolled off of her.

"You did tell me not to stop, mom," he pointed out.

"I'm sorry, I just got caught up in the moment," said Maxine, getting up and putting her panties back on. "It **WON'T** happen again!"

Asher got a good look at his mom's thonged ass as she shamefully rushed past her sister and down to the guest bedroom. Jolie came over and sat on the edge of the bed, staring hungrily at Asher's huge, wet dick as it rested against his midsection. "See…I told you it wouldn't take long for her to crack," she said with a mischievous grin.

"I know, and it was amazing!" Asher shared, "I just wish it could have gone on for longer…like all afternoon."

Jolie laughed. "Look at it as an ice breaker. She may retreat to her prudish ways again, but now that she's had a taste of you, she'll know exactly what she's missing."

"Well, you did help me get into her panties, just like you said you would."

"Yes, I did, didn't I?" Jolie grinned. She stood up and began getting undressed. "And now I suppose you owe me, just like we agreed."

"Yep," Asher uttered, reaching down to give his boner a few rejuvenating strokes. He said the word 'on' inside his head and suddenly his cock started **BUZZING** away.

"Wait…I didn't even hear you say anything," Jolie pointed out.

"I don't have to say anything. I figured out that all I have to do is think the control words and they happen."

"That's incredible! So, do you take requests?" she teasingly asked.

"Sure."

"Make it pulsate. That's the function that I use the most on **MY** vibrator. I nearly shake out of my skin; it makes me cum so fucking hard!" Jolie pointed out, reaching back to unclasp her bra.

Asher's boner began vibrating in a rhythmic pattern. His cock jumped excitedly at the sight of her enormous, naked tits. He watched his aunt peel the panties away from her crotch and down her luscious legs. "Jump on board," he said invitingly.

"Oh, I plan to, but first I want it my favorite way," said Jolie, kneeling on the bed in the doggy-fuck position. Her heavy tits dangled down like big udders and Asher licked his lips as he stared at her naked, rounded ass.

"Damn…women look so sexy positioned that way!" the boy stated as he climbed to his knees.

"Come on, sweet nephew…fuck me with that huge horse cock of yours," she urged, wagging her meaty derriere teasingly.

Asher loved the way she squealed as he sunk his monster cock straight to the back of her overheated pussy. He grasped on to her fatty ass-cheeks and began ramming his tool through her encapsulating vagina.

"Wow, Aunt Jolie…your pussy feels tight!" he stated as her ass began to beat against his midsection. Jolie's humongous jugs swung freely back and forth, the fat, stiff teats brushing the sheets of her bed every time her nephew rammed his cock into her pussy-tunnel.

With one big load recently pumped inside his mother, the boy felt like he could fuck for hours without cumming again. His fingers sunk into Jolie's ass-meat as he began fucking her from behind feverishly. Because his uncle's penis dwarfed the size of his own, Jolie's pussy was incredibly snug around her Asher's hammering cock.

"Do you like my big dick, Aunt Jolie?" he asked.

"I love it!" she panted, throwing her ass back at him like a whore. "It's so fucking huge…and that vibration is… Oh God, it's just amazing!"

Asher loved looking down and watching her rounded butt-meat ripple as it **SMACKED** against his lean midsection repeatedly. He could see his thick, sinewy cock straining at its root as it stabbed through her buttery vagina with unyielding hardness. His erectile flesh was glossed with slippery secretions that had leaked from Jolie's Skene Glands, providing wonderful lubrication for their horny genitals to fuck fluidly.

Jolie's breathing increased as she felt the humming slab thunder through her with greater intensity. The mattress creaked noisily with the strength of their rhythmic humping. Her cheeks blushed and her lips drew back across her teeth in an animalish expression of

exquisite pleasure. Then, Jolie felt the familiar tingling spasm of an orgasm shooting through her cock-stuffed pussy, but this was clearly a harder cum than she ever experienced before.

"Cumming now! Oh, yes, yesss! Fuck meeeee!" Jolie cried out, pounding her peach-shaped ass back on her nephew.

"Oh, fuck yesss!" the boy gasped, thrusting his hips relentlessly. The spongy-hot friction increased around his long, tender shaft as his aunt's cunt-tube contracted in a gushing climax. He knew his bulbous knob was plowing against sensitive nerve-endings at the back of her vagina; ones that hadn't been touched by a human cock in years, if ever.

It suddenly occurred to Asher that he had fucked both his mom and Aunt, but hadn't yet even touched their tits, his favorite part of a woman. He leaned down against her back, reached under and cupped her giant, dangling knockers, rubbing his palms against their stiff teats. The boy shuddered with excitement as his fingers sunk into their supple flesh.

"They're just as soft as I imagined they'd be!" he stated, mauling his aunt's huge, hanging hooters.

"Squeeze all you want, just keep fucking me with that beast of a cock!" Jolie panted.

Down in the guest bedroom, Maxine was fully aware that her sister was getting fucked in her bedroom. She could hear them like they were just outside the doorway. Her insides were fuming with jealousy. She had only gotten two minutes with Asher and her sister had been getting royally boned for nearly an hour now. "She shouldn't even be fucking him in the first place!" Maxine thought. "Neither one of us should!"

Despite her feelings on the matter, her pussy was throbbing with desire. While the orgasm her son gave her was the most amazing

that she'd ever had, it only left her wanting more and more.

"Finally!" she said aloud as she heard her son grunting in orgasm. She pictured the virile ropes of boy-sperm erupting from his piss-tip and filling her sister's unprotected pussy. This made her reach down and begin rubbing her own dripping pussy furious, bringing herself to a very unsatisfying climax.

"I can't believe you fucked him!" Maxine exclaimed. She was alone with her sister while Asher was in the shower.

"You fucked him too. Why are you pointing the finger at me?"

"I did it because it was part of the game."

"Oh, bullshit, Maxine," her sister snickered. "You've been wanting to get his dick inside you since he told you what happened to it."

"I have not!"

"Whatever…it doesn't matter now. What's done is done."

"Yes, that's true, but it doesn't mean it should happen again," Maxine stated. "In fact, we should all sleep in separate rooms tonight."

"Look, we're both away from our husbands and without functioning vibrators. Why don't we agree that what happens at the cabin stay at the cabin and take advantage of the 'medical marvel' that's dangling between your son's legs."

"**I AM NOT** fucking Asher again…and neither are you!"

"Fine…no more fucking, but there's no reason why he still can't help us."

"Help us how?"

"Maxine…your son practically has a sex toy attached to his body. We have clits that need stimulation, or we'll go crazy! Do we both agree on those two things?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then why can't we just, at the very least, rub against him?" Jolie asked, cutting her sister off.

"Rub against him?"

"Yes…rub our clits against the shaft of his cock, to get ourselves off."

"You're talking about dry humping?" Maxine stated.

"Well, there won't be anything dry about it, but yes, I'm talking about sex **WITHOUT** penetration. Remember when we would sit on the washer in the laundry room together when we were in High School, during its spin cycle?"

"So, the vibration of it would get us off. Yes, I remember."

"Same concept."

Maxine thought it over for a moment. She knew that without her vibrator she'd be unsatisfied sexually for as long as they needed to be there. "I suppose it won't seem **QUITE** as depraved as real sex," she stated, "and it will take care of our vibrator dilemma."

"Exactly."

"And I do go along with what you said earlier. What happens at camp stays at camp. Our husbands better not ever find out about this!

"I wholeheartedly agree," said Jolie.

Asher was surprised to see his mom and Aunt in the guest bedroom when he finished showering. They had pulled the blanket of the bed back and were laying out some towels on the mattress. "Hey, guys!"

"How was your shower, darling?" his mother asked, smiling at him guiltily.

"It was good. Why are you laying towels out on the bed?"

"Asher, sit down here with us for a minute."

The boy sat between his mom and Aunt on the bed. Their vaginas were so worked up that he could smell a hint of sweet pussy coming from both sides of him. Maxine looked over at him and smiled. "I think it's clear from what's happened today that we all have needs… sexual needs. However, we can't just do whatever we want to satisfy that hunger. We're family, and it's important that we exercise at least **SOME** restraint."

"I understand."

"Your Aunt and I are sort of in a pickle."

"A pickle?"

"Yes…I rushed out the door to get us here and forgot my vibrator, and hers is broken. You remember how important I told you that vibrators were to women, right, darling?"

"Yeah, you told me it's a tool that a woman uses to cultivate a deep, pleasurable connection with her body," Asher answered.

"Wow, I'm impressed that you remembered that, and yes, that's absolutely accurate. Without a functioning vibrator, a woman's life can be incredibly miserable."

"The bottom line is, moms need orgasms, Asher," his aunt added. "Lots and lots of orgasms."

His mom nodded in agreement. "Since you were suddenly gifted with such a 'vibrator-like' penis, we thought maybe you might be interested in helping us get pleasure."

"Well, yeah…of course!"

"**NOT** like you did earlier today! I'm not talking about sex, darling. Well, I am, but not the kind we had earlier. This would be sex… **WITHOUT** penetration."

"You mean…without me sticking it inside you?"

"That's correct. A woman can have strong multiple orgasms just through clitoral stimulation," his aunt answered.

"So, we can still kiss and things like that, right?" Asher asked.

"I suppose so," his mom agreed. "You just **CAN'T** stick it inside us. We would be cheating on our husbands if you did that."

"I understand," Asher uttered, then looked at them awkwardly. "So, um…who's first?"

"We thought we'd both crawl into bed with you together," Jolie answered. "You could just sit back, and your mom and I can take turns dry-fucking you. How does that sound?"

"Amazing!"

"I thought so," his mom giggled, "judging by the fact that you're so hard already."

Asher quickly shed the towel, exposing his obscenely rigid cock. "Oh, you mean this?" he asked teasingly.

"Yes, that beautiful thing!" his mom giggled, staring at it adoringly. It stuck out like the sturdy limb of an oak tree, its shiny, pinkish-purple crown pointing right at her.

"Well, I suppose it is a little hard," the boy said, rocking his hips so that his boner wagged back and forth like the exited tail of a dog.

"More like '**A LOT**' hard!" Jolie exclaimed, shedding her top and exposing her embroidered bra. "You could knock a baseball out of the park with that thing."

Asher crawled into bed, throwing the blanket over his foot-long appendage. It still stuck up beneath the fabric, like a beast rising from the deep. When his cock started loudly vibrating the women's eyes lit up, and there seemed to be an increased urgency to be naked.

"Ready when you are, ladies!" said the boy, his eyes fixated on their huge, naked tits. The sisters' melons seemed much the same in appearance; fat and heavy, with wide areolar caps and thick, erect nipples. Their boobies bobbled deliciously as they crawled onto the mattress with him.

"Moms go first," Jolie said, smiling at her sister as they slipped beneath the blanket.

Maxine wasted no time straddling her rigid dicked teen. She planted her knees securely astride his hips, bringing her naked cunt down against the shaft of his fuck-muscle. "**SHIT!**" she gasped as the powerful vibration of her boy's dick sent jolts of pleasure shooting through her big titted body.

"Whoa…you're warm down there, mom!" the boy stated as the moist heat that radiated from her cunt-slit simmered against his peter-meat. "Our pussies are hot and horny, darling," she naughtily admitted, then surprised her boy by diving straight for his lips.

"**HOLY FUCK!**" Asher thought as his own mom's lips fused against his. Maxine scooped her son's tongue up and began lashing her licker around it in a frenzy of lust.

The teen arched his back in ecstasy as her huge tits softly smothered his young, hairless chest. Maxine humped her horny cunt-slit against the hardness of her boy's dick, letting the strong vibration stimulate the plump, pink pearl that crowned her vulva. Her birthing tube quivered and she struggled to resist the urge to let her boy split her twat with his tool.

To Asher, making out with his beautiful mother, while she dry-fucked his oversized cock was the next best thing to real sex. The hum of his penis took on a deep grumbling sound as it ground against the meaty flanges of her pussy. He could feel the juices of her arousal burbling up around his cock-shaft.

Maxine's wide, motherly hips swiveled frantically up and back as she ground her overheated pussy against her son's vibrating dong. Her fatty tits sloshed between them; their rubbery nipples prodding against her son's flesh delightfully. "Dear God…this feels ten times better than any vibrator I own!" she deliriously thought.

"Make it pulse!" his mother whispered between kisses. "Please!!"

Asher's prick began to engage in periods of vibration, separated by short gaps. This had an immediate effect on his mom, making her squeal and writhe on top of him.

"Come on, mom…soak my dick," the boy urged, joining her thrusting rhythm. He could tell she was enjoying the hell out of what they were doing, just as much as he was.

Maxine intensified the speed of her dry humping as she felt a big cum mounting steadily in her loins. "I'm cumming, Asher!" her voice squealed, whipping her fatty ass-globes up and down as quickly as she could. Her wet pussy spasmed against the shaft of Asher's cock

and hot female ejaculate began to squirt uncontrollably from her urethra, soaking the boy's prick.

Asher was both surprised and delighted when he suddenly felt his cock sheathed in hot, quivering pussy. He expected his mom to pull her cunt off him, but she did the opposite, sitting up slightly and burying his boner to its root.

"Please don't judge me, baby…I just can't stand to not have it inside me!" the mother lustfully expressed.

"No judging here, mom. I love fucking you!"

"Fuck me then!" she cried out.

Asher rocked his hips, letting his fat glans dig against her cervical ring like the head of a vibrating wand. He looked up past her bobbling breasts, at his mother's radiant face with her dark hair waving around it and her full red lips parted in ecstasy. To him, she was truly the hottest **MILF** on the planet.

"**OH MY GOD, I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!**" Maxine cried out, stirring her son's huge, pulsating prick around inside of her.

Asher's eyes doubled in size as he stared up at his mom's jutting tit-melons. They jumped and quivered to her every gyrating movement. Her rubbery teats stuck out from the rings of her pinkish-purple areola, aching to be sucked on.

"I knew that 'dry humping' thing wouldn't last," Jolie laughed, rubbing her own hot pussy as she lay next to them watching. "Cum on his fucking cock, sis! Fuck him!"

"Yeah, mom…soak my giant dick!" Asher added, pivoting his hips beneath her so he could meet her downward fuck-plunges. Suddenly, his mother let out a loud scream and her hips shuddered wildly. The teenager sighed in pleasure as her vagina became

extremely tight around his throbbing cock. It contracted around his penile meat, soaking it with her dripping wetness.

The tit-loving teen guided her back down against him; this time so he could suck on her big titties, while she continued to cum mindlessly on his dreamy cock. The boy's whole body shuddered as his face sunk against the peak of Maxine's squishy tit. He suctioned in as much of her giant areola as he could, drawing her fat nipple into his mouth like a lozenge.

The hot bodied mother squealed in ecstasy as her teen's hard boner drilled up through her slick, gripping fuckhole. His spongy, blood-engorged tip slammed against the very end of her horny pussy, mere inches from where he was once held in her womb. "Oh baby, what a cock you have!" Maxine whimpered, screwing her cunt flanges snuggly around the root of his pecker-shaft, packing every magical inch inside of her.

She drew her lovely, peach-shaped ass upward, letting all but the tip of her son's cock slide out. "Oh yes!" she moaned as his thick, pulsating boner sunk through her pussy-tunnel once more. Then, it rammed through her repeatedly in a clit-tingling rhythm. The mother was out of her mind from the intense pleasure that was spreading through every tingling nerve in her overheated vagina. Sure, she had used plenty of vibrating toys, but a real, giant dick that vibrated was unlike any she ever experienced.

Ten minutes passed before Jolie got her turn, climbing on board her handsome nephew. It was clear that the silly idea of merely dry humping was squashed, so she squeezed his teenage prick up inside the liquid heat of her vaginal orifice.

"Yesss!" the boy hissed, feeling his cock pumped divinely as his Aunt Jolie bounced like a whore on his flexing boner. The middle-aged mother's naked ass-globes bobbed up and down, beating again her

nephew's ball-sack as she fucked his prick with long, womb-crushing thrusts.

Asher was mesmerized by the sight of her oversized tits leaping up and down on her chest as she fucked him vigorously. He adored the way her meaty mammaries rippled every time they struck her ribcage. The boy began humping his hips up to meet every downward plunge of his aunt's cock-slurping cunt.

"Do you want me to make it oscillate, Aunt Jolie?" the boy asked.

"Ohhh…yes please!" she answered, gasping with ever thrust of his cock. "That'll really make me squirt all over you!"

Now, instead of just a buzzing sensation, she felt a deep thrumming. This set her into a wild fit of passion, and she began fucking up a storm, making their naked bodies slap obscenely together in wanton abandon.

Jolie fell forward so the boy could suck on her titties while they fucked. She frantically pumped her hips up and down like a rodeo queen, giving the young man a wild fuck while he licked and sucked on the rippling flesh of her bouncing tits.

"Oh, sweet fuckin' shit…I'm almost there!" she shrieked, feeling her body tense up for a mind-blowing climax.

"I'll make you cum extra hard!" the boy uttered; his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He bucked his ass from the mattress, brutally slamming the length of his blue-veined boner all the way up her cunt. His heavy-titted aunt clutched at his shoulders and screamed as he pounded his young cock into her with all his virile strength.

"Yes…**YESSS!!**" Jolie shrieked, tossing her long, dirty blonde hair around in ecstasy. She could feel her climax building, and just as she exploded into a body-trembling orgasm, she felt her nephew's cum begin gushing into her hot, sucking pussy.

"I'm cumming!" Asher's shaky voice announced. "Ohhh, fuck yesss!!"

Their shuddering bodies writhed wildly together for several marvelous minutes as they shared the same level of spine-tingling pleasure.

When his aunt finally rolled off of him, Asher looked over and saw her mom on her hands and knees with her ass pointed at him. Maxine peeked back at him and wagged her plump, rounded ass-globes back and forth hornily. "Don't go soft on me, darling. I need you to give your mother some doggy sex," she stated.

"No problem, mom," the boy grinned, giving his cum-drenched cock a few reviving strokes. Even though he just shot a huge load inside his aunt, Asher's pecker didn't lose one bit of hardness. He crawled up behind her, then grasped his boner at the base, so he could plow it through her cunt slit just like his mom did with her vibrator.

"Oh-h-h-h, fuck that feels divine!" Maxine moaned as her boy's buzzing prick plowed against the fat, juicy bulb of her clit. Asher got her right to the brink of a clitoral orgasm, then nudged his prickhead up between her slippery cunt-lips and pushed forward, sinking his boner inside of her quivering hole so he could start fucking.

"**GOD, ASHER!!**" his mother cried out, beginning to convulse as he pounded her from behind. Her huge, dangling tits swung and quivered wildly as she rhythmically thrusts her ass back to meet every plunge of his fiery cock.

"Slap her fucking ass, Asher! Fuck the cum out of her!" Jolie shouted, taking position beside her sister, and pointing her own rump back eagerly.

The boy **SMACKED** his mom's ass-globe sharply, making her tush-meat ripple as he provided full length thrusts of his teenage cock. He could see her tight little asshole winking at him while he fucked, adding to his thrill-level. The way her wet corrugated walls were

clinging tightly to his pummeling prick reminded him how much she must be enjoying it.

"Does this feel better than any of your toys, mom?" he asked.

"Does it ever! I may never go back to using a sex toy again."

"That's fine with me," said Asher. His cock flexed as he imagined fucking his mom like a savage on her marital bed back home.

Having blasted a heavy load inside his aunt, Asher felt like he could really fuck up a storm without cumming again. "Watch this!" he stated, grasping his mom's hips. "Pulsate!" he said aloud.

Maxine's pretty eyes rolled up in their sockets as she felt like she was on a pleasure Rollercoaster. Her boy's strong dick vibrated in a rhythmic, high frequency pattern, providing intense friction along the slippery walls of her cunt. Humping against him, she could feel every bulging vein and ridge of his blood-engorged fuck-shaft squeezing along the sensitive membranes of her cunt. She braced herself, clinging to the sheet, knowing such a glorious fuck would result in an earth-shattering orgasm.

"Oh, yesss…fuck me hard and fast, darling!" her voice squealed.

Asher began screwing his mom at a feverish pace. He could hear the lewd creamy sound of her birthing tube sucking at his pile-driving prick. Maxine loved the brutal way that he was fucking her. He was, without a doubt, putting every other fuck she ever had to shame. She shuddered and mewled as the powerful youth relentlessly pounded his magical prick into her sizzling hole.

"**OH**…**MY GOD!!**" Maxine gasped as the orgasm of her life began to engulf her entire naked body. "**CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!**"

Asher delivered another sharp strike on her ass, leaving his red handprint as he felt his climaxing mother's pussy tightening and

quivering wonderfully around his pounding prick. He fought off his own climax, wanting nothing more than to draw his mom's cum as long as he could.

When he finally pulled it out, his boner was soaked with female ejaculate. It dripped from his penile meat onto the bed sheet as he took position behind his Aunt Jolie.

"Pound the fuck outta me!" she lustfully demanded. Asher's eyes drifted down her rounded booty to the plump, hairless clamshell at the junction between her thighs. He moved forward, grasping his boner near its base and teased her pink pearl with the vibrating tip of his prick.

"Oh, fuck...yess! Shove it in my hole, you sweet fucker!" she squealed, aching to be royally fucked. Asher eased his tapered tip through the hot, tight opening of her fuck slit, sighing in pleasure as the spongy liquid heat of her lining encapsulated his glans and shaft.

"Damn, Aunt, Jolie…that's one hot pussy!" he sighed.

"You make it that way!" she confessed, her face grimacing as she felt his thick cock stretch her cuntal passage. "You'll never need for pussy with a cock like that!"

Crazed with lust, Asher grasped her fatty ass-meat and thrust his hips, determined to give her a good, hard doggy fuck, just like he had his mom a few minutes ago.

Maxine crawled up behind her boy and hugged him from the back. Her enormous, squishy-soft tit-melons flattened out against his back as she looked over his shoulder and watched him fuck her sister.

"Look at her asshole, darling," Maxine cooed. "Look at how it's throbbing."

"That's so cool!" replied the boy, staring at his Aunt Jolie's crinkled butt ring.

"Have you ever had your dick up a girl's ass before?"

"No…I haven't done that yet. I can't wait to do that though."

"Well, maybe your wait is over."

Jolie peeked back over her shoulder at him and smiled, while pumping her cunt on his unyielding prick. "Lots of girls love being fucked up the ass, Asher, including your mom and I."

"Would you like to pound our asses, baby?" asked Maxine, watching her boy's eyes light up. "I think a huge, vibrating dick like yours would feel out of this world squeezing through my asshole."

"I would love it!" the teen exclaimed.

"Mmm, pull it out and fuck my ass, Asher," Jolie eagerly requested.

The boy complied, sliding his juice-glossed prick out of her cunt. Then, he eased the hard knob of his prick up against Jolie's tiny anal opening.

"Enter her ass slowly, darling," his mom urged, watching her son's thick cockhead trying to force its way into her sister. "You have a huge penis…so it'll take a second for a woman's ass to adjust to your size."

Under the insistent pressure, Jolie's tight elastic ring suddenly gave way and her nephew's enormous tool began sinking into her shitter.

"Goddamn!" the boy gasped, feeling the tight, slippery pressure of her ass-walls slip along the flesh of his thick slab.

"Oh, yesss…I love it!" Jolie cried out. "Give me all your cock, Asher!"

She could feel his giant cock throbbing wildly as it continued filling her. Eager to engage in a feverish butt-fuck, Jolie began humping her ass back onto the stiffness of his pole.

"Grab her hips, darling! Fuck her ass!" Maxie urged, reaching around, and teasing her boy's nipples with her nail-tips.

Asher began to thrust his boner through the ring of Jolie's asshole. He had never felt anything so deliciously hot and tight in his entire life. With each hump, his massive rod completely disappeared up between her rippling butt-cheeks.

"Oh, God, Maxine…this feels **SOOO** fucking good! My God!" Jolie groaned. They shared an equal love for anal sex, and this was the ultimate in back door delight.

Asher's cock **BUZZED** powerfully as it glided along Jolie's smooth anal walls, stretching the tissue, so that her anal nerve endings were stimulated in ways they never had been before. His swollen knob dug deep into her rectum, filling her belly with powerful, rumbling vibes.

Maxine turned her boy's face towards hers, forcing him to stare into her beautiful, lustful eyes. "Is this what you wanted, darling? To be smothered in attention by sexy females?"

"Yes!" he nodded.

"That's why you asked that 'enchanter' you rescued at the food bank for a big cock, wasn't it? A huge, horse cock that vibrates, so you could make our pussies drip when we're around you."

"I love your dripping pussy, mom!"

"You're gonna love the feel of my tight asshole even better," she winked. Then, she moved her lips to his and they shared a series of sensual kisses.

"Aaaaahhhh!" Jolie frenziedly moaned, humping her ass back on her nephew as the intense pleasure steadily increased in her cock-stuffed asshole. "You're gonna make me come!"

Maxine stopped kissing her boy so he could focus on making her sister climax. "Give her full-length thrusts of your cock, darling."

The ecstasy in Jolie's ass burned all the way up to the tingling nipples that protruded stiffly on the peaks of her wildly-swinging tits. Her anal tube chewed at the boy's cock as she writhed and squealed through an ass-rippling climax.

"I want you to do me up the ass in a different position," Maxine stated as she plopped down on her back, making her mammary meat spread out across her chest like rounded pillows.

Asher slipped his meaty rod from Jolie's ass and watched her gaping asshole clench closed. A long, gooey string of pre-cum lowered from his piss-slit and onto the mattress as he maneuvered over between his mom's spread legs. He loved the way she was staring at his monster-cock as it jutted out from his lean, hairless loins in full hardness. His boner seemed a bit blurry from buzzing on high speed.

Maxine drew her knees back, to her shoulders, spreading her thighs and tilting her butt up from the bed. Asher didn't know what looked hotter…the engorged flanges of her vulva or the pink ring of her asshole. He hoped he'd get to spend plenty of time inside both.

"Come bury that beautiful thing in my butt," his mom eagerly requested, reaching out for him.

Clutching him tightly in her arms and pulling him down on top of her, Maxine felt her boy's leaky bell tip nudge against her butt-socket. "**OHHHHH!**" her voice quivered, her circled legs shuddering around her teen's hip as his peter-tip rumbled against her ass-lips. The teen remembered his aunt telling him how much his mom liked this, so he spent a few minutes dragging his cock through her ass-crack.

"Oh, darling," his mom finally gasped' "bury your boner in my ass!"

Asher sunk his lusty hardon into her scalding anal fuck-hole, sighing from the feel of her sphincter collapsing his bell glans. Every thick ridge and vein on his rock-hard pole scraped deliciously against the tingling nerves of her hot, grasping ass-tube as it traveled deeper.

Soon the mother was filled with a huge hunk of vibrating meat. She pulled him down, harnessing her legs around his back and crushing her fat tits between them as they began engaging in an anal rut.

Feeling the soft hotness of her juicy ass squeeze his dick, the boy became perfectly still for a moment, luxuriating in the deliciously hot depths of his mom's ass. Not only that, but her silky-soft legs felt divine wrapped around him, and her tits felt so Goddamn big and warm squashed against his bare chest.

Maxine could feel her boy's excited heartbeat through the blood-engorged cock-bulb that was wedged in her tightly clutching rectum. "Do you like this, darling?" she asked, clawing her nails down his back. "Do you like the feel of mom's ass around your magic wand?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped. "Very much so!"

"Why don't we see just how hard you can make me cum this way."

Jake thought he'd go out of his mind when his mom began rotating her ass beneath him, while her ass-ring squeezed and sucked at the base of his deeply buried shaft. Unable to control his excitement any longer, the boy began drilling his stiff boner in and out of his mom's deliciously tight ass.

Maxine pulled his head to hers and fused their lips together. Their tongues wrestled wildly inside Asher's mouth as their bellies beat lewdly together. On and on they humped, neither of them able to comprehend the intense joy and pleasure they were feeling. With

every thrust inside Maxine's tight ass, this newfound ecstasy was building and building.

"Oh, baby!" the mother whimpered, on the verge of an unbelievable orgasm. "You have just what I need!"

Asher's young, taut ass bobbed up and down rhythmically as he took long, sweeping strokes up his mom's ass. He wasn't familiar with the inner structure of a woman's bowels, but whatever his mushrooming knob was digging into, deep in her rectum, felt out of this world!

Maxine prepared herself for what could be the most intense cum of her life. Her son's pounding fuck-muscle, with its relentless vibration, was sending delicious sparks streaking to every screaming nerve in her heavy-titted body. No cock had ever fucked her this good! Not even close!

That's it, Asher!" squealed Maxine, clutching his naked body tighter in her arms. "Make me cum!"

The boy doubled the speed of his thrusts, wanting nothing more than to impress the shit out of her. "Auugh, damn!" he gasped, suddenly feeling her hot ass clamp around his cock. His mom's tangled limbs grasped him so tight it felt like she was trying to pull his entire body inside hers.

"**OOHHH, FUUUCK!!**" Maxine screamed, echoing through the cabin. The unbelievable pleasure was so intense that it felt like her body was going to explode. She was so carried away by such wild euphoria that Asher couldn't believe the sounds that were coming from her mouth. The way her butt-tunnel was chewing on his boner made his toes clenched in delight.

"Mmm, you're fucking her ass so good, Asher!" said his aunt. He peeked over to see her sitting next to the, her legs spread wide open as she lewdly rubbed her wet cunt right in front of him. "See how wet you make my pussy?!"

Asher raised up on his elbows so he could watch his mom cum. Her pretty face was masked with a look he had never seen before. It almost looked like she was in pain, but he knew it was the farthest thing from that. His eyes widened even more from the sight of her ballooning tits. They swung and rippled wildly, up and down her ribcage, like two huge, overfilled water balloons.

The teen leaned down and captured one of her rubbery nipples, suctioning it into his greedy mouth as he continued to feverishly fuck her ass.

Asher performed amazingly, fucking his mom's ass non-stop for nearly another ten minutes, while gorging himself on the succulent peak of her tit-melon. He had never felt anything more enjoyable. It was if he was made to do this.

Suddenly, and without warning, Maxine felt her son's hot jizz gushing up into her bowels. The strange feel of such powerful jets of sperm-juice spewing out against the slippery walls of her ass triggered yet another orgasm in her loins.

Asher could feel his mom's hot ass-muscles involuntarily contracting tightly around his shaft, sucking his cum-spewing dong like a milking machine. He moaned with joy as he felt the wonderful release of cum gushing into her shitter.

"You guys sure can suck dick!" Asher stated, sometime in the middle of the night. Maxine and her sister were leaned over the boy's midsection, whipping their long tongues all over his giant cock. At some point in their day-long fuck-frenzy they had moved to Maxine's bed. Her sheet was soaked with female ejaculate; a mess that Asher had created, while savagely fucking the cum out of their pussies.

"It's one of the things we moms are best at," Maxine replied, winking up her boy as she nibbled on his tender cockhead.

"It sure is," her sister added, lashing her licker down against her nephew's scrotum. "We have a unquenchable appetite for a big young dick like yours."

Thrilled by the strong male odor of his lusty rod, the two mothers continued to provide him skillful oral affection. Maxine licked up the drops of seminal fluid that were oozing from her boy's meatus. She ran her wet tongue up and down the entire length of his foot-long shaft, tracing the fat blue veins that bulges out beneath the pink skin of his cock.

Jolie nursed on one of his cum-filled testicles, while rolling the other one between her fingers. She had never sucked on a set of balls so big and the idea that they were creating sperm at that very moment that would be blasted into her or Maxine's unprotected womb excited her tremendously.

Asher stared down his torso and watched his mom's sweet tongue flicker all around the sensitive ridge at the base of his big mushroom-shaped knob. Her pretty eyes shared his gaze the entire time, adding to the magic.

Maxine opened her lips wide and slipped the whole of his big meaty crown into the hot moistness of her mouth. She could feel her boy trembling with excitement as her wet clinging lips slid down over his shaft. Her rounded, obscenely stretched lips tightened around his juicy boner, taking it deeper and deeper into her mouth until his knob was nudging the back of her throat.

"Ohhh, damn, mom!" he gasped. He watched her pretty head begin to bob up and down, pumping her mouth and throat like a pussy around his boner. Even though he had spent the entire evening fucking them both in the wildest positions, this was the first time his mom had sucked his cock.

Maxine struggled to control her gag reflex as she plunged her mouth around his rod vigorously. She made sure to drag her wet, wiggly

tongue all over his boner while blowing him to provide greater friction around his tender penile meat.

"That feels **SO** good!" the boy gasped.

"Your dad used to love my blowjobs," Maxine stated, curling her tongue around her son's glans.

"Gary?"

"No, not your stupid stepdad. Your real dad. The one you look so much like. I think that's another reason why today's been so special for me."

Asher's testicle popped from Jolie's wet mouth as she looked at her sister in a deeply sympathetic manner. She knew she was experiencing a deeply sentimental moment. "You know what…I should go out and let you two make love."

"Isn't that what we've been doing?" Asher asked.

"No," his mom replied. "We've been fucking, which has been incredible, but it's different than lovemaking."

"How so?"

"Well, as soon as your aunt leaves, I'll show you."

"I'll be on the couch," said Jolie as she grinned and climbed off bed. Asher watched her boobies bobble and her bubble butt sway deliciously as she sashayed out of the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

"You know, darling…it's important that you not talk to anyone about what happened today," his mom reminded him. "Jolie and I have been cheating on our husbands with you and they'd be crushed if they found out."

"I won't say a word, mom," he assured her.

"In that case, let's make love to each other," she smiled, crawling on top of her boy like a busty cougar.

They began kissing like fuck-hungry newlyweds with Maxine rubbing the turgid nipples of her spongy tits all over her boy's chest. Then, the mother let out a squeal of delight when her son's fat, mushroom glans slipped through the remnants of her hymen and up inside her wanton pussy.

"Oh, Asher…I love you so much!" she gasped, feeling her boy's super-sized cock glide up her juice-slickened birthing tube.

Asher's eyes rolled back in delight as the knob of his cock gave the back of her cunt a big, sticky kiss. His mom's pelvic floor muscles flexed, increasing the tightness of her hot, corrugated sheath around him. "Let's take it sweet and slow this time. That's what lovemaking is all about," she said.

Maxine felt like she was reliving a scene from her youth, when her and Asher's late father had made passionate love together. However, with her son, it seemed so much more intense. Not just because of the size of his cock and its ability to vibrate. The whole forbidden element of it made it all the more thrilling. She also knew that years of experience had mad her **VERY** adept at sex, allowing her to give her big dicked boy the fuck he deserved.

"Do you like having your dick inside me, darling?" she asked, riding slowly and sensually.

"I sure do!"

"Does my pussy give you a good, hard cum!"

"Yes!" he gasped.

She stared into his eyes dreamily. "Would you like it to last forever?"

"Seriously?!"

The mother giggled at how excited it got him, and how it made his juicy knob mushroom against her fornix, at the back of her vagina. "Don't think because I'm saying that that I'm divorcing your stepdad. However, I would throw all my toys away and start coming to you when I get horny, if that's something you think you'd like?"

"Of course, I'd like it, mom."

He felt her pussy tighten in response to his answer. Inches from his eyes, Maxine's heavy milkers hung down, gently swaying to her fuck-rhythm.

"My pussy is unprotected, and I have no intention on going on birth control," she explained. "That means you'll probably end up planting a couple of babies inside me. That won't bother you?"

"Not at all. I'd love to see you pregnant!"

Her lips curled into a mischievous grin. "When I'm pregnant is when I'm at my horniest…just to forewarn you."

"I can't wait!" The thought of boning his own mom when she had a huge pregnant belly and ginormous, milk swollen udders made him giddy with excitement.

Asher slowly and rhythmically fucked his mom, gliding his steely pecker up through her tunnel of love. It suddenly struck him just why she wanted it this way. Earlier, he'd screwed with only his prick, but now for the first time in his life he was fucking with his heart and soul as well as his cock.

Gracefully, the boy rolled his mother onto her back, continuing to fuck in the cradled of her warm, smooth thighs. He found that by

having sex with her at a slower, lovemaking pace, he could enjoy the wonderful sensations her body was giving him even more.

On and on they screwed, kissing and licking each other's bodies as one hour turned to two. By now their bodies were sheened in slippery sweat and they both panted like they'd just run a marathon. "Thrust hard now, darling…I'm about to cum!" Maxine gasped.

Asher knew he'd be joining her by the way his cock tingled. He began fucking her tightening pussy as hard as he could, making the big bed rock wildly. The limber mother spread her luscious legs in a wide V, giving her boy all the room he needed to fuck the hot cum out of her pussy.

"Yes! **YES!!**" his mother squealed, her cunt-passage squeezing tightly around the root of Asher's cock as a violent orgasm exploded throughout her entire body.

"I'm cumming too, mom!" the boy announced. The ejaculate had already begun racing up his cock-shaft. He continued fucking her spewing pussy hard and fast as a load of hot cum splattered along the walls of her vagina. They writhed like two animals, pounding their sex organs together and exchanging hot body fluids.

Minutes later, when their mutual climax had subsided, they continued to cling to each other in a lover's embrace.

"I talked to your stepdad when we took that short break earlier, after you fucked our tits," said Maxine. After Asher had eaten their pussies, her and her sister had taken turned humping their spongy, stiff-nippled hooters around his buzzing boner, giving Asher a toe-clenching cum.

"What did Gary have to say?"

"He said there are still people showing up at the house asking questions and wanting to interview you."

"Damn, news sure spreads fast, doesn't it?"

"Gary said there's been a girl stopping by. Someone named Bonnie. She told him she's one of your classmates and that she really hopes you're ok."

This news caused Asher to smile from ear to ear, knowing he'd get some hot, teenage pussy when he got back home. "That was nice of her," he uttered.

His mom guided his lips to hers for a slow, sensual kiss. "I know you're gonna be fucking lots of girls. Just don't become such a sexual hotshot that you neglect your duties at home," she whispered.

Asher felt her cunt-muscles tighten around his still-erect cock as it remained embedded in her pussy-tube. "And you do know what 'household duties' I'm referring to, right?" his mother seductively asked, sliding her silky legs back up around his back.

"I sure do!" said the boy as his cock came back to life. "**ON!**" said loudly.

"**BUUUUZZZZ!!!**"

Mom M.D.
by K1RXO

Mom M.D.

By Klrxo

"Fuck me, Lane!" whimpered his beautiful date as she sprawled out naked on his back seat. Sara was the sexiest girl at his High School, with platinum-blonde hair and a body straight out of Playboy Magazine.

As the plumped-titted cheerleader drew her knees back, spreading her thighs for the boy to crawl between, Lane's oversized erection flexed excitedly on his loins. His engorged pinkish-purple knob was already leaking a heavy amount of pre-cum. Not only was he one of the most attractive males in town his age, but he also had the biggest cock. At least that's what he was told.

Lane crouched over his cock-hungry date, holding his erection in his hand and aiming the puffy tip at the juicy lips of her well-trimmed pussy. Sara lifted her head and eagerly watched his huge sex organ push into her. Her expression contorted with intense pleasure as she felt her hot little pussy stretching widely to accommodate the thickness of Lane's fat prick. "Unngghh! Oh, God, Lane…it's **SO** big!" she gasped, throwing her well-tones cheerleader legs around him.

Too excited to restrain himself, Lane thrust downward, slamming every inch of his throbbing prick into the creamy tightness of Sara's pussy. He began to thrust with long, skewering strokes, already beginning to feel his cock tingle with an impending ejaculation. "Not again…shit! I need to go longer this time, damnit!" the boy told himself, slowing to nearly a stop.

"Are you ok?" whispered Sara, hoping she hadn't done something wrong.

"I'm fine."

"Fuck me then!" she urged, humping her hot ass from the seat-cushion, pumping her cunt up onto Lane's horny stiffness.

The boy felt her pussy sucking wetly around his cock-shaft, stimulating his sexual nerve endings beyond what he was able to bear. Sara heard him grunt and felt his milky-white load spouting deep inside her pussy, hosing her clasping inner-walls with a soothing shower of boy-jizz. She bucked from cushion, hoping to join him in orgasmic rapture, but he hadn't fucked her nearly long enough for that to happen.

"Sorry," uttered Lane, pulling his gooey cock out. "It just felt too good."

"Well, I guess feeling good isn't a bad thing, right?" she stated, but with obvious disappointment in her voice.

Lane should have been elated by having a strong cum in such a hot girl, but he wasn't. He knew there was more to sex that just nutting off. A girl's pleasure was important too, but it just wasn't the type of thing he had the staying-power to provide. He had a serious 'early-release' issue, and he knew it. It didn't help that every kid in school knew about his problem also, since girls loved to gossip.

"What's up, two-pump chump?!" his friend, Clarence, teased the next day.

"Fuck you, man!" Lane scowled.

"I'm kidding! But seriously, that is the rumor going around. You better fix that, man or the pussy-well will dry up…at least for you."

Even though he was defensive about it, Lane knew his friend was right. If word started going around that he was a premature ejaculator he might be hard-pressed to find a girl who was willing to go out with him, let alone be his girlfriend.

Ironically, he knew his mom, Heidi, was a doctor who worked with young men his age who were experiencing sexual issues. He was happy about that, since she was about the only person he trusted talking to about such personal information.

"Hey, mom…could I um, talk to you for a few minutes?" he asked her as his brunette-haired mom stood at the sink doing a few dishes.

"Of course, you can, Ducky. What's up?"

Lane's mom had nicknamed him 'Ducky' when he was little as a term of endearment. He didn't mind her using it, unless his friends were around, then he became embarrassed if she called him that.

"You work with guys my age…who have issues 'down there,' right?" he asked, glancing at his crotch.

"Yes, why…is everything ok?" Heidi asked, drying her hands in concern.

"Not really. I just, um…have this issue that I thought I might discuss with you."

Heidi was a beautiful brunette with a voluptuous body that never failed to get the attention of her horny eighteen-year-old. She glanced into the living room where her two daughters were playing with their Barbie's. "Why don't we go up to your room and talk… where it's more private," she suggested to Lane.

After following him upstairs, Heidi closed his bedroom door behind him and sat next to her boy on the bed. The swell over her overly large boobs jostled up and down a moment as her ass hit the mattress. "Tell me what has you concerned," she lovingly requested.

"I think there's something wrong with my penis."

"Alright. Can you describe what you think may be wrong with it?"

"I mean…it's not deformed or anything. It's just that…well, whenever I have sex with a girl, I don't last very long at all," he confessed.

"Well, penile sensitivity is common for boys your age. Once you're inside a girl, how many thrusts do you take before you ejaculate? Be honest."

Lane was a bit shocked that his mom would ask for such specifics but was happy to answer. "It's usually just a few."

"Would you say that you finish in under a minute?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any pain or discomfort down there…in your genital region?"

"No, not really."

"Do you feel a sense of nervousness when you have sex with a girl? Performance anxiety is one of the leading causes of what you've discribed," the mother asked in concern.

"Well, no…I'm not afraid to have sex if that's what you mean?"

"I'm not talking about a fear of sex. What I mean is do you worry about how you'll perform when you're with a girl?" Heidi clarified.

"Lately, yes."

"Hmm, it sounds to me like you have common sexual dysfunction called 'premature ejaculation.' I think I'd like you to stop by the clinic this afternoon after school for an examination. We need to rule out any underlying health problems that may be contributing to this issue. After that, we can formulate a plan to help you. Does that sound alright?"

"Sure, you're the expert so whatever you think is best," said Lane as they both stood up. His mom moved in for hug, squashing her huge, fatty breasts against his lean chest. "

"I don't want you to worry, Ducky. Premature ejaculation is a problem that thirty to forty percent of all men deal with so you're not alone. The good news is that it's completely fixable. You were wise in asking me for help rather than letting this continue."

"Here comes your one-minute man!" Heather joked to Sara as they saw Lane coming up the hallway at school.

"Heather, that's cruel!"

"Not as cruel as a guy who can't control himself long enough for you to cum," said her friend before sneaking away before Lane could arrive.

"Hi, Sara," smiled Lane.

"Hey," replied the girl, getting some books from her locker.

Lane could tell she was still disappointed from the 'brief' sexual encounter the night before. It was difficult because he really liked the girl and could see himself having a relationship with her, but he knew he had some things to fix first. "I was wondering if you'd maybe…wanna go out again tomorrow night?" he asked. "That new horror movie is playing at the drive-in."

Sara fed Lane a half-smile. She really liked him a lot too. He was smart, polite and probably the cutest guy at their school. She had always heard that sex with a boy got better the second and third time so Sara was willing to give Lane another shot. "Sure, I'd love to go out with you again," she replied.

"Nice! I'll pick you up around six."

"Sounds good," she smiled, then leaned towards him, giving Lane a quick peck on the lips.

"Well, what did she say?" his friend, Clarence, asked as they walked to class together.

"She agreed to go to the movies with me tomorrow night," Lane replied.

"Righteous! Hopefully it's not the sequel to "Gone in 60 seconds," Clarence joked, then burst out laughing.

"Not funny, man!"

Even though it annoyed him being reminded of his issue, Lane knew his friend was right. If he performed poorly the second time it would show a pattern of lousy sexual performance and Sara might not let their relationship continue. Lane was holding out hope that his doctor Mom could help him.

"There's a familiar face!" stated Evelyn, his mom's assistant as she greeted Lane in the waiting room of the clinic. "Come on back!"

Lane followed the short-haired redhead, finding it difficult not to stare at the swaying meat of her perfect ass. Not only was Evelyn his mom's long-time assistant, but also her best friend. She led him down to an examination room and closed the door. "Your mom gave me a heads-up that you'd be coming in. Let's get your vitals and I'll let her know you're here."

They made small talk as Evelyn checked his pulse, respiration rate and temperature. Her medical scrubs had a V-cut neckline revealing an obscene amount of creamy tit-cleavage. "Your respiration rate is high," the middle-aged assistant stated with a knowing smile. "Is there a reason for that?"

Lane smiled back, glanced down at the rounded swell of her jugs. "Maybe," he replied, getting a giggle from his mom's friend.

"Alright, handsome. Get undressed and get into the medical gown. I'll go get your mother," Evelyn advised.

After she left, Lane stripped naked, then put on his procedural gown. A few minutes later there was a tap at the door and both Heidi and Evelyn came in and closed the door. "Hey, hunny…how did school go today?" his mom asked.

"It was alright," answered her nervous son.

Heidi could sense the awkwardness. Even though they were in a medical setting, she was his mom after all. "I don't want you to be nervous, ok? Evelyn and I work with boys your age every day with conditions just like the one you described to me this morning. We're professionals and want you and your partners to have a satisfying sexual experience. Just put your trust in us and we'll do everything we can to help you."

"Alright," the boy nodded.

"How long have you had this problem, Ducky?

"About a year, I guess."

"Does your premature ejaculation issue happen at every sexual attempt?" asked his mom. Evelyn was taking notes in the computer as he answered.

"Unfortunately, yes."

"What about when you masturbate?"

"Yes, then too."

"Do you have trouble maintaining an erection?" Heidi asked.

"No, I don't think so."

"I'm not talking about 'getting' an erection. What I mean is…does your penis stay fully rigid while you're having sex with a girl?" she clarified.

"Yeah, it does. I don't have any issues with that at all."

"How many erections, on average, are you getting a day, hunny? Between one and five, five and ten or more than ten?"

"More than ten… Is that bad?"

"Not at all. Boys your age achieve erections on average eleven to fifteen times during the day so you're right where you should be. In addition, most boys will experience between four to six 'nocturnal erections' each night, lasting between twenty and thirty minutes. However, this is dependent on the quality of your sleep, so it might not happen every evening."

"Wow, I didn't realize I get them while I sleep."

"Yep, there are actually three different types of erections that you achieve. Psychogenic erections, which occur as a result of a reaction to stimuli or sexual arousal because of a fantasy. These trigger impulses to the penis from the brain. So, for example, this would be the type of erection you'd get if you imagined seeing a pretty girl naked."

"Oh, I see. Well, I probably get those a lot then," confessed the boy, making both women giggle.

"The second type are called reflexive erections. These occur as a physical response to stimulation of the penis or any form of tactile stimulation which sets off your nervous system."

"Tactile stimulation?"

Evelyn chimed in. "A good example of that would be if a girl pressed her big breasts against your chest or licked at your neck. Those are things that would cause you to become erect, right?"

"Definitely!"

Evelyn smiled and winked at him after he glanced at her tits.

"So that would be a Reflexive erection," said his mom. "The third type, as we mentioned before, are nocturnal erections, which are erections that happen while you're sleeping. Your morning wood would fall under that category, and I live with you, so I certainly know you get those."

"True," the boy blushed.

"So once you become erect, how long would you say that you maintain that erection? Under ten minutes, between ten and twenty minutes or longer than twenty?"

"Longer than twenty minutes, but not by much."

"Do you have any pain or discomfort when you ejaculate?" Heidi asked.

"No, none of that."

"This next question is very important so I need you to be as accurate as you can. Once your erection is sheathed inside a vagina, how many thrusts would you say you take on average, before you cum? Under ten? Between ten and twenty or more than twenty thrusts?" Heidi inquired.

"It depends. Probably between ten and twenty, but sometimes under ten."

"Never more than twenty?" his mom asked.

"No," he blushed.

"It's ok, Ducky. You don't have to be embarrassed. There's no shame in getting help for your sex life. There are tons of boys who need sexual treatment and that's why we get paid to do what we do."

"And you should know that whatever goes on here, with regard to your treatment, is completely confidential," Evelyn added.

"That's right," Heidi agreed. "Only the three of us know what takes place in this office. I don't disclose patient information with anyone, hunny, even your father."

"I trust you guys," the boy stated.

"Good, because the second part of this initial consult is **VERY PERSONAL**, but necessary in diagnosing the true source of your problem. We need to perform a thorough penile and scrotal examination so we can identify any abnormalities, discomfort, or medical conditions affecting your penis or testicles that may be contributing to your condition," Heidi informed her son.

"Ok, um…whatever you need to do, I suppose."

"Stand up and slip out of your robe for me," his mom requested.

Lane awkwardly stood from the examination table as Evelyn wheeled a chair beside the Doctor, so they were both seated right in front of the standing teen. The boy slipped off his hospital gown, so he was standing before them as naked as the day he was born.

"Normally, Evelyn and I would wear gloves for this examination, but since we know you, the use of gloves really isn't necessary," Heidi explained, looking over at her son's dangling penis. "I'll start by doing something that might be a bit awkward, but I'll explain after I'm through why it was necessary."

"Alright," her boy agreed.

Heidi grasped her son's flaccid penis, wrapping her hand around it, then used her thumb to stimulate his frenulum. Lane let out a gasp as he felt his mom rub the band of tissue that connected his knob and shaft.

"Starting the timer," said Evelyn, as her stopwatch let out a **BEEP**.

The two women looked on as Lane's cock began to harden in his mother's hand. "He seems to be achieving normal penile tumescence," Heidi stated as she felt his prick thicken in her hand. Within seconds, Lane's cock had enlarged to a fully erect boner.

"Ok, stop the clock. His penis has achieved full rigidity," the doctor stated, letting go of her son's dick, which stood at attention.

Evelyn clicked off her stopwatch the read it out loud. "Thirty-three seconds."

Heidi smiled up at her hard-dicked son. "We do that little test to rule out any form of erectile dysfunction, which you clearly don't have. I also wanted to show you an example of a 'Reflexive erection,' achieved through stimulation to the frenulum of your penis."

"Frenulum?" Lane asked.

"It's the band of tissue that connects your foreskin to your glans. It's a highly sensitive area, which is why you got hard so quickly."

"Oh, I see."

"Examinations are much easier to perform when a patient is fully erect," Evelyn added moving back to her computer a moment as Heidi measured the length of her boy's prick using a flexible measuring tape.

"His length is nine and one-quarter inches," she stated in a professional tone, then wrapped the tape around the shaft. "Girth is five point six."

As Evelyn inputted the data, Heidi moved to one side of her son, studying the angle of his erection. "Angle of rigidity is between one-hundred-and thirty and one-hundred and forty degrees."

"Is that good?" Lane asked his mom.

"Perfect!" she smiled, showing her gleaming white teeth.

She noticed her son's cock was pulsing excitedly as she began to study its details. Evelyn had a seat next to the doctor and also examined Lane's cock in earnest. "The overall structure is **VERY** robust," she observed.

"Yes, and the veins along the shaft are well-pronounced and blue, denoting healthy blood flow. His coloring is a natural pink, and the glans are smooth and have the perfect mushroom-shaped structure."

Lane watched his mom reach out and take a firm grip around the base of his cock. She squeezed her first hard around his fleshy rod as if measuring its rigidity. Then, she moved her hard up a few inches and did the same thing. The warm vice-like tightness of her fist felt amazing around Lane's meat. "He has strong erectile tissue. The tunica seems to be functioning exactly as it should."

"Tunica?" the boy asked.

Heidi looked up at him and smiled, still grasping his cock. "I'm sorry, hunny. The 'tunica' is a band of fiber near the base of the penis that constricts during an erection, compressing the veins that would normally allow blood to flow out of the penis. This is what keeps you hard."

"Oh, I see."

Evelyn offered her two cents. "The primary purpose of an erection is for vaginal or anal penetration so without the tunica having sex would be kind of like pushing on a rope. You wouldn't get very far."

Heidi moved her hand up, gripping the tip of her son's cock and squeezing it tightly. She adored how fat her boy's knob was, knowing that girls would go out of their minds feeling such a cock-tip plow through the walls of their vagina. "Wow, Ducky…in terms of penile rigidity there's certainly nothing wrong with you. In fact, your erection is more engorged than most, which is a good thing. It's a sign of healthy blood flow. Let's focus on your testicles now."

The boy's body shuddered as his mother grasped onto one of his cum-swollen nuts. "Would you like me to do the other?" Evelyn asked the Doctor.

"Sure," replied Heidi.

Evelyn took the boy's dangling nut in her hand so now each woman had one of Lane's balls, squeezing it tenderly. "This one feels normal, like a firm, smooth egg with no abnormalities," his mom stated.

"Same with this one," said Evelyn, slightly tugging on his spermatic cord.

Heidi explored along the underside of the scrotum to find a little bunch of tightly curled tubes sitting at the back of the testicle. "The epididymis feels normal. Is there any pain or discomfort when I squeeze, hunny?" she asked her son.

"No…none at all."

Heidi and Evelyn switched balls so they could compare the size and feel of both his nuts. The teen sighed in delight as they rolled his

testicles between their fingers. His mom drug her fingernails along the side of his gonad, while looking up and watching his wincing reaction. "Is that pain or pleasure you're feeling, hunny?" she asked.

"Pleasure."

"Good. Certain parts of the scrotal sack and the testes are full of nerve endings and are considered an erogenous zone. The sensitivity is comparable to the vulva and labia, the outer folds of skin around a woman's vagina."

Evelyn slipped her fingers back onto the teen's perineum, between his balls and anus and began lightly massaging it. "What about there, Lane? Any discomfort?" she asked.

It was unlike anything the boy had ever felt before. "No…that spot feels really good though."

"That's because this area stimulates a boy's prostate gland. By massaging the perineum, you can stimulate the gland and produce an intense orgasmic release of semen."

"I never even heard of that before," Lane confessed.

"Your prostate gland is directly linked to your nervous system, Ducky," his mother explained. "When stimulated, the gland releases a combination of semen and other sexual secretions. The resulting orgasm can be longer and more intense than a typical ejaculation, making it a sought-after experience for many boys your age."

"So, a girl just has to rub that spot?"

"Perineum ejaculation occurs when the prostate gland is stimulated either internally or externally," Evelyn answered. "You can certainly do it yourself, but it's **MUCH** more enjoyable when you have a partner do it for you."

"Do you guys do that kinda stuff here?" the boy asked.

Evelyn and Heidi looked at each other and smiled. "Your mom and I are experts in prostate massage. We use tools and techniques that can make a boy cum harder than he ever imagined possible," said the Doctor's assistant.

"Whoa!"

"And on that note…" said Heidi, releasing her son's nuts, "we have one procedure to perform and then we'll have all the information we need to recommend treatment."

"Procedure?"

"Don't worry, baby…we won't be cutting you open," Heidi giggled. "Premature ejaculation is defined by three levels of severity…mild, moderate or severe, which is determined by the time it takes you to ejaculate. The way we need to decide this is by stroking on you until you cum."

"You mean…jerking me off?" the boy asked, his heart rate increasing.

"That's exactly what I mean," Heidi grinned. "Not with my hand though. We have heated sleeves that perfectly replicate the feel and snugness of a real vagina, which is important because we need to see how you perform during real sex."

"That makes sense, I guess," said the boy.

"It also captures your sperm so we can measure the volume of your ejaculation and test your sperm-count," Evelyn added.

"Who's the girl you're seeing now?" Heidi asked.

"Sara."

"When you and Sara have sex, has there been a certain position that you've been engaging in?" his mother asked.

"You mean a sex position?"

"Yes. When you have intercourse with her, do you guys usually do it doggy-style, missionary? Does she ride you? How does it go?"

"Me on top, most often."

"Alright, then that's the position we'll need to masturbate you in."

"How do we go about doing that?" Lane asked, knowing it was an awkward way to be jerked off.

"Leave that to us, Lane," Evelyn giggled as reclined the examination table down flat. "We do this sort of thing every day."

He watched as his mom took off her lab coat, hanging it up. Then, he was shocked as Heidi removed her heels and her skirt, setting them aside. Lane had only seen her in her panties once before by accident when walking past his parent's doorway. His mom wore a top that was snug, hugging the enormity of her breasts. Now she was only in this and her panties.

Meanwhile, Evelyn was preparing the heated sleeve for his cock. She had several to choose from but picked the one that most replicated the texture and tightness of teenage pussy, since she knew that's what the boy had been experiencing. She squirted a fair amount of heated lubrication just inside the mouth of the cuntal orifice, duplicating the sex oil that would secrete from a girl's Skene's glands.

His mom put her hair back in a ponytail, then climbed up onto the table on her back. The exam table was much larger than your traditional one, easily able to hold the full length of two people's

bodies. "Alright, hunny…I want you to pretend like I'm Sara and climb up here on top of me," she candidly stated.

Evelyn draped a small towel across the Doctor's tummy and handed her the sleeve. Then, she stood beside the table and watched the boy take position between his mother's legs. "Just relax, sweetheart and perform like you normally would," Evelyn encouraged.

"I'm placing the sleeve right here against my mons, Ducky. It's only slightly above where a girl's real vagina would be. You can come down on top of me and thrust as hard and fast as you normally do. I have an expert grip on this thing, so I'll be able to take every stroke you give."

Lane's heart pounded excitedly as his mom bowed her sexy thighs open. Her black panty-crotch clung to the outline of her puffy vulva. Resting above it, the outside of the vaginal sleeved looked like a real naked pussy with thick flanges crowned by a rubbery clit. The mouth of the fuck-hole shimmered, providing a slippery target for him to slide his cock into.

The boy maneuvered down on top of his beautiful mother, prodding the tip of his prick against the sleeve in search of the entrance. "Auugh!" he sighed as his cock slipped into the tight, warm sleeve. He heard the **BEEP** of Evelyn's timer starting as he took his first thrust.

"Fuck me, Lane!" his mother cooed in a sweet, innocent voice, imitating a girl his age. She wrapped her naked, velvety mommy-legs high around his back, harnessing him against her and felt the sleeve bulge in her hand as his thick tool filled the inside completely.

Overcome with lust, the boy began to fuck at the sleeve with savage thrusts, his taut, young ass rising and falling rapidly between Heidi's legs. He felt like he was fucking his own mom, which excitedly him even more than usual.

Heidi grasped her free arm around him, holding him to her luscious body as the examination table began to jerk and squeak beneath them. The muscles in her sexy legs flexed as she used them to cradle his humping frame against her. Her dainty feet with painted toenails hovered near his shoulders.

"Auuugh, damn!" the boy moaned, spearing his throbbing prick through the sleeve. It felt remarkably like Sara's pussy, with smoldering heat and wonderful pleats that lined the interior and scraped deliciously around the flesh of his boy-cock. Two things that were different though was the smell of his mom's familiar perfume and the mammoth tits that were crushed softly against his chest, with only the thin layer of cloth separating their skin. He felt the delectable meat of her breast rippling against him as continued to thrust his cock.

He was only thirty-seconds in and felt that familiar tingle in his balls. He yearned to go for longer, wishing he could lay against his heavy-titted mom for an hour and pretend that he was pummeling his cock through her actual pussy. However, the nerve endings along his penile flesh were on fire and he began to buck wildly from an impending orgasm.

"Auugh, cumming!" his teenage voice squealed as his jizz because pouring into the sleeve with power contractions. He heard the **BEEP** of Evelyn's timer as she stopped it.

From her years of experience, Heidi knew how to turn a boy's toe-clenching cum into something out of this world. She clutched his ass with the long nails of her free hand, holding him all the way inside the sleeve, then she writhed beneath him as if she were cumming herself. The doctor applied a squeeze and release technique on the outside of the sleeve, imitating the orgasm of a vagina. This made her boy buck and tremble with a squeal as he had his cock exquisitely milked off.

"Forty-seconds," Evelyn stated, then typed the results into the computer.

"See what I mean?" said Lane breathlessly as he pulled his cum-soaked cock from the sleeve. He couldn't help but notice how hard his mom's nipples were as they protruded from beneath her top. "I wanted to go for longer, but just couldn't stop it."

"Your premature ejaculation issue does fall under the severe category, yes, but the good news is I don't think it's caused by anything emotional or psychological," his mom stated as she put her skirt back on. "I think you just have a penis that's extra sensitive to stimulation."

"Can that be fixed?"

"Yes, but it'll required what's called 'behavior therapy.' We need to teach you different methods that will help delay your orgasm."

Evelyn chimed in. "The goal is to help you control your mind and body so you can turn forty-seconds of hot sex in forty minutes of or even longer."

"I'll see if we can do some shifting around in our schedule tomorrow," Heidi stated. "I'd like to start your behavior therapy as soon as possible."

"Me too!" Lane blurted. "I have another date with Sara tomorrow night, and I'd really like things to go better than they did the last time."

"Conquering an issue like premature ejaculation isn't gonna happen overnight, Ducky," Heidi stated. "We can teach you the techniques to delay you ejaculation, but they often take lots and lots of practice before you begin to see results."

After the boy left, Heidi and her assistant remained in the office to consult with each other. "Poor, Lane. It's such a hard issue to deal with when you're trying to impress a girl," Evelyn stated.

"Yes, and even after a good session of behavior therapy tomorrow, it's likely that he'll cum prematurely again when he fucks her," Heidi added. "Maybe I'll suggest a few things to him tonight that he can do that'll at least keep this Sara girl interested in him."

"Good thinking. He can certainly still make her cum…even with his tongue or fingers, until he's learned to delay his ejaculation. By the way…good job today. I hardly ever see you taking things off and getting on your back like you did earlier," Evelyn expressed with a sly grin.

"Well, Lane isn't just any old patient…he's my son. I want to make sure we give him the most realistic experience as possible during his treatment so this can quickly become a problem of his past."

"Oh, so you're saying we can pull out all the stops then?" Evelyn asked with a mischievous grin.

"I refuse to have a son who's labeled by all the girls in town as someone with a short sexual fuse, so yes, we're pulling out all the stops with him."

"Well, not for nothing, but Lane is incredibly handsome and well-endowed, so you won't hear any complaints coming from this girl's mouth."

"Mine either," giggled Heidi. "I can't believe my own son is nine inches. That's so impressive."

"Thick too! Dicks like that are fucking home wreckers!"

"I know he probably got us both a little wet in the panties today, but let's try to keep things professional," advised Heidi.

At dinner that evening, Lane was amazed that his mom just acted as she normally did, even though they had shared such an erotic sexual experience earlier in the day, at least for him. It shouldn't have surprised him though. His mom was a professional who dealt with things like that every day. However, it certainly got the wheels in his head turning, making him wonder how many other guts his age she'd stroked off that way.

He decided to breach the subject, while helping her do dishes after everyone else was out of the kitchen. "So, what happened today…do you do that with every kid you see at the clinic?" he asked.

Heidi glanced around to confirm that they were alone. "I do, but not in the same way I did with you. Normally, Evelyn or I will stimulate a patient's penis with a sleeve, using a masturbation technique. However, we have been trained to use our bodies in a manner that simulates real sex, in order to make treatment more affective. Since we obviously know who you are, we decided to take that route. Why…were you uncomfortable with the way I helped you?"

"No, not at all. In fact, I thought it was super-cool!"

"I'm glad. You're my son, so of course I'm a little more invested in your treatment than I would be for the average patient. Which reminds me, Ducky…I'm a little concerned about this date you have lined up for tomorrow night."

"Concerned why?"

"Because you'll only have one treatment session under your belt. If you go into that date expecting to give her the sex of her dreams, you're likely to be **VERY** disappointed. I have no intention of setting you up for failure, so I thought I might mention a couple other things for you to try, instead of having sex with her tomorrow."

"No sex?"

"I just don't think penetration is a good idea for you, until you've had at least a few days of behavior therapy practice."

"Yeah, but…what if she wants it? What do I tell her?"

"You tell her that you wanna spend some time focusing on just her, and her pleasure only."

"Then what?"

"Then you give her stimulation…with your fingers. The clinical term is 'digital vaginal penetration,' but you've probably heard it referred to as 'fingering.' I think you should finger her and make her cum that way. Have you ever fingered a girl's vagina before?"

"Well, not really. I've touched a girl's clit a few times, but never stuck my fingers inside her."

Heidi knew that if done the wrong way fingering his date could be just as disastrous as if he were to try and fuck her. Her son was clearly inexperienced with such things, and she felt obligated to give him some direction so he didn't embarrass himself again. "Meet me at the car," she stated.

"The car?"

"We're gonna take a ride. I just need to go upstairs and let your father know."

They rendezvoused at Heidi's car a few minutes later and got in. "Where are we going?" Lane asked as they drove down the street.

"You'll see when we get there," his mom replied, glancing over at him. "Getting back to fingering; it needs to be done well in order to produce good results. Bad digital stimulation isn't just a huge turn-off to a girl, it can also be uncomfortable, or even painful. A boy has more control over how to use his fingers than a toy or penis. They're

full of nerve endings, which makes them very good at feeling where things are and touching the vagina in specific ways."

"I guess I didn't realize girls liked it so much," said Lane.

"A woman's vulva and vagina contain thousands if nerve endings. If you learn to stimulate those nerve endings with your fingers, like playing keys on a piano, you'll make her scream with toe-curling orgasms."

"You mean she'll like it as much as sex?!"

"Well, maybe not quite as much as sex, but trust me, the last thing she'll do is not go out with you again because you fingered her good instead of fucking her."

Heidi pulled the vehicle down into a private, empty lot behind the town's water tower. "What's down here?" Lane asked.

"I'm not sure where you guys take your dates nowadays, but when I was in High School and two people needed a place for privacy, this was the spot."

Heidi parked the car, turned off the key and opened her door. "Let's get in the backseat," she told her son.

Lane anxiously followed, getting into the backseat of his mom's car with her. "Alright, you clearly know very little about fingering a girl. I'm not about to have you experience another nightmarish date that leaves your girl unsatisfied, so I wanna teach you a couple techniques that she'll love."

"Alright," Lane nodded anxiously. He couldn't believe that his mom drove him out to a dark spot so she could show him how to feel a girl up properly.

"To start, let's pretend that I'm Sara and we're on our date. We'll begin kissing, then I want you to reach into my panties and start feeling me up. I'll provide instruction from there."

"Seriously?!"

"Yes, but, hunny…this is all role-playing. I'm just advising you on sexual matters, just like I would at the clinic, but letting you practice on me so I can make sure you're properly applying what I teach you."

"Got it!" he nodded.

"Alright…let's start," said Heidi, leaning in for a kiss. Their lips began to share tender kisses that gradually became longer and more passionate. Heidi's tongue slithered inside her son's mouth, and they began thrashing their lickers together as if they were on a hot date.

Lane's heart skipped a beat as his mom nuzzled in closer, mashing her oversized breasts against his chest as they kissed. Even through their clothing her melons felt soft, warm and wonderful. She gave him yet another surprise by placing her hand on his cock, feeling it harden beneath his pants.

"Damn!" the boy gasped, his body shuddering.

"Relax, hunny…I'm just doing what a date would normally do to you, nothing more."

With that fact in mind, the teen reached between their bodies and grasped onto his mom's squishy tits. Heidi didn't panic and certainly wasn't surprised given the attention her son had given her big boobs over the years. Of course, her purpose was for him to get his hand in her panties, but she wasn't rushing that. She wanted their role-playing to flow naturally.

Lane shouldn't have been shocked by what an incredible kisser his mom was. She was, after all, an expert in all things sexual. Her tongue whipped through his mouth like a slippery eel. Her hand squeezed and tugged at the rigid meat of his cock through his clothing.

Just so things didn't get too awkward, he continued with the purpose his mom set out for him, reaching under her skirt. His shaky hand snaked beneath the hem of her dainty panties and onto the fleshy smoothness of her shaved vulva. He fumbled with the puffy lips, clearly clueless about what he was doing. "Oh, Lane…finger my pussy!" his mom purred as she continued in the make-believe 'Sara' roll.

When it was clear that her son didn't have a clue, Heidi transitioned back into doctor mom. "Find my clit and rub it, Ducky," she whispered.

The boy's fingers pried beneath her fleshy prepuce and found the bulb of her clit. He rubbed on it with his fingertips, marveling at how wonderful her pussy felt. "There you go…rub it up and down and from side to side. That'll **REALLY** get a woman's juices flowing!" the mother advised.

"Like this?" the boy asked, stimulating her love-nubbin from different angles.

"Yes, use a combination of light and intense pressure as well as fast and slow rubbing. Pay attention to how a woman's body reacts and what it's telling you she likes."

Just as Lane got the hang of things his mom continued to impart her wisdom. "Stroking her from the bottom of her vagina to her clit is also an effective technique to pleasure a girl. It's a great way to cover your finger in her natural lubrication, making stroking her clit easier. Again, you need to try varying your technique here, changing

how much pressure you're using and how fast you're moving your finger."

Lane loved how his mom was still massaging his cock-rod through his pants as he rubbed on her pussy just as she suggested. "Get my panties off!" Heidi requested, leaning back and lifting her feet from the floor so her boy could rip her panties down her legs.

Lane panted excitedly as he grabbed the waistband of her dainty panties and peeled them off her crotch. He yanked them down her freshly shaved legs while staring at her delicious-looking vulva.

"Now, take the four fingers of your hand and rub it over my clit, labia, and vagina in a circular motion. Use my natural lubrication on your fingers to make it much wetter and more pleasurable."

Lane stroked his mom's naked pussy just as she told him to, stimulating the nerve-rich flesh of Heidi's cunt. "Like that?" he asked.

"Yes, that's excellent!" she panted. "Always build a woman's arousal up to its highest possible level before slipping a finger in."

As Lane rubbed on her, Heidi dove for his lips, engaging in more tender kisses as to make to simulation as realistic as possible. "I'm dripping wet," the mother gasped. "I wanna teach you how to finger-fuck now."

"Alright."

"There are a few areas that I wanna teach you to focus on. The first one is the most important and it's called the G-spot. Put your two middle fingers inside me, and about two-to-three inches up the front wall of my vagina, you'll feel some rougher-textured flesh."

Kneeling on the seat beside her, Lane penetrated his mother's pussy with two fingers, having no trouble finding her G-spot. "I think I found it," he breathed.

"Good. The way to stimulate this spot is by doing the 'come hither' motion. You'll curled your fingers upwards repeatedly, while your palm rubs against my clitoris."

"Like this?" the boy asked, perfectly performing the motion she described.

"Excellent, Ducky!" she gasped, humping against her boy's hand. "Speed up as you see a woman get more and more turned on. You'll feel her g-spot start swelling up and putting more pressure on your fingers."

"I can definitely feel you tightening up," stated the teen as he continued stimulating her sweet spot.

"Increase the speed and pressure slightly, with your come-hither motion hooking around my g-spot!"

"Like that?" the boy inquired, pumping at his mom's cunt hard and fast with his hand. It was beginning to make a wet, squishy sound.

"Oh, God, yes! You're a natural at this! **KEEP GOING!!**"

He continued his assault on her G-spot for another minute, delighted in hearing his mom pant and squeal in pleasure. He also loved watching her big titties jump around beneath her blouse. Lane felt her cunt-tube clench up around his fingers and his mom's pretty eyes rolled back in their sockets as her face became masked in ecstasy.

"I'm cuuummmiiinnnggggg!!" Heidi cried out, her body trembling as her pussy turned to cream around the boy's hand.

Lane continued to finger-fuck his mom's G-spot through her entire orgasm, fascinated by the lewd, creamy sound her pussy was making around his plunging fingers. Heidi finally let out a long, satisfied sigh, pulling his hand from her super-sensitive cunt. "You're

a quick learner, baby. If you do that to Sara tomorrow night, I promise it won't even matter that you didn't have sex with her."

She guided him down, so he settled between her legs, stroking his hair as she caught her breath. Heidi was still shaking her climax had been so fucking strong. She could feel the bulge of her boy's fuck-muscle against her quivering vagina. She knew he must be aching for release, and it wouldn't take much to coax an ejaculation from him.

"Bring your full weight down on top of me," she whispered, widening her spread on the backseat so her son could sprawl comfortably between her naked legs. "Rest your head right here on my shoulder and nuzzle into my neck."

Lane sighed excitedly as he felt his mom circle her legs up around him, just as she had early that day at the clinic. She began to gently rock them on the seat, causing his boner the hump against her pussy-mound with delectable friction.

"Oh, wow…that feels good!" the boy sighed, feeling his mom's warm breasts slosh against him through their t-shirts.

"Tomorrow we'll start working with you on how to delay it, but right now I want you to focus on ejaculating nice n hard," his mom encouraged.

Lane's prick was already slimy with pre-cum beneath his underwear, wedged against his mom's dry-humping pussy. Even through his clothing he could feel the heat of her sex-pit as it warmed his prick.

The teen lifted his head and looked down into her beautiful eyes. "Can I kiss you again?" he brazenly asked, drawing a smile from Heidi.

"Sure," the mother whispered, "but let's just consider this part of your treatment." Their lips locked, skipping the short smooches and

going straight for a deep French kiss. Lane's orgasm hit out of nowhere as his mom's long, skilled tongue whipped wildly through his mouth.

"Mghfff!" he whimpered as the cum-ropes began to splatter out his piss-hole. Heidi began to buck her naked ass from the car seat like a whore in heat, violently humping her twat up against his spewing hardness, while tightening her legs to intensify her dry humps.

"**AUUUGHH, SHIT!**" Lane gasped, overcome with pleasure. He hardly had time to say such words before his mom yanked his lips back to hers and practically plunged her tongue down his throat.

For several dreamy, cock-milking minutes they writhed on the back seat, and Lane's young body shuddered with orgasmic contractions as he filled his underwear with boy-goo. His lips were fused to his mom's the whole time and their wet, pink tongues squirmed and twisted inside Lane's mouth like two overactive snakes stuck in a jar together.

"Damn, mom…you must be the best kissing female on the planet," the boy breathlessly expressed.

Heidi giggled. "You're not so bad yourself, Ducky. Once we fix your issue, Sara won't know what hit her. You'll be quite the sexual sensation!"

"I hope so."

"Let's get up and get home so we can both get a shower. We've made quite a juicy mess of each other."

The next day seemed to drag for the anxious teen. If he were honest, he was just as excited for his first behavior therapy session as he was for his date with Sara.

"Behavior therapy involves trying different methods to delay your ejaculation, hunny," his mom explained once he arrived at his appointment. "The goal is to find the perfect technique for you to control your body."

"How many methods are there?"

"There are several, but we'd like to focus on two that have shown the most success with boys who've had the same issue as you. The first is called the start and stop technique. With this method, Evelyn and I will be stimulating your erection to the point of orgasm, then stopping the stimulation for about thirty-seconds, until you regain control of your response. We'll be repeating this 'start and stop' approach for about an hour before we allow you to ejaculate."

"Wow, an hour? I can't promise that I'll be able to hold out for that long."

"Evelyn and I will help you out with that. Whenever we pause, one of us will squeeze on the neck of your penis, where your shaft meets your glans. This will stop the flow of ejaculate."

"How?"

Evelyn answered. "The squeeze technique works by causing one of several muscles in your pelvis that are involved in erection and ejaculation, to contract. This suppresses your urge to ejaculate and allows you to fuck a girl for longer before reaching orgasm."

"Damn…that would be cool if that worked."

"I'm hopeful that it will," said his mom. "Along with the two methods that we'll be teaching you, there's a third thing that you can do that'll delay your ejaculation during sex, and that's masturbating thirty-minutes before every date."

"Masturbating?"

"Yes, there is evidence that suggests that masturbating before sex can help desensitize the penis enough to make you last longer in bed."

"If anything, masturbation will prepare your body for peak physical performance," Evelyn added. "Kind of like an athlete warming up before a big game."

"That makes sense," Lane nodded.

"Let's get back to the start and stop technique," said his mom. "I explained to you yesterday that Evelyn and I will do everything within our power to treat your condition effectively. This includes doing things that we normally wouldn't do for other patients."

"That's right, Lane," Evelyn continued, "but just as we keep the details of your treatment confidential, we'd ask you to do the same and not tell anyone what goes on inside this office."

"That's no problem at all," agreed the boy.

"If that's the case, we'd like to help you practice this first method by stimulating you orally," Heidi stated.

"Orally?" the boy repeat, his lips curling into an eager smile.

"That's right, Lane. We'd like to suck on your penis and testicles. Not to sound vulgar, but your mom and I are both skilled cocksuckers who know your every sweet spot."

"It's true," his mom agreed. "We know a boy's dick like the back of our hands. We know every part of your penis, Ducky, inside and out. The knob, the shaft, the root…"

"And the balls," Evelyn continued. "We know the location of every single sexual nerve-ending you have and how it like to be stimulated."

"A woman's warm, wet mouth can feel just like a pussy," his mom added. "It'll be an effective way of edging you and applying the squeeze technique."

"You guys are the professionals. Whatever you think is best," Lane responded. He wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

Heidi walked over to a side-door and opened it. "Go inside and get undressed, Ducky. We'll join you in a few minutes," she said.

Lane stepped inside the small windowless room where there was a large, specially made lounge bed with wedge pillows created for engaging in various sex positions. The space was dimly lit, and the slow, erotic beat of music resonated from overhead speakers. It was obvious that this was a room created for one purpose…sex.

The teen quickly stripped off his clothes, just as his mother told him, then sat on the lounge bed waiting. A few minutes later, the door opened and Heidi and her assistance came in and closed the door behind them. Lane's eyes about bugged out of his head as studied the white mesh bodysuits they were wearing. They were transparent in design with spaghetti straps, allowing him to see their heavy breasts in extraordinary detail. Fat, rubbery teats protruded from the centers of their wide, pinkish-purple areolas. "Lay on your back and get comfortable, Lane," Evelyn instructed.

The boy's cock was already fully erect in anticipation of what was coming. His thick slab rested against his abdomen as he sprawled back on the lounge bed.

Heidi reached back, putting her hair in a ponytail. "Before we get started, you'll need to choose a word to alert us when you're on edge and about to cum. That way we'll know when it's time for us to apply the squeeze technique," she informed him.

"Any word?" Lane asked.

"Yep…you chose."

"Hmm, how about 'upsurge?'"

Evelyn giggled. "That seems like a fitting word."

"Let me guess…from one of your video games, right?" his mom teased.

"Yep," the boy answered, staring at the darkened cleft of her vulva through the sheer fabric of her bodysuit. He quickly peered over at Evelyn's crotch and marveled at how he could see her clitoral prepuce peeking out from between her labial flanges. Unlike his mom's pussy, which was completely shaved, Evelyn had a neatly trimmed landing strip, which matched the red hair on her head. The horny teen instinctively reached down and began squeezing on the tip of his prick, but then he came to his senses and stopped himself.

"You can stroke on yourself, hunny. When we're in this room, it's important for you to let your body do what comes naturally," said his mother.

"That's right," Evelyn agreed. "There are no inhibitions here. This room is where a person's inner sexual animal can be completely free."

"Alright," Lane answered, then began massaging the tip of his prick to the sight of their beautiful, mature bodies. The two women watched him for a moment, fascinated by how his hand was squeezing around his fat knob. Pre-cream bubbled from his piss-hole, making them lick their lips unconsciously.

The two women lowered onto the lounge bed beside the boy and began stroking his body tenderly. They grazed their long nail-tips on his flesh stimulating his erogenous zones. Strong, teenage pheromones wafted into their nasal passages, hardening their plump teats beneath the gauzy fabric.

Lane continued to pull on his cock, but knew he had to be careful, because the affection they were showing alone could make him cum very quickly. His mom gently pulled his hand away and replaced it with her own. She curled the loose skin of his prick over his bell-glans, then stroked downward, causing to his crown to expand, like a meaty, pinkish-purple mushroom sprouting from the earth. "It's so hard!" the mother proudly cooed.

Heidi leaned over and lightly brushed her lips across his rigid prick. The musky aroma of teenage cock-flesh swept through her nostrils and made her cunt-tube clench with desire. She probed her tongue-tip around his bell-shaped knob, tracing its meaty outline. Meanwhile, Evelyn did the same, but from a lower area. Starting at the boy's nut-sack, she drug her wet licker all the way up the underside of Lane's enormous boner, making his body shiver in delight.

"Remember to use your word when you get close," she reminded him. Evelyn joined the boy's mother at the tip, wrapping her hand around Lane's cock-base and taking a firm grip so she could point it upward towards their mouths.

The lucky teen gazed down his torso and watched the two grown women lick on his peter-tip, while staring up at him with their alluring eyes. Their tongues were long and thick, whipping all over his swollen glans with meticulous skill. Evelyn's pink snake flickered up and down against the band of his frenulum, making his entire dick flex with excitement. What thrilled the boy just as much as their licking was the way the randomly kissed his leaky knob, making lewd smacking sounds with their luscious lips.

"You have such a nice prick, Lane," Evelyn stated between licks. "I'm surprised you haven't fucked tons of girls by now." She tugged gently at the base, pulling the loose, pink skin tight along his thick, sinewy shaft, making the maze of blue veins bulge out obscenely.

She'd seen a lot of young dicks in her profession, but none were quite as delicious looking as Heidi's son's prick.

The doctor wrapped her soft, warm lips over his knob and lasciviously moaned as she began licking and sucking ravenously on the big, tasty bulb of his prick.

"Oh God, mom!" the boy shuddered, feeling her tongue scrub his throbbing glans. Meanwhile, he could also feel Evelyn nibbling gently along his cock-shaft with her teeth. The doctor's assistant gnawed on his erectile meat like a dog on a hambone, pinching and pulling at the pink skin of his cock.

Heidi's head began to bob up and down in a steady blowjob rhythm. The rounded ring of her lips skidded up and down over the flesh of her son's big, flavorful prick.

Lane was at the mercy of a professional cocksucker so it wasn't long before his toes were clenched and he blurted the word he had decided on. "Upsurge!"

The two women stopped sucking and his mom clamped her thumb and forefinger around the neck of his penis. "Good job, Ducky. Breath in and out now…let your pelvic muscles relax," she said in her sweet voice.

"It usually takes about thirty seconds for your ejaculation to subside and then we'll start sucking your dick again," Evelyn explained.

When the time had expired, the two women went back to work. Lane's hips began giving shallow thrusts, countering his mom's bobbing head. Her wet, warm mouth worked his dick like a pussy, rhythmically plunging down his tubular stalk, sinking further and further towards the base.

"Oh my God!" the boy shuddered, feeling Evelyn's tongue whip around on his bloated balls. The assistant pushed her face against

his scrotal sack and inhaled deeply, delighting in the warm muskiness of his teenage scent. She slurped one of his testicles into her mouth, nursing on its egg-shaped meat, tugging exquisitely on the cord of his vas deferens.

Heidi moaned with delight as she sucked her son's cock in earnest. Even though she didn't suck the pricks of other young patients, she'd still had a lot of experience with cock-sucking. Her boy's boner was one of the nicest, tastiest dicks she'd ever had. "Your dick is delicious, Ducky!" she gasped, then went back to sucking.

"Thanks!" the teen uttered, feeling his arousal-level quickly rise from the divine friction on his genitals. "Upsurge!"

Lane watched wondrously as his mom crawled over and propped herself directly over him on her hands and knees so she could stare down into his pleasure-filled eyes. This time it was Evelyn who had her fingers clamped around his prickhead, stopping him from cumming.

"Don't you worry, hunny…all that cum will come blasting out eventually. Your focus though should be centered around becoming an endurance-beast in bed and making a girl soak your penis in female ejaculate."

Heidi lowered down against him, crushing her fatty tits against his bare chest. She brought her lips to his ear and nibbled teasingly. "I'm so proud of you," the mother whispered. "You're doing such a great job so far."

"Thanks!" the boy hissed.

"You'll be able to fuck a girl so hard once you've mastered this technique," she softly stated, gazing magically into his eyes. "Ohh, and you do like to fuck pussy hard, don't you, my Ducky?"

"Uh-huh!" he gasped, aroused beyond words.

This time it was Evelyn who began sucking his rod, while his mom slowly kissed her way down his chest. She paused at each of his nipples, nibbling on the tips with her teeth and flicking her tongue across them, while gazing up at him as he watched.

The nerves in the crown of Lane's cock tingled as Evelyn's tongue teased and tormented the spongy bulb with every wet plunge of her lips. He'd gotten a few blowjobs before, but those paled in comparison to the way his mom and her assistant were sucking his cock.

Evelyn fucked her face on the unyielding spike of his prick, lowering her obscenely stretched lips to his cock-root and holding it there. She heard the teen groan as she let him soak in the smoldering tightness of her mouth and throat.

His mom was dragging her tongue against his chiseled abs, then she licked further down until she joined her assistant at the root of her boy's prick. While Evelyn gave him juicy head, Heidi clamped her lips around as much of the thick stalk as she could, lightly chewing at its strong, rigid meat.

"Upsurge! **UPSURGE!!**" the boy exclaimed, his toes clenched as he squirmed in ecstasy, right on the fringe of a hard cum.

"Breath, hunny," his mother coached, stoking his chest as she watched him fight off an orgasm. Evelyn lightly kissed on his engorged knob, which was a deep shade of purple between her tightly clamped fingers. Pre-goo seeped from his meatus, and she slowly swiped it off with her tongue.

"Mmm, scrumptious," she purred.

The boy looked up at his gorgeous mom hovering over him. Her massive tits ballooned from her ribcage, stretching the gauzy fabric outward so he could see their huge, rounded undersides. She smiled down at him lovingly over the melonous swell of her bosom. Then,

she looked over at her assistant. "He's handling this well. Let's include stimulating his prostate," she suggested.

There was a lubrication dispenser on the wall and Evelyn used it to squirt some on her fingers. "We're gonna position you a bit differently now, Ducky," his mom said. "I'll be laying on top of you and sucking your cock, while Evelyn massages your prostate. Once I climb onto you, I'll need you to bring your knees back as far as you can and hold them there."

"Alright," agreed the teen, his heart racing so fast he could hardly breath.

His mom climbed on top of him, straddling his head. The sight of her naked pussy, seen clearly through the fabric that hugged it, made him gasp out loud. He brought his knees back, then felt his mom's tongue flail around on his peter-tip.

Evelyn buried her pretty face between the boy's slightly upturned ass-cheeks and began licking his asshole. She heard him let out a pleasurable sigh as she dug her licker against his rosebud. "Damn… you guys are making me feel too good!" stated the teen, feeling his balls clench up close to his body.

"Fight it off, Ducky…you can do this!" his mom coached, then went back to gorging herself on his delicious cock.

"You might feel some slight discomfort down her, Lane," Evelyn warmed, lubing his ass-ring up. "Down, worry though…it's just temporary and will quickly become **VERY** pleasurable."

Evelyn squeezed two fingers inside his asshole. She knew from experience that a boy's perineum was firmer near the front of the penile bulb, which was the inner ending of his shaft. It felt softer and fleshier toward the back. This is the area she was aiming for. She knew several prostate milking techniques but decided to use the

'come hither' motion with her fingers, working her digits against the gland.

"Auuugh!" the boy moaned arching his back in pleasure. His mom's pussy hovered inches above his face as she blew his cock. He could swell her sweet cuntal aroma and see the coral slit peeking from between her thick labial lips.

He brazenly raised his head up, kissing her hairless flanges through the fabric. As his head rested back on the cushion, his mom's cunt followed, smothering his young face with pussy. Now the smell was so ripe that it made him almost dizzy. He sucked at her fragrant folds through the fabric and dug his tongue through its juice-slickened cleft, tasting her delectable nectar.

Heidi sucked her boy's cock with vigor, her rounded lips plunging tirelessly up and down the vein-encrusted muscle of his hardon. She felt his body shudder as she plunged her mouth to his hilt and held it there, with her lips sealed to the root of his cock. She felt his organ swell in her mouth and throat and knew this was partly due to having his prostate exquisitely milked by her assistant.

"Upsurge!" the boy whimpered; his voice muffled by cunt-flesh. His cock popped wetly from his mom's mouth, and she sat upright with her cunt still smothering her boy's face as if it were the saddle on a horse.

Evelyn stopped stimulating him but kept her fingers inside the boy's ass. "It looks like he's having some ejaculatory leakage," she told Heidi as they watched pearly-white cum ooze from the boy's meatus.

"Yes, that's definitely ejaculate and not pre-cum," Heidi agreed, then stroked her hands down her boy's torso. "Relax and breath, hunny. Let the cum settle back into your testicles."

After a half-a-minute, the two women resumed the task of providing him pleasure. Heidi worked her mouth around his meaty tool, her

wet tongue battering the tender flesh of his knob before every downward plunge. She adored the succulent flavor of his pre-ejaculatory ooze. A young prostate always created rich semen that tasty like sweet ambrosia. Even though she was married, it delighted her that she could help her son this way. The fact that he had a huge, delicious cock made it even more satisfying.

Several more times over the next half-hour they would edge the boy to the brink of orgasm. The pleasure was unlike anything Lane had ever experienced before and he wished it could go on and on forever. His mom's mouth and throat felt like an unimaginable pussy, encapsulating his erectile meat and pumping it with divine friction. Evelyn's skilled fingers made him feel like his whole body was being consumed in sexual euphoria.

It had been just over an hour since they began and Evelyn felt a tap on her shoulder as she sloppily licked and kissed the boy's hairless taint, while milking his prostate with her tireless fingers. She looked up to see Heidi peering back at her, her mouth stuffed full of wet, glistening dick-meat. The doctor nodded, signaling that it was time to milk the boy's ejaculation.

Both of them went back to task purposefully, sucking and fingering as masterfully as they could. Lane's legs began to tremble, and his toes clenched tightly. "Upsurge!" his cunt-smothered voice announced. By this time his face was soaking wet from the cuntal secretions that had saturated the crotch of his mom's bodysuit. To his increasing delight, his mom and Evelyn only intensified their actions. "Upsurge!!!" his voice trembled, his hips beginning to jerk involuntarily.

Heidi felt the knob of her boy's prick mushroom as it fucked through the tube of her throat. She swallowed the last few inches of his boner, wanting her boy to feel completely consumed when he came.

Evelyn felt the familiar tightness in his rectum and continued pumping her fingers, while rubbing the boy's clenched-up balls with her other hand.

Lane saw flashes of light go off before his eyes as his body arched from the cushion and he let out an animal-like grunt.

Sucking frantically, Heidi was gulping and swallowing the delicious fluid as fast as it spurted out of his virile, young cock. Because he was having his prostate milked, her son produced an abundance of prostatic seminal fluid, which burst scrumptiously through her mouth and down her cum-hungry throat.

The boy writhed with euphoric pleasure and the two moms had no intention of letting up until they had drained every drop. Finally, after several minutes, his pecker sprung from his mom's mouth and Evelyn's fingers slipped from his asshole. Feeling the boy shaking with exhaustion, Heidi rested her face on his leg, her hand still caressing his softening, wet prick. "You did amazing, Ducky!" she cooed.

"It's true," Evelyn agreed. "Most guys don't make it an hour during their first session, especially when having their prostate milked."

"I never dreamed it could feel that good," the boy said, still catching his breath.

"Alright, Ducky. We have other patients to see, so you need to get dressed," his mom advised.

"Lucky them," the boy stated as he sat up.

"No, lucky you. You're the only one who gets his cock sucked like that," Heidi winked as her and Evelyn strode towards the door.

Lane could see their luscious bubble butts through the sheer fabric of their bodysuits almost as clearly as if they were naked. "Will you

guys wear those things for my next session too?" he asked.

"Maybe," his mom smiled, then wagged her meaty derriere teasingly. "Or maybe we won't wear anything."

"I'm down with being naked," Evelyn added.

"Righteous!" the teen exclaimed.

Heidi and her husband, Felix, had been married for nearly twenty years. Despite seeing boys' cocks on a daily basis, and stroking many of them off at the clinic, Heidi had never once cheated on her husband. They had a good marriage, with regular sex, that resulted in three children.

"Lane has been coming to the clinic for some issues," Heidi stated as they sat in bed together.

"Issues? Is he ok?" Felix asked.

"He's fine. We're working with him to get them resolved."

"What are the issues?"

"Hunny, you know I can't tell you that. I know he's our son, but he's technically an adult so that information is confidential," Heidi reminded him.

"Come on, Heidi. You don't have to go into details, but at least tell me what's going on."

"You don't have to worry about a thing. He's in good hands and that's the important thing," the wife assured him.

"If it's a sexual issue, are you sure that **YOU** should be the one treating him? I mean, couldn't that make you and Lane's relationship a bit awkward?"

"No. In fact, if anything it's brought us closer," Heidi answered. "He feels safe talking to me about issues that are extremely personal **AND** he goes along with a treatment plan that is…how shall I say this, licentious, but necessary."

"Licentious in what way?" Felix asked curiously.

"Hunny, just as I can't tell you what Lane's condition is, I also can't divulge how we're treating it. All you need to know is he's doing great."

The last thing Heidi wanted to do was tell her husband that she had sucked their son's cock today. Even though her method was extremely naughty, it was for her son's benefit, so Heidi didn't feel a drop of guilt for anything she had done during Lane's behavior treatment. In fact, she felt she could completely justify taking things even further sexually, if she needed to.

Meanwhile, across town, Lane and his date were at the Drive-in, but they weren't watching the movie. Instead, they were on the back seat of Heidi's car smooching hot n heavy. The boy thought it was ironic that he was getting ready to feel his date up at the same spot on the back seat that he had fingered his mom a couple days ago.

"God, you have me so horny!" Sara gasped, placing Lane's hands on her plump tits.

The boy knew he had to make his move now before she asked him to fuck her. It wasn't that he didn't wanna have sex, he was just afraid he would ejaculate too quickly again and completely ruin things between them.

With one hand, he reached down into her panties and began feeling her up. Sara began to whimper and melt in his arms as she felt two fingers plunge inside her and begin stimulating her G-spot. "**OH MY GOD, LANE!**" her quivering voice cried out.

The boy put his newly learned skill to the test, finger fucking her, while rubbing her clit with the palm of the same hand. In under a minute, Sara was howling and trembling in climax. Her pussy tightened around Lane's fingers and began soaking them with her orgasmic juices.

Lane was prepared to make her cum again, but Sara had other ideas. "Fuck me now!" she hornily hissed, quickly stripping off her panties.

"Fuck you?" he asked, inwardly panicking.

"Yes, fuck me. I need you so bad!"

It was then that Lane remembered that he had forgot to heed his mom's advice and masturbate thirty-minutes before his date. "Shit," he uttered under his breath.

"What? Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm good."

"Fuck me then," said the girl, pulling him down on top of her. Lane's rigid cock squeezed through her tight pussy, easily reaching her back wall.

"Fuck me, Lane! Fuck me hard!" she screamed, clutching at his ass and pulling him more violently into her cunt.

The boy's tender meat slid smoothly against the hot fleshy ridges of Sara's sucking cuntal walls. He squeezed on her plump tits, while pumping his prick in a steady rhythm. He lasted nearly five minutes this time, pausing a few times just as his mom and Evelyn had shown him. However, he still hadn't given Sara a climax this way.

"Sorry," the boy sighed as the last few drops of jizz oozed from his prick. "It feels really good inside you."

"Well, I'll admit it was better than our first time. The way you fingered me was amazing, but…"

"But what?"

"I don't want you to think I'm shallow. **I REALLY** do like you, Lane, but…"

"Go on," said the boy.

"I just **LOVE** sex and would really like to have a boyfriend who could fuck me for longer," she confessed.

"I'm working on it, I really am," Lane told her. "Will you give me one more chance?"

"Of course, I will," she replied with a pretty smile. "The fact that you cum so quickly isn't a deal breaker, Lane. I guess I just have high expectations when it comes to sex."

"I really like you too…so I'll do everything it takes to meet those expectations."

"How did it go with Sara?" his mom asked at the clinic the next day.

"Well, I fingered her like you showed me and she really liked it, but then she wanted sex and I failed miserably again."

"How long did you last?"

"Only about five minutes."

"Five minutes?! I certainly wouldn't say that's a failure!" Heidi stated.

"Mom, I didn't even make her cum."

"Ducky, that doesn't matter right now. You said the first time you fucked her you ejaculated in under a minute. Lasting five minutes

this time is real progress! With more practice, you'll be able to go ten, twenty, maybe even a whole hour without ejaculating."

"I guess your right…I did make some improvements."

"And it's important to focus on those," Evelyn stated. "Improving one's staying power doesn't happen overnight."

"Hunny, today we'd like to introduce something called 'Sexual Sensory Stimulation,'" said Heidi.

"Sexual Sensory Stimulation??"

"Try saying that one ten-times fast," Evelyn joked.

"Sexual Sensory Stimulation is a treatment technique in which all five senses are stimulated at once. It helps heighten arousal, which is important when you're learning to control your orgasm," Heidi explained.

"Why is that important?"

Evelyn answered. "Let's say you're having sex with Sara and you're doing great stamina-wise, then suddenly she licks your neck, or she says something nasty to you, like 'oh, Lane, your cock feels so good!' Those things can easily trigger what's called a 'spontaneous orgasm,' which is something we're trying to prevent."

"It's not that we're attempting to keep those things from arousing you, we just wanna try to prevent it from raising your excitement level to the point that you lose control and cum," Heidi added. "That's why I think it's important that we integrate that technique into your treatment."

Lane smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever you guys think is best."

"Let's start with sound," said Heidi, clicking on a recording from a nearby laptop. Suddenly, the sound of two women moaning and panting filled the room.

"Is that you guys?" Lane asked, already becoming aroused by the erotic sounds of their sexually stimulating voices.

"This is a recording of Evelyn and I masturbating, yes," his mom answered. "We recorded it to provide audible stimulation."

"I like it!" the boy confessed.

Evelyn moved in close to the boy and brought her lips near his ear. "Is it making your cock hard?" she whispered in a sensual tone. "Is it making you think about hot, wet pussy?"

"Uh-huh!"

Heidi giggled. "Dirty talk is also a form of audible stimulation, which can certainly test a man's endurance when he's trying not to ejaculate," she explained. The doctor noticed that her son's cock-bulge was tenting his pants, straining for release. "Why don't you pull your shorts down, Ducky, so you can stroke on your penis."

"Alright," said the boy, slipping his shorts and briefs to his ankles. His big erection burst from his underwear like it was spring loaded. He squeezed on the swollen tip of his rod, while listening to the sexy recording of them masturbating.

"Next is the sense of sight," Heidi said as her and her assistant began unbuttoning their lab coats. "A boy can easily become overly-aroused by looking at a woman's naked body."

Lane's eyes widened as he realized they were wearing nothing but panties beneath their lab coats. Evelyn took hers off completely and her huge, naked tits bobbled deliciously on her rib cage. The boy began stroking his prick extra hard as he gazed over at his mom's

naked melons. Her areolas were extra-wide, and the nipples protruded from centers looked like pink marshmallows set on end. "Damn…you guys are sexy as hell!" the boy expressed.

"Thank you, Lane. Is looking at our bodies making you wish that you could fuck a girl right now?" Evelyn asked, continuing her audible stimulation.

"It sure is!"

"Or maybe you're wishing that could have your dick sucked on," his mom added, moving over close to him, "that you could jab that big teenage cock of yours down a woman's throat?"

Lane felt his rod tingle in his hand. "You guys are right. Hearing a woman talk dirty **IS** a huge turn-on!" he stated.

"Which is a good thing," said Heidi, "as long as you can enjoy it without having a spontaneous ejaculation."

"So, we've covered sight and sound. Let's move on to touch," said Evelyn squirting some heated lubrication from a bottle into her hand. She knelt in front of the teen and replaced his hand with hers. Her first made a lewd creamy sound as she slowly stroked Lane's fully erect cock from knob to balls and back again. "A boy loves the feel of having his cock jacked off."

Lane sighed as he looked down and watch Evelyn's slimy hand travel the length of his jutting erection. He loved the way her heavy breasts jiggled to every stroke of her hand.

His mom stepped up to him and lifted his shirt, exposing his torso. "They also love the feel of a woman's big, soft tits against their bare chest," she stated, then brushed her squishy boobies against his naked flesh. Her hardened teats scraped teasingly against his chest.

"I like that a lot!" said the boy.

"The question is…can you control your ejaculation when a woman's tits are smothering you?" his mom asked. "Something like this, or even the sight of big breasts bouncing around, while you're screwing a girl, can be a potential pitfall for someone with premature ejaculation issues. You have to learn to become a master of your own body, using the pause technique that we went over yesterday. We want you to practice that…but first we have two more senses to discuss."

Evelyn released his cock and stood up. "Which are the sense of smell and taste. The scent and flavor of a woman can be a huge trigger for a boy and can certainly contribute to him cumming prematurely," she said, nudging him back onto the stool.

Lane watched the two women reach into their panties and finger their cunt-slits. Heidi brought her hand out first and moved it to her son's nose. Her fingers were glistening with juices. "The sweet smell of pussy can make your cock throb for release," she softly stated.

The boy inhaled, letting his mom's pungent aroma sweep through his nasal passages. Evelyn brought her hand up also, letting the teen smell her feminine scent. "The aroma of a woman's cunt can heighten a boy's arousal-level, causing the cum-ropes to ejaculate from his piss-slit much too early."

The assistant leaned down, bringing her lips to the boy's ear. "Would you like to taste my hot pussy, Lane?" she asked in the naughtiest tone he'd ever heard.

"Sure!"

She peeled her thong panties down her legs, then stepped out of them. Lane expected that she'd pick them up and bring them his nose, but instead Evelyn moved up close to him, turned around and bent over.

"Whoa!" the boy uttered, staring at her big, rounded ass-cheeks. Her buns were slightly spread, exposing the crinkled pink ring of her asshole. Bent over the way she was, Evelyn's shaved pussy flanges looked like a puffy clamshell.

"Go ahead, Ducky…go taste it," his mom urged.

Lane lowered to his knees and eagerly buried his face against Evelyn's twat. He wormed his tongue into the pungent hotness of her juicy fuck-hole. He could feel his cock throbbing stiffly between his legs as he feverishly feasted on her cunt-slit, deeply inhaling the horny aroma of her female arousal. The boy used his lips to spread her moistened cunt-lips apart lashing his licker against the grape-sized bulb of her clit. The sound of the masturbation recording in the background only heightened the experience.

"How does it taste, hunny?" his mom asked.

"Amazing!" he answered, his voice muffled by Evelyn's wet cuntal folds.

"Why don't we let you experience all five of these senses now, while we stimulate your shaft and glans. Sit back on the stool," his mom instructed.

The teen complied, still licking the tangy juices off his lips. Evelyn fetched a silicone vagina from the drawer and lubricated its entrance. "This sleeve is equipped with heated vibration, Lane. I'm going to be using it on your cock like a real pussy. Do you remember your signal word from yesterday?" she asked.

"Upsurge."

"That's right. When you get close to cumming, use your word and I'll ease up on my strokes. The goal today is a half-hour."

"Alright," he anxiously nodded, watching her kneel and fit the sleeve over his dong. It felt just like a hot, tight pussy with added pulsation.

Evelyn twisted the sleeve in a corkscrew motion as she stroked the boy's tender prick with it.

"How does that feel, Ducky?" asked his mom as she stood near him. "Does it feel like a girl's on top of you, riding your big dick?"

"Yes!" he excitedly nodded.

"Buck your hips and meet my strokes," instructed Evelyn. "There's a nice, soft ring at the back of that'll feel wonderful kissing your cock-head."

His mom's assistant was right. As the boy met her strokes, he could feel the soft ring at the back of the sleeve, which simulated the head of a woman's cervix.

"Not all boys can reach that far back, hunny," his mom stated. "It means you have a long, strong dick that can pack a woman's pussy completely full."

The incredible friction paired with the sight of his mom's bobbling tits and her dirty words made his cock begin to tingle. "Upsurge!" he blurted.

Evelyn pushed the sleeve all the way down to the root of his cock. "If this were real sex, you'd wanna slide your cock all the way in and keep it there.

Let her feel your throbbing manhood inside her, while you pause," she advised.

Once they continued, Heidi stepped behind her son. She leaned over, mashing her oversized hooters against his back and brought her lips

to his ear to provide more verbal stimulation. "Can you picture me beneath the dinner table, on my knees, sucking your cock?" she whispered.

Lane was too fucking turned on to answer so he just listened.

"Dragging my tongue all over your tasty dick with your father only a few feet away."

He had never heard such suggestive film spout from his mother's mouth, but he loved it.

Heidi reached into her panties and ran her fingers through the juicy slit of her cunt. "I wish I could control myself when I'm with you," she whispered, then brought her pussy-soaked fingers to her son's mouth, "but you make my pussy **SO** fucking wet!"

Lane's heart skipped a beat as he tasted his mom's flavorful cunt-oil. The pungent aroma was driving him crazy. The pleats along the slippery tube of the fake vagina stimulate the nerves along his pink boner divinely. "Upsurge!" he sighed.

"Excellent job!" his mom coached. "You're doing so well, hunny!"

When Evelyn began stroking again, the doctor continued to verbally stimulate him. "Do you want me to scream your name the next time I cum?" Heidi sensually asked. "While I'm writhing in pleasure, I can imagine that it's **YOUR** cock that's buried deep inside me, Ducky."

"Damn, mom!" the boy gasped, trying his best to fight off the urge to cum.

"How would you fuck me, baby?" she candidly asked. "Would you dick me from behind and give your mommy a good hard doggy-fuck?"

"Upsurge!" shouted the boy, his body jerking as he clenched his toes.

"Deep breaths, Lane," Evelyn advices. "Let the cum settle back into your testicles."

This time when the doctor's assistant resumed stroking, Heidi removed her lab coat completely, then her panties and straddled her son. She made sure his cock was sticking out from beneath her bubble butt so Evelyn could continue stroking on it. The mother quickly peeled off her son's t-shirt, then locked her arms around him for a deep, passionate kiss.

"Mmnff," the boy whimpered as his mom's thick tongue whipped through his mouth. Her huge tit-mounds were sandwiched against his chest, her erect teats poking into his skin as they made out like two kids on prom night.

"Squeeze my big tits, Ducky!" Heidi panted between smooches. "Pinch my hard nipples!"

The boy obliged, prying his mitts between them and sinking his lusty fingers into the pliable meat of his mom's breasts. He felt like he was having one big wet dream!

Keeping a professional demeanor, Heidi peeked back at her assistant. "Remove the sleeve for a few minutes," she instructed.

Ducky's erection slipped wetly from the fake fuck-hole, the lube making his boner shimmer, accentuating its bulging, blue veins. His mom dragged her cunt-flanges along the top of his shaft, allowing him to feel the moist warmth that was emanating from her sexual pit.

While making out with him, Heidi glided her twat up and back along the top of his shaft, feeling the hard stalk pulse with blood. "Mmm,

do you like the way a girl's pussy feels along the top of your boy-cock like that?" she mewled.

"Yes!"

Heidi slid all the way back off his prick, then tilted her hips, pushing her pussy against the underside of his glans until his erection was trapped between his belly and her heated vulva. "What about the underside of your dick?" she asked, grinding her wet twat along the length of his boner. "Do you like having it smothered and soaked with pussy-juice?"

"Oh, wow, yes…. **UPSURGE!!!**" he cried out, but unfortunately the boy had already passed the point of no return. With a wonderful tremble and a guttural grunt, he squirted a huge ribbon of spunk up in between their writhing bellies.

"Oh, yes, hunny, cum all over us!" his mom cheered, then dove for his neck, kissing and licking all his sensitive spots as he bucked beneath her big-titted body in a toe-clenching orgasm.

The boy had simply never cum this hard before in his life. The feel of his mom's warm, giant mammaries sloshing around on his chest as she squeezed him tight and humped her wet pussy against his cock only intensified the power of his ejaculation.

Heidi took her time, making sure she drained every drop from her boy's penis. She loved the feel of his oversized love-organ flexing in a pulsating manner against the slit of her tightly compressed vulva.

"**FUUUCK!!**" lane grunted the very next day as he experienced yet another session of behavior therapy. This time he was in the back room, sprawled across the lounge bed. Heidi and Evelyn were laying on either side of him, completely naked, their hands working in unison to stroke his big cock.

"Bounce your ass from the mattress! Fuck our hands, Ducky!" his mom coached.

The boy bucked on the bed, driving his big, muscled dick through the grip of their slippery fists. Heidi and Evelyn each had one big tit draped across the teen's chest as they skillfully beat him off. They each took turns moving to the boy's lips where Lane would stick his licker out and engage them in sensual tongue-play outside their mouths.

Heidi had certainly noticed a difference in her son but didn't wanna jinx it by bringing it up. He would still use his signal word but was able to be stimulated for longer periods of time before having to use it. She gripped the top half of his boner tightly, her and Evelyn's fists making lewd creamy sounds from the mixture lubricant and the pre-cum that was constantly leaking from the boy's cum-slit. The teenage cock felt huge and powerfully stiff in their hands, the muscle and sinew straining beneath their greasy grips.

Heidi used her thumb to stimulate his frenulum as she stroked, pressing against the band of tissue that connected his knob and shaft. She could tell it was really getting to him by the way his body writhed. "You got this, baby!" she whispered encouragingly. "Fight it off!"

Evelyn dripped two fingers inside her wet cunt, then brought them to the boy's mouth so he could smell and taste her juices. During the session they attempted to stimulate all the boy's five senses, even by providing audible stimulation.

"Fuck me harder!" his mom gasped in his ear, as if it was her pussy that he was driving his cock through. "Make my hot pussy squirt on your cock, Ducky!"

"**FUCK, I'M CUMMING!!**" he announced, arching his back in ecstasy. His orgasm was well deserved. They had been beating his

cock tirelessly for nearly an hour and he'd only needed to stop a handful of times.

"Yesss! Fill my pussy with your sticky cum-load!" Heidi cheered, jerking his prick at a rapidly-increasing tempo. Huge cords of virile boy-spunk erupted into the air and splattered down onto their naked bodies.

The teen groaned and quivered as the two beautiful medical professionals milked every single drop of slimy sperm from his quivering cock.

"I'm looking forward to our next date," said Sara as she spoke to Lane by phone that night. "Just laying here thinking about it is making my pussy wet."

"I'm excited too," said Lane, squeezing his cock-bulge through his pants.

"If that's true then how come you haven't asked me out again?"

Lane didn't wanna tell her it was because he was getting treatment so he could learn to fuck her silly. He quickly came up with an excuse. "I think I've been coming down with a cold or something and I didn't wanna give it to you."

"Aww, that's so sweet. We could just fuck though…we wouldn't have to kiss."

"I know…I'm hoping I should feel better by tomorrow," he told her. The boy knew he'd have to see her again soon. There were plenty guys with cocks out there who'd love to feel her tight pussy sheathed around them.

"Good, so let's plan on sometime soon. You told me last time that you were fixing your issue, so I'm anxious to see if that's true."

"What time is Lane coming in today?" Evelyn asked the doctor the following morning.

"He'll be here at three," Heidi answered, typing some notes on her laptop.

"His treatment seems to be going exceptionally well. I don't think I've ever seen a patient go from ejaculating in under a minute to nearly an hour in such a short period of time."

"Yes, he certainly appears to be a success story. The question is though, will he last that long while fucking this new love-interest of his?"

"True. Hands and toys in a simulated environment are one thing. Fucking a hot female on a mattress is quite another."

Heidi fed her assistant a sly smile. "Maybe I should see him alone today," she suggested.

"Maybe you should fuck him, you mean?" Evelyn teased.

"Isn't it better that he's tested here, in a controlled environment, than the real world? I wanna see for myself how he's gonna handle it before I sign off on his treatment."

"Well, even if you are his mom, I don't think he'll have any issues with giving you dick. The question is…will you want more after he's through?" Evelyn teased.

"Well, as long as we only keep it here at the treatment center, he may require occasional follow-up visits," Heidi giggled.

Lane was leaving school when he got a text from his mom. "Make sure you masturbate before you come to the clinic today," it read.

"I thought you said to masturbate before a date?" he messaged back.

"I did ," she texted back. "See you at 3."

The teen went home and yanked on his cock. Instead of cumming right away though, he focused on edging his cock for as long as he could. He was proud to have made it thirty-minutes before blasting his sticky load into his cum rag. Behavior therapy at his mom's clinic was certainly starting to pay off.

"Is mom seeing another patient?" Lane asked Evelyn as she led him into the examination room right at 3pm.

"Nope, just you. She canceled all her afternoon appointments."

"Oh, well…where is she?"

"You'll find out soon enough," said the redhead with a mischievous grin. She opened the door to leave. "Have fun!"

After she exited, Lane stood there for a moment, confused. Then, he looked over at the door to the back room. Curiously, he went over and opened it.

"Hey there, superstar," his beautiful mother smiled as she lay sprawled out on her back on the lounge bed, completely naked. Her arms rested on the cushion up over her head, so her heavy tits were jutting up from her chest. Her legs were spread widely as she gazed at her handsome son. Her vulva was splayed and looked like an exotic pink flower in full bloom.

"Wow, I certainly didn't expect to see this when I walked into your office."

"Well, you've made such progress. I felt like it was time that you put that newly learned staying power to the ultimate test."

"You mean…?" the boy uttered, glanced down at her shaved pussy.

"Yes. Let's see how you perform in a real pussy," she answered. "But not just any pussy. A pussy that really knows how to fuck."

"Righteous!" blurted the teen, then closed the door and quickly stripped naked. His long, horny boner bobbed on his loins, fully rigid and eager to be encapsulated in his mom's cuntal flesh.

Heidi drew her knees back, motioning him forward with her fingers. "Come get in me!" she urged.

The boy knelt between his mom's widespread legs, and she pulled her knees back almost to her shoulders, offering her wet slit to him as he slowly advanced his dick toward her waiting fuck-hole.

Lane prodded his tip against the puffy lips of her vulva, smearing it with slippery pre-cum. His mom grasped his cock and rubbed its tapered tip against her fat clitoris, pressing their tingly sex-bulbs together. "Your dick is so hot. It's easy for a girl to get wet when she's around you," Heidi confessed, dragging her boy's crown down through the creamy slit of her cunt.

"This is gonna be fun!" the boy confessed.

"I agree," his mom smiled, then forcefully pulled him down on top of her.

His cock-meat sunk into her vaginal orifice, squeezing past the remnants of her hymen, which had been torn open by a huge teenage cock when she was sixteen. "**OH, DUCKY!**" the mother squealed, throwing her lovely legs around him as she felt the thickness of his cock stretch the warm walls of her cunt-tunnel.

Lane's hips began to undulate as he drove his cock to its hilt inside his mom, then back it out. He sighed as he felt her tight slippery pleats suck wetly at the meat of his boy-boner. "Oh-yeah!" the teen

gasped, giving her smoldering birthing-tube a few more cock-tingling thrusts. He loved Sara's tight little teenage pussy, but his mom's vagina felt a hundred times better. Maybe it was because she knew how to work her cunt-muscles on him or maybe it was just because she was his mom, and he was slamming his love-muscle through the cunt that had once squeezed him out.

Even though she was 'technically' giving him treatment, Heidi was equally thrilled to be sharing a fuck with her son. Feeling the virile, young body of the boy she raised on top of her, cradled between her soft thighs was wickedly exciting. The feel of his long, meaty cunt-hammer thundering through her mommy-pussy, caused Heidi to feel arousal on a whole other plane than she ever had before. There was a sense of pride and ownership in way for an incredible hunk of cock that she helped create, and one she had recently trained to pound the piss out of a girl.

The muscles in Heidi's sexy legs flexed around her son as she used them to pump her rounded ass from the mattress. This allowed her to meet her boy's thrusts, causing his rigid dick to carve its way to her womb on every exquisite thrust.

Not wanting to shoot his wad off too son, Lane slowed his thrusts, letting his cock soak in the encapsulating heat of his mom's cunt. "Shit!" he whimpered, feeling her pelvic floor muscles tighten, causing her walls to squeeze in around his cock.

"Did you think I wouldn't test you?" his mom giggled.

"That feels so good though," the teen gasped, feeling her pussy-tube chew wetly at his penile flesh.

"Fight it off, Ducky," she whispered. "You got this!"

"I got this!" he confidently repeated.

"There's my boy!" The mother smiled, stroking his cheek and tightening the grip of her legs. "Fuck me hard!"

Lane leaned down, crushing his mom's squishy, oversized tits against his chest, Then, he reached under and grasped onto her meaty butt-cheeks with both hands, setting into a savage fuck-rhythm. His big ball-sack beat lewdly against his mom's ass, making a reverberating **SMACKING** sound echo through the walls of the tiny room.

Heidi scissored her legs open in a huge spread eagle; her sexy bare feet pointed towards opposite sides of the room as she gave her boy all the space that he needed to ravage her vagina. Her Ducky's steely cock flexed powerfully inside of her, the veins bulging beneath the cunt-smothered skin of his prick. The strong muscle and ligaments strained at his root, sustaining the force of his hammering cunt-thrusts.

The busty mother was struck with a body-trembling climax as the boy fucked the hot, female cum right out of her pussy. Her contracting vaginal walls made Lane slow his thrusts nearly to a stop to keep from cumming himself.

While taking a moment to let his cum-load settle, the teen drew his cock back until only the tip of his knob remain in her as he contemplated his next angle of attack. "**FUUUCK!**" his mom's pretty voice squealed as he drove his hard meat into the scalding hotness of her moistly clinging twat. His balls slapping sharply against the soft flesh of her ass as he crushed his fat, cum-drooling knob against the head of her cervix in full penetration.

"Cum on my big cock again, mom!" the boy grunted, rising on extended arms as he swung his hips, fucking her pussy with perfect fluidity. He had never seen such rapturous ecstasy on a woman's face before. The boy's eyes drifted down to her huge, pillowy udders, watching them roll and ripple to his every thrust. He loved

his mom's tits. They were like two oversized watermelons with the biggest Goddamn tit-caps he'd ever seen.

"Are you gonna stare at them or are you gonna suck on them?!" his mom panted.

He lowered himself so he could latch onto to one of her sweet, swollen cherries, suctioning it in and making it distend inside his mouth. His face sunk against the softness of her rippling tit-meat as he gorged himself on as much areolar flesh as he could get into his mouth.

Heidi was thoroughly impressed by her boy's performance. He'd been fucking her for nearly a half-hour now with no signs of ejaculating pre-maturely. Going into this session, she knew he would do well, given the progress he'd made, but Heidi certainly didn't expect this to be the fuck of her life, which it was quickly becoming.

She needed to get him on his back, where she could be in complete control, putting his will power to the ultimate test by riding his dick like the cock-fucking professional she was. Her nipple popped from Lane's mouth as she quickly rolled him over, taking the top.

The teen licked his lips in lust, watching his mom's big boobies bobble around in front of his face as she began humping on his fuck-organ. He knew his dick had never been so fucking hard as it was now, slicing through the tube of cuntal flesh with ease. Hot, lubricating oil that secreted from Heidi's Bartholin's Glands soaked her boy's prick, making the friction of the genital union incredibly glorious.

"Now we'll see what you're really made of," Heidi breathed.

The boy was about to witness a true demonstration of how a girl should ride a cock. His mom bounced rhythmically on his prick, setting a pace that she knew would have her cunt gushing in under a minute.

The teen clenched his teeth together in lusty delight, watching his glistening, teenage hardness plunge up into his mother's body. He loved the way his thickness splayed her cuntal folds open obscenely and her wet, swollen clit stuck out from beneath its fleshy sheath like a stump in a swamp.

Suddenly, Heidi slapped her fleshy crotch against his cock base and rolled her hips like a well-oiled machine, grinding on her boy's dong. "Auugh, shit!" the teen moaned, feeling his boner get stirred around inside his mom's tightly clutching vagina.

Heidi's luscious body trembled in pre-orgasmic delight. Her son's virile, young cock was agitating every tingling nerve along her pink cuntal walls. Even as a sex-doctor, she never dreamed that a prick could induce such intense sensations. The feel of her boy's big, muscled shaft rubbing deliciously against every nerve in her hot sucking fuck-hole was almost blowing her mind.

"Cuuuummmmiiinnnnggggggg!!" Heidi cried out, her beautiful, brown hair swinging around her pretty face, which twisted in a passionate pleasure-grimace. She collapsed onto her teen, slapping her huge, dangling tits around his face. Her meaty ass-globes continued to bob up and down as her body shook with powerful orgasmic convulsions.

Lane snarled like a lusty fuck-hound, humping his ass from the bed and driving his cock-shaft up into his mom's spewing pussy. She was soaking his steely prick with squirting secretions. It poured down the sides of his scrotum, dripping from his balls. He kissed and licked his way through the sweaty canyon of her cleavage, finding her lips and sharing a passionate French kiss.

"Oh, Lane!" Heidi squealed as his driving rod tore deeper and deeper into her scalding cunt. "You're amazing!"

The boy's erection slid deliciously against the soft squeezing ridges of her quivering fuck-tunnel. His pleasure was soon heightened

when her cunt muscles began squeezing and milking his quivering cock.

"Oh, Mom…shit!!" he sobbed, thrusting his prick faster and harder up into her plunging cunt. "It's so fuckin' good!"

"Cum up my fucking hole, Ducky!" she cried out, grinding her hips up and down to meet every stroke of his stiff young cock.

The boy wrapped her in his arms and fucked with renewed fury, feeling the fatty meat of her oversized tits jostle softly around his face. They'd been at it for just over an hour and their bodies were sheened with sweat.

"I'll cum alright…but then I wanna take you for a second round, doggy-style!" panted the boy.

"The afternoon is all yours!" his mom assured him.

Their pissers beat together obscenely, splattering sexual juice everywhere. Excited by his mother's cries of passion and the wild sensations racing through his boy-cock, the lurching youth set his hips into overdrive, pummeling savaging up into his mom's dripping pussy. With a primitive grunt, Lane began hosing out a heavy load of jizz inside the hole he once squeezed out of. He could tell that Heidi was cumming again too by the way her body quivered, and her pussy walls squeezed and released around the spurting meat of his cock.

Ten minutes later, sweat dripped from Lane's brow as he fucked his mom from behind. She was on all-flours on the lounge bed, her dangling tits swinging wildly as she bucked back against her son, meeting his full-length thrusts.

Lane grinned as he watched his glistening rod pump into his mother's crotch. Her rounded rump slapped obscenely against his chiseled midsection, making the meat of her ass ripple upon impact.

His dick had been getting a lot of attention lately and he loved every second of it. The feel of his spongy knob and rigid shaft plunging wetly through his mom's tightly clutching pussy was out of this world!

"Look at you, hotshot!" Heidi stated, peeking back over her shoulder as she slammed her twat back on his sturdy meat. "Doggy-dicking a hot pussy and you haven't stopped once."

"What can I say…you fixed me!"

"We'll see about that," said Heidi, tightening her pelvic floor muscles around her boy's plunging prick.

"Oh, God…how do you have such a tight one, mom!" the boy gasped, feeling her vagina squeeze and release his cock repeatedly.

"Well, for one, my pussy is used to your father's cock, and you have a lot more meat on your dick than he does. Secondly, I guess I'm just a sexy mom with a hot, tight pussy."

"You can say that again!"

Lane grasped onto his mom's fatty buttocks, sinking his fingers in as he drove his hips faster.

"Slap that fucking ass! Pound my hole like you fucking mean it!" Heidi cried out, delighted by the feel of her boy's rigid teenage meat hammering through her sex-hungry vagina.

Lane slapped his mom's ass hard, making her ass-flesh ripple.

"Again!" Heidi shouted. "Come on…fuck the cum out of me!"

Lane had no issues doing that, slapping her ass-cheek until it was cherry red, while socking his huge juicy prick through her tunnel of

pleasure. His hot, erectile flesh tingled as it rubbed against rippling ridges of her inner lining.

His tirelessly pumping prick was beginning to make lewd, wet sounds as Heidi moaned with ecstasy. She suddenly started climaxing loudly, letting out squeals of cock-loving delight that echoed through the room. Her luscious mommy-buttocks trembled and bucked back against him. Her cuntal walls were spastically grasping at his thick meaty cock as it plunged in and out.

"Auuughshit, that's too good!" the boy gasped. "I'm gonna cum!!!"

Unable to hold out any longer, a flood of thick, potent cum gushed out of his cunt-smothered meatus, splattering hotly against the grasping walls of her convulsing cunt. Their orgasmic sex-juices were mixed, creating a frothy cocktail inside Heidi's pussy.

After dredging out their hot orgasms for nearly two minutes, Heidi collapsed onto the cushion and her son followed her down, sprawling out on her sweaty backside. "Damn, mom…that was fantastic!"

"You were amazing, Ducky!"

"Does that mean my treatment's over?" he asked in a disappointed tone.

"No…I'll need you back for a follow-up tomorrow, and probably the next day too," she answered, squeezing his still-erect cock with her vaginal muscles.

"Whatever you suggest…Doctor Mom!"

That night, two girls Sara's age stopped in their tracks as the passed a car at the drive-in. They had gone to the snack bar during the middle of the movie. Both girls could hear hot, wet flesh smacking together. "Oh my God…is that Sara and that guy, Lane?!"

"I think so!" the other girl replied. They stared through the car window in awe. Lane and Sara were on the back seat and the boy was fucking the shit out of her. His raging cock was pounding savagely through her tight fuck-hole, his big balls beating against the ring of her asshole. Sara's legs were fastened up around his back and began trembling as she cried out in a tit-quivering climax.

"Look at how hard he's fucking her!" one girl outside whispered to the other as they watched Lane's huge cock thunder feverishly through Sara's pussy-hole.

"But I thought I heard that he was a premature ejaculator?"

"Apparently not!" the other girl answered. "I wish I could find a guy that could fuck me that way."

The two females rushed away, and Heidi's car rocked and rocked as Lane fucked his new girlfriend's ass off.

THE END

Mom Rocks the Boat

By Klrxo

"Mom, are you home?" Rich hollered, tossing down his backpack in the foyer of their home.

"In here, darling," came Tabitha's sweet voice, from the workout room.

Rich hurried to the doorway and froze for a few seconds, watching his brunette-haired mother walk on the treadmill. Her back was to him, allowing the boy to watch the rhythmic undulation of her

rounded bubble butt as she walked. Her derriere was shrouded in the snug fabric of her yoga pants, displaying every wonderful jiggle of her ass-flesh as she walked.

Rich had often fantasized about spreading his mom's fatty ass-cheeks apart and licking the ring of her asshole. He also wondered how good it would feel to have his boner buried to its root inside the smoldering tube of her ass, having his shaft milked by her rectum.

Tabitha's long hair whipped to one side as she peered back at her gawking teen. "Sorry…I had an appointment earlier so I'm late getting my workout in today," she explained.

"Can you stop early and take a ride with me?"

"A ride?" she curiously asked.

"Yeah, not far. I have something I wanna show you."

"Um…alright," she muttered curiously, shutting the machine off, "I'll finish when we get back from…wherever."

The pretty mother got into her son's car with him and rode across town towards the local marina. "Rich, we're not going on an excursions or something, are we, darling? I'm still in my workout clothes," she reminded him.

"Maybe…but that's ok. On this excursion you can wear whatever you want. You could even be naked if you wanted to be," Rich joked, even though it was wishful thinking. He'd been wanting to see his hot mother's curvy body in the nude since grade school, especially her humongous tit-melons. Packed inside her snug top and sports bra, they jiggled deliciously with every bump in the road.

"Oh, God…what are you getting us into?" Tabitha giggled as they parked at the marina. She got out and followed her son along the wharf, where various sea-worthy crafts were docked.

Rich finally stopped in front of one of them. "With all that money dad 's been paying me to help him out at the office, I bought a sailboat," he announced. "What do you think?"

Tabitha's eyes widened as she studied her son's new craft. It was a thirty-four-foot sloop sailboat, equipped with all the sails and rigging. "You bought a new sailboat?" his mom asked in disbelief.

"Well, it's not new. It was built back in the 80's, but it's in great shape. Come aboard," said Rich, climbing over onto the deck of his new craft. He gave his mom a quick tour, starting at the cockpit area. "It was updated with a whole list of new items a few years ago. Check out this cabin."

Tabitha followed her son down into the galley and navigation station. The cabin had lots of natural light from its tiny windows, making it seem like a bigger space than it actually was. "My goodness…it's so cozy down here," she observed.

"Check this out," her boy stated, leading her forward into the V-birth, where there was comfortable-looking bed area that followed the triangular shape of the stern. "Talk about sailing in luxury, huh?"

"Honey, this is amazing, but…do you have enough sailing experience to handle a boat this size?"

"I'm on my friend's dad's sailboat all the time. He's taught us all about sailing and being out at sea. I feel confident enough to handle it on my own. In fact, I've already been out a few times since I purchased it."

"Rich, you took a boat out on the ocean alone and didn't tell anyone?" she scowled. "Clearly we're gonna have to set some ground rules here."

"Fine…I won't go out again without letting you know. Speaking of that…do you wanna go out for a quick cruise, right now?"

"Um…sure, I suppose," Tabitha replied, in shock that her son had actually made such a bold purchase.

As the made their way out of the docking area, the mother peeked over at her son, impressed by the way he handled his new craft like a seasoned sailor. She peeked down into V-birth and its comfortable-looking bed. "I bet he brings a ton of girls out here and fucks them," she thought.

Soon they were out in the open bay, enjoying the cool ocean breeze.

"All right…you sold me on sailing. This is amazing!" Tabitha beamed, taking in the stunning surroundings.

"Now you know why I fell in love with it," Rich added, while steering the boat's wheel. He became distracted by the beauty of his mom, watching her long dark hair tousle in the wind. She had a natural beauty that didn't require a whole lot of make-up. The teen's eyes drifted down to the tremendous melons jutting from her chest. He constantly listened to his friends talk about his mom's huge tits, and even though it bothered him, he shared their fascination with her king-sized rack, and the way they seemed to move independent of the rest of her curvy body.

Tabitha wasn't blind to her son's fascination with her, but never really became overly-concerned about it. She was very close to her mother, who once revealed that she had taken Tabitha's younger brother, Jeff, to a place called 'Boys Sexual Training Camp,' where she assisted with his sexual education. For this reason, the idea of incest wasn't exactly foreign to her or something that sickened her at all. She let her beautiful eyes travel down to her son's cock-bulge, her pupils tracing its tubular outline. "I wonder how many girls he is fucking right now?" she wickedly thought.

Their cruise through the bay was all the mother could talk about, bragging to her friends about her son's new boat and his sailing skills. "We're going out on the water again today, after Rich gets

home from school," she eagerly shared, making the other moms a bit envious. It wasn't so much the sailing part they were jealous of, but the fact that Tabitha would be alone with her son in such an intimate setting. Rich was a lean, handsome teen that all the neighborhood housewives fantasized about, while furiously masturbating their hot pussies to orgasm.

Soon, cruises with her son became so frequent that Tabitha began to take on a fascination with sailing herself. Rich taught her how to hoist and tighten the main sail, gauge the winds speed and avoid the swinging boom, while moving about on deck. It seemed like every other day they were exploring a new cove or just cruising the open sea. They were mindful to never get too far from shore, since they were technically still beginners. They often flirted and held each other as they watched the sunset. Then, Phoebe entered the picture.

"Hey, mom…tomorrow, do you mind if I bring my new girlfriend out on the boat?" the teen asked as they headed back in from a trip.

"I didn't know you had a new girlfriend," Tabitha stated with a curious smile .

"Yeah, well…we've been seeing each other off and on for awhile, but recently we decided to stop dating other people and get more serious."

"Well…um, that's great, honey. What's her name?"

"Phoebe. We met in science class."

"An appropriate place to find some 'chemistry,' I guess," Tabitha joked. "Were you planning on introducing us?"

"Could I invite her to dinner tomorrow, after her and I do a little sailing?"

"Of course, honey."

Tabitha took an immediate disliking to the girl, and it wasn't just because she had replaced her as Rich's boat-buddy. Phoebe was a beautiful redhead, but came from a very affluent family. So, it seemed like every story Rich's new love-interest told at the dinner table the next evening was eye-roll worthy. It wasn't that Phoebe was a bad girl, she was just clearly spoiled, and a bit socially awkward.

"My dad's sailboat was made by a famous Swedish yacht maker. We sail it all the way over to our summer home in the Cayman Islands every year," she bragged.

"Well, that's quite a trip," Rich's dad, Tony, stated.

"It sure is," Tabitha added, forcing a smile. "It'll be awhile before we let Rich venture out that far."

"That's ok," Rich interjected, "I'm not feeling that adventurous quite yet. Would it be alright is Phoebe and I cruised down the coast a little further tomorrow though? The sea is suppose to be really calm."

"I don't see why not," his father answered, glancing over at his wife, who didn't seem as happy about the idea at all.

"Yeah…um, that should be fine," Tabitha uttered, even though her demeanor said otherwise.

"You guys don't have to worry," Phoebe stated. "I've been sailing all over the world since a was three. He'll have no issues while he's with me."

Tabitha wanted to puke.

The next day, the mother vented her frustrations to her own mom, Michelle, as they sat having coffee together, "I was going out on the

water every other day with him, then Rich suddenly got this girlfriend and now he's all about her."

"Well…these things do happen, honey," Michelle uttered.

"Thanks for reminding me."

"Is it the sailing part you miss or just being with Rich?" the busty, blonde-haired woman asked.

"Both. I mean…I really felt free and relaxed out on the water, and I also felt like Rich and I were getting some quality time together, as mother and son."

"Sometimes the hardest part of being a mom is watching our children grow up and start relationships of their own," Michelle shared.

"I know, and I'm not wanting to prevent Rich from doing that, but I just don't think this girl's the right one for him."

"What makes you say that?"

"She comes from a rich family; definitely spoiled and not afraid to brag about it," answered Tabitha.

"Well, then perhaps you should offer him some incentives, to taking you out on the boat with him instead of her," Michelle suggested.

"Incentives?"

"Yes…especially if you feel she isn't a good match for him. Get his attention focused less on her and more on you."

"Ha…like you did with Jeff, when he was younger?" Tabitha chuckled.

"The Boys Sexual Training Camp I did with Jeff when he was Rich's age was all about getting him a proper sex education."

"Come on, mom…that week-long trip wasn't the only time you fucked Jeff."

"I'm not saying it was. The point I was trying to make was…I never stood in the way of your brother pursuing a relationship, but I certainly **WOULD HAVE** if I felt like the girl wasn't good for him."

Tabitha smiled at her mom's confession. "You and Jeff had a place in the attic, didn't you…where you would go to screw each other?" she bravely inquired.

"You knew about that?" Michelle asked in shock.

"I did," Tabitha knowingly smiled. She was nineteen at the time, a week from starting college. It was a typical Saturday; she was hanging out in her bedroom, and her father was toying around in the garage. While laying on her bed, the young woman heard a **THUD** on the ceiling above her and the sound of a faint, feminine **SQUEAL**.

Curiously, Tabitha wandered up to the attic, crawling quietly behind some boxes to avoid detection. There, in a cozy nook in the corner of the attic was her mom and brother, fucking savagely on a small mattress. The scene was lewd and surreal, but utterly fascinating. Jeff was on top; his young muscular ass bobbing wildly between splayed thighs. Her mother's strong, smooth legs were harnessed high around her brother's back. Their sweaty bellies beat together as they fucked in a furious tempo. The sight of Jeff's long, rigid cock pounding sloppily through her mother's shaved cunt was obscene, but mesmerizing. Jeff's cock was soaked in her secretions and made a slick, meaty sound as it tirelessly fucked into their mother.

"Your brother and I did some fooling around, after the training camp, yes," Michelle confessed. "Like I said though…that didn't keep

me from allowing him to get involved with the right girl. In fact, he's still married to her today."

"If I outright told Rich this girl wasn't good for him, he'd probably shut me out. So you're right…maybe the best way is to steer his attention from her and onto me," Tabitha concluded.

"And secure your spot as his sailing buddy as an added bonus," her mother smiled.

"Exactly. Now, the question is…how to get his attention without shocking him to death."

"Well, I do have a suggested…if you're open-minded."

"Sure…let's here it."

"Why don't you pay a visit to a place called Marla's Lingerie and Bikinis. They're across town in that cute strip-mall," Michelle suggested. "When it come's to getting Rich's attention, I'm sure they could spark some ideas."

The following day Tabitha paid a visit to the shop her mother spoke of. Nearly a thousand dollars later she was walking out with an assortment of naughty negligee. Sheer bra and panty sets, babydoll nighties and chemises, along with stockings and garter belts. She also purchase two of the skimpiest micro-bikinis she'd ever owned. The heavy-titted mother knew she'd have to keep the items hidden away so her husband didn't ask questions. None of what she bought was for his eyes anyway…only her son's.

"I'm only dressing sexy for him," she told herself. "I'm not letting Rich fuck me, like mom did Todd."

"Rich, is that you, honey?" he heard his mom ask from her bedroom as he arrived home from school that day.

"Yeah, just me."

"Could you come in here a second? I need your opinion on something."

"What's up?" the teen asked, stepping into his parent's bedroom.

His mom wore a sexy gray, half-button lounge romper that captured his attention right away. It looked as though it were a size smaller than what it should have been, clinging to her curves. He especially liked the way it molded to her luscious ass-cheeks. "Your father and I have that wedding to go to this weekend…for one of his coworkers, and I'm torn on hich set I should wear with my blue dress."

"Set?"

The mother motioned to the bed, where there were two bra and panty sets laid out side by side. "Bra and panty sets," she clarified motioning to the lingerie on the bed. "Which one do you like better?"

Rich was taken back for a moment. His mom had never asked his opinion on her attire, especially her underwear. "Well, um…they're both really amazing-looking," he muttered.

"I think so too," Tabitha giggled, "which is exactly why I'm torn. Maybe I should try them on. That might help make the decision easier."

"Probably."

Rich turned to leave, but his mom's voice gave him pause. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Oh, just to um…let you try those on."

"Rich, what I meant by 'trying them on'…is trying them on for you, so you can help me decide."

The boy took another look at the skimpy sets. "You want me to see you in those?" he asked, just to make sure he was hearing her right.

"Look, I know they're a bit…revealing, but if you could put on your big boy shoes for me, at least for a little while, I could really use your opinion."

His mother certainly didn't have to twist his arm. "Sure, um…not a problem."

"Thank you, honey," the mother smiled, then snatched up the first set. "I'll try them on in the bathroom, then come out and you can tell me what you think."

Rich sat on the edge of his parent's bed waiting. He could hardly believe his mom was about to model her underwear for him, but he certainly had no objections. It was nearly ten minutes before Tabitha emerged wearing the first choice.

"Here's the first set," she stated, her stiletto heels clicking as she entered the room. Tabitha wore a white lace lingerie set, featuring sheer embroidered-lace cups with strappy detailing and satin bow accents. The set included a high-waist garter belt with frilly straps connected to matching silk stockings. Her dainty feet were displayed in 6-inch platform sandals.

"Whoa!" Rich muttered, shocked that the triangular-shaped, embroidered panels covering her huge breasts were so Goddamn sheer. This allowed him to make out the wide, darker-pigmented rings of her areola. "I, um…love it," he admitted, barely able to pry his eyes away from her body.

"Is it too much?" his mother asked, spinning around to display the backside of her outfit. "I mean, I'm not the bride. I feel like maybe

this is something **SHE** should be wearing…not me."

Her son gulped in disbelief, staring at his mom's thonged ass. He never dreamed he'd get to see this much of her body, and it turned out she had the most luscious, meaty ass that he'd ever laid eyes on. He was simply too flabbergasted to answer, and Tabitha finally broke the awkward silence. "I'm sorry, honey…I know this isn't normally something a boy should see his mother wearing. If you want, I'll just have your father help me decide," she stated, even though she had no intention of doing that.

"No, I'd um…like to see the other one too."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I don't mind helping you."

"So you'll give me your honest opinion, after I try the other one on for you?"

"Of course."

"Are you sure? This next one is a little more…revealing."

Rich couldn't imagine a set 'more revealing' than the one she had on. He was certainly not passing up on an opportunity like this. "I don't mind, mom. My 'big boy' shoes are on, remember?"

She giggled sweetly. "Wait right here then…big boy," she winked.

The next set consisted of just a sheer, mesh bra and thong. Rich's boner flexed in his shorts as he stared in disbelief. First at the skimpy mesh sling, which could hardly contain his mother's tremendous tits. He could see her round areolar caps through the fabric as clearly as if she were naked. They stared back at him like big demon eyes, with thick, rubbery nubs for pupils. The only thing that could possibly pry his eyes away was the sheer, mesh thong.

The sight of his own mom's bare vulva literally took his breath away. Her crotch looked so smooth and soft and the details of her vulvar folds made the teen lick his lips with desire.

"Definitely that one!" he blurted.

Tabitha burst out laughing. "So, this is the one I should wear this weekend…are you sure? You haven't even see the back yet."

The mother gracefully spun around, making her boy's heart skip a beat as her stared at her juicy bubble butt, clearly on display through the transparent fabric.

"Oh, yeah," Rich adamantly nodded, "definitely that one!"

"Well, I hoped you'd make my decision easy and you certainly did. Thanks, honey."

"Happy to help."

Rich didn't wanna seem too much like a perve, so he headed for the door, trying to conceal his raging boner.

Tabitha already planned how she would link these sexy outfits to them being on the boat together. "Oh, before I forget…" she blurted, stopping him in his tracks. "I purchased a new bikini today too. An afternoon out on the sailboat would give me the perfect opportunity to wear it. Would you mind if I joined you and your girlfriend tomorrow?"

"No, not at all," Rich answered. The boy had high hopes that the time out on the ocean, alone with his girlfriend, would result in some hot, nasty sex. However, Phoebe had yet to put out, despite his attempts to get in her panties.

"Are you sure you don't mind? I don't wanna impose," asked the mother, while subtly squeezing the sides of her breasts between her

forearms, making them balloon out even further.

"You won't be imposing at all, mom," he replied, not willing to pass up seeing his mom in a bikini for anything. "Just meet us at the marina at three."

"Three-o-clock," Tabitha smiled, standing there shamelessly in the skimpiest bra and panties imaginable. "Thanks again for your opinion, darling."

With her son's eyes still fixed on her, Tabitha turned and strode into the bathroom, knowing the sight of her swaying ass through the sheer panty-fabric was sure to get a rise out of him.

Since he started going out with her, normally, Phoebe was all Rich could think about during the day, while at school. Today was different though. After seeing his mom in such skimpy attire, he had a tough time thinking about anyone else. He wanted to hammer his mom so fucking hard that she shattered every window in the house with her orgasmic screams. The final bell seemed like it would never ring.

"Are you mad at me or something?" Phoebe asked, noticing her boyfriend was especially quiet during the ride to the marina.

"No…why would you think that?"

"Because you've hardly said three words to me today. Are you thinking about another girl?" she asked snottily.

"No, of course not," the boy answered, even though he absolutely was. His mom was hardly a girl though…she was all woman. One-hundred-percent, grade-**A MILF** with giant tits and a cushy ass.

"Look, I'm sorry I haven't had sex with you. I just think something like that should wait for marriage. Are you bitter about that?" Phoebe asked.

"No," said Rich, shaking his head. "I mean…I'd love to have sex, but I respect your feelings, and I'm not bitter about it."

She peered over at him with batting eyelashes. "Well if you **REALLY** respect my feelings, and care for me enough, maybe you should pop the question," she suggested.

"Pop the question?"

"Yeah. We don't have to get married tomorrow, but there's nothing wrong with being engaged, Rich."

"We've only been going out for like a week," Rich reminded her.

Phoebe let out a frustrated huff. "I knew it…you don't really like me!"

"I do…I just think we don't need to rush into things…especially something as serious as getting engaged."

Phoebe rolled her eyes, while gazing out her window in a sulking manner. "I'm sure any other guy would have been down on one knee, proposing to me by now."

With the obvious tension between him and his girlfriend, Rich was especially happy to have his mom on board the boat today. "Trouble in paradise, honey?" Tabitha asked, noticing that her son and his girlfriend were hardly speaking to each other.

"No…we're good," her boy answered while steering the boat away from the docks and out into the open bay, "just a little disagreement."

"She's not mad that I came along is she?"

"No…it's nothing like that. She likes you, mom. We both just have different ideas on how fast our relationship should progress, that's all."

"Let me guess…she's pressuring you for sex, but my wholesome boy wants to wait he's married to be all hot n nasty?" she teased.

"Good guess, but it's actually the other way around."

"Of course it is," Tabitha giggled, hugging him from behind, "I was joking. Not for a second did I think my horny son had any reservations about getting his penis wet."

Rich was surprised, yet delighted by his mom's choice of words. She'd never teased him sexually before and he liked it. Her breasts felt so big and squishy crushed against his back. Tabitha wore her new bikini beneath a cover-up, so her boobs were supported much differently in a bikini top than they would be in a bra. This allowed her boy to experience their fatty meat against him in a much different way than her usual hugs. He could even feel her turgid nipples through the fabric, poking into his back.

"Well, you can't knock a guy for liking sex," Rich smiled.

"Like mother, like son," Tabitha whispered, then kissed him on the cheek. "I love it too. Especially when it gets hot n nasty," she whispered, then playfully bit his earlobe.

"Good to know," he smiled.

"I'm gonna go over and work on my tan."

The mother moved to the roof of the hull, where Phoebe was already laying out in her modest bikini. "Is there room enough for two to bask in the sun up here?" Tabitha asked.

"Sure," Phoebe answered, scooting over to one side to make room for Rich's mom. She watched enviously as Tabitha removed her bikini cover-up. "Wow…are you sure you're OK wearing that in front of Rich?" the girl asked when she saw how skimpy Tabitha's bikini was.

"Of course. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because it's certainly the most revealing bikini **I'VE** ever seen," Phoebe confessed, her eyes fixed on the mother gigantic boobs, which were encased in only two triangular-shaped patches of fabric that comprised her micro-bikini top. The bottoms were equally as skimpy, with just a heart-shaped patch of silky fabric hugging her crotch, and thin strings crossing her wide hips.

"Oh, I don't think Rich will be bothered by it at all," confessed the mother as she began rubbing suntan oil on her shoulders. She glanced back at her boy and gave him a wave as he smile back, unaware of the discussion they were having. "He'll love it in fact," she thought.

"What's it like having boobs that big?" Phoebe brazely asked as the mother sprawled out on a towel beside her.

Tabitha began laughing. "Now there's a question I don't hear every day."

"Sorry, I was just curious. I mean, mine aren't huge, but I still get guys staring sometime. You must get that all the time though."

Tabitha smiled in amusement. "Yes, and I don't mind it. Guys love big tits," she answered.

"That's not what I've heard. I've always heard that guys think that more than a handful is a waist," said Phoebe, glancing down at the double-d's slung in her bikini top.

"Well, if his girl has small tits, I could see a guy telling her that to make her feel better. The truth is though, men love huge hooters. Why do you think all these women are getting implants these days?"

"Yuck…I would never do that to my body."

"Yeah, well…lucky for me and you we were already born with big boobs," Tabitha expressed, thrusting her fleshy melons out so they looked as though they could burst right through the flimsy top.

The teenager glanced back to make sure Rich was still at the boat's wheel. "I'd like to have my boobs sucked on some day, but to be honest…I'm kind of scared to."

Tabitha looked over at the girl curiously. "Scared to?"

"Well…not just to be sucked on…the whole idea of sex scares me, especially with someone like Rich."

"What do you mean 'especially someone like Rich?'"

"Well, you're his mom…you live in the same house as him, so you must know?"

"Know what?"

"About Rich's size. I mean, I guess I just assumed you knew, since you probably see him in boxers and stuff like that, around the house," Phoebe shared.

"No…actually I don't," Tabitha replied, but she was very intrigued. "What about his size?"

"Well…I haven't seen it yet, but rumor has it that his penis is…um, really huge. At least that's what the girls at school are saying."

"Is that so?" Tabitha asked, her heart beating rapidly. "If that is the case…why would you be scared of it?"

"Because I'm still a virgin, and to start with something that size… well, it could be quite painful, couldn't it?"

"Yes…but it's a good pain. Kind of like when you have a sore back and get a massage. It hurts…but in a good way, and certainly after

you get used to it, the pleasure you'd get from a large, meaty penis would be immense," Tabitha explained, speaking from experience.

Rich's mother knew that her husband was only slightly above average, so chances were that her son had a similar-sized cock. "Inexperienced girls can certainly over-exaggerate the size of a man's penis, I'm sure," Tabitha thought. Even so though, she couldn't help but be extremely curious if her son was indeed hung.

After laying in the sun for a bit, Phoebe went down into the cabin. Rich lowered the sails and acted as if he was sweeping off the deck, in order to watch his mom lay out in the sun. He marveled at how stunning she looked in her red micro-bikini, and how her oil-slickened tit-flesh glistened in the son.

"Working hard, honey?" Tabitha asked as she sat up, spreading her legs apart in front of her.

"Yeah. You look like your getting some good sun. Your tan looks amazing!" he complimented, staring between her legs. The gusset of her bikini bottoms had bunched up in the crack of her cunt-slit, exposing the flesh of her puffy outer labium. He suddenly heard a knock and looked at the cabin window to see his girlfriend waving out to him. He waved back, feeling a little guilty that he was out here lusting after his mother's gorgeous body.

"I need to lay on my tummy now and sun my backside. Would you mind rubbing some oil on me, so I don't burn," Tabitha asked.

"Sure, um…no problem," the teen replied.

His cock turned to stone as he watched his mom sprawl out on her tummy. Kneeling down beside her, he marveled at her naked, rounded ass-cheeks. The thong of her bikini bottoms were tucked so far between her meaty buns that they practically looked naked.

"Will you rub some on my ass for me, darling?" she asked.

"Sure," answered Rich. He squirted some suntan oil on his hand, then began lathering it on his mom's cushy buttocks. The marveling teen sighed as his fingers sunk into her fatty ass-flesh. Each time he pulled her buns apart he could nearly see the ring of her asshole, barely obscured by the red thong.

"I think I know why Phoebe's not having sex with you, and it has little to do with saving herself for marriage," Tabitha informed him.

"Why…did she say something to you?"

"Yes, but please don't tell her I told you. I think she's really self-conscience about it."

"Alright, I won't. What did she say?" Rich asked, continuing to rub his mom's butt.

"Apparently some of the girls at school have been telling her that you're quite large down there, and she a little scared."

"Quite large?" Rich asked, his face masked with confusion.

"Yes, honey…your dick. Girls have told her that it's unusually large and she's afraid you'll hurt her."

"Oh…I see now."

The mother peeked back. Her boy had certainly spent more than enough time oiling her ass-meat, but she let him continue. Her eyes drifted to the bulge beneath his shorts, which seemed sizeable. "So, is it true…are you that well endowed, honey?" she boldly asked.

"I'm not sure."

"You're not sure?" his mom asked. "Well, how many inches is it? Have you ever measured?"

"No, but everyone I've been with told me it was huge. They could have just been saying that to make me feel good though."

"So, you don't feel like you've ever received an 'honest' assessment…of your package?"

"I mean, I may have, but who knows. If I do scare Phoebe, with my size, it would sure be good to know."

"I agree. Tell you what…if you want an honest, unbiased opinion, I would be happy to give you one," the mother offered.

"You mean…show it to you?"

"Well, yes, honey," she giggled. "I couldn't very well assess it if I couldn't see it. I know I'm your mom, but…I've seen a lot of hard dicks in my day, and could certainly give you an accurate idea of how you rate, size-wise."

"Sure, I um…wouldn't have any issues showing you. I mean…you tried on those bra and panty sets for me yesterday. You were pretty close to nude in those, weren't you?"

"I most certainly was, and your opinion was much-appreciated. Let me return the favor."

Rich looked around, feeling a bit awkward. "Here?" he asked.

"No…not with your girlfriend on board. Tell you what…why don't we come out again tomorrow, just you and I. We can drop the sails and just float, like we're doing now."

"Yeah, I'll just tell Phoebe that I have an appointment or something tomorrow," Rich nodded.

Tabitha rose up on her forearms, staring into her boy's eyes. "We can go down into the cabin, lay you down on the bed, and mom can

do a little…assessing. How's that sound?" she teasingly asked.

"I would appreciate your expert opinion."

"And I'll gladly give it," she giggled.

"How did things go on board the boat today?" Michelle asked as she spoke to her daughter by phone.

"Well…according to Rich's girlfriend, the real reason she hasn't fucked him is because he has an extremely large penis, and she's scared to."

"Is that true? Is Rich that well hung?"

"I'm not sure. Unlike some moms, I haven't seen my son's cock," Tabitha teased.

"A large dick certainly wouldn't intimidate one of us moms, but to virgin I could see where a huge cock could be somewhat overwhelming," Michelle stated. "That's great news for you though. It gives you an excellent opportunity to talk her out of being with him, so they'll break up."

"Well, first I have to find out how true it is," said Tabitha. "Rich has agreed to going out on the boat alone with me tomorrow so I can 'assess' his situation down there."

"Well, aren't you generous," Michelle joked. "So what are you gonna do if it's as big as she says it is…besides salivate?"

"Well…I, um…haven't really decided yet."

"I have a feeling that you **HAVE** decided, and it involves having him fuck the shit out of you…am I right?"

"Mom…come on! Just because you fucked your son when you were younger doesn't mean I'll fuck mine."

"Or perhaps…because I did fuck your brother when I was younger you've always wondered what it would be like to fuck Rich," Michelle suggested. "I know you better than you think I do, honey."

"When I said I wanted to get his attention that **WASN'T** what I was talking about."

"You can only tease him by wearing sexy clothes for so long, Tabitha. If you don't give him a piece of your pussy he'll eventually move one…maybe even back to her."

"No….I shouldn't have sex with him," Tabitha stated, in a unconvincing manner. "I could maybe give him head or a handjob, while we're out on the boat together, but no sex."

"I'm not gonna talk you into it by any means, but let me just say this. Before I took your brother to the Sexual Training Camp, there were areas deep inside my vagina that had never been stimulated before. When Jeff hit those areas with his hard cock, I experienced greater sexual pleasure than I ever had in my life, to that point," Michelle explained. "Don't miss out on an opportunity to indulge yourself, honey. You won't be sorry."

It was another bright, sunny day and the sea was calm. Rich took them to the same spot they had stopped the previous day, off shore about a half-mile with a sweeping view of the coastline. "I'll be waiting in the cabin, darling," Tabitha told him as Rich hurriedly lowered the sails.

"Alright…I'll be down in a few minutes, mom."

When Rich finally arrived below deck he stopped suddenly and gasped. His mom was sprawled out on the bed, on her back, completely naked, her arms draped above her. Her huge, pillowy tits jutted from her chest, her erect teats pointing up at the ceiling. Tabitha's silky legs were slightly spread, giving her teen an

unobstructed view of her shaved pudenda. "I figured if one of us is gonna be naked, the other one might as well be too," Tabitha stated.

"Makes sense to me," he replied, his heart beating a mile a minute.

Tabitha's boobies wobbled deliciously as she rolled to her side and padded the spot next to her. "Take off your clothes and come lay down, darling."

Rich quickly stripped naked. Her heard his mom let out a gasp as his teenage erection sprung free of his briefs. He sprawled onto the bed next to her and Tabitha crawled to her knees between his legs. "Good grief,

Rich…how could you even question whether your penis was oversized or not? It's huge!" his mother stated.

"I suspected so, but it's not like I go around looking at other guys' dicks in the locker room, mom."

Tabitha took a moment to study his appendage. The fully-erect dong pointed up his torso, reaching just north of his belly button. Her eyes drifted up the bulging tube of his urethra, following it to the engorged knob, which was nearly as big around as a juicy plumb. The girth of Rich's cock was just as impressive as its length. The shaft was packed with strong erectile tissue, supported by a network of bulging blue veins crisscrossing the length of his meaty stalk. His balls were big and smooth, swollen in their sack with billions of sperm aching to blast from piss-slit.

"Well…dick-size certainly doesn't run in the family…I know that now," Tabitha expressed.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you're probably four to five inches longer than your father, that's why," she answered, her nipples hardening on the peaks of

her tits. "And your girth…you're probably three times as thick as he is."

"You're not just saying that to make me feel good, right?"

"Honey, I promised you an honest assessment and this is exactly what I'm giving. I feel confident in saying that you're bigger than probably ninety-nine percent of the guys out there."

"No wonder Phoebe's scared of it then," he frowned.

"What about the girls you have fucked. Have they had any problems taking you?"

"Well…now that you mention it, yes. One girl made me stop, and the other one cried the whole time. I felt horrible after I had sex with her, and I seriously doubt that's how you're suppose to feel after sex."

"It's not…but you did nothing wrong, Rich. You can't help how big you are."

"So, how am I ever gonna be able to do it without scaring a girl to death?"

"You won't, and that's just the reality," she replied, staring in adoration at his boner. She wondered what such a mighty cock would feel like thundering through her cunt-tube. "I've been with a lot of 'bigger' guys when I was younger, but even so…I'm a little intimidated by that thing you're packing."

"Well, that doesn't make me feel any better."

"Once a girl gets used to it though, you have something that'll give them extraordinary pleasure. They'll never want anything smaller."

"Really?!"

"Yes, really. Ask any woman my age and they'll tell you…the bigger the dick the better."

"Maybe I need a girlfriend your age then," Rich chuckled.

"Maybe you do."

After an awkward pause in the conversation, Tabitha crawled over the top of him, on all fours. She paused when her face hovered over his, her tits hanging down like giant udders. "It just so happens that I know someone who's looking," she told him.

"You do?"

"Uh-huh," the mother answered, staring deeply into his eyes. "She has a husband, but she doesn't have a boyfriend…**YET**."

Rich peeked down at the cavernous cleavage between his mom's dangling milkers. "Do I know this woman?"

"Well, you should…she gave birth to you," Tabitha winked. "Now she wants to give you a chance to go back to the womb," she whispered, then peeked down in the direction of his cock. "Well…part of you, and I have little doubt that you'd have trouble reaching that womb either."

"So, you're talking about you and I, um…having sex together?" Rich asked in disbelief, his heart beating so fast he felt short of breath.

Initially, Tabitha had no intention of fucking her son today, but after seeing his huge fuck-muscle and realizing what it could do to her, she quickly changed her mind.

"Would that be so bad?" she whispered. "Floating out here at sea and fucking your mom."

"Not at all."

"We couldn't do any funny business at home. That would be extremely risky. If your father caught us it would break his heart. So, how about when we're home, we're mom and son, but when we're out on the boat…we're boyfriend and girlfriend, and yes, that means having lots of hot, nasty sex together."

"I'm definitely down with that idea," Rich gasped, his erection flexing at the thought of it. "I guess I should break up with Phoebe, huh?"

"Not necessarily. Your father's my side-gig now. If you want her to be your 'side-gig,' that would only be fair."

"Side-gig," Rich chuckled, "I like that."

"Hopefully she'll be understanding of all the times you go out onto the boat with me instead of her."

"I'm sure she won't be, but oh well."

"I guess I really rocked the boat in that relationship, didn't I?" Tabitha asked, making them both laugh.

"Speaking of 'rocking the boat,'" Rich uttered, staring up at his beautiful mom with an eager smile.

"Oh…is someone wanting to take our 'maiden voyage of love' right now?" she asked.

"I am if you are?"

Tabitha lowered down on him, spreading her fat tits across his chest like warm bread dough. Her knees were astride his hips and Rich felt her puffy twat hug his super-sized erection, making heat from her smoldering fuck-pit radiate across his dick. "Sweep me away, captain," she whispered.

They latched lips and began sensually kissing. They were certainly in no hurry. Rich had lowered the anchor and they were free to spend endless hours in consummation of this new chapter of their mother-son relationship.

They rolled and kissed…kissed and rolled, clinging tightly to each other. Their pink tongues whipping wildly together inside Rich's mouth, and their overheated genitals ground eagerly between their tangled lower-limbs. Finally, Tabitha gazed at her boy with beautiful, lust-filled eyes. She could feel her vaginal tube clenching with desire; her spongy, corrugated lining coated with hot juices, ready to host their torrid union. Hungry to lubricate and squeeze the oversized fruit of her boy's loins. "Put it inside me, darling," she hissed. "Let's fuck."

Rich lowered comfortably against his mom's warm, splayed thighs, then took a few stabs at her vulva with his horny cock, until he found his target. His flaring knob fit into the socket of her vestibule, stiffly lining up for penetration. His mom's body jerked, as if struck with a branding iron, as her boy slammed his swollen meat all the way in with one mighty thrust, taking her breath away.

"Oh my God!" Tabitha gasped, feeling her boy's fat, swollen dick flex inside her.

Eager to engage in a shameless fuck, they wasted no time on formalities. The teen began to work his lean hips between her thighs, slamming his tubular meat through the tightly-clasping pit of her vagina. "Yesss! Oh, God…just like that!" his mother squealed, flinging her legs high around his back. She used her clasping limbs to pump her pelvis up and down, meeting her son's cock-thrusts with ones of her own.

Rich's mind swirled euphorically as he beat his oversized boner through his mom's squeezing cock-grinder. He could feel the skills she possessed as Tabitha tightened her pelvic floor muscles,

compressing her slippery sleeve around his cock-flesh delightfully. Her labial lips were stretched open lewdly by her son's thickness and beat wetly against his cock-base. Rich couldn't keep his eyes off her huge jugs as they rolled hypnotically to the rhythm of his fuck-pumps.

"Damn…it's so good, mom," he sighed, lowering his head to her cleavage so he could feel their fatty flesh ripple against his face, while he reamed out her pussy. He pumped his steely prick in as deep as it could go and held it there in full penetration.

"Yessss," the mother cried out, her eyes fluttering back in their sockets as she had her throbbing vagina packed full. She could feel the pulse of her boy's excited heartbeat through his jutting cock-veins and the bulbous knob as it pushed against her cervical head.

Rich reared back again, drawing his cock out until only the tip remained sheathed. Then, he socked it back again, encapsulating his erect dong in hot flesh. He gave her a series of a two-dozen deep thrusts, stabbing his cum-drooling erection through the sopping tunnel of his mom's cunt.

"**OH MY GOD, DARLING**…**YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM!**" the busty mother announced, arching her back in ecstasy. She bit into Rich's shoulder as the heat of a powerful orgasm exploded inside her pussy. "**OH YES**…**THERE! FUCK ME HARD, RICH! I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!!**"

The teen shuddered with the thrill of having his own mom quiver and squeal in climax beneath him. While her vagina gave off a violent series of squeezes, spewing hot ejaculate around his plunging dong, it was all the boy could do to keep from cumming himself.

"Aaauugghh!" he snarled, flexing his sinewy cock and sending it home on every powerful thrust. He winced, clenching his teeth, as her hot, cuntal cavity chewed at the length of his pecker-meat. They

were fucking in rhythmic unison and soon their bucking bodies became sheened with perspiration.

"Suck my titties, darling," the mother gasped.

Rich certainly didn't object, diving for one of her melons as it rolled spongily up and down her chest. He engulfed her wide, dusky-pink cap, doing his best to suck it all inside his mouth. He bit into her supple flesh, making Tabitha squeal as he chewed at the meat of her papilla. Her nipple grew stiffer against her son's lashing tongue as the pleasure in her heavy tits merged with her pulsing, cock-stuffed vagina.

Rich could tell his mom was cumming again by the way her birthing tube shrunk up around his cock, sucking lewdly at its pink meat. She bucked upward, sinking her cunt to his cock-root and grinding frantically. "**CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG AGAIN!!**" her voice trembled.

"**SHIT!!**" the teen gasped, her distended nipple popping from his mouth as he hooked his arms around her arched back. Their pelvis's did a frantic dance, grinding their fully-joined genitals as more girl-cum squelched from Tabitha's contracting pussy. She let out a wonderful orgasmic scream; the loudest Rich had ever heard. It was wonderful fucking in a place where it didn't matter how loud she wailed. They were all alone, far from shore.

The boy giggled in excited pleasure, watching his mom's voluptuous body buck and strain against the implement of his cock. Her oversized mammaries leaped and rippled wildly, her areolas still huge, but crinkled with arousal. Popping from their rubbery center, his mom's teats jiggled from her frantic movements.

Rich's big, smooth balls beat against the ring of her asshole as he commenced thrusting. His ego swelled with pride as he realized he was giving his mom a savage fucking, probably the best she'd had in a long time. "Dad would die if he could see what we were doing

right now," he thought. They'd been beating their engorged love-organs together for over and hour and he was finding it harder to control his tingly cock.

"Prop my legs up on your shoulders," his mom breathlessly suggested.

"Gladly!" he smiled.

Tabitha demonstrated her limberness by the way her teen folded her in half and continued humping into her. Rich shuddered in lust watching his mom's sexy feet with their red-painted toenails bob in midair to his steady tempo as they pointed towards the bow of the boat. His mom gyrated her ass beneath him skillfully, milking his vein-encrusted erection with the spongy pleats of her cunt and the powerful muscles beneath them.

The teenager's pre-spunk mingled with the juice produced by the mother's Bartholin glands, creating a wonderful, frothy lubricant that resulted in magical friction on the meat of their engorged genitalia.

The busty, brunette housewife had experienced some pain when her son first squeezed his oversized meat inside her. Now that she'd grown used to his length and thickness, it was pure, raw pleasure, unlike anything she'd ever experienced with her husband. "How could I ever possibly go back to being pleased by Tony," she thought, swept away by not only the size, but the breathtaking hardness and stamina of her boy's teenage cock. It pounded through her tirelessly, like a battering ram of flesh. The thickness of his glans and shaft created more tug on her clitoral root, creating greater than normal pleasure as she fucked. "Oh God, darling…I'm gonna cum on your fucking cock again!" her pretty voice cried out.

His mom's dramatic climax lasted more than a minute, making the teen's cock and balls tingle with pre-orgasmic excitement. He loved seeing her face masked in pleasure, wincing obscenely as he fed her

his fat prick. "Ohhh, shit," he gasped, feeling her cunt-sleeve contract, sucking and gnawing at his pumping dick.

His penis-meat swelled even stiffer and his balls throbbed as he prepared to fire his first load ever inside his beautiful mom. "Oh, wow, mom…I'm cumming!" he finally announced. The jism blasted from his cunt-smothered meatus with furious intensity, splattering along his mom's pink walls. He stabbed his prick in deep and held it there, growling like a grizzly bear as he painted the rounded head of her cervix with hot, sticky goo.

Exhausted and sweaty from their nearly two-hour romp, Rich and his mom held each other and made out just like new lovers do. They were girlfriend and boyfriend now, after all…at least while on the sailboat.

"Why don't we take a quick dip and cool off, then we'll come back down here and fuck some more," Tabitha suggested.

"I won't argue with that idea," her son agreed.

They went out onto the deck naked and jumped off the boat, taking a quick swim to cool their sex-heated bodies. Rich playfully slapped his mom's rounded ass as she climbed onto the boat above him. "Mmm, you like to slap mommy's ass, you naughty boy?" she giggled.

"I sure do," he replied, then climbed up onto the rear of the boat with her. His mom grabbed onto him, smacking her wet, melonous tits against his bare chest and planting another deep French kiss. "You can slap it all you want while I ride that dick," she naughtily stated, then pulled him below deck for another romp.

Five minutes later, Rich was on his back, gazing up his mother's torso, watching her super-sized tit-melons leap around wildly above him as she rode his steely cock. "Yesss!" his mother cried out, fucking earnestly. "Your dick feel sooo good, darling."

She meant every word. Her mother, Michelle, was right. Never in her life had she had a dick so hard and divine-feeling than her teenage son's. It was long, thick and unyielding, pummeling through her fuck-socket; slipping exquisitely along her cuntal nerve-endings.

It wasn't easy peeling his eyes from her huge, rippling tits, but Rich let his attention drift down her sexy belly to her shaved crotch as it pumped up and down the glistening pole of his cock. He loved how her juicy flanges were splayed lewdly around its girth, and how her fleshy prepuce had retracted back, exposing the engorged bulb of her glans. It beat wetly against his cock-root on every rhythmic plunge.

Tabitha mashed her twat-lips against his cock-base, then swiveled up and back in full, delightful penetration. Her boy gasped and clenched his teeth in a pleasure-stricken grimace, feeling his tender cock stirred by the surface layers of juicy mucosal tissue lining his mom's vagina. Muscles bulged along her pelvic floor, tightening her pussy-passage like a velvet vice around him.

"You like that, darling?" she asked, swiveling her wide hips up and back.

"Yes…a lot!" Rich answered.

While continuing her boner-grinding, Tabitha leaned forward, resting her hands on the mattress to either side of her boy's head. This placed her swinging tits right down around his face, and Rich gasped excitedly as he found himself being battered by fatty boobie-flesh. "Damn!" he excitedly blurted, staring up the gaping canyon of his mom's cleavage.

"Don't be shy, darling. I'm your girlfriend now so they're all yours," she told him.

He tilted his head up and began kissing and licking his way up his mom's tittie-trench. Soon his entire head disappeared between her

bobbling mamilla. Tabitha felt his prick flex with excitement. She was completely consumed by the feel of his mighty slab stretching her cunt walls, digging against every nerve ending. Her arousal-level increased when her son latched on to one of her swollen nipples and began to suckle. Crazed by the feel of his big dick plowing relentlessly, she began bouncing on his prick again, her rounded ass-cheeks bobbing up and down and smacking obscenely against his nuts.

"Mmnn," Rich whimpered, his face smothered in fatty tit-meat. It gave him a sense of primal satisfaction knowing he was providing pleasure to the one who'd birthed him all those years ago. Digging his fruit through the orchard from where it was plucked and sewing seeds that could breed life once again. Feeling her fuck-sheath quiver around his sex-organ, while his mom's secretions trickled down across his nuts was the greatest sensation on earth. He was able to withstand her heated humping for nearly twenty minutes before his own orgasm built to a violent crescendo.

"Ahhh, Goddamn, mom!" the boy grunted, humping his ass from the mattress as a huge cum-load streaked through the tube of his urethra. A torrent of baby-making goo splattered up through his mom's tightly-squeezing cunny. Tabitha trembled in her own violent climax, mixing the juices of their ejaculation as she used her matronly hole to milk out every ounce of cum her son could provide .

She finally collapsed into a wet heap of warm, trembling flesh on top of her son as they both caught their breath. "Oh, you gorgeous, big-dicked darling…that was the best fuck I've ever experienced," Tabitha confessed.

"Me too. I never imagined sex could be that good, mom."

"Get used to it, honey. Mom will let your dreamy cock sail through the sea of her cunt anytime it wants. As long as we're aboard the

boat, that is."

"So, I should probably ditch Phoebe then huh?"

"Not necessarily," his mom replied. Since her candid chat with the girl, Tabitha found herself feeling a bit bad for the girls. However, that still didn't mean she didn't want the bulk of her son's attention. "Like I said before. Obviously I have to be with your father, so if you want a side thing with her, just to see where it goes, I have no objections to that. Just as long as it's not done here. This 'love boat' is mine and yours."

"Got it."

Over the next couple of weeks, Tabitha and Phoebe became a lot closer. So close, in fact, that the mother entrusted her with the secret that her and Rich were fucking almost daily on his sailboat.

"Wow…I've heard of mothers and sons having sex together, but have never known anyone who was actually doing it," the girl expressed as they sat on Phoebe's bed, while Rich as at work.

"Oh, I'm sure you have. It's a lot more common than people think."

"So, was it painful…taking Rich's big penis?"

"At first, yes, but after becoming adjusted to his size it's the most incredible feeling in the world now," the mother answered, then took Phoebe's hand and squeezed it. "He makes me cum so much. Do you feel like you're ready?"

"Ready?"

"Yes…for Rich to fuck you."

"I suppose I could try it. I'm just afraid he's gonna be disappointed. I've never even sucked on a guy's penis before."

Tabitha reached over and opened the drawer to her side-table, pulling out a sizable dildo. "I think I can help you out with that too," she smiled.

Over the next few days, Tabitha taught her new greenhorn how to suck cock. She instructed her on all the detailed ways to give a body-trembling blowjob. The young woman even took the dildo home with her so she could practice her technique for hours, while in bed every night.

"I finally took the whole thing down my throat!" Phoebe happily announced as they spoke by phone over the weekend.

"That's great, hon. Rich's cock is only a couple inches longer than my dildo, so you should be able to suck on most of his length now. Are you ready to put your skills to the test on a real cock?"

"I think so."

"You don't mind sharing, do you?" Tabitha giggled. "I've sucked Rich's big dick quite a few times now, but would love to surprise him with a double blowjob."

"You mean you and I…sucking his dick together?" Phoebe asked, her eyes going wide with excitement.

"If you're comfortable with that? I think some hot, sloppy head from two skilled cocksuckers would blow Rich's socks off."

"That does sound really fun!"

Rich was certainly shocked the next day. Not only because his mom allowed Phoebe to join them on the sailboat, but when they each took one of his hands and led him below deck, he simply couldn't believe his good fortune. They eagerly stripped him naked, then began undressing themselves.

"Don't look so shocked, darling," Tabitha giggled, unclasping her embroidered bra and letting her huge mommy-mammaries spring free.

"How could I not be? I have two hot girls getting naked in front of me."

"Two hot girls that lust after your cock," Tabitha winked.

Phoebe shared an anxious smile with him. "Don't worry…your mom told me about your…arrangement with her, here on the boat. Your secret is safe with me," she assured him.

While Phoebe's boobs were no where near the size of Tabitha's, she still had fat, juicy titties that were at least a double-d cup. Rich watched their naked knockers wobble deliciously as they stripped off their dainty panties, exposing their shaved pussies.

Phoebe's eyes bulged as she saw his erect cock twitch, wagging lewdly like a stiff tree branch in the wind. It was every bit as monstrous as she imagined. "Wow!" she uttered, staring in fascination.

Rich's mom stepped up beside her and smiled, while gazing hungrily also. "Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"Let's give him some juicy head. Lay down on the bed, darling," his mom instructed, as her and Phoebe tied their hair back in ponytails.

Rich sprawled onto the mattress, watching them follow him on all-fours like a hungry team of wolves. His mom tilted his cock upward and began giving it tender oral affection, kissing and licking its hot pink flesh. She'd sucked some huge, wild loads from his balls the past week so he certainly knew what she was capable of. He was

eager to watch the two of them work together as a cock-sucking team.

His knob popped from Tabitha's lips and she tilted it Phoebe's direction. Holding his cock-shaft firmly, the girl snaked her tongue out and lightly darted it over the knob of his cock. Rich gasped in delight, watching her pink licker probe his peter-tip. His mom joined the action and now he had two pink snakes slithering around on his twitching, leaky knob.

"Ahhh, yeah! I love that!" he hissed.

After licking up and down his steely erection, the duo began taking turns sucking his young cock. Phoebe performed like she'd been sucking dick for years, when this was actually the first time she'd given head. She whimpered at the feel of his fleshy rod pumping through her mouth and into her clasping throat. She thought she might gag at the taste of his leaking pre-cum, but she was actually surprised at how much she liked it. The pretty, redhead had all the makings for a cock-sucking slut.

Not to be outdone, Tabitha took over, letting the circled ring of her lips glide up and down the boy's meaty shaft. She lowered her head all the way down, demonstrating her ability to swallow him balls-deep. Phoebe made an attempt herself, but she couldn't quite get there. Someday she would…perhaps on her own son's cock.

Lewd, creamy gurgling sounds filled the cabin as the women took turns giving him a sloppy blowjob. Rich loved watching their dangling tits wobble around to their rhythmic sucking, especially his mom's gigantic jugs.

"Let's work his balls," Tabitha suggested as her boy's fat bell popped from her mouth, wet and shiny.

"Both of us?" Phoebe asked.

"Boys have two balls…one for each of us," the mother teased.

They maneuvered down between his legs and began sensually licking and slurping on his cum-swollen nuts. The each slurped a testicle inside their mouth, whimpering like kittens as they squeezed the ring of their lips around the loose skin of Rich's scrotum. Each woman battering the meat of the boy's nut with their tongue. They sucked at his sensitive gonads, pulling them lustfully in opposite directions with the heated warmth of their mouths, tugging at his spermatic cord.

"God, I really like sucking you, Rich," Phoebe hornily confessed, moving back up and going to town on his dick again. He loved watching her pretty head bob up and down, while feeling his mom give his nuts a royal work over.

Phoebe sucked his cock like a woman possessed; thinking about nothing but Rich's huge, swollen cock and how to please it.

"Do you like the way we're sucking your dick and ball's, Rich?" his mom asked.

"Fuck yes!" he sighed, feeling his mom's licker go back to town on his scrotum, wagging sloppily all over his nuts and even down across his asshole.

Phoebe applied a different technique that Tabitha had taught her, jacking the boy's prick at the root, while frantically sucking the meat of his knob and shaft. After nearly five minutes of this, Rich squirmed in cock-tingling delight. "I'm gonna cum!" he announced. "**OH, GOD!**"

"Let's beat him off together!" Tabitha suggested, wrapping her hand above Phoebe's on Rich's boner. "Let's make him cum on our faces."

The lucky teen fucked his ass from the mattress, pumping his prick through their slick cock-stroking hands. The women's cunt-tubes

clenched and their assholes puckered in anticipation of his hot, gooey load spraying all over them. "**CUM, DARLING! FUCK OUR PRETTY HANDS!**" his mom cried out.

Pearly-white streams of spunk began to spurt from his piss-slit, splattering across their beautiful faces. "Oh, wow!" Phoebe exclaimed, in awe of the ejaculating cock. A creamy jet splattered across her lips and onto her tongue.

For several minutes they milked every wonderful drop of his hot jizz with their twisting, tightly-clasping hands. His gooey load dripped from their faces, down onto their heaving tits.

"Mmm, that was some load, darling," his mother cooed.

"It actually tastes pretty good," Phoebe confessed, swallowing a big gulp of spunk that had blasted inside her mouth. "I didn't think I'd like the taste of cum, but I do."

Rich quickly sat up, giving his dick a rejuvenating stroke. "You guys lay down now," he directed.

Tabitha and Phoebe smiled at one another, then sprawled onto their backs in front of Rich. "Spread 'em open…and draw your knees back," he requested. When they did so, Rich gazed lustfully at their swollen, shaved snatches. He licked his lips, then dropped down between Phoebe's thighs first.

"Ohhhh!" she gasped, as she experienced having her cunt devoured for the first time.

The sweet aroma of cunt juice filled his nostrils as Rich rummaged into Phoebe's cunt with his lashing tongue. The lusty teen gazed up past her smooth, hairless mons, across her squirming belly, watching her fat, round tits heave around wonderfully. He slurped her love-nubbin into his mouth and battered the spongy bulb with his tongue, quickly making her squeal in orgasmic pleasure.

Next, he moved to his mother. This certainly wasn't the first time he'd eaten her out. Since spending time alone in his sailboat with her, he'd feasted on Tabitha's hot cunt several times. She smelt as ripe of warm pussy as Phoebe had, making him dizzy with desire. The teen laved his licker through her fleshy cunt-folds, swiping along her juicy slit. Both women tasted a bit different to him, maybe because of their age difference. However, the tang of their cuntal secretions was extremely pleasant and made his cock throb in anticipation of being coated with it.

While eating his mom out, Rich was treated to the same view up her torso as he enjoyed with Phoebe. His mom's boobs though were much fatter and heavier, and he marveled at their huge, rounded undersides. He pried his tongue beneath the sheath of her clitoral hood, battering her grape-sized bulb with the tip of his tongue. When he sucked it into his mouth, his mom began bucking from the bed, writhing in orgasmic ecstasy.

Rich held her legs as her warm, trembling thighs clamped around his head. He stayed with her pussy as it writhed up and down in sexual pleasure.

After his mom settled, the boy quickly scrambled between her legs, and Tabitha let out a squealing huff as her son's bulbous tip slid past her plump, trembling cunt-lips. Rich pushed his rod hard down her birthing passage, his breath hissing at the feel of her smoldering grasp.

The busty mother looked up into her son's pleasure-contorted face. It was the same look she'd seen on her brother, Todd, all those years ago, when he was ramming his rod through their mother. "God, you're tight, mom!" he groaned pressing his mushrooming glans against her back wall, smearing it with his pre-slime.

Rich set his hips in motion. Yes, Phoebe was sitting there watching in awe, but the cat was out of the bag, so he really didn't care. The

boy lowered onto her jiggling tits, feeling them squash against his chiseled chest, while he fucked. His mom pulled his head down to hers and planted a passionate kiss. Soon their tongues were entwined as they humped their horny love-organs together in a rhythmic fuck.

Within minutes, Tabitha was bucking and writhing on the bed, gushing on her teen's pummeling prick in a powerful female ejaculation. Rich had a rough ride keeping his pounding cock inside her, but managed to do it, and enjoyed every second. After he knew his mom had reached the end of her orgasm, he pulled his cock out and scrambled over to Phoebe.

"Wait!" the girl blurted, staring at his giant cock. Juices from his mother's squirting climax were still dripping from its blue-veined meat.

"We don't have to…if you're not ready," Rich assured her.

"I am. Can you just go slow though…until I get used to it."

"Of course."

Tabitha rose up and sat at the girl's side. "Just fight through the pain, honey. It'll quickly pass…I promise," she assured her.

Rich maneuvered down on top of her and wasted no time easing his cockhead into her cunt. Fuck-oil had oozed from her Skene glands, making the entrance easy to slip into. Still, she winced as his plumb-sized knob tore through the thin piece of tissue at the opening of her vagina.

"It's ok, Phoebe. Rich just had to break your hymen. It's all part of getting your virginity taken," Tabitha assured her.

"Ok," the girl nervously breathed.

Tabitha looked at her son. "Nice and easy, darling. Let her get used to that big horse dick," she urged.

The teen slowly squeezed a few inches in, marveling at how tight it was.

"**OH, RICH**…**PLEASE GO SLOW!**" Phoebe squealed, feeling the strong shaft of his cock stretch her inner lining.

Rich placed his lips against her, feeling her vagina clench around him so it seemed impossible for him to go any deeper. "Let me in," he whispered, then pushed a couple inches further, clenching his teeth at the warm, snug sensation of her spongy, collapsed walls slipping wetly around his glans.

"Pull back until only your knob's inside her, honey," Rich's mother directed. "That'll better coat your cock with her natural lubricant, for deeper penetration."

Rich followed his mom's advice, rearing his dick back, until only his fat knob remained sheathed in Phoebe's cunt-hole. Then, they both gasped as he slithered his slippery prick up her fuck-channel. This time he buried it to his nut-sack.

"Oh my God!" the young woman whimpered, squirming beneath him, a tear running from her eye.

Rich grasped her sexy legs and folded them around his back, then peeked up at his mom, who fed him a smiling nod, silently urging him to start fucking her.

Phoebe let out a gasping scream as the boy began humping his ass up and down, pounding his cock through the tight, velvety tube of her cunt. The friction afforded by her super-tight pussy, aided by her slippery secretions made Rich's eyes roll back in delight. It was a brand new pussy and he was steadily working it in. He latched on to

one of her jiggling tits, while fucking savagely, suctioning his cheeks and lips around her swollen, young flesh.

The fluids seeping from Phoebe's cunt-tube as pain turned to pleasure were frothing up around Rich's cock-base. Some of it slid down and pooled around her jiggling ass-cheeks.

"Oh yeah…take my fucking cock!" the boy snarled, then resumed sucking on the pink cap of her rippling breast. He reached down, grasping her ass-cheeks and began fucking as hard as he could.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck!" Phoebe cried out, her heels drumming against his bobbing ass. When her orgasm struck, her legs shot straight out, quivering with the obscene thrill and pleasure of her first deep, cuntal orgasm.

Rich found it hard to thrust his cock, she was clamping up so tight. He only needed a few more lengthy thrusts to make his cum start pouring out of his cock. He mashed his peter in all the way, pressing their hairless crotches together; trying to pack her cervix with his meat. "**AAAAUUGGGHHH!**" he grunted, his body jerking as he began hosing out hot goo.

It was a satisfying cum for the boy, but not nearly as thrilling and pleasure-filled as the ones he'd had with his mom over the past week or so. He knew that even if things didn't work out with Phoebe, relationship wise, that he'd still be getting the best piece of cunt that a boy could ask for, while out cruising on his new boat.

"Wow, look at me…captain of the ship!" Rich's dad, Tony, shouted as he steered the sailboat nearly a year later.

Down in the cabin, Tabitha was bent over, with her bikini bottoms at her ankles, getting fucked vigorously from behind by her son. Her husband's words made her smile back at her boy. "Certainly not captain of **MY** ship," she panted at a level that her husband couldn't hear.

"That would be me, right?" Rich asked, holding his mom's hips while he fucked; watching her ass-flesh jiggle every time it struck his crotch.

"You got it, darling. You know just how to throw that big anchor through mommy's porthole," she joked. Some things had changed about the pretty mom and it wasn't just her hairstyle. Her belly was huge, round and pregnant; pack with twins that belonged to her and Rich. They fucked so hard and often that it didn't surprise her when she got knocked up.

"Are you two almost finished getting our drinks ready down there? I'm parched," Tony asked.

"We'll be right up, honey."

Tabitha's body shuddered with the wicked thrill of fucking her son, with her husband so dangerously close. She knew they were safe though because Tony knew better than to take his hands off the steering wheel, especially with the water being as rough as it was today.

Rich leaned over, slipping his hands beneath her bikini top and squeezing her milk-swollen tits. His mother's jiggle-jugs had become obscenely huge as they swelled with breast-milk for their soon-to-be child. The boy took every opportunity to gorge himself on them; tugging and chewing at her thickened teats, while enjoying all that warm sloshing flesh smothering him constantly.

Tabitha's cunt had gone through a few prenatal changes as well. Increased blood-flow to her genitals made her cuntal lining thicken. The ribs that lined her vaginal tract were more pronounce, causing toe-curling friction around her boy's erectile tissue. Rich was pumping several loads a day inside her and even then they just couldn't seem to get enough.

The humping teen slapped his mother's rounded ass, letting her know he was close to cumming. Tabitha quickly pulled her cunt off his cock and let her hand take over. She retrieved a wine glass with the other hand, getting it ready to catch her boy's spunk.

"What was that?" he husband asked, having heard the hard ass-slap.

"I just dropped something, honey. We'll be right up," Tabitha answered.

A few minutes later her and Rich emerged from the cabin, drinks in hand. "Alright…drinks are ready!" Tony's wife announced.

Rich took a swig of his, watching his mom hand a cocktail to his father. "Took you long enough," Tony stated. "It looks delicious though."

He took a sip of his drink, while watching his wife drink from her wine glass. It was only an eighth of the way full with a thick, pearly-white beverage. "What are **YOU** drinking?" her husband curiously asked.

"It's a new cocktail. I've been drinking a ton of it here lately," she stated, sharing a knowing smile with her son.

"Well go easy. You're pregnant, remember?" Tony reminded her.

"I know I am, and it's funny because being pregnant makes me crave it even more. You could say I'm addicted," said Tabitha, then gave her son a smiling wink.

The sailboat continued across the water. Rich had recently renamed the vessel and had the new name painted by a talented sign artist across the back of the vessel. It read simply "The Love Boat."

THE END

Mom Sandwich

by klrxo

Ty and Ted's mom had all the makings for a mom sandwich.

Barbara was middle-aged, had long shapely legs and a beautiful ass. Her cunt was fat and hairy, crowned by a plump clit that never got the type of attention it needed. Barbara's boobs were perfectly suited for a mom sandwich. The were enormous, like most mom-boobs are. They hung extremely low on her chest and were capped with giant nipples. Another thing that made Barbara a perfect ingredient was that she was a stay at home mom. Her husband Jim worked long hours, leaving her alone with their two teenaged twin boys.

Twin boys of course are the other nessesary ingredient for a mom sandwich. Ted and Ty were both 18 years old and had tall, muscular bodies. The sweetest prize of the two brothers was the size of their twin cocks. Each cock measured 9 1/2 inches. They were thick vieny cocks with big, plumb sized bulbs and enormous ball-sacks, just bursting with thick potent babymaking syrup. They were just the type of cocks that fat mommy-cunts were made for.

So how then do all these ingredients come together for a big greasy mom sandwich? Well...somehow, some way, they just do. As was the case with Barbara and her two boys. It was one fine summer morning that things finally came together.

"Morning mom." The two boys said as they entered the kitchen. They were in their boxers and their big dicks swung between their legs.

"Good morning you two. Ready for some breakfast?" Barbara asked.

Ty stepped up behind his mother and gave her a big hug. Barbara glanced over her shoulder at him.

"Hey, sport. Go easy on your old mom." She said with a smile.

Ted hugged his mother from the front. Barbara threw her arms around Ted and he felt the spongy flesh of her enormous mom-breasts flatten out against his chest. Barbara was now sandwiched between her handsome son's.

"Why are you two so lovey this morning?" She asked.

"Cause we have the most beautiful mother in the world." Ty answered.

Barbara could feel Ty's cock pressed against the crack of her ass and Ted's digging into her stomach. She turned and gave Ty a loving peck on the lips and then shared another with Ted.

"My boys are growing up, but'll never be too old to stop loving on their mother." She said lovingly.

The two teens squeezed her tight, lifting her tiny bare feet from the floor. Thus began the mom-sandwich. For what woman could resist being smashed between the muscular bodies of two teenaged boys. And what boys could resist such a matronly beauty as mom.

Barbara brought her long legs up and wrapped them around Ted. She reached back and combed her long nails through Ty's hair.

"Well...my boys are sure feeling frisky this morning, aren't they?" She asked.

"What about you, mom? Are you feeling frisky?" Ted asked.

Barbara looked him in the eyes and smiled.

"Maybe, but moms aren't suppose to be frisky with their little boys." She said.

"Why not, you love us don't you?" Ty asked.

She looked back into Ty's eyes.

"Of course I love you, darling, but the frisky kind of love is different. It's the kind of love that only mommy and daddy's share." She said.

"Then why do we feel it?" Ted asked.

"Well, it's quite common for boys your age to have frisky feelings towards their mother's. It's just a stage you're both going through, that's all." Barbara said.

Ty brought his arms around onto his mother's tummy. He could feel the bottoms of her big tits against his wrists. Julie rested her head on Ted's shoulder as she felt the wieght of her two sons press against her.

"We love you mom." Ted said.

She whispered into Ted's ear.

"I know you do, sweethearts." She said.

She lowered her feet to the ground and turned her body so that both her sons were in front of her. She pulled them together close so that their faces were just above hers.

"Come here you two." She said.

With her big pouty lips Barbara kissed Ty on the forehead lovingly, then gave Ted a peck on the lips, then another. She paused for a moment and stared deeply into Ted's eyes, then gave him yet another sensual peck on the lips. Ty moved his face in closer and Barbara looked at him.

"Don't worry, love. Mamma's not gonna leave you out?" She said warmly.

She pulled Ty's face to hers and gave him the same loving kiss she had given his brother. Then for a few moments it was Ty who got the warm gaze as his mother looked right through him. This was followed by yet another kiss. She pulled them to her and rested their heads on her shoulders.

"My poor horny little babies." Barbara said.

Ted suddenly fell back onto the kitchen sofa and pulled his mom onto his lap. Barbara squeeled, then giggled. She slid off Ted's lap and slouched back onto the sofa, her big tit-sacks swinging back and forth under their thin silk covering. Ty sat on the other side of their mother and the boys moved in close to her.

"There, there, boys...let's be good now." She said.

They both moved in close until both their bright young faces were hovering over their mother's. She stroked their faces.

"You poor things. You can't hardly control yourselves around me, can you?" She said with a smile.

"You're just so beautiful." Ty said.

"I know I am, love and a beautiful woman is hard to resist, isn't she? Even if she is your own mother." Barbara said. "Two handsome young boys are a hard thing for a mom to resist, even if they are her sons."

"Then don't resist. Ty and I want to make a mom sandwich." Ted said.

"A mom sandwich?" She asked.

"Yeah, do you know what that is?" Ty asked.

"No.... but I have a pretty good idea." She said with a quirky smile.

"So can we?" Ted asked.

"Oh sweeties, we can't. It's wrong. Don't you care about your father, I mean, I'm his wife for God sakes." She said.

"We wouldn't have to tell him about it. It could be our secret." Ted said.

"Oh boys...I don't know..." She said.

Ted and Ty each took one of their mother's hands and rested them on the swell of their big cocks. Barbara's finger traced their enormity through the fabric.

"Come on, mom. Just try it." Ty said.

"Oh God...I'm so torn...What mother wouldn't want to be sandwiched between her two gorgeous boys. What if your father found out? I couldn't live with myself." Barbara said.

"Come on, mom, think about it. Lots of wives are probably being sandwiched right now while their husbands are at work." Ted said.

Barbara gently kneeded her sons hard cocks.

"Oh this is so wicked, yet it feels so right. Why does it feel so right?

To be continued....

Mom and the ‘67 Travelaire

By Klrxo

"You're gonna miss it, aren't you?" Veronica asked her son, startling him from the doorway of the old travel trailer.

"Is it that obvious," her son Chase answered as he sat in the tiny dining area, reflecting on memories of his childhood. "I can't believe dad sold it." Chase was an attractive kid, with a chiseled jawline and well-kept blonde hair. He shared a lot of his features with his mother. He was a bit on the timid side so he hadn't dated much, but lots of girls certainly had their eye on him. "I thought we'd keep this thing forever," he uttered, clearly saddened.

"Yeah, well...he knows a guy who knows a guy who restores old trailers and resells them for a mint apparently. I still can't believe he offered your father five-thousand for this old thing."

"Dad couldn't of at least waited until I moved off to college? That's only a few months away."

"I'm sorry, hunny. He wants to make room for a boat he's buying and doesn't wanna pass up on the money they're offering him," said Veronica.

"I have a lot of memories in here," Chase whispered in deep reflection. Over the years the old trailer had served as childhood Fort and teenage hangout spot for the boy. He felt like an important part of him was being given away and there wasn't a thing he could do about it.

"And memories are something that no one can ever take from you," his mom consoled. "Remember that."

"I know."

Veronica stepped inside the trailer, wearing a V-cut sundress that revealed a tremendous amount of creamy tit-cleavage. Even under the support of her top and bra the blonde-haired mother's oversized tits shifted heavily to her every step. She was a bra and panty model for a popular retailer in her younger years, before she had her kids and being a mom consumed all her time. She attempted to go back to modeling for them part time, many years later, but by that time her breasts had grown so much that she outgrew what the retail made in cup sizes. Veronica could only find bras in specialty stores online that fit her enormous rack.

"I still remember bringing you and your friends cookies and lemonade out here on those Friday or Saturday nights," she reflected as she had a seat across from him at the table.

"You always begged us to walk back with you because you were afraid of the dark," Chase added with a teasing smile.

"I have no idea why your father always kept it parked way out here behind the old barn. I begged him more than once to park this thing closer to the house."

"It's probably because he knew how noisy my friends and I could get."

"True," Veronica giggled. "Noisy and obnoxious."

"Yeah, we had some good times out here."

The boy's blonde-haired mother fed him a mischievous grin. "Your friends weren't the only ones you brought out here. I seem to remember you dragging a date or two out to this old Travelaire," she teased.

"Yeah, a few."

"Testing out the old, rusty suspension on this thing, were you?" the mother winked, bouncing her buns up and down on the seat, making the old steel springs squeak beneath the trailer.

"I wish. I never got that far, unfortunately. I did always think it would be cool to lose my virginity out here though, since I spent so much time in this trailer as a kid."

Veronica already knew her son was still a virgin. Moms could just tell such things. "Well, if that's what you want, there's still time, hunny," she reminded him. "They're not coming to haul it off for a couple of days."

"I know, but Bella and I just broke up, and I don't really have anyone else I'm dating right now."

"What about that dark-haired girl who lives at the end of the road? Hannah, was that her name?"

"Yeah."

"She seems to like you. Maybe she'd just be interested in hanging out, no strings attached, and having a little fun with you out here."

"I doubt it. Her family is pretty religious, and rumor has it she's waiting until marriage to have sex."

"Oh, that's just ridiculous," the mother expressed, rolling her eyes. "There's nothing wrong with premarital sex as long as you use protection."

"I wish she thought that way."

Veronica reached across the table and took both his hands in hers. Her alluring blue eyes stared across at his. "Well, I think it would be special if the last thing you remember about this Travelaire was how you became a man, right here on these cushions," she expressed.

"It **WOULD** be pretty cool," Chase agreed, "but unlikely at this point."

"It needs to happen!" concluded his mom, squeezing his hands. "You need to get laid, right here in this little trailer."

"Yeah, but how am I gonna make that happen in two days, mom?"

"I'll talk to your dad. Maybe he can put the sale off for another week or so. That would give you more time to hook up with someone."

"Maybe."

"Just...try to choose someone who at least means a little something to you," Veronica suggested. "Losing your virginity is a special moment in a young man's life. It shouldn't be with just any random person."

"I'll try to think of someone."

Later that evening, Veronica sat in the Jacuzzi with her husband, which was on the patio, just outside their bedroom. "Honey, I have a question," she blurted, cutting off his complaints about work. "Is there any way we can put off the sale of the old trailer for a week or two?"

"A week or two? Why?" Pat asked.

"Well...you know what a sentimental place that is for Chase. It's been his clubhouse, where he experienced so many of his childhood memories."

"Yeah, but, babe...he has the great room above the garage to hang out with his friends. Not to mention, he'll be going off to college after he graduates. We'd be stupid to pass up selling the trailer for such a deal."

"I'm not asking you **NOT** to sell it," she replied. "I'm just asking for a little more time. A week...maybe two."

"And you think he's gonna be any less attached the trailer then?"

Veronica took a moment to formulate a case in her brain. "I know you're gonna think this is sappy, but there's something I think would be very special for Chase to experience for the first time inside the Travelaire, before you get rid of it."

"And that would be what?"

"Sex," his wife answered. "More specifically, loosing his virginity."

"Chase is still a virgin?" Pat asked in surprise.

"Yes, and wouldn't it just be perfect if the one place where he performed his 'rite of passage' was somewhere so special to him, where so much of his life's memories were made growing up?"

"Yeah, maybe, but Veronica, I can't just put off this sale so Chase can have time to find some girl to get his jollies with. If the buyers change their mind, we could be missing out on a lot of money."

"Can you just...make something up and try to put it off for a week? It would mean so much to Chase, Pat, and it would mean a lot to me too," said Veronica, giving her husband her sexiest pleading look he'd ever seen.

"I'll see what I can do," he muttered, "but **ONE WEEK** tops!"

"Thank you, hunny!" Veronica smiled, then leaned over and gave him a grateful kiss.

Several days passed and Veronica was getting tremendously frustrated that her son wasn't finding anyone. When she heard him

come home, she eagerly rushed to his bedroom doorway to see if things had changed. "Hey, Chase, how did school go?" she asked.

"Boring, like usual," he answered, plopping down on his bed. His mom looked so sexy standing in his doorway. He would have given anything to have a girlfriend with the voluptuous body she had. Veronica wore skimpy Daisy Dukes and a snug, purple tank-top that clung to her huge breasts.

"Did you talk to any girls who might be interested in coming over?" Veronica asked.

"There is one girl named Trish who I really like, but I think it might be a little early to ask her to be sexual with me."

"Well, not to rush you, hunny, but the buyers are arriving in four days to pick up the Travelaire. Do you think you'll feel comfortable asking her for sex before then?"

"Yeah, but I'm just a little nervous though because I think she's had sex with a few other guys, and well...I have **NO** experience."

Veronica stepped across his room on bare feet and sat down next to him on his bed. She reached over and took his hand tenderly in hers. "When you're a virgin, anticipating your first sexual experience can be exciting but nerve-wracking too," she explained.

"That's definitely true."

"You're probably wondering about everything from how long you last in bed to what positions to try. Don't run away from these questions, hunny. They're important and I'm here to help you."

"Thanks," Chase blushed.

"It doesn't matter how many guys a girl's been with. Honestly, most of those guys have probably been lousy lays anyway. You just focus

on being the best **YOU** can be in that special moment."

"What if the ones she's been with are bigger than me though? You know...down there?" Chase asked, glancing in the direction of his bulge.

"Penis size is a common concern for most men, and it should be. I would be lying if I said that the size of a man's package isn't that important to most women, because it is. Even if you are just 'average,' or under, there are plenty of other ways you can compensate to make sure a girl receives the best sex possible."

"How do I know if I have an average-sized di—,uh...I mean, penis?"

Veronica began laughing. "It's ok if you wanna call it a 'dick,' honey," she assured him. "Or a cock. I'm not gonna scold you for using those words in the appropriate context."

"Oh, ok...I wasn't sure. So, how do I know if I have an average-sized dick?"

"Well, um...have you ever measured it?"

"A couple times when it was, you know...stiff."

"Recently?"

"A few months ago, yes."

"Would you think I was being too nosy if I asked what the length was?" Veronica boldly inquired.

"No, I wouldn't think that. It's just over eight inches long. I was hoping it would grow a little more, but it doesn't seem to be."

Veronica's heart swelled with pride. "Well, hunny, it doesn't need to get any bigger. Eight inches is a wonderful size! That's actually a few

inches larger than the average dick-size. It'll give you lots of advantages over shorter-dicked guys," she explained.

"How so?"

"Well, first of all...to a woman, there's something primal and arousing about seeing a really long, thick, erect dick. Looking at it alone might just give your partner an orgasm."

"Really?!" Chase smiled.

"Yes, and when it comes to the act of sex, a big penis like yours gives you lots of options for positions. There's no risk of it slipping out, especiallyif it's really deep in there, **AND I**'ve been told that the parts of a woman that feel the best on a man's penis is at the back of her vagina. Back near her cervix."

"Yeah, but...do girls like that area too?" Chase asked.

"Oh, yes they do, trust me...along with the G-spot."

"G-spot?"

"Every woman is capable of having something called a G-spot orgasm. With a larger dick hitting that area, G-spot orgasms are more likely. If the guy knows how to elicit them, that is. Still, having a big penis will guarantee access to a woman's big G."

"Nice. At least maybe I'll have that over some of the other guys."

"As long as you can keep from having performance issues you'll do fine."

"What do you mean by 'performance issues?'" Chase asked.

"Sometimes, due to overexcitement or nervousness, a guy can have issues such as impotence or premature ejaculation during sex," his mom explained.

"Oh, you mean he finishes way too early?"

"Exactly. Just remember, hunny, slow and steady is the key to a fulfilling sexual experience. You aren't getting any prizes for being the first to hit the finishing line, and you'd only be cheating yourself out of a more pleasure."

The next day, Veronica and her sister, Jodie spoke as they floated in the pool. "Well, virgin or not he's certainly well equipped," Jodie stated. "Did you see it?"

"No, I didn't see it!" Veronica giggled.

"Well, I'm only asking because you know how boys love to over exaggerate. If you ask one what size his cock is, he's likely to add on a couple inches."

"Chase isn't like that. If he says his cock is eight inches then I believe him."

The beautiful blonde-haired sisters shared a float in the center of Veronica's swimming pool, sunning their hourglass figures. Their suntan-oiled cleavage glistened in the sunlight, their engorged nipples protruding from beneath the fabric of their tops.. "So my next question is, why is a boy with such a nice-sized prick still a virgin?" Jodie asked her sister.

"I don't know. Maybe he's just timid around girls and hasn't really made the right moves."

"Well, he better learn 'the right moves' quick. If he wants to get his first fuck before that 'fort on wheels' of his rolls away for good, that is."

"I known. I really wanted his first go at sex to be in the Travelaire, but if he can't find a girl to sink his cock into then that idea might go right out the window."

"What about my niece, Stacey? You've met her before, right?" Jodie asked.

"Yeah, we met at the party last month."

"She did comment to me once how cute she thought Chase was. Stacey's a couple years older than Chase, but as far as I know she doesn't have a boyfriend right now. "

"Well, it's probably good that she's a little order than him. Chase's first time should be with someone who's had a little sexual experience and can guide him along."

"Well, I wasn't gonna mention it, but she has had more than just 'a little sexual experience.' I hope that's not a problem?"" Jodie asked.

"How do you know how much experience she's had?"

"Veronica, the girl is like an open container, and every time I'm around her everything, and I mean **EVERYTHING** spills out!"

"Dare I asked then just how many guys she's been sexual with?"

"At least thirty, but—".

"Thirty guys!? Veronica exclaimed. "Forget it! Chase is already self-conscious enough. I don't need him concerned about how he rates among the thirty other guys your niece has fucked."

"You just said he should have someone with experience, did you not?"

"Yeah, experience with a few other guys, not an army of them."

"I hate to say it, Veronica, but it's a little late in the game to be so particular. If you're wanting Chase to fuck someone in the Travelaire, that is."

"I'm still holding out hope that he'll ask a girl at school that he really likes. One who's had a little experience, but is not a complete slut."

Unfortunately, the mother's wish didn't come true. It was two days before the trailer sale (*Saturday*) and Chase still hadn't found a girl to have sex with. Some of his extended family was having a barbeque at the park, but he didn't feel much like being social. "You don't seem yourself today, hunny. What's wrong?" his mother asked, even though she had a pretty good idea what was getting him down.

"I'm alright, mom...just a little tired."

"Come take a walk with me," said Veronica, extending her hand for her son to take.

A short distance down the sidewalk was spent in silence before Veronica spoke up again. "You don't have to be down on yourself because you haven't found someone to take your virginity, hunny. The fact of the matter is that most guys have no idea what they are supposed to do to take things to a "physical" level with a woman."

"So, it's not just me being a failure."

"No, you're not a failure at all. You just lack the knowledge and skills that it takes to get a girl into bed with you. I can't do it for you, but **I CAN** teach you what to do to charm a girl's panties off, if you'd like?"

"Sure!"

"There are lots of techniques that get us women sexually excited. One of them is as simple as sharing a whisper," Veronica explained.

"Sharing a whisper?"

"That's right. You may not have realized this, but the ear is one of the most powerful erogenous zones on the female body. Why not

use it to your advantage?"

"In what way?" Chase asked.

"Well, instead of trying to awkwardly kiss a girl, just get close to her so that you can whisper something into her ear. In can be anything- a few words of something romantic-sounding, a special secret, a little joke, it really doesn't matter. Just get real close to her ear and whisper something exciting."

"That's it?"

"Yes, but make sure that your voice is soft and soothing and have your lips gently brushing against the skin of her earlobe. Try breathing softy while uttering your special words. Girls love that, and it'll definitely send shivers down her spine."

Veronica stopped and faced her boy. She was wearing form fitting jeans and snug sweater that accentuated the melonous swell of her tits. Chase was certainly beginning to recognize what a true bombshell his mom was. Just the sight of her clothed was beginning to harden his penis.

"Let me try it on you so you'll see what I mean," she offered.

"Try what?" Chase asked.

"Whispering something in your ear the way I was talking about, so you can get the idea."

His mom stepped forward, then leaned into him, brushing her squishy breasts against his chest as she brought her lips to his ear. "You're gonna get pussy by tomorrow, and it's gonna feel amazing!" she softly whispered.

"I hope so," said Chase, his heart racing just hearing his mom uttered those words.

"Did you see how I did that?"

"Yeah."

"Now you try," directed Veronica.

This time, Chase leaned forward, bringing his lips to his mom's ear. "You look especially beautiful today," he whispered.

His mom smiled, her heart fluttering inadvertently. "Thanks...and good job, hunny. That was perfect!"

They began walking again, arm in arm this time. "Another great way of building anticipation and creating sexual tension is to tease a girl," said Veronica .

"Tease her how?"

"Tell her something in a flirtatious way, while bragging on yourself in the process."

"Like how?"

"Say something like...'I know you're a nice girl and everything, but you should really be careful of bad boys like me."

"Oh, I see what you mean," said Chase.

"If she's interested, she'll flirt with you in return by saying something like 'I have nothing to be scared of, Chase, because I'm only twenty-percent nice and eighty percent naughty," Veronica role-played, giving him a wink.

Chase gave it some thought for a moment. "How about this one. "I thought I was in great shape, but you have a **SUPER-NICE** body!"

Veronica got a big smile. "That was perfect, hunny! Creating anticipation and building the right mood for a night of hot sex is all

about pushing her to the hilt by teasing her with your words, your eyes and the sensual use of your hands," she explained.

"My hands?"

"Well, sure. Touch is one of the most powerful ways to make your intentions known to a girl. It's a challenge, but rather than talk about it why don't we practice."

"Practice...touch?"

"Sure, why not? How about...right over here," said his mother, leading him to a private park bench. She sat as close as she could next to him so they looked more like lovers having a tender moment rather than mother and son. "Now, look deep into my eyes, and lightly stroke my hair and caress my face. This gets a girl extremely turned on, Chase."

The teenaged gazed into his mother's beautiful eyes, while reaching over and nervously brushed his fingers through her silky blonde hair. "That's good, hunny...take your time," Veronica advised. "Important moments like these should never be rushed."

The boy let his shaky fingers trace down his mom's neck, making Veronica's insides tingle wickedly. "If a girl is prepared to be kissed, and responds with enthusiasm, chances are she'll also be willing to take things to the next level, which means she'll spread her thighs for you, Chase. She'll let you fuck her."

"Ok," the boy nervously gulped.

"You're doing excellent so far. Lightly brush your lips against mine now for a sensual kiss," Veronica directed, leaning in and bringing her lips to his. They shared a series of tender smooches. "Yes, that's perfect. Don't go all out and stick your tongue in her mouth at first. They'll be plenty of that when you fuck her. Right now, you're just teasingly getting her worked up and soaking her panties."

Veronica continued to allow her boy to practice kissing, surprised at how aroused it was making her. She kept speaking each time their lips paused. "While kissing a girl, slowly take her hand and place it high up on your thigh, teasingly close to your penis."

Chase gently placed his mom's hand on the spot she described. "That's perfect, hunny," whispered Veronica as she continued to share in his oral affection. "Don't be surprised if she takes things to the next level from there."

"Next level?" asked Chase.

Suddenly, he felt his mom's hand slither on to his hardened cock, squeezing it firmly through his shorts while they continued. "By feeling your manhood through your pants, and don't worry, hunny...we're not doing anything wrong. I'm just demonstrating how things should go," explained Veronica. "This is called 'foreplay. Do you know what foreplay is, Chase?"

"Isn't that like...sucking on a woman's breasts?"

"Yes, that's part of it. Foreplay can include things like making out, fingering, hand jobs, oral sex and even mutual masturbation. Most people need some or all of these activities to make sexual intercourse enjoyable, so don't think just because it's called 'foreplay' that you only do it **BEFORE** you fuck a girl."

"Got it!"

"Put your hand on my breast," Veronica advised. "Squeeze it gently. Not too rough though."

Chase placed his palm over the peak of one of his mom's jugs, getting a sense of its delightful weight and suppleness. "Like this?" he asked.

"Yes. If you've aroused them the right way, most girls will have erect nipples by now. A good way to get them even more worked up is to lightly trace and pinch their nipples through their blouse and bra."

Chase considered this an invitation and began tweaking with Veronica's engorged treat through the fabric. He could tell by how thick and stiff it was that his mom was turned on by what he'd been doing. "Just like that?" he asked, still enjoying the way her hand was massaging his prick.

"Yes," his mom gasped. "That's really nice. Do the other one. Use both hands now."

While her son gave gentle attention to her boobs, Veronica looked around nervously. She was only teaching him, but they were in a public park and if any one else saw her son with his hands on her tits, and her squeezing on his cock-bulge, it would look extremely improper. "We'd better stop now, hunny. If anyone sees us, they might get the wrong idea," she warned.

"True," her son answered, drawing his hands back as she stopped touching his prick. "Thanks for showing me how it's done though."

"You're welcome, and now you shouldn't have any reservations about what to do leading up to sex. So if there's a girl you've been hesitating about because of your lack of experience, you should definitely make your move now."

"I will!"

Chase had never considered his mom in a sexual way until recently, especially after the discussions they'd had over the past week. All evening he kept replaying their time together in the park that day, especially when he had squeezed the peaks of her giant tits and tweaked with her teats through her clothing. He knew she had been turned on and was probably dripping the juices of her arousal into her panties the entire time. A wicked idea suddenly came to him. It

was one he knew if he got caught engaging in he'd get in the worst trouble of his life. However, the reward, if he could succeed, would be the sweetest ever.

Nearly an hour later, he heard what he'd been listening for...his parent's shower running. Chase snuck down the hallway, first peeking into his parent's bedroom to make sure his father was still downstairs. Lucky for him, he was, otherwise the boy would have had to abort his naughty mission before it even got started.

Chase snuck across his parent's bedroom to their en suite bathroom and carefully crouched by the closed door. He knew that once his mom shed her clothes and got into the shower he could make his move. Carefully, he peeked open the door to find out where she was. His heart skipped a beat and he nearly gasped too loudly as he saw Veronica standing in the middle of the bathroom with her back to him. Her bra was already off and she was in the process of removing her panties. Chase watched in wonder as they slid down her smooth, luscious legs and onto the floor.

His mom had the most delicious female ass he'd ever seen. Her meaty derriere was set atop her silky legs and for a moment he wondered what such an ass would feel like beating against him in the doggy position. The sneaky boy was so damn anxious to fulfill his mission that as soon as his mom started for the shower he reached out, snatched her black panties then quickly slid back out of the bathroom.

Veronica heard a dull thud behind her. She paused for a moment and looked back at the door suspiciously. *"That sounded like the door closing,"* she thought, then Veronica looked down at the floor and noticed her panties were missing.

Chase hurried to the Travelaire, and once there, he couldn't get his pants off quick enough. His cock was already fully hard and slapped back against his abdomen as he quickly sprawled out on the bench

that folded down to convert into a full-sized sleep cushion . He didn't waist another second, quickly bringing his mom's panties to his nose with one hand, while grasping onto his leaky erection with the other.

"Ohhh, shit!" the teenager sighed as he inhaled the sweet, musky aroma of Veronica's cunt. He'd never experienced the smell of pussy and it was the most wonderful scent he'd ever had sweep through his nostrils.

Even though he was still a virgin, one thing Chase had done many times is masturbated, and quite often it was right here in the trailer. In fact, if he had engaged in sex as often as he beat off, he'd surely be considered a male slut. This time his masturbation session was extra special, since he had the added thrill of smelling his mom's panties, while stroking his cock. Little did the boy realize that **HE** was now being spied on.

Veronica was wrapped in her bathrobe and looked through a crack in the Travelaire doorway, watching him stroke his teenage cock, while holding her panties to his face. *"I knew it!"* she thought. *"He's using my panties to masturbate with! What have I done?"* she thought as she began to realize that perhaps giving him a 'hands on' lesson in foreplay that day may not have been the best idea.

The mother didn't stop him, nor did she leave. She just continued standing there outside the door watching her boy yank on his erect pecker. *"Well, he wasn't lying about his dick-size,"* she told herself. *"It **DOES** look to be around eight inches."*

She found herself becoming mesmerized and aroused just watching her teen yank vigorously on his boner. *"He may be a virgin, but he's certainly good at beating off,"* she wickedly thought. Her nipples throbbed on the peaks of her jugs and her cunt-tube tingled with horniness as she stared at Chase's tremendous boy-cock. It look so long, thick and unyielding in his hand. Her husband's prick had never captivated her this way, even when they first began dating.

"My husband!" she reminded herself, quickly peering out into the darkness. Their evening routine was fairly predictable and she knew if he didn't find her in the house then he might come looking outside. If Pat caught her peeking through their son's door like a pervert she'd certainly have some explaining to do.

Veronica peered back in at her masturbating teen. *"Come on, hunny...**CUM!**"* she thought, wanting nothing more that to see her boy blast his hot ball-goo into the air. She was shocked and a bit ashamed at how incredibly aroused this was making her. The sight of her young, handsome son pulling on his virgin cock, while basking in the scent of her panties was making it difficult not to reach between her legs and stroke her clit.

Harder and faster Chase tugged his cock, moaning delightfully into the silky panty-cloth as he felt the blood swelling into the shaft of his prick. Pre-jizz was drooling out his cum-slit, providing slippery lubrication for his tightly pumping fist. His expression began to twist with lust. "Oh, fuck, mom...that really feels good!" he gasped, loud enough for Veronica to hear him.

"Oh my God!" the mother exclaimed to herself. She could hardly believe what she was hearing.

"Auugh, yes...I'm fucking you so hard, mom!"

Veronica's knees went weak. Her hand inadvertently crept up and began squeezing on the peak of her tit through the towel. *"Do it, hunny! Fuck mommy, and milk all that teenage cum from your beautiful cock!"* she found her mind exclaiming.

The gasping, quivering teen began to writhe on his bed mattress, pumping his hips up and down steadily as if his hand was a tight pussy he was fucking up into. He imagined that it wasn't just any pussy. It was his mom's pussy. "Ungghh! Oh ... oh fuck ... unh, unh, unh ..." he grunted.

Veronica's eyes widened and her entire heavy-titted body trembled with the thrill of watching her own son beat himself to orgasm. *"**CUM, CHASE! CUM GOOD AND HARD, HUNNY!**"* her brain cried out.

As if she had beckoned the sperm-load from her son's love-organ, Chase's cum began to gush and spurt from the purplish knob of his dick. It was like he hadn't cum in a year as pearly-white geysers sailed into the air above him, then splattered back down onto his chest.

Veronica was shocked as her body reacted with its own climax. She could count on one hand the number of times she had cum in her life just from watching something, and this was one of them.

A few minutes passed as the boy lay there catching his breath. "Feel better?" he was startled by his mother's voice and looked up to see her staring down at him.

Chase quickly covered himself and tried to conceal the panties. "Mom, I um... I was just..."

"Masturbating, I know?" Veronica said, amused by his embarrassment.

"Uh, were you watching me?" Chase asked.

"Yes, but I figured that makes us even, since you snuck into my bathroom and snatched my panties," Veronica answered, reaching down for them.

Chase handed her the thong, his face red with embarrassment. "You didn't...hear what I was saying, did you?"

The mother sat down on the edge of the bed, trying not to look at the ribbons of spunk covering his chest. "It's not uncommon for a boy to jerk off while thinking about his mom, and I'm glad you got

some excitement out of using these," she told him, looking at the panties in her hand. "However, masturbation is for boys, Chase. You're a man now and it's time to get laid, remember?" she reminded him.

"I know," he answered in a pathetic tone.

"Chase, if you wanna lose your virginity in the Travelaire, you have one day to do it. The buyers will be here Monday morning to take it away forever."

"I'm working on it, mom."

"I hope so. In fact sometimes I think I want you to lose your virginity in this old trailer worse than you do."

"I doubt that," Chase grinned.

"Well then get busy, young man. If you have a girl in mind you need to make your move...like, soon!"

"I'm going to, but..."

"But what, hunny?"

"What if the girl I wanna have sex with turns me down?"

"Well then she turns you down, but at least you tried. It's better to make the attempt and be shot down than always wonder if that girl would have had sex with you if you'd only asked," Veronica answered.

"True, I guess....but I don't wanna get in trouble for wanting to have sex with someone that I shouldn't."

"What do you mean 'shouldn't?'" the mother enquired. "Is the girl you have in mind underage or something?"

"No, nothing like that. It's just... Never mind, mom...I'll figure it out."

"Just remember to pour on the charm. Utilize all of those things we went over to increase your chances of getting fucked."

"I will, thanks, mom."

Veronica glanced at his cum-coated chest. "You should probably come in and get a shower. You look like a glazed donut laying there," she giggled.

The next day Chase hung out in the Travelaire, since it was the last time he'd ever get to. He only wished he had a girl with him so he could experience sex for the first time before his boyhood hangout went away forever. His cell phone chimed with a message. It was from his Aunt Jodie. "Has my hot nephew lost his cherry yet?😉" the text read.

"Hi, Aunt Jodie. No, not yet," he honestly answered.

"You're such a cutie, Chase. I'm honestly surprised you don't have the ladies lined up to fuck you.💞"

"Oh, thanks. I did have a girlfriend, but we broke up."

"Her loss. I bet she's kicking herself about now for passing up the opportunity to have sex with you.😗"

"Maybe."

"Well, I know I'm your Aunt, but if you're interested and can keep a secret, I think I have something you might want😈," her next message read.

"What's that?" Chase asked, playing stupid.

The next thing to pop up wasn't a message, but a photo attachment. It was a selfie taken by Jodie and she was completely nude. Chase's heart raced as he stared at her huge jugs. They were certainly on par, size-wise, with his mom's breasts, and her pussy was shaved.

"Interested?😘," she asked.

He was about to answer, but was suddenly startled as his dad poked his head in. "Hey, do me a favor and clean it up in here today, alright? The guy will be here first thing tomorrow morning to pick it up," Pat requested.

"Yeah, alright, dad."

Pat lingered for a moment. "So, your mom mentioned that you've been trying to get a girl in here to make some magic happen? Have you had any luck with that?" he asked.

"Not really."

"You're getting off to a pretty late start, don't you think, kid?"

"Late start?"

"Yeah, well...I lost my virginity when I was sixteen."

"With mom?"

"No, I hadn't even met your mother yet. It was with some girl from school who couldn't keep her eyes off me. She had a boyfriend at the time, but that didn't stop me," Pat chuckled.

Chase perked up. "You didn't feel guilty about that at all?" he asked.

"What, having sex with someone who was in a relationship?"

"Yeah."

"Nah! In fact it was kind of a thrill knowing she was being sneaky and having sex with me behind someone's back, even if it was only that one time."

"Maybe her boyfriend really wasn't giving her what she needed anyway," Chase added.

"Exactly. In which case she was probably justified in stepping out on him. So let me guess... you have your eye on someone who's already in a relationship?" Pat asked.

Chase glanced at his phone. "Yeah, you could say that."

"Do you know the guy she's with?"

Chase could hardly look his father in the eyes. "Yeah, um...very well in fact," he answered.

"Is he a good guy or an asshole?" Pat asked.

"He can be both at times."

"Well, look at it this way...you're just borrowing something of his that he'll probably never realize was missing. And if the girl's willing to take the risk then you obvious have something the other guy doesn't, which makes you more of a man than him."

"So I shouldn't let the fact that she's married stop me?" Chase asked.

"Whoa, married, huh? I didn't realize we were talking about a girl older than you, who's already hitched," his dad stated.

"Is that bad?"

"Well, no, I suppose the same rules apply. Who she's tied down to is no concern of yours as long as you're being careful not to let him

catch you. Although I wouldn't recommend boning too many married women, son. That could get messy."

"I'm only interested in the one. She's pretty hot."

"Oh, yeah...blonde?" Pat asked.

"Yep, and she has great big hooters!"

His father laughed. "Well, sounds like we both have the same taste in women. Whether she's married or not this sounds like an potential encounter that you definitely don't wanna pass up."

Chase nodded in agreement. "Thanks for the advice, dad."

"No problem, and good luck with that," Pat winked, then looked around the trailer, "and if you plan on bringing her in here tonight your mom and I will stay out of your way. Tomorrow morning though I need you and your things out of here first thing, understood?"

"Got it, dad."

Chase went to the mall to buy himself a sharp new outfit. He also picked out a few other things he thought his date would like. As the day passed he grew more nervous, but the advice his mom had given him provided the confidence he needed to follow through with his plans.

"Did you see anyone pull up to the house?" Veronica asked her husband as she peered out the window that night.

"No, why?" Pat asked as he lay in bed watching **TV**.

"Chase said he had a date tonight, but I haven't seen him leave or any girls pull up to the house."

Her husband smiled. "Veronica, just come to bed. I'm sure Chase has got things all figured out, and if he doesn't...well, then he'll have

to figure out another place to lose his innocence for the first time."

"I hope he didn't lie to me about having a date, just to tell me what he knew I wanted to hear," the mother stated, crawling back into bed.

"He told me the same thing. Apparently, it's an older woman."

"An older woman?" Veronica repeated, glaring over at her husband. "Did he say who?"

"Nope, just that she was older and married. A blonde with big tits."

"Married?! And you encouraged that?"

"Hunny, what people do and **WHO** people do is their own business. I just told him to be careful."

Veronica mind speculated obsessively over who it might be. *"Does he have a date with the mother of one of his friends? A mom from the neighborhood, maybe?"* she wondered, thinking of all the women she knew who were blonde and had heavy boobs. *"Why wouldn't he have told me about her?"*

A short time later her cell phone rang. It was Chase so Veronica answered. "Hey, hunny, is everything ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine, mom. Why?"

"Well, you just said something about having a date over, but I haven't seen anyone pull up. Do you have to go pick her up?"

"She'll be here soon," he replied. "Say, um...could you come down to the Travelaire? I wanna show you something."

"Sure. Let me throw something on and I'll be out."

Veronica hung up then threw on some shorts and a snug-fitting tank top. "I'll be back in a bit," she told her husband, then made the short walk in the darkness to the back of the barn, where the trailer was parked.

"Knock, knock," the mother shouted, stepping into the Travelaire. The first thing she noticed was the sweet swell of a burning candle, and the flickering flame gave the trailer interior a warm, romantic glow. The bed was covered with white sheets and red rose pedals were scattered all over it. "Oh my goodness," she smiled. "Hunny, it looks so incredible in here!"

"I'm glad you like it."

"Your date will too. Girls love this sort of thing. When is she arriving?" Veronica asked, seeming a tad bit jealous.

"Actually, she just got here."

"Oh!" the mother blurted, looking back at the doorway. "You mean...she just drove up?"

"No, she just stepped into the Travelaire."

It took the mother a moment to realize what he was saying. "Oh, Chase...um, no," she uttered, shaking her head.

"I know you're in great shape, like I am, but aren't you really tired from running through my mind all day?" he flirted, just like she had taught him.

Veronica couldn't help but laugh. "That's clever, but, hunny...you and I can't—"

"Sure we can! Even dad told me it was OK to have sex with a married woman as long as I'm safe."

"Yes, but...I doubt he knew that 'woman' you were referring to was his wife."

"Does it matter? Why would it be ok for a young guy to sleep with someone else's wife, but not his?" he pointed out.

"True, but...Chase we're mother and son. If we had sex, that would be incest, which is against the law."

"So are a lot of things people do without getting caught, mom. You were the one who told me that if I had a girl in mind, no matter who it was, that I should go for it."

"Yes, hunny, I did tell you that, but that doesn't mean that its right or that the woman would be willing to go along with it, especially if she's related to you."

The boy picked up a box with a beautiful ribbon and handed it to her. "I bought you something today," he said.

Veronica shook her head, clearly frazzled. "Thank you, but, hunny, I can't accept this," she whispered.

Chase stepped up to his mom, getting as close as he could so their chests met. He gazed into her eyes for a moment then brought his lips to her ear. "Well, the universe just fulfilled my heart's wishes. You're finally here to take my virginity," he whispered, letting his lips tenderly drag against her earlobe.

Veronica gasped and her insides tingled uncontrollably. Her son brought one hand up and began tracing along her neckline lightly. He slowly moved his lips towards hers as they shared a transfixed gaze. "Oh, Chase...hunny, we can't," the mother whispered, then proceeded to share a series of soft, sensual kisses with him, despite her protest.

The confident teen slid his hand down and began squeezing her fat tit through her top. With the other, he gently took his mom's hand and placed it on his growing cock-bulge. "Feel what you're doing to me, mom," he softly said.

Mustering up all the willpower she had, Veronica grabbed his groping hand then backed away. "Hunny, you're doing everything right, you really are...and I'm proud of you for that, but I can't be the one. I'm sorry," she explained in the sweetest tone possible.

"I won't finish too early, I promise," said the boy. "You tell me how long you'd like to have sex for and that's how long I'll go without cumming."

She shook her head, backing to the doorway. "Chase, I'm sorry...no," she answered.

"I guess I'll have to go with the other busty blonde who made me an offer then."

"Yes, you should do that and enjoy yourself," the mother nodded.

"Aunt Jodie."

Veronica's mouth fell open. "Your Aunt Jodie offered to fuck you? I don't believe that," she uttered.

Chase brought up the picture Jodie had sent him on his phone. "Do you believe me now?" he asked. "She's family too, but that's certainly not stopping her from helping me out. Or maybe she just wants the pleasure she knows I'll give her."

"Fine...fuck whoever you want, but it'll never be me!" his mom spat, then slammed the door to the Travelaire. It wasn't until she got back to the house that Veronica realized that she still had her son's gift in her hand. She sat on the couch and curiously opened it, letting her nerves calm.

Inside the box was a hand written gift tag that read "Don't expect this to stay on long, mom. There's eight inches of me that's eager to explore the inside of you." This forced her to smile blushingly.

From the box, Veronica removed a beautiful piece of sheer, black negligee. *"Oh my God, he's so thoughtful!"* her mind sighed. She began feeling guilty about lashing out at him. *"He deserves to lose his virginity with someone like Jodie, even if she is my sister. She'll give him one incredible fuck."*

Veronica quickly texted her son. "Sorry I overreacted, Chase. Have a good time tonight. I love you!😗💖"

Her son soon replied.

"Mom, I mentioned Aunt Jodie just to try to get you jealous. I'm not fucking her tonight or ever! You were the one I wanted to share this special time with, not her. Like you said though, it was better to get shot down by you than to chicken out and always wonder if you would have said yes and slept with me. Goodnight."

Veronica wandered up to her bedroom, stopping in her doorway and peering over at her snoring husband. Rarely did Pat make her heart go pitter-patter like her son had over the past week. If she were honest, her hunger for hot, nasty sex with Chase was equal to her determination for him to lose his virginity in such a sentimental place as the Travelaire. The busty mother realized that this was the only moment in time which she could make both her desires and his happen at once.

Chase lay in bed for the last time in his childhood hangout spot. He turned from the door as he heard it open, then gently click closed. "What do you want, mom?" he asked, knowing it must be her coming explain her decision to not have sex with him.

"I want **YOU**," Veronica's sensual voice answered.

Chase quickly turned over and saw her standing there, hovering over him in the skimpy negligee he'd bought her. The fabric was sheer mesh, allowing him to see her wide areola and hardened nipples. "What do you mean?" he asked.

She smiled naughtily. "Ok...if I have to be more specific than 'I want you,' then I will. I want you to fuck me, Chase...all night long," she clarified.

"All night long?" he gulped, his heart bouncing around like a pinball in his chest.

"Well, you did say you'd last as long as I needed you to right?"

"Well, yeah...but I don't know if I can—"

"I don't mean go that long without cumming, hunny," Veronica giggled. "What I mean is...fuck me until you cum, then fuck me again. We can fuck and cum and as many times throughout the night as we want."

"Now that's an idea I like, but won't dad come looking at some point?"

"Ha! Your dad sleeps like a rock. Trust me, he would be the last person to bother us on this special night," the mother assured him. She began removing the skimpy top. "I love this negligee you bought me, but you were right what you said in your note. It wasn't meant to be worn for very long."

Chase gasped as his mom's heavy tits came spilling out onto her rib cage. He watched her remove the bottoms, exposing her shaved vulva. "Damn, mom!" he muttered, completely overwhelmed by the sight of her beautiful naked body.

"Get your briefs off, hunny. It's time to become a man," said Veronica, pulling back the blanket.

Chase quickly shed his underwear. His virgin cock was fully erect and ready to fuck pussy for the first time. Veronica sprawled out onto the bed next to him. Her fat mommy-mammaries slightly drooping off the sides of her chest. Her dainty feet with their painted toenails hovered from the mattress as she spread her thick thighs open. Chase moved to his knees and she sensed his nervous tension so she reached out for him. "Don't be nervous, hunny. I'll guide you along every step of the way."

Veronica pulled her boy down on top of her and gasped as she felt his thick hunk of boy-cock press against her cuntal flanges. "Before we fuck, why don't you have a smell and taste of me. I guarantee it'll be a thousand times better than my panties were last night," said the mother.

Chase immediately stretched out between his mom's lush thighs and buried his face against the pungent aroma of her shaved vulva. "**WOW!**" he whimpered, his voice muffled by cuntal flesh. Eagerly, the teen darted his tongue between the swollen lips of her labia, tasting the juices that flowed from her heated orifice.

"Yes, that's good, Chase! Suck on my clit now!" the mother breathed.

The boy worked his licker beneath her flesh hood and found her grape-sized love-nubbin. He sucked it into his lusty mouth and his mom's delicious body immediately jerked as if she'd been poked by a cattle prod.

"Oh, Chase...I'd let you eat my pussy all night, but we have other business to attend to. Let me see how hard your dick is before you bury it inside me," his mom directed.

The boy blushed, making his mom giggle. "Oh, hunny...you don't have to be shy with me. Looking at your big, young dick will get me even more turned on, which means you'll slide through my tight pussy perfectly."

Chase rose up on his knees so his long erection pointed at an upward angle. The pinkish-purple knob was fully engorged, like a ripe piece of fruit, and the purple veined shaft looked strong and unyielding, jutting from his hairless crotch. "It's beautiful!" his mother doted, staring at it adoringly.

Their eyes met and lingered a moment, expressing each other's need in nonverbal way.

Chase watched his mom pat her pussy invitingly. "Time to fuck, hunny," she softly stated.

Chase hunched over Veronica, supporting the weight of his torso by digging his hands into the bedsheet to either side of her shoulders. He arched his back and pushed his spongy knob against the opening of her cunt. Watching his reaction, Veronica wiggled her ass until his knob was securely embedded in the clinging grip of her pussy lips.

"Oh, wow...that feels really good!" the boy gasped.

"It's suppose to feel good, hunny, but it'll feel even better once you're buried to the root," she told him. "Move your hips and push it in."

Chase thrust forward, burying half his erection into the clasping sheath of her vagina. His eyes bulged as he felt her cunt tunnel wetly encase the flesh of his cock. "Damn!" he gasped.

"Don't stop there!" his mom sighed, humping her ass beneath him eagerly. "Give me all of it!"

The teen jabbed his prick the rest of the way in, making both of them shudder and gasp in unison. His bulbous tip slipped past her cervical head, stretching the recess of her fornix.

Veronica felt his steely cock flex excitedly inside her. She tightened her pelvic floor muscles, allowing him to feel the strength of her

vagina. "Do you like it, hunny?" she asked.

"It feels incredible!"

The mother lifted her legs and pulled her knees back even further, until they nearly touched her shoulders. "Fuck me, Chase," she seductively urged, rocking her pelvis beneath him.

The teen responded to his mom's rhythm, clumsily but steadily heaving his ass up and down between her thighs. He shuddered at the amazing friction of his mom's slippery cunt-tube as it squeezed on his gliding shaft and glans. It only took him a few minutes to catch on to the tempo she wanted, and soon he was fucking her like a pro, ramming his big, muscled cock in and out of her corrugated birthing-tube. The little Travelaire rocked on its axles, squeaking to the rhythm of their union.

"You're doing it, baby!" his mom cheered. "You're not a virgin anymore!"

"Do you like it?" he asked, while fucking. "Am I doing ok?"

"You're doing wonderfully! Why don't you try positioning yourself up on your knees while you fuck, so you can watch my boobs roll on my chest," she suggested, knowing how much her boy loved big tits.

Chase did just that, not missing a single thrust as he positioned himself upright. His mom's huge milkers were spread out on her chest and careened up and down like stiff-nippled waves of jutting, fatty flesh. The sight of them moving around that way was absolutely fascinating to the inexperienced teen.

His blood-engorged prick sawed steadily through the slippery grip of her vagina, oozing out clear pre-cum with every stroke and smearing it against the puffy ring at the back of her fuck-tunnel.

Every once in a while, he would lose his rhythm, but Veronica luscious leg would curl around him, nudging his ass with the heel of her foot to get him back on track. "There you go...long, deep thrusts, hunny. You're gonna make me cum soon," gasped Veronica. "Come back down on top of me."

Chase lowered back down, crushing his mom's jostling tits between them. He nuzzled his face between her neck and shoulder, smelling her sweet perfume. "Fuck me harder!" his mom breathed, clearly on the fringe of a powerful climax. "You're about give me a G-spot orgasm, Chase!"

She clawed at his shoulders with her long fingernails, her pretty eyes slowly rolling as she felt his thick, tubular meat plow through her delicate pink walls. Her pussy muscles contracted, making her cuntal lining suck juicily around her boy's pistoning shaft. "I'm cumming, Chase!" Veronica squealed. "Fuck me haaaard!"

The teenager moaned, his body shivering as it bucked furiously between his mom's warm, splayed thighs. "**CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!!**" his mother screamed out, bucking violently beneath him. He grasped onto her quivering outer thighs to keep from being thrown off, plowing his throbbing prick to the balls inside the slippery heat of her pussy. The boy delighted in how her climax cause her encapsulating tube to chew at the length of his penile flesh.

His inexperienced cock could only take so much of this exquisite friction. "Auugh, I'm cumming too, mom!" he gasped, making their crotches beat together heatedly as he frantically fucked her.

Veronica locked her silky mommy-legs high around his back, harnessing his violently-jerking frame against her. "**CUM IN ME, BABY!**" she cried out, her legs flexing and quivering as orgasmic contractions continued to surge through her heavy-breasted body.

Thick, pearly-white cream jetted torrentially from Chase's cum-slit. He clenched his teeth and beat his spurting dick quickly through the tube of her pussy. It was easily the most intense ejaculation that he'd ever experienced.

Two hours later, the full moonlight shined down magically on the rundown barn. Behind it, the soon-to-be sold Travelaire rocked rhythmically to the furious fuck going on inside.

"**OH, YES…I FUCKING LOVE IT!**" Veronica cried out, riding her son's erection skillfully. Her knees were planted astride his hips on the mattress, humping her rounded ass up and down like a cowgirl on a mechanical bull.

Chase was reclined back with his face sunk so deep into the meat of his mom's boob that it was hardly seen. His mouth was stuffed full of her nipple and areola, his cheeks billowing as he suckled, licked and lightly chewed on the rubbery cap of Veronica's tit. "Uuughfff!" he snarled, feeling his mom fuse their crotches together and grind on his stiff, tender boner.

Even after two mind blowing orgasms, the boy's prick was as hard as ever. It stirred through Veronica's tightly-grasping cunt, its engorged, barbed tip and blue-veined shaft stimulating every single pleasure-nerve in her smoldering vagina. In two hours, the hard-humping mother had cum more times than a years-worth of fucks with her husband. Just moments ago her and her teen had erupted together while going at it doggy-style.

Chase was simply blown away by how many times his mom had gushed on his prick, making her ejaculate run down his balls. It seemed like every few minutes she was screaming and writhing in a body-trembling climax, washing his achy prick with the orgasmic body-fluid the erupted from her urethra.

Veronica's elongated teat popped from Chase's gasping mouth. His hands slid up her belly and firmly clenched the large, pendulous

globes at their squishy undersides, holding up their weight. "Oh, damn, that feels good, mom!" he sighed, feeling her scalding hot juices swirl around the root of his cock and run down along his clenched up balls. He looked between their perspiring bodies and stared at her pussy, watching as the thick, glistening shaft of his cock disappear through the stretched flanges of labial flesh and up into her cunt-socket.

"You feel so good!" Veronica squealed like a bitch in heat as she felt her cunt ravaged by her teenage boy's hard, delicious cock.

Her cheeks blushed pink as she realized how well her son was performing, especially given it was his first time. "You're doing amazing, Chase! Girls love to be fucked hard like this," she panted.

"I'm loving every second of it, mom," he replied, then licked his lips as he watched Veronica's enormous tits sway and ripple before his eyes. He leaned his head forward, burying his face in the creamy canyon of her tit-cleavage.

Veronica intensified her fuck-rhythm so now they were humping together so fast and hard that the Travelaire was jerking and squeaking violently with the intensity of their thrusts. Their bellies slapped together lewdly, wet with perspiration as Veronica's wide, mature hips moved like a well-oiled machine.

"Auugh!" Chase moaned, his voice muffled by tit-meat. He felt his huge prick twitching and jerking as it was milked by the ridges that lined his mother's slippery vagina. He grasped his mom's bobbing butt-cheeks with both hands, sinking his fingers into the layers of fat and smooth muscle. Then, he pulled her to him, ramming his drooling cock into her pussy as far as it would go. "**FUCK, MOM!**" he whimpered as the two of them writhed wildly together like two wild animals in the heat of an intense rut.

Veronica squealed, pushing her twat-lips against the root of her boy's prick and grinding with everything she had, determined to pull

another creamy load from his teenage balls. She grimaced luridly as her fat clit throbbed and tingled on the upper side of his stirring cock.

Buried in quivering boobies, Chase's face began masked with pleasure. His teeth clenched and his eyes rolled in their sockets, feeling his mushrooming glans push and drag wetly all over the bloated ring of Veronica's cervical head. He let out a guttural grunt as jism exploded from his piss-slit, splattering through the squeezing sheath of his mom's pussy.

"That's it, hunny...lose that load inside me!" Veronica cried out. Her son's balls were tucked between her plump butt-cheeks and she could feel them jump in their sack each time a big jet of cum was being pumped into her.

For several wonderful minutes she milked her teen's pleasure-pole with the strong coital muscles of her cunt, listening to him whimper between her breasts in ecstasy. Finally, his body went slack and the mother slid down a little a gave him a tender kiss. "Welcome to manhood," she whispered.

The following day, Chase and Veronica held hands as they watched the old Travelaire disappear down their long dirt driveway. They were both exhausted from a long night of fucking their asses off. They had made memories that couldn't be sold...ones that would last a lifetime.

"You guys are gonna love this boat I bought," Pat stated, snapping both mother and son from their wicked thoughts as he counted the cash in his hand. "It's got a beautiful deck and the coziest cuddy cabin you've ever seen."

"Cuddy cabin?" his wife asked, squeezing Chase's hand.

"Oh, yeah, with a nice little bunk area. Incredibly comfotable."

"Really?" the mother stated, smiling from ear to ear. "And you're keeping it parked behind the barn?"

"Yeah, why do you think I wanted that old trailer out of here so bad."

Veronica turned towards her boy and smiled, speaking at a level that only he could hear. "See, hunny, you didn't lose your hangout spot. You just got an upgrade, that's all."

"Nice!" Chase smiled She bumped her fat tits against his chest, bringing her lips to his ear. "Mom can bring you cookies, lemonade...**AND** pussy," she teased, then licked his earlobe, making her son's knees tremble excitedly.

THE END

Mom'll-fuck-zine

By Klrxo

"Introducing, 'Mom'll-fuck-zine,' a revolutionary new drug for boys to use on their moms. Just one dose will make your mother hornier than you've ever seen her. Just pop open the capsule, discreetly pour its contents into her beverage, and watch her become a complete dirty-talking slut for your cock. Get ready for the best sex of your life, since specially formulated blockers focus your mother's uncontrollable lust on **ONLY YOU**, her son."

"Do you really think it'll work or is it just a gimmick?" asked Tanner as he and his friend Lane sat on his bed looking over the bottle of 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' that they had ordered off the internet.

"There's only one way to find out and that's to try it on our moms," answered Lane.

"If it works on **OUR** self-righteous mothers it'll work on anyone."

The boys came from religious families and both their mothers were active at the local church. "That's true," said Lane. "I've never even heard my mom swear before. She's as wholesome as they come."

"We have to go about this at the right time. If it does turn our moms into sexual zombies, we can't just give them a dose when other family members are around."

"True. Maybe we can both fake being sick and stay home from school tomorrow. That way everyone's out of the house except for us and our moms."

"Wait, our moms are best friends though. Won't that seem suspicious if both of us stay home on the same day?"

"Okay, then one of us stays home today and the other one stays home tomorrow. Since I know both of us are dying to try this out, let's flip a coin to see who goes first," suggested Tanner, grabbing a quarter from his side table. He flipped it in the air. "Call it!"

"Heads," said Lane.

Tanner scowled in disappointment as the coin landed. "Heads it is! I guess you're going first."

"Can you imagine if this actually **DOES** work, like it claims it will? Dude, we could actually be fucking our moms!" Lane exclaimed with an anxious smile.

"Or kicking ourselves for actually being naïve enough to pay eighty-bucks for a bottle of sugar-pills."

Sloane Richards was at the stove cooking dinner when her son, Lane, walked in the door. She glanced back at him, her long, fiery red hair brushing across her shoulders. "There you are. I was just about to call you to come home and set the table," said Sloane.

"Why can't Amy do it?" Lane asked.

"Your sister has a history exam tomorrow so she needs to focus all her energy on studying."

Lane actually didn't mind helping out in the kitchen too much. It gave him a chance to take sneak peeks at his beautiful mother. Today she wore a Bohemian-style sundress with a V-cut neckline that showed off a surprising amount of tit-cleavage, especially for a mom who was so prim and proper. Sloane's tits were the type that most boys dream about snuggling up between; huge and all-natural. Even under the confines of a snug bra, her mammary meat would tremble and wobble heavily with her every step.

"I think I might be coming down with something," said Lane, already setting his plan in motion. "My throat's starting to get scratchy."

"Oh, you poor thing," Sloane cooed, fetching a thermometer from the kitchen drawer. "Let's take your temperature and make sure you don't have a fever."

Her breasts trembled beneath her gown as she stepped over to the table near her son. "Sit down here for a second, sweetie," she directed, pulling the chair out from the table for him to sit on.

Lane's cock began to harden even faster beneath his jeans as his mom leaned over, placing the thermometer in his mouth. This allowed him to see the deep canyon between her dangling tits. He had a difficult time prying his eyes from her fat melons even as Sloane straightened upright.

"It would be a shame if we had to keep you home from school tomorrow," said the mother, hovering over her boy as she waited for his temperature to be taken.

Lane stared straight at the crack of her cleavage, imagining that he was being smothered by her huge bra-busters. His mom snapped him from his tittie-trance by clearing her throat. "Sweetie, you really shouldn't be looking at me that way. It's inappropriate," she sweetly scolded.

"Sorry," he blushed, looking away.

It wasn't the first time she had scolded him for gawking. Sloane knew her boy had a fascination with her body, but she just hoped it was a phase that he would quickly get over as he dated girls his own age. She removed the thermometer from his mouth and looked it over. "Well, your temperature's normal. After dinner you should probably lay down. Rest and plenty of liquids is probably the best thing for you right now," she advised.

The 'rest' part didn't come easy for the boy. He was simply too damn anxious to try out the new drug on his mom. However, he knew that if he did get to fuck her, he'd probably need all the rest he could get to have plenty of sexual energy the next day.

He wasn't sure about Tanner, but he himself had been preparing for the possibility of fucking his mom for weeks. He knew it would take plenty of skill and stamina to wow the hell out of such a beautiful woman, who'd been having sex longer than he'd been alive. First, he started a L-arginine supplement, which he learned played an important role in increasing the diameter of blood vessels, which promoted blood flow in his cock, making it as hard as it could possibly be. Then, Lane put himself through a daily regimen, tying a weight to his erection and lifting it up and down with just the strength of his boner muscles. He wanted his dick as strong as possible, especially at its root, so he could send his mom to the moon if he finally got to fuck her. Lastly, he worked on his staying power, edging his cock for over an hour, each time he masturbated, so he could develop the type of stamina that the guys in porn movies had, and make his mom cum like an absolute whore.

"How are you feeling…any better?" Sloane asked from his doorway, wearing a silky robe.

"Not really," Lane answered, still laying in bed. "A little worse actually." "I'll call the school and let them know you're taking a sick day."

"Perfect!" Lane blurted, then realized he seemed a little to anxious. "I mean…not perfect, but I really shouldn't go to school feeling this way."

"I agree," Sloane stated. "I'll bring you in some breakfast once I get your dad and sister out the door."

Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, Lane focused on how he'd slip the 'Mom'll-fuck-zine' to his mother without her

suspecting anything. He knew her morning protein shake was the best chance he had, since she rarely drank a full cup of coffee. *"How the hell am I gonna get it into her shake though?"* he thought.

Lane knew he had to get to the kitchen before he blew his chances of getting the drug into her system. He took a capsule from the bottle and looked at it confidently. "All my nasty hopes and dreams are counting on this little pill," he said out loud. He waited until he knew his mom was the only one home, then headed to kitchen.

"Can I help you out, mom?" Lane asked as Sloane stood at the stove scrambling him some eggs.

"No, sweetie. You should really be in bed. I got this."

"You do enough around here," he stated, heading for the fridge. "Let me at least make your morning protein shake for you."

"Actually, I'm skipping my shake this morning. Me and a bunch of other moms from church are going out for breakfast so I'll just get something there."

Lane's stomach sank with disappointment. His whole plan had just been foiled. *"Back to the drawing board,"* he thought to himself, hanging his head.

"If you need anything though, just text me. I'll only be across town," his mom stated.

Lane's phone vibrated in his hand. It was a text from Tanner. "How's it going? Have you tried the drug on her yet??" it read..

"Not yet. I was gonna put it in her shake, but now she's going out to breakfast with the ladies from church ," Lane replied.

"Looks like I might be the first one to try it out after all ."

"Don't count me out yet. I just thought of something," Lane texted. The teen knew his mom was trying to shed a few extra pounds and was always looking for the easy-fix when it came to weight loss.

"Thanks for making me breakfast, mom, although I may not eat it after taking my pill," stated the boy.

"Your pill?" she curiously asked.

"Yeah, it's an appetite suppressant pill and it works amazing. I just take one in the morning and I don't feel hungry at all."

"Lane, sweetie…why are you taking pills like that? You don't have an ounce of fat on you."

"Yeah, but if I wanna **STAY** trim, I definitely gotta watch what and how much I eat. These pills I take totally make that easy."

"What are the pills called? I may have tried them before," said Sloane, scooping his breakfast onto a plate.

"I don't recall, but from what I've heard they're the best on the market. Do you wanna try one?"

His mother thought about it for a moment. "Well, I know I'll be tempted to get a big breakfast when I'm out with the ladies so maybe I should," she answered.

Without thinking, Lane held out the mom'll-fuck-zine capsule that he had in his hand. "Here you go," he eagerly stated.

"You had one with you?"

"Oh, yeah…um, I figured I better take it now, while it's still early, but I can get another one for me. I have a whole bottle of them in my room."

He got his mom a glass of water, eager to watch her down it. Sloane smiled at him gratefully. "I'm always willing to try something different when it comes to shedding a few extra pounds," she expressed, then popped the tablet into her mouth, washing it down with a few gulps of water.

Lane's heart rate increased excitedly. He didn't think his mom needed to shed an ounce. She was wonderfully voluptuous, and the only place Sloane seemed to carry a lot of extra weight was her tits, and he certainly didn't want her losing those. *"Now, I wonder how long I wait?"* the boy thought to himself.

After showering and getting dressed, Sloane shouted down the hall to her son's bedroom. "I'll be back in awhile, sweetie. I might do some shopping after breakfast. Text me if you need anything."

"Bye," Lane answered, frowning in disappointment. *"I knew it!"* he thought. *"I knew those pills were a sham."*

It had been nearly an hour since his mom had gulped it down and she wasn't exactly begging him to fuck her like the ad claimed she would.

"Dude, I think we got scammed ," he texted Tanner.

"Why, what happened? Did you give it to her?" his friend texted back.

"Did I give her the pill, yes. Did I give her my dick, no! I watched her take the capsule an hour ago and not a damn thing happened."

"Maybe it takes more time to kick it ," Tanner suggested.

"I hope you're right, but I have a feeling we got bamboozled."

Lane got up and took a shower. He certainly wasn't gonna waist the day in bed dwelling on how his hopes had been dashed. After a

long, hot soak beneath the spray, he dried off, wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to his room.

Startled, he nearly collided with Sloane as she stood out in the hallway. He felt like he had Déjà vu. Only a week ago his mom had almost collided with him as he tried to spy her taking a shower. For a moment, he wondered if she were trying to peek in on him. "Mom, you scared me! I thought you were going out for breakfast?" Lane asked.

"I was, I just…felt really strange, so I thought I'd come home and lie down."

Lane could tell there was something different about the way she was looking at him. Almost like a fan girl who staring at her favorite, sexy movie star. "Oh, um…alright. Do you need anything?" he asked, trying to show concern.

"Yes," she whispered as her eyes traveled hungrily down his chest. "I mean, no…I just need to lie down for a bit and shake this off."

Lane watched her sashay to her bedroom, her bubble butt undulating deliciously beneath her dress. Sloane gave him a teasing look from her doorway. "You look sexy in that towel, by the way," she stated, then gave him a blushing wink. "Sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

After his mom closed the door, Lane stood there a bit shell-shocked. His mom had never made such a flirty comment to him before. "It's working," the boy whispered under his breath. "Holy shit, it's starting to work!"

He went to his room, combed his hair and sprayed some cologne on. Lane didn't bother getting dressed just yet. He decided to stay in his towel, since there was still a chance he could be getting laid. After waiting a short time, he began to have doubts again. *"Maybe she*

really wasn't feeling horny for me," he thought. *"Damn, what if she's having side effects from the drug that are making her sick?"*

Just when his mind began racing with "what ifs," he heard his parent's door open down the hallway. A moment later, there was a light tap at his door.

"Sweetie, can I come in?" asked Sloane, slowly pushing his door open. "Sure, mom."

Lane gasped as he saw his mom step inside his room wearing a black, semi-sheer teddy. She closed the door behind her and locked it, letting her boy's eyes feast on her rounded ass-globes. He licked his lips, staring at the dark fissure that separated her butt cheeks, clearly visible through the transparent fabric. He knew then and there that his dream of screwing his mom was about to come true.

"Lane, I've been thinking about you and I all morning," she confessed as she turned towards him, making her heavy, braless hooters wobble on her ribcage.

"You have? What about us?" he asked, staring at the fat melons that stretched the fabric of her teddy to its bursting point. He could just make out their dusky-pink caps beneath the mesh fabric.

"I've been thinking that we should be closer…a lot closer," she stated. "Maybe even have sex together."

"Really?!" the boy grinned, his heart pounding a mile a minute. He could see his mom having an inner conflict so he realized nothing was a done deal quite yet."

"No, I didn't mean sex," Sloane regressed. "What I meant was…well, maybe sex. Yes, sex would bring us a lot closer, wouldn't it?"

"You think so?"

"No…I mean…yes!" she nodded, staring at him lustfully. "You're so young and, um…wonderfully handsome. I'm sure you could fuck me really hard and make me cum."

Lane gasped in shocked. He had never heard his righteous mother say a single swear word, letting alone the F-bomb. "I could do that… if you want me to," he stated.

"You won't think I'm horrible?" she asked, her blushing face still showing signs of reluctance. "Cheating on your father and fucking my own son?"

"I won't think you're horrible at all, no matter what."

Sloane shook her head; still conflicted as she backed to his door. "No, I shouldn't…that would be incest, the ultimate taboo," she reminded herself.

Lane knew he had to keep encouraging her. She was like a fish hooked on his line that he just needed to continue reeling in. He pulled his towel open, exposing his rigid boner. "Are you sure you don't want to?" he asked.

Sloane gasped, squeezing her tits between her forearms and making them balloon out obscenely. Her areolar rings were clearly visible through the sheer fabric, as were the hardened teats that protruded from their centers turgidly. Her pretty eyes fixated on her boy's long teenage erection, following the bulging, blue steaks of cock-veins, which ran down the length of his stalk like bolts of lightning. His knob looked like a juicy plumb that was made for deep cuntal exploration. "You're so…beautiful!" she sighed as her tongue inadvertently peeked from mouth, slowing swiping across her top lip. "Your cock is so big!"

"Thanks!" Lane replied, making his boner flex on his loins, grabbing her attention even more.

"What is happening to me?!" Sloane asked herself as the last bit of conscious she had slowly dissolved. She reached back and touched the door handle, but made a lousy attempt at turning it. The mother quickly thought of her loving husband and their marital vows. "David, I won't betray you," she whispered to herself, still staring at her boy's erection wantonly.

Lane leaned back again some pillows, which rested against his headboard. He gazed across the room at his conflicted mother, peering over the huge, meaty spike of his cock. "Come let me take you, mom," he stated as if he was a hypnotist who had her under his spell. "I can give you lots of pleasure."

Still leaning against the door, Sloane began to peel off the teddy as if her body and mind were on two different teams. "I want you!" she whimpered as a shameful tear ran down her cheek. "I need you…so fucking bad!"

"I'm right here," Lane chuckled. "Come get me."

Sloane shed the teddy quickly, and slowly strode towards her son like she was still engaged in a mental tug of war. Her eyes traveled his young, lean body hungrily as she crawled onto his bed; her huge udders heaving and wobbling as she mounted his midsection. "I can't resist you," she helplessly whispered.

"Then don't resist," answered Lane. The boy took a big nervous gulp as his mom reached down and grasped his boner at the base, pointing it upward. His eyes widened, staring at her motherly pubis. A tiny, neatly trimmed patch of fiery red pubic hair crowned her vulva. Sloane's labial lips were engorged with arousal, splayed open slightly like a flower just coming to bloom.

"Auuugh!" the teen gasped, watching her squeeze the crown of cock into the moist entrance to her inner sanctum. Quickly, his eyes darted up to the huge tits jutting out from her chest above him. *"Damn…I'm gonna get lost between those motherfuckers!"* he

wondrously though, staring up through the huge canyon of Sloane's cleavage.

His eyes returned to the action as he felt the hot snugness of her middle-age pussy begin to sheath his erection.

The last bit of guilt and hesitancy all but melted away with the feel of her son's fat cock squeezing into the depths of her vagina. "Does it feel like home, sweetie? It should. You spent nine months up there," mewled the mother as she pushed the leaky tip of his dong against the small donut-shaped head of her cervix, mashing her outer labium against his cock-hilt.

"Oh my Gosh, I love it!" the boy answered, flexing the muscle and sinew at the root of his cock, just like he did while doing his penile weight-lifting.

His mom whimpered in delight, feeling the strength of his teenage boner stretch her uteri.

Sloane rolled her hips up and back, feeling her boy's spike plow inside her clutching tube like a sturdy stick-shift with a nice, rounded handle. "You lay in here at night and dream about fucking your mom, don't you?" she asked her boy.

"Uh-huh."

"Well, here I am, baby. No more dreaming."

Sloan began to plunge her horny cunt up and down on the meat of her son's cock-shaft, finding a nice steady fuck-rhythm. The rounded buns of her naked mommy-ass quivered each time they smacked against his crotch. Lane was seeing her tits in a way he'd only fantasized about as they leaped wildly to her tempo, swinging like buoys in a rough sea.

"I don't think I've ever felt a cock so fucking hard!" the mother panted. Her boy's penis felt like a rigid slab as it pumped through the hot tube of her vagina, stimulating her most sensitive nerve-endings.

Lane's cunt-smothered glans tingled as they glided along the encapsulating snugness of her slippery pussy-flesh. His mom's vaginal lining had well-pronounced pleats, causing exquisite friction on his penile flesh. Particularly his flaring coronal ridge as it carved its way through her pink collapsing walls, bumping the ring of her cervical head on every plunge.

"Yes, Lane…fuck me like an animal!" the horny mother cried out, riding him like a cock-hungry slut.

The boy's bed whined and jerked as their bodies danced in heated intercourse. Sloane felt a burning, exquisite heat blooming in her pussy. Quickly, the pleasure spread through her entire heavy-titted body so her nipples throbbed, her asshole pulsated and her engorged pussy lips sucked tightly around her son's cock.

"Oh, God, Lane…I'm gonna fucking cum!" she shrieked. "I'm gonna cum on your fucking cock!" Feverishly, she bucked and shuddered on top of him, fucking her cunt down on his unyielding hardness as fast as she could. "Ungggghhh, yes! Aww, God, yes! Fuck me! I'm Cuummiinng!"

Lane was treated to quite the spectacle as his mom gushed on his oversized penis. Her huge breasts were bouncing and rippling, and her face was red and contorted with pleasure as she experience a tremendous, full body climax.

For Sloane, if was one of the greatest orgasms of her life. The wonderful cuntal friction her boy's steely cock was creating, compounded with the thrill of fucking such a handsome teen stud was causing her pussy to ejaculate girl-cum for the very first time.

Quickly, Lane grabbed his mom's arms, tugging her upper-half down against him. Because he was reclined and not laying flat, his face was level with her giant, bobbling tits. He sank into her squishy cleavage, while he bucked his ass from his mattress, meeting her frantic fuck-thrusts with one's of his own.

The boy's testicles jumped up and down in his nut-sack as he pounded his meaty pecker up into the contacting tube of his mom's pussy. Having his grimacing face wedged in her squishy, quivering cleavage only added to the thrill he was experiencing. In fact, if it weren't for the conditioning he'd done over the past few weeks, Lane would certainly be spurting his wad inside his mom as she gushed her sweet, hot fuck-oil on his tireless prick.

Next thing he knew, the boy was sprawled on top of Sloane as she quickly rolled them over so they could screw in the missionary position. "Fuck me this way now, baby," his mom's excited voice requested. The teen settled down on top of her, crushing her fat jugs under his chest, his cock was still buried deeply in her smoldering, vaginal grip. Then, he started fucking his naked mother, moving his hips with skillful rhythm, pummeling his fuck-organ in and out of her juicy cunt. Sloane met his rhythm immediately, showing her sexual mastery as she shamelessly pumped her rounded booty off the bed, frantically fucking her pussy onto her son's fucker as hard as she could.

"Oh, shit, yes…you **REALLY** know how to fuck a girl, don't you?!" Sloane exclaimed, harnessing her luscious legs around his waist, using them as leverage to lift her quivering buttocks off the bed even faster.

Their naked bodies thrashed together on the bed like a well-choreographed horizontal tango. Sloane's sexy legs were wrapped up around her boy's young frame like a fleshy harness, the muscles in her thighs flexing and staining from their furious sexual union.

Determined to make his mom cum again, Lane pried his hands down beneath their humping bodies and grasped onto to her ass-cheeks, his fingers sinking into their fatty flesh as he intensified his savage thrusting. His cum-filled nuts slapped against her asshole, and several minutes of hard-core fucking this way got just the results he was hoping for. Sloane squealed beneath him and her fuck-slit erupted in orgasm, sucking spastically around her boy's pounding boner as delicious orgasmic contractions shot through her entire body.

"Oh, damn!" Lane gasped, as the intense cuntal friction caused the hot jizz to pulse through his spermatic cords, rocket up his urethra and spout out the pinkish-purple crown of his cunt-smothered prick. He continued driving his cock into her, draining his balls inside the sucking, pulsating wetness of his mother's cunt.

Their writhing bodies gradually slowed to a stop, still intimately entwined. "You have to keep it stiff so you can fuck my horny pussy again, baby," Sloane breathlessly pleaded, then fused her lips against his for a deep French kiss. The duo were far from being satisfied. They were both sexual athletes in their prime that could certainly spend hours beating their bellies together in a raging fuck.

"Can I fuck you from behind this time?" the boy asked raising to his knees. His still-erect cock slipped wetly from her cunt, glistening with their love-juices.

"Oh, God, yes…I love it that way!" his mom answered, quickly getting on all-fours and pointed her rounded ass-meat back at her boy.

"Damn, mom…you have the hottest ass on the planet!"

"Come make it beat against you then!" she grinned, wagging her buns invitingly.

Lane certainly hoped the 'mom-fuck-zine' drug didn't wear off any time soon so he could continue fucking his beautiful mom all day. He crawled up behind her, grasped his cock and rubbed its spongy knob up and down her juicy fuck-slit a few times, teasing her pussy and clit.

"Oh, baby…I need it!" his mom shuddered, wagging her ass anxiously. "Fuck me!"

Lane obliged, jabbing his prick to the hilt inside her clinging vagina. He grasped onto the rounded contours of her derriere and began thrusting like a fuck-hound, ravaging her doggy-style. The lewd sound of Sloane's thick ass beating against the boy's midsection filled his bedroom.

The mother's tits dangled from her chest like udders and swung to the rhythm of their deep, steady thrusts.

Lane was shocked at how quickly he made his mom cum this way. She bucked her ass back on him like a bitch in heat, while her cunt-tube chewed at the flesh of his pummeling penis. He spread her ass-globes, exposing the crinkled ring of her throbbing asshole. Then, he stopped thrusting and just let his mom beat her ass back against him, fucking his rigid dong with her horny sex-sheath. He grinned and panted lustfully, watching her fatty ass-meat ripple every time it smacked against his cock-hilt. "Oh, Lane…I just love that big fucking dick!" she cried out, staring back and watching his vein-encrusted pole jab into her. "Slap my fucking ass and make me cum again!"

The boy could never deny a request like that. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her delicious ass, making it ripple wonderfully. For nearly a half-hour he beat his dick through the tube of his mom's pussy, doggy-style. Finally, after his mom had cum for a full minute on his cock, he felt his nuts draw up close to his body. "I'm gonna cum again, mom!" his shaky voice announced.

"Yes…gimme that fucking nut-batter! Blast it into my unprotected pussy!" Sloane squealed.

Gritting his teeth and letting out a primitive grunt, Lane fucked his mom's pussy as hard as he could, exploding out a sticky load of hot cum that coated the inside of her quivering cunt.

"I don't know what came over me, Lane, but we can **NEVER** do this again!" exclaimed the mother as the drug finally wore off. By this time they had fucked without a break for several hours and the mother had cum more times on her boy's sweet cock than she could count. "I mean it. What we did today was pure evil."

"Whatever you say, mom," he answered, knowing full well she didn't have a choice in the matter. There were plenty more mom'll-fuck-zine pills in his bottle and he planned on using all of them. The teen watched her snatch up her clothing and hurry out of his room in shame.

"Dude, I can't believe it worked! She actually fucked me!" Lane exclaimed as he spoke to his friend by phone.

"How did her pussy feel?" Tanner asked. "Did you suck on her big titties?"

"Hell yes, I sucked them…they were bouncing around all over the place, and her pussy felt incredible. She let me fuck her for like… three hours!"

"Three hours…seriously?! Damn, I can't wait to try it on **MY** mom this morning!" said Tanner.

"You have to be patient. It takes a bit to kick in, but once it does she'll be all over your cock."

"That's great, but I have one big problem, unfortunately." "What's that?" asked Lane.

"I found out my dad's working from home today. How the heck am I gonna give my mom the horny pill and fuck her ass off if he's here?"

"It's simple…just get her out of the house. Go for a car ride or something," his friend suggested.

"I'm suppose to be sick, remember?"

Yesterday, the two boys had flipped a coin to see which of them would be trying the drug on their mother first. Lane won and ended up ejaculating three times inside his mom's horny cunt. Now, it was Tanner's turn.

"Look, just slip your mom the pill," Lane urged. "Once it's kicked in, she'll figure out a way for the two of you to be alone together, trust me."

"Any suggestions on how to get her to take the pill?"

"Actually, yes. I told my mom it was a new diet pill. You know how moms are always searching for the quick and easy solution for weight loss."

"Our moms have perfect bodies, dude!" Tanner expressed. "Beside that, my mom's pregnant. She's probably not thinking too much about diet right now."

"Tell her it's a nutritional supplement then and that it might be good for her **AND** the baby."

"That's a great idea. My mom takes all sorts of those and might be open to trying something new."

"Well, you wouldn't be lying to her," said Lane. "It's a fuck-supplement, something to help her get more cock."

Both boys laughed. "I'll let you know how it goes," Tanner stated, eager to get this wicked plan in motion.

On his way to the kitchen, the boy paused by his parent's doorway, which was cracked open slightly. Often times he'd get lucky enough to see his mom in a partial state of undress. Lucky for him, today was one of those days.

Destiny Jenkins was a thirty-six-year-old blonde. She'd gotten pregnant with Tanner during her senior year in High School and her and the boy's father, Lenny, had married just after graduating. Since then, the stay-at-home-mom had two other children, and number four was due within a matter of weeks. Tanner could see his mom near her vanity, brushing through her long mane of platinum-blonde hair. She was only wearing G-string panties, which were wedged deliciously between the cheeks of her meaty derriere.

Tanner reached down and squeezed his blood-engorging pecker through his pants. Even though his mom's back was to him, her tits were so Goddamn big that he could still see their creamy contours sloping down off her chest heavily. Her pregnant belly was perfectly round and ripe, making it look as though she could pop a baby from her pussy at any moment.

Destiny belt over to fetch something from the floor, making her G-string all but disappear between her rounded ass-globes. The panty-gusset stretched around her pubis so snugly that it formed a wonderful camel toe, and her hairless flanges began to bulge out the sides of the hem. The sight of this made Tanner gasp much too loudly, startling the mother and causing her to quickly lift a towel to her body.

"Tanner, come back here, this instant!" she shouted a moment later, then stepped from her bedroom. Her son was attempting to make a quick escape down the hallway but wasn't fast enough.

"I was just heading downstairs, mom," he answered, trying to conceal his erection.

"Come over here…and don't make me ask you a third time, young man!" she patiently demanded.

As her son shamefully made his way over, Destiny could clearly see that he was hiding a fully erect cock-bulge beneath his pants. It wasn't the first time he'd had erection around her, so she certainly wasn't shocked, however, the fact that he was peeking through her doorway deeply disturbed her. "Were you peeping through my doorway just now…be honest!"

"No, I was, um…just passing by."

"Would you like to tell me the truth or would you like the two of us to go down to your father's office and bring him in on this conversation?" Destiny sternly asked.

Tanner knew that he was more likely to be grounded if his father found out, so he decided just to fess up. "I did look through your doorway, but I didn't know you were getting dressed, sorry."

"Was that so hard to admit?" his mother asked. "I'll not have a peeping Tom living in this house, understood?"

"Yes."

"I thought I asked you to stay in your room today. You're sick. If you need something just text me and I'll bring it to you."

"I was just getting some water…to take my pill," the boy stated, holding his hand out and showing his mother the 'mom'll-fuck-zine' tablet.

"Pill? What type of pill?" Destiny curiously asked.

"It's a vitamin supplement. Some of my friends take it and they say it makes them feel incredible."

"Hmm, what's the name of it?"

"Mom-ll-fu…" he blurted, then stopped himself as his face turned a shade of red. "Um…I forgot the name actually."

"Well, I suppose it certainly can't hurt you, especially since you're sick and could use all the nutrients you can get," Destiny stated.

"The guys tell me a lot of their moms take it too. It's for men and women. Wanna try one?"

"No thank, hun…I've already taken my supplements this morning, and your father just made me a protein smoothie. Get your water and head back to your room, ok?"

"Alright, mom."

Tanner hung his head in disappointment. He was hoping his mom would be willing to try something new, but it didn't appear that she was at all interested. When he arrived in the kitchen, his hopes were revived as he saw her half-consumed smoothie sitting on the counter. Without hesitation, he rushed over, popped open the capsule and mixed it into the remaining liquid she had left.

"How is it going? Any luck yet?" Lane texted as Tanner lounged anxiously in his bed a half-hour later.

"I slipped it into her protein shake, but I'm beginning to think she didn't drink the rest of it," he messaged back.

"Give it more time. Trust me, she'll be all over your dick soon."

"What if she did drink it, but noticed how much different it tasted?! Dude, if she found out I put something in her drink she'll ground me

for a year!" "Trust me, she'll be too fucking horny to even care ," Lane texted.

"I hope you're right."

Tanner was about to give up all hope. He had nearly fallen asleep when he sensed someone inside his bedroom with him.

"I didn't mean to disturb you, baby," said his mom. "I thought I'd come collect your laundry and tidy up your room a bit."

"Alright," the teen answered, his eyes widening as he took in what she was wearing, which was a black sheer mesh bodysuit. The fabric clung obscenely to her pregnant, heavy-titted body, showing off its every luscious detail. Tanner was flabbergasted beyond belief as she stopped at his bedside and hovered over him. Destiny's huge, pregnant tummy and giant, milk-engorged tits ballooned beneath the fabric, stretching it tightly around their contours. Tanner's eyes fixed on the wide, pinkish-purple caps of his mom's tits, clearly visible through the sheer fabric. They were thickly textured and dotted with Montgomery tubercles. The nipples protruding from their centers were the fattest he'd ever seen.

Destiny peeked down over her swollen rack and smiled at her fascinated teen. "How are you feeling?" she lovingly asked, then bent over, resting her huge, soft udders on his chest as she felt his forehead.

"I'm, um…ok," the teen answered, peering down at the enormous canyon of her cleavage that was clearly visible through the fabric.

"You feel a little warm. Why don't you take off your shirt," Destiny suggested, then helped her son slip off his t-shirt.

She immediately brought her tits down against him again, sandwiching their fatty softness between them. Tanner couldn't believe how warm and soft her breasts felt; even better than he

imagined they would. Her rubbery teats poked stiffly against his chest showing his mom's arousal-level.

"That's better," Destiny whispered, gazing at the boy with her radiant green eyes. "Is there anything else I can do to help you feel better?"

Even though he was thinking it, Tanner certainly wasn't gonna ask his mom to fuck him, especially with his dad home and his door wide open. "I like being this close to you," he confessed.

"Do you?" his mom asked adoringly.

"Yes," the boy replied as their lips drifted closer.

"Then maybe mom should crawl under the blanket with you…and give you some sick day snuggles," she suggested, her lips closing in on his.

"I'd love that, but should we, um…close my door first, since dad's working from home?"

"Good idea. We don't need your father interrupting us," said Destiny. She gave her son a quick peck on the lips. Then, she stood up and sashayed towards the door. Tanner's erection flexed on his loins, tenting the blanket up obscenely as he watched his mom's undulating ass-meat. He licked his lips lustfully, imagining his face wedged in the deep crack that separated her curvaceous buns.

After closing the door, Destiny made her way back over to her son. Her humongous tit-melons quivered heavily with her every step. She paused, gazing down at the obvious protrusion in the blanket. "Oh, baby…you have boy-wood! Has mommy made you all rigid?" she wickedly asked.

"Yes, um…sorry. I just **REALLY** like what you're wearing."

"Well, it's natural for a boy your age to get hard. We haven't really had our mom and son, birds and bees chat yet, have we?"

"No."

"Maybe we'll do that while we snuggle. We can't have you walking around with a big love-hammer and not know what to do with it."

"True," the boy answered. He already knew a lot about sex, but certainly wasn't gonna tell his mom that.

"Why don't you take your underwear off that way you can be naked and comfortable for our chat," Destiny suggested.

She certainly didn't have to ask the boy twice. Tanner quickly removed his briefs, causing his cock to tent the blanket even higher.

"That's better," Destiny grinned, rubbing her baby-orb with her hands through the mesh fabric. "Now you can push it against my pregnant belly while we talk about sex."

"Alright," Tanner gulped, his heart rate increasing by the second.

"Have you ever had a girl kiss your neck, baby, and grind her body against yours?"

"Not really."

"Well, perhaps that's a good place to start then," said the mother as she pulled the foot of the blanket up and began crawling underneath it, onto the bed.

Tanner's breath quivered as he felt his mom's lips give his bulbous knob a tender peck as she slithered up his body. He felt his pecker glide between her meaty mounds and across her baby-swollen belly, the mesh fabric accentuating the divine sensation against his tender cock-meat.

Destiny brought her heavy-breasted body right down on top of her boy and immediately went for his neck, showering it with butterfly kisses. "Auugh!" the teen gasped, aroused tremendously by the feeling she was providing.

His mom's fat, squishy breasts and prenatal belly felt unlike anything he had ever experienced mashed up against him. She might as well have been naked the way her breasts were sloshing around between them.

Destiny went from kissing to light passionate licks on his boy's neck. She marveled at the heat and rigidity of his erectile meat as it pressed against the contour of her belly. She engaged in tender neck licks without a word for several wonderful minutes, letting her boy enjoy being blanket by pregnant female flesh.

"Do you feel your sister's fetus crushed between us, Tanner?" Destiny asked between kisses to his neck.

"Yes!"

"That's what boys dicks are made for…to create babies. Have you ever pumped a hot load of seed inside a girl?"

Tanner knew that normally his mom would be upset if he confessed to such a thing, but since he used the pill on her, these weren't exactly 'normal' circumstances. "Yeah…I have few times," he admitted.

"When you do that, you create billions of little microscopic hunters that swim up inside a girl's body in search of her egg," Destiny explained. "Once they find it, one of them will pierce her ovum and you'll create an embryo together."

"Sounds like a fun process," the boy admitted.

His mom brought her face up, so it hovered over his, which slid her body up some too, so his boner resting snugly against her mons. "It's the most wonderful thing that a man and woman can do together. It's called making love, and it makes your body experience unimaginable pleasure."

"Not just **MY** body. Women love it too, right?"

Destiny got a huge smile, her pussy throbbing as she put more pressure against her son's cock. "Oh yes, we do! If a woman could have it her way, she'd be with a man that could give her sex all the time. Even after a woman gets pregnant, she loves to feel a hard, throbbing dick thrusting rhythmically through her hot pussy."

Tanner couldn't help but blush at the filth that was spouting from his mother's mouth. Never in a million years did he imagine he hearing her say such nasty things.

"You don't have to blush, baby," Destiny whispered as she began subtly grinding her vulva against her boy's hardened cock. "There's no shame in talking about something so natural."

"Alright."

"There's also nothing wrong with a mother showing her boy just how hot and wet a pussy can get," she added, drawing the length of her son's penis into the moist slit of her cunt with only the thin layer of fabric separating their genital flesh.

Tanner winced and threw his head to the side, focusing on the amazing sensation his mom was giving his hard prick. Pre-cum bubbled from his piss-slit, smearing onto the gauzy fabric and mixing with the juice that had saturated the gusset of Destiny's body suit.

"Ohhh, you're so hard!" the mother cooed, her eyes also closed as she concentrated on the delightful rigidness of her son's teenage cock-muscle. His erection pried her fleshy prepuce back with every

dry-hump and scraped exquisitely against the nub of her grape-sized clit. She fought to resist the growing urge to reach down, tear a hole in the crotch of the fabric and let her boy bury his fruit to its base inside the smoldering hunger of her vagina.

"That's only the outside, baby," Destiny whispered. "This inside of my pussy is where the real pleasure is."

Tanner snarled in lust as his mom went to work on his neck again, darting her pink tongue all around his erogenous zones. His body began to writhe hornily beneath her, his ass rising up and down as he countering his mom's fluid humping motions.

"Oh, Tanner," Destiny gasped between kisses, feeling his hunky cock dig against the dripping mouth of her vagina. "You're gonna be **SO** good at making babies!"

"Thanks," he replied. Then, his mom said something that he never expected to hear.

"Maybe I'll let you pump baby number five inside me. Would you like that?"

Tanner's heart skipped a beat. "Really?!"

"Yes, after I give birth to your sister, maybe you and I could start trying to make another."

"What about dad?" Tanner stupidly asked.

"Fuck your father!" she answered, feeling his organ pulse stiffly against her smothering pussy. "I think you've clearly shown me who the alpha-baby-maker in this house should be."

"Damn, that would be hot, mom! Maybe we should start practicing now," he brazenly suggested.

Destiny giggled and looked into her son's eyes. "Yeah? You think we should start letting you blast your ball-goo into my pregnant pussy?"

"I sure wouldn't mind. That way we'll be really good together once it's time to get you pregnant again."

The mother grinned from ear to ear. "Yes, I think you're right. Long, passionate sessions of lovemaking can produce healthy loads of ejaculate, giving us a smart, healthy baby."

She showered him with a barrage of sexual kisses. "Are we really gonna do this, Tanner? Are we really gonna fuck each other, right here on your bed?" she breathlessly asked. "Uh-huh…we are!" he answered.

Destiny suddenly sat upright, straddling her boy like a horse. "Damn!" gasped Tanner as he stared up the huge, jutting breasts resting atop his mom's pregnant belly.

"Do you see a couple things you'd like to suck on, baby?" she teased, then rocked her shoulders, making her udders swing back and forth beneath the fabric.

"I sure do!"

"Then you'd better get this tit-candy out of its wrapper. Rip it off of me!" the mother eagerly stated. Her son wasted no time tearing open the thin body suit, unwrapping her like a Christmas gift. Destiny rose up, so he could peel the fabric from her crotch. Tanner's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he stared at his mom's naked, shaved pussy hovering over his cock. He could see the fat bulb of her clitoris bulging lewdly from its fleshy prepuce.

As soon her shredded body suit hit the floor, Destiny lifted her boy's steely prick from his abdomen, pointing it up and aligning his fat knob with her slit. "Holy shit!" her boy hissed, squirming anxiously at

the thought of his own mom sheathing his boy-cock with her tight, dripping pussy.

"Let me show you how fun and pleasurable baby making can be," said Destiny.

Tanner watched her puffy vulva lower to the tip of his pole, so his glans split her vulvar lips open. "Oh, yes!" he gasped, feeling his crown slip past the remnants of her vaginal membrane and into the scalding heat of her cuntal pit. His mom's pleated lining smeared her slippery fuck-oil along his shaft, lubricating it for their maiden union.

"**OH, TANNER!**" Destiny squealed loudly, feeling the fat meat of his cock stretch the lining of her pussy. The overly horny mother took him all the way to the base, fully penetrating their love-organs together. Tanner's engorged knob mashed against her cervical head, allowing his mom to feel his excited heartbeat through the throbbing tip of his prick.

"Wow, baby…I don't ever think I've had a cock this big inside me," Destiny confessed.

"It feels great!" sighed Tanner, enjoying the slippery heat of her encapsulating vagina around his erectile meat.

Suddenly, they were both startled by a knock at his bedroom door. "Hunny are you in there?" her husband asked.

"What the fuck does he want?" Destiny huffed, making sure all but her and her son's heads were covered by the blanket.

Before she could answer, Lenny opened the door and saw his wife laying on top of their son beneath the blanket. "What's going on in here?" he asked as his wife and son looked at him like deer caught in a vehicle's headlights.

"I was just talking to Tanner about the birds and the bees," his wife answered.

"While laying on top of him?"

"Yes, it's important for a mother to feel close and bonded to her boy during such a discussion," Destiny answered, tightening her fuck-muscles around Tanner's stiff cock.

Lenny noticed his son's eyes roll up in their sockets. "Are you alright, Tanner?" he asked, unaware that his boy's dick was buried to its root in his wife's tight cunt.

"Yeah, I'm fine, dad."

Lenny drifted over to the bed and stood next to them. "Do you have any sex questions that maybe your mother couldn't answer? Perhaps a male's view on the subject would help you too," he asked.

This drew a giggle from his wife. "Hunny, I know **WAY** more about sex than you do. Just go back to work."

"All I'm saying is—"

"Lenny, if you want to learn to play piano, you're not gonna go to a drum instructor. Tanner needs to learn how to fuck hard and create babies. Only a woman can teach that."

Lenny was a bit taken by his wife's language. He had never heard her use the F-word in their eighteen-year marriage. "Well, you don't have to be so crude about it," he stated.

"There are times to be crude and one of those times is when you're teaching boy how to fuck pussy and get a girl pregnant."

Lenny was baffled by his wife's choice of words. He noticed the shredded bodysuit on the floor and could almost smell his wife's

sexual secretions on it. His boy's shirt and briefs lay next to them. He looked at the lump of their stacked bodies beneath the blanket and began to become suspicious of why only their heads were peeking out. "Are you two dressed under there?" he asked.

"Lenny!" his wife blurted loudly, glaring at him sternly. "Go away!"

The husband knew not to fuck with the woman of the house. He went to the door then turned to see them still staring back at him. He could tell by the position of his wife's ass, bulging from beneath the blanket, that she was straddling their son's midsection. "We could have discussed this first you know," he stated.

"Lock the door, please!" his wife answered. "I'll be out before the kids come home."

Tanner looked over at the clock on his wall. It was only noon, which mean his mom intended on fucking him for three hours before his siblings got home from school. After his dad closed the door, he smiled up at his beautiful blonde-haired mother. "That was awkward," he uttered.

"Naturally. Maybe if **HIS** mom had taught him right, he wouldn't be such a lousy fuck," Destiny stated.

"Dad's no good in bed?" Tanner snickered.

"He makes me cum with his fingers much more than he does with his dick. Unlike yours, your father's cock is only averaged-sized so he never makes me cum as hard as I'd like to."

"Damn!"

"He couldn't even pump a baby into me the proper way," Destiny confessed. "We had to go to a stupid lab to get me implanted."

"Well, if you give me the chance, I'll implant you the right way."

"Mmm, I know you will, baby," Destiny smiled. "You'll put plenty of healthy seed inside mommy's sweet, tight cunny. You'll knock this woman up the right way."

"For sure!" the teen added.

"Why don't we start practicing that right now," suggested Destiny, raising her tits off his chest. "You can pound your big penis through the hole who came out of and make me soak your cock in girl-honey."

Crazed by the effects of the drug and the feel of her boy's deliciously big cock, Destiny began bouncing her twat on his throbbing tool.

Staring down beneath her rounded belly, Tanner could see his thick rod sliding in and out of his mom's widely stretched labium. Her cuntlips were sucking against his slippery pink dick as the pregnant mother's juices coated the length of his raging boner. The lewd sound of her hot swollen slit pumping up and down over his rigid fucker only added to their excitement.

Tanner took a moment to admire his gorgeous mom as she rode his cock. The way she was gasping as his sex organ stabbed up into her tight pussy allowed him to see her in a whole new way. Her huge tits quivered as they leaped up and down, streaks of blue mammary veins running just beneath their skin. Over the past nine months, Destiny's melons had become a literal milk factory and soon delicious nectar would be erupting from her swollen teats.

The mother flexed her pelvic floor muscles, compressing her vaginal sleeve around the thick slab of her boy's prick.

"Damn, mom…your pussy feels even better than a slippery fist jerking me off," the teen confessed.

"There's nothing like pussy, baby," she answered, plunging her fuck-sleeve up and down over the glorious, youthful hardness of his prick.

Being this pregnant provided both her and her son a higher level of pleasure.

Destiny's vagina was enhanced due to the increase in vascularity and nerve supply in preparation for childbirth. For her, this meant stronger, full body orgasms and for Tanner, a tight, pinkish-purple pussy-sleeve with well-pronounced pleats along its lining, sucking wetly around every ridge and vein of his cock as it glided along its length.

Tanner humped his ass from his mattress, watching his mom's big, oversized tits bounce and jiggle wildly as she rode his lurching loins. He'd certainly never fucked a pregnant girl before either and the sight of his mom's huge, round belly looming right in front of him was a giant turn-on. He reached out and rubbed the soft fetus-packed orb, knowing that some day soon he'd have his own baby growing in there, one that he and his mom's orgasmic love-juices had created together.

"Oh, wow…that feel crazy-good!" the boy gasped, looking down and watching their crotches grind together as Destiny swiveled her hips fluidly in full penetration. He wasn't sure what the fuck he was feeling deep inside there that was slipping wetly across the knob of his cock, but it sure felt amazing.

"I'm cumming, Tanner!" his mom's voice squealed with tit-quivering intensity.

Over the next minute or so a violent climax shook his mom's prenatal body. Destiny did her best to suppress her screams, since her husband was just across the house working. Even if Lenny did suspect that they were fucking, she certainly didn't wanna announce it.

"Auugh, damn!" groaned the boy, feeling his mom's cuntal walls contract tightly around his cock. His meat made a lewd creamy sound as it pumped through her juiced-up pussy-tunnel. He had

somehow managed to ward off his own orgasm and fuck his mom steadily through hers.

"Can I suck on your titties, mom?" he brazenly asked, licking his lips as he stared at her giant jugs.

"Of course, baby…that's part of lovemaking."

As Destiny began fucking her son again, she leaned forward, grasping his strong shoulders and letting her dangling milkers swing around her boy's wonder-stricken face. Tanner kissed and licked on the warm softness of her breasts, stuffing his face up into her gaping cleavage. He let his lips drag along the soft underside of her left tit then latched on to the swollen nipple before it could brush past his mouth.

"Mmnnff!" the teen whimpered, spreading his lips around the middle of her giant areola, suctioning her rubbery teat deep into his mouth. His face completely disappeared into the meaty melon of her tit as he sucked like a baby at its nipple.

Destiny's naked bubble butt bobbed up and down, her ass-meat rippling as she fucked her son earnestly. She couldn't explain her sudden explosion of horniness today, but she felt no regret, no shame as she fucked her experienced vagina on the satisfying stiffness of her son's teenage cock.

After a few more minutes of cunt-pummeling sex, Tanner felt his mom's pussy tighten up like a velvet vice around his prick. The fatty flesh of her tit began to ripple around his face as his mom convulsed on top of him in a powerful climax.

He snarled like a pleasure-induced animal, feeling her birthing tube chew at his penile meat. His mom's pussy let out an obscene **SQUELCH** and he felt her female ejaculate splatter out along the base of his prick, running down over his hips and onto the bed.

His own cum-load quickly boiled up from his balls from the divine friction of her slippery ribbed walls squeezing along his tender dong. There was certainly no shame in him cumming. He'd been fucking his mom like a porn star for nearly a half-hour now and given her two mind-numbing orgasms.

"**SHIT!!**" he gasped, slobbering around her swollen areola as a raging jet of cum hosed from his meatus and splattered through his mom's quivering vagina. His tit-smothered voice grunted with every pulse of his cum-spewing prick as he delivered a huge, creamy load inside his mother.

Satisfied that she had drained every drop of Tanner's cum with her cunt muscles, Destiny rolled him over on top of her. The mother's soft naked legs wrapped securely around his body. "Fuck me this way now, baby" she whispered, then locked lips with her boy for a fiery French kiss.

Despite having just cum, Tanner's cock was still fully erect. He was a healthy, hot blooded teenager after all. He began to thrust it through her vagina, while Destiny threw her crotch up to meet every plunge of his stiff cock. The friction of his raging boner against her blood-engorged clit was driving the mother absolutely wild. "Oh my God!" her voice quivered between kisses.

The fact that he was giving his own mom such tremendous pleasure boosted the boy's confidence. He knew with one cum out of his system he'd be able to fuck his heavy-titted mother like a savage. "I'm gonna fuck you hard and deep, mom!" he panted.

"Yes please, baby! That's just the way I like it!"

Tanner drilled his cock through her slippery hole. His torso felt like it was melting into the squishy softness of her giant breasts and pregnant belly. His mom's turgid nipples were digging into his flesh as her huge, luscious boobs rippled wildly under his heaving chest.

"Go faster!" his mom squealed, clawing her long nails down his back. "Fuck me faster!"

The teen gave her a barrage of violent thrusts, his big balls beating on her upturned ass. His entire bed was rocking and creaking wildly, and he hoped to hell his father couldn't hear them going at it this hard.

Destiny let out a sharp huff as her son thrust his cock all the way in and held it there. The boy whimpered in ecstasy as he felt her tightly pleated pussy tunnel grasp and suck around the throbbing meat of his member.

"Oh God, I'm gonna fucking cum on you!" his mother groaned, frantically clinging to her boy. She arched her back beneath him and tossed her head from side to side, whipping her pretty blonde hair around in ecstasy.

Tanner began humping like a madman again and Destiny tightened her naked thighs around her son's body as her handsome boy increased both the tempo and depth of his heavenly thrusts. He raised himself up on extended arms while he fucked, so could watch his mom cum for a third time. He loved how her beautiful face was distorted with wild pleasure. He could tell she was trying to suppress her screams, so his father didn't hear her cumming mindlessly.

"You like that, mom?" he asked. "You like how I'm fucking your pussy?" "I love it!" she panted.

The teen's eyes drifted down to her breasts and watched her tremendous melon-meat roll and ripple crazily. "Goddamn, those are big tits!" he blurted, then plopped right back on top of her, crushing those huge hooters between them. He locked lips with his mom so she could squeal into his mouth while he continued to skewer her with his rigid meat.

Destiny wormed her tongue deep into Tanner's mouth, delighting in every rhythmic thrust of her boy's hard, sinewy cock. The pleasure in her loins intensified with every powerful plunge of his prick. She loved the animalistic way her son was grunted and panted into her mouth as his lean, virile body bucked against her, making her hot mommy-pussy ripple and gush with unbelievable pleasure.

On and on they fucked, their naked bodies becoming slippery with perspiration as they beat their bellies together tirelessly. "Suck my titties, baby!" the mother urged.

The boy was more than eager to oblige. He loved masking his face in the dough-like softness of her oversized breast and gorging himself on the peak of her tit. As Destiny neared another orgasm, she extended her lovely legs into the air in a wide V, so her dainty feet were pointed to opposite sides of Tanner's bedroom. "Oh, baby, I'm cumming again! How are you making me cum again so fast?!" her frantic voice quivered.

Destiny clenched her toes, and her legs began to quiver as a full-body orgasm began to sweep through her mature frame.

With his mom's pussy rippling wetly around his pummeling cock, Tanner began thrusting into her with all his strength. He clamped his teeth around her rubbery teat, grimacing as he felt his ejaculation start up through the length of his shaft.

Destiny wrapped her silky legs back around her boy, locking him in a fuck-harness as she bucked lustfully from the mattress. Their bodies writhed like two wild animals fused together in a furious fuck. The mother's climax carried her to a pinnacle of exquisite ecstasy that she had never experienced before, even with some other the other hot guys she had fucked in High School.

As hot ropes of teenage cum gushed into her spasming fuck-hole, Destiny screwed her cunt-lips up around the root of Tanner's spurting cock so he could wash the head of her soon-to-be-dilating

cervix with his virile cream. "That's it, you dreamy cunt-fucker…fill me with your baby-makers!" she squealed.

For several glorious minutes they wrestled in body-trembling ecstasy; the world around them seeming to vanish away as their minds focused only on the magnificent friction of their ejaculating genitals.

Finally, Tanner rolled off his mom, his soaking wet cock flopping back against his abdomen. "Wow, that was quite the lesson, mom!" he sighed.

She rolled over against him, letting her squishy boobies crush against his chest. Then, she gave him a sensual kiss and looked him in the eyes pleadingly. "Do you think you'd be able to go again?" Destiny asked.

Tanner reached down and gave his youthful cock a few rejuvenating strokes. The drug had made his mom even hornier than he imagined it would. "I'd love to go again!" he smiled.

As he climbed to his knees, the boy watched his mom position herself on all-fours in front of him, pointing her rounded ass back for a doggy-fuck. Her creamy, pink flanges were splayed, ready to be stretched open by his cock again. Tanner wasn't sure when the 'mom'll-fuck-zine' drug would wear off, but he planned on taking full advantage of his mother sexually until it did.

"Here I come, mom!" said the boy, then mounted her meaty haunches, spearing his eager prick to its hilt inside snug furnace of his mom's pussy.

Mom's 12 Naughty Days of Christmas

By Klrxo

"Since you're going off to college this next year, I wanna give you a Christmas that you'll really remember this time" said Bailey as she hovered over her son in the kitchen while he ate breakfast.

Carl was struck by how sexy his dark-haired mother looked in her red Christmas robe and Santa hat. The neck of her attire was peeked open enough for him to admire her gaping tit-cleavage, and what a tremendous cleavage it was! Bailey had breasts that could put most other women her age to shame. The same could be said about her ass, which was perfectly thick and rounded, just like a juicy peach.

"So, you bought me a car for Christmas?" Carl asked, half-jokingly. "That would certainly make it one to remember."

"You'll have to talk to your dad about that one. I wanna do the twelve days of Christmas with you…but in a way I think you'll love."

"The twelve days of Christmas?" the boy asked with a confused look.

"Yes, you know how it goes," his mom said, then started singing. "On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me, a partridge in a pear tree!"

"Yeah, I know the song, mom. So, you're just gonna sing to me for twelve days?"

"No," she giggled, "but there are some other things I have in mind. I have twelve naughty gifts I'll be giving you; one for each day leading

up to Christmas."

"Naughty gifts?" Carl asked, his interest suddenly piqued.

"Yep, starting with this one," Bailey replied, handing him what looked like a large Christmas colored gift tag.

Carl read it aloud. "**DAY** 1 – **LET IT SHOW**.

MOM WEARS A SANTA HAT AND NOTHING ELSE. "

When Carl looked up to get an explanation, his mom's robe had slipped off her shoulders and onto the floor so all that remained on her body was her Santa hat. "Holy smokes, mom…you're naked!" he exclaimed.

"Are you complaining?" she sheepishly asked. "Certainly not!"

Carl's lusty eyes roamed his mom's naked body. Her tits were just as huge as he always imagined, hanging heavily against her ribcage.

Spread across their peaks were the most delicious-looking areola and nipples he had ever seen. His gaze drifted down her tapered torso to her pubic mound. Her lick labium formed a delightful camel toe and the plump clitoral hood peeked from between her puffy flanges.

"Goddamn, mom…you could model for a porn magazine!" the boy exclaimed.

"Thanks, hunny!" she laughed, making her bosom ripple. "I knew you'd enjoy seeing my naked body, since your eyes seem to be undressing me every morning."

"Well, I'll admit…I have fantasized about this moment."

"That's why I added it to your list of naughty Christmas surprises," Bailey grinned, showing her perfect, sparkling-white teeth. "It's like

I'm helping you spell Santa. You just need a little T and A."

Her joke made Carl laugh. "That's a good one, mom!"

"Oh, and my birthday suit does come with something extra." "Something extra?" the boy eagerly asked.

"Yes, it comes with a tight hug, before you rush off to school."

Carl watched her step towards him. Her melon-meat bobbled deliciously, like mounds of figgy pudding, and he knew they would feel divine crushed against his young chest. "Can I, um…"

Baily paused just in front of him. "Can you what, hunny?" "Oh, never mind," he blushed.

"Carl, if there's something you want, just ask me. This is **YOUR** special gift."

"Can I take off my shirt for our hug?" "Of course, you can."

The teen quickly shed his t-shirt, and no sooner was it off than his mom was clutching onto him. Her fatty tit-mounds spread out across his lean, hairless chest, lewdly bulging out at the sides between them as they embraced for a tight hug. His mother whispered into his ear in a sultry tone. "Is that a candy cane in your pocket or are you just excited to see me naked?"

"The second one," he answered. His mom's body felt incredibly luscious, and her sweet perfume was intoxicating. Her thick teats were just as erect as his cock was as they poked against his chest. This told him that she was enjoying giving his gift as much as he was receiving it.

"What are my other gifts? Can you give me a hint?" Carl asked.

"Nope, but let's just say that Santa won't be the only one 'coming' this Christmas," his mom whispered. Then, her pretty voice hummed the chorus to "12 Days of Christmas" in his ear while they hugged.

Carl could hardly focus during school that day. His mom's enormous, naked jugs had felt so squishy and warm against him that it was an hour before his dick went soft. If the other eleven gifts were just as wonderful as his first one was then his mom was right, this would be a Christmas he would remember forever.

It seemed like the following morning would never arrive. His dad and two siblings rushed out the door like they normally did, leaving Carl and his mom alone in the foyer. "This is for you," Bailey, handing him a Christmas tag.

Once again, Carl read it aloud. "**DAY** 2 - **SANTA'S SEXY HELPER. YOU AND MOM HELP EACH OTHER OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES AND INTO THE TUB**. "

The boy looked at his mother anxiously. "We're taking a bath together?!"

"It sure sounds that way," she replied, with a Grinch-like grin. She took his hand and led him upstairs to the private bathroom she shared with her husband. The water to the tub was running and a cloud of bubbles was nearly overflowing.

Carl started undressing, but his mom moved over to help. "The tag said to 'help each other out of these clothes,' remember?" she reminded him, tugging off his t-shirt.

The boy watched his mom squat down, unbutton his pants and pull them and his briefs off in one swoop. Carl had gotten hard before they even got up the stairs, so his boner sprung upward rigidly. The knob on the tip of his vein-encrusted shaft was shiny and bulbous, like a round, pink ornament on a Christmas tree.

Bailey's eyes widened in delight as she stared at her boy's erection for a moment. It was the length of one of those thick candy canes she had sucked on as a young girl and looked just as tasty. "Mmm, the stockings are 'hung' and so are you," she teased, licking her lips.

"Thanks," Carl proudly uttered.

"Your turn now," she smiled, standing back up. "Unwrap your mother like a Christmas gift."

Carl slipped off his mom's robe, revealing a bright red Christmas bra and matching panties. "Keep going, baby…I'm not naked yet," his mom said.

Her silk-shrouded hooters brushed against him as he reached around to unclasp her bra. He pulled the cups away from her oversized milkers, making them wobble delectably. "Now my panties, hunny," whispered Bailey, guiding her boy's hands to the waistband of her dainty thong.

Carl's heart about beat out of his chest as he peeled her panties from her crotch and down her silky legs. He involuntarily licked his lips, staring at her hairless vulva. It was also a moment of lusty reverence, knowing that he was gazing at the pussy that had once birthed him.

Bailey led her son by the hand into the bathtub and they sunk into the fluffy suds together. "Let me give my boy a scrub-a-dub-dub," she said in a sultry tone, kneeling between his legs. She got a sponge nice and soapy, then began washing her boy's youthful body.

"Mmm, mom's gonna wash every inch of you," Bailey whispered as she scrubbed her son's shoulders. Her giant tits dangling only a foot from Carl's face, and he stared wondrously at her gaping wet cleavage.

"Your tits sure are big and beautiful, mom," he commented, marveling at the way they hung so heavily from her chest and bobbled to every move she made.

"You've been wanting to see my tits naked for a long time, haven't you, naughty boy?" Bailey asked with a knowing smile.

"Yeah, but I never thought I'd actually get to see them."

"Well, someone's Christmas wish came true this year, didn't it?

There's another sponge sitting there. Do you wanna wash mommy's boobies, while I give your penis some scubby-lovin?"

"Definitely!" the boy blurted, reaching for the other sponge.

Still kneeling between his legs, Bailey leaned forward, draping one arm around her boy's neck. She put the other hand beneath the sudsy water and began to wash his prick and balls. "Mmm, I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," she whispered, staring into her son's eyes, "and I'm not talking about snow."

Carl gasped as he felt the soft sponge swathe his throbbing cock in a delightful up and down motion. He reached up and cupped her dangling udders, letting his fingers sink into their squishy meat.

"Mmm, how do they feel, handsome? Like warm, soft gingerbread?" his mom's sweet voice asked.

"Uh-huh."

"You can pull on the nipples…you're not gonna hurt them," urged the mother.

Carl tugged on her wet, rubbery teats, wishing he could slurp one inside his mouth and suck like a baby.

"Close your eyes, hunny. Let mom tell you a warm Christmas story," Bailey whispered with her lips to his ear.

Carl clenched his eyes shut, focusing on the stroking sponge, the squishy feel of his mom's boobs and the sweet sound of her voice. "Once upon a time, there was a boy named Jarvis. Jarvis wanted lots of toys for Christmas, but his family was extremely poor. This saddened his mother, June. She wanted to give her son a special Christmas, but she simply didn't have the means to buy him anything that he really wanted. Then, the mother realized that she could make his holiday special after all, and that it wouldn't cost her a cent."

Bailey began to increase the friction around Carl's cock by squeezing the sponge with her hand as she continued speaking. "Jarvis's mother had great big boobies, with thick, delicious nipples that he could suck on all he wanted. She also had a nice tight, skilled pussy that could pump and soak his young cock for hours!"

Carl gasped and his body shuddered from both the feeling his mom was giving his boner and the naughty words that were spouting luridly from her mouth. Bailey continued her story. "June snuck into her son's room early Christmas morning and fucked his virile boner, making his jingle bells ring as he pumped all his warm, creamy eggnog up into her dripping hot pussy."

Carl was unable to hold off his own load as Bailey tugged his tingling pecker exquisitely beneath the water. He let out a guttural grunt as his semen load began to hose from his piss-slit, into the smothering sponge. Bailey's pretty voice began to hum a Christmas son as she listened to her boy gasp and grunt in orgasm.

"**OHH, GOD, MOM!**" the boy groaned, writhing beneath her, and mauling her fatty tits as she stroked him off.

Carl loved how his mom acted just like her normal self that night, giving no indication that something naughty had happened between

them that morning.

"Have a good day, son!" said his dad as he rushed for the door the next morning. "Oh, your mom told me to tell you to come upstairs. She wants to talk to you about something."

"Thanks, dad. See ya!" said Carl, closing the door behind him. He anxiously went upstairs to his parents' bedroom and peeked inside. "Mom?"

"Dim the lights and turn on some music, hunny," she said from the bathroom. "I'll be right out."

Carl did as she asked, then watched as his mom stepped from the bathroom. She wore a beautiful red Christmas gown that clung to her luscious curves. It had a haltered neckline, showing off an obscene amount of tit-cleavage. Her sexy, shaved legs peeked from slits that ran from her waist down, and her pretty feet were propped in six-inch mules.

"This is for you," she said, handing her boy a red Christmas tag.

Carl read it aloud. "**DAY** 3 – **JINGLE BELL ROCK OUR BODIES TOGETHER**. "

TELL EACH OTHER YOUR NAUGHTY CHRISTMAS WISHES, WHILE YOU AND MOM SLOWLY DANCE TOGETHER."

Bailey grasped on to her son, joining their horny bodies for a slow dance. The dim lights and erotic music created the perfect atmosphere. "Tell mom what you want for Christmas, hunny," she whispered to her son.

"Honestly, there's only one thing I can think of right now," he confessed.

"And what might that be?"

"By the way you've been teasing me, you should have a pretty good idea, mom."

"Well, it sounds as if we both want the same sort of Christmas gift," she stated.

"You think so?"

"Well, let me tell you what I want…and you can tell me if it's the same gift idea that you had."

"Alright."

His mom embraced him even tighter, crushing her spongy tits against him as she brought her lips to his ear. "I want a nice, deep Christmas fuck," she whispered, making him gasp in arousal. "I wanna feel your chestnuts roasting by the open fire, while they beat against my upturned ass."

Carl was too shocked to answer for a moment, but finally he blurted something. "That's exactly what I want!"

"Oh, my baby wants hot Christmas pussy!" she cheered, squeezing him even tighter. "He wants to shimmy up mom's chimney and make us have a 'not so silent' night together, doesn't he?"

"Yes!"

The mother reached down and squeezed his rigid member through his pants. "On Christmas day, let's pretend we're presents and 'get laid' under the tree," she seductively whispered.

"That might be a risky place to do it."

"Yes…risky and thrilling! Can you imagine the look on your father's face if he saw our naked bodies entwined and slapping together beneath the Christmas tree? Imagine just how shocked he'd be

when he saw how your balls were beating against his wife's ass, he might think you're the little drummer boy," the mother snickered, squeezing on the knob of her boy's rod.

"That's a not something I'd want him to see. He'll kill us!"

"At least I'd die with a satisfied pussy, getting fa-la-la-la-la-laid!" sang Bailey.

She tugged her boy's cock through his pants as they slow danced, wishing she could tear of his clothes and squeeze that hard slab of dick into her dripping cunt. After a few minutes of intense cock-fondling she heard her son begin to grunt as hot jizz began to erupt from his piss-slit, filling his underwear with sticky goo. Bailey hummed the chorus of the 12 days of Christmas as she squeezed her son off through his pants.

Twenty-four hours later, she was humming again, while grinding against his lap in a wonderful lap dance. Carl had been given another tag that read:

"Day 4 – **WINTER WONDERLAND LAP DANCE LET MOM SIT ON YOUR SUGAR-STICK AND MAKE YOU SPURT BETWEEN HER HONEY-BUNS**. "

Carl was doing just that as his mom ground her delectable bubble butt on his rigid prick. The G-string that stretched across Bailey's asshole was the only thing that separated their grinding flesh. Her boobs were barely contained within a snowflake-patterned bikini top and jiggled around lewdly as she gyrated on her boy's lap. "Santa's lap isn't the only place wishes come true," Bailey stated, winking back at him.

"True!" Carl replied with an excited gulp.

"I bet you wish my booty was a stocking, so you could 'stuff' it right now, don't you, hunny?!"

"Uh-huh!" the boy moaned as a hot load of teenage jizz began splattering between his mom's butt cheeks.

"Mmm, mom's ass is like a bunch of warm Christmas cookies, isn't it?" Bailey cooed. "You just needed to add your warm milk."

"Ohhh, mom!" he gasped, tossing his head back as strong ejaculatory spurts erupted from his butt-smothered penis-tip. Bailey made sure she had milked every drop before she stopped.

"Speaking of Christmas goodies…you even helped mom with her holiday baking this year, hunny," said the mother as she raised off his lap. "Look, we made some yummy sticky buns together."

Her plump, rounded butt cheeks were shiny and 'sticky' with his boy-goo. Carl couldn't help but stare at her meaty ass-globes. The G-string was wedged so far up her ass-crack that that she might as well have been naked.

"**DAY** 5 - **A VERY MERRY MAKE-OUT**," read the boy as he looked at the tag his mother had given him. "**KEEP THINGS NICE AND SLIGHTLY SPICED WITH SOME SWEET HOLIDAY SMOOCHING WITH MOM**."

"Lay back on your bed," Bailey said, nudging him back, so Carl sprawled on his mattress, wearing only his underwear. He had been late for school every day this week, but his mom didn't seem to care, so neither should he.

Bailey glanced up at her son's ceiling as she crawled onto him. She had come to his room wearing only a crotchless fishnet body stocking. "What's that I see up there…mistletoe?" she lustfully asked.

"Yeah, a bunch of it," said the boy, playing along.

"Well…a guess we'll have to do a 'bunch' of smooching then, won't we?"

"You won't hear me complain any," her son replied, staring at the melons that were pushing against the sheer fabric.

Bailey blanketed her horny teen with the heavenly softness of her luscious body as they began kissing. Having his mom's tongue slither into his mouth like a slippery Christmas eel and lash around with his own licker was completely surreal.

The mother planted her bare cunt firmly against his sinewy fuck-muscle, marveling at his youthful hardness. As they made out like two lovers on Christmas morning, Bailey ground her vulva against him in a subtle dry fuck.

"I'm gonna start calling your bed my one-horse open sleigh," Bailey whispered between kisses.

"Why's that?"

"Because I bet it's really fun to ride in."

Carl had never been with a girl who could kiss as well as his mother. He could tell that she loved it and really knew what she was doing. "You're really good at kissing, mom," the boy gasped.

"Imagine what else I'm good at," she answered, while planting enthusiastic kisses on his lips. Bailey gazed into his eyes longingly. "Are you anxious to feel me from the inside, hunny?"

"I sure am!" he nodded, still in disbelief that she was asking him such questions.

"Unlike Santa, you **WON'T** be wrapping your package before you shove it down my chimney. Your hard penis will be simmering in my oven, like warm, honey-glazed ham."

"Oh, shit, mom!" the boy gasped as she began kissing and licking his neck. He writhed his hips beneath her, sharing the rhythm of her swiveling crotch. The heat that escaped her fuck-slit was beginning to warm his penis immensely, and the friction she created made him feel like he was having his dick stroked off.

"Oh, I think mom's on the naughty list this year," said Bailey. "Cheating on your father with you and being a ho ho ho bag for the holidays."

"It's so fun though!"

"It is fun, isn't it, hunny? Having mom spread her Christmas cheer all over your cock," Bailey stated, 'spreading' her love-juices all over her boy's underwear as she humped against him.

"You can spread as much of that cheer as you want." "Oh, don't you worry…your cock will be soaked in it." "That's gonna feel incredible."

"You know…your Christmas gift today mentioned smooching my lips, but it **DIDN'T** really specify which ones," the mother pointed out as she slid up his body, then straddled his head. "Maybe **THESE** were the lips it was talking about."

Carl squeezed on his cock through his briefs, while staring up at his mom's shaved pussy, which hovered just above his face. The labial folds were swollen with desire and his mom's plump, pink clit protruded from its fleshy hood. "Maybe so," he replied. "I'd love to kiss those lips."

Bailey lowered her sopping slit onto her boy's face. Carl began licking her cunt like a starving dog, lapping up the cream that seeped from her vagina, delighting in the pungent taste and aroma of his mother's secretions.

"Oh, baby," Bailey moaned. "If my pussy were a snowman, you'd have it melted into a puddle by now."

Bailey's grape-sized clit protruding from the top of her pussy slit. Carl wrapped his lips around the nubbin, sucking it like it was a swollen nipple. Immediately his mother bucked and squealing as she fucked her shaved pussy all over her teen's face. "Yes…eat me like Christmas dinner!" she gasped.

The mother peered back and watched her boy fish his boner from his underwear and begin stroking its horny length. She licked her lips, her eyes fixed on the slippery pre-goo that seeped from the slit of his knob. "Mmm, the only 'package' that I want for Christmas this year is that one, hunny."

Carl sucked her clit even harder, his face masked by the hot flanges of his mom's cunt. "I'm cumming, baby!" he heard her whimper as she shamelessly fucked his face.

The teen was so enthralled by the feel, smell, and flavor of his mom's quivering cunt that the milky jism began to spurt out of his cock-slit. He made a point not to wash his face after he was finished, so he could smell the sweet, intoxicating aroma of his mom's pussy while he was at school.

The next day was Saturday, but that didn't stop Bailey from playing Santa. She invited her son to go shopping with her, but instead of visiting the store, they parked off a quiet dirt road just outside of town.

"**DAY** 6 – **THE 'SOUTH' POLE**," Carl read from the tag his mom brought.

"**LET MOM GIVE THE GIFT OF A LITTLE EXTRA LOVIN' TO YOUR LOWER REGION**. "

Bailey peered over at her son's crotch a grinned lasciviously. "Mmm, you've already got a hardon, Carl!" she stated, reaching over to unzip his pants. "Have you been thinking about my tight pussy all morning?"

"Uh-huh!" the boy nodded, watching her fish out his cock.

She pulled his pants and underwear to his ankles, then doted over his erect sex organ, hungrily licking her chops. "It's so much longer and thicker than your father's. I can tell you're quite the 'elf-a-male,' aren't you?" she teased, making her son laugh.

"Does my boy like to get his dick stroked and sucked on?"

"I love it!"

"I hope so, because Mrs. Clause has a hot, sloppy blowjob in store for you today," said Bailey, climbing onto her knees on the seat and lowering her head to his crotch. "Mm, leaky boy," the mother cooed, then fluttered her tongue on the tip of his prick, swiping off his tasty pre-jizz.

Carl could hardly believe his eyes as he watched her long, thick licker whip all over his shiny bell glans. His mom opened her mouth wide and wormed his meaty cock shaft into throat. His swollen crown brushed past her tonsils, nearly causing her to gag on his tool.

"Damn, mom…that feels amazing!" the teen confessed, while watching her pretty head bob up and down on the turgid stiffness of his prick. Lewd gurgling sounds filled Bailey's vehicle as she gorged herself on her son's delicious boner.

"Mmm, even Santa can't make candy as sweet as your dick is," the mother mewled between sucks. Her tongue curled around his glans, tracing the collar of his coronal ridge, then flickering against the band of his frenulum. She clamped her hand around the base of his boner and beat his meat between the rounded ring of her lips, making her boy writhe in pleasure.

"Mommy's mouth does it best, doesn't it, sweet boy?" Bailey asked. "We moms know just how to suck a young, tasty dick."

Bailey knew his balls would spurt up a big load any second and she was eager to taste his virile nectar. She thoroughly enjoyed the flavor of sperm and knew Carl's potent baby makers would be especially sweet sizzling on her taste buds.

"Oh, Mom! You're gonna make me cum!" the teen announced.

The heavy-titted mother sucked him feverishly, while jacking his cock at its root. Her hand was a blur, she was stroking his meaty stalk so fucking fast. Then, torrential ropes of hot cum began splattering through the inside of her mouth, and she gulped it down as quickly as she could.

The lucky teen squirmed on the car seat as he felt his beautiful mother milk every drop of cum that he had to offer. "OK, mom…ok!" he winced as his boner became extremely sensitive between her lips.

Despite his urgency for her to stop, Bailey continued sucking, gliding her rounded lips up and down his rod with long, sweeping sucks. Her fist remained tightly clamped around the throbbing root, and she dragged her hand slowly upward to pump out the last toe-clenching drops of his ejaculation.

"Damn, mom…that was the best blowjob I ever got!" the boy sighed.

"You shot off such a big load, hunny," she cooed, licking the residual spunk off her lips. "Teenage boys have such tasty ball-juice."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Your knob is so shiny and red after that, it looks like Rudolph's glowing nose," Bailey giggled as she continued to milk his throbbing prick with her fist, staring intently at the bulbous, shiny-skinned crown.

Late the following night, the living room was illuminated with the magical glow of Christmas lights. Near the tree, two completely covered figures were writhing beneath a big blanket on the floor.

"This is **SO** cool, mom!" Carl whispered, laying on top of his gorgeous mother as they made out. Bailey wore only a skimpy, white baby doll nighty allowing her son to enjoy her delectable curves. Earlier, she had given him a Christmas tag that read:

"**DAY** 7 – **CANDY CANE CUDDLES**

"**SNEAK IN SOME SNUGGLES WITH MOM ALONGSIDE THE CHRISTMAS TREE**. "

It was risky with Bailey's husband upstairs sleeping, but also incredibly thrilling. Sprawled on her back, she had her strong, naked mommy-legs harnessed securely around her boy's back, fastening him against her voluptuous body. This time she allowed Carl to be naked so he could dig his raging cock-flesh against the heated, panty-covered mound of her pussy.

"Mmm, you like our naughty reindeer games, don't you, hunny?" Bailey whispered between wet, sexual kisses.

"I sure do!"

"You've got a special toy from Santa's workshop, just for mom, don't you?" she asked, feeling his muscled slab plow against her overheated pubis. "One that makes me wanna Scrooge!"

Bailey grasped onto her boy's taut, naked ass with her long nails, guiding his delightful dry humps. Her pussy was so wet that it had completely saturated her panty-crotch. "Yes…push that yule log against me, baby," she softly whimpered. "Show me how you plan on taking me Christmas day."

Carl was on cloud nine. His mom's huge hooters felt so Goddamn good against his chest with the silk of her nighty only accentuating their squishy suppleness. He slid his hands up beneath the skirt of her nighty and onto her smooth belly as their wiggly tongues dueled inside his mouth.

Bailey knew that her tit-obsessed boy was dying to get his mitts on her giant G-cups again. "Go ahead, angel," she whispered between kisses, "reach up and squeeze those jiggle jugs."

The boy eagerly slid his hands up onto her fatty mams. Bailey's tit-caps were crinkled in arousal, and her teats protruded stiffly, like tiny erections. Carl pinched them in his palms as his fingers sunk into the meat of his mom's breasts.

"Mmm, don't they feel titilicious, hunny? Big holiday hooters for my tit-starving boy!"

Even though there was no penetration, the depraved couple looked as though they were fucking beneath the blanket. Their bodies writhed passionately together in a feverish dry fuck, while feasting on each other's lips. "Do you hear what I hear?" the mother panted, gazing up at him. "It's the sound of sparks flying between us."

Soon their nearly naked body were dry humping violently. Bailey clung to her hard-thrusting teenager, squeezing her strong legs around him to keep their horny crotches pressed together. "There you go, baby!" she excitedly squealed. "Move that body like you're fucking the piss outta me!"

Bailey was delighted by how her son's eyes lit up as his penis began ejaculating between them. She could feel the blood and muscle in his thick shaft flex and strain, each time he shot a gooey cord of cum between their hugging crotches.

The next morning, Bailey was in the kitchen, writing out the next tag to give to her son. "**DAY** 8 – **HOLIDAY SWEET TREATS**

"**USE YOUR FAVORITE SWEET TREAT TO 'SPREAD' THE HOLIDAY CHEER** – **ON EACH OTHER**," she wrote. Then, she looked over at the bottle of whipped cream and chocolate sauce, smiling mischievously.

"What are the ingredients for?" asked her husband as he stepped into the kitchen.

"I'm just, um…doing some baking this morning," she lied.

"I bet it'll be yummy," said her hubby.

"Oh, it will be!" grinned his wife. *"Chocolate covered flesh, topped off with whipped cream,"* she thought, then licked her lips anxiously. She couldn't wait for her husband to leave so she could rush upstairs.

Ten minutes later, Carl was on his back, on the middle of his parent's bed, staring up at his mom's naked, ballooning tits. "I hope you're hungry for something sweet this morning, hunny," his mom giggled, making her fatty mammaries jiggle.

"I am!" he replied, shifting his gaze to their crotches. Since his mom was straddling him and they were both naked, their genitals were smothered together. He marveled at the way his horny boner was sandwiched between his abdomen and her vulva, resting in the moist slit between her cuntal flanges.

Carl looked back up as his mom popped open the chocolate sauce. She had heated it up, so it was warm and liquid-like. Bailey began pouring it all over her huge titties, smiling down at her son's excited reaction. Then, she doused her heavy hangers with whipped cream. "How's this for a holiday sweet treat, hunny?" she asked,

"It looks delicious!" he answered, his eyes nearly bugging out of his skull.

"Speaking of holiday food," said the mother, "have I mentioned that I can wait for you to pound the gravy out of my biscuit with your sausage?"

Her words made the boy's heart skip a beat. "I can't wait either. I hope **THAT'S** coming soon!"

"Oh, it is, but in the meantime, let's enjoy licking and sucking these Christmas yummies off each other," said Bailey, lowering her bobbling boobie-treats to her son's face.

Carl's body shuddered from the feel of his mom's chocolate and whipped cream covered breasts wobbling around his face. He licked his way up into her soft, gaping tit-cleavage, cleaning off as much of the sticky sweets as he could and enjoying every second of it.

Bailey held her boy's head between her bounteous bosom, while grinding her fleshy clit against his cock-shaft. "If I was the Grinch, I wouldn't steal Christmas. I'd steal you, and grind on your fucking cock every day," she whimpered.

Carl licked his way around the creamy contour of his mom's tit, like it was a huge, yummy ice cream cone. He found her chocolate covered nipple and greedily suctioned it into his mouth, spreading his lips across her wonderfully wide areolar ring. Bailey leaned down further, letting her cute tit-elf feel the delightful weight of her breast against his face.

*"**HOLY FUCK!**"* the boy's brain exclaimed as his face sunk into the soft, fatty, and glandular tissue of his mom's warm tit-melon. He sucked hard at her rubbery teat, chewing at it lightly with his teeth. He could stay there all day if she weren't providing such exquisite cuntal friction on his boy cock, grinding him towards a powerful ejaculation.

"Is this how you like it, sweet boy? Bailey naughtily asked. "Do you want mom to fuck your hot dick cowgirl style?"

"Mm-hmm!" Carl replied while battering her nipple with his slobbery tongue.

"You'll forget all about those High School sluts. Mom will show her boy how girls can **REALLY** fuck!"

Bailey was also nearing a hot climax. Her boy's slippery pre-cum was providing wonderful lubrication for her to hump their engorged sex bulbs together. "Is this black Friday, baby?" she panted. "Because you're about to get me one hundred percent off!"

She heard her boy squeal against the sloshing flesh of her breast and felt his knob mushroom against her humping cunt-lips. Her inner labia flanked his blue-veined stalk and drug up and down its legth like two wet tongues. Struck with an orgasm, Carl's young ass rose from the bed, lifting his mom up as his legs shivered. His grunting, ejaculatory cries were muffled by pounds of tit-meat.

Bailey's climax crested also, and her luscious body began to convulse in a orgasmic fit. Carl wrapped his arms around his busty mom to keep her from bucking right off him. He feasted on the pink, fleshy peak of her breast, while they both writhed in sexual delight.

"**DAY** 9 - **SANTA'S TOY SHOP**

STROKE ON YOUR CANDY CANE, WHILE YOU WATCH MOM GET OFF USING HER FAVORITE GIZMOS," Carl read.

"You get to be a kid in Toyland today, hunny," Bailey stated, shucking off her robe. "Get yourself naked, while I fetch my favorite sex gadgets."

Carl quickly stripped down to his birthday suit. He was already rigid from just the anticipation of what was coming, but the sight of his mom's bare-naked body sent exquisite tingles through his meaty appendage.

Armed with a couple of sex toys, Bailey plopped down onto the bed in front of him and shamelessly spread her lovely legs apart. "I've got two vibrating love-eggs here, one for my pussy and one for my ass," she explained.

"Your ass too?!" the boy asked in fascination.

"Yes, angel. We moms love things that vibrate shoved up our asshole while we masturbate."

"That's the coolest thing ever!" the boy commented, stroking on his cock, while watching his mother lube up her toys for penetration. She quickly slipped them inside her holes, so there were only tiny pink stems sticking from her cunt and ass-ring. Then, Bailey grabbed her vibrating wand and clicked it on high. She immediately began using it on her engorged clit.

Carl loved the way his mom was staring hungrily at his cock, while furiously rubbing her love-nubbin with her wand. "You like what you see, mom?" he boldly asked.

"Uh-huh!" she gasped, dragging her tongue across her lips as she stared at his scrumptious-looking dong. "Christmas candy isn't the only thing sweet and hard I wanna enjoy this holiday season."

The mother's clit tingled, the walls of her cunt and ass humming with delightful vibration. She watched her boy's fat, juicy knob slip through his fist, imagining what that pink, fleshy bulb would feel like burrowing against her cervical head, smearing it with pre-cum. She knew her boy had the cock-length to hit every sensitive nerve in her vagina and make her cum so fucking hard that the neighbors would hear her scream.

"Call me a Christmas candle," said the mother, gazing into his eyes, while rubbing her hot clit, "because my pussy is burning for you."

Carl marveled at how wide his mom's legs were scissored open. Her dainty bare feet with their toenails painted Christmas red, were pointing to opposite sides of her bedroom. Her giant jugs lurched on her chest, rippling to the violent strokes she was giving her clit with the sex toy.

They shared a magical stare, reading the pleasure on each other's faces. "Let's cum together!" the mother stated, her voice shaky from an impending climax.

"I'm ready when you are!"

"Not yet…I'm almost there!" shouted Bailey as she rubbed her clit frantically. "Don't cover your dick when you cum. Frost my body with your cock-glaze!"

Carl's eyes widened as his mom's beautiful frame began to quiver, and she squealed lewdly. "**NOW!**" Bailey shrieked. "**HOSE ME WITH YOUR HOLIDAY GOO!**"

Carl grunted and his boner pulsated, delivering a long, milky rope of jizz onto his mom's writhing body. More cream erupted from his meatus in rapid succession, splattering obscenely onto Bailey's tummy, tits, neck, and face. It was two minutes before the two of them stopped cumming, and what a merry two minutes it was!

"Mmm, mommy has a bunny rub for her baby!" Bailey exclaimed, slapping her meaty breasts around her boy's boner as he sat at the edge of his bed.

Only a minute ago, Carl had read from his Christmas tag. "**DAY** 10 – **O TITTIE-TEASE, O TITTIE TEASE!**

BUST YOUR LOAD BEWEEN MOM'S BIG SQUISHIES AND GIVE HER A PEARL NECKLACE FIT FOR A CHRISTMAS QUEEN."

"Oh, your dick is **SO** hard, Carl!" Bailey cooed, squeezing her boobs together as she humped them around his steely stiffness.

"You have a way of making it that way, mom," said the boy, watching his knob emerge from her cleavage on every downward stroke.

"You've given your mother the best gift of the season…this big fucking teenage dick!" she stated pumping his cock steadily between her tits. "Good tidings aren't the only thing I'm giving you on Christmas day!"

"Oh yeah…what else do you plan on giving me?" Carl asked, playing stupid.

"Let's just say that the Christmas tree isn't the only thing that's going to have an angel on top of it."

Carl watched his mom pause for a moment and let saliva dribble from her mouth, down into her cleavage. This provided wonderful, natural lubrication, so his cock could continue to slip fluidly through her squishy tit-furrow.

"Mmm, am I jingling your bells, baby?" his mom asked in the sultriest tone he'd ever heard. "Are you gonna give me a white Christmas?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Have you got something special in the sack for me, Santa?" she asked, reaching down, and fondling his cum-bloated nut-sack.

"Damn, mom…you're so hot!" he gasped, his rod tingling between her spongy tits.

"Oh yeah? You want mom to 'jingle bell rock' your world on Christmas day?"

"Yes, please!"

"I'll be mom and you can be Santa. We'll make our own Christmas magic right up inside my hot, dripping hole," Bailey mewled, tirelessly pumping her boy's blood engorged cock.

"God, you're gonna make me cum if you keep talking like that!" the boy sighed.

"Mmm, you wanna empty your sack good, hunny, just like Santa does?"

"Oh, God, mom!" the boy whimpered, bouncing his ass from the bed so he could meet her tit-strokes.

"Ahh, that big hard, teenage dick!" Bailey cooed. "So virile and horny for hot, creamy pussy! I've got it for you, baby. Mom's gonna sleeve that tender meat in first-class pussy and fuck you so hard you'll be begging to come home from college!"

"I can't hold it, mom! Oh fuck!" the boy's shaky voice exclaimed. A powerful load of jism bursting from the tip of Carl's tit-smothered prick and splattered up his mom's cleavage. Repeatedly, cum erupted from his throbbing cock shaft, sending ropes of pearly-white semen up around his mom's neck, giving her that necklace she dreamed of.

Bailey continued to turn on the dirty talk as she used her monster-melons to drain his balls completely of fuck juice. "You'll like the sound of our naked bodies beating together, while we have a very merry fuck-session on your bed."

After draining him completely, a lewd feeling of contentment coursed through her sexy body as she felt her boy draw his prick out from between her cum-soaked tits.

"Hey, Aunt Gina. Hey, Aunt Renee, what are you all doing here?" Carl asked the next morning. His mom's twin sisters were slightly younger than Bailey was and incredibly beautiful. They had matching honey-blonde hair and sparkling green eyes.

"We're here to help your mom with your naughty gift today," Renee answered.

"Here you go, baby," said Bailey, handing her boy his tag.

Carl read it aloud. "**DAY** 11 – **THREE MAIDS A-MILKING**…**YOUR COCK WHAT BETTER WAY FOR A BOY TO ENJOY THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS THAN TO BE BURIED IN FEMALE FLESH**."

He looked over and watched all three women slip their tops off. "We love big dick," said Gina, "and we hear you have quite the whopper, Carl."

Renee looked at her nephews cotch, which she could tell was hardening beneath his pants. Then, she smiled over at Bailey. "I'm not a weatherman, but I can tell already that you can expect more than a few inches tomorrow," she joked.

Bailey laughed then looked at her son. "Much more than a few, trust me. Get naked, hunny," she urged, "Show them how long and fat your cock is."

Carl shed his clothes, while watching them do the same. Normally, his two aunts would have tits the size of his mother's, but they had both recently given birth, so their breasts were incredibly milk engorged.

"Shit!" the boy gasped as Gina and Renee's milkers burst from their bras. They were some of the biggest Goddamn tits he had ever seen, especially on such seemingly fit frames. Their huge areolar caps were deep shades of purple in color and dotted with

Montgomery tubercles. The nipples that protruded from their centers were fat and rubbery.

"I hope you like breastmilk, sweet nephew," Renee grinned, cupping her heavy hooters. Tit-nectar began squirting out of several milk-ducts surround her two thick teats. "Because **WE** have a lot of it!"

"It looks delicious!" the boy replied, licking his chops. He watched the three of them remove their dainty silk panties, sliding them down their lovely shaved mommy-legs. The boy marveled at their hairless crotches.

"All three of you are shaved down there," he noted.

"That's because we like to fuck…a lot," Gina replied. "It's easier just to be bare down there and not have to worry about pubic hair getting in the way of anyone's tongue or cock."

Both his aunts gasped as the boy removed his briefs, exposing his erect prick. "You were right, Bailey...the 'South Pole' does look like a wonderful place to spread our holiday cheer," Renee stated, her tongue nearly hanging out with lust.

The teen anxiously watched the three of them crawl onto the bed with him, their heavy, wobbling melons hanging down nearly to his mattress as they crawled towards him like a herd of hungry reindeer. "Do you girls know what my son and a Christmas tree have in common?" Bailey asked.

"What?" asked Gina.

"They both stay 'up' for as long as you want them to, they have cute balls, and they look good with the lights on or off."

"That funny, and true!" Gina giggled.

"Damn, kid," gasped Renee, grasping her nephew's boner and slowing stroking its rigid length. "The horse down the street just called. He wants his cock back."

"Too bad…it's mine now!" Carl said proudly.

"That's debatable," his mom protested. "I seem to be using it more than you do the past eleven days."

Hungrily, the three sisters milked and squeezed his thick, pulsing prick, making clear cock juice ooze out of the cum-slit.

"Mmm, fuck, Carl," his Aunt Gina hissed, lusting after him with her sultry green eyes, "the only reason I'd kick you out of **MY** bed is to fuck you on the floor."

"Wow, I've never had three hands wrapped around my cock at once," quothe boy sighed. He humped his ass on the bed, fucking his prick through their tightly stroking fists. Overwhelmed with lust, the mothers frantically started giving him a hand job, pumping their pretty hands wildly, up and down his erect cock-shaft.

Carl brazenly reached over and squeezed their dangling tit-melons. His hands sunk into their fatty mounds, pinching their supple teats between his fingers.

"Do you need one to suck on, sweet nephew?" asked his Aunt Gina. Then, she crawled over and planted one of her milk-swollen tits directly on his face. The teen began suckling like a boy in Wonderland, drawing her tumescent boobie-tip deep in his mouth.

"Mmnnff!" Carl gasped as breastmilk burst into his mouth and down his throat like sweet ambrosia.

Gina's wet pussy throbbed and hungered for young cock as her nephew gorged himself on the creamy peak of her tit. After a few

minutes, she popped one leaky nipple from his mouth and replaced it with the other.

"It's **SO** big and fat!" Renee exclaimed, admiring the swollen crown of Carl's boner as it slipped through her fist. "Can I take a picture of it, so I can show Santa what I want for Christmas?"

"Sorry, sis," said Bailey as she played with her son's balls. "I'm afraid he already has a reservation inside someone's else's pussy on Christmas day."

"Lucky them," Renee said with a wink, "I bet she really gets the juices fucked out of her."

She jacked her handsome nephew's cock exquisitely, eagerly anticipating the eruption of hot cum-ropes from his leaky slit.

While one twin sister jerked him off and the other let him nurse,

Bailey softly kissed her way up her son's torso, letting her dangling tits drag teasingly against his abs. When she reached Carl's neck and started showering it with butterfly licks, the boy felt his orgasm coming on quickly.

"Oh, Carl…I wanna fuck you so bad!" his mom whispered, making his body shudder. "I can't wait to feel you ravaging my hot pussy with that huge fucking cock!"

Carl's teeth clamped down on Gina's nipple and milk spewed from his mouth as he let out a guttural pleasure-groan.

Long sappy ribbons gushed out of his piss-hole and sailed into the air, making his Aunt Renee squeal in cock-pumping delight. "Oh, look at all that liquid love!" his aunt cooed, pulling and tugging at the blue-veined hardness of his cock as she emptied his balls of their heavy load.

"Hunny, Carl wants me to come up to his room and play that new video game we bought him," Bailey told her husband. "It requires two players."

"Alright, hun," uttered her husband, half asleep on the couch. Bailey was right, the game did require two players, but one 'joystick' would be buried inside of her.

"Ready for your final Christmas gift, hunny?" Bailey asked as she stepped inside her son's room and closed the door.

"I sure am!" answered Carl, waiting anxiously at the edge of his bed.

"I've checked twice, and you're definitely on Santa's naughty list," his mom winked as she sashayed over on bare feet and handed him his twelfth Christmas tag. He read it aloud. "**DAY** 12 - **SLEIGH RIDE WITH MOM MOM TAKES THE REINS AND GIVES HER BOY A RIDE HE'LL NEVER FORGET. MERRY CHRISTMAS!**"

Wasting no time, they both began throwing off their clothes. Carl loved that his mom seemed just as anxious as he was to fuck their asses off. "Get on your back!" said Bailey, stripping off her panties.

Carl sprawled back on his mattress and his mom turned on some Christmas music to drown out the cries of pleasure that she knew would soon be filling his bedroom.

"Are you looking for a tree topper, baby?" asked Bailey as she crawled up and straddled him. "Because I've been told I'm a star on top."

"Sure!" he anxiously replied, staring at her bobbling tits as she lifted his cock, pointing it up towards her naked crotch.

Bailey loved wrapping her fingers around his oversized cock. It was intensely hard, and she yearned to have his thick, sinewy shaft pounding away at her horny twat. She pulled his thick foreskin

down, making his shiny knob mushroom and nudge against her freshly shaved cuntal flanges.

"Merry Christmas, Carl," she whispered, then she split her twat with his rod, sinking him inside of her.

"Oh, wow!" the boy gasped, feeling his tender erection plunge into the hottest, tightest pussy he could ever imagine screwing.

Bailey squealed as her son's teenage boner squeezed up through the slippery, corrugated tissues of her fuck-hole. The fact that Carl's cock was so much bigger than her husband's sent tingles through her groin as he stimulated nerve endings that she hadn't had touched in years. "Oh, shit, Carl…you're so fucking big!" she gasped. "You're making my Christmas dreams come true!"

Once fully impaled on his cock, Bailey remained completely still for a moment, enjoying the sensation of his meaty slab filling her completely. Carl's thick stalk was stretching her cuntal lining and his knob was pushing delightfully against the very back of her vagina. "Damn…now that's what I call a stocking stuffer!" the mother sighed.

"It feels incredible, mom!"

"We're only getting started, hunny," Bailey added as she set her hips in motion. "It's about to get a lot better!"

Throwing her head back, the pretty mother began humping up and down on his shaft, making his steely-hard cock rub deliciously against the tingly walls of her cunt-tunnel. Carl's blood-swollen knob pounded against the rounded ring of her cervical head, smearing it with his leaking pre-cum.

There was never a more beautiful sight than the one in front of him. His mom fucked him shamelessly, making her gigantic tits leap around wildly. The way her breast-meat rippled each time they

slapped against her rib cage made the boy giddy with desire. Her lovely face was thrown back, and there was wild sexual excitement in her beautiful eyes that Carl had never seen before. The way her long, dark hair whipped wildly around her face and shoulders made her look like a true Christmas Goddess.

"It's so good, hunny!" she panted, bouncing rhythmically on his stiffened cock. "Your dick feels so fucking good!"

"So does your pussy!" the boy gasped, listening to her ass beat against his thighs and her pussy slurp and squish around his meaty boy-cock.

They fucked for ten minutes this way before Bailey planted her crotch against his and swiveled up and back in a steady grinding motion. "Oh, Carl!" she whimpered, stirring his sinewy dong around inside her love-chamber, stimulating her sexual nerve-endings. The way her fat clit scrapped against the root of his cock gave her feelings of pleasure that flashed like electricity through her heavy-breasted body.

"Carl! Oh God, hunny!" she squealed as her excited cunt muscles involuntarily began sucking at the length of his pummeling shaft. Her pretty face suddenly contorted with ecstasy. "I'm cuuummmiiinnnggggg!"

Carl did his best to fight off his own orgasm, wanting nothing more in the world than to fuck his beautiful mother for as long as he could.

When Bailey leaned forward, causing her big, soft boobies to swing around his face, he found it even more of a challenge not to spill his seed.

Bailey's rounded bubble butt bobbed up and down tirelessly as she rode her son like a Christmas whore. Her thick cuntal flanges beat wetly against his cock-root as she pounded her son's huge, muscled

dick through the spongy pink sleeve of her vagina. "God, baby…I just wanna fuck you all day long!" her voice quivered as she slipped her buttery baby-chute up and down the entire length of his deliciously stiff prick.

Carl captured one of his mom's nipples, suctioning it deeply in his mouth so his lips stretched out across her wide areola. He pushed his face up into the quivering squishiness of her boob, masking himself in tit-flesh while he sucked. The tit-gobbling teen whimpered as he felt his mom's pummeling pussy react to his oral affection, tightening exquisitely around his lurching penis.

Bailey could hardly control her humping movements as her excitement increased. There was simply nothing more thrilling than ravaging her own son's cock with her husband right downstairs. The fact that Carl was so much younger, cuter, and leaner than her husband, and had an enormous cock that was bursting with rock-hard stiffness, made it even more wicked and satisfying.

The nipple popped from Carl's mouth and his mother covered his lips with hot, wet kisses. The boy clenched his toes as he felt the spongy tube of her cunt squeeze wetly up and down his dick. His wide coronal ridge flared along the cap of his cock, rubbing snuggly along the slippery ridges that were lining his mom's encapsulating pussy.

Whenever she flexed her pelvic floor muscles, Bailey's spongy pink walls would chew delightfully on his erectile meat, stimulating his sensitive glans. "Goddamn, mom!" the boy gasped. "You're gonna make me cum!"

"Let's cum together, baby!" she panted, skirting on the edge of another tremendous climax.

Carl wrapped his mom in his arms, squeezing their bodies together and making her squishy tit-melons spread out around his neck. He humped his ass from his mattress, meeting her thrusts in counterpoint as they beat their horny pissers together.

"Do you want me to pull out or fill you with Christmas cream?" the boy asked with growing intensity in his voice.

"Fill me up, Santa! Empty that sack inside my hot pussy!" his mom replied, her meaty buttocks flying frantically up and down as they fucked up a storm.

"Here I cum, mom!"

"I'm cumming too!" Bailey sobbed as the glorious waves of a tit-trembling orgasm surged through her wildly humping body. "Fuck, baby, fuck…I'm cumming on your cock! Cumiiiinnnggg!!"

The two of them writhed with unbelievable passion as their sex organs pumped and contracted intensely. Their ejaculations splattered together between the hammering heat of their crotches, spraying all over Carl's bed.

For nearly five minutes they rocked and trembled in a tight orgasmic embrace, grinding their fully penetrated genitals together and squeezing out the last of their cum-fluids.

Bailey's husband knocked at their son's door an hour later. The only thing he could hear was the song "Rockin' around the Christmas Tree" blaring from inside the bedroom. "Bailey?!" he called out, knocking a second time.

Carl's big balls beat against his mom's rippling butt cheeks as his raging cock pounding savagely through her fuck-hole. Her lovely legs were propped on his shoulders, her quivering tit-mounds crushed against his lean chest as he fucked her from the top. Their naked bodies glistened with a sheen of sweat, showing that they'd been at this for quite a while.

The mother lifted her head and slid her quivering legs down her son's back as she heard her husband's voice outside the door. "What is it, hunny?! We're in the middle of a video game," she shouted.

"Still?! You guys have been in there over two hours," said her hubby.

"What can I say," Bailey breathlessly replied, raking her long nails down her son's back. "This game is just as addictive as I thought it would be."

Carl wasn't even listening to their conversation. He was too focused on the glorious sensation around his cock. Cradled between his mom's sweaty thighs, and sprawled flat against her, he had boner pushed all the way inside her snug pussy, feeling its wet heat squeeze and secrete hot fuck-oil around his fully engorged boner. His leaky, mushroom head was crushed against her vaginal fornix, and he could feel her lewdly stretched cunt lips sucking wetly around the root of his cock.

"Give me just a little while longer and I'll be out, ok, hunny?" Bailey told her husband. She drew her knees up, widening her spread so she could give her fuck-bear all the room he needed to really pound the fuck out of her. "OK, my little elf…where were we?" she whispered.

Carl's muscular ass began to rise and fall as he quickly found a fiery fuck-rhythm.

Happy Holidays! K

Mom's
5th Wheel Lovin'
- The Series
by KLRXO

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'

By Klrxo

Chapter 1 - Gemini Man

"I get my kicks...on Route...Sixty-Six!" Jewel sang, shifting her lush mature body about.

Her eight year old daughter Ann looked at her like she was crazy. "Mom, you shouldn't do that. Your boobs are way too big," she said.

Jewel put on a playful frown. "Oh so what, girls with big boobs aren't allowed to dance?"

Her husband brought out a few bags from the house. "Did I just hear something about big boobs?" he ask.

"Just our daughter making fun of her old mom again," Jewel said.

"Dang, if you're an 'old mom' that means 'old dad' must be ancient," Martin said, referring to the fact that he was forty-five, six years older than his wife. He looked good for his age, reasonably fit with just a bit of gray.

Ann stuck her nose up and walked off. "I'll come visit you both in the rest home soon." "Cute, Missy. Where's your brother at?" Jewel asked. "He should be out here helping." "Probably playing his game, like usual."

The mother rolled her eyes. "Of course he is. I don't even know why I bother to ask," she said to her husband. "I'll go make sure he has his things ready."

"Tell him he'll have plenty of time to play games once we're on the road," Martin said.

Jewel stopped and looked back at her hubby as if she had a sudden revelation. "You know what, screw that. I propose we make this a

'**GAMING DEVICE FREE**' family vacation," she suggested.

Martin laughed. "Oh yeah, that'll go over really well," he said.

"I'm serious. We're traveling the historic Route Sixty-Six. There's gonna be so much to see and experience. Would it kill him to take a break from the video games for a few weeks?" Jewel asked.

"Mom, please don't sing that stupid song again," Ann said from not far off.

Jewel giggled and rocked her hips, "I get my kicks...on Route...Sixty Six," she sang, making her jutting breast wobble back and forth.

"Gross!" Ann shouted, plugging her ears.

Of course Jewel Anderson was far from "gross." She looked like a thirty-nine year old version of the 70's actress Natalie Wood, with sharp beautiful facial features and long silky brunette hair. What truly set her apart from other women, however, was the shape of her body. Her legs were strong and shapely and her ass was like the plumpest, juiciest Georgia peach you'd ever sink your teeth into. By far her most notable feature was the size of her breasts. To not notice the two bowling ball-sized mounds beneath her snug fitting tops was like looking a tree in full bloom, without noticing the leaves.

Her husband responded to the video game recommendation. "You know me, I'll support the idea of no games on this trip," Martin said, "but I'll let you break the news to him."

Cory was sprawled out on his bed with his gaming device, so zoned-in that he didn't even hear the tap at his door. "Cory?" Jewel said as she stepped inside his messy room.

"I'll be down in just a minute, Mom. I'm just about through this level," he said.

"Cory, I need to talk to you. Turn it off, please," Jewel said, in a stern enough tone to let him know she was serious..

The teen huffed, then lowered the device to his bed. "Ok, it's off," he said, "what do we need to talk about?"

Jewel stepped over to his bed, placing her hands on her hips and gazing down at him. With any other male, this sort of stance would create an immediate glance at her huge jutting breasts, but not with her son. She found this strange and a bit troubling. "Not the slightest peek at my tits.

That's so bizarre. Maybe he's gay, which is absolutely ok. I would never discriminated against someone's sexual preference, I would love to just know what makes him tick, beside those damn video games," she thought.

She answered his question. "Well, first off, we're about an hour from leaving on a three week vacation. You really should be downstairs helping out."

"Yeah, ok," he said, sitting up, "I planned on coming down once I got through this level."

Jewel plopped down next to him before he could get off the bed, "And secondly, I have a question. A very **PERSONAL** question."

"Oh boy," he muttered, unsure of what was coming next. "Do women interest you?" Jewel asked candidly. "Women?" he asked.

"Yes, you know those humans walking around with vaginas and boobs," she joked. "I know what women are mom," he blushed.

"Ok then, back to my question. Do they interest you?"

"I guess so, why?"

"Well honey, it's just that most boy your age are showing more interest in girls than video games. They have posters in their bedrooms of half naked women, not, um..." Jewel said as she tried to discern one of his colorful video game posters, "not whatever those things are."

"That's the Interplanetary Army, Mom," Cory said.

"Yeah, well, that's great, but honey, you're technically a man now," she said, "there are so many other wonderful things you should be experiencing."

"Oh, you mean like a job?" he asked, reminding her of the recent urging of his father.

"Well, jobs are important, yes, but I said wonderful things," she said, "things that create special feelings...inside you."

Cory shrugged his shoulders, not having the slightly clue what she mean. "If you say so," he said.

Jewel smiled at him. "How 'bout we make a deal. You leave the game device at home and I will personally see to it that you have an incredible time on this trip."

"Three weeks without games? Are you serious, Mom?" "Yes, it'll be great," she said.

"We'll be traveling hundreds of miles a day. Without my games I'll be bored out of my skull," he said.

"No, you'll just have more chances to enjoy other things, things you've been missing out on." He snickered doubtfully. "Oh boy, I can't wait."

Jewel placed her hand on his. "Tell you what, since you like games so much, let's play our own game," she said, "a road game."

"A road game?"

"Yeah, how 'bout every day you pick the first letter from the licence plate of the first car we pass on the road. Sometime during that day, I'll pick something new and exciting that starts with that letter to show you," she explained.

"No offence, Mom, but that game sounds really corny," Cory said.

"It won't be corny. It'll be super-awesome! Will you please just give it a chance?" she asked sweetly, gazing through long fluttering lashes.

"Fine," her son muttered.

Jewel bounced her ass on the mattress a few times excitedly, making her big boobies jostle around beneath her top. "Yaaay! We're gonna have a blast."

Martin was a doctor by profession, which meant a healthy salary and the means to purchase a brand new top of the line 5th wheel trailer. The "fiver" was decked out to the hilt. When it came to luxury travel, it didn't get much better.

To pull such a beast required some power, so Martin had purchased a spacious crew cab truck. It would be a three week adventure ridden in style for the four of them.

"Route Sixty-Six, here we come!" the anxious husband said as he pulled the rig out of their driveway.

Five minutes into the ride, Cory was already bored. He checked his phone, scrolling through social media. It wasn't but a minute before he heard his mom clear her throat and he looked up to see her watching him with her hand extended out, wanting him to hand her the device.

"What, I don't have any games on here," he said. "Hand it over," Jewel said patiently.

"So I don't get my phone either?"

"Occasionally, for communication purposes," she answered.

Cory handed over the device, not liking this at all. Jewel put it in her purse, then exchanged a smile with her husband.

Ann looked over at her brother, "Did you get grounded or something?"

"I might as well have," the boy muttered, which made his Mom look back at him and smile.

Martin drove them onto the highway, getting used to the feel of pulling such an expansive load behind him. "We'll connect with Route Sixty-Six in about an hour, kids," he said.

"What's so special about this road anyway?" his son asked.

Martin glanced in his rear view as he explained, pleased that his son was already showing some interest. "It was the nation's first all-weather highway, linking Chicago to Los Angeles. So naturally, it became very popular for motorists wanting to cross the country back then."

Jewel added a part that might actually sound interesting to Cory. "There are lots of points of interest along the way that became familiar landmarks, like charming roadside diners, National Parks, cool caverns," she said, "I think you guys will love it."

"Will there be ice cream?" Ann asked., making her parents laugh.

"I'm sure there will be honey," her mother answered.

About five minutes later, Jewel made an announcement from the front seat, that was totally meant for Cory. "Ohh, look at that, passing our first car..." she said, feeding him a little smile.

Her son rolled his eyes, then played along, getting a good look at the car's license plate as they passed it. He then looked back at Jewel to find her waiting with an curious raised eyebrow.

"Did you get a letter?" she asked. "L," he muttered.

"A letter?" Martin asked his wife curiously.

"Just a road game Cory and I are playing," his wife explained. "Ohh, can I play," Ann asked with annoying excitement.

"No honey, this is just a game for your brother and I."

"Why does he get a game?" the girl whined, peering out her window sulking.

Jewel fed her a stern look, "Ann, pouting won't get you ice cream, just sayin'," she warned.

Once they pulled off the interstate, Martin decided to top off the tank. Jewel and her kids took a bathroom break while he fueled up. Ann got her ice cream, so she was happy, at least for the moment. "Honey, why don't you sit up front with your dad. I'm gonna get in th he back with Cory for awhile," Jewel said to her daughter.

"Cool," the girl answered, happily being able to "one-up" her brother by getting the front seat.

Rather than sit on the opposite side of the rear bucket seat, Jewel opted for the center cushion, so she could sit hip to hip with her son. This also allowed her to see out the front window better, although that had little to do with her decision of where to sit.

She unfolded a big colorful map of Route Sixty-Six, which including brief info of all the roadside attractions. While doing this, the busty mother turned slightly sideways and propped her luscious bare legs up on the back of the seat in front of Cory. "So according to the map, our first stop is the Gemini Man, about twenty-two miles from here."

Her husband Martin glanced back at the big map covering half her body. "You know babe, you probably could have got all that information on these little things they call cellphones," he teased.

"Hey, don't make fun of me," she said, "I wanted to use an actual map so I could feel nostalgic," she said.

Cory noticed his Mom's sexy legs. It was impossible not to, since they were displayed so blatantly in front of him. Jewel wore a pair of denim booty shorts, which meant every inch of her tan mommy-legs were exposed, right up to her crotch. Strong smooth thighs tapered down to sleek calves and slender ankles. She could model her tan bare feet in magazines, they were so perfect. They were dainty tootsies with cute toes and toenails painted scarlet-red.

Jewel was pleased when she peeked over and saw her teen looking at her legs. "Ok, this is a goodsign," she thought, "he seems... intrigued."

Indeed he was. He'd seen some sexy legs on the girls at school, but nothing like this. His mom's gams looked so strong and powerful, yet incredibly soft at the same time. Freshly shaved and lotioned,, they gave off a subtle sheen and smelt absolutely wonderful.

Jewel's pouty lips curled into a mischievous little smile as she peeked over, watching her son stare. She slowly extended one of her legs out completely, flexing her foot and pointing her toes. She studied her boy's reaction the whole time, trying to gauge his excitement level.

There was another "thrill meter" she knew never lied, one that was difficult for a boy to hide. She peeked down to his crotch, curious to see if there was any activity. At first, she didn't notice any, but as she began to look away, a tubular bulge forming down the inside thigh portion of Cory's shorts caught her attention.

The mother's eyes widened, watching an impressive looking trouser-snake beneath the fabric begin to harden. "Goodgrief, I guess 'intrigued' is an under statement," she thought, watching his cock grow larger right before her eyes.

The flabbergasted mother, peeked up at her son's face, watching his eyes gawk, his mouth open and his tongue quickly lick his lips.

Her eyes darted back and forth from his lust-filled face to his growing cock-bulge, her own heart fluttering excitedly in her chest. The cloth-shrouded lump had now completely taken on the form of a fully erect hardon. It's size seemed almost impossible.

"He can't be that big! Can he be that big?! How can his dick be that big??" Jewel's mind screamed.

Her eyes were transfixed on the shape of his swollen knob. Wanting nothing more that to see it react, she parted her legs slightly, lifting her knees up as if she was gonna prop them back in some lewd fuck position, but then paused with her feet hovering mid-air.

She heard a gentle gasp leave her son's mouth, which paired with the flex of his boner, tenting the shorts up even more. Jewel's mouth fell open in absolute awe, her thick nipples hardening beneath her bra. "Good Lord, that... was incredible!" she thought, wanting nothing more that to see the tube of his prick flex again.

It was clearly obvious to Cory at this point that his Mom was deliberately trying to capture his attention with her legs. They made eye contact for a short moment. It was a bit awkward, but Jewel smiled sweetly at her boy, as if reassuring him that this was ok.

Cory's eyes went back to the display in front of him and this time his mom extended both legs out, pointing her feet so her toes touched the window. This made her son's eyes widen even more. Jewel watched his boner contract with more blood. His fat knob was pushed so tight against the fabric that she could even see the rounded ridge of his corona.

Cory could hear his mother's excited breath and peeked over to see he staring down at his cock-bulge. Whether she was aware of it or not, Jewel's tongue was peeking out and slowly dragging across her parted lips.

Cory's eyes darted down to her mammoth tit-orbs, noticing right away the hard protuberant nipples at their centers, poking through the layers of both her bra and cami top. The fleshy nubs were as big around as double-A batteries and made his heart speed up even more than it already was.

In the rear-view mirror, Martin noticed part of his wife's legs extended out, hovering in the air. His voice broke her from her trance. "What are you doing back there babe?" he asked curiously.

She still had the map up hiding her face. "Me?? Oh, um...just stretching," she said, caught off-guard. She brought her legs back down.

"Well, we should be just about there and we can get out and stretch. Keep a watch out so I don't fly right past it," he said.

A few minutes later they were pulling into the attraction. After parking the rig they got out and walked over to the iconic thirty-foot statue. The Gemini Man held a silver rocket ship in his hands, while sporting an astronaut's space helmet that resembles a welding mask.[

"Why's he holding that rocket?" Martin's daughter asked.

"He was named after the Gemini Space Program, that existed back in the nineteen sixties, honey," Martin explained. "Let's get a picture."

Martin recruited the help of a fellow tourist to get a picture of him and his family. "Who's hungry? I could go for a burger," he said, looking at the charming diner that was on the same lot. .

"I am," Ann said, "I want French fries."

"How bout you guys?" Martin asked, looking at his wife and son. "I'm ok," Cory said.

"Yeah, me to. You guys go ahead, honey," Jewel said, "Cory and I will just hang out until your finished."

Martin and his daughter went inside, leaving Cory and his Mom standing there gazing up at the statue. "I'm guessing this Gemini Man was created by a guy with a really small penis," Jewel said, making her son bust out laughing.

"Are you serious, Mom?" he asked.

"What, look at it. Thirty-feet high and I don't care what you say, that is not helmet, it's a penis-tip," she said, "And what's he holding in his hands? His big hard 'rocket,' that's what."

Cory blushed and laughed even more. "Oh my God," he muttered.

"You laugh, but it's probably true. Made by a guy with a puny three-incher, who's probably never fucked a girl," she said.

Cory shook his head. He wasn't used to hearing his usually prim and proper mother talk this way, but he liked it. "If you say so," he said.

"So 'L' huh?" she asked. "What?"

"You got the letter ' L..' Using that, have you figured out what that 'new and exciting' thing was I showed you today?" she asked.

"Legs," he son answered timidly.

"Ding, ding, ding, ding! Correct answer," Jewel said. "So do tell...how 'new and exciting' were they?" she asked, peeking over into his eyes with a curious smile.

"Well, um...they **WERE** new, because I've never really been that close to a girl's legs before..." "And?" his mom asked.

"And...they were exciting too."

"I could tell," Jewel said, "**YOUR** rocketship looked even bigger than his does," she teased, looking up at the statue. "For awhile there it looked like it could blast off through your shorts and into orbit."

Her comment made them both laugh. Of course Cory was embarrassing, but also thankful his mom was being so cool with it. She peered over at him with a playful little grin. "Maybe we should start calling **YOU** the Gemini Man," she joked.

"I don't know about that," he said timidly.

"So you liked my legs a lot then huh?" she asked. "Yeah."

She looked at him dreamily, with her beautiful hazel colored eyes. "Wanna feel them?" "Your legs?" Cory asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Um, now?" he asked.

Jewel looked back at the diner and could see her husband and daughter waiting in line. "We have time," she said, then looked back at her boy, "let's go to the trailer."

Cory and Jewel stepped inside the 5th Wheel and closed the door. The inside was roomy and luxurious, with the kitchenette, **TV** area and dining table all in one large space. "Looks like nothing shifted around too much," Jewel said, slipping out of cute wedged flip-flops and heading to the bedroom on bare feet.

Cory followed her to the rear of the trailer, marveling at how incredibly sexy the backs of her tan legs looked. Crowning those smooth gams was a sweet meaty jiggle-butt. Jewel's shorts were so snug that they created some nice ass-cleavage and Cory could see some of that thick butt-meat seeping out from under the hems of her shorts.

They entered the bedroom at the back of the trailer. A huge king-sized bed filled most of the space and a big rear window let in lots of natural light. Jewel sat down on the edge of the bed and patted the spot next to her. "Come sit down, honey," she said.

Her son sat right next to her and she took his hand in hers. "It wouldn't be much of a game if you didn't get a little reward for getting the answer right," she said, then placed his hand flat against the top of her leg, near the knee.

Cory took a nervous gulp as she guided his hand along the top of her thigh. "How's that feel?" she asked softly.

"Like silk," he muttered in absolute fascination.

"Have you ever touched a girl's legs this way?" Jewel asked. "No."

"That's why girls keep their legs so soft and smooth. We know guys to touch them."she said, guiding his hand down to her inner thigh. They continued up, stopping incredibly close to her crotch. Cory could feel the heat radiating from her genitals.

"It's warm down there," he blushed.

"We girls have something down there that kinda heats things up," she said with a cute little wink. The boy was looking down at her lap, watching their exploring hands, while Jewel's attention was focused between her son's face and the growing bulge in his shorts. She ran their hands back up to the top of her thigh, then crossed one leg over the other, accentuating the strong smooth outer thigh of her leg. She guided her son's hand across it, letting him experience the feel of the soft unblemished skin as well as the powerful feminine muscles of her quadriceps.

"They feel so strong," the teen said.

"They are," his mom purred back in response.

Jewel turned, bowing her legs open, placing one behind her son, the other in front of him, resting her bare foot on his knee. She removed her hand from his. "Go back to my inner thighs," she said softly. "Take your time and enjoy how they feel."

Cory didn't need to be asked twice. He was now sitting sideways between her widely spread legs and ran his hands up and down them. His mom meanwhile was enjoying the sight of his obvious erection, watching it flex and throb through his shorts. "Would you like me to feel your legs too honey?" she asked him.

"Sure," Cory sighed, beyond thrilled at the idea.

Jewel ran her hand straight up the leg of his shorts, nearly to his nut-sack, then scratch back down his inner thigh with her long nails, making him gasp and tense up like a board. She gazed at him, both of them sharing a look of equal thrill. "Mmm, you like that honey?" she asked.

"Yeah, that feels good," he muttered as she continued to comb her nails against his flesh.

She gazed down at his dick-bulge lustfully, wetting her lips with her tongue. "MyGod, it must be at least eight inches long," she thought. "I wonder how thick?"

Cory peered down between her legs. His mom's shorts were snug against her mons, outlining the puffy outer lips of her vulva and a prominent cunt-cleavage.

Her clawing fingers swiped back up his thigh, this time crossing the border of his underwear. Her long nails dug under the elastic leg, barely grazing his bulging nut-sack.

Cory reacted with a whimper and a thrust of his pecker. Jewel watched his fat knob push out so far it looked like it could burst through his shorts. "Ohhh honey!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"Holy shit, Mom just touched my balls!" the boy thought in wide-eyed disbelief.

Before he could recover, she repeated her actions, up his thigh until her fingers crept under his briefs, clawed along the base of his balls then back down. "Ohhh man!" his voice shook as he squirmed in pleasure. He never had a girl touch him this way.

His mom giggled and hung on to him with her free arm. "I got you sweetie, just relax," she said, then her fingers traveled the same route again. Cory was incredibly aroused by her actions and the fact that he had free rein to run his hand all over her sexy legs was an added thrill.

Every time Jewel's nails grazed the flesh at the base of scrotum, his hips reacted by giving his prick a little thrust upward, towards her hovering gaze. "That's right, baby boy. Try finding a video game that'll do this for you," Jewel thought, "No stupid Intergalactic Army will ever be able to touch you like a girl can."

After a steady dose of thigh stroking and ball-bumping, Jewel noticed a wet spot on her son's shorts where his knob was pushing out. It was clearly precum that had drooled from his piss-slit from all the arousing stimulation.

"Yuuum!!" Her mind screamed. Sure he was her son, but that didn't matter. If she knew it wouldn't freak him out, she wouldn't have hesitated to stretch her lips around that knob and suck that juice right out of his shorts. "Hot young ball-batter! I bet it tastes sooo sweet!" her mind whimpered lustfully.

A voice suddenly startled them. "Jewel, you guys in here?" he husband said from the front door.

Her and Cory stopped stroking and quickly adjusted themselves. "Yeah honey, um, just fixing some things that shifted around while we were driving," she lied.

"You gotta try this burger. It's unbelievable."

"Ok, be right out," she answered, trying to remain as calm as possible, even though her heart was still racing.

"We'll be over at one of the outdoor tables," her husband said, closing the door.

Jewel and her son sat in awkward silence for a moment. The mother let out a deep breath, regaining her composure as her thrill-meter began began to return to normal. "So honey, was that 'new and exciting' enough for you?" she asked, patting his knee.

"I would say so," Cory answered, holding his hands over his cock-bulge, which was still fully hard. "Better than a silly video game right? she asked.

"Maybe," Cory said jokingly.

Jewel tickled his ribs, making him squirm. "Maybe??!" she exclaimed playfully.

Not long after, they were back in the truck and off to their next stop. Jewel was back up front with her husband, who was still rambling about how great his burger was. Her mind, however, was on juicy meat of a different type. The site of her son's bulge had intrigued her cock-obsessed mind. It's not that Jewel was a slut, but she was definitely a nymph. Sex was a daily ritual with her husband and intense clit-rubbing masturbation was even more frequent.

She was proud that as sex-minded as she was, she had never once cheated on Martin in their nineteen year marriage. However, if fantasizing counted as cheating, then she was a **VERY** unfaithful housewife. The fuck-partner of her dreams was young and virile, with a giant cum-drooling cock that could pound her cunt mercilessly, sending her to the stars and back. It wasn't that Martin wasn't a good lover, or didn't have a decent-sized cock. It's just that the thought of having her thighs squeezed around a young innocent big-dicked stud thrilled her to her core. "I need a shower and some hot sex," she thought, her mind switching to how she was gonna get away with raping her husband in the trailer that night.

It took a long while for Cory's cock to become soft again. The thought of what had just happened and how absolutely thrilling it was kept the blood pumping to his crotch. When it came to sexual experience, the teen was pretty much a virgin. He had kissed a girl once in Junior High, but that was about the extent of it.

Jewel was spot on when she suspected that due to his video-game obsession he was missing out on other "wonderful things" that should be important to a guy his age. Cory's mind had been so wrapped up in the gaming world that girl's boobies and asses were the farthest things from his mind. Even masturbation, something that should be a daily part of his life, was nonexistent.

So what made this little experience with his mother really special was that it was so new. The site and feel of her legs made his heart pound faster with excitement than it ever had. The feel of his dick getting hard and throbbing in his shorts was exhilarating. It was stirring up brand new thoughts and desires that he'd never really dwelled much on before. One thing he knew for sure...he wanted more.

Golden Ridge **RV** Park was a clean, convenient place to park the rig overnight. The great thing about traveling in such luxury was that everything you needed was right there in your own travel-trailer. There was a place to cook as well as a place to pee and have a nice hot shower. It was truly a home on wheels.

"Who wants more pasta?" Jewel asked, standing at the stove. "I"m good babe," Martin said.

Ann was too busy playing with her dolls to answer. Jewel looked at her son. "Cory?"

"No thanks, Mom. That was really good though, thanks," he said.

"You're welcome," she said sweetly. Their eyes lingered a moment as if both silently reminding the other of the erotic experience they'd had earlier.

Cory could hardly take his eyes off the mature beauty, watching her gracefully work in the kitchen area. The site of her strong tan legs was thrilling, but he also began to wonder about other parts of her body as well. "I bet she has bigger boobs than any of my friend's Moms," he thought, watching the enormous swell of Jewel's melons jiggle and wobble as she moved about the kitchen area.

Jewel wasn't oblivious to her son's attentiveness. It was something she wasn't used to, but also exactly what she was hoping for. "Finally, he's starting to show some interest in something more age appropriate," she thought.

While she soaked in the attention, she also knew discreetness was a must. If Martin suspected that her son was lusting after her, or her him, he would completely freak out. Treading with caution during this new naughty adventure was paramount.

Martin was looking over the map that his wife had in the truck earlier that day. "Tomorrow we're gonna see the Gateway Arch in St. Louis, sixty-three stories high kids and we're taking the ride straight to the top," he said, pointing to the picture on the map.

Jewel smiled at her husband, "You know babe, you probably could have got all that information on these little things they call cellphones," she teased, imitating how he mocked her earlier.

"Ok, so I kinda like doing things the old-fashioned way too," he said.

At bedtime, Cory and his sister refused to share the bunk at the front of the trailer, so Cory took the fold-out sofa in the main living area. His parents, of course, had the bedroom at the rear. The teen could hardly sleep, unable to shake the look and feel of his Mom's luscious legs from his mind.

At some point, he became aware of heavy panting coming from the direction of his parent's bedroom. "I bet they're having sex in there," he thought.

The idea of his own beautiful Mom being naked and having sex made his heart thump wildly in his chest. He couldn't help but think that even being a fly on the wall, watching her in the lewd act, would be absolutely incredible.

The boy bravely got out of bed and snuck over to his parent's closed doorway. He put his ear to the door and was able to hear the heavy panting and gasping much better this way. Not completely satisfied with the muffled fuck-sounds, he decided to take a risk, so he cracked opened the door and peeked inside.

The bedroom was dimly lit, allowing him to only faintly see his parents going at it on the bed. What was immediately apparent was that his father was on top, his ass bobbing between his Mom's splayed thighs.

"Yesss!" Jewel whimpered, between sharp gasps.

Cory could see her legs, glowing with silky softness, wrapped high around his father's back. They were the same strong legs that he got to feel earlier in the day and were now clutching his father, pulling him deeper between her cradling thighs. He could see her muscles and sinews flexing powerfully, using her strong gams to bounce her thick naked ass off the mattress, meeting his father thrust for thrust. "Fuck me haarder!" he heard his mother whimpered.

Jewel's eyes were clenched shut. Even though it was her husband fucking her, she was imagining someone much younger. Someone with a monster cock. Someone who was pounding through the delicate pink walls of her cunt and making her want to shake and scream out in absolute rapture.

It was a completely ironic then, that as her eyes peeked open, she saw a young, big-dicked cutie peeking in her doorway. "Oh my God, is he.... he's watching us have sex," she thought. "Ok, stay calm. The last thing we need is Martin seeing him."

The mother was amazed at how much more aroused she was suddenly feeling. Knowing her son was watching made her whole body tingle with a forbidden thrill. "Mmm, he wants to see more of Mommy. More of her sexy legs! I'll show him what my legs can do," she thought.

Cory gasped as he watched his mother suddenly throw her legs back, scissoring them wide open and pointing her sexy bare feet back at the headboard. "Holyshit! Look at how far back the go," he

said to himself, staring at her legs, while fishing his hard cock from his briefs.

He watched her claw at his father's thrusting ass. "Fuck meee! Fuck me haaard!" he heard her cry out. Cory took that as words of encouragement to begin stroking his own cock.

His father propped himself up on extended arms above Jewel as he fucked, giving Cory his first look at her huge naked tits. Because of the dim lighting, he couldn't see much detail, but what he could make out were enormous mounds of sloshing tit-flesh rolling up and down her chest.

His father gasped in pleasure. "Ohh shit, I'm feeling good, babe!"

His mom responded by bringing her legs together and propping them on his father's shoulders. Cory imagined the pleasure his father must be feeling and the thrill of having such a lush body folded in half beneath him.

Jewel couldn't take her eyes off the doorway. She was feasting on her son's reaction. She could tell he was stroking on his dick and it was killing her that she couldn't see more. She wanted to see him jack his cock. She wanted to see the hot potent cum shot out his pisshole. "Beat that dick, honey! Ohhh God, beat that big fucking juicy dick!" she screamed inwardly, her mind swirling with fuck-lust.

She bucked her hips in a wild frenzy, screwing her hot pussy against her husband's thrusts, making him groan in delight as he was struck with a hard cum.

She screamed out something she wouldn't normally say, which was meant for Cory of course, as she reached the peak of her own juicy climax. "Gimme that hot fucking cum!" she squealed.

Cory's dick tingled and without warning started cumming in big milky ropes as he listened to his mom gasp and whimper in orgasm. The

boy's mind swirled, envisioning his Mom's sexy legs wrapped around him tightly, her cute bare feet hovering above his back. He let out an audible gasp, not really considering the fact that his spunk was splashing against the outside of his parent's door.

His mind swirled with arousal, the likes of which he'd never experience before, making him unsteady on his feet and bumping into his parent's door.

Martin quickly pushed himself off his wife, looking toward the noise. "Cory?" he said.

Jewel knew she had to act and act fast. "I'll check him honey. Just relax," she said, getting up from the bed and throwing her robe on.

She stepped outside the door into a pool of hot spunk. She could feel it oozing between her toes and she knew exactly what it was the moment she stepped in it. She looked over and could see her son laying back on the pull-out sofa, facing away from her.

She turned and looked at her husband. "It looks like Cory got sick...didn't quite make it to the bathroom."

"Oh shit," Martin responded.

"I'll clean it up, then check on him. Just stay put. I don't want you stepping in this," she said, then closed the door behind her.

Cory's heart was racing, partly because of being nervous of his parent's finding his load on the floor and partly because he had just experience the strongest orgasm of his life.

He heard someone, his Mom presumably, rinsing something off in the sink. "Oh shit, she must have found it. She must be cleaning it up," he thought.

Jewel went back to her bedroom door with some paper towels. She crouched down, then peeked over at her son to make sure he was still turned, before dipping a finger into the slimy spunk. She brought it to to her nose and sniffed. "Oh my God!" her mind whimpered. Then she stuffed it into her mouth greedily. "Ohh my God, oh my God, oh my God,**OH MY GOD!!**" she screamed inwardly, savoring her son's sweet ball-juice.

She quickly scooped up more cum off the floor using three fingers and stuffed it into her mouth. Her taste-buds sizzled, making her eyeballs flutter backwards. Her clit throbbed as she felt the gooey jizz run down her throat. She scooped up even more, lapping off a big mouthful from her fingers. This time she played with the cum in her mouth, letting her tongue curl through it.

As she did this, she peeked over to make sure her son was still turned, then she scooped again. This time she brought the pool of spunk up between her legs and rubbed it like lotion against the thick shaved lips of her pussy.

"Ohhhnnff," she softly moaned, massaging his slippery spunk against the big engorged nub of her clitoris.

She swiped some from the door and applied more to her pussy, this time deep into her gash and up inside her fuck-hole, clenching her eyes shut and biting her bottom lip in ecstacy. There was some left on her fingers, so she reached down between her buns and rubbed it against the pink ring of her asshole. She simply wanted to feel his young cum everywhere!

Cory waited nervously. Strangely, all he could hear were lewd creamy sounds and his mom's heavy breathing. He slowly turned his head to peek around and saw his Mom crouched down, resting on the balls of her feet, with her heels arched, her naked legs spread slightly. One hand was in her robe, massaging her nipples, while the

other was to her mouth as she sucked on three fingers hungrily. Her eyes were closed and the look on her face was absolutely euphoric.

Suddenly, her eyes popped open and they found themselves staring at each other. Jewel quickly stood up and rushed into the bathroom. Cory heard the shower come on.

"She was eating my cum," the boy told himself in disbelief.

As he mulled over what he'd just seen, Jewel was slumped against the shower wall masturbating furiously. Her huge wet naked tits ballooned out, their thick areola and nipples protruding like big demon eyes. She rubbed her clit frantically, her three fingers shoved back in her mouth, sucking off every bit of sweet baby-making juice that was left.

"**HARD YOUNG DICK!!! BIG HARD JUICY CUM-SQUIRTING DICK!!**" her mind screamed out as her wet curvy body began to tremble from a hot climax. Her knees buckled and she lowered to the shower floor in a ball of glistening, shuddering tan mommy-flesh.

Of course Cory was still awake when she emerged several minutes later. He listened to her clean up whatever was left of his mess, then heard her feet tap across the floor to where he was laying.

He felt her sit down on the mattress behind him. "Are you still awake?" her sweet voice whispered.

He bravely turned his head to find her looking down at him. Her hair was still damp and slicked back from the shower and she smelt amazing.

She smiled lovingly. "It was obvious to me that you enjoyed what you saw going on in there," she said.

Her son nodded timidly.

"And I'm sure it was obvious to you that I liked what **I FOUND** out here," she said, referring to him seeing her eat his spunk.

"Yes," he muttered.

"So I think we'd both agree that we should probably keep what we saw between us," she said. "Yeah, I agree."

She leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. "Goodnight my Gemini Man," she whispered with a wink.

Cory smiled. "Goodnight," he said,, then watched her get up and sashay back to his parent's room. The backs of those strong silky tan legs looked amazing, as did the undulating swell of her robe-covered buttocks. Jewel paused at the door and gave him one last lustful look before going into her bedroom.

Cory's heart was pounding so hard he thought it might thump right out of his chest. What looked like another boring family vacation in the beginning, was now looking like it might be the time of his life.

Chapter 2 - Kinda like a Date Almost

"F," Cory said from the backseat, as they traveled down the roadway, passing their first vehicle. Jewel looked back at him. "What honey?" she asked.

"My letter today is F."

She smiled naughtily. "Hmm, ok." "That'savery dangerous letter to be playing a sexual game with," she thought. An hour later they were arriving at their stop.

"Here we are...Gateway Arch!" Cory's dad announced as they pulled into the lot.

His wife and kids were busy gazing up at the steel and concrete monument as it towered overhead. "Oh my God, it's enormous!" Jewel exclaimed.

Martin flashed her a smile. "That's what she said," he joked. She playfully slapped him on the arm. "You wish!"

"Ok, let's find a place to park this rig," Martin said.

After finding a spot, the family made their way to the entrance of the attraction. "We're going all the way up there?" Ann asked as the little girl gazed up at the top of the six-hundred and thirty foot arch.

"Sure are," Martin answered, "There's a tram that takes you to the top. You're gonna love it honey."

"What's a tram?"

Jewel answered. "It's like if an elevator and a train had a baby." "Gross," Ann scowled.

Jewel giggled, "Don't worry, I saw pictures and it doesn't look scary at all honey," she assured her.

"I hope not."

As Martin paid for their tickets, Jewel stepped over and took Cory's arm, making sure to press her soft breasts against his side. "This should be a little more interesting than 'hard dick man, oh I mean Gemini Man" she joked, making them both laugh.

They explored the displays on the ground level, reading about the history of the area and the monument. Jewel wore a sexy blue mini-dress. It had plunging neckline, showing of her huge succulent cleavage. Cory had a hard time not staring at her boobs. Also her luscious tan legs, which were fully exposed since the skirt fell just below her crotch.

His fascination didn't go unnoticed by his Mom. "If I had a dollar for ever time Cory's looked at my boobs today, I'd be rich by now," she giggled to herself, "I wonder if he has a hardon?" she thought, sneaking a look at his crotch.

Cory and Jewel were on opposite sides of a display, which was about the size of a table. She leaned down and pointed through the display glass. "That looks really old," she said, referring to the Indian artifact on display.

Jewel was providing her own display for her son and his eyes widened as it captured his attention. Squeezed between her arms, her enormous tit-melons ballooned outward, forming a long deep canyon of cleavage. Her engorged nipples were so hard that they clearly protruded out through the fabric.

"Yeah, real big...uh, I mean real old," Cory muttered.

Jewel giggled and he looked up to see her watching him gawk at her tits. For a moment they shared a prolonged gaze, before Martin

snapped them from their lustful trance. "I bought us tickets to the film. They have one that starts in ten minutes," he said.

"Film?" his wife asked.

Cory's interest was peaked. "They have movies here?"

"Sorry, it's not the next Avengers film, son," Martin said. "It's a documentary on the building of the arch. It's only about thirty minutes, but we better head in and find our seats."

They followed Martin to the Museum Theater. Cory brought up the rear, enjoying the sight of the backs of his Mom's strong, smooth legs. Her sexy tan feet were propped in sandals with dainty five-inch heels that **CLICKED** delicately on the hard cement floor.

"When are we going to the top?" Ann asked impatiently. "After the movie, honey," Jewel answered.

The mother looked back at her teen, pleased that he was still more focused on her voluptuous body than the surrounding displays. She quickly glanced down at the bulge in his shorts. "Good God, I wanna squeeze his young cock so fucking bad," she thought, "I wonder how dark it's gonna get in this theater... wonder if I could cop a feel?"

She gave her meaty mommy-buttocks a little extra sway as she walked, knowing her son's eyes would be transfixed.

They entered the dimly lit auditorium, which was just like the theaters they knew back home, with rows of seats facing a giant screen.

"I wanna sit in the front row!" Ann shouted. "Can we sit in the front row daddy?" "Oh, that may be a little too close sugar," Martin answered.

"Pleeeease!" the girl pleaded.

Jewel spoke up. "Take her up front, hon. Cory and I will sit back here in the back." "Yaay!" Their daughter cheered, rushing to the front.

"Gee, thanks," Martin joked, smiling at his wife.

Jewel's husband joined his daughter up front. "Where do you wanna sit Mom?" Cory asked, looking out over the empty rows of seats. There were only a few people scattered here and there.

"Let's sit in the back row," Jewel said, leading him to the rear of the theater.

They went to nearly the end of the row, in the most secluded part of the auditorium and sat down. From here they could see the entire theater.

Ann waved to her mother from the front. Jewel giggled and waved back. "She's such a little clown," she said.

"Yep," Cory agreed.

Jewel took her son's hand and squeezed, placing their hands on her lap. "This is nice, isn't it?" she asked, "kinda like a date almost."

"Almost, but not quite," her son said.

"True, if it were a real date we'd be making out," she said candidly, "then you'd get to fuck my pussy after the movie."

Her words were like a punch of excitement, straight to Cory's solar plexus. "Geez, Mom," the boy blushed in surprise.

Jewel smiled playfully. "What, it's true. I mean, isn't that what you're suppose to do on a real date?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"You were going out with that Hannah girl for awhile. Is that what you guys would do after you'd saw a movie... fuck your asses off?" Jewel asked, gazing right at him..

"Not all the time."

The movie started and the lights dimmed. Jewel leaned over, snuggling against her boy. She slowly slid their hands onto her bare leg, then under her skirt against her inner thigh.

Cory stiffened up like a board. His heart was racing. Like yesterday, his Mom was taking him on a tour of her legs and he was loving it. The feel of her smooth inner thigh was amazing.

Jewel didn't stop at her leg. She guided her teen's trembling hand all the way to her panty covered crotch. Cory could feel the heat coming from her hot pussy. His fingers wandered along the silky gusset, feeling the puffy folds beneath.

The horny mother brought her lips to his ear. "Do you wanna make it like a real date? Do you wanna fuck me when the movie's over?" she whispered.

Cory's excitement level was through the roof. If it weren't for the events of the night before, he would think his Mom was just teasing him, but he knew that they were already sharing some **VERY** naughty secrets, so maybe she was serious.

"Fuck? Really?" he asked.

"Yes. F is for fuck," she said. "That is the word you were hoping I would use for your letter, right honey?"

"Yes, but um...where would we do it?" he softly muttered.

She whispered in his ear again. "I have a place in mind, but we won't have much time," she said, "do you think you can cum in under three minutes?"

"Three minutes?" the boy asked himself, wondering why only such a short time. Yet he knew three minutes with his prick soaked in hot pussy was better than nothing.

"I could try," he muttered.

Jewel left his hand on her crotch and moved her hand over onto the bulge if his erection. She traced it's length through her son's shorts. He could feel her hot breath at his ear again. "Promise you'll fuck me as hard as you can?" she whispered.

He nodded anxiously. The feel of his Mom's fingers squeezing his dick was incredible. It was like they were starting up where they left off the day before, when they had touched each other inside the 5th wheel. "This is unbelievable. Man, when mom said she'd show me 'new and exciting' things on this trip, she wasn't kidding. Am I really gonna fuck her?" he wondered.

Jewel unzipped her boy's shorts and snaked inside his fly, wrapping her hand around his thick cock-meat. Her heart was racing with forbidden passion. "Ohh my God **IT IS** big! And incredibly thick! Fuck, fuck, fuuuck, I just wanna squirt my fucking juices all over it!!" her horny mind screamed.

Her clitoris throbbed between her cunt lips. It needed her son's touch badly. She shameless whispered her request. "Put your hand in my panties, honey. Feel how wet my pussy is," she said.

The boy didn't need to be asked twice. He shoved his hand beneath the waistband of her panties, down onto the shaved mound of her pubis. His head was spinning with wicked lust. Neither he or his mother had focused on one second of movie so far. Yes their eyes were on the screen, but their minds were on each other's crotches.

Jewel's cunt-slot was soaking wet and her son dug his fingers down into the groove of her smooth labium. "Holy shit, that's mom's fuck-hole!" he excitedly thought.

At the same time, the hot mother was tugging on her son's hardon, feeling it flex and squeeze through her circled fist. "Such a young hard dick! I fucking love it! I need it inside me sooo fucking bad!" her mind screamed.

"Rub my clitoris!" the mother whimpered, clamping her hot thighs around her boy's hand. Cory found her thick juicy love-button and strummed on it like a base guitar string. This sent Jewel's body into a shaking fit and she turned sideways, tossing her naked leg across his lap.

The boy gasped in wide-eyed disbelief. His wildly-horny mother was now halfway on top of him, mashing his face against the swell of her huge boobs while she fisted his cock up and down. If anyone else in the audience turned around, it would have been completely obvious the two were going at it.

Jewel had a tight squeeze on his cock, tugging the loose skin and folding it halfway up his purple knob on every upward stroke. Slippery precum oozed from his piss-hole, lubricating her cock-stroking fist.

She licked her son's ear lustfully, then bit his earlobe. "Finger me!" she hissed, "fuck my hole with your fingers!"

Cory obliged, digging two fingers inside her hot tight hole as deep as they would go. She writhed in delight, nearly straddling him. It was all she could do to keep from crying out in fuck-lust. She grasped her son around the back of his head and stuffed his face down into her cleavage..

"Mmnngghh," Cory whimpered delightfully. Having his face surrounded in warm spongy tit-meat was something he hadn't

experienced until now. This, while having his cock beaten off at the same time was absolutely euphoric.

The boy's fingers plunged in and out of her slippery cunt, feeling the warm ribbed lining clasp at his fingers, as if trying to draw them deeper inside.

Jewel humped her smouldering pussy against his digging digits, wishing it was his big teenage cock that was slamming into her instead.

"Fuuuck!" she hissed, just loud enough for her son to hear. She bucked her ass up and down like a bitch in heat. "Fuuuck yess!"

Cory was overwhelmed. He never expected to have a hot older woman using his body like a fuck-post while beating his boner. He especially didn't expect that person to be his own mother. One thing was for sure, she definitely knew how to stroke a cock. Her fist squeezed up and down his erection as if she were trying to yank it right off his body.

He could hear the juice squelching from her cunt-slot as he fingered her. Her female excrement was soaking his hand and dripping down his forearm.

Jewel's mind was a whirlwind of lust. She wanted to climb the rest of the way on top of him and bury his cock in the deepest regions of her cunt. She wanted to feel his hot hard manhood pulsing inside her. If they weren't in public, there would have been nothing stopping her.

Her huge jiggling breasts heaved around her son's face, her nipples so hard and aroused she felt like they could pop from the ends of her tits. She felt the strap of her bra straining for release, pulling at the four hooks that barely held it on as those huge melons distended outward.

"Holy fucking wow!!" the teen thought as he felt his knob tingle. He knew he was close to cumming and looked up between her cleavage to see her mom's pretty face wincing, the muscles in her neck straining with intense pleasure. She increased the cock-milking pressure around his cock, dipped her head and let out a deep feminine snarl. Cory knew this wasn't his Mom, the sweet loving woman. At that moment it was his Mom the cock-loving sexual animal.

He felt her cunt tighten and suck at his fingers as her sexy middle-aged body began to tremble in orgasm. His face was tucked so deeply in her cleavage he was kissing her breastbone. The huge mounds of spongy tit-meat began jiggle around his face, causing him to lustfully thrust his pecker up into her stroking hand.

"He's cumming!!"Jewel's mind screamed as she felt his cock lurch and throb.

In a split second, she slid off him, onto the floor between his legs. She stuffed his juicy prick into her mouth and began bobbing her pretty head up and down.

Cory's knees shook and he winced in pleasure as the hot cum began to pour from his dick, into his Mom's plunging mouth. It was all he could do to keep from crying out the feeling so intense.

The stretched ring of Jewel's pouty lips fucked up and down her son's rigid pole, milking the hot ball-juice from his cock, sending it cascading down her throat. "Ohh my God!" her brain cried out, "hot fucking cumm. Mmmm!"

The cock-sucking mother had a long strong tongue and she looped it around and around her son's knob, lighting his sensitive glans on fire.

"Ohhh shit," the boy cried out internally. It was the most intense cum he'd ever had. He felt his Mom's tongue drag down his long

shaft, dragging wetly around the rounded surface of his nuts, then traveling back up to his tip.

"Mmmnn!" she whimpered hungrily, nursing on his big juicy cock-head.

Jewel loved sucking cock and prided herself in the fact that she was a skilled blowjob artist. She took the tip of her licker and dug beneath the head of his prick, where that band of skin met his knob.

Cory trembled and threw his head back in utter delight. "Holyshit, I can't fucking believe she's sucking my cock!" he thought.

When the lights came back up, so did the mother, plopping her sexy ass back on the seat beside her boy. They both quickly straightened their clothing and Jewel licked the cum that lingered on her lips..

They were both still a bit out of breath and flying high from the thrill of doing such a naughty thing in such a public place. As Jewel's husband and daughter approached, she fed her boy one last dreamy eyed look. "Yum," she muttered, giving her lips one final lick to erase any evidence.

"What did you guys think?" Martin asked.

"Oh it was um..." Jewel muttered, then swallowed some residual sperm that was still in her mouth, "it was amazing."

"Can we go to the top now?" Ann asked.

"Alright, to the top it is. Let's go find that tram," Martin said.

Cory was amazing how his mom went right back into wife and mom mode as they made their way back across the museum. It was as if nothing inappropriate had even happened between them. "That was incredible and I can't believe she's so cool with all this," he thought.

The tram to the top was a tiny five-seat compartment, with a sort of egg-shape interior. The family all rode to the top together, which only took about four minutes.

"That was an interesting little ride," Jewel said as they got out and began to explore the upper level.

Ann was all smiles as she gazed out one of the tiny windows lining the peak of the arch. "Wow, we're so high up!"

"See that big river down there? That's the mighty Mississippi, the second largest river in America," Martin said.

While his dad was busy giving a geography lesson, Cory was across the way, looking out at the city in the opposite direction. Peering out the tiny window required him to lean forward slightly.

After a few minutes of gazing, he felt a pair of soft squishy breasts press against his back. Jewel leaned against her boy, her pretty face hovering over his shoulder as they looked out the window together. "How's my hot date?" she asked softly.

"Good," he said with a satisfied smile.

"Did you like the way my lips felt around your cock?" she asked candidly. "Of course," the boy blushed.

"Mmm, I didn't have to scrape it off this floor this time," she said with a giggle. "True."

"Are you ready to fuck me?" she asked matter-of-factly. "You were serious about that?"

"Of course I was serious," she answered, "I think I proved that in the theater, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"We'll have exactly three minutes," she said. "Why only three minutes?"

"You'll see," she said, then gazed at him with her big beautiful eyes. "Do you promise to fuck me as hard as you can?"

Cory was finding it hard to breathe. He was so fucking turned on and flabbergasted at the fact that his mom was serious about fucking, he could hardly stand it. "I promise," he muttered.

Jewel lifted herself off him, standing upright and taking his arm. They stepped over to her husband, who was still busy pointing out landmarks to their daughter.

"Honey, Cory and I are going back down," she said. "Already?" Martin asked.

"Yeah, I think the heights have got me feeling a little light headed," she said, "I should be ok once I'm back on ground level."

"Ok babe, we'll be down in just a little bit."

"Take your time," she said, then turned and led her son to the tram.

Both mother and son waited anxiously for their car to arrive. "Is it hard?" Jewel asked, squeezing his arm as she stood beside him.

"What?" Cory asked stupidly.

"Your dick honey. Is your dick hard?" she said. "Oh..um, kind of," he answered.

"We won't have much time, so we need your dick to be rock hard and ready to go as soon as we enter the tram.

"Ok..um..." the boy muttered, looking around awkwardly. "Hug me."

He looked at his Mom. "Hug you?"

She smiled back. "Yes, hug me. Don't worry about these people, they don't even know us," she said.

Cory embraced his mom, feeling her spongy tit-orbs flatten against his chest. She brought her lips to his ear. "As soon as we get inside I'm gonna take my panties off," she whispered.

"Ok."

"I'm gonna sit down in one of the seats while you quickly get your cock out," she said softly, "Then I'm gonna lean back, hook my legs around you and cradle you between my thighs."

Cory's cock was fully hard before she could finish her sentence. "They'll be no time for talking. No time for bullshit. Just slip it in and fuck me as deep and as fast as you can," she said.

She clutched him tighter. "If you do a good enough job, you'll make me squirt all over your fucking cock," she said in a sexy tone.

"Jesus, Mom," the boy sighed excitedly. Now not only was his cock hard, it was throbbing eagerly.

"You like the sound of that honey?" she asked, "Are you gonna help me soak your boner in hot mommy-cum?"

"Yess."

She brought her head back and gazed lustfully nose to nose with him. "Are you gonna stand between my sexy legs and pound my hole with your big handsome cock?"

"Definitely," he muttered, his heart pounding a mile a minute.

They could hear the car arrive behind them. Cory felt like a fighter about to enter the ring for his shot at the title. He was all nerves, but knew he wanted to fuck his mom just the way she described.

The car stopped and they heard the door open. Jewel smiled eagerly at her boy. "Here we go," she said, pulling him into the tram.

By the time the door closed, Jewel's panties had already hit the floor. Time seemed to move in slow motion as Cory watched her do just what she said she would. In no time flat, his mom was sitting on the seat with her skirt bunched to her waist as she threw her strong sexy legs back.

"Get your cock out, honey!" she shouted anxiously.

Cory snapped to it, fishing his hard dick from his shorts. Before he even had it fully out, Jewel had her lovely tan legs around him, pulling him towards her crotch. She pressed her hands on the rounded walls for support, gazing down at her son's boner as it wagged towards her waiting cunt-hole. "Yess! Oh my God, I'm really gonna fuck him!" her mind exclaimed delightfully.

Cory's eyes widened as he saw his Mom's splayed pussy right there in front of him. There was something so lewd and incredibly thrilling knowing that he was gonna split his own mom's married twat. The very cunt that gave birth to him..

He stepped forward and groaned as the spongy knob of his dick pressed between the pouting lips of her wet cunt. Then he thrust his hips forwards, gasping as he slipped the whole length of his pulsing dick into the buttery warmth of Jewel's fuck hole.

He held it there a moment, enjoying the sensation of being fully sheathed. Jewel tugged his ass with her bare feet, setting his hips in motion. "Fuck me Cory!!" she cried out, not wanting to waste a second.

The boy's lean, slim hips humped between her naked legs, hammering the length of his blue-veined cock deeper and deeper into her pussy tunnel. "Ohhh yess! Haaarder!" his horny mother cried out.

"He's fucking me!" she thought gleefully. "Oh fuck yes, he's doing it, he's fucking me hard! I can feel his dick… it's so big and stiff… so much fucking bigger than Martin's!" her brain screamed.

The big titted mother squeezed her smooth legs around his back and pumped her ass off the seat, grunting as she thrust up her cunt to meet his strokes. "Come on, honey, faster! Fuck the shit out of meee!" she cried out.

Cory fucked as fast as he could. Her pussy was so juiced around his throbbing prick that it made slurping, gulping sounds every time he thrust it her. He moaned as he felt her strong cuntal walls sucking around his cock. His strokes became faster and deeper.

"Ohh man, yess!" he sighed, watching his juice-soaked boner slide in and out of her. "Grab my legs!" she said, straightening legs out along his upper torso. "Pound me!'

Cory did just that, hooking his arms around her sexy mommy-legs and spearing his hard prick deep into her pussy-tube. His crotch beat against her naked buttock. "**CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!**"

"Ohh shit, Mom!" the boys groaned, feeling his cock rocket through her tunnel of love. Even under the confines of her bra and dress, her big titties jostled up and down her chest.

With her legs hugging him this way, the spires of her sexy little bare feel hovered slightly above his face, providing another visual treat for the humping teen to enjoy as he fucked.

"I'm gonna cum, honey!… ungggghhh!" the mother cried out with a cute girlish scream.

Cory pulled his hips back again and again, delivering hard, savage thrusts, burying his cock balls-deep into the sucking grip of her

juice-spewing pussy-hole. "Oh damn, I'm getting close too!" he announced.

Suddenly, the tram car jerked and seemed to slow down. "Ohh shit, pull it out. Hurry honey!"

Cory's hardon popped from her cunt-hole, soaked with girl-cum. He slipped it back in his pants and his mom sat up and straightened her skirt, just as the car came to a stop. There were people outside the window waiting.

Jewel giggled. "Phew! That was close."

"Damn, I wish we could have another three minutes," her son said, his cock twitching excitedly in his shorts.

"Oh but we can...only longer this time," Jewel said with a wink, taking him by the arm and exiting the tram. "Give me your phone."

Cory handed his Mom his cellphone. "Don't you have yours?"

"No, I misplaced it somewhere in the museum," she said, dialing her husband on her son's cell. Cory giggled. "Mom, it's right there in your hand," he said.

Martin's voice came over the speakerphone. "Hey babe, did you guys make it down alive?" he asked.

"Yes and feeling better at the moment, but we have another problem." "What?" her husband asked..

"My phone's missing, that's why I'm calling you on Cory's," she lied. "Oh great. Did you leave it in the theater maybe?"

"Honestly, I can't even remember if I brought it in, so Cory and I are headed to the truck to see if it's in there."

"Oh shit, I hope so," Martin said. "What do you need me to do?"

"Wait around there and I'll call you back," she said, "if it's not in the truck I might have to have you retrace our steps...see if we can find it," she said.

"Got it. Let me know," her husband said.

Mother and son exited the building, hurrying towards the parking lot. "There. I just at least bought us an hour."

"You think that long?" Cory asked.

"I'll call him in a bit and tell him he needs to look. He won't come all the way to the rig until he knows we've found it."

"True."

There was a sense of urgency as they walked back to the 5th wheel. The experience in the tram had only wetted their appetite for an even hotter, longer fuck.

"I know what you were thinking when you were beating off in mine and your father's doorway last night," she said.

"You do?"

"Yes," she said with a smile, "you were thinking you wished it was you on that bed with me, fucking me hard while I clung to you. I'm not wrong, am I?" she asked.

"No."

"You wanted to squirt all that hot cum into my pussy and not on the floor, didn't you honey?" "I was imagining that, yes," he honestly answered.

"I'm glad, because I have to be honest too," she said, "I may have been fucking your father last night, but it was **YOUR** cock I was thinking about."

"Really?"

"Yes and now we're gonna both get our wish," she said.

They arrived back at the rig, locked themselves inside the 5th wheel and shed their clothes faster than a couple on their wedding night. Cory's eyes about bugged out of his head when his Mom unclasped her big bra and her mammoth boobies sprung free.

The horny naked mother latched on to her teen, locking lips in a fiery French kiss. Before the boy knew what hit him, she had climbed onto his cock, with her strong tan legs circling his waist.

Cory awkwardly held her up, holding on to her silky thighs. They bumped the counter in the kitchen, sending items crashing to the floor. This didn't slow them one bit. They kissed passionately, their tongue dueling.

"Fuck meee!" Jewel panted lustfully, reaching down, grasping her boy's cock and cramming it into her horny vagina.

Cory turned her around, pinning her to the wall while humping between her circled legs. Her big jiggling tits sloshed against his bare chest, her erect nipples poking into his flesh.

"Ohhh!" he sighed excitedly, feeling his tender pink dick prod deeper and deeper into the juicy grip of her baby-chute.

She clawed at his young ass with both hands, pulling him in as deep as he could go. "I need your cock!" she whimpered, shaking with overwhelming arousal, "Ohhh God, I need your fucking cock!"

Cory bucked forward, ramming his dick completely up her fuck hole, stretching the lips of her pussy around the thick muscular base of his cock. He feverishly worked his hips and met her humping strokes, pumping his prick rhythmically through the slippery ribbed lining of her cunt.

"Ohhhh damn, Mom!"

"Squeeze my titties!" Jewel pleaded, bobbing her ass on his crotch, desperately trying to get more of his satisfying cock inside her snatch. "Pull on my tits while you fuck me honey!"

Cory wrapped his palms around the swaying, mammoth globes of her spongy breasts. He squeezed and kneaded and pulled them, making her nipples ache with their hardness against his palms. At the same time he caught the tempo of their humping rhythm, reaming out her pussy with long wet strokes of his swollen cock.

"Get us to the bed!" she panted between kisses, "I wanna ride your fucking cock!"

The boy stumbled into his parents portion of the trailer. They fell onto the big mattress and Jewel took the top position, straddling her handsome son. Cory stared up in wide-eyed wonder at his mother's huge jutting tit-melons. They way they bounced and jiggled heavily was absolutely mesmerizing.

Jewel gazed down lustfully, swiveling her wide hips. "I'm gonna fuck him soo God Damn good!" she thought, "I wanna feel that hot cum pourin to my pussy this time!"

She bounced her ass on him, spearing his cock up her rubbery sheath. She was practically beside herself with lust, making cunt tunnel contract and squeeze around his pumping prick..

Cory squirmed beneath her in ecstacy. "Ohhh damn, Mom, you'll make me cum that way!" he sighed.

Jewel got a wild-eyed grimace, stirring her twat with her son's big meaty fucker. She could feel his juicy knob plowing through areas that her husband could never reach. "Ohh Cory honey, your cock feels so fucking good! I love it!" she panted.

Her phone rang in the next room. "That's probably dad," Cory muttered.

"Do you give a fuck? I don't," his mother said selfishly, then dropped her upper half down on top of him.

Cory rubbed his face between her bobbling jugs, feeling their smooth spongy contours bump and rub against his face. His mom's cunt slipped up and down on his boner, fucking it with steady pumps.

The boy's dick bathed in the flow of her juices, feeling her hot secretions run down across his smooth full nuts. His long strong boner dug up through her pink pussy tube, her spongy walls sucking and squeezing on his cock-muscle. On every upward thrust, his knob kissed the rounded lips of cervix, smearing it with his slippery precum.

"Cummmminnnggg!!" Jewel shouted, bucking her ass on him in an animalistic frenzy of incestuous lust. She panted and gasped as the hot juices exploded in her pussy.

Such a hard orgasm was partly due to the fact that Cory's face was pressed deeply against one of her mammoth tits, sucking hungrily at her nipple..

Even if the boy were a skilled pornstar, there's no way he would have lasted a second longer. "Mmmnnggfff!" Came the muffled cry.

Repeatedly the gushers of jism spurted from his peter-tip, inside his mother's clasping pussy. Cory moaned and worked his hips steadily off the bed, draining his cum into her cunt while nursing on the nipple of her smothering tit-orb.

When all of his jism was drained the boy sighed with pleasure, his face still wedged deeply in her squishy cleavage.

"Ohhh honey, I could fuck you ten times a day," Jeweled sighed. "Maybe twenty times!" she thought.

"I wouldn't mind," he said.

She rose up slightly, letting her tits dangle as she smiled down at him. "Mmm, really? You want Mommy to be your sneaky little cock-whore on this trip?" she asked.

"As long as you don't mind cheating on dad."

"Does it seem at all like I mind cheating on your father?" she asked with a naughty smile. "I love him, but when it comes to sex I'd rather have your big fucking cock ripping through my cunt." "I like the sound of that too."

They heard her phone go off again. "Speaking of Mr. dull-fuck, there he is now," Jewel said, making her son laugh.

"You're funny mom."

"What? It's true. You saw how quickly he came last night. It's fucking pathetic." "Well, you have an incredible pussy," he boy confessed.

She smiled lovingly. "And I guess it takes an incredible cock like yours to tame this wild pussy, doesn't it honey?" she asked.

Cory looked in the direction of her phone as it still rang. "We better get that," he said. "Why?" She asked, "my phone's still missing, remember?"

"He's probably been calling mine too."

"Tough titty. You're still hard and I'm still horny, so I say ignore the calls for now, roll me over and fuck me again," Jewel said with a naughty smile.

Cory smiled and rolled her onto her back. With his cock still deep in her pussy, he rose up on extended arms, gazing down at the beauty below him.

Jewel gazed up at her new lover with lustful eyes, her long hair fanned out on the bed around her pretty face. Her huge tit-mounds were spread out across her chest, nipples erect and throbbing from the centers of wide areola.

His eyes traveled down her sexy midriff to her shaved pubis. Her large fleshy clitoris stuck out like a tiny cock-head, the lips of her pudenda stretched obscenely around the root of his massive hardon.

"Fuck me Cory," she said softly, squeezing the walls of her pussy around him. "Fuck your cock-whore."

He reacted by flexing his boner inside her, making the big purple helmet of his cock-head swell even larger. He was ready to use it like a battering ram. To pound through her castle walls, crumbling her defences, fucking her in ways that his father couldn't, right here on their bed.

"Here we go, Mom," he said excitedly, tearing his cock back for his first big thrust.

Outside the trailer, the mother could faintly be heard squealing in delight. The big "fiver" began to gently rock and squeak from the wild humping inside.

Chapter 3 - Earning it

"Sorry, it's gonna be a boring day on the road," Martin said as they ate breakfast. "The next attraction we wanna check out is well into Oklahoma, about three-hundred and eighty miles away."

"That's ok," Jewel said, "Cory and I wanna ride back in the 'fiver' today. I need to get a workout in, the we have a project we wanna start."

Cory and his mom exchanged a smile. "A project?" he thought.

"Honey, we talked about this. You know how dangerous it can be riding back there," Martin said. "What if I need to break suddenly?"

"Martin, that's highly unlikely. Beside's you just spent thousands of dollars on the air-ride suspension system. The ride will be as smooth as butter back there."

"I wanna ride in the camper!" Ann whined.

"That's a no, young lady, but you will have that whole backseat to yourself. You can sprawl out, watch movies and keep your father company."

"Fine," Ann said with a frown.

"No pouting," the mother said, which seemed to bring a playful smile to her daughter's face. A half-hour later, the rig was headed down the highway, with Mom and Son in the 5th Wheel.

Cory lounged in the main living area, while Jewel got changed for her workout. He was a little surprised, but a lot excited, to see her emerge from her bedroom in the skimpiest exercise attire he'd ever seen.

"Wow, Mom,' he muttered, looking her up and down.

The beautiful mother wore a pair of white scrunch back micro shorts, which showed more ass-cheek than it covered. For a top, she wore a snug micro sports bra, with spaghetti straps. Her massive tits stretched the gauzy fabric way out and Cory could see the fat nub of her nipples poking out beneath the top. It was really more like a bikini than workout attire.

Jewel threw a smile his way, her hair pulled back in a pony. "Wow, Mom, what?" she asked, even though she already knew.

"Those workout clothes are...well, they're hardly clothes at all." "Are you complaining?"

"Hardly," he said, watching her start her palates workout routine on the **TV**. She put a mat down on the floor and sat down on it.

Cory watched his mom follow along with the workout coach. "Okay ladies, here we go!" the workout Instructor said. "Let's start out with the criss-cross.".

Jewel rested on her butt, with her hands behind her head, lifting one knee at a time. Cory marveled at how strong and smooth her legs looked and the way her sexy bare feet flexed and pointed downward in perfect form made his hard cock flex in his shorts.

"Wanna workout with me?" Jewel asked her son. "No, that's ok. I'll just watch."

"I bet you will," she said with a knowing wink.

"Now let's move into the Shoulder Bridge," the Instructor said.

Jewel kept her shoulders on the mat, but arched her back and hips. One leg was bent with her foot flat on the floor, while the other

remained perfectly extended swinging up and pointing at the ceiling, then back down. She repeated this movement over and over.

Cory fought off the urge to touch himself as he watched her gorgeous curvy body. The lycra material moulded snuggly around her crotch, outlining the puffy lips of her snatch. It gave Jewel satisfaction knowing she was turning her son on and making his cock as hard as concrete.

"Switch legs," the Instructor said.

The busty mother followed along, now throwing her other luscious leg up in the air. She gazed over at her boy as she exercised, winking at him teasingly and blowing him a kiss. "How's that 'watching' going?" she asked, glancing at his crotch.

Cory blushed, feeling a bit awkward just sitting there staring. "You make that look easy, Mom," he said.

"I like being so limber," she said. "It allowed me to do what I did yesterday, when you propped my legs back in the tram and I wrapped my feet around your neck. Not many moms can do that you know."

"That **WAS** awesome!" Cory confessed.

"Did you like the feel of my pussy on your cock?" she asked candidly. "Did you like the way my juices were squirting all over you?"

"Ohh damn,' Cory muttered, so turned he couldn't help but reach down and squeeze his boner. Jewel giggled as she watched her son touch himself. "Oh honey, do you need to beat off?" she said sympathetically.

"Sorry, it's just the way you talk...and that outfit you're wearing. It's super-hot!" "Let's turn over now for the swan position," the Instructor said.

Cory watched his mom flip over onto her belly. With her legs together and pointed out straight, Jewel arched her back and extended her arms in the air, so they pointed straight up. This move caused her enormous tit-melons to jut out lewdly, threatening to rip the tiny micro sports top right down the center.

Her son's eyes about bugged out of his head. His hand squeezed his fuck-tube through his shorts as if trying to ease the pressure. Jewel watched her boy struggle. "Why don't you beat your boner while you watch me, honey? You seem to really be struggling to keep that thing contained."

"You wouldn't mind if I did that?"

"Of course not. I like that we can be free around each other."

Cory accepted her invitation, prying his cock from his shorts. Even though she had already seen it a couple times, Jewel's eyes widened at the site of his enormous cock and balls. She simply couldn't believe how big and meaty it was. "God, I can't wait to have that fucking monster inside me again!" she thought lustfully.

The horny teen squeezed his fist up and down the length of his cock, while staring at his Mom's straining tits. Her protuberant nipples distended out, aroused and engorged, making Cory's heart race even faster.

"Mmm, I bet that feels wonderful, doesn't it?" Jewel asked. "Yes," her son responded, shamelessly beating his boner.

"It's kind of like when I rub my clitoris, while thinking about your big boner. It gives me tingles all over," she confessed.

"Now, let's transition to our hands and knees for the cat-cow stretch," the palates Instructor said.

Cory watched his mom get into position. Even in the snug confines of her sports top, Jewel's huge boobs jostled around heavily. Now she was on all-fours, with her meaty mommy-buttocks pointed back at her boy.

Cory quickened his cock-strokes, his eyes widening even more as he gazed at Jewel's mostly exposed ass-globes. She peeked back over her shoulder, watching him jerk-off while she did the stretch. "Are you imagining that you're fucking me from behind?" she said with a cute wink.

Cory was too turned on to answer, so he just nodded.

Jewel wagged her ass back and forth teasingly. "And that my smooth shaved cunt-lips are beating against the base of your cock," she said in a seductive tone.

"Ohhh!" Cory sighed. His precum was lathering his strokes and he imagined that his fist was Jewel's hot pussy, smothering his prick.

"Mmm, you'd like that wouldn't you, honey?" she asked, then swiveled her hips, making her half-moons move up up and back in a fucking motion."You'd love to take Mommy from behind and watch her ass thrust and jiggle back against you."

"Damn yess!" he boy responded, beating off in a steady rhythm.

"I cum alot in that position. I would absolutely soak you!" Jewel teased. "I wouldn't mind that at all," Cory panted.

"Come get behind me," Jewel said, "Rub your dick against my cunt and ass while you jerk off."

Cory happily dropped down behind her, continuing to beat his cock from the base, while rubbing his purple knob against his mother's genitals. He could feel the heat of her vagina even through her shorts. "Mmm that's it honey, touch me with your dick."

He ran the tip along the groove of her ass-crack, then back down into her pudendal cleft. The mother's eyes rolled back as she felt it slide up against her engorged clitoris. "Ohh yess!" she moaned.

Cory plowed his hard cock back up her labium, digging past the pouting ring of her asshole. Jewel pushed her buns back against him, trapping his big cock between her ass-mounds. She looked back and saw only the tip of his throbbing prick sticking up through the split of her ass.

"Mmm!' she hummed, licking her lips as she stared at the underside of her boy's knob and the elastic band that connected it to his foreskin. "Feel me smother that big meaty cock with my ass," she said seductively.

"Ok, ladies, on the floor and legs back now for the Jack knife," the Instructor said.

Jewel continued following her routine, rolling onto her back. With her arms flat against the floor, the mother brought her legs back over her head, parallel to the floor. Her back was curved, so that her weight was on her shoulders and not on her neck.

Cory was amazing and incredibly aroused by her limberness. He went back to beating his dick, staring at the twin spires of his mother's sexy tan legs as they extended. Her sexy feet were pointed in perfect form.

Jewel noticed him staring at her sexy little feet. "I know something you'll really like," she said.

"What?"

"Come around and put your dick between my feet."

Cory didn't have to be asked twice. With her legs thrown back, his mom's pretty bare feet were level with his cock as he stood. He slid

his erection between them, feeling her soft soles cradle his boner on both sides.

Jewel had a great view of the action as she peer upward. "Good, now thrust your hips while I squeeze my pretty little feet around your big manly cock," she said.

Cory always had a thing for his Mom's feet. They were tan like her legs and her toenails were always painted the prettiest colors. He could hardly believe she was letting him slide his cock between them.

It thrilled the mother to see the excitement in the boy's face. "Do you like that, sweetheart?" she asked. "Do you like me using my sexy feet to masturbate your hard dick?"

"Yess, feels great!" he sighed, thrusting his hips and slowing spearing his cock between the squeezing arches of her feet.

"Mmm, there's not a single inch of me that I won't let you rub your dick on."

She slid one foot up and clutched his knob with her toes. Cory watched in awe as she rubbed her big toe all over it, through his weeping piss-slit, slathering his slippery precum on his sensitive glans.

"Mmm, squeeze that fat knob with my toes, while you imagine it plunging up and down my hot wet pussy," she said seductively.

"Yess," her boy hissed, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

. Jewel smiled wickedly, watching her boy's pleasure-filled face. She slipped one foot across the top of his boner, sandwiching it between the other, while digging her big toe against his sensitive frenulum. "Ohhhshit," the boy sighed, his knees shaking.

"I told you I'd show you new and exciting things on this trip," she said with a smile. "We Moms are cock-whores, we know all about you boys. We know where your magic spots are...and we know just how to work them."

Jewel continued to tirelessly stroke her big toe just under his juicy cock-head. She could feel his knob twitching and swelling as more and more pre-jizz oozed out. "Ohhh mom!" the teen shuddered.

"What you experienced yesterday was only just the beginning, honey. A mother has sooo many exciting places for you to put your dick."

Cory whimpered as her watched his mother's sexy grasping feet working their magic.His eyes traveled down the naked backs of her silky legs to the meaty mounds of her almost completely exposed buttocks. "Fuck, this is unbelievably hot! I'm gonna cum if she doesn't stop!" he thought.

His mother had no intention of stopping. "If he cums like this he's gonna blow his load down onto my face. Oh my God, I would fucking **LOVE** that!" the toe-stroking mother told herself.

"Ohh, you're close to cumming, aren't you, baby?" she asked, feeling his knob puff-up even bigger.

"Uh-huh," he sighed.

"Don't hold back. Make your dick spray down all over me," she said lustfully, "paint my face with your thick young cum!"

"Oohhshit, I'm cuuuming!" the boy's voice tremble. "Soak meee!" Jewel cheered.

He did just that, as big thick ropes of jizz erupted from his meatus, splashing down onto Jewel's lovely face. "Uhhggh! Uuuhhggh!!" the

boy grunted savagely. His mother's big toe didn't let up one bit, digging tirelessly at his knob and milking the cum from his balls.

"Ohhh yess, cum on meee!" she cried out as big gooey gobs of spunk splashed across her pretty face. When she swiped off some jizz with her tongue, she felt her cunt melt in it's own mini-climax.

"Wow," Cory panted as she released his prick and lowered her legs. His cock was still twitching with excitement as he just stood there a moment watching his Mom get up.

"My God," Jewel giggled, as big gobs of spunk ran down her face. "Are you sure you don't have an extra set of balls down there, honey. I've never seen this much cum in one ejaculation."

"Really?"

"Oh wait, I take that back, yesterday I had cum seeping out of my cunt for hours after you fucked those three loads into me," Jewel said.

"Sorry about that."

"Don't be, I'm not. I fucking loved it," his mother said. "You know what a thrill it was talking to your father last night with **YOUR** cum running down my leg?"

"Well if you liked it so much, I'd gladly do it again."

Jewel giggled, watching his long thick erection wag back and forth stiffly, ready for more action. "Yea? You wanna pound another load into my pussy, hotshot?" "Yes please," he sighed excitedly.

"Uh-uh, not yet," she said, shaking her head. "You're gonna earn this pussy today." "How?"

"By doing exactly what I say, exactly when I tell you to do it." "Ok."

She fed him a naughty smile, then gave him the "come hither" finger. Cory stepped over to his mother and she placed her hands on his shoulders. "I'm gonna jump up and wrap my legs around you. I want you hold me while I clutch on to you."

"No problem," Cory said anxiously.

"Get your shirt off," she said, helping him lift it over his head and off.

Jewel immediately sprung from the floor and wrapped her strong naked legs around her son's midsection. Her huge lycra encased boobies flattened against her boy's naked chest. Her sparkling eyes gazed into his, radiating pure lust. "I want us to lick and suck each other's necks...like this," she said, then buried her face in Cory's neck.

"Ohhyes!" the boy sighed, feeling the tip of her licker lash around on the sensitive flesh of his neck.

"Mmmm," the hot mother whimpered, then sucked and bit his neck, before going back to rapid licking.

"Ohhh wow!" Cory muttered, taking a couple steps backwards, reeling in pleasure. Jewel kissed his lips sensually. "Now do me," she panted between kisses.

Cory gave his Mom's neck the same treatment she gave his, licking and sucking and kissing. His mother sighed in delight, squeezing his body even tighter. "Yesss, oh my God I fucking love it!" she cried out.

Once again, Jewel went back to her son's neck, sensually licking what she knew were some of his most sensitive spots. "Ohhh!' the boy's voice trembled, feeling his Mom's strong experienced tongue whip around tirelessly.

Several times they went back and forth, giving sensual affection to each others necks. Cory wasn't the most experienced boy on the block, but he had made out with girl's enough to know a couple things for sure. First, his mother was amazing with her tongue. Second, that his mother had most likely given him at least a couple hickeys Jewel heard her phone ring. "It's probably your father," she said. "I better pick up our he'll be pulling over wondering if something's wrong."

Cory reached down and retrieved her phone as his Mom continued to cling to him. Jewel put the phone on speaker. "Hey hun," she said.

"Hey, how you guys doing back there. How's the ride?" he asked.

"Oh my God, so smooth," Jewel answered. "I think the air-ride system was a great investment." "Glad to hear it. You guys need a bathroom break or anything? You doing ok?"

Jewel combed her long nails through Cory's hair and smiled at him. "We're doing great. Cory's working hard to earn something **VERY** special," she said, sharing a knowing smile with her son.

"Something very special huh?"

"Yep," his wife answered, giving her son a wink. "You've had it before, so you know how special it is?"

"Oh man, I hope it's that peanut butter and chocolate fudge you make once in awhile. **THAT** was pretty special," Martin said.

"Mmm, that was special, but this is even more special than that."

"Well, I hope whatever it is, Cory's willing to share some with his old man."

Jewel and her son could hardly contain their laughter. "I'm sure he'll share. Not today though. Today it's just his...but he has some work to do. Like I said, he has to earn it," she said, staring into her son's eyes the whole time.

"Well tell him to work hard...make it happen!"

Jewel smiled naughtily at her boy. "Oh I'm certain he will. He's done a pretty good job so far."

The naughty wife brought her lips to her son's ear. "Lay me down on the mat and dry fuck me," she whispered.

Martin rambled on about something while his wife and son sunk to the floor. Jewel was now on her back with Cory cradled between her thighs. He thrust his hips and dug his meaty boner against her crotch.

"Yess, like that," his mother hissed in his ear, rocking her ass on the floor, meeting his humps. Her husband was saying something, but her mind was a million miles away. "My God his cock is sooo fucking hard! I'm like a cat on a scratching post right now," she thought.

For Cory, having his curvy mother's body clutch around him while she squirmed and humped beneath his was exquisite. Her smooth legs tightened high around his back and the fatty flesh of her jugs sloshed between them. The teenager's boner flexed with the thrill of digging at her vulva while his dad was on the phone with them.

"You still there, hon?" Martin asked.

"I'm here," Jewel panted, "Sorry, Cory and I are just....doing something." "Sounds like he's working hard today."

"Very hard," his wife said, crushing her engorged clitoris against her son's horny hardness, "very, **VERY** hard!"

"Well, hopefully he learnt the value of hard work from his dad," Martin said with pride.

"Oh Martin, he definitely has you beat," she thought. "He so much harder! So much bigger and so much more attractive than you!"

"Let me know if you guys need a rest stop," Martin said. "Will do honey."

After saying their good-byes and hanging up, Jewel and her son looked at each other and laughed, their genitals continuing to writhe in a steady dry-fuck.

"You heard your father...work hard and make it happen! Make me cum!" Jewel said.

Cory doubled his efforts, reaching down and grasping his Mom's thick buttocks, while digging his boner through her steamy cunt-groove.

"Yesss! Kiss meee!" the horny mother cried out.

Their lips fused together in an open oval and their tongues dueled wildly inside Cory's mouth.

While they made-out, Jewel humped her cunt frantically on her boy, matching his dry humping with powerful thrusts of her own. "Mmmnnhh!" she cried out in his mouth, then went back to smooching.

She suddenly rolled them over, taking the top and ground her overheated pussy against her son's naked cock. "Soo **FUCKING** haaard!" she shrieked with passion, humping her horny pudendum against Cory's thick manhood.

She clutched her boy's face against her spongy breasts, working her wide hips like a bitch in heat. "Yess, making me fucking cum!" she

screamed.

Cory panted, so fucking aroused he could hardly stand it. At this point, he was basically like a male fuck-doll for his Mom to squeeze and hump against. Her boobs weren't naked, but the thin lycra material was like a soft second skin so he could feel every squishy, fatty jiggle of her smothering tits around his face.

Jewel's pretty eyes rolled back in their sockets. "Eeeeeeiiiee!!" she shrieked as her pussy creamed in her shorts. For another several minutes she milked her body-shaking climax atop her handsome teen, before suddenly standing up.

Cory looked up and watched his mom peel off her workout shorts. From this angle, he had a clear view of the juicy coral slit between the shaved lips of her outer labia. He could even see the fleshy domed hood of her clitoris protruding out. He licked his lips lustfully as she sunk back down on top of him.

"See what you did to me," the mother said softly as she brought the crotch of her workout shorts to her son's nose.

Cory inhaled deeply and the fragrant musky aroma of his Mom's pussy swept through his lungs.

"Ohh fucking hell!" the boy thought, like a pot addict that had just taken a long hit. The smell of his Mom's pussy was completely intoxicating.

With the shorts still resting on his nose, Jewel sat upright with her knees astride his hips, squashing the underside of his throbbing boner in the groove of her twat. She slowly lifted the sports top, slipping the hem up the huge rounded undersides of her tan melons.

Cory watched in awe. His Mom's stiff-nippled tits were so fucking big it seemed like it took them forever to pop from her sports top and wobble heavily onto her chest. She gazed down at him, then shook

her her shoulders around, making her enormous mommy-udders swing back and forth for his viewing enjoyment.

"Ready to get back to work?" she asked teasingly. "Absolutely."

She suddenly stood up and began walking away, her meaty buttocks undulating atop her sexy legs. "Your next task is in my bedroom. Better get there before the door closes though," she said.

Cory sprung to his feet and pursued, his long sturdy boner waving up and down.

Jewel screamed playfully, rushing to her room before her boy could catch her. Her big oversized boobies bobbled crazily as she rushed in her and her husband's room and closed the door before her son could catch up with her.

"Oops, too late!" she joked, latching the door. "That wasn't fair. You got a head-start."

"Ohh poor baby," she said through the door, "I'm the one who's missing out. I was really looking forward to having my asshole licked."

Cory's heart pounded excitedly. He reached down and gave his cock a few strokes at the very thought of licking his Mom's ass.

"While you were down there, I might have even let take a few tongue-swipes at my pussy-slit. Ok, maybe more than just a few," Jewel said with a naughty giggle.

He had no intention of leaving, but Cory decided to give his mom a taste of her own medicine. "Well, I guess I'll go get my clothes back on then," he said.

Before he could turn around, the door flew open and his Mom yanked him inside the room. "You'll do no such thing, young man!"

she said, tossing her arms around his neck and locking lips with him.

Jewel fell back onto the big bed, bringing her boy with her. She crushed her jostling tit-orbs against his chest, then wrapped her lovely soft legs up around him, hugging his lean young frame to her curvy body as they made-out like a couple on their wedding night.

"God I love kissing you," the mother gasped between wet smooches.

"I love it too," Cory panted, beyond aroused at this point. His cock and her big fleshy clitoris were mashed together, both throbbing with horniness. Jewel's tit-mounds were like two fluffy round pillows sandwiched between them, her rubbery papilla digging into Cory's chest.

Inside the boy's mouth was where the fiery passion was at it's most intense. Jewel's long experienced tongue was looping and fluttering wildly inside her son's mouth. Her licker was like it's own wiggly entity on a frenzied mission to beat her son's tongue into submission with licks.

"Holyshit, Mom is a crazy good kisser!" the boy thought, trying his best to to reciprocate her intense tongue-lashing.

"Lick my asshole," she panted between kisses.

Cory started that direction, but his mom stopped him a moment. "Wait! Kiss your way down my body. Always kiss your way down a woman's body before you lick her down there."

Cory happily obeyed, planting a trail of kisses between her breasts and down her sexy midriff, before arriving at the puffy outer lips of her vulva.

"Keep going baby. Kiss me all the way down," his mother said.

The boy planted soft smooches down the fragrant folds of her labium, finally arriving at the rosy crinkled ring of her butthole. He nudged his face between her buns and drug his to tongue back and forth across her puckered ring.

"Ohhh yes, lick my fucking ass, honey," the mother moaned, arching her back, making her big round boobies roll around on her chest.

Cory felt her asshole throbbing against his tongue. He stared hard at her pussy, seeing the way the pouting, swollen lips glistened with fuck juice. His Mom's pink marble-sized clitoris had emerged from under it's fleshy hood, creating a second target that was impossible to resist.

Feverishly, he dug his tongue up through the cleft of her cunt, lapping up her pussy cream.

"Ohh shit, so good!" he thought, delighting in the pungent taste of his mom's fuck oils.

Jewel reached down with both hands and dug her fingers into the back of his hair, moaning and gasping as his tongue fucked deep inside her pink pussy tunnel. "Yess baby, eat my wet pussy! Good boy!"

Cory peeled apart her fleshy labia, exposing the fullness of her swollen clit. His mother gasped as she felt his tongue sliding across the aroused nubbin, making her entire big-titted body tingle.

"Ohh God, Cory, that's so good," she whimpered. "Suck my clitty!"

Her clit looked like a mini-version of his own cock-head and he wrapped his lips around it, sucking hard. Immediately, his mother bucked and gasped, as if she'd been shot, squealing with delight as she fucked her shaved pussy all over her teen's face.

"Yesss! Oh my God, just like that! Don't stop!"

Cory sucked harder on her quivering love-button, flicking his tongue on it's rounded sensitive surface.

"I'm cumming, Baby!" Jewel gasped as she shuddered and bucked, deliriously humping her thick ass-cheeks off the mattress. "Cuuummmiiiinnnnggggg!" she screamed.

The beautiful mother's back arched and hung in mid-air, the fatty jutting flesh of her enormous melons quivering as a hot climax shot through her nakedness like an electric current.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Jewel screamed, so loudly that if she were outside someone could have heard her from a mile away.

Hot girl-cum gushed onto Cory's face and in his mouth and the boy swallowed it up as quickly as he could, while plowing his tongue through her quivering cuntal flesh.

"Ohhh baby, oh fuck that was good!" Jewel panted, lowering her blushing ass back to the bed. "You really squirt a lot, mom."

"Ha, not usually. Your father kinda sucks at giving oral sex quite frankly."

"So did I earn some pussy?" he candidly asked, anxious to pound his cock deep in her fuck-hole.

"Yes, you certainly did, but it might have to wait a bit longer," she said. "Knowing your sister she'll have to stop somewhere and use the bathroom soon."

"I'm actually surprised she hasn't already."

Jewel sat up, kissing him some more. "If you're gonna pound my hole, I want at least an hour uninterrupted." Kiss, kiss.

"Yeah, me too."

"Mmm, you taste like pussy," his mother said with a giggle. "I wonder why that is?" he joked.

She fed him another sensual kiss, gazing into his eyes. "Imagine how wet you're dick's gonna get," she said.

"I can't wait."

A short time later, Martin pulled the rig into a large filling station, parking at a pump next to someone else's beautiful 5th wheel. The family all emerged and Cory and Jewel were fully dressed. "I might as well top the tank off," Martin told his wife.

"We're gonna use the little-girl's room," Jewel said, hugging her daughter from the side as they moved towards the facilities.

Cory followed and took a piss in the men's room. He could still smell his Mom's pussy on his face and he loved it. Once outside, someone's football rolled over to his feet, so he picked it up.

A blonde boy, Cory's own age, came running over to retrieve it. Cory threw it back to him before he could get there.. "Nice throw!" the boy said.

"Thanks."

"You play football?" the boy asked.

"No, I tried out, but didn't make the team," Cory answered. "Me too. Wanna throw a few passes?"

Cory glanced over at the pumps and saw his father still filling the rig. "Sure, why not."

Jewel and her daughter immerged from the bathroom. When Ann saw her brother out in the open grassy space playing catch, she

wanted to run around also. Her mother could read her mind. "Go ahead," Jewel smiled.

A short distance away, another mother stood watching her children play. She had long blonde hair and a body much like Jewel's, big tits and all. "Your daughter's adorable," the woman said kindly.

"Thanks. I wish she acted 'adorable' more. Are those your kids?" "Yes, I have three. You?"

"Just the two...and trust me, two's enough." Jewel said, making the woman giggle. "I'm Brenda," the woman said, extending her hand for a shake.

"Jewel."

"I saw you guys pull in. Are you on vacation?" Brenda asked. "Yeah, doing the whole Route sixty-six thing this year."

"Us to. What sites have you guys seen so far?"

"Well, we saw the Gateway Arch yesterday, which was amazing...and then some silly statue with a penis helmet on his head the day before," Jewel said, making Brenda laugh.

"The Gemini Man. Yeah, you're right, he does sort of look a big dickhead." "It's been fun so far though," Jewel added.

Brenda hit her with an unexpected question. "So how long you and **YOUR** son been fooling around?"

Jewel looked at her awkwardly. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, your husband is driving your rig and **YOU** have a fresh hickey on your neck." "Ohh shit, really?" Jewel asked, covering the spot with her hand.

"Don't worry, I have three on my neck. I'm on vacation, why hide them?" "Are your hickeys from your husband?"

"Ha, oh God no. He knows not to touch my neck. These are from Jackson, my son." "Ohh."

Brenda smiled shamelessly. "You should see the underside of my tits...covered in hickeys. It's his favorite place to suck."

"And your husband doesn't question you about those?"

"No, he knows they're from Jackson. I take it your husband's unaware about you and your son's escapades?"

"Yes, well, Cory and I only just started fooling around on this trip."

"See, my situation is a little different," Brenda explained. "My husband is a cuckold. He likes his nice car, his big house and **RV**, but my parents are the wealthy ones who pay for it all. He knows to get what he wants, he has to give me what I want, which is a sexual relationship with our son."

"Wow, convenient for you."

"Convenient for us both," Brenda said, "It's a win-win really."

The wives and children regrouped at the gas-pumps, where their rigs were refueled. The ladies were pleased to find that their husbands had met also and were chatting when they arrived.

After the proper introductions, Don, Brenda's husband looked at Jewel. "I was telling your husband there's a great **RV** park we're staying at tonight. Swimming pool, nice clubhouse. They even have some hiking trails. You guys are welcome to park your rig right beside ours."

"Oh, I love that idea," Brenda said.

"Yeah, that sounds nice," Jewel said, looking at Martin, "alot better than the place we reserved online."

"I can probably still call and cancel that place," Martin said.

Brenda looked at Jewel and smiled. "Since we're both going to the same spot, you and Cory should ride in our fifth-wheel with Jackson and I."

"Sounds fun," Jewel said, then looked at her son, "right, honey?"

"Sure," Cory lied, forcing a smile. He was really looking forward to being alone with his mom and sinking his cock inside her.

"Well then, let's get this show on the road," Don said.

Ann looked at her mom pleadingly. "Can't I ride in their trailer with you guys?"

Jewel smiled, "Trailers aren't for little girls while they're on the road. Adults only, but only a couple more hours, ok Angel?"

"Since the **RV** park has a pool, can we swim once we get there?" Ann asked. "That's a definite yes!" Jewel answered.

"Yaay!" the girl cheered, then headed to their rig with her father.

The two Mothers faced their boys, their huge jutting breasts wobbling heavily as they turned. Of course the teens took notice, staring at the fat nubs of Jewel and Brenda's erect nipples, which protruded from beneath their blouses.

"Ready to hang out with us boys?" Brenda said sweetly, gazing at her teen through long fluttering lashes.

"Sure," the boys responded in unison, shifting their attention to the mother's thick meaty behinds, which swayed teasingly as the women stepped up into the fifth-wheel.

The boys followed their mothers inside, their dicks already fully erect and throbbing eagerly.

Chapter 4 - Souvenirs

The vacationing Andersons had just made some new friends and together they pulled their 5th wheels along historic Route sixty-six.

Inside the Dalton family's luxury trailer, the mothers Brenda and Jewel were sharing a private ride with their sons, Jackson and Cory. They were all snuggled together on the sofa, watching the movie "Blockers" on Jackson's laptop.

"Oh my God, he **DID NOT** just do that!" Jewel exclaimed as they all laughed at the scene in the film.

"How else is he gonna keep his daughter from having her brains fucked out on prom night?" Brenda said.

"True."

"Did you have **YOUR** brains fucked out on prom night, Mom?" Jackson brazenly asked, exchanging a quick smile with Cory.

Brenda rested comfortably at his side, with her lovely legs curled up and big matronly boobs squashed against him.. "I most certainly did. Why, are you jealous that it wasn't **YOU** who fucked me?" she teased.

"Well, that might have been tough seeing as I hadn't even been conceived yet, Mom."

"Hmm, well maybe you were conceived that very night, you never know," Brenda suggested.

"Well I know you've told me you didn't go to the prom with dad, so if you did get pregnant with me that night, that would mean that my real father is still out there somewhere."

Brenda giggled. "You have a point, but before you go on some crusade you should know that **I DID NOT** get pregnant with you on my prom night."

"What about you, Mom?" Cory asked, looking his snuggling mother in the eyes. "Did you get laid on prom night?"

"Well, I grew up in a religious family, so I was constantly being cock-blocked, even on prom night," the mother confessed.

"God, that must have been soo frustrating!" Brenda said.

"It was, but then I moved away to college and trust me, I more than made up for all the times I didn't get any," she said, making them both giggle.

"So now it's your turn, boys. Fess up and be honest. Did you get in your prom date's panties?"

Jackson's mom asked.

"I know I did!" her boy said without hesitation..

"Me too," Cory said, with a guilty smile directed towards his mom. "Oh really?! With protection I hope?" Jewel asked, half-sternly. "She was on the pill," he answered timidly.

"Good answer," his mother said, teasingly poking him in the ribs. "I'm not Grandmother material quite yet."

"Ugh, me either!" Brenda said. "In fact I wouldn't mind popping out another baby of my own before I'm forty."

"Forty?!" her son asked. "Didn't you like...just turn thirty-nine, Mom?"

"Yep...guess I better get busy!" she said, then gazed into his eyes lustfully. "Wanna get busy with me?"

"You mean **BUSIER**? When it comes to fucking, we have been pretty 'busy' here lately, Mom," he reminded her.

"True," Brenda said, winking at Jewel, "I might just have a bun in the oven already."

They all laughed, then continued watching the movie. Jewel rested her head on her boy's shoulder and her hand on his thigh, incredibly close to his cock.

The cuddly, touchy-feely session went on for quite some time before both mother-son couples moved on to even more serious intimate contact, like groping and kissing.

"Mmmm," Jewel purred, engaging her son in a deep sensual French kiss.. Both mothers had adjusted their bodies so the swell of their enormous breasts pressed softly against the boy's chests.

Now instead of simply resting their hands on their boy's thighs, the mothers were squeezing and tugging on their hard cocks through their shorts, while squirming lustfully against them.

"Holy fucking wow, this is amazing!" Cory thought, feeling his mom's long thick tongue flutter through his mouth, dancing with his own.

The boy brazenly grasped the fat distended sides of her tit-melons, giving them a good squeeze.

Jewel suddenly stopped kissing him. "You're Beautiful!" she exclaimed. Brenda giggled as her and her son broke their kiss. "Well thank you!" she said.

"No, 'you're beautiful' by James Blunt. That was the final dance at my prom. Oh my God, I just remember that and it was sooo fucking romantic."

Brenda looked at Jackson. "Play it on your phone," she said.

Jackson found it on his streaming app and the the romantic guitar melody began to play on his phone.

"Yess! Oh my God, we have to dance!" Jewel said, pulling her son to his feet..

Brenda led her son off the couch also and the mothers draped their arms around their teen's necks, moving in close for an intimate dance.

The boys glanced over at one another and smiled blissfully, feeling the mom's squishy tit-mounds flatten against their young chests. The barefoot mothers gently rocked their bodies to the romantic music, gazing up into the eyes of their handsome teens.

The Dalton's 5th wheel suddenly drifted slightly, making the four of them giggle playfully as they sidestepped to get their balance. "Your father better keep this rig under control," Brenda joked to her son. "Doesn't he know that we're trying to have a romantic slow-dance back here."

Cory looked down into his mother's beautiful sparkling eyes. She returned a dreamy-eyed gaze that about made his heart melt. "You're a good dancer, honey...and **WAY** hotter than my prom date was," she says.

"That's good, because you're alot hotter than my date was also."

"Am I? Jewel asked as they stared into each other's eyes lustfully, while the chorus to the song played.

"You're beautiful You're beautiful You're beautiful, it's true!"

Jewel felt like a young woman again, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. "Oh my God, I'm absolutely enamored by my own son!" she thought, then rose up on her tip-toes, tilting her head and fusing her lips against his in a passionate kiss.

The two couples made out like lovers for the remainder of the song, then the Moms pulled their boys by the hands back over to the sofa.

"Mmm, I could use a good foot massage. How 'bout you, Jewel?" Brenda asked. "Mmm, that does sound nice!"

As the mother's sat, the boys knelt on the floor in front of them and began massaging their pretty bare feet.

"Yess! Momma likes!" Brenda said, smiling down at her boy. "You're doing such a good job, boys!"

"Yeah, they are. It feels divine!" Jewel said, smiling down at her teen.

Both boys loved their mother's dainty bare feet. They were always so soft and pretty, with beautifully painted toenails. They especially liked the way their Moms would spread their gorgeous legs and point their feet back like sexy ballerinas while they plunged their cocks through their juicy holes.

"Would you like to suck on our toes boys?" Brenda asked.

Without even answering, Cory and Jackson slipped their mother's big toes into their mouths and sucked on them.

"Ohhh! I love it!" Jewel purred, squirming on the couch and thrusting her big tit-melons out.

As they sucked, the teens were delighted in the position of their moms hot curvy bodies. The women's tits jutted out teasingly beneath their tops, their fat nipples clearly erect. They both wore thin cotton booty-shorts, so their silky legs were fully bare. One extended out, so the boys could suck their toes, while the other leg was bowed open, their knee raised nearly level with their shoulders.

While sucking earnestly, the boy's eyes traveled to their mother's crotches. The snug fitting material was moulded around their puffy vulvas, showing the pronounced furrow of their horny cunt-slits through the fabric.

"Damn, that's mega-hot!" Cory thought, slurping and lapping at his Mom's toes.

The boys were on their knees, so the women could plainly see their hardons tenting their shorts out shamelessly.

"Mmm, those yummy pricks look sooo hard! Why don't you take them out and show us, boys," Brenda suggested.

The teens proudly slipped out of their shorts and briefs. Their enormous meaty hardons sprung free and bobbed up and down stiffly as they resumed their toe-sucking.

"Ohh, look at those dicks!" Jewel exclaimed, excitedly licking her lips. "What are you gonna do to us now, boys?" Brenda asked.

Her son smiled and leaned over to whisper something to Cory. "What should we do?" "Not sure, what do you think?" Cory whispered back.

"Let's kiss and lick their legs...get them super worked up."

Jewel leaned over to whisper something to Brenda. "What do you think they're whispering?"

"I don't know, but don't be surprised if they rip our shorts off and fuck us," Brenda whispered back excitedly.

The Moms watched as their boys began to plant a trail of kisses down their curvy legs. They breathlessly dug their long nails into the couch cushion as they watched their sons sensually kiss and lick their legs.

Cory was so turned on he could hardly stand it. His mom's naked legs were splayed open and he was working his way down between them. Her tan skin was so smooth and soft and smelt wonderful.

"Mmm, so that's your plan...to tease us, boys?" Jewel asked. "Uh-huh," her son said with a smile, kissing her inner thighs.

"That's ok," Brenda said, "the farther we spread our legs back, the farther they'll have to climb on top of our bodies to kiss them."

Jewel giggled. "That's true," she said, widening her spread even more.

Now both big titted mommies had their thighs spread wide, their dainty bare feet hovering in the air. This was the position they had birthed these boys out eighteen years ago and now they were yearning to have their birthing-tubes stuffed once again, only this time with just the boy's cocks.

"Why don't you kiss our lips now," Jewel suggested, as the boys settled on top of them.

"Nice idea!" Cory said, excitedly bringing his full weight down on top of his Mom, crushing her tits between them.

The two couples kissed passionately, their lips sensually smacking together and their tongues dancing wildly. The women peeled off their son's shirts, getting them completely naked, while continuing to plant sensual pecks on their reciprocating lips.

"Mmm, can you feel how hot you're making our cunts, boys?" Brenda asked. "Can you feel the heat against your boners?"

"I sure can," her son sighed, mashing his erect cock against her puffy crotch.

"Me too," Cory added, flexing his manhood as it rested in the cloth-covered crevice of Jewel's cunt..

"I bet you'd like to fuck us, wouldn't you?" Brenda asked, planting more wet kisses on her son's face. "Pound our juicy holes with those big dicks and blast all that hot cum in there."

"Ohh damn, Mom, it's so hot when you talk like that," her son sighed, kissing her right back.

Jewel giggled. "You boys can tease us, so we can tease you right back," kiss, kiss. "Tease you with our dirty mouths," she said, then locked lips with Cory for a fiery French kiss.

Brenda threw her strong lovely legs around her boy, interlocking her ankles behind his back. "Wrap our sexy legs around you and talk dirty, while you press your dreamy dicks against us!"

"Ohhh!" her son sighed, aroused as hell.

Jewel broke her passionate kiss and brought her lips near her son's ear. "And while you're doing it, you can imagine that you're fucking us. Pounding our pussies with your dicks, like we're your own personal Mommy-sluts," she hissed.

Both women continued with their naughty talk, while smooching with their boys passionately. "Fucking really hard and deep!" Brenda said sensually.

"Sucking on our big squishy tits!" Jewel added, then planted a couple wet pecks, "licking and pulling on our hard fat nipples!"

"Ohhfuck!" her son whimpered, out of his mind with horniness.

"Making those cum-filled balls beat against our asses!" Brenda panted.

"Forcing us to **CRY** out in ecstacy and squirt our cum on your incredible cocks!" Jewel said with passion, tossing her own luscious mommy-legs around her teen.

"Ok, if we can't fuck you guys now, I think I'm gonna go crazy!"

The two Mommies giggled. "Fuck us then! We're not stopping you!" Brenda said excitedly. "Strip our panties off and **TAKE** those pussies!"

The boys glanced at each other with equal thrill, then quickly reached for the hem of their mother's booty-shorts. With throbbing dicks, they shucked the shorts down the women's legs, then reached for their dainty panties.

Jewel's eyes were full of lust as she excitedly watched her boy peel her thong down her sexy legs. "Ohh my God, look how fucking excited he is! Who am I kidding?! I'm just as eager as he is! Fuuuck!" she thought.

The boys both squeezed their hard pricks, watching the mothers open their thighs up again, shamelessly displaying their shaved pussies. Their big fleshy clits stuck out from beneath their hoods, crowning their splayed labial folds. Like an animal, Jackson dove face first for his mother's cunt, immediately putting his tongue to work.

"Uhhhnggyess!" Brenda cried out, arching her back with delight, making her wobbling tits balloon upward.

Cory moved forward and devoured Jewel's horny pussy, inhaling the fragrant folds as his face sunk down through the fleshy layers and his tongue found her clitoris. "Yesss! Oh my God!" the mother shouted.

Brenda grimaced feverishly, shaking her head back and forth, gasping and whining with pleasure. She humped her ass

rhythmically, overcome with desire, fucking her cunt all over her son's face. "Ohh fuck yes! Eat our pussies!"

Cory lapped up his Mom's juices like a hungry dog, looping his licker from her fuck-hole, up across her fleshy pink pearl, then back again, repeating this process over and over.

"Eeeeiiioohhh!!" Brenda cried out, as an orgasm hit her out of no where. "Fucck!" Jackson said with wonder as her pussy started squirting.

Cory paused and looked over at his new friend. Jackson was spreading his Mom's cunt open with his fingers. Orgasmic juice was burbling out of her fuck-hole and her body was shaking. "Look at that shit!" he exclaimed, glancing at Cory.

"Wow!" Cory muttered, then watched his friend bury his lips back against his orgasming mother's gushing cunt.

Jewel squealed with bliss as her teen went back to eating her pussy. Her husband didn't eat her cunt nearly as much as he used to, so it was refreshing to have such a hot young stud devour her precious flower. Even when Marty did eat her out, she felt like he was doing it more out of a husbandly duty, rather than because he really wanted to. With Cory it was different. He feasted on her cunt like an animal that hadn't eaten in days.

The teen lashed his licker back and forth across her clitoris, making her back slowly arch from the cushion. "Ohhhmy God, don't stop!!" she gasped, on the verge of a juicy climax.

Cory held her hips and didn't let up one bit, determined to make his mother cum harder than ever. He didn't have to wait long.

"Yeess-cummminggg!" the busty beauty cried out, flopping around like a fish out of water as an orgasm swept through her nearly naked body.

The boy kept his tongue going into overdrive, watching his mother writhe around in ecstacy. With his face against her crotch he had a terrific view up her midriff to the swell of her large breasts. Even under the confines of her bra and top, her colossal knockers wobbled heavily back and forth as she jerked around in pleasure.

"Will you suck our dicks now?" Jackson brazenly asked, getting a big smile from both his mom and Jewel as they sat up.

Brenda looked over at her new partner in crime. "I don't know, what do you think, Jewel? Do you think we should suck these big hunky dicks?" she teasingly asked.

"No, I don't thing we should," Jewel said with a mischievous grin, "but I also don't think that should stop them from trying fuck our mouths like pussies."

"Mmm, I like the way you think," Brenda said and they both got up from the couch. "See ya boys," Jewel said playfully as her and Brenda stepped towards the bedroom.

"Goddamn, look at those asses!" Jackson said to Cory as they stroked their boners, while watching their mothers sashay away on bare feet. The women's luscious legs were crowned by the meaty half-globes of their bare buttocks'. Both moms put a little extra sway in their hips, making their unblemished booties undulate seductively.

Brenda whispered something to Jewel and they paused for a moment and slipped off their shirts. Both their huge sets of tits were encased in delicate-laced bras and straining for release.

"Fucking sexy!" Cory muttered to Jackson as they gawked at the huge creamy cleavages spilling out the tops of their bra-cups..

The Moms reached back and pulled on the thick straps of their bras, releasing the hooks. Next came the shoulder straps, then they peeled the cups away, releasing their huge milkers. The boys

intensified their cock-strokes, watching both sets of naked tits shimmy around heavily on their chests.

"Shit, dude, your mom's tits are as big as my mom's," Jackson commented. "Yeah, they both have big puffy nipples too."

"Look at how they're standing there watching us...thrusting those tits out like that," Jackson said lustfully, his eyes as wide as silver dollars.

Both Jewel and Brenda were in a sexy pose, with one lovely leg cocked forward, resting on the squatted toes of an arched foot. The size of their jutting breasts were absolutely tremendous and their rubbery nipples were fully erect, puffing out from wide areolas.

Their pretty eyes peeked out from their trusses, watching the handsome teens stroke their big baby-makers. "Are you gonna stand there and beat off, or are you gonna plunge those cocks down our throats, boys?" Brenda asked..

Cory and Jackson stepped across the trailer, their erection bobbing up and down. They stopped in front of their naked mothers, then boldly reached out and squeezed the women's oversized melons, making their fingers sink into the squishy flesh. They tweaked and pulled at their nipples, watching the mothers purr in ecstacy. "Suck on them!" Jewel said lustfully.

Both boys ran with the suggestion, leaning over, hefting one of their big tits and latching on, all while continuing to stroke their hard cocks.

"Yess! Suck those fucking nipples, boys!" Brenda cried out, feeling Jackson's tongue batter her engorged nipple.

The mother's replaced the boy's cock-stroking hands with those of their own, reaching down and jerking their tender hardons while they had their titties sucked.

"Mmmnff!" Cory whimpered. His face was pushed into Jewel's squishy boob while he sucked, masking it in tit-meat.

"Mmm, I love how fucking hard those dicks get!" Brenda said. "Which reminds me...we're suppose to be sucking on those monsters, remember?"

Brenda crouched down, grasping her son's cock at the root. She slowly opened her mouth and began sinking it inside, making an obscene gurgling sound as she slowly stuffed her son's prick down her throat.

"Ohhh shit yess! Suck my dick, Mom!" her son sighed..

Jewel also crouched down, taking a long wet lick up the underside of her son's hardon. She then grasped his cock and beat her flickering tongue around on the large purple knob.

"Ohhh wow!" Cory muttered, watching his own mom lick his dick like a lollipop.

Wet slurping, smacking sounds filled the trailer as the horny mothers began to give their boys hot sloppy blow jobs, compressing their lips tightly around the stiffness of their cocks.

Up and back their pretty heads bobbed, fucking the stiff boners down the back of her throats. "Hhmmnff!" Jewel gagged, but just kept suck like a champion cock-sucker.

Brenda too sucked with gusto, while inhaling the cunt warming aroma of Jackson's prick and balls. She stroked the base of his cock with one hand, while cupping his bloated balls with the other, rolling the cum-filled nuts around between her fingers.

"Ohh damn, that feels good," her son sighed..

Hungrily Jewel's tongue swirled around her boy's cock, looping over the flared knob to lap up the prick juices bubbling up from his balls. She grasped his prick around the root and jacked hard and fast, beating her son's meat into her mouth.

Jackson's cock was beginning to tingle when his mom abruptly stopped sucking and stood up.

"We're slowly down!" she said.

"What? Who?" he son asked, confused by what his mom meant. "You're father's slowing down. I think he's stopping."

Jewel stood back up also. "At a stop sign maybe?"

"No..." Brenda said, then looked out the window," we're pulling over! Get dressed, boys. Hurry!" Quickly, the four of them scrambled to get their clothes back on..

Outside, both rigs had pulled over to the side of the highway. The husbands had both hopped out and met at the rear of Martin's trailer. One of his back tires was shredded, exposing the rim.

"Now **THAT** is one hell of a blowout!" Don said.

"The tires are pretty new. I must have ran over something," Martin said.

"It happens!" Don reminded him. "Grab your spare and your jack, I'll help you fix this baby right up!"

By the time the Moms and sons arrived, the husband's were already jacking up the rear of the rig.

"Oh my God, what happened?" Jewel asked..

"My guess is we hit a nail or something...punctured the tire and it blew," Martin said.

Don began jacking up the rear axle. "Not that uncommon. Luckily you guys weren't riding in this trailer or you would have had a nice little jolt."

"Honey, where are the kids?" Brenda asked her husband.

"Told them to stay in the truck and play their games. They don't need to be out here with these cars going by."

"True."

Jewel looked at Martin. "What about Ann?"

"She's sleeping in the truck. I didn't wake her," Martin said.

While the husbands worked hard at changing the tire, their beautiful wife's stood and watched, with the boys directly behind them. Brenda and Jewel reached back between their bodies discreetly and began rubbing their boy's cocks through their shorts. They were delighted to find both pricks still fully hard.

"Fuck, I want this inside so Goddamn, bad!" Jewel thought, her thick rubbery nipples hardening beneath her bra.

The boys stood there breathlessly, trying to remain steady on their feet as the mom's skilled hands stroked their cocks through the fabric. The women rolled the boy's nuts through their fingers, then slid their hands exquisitely up their shafts and massaging their fat leaking knobs.

"So how's the ride back in the fiver?" Martin asked them as they removed the blown tire.

Jewel and Brenda looked at each other with knowing smiles. "Good, we were just sucking down a couple of shots when we noticed the rig slowing down," Jewel said.

"Shots huh? her husband asked, "Now you got me jealous."

"They were your favorite shots too, honey, blowjobs," Jewel said. It was all the Moms and sons could do to keep from laughing.

"Damn, I love blowjobs!"

Don laughed. "Who doesn't, right?" he joked.

"Well, yes, those kind of blowjobs too," Martin said, making the two men laugh.

"Mmm, they were soo yummy!" Brenda added, gripping her son's man-meat tightly in her hand. "I could suck them down all day."

"Me too," Jewel said. "We figured the boys are old enough and we're on vacation, so we gave them blowjobs too."

Brenda couldn't help herself and burst out laughing. "Oh God, I'm sorry."

The two husband's were also amused at the way she phrased it. "Jesus, honey, that sounded really bad."

Jewel glared at her husband. "We're talking about shots, Martin. Get your head out of the gutter."

"Sorry, just sayin'.

Cory inwardly laughed as he listened to the conversation. If his dad only knew that his mom had been giving him a real blowjob only minutes before. He carefully looked down and watched his Mom's pretty hand continue to massage his protruding boner. Her big diamond wedding ring sparkled in the sunlight, reminding him of how she was shamelessly breaking her wedding vows.

Touching her son's big cock was getting the mother hornier and hornier. Jewel could feel her fuck-juices secreting from her pussy-

walls, lubricating her vagina for intercourse. Her big clitoris throbbed and her oversized tits felt heavy with arousal. "Oh my God, I want Cory so bad I can hardly stand it!" her mind screamed.

"We should go find a cool rock or something," she said, looking back at her boy and reluctantly releasing his cock.

"A cool rock?" he asked.

"Yeah, a souvenir. Remember we said we were gonna find one on every stop?" she lied, but Cory caught on when she winked and went along with it.

"Oh yeah, a souvenir."

"We'll come with you guys," Brenda said.

"We'll be back on the road in ten minutes," Martin said as the wives and sons disappeared. "Ten minutes, got it!" he heard his wife say.

The Moms led their horny boys through the tall brush along the side of the road. They were in a remote area with nothing but vegetation and only an occasional car going by on the highway. "I bet there's some cool rocks right through here," Jewel said, leading the way on a path through the brush.

"Mm, I bet you're right, or at least **SOMETHING** rock hard," Brenda said, making them giggle.

As soon as they were concealed from the road, the mother's attacked their boys with kisses, quickly unbuttoning their shorts. They were both horny as hell. "Wanna fuck me?" Jewel lustfully asked her son.

Brenda's son's shorts dropped to his ankles, exposing his stiff erection. The women had left their panties in the trailer, but quickly

removed their shorts. "Bend us over and fuck us, boys! Get your dicks inside those hot wet pussies!"

The busty moms bent over and their boys mounted their haunches from behind. Cory's heart pounded with excitement, from the depraved act they were committing right there just out of site from their fathers.

He quickly squeezed his cock into Jewel's pussy, delighted at the way her cunt was already naturally lubricated and ready for his big cock.

"Ohhhyess!" he sighed, feeling his tender dong sink along the warm spongy walls of her pussy, further and further until it was completely sheathed.

"OhhmyGod!!Hisdickfeelsamazing!!"Jewel's mind squealed lustfully. She peeked back at him like a helpless slut. "Pound mee!" she pleaded.

Cory happily obliged, spearing his cock through her quivering cuntal flesh.

The boy's crotches beat wetly against the women's naked asses, making a duel smacking sound.

"**SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP, SHLAP**….

As they fucked, the teens looked over at each other with wide-eyed smiles, then gazed back down at the action.

The site of his mother's naked buttocks pushing back at him made Cory's excitement level enter the stratosphere. He marveled at the way the fat of her meaty mounds would ripple beneath the skin every time they struck his midsection.

"Ohhh!" Jewel sighed, feeling her boy's thick cock flex with arousal, stretching her gripping walls even more as it thundered through her fuck-tube. She reacted by tightening her own fuck-muscles, making her pussy even more pleasurable for her well-hung son.

"Yess! Fuck usss!" Brenda whimpered, impressed as usual by the way her son was pounding her hot mommy-pussy like a pro.

Even in the confines of their bras, the women's huge knockers jostled around on their chests to the rhythm of their fucking.

They suddenly heard Martin's voice, reminding them of how dangerously close they still were to the road. "Ok, let's roll!" he shouted.

Rather than stop, both mothers worked their hips with greater intensity, pounding their cunts-slits back on their boy"s stiff dicks. "Come for us, boys!" Jewel said.

"Cum in our pussies!" Brenda added.

The teens lustfully drove their boners with full length thrusts through the hot spongy grips of their mother's cunt-flesh. Both pussies were tightening up, which let the boys know that they weren't the only ones close to cumming.

"Jewel?" Martin called from the road. "Cuuummmmiiiig!!" his wife cried out.

Within seconds of each other, as if there was an orgasmic current connected their bodies, the four of them began climaxing.

They struggled to contain their delightful squeals as they humped with everything they had.The boys blasted their hot creamy loads, while scalding girl-cum squirted from their mother's urethras, soaking their plowing, spurting boners.

"Mmnnhhff!" Jewel whimpered, biting her bottom lip in ecstacy.

"Ohhhhh!" he son sighed, blown away by the intense feeling of having his cock milked by such a strong, skilled pussy.

"We better go!" Brenda whispered, hurriedly putting her booty shorts back on.

Jackson's cock was soaked with their juices. He tugged his own shorts back up, concealing it's stiffness.

Cory's boner slipped from his Mom's cunt, making a lewd wet popping sound as it made it's exit.

"That's quite the hammer you got there!" a old mysterious voice said from behind them.

Startled, they all spun around. "What the fuck?!" Brenda exclaimed, gazing at the old bearded geezer behind them. "Who the fuck are you?"

The tiny, creepy old man had his tiny penis hanging out of his fly, stroking it shamelessly while staring straight at Jewel. The name's Sid. Care if I have a lick?" gazing at Jewel's shaved snatch.

"Let's...get back to the road," Jewel said, sliding her shorts back up her luscious legs.

Of course the old pervert watched her every move, gazing at her jiggling tits and her shaved, well-fucked pussy before she could cover it. "I bet your pussy is like the ripest piece of fruit I ever tasted," his gruffly voice said.

"Go back to your cave, you creepy fuck!" Brenda said with a scowl, making her way back to the road with her son.

"Just let me have a taste!" the creeper said to Jewel as he followed her towards the road. He set his site on her thick swaying buttock. "Ohh that plump sweet ass!" he snarled, pumping his tiny peter even harder.

"You're disgusting! Why are you following us?" Jewel asked.

By the time they got back to the road there was no sign of Sid anywhere. "Everything ok?" Martin asked.

"Yes, will you just get us back on the road please," Jewel answered as they filed back into the Anderson's 5th Wheel.

Martin and Don looked at each other. "Okay then!" Don said. "Lucky Luke's **RV** Park, here we come!"

Martin headed around his rig. "Let's do it!"

The two families pulled back onto the road and continued their trip. Sid stepped out of the bushes onto the side of the pavement His penis was back in his grease-stained pants and he glared at the convoy of 5th wheels as they disappeared down the road. "Lucky Luke's, huh?" he muttered to himself, then smiled sinisterly, showing a mouthful of half-rotted teeth.

"That was the creepiest guy I've ever seen!" Brenda said as they sat back down together on the sofa.

"It wasn't even a guy. It was more like Gollum from Lord of the Ring, with an ugly beard," Jackson said.

"And a really small penis," Cory added, making the four of them laugh.

"It was so gross...and the way he was stroking it, while he staring at me...disgusting!" Jewel said.

"I wonder if he was watching us the whole time?" Jackson asked.

Brenda comforted her new friend with a hug. "I have an idea," she said, "to get our minds off the piece of shit we just left in our dust, why don't we all go into the bedroom and have a little fun."

Jackson quickly raised his hand. "I second that thought!"

The mothers giggled like horny schoolgirls, pulling the boys into the bedroom, where once again they all stripped naked.

They couples embraced, kissing and groping passionately. The Moms rubbed their big stiff-nippled milkers all over the boy's chests, get them hornier and hornier. Finally, they all fell back onto the large bed.

"Fuck us, you hot studs!" Brenda exclaimed, then locked lips again with her boy.

Laying side by side on the bed, the two big titted mothers splayed their thighs open, cradling their horny-cocked teens between their legs. Cory plunged his hardon into his mother's pussy, crushing her spongy tits against his chest as he brought his weight against her.

"Yesss! Fuck me really hard, baby!" she cried out.

With their cocks fully sheathed, both boys began to work their hips, fucking their mom's pussies with long tit-jarring thrusts. "Ohhhh! Fuck yess!" Brenda shrieked.. "Hit that pussy, honey!"

The big bed rocked and creaked beneath them, sustaining the force of two hard-humping couples. The panting mommies locked their stong silky legs around their boys, like tight fleshy love-harness's, holding their humping frames between their wide-open thighs.

The mother's pink, ribbed cunt tubes clasped tightly around the hammering cylinders of meat, soaking them with slippery fuck-oil

meant to lubricate such an intense union.

"Ohhh shit yeaaah!" Cory moaned. His body fit his mother's like a glove. Everything about her, from her sloshing tits and warm cradling thighs to to her dainty bare feet, pushing at his ass to aid in his thrusts, seemed custom-made, just for him. Even their tongues seemed completely in sync as they thrashed together frenziedly inside his mouth. "She's fucking incredible!" his mind exclaimed.

Jewel was having similar thoughts about him. Simply put, Cory was making his father seem like a sexual amateur in her eyes. "This is how a woman is suppose to be fucked!" she thought, feeling her climax build, nearing the peak.

The boy's balls beat against their mother writhing ass cheeks and their long stiff cocks didn't soften one bit as they tirelessly pounded through their mother's creamy pink pussy-holes.

"Goddamn, Mom!" Jackson groaned, feeling her pelvic floor contract upward, creating added tightness around his boner, causing it to throb and leak delightfully.

"Mmm, you like that, baby? You like mommy making her hot pussy as tight as she can for you?"

"Hell yess, I love it!" her boy answered, continuing a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Ohh my God, you boys are absolutely amazing!" Jewel shouted lustfully, her voice shaky from being fucked so hard and also from cresting on the edge of a monster orgasm. "I'm gonna fucking cuuuuum!"

"Meeee toooo! Fuck me harrdeer!" Brenda shrieked. "Ohhh, God, yesss! Yesss! **OHH FUUUCCK!!**" Her sexy voice rang out. Her and Brenda's voices screamed out in an orgasmic mommy-duet.

"Aaaaaauuuggghhh!!"

"Oohhh yessss! My pussy's cuuuming!! "Yesss! **YESSSS!!**"

The boys marveled at the trembling beauty's beneath them. Hearing their own mothers cry out in passion turned them on just as much as the feel of the smothering juice-spurting cunts around their cocks.

"Ohh shit, I'm gonna shoot!" Jackson moaned, feeling the torrent of hot cum surge up his fuck-tube.

"Ohhhh! Ohhhdamn!!" Cory whimpered, as big milky gobs of jizz began hosing from his piss-slit.

All four of them trembled and writhed, using each others bodies to draw out as much of the intense pussy-proding pleasure as they could. This went on and on for several minutes, before the boys rolled off their panting mothers in exhaustion.

"Wow Jewel, we really raised a couple of fuck-hounds," Brenda said.

Jewel giggled, making her big tit-mounds tremble as they lay spread out across her chest. "Yes we did!"

She rolled over against her boy, giving him a soft sensual kiss while gazing endearingly into his eyes. "Mommy's fuck-hound," she whispered.

Cory smiled contently. "We forgot to collect rocks for souvenirs," he said.

Jewel giggled. "You guys can have our panties for souvenirs, how's that?" she asked. "Better than a stupid rock for sure," Jackson chimed in, making them all laugh.

Chapter 5 - Lucky Luke's RV Park

When the family's rigs arrived at Lucky Luke's, they pulled into spots side by side. While the husbands went through the process of setting up the 5th wheels for their stay, the kids got into their swimsuits and rushed across the park to the pool.

"Wait for us before you jump in the water!" Brenda shouted to her children.

The two mothers changed into their bikinis. They made sure to wear cover-ups for the walk over, in order to avoid a lecture from their husbands about how their bikinis were too revealing. Both Jewel and Brenda had the types of bodies that would have made **ANY** swimsuit seem inappropriate. Tiny slings of fabric wern't made to contain their enormous mommy-tits and thick meaty asses, but they loved wearing them.

Today, the cocks they were teasing belonged to their handsome son's, Cory and Jackson. The boys got to the pool just before their mothers did and sat waiting. "I'm hope my mom's wearing her black micro bikini," Jackson said, glancing in the direction of their vehicles eagerly. "Micro bikini?" Cory asked.

"Yeah, it's like a normal bikini, only only a lot more revealing." "Oh cool. I wonder if **MY** mom has one of those?"

The boy's moms entered the pool area, wearing sunglasses and their bikini cover-ups. With no bras on, their tit-mounds trembled with every step.

"Can we jump in now?" One of Brenda's kids asked. "Go ahead. Just be safe!"

"Ann, let's put some sunscreen on you," Jewel said to her daughter.

After the mother lathered her daughter up and watched her join the other kids in the pool, Jewel and Brenda wandered over to where the boys were sitting. The teens had strategically placed themselves behind a section of loungers, hoping their moms would choose to lay out in front of them. They wern't disappointed.

"Hi boys! Going swimming?" Brenda asked.

"Maybe in a little bit," Jackson answered, eager to see some skin first. "We're just gonna chill here for awhile."

"I wonder why?" Jewel joked, looking over at Brenda and winking knowingly.

"Couldn't have anything to do with **THIS**, could it?" Brenda asked, lifting her cover-up off her body, exposing her bikini-clad flesh. While it wasn't the micro bikini that Jackson was hoping for, the skimpy red two-piece was still extremely revealing. He knew his mom couldn't wear the one he wanted her to with all the kids around.

"My guess is yes, it does have something to do with this," Jewel said with a giggle, shedding her cover-up also.

Cory's eyes widened when he saw the sexy number his mom was wearing. It was a traditional string-bikini, but even in that her delightful curves could barely be contained. The amount of cleavage bulging from the bikini top made Cory's cock rise in record time.

The aroused teens watched their mother's breasts and asses jiggle as they spread their towels out on the lounge chairs. The women then applied suntan oil to their sexy bodies. Jewel looked over at her son and gave him a teasing wink as she rubbed oil on the creamy flesh of her exposed tit-meat. When she bent over to hit her legs, her mammoth jugs dangled in the bikini sling, exposing a huge gaping cleavage that made her boy stare in wide-eyed lust.

Brenda was putting on a show for her boy also. As she applied oil to her body, she bent over like Jewel did, but with her buttocks pointed at her teen. Jackson sighed in awe, while staring at her meaty buns, which were sticking half-way out of her bottoms. Not only that, but he could clearly make out the puffy lips of her vulva, bulging out the sides, and the groove of her pudendal cleft through the fabric.

"See anything you like?" Jewel asked the boys.

"I know I do!" her son muttered, still gawking at her wobbling tits. "Me too!" Jackson added.

"Uh-huh, I bet you'd love to stuff your meat inside that camel-toe, wouldn't you?" Brenda asked her boy with a naughty grin.

"You got that right!"

"What about you?" Jewel said, staring back at her son. "Got mommy's camel-toe on your mind too?"

"Yes! That and other things," Cory said, gazing at her jutting tit-melons. He could clearly see the tips of her rubbery nipples through the fabric.

Jewel thrust her giant boobies out even further, making it look as though her oiled melon-meat could split her bikini top right in two. "You mean like **THESE** things?" she said, playing stupid.

"Yes," her son answered with an excited gulp.

"Well if you came over and shared this lounge chair with me, mommy could let her boulders roll all over you," she suggested.

"Share the lounge chair?"

"Yeah, I think we could squeeze the two of us together on it. We can't be too naughty though. Remember, there are kids around."

Jackson looked at his mom, as if waiting for her invitation. She smiled back at him knowingly. "No frisky business!" she warned.

"I'll be good," he assured her.

The boys joined their mothers on the loungers, sprawling out on their backs, hip to hip. Being this close to his mom, with her glossy, nearly naked body displayed next to him, made Cory get even more worked up.

Of course his mother sensed his arousal. "You're looking pretty stiff down there!" she said. "How could I not be stiff? Look at you!" he said.

Jewel giggled, fully aware of her son's lust for her. "I like it when you're stiff," she said. "It shows me that you have what it takes to split my cunt whenever I need it."

"I enjoyed splitting it earlier!"

She reached down and took his hand, squeezing it tightly. "And you did such an amazing job. You felt incredible!"

"So did you," he confessed.

"You didn't mind watching your Mom scream and gush all over your hard cock like a shameless whore?" she giggled.

"No way! I didn't mind. I loved it!"

Jewel looked towards the pool and suddenly sat up. "Ann, stay in the pool. No running around, it's dangerous!" she said.

While she spoke to his sister, Cory gazed up at her, struck by his mom's beauty. He was much to young to remember the actress Natalie Wood, but since people had often compared his mother to her, he had Googled some pictures of the actress. He could definitely

see the similarities between her and his mother. Their striking facial features, their big dreamy brown eyes and their long dark trusses were very similar. The thing that set his mom apart, however, was her voluptuous body. Jewel had at least five times the tit-meat as the 70's actress and twice the ass.

The pretty mother looked down at her boy, feeling his eyes on her. Her hungry gaze drifted down his well-toned chest, then pause on the outline of the throbbing boner beneath his shorts. Cory watched her bite her bottom lip with horny desire, then gaze back up into his eyes.

"What?" she asked, like a cute timid schoolgirl. "I just like looking at you," her boy confessed.

"Recline the seat back all the way. We'll turn on our sides and look at each other all we want."

The teen did as his mom asked and they laid down on their sides, facing each other. Cory breathlessly gazed at her tit-cleavage. The way his mom was laying with one melon stacked on top of the other, created a long deep crevice between her milkers, that could probably swallow his entire head. Her fat nipples were clearly erect, straining beneath the fabric of her bikini top..

"How's that?" she asked with a smile. "Great!"

They could hear the whispering and giggling of Jackson and Brenda next to them, but neither couple could hear what the other was saying. "So was I right about this trip?" Jewel asked her son. "Are you experiencing lots of new and exciting things?"

Her boy nodded. "Most definitely!"

"It is kind of like one of your video games though, right?" "How so?"

"Well, we're like duel players...a team, trying to fuck whenever and wherever we can, without your dad finding out."

Cory laughed. "Yeah, I guess it's kinda the same."

His mom slid her smooth lower-leg up onto his, and drug her pretty painted toes against him. She gazed at her boy, her own big brown dreamy eyes radiating pure motherly love. "I love fucking you!" she softly confessed.

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "I love it too," he said with heavy excited breath.

"I know you do. Your love-muscle gets so incredibly hard that I can feel every vein popping out."

"Really?"

"Oh yes! Why do you think you make me cum so fucking hard?" she giggled. "You stick that long hard pussy pleaser up there and I just melt around it."

Cory was so turned on by her words that he could hardly contain himself from reaching down and rubbing his dick. His mother, like all mind reading moms, slid her knee forward and pressed it against the bulge in his shorts. Cory's cock throbbed delightfully, trapped between her knee and his lower abdomen. Ohh!" he softly moaned.

"You want mommy to milk it off?" she asked, gazing in his eyes. He nodded affirmatively.

"We have to be careful. The kids are in the pool and can't see us right now, but if they get out, we have to stop."

"Alright."

The mother slowly stroked up and down his meaty boner through his shorts, applying just enough pressure with her knee to make his cock flex with pleasure.

"Feels good right there, doesn't it? Mommy can feel your big cum-tube along the bottom of your shaft. The one all that thick milky ball-juice travels through," Jewel said softly.

"Ohh, yess! I like it," her boy gasped softly, staring back into her dreamy eyes.

"Do you like me stroking you right up to that fat juicy tip, and hitting that sensitive little banjo string," Jewel asked. "You know the little banjo string I mean, don't you baby? The little piece of elastic skin that connects your foreskin to the base of your bell tip."

"Yes," the boy hissed.

"You know why it's called a banjo string?"

Cory shook his head, feeling her knee continue to stroke him exquisitely.

"Because we moms love to strum our tongues across it," Jewel said, fluttering the pink tip of her tongue between her lips for her son to see.

"Oh damn, that's hot!" her boy gasped, his cock flexing.

Jewel giggled and watched him squirm beside her. She ran her fingers through the back of his hair, pulling his head to her tits. She lifted her own head for a moment, making sure all the younger kids were still in the pool and out of site.

Cory whimpered, his face now wedged deeply in his mom's squishy, oily cleavage. He was amazed at how his mom could keep such a

steady stroking rhythm with her knee, along the underside of his boner.

"That's the spot you like, isn't it?" she said in a sexy tone. "Tucked right between mommy's big milkers."

The boy grumbled in response, his face sandwiched between the fatty flesh of each tit.

"That's the best place for your face to be when you nut off, isn't it?"

She felt her son's body tremble and his erection twitch beneath her stroking knee. "Ohh, that feels so good I bet!" her voice cooed. "Mommy knows how to treat a boner right, doesn't she?"

Cory loved fucking his mom, but having her squeeze him off, while talking dirty, with his face lodged between her soft jugs, was a close second. Her squishy boobie contours felt amazing smothering his face. Sure he could hardly breathe, but he didn't give a damn. He kissed and licked the spongy flesh, wondering how many guys had dreamed about doing the same to his incredibly stacked mother.

"You'll be fucking me again soon. You'll be feeling the muscled rings of mommy's pussy squeezing and tugging on your rock hard boner, soaking it with her hot secreting juices," Jewel said.

Her boy snarled, his balls swelling up with a big load of spunk.

Jewel added just a little extra pressure with her cock-stroking knee, intensifying his pleasure. "I'll be wrapping my soft shaved legs around you, pulling your body into my big swinging tits!"

Cory let out another grunt, feeling his knob tingle and his inner glands tighten up, in preparation for a mind-blowing orgasm. Jewel's next words made the flood gates burst open.

"You'll make mommy squeal, while you pump it into her so fucking hard and deep!"

The boy grumbled in bliss, seeing flashes of light, as his cock hosed out big ropes of cum beneath the fabric of his swim trunks.

Jewel just kept a nice steady tempo with her knee, feeling her teen's peter flex and release, flex and release, as the cum pulsed through his organ. "Yes! Shoot your cum in me! Come on, let mommy get it all out!"

Cory's orgasm was so intense, he felt like he could pass out. Being smothered between his Mom's fleshy breasts didn't help, but he wasn't about to come up for air.

By now his cum-juices had soaked through his shorts and were wetting Jewel's knee, as she milked her boy's balls for every drop. For a good five minutes, she continued her gentle knee-strokes, grinding along the underside of the twitching tubular muscle. "Oh, honey, you always cum so hard for me!" she cooed.

She didn't rush her baby. They were certainly in no hurry, and she loved how he seemed so content licking and sucking at her boob flesh. She giggled just a little, amused by the way her giant sideways-distorted melons had swallowed up almost all of her baby's head, nearly pulling her bikini top down over her nipples. If her husband suddenly appeared, he would be absolutely shocked and disgusted.

To Jewel, the danger was worth the thrill. Her pussy was wet and throbbing for attention!

Cory finally slipped his sweaty, oily face from the pocket of cleavage and his mom giggled. "You look like you just crawled out from under a boobie avalanche."

"That was great!" he sighed.

"Would you like to sneak off somewhere more private and bring mommy off?" she asked. "Yeah, like where?"

"Let's go look for a spot," Jewel said, then got up. Her titties jostled as she readjusted her bikini top. "Brenda, would you mind watching Ann for just a bit?"

The mother smiled knowingly, engaged in her own intimate snuggle with Jackson. "Of course not, as long as you return the favor when you get back," she said, eager to find her own private spot for her son and her to disappear to.

Cory and his mom held hands as they rushed around the building. "Should we go in the bathroom?" he asked.

"No, gross! It probably smells in there." "Where then?"

Just then, an elderly woman emerged from the bathroom, drying her hair. "Cold showers only, sorry. We're having the hot water fixed tomorrow."

"Thanks," Jewel answered with a friendly smile.

The old woman paused and looked at them. "You two look like you need somewhere private to hide out for awhile?"

Mother and son looked at each other, a bit freaked out that the woman hit the nail on the head so perfectly.

"I know, I know, you're mother and son, hush-hush!" the woman said, "I raised four horny boys. Need I say more?"

Jewel giggled. "No."

"Follow me!" the old woman said.

Around the side of the building, she unlocked a small empty broom closet with not much space at all. "It's small, I know, but there's

enough room to bump your uglies. You'd be surprised how many moms and boys have used this closet. Just make sure the door's closed and locked when you're done."

"Thank you!" Jewel said, then guided her son inside.

It was standing room only, and as Jewel closed the door, they were shrouded in darkness. The closet wreaked of pussy. This was not just the smell of any pussy. It was the distinct pungent aroma of mommy pussy. By now, the boy knew the difference.

If a room could talk, these four tiny walls would have quite the stories to tell. The space had seen dozens upon dozens of horny moms, pulling their teens inside and letting them fuck them senseless, out of their father's sight. Hundreds of orgasmic screams had reverberated between the cum painted walls. Countless heavy breasted mothers had soaked the floor with their gushing vaginal juices. It was like an orgasmic shrine.

The horny mother backed against her boy, grabbed his hand and shoved it down her bikini bottoms. "Rub my pussy!" she said anxiously, mashing her meaty ass-globes against her boy's still-hard cock.

Cory's heart beat excitedly as he cupped his mother's shaved pubis, digging two of his squirming fingers between her meat curtains, finding her thick clitoral nub. "Wow, you're wet!" he said.

"Of course I'm wet. I got so fucking aroused stroking your big cock!"

She grabbed his free hand and placed it on one of her big boobs. He began squeezing. "No...go under my bikini!" she said, anxious to feel his hands on her bare tits.

Cory gladly complied, slipping his hand up under her bikini cup and taking a big overflowing grip of heavy tit-meat.

Horny beyond belief, Jewel thrust her big chest out, bringing her hand up and combing her long nails through the back of her son's hair. She humped her naked cunt against her boy's fingers. "Come on, feel me up! Rub mommy's clitty!"

Cory did his best to finger her aroused pussy. He loved the way her buttocks pushed back against him, plowing his upturned cock through her plush butt crevice. "Yes!" she gasped, then grasped the hand that was on her boob and move it to the peak. "Squeeze my fucking nipples! Pull them hard!"

The boy excitedly did as she asked, pinching the hard fat nub and and tugging it out from the surrounding areola. "Yes! Like that! Ohh, fuck yess!" she gasped, delighted by the way his fingers strummed her wet clit, and the throbbing ring of her butthole humped against his boner.

She tilted her head back and pulled her son's down towards hers. "Kiss me!" she hissed.

Cory followed his mom's lead, engaging in a few wet lip smacking kisses before their tongues started dueling wildly outside their mouths. He could hardly believe this was his own mom, so wild and incredibly horny.

She suddenly shrieked out, bucking backwards so that her boy reared against the wall, feeling his mom gush on his hand. Her lips fused against her boy's, darting her long thick licker through his mouth while trembling in his arms.

She reached back between them, shoving her hand in his trunks and grasping on to his thick manhood, using his slick precum to pump it up and down. "Get it out!" she gasped between kisses, "I need it out!"

While one hand pumped,, her free hand untied her bikini bottoms, all while engaging her son in passionate French kisses.

Cory stopped rubbing his mom's soaking wet pussy long enough to tug his shorts down to his ankles. His mom's jacking hand had slid down to the root of his cock, still giving subtle pumps while pressing his fat knob down between her meaty cheeks. She rubbed the juicy purple bell against the throbbing ring of her asshole.

"Ohhh!" Cory sighed, feeling the crinkled elastic ring pucker against his peter-tip, over and over, planting cum-smearing kisses all over his glans.

His shiny knob got lodged on the mouth of her butt-socket and he began to feel the rubbery ring slip around his helmet. Jewel desperately wanted her son to pound her asshole, but there would be a time and place to introduce the joys of anal sex. Right now she wanted to feel her cunt sheathed around it.

She slipped his knob down her butt-crack and into her other waiting hole. Both of them whimpered in ecstacy as they felt lengthy boner travel up Jewel's fuck-tube.

"Fuck me!" the mother gasped between their locked lips, setting her hips in motion, pumping her hot cunt back on her boy's stiff prick.

Cory met her frantic thrusts with one's of his own, punching his twat-hammer through the squeezing grip of his mom's experienced vagina. His wet crotch beat against her ass, filling the tiny closet with the repetitive sound of a lewd heated fuck.

The warm space had quickly caused their bodies to become soaked with perspiration. The musky aroma of cum and wet pussy wafted through the air, making Cory head spin.

Her felt his mother's cunt-tube clench, the back two inches pursing up juicily around his burrowing knob like a set of tightly circled lips. "Ohhh shit!" he whimpered, knowing there was gush of hot juice about to soak his erection.

Jewel cried out in another orgasm, pounding her thick ass against her teen's crotch in a frantic pace. Girl-cum pulsed from her urethra washing the underside of Cory's prick and dripped from his dangling scrotum.

"Jesus, Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

"Not yet!" she said, popping his boner out of her and turning around. She immediately locked lips with him, her strong aggressive mommy-tongue searching for his once again.

Now the boy was backed in the corner, pinned between the wall and his horny busty mother. He wasn't sure whether her boobs had slipped from her bikini top or if she had removed them, but what he did know was there was two massive naked tit-melons with erect nipples crushed against his chest.

"Hold meee!" his mother whimpered in the sexiest tone he'd ever heard, twirling her arms around his neck and springing from the floor. Cory had fucked her standing up before, so he knew just what to do, grasping her thighs while she tossed her naked legs around him, locking his boyish frame between her thighs.

Before he could do anything else, his mom was grasping his cock and shoving it back inside her greedy cunt. "Ohhh!" the teen sighed, feeling the tender meat of his hardon swallowed by the slick rubbery-ribbed walls of Jewel's hot vagina. The two of them were the perfect fit for each other. When his knob stuck bottom, her shaved outer labium was mashing against his crotch at the root of his prick. For a moment, they ground together in full penetration, the boy's purple bell being smeared in the hot cervical mucus that drooled from his mother's unprotected womb.

She showered him with more fiery kisses. "Fuck me as hard as you can!" she panted.

Cory was up for the challenge...literally. He gripped his mother's warm outer thighs and started pounding his cock in and out of her pussy as hard as he could.

"Yess! Like that!" Jewel screamed out, holding on for dear life.

The boy's body shuddered in delight, overwhelmed by the sensation of being clutched by such a beautiful big-titted mother. Her warm, soft, sweat-soaked body folded around him felt absolutely divine. Her enormous stiff-nippled melons were mounded against his bare chest, tit-meat bulging out at the sides. Cory could feel their soft fatty and glandular tissue sloshing around against him.

"Ohhh!" he groaned, delighted by the feel of all that pink cuntal tissue slipping across his glans, moulding itself to every tiny contour of his muscular cock.

"Oh baby, you're gonna make me cum so **FUCKING** hard again!" the mother cried out. "I'm feeling good too!" Cory gasped, his nuts clenching as hot cum boiled inside them.

Their wet crotches beat together from their frantic fuck-rhythm. Cory's cock moved through his mom's birthing tube like a supercharged piston pounding through a well-lubricated cylinder.

"Ohh, baby!!" Jewel squealed, her body trembling. "Hit that pussy hard! **I'M CUMMING!!**"

Cory's cock was already tingling with an approaching orgasm. When his mom's cunt-tube tightened up and girl-cum swirled around his penis, the trigger went off in his ball-sack and he began hosing his mother's vagina with hot ball-juice. "Ohhmom!" he grunted, firing a big gobs of spunk on every thrust. "Ohhh!!"

For two full minutes they bucked and trembled and whimpered, milking each other's sex organs. Jewel finally slipped back to her

feet and kissed her son passionately. "Jesus, honey, are you sure you wern't a porn star in your previous life?" the mother joked.

Cory laughed. "Maybe, who knows! That was really amazing!"

"It was. I don't know about you, but I could really use a dip in that pool."

A few minutes later, Cory and his mom returned to the pool area, surprised to find the two fathers there as well. "There you two are!" Martin said. "How was your walk?"

"Our walk?" Jewel asked, looking over at Brenda who smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Oh, the walk was great! Amazing actually!"

"Well it must have been quite the trek. You guys look like you just hiked through the Sahara." "Yes, well we worked up quite a sweat, didn't we??" Jewel said, looking at her son.

"Uh-huh," Cory nodded.

She took her son's hand and headed for the water. "Who's up for swim?" "We are!" Brenda said, getting up and pulling her own son along. "Come on!"

Martin and Don looked at each other, then shrugged their shoulders and headed towards the pool themselves. After they all dove in, the two families swam for quite some time before returning to their 5th wheels.

At the entrance to the park, an old beat-up pickup truck pulled in and stopped. Sid, the creepy old man that had spied Jewel and Rachel fucking their sons along the road, gazed out his window, searching for a farmiliar-looking trailer.

On the filthy seat beside him was rope, a knife and a roll of duct-tape. Unable to see anything familiar from where he had stopped, he

turned his old shitty truck and because to slowly drive along the first row of 5th Wheel trailers.

The families ate dinner together at a couple picnic tables situated between their parked rigs. Martin set up the cornhole boards and began a competitive game with Jackson's father Don. "I think I'm gonna take a shower, wash all that nasty chlorine off," Jewel said.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea," Brenda added, winking at her son.

"Hey dad, can I borrow your phone?" Cory asked his dad, since he hadn't been allowed to bring his along on the trip.

"Hold on there, kid. I thought you and your mom agreed to no electronics on this trip?" Martin asked.

"Yeah, but Jackson was just telling me about this cool app. I just wanted to check it out." Martin looked at his wife. "Up to you? I'm not getting involved in this arrangement," he said. "A half-hour and that's it!" Jewel said, looking at her boy with a quirky grin. "Sound fair?" "Yeah, thanks, mom!"

Cory got his dad's cellphone and him and Jackson sat next to each other, facing their fathers, as Martin and Don continued their cornhole game. About a minute passed before the video chat was ringing on both boy's phones.

The teens flashed each other an eager smile, then answered their video calls, turning down the volume.

The videos that appeared on their screens were from their mom's cell phones. Jewel and Brenda had situated their phones in the tiny bathrooms inside their trailers, so the boys could watch them strip off their bikinis and shower.

Cory's eyes widened as he watched his mom pull the bikini top away and her big naked tits bobbled out on to her chest. Next, she untied her bottoms, pulling the patch of fabric away from her crotch in a sexy manner.

Cory licked his lips, staring at her shaved V-shaped pubis. He could hardly believe that he had split the fragrant pink petals of that flower earlier and made it gush all over his cock and balls.

Jewel started the shower, then got in and began rinsing her beautiful curvy body off.

For the next several minutes, the boys watched their heavy-titted mothers cover their bodies with bodywash. They wanted desperately to pull on their hard pricks, but that was something they certainly couldn't get away with only a short distance away from their fathers.

"So what's this new app all about?" Martin asked his son, seeing how enthralled he was by what he was watching.

"Oh, um, it's a...fan app. Extreme water sports!" Cory answered.

Jackson laughed. "Very extreme!" he added, watching the suds cascade over his mom's jutting tit-melons.

"Water sport, huh? Something I'd like?" Martin asked.

"I'm sure you'd like it," Cory answered, watching his mom's huge wet tits wobble teasingly as she washed her hair. "Not as much as I like it though."

"Yeah, this stuff's geared more towards younger guys, like us," Jackson added, his eyes drifting from the thick wet half-moons of his mom's ass, up to the huge sloping contour of Brenda's side-boob, as she too washed and conditioned her silky hair.

Inside the Anderson's trailer, while Jewel showered, the front door opened and Sid, the creepy old man, snuck inside. He gazed around a moment, seeming out of place, like a turd in a jewelry box. When he heard the shower running, he crept that direction.

The bathroom door was open just a sliver and he perved in on Jewel, just as she shut the water off and reached for a towel. "Mm, sweet as a peach!" he whispered to himself, his eyes drifting down the mother's huge-breasted body.

Outside, Cory was watching the same thing on his father's phone. He loved how his mom would occasionally peek over at the camera and smile teasingly, as she toweled off.

"Ok boys, let's go! fathers against sons!" Don said as he and Martin finished their game. "Not right now dad. We're really into this app," Jackson said.

The two fathers looked at each other. "Just what I thought. They don't want their old men to show them up."

The boy's looked at each other and rolled their eyes. "I'm sure we'll see more of **THIS** later," Jackson said, referring to what they were watching on their phone. "We should show the geezers how to play some cornhole."

Cory took one last look at his mom's bobbling tits, then shut the feed off. "Let's do it!" he said, setting the phone down.

The boy's got up and joined their dads for a game.

Jewel opened the bathroom door and let out a startled **SHRIEK** as she saw Sid standing there. She secured the towel around herself. "What the fuck are you doing in here? Get the fuck out or I'll scream!" she exclaimed with fear in her voice.

Sid had a sizeable knife tucked in his pants. He removed it, pointing the blade at Jewel. "Go ahead, scream! I'll stab you a dozen times before anyone comes to your rescue," he said, showing off a mouth full of half-rotted teeth.

"What do you want?" the terrified mother asked.

Sid licked his lips, looking down at the swell of her tits. "I want my pecker inside you."

"Um, that's **NOT** happening!"

He gave her a creepy grin. "Bitch, once I have you tied up, it **WILL** happen! That, and a lot more!"

"Tied up?" Jewel gulped nervously. "That's right. You're coming with me!"

"If you just leave now I won't call the police, I promise."

Sid jabbed the blade at her in a threatening manner. "Move your pretty little ass to the door, before I cut you like a fish."

Jewel looked at her phone sitting there, knowing that her son must still be watching her through the video feed. She tried to look alarmed, without drawing too much attention to what she was doing.

"Move!" Sid hissed, swinging the blade again, this time missing her by only a few inches. "I'm moving!" the scared mother replied.

Sid followed her to the front door, eager to stuff her inside his truck and find a secluded spot where he could have his way with her.

Outside, the fathers and sons continued their game, completely unaware of the situation that was unfolding, not far away.

Chapter 6 - The Blue Whale of Catoosa

"Move!" Sid snarled, swinging his knife in a threatening manner, as he forced Jewel out of her family's trailer.

"I'm moving!" the frightened mother answered, struggling to keep the towel wrapped around her freshly showered body.

"If you scream, or try to run, I'll jab this here knife into that sexy little body of yours!" he warned.

As he exited the 5th Wheel, Sid was met by the barrel of shotgun. "Drop the knife, jackass!" It was the elderly woman-manager of the park, the same one who had shown Jewel and her son the secret closet to fuck in.

She glared at Sid in disgust, as he dropped the knife to the ground. "You think your ugly ass can drive around **MY PARK**, in that piece of shit truck for an hour, without attracting my attention?!"

"This don't involve you, bitch!" Sid snapped back.

Her expression softened, and she began lowering the rifle. "You're right. I'll just stand back, and let you abduct this pretty lady," she said.

Jewel looked at the old woman in a questioning manner.

Clearly not serious, the old woman pointed the shotgun with greater intent. "The fuck I will!" she shouted. "Get in your truck, and piss off! I ever see you in this park again, and I'll blast a hole the size of Oklahoma in that ugly-ass face of yours, **GOT IT**?!!

Sid glared over at Jewel. "This ain't over! **I WILL** make you mine!"

The old woman thrust the weapon, jabbing Sid on the center of his head. "Get! Now!!" The perverted old man got in his truck, and tore off, leaving a cloud of dust in his wake.

Alerted by the noise, the men rounded the trailer and arrived on the scene. "Mom, are you ok?" Cory asked.

"Other than almost being abducted, I'm fine," Jewel answered breathlessly.

"Abducted?" Martin said, coming over to his wife, and putting his arms around her. "Are you serious?"

"Yes! It was the same crazy old fuck that we saw along the roadside earlier this morning," Jewel said, then looked at the old woman who came to her rescue. "Thank you!"

"He's not the first inbred creep I've chased off this property," the old women said. "I doubt he'll be a problem again tonight, but just in case, I'd lock your rig up tight before ya'll retire."

"We will, thank you!" Martin said, comforting his wife as he led her back inside.

Jewel wanted desperately to sneak out of bed, and fool around with her son that night, but she knew, because of what happened, her husband would be on high alert. She decided not to risk it.

She did send one selfie to Cory, with her making a sexy kissy-face, and showing plenty of cleavage.

The text simply read. "You're fucking me extra hard tomorrow, mister! **XOXO** This brought an excited smile to her son's face. "Yes ma'am!" he texted back..

The next morning, after breakfast, the two families pulled their 5th wheels out of Lucky Luke's, continuing their road trip along Route 66. While driving, Martin happened to look over, and catch his wife blowing their son kisses through her visor mirror. "Hey, I want some of those," he said.

"You got plenty of those last night," she said, recalling their session of lovemaking the night before.

"Nothing wrong with wanting more kisses though, right?"

Jewel was surprised to find herself cringing at her husband's question. Yes, Cory was her son, and not her husband, but she selfishly wanted to give her boy every ounce of her affection.

Even during the quick lovemaking session she had with Martin, she found herself thinking of Cory, and his big wonderful cock.

Jewel got a text from Brenda that read: "**OK, I** was reading up on this Blue Whale attraction. It looks incredibly boring! **BUT**... there's a nice long hiking trail back behind it. A perfect place for us to disappear with the boys!"

"Sounds like a great plan to me! As long as there's big hard cock involved," Jewel texted back.

The anxious mother texted her son, who was in the backseat, gazing out at the passing scenery. Cory read her text. "Up for a hike?"

"When?" he texted back. "As soon as we get there."

"Ok, a hike to where though?" he asked.

"A place called Between." "Between?"

"Yep 'between' my legs hehe!" she texted back, winking at him through her visor mirror. "Sounds like a great destination," he texted

back.

"Best destination ever!" Came her reply. "All you need is a hard cock, and lots of energy!"

They again made eye contact through her mirror. This time, Jewel's tongue snaked across her top lip in a seductive manner, making the blood rush to Cory's cock.

The Blue Whale of Catoosa was a charming roadside attraction. The big blue concrete mammal was half-submerged in a small pond, with picnic tables and a quaint gift shop. "Can we go climb around on the Whale, daddy?" Ann asked, pulling her father towards it.

"Brenda and I are gonna hike the trail with the boys," Jewel told her husband, as the two fathers were forced toward the Whale by their youngest children.

"Ok, babe," Martin said, "have a good hike."

"We'll be here hanging on the humpback!" Brenda's husband Dan said.

"It's a sperm Whale, honey!" Brenda said, as they disappeared down the trail.

Jewel giggled. "First we stop a big metal man that looks like a penis, and now a 'sperm' Whale. I'm beginning to see a theme here!" she joked.

Brenda smiled mischievously back at their boys, who trailed behind them. "The only **SPERM I** want is right back there in those big teenage balls."

Cory and Jackson smiled at each other, eager to dump another load of "sperm" inside their mothers, sooner rather than later. With the shorts the moms were wearing, it was hard to not be sporting a

major hardon. Brenda's shorts were skimpy Daisy Duke denims, while Jewel wore pair of pink athletic booty shorts. Both pairs allowed plenty of bulging ass-flesh to seep out the hems. This, along with the way they were swaying their meaty mommy-buns, made the teens gawk with desire.

"Dude, the way those fucking asses sway like that drives me crazy!" Jackson said, in a hushed tone.

"I know! Our moms have the sexiest asses ever!" Cory added.

"Hey, Mom, why did you bring a backpack?" Jackson shouted. "It's not like we're gonna be gone for half a day or anything."

"I have my reasons," Brenda said, glancing back teasingly.

"Which are?"

"Which **ARE** between us moms...until we feel like it's time to share that information with you," the mother answered, exchanging a knowing smile with Jewel.

"Maybe they packed us a big picnic lunch?" Cory suggested.

Jewel looked back at her boy and smiled. "Maybe **WE ARE** the picnic lunch," she said with a wink.

"Even better!" he said excitedly.

They were surprised not to discover another person, as they continued along the trail for about five more minutes, reaching an area of extremely tall marsh-like grass. "Time to stray from the trail," Brenda said, as her and Jewel continued to lead the way, through the tall thick vegetation.

"Do you guys have any idea where you're going?" Jackson asked. "We'll know the spot when we see it," his mother answered.

"Oh, I think this might be the perfect spot right up here!" Jewel said, as she discovered a tiny clearing set amongst the tall grass.

They arrived at the area, and Brenda took off the pack. "Ok, boys, we have a job for you!" "A job?" her son asked.

"That's right," his mom said, pulling a deflated air mattress and battery-operated pump from her backpack. "Pump us up!"

"Seriously? You brought an air mattress out here?" Jackson asked.

"Yeah, unless you'd rather lay on the ground and eat our pussies?" she said teasingly.

Jackson and Cory smiled at each other. "Well, no, I mean...what I meant to say was, good thinking, mom!" the boy said excitedly, making the mothers giggle.

Working together, the boys had the big mattress pumped up in no time. They stood back up to see their beautiful moms standing there watching. "So you're probably wondering why we're still dressed?" Jewel asked.

"Yes," her son muttered.

"It's because we want **YOU GUYS** to strip us naked! Then, throw us onto the mattress, like wild beasts...and devour us!"

"But before you do that... you have to catch us first!" Brenda said, then her and Jewel took off into the tall brush.

The boys hurried after them, listening to their moms giggle playfully as they were chased.

It took Cory no time at all to catch his mother. He forcefully shed her blouse up and off her body, then crouched down, as he yanked off her shorts and panties together. Jewel put on an act of helpless

resistance. "No! Please, Mister...Stop!" she shouted in exaggerated tone.

Cory pulled his mom against his chest, reached back and unclasped her bra. He quickly shucked it off, and Jewel's oversized boobs sprung out in the open, wobbling heavy. "No! Please! I..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Cory picked her up, and threw her over his shoulder, so her thick naked buttocks pointed upward. She was completely nude now, except for her cute little pink sneakers. Her son carried her like a caveman, back to the air mattress, then rolled her onto her back.

Jackson arrived with his mother. Like Jewel, Brenda had been thrown over her son's shoulder, and was butt-naked, except for her sneakers. He tossed her down, and her big boobies careened up and down her chest, from the impact.

Now both mommies were laying side by side, gazing up in wide-eyed excitement at their boys. They spread their thighs wide, bringing their knees nearly level with their shoulders, as their cunt-hungry boys lunged face-first for their pussies.

"Ohhh!" Jewel squealed with delight, as her son began to devour her vagina like a starving dog.

The boy inhaled the pungent aroma of his mom's wet, musky smelling pussy, while plowing his tongue up and down her moist slit. The taste and smell of her sweet cunt-nectar was absolutely intoxicating, making him whimper in delight.

Jackson's hands were thrust under his mom's meaty ass-cheeks, squeezing the globes, as he sluiced his tongue up and down her glistening pink fuck-furrow. He rolled his licker all over her engorged clit, then sucked the fleshy nubbin into his mouth, making her writhe with pleasure. "Ohh fuck yess!" she cried out. "Eat me, baby! Eat mommy!"

Next to them, Jewel humped her rounded ass off the bed, wildly fucking her wet pussy all over her son's face. As he frantically licked, Cory plunged two fingers into her pouty-lipped vaginal opening, stretching the pink-walled tunnel of her cunt.

"Ohh yess! Finger my fucking hole baby!" the mother cried out, humping her buns high and hard, grinding her shaved cunt relentlessly onto his tongue and fingers.

The boy found her G-spot and dug his digits against the rough-textured surface of her inner lining, fucking them in and out of her cunt, like a horny double-barreled cock.

Meanwhile, Jackson had found his mother's sweet spot. "Oh, shit, I'm cumming! Cuuuummmiiinnnggggg!" Brenda screamed, her body convulsing in orgasm, making her jiggling melon-meat ripple obscenely across her chest.

Jewel's cunt-tube spasmed around her son's fingers. She cried out in passion, as her chest arched from the air mattress, thrusting her ballooning wobblers into the air. "Fuuuck!" she squealed, spewing fuck-juice from her ravished slit, lubricating the passage of Cory's fingers, as he continued to plunge them in and out of her juicing cunt.

For several minutes the mothers flopped around in ecstacy, while having their pussy's prodded and devoured.

"Good grief, boys!" Brenda said breathlessly. "Is there anything sexual that you're both not **AMAZING** at?"

"If we say yes, does that mean we get to practice whatever we need to get better at, right now?" her son asked.

Brenda giggled. "Sure! So what is it you need to get better at, baby?" she asked eagerly, her heavy milkers heaving with her excited breath.

"Sucking your tits, and fucking you at the same time!"

Brenda smiled lasciviously. "Top or bottom?" she asked invitingly.

"Top!" Jackson said, dropping down onto her, and slipping his erection in her heated pussy-sleeve.

Jewel looked up at her boy with dreamy eyes. "What about you, honey? What can mommy help you get better at?" she asked, then gazed down at his cock-bulge and bit her bottom lip.

"So I um...saw this position in a porn once, and always thought it would be cool to try someday," Cory confessed.

Jewel's lips curled into a big curious smile. "And I thought all you did at home was play video games," she teased.

"Well, video games mostly, but some porn."

"Ok, do you remember what this 'mystery position' is called?" she asked with a anxious playful grin.

"No, it's like what 'they're' doing," he said, motioning to Jackson and his mom, as they fucked in the missionary position. "But I'd be upright on my knees, and your hips would be in the air."

"Oh! That one's called 'the bridge' I think," she said. "Yeah, I haven't done that one in forever. Let's try it!"

With her sneakers flat on the mattress, Jewel lifted her hips into the air, keeping her shoulders on the cushion. Cory crawled on his knees between her legs, and grasped on to her wide hips. He squeezed his boner inside her shaved cunt, listening to his beautiful mother let out a sharp gasp, as his erection slipped up her birthing-tube.

Like the couple next to them, they engaged in their own fuck-rhythm, making Jewel's enormous mommy-melons roll up and down

her chest. The position was every bit as thrilling as Cory expected it to be. He could tell by the excited look on his mom's pretty face, that she was enjoying it also.

"Is this the one, baby? Is this the position you wanted to try fucking me in?" she asked in a sexy tone, her voice panting from the force of their humping bodies.

"Yes! I love it!"

Their bodies moved in perfect sync, with Jewel rocking her pelvis, while her son gripped her hips, helping to guide his womb-crushing thrusts.

"I love it too! But then again, I love any position you fuck me in," she said, swiveling her hips, meeting her son's deep ball-bumping pumps.

Meanwhile, on the mattress next to them, Jackson was getting plenty of "practice," fucking his mother, while leaning down and sucking one of her huge jiggling titties. The way she was squeezing his cock with her skilled ribbed walls, made his engorged knob tingle delightfully.

"Mmnnff!" he whimpered, his mouth clamped around his mom's thick rubbery nipple and areola.

Both mothers sighed and mewed, singing a beautiful pleasure-filled mommy-duet..

The top of Jewel's head had bent back so far, that it now rested against the mattress, her back arched, and her mammoth stiff-nippled melons teetering back and forth, to the rhythm of their union. Cory watched his thick boner slice steadily through his mother's splayed crotch, laying into her with nice deep thrusts.

The boy's long muscular cock was like a mighty ship at sea, reeling and pounding through slick pink waves of hot pussy flesh.

His eyes traveled up the sexy arched curve of her torso, to those two monster-sized melons reeling up and down her chest.

"Fucking beautiful!" he muttered, laying into her with even greater intensity.

"Yesss! Ohh fuck!" the mother cried out, her birthing-tube quivering around her son's pounding meat, as she creamed hard on him. She yanked him down on top of her, and they kissed with lustful passion. Now her legs were tossed around his midsection, clinging to her boy, as she felt the power of his manhood dig through her spewing cunt.

Back at the Blue Whale, Martin and Don watched the kids play, waiting for their wives and sons to return from their walk. It had been nearly an hour since they left, and five minutes since Martin had texted his wife, but still received no response.. "You know what. I think I'm gonna go check on 'em."

Don knew that wasn't such a good idea. He was fully aware of his own wife and son's naughty escapades, and he suspected Martin's wife and son were up to something similar. "I'm sure they're fine, bud. Probably headed back, even as we speak."

"Even so, after that incident last night, I really should take a walk up the trail, just to be sure. Do you mind keeping an eye on Ann for me."

"No problem. I got you covered!"

Martin walked quite a ways up the trail, but saw no sign of his wife and son. Frustrated, he finally reached a point where he decided to turn back, and that's when he heard it. From the tall grass, a short distance off the trail, came the sound of two women, panting and squealing. At first, it didn't register that it could possibly be his wife

and son, but then Jewel's pleasure-filled voice became horribly familiar.

"No, it couldn't possibly be," he muttered to himself, trying to dismiss what he was hearing.

Against his better judgment, the curious husband crept through the vegetation, in the direction of the voices. One thing was blatantly obvious, and that was that there were two women out here, getting fucked extremely hard.

The closer he got to the action, the more details he could hear. The sound of juicy flesh beating together, and the gasping and whimpering of two couples was becoming dangerous close.

Martin suddenly noticed a bunch of women's clothing scattered on the ground in front of him, as if a pack of wild beasts had ripped them from their bodies, and made off with them. He got a dull sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, as he recognized Jewel's shorts and blouse. The fact that her bra and panties were there too, gave him an even worse feeling.

Then he heard something that put all doubts to rest. "Yess! Oh my God, baby! I'm cummming!" his wife's voice screamed. As her husband, Martin had heard her say it hundreds of times, but this time was different. The shaky intensity of her voice was an element he'd never heard before. He knew his wife was having a monster orgasm, the likes of which he had never given her.

In utter disbelief, he listened to his wife of twenty-years, cry out in passion. He couldn't remember the last time he'd heard her this sexual vocal.

Devastated and angry, Martin decided not to confront them, but instead to head back to the trail.

The walk back to the Blue Whale allowed his overactive imagination to fill in the juicy details. Try as he may, he couldn't shake the thought of his wife and son's naked bodies engaged in hot mind-blowing intercourse.

Back at air mattress, the boys were now on their backs. Jewel and Brenda were straddling their loins, their knees planted against the mattress, to either side of their hips. The beautiful moms humped their wet pussies up and down tirelessly, grasping the rigid meat of Jackson and Cory's boners, with the experienced muscled walls of their cunts.

Jewel was leaned forward, with her arms extended, and resting astride her boy's head. Her huge dangling tit-knockers swung around wildly, just above Cory's ogling eyes. He was mesmerized by their movements, staring at the giant set of stiff-nippled boobies, as they swung in unison, like huge fleshy pendulums.

"I could lay here all day and watch your boobs," he said with a delightful sigh. "Wouldn't you rather sit up, and stuff your face between them?" she asked teasingly.

"You read my mind," he answered, sitting upright, pressing his face down between her squishy bobbling jugs.

His mom then went from fucking up and down, to grinding her cunt up and back, at a steady pace. She wrapped him in her arms, staring down at him with overwhelming lust. "Fuck me, baby!" she cried out.

The boy reached around, and clutched her buttocks, sinking his fingers into her fatty ass-flesh, assisting with her frantic cunt-grinding. "Ohh shit, Mom!" he gasped excitedly, feeling her spongy tit-mounds jiggle and slosh all around his face, as they engaged in a desperate fuck-dance.

His stiff boner throbbed delightfully, as it stirred around inside the deepest regions of her smothering vagina, stretching her inner lining. No matter how much stamina a boy's cock had, there was no fucking way he could endure this type of feverish bone-grinding for very long.

"Ohh, shit! I'm cumming!" the teen announced, as he felt his knob swell even bigger.

"Let's cum together!" Jewel cried out, feeling her own climax peak at the same time her son's was.

Their naked bodies shuddered in unison, their hips jerking and swiveling, as they both emitted deep guttural grunts of orgasmic ecstacy. The mother's vagina was flooded with fuck-juice, as their cum created a creamy pearlescent cocktail, within the gripping pink walls of her sex-chamber.

Next to them, Jackson had rolled his mom onto her back, and was pounding her with savage thrusts. His big balls beat wetly against the ring of Brenda's upturned asshole. "Fuck me, fuck me, **FUCK ME!!**" she screamed, her luscious legs propped back, and her entire curvy body shuddering from the impact of her boy's thrusts.

"Here it comes, mom!" Jackson gasped. "Take my fucking cum! Ohhh shit!!"

The hard-humping teen began to paint the ribbed walls of her clasping vagina, with big gooey ropes of hot spunk. It was so intense, the boy felt as though he'd never stop cumming, as he fucked on and on, flexing his cock and digging it's bulbous tip against the rubbery back wall of her quivering vagina.

"Damn! That was crazy incredible!" Jackson sighed, laying flat against his mom, in a naked heap, as they caught their breath.

Jewel and Cory were also basking in post-orgasmic bliss. Her huge tits were mashed against Cory's chest, distending out at the sides, as she lay directly on top of him. She pinched her boy playfully. "You're gonna have me pregnant before this trip's through, you know that?"

Brenda giggled. "I tell Jackson the same thing. I think we're pretty much expecting it at this point," she said.

"That wouldn't be a bad thing, if it happens," Jackson said.

"Easy for you to say, young man. You're not the one who has to swell up enormous, and give birth."

"Yeah, but I sure would enjoy the part where you 'swell up' big and pregnant." "I'm sure you would," his mom said with a naughty smile.

"The problem with **ME** getting pregnant is that Martin had a vasectomy, shortly after I gave birth to Ann," Jewel said, then looked at her son. "Which means if I suddenly end up pregnant, I'd have some serious explaining to do."

"Well, you don't seem too worried, since we haven't really been using condoms at all," Cory reminded her.

"Ugh, condoms...gross! Honey, sex with a condom **IS NOT** sex. Just like kissing through a glass window is not kissing!" Jewel said.

"I totally agree!" Brenda said. "I fucking hate condoms!"

"Wow! If that's true, then I was a virgin when I first fucked you, mom. All the girls I had prior, I wore condoms with," Jackson pointed out.

Brenda extended her neck up, and gave him a sensual kiss on the lips. "Well...look at that, Mommy got your cherry," she said.

"So **WHAT WOULD** we tell dad then, mom? If you ended up pregnant?" Cory asked.

"I'd just tell him that our stud muffin son has been fucking me bare-back, pumping all that yummy hot seed inside me...and that he got me all preggers!"

They all laughed. "Yeah, let me know how that goes over," Cory joked. "I'll probably move somewhere **VERY** far away, before you have that conversation with him."

"Speaking of your dad, we better get going before him and Dan have helicopters overhead looking for us."

They all stood up, naked and glossy with perspiration. "Shit! I hope you guys remember where you stripped off all our clothes?" Brenda asked.

They all peered around at the tall grass surrounding them. "Um??" Jewel muttered, looking confused.

"You're not serious?" Brenda said, in a panic, looking at the boys, who also seemed like they didn't know.

"No, you're right, we're just kidding!" Jewel answered, as her and the boys laughed. "They're through here!" she said, leading the way through the tall grass.

As Don sat on the picnic table watching the kids, he could tell something was up with Martin, as he came back over and sat next to him. "Everything ok?" Don asked.

"Yeah, fine," Martin said, obviously lying.

After a short pause in the conversation, Don spoke up again. "Don't worry, it gets easier, pal." "What gets easier?"

"Knowing what they're up to. I didn't wanna believe it at first myself, but then it started to happen so often, that I just accepted it as the new norm," Don explained.

Martin shrugged his shoulders, trying to play stupid. "I'm not sure what you're talking about," he muttered.

"My guess is, you saw something you shouldn't have on the trail. Maybe you heard some familiar sounds out there. Sounds that you're only used to hearing in the bedroom. The problem is, it wasn't **YOU** and your wife that was creating them, am I right?"

The confused father softened a bit. "Yeah," he muttered, "you're right." "If you want my advice...just play stupid."

"What, why?!" Martin asked. "Why shouldn't I just confront them?"

"She'll just deny it, make you feel like you're crazy, and perverted by even suggesting such a thing. Plus, there's this other wacky component..."

"What other component?"

"Well, it's like this...women feed off emotions. If your wife even suspects that you know something, she'll start to experience what's call 'the thrill,' based off your jealous feelings, and thing''ll get ten times worse from there, trust me, I know," Don explained.

"Why? You would think if she knows I'm on to her, if I knew what they were doing, she'd stop."

"Trust me, that's not how women work," Don said.. "I don't even begin to understand the psychology of it. It's almost like there's a sick part of them, deep down, that wants us to know. And knowing that we're suspicious starts to create that 'thrill' inside them, and pretty soon she'll be flaunting all sorts of things in front of you."

Martin shook his head. "Maybe I was confused. Maybe it was just someone who sounded like her. I mean, I heard noises, but I didn't actually see them doing anything," he said, ignoring the fact that he'd seen his wife's clothing on the ground.

Dan patted him on the back. "There you go, pal. Probably just your mind playing tricks on you." Martin finally got a text back from his wife. "On our way back," it read.

For ten more minutes they waited, until finally their wives and sons appeared, fully dressed, like nothing had happened. "There you are!" Dan said. "We were beginning to wonder if we should call search and rescue."

"Just enjoying nature!" his wife answered, with a big satisfied smile. Dan could tell by the way his wife looked at him, that she'd been enjoying something else as well..

Jewel stepped over and gave her husband a kiss. "Good to see the Whale didn't eat the children," she joked.

"Right," Martin muttered, amazed at how his wife could be so normal acting, after engaging in such a deprived act. He quickly reminded himself that it may not have actual been her, even though his better judgment told him otherwise.

Jewel sensed there was something wrong, and gazed into his eyes curiously. "You okay hon?" she asked.

He heeded Dan's advice, and played stupid. "Yeah, fine!" "You don't seem fine."

"No I'm good, really..After what happened last night, I was just a little worried, that's all," Martin said.

"Sorry, we um..." she said, glancing at her son with a sly smile, "we traveled a little further down the trail than we probably should

have."

Jewel smiled inwardly, realizing just how profoundly true her statement was. Her and Cory had traveled down a forbidden trail, and had gone further than what's appropriate for mother and son, but she was loving every fucking second of it, and had no intention of stopping.

Chapter 7 - Mischief in Tucumcari

After a day's drive through most of Oklahoma and a portion of Texas, the traveling families arrived in New Mexico. "Here we are in Tucumcari, kids," Martin said, as he drove them through the old historic town. "Back in nineteen-o-one, Tucumcari got its start as a rowdy railroad camp, filled with saloons and outlaws. It's a real piece of route sixty-six history!"

"Is there ice-cream here?" Ann asked, not caring the least bit about the town history, and all that nonsense.

"Oh I imagine somewhere in town they have some ice-cream, honey," Martin said, then his eyes lit up as he spotted a building of interest. "Look, Tee-Pee Curios! That's a famous shop. Should we check it out?"

"Sounds good to me," Jewel said. "I think we all could use a break to get out and stretch our legs."

After parking the rigs, the two families interacted with each other. Brenda noticed her little ones rushing off down the sidewalk. "Hey, don't go too far, kids! Wait for us," the mother shouted.

Cory and Jackson stepped over by their moms, looking their sexy bodies over. It was a warm day in the southwest, so the mothers were wearing as little as possible, without revealing too much. "Did you guys see it?" Jackson asked the mothers.

"See what, honey?" Brenda asked her son.

"The sex shop. We passed it about a block back that way."

"I missed it, but I doubt that's on your dad's list of 'must-sees' in this little town," Brenda joked, making them all laugh.

"No, but **WE** could still go, just us four, couldn't we?" Jackson asked.

Jewel and Brenda smiled at one another. "We're game! Right, sweetie?" Jewel asked, taking her son's arm.

"Yeah!" Cory replied, checking again to make sure his father was too far away to hear them.

"Ann was wanting some ice-cream. Maybe the guys could scout some out for the kids, while we go down and check out this sex shop," Jewel suggested.

"Perfect idea!" Brenda said, then she shouted to their husband's, who were following the little ones towards the tee-pee shop. "Honey, the boys wanna check out a shop back this way! See if you can find the kids some ice-cream. We'll be back in a bit!"

Arm on arm, the four of them made their way back down the street, towards the flashy little sex shop, that seems extremely out of place in the quaint historic town.

"Are you sure you're OK with being seen in a sex shop with your mother's boys?" Jewel asked jokingly.

"I'm OK with it," Cory answered, sharing an eager smile with his mom.

"Yeah, me too!" Jackson said. "Besides, it's not like we have to worry about seeing anyone we know in there."

They stepped into the tiny shop to find several aisles lined with toys, videos and novelties. The guy at the counter was flipping through a tittie magazine. He had wild dreadlocks and tattoos, but looked only a few years older than Cory and Jackson. "Greetings folks!"

"Hello!" the four of them answered, naturally feeling a bit out of place. "If you have any questions, just yell," he said.

Brenda was quick ask one. "Do you have any sexy panties that have route sixty-six printed on them?" she asked.

"No ma'am, but that's a great idea. I'll bring it up to the owner."

Jewel and her son stopped in front of a assortment of colorful dildos. The mother picked one up, that was long thick and black. "I like this one. It's the perfect length and girth," she said.

"It is?" Cory said, feeling a tad embarrassed looking at fake dicks with his mom. "Do you wanna buy it?"

"No way, why would I?" she said, setting it back down and looking into her boy's eyes dreamily. "I have access to one just as long and meaty, and it's attached to you," she said with a smile.

Cory pointed at another dong. This one was ridiculously thick and as long as his forearm. "Yeah, but I bet you wish I had one like that," he joked.

"Oh my God no, you'd rip me apart if you were that big. That King Kong dildo would wreck my tight pussy forever," Jewel giggled.

They moved on, and came to an assortment of lubes and flavored gels. "What are all these?" Cory asked curiously.

"These are gels we'd use if we wanted each other to taste like a yummy popsicle," Jewel said. "Oh, they have Pina colada, my favorite!"

Brenda looked over at Jewel from the next aisle. "Maybe everyone should pick out their favorite flavor, and we could have a naughty lick-fest in the 5th Wheel, while we're on the road tomorrow," she suggested.

"Mm, I love that idea, Brenda!" Jewel exclaimed, then looked at Cory, while snatching up a bottle the Pina colada flavored gel. "I

know which one I wanna lick off your cock and balls," she said with a saucy wink.

"I think I want the strawberry!" Cory said.

"Aww, baby!" Jewel cooed, giving her son a sensual kiss on the lips, while mashing her tits against him. "Are you gonna give your mommy a strawberry-flavored pussy?"

Cory smiled excitedly. "Sure am!"

She stared into his eyes lustfully and whispered close to his lips.."You can drip some right down in my cunt-slit, then lick and suck on my fat clit like a lollipop."

Cory shrugged his shoulders. The idea excited him tremendously, but he tried not to show it. "If I have to," he joked.

Jewel laughed and poked him in the ribs. "Yes, you 'have to,' you brat!" she said playfully.

They all heard the voice of the shopkeeper as he wandered over near them. "So I have to ask," the young man said, "are you guys like...mothers and sons?" he asked, seeming anxious to know.

Jewel and Brenda fed each other a hesitant look. "Maybe, why?" Brenda asked..

"Oh no reason, just curious is all. It's no big deal if you are," he said, then motioned to the shop around him. "I mean, come on, do you really think I'd pass judgement working in a place like this?"

"True," Brenda said, looking over a crazy bondage-looking leather outfit. "I'm sure you get all sorts of kinky couples in here!"

"And now you can add two pairs of kinky mother-son couples to that list," Jewel said with a smile.

"Oh trust me, we get moms and sons in here all the time," the shopkeeper said. "Really?" Brenda asked, seeming surprised.

"Hell yeah! In fact, I've got something you need to see!" the young man said, rushing off toward the register..

Jewel gave her son a look, not quit sure what to expect. "Oh boy," the pretty mother muttered nervously.

The shopkeeper was quick to return. "Check this out!" he said, holding an item in his hand. "An original **VHS** copy of the classic movie 'Taboo,' signed by the queen of mother-son smut herself, Kay Parker."

"Wow!" Jewel exclaimed, faking like she was impressed. The truth was, she'd never heard of "Taboo," or Kay Parker, but could appreciated that it meant so much to the young man. "That's a real collectable! So I'm curious, what's your hottest selling item in the store?"

Brenda chimed in. "Yeah, these mothers and sons that come in. What's the most popular item that they purchase?"

The shopkeeper got a big knowing smile. "I'm glad you asked. The answer is right over here," he said, leading them to a display at the back of the store.

"Here it is! The wearable Bluetooth vibrator," he said. "Wearable?" Jewel giggled.

"Bluetooth?" Brenda asked, intrigued.

The vibrator was shaped like a pink whale, that would hook against a woman's crotch. The shopkeeper went on to explain how it worked. "It's meant to be worn inside the vagina, to stimulate the G-spot. It's quiet enough to be used discreetly in public, though I'm sure it works just as well in a private setting. The best part, it's

astonishingly responsive to any adjusting your partner does, using the remote app."

"So if these things are inside our moms, we can control them using our phones?" Jackson asked.

"That's right, just like a set of Bluetooth headphones, man!"

The boy's eyes lit up as they looked at each other with big smiles.

"So if it's vibrating like crazy, how does it stay inside us?" Jewel asked.

"The external 'tail' does a good job of keeping it anchored inside, and also provides some clitoral stimulation, which if you're a woman, I'm sure is an added bonus," the shopkeeper answered.

"You got that right," Brenda said, as her and Jewel smiled at one another. "Can we get one, mom?" Cory asked pleadingly.

"Yes, but we'll have to load the app on my phone. We kept yours at home remember? Because **YOU WEREN'T** suppose to be playing phone games on this trip," she pointed out.

"Yeah, but this one's different. It's like an 'adult phone game,' and you did say I should act more like an adult, remember?"

Brenda giggled and looked at the shopkeeper gleefully. "Sounds like you just made a sale. Two sales, actually. I'll take one also!" she said.

The boys both did fist-pumps in the air. "Yes!!" Jackson exclaimed, making his mom giggle.

An hour later the two families were wandering through the Dinosaur Museum. Jewel was holding her daughter Ann's hand, marveling at

the skeletal display of the T-rex. "Wow, it's so cool!" her daughter shouted.

"Ann, keep your voice down, honey. Museums are kinda like libraries. You shouldn't be too loud," Jewel said to her daughter.

Cory and Jackson were off together by themselves, but had their mothers in sight. Each of them had their phone in hand, studying their new app. "Dude, this is so cool!" Jackson said, fidgeting with the controls.

"I know. Our moms said they put the vibrators in while we were back at the trailer. Should we try them out?" Cory said.

"Hell yeah. I can't wait to see them squirm, right in front of our dads." "I know," Cory laughed.. "What setting do you wanna try first?"

"How about this one, called the 'pulsing leg-trembler.' Let's try it first, see what happened," Jackson suggested.

The boy's both hit that setting on the app, then looked in the direction of their moms.

Several feet apart, Jewel and Brenda's body's suddenly jerked and their luscious legs trembled in reaction to their vibrators coming to life inside their cunt-tubes. Brenda let out a tiny shriek that echoed through the museum, then threw her hand over her mouth.

"Jesus, are you two okay?" Martin asked, as both him and Don noticed their wive's sudden mysterious reactions.

Jewel looked at her husband, trying her best not to let the pleasure she was experiencing read on her face. "I'm fine!" she smiled, letting out a couple deep breaths.

"Me too!" Brenda assured her own husband. "Really, fine!"

"Are you sure? Your legs are shaking," Martin giggled, looking down at his wife's bare legs and how they seemed to be quivering slightly.

"Yes, just don't mind me...I'm fine," she assured him. "Let's just keep moving." Wedged between the mother's clasping cunt-walls, the egg-shaped vibrator rumbled powerfully, stimulating her G-spot exquisitely.

The two mothers glanced back at their boys with cute looks of wild arousal, as they began walking again. Cory and Jackson kept their distance as they continued to follow. They didn't want their fathers to see them using their phones like remote controls.

"They're definitely feeling that. Did you hear my mom shriek?" Jackson giggled. "Um, yeah, I think the whole museum heard it," Cory said.

"Let's try the next setting. The one that says 'screaming fireworks' next to it," Jackson suggested.

"Got it!" Cory said, anxious to see how his mom would react to this one.

Jewel and Brenda both stopped suddenly, and their mouths fell open. Their breathing became sharp and shallow. "Oh my God!" Brenda muttered, her voice trembling.

"Shit!" Jewel sighed, feeling her entire crotch pulse intensely. She quickly looked in the direction of her husband. "Honey, you guys go ahead. I have to sit down a minute," she said to Martin.

"Mommy, it's the Dino-birds!" Ann said, rushing towards the next exhibit.

"Mommy will be along soon, honey!" Jewel answered, as her and Brenda sat down side-by-side on a bench.

"Good grief, this is way more intense than I thought it would be," Brenda muttered, feeling the vibration surge like an electric current through her inner cuntal flesh.

"It feels incredible!" Jewel added, looking over at her son as he stood nearby watching her. "Maybe too incredible!" Brenda said, already feeling her cunt rise towards an orgasmic peak.

Cory made an adjustment on his phone. "I'm gonna change the pattern on mine. Make the vibrations pulse," he said.

"I'll change mine too," Jackson said, then looked over to see how their moms would react to the new setting..

Brenda snapped her knees together, feeling the egg-shaped vibrator **BUZZ** with sporadic pulses in the tight grip of her juicy throbbing cunt. "Fuck me!" she softly hissed, her eyes crossing as she quickly began to crest on the edge of a hard cum.

The moms reached over and took each other by the hand, as their lush bodies were wracked with exquisite pleasure. Their free hand was fidgety, and their bare mommy-legs trembled as they moved around in restless motions.

Their boys watched with growing fascination. "Look at their legs shaking! Holy shit!" Cory whispered over to his friend.

"Dude, they're gonna cum so fucking hard!"Jackson said, wanting nothing more than to reach down and squeeze his hard cock through his shorts.

"Let's amp it up to full blast. This one's called 'full-body shaking earthquake.' Let's see what it does," Cory said, pressing another setting on his phone app.

"It might blast them through the fucking roof!" Jackson giggled, changing the setting on his also.

Jewel suddenly clasped her thighs together, gasping out-loud as her eyes rolled back in their sockets. She heaved her chest forward, making the swell of her tits balloon out, so it looked like they might burst from her top.

Brenda was reacting much the same way, and the observing teens watched as their mom's big bulging tit-melons shuddered with rippling delight, as pure pleasure surged through them from the core of their cunts.

"Houston, we have liftoff!" Cory joked, making reference to Jackson's "blast them through the roof" comment.

"I can't do this out here!" Jewel suddenly whimpered, as she stood up and made her way in search of the ladies room. Brenda followed along, and so did their boys, keeping their distance behind them.

"Where are they trying to go?" Jackson giggled.

"The range is about thirty-feet, so we can't let them get too far," Cory said.

The boy's hearts pounding excitedly as they watched their moms rush awkwardly towards the ladies room, listening to their dainty heels click frantically on the tile floor. "Let's hit 'em harder!" Jackson said, switching his settings back to steady deep rumbling.

"Got it!" Cory said, switching his also.

"Ohh!" he heard his mom Jewel moan, alarmingly loud. He watched her thick swaying buttocks give off a sudden jerking motion, making her stop and reel back and forth on her feet unsteadily.

Brenda too could hardly seem to walk straight, as pleasure shot through her heavy-titted body uncontrollably.

A female museum worker stepped over near them. "Are you ladies ok?" she asked with concern.

"Yes, where's your bathroom please!" Jewel asked with a desperate look. "Right over there behind that display," the woman answered.

"Thank you!" Jewel gasped.

It was all the pleasure-sticken mothers could do to make it to the ladies room. The boys paused outside to door. "Should we go in?" Cory said, looking around to see if anyone was watching.

"Fuck it. Let's do it!" Jackson said, leading the way.

Inside, was a row of stalls, one of which, their moms had disappeared into. Since there was no one else in the bathroom, it must have been the one with closed door. "Can we come in?" Jackson asked, in a hushed tone.

The door quickly opened, and the boy's hurried in. "Have you boys lost your minds," Brenda giggled. "This is the ladies room!"

"We wanna watch you cum!" her son responded.

"Well you won't have long to wait. Do you have them on full blast or something?" Brenda asked. "I think so."

Both moms were standing against the stall wall, their legs still unsteady. The boys knelt in front of them, watching their motherly hips slowly gyrate back and forth from the intense sensations they were feeling.

Cory looked up into his mom's wild eyes. She was gasping like crazy as she stared back at him helplessly, clenching her little fists.

"Feels good, huh, mom?" the boy asked. "Ya think?!"

"Can we pull your panties down?" Cory asked.

Jewel continued to peek down over the swell of her shuddering knockers. "Go ahead," she gasped, her eyes seeming to go crossed for a moment from the extraordinary pleasure emanating from her birthing tube.

Both boys waisted no time yanking down their mom's shorts, then their dainty panties. "Oh wow!" Cory muttered, looking at the pink stem of the vibrator, protruding up from between her shaved cunt lips.

"Is that end vibrating against your clitoris?" he asked.

"Yes!" the mother hissed, unable to put too many words together.

"Fucking awesome!" Jackson said, gazing between his own Mom's pleasure-swaying cunt and Cory's mom's. They could hear the deep juicy rumbling of the egg-vibrators, trapped in their mom's horny fuck-tubes.

"Do you like seeing your mothers like this boys?" Brenda panted. "While you control us like horny and willing fuck-toys?"

"Hell yes!" her son answered, brazenly fishing his cock from his shorts, while staring at his mother's gently swaying mound of Venus.

Seeing Brenda's son stroke his cock made Jewel peek over at her own boy. "Where's your dick, hotshot? Get it out, and beat that boner for mommy!"

Cory did so gladly. He wetted his hand with saliva and stroked his long brick-hard meat to the sight of his mother's pleasure-swaying body.

His lusty mom squeezed the swell of her tits together, making her hard rubbery nipples distend from beneath the fabric. "That's it baby! Squeeze that dick like a hot pussy-hole!" she cooed.

The boy's tongues hung from their mouths like horny dogs as they watched the women's shaved pussies reel back and forth. Along with the deep rumbling vibration of the cunt-smothered egg, Cory could also hear the buzzing of the stem rubbing against his mom's thick engorged clitoris.

"Ahhh!" she sighed wonderfully, which echoed through the ladies room.

"Do you boys wanna lick our assholes," Brenda said breathlessly, "and make us cum even harder?"

Jackson and Cory looked at each other and smiled, both beating their dicks with steady strokes. "Fuck yes!" Jackson answered for both of them.

The mommies both turned and thrust their meaty bubble-butt behinds towards their boys. Cory's phone app was still set on full vibration, as he put the device aside and focused all his attention on his mom's thick rounded ass. He spread her buns apart, exposing the crinkled ring of her butthole, and watched it throb wildly from the pleasure that was surging through her.

"Damn, mom. Your asshole is really throbbing," he muttered.

"It wants your attention, baby!" Jewel said yearningly, then wagged her lovely bottom. "Come on, honey-bear! Eat mommy's ass!" .

He leaned forward, wedging his face in her butt-crevice and attacking her pulsing pink ass-lips with his licker.

"Oh yess, like that! God, you're gonna make me cum so fucking hard!" Jewel squealed, her knees trembling.

It was quite the site. Two teenagers kneeling down, with their faces buried in their mom's deep ass-slits, while beating their hardons frantically.

"Mmnff," Jackson hummed, feeling his own Mom's asshole pulsate against his wildly lapping tongue. He could smell the sweet pussy-nectar seeping from her cunt-slit, making his brain spin wildly.

"That's it, you naughty studs! Licks those anal rosebuds, while you beat those hot young cocks!" Brenda cried out, her eyes wide and lusty as she watched her son's hand fly up and down his meaty prick.

Cory continued his oral assault. It was like he was making out with Jewel's asshole, kissing and licking lewdly. His tongue wandered down across her perineum, tasting the sweet cuntal juices that had burbled from her vibrator-stuff cunt. "Oh damn!" the boy muttered, so thrilled he could hardly stand it.

His knob tingled, and pre-jizz bubbled out onto his hand, lubricating his strokes.

His mom's hips suddenly jerked wildly. "Plow your tongue on my asshole!" she gasped. "I'm gonna cum!"

No sooner did her son comply with her request than the hot mother began to cry out in orgasm, her entire body convulsing wildly. "Yess! Fuck!! Cumming!!" she squealed, her voice echoing through the ladies room.

Brenda was only about ten seconds behind her, and their sexy voices cried out in a wonderful orgasmic mommy-duet.

The boy's pricks throbbed in their jacking fists, as they continued to lap away, while listening to their mom's voices **HOWL** in cunt-pulsing delight, reverberating through the ladies room.

Inside Jewel's cunt, her pink ribbed walls tightly encapsulated the rumbling egg, squirting hot secreting juice all around it. Her strong coital muscles flexed in a vice-like kegel-grip, making the buzzing

egg pop wetly from her twat, soaking her son's face with her orgasmic juices.

Brenda's vibrator also erupted from her skillfully muscled cunt-tube, squirting out a big spray of hot girl-cum. Both mommies trembled in ecstacy, as the juice continued to burble from their horny urethras, pooling onto the floor.

Jewel turned back around, and guided her boy up, so they were both standing, and he was pressed against her. She locked lips, and hungrily spun her long hyper-active tongue through his mouth. Cory thought maybe after she had come so hard, his mother would be anxious to get out of the bathroom..Jewel had other ideas.

"I need your cock!" she whimpered lustfully.

Her dainty slip-on heel fell off as she folded her silky leg up around her son's midsection. One of her arms circled his neck, and the other reached for his cock. "Fuck meeee!" the mother cooed, grasping his boner around the thick shaft, and running it's hard bell tip through her slick outer-folds.

Having fucked her this way before, Cory was prepared for what she did next. As Jewel's other leg sprung from the floor and she hugged her son's midsection between her thighs, the teen grasped her thick mommy-buttocks and propped her against the stall wall.

"Ahh!" he sighed with a shaky voice, feeling his boner sink up the hot spongy sheath of her vagina.

"Mm, you always have the best ideas, Jewel," Brenda said, turning and pulling her son up against her also. She hopped up onto his cock, and wrapped Jackson in her thick thighs, burying his long tender penis inside her.

"Ohh yeah, take it straight to the balls, honey!" she squealed.

The two boys snarled with fuck-lust, pumping their fat pricks into their mother's pussies, while holding them up against the stall wall. "Oh shit!" Cory gasped, feeling his blood-engorged knob hit bottom, and the slick sleeve of Jewel's vagina nuzzle tightly around his thick muscled shaft.

"Oh God, you feel me so fucking full," Jewel gasped, while wetly kissing her son's lips.

Besides the hot grip of her pussy, what thrilled Cory the most about fucking his mom was the way she cradled him with her voluptuous body. No matter what position they were in, his mom had a way of getting her warm curves around him, so it seemed like his young body was melting into hers.

Even now, he could feel her wonderful motherly legs clutched snuggly around him, moving with his every thrust, while her arms were thrown around him, and she embosomed her boy in a tight fuck-hungry embrace.

"Ohh that's it, Cory, baby, make me feel it!" Jewel gasped. "Give mommy your long hard boner!"

They suddenly heard two ladies enter the bathroom, chatting as they went to the sink. This didn't stop the mothers from gasping and whimpering as they had their cunts steadily fucked.

The ladies at the sink suddenly got quite, then one spoke up, offering words of encouragement. "You go, girls!" she said, making the other woman giggle.

"Sorry!" Brenda said back to them. "We were just so horny. We needed our boyfriends to come in here and fuck us!" she confessed, then French kissed her son.

"We don't blame you one bit! If we had boyfriends we'd be doing the same," one girl said. "Have fun!"

The girls left, and the two couples really started going at it. Jewel and Brenda clung to their teens. Their four-inch heels had fallen off their sexy bare feet, and their circled legs did a steady up and down motion as the boy's humped between their soft splayed thighs, boring their hardons deep inside the pussies that gave birth to them.

"Yess baby! Come on! Fuck me hard!" Jewel hissed, reaching down and clutching her son's ass with her long red nails, aiding his deep thrusts. "Pound that cock straight into my fucking cervix!"

"Fuuck!" he boy gasped, as their bodies started rocking at a frantic fuck-pace. The stall wall jerked back and forth from the force of the two humping mother's backs being pushed against it.

"Hhmmff!" Jackson snarled, as he too began fucking like a wild-man. Even through her bra and cotton top, he could feel his mom's round pillow-like tits sloshing against him.

Cory's boner flexed as it pumped through the tight juice-slickened walls of Jewel's cunt. His huge purple knob plummeted through spongy surrounding wall of pink cuntal flesh, doing a wet crushing squeeze along the head of her cervix on each thrust. "Fuck! Fuck!" he growled sharply, then a big fat blast of milky jizz erupted from his meatus, hosing out against the lining of his mom's vagina.

"I'm cumming too, baby!" Jewel cried out, squeezing him with all her might.

The two of them grunted and groaned as they milked out each other's hot genital cream.

Jackson let out a guttural grunt, as he started blasting his own creamy hot cords inside his mom's honeyed hole. Brenda's powerful climax was right behind his, and the mother screamed out in delight, feeling her pussy-tube pulsate around her son's thick squirting fuck-organ.

What followed, was an almost five minute hot sexual bump and grind, making their tangled bodies jerk and writhed in hot passion.

Cory looked down at the pool of cum-juices on the floor that the four of them had created. . "Wow! Should we leave a tip for the janitor or something, for having to clean this up?" he said.

The mothers giggled. "Maybe one of the dinosaurs might sneak in a lick it up," Jewel joked. Jackson nodded. "Dino-might!" he shouted, making them all laugh.

After they were put back together and cleaned up, they joined the husbands and children back in the museum. "There you guys are? Did you get lost?" Martin asked. "Nope! We just all needed a bathroom break," his wife said.

"Mm, and I feel so much better!" Brenda added. "How 'bout you, boys?"

The teens both nodded. "Yeah, much better!" Cory said, smiling knowingly at his mom.

Martin found his mind wandering somewhere it shouldn't. The last time his wife and son had wandered off, he saw what looked like her clothes on the ground, and heard what sounded like her voice crying out in orgasm.

Don patted him on the shoulder. "Come on bud. Let's go check out this next exhibit," he said, reeling Martin's mind back in on the present.

"Do you think they have ice-cream here?" Ann said. "Maybe with Dinosaur-shaped marshmallow chunks!"

The parents all laughed. "We'll ask before we leave, honey," Jewel said, looking at her son and winking.

Chapter 8 - A Day on the Road

Martin was suspicious of his wife and son's behavior the past few days. The red flags, especially on the hiking trail, where he had found Jewel's clothes on the ground, were too obvious to ignore. He decided to delicately express his concerns, to see how his wife would react.

"You and Cory seem to be getting especially close on this trip?" he commented as they shared a private moment at breakfast.

Jewel peeked over at him. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It just seems like the two of you are wandering off a lot." "Wondering off?" Jewel asked with a half-guilty giggle.

"Yeah, just, spending a lot of time alone together, that's all."

"Well, if you recall the 'deal' him and I had before we left, he agreed to give up his gaming device in exchange for my promise to show him an amazing time on this trip," Jewel explained. "I'm just doing my best to keep my word."

"Yeah, well, it's that 'amazing time' part that has me worried," Martin confessed.

"Has you worried?" Jewel asked, with a confused look, even though she had a pretty good idea where he was going with this. "Why would that have you worried?"

Martin seemed reluctant to continue, but did anyway. "I wasn't gonna say anything, but um, the other day on the trail, I went looking for you guys and…"

Jewel's heart pounded nervously. *"Oh God, please tell me he didn't see Cory and I having sex,"* she thought. "And?" she asked, horrified by how he might respond.

"And…I saw some clothes on the ground in the bushes, that looked a lot like yours. I heard two couples having sex nearby…and, one of the women sounded just like you," he explained.

Jewel froze in horror for a moment, trying not to show her guilt. *"Just fucking great!"* she thought. *"Ok,*

time for some damage control. He didn't actually say he saw us."

"So you just assumed that it was me?" Jewel asked.

"All I'm saying is that I couldn't find you, then I happened upon that scene by the trail, and I just got incredibly confused."

She rolled her eyes in an exaggerated manner. "Clearly you were confused, yes, especially if who you thought you heard was Cory and I," she said.

"It was just a little too ironic to ignore, that's all, and then I thought back on all the stops we've made on the trip, and it turns out that every attraction we've stopped at, you and Cory have wandered off somewhere together."

Jewel was horrified that her husband was beginning to put the pieces of the puzzle together. She thought her and Cory had been careful to hide their naughty escapades, but clearly they'd been sloppy enough to raise suspicion. She was smart enough to know that the best way to counter his concern was by acting aggravated by his obvious mistrust. "So let me see if I have this straight. You think Corey and I are 'wandering off' places so we can have sex together?" she asked.

Martin was clearly a little embarrassed by suggesting such a thing. "I don't wanna think that, no, it's just that…"

His wife cut him off. "Then don't! That's sick, Martin!" she said with a scowl. "He's our son. How could you ever think we'd do such a thing?! If that's what you really think's been happening, then you should really get you head checked."

Her husband lowered his head. Once again his wife had caused him to question whether he was overreacting. The truth was, even though all the clues pointed in the direction of his wife and son being inappropriate, there was still reasonable doubt. He hadn't actually seen them in the act, nor had he caught them engaging in any type of flirtatious behavior around him. *"Maybe there truly was a logical explanation for what I saw along the trail,"* he thought, *"and if my wife and son really weren't having sex, I must look like such a rotten asshole even suggesting it."*

"Look, hon, I'm sorry I even brought it up, alright?" he said, trying to save-face.

Jewel stood up and headed for the truck, clearly pouring on the innocent act. "You should be," she muttered in a perturbed tone.

Martin's wife put on her best sulky-face as they traveled down the road. Of course, her son Cody could tell his parents were at odds about something, but he would never have guessed that it was because his dad suspected them of having sex together.

For lunch, the two families stopped their rigs at a roadside burger joint. Jewel found a private moment with Brenda before they hit the road again.

"Martin's getting suspicious," she said. "Apparently he saw my clothes on the ground, near the trail the other day, when we were letting the boys fuck us at the blue whale."

"Damn, and we were trying to be so careful. What did you tell him?" Brenda asked. "That he was over exaggerating, and perverted for even letting his mind go there."

Then the mothers looked at each other and burst out laughing, with the knowledge that **THEY** were the ones who were being perverted, not their husbands.

"Don's known about Jackson and I for quite awhile, and he aware that I know that he know what's going on," Brenda explained. "I suppose I'm lucky that he's just accepted it and never really had the balls to talk to me about it."

"Has Don ever caught you two in the act?"

"No," Brenda said with a smile, "but I'm pretty sure he's heard Jackson's balls beating against my ass on more that one occasion, when he calls from work in the afternoon."

"You guys didn't stop fucking when he called?" Jewel asked with an amused giggle.

"Shit no. Nothing stops my baby boy from pounding his mommy's hole," Brenda said.

"You're lucky that Don's never said anything. Unfortunately, Martin's never really been the quiet one about **ANY** issue," Jewel said. "And now that he suspects this, he's gonna be watching Cody and I like a hawk."

"Makes it more of a challenge," Brenda said, with a thrilled look on her face.

"That's for sure."

Brenda raised an eyebrow. "You said Cody likes video games. Maybe treat it like he just got to a higher level, and the game of fucking

mom behind dad's back just got more difficult."

"That's gonna be tough. Any time Martin sees Cody and I wandering off together now he's gonna be suspicious. He might even try to follow us."

"Then don't wander off."

Jewel fed her a curious look. "Huh?"

"There are two ways to go about this now. The first is to take advantage of every opportunity that your husband may be distracted, and doesn't even realize that you and Cody aren't around. The other way is…"

Thirty minutes later, Jewel and her son were in the back seat of the truck. Ann was up front with her father. There was a throw blanket Jewel and Cory were sharing that was spread across their laps.

Beneath the blanket, the mother had her boy's hard cock out of his pants and was stroking it tenderly. She replayed Brenda's voice in her head from earlier.

"The other way is…to do things secretly, but right in front of your husband. Things he'd never believe that you'd dare do with your son, with him around."

Jewel tried to seem as normal-acting as possible, while stroking her son's boner. Her tender full-length strokes were lubricated by the slippery pre-cum seeping from his piss-slit.

"Anyone need a rest stop?" her husband asked, peering back in his rearview mirror.

"I'm ok," Jewel said, in a little better mood now that she had her son's cock in her hand. She looked over at Cory knowingly. "How about you, honey?" Are you gonna need to get some relief soon?"

Cory looked back in his mother's eyes, his breath becoming heavier and heavier. "No, I think I can hold off for awhile," he muttered.

"Are you sure about that?" she asked, doubtful he could last very long by the way his cock was throbbing and leaking in her hand. "We wouldn't want you to soak your shorts."

"That's right," Martin giggled from the front seat, "you're too old to pee your pants, kid," he said, assuming that that's what his wife meant.

"I'm ok," Cory sighed.

"Well, if you do feel like you can't hold out any longer, let us know," Jewel told her son. "Maybe I can find a cup or 'something else' for you to pour your stuff into," she said with a naughty wink.

"Yeah, but just um, be careful not to leak on the seat, alight?" his father added. "Ok," Cory answered with a nod.

His mom's hand felt amazing on his cock. Sure, he had been stroked off by a few girls from school before, but never anything like this. His mother's hand moved expertly all over his prick, squeezing with perfect corkscrew strokes. Her palm swiped over his nob again and again, using his pre-jizz to keep his erection nice and slippery. It was a good thing his father had the radio on or he'd hear the lewd creamy sound of his wife's hand beating their son's boner beneath the blanket.

Jewel looked up at her hubby as he concentrated on the road. She felt wicked giving their son a handjob only a few feet from her unknowing husband, but that just added to the thrill of it all and made her nipples harden with arousal. *"Look at that, hubby-bear. I don't need to disappear to be naughty with my boy's cock. I can do it right in front of your face!"* she wickedly thought.

Convinced that her husband was distracted, at least for a moment, Jewel peeked back over at her boy. When he looked back at her she could tell he was loving the attention her hand was giving him. Gazing lustfully, the hot mother mouthed the words "fuck me," which made her boy's body shudder in sexual excitement.

Her thumb slipped wetly back and forth across the elastic band of his frenulum, then up over the glans surrounding his piss-slit.

"Ohhh!" the boy audibly muttered, luckily not too loudly as he watched his sexy mom roll her wet tongue across her top lip in a sensual manner.

She guided her boy's hand between her legs beneath the blanket. Cody caught on, cramming his hand inside her shorts and panties, and cupping her shaved pubis. He rubbed two fingers down between her cuntal folds, finding the big fleshy nub of her clitoris and stroking it.

Mother and son looked over at each other lustfully, their eyes communicating how bad they wanted to fuck the shit out of each other.

Jewel whipped her fist around on the juice-slicked head of her son's cock. She saw his eyes roll back slightly and felt the familiar throb of his cock that let her know he was close to cumming. She knew she had to act fast.

"Shit!" she suddenly said, so even her husband could hear. "What's wrong?" Martin asked.

Jewel was touching her ear with her free hand, while continuing to beat her son's boner with the other.

"I lost an earring," she said, looking down at the floor of the back seat.

"One of the ones I just bought you?" Martin asked, unaware that she was getting fingered by their son.

"Yes. Hopefully it just fell onto the floor," she said, crawling down onto the floorboard between Cory's legs. Now it was impossible for her husband to see her at all.

The teen watched in wide-eyed disbelief as his mom buried her head beneath the blanket. He felt the soft ring of her lips slip over the nob of his cock, while her hand tirelessly pumped up and down his shaft.

"Mmm," Jewel hummed, delighted by the taste of her boy's pre-cum slathered prick-tip. She traced the coronal ridge with the tip of her tongue, smothering his bulbous bell in her hot mouth.

"Did you find it?" she heard her husband ask.

She slipped Cory's peter-tip from her lips, but only long enough to answer her husband. "I'm looking," he said.

The teen felt her mouth sheath the tip of his boner again, but this time her licker whipped all over his tender nob, battering it with wet strokes of her tongue, while beating his cock into her mouth. It was all he could do not to gasp out loud and he tried not to let his face show the pleasure he was experiencing, so not to raise suspicion from his father, who kept glancing back in the mirror.

"You don't think it could have fallen off back at the restaurant, do you?" Martin asked, but this time his wife didn't answer. Cory was seconds away from blasting a load down her throat and she wasn't ruining the moment for her boy by pulling her mouth off his cock again.

The teen clenched his eyes closed as he felt his nob tingle delightfully and a long fat jet of cum pour into his mother's sucking mouth. His legs trembled as she pumped him off with her tightly clenched fist.

"Mmnnn!" Jewel whimpered, feeling her boy's meaty helmet swell in her mouth with each pulsing squirt of hot semen. She rolled her thick tongue around, all over the engorged gourd of flesh, swirling the fresh hot ball-milk around inside her mouth before greedily swallowing it down.

"You okay?" Cory's father asked him, as Martin noticed the slight grimace on his son's face through the rearview mirror.

"I'm fine, just um, stretching my legs out a bit." "Sure you don't me to stop so you can stretch?" "No, that's alright, dad. I'm good."

Little did Martin know how "good" his son actually was, as the cum pulsed out of Cory's cock and down his Martin's pretty wife's throat. Jewel sucked and pumped out every drop of semen, gulping it down like a good cock-milking mother. Once finished, she lifted her mouth from Cory's dick. "I found it!" she announced.

"Oh, your earring?" her husband asked.

"Of course 'my earring.' Why else would I be down on the floorboard," she said, giving her son a wink then licking her lips clean.

A few hours later they were pulling their rigs into a roadside **RV** park. Since Martin was showing some suspicion, Brenda agree to keeping him distracted, so Jewel and Cory could sneak off somewhere for a good hard fuck.

"Jewel tells me you make a scrumptious lasagna, Martin. Do you wanna team up with me for dinner duty tonight?" Brenda asked him.

"Well, I don't know how 'scrumptious' is it, but if everyone's in the mood for some Italian, I'd be happy to make it," he said.

"Sounds good to me, buddy!" Don said.

"Oh yes please, honey!" Jewel said. "Your home-cooked lasagna would be divine, especially after all the take-out we've been consuming the past few days."

"We should have everything we need here," Martin said, pulling items from the cupboard.

"Well, if there's anything you're missing let me know. Our kitchen's pretty well stocked," Brenda said, looking over at Jewel and nodding, as if to say, "Go. I got this."

Jewel took Cory's hand and discreetly slipped out of the trailer. The sun had already set and the **RV** park was shrouded in darkness, save for a few security lights here and there.

"Where are we going?" Cory asked, as his mom led him along the side of their rig.

"You got my pussy all worked up while I sucking out your cum today. Where do you think we're going?" he asked naughtily.

"Well, I figured that, but **WHERE** though?"

Jewel opened the back door of the truck. "Same spot I got you off earlier," she said. "Get in and get your shorts off."

Cory didn't need to be asked twice. He climbed into the back seat and shed his shorts. If he wasn't erect before, watching his mom climb in beside him and slip out of her own bottoms certainly did the trick.

"Once again, this can't be a marathon fuck, but at least we can cum together," Jewel said, slipping her dainty black panties down her smooth legs.

Cory heart raced excitedly. He could smell the aroma of his mom's aroused pussy as she climbed on top of him.

Planting her knees astride his hips, Jewel reached down between their separated crotched, grasped her boy's long muscular cock and placed the nob at the juice-slickened mouth of her vagina. "Ready, baby?" she whispered. "I need you bad!"

She lowered herself on to his prick, feeling his thick manhood squeeze up her horny birth-canal. "Ohhh, yess!" she mewled.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed, feeling the slippery heat of her inner walls mold around his tender sex organ.

They certainly weren't worried about anyone seeing them. The truck was nearly pitch-black and even if someone were standing right outside, they wouldn't be able to make out what was going on in the back seat. Even though Cory preferred fucking his mom in the light, where he could see her body, there was something really cool about having her on top of him in the dark. Blindingly feeling her voluptuous body hump and claw at him seemed in a way to intensify the sensation of touching and fucking.

Jewel mashed her shaved vulva against her son's cock-base in full penetration, feeling his blood-swollen bell-tip push against her ectocervix.

Cory's meatus and the small opening of Jewel's cervical head met in a kiss, his pre-cum and her leaking mucus smearing together, forming a slippery juice that would lubricate their wicked union.

The mother raised herself back up, causing the boy's hardon to slip back down the tube a few inches, making her pink vaginal walls collapse in together where his cock had just been. Then she pumped back down, making his fat barbed nob slice back through the slippery passage until it was kissing her womb again.

"Ohh yess!" the boy hissed, as she began repeating this process, fucking her mommy-pussy on his big dick.

"Yesss! Hold me and fuck meee!" Jewel cried out, making her meaty ass beat against her son's nuts.

Cory wrapped his arms around his mom's back, pulling her against him. Jewel's boobs were covered by her blouse and bra, but still felt heavenly pressed against his upper chest. He could feel the meaty orbs sloshing around inside her bra.

"God I love your cock inside me!" the heavy-chested mother whimpered.

Jewel found a steady fuck-pace, pounding her juicy cunt down around her son's pleasure-pole, feeling it's thick unyielding hardness thunder through her horny twat.

"See, your father can't keep us apart," she panted. "He can't keep your cock outta me!"

"No," Cory gasped, feeling his mom's strong pelvic muscles squeeze at his burrowing cock, her ribbed walls swathing his tender prick in secreting fuck-oil.

"He can't always have his eyes on us," Jewel said breathlessly. "We'll fuck when he sleeps, we'll fuck when he's making dinner. Every time he turns his back, I want your cock inside me."

The suspension in the truck began to steadily rock as the mother fucked her boy's hardon with everything she had. She rose towards the golden peak of her climax, panting and tossing her pretty hair around.

"Fuck!...Fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm cuummiinngg!" Jewel's shaky voice cried out.

Cory just held on for the ride as Jewel's body went into a shaking, grunting, cock-humping fit. His eyes rolled back as he felt her

quivering pussy cumming on him. It felt like her snug inner walls were turning inside-out around his cock.

"Ohh my God!" the boy's shaky voice exclaimed, the glans around his pinkish-purple helmet sizzling exquisitely.

What Cory was feeling was her inner muscles flex and pulsate around him, giving her lining a more pronounced texture around his meat, making the friction even more intense. The power of Jewel's climax had also swelled inward, causing her urethral sponge to engorge, quickly resulting in the expulsion of hot liquid girl-cum around the boy's cock.

"Uuughhh!" Jewel's pretty voice squealed, as she sent more mommy-love-nectar cascading over her son's big balls.

Cory's boner tingled and flexed, enjoying the sensation of her quivering juice-drenched cuntal-sleeve squeezing up and down his prick. He placed his hands between their bodies and squeezed at her breasts.

Seeing her boy's need, Jewel sat completely upright and quickly threw off her blouse. Their snug, fully-penetrated genitals were so engorged with blood, they could feel each other's excitedly heartbeats through their throbbing cuntal and penile flesh.

"You want at Mommy's titties, baby?" Jewel said, reaching back and unclasping her big bra.

It was too dark to be treated to a strip-show, but Cory knew his mom must be releasing her big milkers for him to enjoy.

Jewel stayed on her baby like a rodeo cowgirl on a horse, as he lifted his ass from the cushion and slouched, plopping back down at the edge of the seat. She knew he was doing this so her titties would bounce around all over his face, while she continued fucking him.

"There you go, baby boy. You've got your mommy as naked as a whore," she said.

Confirmation that his mom was naked came when she dropped back against him and her big wobbling wonders struck Cory's face. He gasped in delight, shoving his face down into her gaping cleavage, as she ground her juicy vagina on him, crushing her clit on his pubic bone.

"Your father's so stupid thinking he can keep us apart," Jewel said. "A real man's cock has found my cunt now, and if he thinks I'm giving it up he's insane."

"Oh my God, I love you, Mom!" the boy confessed, his voice muffled in surrounding tit-meat.

"Oh, baby, I love **YOU!**" she said back, tightening the muscles of her pelvic floor, smothering her boy's rod in a tight cuntal hug.

"Ohhh!" the boy whimpered, his hips jerking, lifting her from the cushion. Jewel's cuntal sleeve immediately pulsated with a mini-orgasm and Cory felt her sudden vascular engorgement and the hot arousal fluid that secreted from the walls and bathed his cock.

"Jesus!" he snarled, then dropped them back down, but suddenly started pumping up into her.

"Yess! That's it, baby! Fuck me like a whore!" Jewel shouted.

Their naked flesh beat wetly together as the boy pumped his cock up into her with full-length thrusts.

This made his mommy's heavy boobies bounce and ripple all around his face.

"Ohh Goddamn yess!" Cory cried out, like he was king of the universe. He kissed and licked at the dough-like flesh of his mother's

cleavage while pounding up into her as fast as he could.

Many women couldn't keep up with this type of ball-bumping pace, but Jewel could. She was a horny sex-crazed mother, and sexually talented mothers like her knew how to keep up with these young hunks. They know how to move their hips and match a horny son's movements, thrust for thrust. "That's it! Like that!" the busty mother squealed. "That's how mommy likes it!"

Cory's muscular cock thundered through the pink walls of his mom's smoldering vagina. It was like they were a well-lubed machine, but made of two parts of pink pistoning flesh, that were build for each other.

Cory's big nut-sack swung up and down from the frantic rhythm of his fucking, beating wetly against the throbbing ring of Jewel's butthole.

"I'm gonna cuuuum!" Cory grunted, from somewhere deep between his mom's huge melonous tits.

His mom was already there, and hot female ejaculate was spurting from her urethral slit. She let out a series of guttural grunts, cumming hard for a second time, washing her son's balls and cum-squirting cock in her female love juices.

The lucky boy pressed his face into the squishy flesh of one of his mom's fatty tits, which muffled his grunt as he hosed out another long milky rope of ball-juice deep in her humping pussy.

For several minutes they rocked and writhed on the back sear, like nothing else existed in the world except their joined genitals and the pleasure they were providing each other.

When they finally returned to earth, Cory was the first to speak. "Hey mom…" "What is it, honey?" Jewel answered breathlessly, still laying on him.

"You said a little bit ago that dad can't stop us from having sex. Does that mean he knows something?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," she answered. "He suspects that we're having sex together, but don't worry, I think I guilted him into thinking it's all in his head."

"So, that's why you guys were fighting. I suspected something was up this morning," Cory said.

"Yes, but everything's fine now. Brenda has agreed to help keep your father distracted here and there, so we can still sneak off and play."

"Ok good," Cory said with relief.

"I mean what I said a little bit ago. I'm not giving up your cock for anyone," she said, then squeezed his still-embedded boner with her love-muscles. "It's mine. Mine, mine, mine!"

A voice from outside the truck suddenly startled them. "Mom?" the young voice called. It was Jewel's daughter Ann.

"Shit, that's your sister," Jewel whispered.

"We better lock the doors," her son suggested.

"No, we can't. She'll hear the locks click, and then she'll know we're in here."

"Yeah, but if she opens the door and sees us like this we're screwed." "Oh fuck, you're right," Jewel said in a panic. "Lock them."

Cory did so and a few seconds later they heard a knock at the door. "Mom?" Ann called. Lucky for them she was too short to climb up and peer through the window.

She knocked again as both Jewel and her son scrambled to get their clothes back on. "We'll be right out, honey. Just hold on a second," the panicked mother answered.

A minutes later the truck door opened and Jewel and Cory emerged looking guilty and disheveled.

"What are you guys doing in the truck?" Ann asked.

The mother knew she had to come up with the lie of all lies, so that word didn't get back to her husband. "Well, we um…" Jewel muttered sharing a look with her son. "We bought a gift, at the gift shop, for your father…and we um, we were wrapping it, weren't we, honey?"

"Yeah, just wrapping the gift for dad," Cory said, going along with it. "In the truck?" Ann asked suspiciously.

"Well, we can't very well wrap it in the trailer, since it's a surprise, now can we?" the mother asked.

"What is it? Can I see it?" the young girl asked.

"You'll see it soon enough, honey, but remember, it's a surprise. You can't tell your father that you found us in the truck wrapping it," Jewel admonished her.

"Oh, all right," the girl muttered with a pouty face.

Dinner was a big hit. Martin's lasagna was just as yummy as his wife had made it out to be. After they had eaten and were sitting around inside the 5th Wheel talking, Ann blurted out something that made her mother's heart stop.

"Can daddy open his gift now?" she shouted. Martin looked at his wife. "Gift?" he asked.

"Yeah, mommy and Cory were in the back of the truck with the doors locked wrapping a gift for you,"

Ann said.

"Ann!" the mother said in an annoyed tone, then looked at her husband. "Sorry, it was suppose to be a surprise."

Just hearing that his wife and son were alone together behind locked doors made Martin's stomach sink. He knew he'd feel a lot better if they could actually produce the gift his daughter was speaking of.

"Well, you know how little girls are with keeping secrets," Martin said. "I guess you might as well give it to me now."

Jewel exchanged a panicked look with her son. Of course, there was no gift, although she had plans of producing one the next day to save face with Ann. She didn't think her daughter would end up giving the secret away, at least not so soon.

"Sure, um, let me go get it," Jewel said, giving Brenda a look as she walked out. "It's still in the truck."

Brenda could tell something was up and stood suddenly. "I'll go with her. I noticed the lighting in this park sucks, and you remember what happened to her the last time we were at a creepy old **RV** park, she nearly got abducted," she reminded the two husbands.

"True, uh, thanks, Brenda," Martin said, anxious to see this mysterious gift, so that his suspicious mind could be put at ease again.

Chapter 9 - Brenda and Jackson

"Cigars!" Martin exclaimed, unwrapping his gift.

"No, a box of cigars!" his wife said, then her and Brenda flashed each other a smile.

Don whispered softly to his wife. "Aren't those the cigars I just bought?" he asked.

"Shush," she whispered back sternly. If they were Don's cigars, they certainly weren't any more. Jewel needed to produce a gift in a hurry, so Brenda had rushed back to her trailer and snatched the first thing she could think of.

"Thanks, babe," Martin said, kissing his wife. He suddenly felt silly again that he had suspected his wife and son were screwing around in the truck. The truth is, they had been, and Jewel could still feel her son's cum seeping from her vagina.

When they got back to their own trailer, the first thing Brenda did was hug her boy. Jackson loved being the object of his mom's affection. She was blonde, beautiful, and her enormous knockers always felt so incredible squashed against his chest. Family members had always said that Brenda resembled the Canadian actress Natasha Henstridge, but with more pronounced motherly curves.

The teen thought back to six months ago, when he had just turned 18, and his mom had started to make her intentions known. After his birthday gathering, when all his friends were gone, Brenda tapped on his door.

"Yeah?" he said.

"Honey, I need your help with something?" she said, fully dressed and wearing her coat.

"Sure, Mom, what is it?"

"Put your coat and shoes on," she said, "I need you to take a quick ride with me."

Before he could ask any further questions, his mom disappeared. She was waiting for him out in the car, and once he was inside, she sped off.

"Where is it we're going?" he curiously asked.

She smiled over at him. "You'll find out when we get there. I told you, I just need your help with something," she said.

"It's snowing pretty hard. It's not the best night to be out." "We're not going far," Brenda assured him.

Brenda pulled into a hotel parking lot, just outside of town and parked the car in a spot.

"What are we doing here?" Jackson asked. "This is where I need your help."

"At a hotel? Doing what?" he asked.

"Bringing our bag in," she said with a wink, opening her door. "It's in the trunk."

Jackson grabbed the overnight bag, then followed his mom into the hotel, where she checked them in. It wasn't until they were moving down the hallway towards their room that he asked more questions.

"So why are we staying at a hotel in the same town we live in, mom?"

"I've been so busy with your three younger sisters that I've neglected my oldest child. I felt that you and I could use some time alone together, to connect," she said looking over at him with a sexy little smile.

"Alright."

When they arrived at the room, Jackson was a bit surprised to see there was only one big bed. "Do they have a sleeper-sofa or something?" he asked.

"Why, do we need one?" Brenda responded. "Are you too cool to share a bed with mom?" "No, that's um, fine, I guess."

"Good, because the floor looks awfully uncomfortable," she teased. "True."

Brenda plopped the overnight bag on the bed and zipped it open. "I brought you an extra outfit, and some swim trunks. Word is that they have an awesome hot tub here. Wanna try it out with me?" she asked.

"Sure, why not," her son answered.

"Get changed then. I'll go throw my bikini on," Brenda said, snatching a few items from the bag and heading for the bathroom.

Jackson got in his trunks and waited for his mom to emerge from the bathroom. She finally did, dressed in a sexy white bikini cover-up that tied like a robe in the front. "Ready to go soak?" she asked.

"At least we don't have to go out in the cold. The front desk girl said the Jacuzzi's inside the building." "Good, it's freezing out."

They went down to the hot tub area and were pleased to find no other customers using it. Jackson got in first, then watched his mom

shed her cover-up. His eyes about popped from his head when he saw how skimpy her bikini was.

"Like it?" she asked, standing there a moment with her hands on her hips. The two-piece yellow bikini set consisted of a tiny bandeau top and micro thonged bottoms. Jackson knew his mom had big boobs, but they looked even more enormous almost completely exposed like this.

"Wow! It's um… tiny," he muttered.

"You are talking about the bikini and not my boobs, right?" she asked with a quirky smile. "Definitely just the bikini."

"I thought so. My boobs and the word 'tiny' would **NEVER** be in the same sentence together," she said with a giggle, then stepped into the Jacuzzi.

"Oh my God, this feels divine," Brenda said, sitting down next to Jackson and taking his hand beneath the water.

"Sure does. I still can't believe you got us a room for the night."

"Like I said, I've been spending so much time wrapped up in the world of your three little sisters that I've been neglecting my oldest child," she said, smiling over at him.

"I know they require a lot of time, and I understand," Jackson said. "I don't feel neglected at all."

"Well, that's fine and dandy, but it's still my job as your mom to make sure your needs are getting met." "I have everything I need, mom. Food, friends, a place to live," Jackson said.

"Those aren't the needs I'm talking about, honey," she said, squeezing his hand in hers. "Ok, well what needs do you mean?"

"Your sexual needs," Brenda said. "I talk to other moms who have boys your age. We all know what your needs our boys have?"

"You do?"

"Of course we do. So, are you getting those needs met?" she asked candidly. "Are you asking me if I'm having sex?"

"Well, I know sex is important to boys your age, so I guess I am."

"Well, I don't really do it as much as I'd like, but I still do it sometimes," Jackson confessed.

"Sometimes? Is your girlfriend April not putting out?"

"Well, unfortunately her parents are religious, so she's doing the whole 'I gotta wait until marriage' thing," he explained.

"Oh no, really?!" Brenda scowled. "So no sex at all with her?" "Well, we have done it orally a few times."

"A few times? Honey, you've been with this girl for almost three months," his mom pointed out.

"I know, and I really like everything about her, except that part."

"That's a pretty **BIG** part," Brenda said. "Sex is so important at your age." "Well I do still take care of myself. You know, the way guys can."

"By masturbating? Honey, masturbation is for boys; you're a man now. You're eighteen," the mother said sympathetically. "You need a woman, not a hand to jerk with."

Jackson started laughing. He wasn't at all used to hearing his mom talk this way.

"I'm serious, it's not funny," Brenda said, trying to keep a straight face.

"I know. I like April, but I'm certainly in no hurry to marry her. Are you saying I need a new girlfriend then?" he asked.

"I'm saying you need to be sexually active. How you go about that is up to you."

"Maybe you and dad should up my allowance, so I can afford to pay for a hot call girl to have sex with,"

Jackson joked.

Brenda giggled, then slid up onto his lap, sitting sideways and wrapping one arm around his shoulders.

"You're not paying for it, that's not what I meant."

Jackson was delighted by the feel of her plush rounded ass smothering his groin, and his mom's mostly naked tits were now out of the water, looming just below his eyes. His wide-eyed gaze traveled along the massive split of her wet shimmering cleavage. "How do your boobs even stay in that tiny bikini top, mom?" he brazenly asked.

"I have to do a lot of adjusting, honey," Brenda said, using one hand to pull the bandeau-style top up, as it was slowly creeping down and about to expose her areolas. "Gravity's a bitch."

Jackson loved the way her boobies jostled like big mounds of jello as she adjusted them. He still couldn't believe she was wearing something this revealing in front of him. "If my girlfriend were more sexual, and I could attach your boobs to her, I'd be the happiest guy on the planet," he confessed.

Brenda burst out laughing. "What's wrong with these boobs attached to me?" she asked, gazing him in the eyes.

"Well, not a thing, other than you're my mom."

"Well that's not a bad thing. Since we live together, you get to look at them all the time," she said with a wink.

"Yeah, but not the same way I would if they were attached to my girlfriend." "Oh, you mean that 'I wanna reach out and squeeze them' kinda way?" "Yeah, exactly."

"Well, you could always close your eyes while you squeeze on them, and imagine they're attached to your girlfriend," Brenda said suggestively.

"Seriously? Wouldn't that be a little weird?" he blushed.

"They're just boobs, honey. You used to squeeze and suck on them all the time when you were little."

"Yeah, but I'm not really 'little' any more, mom."

He suddenly felt his mom use her glute muscles to squeeze her ass-cheeks around his growing bulge.

"So I noticed," Brenda teased, giving him a naughty smile.

"Sorry about that," her son said, embarrassed that his cock was hardening beneath her smothering buttocks.

"Don't apologize. I'm sure this isn't the first time mom has made your penis hard," she said, "or you wouldn't be stealing my panties from my hamper as much as you do."

Jackson fed his mom a guilty look and she smiled, rubbing his shoulder reassuringly. "We moms are a lot smarter than you think we are."

"Apparently so," the boy blushed. "So you can admit it… it's ok." "That I sniff your panties?"

"Yes," she said, smiling wickedly as she gazed into his eyes. "And that my boobs aren't the only things you wish were attached to your girlfriend."

Jackson didn't answer. His smile told his mom all she needed to know. Brenda brought her lips to his ear. "Do you wanna see mom's pussy, honey?" she softly whispered.

He nodded, his heart racing a mile a minute. His mom continued to whisper "Do you wanna stick your nose between the folds of my labia and smell my sweet motherly aroma?"

Brenda felt his erection flex against her flanking butt-crevasse. She responded with another tender squeeze.

"You would let me do that?" the boy said with heavy excited breath.

"As long as I could smell you too. Fair's fair." "Smell me?"

"Yes, your sperm-filled balls put off a wonderful aroma, just like my pussy does," she said. "I wanna nuzzle my face into that soft, smooth scrotum and inhale all that warm manly seed."

"Jeez, mom, are you serious?" he asked, astounded that he was even having this conversation with her.

"Does that shock you, honey?" she giggled. "That your mom likes to do naughty perverted things just like you do?"

"Kind of I guess, and that you wanna do them with me."

"Well, someone has to get the job done when your girlfriend won't. Might as well be mom, right?" "I certainly won't complain. Here though?" Jackson asked, looking around uncomfortably.

Brenda noticed a video camera mounted to the wall looking out over the Jacuzzi area. She knew if her and her son got touchy-feely, it may not be the best place to do it. "Let's go back to the room," she said.

Jackson watched his sexy mother step from the hot tub. Her thonged buttocks might as well have been completely bare, since the string of the bottoms disappeared between the thick jiggling cheeks of her ass.

They quickly toweled off, and Brenda took her son by the hand and led him up the hallway towards their room. The busty mother hadn't bothered to put her bikini cover-up back on, much to the delight of the old man that passed her in the hallway, watching her huge mommy-boobs bobble around with each sexy step she made.

"Wanna get in the shower with me? Wash off this nasty chlorine?" Brenda asked as they entered the room and the door closed.

"You mean like… naked?"

"Well we can't very well shower with our clothes on, honey," she giggled, then glanced down at his trunks. "You go first." "Go first?"

"Take your trunks off."

"Oh… right," the boy said, then removed them, getting completely naked in front of his mother.

Brenda's eyes widened at the sight of his big pointing erection. It was capped with a knob the shape, size and color of a fat juicy plum.

"Wow! Have you ever considered the real reason your girlfriend won't have sex with you is because she's scared of that thing?" Brenda asked, staring at his cock.

"Scared of this?" her son asked, moving his hips and making his big boner wag back and forth.

"Yes, not in a bad way though, honey. If she's a virgin, the thought of being broken-in by someone with a huge dick like yours might actually scare her."

"Yeah, but it's not **MY** fault I'm the size I am," Jackson said.

"Of course it's not your fault. Maybe you should talk to her about it though, and assure her that you'll go slow and easy the first couple of times," Brenda suggested.

"I can do that," he said, staring at the hard nipples poking out from beneath the fabric of her bandeau bikini-top.

The mother fed him a teasing smile. "Are you undressing me with your eyes right now?" she asked. "Maybe," he blushed.

"Let me help," she said, then reached back and unfastened her top.

Jackson's boner jumped at the sight of her naked tits. He had never seen a woman with such wide areolas and thick protuberant nipples. "Damn, mom. Those **ARE** amazing!" he exclaimed.

"Still make you wish they were attached to your girlfriend?" Brenda asked.

"Yes."

"Sorry… they're stuck on mom," she said with a smile, then moved her shoulders, making her big ballooning bosoms rock heavily back and forth. "You're welcome to come give 'em a squeeze though."

Jackson didn't need to be asked twice. He stepped up to her, reached out with both hands and grasped her huge naked tits,

making his fingers sink into their dough-like flesh. "Dang," he gasped, feeling their immense weight.

"Pull on the nipples, honey. Feel how hard they are," his mother whispered.

The boy grasped her engorged papilla between his fingers and tugged, stretching them out from the huge pink rings of her areola. "Am I being too rough?" he asked, glancing up to his mom's face.

"No, that's fine." Brenda said reassuringly. "It might be too much for girls your age, because their boobs are young and tender, but a mom's boobs are different." "How so?"

"Our flesh becomes more conditioned through the years to being tugged and sucked and chewed on. It's just how our mom-bodies develop."

"Oh wow, so can I um… slap them together?" Brenda giggled. "Sure, go ahead," she said.

Jackson took a firm grip on both her boobs, then started beating them together over and over, causing her cleavage to make a lewd clapping sound as each fatty melon met the other.

"That's so cool," he said, grinning from ear to ear.

"Cup the undersides while you do that, honey. Feel how heavy they are," Brenda suggested, watching delightfully as her son played with her boobs.

Jackson slid his mitts along the soft elongated undersides of his mom's melons, feeling their weight and spongy softness. He dug his fingers into their fatty flesh, making her rubbery nipples puff outward like two pink marshmallows begging to be sucked on.

He suddenly froze as he felt her hand on his dick, tracing her nails gingerly around the big barbed tip. She stared into his eyes while doing this, gauging his reaction.

"That feels great," the boy whispered.

Brenda smiled at him lovingly, dragging her nails across his broad coronal ridge. "Oh honey, your big dick's gonna visit places so wonderful that you can't even begin to imagine what 'great' feels like," she said.

"My dick will love that."

"I know it will," Brenda agree, running her fingers down his muscled boner, amazing at the feel of the big bulging veins running along her son's shaft. "Right now though it needs a shower, to wash all that nasty chlorine off. Come on."

The heavy-titted mother led her son by the boner into the adjoining bathroom. The shower was huge, with a big glass door. She reached in and turned on the water.

"I think one of us still needs to finish undressing," she said, turning towards her boy and untying the strings of her bikini bottom. She pulled the tiny piece of fabric from her crotch, exposing her naked pubis.

Jackson's heart skipped a beat as he gazed at the upside-down triangle of his mom's mound of Venus. The thick folds of her outer labium formed a perfect cuntal cleavage, which was crowned by a neatly trimmed stripe of pubic fuzz.

Brenda watched her boy's boner twitch excitedly as he stared at her pussy.

"Dang, mom. Your hair doesn't grow in that way down there, does it?" "No, honey. I trimmed it that way," she said. "It's called a

landing strip."

"Landing strip? You mean like at an airport? Why's it called that? What's landing down there?" Brenda giggled, then glanced down at his cock. "Take a guess."

"Oh, yeah, right," he said, looking down at his prick and suddenly getting what it meant..

The boy watched his mom step into the shower and the water spray her naked body. He always dreamed about seeing her this was, so he was utterly fascinated.

"Coming in?" she asked, with an mischievous smile.

He joined her in the shower and closed the door. Then he stood there in wide-eyed wonder as his mom lathered him up with suds. Every time her soft stiff-nippled boobies brushed against him, his body would shudder in delight.

When her soapy hand stroked the length of his erection, he about came on the spot. Not only his dick, but his balls also were gently lathered by his mom's hand.

"Wanna wash Mommy's boobs for her?" she asked, gazing up into his eyes seductively. Her honey-blonde hair was slick back from being wet.

"Sure," Jackson said, then spent the next several minutes lathering her big milkers with slippery suds.

The fascinated teen ran his hands all over her tits and nipples. At one point his mother giggled. "This mom's gonna have the cleanest boobs around," she joked, watching her teen maul her wobbly jugs, squeezing to his heart's content.

"Sorry. They're just way too much fun to play with," he confessed.

"Take your time, honey. You can keep playing," Brenda said. "Unless you'd like to dry off and sniff my pussy, like we talked about earlier."

Jackson released her boobs. "That sounds like even more fun," he confessed. He could have groped his mom's slippery tits all day, but was super-anxious to bury his nose in her crotch.

They stepped out and dried off. "I'm gonna blow-dry my hair. Go in and get the bed warmed up for us," Brenda said.

"Ok, mom," he said.

Brandon assumed they were gonna stay naked, so he crawled into bed with nothing but a hard cock. After a few minutes, he heard the blow-dryer shut off and his bare naked mother stepped into the room, her huge mommy-melons juddering heavily.

"Ready to make that cute nose come in for a landing?" she said, reaching down and running her fingers up her thin 'landing strip' of pubic hair.

"Ready," the boy said, his heart thumping excitedly.

The blonde beauty slipped onto the bed and her boy watched her every move as she crawled towards him like a prowling cougar. Her tits hung down off her chest, teetering back and forth like big udders as she closed in on him. "You can smell my pussy one of two ways," she explained. "I can drop onto my back, bow my legs open, and you can come down between them, or I can straddle your face like a saddle and you can smell it that way."

Both ways sounded beyond heavenly to the teen, but the idea of having his own hot mom plant her cunt on his face sounded greater than anything he ever dreamed.

"You can straddle me," he said.

"Ok… here I come," the mother said with a mischievous grin.

Brenda knew that she also had a choice to make. She could straddle her boy's head in the direction of a 69, or she could face the other way, allowing him to stare straight up her pubic mound and midriff, to the huge rounded undersides of her tits. She decided on the later.

Jackson's eyes were wide with wonder, watching his heavy-breasted mother crawl over him. She started by partially squatting over his face, letting the boy gaze up at the matronly pussy that was about to smother him.

"Dang!" the teen sighed. He'd already seen his mother's pubis, but this was a whole different view of her genitalia that he never dreamed he'd see. Except for the cute landing strip, his mother vulva was as bare as a baby's ass. The outer lips had partially splayed apart, reveal a second, inner layer of blood-engorged labial meat. Crowning it all, was a thick prepuce, that had peeled back to reveal the fleshy pearl of her clitoris.

Brenda kept her mommy-nmuffin hovering there above him for a second. "Ready, honey?" she asked.

The boy could hardly speak. His mom was shamelessly exposing her most private parts to him. Even the pink crinkled ring of her butthole budded out obscenely above his gaze. "I'm ready," he managed to whisper.

The next thing Jackson knew his face was smothered in cunt-flesh. His mom had landed just right, so his nose sunk down into her juicy grotto, nuzzling into her vulvar vestibule.

"Holy damn! It smells incredible!" the boy's horny mind buzzed as he inhaled her fragrant folds. Yes he had snuffed her panties plenty of times, but to smell it directly from the source was a thousand times more powerful and exciting.

He had closed his eyes upon contact, but now when he opened them he found himself staring straight up his mom's upper-half, from her cunt to the base of her jutting breasts. *"Good grief, what a sight!"* he thought.

He saw his Mom peek down over her giant knockers, smiling at him. "Smell a little better than the crotch of those panties?" she asked.

"Mm-hm," he hummed, his lips pressed against her perineum.

"There's only one thing missing now, isn't there? she asked. "I'm sure when you sniff my panties you have your hand around your boner. Do you wanna beat your erection while you sniff me, honey?"

Since Jackson couldn't answer, he merely reach down and began stroking his hard penis as she suggested.

Brenda peeked back over her shoulder, watching her son's fist pull at his long brick-hard prick. "There you go, honey. Stroke on that big pink pickle. Make it feel good," she cooed.

He brazenly slipped his tongue from his mouth, and drug it across the elastic ring of his mom's butthole, making her shudder suddenly and gaze down at him again. "Oh, you naughty, naughty boy!" she squealed.

She began to move her cunt on him, plowing it across his wiggling licker. "You trying to tell me something?" she asked. "You trying to tell mommy you wanna eat some pussy?"

"Mmn-hmn," the boy answered, delighted by the taste of her sweet nectar, as he dug his tongue down into her juicy coral slit.

"Ohhhh!" Brenda gasped, her eyes rolling back as she felt him plow his licker across the swollen nub of her clit. He sucked it into his mouth, nursing on it like a nipple. "Oh my God, you do that and you'll make me gush all over you!"

Despite her warning, Jackson continued his oral assault on his mom's fleshy love button. He felt her warm thighs squeeze even tighter around his head as he kept his face firmly planted against her gyrating pussy. His cock was now slick with pre-cum, allowing him to beat off in a steady rhythm.

"Ohhh fuck!" his mom panted.

Her pubic landing strip looking like it was rising from the bridge of Jackson's nose. He peered up her mons, along her swiveling underbelly, and watched her huge mammaries wobble around on her chest. He could see the hardened peaks of her nipples, distended out from the centers of her thick-textured areola. It was the most wonderful sight he could ever imagine gazing up at.

His mom suddenly peeked down in a wild-eyed gazed. "Honey, I'm serious. **I WILL** cum on you if you don't stop!" she warned.

Jackson wasn't about to. He knew he was probably about to be squirted all over, but he didn't care one bit. He just continued sucking and laving his tongue through her tender folds.

Seeing that he didn't mind, the horny mother began to rock her hips, fucking her son's face. For a full two minutes, she gyrated like a workhorse as she rose towards a golden orgasmic peak, before finally screaming out in orgasmic rapture.

Still gazing up her torso, the teen saw his mom's boobs do a big jumping bounce of her chest as she threw her arms in the air and clenched her fists together in rapture. This time when she screamed, a big quivering squirt of hot girl-cum splashed across his chin. It was followed by another, then another, completely soaking him.

For another minute the mother humped and trembled and squealed, overtaken with pleasure. Finally she lifted off her son's face and giggled as she knelt down next to him, surveying the mess she'd made. "I did warn you," she said teasingly.

"I know you did, and I'm fine with it."

"I see that," the mother smiled, then leaned over, letting her warm spongy-soft boobies drag against his bare chest. She stared into his eyes with a sexy look. "Would you be fine with me squirting it all over your dick too?" she brazenly asked.

The boy couldn't believe his ears. "My dick?" he asked, even though he knew exactly what she meant. "Yeah," she whispered, her eyes glazed with lust. "You wanna fuck me, Jackson? You wanna fuck mommy?"

"Wow!" he gasped, unable to say much more than that.

"You wanna hammer that hard prick up that birthing-tube you slid down eighteen years ago?" she sensually asked. "You want mommy to milk out all those little baby-makers with her experienced pussy?"

"Yes," he hissed.

Brenda wasted no time throwing her sexy leg across her boy, planting her knees astride his hips. She reached between them, grasped on to her son's erection and place the fat plum-sized tip into the mouth of her vestibule.

A thrilling jolt traveled through the teen's body as he felt his tender bell sink into the hot slippery sheath of her vagina. Despite his tremendous size, the mother lowered her outer vulvar lips straight to his cock-base.

She let out a cute little squeal as she felt his broad tip crush against the back wall of her vagina. "Oh my God, honey, you're so fucking big!" she cried out, squeezing her inner pleats around the hard cylinder of meat.

"Oh, baby! Mommy's gonna fuck you so hard!" she whimpered, then set her hips in motion, riding her son's erection.

Brenda's thick ass beat against his balls lewdly as she pumped her pussy up and down his cock. "Yesss!" he cried out in fuck-lust.

Jackson's eyes, of course, were fixed on his mom's tits, watching the big fatty knockers swing and beat around all over him wildly. Looking further down, he could see their crotches smacking wetly together, his hard dick following the path of her pubic landing strip, slicing through her engorged labium and up into the smothering tube of her cunt.

"Fuck, mom!" the boy snarled, feeling his glans tingle as it glided inside the tight ribbed tube of her cunt.

"I told you you're dick's gonna visit wonderful places, didn't I?" she asked breathlessly. "Yes, I love it!"

"You want mom to make you 'love it' even more?" she asked, then tightened her cunt-muscles. "You want her to make your balls clench so fucking hard that you cum harder than you ever have?" "Uh-huh," the boy answered, pressing his face down between her swinging boobs.

Brenda clenched her inner muscles powerfully, making her entire pelvic floor collapse around her boy's boner in a hot velvet grip. "Ohh fuck!" he groaned, feeling his nuts clench, just like his mom said they would.

"Cum with meee!" the busty mother shrieked, feeling her own orgasm crest from the feel of her boy's hard dick pumping inside her.

Lights flashed before their eyes as a wild mutual orgasm shot through their naked bodies like an electric current . Thick pulses of ejaculatory fluid blasted from their genitals, mixing together inside Brenda's cunt to form a creamy mother-son cocktail.

When they finally came back to earth, Brenda rested atop her boy in a sweaty heap. "Wow!" the mother said breathlessly.

"Yeah, wow," Jackson said, his dick still twitching with post-orgasmic contractions.

"I think this could be the start of something good," the mother said. "I hope so."

She lifted her head and gazed down at him dreamily. "Wanna go again?" she softly asked.

Brenda and her son would get little sleep that night as they consummated their new sexual relationship by fucking their asses off in every position they could think of. This **WAS** the start of something good, and even after Brenda's husband Don suspected that his wife and son were fucking, she was determined not to let that stop them.

Chapter 10

"Daddy, is there gonna be bats down there?" Ann asked her father as they made their way to the entrance of Grand Canyon Caverns, a famous stop along Route 66.

"No bats, hon... just lots and lots of rats!"

"What?" Ann said, stopping dead in her tracks with a horrified look.

"Yep! Really hungry ones, with razor sharp teeth," Martin teased in an exaggerated tone. Ann looked over at Jewel. "Mommy?!"

Jewel giggled. "He's joking, honey. Their teeth really aren't that sharp," the mother said, then lunged at her daughter playfully. "But their claws are!"

The little girl screamed and took off, with Jewel chasing after her.

"What are you boys whispering about over there?" Brenda asked Cory and Jackson as they trailed the group.

"Just wondering what other caves we might get to explore today," Jackson said, making Cory giggle.

The mother's lips curled into a naughty smile. "If you're lucky you'll get to wander down some caverns you'll really enjoy," she said with a wink.

Her husband Don heard the exchange as he walked along side her. He was no dummy and knew exactly what "caverns" she was referring to.

After paying for entry, the two families entered the caverns. They split in to two groups, to take turns riding the elevator twenty-one

stories underground into the caverns. Brenda and Don went down with their kids first, then Martin and Jewel went down with Cory and Ann.

Standing behind her husband, who was busy reassuring Ann that there were no rats, Jewel sneakily reached over and fondled her son's prick through his shorts as he stood next to her.

Cory peeked over at his beautiful mom, who was gazing back at him with a mischievous little grin. Her hand felt amazing squeezing at his rapidly hardening meat. She slid her tongue across her top lip, while gazing at him lustfully.

Her husband's voice caused her to move her hand quickly from her boy's cock. "I heard that because the caverns are so deep underground, the temperature is always fifty-six degrees down here, with zero humidity. Isn't that cool?" Martin asked.

"Very cool," Jewel answered with her mind clearly on other things. When the elevator stopped, Martin and his daughter stepped out. "Shoot, I think I left my phone up there," Jewel exclaimed.

"Up where?" Martin asked.

"Where we paid for admission. I must have set it down and completely forgot it was sitting there."

"Do you want me to go back up and grab it?" her husband asked.

"No, that's alright, I'll go," Jewel said. "I'm not riding in this creepy elevator all by myself though. Will you go with me, honey?" she asked, looking at her son. "Sure," Cory answered.

Jewel pushed the button and the elevator door began closing. "Be right back," she quickly said to her husband.

No sooner did the door close than the busty mother clutched on to her boy and began attacking him with sensual kisses.

"Did you really forget your phone?" Cory asked, loving how he was pinned in the corner, trapped between the steel wall and his mom's huge soft tits.

Jewel lifted her cellphone from her pocket. "What do you think?" she said with a sneaky smile. "That's what I thought," he giggled.

"Don't waist time talking," she hurriedly said, then began kissing his lips again. "Just kiss me!"

Cory engaged his mother in a fiery French kiss, their tongues dueling wildly inside the boy's mouth. He could feel her thick erect nipples digging into his chest, even through her blouse and bra.

"God I wanna fuck you so bad right now," the horny mother gasped, running her hands under his shirt and up his chest.

"I wish we could," her son said, reaching both hands around her and squeezing the cheeks of her meaty ass through her shorts.

"Do you, baby?" Jewel cooed, then kissed him some more. "Do you wanna pump some hot semen in mommy's pink coochie?"

"Yes please!"

They heard the elevator shudder and knew they were close to arriving at the top. Jewel stared into her boy's eyes with lustful hunger. "I wanna suck your dick on the way back down," she said. "Do we have time for that?"

"Sure we do. It'll be the quickest blowjob ever," she giggled, then stepped away from her boy just as the door opened.

As soon as it closed again and she hit the button to go back down, Jewel crouched down in front of her son and fished his hard cock from his shorts. The lusty mother wasted no time cramming it into her mouth and began sucking in earnest.

"Oh damn," Cory muttered, his knees going weak as he watched his mom's pretty head bob up and back on his rock-hard dick. He felt her tongue twisting around his boner delightfully while she sucked.

Normally his mom would pop his dick from her mouth and lash her tongue around the juicy head, but not this time. The entire minute it took to drop to the cavern she spent plunging the ring of her lips along the length of his erection, giving her boy a nice oral fuck.

When the elevator hit the bottom with a thud, Cory's pecker popped from his mom's mouth like a cork and she quickly stood up. He barely had enough time to get it back in his shorts before the door opened. His dad was standing just outside waiting with Brenda and Don.

"I found it!" Jewel exclaimed, showing her phone as she stepped from the elevator.

Martin looked at their guide. "Alright, I guess we're ready to tour some caverns," he said eagerly.

The two families followed the tour guide through the maze of lighted caves, marveling at the eerie, sixty-five-million-year-old walls.

The boys of course were just as interested in looking at something else on the trail. Both their moms wore sexy cotton shorts that molded around their meaty derrieres. Knowing their boys were behind them, and staring, Jewel and Brenda put a little extra sway in their hips, making their mommy-rumps sway seductively.

"Are you enjoying the view, boys?" Brenda asked, smiling over at Jewel.

Their husbands were oblivious to the specific view she was referring to, but the boys weren't. Cory and Jackson fed each other a knowing smile. "It's amazing!" Jackson answered.

Jewel chimed in. "I bet you two would love to be able to squeeze down into some of these crevices, and explore some of these smaller caves, wouldn't you?" she asked, peeking back at her son with a smile.

"Definitely," Cory said, his cock throbbing at the thought of it.

The guide stopped them and pointed over at a wooden deck structure with furniture on it. "And here we have the deepest, darkest, oldest, quietest hotel room in the world," he said.

"Hotel room?" Jewel asked. "Seriously?"

"Yep. The underground suite is completely furnished with two double beds, a living room area, tons of books, and even a **TV**, with a nice little **DVD** collection."

"Hardly private though, with tours walking by all day," Brenda said.

"Yes, but once the tours stop, you have it all to yourself down here, with just an attendant topside in case you need anything," the guide explained. "Oh my God, that would be so cool!" Jewel said.

"Before you get too excited though, I will mention that there's only one suite, and it's booked every night for the next six months, sorry."

"Damn!" the mother said, stomping her foot disappointedly.

"Oh well, there's always next time," Martin said. "I guess we'll just settle for staying in your **RV** park tonight."

They continued the tour through the maze of tunnels, checking out all the cool exhibits along the way.

"God, what would you do if you ever got stuck down here?" Brenda said to Jewel as they walked side by side together.

"I don't know. I guess that depends on who I got stuck down here with," Jewel said, peeking back at Cory mischievously.

"True," Brenda giggled. "The boys look so board back there. We should flash them our tits," she playfully suggested.

Jewel looked over at Martin and Don, as the rounded a corner of the cavern with the kids, disappearing from sight. "Let's do it," she whispered anxiously, turning around.

Brenda also turned towards their sons, and both moms lifted their tops and bras up together, making their huge naked titties flop out and bobble around teasingly. "See anything interesting, boys?" Jewel asked, watching her son's eyes go wide.

"I do now," Cory muttered, his lips curling into a big smile.

"Me too," Jackson said, his eyes darting back and forth between the two mother's jutting breasts.

"And what might that be?" Brenda asked flirtingly, rocking her shoulders and making her fat knockers shimmy back and forth.

They suddenly heard Martin's voice from around the corner. "Did you guys get lost back there?" he called out.

"We're coming," his wife shouted back.

"**I WISH** we were cumming," Brenda said jokingly, so only Jewel and the boy's could hear. "Me too," Jewel agreed, stuffing her huge boobs back inside her bra.

After the tour, the two families ate at the "Grotto Restaurant," which was perched on a wooden platform overlooking one of the cave's largest rooms.

Half-way through the meal, Jewel noticed her husband was looking a little anxious. "Are you ok, hon? You look a little pale," she said.

"I'm fine, I think I'm just feeling a little claustrophobic," he admitted. "Been down in this cave a little longer than I anticipated."

"Oh, do you wanna take our food back up to the surface?"

"No, no, you guys enjoy your meal. I think I'm just gonna head up to the trailer and lay down a bit."

Before Martin could leave, their tour guide rushed over and stood near the two families. "Hey, I just wanted to let you guys know, if you're still interested in the suite, we had a cancelation for tonight," he said.

"Oh my God, really?!" Jewel asked excitedly.

"Yeah, but I'm sure it'll sell fast. The good news is if you guys are interested, I can get it reserved for you."

"What's the bad news?" Brenda asked.

"Only four of you would be allowed to stay down there."

Jewel and Brenda flashed each other a look, both thinking the same thing. "We'll take it!" Brenda said without hesitation.

"Whoa, hold on just a sec," Don said. "Honey, I know it's a neat idea, but we don't even know how much this room cost for a night."

They all looked at the guide for an answer. He forced a smile. "For four of you, it's about twelve-hundred dollars a night," he said.

"Oh, is that all?" Martin asked facetiously.

"But the room includes a cavern tour, so we can deduct the price you guys paid for the tour today," the guide said.

"Okay, that leaves us at about a thousand. Jewel and I would both be up for staying down here, so that's five-hundred each," Brenda said, then looked at her husband. "We could swing that, right, honey?"

"Yeah, but honestly, I'm not so sure sleeping in a cave is for me," Don admitted.

"Well, we all know sleeping in a pitch-black cave would freak the little ones out, and Martin's feeling claustrophobic, so he's definitely a no-go," Brenda said, then turned and looked over at Jackson and Cory. "I guess that leaves you boys."

Jewel smiled over at her son. "What do you say, boys? Wanna be cave dwellers with your moms tonight?" she asked.

The two teems looked at each other and smiled. "If we have to, I suppose," Jackson joked.

"Yes, you have to," Brenda said. "Your moms are both brave women, but not brave enough to sleep in a big creepy cave alone."

"No way," Jewel agreed, making an exaggerated scared face.

"Don't worry, we'll protect you guys from all those scary cave monsters," Cory said.

An hour later, Martin was on his bed in their 5th Wheel, watching his beautiful wife throw some things into an overnight bag. "I don't even know what to bring," Jewel said. "I'm sleeping in a cave. How often does that happen? Do you think it gets cold down there?" she asked.

"Nope. Always fifty-six degrees, zero humidity, remember? You'll probably have the best sleep of your life."

"More like no sleep at all," Jewel thought, thrilled that she'd be sharing the suite with her handsome son.

"Well, I'll take a sweatshirt, just in case," she said, stuffing it into her bag.

With his wife and son sharing an underground suite for a night, the incident from the Blue Whale trail several days before was still heavy on Martin's mind. Despite what he'd seen and heard, whether Jewel and Cory were screwing that day in the tall grass beside the trail was still a big question mark. He had certainly spent a lot of time trying to convince himself that they weren't, but little red flags he'd seen since then, had kept him wondering. If they were fooling around, catching them tonight would be impossible, since they'd be two-hundred feet underground.

"Just remember, there's nothing living down there. It's a dry cave, so it's just you guys," Martin reminded her.

"Yeah, but once the lights are off and it's pitch black, I'm sure my mind's gonna imagine all sorts of creepy things crawling around down there."

"Well, if you guys don't come up tomorrow morning, we'll just assume you've been eaten, and Ann and I will continue the trip without you," Martin joked.

His wife playfully slapped him on the leg. "Brat!" she said.

Jewel, Brenda, Cory and Jackson were taken down the elevator and given a quick tour of the suite, which consisted of two double beds, a small kitchen and living room area, all situated on a wooden platform perched in the cavern.

"No more tours today, so the caves all yours until tomorrow morning," the attendant said. "I'll be topside, so if you need anything just use the phone there in your suite. Enjoy!" "Bye!" the four of them said, waving as he disappeared down the cave trail.

"Oh my God, I can't believe that we're actually sleeping down here!" Brenda said.

"Ha! Sleep? I seriously doubt there's gonna be any of that going on down here tonight," Jewel joked.

"Who wants to cuddle and watch a movie?" Brenda suggested. "Avengers?" her boy asked, snatching it from the **DVD** shelf.

"Jewel and I wanted to watch Goonies," the mother answered, putting on a cute little pouty face.

"Tell you what," Jewel said. "If you boys watch Goonies with us, we'll fuck your brains out tonight." Cory smiled. "I have a feeling we'll get out brains fucked out, even if we don't agree to watching Goonies," he predicted.

Jewel and Brenda looked at each other knowingly. "True," they both said at the same time.

"But…" Brenda added. "If you agree to watching **OUR** movie, we'll go put on something super-sexy, then we'll snuggle the hell out of you."

"And if you don't, we'll just stay dressed and sulk the whole time," Jewel teased.

The boys smiled at each other. The decision was a no-brainer. "Goonies it is!" Cory said.

"Good choice. Get it ready. We'll be out in a minute," Jewel said, as the two mothers disappeared into the tiny bathroom.

The teens got the film going on the **TV**, then sat down on the sofa across from it and waited for their moms to reappear.

"Ready snuggle-bunnies?" they heard Brenda asked.

The two gorgeous mothers stepped from the bathroom wearing sheer mesh knit lingerie bodysuits. Jewel's was white and Brenda's was pink.

"Damn! You guys look hella fine in those," Jackson exclaimed, gawking at the women's mammoth boobs and the way they were stretching the thin gauzy fabric out. The bodysuits were so sheer they could see their mom's tits almost as well as if they were naked.

"Well, we were gonna wear nothing, but then we realized that probably wouldn't be the most appropriate way for our sons to see us," Jewel said, turning slightly and cocking her hip, displaying her clearly visible buttocks for her son to see.

"You're right. A much more modest choice," Cory said with an amused, yet aroused giggle.

"Snuggle time," Brenda said, as they stepped over to join their boys on the couch. Even the crotch portion of their negligee was see-through, allowing their teens a great view of their shaved vulvas.

The mothers snuggled up to their boys on the sofa as the movie started. They each draped a leg over their son's lap, reaching down and fondling their hard muscular cocks through their shorts.

"Mmm, I found a cave monster," Jewel teased.

"I have one over here too. A big strong cave monster," she said, gazing seductively into her son's eyes while squeezing her pretty hand around his cock.

"Your monster likes to explore all of mommy's pink caves, doesn't it, baby?" Jewel asked her son. "Yes," the boy answered, so turned on he could hardly stand it.

"Our caves love being explored by these big hunks of meat," Brenda said sensually. "And we love squeezing on them with our strong pleated walls."

"Mm, and soaking them with our slippery cuntal honey," Jewel added. "Damn, you guys are sexy as hell when you talk like that," Cory confessed.

"You like it, boys?" Jewel asked. "You like us being your filthy-mouthed mommy sluts?" "Oh hell yeah."

"You like us sheathing your hard cocks with our warm holes," Brenda said, gazing deeply into Jackson's eyes. "Letting you pound us like fuck dolls?"

"I could pound you right now," Jackson said confidently, eager to have more nasty forbidden sex with his pretty mom.

"I bet you could," his mother said with wanton smile. "I bet you could fuck me so hard that we just might cause a cave-in down here," she joked.

"Well, at least we'd be buried alive happy."

"Don't think that you're getting hot slippery pussy around your glans quite yet boy," Jewel said. "We're gonna slowly work our way to the mattress tonight. But don't worry, once we get there, and turn out all the lights, things are gonna get really fucking crazy down here."

Both women locked lips with their boys and they began making out. Their earlier debate over which movie to watch was pointless, since they weren't really watching the movie anyway.

Cody still felt like he needed to pinch himself to see if this was all real. His own beautiful mom had her huge, nearly naked tits pressed up against him, while they made out like newlyweds and she fondled his hard dick through his shorts.

Jackson loved the way his mom kissed him. Her lips were succulent and her tongue was long and thick, lashing around against his own in a frenzy of passion.

The teens could tell their moms were aroused by the way their engorged nipples pressed against the flesh of their chests. It wasn't long before the moms were straddling their hard-dicked boys, making out like a double date on prom night.

"I wonder how many couples have screwed on this couch?" Jackson wondered out loud.

"Probably a lot," his mom answered between giving him wet sensual kisses.

"I wonder how many of them were mother and son?" Cory said, making the mothers giggle. "Probably still a lot," Jewel answered.

"True, we moms love getting boned by our handsome sons," Brenda said. "It's the sweetest taboo."

"We went through a lot of pain to squeeze you out. We deserve to have you back, only this time to give us pleasure," Cory's mom said as she licked his neck.

"Well, you won't hear any complaints out of us," the boy sighed, feeling his mom's skilled tongue flicker against his erogenous zone.

Jewel and Brenda ground their shaved crotches against their boy's boners in a slow but steady dry hump, feeling the stiff power of their young dongs digging against their aroused clits.

The boy's bell tips were throbbing like crazy as they plowed through puffy folds of cuntal flesh. Even through their thin layers of clothing they could feel the heat radiating from their mother's fuck holes, causing pre-jizz to seep from their piss-slits.

"Shall we play a little game, boys?" Brenda asked. "What kinda game?" her son said.

"The kind where we all get naked and play hide and go seek, moms against sons." "You mean run around the caves naked?" Cory asked, looking at his smiling mom.

"We should probably wear our sneakers to protect our feet, but otherwise yes, naked. **WE ARE** the only ones down here after all," Jewel said.

"True," Jackson said. "I'm game if everyone else is." Cory nodded excitedly. "Let's play!"

After stripping naked, the mothers decided to hide first, rushing off the platform and down the lit cavern trail in nothing but their cute sneakers. Both Cory and Jackson squeezed their erect dicks as they stood side by side watching their mom's bare asses jiggle atop their sexy legs as they scrambled off to hide somewhere.

Brenda gazed back with an amused smile. "You're suppose to be turned around and counting to fifty, cheaters," she shouted, her voice giving off a little echo along the stone walls.

"I know, I know," Jackson said, as he and Cory turned and started counting.

"I say we take some water with us and soak them both when we find them," Cory suggested. "Fuck yeah. It'll be like a wet t-shirt contest, without the t-shirts."

"Exactly."

After a minute, the boys had reached the count of fifty, and both grabbed a cup full of water before setting off in search of Jewel and Brenda.

Even though there were a million places to hide, the moms weren't very good at it, and we're found easily, crouched behind a giant boulder just off the trail.

"Got you!" Cory shouted, then doused his mom with ice-cold water.

Jewel let out a playful shriek as the water ran down her huge bobbling tits. "You brat!" she shouted, then took off chasing after him.

Meanwhile, it was Jackson chasing Brenda as she tried to avoid being soaked as well. The mother giggled, her big oversized melons bouncing up and down as she ran, but her boy easily caught up to her. "Nooo! Don't you dare do it!" she playfully warned him.

Despite her plea, Jackson soaked her upper half with water, making her naked body glisten in the lighted cave.

"We just thought we'd make it more fun," Jackson said.

"I'll show you fun," Brenda said, grasping his boner and jerking it a little.

"We found you guys, and now you belong to us!" Cory said, lifting his mom from the ground and up over his shoulder. Jackson did the same to Brenda, so that their moms were draped over their strong shoulders, with their sexy bare asses pointed in the air.

The boys carried them back down the trail towards the suite.

"What, do you two think you're a couple of horny cavemen or something?" Jewel asked. "Taking us helpless girls to the back of the cave, so you can have your way with us."

"That's right! That's what us cavemen do," Jackson said, his long stiff boner leading the way.

"At least we're not dragging you by your hair like you always see pictures of cavemen doing to their women," Cory pointed out.

"No, only soaking us with ice-cold water," Jewel said, reaching down and slapping her son's ass. "My nipples are already hard enough just being around you. I don't need you making them any stiffer, thank you very much."

"Speaking of stiff. Look at the boy's shadows, Jewel. Look at how big and stiff their dicks look," Brenda pointed out.

Jewel peeked over and looked at the shadows that were being cast against the rock wall. Just as Brenda said, the silhouette of the boy's hard dicks looked enormous. They looked like big wooden clubs that cavemen supposedly carried around.

"You know, boys, guys your dads age pay a lot of money to get hard dicks like that," Jewel pointed out. "And even then, they don't stay erect nearly this long," Brenda added.

"Well, that's why you're not up there in bed with them, right? You're down here with us." Jackson said.

Brenda and Jewel giggled. "That's right, honey. Down here where us moms know we're gonna get fucked just the way we like it, with two incredible dicks that get hard, and stay hard, all night long," Brenda said.

When they got back to the suite, the boys put their moms down. "Now, time for you two to run along and hide," Jewel said.

"And that doesn't mean climbing a half-mile down into some unexplored cavern, boys," Brenda said.

"Go easy on us."

"Wow, that's the first time I've heard you say to go easy on you," Jackson pointed out.

"I'm not talking about fucking, honey. I would never say 'go easy on me' during sex. I'm talking about not hiding somewhere that takes us all night to find you."

"I know," Jackson laughed. "We won't make it too tough on you."

The two boys rushed off.

"We're already at twenty!" Jewel lied, causing the boys to rush down the trail even faster.

"When do you wanna do it?" Brenda asked with a mischievous smile. "Let's let them get a little further away," Jewel answered.

"We're so mean," Brenda said, as if they were about to do something the boys weren't expecting. "Hey, they threw cold water on us. It serves them right."

Jackson and Cory stopped suddenly as all the cave lights went off, leaving them in complete pitch blackness. "What the fuck?!" Jackson said in surprise. "Why did the light go out?" Cory asked.

They both heard their moms laughing their asses off in the distance. "Oh dude, they just got us bad,"

Jackson said, as he realized it was a joke they were playing on them.

"Looks like you have to feel your way back, boys!" they heard Jewel shout.

"Make sure it's the hard walls your touching and not something else," Brenda joked, making the Jewel laugh.

"Dude, it's so dark I can't even see my hand in front of my face," Cory said.

"They're right. We're just gonna have to feel our way back," Jackson pointed out as he began down the trail, using only his sense of touch.

"Follow our voices, boys!" Jewel said. "We'll be waiting for you… in bed." "That's right. Eager to feel your balls beat against our asses!" Brenda added.

As they inched along back towards their suite, the boys heard their mothers both sighing and whimpering, as if they were already getting fucked.

"Oh my God, they are torturing us so bad, dude," Jackson said. "I know. This is **WAY** worse than freezing cold water."

"Oh baby! Come pound your cock in me!" Jewel cried out, her voice reverberating through the cave walls.

"Yes! Suck our big titties while you plunge your hard dicks in us!" Brenda cooed.

"Oh, Cory, baby, come let mommy wrap her legs around you. Let me clutch on to you and squeeze your pink dick with the hot pleated walls of my pussy!" Jewel sang out.

Along with listening to their moms, Cory and Jackson could hear each other's excited breath. They both had received more than a taste of what was waiting for them, and they knew it would be even more intense than how their moms were making it sound.

"I think we're turning that corner that leads into the room with the suite," Jackson said to Cory as he led the way, creeping along against the wall.

"Yeah, their voices are getting louder."

The "voices" were actually horny gasps and moans from the two mothers rubbing their horny pussies, priming them for the big cocks that would soon be thundering through them.

After another five minutes, the boys finally arrived at the suite and climbed up the stairs of the platform.

"Now you guys are gonna get it!" Cory warned.

"Oh, is that a promise?" his mother asked anxiously, her voice incredibly close now.

Carefully, the teens felt their way back to the bedroom. "Mmm, come on, you studs. Come ravage us,"

Brenda said with a thrill in her voice.

When Cory's foot hit the bed, his heart nearly skipped a beat he was so damn excited. He kicked off his sneakers and practically jumped on to his mom. Slipping beneath the blanket, he felt her pull him up between her widely parted thighs. Her warm naked body felt incredibly soft as he brought himself down against it, mashing his long boner against her cuntal crevice. It sunk down between her shaved labium, like a sausage in a bun.

"That was incredibly mean of you guys," the teen sighed, feeling her pillowy tits squash against his chest.

"Oh, um, Cory, wrong mom, sweetie," Brenda said awkwardly, realizing it wasn't her son on top of her.

"Oh shit, sorry!" the boy exclaimed, climbing off of her.

The two moms burst out laughing. "I'm over here, baby," Jewel said.

"Yeah, man, stop trying to make it with my mom," Jackson joked.

"Sorry," Cory blushed, then found his way over to Jewel. She wasted no time pulling him down on top of her and throwing the blankets over them.

"I missed you," she whispered, sharing a series of sensual kisses.

"I could have been here sooner, but somebody turned out the lights."

"Mm, mommy will make it worth the effort you had to make," Jewel said, throwing her soft feminine legs high up around his back, interlocking her ankles. "Push it inside me."

Cory didn't need to be asked twice. He thrust his hips and felt his plum-sized tip squeeze through the hot socket of his mother's hymen. His glans tingled as they were surrounded in a slippery velvet grip.

"Oh God, yesss!" Jewel whimpered as her ribbed walls allowed her vagina to be stretched like an accordion around the contours of her boy's long fat cock.

The two of them were equally anxious to begin engaging in a heated fuck. Cory bucked his hips like an overly excited stallion, and his mom grasped his lean ass with both hands, digging her long nails in, aiding in his cock-plunging thrusts.

"Fuck, mom, I want you so bad!" the teen moaned, trembling from the feel of her warm cradling flesh beneath him.

"Take me, baby! I'm yours all night," she cooed, humping her hips from the mattress, screwing the slippery pink socket of her cunt up around the meaty cylinder of her boy's prick. This made her puffy outer folds smack against his cock-hilt over and over.

The old bedframes squeaked and whined as the boys pounded their mother's cunt tubes with their strong teenage dicks.

"Yess! Fuck meee!" Brenda cried out, her voice echoing along the cave walls.

With it being so dark, Cory could really focus on the feel of his mother's vagina as he fucked it steadily. He sighed in delight, feeling the rugae along her inner lining create a ribbed-like texture around the meat his erection. Her cunt was secreting slippery fuck-oil, and the muscles along her pelvic floor assisted in creating the perfect sleeve for him to pound his prick though.

"Ahhhh!" he moaned, delighted by the sensations her pussy was providing.

"Yes! Fuck me, honey!" his mom gasped. "Make me gush on your cock."

The way her giant boobies were sloshing and quivering against his bare chest reminded him of how bad he wanted to suck them. Without breaking his rhythm, the boy tilted his head down and latched on to one of her swollen nipples with his mouth. He pressed his face against the mound of fatty tit-flesh, masking it in squishy meat, and sucked her entire nipple and areola into his mouth, gnawing at it like a greedy infant.

Providing this type of attention, along with his steady pussy-prodding, brought his beautiful mother to the brink of a hot orgasm.

The boy felt her body began to tremble at it's core, while her pretty voice gasped and whimpered.

Brenda was just as vocal, clearly skirting the edge of a juicy cum as Jackson pumped his cock into her with tit-jarring thrusts.

"Ohh, ohh, Ohhgghh!" Jewel's pretty voice screeched out as her back arched from the bed, lifting her humping boy up with her. Her curved frame remained suspended there as a powerful surge of

pleasure shot through her like an electric current, making her entire big-titted body quake.

"Ohhhgghh, yesss!" Brenda screamed out as she too arrived in orgasm-land, her strong mommy-legs trembling delightfully around her teen.

The way the two beautiful mother's cries of pleasure echoed through the cavern walls was like pure magic. They were all alone, in their own wonderful world down here, twenty-one floors underground. All that existed in that moment was the feel and sound of their hot flesh beating together.

"Mmnnfff," Cory snarled, his face masked in tit-flesh, as he continued sucking and tugging on Jewel's rubbery papilla, while feeling hot girl-cum swirl around his pistoning boner.

His erection flexed excitedly, swelling with even more blood, digging relentlessly through his mom's squeezing cuntal tissue. Pre-jizz wept from the slit of his meatus, smearing against the puffy head of her cervix.

Jewel's powerful climax caused her vaginal walls to pulse around her boy's meat-sword, milking his glans in a tight juicy grip.

"Fuck, mom!" the teen exclaimed, her distended nipple popping from his mouth. Her exquisite grip on his cock sent a signal to his balls that it was time to blow his wad.

"Hose me down, baby!" Jewel whimpered, still trembling with her own drawn-out climax.

Cory frantically pumped in and out as deep as he could go. "Yes! I'm gonna shoot!" he groaned.

After a few more ball-bumping thrusts, he stabbed his prick in as deep as it could go, stretching his mom's uteri with his big bell tip.

With a deep guttural grunt, his body shook, and a huge fat rope of semen spread out across his mom's back wall in an explosive splatter. It was followed by another, then another, until the back of her vagina was drowning in his hot cream.

Jewel was right about what she had said earlier. Even though they were sleeping in a cave that night, they didn't really "sleep" in the cave that night.

The moms and sons fucked their asses off, cumming shamelessly, so many times they lost count. Jewel rode her son's cock longer and harder than she had with anyone else in her life. The fact that his dick could stay so hard for so long absolutely astounded her. Her big knockers beat together wildly as she pumped her pussy on her boy's unyielding hardon, gushing on it so many times she thought she might pass out from exhaustion.

The next morning Martin and Don were waiting outside the entrance when their wives and sons came back up. "Well, well… the cave people have emerged. How was it?" he asked.

Jewel and Brenda both smiled at each other. "It was terrific," Martin's wife said with a big satisfied smile.

"Are you sure? Because you look like you had the worst sleep of your life."

"Well, yeah, to be honest… the sleep wasn't the best," Jewel said, peeking over at Cory, "but the overall experience of being in a cave for the night, and…"

The mother struggled to find the right words, since all she could think about was the mind-blowing sex she'd spent the night engaging in.

"And enjoying each other's company," Brenda said, finishing her friend's sentence for her.

"Yeah, that. We all had a great time, right boys?" Jewel asked, smiling over at them. "It was awesome," Cory said, trying not to look to guilty. "I would do it again."

"Me too," Jackson said, sharing a smile with his mom. "Lots of time if I could." "Alrighty then. Money well spent," Martin said, giving Don a fist-pump.

"Yes, indeed," Don said.

"Well, what do you say we get some breakfast and hit the road?" Martin suggested. "Sounds like a plan to me," his wife said.

Brenda nodded in agreement. "Me too. I'm not sure why, but I feel like I just burnt a million calories. I'm starving," she said, sharing a mischievous little smile with Jewel.

Chapter 11 - "What's a treesome?"

"Hey babe, it's me," Martin said into his cellphone as he drove down the historic route.

"Everything ok?" Jewel asked, seeming slightly out of breath. Her and Cory were back in the 5th Wheel, leaving her husband and daughter Ann in the truck as they traveled.

"Yeah, everything's good. Don just called. I guess they were able to get an upgrade on the houseboat."

"Oh, that's excellent news. The kids will love being out on the lake," Jewel said, then she took a long lick up the length of Cory's blue-veined erection, curling her long tongue around his coronal ridge.

Jewel and her son were in the bedroom at the rear of the trailer, laying on the bed in the sixty-nine position. The mother lifted her aroused pussy from her son's face, gazing back at him. "Sounds like we're going house boating today, honey," she informed her son.

"Awesome!" Cory responded, his face glistening with fuck-juice.

"The bad news is we still have another two-and-a-half-hour drive," Martin said.

"Oh, well I'm sure Cory and I can find ways to entertain ourselves back here," his wife said, planting her smoldering cunt back on her boy's face. "Just take your time and get us there safe."

The lucky teen loved eating his mom's shaved pussy. Smelling her intoxicating cuntal aroma, while laving his licker through her folds made his cock so hard it felt like it could blast off his crotch like a rocket ship.

The boy locked his lips around her grape-sized clit, pulling it out from beneath it's fleshy hood with his suctioning cheeks.

"Oh, yes, Cory! Eat my pussy, baby!" the mother whimpered, feverishly humping her wet, throbbing cunt all over his face.

"Mmnff," the boy grumbled, his mouth smothered in her juicy vestibule. He darted his tongue all around her flowery folds, and in and out of her fuck-hole.

Sprawled out on top of him, the hard-nippled mother sucked his cock vigorously, plunging his knob into her throat. She was delighted by the taste of his pre-jizz as it leaked from his piss-slit, sizzling on her taste buds.

"Fuck I love this cock!" she thought, acknowledging her addiction to her son's huge appendage. *"I just can't get enough of it!"* She suddenly felt her asshole throb and an urge to feel her son's meat deep in her rectum.

"Do you wanna fuck my ass, baby?" she asked. "Do you wanna pound your boner through mommy's tight asshole?"

"Uh-huh!" he answered, with his face still plastered in cuntal flesh.

Jewel rolled off him, then positioned herself on her side, making her big naked mommy-boobies wobble all around. She reached down between them, grasping his erection and cramming its fat tapered head through the elastic ring of her sphincter.

"Ahhh!" they both gasped in unison, feeling Cory's steely cock slither up the smothering walls of her ass-tube. The teen pushed his dick deep into the rubbery sleeve of his mother's rectum.

"Oh my God, you feel so good!" the mother mewled, pumping her thick meaty ass back onto the satisfying stiffness of Cory's cock.

The boy reached around her, taking great big handful of jiggling tit-flesh as his mom fucked back against him.

"Wow!" he sighed, feeling his tender pink dick slip exquisitely through the snug grip of her ass.

Cory giggled with pleasure and his mom smiled back at him. "What's so funny back there?" she asked. "I was just thinking how dad would react if he walked in on us like this."

"Oh God," the mother exclaimed, shaking her head. "There's nothing funny about that. He'd kill us." "You think so?"

"Your dad comes from a religious family, so we were married a long time before he came around to the idea of trying anal sex," Jewel said. "Even today he still thinks it's dirty, so imagine his shock if he saw your hard muscle stuffed up my asshole."

"He would freak," Cory agreed.

"Even though I'm married to him, I do think you and I are a better sexual match," the mother confessed, smiling back at him while feeling his prick glide through her rectal grip. "You like kinky nasty sex, just like your mother does."

"Hell yeah, I'd try anything with you," the boy said, then felt the muscles of her rectum squeeze his glans tenderly.

"What about a threesome?" his mom asked raising her eyebrow.

"Sure, um…who's the third person?"

"Brenda's brought up wanting to join us a few times now. I told her I'd mention it to you."

"You mean like…having sex with both of you, at the same time?" Cory asked, his heart rate increasing.

Jewel giggled. "Well, yeah…that is why they call it a threesome, honey. Do you think you'd like getting the attention of two horny moms at once?" she asked.

"Would I ever!"

"You can't tell Jackson though. Brenda doesn't wanna upset him."
"Alright. So, um…when were you guys thinking about doing this?"

"Well, first thing's first," she said, beating the lovely cheeks of her ass back against him. "You need to pound my ass some more and make me cum like a whore, then we'll discuss a time and a place for you to get a double dose of pussy."

"I can do that," he said confidently.

"So roll me onto my stomach and do it then," she teased.

Cory followed his mom's request, laying against her back. He felt his mother shudder with desire beneath him as he burrowed his massive fuck-pole deep in her bowels.

"Oh, yes!! Pound me, baby!!" the mother gasped, humping beneath him.

Pre-jizz oozed from the tip of his prick, oiling the way for the rest of his pounding meat. He quickly fell into a rhythm, sprawling flat on her sweaty backside, while pumping against the luscious half-moons of her fatty ass-cheeks.

"Ahhh, yes!" the teen groaned in delight, feeling his mom's buns hump up and **SLAP** against his cock-hilt, meeting his steady thrusts.

Jewel reached down between her body and the mattress and rubbed her clit frantically.

"Oh fuck, Cory! You're fucking my asshole so good!" she cried out.

The boy's boner tingled from the feel of the tight ring of her sphincter slipping along the length of his meat. His cum-drooling knob dug deep in the rubbery grip of her rectal ampulla, making his glans sizzle delightfully.

Harder and harder, the huge titted mother thrust her hips from the bed, gasping and squealing as a powerful orgasm swelled deep in her inner core.

"Pound my fucking ass off!" she cried out shamelessly, strumming her engorged clit like a guitar string.

Cory pumped into her ass with everything he had, then his mom's body went into a sudden shaking fit beneath him.

"Uhhnngghh!!" Jewel's pretty voice screamed as pussy juice spurted out onto her fingers.

Her quivering legs curled up behind her, the toes of her sexy feet spreading apart in ecstasy as they pointed at the ceiling. "**OHH FUCK!!**" she squealed as the mind-blowing climax continued to shoot through her.

The skilled mother tightened her sphincter muscles, as if using them to push her boy's boner out of her ass. This created friction around Cory's erection that was so intense he immediately started blasting cum from his piss-slit.

"**OH MY GOD, I LOVE IT!**" the mother's voice trembled as she felt her boy's love-organ flex and squirt deep in the tunnel of her ass, painting her rectal walls with gooey strands of spunk.

"If it's not yours, don't touch it!" Brenda said, glaring at one of her small children from the front seat.

They were following Martin and Jewel's rig down the road, passing old Route 66 roadside relics as they went. The mother suddenly got

a text from Jewel.

"Just got some **AH-MAZING** anal sex! " it read.

"I'm jealous! My ass is itching for some," she texted back.

"Isn't it incredible how strong the boys dicks are, " Jewel commented.

"Yes! Makes a mother wanna do nothing but think about hard teenage dick all day long," Brenda texted back.

"Cory is all-in for a hot threesome," Jewel's next text read. "Martin is pulling over at the rest stop so we can stretch."

Brenda glanced over at her husband Don. "Martin's pulling over so everyone can get out and stretch." "Great idea. I was just thinking we needed to do that soon," her husband said.

"I'm gonna be riding with Jewel in their 5th Wheel until we get to Havasu," Brenda said. "We're gonna go over some recipes on things to make while we're on the house boat."

"Sounds good. Maybe Jackson and I will catch some fish out there," Don said, looking back at his son through the rear view mirror. "We can have a feast, compliments of Lake Havasu."

His son gave him a thumbs up, even though he secretly hated fishing.

Don glanced over at his wife and saw her gazing lasciviously back at Jackson through her visor mirror, while slowly curling her tongue across her top lip. She suddenly noticed her husband watching and fed him an evil glare. "Don, watch the road," she scolded.

At the rest stop the families got out to stretch, and the kids ran around played for a bit.

"Sure is a hot one!" Martin said to Don as they watched the small children chase each other.

"You're not kidding," Don said. "In a few hours we'll be able to leap right off the side of the house boat and cool down."

"Sounds great, which reminds me…thanks again for upgrading to a larger craft," Martin said. "Just let me know what I owe you and we'll settle up."

"Ah, no worries, we can talk numbers later while we're sipping beers and enjoying the Arizona sunset,"

Don said.

Their wives were a short distance away, dressed in shorts, wedged heeled sandals and snug-fitting cami tops. They could feel the perspiration forming beneath their big tits as they stood there in the baking desert sun.

"Poor Jackson's needing some sexual release…I can tell," Brenda said, looking over at her son.

"I'm surprised the two of you weren't back in the trailer fucking this morning, like Cory and I were."

"That was the plan, but the girls were being a pain and I didn't want them to distract Don while he was driving," Brenda explained. "It's ok though. I just promised Jackson a sloppy blowjob once we get to the lake."

Jewel saw her own son headed towards the rest rooms. "I told Cory to sneak back into the trailer so Jackson doesn't see him," Jewel whispered. "I assume you don't want him to know Cory's fucking us, right?"

"He probably wouldn't care…but I wouldn't want to risk him feeling jealous that Cory's getting a hot threesome in your trailer and he's not," Brenda said.

"Boo!" Ann shouted, as she snuck up behind the mothers and poked Jewel.

"Watch it, young lady!" Jewel teased as Ann hurried away.

"God, I hope she didn't hear what I just said," Brenda said with a giggle.

"No worries, I don't think 'threesome' is part of her vocabulary quite yet," Jewel joked.

"I think I'll go to the vending machine and get a water," Brenda said, starting toward the building. "Want anything?"

"I'm good."

"Youre **NOT** good," Brenda teased, then winked back at her. "You're a naughty, slutty mommy just like me."

"That's true," Jewel giggled.

Cory went into the rest room to take a leak. When he emerged, Brenda was standing nearby sipping her water. "Hey Casanova," she said teasingly.

"Hey, Brenda."

"Come over here a minute," she said, stepping back into a cove with a couple of vending machines.

The teen stepped over in front of her, admiring the huge jutting swell of her breasts. His eyes traveled down to her strong smooth mommy-legs, his heart-rate increasing at the thought that they'd soon be circled around him.

"I hear we're doing a minajatwa here in a little while?" she asked him. "Minajatwa?"

"Yeah, a threesome."

"Oh, yeah…if you still want to?"

"Yeah, I do," Brenda said, stepping up to him, placing her hands on his shoulders and mashing her spongy boobs against his chest. "As long as you can fuck me hard and make my eyes roll back." "I think I can manage that," he said confidently.

"So I've seen," she said, gazing at him through her curtain of blonde hair. "Have you ever had two moms work you over at once?"

"No," the boy answered, shaking his head, "but I always thought that would be cool."

She came in close to his lips, staring at him with her smoldering blue eyes. "It's gonna be **VERY** pleasurable for you, and that big dreamy dick of yours," she whispered.

"Sweet," the teen muttered, his heart racing.

They suddenly heard a voice from nearby. "Uh…hon?" Don said as he stood there watching his wife have an intimate conversation with Cory.

Without moving, Brenda looked over at him in a slightly annoyed manner, "What?" she asked.

"We're ready to hit the road."

"We'll be along in a second," she answered.

Don stood there for a moment, looking at the way his wife's tits were pushed up against the teen's chest. Brenda fed him a impatient glare. "Was there anything else?" she asked.

"No," he answered.

"Then shoo!" she said, motioning him away with her hand.

Her husband walked away and Cory giggled. "Jackson told me that your husband knows you guys fool around, is that true?" he asked.

"Yes. He's a cuckold," Brenda said. "He doesn't watch Jackson and I fuck, but he certainly knows he's not top dog when it comes to pleasing me sexually."

"Damn, that sure wouldn't fly with my dad. He'd probably kill me if he knew what mom and I were doing," Cory joked.

"I think your dad suspects the two of you have bumped bellies on this trip, but he can't really prove it." "Thank goodness," the boy muttered, looking down the jumbo-sized tits pancaked against him.

"We'd better get going, handsome," Brenda said, then reached down and squeezed his bulge through his shorts. "This mom has a dick cram inside her."

Jackson didn't notice his friend slipping into the trailer with the two mothers, but the husbands did, and were a bit suspicious of course.

They hadn't got a mile up the road before the Jewel and Brenda were completely naked and stripping off the boy's clothes back in the bedroom.

"Since our husbands think we're back here inventing new recipes, maybe we should start with a mom sandwich," Jewel suggested.

"Mm, squashing this teen between our big fucking tits! I love that idea," Brenda agreed, watching Cory's huge boner spring free as she yanked off his briefs.

Jewel pulled her boy onto the bed, guiding him onto his back between her legs and against her huge cushy breasts. Brenda followed, draping the big comforter over the three of them as she climbing down on top of the excited teen.

"Oh wow!" the boy's voice quivered with a thrill as he found himself smothered in mommy-meat.

While his mom kissed and licked one side of his neck, with her boobies squashed against his back, Brenda did the same to the other side. Her warm fatty melons were crushed on his upper chest, with her thick rubbery nipples prodding against him.

"Mmm, you wanna fuck us, honey?" his mom asked between kisses, while reaching down and running the nails of both hands around the base of his cock. "You wanna pound our hot pussies?" "Yes," the boy gasped, so aroused it was killing him.

"Well, then why waist time," Brenda said, planting her knees firmly astride his hips, while reaching down and grasping his rigid boner. This put her soft hanging boobs up around his face.

"Oh, damn," the boy muttered, kissing the inside of Brenda's spongy cleavage. He suddenly felt his leaking knob sink into the hot juicy pit at the mouth of her vagina. Then, all at once, the horny mother lowered her hips, burying his steely prick all the way inside her cuntal chamber.

"Ohhh, God yesss!" the mother gasped. Her son Jackson's cock was big, but this was most certainly the longest, fattest cock she'd ever had in her life. Cory's bell tip was crushed against her back wall, and her ribbed inner lining was molded to the outline of his meaty column.

The two mothers continued applying tender kisses and licks while Brenda pumped her snug, well-lubed cunt up and down his pink dong. "Oh Cory, your cock could wreck any woman's marriage," she

gasped, feeling his cock flex with hardness as it sliced through the tight collapsing walls of her cunt.

"Mm, it's already destroyed my wedding vows, and I love it," Jewel lustfully confessed.

The teen moaned as he felt his glans slip along the hot pink pleats of Brenda's birthing tube. They mashed their crotches together and their genitals did a grinding dance in full penetration. The teen could feel her secretions melting around his tender pink meat like hot slippery lubricating oil.

"Oh, fuck I love this dick!" the blonde mother gasped, tightening her skilled vaginal muscles around it in a kegel grip.

The boy was over the moon. He felt like a piece of meat pressed between two sets of enormous tit-mounds that sloshed around him. The smell of sweet perfume and aroused mommy-pussy wafted into his nostrils as he felt their experienced lips and tongues working each side of his neck. His mom brought her lusty lips to his ear. "Does that feel good, baby?" she mewled. "Does your cock feel good crammed inside her hot pussy?"

"Yes," the teen answered, slowly thrusting his hips on the mattress, spearing his dick up into Brenda's smoldering cunt.

Brenda moaned and gasped as their crotches smacked lewdly together in a heated fuck. Her juices oozed over his prick like melting candle wax as she was brought to a body-trembling climax.

"Fuck!!" her pretty voice cried out, riding the teen like her life depended on it. "**FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, YES!!**"

After trembling and squealing through a powerful orgasm, Brenda lifted herself off the boy. His mom slipped out from under him and took her friend's place on top of the lucky teen.

"Ahhh!" Cory sighed, feeling his boner sheathed in the familiar grip of his mom's cunt.

The way Jewel's huge melonous boobs ballooned out from her chest and loomed over him while she fucked was a sight the boy could never tire of seeing. Her udders leaped up and down as she bounced on his cock steadily.

His view was obscured by Brenda's mammoth tits as she brought them down on his face, while kneeling beside him. He kissed and licked his way around their wonderfully spongy contours before latching on to one of her engorged nipples.

"Oh yes…suck me!" the mother gasped as she felt the peak of her tit sink into the warm suction of Cory's mouth.

Jewel worked her wide hips up and back frantically, stirring her boy's stiff dick inside her inner sanctum. "Ohh yess! I love this fucking dick!" she cried out, reaching up with both hands and squeezing her bobbling knockers. "You fuck mommy so good, baby!"

"Does he eat pussy as good as he fucks?" Brenda asked, making her distended nipple pop from the boy's mouth as she lifted her chest from his face.

"Mmm, you bet he does," Jewel answered.

The mother at his side smiled down at him through her huge gaping cleavage as her melons hung down over his face. "Well then, that's something I don't plan on missing out on," she said.

Cory watched in wide-eyed delight as Benda straddled his head, facing his cock-humping mother. He licked his lips, staring at her shaved pudendum as it lowered to his mouth.

"Hhmmff!" he whimpered, wedging his lips between her outer folds and plowing his tongue along the mouth of her vagina. He lashed his

licker all around her pink vestibule, savoring the sweet taste of her juices as they seeped from her fuck-hole.

The two mothers smiled at each other, feeling the pleasure course through their naked bodies. "Jesus, if Don ate pussy this good maybe I wouldn't have to cheat on him so much," Brenda said, making Jewel giggle. "Wait, I take that back. I'd still cheat on him, but whenever Jackson's cock wasn't stuffed in there, he'd be doing a lot of pussy munching."

Jewel continued to grind her and her son's crotches together, feeling his muscled cock stir around inside the snug clutches of her birthing tube. "Well, Martin can try all he wants, but he'll never fuck me this good," she confessed. "His son has him beat on every level."

Cory whipped his licker across the swollen nub of Brenda's clit, then sucked it into his mouth, feeling the face-straddling **MILF** give off a delightful shudder. He tongued and slurped all around her cunt, as if he were starving for the pungent juices that flowed out.

Meanwhile, his mother began plunging her pussy up and down the length of his cock. The fatty flesh of her bare buttocks rippled wonderfully as her buns smacked down against her son's balls in a heated rhythm.

Both moms gasped and moaned as they had their cunts worked over by the skilled teen. Brenda suddenly cried out in delight and ground her gushing pussy all over Cory's face as she started cumming like crazy. As soon as the busty beauty was through having her orgasm and climbed off him, Jewel plopped her heavy melons down on her son's chest and rolled them over, so he was on top of her. She gazed up at him in fuck-lust. "Let's make this trailer jump all over the fucking road, baby!" she said, throwing her sexy legs wide open.

Cory was still buried deep inside her and began pumping with full-length thrusts, making his big balls beat against her ass. He brought his weight down against her, crushing Jewel's wobbling tits under his

chest. He felt her silky legs circle his back, splaying her thighs wide, just like she did the day she gave birth to him.

"Oh fuck, Cory, you feel so deep!" the mother squealed, tossing her pretty head from side to side. She humped her apple-bottomed ass from the mattress, meeting his thrusts like a bitch in heat.

The boy's rock-hard boner plugged through the pink ribs of her slick cuntal lining, feeling the muscles along her pelvic floor grip his cum-drooling dong exquisitely.

Brenda plopped down beside Jewel and threw her knees back, bowing open her own sex-saddle. The boy's tongue hung out lustfully as he gazed over at her pussy flesh, which was splayed open like a blooming pink rose and ready to be crammed full of cock-meat. "Mm, give me some of that hot dick," Brenda mewled, rubbing her swollen clitoris.

Cory backed his pecker out of his sexy mom, crawled over between Brenda's legs and buried his boner in her cunt hole. The two of them began humping lustfully, making their pissers beat together lewdly. The boy had his extended arms resting astride the blonde-haired beauty, so he could watch her huge mommy-udders roll up and down her chest while he fucked her. "Damn! Your boobs are just as fun to watch as my mom's are," the teen panted.

"Yeah? You like making our big tits bounce around all over the place, hotshot?" Brenda breathlessly asked.

"Hell yeah!"

"Well when you're done drooling, lay down against me, so you can reach down, clutch my ass and pound my pussy hard!" she suggested.

The eager teenager did just that, crushing her boobs between them, reaching down and taking two big handfuls of meaty ass-flesh. He

fell into a hard brutal rhythm, working his ass furiously between Brenda's clutching thighs. He gasped excitedly, punching his prick as deep as it could go on every thrust.

"Yes! Just like that! Fuck me hard!" the pretty blonde cried out.

Her pussy sucked and pulsed like it had a mind of it's own, constricting around steely length of his prick, soaking it in secreting fuck-oil. Cory's bell-tip plowed against her thick-textured G-spot, along the wall of her vagina, bringing the hot mother to an explosive climax.

"Unngghh!!" Brenda screamed out in toe-curling ecstasy, gushing hot girl-cum all over the boy's burrowing cock.

"Fuck me now, baby!" Jewel said in needful desire, with her strong, clean-shaved mommy-legs scissored wide open, ready to accept her big-dicked boy between them.

Cory backed his soaking-wet cock out of Brenda's cunt, crawled back over and settled down between his mom's warm cradling thighs. He plunged his prick through her fuck-hole with authority, slamming his fat knob against the puffy head of her cervix.

"Whoa!!" the mother gasped, feeling his meaty boner stretch her so full it literally took her breath away.

Her son wasted no time working her in a heated fuck-rhythm, beating his throbbing rod from knob to balls through her grasping cunt-tube. "Oh, damn!" he sighed excitedly, feeling the pink textured lining of her vagina squeeze around the meat of his glans like a stroking fist.

His balls beat again her peach-shaped ass-cheeks, making them jiggle delightfully every time he rammed his cock-shaft to the hilt inside her. The ring of Jewel's asshole was pulsating in and out with every powerful thrust of Cory's erection.

"That's it, Cory…fuck the cum out of her!" Brenda cheered, watching the boy feed his mother savage thrusts.

For ten solid minutes they fucked like their lives depended on it, making Jewel's flattened jugs slosh around between them. They kissed frantically, their tongues dueling in a frenzy of passion.

"**OHH, FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM!!**" Jewel cried out, her eyes rolling back as a climax swelled deep in her loins.

Amazingly, their mutual orgasm was timed perfectly. Hot cum erupted from Cory's piss-slit at the very moment that a blast of girl-cum squirted from his mother's urethral meatus.

Jewel threw her legs around her boy, so they looked like one big knot of writhing naked flesh beating their genitals together in orgasmic delight.

Ann rode in the front seat with her father and fed him a bored look. "Daddy, can I drive?" she asked candidly.

Martin fed her an amused smile. "Honey, you're six, not sixteen," he reminded her. "And even if you were sixteen, driving a rig like this isn't the same as driving a car. That's a pretty big trailer we're pulling behind us."

"Mommy would let me drive," the girl said with a sulking frown.

"Your mom would most definitely not let you drive," Martin objected. "She'd probably even kill me if she knew I was letting you sit in the front seat."

After a minute of silence, Ann spoke up again. "What does treesome mean?" "Treesome?" Martin asked with a confused look.

"Yeah, Brenda told mommy that Cory's getting a 'treesome' in the trailer with them."

Martin's stomach sunk as he glared back at his daughter. "A threesome?" he asked, without thinking.

"Yeah, that…a threesome."

"Hold on, just…forget I said that, ok," Martin said, with his stomach turning in knots. "That's not a word you should be using."

The confused husband looked back at the trailer through his rear-view mirror. *"Jewel wouldn't possibly be doing something like that, would she?"* he asked himself, wondering once again if his wife and son were fooling around. He knew if there was ever a chance to catch them in the act, this might be the perfect opportunity.

Back in the trailer, Cory was reclined back against a pile of pillows making out with the two mothers. Jewel and Brenda knelt on either side of the teen, leaned over, so their huge fat tits rested on his upper chest while they smooched with him.

"Mm, he's still so big n hard," Brenda cooed, gazing down at the teen's long boner, which was wrapped in one of their tenderly stroking hands.

Jewel gazed down at it, biting her bottom lip lustfully, while squeezing the thick hot meat in her hand. The sight of the sparkling wedding rings on their fingers reminded the moms of how delightfully wicked this was. "Looks like it's ready for a nice hard doggy-fuck to me," Jewel said.

"Is that true, Cory?" Brenda said, then kissed his lips tenderly. "Are you ready to pound us doggy-style?" "Sure," the boy said excitedly, gazing at the huge mounds of tit-meat staring him in the face.

"Mm, fuck us from behind, so you can feel our round jiggling asses beating back against you," his mom added while gazing down with her beautiful eyes.

They suddenly felt the trailer jerk as it slowed down. "A stop-light you think?" Brenda asked, looking over at Jewel curiously.

"No, it feels like we're pulling over," she said in a panic, quickly getting up.

As soon as Martin came to a stop, he hopped out of the truck. "Daddy?" Ann said, curiously watching him round the truck.

"Hang tight, honey, I'll be right back."

Even though Don had pulled their rig up behind him, Martin didn't waist time offering an explanation for the unexpected stop. He went straight for the trailer door, horrified by what he might find going on inside.

He was surprised, but relieved when he stepped inside the trailer and saw the two wives, fully dressed, sitting at the table going through recipes. "Hey, hon, everything ok?" his wife asked him.

"Yeah, um…where's Cory?" he asked, noticing his son wasn't in the room. "He's in his bunk napping, why?"

"Could I um…have a private word with you?" Martin awkwardly asked.

"Sure," Jewel answered, giving Brenda a nervous glance before following her husband into their bedroom. "What's going on?" she asked, once they were alone.

"Ann said she heard you guys making plans to do a threesome back here," Martin said.

After a short, panicked pause, Jewel burst out laughing. "Martin, you're joking, right?" she asked.

"No…I'm not. She asked me if I knew what a threesome was," the frazzled husband explained. "She said she heard you guys talking about it."

"Well, clearly she was confused about what she heard us talking about," his wife said, still trying to act amused.

Martin looked over and noticed the bed was a mess. "Why does the bed look like this? I made this thing myself this morning," he asked suspiciously.

"I um…laid down for a few minutes," Jewel lied. "After that rest stop, I kind of had a headache."

"A headache?" Martin asked, then noticed his wife's thick rubbery nipples poking through her snug top.

"She's not wearing a bra. Why the hell would she not be wearing a bra?" he asked himself.

"Yes, a headache. Martin, why are you acting so weird?"

Her husband reached down and pulled the comforter off the mattress, revealing two sets of bras and panties, as well as Cory's white briefs strewn across the bed.

Jewel's stomach twisted with panic. Before she could conjure up an explanation, the trailer suddenly jerked. "What the hell was that?!" the wife asked.

"Shit, we're moving!" Martin said, rushing out of the room.

His wife shouted after him. "**MARTIN, WHERE'S ANN**??"

Brenda was near the open door, but they were already traveling too fast for her to jump out. She looked at Martin in a panic. "Um, Martin, who's driving your rig?"

Inside the truck, Ann was smiling from ear to ear as she made her dream come true by taking the helm and driving the vehicle. "Look at me drive, bitches!" she shouted, barely able to see over the steering wheel.

Back in the trailer, Cory emerged from his sleeping quarters, joining the confusion. "What's going on?" quote asked.

His mom was too busy glaring at his father to answer. "How could you leave her in the truck alone...with it running?!" she shouted.

"Wait, Ann's driving?" Cory asked, with a look of horror on his face.

"What are we gonna do?" Brenda asked.

Martin looked out the doorway, but knew jumping out would do them no good at all.

"Martin, do something!" his wife shouted. "Do what, Jewel? We're stuck back here!"

"Look out!" Cory said, pushing his dad aside and sticking his head out the doorway. He looked up toward the roof of the trailer, then back at his father. "Give me a boost, dad!"

Martin rushed over and provided a boost in the doorway that allowed Cory to reach the roof of the trailer.

"Cory, be careful, honey!" his mom shouted.

The teen pulled himself up onto the roof of the trailer. Then, like out of some Indiana Jones movie, he scrambled to the front, then leaped down into the truck bed. He pounded on the cab ceiling. "Ann, stop the truck!" he shouted, but to no avail.

He suddenly spotted a sharp curve ahead and knew his sister was traveling way to fast to maneuver it safely. Thinking quickly, he slid

across the cab roof, reached precariously over the edge and opened the driver's side door.

Startled, Ann let out a sharp scream, then abandoned the driver's seat, sliding back across to the passenger side of the still-moving vehicle.

As they continued to race towards the deadly curve, Cory jumped down into the driver's seat and pressed on the brake pedal, slowing them down quickly. Once they were pulled over and stopped, he glared over at his sister breathlessly.

"What the hell, Ann?!" he exclaimed.

"I finally got to drive!" she cheered, not yet realizing the deep shit she was in.

A few minutes later they were all gathered beside the trailer. Jewel had her arms folded over her breasts, giving her daughter an evil glare. "You are in huge trouble, young lady! Do you realize how dangerous that was?" she said in scolding manner.

"I just wanted to show daddy I could drive…while he checked on you guys' threesome," she said. Jewel and her husband looked at each other uncomfortably, as did Brenda and Don. "Threesome?" Don muttered.

"Shush," his wife said back.

Martin looked at his daughter. "First of all, honey…don't use that word again. It's an adult word," he said. "Secondly, what you did was **VERY** dangerous, and could have got everyone seriously injured, do you understand?"

"Yes," she muttered with a pouty face.

Jewel stroked her son's arm tenderly. "Honey, that was very brave what you just did," she said in adoration.

"Yeah, man, that was some real Captain America shit you just pulled," Jackson said, making the other adults giggle.

"Thanks. I'm just glad we were able to get the rig stopped somehow," Cory said.

"Well, now the adventure's over, shall we get back to our recipes," Brenda asked, looking at Jewel with an eager smile as she stepped back into the trailer.

"And I can get back to my nap," Cory said, following her inside.

"Let's hit the road, kids," Don said, motioning his children back towards their own rig, leaving Martin and Jewel alone with Ann.

"Ann, go get back in the truck please. Back seat…and **NO TOUCHING ANYTHING!**" the father said.

Ann somberly obeyed her father, who looked awkwardly at his wife. "I guess I'll let you get back to your threesome," he said.

"Martin, stop it," Jewel said calmly.

"Stop it?! Ann clearly heard you and Brenda talking about it, Jewel. Then I find three people's underwear, including you and Cory's, in a bedroom that clearly wreaked of sex," he exclaimed.

"Are you finished?" Jewel asked patiently.

"Yes," Martin said in clear frustration.

"Good. Can you do me a favor and please not leave our daughter alone in a running vehicle again," she said, stepping into the trailer and slamming the door closed.

"Sorry, I guess your daughter did hear us talking at the rest stop," Brenda said as she sat at the table with Jewel.

"She snuck up on us. It's no one's fault," Jewel said. "Unfortunately, Martin saw our little mess in the bedroom though, which…I couldn't really explain away."

"Well, he didn't actually catch you with Cory's cock up your cunt, so my advice is…just keep playing stupid."

"Speaking of Cory…did you see the way he just sped into action?" Jewel asked, clearly impressed.

"It was amazing! Now **THAT'S** a man!"

"A man I wanna rape," Jewel joked with an evil little grin.

"Can't rape the willing…and I bet he's laying in there…**MORE THAN WILLING** right now," Brenda said, sharing a naughty smile with her friend.

Cory was on the upper bunk at the front of the 5th Wheel when he heard the door open. "Hi, baby," he heard his mom say sweetly.

"Hey," Cory answered, laying on his back in the bunk.

"We heard there's a really cute guy with a huge dick in here, that likes to fuck hot moms, is that true?"

Brenda asked teasingly.

Cory smiled. "Very true," he responded.

"Oh good," Cory's mom said as she climbed up onto his bunk naked, "because these two moms are **VERY** horny."

"Yes, we are," Brenda agreed. She was also nude and climbed up and joined them on the top bunk. They unbuttoned the boy's shorts

and pulled them off, their big boobies wobbling around heavily. "Horny and wet…and ready to suck and fuck."

Cory watched his mom lean over his crotch and wrap her hand around the base of his cock, pointing it upward. "Mm, look what I found," she cooed, then flicking out her tongue, she laved her licker around the crown of his cock.

"Two tongues are better than one," Brenda said, joining Jewel by lasher her long pink snake around the boy's bulbous tip.

Cory looked down in wide-eyed fascination and watched the heavy-titted mothers scrub his glans with their wonderfully-long lickers. Soon their oral affection extended down the length of his prick and back up, traveling every inch of his meaty cannon, wetting it with their saliva.

"Mm, I just wanna smother my face between those big balls," Brenda mewled, doing just that, leaning over and mashing her pretty face into the boy's soft scrotum. Her tongued extended out and rolled around against his tender nuts.

Meanwhile, Jewel opened her mouth and slipped the first several inches of her boy's blue-veined dick-meat through her circled lips. "Mmmnn!" she moaned, suctioning her cheeks and slurping on her boy's boner like a cherry popsicle.

Cory gasped in delight, feeling his mom's tongue loop around and around the pink tip of his prick, while it basked inside her oral furnace. She bobbed her head a few times in traditional blowjob fashion, plunging the tip of his rod past her tonsils.

Finally, his dick popped from the ring of her lips and she slowly crawled up towards his face, dragging her huge spongy boobs along his bare chest. Kneeling at his side, she leaned across him, squashing her tits just under his chin and attacking his neck with light sensual butterfly licks.

"Fuck!" the boy gasped, as his body shuddered with arousal, savoring his mom's affection while feeling one of his nuts get sucked inside Brenda's mouth.

"I wish I had **YOU** in my bed every night," Jewel whispered to him between sensual kisses as she gazed into her baby's eyes.

"You do?" the boy asked.

"Uh-huh. Oh my God, the lovemaking we could do," she answered, kissing him like she simply couldn't get enough.

Jewel smooched her way back down his body, joining Brenda at his balls. One of his nuts was stuffed inside the blonde mother's mouth as she slurped on it's oval-shaped meat.

Cory felt his mom suck the other testicle into her mouth and the two mothers proceeded to play tug-of-war with his nut-sack. Their hot wet mouths nursed on his testicles, scrubbing them with their tongues while pulling on the cord of his vas deferens, making him squirm with delight.

"Stroke your dick, baby," Jewel said as his distended nut popped from her mouth.

Cory was happy to comply, pulling on his pecker, while his balls got the royal treatment. Jewel licked down across his perineum, then began rimming his asshole with her tongue.

"Oh, yeah!" the boy moaned, in absolute ecstasy as he had his balls and ass sloppily devoured while he stroked his big dick up and down.

Jewel wanted to be able to take her time and work every erogenous zone his young body contained, but knew they'd be arriving at their destination within the hour. This was only a problem because she

desperately wanted enough time to fuck and gush her hot mommy-juices all over her son's cock some more.

"How bout some of that doggy-sex we talked about early…before we were so rudely interrupted by your annoying father," she asked, watching him slowly beat his long thick love-stick.

"Fuck yes, I'm down with that," Brenda said, crawling up on her hands and knees and pointing her lovely bare buttocks back at the teen. Jewel did the same, kneeling beside Brenda, so they were side-by-side with their rounded rumps thrust back and their heavy stiff-nippled tits hanging pendulously from their chests.

"Come on, baby. Come fuck us!" Jewel said lustfully, wagging her lovely derriere while gazing back at her teen.

Cory mounted her haunches first, prodding the tip of his pecker through her slick outer folds before burying his piss-pipe deep inside her vagina. "Ohhh, yes! Pound the fuck outta me!" his mom gasped, thrusting her ass back to quickly get a rhythm going.

Her thick fatty ass rippling as it beat against his midsection was a sight that Cory could never tire of seeing. He grasped her motherly hips and beat his horny hardon through the snug grip of her vaginal tract.

After several minutes of cock-plunging action, he saw Brenda wag her ass, which was right next to his mom's. Her pudenda looked like a fleshy clamshell, ready to be cracked open by a strong teenage erection. "Fuck my pussy," she lustfully requested, gazing back at him over her shoulder with a sultry stare.

The boy pulled his juice-slickened cock from his mom's cunt and fed it inside Brenda's snug cock-grinder. She twisted and pumped her rounded ass to meet his fuck-thrusts, gasping as she pounded her vulvar folds against his cock-base. "Yess! Pound it in me!" she cried out. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

Their flesh clapped lewdly together as he screwed the blonde beauty from behind, making her giant knockers swing wildly from her chest. Up and back and in big circles her titties swung, smacking together and making her fatty tit-orbs ripple like gelatin.

After a few minutes of intense doggy-fucking the mother's curvy body convulsed in orgasm, and she squeezed the boy's prick in a velvety vice-type grip, nearly milking him off.

"Come on, baby! I need your cock back in me!" his mom said lustfully, shaking the half-moon-shaped cheeks of her naked buttocks.

The teen's cum-drenched dick slipped from the gooey pink socket of Brenda's cuntal vestibule, bobbing like a stiff tree branch in the wind as he maneuvered over, rubbed his knob between his mom's labial flesh before splitting her twat.

"Ohh, so fucking good!" Jewel mewled, feeling her pink inner lining stretch out around his thick slab of meat.

The tit-loving teen leaned down, so he could reach under and grasp his mom's huge milkers while he fucked her. His fingers sunk into to the spongy meat of her tits and he pinched her thick rubbery nipples between his fingers.

"Oh, baby, fuck me hard!" the aroused mother moaned, dropping her shoulders low, resting her cheek on the mattress.

Their hot flesh beat together as Cory fucked his mom savagely from behind, just as she requested. After a few minutes, the middle-aged beauty's pussy contracted sharply around the pounding spike of her boy's pecker. "**UUHHGGHH!!**" she cried out, as pussy juice gushed from her fuck-slit, making her blood-swollen cunt lips slurp loudly as her cunt clung to his prick.

"Fuck, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling her ribbed sleeve shrink around his prick, sucking his glans like a tight wet mouth. His dick flexed excitedly, making his angry knob swell even bigger. A huge gob of pearly-white ejaculate blasted from his piss-slit, then another and another, filling his mom's sex chamber with rich potent baby-making goo.

He pulled out mid-orgasm, splattering a rope across Brenda's back before plunging his boner back inside her hot vaginal sheath, pumping out more hot jizz against her back wall.

Martin tried to call his wife to let her know they were about a half-hour from their destination, but she didn't answer. He knew there were only three times Jewel didn't pick up her phone. When she was sleeping, showering or having sex. He had this strange feeling that in today's case it was the latter of the three.

His mind swirled with a mix of emotions. Jewel was his high school sweetheart and when it came to sex, her libido had always been off the charts. He was jealous and upset yes, but also oddly happy for his son. He knew Cory was getting the best piece of pussy a man could get. By physical standards, his wife was a sexual athlete that could fuck for endless hours and still want more. He imagined his son must be in seventh heaven, enjoying his mom's huge squishy tits. He strangely wondered if his wife's enormous melons were leaping up and down her chest at that very moment, swinging above his son's wide wondrous eyes. Or perhaps Cory had his face buried deep in his mom's cleavage, feeling her warm fatty flesh squish around his face.

"Do they kiss?" Martin wondered.

"How often are they doing it?"

"What position do they like the best?" "Does she suck his dick?"

"Good grief, are they using protection?"

All these questions screamed through the husband's mind as he pondered what might be going on behind his back.

Speaking of back…just as Martin was having those thoughts, Jewel's back slammed against the wall of the trailer. She was held off the floor by her strong son, with her sexy legs circling his waist. They kissed frantically, like they were trying to crawl inside each other's mouths. Cory pummeled his hips between his mom's clutching thighs, beating his steely meat through her tireless cunt.

"Fuck me harder!" the mother gasped, using her ankles to shove at her son's ass, urging him to pound her with everything he had. The mother showed no shame. Unlike Martin, her marriage was the farthest thing from her mind. It wasn't that she didn't love her husband…she did, but she clearly loved fucking her son just as much, if not more. Brenda was right. They were mommy-sluts, constantly hungering for their son's cocks.

"Ohhhh!" her beautiful voice whimpered, as she felt her boy's hammering hardness stir up another climax deep in the core of her cunt.

"Ahhh shit!" the teen sighed. Holding his mom off the floor and fucking her hard, while she clung to him with her warm curvy body was a wicked thrill. Feeling her flesh quiver and her cunt-tube shrink up around his tender dong was almost too much to endure.

Jewel squealed in delight; her pretty face masked in exquisite pleasure. She came hard on his cock, making girl-cum drip from his balls.

"Mm, did she gush hard on your big cock, Cory?" Brenda asked as she stood nearby watching. She was stroking her horny clitoris with one hand, and the way her arms were positioned, trapped her tit-melons between her biceps, making them balloon out from her chest obscenely.

"Yes…felt amazing!" the boy answered breathlessly.

Jewel slipped her feet to the floor, but kept her squishy tits against his chest while gently kissing the teen's neck in post orgasmic bliss. "Why don't you pick Brenda up now, Baby. Show her what a cunt pounding stud you are," she said breathlessly between kisses.

Brenda stepped toward them on bare feet, her peach shaped buttocks swaying and jiggling with every step. "Oh, I already know what a fucking stud he is, but he's welcome to remind me," she said.

Jewel stepped aside and let Brenda's soft milkers replace hers against Cory's chest. Cory was amazing at how stiff her nipples felt. The blonde mother folded her arms around his neck and sprung gracefully from the floor, wrapping her strong motherly legs around him. Cory's erection missed it's target at first, sticking out from between the backs of her sexy legs, crowned by her thick meaty ass. She sealed her lips against Cory's for a deep French kiss, while reaching down and feeding his fat prick inside her slippery vagina.

"Mnnff!" the mother squealed into his mouth, feeling her cuntal walls mold to the outline of his thick cock.

Just as he had his mother, Cory began pounding his hips between Brenda's clutching thighs. He felt her giant tits quivering against his chest as she heaved to meet his fuck-thrusts. He loved listening to her groan every time his super-hard prick sunk inside her.

She raked her long nails down his back. "Fuck me harder!" she mewled, pulling against him so she could pump her cunt on his cock in the rhythm she desired.

Their crotches beat wetly together. Cory's dick was like a pink piston plunging tirelessly through the snug socket of her cunt. They both groaned, feeling the boy's fat bell tip dig through the deepest recesses of her cuntal sheath. Her ribbed-textured vaginal rugae

secreted its slippery juices, keeping the union of their engorged sexual organs well lubricated.

"Oh fuck, you're gonna make me cum!" Brenda cried out, her face contorting with pleasure as an intense orgasm pulsed through her big titted body.

It was all Cory could do to fuck her through her orgasm without blowing his wad. "Ohhh!!" he finally whimpered, signaling his impending climax.

Brenda quickly slipped off him. "Cum on our titties, Cory!" she said, kneeling down in front of him. Jewel joined her, so they both knelt side by side, watching the boy stroke his sensitive prick, while they held their ginormous boobs up for him to cum all over.

"Ohhhh, fuck, fuck, fuck!!" the boy gasped, watching the mothers gaze up at him with their pretty eyes while teasingly rolling their tongues outside their mouth. He moaned loudly as spurt after spurt of hot ball-juice erupted from his aching cock, painting the bulging shelf of tit-flesh they had created for him.

"Wow, what a wonderful mess," Brenda said, making Jewel giggle as they examined the huge gooey stands of spunk that began to run down into the canyon of their cleavages.

"Well, since we can't shower right now, I guess we'll have to eat it off each other," Jewel happily suggested.

"Mmn, you always have the best ideas, Jewel."

"This I have to see," the teen said, then proceeded to watch the two moms sensually lick each other's breasts clean. His eyes widened in fascination, watching their tongues play in his creamy jizz before scooping and slurping it into their greedy mouths.

"Mm, yummy!" Jewel cooed, cleaning the final remnants of cum from her lips with her thick tongue.

"That was hot," the boy confessed, slowly stroking his still-hard boner again.

His mom watched his long dreamy dick slide through the grip of his hand, creating an itch deep in her rectum. "We probably don't have much time, but do you wanna fuck our asses real quick, honey?" she asked, bending over and pointing her rounded mommy-buns at him.

Brenda did the same. "Mm, best idea ever!" she said, squeezing one of her big boobies as it dangled heavily from her chest.

The teen gawked lustfully at the rosy buds of their throbbing anal sphincters, sticking out from between the cushy cheeks of their wonderful mommy-asses. He licked his lips and stepped forward, fitting his knob to his mom's butt-socket.

Jewel peeked back at him and winked. "Give it to us good, baby! Fuck our asses hard and deep!"

Chapter 12 - "Do it in a teepee"

"One…two…three!" Jewel and Brenda anxiously shouted, then rushed with their boys off the top of the boathouse. The four of them dove twelve-feet and splashed into the water of lake Havasu.

The moms screamed and giggled when they surfaced, clinging onto their teens in unmotherly ways.

"See, I told you I wouldn't chicken out!" stated Jewel as she mashed her bikini-clad knockers against Cory's chest.

"Yeah, right. I had to practically pull you off the top of the boat."

She playfully slapped him. "Excuse me?! More like the other way around, baby," Jewel reminded him.

"We should find some good-sized cliffs to jump off of," Jackson suggested. "Then we'll see who chickens out first."

"I have a better idea," Brenda said, gazing into her boy's eyes. "Why don't we just find a nice private spot for you boys to dive your dicks into our pussies."

"Now **THERE'S** a suggestion I like," Jewel giggled.

The horny mothers pushed the mounds of their vulvas against their boys erect cock-bulges, while floating in the water.

"Mm, baby, that feels so good," Jewel gasped, feeling Cory's fat knob dig against her clit.

"It does, but not quite as good as it felt inside you and Brenda's asses yesterday," confessed the boy in a hushed tone.

"Yeah, well maybe mommy will beat your dick off with her butt again today then," she offered.

"I'd love that."

"Would you?" she whispered gazing at him lustfully. "Would you like to feel you glans buried deep in my hot rectum, while the ring of my asshole squeezes tightly around the root of your erection?"

"Damn, mom!" the teen gasped excitedly, his boner throbbing against the grinding motion of her bikini-covered pudenda.

Martin was having his morning coffee. He looked off the side of the houseboat and saw the two mom-son couples floating a little distance away. He watched his wife and son for a moment, his stomach sinking in disgust.

Jewel and Cody's foreheads were together and they gazed into each other's eyes, while giving each other sensual kisses on the lips. Not only that, but the water was crystal clear enough for him to see exactly what was going on below the surface. Martin decided it was time to speak to his wife about her inappropriate behavior. "Jewel, could I speak to you a minute?" he called out from the boat.

Brenda giggled. "Uh-oh…sounds like someone's being called to the principle's office," she teased.

Jewel let out a huff and swam over to the craft. She climbed up onto a small rear deck, where her husband was waiting.

Martin was almost embarrassed by the skimpy white micro bikini she was wearing. Wet bulging tit-meat was spilling out all over the place. "What's up?" she asked, although she had a pretty good idea what his beef was.

"First of all, where on earth did you get that 'dental floss' of a bikini you're wearing?"

"Brenda and I went into a cute little boutique near the dock, while you guys were paying for the boat.

We both got one," Jewel grinned. "You don't like it?"

"Well…of course I like it, but that's not the point. It's hardly the type of bikini you should be wearing around Cory."

"Oh, come on, Martin. He's not a child," Jewel protested.

"No, but he's your son…and while we're on the subject of your behavior around him, what exactly **IS** going on with you two?"

His wife rolled her eyes and sighed impatiently. "Please, Martin… we're not going down this road again, are we?" she questioned.

"It sickens me to say this…but I'm not an idiot. I know the two of you are doing sexual things together," the concerned husband boldly confessed.

His wife giggled. "Honey, can we please just finish out the last two days of this vacation in peace, and try to enjoy ourselves?"

"**I AM** trying to enjoy myself, but every time I turn around my wife and son are acting like they can't keep their hands off each other."

"There's nothing wrong with a mother and son being affectionate. I'm sorry if that bothers you." "Jewel, I saw the way you were just grinding on him," her husband noted.

"Grinding on him?"

"Yes, grinding on him. The lake water is a lot clearer than you think it is."

"Maybe the ripples in the water made it seem that way, but we certainly weren't grinding," his wife lied.

Martin knew that unless he caught them in the actual act of sex, it was a battle he'd never win. The best he could hope for was that the escapades would cease once they got back home. "Look, if the two of you wanna have your fun…fine! Can you at least just promise me it ends when we get back home?"

Jewel could hardly believe her ears. She fed her husband a quirky smile. "Hold on! A second ago you were lecturing me that our behavior was inappropriate, now all of the sudden you're encouraging it?" she curiously inquired.

"I never said I was encouraging it. I just want you to assure me things will go back to normal between you two, once we get home."

Jewel hesitated for a moment, wondering if this were just a trap to get her to confess something. "And you won't question a thing that goes on the next two days?" asked his wife.

"No…as long as whatever goes on the rest of vacation…stays on vacation, got it?" he insisted.

"Got it," Jewel agreed, still in shock that her husband was basically giving her the green light to fuck their son.

"Hey, pal?" Don said, peeking out the doorway. "I found some fishing poles and some tackle gear on board. Wanna cast a line out?"

"Sure, I'll um…be right there," Martin replied, then looked back at his wife. "I have just a couple more questions, and I promise I won't mention another thing about it."

"Alright?" his wife replied, feeding him a slightly uncomfortable look. "How many times have you and Cory, um...you know?"

His wife got an embarrassed smile and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not sure…probably around thirty-times maybe."

"Jesus, Jewel! You two have had sex thirty times?!"

"Martin, we should be happy that he came out of his shell. When I took his phone before we left, I promised that I'd make this trip fun and memorable for him," explained his wife.

"Yeah, I remember you told me that. I just didn't think having sex with him was what you had in mind." "It's not like I planned it…it just sort of happened."

When was the first time it happened?" her husband asked in sick curiosity.

"Come on, Martin," Jewel replied, rolling her eyes with embarrassment.

"I have a right to know."

"Fine," his wife huffed. "It was in the tram elevator…at the St. Louis arch." "Good hell! You had sex in the elevator!? Are you serious?!"

"Yes, then again when we got to the 5th wheel," she confessed.

"Oh, you mean where you were suppose to be looking for your phone? It was never lost, was it?" "No," Jewel confessed. "I lied to you. I'm sorry."

"So where else did you two have your sneaky sex?"

His wife looked at him shamefully. "At the side of the road, while you and Don were changing the blown-out tire," she admitted. "Where you saw the creepy old guy?"

"Yes. Then again in the 5th Wheel, while we were traveling that day," she said.

"What about at the blue whale, along the trail. It wasn't someone else I heard having sex in the tall grass. You and Cory **WERE** the

ones going at it, weren't you?"

"I'm sorry for trying to make you look stupid…I just really didn't want you to feel hurt," his wife answered.

"So where else?" Martin asked. "Where else what?"

"What other sneaky spots have you two done the nasty?"

"Martin, do we have to do this?" his wife blushed. "It's embarrassing." "At Lucky Luke's **RV** Park?" he asked.

"Yes, we screwed in the janitors closet." "At the Dinosaur Museum?"

"In the bathroom stall," she confessed. "Grand Canyon Caverns?"

"What do you think? We were down in the dark, in bed together. Of course we had sex down there," his wife answered with a guilty smile.

Martin was a little heartbroken, but satisfied that his suspicions were correct. "So, it was a 'threesome' that you guys were doing in the fiver yesterday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Brenda and **I WERE** doing a threesome with Cory. I'm sorry I lied to you." "Have you um…let him do anything else to you?"

"We've had anal sex a handful of times…and oral."

Martin let out a big frustrated sigh, taking it all in. "Well, at least with those things there's no chance of you getting pregnant, otherwise he's been pulling out I hope?"

Jewel's face filled with guilty embarrassment. "Well, no…not exactly." "Not exactly?!

"You and I have talked about possibly wanting another baby anyway. Would it be the worst thing in the world if I was to get pregnant?"

she asked.

"By your son, yes. If you guys are continuing this nonsense the next two days, he's gonna have to start pulling out," Martin demanded. "Martin, no…he's not pulling out."

"Then he needs to be wearing condoms."

"Absolutely not!" Jewel blurted, sickened by the mere mention of them. "Those fucking things will take away all his sensitivity."

"Jewel, I didn't have to agree to letting you two do anything. At least meet me in the middle here. We don't need Cory getting you pregnant."

"Brenda has a fertility monitor I can borrow. It'll show me any signs of ovulation the next two days. If I have started my cycle, I'll have Cory pull out when we have sex, otherwise it's just not happening," explained Jewel.

"Fine," Martin said, still wondering why he was actually allowing her to continue until the end of vacation. He realized that perhaps was because of what he wished had transpired between his own mom and himself, when he was younger.

His beautiful wife reached out and rubbed his shoulder. "Thank you for this," she sighed. "I know finding out your wife and son are screwing is probably the last thing you expected on this vacation. If it's any consolation, it **HAS** truly helped Cory a lot. I promise I'll hold up my end of the deal, as long as you turn a blind eye to anything you may see or hear the next couple of days."

"It was the deal I proposed. I fully intend to fulfill my half of it," Martin confirmed.

He joined Don on the upper deck of the houseboat, where they cast their fishing lines out. He did his best to make that his focus, even

though he was still partly fuming due to his wife's confession.

"You're not gonna believe this," Jewel whispered to Brenda, once her and the boys were back on the boat drying off. "Martin gave me the green light to fuck Cory as much I want the next two days."

"What?! You're kidding?! Brenda said back in a hushed tone.

"No," the mother giggled. "As long as I promise that it ends when our vacation does." "Wait…you think you're actually just gonna stop having sex with Cory once you get back home?"

"No, of course I'm not gonna stop, but obviously at home it'll be easier for Cory and I to fuck without Martin finding out about it. So, as far as he'll be concerned, we've stopped."

"Oh my God. You know what that means?" Brenda gasped, then looked over at their handsome boys as Cory and Jackson dried off. "It means we can pretty much fuck as much as we want today, as long as we can keep the other kids distracted."

"I'm sure we can find ways to do that," Jewel assured her.

"How's the fishing going?" Jewel asked Martin and Don as she arrived on the upper deck. The younger children followed behind her, then Brenda climbed up. The moms wore cover-ups to conceal their lewd bikinis.

"Nothing but a few nibbles so far," her husband answered.

"Do you mind if the kids hang out with you guys up here?" Brenda asked her husband, even though it was more of a request than a question.

"No problem," Don agreed. "You guys wanna try some fishing?" he asked to the children.

"I do!" Ann shouted.

"Come over here, hon. You can take my line," said Martin.

Jewel pulled her husband aside as their daughter gleefully held the fishing pole. "Please make sure she stays up here…for at least an hour," she insisted.

"Got it," Martin answered, knowing full well why his wife was making the request.

The two moms climbed back down to the cabin and Martin and Don looked over at one another knowingly. Martin knew his son must be thrilled by all the **MILF** pussy he'd been getting. If he himself hadn't had an experience with his own mother, when he was younger, he'd be much less willing to tolerate such behavior. He reflected back to the day of his eighteenth birthday, twenty-two years prior.

"Martin, I thought you had a date tonight for your birthday?" he remembered his mother Peggy asking him.

"Nah, she said she's feeling sick," Martin answered from his bed.

Martin's blonde, heavy-titted mom came over and sat beside him on the mattress. "How disappointing, especially on your birthday," Peggy sympathized.

"I'll be alright."

"Of course you will," she giggled, rubbing his shoulder tenderly, "but you should be **MORE THAN ALRIGHT** on your special day. Here's an idea… Your father just left for his overnight at the factory. Why don't you come down and sleep with me tonight," the mother suggested.

"In you and dad's bed?"

"Yeah," she answered, gazing at him with her deep blue eyes, "we can do some birthday snuggles."

Like most boys his age, Martin was secretly obsessed with his sexy mom, and wasn't about to refuse such an offer. "Alright," he agreed.

When they got to his parent's bedroom, his mom closed the door and locked it behind them. He had a little brother and sister who often got up and wandered throughout the night.

"Before we crawl into bed…pick you out something from the bottom drawer of my dresser," said Peggy. "Pick **ME** out something?"

"No, it's for **ME** to wear, silly goose, but you pick out your favorite," his mom giggled.

Martin went to the dresser and opened the bottom drawer. It was full of colorful dainty nighties and sexy lingerie. His heart thumped wildly in his chest as he explored the drawer, imagining his mom in each one of them. "I pick this one," he finally blurted, handing his mom a red lace nightie.

"You do realize that this one is completely see-through, right?" she questioned with a flirty little smile.

"Well, you said I could pick any of them."

"I know I did," she giggled. "I just wanted to make sure you knew what you were in for."

Martin smiled from ear to ear and nodded eagerly.

"Get into bed then. I'll be out in a few minutes," Peggy told her son.

"This is where all the wonderful stuff happens," the teen wondrously thought as he crawled into his parent's big bed. *"This is where mom spreads her legs."*

Peggy emerged from the bathroom wearing the red nightie her boy had picked out. Just as she warned, it was completely see-through.

"Dang!" the teen gasped in wide-eyed delight. His mom had the biggest softest-looking bosoms he'd ever beheld, and he could see them in cock-hardening detail, right down to the fat nipples protruding from the wide rings of her areola.

His eyes drifted down her torso, to her mound of Venus, which was crowned by a thin triangular-shaped patch of pubic fur.

Peggy crawled into bed with her boy, her giant boobies wobbling heavily as she turn off her bedside lamp, then sliding over next to him. "Eighteen-years-old!" she softly exclaimed. "How does it feel to be a man?"

"Honestly, it doesn't really feel much different."

"It will," she replied, running her hand across his chest tenderly, "once you start doing manly things with girls on a regular basis."

"I'm not really sure that's gonna happen with the girl I've been seeing," said Martin. "Her parents are pretty religious."

"Well, there's lots of fish in the sea, honey."

"There is one girl I really like. She's super-beautiful, so I'm not sure if she'd even go out with me or not." "Does this 'super-beautiful' girl have a name?" Peggy inquired.

"Jewel."

"Well, with a name like Jewel, she'd have to be beautiful."

"She's on the cheerleading squad, and I'm not really a jock, so that might be a problem," Martin said worriedly.

"Well, you'll never know until you try," the mother admonished. "What do you like best about her?"

Martin glanced down at the massive cleavage bulging from his mother's grown, making her giggle knowingly. "Oh, her boobies. She must have big ones?" Peggy guessed.

"Yes," the boy blushed.

"Breast-obsessed, just like your father," Peggy laughed. "Shall we snuggle and get some sleep now?"

Martin remained on his back, while his mom threw her arm and leg across him, cuddling in the sweetheart cradle. His stiff dick throbbed for the longest time, while he felt his mom's soft unfettered bosom mashed against the side of his chest.

Just when he thought she had fallen asleep, he felt the tingling sensation of her long fingernails teasing the knob of his hardon through his boxers. The boy sighed and squirmed on the mattress, feeling her nails scrap tenderly over the sensitive glans of his cock.

"Ohh, mommy," he bucked, feeling his scrotum tighten.

His mom said nothing, just patiently continued her gentle knob-stroking, staying with his every pleasure-stricken movement. She brought the nail of her forefinger down over his engorged bell and began gingerly stroking it against his frenulum.

"Ahhh!" the teen groaned, feeling his dick quiver. He suddenly began spraying out the milky contents of his nuts into his boxers. His mom continued to gently milk his peter-tip until she knew he was completely spent.

Peggy kissed his cheek. "Happy birthday, honey. Goodnight," she whispered.

"Daddy, I got one!" Ann announced, snapping Martin back to the present. He helped her reel it in, but his daughter felt bad when she saw the small fish flopping around.

"Can we let it go? I don't want it to die," she pleaded. "Fine, honey… let me just take this hook out."

After throwing the fish overboard and casting her line back out, Martin looked over at Don. "Hey, would you mind monitoring her for a few minutes? I'm gonna go down and get a beer out of the fridge."

"Are you sure you wanna do that, pal?" Don asked, giving him an indirect warning as to what he might find going on down in the cabin.

"I'm good," Martin answered, smiling back.

"Well in that case, grab me another too, would ya?"

"Sure thing," said Martin, then went over and climbed down to the lower deck. Truth was, this was more about satisfying his curiosity than getting another drink. The reflection on his one-time experience with his own mom was making him desire a glimpse at what could have been, if he and his mother Peggy had ever gone further.

When he opened the slider, he could hear his wife and Brenda gasping and panting from the back room. He snuck back and peeked inside. In this portion of the houseboat, there were two bunks across from each other, both with the curtain pulled, concealing the vigorous fucking going on inside.

Martin's chest beat heavily, partly from heartbreak, but mostly by a feeling of vicarious thrill for both his wife and son. Against his better judgement, he peeked inside the curtain and his eyes widened by the lewd sight in front of him. His view was from down by their feet. Cory was on top of his wife and he had a graphic view of his son's

erection pounding through her shaved cunt. Martin knew when it came to cock size, he himself was no Ron Jeremy, but he was utterly taken back by the size of his son's prick and the way it stretched his wife's vaginal opening. The muscles and tendons at the root of Cory's boner bulged obscenely, sustaining the force of his deep thrusts. His long thick shaft was glistening with Jewel's secretions, which lubricated their heated fuck.

"Good grief!" Martin's bewildered mind exclaimed as he saw the way his wife was humping her thick rounded ass off the cushion, cradling their son between her sexy tightly-circled legs.

"Ohh, baby, it's so fucking good!" the mother grunted.

Their bodies humped and jerked violently, as if they were engaging in a wild sexual wrestling match. Martin watched in sick fascination as his wife's pussy swallowed Cory's entire dong and she ground their pelvis's together in full penetration.

"Ahhh!" Cory whimpered, feeling his mom squeeze his excited cock in the hot spongy grip of her vagina. It was made even more pleasurable by a deeper layer of cuntal muscle that encased the boy's boner in snug juicy flesh.

Cory latched on to one of Jewel's jostling boobs, sinking his lips around the engorged cap and attacking the teat with his tongue.

While his wife and son continued to beat their genitals together, Martin decided he better stop gawking in order to not be caught. He could hear Brenda and Jackson in the other bunk, going at it with equal passion, but resisted the urge to peek in on them.

When he finally arrived on the upper deck with the two beers Don smiled over at him. "There you are. I thought maybe you had to swim all the way to the brewery to get these," he joked.

As he continued to help his daughter fish, Martin reflected on what he'd witnessed downstairs. He started out by having feelings of anger and jealously by the idea of his wife and son fucking, but it soon transitioned to a profound sadness that he'd never had similar experiences with his own mother. By this time, his mom Peggy was in her early sixties, and still just as busty and beautiful as ever.

"Hey, would you mind watching her for a few more minutes," Martin said to Don. "Sorry, I just need to make a quick phone call."

"Go ahead, pal. We're all good here," Don replied.

Martin climbed down onto the rear deck of the houseboat and nervously dialed a number on his phone.

After a few rings, a pretty voice answered. "Hello?" "Hey, mom…it's Martin."

"Hey, honey…what a nice surprise. Are you guys still on vacation?" Peggy asked.

"Yeah, we're at Lake Havasu in Arizona, on a houseboat…having a great time. Tomorrow's the last day of the trip, then we'll hit the interstate for the drive back."

"How's my granddaughter? Behaving herself I hope?" Martin's mother asked. "Tell her grandma can't wait to see her when she gets back."

"I will," Martin answered, then mustered up all the courage he had. "Say um…I was wondering if I could ask you a question, mom?"

"Of course you can, honey. What is it?"

"Do you remember my eighteenth birthday? My date stood me up and you let me sleep in your bed with you?"

"I remember," Peggy giggled. "You picked out that see-through red nightie for me to wear, and your eyes about popped out of your head when you saw me in it."

"Yeah, that was great."

"Well, I'm glad you thought so," his mother giggled.

"I never told you this…but that was a **VERY** special moment for me, especially what you did for me…before we went to sleep," he admitted.

"Well…you had just become a man, so I wanted to do something you'd always remember."

"Which brings me to my question," Martin said with a nervous gulp. "Why did we never do anything more than that?"

After a short silence, his mother answered. "Funny you should ask, because I've often wondered that myself."

"Really? So do you think you would have ever…"

"Had sex with you?" his mother said, finishing his sentence. "Yes."

"Most definitely," her soft voice answered.

Martin's heart did somersaults in his chest. It was the most wonderful, yet tragic news he'd ever received. Like his own wife did with Cory, his mother had that same type of forbidden desire for him at that age, but sadly, they never acted on it.

"Are you still there, Martin?" Peggy asked. "Yeah, I'm here."

"Did you ask me that…because you think you think you would have liked it?" his mother asked. "Yes…I would have," he confessed without hesitation.

"Well, we are a little older, but you'll always be my little man, Martin. And I'll always be your mommy. Which means it's never too late to fulfill fantasies we wish we would have when we were younger."

Martin's entire body tingled with excitement. "You mean you'd…"

"Let you between my thighs?" she teasingly asked. "I most certainly would. Perhaps once you get back, we could manage a little time alone together somewhere. I'll bring the red nightie. I do still have it, you know," she giggled.

"I'd love that."

"Me too," Peggy uttered.

After his conversation with his own mother, Martin was convinced that what his wife and son were doing was perfectly natural. He gave them all the space they needed to create passionate memories together.

The next morning the two families said their goodbyes, with the promise of keeping in touch. Martin drove his family to their final destination, arriving there in the late afternoon. The Wigwam hotel was a series of rooms, built in the shape of authentic teepees.

"Do it in a teepee," Jewel read from a large weather-beaten sign displayed beside the Motel. "Oh, I plan to," she continued, looking lustfully into her son's eyes as she held his arm.

"OK…here we go," Martin said, emerging from the Motel office. He handed his wife a key. "One teepee for you two, and one teepee for Ann and I."

"Splendid!" Jewel beamed, mashing her boobies up against her boy. "See you guys bright and early?" "It's still early. Ann and I might have a swim. Are you sure you two don't wanna join us?"

Jewel gazed into Cory's eyes as she answered. "No, I think we'll just head to our teepee, for own little private powwow, right, baby?"

"Sounds good to me," replied her son, feeling a little funny at appearing so anxious to fuck his mom, while standing right in front of his father.

The room itself was nothing special. It was small and outdated, but the draw was the novelty and charm of staying in something that resembled a traditional wigwam.

After plopping her bag down beside the bed, Jewel embraced her boy and engaged him in a sensual French kiss. "Wanna shower with me?" she lustfully asked.

"Do you actually think I'd say no? Can I ask you something first?"
"Of course."

"Does dad know we're fucking?"

"What makes you say that?" Jewel giggled.

"Well, for starts…he let us sleep together last night in the houseboat and…we weren't exactly quiet," answered Cory. "Then he just lets us share a room like this…without even questioning it."

"Well, let's just say your father's turned a new leaf," Jewel implied, "but there's a chance he'll be back to the old side of that leaf once this trip's over, so we might have to go back to being sneaky again."

"It should certainly be easier to be sneaky when we're back at home."

"I agree," his mom said, then pulled him teasingly towards the bathroom. "Now, about that shower…"

Once in the bathroom, they shed their clothes as quickly as a bride and groom on their wedding night. Jewel started the shower and they hopped in together, kissing and fondling each other's wet naked bodies under the hot spray. "Are you gonna pound my cunt, baby?" the mother cooed between kisses. "Are you gonna pound mommy's hot dripping pussy under the teepee, with that big meaty totem pole between your legs?"

"Fuck yes!" the teen sighed, feeling his mom's hand grope his cock and balls. The way she clawed the meat of his genitals with her long nails was driving him insane.

"Fuck meee!" Jewel purred, throwing her lovely leg up around him. "Pin me to the wall and fuck the hell outta me!"

Cory happily complied, lifting his mom from the shower floor and pinning her up against the wall, crushing her wet ballooning tits between them. She guided his steely-hard cock into her horny cunt, squealing in delight as he plunged up her fuck-tube.

Their wet flesh slapped together in rhythmic passion as they engaged in a heated fuck. The feel of his mother's curvy body clinging on to him was out of this world, and Cory beat his throbbing prick up into her as deep as he could, while they fervently made out.

"Ohh!" Jewel gasped, gazing her boy in the eyes. "You're gonna make me cum again, aren't you? You're gonna make mommy's pussy gush all over your fat cock!"

"Yes!" the boy replied, continuing to hump at a steady pace.

They snarled lustfully, beating their wet sex organs together. Cory's fat dick thundered up and down his mom's pink pussy-tube, striking bottom on every powerful thrust. Jewel's pelvic floor muscles gave off wonderful pre-orgasmic contractions, smothering her boy's penis in the juicy ribbed lining of her vagina.

"Ohhbaby, I'm gonna cum!" the beautiful mother cried out.

"God!" Cory gasped, feeling her strong cuntal muscles contract around him. He felt his mom's body tremble wonderfully and the heat of her climax swept over the plunging meat of his prick, lighting his glans on fire. "**AH, FUCK!!**" the boy groaned, feeling his prostate swell and a raging torrent of hot semen rocket up the tube of his urethra. "**UGGHH!!**" he grunted, hosing out a big fat rope that splattered along his mom's cock-smothering walls.

Cory's dick stirred their orgasmic juices together, creating a thick frothy creamed that marinated his tender pink dick as he continued to push it through her twitching hole.

After he pulled out, they giggled playfully as they washed each other down. Cory's mom looked at him with her sexy smoldering eyes. "Ready to take this girl to bed and do it all over again, mister?" she softly asked.

"You bet," he eagerly replied.

After drying off, Jewel led her boy by the boner back into the bedroom, her thick nipples throbbing stiffly on the peaks of her huge bobbling tits.

Cory watched her crawl onto the mattress, pointing her thick naked ass back at him and wagging it invitingly. "Come take me from behind," she insisted.

The teen mounted her haunches and split her twat with the spear of his cock. For a good hour, he pounded her from behind, watching delightfully as her thick rounded mommy-ass beat against his midsection, making the fatty cheeks of her buttocks ripple.

Several times, Jewel would peek back at her teen in cock-lusting adoration, cheering him on. "Yeah, that's it, baby! Fuck me harder!"

"Mommy and Cory must really be tired," Ann told her father as they swam in the pool, while the set over the California desert.

"Probably, hon," Martin asked, looking over at his wife and son's teepee, knowing exactly what was going on inside. His heart swelled excitedly, knowing something similar could be soon happening with him and his own mother, Peggy.

Jewel and Cory fucked their asses off all night, cumming so many times they lost count. The teen spent hours under his mom doughy-soft tits, sucking and chewing at her engorged nipples, while she pumped her juicy cunt up and down the satisfying stiffness of his young prick.

By morning they were exhausted and looked like they'd just survived a shipwreck as they emerged from their room. "Well, aren't you two a site for sore eyes," Martin giggled. "Did you um…get any sleep at all?"

His groggy-eyed wife peered over at him. "What do you think?" she sarcastically asked.

"By the looks of you two…I'd say probably not. I hope you had a good time at least?" Martin asked, looking at his son.

"Yeah it was um…a pretty active night," Cory answered, sharing a gaze with his giggling mom.

"Yes it was," Jewel agreed, "and after a good breakfast and some coffee, we'll be ready for an 'active' aposay in the 5th wheel, won't we, baby?" she winked.

Martin interjected before his son could answer. "Well, this **IS** the last stop on our trip, remember? So the vacation's pretty much over," he commented, indirectly reminding her of their agreement.

"Martin, that's not true. We still have that long ride back home on the interstate. The trip's technically not over until we're back home and we pull into the driveway," she argued.

"I suppose you're right," he huffed.

"Can I have ice cream for breakfast?" Ann asked, making the family laugh.

"Why the hell not," her father said, taking her hand and leading her towards the rig. "Let's go get ice cream."

Jewel took Cory's hand and they followed her husband and daughter. She spoke to her boy in a hushed tone. "When I used Brenda's fertility monitor yesterday, do you know what I found out?"

"What?" he inquired.

"That I'm starting my ovulation cycle today."

"Oh," Cory muttered, smiling mischievously as he looked over into his mom's sultry eyes.

"Feel like using that big dreamy dick to fuck a baby into mommy today?" Jewel asked in a sensual tone.

"That would be wild."

The heavy-titted mother giggled and gave him a quick smooch on the lips. "Then let's get fucking wild," he softly declared.

Cory was over the moon, knowing he'd soon be up to his ears in passionate 5th Wheel lovin'.

NOTE: *This has the same name but it seems to be independent of the other story.*

Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin'

The Thompson's raced down the country back road, their Dodge Ram Quad-Cab pulling a 30ft. 5th Wheel trailer behind it.

"Mom, Alec's being a dick back here," Claire complained from the backseat of the Dodge.

"Claire, please...watch the language," her Mom Kate scolded.

"What am I doing? I'm just mouthing the words to a song." Alec said defensively.

"This is a long ride kids...I suggest you two suck it up and start getting along back there," their dad Jim said as he drove.

"Honey, why don't we pull over at the next station. I think we could all use some fresh air," Kate said.

"Yeah ok, I probably need to fuel up anyway."

A few miles down the road Bill pulled into a mom and pop service station and they all piled out.

"I hope this place has a bathroom or I'm gonna wet my pants," Claire whined.

Alec wandered out behind the station and down a short path, which led to a river. Like a typical 18 year old, he pulled out his cock and peed into the rushing water. As the last of it trickled from his peter he heard a voice behind him.

"There you are," came his mom's cute soft voice.

He turned to see her carefully stepping down the trail in her pink high-heeled flip-flops. Kate looked like a 39 year old Eliza Dushku. She wore a short denim mini-skirt. Her naked legs were shapely and luscious, with a deep dark tan. A pink tank top completed her upper half and the fabric looked as though it were sculpted around her large breasts.

"What are you doing down here?" She asked almost playfully.

"Peeing," he answered.

"They have a bathroom, silly-head," Kate giggled, stepping up beside him.

"Yeah, but knowing Claire, she'll be in there for a week."

"Sorry, I know it's a pain traveling with your sister. Just...try not to kill her ok?" Kate said jokingly.

"Ok, she just aggravates me sometimes," Alec muttered in frustration.

"Well, big sisters are good at that, but I do know something that might help take your mind off of it," Kate said, turning towards him.

"What's that?" He asked.

"A big hug from Mom," she said, batting her eyelashes, as she gazed at her son with those big brown seductive eyes.

"Okay," he smiled, feeling his heart melt.

Kate stepped forward and curled her delicate arms up around his neck. She was a few inches shorter, but moved in close, squashing her soft tits against his young chest. Alec rested his hands on her

lower back and could feel where her body began to flare out into full meaty buttocks.

As they embraced Alec felt as though the breath was being sucked from his lungs. The soft supple flesh of her middle-aged body and her sweet lingering perfume was absolutely intoxicating.

"Was I right?" She whispered into his ear.

"Uh-huh," He muttered, making her giggle.

At the truck Claire climbed back into the rear seat. Her father was in the front waiting.

"Where's your mom and brother?" Jim asked.

"How should I know?" She said.

"Well can you go see what's taking 'em so long?"

"Ugh, fine!" Claire answered in an annoyed tone.

Back at the river Kate leaned back slightly, looking up into her son's eyes.

"So that helped then?" She smiled.

"Yeah, definitely."

"When you were little and you were upset I used to lay you down on your back. I'd crawl over the top of you on my hands and knees and I'd stare down into those cute little brown eyes," she said, raking the long painted nails of one hand through the back of her son's hair.

"Then I'd slowly lower my lips towards you. It was so cute...you'd get sooo excited because you always knew what was coming."

"And what was that?" Alec asked, his heart thumping excitedly.

Standing on her little tip toes, Kate moved her face in close to his, their eyes locked in a stare.

"Kisses...lots and lots of kisses," she said dotingly, giving him a slow sensual peck on his kisser.

"On your lips...and on your cheeks..." she continued, planting a second soft kiss on his right cheek.

"...and on your neck," Kate whispered, then tilted her head and landed another tender wet kiss on her son's neck.

Between kisses their eyes met. Kate's face was masked with a look Alec had been seeing a lot lately. Her eyes were set in a dreamy, stare, her lips curled slightly with a mischievous smile. It was as if she were savoring his reaction to her almost un-motherly-like affection.

She planted yet another kiss on his cheek, closing the wet of her lips against his skin., then repeated with another on his forehead, then one on his neck. Alec's hot mom was showering him with wet, lip-smacking kisses.

"Jesus, get a room you two!" Claire said as she stood at the top of the trail watching them.

Kate and Alec, still embracing, turned their heads towards Claire, like deer caught in someone's headlights.

"If you guys are done making out, dad and I would like to leave," Claire said, stomping away.

"God I hate her," Alec muttered.

Back at the truck Claire climbed in the rear seat and slammed the door. Kate and Alec entered soon after.

"Did you two get lost?" Jim asked.

"No, they were down by the river...kissing," Claire announced.

"We were not kissing...we were hugging," Kate said, flashing her daughter a dirty look.

"Mom, you were kissing his neck," Claire said defiantly.

"Claire...grow up!" Her Mom said with an evil glare.

"Amen," Alec added.

"Fuck you, Momma's boy!" Claire spouted.

"**CLAIRE ANN THOMPSON!!!**" Kate shouted.

"What?? He is, Mom!! You were kissing on him and he looked like he was getting off on it."

"Alright, that's it...I don't wanna hear another word from you, young lady. Do you understand?!" Kate said sternly.

"Fine!" Claire said in a pout, placing her ear buds in.

The family set off on the road again, each sitting quietly as the miles passed. It wasn't long before Alec got a text message on his phone. It was from his mom.

MOM: **U OK**? **SORRY ABOUT YOUR BIG MOUTH SISTER** He glanced up front and noticed his mom's visor was down. She looked backed at him through the mirror and gave him a warm reassuring smile. He smiled back, then typed a response.

ALEC: **I'M USED TO IT BY NOW** Moments later, he saw his mom look down at her phone and then she began typing.

MOM: **WELL I'M NOT GONNA LET HER SPOIL OUR FUN ON THIS TRIP. SO….WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU AND I HERE LATELY**?

Alec looked towards his mom, but she was turned towards his father.

"Did you say this **RV** park we're staying at has a swimming pool?" She asked.

"Yup, pool, showers...you name it. It's one of the best in the state," Jim answered.

Alec typed his answer into his phone.

ALEC: **I'M NOT SURE WHAT U MEAN**???

Kate got the text then typed her response.

MOM: **OH I THINK U DO KNOW WHAT I MEAN. HAVE U FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE FOOTBALL GAME THE OTHER NIGHT**?

Alec smiled to himself as he reflected back on the game his mom was talking about. It was a Friday night football game at the High School. The family went, as they often did. On this particular occasion Claire was off with her friends and Jim was down by the field bullshitting with other men his age. This left Alec and Kate sitting near the top of the bleachers alone together.

"Wow, am I glad I brought this blanket. It is chilly tonight," Kate said, unfolding a giant throw-blanket.

"Sure is," Alec said.

"Scootch over here, you can share it with me."

"That's ok mom...I'm good," Alec said.

"What, afraid your friends might see you snuggled under a blanket with your mom?" Kate asked teasingly.

"No...of course not."

"Then quit being a goof and slide over here. I need you to keep me warm," Kate said.

Alec moved over so that he was hip to hip with his beautiful mother. Kate wore a three-quarter length summer skirt and thin cotton top.

They spread the large blanket out and huddled underneath it. Kate started giggling.

"What?" Alec asked.

"We must look like a couple of monks up here, with everything but our heads covered," Kate giggled.

Alec quickly threw the blanket over their heads.

"Now we look like a couple of ghosts," he joked, making his mom laugh.

Kate turned her upper body, brushing her large spongy breasts against her son's arm.

"Well, any girl would love being haunted by a ghost as handsome as you."

"Thanks," he smiled as his mom grazed her nails across his cheek and looked up into his eyes.

Kate kissed his other cheek, then pulled back a little and shared a gaze with him. Looking into his moms dreamy eyes nearly made Alec's heart stop. The fact that they were all alone under the blanket made it all the more exciting.

Their eyes were locked for so long that it was clear to both of them that there was something magical going on. This was more than just the traditional look a mother and son would share. Kate's stare became one of deep curiosity and the **ROAR** of the crowd snapped them from their revere.

They uncovered their heads to find the home team on the field celebrating a touchdown and crowd going wild. Mother and son joined the cheers.

Back in the truck, Alec was snapped from his thoughts as he got another text from Kate **MOM**: **THERE WAS SOMETHING GOING ON UNDER THAT BLANKET THAT NIGHT…AND I THINK YOU AND I BOTH KNOW IT** Again Alec reflected on the football game, him and his mom cuddled under the blanket. In a weird way, it was like their own little unobserved world under there. Their own little cocoon. He remembered her tiny little hand creeping onto the top of his, her fingers interlacing with his fingers.

"God these bleachers are uncomfortable," Kate said, then turned sideways, throwing her strong tan legs over her son's lap.

Her legs were bent at the knees and she slipped out of her high-heeled sandals, placing her cute little bare feet on top of Alec's leg. She snuggled in closer, resting her head against her son's shoulder.

"That's much better," she whispered.

While one hand still gripped his, Kate let her other hand wander under her son's shirt and gently stroke his lean chest with her long, well-manicured nails.

After a few minutes Kate sensed that her son was watching the cheerleaders below. Indeed he was...watching their tits bounce as they threw their legs into the air.

They're pretty aren't they?" She asked.

"Yeah, probably the prettiest girls at our school."

"Which one's your favorite?" Kate asked.

"Umm, uh...I don't know," Alec said awkwardly.

"I bet I do." Kate said.

"Okay, which one then?"

"The big breasted blonde is your favorite...isn't she?" Kate asked, poking her son in the ribs and making him squirm

"She's ok I guess," he answered, feeling his arm sink a little further between his own mom's big bra-busters.

"You know...your mom used to be one of those big breasted cheerleaders down there," she said.

"You used to be on the Bunny squad?"

"Yep, captain of the team. I can't believe it's been almost twenty years," she said.

"Wow, you could do all those moves huh?" Alec asked.

"Still can sweetheart."

"Are you serious?" Alec exclaimed, his eyes lighting up.

"Have you forgotten that I go to yoga class every day?" She answered with a proud smile.

"Yeah, but those are some pretty crazy moves they're doing down there, Mom."

"What...you don't believe me?" Kate asked challengingly.

She lifted the leg closest to him and Alec watched it slowly creep out from under the blanket. Inches from his face, her silky tan leg extended high into the air. In awe, Alec's eyes traveled up the back of her thigh and up her strong, smooth-shaven calf to her sexy bare foot, which was flexed and arched, pointing up at the sky.

Her leg lowered and slid down his back. Kate rested her foot against the bleacher so that Alec was now sitting between her legs.

"See," she grinned smugly.

"Wow!" He muttered, making his mom giggle at his reaction.

In the truck, a text snapped Alex from his thoughts. It was from his Mom again.

MOM: **TRUTH OR DARE**? **HEHE** Alec got a big grin and glanced up front again. Within seconds his Mom gazed back at him. She had a cute mischievous little smile and cocked an eye-brow, as if waiting for an answer.

ALEC: **TRUTH I GUESS LOL A** minute later came the response.

MOM: **DID YOU LIKE MY LEGS WRAPPED AROUND U LIKE THAT**?

Alec typed his answer.

ALEC: **YEAH, IT WAS PRETTY AWESOME** Kate smiled and texted back.

MOM: **GOOD. I LIKED IT TOO. I FELT SOOO CLOSE TO YOU THAT NIGHT** Alec recalled his mom sitting that way, with him between her legs, for quite some time. Whenever the home team made a great play she seemed to squeeze him tightly between her silky legs.

At one point he remembered peaking under the blanket. His mom's skirt was bunched up around her waist and sure enough, her smooth naked mommy-legs were locked around his waist.

Alec typed, remembering it was his turn.

ALEC: **TRUTH OR DARE**?

MOM: **DARE LOL** Alec thought for a second, wondering what he should ask her to do. Cramped in a truck with his dad and sister didn't leave him many options. He liked that they were acting flirty with each other, but didn't know how far he should take it.

ALEC: **I DARE YOU TO BLOW ME A KISS IN THE MIRROR** Alec watched as his mom got his message and smiled to herself. It wasn't long before she peeked up at him through the mirror. For what had to be ten cock-throbbing seconds she stared hard into his eyes...ten seconds of pure magic. As she continued her gaze, Kate puckered her pouty pink lips and softly blew a sensual kiss at her son through the mirror.

Alec's heart raced. His cock was already brick hard and he felt it flex, straining against the fabric of his boxers.

MOM: **TRUTH OR DARE**?

ALEC: **TRUTH MOM**: **CHICKEN! LOL ALEC**: **HAHA MOM**: **YOU ENJOYED WATCHING ME IN YOGA CLASS...DIDN'T YOU**??

Alec got a big embarrassed smile. He remembered the next day after the football game, his mom tapping on his bedroom door and inviting him to yoga class with her. He said he'd go...just to watch.

At the class, Alec sat in the corner, watching the six grown women, but mostly his mother, going through her routine.

Kate wore nothing but white nylon micro-fiber boy-shorts and matching halter-top, which looked as though they were spray painted on. The middle-aged mom of two had a voluptuous hourglass figure...big jutting breasts, a narrow waist flaring out into wide birthing hips and long shapely legs which seemed to go on forever.

Alec watched in awe as she went through various stretches with the group. A few positions in particular literally took his breath away.

One position was called the straddle-split, where Kate split her legs completely apart against the floor so that they were pointing in opposite directions. Seeing his mom's strong tan legs spread out like this and her tiny bare feet flexed and arched made Alec's cock turn to steel almost instantly.

As she held this position Kate swung her arms up gracefully, then back down. Again she swung them up, like a beautiful ballerina. Her chest was thrust out, her huge tits jutting out almost obscenely.

Alec adjusted himself as Kate peeked over her shoulder, glanced at his bulging crotch, then gave him a cute little wink.

Snapped from the recent memory, he answered her question.

ALEC: **YEAH I DID...I ENJOYED IT A LOT ACTUALLY LOL**.

MOM: **I THOUGHT SO ALEC**: **TRUTH OR DARE**?

MOM: **TRUTH THIS TIME ALEC**: **DO U AND DAD STILL HAVE SEX A LOT**?

Alec watched as his mom read his text and seemed to giggle to herself. She texted him back.

MOM: **YOUR DAD WOULD SAY YES...I WOULD SAY NO. TO HIM, TWICE A WEEK IS ENOUGH. TO ME, TWICE A DAY**

WOULD STILL LEAVE ME WANTING MORE LOL Kate heard her son **SIGH** excitedly from the back seat as he got her text. This made her giggle, like a teasing schoolgirl.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked.

"Nothing," Kate smiled. "How are you doing?"

"Good, just enjoying the open road. Pretty country out here?" Jim said, gazing out the window.

Kate took a second to admire the scenery as it passed them by. Up to this point her mind seemed more preoccupied on the handsome boy in the back seat.

"It's beautiful," she said.

It didn't take her mind long to drift back to her and her son's naughty little game.

MOM: **TRUTH OR DARE HANDSOME**?

ALEC: **WHAT THE HELL…DARE THIS TIME LOL** He watched his mom as she appeared to be thinking of something good to dare him to do. Then, she began to type.

MOM: **IS YOUR SISTER ASLEEP**?

Alec looked over to find Claire slouched against the door. Her eyes were shut and her headphones blaring. He texted back.

ALEC: **YEAH LOOKS LIKE IT…WHY**?

MOM: **I WANT U TO TELL U'R FATHER THAT U HEAR A NOISE, BACK BEHIND THE RV. WHEN HE STOPS TO GET OUT AND CHECK I WANNA KISS U AGAIN, LIKE I DID EARLIER** Alec couldn't believe what he was reading. Was she serious?? He felt a nervous twinge in his stomach as he looked towards his dad.

"Hey dad," he said.

"Yeah, what's up son?"

"I'm hearing a strange noise. It sounds like it's coming from the back of the **RV**," Alec said, trying to sound convincing.

"What sorta noise?" Jim asked.

"I don't know...it's strange. You should probably check it out though."

"You're right, might be the chain dragging," Jim said, pulling off to the side of the road.

The vehicle stopped and the second his dad stepped out Kate unbuckled her seatbelt and climbed onto her knees on the front seat. Alec just sort of sat there a moment, as if in disbelief that this was actually happening.

His mom smiled and waved him forward, then glanced to make sure her daughter was still in a slumber.

Alec leaned forward and Kate quickly placed her hands on his shoulders, giving him a sensual kiss on the lips. Just as she had at the river, the gorgeous mother planted a series of wet smacking kisses on her son's cheeks, then on his neck. She felt him shiver as she let her tongue peek from her mouth and do a rapid little flutter against the flesh of his neck.

She brought her face back up and they gazed deep into each others eyes. He was excited...she could tell...and what boy wouldn't be. A young man, barely 18, being showered with flirty affection by his curvaceous middle-age mother.

Kate could see her husband coming back. As Jim walked along the side of the truck, she gave her son another wet peck on the lips,

then another...then another.

Alec started leaning back as he sensed his dad nearing, but his mom seemed to be following him, leaning over her seat, planting those wet kisses, like she never wanted to stop. It was only the tint of the windows at this point that was keeping them from getting caught.

The door opened.

"I didn't see anything," Jim said.

Kate quickly sat like she was before he left. She heard her son **SIGH** excitedly from the back.

Jim sat down and the slam of his door woke Claire.

"What's going on?" She asked groggily.

"Your brother thought he heard a noise," Kate answered.

"I'll keep my window down for a few miles...see if I can tell what it is," Jim said.

Kate glanced back at her son in the mirror, the excited rush still showing on their faces as they shared a secret smile.

After a few miles, it was playtime again. Alec got a text from his mom.

MOM: **THAT WAS FUN!**

ALEC: **FOR SURE MOM**: **MY TURN FOR A DARE** It was pretty obvious at this point that he and his mom had crossed a line and he was anxious to see how far she'd let it go. He decided to press his luck.

ALEC: **CAN I SEE YOUR BOOBS**?

Kate got the text and burst out laughing.

"What?" Her husband asked.

"Oh nothing, one of my girlfriends sent me a joke. I'll show you later."

For a few minutes Alec was nervous...worried that he'd crossed the line and that his mom was going to put an end to their fun. Finally he got a text.

MOM: **AND JUST HOW AM I SUPPOSE TO PULL THAT ONE OFF YOUNG MAN**?? **LOL ALEC**: **SORRY I GUESS I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THAT HAHA** Kate gazed out the window a moment as if formulating a plan in her mind. Finally, she gave her husband a worried look.

"Honey, I'm really worried about this noise. What if it's something serious?" She said.

"I kept my window down for awhile, but I didn't hear anything," he answered.

"I know, but it would probably make us both feel a lot better if you pulled over at the next station and checked it out again...just to be safe."

"Alright," he said.

Alec knew his mom was up to something, but wasn't sure what it was. It seemed like forever before they pulled into the next back-road service station.

"I'm gonna go back to the **RV** and grab some sandwiches out of the ice chest. Claire, honey, what do you want?" Kate asked.

"Tuna fish...and a Diet Pepsi," Claire answered.

"Honey, what about you?" Kate asked her husband.

"Bud lite and a steak...well done," he smiled.

"Cute," Kate giggled.

"I'll pass for now...not really hungry," he said.

"Alec, sweetie, wanna help me?" Kate asked, slipping out of the truck before he even had a chance to answer.

Alec got out and followed his mom along the **RV** as Jim began doing another inspection of the trailer's exterior. Jim's 30ft. 5th Wheel was his pride and joy, outfitted with all the bells and whistles.

Kate stepped inside the camper and Alec followed.

"Lock the door," she said softly.

Alec closed and locked the door to the trailer, then Kate took her sons hand and led him to the back bedroom, which had a large queen-size bed. She closed the door, then turned and coiled her arms around his neck.

As she had twice that day, the gorgeous mom began planting wet kisses on her son's lips, cheeks and neck. Several times Alec felt her tongue slide, twist and flutter against his skin.

"Does that feel good?" She whispered seductively.

"Yeah," he sighed.

"Wanna make out with me for a few minutes?" She asked, gazing up into his eyes.

"Um...sure," he said awkwardly.

Kate embraced him, crushing her squishy tits against his chest. She tilted her head as her lips moved towards his and all at once they were making out like a horny young couple.

"Mmmmm." Kate moaned as she twisted her tongue through her son's mouth.

Alec was amazed at how strong and fast his mom's tongue was. It seemed to be doing circles around his own, twirling and fluttering.

"Nice rig you got there," They heard a man say as he spoke to Jim, just outside the window.

"Thanks, we call her Katherine's Getaway. Named it after my wife Kate," Jim said.

"Nice. I wouldn't name a pile of shit after my ex-wife. Came home from work one day to find her fucking the shit out of the neighbor boy. Eighteen years old...can you believe that shit?" The man said to Jim.

"Sorry to hear that," Jim said.

"Ahhh, women like 'em young now days I guess. You'd be surprised how many women our age are chasing these young boys," the man said.

Kate smiled to herself as she listened to the conversation while making out with Alec. Their lips were plastered together and their tongues wrestled with desperate hunger.

"Seems kinda silly, doesn't it?" They heard Jim ask.

"Well to me and you maybe, but these women...there seems to be something about these young boys they like," the stranger answered.

"Maybe it's the laziness," Jim said, making them both laugh.

"Well I hear lots of things...rumors of a new generation of boys with dicks that are bigger and harder and their ability to out-fuck us older guys. All bullshit if you ask me," the man said.

"Well, I guess I'm lucky to have a good wife then. A wholesome, good old-fashioned American girl," Jim said.

Jim's comment made Kate giggle and gently pushed her son into a sitting position on the bed. Without hesitation she lifted her pink tank top up over her head, peeling it off and tossing it aside.

She was wearing a thin pale-pink bra with a delicate floral design. Her tits were packed so tight that they were literally oozing over the hems of the gigantic cups. Giving her son a sweet quirky little smile, she reached back and unclasped it.

For the longest time Alec had only known about the types of tits that were in Playboy...semi large, firm...sometimes fake. Then his friends showed him a Juggs Magazine and it shed a whole new light on the world of large breasts.

As Kate pulled the cups of her bra away, her son was greeted with the kind of tits that fuel boys dreams. Straight out of Juggs Magazine...huge sloping, bobbling tits, capped with thick areola and large protruding nipples.

"See, whatever it is...us mom can always pull it off," she said with a proud smile.

"Literally," Alec sighed, making them both giggle. "Wow...they're beautiful mom."

Kate leaned down and placed her hands on her sons knees. She brought her face to his, gave him a peck on the lips and looked into his eyes.

"Lay back," she whispered.

Alec laid back on the bed and Kate crawled above him, her big mammaries hanging down, nearly touching him as they gently swayed back and forth. She gazed at him with a smile.

"There's my baby boy, just like when you were little." She said.

She crawled up a little further so that her pendulous tits hung directly above his ogling eyes. She rocked her chest, making her drooping tit-flesh swing in unison back and forth.

"Holy shit!" Alec muttered.

Kate slowly lowered her lips. Alec's breath quivered and his mom giggled.

"Someone's excited," she said with a smile, showing her gleaming white teeth.

As she started planting kisses, her spongy breasts began to flatten out like soft dough against his teenaged chest.

Kate paused a moment as she saw her husband's shadow move into the window.

"Thank goodness for curtains...not sure we could explain our way out of this one," she said with a giggle.

"Probably not," Alec added.

"Now...where was I?" Kate said, lowering her mouth to his.

They kissed, soft and sensual, then gradually it became heavier as their tongues twisted together wildly.

Suddenly they heard a knock on the trailer door. Kate didn't budge, just kept making out with her son.

"We better get up," Alec said between kisses.

"He can wait...we're busy," she said, then kissed him again.

"Funny, Mom."

"Are you okay with all this?" She asked.

"All what?"

"What do you mean all what...what do you think? All this...naughtiness. You would tell me if it made you feel uncomfortable...right?" Kate said.

There was another pound at the door.

"Yeah, I'm cool with it...are you?" Alec asked.

"Do you really think I'd be laying on you topless, making out with you if I wasn't?" She smiled.

She gave him one final peck on the lips.

"Tell him I'm in the bathroom," she said.

Moments later, Alec let his father in and relayed the message. He sat down quickly on the sofa, trying to conceal the bulge of his erection.

"Is she feeling alright?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, just peeing I guess."

"Well I checked the outside of the trailer and I have no idea what was making that noise you heard." Jim said.

Kate came out with her bra and top back on.

"Hi honey," she said, giving her husband a quick kiss.

"I changed my mind...maybe I will have a tuna fish," Jim said.

"Will you do me a big favor then? I forgot to buy chips and they would sure go good with our sandwiches. Can you see if they have any inside?" Kate asked.

"Barbeque right?" He asked.

"Yup...thank you, hun." Kate said with a sweet little smile.

Jim left and she closed the trailer door behind him.

"Truth or Dare?" Kate asked, turning towards Alec.

"Umm...uh..." Alec muttered as he was caught off guard.

"I wanna see it," she said softly, glancing down at the bulge in his crotch.

"S-s-see it? See what?" He asked.

"You know what...do I really need to tell you?" Kate responded with a little grin.

"Oh you mean..." Alec started as he glanced down at the obvious protrusion.

"Yes...I mean Mr. Cock and Balls. I dare you to show me."

"Geez, Mom." Alec blushed.

"Oh don't 'geez Mom' me...I know what you boys call it, and it certainly isn't penis and testicles. I think that man who was talking to your father outside was right. Boys your age are bigger and harder than the generations before, but I wanna find out for myself." Kate said.

"Well, I don't know, Mom...I..."

"I just unclasped my bra for you, buster. Don't you start whimping out on me. Come on, let's see it," she said, waving for him to stand.

Alec reluctantly stood and Kate impatiently walked over, sat on the soft and turned him to face her.

Now eye-level with his crotch, Kate unbuttoned his shorts and peered up at him with a naughty smile as she unzipped him.

"I have this feeling that this thing is a little bigger than the last time I saw it."

As the shorts fell to his feet, Kate stared at the shape of his protrusion, which leaned to one side, stretching his briefs out obscenely. It looked as though he were concealing a banana beneath his undies.

"Well it certainly looks like something substantial is hiding under there," she said, her eyes big and wide.

She grab the waistband and began to pull them down. As she did this Alec's erection tilted downward until the brief cleared it's length, then the teenaged dong sprung upward, slapping his abdomen, then just sort of bobbed up and down.

"Oh my!" Kate said, staring at the long strong pillar of meat, perched only a foot away.

"Sorry, I guess just looking at your breasts and everything made it kinda hard."

"Kinda hard? Sweetie that thing looks like it's...throbbing," she said, her face flushed.

"Yeah, you could say that," he muttered.

"It's a wonder you don't pass out from all the blood it must take to fill that big monster," she giggled, wetting her lips as her eyes traveled down to his large hairless scrotum.

"I do get light headed sometimes...when it get this way."

Kate was mesmerized. Her own juices began to trickle as her eyes traveled down every veiny inch of her son's long thick barrel of love. She tore her eyes away, looking up into his with admiration.

"It's beautiful," she said softly.

"Thanks," he answered.

"You know...they say when a man presents a woman with a pearl, that he's showing his desire for her."

"Oh." Alec said, a bit confused.

"Is that why your giving your mom a pearl?" Kate asked.

"What pearl?" Alec asked.

Kate's eyes traveled back down to her son's cock and gazed at the big bell-shaped helmet. There at the tip, forming on his piss-hole, was a big bubbling gob of pre-cum. It looked just like a pearl.

"That one," she said.

Alec watched as his mom took her middle finger and slowly swiped the jizz from the tip of his rod. She stood and brought her hand up so they could both look at the gob of milky semen.

"Sooo thick...soo potent..." she said, then slowly sucked it off her finger. "..And as sweet as honey."

"Wow!" Alec said under his breath.

They both noticed his cock as it sprung up to full attention like a divining rod. It twitched and throbbed, the plumb-shaped tip turning a deep purple as it expanded with even more blood. This made Kate giggle.

"Don't you pass out on me," she said.

"I'll try not to," he sighed.

They were both slightly startled by a loud knock at the door.

"I better pull 'em back up," Alec said, glancing down at his shorts.

Kate gently traced her nails across his cheek. Her eyes were locked in a stare with his.

"Stay close to me on this trip...okay?"

"Okay," he answered.

Jim stood outside with the chips. Claire walked over to her dad as he pounded on the door again.

"What the hell's taking them so long...I'm starving," she said.

"Well, if they'd answer the Goddamn door, I could find out," Jim said.

"She's probably making out with him again."

"Claire, come one, enough of that nonsense," Jim said.

"Seriously dad, you should have seen them down by the river...it was sick."

"Honey, they're mother and son...they're allowed to show some affection." Jim said.

"Jesus dad, you're so blind. Haven't you noticed the way mom's been looking at him lately. Moms do fall for their sons sometimes you know...it does happen," she said.

"Alright, enough okay?" Jim said.

"Dad, you have to listen to me. You're not around half the time. You haven't seen the way Mom's been acting around him lately while your at work. I think she has a crush on him,"

"I think you have an overactive imagination," Jim said as the door opened.

"Is my sandwich ready yet?" Claire asked as her and Jim entered the **RV**.

"I'm working on it honey," Kate said, busy at the kitchen counter.

"You've been working on it for awhile. What have you two been doing back here?" Claire asked, glaring at Alec, who sat on the couch.

"Well I certainly didn't hear you volunteering to help," Kate said.

"That's because you snatched Momma's boy before I even had a chance to," Claire answered.

"Stop calling me that!" Alec snapped.

"It's true."

"Claire if you don't have anything nice to say then you need to go sit back in the truck," Kate said.

"Alec, help me get some of these windows open...it's stuffy as hell in here," Jim said.

"Oh...um...okay Dad," he said, standing awkwardly.

It's was clear as the sun that he was hiding an erection and Claire, of course, was the first to pick up on it.

"Oh my God...you are sooo sick!" She said with disgust.

"Claire!" Kate scolded.

"He has a boner, Mom!"

"So...big deal," Alec said, awkwardly defending himself.

"You're back here alone with Mom and you have a fucking boner...that is just sick," Claire exclaimed.

"That's enough!...Jim please," Kate said, pleading for her husbands help.

"Alright Claire, outside or back in the truck. Let's go!" Jim scolded, ushering her out.

Kate looked at her son and sympathetically mouthed "Sorry."

"I think I'll just go for a quick walk or something," Alec said, squirming out the door.

Jim came back inside and stood by his wife as she worked on the sandwiches.

"That girl...if her brother doesn't kill her on this trip, it'll be a miracle," Kate said.

"Well, not to defend her, but Alec shouldn't be getting erections like that in front of his mother and sister either," Jim said.

"Oh Jim, you know how 18 year old boys are...they have perpetual hard-ons."

"While watching his Mom work in the kitchen? You don't think that's a bit odd?" Jim asked.

Kate got a flattering smile.

"All boys crush after their Moms when their young...and don't tell me you didn't."

"I didn't," he said.

"Yeah right," Kate answered, putting chips on the plates.

"Well, Claire sure seems determined that there's something weird going on with you two."

"And you believe her?" Kate asked.

"I didn't say that...this whole erection thing is just a little strange, that's all."

Kate turned towards her husband.

"Look, he's young...he gets erections and he has an innocent crush on his mom. I'm adult enough to handle that...maybe you should be too," she said, then walked past him with the sandwiches.

Once they hit the road again things cooled down between Alec and his mom, with the exception of a few flirty winks in her rear view mirror.

Alec's hard-on continued to rage in his shorts, yearning for more attention. It didn't help things when his mom put her feet up on the dash. When she followed with a wink in her rear view, he knew she was putting her sexy legs on display for him.

Kate had gorgeous tanned legs that were always freshly shaven and seemed to shimmer with silky softness. She stretched her tiny feet

out making her cute little toes, with their ruby-red toenails, part slightly.

Alec's heart thumped wildly in his chest. His cock was so hard as it pushed against his shorts that it was almost painful. Surely there could be no bigger rush that having your own moms strong matronly legs wrapped around you, clutching onto you while you fucked the pussy of your dreams. With all that had happened, Alec couldn't help but wonder if things would eventually get that far.

There was only one text Alec got before they arrived at their **RV** park. It was from Kate and simply said:

"**I LUV U**"

Shady Pines was a deluxe **RV** park, with a clubhouse and swimming pool. It was a summertime Mecca for upper-class families. They arrived there mid-afternoon and situated "Katherine's Getaway" in the spot they had reserved.

"I hope there's hot guys at the pool...and not just a bunch of ugly old men," Claire griped.

"Well I left my tanning bed behind for a week...so as long as there's sun I'm a happy girl," Kate said.

"I guess I know where you two are spending the afternoon. I think I'll just walk around, get to know our neighbors a little bit," Jim said.

Kate looked at her son. "Sweetie, wanna come down to the pool with us?"

"Uhh, I don't know, Mom. I um..."

As Claire and Jim both disappeared, Kate wrapped her arms around Alec's neck and moved in for a big tit-squasher.

She whispered into his ear softly. "You're suppose to be staying close to me on this trip...remember?"

Ten minutes later Jim stepped inside the trailer as his wife was coming out of the bedroom in a skimpy yellow two-piece string bikini.

"The kids said they'll meet you down there. **WOW!**" Jim said, staring at his voluptuous wife.

"Do you like it?" Kate asked, spinning around.

"Yeah, but it's uhhh...a little revealing, don't you think?"

"Oh Jim, don't be such a prude. I can't tan in a fucking trench coat," Kate replied..

"Well that's far from a trench coat...closer to dental floss if you ask me."

"I bought something else you'll like..." she said, throwing her arms around her husband's neck. "But I'm saving that for later."

As she strode towards the door he gave her a little slap on the ass, making her cheeks ripple.

"Brat!" Kate said playfully.

Alec and Claire swam in the pool, doing their best to avoid each other. Besides a few old ladies sunning themselves nearby they pretty much had it to themselves.

"Hey kids, how's the water?" Kate asked, as she she strode towards the pool.

Alec's mouth fell open, unable to answer as he watched his barefoot bikini-clad mom sashay towards them. Her big, gourd-shaped tits trembling as she walked.

"Holy shit," he mumbled.

"The water's perfect...so much for the hot guys though," Claire said, then dove under.

Kate set her towel and baby oil down on a lounge chair , then gracefully dove into the water. She came up near her son.

"Wow, that feels good," she said, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Sure does," Alec said.

"Has this cold water helped ease some of the pressure down there?" Kate said playfully, gazing at her son as she floated with only her head above the surface.

"Yeah, until you came out with that bikini on," Alec said, being careful so his sister didn't her him.

Kate giggled, then swam up to him.

"Are you standing on the bottom?"

"Yep," he said, with only his head above the water.

"No fair...you're taller. If we're gonna hang out this deep, I guess you're gonna have to hold me," Kate said, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Kate brought herself in close to her son, her doughy-soft tits flattening out against his bare-chest. She coiled those gorgeous mommy-legs around his waist and held onto him.

Claire surfaced near them. "I should have known you two would be all over each other...with dad not around."

"Claire, don't start," Kate said, flashing her daughter a nasty glare.

Claire dove under and saw her mom's strong tan legs clutched tightly around her borther's midsection. She also noticed the way her massive tits were plastered against his chest.

Claire surfaced on the other side of them. "Jesus Mom, have sex with him why don't you."

"Young lady...go away!" Kate said, splashing her daughter with water.

"Gladly," Claire said, swimming off, then getting out of the pool.

Kate looked into her son's eyes. "You may not have to kill your sister...I just might."

"She is annoying, that's for sure," Alec said.

Claire sprawled out on a lounge chair, out of site of Alec and Kate. She had a body much like her mothers, only twenty-years younger.

"So I have to know something...does it feel as good as you thought it would?" Kate asked.

"What's that?" Alec asked.

"My legs wrapped around you. That is what you were thinking about in the truck, wasn't it? Wondering what it would feel like." She said, with a perceptive little smile.

"Well, I..."

"Come on, give us moms some credit. We know a lot more than you think we do," Kate said.

"Yeah, they do feel good," Alec smiled timidly.

"You can hold onto them you know...they're not gonna bite."

Alec placed his hands under his mom's velvety thighs. They felt amazing.

Kate tightened her grip, hugging him snuggly, clutching his toned young body against her voluptuousness.

The hot-bodied Mom rested her head on his shoulder. "You're soo strong"

They were both startled as one of the big old women jumped into the pool. Mom and son giggled as they were overcome by the wave.

Kate released her son, but held his hand as she swam for the side of the pool. "I need to get some sun. Come lay with me."

Kate and Alec climbed from the pool and moved to the lounges. As they grabbed their towels and dried Alec couldn't help but admire every curvaceous inch of his mom's nearly naked body.

"That bikini is really hot, Mom."

"Thanks sweetie. Your father thought it was a little too revealing, but you know how old-fashioned he is," she said.

"Yeah," Alec giggled.

"Pedicures, Brazilian bikini waxes, anal bleaching...all the things I get done on a regular basis he thinks are ridiculous."

"Anal bleaching?" Alec asked.

"I'll show you later," Kate said with a naughty little smile.

Placing her hands on her hips Kate turned around, displaying her meaty buttocks for her son. Half her ass-cheeks were spilling out of her bikini bottoms.

"Do you like it? It's called a scrunch butt bikini."

Alec stared in admiration. "It's sexy."

Kate got a gleaming white smile as she peeked over her shoulder, watching her son stare. "My ass or the bikini?"

"Both," Alec blushed.

Kate giggled, took her son's hand and led him towards a sunny area back behind the lounge chairs. "Come on my Romeo."

They spread their towels out in a small private little grassy area. Kate sat down, squirted some baby oil onto her hands and began rubbing it on the smooth tan skin of her arms and chest.

Alec watched his moms tits jiggle as she rubbed oil into her cleavage and around the contours of her big bulging breasts.

"Better put some on you too sweetie," she said.

Alec put on some oil, but had a difficult time tearing his eyes away from his Mom. Kate rubbed oil down her shapely legs and onto her little feet. It gave her tan a wet glossy sheen that made Alec's cock stiffen in his shorts.

Kate turned over onto her belly, propped up on her elbows and spread her gorgeous legs slightly. Alec remained sitting down by her feet, his heart racing with wicked cock-throbbing excitement.

Kate reached around and untied her top. "So how's the view from down there?"

"Amazing," Alec muttered breathlessly.

Kate giggled and laid her head down on the towel.

Alec wasn't kidding. The view he had would make any cock as hard as concrete. He stared straight up the backs of his Mom's shimmering golden brown legs to the meaty mound of her half-

exposed buttocks. The tiny patch of yellow fabric between her legs moulded around her snatch, revealing the pouty folds of her outer labia and the furrow of her cleft of venus.

With her top now untied Alec could see the sides of his Mom's breasts distending outward as they lay flattened against the towel.

His peter flexed in his shorts. A long strong cylinder of teenaged cock-meat aching for attention.

Kate peeked back at him and giggled. "Are you close to passing out again?"

Alec's face was flushed. "Uh-huh."

"Well, if it's that hard maybe you should pull on it a little bit," Kate said, raising an eyebrow.

"Here...now?" Alec asked.

"Well, you could put the towel over your lap and try not to be too obvious about it."

Alec pulled his beach towel over his protruding trunks. "Yeah, I could try I guess."

Kate offered the bottle of oil to him. "Here, once you have it out...get it nice and slippery. That way you can really jerk on it."

Alec fished his cock from his trunks and coated it with oil. The slick fist gliding acrossed his glans felt amazing. He gazed back at his Mom and saw that she was still peering back watching him, her head propped up on one hand. "How's that feel?"

"Incredible," he muttered.

Kate spoke to him softly. "So what sort of things do you like to think about, while you jerk off you cock like that?"

Alec sighed excitedly and shrugged his shoulder.

"Big tits?" Kate asked and Alec nodded.

Kate gazed into his eyes seductively. "Warm slippery pussies?"

Alec's fist squeezed and pulled at his dong. "Uh-huh."

Kate stared dreamily into his eyes. "Do you like to think about loooong smooth legs wrapped tightly around you...clutching you...guiding you?"

Alec gasped, his body quivering. "Oh God, Mom!"

Kate fed her baby a warm smile. "I bet you think about what it'll feel like when that big beautiful slab of manhood squeezes down inside a warm wet hole."

Alec's eyes traveled down to his mom's bikini camel toe. He imagined the cock-gobbling feminine treasure that lied just beyond that thin piece of fabric. He stroked furiously on the slippery cock-head.

Kate smiled as she watched him gawk. He was completely hers, and she knew it. "I want you to imagine what all that pretty pink's gonna feel like when it stretches around that tender dong...sucking you in deeper and deeper and dripping all that warm honey on your stinger."

"O-o-oh shit, Mom!" Alec muttered excitedly, her words making his cock throb and leak.

"And that feeling when you touch bottom is gonna be out of this world... And believe me, with a dick as big yours...you will touch bottom."

Alec's heart was racing. His cock was now coated with hot oil and slippery pre-cum. He milked it with fast furious strokes.

Kate glanced over her son's shoulder. "And you better slow down, because your sister's coming this way."

Trying not to be too obvious, Alec stopped beating off and slipped his hand back out from under the towel.

Claire walked over behind him and gazed down at the way her mom was spread out lewdly before him. "You can't be serious."

Kate glared at her daughter defensively. "What?"

"Are you kidding me? Mom, look at you. Your ass is hanging out of your bikini and I can practically see your cunt," Claire said.

"Claire, you know I don't like that word," Kate scolded.

"Oh please...don't play Miss Modest with me, Mom. It's pretty obvious what you're up to."

"Oh and what would that be?" Kate asked.

"Well lets see...making out at the gas station, dry humping in the pool, locking youselves in the **RV** and doing God only knows what...and now this."

Kate shook her head. "Young lady, you have no idea what you're talking about."

Claire quickly ripped the towel off of Alec's lap. "Don't I, Mom?"

All eyes were drawn to Alec's cock, brick-hard and glistening as it stuck way up past his belly-button.

"Then what the hell's that?" Claires asked angrily.

"Claire!" Kate scolded, as Alec snatched the towel back and covered himself.

Claire started marching away. "Oh I'm sure dad's gonna love to hear about this."

"Shit!" Alec said, watching his sister stomp out of the pool area.

Kate stood up, tying her bikini top behind her. "Don't worry about it, sweetie. Your father knows the way she is...he won't believe her."

"Maybe we should go back to the camp, just to make sure he doesn't flip out," Alec suggested.

Kate stepped up to her son and rubbed his cheek gingerly. "Honey, it's okay...he trusts me. You heard what he said to that guy at the station. I'm his wholesome bride. He believes that."

"Okay," Alec said.

Kate took her son's hand and began leading him towards the clubhouse. "Besides, we have some unfinished business to attend to you and I."

Inside the clubhouse a few old men were playing checkers, otherwise it was quiet and empty. Through the door came the barefoot bikini clad mom, leading her son by the hand.

"Excuse me, where are the bathrooms?" Kate asked.

"Bathrooms and showers are in the back." One of the old men answered, ogling the big nearly-naked tits bobbling on Kate's chest.

Kate led Alec towards the back of the clubhouse. "Thank you."

As they neared the women's room the door opened and out came another barefoot bikini-clad Mom, leading her teenaged son from the

bathroom. The buxom blonde gave Kate a knowing smile in passing. "Hi."

"Hi," Kate smiled as they passed.

Kate and Alec moved into the women's rest room and Kate closed and locked the door behind them. She then turned towards her son and smiled as she stepped up to him, planting a soft sensual kiss on his lips.

For a few a long moments they stared into each others eyes. Alec felt his heart leaping as the woman of his dreams gazed at him with those big almond-colored eyes. As she stared, Kate had little smile of excitement. Being alone and naughty with her son thrilled her to the core and the fact that they were doing it just under her husband's nose made it even more exhilarating.

Alec looked across from them at their reflection in a large floor to ceiling mirror. A handsome teenager facing a gorgeous middle-aged woman built like a brick shit house. They smiled at one another.

"What a site we are huh?" Kate said.

"Yeah," Alec muttered.

"Get down on your knees. There's something I promised to show you."

"There is?" Alec asked.

Kate gave him a peck on the lips. "Yes, there is."

"What is it?" Alec asked.

"Well, you were asking about anal bleaching...so I thought I'd show you my butt-hole. But if you don't wanna see it..."

Alec dropped quickly to his knees. "No I do, I do."

Kate giggled and turned around watching her son lower himself eye-level with her meaty buttocks. "Pull my bikini bottoms to one side for me."

Alec pulled the bottoms aside, revealing her sexy ass-crack. Kate placed her hands on the cheeks of her buttocks and gently pulled them apart, revealing the cute puckered ring of her butt-hole.

Alec's cock twitched in his shorts. "Wow!"

"Isn't it pretty?" Kate asked and her son immediately nodded.

Kate stepped away from her son and strolled behind him to the sink. She lifted herself up and sat on the edge of the counter. Alec found himself being pulled back between her legs until his back rested against her spongy chest.

Without saying a word, Alec's mom reached around and undid his shorts. They fell to the floor and his cock, still rock hard, stuck straight out at an upward angle, bobbing up and down.

Kate gave him a sensual kiss on the cheek. "Now....where were we before your bitch of a sister interrupted us."

Alec grasped his big baby-maker and started stroking as his mom planted little kisses on his neck.

Jim was visiting with his nieghbor when Claire arrived. "Dad I need to talk to you."

"Claire, I'm visiting right now honey, can it wait?"

"She turned and stomped towards their own **RV**. "No, it's important!"

"Excuse me, " Jim said to the other guy, clearly embarrassed.

Jim entered the **RV** to see Claire sulking on the couch. "Dad you have to do something about them."

"About who?" Jim asked.

"Mom and Alec...God Dad it's sick!"

Jim rolled his eyes. "What this time?"

"Well, first Mom was practically riding him in the pool and then she was tanning with her legs spread wide open, letting the little perv sit behind her and masturbate."

Jim shook his head and sighed. "Claire, come on...I'm sure that wasn't the case."

"He had his dick out of his shorts, dad...and believe me, it was hard."

"I'm sure your mother would never let something like that happen," Jim said.

"She was letting him do it dad. If you don't believe me go down there and see for yourself...it's disgusting."

Jim threw his arms in the air, then exited the **RV** to go investigate.

Alec's fist stroked furiously at his cock, making a lewd creamy sound from all the lubricating precum. Kate's tiny hand clutched his large hairless scrotum, her ruby-red nails digging into the tender balls, gently kneading them.

Her other hand caressed his strong toned chest. Her lips were to his ear. "That's it, sweetie, stroke it for me. Stroke it for Mommy."

"Agh, yeah!" Alec groaned.

Kate stroked on his nut-sack with her slippery fist. "Ohh, that's my baby...pull all that cream out of those big beautiful balls...come on."

Alec gazed in the mirror at a site that seemed almost surreal. There he stood completely naked and jacking his big jutting dick, while his own beautiful mother sat snuggly behind him, urging him on.

"What a fucking rush," he thought.

"My poor little sweetheart's been suffering this whole trip, hasn't he," Kate said in a seductive mommy-tone.

Alec stared at his mom's tan shapely legs. They looked so strong and smooth, still glistening with oil as he stood between them. He pictured them propped back into a huge spread eagle, those tiny bare feet flexed and pointed in opposite directions.

His balls boiled within Kate's clutching grip. "Oh-h-h shit Mom!"

"Mmmm, does that feel good, sweetie?"

"Oh yeah," he sighed.

He pictured her tits and what they must do when she fucks. Large pillowy mounds jumping up and down her chest. Those nipples and large thick aroela descending towards his mouth.

"**OH WOW, I'M GONNA SQUIRT!**" Alec cried.

"That's it baby...cum for Mommy!" Kate implored.

Alec growled as the first powerful rope shot out of his piss-hole. "**GGGRUUUHHH!!!**"

The huge stringy gob sailed across the room and splashed against the mirror. It was followed by a second milky rope, then a third.

"Ohhh sweetheart...that's my boy!" Kate exclaimed.

"**UNGHH, GOD!**" Alec groaned as he milked smaller strands of cock-cream from his dong.

Jim entered the clubhouse and saw the two old men playing chess.

"Excuse me, did you see a woman come through here with a teenage boy?"

The two men looked at each other and laughed.

"Women come through here all day with teenaged boys," one of them said.

"Well this woman was wearing a yellow bikini," Jim said.

The same man answered, pointing toward the back of the clubhouse. "Oh yeah...they're uhh...they're back there."

"Thanks," Jim said.

Jim checked the mens room first, but it was empty. He went to the women's room and knocked. "Kate?"

There was no answer, so he knocked again. "Kate, you in there?"

"I'm ok hun...just taking a shower," her voice said from somewhere behind the door.

"Have you seen Alec?" Jim asked.

"He met some boys out by the pool, probably wandered off with them somewhere."

Jim tried the door, but it was locked. "Can I come in?"

Kate answered in an annoyed tone. "Jim, no...this is the ladies room. What do you need?"

Kate was still on the sink, Alec remained between her legs. His head was tilted back onto her shoulder as he fought to catch his breath. His cock-rod still stuck straight out, dripping with stringy gobs of orgasmic bliss.

"I just wanted to make sure you two were okay, that's all," Jim's voice said.

"Honey we're fine...I'm fine, and I'm sure Alec is too," Kate said, then gave her son a loving peck on the cheek.

She looked towards the door. "I need to dry off and I'll meet you back up at the **RV** okay?"

Jim moved away from the door. "Alright, so you a little bit."

He stopped back at the entrance next to the two old men. "Are you sure the lady in the yellow bikini had a teenager with her?"

"Oh yeah, following along like a love-struck puppy dog," one of them answered.

Jim looked around for Alec and his new friends, but wasn't able to find them, so he headed back to the **RV**. He didn't want to admit it, but he was actually starting to wonder if maybe his daughter was right. The idea that his wife of twenty years would be doing such things and with their own son made him almost sick to his stomach. He remembered the words of the man at the station.

"Ahh women like 'em young now days I guess. You'd be surprised how many women our age are chasing these young boys."

Later that evening the family was invited for a barbaque with their friendly neighbors in the park. Jim had already met Tom. Kate was surprised to discover that Tom's wife Ashley was the blond that was leading her son from the bathroom, just before her and Alec got there.

Ashley was 39, just a year older than Kate and looked a lot like a middle-aged version of the actress Jennifer Lawrence. Like Jim, her husband Tom made a lot of money and they were owners of large, spacious **RV**.

While the men prepped the grill outside, Ashley and Kate stood side by side in the kitchen preparing the food. Both women wore a thin, thigh-length summer dress, Kate's was a white tube-top style and Ashley's was pink, with thin little straps. Like Kate, Ashley had gorgeous legs and sexy little tanned bare feet with pink tonails.

Kate glaned down the hall and into the bedroom, where Alec and his new friend Tim lay on the bed playing the play station. "Well the boys seemed to be getting along."

"And I'm sure we won't be seeing much of them. Boys and their video games," Ashley said, making them both giggle.

"Oh I know...getting Alec to do his chores is like pulling teeth sometimes."

"He's adorable. Does he have a girlfriend yet?" Ashley asked.

"Yeah, sweet girl, but kind of controlling. You know how young girls are."

Ashley smiled. "That I do. Sometimes I have to remind Tim that him and his girl aren't married...he doesn't need to be with her twenty-four seven."

"So it's tough getting Tim to stay home then?" Kate asked.

"Well, if his dad's not around, it's never a problem," Ashley said, sharing a mischievous smile with Kate as she walked the plate of burgers outside to the men.

Jim watched his wife step out of the **RV** behind Ashley. She looked so fresh and beautiful and her dark tan in contrast to her white summer dress looked amazing. The tube top made the swell of her breasts look absolutely enormous and left about five inches of cleavage exposed.

Kate smiled at him lovingly and shared a kiss. She loved her husband, despite her growing infatuation with her new young sweetheart.

In order to ease suspicion, she had her son come back to the **RV** twenty minutes after she did. She knew that Jim would just assume that Tim was who she was talking about, when she said that Alec had met another boy.

Tom was obviously in the middle of spinning a tale before the wives showed up." Yeah so that bass nearly got away from me...it took three of us to drag that son-of-bitch in."

Ashley rolled her eyes. "Oh please, Tom, not that story again."

"Honey, you saw the picture. You think reeling that thing is was a walk in the park?" Tom asked.

Kate looked at Ashley with an amused smile. "Oh believe me, Jim has his share of fishing stories too and he's always eager to share."

"Well then we better go back inside and let the men do what they do best...bullshit and barbaque," Ashley said, making her and Kate giggle.

The wives stepped back into the **RV** and each took a chip from the bowl, muching it down as they gazed down the hallway.

"That's okay, I think I'd rather go back and hang out with a couple of handsome teenaged boys anyway," Kate said.

Ashley sashayed towards the bedroom. "I concure."

Tim and Alec were on the bed leaned up against the headboard playing their video game, which was being displayed on a 52-inch flat screen across from the bed.

Kate and Ashley strolled into the room and Kate swung the door almost all the way closed behind them.

Ashley knelt down on the bed. "Look at these two gorgous hunks in here trying to ignore us."

Kate followed, sitting down and curling her sexy legs up on the bed in front of them. "You boys don't care if we lay in here and watch, do you?"

Both boys muttered "**NO**," slightly distracted, as the two Moms sprawled out on their tummies. Kate and Ashley stretched their long legs out behind them and propped themselves up on their elbows, watching the **TV** screen.

Over the roar of machine guns the two Moms began to talk about hairstyles, as if they were alone in the room.

The women's legs were slightly spread and Kate kicked one of hers up, flexing her sexy bare foot as she just sort of waved it around a little, which she knew would command her son's attention.

Alec glaced down to the site just in front of him. His Moms dress had bunched up so much that he could even see the backs of her silky thighs.

He tried to focus on the game, then found himself glancing over at Tim's Mom, who now had both legs bent at the knee, kicked up and flexing her little feet. Like his own Moms, Ashley's legs looked strong tan and silky-smooth.

Alec and Tim both sensed that the other was gawking and they gave each other a quick look, both smiling excitedly.

Keeping one leg kicked up, Kate brought the other down and began to gently rub her soft bare foot against Alec's calf.

"Oh, dude, my guy's getting his ass kicked," Tim said.

Alec tore his eyes away from his Mom's legs. "So's mine."

Ashley rolled slightly sideways, looking back at them. "I'm sorry boys, are we distracting you?"

Kate rolled over onto her back, gazing back at her son. "I don't know how we could be...we're just laying here."

Ashley joined Kate on her back. She tucked her dress down into her crotch, leaving almost all her naked legs exposed and her knees scissored apart. "Oh but you know how boys are Kate...there's certain things that can always make their eyes wander."

Kate turned her head and her and Ashley looked at each other as they lay a few feet apart. "You mean like Mom's sooooft smoooooth legs?"

Kate extended one leg straight out and slowly slid the tiny little bare foot of her other leg across the top of it.

Ashley slipped one of her feet up the leg of Tim's shorts. "That's exactly what I mean."

Kate drew her knees back, brought them together, then parted them again, widening her spread. "They'll pretend like they're not, but we Moms know better."

Like magnets, Alec's eyes were drawn away fron the screen and down between his Mom's legs. The dress was now bunched up at

her waist and he drew in a sharp breath as he caught site of Kate's panty covered crotch.

The gorgeous Mom had on a pair white sheer V string panties. Her pussy was almost completely shaven and a big strip of labial meat pressed up against the nylon fabric.

"Holy shit!" Alec thought.

His eyes traveled up to his Mom's face to find her staring back at him. She fed him that naughty little smile and gave him a cute little wink.

"They'll pretend like they wanna sit there and sneak little peaks at our legs..." Ashley said, sitting up and grabbing her son by the shirt.

She pulled Tim down on top of her. "...When where they really wanna be while they play is down here between them."

"Mom!!" Tim giggled, still struggling with the game controller as he now lay against his Ashley's soft chest.

Ashley wrapped her strong mommy-legs up around him, criss-crossing her little feet, right above his ass.

Kate sat up, just in front of her son. "Is that so?"

"Well then I guess we better not disappoint them," she said, then grabbed Alec by the shirt and pulled him down on top of her.

Alec giggled as he struggled to continue playing with his hands up above Kate's head. Her big titties bobbled against his chest and like Ashley, Kate brought her naked legs up and wrapped them around her son.

Outside, Tom and Jim still stood at the grill.

"Well, I'd say these burgers are just about done," Tom said.

Jim looked over at Claire who sat in a lawn chair flipping through a glam magazine. "Hun, why don't go inside...let everyone know it's chow time."

"Tuh!" Clair rose in a tiff, then went into the **RV**.

She strode down the hallway and heard her mom and Ashley giggling from behind the door, which was cracked open slightly.

Without opening it, Claire peeked inside. What she saw was quite a site...two middle-aged Moms laying side by side, clutching their teenaged Sons between their strong tan legs.

The Boys snickered as they continued playing the game, all the while Kate and Ashley had their faces buried in the boys necks, giving them wet kisses and flailing their experienced tongues against muscles in their necks.

"Fuck me!" Claire whispered to herself.

Flabbergasted, she watched as her Mom kissed up Alec's chin, running her long nails through the back of his hair. Kate tilted his head down and they started to kiss.

Their kisses became longer...more intense, until finally their tongues began to duel.

Claire's eyes traveled to Tim and his Mom who were already making out like a horny young couple.

Aghast, Claire noticed her brothers hips rocking slowly, dry humping his rock hard erection against Kate's genitals. She could see her Mom's heels digging into his ass, the muscles in those smooth dark tan legs flexing as they clutched and pulled.

"**OH MY GOD!**" Claire muttered under her breath, backing away from the door.

Ashley turned her head toward the door and noticed a shadow disappear from the doorway.

Claire stomped from the **RV** up to her father. "You don't fucking believe me...go in there and see for yourself."

"Believe you? What are you talking about?" Jim asked.

"They're down in the bedroom making out Dad...all of them!"

Jim ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. "Claire, **NO**...you gotta stop this!"

"**STOP THIS**?? **OH MY GOD, YOU ARE SOO PATHETIC!**" Claire shouted as she turned and marched towards their **RV**.

Jim fed Tom an embarrassed glance. "I'll go see what the hell she's talking about."

By the time Jim got in the trailer Kate and Ashley were standing in the kitchen innocently munching on chips.

"I keep telling Tom we need two trips like this a year...not just one long one in the summer," Ashley said.

Jim gazed down the hall and saw the Boys sitting against the headboard playing, just as before.

Kate turned towards him. "Hey sweetie, how are those burgers coming?"

"Good uhh, everything's ready," he muttered.

"Perfect. Boy's dinner," Ashley announced as she moved out the door.

Kate moved towards her husband and tenderly rubbed his cheek. "You okay?"

"We really need to have a talk with Claire," he said.

"Oh no...what this time?"

Jim shook his head, clearly frustrated. "These stories...they're just getting outta hand."

"I'll go talk to her," Kate said.

"Maybe I should come too."

"I can handle it...you and Alec stay and eat. We don't wanna be rude," Kate said.

Claire sat on the couch inside the **RV** sulking. The door opened and Kate stepped inside and sat down next to her daughter.

Claire gazed hatefully. "What do you want?"

"To talk," Kate answered.

"About what...how I'm making shit up?"

Kate kept her cool. "No. I wanna talk about what you saw...about what you've been seeing."

"All just innocent affection between mother and son right?"

"If you wanna keep acting like a child...I'll keep talking to you like a child," Kate said sternly.

"I'm not a child, Mom...I'm almost twenty."

"So then you want me to talk to you like a grown woman?" Kate asked.

"Yes."

Kate took her daughter's hand. "Grown women can share secrets. Are you sure you're ready for that?"

Claire thought for a moment, then looked trustingly back at her mother. "I am."

"Okay then...what do you wanna know?" Kate asked.

"What's going on with you and Alec?"

Kate didn't hesitate to answer. "We flirt. We fool around. It hasn't gone any further than that yet."

"Yet?...Are you gonna have sex with him?"

Kate looked down at her lap for a moment, then back up at her daughter. "Yes."

Claire wasn't angry, but curiosity. "Why?"

"Because we're both sexually attracted to each other. " Kate said.

"But Mom, it's Alec...he's your Son."

Kate smiled. "Don't you think I know that?"

"I mean, I've heard that sometimes guys have those thoughts about their Moms, but..."

"But what? Moms can't have those thoughts about their Sons?" Kate asked.

Claire thought it through for a moment. "Well I guess, but...but what about Dad?"

"Well if it weren't for you, young lady, your Dad would be oblivious to everything that's going on between Alec and I. And what your father doesn't know won't hurt him."

Claire got a sad expression. "But don't you feel bad at all? He's your husband."

Kate giggled and moved in closer to her daughter, squeezing her hand. "Honey...if a wife is attracted to her Son, then she cheats on her husband...it's just what we women do."

"But I thought it was wrong to cheat."

"When if it's with another grown man yes...maybe...but this is different. A Mother and Son have a unique bond, that your Father could never understand. Someday...when you have a Son...you'll understand what I mean." Kate explained.

"So you think I'll be attracted to my son...like you and Ashley are to yours?"

Kate smiled and nodded. "Yes I do...but whether you decide to act on it will be completely up to you."

Claire appeared in deep reflection...almost smiling at thought. "Well if I feel the same way about my Son as you do Alex...I probably will."

Kate got a quirky little smile. "You have to admit...your bother **IS** a hottie."

Ashley giggled. "Well, all the girls at school certainly think so."

Kate squeezed her hand. "And what do you think?"

"Yeah, he's cute...I guess," Claire muttered.

"Took all you have to admit that..didn't it?" Kate smiled.

Claire got a bashful expression. "Okay fine...he's a hottie okay?"

"He's king of the hotties, sweatheart...he's an absolute hunk."

Claire excitedly gazed at her Mom. "I guess if I'm honest, I did get sort of a thrill when he took his shirt off at the pool."

"Oh, I know, wasn't he gorgeous?! Those strong arms...that lean chest...that bulge in his shorts...Mmmmm, yummy!!" Kate said bringing her knees together and fanning herself with her free hand.

Both her and her daughter started giggling, like young girls giddy over the cute guy in school.

"Damn, Mom!" Claire exclaimed.

"What, I can't help it...I'm in love with him, alright...and it's not the innocent motherly kind of love either. "

"Well one thing's for sure...he has a big dick," Claire said, making her Mom burst out laughing.

Kate's face was aglow. "Yes, your brother has a very large penis."

"Mom, I'm a woman, remember? You don't have to use little girl words."

"You're right...I'm sorry. Your bother is hung like a fucking stallion...that better?" Kate exclaimed.

Claire laughed. "So you were letting him stroke it...out by the pool?"

"Yes, but after **YOU** ruined our special moment, we forced into the clubhouse...and had to finish off in the girls bathroom."

"What do you mean finish off?" Claire asked.

"Well your brother needed to stroke himself to an orgasm. A boy Alec's age needs to masturbate his cock at least three to four times a day...sometimes more," Kate explained.

"Really? That much...I mean, I know Alec masturbates...but..."

"Your brother's balls are constantly producing sperm and if he doesn't get relief he'll devolop something called blue balls," Kate said.

Claire shared her Mom's look of concern. "I've heard of that. Lots of girls joke about it at school."

"Well, it's no joke," Kate said.

"I know...so is that what you and him did in the **RV**, when we stopped at the station?"

"No," Kate giggled.

"Well what then? You guys had the door locked. You must have been doing something."

Kate smiled a little in reflection. "Your brother wanted to see my boobs....and...I wanted to see his cock and balls."

Claire's eyes got big. "Ohh...well, you must have been surprised to see how big it was huh? I know I was."

"Alec is a very lucky boy. Most grown men wish they had a cock that big," Kate said.

"I thought my boyfriend was big, but Alec's cock looks way bigger."

"He's bigger than your father too...much bigger." Kate said.

Claire's face filled with excited wonder. " How big do you think Alec's cock is, Mom?"

"Well, I don't know...but I'm guessing close to ten inches."

"Wow! My friend Melissa got fucked by a guy that big. She said size does matter," Claire said.

"Well your friend Melissa is right...a big cock makes a huge difference and boys like Alec with the big dicks usually get all the pussies they want."

"Yeah, even their Moms pussies," Claire smiled.

Kate smiled back, squeezing her daughters hand. "Yup, even Moms pussy."

Jim opened the door and stepped inside. "Everything alright in here?"

"Yup, we're fine...in fact, there's something Claire would like to tell you," Kate said, looking at her daughter.

Claire looked at her mom questioningly for a moment, then remembered all they had talked about. "Dad I...I'm sorry. I was upset at Alec and umm...I made all that stuff up about him and Mom."

"Well, I hope you've learned your lesson young lady."

Claire squeezed her Mom's hand. "I have. I definitely have."

"Sweet, now the two of you better get out here before Tom and I finish off these burgers," Jim said.

Alec and Tim moved along a wooded trail near the park. The sun had just gone down and Tim's flashlight was all that lit the way in front of them.

"So how much farther to this campsite?" Alec asked.

Tim was carrying two sleeping bags. "It's right up here."

Alec was hauling a tent and a small ice chest with soda and snacks.

Arriving at a primitive camp site the boys began setting up their tent.

"Bet you'll be glad you don't have to sleep in the **RV** around your cock-bag sister," Tim said.

"That's for sure...although, this **IS** kinda weird dude. You're not gonna go Brokeback Mountain or anything on me, are you?"

Tim burst out laughing. "Oh my God, no way bro...I'm not a queer...hell no! This was my Mom's idea actually."

"Your Mom's idea??"

"Yeah, she's contantly thinking of ways that her and I can get away from my Dad. She's coming up here with your mom in a bit, so we gotta get this shit set up," Tim said.

Alec looked surprised. "They're coming up here?"

"Yeah, your Mom didn't tell you?"

Alec shook his head, confused.

"Yeah dude, they're gonna be up in a little bit to suck on our dicks," Tim said, matter-of-factly.

Alec's heart began to thump hard in his chest. "Are you serious?"

"Of course I'm serious. That's why we....wait a minute, has your Mom even given you head before?"

"No...we only just started messing around about a week ago. The only thing I've really done is jerked off in front of her," Alec said.

Tim continued working on the tent. "Wow, tonight is definitely your lucky night bro! I mean, your Mom is smokin' hot. I thought my Mom's tits were big."

Alec started helping him. "So how long have you and your Mom been fooling around?"

"Since right after I turned 18. She started wearing less and less around the house, especially when my Dad wasn't around."

"So what's it like...having sex with your Mom?" Alec asked.

Tim fed him a beaming smile and shook his head. "Out of this world dude!"

Back at the trailer camp Jim and Tom sat around the fire having beers and sharing exaggerated fishing stories. The women sat inside the **RV** chatting.

"I wonder how those boys are coming along?" Ashley said.

Kate eagerly stood up. "Shall we go check on them?"

"Definitely, but we'll have to be careful. The last time I gave Tim a blowjob Tom nearly walked in on us. What a site that would have been."

"Well, you don't think they'll come up the trail looking for us do you?" Kate asked.

"Well, I certainly hope not. If we're in the tent sucking on the boys dicks we'll never be able to hear our husbands coming."

Kate gazed in at her daughter, who sat in on the bed texting. "I think I have an idea."

A short time later Kate, Ashley and Claire arrived at the boys camp.

Ashley hit the tent with the beam from her flashlight. "There they are."

"Mom, is that you?" Came Tim's voice from inside the tent.

"Yes sweetie, it's us."

Kate turned towards her daughter, as her and Ashley tied their hair back in a ponytail. Claire knew why they were doing this. She often did it herself before giving her boyfriend head.

"We'll be just a little bit. Remember if you hear or see anyone coming up the trail..."

Claire had an unhappy look. "Mom, I don't wanna stay out here with the fucking bugs. Just let me go inside and peek out the tent. I won't watch you guys."

Kate looked at Ashley, who smiled back. "I'm fine with it, but it's really up to you Kate."

"Please, Mom. Little girls wait outside, but you were gonna start treating me like a woman...remember?" Claire said.

Kate looked at her daughter with wonder. "Wow, look at you. You went from tattle-tail to moms little side-kick, just like that."

"Are you proud of me?"

"You bet I am. Come on." Kate said, then the three of them strode towards the tent.

Tim and Alec were lounging on their sleeping bags. Both rose eagerly onto their elbows as the tent unzipped and Ashley and Kate climbed inside.

"Well what have we here? If it isn't a couple of gorgeous teenaged boys." Kate said.

As the ladies crawled towards them Alec saw his sister climb in behind them and zip the door closed. "What the hell's she doing here?"

"It's okay, sweetie. Claire and I had a chat and she's not gonna act like a little girl anymore."

"I'm here for mom and Ashley...to be their lookout...and don't worry, I'm not gonna watch," Claire said.

Alec still looked concerned. "But mom, she could tell dad."

"Were you not listening to what Mom said, dweeb? Mom explained to me what's going on between her and you and I'm on her side now. Got it?"

Alec gave his Mom another baffled look and she gave a him a nodding smile in return. "Ok I guess."

Claire peeked out a little slit she left unzipped. "Good, so just...do your thing and I'll watch the trail."

Ashley turned the flashlight off, leaving the tent barely illuminated from the moonlight outside. Claire heard the Boys and Moms start to kiss and **MOAN**.

Alec sighed as he was smothered by his Mom's voluptuous body. He felt the spongy softness of her braless tits flatten against his chest as they began to make out like horny newlyweds.

This was new and exciting territory for Alec and Kate, but Ashley and Tim were in their already in their established element. Their tongues rolled and twisted together wildly as Tim rolled his mom over onto her back, the sizeable bulge in his shorts settling down between her legs.

Claire knew she promised not to look, but couldn't help but take a peek. Besides, she knew it was dark and they wouldn't know if she was watching.

Against the side of the tent, she could see the sillouttes of their bodies, entwined with lust. She could see the shadow of her Mom's head bury itself into Alec's neck and heard her bother **GASP** as Kate began to flail her strong experienced tongue against his flesh.

Claire saw the silloutte of Ashley's naked legs as they slid up and wrapped tightly around her Son's frame, clutching him as their bodies rocked, grinding their genitals.

"Holy shit!" Claire thought, as her heart began to thump with unexpected excitement.

After their five minute dry-humping makeout session the two Moms slid beside their Sons and pulled their shorts off. Their big jutting dicks sprung free and stuck straight up long and proud.

Alec felt his Mom clutch his rod and gently stroke it's length. He gazed down and watched the shadow of her head descend towards his groin. His body reacted with a spasm as Kate planted wet little kisses alond the girthy underside of his shaft. She continued all the way down to his baby-smooth balls.

Kate nuzzled her face into the soft of his scrotum, his nuts bulging against the side of her cheeks. The loving Mom inhaled deeply and her eyes rolled back with delight as the young verile aroma filled her lungs.

"Mmmmm." She moaned.

She drug her tongue along the bulging vein along the base, then up and over his bell-shaped head. Alec felt her hot mouth consume him, her pink tongue probed the end of his peter, tracing it's shape as it circled the engorged bulb.

Alec shuttered as her tongue went into flutter-mode. As it did, her mouth dropped further and further, feeding on his rod. The lucky

boy's heart raced as he felt his entire length sink into his Mom's throat. Amazingly, Kate's lips sank all the way to his scrotum.

Before long both Moms sucked greedily on the straining young pricks. Claire stared on in awe as she saw the sillouted heads of both women bobbing up and down. It was hard to believe it was her own Mom and Brother.

The tent was filled with wet slurping sounds as both mouths sucked hungrily on the pulsing slabs of flesh.

Alec's cock leaked and throbbed in his Mom's mouth. His hips worked up and down, meeting her sucking strokes. The heat of her mouth and twirling tongue was out of this world.

"Oh Mom!" He groaned.

With her lips pressed around the base, Ashley made a lewd throaty **GURGLING** sound as she felt her son's bloated cock in her throat. She whimpered softly as she fed on his throbbing meat with desperate hunger.

As she listened to the Boys **GROAN** and watched the cock-starved Moms work their magic, Claire felt her pussy throb between her legs. Almost with a mind of its own, her hand crept inside her panties and her middle finger began to do little circles against her quivering clit.

Alec gazed down to see the shadow of his own Mom's head rise and fall vigorously. He could feel her tiny hand now clutching the base of his cock, jerking that portion, while she fed on the rest. His boiling balls flopped up and down from the power of Kate's clutching hand and mouth.

Ashley's cheeks hallowed as she provided a suction tight seal for her Son to fuck. Up and down she worked, using all the hot tricks she knew to make her sons prick throb and quiver against her circling lips.

The Boys could smell the strong pungent aroma of wet pussy. All three women's cunts were hot and swampy, craving the strong slabs of teenaged fuck-meat.

Tim whimpered, thrusting his loins and forcing his cock deeper and deeper into his Mom's hot throat. Ashley sucked harder, enveloping every inch of his thick member.

"**OH MY GOD!**" Tim groaned as hot bubbling jism began to erupt from his cock and down his Mom's throat.

Kate too was moving with such a deep steady rhythem that she literally sucked her Son's cum right out of his balls.

"**OHH YEAH!**" Alec cried as rockets of cock-milk began to pulse from his peter.

Claire's mouth fell open and a quivering orgasm ripped through her. She imagined the intense sensations her Brother must be feeling against his glans as she watched her Mom suck like only an experienced women could.

Long thick ropes of hot jism pulsed from their piss-slits, soaking their Mother's throats. The Boys bodies bucked and quivered as the hot lips and tongues milked their quivering organs, sucking and pulling at their young dongs.

Even after they were drained dry, Kate and Ashley nursed on their cocks tenderly, feeling the quivering meat deflate slightly in their mouths.

"Mmmm...yum!" Ashley finally said.

Both her and Kate crawled up and gave them a few quick kisses, then turned and moved towards the exit.

"Goodnight boys," Kate said seductively as the ladies made their way out.

The women returned to the trailer camp about an hour after they left. Their hair was back down and they giggled, chatting as they walked.

"There you girls are," Tom said.

Ashley stepped up next to her husband. "The boys have their tent all set up. Sure is buggy up there though."

Tom smiled at Jim. "Well I'm sure they feel better now that their mommies have checked up on them."

"I think so...what do you think Kate?" Ashley said, sharing a smile with the other Mom.

Kate winked back at Ashley. "I think they seemed very releaved by our visit."

Claire began to snicker and Jim watched her move towards the **RV**.

"Well it's nice to see her a little happier. Your chat must have worked."

"True...I don't think you'll have to worry about her making up those silly stories anymore." Kate said.

"Well thank God for that. Imagine her hating her brother so much that she'd make that shit up about you and him."

Kate shared a meaningful smile with Ashley. "I know, right."

Ashley rubbed her husband's shoulder. "Honey, Kate had an idea that I really liked. Since we've all become such good friends, maybe we can travel and spend the rest of our vacation time together."

"It's okay by me," Jim said.

Tom patted his wife on the leg. "Well it does sound like a good time....and if that's what everyone wants, then who am I to spoil the fun."

Late that night, Alec woke to a text message. He opened it to find a picture sent from his Mom. It was taken at waist level, with her peeking down at the camera over the swell of her mountainous breasts. Her nipples poked out, huge and engorged. Her hair was slightly disheveled, like she had just gotten up to use the bathroom. The dreamy look of love in her eyes was unmistakable.

"**I WANT U**," it said beneath the picture.

Alec's cock immediately stiffened.

The next morning Tim and Alec made their way back to the **RV** camp.

"Im gonna get a shower dude," Alec said.

Tim headed towards his family's trailer. "Yeah, me too. See you in awhile bro."

Alec enetered the **RV** and saw his sister sitting on the sofa reading her glam magazine. She flashed him a look and couldn't help but smile.

He noticed that Claire was wearing nothing but a pair of skimpy boy shorts with pink polka dots and a wife beater t-shirt. She was built a lot like their mother...shapely tan legs, a full luscious buttocks and large teenaged breasts. And although her tits weren't nearly as big as Kate's, they were large enough to turn the heads and harden the cocks of just about every guy at her school.

"Where's Mom and Dad?" Alec asked.

She faked concentration on her magazine page. "Mom's in her room...Dad's next door."

Alec moved towards the bathroom. "I need a shower."

His parents bedroom door opened and Kate stepped out, meeting her Son near the bathroom entry. The big busted mom was wearing a pale pink silk button-up nightshirt. It fell just below her ass, leaving those gorgeous legs on display.

She fed her son a flirty little smile. "Hi."

"Hi." Alec answered, feeling a tad bit uncomfortable due to the events of the night before.

"Headed into the bathroom?" Kate asked.

"Yeah."

Kate glanced at his chest, then back into his eyes. "Me too."

"Oh, go ahead, Mom...I'll wait."

She smiled lovingly, revealing her gleaming white teeth. "That's ok...you go first."

"No really, Mom. I don't mind waiting."

Kate giggled, then fed her son a playful gaze. "We could go in together," she said, raising an eyebrow.

Claire's mouth fell open as she peeked over her magazine, listening in to their conversation.

Alec giggled. "Mom, that bathroom's tiny, there's no way."

Kate moved in close to her Son, placing her hands against his strong shoulders. "Well, once we're in there you could lift me up and I

could wrap my legs around you. Then we'd have plenty of space to do...whatever."

She rose up on the tip-toes of her cute little bare feet, her smooth legs flexing, then gave her son a soft peck on the lips.

Kate dropped one of her hands and Alec felt it gently take hold of one of his. She looked over at her daughter, who was blatantly staring at this point. "Claire?"

"I know, I know...I'll watch for Dad," Claire said.

"Thank you," Kate whispered, then led her son into the tiny bathroom.

Once inside, she closed the door behind her. There wasn't much floor space between the toilet and tiny shower. For a moment Mom and Son just stood there facing each other.

"Take off your shorts," She whispered as she reached under her nightshirt and slid her dainty little pale-pink panties down her luscious legs.

Alec dropped his shorts and and his big bobbing peter stuck straight out hard and proud.

Kate gazed down at it. "Well, there's certainly no room for that big thing out here. Guess you'll have to put it inside me."

Alec's mouth fell open, his heart racing with excitement. "S-s-seriously?"

Kate gazed at him, bit her bottom lip and nodded willingly. Just the site of this doting brown-eyed beauty made Alec's cock flex, arcing at an upward angle. It's big blue veins bulged obscenely along the meaty cock-shaft. The shiny bell-shaped head expanded as it ballooned with blood.

Claire quickly moved to the bathroom, sticking her ear to the door. She heard some movement coming from inside, but it was impossible to tell what was going on. Impatiently, she cracked the door just a tad and peeked in on them.

Alec was holding Kate up off the floor. Her gorgeous tan legs were wrapped around him, her arms thrown around his neck as they kissed hungrily.

Unsteadily, Alec took a few steps sideways then turned, pinning Kate against the wall. Claire saw her Mom reach down between them, grasping her brother's quivering rod.

Claire heard her Mom's voice quiver. "I need you."

The young teen felt his cock being guided to Kate's juice-slickened hole, his nob prodded and slipped through the steaming fleshy layers of labial meat until he felt it pop into the scalding mouth of her vagina.

Claire watched her brother's throbbing dong slowly disappear inside their mother, Kate's shaved pubic lips stretching around it's girth.

"Ohhhhh God!" Kate moaned.

Her inner rings contracted around the stalk, molding to its contours as the strong teenaged erection slithered deeper and deeper along her coital walls.

Kate pushed her pelvis forward and Alec **GROANED** in delight as he felt the rest of his cock sink into the throat of hot pink fleshy love. Her cuntlips were now plastered to the hairless hilt of his cockshaft, Alec's balls resting snuggly under his mom's ass.

For a long moment they remained still, locked and clinging in full penetration. Alec's cock was so fucking hard that Kate could feel his excited heart beat pulsing through his organ. She tightened her

spongy box around his fat prod, gripping it and smothering it with hot slippery fuck-oil.

"**UUUNGHH!**" Alec whimpered.

Somehow, he knew that his Mom was communicating to him through her cunt. By her squeezing this way, it was as if some primitive maternal signal was being sent through his cock to his brain, saying "it's okay now...you're home."

"Fuck me!" Kate whispered desperately.

Alec set his hips in motion, sawing his big peter up and down his Mom's birth canal. His hands tightened on the soft warm flesh of her thighs as he held her up, lodged against the wall.

Kate rocked her experienced pelvis into her son, meeting his thrusts. "**OHHH YEAH!**"

She ripped her nightshirt open. Buttons flew everywhere as her big mommy-tits began to bounce and slosh against her son's lean young chest.

Alec groaned, as he felt her warm voluptuous softness clutch onto him, urging him to fuck the shit out of her. "Oh God, Mom!"

Claire watched their bodies pound together. She could see her brother's balls swinging wildly as he thrust his big peter in and out of their Mom's hot sucking hole.

Kate's strong silky legs were grasping at his young body like a mother-spider clutching onto its prey. Their bodies bucked and thrashed, writhing in the heat of the fuck.

"Holy shit!" Claire thought, as her hand crept inside her boy shorts.

Alec **GASPED** in pleasure. His whole world was centered around his cock and balls. His fingers sunk into the smooth firm flesh of her thighs. Kate churned and ground her hips, fucking every inch of her Son's strong quivering pecker deep inside boiling cunt. Her outstretched pussy-lips smacked against his hairless hilt as beads of fuck-honey lathered his phallis and dripped from his swinging scrotum.

The young teen could feel his Mom's tight coital walls squeezing and rippling, her pink soft inner flesh smothering the sturdy battering ram as it carved through the velvety pocket, packing it full of long beefy dick.

"Ohhhh sweetie, I'm gonna cum! Don't stop! Oh please don't stop!" Kate whimpered.

Hearing that his mom was going to cum on his dick gave Alec a sudden surge of overwhelming confidence. He wanted nothing more than to impress the shit out of his gorgeous Mom, so he increased his tempo, bucking his hips wildly.

"**OHHHHH SHIT!**" Kate screamed, startling Claire as she crouched at the doorway frigging her clit.

The girl was in awe of her younger brother. He held their Mom up with ease and like a porn star, was fucking the hell out of her.

"**OH, OH, OH, GOD...I'M CUMMING! OH BABY!**" Kate cried.

With a loud wail Kate flexed her cunt around her son's cock as she began to cum in a shuddering wave of rippling flesh.

The increased friction on Alec's penis sent him to another level of wild euphoric pleasure. His Mom's love-box seemed to be pulsing against his glans in a tight bubbling grip.

Alec **GRUNTED** and Kate felt his prick swell as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss rocked her body.

"**OH MOM, I'M GONNA SQUIRT!**" Alec grunted.

Thick ropes of jism churned inside Kate's clutching sheath as they spewed hot and milky from Alec's deep thrusting lance.

Even Claire's pussy quivered with orgasm as she watched her Mom and Brother's bodies shiver and thrash almost violently.

"Ohhh fuck!" She whimpered.

After a few minutes of kissing and grinding, Kate stroked Alec's cheek tenderly. "Oh sweetie, your body's shaking. You better put me down."

Alec eased his Mom onto the floor and leaned against her as they embraced against the bathroom wall. She caressed the back head with her her long nails as he lay his head against her neck, catching his breath.

Alec's softening pecker slithered from Kate's twat making a creamy, throaty plopping sound as it slipped out the gooey mouth of her vagina. It was followed by a thick frothy stream of fuck-cream.

"Wow, that was...uh...amazing," Alec muttered.

Kate gazed at him, with hearts for pupils. "**YOU** were amazing."

"No, I mean it mom...I've done it with my girfriend a couple times, but it felt nothing like that."

Kate smiled, stroking his head. "Well, your girlfriend is still young, love"

Alec let out a long drawn-out **SIGH**. "The way you were squeezing and making it ripple around me...how did you do that?"

"Years of experience, sweetheart. Ask any guy and they'll tell you...no one can fuck like a middle-aged Mom can."

Claire pulled opened the door. "Not true!"

"Well...not always," she said, standing in the doorway awkwardly.

Alec did his best to cover his cock with his hand. "Geez, ever hear of knocking?"

"Give me a break...I saw the whole thing."

"What are you a perv or something?" Alec asked.

Claire giggled. "You're one to talk...motherfucker."

"Claire!" Kate chided.

"I may not be your age Mom, but I have had a lot of experience. In fact, I've had guys tell me I'm the best cocksucker they're ever had."

Alec laughed. "Yeah and I'm sure they say that to every girl."

"I'm sure you're wrong," Claire glared, placing her hands on her hips.

Alec noticed the way his sister's large breasts were jutting out. He could clearly see her protruding nipples and the pink circles of areola through the tight wife-beater top. "Bet I'm not wrong."

"What, you think just because you have a big cock and that you've had Mom suck on it that you know everything...well you don't."

Kate put her hands on her hips and glared at her daughter defensively. "Well it seems to me, Claire that I've been sucking cock for over twenty years. I don't wanna burst your bubble, sweetheart, but I'm pretty sure that I can out suck a 19 year old girl."

"Okay, then prove it," Claire said.

Claire's eyes got big, as if she couldn't believe what just came out of her mouth. Kate too looked surprised, but Alec most of all.

Kate folded her arms under her huge drooping breasts, looking at her daughter defiantly. "Ok...you wanna challenge me...fine, come in and close the door."

"Fine!" Claire said, doing as her mom asked.

Alec looked at his Mom like she was crazy. "Wait a minute, Mom are you sure we..."

"No, it's okay, sweetie. We'll let **YOU** be the judge of who's better at sucking dick...me or your sister."

Both women knelt in front of Alec, who stood there looking down at them in disbelief.

With a little hesitation, Claire reached out and wrapped her tiny hand around the base of her brother's dong. His entire cock still glistened with fresh fuck juice.

She gulped nervously as she stared at the massive barbed head, huge and engorged. She slowly slipped it into her mouth and let her tongue slither around on it's smooth sweet-tasting surface.

Alec felt her tongue twist up underneath his bulb and wiggle against his frenum. This caused him to shiver and **SIGH** with excited plessure.

Kate rubbed his leg tenderly, gazing up with a smile at the pleasure washed across his face. "Well, little miss hotshot, I think you're doing something right already."

"Umm-hmm," Claire hummed, pushing her ovaled lips down around the throbbing prick-shaft.

Kate looked on as her daughter sucked hungrily on the meaty dick, while jacking the bottom half with a nice tight grip. Alec's big hairless scrotum swung back and forth as his sister clutched and tugged on the hardening phallus.

Alec watched his sister's face as she fed on his prick. Her eyes were closed and she let out hungry little whimpers as she sucked, like a starving baby nursing on a bottle.

He could feel her soft tongue slipping up and down the underside of his shaft. She relaxed her throat and **GURGLED** obscenely as she took him as deep as she could.

"There's still some left. Come on, Claire...take it all," Kate urged.

As hard as Claire tried she couldn't take all of the massive peter into her mouth, leaving about two inches unswallowed.

When she removed the dick to catch her breath, Kate moved in, taking one long wet lick along the length of the bulging pipe. When she reached the flaring head, the tip of her tongue began to wiggle wildly against the glans.

Alec's legs went weak. "Holy shit."

The blowjob Alec got in the tent was in darkness, but now he was watching his own Mom lick his big horny cock and it was the most amazing site he'd ever seen.

She wrapped her hand around the root and fed his peter into her mouth, which felt boiling hot. Kate gave it a few quick stroking sucks, then let it **POP** from her mouth.

The horny Mom gazed at the big purple tip with hungry eyes, then let her long pink tongue flail around it. Again, she stabbed the meat into her mouth and sucked greedily. "Mmmmmm."

Claire looked on, in awe as she watched her Mother's mouth drop further and further with each stroke of her brother's shaft. Kate's lips slid up to the head, then drove forward until his entire dong disappeared.

Claire's mouth fell open as she watched her mom's lips become plastered against Alec's hairless hilt, his balls resting against her chin. The boys knees buckled.

"Ugghh!" Alec sighed.

"Holy shit!" Claire whispered, realizing she was being completely outdone.

Kate bobbed her head up and back, sucking the big throbbing boner with deep slobbery strokes. Alec groaned. "O-h-h-h wow, Mom!"

The giant prong throbbed and oozed between her ovaled lips. Again she took him deep, making lewd gurgling sounds as she pounded her lips repeatedly into his crotch.

Alec whimpered with pleasure as he felt his rod plunging in and out of his Mom's throat. All at once Kate pulled the glistening rod from her mouth and offered it to her daughter. "Give up already?"

Claire rolled her eyes. "No fucking chance!"

She grabbed the dick at the root and sucked it into her mouth. The cock-hungry 19 year old stroked and fed on its girthy meat.

"That's my girl," Kate smiled proudly.

Alec peered down to find his mom smiling up at him. "You ready to have those big beautiful balls sucked on?"

He was in too much pleasure to speak and could only nod.

While her daughter face-fucked her Son's dick, Kate buried her face up between his legs, attacking his scrotum with her tongue. Alec felt her suck one of his testicles into her mouth, swirling her hot pink snake around it.

The lucky teen looked towards the bathroom door as he heard the front door to the trailer close. "I think that's dad."

Despite the warning the horny mother-daughter duo continued to feed on Alec's genitals. Even as a **KNOCK** came at the door their heads remained buried in his crotch. They were savoring the taste of cock and balls and nothing was gonna pull them away.

"Kate, you in there?" They heard Jim ask.

Alec tried to keep his voice from quivering. "No, just me, Dad."

"Where's your mom and Claire?" Jim asked.

Alec heard his sister let out a throaty **GURGLE** and looked down to see his entire shlong completely enveloped...her lips stretched obscenely around the root of its shaft. He felt both balls and his entire scrotum sack sink into his Mom's warm slobbery mouth and her lips press up against his taint. He put his hands behind both womens heads and let out a shivering sigh.

"I don't know. I think they went down to shower at the clubhouse."

"Well when you see them tell 'em to come next door. Tom and I are making breakfast." Jim said.

"Will do, Dad."

As Claire deep throated her brother's cock a stream a spit and precum burbled from her lips and ran down her chin.

With her Son's nut-sack stuffed in her mouth, Kate attacked the tender eggs with her tongue, battering them with strong wet licks. She let out a long drawn-out moan, "Mmmmmmmmmmm!" Alec felt the vibration of her circled lips around the base of his scrotum.

Claire's head bobbed up and back, rolling her tongue along the thick throbbing hardness.

Before long, Alec felt his balls plop from his Mom's mouth and she joined his sister at his phallis. "Come on gready-butt, share your bother's dick."

The glistening rod slipped out of Claire's mouth and she let her lips drag down the side of its girthy shaft. Kate took hold of it by the root and slid her lips and tongue along the other side so both mother and daughter were washing the boner with long wet licks.

"Mmmm, such a yummy dick!" Claire whimpered.

They took turns nursing on the big barbed cock-head. Kate sucked and slurped on his knob, scrubbing it's smooth plumb-shaped surface with her tongue. As soon as Alec's cock **POPPED** from one mouth, the other mouth was there to gobble it up.

"That's it, sweetie...suck on that big throbbing baby-maker," Kate urged.

As they gorged on the quivering peter, Kate and Claire would look up into Alec's eyes, savoring his reaction. As they did this it struck him how truly similar they were. Their gleaming brown eyes, their facial features. Even the pouty pink lips circling his meat looked the same. One was just a young, less experienced version of the other.

"Soo fucking big...soo fucking juicy!" Claire whined, sliding her lips across the creamy head.

Both women were blowing his socks of with their cock-sucking skills, but he knew that Kate, hands down, had his Sister beat. His Mom was sucking his cock in a way that he never imagined possible. He could feel the maturity and experience in her mouth and tongue so that each time her lips sunk to his balls he felt as through his meat was melting in her mouth.

He felt his sister squeeze and tug at his balls with her tiny hand. "Do you like that little Brother? Do you like to have those nuts squeezed and pulled?"

"Claire, keep stroking your Bother's balls with your fingers. I'm gonna get him close and then we'll share his load," Kate said.

"Okay, Momma," Claire answered.

Kate smiled up at her son. "Ready for Mom to bring you off, hotshot?"

He gulped anxiously. "Okay."

Kate planted a soft kiss against his piss-slit, reared her head back alittle, then drove her mouth forward. Her luciuous lips stretched in a perfect circle as they lowered down the vein-encrusted rod, stopping against her hand, which was still clamped around the base.

Alec's knees buckled as his mom went to work on his teenaged prick, her gripping, tugging hand and hot fucking mouth working in unisone. Even Claire was awestuck as she watched her mom hungrily feed on the big dick.

"**GGGNNNNFFFFF!!!!**" Lewd throaty, sluping sounds escaped from Kate's mouth as her lips moved back and forth over three-quarters

of her son's length. She flexed her strong tongue, letting it drag along the underside, plowing back and forth across his frenum.

"Oh yeah, Mom, suck me off!"

The middle-aged mom slowly increased her tempo until she was sucking at an unbelievable pace. Her long dark hair was flying. Saliva and bubbly precum oozed from the corners of her mouth and dripped from her chin.

"**OHHHH GODDAMN!**" Alec groaned, throwing his head back.

His peter throbbed and twitched as his mom literally fucked it with her hot mouth. It sent an electric jolt to his balls and Claire felt them jump between her fingers. "Mom, I think he's gonna cum," she said, feeling the scrotum tighten in her tiny hand.

Alec's legs began to tremble as he reached the edge of climax. "**OHHH S-S-S-SHIT!**"

Kate felt his cock flex in her mouth and the fist long rope of milky semen squirt from his piss-hole, straight down her throat.

She slipped her mouth from his pulsing pecker and Claire's lips dropped over gooey cock-head just as a second blast erupted, splashing across her tongue. The cock-hungry teen sucked with everything she had as two more long bubbling strands of spunk fulled her mouth.

Alec **GROANED** as his body reeled with intense pleasure. "**OHH, OHHH FUCK, EAT MY LOAD!!**"

With her hand still squeezing and tugging at the root, Kate pulled the erupting dong from her daughters mouth. "**I WANT MORE CUM**," she cried as she gobbled it up.

Alec's body trembled as Kate milked his lance, pulling what seemed like a never ending stream of fresh spunk from his nuts.

Mmmmmmmmnnnffff!!" Kate whimpered.

For a good two minutes mother and daughter took turns washing the teenaged dong with their mouths, nursing every fucking drop of cum they could get.

Kate finally smiled at he daughter. "Well, I think it's pretty obvious that you and I work much better as a team than against each other, don't you, young lady."

Kate smiled back as they both stood up. "I think you're right."

Kate's hand still slowly stroked his deflating prick. "And what do you think mister?"

Alec could hardly speak. "Whatever you say, Mom."

Both women giggled.

Later that morning the two families hit the open road, pulling their luxury **RV**'s behind them. With the exception of sharing a few flirty looks, Kate and Alec behaved themselves for awhile.

Alec was listening to tunes when he got a text from Tim.

TIM: **HEY DUDE, I THINK YOUR MOM AND MY MOM ARE UP TO SOMETHING ALEC**: **WHAT DO U MEAN**?

Alec looked up front and could see his mom texting someone, presumably Ashley.

TIM: **NOT SURE BUT I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL BE GETTING OUR DICKS WET HERE SOON** About a half-hour later the families pulled their rigs into a small station for filling.

Jim was topping the tank off when his wife approached. Kate wore a white pleated mini-skirt with matching platform thong sandals. Her upper half was covered by a blue V-neck tank top, leaving plenty of bulging cleavage exposed.

"Honey, I think the boys are bored out of their minds."

"Well, not much I can do about that," Jim said.

Kate gingerly rubbed his shoulder. "What about letting them hang out back in the **RV** while we travel...play some video games or something?"

"Kate, you know that's dangerous....not to mention against the law."

Kate rolled her eyes. "Ohh spare me, Jim, what are the chances of something happening...or us getting caught with them back there...really?"

"Honey, you know I don't like..." he started, but then Kate cut him off.

"Ashley and I will ride back there with them and make sure they don't get into mischief."

"I'm not concerned about that, I just..." Jim started.

"Well I am. I work hard to keep that **RV** clean. I don't want them going back there and messing it up. Besides that'll give you and Claire a chance to talk. She really feels bad about making up all those lies yesterday."

Jim laughed. "Oh thanks, stick me with the cranky teenaged girl for the next three hours."

Kate moved in and pressed her tits against her husbands chest. What man could resist her charms.

"Jim, she loves you...and I love you to," Kate said, giving him a sensual peck on the lips.

"Well, make sure you tell the boys no horeplay back there...I mean it."

Kate rubbed him reassuringly. "Sweetie, just relax. Ashley and I will keep them in line if we need to, but I'm sure they'll be quite preoccupied the rest of the ride."

The boys and Claire came out of the store to find their moms waiting by the open door of the **RV**. Kate and Ashley whispered to each other and giggling like excited school girls. Ashley was wearing a pair of denim hipster shorts, a blue tube top and cute little flip-flops. She looked at the goods her son had bought. "Oh my God, you and that nasty Red Bull."

"It gives me wings," Tim joked.

Ashley fed him a naughty grin, showing her pearly whites, as her and Kate sashayed towards them. "Good, you're gonna need those wings."

"What do you mean?"

Kate stepped up to her son and gently drug her nails up his arm. "What she means is, you two cuties are riding with us Moms back in the **RV** for the next few hours."

Alec's heart began to thump with excitement. "We are?"

"Yup, you're going back there to play...and we're keeping an eye on you," Kate said, with a mischievous grin.

Tim got a cocky smile. "Sweet"

Ashley pointed at the **RV**. "Now get those cute little butts in there."

Tim and Alec flashed each other a smile and hurried inside the trailer.

Claire stepped up to her mom. "What about me. Can I ride back there with you guys?"

"Sweetie, Ashley and I want some alone time with the boys. Sit up front with your dad and keep him company okay?"

Claire frowned, "Mom, it's not fair...you guys are gonna have sex with them back there, aren't you?"

"Claire, come on now...I think I've been pretty fair about you being involved up until this point. Your brother and I need some time alone."

"But you won't be alone...Ashley and Tim will be in there," Claire said.

"You know what I mean," Kate said, loving yet sternly.

Claire lowered with sadness. "I know."

Kate planted a kiss on her daughters forehead. "I'll see you in a few hours, sweetie."

The rigs pulled out onto the open road as they continued their journey.

Inside the **RV** Kate and Ashley found the boys in the bedroom, spralled out on the bed drinking their sodas.

"Get those sodas off my bed you little Rugrats!" Kate playfully scolded.

"That's right, **OUT!** We need to get ready," Ashley said.

Tim said as he and Alec scrambled out of the room. "Fine."

Kate gave her son a playful swat as he passed. "And get those fucking clothes off. We'll be ready in a few minutes."

Inside the truck Claire sat up front with her dad. Jim glanced over at her. There was an oldies tune on the radio and he patted his hand on the stearing wheel to the beat.

"So you uhh..still feeling guilty about yesterday?"

Claire giggled under her breath. "I guess."

"Look, honey, it's normal for a brother and sister to fight. Hell I came close to killing my sisters countless times growing up."

Claire seemed to have something else on her mind. "Dad, can I ask you something?"

"Of course you can."

"And you won't think it's weird that I'm asking this?" Claire said awkwardly.

"Well that depends on what your asking I guess," he said.

"Were you and Grandma close...when you were growing up?"

Jim smiled. "Well of course we were close, she was my mother, honey."

"Did she ever fool around with you?"

Jim got an awkward expression. "Fool around?"

"You know...stroke you...or suck on you...when Grandpa wasn't around?"

Jim let out a surprised chuckle. "Oh Claire, we're not going down that road again, are we?"

Claire seemed to be sulking as she stared out the window. "Well I suppose if she did, you wouldn't tell me. Probably because you still see me as a little girl...even though I'm almost twenty. Mom's starting to talk to me like an adult. It would sure be nice if you would too."

Jim glanced across at his daughter. He took a second to admire the long tan legs which were folded up on the seat beside her. Her cute little bare feet with pink painted toenails. The large swell of her developing breasts. She was truly a younger version of the love of his life.

Back in the **RV** the boys sat naked on the sofa waiting.

"**BOOOYYYSS!**" Ashley's sexy voice called out seductively.

Tim and Alec quickly sat up, gazing towards the bedroom. "Yeah??"

Again, they heard Ashley's voice from behind the closed door. "Come to the door, but don't open it."

The anxious young men rushed acrossed the trailer, their big hard-ons bobbing up and down with anticipation.

They stopped at the door, "Now what?" Tim asked.

This time it was Kate's voice they heard. "Here's how this works...

When we say peek in, you open the door, but don't come inside. We'll let you jack your cocks for one minute, then you close the door again...understand?"

Tim shared an eager smile with Alec. "Ummm, okay."

"Peek in," Kate said.

Tim opened the door and the boys both gasped with excitement as they found their moms standing at opposite sides of the room, at

the foot of the bed. They were both completely naked, standing in identical poses, with their hands on their hips, big tits thrust out proudly.

One sexy leg was cocked out in front of them, slightly bent at the knee. The foot of that leg was arched, their sexy little toes squatting against the foor.

"Holy shit!" Alec said as he and Tim began stroking the heads of their leaking peters.

Alec looked his mom in the face and she smiled and winked back at him. His eyes traveled down her huge slopping breasts and across her thick round areola and nipples. He then lowered his sites on the flat of her tummy, across her navel and paused at her mound of venus, which was covered by just a tiny of patch of thin pubic fuzz.

Her pussy looked so cute and delicate, yet he knew that between the swell of her outer lips was layers of pink flesh and a wet slippery hole that could swallow his big dick to the root.

Ashley smiled hungrily as she watched them stroke. "That's it boys...pull on those big dicks."

Even though there was another naked woman in the room Alec couldn't tear his eyes away from his own voluptuous mom. He beat his meat with hard fast strokes.

Kate wet her lips with her tongue as she watched the fat shiny bulb slip through her son's hand. His long vein-covered shaft looked so strong and sturdy as it stretched way out from his hairless abdomen.

"Time's up...**OUT!**" Ashley said with a giggle.

The boys backed out of the doorway and pulled the door closed.

Tim leaned back against the wall, still pulling on his rod. "Holy fuck, dude!"

"I know right," Alec answered, nearly out of breath.

They didn't have to wait long.

"Ok sweethearts...peek in." Kate called out.

Tim opened the door and he and Alec's eyes got big as they saw the moms on the bed, facing away from them, on their hands and knees. Each was displaying her meaty buttocks, the cheeks of which were slightly parted so the boys could see the puckered ring of their butt holes. Both snatches were completely shaven and slightly splayed open, revealing layers of pink pussy-meat.

The sexy moms looked back over their shoulders, watching the boys gawk and pull on their throbbing dongs. "Oh Kate, just look at those hot teenaged dicks."

"Mmmm, aren't they beautiful," Kate said, watching her son's rod slip through his cum-coated fist.

Ashley giggled, shaking her ass. "I think they like what they see."

Tim watched his mom's sexy bare bottom swing back and forth teasingly. "Oh damn!"

Alec could see the backs of his mom's huge hanging tits, which seemed to bobble slightly as they dangled.

"Well we didn't lie to our husbands about the boys being back here playing with their joysticks," Kate said.

Ashley giggled. "And we did say we'd watch them close, which wasn't a lie either."

Kate winked at her son. "Time's up boys."

The two excited teens backed out of the entry and closed the door. Both continued stroking, looking at each other and shaking their heads as they waited for the next invitation.

"Peek in."

This time both moms were on their backs, their legs pulled back, bent at the knees. Alec's mouth fell open as he gawked at his mom's spread. Her smooth tan inner thighs looked so soft and inviting. Her fleshy labial curtains were folded open, revealing the mouth of her creamy pit.

Ashley arched her back, thusting her tits up, which were rolled slightly off the sides of her chest. She bit her bottom lip as she gazed into her son's eyes naughtily. "You boys can come in this time. Stand at the edge of the bed and keep jacking your dicks."

Tim and Alec stepped over to the foot of the bed and gazed down at the middle-aged beauties. Their relentless stroking created a lewd creamy sound as their peters were naturally lubricated by all the slippey pre-cum.

Keeping her knees thrown back, Kate used her forearms to scoot towards her son. She slid her ass right to the edge of the bed so that he was now between her legs, masturbating over her. Their eyes locked together and she smiled mischievously as she studied his arousal. "Well Ashley, I think these handsome boys like being alone in the **RV** with their mommies."

Ashley legs unfolded slowly as she threw them back into a huge spread eagle. Her little bare feet were flexed and pointed to opposite ends of the room. This made Tim **SIGH** excitedly and increase his cock-stroking tempo. "I think you're right."

As Kate and Alec remained lost in each others eyes, Kate rested the heels of her feet against his ass, trapping him between her strong

silky legs. His dick was directly above her drooling cunt and a bead of precum dribbled down and struck her inflamed clit.

"Our poor baby boys have been suffering on this trip. Boys their age need to stroke their hard cocks as often as they can," Kate said.

Ashley gazed at her son from between her outstretched legs.

"That's why they have loving moms...to make sure they pull on those hard dicks and keep those balls drained, right sweetie."

Tim's voice was shaky from the force of his strokes. "Uh-huh."

"And there's just soooo many ways we can drain them too," Kate said.

"With our hands," Ashley said, as she did a stroking off motion with her tiny hand.

Kate rapidly fluttered her pink snake between her ovaled lips. "Or our lips and tongues."

"We can use our pussies," Ashley said, spreading her fleshy flower open with her fingers.

Tim's body shuddered as he gazed down into her gaping fuck-hole.

Kate used her hands to slap her huge tits together. "Or our big soft titties."

Alec's cock twitched and throbbed in his fist as he watched the soft warm flesh of Kate's breasts ripple each time they struck together. "Oh Geez!"

"And even our asses," Ashley said, rubbing her fingers across her cute little puckered butt-hole.

Tim jacked furiously. "**OH DAMN, I'M GONNA CUM!**"

"**ME TOO!**" Alec announced.

Ashley spung onto her knees and backed her meaty buttocks up to her son. "Oh baby, make that hot cum splatter across mommy's ass!

Kate sat up and trapped her son's cock between her tits. "Come on sweetie, let mommy help you squirt!"

The room soon filled with the sound of **GRUNTING** and **GROANING** as huge ropes of hot semen erupted from the boys piss-holes.

Tim sent huge ribbons of spunk splashing across his mom's ass. He squeezed her cheeks around his lance, making another gob of milk ooze out and cascade down across her butt-hole. "**O-H-H-H SHIT!**"

Alec removed his fist from his cock as his mom's squishy tits took over. Kate pressed her breasts tightly together, smothering his rod. Her handsome teen rocked his hips, fucking his huge hard-on through all that soft gooey tit-meat.

"Oh Alec, you're doing it sweetie! You're fucking your mom's big tits," She said as she felt a stream of warm cock-cream run down across her belly.

Kate watched as her son's cock-head emerged from between her tits and spit a thick rope up across her lips and chin.

"**OH GOD-DAMN, MOM!**"

She used her tongue to swipe the spunk from her lips. "That's my boy!"

Back inside the truck Claire unbuckled her seatbelt and slid over next to her father. She curled her smooth tan legs up on his lap, looking up at him as he fought to concentrate on the road.

"You can tell me you know, it'll be our secret."

"Tell you what honey?" Jim asked.

"About you and Grandma. You must have been horny when you were young. Mom told me that boys Alec's age need to cum at least three to four times a day to keep from getting blue balls."

Jim got an odd look. "Well that's a strange thing for your mother to tell you."

"She said that her and Alec have a special bond and that someday when I have a son, that I'll understand what she means. I know that you and Grandma must have had that bond too."

Jim glanced at her uncomfortably. "Well, I was close to your Grandmother yeah."

"Did you ever see her naked?"

Jim hesitated, but Claire rubbed his leg reassuringly. "It's ok daddy. I won't tell anyone...I promise."

"Well yeah, there were a few times that I saw my mother without any clothes," he confessed.

Claire got a big satisfied smile. "I bet she wanted you to see her that way."

"Well...I..." Jim muttered.

Claire looked at her father. "I bet she wanted to see **YOU** naked too, Daddy."

"I don't know about that honey."

"I think she did. I think that moms enjoy looking at their sons cock and balls...to see how big they are. I bet Grandma saw yours...didn't

she?" Claire asked.

Jim seemed a little speechless. "Honey, I don't think..."

"I bet she sucked on it too...didn't she, Daddy?"

Jim gazed at his daughter, then back at the road...flabbergasted.

"It's ok if she did you know. You and Grandma were attracted to each other and fooled around. Grandpa never knew what you guys were doing while he was at work, so nobody ever got hurt. It's only natural, Daddy."

There was a moment of silence as Jim seemed to be heavy in thought. "So you're saying that you still think..."

Jim peered into the rear view mirror at the slightly rocking **RV** behind him. He felt his daughter rest her head on his shoulder.

"I love you, Daddy."

Back in the **RV** the boys were on their backs on the bed. Kate and Ashley were riding them, bouncing up and down on their big dicks.

Alec groaned as he felt his rock-hard pecker being milked by his mom's warm slippery fuck-pocket. He watched her heavy tits bounce and ripple wildly as her ass **SLAPPED** against his balls.

Kate whimpered as she felt the strong sturdy teenaged erection stretch her birth canal. "Unnnh, baby...fuck my pussy!"

Alec watched his thick, blue-veined boner slam up inside her. Her juices made his girthy rod glisten. "Oh damn, Mom, it feels soo good!"

She stopped bouncing and with her smooth outer lips plastered against her son's balls, she glided her hips up and back. "Such a big fucking dick."

Alec felt his rod being tugged back and forth, stiring his mom's hot clasping cunt. Dripping with fuck-oil, the pink spongy ridges of her vagina gripped his strong teenaged phallus, smothing its throbbing girth. "Oh baby, you're doing it! You're making me cuuuuuuuuuum!"

Kate **HOWLED** and Alec felt her cunt quiver around the unyielding hardness of his spear.

Alec heard Ashley **SCREAM** too and gazed over to see her big mommy-tits flopping around on Tim's chest. Her legs trembled as Tim bucked his hips, driving his long rock-hard cock deep into her warm slippery hole.

"**OH SHIT, TIM..HARDER! HARDER! I'M CUMMING!**

The boys smiled at one another as their moms cried and shook on top of them. Two big-dicked teenaged boys fucking the shit out of their own voluptuous mothers.

Kate gazed into her son's eyes with wild lust. "**MORE!**"

Ashley whimpered, clinging to her boy. "**LOTS MORE**."

The boys smiled and rolled their moms over onto their backs. Their hips set in motion and their big sturdy erections went back to work.

They felt their moms silky, tan, mature legs wrap up around them and their sexy little bare feet rest against their bucking asses.

As Alec fell into a steady hump, he reached under and gripped on to his mom's ass. His fingers sunk into the meaty cheeks as he felt his cockhead pop in and out of the mouth of her cervix.

"Oh, damn, Mom. Sooo fuckin good!"

"That's it baby," she sobbed, "fuck the shit out of me!"

Each deep hard thrust was ecstasy to the cock-hungry housewife. Kate clawed at the bedspread as her son pounded his cock inside her.

Alec fucked like an animal and it wasn't long before he felt that familiar tightening sensation around his cock.

"**OH GOD, ALEC…FUCK HARD! FUCK ME HARD. I'M CUMMING!!!**"

As the **RV** wobbled slightly from the uneven road the boys big flopping balls beat against their moms asses. Kate body shook beneath her son as her pussy squeezed and sucked at his meat.

"**OHHH MOM!**" Alec moaned as he slammed his prick through the clasping heat of Kate's aching cunt.

"**OOOHH BABY!**" Kate cried, still cumming as she gyrated her ass, bucking up into every penetrating thrust.

Cock-cream oozed from Alec's piss-hole and mixed with his mom's juices. This created a buttery froth which lubricated the massive slab of prick-meat as it relentlessly pumped in and out of the cunt that gave birth to him.

Face to face, Alec gazed into Kate's loving brown eyes. She was panting from her orgasm and from the power of his thrusts. "Having a fun vacation loverboy?"

"The best ever," Alec replied.

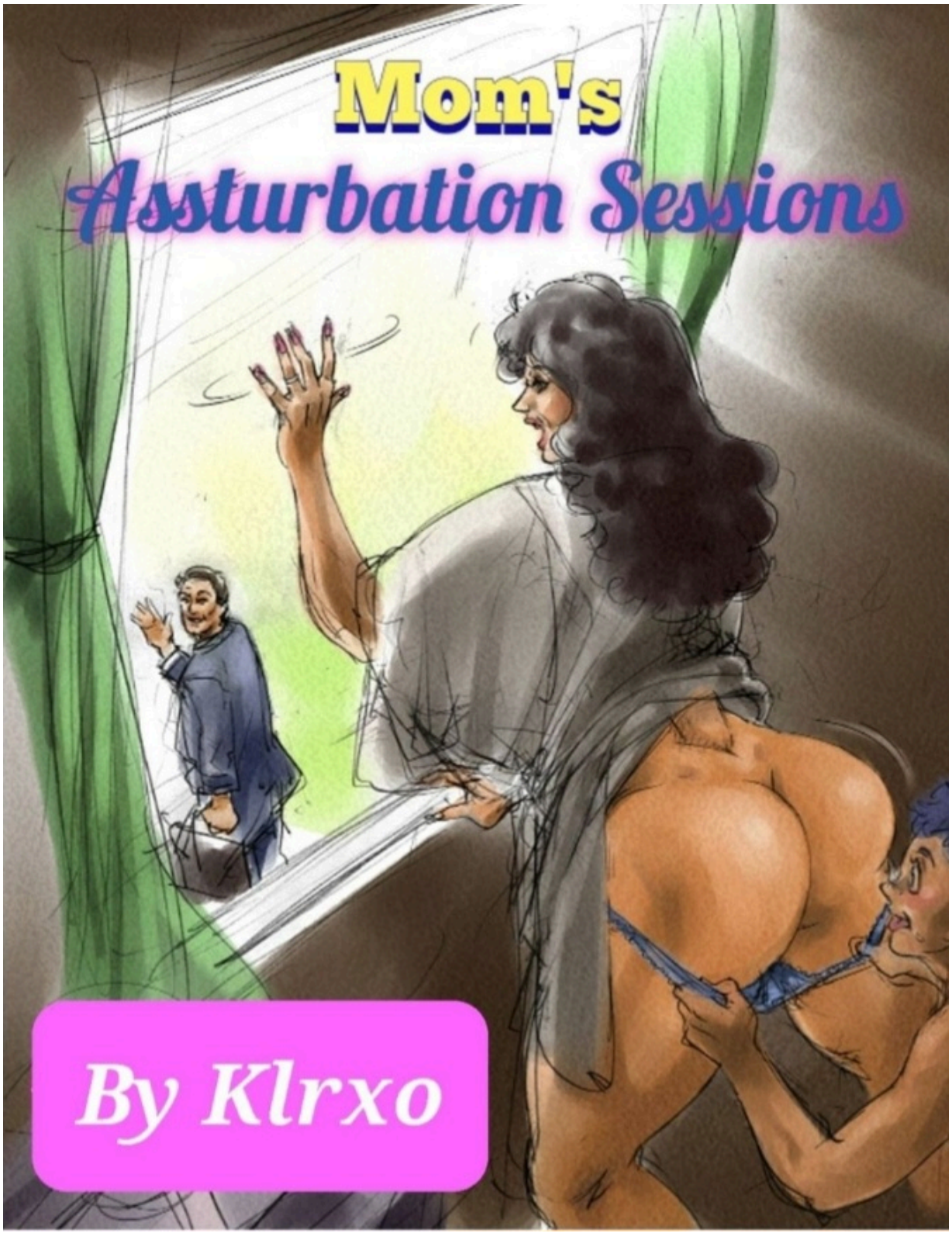
She tightened her velvety legs around him, letting him feel the strength of a mother's clutch. She felt his cock flex inside her slippery grip and tightened her cunt muscles in response.

"**HHHHOLY SHIT!**" Alec's voice quivered, as he felt his pistoning dong smothered in warm slippery love.

Kate moved her lips up to meet his. "Rock my world," She whispered.

Alec increased his tempo, driving his dick deep. Their lips met and their tongues danced as their bodies thrashed together. Alec felt as though nothing else existed at that moment... nothing but him and the woman of his dreams.

He felt himself being swept away with his Mom's 5th Wheel Lovin.


Mom's
Assturbation Sessions
By Klrxo

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Chapter 1: Spousal Resistance

"Daniel seems so down today," Rachel said as she sat with her mother-in-law Sara having coffee. "Yeah, the breakup was really hard on him."

"Breakups are never easy. I had my share at his age. So many jerks," Rachel said with a frown.

The two beauties sat across from each at the round pub table in Sara's kitchen. Rachel wore skimpy shorts, while Sara was still in her short robe, both outfits leaving their sexy crossed legs exposed beneath the table. Both sets of luscious legs were strong, tan and mature, giving off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Their bare feet dangled, their ruby red toenails freshly painted.

Sara fumbled with her coffee cup. "Breaking up brings so many changes. It must be really tough to go from full time sex, back to masturbation."

"Oh God, that's so true. Poor Daniel," Rachel said.

"I know," Sara muttered. Her robe had crept open a bit, revealing an enormous cleavage.

"You know, they have those things call 'assturbation sessions' now. Have you thought about getting him involved in it?" Rachel asked.

Sara giggled. "Assturbation?"

"Oh my God, you haven't heard of assturbation? A lot of Moms are doing it now, for their sons, during those periods in between girlfriends."

Sara seemed curious. She brushed her long dark hair off her face. "Ok, you have me curious. What is it?"

"It's like a form of masturbation, but instead of a guy using his hand, he would use his Mother's ass."

"Really?" Sara asked with a quirky smile, "Mothers are actually doing this?" "Yeah, lots of them apparently."

"So wait a minute, your telling me that Moms are helping their sons get over breakups, by letting them give them anal sex?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, but, drop the sex part. It's not really sex. It just a boy using his Mother's asshole to drain his nuts. Think of it as an object, like a juicer," Rachel said, pointing to the one on the counter. "A juicer has no feelings. It's only purpose is to squeeze the juice from the fruit. Your ass would basically be doing the same thing."

"So I'd just be...sticking my ass out there and let Daniel do his thing, no feelings attached."

"Exactly. It would provide so much more excitement and pleasure than just him beating his dick all the time."

Sara went back to fumbling with her cup. "Hm, I see the logic in it, unfortunately, I'm not sure Dan Senior would. In fact, he might even divorce me for even considering it," she said, making the both giggle.

"It's unconventional for sure, but husbands have to understand it for what it is. There's no need for jealously or anger, any of that bullshit. Daniel would just be using your ass, like he uses his fist when he masturbates. There's no emotional connection there. It's just an object used to draw pleasure."

"Dan doesn't even take my ass anymore. I think it's been like five years. Not sure what he would be jealous about," Sara said.

"Well, it might be worth asking him."

Sara looked steadfast in her resolve. "Okay, I wanna do it," she said. "Really?" Rachel asked excitedly, bouncing in her seat.

"Yeah, I think it would really help Daniel."

"I know it would. They have a starter class that one of my girlfriends went to. She said it wasn't creepy at all, just very clinical and informative. We should talk to our husbands, then take Daniel to a few classes."

"Wait, **WE**?

"Yeah, I could help out..I mean, unless you don't want me to?"

"No, no of course I do. I just...I just don't want this to cause any issues between you and Michael."

"Ohh, Michael will be fine, so will Dan. They're both big boys, so they'll have to understand. Daniel needs our help."

"I think it would..."

Rachel's phone went off. She looked at her screen. "Hold that thought," she said to Sara then answered. "Hey Jane. Hi, thanks for calling back."

While Rachel spoke on her phone, Sara became lost in her thoughts for a moment, staring off into space...

Daniel stepped towards her naked meaty ass, his lengthy erection shiny with lube. He fit the knob against the rubbery ring of her asshole. He heard her gasp and felt his big prick pushing into her ass-tract, stretching the muscled ass walls. Finally he had it all in and felt his thickness fully sheathed.

He backed his cock out until the muscled ring nipped at the very tip of his prick. He thrust his cock back in again, burying his prick to the balls between her jiggling half-moons. He began to thrust in and out, falling into a steady ass-fucking rhythm.

"Oooh, shit," he whimpered as he felt the walls of her ass licking his glans. "Sara?" Rachel said, jarring the Mother from her thoughts.

"Yeah," Sara muttered as she returned to reality. She felt her asshole twitching and throbbing.

"Sorry, that was the lady who does my nails. You ok?" Rachel asked with a smile, noticing her Mother-in-law's heavy, excited breathing.

"Yes, I'm fine. Sorry, I just zoned out for a minute," Sara said, her hard nipples poking through her robe.

"Ok, so I think we should definitely talk to the guys...like, tonight." Sara nodded. "I agree," she said.

Later, in the living room, their husbands looked bewildered.

"Are you both fucking crazy!" Michael exclaimed. The two couples were gathered in the living room. Michael's Mother and wife had just explained the "assturbation" concept and their desire to try it with Daniel.

Emily was quick to jump to their defence. "Would you stop overreacting, Michael. Your younger brother just lost his girlfriend. Why don't you try showing some empathy," Rachel said.

"I feel bad for him. I do. We've all been there. I just don't know how him sticking his dick in you and my Mom's ass if gonna solve anything."

Rachel scowled. "Really, Michael, were you not just listening? Assturbation is designed to give a guy a higher level of excitement

and pleasure, rather than just beating off all the time."

"There's nothing wrong with normal masturbation. We've all had to do it at one time or another," Michael said.

Dan looked at his wife with surprised. "Sara, are you actually serious about this idea."

She seemed a little embarrassed, hardly looking her husband in the eyes. "I had my reservations at first, but the more Rachel explained the idea of assturbation, the more it really started to make sense."

"Make sense? You're...you're talking about anal sex with your son. How could you..."

Rachel cut him off. "Technically dad, it's not the same as anal sex **AT ALL**." "He's putting his dick in your ass, Rachael," her husband said.

"Ok, just hear me out. Here's an example. You work on cars, right, Dad? Rachael asked her father-in-law.

"Yeah."

"Occasionally, when a car's battery goes dead, you use those jumper cable thingies to restart it, right? The cables are just an object, that's all. They're there to assist in getting the job done, when it can't be done the right way."

"Yes, but how is that.."

"Daniel is like a dead battery right now. He's without someone to have normal sex with. Mom and I would just be using our asses like jumper cables, to keep him going until he finds another girlfriend."

Dan and his son looked at one another and laughed.

Sara finally scowled at them. "I'm glad you two find this funny."

"I'm sorry, it's just...well, it's probably the most ridiculous idea I've ever heard, Sara..Honesty, I don't know that I'm ok with that at all," Dan said.

"Me neither," Michael added, annoyed that his own wife would even consider such a deprived act with his younger brother. "It is ridiculous."

Rachel glared at her husband. "So essentially what you guys are saying is you don't care at all that Daniel is suffering?"

"We do care. Of course we care, but your idea that all he has to do is stick his dick in your ass and everything is fine is preposterous." Michael said.

"I'm not saying everything would be fine. Did I say that?" "No, but you.."

"He'll still have to find a girlfriend, no one can do that for him. But we all know that sometimes being single is sad and lonely. Self masturbation is sad and lonely and depressing. All Sara and I are proposing is let's give the boy some hope. Let's offer him an exciting alternative to jerking off, during this very unexciting period in his life."

Dan looked at his wife and her eyes drifted away shamefully.

Michael looked at his Mother. "Mom, If he wants something new and exciting, buy him one of those sex toys.. One of those fleshlight masturbation toys or something," her oldest son suggested.

Sara shook her head. "It's not the same thing, Michael."

"Of course it is. If he closes his eyes, he could imagine he's in some hot girl's tight ass. There you go, something different and more exciting than beating off," Michael said.

Dan Senior shook his head, clearly the old-fashioned one in the group. "Quite frankly, I can't believe we're having this discussion at all."

Michael looked back at his wife. "I'm just saying, they have toys now for these kinds of issues."

This drew in evil glare from his wife. "I have a better idea. Why don't we buy **YOU** a sex toy. You don't wanna respect and support mine and you Mother's ideas, then you can see what it feels like to be sexless for awhile. Maybe then you'll start to understand what Daniel's experiencing right now."

"Really? You're gonna refuse to have sex with me because I won't let my little brother stick his dick in your ass."

Her hardened glare didn't soften one bit. "It certainly looks that way, doesn't it," she said.

Sara looked at her own husband bravely. "I stand behind Rachel. Daniel's going through a tough time and until you get on board with our plan to help him, there won't be any sex for you either."

Daniel groaned in ecstasy, enjoying the squeezing pressure of her shit muscles rhythmically contracting around his thrusting prick. Her meaty tan buns rippled each time they struck his midsection.

His engorged knob leaked out it's own lubricant as sliced through the slippery pink walls of her ass. His entire thick boner throbbed in pleasure as it slipped through the rubbery grip of her bowels. "Sara," Dan Senior's voice said over the sound of slapping flesh.

"Sara, are you ok," she heard her husband say as she was snapped back to reality. She was laying in bed next him.

"Yes, I'm fine, why?" she asked, her breath heavy. She was clutching her ass-muscles over and over, like she had an imaginary cock inside

her.

"I was talking to you and your eyes were glazed over. You seemed a million miles away." "I'm sorry, what did you need?" she asked.

"I was just saying how ridiculous this is," Dan said as he just sat there in bed looking at her. "We haven't had sex in a week."

"Mm-hm, how do you think Daniel feels?" Sara said.

"Obviously like I do, but it's not my fault he doesn't have a girlfriend, Sara."

Sara returned to her back and looked at him. "No one said it was your fault. We're just the parents and have an obligation to comfort our son in times like these."

"Comfort him by allowing him to penetrate you anally," Dan said, with clear frustration, "youre my wife and his Mother."

Sara's face softened a bit. "Look honey, I get it. I'm your wife and I'm sure you feel a bit territorial when it comes to my sexual parts, but we're not talking about me giving it out to some stranger here. This is Daniel, our son. What kind of parents would we be if we didn't help him through this hard time?"

Dan looked at the swell of his wife's big tits through her nightshirt. Her engorged nipples poked out, making him even more eager to get his hands on them.."Isn't there some other way we can help him. I mean, I don't mind spending the money. Whatever he needs, we can get it."

"Dan, assturbation is what alot of Mothers and Sons are doing right now. It's a growing trend. If it didn't work, it wouldn't be a thing."

Dan shook his head. "How can it work if it's morally wrong? If you did this, do you realize how embarrassing it would be if people found

out?"

Sara burst out laughing.

"What? Why's that funny?" Dan asked.

"I know how to be discreet, Dan. It's not like I'm gonna make an announcement at the **PTA** meeting, hey everyone, guess what, I'm letting my son fuck me in the ass."

Dan rolled his eyes. "Do you have to make it sound so crude?"

"Do you have to try to guilt-trip me? I'm a grown woman. I think I can decide what's 'morally' right and wrong when it comes to my relationship with my son."

"Ok, but as your husband and his father, I think I should be able to weigh in on that decision."

"You are, clearly weighing in, otherwise Daniel and I would have already started by now," Sara said. "You don't even take my ass anymore, Dan. What's there to be jealous about?"

"You're seriously gonna ask me that?" he said, looking at her emphatically.

"Yes, I am. My ass is not getting used. I don't see the harm in letting Daniel get some enjoyment out of it."

Dan's mouth fell open as he shook his head. "You're unbelievable." "So are you," she said.

"I'm sorry, I think the idea's sick."

"That's too bad," Sara said, rolling back on her side facing away from him. "Goodnight." "Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously. Shut off the light," she said coldly.

Daniel groaned, a light sheen of sweat forming on his lean naked body. He continued a steady thrust, plunging his cock through the stretched ring of her asshole. He felt his knob tingle as it dug up and down the smothering ass-tube.

Even the women's buttock's now glistened with perspiration as they jiggled with every strike of his midsection. He reached down and dug his fingers into the supple ass-flesh, gripping the women's ass as he thrust his hard pecker in ass deep as it would go. "Oohh fuck yea," he snarled.

"Aiieee!" Rachel's four-year-old daughter screamed, snapping Rachel from her from her trance as the child was chased by her father through the kitchen. The Mother threw her arm across her chest, hiding the hard nipples poking through her robe.

"Bella, not so loud, honey," Rachel sighed, squeezing the counter for support as she realizing how much her butthole was throbbing in her panties.

"Sorry, my bad," Michael said, watching his daughter run off, "the tickle-monster's on the prowl this morning."

He tried to tickle his wife, but she wasn't having it. "Don't," she said in an annoyed tone. "Here's your lunch," Rachel said, handing a paper bagged lunch to her husband as she made her way out of the kitchen. Her asshole was still twitching and her cunt was sopping. She desperately needed to get to her bedroom.

"Thanks, hon... Hey," he said.

Rachel stopped and turned. She wore a short red robe, that left all her tan legs exposed. She exercised daily, which gave her strong muscular legs, which tapered down to slender ankles and cute little tan bare feet with ruby red toenails. "What?" she asked.

"Do I get a kiss?"

She glared at him, clearly still upset. "No," she said decisively, then walked away, the swell of her big buttocks undulating beneath the thin silk covering.

"Rachel..." Michael said, following after her. "Hey, stop. Can we talk a minute?"

She stopped suddenly "oh my God, what the fuck," she muttered under her breath, then turned, just as before. This time she folded her arms across her big breasts.

"I don't..." he said, then paused to find the right words. "I don't understand why we have to do this."

"Do what? You have something to say and I'm listening," she said facetiously.

"I'm talking about everything else. We haven't even kissed or hugged in over a week. This isn't fair to me."

"This isn't fair to you?" she asked with a scowl. "Well excuse me while I shed great big fucking alligator tears for you."

"Why do you have to be so mean?"

"Why do you have to be so selfish?" she shouted. "How am I being selfish?"

Rachel faked a cry. "This isn't fair to me," she said, then got straight-faced. "Really, you feel like I'm being unfair? How do you think Daniel feels? The stupid bitch dumped him and now he has to beat his own dick to get release. You have a wife for that, so please, tell me how your life is so fucking unfair."

"So I have to feel guilty for having a wife, is that what you're saying?"

"No Michael, it's not what I'm saying. What I'm saying is stop thinking about yourself and think about someone else who's going through a rough patch right now. Your Mom and I are trying to help your brother. We're trying to brighten his life a little bit and provide a way for him to get a little well deserved pleasure. Is that so bad?"

"The way you're proposing to help him is bad, yes."

"According to you and your Father. Your Mother and I both think it's a brilliant idea. Apparently thousands of other Moms do too."

Michael hushed his voice, so his daughter would hear him from the next room. "I'm sure if the rolls were reversed and it was me wanting to put my dick in some girl's ass, you'd have something to say about it," Michael said.

Rachel threw her arms in the air, making her big braless tits bobble underneath her robe. "Oh my God, you're completely missing the point. **YOU**, have a wife. **YOU'RE BROTHER**, has no one right now." Then, she hushed her own voice. "So why the fuck would **YOU** be asking me to put your dick in some girl's ass."

"Forget it, this conversation is going no where," Michael said, heading for the door. "Ha. It's been going no where for a week."

"Well don't plan on that changing," he said.

His wife shouted back, as she stepped down the hallway. "Enjoy your sexless marriage."

Daniel grasped her wide hips as he squeezed his dick through her tight asshole, then down into the heat of her spongy fuck-hole. He whimpered from the pressure of her tight sphincter as her shitting muscles gripped and sucked his prick. He pulled his cock back, feeling her jelly-slickened ass tunnel drag around his receding cock.

His big knob popped from her asshole, the sphincter retracting back into a wet crinkled ring. "Ohh damn," he muttered, stroking his cock a few times.

He pressed the knob back against her anal lips and they spread open, slipping wetly over the big bell-shaped helmet of his cock. He sighed as his hard peter sunk into the heat of her ass.

"How's Daniel doing?" Rachel asked, as her and Sara sat having coffee.

"What, sweetie?" Sara asked, as if her mind had been on a journey somewhere. Rachel smiled knowingly. 'Was you mind drifting again?"

Sara looked a tad embarrassed. "Yes, sorry."

"Well if it's anything like mine, it's drifting somewhere extremely naughty. How's Daniel?" "He says he's fine, but I can tell he's not," Sara said.

"Lots of painful erections, I'm sure," Rachel said.

"A ton of erections, nearly every time I see him it seems like."

Rachel sighed in frustration. "That poor sweetheart. Have you seen signs of masturbation?"

"Yeah, based on how often he disappears to his room, I'm pretty sure he's jerking off about three to four times a day."

"This is so aggravating. Why do our husbands have to be so fucking selfish?" Rachel asked.

Sara looked like her mind was working. "You know, I've been thinking. We wanted to be honest with the guys, because we felt like letting Daniel fuck our asses would be borderline infidelity. Is it though?"

Rachel thought it out for a moment. "Go on," she said.

"Well, what's our intent here. Is it to seduce a hot guy and get mutual pleasure, no. If it was, **THAT** would be infidelity. Our only intent is to let Daniel use our asses to get release. That's not cheating."

"True," Rachel said. "the whole theory around assturbation is to just treat the ass like an object."

"Exactly, so if it's not the same as cheating, then why do we even need our husband's permission. We'd be doing nothing wrong."

"My God, you're right. I guess I never really thought about it that way."

"Still though, we know how they are. If we told them this wasn't cheating they would disagree with us a hundred percent."

"So we don't tell them," Rachel said.

"Correct. We give Daniel assturbation sessions behind their backs."

"Do you think they'll get suspicious, if we just all of the sudden go back to having sex with them again?"

"They might, so we could make a slow transition back to marital sex, but if they seem to be suspicious, and we have to start sneaking around like cheating sluts, then I guess we will," Sara said.

Rachel smiled. "I like this plan. I mean, I'm sure Dan and Michael both masturbate occasionally without telling us, all married men do, so what's the difference?"

"What they don't know won't hurt them."

"We should start gauging Daniel's interest, right away. I'll call my friend Tonya and find out when the next assturbation session is,"

Rachel said.

Sara jumped up and down a few times, making her heavy tits bounce. "Oh my God, I'm excited. We're really gonna do this."

Both women were so thrilled they could hardly sleep that night.

Daniel watched his lubed cock sliding in and out of her tight ass. The wet, slurping sound of her ass-tunnel pumped up and down over his stabbing meat. He loved watching her big cheeks jiggle from the power of his thrusts. He suddenly slapped one of her meaty buns, which made a loud smacking sound.

The woman screamed playfully, then giggled as she reached back to rub her ass. The wedding ring sparked on her finger. "Daniel, careful. I don't need a handprint on my ass."

"Sorry, Mom," he said as he began to pump her ass even harder. Sara threw her buns back. "Ohhh yess!" she whimpered.

Dan Senior woke up as heard his wife's voice. He clicked on the light and saw her squirming, a light sheen of perspiration covering her nearly naked body. Her big tits were spread out on her chest and rocked beneath her nightie. She panted, gently lifting her pelvis up and down. "Yess...like that," she gasped.

Dan smiled, imagining that she was having a dream about him. The Mother's breath became heavier. "Yess. Ohhh God, yess, just like that, Daniel," she cried out.

"What?!" Dan said loudly, "Sara," he shouted, jarring her awake.

Sara stared up at her husband in horror, catching her breath. She realized what he'd heard her say. "Oops," she muttered.

Chapter 2: Gauging Interest

Sara knelt next to her husband in bed. She rubbed Dan's shoulder as he sat there quietly. "I can assure you, it was **YOU** in my dream, not Daniel," she said, feeling a tad guilty.

"You said his name, Sara. You said Daniel."

The beautiful Mother shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know why I would have. It was very much you in my dream, honey. We were making love," she said, turning his face a giving him a soft kiss, "and it was wonderful."

"Hm, I wouldn't know. It's been awhile," Dan joked.

She slapped his shoulder playfully. "Oh stop, it's only been a little over a week."

"Yeah, well, when you're used to doing it every night, a week can seem like a year," he said.

"Well, I have been a little harsh. I wanted to give you a little taste of what your son's been going through, but now that I have..." she said, crawling onto her knees and peeling her panties off.

Dan watched his wife slip her little panties off her bare feet and toss them aside. She pointed the meaty globes of her ass back at him and swayed them invitingly. "...maybe I'd let you take me from behind."

Dan reached down and rubbed his cock, helping it get all the way hard. "You're not just teasing me, right?"

She gave him a sultry stare. "Get your dick up here and find out."

Dan hurried to his knees and fed his cock inside Sara's cunt. They fucked doggy-style, thrusting and panting. Sara's big milkers swung heavily in her nightie.

"Yess, ohh God, yess, baby," she whimpered, throwing her ass back and meeting his thrusts.

After about two minutes, Dan groaned. "Ohhh, It's been so long, I'm feeling really good," he announced.

"Wait, wait, wait," Sara said, pausing her gyrations.

"I promise I'll finger you after. I'll make you cum, I just need to..." She pulled off his dick completely. "No, it's not that, I just..."

"What? What's wrong?" Dan asked, stroking his dick to keep it hard.

She seemed a little hesitant. "I just wondered if...well, if you might wanna put it in my ass?" she asked.

"Oh well, maybe we could do that another night. Is that ok, honey. It's been a week, so it's just uh, super-sensitive tonight."

Sara seemed a bit sad. She dropped back on her elbows, pointing her ass. "Ok, put it back in and finish," she said.

Dan scrambled back inside her cunt. A half a minute later, he was blowing his load. "Wow that was good. Let me finger you," Dan Senior said.

"No, I'm fine. I think I just need to get some sleep," Sara said, kissing her husband goodnight. The next day, Daniel got home from school and took off his shoes in the foyer.

"Daniel, is that you, honey?" his Mom's voice said from the kitchen.. "Hey, Mom," he answered, tossing his backpack down.

"How was class? Come in here and talk to us for a minute."

Daniel entered the kitchen and saw his Mom and sister-in-law Rachel busy doing some baking. "Oh hey, Rachel," he said.

"Hey handsome, how's school going?" Rachel asked.

Daniel was surprised by how they were dressed. His Mom wore a pair of pink booty shorts that half her ass-cheeks hung out of. Rachael was in a yellow bikini, her big tits and meaty ass barely covered. "School's going ok. You guys going to the beach or something?" he joked, making them both giggle.

Rachel joked back. "It's 'dress skimpy' day today, you didn't hear?" "I didn't get that memo."

Rachel struck a cute little pose, leaning back against the counter and thrusting her big tits out. "Well, now you know, so if you wanna take something off, feel free," she said with a wink.

"That's ok, I might get you ladies too excited," he said, making them laugh.

"You've already done that by just walking into the room," Rachel teased.

His Mom peeked back as she took some cookies out of the oven. Her shorts crept up her ass even more as she bent over. "But feel free to get us even more excited if you want," she said, half-joking.

"Only if a get a cookie. Are those chocolate chip?"

"Of course, you're favorite. I'll give you one, but we need your opinion about something first," Sara said.

"Ohh, an opinion? Well that might cost you two cookies."

Sara smiled. "Deal, two cookies it is. So Rachel and I were debating on who has the bigger ass. What do you think?"

His sister-in-law stepped up beside his Mom and they placed their buns side by side. Both choices of attire providef plenty off ass-flesh for Daniel to admire. Sara's booty shorts and Rachel's bikini bottoms were so snug, he could clearly see the creases of their butt-cracks, which stiffened his dick right up.

"Hmm, I don't know..." he muttered, clearly wanting to stare as long as he could. "Now come on, I clearly have your Mom beat," Rachel said.

"You're dreaming, Rachel," Sara barked back, shaking her meaty buns, "you know how many men I catch staring at this derriere."

"What do you think, Daniel?" Rachel asked, looking back at him teasingly, while making her own buttocks jiggle.

Daniel rubbed his chin, mesmerized by both their asses. "I don't know I mean, they're both really nice."

The girls glanced at each other and smiled. "But which one is bigger?" Sara asked. "Which one would you wanna spend the night snuggled up against?" Rachel added.

Daniel was clearly embarrassed by having to make such a decision. "Well, I don't know...you both were pretty blessed in that area."

Sara giggled. "Well, we know that, honey, but which one do you like best? Come on, earn these cookies, Daniel."

Rachel chimed back in, "hmm, maybe this is a decision that can't be made on site alone, Mom," she said, "Maybe Daniel will need to feel our asses against him to determine which one's best."

"True. I suppose a woman's ass is like a cookie. It may look good, but you have to put it in your mouth to appreciate it's true deliciousness," Sara said. Daniel laughed. "Cheesy analogy, Mom."

Sara giggled as she stepped over with a cookie in her hand. "Shut up," she joked.

She put it up to Daniel's mouth for him to take a bite of. "Mmm, that is a good cookie."

She handed him what was left of it, then turned and backed into her Son, letting her meaty buns press up against his midsection. Daniel sighed as he felt his cock-bulge press down into her soft butt-crease. "What about that? Is that good too?" Sara asked, peeking back with a mischievous smile.

"That is...um, definitely good," the teen muttered, feeling his dick tingle as it pressed into her pliant ass-flesh.

"Are you sure, honey. Maybe I should press my ass back just a little harder, just so you can be sure," Sara said, then did just that. Her luscious half-globes squashed against Daniel's loins, the protruding lump in his shorts sinking deep into her ass-crack and kissing the crinkled ring of her butthole through her shorts. "That better?" she asked.

"Much," Daniel said with a gulp. His cock flexed, pushing against the fabric of his briefs.

Sara could feel the big cock-knot straining for release, the angry knob pressing against her ass-lips. She could feel it pulse and throb through both layers of fabric.

Suddenly, a voice startled them. "Smells like cookies in here," Dan Senior said as he entered the kitchen and set his briefcase down.

"Jesus, Dan, I didn't even hear you come in," Sara said.

"Oh," Dan muttered, watching his scantily clad wife step away from their son. It was impossible not to notice Daniel's enormous bulge,

before he casually covered it with his hands. "Hey dad," the teen muttered uncomfortably.

"Hey, so um...what's with the outfit?" Dan said, looking at his wife's attire.

Sara faked a strange look. "I don't know. What's with the outfit. Is there a problem?" she asked. "Well, your ass is kinda hanging out of it. And Rachel's in a bikini," Dan said, looking a Rachel.

Rachel fed him an odd look as she chewed on the bite of a cookie. "Ok, um...I always wear bikinis when I'm home baking," she said.

"You and Michael have an apartment. This isn't really your home," Dan said.

Sara jumped to her daughter-in-law's defence. "Um, excuse me, she's our daughter, this is just as much her home as it is yours. If she wants to wear a bikini around while she's here, she has every right to."

Rachel scooped up a cookie with a spatula. "Here, relax and have a cookie, dad. They're still warm," she said.

"No, thanks, I'm good."

Daniel crept towards the exit. "Thanks for the cookie, guys. I'm gonna um...start on some homework."

Rachel glanced uncomfortably from Dan to his wife. "I'm gonna go pee. I'll start on some dishes when I get back," she said, then sashayed out.

Dan seemed a tad bit embarrassed by his outburst. "Sorry, I wasn't trying to be an ass, but..." "But, you just decided to be one anyway?"

"I didn't wanna embarrass him, but Daniel clearly had an erection, Sara. It was sticking right out, plain as day."

Sara giggled. "Newsflash, Dan. He's a young man. Young men get erections, all the time."

"Then he should have went to his room, not stood there in front of his Mother and sister-in-law. It's inappropriate."

"Why don't you just relax, clearly you're the only one bothered by it." "How can you not be bothered by it?"

Sara faked an ignorant look as she scooped the cookies off the baking pan. "I didn't even see it. How do you expect me to react to something I didn't even notice," she lied.

"You were up against him when I walked in here. How could you not..." "I was taking him a cookie."

"You were right up against him. It was sticking out. How could you not feel it or see it," Dan said.

"Alright fine, maybe I did notice it, but like you said, I didn't wanna embarrass him, especially in front of Rachel. I figured he'd just get a cookie and go off and take care of himself."

Dan looked again at her skimpy attire. "Hardly likely with you two dressed like that. Do you even realize how much of your ass is hanging out of those shorts?"

"Dan, please...stop. I don't need a lecture on how to dress while I'm in my own home. Daniel only just got here. It was us girls for most of the day," Sara said.

"Well maybe you should remember to put on something more appropriate before your Son gets home."

Sara glared at him. "Are you done?" she said in an annoyed tone.

Daniel heard a tap at his door and Rachel peeked in. "Hey, can I come in?" she said in a hushed tone.

"Yeah," Daniel said, sitting on the edge of his bed.

He watched his gorgeous sister-in-law step into his room and close the door behind her. He always thought she was hot as shit. She had a great tan and her honey blonde hair fell past her shoulders. His friends told him she looked like the porn actress Nicolette Shea, but with big, all natural tits.

She walked over and stopped in front of him in a sexy stance, with one knee cocked out and her arms folded over her jugs. "Not fair, you know."

"What's not fair?"

"You still need to make a decision about our asses. Your Mom got to rub hers up against you and I didn't. She has an unfair advantage," she said.

Daniel smiled. "Well, my dad walked in..." "So..."

"So I couldn't really let you come over and...

"Well, duh, we had an unexpected interruption, but he's in talking to your Mom now. You and I are here and...the door's locked, so I think I should get my turn now."

Daniel glanced down at her wide motherly hips, naked except for the tiny string holding her bikini bottoms in place. "Your turn to..."

"My turn to press my ass against you," she said, "That way you can make a fair decision. You still have to earn that second cookie, you know," she giggled.

"Ok, um..do you want me to stand up?"

"No, stay right there. I'll sit on your lap," she said, turning and plopping her soft bikini-clad ass on him.

The bed creaked from their combined weight. "Hope my bed doesn't break," he laughed. She peeked back. "I'm sure it's handled more stress than this," she said with a wink. "You look great in a bikini, by the way."

"You've seen me in a bikini before." "I know, I'm just sayin'."

"Oh, well...thanks. I know young men your age love seeing girls in bikinis. It's the closest thing to seeing them naked right?"

"This is true," Daniel sighed, feeling his erection dig up into the crack in Rachel's ass.

His sister-in-law wiggled her ass slightly, burrowing the protruding lump in his shorts deeper between her buns. "Have you seen lots of naked girls, Daniel?"

"A few. Mostly online though," he confessed.

"What about your ex girlfriend. You must have seen her naked a lot?" "Yeah, she looked really good naked."

"I'm sure. Did you guys have sex a lot?" Rachel asked. "I don't know. Define a lot."

Rachel smiled back at him. "Well, I guess that's subjective. Did you guys fuck once a week, once a day, five times a day? How often?"

Daniel giggled. "Well it wasn't five times a day. Probably just a few times a week, sometimes more."

"Did she ever let you put it in her ass?"

Daniel seemed a tad embarrassed by the question. "We tried," "Oh no, what happened?"

"It just, didn't work."

Rachel fed him a sympathetic smile. "Didn't work? You can tell me, you don't have to be embarrassed. Anal sex is natural and it's more common than you may think."

"I know, it's just, well I think I may have been too big for her. She told me to pull it out." "Oh, so you just got the head of your dick in and she changed her mind?" Rachel asked. "Pretty much."

"Did you use lube?"

"Yeah, lots of it. We even tried it in a couple different positions, but no dice."

She reached back and rubbed his shoulder, giving the teen a good look at the slope of her mostly-naked side-boob. "I'm sorry, Daniel. For some girls, it just takes more time."

"Not that it matters now anyway," he said, which is exactly what Rachel was thinking.

"Most girls love anal sex. You just wait, your next girlfriend probably won't be able to get enough of your cock being buried deep in her ass," Rachel said, wiggling her meaty buns on his lap.

"Do you and my brother Michael do that," he bravely asked.

"Not as often as I'd like, but yeah. We love having anal sex. Your parents on the other hand. Did you know you dad hasn't put his dick in your Mom's ass in over five years," Rachel said.

"She told you that?"

"Yeah, in case you haven't noticed, your Mom and I are really close. We're like best friends, even though she's like twenty years older than me," Rachel said with a giggle.

"That cool though, that you guys are like that."

"It is cool. I mean, I have other friends, but your Mom is different. She's someone I'd share secrets with," she said, then looked back into his eyes, "are you someone I could share secrets with, Daniel?"

"Yeah, I can keep secrets." Daniel said with an excited gulp.

"Good to know," she said, "so have you decided who has the biggest, softest ass, or do you need more time?"

To say Daniel was enjoying having the buxom blonde on his lap would be an understatement. Having his bulge wedged deep in her ass-cleft felt amazing. "Just a little longer maybe," he said.

Rachel giggled. "Take your time." she said. "Here, put your arms around me. It'll give you some leverage."

With his arms circling her waist, Daniel was able to pull her ass even tighter against him. The sexy blonde gyrated her buttocks, savoring the feel of his bulge grinding against her asshole. A big round wet spot had formed on Daniel's knob, smearing precum on her thin bikini bottoms as he ground deep in her crack, digging against her puckering hole.

Rachel gasped, holding his hands in place, while grinding against him, her lush hips working tirelessly. The bed creaked steadily from their gyrations. Rachel shamelessly dry-humped his cock-bulge, her movement becoming almost desperate and erratic. "Ohhh, shit," Daniel sighed, loving the feel of her curvy ass mashed against bulging, throbbing muscle.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled them. "Daniel?" his father's voice said from the hallway.

Rachel jumped off Daniel's lap. "Shit," she whispered in panic.

After adjusting herself, she answered the door. Dan Senior, seemed a bit surprised to see her in his son's room. "Ohh, hi," he muttered, glancing at the stiff nipples protruding out of her bikini top. "I thought you were using the bathroom," he asked.

"I was, I just needed to ask Daniel something," she lied. Pulled loose from humping, the string on one side of her bikini bottoms suddenly came all the way undone, nearly exposing her crotch. "Oops," she giggled, quickly tying it back.

Dan looked over at his son on the bed. It was fairly obvious that Daniel was hiding an erection. He looked back at his father uncomfortably, then at Rachel. "Yeah, so I'll um...I'll think about it, Rachel," he said.

She looked back at him. "Huh? Oh, yeah right. Think about it," she winked, then sashayed from the room.

Dan Senior stepped into Daniel's room. "Look um...I know guys get erections sometimes. I'm a guy, so I get it. Just...well, getting them around your Mother and brother's wife...probably not the best idea."

"I understand, sorry," Daniel said.

"Yeah, well, Rachel's a pretty girl. I'm sure her parading around in a bikini like that doesn't help, but if you start to get hard, just come to your room, alright."

"Got it," Daniel said.

"I think Daniel and I are good to go for assturbation?" Rachel whispered to Sara as she joined her back in the kitchen.

"Oh my God, that's great. What happened?" Sara whispered back, glancing at the doorway for any sign of her husband.

"He let me sit on his lap. We were ass-grinding pretty good before Dan Senior knocked on his door."

Sara rolled her eyes. "My God, he's annoying. He wasn't suppose to be home this early."

"It's ok, I saw enough to be fairly confident with our plan going forward. Daniel told me he's tried anal, but his ex couldn't handle his size."

Sara sighed in frustration. "That bitch. She clearly didn't know what she was doing."

"Or just scared to take all of him. Dicks the size of Daniel's can be quite horrifying to young inexperienced girls," Rachel said.

"That's exactly why he needs older, more experienced women for assturbation. We're not intimidated by a big dick like his." Sara said.

Rachel got a naughty, curious smile. "How big did he feel to you? Just from sitting on it, I can already tell he's bigger than Michael."

"Dan too. From what I felt...he's gotta be at least nine."

"That's what I was thinking. Felt like he had some pretty impressive girth too. It was like I was grinding on a fucking baseball bat," Rachel said, making both of them giggle.

"Well, if we can get that thing out of his briefs, I'd certainly let him try to hit my ball out of the park," she said, making Rachel laugh loudly.

"Shhhh," Sara said with snicker, peeking towards the door.

Rachel shook her head. "I can't believe he's an anal virgin. Can you imagine the pleasure he can get from sessions with asses like ours."

"From what you told me, it sounds like you're a sure thing, but you're not his Mother. He may not be as eager to use my ass as he is yours,," Sara said.

"Don't be so sure. I've seen the way he stares at you, Mom...and the big hardons he gets from doing it."

"Yes, I know, but I need to be sure," she said. "I have an idea."

Sweat dripped from Daniel's lean chest as he thrust his hips forward. Sara's meaty buns beat against him as his long glistening cock slipped in and out of her luscious ass. "Ohh Goddamn, I love it. I love it so fucking much," he muttered, feeling his knob tingle.

Sara peeked back as she continued to rock her Mommy-buns, her hanging boobs swinging to the rhythm of their humping. "See, it's not so bad not having a girlfriend, is it, sweetie."

"No way. I don't miss her at all," Daniel said, squeezing Sara's ass and making his fingers sink in to her tan globes. He watched his throbbing cock glide through her stretched butthole. "Ohh God, I'm about to blast a gallon of cum in there."

"Yess, pour it in, Daniel."

Sara suddenly lifted her head from her bed pillow. She let out a long sigh from having such an intense dream. When she heard Dan's light snore, she crept of bed and slipped her robe on.

The busty Mother tip-toed from her bedroom, being careful not to wake her husband.

Daniel's bedroom door peeked open, revealing his Mother's curvy silhouette. Sara stepped inside his room and closed the door behind

her. She moved quietly across her son's room on bare feet. "Daniel," she whispered, rubbing his shoulder tenderly.

"Hey Mom," he muttered, reaching over and clicking on his bedside lamp. "Everything ok?"

Sara smiled down at him. "Everything's fine. Your Father's snoring just woke me up. Some nights it can get pretty bad."

"What time is it?" Daniel said, rubbing his eyes.

"Just past midnight. Would you mind if I laid in here with you for a little while?" "No, Mom, not at all," Daniel said, sitting up and giving her room.

The next-door neighbor, Margaret stood near her bedroom window taking off her earrings. She gasped loudly as she looked out and spied Sara through Daniel's window. The Mother had slipped out of her robe and was wearing a thin baby-doll nightie. The top was so transparent that Margaret could clearly see Sara's big pink areola and the thick nipples popping from their centers. "My God!" she shouted.

Bob, her husband sat in bed and looked up from his men's magazine. "What?"

Margaret continued watching as Sara crawled into bed with her son. Seconds later, the light clicked off. "What an unbelievable slut," Margaret said.

"Margaret, what are you talking about?"

"That floozy next door. She just crawled into bed with her son, wearing slutty lingerie." Bob went back to reading. "Stop spying on the neighbors and come to bed."

"I wasn't spying. I just happened to look out and that's what I saw. I wonder if her husband knows she's sneaking into her son's bed in the middle of the night."

"It's none of our business."

"When they don't close their shades, it becomes our business." "They're in their home. There's nothing we can do about it," Bob said. "Ha, wanna bet?" Margaret said with an evil smirk.

Chapter 3: Preparing their asses

"Spoon with me, sweetheart," Sara said, backing her thonged ass to her son's midsection.

"Sure," Daniel muttered, feeling her big meaty buns press against his erect penis. He had briefs on, but the contact was electric.

"That's better. Comfy right?" she asked. "For sure."

"You're lucky. I'm sure a lot of boys would like to be in bed spooning with their Mothers right now." Sara said, then peeked back at him with a naughty little smile. "Pressing their erection right between her soft ass-cheeks, just like you're doing."

"It feels good," Daniel blushed, his heart hammering away in his chest.

"Imagine how good it would feel if you didn't have briefs on," Sara said, letting her eyes linger on his. "And I got that thong out of your way."

Daniel's breath shivered with excitement. "That would, um...yeah, that would definitely feel great."

"You know, Rachel and I have been talking and...well, she knows about a program that helps young guys like you to cope with not having a girlfriend," Sara explained.

"To cope?"

'Well, yeah, you know, cope sexually. I'm sure the idea of using your hand and going back to draining your load into a cum-rag isn't the most exciting thing to look forward to."

Daniel blushed a bit. "No...not as fun as the real thing, that's for sure." "So you'd rather have the real thing...while you're single?"

"Yeah, I wouldn't complain," he muttered.

"So instead of doing it the old fashioned way, how would you feel about Rachel and I letting you use our asses to keep your balls drained?"

Daniel's mouth fell open. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, it's called assturbation and apparently it's pretty common now among Mothers and Sons."

"So, it's like butt-sex or something?"

"Or something," Sara giggled. "It's not the same as getting intimate. We'd have to keep the sessions very clinical and as dispassionate as possible. Do you think you could do that?" "I could try. Would dad or Michael know what we're doing?"

"Well, that's the other thing we'd have to be cautious about. It's not that we'd be doing anything wrong. Like I said, we're not getting intimate, so it's not the same as cheating on a spouse, but you know your father, he's very old fashioned. I could explain the logic in this to him until I'm blue in the face, but it would be falling on deaf ears."

"So he won't know about it?"

"No and neither will your older brother. Our sessions have to be very discreet."

"I can do that?"

Sara's face lit up. "So it's a go?" "Yeah, I'll do it," Daniel said.

She reached back and stroked his cheek. "Oh honey, that's wonderful."

"Should we hug?" Daniel asked.

Sara smiled. "Should we?" she asked.

"Well, that's usually what two people do, when they're excited about something."

"True, but...I don't have a bra on and this babydoll nightie is **VERY** thin. If we hug, it's gonna feel like my boobs are almost naked against your chest. I'm just forewarning you."

"It's just a hug, right. Not like we'd be doing anything wrong."

"Oh, I know honey, it's just...well, they're really big, I don't want things to get awkward," Sara said. "I'm aware that you have big boobs, Mom."

"'I'm sure you are," she said teasingly, "I just want to make sure we don't wander into dangerous territory. Dispassionate, remember?"

Daniel smiled. "It's just a hug, Mom."

"Oh I know, you're right. Come here," Sara said, sitting up and pulling him to his elbows. She rose up on her knees, then leaned forward, hugging him. Daniel gasped out loud as he felt her huge Mommy-melons flatten like soft dough against his bare chest. "Whoa," he muttered, making her giggle.

He felt her hot breath at his ear. "You ok?"

The gauzy fabric was so thin, she might as well have been wearing nothing at all.. "Yeah, it's just... they're so squishy and warm." Sara giggled some more. "I warned you."

"Can I lay back?" Daniel asked, "onto my back?"

"Go ahead."

"You'll keep hugging me?"

"I'm not going anywhere," she answered sweetly.

Daniel lowered himself onto his back. Sara followed, spreading her curvy body out on top of him. He could feel the thick nubs of her hard nipples through the nightie. The smell of her sweet perfume was intoxicating.

Her soft voice whispered in his ear. "Do you like this, sweetheart?"

"Yeah, a lot," he muttered, wondering if his Mom could feel his excited heartbeat.

"Hug me tighter, Daniel. Put your arms around me. Squeeze my body really tight against yours."

He didn't have to be asked twice. He wrapped her in his arms and squeezed tightly, mashing her tits even more against him. His cock flexed against her panty-covered mons. "Ohh my God," he muttered, "best hug ever."

Sara lifted her head, looking down at him. "I agree, but staying this way for too long, could get a Mother and Son in real trouble. Our business will be done from the back, with you behind me. So, why don't we spoon again for awhile, that way we can get acquainted with each other that way," she said.

"Ok," Daniel muttered, following his Mom back into the spooning position. They snuggled in tight beneath the blankets, Sara's meaty half-globes smothering the bulge of Daniel's erection.

"Here, slide your arm under me," she said.

Daniel brought his arm under and the Mother interlaced her fingers with his as she held his hands against her soft bare tummy. He pressed his cock deep in the crack of her ass, rubbing the strip of her thong that ran across her asshole.

Sara reacted, gyrating her ass against his prick. Soon their bodies rocked and jerked in steady dry hump. Daniel's bed creaked repeatedly from their heated movements. "You made the right decision, sweetheart," Sara panted. "Do you see how good it feels already and your boner isn't even buried inside me yet."

"Ohh my God, I'm gonna love it," he gasped, digging his erection into the crack of her ass. His plumb-sized knob was throbbing like crazy beneath his briefs as it pushed against the crinkled lips of her asshole. Precum was beginning to seep through the fabric as it weeped from his aroused piss-slit.

"I know you'll love it sweetie. Rachel and I will tighten our asses and make it so good for you," Sara said, rocking her buttocks back, meeting his thrusting motions. "You'll squirt load after load."

"Ohh damn, Mom," the teen muttered, backing off before he came in his briefs. Sara followed him, thrusting her butt back against his dick. "Ohhh, you're liking that aren't you sweetie-bear?"

"Jesus, yesss," he whimpered, rolling onto his back. "If we don't stop, I'll cum."

Determined to milk him, Sara slid her ass up onto his lap and continued grinding. Her back was now against his chest, rocking her hips, continuing to rub his cock-bulge between her soft buns. Her big fleshy tits rocked beneath her nightie as she humped against her son. "It's normal to feel good, sweetie. Just squirt into your briefs, it's ok."

Daniel was about to cum when they were both suddenly startled by the doorbell. "Who the hell?" the teen gasped.

"Good question," Sara said, climbing out of bed and slipping her robe back on.

The doorbell chimed again before the busty Mother could get to it. She peeked out the peephole, then opened the door to find the neighbor, Margaret standing there. The scowling woman spouted out before Sara could even speak. "I know what you're up to in there. Disgusting."

"Excuse me?" Sara answered, glaring at Margaret as if she were crazy.

"Next time you crawl into bed with your own son, wearing sleazy lingerie, maybe you should pull the shades closed first."

Sara opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out but "Ugh."

"Maybe your husband is the one I should be speaking to. I bet he has no idea you're sneaking into your son's bed like a depraved slut."

The stairway light clicked on behind her and Sara looked back to see Dan Senior at the top of the stairs. "Honey, who's at the door?"

Sara looked back at Margaret and faked a sweet voice. "Ok, well thanks for letting me know. Goodnight," she said loudly, then closed the door.

"Who was that?" Dan Senior asked.

"The neighbor lady. I guess um...one of our empty garbage cans rolled into their yard again," Sara lied.

"She couldn't tell us that in the morning? It's one a.m."

Sara started up the stairs. "I know, right? Rude!" she said, shaking her head.

Daniel peeked out his doorway as his parents passed by his bedroom. "Everything ok?" "Oh yeah, just the neighborhood do-gooder doing her midnight rounds," Dan Senior said.

Sara smiled at her son. "Everything's fine, sweetie. Go back to sleep," she said with a wink. "Oh ok, um...goodnight," Daniel said, watching his Mom a moment.

Sara trailed her husband to their bedroom. After he disappeared inside, she paused at the door and gazed back at her son. Daniel watched his Mom reach down and casually lift the hem of her robe, exposing her thonged buttocks. Her thick tan ass crowned her smooth curvy legs and looked so sexy and inviting. He marveled at the way the fabric of the thong disappeared between her buns. Sara blew him a quick kiss before disappearing inside her bedroom.

Rachel was cooking breakfast when Michael walked in looking over a small empty box. "What's this. I found it in the trash. Crystal beads?" he asked.

"Maybe a better question is...why are you going through the garbage?" Rachel asked, her heart pounding nervously.

"I wasn't going through the garbage, I just saw it laying there on top, so I was curious." "They're just beads, Michael. Here, grab some eggs before they get cold."

Micheal pulled instructions from the box and read. "Let your sexual pleasure linger with this extra long set of crystal beads."

Rachel huffed, then stepped over and snatched the items from her husband, throwing them away. "You're gonna be late if you don't hurry and eat something."

"Pleasure beads huh? You usually tell me when you buy new toys." "I was gonna tell you, I just forgot this time."

" Can I see them?."

"No," Rachel said..

"Why would you buy pleasure beads?"

"Women buy them all the time, it's not that big of a deal," Rachel said. "Can I just see what they look like. I'm curious."

"No, you can't. Just...I'll show you later, Michael. Please, just eat something."

"I will. I just wanna check 'em out. Are they in your dresser?" "No, they're not," Rachel answered.

"Well where are they?"

"They're in my ass, alright. I'll show you later tonight."

Michael fed her a strange look. "They're in your ass, like right now?" "Yes, right now."

"Rachel, why would you be walking around with beads in your ass?"

"Because that's what you do with beads. You put them in your cunt or your ass, then you go about your day."

"Ok.." he said with a snicker. "How the hell do you get them out when you're finished?" Rachel giggled. "Are you serious? You've never seen a set of anal beads before?"

"Well I've heard of them, but..."

Rachel reached under her robe and peeled off her little pink panties. "I'll show you, but then you need to go or you're gonna be late," she said, then sat down and reclined back. She threw her legs back in the air, scissoring them open. Michael's wife exercised daily and he was amazed at how limber she was.

The thick lips of her shaved cunt were baby-smooth. Her meaty butt-cheeks were slightly spread and Michael saw a tiny string attached to a ring, sticking from her butthole. "When you're ready to take them out, you just grab the ring and pull the string. Then one by one, out they come." "How many beads are in there?" Michael asked, fascinated by what he was seeing.

"Six."

"Make one come out," he said. "Michael no, you've seen enough."

"Just one. I wanna see what they look like."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Fine, just one. The rest are staying in there. Pull the string," she said.

Michael awkwardly grabbed the ring and tugged. Rachel's asshole bulged out, then slowly opened, squeezing out a ping-pong sized glass ball from her ass. "Jesus, you have six of those in there? he asked in disbelief.

Rachel giggled. "Well, five now."

"Promise me this doesn't have anything to do with what we talked about the other day." "Which was what exactly?" Rachel asked.

"You know, the whole 'assturbation' thing, with Daniel."

Rachel laughed.."I can see how it might look like that. I mean, women do use anal beads to help their ass-muscles get prepared for vigorous anal sex."

"And that's not what this is right? I mean, we put that whole ridiculous idea to bed?"

"I promise, when your brother is **NOT** finished fucking your Mother in the ass today, he **IS NOT** coming over here to ram his dick up my

ass too," she joked.

"Rachel, come on, I'm serious..

"Relax, I'm joking. Slip the bead back inside my ass and get to work. You're gonna be late," she said.

Michael shoved the bead back into her. Her butthole closed hungrily around it. "I can't believe you have six of those beads crammed in there."

Rachel stood to her feet. "We can buy another set for you if you want?" she joked. Michael shook his head. "Oh hell no," he said, making his wife laugh.

Later that morning, Sara and Rachel were out having their morning walk along the park. Both Moms wore snug tops and sexy yoga pants, showing off their luscious curves.

"What a nosy bitch. I can't believe she was looking in Daniel's window," Rachel said.

"I know and she had the worst timing. Daniel was seconds away from cumming in his briefs. We had a pretty steady dry hump going."

"That's so awesome. I mean, not that he didn't get to cum, but that he's completely on board with getting his dick in your ass."

"Well, yeah, I know he's ready. The question is am I? It's been five years since I had anal and I've never taken a cock as big as Daniel's in my ass," Sara said.

"Sara, you'll do fine. Did you try your eight-inch dildo yesterday?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah, it took a little time...and lots of lube, but it went all the way in," she smiled proudly.

"See, you got this. These vibrating bullets will help too," Rachel said, feeling the bullet buzz away deep in her bowels as they took their walk. "They'll relax our sphincter muscles and prepare our asses for penetration."

Sara pulled the remote to her bullet from her pocket. The tiny wire ran down into her yoga pants, between her butt-cheeks and through the tight crinkled ring of her asshole. She gripped the bullet tightly in the tube of her ass-tract, feeling the vibration along her inner walls. "What do you have yours set on?"

"Right now I have it pulsing," Rachel said, then looked at her phone.

Sara tried that setting, making the bullet pulse repetitively in her ass. "Not sure why I didn't buy me one of these a long time ago. It feels amazing," Sara said.

Rachel finished reading a text. "Ok, Heather texted back. We're good to go for this afternoon. Two-thirty, at her house."

Two young guys in a truck slowed down as they prepared to pass by the Mothers. The yoga pants were stretched across Rachel and Sara's meaty behinds and the guys watched their thick buns undulate sexily as the women walked.

The driver honked and the other guy let out a wolf-whistle. "Sounds like our asses are getting someone's approval," Rachel said with a smile.

Sara sighed nervously. "Oh my God, I can't believe we're actually gonna do this. I hope it feels good for Daniel, I really do."

"How could it not, we've both been doing like a million ass-kegals the past two days. He probably won't even last a minute," Rachel

said, making them both laugh.

"Probably true," Sara said. "I'm gonna text him to let him know."

"Hey sweetie, appointment for our first session at 2:30 today. Better be ready mister! " she texted.

A half-a-minute later she got a text back. "Session?" it said. It was from Dan Senior. Sara looked at it in horror. "Oh shit," she muttered, as she stopped walking.

Rachel stopped also. "What's wrong?"

"I accidentally sent the text to Dan," Sara muttered. "Husband Dan? Oh God, you didn't, Sara. What did you say?"

"I told him we had a session. He's asking me what session. What should I say?" she asked in a panic.

"You can't tell him the text was meant for Daniel. He may figure out something's up."

Sara thought about it for a moment. "Wait, I know. I'll tell him it was meant for you...that we have a nail session at 2:30," she said, texting her husband back.

"Good thinking."

Sara got a return text from her husband. She read it out loud "Since when is Rachel a Mister?

"What? Sara, what did you text him," Rachel said, taking the frazzled Mother's phone. "Oh my God, Sara. You said 'better be ready, mister' in your first text. How could that be meant for me?"

"Oh Jesus, I don't know, I wasn't thinking. What do I do?" she said, reaching for her phone.

"Just..." Rachel said, turning away with Sara's cell, "let me handle this. I'm clearly a better liar than you are.

Sara looked on nervously, as Rachel and her husband shot a couple messages back and forth. "There, it's fixed, just don't say anything else to him," Rachel said, handing her back the phone.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him you meant 'sister' not 'mister,' and blamed it on auto-correct," Rachel said.

"Ohh, smart thinking. Now let's see if I can text the right person this time," Sara said as she messaged her son.

Later that day, Sara's neighbor, Margaret and her husband were out front of their house planting flowers. "No, the red ones go over there, white ones over here by me," she bitched.

"Does it really matter?" Bob asked.

Margaret snatched the flower container from him. "Yes, it does."

As she planted the flower, Margaret watched Sara and Daniel walk out onto their driveway to get in Sara's **SUV**. The busty mother was wearing a sexy black halter-dress and high heeled mules.

They stopped for a moment and Sara took her son's hands. "Don't be nervous, ok. You're gonna do great and it's gonna feel amazing," Margaret heard Sara say.

Sara looked over to see the nosy neighbor watching her. She guiltily let her son's hand go and flashed Margaret a dirty look as her and Daniel got in the **SUV**.

"Did you hear what she said to him? They're up to something," Margaret said.

Her husband looked up from what he was doing to what his wife was focused on. "Margaret , just mind your own business and plant your flowers."

Margaret stood up and brushed the soil from her hands, watching Sara's vehicle back from the driveway. "She's dressed like a floozy. They're up to something and I'm gonna find out what."

Bob watched his wife march towards her own vehicle. "Where are you going?" "I'm following them."

"Come on, Margaret, don't be crazy," Bob said.

"She's the crazy one, not me," Margaret said, then slammed her door and backed out of the driveway.

Once on the road, Margaret caught up to the Mother and Son and followed at a cautious distance. "Where are you two sneaking off to?" she said out-loud.

She followed them across town to Rachel's house. Margaret watched the hot blonde get in to Sara's vehicle. Like Sara, Rachel was in a sexy dress and heels. Margaret shook her head. "An accomplice. She's probably fooling around with him too. Disgraceful," Margaret said out-loud as if she had someone in the car with her.

She continued to trail them through a maze of neighborhoods, until they finally pulled into a driveway. Margaret stayed in her car, a few houses down and watched them all go inside.

"Hey," Rachel said, hugging her friend. "Heather, this is Sara and her son Daniel." Heather and Sara hugged. "Welcome," Heather said sweetly. "Come in, come in."

Heather was a tall thick Mother with short brown hair and big boobs. She led them from the foyer, into the living room where her own son

was playing a video game on his phone. "Nick, we need some privacy, honey."

"Sure thing, Mom," he said, jumping up. "Hey, man," Nick said, passing Daniel. The two weren't friends, but recognized each other from school.

Daniel noticed birthday decorations everywhere, balloons and banners in the living room and the foyer. "Is it someone's birthday today?" he asked.

Heather giggled. "I hope not," she said.

Daniel looked at his Mom, confused, as he sat on the sofa between Sara and Rachel. They each took one of Daniel's hands and held it on their laps. Heather sat across from them. "So, Daniel, what do you know about assturbation?"

He answered timidly. "Only what my Mom told me, that it's like anal sex and takes the place of masturbation."

Heather smiled. "Exactly right. Don't mistake it for sex though. Rachel and your Mother are merely providing you with what I call objects of penetration."

"Alright," the teen nodded.

"I hear you're pretty much an anal virgin, is that right?" "I tried it once, but didn't get very far," Daniel said.

"Well, girls your age are rarely willing to endure a little pain so that a guy can get his nuts off. Women our age are different though. We don't shy away guys who have big dicks," Heather said.

Daniel felt both his Mom and Rachel squeeze his hands tightly. Heather gazed at him with her alluring chestnut-brown eyes, her full

lips curling into a naughty smile. "Is that what you are, Daniel? Are you a guy with a big dick?"

Daniel felt all the women's eyes on him as they waited for his answer. "I um..I guess so," he muttered.

"Would you mind if we rubbed your dick and balls through your pants, to get it nice and hard before you show us. When you take it out, we want it to be at its absolute hardest."

"Sure, no, I don't mind," he said, making the Moms giggle.

Heather knelt down between his legs. Sara and Rachel turned towards him and they all began to feel his teenage cock through his pants. Daniel sighed as he looked down and watched the three pretty hands with their long painted nails and sparkling wedding rings fondle his dick and balls.

Rachel squeezed his knob with her fingers. "It's growing," she said with a mischievous smile. "I would be worried if it wasn't," Sara giggled.

Heather and Sara both massaged the expanding stalk at the base of his shaft, their fingers kneading the tender meat. "Feel the muscles expanding?" Heather said to Sara.

"My God, it's hardening so fast," Sara said in awe as she felt the big bulging veins began to pop out. Daniel shared a quick look with her and she smiled proudly.

Heather fondled his nuts as if measuring the amount of cum they contained. "They're so full. It feels like he needs a serious assturbation session."

"Probably well overdue," Rachel said, as her and Sara rubbed the thick cylinder of meat beneath his pants.

Heather looked at Sara. "Mom, why don't you unzip him. Let's get this thick young dick ready for penetration."

Daniel's heart pounded with excitement as he watched his Mom unbutton his pants. She unzipped him and Heather quickly tugged them down. Before she could pull them off his legs, Sara and Rachel were hurriedly pushing off his briefs. Daniel's big hardon sprung out, the knob purple and angry.

"Ohhh," Sara sighed, as she stared wide-eyed, her asshole throbbing in her panties. "My God," Rachel muttered, gazing at the long sturdy erection..

Heather pulled at his scrotum, making his dick stick straight up hard and proud. Big protruding veins criss-crossed up the thick hardened muscle. "I was right, he is a big boy," she said.

Unlike Sara, Rachel didn't hesitate to circle her fist around it and squeeze on the rigid prick. She glanced at Sara in awe. "Feel how fucking hard he is," she said, her voice filled with wicked thrill.

Sara joined her, wrapping her tiny hand around her son's stalk. "Oh my...," the Mother said in complete adoration. Even with the two fists circling him, Daniel had a good portion of his cock sticking out. Heather added her fist to the group, so there were now three stacked on top of each other. "Wow, he's a three-fister," she said, then reached over with her free hand and grabbed a big bottle of lube. She used her thumb to pop the cap off. "Shall we lube him up," she said.

Outside, Margaret continued to sit there in her vehicle, growing more restless by the minute. "This is nonsense. I can't just sit here and let those bitches take advantage of that young man," she said out loud, then looked at her phone. "Fuck it," she said, then dialed a number.

A person on the other end picked up. "Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?"

Chapter 4: A tight slippery detour

A sexy short-haired blonde named Stephany sat in her vehicle across the street from Heather's house. Her son Bobby sat next to her, playing on his phone. "How long do we have to sit here?" he asked.

"Until they're finished, darling. You know how this works," Stephany said. "We don't use lookouts during our sessions."

"That's because we've been doing it for awhile. We're a little better than the newcomers when it comes to being discreet."

Bobby laughed. "Except that time when dad almost caught us," he said. She fed him a half-smile. "You just had to bring that up, didn't you?"

Back inside Heather's house, Daniel was now standing. The Mothers were circled around him, their slippery hands coating his hard cock with a substantial amount of lube. The teen looked down in awe as three pretty hands slithered, squeezed and stroked all over his prick as it stuck out, straight as an arrow. "Ohh wow," he muttered, feeling his glans tingle.

"Lots of lubrication is the key ingredient to great assturbation, Daniel," Heather said, coating the thick base, then squeezing her lubed hand over his smooth nut-sack. "I think he's ready ladies, if you wanna strip and lube your assholes."

Sara and rachel began undressing. Heather spread a large white towel out onto her carpeted floor. "Stroke your dick while you watch them strip, Daniel. Keep yourself nice and hard," she said.

Daniel's squeezed his slippery knob while watching his Mom and Rachel remove the skirts. He marveled at the sexy panties they were wearing. His Mom's panties were black bikini-style that moulded

around her snatch. Nearly a third of her tan meaty ass-cheeks seeped out from under the lacy hems. Rachel wore a tiny white thong, which left little to the imagination. She slipped the thin straps over her hips, down her curvy legs, then stepped out of them. Daniel got a good look at the V of her shaved mons, before she turned slightly, presenting her big naked ass for his wide eyes. "Daaamn," the teen muttered..

"You ok over there, Daniel?" Rachel asked, peeking back as she unbuttoned her blouse. "Yeah, I'm good." he sighed, beating his boner to the site of her.

"You're good huh? We'll see about that," Rachel said with a wink.

His attention turned to his Mom as she peeled her panties off. He watched them slip down her strong mature legs and drop to her little bare feet. A neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair crowned the smooth plump folds of her pudenda . She smiled at him sweetly as she turned to give him a terrific view of her smooth meaty Mommy-ass.

Daniel shivered with arousal, his dick flexing in his slippery fist. He knew if he didn't ease up, he'd be cumming before he even got his cock in their asses.

Rachel shed her halter dress the rest of the way off and both her and Rachel stood there in just their bras. Daniel eyes got even bigger. Both women had huge tits and there was an obscene amount of tit-meat spilling out the cups of the bras.

Sara smiled at Rachel. "Here we go," she said, a bit nervously. "Who's first?"

"You are, of course. You're his Mother. Get into position and I'll help lube you up," Rachel said.

Sara dropped down to her hands and knees, thrusting her naked ass back towards her cock-stroking son. Daniel's heart was about

beating out of his chest. His own Mom's hot ass was pointed back at him, the pink crinkled ring of her butthole clearly throbbing between her ass-globes.

Rachel knelt down beside her and spread some lube over Sara's butthole. She smiled up at Daniel who was watching and stroking at the same time. "She's ready for you, sweetheart," Rachel said, pulling open Sara's butt-cheeks.

With her ass spread open, the sexy brunette Mother peeked back at her son through long fluttering lashes. From Daniel's vantage-point, her pretty face hovered just beyond her big tan ass-cheeks. With her buns spread apart, the teen watched the rubbery ring of her asshole pulse with anticipation. Rachel look at it, then smiled at him. "It's throbbing. Her asshole is throbbing for your big dick, Daniel," she said.

Heather stepped up behind the teen, her fat tits brushing against his back. Daniel felt her hot breath at his ear. "Mount it, Daniel. It's yours. Assturbate as long and as hard and as fast as you want," she said, pushing him forward.

The teen knelt down, almost beside himself with lust. He crawled back behind his Mother, mounting her haunches. His eyes traveling between her eager face and rounded ass. The next time he looked up at her she fed him a tender Motherly smile. "Take your time and enjoy yourself, sweetie. It's all for you."

His cock throbbed, his breath heavy and excited. He slid forward, grasping his prick and positioning the fat juicy knob right up against his Mom's puckered butt-ring. Rachel let go of Sara's ass, but continued kneeling there beside him. She watched the teen look over at her bra-clad breasts and gaze down at the immense canyon of cleavage.

He set his sights back on his Mom's ass, then slowly pushed his hips forward, watching the rubbery ring of her asshole expand as it

began to slip wetly over his bulbous tip.

Heather's phone rang, breaking the tense silence. "Wait!" she said, putting her hand on Daniel's shoulder, then answering her cell. "What is it?" she said.

Stephany, the Mother parked out front, answered from the other end. "It's a police car, right out front.."

"Shit," Heather muttered. "Initiate surprise birthday party." "Got it," Stephany said.

Outside, the two officers, a male and female stepped up to Margeret's window. "Hi, were you the one that called?"

"Yes, that house there," Margaret pointed. "I'm as almost certain there's a group of women having sex with a young man in there," she said.

"This...young man. Is he underage?"

"No, I think he's eighteen, but one of the women is his Mother. As far as I know there are laws against incest, am I right?" Margaret said.

The two officers looked at each other, the woman cop rolling her eyes. "We'll check things out, ma'am," the male officer said.

The two cops crossed the street, went to Heather's door and rang the bell. They were about to ring it a second time when Heather answered. She wasn't alone. The two other Moms and all their sons were grouped by the door, adorned with balloons and birthday hats. "**SURPRISE!**" they shouted.

Heather quickly faked a confused look. "Wait, um, hi...can I help you?"

The two officers glanced at one another, feeling completely awkward. The female cop spoke up first. "No, sorry, there was apparently a misunderstanding," she said.

"What type of misunderstanding?" Heather asked, then suddenly looked passed the officers. "Shit, they're here," she said.

The officers turned and saw Stephany and her son Bobby walking up the driveway. The male officer quickly looked back at Heather. "We won't spoil the surprise. Have a nice day," he said.

The cops crossed the road, listening to the group shout "**SURPRISE**" a second time. "Well?" Margaret asked, watching the officers approach.

"Birthday party, ma'am. That's all that's going on in there," the male officer said.

"No, you don't understand. I heard her tell him he'd feel good when he got over here. I saw her the other night, in her son's bedroom, crawling into bed with him, wearing next to nothing," Margret exclaimed.

The female cop glared at her. "Ma'am, we're through here. Have a nice day," she said sternly. Back in the house, Heather, Sara and Rachel stood at her window looking out at Margaret . "Bitch," Sara said.

"Cunt," Rachel added.

"Who is she?" Heather asked.

Sara answered. "My neighbor. She...she saw me through the window, getting into bed with Daniel the other night. Now, apparently, she's determined to prove that we're doing something inappropriate," she said, then noticed that the other ladies were

smiling at her. "Ok, which we are. We are doing something inappropriate, but it's none of her fucking business."

Heather smile reassuringly.."It's ok, Sara, this is why we have lookouts. Ladies, this is Steph and her son Bobby. They've been doing assturbation sessions for about a year. They were parked up front today as lookouts for us, in case just such a thing were to happen. Although usually, it's to watch out for a husband coming home early, I've never actually had the cops show up before," Heather said, taking another look out her shades.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault," Sara said, "I guess we should probably try this again sometime at a more discreet location maybe?"

Heather nodded. "Let me think on that. My brother has a beach cottage, just outside of town.

There's never anyone there. Let me see what I can do for tomorrow."

On the way back, Rachel was fuming in the backseat. "I can't believe she flowed us there. Crazy stupid stalker bitch," she said.

"I know. It's hard enough doing this behind Dan's back. Now I have to worry about my nosy fucking neighbor too?" Sara said as she drove.

As they griped, Daniel looked over at his Mom's sexy tan legs. Her dress had bunched up as she sat, nearly to her crotch. Her legs looked so strong and smooth.

Sara noticed him staring. She looked down at the protruding lump in his pants, then her and her son's eyes met. A sympathetic frown washed across her face. "Ohh honey, I'm sorry," she said.

"It's not your fault, Mom."

"I would say let's have an assturbation session at my place, but Michael should be home soon," Rachel said.

"I know, Dan too," Sara said with a frustrated sigh.

They pulled up to Rachel's place. "I'll text you the second I hear back from Heather about tomorrow," Rachel said.

"Thanks, Rach, love you," Sara said.

Sara glanced over at her son in concern as they started home. "Are you ok, honey."

"Yeah, just bummed..That's the second time our neighbor lady has interpreted just before...well, you know."

Sara squeezed the steering wheel. "Damnit, this isn't fair at all," then she made a sudden left turn.

"Where are we going?" Daniel asked.

"To Katie's Cove. There's some private parking spots there along the beach. We can have an assturbation session just fine in the back seat."

Daniel glanced back second row. "Katie's Cove? Didn't they just build a big resort there?"

"Oh shit, you're right. Well, we'll just have to find another spot. We need lubrication first," the Mother said, pulling in to pharmacy parking lot.

A few minutes later Sara stepped up to the register with her son and a big bottle of lubrication. The cashier picked it up to scan it, smiling suddenly. "Hi...Sara right?"

Sara gave the woman a blank stare. "Do we um...know each other?"

"Our husbands work together. We met at the company Christmas party," the cashier said. "Oh right, um...yeah... Diane, right?"

"Joanne. How have you been?"

Sara glanced at the bottle in Joanne's hand, then at her son uncomfortably. "Good, just busy being a Mom and doing um, Mom things."

A line began to form behind them. "Hi Daniel," a lady close to his Mom's age said as she stepped up behind them, setting her hand-basket down. It was his English teacher. She had long dirty-blonde hair and an amazing rack.

"Oh, hi Misses Davis," he said uncomfortably.

Sara glanced at her awkwardly. "Really? Are you fucking kidding me right now?"" she thought to herself.

Joanne started laughing. "Remember that drunk idiot Dave at the party that kept making a spectacle of himself?"

Sara forced an impatient smile. "I do," she said. "That was...crazy."

Joanne lifted her arms up and down in an exaggerated way. ""He kept throwing his arms around like he was Mr. Macho," she said and as her arms came down, she smacked the cap of the bottle off. Slimy lubrication went everywhere.

Sara let out a quick startled scream, watching the lube splatter across the sales counter. "Oh shoot, sorry..." Joanne said, scrambling around for some towels.

"No, it's ok, it's just..." Sara said, scooping some up with her fingers without thinking. "Oh God," she muttered.

Misses Davis stepped forward to help. "Here, I have some tissues," she said, handing some to both women.

"Thank you," Sara smiled awkwardly, wiping her hands.

"This stuff is so slippery," Joanne said, wiping it off the counter.

Daniel slowly snuck away. "Mom, I'll be in the car," he muttered. "Ok hon."

"See you tomorrow, Daniel," Misses Davis said, flashing him a pretty smile. Misses Davis looked at Sara's boob. "There's a big gob of it on your dress."

"Thanks, I'll get it later. I don't wanna hold up the line," Sara said, her face red with embarrassment.

Joanne looked over a nearby stock-boy. "Ralph, can I get another bottle of..." she said, the read from the label. "Backdoor Anal um...lubricant."

Sara glanced at Misses Davis with an embarrassed smile, then over at Joanne. "No, it's ok, really, I'll just pay for what's left in this bottle."

"Are you sure? He can get you a full one," Joanne said. "It's fine," Sara said, forcing a smile. "What do I owe you?"

A few minutes later, Sara got in her **SUV** and slammed the door. "What the actual fuck," she said in frustration.

"That was awkward," Daniel said.

"Ya think," she said, the started her vehicle. "Now that everyone at the local pharmacy knows what we're up to, shall we get going?" she said.

She drove them outside of town. "Do you even know where you're going Mom?"

Sara was scanning the sides of the roads for any spots that looked promising. "I'm just winging it. Keep your eyes peeled for any small side-roads."

"There's one," Daniel pointed.

Sara skidded off the pavement, onto the dirt road. "Hold on, honey," she said.

Her **SUV** kicked up a cloud of dust as she tore down the wooded road. "Do you know where this leads?" Daniel asked.

"It doesn't matter. I have four-wheel drive. We just need a private spot off the road somewhere," she said, scanning the trees.

"I hope this isn't private property out here," Daniel said.

Sara suddenly, jerked the steering wheel, taking them off road. The **SUV** bounced wildly.

"Jesus, Mom," Daniel said nervously, watching them race down in between a bunch of trees. Her truck roared up a small slope, nearing the top. "Mom, you gotta slow down," Daniel said, finding something to hold onto.

"I got this," she said.

The truck reaching the peak of the slope, catching air, sailing down the other side. They raced into a cluster of tall brush and the thin limbs beat against the sides of the vehicle. "You're gonna scratch your car," Daniel said.

The **SUV** hit a patch of mud, sinking in and spinning around. Sara gunned it, but they only sunk deeper. The tires spun, flinging mud

everywhere. She took her foot off the accelerator and turned off the key. "Well, here we are," she said calmly, looking over at Daniel.

"Mom, we're stuck." Daniel said.

"Well, at least we're stuck somewhere private." "Yeah, but how are we gonna get out of this mess?"

"Let's just...focus on the task at hand. We'll worry about that later," she said crawling back into the second row.

Margaret was back to planting flowers when she saw Dan Senior pull up next door. "Oh Good, you're home," she said to herself.

Dan got out of his vehicle, briefcase in hand. "Excuse me," he heard Margaret say as she walked over to him. "Dan right?" she asked sweetly.

He pointed at her. "Marge?"

She put on a fake smile. "Margaret." "Right, sorry."

"You didn't get invited to the birthday party?" she asked.

"I'm sorry?"

"Your wife and son are at a birthday party, or so I was told."

Dan shook his head, confused by where she was going with this. "I really didn't know anything about it."

She fed him a snooty smile. "Of course you didn't. I know where it's at. I can take you over there if you'd like."

"No, that's ok. I can call her. Thanks," he said, starting to walk off.

"Oh, Dan, also, sorry about ringing your doorbell so late last night. I told your wife she really should pull your son's shades before she

crawls into bed with him. Especially if she's gonna be next to naked like she was," Margaret said.

"Oh, um, ok," he said, processing what she just heard.

She fed him a shit-eating grin. "Have a nice evening," she said, returning to her yard.

Sara's sexy feet slipped from her heels. Her toenails had a fresh coat of hot-pink. Her cell sat next to her feet, buzzing steadily, Dan's name up on the screen.

Her and Daniel were hurriedly undressing, not with the need to rush through the experience, but more out of a desire to get his horny dick inside her ass as quickly as they could. He peeled off his shirt and she quickly shed her dress. He watched her big tits wobble inside her bra and she quickly unbuttoned his pants and started to tug those and his briefs off at the same time.

Both their breathing was rapid and excited as Sara stared at his erect dick, while pulling his clothes off of him. "Ohh, Daniel, you're throbbing, aren't you sweetheart?"

"Yess," the teen muttered, lustfully staring at his Mother's nearly nude body.

"Let me get my panties off," she said, staring at his sturdy erection while hurriedly wiggling her panties over her hips.

Daniel watched her slide them down her sleek tan legs and she kicked them aside onto her phone.

She continued staring at his dreamy hardon for a moment. "Lubricant," she said, then crawled onto her center console, reaching into the front seat for the half-full bottle she'd just purchased. This gave Daniel an amazing view of her meaty half-globes. Her knees

were together on the console, her buns hovering over the soles of her tan bare feet as she leaned forward.

"Ohh my God," Daniel muttered, his hand instinctively moving to his meat and stroking to the beautiful site. With her cheeks spread slightly, he could clearly see round crinkled ring of her asshole and the smooth folds of her outer labia.

"Got it," she said, returning to the seat next to him. "Coat it all over," she said, squirting a big gob on his flared purple tip.

Daniel coated his entire cock, making his big dick glisten. Sara rose to her knees on the seat, reaching back and massaging some lube on her ass-ring. She turned quickly, resting on her hands and knees, then cocked her thick ass back at him. "Get behind me," she said, peeking back.

He tried to mount her, but his head hit the ceiling. "Not sure if it'll work this way in here."

Sara spun around. "Ok, um, you sit down...I'll climb on top," she said, gently pushing him back onto the middle of the seat. It wasn't every day a guy got to watch his beautiful, big titted mom crawl on top of him..

Sara straddled her son, planting her knees astride his hips. Her big bra-clad melons brushed against Daniel's face. He sighed excitedly at their close proximity. The strapless black bra had a sheer lace panel across top of cups, adding to the almost obscene amount of cleavage she had exposed.

The Mother excited reached down and grasped his hard cylinder of cock-meat, sliding the knob down in between her buns. He felt it nudge her slippery butt-socket.

Sara looked at him. "Here we go. Are you ready honey?" she asked. "Yess," he muttered excited, his heart pounding.

Sara pushed her ass down and her butthole expanded, slipping wetly over the bulbous knob.

Daniel sighed with delight as it sunk a couple inches into the mouth of her ass. "You're in. Oh my God, Daniel, you're in my ass," Sara sighed excitedly.

Sara felt his cock flex, his knob throbbing inside her ass-tract. "Ready to go deeper?" she asked. "Uh-huh," he muttered, staring in to her immense cleavage.

She pushed down with her ass and and her asshole widened, stretching along his thick slippery pole. "Ohhh shit," the teen whimpered, feeling her internal sphincter slip along his glans.

Sara kept pushing more and more of him into her butt, feeling him stretch deep into her rectum."Oh-h-h-h," her voice quivered, pausing for a moment.

"You ok," Daniel muttered.

"I'm fine. You're just big honey," she said with a giggle. "Do you need to pull it back out?"

"No, no, no, I'm fine. I'm gonna back out slightly, that'll spread some lubrication along my inner walls, then we'll go nice and deep. Don't worry, I'm gonna be able to take every inch of you," Sara said.

Daniel's cock slipped back a couple inches, then Sara pushed down again, making it slowly spear deeper into her bowels. Finally, he felt her ass-ring screw tightly around the thick base of his boner. "Ohh my God, Mom," he whimpered.

Sara used the nearby controller to recline him back slightly. Now, rather than press against him, her big Mommy-melons could lay on him, spread out on his upper chest. She gazed down at him. "Before

we start humping let's just lay here a few minutes and I'll squeeze on you, ok."

"Sure," Daniel's muttered.

The busty Mother rested her head on his shoulder, his entire dick soaking in the hot tight furnace of her ass. Muscles in her abdominal wall contracted, increasing the pressure in the rectum. A loop of muscles squeezed around Daniel's meat, moulding to the shape of his cock. "Ohhh," the boy sighed, his knob tingling..

"Do you like it, honey? Does my ass feel good on your dick?" Sara asked.

"God yes," he said.

"You can squeeze me baby. I have to keep my bra on, but you can wrap your arms around me and squeeze me as hard as you want," she said.

He didn't need to be told twice. "Okay," he muttered, throwing his arms around her, pulling her voluptuous body up against his as hard as he could.

She felt his cock give off a mighty throb in her ass as his face sunk down into her gaping cleavage. His Mom's warm curvy flesh felt amazing against him as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

His hips instinctively began to rock, worming his cock through her ass. "Are you ready to hump, sweetheart? Are you ready for some assturbation?" Sara asked.

"Yess," he sighed, kissing the big mound of tit-meat wedged against his face.

Sara's meaty buttocks began to glide up and down his slippery cock. He felt felt her hot breath at his ear. "It's yours, Daniel. Thrust your

hips and go as hard and as deep as you need to. I won't stop you."

"Ohh man," he muttered, picking up his tempo just a bit. Sara stayed with whatever fuck-pace her son chose, her thick buns bobbing up and down to match his speed.

"Jesus, that feels so good, Mom," the boy moaned, arching his head back from the intense friction on his cock.

"I know it does honey. That's why I wanted this so bad for you," she said, pumping her ass on him like a pro.

"If I'd have known I could do this, I probably would have broken up with my girlfriend, instead of the other way around," he said, making Sara giggle.

"You'll find someone special, love, but until then my ass will be available, as often as you need it."

"Just warning you, Mom. That might be pretty often," he said with a sigh.

"I know all about you teenage boys. Mom's prepared to help you drain your nuts several times a day if she needs to," Sara said.

"Oh damn yess," he muttered.

Daniel's cock slipped through the grip of her ass-tube, the lube and his precum creating a slippery froth for his meat to slice through. The spongy walls of her rectum spread along his burrowing knob and felt like wet mouth sucking his glans.

"Ohhh, I'm feeling really good," he whimpered.

Sara tightened her shit muscles, meeting him thrust for thrust. "Ok baby, let's make you pop hard. You need it," she said.

Their flesh began to beat together as their humping intensified. Sara's **SUV** rocked to the rhythm of their thrusting bodies. The hot Mother clung to him, looking down at his pleasure-filled face, which was wedged between her jiggling bra-clad knockers. "Ohhhh fuuuuck," the teen shout, arching his head back.

"Gimme all of it baby, come on," Sara said as she felt the first hot rope squirt along the walls of her rectum.

"Uugh! Uuugh!!" Daniel grunted, shooting out more and more cum in his Mom's gripping ass.

Sara stopped their thrusting and held her asshole firmly against the root of his boner. She pushed her rectal muscles, as if she was having a bowel movement. Her slippery inner walls milked the tender Peter with their hot rubbery ridges. His smothered knob squirting out more and more creamy jizz.

When she felt his dick stop pulsing, Sara knew she had pulled out every drop. "Feel better?" she asked softly.

"Oh God do I," he muttered, making her giggle.

"So you think this assturbation thing is gonna work out ok for you?" she asked. "Ha, yeah," he muttered.

She sat up, his cock still embedded in her ass. "Wanna watch it slide out?" she asked.

"Sure."

Sara remained on his cock, but instead of kneeling, she planted her feet on the seat, then leaned back, bowing her curvy legs open. Daniel marveled at the way she was shamelessly displaying her nearly shaved snatch, the thick hood of her clitoris peeking out. He could see her asshole stretched around his meat. Sara slowly backed

his glistening pole out. It made a wet throaty sound it popped from her ass and sprung up, slapping wetly against his lower abdomen.

Daniel's watched the rubbery ring of her asshole close up, squeezing out some jizz as it clenched tight. "Damn, that's hot," he said.

A short time later, a tow truck driver trudged through the mud next to Sara's vehicle. He arrived at her window and she was sitting there waiting. Her and Daniel were now fully dressed. "Looks like someone tried to do some four-wheeling out here," the driver said with a laugh.

Sara stuck out her credit card, faking a sweet smile. "Can you pull us out please," she said sweetly.

Chapter 5: A Perfect Sleeve

"He's about to leave. Be ready. We only have time for a ten minute session," Daniel's mom texted him.

The teen jumped out of bed excitedly, slipping out of his briefs. He jerked on his big knob, hardening his peter up.

Sara ushered her husband out the door, practically pushing him out. "I'll text you later ok, honey." Dan Senior gave her a strange look. "So, hold on, who's birthday was it yesterday? he asked. "Birthday?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, the neighbor lady said something about seeing you at a birthday party."

"Oh God, don't listen to her. She's fucking crazy."

"So you weren't at a birthday party?" Dan asked, confused.

Sara was pushing the door shut behind him. "No...I mean, yes, we were, but can I just tell you about it later, I don't want you to be late for work."

"Sara, I have plenty of time to get to work."

"Ok, but Daniel has ten minutes before he has to leave. I still need to give him some...I mean make his, um...lunch."

"Ok, fine. We'll talk later then. Love you," Dan said, backing down the walkway.

Sara blew him a quick kiss. "Love you," she said, then closed the door and locked the deadbolt.

Dan moved to the driveway and stopped suddenly as he saw Sara's **SUV** sitting their completely caked in dried mud. "What the hell?" he said out loud.

Sara gave two quick knocks on her son's door before barging it. "Oh good, you're hard," she said, glancing at his boner. "We have to be quick or you'll be late for school."

"I can be quick," Daniel said, standing there staring at the swell of her swaying buttocks through her robe as she moved to the window.

Sara peered through window, which had a partial view of the driveway. "Did you see him back out of the driveway yet?"

"I wasn't watching."

The mother looked across at the neighbor's window and saw Margaret standing there staring right back at her as she folded a towel. "Are you fucking serious?!" she said, then quickly closed the shade.

."What?"

"That nosy bitch from next door is gonna make me lose my mind," Sara said.

Her phone started buzzing in her hand. She saw it was her husband. "Oh for fuck sake," she said, rolling her eyes, then answered sweetly. "Hi."

"Did you enter an off road race yesterday or something, your truck is covered in mud," Dan Senior said with a chuckle.

"Oh yeah that, um...we got...re-routed. They made take a um, one of those detour thingies, on the way home, up some stupid muddy dirt road. It was ridiculous," Sara lied.

"I guess. Well, I switched vehicles with you. I'll run it through a car-wash for you on my way to work."

"You're an angel. Call you later. Love you," Sara said, then hung up. She set her phone down, then quickly reached under her robe and peeled her panties off.

Daniel watched her climb onto his bed on all fours and pull her robe up at the waist, pointing her meaty bare buttocks back at him. Sara peeked back. "We don't have much time," she said, then wagged her ass back and forth, "Come mount me, honey."

"Yes ma'am," he said excited, his big boner bobbing and crawled up behind her. "Where's the lube? You'll need to lather some on," she said.

"Oh, I don't have it."

Sara's eyes got big. "What? I thought you brought it in from my truck?" "I thought you brought it in."

Sara sat up with a look of horror. "Oh my God, Daniel. Please tell me it's not still in the truck. The truck that **YOUR FATHER** is driving right now," Sara said.

"Oh...damn."

"We've gotta go get it out before he sees it."

"What? Mom he's probably miles away by now," Daniel said.

"No, he said he's running my truck through the car-wash. There's always a line of cars at that place. Take his car. You'll have time to catch him if you leave now."

"Can't we just do this real quick first."

She crawled off the bed and straightened her robe. "Daniel no, you don't understand, if he finds that bottle, we're both dead, get it? **D. E. A. D**, dead."

Daniel sighed with frustration as he pulled his briefs back on. "Which now gives me zero time before school. If I'd have known this was gonna happened, I would have just masturbated this morning."

"I'm sorry, just get that bottle back and I'll let you miss your morning classes. We can have a nice long assturbation session when you get back."

Daniel's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Yes, really, but honey you need to hurry."

Daniel quickly threw his shirt and shoes on. "If I get i get the lube before he sees it, will you let me see your tits?"

"Daniel," she said, giving him a stern look.

"What, Nick's mom let him see her tits during their sessions." "Heather? Really?"

"That's what he told me," Daniel said.

"Honey, you need to focus on my ass, not my boobs," Sara said. "Nick could be lying, just to try to impress you."

"I bet Aunt Michelle would show me her boobs."

"Daniel, you're wasting time," she said, pushing him out of his bedroom.

"Come on, Mom. What's the harm in showing a little skin. It's not like I'm gonna tell dad." "Well I should hope not," Sara said.

"You'll do it then, just a peek?" Daniel asked as she steered him towards the front door. "Come on, Mom, please."

Sara sighed impatiently. "Fine, a peek, just get that bottle back." Daniel smiled big. "On it!" he said, then rushed out the door.

Dan Senior sat at the car-wash waiting. As the car ahead of him went through, the attendant came to his window. "Damn, bud, looks like you need a wash bad," the young guy said, eyeballing the mud caked all over the vehicle.

"Yep, hopefully I don't have to go through more than once. I'll do the deluxe," Dan said, handing the attendant his credit card.

"Do you need a vacuum today? It's free with the deluxe," the attendant said.

Dan looked around on the floor. "No, I don't think so," he said, then looked back at the second row, "she keeps it pretty clean in here." He noticed the bottle sitting on the back seat, but couldn't tell what it was.

"Here's your card back, dude," the attendant said, then handed it back to Dan. "Have a good day."

"You too," Dan said, putting his card away, then turning to look back at the bottle. He leaned back between the seats, reaching back to get it. He fumbled with it with his fingertips, trying to grasp it.

A knock at his window suddenly startled him. He saw Daniel standing there. "Hey dad, I have your car," his son said through the window.

Dan Senior rolled down the window. "What are you doing here? I told your Mother I'd just take her car today."

"She was afraid there'd be a wait at car-wash and you'd be late for work," Daniel said, glancing back at the bottle on the seat. "I can take it through the wash, so you can get going," he said, opening the door.

"You sure?"

"Yeah dad, mom doesn't need it this morning. She said I could take it straight over to class."

"Perfect," Dan said, grabbing his briefcase. "Oh, where's that muddy detour your Mom took? I wanna try to avoid it on my way to work."

"Oh...that detour? I wasn't really paying attention, sorry," Daniel lied.

"No worries. Have a good day, son," Dan said, moving toward his vehicle.

"Oh I will," Daniel said with a smile, thinking about how he'd spend half the 'good day' in his Mom's ass.

"Hey! I just dropped the kid off at preschool, here for my morning coffee and gossip," Rachel said, sitting down at the table with Sara, who sipped on her own cup of Joe.

"I'm just sitting here waiting to see if I'm gonna be divorced soon," Sara said. "Uh-oh, that doesn't sound good," Rachel said.

Sara explained what happened that morning. Rachel smiled back at her reassuringly. "Just relax, a woman can lie her way out of any situation. What I really wanna know is, how was the assturbation session yesterday?"

"Well, we were in the car, so it was awkward. Daniel did seem to get a lot of pleasure from it though, so I'd say the maiden voyage was a success," Sara said, making them both giggle.

Rachel fed her a naughty smile. "How did it feel in your ass? I'm curious," she said. Sara smiled back slyly. "Big," she said raising her eyebrows.

"Like, bigger than your dildo big?"

"Let's just say it's a good thing we stopped and got the lube, otherwise there's no way he would have got that thing in my ass," Sara said.

"I talked Michael into fucking my ass last night, but after using those beads the past few day, it was a complete letdown. I could hardly even feel him, it was pathetic."

"They're both my sons and I love them equally, but I could always tell from their bulges that Daniel was a lot larger than Michael. In fact, I'm pretty sure you could combine Michael and Dan's dicks together and still not equal Daniel's length and girth," Sara confessed.

"He has your genetics. It's like he's a carbon copy of you, only in male form," Rachel said. Sara giggled. "How do you figure?" she asked.

"You're gorgeous, Daniel's gorgeous. You have huge tits and a thick ass. Daniel's dick is the same. It's like you were physically made for each other, the perfect genetic pair."

"I don't know about that," Sara blushed, sipping her coffee.

"I do," Rachel said, "in fact, I'd bet you a thousand bucks that his cock and your vagina are the perfect fit," she said.

"Oh Rach, come on."

"No, hear me out. I read about this in one of my women's magazines. They said that the penis's of some sons are fashioned

genetically after their mother's cunts and asses. It's like their orifices provide a perfect sleeve, unlike that of any other woman," Rachel explained.

Sara laughed. "Jesus, what kinds of magazines are you reading, Rachel?"

"Well, the article sounded a bit more clinical than I did, but that's basically what it was saying."

"That's fine, but we'll really never know about this 'perfect sleeve' theory because we all understand that my cunt is off limits. So is yours. Assturbation is about just that, **ASS**-turbation. And Daniel is only using our asses until he gets a girlfriend," Sara said.

"You'll feel his heart-beat?" Rachel said. "What?" Sara said with a baffled look.

"In your ass. They say if it's a perfect fit, you'll feel a guys heart-beat through his knob." Sara started laughing. "Where do you read this stuff?"

"I'm serious. When he's all the way in your ass and his knob is throbbing to his heartbeat and you can feel it, you'll know I'm right. Hey, and speaking of assturbation, Heather wants us all to come out to their beach cottage tomorrow," Rachel said.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," Sara said skeptically.

"Right, but her husband love paddle-board. If he takes our husbands out with him, that'll leave the boys at the cottage with us. It'll be a day of surf, sand and hot ass-sex," Rachel said with a big smile.

They heard the front door open. "Daniel?" Sara called out.

"Yeah, just me mom," he answered, then stepped into the kitchen, holding the half-full bottle of lube for them to see. "Mission

accomplished," he said.

"He hadn't seen it?" Sara asked.

"It was still laying on the back seat," Daniel said. "Thank God," Sara sighed.

"Why does it look half-empty? Exactly how much assturbating did you two do last night?" Rachel asked.

Sara and Daniel smiled at each other. "The half-empty bottle is a long story. We were..."

"Speaking of assturbation..." Daniel said, cutting her off. "Can we do some now. Sorry, I'm just like...super-horny," he confessed.

The two women looked down at his crotch, which confirmed his statement. "According to your boner-meter, I'd say that's accurate," Rachel said with a giggle. "Should I call Heather, see if she'll drive over and be a lookout for us?"

"No need," Sara said, picking up one of the kitchen chairs.

They followed her to the front door and watched her wedge the back of the chair against the door-handle. "There, now even if they have a key they're not getting in," she said, then looked at her son, "shall we get busy?" she asked.

"Wait," Rachel said, "I have an idea."

Five minutes later, Daniel's mouth hung open as he sat on a stool in his parents bedroom, watching Sara and Rachel dance in front of him. Sara's Bose stereo blasted the song "Bonita Applebum" by A Tribe Called Quest. Both women wore a pair of cheeky boy-short panties and cropped cami tops. Daniel was naked and sat there shamelessly stroking his boner to the site of them.

Both women had their backs to him, swiveling the globes of their asses back and forth to the beat. The fabric of their panties were made of translucent floral lace and Daniel could clearly see the cracks of their asses as they swayed them hypnotically back and forth.

His ogling eyes traveled down their smooth curvy legs to their sexy bare feet with painted toenails as they stepped around gracefully. Just the site of their sexy feet made him pull his prick even harder.

"Wooo!" Rachel sang, swiveling around, rolling her long thick tongue across her top lip lustfully as she gazed down at Daniel's cock.

Sara turned also, her curvy body rocking to the beat as she eye-balled her son's cock slipping through his fist. Daniel could tell they were both braless beneath their tops, by the way their large heavy tits were jostling around. Plus, both women had thick stiff nipples that protruded out beneath the fabric.

Rachel was the first one to begin peeling her panties over her buns. She slipped them off seductively, like a professional stripper would, letting them shimmy down her legs to her bare feet, them stepping out of them.

Sara was next. Daniel's tongue hung out as he watched the panties slide off her thick swaying mommy-ass and down her sexy legs. The women continued dancing, only this time naked from the waist down. The teen beat his dick lustfully, watching the two bare buttocks's rock and sway teasingly to the beat.

Whenever his mom or Rachel bent over, even slightly, he was greeted by the site of their smooth hairless pubic clamshells.

Sara looked back at her boy and he returned her gaze. "Can I get that peek now?" he asked. She giggled and shook her head.

"Oh come on, you promised."

"Fine," she said. Her back was still to him as she lifted her cropped top and her big naked jugs sprung out. Even behind her, Daniel could see the huge slopping meat of her tits hanging down and bobbling on her chest.

"Holy shit," the teen muttered, squeezing his cock even harder as he stroked. Sara pulled her top back over her boobs.

"That's it?" Daniel asked.

"I said a peek and that's what you got," Sara said, continuing to swing her ass.

Rachel turned towards him, quickly removing her top. "I'm not shy," she said, as her big thirty-eight triple d's bobbled across her chest. Daniel's heart pounded with desire as he stared at his sister-in-laws huge milkers. "Ohh fuck yeah," he muttered, watching her thrust her chest, making her cannons bounce to the music.

Sara glared at her daughter-in-law. "I'm not shy either, clearly..." she said, rocking her naked ass back and forth. "I'm just trying to keep his focus on our asses, not our boobs."

"Oh come on, Sara, they're just tits," Rachel said, making her ballooning jugs rock on her chest for Daniel's enjoyment.

"Yeah mom, just tits. And don't worry, your ass will get plenty of my attention today," Daniel said, just as the song ended.

"Well the song's over, so let's get to it, young man."

Rachel fed him a naughty smile. "Pick us up and throw us on to the bed, Daniel." Daniel looked at his Mom, as if for approval. "Seriously?" he asked.

Sara smiled back at him. "Would that turn you on, honey? Picking us up off the floor and throwing our bodies onto the bed before you

assturbate?" "I wouldn't mind it," he said with cocky smile.

"And I don't mean scooping us up into your arms like a gentleman. I mean tossing us over your shoulder like a fucking caveman," Rachel said.

"Like this," Daniel asked, lunging forward, grasping Rachel around the waist and throwing her half-way over his shoulder. The young mother screamed playfully, her feet and silky legs dangling and her meaty ass pointed in the air. "Yess," she said with a giggle.

The strong teen carried her over and threw her onto his parent's big bed. Rachel giggled, scrambling on to her hands and knees, pointing her thick ass back and wagging it lustfully. Daniel could see her the undersides of her big udders hanging off her chest, ready to swing.

"Your turn, Mom," Daniel said, his big sturdy boner pointed straight at her.

Sara stood there in a cute sexy pose, watching her boy move toward her. "Ohh, is my strong boy gonna pick his mommy up and throw her onto the bed like a rag-doll?" she said seductively.

"You got it," Daniel said, lifting her easily, the same way he did Rachel. The busty mother was tossed onto the bed, screaming playfully. Like Rachel, she rebounded quickly, crawling to her hands and knees and pointing her naked "applebum" back at her boy. "Lube up, captain caveman," she said, peeking back at him.

Daniel squirted an ample amount of lubrication on his erection. He slowly stroked his pole, oiling it up, while staring at their eager asses with fuck-lust. His eyes moved down the cracks of their buns to the smooth puffy folds of their shaved pussies.

"Mount Rachel's ass first, sweetheart," Sara said.

Rachel watched eagerly as the boy crawled onto the bed behind her. She thrust her ass out, her smooth buns spreading, creating an easy target for his cock.

Daniel squeezed his knob through the puckered ring of Rachel's asshole. She sighed in ecstasy as she felt his thick hard muscle ease it's way into her ass. "Oh my God," she groaned.

Daniel clutched on to her wide hips, watching the meat of his erection slowly disappear inside Rachel's ass. "Ohh man that feels good," he muttered.

"That's it, Daniel, give me all of your hard cock," she sighed, feeling his knob squeeze through her rectum. Finally, her buns kissed his midsection and he let his hardon soak in the hot grip of her ass.

The lucky teen looked over at Sara's meaty half-moons, which hovered right next to Rachel's. Her crinkled rubbery butt-ring was visibly throbbing. He looked up from her ass to see Sara gazing back at him with the horniest look he'd ever seen.

Daniel slowly eased his cock out of Rachel's butt-socket. His plump knob popped out and her oiled asshole clenched closed. He gave his brick-hard rod a few strokes as he turned towards his Mom's posterior.

Rachel rose up on her knees beside her mother-in-law, watching Daniel fit the tip of his prick against the puckering lips of Sara's ass. The ring expanded like an elastic band, stretching over the oily bulbous tip of Daniel's member. "Ohhh," Sara sighed in delight, feeling his hard phallic muscle sink in to her shit-chute.

Kneeling beside him, Rachel placed her hands on the teen's toned chest, watching his erection slowly disappear. "Ohh yes, that's right, pack her ass with your cock, sweetheart," she said.

Daniel tore his eyes away from his Mom's ass and looked at his sister-in-law's huge naked jugs hanging there in front of them. Her pink round areola were as big around as baseballs, with thick engorged nipples protruding from their centers.

Sara's stretched asshole kissed the hilt of her son's boner. She flexed her rectal muscles, squeezing the tender meat in the hot oily confines of her anal-canal. "Ohh shit," Daniel whimpered, flexing his cock between the smothering walls.

The elastic band of Sara's asshole was acting like a snug cock-ring, making the huge veins along his shaft pop out, swelling with blood. Daniel's big purple knob expanded even larger, throbbing and leaking. His mother responded, using her bowel muscles to squeeze her son's glans.

"Ohh my God, Mom," he whimpered, closing his eyes and turning his head to the side in ecstasy.

Rachel stroked his cheek tenderly and he opened his eyes to see her staring into his with her big baby-blues. "Is she squeezing on your cock, sweetheart? Is she making it throb?"

"Uh-huh."

Sara's ass had never felt so full. She could feel the blood pumping through the living limb she had fully stuffed inside her ass. She could feel the knob twitching in a steady rhythm. It wasn't long before she realized that what she was feeling was her son's excited heartbeat. Her own heart skipped a beat as she realized that Rachel was right. Her ass was made for her son's cock. It was the perfect sleeve.

Chapter 6: Grade-A Pleasure

Margaret answered her front door and found a professional-looking woman in her 40's on her doorstep. "Hi..Margaret?"

"Yes," Margaret said suspiciously.

"I'm Sam, the private detective you talked to online." "You're a woman?" Margaret said with surprise.

"Yes, well, Sam is one of those names that can go either way. I'm sorry, if you prefer a male detective, I can refer you to someone," Sam said.

"No, it's fine. Come in," Margaret said, leading her into the living-room.

"Beautiful home. Are these your children?" Sam asked, looking at the photographs on the wall.

"Yes, they are. Look, I'll just cut to the chase, Sam. The reason you're here is because I believe my neighbor is having sex with her son."

Sam looked a little shocked. "Oooh.Ok," she said, "you're fairly confident of this?"

"I am absolutely confident. They're engaging in sexual acts and it's an absolute disgrace, not to mention against the law."

"And on which side of you do they live?" Sam said, pointing in both directions.

"Number forty-eight. I suppose next you're going to ask me why I even care?" Margaret said.

Sam shook her head. "No ma'am, I'm not. Why a client cares is none of my business. My focus is on providing you with the proof you need to confirm your suspicion. Once I do that, what you do with that proof is up to you," she said.

Margaret smiled. "Just what I wanted to hear. I think this will go quite well," she said, then looked out the window at Rachel's Volvo parked on the street. "Oh, and also, her oldest son has a wife who I suspect is in on the action. That's her car there. It wouldn't surprise me if they're doing something highly inappropriate in that house, even as we speak," she said.

In Sara's bedroom, Daniel dug his fingers into his Mom's fleshy ass as she threw it back at him. His groin clapped lewdly against her rippling rump as he fucked her ass with steady thrusts. "Ohh shit," the teen whimpered as his cock thundered through the squeezing tube of pleasure.

Sara peered back over her shoulder, her eyes traveling up his lean chest. "Are you feeling good, honey?" she panted.

"Fuck yesss," Daniel moaned, watching her meaty mommy-buttocks bounce against him.

"Don't go popping a nut too soon," Rachel said, rubbing her ass against his hip, "You haven't pounded my hole yet," she said.

Daniel slipped his prick from his Mom's ass, a big stringy gob of precum oozing from his piss-slit. He watched the rubbery ring of her asshole close up, then turned, feeling Rachel's warm buns press against him.

His horny sister-in-law gazed back, biting her bottom lip as she pressed the length of his upturned boner up and down along the crack of her ass. Daniel just looked down and watched his cock slide around between her cheeks. He looked up to see her smiling at him. "Put it in," she said with wild eyes.

The teen grabbed his erection and brazenly rubbed his knob up and down between the split of her twat. Rachel gasped as she felt his hot tip squeeze back and forth against the fat nub of her clitoris. They gazed at each other and she giggled. "Naughty boy," she said playfully.

"What is he up to?" Sara asked with a mischievous smile.

"He just took a little detour across my clitoris, that's all," Rachel said. "Ugh, Daniel," Sara said.

"Sorry, I'm a bad aim," he said, slipping his cock into Rachel's ass.

Sara fed him a stern look. "Uh-huh, right. Pussies are off limits, young man and that includes our clits."

"Fine," Daniel sighed. He grabbed Rachel's soft hips and began punching his cock through her ass. He was mesmerized by the site of his brother's wife's big mature tush as it struck his midsection over and over. Even though he was much younger at the time, he remember how stunning she looked on her wedding day. How thick and juicy her ass-globes looked in her wedding dress.

Now, here they were, those same fleshy tan cheeks, but now naked and rippling with every strike as his slick boner as it speared through the clasping ring of her asshole. "Daamn, Michael must love doing this to you," Daniel said.

"Ha," Rachel said, smiling over at Sara. "He does, but your brother isn't really built for anal sex." "Oh, you mean he has small dick?"

Rachel laughed. Sara looked at her son, nearly laughing herself. "Daniel, be nice."

"Well, that's the reason, isn't it?"

"Yes, but he's your brother, so don't be mean," Sara said.

"Michael loves anal, but he just can't get in very far," Michelle said with a smirk.

"That sucks for him, I think the best spots are further back," Daniel said, thrusting his cock in as deep at it could go. He was greeted by the squeeze of her muscled rectum.

"Sucks for me too. A woman loves to feel a cock digging deep in her ass and your brother just doesn't have what it takes," Rachel said. "Wanna try a different position?" she asked.

"Sure," Daniel said.

"You don't even have to pull it out, just follow me down and lay behind me," Rachel said.

Daniel took position behind her, so they were both on their sides. He was tempted to reach around and grasp on to her big naked tits, but he knew his mom wouldn't have it. Rachel curled her silky leg into the air as Daniel fucked her ass from behind, holding on to her waist. "Oh man, this is awesome," he sighed.

Sara hovered over them, watching her son hump. "You like it that way, sweetheart?"

He stared at his Mom's hard nipples as they protruded from huge swell of her tit-orbs, out the thin fabric of her cami top. "Yeah, I like it that other way too though, how we doing it in the truck yesterday."

"Oh, right, with me on top of you?" she asked,

"Yeah," he sighed, feeling his hardon slip through Rachel's ass.

Sara watched in awe the bulging muscles and veins at the root of his prick, as he sliced his hard cylinder in and out of Rachel's back door.

"We can do that one again too sometime, but why don't you try this one with me.," she said.

Rachel slipped away from Daniel and Sara quickly took her place. The boy sighed with a thrill as he felt his Mom reach down, clutch his boner and slip his knob into her asshole. "Push, honey," she said, thrusting her butt back at him. They quickly found a rhythm. "Ohh yeeaah," the teen sighed, feeling he sphincter-muscles squeeze around his thick burrowing meat as they humped.

Sara turned her head and watched her son's face, thrusting her boobs out and extending her strong motherly leg straight up into the air. "Ohhh wow, this is a good position," she sighed.

"I told you," Rachel said, kneeling there watching them butt-fuck.

Daniel loved the feel of his groin bumping up against his mom's cushy naked ass. He gazed up the silky spire of her sexy leg as it pointed straight up at the ceiling . Her flexed bare foot with it's pretty painted toes was like the cherry on top.

Sara panted and smiled, watching her son's reaction as she clenched her asshole, increasing the resistance around his gliding meat. "Ohhh, man," Daniel whimpered.

"Do you like that, honey?" she asked. "Do you like it when I squeeze your dick like that?" "God yes," he replied.

"It makes not having a girlfriend a little easier, doesn't it?" Sara asked.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, feeling her squeeze again, using her strong shit-muscles to clamp around his erection. "Ohh my God," he groaned.

Sara and Rachel looked at each other and giggled, delighted by the extreme pleasure they were providing him. Rachel moved over and

laid behind the teen, pressing her big warm melons against his back. She reached between the two of them and clawed at his chest with her long painted nailed, hovering over his ear. "Just imagine that your on a date, fucking the pussy of some hot big-titted cheerleader," she said.

Sara was propped on her arm, still looking at her son. "Do you feel your cock inside her, honey," she said sweetly, then clenched her ass, "do you feel her hot pussy gripping you?"

"Fuuck, yess'" Daniel said, thrusting through her tight grip.

Rachel clutched him snuggly, mashing her tits on him. She brought her knee up, running her pretty toes up his thigh. "Squeeze her Daniel. Squeeze her body and feel her soft tits against you while you fuck," she said in a sexy tone.

Daniel pulled his Mom's body even closer, sandwiching himself between the two curvy women. "Mmm," Sara hummed, then bent her leg at the knee and propped it back, providing easier access for him to continue pushing his cock up into her ass. He was beginning to pant and thrust earnestly, fueled by their hot words. "That's it, fuck her, sweetheart," Sara said softly.

The teen dug his hard prick through his Mom's ass, savoring the feel of the warm curvy bodies squished against either side of him. Both women whimpered and stroked his cheeks tenderly, their wedding rings sparkling. Rachel continued to hiss at his ear. "Mmm, you're fucking her so good, Daniel. Come on, make her shake and scream you hot fucking stud," she moaned seductively.

"Hoohh' Daniel sighed, his knob tingling as it slipped through the juicy grip of Sara's tight rectum. Both moms used their sexiest voices to drive him wild with fuck-lust.

"Do you feel it, baby? Do you feel it on your big hard dick?" Sara said, humping back on him.. "Her hot horny pussy," Rachel

whimpered, rubbing her big sloshy tits against his back.

"And her big soft titties," Daniel's mother added, pulling his hand to the swell of her breasts. His fingers sunk into the tit-flesh through the fabric. "Swinging and bouncing while you fuck her hard," Sara said.

"Ohhh shit," Daniel moaned, on the edge of a monster cum. "Cum in her, baby-boy. Give her that sweet hot load," Rachel said.

Sara flexed her rectal muscles, sending her boy over the edge. "Ogghhhhh!" he groaned, firing a creamy shot deep into her bowels. "Ogghhh!" he moaned again, his young body straining between the writhing women. They whimpered and moaned, squeezing his lean body between them, driving him insane as he poured what felt like a gallon of spunk into his Mom's slippery anal sheath.

A few minutes later, Sara slipped off the bed. "Shower time, for both of us. You gotta get to school, honey," she said, looking down at her son.

Rachel laid there on her tummy, looking sexy as fuck. She was gazing down at Daniel's hard dick. "How the fuck are you still hard?"

"It'll go back down, in about an hour, unless..." Daniel said, looking at his Mom as she stood beside the bed, her big boobs stretching her top.

Sara placed her hands on her naked hip. "Unless what?"

"I still have an hour and a half before the afternoon classes start." "And?" Sara asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You said we could do that position we did in the car yesterday," Daniel said. "I said we'd do it again sometime."

Daniel smiled slyly. "Well, now is sometime," he said, making both women giggle.

Rachel rose up on her knees, her big melons bobbling heavily. "Get your shower, Sara. I got this." Sara glared at her son. "Stay away from her clitoris," she said teasingly.

Daniel's mom disappeared into the adjoining bathroom. Rachel flipped open the bottle of lube and squirted some on Daniel's cock. She brazenly clutched on to his boner and lathered it up with a few full-length strokes. "Fuck, you're big," she said, gazing at his dick lustfully.

She leaned over and kissed the purple knob, then gave it a long sexy lick, making Daniel's body shudder. "Don't you dare tell your mom I did that," she said in a flirting manner.

Daniel's big titted sister-in-law planted her knees astride him as she mounted his loins. She sighed as she fit his knob through her asshole. "Ohh my God," she whimpered in delight as she lowered her buns, sliding his stiff cock up her ass. Daniel's tongue hung out lustfully as he watched her big knockers hover over him, while feeling his cock sink into her tight anal cavity. Rachel propped herself on extended arms, lifting her ass up Daniel's meat a few inches as she adjusted to his size, then pushed her globes back down, making his cock-meat sink all the way inside.

"Ohh shit," the teen sighed, feeling the grasping heat of her ass-walls around his boner.

Rachel began to rise and lower her ass, humping his stiff dick. "Ohh fuck, this feels so good," she sighed.

Daniel's focus was on her huge hanging jugs as they swung in unison to her humping motions. Rachel winked at him. "You like my big tits, Daniel?"

"Yeah, they're amazing," he said.

"Not as amazing as your moms, but they're still pretty nice huh?" Rachel said.

"Uh-huh," he muttered, watching them bounce. "Can I suck on them?" he brazenly asked. Rachel giggled. "You trying to get us both in trouble?"

He glanced towards the bathroom door. "She's in the shower. I won't tell her." Rachel smiled at him. "I suppose I got to kiss and lick your cock, so it's only fair."

Daniel buried his face against one of her jiggling tit-mounds, sucking the entire cap into his mouth. "Mmmnn," he whimpered, tonguing the fat rubbery flesh of her nipples and areola.

Rachel steadily fucked his cock through the grip of her ass, feeling his plump knob squeeze through her rectum on every plunge. "Mmm, this feel so good, but I know how to make it so much better," she said.

Her wet distended nipple popped from Daniel's mouth. "How?" he asked.

She smiled mischievously, still bouncing her buns. "I'm gonna try to push you out, like I'm shitting, but you're not gonna let me," she said.

"I'm not?"

"Nope, you're just gonna keep fucking and pushing through no matter how tight it gets. Are you ready?" she asked excitedly.

"Yeah," he said, nuzzling his face into her cleavage and kissing the inside of one of her wobbling breasts.

Rachel closed her eyes and Daniel could tell she was pushing. He felt the spongy lining of her anal walls collapse around his boner and her strong rectal muscles tightening around him. "Ohh wow," he muttered as he felt his cock pushed down her tube.

"Push it through. Fuck me hard," Rachel moaned, pushing her ass, while Daniel bucked from the mattress at the same time. "Ohh God yesss," she cried out, feeling his boner spear back through all the slippery muscled lining of her anus.

"Ohh, fuck, that feels so good," Daniel moaned.

"I told you it would. Your mom and I know all the tricks," she said with a shaky voice. She plopped her trembling body down onto his and Daniel could tell she was cumming. He wrapped his arms around her, feeling her big warm melons slosh around on him as he continue to buck his hips and drill his cock up into her ass.

Rachel arched her head, tossing her hair back. "Uuuhhggh," she grunted, shuddering in orgasm as she continued to tighten her shit-muscles around him.

"Ohhh fuuuck," Daniel moaned, feeling his glans sizzle as they slipped through her tightened bowels. He grabbed her buttocks and sat up. Rachel knew what he wanted, quickly unfolding her legs and wrapping them around him, so she was now sitting on his lap facing him, with his cock shoved all the way up her ass.

"Cum in my fucking ass," she cried out lustfully, pulling his face to her jiggling knockers and rocking on his cock frantically.

"Ohh shit yeaahh," the teen sighed, his face smothered in tit-flesh.

Daniel's parent's bed rocked with the intensity of their movements as the pair clung to one another, grinding in a deep frantic butt-fuck. Daniel couldn't believe how wild and horny his brother's wife was being and he fucking loved it. His entire boner tingled as it jerked

through the hot grip of her ass. "Ohh fuck, I'm gonna cum," he groaned.

"Yess, fill my ass, Daniel," she cried out, rocking her hips at a frenzied pace.

"Ooogghhh!" the boy grunted as his knob erupted with big gooey ropes of hot jizz. Rachel continued rocking on him, milking every ounce of cum.

They collapsed in a heap. "Holy fuck. I'm gonna feel cum dribbling out of my ass for a week," she said with an exhausted sigh, making Daniel laugh.

Sara came out of the bathroom, with nothing but a tiny white towel draped around her voluptuous body. She looked down at her son and daughter-in-law, giggling at the way Rachel was clinging to him with her big tits laid out across his chest. "Look at you two love-birds."

Rachel nuzzled her face in Daniel's neck. "Tweet-tweet," she said cutely.

Daniel marveled at how sexy his mom looked standing there with her long dark hair damp and slicked back. His eyes paused on the enormous cleavage that peeked out the top of the towel.

Sara looked down at him and smiled. "You, young man, need to get a shower and get going."

"I know, I know," he said, sitting up on the edge of the bed. "Can I get another peek at your boobs first?" he asked, making both women giggle.

"I think we have a boob-man on our hands, Sara," Rachel said.

"Trust me, I know. He's been feasting his eyes on them since he was thirteen," she said, winking at her son.

"You did promise me a peek at them." "Which I gave you earlier today."

"With your back turned. I only saw part of them," Daniel said.

"I could be wrong, but isn't that the definition of a peek?" Sara teased. "Oh come on, Mom, just a quick flash."

Sara looked at Rachel and laughed. "Now he wants a flash. You have a half-hour until class starts, so get your cute little ass moving," she said, pointing at the door.

"Fine," Daniel said, heading for the door.

Rachel sprung from the bed, her big milkers bobbling heavily. "I'm gonna use your shower."

Daniel moved out into the hallway. Sara followed him, stopping just outside her doorway. "Hey..." she said to her son.

Daniel stopped and turned around. His mom stood in a cute little pose, with one sexy leg bent at the knee and cocked slightly forward. The foot of that leg was arched, her cute little painted toes squatting against the floor. She gazed at her un-tucked the towel and held it open, giving him a clear view of her full naked body.

"Holy shit," Daniel muttered, staring at her enormous rack. Her big meaty melons hung down heavily. The thick round circles of her areola and fat protruding nipples looked like big angry demon eyes glaring back at him.

His eyes drifted down her sexy midriff to where her mommy-hips flared out wide, framing her pubic V. Where that V came to a point was a thin, neatly-trimmed patch of pubs and just below that was

the crown jewel of her womanhood. Daniel could see the protuberant dome of her clitoral hood peeking out. He couldn't help but grasp his cock.

Sara let him stroke his dick a few times before she closed the towel and smiled. "How's that for a flash," she said, then disappeared back inside her bedroom.

Twenty minutes later, the teen was rushing off to school. They only lived a few blocks from the high-school, making it a short walk.

Sam, the private detective, sat in her sports-car, watching Daniel head down the street. "You must be Daniel. Running a little late, aren't we?" she said to herself, out-loud, then clicked a few pictures of him with her camera.

She started the car and kept her distance, following him to school.

Daniel grabbed a book from his locker, then closed it. A few lockers over, a beautiful young brunette smiled at him, showing her perfect white teeth. "Hi Daniel," she said sweetly.

"Hey Candy," he muttered, a bit timidly. The truth was Candy was the hottest girl in school, a star cheerleader, who looked like the young soap actress Lacey Chabert.

"I heard about you and Lisa breaking up," she said.

"Yeah, about a week or so ago," he said, glancing at the swell of her plump young tits pushing out her sweater.

"Are you doing ok?" she asked sweetly.

"Yeah, things are going ok. Are you and Chad still together?" he asked.

"Yeah we are, but he's been kinda busy with football and stuff. Seems like there's ton of road games here lately," she said.

"That must get lonely for you?"

She smiled sweetly. "Yeah, totally," she said, gazing at him with her beautiful green eyes. "That's why I um, wanted to talk to you...see if you wanted to hang out sometime, after school maybe?"

Daniel's heart raced. "Sure," he muttered excitedly.

"My parents don't get home until like 6. So we'd have a couple hours to like...Netflix and chill maybe," she said.

Daniel knew those were code-words for 'fuck their asses off. His eyes drifted down her body.

She had a narrow waist that flared out into wide hips. She wore pink shorts and her dark-tan legs were smooth and strong-looking, just like his Mom's. Her cute little tan feet with dark painted toenails were displayed in a pair of white wedged-heeled flip-flops. "Absolutely," he said, then exchanged numbers with her.

"Bye, Daniel," she said, walking off. Her thick young buttocks filled out her shorts deliciously and swayed in a way she knew would draw his attention as she walked away. It was all the boy could do to reach down and squeeze his growing cock.

Daniel had a hard time focusing in class as he replayed the morning's events in his mind. The click, click, click of Misses Davis's heels snapped him back into reality. The tall dirty-blonde sashayed past him towards her desk, the big meaty swell of her buttocks undulating beneath her snug skirt.

She rounded her desk and looked directly at the teen, giving him a little smile.

When the bell rang, Daniel's classmates filed out. Misses Davis looked his way before he could get up. "Daniel, can you stay put a moment, please."

The teen sat there as the rest of the class disappeared. Misses Davis got up and moved towards him, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. Daniel couldn't help but notice how the swell of her tit-mounds trembled under her blouse with every step.

Misses Davis sat on top of the desk in front of him, crossing her strong nylon-encased legs. "So Daniel, how was the anal sex yesterday?" she asked candidly.

"Anal sex?" he asked with a nervous gulp.

"Yes, the anal sex you and your mother had, using the anal lubricant that you bought at the store yesterday. I was there, remember?"

"Oh yeah," he muttered.

She leaned forward, gazing at him with her piercing gray-blue eyes. "You don't have to be shy with me, Daniel. I know all about this new 'assturbation' trend that's going on with mothers and sons. Most women do," she said.

"Oh," he muttered.

"Unfortunately, I only have two teenaged daughters...and a husband who thinks anal sex is disgusting."

"Do you think it's disgusting?"

"No..." she said gazing at him lustfully, "I crave it," she said. "I see," Daniel said, his heart racing.

Misses David tossed a note-card onto Daniel's desk. It had a big "D" written on it in black marker. "That's your grade in my class right

now. You may be the cutest student I have, but you're clearly not the smartest. But that's ok, cute boys don't need to be smart, not when they can better their grades in other ways," she said.

"Other ways," Daniel asked.

"Yes," she said, leaning forward. Daniel noticed the top two buttons of her blouse were open, revealing a deep canyon of cleavage."If you keep going like you are, you may fail my class and not graduate," she said, then turned the card over. Written on this side was an "A."

"But there is way, we can turn that D into an A," she said. "What do I need to do?" Daniel asked.

"Oh..." Misses Davis said, standing up and turning around. She bent over the desk, pointing the big thick half-moons of her matronly buttocks at him, "I think you know what you need to do," she said, her pretty face peeking back at him.

Sam sat in her car in the parking lot of the school, waiting for Daniel to emerge. She had a plan to extract the information she needed to continue her investigation. She saw Misses Davis walk down the sidewalk and get into her **SUV**. A minute later, Daniel took the same path, then peered around suspiciously before jumping in the passenger side of Misses Davis's vehicle.

"Ohh, you are a naughty boy, aren't you, Daniel," Sam said outloud. She clicked a few pictures of the **SUV** as it pulled out of the parking lot. "Now, let's see where you're going," she said, carefully following after them.

Chapter 7: Bending the Rules

Daniel's slippery cock-head throbbed as it squeezed through the deep grip of Misses Davis's rectum. "Ohh shit," the teen whimpered as he felt her rubbery walls tighten around his boner.

They were in the back-seat of Misses Davis's **SUV**. The pretty middle-aged teacher was straddling the teen with his big cock shoved up her ass. "Ohh yes, Daniel... Fuck my asshole," she gasped, pushing her buns down to get as much cock into her butt as she could.

The teen reached down and gripped her bobbing ass, his fingers digging into the flesh of her big cheeks. Misses Davis had pulled the cups of her black bra up over her large tits, letting them bounce around Daniel's face.

"Damn Misses Davis, your boobs are really big," he muttered, pressing his face inside the deep jiggling cleavage.

"You can suck them if you want. Just don't leave any marks," she said.

Daniel latched on, shoving as much tit into his mouth as he could get, while his hot teacher bounced her ass up and down his slippery erection.

Misses Davis's **SUV** sat in the corner of an abandoned parking lot. Nearby, Sam, the Private Investigator hired by Margaret, sat in her sports-car with a clear view of the teacher's vehicle. She clicked a few pictures. "Just as I suspected," she said to herself, then got a big smile, "and oh how your little backseat fun will play to my advantage."

"Ohh yess, this feels sooo good," Misses David panted, beating her big sexy ass against Daniel's crotch.

"Mmnn," the teen whimpered in agreement, slurping on the fleshy tip of her boob. Her nipple popped from his mouth and he wiggled his face into the squishy pocket of meat between her jugs.

Daniel's cock flexed inside her ass, feeling her thick inner lining squeeze and suck his tender meat. Misses Davis reached down and rubbed the large clitoris protruding from her cunt-mound. "Ohh my God," she panted, on the verge of a hot orgasm.

Daniel sensed the urgency of her cum and bucked his hips off the seat, spearing his slippery boner through her oily ass-tube. The vehicle was filled with the sound of lewd smacking as her fleshy buttocks beat against the teen's loins. "Yesss, just like that. Screw my ass hard you horny little fuck!" Misses Davis cried. "Ohhh!... Ohhh, yes make me cum... Yeeesss!"

The boy watched her pretty face contort with pleasure and her lush body tremble as she screamed a whimpered through a powerful orgasm.

"Can I fuck your pussy?" Daniel asked brazenly as she came down from her orgasmic high.

"Fine, but be quick about it, we've already been out here too long," she said, looking out the window uncomfortably.

He slipped his dick from her ass and lifted her up, then positioned her on her back on the seat. The horny teacher brought her knees up, splaying her thick thighs open. Daniel licked his lips, staring lustfully at her well-groomed cunt. He lowered himself against her and planted his prick against the pink fleshy folds of her labium. "Push it in," she sighed, rocking her hips up and down eagerly.

Daniel's knob found her creamy fuck-socket and sunk into her hot vagina. "Ohh God," she whimpered feeling his thick meat stretch her inner lining.

The boy gave her the entire length of his cock, then held it there, with his knob crushed against the head of her cervix. He brought his weight down on her and felt her strong silky legs wrap high around his back. "Jesus you're big," she gasped, squeezing her married pussy on his cock.

She clutched his ass with her long nails. "Fuck me as hard as you can," she said.

Daniel obliged, setting his hips in motion and finding a frantic rhythm. His hard dick speared through her pussy-tube, lubricated by her juicy walls. He squeezed her curvy body, feeling her big boobs slosh around between them. "Ohh, yeeeaah," he sighed, fucking her as hard as he could.

Sam got out of her car and carefully snuck over to Misses Davis's **SUV**. The vehicle rocked back and forth from the wild humping going on inside.

She peeked through the window of the second row and was greeted by the site of Daniel's young naked ass bobbing up and down between his teacher's splayed legs. Sam watched in fascination as the teen's big hard cock sliced through her cunt, her labia stretched obscenely around it's girth.

"Yesss, ohh!... Ohhhh!" Misses Davis panted.

Sam felt her nipples harden and her own clitoris tingle. "Focus," she whispered to herself, fighting off the urge to squeeze her own tits. She pointed her camera and took a few pictures.

With such deep savage thrusting, it didn't take long for Misses Davis's cunt to tighten up and soak Daniel's boner with orgasmic

juice. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she cried out, writhing beneath his young body.

"Ohhh shiiit," the teen whimpered as his knob swelled and tingled, thundering through her twat. "Ohhh fuck, I'm gonna shot off!" he groaned, thrusting like a madman. "Ooggghhh!!"

Thick ropes of spunk jetted from the tip of his cock, hosing the inside of her vagina. The next two minutes were absolute bliss for the boy. He bucked and writhed, using the hot teacher's hole to squeeze out every drop of cum he had.

Meanwhile, Sam had rushed back to her own vehicle to avoid being seen.

Misses Davis dropped her student off at a laundromat around the corner from the school. "See you Monday, Misses Davis," Daniel said, hoping out.

"Bye, Daniel," she said, flashing him a flirty look.

Before Misses Davis's **SUV** could pull back onto the street, Sam's sports-car blocked her exit. Sam got out and walked over to the teacher's window. "Is there a problem?" Misses Davis asked.

"Driving a student to an abandoned parking lot and having sex with him, yeah that's kind of a problem," Sam said.

"I don't know what your talking about," Misses Davis said nervously.

"No? Should I show you the pictures I took? Would that refresh your memory?" Misses Davis glared at the woman for a second. "Pictures? Who the fuck are you?"

Sam faked a smile. "Relax, sweetheart, I'm not your enemy. I have no interest in ruining your career or wrecking your marriage," Sam said, eyeballing the teacher's big diamond wedding ring, "As long as

you're willing to cooperate, we can keep your naughty little fuck-session a secret."

"Cooperate?" Misses Davis asked, clearly confused.

Sam drew her attention to Daniel as he disappeared down the sidewalk. "Daniel, right?" The teacher glanced at her student. "Yes," she said.

"Clearly you and Daniel have developed some trust and secrecy in your relationship. Perhaps he would confess to some things to you, if you questioned hard enough," Sam said.

"Things? Where is this going exactly?" Misses Davis asked.

"I need him to share some information with you," Sam said. "Once you've secretly recorded him sharing that information, then I delete those photos and **YOU** go about your merry life, like we never met."

Misses Davis glared at the **PI**. "This is ridiculous," she said.

"Or I could stop by your bosses office right now and ruin your fucking life. In fact, you know what.." Sam said, moving away from the vehicle, "maybe that is the right thing to do."

"Wait!" Misses Davis shouted, causing Sam to pause. "Just..tell me what you need."

That evening, Daniel sat at the dinner table with his parents. As his Mother and Father discussed a situation at Dan Senior's work, the teen stared at Sara's big tit-mounds. She wore a thin sweater that fit snuggly over her mommy-boobs and all her son could think about was how she exposed herself fully in the hallway and how absolutely luscious her body was.

He heard his Mom clear her throat and looked up to see her glaring at him uncomfortably. Her eyes peered over at her husband, then

back to her son, as if reminding him that his Father was right there.

"So what was it that you were saying about the beach tomorrow?" Dan Senior asked his wife.

"Oh um, Rachel's friend Heather, the realtor, has a beach house. She invited us all over tomorrow. She said something about a cookout and I guess her husband really wants to take you and Michael out paddle-boarding," Sara said, then glanced at her son.

"Jesus, I haven't been paddle-boarding in ages. Sounds fun," Dan Senior said, then looked at his watch, but right now I gotta get in there. The game's about to start," he said, hopping up and giving his wife a quick kiss.

"I'll help you clean up, Mom," Daniel said, flashing her a smile, then glancing at her tits.

Daniel's Father went into the living-room and planted himself in front of the **TV**, while Daniel helped his mom clear the table. Sara noticed the bulge in her son's shorts. She stopped beside him, reached down and clasped the tip of his boner through the fabric. "Am I seeing things, or are you hard right now?" she whispered.

"Yeah, I am," Daniel blushed. "How could you expect me not to be when you're wearing a snug top like that?" he said.

"You're suppose to be obsessed with my ass, not my boobs." Daniel smiled. "Why can't I be obsessed with both?" he asked .

She gave him a flirty look as she move to the sink. "Because it's call 'assturbation' not 'tit-n- assturbation," she teased.

Daniel moved over to the sink and stood behind her while she did dishes. Sara felt his boner push against her buns, which were covered by a short white-denim skirt. She peeked back and gave him a stern but playful look. "What are you up to?" she asked.

"Nothing," Daniel said, slowly pulling up her skirt.

His Mother slapped his hands and tugged her skirt back down. "Have you lost your mind? Your father's in the next room," she reminded him.

"Can we do a session?" Daniel asked, his boner flexing with horniness.

Sara turned to face him, the big swell of her jugs protruding out beneath her sweater. "Of course we can, but if you think you're gonna hike up my skirt and slide it in my ass, right here in the kitchen, you're crazy," she said with a smile.

"Can we go to my room then?"

Sara giggled at her son's eagerness. "Daniel, we need to clean this kitchen, then...maybe we can sneak upstairs."

"Ok, sorry, I'm just really horny I guess," he blushed.

"Oh really, I hadn't noticed," she said teasingly. "We can..play around a little...while we clean, but nothing too naughty, in case your father walks in."

"Thanks, Mom," the teen said, stepping forward for a tit-squashing hug. He wrapped her in his arms and squeezed his Mom's curvy flesh in a prolonged embrace. Sara ran her long nails across his back, while he nuzzled his face between her shoulder and chin. "Man you feel good," he said with a horny sigh.

"I do, huh?" Sara asked, staring at the doorway, praying her husband didn't come walking in.

Daniel brazenly planted a few soft kisses on her neck. He could feel her hard nipples on his chest, even through their clothing. He felt one of her silky legs curl around him, grasping even tighter. Her

body shuttered as he flicked his tongue on a sensitive part of her neck. She quickly moved her neck away, yet they remained embraced. "Daniel, no, not that," she sighed, then gazed in his eyes. "Sorry," he muttered.

"No you're not," she said with a giggle.

"Ok, I'm not," he said, sharing her lustful gaze. His bulge was pushed up against her crotch and she could feel in throbbing through their clothing.

For a long moment, their bodies squeezed together while engaging in a lustful stare. Sara let out a cute little nervous giggle, like a cheerleader about to get pounded by a hot stud. She glanced at the doorway hesitantly as her son's lips closed in on hers.

Daniel was a bit surprised to see her share a sensual kiss with him. She seemed to be a tad reluctant to continue. "Ok..." she said between kisses, "we need to be," kiss, kiss, "we need to be careful," she whispered, then kissed him again.

Their smooching intensified, becoming more passionate. "Sweetheart," Sara gasped, glancing at the doorway again. Before she could continue, her son had locked lips with her again and was squeezing one of her big tits. Their lips fused and just as their tongues touched, they heard Dan Senior's voice approaching. "Gonna be a great game," he said.

Mother and Son quickly parted and Sara straightened out her clothing, just as her husband walked around the corner. Both her and Daniel leaned against the counter and watched him grab a beer from the fridge. Dan Senior noticed his wife standing there, giving him that deer in the headlights look. "You ok?" he asked.

"Me? Uhm, yeah, of course...we were just, um, cleaning," she said, clearly lying.

Dan Senior noticed his the large nubs of her hard nipples protruding from the fabric of her sweater. "Ok, I was just grabbing a beer," he muttered.

"Ok, well, um...enjoy your beer," Sara said, as she acted as incriminating as hell. "And your game."

"Thanks. Are you sure you're ok?"

She fed him a fake smile. "Fine," she said sweetly.

"You guys should come watch this game when you're through. It's gonna be a good one," Dan Senior said, disappearing from the kitchen.

Sara rushed over to the fridge and grabbed the tub of butter. She took her son's hand and led him over to the doorway, peeking out to make sure her husband had settled in the living-room.

Daniel paused behind his Mother and watched her peek back at him. "Get my panties off," Sara whispered.

The teen didn't hesitate, hiking up her skirt and grabbing hold of her little panties. He crouched down, panting excitedly as he peeled her little pink panties over her buttocks and down her smooth legs. As soon as they dropped to her sexy feet, Sara used her toes to slide them aside.

Daniel's tongue about hung out as he stared at the cheeks of her thick meaty ass. His mom quickly turned, giving him an even bigger thrill as he came face to face with her sexy pubis.

He marveled at the tiny triangle of pubic hair pointing down at the crack between the puffy folds of her vulva. It was clear that his mother kept her pussy waxed and just the site of it made his dick swell even bigger. "Get your dick out," he heard Sara whisper.

He stood up and pushed his shorts and briefs to his ankles in one motion. His big erection bobbed up and down eagerly. Sara scooped some butter out of the dish with her fingers and coated some on his boner. Daniel watched delightfully as she slowly stroked her buttery fist up and down his hard-on, completely coating it. "It should work the same as our lube," Sara whispered.

"Can I take your boobs out?" he asked.

She fed him a look. "Daniel," she said impatiently, then took a quick peek around the corner again at her husband.

"I won't touch them, I promise. I just wanna see them move around," he said.

Sara let out a big sigh, then hiked her sweater up, revealing her huge bra-clad tits. "Fine," she said, then grasped the bottom of her bra-cups, pulling them up the big bulging undersides of her boobs. Her jugs were so massive it seemed like forever before the enormous mounds of tit-meat sprung out and bobbled heavily on her chest.

"Holy shit," he son muttered, his eyes as big as saucers.

Sara turned and stuck her ass out at him. His boner rubbed against one of her half-moons, smearing butter on it. "Get it in my ass," she whispered.

Daniel heart beat a mile a minute as he grasped his erection and positioned it between her sexy butt-cheeks. He found her crinkled booty-hole and squeezed his greasy knob through.

Sara gasped as she felt her son's thick cock-muscle sink up her ass. She leaned forward a bit more, to peek out at her husband. "Ohhh yeaaah," her son sighed behind her as he grabbed her soft hips and started humping her rump.

Daniel's dick flexed as he felt her walls clasp him and his purple knob sink into her rectum. "Ohh man," he gasped, feeling his knob already start to tingle.

Sara peeked back at him with a warm motherly smile. "Mmm, there you go, honey," she said, knowing she was satisfying his craving. The boy's eyes were glued to her tits, watching them hang off her chest and swing up and back to the rhythm of his thrusting.

Daniel's fingers dug in to the layer of fatty ass-flesh, squeezing her tan cheeks and watching them ripple as they slapped back against his crotch. "Hey Mom, can you stand straight up," he asked.

"Will that help you cum faster?" she asked, standing upright.

"It might," he said, wrapping his arms around her tummy and punching his cock inside her with little mini-thrusts.

Now the teen could look right over her shoulder at her jutting knockers as they jumped around on her chest. The lewd sound of their bodies beating together filled the kitchen. Sara turned her head and smiled at her teen, watching him stare at her boobs and hump away against her cushy ass. "Are you getting close, honey?"

"Yess, sorta. If I can squeeze your boobs I'll cum real quick," he said. She giggled. "Nice try," she said.

Her husband's voice startled them. "Sara, can you bring me another beer when you come in?" he said from the living-room.

"I'll be right there, honey," she answered back.

Daniel felt her asshole tighten, trying to increase the friction and make him cum. "Hhhuhh, shit," the teen gasped.

"There you go, honey, let it pump out," she said, thrusting her mommy-ass back, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"I'm trying," he muttered, watching her boobs bounce.

Sara took his hand and guided them up to her breasts. Daniel gladly latched on, his fingers sinking in to the spongy flesh of her tits. "This is a one time thing, ok. Now cum for me," she gasped.

The teen felt like the King of the rodeo, lengthening his thrusts to propel as much shaft through his Mom's ass as he could, while groping her big naked melons. "Ohh shit, yeaaah," the teen sighed.

He got so aggressive that his cock popped from her asshole, dug along her slit, then stuck out the front of her cunt. Their bodies continued humping, rubbing her juicy slot along the top of his shaft. "Get it back in," she gasped, reaching down and grasping his knob.

Daniel's cock dug past her clitoris and popped inside her fuck-socket. Sara gasped as she felt his meat stretch her quim and begin to sink inside her aroused vagina. "No," she said, rising up on her cute little tip-toes, pulling her cunt off his cock, "wrong hole, honey."

The boy's eyes rolled back in delight as he felt the juicy mouth of Sara's fuck-socket nip at his tender knob, just before it popped free. His Mom's tiny hand grasped his boner and guided it back into the right hole. "Yess, that's the one. Shoot your load in there, sweetheart," she said.

Daniel snarled as he set his hips back in motion, working his erect cock deep into her bowels. Sara took his hands and slid them down to her tummy. "Hold me up," she said as she leaned forward, putting her weight on her son's arm. Her feet left the floor and she bent her knees, tucking her legs back behind her son, so that they humped in a position much like the wheelbarrow position, except her chest was more upright.

"Ohhh shit, Mom," the teen sighed, holding her up and watching her thick ass beat against him. Sara tightened her rectal muscles, smothering his spearing pecker in the hot slippery lining of her ass-

tract. She peeked back at him. "Come on my naughty boy, fuck Mommy's ass and give her your cum," she whispered seductively.

Her words sent a shudder through Daniel's body. It was all he could do to keep from crying out as big ropes of hot spunk erupted from his piss-hole, hosing the inside of his Mom's ass. "Hhmmfff," he sighed feeling his cock flex and pulse as Sara used her shit-muscles to extract as much cum as she could.

Daniel helped his Mother finish cleaning and took a shower. When he got to his room he noticed a few text messages on his phone. One was from Candy, the hot cheerleader from school. It simply read "Netflix n chill tonight? My parents are gone until late."

"Definitely! " Daniel texted back..

The other text message was from a number he didn't recognize. It read "Hi Daniel, it's your favorite teacher. Are you up for some more hot fucking tonight? I had so much fun today...I want lots more **ASAP**.

Daniel found himself in a situation he'd never been in. He was dying to sink his boner into Candy. She was the hottest cheerleader in school and looked just like Lacey Chabert, but much curvier. Misses Davis though was a sexy **MILF** that knew just how to bring the pleasure to a young guy. Daniel knew he'd probably only seen a few of the skills she possessed. The question was, which one did he wanna bone tonight?

After thinking about it for a few minutes, the old saying entered his head, "there's only one thing better than pussy....new pussy." He had just fucked Misses Davis and although there was a ton of other positions he wanted to fuck her in, he had yet to experience a tight cheerleader cunt..

He quickly texted Misses Davis back. "Sorry, I already made plans with someone tonight, but I had fun today and can't wait to do it

again," he wrote..

Moments later, his phone rang. It was Misses Davis calling him. "Hello," he answered. "Blowing me off for another girl, Daniel?" she asked.

"No, we made plans a few days ago, sorry," he lied.

"Mmn, who is this lucky girl?" "Candy Martin," Daniel said.

"Ohh, a cheerleader, well lucky Miss Martin. Unless I'm mistaken, she has a boyfriend, on the football team, does she not?" Misses Davis asked.

"I think so," Daniel muttered.

"Oh, how naughty," she said, "but being a married woman, I suppose I'm not one to judge. We did have a deal though, did we not, Daniel? You give me that hot young dick and I give you an A on your report card, remember?"

"Yeah, I remember," he said..

"Besides, I know you'd much rather fuck an experienced pussy. One who knows just how to turn your screw. So, shall we meet back at the car-wah where I dropped you off, in an hour?" Misses Davis asked.

"Sure," the boy responded.

He texted Candy again apologetically, telling her something had come up.

Daniel went down to the living-room. His father was still watching the game and his Mom sat there scrolling through her Facebook. "I'll be back later. I'm just going out with a friend."

Sara looked at him, seeming a bit surprised. "A girl?"

"Yeah, um, just a girl from school," he answered. Technically, he wasn't lying. "Have a good time," his dad said..

"Wait," Sara said, getting up and walking over to her son. "Honey, you haven't really been single that long. You're not just jumping right back into a relationship, are you?"

"Sara, he said she was a friend. Let the guy go have a good time," her husband said from the couch.

Daniel looked at his Mom. "We're just gonna hang out. Nothing serious."

His Mom fed him a jealous smile. "Hang out?" she said, "what is that code-word for have sex?" Dan Senior glared back at his wife. "Jesus, Sara, are all questions really necessary. Let him.."

"Yes, Dan, they are," Sara snapped, then looked back at her son, "honey, I just don't wanna see you rush into to something you might regret a week from now... or two weeks from now," she said, then glanced at her husband, who was glued to the game.

Sara led her son by the arm into the kitchen. Once they were out of site from her husband, she continued speaking to him. "Is this 'hang out' date because you're horny. If it is then we need to discuss it. We have a plan for that now."

"Yeah, I know and **I AM** horny, but..."

"But what, sweetheart? Talk to me," Sara said.

"I like assturbation and all, but the girl I have a date with...well, she'll let me have real sex with her. You know, in her vagina and not just her ass," her son said.

"I see," Sara said, the wheels in her head spinning. "I'd like to help you. I've bent the rules a lot, but not sure I should bend them that

far."

"I know and I understand, that's why I'm gonna do **THAT** thing with another girl." "Ugh, no, this isn't how this was suppose to work," Sara said in frustration.

"How what was suppose to work?"

"Me helping you, to cope with your sexual urges while being single. Assturbation was suppose to fix everything, but instead it's just made you want other things that I'm not suppose to give you," Sara said.

"Mom, it's ok. I still wanna do assturbation, it's awesome, but I can just go to someone else for those other things," Daniel said.

"You shouldn't need to. The whole idea of assturbation was that a young man should have everything he needs right here at home," she said.

Daniel felt kinda bad. "There's some things a Mom can't do, I get it. That why..." "What if.." Sara said, the wheels in her head turning..

"What if what?" Daniel asked curiously.

Sara looked in the direction of the living-room, clearly having an inner conflict. "Ohh, I don't know," she said as if retracting what she was going to suggest.

"She's waiting for me, so I should probably go," the teen said. "What if I let you stick it between my boobs?" Sara suggested. Daniel gazed in disbelief. "You mean..."

Sara smiled cutely. "A tittie-fuck. Would that be enough to entice you to stay home?"

Daniel's heart thumped excitedly. "Sure," he said with an anxious smile.

The teen retreated back to his room and texted Misses Davis. "Sorry, my parents won't let me go out," he wrote.

"I want you inside me this weekend, Daniel. You have an A to earn," she texted back. Misses Davis knew if she didn't record Daniel confessing soon, that her job, her marriage, her entire reputation could be destroyed.

Sara lingered in the living-room a moment. "How's your game going, hon?" she asked her husband.

"Not as well as I hoped," he muttered.

"So your team's not getting any field-goals?" she asked naively.

"Field-goals is football babe. This is hockey. They're just called goals...and in answer to your question, no, we haven"t scored one damn point this entire game," Dan Senior said.

Sara looked at the timer. "So period three, so it's got what, another half-hour left?

"Yeah, half-hour, twenty-minutes, which is hopefully enough time to score three goals and at least even this game up," he said, his eyes glued intensely to the screen.

"I think I'm gonna go up and take a shower," Sara lied, pointing upstairs. "Alright, I'll be up in a bit."

Moments later, Sara's big bra was unclasped and her cups pulled from her jugs. Daniel's eyes widened as his Mom's king-sized tits bobbled heavily on her chest. "Damn," he muttered, amazed at how they ballooned outward. "Can I rub my face around on them?"

Sara giggled. "Honey, I'm already bending the rules more than I should," she said.

"Just for a minute, Mom," he said. His briefs were already off and he was stroking his pecker to the site of her enormous melons. "It'll help get my dick really hard."

Sara gazed down at his boner as it slipped through his fist. "Your dick already looks really hard, sweetheart," she said.

"If you let me suck your nipples, it'll get even harder," Daniela said.

"Oh, now it's sucking my nipples," she said with a giggle. "What happened to rubbing your face around on them?"

"I can do both," he answered. "Come on, Mom, just for a minute."

She fed him a scolding, yet playful look. "You have one minute, as in **SIXTY SECONDS** before we slick that boner up."

"Yesss," Daniel hissed, lunging forward and smothering his face between her boobs. He kissed and licked and rubbed his blissful face all over her big meaty tit-orbs, then latched on to one of her thick nipples, pulling and slurping.

"Times up, honey," Sara said, snapping the cap off the lube and squirting a big gob on her son's hardon.

Daniel's mouth was stuffed full. His tongue beat against her huge distended nipple. He sunk his face even deeper into her tit-flesh, feeling the spongy melon mask his face. "Mmmnnggff," the boy snorted, his teeth sinking in to the thick pink cap of her areola.

"Mmhh," Sara gasped, her nipple hardening inside her son's mouth. She stroked his hard pecker up and down, coating it with lube. "Ok, boob-monster, time to fuck Mommy's titties," she said.

Her nipple popped from his mouth, wet and swollen. "I haven't sucked the other one yet," he said, then latched on to her other boob.

"Ohhh, honey," Sara said a bit worriedly, looking at her son's bedroom door, wondering how much time they had. Her son's mouth covered both her nipple and the areola, so that he sucked much like a baby, his tongue and lips trying to massage the milk out of her milk glands.

She used her sexy voice to further things along. "Do you wanna fuck 'em now baby? Do you wanna fuck Mommy's cleavage while she says naughty things to you?" she asked.

Sara's nipple popped from his lips. "Hell yess," he gasped.

Daniel sat on the edge of the bed and his Mom knelt down in front of him, squeezing her knockers around his cock-muscle. She bounced her big boobies up and down, thrusting his slippery boner through her immense cleavage. "Mmm look at that, my tits just swallow that big hot dick right up," she said lustfully.

The teen reclined back, resting on his elbow and watched in fascinated pleasure as his fat knob emerged from his Mom's cleavage over and over, stretching up towards her neck. "That is so hot," he sighed.

"You don't need some slutty girl's pussy to make you happy, honey. Everything you need is right here," Sara said, fucking his cock between her breast at a steady pace.

He felt his knob tingle. "Ohh damn, Mom. This feels so good," he panted, watching his dick appear and disappear over and over.

Sara tirelessly bobbed her chest up and down, while pressing her jugs together with her hands, beating her son's glistening meat with

her big mommy-tits. "Come on, baby. Give Mommy that ball-juice," she said.

"Ohhh shit, here it comes," the teen muttered. "Ohhhgggh," he grunted as the first big milky blast squirted up along Sara's neck. "Ohhggh!" Another big gooey rope of jizz bubbled out the split at the top of her cleavage. Another shot up and splashed against her chin.

"That's it, honey, cum all over me," she said, using her chest-meat to pull out as much cum as she could. When she was finally done, she released his cock from between her boobs and giggled at the big mess he'd made. "My God, there's so much of it," she said, watching a big gob of spunk run down chest. "I really do need that shower now."

Daniel watched her stand back up, her jiggling melons shimmering with lube and his hot teenage cum. "You might as well finish getting undressed in here," he muttered.

She smiled down at him mischievously. "Why, so you can get all worked up again?" "Sure, why not," he said, stroking his pecker.

"Your father's game is gonna be over any time. Do you really want him to see me covered in all this cum?" she asked.

"Just tell him it's a new kind of lotion."

Sara laughed, making the flesh of her knockers jiggle. "You're terrible," she said, then pulled off her skirt and panties in one swoop, "and I love it," she said, still gazing at him.

"Can I take a picture of you?" he asked bravely. "Nooo, why do you need a picture of me?" she asked. "Just one," he said, "do a sexy pose."

She put her hands on her hips and shook her head, "Daniel."

"Come on, Mom, please."

"Fine, one picture and for **YOUR EYES ONLY**," she said. "Of course."

Sara struck a sexy pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward and bent at the knee. She brought the thumb and forefinger of each hand together on her tummy to form the shape of a heart. The way she was standing with her big naked breasts ballooning out and the cute V of her pubis crowning her silky mommy-legs made her son's heart skip a beat, "Hot damn," he said, snapping a picture.

"Wait, I wasn't ready," she giggled, then fed her son the most seductive look he'd ever seen, curling her tongue inside her slightly open mouth. "Damn," the boy muttered, snapping another picture.

The naughty mother watched her son's erection flex in reaction to him seeing her pose. "Let's get a selfie together," she said playfully, moving over to her son's side.

She snuggled up against him, her shimmering tit-orbs pressing up against the side of his chest. Daniel held his camera up so it pointed down at them. Sara gave it a sexy smile, doing a cute "hang loose" sign with her hand.

"Now a goofy one," she said, crossing her eyes and sticking her long thick tongue out the side of her mouth. Daniel did a silly face as well, then snapped the picture.

"Can I get one of you holding my dick?" Daniel asked brazenly. "Oh God, Daniel," she giggled. "Why do you wants one like that?" "It would just be cool," he said.

"Fine, one more and I gotta scedattle outta here," she said, crouching down and grasped her son's erection. She snuggled his boner up next to her face and smiled up at the camera, like she was posing with a cute puppy.

"Wow," her son muttered, snapping the picture. "That's hot."

Sara stood up. "They're for **YOU ONLY**, got it? If those pictures show up on the internet I'm gonna kill you," she said.

"Don't worry, Mom," Daniel said. He pointing his phone at her swaying buttocks as she sashayed to the door and took another shot. "I won't show them to anyone."

Sara opened the door and peeked out to see if the coast was clear. She gazed back at her son with a playful smile. "One more," she said, straightening her legs and cocking her meaty ass back, while giving him a sultry stare through her curtain of long dark hair. He took the picture, then she blew him a kiss and rushed out.

Chapter 8: Beach Bums

"Hey, welcome, come in," Heather said, ushering her guests into their family's beach cottage.

Husbands and wives filled the tiny living-room, chatting and laughing. Heather introduced the new arrivals. "Everyone, this is Kristen and her son, Garrett. They just bought a beautiful new home from this lady right here," Heather said, pointing to herself pridefully.

Kristen smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "And we love it," she said.

Heather's husband grabbed a brownie from a platter on the counter. "Now whether or not she'll sell you on these rock-hard brownies is another story," he said, making the other husbands laugh.

Heather glared at him. "I'm gonna give you a rock-hard something up your ass," she said, then looked back at Kristen, "welcome to the zoo. Just ignore the primates," she joked.

The couples, Sara and Dan Senior, Rachel and Michael, as well as Sara and Heather's boys, all introduced themselves to Kristen and her son.

"So Kristen, when are you expecting?" Sara asked, glancing down at Kristen's huge pregnant tummy.

"My due date is next Wednesday, but honestly I feel like it could be any time," Kristen said.

Daniel did his best not to stare at the swell of the massive rack beneath Kristen's beach gown. "Do you have a name picked out?" he asked.

Kristen and Garrett looked at each other. "We like Tucker, but there's a few other names at the top of our list."

"Nick's a cool name," Heather's son Nick said, "you should name him Nick."

Heather poked her boy playfully. "When they see how **YOU** act I'm sure that's the last name they'll pick for their baby," she joked.

"I'm gonna get some chicken and burgers started, hope everyone's hungry," Heather's husband said.

Heather smiled at the ladies. "Are we all up for a walk on the beach while the men cook?" "Let's do it," Sara said.

Ten minutes later the three boys, Daniel, Garrett and Nick followed their Mother's along the beach. The boys were far enough back that the Moms couldn't hear them. That's some hot fucking booty right there," Nick said. The fours Moms, Sara, Heather, Kristen and Rachel walked side by side ahead of the boys. They each wore a skimpy bikini, which left a good portion of their swaying asses exposed.

"I won't argue with that," Daniel said, then glanced over at Garrett. "Dude, did you really knock your Mom up?"

Garrett laughed. "Yeah, she wanted another baby and my dad wasn't really able to give it to her, because of his disability."

"Damn, I wish my Mom was pregnant like that," Daniel said. "I can't imagine how much bigger her tits would get."

"So you guys are just having anal sex with your moms right now?" Garrett asked.

Nick nodded. "A couple times a day, yeah, but I'm hoping to cross that bridge into vagina-land real soon."

Daniel laughed "Me too, I actually slid it into my mom's cunt yesterday 'accidentally' during our assturbation session," he said.

"Accidentally my ass," Nick joked.

"No, it really was, but now I might start having more of those little 'accidents' while I fuck her ass," Daniel said, making the boys laugh.

The mothers had their own conversation going as they strolled side-by-side. "So Kristen, you and Garrett have been having sex together for awhile now I take it?" Sara asked.

"Yeah, it pretty much started after my husband's injury and once Garrett and I began sharing a bedroom together," Kristen said, her enormous boobs, gently swaying beneath her bikini top as she waddled.

Heather smiled. "You can't share a bed, night after night, with a gorgeous eighteen year old and expect nothing to happen,"

"True, it became very difficult to keep my hands off of him," Kristen said.

Heather wore a sexy red strapless bandeau-style bikini. The top only covered half of her fat knockers. She looked over at Sara. "So Sara, do tell...how's the assturbation going with you and Daniel?" she asked.

"I'm actually a little concerned. It was going well at first, but now he's getting offers for sex from someone else and...well, I'm having to bend the rules a little, just to keep him happy," she said.

"Nothing wrong with bending the rules. The problem is, how far can you bend them until they break?" Heather said.

'Exactly," Sara said. Her large jugs jostled as she adjusted her bikini top, "I mean, I know Daniel loves the anal sex, that's not really the

issue. What worries me is how long before he's satisfied with nothing less that full vaginal intercourse," Sara said.

Rachel chimed in. "So then let him fuck you" she said, making the other Moms laugh. "No seriously, it's not like there's some mysterious 'order of assturbation' that you're gonna be excommunicated from for life for breaking the rules. Make your own fucking rules," she said

"Dan would absolutely kill me if he found out I was fucking Daniel." "Ha! Sara, you're letting your son fuck you in the ass.Your Heather smiled. "Rachel's right, I mean assturbation is just a general short term solution for giving pleasure. Our sons see our pussies and our tits every time we get them off. Them wanting to explore other parts of our bodies is inevitable," she said.

"Tell me about it," Kristen said, patting her big naked baby-ball, making the other Moms burst out laughing.

Heather looked back and noticed how the boys were gawking at their swaying half-exposed asses. "Eyes back in your heads, boys," she shouted back.

One of the boys wolf-whistled. "Yummy-yummy!" Nick shouted, watching his Mom's buttocks undulate atop her smooth curvy legs.

The mothers paused and waited for their boys to catch up. Daniel's erection flexed in his shorts as he surveyed all the lush mommy-meat in front of him. He marveled at the size of Kristen's baby-orb and the huge milk-filled boobs resting along the top. He could see her thick swollen nipples protruding from her skimpy bikini top. Their eyes met and she smiled at him sweetly..

"Nice boners," Rachel said, eyeballing the bulges in their shorts. "Thanks, I can introduce you if you want?" Nick joked.

Heather glared at him. "Nice try. If you're horny, you can park that thing in **MY** ass, young man," quothe said.

The Moms stepped up and embraced their sons, pressing their big squishy boobs against their bare chests. Kristen gave her boy a beaming smile, placing his hands on the smooth orb of their baby. "How lucky are we, to have such hot studs walking behind us, staring at our asses," she said.

Daniel was sandwiched between his mom and Rachel, cushy boobs plastered against him on both sides. "Getting our attention with those hard young dicks," Rachel said.

Sara smiled at her boy, pushing her crotch against his pecker. "Mm and I bet they like it when their hard dicks get our attention," she said.

Heather wrapped her arms around her teen, giving him a squeezing embrace. Her big tits pressed against him, bulging out from the sides. "Is that true, sugar?" she asked. "Does your dick like the attention Mommy gives it?"

"For sure," Nick muttered, enjoying her soft curves smothering his chest.

Heather looked at her son, but spoke loud enough for the others to hear. "After we each lunch and your fathers go out paddle-board, us moms are gonna take off our bikini bottoms and let you handsome studs squeeze your hard dicks into our assholes," she said.

"And pound our sexy asses nice and hard," Rachel said.

Sara gazed at her teen. "You like the sound of that, honey. You like the idea of Mommy's big ass beating against you?"

"Hell yeah," Daniel gulped.

Kristen and Garrett gazed into each other's eyes. "What do you think, hotshot? You wanna give this anal sex a go?" she asked.

"You expect me to say no?" Garrett asked.

"Knowing the way you are, I would be shocked if you said no," she said with a giggle.

The couples made their way back to the cottage, hand in hand. The men had the feast prepared and everyone talked and laughed as they ate.

Heather looked at Kristen. "I'm so sorry the cottage couldn't accommodate your husband, Doug. I feel horrible," she said.

"Don't, it's fine. He's never been big on social gatherings anyway," Kristen said.

"Well maybe the next cookout we could do at the park, or better yet, that beautiful mansion you just bought," Heather suggested.

"That would be perfect," Kristen said with a smile, "there's plenty of entertainment space."

Sara took a sip of her drink, then looked at Kristen. "When do you guys move into the new place? Do you need some help?"

"Oh that's wonderful of you to offer, Sara," Kristen said "but we hired a moving company to do all the heavy lifting. Garrett and I have actually already kinda moved in."

Heather raised an eyebrow. "Mmm, do tell," she said. "Have you christened the bedroom yet?" she said with a wink.

"Actually, we have," Kristen said. "Let's just say last night was a very, very long night and I don't know how that fucking air mattress didn't pop," she said.

The other Mothers giggled.

The boys could hardly wait for their fathers to disappear and when the men finally announced their departure to hit the waves, dicks began to harden. Heather looked out the window with a smile, satisfied that their husbands were far enough down the beach.

"Ok boys and girls, let's get this beach-side assturbation session rolling. Into the bedroom boys," Heather said, pointing the boys towards her room.

The bikini-clad moms followed them into the bedroom and the three boys sat on the edge of the bed, squeezing their dicks as they watched the four beauties come inside and close the door. "Get out of those trunks boys," Heather said, untying her bikini bottoms.

Removing his trunks, Daniel licked his lips as he watched Heather peel her bottoms off, revealing the puffy triangle of her shaved pubis. He looked up to see the short-haired blonde gazing back at him. She shared a flirty wink.

Rachel and Sara also removed their bikini-bottoms and Daniel gawked at their well-groomed love-gloves. He could see the fleshy domes of their clitoral hoods, peeking from the puffy folds of their shaved outer labium.

All three boys were jerking on their naked boners as they watched the Moms prepare themselves.

The women watched the boys pull on their peckers. The lewd display of absolutely fuck-lust by the boys, didn't phase the mothers at all. They knew that lusting after women and jacking their cocks was just what boys do in these situations.

Heather handed a bottle of lubricant over to Sara. "Wait until you try this stuff, Sara. Heated anal lubricant imported from Brazil. It is absolute magic," she said.

Daniel watched Kristen's big milk-jugs bobble heavily as she stepped out of her bikini bottoms. She had the sexiest bare feet with painted toenails just like his Moms. Her belly was so big he couldn't see her cunt. She flashed him a cute little smile.

The eager teen whispered over to Nick. "Ask them to show us their pussies," he said. Instead of doing so, Nick put Daniel on the spot. "Daniel has a question," he said. "What, me?" Daniel asked uncomfortably.

"What is it, sweetheart?" Sara asked.

"Oh um... I was wondering if you guys would, um...show us your pussies," he asked. Heather giggled. "What were we saying earlier about rules being bent?" she said.

Nick pointed his prick at his Mom. "We're showing our junk. Only fair, right?" Heather and Rachel looked at each other. "He does have a point," Rachel said.

Heather looked over at the other two women. "Girls? Any objections?" Kristen smiled. "I'm fine with it," she said.

"I suppose I am too. How do you want us, boys?" Sara asked.

The teens smiled at each other excitedly. "What about on the bed with your legs spread," Nick said, "Sound good guys?" he asked the other two boys.

The both nodded in agreement.

Heather smiled. "Well if you want us spread there's only gonna be room for two Moms at a time on that bed."

Kristen and Sara looked at each-other. "Wanna go first with me?" Sara asked. "Let's do it," Kristen said.

Still jerking their dicks, the boys moved aside and watched Sara and Kristen crawl onto the bed.

The two busty mothers moved onto their backs and propped their sexy legs in huge spread eagles. "Hot damn," Daniel said, jacking his boner and looking down between Kristen's splayed legs. He was amazed that being as pregnant as she was, Kristen was still able prop her luscious legs back so incredibly far.

He was so turned on by all that big round baby-meat and the way her ginormous milkers hung heavily of the sides of her chest, barely covered by the tiny bikini sling. He looked up at her pretty face to see her watching him beat his hard penis. She peered up into his eyes and smiled. "You can come closer, Daniel. I'm not gonna bite," Kristen said.

Sara smiled over at Kristen as they lay side-by-side. Her legs were scissored open also, Nick and Garrett gawked down at her naked cunt as they stroked their dicks. "He's far from timid, trust me," Sara said, making both Moms giggle.

Daniel wanted to get as close as he could to Kristen's pussy, so he could really see it in detail, so he knelt down and brought his face about a foot away. He was mesmerized. He could see her coral slit through thick folds of labial meat and the faint aroma of moist pussy.

"Peel your hood back, Sara," Rachel said as her and Heather stood nearby. "Let 'em see your clitoris."

Sara pulled her fleshy dome back and the nub of her clitoris stuck out like a stump in a swamp. "Fuck, that's hot," Nick muttered, beating his dick even harder.

Kristen used two fingers to pry her thick cunt-lips open. "See my little fuck-hole, Daniel?" she asked him cutely.

"It's so sexy," the teen responded.

The boys switched spots and Daniel marveled at his Mom's cunt as it was spread out in all it's glory. Her thick flaps of labial meat were splayed open, revealing the creamy mouth of her cock-tube. Rachel knelt down behind the teen, pressing her soft boobs against his back while whispering in his ear. "Isn't it amazing, Daniel?" she whispered.

"Uh-huh," he muttered.

"Look at how big and thick your Mom's clitoris is. Can you imagine putting it in your mouth and sucking on it," Rachel whispered. "Rubbing your tongue up against it while you make her scream and shake."

Daniel peered up her midriff to see Sara smiling at him wickedly.

Heather now stood behind her son, whispering to him as he beat his dick to the site of Kristen's pussy. "Mmm you wanna fuck her, don't you, Nicky?" she whispered.

"Yess," he son hissed.

"Fuck her hot pregnant pussy and make her squirt her juice all over your dick?" "Wow, fuck yeaah," Nick sighed, his cock flexing in his fist.

"You want Mommy's pussy too, don't you? You love Mommy's ass, but you wanna bury your dick in my other hole, don't you, Nicky?" she said softly.

"Yess," the boy muttered, stroking his cock at a steady pace.

Heather continued whispering. "Do you wanna see my pussy? Are you ready for me to spread my pretty legs for you," she said seductively.

She said it just loud enough for the others to hear and Kristen sat up and slid off the bed. Heather quickly took her spot, watching her son's face with an naughty smile as she pulled her knees back nearly to her shoulders and spread her thick thighs open. "Fuck yeah," Nick sighed, gazing down at her bare pussy.

Kristen walked over and embraced her son and they started kissing like lovers, her big pregnant belly sandwiched between them.

"Ohhh, naughty, naughty," Heather said as she watched them make-out.

Rachel was still whispering the nastiest shit imaginable into Daniel's ear while he stared at Sara's cunt. "Mmn, it could squeeze and cream on you, bathing the glans of your dick in hot juice while you pound the fuck out of it," she whispered. "Mm that would feel so good to your young hard dick, wouldn't it baby?"

"Ohh, shit yess," Daniel muttered, steadily beating his meat.

Sara lowered her legs. "Ready to switch?" she asked her daughter-in-law.

Rachel took Sara's spot, throwing her legs back in a huge V, pointing her sexy feet. Protruding from her smooth outer labia were the thick juicy petals of her nymphae. Rachel used two fingers to peel them open, exposing her wet pink slit.

"Ohh man," Daniel muttered, beating off to the site of it.

"No, I'm not a man," Rachel giggled. "I'm very much a woman, Daniel. Watch me rub my clitoris." Rachel began masturbating, rubbing the thick nub of her clit. "Ohh yess," she hissed.

Heather joined in, frigging the swollen flesh of her hot pussy. "Ohhh, look at it, boys. Watch us rub our hot pussies,' she cried out.

The teens mouths fell open in disbelief. Daniel looked over at Kristen. She stood there watching him jack off, while rubbing her own love-button. "Ohhh yess," she cried out, joining the whimpering coming from the other women.

"Come on, Sara," Rachel said. "Everyone else is getting off. Don't be shy." "I'm hardly shy," Sara said with a smile.

"Prove it," Rachel said.

"Fine, I will," the mother said, then latched on to her son, pulling him to her tits. She grabbed on to his dick and began stroking his cock for him. Daniel went for her tits, but she guided his hand down between her legs. "I do you, you do me. That's how we're gonna roll right now," she said.

"Wooo!" Rachel cheered, watching the mother and son jerk each others genitals. She quickly got up and embraced Daniel from behind, bringing his hand to her pussy. He rubbed her clitoris the same way he was Sara's and Rachel helped her mother-in-law jerk his cock. "Yesss," she cried out lustfully, "rub our pussies!"

Heather got up and pulled Nick over to the masturbating threesome. "We wanna join. Come on, Kristen," she said, mashing her body up against Daniel from the side. Nick stood behind her and brought his hand to her pussy, while she reached back and stroked his cock.

"Ohhh yess," Sara cried out in horniness.

"Fuck uuuus," Rachel whimpered, humping her cunt against Daniel's hand.

Kristen pressed herself into the group opposite Heather, so Daniel now had four hot moms surrounding him. Garrett was behind his Mom, rubbing her clit while she stroked him, just like the other couples were doing.

"Ohh shit," Daniel sighed, looking around at all the jiggling tit-meat pressing up against him. Rachael and his mom were working in unison, their hot little hands jerking up and down on his boner, lubricated by his precum. "Ohhh God, yess, fuck meee," Heather cried out.

"Ahhhhh!" Kristen squealed. Daniel was only six inches from her pretty, pleasure-filled face and could clearly hear every whimper. "Yess, rub our cliiiits," she sang, her eyes closed. Just the sound of her whimpers alone drove Daniel wild. He shared at quick look with Garrett. Both their faces were full of excited concentration.

"Uhhggh, yess, make us cum!" Rachel cried.

It seemed like the group was pressing tighter and tighter together, their bodies mashing against Daniel as if trying fuse with him, to become one flesh. All the teen could see now was huge bulging cleavages and the pleasure-stricken faces of gorgeous mother's and their big silky manes of hair.

He felt Rachel's body tense up and tremble against his back, she squeezed him tight, as if literally trying to climb onto him. "Uhhggh, yess fuck me I'm cumminggg!" she cried out.

Heather's face was literally a few inches from Daniel's. She stared at him with her big seductive eyes, a hard cum clearly building inside her. "Hhhoohh, my God," she shouted. Like Rachel, she threw her free arm around Daniel, clutching him in a tight embrace as she screamed out in orgasm.

"Ohhh wow," the lucky teen sighed, feeling the mother's warm trembling body squeeze onto his, her fat squishy jugs flattening against his bare chest. He heard his Mom panting heavily, like she too was about to pop.

"Ohhh fuck, ohh yesss, ohh my fuck, I'm cuuummiing'" Sara cried out and somehow managed to worm her way around her son, her

boobs and Heather's sharing his chest. "Ohhh Jesus," Daniel muttered, turned on so much he could pass-out as his Mom buried her pretty face against his neck, between his chin and shoulder. "Uuuhhggh!"

He felt his Mom's body tremble, her hard nipples poking at him and her hot pussy-cum gushing around his fingers. Sara and Rachel's hands were still beating his meat skillfully, slipping over his knob again and again, coating it with slippery secretions. He felt another Mom scratching her nails along his abs. Since Rachel and Heather both had their free arm wrapped around him, he guessed it must be Kristen's hand.

Even though he'd fucked plenty of times, he'd never seen women quite this horny. He had hot Moms crying and whimpering at his neck, while smothering his young body with their curvy flesh. He could feel their thick aroused nipples, smell the musky aroma of their wet horny pussies. Squeezed tightly together, their bodies jerked and writhed. It was like one big mating-ball of flesh. For Daniel, It was absolutely euphoric and it was about to get even better.

That little hand scratching his abs suddenly slithered around him, pulling him towards it's owner. Kristen's pretty face suddenly slid up next to Sara's, masked with pleasure. "I'm cumming,

Daniel," she cried out, her beautiful brown eyes rolling back.

Heather slithered around to the boy's side and Sara drug her boobs to one part of his chest, making room for Kristen to lunge forward. "Ohh fuck I'm cumming really hard," she shrieked, crushing her massive orbs against his chest.

"Holy shit," Daniel sighed as she whimpered into his neck. "Uuuunnhhgg!" Kristen cried out in ecstacy, her pussy creaming on Garrett's hand.

"Ohhh, fuck usss," Sara moaned as her body let out another orgasmic shutter.

"Ohhggh!" Garrett groaned as he began to cum around Kristen's jerking fist. "Ohhggh shit," he whimpered.

Rachel's hand slid from Daniel'scock, down onto his balls, squeezing and massaging his big tender nuts as Sara continued stroking tirelessly.

Satisfied that they had cum completely, the teen removed his hands from their pussies and began to let hit paws brazenly explore other parts of their bodies. He moved from one set of boobs to the next, bravely squeezing and kneading, sliding his hands beneath their bikini tops and pulling on their thick hard nipples.

"Ohhhh fuck!" Nick groaned as he popped off and his mom milked the cum from his throbbing boner.

"That's my Nicky, cum hard baby," Heather said, peeking back at him..

Daniel felt Kristen's body shutter against him, her big milk-filled breasts sloshing around on his chest. He sunk his fingers into Sara's big soft udders, feeling their immense weight as she continued to whimper at his neck..

The wonderful sensations sent a tingle to his knob. Sara knew he was close by the way it flexed in her slippery grip. She lifted her pretty face and gazed into his eyes. "Come on baby, fuck Mommy hard. Fuck Mommy faster and harderrr!" she cried out.

Rachel slipped her hand down and rubbed his taint, to make him cum even harder than he normally would. "Ohhh shit," Daniel groaned in pleasure.

"Yess baby, yess, cum hard!" Sara cried.

"Fill our pussies with your hot cum, Daniel," Rachel hissed at his ear.

Just before he exploded, he peeked at Kristen's face and she gazed back at him with her big alluring eyes,"Yess, squirt out your spunk and get all your mommy's pregnant with your babies," she said seductively.

"Hoohhff! the teen snarled, his body shuddering as cock-milk erupted from his peter-tip. He writhed between the surrounding flesh, squeezing his Mom's jugs as hard as he could as more and more jizz jetted from his prick.

After he was milked dry, their bodies peeled apart. "Well," Heather sighed, "that was interesting."

Rachel smiled. "Yeah, so I'm wondering. When it comes to the rules, was that a bend or a break?" she said, making the women laugh.

"Who cares," Kristen said, "it was fun. Although I'm kinda bummed that I still haven't gotten that dick up my ass yet."

Heather smiled. "Well, I'll check on where our husbands are, and if the boys can keep those dicks hard," she said, turning and wagging her big sexy ass, "maybe they'll still have time to fuck some beach bums."

Chapter 9: A Vacancy

The sound of slapping flesh filled Heather's bedroom as the boys pounded their hard dicks through the mother's asss's. Heather, Sara and Kirsten where side by side on all fours on the bed, their luscious mommy-rumps hanging over the side of the mattress, getting skewered by their son's erections.

"That's it, boys, fuck those asses," Heather panted, throwing her big naked buttocks back at her son.

Nick, Daniel and Garrett watched in fascination as their mothers swiveled their wide hips, thrusting their mature half-moons back tirelessly. The three teens had chiseled abs and cocks that looked like they were carved from stone. Their lube-slickened boners jutted from their crotches, slicing through the rings of their mother's assholes.

"Goddamn that's sexy," Nick said, eyeballing all three luscious rumps as they beat back against them.

Daniel marveled at how Sara's meaty half-moons swiveled up and back, the fatty outer layer of flesh rippling each time it struck his midsection. "That's so cool how they jiggle like that," he said to the other boys.

"Their asses aren't the only things jiggling," Garrett said, gazing delightfully at the big hanging milkers swinging freely on the mothers chests.

"I know, right," Daniel said, watching Sara's melons rock up and back in the same motion as their anal humping..

Heather smiled back at the teens. "Just eye-candy to keep those dicks hard boys," she said.

The other two Moms giggled and looked back at their sons also, their eyes running up their lean handsome chests. "Better than masturbating I bet," Sara said, smiling back at Daniel.

"I won't argue with that," he said, making the Moms giggle.

Heather set her eyes upon Garrett, watching him rock his hips, meeting Kristen's backward plunge with fuck-thrusts of his own. "Garrett you have such great form, sweetheart," she said.

"Thanks," the teen blushed.

Kristen smiled proudly. "We fuck a lot doggy-style, so he's had plenty of practice at this, right babe?" she said.

"Definitely,," he said, smiling back at her. She tightened her sphincter muscles making her ass-tube squeeze and suck his tender meat. "Ohh damn that feels good," Garrett muttered as he continued thrusting his pecker.

"Good," Kristen sighed, feeling his thick fucker squeeze through her ass-walls, making her incredibly erogenous pudendal nerve throb with pleasure. "It feels good to me too."

Heather looked at Daniel and her son Nick. "Push your dicks all the way in boys. Let us squeeze on your knobs with our rectums," she said.

The boys weren't about to object. They buried their boners as deep as they would go, feeling Heather and Sara's rectal muscles suck at their glans.

"Ohhh shit," Daniel whimpered, grasping Sara's hips, pulling her fleshy ass against him and soaking his prick deep in her bowels.

The pretty mother peered back, staring lovingly at his eyes. "Mmm yes, enjoy that ass honey, it's all for you," she said.

Heather set her hips back in motion. "Ohhh, that's right, now grab our hips and pound our asses. Show us you have what it takes, boys," Sara cheered.

The sound of flesh beating against flesh filled the room again. Daniel still couldn't believe he had his dick inside his own sexy mother's ass. His father was down in the water paddle-boarding, unaware that his son's cock was plugging away at his wife's derriere. His wife was milking their son's big horny penis with her strong rump-muscles.

Heather and Sara shared a gasping smile. Both their asses were tingling with pleasure, their clitoris's thick and pulsating. Kristen too was starting to feel super pleasurable sensations, even a buildup of pressure that segued into contraction-like waves.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhyess fuck usss," Heather cried.

"Hardeeer!" Sara screamed, throwing her ass back at her boy as she began to climax. "Yessss!" Kristen shouted. The mothers began cumming within seconds of each other, squeezing the unyielding hardness of their son's meat. The women screamed and shook, their butt-rings puckering and throbbing around the tubular hunks of slippery flesh.

"Ohhh hot damn," Daniel whimpered. Sara was pushing with her shit-muscles, providing maximum resistance. Heather was doing the same to her son. "Ahhyes, thar's it, don't let our asses push you out, boys," she gasped, "keep pounding them through."

The boys did just that, spearing their young hard cocks through the tightened anal cavities, feeling the grip of hot slippery tissue and muscle.

Garrett was the first of the three boys to pop off. His lean ass jerked as he started pumping his seed into Kristen's bobbing ass. "Ahhhh!! Ahhshit yess," the boy cried out.

Daniel's dick flexed as he felt his balls clench up in delight. "Fuuuck," he hissed as a load of jism squirted violently from his piss-tip, up his Mom's shit channel. "Ahhhhshit!" he cried out as again and again cum erupted from his cock, hosing Sara fuck-hole.

Heather stared back at her son, screwing her asshole up against his hairless cock-hilt with every thrust. "Come on, baby boy, pour that cum into meee," she cried out.

Nick speared his boner as deep as it would go and held it there, his knob swelling with so much blood it felt like it could pop off the end of his dick. "Ohhh yess, take my fucking cum, Mom!" he groaned as a big milky rope shot from his piss-hole.

The boys whimpered and snarled with pleasure. It was as if they'd rammed their dicks into milking machines, and their Mom's assholes wouldn't stop squeezing and throbbing until all of the cum had been sucked from their balls.

"Ohh man," Garrett sighed, "that was intense."

Kristen smiled back at him. "Uh-oh, I think he's found a new toy," she said, making the other Moms giggle.

Garrett drew his prick out of her ass with a wet popping sound. He was still brick-hard, his dick bobbing like the sturdy limb of a tree in the wind. "Damn," he muttered, watching the ring of Kristen's butthole clench closed.

He looked up to see her smiling at him. She slipped off the bed and turned to face him, her milk-swollen tits wobbling along the top of her huge protruding ball of baby-meat. His boner slid up against the orb, smearing it with cum as she hugged him. "Kiss me, you hunk," she said, brushing her dark hair out of her face.

They locked lips and their tongues danced, her big pregnant boobies spreading out against his young chest.

Daniel looked at Garrett and Kristen enviously, then at his Mom as she too stood up. "Can we do that?" he asked.

Sara giggled. They were still connected, but only by the tip of Daniel's peter. Her asshole was clenched around the crown of his knob. "Hey, give me some credit. We've bent the rules a lot lately, young man," she said.

"Not with kissing we haven't," Daniel replied.

"My tongue was in your mouth last night. Forgot already?" she said. "No, I just love kissing, that's all."

Heather got off the bed and embraced her son Nick, sandwiching his upturned cock between them. "Oh come on, Mom, it's just a kiss," she said, giving Nick a few sensual pecks.

Sara threw a smile at Heather. "I thought you were suppose to help us play by the rules?" she joked.

"When I break them myself?" she said, "that would make me a hypocrite."

"Fine," Sara said, popping his knob from her ass and turning, "but don't go expecting this all the time."

She moved in for a boob-squashing embrace and their lips came together for some sensual kissing. It didn't take long for their tongues to begin to play.

Rachel came into the bedroom from having been the lookout for the group. She too was still naked, her big knockers bobbling on her chest. She smiled when she saw the couples engaged in a makeout-fest. "Wow, did you boys find some new girlfriends?" she joked.

The Moms paused their kissing and giggled, stroking their boys lean chests, gazing at them like horny school girls at the prom dance,

while pressing the squishy meat of their tits against them..

"I think Garrett and I have progressed beyond that stage. We're more like husband and wife at this point, right babe?" Kristen said.

"Well, I hate to rain on your smooch parade, but it looks like our husband's are getting out of the water," Rachel said..

Sara still clutched her teen reluctantly. "Oh boy, I suppose we better put some clothes on," she said, then broke their embrace.

Rachel was quick to replace her, throwing her arms around Daniel. "But only after I get a turn at those sexy lips," she said, pancaking her tits against him. Their lips fused in an open oval as they engaged in a long fiery French-kiss.

Linsey Davis (*Misses Davis*) was sitting by her swimming pool reading. She wore a sexy black bikini, which allowed her voluptuous body to get some rays. Her husband and daughter goofed around in the pool, enjoying their sunny Saturday.

"Beautiful day," a voice said, startling the teacher. It was Sam, the Private Investigator. She came over and sat in the other lounger.

Linsey look at her in disbelief. "What the fuck are doing here? This is my home, you can't just..."

"What are you gonna do, call the police? Go ahead. Then I'd have to explain why I'm here... to them...to your husband. And of course, they'd wanna see proof that what I'm telling them is true. I think we could both agree, that would be a real mess for you," Sam said.

Linsey knew she had a point. "What do you want?" she asked.

"You know what I want. Do you have it?"

"I tried to meet him last night, but his mother wouldn't let him go out," Linsey said. "Ha, I wonder why," Sam said, "she probably had his cock shoved up her cunt all night." Linsey glared at the **PI**. "So what if she did? What is it to you?"

Sam smiled back at her, surprised by her question. "It's nothing to **ME**. Personally, I think a boy fucking his mother is incredibly hot. For whatever reason though, my client wants proof and I don't ask questions. I get them what they need and they write me a check, all personal feelings aside."

"So someone hired you to do this? To blackmail me to get the information you need?"

"They hired me to get information. You inserted yourself into the equation and the blackmail, well that just how I roll."

Linsey lifted her drink and took a sip, smiling slyly. "Are you sure this isn't something else?" Sam raised an eyebrow. "Something else?"

"Yes, a horny soccer mom has her eye on a cute teenage kid, then suddenly discovers he's fucking his hot teacher maybe?"

Sam giggled, "Oh please."

"I can't blame you for being jealous. Daniel's a very sexy young man and my God that dick is absolutely huge. You have pictures apparently, so you must know?" Linsey said.

"Yes, his dick is quite large, but if you think I'm just a jealous mommy-whore looking to move you aside so I can have my turn, you're wrong," Sam said, getting back up.

Linsey rolled her eyes. "Well, it wouldn't matter if you were. I'm sure there are plenty of other women Daniel would rather fuck, including me," she said, then looked Sam up and down. "No offence, but

you're a little too Tomboy-ish to harden the dick of a horny teenager."

Sam glared at her. "Just get me my fucking recording. You have until Monday night," she said. "I'll need your card," Linsey said.

"What?"

"Your business card. I'll call you and meet you somewhere. I don't need you showing up at my house again," Linsey said.

Linsey pulled a business card from her pocket and tossed it onto Linsey's lap. "If I haven't heard from you by Monday night, then **I WILL** show up here again, only this time to speak to your husband," she said.

Sam left and Linsey's hubby Stan swam over to the edge of the pool. "Who was that?" he asked.

Linsey smiled. "Avon lady. She stopped by the other day, but I was busy. She's has some great product I'm purchasing."

Stan chuckled, "Don't you have enough make-up?"

"Oh you know me, darling. Always wanting to look my best for you," she said, blowing him a kiss.

Stan swam off and Linsey picked up her cellphone, getting on social media. She looked at the **PI**'s card and did a search for "Sam Jenkins." Sam's profile came right up, showing her in a photo with her husband and two small children. "Oh, how adorable," Linsey said sarcastically.

Daniel got out of his father's vehicle, watching his Mom retrieve her items out of the backseat. While reaching in for something, Sara stuck her thick ass out, pointing it at her boy. She had on a bikini cover-up, that clearly showed off the shape of her derriere. Dan

Senior was busy unloading the ice-chest, so the teen brazenly pressed his crotch against his mother's shapely rump..

Sara quickly looked back at Daniel, then over at her busy husband, then back at Daniel again, shaking her head emphatically.

Seeing his father was busy, Daniel placed his hands on her hips and dug his boner into the crease between her buns, determined to get a quick feel.

"Disgusting!" a voice behind them said.

Sara and her son turned to see Margaret glaring at them from her yard. "Excuse me?!" Sara said, straightening her cover-up.

"What kind of Mother allows her son to put his prick against her like that?!" Margaret said with a scowl.

"Why don't you just mind your own damn business," Sara said.

By now, Dan Senior came around to see what was going on. Margaret directed her next comment to him. "And what kind of husband allows this sickening behavior to go on right under his nose?" Margaret said.

"I'm sorry??" Dan asked, confused by what she was going on about.

"Your son, grinding on your wife, right here in your driveway. They're acting like a couple of sex fiends," his neighbor said.

Sara looked at her husband. "We were doing no such thing. She's clearly out of her fucking mind," she said, stomping away. Daniel followed her.

Dan looked at Margaret uncomfortably. "Look, thanks for your concern, but we're ok here," he said.

Margaret scowled. "Whatever Cuckold."

Dan ignored her, walking around to get more items from the trunk. Margaret continued to troll him. "Weak little man who can't please his wife. You're probably a two-pump chump, aren't you?"

Dan gave her a perturbed look. This got a delighted smirk in return. "Oh, what's wrong, does the truth hurt you sad little pansy? I told you the other day that I saw your wife bedding your son and I bet you did nothing about it, did you? You're pathetic!" she shouted.

"Look, I'm not gonna-"

"If they're doing it every day, while you're at work, which I'm sure they are, he'll likely have her pregnant soon. You'll be the father to some bastard child, who you know deep down isn't yours," Margaret said, "but you'll accept it, like the sad little cuckold bitch you are."

Dan slammed the back door and walked away. "Have a nice day," he said. "Fucking wimp," she shouted back.

Sara and Daniel were just inside the entryway kissing. Daniel had his Mom backed against wall.

Her arms circled his shoulders and she kissed his lips passionately. "Daniel, we can't," kiss, kiss, "you're father's gonna be in any second," kiss, kiss, kiss.

She brought one leg up off the floor, wrapping it up behind him and used it to pull the hard bulge of his cock against her.

The boy sighed, feeling his hard meat push up against her twat, while their tongues wrestled. The door suddenly opened and they quickly separated.

"Well, the neighbor lady's in rare form today," Dan said. He saw his wife and son standing there looking guilty as hell. Sara finally said something. "She's clearly out of her mind."

Dan noticed one of his wife's big boobs was nearly out of her bikini top, with one nipple fully exposed. It must have popped out while her and Danial frolicked. "Umm, hon," he muttered, drawing her attention to it.

Sara quickly adjusted, shoving her big tit back inside the top.."Ohh, Jesus," she said, embarrassed.

"So what set this lady off?" Dan said, then looked at Daniel. "You weren't touching your Mom, right?"

Daniel glared at him. "Really, dad?!" The teen stomped off, heading to his room. Sara put her hands on her hips, leering at her husband. "Nice job," she said.

"It was just a question," Dan said defensively.

"Yeah, a really dumb one."

"What reason would this lady have to make this stuff all of the sudden. A couple days ago she told me she saw the two of you crawling into bed together and that you were wearing practically nothing," Dan said.

"You never told me she said that?" Sara asked in an annoyed tone.

"It was the same day she told me you guys were at some birthday party together," Dan said.

"Anything else she told you that I don't know about?" Sara said, " What did you guys go out for fucking coffee together."

"Sara, she stopped me outside, ok."

"Just stay away from her. She has no idea what she's talking about," Sara said. "So she made it up then, you weren't getting into bed with Daniel?"

Sara threw her arms in the air, clearly frustrated. "I don't know, maybe. I don't remember," she said.

"Sara, how could you not remember. This would have only been like three or four nights ago" "Fuck, Dan, what's with all the questions?" she asked, "who's side are you on here?"

"I'm not on a side, I'm just trying to sort out everything she's been telling me."

Sara gave him a cold glare. "Not on a side?? Really?! Wrong answer! You're suppose to be on your wife's side, asshole!" she shouted, then stomped off.

Upstairs, Daniel stopped his Mom in the hallway. "Mom, can I hang out with a friend later tonight?"

"A friend??" Sara asked.

"Yeah, my friend Candy from school."

Sara sighed in frustration. "So really, what you meant to say was 'can I go fuck my friend Candy from school,' right?"

Daniel smiled awkwardly. "Well, um..."

Sara threw her arms in the air and continued towards her bedroom. "Whatever, Daniel," she said frustrated tone.

Sara went to her bedroom, took a shower, then laid on her bed, wrapped in a tiny white towel. She felt frustrated and jealous. She was angry at her husband for taking a neutral stance. She knew that she was doing things behind his back that would break Dan's heart, but she gave him the chance to know about...to accept the plan of their son's assturbation and he didn't. He chose to be selfish and heartless, while her only intention was to help Daniel through the tough time of being single.

Then there were her feelings of jealousy and frustration that what she was providing wasn't enough for her son. Assturbation was suppose to be the answer, but her son was wanting more. He was clearly wanting pussy. Candy's pussy.

"I bet the bitch can't fuck like I can," she thought to herself.

She knew that Dan Senior would soon come through the bedroom door, wanting to explain himself and try to get her to see his side. She wasn't interested. In fact, she felt herself wanting to think less and less about her husband and more about Daniel.

"God he felt so good in my ass," she thought, her heart going pitter-patter as she replayed the events at Heather's beach house in her mind. She found herself wondering what his cock would feel like thundering through her cunt.

"Ughh, stop it, Sara," she muttered out loud, rolling over onto her tummy.

A vision of Daniel's muscular chest and lean torso entered her head. She imagined his thick long dick, fully hard and sticking out from his hairless crotch. Her tongue rolled through her mouth lustfully as she pictured the big juicy knob capping his shaft. It was throbbing, shiny and purple, with precum weeping from the slit of his meatus.

"Jesus, what the fuck is wrong with me," she thought.

Now on her tummy, Sara's clitoris throbbed and she clamped her thighs closed, kicking the lower portion of her legs up, flexing her feet and spreading her pretty painted toes apart with delight as she imagined Daniel's cock sheathed in her pussy.

"It would be for him, not me," she said out-loud, justifying the mindless sex that was swirling through her brain. "He's suffering without a girlfriend, "she thought to herself. "Assturbation is good, it's just.... it's just not enough."

She heard the door open and her husband say her name. It made her wanna scream and run as far away as she could, taking Daniel with her. "Only for tonight, a one-time thing," she thought. She loved her husband, but tonight was one of those nights where she didn't wanna see his face. She didn't wanna hear his voice. She only wanted one thing and that was to be alone with Daniel.

"I think you should go stay with your parents tonight," Sara said. Dan sat on the edge of the bed. "Can we just talk about this?"

"No, we can't. I think it's best, just for tonight, if we give each other some space."

Dan got back up. "Ok, that's fine, I can sleep downstairs, give you all the space you need," he said.

"No," Sara said, looking back at him. "I really need you out of the house tonight." "Fine," Dan said, "I'll grab a few things and head to my parents place."

"Thank you," she said, then wondered why she just thanked him.

Dan Senior collected a few items, throwing them into his bag. Still in just her towel, Sara sat on the edge of the bed quietly. Internally, her heart was racing. It was really happening. She was about to be all alone in the house with her son for the night. "Oh my God, what should I wear? That little white Lacey thing. Yes, Daniel would love that," she thought.

"Ok, I guess I'm going," Dan Senior muttered sadly. His wife didn't respond and he could tell her mind was on something else.

"Candles...yes, candles would be perfect. I should really create a romantic setting," Sara thought. "I'm leaving," Dan said a little louder, snapping his wife from her thoughts.

"Oh, um..ok," Sara said. A little guilt trickled in, knowing she was about to get royally pounded by their son in her marital bed. She immediately smothered those thoughts with justified ones. "I'm doing what I need todo for Daniel. I'm helping him," she thought.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Dan asked.

"Yes," his wife said softly, without hesitation. She was never more sure of anything in her life.

She slipped on her robe and walked her husband down to the front door. He turned just before leaving and she fed him an awkward look. "See you tomorrow I guess," he said.

"Yes," she nodded, "See you tomorrow."

Sara closed the door behind him and locked it. She let out a big sigh, like a weight had just been lifted. She was so nervous her hands were shaking. She quickly retreated back to her bedroom and dialed Rachel on her messenger.

"Hey, what's up, girl?" Rachel said as her face popped up on Sara's phone. "Hey, are you alone?"

"Yeah, Michael just went down to get a few things at the store. Are you ok?" she asked, seeing the anxiousness in her mother-in-law's eyes.

"I'm gonna let Daniel fuck me," Sara said, matter-of-factly.

Rachel's mouth fell open. "Oook, that's awesome. Where's Dan?" she asked.

Sara explained how they were fighting and she sent him to his parents for the night. The conversation soon shifted as Rachel began to help Sara prepare for the big night. "Too much lipstick?" the mother asked, pursing her lips together.

"No, that's perfect," Rachel said, "how are you gonna wear your hair?"

"I'm conflicted on that. I kinda wanna put it in a pony, because I know we'll be doing a lot of kissing, but the other part of me just wants to go natural and wear it down. What do you think?" she asked.

"Daniel's gonna see you completely in the raw tonight. You should wear it down," Rachel said..

Sara modeled two different pieces of sexy negligee she had in mind and Rachel helped her make a decision on which one to wear. "I love the pink one, but that white chemise is legit sexy," Rachel said.

"I agree. I think he'll love it," Sara said anxious.

"With those Marabou heels, Oh my God, girl, you will blow his mind," Rachel said, making Sara giggle. "So inquiring minds wanna know, what positions are you guys gonna do?"

"Hm, let's see..." Sara said, acting as if she were thinking it over, when she already knew the answer. "All of them."

Rachel laughed. "Well I expect to hear all of the juicy details tomorrow," she said. "You will. Love you," Sara said hanging up then taking a deep brave breath.

Daniel was watching a movie on his phone when he heard a knock at his door. Sara peeked in. "Can I come in honey?" she asked.

"Sure, Mom," Daniel said.

His eyes widened as Sara stepped into his bedroom in a short white kimono robe. It was incredibly thin and snug, accentuating her curves and had delicate embroidered detail around the edges. It fell just below the crotch, leaving her smooth tan legs bare. "**CLICK,**

CLICK, CLICK." The dainty five-inch stiletto heels of her Marabou slippers tapped against his wood floor as she made her way to the center of his bedroom. He could see her sexy painted toes peeking out the bottoms, just beneath the Marabou feathers.

Daniel's eyes traveled up her strong silky legs, across the swell of her curves to her pretty face, which peeked from the parted curtain of dark hair. "Dang, you look beautiful," he said.

"Thanks," she smiled, showing her pretty white teeth.

She stopped mid-room, standing in a hot pose, with one knee cocked slightly forward. "So, um...I just thought you should know. You father...he's, well, he's gone for the night."

"Oh, where'd he go?" Daniel asked curiously.

"He's at your Grandparents. I asked him if he would go, because we weren't really getting along. You know, with the whole neighbor situation."

"Well, **SHE WAS** right, but I still think she's a crazy bitch," Daniel said, making them both laugh.

"I agree," Sara said, then spent a silent moment sharing a gaze. "So um, with your father gone, there's a vacancy...down there, in my bed, if you're interested?" she asked cutely.

"Oh, yeah, I'd like to, but I told Candy I was coming over," he said.

"Ok, but just so you know, that 'vacancy' comes with accommodations," Sara said, "ones that I think you'll really like alot."

Daniel took a big excited gulp. "Oh, well, I suppose I could fill that vacancy, instead of going to Candy's," he said.

Sara gazed with her alluring eyes, the swell of her breasts heaving. "You won't be sorry," she said. Daniel hopped from the bed. "Do I need to bring anything?"

Sara giggled, taking his hand. "Just you," she said.

The mother led her cub down to her bedroom and closed the door behind them. There were several candles surrounding the marital bed, creating a warm ambiance. Daniel crawled onto the mattress and sprawled out. "I've always wanted to sleep in you and dad's bed," he said.

"Well, I'm not sure how much sleep we'll get," Sara said, untying the sash to her robe, "but you'll certainly be able to test the bed out in other ways."

The robe dropped to her feet and Daniel gasped as he caught sight of what she was wearing. It was a gorgeous white chemise, featuring a high neckline with cut-in shoulder straps, sheer lace and mesh cups. It had a sheer fishnet and lace bodice, cut just below her crotch. Her huge meaty tits stretched the material out, clearly visible through the sheer fabric in every juicy detail. Daniel's eyes traveled down her midriff and rested up the mound of her shaved pubis. At the base, just under the fleshed domed hood, was her prized pearl and it throbbed with anticipation.

"That is so sexy," Daniel said, looking over her skimpy negligee..

Sara smiled, thrusting her big mommy-boobs out, making her hard nipples protrude like tiny boners. "Enjoy it. It won't be on me for long," she said with a wink.

Chapter 10: One-time thing

Being a handsome, well-endowed teen, Daniel had split lots of twats with his cock. None of those experiences, however, would even compare to this one.

When Sara shed her negligee and pulled him down between her strong splayed thighs, Daniel knew this was gonna be one incredible fuck. Holding himself above her with one arm, he reached down with the other, grasping his long boner, then plowed his fat tapered knob through her juice-slickened labium.

'Ahhhh," Sara sighed, her body jerked, making her big tit-mounds jostle on her chest. Daniel dug his knob against the fleshy nub of her clitoris. He wanted to prime her pump before he stuffed her creamy fuck-hole full of cock-meat. He loved watching his Mom quiver as he focused on all the right places. Her cunt-slot burbled with juice, the pungent aroma of aroused pussy wafting up into Daniel's nostrils.

He marveled at the way she was laying there, naked and shameless, ready to take his meaty manhood. Gasping lustfully, she gazed up with those alluring eye. "Fuck meee," she softly whispered.

The teen fit his throbbing knob into the mouth of her vagina. He felt the hot tissue stretch over the tender dome of his bulbous tip as it sunk into her well-lubricated pussy. Daniel loved hearing the girls he fucked gasp as they felt the size of his manhood and the way it stretched their cunt-tubes. Hearing his Mom react the same way the other did was a big head-rush.

Sara's eyes widened. There was an area of her pussy where she was used to having her husband's cock stop and Daniel's long dick slipped right past it. She had only felt the gate to her womb touched once by a cock and that was when she was her son's age, so when

she felt the tip of Daniel's boner bottom out in her pussy, her eyes rolled back with delight. "Ohh my God, so big," she gasped.

That was music to Daniel's ears. He felt her vaginal vestibule screw around the root of his cock and then he held it there, letting his rock-hard meat soak in the heat of her furnace. "Ohhh wow," the boy muttered as he felt Sara tighten her skilled cunt-muscles.

Sheathed to the balls, Daniel's cock throbbed eagerly, his fat knob squashed against her ectocervix. The lining of her vagina clung to the thick cylinder of meat, soaking it with secreting fuck-oil.

Daniel reached under her back and clutched her shoulders, watching her tilt her head back, her eyes clenched shut from the pleasure. He squeezed his ass and flexed his cock, letting her feel the power of his manhood. "Ahhh," Sara whimpered, rocking her hips while snaking her sexy legs around her son's legs.

Joined at the genitals, the mother-son duo began to writhe in full penetration, like two animals grinding through some pre-mating ritual. Sara's big marital bed rocked, the headboard thumping on the wall from the motion of their grinding flesh. "Hhnuff," Daniel snarled, moving his hips, following his Mother's gyrations.

Sara clutched his ass, her long ox-blood-colored nails digging into his flesh. "Fuck me, honey!" she pleaded.

Daniel obliged, setting his hips in motion. Like a well-oiled piston, his hardon began to plunge through her fuck-tube with powerful thrusts.

"Yesss!" Sara cried out, tossing her strong motherly legs up around him, high on his back.

Their bellies began to beat together repetitively, Sara's big jugs sloshed and jiggled between them from the motion of their frantic humping.

"Ohh damn this feels good," Daniel panted, spearing his cock from balls to knob, feeling his Mom flex her coital muscles, squeezing his tender prick exquisitely.

"Ohh baby, yes it does," she panted, arching her body and jerked her hips up and down, meeting her son thrust for thrust.

Daniel's long meaty cock was igniting never-endings inside her vagina that she'd never felt before. She was used to the basic low-end model tool and her son's penis was the newer high-performance super-charged version.

The boy's smooth hairless balls beat against her upturned ass as he sliced his boner through the juicy grip of her cunt. "Harder, fuck me harder!" Sara chanted.

Daniels responded to the urgency in her voice. The speed of his in-and-out hunching increased, and his breathing intensified. "Ohh shit," he sighed, feeling the cock-milking friction on his peter.

Sara's nails clawed up his back, then cradled his head, bringing his lips to her. Their mouths fused and their tongue spun together in a wild lustful frenzy.

The teen's boner flexed with excitement as it thundered through her hot juicy punani. Precum seeped from the tip of his swollen knob, smearing her back wall each time it squeezed against it.

They broke their kiss for a moment and gazed needfully into each other's eyes, panting heavily. Sara let out a wide-eyed pleasure-giggle at the very though that she was fucking her son in her marital bed. It was an absolute thrill and that made her thick protuberant nipples tingle.

"What?" Daniel asked.

"You're really fucking me," she said with a panting smile.

He smiled back, not slowing his thrusts one bit. "I am," he said. "Do you love it as much as I do?"

"More," he said with a smile.

"Doubt that," she said, rocking her buns from the bed. "Pump my pussy as hard as you can. I wanna cum on you," she said.

Daniel picked up the pace, his strokes became more frenzied, and so did Sara's. They were climbing the steep mountain that would bring them to the high, sweet peak of climax together. The busty mother was the first to reach the golden summit. "Ohhh God, Daniel I'm cumminggg!!" she screamed out.

He pounded his big fat cock deep in her pussy, and she whimpered and shook, squeezing her lovely legs around his humping ass. The teen felt her hot fluid gush around boner, bathing it in girl-cum.

Their writhing bodies were fused and Sara's cushy breasts flattened against her son's chest. Daniel squeezed her lovely curves and could feel her trembling from her core. Her cunt was sucking and spewing on his cock and his knob was tingling like crazy.

"I'm gonna cum!" he sighed sharply. "Uuuhhggh!" Daniel grunted, squirting out a huge milky rope of spunk.

"Yesss!" his mother gasped, still wrapped up in her own mind-blowing orgasm.

They bucked and moaned in harmony as her juice flowed and mingled with his jizz. The room whirled around them dreamily and they whirled with it, until their orgasms finally subsided and brought Daniel's shuddering body to a sudden standstill.

He dropped his face between her fleshy breasts and fought for breath. Sara"s body was still shivering with post-orgasmic

contractions. "Ohhhh," she quaked, arching her back. Her legs were still coiled around Daniel's back, clutching tightly.

The teen lifted his head and watched her pretty face pant softly, her eyes clenched shut and her mouth wide open. Her pussy gave one final squeeze and she sighed heavy. "God, I can't remember the last time I was fucked like that!"

"Really?" Daniel asked with a proud smile.

"Really," she answered, gazing at him with adoration. "Will you ride me now?" he asked brazenly.

Sara giggled. "Oh, you wanna see what Mom can do now, huh buster?" "Yep."

She fed him a naughty smile. "Roll me over," she said.

Daniel rolled them over so that Sara took the top, mounting his crotch. His cock was still fully hard and buried to his nut-sack. His eyes widened as he stared at the enormous bobbling milkers hovering in front of him, fascinated by the big pink circles of her papilla and the hard fleshy nipples that protruded from their centers. "Ohh damn," he muttered, anxious to have his face stuffed between them.

Sara smiled. "A little overwhelmed, baby?" she asked.

"I've had some boobs in my face, but never anything like these," he confessed.

This made Sara smile big with pride. Every guy she came across lusted after her knockers, which at this moment, made her son the luckiest guy on earth. "Enjoy," she said, then fell forward, resting her extended arms astride his head.

Daniel now found his face tucked inside her gaping cleavage. He sighed with excitement, his cock flexing. Sara felt it swell with blood and grasped it in a deep vaginal grip. Now it was her turn to take the lead and show her son the moves of an experienced cock-grinder.

Her thick mommy-ass began to rise and fall, feeding his juice-slickened hardon up and down her fuck-tube. Her hanging melons danced to her humping motions, the spongy meat bumping and jiggling around her son's awe-stricken face.

"Ohh God, yess!" Sara hissed, picking up the pace. She couldn't believe how hard her son's dick was, especially since he'd blown his nuts only a few minutes ago. She grasped him tightly in her vagina, whimpering lustfully as she felt the unyielding girth of his fucker.

After every dozen ball-bumping humps, Sara would grind her cunt on his cock. Daniel loved this. There was something so primitive and nasty about feeling his Mom's hot pussy tug his boner up and down like a gear-shift. Maybe it was how his fat knob squeezed back and forth across the head of her cervix, not far from where her grew in her womb for nine months.

For Sara, it was something she didn't get to experience with her husband. He simply wasn't long and hard enough. So to feel a young pulsing organ as hard as concrete, dragging and probing unexplored depths of her vagina was absolutely euphoric. She was using Daniel's stiff muscle to find pleasure spots she never knew existed.

"Ahhhh!" she moaned, as his boner dug past one such spot.

Sara began to propel her ass up and down again, riding her son's cock in a steady rhythm. Daniel stuffed a nipple into his mouth and sucked like a nursing infant. His Mom lowered her chest, so his face could sink into the squishy meat of her tit. "Hhmmnnff," the boy whimpered excitedly.

The bedroom filled with the sound of sighs and whimpers, along with the steady wet **SMACKING** sound of Sara's naked buttock beating against her son's crotch.

Daniel's cock speared through her fuck-tube, the big bulging vein beneath his shaft pulsing with beat of his heart. Moulded to his contours, Sara felt it throbbing and tightened her cunt walls even more around the thick plug of his cock. The huge bell-shaped head of his glans pressed erotically into her most delicate membranes, lighting her cunt on fire.

"Ohhh my Goddd!" she cried out as she felt the pleasure crest inside her.

Her entire body trembled like a leaf in a wind. She could feel the flush of impending orgasm spreading out from her cunt, into her ass, making the ring of her butthole pucker and throb. . She was like a fish out of water, gasping and moaning. She continued to beat her ass down against him, skewing her cunt on the spike of his cock. "Ahhhh!" she shrieked, her mouth wide open as she tossed her long beautiful hair around.

"Hhmff," Daniel snarled, his face masked in tit-meat. Sara's big wet teat pressed sideways on his lips. His tongue slipped out and thrashed back and forth against it, attacking the fat nub with licks. His licker extended, looping wetly all over the bumpy milk-glands covering her areola.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Sara screamed out, as a powerful orgasm surged through her big titted body.

Daniel looked up through her jiggling cleavage, wanting to watch her get off. He didn't know what turned him more, the warm, gripping sheath of cunt or the sight of her pretty face, masked with pure pleasure. He knew that only a real man could make a woman look this way.

He could smell her arousal and hear the sound of his prick sucking in and out of her tight pussy. That sound became creamier and creamier as he felt her hot liquid love pulse around his pecker and run down along the base of his nuts. "Ohhh shit," the teen whimpered, his knob tingling delightfully.

Sara sat up straight, her wide hips swiveling up and back, grinding Daniel's boner-tip against the soft back wall of her vagina. Daniel just laid there and watched her draw out her orgasm. It was an incredible site. She looked like a woman possessed, her long hair strung over her face, her huge jutting breasts rocking back and forth on her chest. The way her hands were on her son's chest made her tit-cannons squeeze together between her upper arms, ballooning out above her son's eyes like clouds of breast-flesh. "Uuughh! Uughfuuuck!" Sara cried, using her son's unyielding boner to extend her cum.

Daniel flexed his cock and Sara immediately reacted, throwing her head back and letting out yet another orgasmic shriek.

"Ohhh," the boy sighed, feeling her fuck-tube tighten as and more juice burble around his erection.

Sara suddenly dropped down on top of him and locked her lips around his. Once again, her tireless buttocks bounced up and down on his crotch, fucking her pussy with desperate plunges. "Nothing in the world could ever feel this good," Daniel thought as he felt his mother's strong tongue whip through his mouth. Her big tits were spread out on his chest, squashed between them.

He bounced his ass, fucking right back at her. His hips corkscrewed his prick all the way up into her softly yielding cunt. The squishing noise became louder, her pussy was frothing with a mix of their juices. He could hardly contain the tide of jism any longer. "Ohhh damn Mom!" his cried out, his voice filled with urgency.

"Fill my pussy with your cum!" she panted, then buried her face in the nap of his neck, attacking it with licks.

"Ohhhh shit," Daniel cried out, his toes clenching.

Like a stick of dynamite buried up her pussy, he exploded. Spurt after body-shaking spurt of gooey cum spattered into Sara's tightly-gripping cunt. Daniel arched his back, his neck straining as he grunted and shot out more cum. He nearly passed out he came so hard.

And when both of them had finished, they lay in each other's arms, with Sara still still on top of him. They slowly caught their breath, lost in post-orgasmic bliss.

The night was a literal fuck-storm, with Daniel pounding Sara's cunt in every way imaginable. They fucked on the bed and on the floor, in the shower and against the wall. All around the room were splatters of cum juice, marking were they'd fucked.

The horny mother had cum so many times she lost count. Even now, in the bathroom, high up against the wall, sitting up on Daniel's shoulders as he devoured her pussy, she continued to cream.

"Uuuhhggh!" her cute scream rang out, her thighs trembling around Daniel's head. Her sleek legs curled down his back, shivering with pleasure, her feet flexed and her toes pointed towards the floor far below. It was near 4am and their libidos hadn't slowed one bit. With good reason. They were both in their sexual prime and this was exactly what their bodies craved.

"Take me back to the bed," the mother said with a sigh.

She slipped off his shoulder, but twined her legs around his waist before her feet hit the floor. Her arms circled his neck and she clutched on tight. "Carry me,' she whimpered, like a young horny schoolgirl.

Daniel took her back to bed, lay her down on her back and speared his cock back into her. He stuffed his mouth full of tit-meat and sucked on her big fleshy nipples. One juicy nub popped from his mouth and he moved to the other, moaning with delight as he sucked greedily on the swollen pink cap of her tit-melon..

He threw his arms under her legs, pinning them back as he started pounded the shit out of her. Sara's legs slipped up onto his shoulders, her feet pointed back at the headboard. Their bodies were glistening with perspiration, Sara's flesh quivering with every powerful thrust of her son's hardon.

"Ohhh yeeaah," the boy sighed, hammering his cock-meat through Sara's experienced pussy. He simply couldn't get enough.

"You like fucking this hot girl?" she asked, clenching his cock with strong pussy-muscles.

"Hell yess," he answered, thrilled by how her sexy bare feet hovered so closely to his face with her legs propped up on his shoulders this way.

"It doesn't make you miss having a girlfriend one bit, does it?" "No way," he gasped, not slowing his fuck-pumps one bit.

"You don't need that Candy girl from school," she panted, "you've got Mom. She'll keep those balls drained twenty-four seven."

"Except when dad's around," Daniel said.

"Fuck him," Sara said, "he has no right to get in our way. I'm doing this to help you and he should appreciate that."

"So does this mean I've officially graduated from ass to pussy?" Daniel asked. Sara giggled. "Don't push it young man. Tonight was a one-time thing," she said. "Yeah right."

Sara gave a playful, yet stern gaze. "Hey! You start getting cocky and I'll keep the ass-sex from you too," she warned

"I'll show you cocky," the teen said, then started pounding her as hard as he could.

"Uughshit," Sara's voice screamed out cutely, her body was folded in half, jerking and bouncing on the mattress from her son onslaught.

Daniel's ass was a blur as it bobbed rapidly, punching his boner through her juicy cunt-slot. He smiled as he watched her head tilt in pleasure and her eyes roll back as she let out a series of sexy gasps.

"Ohh yess, cum on my dick, Mom,' Daniel muttered, fucking like a porn-star.

"Yesss! Uhhggh God!" Sara cried out, creaming once again on his cock. Having cum so much himself, Daniel was able to fuck her straight through multiple orgasms.

He smiled with confidence, feeling her cunt melt around his hammering boner. "One time thing, my ass,' he thought to himself.

"Tell me when you're about the cum, Sara said. "I'm close," he sighed.

"How close?" she asked.

"Like 'explode in about five seconds' close," his voice shook. "Get on your back," Sara said, pushing him off.

Daniel's erection popped from her vulva, soaked with juice. He quickly plopped onto his back, his man-meat slapping up against his tummy. Sara was on her knees hovering over his crotch in a flash. She quickly grasped his boner at the base with one hand and dropped her mouth over the upper half of his dick.

"Ohhh shit, Mom," the boy gasped, watching her beat his meat and suck his cock at the same time. Her mouth felt amazing. It was no where near the pleasure of her cunt, but still exquisite.

She sucked like only an experienced mother could, slurping on his fat hardon and spinning her tongue around his knob. Her big jugs hung down and swung around from her ambitious dick-sucking.

"Ohh, hell yess," the boy sighed, bouncing his hips and thrusting his cock up into her circled hand and sucking mouth.

"Mmmnnn," the hot mother whimpered, sucking his cock with gusto. The ring of her lips stretched obscenely while gliding up and down his stiff pecker Her mouth made a serious of lewd gurgling sounds as she plunged his fat knob into her throat.

"Ohh God, here it comes!" her son announced. "Uughhshit!!

Hot spunk erupted from Daniel's meatus, hosing straight down Sara's throat. She kept sucking like a true champion cock-sucker, squeezing his meat, beating him off into her mouth. "Ohhhh!" the teen groaned. He thought he'd never stop cumming and his mom somehow swallowed every milky drop without coming up for air.

Even after Daniel finished cumming he was amazed to see his Mom still nursing on his boner. She slowly looped her tongue around his glans, probing his piss-hole with the tip of her licker. She ended with one long wet lick from his balls all the way up to the tip.

"Damn, Mom, that was the hottest blowjob ever," Daniel sighed.

"Glad you enjoyed it," she said, crawling up and snuggling against him.

"You do realize we've been having sex for like five hours right?" Daniel asked. Sara giggled. "Are you complained?" she asked.

"Hell no."

She tenderly kissed his lips, then crawl back on her knees, turning and ointing her thick ass back. "Then shut up and fuck me again," she said playfully, wagging her meaty half-moons.

Daniel quickly got up and mounted her, as excited as when they first started.

By the time the duo stopped fucking they were absolutely exhausted. So much so that they didn't wake up until they heard Dan Senior's car door close in the driveway.

Sara lifted her head from the mattress. Her hair was a tangled mess of dried sweat and crusty cum. Her son was sprawled against her, barely awake.

The mother panicked when she realized it was a closing car door she heard. She looked at her cellphone. It was 11:15am and she had four missed calls from her husband. "Shit!" she shouted, making her son fully alert.

"What?!" Daniel asked.

"I think your father's home," she said, jumping up.

Daniel rushed to the window and saw his father's car in the driveway. "He **IS** home," he said in a panic.

They looked around the room. It was a wreck. Blankets and clothes were everywhere and half-dried body-fluids marked every area they'd fucked in.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Sara exclaimed, looking around in a panic. "It's a mess in here. What do we do?" Daniel asked.

They suddenly heard Dan's voice from down the hallway. "Sara?" he called, clearly looking through the house for her.

The mother rushed to her bedroom door, quickly locking it only seconds before her husband tried the door-handle. Dan knocked. "Sara, you in there?" he said.

The mother and son were so frazzled they just stood there, bare naked, staring at the door. Daniel moved over next to her. "What the hell do we do?" he whispered.

"I'm thinking," she whispered back.

"Think faster."

Her husband knocked again, harder this time. "Sara?" he called. The mother's heart was racing. She needed a plan...and fast.

Chapter 11: The House on Hidden Pond Road

Sara peeked out her bedroom door at her husband, her robe just barely on. "Sorry, honey, I'm feeling like shit today," she muttered, silently hoping he didn't notice all the dried spunk in her hair. "Do you think you could make me some tea?"

"Oh, um...sure," Dan said, "anything else you need?"

"Just tea," she answered, knowing that would buy some time for her and Daniel to clean up the remnants of the fuck-storm they created last night..

While Dan was downstairs, Sara and her son straightened up and she gave him a quick kiss, then sent him to his own room. Her husband returned with her tea and poured on the sweetness. "It made me sad knowing that you felt like you needed space last night," Dan confessed.

The busty housewife felt a tinge of guilt. She had been up all night letting her son fuck the hell out of her after all. However, she didn't feel too bad. She was doing it to help her boy, so in her mind, she could completely justify it.

"Sometime a little separation is just what the doctor ordered," she said..

"I'm sorry if it seemed like I was taking the crazy lady from next door's side," he muttered.

Sara smiled. She wasn't sorry it happened. It gave her a good excuse to expell him from the house for a hot night of sex with their

son. "Thanks hon, I just like to know I have your trust and support," she said.

"You do," he answered, "You absolutely do."

He gave her a quick hug. "How bout some shopping and Italian food later...if you're feeling better?" Dan said, trying to make up for pissing her off.

"Sure," she said with a smile, "I'll have a little nap, then see how I feel."

She was anxious to shew him out of the room, before he noticed the cum-stained sheets.

Across town, Heather was primping in the bathroom in preparation to show a house to some new clients. Her job as a real estate agent often required her to spend days on the weekend showing properties.

Her husband came into the bathroom, dressed for a day of golf. "Mmm, you sure you're showing a house and not rendezvousing with some hot young guy?" he asked, looking over her sexy outfit.

She fed him an "oh brother" smile. "You know, you should really find a new line. You're wearing that one out," she said.

"I gotta run," he said, giving her a quick peck on the lips, "tee-time in a half-hour. Give me a text when you're done showing the property, so I know you weren't murdered by some psycho ok?"

"No need. Nick's going with me," she said, "apparently it's only costing me lunch. There's a burger place over that way he likes," she said.

Since they started practicing regular assturbation, Nick often joined his mother in showing properties. Heather kept a big tube of

lubrication in her glove compartment, so that they could spend time in her backseat, or in the empty house she was showing, letting Nick pound her asshole.

It was during the car ride over that her son got a brilliant idea. "You should have another baby," he said, out of the blue, as they drove down the freeway.

Heather laughed. "Wow! Where did that come from?" "Nowhere in particular. I just think you should."

"Uh-huh," she muttered, flashing him a knowing smile. "You don't care anything about another sibling. You just wanna see me big and pregnant. I saw the way you were looking at Garrett's mom yesterday."

She was right. The site of Kristen's huge big baby-ball tummy and those milk-swollen tits made him envious of Garrett. "That's crazy that the baby she's carrying is his," Nick said jealously. "He told me **SHE WANTED** him to get her pregnant."

"Oh, is that where this is going? Are you just wanting me to beg you to get me pregnant? Does Nicky want a mommy with big milk-filled tits to fuck, is that it?" Heather teased.

"Well I'll be honest, looking at her did make me envious of Garrett. Did you see how huge her tits were?"

Heather giggled. "Those were kinda hard not to notice. That's what happens when women get knocked-up. I went up two cup sizes when I got pregnant with you and your sister."

"Damn, dad must have loved that," Nick said, glancing at Heather's sweet mile-long cleavage. "Your dad's more of an ass man than he is a boob man."

Nick flashed her a cocky smile. "Wouldn't he be pissed if he knew how much of that hot booty I was getting," he said.

"Yes, he would, but **HE WON'T**... because he'll never find out," she said with a stern look. "I wonder if she'd let me fuck her," Nick said.

"Who? Kristen?"

"Yeah, her due date isn't for another week. Maybe I could score with her before then," Nick said. Heather giggled.."Are you that desperate to fuck a pregnant woman?"

"Desperate?? She's beautiful, Mom," Nick said, "What guy wouldn't wanna fuck her?"

Heather felt a tinge of jealousy. Of course Kristen was a gorgeous woman with a huge rack, but so was she. "No, my tits aren't swollen with milk, but they're still a large double-D, with plenty of bounce to drive a young guy wild." she thought. The idea of getting pregnant at forty scared her to death. Not the 'being pregnant' part, she loved carrying babies. It was starting over, raising another child that scared her. Her oldest daughter was in college and Nick had just turned eighteen. She loved her children, but her days of raising kids were over. She was ready to focus on her career and enjoy some quality "me time."

"Well I hate to disappoint you, darling, but my days of being pregnant are over," Heather said.

"I figured that, Mom. We're only having anal sex anyway, so it's not like you could even get pregnant."

Heathered giggled, "True, wrong hole for that. Your swimmers have probably been very frustrated hunting for that egg," she joked.

The house on Hidden Pond Road was a well kept property with some wooded acreage. Heather greeted the young house-hunting couple,

guiding them inside. Nick just sort of wandered in behind them, so Heather introduced them. "Oh and just so you don't think there's some strange kid following us, this is my son Nick," she said.

The couple were in their mid-twenties. Lance, the husband reached out a shook Nick's hand. "Must be 'bring your kid to work' day?" the clean cut guy joked.

Nick faked a laugh. "Yeah, something like that."

"This is my wife Tanya," Lance said. His pretty red-headed wife extended her hand and a heart-melting smile. "Hi," she said sweetly, her eyes gazing into Nick's a bit longer than what was appropriate for a mere introduction.

Nick had this affect on alot of women. He was cute guy, lean with a dark complexion. Like most young married women, Tanya loved her husband, but had been craving some dick on the side.

The cute teen was immediately a potential suitor.

Nick's eyes lowered to the swell her tit-melons. The jutting mounds stretched her thin fitting sweater. They were nearly as big as his mom's jugs and the V neck displayed a luscious creamy white cleavage.

The couple followed Heather on the tour of the house. "As you can see, the kitchen's been completely renovated. Granite counter tops...all new appliances," Nick's mom said.

Tanya wore a pair of sexy low-rise jeans, showing off her thick meaty jiggle-butt. Nick could hardly take his eyes off her ass as it showed a little extra sway for his benefit.

"So there are three bedrooms in this house. Plenty of room for a growing family," Heather said, "Do you guys have kids?"

Tanya and her husband glanced at each other uncomfortably. "No, um, we'd like to, but I've had a series of miscarriages, so we've decided to stop trying for now," the young women said.

"Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that," Heather said sympathetically.

"Thanks. We're exploring some alternatives, so we're hopeful that something will work out."

Heather was curious what she meant by "alternatives" and so was Nick. "Alternatives?" Heather asked.

Lance chimed in. "We're searching for a surrogate couple. The doctors don't know what's causing the miscarriages. It could be Tanya's egg, it could be my sperm. So, to be on the safe side, we wanna find a surrogate couple that'll go through the whole conception and birthing process with the agreement that we adopt the child as soon as he or she is born," he explained.

Nick looked at his mom with a big smile. She tried to ignore it, yet she knew what he was thinking. "Well, sounds like you have a plan. I hope it all works out, children are wonderful," she said, flashing Nick another smile.

She continued the tour of the house. It seemed a bit spacious for just a single couple, but Heather was skilled at her job and was quickly convincing them that this was the home they wanted.

Nick meanwhile, was busy watching Tanya follow his mom through the house. Several times, she would smile back at him, aware of his lustful gawking. Her eyes drifted down to his crotch, admiring the sizable bulge.

"Are you a craftsman, Lance?" Heather asked.

"I wouldn't say a 'craftman,' but I dabble in some woodworking here and there," he said. "Well wait until you see this workshop," Heather

said, stepping through a side-door.

Tanya paused as her husband followed Heather. "I'm gonna stay in here and look around a bit more, honey. A workshop's more your thing," she said.

"Ok, babe."

The young wife turned and looked at Nick. "Can we look at that upstairs bedroom again?"

"Oh, sure," the teen said, leading her up the stairway.

The master bedroom had big vaulted ceilings and lots of natural light. Nick stepped into the room and just hung there as Tonya wandered over to the walk-in closet. "So much room for my clothes in here," she said.

The young women stepped inside the closet. "What's this thing?" Nick heard her ask. He wandered over curiously, peeking in. "What thing?"

Suddenly, her hands grabbed his shirt and yanked him into the closet. He found himself up against Tanya as she backed against the wall. Her lips devoured his, her long aggressive tongue lashing through his mouth. He reciprocated and their lickers flailed together wildly. "This thing," she said between kisses, grasping his cock through his shorts..

"Holy fuck!" the teen's mind gasped, struck with sudden delight. Tanya grabbed his hands and stuffed them up her sweater. His fingers sunk into the squishy meat of her large bra-clad jugs. While he groped and kissed, her hand flew into his shorts, grasping his hardening cock. "Damn, this girl is fuckin 'horny!" Nick thought as he felt her squeeze and yank on his peter.

"Go under my bra!" she hissed, "suck my fucking tits!"

He yanked her bra cups up over her boobs, dropping his face to them at the same time. Her huge fleshy tit-orbs bobbled free, jiggling around his face as he planted a wet lustful kiss deep in her tit-cleavage.

The cock-hungry young woman felt his prick harden in her hand as she beat his meat with rapid strokes. "Ohh God yess, your dick is big," she gasped, clawing at his back with her free hand. "Put you hand in my panties...finger me while you suck my tits!"

Nick was quick to oblige, popping open the buttons to her jeans and squeezing his hand down inside her dainty panties. He was met by a nearly trimmed pussy mound and smooth layers of soaking wet labial flesh. "Ohhhyess!" she shrieked, biting her bottom lip.

Her big round boobs wobbled back and forth, but he finally zero'd in on one of her thick protuberant nipples, stuffing it greedily into his mouth. "Fuckingawesome!"his mind shouted, as he slurped in more tit, making her nipples and areola distend inside his sucking mouth. He whipped his tongue against the bulging mamila, which made her hump her horny pussy against his hand.

"Mmnnngghhaah!" she gasped out in fuck-lust, feeling Nick's fingers strum her fat naked clitoris like a base guitar string.

The boy dug two fingers into her cunt-hole, rubbing her inner ribbed lining. Her pussy-tube sucked and squeezed at his fingers, yearning to be stuffed with his big teenage cock.

Nick now had a fully hard boner with leaking precum. Tonya used used his slippery fuck-oil to lubricate her strokes. "Mmnnggff," the boy whimpered, while sucking at her tit like starving dog. This girl's hand had some experience at stroking hard dick and he was enjoying it immensely.

They suddenly heard her husband's voice. "Tanya, you up there?" he called out.

"Fuuuck!" the girl hissed softly in a half-angry tone, pulling her hand out of Nick's shorts.

Her nipple popped Nick's mouth, wet and swollen and she quickly pushed her bra back down over her jugs. "Take down my phone number," she whispered.

Nick quickly pulled the cellphone from his back pocket.

A minute later, Lance's wife emerged at the bottom of the stairway. "There you are," he said.

"Yeah, sorry, was checking out that gorgeous master bedroom again," she said, "what did you think of the workshop?"

"Amazing...and there's still plenty of garage space for our two vehicles," he answered.

Heather looked at the young woman suspiciously. Tonya's face seemed flush and her nipples were as hard as pebbles, clearly protruding from her clothing. "Can we see the back yard," the girl said, clearly still a little short on breath..

"Of course," Heather said, trailing behind them. Before stepping out the back door, she saw her son arrive downstairs with an obvious erection..She fed him a scolding glare. "Get that thing under control before you come outside," she said, so only the two of them could hear.

Nick nodded.

After the couple had finished touring the house and left, he had some explaining to do. "Ok, what the fuck were you two doing upstairs?" Heather asked, her hands on her hips as the stood in the empty livingroom.

"Hey, she came on to me. I was only showing her where the bedroom.was," he said defensively. "What do you mean came on to you?"

"She pulled me into the closet, told me to finger her and suck her tits," he explained.

"Right and I'm sure she just twisted your arm and made you do those things," Heather said. "She's a pretty girl. I'm certainly not gonna say no," Nick said.

"Honey, she was here with her husband. Do you realize how bad that would have been if he caught the two of you, not to mention it would have cost me the sale of this house," Heather said.

"Mom, relax, you and I have assturbation Sessions all the time with dad in the house. It's not like I don't know how to be sneaky," Nick said.

"Just please, from now on, keep your hands off of my client's boobs and vaginas, okay. You could have cost me my license," Heather said.

"Speaking of clients, I think we should help them," Nick said Heather smiled, "Of course you do.

"No really, we could be surrogates for them," he said.

"Nick..."

"Mom, think about it. It's the perfect solution. I wanna fuck a pregnant girl, you like **BEING** pregnant, but don't wanna raise another kid and they want take over the parent duties once the child's born. If you and I help them out, it's a win-win for everyone," Nick explained.

"Woah! Hold on. Back up just a second. You and I haven't even had real sex yet," Heather said.

Nick loved how she threw the "yet" in there. It made it clear that regardless of how this went, he'd still probably be fucking her pussy at some point.

His Mom continued. "You've only been in my ass. And what do you think your father's gonna say if I just come home one day and announce that I'm knocked up."

"What do you mean? He'll just pat himself on the back and think the baby's his."

"Yeah, until I have to explain that it's not his...or mine, it's theirs. How well do you think that's gonna go over?" Heather asked.

"Yeah, I guess I really didn't think about that part," her son said disappointedly.

"Look, I know you'd like to see my belly big and round and my boobs all huge and swollen with milk, but I just don't see that happening. I'm sorry."

"I get it," Nick said understandably, hanging his head a bit.

His sound of his Mom's heels against the floor slowly came towards him, **CLICK, CLICK, CLICK**. She stood in front of him with a mischievous smile. "That being said, what I do see happening, is me bending over and letting you pound that big cock up my ass. You interested?" she asked, although she knew the answer.

"Of course," he said with a smile.

"Go to the car and get the lube. I'll be ready for you when you get back," she said teasingly. Nick hurried out to the vehicle. Even if he couldn't impregnate her, he would never take for granted being able

to fuck her juicy ass on a daily basis. Many boys would never get that far with their moms, so he felt special just having that privilege.

When he got back inside with the lube his mom wasn't downstairs. "Where are you?" he called out.

He heard her answer from upstairs. "Up here," she said.

When he got to the base of the stairs he saw a trail of clothing leading up the steps. Heels, blouse, skirt, bra and panties, leading to the master bedroom. When he arrive in the doorway, he saw Heather sprawled out naked on her tummy on the carpet in the center of the room..

He immediately grabbed his dick and squeezed it through his shorts. Her smooth shapely bare legs were slightly splayed open, the juicy half-sphere's of her bubbly mommy-buttocks waiting to be pounded. She rested on her elbows, her large tit-melons spread out against the carpeted floor. The short-haired brunette peered back at him over her shoulder. "You gonna stand there squeezing it, or are you gonna come stick it in?" she asked.

Nick shed his clothes in a hurry, then squirted a big gob of lube on his bobbing erection. He lowered down onto his Mom and rubbed his knob through her ass-crack. He inadvertently went lower than he should, plowing through her fleshy cunt-slit. "Sorry," he muttered.

She smiled back at him. "You can rub it through my labia, just don't let it go in pussy," she said. "Really?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes, I'm wet, so it'll help lube it up."

"Sweet," the boy muttered. This was one step forward in his quest to have his dick sheathed in her cunt.

He plowed his fat knob through the hot juicy folds, amazed at how wet she was. Like Tonya, Heather's arousal made her genital blood

flow increase, so that her vulva and clitoris swelled and her vagina was drolling with fuck-oil. With all that natural lubrication, plus what he had already applied, Nick's cock was slickened and ready for deep anal penetration..

Heather bobbed her meaty buns up and down a few times. "Come on, fuck my ass, big boy," she said playfully..

He loved watching her tight little butt-ring stretch over his knob as he popped his tip inside. Then he enjoyed holding it there for a second with the elastic band of flesh clasped around the ridge of his corona.

Heather peeked back watching him as he first entered her. She could see the thrill in his eyes and his heart about beating through his chest. She knew squeezing his tender cock through the tight grip of her ass must be extremely thrilling and pleasurable for the teen.

Nick lowered himself forward, resting on his forearms, then thrust his hips, spearing his cock through her snug ass-tract. "Ohhhmm!" Heather groaned, feeling her anal fuck-tube stuffed full.

Nick started fucking his cock into her asshole, slowly sinking his prick deeper and deeper into the luscious grip of her shitter. He could feel the constant pressure of her asshole muscles around his prick, milking his cock deep inside her body. He whimpered in delight. The boy had never fucked a tighter fuck hole.

The empty room echoed with gasped and the lewd slapping sound of Nick's crotch beating again the thick jiggling flesh of Heather's naked ass. "**SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!**"

The short-haired brunette mother humped her hips lightly off the floor, pushing out her butt-ring to make it pucker tightly around her son's plunging boner. "Yess! That's it Nicky, fuck my asshole!" she cried out.

The pressure inside Heather's rectum was stimulating the internal ends of her clitoral nerves, making her climb towards a juicy climax.

"**SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!**"

"Damn your ass feels good, Mom" Nick sighed, his knob tingling with delight as it slipped through rubbery rectum. He brought his body flat down on top of her, not slowing her thrusts one bit. "Can we kiss?" he asked.

They'd shared sloppy kisses of passion before, so there was no sense in saying no. Heather craned her head back and made out lustfully with her son. Their tongues were like pink snake tails whipping and twisting together frenziedly.

Heather's fat tits were squashed on the rug and Nick wedged his hands underneath them and squeezed, letting his fingers sink into the spongy boob-flesh.

The teen intensified the speed of his ass fucking, violently plummeting his brick-hard cock into the rubbery depths of his mother's ass-tunnel...**SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!**"

The sucking, squeezing pressure of her rectum around his tender meat intensified his pleasure. "Ohhh shit!" he moaned, his knob tingling like crazy.

Heather too was panting heavily as her own orgasm crested. "Ohhh God, Nicky, I'm gonna cum!" she cried at a volume that echoed through the vacant home..

"Ohhh! Ohhhfuck!!" her son groaned, his hips shuddering as a load of jism squirted violently up her shit channel. Their bodies writhed and humped, as if Nick's cock was an electrical prong plugged in to Heather's socket and they were sharing the same electric jolt.

It was minutes before their bodies became a motionless heap and they recovered like two sprinters that had just ran a thousand yard dash. "That was awesome!" Nick muttered.

"Mmm, yes," his mom agreed.

"I still think you and I should help that couple out."

Heather giggled. "Nick I doubt you care anything about helping them out. You just wanna fuck my pussy and see me pregnant."

"Maybe you could convince dad that **YOU GUYS** could help them out, but I would still be the one to get you pregnant of course," Nick suggested..

"Oh of course," Heather said in a mocking way. "So we can?"

Heather laughed. "Noo, we can't! Now get up so we can put our clothes back on."

A lewd feeling of contentment coursed through Heather's big-titted body as she felt her boy drawing his prick out of her ass with a wet popping sound.

Chapter 12: A piece of Candy

Daniel was jealous of his parents going on a date. He knew it was rediculous to feel that way. His mom and dad **WERE** married after all, but he'd gotten a bit possessive of Sara lately and after a night full of wild vaginal sex, he just wished he could fuck his mother all the time..

Despite being left at home, he knew there was still a way to get some sweet pussy and make his mom think twice about not spending time with him, but instead going out with his dad..

"Hey Candy, it's Daniel," he said, putting her on speaker phone.

"Hey Daniel. I thought maybe you were ignoring me," she said sweetly. "I know, sorry. I've just been really busy the past few days."

"Oh really?" Candy asked, "What's the lucky girl's name? Do I know her?"

"No, it's not that. I just.. I.had to help my mom out with some stuff," he said, not completely lying. "It's ok, I understand. My Mom can be a pain in the ass sometimes to," Candy said.

Daniel laughed to himself. "How bout some pleasure in that sweet ass then," he thought. "So, what are you doing right now?" Daniel asked, "wanna come over?"

"To your house?"

"Sure, my parents are out for awhile, so I got the place to myself," he said.

"Oh wow um, well, I'd have to make something up to tell my parents. They know Chad's my boyfriend...and they really like him a

lot, so if they knew I was hanging out with a different guy they'd kill me" Candy said.

"Well, just tell them you going to hang out with Chad," Daniel said. "Ok, that could work. What's your address?" she asked.

Daniel knew the hot teen wouldn't be the same caliber fuck as his mom. For one, Sara's body was a little more plush than Candy's, with bigger tits and a little bit thicker ass. Then, there was the experience factor. While he was sure Candy had been fucked, probably more than most girl's her age, she was still a rookie compared to his Mom. Sara's sexual skills were developed over years of experience and he had learned first hand, from their long night together, that she knew exactly how to drain a guy's balls.

Still, besides for obvious pleasure, there was something else to be gained by having Candy over for a wild fuck. First, he had some ideas on some things he wanted to try out on Sara the next time the opportunity presented itself. They were kinky sexual things and Candy could be his practice doll in seeing how effective they were.

Second, he planned on making sure he was still fucking the girl hard when his parent's got home. He knew this would spark a fit of jealousy in his mother, which would work to his advantage.

Sara was a very possessive and competitive person and Daniel knew he'd get quite the ball-draining from her, as she attempted to outdo the young Lacey Chabert look-alike.

"Hey!" Candy said with a smile, showing her perfect white teeth as Daniel answered the door. "Hey, come in," he said, leading her inside.

"Oh my God, I had no idea you lived on this street. My Grandparents literally live right next door to you," she said, obviously a little nervous..

Daniel's mouth fell open. "You're kidding? Like...on that side?" he asked, pointing towards the bitch's house.

"Yes, my Grandma Margeret is soo sweet," Candy said, then hesitated, "Well, sometimes. I'll have to introduce her to her."

"That's ok, we've actually already talked a couple times." "Oh cool," Candy said cheerfully, "she probably loves you." "Well, I don't know about that."

The pretty teen peered around curiously. "Can I see your room?" she asked, eager to get there. "Sure," Daniel answered, then led her up to his lair.

Once up there, Candy slipped out of her cute sandals and looked at all the band posters on his walls. "I love those guys! I totally wanna see them in concert."

Daniel watched her like hungry tomcat stalking it's kill. Her legs looked smooth and strong from being an actively engaged in cheerleading and just the site of that sweet meaty ass was making Daniel's cock harden right up. She turned towards him and smiled mischievously. "You can fuck me if you want?" she said innocently.

Daniel returned a lustful grin. "Can I get rough with you?" he asked. "Be as rough as you want, I don't mind."

It was just what the boy was hoping to hear. After shedding her blouse, he practically tore her bra off..Candy's young tits sprung free and jiggled around as he literally ripped her panties in half. She giggled at his excessive display of aggression.

"Mmm, yes, I love it," she said will a thrill.

Now naked, Candy was thrown onto the bed. She brought her her knees back, bowing open her thighs and displayed the she smooth

shaved lips of her snatch.. "Yess, fuck me big-boy!" she shouted excitedly.

Daniel shed his shorts and briefs in a hurry.

Candy's eyes widened when she saw his his huge jutting erection.. "**VERY** big boy," she exclaimed.

Daniel got on the bed and slid down her voluptuous body, not showing any reservations as he left a trail of kisses on her girlish belly. Then he stretched out between her legs and dove his face into her crotch. "Aaoohhh!!" the girl cried out excitedly as she had her shaved pussy devoured savagely.

"Mmmnnngghh," the boy groaned as he slurped up the sweet nectar oozing from her fuck-hole. He grabbed hold of her legs and pried his face even deeper in her slit, lapping at her fuck-hole and breathing in the sweet pungent aroma.

He pushed two fingers into the slippery pussy, then started finger-fucking her as he steadily licked her fleshy clit.

"Ohhh God, wow!!" Candy's voice shook..

Her backed arched from the bed in ecstacy, her young ballooning tits jostling around on her chest. "Yesss, ohh fuck yes, I love it!" she cried out. She pulled his hair and started humping her buns hard, grinding her juicy cunt relentlessly onto his tongue and fingers.

"Mmmm, I'm gonna pound you so fucking hard," Daniel said as he looked up over her pubis at her large wobbling tit-mounds. His face glistened with pussy-juice and the sweet pungent aroma of her teenage pussy made his head swirl with desire.

Candy licked her lips as she stared down his lean, muscular body and bobbing erection. He crawled up into a good fucking position

between her widely spread thighs. "Yess, fuck me with your big cock," she said lustfully.

Daniel braced his weight on outstretched arms to either side of her shoulders. He looked down at her huge, jiggling tits, as he nudged his cock tip into her syrupy slit. All at once, he thrust his spear in as deep as it would go, causing the breath to expell from her lungs as she shrieked with delight.

He collapsed onto her stacked body, crushing her huge, stiff-nippled tits under his chest.. The star cheerleader let out a girlish whimper as she felt every strong, throbbing inch of his cock-meat plow between her cunt lips,.digging deep into her tender clasping flesh. "Ohhyess, fuck me hard, Daniel!"

Clinging to him tightly, with her legs twined securely around his back, Candy started to bounce her blushing ass cheeks off the mattress as hard and fast as she could, meeting his thrusts.

Daniel's bed-springs whined as he slammed his cock in again and again with all the strength he could muster. **WHACK!!!** He slapped her ass hard, making her ass-cheek ripple, while fucking her pussy with brutal force. "Fuck yeaah, take my cock!" he shouted..

For ten minutes straight the two youngsters fucked, conscious only of the wet, driving rhythm of Daniel's hard-on hammering in and out of Candy's juicy cunt-hole..

"Ohh Daniel, I'm cumming!" she cried at last, arching her hips off the floor. "Oh my God! ohmyyygod... Cuuuuummmmmunnnnnggggg!" her cute voice cried out in ecstacy.

"Ohhhshit yeah, that's good pussy!" Daniel muttered, feeling her squeeze his dick and soak it in girl-cum. He lay flat on top of her, his head nuzzled in her neck as he plowed his pecker inside of her.

After a few minutes of deep bone-grinding, he lifted her young, fuck-doll body off the bed and she continued to cling to him as he went at her in the stand fuck position. **WHACK!! WHACK!!** He slapped each ass-cheek hard, leaving big red hand-prints on her tan jiggling buns.

Then, he backed her to the wall, pinning her against it. He grabbed her hair and yanked her head back, making her chest thrust upward. His face dove for one of her tits and latched on, sinking his teeth into a mouthful of boob-flesh. "Aaaaauuuggghhh, yess!" she squinted and cried out as Daniel chewed and sucked roughly on her tit.

His hands slid up on her neck and squeezed. Her pretty little face turned red, gasping for breath, but from the look in her big excited eyes she was loving every second of it.

"Hhnnnn!" she shrieked, her naked body struggling. Daniel hung on to her, not letting her squirm out of his grasp. With her airways blocked, she was close to passing out and her cunt shrunk up around his pole, making his knob tingle. "Ohhh shit yess!" the boy sighed.

He bucked his hips in a frantic hump, her mostly docile body jerking around in his arms, her big round boobies bobbling against him. His crotch beat between her sweaty thighs. **SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!**"

"Aaahhh fuuuck!" he grunted, releasing her neck and hosing her delicate pussy-tube with hot potent ball-juice.

Candy choked and gasped as he squeezed her soft body in a monster clutch, while pumping his hot seed inside her. "Ohhhman, are you ok?" he asked. It was the first time he'd gotten that rough with a girl. He loved it, but wanted to make sure he didn't hurt her.

"Oh my God, yes," she said, gazing at him adoringly, "no one has ever choked me like that during sex. I fucking loved it!"

Things were a little better between Sara and her husband after their night out. As promised, Dan had treated her to a romantic dinner and some shopping. He poured on the compliments about how beautiful she looked and apologized up and down for the things he may have said that upset her.

Sara also apologized for her recent snappiness, expressing her frustration of the neighbor lady and her "rediculous" accusations. She immediately squashed any feelings of guilt she had in her mind. Daniel had been pumping gallons of sperm inside her yes, but she was allowing it for no other reason than to help him. "Isnt that what we Mother's are suppose to do?" she thought.

When they arrived home, Sara headed upstairs. "I'm gonna peek in and say goodnight to Daniel," she said to her husband as he headed to their bedroom.

"Peek in" she did, but probably should have knocked first. Daniel and Candy were on his bed fucking doggie-style. Sara froze in place, watching the sweaty teens go at it energetically..

Daniel held on to Candy's hips, hammering his throbbing cock into her burning asshole as fast as he could, jarring her pelvis with every fuck stroke. "Ohh yess, Nick. It feels so good in my ass!" the girl whimpered.

"Hell yes," the boy gasped in agreement, watching her persperationed-sheened ass-globes beat against his crotch. Daniel's tongue nearly hung out with lust as her watched her throw her young naked fanny back at him. Her tan buns were covered with his red hand prints. **WHACK!!** he added another to the collection, making her fatty outer layer of ass-flesh ripple from the force of his strike.

Sara watched in jealous fascination as Daniel plowed every inch of his hardon into the girl's stretched sphincter. For several seconds he held her rounded ass in place against him, feeling the rhythmic contractions of her ass-walls sheathed around his prick.

"Ohh yes, so fucking tight," he sighed, then started humping again, fucking his rigid dick in and out of her ass.

The mother stayed in the doorway, her own asshole throbbing, yearning for the meat of her son's cock. She shamelessly reached back, bunching up her skirt and prying her hand into her panties. She slipped her digits down into her ass-crack and rubbed the ring of her wildly clenching butt-hole.

"Ohh Nick, I'm cumming!" Candy cried out, "My asshole's cuummiinnggg!"

Her tender pink asshole spasmed violently in orgasm, the rubbery walls rippling as they sucked juicily around Nick's spearing cock.

As turned on as she was, Sara found herself silently scrutinizing the girl's movements. "Push back on him harder, you stupid bitch! Oh my God, this girl is clearly an amateur" her mind screamed out.

The mother watched Candy's large tits swing around as they dangled from her chest. "My tits are bigger. You can't smother him the way I can," she thought, then her eyes drifted to the teen's meaty butt-cheeks. The way her sweaty naked jiggle-booty pounded against her son's midsection made Sara's asshole itch even more for a deep hard ass-fucking.

"My ass is better. It's stronger and meatier. I bet she can't squeeze and suck on his prick like I can... stupid amateur." Daniel's mother told herself.

She'd finally had enough. She was so horny and jealous she could hardly stand it. She pulled her hand out of her panties and cleared

her throat.

"Oh shit," Candy said, spotting Daniel's mother in the doorway. Daniel's dick popped wetly from her ass as she pulled his sheet up to half-cover her breasts.

Sara glared at her son. "Playtime's over. She needs to leave," the mother said sternly. "Fine," the boy said, smiling inwardly.

Candy quickly got dressed and flashed Daniel an uncomfortable smile. "See you at school tomorrow," she said, then rushed past his scowling mother.

"I agree to give you my pussy last night and this is the thanks I get?" Sara said, glaring at her son.

"That was last night. This is today," Daniel said, " I needed some release, but you chose to go out with dad."

"Daniel, we're a married couple, we're aloud to go out on a date."

"I agree and I'm a single guy. I'm aloud to have a girl over," the boy said, standing up. He was still naked. His wet boner jutted out obscenely and Sara couldn't help but stare down at it's meaty hardness. She knew her son was right. It was inevitable that he'd start seeing girls again and that her "assturbation" routine would no longer be needed. But that didn't mean she had to be happy about it..

"She's cute, but she's not as pretty as I am," the mother said. "I agree."

"There's no way she's as good at fucking as I am either," Sara added.

"That's true, but I doubt I'll ever find a girl who's as good at it as you are, Mom," he confessed, pouring on the compliments.

"You didn't get to finish, I'm sorry," Sara said, drifting from his face to his crotch. "I was just...a little envious."

"I can finish it myself."

"No," she said, coming in, closing the door and locking it,"there's a place for your cum and it's not in your cum-rag."

Daniel watched her reach under her skirt and slide her dainty black thong down her legs. "Can you be quick?" she asked.

When ten minutes had gone by without her return, Dan went looking for her. He wandered up to his son's bedroom and tapped on the door. "Sara?"

Daniel had some rock music thumping on his stereo. He and Sara were standing, tucked in the corner of his bedroom..Her back was to him and they both stood completely upright, her body shuttering as he fucked her up the ass. Her held her tightly against him, one hand clutching her throat, while the other cupped her crotch, two finger digging at her pussy.

Her thick jiggling mommy-ass beat against his groin. "**CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!**"

He looked at her beautiful red face, gasping for breath as his hand clutch her throat. "Too tight? he asked, afraid he was hurting her.

She shook her head, her eyes clenched closed. "Do you want me to squeeze harder?" he asked.

She nodded, intrigued by her son's desire to be rough with her. She could tell he was growing in skill and confidence. Daniel tightened his grip, feeling her air-supply close off completely. He lifted her up and her cute bare feet dangled above the floor. "**CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!**

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!" he continued to pound into her, feeling her rectum tighten on his humping boner.

He suddenly heard a knock at his door. He knew his Mom was in no condition to answer. "She'll be out in a minute, dad. She's helping me with something," Daniel said. Technically, he wasn't lying.

If Dan could have opened that door he would have died of shock. His wife was being held up off the floor like a ragdoll, choked to the point of nearly passing out, while being ass-fucked and finger-fucked at the same time. One of the buttons of her blouse popped off from the bulging swell of her mammoth tits straining for release.

She squirmed in delight, the lack of air intensified the pleasure of her son's actions a hundred fold..Daniel held her in place, feeling the hot slippery tube of her ass tighten more and more around his cock. His tender boner flexed. "God damn!" the teen muttered in pleasure, feeling her squeeze the hell out of his cock, making his glans tingle.

Their orgasms were timed perfectly. Sara gasped and trembled, soaking her son's cunt-digging fingers with cum-juice, while Daniel hosed the inside of her bowels with the milky contents of his balls.

They both did their best to keep from whimpering too loudly, in case Dan was still lingering around outside the door. The boy released his Mom's neck and she gasped, the blood and oxygen returning to her lungs. "Oh..my God..." Sara gasped, "that was...amazing!"

Daniella smiled, glad to see his Mom was as pleased by the rough sex as he was.

The following day, Sara and Rachel were having coffee, discussing their sexual encounters with Daniel in great detail. "It's gotten a little rediculous. I mean, I can't even look at him without craving his cock," Sara confessed.

"Rediculous maybe, but also understandable. Daniel's cute, he has a big dick **AND** he's getting **VERY** good with it. What women wouldn't crave that? I know I do.," Rachel said.

Sara sighed in frustration. "I know, but it wasn't suppose to be like this. It wasn't suppose to be about **US** wanting his dick all the time. It was just suppose to be assturbation...temporary relief by letting him use our asses until he finds a girlfriend. Now, not only am I wanting sex with him all the time, I'm jealous of every girl I see him around."

Rachel took a sip of her coffee. "Maybe you should back off for awhile, Sara, let **ME** take the driver's seat. I mean, I love fucking Daniel, but I don't have to live with him. Just sayin'.

Sara smiled over at her. "I'm sure you'd love that."

"Not gonna lie. I absolutely would," Rachel confessed, "Michael's great in bed and all, but he's no Daniel."

"That's the other thing, I don't even crave sex from my husband anymore. In fact if I'm honest, just the thought of it kinda disgusts me," Sara said.

"Don't worry about it Sara. I'm sure all this is just temporary infatuation. In time things will be right back to the way they were before."

"That's kinda my point though. I think I'm liking this too much," Sara said, "do I really want things to get back to normal?" Normal is just so...fucking boring."

Rachel laughed. "So how serious do you think it is between him and this girl?" "I don't know, I'm hoping she's just a 'fly by night' fuck."

"I'm sure she is. He's likely to get a lot of those before he settles on just one girlfriend again," Rachel reassured her.

"Yeah, that's what bothers me. I'll admit, I'm a selfish, greedy, horny bitch, who wants him all to herself. But I'm also his mother. Jesus, this is so complicated," Sara said.

They both heard a knock on the door, so Sara got up to answer it. "Expecting someone?" Rachel asked.

"Not that I know of," Sara answered, then opened the door.

It was Misses David, Daniel's teacher. "Hi," Sara said, looking at her inquisitively. "Can I help you?"

"Yes, Sara, right? I don't know if you remember me. I'm Linsey Davis, one of Daniel's teachers at the High School."

"Oh, yes, ok...I thought you looked familiar," Sara said, "did you come here from the school? Is...everything ok with Daniel?"

Linsey smiled uncomfortably. "Everything's fine, I actually took the day off today. Can we speak?" she asked.

"Yes, of course, come in."

Linsey sat at the table with Sara and Rachel, spilling her guts and confessing to fucking Sara's son. What came as an equal shock to the mother though was the information that the neighbor bitch, Margeret, had hired a private detective to expose her and her son's naughty activities.

"She said if I didn't have proof to her soon, she would expose the pictures of Daniel and I," Linsey explained. "Having my career and marriage disroyed is something I'd very much like to try to avoid."

"What a fucking cunt! Hiring a private detective? Are you kidding me?" Rachel said furiously, "I should march over there right now and slap the bitch."

Sara was glaring at Linsey. "What makes you so sure that I'm fucking my son. Maybe **YOU'RE** the only guilty one here," she said questioningly.

Linsey smiled. "I was in line behind you and Daniel the day you made the mess in the supermarket, Sara. Anal lubrication was it?"

Sara glare suddenly softened. "Ohh," she muttered, suddenly realizing that she was in no position to point fingers, when she herself was regularly engaging in the improper act of fucking her son.

"Look, I could care less what you and your son do behind closed doors," Linsey assured her, "Clearly, I'm not one to judge, but I'll be damned if gonna let this bitch blackmail me into exposing **ANYONE'S** indiscretions," Linsey said.

"So what do we do then?" Rachel asked. "This "Karen" next door wants her proof."

"It's simple. We make sure she's convinced that **THERE IS NO PROOF**.. This noisy **PI** will report back to her that there's absolutely no evidence of Sara fucking her son. She'll destroy the pictures of Daniel and I and we all live happily ever after," Linsey said.

"And how do you propose we do that?" Sara asked.

"This Private Investigator seems to have the perfect little life, with the perfect little family..." Linsey said, drawing a curious look from the other ladies. "I stalked her social media accounts," Linsey said with a wicked smile.

"Ok, but how does that help us?" Rachel asked.

"She's is a woman, which means, like us, she has secrets. Let's find out what **HER** secrets are. She wants to blackmail us... we'll blackmail her right back," Linsey said.

Chapter 13: Confession

"Yess! Fuck my asshole honey!" Sara whimpered, feeling the stiff meat of Daniel's manhood plunging deep in her ass.

Her husband had just left for work and she was bent over the kitchen table, giving her boy his morning Assturbation Session.

"Ohh damn that feels good," the teen muttered, feeling her squeeze her strong rectal muscles around his big hard dick.

The beautiful mother gazed back at him with her alluring eyes, pounding her thick naked buttock back, making it beat against his crotch. "So big up my asshole!" she panted, "So fucking big and stiff!"

Spurred on by his mom's obscenities, Daniel started reaming her tender shit-tunnel with deep, pelvis-jarring strokes. His mother's bowels were stretched deliciously by the repeated thrusts of his cock.

"Knock, knock!" A female voice announced from the front entry. "In here," Sara responded breathlessly.

Rachel peeked around the corner "Ohh, I'm just in time. I saw Dan driving down the street. You two certainly didn't waist any time going at it," she said with a giggle, them removed her shorts. "Mind if I join?"

"I'm sure someone won't mind at all," Sara said, smiling back at her teen.

Within seconds, Rachel's panties were off and she was leaning down against the table next to her mother-in-law. She squirted some lube on her fingers and applied it to her asshole. Daniel slipped his

drooling cock from Sara's ass. He loved watching his big purple knob pop out and her puckered butt-ring clench closed.

He moved to his sister-in-law's meaty behind and crammed his cock inside her ass. She sighed in delight and gazed back at him dreamily. "Ohh God, you make your brother seem like a sexual wimp, you know that."

Sara giggled in agreement, gazing at her teen. "How does that make you feel honey, knowing your dick can go deeper than your brother's **AND** your father's can?" she asked.

"Awesome," he hissed, grabbing Rachel's soft hips and feeling his boner sink deep into her ass.

"Does it make you feel like a big man knowing you pound our holes better than they do, Daniel?" Rachel asked.

"Ohh shit yeah," Daniel sighed, feeling her ass-tube tighten around him.

The boy set his hips in motion, pumping his rock-hard erection through the firm slippery grip of Rachel's ass-tube. **SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!** Her fatty outer-layer of ass-flesh made her half-globes ripple for Daniel's viewing enjoyment Rachel looked over at Sara as they rested side-by-side against the table.."Any word from the teacher?"

"She texted me last night...wants to move forward with our plan this morning. We have to meet her at eleven."

"So what happens if the Private Investigator bitch doesn't have a secret we can threaten to expose? What if she's squeaky clean?" Rachel asked, panting lightly from the force of the steady ass-fuck she was receiving.

Sara shrugged her shoulders. "Then we moved to plan B." "Which is?"

"I don't know. I'm assuming she has a plan B," Sara said.

Rachel frowned worriedly. "Something tells me there is no plan B."

"**WHACK!!**" the two women were startled as Daniel smacked his sister-in-law's ass. They gazed back at him and he smiled like someone who'd just fired a gun without warning. "Sorry," he muttered.

Rachel smiled mischievously. "You have two hands and I have two ass-cheeks...shouldn't I get another one?" she asked.

"Ohh..true," the teen answered, then gave her other humping butt-cheek the hardest strike he could muster. "**WHACK!!!**"

"Fuck yesss!" she screamed. "Spank me again you naughty fucking stud!" "**WHACK!! WHACK!!**"

"Fuck yeah!" the teen sighed excitedly, slapping each cheek again and watching that big juicy buttocks pound back on his cock.

He peeked over to see his mom wagging her ass, her crinkled ass-ring throbbing as it peeked out from between the smooth twin mounds of ass-meat. His eyes drifted up to see her peeking back at him lustfully. "Come on," she simply said.

He slipped his cock from Rachel's ass and fed it back into his mother's derriere, sighing in ecstacy as he felt his slippery glans sink into a hot spongy grip of her bowels. "That's right, honey. Fuck that ass!" she said shamelessly, throwing her buns back against him.

Daniel speared his cock through her asshole at a steady pace. Rachel brought a chair around behind him and sat on it. It was a pub-style chair, so it's height allowed her to cradle his ass between

her naked inner thighs. She reached under his shirt and clawed his chest with her long nails, then kissed and licked his neck while he continued fucking.

"When I married your brother you hadn't even gone into puberty yet," she said with a giggle between licks, "now here you are with a big dick, fucking our assholes."

"Yess and I love it," the boy sighed.

Sara looked back at her son, her body shuddering from the rhythm of their humping. "Did you ever think you'd have Mom's naked ass beating against you like this honey?" she asked.

"No way!" he said, shaking his head.

"I bet he thought about it though...all those times when you were by yourself on your bed, beating your dick," Rachel said, gazing at him with her pretty eyes. "I bet you were imagining your mom and your brother's wife bent over in front of you, letting you pound their horny asses with your hot cock."

"Is that true honey? Did you imagine fucking us while you jerked your cock?" Sara asked. "Yess."

Rachel ran her long licker up his neck to his ear. "Were you squeezing our big bouncing tits, Daniel?" she said.

"Mmm and sucking on our fat nipples?" Sara added.

"Oh my God, you guys are driving me crazy with that dirt talk," the boy sighed, feeling his knob tingle in the grip of his Mom's rectum.

The two women giggled, satisfied that they were having that affect on him. Sara threw her cock-humping ass back against him at an even faster pace. "You like that baby? You like it when we talk about you pounding your young hard cock inside us?"

"Shit, yess."

The meaty boner thundered through her stretched asshole, making Sara's slippery shit-tunnel contract even more tightly around her son's cock. Daniel feverishly reamed his mom's tingly ass as hard as he could, moaning as the cum churned in his balls.

"Yess, fuck her ass hard, Daniel. Give her that thick load!" Rachel cheered. "Ohhhfuck, cuuuming!" the teen announced.

Sara almost screamed as she felt his hot cock-juice spewing up her ass "That's it honey, ohhh so good. Give me all that hot cream!" she said in a sexy tone.

Shamelessly, she flexed her shit-muscles around his throbbing, gushing cock, her sucking asshole drawing out every drop of her son's cum. "Ohhh!" the teen moaned, meeting his mom's humps, spearing his cum-spewing boner from balls to knob.

"Damn, Mom. That was mega-good," he sighed, letting his cock soak in her gripping ass-tube a little longer.

"I'm glad honey, now pull your dick out and get your handsome little ass off to school." "Roger-that," Daniel said, slipping his cum-slimed boner from her asshole.

Later that morning, Sara and Rachel met up with Lindsey at a local parking lot. "So what's the plan?" Sara asked as they stepped up to the open window of Lindsey's vehicle.

"I know where this Private Investigator lives. I say we follow her today...see if we can catch her doing something shady. If we have some ammunition to use against her, it may be our way out of this mess," Lindsey explained.

"I'm gonna be pissed if we just end up following her around aimlessly all day," Rachel said.

Sara shared her reluctance, but knew the potential consequence of doing nothing. "That may end up being the case, but what choice do we have?" she reminded her.

"We don't have a choice," Lindsey reiterated, "the bitch said if she doesn't have recorded proof from me by tonight, all of us are fucked."

Sara and Rachel got in the back and the sexy teacher drove them across town, to a row of new condos, where they parked and waited. Only a half-hour had passed and Rachel was again second-guessing their plan. "This is stupid. What if she doesn't even come out of her house today, let alone do something shady," she said.

"We just...have to be patient, Rach," Sara answered.

Lindsey looked back at Daniel's mother through her rear view mirror. "So, since we clearly have a little time to chat, I'm curious..."

"About?" Sara asked.

"About how you and Daniel even started this sexual relationship of yours?"

Sara and Rachel glanced at each other, both knowing the answer. "Daniel had just broken up with his girlfriend and Rachel and I heard about the Assturbation Sessions and thought we'd try it out."

Rachel chimed in. "We both thought it would be good for Daniel to have sort of a...sexual outlet, until he could find another girlfriend," she said.

"So the 'sexual outlet's was daily anal sex with you?" Lindsey asked. "Pretty much," Sara answered, "me or Rachel."

"Nothing vaginal?"

Sara seemed a tad embarrassed to make her confession. "Well, we have bent the rules a few times, but vaginal sex is nothing that happens routinely."

"But it...does happen?" Lindsey asked. "Yes."

"With both of you?" she asked, looking back at Rachel.

"Why so many questions?" Rachel asked suspiciously, " I thought you said last night that you could care less what we're doing with him sexually."

"Your're right, I really don't care," the teacher said, then lifted a small recorder and clicked it off, "but unfortunately someone does."

Lindsey dialed a number on her cellphone, lifted it to her ear and spoke into it. "It's done. You can come out and get your stupid recording," she said, then hung up.

Sara and Rachel looked at each other, their mouths hanging open in disbelief. "What the fuck?" Rachel muttered. "Did you just..."

"You recorded us?" Sara asked with a shocked look.

"Sorry, I had to. Having my life destroyed was not on my agenda this week," Lindsey said.

"So this was your plan all along?" Sara asked, "Fake being chummy with us, so you could get a confession and save your own ass?" Sara asked in disbelief.

Lindsey shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "It worked, didn't it?"

They saw Sam emerge from her driveway and walk towards them. Rachel glared at Lindsey. "Bitch, you better give me that recorder before I climb up there and claw your eyes out!"

Lindsey quickly got out and the two other women followed. Before Rachel could snatch the recorder from her hand, Lindsey passed it off to Sam. "Whoa! Easy there Tigress!" Sam said, shielding it behind her back.

"Give us that fucking recorder, now!" Sara snapped back.

Lindsey too was focused on Sam, worried only about herself. "I want my pictures! We had a deal," she said.

Rachel gave Lindsey an angry shove," fuck your deal...you lied to us, cunt!" "Don't fucking touch me!" Lindsey shouted back..

Sam raised her voice over the heated exchange. "Ladies, ladies...everyone just **CALM** the fuck down!!"

Lindsey extended her hand towards Sam. "Pictures!" Sam handed her a scan-disk.

"There better not be copies," Lindsey said.

"Are you questioning my integrity?" Sam asked.

Lindsey opened her car door. "Fuck all of you!" she muttered, then slammed her door and tore off, leaving Sara and Lindsey standing there in the street with Sam. The **PI** smiled at them, like they'd been friends for years.

"We want that recorder!" Rachel demanded.

"Of course you do," Sam said, "I mean, we all want something right? The question is...what price are we willing to pay to get it?"

"What's that suppose to mean?" Sara asked.

"I'm more than a Private Investigator, Sara. I'm a deal maker," Sam said, "Yes, I care about satisfying my clients, but at the end of the day, it's more about satisfying myself."

"By blackmailing people?" Sara asked.

"By requiring that the guilty pay for their wrong actions. They can go to jail and have their personal lives destroyed, or they can pay me and spare themselves the mess. I'm merely giving them a logical alternative."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "Oh, how charitable of you," she said, "So what are you asking from us?" Sam smiled and held the recorder up for them to see. "Make me an offer."

Sara and Rachel looked at each other, a bit baffled, but able to see a possible light at the end of this nightmarish tunnel. "A thousand dollars," Sara said.

Sam burst out laughing. "What's so funny?" Sara asked.

"A thousand dollars? Seriously, Sara?" Sam asked. "Twenty-five hundred," Rachel added.

Sam still seemed amused. "Your neighbor, Margaret ..she's determined to prove that you're fucking your son," she said, looking at Sara. "She was willing to pay quite handsomely for my services. You'll have to agree to at least double her fee for me to even consider giving you this recorder," Sam explained.

"How much?" Sara asked. "Ten thousand."

Rachel's mouth fell open. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"No, ten thousand donuts. Yes, ten thousand dollars," Sam said, "all cash, by tomorrow night." "That's fucking crazy!" Rachel said.

Sam lowered the recorder. "Is it? Fine, then you can visit your mother-in-law in prison then. I believe ten to twenty years is the sentence for incest nowadays."

"Fine!" Sara shouted. "Fine what?"

"Fine, I'll get you the money."

Sam glared her in the eyes. "No tricks, no bullshit. If that cash isn't in my hands by tomorrow night then **YOU** don't get this recorder. Your nosy neighbor does, understood?"

"You really are an evil bitch, you know that?" Rachel said.

Sam giggled, then turned and looked at her condo. "Look at that building there. What do you see?" she asked.

"What?" Rachel scowled.

"I'll tell you what you see. It's a million dollar condo, honey. That car parked there in the driveway, that's an eighty-thousand dollar Tesla. It was all paid for by cheating wives and husbands, scummy thieves and con-artists. Law breakers, like yourselves, who thought they could out-fool everyone. Everyone but **ME**...and guess what, it cost them," Sam said.

Rachel glared at her. "Not impressed."

Sam scowled back. "Get me my money or I'll show you an 'evil bitch' like you've never seen," she said, then turned and walked back towards her condo.

Sara cleared her throat. "Um, excuse me, one other thing to ask you," she said. Sam stopped and looked back at her.

Sara smiled sweetly. "Do you think we could um...get a ride back across town by chance?" she asked.

Sam fed her a pathetic glare. "Seriously?!" she asked.

"Well, we could walk it, but the sooner we get back, the sooner I can get your money." "Ha!" Sam said, then continued towards the

house, unconvinced. "Call an uber."

"Bitch!" Rachel muttered, then looked over at her mother-in-law, "Sara, where the hell are you gonna get ten thousand dollars? I know I don't have it, do you?"

"In savings, yes...but not much more than that. Dan would definitely notice it missing." "So what the fuck do we do then?" Rachel asked.

Suddenly Sara seemed as light-bulb went turned on inside her head. "I have an idea. It's a crazy idea, but it just might work. The best part is, it won't cost **US** a fucking penny."

Later that day after school, Daniel was nearly home when a car full of girls pulled up beside him. Candy quickly got out and rushed around the vehicle. "Daniel, wait up," she said, her big boobies bouncing beneath her blouse as she hurried up to him.

"Hey Candy, what's up?" he asked. "Guess what?" she asked cheerfully. "You're pregnant?"

She giggled and slapped him on the arm. "No, I'm not pregnant, but **I AM** single," she said with a smile.

"You and Chad broke up?"

"Well, he broke up with me, but that's ok. He has a small dick and I was kinda getting bored with him anyway," she explained.

"Wait, why did **HE** break up with **YOU**?" Daniel asked curiously, knowing she was easily the hottest girl in school.

"Let's just say that I found out that hand-prints from an ass-slap, don't really go away overnight." "Ohh...oops, sorry," Daniel said, laughing inwardly, knowing he was the guilty culprit.

"It's ok, I loved how you slapped my ass," she said, then coiled her arms around his neck and gazed up at him, "I loved how you did a lot of things."

"You did?"

"Yeah and it, um, got me thinking..." "About?"

She gazed at him adoringly. "About how I'd love for you to fuck the shit out of me again," she said, "and again...and again."

The boy smiled. "That could be arranged," he said.

"But more than that...I was thinking how maybe you and I...well...are meant for each other." Daniel got a surprised look. "Meant for each other?"

"Yeah, you know, as a couple, boyfriend and girlfriend. What do you say?" she asked, feeding him "fuck me" smile.

Daniel loved being single and fucking his beautiful mother, but passing up the opportunity to be the boyfriend of the hottest girl in school would be madness. "Well, uh...yeah...sure," he said with an excited smile.

Candy let out a cute celebratory scream and hugged him tight. "I'll be the most amazing girlfriend you ever had," she said, then locked lips in a passionate kiss.

Daniel gasped as they finally broke their smooching. "Well, your kisses are pretty fucking amazing," he commented.

"So is my sucking," she said in a naughty tone, "and my jerking and my licking, but you'll find out more about all that later."

She pulled him by the hand down the sidewalk. "Right now through, we have to tell my Grandma Margaret . She'll be absolutely thrilled."

"Umm, wait, maybe we shouldn't...just yet," the boy said reluctantly.

"Nooo, she's always wanted me to date someone clean-cut and wholesome. She'll love you."

Daniel laughed, "wholesome?" he asked, as Candy continued to lead him to Margeret's. "I can pretty much guarantee your Grandma won't think I'm wholesome."

Chapter 14: A Plan Gone Better than Expected

Heather sat on her son's lap in the backseat of her car, pumping her ass up and down on his erection. Nick sighed with delight, feeling his tender cock-meat spear through her shit-tube, smothered by the soft pink lining of her ass. "So have you put any thought into helping that couple from yesterday?" he asked.

"The ones who bought the house?"

"Yeah, the ones who want the baby," Heather's son said. "Nick, I'm not getting pregnant...end of story."

"Fine," the teen said,"I'll just help them out myself then."

"And how do you plan on doing that exactly?" Heather asked, grinding her son deep in her motherly rectum..

"Her husband's probably just shooting blanks. She needs to have sex with someone who can knock her up."

Heather peeked back and smiled at her boy. "And let me guess, you want that 'someone' to be you?"

"Well, she is pretty fucking hot Mom."

Heather looked at him scolding manner. "And married!" "Oh, you mean like you?"

Heather smirked, knowing he had a point. "Look, I just don't think it's a good idea that you fuck her, that's all."

"You don't want me fucking anyone Mom. I mentioned going after Garrett's mom, but you think it's a bad idea. I wanted to have

vaginal sex with you...again, bad idea. Now I wanna help a couple out, by giving them something they can't make themselves...Once again 'bad idea," Nick explained..

"Nick, fucking an asshole is one thing, but once you start fucking pussy it can get you in a whole lot of trouble, especially with married women." Heather explained.

"Maybe I should just ask Jan to be my girlfriend then."

Heather gazed back at him, slightly annoyed. "Who the fuck is Jan?"

"A girl from school. She's been wanting to go out with me this whole semester," the boy explained. "If I agree to be her boyfriend, then I won't have to hound you for sex anymore. I can start fucking her. We won't even have to do this Assturbation stuff anymore."

Heather felt her son's cock flex deep in the grip of her bowels. "Hold on a second, I've never once complained about giving you my ass, have I?" she asked.

"No and it's been awesome, but we both knew it wasn't a forever thing. Maybe it's time for me to get a girlfriend and experience pussy again." Nick said.

Heather sighed in frustration. The truth was she had become quite addicted to her son's cock. Having it shoved deep in her ass had become the best part of her day. She wasn't ready to give that up quite yet. "Tell Jan you're not interested," she said.

"But **I AM** interested Mom.

"Yeah, interested in getting your dick wet."

Nick smiled. "Not gonna lie. That would be amazing," he said. "Tell her you already have someone."

Nick looked at her inquisitive. "Someone?"

Heather's inhibitions were crumbling quickly. She knew the threat of losing her son's cock would motivate her to agree to just about anything. "If I agree to let you fuck me, you have to pull out," she said. "Understood?"

Nick's cock throbbed in reaction. Even though she had agreed to fucking, he wanted to use this situation to get exactly what he wanted. "Pull out? Seriously?"

"Yes, either that or wear a condom. I'm not on birth control."

"Mom, I really don't get it. You said yesterday you loved being pregnant and you know my ultimate fantasy is fucking a pregnant woman. Why can't we just do this?"

"Nicky, I'm offering up my pussy with one simple condition, take it or leave it," Heather said. "I guess I'm leaving it."

"What?! Heather said, staring back at him in shock, "so you're really not gonna fuck me?" "Not unless I can cum inside you."

"And get me pregnant?" she added.

"Yes," he said. "Come on, Mom, would it really be that bad?"

Heather thought about it for a moment. She had because so addicted to the ass-sex, that her biggest concern, even more than carrying a baby, was that her son would lose interest in butt-fucking her. "If I agree to getting pregnant, I still want my anal sex, at least twice a day.

Nick laughed. "**YOUR** anal sex. I thought this Assturbation stuff was for me, mom."

She fed him a guilty smile. "It is for you, but does that mean I can't like it too," she said, squeezing her ass-tube around his deeply embedded boner.

"So am I hearing this right, you're gonna let me fuck you **AND** get you pregnant?"

Heather giggled, amused by his obvious eagerness. "As soon as we talk to the couple who just bought the house. I'm not having a baby pumped inside me without making sure it has a home first."

"Of course it has a home. You heard what they said, they're looking for a proxy couple right now."

"Nicky, I know you're anxious to get me in the backseat and fuck my brains out, but I can't let that happen until we've spoken to them first."

"Ugh, fine, I'll wait," Nick said, knowing he'd have his cock buried inside her baby factory soon enough. "Can I at least get you in the backseat, fuck your ass and pretend like I'm pumping a baby inside you?"

Heather laughed. "Sure," she said.

"Good," he said, lifting off her blouse. The hot mother giggled playfully as he unfastened her big bra. "Turn around and cling onto me, Mom."

The busty short-haired mother let his cock slide from her ass. She turned around on the seat and planted her bare feet astride his hips, thighs spread wide open. Nick licked his lips with lustful desire, staring at the big fat jugs ballooning out from her chest in front of him. Her thick erect nipples protruded like bulls-eyes at the centers of her wide pink areola.

Heather reached down and gasped his throbbing boner, then rubbed it's thick flared tip against the crimson flaps of her labial meat. Nick could see the large nub of her clitoris peeking out from beneath it's fleshy hood. It looked just like a tiny version of his own cock-head.

She smiled down at him and gently rubbed them together, smearing his precum against her fat little love-button. "Your cock-tip has a tiny twin," she said, making them both giggle.

Heather rubbed his knob along her slit, pausing at her creamy fuck-socket. She looked at him and smiled naughtily. "Soon," she muttered.

Heather brought his cock to the split between her buns and squeezed his boner back inside her ass. The boy's eyes widened as he watched his Mom's asshole expand and stretch over his purple knob. She grabbed the seat-back with both hands and bounced her luscious ass up and down the length of his erection.

"Ohh shit, yesss!" Nick sighed, feeling the exquisite tightness of her asshole slip along the length of his tender meat.

"Come on baby, thrust your hips," she panted, "fuck my asshole!"

Nick bounced his buns from the car-seat, spearing his big teen cock up into the snug grip of Heather's ass-tube. A repetitive **SLAPPING** sound filled the vehicle as the flesh of her ass and her son's crotch collided over and over.

Nick's eyes were transfixed on his mother's huge fat tits. The oversized knockers bounced heavily up and down. The site of the swinging, rippling orbs made the boy's cock flex with lustful desire.

Heather felt his cock harden even more, increasing the friction again the fragile pink tissue of her ass-tract. She tightened her sphincter around his hammering muscle, making the pleasure even more intense for him.

"Ohhhh shit!"Nick moaned in delight.

"Mmm, is it good Nicky? Does my ass feel good squeezing your hot cock?" the mother asked, her voice shaky from her repeated fuck-thrusting.

"Yesss!"

The teen opened the car door, then hooked his Mom's smooth legs under his arms.."Hold on to me Mom, we're moving to the backseat."

With his boner deeply embedded in her ass, he slipped out of the car and carried her to the back door. She opened it and he placed her on her back across the seat. "Come on Nicky, pump that baby inside me!" Heather said, her eyes traveling needfully up her son's chest.

Her naughty words, especially ones that made reference to him impregnating her, spurred her son on, making him hump her naked ass as fast as he could. "**SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!**"

"Yesss, fuck meeee!" the mother cried out, her lovely strong legs scissored wide open.

Inside her ass, the boy's cock plummeted wetly through the muscled shit-tube, the inner lining moulding to it's veiny muscled contours. The snug fit provided intense cock-milking pressure around his erection.

"Uuhyess," the boy whimpered, his lean ass bobbing frantically between her widely-splayed thighs as he punched his cock through her asshole. The feel of his Mom's smooth strong legs and her big sloshing titties pressed between them was amazing.

"Suck them," she pleaded, cupping one fat tit in her hand and raising the swollen nipple to Nick's mouth. "Suck my titties hard, baby!"

Greedily, Nick opened his mouth and engulfed her crimson nipple. "Mmmnn," He whimpered into the soft flesh of her tit-meat and rolled his tongue sloppily all over the fat, rubbery cap.

Heather's nipple swelled stiffer and stiffer, and the pleasure in her tits seemed to merge with the pulsing heat deep inside her ravaged asshole.

The hot mother's ass was stuffed so full she could feel the swell of his thrusts in her neighboring cunt-tube. It was enough to quickly bring her to a mind blowing cum. "Ohhhfuck, cuummiinnggg!!" she cried out, her big titted body trembling beneath her son as pleasure shot through her like an electric current.

Nick clamped his hands on her tits and fucked her asshole as hard as he could, furiously pounding his throbbing cock into the rubbery sheath of her ass-tunnel.

"Haaaarderr!" Heather squealed in ecstasy as the burning passion mounted in her ravaged asshole. Frantically she met his strokes, making her sweat-sheened asscheeks jiggle as she pumped her butt up onto his cock.

"Fuck meee, Nicky!!" she cried out,. "I want your baby!"

"Oh God!" Nick shuddered, feeling his nuts tighten as the prepared to send his jizz through his piss-tube.

Heather clung to him passionately, holding him against her warm lush body. "I'm coming again! Ohh God Nicky, fuck me haaard!" Heather gasped. Wantonly she thrust her hand between their slapping bellies and finger-fucked her dripping cunt, rolling her hard

clit under her forefinger as her son's dick rammed deeply up her ass. "Impregnate meee!" she cried out.

"Uuuunnhhggfuuck!!" the boy grunted as his cock swelled and burned with rising cum.

Heather's free hand grasped around her boy's back, her nails clawing his flesh, the big diamond in her wedding ring sparkling..

Nick slammed his throbbing dick all the way up her asshole as the hot spurts of jism cascaded out of his knob. Their twisted naked bodies humped and writhed together on the backseat as Nick filled her ass with ball-juice.

"Cuummiinnggg!!" Heather squealed, feeling her pussy and asshole tingle and throb.

The orgasm-quaking mother felt his jism burbling out of her asshole and dripping onto the car-seat as he continued to hose her ass-walls with hot baby-makers. Their persperationed-sheened bodies rocked and shuddered for several long minutes.

"Ohh honey, that was...wow!" the mother sighed, still feeling his boner throb and leak in the grip of her rubbery rectum.

The boy panted on top of her, kissing her neck and savoring the feel of her naked mature body clinging to him. "I can't wait to get you pregnant," he sighed.

Heather giggled and ran her fingers through the back of his hair. "Why, so you can watch my boobs grow even bigger than they are now?" she asked.

"Yess, I'm gonna love that part."

"Well, if the baby goes to the couple and I'm left with big lactating tits, I'm gonna need someone to be on nursing duty constantly," she

explained..

"I'm definitely the man for that job," the boy said, his cock flexing at the very thought of nursing on his Mom's mammoth milk-swollen boobs. "I could lick and suck on every sexy inch of you, Mom, even your pussy."

"Mmm, are you a skilled little cunt-licker darling?" she asked, her clitoris throbbing as she thought about what it might feel like to have her boy eating her out.

"Wanna find out right now?"

She fed him a quirky smile. "You're seriously wanting to give me oral sex right now?" "Hell yess, are you kidding me?!"

"Honey, these session are suppose to be about giving **YOU** pleasure, not me," she said.. "Don't you think we've kinda move past that at this point," he reminded her, "I wanna lick you." She smiled, unable to pass up such an offer. "Go ahead."

"Awesome!" the boy muttered. His slimy cock slipped from her asshole as he rose to his knees, kissing his way down her sexy tummy.

Then he buried his mouth into the splayed lips of her shaved cunt, hungrily sucking up the juices that oozed from her slit.

"Awwwww, Nicky!" Heather shrieked, then grabbed his hair and humped her ass off the seat, locking her thighs around his ears. "Suck it, baby, ohh yes, suck my pussy, you'll make me cummmmm!"

Nick laved his tongue up and down her juicy slit, the site, feel and smell of her most secret place was making his head spin with wild lustful desire.

"Mmnn," the boy muttered, fastening his mouth around her fat stiff clit and pulling it hard between his lips.

"Ohhhh!" the mother moaned, arching her chest from the cushion, making her jiggling boobies balloon upward.

Nick really knew what he was doing. The heat mounted inside Heather's aroused pussy, making her clit stiffen even more and the moisture pour through her cunt tunnel. She winced and lifted her ass, shamelessly thrusting her horny slit into his mouth. "Ohhhfuck, yesss!" she hissed.

Nick ran his tongue around the periphery of her cunt, licking and tugging the fragrant lips. He slowly worked his way back to her clit, fastening his lips around the stiff bud and attacking it with rapid wet licks.

'Yessss, fuck!" the hot mother gasped. She grimaced and bucked her ass on the seat-cushion. "Oh God… yess… suck off my pussy!" she pleaded breathlessly.

The cunt-licking teen decided to get her even more worked-up. He thrust his finger into the rubbery grip of her ass and pumped it in and out while sucking her cunt.

"Cumming, yesss, fuck it! Finger-fuck my ass while you suck my pussy!" she cried passionately. "Yes… suck it – cumming!" the hot mother cried as she humped her ass feverishly off the cushion.

For a full minute she bucked and moaned and grunted. Nick kept his mouth pressed tightly to the throbbing slit of her pussy, drinking up the juices that oozed from her tunnel.

Then the spasms of cumming finally subsided. Heather shuddered and let her naked mommy-ass fall back onto the seat.

"Did you like that, mom?" her son asked, his face glistening with her juices. "Oh my God yes!" she sighed. "You **ARE** a skilled cunt-licker."

The busty mother climbed to her knees and pushed him back on the cushion. "Now, how 'bout I return the favor and suck that big juicy cock," she said.

Nick could hardly answer her was so excited. He secretly hoped she would suck him off sometime and was anxious to see her motherly cock-sucking skills put to the test on his big dick.

Heather kissed his juicy knob all over, then switched from her lips to her tongue, looping her long licker around and around his peter-tip, then teasing his piss-slit.

"Ohhhyes, Mom," the boy whimpered in delight.

Her luscious lips slipped over his knob and sunk down his meaty shaft. She tried to take all of his dick in at once, her pouting lips stretched obscenely around the thickness of his cock.

Heather gagged, then made lurid, gulping sounds as she forced his rubbery shaft down her throat.

"Ahhh fuck," Nick sighed, watching as his Mom's lips mash around the root of his hardon. He was amazed that she could take all his cock. No girl had even been able to do that.

Heather's pretty head began to bob up and down on his crotch in traditional blowjob fashion.

"Ummfffff," Heather gurgled. Feverishly she humped her head up and down, fucking her mouth with Nick's throbbing hard-on. Her tongue licked wetly all over his cum-soaked cock head, darting beneath the tip, against his sensitive frenulum.

"Ohh fuck yes, Mom, that feels amazing!" he son encouraged her.

The experienced mother clasped on to his dick with her hand, jacking off the shaft hard and fast, and slurping her mouth around the meaty muscle of his cock.

Heather's skilled cock-sucking mouth felt like the hottest pussy her son had ever sunk his dick into. "Ohhhshit, Suck it hard Mom!" he commanded. He bucked his ass frantically off the seat cushion, fucking her mouth like a pussy-hole. "Oh fuck, I'm cumming! Ohhh shit!"

Heather's circled lips slipped up and down his fuck-stick. She was dying to taste his cum and knew it was about to explode in big juicy spurts down her throat.

She fucked his cock with her mouth, while furiously jerking off the base of his aching prick. "Auuugghh!" Nick moaned, hosing big ropes of cum straight down his mother's throat.

Heather sucked like a champion cock-sucker, milking out ever body-shaking drop of jizz from Nick's pulsing prick. "Mmmnn," she whimpered, nursing on his hardon for several long minutes before it popped from her mouth.

"Damn, Mom. I've gotten blowjobs before, but never anything like that," Nick confessed.

"Mm glad you enjoyed it, honey," she said. "Your cum is sweet and yummy! It's just what girls like."

Before going home, they stopped by Lance and Tanya's apartment, so the couple could sign the papers on the house. "Behave yourself in here," Heather said to her son after knocking on the door..

"I will," he lied.

Lance opened the door. "Hey guys, come on in."

"Heey, thanks!" Heather said with a professional smile, "we're here to make you guys official home owners."

"Ohh my God, I'm so excited!" Tanya shouted in her cute girlish voice as she arrived from the kitchen. "Hey Nick," she said, gazing at him longingly.

"Hi," the boy respond. It was impossible not to let his eyes wander down her lush body. The red-head wore a snug fitting t-shirt. The fabric moulded nicely over the swell of her big jutting breasts. She also had on a tiny pair of shorts, which left her strong silken legs on display. The teen could only imagine what they'd feel like squeezed around him in a tight fuck-hold.

They all sat at the table and Heather explained each document before having them sign. Beneath the table, Nick felt a bare foot slide teasingly up his leg. He looked over to see Tanya gazing lustfully, with a mischievous smile.

The boy inconspicuously adjusted himself, peeking down at his lap. Tanya's bare foot now rested on his crotch, her pretty painted toes massaging his hardening cock. He was amazed that she was doing this while sitting so closely to her husband.

"Well congratulations you guys," Heather said after they signed the final document.

"Yaay!" Tanya cheered, then kissed her husband, all while squeezing on Nick's erection with her toes.

Heather smiled at her son. He nodded back at her, clearly trying to prompt her to start the baby-making conversation. Before she could bring it up, Tanya began speaking. "So, Lance and I got some news yesterday," she said.

Nick's stomach sunk, thinking for sure that she was gonna announce that she had already gotten pregnant and ruin his plan. "Ohh?" he

muttered.

"It sort of took away some of the mystery as to why I haven't gotten pregnant. It appears Lance has a **VERY** low sperm count, so we've spent the morning discussing our options again," Tonya said. Lance seemed a tad ashamed that he wasn't packing a potent punch.

"Did you decide on something?" Heather asked.

"Well, I brought up an idea that I think we both agreed on," Tonya said.

"That one of us agreed on," Lance said reluctantly, "I haven't really agreed on anything just yet." Tanya looked at Nick. "The idea would actually require Nick's help, if he was willing?"

Nick's heart began to race excitedly. He hoped this was going where it sounded like it was. "My help?" he asked.

"Yeah well, if we have a baby, I think it would be cool if it could have at least have one of our **DNA** in it, mine or Lance's. In this case, it would be mine. If you'd be willing to step in for Lance and get me pregnant, then we'd not only have a new home, but a new addition to the family on the way as well," Tonya explained.

Lance looked at his wife unpleasantly. "But again, this is an idea that we haven't fully discussed yet," he said.

Tonya faked a smile. "What's there to discuss? We want a baby. You can't give me one. Getting Nick's help makes perfect sense to me."

"Yes, but doing that would require the two of you to have sex." Tonya giggled, "well, duh, that **IS** how babies are made honey."

"Ok, well...as your husband, I'm just not so sure I'm ok with that," Lance said. Nick and his mother looked at eachother uncomfortably.

Tonya fed her husband a scowl. "You were the one who said you'd be willing to explore any and all options...well, **THIS** is an option and it makes perfect sense."

"You...having sex with another guy doesn't make sense..**AND** it's unfair to me," Lance said.

"Unfair?! his wife shouted, "Are you fucking kidding me right now?! You wanna talk about unfair? Unfair is the fact that I unknowingly married a guy who's sperm is as worthless as snot. That's unfair! And given that this is all **YOUR** fault, I think you should be a little more open minded when it comes to solutions, don't you?" Tonya scolded.

Lance just lowered and shook his head. Tanya looked at their company, at tad embarrassed. "Sorry," she said innocently.

"There's also another solution that we...um, my husband and I, wanted to offer up," Heather said. "Ok?" Tonya said, all ears.

"Well, you guys had mentioned you were looking for a couple who could go through the process of conception and giving birth for you. I just wanted to say that my husband and I spoke and would be willing to do that for you."

Lance's face lit up. "See, now there's an idea that makes sense."

Tonya rolled her eyes. "That's sweet of you to offer Heather, but if there's a chance I could carry this baby myself, I'd really like to experience that," she said passionately.

Once again Lance offered objection. "So what if it doesn't work your way? We still don't know if **YOU** have issues conceiving a child. Maybe I'm not the only one who's unable to make a baby," he said.

"Ok, then we use Heather and her husband as a back-up plan," Tanya said. "Back up plan?"

"Yes, Heather and her husband can try to get **HER** pregnant, while at the same time, Nick and I try to get **ME** pregnant," she said, "the first one of us to conceive is the plan that we'll move forward with."

Nick's heart skipped a beat. His plan was turning out better than he ever dreamed it would. Now he'd be fucking two sexy older women, dumping loads of hot cum inside them in an effort to get them pregnant. He was so excited he could hardly stand it.

Being a successful business woman, Heather had that competitive edge. "There's no fucking way I'm gonna let this girl get pregnant before me!" she thought. "I don't care if I have to fuck Nick twenty-four hours a day... I'm gettin gpregnant! I'm carrying this baby!"

Even though she had agree to the "backup plan," Tonya was equally determined to have the handsome teen get her pregnant. "I don't give a damn if Lance objects, noguy with 'good for nothing' sperms hould have a say in how it happens anyway," she thought to herself, "I gonna let this kid fuck my ass off. Then when I get pregnant with his baby... I'm gonna fuck him some more!"

Everyone went away from the meeting pleased and determined, except poor Lance. A handsome young man was about to start fucking his wife regularly. Sure he could flat out demand that it not happen, but then he'd look like a big selfish douche, especially, as his wife pointed out, since this was his issue to begin with.

"You're gloating," Heather said teasingly to her son as they drove home. "Am not," he said, with a big cocky smile.

"It's ok to gloat. You should," she said, then gazed at him, "you're about to get you some serious mature pussy."

"I know, which is awesome, don't get me wrong, but if I was fucking you both while you were big and pregnant already, it would be even better," he commented.

"Well, only one of us is getting pregnant honey and you're looking at her," Heather said with a cute wink.

"Well, if you're gonna win this one Mom, we better get started soon."

Heather signaled and pulled into the driveway of a large hotel building. "Don't you worry, we're gonna do just that," she said with an anxious smile.

Chapter 15: The Locked Room

"Grandma, this is Daniel," Candy said, introducing her new boyfriend. Margaret glared at the teen and Daniel smiled back awkwardly.

"Yes, of course, the neighbor boy," Margaret said, forcing a smile. "You two are...friends?" "Daniel's my new boyfriend," Candy said proudly.

"Boyfriend??" Margaret asked, inwardly horrified.

"Yes, pretty ironic that he lives right next door to you, huh?"

"Yes, well I've been seeing Daniel a lot lately," Margaret said, then glared menacingly at the boy, "him **AND** his mother...together."

Daniel panicked, quickly changing the subject. "Your flowers up front look really great this year." "I don't suppose Daniel's told you what Momma's boy he is?" Margaret asked her Granddaughter. Candy looked at Daniel. "No, but that's great, right? A guy should be close to his mom."

"Oh he and his mother **ARE** close, aren't you, Daniel?" Margaret asked. "that's why she crawls into bed with you at night, isn't it."

Candy looked at Daniel questioningly.

The boy awkwardly responded. "Well, we don't really.."

"You don't really what...fool around in front of your father?" Margaret asked. "Yes, I suppose he would be upset if he found out you put your penis inside your mother, wouldn't he?"

Candy looked at Margaret in shock. "Grandma!" she muttered.

"Honey, I just think it's important for you to know who you're with," she said, "and that you'll be sharing his affection with another woman."

"I should probably go now," Daniel said, backing to the door.

"Hold on, Daniel, I'm coming with you?" Candy said, glaring at her Grandmother in disappointment.

"Thanks for stopping by, sweetheart," Margaret said, smiling sweetly at her granddaughter.

Once outside, the young couple stepped down the walkway. "Was she right, Daniel? Are you really fucking your mom?" Candy asked.

Daniel looked at her awkwardly, searching for an explanation.

Before he could answered, a wicked smile formed across Candy's face. "Because if you are that's **INCREDIBLY** hot!"

"Really?" Daniel asked, a bit surprised by her confession.

"Are you kidding? Of course it is. Your mom is gorgeous," she said. "Oh my God you must cum so fucking hard having sex with her.:

Daniel smiled, "Uh, yeah."

"Does she suck your cock too?"

"Yeah, well, she um, has a couple times."

"What else has she done to you?" the curious girl asked. "Well, we mostly just have anal sex."

"Anal sex, seriously?!" Candy excitedly shouted, then started planting kisses. "Oh my God, Daniel I'm falling more and more in love with you ever second we're together."

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass?" Daniel asked.

"Noo and that's definitely on my bucket list," she said. "When can we do it? It's got me incredibly hot just thinking about it," Candy said, squirming against him.

Daniel looked up at his bedroom window. "I think my parents are both gone. Wanna go up to my room?"

Candy took his hand and yanked him towards the door. "Dumbest question ever!" she giggled.

Margaret glared nosily out the window, watching the couple rush towards Daniel's front door. "Disgusting," she snarled out-loud, dialing a number on her cellphone, "I'm not about to allow that perverted mommy-humper to deflower my Granddaughter."

A voice on the other end picked up. "Who are you calling to complain about this time?" her daughter Matty asked.

"Why didn't you tell me Candy was dating the boy next door to us?" "What? Since when? I thought she was with Chad?"

"Apparent not," Margaret said. "She just stopped by and introduced Daniel as her new boyfriend. Matty, that boy is a pervert. You **CANNOT** allow them to be together."

"Mom, I haven't even met the boy yet," Matty said, "this is the first I've heard of him."

"Well **FYI**...they both just went into his house together. I'll bet you anything they're going upstairs to lock themselves in his room."

Matty let out a deep frustrated huff. "Alright. I'll be right over," she said.

With a sigh of pleasure, Daniel watched his thick cock sink slowly into Candy's ass.

"Ohhyess!" the girl cried out as her ass-tube expand around the meat of Daniel's lube-slickened cock. "Ohh God, that feels **REALLY** good!"

The boy felt some resistance as he entered her rectum, but continued pushing forward. The sensation around his glans was amazing. "Ohh shit, so tight," he sighed.

"Well **I AM** an anal virgin, Daniel. The only thing that's ever been in my ass is my finger," Candy said.

Daniel held her soft hips and pumped his boner through her asshole, going a little deeper with each thrust. Candy peeked over her shoulder through a parted curtain of dark hair. She started humping her ass back at the same rhythm he was thrusting, desperately trying to help plow every inch of his cock up her ass.

"Fuck the shit out of my asshole, Daniel!" she cried out.

Daniel groaned in ecstasy, pumping his hips and savoring the pressure of her shit muscles contracting around his rock-hard prick. He started reaming her asshole even faster, nailing his pulsing prick to the hilt with every stroke.

"**SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**"

"Yess, fuck my ass hard! I love it!" the girl cried out, pounding her ass back against Daniel's crotch, making the fatty meat of her thick rounded ass ripple delightfully.

Daniel leaned over, reached beneath her and slipped his hands inside the cups of her bra. He squeezed her fat melons.

Candy thrust her own hand under her belly, moaning as she found her stiff, swollen clit with her fingertips. Shamelessly she rubbed her fat nub as her boyfriend pounded her ass with his cock.

They suddenly stopped humping as they heard the doorbell. "We're ignoring that, right?" she asked, panting heavily.

"Yes, definitely ignoring it," the boy agreed, setting his hips back in motion.

Sara and Rachael arrived at the house and saw Candy's mother Matty at the front door. Matty was a beautiful thirty-nine year old blonde who was nearly nine-months pregnant. Her mammoth tits wobbled from side to side beneath her snug top as she turned to see the other two women coming up the walk.

"Can I help you?" Sara asked curiously.

"Hi, I'm Candy's Mom, Matty. Apparently, she's dating your son, Daniel," the mother explained, "I just wanted to see if she might be over here."

"Oh um, well they're not dating," Sara answered, "I believe they're just friends." "Well, I've been told otherwise, but don't worry, it was news to me also."

"What the **FUCK**, Daniel?!?!"Sara thought fumingly. "Well he should be home," Sara said, "why don't we go in and get to the bottom of this mystery."

The three ladies stepped inside the house and were immediately greeted by the sounds of butt-humping upstairs. Candy's cries of ecstacy were unmistakable..

Rachael couldn't help but snicker. "Well, sounds like mystery solved," she joked. "I'll go up and tell them to get their asses down here," Sara said.

"Mind if I come with you?" Matty asked. "Not at all."

Rachael climbed the stairs behind them. "I might as well be the supportive third wheel here," she said.

Sara was so pissed she didn't even knock. She just barged right in, giving the humping teens the scare of their lives. "Jesus Christ, Mom!" Daniel exclaimed, quickly pulling his cock from his girlfriend's ass. Candy shot upright, straightening her bra and looking at her mother in horror.

"What the fuck is going on up here?" Sara asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Daniel answered awkwardly. "A little privacy would be nice."

"I thought you were with Chad?" Matty said, glaring at her daughter. "You never told me you had a new boyfriend."

"That because we only made it official today."

"Well, you certainly didn't waist any time getting his dick inside you I see," Matty said, then peered over at Daniel's stiff wagging cock.

Candy huffed. "Mom, I'm eighteen, I'm old enough to make decisions about boyfriends...**AND** my sex life," she stated. "How did you even know I was over here anyway?"

"Take a guess."

"Grandma!" Candy said with a frown.

Sara looked at Matty questioningly. "Grandma?" she asked. "My parents live next door to you."

Sara and Rachael looked at each other in disbelief. "That bitch next door is your mother?" Rachael brazenly asked.

"She didn't mean bitch..." Sara said apologetically, "It's just that..."

"My mother **IS** a bitch. In fact she's Mayor of Bitchville, always has been," Matty stated. " I take it she's constantly nitpicking about what bad neighbors you are?"

"Um, well, it actually goes a little further than that," Sara said reluctantly.

"She hired a Private Investigator to follow Sara and Daniel, because she's convinced that their having sex together," Rachael explained.

"Ohh," Candy's mother muttered, looking at Sara, "**ARE** you having sex together?"

Sara seemed a tad embarrassed to answer. "Yes, but I don't see how that's any business of hers," she said.

"And now this Private Investigator cunt is trying to blackmail Sara out of ten-thousand dollars. She says she'll give your mother the evidence she has unless we pay up," Rachael explained.

"I can't believe Grandma would do that," Candy said.

"I can," Matty said. " She's not the sweet, innocent old lady you think she is, honey."

"She definitely hasn't been sweet to us much," Daniel said, drawing the eyes of all the women to the huge cock still jutting out from his crotch.

"Daniel, maybe you should put your dick away now, honey," Sara suggested. "Oh, yeah sorry."

"Don't put it away on my account," Rachael smiled, watching the big cock wag around lewdly. "Mine either," Candy said lustfully.

"Candy!" his mother said chidingly.

"What? He has a nice dick," Candy told her mother. "You must think so too, since you've been staring at it since you walked into the room."

Matty rolled her eyes blushingly. "I wasn't staring!" "Yes you were, just like the rest us, mom, admit it."

"You didn't seem too shocked when I told you I was sleeping with my son," Sara asked Matty, "why is that?"

Matty smiled. "My sister-in-law, who's also my best friend, is carrying her son's baby. She took him took him to a place call 'Boys Sexual Training Camp' and came back pregnant," she explained. "Trust me, I know how common this mother-son thing is."

"If only **YOUR** mother was as open-minded as you are," Rachael said.

"My mother is like every other woman on the planet. She has her secrets," Matty said. "The locked door!" Candy asked, looking at her mother.

"The locked door?" Sara asked curiously.

"In her basement. When I was Candy's age she left it unlocked one day. Wasn't I shocked," Matty said. "Since then she's kept it double-locked."

"So what's in there? Don't tell me she's a creepy serial killer or something?" Rachael said.

"Ha, no, but let's just say my mother has a kinky little secret I'm sure she'd like to be kept from all her self-righteous church friends," Matty said. "Making it her mission to expose someone else's transgressions makes her a hypocrite and I fucking hate hypocrites."

"So what can we do?" Sara asked, "about **OUR** situation."

"Call this **PI** and tell them that you **DON'T** have the ten thousand," Matty said. "Leave the rest to me."

Sara moved over and gave Matty a hug. "Thank you so much for helping us. I wish there way we could show our gratitude," she said.

Matty peered over at Sara's son, then glanced down at the still-hard cock tenting his shorts out. "Actually, there is, but you and I can discuss that after this is over."

Matty then glared at her daughter. "It's unfortunate that this is the way I had to meet your new boyfriend," she said. "You should bring him over tomorrow for dinner, so your father and I can get to know him better."

"Cool," Matty smiled. "Sounds good, right, Daniel?"

"Sure," Daniel muttered, glancing at his Mom. It was more than obvious she was jealous as hell. Candy wasn't blind to the hostile looks she was getting from Daniel's mom. She felt like she was being treated like a competitor, rather than a possible future daughter-in-law. After her mother left, Candy asked Sara if she could speak to her in private.

"I really love Daniel, but I know you guys have something special going on," the girl said.

"It's something I need to get over," Sara said. "All the sex we've been having was only meant to help him get release, until he got a girlfriend. Now he has one...so I should be happy for him."

"But you're not totally happy for him and I understand that. I've been to bed with him also, so I know what an **AMAZING** fuck he is."

"He is pretty amazing," Sara blushed.

"And I wouldn't want that kind of sex to end either, so..."
"So...what?" Sara asked.

"So I understand if you wanna keep letting him pound your ass off. I won't be jealous. In fact, I think it's kinda hot."

Sara giggled. "You do, huh?"

"Yeah, I mean, you're gorgeous. Daniel must love fucking you."

"You're beautiful also, Candy. Beautiful and sweet and obviously a good lay or I'm sure Daniel wouldn't have agreed to be your boyfriend."

"Thanks," she blushed. "So, I was thinking... Every guy's fantasy is to have **TWO** hot girls sucking his cock, so maybe we could team up together, give Daniel a blowjob he'll never forget."

Sara was a bit surprised by the girl's brazen suggestion.

"Well, um, if you're talking about doing this right now, it might have to be a triple blowjob," Sara said, "his sister-in-law Rachael is here and she's just as hot for his cock as we are."

"Oh my...a triple blowjob! He'll go nuts!"

Sara giggled. "Speaking of 'nuts,' don't forget to suck his balls. He loves that."

"Really? I didn't know that. You and I are definitely gonna have to sit down and talk later."

Ten minutes later, Daniel was laying in the center of his bed with three naked women kneeling around him. "Ohh daaamn'" he muttered, lifting his head and peering down at his Mom's pretty head as it bobbed up and down on his cock.

"Hhm-mn-mn-mn-mn!" Sara whimpered as she sucked, her big full mommy-lips wrapped half-way down the meat of her son's hardon.

Candy and Rachael had their mouths stuffed full also. Each one nursed on one of his big bloated balls, tugging them in opposite directions. "Mmnn!" their mouths mewled, their strong wet tongues battering the round surface of his cum-filled nuts..

A saliva-soaked testicle popped from Rachael's mouth and she rubbed her face again his soft nutsack lustfully. "Yess, such big fucking balls," she hissed.

His other nut slipped from Candy's lips and she lashed her sexy licker around on it. "With hot cum," lick, lick, "ready to squirt into our pussies," she said seductively.

His purple knob popped from Sara's lips like a cork and she fluttered her tongue all over it's shiny bell-shaped surface. Candy took a long we lick up his thick shaft, then joined the boy's mom and together they whipped their long lickers all over his glans.

"Ohh my God!" the boy sighed as his entire body tingled in pleasure. "Mmm you like that honey?" Sara asked, between licks.

"Oh yeah!"

"You like the feel of our tongues on your big dick, Daniel?" Candy asked, then kissed the underside of his cockhead tenderly.

"Feels incredible."

Rachael was wagging her tongue all over his nut-sack. She kissed her way up his boner and joined the other women at the tip.

The boy looked down in wide-eyed wonder. The three tongues formed a shroud of pink slithering flesh over his knob. He sighed as he watched them roll and flutter and probe the tip of his prick.

Sara drug her tongue just under his knob and dug the tip of her licker against his sensitive frenulum. Her son squirmed in delight, arching his back. "Ohhhyes!" he sighed.

Rachael fit her lips around the shaft, so she looked like a dog with a bone. She lightly chewed at the thick meat of his boner. "Mmm, such a thick fucking cock," she panted.

Candy sucked on his peter-tip, her cute rounded lips dropping further and further down his shaft with each bob of her head. "Ohhh yeahh'" the boy sighed, feeling her tongue continue it's assault around his tender pink hardon.

His pretty girlfriend gave his cock a dozen throat-gurling sucks before letting Sara take over.

"Mmmnn!" the hot mom moaned, spearing his erection through her cock-hungry mouth. She plunged his knob into her gullet, lowering her lips to his cock-base. "Hhnnggff!" her throat gurgled, holding him there as long as she could.

Daniel gasped and writhed from the pleasure of having his hardon deep-throated.

"Oh my God, you're taking all of it!" Candy cheered, watching the mother gag on Daniel's cock.

She finally lifted her mouth from his prick, a mix of saliva and pre-cum dripping from her lips. Candy knew she didn't have the skill to take him as deep as Sara did, so she decided to try something different. The hot teen shoved his cock in her mouth as deep as it could go, then wrapped her fist around the base of his prick and beat it into her mouth.

"Ohhyess, I love it!" Daniel gasped, watching his girlfriend's lips and fist meet in the middle of his boner as she sucked and beat him off at the same time.

Meanwhile, Rachael had crawled up on her hands and knees, propping herself across his body, licking and biting at the boy's nipples, as her huge soft tits drug softly on his bare chest. "Mmm, you like that, don't you, Daniel? Having your big cock sucked by three horny women?" she asked.

"Yess!" he answered.

Sara and Candy continued to take turns sucking his dick like porn-stars. Their long dark hair waved around as their cock-sucking mouths plunged up and down his hardon.

Daniel put his hands on his Mom's head, curling his fingers in her thick, dark tresses, holding her face in position as she sucked and slurped greedily on his tasty prick. 'Ohhh shit," he muttered.

The knob of his prick throbbed on the roof of her mouth, and Sara's pussy tingled as she realized that he was about to spurt a huge load down her throat..

She tightened her lips around the pulsing cock-shaft, then began pumping her fist up and down his cock meat. Her cheeks puckered as her circled lips flew up and down his pole like a tight wet pussy. Even though she was sharing, she really wanted to show Candy a master cocksucker in action.

"Ahhh, Mom!" he cried out.

Thick, milky ball-juice started spraying out of Daniel's cock-tip in long, gooey gushers, splattering all around the interior of Sara's mouth, shooting past her tonsils.

Whimpering happily, the naked mother began sucking and swallowing at the same time, feeling the jizz flow from his twitching knob. She could have been greedy and swallowed his whole load herself, but decided to let Candy finish him off.

"Mmmnnn," his girlfriend hummed as she eagerly sunk the ring of her lips on him, jacking the spurting dick, trying to make more cum spurt out of the tip. She loved the feel of his hot spunk rushing into her belly.

After a few minutes she had milked him dry.

"Did we do ok, Daniel?" Candy asked. "No," he sighed, "that was torture."

Sara slapped his arm playfully, licking the residual spunk from her lips. "Smart ass!" she said.

Chapter 16: Baking

Heather looked at herself mirror as she stood in the hotel bathroom. "It's been a long time since I've been pregnant. Am I sure you wanna do this?" she short-haired brunette asked herself.

She shook her naked tits back and forth, knowing once she got knocked-up they would go from huge to absolutely ginormous. "I was always so fucking horny when I was pregnant," she thought, squeezing one of her nipples.

She knew that there was no way she could count on her husband to satisfy her pregnant sexual hunger, so It was gratifying to know that her son Nick would be there to pound her cunt multiple times a day when she needed it.

Heather had a feeling her egg had been released that morning. She always got a funny itch in her uterus when her ovulation started. If this were truly the case, there was no better day of the month for Nick to get her pregnant than today.

"We're making that baby today,"Heather thought with selfish determination. "Nick won't even have a chance to fuck Tanya. He won't need to. I'll be pregnant by tomorrow morning."

Nick was sprawled on the big bed in the center of the sumptuous hotel room. He too was naked and his cock was fully erect, pointing up towards his belly button. His boner flexed at the site of his mother emerging from the bathroom.

"Hot damn she looks amazing naked!" he lustfully thought, watching her fat tits bobble with every step.

Heather gave him a little smile as she rounded the bed. She knew he must be absolutely thrilled to be finally cramming his cock in her

cunt.

Nick's eyes zero's in on the V of her shaved pubis. Her outer lips were smooth and puffy, separated by the dark groove of her cunt-slit. Nick licked his lips, knowing that very soon he'd be splitting that juicy twat with his big love-hammer.

"I still don't know how much of this is really about you helping that couple out, or fucking my pussy, which I know you've been wanting to do for a long time," Heather said, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"Can't it be about both?" he responded, which brought a big smile to his mother's face.

"So, I don't know how much you know about baby-making, but we need deep penetration, which brings the sperm closer to the cervix and my egg from the moment of ejaculation."

"Sounds like torture," Nick joked.

Heather playfully slapped him on the thigh. "So here's the plan. I wanna start off on top of you," she said. "It's been a long time since I've had a cock that size inside my pussy. I'll need some time to adjust to it, at my pace."

"Ok."

"Once I'm feeling comfortable with your big cock inside me, then you can roll me onto my back and nail me to the mattress, got it? she said.

"Got it."

"There are two positions that maximize my chances of getting pregnant, you on top and you behind me fucking me doggy style.

We need to make sure you're in those positions when you cum," Heather explained.

"Understood," the boy responded. His mom's words were making him more and more anxious to get started.

"But before we do anything, I need to call you father. He expected us home awhile ago," Heather said.

"I thought dad was hanging out at the bad with his buddies tonight?"

"He is, but we'll still need to explain why we're not home, especially since he'll probably be back before we are," Heather said as she climbed up onto the mattress beside Nick.

The mother was on her knees, with her ass resting back on her heels, while she spoke to her husband. "Hey, honey....yeah, the couple closed on the house. It's a done deal," she said into her phone, then reached down and began to gently stroke her son's cock.

"Oh my God, Daniel's cock is sooo hard!"she thought, completely ignoring what her husband was saying to her.

"What? Yeah, I'm here," she said, "Sorry, I got distracted."

Nick smiled with pride, knowing it was his big meaty dick that was distracting her. He gazed at her huge heaving knockers, then brazenly reached up and sunk his fingers into their dough-like flesh. His mom looked down with a flirty smile. "So this couple I sold the house to... they need help with something, so Nick and I won't be home until later."

Mother and Son gazed at one another anxiously, keeping their hands busy as Nick's father inquired about what they were helping with.

"Baking," Heather answered. "You know how good I am at baking and there's a little something they needed help making."

She suddenly smiled at her boy, her hand still squeezing up and down his boner. "Yes, Nick's helping too. He's helping me create the batter. We'll mix it all up and it'll be in the oven baking and growing in no time," Heather said with a wink.

Nick felt wicked squeezing his Mom's soft boobs while she spoke to his father.

After saying goodbye and hanging up, both her and Nick burst out laughing. "Well I wasn't lying," she pointed out.

"We better get started then. We have a lot of **BAKING** to do."

Nick watched his mother throw her leg over him, straddling his midsection. She still had ahold of his cock and positioned his flaring knob at her vulva. "Ready to squirt that batter into me and put a sweet little bun in Mommy's oven?" she said in a sexy tone.

"Fuck yes."

She lowered her crotch and Nick sighed as he felt his rock-hard boner sink inside her hot slippery vagina. "I'm inside her pussy... finally!' he thought.

"Ohhh my God, you're so big," Heather moaned. "Remind me again how I've been fitting this thing in my ass."

"Very nicely, that's how," Nick answered.

Inch by meaty inch, the boy's prick sunk all the way to the back of her smouldering cunt and kissed the gates to her womb. He looked down to see their crotches fused together, Heather puffy mons spread out around his cock-base.

The sexy mother closed her eyes and began gently swiveling her hips, stirring his boner inside her in full penetration. Nick put his hands behind his head and watched as his mother got used to the size of his big cock inside her. He simply loved watching her enormous Mommy-melons wobble around on her chest, her erect nipples protruding from her wide, puffy areola.

"Ohh Jesus, that feels sooo good!" she whimpered, grinding his knob against the back wall of her pussy. It's a feeling she hadn't experienced since her college days.

"Feels incredible to me too," Nick sighed.

Heather suddenly dropped down on top of him, crushing her tits on his chest and kissing him passionately. At the same time, the thick rounded half-moons of her ass began bobbing up and down, slipping her boy's prick through the horny grip of her cunt-tube. "Yess! Fuck meee!" Heather cried out between kisses.

Nick happily obliged, pumping his hips from the mattress and spearing his cock through her clasping pussy with authority. "Ohhh wooow!" the boy moaned in delight, feeling his tender dong slip along the hot ribbed lining her juce-slicked cunt.

Their overheated crotches smacked together obscenely. "**SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!**

Heather lifted herself slightly off her boy, so her big jugs swung to the rhythm of their fucking, right over Nick's wide eyes.

"Ohh shit, that's sexy!" he panted, watching the meaty orbs move around crazily.

"Fuck me hard, Nicky!" Heather said, pounding her cunt on him with greater intensity. "Gimme that fucking baby!"

The teen pumped his cock faster, trying to keep pace with her. Fuck-oil oozed from his Mom's aroused pussy-hole, helping to create a wet smacking sound each time their crotches beat together.

"**FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!**

As he fucked, Nick pressed his face between his Mom's jiggling jugs, smothering his face in all that soft squishy tit-meat.

"Roll me over!" Heather shouted.

The teen rolled his Mom on to her back, where he knew he could fuck as hard as he wanted. He began to hump his ass violently between Heather's spread thighs. They both gasped in unison as Nick buried his dick so deeply up her pussy that his juicy knob stretched her uteri.

The busty beauty was hit out of nowhere with a toe curling orgasm. "Uuuunnhhgg yesss!" she screamed, squeezing her strong vaginal muscles around her son's driving cock.

Nick dropped his head onto her spongy jug and sucked the engorged nipple into his mouth, nursing on her breast as he savagely fucked her cunt.

"Eeeeghh!!" Heather shrieked, bucking and humping off the bed like an animal in heat, as her lush body trembled in orgasm. Her creamy thighs were scissored around Nick's back, her tiny bare feet with their sexy ruby-red toenails clenching in ecstacy as a hot cum shot through her naked body.

"Mmnnggff," the teen whimpered, battering her big rubbery nipple with his tongue while feeling her cunt squirt hot girl-cum around his humping boner. "Ohh fuck, that feels so good," he thought, feeling his cock throb. "I can't cum yet though. This is too fucking great to cum so soon!"

He lifted his head from her stiff nipple and looked at her pretty face. Her eyes were clenched closed and her expression was masked with an intense pleasure-grimace.

The boy started fucking her much harder, his swollen prick pounded brutally into her tightly-sucking cunt-slit. His balls **SLAPPED** against the crack of her ass with every thrust. He lowered his head back down and pressed his face beneath her chin, then reached under, cupping her meaty ass while he fucked.

"Yess, pound that fucking baby into meee!" Heather cried out.

Nick wasn't satisfied with just fucking his mom. He was determined to give her the best fuck she'd ever had. His jutting erection thundered through her birthing tube, crushing against the head of her cervix with every powerful thrust. Her cum had formed a creamy, slippery froth, lubricating the blue-veined cylinder as it plunged along the spongy ribbed lining of her vagina.

"Cumming again! Ahhhh, God, I'm cumming!" Heather cried out, flinging her arms around his shoulders and wantonly bucked her hips, attempting to match his frantic thrusts.

"Ohhh my fucking God!" Nick excitedly thought, so excited by the feel of his mother's soft clinging body that he could hardly stand it.

His mom grunted and whimpered, writhing and humping beneath him. Her cunt closed around his prick like a velvet vice, but he continued fucking...continued punching it through, despite the tight cuntal resistance. This, however, meant more pleasure on his glans and he knew there was no way he could keep from cumming at this point.

"Fuck Mom, I'm gonna cum!" he announced, not slowly his thrusts one bit.

"Yesss!" she gasped, still in the middle of a mind-blowing orgasm herself. "Fuck me deep!!"

Her son pounded his angry knob against head of her cervix as the potent white cum squirted out, gushing furiously into Heather's pussy. "Ahh!... "Ahhhh!!" the boy groaned, his body shaking right along with his mother's as they were both met with a powerful climax.

For the next five minutes not a word was spoken between them as their twined bodies rocked and jerked and trembled in sexual pleasure.

Finally, Nick lifted his head and looked down into her eyes. "Wow, that was the best time baking I've ever had," he sighed, making his mom giggle.

"Me too," she admitted. "Hopefully we're doing it at just the right time to get a baby brewing in there."

"I can't wait until you're big and pregnant. That's gonna be so fucking hot." "Well there's only one problem with me being pregnant," Heather said. "What's that?"

"I get super-horny."

"**THAT'S** a problem??" Nick joked..

"I mean ridiculously horny. Like, I'm gonna need you to fuck me five times a day horny," she confessed.

Nick's heart skipped a beat and Heather felt his cock flex back to life in her pussy. "Damn, Mom, that **IS** horny."

She reached up, combed her nails through his hair and smiled warmly. "You gonna be able to keep your horny pregnant mother satisfied?" she asked, tightening her cunt tube around his cock.

"Fuck yes."

"I'm not giving up my anal," she said. "On top of my five pussy-poundings, I still want my ass fucked twice a day."

Nick swallowed hard. He could hardly believe his ears. "So we're gonna go at it seven times a day?"

Heather gazed in his eyes, gripping his meaty manhood with her skilled cunt-muscles. "Is that gonna be a problem."

"No, no...no way!"

"And just because I'm big and pregnant doesn't mean you have to go easy on me," she said. "I wanna be fucked hard, Nick, straight through my pregnancy."

Her son just nodded anxiously.

"You won't have time for any other girls," Heather giggled. "You'll be too busy giving **ME** that big yummy cock."

"That's ok," Nick muttered. "I'm perfectly good with that."

He was giving her a blank stare of disbelief. "Are you ok?" she asked. "Yeah I just...never expected you to want all that."

"Well, it's kind of like the responsibility that comes with knocking a girl up," Heather explained.

"Our hormones go crazy and it's the daddy's job to satisfy our cunts and asses while we're pregnant."

Nick smiled. "Trust me, I'm not complaining one bit." "Good. Ready for round two?" she asked sweetly. "Definitely."

Round two found Heather on her hands and knees with her son mounting her haunches and fucking her doggy-style. Nick's crotch

beat against her big fleshy ass as she thrust it back.

"**SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!**"

"Yess! Pound my pussy from behind!" the mother cried out.

Nick's tongue hung from his mouth as he watched the fatty flesh of her buttocks ripple from every thrust. He was used to watching his cock pound through her asshole, but not today. This time his hard peter was slicing through her hot pussy, that wonderful "other hole" that he's gotten to look at for months, but not penetrate.

"Ohh, feels good!" he panted, pumping his hips with the same steady tempo that his mom was throwing her pussy back at.

Heather gazed back at him lustfully. "You like stuffing my cunt this way?" "Yess."

"Bending me over like your little slut and **SLAMMING** that big cock into me?"

Nick felt his knob tingle. "Damn, Mom, you keep talking that way and I won't last long," he sighed. Heather giggled. "Ohh, am I making my baby boy's balls tingle?" she teased.

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Does it excite you knowing you're taking your father's pussy?" she asked. "Fucking it harder and deeper than he ever could and pumping a baby into his wife's belly."

"Ohhh shit," Nick muttered, pausing his thrust as he felt on the verge of popping.

Heather giggled and continued to throw her ass back, spearing his boner through her fuck-tube. "Don't you stop! You grab my hips and keep feeding me that cock!" she said sternly.

Nick did as he was told and fell back in rhythm with her.

"Baby's don't get made when you stop," she said, still looking back. "Babies get made from fucking hard and blasting hot cum nice and deep."

"Ohh shit," Nick whimpered. Her hot words were driving him wild.

Heather tossed her cunt back even harder, tightening her cuntal walls around his hard muscle. "Come on, Nicky! Show Mom you have what it takes to make her pussy surrender to you.

Surrender to your big hard cock!" she said. "Ohhh!"

"Make it yours!" Heather panted. "Make my juicy mommy-pussy crave your hot young dick!" "Ohh shit, I'm cumming mom!"

"I'm almost there too!" she gasped. "Pound me hard Nicky!!"

The boy fucked with everything he had, watching his Mom's enormous milkers swing heavily from her chest to the rhythm of their frantic humping.

"Yesss! Cuummiinnggg!!" Heather shrieked.

Nick was right behind her and grunted in exquisite pleasure as he pumped his seed deep in her spasming pussy.

They humped through their mutual orgasms for several minutes before collapsing forward, so that Nick was laying on her back. After catching their breath, Heather lifted her head. "Phew, that was incredible," she sighed.

"Sure was."

"Feels like you're still hard," she said, giving his dick a cuntal squeeze. "I am. Why, did you want round three?" he asked.

"Yes, but we might have to give the baby-making a rest for awhile." "What do you mean?"

She smile lustfully. "Remember how I told you I need my anal sex?" she asked. "Yeah."

"Well..." she said, wagging her thick buttocks against him, "**I NEED** my anal sex."

Heather's husband Steve was chatting it up with a few friends at the local bar, when his buddy Tom walked in. "Hey Steve, trouble in paradise tonight?"

"What do you mean?"

"You and the wife fighting?"

Steve chuckled, acting a tad confused. "Not that I'm aware of. What makes you say that?" "Oh, well Carla works over at the Hilton off of Route four. She said she saw your wife and son check into a room...thought maybe you guys were having it out and they left for the night," Tom explained.

"No, everything's fine," Tom muttered. "Carla must have been confused. Heather just closed the deal on a house, she's helping the clients do some baking."

Steve's other buddy chimed in. "Hmm, maybe she's gotta another gig...is helping another kinda client, if you know what I mean?"

Tom and Paul laughed, but Tom didn't find it amusing.

"No, Carla was pretty sure it was them checking in," Tom said. "Maybe her and your son are members of the mysterious moms club?" he joked.

"Moms club?" Steve asked.

"Oh yeah, the mom's "assturbation" club," Paul said. "What the hell are you guys talking about?"

Paul continued to explain. "You never heard the rumor going around town about mothers using their asses to get their sons off?"

"Their asses?"

"Yes, their asses, you know anal sex," Tom said. "Apparently some moms don't want their sons spanking the monkey, so they offer up their asses for some booty-humpin'."

"No, that's rediculous," Steve said.

"That's what my brother-in-law thought too, until he walked in and saw his son's dick buried in his wife's behind," Paul said. "Talk about awkward."

"Look guys, even if there is such a club, I'm sure that none of our wives are members," Steve tried assuring them.

"That still doesn't answer the question of what your wife and son are doing at the Hilton Hotel," Tom said, taking a swig of his beer.

Steve dialed his wife and put it on speaker phone. "We'll ask her, how's that."

The phone rang, then went to voicemail. "Hi, this is Heather, leave a message," Steve's wife's sweet voice said.

Tom and Paul looked at each other and smiled. "She must be baking her heart out," Paul joked, making the two of them burst out laughing.

Steve threw some cash on the bar for his beer, then walked off. "You know what, fuck you guys," he said, heading for the door.

Once in the car, he decided to make a quick stop at the Hilton Hotel before going home. "If it is Heather and Nick, then Heather's car should be in the parking lot." he thought. "I won't find it there and I'll know those guys are full of shit."

Chapter 17: Sweet Revenge

"**CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!**" Sam's heels struck the cement with urgency as she marched up Margaret's walkway. Her plan to blackmail Sara out of ten-thousand dollars had just been foiled, so she was anxious to pass the recording on to the one who had hired her.

"This bitch better have my money!" she thought as she knocked loudly on the door.

Margaret answered with a stack of cash in her hand. "Here you go!" she said as they made the exchange. "Are you sure this recording has the proof I need?"

"There's enough there to satisfy you." Sam said, flipping through her stack of hundred-dollar bills to make sure it was all there. "I'd like to say it's been a pleasure doing business with you, but it hasn't," the **PI** scowled, turning to walk away.

Margaret looked at the tape with a sinister smile. "Finally, I can expose that perverted mother and son from next door!" she thought.

"Not so fast, mother!"

Margaret looked up to see a group moving up her walkway, led by her daughter, Matty. Sam was able to step aside and avoid the the pregnant mother, but then found herself directly in the path of Rachel. With a vengeful glare, Rachel push the **PI** aside, sending Sam stumbling back and landing flat on her ass on the lawn. The sprinklers were going, spraying her and the stack of money as it scattered everywhere.

"Shit!" Sam shouted as she scrambled to collect her bills, getting soaked in the process.

"Matty, what are you doing?" Margaret asked her daughter as she watched her and the other women step up the walkway.

"I want that recording. Now!"

"This tape contains proof that the degenerate mother and son behind you are engaging in sick illegal activity."

Matty stopped in front of her Mom, glaring at her. "Mother, you're not a heroic crime-fighter, now **GIVE ME** the fucking tape!"

Margaret tucked it behind her back, leering spitefully at Sara and her son. "No!" she spouted.

"Grandma please! They're not harming anyone," Candy pleaded, "can we please just have the tape?"

Margaret glared at her Granddaughter, then looked back at Matty. "Are you aware that your daughter is dating this...perverted...mommy-fucker? It's disgusting!"

Matty ignored her stupid question. "You have five seconds to give me that tape before I turn your miserable little existence upside down."

Margaret let out an obnoxious giggle. "And how exactly do plan on doing that?" "By exposing your own dirty little secret."

A sudden look of worry fell across Margaret's face. "What secret?"

"The door in the basement, Grandma," Candy said. "We know you're hiding something in there."

"And one of us knows **WHAT** you're hiding in there," Matty added. "Give me the tape or I swear to God I'll march down to that basement, break that fucking door down and share all the pictures I take with your self-righteous church friends."

"You will do no such thing!"

Matty fed her mother an evil glare. "Try me!"

Margaret's got a defeated scowl, realizing her daughter meant business. She reluctantly handed over the tape. "Fine, but it doesn't matter!" she said glaring at Sara, "you're all heathens in God's eyes! Fucking degenerates!"

Matty smiled and handed the tape to Sara.

Sara let out a sigh of relief. "Oh thank God, this nightmare is **FINALLY** over!" she thought. She had been desperate enough to form a plan to break into the **PI**'s house and steal the recorder in the middle of the night, but was glad she didn't have to resort to that.

"Speaking of degenerate," Matty said, " just so everyone knows, my mother has a thing for animals."

There was a collective gasp. "A thing?" Candy asked.

"Oh yes, honey, Grandma has a whole room downstairs full of zoo porn and quite the impressive collection of animal dildos, right mother?"

Sara and Rachel giggled while Candy's mouth fell open. "Oh my God," she muttered, then looked down at the French Poodle at Margaret's feet. "Poor Harvey!"

Red with embarrassment, Margaret let out a **HUFF**, then slammed the door.

Soaking wet, Sam had finally collected all her cash and stepped back onto the sidewalk. This time Sara gave her a shove as she passed by. "Out of my way, bitch!"

The **PI** stumbled back on her ass once again. Money scattered everywhere. "Fuck!" she screamed, hitting the lawn with her fists.

Later that night, a set of headlight cut through the darkness of a secluded parking lot. The vehicle pulled up next Daniel, who was there waiting. Misses David, the English teacher he'd fucked rolled down her window. "Hi Daniel. I figured you'd be calling me again sometime. I just didn't think it would be this soon."

"Can I get in?" Daniel asked.

"Of course," she answered, shutting off the engine.

The teen got in and closed the door. She leaned over and began rubbing his cock through his pants. Her shirt was half-unbutton, showing off her impressive cleavage. "Daniel, I want you to know that I'm sorry about how things turned out, with your mom and that recorder that I gave the Private Investigator. She threatened to show those pictures to my work **AND** my husband and I just had to look out for myself."

"Ok," the boy said, nodding his head.

"But if and when your mom goes to prison, I'd be happy to take care of your needs anytime you want me to," she said, squeezing his knob.

"So you'd fuck me the same way you did in the car that night?"

"Yes, even better! We could get **REALLY** nasty...starting right now if you want" she said, kissing his lips sensually. "I need to be fucked sooo bad!"

"Well, sorry, Misses Davis, but I can't fuck right now." "What do you mean? Why not?" she asked.

"Well, I've been working on a recording, so now I have to take it over to Principal Higgin's house, so he can fire you tomorrow," the teen said, then opened the door.

"You little shit! You recorded me?!

Daniel got out and Lindsey peered up and saw Sara standing there with a vengeful smile. "Looks like having your life destroyed **WILL** be on your agenda this week, bitch!" Sara said.

Mother and son began to walk off hand in hand.

"Wait, no please...we can work something out!" Lindsey pleaded. The two ignored her and kept walking.

A half-hour later, after dropping the recording off at the Principal's house, Sara got on the interstate and drove them out of town. "Well, looks like I'll have a new English teacher tomorrow," Daniel said.

Sara giggled. "I would say it's highly likely."

"So are you gonna tell me where we're going?" Daniel asked, looking back at an overnight bag his mom had packed sitting in the back seat..

She peered over at him playfully. "Nope!" "Not even a hint?"

"Not even a hint!" she said with a wink.

A short time later they were pulling up to a fancy resort. "Stay in the car. I'll text you when you can come in," Sara said, then grabbed the overnight bag and left.

Daniel sat there for nearly twenty minutes before getting a text from his mother. "Come in. Room 301 ," it said.

Daniel walked through the fancy lobby and took the elevator up to the room. He tapped on the door, but no one answered. Instead, he

got another text from his mother. "Put the blindfold on," it read.

He saw a blindfold hanging from the door handle, so he just slipped it on. Then he heard the room open and someone, who he assumed was his mother, took his hand and led him inside.

He could hear the faint sound of whispering from multiple women, but couldn't tell what they were saying or obviously who they were. There was also the soft beat of music in the background. He felt the hand release his and heard his mother's soft voice. "Take off your clothes, honey."

Daniel slowly removed all his clothes. Just the thought of what might be going on excited him greatly, making him rock-hard.

He felt his Mom nudge his chest softly with her hand. "Sit down. Straight back," she said.

The boy sat back onto a comfortable chair with a high back and no arms. He felt someone cuff one of his wrists and bring both his arms behind the seat-back and cuff them together. "Am I under arrest?" he joked.

The amount of giggles he heard astounded him. There had to be nearly a half-dozen women in the room with him. His mother reclined the seat back slightly. "Yes you are...and you're gonna be locked in the cell with us all night."

Daniel sensed that there were bodies closing in around him. He wanted so badly to see who they were. He suddenly felt a gang of lips kissing his body sensually, while running their long nails all over him.

"Ohhh wow!" the boy sighed, feeling and listening to the women's lips smack tenderly on his chest, neck, face and thighs. The feel of their nails running across his flesh, especially around the base of his cock, made his body tremble with excitement.

He began to feel their tongues flickering all over him, licking his nipples, leaving little wet trails down his chest. He felt his dick flex, protruding stiffly from his loins as the shower of affection went on and on for several minutes.

"If you guess who's French kissing you, you'll get to fuck her asshole for two minutes," his mother said softly.

"Ohh man! Um...ok," he muttered.

"Maybe we should show him who's here first and what we're wearing for him," one voice suggested. Daniel recognized it as Candy's mother Matty.

"Good idea. Then we'll blindfold him again before the next kiss," Sara added.

Daniel felt his Mom remove the blindfold, then she stood upright. The site looming above him nearly took his breath away. Standing around him were six of the biggest titted women he knew and all their jugs were naked, jutting out above him. "Holy fucking tits!" the boy's mind exclaimed as he took in the erotic site.

Peeking down over their bobbling boobies were the women who owned them...Sara, Rachel, Candy, Matty and completely unexpected, his Aunt Theresa and his Grandma Liz.

"Surprise, Sugar!" his Grandma said, feeding him a big beautiful smile. She was like an older version of his mom and had the most mammoth tits of the bunch. Daniel always dreamed he'd see them and here they were in all their naked glory. Liz's areolas alone were probably large enough to mask his entire face and the rubbery nipples that puffed out the centers were the fattest he'd ever seen.

"Hi Grandma, hi Aunt Theresa," the boy blushed.

His beautiful short-haired Aunt Theresa had the smallest tits in the group, but was probably still a double-d cup. What she lacked in tits, she made up for in ass. From the time he was young he marveled at her big rounded ass and the thought of possibly getting to fuck her asshole sent chills through his naked body.

It was hard to peel his eyes away from such a hot middle-aged woman, but with Candy's mom Matty standing there it was impossible not to. Not only was she gorgeous, like her daughter, but resting atop her eight month pregnant baby-ball were enormous milk-filled tits that rivaled the size of his Grandmother's.

"Jesus, you guys look beautiful," he confessed.

"So do you," Matty muttered, giving him a dreamy-eyed gaze. It was the same look her daughter would give him and the boy knew that before the night was through he'd be fucking the shit out of her.

"Ok, you had your look, now here comes the blindfold," Sara said, placing it back on him.

Next, he felt a soft set of lips smother his own in an open oval. A long tongue flailed through his mouth, dancing with Daniel's licker for a full minute. When the kiss broke, he took a second to consider his answer. "That was a pretty amazing kiss, but it didn't seem familiar." he thought.

He took a stab in the dark. "Was it Matty?" he asked. "Ohhhh!" Came the collective moan of disappointment. "Not Matty. Try the next one," Sara said.

Another set of lips met his and they kissed passionately. He was pretty sure he knew who this one was. "Candy!" he said.

"Yaaay! Wooo!" Came the cheers of the women, announcing that he had clearly guessed correctly.

The blindfold came off and his girlfriend gave him a smile. "You better know your own girlfriend's kiss," she said teasingly.

The boy looked down and watched as Rachel squirted warm lube onto his cock. He looked his busty sister-in-law in the eyes and she gave him a flirty wink. All the Moms it seemed wanted a hand in coating the length of his boner in slippery lube, stroking their pretty hands up and down his meaty erection, teasing his glans.

"Would you look at that big juicy head!" his Grandmother said, as all the women stared at his cock lustfully.

"I've heard of knobs that are the size of a plumb," Theresa said, "but I've never actually seen one until now."

"Wait until you feel it up your ass," Sara said with a mischievous grin.

"Yeah, speaking of that," Candy said, lowering her naked ass-globes onto her boyfriend's cock.

"Ahhh!" Daniel sighed as he felt his girlfriend's asshole slip over his knob and sink around his hot boner as she sat on his lap.

"Come on, baby girl, pump your ass on that cock!" Matty said to her daughter encouragingly.

The boy panted heavily, watching his boner appear and disappear between her meaty cheeks over and over.

"Ohhh fuck yesss!" Candy sighed, bouncing her thick ass on his cock.

Soon his prick popped from Candy's asshole and his mother was covering his eyes again. A set of soft lips fused against his. This woman had a long thick tongue and it was extremely aggressive,

lashing wildly through the boy's mouth. When their kiss broke, one name stood out in his mind the most. "Aunt Theresa," he muttered.

"Yaaaay!" the women all cheered and his Mom removed the blindfold.

Theresa smiled at him as she changed places with Candy. When she turned and Daniel saw that big plump naked ass for the first time, his tongue nearly hung out. She spread her thick cheeks apart as she lowered them toward that throbbing dong. Theresa grasped his erection and fit his fat knob again her crinkled butt-ring.

"Ohhman," the teen sighed, so excited he could hardly stand it.

Grandma Liz gazed down at him and giggled, stroking his chest with her nails. "You're a lucky boy. Many a man has drooled over **THAT** ass," she said.

He couldn't help but gawk at the smooth rounded undersides of Liz's tit-melons. There was no denying the fact that her cleavage could easily smother his entire head. The feel of his cock squeezing into Theresa's ass-tube, snapped him from his tittie-trance.

"Ohhyess! God that cock feels good!" his Aunt said, pushing his fat knob into her rectum. "Ohhhh!" the boy sighed, feeling her smothering ass-grip mould around his meat.

She pumped her rounded rump up and down, spearing his cock in deeper and deeper on every downward plunge. Finally, her ass-flesh beat against his cock-base, making her fatty buttocks ripple with every **SMACK**.

"Pump your hips, baby!" Sara said, standing beside him. "Fuck your cock deep into her ass!"

The boy wasn't about to object. He thrust his hips from the chair, punching his cock through the grip of his Aunt Theresa's ass. "Ohh

yess!" he sighed, his eyes set on her jiggling buns..

Daniel's boner flexed stiffly as it plunged through the rubbery grip of Theresa's bowels. Her strong rectal muscles tightened around the boy's tender hardon, squeezing and quivering around his hard cock-meat. She'd been with a lot of guys, but this was easily the biggest dick she'd ever had shoved in her ass.

"Oh my God, it's so fucking hard!" she cried out, pounding her big ass down against him as hard as she could.

"Blindfold time," Sara finally announced.

Daniel fought to catch his breath as he watched his Aunt lift her fat ass off his cock. He loved to watch his knob pop out and their juicy buttholes clench closed. It reminded him of how much he was stretching their tight holes with his big cock.

His eyes were shrouded in darkness, followed a half a minute later by someone's luscious lips mashing up against his for a tender kiss. Their tongues dueled frenziedly. When the woman moaned in his mouth it was a dead giveaway. "Matty!" he excitedly thought, eager to shove his cock inside his girlfriend's mother's ass.

Of course he was correct, but Matty decided to do things a little differently. "I hope that chair can hold both of us, handsome," she said, climbing on top of him.

It was the first time he'd had a pregnant girl mount him and it was an absolute feast for the eyes. Matty's milk-filled knockers were obscenely large and wobbled around like they had a mind of their own. She shoved his cock up her ass and crushed her big baby-orb against his bare midsection.

"Ohh my God, that feels amazing!" she cried out while pumping her ass up and down.

Daniel was delighted by how every ass he fucked his cock into felt a little different. Some were tighter than others and some women had strong shit-muscles creating a snug, tight-gripping sheath for him hump his cock through. Matty's ass-tube applied just the right amount of pressure to make the boy's cum-leaking knob tingle exquisitely.

"Ohhh!" he moaned, mesmerized by the way her swollen mammaries jostled around on his upper chest.

Two minutes went much too quickly. Grandma Liz was so fucking horny she decided to skip the preliminaries. "If I have to wait two more seconds to get that beautiful prick inside my ass I'll go crazy!"

"Go get him, mom!" Sara said encouragingly. "Why don't we sit him up," Liz suggested.

Daniel was tilted upright, his hand still bound behind the chair. Liz climbed on top of the teen, straddling him and slipping her ass onto his cock. She tightened her legs around his young frame and humped rhythmically up and down. With her head slightly above his own, she was able to pull his face between her mountainous tits as she fucked him.

"Mmmnnff'" the boy whimpered, his face wedged between her sloshing jugs. He kissed and licked his way through her canyon of cleavage, savoring the squishy feel of her enormous boobs on either side of his face.

"Ohhhh my God!!" Liz's voice cried out delightfully, bouncing her meaty ass on her Grandson's cock, making their flesh **SMACK** together shamelessly.

The chair beneath them creaked as their humping became more and more frantic. Daniel's cock tingled on the verge of cumming. It wasn't that the feel of her ass on his cock was any better than the previous women, it was just that having his head sandwiched

between her massive jugs was taking him to another level of arousal.

"Mmmmnngff!" the teen moaned, licking and sucking the inside of her tit. He could feel the torrent of jizz rushing up his fuck-tube.

"Oohhfff! Ooohhhfff!" he grunted as big gooey gobs of spunk erupted from his rectum-smothered knob, filling Liz's ass with cum. She went well beyond her two minutes, squeezing and pulling on his cock with her ass, making it as pleasurable as possible.

"Greedy, mother!" Sara teased.

"I'm sorry I just couldn't help myself. It felt too damn good to stop," she said. "That's the most amazing piece of manhood I've **EVER** had inside me."

The other women giggled, each one able to relate. They knew before the night was done, the teen would pound their holes better than their husbands ever could and give them toe-curling climaxes that they'd never forget.

Chapter 18: Group Effort

It didn't take Steve long to find his wife's car at the Hilton Hotel. His stomach sunk, but he knew there must be some innocent explanation. "Maybe she's just meeting with some clients here," he told himself.

He tried to call her phone, but got no answer. Since she had Nick with her, he tried his son's phone as well, but with the same results. This only raised more suspicion. He parked his car, then went into the hotel.

"Hi, I'm uh, looking for my wife. I was suppose to meet her here, but she didn't tell me what room she was in," he said to the front desk clerk..

"No problem, sir. Would the room be in her name or yours?" she asked.. "Probably hers...um, Heather McClaine."

The clerk tapped the name into the computer. "Yes, here we are...room six-thirteen. Would you like me to dial the room?"

"No, that's fine, I'll just go up. She's expecting me. Thank you."

Steve got in the elevator and went up to the sixth floor. His mind was conflicted. If he bothered his wife during a client meeting, he'd look like a suspicious fool. On the other hand, if she were cheating on him, he would feel completely justified in his actions.

It didn't take him long to discover room six-thirteen. On the door handle was the "do not disturb" sign. "That'sNOTgood,"he thought, knowing it was usually an indication of someone sleeping or engaging in an activity like sex, where they didn't wanna be bothered.

He put his ear to the door suspiciously. The voice he heard inside was unmistakably his wife's. "Yess, fuck mee! Ohh my God, yess, baby!!

Steve's body went numb. His wife was obviously getting fucked in there and that was bad enough, but were the guys at the bar right? "Was she fucking Nick?" Steve deliriously wondered.

The answer to his question was a definite yes! After a couple rounds of vaginal "baby-making," Nick was fucking his mother up the ass again. They both lay on their sides on the bed, with one of Heather's legs thrown high in the air. Her head was turned, so they could make-out passionately, while the boy's hard cock slid fluidly through her asshole.

"Ohhh, yess! I love your cock!" she whimpered between kisses.

Steve was about to knock, when he saw a housekeeper suddenly come out of the next room over. Now, he had a better idea that would catch his wife by complete surprise.

"Excuse me. I locked my key in my room like a dummy. I was wondering if you could use yours to let me in? Steve asked her.

Without hesitation, the housekeeper stepped over and used her key to unlock the door. "Thank you," Steve said, then snuck inside the room.

He shouldn't have been shocked at this point, but he was. Maybe it was actually seeing them in the act that made it sickeningly real. His wife and son were fucking on their sides, but he couldn't see their genitals from this vantage point, so he didn't realize that his son's cock was actually up his wife's ass..

What was even harder to watch was the way they kissed, like a horny young couple. Suddenly, Heather's eyes widened in horror and

she quickly sat up and covered their bodies with the sheet. "What the fuck?!! she exclaimed, looking at her husband.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," Steve said.

Daniel stared at his father, like a deer into headlights.

"Steven, what the fuck are you doing here?" Heather asked, her heart racing nervously.

"I think the better question is...what are **YOU** doing here? Never mind, don't answer that. It's pretty obvious."

"No, you don't understand. This isn't what it looks like at all," she said.

"Oh really, how so? Because what it looks like is the two of you having sex in a hotel room.. With your son, Heather."

"First of all, you need to calm down and listen." "Calm down and listen?! Are you serious?"

"Nick and **I WERE** having sex, yes, but there's a **REALLY** good reason we were doing it, so if you would just sit down and listen, I'll explain," she said.

Even though he wanted to continue to rant and rave, her husband let out a frustrated sigh, then sat in the chair across from them. "I can't wait to here your reasoning for this," he muttered.

"Before you say anything else, just hear me out fully. The couple I just sold the house to have been trying to have a baby, but they found out his sperm count was too low, so Nick and I agreed to help them out."

"Help them out?" Steve asked, not catching on. "Yes, help them out, by making a baby for them."

Steve suddenly burst out laughing. "That's the most rediculous thing I've ever heard."

Daniel bravely chimed in. "It's the truth, dad. They really want a kid and...well, Mom was gonna ask you to do it with her, but we both know you've been super-busy at work, so she decided not to bother you with it."

"Oh, how gracious of her. So the two of you decided to just take on this little venture behind my back?" he asked, then glared at Heather, "to cheat on me?"

"It's not cheating," Heather said back. "Not cheating?! Are you serious?!

"Were you not listening to a word we said? We're doing this to help a young couple out. We're showing some compassion. Why don't you try to as well," Heather said.

"I have compassion, but I just caught you two in bed together and for all I know you could just be justifying your actions by creating some crazy story."

"Ugh!" Heather sighed in frustration, then picked up her phone and dialed. She put it on speaker as it rang.

Tanya's sweet voice answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, Tanya, it's Heather, the realtor that just sold you guys the house." "Oh, hey, Heather!"

"Hey, so, I just wanted to thank you for confiding in us, regarding Lance's low sperm count and reiterate the fact, that we are **HAPPY** to help you guys out," Heather said, looking at her husband. "Children are wonderful and every couple should be able to experience the blessing of having one, even if they can't have them themselves."

"I agree...and I hope Nick and your husband feel the same way. It's a group effort, but I'm hoping that someone ends up with a little bun in the oven, whether it's me or you," Tanya said.

"I couldn't agree more. We'll be in touch. You and Lance have a great night!" "Bye," Tanya said, then hung up.

Steve seemed a tad ashamed for doubting his wife's story, but the idea of his wife and son having sex still bothered him.

"Satisfied?" Heather asked him.

"Look, it's great that you're helping someone out, but still...we should have discussed this before you and Nick just went and jumped into bed together, don't you think?"

"You're right, I probably should have had the conversation with you prior, but it just so happens that I'm ovulating today, so Nick and I thought we'd get a room, have sex, and with any luck have me pregnant tonight."

Steve shook his head, still trying to wrap his head around the idea. "It still sounds ludicrous. I mean, you guys are mother and son for crying out loud."

Nick and Heather glanced at each other. "Yes, but like Nick said, we know things have been stressful at work for you lately. I figured it really wouldn't be cheating if we kept it in the family and we had a clear cut goal in mind."

"So you're saying once you're pregnant, the sex stops?"

"Of course it stops, honey. We're not just doing this for our own pleasure," she lied, exchanging a look with her son.

"So what do we tell other people...friends and family when they see you pregnant?" Steve asked.

"Well, we don't have to tell them the baby belongs to Nick and I. We could tell them that **YOU AND I** are helping Tanya and her husband," Heather said. "Look, the important thing is it's a group effort, like she said. You can do your part by supporting Nick and I and showing some understanding."

"I can try, but this isn't an easy thing for me. You guys are having sex together, Heather."

"We've established that, but now it's time to move on, put your selfish, jealous feelings aside and try to be supportive."

"Alright," Steve said, sitting up, "let's just get this done here and now then, so **YOU** get pregnant, **WE** help them out and put this behind us."

Heather fed him an awkward look. "Okay, with you...here, you mean?"

"Why not. We're a team, aren't we? A group effort, like you said," Steve said.

"Well yes, but...are you sure you'll be comfortable watching Nick and I make a baby?" "No, but I can show my support...by giving it a try," he admitted.

"So then we all agree, we're doing this? Promise you won't make another scene, once Nick and I have started?" Heather asked.

"If I can't handle the heat, I'll get out of the oven and leave."

Heather and her son looked at each other, a tad uncomfortably. "Can Nick and I have a minute to talk? We um...really didn't expect to have an observer."

"Sure, I'll just go into the bathroom. Text me when you're ready," her husband said, going into the bathroom and closing the door.

"Ok, I'm completely weirded out," Nick said, making his mom giggle.

"That makes two of us, but he didn't kill us, so maybe we should be thankful." "Is he really gonna watch us have sex?"

"Honey, yes, at this point, the fact that he's **LETTING** us have sex is a miracle, so let's just do it on his terms and be thankful."

"Yeah, but that's gonna kinda be weird, isn't it? Knowing dad's watching us?" Nick asked.

Her lips curled into a naughty smile. "Maybe it's a chance for you to one-up him, show him what a superstar you are in bed."

Nick smiled. "You think so?" he asked.

"Absolutely!" she said. "Show him how a wife is suppose to be fucked." "That sounds like a challenge," Nick said.

"Uh huh, I know I'm up for it, are you?" The boy fed her a cocky smile.

"Honey, you can come back in," Steve heard his wife say. He opened the door and stepped back into the room. He was surprised to find his son now on top of his wife and they were kissing intimately. "Do you guys have to kiss?" he asked, finding it a little unnecessary.

They paused for a moment. "It's part of the process. If you want to be supportive, then let us do what feels right and don't bother us, please," his wife said.

Steve sat down and watched as they resumed making out. It wasn't an easy thing watching your wife of nearly twenty years smooching intimately with your eighteen year old son, but Steve continued to remind himself it was for a purpose. "They're making a baby for that couple and that's it. There's nothing more going on here," he thought.

With Heather's thighs splayed open, Nick split her twat with his cock, causing her to throw her head back with a gasp. He rose up on his elbows so he could watch his mother's pretty face as he fed her his prick meat, then he thrust his cock in all the way with one long plunge, mashing his swollen knob against her cervix.

"Unnnggghhhh!" his mother cried out, immediately lifting her curvy tan legs high, wiggling her ass beneath him as she opened her cunt for more of his prick.

Steve softly gasps as he watched his wife throw her sexy legs back high in the air. Being the observer, it was a view of her during sex he'd never seen and it reminded him of how limber she was. He loved how her dainty bare feet with painted toenails pointed back toward the headboard.

Nick worked his ass, staring down at her, watching her huge tit melons shake and jiggle as he fed her his prick. Every time he pulled back he felt the suctioning pressure of her cunt muscles wetly drawing his prick into her body. "Ohh yeah!" he sighed, working into a rhythm.

"Fuck me harder, Nick!" Heather cried out, tossed her legs around his back, scissoring her ankles together at his waist. The horny mother started humping her pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of his prick. "Watch closely, Steven! You're about to see a fucking stud in action," she wickedly thought.

Nick let his weight fall, flattening her huge tits beneath his muscular chest. He cradled his head between her neck and shoulder and spread her knees out wider. His ass bobbed up and down as he fucked more forcefully up her juicy pussy.

Steve could see his son's big nuts smacking against his wife's writhing ass. Hard and fast his son's ass moved, fucking his brick-hard boner into Heather's velvety pussy. The shameless mother

gasped as she felt the steady force of his fuck thrusts. "Ohhh my God, honey, this is amazing!" she cried out.

It wasn't what her husband wanted to hear, but he kept his mouth shut. Heather, on the other hand, was elated from the thrill of being fucked so hard in front of him. "He can't fuck me this way and he knows it. He'd have gotten off and rolled over to sleep by now." she thought.

It was quite a humbling experience watching your own beautiful wife cling on to another man this way, especially when it was your own son. Steve had been wrapped in those curves many times, so he knew the thrill and pleasure his son was experiencing was intense.

Nick's fuck-strokes became more and more forceful, pounding his prick savagely through the gurgling sheath of her cunt tunnel. His cock was really boring into her, knocking against her back wall with every fuck stroke."How do you like that, dad?" he thought.

"Ohhh, Nicky, it's soo good! Fuck a baby into meee!" the mother squealed

Steve watched his son reach under and cup his wife's meaty ass with both hands, pumping his cock hard through her cunt with full-length thrusts. He saw Heather's eyes roll back as she shrieked in ecstacy. "Eeeeeeiiioohhh!!" she cried out, clearly having an orgasm on his big cock.

She glanced at her horrified husband through the corner of her eye as her legs started trembling. "He's making me **CUUUUM**, fucker!!" her brain screamed. "Eeeeiiioohhh!!" she cried out in her sexy girly voice.

"Ohhyeahhh!" Nick moaned, making his cock flex stiffly as it thundered through her juicy pussy. Hot burbling girl-cum squirted around his tender young penis as he continues fucking with everything he had.

Heather shamelessly slapped her son's ass, spurring him on as he furiously pounding his thick cock into her."Yesss, fuck meee! Fuck me, fuck me fuck me, **FUUUCK MEEEE!**" she cried, not just for her son's benefit, but also her husband's. She wanted him to know that she was having the time of her life.

"Ohhh shit, yeah, watch this dad! Watch me cum in your wife's pussy!" Nick thought. "Oh fuck! Ohh fuck, mom, here I cum!"

Their bellies beat together as Nick fucked his cock to the hilt in her throbbing cunt. Heather responded by squeezing him in an anaconda-grip, tightening her smooth muscular legs around his humping frame. She clutched him even tighter with her arms as well, making her fat sloshing tit-jugs distended out from between them.

A massive load gushed up from his balls and Heather sighed with pleasure as she felt it squirting into her ravished pussy, soaking her inner walls. "Yess! Give me your baby, Nicky!' she shouted.

The hot mom flexed her cunt muscles, using her strong pussy-walls to milk out all of his cum. A deep smile curled her lips. She'd never felt so well fucked in her life and the fact that her husband was sitting there watching made it all the more wicked.

When Nick rolled off his sweaty mother and Steve saw the size of his prick, he felt even more sickened by this whole thing. Not only was his son's cock several inches longer than his, but it was absolutely dripping with his wife's orgasmic juices.

"Well, that was unpleasant," he confessed.

"Speak for yourself!" Heather thought, then let out a deep satisfied sigh. "I'll let his sperm soak in for a bit, then we have to go again," she said..

"Again?" her husband asked.

"Yes, again. Steven making a baby isn't a one-and-done thing. It takes repeated intercourse on the day a woman is ovulating. You remember how it was."

Unfortunately, Steve knew she was right, but he honestly didn't think his emotions would allow him to sit through a session like the one he'd just witnessed. Heather knew him well enough to sense this. "We paid for the room for the night, so Nick and I might as well stay and make sure we get this baby made," she said. "Why don't you go home and relax, I'll call you in the morning when we leave."

It wasn't really what Steve wanted, but he also wanted to make sure business got taken care of here at the hotel and **WAS NOT** brought home with them. "Ok, fine. Good luck and uh...we'll talk to you guys tomorrow."

"Bye, dad," Nick said.

As soon as her husband disappeared, Heather was on top of her teen, attacking him with sensual kisses. Nick sighed excitedly, feeling his mom's big squishy titties bobble all over him. "Ohhh, my God, I'm gonna fuck you all fucking night!" she said between kisses.

"Uh, mom..." Nick muttered, bringing it to her attention that his father had returned. Heather turned and saw her husband back at the foot of the bed.

"Forgot my keys," Steve muttered, horrified by the way his wife was sprawled out on top of their son, with her humongous tits spread out like soft dough across his chest.

Heather fed him a semi-guilty look. "Oh ok, well, see you tomorrow," she muttered.

"Yep," her husband said, then left. This time she waited for the door to click closed, then gazed down at her son lustfully. "Now...where was I?" she asked. "Something about fucking all night."

"Ohhh, that's right. Do you wanna fuck my pussy all night, you bad boy?" she teased. "Heck yess!"

She kissed him sensually. "Mmm, you wanna get mommy big and pregnant with your baby?" she asked, then kissed him some more.

"You know I do," he answered.

"Make her tummy big and round and her boobs swell up even bigger, so I can smother your cute little face with them?"

"You can do **THAT** now."

"Mmm, I can, can't I?" she said, rising up and dangling her big Mommy-melons around his face. Nick kissed his way along the inside of one of her tits. She adjusted herself so she rested against him, with his face peeking up from between her cleavage. "Ready to knock your mom up, hotshot?"

"If I haven't already," he said.

Heather giggled. "True, but, we don't know that for sure, so we probably better fuck all night." "True, just to be sure."

Heather planted her knees astride his hips, reached down and grabbed ahold of his still-hard cock. She squeezed it between her smooth puffy outer lips until she felt his big purple knob sink inside her grotto of love. Before the night was through she knew he would pound the fuck out of her horny hole, blasting load after load of rich, potent baby-making sperm into her fertile womb.

"I'm gonna be pregnant again! Nick and I are making a baby!!" her mind excitedly shouted.

Chapter 19: Big Distractions

Daniel promised his new girlfriend Candy a day at the beach. It was a warm morning, perfect for swimming and sunbathing. He hoped she'd worn a revealing bikini and he wasn't disappointed. Candy sported a new skimpy two-piece, that showed plenty of flesh. While her boobs weren't nearly as big as his Mom's, the pretty young woman still had a rack that was larger than most girls her age.

"What do you think?" she asked, twirling around to show him her thonged ass.

The boy licked his lips, staring at the meat her ample peach-shaped derriere. "I think that bikini's amazing!" he confessed.

"I figured you would." "Good color too!"

"Yep, it's blue, your favorite color!" she said with a proud smile.

Thus far, Candy was the perfect girlfriend. She was his age, smart, beautiful and super-sexual. He loved that she had such an open mind and was turned-on by what him and his mother had been doing. With such an amazing girl at his side, you'd think he'd be all about her, but he wasn't. Not completely.

Daniel still found his mind drifting to his mother Sara. He pictured her beautiful smile and sultry eyes, peeking from the curtain of her long dark trusses. The image of her enormous stiff-nippled tits swinging around crazily, while he fucked the shit out of her was forever etched inside his mind. Just the thought of his Mom's thick fleshy ass beating against his midsection while he pounded his cock through the gripping ring of her asshole drove him crazy with desire.

"You ok?" Candy asked. "You seem distant." "Oh no, I was just thinking about..."

"Your mom?" she asked with a knowing smile. Along with being smart and sexy, Candy was a damn good mind reader.

"Sorry," Daniel muttered.

Candy dropped onto her knees and hugged him, her plump bikini-clad boobies pressing against his bare chest. "Don't be sorry. If I was a guy your age and had a mom that looked like yours, I'd probably be thinking about her all the time too."

Daniel looked out at the people enjoying the water. "Wanna go for a swim?" he asked. "Let's do it!" she answered, hoping back up and pulling him towards the waves.

Across town, Sara and Rachel were walking through the mall, their dainty heels clicking on the hard surface. "I am SO glad to have that drama behind us," Sara said.

"Me too," Rachel agreed, "but I still wish a horrible death on that bitch who lives next to you."

"One thing I do know. I owe a ton of gratitude to Candy's mom Maddy for getting us out of this mess."

"Ha! She rode Daniel's cock pretty hard the other night and came a ton. I'd say you're even!" Rachel said.

Sara spotted a sexy teddy on a mannequin in one of the shop window. "Oh my God, look at that teddy. I bet Daniel would love seeing me in that!" she said.

"Daniel would love seeing you in anything that shows a little extra skin." "Let's go in and look," Sara said and Rachel followed her into the store.

Let's do it!" she answered, hopping back up and pulling him towards the waves.

Across town, Sara and Rachel were walking through the mall, their big tit melons trembling with every step and their dainty heels clicking on the hard surface. "I am SO glad to have that drama behind us," Sara said.

"Me too," Rachel agreed, "but I still wish a horrible death on that bitch who lives next to you."

"One thing I do know. I owe a ton of gratitude to Candy's mom Maddy for getting us out of this mess."

"Well, she rode Daniel's cock pretty hard the other night and came a ton. I'd say you're even!"

Sara spotted a sexy teddy on a mannequin in one of the shop windows. "Oh my God, look at that teddy. I bet Daniel's cock would go bonkers if he saw me in that!" she said.

"Daniel's cock would go bonkers no matter what you wore."

"Let's go in and look," Sara said. Rachel followed her into the store.

Back at the beach, Candy and Daniel emerged from the water after a good swim and frolic in the surf.

"Oil me up!" the sexy young woman said, laying face down on the towel. Daniel happily complied, rubbing suntan oil up the backs of her silky legs and the exposed flesh of her meaty ass-globes.

"Want me to put some on you?" she asked.

"Nah, I never really use this stuff," he said. The teen laid back on the sand and looked at his phone. There was a text from his mom, so he opened it.

The picture he saw made his heart skip a beat. Sara was in the dressing room and had taken a photograph of herself in the full-

length mirror, wearing the sexy baby-blue teddy she had seen in the display window. It featured sheer lace cups with floral embroidery. Daniel could clearly see the huge dark circles of her areola and fat rubbery nipples pushing against the fabric. The sheer bodice had a split in the crotch, exposing Sara's shaved pubis.

"Fucking hell!" the boy excitedly thought, glancing over to make sure Candy's head was still turned away from him.

There was a second photo that his mom had attached. This one was again one of herself in the mirror, in the same outfit, but displaying the backside of it. The teddy was open in the back, with just the ties and the tiny string of a thong crossing along the tops of her naked rounded ass and disappearing down between her meaty cheeks.

Below the photographs she had written "what do you think?" "Wow, I'm speechless!" he texted back.

"Glad you like! Hold on, I'm trying on another one!" Came her reply. "Oh, this sun feels so good!" Candy said, shifting around a bit.

"For sure. It's the perfect beach day," Daniel said. "With my perfect boyfriend!"

Daniel smiled, feeling a tad guilty ogling his Mom's pictures with his girlfriend right next to him. He felt his phone vibrate. His mom had sent another picture. In this one she was wearing a white bridal lace bustier featuring underwire cups, which made her mounds of creamy cleavage look absolutely massive. The bustier had a hook and eye front closure. The dainty matching panties were just a tiny patch of fabric, hugging her crotch and white garters were attached to sheer white stocking. The mere sight of her in this made Daniel's cock throb painfully in his board shorts.

Like she did with the prior outfit, Sara sent a picture displaying her backside. The bustier had a sexy silk lace-up back. Daniel knew she had a thong on, but from the back, the way the string disappeared

between her buns, it appeared as though her thick tan mommy-buttocks was completely bare. The way she peeked back over her shoulder, gazing at the camera lustfully made her son's heart about beat out of his chest.

"How about this one? " Sara had written below the pictures.

"Fuck!" the teen's mind screamed, so turned on by her he could hardly stand it.

"Damn, Mom...you're killing me here!" he texted.

"Killing you, huh? But you're at the beach...with your girlfriend. I'm sure she's wearing a sexy bikini. Why are you getting so worked up over me? " she asked.

"Why do you think? Because you're sexy as fuck, that's why."

A minute later he got her reply. "Well, maybe you should find a place to be alone, because I have a couple more outfits to try on and things are about to get even sexier. "

Daniel breathlessly looked over at his girlfriend. "I think I'm gonna go back to the car a few minutes and cool off," he lied.

She lifted her head and looked over at him. "Are you ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, whenever I come to the beach, I just get overheated. I'll just turn on the AC and after a few minutes I'll be fine. Just keep tanning. Maybe we'll go for another swim when I get back."

"Ok, I'll be here," she answered, laying her head back down.

Daniel had borrowed his Mom's SUV for a day at the beach with Candy. By the time he arrived there his mom had already sent more pictures. He climbed into the back seat and leaned back.

It was a sentimental moment as he remembered that this was the first place that he had buried his cock in his Mom's ass.

He recalled how his mom seemed so anxious and frazzled. Probably so eager to cram his cock-meat up her ass that she couldn't think straight and got them stuck in the mud out in the middle of no where. As Daniel fished his cock out, he couldn't help but think back on the back seat romp, when...

The busty Mother rested her head on his shoulder, his entire dick soaking in the hot tight furnace of her ass. Muscles in her abdominal wall contracted, increasing the pressure in the rectum. A loop of muscles squeezed around Daniel's meat, moulding to the shape of his cock. "Ohhh," the boy sighed, his knob tingling.

"Do you like it, honey? Does my ass feel good on your dick?" Sara asked. "God yes," he said.

"You can squeeze me baby. I have to keep my bra on, but you can wrap your arms around me and squeeze me as hard as you want," she said.

He didn't need to be told twice. "Okay," he muttered, throwing his arms around her, pulling her voluptuous body up against his as hard as he could.

She felt his cock give off a mighty throb in her ass as his face sunk down into her gaping cleavage. His Mom's warm curvy flesh felt amazing against him as he inhaled her sweet perfume.

His hips instinctively began to rock, worming his cock through her ass. "Are you ready to hump, sweetheart? Are you ready for some assturbation?" Sara asked.

"Yess," he sighed, kissing the big mound of tit-meat wedged against his face.

Sara's meaty buttocks began to glide up and down his slippery cock. He felt her hot breath at his ear. "It's yours, Daniel. Thrust your hips and go as hard and as deep as you need to. I won't stop you."

"Ohhman," he muttered, picking up his tempo just abit. Sara stayed with whatever fuck-pace hers on chose, her thick buns bobbing up and down to match his speed.

"Jesus, that feels so good, Mom," the boy moaned, arching his head back from the intense friction on his cock. "I know it does honey. That's why I wanted this so bad for you, " she said, pumping her ass on him like a pro.

"If I'd have known I could do this, I probably would have broken up with my girlfriend, instead of the other way around," he said, making Sara giggle.

"You'll find someone special, love, but until then my ass will be available, as often as you need it."

"Just warning you, Mom. That might be pretty often," he said with a sigh.

"I know all about you teenage boys. Mom's prepared to help you drain your nuts several times a day if she needs to," Sara said.

"Oh damn yess," he muttered.

Daniel's cock slipped through the grip of her ass-tube, the lube and his precum creating a slippery froth for his meat to slice through. The spongy walls of her rectum spread along his burrowing knob and felt like wet mouth sucking his glans.

"Ohhh, I'm feeling really good," he whimpered.

Sara tightened her shit muscles, meeting him thrust for thrust. "Ok baby, let's make you pop hard. You need it," she said.

Their flesh began to beat together as their humping intensified. Sara's SUV rocked to the rhythm of their thrusting bodies. The hot Mother clung to him, looking down a this pleasure-filledface, which was wedged between her jiggling bra-clad knockers. "Ohhhh fuuuuck," the teen shout, arching his head back.

"Gimme all of it baby, come on," Sara said ass he felt the first hot rope squirt along the walls of her rectum. "Uugh! Uuughl!" Daniel grunted, shooting out more and more cum in his Mom's gripping ass.

Sara stopped their thrusting and held her asshole firmly against the root of his boner. She pushed her rectal muscles, as if she was having a bowel movement. Her slippery inner walls milked the tender Peter with their hot rubbery ridges. His smothered knob squirting out more and more creamy jizz.

Daniel gasped as he was snapped back to the present. His hips were rocking, just like they had the night he'd just relived in his head and his hand was slipping up and down his cock, simulating the grip of his mother's asshole. He was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. He remembered that his mom had sent another text and quickly looked at his phone.

The text read: "If I was at the beach with you, this is what I'd be wearing!"

Daniel looked at the attached photo. He had to stop stroking to keep from cumming. It was a picture in the dressing room mirror of Sara wearing a black slingshot micro bikini. She was in a sexy pose with the diamond-shaped patches of gauzy fabric only covering a small portion of her enormous tit-melons. The two thin stings stretched from her tits to her crotch, looping under her snatch on either side of her bare vulva. This left her pussy shamelessly exposed and Daniel licked his lips, gawking at the puffy lips of her pudendum and her thick clitoral hood.

"Shit!Shit!Shit!" the boy excitedly thought, his mind a whirlwind of lust.

With shaky hands, he texted her back. "I'd love it, but you might be arrested wearing something like that on a public beach."

She quickly messaged back. "Yeah, I suppose I'd have to cover my pussy...or just climb under a cozy beach blanket with you. "

"I like that idea!" Daniel texted.

"If we were under a beach blanket, would you crawl between my legs and slip it inside my pussy...or push me onto my stomach, lay on my back and pound it through my asshole?"

Daniel's cock flexed in reaction to her question, precum oozing out and running down his prick. "Damn, either one sounds great to me!"

"Where are you now?" she asked.

"The backseat of your SUV... with my dick out," he responded. "I remember that spot well."

"Me too!"

"Do you remember how my ass felt on you...the way my asshole was milking your cock?" she texted. "How could I forget!"

"It was a magical moment! It was our first time. Our first Assturbation session!" "I loved it!"

"I felt so wicked...going home and laying in bed with your father, with your cum still running out of my asshole!" she texted.

"Jesus, really?"

"Yes, I know I was doing it to help you, but all I could think about was how bad I wanted your cock back in there. I wanted to feel your

cock digging deep in my ass again so fucking bad!" she confessed.

"Then I wasn't the only one," Daniel texted back. "Are you ready to see this last outfit?" Sara asked. "Let's see it."

He got the image and opened it. Sara was on her hands and knees with her ass pointed back at the mirror. This time she was completely nude. Daniel could see the backs of her huge tits hanging down heavily. The meaty globes of her naked buttock were slightly splayed open, giving him a clear peek at her crinkled butt-ring and the smooth puffy folds of her outer labium. She peeked back, giving his the sultriest gaze Daniel had ever seen.

"I bet this outfit's your favorite! " the text read.

"Fuck, mom, I'm going crazy here!"

"That makes two of us! You know, If we get home quick enough, we could..." "Now?" he texted back, his heart racing.

"Meet me at home as soon as you can!" Was her final text.

Daniel couldn't get back to his girlfriend fast enough. "Candy, I um...I still feel like shit. I think I should get home." "Oh, ok," she said getting up. "Fuck, you do look flush, Daniel. Do you need me to drive?"

"No I'm ok to drive. I thought the cool air would help, but it didn't. Sorry!" Daniel drove almost recklessly he was so horny and anxious for his mother.

"Jesus, Daniel, slow down!" Candy said with a giggle as he weaved them through traffic.

When he finally pulled up in front of her house, she fed him a curious look. "Well, thanks for our 'partial' beach day," she said sweetly.

"Sure. Maybe we could do a full beach day soon," he said.

She seemed a little reluctant to speak, but did anyway. "You know how when you run the AC in a car, it drips that water on the ground underneath?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, you said you went to the car to run the AC, but I didn't see any pool of water beneath the car. Not only that, but you've had a hardon for the past hour. You can be honest with me, Daniel. Are you going home to fuck your mom?" she candid asked.

Daniel swallowed hard and answered honestly. "Yes," he muttered.

She leaned over and kissed him. "I told you before I think that's hot. You don't have to hide it from me." "So you're not mad...or jealous?"

"Of course I'm not mad...and...maybe only a little jealous. I mean, of course I'd rather you be fucking me. It's not like it's some other hot cheerleader from school though, it's your mom. It's different."

She planted another soft sensual kiss. "Go fuck her senseless!" Candy said, then got out.

Daniel rushed the rest of the way home. There was no sign of his Mom on the main floor, so he hurried upstairs. "Mom?" he called out.

"In here!" she answered from his bedroom.

He entered his doorway and literally stopped breathing for a moment when he saw her laying naked on his bed. Sara was on her tummy, one of her legs bent up teasingly so it hovered around above the thick rounded cheeks of her buttocks. Daniel could see her heavy jugs spread out beneath her against his mattress. She gazed at him with a look of needful desire. "I was trying to decide whether

I wanted you up my cunt or my asshole and I finally came to a decision. I want both!" "You do?"

"Uh-huh, I do. The question now is...which one do I want first. I'm sure by the time you're naked and ready, I'll decide," she said.

Her son stripped off his clothes in no time flat. His cock was already fully erect and wagged obscenely, protruding stiffly from his crotch.

"Wow, that was fast!" Sara giggled. She rose up on her knees, her dangling stiff-nippled milkers bobbing back and forth. "Why don't you lay down on your back and let mommy ride you."

Daniel happily obliged. Watching his mom mount his loins never got old. Of course the site of her big heavy tits wobbling around while she positioned her knees astride his hips was his favorite part. However, there was something incredibly erotic about watching her grasp his rod and position his tip between the split of her smooth outer folds.

They both sighed in unison as his long hard cock sunk inside her naturally lubricated vagina, stretching her inner walls. "Ohh, fuck you feel good!" she whimpered, feeling his knob squeeze against her back wall.

"So do you."

She ground her pelvis, stirring his stiffy inside her. While doing this, the sexy mother leaned forward slightly, placing her palms on his chest and squeezing her enormous breast between her arms. This made her tit-meat balloon out from her body even more, hovering over her boy's wide eyes.

Daniel couldn't believe how puffy her nipples were. They protruded out from the centers of her wide areola, aroused and engorged. "You want mommy to fuck you...huh?" Sara said, gazing down over her boobs.

"Yess!" he responded, insanely excited..

"You want her to milk your dick with her hot pussy?"

Without waiting for an answer, the busty mother began to propel herself up and down, plunging his tender erect penis through the juicy grip of her cunt. "Like that? Is that the way my baby likes it?" she panted. "Is that the way he like to have his cock squeezed and fucked?"

Daniel loved it when she was vocal and nodded his head in response.

Sara sat up straight and bounced passionately, fucking his cock with full-length pumps. Her boy's eyes were glued to her huge knockers, watching them leap up and down her chest.

"Fuck! Look at them bounce!" he thought, mesmerized by the way the big rippling orbs jounced around like two big buoys in a stormy sea. He often wondered if his mom was self-conscious about the way her humongous boobs swung around like crazy during sex. They were after all so huge and bouncy that from Daniel's vantage point, it was nearly impossible to focus on anything else.

His mom's ass clapped against his crotch, as her cunt screwed down against his cock-hilt with every plunge. "My handsome stud son, laying some pipe in Mommy!" Sara cried out. "Letting her feel that hard muscle so fucking deep!"

"Yes!" the boy gasped, feeling her squeeze her cunt around him as she fucked.

"Knocking at Mommy's womb...wanting to pump all your sweet cream inside her and get her pregnant with your baby!"

"Ohh damn, Mom!" the teen gasped. He couldn't believe how nasty she was talking, but he fucking loved it.

His mom's fuck-rhythm had changed up a bit, making her heavy tits swing in a different pattern. Now instead of merely leaping up and down while she rode him, her twin jugs swung around in wide looping circles, **SMACKING** together delightfully.

Daniel's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully, entranced by their new repetitive motions. The way the fatty meat of her giant mommy-melons made big wide loops above him, then smacked together lewdly, made his cock flex in the wet, spongy grip of her humping vagina. While she fucked in earnest, he just laid back and watched her big middle-aged boobies put on a show.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" The flesh rippled.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" Their huge fatty contours trembled.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" They sloshed around wildly, Sara's pretty pleasure-filled eyes peering down over them, sharing a lustful gaze with her teen.

"Smack! Smack! Smack!" The boy could have laid there in fascination and watched her tits beat together for hours. "You like watching Mommies big tits swing around and beat together?" Sara asked breathlessly.

"Hell yes!"

"Does it make you wanna bury your fucking face between them? Whimper into mommy warm soft flesh while you blow the top off that cock?!" she panted.

"Oh my God, Mom!" he signed, feeling his knob tingle as it plugged through her fuck-tube.

"Ohh! You like the sound of that, don't you, baby boy?" she asked, sitting straight up again. "I can feel you boner throbbing and it just makes Mommy wanna fuck it harder and harder!"

Sara humped her hips as hard and as fast as she could, spearing her boy's fuck-muscle through her tunnel of love.

"Fuck! Shit, Mom!" he squirmed, watching her fuck the shit out of him. Her jumbo jugs were leaping so high now they beat against her shoulders, giving her boy a good look at the huge soft undersides of her breasts. Her boobs careened back down, smacking off her torso, only to fly back up to her shoulders again. Daniel's eyes were wide with desire, watching this process repeat itself over and over.

"Fuck meee!" Sara cried out passionately.

The boy pumped his hips from the mattress, meeting her frantic fuck-rhythm. Sara's pussy was so wet and aroused that their crotches made a lewd juicy sound as they **SLAPPED** together repetitively.

"Oh God!" the busty mother cried out. "You're gonna make me cum, aren't you?! You're gonna make mommy squirt her juices all over your boner!"

"Yes!" Daniel whimpered, applying even greater force to his pumps.

Sara trembled and her pretty face contorted, masked in sexual pleasure. She screamed out in orgasm, feeling the flaring knob of her son's cock ignite the pleasure-nerves all along the ribbed lining of her vagina.

Daniel groaned also, feeling that heavenly grip tighten along the length of his plunging dong. Despite the continued resistance, he punched his cock through, feeling her quivering cunt-sleeve juice up around his boner.

"Fuck!" he cried out, unable to stop the milky torrent rising through his urethra.

His mother brought her wonderful upper-half down onto him, completely encompassing his head in the deep canyon between her meaty tits. "Pour your seed into mee!" she squealed breathlessly.

Daniel did just that, his body trembling as the first milky blast hissed from the slit of his meatus, splattering along his Mom's cunt walls. He groaned into the dough-like meat of his Mom's left tit, lifting her midsection as his ass rose from the mattress and froze mid-air, while his balls pumped another thick rope of jizz inside her.

For five long cum-churning minutes Sara and Daniel writhed and humped in sexual delight. They found each others lips and kissed with wild passion, their tongues dueling just like their genitals were. The teen delighted in how his Mom's soft warm cannons were sandwiched between them, her rubbery nipples poking against his chest.

"Damn, Mom, you really got me worked up at the beach," Daniel confessed.

She snuggled against him, her head rested on his shoulder. "And you could have got your pretty girlfriend to fuck you, but it just wouldn't have been the same, would it?"

"Not even close, and the crazy thing is, she's sexy too and **REALLY** good in bed," the boy said, then got a big satisfied smile. "That's how amazing YOU are."

"Well, your father's not nearly as handsome as he used to be...and he fucking sucks in bed, especially compared to you," she said, then lifted her head and gazed down at him dreamily. "I guess you could say that you and I are crazy for each other."

"I guess so," Daniel said, then gave her a long sensual French kiss.

Sara pulled her son off the bed playfully. "We better get dressed before your father gets home."

They embraced for one last kiss, then paused and looked out the window. They unexpectedly saw Margaret through her upstairs window staring over at them with a disgusted scowl.

"Really?!" Sara exclaimed, then stepped over to the window. She gave her neighbor the middle finger, then pulled the shades.

Chapter 20: Doing everything necessary

"Hi Lance, is Tanya here?" Nick asked Tanya's husband as he stood outside their front door awkwardly. "Hey Nick. I suppose you're here to uh...start the baby making process?"

"Um, yeah. She told me this was her time of month."

"Hey, there you are!" Tanya said as she entered the foyer of their new home behind her husband and spotted Nick. "I was beginning to wonder if you changed your mind about making this baby with me."

"No, sorry, just had some other things going on the past couple days."

"Come in!" she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him past her husband anxiously. "I'll get us a couple bottled waters and we can head down to the bedroom."

"Actually, babe, can I talk Nick for a few minutes. Just man to man," Lance asked, seeming none to happy that the kid was about to nail his wife to their marital mattress.

"Oh 'man to man' huh? Sounds serious," she said, half-jokingly, then winked at Nick.

"I just wanna make sure I lay down a few ground rules. This isn't just a sexual free-for-all." Lance explained. "I wanna make sure there's no unnecessary funny business going on. Things that aren't really necessary to getting you pregnant."

"Well then I should be in on this conversation too, don't you think? What kind of 'unnecessary things are you talking about, Lance?" his wife asked, seeming slightly annoyed that he needed to lecture them.

"Well, for example, kissing, squeezing or sucking on your breasts. Those things **AREN'T** really necessary."

"Aren't really necessary?! Lance, have you forgotten that in order for a guy and girl to even **HAVE** sex, they need to be aroused. And in order to get aroused, they need to engage in foreplay, which includes kissing and breast-play," Tanya explained.

"Whatever! Can you at least just keep those things to a bare minimum?"

Tanya rolled her eyes and sighed. "We can try. Look, the important thing is the outcome. We want Nick to successfully impregnate me, so I say we do whatever we need to do to make that happen. We can either do it right the first couple times and be done, or him and I will have to have sex dozens of times over the next three days. You don't want that do you?" the sexy wife asked.

"Of course not."

"Then let us do what needs to be done! If Nick knocks me up, you could have a little son or daughter growing in my belly by morning, isn't that exciting?" Tanya asked.

"Yes, well, that's the goal," her husband muttered, exciting at the thought of the result, but dreading the fact that his wife was about to fuck someone else to make it happen.

"Exactly!" his wife agreed, then pulled Nick down the hallway. "And goals don't get met by just standing around. Come on, Nick. We have work to do!"

Once in her bedroom, Tanya closed the door behind them. "Oh my God, he's so annoying," she said, speaking about her husband..

"I'm surprised he didn't ask us to have sex with our clothes on," the boy added, making her giggle.

"Right?! How the hell do you fuck without kissing? That's crazy! That's like....fucking without kissing!" she exclaimed with a giggle, then suddenly locked lips with the boy for a long sensual tongue-twirling kiss.

They quickly stripped off each other's clothes, getting naked as they continued engaging in deep lip smacking kisses. Tanya shed her bra and her fat melons heaved around heavily on her chest. "Know what else is a necessity?"

"What?"

"A nice sloppy blowjob," she said sensually, planting another kiss, then crouching down and coming face to face with his jutting hardon. "You can't get a girl pregnant until you have an incredibly hard babymaker!"

"Well, it's already pretty hard!" Nick said, stating the obvious. "We better be sure."

Tanya opened her mouth wide, plunging downward over the first several inches of Nick's hardon. The boy sighed delightfully, feeling the wet warmth of her mouth encompassing his tender prick.

He watched her suck his hardon with a wet, insatiable intensity, listening to her slurping, gurgling sounds fill the bedroom. "Oh man!" Daniel sighed, his cock flexing between the circle of her lips.

Tanya's tongue swirled around his cock, skirting the flared tip and lapping up all the precum bubbling up from his balls. She reached up

and wrapped her fist around the root of his cock, then jacked fast and hard, beating the boy's meat into her mouth.

"Oh fuck yes!" he groaned, delighted by the way she was so skillfully blowing his cock.

Her pretty head bobbed up and back, plunging his stiff peter through her mouth and into her throat. Daniel was nearly ready to feed her his cum, when she stopped and stood up. "No way! I need your cum in my pussy!" she reminded him..

"I'm gonna have a lot of it!" the boy sighed.

"Good!" she said, pulling him back to the bed. "Get me pregnant!" she exclaimed with an anxious gaze..

Nick flopped down onto the mattress on top of her. Tanya parted her sexy legs and he settled down between her parted thighs. He grasped his boner and rubbed the juicy knob up and down the slit of her pussy, teasing her by plowing across her swollen clit. Then he pressed his prick securely into her fuck-hole.

"Fuck yess!" she cried out, feeling his thick erection squeeze inside her vagina. She cocked her legs as high as she could, looking down the valley between her tits and watching the teen bury his cock inside her."Holy shit you're big!"

Nick's ego swelled with pride. His mom had told him the same thing the first time he fucked her and he knew how much girls loved big dicks.

He sprawled flat on top of her, crushing her enormous, fat-nippled tit-mounds under his chest. He sank his fucker in to the hilt. Then slowly, he raised his hips, withdrawing until only the knob of his boner parted her pussy lips.

"Fuck mee!" Tanya cooed, just as the boy slammed his cock-meat back into her pussy, then commenced a quick, rough fuck-pace, rhythmically pounding his meaty erection in and out of her cunt.

The young woman let out cries of passion, like a sexual cheerleader, encouraging him to fuck her hard and deep.

She locked her ankles together high across his back, clamping him between her thighs. Frantically, she wriggled and humped her meaty, peach-shaped ass beneath him as his long dick carved a path through her pussy-tube.

He brought his full weight down against her and fucked with porn-star like thrusts. Of course he wanted to knock her up, but he also wanted to impress the hell out of her and make her pussy gush all over his cock.

He didn't have to wait long to feel his manhood soaked with her orgasmic juices. Tanya groaned and panted as jolts of pleasure shot through her fair-skinned body.

Nick also groaned with delight, feeling his tender pink pecker thunder along the juicy ribbed walls of her cunt-sleeve. While Tanya's pussy did feel amazing, his mind couldn't help but drift to his mother and how unbelievable her cunt and ass felt also. Tanya and Lance's bedroom was almost sentimental to him, since he had fucked his mom's ass in this very room on the day they showed the house to the couple.

His mind couldn't help but reflect on that moment...

His mom wouldn't allow him to fuck her yet, but did let him plow his fat knob through the hot juicy folds of her pussy. He was amazed at how wet she was. Like Tonya, Heather's arousal made her genital bloodflow increase, so that her vulva and clitoris swelled and her vagina was drooling with fuck-oil. With all that natural lubrication,

plus what he had already applied, Nick's cock was slickened and ready for deep anal penetration..

Heather bobbed her meaty buns up and down a few times. "Comeon, fuck my ass, bigboy," she said playfully..

He loved watching her tight little butt-ring stretch over his knob as he popped his tip in side. Then he enjoyed holding it there for a second with the elastic band of flesh clasped around the ridge of his corona.

Heather peeked back watching him as he first entered her. She could see the thrill in his eyes and his heart about beating through his chest. She knew squeezing his tender cock through the tight grip of her ass must be extremely thrilling and pleasurable for the teen.

Nick lowered him self forward, resting on his forearms, then thrust his hips, spearing his cock through her snug ass-tract. "Ohhhmm!" Heather groaned, feeling her anal fuck-tube stuffed full.

Nick started fucking his cock in to her asshole, slowly sinking his prick deeper and deeper into the luscious grip of her shitter. He could feel the constant pressure of her asshole muscles around his prick, milking his cock deep inside her body. He whimpered in delight. The boyhad never fucked a tighter fuckhole.

The empty room echoed with gasped and the lewd slapping sound of Nick's crotch beating again the thick jiggling flesh of Heather's naked ass. "**SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP**!!"

The short-haired brunette mother humped her hip slightly off the floor, pushing out her butt-ring to make it pucker tightly around her son 's plunging boner. "Yess! That's it Nicky, fuck my asshole!" she cried out.

The pressure inside Heather's rectum was stimulating the internal ends of her clitoral nerves, making her climb towards a juicy climax.

"**SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP**!!"

"Damn your ass feels good, Mom" Nick sighed, his knob tingling with delight as it slipped through rubbery rectum. He brought his body flat down on top of her, not slowing her thrusts one bit. "Can we kiss?" he asked.

They'd shared sloppy kisses of passion before, so there was no sense in saying no. Heather craned her head back and made out lustfully with her son. Their tongues were like pink snaketails whipping and twisting together frenziedly.

Heather's fat tits were squashed on the rug and Nick wedged his hands underneath them and squeezed, letting his fingers sink in to the spongy boob-flesh.

The teen intensified the speed of his ass fucking, violently plummeting his brick-hard cock in to the rubbery depths of his mother's ass-tunnel... **SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP!!**"

The sucking, squeezing pressure of her rectum around his tender meat intensified his pleasure. "Ohhh shit!" he moaned, his knob tingling like crazy.

Heather too was panting heavily as her own orgasm crested. "Ohhh God, Nicky, I'm gonna cum!" she cried at a volume that echoed through the vacant home..

"Ohhh! Ohhhfuck!!" her son groaned, his hips shuddering as a load of jism squirted violently up her shit channel. Their bodies writhed and humped, as if Nick'scock was an electrical prong plugged in to Heather's socket and they were sharing the same electric jolt.

Tanya's orgasmic cry snapped him back to the present. He felt on the verge of cumming himself, but knew it was from thinking about the anal sex with his mother, not the intense pounding he was giving the woman beneath him.

"Fuck me doggy-style!" Tanya said breathlessly, crawling out from under Nick and pointing her sex buns back at him.

He took position behind her and slid his cock back inside her love-sheath in one long plunging swoop. "Yess!" Tanya cried out, throwing her horny ass back at him. The thick cheeks of her buttocks rippled as they beat against his crotch over and over.

Nick looked down and watched in wide-eye wonder as his wet boner slid in and out of her, plunging from knob to balls on every thrust.

"Yess!" Tanya gasped. "Slap my fucking ass!"

Nick's hand gave her cheek a sharp strike, making the fatty layer of flesh ripple.

"Again! Spank my fucking ass!" she cried out, seemingly not giving one fuck that her husband was just down the hallway.

Then teen struck her ass a few more times, making the flesh of her swiveling butt-meat jiggle delightfully. "I want you to cum in me this way!" she said, peeking back at him. "Breed me like a fucking animal!"

The teen grabbed her wide hips for leverage, then pounded her with savage thrusts. The sound of their hot flesh beating together was so loud that Lance could clearly hear it down the hallway.

The jealous husband kept waiting for the sound of intense fucking to stop, or at least slow down, but no such luck. Instead, it went on for several minutes and he heard his wife react with squeals of orgasmic passion..

Tanya's boobs swung wildly as they hung heavily from her chest. Nick reached under and grasped them while he humped, sinking his fingers into big spongy orbs.

"Ohh! Ohh fuck, I'm cumming!" the boy announced.

Tanya tightened her cunt muscles to make it as pleasurable as possible for him.

"Fuck!" Nick snarled as he fucked her cunt fast and hard, draining his balls completely into the spasming tightness of her pussy slit.

"Wow!" Tanya sighed, dropping onto her back. The sexy red head's big naked breasts shimmied from side to side as she shoved a pillow beneath her ass, elevating her hips. "It feels like there's a gallon of fucking cum in there! Surely there's at least one aggressive swimmer in there that can pierce my egg!"

Lance was relieved to hear things finally settle down in there. It had been nearly an hour since they had disappeared inside the bedroom and he had been tempted to knock on the door and ask them to hurry things along.

"With any luck, maybe that one did the trick!" he thought.

While Tanya elevated her hips and soaked her cervix, Nick moved over to the side table, where his phone was vibrating. It was his Mom Heather, so he answered. "Hello?"

"Tell me you haven't fucked her yet," Heather said. "Well uh, actually we just finished."

"Shit! Well, it's ok, just one time right? Probably nothing to worry about," his mother said in a somewhat concerned tone.

"Worry about? What you mean? I told you Tanya and I were gonna try to get her pregnant."

"You can cancel those plans. She doesn't need to," Heather said. "What?! Mom, are you..."

"Yes, I just took a test. I'm pregnant!" "Holy shit!" Nick said with excitement.

Tanya sat up, looking back at him curiously. "What? What is it?" "My mom's pregnant!:

"Oh my God, that's great!" Tanya exclaimed, her face lighting up.

Heather spoke up. "So you should probably wrap things up there and come home. Let Tanya and Lance know I'll be seeing my doctor in a few days and I'll let them know how things go."

After hanging up, there was a moment of bewilderment between Nick and Tanya. "Damn, your mom and dad must have really been going at it the past few days," Tanya said.

"Yeah, I suppose they must have been," Nick said, knowing full well it was him and his mother that had been "really going at it," and that her pregnancy was the result. "Good news for you guys though."

"I know, I can't believe I'm finally gonna be a mother," Tanya said excitedly.

"You'll make a great one," Nick said, then got up. "I guess I should probably go then."

"What's your hurry?" Tanya asked with a naughty smile. "You can fuck me again if you want." "But...you.."

"Lance hasn't heard the news yet, so as far as he's concerned, we're just in here still trying to make a baby," Tanya said.

"True."

Just when Tanya's husband expected them to emerge from the bedroom, finished for the evening, he heard his wife crying out from

the bedroom once again. "Fuck!Seriously?!he thought, not enjoying this baby making arrangement one bit.

This time around, Lance's pretty red-headed wife was riding the teen in the cowgirl position. She squealed and gasped in pleasure, working her ass up and down, driving Nick's boner through her tightly sheathed cunt.

"Fuck yes!" Nick muttered, laying there watching her huge alabaster tit-mounds bounce around like big overfilled water balloons.

She worked the long spike of his cock through her pussy, feeling his fat knob plunge through her tunnel like a battering ram of flesh. She marveled at how much larger and harder his cock was than Lance's. The fact that she was now technically cheating on her loving spouse thrilled her wickedly. She knew he could probably hear them going at it. He could hear his own wife being royally fucked by a younger, hotter male. "Yess!" she screamed out, loud enough for hubby to hear.

"Suck my fucking tits!" Tanya whimpered. Nick sat upright and latched on to one of her wildly bouncing boobs, slurping the fleshy nipple into his mouth.

The sexy red-head gasped and whined in shameless ecstasy as she felt every inch of his cock bore into her juicy pussy. She felt his knob strike bottom, as if trying to carve a hole through her cervix.

Nick gorged himself on the woman's spongy tit-meat, stuffing all of her puffy nipple and areola in his mouth and sucking greedily.

"Yess, I'm cumming!" Tanya screamed out. An indescribable surge of sexual pleasure burst deeply through her cunt, causing her to juice all over Nick's humping cock. The muscles of in her pussy and ass contracted and tightened like a vise as she started cumming harder than she ever had in her life.

Nick grunted as he sucked, pumping his hips off the bed, burying his throbbing dick to the hilt as he felt hot girl-cum swirling all around it. His knob was tingling and felt on the verge of erupting. He suddenly remembered that his mom was already pregnant. Her big tit popped from his mouth. "Should I pull out?" he gasped..

"No! Don't you dare pull out!"

He continued pounding, then growled in cunt-fucking delight as the second load of his jism squirted from the angry purple knob of his cock.

It was a long hard cum for both of them. Their pulsing genital tissue wrestled in orgasm, thick bubbling ropes of cock-cream pulsing from Nick's cunt-smothered knob. Their hot bodies trembling in mutual pleasure.

Tanya finally collapsed on top of him. "Fuck, that was amazing!" she sighed breathlessly.

"Hell yeah it was," the boy agreed, laying there in bliss, feeling those big soft knockers pressed against him.and Tanya's sheathed cunt-sleeve twitching around his boner with post orgasmic contractions.

"Are you sure you don't wanna stay and fuck me all night?" she asked, squeezing his cock teasingly with her inner rings.

"I would, but my mom would probably get pissed. Since she's already pregnant."

"I understand. Promise you'll stop by and fuck me sometimes while Lance is at work? I still have nine months before I become a busy mom," she giggled.

"Sure," Nick agreed. She was a great lay, so she certainly didn't need to twist his arm.

The house was dark and quiet when Nick got home. He showered, then went to bed, but wasn't at all surprised when he sensed someone entering his room. "I thought you were coming right home?" he heard Heather ask. His room was so dark that he couldn't see where she was, but knew she was close.

"Yeah, we were just uh, talking some before I left," he said.

"And fucking again I'm sure," his mom giggled. "Well I hope she didn't wear you out."

Nick could see Heather's dark figure stop beside his bed. He could smell her sweet perfume and could swear he felt the heat of desire radiating from her body. "No, you know me. I don't wear out easily," he said.

"So if I wanted to lay on top of you and fuck you like crazy the next three hours, you'd be able to handle it?" "Um, with dad home?" the boy asked.

"I haven't broke the news to him yet. So if he wakes up and catches us in the act...we just tell him we're still trying to make a baby for Lance and Tanya."

"Sweet!" Nick said excitedly and he sensed the robe being slipped from her shoulders. Now that his eyes had somewhat adjusted to the darkness, her could see Heather's huge fat naked jugs hovering out above him. He could even see her engorged nipples capping the tips.

The next thing he knew, Heather's plush body was laying on top of his own, blanketing him in soft warm female flesh. Their lips locked in open ovals, their tongues doing a wet fluttering dance inside the boy's mouth.

Nick humped his stiff erection against the puffy folds of Heather's pudenda, searching for the entrance. Finally, he found it and

squeezed in easily, since her pussy was already wet with her secretions. "Ohh Nick!" she whimpered in her cute mommy voice as she felt his hard thick love-muscle stretch her inner lining sinking in as deep as it would go.

They writhed with the thrill of being locked in full penetration..Nick's cock flexed, feeling his mother apply tight tender squeezes around his boner. Heather's tongue went for his neck, attacking it with fluttering butterfly licks.

"Ohh shit!" the teen squealed, feeling her big fat tits and rubbery nipples press against his chest. "You like mommy's body on you?" she asked between licks.

"Dumb question mom!"

She giggled. "Feels better than hers, doesn't it?" "Fuck yes!" he said, answering honestly.

"I squeeze you better!" she said, tightening her inner rings, "and kiss you better! And fuck you better! There's no pussy like Mommy's pussy!"

She grasped him, throwing her arms around his neck as tight as she could and started humping so hard Nick's entire bed rocked and creaked. "Oh shit, Mom!" he exclaimed with a shaky voice. He was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it.

His mom had hit the nail right on the head. Tanya was a beautiful girl and a great fuck, but was an amateur compared to his mother. Heather's strong curvy body and mammoth tits were unlike anything he had, or probably would ever experience. She was truly an alpha-female.

"Now that you've gotten mommy all pregnant, her body will get even softer and thicker. My belly will get big and round and my tits

will swell up with so much fucking milk that I'll nearly suffocate you," she said with a giggle.

"I can't wait to see that," he muttered, his heart racing at the very though of it.

"Once I give birth and they take the baby away, I won't have anyone to suck all the milk out," she said in a pouty-girl tone, then began planting tender kisses on his lips. "Will you suck all the milk out for me, Nicky?"

"I'd love it!" he sighed, so aroused his head could explode.

"If you latch on to my nipples and pull the milk out of my tits, I'll keep pulling the milk out of your balls. I'll keep them drained every day!"

"You're gonna drain them now if you keep talking like that," he sighed, making his Mom laugh..

"Ohh, am I turning my boy on?" Heather asked, still making the bed rock from her fuck-rhythm. "Am I making him wanna fuck me harder and harder and dump a big cum load inside me?"

"Fuck!" Nick suddenly snarled, driving his hips from the mattress and pounding up into her hot pussy.

"Yes! Fuck meee!" Heather squealed, screwing his big cock with equal passion..Their overly horny genitals beat together. Heather's pussy tunnel sucked hungrily around her son's pink shaft, trying to milk it off inside of her. She felt the burning pleasure peak inside her cunt, making her shameless naked body quiver in ecstacy.

"I'm cumming!" she moaned, trying her best not to scream out.

When Nick felt her hot liquid love begin squirt around his pumping boner his eyes rolled back. His glans tingled so powerfully they made

his toes curl. He let out a deep guttural grunt as his own hot ejaculate began to hose from his piss-slit and he joined his mother in mind-blowing mutual orgasm.

The next ten minutes were a whirlwind of fuck-passion. A marching band could have come through Nick's bedroom and neither one of them would have noticed. They were floating off in some intense fuck-cloud somewhere together, seemingly tossing their juicy orgasms back and forth to each other through their genitals. Sure they had cum together before, but these were orgasms on a whole other level of intensity.

By the time they had finished cumming, both were so exhausted that they fell asleep that way, with Nick's cock still wedged deeply inside Heather's cum-drenched vagina.

Sometime in the early morning hours their bodies came to life again and they fucked with equal passion. This time it was Nick on top, pumping between his Mom's warm splayed thighs so savagely that it was a miracle he didn't wake his father. He clamped on to her tit-flesh as he fucked, sucking and chewing to his heart's content. He couldn't wait until her fat nipples were squirting sweet nectar into his mouth.

The boy let out a series of pleasurable grunts, his face pressed into one of Heather's big sloshing Mommy-melons, feasting away at the rubbery flesh of her engorged papilla. All this, while pumping his cock through the pink velvet glove of her birthing tube.

He felt her grunt and shake beneath him. When her hot-box shrunk around his burrowing boner, he knew his dick was about to get soaked in orgasmic fuck-oil.

Feeling her gushing juices bathe his cock in liquid heat made his nuts clench every time. He flexed his erect dick and pounded ever harder and faster, fucking his mother with everything he had.

The lucky teen groaned in delight, pouring out a second cum-load inside his Mom's skillfully milking pussy. The dual loads had filled her cuntal sheath completely, burbling luridly around the shaft of his thrusting cock and dripping onto the mattress.

A knock on the door the next morning woke them both up. Steve, Heather's husband poked his head in, just in time to see his wife lift her groggy face from Nick's shoulder. "I though this was just a thing the other night at the hotel?" he asked.

"No, it's 'a thing' as long as it takes for Nick to get me pregnant," she said defensively.

Steve's stomach felt ill as he looked at the way his wife's huge naked tits were spread out against their son's chest. "Which is how long exactly?"

Heather laughed. "How should I know? Baby-making isn't an exact science, honey. It could take a day...it could months."

"So what you're saying is I should get used to waking up to my wife not being there in bed with me?"

"What I'm saying is, the more sex Nick and I have, the better our chances of getting me pregnant. Then you won't have to worry about waking up with me not being there next to you."

"Fine!" Steve said. "See you guys this evening!"

"I love you!" his wife said loudly with a quirky smile. "Love you too."

"Honey?" she called out, making him come back to the doorway.

Steve watched his wife sit upright, clearly straddling their son. Her big Mommy-melons jutted out from her chest, her nipples more erect than her husband had ever seen them. He also noticed a series

of hicky's around the sloping contours of both boobs. "What?" he asked.

"Will you close the door please," she said sweetly.

He noticed his son laying there beneath his wife, gazing up hungrily at her looming tits. Steve was no dummy. He knew before he even got to the front door Heather would be riding their son like a lusty fuck-hound. He was right.

Heather was on cloud nine! She was pregnant again! She loved being pregnant and knew her hormones would soon be going wild. That was okay though, she knew she'd have her studly son there to take care of all her sexual needs. In fact, she didn't even plan on telling Steve she was pregnant until her belly started showing, that way her and Nick could fuck to their heart's content, day and night and she could just tell hubby they were still trying.

Chapter 21: A bootylicious Wedding

"I sure hope Daniel loves my dress," Sara said, as she sat in a fancy dressing area, pulling a white nylon stocking up her sexy leg.

"What's there not to love? It's gorgeous, Sara," Rachel said, fluffing her dark trusses, while standing in front of a big mirror, completely naked. Rachel's belly was showing the form of a four month ripe baby bump, compliments of her handsome brother-in-law.

Sara stood from the cushioned bench, also naked, except for her sexy stockings, that stopped mid-thigh. Her own nine-month pregnant baby-ball protruded way out from her body. During her pregnancy, her melons had graduated from huge, to absolutely enormous. The fatty tissue within her breasts had swelled, due to milk production, causing her knockers to become extremely engorged. Her nipples had become darker and larger, as they prepared for a nursing infant. "I'm so nervous!" the mother said cutely.

"That makes two of us!" Heather said, as she stood nearby, in front of her own large mirror. The mother's body had gone through a lot of changes in the last nine months. Like Sara, her belly was huge and round from a growing fetus. Resting atop her beach-ball sized orb, were tits that had swelled to enormous proportions. Everything about them had become more prominent. Her nipples were protruding more, and the skin of her areola had changed from pink to dark mahogany. Also,, some veins, just underneath her skin, were clearly visible.

The pretty mother adjusted her white floral laced garter belt, making her milk-filled melons wobble heavily from side to side. "I'm sure the boys are a bundle of nerves also!" she commented.

"I'm betting that neither one of them expected to be marrying their mothers," Rachel said with a giggle.

"Well, I'm sure none of us expected it to move beyond just routinely getting fucked up the ass by them either," Heather said.

"You can say that again," Sara agreed. "It was suppose to just be about providing them temporary relief, until they got a girlfriend, now look at us."

"Even though it's not legally binding, these marriages should still be very special. It took me nearly three months to sell my husband on this idea," Heather said. "How's Dan doing with all this?" she asked Sara.

"Still not happy about it, and won't be attending today, understandably. Sharing me with someone else will just have to be something he has to get used to," Sara said.

"Maybe they should just both be thankful you didn't divorce them," Rachel said.

"True!" Sara said, trying to stuff her enormous rack in the sexy laced bridal bra. "Jesus, they do not make these bras for pregnant tits!" she commented, making the other moms giggle.

"I know what you mean," Heather said, her big hangers jostling heavily as she slid her dainty panties up her legs.. "I ordered from a lingerie company that caters to big breasted brides, but I still think the bra's gonna be extremely snug."

She pulled the tiny laced panties up beneath her garter belt, fitting the triangle of fabric snuggly against the swell of her shaved pubis. Then she turned her ass towards the other two women. "What do you think?" she asked, peeking down at her thick buttocks, that she had cocked out for them to look at.

Sara and Rachel looked over and gasped. The bridal panties stretched over Heather's thick peach-shaped buttocks had a cute heart-shaped cutout in the center. It exposed a portion of her unblemished flesh and her ass-crack running down through the center of the cutout.

"Oh my God, that's amazing!" Sara exclaimed. "Nick's gonna love it!" Rachel added.

"I hope so," Heather said. "If I had been thinking ahead, I could have let my pussy fuzz grow out a little bit, and done a little heart of Venus, like you did, Sara."

Sara smiled and ran the long painted nails of one hand through a short thin patch of pubic fur, that was trimmed in the shape of a heart. "What can I say...my pussy's in love with him!" she said cutely, making the other women giggle.

"I hope the boys dicks are ready for some wild wedding night cunt-pounding," Heather unintelligible said.

"Aren't those dicks **ALWAYS** hard and ready?"

"Ah, yeah!" Heather answered and they all laughed.

Heather hooked her garters, while Rachel and Sara slipped on their panties. The cheeks of Sara's buttock jiggled delightfully, as she shimmied the straps up around her hips, making the the thin white thong sink between the globes of her ass-flesh.

"I just hope I don't give birth on my wedding night. I was due like two days ago," Sara said.

"Well, Sara, if you're that concerned, I'll be happy to handle the sex portion of your wedding night," Rachel teased.

"I'm sure you would. I think I'll survive. I'll just have to remind Daniel that tonight might be more about gentle love making, rather than the savage pounding he's used to giving me."

"I hear you," Heather said. "If I can survive my wedding night without Nick breaking my water, my doctors want to induce me tomorrow."

"Hm, maybe you guys should just stick to some nice juicy assturbation tonight, not take any chances," Rachel suggested.

Sara and Heather looked at each other, smiled and shook their heads, rejecting the idea. "Assturbation is great, but I'll take my chances with some wedding night cunt-pounding," she said.

"Me too!" Sara agreed.

Daniel and Nick stood across from each other, dressed in sharp tuxes, waiting for their brides. In the decorative outdoor space were a small group of guests. Among them, was Candy and her mother Matty. They both wore sexy dresses, with necks cut low to display a lot of creamy cleavage. Both smiled, as they looked Daniel up and down.

Tanya was there with a sexy friend of hers. They both gazed lustfully at Nick, while whispering to each other, like two horny girls at a school dance. Tanya's hands rested on her own enormous ball of baby-meat, the result of her and Nick's wild fuck-sessions.

Also among the guests were Kristen and Garrett. Kristen snuggled against her teen, a huge cleavage bulging almost obscenely out of the neck of her dress, right below her boy's gaze. Their joined hands rested on her rounded belly. It was baby number two for the lovestruck mother-son couple.

Also in attendance, was Daniel's Aunt Theresa and his Grandma Liz. They proudly blew the boy kisses from their seats.

A beautiful instrumental piece, consisting of mostly harp and violin started, and everyone's eyes drifted to the clubhouse doors. Two beautiful angels emerged, in flowing white wedding gowns. Their long hair was done up meticulously and their makeup was perfect. Their smiles were gorgeous and gleaming with joy, and they both held colorful floral bouquets against the big rounded swells of their pregnant tummies.

Daniel and Nick's hearts beat wildly, as their beautiful mother-brides slowly stepped up the aisle towards them. They could hear their dainty five-inch heels clicking against the walkway, and see the form of their sexy mommy-legs moving gracefully beneath their gowns.

The boys eyes drifted up their delicately ornate dresses, to the huge mounds of tit-flesh jutting from their chests. Both moms had an extraordinary amount of cleavage showing, and even under the snug confines of their bridal bras, their meaty milkers trembled with every step.

Finally, they arrived in front of their boys and gazed at them with loving dreamy eyes. "You look beautiful! Both of you look beautiful!" Daniel said.

"Yes, agreed!" Nick added.

The mothers smiled proudly. "We do make pretty good mom-brides, don't we?" Sara said.

Heather's eyes quickly drifted up and down Nick's well-dressed body. "And you two make very yummy son-husbands," she said.

They turned to face the woman who was officiating the wedding. She was much older that the boy's mothers, but still very sexy. "Friends and family, we are gathered here today, to witness the union of these two couples. While these unions have no legal binding, they are still very much real. These two women are still legally married to their spouses, and now, they are additionally

committing themselves to their sons, to be their primary sexual partners, for years to come."

The woman conducting turned towards Sara and Daniel. "Sara, do you take Daniel to be your loving son-husband, to have and to hold, putting his sexual needs above those of your legal husband's, as long as you both shall see fit?"

Sara gazed at her son with her big beautiful eyes, smiling beaming. "I do!" she said, without hesitation.

"Daniel, do you take Heather to be your loving mother-wife, to have and to hold, meeting her every sexual need, as long as you both shall see fit?"

"I do!" the boy muttered, smiling at his mom.

The woman conducting then turned towards Nick and Heather. They both happily accepted the same vows. "I now declare both couples, sexual husband and wife, bonded in sexual intimacy. Boy's, you may now kiss your brides!"

Both couples excited locked lips, kissing passionately, with lots of tongue, as the guests clapped and cheered.

The eloquent music started again, and hand in hand, the boys and mothers strode up the aisle, smiling and waving at their cheering guests.

Once inside the clubhouse, the party got started, with drinking, dancing and socializing. The moms clung to their new husbands, not wanting to ever let them go. Of course, the boys didn't mind. Having such huge-titted beauties clinging onto them was a rush, especially the way their moms pressed their pregnant bellies up against them, sandwiching the fruit of their sexual exploits between them.

Congratulations, you guys!" their friend Kristen said, as her and her son Garrett shared congratulatory hugs with both couples.

All three boys loved the way the mothers mashed their huge soft matronly melons against them, and held them there as they hugged. Of course the mothers did it purposely, knowing what tit-hounds the boys were.

"I didn't realize you guys had another one on the way," Sara said as she looked down at Kristen's rounded belly.

"Yeah, half-way baked baby in there," Kristen giggled, patting her tummy.

Sara raised her eyebrows and thrust out her own enormous orb. "Over-baked baby in here!" she joked.

"Yeah, we were kinda surprised at first, but then what do you expect when you spend half the day, every day, fucking your asses off," Kristen joked.

"Well who can blame us moms, when we have such irresistible sons," Sara said, gazing over at her boy as he talked with Nick and Garrett.

"This is true!"

"Have you guys decided on a name for the baby yet?"

"We like Sierra, which my husband hates, but...not his baby, so not his choice" Kristen said.

The three boys stepped aside and talked separate from the mother's. "Damn, I've never seen so many pregnant moms in one place!" Garrett said. "Is your sister-in-law carrying your baby too?" he asked Daniel.

"Oh yeah, it's mine. My brother thinks it's his though," Daniel said, making the other boys laugh.

Daniel's Grandma Liz stepped up to the boy's, looking at her grandson proudly. "Congratulations, sugar!" she said, then opened her arms. "Do I get a hug?"

All three boys gawked at the mammoth tits pushing out her cotton dress. "Jesus Christ!" Garrett muttered, staring at Liz's jutting cannons.

"If he doesn't, I will!" Nick joked, making Liz laugh.

Daniel moved in for big tit-squasher. He could literally feel his body being squeezed down between her monster melons. He recalled how a few months ago, his Grandmother had invited him for an overnight visit. It was a time when his Grandpa was away from the house, on a fishing trip, giving him a chance to really nail his Grandmother good, and enjoy being smothered by those colossal tits, while he sucked and nibbled on them to his heart's content.

"Congratulations, Daniel," his girlfriend Candy said, sharing a hug with him.

"Thanks," the boy muttered, happy to have such a supportive, understanding girlfriend. Of course the girl wanted sex with her boyfriend as often as possible, but was amazingly understand of he and Sara's special bond.

Candy's beautiful mom Matty stepped forward, hugging the teen. Their recent sexual hookup was still fresh on both their minds. Horny beyond belief one night, Matty had told her husband she was going out to help a friend. Technically, she wasn't lying. She was helping Daniel drain his balls, in the backseat of **SUV**, at a secluded spot outside of town.

Matty whispered in his ear as they hugged. "All these pregnant mothers. I'm jealous...hint, hint!" she said..

"I'm happy for you, Nick!" Tanya said, stepping up to the teen. Her pregnant belly was so huge it looked like it could pop any second. They shared a hug, feeling their baby pressed between them. Several times over the course of her pregnancy, she had called the stud, when she was horny and her husband was working. Nick was always willing to fuck the sexy redhead and make her gush all over his cock.

"This is my friend Samantha," Tanya said, introducing Nick to the "plus one" she'd brought with her. Samantha was about Tanya's age, and was similar in build.

Nick took a quick glance at her big round melons. "Nice to meet you?" he said, sharing a gentle handshake.

"She was right, you're adorable," Samantha said. "And I hear you make house-calls? If your lucky mom ever wants a day to rest well-worked man-pleaser, feel free to come see me."

"Thanks!" Nick said, certain he would take her up on that offer. "Time to remove our garters boys!" Heather announced.

The two moms sat down in chairs and their teens knelt at their feet, watching them slide up their gowns, exposing their sexy, nylon encased legs. Then both moms sat back, making their big bellies stick out.

Daniel went under his mom's gown and saw the pale-pink garter, looped mid-thigh, around where her stocking stopped. Her legs were parted enough to give him a good look at her panty-covered crotch. The tiny patch of bridal lace hugged her mons like a second skin, showing the outline of her puffy outer labium, and the groove of fuck-slit. He hooked his fingers around the garter and pulled it down her soft nylon-covered leg.

Beneath his mom's gown, Nick was treated to a similar sight, except Heather's panties were completely sheer, giving him a mouthwatering view of her shaved fleshy clamshell, and the thick dome of her clitoral hood, protruding from the puffy outer lips. "Damn!" he muttered, under his breath, wishing he could lean forward and devour it.

He removed her black garter and the boy's flung them across the reception hall, to the cheers of all their guests.

The first dance was for the two newly married couples. The huge-titted brides clung to their new husbands, mashing their wonderful wobblers against them. They rocked in a slow, intimate dance and stared into each others eyes dreamily.

"Damn, I wish I could make love to you right now," Daniel said to his mom, then felt her hand tenderly rub his erect dick through his pants.

"Yeah?" Sara said, gazing at him lovingly. "In a hurry to get your new bride's panties off are you?"

"Yes!"

"Anxious to get her naked, and stretch her cunt-hole with that thick hard muscular cock?" she teased, grasping his hard shaft with her fingers.

"Oh God, Mom, yes!"

She gazed deeply into his eyes as she spoke. "You wanna fuse our naked bodies together, so you can fuck your pregnant mommy-bride hard?" she softly asked.

"Oh fuck, you're killing me!" he gasped excitedly.

Sara giggled. "Oh baby, you know that hot pussy-pounding sex is reserved for our wedding night, but if you want..."

"If I want what?"

"If you want, we could find a nice private spot, and you could fuck your new bride's asshole," she said teasingly.

"Really?"

"Well, yeah, it could be kinda sentimental, don't you think? I mean, that is how we got started with all this, after all. What better way to celebrate our new bond, than with a nice hot assturbation session."

"Sounds amazing!"

Sara looked over at Heather and smiled. "The guests seemed to all be enjoying themselves. We're gonna head to the back room for a little booty bumping. You guys wanna join?"

"Hell yes we do!" Nick said eagerly, sporting his own monster erection.

Heather giggled. "I guess that's a yes!" she said, inwardly just as horny and anxious as her son was for some hot anal sex.

Moments later, the four of them were in the dimly lit back room, and the boy's were bending their moms over a table, side by side. They lifted the women's fluffy gowns over their thick asses, and attempted to pull their dainty panties down.

"Slow down, boys!" Heather said, as her and Sara giggled by how anxious the teens were. "Y ou'll have to unfasten the garter-staps first."

Nick was able to get his mom's unhooked rather quickly, marveling at the big heart-shaped cutout in her panties. The he yanked them

down to her thighs, exposing her fleshy bare buttocks.

Daniel finally figured it out, unhooked the strapped, then peeling the tiny thong from between his mom's buns, as he lowered her panties.

"Wet your dicks with our cunts!" Sara said, with heavy excited breath.

Daniel grasped onto his cock, stepped up behind his mom and drug his engorged knob through her slick folds. He shouldn't have been, but he was surprised at how wet she was with secreting juices.

His mom bobbed her thick ass a few times excitedly. "Yes! Fuck my asshole, baby!" she cried out yearningly.

After nearly a year of this, the boys were seasoned pros at giving anal sex. Nick spread his mom's half-moons apart, exposing the cute crinkled ring of her butthole. The bell of his cock was wet with her juices, and his tongue hung out lustfully as he squeezed his knob her anus.

The boy's felt their mother's ass-rings slip over their wet knobs, and their cocks sunk in slowly. All four of them sighed in ecstacy, as they were physically joined for the first time as married couples.

The teens eased their cocks back a little, knowing that next thrust forward would be absolute heaven. And indeed it was! Their boners sunk deep into their mother's hot rectums, feeling the rubbery walls respond by squeezing exquisitely around their tender dicks.

"Ohh yess, it feels so fucking good!" Heather cried out, her upper-half sprawled across the table.

The boy's began pounding the mother's asses. Daniel grasped Sara's hips, thrusting his own midsection and spearing his boner through the snug ring of her asshole. He sighed in pleasure, feeling her squeeze him with her strong sphincter muscles.

"Use our garter belts to hang on to. That's what they're there for!" Sara said, her voice quivering from her son's hammering fuck-humps.

Taking the mother's advice, both boys grasped onto the lacy floral-embroidered garter belts, and used them to hang onto for leverage, as they fucked their mother's asses from behind.

Daniel and Nick looked across at the humping ass of the other boy's mom, then smiled up at each other triumphantly. They both had beautiful moms, with heavy tits and ample asses, who were crazy for their cocks. It didn't get much better than this.

"Fuck!" Daniel gasped excitedly, looking down at a sight he never tired of seeing. His mom's thick fleshy buttocks beat against his midsection tirelessly. The fatty layers, just beneath the unblemished skin of her buns, made her butt-meat ripple delightfully, each time it struck his crotch.

Nick loved the feel of his hammering hardness plunging his mom's tight ass-tract. His weeping piss-slit had drooled just enough pre-spunk to lubricate her ass-tube perfectly. Holding her garter belt, he felt like a jockey riding a thoroughbred. At times, he still felt like he had to pinch himself, to see if this was all real. The sight of Heather's ass-ring stretched around the thick muscular tube of his prick, as it plunged deeply into her ass, seemed almost surreal.

"Ohh!! Both mother's whimpered, as they had their heinies humped by their big-dicked grooms.

The boy's hard dicks flexed and throbbed, feeling their mom's strong rubbery shit-muscles squeeze and suck on their hardons, making the teens whimper in delight.

The women had each worked a hand down between their legs, rubbing their engorged clitoris's, adding to the divine pleasure that surged through their mature bodies.

Daniel and Nick could tell whenever their moms were cumming. Not just by the obvious squeals and cries they made, but also by the way their asses tightened up around them even more.

"Ohh fuck!" Daniel groaned, humping with steady thrusts, as he felt her bowels pushing and flexing against him. He always lewdly thought of it as her trying to shit his dick out, which is exactly what she'd be doing if he wasn't pushing right back at her, socking his hard boner through that tight smothering pink tube of flesh. "Shit, I'm gonna cum!" he whimpered.

The spongy pink mass encasing his knob seemed to swallow ever gob of spunk that hosed from his meatus, pushing his creamy offering back into her ass-guts.

Nick too was grunting, as he blasted his spunk deeply into his mom's ass. He had fucked other girls, including Tanya, up their assholes, so he could appreciate the skills that Heather possessed, when it came to milking his cock with her ass. The experienced mother was so good, she could actually make her ass feel like clasping fingers, rolling down his boner with hot milking motions. Nick didn't know how the hell she did it, but it felt fucking amazing, especially while his cock was so sensitive during orgasm.

For several minutes the boy's let their mother's squeeze out ever drop of spunk their cocks could produce in one cum. "Holy shit! That was hot!" Nick said.

"Isn't it always?" His mom asked. "Fuck yes!"

Daniel pulled his hard peter from Sara's butt, watching her ass-ring clench closed. He smiled to himself,, satisfied that a load of his milky essence would be soaking along the hot walls of his mother's ass tunnel for the rest of the evening.

Heather and Sara stood upright, pulling their panties back up. Their gowns fell back to the floor and they stepped over, then crouched

down and cleaned their boy's cocks with their tongues.

"Wow oh wow!" Nick muttered, watching Heather's thick pink tongue roll around all over his shiny bell.

"Can't let you boys go back out there, without cleaning you up first," she said.

Daniel looked down in awe and watched his sexy mother swipe her wet tongue up the length of his cock, from his balls to his knob. Just below the action, was the biggest, most succulent cleavage he'd ever laid eyes on. He guessed that his mom was wearing some sort of push-up bra beneath her gown, making her already huge cleavage look absolutely monstrous.

Satisfied that their boys were cleaned off, Sara and Heather stood back up, and kissed them. "Shall we get back to the reception, boys?" Sara asked.

"If we have to," her son joked.

Chapter 22: Wedding-night shudders

The mothers giggled, as their strong boys carried them across the threshold, into their shared suite. They put the moms down, and were quickly met with warm tantalizing embraces. "Mm, I think after all that excitement, I could use a nice hot jacuzzi bath, how bout you, Sara?"

"Sounds wonderful," Sara said, gazing into her son's eyes. "How about it, boys? There's a jacuzzi tub in there, just big enough for four."

"Well, technically we're six, mom, so we probably wouldn't all fit," Daniel joked, making his mom giggle.

"True, but I think we can squeeze us all in somehow."

The brides led their new hubbys into the luxurious bathroom, where just as Sara said, there was a large jacuzzi tub. "Help us out of these gowns, boys," Heather said.

Daniel and Nick helped their moms shed the big wedding dresses, and were delighted by what they were wearing beneath them. "Wowzers!" Nick muttered, gawking at his mother, as she stood there in high heels and sexy bridal lingerie.

Heather turned and started the water in the tub, bending over and pointing her thick buttocks at Nick, giving him a good look at the back of her panties and the heart-shaped cutout..

Daniel's eyes were wide with desire, as he watched Sara step towards him in her skimpy white bra, panties, stockings and lacy bridal garter set. Both her and Heather looked straight out of a

Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, with huge round baby-ball tummies as an added bonus.

"Time to shed these tuxes, boys!" Heather said, as her and Sara undressed their sons. They stripped them right down to their birthday suits, and wern't surprised to find both teens sporting massive hardons.

Heather squeezed the tip of Nick's boner. "Did I do that?" she teased. "Um, yeah! It hasn't freakin' gone down all day," her son answered.

"Oh, I'm sorry, baby," she said with a pouty face, then quickly kissed him. "Okay, not really! she joked, with a giggle.

The moms teasingly removed their bras, making their enormous tit-melons spring free. Their aroused nipples were big and erect, eager to be sucked and nibbled on.

Sara and Heather slowly unclasped their garters, then hooked their thumbs under the elastic waistband of their panties and peeled them down their sexy legs.

The boys couldn't help but reach down and squeeze their dicks, at the sight of their mother's pubic mounds. Heather's vulva was completely shaved, and Sara had that sexy heart-shaped pubic fuzz, that made Daniel's cock flex, rising to an even higher upward angle.

"Looks like we both have heart-ons," his mom said with a flirty wink.

Next, the moms removed their garter belts, sliding them over the naked ass-globes and stepping out of them. Now they stood there in just their white stockings and high heels. "Wow! You guys should have just worn that to the wedding!" Nick said, his eyes wide with desire.

"Naw, we were saving our birthday suits for our wedding night," Heather said.

The women turned and stepped toward the tub, their thick rounded ass-meat swaying seductively as the walked. They both sat down on the edge of the tub. "You boys wanna help these pregnant moms take off take off these stockings?"

The teens didn't have to be asked twice. They stepped over and knelt at their mother's legs. Daniel peeled the nylon down his mother's smooth curvy leg, watching it slip off her dainty foot, with her perfectly painted toes. Sara was leaned back slightly, with her hands on the edge of the tub, making her milk-swollen melons and giant baby-orb, balloon outward, taking her son's breath away. She smiled and puckered her lips, blowing him a sensual kiss.

Nick loved how smooth the nylon felt, but the leg that was exposed, as he pulled the hose off, was even softer. He licked his lips, as his eyes drifted up Heather's thigh, to her bare crotch, then up the big rounded contour of her underbelly. He couldn't wait to feel it pressed against his lower abdomen, as he buried his boner up her birthing tube.

"The tubs almost full," Sara said. "Get in, boys."

Daniel and Nick stood up and climbed into the large tub. Heather started the jets, and the teens were surrounded in bubbles, as they sat down side by side. "Oh, man, that feels good!" Daniel said, sitting back and relaxing in the heated water.

"Not as good as it's about the feel,' Sara said, as her and Heather joined them in the tub.

The teens watched excitedly, as their pregnant brides climbed down on top of them, straddling their midsections. Heather leaned forward against her son, so they were mostly submerged.

She sandwiched their baby between them, and pressing her huge knockers against his upper chest. Nick thrust his pecker, rubbing it's engorged tip against his mom's perineum beneath the water.

"Need a place for that thing?" she asked, gazing lustfully into his eyes. "I can think of a place I'd like it to be, yeah."

The mother rose up slightly, reaching down, grasping his erection and squeezing it inside her cunt-hole. "There! Is that place you had in mind?" she asked.

"Yes! Feel terrific!' the teen sighed, feeling his glans sizzle, as they sunk through the velvety walls of her pussy.

Daniel needed no assistance finding his target. As Sara settled down against him, his boner pierced her twat and sunk up into heaven. The moms brought the full weight of the pregnant bodies against their boys, their enormous milk-filled boobies pancaked against their upper chests. Both couples kissed passionately, as Sara and Heather glided their wide hips in little mini-thrusts beneath the water, squeezing the boy's boners with their strong coital walls.

Inside Nick's mouth two fleshy tongues battled it out with wet wiggling desire.

"Mm, that's what those hard dicks wanted, isn't it boys? Mommy's hot pussy!" Heather asked between kisses.

Nick answered for both of them. "Fuck, yes!"

Sara gasped, feeling her son's bell-shaped knob repeatedly bump against the back wall of her vagina. Being so close to giving birth, her cervix had shortened and thinned, so that Daniel's cock was literally digging an inch below the baby's head. His mom pointed this out. "You go any deeper and you'll be poking into your little sister."

"I won't! I'm good right there!" he sighed. The thin, bulging head of her cervix created a delightful sensation on the tip of his prick. It felt like a set of puckered lips, smearing his glans with hot cervical mucus.

Sometimes the best part about fucking their moms, was just listening to them moan and whimper. The teens both remembered sneaking to their parent's doorway and listening to them have sex late at night. The sounds their mothers made fueled their masturbation sessions growing up. Now their moms were making those same sounds, but it was their cocks, and not their father's that were giving them pleasure. It was an absolute rush to even think about.

Over the next ten boner-grinding minutes, the boys purposely let themselves slouch lower, so they could wedge their heads between Sara and Heather's giant, milk-sloshing melons.

"God damn!" Daniel sighed, licking his mom's inner slopes, her jugs now resting again his shoulders, sandwiching his head between them.

Nick went straight for Heather's nipple, sucking all that rubbery, mahogany-colored mammilla into his greedy mouth. He whimpered delightfully, pressing into her boob, masking his face in soft spongy tit-meat, while lashing his licker across the engorged flesh of her nipple and areola.

"Yes! Suck me, Nicky!" his mother cooed.

Hot bubbles boiled around their gently rocking bodies. Their genitals were knotted in a slow steady fuck-rhythm. The mothers eye's were closed and they panted in pleasure, their pretty faces were tilted back in ecstacy. "Ohhh!..Mmmm!...Ahhh!" they sighed, in a beautiful mommy-duet.

Sara was still in awe at how incredible stiff her son's cock was. She had gone so many years with Dan's mediocre boner, that she had forgotten just how rock-hard a young cock could get. Not only that, but Daniel's prick was so much longer and thicker than her husband's. He could reach sensitive pleasure-zones at the back of her vagina, that Dan couldn't even come close to reaching. She feared Daniel had ruined sex with her husband forever.

Daniel whimpered into his mom's meaty boob, feeling her body stiffen up, then begin to tremble in orgasm. He knew that this was when she needed him to perform at his best, and that he'd be rewarded by feeling a gush of hot girl-cum washing over his prick.

The boy pumped his hips upward, meeting her swiveling humps. He clenched his ass and flexed his cock, causing all the blood-engorged muscle and veins in his shaft to bulge, stretching her inner lining out even more. His bulbous knob, expanded into a huge purple helmet, ramming through the quivering ribbed pipeline of Sara's vagina. "Yes! Ohh fuck! I'm cumming!" she cried out shamelessly.

Still sucking away at her tit as he fucked, Daniel got his reward, feeling the liquid love swirl around his cock.

Hearing Sara cry out made Nick want to make his mother do the same. He bucked his hips, driving his hardon with greater intensity. His mouth was stuffed full of his mother's tit cap. He used to be able to get all of it into his mouth, but Heather's areola had grown so much wider and thicker from her pregnancy, that Nick could only get the majority of he areolas in his mouth. Her nipples too had grown incredibly large and puffy. He could taste the sweet colostrum seeping from the duct at the tip of her teat, as his tongue beat against it.

His extra effort paid off, as he felt her cunt-tube tighten and heard his mom begin to cry out in orgasmic rapture. He adjusted his head, pulling at her nipple, so he could look up at her pretty face as it

contorted in pleasure. He never tired of seeing his mom this way, in her most primal act, crying out as women were made to do.

"Shit!" he exclaimed, his mom's rubbery nub popping his mouth. His glans were tingling like crazy, pumping through the spewing hot grip of Heather's contracting vagina.

"Yes! Gimme that fucking load, baby!!" Heather cried out.

Her lusty words opened his flood gates, making him hose out a big rich blast of pearly-white semen.

Daniel too, felt his balls clench and push a hot load up spunk up his urethra. It blasted out his piss-slit, slathering the smothering walls of Sara's tightly-gripping pussy. The teen poked his pleasure-filled face up from between her meaty-melons and cried out in ecstacy.

For several minutes, the lucky boys grunted and gasped as they had their cum-spirting dicks milked exquisitely by the skilled walls of the tubes they had both squeezed out of so many years ago.

They all got out and towel off. Sara then dropped her towel and took her son's hand, leading him towards the adjoining bedroom. "Have a fun night, guys!" she said, peeking back at Heather and Nick. Sara was so big and pregnant that she walked with a cute little waddle, the thick cheeks of her mommy-buttocks undulating atop her luscious legs.

"You too! Don't break the bed!" Heather said.

"Well it better be well built then, that's all I can say," Sara giggled.

Heather looked at her son and smiled, her hair still damp and slicked back. "What do you think, honey? Should we go test the springs on **OUR** mattress?" she asked.

Nick smiled eagerly, stepping up close to her. "Jump on!" he said.

The beautiful mother folded her arms behind his neck and sprung gracefully from the floor, wrapping her strong smooth legs around him. Nick gripped her at the thighs and carried her into the bedroom, savoring the feel of her smothering tits and baby-orb against his torso.

In the bedroom across the suit, Sara crawled onto the huge luxurious bed, wagging her thick ass teasingly, for her son to see, as she crawled to the center of the mattress. Daniel was amazed at how far her tits hung down, wobbling like two huge engorged udders needing to be milked.

Sara sprawled out on her back, propping herself up on her elbows and looking down at her son.

She brought her knees up, splaying her legs, so they formed an extremely wide V. Her cute bare feet with their maroon-painted toenails hovered in the air. "That was some nice intimate love making in the tub, now it's time to come up here and **FUCK** me, like a savage beast!" she said lustfully. It was a contradiction of what she hold told Heather early, in the dressing room, about having a night of "gentle love-making." When it came down to it, the horny mom couldn't help herself. Pregnant or not, she loved to be fucked hard and rough.

Daniel gazed between her legs, at the neatly trimmed heart of dark pubic fuzz. Just below it, her juicy clitoris stuck out from beneath it's fleshy hood. Her labial lips were peeled open, revealing her creamy pink fuck-slit.

The boy crawled towards her like a horny hound. The excitedly look on his mom's face at that moment was awesome! The words "savage beast" that she used, told him just how she wanted to be fucked, and he was more than happy to oblige. He dropped down on top of her, not being the least bit gentle, then speared his erection up her fuck-channel in one long thrust.

"Yess!!" Sara cried out, feeling her pussy crammed full.

The aggressive teen reached down and cupped his mom's ass with his hands, his fingers sinking in to her fatty ass-flesh. His hips set in motion, and he fucked his mother with long deep thrusts, making his big balls beat against her upturned ass.

His lips met hers and she cried into his open mouth. "Ohh my God!"

They kissed with frenzied passion, their tongues dueling wildly. The big bed creaked and jerked, as Daniel fucked his mom "savagely," just as she requested. Sara's circled legs crept up her baby, high around his back, the toes of her feet clenched in ecstacy. Her round baby-ball distended out at the sides, as her son's torso pushed against it.

Because of her protruding tummy, Sara's tits weren't crushed against him as much, as they normally would be in this position. This allowed her oversized knockers the freedom to move around a lot more between them. Daniel watched as they leaped up and down. He could almost hear the milk sloshing around inside them. "Ohh yeah!" he sighed, mesmerized by their

wild movements. "They just look so fucking heavy and yummy!" his aroused mind exclaimed.

In the room across the suite, a scene of similar sorts was playing out. Heather was on her back on the center of the mattress, folded in half beneath her son, with legs propped up on his shoulders.

His cock thundered through her cunt, like a plunging piston tirelessly working through a crankshaft. Her labial flaps were stretched open lewdly around the thick pounding slab of her son's muscular cock. "Ohhh! Ohhh God!!" the busty mother cried, her voice trembling from the force of her son's fuck-plunges.

Her cunt suddenly felt like it was turning inside out around his cock, causing the boy to tilt his head back, snarling in delight. Cumming hard, Heather slid her legs off his shoulder, but kept them high up around his back, so she could grip onto him, while she rocked her pelvis, meeting every thrust of his cock.

"Fuck, Mom!" he cried out, overwhelmed by the feel of her squeezing and humping his cock, while griping him with her strong silky legs. The unbelievable feel of jostling tits and her big smothering baby-orb only intensified this amazing fuck.

"Feel good, baby boy?!" she shouted. "Feel good to have your mommy-bride fuck her pussy up onto your cock?"

"Yess!" her son hissed, listening to their wet crotches beat together. "You gonna fuck me all night? Show me what a fucking stud I married?" "Oh fuck yes, Mom!"

She suddenly struck his ass with her hand. "Come on, fuck me harder! I know you can fuck harder than this!"

Nick intensified his thrusts, really nailing the fuck out of her. Heather was so horny that it still didn't seem like enough. She slapped his ass again. "Harder, motherfucker!" her voice cried out.

The boy's ass was a blur, as he hammered his thick pecker through her fuck-tube. Heather suddenly gasped and tilted her head, her eyes rolling back. She clawed at the son, holding him against her as tightly as she could.."**FUUUCK!**" she screamed, writhing beneath him, arching her back and lifting them both from the mattress.

With her back arched, Nick wrapped his arm around her torso and drove his cock in as deep as it could go, squirting out a big jet of cum. Her back landed flat again, but her son's arms were still around her. Her lovely legs were now twisted around him and were shaking from the power of her orgasm. She continued to use them to clutch

and writhed beneath him, their naked body rocking wildly like two fuck-obseesed animals in a sexual wrestling match.

"God!" Nick grunting, pouring out more cum, while it felt like his mom's birth canal was melting around him.

For a half-hour they rocked and trembled, feeling their joined genitals throb and pulse. They kissed and licked each other's bodies..They were in no hurry. It was their wedding day, and they had all night. Actually, they had more than that. They had a lifetime.

In the room across the suite, Sara was on top of her son, sitting upright and rocking on his cock. Daniel ran his hands over the beach-ball sized swell of her pregnant tummy, but his eyes were mostly fixed on the two enormous milkers crowning the top.

His gaze drifted upward to see his mom's pretty face peeking down at him, over her jutting mounds. "You're so incredibly beautiful!" he muttered.

She smiled blushingly. "You always seem to know just the right words, don't you? I suppose that's the reason why you're laying where you are," she said.

Daniel felt her squeeze his deeply embedded cock with her strong cunt muscles. "Okay, maybe not the only reason," she confessed with a giggle, acknowledging the way he packed her so full, and how she loved it so fucking much. "So did you ever dream that when I started giving my ass to you, that we'd be where we are now? I mean, you've practically stolen me from your father"

"Well, I never thought **THIS** would happen, but I certainly hoped it would."

"It's like I've gone from a temporary sexual fill-in, to your full-on pregnant fuck-wife!" she said with a cute giggle.

"Best fuck-wife ever!" Daniel added.

"Don't worry, I know you love my ass, so I'll make sure you still get plenty of naughty assturbation sessions."

Daniel's eyes locked on her giant tits, with their big puffy nipples. "Can I get plenty of time with those too?" he asked, licking his lips.

Sara laughed, then dropped forward, lowered her bobbling breasts onto her son's face. "What do you think?" she asked. Her big naked buns began to rise and fall, as she fucked her boy's hardon through the horny grip of her vagina.

Daniel had fucked lots of women, but this was where it was at. It simply didn't get any better. He peeked up from between the massive mounds, delighted by the way her milk-engorged melons jiggled, as they hugged each side of head. He was close enough to see the big blue veins that were visible beneath the skin of her breasts, reminding him of the transformation his mom's body had undergone the past nine months.

"Yess!" Sara cried out, as she felt her son flex his boner, and hump his ass from the mattress, meeting her exquisite fuck-thrusts.

Daniel wrapped her in his arms, squeezing their flesh together as tightly as he could, as he speared his cock up into her soft body. "Ohh shit yeah!" the boy whimpered, feeling his mom's cushy feminine charms melt around him.

Their bodies gradually moved into a frenzied rhythm, rocking and humping with wild motions. Daniel wanted to fuck his mom to the moon and back, and Sara had the wicked urge to pull her son's entire body inside her and give birth to him all over again, if such a thing were possible.

The bed whined and rocked from the force of their fucking. Daniel had his face wedged against the inside portion of one of her tits. His

entire head looked like it was being swallowed by tit-cleavage. He snarled against the quivering meat that was masking his face, pushing his cock up through rubbery coital rings, that grasped around his throbbing muscle, soaking it in secreting fuck-oil.

Sara rose onto extended arms that rested on either side of her son's head. She swiveled her cunt like a bitch in heat, plowing his erection against her back wall. Now her hanging milkers were swinging all around his face, brushing and bumping and smacking against her son from the rhythm of her skillful cock-riding.

The unyielding hardness of her boy's meaty muscle made her entire body tremble with a pre-orgasmic thrill. "Ohh baby, I love your cock!!" she cried out, feeling his engorged knob stretch the hot lining deep in her core.

Daniel reached up and pulled her back down against him, jackhammering his cock up and down her fuck-tube with savage thrusts. Their crotches made a lewd smacking sound, as they both pumped with equal passion. "Yes!! **GOD, IM CUMMING!!**" the sexy mother announced.

"Me too!" Daniel's voice trembled.

The sounds their mouths made after that were unintelligible, just deep guttural grunts, as they exploded in a mind-blowing mutual orgasm. Being buried beneath his mother's pregnant, huge-titted body made it even more intense for the boy.

The girl-cum that swirled around Daniel's cum-spurting knob felt like a dozen tongues rolling all over his glans. Sara could feel his cock swelling and flexing with ever spurt of his load, stretching the pink velvet sheath, as it hugged his humping dong like a juicy fist.

When their bodies finally went limp, they both let out a deep satisfied sigh, with Sara's head resting on her teen's chest.

"Amazing!" Daniel muttered.

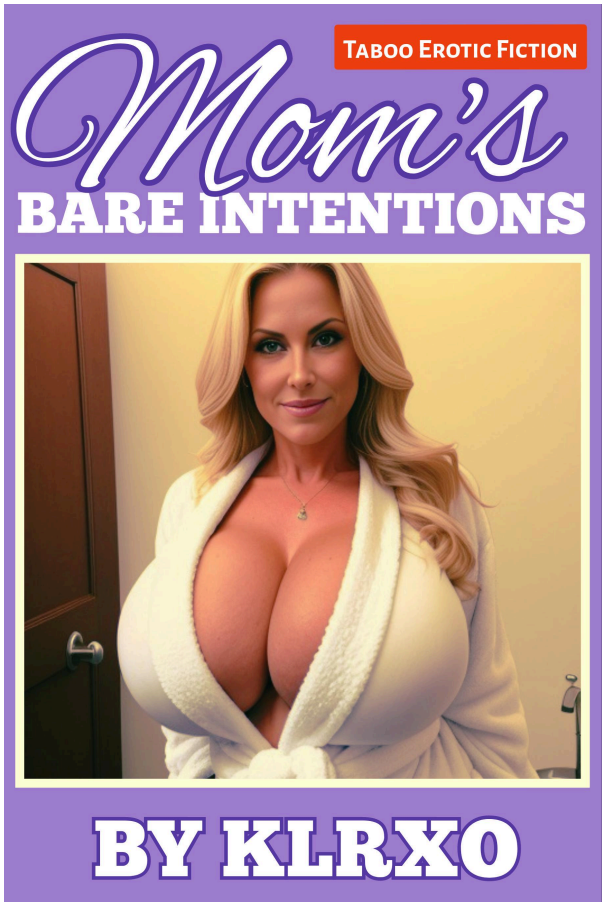
"Explosive!" Sara said, breathlessly, her cunt walls still quivering. "Fantastic!" the boy sighed, feeling his prick encased in wet warmth.

Sara felt it throb and lifted her head, gazing into his eyes. "Wanna go again?" she asked wantonly.

"Hell yes!" Daniel answered eagerly.

Daniel and Sara were giddily in love. The sexual adventures they had shared were just the beginning of what would be a long passionate sexual relationship.

THE END



Mom's BARE Intentions

By Klrxo

"Who wants popcorn?" Rosie shouted as she joined the family for movie time. It was a Friday night tradition at the Jenkins home.

"I do!" her five year old daughter Missy shouted.

Rosie scooped some popcorn from a large bowl to a smaller one and handed it to her daughter. She then looked over at her son. "Thomas, popcorn kiddo?" she asked.

"I'm good, thanks," the teen muttered, forcing a smile. Much to his displeasure, family movie night was a requirement from his parents, in hopes of having a night to bring the family together.

The one thing Thomas did like about movie night was it allowed him to steal looks at his mom, who he thought was the sexiest woman on the planet. Rosie Jenkins looked like a 38-year-old Farrah Faucet, with striking facial features and shoulder length blonde hair. However, what fascinated Thomas the most was her body. He could hardly look at it without blushing. This was because he loved big boobs, and his mom had a ridiculously large rack that defied the laws of gravity by regularly wobbling around, even under a snug modest covering.

"What's this movie about anyway?" his dad Pete asked as he sat down next to his wife of nineteen years.

"I don't know much about it, except that it's a comedy and Gail said it was hilarious," Rosie said. "That's what you said about last week's movie too and it turned out to be 'hilariously' long and stupid." Rosie slapped her hubby on the knee playfully. "Give it a chance," she said.

Thomas loved watching comedies on family night, only because he could sneak peeks at his mom's jiggling breasts every time she laughed at a scene. Even though her monster mounds were his favorite part of her, they weren't the only things he was fascinated with. His mom had a wonderful peach-shaped ass and sexy shapely legs that always looked so smooth and strong. Tonight, she happened to be wearing some pale pink sweat-shorts, which allowed the boy to peek over at his leisure, and study her sexy bottom-half.

He was more than embarrassed when he noticed her looking over at him, catching him in the act.

Rosie was well aware of her son's wandering eyes, but also noticed how red his face would become and how he always looked away

timidly.

She had also become aware of a regular pattern of behavior during movie-time that she found troublesome. This one came about a half-hour into the film, when the pretty female character in the movie took her top off. It only really showed the girl's back and a small portion of her ass, but like clockwork, her son blushingly got up from the couch and rushed away. "I gotta use the bathroom," he said, just as he always did.

Thomas would always return when the scene was over.

The worried mother decided to bring this up with her husband later as they sat in bed. "Can I ask you something?" she said.

"I charge a kiss on the lips for questions this late," her husband joked.

"A price I'm fine with paying," Rosie said as she leaned over and planted one on his lips. "Mm, my best customer," he muttered with a big smile.

His wife slapped him on the shoulder playfully. "And your **ONLY** customer I certainly hope?" "Of course… he said. "Business is slow this time of year."

She tickled him this time. "Not funny, you shit!" "Ok seriously, what's your question?" he asked.

"Do you ever notice how Thomas dismisses himself from movie-time, every time there's a semi-undressed female on the screen?" "Yeah, I've noticed," he said.

"You don't find that a bit odd?"

"They boy's shy, what are you gonna do?" Pete said.

"Shy? Honey, these are family movies. That wasn't even full nudity tonight and he rushed away like he'd just got the shock of his life."

"Rosie, some boys are just shy like that. At least we know he's probably not addicted to porn," Pete joked.

"No, but reacting that way… to just to mild nudity. That's not normal."

"Define 'normal.' Everyone's different. Thomas just happens to be extremely shy and timid about those things."

"So what happens if he's on a date, and a girl tries to make a move on him. What's he gonna do, run off?" Rosie asked.

"Maybe he will. If the girl likes him enough, she'll just be patient and help him work through those issues."

Rosie fed her husband a testy look. "We were both his age when we started dating. If you ran off when I tried to make a move, I would have taken it personally and not gone out with you again."

"Gee, thanks."

"Of course I wouldn't do that now, but my point is young girls are selfish, and they take everything personally. If Thomas marches out on a date, he'll be lucky if that girl every speaks to him again," Rosie explained.

"Look, we don't know that he'd even do that, ok. I mean, maybe he's just embarrassed to watch that stuff in front of us. Maybe he doesn't have issues at all when he's around girls at school."

"You could be right," Rosie said with a softened expression. "Maybe I am just overreacting." "**YOU**, overreact? Never!" Pete joked.

His wife took another playful slap at him. "I'll try to ignore the whole exiting the movie thing, but I just hope this level of shyness doesn't extend beyond that."

"And I'm right on board with you," Pete said. "Let's just not make any assumptions just yet."

Rosie knew her husband had a point. Perhaps she was assuming the worst when it came to their son's shyness. Still though, she wanted to be sure. She was curious to see how he'd react in an uncomfortable situation outside family movie-time, so she formulated a plan.

"God, what a beautiful day!" Rosie's friend Gail said as they walked onto the beach carrying their big beach bags.

"And the beach isn't packed like it usually is," Rosie said, then looked back at her son trailing behind them, pulling the cooler. "How you doing back there, kiddo?"

"Good," her son said, plugging along in the sand. Near him was Rosie's daughter Missy and Gail's 19- year-old daughter Paris.

"Hey, Paris, will you swim with me?" Missy asked. "Maybe, if the water's not too cold," Paris answered. "How's this spot?" Gail said, dropping her bag on the sand.

"Seems as good as any to me," Rosie answered, spreading her towel out. "Thomas, you should swim with us," his sister suggested.

"Maybe in a little while," the teen answered, bringing the cooler to rest, then sitting down. "Come on, Paris!" the young girl said, excitedly dashing for the water.

"I'll be right down," the 19-year-old giggled.

"Looks like you made a new best friend, Paris," Rosie joked. "I don't mind. She's adorable."

Thomas's eyes suddenly widened as the three women began stripping down to their bikinis. Through the corner of her eye, Rosie watched her son's reaction carefully. This was the moment that would either prove or discredit her theory about him being shy outside of family movie-time.

The teen watched as Paris pulled off her skirt, bending over and pointing her bikini-clad ass back at him. He quickly looked away, but was struck with the site of Paris's mother Gail in her bikini-top. It wasn't the most revealing top he'd ever seen, but the fact that she had huge motherly boobies made it seem extremely risqué to him.

His face turned all kinds of red, and when he timidly moved his head again, he was met with the site of his mother's body this time. Rosie was facing him, bent forward, exposing the hugest, gaping cleavage he'd ever seen.

"I gotta… um, go to the car," the boy announced, hopping up and scrambling away. The three women watched him abruptly rush off. "Is he ok?" Gail asked with concern. "I'm not sure. I'll go check," Rosie said, following after her boy.

While the boy awkwardly rushed towards the parking area, the bikini-clad mother patiently followed. Rosie's huge ballooning tits trembled delightfully as she walked. Her bikini was by no means inappropriate, but the fact that her tits were so enormous and fat surely made it seem that way. "Honey?" she called out, following her boy. "Honey, hold up a minute."

"I just um, forgot something in the car, mom," he answered.

Thomas finally arrived at the vehicle, got in the back seat and closed the door. A half a minute later, his mom opened it and looked in at

him. "Okay, what did you forget?" she asked patiently. "Just… my um…" he muttered, pretending to look around for something.

"Uh-huh, that's what I thought," Rosie said, then got in and closed the door.

The mother crossed her sexy bare legs, but Thomas pretended not to notice. "What's going on with you?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered, shrugging his shoulders. "Thomas, look at me," she said patiently.

"What, mom, I just wanna sit in here for a few minutes." "Will you please look at me?"

"No," he muttered timidly. "Why?"

"Why do I have to?" he asked.

"I think the more appropriate question here is why don't you want to? I'm trying to have a conversation with you," Rosie said.

"Mom, there nothing wrong. I'll be down in a few minutes." "Is it because I have a bikini on?" she asked frankly.

"No."

"I think it is." "It's not."

"Then why did you rush away suddenly when we took our cover-ups off? The same way you ran away last night when the girl got partially naked during the movie," Rosie said.

"I had to pee."

His mom giggled. "You did not. You do that every time, kiddo. Any time there's a love scene, or a woman partially undressed, you rush

away until the scene is over, then you come back. Why?" "No reason, mom. Can we just drop it?"

"No, we can't. I get that you want some time alone right now, but I'm not leaving until you look over here and have this conversation with me," she said with motherly authority.

Thomas slowly peered over, first spotting his mother's dangling bare foot. It was so dainty and sexy, with fleshly painted blood-red toenails. His eyes drifted up her smooth matronly leg, which seemed to shimmer from being freshly shaved and having a recently applied layer of suntan oil. Next, he followed her bare midriff up to the monstrous swell of her tits. Despite it being a 'modest' bikini, the amount of breast-meat that was spilling out all over the place was obscene, forcing the teen to quickly look away again.

This time, the concerned mother uncrossed her legs , placing both feet on the floor between their seats, and leaned over to touch his shoulder tenderly. "Thomas, honey… look at me. Just look at my face," she said lovingly.

The teen looked over into his mom's deep blue eyes. "You're timid, I get it, but are you like this all the time?" she asked.

"I guess so," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "You guess so. It's a yes or no question, kiddo." "I just um… get embarrassed," he admitted.

"Embarrassed when you see a woman partially undressed, or in a bikini?" "Yes."

"Have you always been that way? I never really noticed you acting funny until recently," his mom said. "Ever since I can remember, I get that way sometimes."

"But you had a girlfriend earlier this year," Rosie pointed out. "What would happen when she took something off in front of you?"

"What do you think would happen, mom?" "You'd run away?" Rosie asked curiously.

"Yes, I'd get embarrassed. Why do you think she's not my girlfriend any more? She thought I was weird."

Rosie rubbed his shoulder. "I'm sure she didn't think you were weird, but girls your age are extremely self-conscious. She probably thought you were running off because there was something wrong with her," she explained.

"I told her there wasn't, that it was just me… it's just the way I am."

"I'm sure you did, honey. Unfortunately, younger girls are a little less tolerant to issues like that. Their brains are wired to take things personally. Trust me, I was that age once."

"I guess I'll just never have a girlfriend then," Thomas said with a sulking face.

"Nonsense," his mom said.

"It's not nonsense. What girl would wanna go out with a guy who can't even look at her when she takes her clothes off?"

Rosie knew he was right. If he continued on this way, he'd be hard pressed to find a girl that would stay with him. She also knew these issues were deeply psychological and there was no easy solution. "Gail and I will put our cover-ups back on. Will you please just… take a few minutes then come back down?"

"I'll try."

"I love you," his mom said tenderly.

He glanced at her pretty face. "Love you too."

Rosie got out and strode away from the vehicle. The boy couldn't help but peek out the window and watch her move back towards the beach. The bikini-bottoms were molded perfectly around the meat of his mom's luscious undulating buttocks. The fatty flesh of her ass made her buns jiggle delightfully atop her sexy mommy-legs.

As he often did, he imagined his mom's naked ass beating against his nuts, this time while they were in the car together. He imagined her stripping off her bikini and climbing on top of him. Then their bodies would become a sweaty heap of pounding sex on the back seat. He imagined her huge tits bouncing and smothering him nearly unconscious as he fired hot cords of cum deep inside her.

"Damnit," the boy gasped, pushing his hand against his hard bulge, while trying to shake the forbidden thoughts from his mind.

"Everything ok?" Gail asked as Rosie returned to the beach and slipped her bikini cover-up back on.

"Have any suggestions on how to deal with an extremely shy teenager?" she said.

Gail giggled. "I had a feeling that might be the issue."

Rosie sat down on the sand next to her. "It's bad, Gail. I mean, he would hardly look at me when I was trying to talk to him."

"Is it just with you, or…"

"No, it seems to be **ANY** girl. Last night it was the girl in the movie we were watching. It was mild nudity,

I mean like… mega-mild."

"Wow, I could understand if he was just going through puberty, but eighteen? He should be well past any embarrassment of the female body at this point," Gail said.

"I know he should, and that's what has me so worried."

"My cousin's wife's a sex therapist. Do you think he'd be open to seeing her?"

"Knowing Thomas, probably not. He does need some sort of therapeutic intervention though," Rosie said. "If he keeps going this way, he may never have a normal relationship."

"True. Well, If you really wanna help him, maybe you should look no further than right from home." "Explain?" Rosie asked, looking at her friend curiously.

"Well, if he's embarrassed around **YOU**, that must mean he's attracted to you too, right?"

"The modest mother in me wants to say you're crazy for thinking that, but I've seen the way he looks at me."

"That being the case, why don't you do some desensitization therapy with him?" "Desensiti-what??" Rosie asked.

Gail quickly looked it up on her phone. "Desensitization… to make a hypersensitive individual insensitive or non-reactive to something."

"Ok, and how would I do that?"

"Well, typically, it's by exposing them to the thing that causes their hypersensitivity, in small doses, until they've become completely non-reactive to it. It's kind of like the analogy of the frog in boiling water. If you stick a frog in boiling water, it'll react wildly just like Thomas did when he saw us today, but if you put a frog in cool water and slowly bring it to a boil, there will be no reaction at all," Gail explained.

"So, let me see if I understand you correctly. You think if I start exposing Thomas to different parts of my body slowly, then I might

break him of his shyness?"

"Makes sense to me. I mean, you could try to get another girl to do it, but in my opinion, the home is the perfect laboratory, and mom makes the perfect scientist," Gail said with a giggle.

"Oh thanks, so my son's a lab rat now?" "You know what I mean," Gail said.

"I know, and I'm sure this type of therapy is bound to still get a reaction out of him. I should be the one to deal with him when he gets like that."

Gail reached over and patted her friend on the knee. "You know I'm there for you if you need anything." "Thanks," the mother smiled. After a short silence she looked back over at Gail. "So where do I start?" "Where do you start?"

"Yeah, with this desensitization thing. I don't wanna do too much too soon and freak him out, so where should I start?"

"Hmm," Gail hummed, thinking about it a moment. "What if you start with an accident?"

"An accident?"

"Yeah, you know, 'accidentally' exposing something to him." "Like what though?" Rosie asked with a smile.

Gail thought about it for a moment longer. "Here's an idea…" she said.

Thomas was hanging out in his bedroom that evening when he heard a tap at his door. "Can I come in,

Kiddo?" Rosie asked peeking her head in.

"I don't really feel like talking right now, mom," he said, assuming she was there to discuss what happened at the beach again.

"Who said I'm hear to talk? I'm washing the beach towels and was wondering if you still have yours in here?"

"Yeah, in the bag over there, but I didn't really get it that dirty though."

"That's ok," Rosie said, stepping into her son's room. "We might as well wash it with the others."

Rosie was wearing a white terrycloth robe that fell to her mid thighs. She stepped over to her son's bag on bare feet and bent over to open it. "Do you have anything else in here you'd like me to wash?"

Thomas watched his mom bend over. Her ass was pointed towards him and as she bent forward, her robe slipped up and a portion of her panty-clad ass became exposed. "No," he muttered, his eyes widening. His mom wore white cheeky panties that left nearly half her apple-bottomed ass exposed.

"Are you sure? Some of these things look dirty," his mom said.

Thomas soon realized that the panties were so frilly that he could see the shadow of his mom's ass-crack right through them. He quickly looked away, with his face beat red and walked towards his window. "It's fine, mom. I can wash that stuff later," he said in a frazzled tone.

Rosie sensed his uneasiness and quickly straightened up. "Ok, got what I needed then, thank you," she said, then left.

Once outside, the mother did a cute fist-pump in the air. "Yess!" she whispered out loud. "Clearly uncomfortable for him, but at least he didn't run off."

The next morning, Rosie's husband went off to play golf and Missy had gone over to a friend's, leaving the mother home alone with her son. Rather than give him another peek up her robe, she decided to take it one step further.

Thomas came downstairs to the kitchen, but when he spotted his mom at the sink, he stopped dead in his tracks. She was wearing a big white t-shirt, but the hem only fell to the middle of her ass, and she was wearing thong panties this time. He could faintly see the green thong tucked between the cheeks of her meaty behind. With his heart racing, he started to back away, but that's when his mom peeked over her shoulder and spotted him.

"Good morning, kiddo," she said, just like she had any other morning.

Thomas quickly disappeared.

"Thomas?" his mom called, drying her hands as she started after him.

By the time she got to the kitchen entrance she saw her boy rushing back upstairs. "Thomas, honey?" quothe said, but it didn't stop him.

"Shit," the mother muttered to herself. "Too much too soon maybe."

She started up the stairs, and when she got to his door, she found it closed. "Thomas, I'm coming in," quothe said, knocking, then opening his door. Her son was laying on his back on the bed.

The teen peeked over to see his mom closing the door behind her. From the front, he could see a dainty triangle of panty-cloth covering her puffy pubis. As she stepped across the room, it became obvious that she was braless beneath the big t-shirt. The way her mammoth melons wobbled heavily and the protuberant nubs of her nipples poked out from beneath the cloth made the fact unmistakable.

The timid teen quickly turned over and faced the wall away from her, then felt his pretty mom sit down on the edge of his bed. "Honey, can we just talk a minute?" she softly asked.

"Go ahead and talk," he said, unable to see her.

The mother knew her true purpose was to have him look at her. He needed to look at what she was wearing, and to be comfortable with it.

She slid onto her tummy beside him, with the luscious half-moons of her mommy buttocks fully exposed. "Will you turn over and look at me while we talk?" she asked.

Thomas peeked back and his eyes went straight to her ass. The sight of it so close took his breath away and he quickly sat upright. "Jesus, mom, you're naked down there!"

"I'm am not, honey. I have panties on. Look," she said, pulling at the string.

This didn't ease her son's anxiety one bit. He quickly got up and rushed away, back out of his bedroom.

"Thomas, come back," his mom said.

Rosie sat up, making her big boobies shift about. "Ok, I expected this would happen," she said to herself. "Patients and persistence. You can do this, Rosie."

The mother walked out of the room and found her son downstairs on the couch. She stepped over close to him and held her hand out.

"What?" he asked, glancing at her panty-covered crotch. He looked just long enough to see that they were semi-sheer, making it obvious that his mom was completely shaved beneath.

"Back upstairs. Let's go."

"Why? Are you afraid dad might walk in and see you wearing that in front of me?" he asked. "Don't be a wise-guy. Take my hand and let's go," she said patiently.

"Why are you wearing that?"

"I'd be happy to have this conversation back upstairs where were before. Coming?" she asked.

Thomas took her hand, then followed her back up the steps. He couldn't help but take a peek down at her swaying buttocks as they moved back towards his bedroom. Even though she had a thong on, she might as well have been naked down there. Her meaty ass-cheeks jiggled delightfully as she shamelessly led him back to his bed.

"Sit back against the headboard," she said.

Thomas timidly did as his mom asked, and hardly looked at her as she sprawled back on her tummy beside him, just the way she had the first time.

The beautiful blonde mother looked at him. "Why are you so afraid to look at it?" she asked. "It's just an ass. Everyone has one."

"Yeah, but there's other parts of you that not everyone has."

"You mean my breasts and vagina?" Rosie asked with an amused look.

This turned her son's face a shade of red. "Mom," he muttered.

"What, those are perfectly proper terms," she said. "It's not like I said my tits and pussy." Thomas turned his head blushingly, making his mom snicker.

"I'm sorry, Kiddo. I just wanna help you, that's all." "You wanna help me not be embarrassed?"

"Yes, and I think the best way to go about doing that is by letting you see me like this. If you get used to seeing this enough times, then maybe you'll be less likely to react the way you do, when you're around half-naked girls your own age. Does that make sense?" Rosie asked.

"I guess so," he muttered, still looking towards his window.

"However, if you're gonna look away from me when I'm around and talking to you, then you might as well run off like scaredy-cat again."

"It's embarrassing, mom."

"Embarrassing why? If anyone should be embarrassed it should be me. I'm the one laying here with my ass out," she said amusingly.

"You're not embarrassed at all though."

"The body's not a thing we should be ashamed of, kiddo. Besides, it's not like either one of is ugly and weigh eight-hundred pounds or anything," she joked. "What do we have to be ashamed of?"

"So you're really gonna come in to my room wearing **THAT** every day?" he asked, glancing at her naked bubble-butt.

"Maybe not here in your room, and maybe not wearing this exact thing, but yes. It's time for you to face your fears head on, with mom's help."

The next day, Sunday, the family went shopping at the mall. They spent time looking in their favorite stores. At one point, Pete followed his daughter into the arcade, and Rosie grabbed her son by the hand.

"Honey, Thomas and I are gonna take a walk," she said to her husband. "There's something he wants to show me down that way."

"We'll be in here when you're finished," Pete said, watching his daughter excitedly jump on a game and begin playing.

Rosie quickly led her son down the mall, her dainty heels clicking against the tile floor. "What am I showing you down here?" he asked, looking over at her.

"Nothing," she said, them smiled mischievously, "but I wanna show **YOU** something."

"Oh," the boy muttered, then hesitated when he saw that his mom was leading him into a woman's lingerie store. "Mom, no!"

"Honey, yes, come on, don't be afraid." "I'm not afraid, I'm just…"

"Embarrassed? You don't have to be. It's alright. Just trust me, okay?" she said.

"Why are we going in there?"

She took both his hands and gazed at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "We're facing your fears head on together, remember?" she said.

"Whatever," he reluctantly muttered. "Good," she said, leading him in.

Once inside, the mother snatched the first outfit she saw, which was a strange purple color. A friendly looking saleswoman greeted them with a smile. "Hi. Looking for anything in particular?" she asked. "Your dressing room," Rosie responded.

"Dressing rooms are in the back."

"Thank you," the mother responded, tugging her son along.

They arrived in the dressing room area and Rosie stopped at the door. "You're trying on that thing?" her son asked.

"Ugh, no, yuck! That's ugly," the mother said hanging it on a rack outside the door. "Then why are we back here?"

"I am trying **SOMETHING** on, but you're picking it out," she said with a smile. "What?"

"That's right. Go back out there and pick out something you like, then I'll try it on for you." "Mom, no… can we just go."

"Sorry, kiddo. That's not the plan. Go pick something out."

Thomas glanced out at all the delicate negligee. "But everything out there is like…" "Revealing? That's the point, remember? You agreed to let me help you…so let me help you."

"Fine," the boy muttered, then walked back out into the display area. He browsed around awkwardly.

"Need any help?" the pretty sales lady said, stepping up behind him. "No, I'm good."

"Is that your mom back there?" she asked. "Why?"

"Just curious," the lady smiled. "We get a lot of Moms bringing their sons in here. It's a judgement-free zone, don't worry," she said.

"Yes, it's my mom," Thomas muttered, not really looking at the girl.

"She's pretty. Big boobs too," she said, making the boy's face go red. "She'd look really good in a babydoll nighty." "What's that?"

The sales lady walked towards a corner of the store. "They're over here," she said.

A few minutes later, Thomas arrived back at the dressing room and handed his mom a black silky-looking number. Rosie just smiled and opened the dressing room door. "Don't you dare go anywhere, mister," she said in a stern but playful manner, then disappeared inside.

It was the longest three minutes of Thomas's life. Despite his mom's warning, he was tempted to race out of there, especially when he heard her voice. "You can come in," she said softly.

"Mom, do I have to?" he asked. "You really don't want to?" "This is just…embarrassing."

"So **YOU DO** want to, but you're just afraid?" "Yes," he confessed.

"Would you be less afraid if you came in and I wasn't watching you?" "Maybe, I don't know."

"What if I was blindfolded and couldn't see you looking at me. Would that make it easier?" she asked.

"I guess. Maybe, but…"

"Go ask the sales lady for a blindfold," his mom said. "Really? They sell blindfolds here?"

Rosie giggled. "Honey, this is a lingerie store. Of course they sell blindfolds here. Go get one." "Ok," Thomas said, then wandered back out onto the display floor.

"Everything ok?" the sales lady asked. "Does she need a different size?" "No, um…do you…um…"

"Do I what, hon?"

"Never mind," Thomas said, then rushed back to the waiting room. "Mom, I can't do it." "You didn't ask her?"

"I couldn't, it's too embarrassing."

His mom giggled. "Oh, Thomas. I'll close my eyes tight, I promise. Just get your ass in here." "Can we just forget about this?" he said, frozen in fear.

The door to the dressing room suddenly popped wide open and the boy's eyes about bugged out of his skull. Rosie was standing there facing him wearing a stunning black baby doll chemise lingerie set. She was in a sexy pose, with one silky leg bent at the knee and sticking out the slit of the transparent chemise, and as promised, her eyes were clenched closed.

Thomas could see that she was wearing a black thong beneath the chemise, and the top portion allowed the huge mounds of her creamy cleavage to be exposed. He couldn't imagine her wearing anything sexier.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked.

With his face red with embarrassment, Thomas suddenly rushed away, back through the store.

"Thomas?" his mom called, but there was no stopping him.

A few minutes later, fully dressed again; Rosie found her son sitting on a bench in the mall waiting for her. "Well… that could have gone better," she said.

"Sorry," the boy muttered.

She sat down next to him. "Thomas, if I'm gonna help you overcome your shyness, then you're at least gonna have to put in some effort yourself." "I know."

"You say that, but then when it comes time for me to show some skin, you run off." "I'll try to get better."

Rosie reached over and took his hand. "I want you to have a happy, normal relationship with girls, and I'll do anything to help break you of your shyness, even if that means tying you down and forcing you to look at me," she half-joked.

The next day, while her kids were in school, Rosie had Gail over for coffee. It wasn't long before the conversation centered on Rosie's son.

"Making any progress with Thomas's shyness?" Gail asked.

"Not much. Every time I show some skin he rushes away. This desensitization thing is gonna be a tough battle I think."

"Maybe not. I did some reading last night. Found out some interesting things that might make it easier." "Such as?"

"Well, this article said that usually a boy's shyness is caused by his own lack of confidence, and a bad self-image," Gail explained.

"So you think Thomas is being this way because of how he feels about himself?"

"Yes, which is probably why he's still running off, no matter how hard you try to make it easy for him. He feels intimidated, because of his own lack of experience and self confidence," Gail explained. "He may even think he's ugly."

"That's ridiculous! Thomas is far from ugly."

"Of course he is. In fact he's extremely handsome, but maybe he just doesn't see himself that way, because he hasn't been around girls that express that too him much."

"I feel so bad now," Rosie said.

"Why? You're trying to help him. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I know, but I've been trying to shove it down his throat without seeing what the real root of the problem is. He has a poor self image."

Later that afternoon, Rosie decided to alter her approach with her son, to include what her and Gail had discussed. "Hi, kiddo! How was practice?" she asked as Thomas arrived home.

"It was ok. Coach has been really hard on us here lately." "Probably because he "really" wants you to win."

"True."

"I'm sure he knows what a valuable player you are though. You make catches out on that field those other boys couldn't even come close to making," Rosie said.

"Well, I try to give it my all."

"I have a load of your laundry ready to go. That shirt is filthy. Why don't you take it off and I'll throw it in with your other things"

"Ok, um, I'll take it off down in my room, then bring it down to you," he said, seeming reluctant. "Nonsense. Just slip it off now, and I'll throw it in real quick," she said, stepping forward and lifting it off herself. She eyeballed her son's bare chest. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "What?" Thomas asked, standing there awkwardly without a shirt on.

"The coach must really have you guys working out this year. You're developing some great muscle tone."

"Really?" the boy asked, looking down at his lean chest.

"Yes, really. I mean, you're not gonna notice it as much as other people will, because you see yourself without a shirt on every day,

but damn, kiddo. That's impressive." "Thanks!" he proudly smiled, then rushed off.

A half-hour later, when Thomas was sitting on his bed doing homework, his mom peeked her head in.

"Hey Kiddo, can I get some advice?" she asked. "Advice?"

"Yeah, you know… your opinion on something," Rosie said, coming in and moving towards his bed.

He shouldn't have been surprised to see her wearing something super-sexy and revealing, but he was. His mom wore a white thigh-length Kimono robe, that was made of semi-sheer mesh, allowing him to faintly make out her nude body beneath it. Her huge mommy-melons bobbled heavily beneath the fabric, moving freely without a bra.

"I'll only stay a few minutes, then I'll leave, ok?" she said, sitting down with him on the mattress, with her silky legs spread off to the side.

"Alright, um…what did you need to ask me about?" "Just a few fitness tips."

"Fitness tips?" he asked.

"Yeah, I mean, you're in such good shape. I figured you could give me a few pointers on how to get fit myself."

"I thought you went to a palates class?"

"Well, yeah, I do, but I figured where you're so lean and fit, it might benefit me more to do some of whatever you're doing."

Rosie could tell her son's head was already swelling with more confidence. "Coach has us doing a lot of squats, sit-ups, stuff like

that, to build a strong inner core," he said.

"Sit-ups I'm familiar with. Squats, not so much. Could you show me how to do a few?" Rosie asked.

"Sure," Thomas said, crawling off the mattress and standing next to the bed. "You keep your back straight, then just crouch down like this," he said, squatting down. "Then back up."

Rosie climbed down off the bed. The tie to her robe was lose, making it peek open, revealing a monstrous cleavage. "Ok, so keep my back straight, like this, right?" she asked.

Thomas stared at her jutting mounds. He could faintly make out the huge pink circles of her areola through the decorative mesh fabric. "Honey," his mom said, snapping him from his trance. "Is this right?"

"Yes," he said, his face still a little red with embarrassment.

"Good, because if I wanna be in such amazing shape like you are, I gotta make sure I'm doing them correctly," she said. "Right," he boy smiled.

"So, then I just crouch down, like this, right?" the mother asked, squatting her lovely ass towards the floor, while bowing her legs open at the same time.

The boy's heart skipped a beat as he found himself gazing at his mom's shaved pussy. The puffy outer lips were slightly splayed open, revealing some of her pink inner curtains and the domed hood that was covering her clitoris.

"Thomas?" his mom said, causing him to look up at her face. "Am I doing this right?" "Your um… legs are spread apart further than they should be," he timidly muttered. "Oh, sorry," she said, snapping her thighs together. "So, like this?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then back up," Rosie said, springing back upright, making her giant boobies jostle beneath the covering.

"That's um… all there is to it," her boy said.

Rosie didn't wanna push things too far. She did what she needed to do, and her son had stuck around this time. It was a huge victory. "Thanks, Kiddo!" she said, then sashayed to his door.

Thomas's jaw hung open as he watched her bare buttocks sway beneath the robe as she left.

Rosie was startled by a voice as she exited her son's bedroom. "There you are," her husband's voice said.

She turned towards Pete with a surprised look as she held the robe closed, in hopes of hiding the fact that it was sheer. "Hey, you're, um… home early," she pointed out.

"Yeah, got all my work done at the office, so I figured I'd call it a day," he said, then let his eyes take in what she was wearing. "Why are you in that thing?"

"Oh, I was just gonna take a shower, but I needed to talk to Thomas first."

"In that?" Pete asked, seeming more confused by the second. "Isn't that a little inappropriate to be wearing around him?"

Rosie felt uncomfortable having this conversation with Pete right outside their son's door. She'd made some progress today and the last thing she needed was for her husband to fuck things up. "Can we talk in the bedroom please?" she asked, moving past him.

Once inside their bedroom, Rosie sat on the edge of the bed. "Do you remember how I expressed some concerns about Thomas's shyness, after we watched the movie together last week?" she asked.

"Yeah, I remember. Why?" Pete asked, eager to hear his wife's justification for wearing something so risqué around their son.

"We agreed that we wouldn't become concerned unless he started doing those things in other situations, and he has."

"What do you mean other situations?

"At the beach the other day, when he saw Gail's daughter in her bikini. He ran and hid in the car," Rosie explained. "He's been doing the same thing when he sees me in something like this."

Pete chuckled and rolled his eyes. "He **SHOULDN'T** be seeing you in 'something like this.' You're his mother," he exclaimed.

"Honey, please, just hear me out. I've been wearing a few… revealing outfits the past few days, because I thought it might help him feel more comfortable around girls who are showing some skin."

"You really think that's ok for a mother to do?" Pete asked.

"Help her son overcome some anxiety? Yes, I do." "By parading around half-naked in front of him?"

"He's facing his fears. Who else is gonna help him through this, if not his own mother? All the girls his own age just take it personally and dump him," Rosie explained.

"If he needs to see a psychologist, then we'll take him to one."

"He doesn't need a doctor, Pete. What he needs is to feel good about himself. Once he has a positive self-image, then he'll feel

confident around girls, and won't run away like we saw him do the other night."

"I won't argue with the self-confidence part, but you're not wearing things like that in front of him, end of story," her husband said, then walked into the bathroom.

"Pete's being a completely fuddy-duddy about this whole thing," Rosie complained, as she spoke to Gail on the phone.

"I'm surprised you told him what were doing."

"I had to. He saw me coming out of Thomas's wearing nothing but a see-through robe."

"Awkward," Gail said.

"Very, and when I try to explain the whole desensitization and self-esteem thing he just shut me down." "So he doesn't want you helping Thomas to face his fears?"

"He does, but apparently he wants me in modest attire while I'm doing it," Rosie said in discouraging tone.

"Well that really sort of defeats the purpose, doesn't it. The whole idea is for Thomas to be exposed to skin, so he get desensitized by it."

"Well, on a positive note, he does seem to be better," Rosie said.

"Really? That's great. So maybe it's time he sees mom in the buff," Gail suggested. "Already?"

"Why not. He's seen you nearly naked and is managing it alright. Maybe it's time to take things to the next level.

The next morning, Thomas wrapped a towel around his waist and walked across the hallway to take a shower. When he entered the

bathroom, he got the shock of his life. There, completely naked and toweling off was his gorgeous mother.

"Good morning!" she said with a smile, her monstrous tits ballooning outward. "Mom, what are you doing?!" he asked, half-hiding his face. "Why are you naked?" "Do you remember the robe I had on yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Your father told me not to wear anything like that in front of you anymore," she said. "So, I'm not wearing anything like that in front of you anymore."

"So you're just gonna be… naked? Why are you showering in my bathroom?"

When Rosie saw him backing out the doorway, she diverted the conversation. From the size of the morning wood protruding from beneath her son's towel she felt confident in her next words. "There's a rumor going around about you, you know?" she said.

"Rumor?" he asked.

"Yeah, but don't worry, it's a good rumor." "What is it?"

"Well can I tell you without you getting embarrassed?" Rosie asked.

"Ok," the boy muttered, glancing down at the upside-down triangle of his mom's shaved mons.

"Well apparently some of the girls at school are saying that you have an extremely large penis," Rosie said. Of course that part was untrue, but she wanted to boost her son's self confidence as much as she could.

"I don't know about that?"

"Well, it's not usually something a girl makes up. A rumor like that usually has some merit behind it," his mom said, glancing down at the unmistakable tubular bulge beneath the towel.

"Well, I'm not sure where a rumor like that got started." "Did your um… ex-girlfriend ever see your penis?"

"No."

"Oh, um… what about any of the other girls at school? Did any of them see it?"

"No," Thomas said, hanging his head. "No one has ever seen it, that's why the rumor can't be true."

"Maybe… one of the guys in the showers after practice was impressed, and started the rumor," she said with a quirky smile. "I mean, you never know, right?"

"I don't shower at school, mom," Thomas said. "Why do you think I usually shower after I get home." "Oh," Rosie muttered, realizing her plan had just been foiled.

"See, the rumor's untrue," the boy said in a defeated tone.

The mother had one more card to play, so she bravely did so. "Well, you may be right, but…" she said, looking at his package, "…from what I'm seeing right now, I think there's some truth to that rumor."

Thomas had forgot all about his morning wood. He looked down at it in embarrassment, then quickly rushed away.

"Damnit," Rosie whispered in frustration, then followed her son to his room.

Thomas plopped onto his bed, glancing over at his bare-naked mother as she stepped inside his room with only a towel wrapped

around her hair. "Mom, could you just put some clothes on," he said.

Rosie stopped in the middle of his room, placing her hands on her hips. Her huge tits heaved heavily on her chest, her large thick nipples poking out the centers of her wide areola. "Do you really want me to put some clothes on? Because I don't think you do," she said.

"Why do you think I don't?"

"Because you're always staring at my tits, that's why."

"No I'm not," he blushed.

"Yes you are, which is fine, but don't sit there and tell me to put some clothes on if you really don't want me to," Rosie said.

"I do want you to," he muttered.

"Fine," she said, turning for the door.

"Wait," Thomas then said, staring over at the meaty ass crowning her gorgeous legs.

Rosie turned back around, making her giant milkers wobble back and forth. "Wait, what?" she asked.

"No, I don't want you to put clothes on," he admitted, then looked away, embarrassed by making such a confession.

The mother smiled, then came over and sat on the edge of the bed. "That was a very brave thing for you to say. For you to openly admit that you want a naked girl to stay in your room, rather than hiding your face, shows real progress," she said.

"I guess."

"I have a confession to make. Two confessions actually," Rosie said.

"What are they?"

"Well, the first one is… I lied about that rumor. I'm sorry. There really wasn't a rumor going around about how big you are," she said.

"Oh, so, what's the other confession?"

"I may have lied about the rumor, but I wasn't lying when I said that you look really big to me down there," she said, glancing from his bulge back to his eyes. "Are you big down there, kiddo?"

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he muttered.

"Do you wanna show me, and I'll give you my honest opinion?" Rosie asked.

"That's kind of embarrassing though, mom."

"I know, but **I'M** naked, so it's not like you're alone in this situation." "I don't think anything would embarrass you, mom" Thomas teased.

"You're right," she said, then casually reached down and untucked his towel, making it open apart around his waist. Thomas's big boner sprung up off his loins, the fat bell tip reaching nearly to his belly-button.

"Mom, come on!" the boy said, trying to cover his junk with his hands.

"Thomas, you have nothing to be embarrassed about, now move your hands," she said. "Fine," the boy muttered, slowing moving his hands away from his stiff prick.

Rosie reaction was completely genuine. "Oh wow, kiddo!" she exclaimed. "Even if there wasn't a rumor… there will be soon enough."

"You're gonna start a rumor about me?"

Rosie giggled. "No, but the first girl at your school who sees this thing will. Then you'll have more girls begging to be your girlfriend than you can count," she said.

"You think so?"

"I know so. I was a girl your age once, remember?" Rosie reminded him. "So, I assume since no girl has ever seen you naked, that means you've never even used that thing, am I right?" "Yes. I wanna use it, but I just get too embarrassed."

"Well, you have no reason to be embarrassed. You have everything a girl wants. You're sweet, handsome… and **VERY** well endowed," Rosie confessed.

"Are you sure you're not just saying that because you're my mom?"

"Honey, I've heard girls and other moms talk about how handsome you are, and I'm not making that up."

"Yeah, but… what about the other part?" "Your penis you mean?"

"Yes."

Rosie chuckled as she eye-balled her son's appendage. "Do me a favor. I'm gonna go get something. Get on your phone and look up 'average penis size' for a man," she said, then got up. "I'll be right back."

Thomas sat up and reached over for his phone, but he froze suddenly as he watched his naked mother step across his room. The thick cheeks of her bare mommy-buttocks jiggled and swayed as she shamelessly made her way to his door. She turned and peeked back at him, giving him a teasing look at her body in side profile. Her monster melons sloped down like big udders, capped with rubbery

papilla. "Are you checking out average penis size, or are you checking out your mom's naked body?" she teased, winking over at him.

"Well, you said it was OK, didn't you?"

"True. I'll be right back and you can stare some more," she teased.

She returned a minute later with something in her hand. Thomas was surprised at how comfortable he felt watching her big boobies bobble around as she came back over and sat on the edge of his mattress. "Did you look it up?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And?"

Thomas looked at his phone. "It says here on google that the average length of an erect penis is between 5.1 and 5.5 inches," he said.

"So, that's the average. So now the question is… are you below average, average-length, or above average. An above average dick is one in which women would consider large."

"I'm not sure what I am honestly," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Let's find out," Rosie said, then used the mini tape measure in her hand. She clasped the loose skin above her boy's scrotum with her thumb and forefinger. "I'm just gonna lift your erection, so it's pointing straight up, and we can measure from your pubic bone," she explained.

"Oh, um… ok," he muttered nervously.

Once his boner was pointing straight up towards the ceiling, the busty mother took a measurement, running the tape along his dick,

all the way to the tip. "8.5 inches!" she said.

"That's a pretty good size I guess," Thomas said.

"Pretty good size? Kiddo, you're three inches above average," Rosie said. "Every woman on earth would consider that a large, desirable dick."

"What about what some people say though, that size doesn't really matter?"

"That's bullshit. Yes, technique is important too, but if a woman has a man with technique **AND** a big dick, even better!" Rosie said.

"Cool," the boy said, trying not to blush. "Guess I'll have to work on the technique part, since I've never really had sex before."

"Yes, well, that'll come in time," the mother said taking a second to look over her boy's pointing boner. It was no doubt longer than her husband's, and much thicker as well. "Looks like the muscles in your chest aren't the only ones that are extremely well-toned," she commented.

"What do you mean?" he asked, even though he had a pretty good idea. "My penis has muscles?" "Well, the flesh has muscle fiber. It's the blood that makes it erect and engorged like this," she explained, then gently traced her nails around the base of his boner. "The real strength of a man's penis is down here at the base. Do you see all these bulging muscles and tendons down here?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his heart racing fast at the very fact that his own beautiful mom was pointing out parts of his dick to him.

"That's what sustains the force of a guy's thrusts during sexual intercourse," she explained.

Thomas and his mom looked each other in the eyes. "You ok with this, kiddo?" she asked, making sure he was comfortable.

"Yes," he said, nervously nodding his head.

"Good," she said, giving him a satisfied smile and climbing onto her knees, straddling his lower legs. She still had her two fingers clamped around the upper skin of his scrotum, making his boner point straight up.

Thomas stared across at her giant boobs, while his mom peered straight down at his big barbed peter-tip. "It's the nob of your prick that has the most important job of all," Rosie said. "That's the part that can really make a girl go out of her mind."

"How so?" Thomas asked, dying to hear more.

"It's the part she feels first. It's the part that paves the way for all the rest of all this," she said, making his boner shake stiffly back and forth.

"Paved the way inside her?"

"Yep, it's the head of the chisel that carves through all that tight juicy pink pussy," Rosie said, staring down with lust-filled eyes.

Thomas let out an audible sigh, his boner twitching. He'd never heard his mom say "pussy" before and it was the most incredible thing that had ever entered his ears. Speaking of pussy, his eyes drifted down her sexy torso, to her mons-veneris. Protruding from her outer folds, her thumb-sized prepuce had peeled back some, exposing her clitoris, which looked just like his own bell tip, only much smaller.

"If it carves just right," the mother said, staring at the knob in a dreamy-eyed gaze, "things will get very…very wet, real quick." Rosie

let a string of saliva fall from her mouth and it poured over her son cock-tip, running down his shaft.

"Jesus, mom," the boy whimpered, wiggling around, aroused out of his mind. He couldn't believe his mom just let saliva drool out of her mouth, onto his boner.

"It's ok, kiddo," she said, as her pinching fingers became a whole fist stroking up his hard shaft, using her spit to lubricate her slow sensual strokes. "Mom's just letting you know what'll happen, that's all. Once the girls at school discover your big muscled dick, it's all they'll think about."

Rosie pumped his long thick rod of cock-meat up and down slowly, while looking up into her boy's eyes. "They'll want you to split their twats, and pack it all in there, so they can feel every meaty inch of you," she said in a sultry voice.

"Good grief," the boy sighed, not able to lay still, as he watched his Mom's pretty hand squeeze up and down his boner.

"You'll be plunging through the tube of their cunts, making them squeeze and spew their juices all over you," Rosie continuing as if in a cock-stroking trance, pumping her boy's lovely prick up and down.

Thomas writhed delightfully, watching his mom's huge tits jostle around heavily from her cock-stroking motions. Her nipples were definitely more pronounced now, and darker shade of pink.

"Will you like that, kiddo?" the mother asked, looking up into his pleasure-filled eyes. "Will you like fucking a girl and making her big titties bounce up and down?"

"Yesss!" the boy hissed, more turned on than he ever had been in his life.

"Feeling her hot flesh…" Rosie cooed, then stroked her son's dick harder. "Clutch you…"

Stroke, stroke, stroke, Stoke.

"Squeeze you!"

Stroke, stroke, stroke, stoke.

"While you suck n chew on her big titties!"

Stroke, stoke.

"And her rubbery nipples!"

Stroke, stroke, stoke.

"Pounding your big meaty prick inside her!"

Stroke, stroke.

"Ohh shit, mom!" the boy cried out, pumping his hips.

"There you go baby! Fuck her hard, kiddo!" Rosie cheered. "Make her remember that big dick forever!"

Stroke, stroke, stroke.

"I'm cumming!" Thomas announced.

Stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke.

"Send it straight up the pussy, baby!" his mom shouted.

Suddenly, with a jerk of his hips, Thomas began blasting huge pearly-white cords of jizz high into the air. His mom continued to pump his boner tirelessly, milking out rope after rope. "Oh Thomas, yess! Squirt it all out, honey! Come on!"

Even after his hips had settled, his mom continued tenderly milking his rigid boner, making every drop come oozing out.

"Still hard," she gasped in wonder. "You're still hard, it's amazing," she said, lengthening her strokes once again.

Entranced by his still-erect dick, the mother slowly moved her knees up along his waist, inching her pussy closer and closer to Thomas's cock. "With one cum out of the way, your staying power now would probably be tremendous," her shaky voice said, but it was as if she was telling herself this fact and not her son. "I almost forgot how young guys can stay erect like this. There's no refractory period."

Thomas had no idea what a "refractory period" was, but he wasn't about to ask his mom and break her trance, as she looked about ready to mount his cock.

The boy's mouth hung open, his tongue nearly hanging out, as he stared up at his mom's giant looming tits. Her cleavage was so long and deep that he had little doubt that she could swallow his entire head between her boobs.

Suddenly his mom's knees rose from the mattress, and now it was her bare feet resting astride him. She bowed her thick thighs open shamelessly, and he felt her take a firm grip at the base of his prick. "I haven't been hammered by a boner like yours in so long," she cooed.

The teen sighed audibly as he looked at his mom's splayed-open pussy. Her labium were so engorged they almost looked almost more purple than pink. Between them, the boy could see her juicy coral slit. It lowered towards his dick and he felt her meaty pedals tickle the tip. "Would it be so bad, Thomas?" she asked with a shaky voice. "Would it be so bad if mom was your first?"

"No," the boy managed to spout out.

The mother gazed dreamily down at the prick as it hovered near her pussy. "Can mom be the first to take your big virgin cock," she hissed lustfully, then swiped her thick pink tongue across her top lip.

Thomas felt the heat of her genitals as she maneuvered his cock-tip into the mouth of her vestibule. Next, he experienced a wet warm sensation as her gaping hymen slipped over his glans.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed in excited delight.

"**NO!!**" Rosie suddenly shouted as she came to her senses, scrambling off the bed. "I won't cheat on your father!" she said as she quickly rushed out of his room.

Thomas let out a deep sigh, like he'd been holding his breath for the last two minutes. He was actually shocked his mom let things go as far as they did, but to say he was let down by her abrupt exit was a major understatement.

Two days passed without a word about the incident from his mom. It was like it never happened. Also missing, were the scantily-clad outfits that she'd been wearing around him. It was sadly like his mom had given up on the whole idea of helping him.

Thomas had to admit, in just that short time, she had helped boost his confidence, and made him a little less shy around girls.

At family movie night, when a group of bikini-clad girls came up on the screen, Thomas stayed there with his eyes glued to the screen the whole time.

After the scene, he peeked over at his mother and found her smiling at him proudly. The next day was Saturday, and Thomas went downstairs for some lunch.

"What are you spending this lazy Saturday doing?" his mom asked as he saw her in the kitchen.

"Nothing much. Probably just hanging out."

"I gotta run out for awhile. Wanna go with me?" she asked.

"Sure," he muttered, more than happy to spend his first one on one time with her since the incident. As they drove across town, Rosie finally pointed out the elephant in the closet. "Are you mad at me about what happened the other day?" she asked. "Why would I be mad?"

"I don't know, because I was teasing you relentlessly and nearly raped you," she half-joked. "Did you see me struggling, trying to get away?"

"No, which impressed me quite a lot actually. So did the fact that you stuck around during that bikini scene last night," Rosie said.

"Thanks," Thomas said with a proud smile.

"You've made real progress. I'm sorry I let my own weak moment derail us," she said. "It's no big deal, mom, really."

"Good, because I'd like to get us back on track." "Back on track?"

"Yes, you've made progress, but I don't want you slipping backwards, into your old timid ways again," she said.

"So, when you say getting back on track. In what way do you mean?" the boy asked, curious what to expect.

His mom flashed him a mischievous smile. "I guess you'll find out when the time comes. The best tests are the ones that come when people least expect them to."

"Alright, so um… why are we going out of town? When you said you were running out, I thought you meant to like the store or something," Thomas said. "Well, I guess you thought wrong," his

mother teased. "So, you're not gonna tell me where we're going?" "Nope."

"Fine," he muttered, resigned to see how this played out.

After a ten-minute drive, they arrived at the public dock to the local lake.

"Ahoy there, mateys!" Gail said, as she and her daughter Paris waited on their family's pontoon boat.

"Hey guys, room for two stowaways on there?" Rosie asked.

"Come aboard," her friend answered.

"You should have told me we were going out on a boat, mom. I would have brought my trunks," Thomas said.

Rosie looked at him and smiled, as if she knew something he didn't. "You won't be needing trunks," she said.

They set off across the lake and Thomas was left to wonder what his mom meant by "won't be needing trunks." Paris smiled over at the boy, who was only a year younger, as she sat across from him. Thomas always though she looked like the young actress Ariel Winter, and he knew she was popular with the guys.

"Are you excited to graduate this year?" she shouted across to him over the noise of the boat engine. "Yeah, I can't wait."

"Have you thought about what college you wanna attend?" she asked.

"Not really. You?"

"I start cosmetology school next month. I'm super-psyched," she said.

"I bet," he said, glancing at her plump tits as they threatened to spill out of her blouse..

Thomas looked over at his mom, who stood next to Gail, who was driving the boat. He watched them exchange a series of whispers, while looking right over at him and smiling. He didn't know what they were discussing, but from the looks of their exchange, it had to be something extremely naughty.

"So you're sure you wanna do this?" Gail said into her friends ear.

"Is **SHE** sure she wants to do this?" Rosie asked, glancing over at Gail's daughter.

"Oh, she's sure, trust me."

A few minutes later they were moving into a private cove, with nothing but secluded woods surrounding them. Most of the land around the lake was protected, making it a haven for nature enthusiasts.

Gail stopped the boat and dropped the anchor. "Houston, we have landed!" she shouted. "Doesn't look like the moon to me," Thomas joked.

"Oh, you hear that, Gail. It sounds like my boy here wants to be mooned," Rosie said.

"Sounds like it," Gail giggled. "Ready… one, two, three!"

Thomas watched as the two mothers quickly turned around, bent over and pulled their shorts and panties down over their thick bare asses. He smiled bashfully and looked away.

"Well, at least he has nowhere to run this time," Rosie joked.

"Not unless he wants to swim to shore," Paris added.

"Which would be quite a swim," Gail said. "We're still quite a distance out."

"How bout some music?" Thomas's mom said, then blasted the radio. It was a sexy **R&B** tune that Thomas knew all the girls at school loved to dance to.

To his delight, the three women on the boat began to swing their hips, dancing closely together to the tune. "**WOOOO!**" his mom shouted, which echoed across the lake.

Thomas was a little surprised when the three women gravitated near him, and began slowly undressing while they danced. The boy turned all kinds of red as he watched them teasingly swing their asses, while slowly stripping down to their bras and panties.

"You like our sexy bikinis, kiddo?" his mom asked, with her half her huge milkers spilling out of her lacy bra.

"Yeah, they're nice," he said blushingly, not realizing it was really their underwear..

She suddenly reached back to unclasp her bra. "Just kidding. We'll all be swimming in our birthday suits today," she said, unclasping her bra.

Gail and her daughter giggled and unclasped theirs also. Before the boy could blink, he had three pairs of huge naked knockers bobbling around in front of him. His mom's, of course, were the largest of the three, but Gail and her daughter each proudly displayed a set of jumbo titties, that would give any guy instant wood.

Speaking of wood, by this time Thomas was sporting a major hardon beneath his shorts. The women were all peeking over at it lustfully as they peeled off their panties.

Using the elastic waistband, Rosie shot her dainty panties at her boy, hitting him in the face. This got a laugh from Gail and her daughter.

"Panty war!" Paris shouted, as her and her mother launched their own panties towards the boy.

Thomas smiled and blushed. He could swell the aroma of pussy and sweet perfume. Part of him was tempted to jump off the boat, and make the long swim for shore, but he didn't. That's because the better part of him was enjoying the show.

"Now it's time for someone else to shed their clothes," Gail said, looking at the boy while still dancing erotically, swaying her shaved crotch in front him.

His mom grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him to his feet. "Or you could just stand up and we'll strip you ourselves," she said, lifting his shirt up and off.

"There's an idea," Paris said, squatting down and unbuttoning the boy's shorts. Her mom knelt next to her, and together they forcefully yanked Thomas's shorts and briefs off at once. His big erection sprung to attention in front of them.

"Mmm, what do you say we get this heat-seeking missile into the water, girls." Gail said, staring at the long meaty boner.

"Dive in, kiddo!" his mom said, giving a little shove towards the edge of the boat.

"I'm going, I'm going!" the boy giggled, then dove into the lake.

When he emerged, he looked at the three naked beauties standing on the edge of the pontoon. "Looks like you guys are the ones who are scared to jump in," Thomas pointed out.

"I'm not scared!" Paris said, then dove in gracefully, giving Thomas a quick glimpse of her luscious teen ass.

"I want a water-noodle," Rosie said, throwing the pink foam noodle-shaped float into the water, then let out a playful scream as she dove in.

"There's only one 'water-noodle' I wanna touch," Gail said, giving Thomas a naughty smile before diving in.

Now in the water, the three women closed in on the boy. He playfully dove under and emerged in a different area.

"Get back here, shark-boy!" his mom joked, swimming after him.

He dunked back under, but this time he came up within arms-length of Paris, and she latched on to him.

"I got him!" she giggled playfully.

Thomas laughed as he struggled to get away, but he didn't try too hard. Her wet body felt amazing holding on to him beneath the water. He soft boobs pressed against his back, and he was surprised to feel her hand grasp his cock. "Oh, shark-boy's got quite the shark fin," she joked.

"Mmnn, I wanna feel," her mom Gail said, swimming up to them and grasping onto the boy's boner also.

"Well, it's certainly big enough for three hands to squeeze on it," Rosie said as her hand joined the other two, circling the boy's thick boner. "Here, kiddo, put the water-noddle under your ass, so we can hold onto you without sinking to the bottom."

Thomas sat on the float, which still made his body sink underwater, but allowed the woman to grasp onto him without having to kick their legs to keep themselves afloat.

Gail and her daughter moved in close to either side of him, their big jugs buoyantly rubbing against his chest. Rosie moved back behind her boy, so that her monster melons were squashed against his back. The way they were positioned made all their heads bobble closely together out of the water.

"My God, he's so hard," Gail said, squeezing the boy's blood-filled cock with her hand.

"I wish my boyfriend was this well endowed," Paris said.

"I told you the girls would react this way, did I not?" Rosie asked her boy as he turned his head to look at her.

"Yes," Thomas answered.

"Girls just love big dicks, Thomas," Gail said.

"We sure do," her daughter said with a smile. "And there aren't too many hot guys out there with one's this large."

"Really?" the boy asked, aroused at the feel of the surrounding tit-meat pressed against him.

"Yes, that's why when your mom explained your situation and, you know, the things you've been struggling with, I offered to help," Paris said.

"Oh, help how?"

The beautiful 19-year-old released his cock and threw both arms over his shoulders. Gail moved aside so her daughter could get all the boy's attention. Paris stared into Thomas's eyes. "By helping you drop that virgin status today."

"Oh," the boy muttered, glancing at his mom who smiled back and nodded. "You're getting laid today, kiddo! Isn't that exciting?" she

asked.

"Laid?" Thomas asked. "You mean like…"

"Fucked, handsome boy," Gail giggled. "You're getting fucked."

Paris gazed at him with her pretty green eyes. "Do you wanna fuck me, Thomas?" she asked. "Do you wanna see what it feels like in a girl's pussy?"

"Sure," he muttered, nervous but excited as hell. Paris was a hot piece of ass, and he had no doubt there were an army of guys who would die to be in his place.

The sexy girl pulled herself against him, with her arms circled around his neck. Thomas felt her smooth legs wrap around his waist, and her hairless vagina rub against his boner. "Fuck me, Thomas," she cooed in his ear. "Fuck my ass off."

He felt Gail and his mom's hands maneuver his prick into Paris's snatch, then he felt the warm sensation of her hymen sheath his nob.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed out loud.

His mom gazed into his eyes excitedly. She looked so damn sexy with her blonde hair wet and slicked back. "There you go! Squeeze it up into that tight pussy, Kiddo," she said encouragingly.

Paris used her legs, which were locked around him, to push her cunt further on to his cock. "Oh my God, it's big!" she squealed, feeling her pink vaginal walls stretch around his fat prick.

Thomas loved the way she was clinging on to him, mashing her plump boobs against his chest as she struggled to get all his meaty love-organ inside her. She began pumping her ass up and down,

working the last few inches into her vaginal depths. "Shit! Holy shit, what a dick!!" she cried while writhing against him.

"Wow!" the boy exclaimed, looking at his mom, as he felt Paris's ribbed pussy squeeze and chew at his dick.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Kiddo?" she asked with a smile. "Incredible," he muttered.

"See what you've been running away from? See how good a girl's body can make you feel?" "Fuck!" Paris gasped, humping her pussy up and down on Thomas's cock.

Unbeknownst to the fucking youngsters, both their moms were rubbing their horny pussies beneath the water, while watching their teens go at it. "She fucks just like her mother," Gail said proudly, looking over at Rosie with a smile.

"Well at least she's not a screamer like her mother, otherwise we'd have everyone on the lake rushing out here to check on us," Rosie joked.

"You're not exactly Sally Silent when you're getting fucked either, sister."

"I plead the fifth," Rosie joked, then moved up and squeezed her son from behind. Thomas was now sandwiched between his mom's giant tits and Paris's humping body as she pounded against him.

"Ohh, does her pussy feel good, honey?" she cooed in his ear. "Does it feel good on your long hard cock?"

"Yes," the boy sighed, feeling his glans carve a path over and over, through the smothering walls of Paris's vagina.

"Oh, God, yes! It so fucking good," Paris's shaky voice cried out. "Is he gonna make you cum, baby girl?" her mother asked. "Yes! I'm so

close!"

"That's my girl. Cum all over that big peter," Gail said.

The 19-year-old's body humped faster and faster as she neared her climax, then suddenly she cried out passionately, grinding on Thomas's hard cock-muscle frantically. "Uughhh!" her sweet voice screamed out, echoing across the water.

"Ohh wow!" Thomas gasped, looking his mom in the eyes with a big wonderful smile, as the cute girl close to his own age came hard, while using his body like a fucking post.

"Ohh, she's cumming hard on you, kiddo," Rosie giggled. "You like that?"

"Uh-huh," he muttered with a nod, feeling Paris's plump titties rub all over his chest while she ground their crotches together.

Paris finally leaned back, her head wobbling and her eyes half rolled back in their sockets. "Ohh, fucking shit!" she gasped, trying to catch her breath. "That good, huh?" her mom asked.

"Haha, yeah, you could say that," her daughter said breathlessly.

Gail looked at her friend. "I'm not gonna lie. I'm so horny I could fucking die over here," she admitted. "Join the club," Rosie giggled.

Gail looked at her daughter. "Would you think your mother's a trashy whore if she took a turn?" she asked.

"No," Paris said, "I've seen how small dad's dick is, so I wouldn't blame you one bit." "When did you see your father's dick?"

"Mom, I live under the same roof as him. I've accidentally seen it few times. If I had a husband that small, I'd be craving the real thing too," Paris said.

Gail exchanged a smile with Rosie. "God, I love this girl," she said. "She's brutally honest, just like her mother," Rosie said.

"Alright, let's get back on the boat. Time to give this stud his first taste of hot milf pussy."

The four of them swam over and climbed back on to the pontoon. Their wet naked bodies glistened in the hot afternoon sun. "Have a seat, Captain Big dick," Gail said, turning the driver's seat towards Thomas.

The boy sat, with his hardon at full mast. His heart raced excitedly as he watched Gail and his mother hover in front of him, like prowling cougars. Their titties moved about heavily, capped by engorged nipples.

"Time to rock the boat," Gail said, moving toward the teen. She climbed on to him, straddling his lap, then reached down and guided his stiff peter into her horny fuck-hole.

"Oh, shit yes!" she hissed, lowering her lush ass and sheathing the boy's cock in hot slippery vagina.

Standing their watching her best friend fuck her son, Rosie couldn't help but reach down stroke her engorged clitoris, while squeezing one of her big fatty breasts. She thought that maybe by offering Thomas his first pussy today, that it would not only boost his confidence, but extinguish her desire to have hot nasty sex with him. She was wrong. Now she wanted his cock inside her more than ever. Yes, she adored her husband, but she was wise enough to know that Thomas could give her the kind of pounding that Pete never could.

The sight of her friend's cunt pounding up and down the stiff unyielding meat of her son's whopper of a boner, made her cunt tingle with desire. Her nipples were so fucking hard they felt like they might pop off the ends of her heaving tits. She bit her bottom

lip, listening to the sounds of their wet naked bodies beat together in the heat of an intense fuck.

Thomas sighed delightfully, feeling his tender prick hammer through the hot pleated walls of Gail's gripping cunt. Her fat oversized mommy-boobies bounced and rippled all over his face as she rode him in a steady cock-humping rhythm.

"Ohh God, it's so fucking good!" the mother cried out.

Thomas had memories of his mom's friend Gail baby sitting him when he was younger, just when he started discovering how wonderful girls were. He always remembered being fascinated by the huge swell of both her tits and her ass. Now here he was, carving away at her most secret place, with that huge wonderful ass beating against his nuts, and his face nudged between those same large jugs, while they bounced around on him.

"Feels good, huh, mom?" Paris asked as she sat and watch, while rubbing her own pussy.

"My God, it's so big n hard!" Gail answered. "You're gonna hear your mother scream out like a whore in a minute."

Meanwhile, Thomas was staring at his mom as she stood there a few feet in front of him frantically rubbing her pussy. Her monster tits were ballooning out between her arms, jiggling from the motion of her hand rubbing her genitals.

They looked into each other's eyes for a moment in a mutual lustful gaze, then Rosie's eyes went back to her boy's cock as it pumped in and out of her bestie's mature pussy. She could see the muscles and tendons at the root of his boner flexing and bulging out, sustaining the force of his deep cock-thrusts.

"Ahhh, fuck, fuck fuuuck!!" Gail cried out.

Rosie watched her friend's big buttocks tremble. A tremendous orgasm was making the flesh of her meaty ass ripple delightfully. Then, while Gail continued shrieking out in orgasm, Thomas's mother watched a sheet of hot girl-cum burble out around his prick and run down onto his balls.

"Oh wow! Ohh, damn!!" the boy moaned, feeling his own flood gates open.

"Cum hard, Thomas!" Rosie shouted encouragingly, as all this excitement sparked her own orgasm. "Cum hard in her pussy!"

Rosie's knees got week and she lowered to the floor of the boat, still frantically rubbing her clit to the site of her son and best friend bucking and trembling.

"Wow, I think all four of us were coming at the same time just then," Paris pointed out.

"Too bad mine was ten times stronger than yours," Gail teased, spitting her tongue out at her daughter while resting against the teenage boy in the seat.

"That's ok. I have a feeling I'll get to enjoy that cock again real soon, right Thomas?" Paris asked, smiling naughtily over at him.

"Sure," the boy said, then shared a smile with his mom.

Later, at home, Thomas was laying on his bed replaying the wonderful experience of losing his virginity, when he heard a tap at his door. "Can you come down to my room a minute, kiddo?" his mom's voiced asked.

"Be right there, Mom."

Thomas got up and went down to his parent's room. When he walked in, he froze suddenly and his eyes got as big as silver dollars.

"Woah!" he muttered.

His mom was standing there in a sexy white lingerie body suit. It was made of a thin transparent mesh, leaving nothing to the imagination. Her monster melons stretched the top of the suit out and her big rubbery nipples looked thick and aroused.

"Like it?" she asked. "Heck yeah."

"I got it at our favorite store in the mall. You remember the one I mean, right?" she asked with a wink.

"Yeah, I remember. That looks really good on you," he confessed.

She shook her head in disbelief. "You're starting to amaze me every day," she said. "Why?" he asked.

"Why?! Why do you think?" she asked. "Look at you. No more than a week ago, you'd run away if you saw me wearing something like this." "That's true."

"But now you're calm and brave, and not even a virgin any more."

"I guess I have you to thank. You helped me get over being so shy, **AND** you got me laid," he said, making his mom laugh.

"You're right, you do have me to thank," she said, sashaying over in front of him. She gazed deeply into his eyes. "So how do you wanna thank me?" she asked softly.

Thomas glanced out into the hallway. "Dad and Maggy aren't here?" he asked.

"No, why?" his mother asked, stepping up and running her hands softly across his shoulder. "Did you have something wild in mind?"

"Wild?"

"Yeah, wild. You know, something that might have the headboard knocking against the wall, or me screaming out mindlessly," she said in a sexy tone. "Oh, that kind of wild," Thomas muttered.

"Well, that's the best kind of wild, isn't it?" Rosie asked. "The kind where we're both naked," she said, then lifted off her son's shirt, "and our hot flesh is beating together." "Yes," the boy muttered, his heart going crazy in his chest.

Rosie sat on the edge of her bed. She leaned back, resting on her elbows, then lifted her dainty bare feet from the floor, bringing her knees back and splaying her thighs wider than Thomas ever imagine a girl could.

"The kind of wild where I spreads my thighs, and let my son hump like a sex-crazed animal between them," the mother said seductively.

Thomas gazed down to where her thick thighs met in the middle. The hairless meat of her labium pressed lewdly against the mesh of the fabric, making him lick his lips.

"Do you wanna go to that wild place with me, Kiddo?" Rosie asked. "Do you wanna bump bellies with your mommy?"

"What about dad?" Thomas asked. "I thought you wanted to be faithful to him?"

"I do, but I also wanna have hot nasty sex with you. So, I just went with the one I wanted to do more."

Thomas smiled. Oh," he said, then watched as his mom extended her already splayed legs back into a huge spread eagle, with her little feet pointing back at the headboard.

"You never answered my question," she said, gazing over at him with her luscious legs scissored open. "You wanna go back to your room?" she asked, then ran her hands teasingly down her thighs, "or

do you wanna get all up in here…and work out some sexual aggression with mom?"

The old Thomas would have split by now, but the new Thomas wanted to stay and get his dick wet. "I'll stay, he answered.

His mom suddenly sat up, her giant boobies jostling beneath the mesh. She scooted to the edge of the bed in front of her boy and quickly tore his shorts off.

Thomas watched in wide-eyed amazement as his mom grasped his hard cock at the base, lowered her head and began whipping her skilled tongue all over it.

"Ohh damn, mom!" he sighed, feeling her wet wiggler dance all over his big barbed tip.

Next, Rosie began teasing him by gobbling up just his peter-tip and letting it pop from her lips over and over.

"God!" the boy exclaimed, reeling unsteadily as his prick was teased.

She grabbed his arm and pulled him onto the bed. "Lay down," she said, which he quickly did.

Once the boy was on his back, she knelt beside him and began sucking his cock in earnest. She wrapped her pretty hand around the root, and beat his dick into her mouth, making the boy's toes clench with delight.

"You like that, kiddo?" she mewled, kissing his dick over and over.

"Yes," he sighed.

"See what girls will do for a guy with a big yummy dick?" she asked, then continued kissing all up and down his pink cock.

She stuffed it back in her mouth greedily and bobbed her head up and down in traditional blowjob fashion. While she sucked, Thomas could feel her tongue rolling all over his boner. His legs trembled as he felt the tip of her licker dig rapidly against his frenulum, making his fat knob swell even bigger.

"Ohhh wow!" he moaned, delighted by the skills she was showing him.

He watched in amazement as his cock popped from her mouth, then she let a mix of saliva and his pre-cum run from her lips, down onto his dick. Using this as lubricant, Rosie whipped her circled fist up and down his hardon a few times. "Mmm, it's gonna feel so good with my pussy around it," she cooed, jerking the hard slab up and down. "Squeezing it and bathing it with fuck-juice, like only a Mommy's pussy can."

The mother was beside herself with lust. Her son had the type of cock that most married women only dream about. It was long and fat, and so engorged with blood it felt like it was carved in granite. "Fuck my throat!" the mother whimpered, before swallowing his cock entirely, mashing her lovely lips around his cock-base.

"Ohhh God," the boy gasped, feeling his mom deep throat him.

She came up off his cock and gasped lewdly. "Grab my hair, Thomas! Fuck my throat!" she said breathlessly, before swallowing him whole again.

This time, the boy did as she asked, using her hair to keep her rounded lips sealed around the root of his pecker. He felt his cock flex and throb excitedly inside the wet warmth of her mouth and throat.

Rosie came up for air again, but resumed her normal cock sucking. Her boy watched her work her magic, feeling his nuts clench up more and more the longer it went on.

"Cum down my throat, kiddo!" the mother urged between the full length plunging of her lips.

Since this was an experienced mother giving this type of head to someone who had never gotten a blowjob before, it didn't take the boy long to cum.

"Ohhh!" his trembling voice whimpered.

"Mmmnn," the cock-gobbling mother hummed as sweet ball-juice began to pulse into her mouth and down her throat.

She swirled his milky excrement around all over his blood-swollen bell tip, making his orgasm even more intense.

Once the cum stopped flowing, the busty mother slid her body up on top of her son's, running her nails through his hair as she gazed wildly down at him. "Was that your fist blowjob ever?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And how did I do?"

"I can't imagine it being any better than that was," he confessed.

"Would you object to mommy sucking your big dick every day like that?" she asked.

"No way."

"Are you ready for the main event?" she asked, staring teasingly. "Are you ready to pillage my special place with that big pink muscle of love?"

"Yes," the boy muttered, his heart racing. "Take it then," Rosie said, raising an eyebrow. "Take it?"

"That's right, take it, Kiddo. Show mommy what a stud man you've become!" his mom said.

Thomas knew he'd overcome a lot with his mom's help, and this was the final test. His mind and body suddenly swelled with courage. "I'm gonna take it!" he said confidently, quickly rolling on top of his mother.

He grasped onto her mesh outfit and tore it off her like tissue paper, making her giant melonous tits roll around on her chest. "There's my boy!" the mother exclaimed with excitement in her eyes.

Thomas brought himself down on top of her and went straight for her lips. They kissed passionately, like long lost lover that had finally been brought together.

He swiveled his hips, making his boner plow through her labium a few times, before his knob got caught in her velvety socket. "Push it in!" Rosie gasped, throwing her lovely naked legs around him, high up on his back. "Push it straight up the pussy!"

In a quick second, the boy's tender cock was fully sheathed, and Rosie's puffy outer labia were mashed against his cock-base.

His horny mother began humping her hips beneath him, eager to be fucked hard. "Come on!" she gasped, setting them in motion.

Thomas's young ass flew up and down between her wide-open thighs as he punched his prick through her heavenly hole. "Yess! Like that!! Fuck this girl!!" his mom cried out, grasping his ass with her long blood-red nails and aiding his cunt-pounding thrusts.

The boy had experience three pussies now, and each one felt uniquely different. He didn't just feel this way because she was his mom, but her pussy felt the absolute best to him. The ribs along her inner lining were more pronounced, and her cunt muscles were tighter, creating amazing friction on his dick. In fact, if she hadn't

just blown him, and got one out of the way, he'd be dumping his first load in her right now, that's how good it felt.

Lewd wet smacking sounds filled the bedroom, as Thomas fucked his mom on his parent's marital bed.

Rosie felt wicked letting her son lay pipe inside her right where her husband slept at night, but she justified it by telling herself it was all for a good cause. If she hadn't helped her son, he'd still be the shy, scared teenager he was before. She doubted her husband would see it that way, but that wasn't stopping her from doing what she thought was right.

Married women knew the spot in their vaginas where their husband's dicks would stop, unable to go any further. Thomas's big dick glided right past that spot in Rosie's pussy, squeezing way up into her dark inner sanctum, where big juicy knobs get licked by quivering cervical flesh. "

"Damn, mom!" the boy groan, getting such licks, as he pounded as deep as he could.

"Oh, Thomas!" Rosie cried out with a trembling voice. "If you keep fucking me this deep, I'm gonna cum all over you!"

The boy placed his hands on the mattress and raised himself up while he fucked, so his could see his mom's pretty face when she came. As an added bonus, he'd get to watch her fleshy tits roll around all over her chest.

Reaching her climax, the beautiful mother arched her back in ecstasy, making her mammoth tit-mounds balloon skyward towards her son's face. "Uuunngghh!" her pretty voice screamed out, her face masked in pleasure, as her entire lush milf body quaked from the power of a cock-induced orgasm surging through her.

When her back hit the mattress again, her boy followed, latching his lips around one of her engorged nipples and sucking as hard as he could.

He reached down with both hands and grasped the meaty flesh of her ass, while driving his steel-hard prick inside her. Her strong motherly legs clutched around him like an anaconda in a mating ball. The big bed jerked and creaked, making sounds Rosie had never heard before.

Her son's big ball-sack beat against the elastic ring of her asshole. Foaming juices forming around the root of Thomas's cock as it relentlessly hammered through her pussy.

The boy snarled in pleasure as he felt his mom's cuntal grip tighten. Rosie used the muscles in her pelvic floor to squeeze her boy's boner as tightly as she could within the tube of her slippery vagina.

"Hnnggff!" the boy grunted again, muffled by the mask of fatty jiggling tit-meat around his face.

"I'm cumming again, baby!" the mother announced, humping her hips frantically off the mattress.

This triggered the boy's nuts to release a raging torrent of hot cum that began hosing into his mom's clasping cunt-tube.

For several minutes they bucked and squealed, enjoying the mind-blowing sensations that were sweeping through their naked bodies.

A week later, the family was sitting at the dinner table, when Pete looked across at his son and smiled. "I hear your becoming quite the Casanova with the ladies."

"I don't know about that?" Thomas blushed.

Rosie looked over at her husband from the stove and smiled curiously. "Where did you hear that?" she asked.

"My coworker said his daughter and her friends can't stop talking about him."

"Well, our son's a cute, confident man now. I'm sure he has women of all ages with their eye on him,"

Rosie said, giving her son a sexy wink.

"None of them are as special as you, mom," Thomas said, getting up and bringing his dishes to the sink.

"Aww, you're too sweet," she said, then leaned over and whispered in his ear. "And you taste sweet too."

"Hey son, do me a favor and fetch my toolbox in the garage for me, will you?" Pete said.

"Sure, dad. Something broken?"

"Yeah, your mother and I's bed. The damn thing's falling apart," Pete said. "I don't understand it." "Neither do I, hon. Really strange," Rosie said, smiling knowingly at her son.

Thomas smiled back at her, recalling how just that morning his mom had rode him to mutual orgasm on his parents' bed. His stomach was still tingling at the thought of the two hours he'd spent with his face stuffed between her huge doughy-soft breasts. This, while her wonderfully snug cunt milked his boner, making his cock pop so hard he nearly passed out.

"You know, you may wanna help me fix my bed too, dad," the boy said. "Jesus, yours is broken too?" Pete asked.

"Afraid so," he said, thinking back on all the wild sexual positions him and his mom had fucked in the past week, nearly pounding his headboard through the wall.

"I don't know," Rosie said. "Maybe we better call a police detective, see if they can figure out while all the beds keep breaking in this house."

Rosie and her son flashed each other an amused smile, clearly anxious to find another piece of furniture in the house to break together.

THE END

MOM'S
BASIC
TRAINING
MOM'S GONE WILD
BY KLRXO

Mom's Basic Training

By Klrxo

"So what's the big news?" George asked his son as he sat in the living room next to his wife, who was cradling a newborn in her arms.

"I've made a decision on my future," Ian declared.

"Already?" his mother Brooke asked, nervously waiting to hear her son's future plans.

"Yeah. I've decided that dad's right. The Army makes the most sense for me."

While he could have easily predicted the proud smile that would cross his father's face, Ian didn't expect the look of disappointment in his mom's demeanor.

"I knew you'd come around to the idea," George said. "Nothing will make a man out of you quicker than some military discipline."

Ian nodded in agreement. His father was a career military man, who had risen up the ranks as a Technical Engineer. Over the years, they had moved from base to base, never giving Ian much of a chance to make long-lasting friendships with kids his age. Since he was now eighteen, it was time for him to follow his own career path. At his father's persistent urging, he decided that the Army may be his best option.

"So, I guess the next step is for me to enlist then," Ian declared, much to the sorrow of his mother. She wanted nothing more than for him to stay close to home, where she could still see him regularly.

"That's a big step," Brooke reminded him. "Maybe we should take a little more time to think this through."

Her husband fed her a questioning glare. "Honey, there is no '**WE**.' He's an adult now and he's made his decision. Let him move forward with it. I'll stop by the base recruiter's office today to get him an appointment."

Ian's beautiful brunette mother reacted with the saddest look he'd ever seen. "I suppose…if that's what he really wants," she mumbled, then stood up with the baby. Even under the confines of her snug short-sleeve top and triple-H cup bra, her milk-swollen boobies wobbled heavily, capturing her boy's attention. "I should feed the baby," she informed them as she stepped out of the living room on bare feet.

Ian's father, dressed in his military greens, stepped over and gave his son a proud pat on the back. "I knew you'd make the right decision," he stated, then noticed how his boy was watching his wife's lovely round ass sway as she walked away. "Trust me, you'll need to be a military man to land a beautiful woman like your mother."

If George was right about one thing, it was that Ian desired a girlfriend that resembled his wife in every way. Brooke was a knockout, that never failed to turn the head of every guy on base. The fact that she had the largest tits and roundest ass that Ian had ever seen, was a huge part of her incredible sex appeal. After many years of not being able to have another child, due to George's low sperm count, Brooke was finally able to conceive, with the help of modern science. She had given birth to a beautiful baby girl just weeks earlier, but despite all of the attention that a newborn required, the mother still doted over her handsome 18-year-old son. The thought of him being sent off to Basic Training, then stationed far away from home, saddened her tremendously.

"He's just doing it to please George," Brooke told her friend's Heather and Sasha as they sat at the base restaurant having coffee. The group of attractive military moms each held a baby beneath their large milk-engorged breasts as they chatted. Beneath the table, their silky mommy-legs were crossed, sticking out from beneath their skirts. Dainty stiletto-heeled sandals dangled from their sexy painted toes.

"Well, you can't just let him enlist in the Army just because your husband wants him to," Sasha protested.

"I know, but what am I suppose to do?" Brooke asked in frustration. "I've already presented Ian with a million other options. George has him convinced that the only way he's gonna be a 'real man' is by enlisting in the Army."

"That's ridiculous!" Heather giggled. "Wearing a green uniform and doing push-ups all day doesn't make you a real man."

"It's true," Sasha added. "Sadly, everything my husband knows about being a man in the bedroom, he learned from me, not from the Army."

"Then what is it you're suggesting I do?" asked Brooke.

"Well, maybe tell Ian if he wants to learn how to be a man…**YOU'LL** teach him how."

Brooke considered the idea a moment. "I suppose I could do that. Ian and I are very close. I doubt he'd be weirded out too much by the idea."

"You could always send him my way," Sasha smiled. "I'd be happy to do it for you."

"I'm sure you would," Ian's heavy-titted mother giggled, "but I'm pretty confident I can handle it on my own."

On the way back home, Brooke drove her **SUV** over to the base park, where her son was usually playing basketball with boys from the area.

After nailing a three-pointer, Ian spotted his mom's car parked nearby, so he rushed over.

"Hey, bunny boo…hop in!" his mom hollered.

Ian rounded the **SUV**, climbed in the passenger seat and closed the door. "Mom, it would be super-embarrassing if my friends heard you call me that," the boy expressed, with his mom's sweet perfume sweeping into his nostrils.

"Too bad, so sad, bunny boo" Brooke giggled. "I'm sure their moms have cute little pet names for them too."

"Why did you come by? Is everything ok?" Ian asked, glancing back at his newborn sister, sleeping in her baby seat.

"Everything's fine. I just…have something important I wanna talk to you about."

"What is it?"

As his sexy mom took a few seconds to formulate her words, Ian let his eyes wander down over the swell of her mammoth bosom. He also noticed how far her skirt had crept up, allowing him a look at her luscious legs, all the way up to the middle of her thighs.

"Ian, I'm just gonna be frank with you," she remarked. "I think your father has you convinced that you need the Army to be a real man and score a beautiful girl, and it's simply not true."

"Yeah, but look at dad. He has a great career, he's confident, **AND** he has a beautiful wife, just like I want."

"Oh, well, thank you, honey," Brooke blushed, "but just because your father took that route to get those things, doesn't mean you have to."

He took a moment to consider her words. "I've thought about going to college locally, but honestly I don't see how that would help me learn the things I need to know to be a man," explained Ian.

"You know, some boys learn how to be a man before they even leave home."

"How do they do that?" The teen asked.

"Well, that's where we moms come in," she answered with a sweet smile. "A mom can teach her son to be a man right at home."

"She can?"

"Yep, including all the tricks to getting and keeping a beautiful girl," she explained, then reached over and patted his thigh gingerly. "It's kind of like a mom's basic training for her boy."

Ian's cock began to harden beneath his shorts. "That doesn't sound so bad," he admitted.

"Will you give me a week then?"

"A week?"

"Yes, a week to give you a basic training into manhood. After that, if you're still not convinced that you have what it takes to be a man, you can enlist in the Army…deal?" asked Brooke.

"Deal."

Brooke smiled and turned her hand over on his thigh. "Give me your hand," she said softly.

Ian placed his hand on hers and she brought it over, rested it against her own upper thigh and held it there. "We may not be trained up in the ways of discipline and combat, but that doesn't mean that we moms don't have something to offer. When it comes to building confidence and creating a skilled lover, we have exactly what it takes to train a boy up right."

"I guess I um…never really considered that," Ian gulped.

Brooke bravely guided her boy's hand underneath her skirt, along her smooth inner thigh. "For the sake of helping you, are you willing to travel down roads that you and I have never been down before, Ian?"

The teen's heart was beating so fast he could hardly answer. "I am," he blurted, as his thumb grazed her silky panty-gusset and the puffy cuntal bulge beneath it.

"Thank you, Ian," his mom sighed. "Thanks for giving me a chance to help you, while keeping you a little closer to home."

"He wants to wait two weeks? For what?" George fumed, while speaking to his wife after work.

"So he can make sure he's explored all his other options," answered Brooke.

"The Army **IS** the best option. I've been telling him that his whole life."

"And you may be right, but, honey, we have to let him make his own decision," George's wife insisted.

"Fine, but a week from today, he better have a clear path to his future mapped out, and if he's smart, it'll be a future that involves serving his country."

"Are you sure this doesn't have more to do with what **YOU** want, rather than what's best for Ian?" Brooke inquired.

"Why would you think that?"

"I just think sometimes it's common for fathers, especially those in the military, to want their sons to follow in their footsteps," his wife explained. "Not that it's a bad thing…it's just that a boy should travel the path he feel is best for him, and not one that simply pleases someone else."

"Fine, we'll let him choose his own way then, and in five years when he's unemployed, without a girlfriend and still living at home, you'll both see that I was right," George preached.

Brooke knew firsthand that while the military may teach discipline and provide a stable career, it did little in the way of making a man a better lover. Her husband George wasn't bad in the bedroom, but she had certainly had better in her younger years, by guys who had nothing to do with the Army.

George was out of the house early every morning at six a.m. sharp. At six-fifteen, Ian was jarred awake by the sound of a blaring trumpet. His mom stood in his doorway holding her phone, playing "Reveille," the traditional military wake-up song.

"Mom, what the hell?!" he grumbled, looking over at his clock.

"Up and at 'em, bunny boo. It's your first day of training!" she hollered.

"This early?"

"Yes, this early. I need to nurse your sister. When I get back, I want you up, dressed and bed made, understood?"

He gave her a mocking salute. "Got it, ma'am!"

With his eyes now adjusting to the morning sunlight, he took in what his mom was wearing, which was a blue boyfriend-style button up nightshirt. The silky sleep-shirt fell just below her crotch, leaving all her sexy mommy-legs exposed. They gave off a wonderful silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Brooke had the knee of one leg cocked forward, so her dainty bare foot was arched, resting on squatted toes with ruby red toenails. Her enormous milk-engorged melons were pushed out beneath the fabric, so the nubs of her thick protuberant nipples were clearly noticeable. "How about, Sergeant Mom? I like that better than ma'am," she joked.

"Got it, Sergeant Mom!" her son chuckled.

"Oh, and make sure you put on some workout shorts. We're starting the day off with a run," she informed him, then left.

"A run?" Ian asked, with an awful scowl. "I hate running."

"Thanks for watching her. We'll be back in an hour," Brooke said, giving her beastie Heather a quick kiss and handing off her newborn in Heather's front doorway.

"Take your time," said Heather cheerfully, "I love spending time with this cute little baby girl."

Ian was waiting in shorts and sneakers by his mom's **SUV**.

"Ready to make some sweat?" Brooke asked, as she clicked the timer on her Fitbit.

"How far are we going?" the boy grumbled.

"I was thinking to the Armory and back," she answered.

"Damn, that far?"

"Yep, and you better keep up," she teased, then began jogging off down the sidewalk. Ian quickly followed after her.

Until now, he hadn't really noticed how sexy his mom's running attire was. Brooke wore sexy pink track shorts that were molded around her succulent round ass. Her form fitting white tank top had a built in support bra, which would certainly be put to the test during their run. Her brunette hair was pulled back in a ponytail that bounced cutely as she ran. Ian's mom was no fitness nut, but she was certainly in good shape, especially for a woman who'd just given birth weeks ago. She created a good pace and kept her son trailing behind her.

"Speed it up back there, bunny boo!" she shouted, glancing back at him.

Ian was content running behind his mom, watching her booty jiggle delightfully. He did imagine though that her tits must be bouncing wildly beneath her top, so he sped up in order to satisfy his curiosity.

"About time you caught up," his mom teased as they jogged side by side.

"I was just watching my pace. I didn't wanna tire out too quickly."

"I know what you were watching back there, and it wasn't your pace," she breathed, smiling over at him mischievously.

"Funny," he blushed.

"Did you come up here to keep your eyes on something else?"

Ian knew what his mom was referring to. He looked over at her large boobs and sure enough they were bouncing up and down, even under the confines of her snug top with built-in support.

"Looks like your sister's getting a milkshake for lunch," Brooke joked, making them both laugh.

"Lucky her," Ian boldly commented, making his mom give him a playful punch on the arm as they ran.

"So tell me what you like about a girl, besides humongous boobs," she asked breathlessly, flashing him a flirty smile.

"A great personality…a nice smile, and a girl that's smart is always a plus."

"Blondes or brunettes?"

"Brunettes, of course," Ian answered.

"Good answer," his brunette mom beamed. "Do you want one that's a good cook?"

"Sure."

"One that's in good shape?"

"Heck yeah," he blurted. "Some of the hottest girls I know are ones who take great care of themselves."

"Do you want one that's moderately sexual, very sexual or hyper-sexual?" asked Brooke.

"Hyper-sexual?"

Hid mom flashed him a smile. "A girl that wants to have sex constantly," she clarified.

"Oh, um…a hyper-sexual one would be nice."

"I imagine that's the answer that most boys your age would give," his mom giggled.

"Which one are you?" the teen brazenly asked, as they continued a good jogging pace along the base sidewalk.

"Which one do you think I am?"

"Well, I don't hear you and dad going at it **ALL THE TIME**, but I'd still say you're probably hyper-sexual," he guessed.

"Nope!"

"Very sexual then?"

"Not that one either. Your mom is 'super-duper-hyper-sexual.' I created a new category, just for myself," she giggled.

"Wait though…if a hyper-sexual person wants sex 'all the time,' then how often does a super-duper-hyper-sexual person want it?" he confusingly asked.

She looked over at him with a sexy Cheshire-cat grin. "Every second of every day," she confessed.

"Wow," her teen muttered, surprised that his mom would reveal such a thing about herself to him.

"That doesn't mean she gets it every second of every day…just that she'd be a **VERY** willing participant."

Ian was finding it harder and harder to run the more erect his cock got. Just talking to his mom on the subject of sex, while glancing over at the leaping swell of her breasts was getting him incredibly excited. Now knowing that she would like more than anything to spend her day fucking her ass off made his dick expand into full hardness.

"I'm gonna stop and take a breather," he announced, slowing down.

"Oh, wimping out on me, huh?" his mom joked, slowing down also.

"You can go ahead. I'll catch up," Ian assured her, trying his best to conceal his steely-hard bulge.

"That's OK, bunny boo, I'll wait," she assured him, catching her breath and jogging in place. She looked over at her son's obvious arousal and smiled. "So what's your definition of being a man, Ian?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Having confidence, and knowing how to treat a woman I guess," the boy answered.

"You have it mostly right. Being a man is part charm, part skill and part confidence," she coached. "So much confidence in fact, that you stop trying to hide your erections when you're around a girl."

"Oh," the boy muttered, looking over at his smiling mom as her gaze darted from his eyes to his crotch. "Sorry, just um…kind of embarrassing."

"I had erect nipples when I was in your doorway this morning, and don't say you didn't notice," Brooke teased. "Did you see me trying to hide them?"

"No," the teen answered, reflecting back on the swell of her unfettered tits that morning.

"Your penis is part of you…and you should be proud of it. Stop trying to shield it from a woman's gaze and let her admire you."

"Alright," the boy blushed, lowering his hands. His boner made his running shirts tent way out obscenely.

Brooke's heart skipped a beat, gazing at her son's protrusion, while jogging in place. "Good grief, it looks so thick and strong!" her mind gasped. She let her eyes linger a moment, then finally snapped her gaze back up to his blushing face. "I do get how it might be kinda difficult to jog with that thing though," she giggled. "Do you wanna sit down in the grass and talk until it goes down?"

"Sure," answered Ian.

Along the jogging path was a nice grassy area, and he and his mom sat down side by side. "Phew! Feels good to be out on a run," Brooke said, reclining back on extended arms, which were propped behind her. Doing this made the rounded swell of her massive tits balloon outward, catching her son's ogling eyes.

"Yeah, it's been awhile. I'm kind of out of shape," he admitted, his gaze drifting down to his mom's silky legs, which were extended out in front of her with her knees slightly bent.

"Well, this week we'll whip you into peak physical condition," his mom informed him.

"Great," the boy sarcastically responded, making his mom giggle.

After a short silence, Brooke spoke up again. "Tell me about the last time you had sex, bunny boo," she candidly asked him.

Ian was taken a bit off guard. "The last time I had sex?"

"Yeah, were you on a bed, a couch…in a car…where did it happen? I'm curious."

"She has a car her parents bought her. We drove out to Harmon's Beach and did it in her back seat."

"Oh, it's so beautiful out there. It's the perfect spot for some passionate love making," Brooke sighed, reflecting on her own time fucking there when she was younger. "Tell me how long you lasted."

"How long I lasted?"

"Yeah, how long did you last inside her…before you had your orgasm?"

"Oh, um…twenty minutes maybe," he timidly responded.

"Did you make her cream on you before you came?"

"No. She told me it was it wasn't my fault. She just doesn't cum easily."

"Honey, I'm sorry, but she lied to you," his mom frowned. "It **WAS** your fault."

"It was?"

"Has she called or texted since you guys went out?"

"No."

"Then it was definitely your fault. If you blew her socks off, she would have contacted you the next day wanting a repeat," Brooke pointed out. "I'm not gonna bullshit you, honey. She's mostly likely been with a couple different guys since then, to give **THEM** a chance to break her open."

"What does 'break her open' mean?"

"Well…imagine a female orgasm is like a coconut, and a guy's penis is like a hammer, pounding away at it, trying to get it to break open, so it can gush out all that wonderful coconut juice," Brooke explained.

"Oh, so do you mean **MY** hammer wasn't quite good enough, to break open my date's coconut," Ian giggled.

"No, from what I saw earlier, it's plenty good enough," his mom teased, referring to the boner he'd been sporting. "It's not about just owning an impressive tool though, honey, it's also knowing how to effectively use it."

"And that has a lot to do with feeling like a man?"

"It sure does," Brooke answered with a wide-eyed smile. "Knowing you have the skills to break any woman open is an incredible confidence booster. It's an ability every guy who wants to be considered a 'real man' should have."

"So…how do I get it?" the boy asked.

They saw a group of soldiers out loading a cargo truck across the way. "Well, you're certainly not gonna get it out there with them," his mom stated. "There are certain things the Army can't teach you."

"True," Ian agreed.

His mom smiled over at him, gazing with her sultry eyes. "We'll have our work cut out for us this week, but in the end I think we're gonna make a real man out of you."

They continued their jog to the Armory. When they nearly got back to where they started, Brooke looked over at her sweaty teenager. "Ready to really push yourself?" she asked.

"Sure, why?"

"If you can beat me back, I'll let you feel the inside of my thigh again," she offered, "and this time I won't be wearing any panties."

The mother went from a jog to a run, and the boy took off after her. With an offer that sweet, he wasn't about to let his mom beat him back. When they got to Heather's street, Ian really turned on the heat, sprinting with everything he had and passing his mother easily.

"You brat…I had you!" Brooke shouted playfully as they finished their run.

"Had me until the last turn that is," her son bragged as they both caught their breath.

"So how did you do it?" his mom asked.

"Beat you?"

"Yeah. How did you muster up that incredible burst of energy at the end?"

"Will power, I guess."

"That's right…will power," she smiled. "Remember that one, ok?"

"Ok," Ian answered, knowing it must have something to do with his training to be a man.

They got the baby from Heather and went back home. "I desperately need a shower before I feed your sister. Can you keep her entertained for me?" Brooke asked her son.

"Sure thing, mom," the boy gladly replied, cradling the newborn in his arms and sitting down on the couch.

For the longest time, Ian was an only child, until his parents decided to have another. His mom's boobs had always been object of fascination to the boy, since he'd hit puberty. They were already incredibly large before her pregnancy, then they started growing ginormous on her prenatal body. He thought maybe they would return to their normal size after she'd given birth, but not so. Her boobies grew to even more ridiculous proportions as they began producing copious amounts of tit-nectar for his newborn sister. He often beat his dick just imagining what they must look like naked.

"Ahh, much better!" Brooke sighed as she stepped into the living room with only a tiny white towel draped around her.

Ian had rarely seen his mom barely covered like this, so she immediately grabbed his attention. The way the towel was cloaked tightly around her bosom make her cleavage bulge and tremble

obscenely as she walked over on bare feet and sat down next to him. "Is she starting to get fussy?" Brooke asked, as he handed the baby to her.

"No, not at all," the teen answered, marveling at how incredibly hot his mom looked with her dark hair wet and slicked back from her shower.

"Aw, she's a hungry little girl, isn't she?" Brooke cooed, in a cute baby voice. "She just wants to nurse on mommy's big swollen teats."

Ian's insides tingling as blood rushed straight for his cock. He took a moment to admire Brooke's strong smooth mommy-legs, which were nearly completely exposed as she sat there. He could smell the sweet fragrant lotion she'd applied to them and wondered what such legs would feel like harnessed around him, while he pounded his dick into the pussy of all pussies.

Brooke continued doting on her daughter. "Mommy's gonna feed you, but your big brother's gonna touch her between her legs first."

Ian's breathing increased as his heart swelled with excitement. He continued to listen to his mom speak to the newborn in a cute baby voice.

"That right…he's learning to become a man and touch women in special places," Brooke purred, then set the baby aside on the couch.

Ian watch his mom turn towards him as she sat up straight and positioned her lovely ass on the edge of the couch-cushion. "Scoot over her right next to me, bunny boo," Brooke softly requested.

The boy scooted over, so he was hip to hip with his mom. She took his hand and squeezed it gently, while gazing into his wondrous eyes. "You're so nervous," she giggled. "Haven't you put your hand down between a girl's legs before?"

"Yeah, but not one as beautiful as you," he confessed.

"Mm, there's that charm I was talking about," she whispered. "That part comes naturally with you, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"Once we get the skill and confidence down, you'll be the kind of man women will dream of locking their legs around," the mother bragged, then placed his hand on her knee.

"You think so?" Ian asked, his cock flexing with so much blood that for a moment he felt light-headed.

"I know so," Brooke smiled, guiding her boy's hand under the towel, along her smooth inner thigh. "You'll be breaking girls open left and right…listening to them scream out, and watching their naked bodies tremble beneath you."

Once again, Ian couldn't believe how high up between her legs his mom was going with his hand. The fact that he knew she had no panties on this time made it all the more thrilling. The further he went, the warmer his hand got, from the heat that was radiating from her naked genitalia.

The mother noticed how her boy's eyes kept drifting to her bulging cleavage. "In some social situations it isn't polite for a man to stare at a woman's tits. This isn't one of them, honey" she informed him.

"So it's ok if I look?"

"Yes, you can look," the mother giggled. It secretly thrilled her to know that such a handsome you man was fascinated by her body.

Now that she had given him the green light, Ian could really study the swell of his mom's towel-shrouded bosom in greater detail. The sight of all the wonderful tit-meat spilling out the top of towel was

absolutely mesmerizing. Her giant boobies were pressed together, forming the biggest, deepest cleavage Ian had ever seen in his life.

"Did the girl you had sex with at Harmon's Beach have big boobs?" his mom curiously asked.

"Well, compared to the other girls at school, yes…but compared to yours, not at all."

Brooke giggled, making her fatty tit-flesh jiggle. "I guess I do have a couple of monsters, don't I?" she asked.

"I doubt they look like monsters," the boy chuckled, then felt his mom guide his hand up even further, until his thumb rested against the smooth hairless swell of her outer labia.

"Monsters or not, if I don't feed your sister soon they're gonna burst right out of this towel and spray all over you," she giggled. "Not that you'd complain any," Brooke winked.

"No, I wouldn't," the boy honestly replied.

"Oh, a bold answer," the mother smiled. "Before I go feed your sister, let's put that confidence to the test. Stand up right in front of me and put your hands behind your back…right now, soldier!"

Ian knew this would be displaying his hardon through his shorts, just like when they were out running, but he was a little more sure of himself now and stood up without hesitation. His erect dick tented out strong and proud, his knob pushing upward beneath the stretchy fabric.

"**WOW!!**" Brooke's mind screamed. "**WHAT A DICK!!**"

"Well, that's pretty good form there, mister," she verbally declared.

"You think so?"

"I know so. From the position of your tip, I can tell that your erection is standing at a perfect one hundred and thirty-degree angle."

"That's really the perfect angle?" Ian asked, astounded that he was having a discussion with his own mom about his erect cock.

"Most women would say so. It allows for a greater depth of penetration during intercourse," the mother explained, then sat up with peculiar interest, staring at the form of her boy's boner. "Hmm, are you flexing it at all, or is it just holding that angle on it's own?"

"I'm not really doing anything special. It's just staying put that way. Is that normal?"

"Normal?" Brooke giggled. "Honey, it's amazing! It means you have incredible penile structure at the base of your prick."

"Penile structure?"

"You have tight ligaments and strong muscles at the root of your penis, that are working to stabilize and hold your erection upright like that," explained the mother.

"So that's a good thing?"

"An extremely good thing," she chuckled. "Remember our hammer and coconut analogy earlier?"

"Yeah."

"Well if we're comparing dicks to tools then, honey, I'd say you're packing a pretty powerful sledgehammer."

"Which is better to crack those coconuts with, right?" Ian asked with a proud smile.

"When used in conjunction with skill and some staying power… absolutely yes!" his mom assured him.

"You seem to know a lot about the penis," Ian pointed out.

"Yes, well, hyper-sexual women usual do," she giggled. The question that had been burning a hole in the back of her cock-obsessed mind suddenly blurted out of her mouth. "Do you wanna share sizes?"

"Sizes?" asked Ian.

"Yes. You tell me the size of your penis and I'll tell you just how big the girls are," she stated, shaking her shoulders a tad, making her meaty melons wobble heavily from side to side.

"Well, last time I measures it was just over eight inches," he shared.

"Impressive," his mom beamed.

"You think so?"

"Absolutely…as long as you can crack a coconut with it," she teased.

"What about you?" the boy asked, eagerly glancing down at her towel-shrouded bosom.

"Well," Brooke muttered, looking down at her boobies, "that number has changed a lot in the past year. In their present lactating state… they're a forty triple-H."

Brooke's daughter began crying on the couch next to her. "Speaking of lactating, your sister's hungry. I better feed her," she said, standing up and cradling the baby. "Honey, will you be an angel and bring me the bottle and plastic breast-shield in on the dish strainer."

"Sure," Ian answered, then quickly fetched the items his mom wanted. When he got to the nursery, Brooke was just setting the baby down in the crib to prepare for nursing. "Here you go, mom."

"Thanks, bunny boo. I'm gonna pump the other breast, while she's nursing, that way I can bottle feed her later," his mom shared.

"I'll be in my room," said Ian, heading for the exit.

"Ian?"

The boy turned to see his mom standing with her hands on her hips looking at him. "Yeah?"

"Close the door and come over here," she uttered.

The teen didn't ask questions. He simply did as his mom asked, then stopped in front of her.

"Part of becoming a man is being able to watch these sorts of things," she stated. "So consider this part of your special training."

With that, Brooke peeled apart the towel, then lowered it and tied it around her waist. Her son's eyes about bugged out of his skull as he stared her huge naked udders for the first time. Her blood engorged areolas were as big around grapefruit and peppered with bumpy Montgomery glands. The protuberant nipples at their centers were thick and rubbery…made for serious sucking.

"They're a little different than those on the girls at school, huh?" she teased.

"Yes, but in a good way," Ian blushed.

Ian stood there gawking as his heavy-titted mother sat down and nursed his sister. She attached the breast pump to her other leaking tit and turned it on. The boy's jaw dropped in fascination when he saw the way her big nipple was being tugged out by the suction, and tit-nectar poured steadily into the bottle.

"Pretty interesting process, huh?" Brooke giggled, glancing down at his protruding boner.

"Very!" the boy breathed.

Brooke could feel her cunt juices drooling from her slit. "Good grief! I can't believe how excited he's making me."

"You really got naked in front of him?!" Sasha exclaimed, while having coffee the next day with Brooke and Heather.

"Well, not totally naked. Just topless, while I was nursing the baby," Brooke responded.

"It's a natural process," Heather interjected. "Any boy who wants to become a man should be able to handle watching it."

"Exactly," Brooke agreed, "and they should be able to walk around with boners without being embarrassed or ashamed."

"Sounds to me like you're increasing his confidence-level already," Heather added.

"Yes, but taking things to the next level could be a bit more tricky."

"How so?"

"Well, how do I help Ian increase his sexual skills without crossing the line too much," the mother asked.

"Sound like 'the line' may have already been crossed yesterday," Sasha giggled.

"The real issue isn't simply crossing the line, it's **WHY** you're crossing the line," Heather preached. "It's not like you and Ian are having some secret mother and son love affair. You're showing him what it takes to be a man. You can't go out and show a person how to dig a ditch, without getting a little dirty in the process."

Brooke nodded in agreement. "True. He agreed to give me one week, and I may only have one shot at this. If he still enlists in the Army, at least I can look back and say I gave it my all."

Ian was laying in bed masturbating to the image of his mother's enormous breasts that he had seen for the first time yesterday. He was suddenly startled as his mom barged in.

"Up and at 'em, soldier!" Brooke shouted, then froze as she spotted her boy's steely-hard boner tenting up lewdly beneath the blanket. "Oh…um, sorry, bunny boo. Did I interrupt something?"

"No, I was just getting up," the boy lied.

"I can see that," giggled Brooke. "**WAY UP!**"

When Ian took in what his mom was wearing, it certainly didn't help him become any less aroused. The only thing Brooke had on was one of her husband's big camouflaged Army shirts, which was unbuttoned half-way. She clearly wasn't wearing a bra, by the way her giant tits bulged out obscenely.

"Are we running again today?" he asked, trying not to stare at her boobs too much.

"No, I was gonna have you drop and give me twenty, but I can see that's gonna be nearly impossible with your kickstand down," she giggled, staring at the tubular-shaped protrusion sticking up from beneath the blankets. "Maybe this is the perfect chance for us to transition into the next phase of his training," Brooke thought.

The mother gave her boy a brave look. "Are you ready to be man enough to let me see it…and finish in front of me?"

"Finish?"

The mother crawled onto the bed with him. "Yes, finish masturbating, bunny boo," she clarified. "I know that's what you were doing in here."

"Oh…um," Ian muttered in hesitation, staring at his mom's dangling, mile-long cleavage as she rested there on all-fours beside him..

"If you can't be man enough to show off your tool in front of a woman, how can you ever expect to be confident enough to crack her open?"

"True."

Brooke's hazel eyes gazed into her boy's with anxious wonder. "Show me that sledgehammer, Ian. Stand up beside your bed and show me how big and hard it gets," she whispered.

The teen bravely stood up from his bed and turned to face his mom, wearing nothing but his birthday suit.

Brooke sprawled out on her side in a sexy pose, with her head resting again her hand and her elbow propped on the mattress. Her smooth lovely legs were slightly spread out, exposed beneath the hem of the big camouflaged button-up. Her eyes widened in delight as she stared at her boy long saluting boner.

"Wow, something's certainly standing at full attention this morning," she complimented.

"Well, what do you expect…when you're dressed like that, mom."

The mother stared at the fat angry, pinkish-purple knob. "Make it wag," she requested.

"Wag?"

"Yeah…make your boner wag back and forth, soldier!"

Ian complied, turning his midsection and making his protruding stiffy lewdly waggle back and forth as it branched out from his crotch.

"Oh, honey, that's wonderful!" the mother cooed, marveling at the strength and stiffness of his vein-encrusted appendage. "Stroke on it now…like you were doing before I barged in."

Ian gasped his dick and began slowly stroking it up and down. He never imagined he'd being showing his own mom his hard cock, let alone masturbating in front of her. Even though he was nervous, it was incredibly thrilling.

Brooke was mesmerized by the sight in front of her. It was like everything she imagined in all her forbidden fantasies.

"Is pre-cum dripping from the slit of your knob, bunny boo?" she asked in concern.

"Yes."

"Good. That'll lubricate your strokes and keep your boner nice and slippery."

The mother's heart raced excitedly as she watched her big-dicked boy beat off in front of her. She could feel her clitoris throbbing, while she watched his muscled meat slip through his hand like it was a pussy.

"If there's anything you'd like to see, while you're doing that, Ian…I want you to be man enough to tell me."

Since he'd reached puberty, Ian regularly imaged what his mom must look like laying on the bed, with her amazing legs spread wide open. This was his chance to finally find out. "Will you spread your legs?" he bravely asked.

Without hesitation, Brooke gracefully brought her naked legs together, pointed them up towards the ceiling and pulled her black thong panties off. Rather than lower her legs again, she scissored them wide open, displaying not only her amazing spread, but also her shaved vulva in all it's aroused glory.

"Dang!" the teen gasped, admiring the way her strong mommy-legs spread open limberly, so her dainty feet pointed to opposite ends of his bedroom. He was equally fascinated by the form of her mature pussy. "That's quite the coconut, mom," he joked.

"Thanks, honey," she giggled. "Speaking of that…knowing how to crack a coconut is probably like knowing how and where to attack your enemy's fortress, which in this case is a woman's vagina. Understanding how a woman's built and where her sweet spots are, gives a man an added advantage to victory beneath the sheet."

"Well…I do know some things."

"Oh really? We'll see about that," the mom said, half-playfully. "Show me where my clitoris is."

Ian nervously pointed at her pussy. "There in the center," he answered.

"That's pretty vague, honey," she giggled, then scooted her rounded ass to the edge of her boy's bed. "Here…get down on your knees and point it out."

The teen dropped to his knees, which gave him a look at his mom's wonderful pudendum in greater detail. He again pointed towards the center of it. "It's there."

"Nope, that's my clitoral hood…not my clitoris."

"Well, it's um…underneath," the boy muttered awkwardly.

"Then peel it back and show me."

With his heart racing in his chest, Ian reached out and used two fingers to unshroud his mom's grape-sized love-button. It stuck out from her cuntal flesh…shiny and engorged.

"Do you see how similar it is to the knob of your penis? It's like a cute little mini-version of you," she giggled.

"And that's where a woman gets most of her pleasure, right?"

"A lot, but not all," Brooke answered. "Like the tip of your dick, it has a high concentration of nerve-endings. Stimulating it will definitely weaken your enemy's defenses, and prepare her fortress to be penetrated."

"I love the military analogy, mom," Ian chuckled.

"Your father would be proud, right?"

Ian stared at her pussy and laughed. "Considering the subject of our discussion…probably not."

"Good point," his mom agreed. "Now, soldier…show me the spot where you breach the enemy fortress."

Ian spread her labial folds open, revealing the coral-colored pit of her cuntal vestibule and the mouth of her fuck-hole. "There!"

"Good. It's important to understand that the real battle goes on once you're inside, so it's crucial that you raid the enemy fortress with everything you have," Brooke explained.

"Why…are there a thousand soldiers waiting in there for me?" the teen giggled.

His mom bent one of her sexy legs down a moment and used her foot to push him playfully. "No, there's no platoon of soldiers in

there, but there will be some resistance, especially when you're using your weapon well, and really turning on the heat."

"It's a good type of resistance though," Ian admitted.

"Yes, and as you know…that wonderful resistance can cause your penis to surrender before you've even won the battle."

"Like after twenty-minutes, in the backseat, at Harmon's beach, right?" her son added, a bit embarrassed.

"Exactly. You left that coconut intact, so we need to teach you a **VERY** important part of being a man, which is sexual endurance."

"How do I learn something like that though?" inquired Ian.

"Yesterday, at the end of our run, even though you were exhausted, you pushed yourself and beat me. Do you remember why you did it?"

"Because you're too slow?" he joked.

"No, not because I was too slow," his mom chuckled. "What was it you wanted?"

"To feel your thigh again," he admitted.

"So you did something you probably didn't think you could do, because you were motivated by something, right?"

"Yes."

"So let's use that, and do an endurance exercise together. Come up on the bed and lay down on your back," Brooke instructed, curling her legs back down onto the mattress.

Ian took position by his mother, who sat beside him with her lovely legs spread out to the side. "If you wanna crack a girl open like a

coconut when you have sex with her, you have to use that same type of willpower you used yesterday."

"So I can last longer than twenty-minutes in bed you mean?"

"Yes, much longer. At least double that…and that's just for starters. For this first exercise, we'll be doing forty minutes of vigorous masturbation," Brooke insisted.

"Dang," the boy gasped. "I don't think I've ever masturbated that long before."

"Notice I said '**WE'LL** be doing forty minutes of masturbation,' bunny boo. That means **I'LL** be the one masturbating you."

"Oh…" he muttered, feeling a sudden rush of excitement. "Um… alright then."

He watched his mom spit a gob of saliva onto her hand, then reach over and coated the tip of his cock with it. Her touch was electric, making his body shudder heatedly.

"Ready to hear what you're working for?" Brooke asked, feeding him a smile as she slowly began jerking his boner up and down.

"Sure."

"If you can make it forty-minutes without cumming….I'll let you suck on my tits," his mom promised candidly.

"Seriously?" Ian asked.

"Seriously! However, if you think I'm going easy on you, you're wrong. If you wanna nurse on these triple-H's, you gonna have to earn it."

"I'll do my best," he promised.

"Here we go then," declared Brooke, speeding up her cock-stroking tempo.

Ian knew he shouldn't look up at his mom as she sat beside him stroking, because it would turn him on even more, but he couldn't help himself. The way her huge tits jiggled, while spilling out from between the unbuttoned portion of her camouflaged shirt was spellbinding. His gaze drifted up to her pretty face to find her staring down at him. "I don't think I've ever jerked on a penis this big before," she giggled, "so it looks like I have my work cut out for me too."

"It feels really…really good," the boy breathed, looking down and watching her motherly hand jerk up and down his prick from balls to knob. He could tell his mom had done this a thousand other times, by the way her hand moved in a perfect corkscrew motion. Also, by the way her palm swept over his knob, using his leaking precum to keep his erection completely lubricated.

"It's been ten minutes, bunny boo. You're doing great!" the mother boasted.

"I'm feeling really good too."

"You mentioned that already," Brooke giggled. "When I get to the half-way point, I'm gonna do some things that'll make it a bit more challenging for you."

"What kinds of things?"

His mom fed him a mischievous smile. "Get to the half-way point and find out."

Five minutes later, the teen was beginning to squirm in pleasure. His mom's hand hadn't slowed one bit and was making his boner tingle with pre-orgasmic sensations. "God, mom! Could you slow down just

a little bit?" he whimpered, wincing from the pleasure he was getting.

"No, but I can go faster," Brooke answered, speeding up her tempo. Now the boy was writhing in delight as her hand thundered up and down his throbbing dick.

"Ahh! I don't know if I can stand too much of that! Please…can you slow down?" he pleaded.

"In thirty seconds I will," she answered, tirelessly jerking him off, "but the next time you tell me to slow down I'm gonna jerk it hard and fast like this, and I won't be slowing down again…understood?"

"Yes."

Squeezing off his orgasm seemed a little more tolerable once she slowed her stokes a bit. After several more minutes, Brooke crawled up on her knees beside him, still leaning over and stroking his steely cock without missing a single beat. She placed one hand astride him, so she was hovering over her boy on one extended arm, while beating his dick with the other.

"Dang!" moaned Ian, gawking up at his mom's dangling tit-meat, which was threatening to spill right out of her top. Her cock-jerking motions caused her giant boobie-orbs to ripple wonderfully, and Ian was front row center.

"Honey?" his mom whispered, causing him to shift his gaze to her eyes. "I want you to imagine that you're at Harmon's Beach, in the back seat of a car fucking the girl of your dreams."

The teen shuddered just from hearing his mom use the F-word in that context. "Alright," he replied, with heavy excited breath.

"Imagine that she's laying on top of you, and you're pounding your manhood up into her."

Of course, the person Ian was envisioning in the backseat with him was his mother. At that wonderful moment, he couldn't possibly be imagining anyone else.

"You're enjoying the incredible tightness of her hot wet pussy around your entire dick," Brooke cooed, while gazing down into her boy's eyes with a lustful demeanor.

"Ahh, yes!" hissed Ian, feeling his glans tingle in the tight slippery grip of his mom's hand.

"Hump your hips from the mattress, honey. Show her what a good fuck you are," Brooke mewled. "Show her you know how to split her open and make her gush all over you."

"Hot damn, mom!" the boy squealed, squirming beneath her, more turned on than he'd ever been in his life. It was all he could do to keep from shooting into the air as he listened to her sultry voice.

"Yes! Fuck her, bunny boo! Go get that pussy!" his mommy cried out.

The boy tried every trick in the book to lower his excitement level. His efforts started paying off, until he gazed back up and noticed his mom's jiggle-bosoms were nearly spilling free of the shirt. Both sets of areolas were half-exposed and it seemed like her swollen nipples, catching on the hems, were the only thing keeping her boobs from bobbling out.

"Thirty-minutes, soldier!" his mom announced. "Ten more minutes without blasting out that hot cum and you'll be smothered in these milk-filled titties."

"Yess!" the boy gasped, feeling incredibly close to cumming, but as determined as ever not to. He couldn't believe what an incredible cock-stroker his mom was. She'd been yanking his boner energetically for a half-hour, without showing the slightest sign of

exhaustion. "Damn, if mom's this good at giving a handjob…how incredible must she be at fucking?" he wondrously asked himself.

"Come on, honey! You can do it!" Brooke cheered. "Show mommy what a man you're becoming!"

By the time he hit thirty-nine minutes, the muscles in Ian's ass were burning from being clenched so much. His mom's hand was a slimy mess as it continued milking his blood-swollen peter tirelessly, making lewd creamy stroking sounds. "Thirty-seconds, Ian. You're on the home stretch!" Brooke announced, speeding up her pace and beating his boner with everything she had.

"**TIMES UP! YOU DID IT!!**" the proud mother sang, releasing his dick and plopping down tits-first against him for a victory hug.

"Barely," the boy sighed, fighting to catch his breath.

Brooke lifted her head up enough to gaze at him in adoration. "Oh my God, forty minutes, baby…that was incredible!"

"I'm not gonna lie, mom. That was easily the best handjob I've ever gotten."

"Wow, I'm flattered to hear that, Bunny boo," Brooke blushed. "And handjobs aren't even my specialty."

Ian stared at her, completely intrigued. "What, um…what's your specialty?"

"Well, I've always been told I'm the best at giving blowjobs, but guys probably say that to any girl who sucks on them, so who knows," she giggled.

"So were you serious earlier…about my reward for making it forty-minutes?"

"Of course I was serious, honey," the mom declared. "I would never make a promise to you that I didn't plan on keeping. How much time do you think you need?"

"Time?"

"Do you wanna suck my boobs for an hour? Two hours?"

"Seriously?! I can suck on then for that long?" he asked in disbelief.

"Of course! You earned it, honey, but if you're gonna nurse on mom's knockers longer than a half-hour, we may wanna wait until after lunch. Your father's stopping by on his lunch break today," Brooke cautioned.

"Alright. I can wait I guess."

"Now you have another decision to make," she informed him with a curious smile.

"What's that?"

"Do you want me to pump my breasts before you suck, or let them continue to engorge for you?"

It was a question Ian never dreamed his mom would ever ask him, but the answer was simple. "You don't have to pump."

"How did I know you were gonna say that," she winked.

The mother felt a tad ashamed of herself, realizing she was just as eager for tit-play as her son was…maybe more.

Brooke quickly got changed before her husband arrived and made him lunch, so it was ready when he got there.

George was at the table eating when his son stepped into the kitchen. "Hey, dad," said Ian, walking over to the fridge.

"Hey…decided on a path to your future yet?" his dad asked.

"Not really. I've just been considering all my options."

"Any of them stand out?"

"A couple of them," Ian answered, looking over at his mom's tits. "A couple of them **REALLY** stand out."

Brooke got her son's tit-reference, and snickered, while doing up a few dishes. She thrust her boobies out proudly, giving her son a good look at her large sloping sweater-meat in side profile. Her eyes met her teen's. "Well, If they **STAND OUT** that much, honey…you should probably really go after them," she suggested.

"I plan to soon."

"Oh, and that reminds me…" Brooke said to Ian. "I was gonna make you some lunch, but I know you have another meal waiting for you soon, don't you bunny boo?" his mom asked with a flirty smirk.

"I sure do," the boy answered anxiously.

"Going out to lunch with friends today?" his father asked him.

"Um…just one friend," Ian answered, smiling over at his mother.

"Oh, a female friend?"

Brooke turned from the sink and answered for her son. "Yes, I've met her. She absolutely beautiful," she blurted, then stared her boy in the eyes. "I'm sure she's got something **REALLY** yummy to feed him for lunch today," said the mother, while leaning against the counter and making her boobies balloon way out.

"Well, it's good that you have a female interest. I'm sure she'd be even more enamored with you if you were wearing an Army uniform today on your date," George stated.

Ian saw his mom roll her eyes, then look over at him. "How do you know his date doesn't want him wearing nothing at all?" Brooke joked.

"Well, honey, if they just met, I highly doubt this girl's ready to explore something sexual."

Once again, Brooke looked her son in the eyes with a knowing smile. "I wouldn't be so sure about that," she added.

Ian thought his father would never leave. Once George was gone, Brooke stepped over to her son and held out her hand. "Ready for than lunch date," she winked.

"Sure."

The teenager followed his mom's delightful bubble-butt across the house to his parent's bedroom. His mom and dad had one of those fancy beds that changed positions, and Brooke adjusted it with a remote, so the mattress was reclining, rather than laying flat. "Wanna get naked with me, bunny boo?" the mom asked, while slipping off her blouse.

"You mean…um, totally naked?"

"Yeah, unless you're afraid?" the mother inquired, raising an eyebrow.

"No, I'm not afraid."

"Good, then get those clothes off, young man."

Together, they both stripped naked. "Gracious, I'm leaking like crazy," Brooke observed, watching the nectar drip from her engorged teats as her jugs wobbled heavily across her chest. "I hope you're hungry," she giggled.

"I am," Ian answered, licking his chops.

"Lay back on the bed."

The teen slid onto his parent's marital mattress and reclined back, making his boner waggle back and forth across his crotch. From the foot of the bed, his mom crawled towards him like a heavy-titted cougar, brazenly climbing onto him as if she were about to fuck him from the top. "Ready, bunny boo?" she softly asked, gazing down at him over her enormous milk-swollen udders.

Ian was so damn excited he couldn't answer, so he just nodded.

He felt his mom's bare vulva rest against the underside of his muscled boner as she brought her squishy tits down around his face. "Holy fuck, this is really happening!" the boy thought, feeling his face sink down into tremendous creamy cleavage between her jugs.

"They're all yours, my forty-minute man!" she giggled. "Enjoy them."

For such a young tit-hound like Ian, the next two hours passed like a wonderful dream. His tongue traveled every spongy contour of his mom's giant tits. He gorged himself on the peaks of her jugs, cramming his mouth as full as he could get it and sucking like a starving infant. His mother's tit-milk poured into his greedy mouth and down his throat as his tongue wrestled wildly with her fat nipples.

"Mnnff!" he grumbled. His face was pressed so far into Brooke's fatty tit-mound that he felt like he was wearing a soft fleshy mask.

While his main focus was on sucking his mom's oversized tit-melons, he couldn't ignore the exquisite sensation of her pussy against his cock. During his two-hour tit-feast, their genitals did a subtle rocking grind, while pressed tightly together.

The only reason they stopped was because the baby started crying from the nursery, otherwise Ian could have continued nursing for as long as his mom would have allowed it. Brooke's engorged teat popped from his mouth all covered in milk and saliva. She looked down at her wide-eyed boy through her gaping cleavage and giggled. "Well hello there, my little bunny boobie-muncher."

"Hi," the boy sighed, his handsome face glistening with her tit secretions. "I hope I didn't steal all the baby's milk."

"No, I have a bottle in the fridge that I pumped this morning."

"Oh, good."

She gazed him in the eyes as she spoke. "I'm gonna go tend to her, but I'll be back. Will you stay naked for me?" asked the mother.

"Sure."

She fed him a quick kiss on the lips, then he watched her crawl off the bed, making her heavy mammaries jostle around. His ogling moved to her meaty bare buttocks, watching it undulate as she sashayed across his room. Brooke paused in his doorway and peeked over her shoulder with a salacious grin. "You're awfully good at that you know?" she commented.

"What?" Ian asked stupidly, mesmerized by the way she was posed there in his doorway with her thick ass stuck out and her huge tits sloping down.

"Sucking tits."

"So, you enjoyed it too?" he asked.

"Look down at your dick and you tell me," she answered, glancing down at his boner.

Ian peered down at his cock and saw that it was soaking wet with his mom's vaginal secretions. "I guess you did," he giggled.

"You must be aching by now," the mother guessed. "When I get back, I'm gonna milk you off between my tits."

Ian's heart about burst through his chest. Just when he thought this day couldn't get any better…it was about to.

While Brooke fed her daughter, all she could think about was her son and his big dreamy cock. She simply couldn't wait to get back in there and use her body to give him pleasure.

"Ahh, shit!" Ian cried out as his knob emerged from Brooke's smothering cleavage and shot a fat rope of spunk into the air.

"Yes!! Cum, bunny boo!" the mom cheered, while squeezing her melonous boobs together and pumping them up and down around her boy's cock.

The teen let out more grunts, while jizz continued to spurt from his meatus. Some of it splattered along his mom's tit-cleavage, while his glans were being smothered by the fatty flesh of her milky mommy-melons.

"That was amazing!" he sighed, as his cock finally sprung free of his mom's tit-grasp.

"I could tell," Brooke giggled. "I feel like that guy in Ghostbusters who got slimed."

"What about you?" her son inquired.

She smiled back at him curiously. "What about me?"

"Don't you wanna…you know…cum?"

"Oh, honey, the fact that you're caring enough to ask shows me that you're becoming just the man I was hoping you would. Confident and unselfish."

"Well, you should get to feel good too," he stated.

"Hold that thought…until tomorrow. If you really want me to feel good, maybe that's something we'll have you earn, by working for it."

"Got it!" Ian confirmed.

"Holy shit, you gave him a tit-wank?!" Sasha asked in shock.

"I couldn't just leave him hanging."

"Now that you've broke the ice, you guys should totally fuck," Heather suggested with a big smile.

"But I shouldn't just fuck him…should I?"

"No, I meant to help him…you know, to boost his confidence and make a true man out of him."

"Yeah," Sasha agreed. "Wasn't somebody saying yesterday that they wanted to give this their all."

"Yes, I still do. Do you know he actually asked me if he could give me pleasure. He was really concerned about pleasing me. I can't remember the last time George said something like that," Brooke pointed out.

"Your son is infatuated with you," her friend reminded her. "Do you really think there's anything he won't do or say to be balls-deep inside you?"

Brooke shrugged her shoulders. "I guess we'll see. Would you mind watching the baby again this morning?"

"I got you covered, girl," Heather declared.

Brooke took her son out for another run. This time she wore a pair of sexy yoga shorts, that only covered a portion of her luscious ass.

"Why do I have a feeling you're trailing behind me on purpose?" she teased, glancing back over her shoulder at Ian, who ran behind her.

"It's so I can come from behind and beat you again," the boy answered confidently.

"More like watch my ass jiggle," she laughed. "We're not gonna be racing home like we did yesterday," the mother stated. "Today I have something else in mind."

"What's that?"

"You'll see when we get there. It'll be a challenge, that much I'll tell you."

Jogging along, the teen followed his mom to a training portion of the base, where there was a huge climbing wall, nearly forty-feet high. "This is a training area. Are we suppose to be out here?" Ian asked.

"Probably not, so we better be quick."

"Don't tell me we're climbing **THAT** thing," the teen probed, looking up towards the top of the wall.

"Are you chicken?" Brooke teased.

"Well, no…it's just that this is the wall that the Rangers practice climbing on. I've only been climbing once in my life, mom."

"Oh, then it's a real challenge. Are you up for it?"

"Is there a reward involved?" her boy inquired.

"Well, if you do it, I'm gonna record it on my phone and show your father, so he can see that you don't have to join the Army to do things **THEY** consider manly."

"That's it?" the boy asked in disappointment. "My reward is proving a point to dad?"

"For making it to the top, yes, but if you can do it under ten minutes, maybe you'll get a little something extra," she offered with flirty smile.

"Like…what kind of little something?"

The beautiful mother stepped up to him and bumped the swell of her tits against his chest. "Well, you mentioned yesterday wanting to please me. So if you meet the challenge, how about I let you eat my pussy?" she suggested.

"That definitely sounds like something I'd work for," her teen breathed excitedly.

"Prove it then," the mother urged, getting her phone ready to record.

Ian quickly shot up the climbing wall, making it look relatively easy at first, but about half-way up, he started having trouble.

"Come on…you can do it, bunny boo!" his mom cheered. "Keep going!"

The teen couldn't get his footing and slipped off the wall, dropping a good distance to the ground. After a hard landing in the sand, he let out a painful groan and held his ankle.

"Ian?!" his busty mom shouted, running over to his aid. "Oh, baby, are you ok?"

"It's my ankle. I heard it snap."

Brooke quickly dialed a number on her phone. "OK, hold tight, honey…we'll get you some help."

An hour later, George marched up the hallway to the Army medical clinic and into his son's room. Ian was in the bed with his ankle wrapped and propped up. "The training wall?! Are you crazy, kid?! the father seethed.

"George, it was my fault. I challenged him to do it," his wife confessed.

"Then you're both foolish. The only ones that are suppose to even be around that wall are authorized Army personnel," the father fumed.

"We made a mistake. It won't happen again," Brooke assured him.

"So, what did the doctor say?" George asked.

"My ankles broken," replied Ian.

"Great! I guess that puts any chances of Basic Training on hold for God knows how long."

Brooke glared at her husband. "George, would you please just stop with the Army crap for two seconds and show some concern for your son!" she scolded.

"Honey, he needs to start making responsible choices. If he was working, like most adults do, that dumb stunt might of put him out of a job, or other obligations."

"Are you through lecturing, George?" his wife impatiently asked, then stepped over to her boy. "Come on, honey…I'll help you to the car."

With the help of his mom and crutches, Ian made it to her vehicle.

"Do I need to come home and help him get situated, before I head back to work?" George asked.

"We can manage just fine," his wife answered.

Back at the house, Brooke helped her son to his room. "Thanks, mom…I don't know what I'd do without you," the boy stated.

"Well, you'd be able to walk right now…that's one thing."

"Don't feel bad. You didn't know this could happen."

"I challenged you to do something stupid, Ian. It was irresponsible of me."

"If you need to go to Heather's, to get the baby, go ahead. I'll be ok now," the teen assured her.

"You're sister's fine. I pumped her a bottle this morning. I'm more concerned about **YOU** right now," the mother doted.

"Mom, I'm good…really," he giggled. "OK, maybe a little bummed that I didn't meet the challenge and get the reward."

Brooke placed her hands on her wide hips, making her boobies thrust out beneath her tank top. "Only a little bummed, huh?" she teased.

"Ok…a lot bummed," he admitted, making her giggle.

"So if I stripped my panties off and hopped on your face right now… would that make you feel better?" Brooke boldly asked.

The boy looked at her excitedly. "What do you think?"

His mom plopped down next to him on his bed, making her breasts shimmy across her chest. She reached down and untied one sneaker, then kicked it off her foot. She did the same to the other, then peeled off her ankle socks, exposing her sexy feet with their ruby red toenails.

Ian watched his mom climb to her knees beside him and begin peeling his shorts off. "Mind if we take him out?" she asked in a sensual tone.

"Not at all."

"Take off your shirt too, baby."

She shucked off his shorts and briefs, releasing his fully hard cock. "There's that manly sledgehammer that I can't take my eyes off of," she teased, studying it's every detail with her lusty eyes.

The mother turned her ass to her son and slowly peeled her shorts and panties over the thick rounded cheeks of her derriere.

Ian's boner flexed with excitement as his mom's bottoms lowered to the tops of her legs, exposing all of her big rounded buttocks, and the thick hairless folds of her outer labium. He could even see the bud of her cute pink butthole peeking out from between her globes.

"When was the last time you ate some pussy?" his mom asked, peering back at him over her shoulder.

"For that…it's been awhile."

Brook fell onto her back again, pointing her strong mommy-legs straight up, then sliding her bottoms up and off them. "If you can make me cum so hard my eyes roll back…I'll return the favor by giving you the best blowjob you've ever had."

"How can I refuse an offer like that?" Ian sighed, so anxious to get started it was killing him.

The eager mother quickly crawled up and straddled his face, planting her knees aside his head.

"**OH MY GOD!**" Ian's brain scream with a thrill, as he watched his mom's shaved pussy lower to his lips. "Hnnff!" his voice muffled, as his mouth sunk between her fragrant folds and his tongue began flickering through her vestibule, then up around her engorged clit.

"Yes, bunny boo…just like that! Eat my pussy," his mother moaned.

Brooke ground her horny vagina all over her boy's face, enjoying the feel of his tongue laving through her cuntal folds.

With his mom facing his headboard, the teen could peer right up the front of her body as he devoured her cunt. He marveled at the hairless tumescence of her pubis and the hourglass shape of her sexy torso. He watch in wide-eyed fascination as Brooke peeled off her snug sports top, releasing her mammoth tits. She bit her bottom lip in ecstasy and stared straight down through her cavernous cleavage into her handsome boy's eyes. "Are you liking that view from down there, you gorgeous little cunt-muncher?"

"Mn-hm," her boy responded, lapping up the tangy juices that oozed from her fuck-hole.

"You like looking up at mommy's big milk-swollen tits…watching them wobble around, while thinking about how big and soft they are?" she mewled.

Her son's response was nearly inaudible, due to all the juicy cuntal flesh surrounding his face.

"Reach down and stroke your dick while you eat me, baby. I know you want to," the mother said, peering back at Ian's throbbing

manhood.

He complied without protest, pulling on his pecker, while devouring her pussy with all the cunt-munching skill he could muster.

His mom continued speaking to him in a pleasure-filled tone. "I know you didn't technically make it to the top of the tower, but you didn't hesitate to accept the challenge, and it takes a brave, confident man to do that."

After a few more minutes of riding his face, the mother's breathing grew more laborious and the grinding movements of her wide naked hips became more frantic. "Oh, Ian!" she sharply gasped as her oversized jugs did a wonderful quivering shimmy back and forth. She reached down and grabbed his hair with her hands, fucking her pussy all over his face as fast as she could. "**CUMMING!!**" the mother's quivering voice cried out.

Watching his mom orgasm from this angle, while lashing his licker across her love-button was the most amazing spectacle the boy had ever witnessed.

"Uhhgghh!!" the heavy-titted brunette cried out, her entire naked body shuddering in orgasmic delight.

Finally, she slid her super-sensitive pussy down his chest, leaving a trail of juice, then dropped down on top of him. "Oh my God, you're incredible!" the mother gasped, showering her boy with tender post-climactic kisses.

"You think so?" the wild-eyed teen asked, loving the feel of her milk-engorged tits bulging out from between them and sloshing against his bare chest. His dick stuck up from between her legs, with her vulvar lips smothered across the top of it.

"I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it," Brooke answered. "I know the purpose of the past few days has been to help you become a man,

but it's also been such a thrill for me," she confessed. "I've never been this turned on in my life."

"Me too."

Their eyes lingered together for what seemed like an eternity before Brooke broke the silent tension between them. "Can I kiss you?" she whispered.

"You've been kissing me," her son giggled.

"Not those types of kisses, silly. The passionate kind."

"I certainly wouldn't stop you," the teen muttered, his heart about racing out of his chest.

Brooke lowered her bee-stung lips and fused them around her son's in an open oval. "Mmnn," she whimpered, curling her long pink snake into her son's mouth and making it dance intimately with his. Seconds became minutes, and soon they had been making out like a horny young couple for nearly a half-hour.

When his mom finally broke their kiss, Ian saw her give him a dreamy-eyed gaze, unlike he'd ever seen before. "Gosh, as much as I'd like to spend the rest of the afternoon doing that…I really can't," she whispered.

"Why's that?" her son inquired, as eager as she was for more.

She smiled salaciously. "Because I have a big dick to suck on, remember?" the mother replied, then slowly crawled down over her son's body, planting tender kisses as she went.

Ian shuddered as her felt his mom's lips touch his hard penis, kissing all over his flaring pinkish-purple knob. Next, she rolled her tongue all over it, teasing him sensually. Her thick pink mommy-licker swept across the length of his rigid pole, down around his nuts, then back

up his steely-hard shaft. "It's been awhile since I've sucked a dick this big," she confessed, stroking it with her hand. "Have you ever had a girl take all of you down her throat?"

"Never all of it, no."

"Well then, watch this…" his mom winked, then plunged his boner into her mouth.

"Oh wow!" the teen gasped, watching the ring of her stretched lips lower to his pubic base.

"Gnfff!" Brooke gagged, after squeezing it inside her throat for a few moments, then pulled it out. "Reach down and hold my hair, bunny boo. You can fuck my mouth like a pussy," she breathed, then plunged his cock back in as deep as she could get it.

Following his mom's suggestion, the boy grasped onto her silky brunette hair and began humping his ass from the mattress, slipping his muscled dick through the tube of her throat.

After about ten minutes of this, Brooke took control again by sucking her boy's boner, while her tightly circled fist beat his dick into her mouth.

"Do you like that, baby?" she gasped. "Do you like the way mommy sucks on the meat of your dick?"

"God, yes!"

"Oh, mom likes it too," she sighed, then took a serious of vigorous sucks, her pretty head bobbing up and down before his knob popped out again. "I could gorge myself on this perfect manly dick all day long."

Ian loved how his mom's tits dangled down and wobbled around wonderfully from the rhythm of her cock-sucking. She gazed up at

him with those beautiful hazel eyes, making him squirm even more in ecstasy.

"Ahh, damn, mom…I'm gonna cum!" he finally announced, having held it off for as long as he could. "Ahhhh!!" his shaky voice groaned as he felt his dick erupt.

Brooke's taste-buds sizzled as she felt her boy's cock-milk shoot from his piss-hole and ooze down her throat. Her tongue thrashed around wildly against his peter, smearing his hot semen all around his fat bell as it glided through her mouth.

For several divine minutes she nursed on his penile flesh, pulling out every ounce of sweet ball nectar and still craving more.

"I'm in love with him!" Brooke announced, making her two friends look at each other in shock.

"You're **IN LOVE** with your son?" Sasha questioned.

"I know it sounds crazy. My whole intention was to help Ian become a man, and as I've watched him become one, I came to the realization that he's just the man I want for myself."

Sasha looked at her like she was crazy. "Um, Brooke, need I remind you that you already have a man…George."

"Yes, I know, and I love George, I do, but he's not Ian. George is consumed with his career. It's always the Army this…the Army that. Call me selfish, but I want a man that's consumed with **ME**."

Heather's eyes got big. "Are you saying you're divorcing George?" she asked.

"No, that's not what I'm saying. I care about George, and will still need him in my life in order for this to work."

"For what to work exactly?" Sasha asked.

"I'm gonna convince George that Ian's purpose as a man is to help me at home…you know, doing things around the house and raising the baby."

"Have you even discussed this plan with Ian?" Sasha asked.

"Oh, trust me…I won't need to. I think he's just as in love with me as I am with him. I just wanna spend my days having hot passionate sex with him. Is that so wrong?"

Heather and Sasha looked at each other, then burst out laughing.

"Okay, maybe **IT IS** wrong, in the eyes of the world," Brooke admitted, "but you know what…tough shit! It's what I want."

"You know what…you guys should totally get married," Heather excitedly suggested.

"Is there a way to do that?" Brooke asked, seeming intrigued.

"Well, not legally, but it's more of a symbolic union. My cousin Beth married her son when he turned eighteen. You could have a ceremony and everything."

"Oh my God, that would be so amazing! I mean, I'd have to propose to Ian first. You know, to make it official," Brooke gleamed.

"You should do it somewhere sentimental…you know, some place that means a lot to both of you," Sasha suggested.

"Oh my God, girl…that's a brilliant idea!"

"And you guys haven't fucked yet either…or have you?" Heather asked.

"That's about the only thing we haven't done at this point," the mother blushed, "but I want to…see fucking bad it's killing me."

"Then your first fuck could be on your wedding night. How simply amazing would that be?!"

That night, Brooke convinced George that her and Ian needed to run out for awhile, keeping the husband home with the newborn.

Ian looked over at his mom curiously, noticing how dolled-up she looked. "You look really nice…like you're going on a date, mom," he commented.

"Isn't that what this is?" she asked teasingly.

"News to me," he giggled. "Where are we going on our date then?"

"You'll see. Just a couple more miles and we'll be there."

A short distance out of town, Brooke pulled her **SUV** off the side of the road. Her son looked out the empty field in confusion. "What's this?" he inquired.

"**THIS**…is a very special spot in the history of you and I."

"This spot? Why?"

"This is the very spot that I gave birth to you eighteen years ago," said Brooke.

"Out here? Seriously?"

"The first time your father was stationed here, rather than live on base, we had a little house in the next town over. Since they had no hospital there, the ambulance came and got me when I went into labor. I ended up giving birth in the back of the ambulance, right around this very spot."

"Wow, I never knew that."

The mother smiled at him adoringly. "The reason I bought you out to this sentimental spot is because I have a question for you," she hinted.

"A question?"

"I think you would agree we've gotten particularly close the past weeks, in more ways than one," Brooke giggled.

"There's no denying that," he agreed.

"You're every bit the man I hoped you'd become, bunny boo. Just the type of man I need in my life."

"Oh…um, what do you mean?"

"I love you, Ian…and not just in a motherly way," she revealed. "What we've experienced the past week together…I don't wanna be without that, do you?"

"Well, no…not at all, but how can we prevent being without it?"

"By getting married," she smiled.

"Married? How on earth would we do that? **CAN** we do that?"

"We can **DO** whatever we want, not legally, but as far as you and I are concerned, we could be a married couple and be extremely happy together."

"Wait, what about dad?"

"Unfortunately, that would be the only down side to this. Well, sort of."

"Why sort of?" the boy asked.

"We'd need your father in order for this arrangement between you and I to work. He'll support the household financially, while you and I stay home, and do what married couples do," she winked.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. Doing the things that married couples do with you would be pretty amazing."

The pretty mother thrust her boobies out and batted her eyelashes adoringly. "Will you marry me then, bunny boo? Will you marry mommy?"

"You bet I will," he blurted, then they both leaned over and embraced, then started kissing passionately.

Ian broke their smooching. "So when would this happen?" he asked anxiously.

"Well…since I've decided to save myself for our wedding night…I'm hoping this can happen as soon as possible."

"Like tomorrow?"

"Let me see what I can do," she giggled. "In the meantime, kiss me some more."

Ian and his mom sat at his birthplace, at the side of the road, making out lustfully and groping each other for nearly an hour before heading back home.

The noonday sun glistened celestially off the waters at Harmon's beach. Ian stood there waiting, with the help of his crutches, dressed to the nines in a dress-shirt and tie. The surf crashed loudly behind him.

His mom's **SUV**, along with another vehicle, pulled up onto the sand of the secluded beach, which was common in this area. It was the Lovers Lane of their small Military community.

Brooke stepped out of her **SUV**, while Heather and Sasha emerged from the other vehicle. They began walking towards the teen, with the bride in the middle. Ian's jaw dropped when he saw what his mom was wearing, which was a white strapless tube mini-dress. The fatty flesh of the mother's huge bulging cleavage jiggled wonderfully as she approached her boy, her bare feet padding through the sand. Brooke carried a small matching bouquet of flowers. Heather and Sasha's dresses were also super-sexy, but the boy could hardly peel his eyes away from his busty, soon-to-be bride.

"Damn you look handsome," his mom gushed, her hair and make-up done elegantly.

"You look absolutely beautiful!" he replied.

"Do you think you can handle having me as your wife?"

"Absolutely!"

She stepped up close and they turned to face Heather who was officiating their little ceremony.

"Ian and Brooke…we're gathered here to join you as husband and wife. The world doesn't recognize these types of bonds, but fuck them! What matters is how you see each other," Heather preached.

Brooke peered at her boy and giggled. "Sorry, baby…we sort of wrote our own version of a wedding ceremony," she warned him.

"Cool," he giggled.

"Ian, do you take your big-breasted mom as your loving wife, to kiss and to suck, to lick and to fuck, every day of your life going forward?" Heather asked.

"I do," the boy vowed, his heart beating a mile a minute.

"Brooke, do you take this handsome big-dicked man as your loving husband, to kiss and to suck, to lick and to fuck, every day of your life going forward?"

The mother gazed at her boy with a sultry stare, then rolled her tongue across her top lip teasingly. "You fucking bet I do," she exclaimed.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss your bride," Heather said, then motioned to Brooke's **SUV**, "and then go fuck her ass off."

Brooke gazed at her boy anxiously, them locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

"Yaaay!!" Brooke's two friends cheered, throwing confetti in the air above the newly married couple.

The mother took her boy's hand and led him to her vehicle. She opened up the rear door and Ian literally gasped when he saw how his mom had prepared the interior for them. The seats in the back were removed and replaced with a large air mattress. It was adorned with a fluffy white comforter and pillows, making it look extremely comfortable and inviting. "Hop on in, my baby," the mother cooed.

Ian set his crutches aside, then slid himself up onto the mattress, while his mom waved goodbye to her friends as they drove away.

Brooke climbed in with her new hubby and swung the rear door closed. "How's this for a honeymoon suite," she joked, curling her lovely legs to the side.

"I love it."

"The last time you got fucked out here, you lasted twenty-minutes, remember?"

Ian recalled the conversation with his mom about his date at Harmon Beach, that didn't go so well. "Yeah, I remember," he blushed.

"But you were a boy then, and now you're a man. A man with a clear picture of what he wants with his future," Brooke said, crawling around so her back was to him. "Unzip me."

With nervous hands, he unzipped his mom's gown. Brooke peeled it off, revealing a brilliant embroidered bridal bra and panty set. Resting on her knees, she turned to face her teen. The huge ornate cups of her bra were packed with tit-meat and the boy could clearly make out the wide dark rings of her areola through the semi-sheer fabric.

"I have no doubt that my new man will crack me open today, and make me tremble and gush all over him," the mother asserted, reaching back and unclasping her bra.

Ian anxiously removed his own outfit, while gawking at his mom's wobbling milk-swollen udders. Brooke slipped out of her dainty thong panties, presenting a freshly shaved pussy. She grasped her boy's blood-engorged dick and gave it a few tender strokes. "Mmm, I want my injured bunny boo to just lay back and let his mommy-bride ride the fuck out of him," she cooed.

The wonder-sticken teen watched his heavy-titted bride climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. She grasped his erection at the base and pointed it up at her lowering pudenda. His fat knob split her twat and sunk inside her vaginal orifice. "Ahhh!" the boy gasped, feeling his pink dick sink up into the spongy tube of her cock-grinder.

"Ohhh, baby!" his mom squealed, feeling her ribbed lining stretch around the girth of his cock.

Ian sighed in delight. It felt like his long prick would never hit bottom as it sunk deeper and deeper into the mysterious regions of his mom's inner core. It was a place where few cocks had reached and where a lifetime of exquisite pleasure awaited him.

Brooke's cunt-tube was delightfully tight around her son's prick, especially for someone who'd just given birth weeks ago. As all pregnant women's do, her cuntal lining had thickened while carrying a child, and had still remained that way. Thick pinkish-purple rows of ribbed vaginal rugae had formed along her lining, and they were sure to provide toe-curling friction around her boy's love-muscle.

"Ahh, yes!" Ian gasped, feeling his mom's strong pelvic-floor muscles grip his dong from balls to tip, like a tightly circled fist.

Brooke began fucking…throwing her thick naked mommy-ass up and down, making her butt-meat ripple as it struck her son's crotch over and over. A loud obscene **CLAPPING** sound filled the vehicle as she beat her secreting genitals down against her son's cock hilt in a steady fuck-rhythm.

"Fuck me, bunny boo!" the mother cried out, pounding her overheated pussy down around the satisfying stiffness of his young prick.

Visually, the teen was in tittie heaven. His mom's squishy milkers swung heavily around his face, her vigorous fuck-humps guiding their every movement.

Ian latched on to one of her leaking nipples, sucking and tugging at the fat rubbery nub, making sweet tit-nectar stream out from a half-dozen milk-ducts surround her teat.

Having her breast sucked, while fucking at the same time, made Brooke's vagina shudder in pre-orgasmic delight. She felt a mind-blowing climax swell in her groin, making her pump her cunt at a

frantic pace. "Oh yeah!" her sexy voice cried out. "Ohh yeah! Ohh, Ian…you're gonna split me open, baby!"

The teen pumped his ass from the mattress, making his mom's orgasm come on even faster. Within a minute, Brooke was screaming out in ecstasy, while humping atop the bucking teen. The boy loved seeing the pleasure-filled grimace masking his mom's face, and the wonderful flesh of her curvy body trembling as her orgasm shot through her like an electric current.

From the practice he'd gotten, with his mom's help, controlling his stamina, he lasted nearly an hour before he felt his own orgasm swell in his prostate.

"Ugh, mommy!" he groaned, peeking up from between her swinging tits, while ropes of potent sperm soaked the head of Brooke's cervix.

The big-boobed mom brought he squishy upper-half down against her boy, while kissing and writhing around on top of him for awhile longer.

A few hours later, the sun began to set over the distant ocean. Still sitting alone on the secluded pristine beach, Brooke's **SUV** rocked and squeaked from the wild humping going on inside.

Despite having a broken ankle, Ian was on top of his mother now, so her tits were crushed between them. The boy's ass bucked wildly between her thighs as he beat his dick through her snug vagina. Brooke's lovely silky-sheened legs were fastened around the teen like a fleshy fuck harness, guiding his frantic thrusts.

"God, I love your dick!" the horny new bride gasped, her cuntal walls still contracting from a recent orgasm. She still cared about George, but didn't feel a bit of shame taking her boy as a second husband and fucking him to exhaustion.

Ian's steely cock thundered through her mature vagina, hitting it at different speeds and angles, giving her pleasure she'd never experienced with George, nor did she ever plan to.

Their bodies writhed and trembled as they shared their first mutual orgasm together. It would soon become a part of their wonderful daily routine.

"I still don't see why you need him here with you all day?" George asked her, several months later.

"George, we've been through this. Ian is a huge help around here. He assists with tons of tasks, and with me being pregnant again, I simply couldn't do it without him."

"I still think he should've enlisted in the Army."

"He decided not to, end of story. Just respect that and appreciate what he does for us around here," Brooke advised. "Trust me, you'll be hard-pressed to find a man with more maturity and confidence than our son has."

"Mom, are you ready?" Ian asked, stepping back inside the house. By now his ankle was completely healed and he was getting around just fine.

"Yes, I think I have everything, honey," she answered. "Did you load our bags?"

"All loaded up."

The mother had booked a five day cruise for her and her new husband. Of course she lied to George, telling him she had won the trip, and it was a week that he'd be working, so she'd have to take Ian with her. The new couple planned on getting plenty of sun and having lots and lots of hot nasty sex.

Brooke took her son's arm, mashing her squishy boobs against his side, while they strode eagerly out the doorway. "See you in a week!"

"Have fun! Behave yourselves!" George hollered.

Brooke looked at her son and rolled her eyes. "Behave ourselves? Yeah, right," she snickered.

The next day, the newlyweds were out at sea on a Caribbean cruise. Naturally, their first priority was a good hard fuck in their luxury room.

Ian held his mom's hips as he rammed her from behind. The way her lovely round buttocks smacked against him, making the fatty flesh of her ass ripple was mesmerizing.

"Slap my fucking ass, baby!" Brooke shouted, peeking back at him lustfully.

Her son obliged, striking her thrusting mommy-rump with his open hand. "Again!" she squealed.

SMACK!! SMACK!!

The mother oversized knockers swung wildly as they hung heavily from her chest. Ian reached around and squeezed them while he fucked, sinking his fingers into their dough-like flesh.

After a few months of being together, there wasn't a thing they hadn't done sexually. They had tried every position imaginable and picked out their favorites. "Stand and deliver, baby!" Brooke exclaimed, announcing one of her favorite positions with thrill in her voice, while quickly plopping onto her back at the edge of the bed. She raised her silky legs to her chest and bowed them open.

Ian's tongue hung out lustfully as he stepped forward between the wide spread of his mom's strong mature legs. His juice-soaked dick wagging lewdly, branching out from his crotch at an upward angle.

He grabbed his mom's ankles and speared his cock back up her birthing tube, feeling it sheath his boner in hot cuntal tissue.

"Ohh, fuck!!" the beautiful mother gasped, feeling his thick erection sink all the way to her womb, where their baby's fetus was growing.

Ian worked his hips steadily, beating his cock into his mom's tightly-clinging vagina. Her giant melons were spread out like fluffy round tit-pillows and rolled up and down her chest from the rhythm of their fuck-thrusting.

"Ahh, damn, mom! It feels incredible!" the boy panted, pumping his prick with full-length thrusts. He could feel the rubbery pleats along her sex-tube compressing around his penile flesh, soaking it with hot secreting fuck-oil.

"Yes it dies, bunny boo! You really know how to pound me with that amazing sledgehammer!"

One of the things Brooke loved most about fucking her son was how incredible rigid his cock stayed. They could fuck mindlessly for hours, making him cum several times and it still didn't go the least bit soft.

Ian watched his glistening love-hammer stab in and out of the cunt flesh that was stretched around it. He loved how her fleshy prepuce jiggled each time her thrust into her powerfully. His eyes drifted up a bit, to where her tummy was beginning to get round with the baby they had created. He and his mom agreed that they at least wanted one baby to call their own. Of course his father, George, was incredibly proud of himself, believing it was he who had impregnated his wife. He was non the wiser.

"Pound me really hard, bunny boo!" Brooke pleaded. "I wanna gush on your cock!"

Ian grasped his mom's lovely legs as she rested them up against his shoulders. His crotch **CLAPPED** frantically against her rounded ass as he beat his prick into her hard and fast.

"**OHH..OHHH**…**OHHGGHH!!**" the mother grunted, arching her back in ecstasy as a tit-quivering orgasm swept through her lush body.

"Ahhh!" her boy sighed, feeling the liquid heat of her girl-cum wash over his tender prick. He mustered his will-power to keeping fucking her, bringing her to another screaming climax. Gone were the days of twenty-minutes romps without bringing the girl off. He knew his mom required much more than that, and she had helped him develop the stamina to fuck as long as she needed him to.

The busty beauty rode her son like a Rodeo queen, displaying the talent of a hyper-sexual mom. Of course his favorite part of having her on top of him was her jaw dropping tit-show. Brooke's ballooning melons leaped and rippled, beating wonderfully against her son's upper body.

The first fuck of their trip went on for two hours before Ian arched his back and grunted, firing his potent ball-juice into the gripping sleeve of his new wife's vagina. If his beautiful mother wasn't pregnant already, he certainly would have made her so, as he ended up blasting a half-dozen loads inside her before the day was through.

"I love you, bunny boo," his mom whispered. Her big fatty udders were squashed against him as they cuddled together in bed that night, enjoying the gentle sway of the open sea before drifting off to sleep.

THE END

Mom's Birthday Boy

By Klrxo

Chad had just started his walk home after school when his mom pulled up beside him in her car and rolled down the window. "Hey there, birthday boy! Mommy thought she'd come pick you up from school on your special day. Get in!" she said with a pretty smile.

The teen rushed around and got in the passenger side. He was a short kid for his age, legally an adult now, but could easily pass for a boy much younger. This seemed to make many of the more popular girls at school shy away from dating him. "How did your classes go?" his mother asked as she drove. "Did you behave yourself in Mrs. Dawson's class?"

"Yes." "You better have. It would be a shame if I had to take your phone again for bad behavior."

"Yes, ma'am,"

Chad replied, peeking over at his mom's outfit. She was adorned in a white bodycon mini dress that clung to her curves. It had ridden up so high that nearly all her sexy legs were exposed. They gave off a silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Her dainty feet were propped in sexy heels, the sight of which made Chad's horny boy-cock begin to stiffen beneath his shorts. His lusty eyes shifted upward to his mother's radiant face and her long, wavy dark hair. Her bee-stung lips were coated with a thin layer of red lipstick and her dazzling blue-green eyes stared out at the road through long, fluttering lashes. "You look really nice," the boy muttered. "Oh…I look nice, huh? Well thank you, honey," Abigail proudly replied. "I wanted to get dressed up in something pretty and come pick you up from

school on your birthday, so we could go on a special date, just you and me."

The boy glanced in the back and noticed that the baby seat was missing. "You didn't bring the baby?" he asked. "No, your baby sister's with your Grandma, and Jamie is over at a friend's house. I told your father that you and I will be home later this evening."

"Oh, um…ok," he replied, also noticing that his mom's bag was on the back seat, stuffed full of items, but he couldn't tell what. "Where are we going?" His mom giggled at his curiousness. "I'm not gonna tell you where we're going on our date. That would ruin the surprise," she stated. "Don't worry…it'll only take us about twenty minutes to get there. Once we arrive, you're in for the time of your life, kiddo," she assured him, peeking over with a mischievous smile. "So, you just sit back and enjoy the ride."

They made small-talk during the trip, and Chad's eyes drifted down to the swell of his mom's tremendous breasts. Abigail had given birth to a baby girl only a month ago, and was actively breastfeeding the infant, so her tits were constantly engorged. Her nipples were so swollen that Chad could see them protruding from beneath her dress and bra. He just loved how her heavy breast-meat trembled like gelatin every time they hit a bump in the road.

Abigail's eyes peeked over at her teen, watching him gawk at her tits. She knew her sweater-meat was a source of constant fascination for him, particularly over the past year, when her body went through so many pre-natal changes. Her gaze darted down to his crotch, lingering on the tubular outline of the boner that had formed beneath his shorts. "So, are there any girls at school that you have your eye on?" the mother asked curiously, looking back out at the road.

"No, um…not really." "No? How about any girls **OUTSIDE** of school? One of the married moms in the neighborhood maybe?" she

teasingly asked.

"No…no one I can think of," he replied, but his mom could tell he was lying.

"Well, you may not have your eye on any of them, but I'm sure they have their eyes on you."

"You think so?" "Of course, I think so. Trust me…if they knew of a way to do it without their husbands finding out, they'd wouldn't hesitate to rip off their panties and let you have your way with them.

A short time later, Abigail's car was winding up a mountain road. Nearing the top, it turned off on a small dirt lane that a person would hardly know was there unless they were looking. The vehicle disappeared into the trees, emerging a few minutes later at a small clearing near a rocky ledge. "Here we are, honey…Heartthrob Training Ridge!" she stated, putting her car in park. "Moms have been bringing their sons up here on dates **FOREVER!** Look at that view! Isn't it beautiful? Look, you can even see the bank building, where your dad works," she pointed out, gazing out the front windshield.

Chad was impressed by the panorama. He could see the whole town from where they were, even the High School, where his mom had picked him up. "Yeah, I never even knew this place existed," he admitted. "I'm surprised there's only one other car up here," Abigail stated, looking over at the gray sedan parked nearby. "Then again, I guess 3pm on a Tuesday isn't the most popular time for a date, huh?"

Chad noticed that sedan seemed to be shaking rhythmically. "Why is their car rocking?" he inquired. "Why's their car rocking?" his mom giggled. "Why do cars usually rock like that when their parked out in the middle of no where? It sort of looks familiar though. Hmm, I wonder if it's someone I know?"

Chad remained quiet, having finally realized that the vehicle was moving because their was obviously two people having vigorous sex in there. His mom reached over, gently took his hand and let out a long sigh. "Well now…I have been waiting for years to bring you up here, Chad. Finally, you are legally an adult…so I actually can now," she expressed "Although,

I'll have you know…that even though you just turned 18, you will always be my little boy. Mommy's darling little snuggle-monkey," she giggled.

"Thanks," he blushingly replied. She gazed him straight in the eyes as she spoke. "Now that you're old enough, it's time for you to turn off the video games, put away the comic books and start spending your time doing big boy things," Abigail advised, squeezing his hand tenderly. "Things that'll not only bring you joy…but also extraordinary physical pleasure. I'm talking about sexual things, baby. It's time for you to move beyond the masturbation phase and to begin to experience the real thing. It's time for you to start fucking pussy."

"Oh," the boy muttered, his face turning a shade of red. This made his mom giggle. "Now-now…don't get all shy on me. I know those are probably words you've never heard come out of my mouth before. That's gonna change now though," she shared. "Mommy's gonna start using adult terms with you. Words like **FUCK, COCK** and **PUSSY. TITS, BLOWJOBS** and **ORGASMS**. Those are all words that you should be able to handle hearing, since you're now… technically an adult."

"Alright," Chad uttered. "I'm sure you have no problem talking about sex with the boys at school. You guys probably sit around, staring at all those girls with their fat tits and plump asses, talking about which ones you'd like to pound your horny, young dicks into, am I right?"

Chad smiled and nodded. "Yes…we do that sometimes." "The truth is though, even though you talk about it…you **HAVEN'T** had it yet, have you, sweetheart? You're a virgin, aren't you?" she asked, squeezing his hand.

"Yes." "It's OK that you are, honey. I'm sure many of your friends are still virgins too, but you're technically a man now…so that needs to change."

"I agree," the boy added. "That's why mommy brought you up here, Chad. This is the place moms and sons go when they wanna do nasty things together. It's the perfect place for a boy to experience a woman for the very first time. Mommy wants to give you a special birthday gift this year; one that you'll never forget," Abigail put forth.

Chad gulped nervously, staring into her gleaming, motherly eyes as they gazed back into his. She was so gorgeous and intimidating that he found it hard to look at her for very long. "What, um…type of gift?" he asked. "I wanna take your virginity, sweetheart. Mommy wants to fuck you."

"Oh, wow!" the boy excitedly sighed, squirming in his seat. "Oh, honey…you look so shocked!" Abigail giggled. "There's no reason to be. Lots of moms bring their sons up here so they can experience sexual pleasure together. It's a great place for boys like you to learn and practice, that's how Heartthrob Training Ridge got its name."

Chad's mind was buzzing. For years he'd dreamed about having his hard dick buried up inside his beautiful mom, but she seemed so proper and happily married to his dad. "Won't that be cheating on dad though?" he inquired. "**NO**…this in **NO WAY** would be considered cheating on your father, honey! Your my son, not some stranger, and this would just be a very…'hands on' approach to teaching you the birds and bees, that's all," Abigail explained. "That's not to say that your father would agree to the idea…he wouldn't! In fact, he'd probably be repulsed and heartbroken by it.

The fact is though…dads don't need to know everything that goes on while they're at work. Remember when you flushed your pet frog down the toilet when you were thirteen?"

"Yes." "Did I ever tell your father about that? No, I didn't. Some things can stay between mothers and sons and what we do here today is one of them, understood?"

"Yes, ma'am." "I love your father and am committed to my marriage, but I'm also committed to helping my son reach his full potential sexually. If that means stripping off my panties and having sexual intercourse with him, in the back seat of my car, then so be it," the mother proclaimed.

"Do I hear another car coming?" Chad asked, looking back through the rear window. "There's another car pulling up next to us," his mom replied. "Oh, that's Barbara Martin, from church…and look, she has **HER** son with her. Let me roll your window down for a second."

Abigail rolled down the passenger side window as they watched a small **SUV** pull up beside them. A pretty blonde mother smiled over at them; her window was open also. "Hi, Barb!" Abigail shouted.

"Hey, Abigail…you finally made it up here!" Barb replied, putting her vehicle in park. "Yes, I finally got to bring Chad up, I'm **SOOO** excited! How long have you and your son been dating?"

"About a month now, since he turned 18." "Oh…nice! It's such a beautiful, private spot up here to be alone with them."

"Yes…the perfect spot for passionate lovemaking," Barb agreed, then looked over at her own son, "right, honey?"

The boy smiled and nodded in agreement. "Who's gray sedan is that over there…do you know?" Abigail asked, pointing at the other car that was parked nearby. The one that clearly still had 'business' going on inside.

"That's Jill McCaine. Her husband, Bob, owns the hardware store downtown."

"Oh, of course, Jill McClaine…I thought I recognized it. Doesn't she have twin boys, a little older than ours?"

"Yes, they just graduated last year." "I thought so. I wonder if she brings them up for dates individually or at the same time? Whichever one she doing in there sure has a good rhythm going," Abigail giggled.

"I was just thinking that too. That's why we moms love the vitality of teenagers. Boys are so full of sexual energy. Did you guys just get here?" "Yeah, we got here like ten minutes ago, so we're getting ready to move to the backseat," Chad mother answered, the smile at her by, "right, honey?"

Chad smiled, nodding anxiously.

"We have plenty of condoms if you guys need any," Barb offered. "Do we need condoms?" Abigail asked, sharing a look with her son. "No, I think we're good on those, thanks for offering though. I picked up a box of Magnums earlier today, but **IT IS** Chad's first time, so I think I'll let him go bareback, just to get the full experience."

"Oh my God, he's just losing his virginity?!" Barb asked excitedly. "Yes…he's losing his virginity today, on his birthday. We are both so thrilled, right, baby?"

"It's so good for a boy to mate with mom first." "I agree totally, Barb," Abigail smiled, rubbing her boy's upper thigh, "a mom should always be a boy's first."

"Well, you guys enjoy your lovemaking. It was so good to see you!" "Good to see you too! Have a great date! Bye!" Abigail waved, then rolled up her son's window. "See, baby…this has always been the

hotspot for moms and sons. In a closed up car, way up here in the mountains, a mom and her boy can be as wild, loud and nasty as they want without the fear of being caught. Now, shall we take this first date of ours to the backseat, birthday boy?"

"Sure," her son anxiously replied. "Good. Come open the door like a gentleman for your date," she requested.

Chad got out, moved around the car and opened his mom's door. He noticed that Barb's son was doing the same for her. The mothers stepped out, both dressed to the nines in beautiful mini dresses and heels that propped up their sexy feet. Their heavy tits jutted from their chests, their creamy cleavages glistening in the sun.

Chad climbed in the backseat after his mom did and closed the door. "What's in the bag?" he curiously asked, looking over at it. "The stuff in the bag there is your Heartthrob Ridge training kit."

"Training kit?" "There's a bottle of heated lubrication, although I doubt we'll need it. Some condoms, which **WE DEFINITELY WON'T** be using today, and a couple towels for cleanup when we're finished."

"Cleanup?" Abigail giggled. "Yes, honey…both male and female ejaculations can get **VERY** messy, so it's always smart to have towels on hand. Those little packages at the bottom of the bag are vibrating cock rings. They're used to help you keep your erection rigid, for multiple rounds of sexual intercourse," she explained. "We may or may not need them, depending on the strength of your erection after each orgasm."

"Oh, I see," Chad uttered, his heart racing in anticipation. He still couldn't believe his mom was serious about having sex with him, and apparently more than once. The busty mother peeked down to confirm that her boy was still erect. "I have a feeling that you'll maintain your hardness. You are a healthy teenager after all."

"That's true." "Alright…let me slip off my heels and you slide over here next to me," she directed, slipping her feet, with their ruby red toenails, from their mules. Chad scooted over so he was hip to hip with her on the seat. "There you go," the mother whispered, cozying up against him, letting her boy inhale her sweet perfume.

She could sense her son was feeling awkward and rightly so. She was twice his age and had engaged sex thousands and thousands of times, and he was still a virgin that had only kissed a girl before. "Ohh, don't be nervous, honey. It's just you and me here. You're all alone with mom and we have all the time in the world to become sexually acquainted." She began to undo the buttons on his shirt. "There will come a time where I expect you to impress me, Chad, but it's not today. You're a virgin…you're new at this, so just do exactly what I tell you and I promise, you'll experience pleasure that you never imagined possible…not even in your wildest dreams."

The teen was so aroused that he could hardly stand it. He felt like he could hardly breath as he stared at his mom's massive tit-cleavage, knowing full well that soon her giant, milk-filled mammaries would be leaping around wildly, while she fucked him. "Chad? Look at me," his mom softly demanded as she peeled off his shirt. "Gaze into my eyes and don't look away, do you understand? Mommy needs you to look at her during all this. When a girl has sex with you, she needs to know that you're sharing **EVERYTHING** that you have with her, especially your full attention."

"Alright," he whispered, sharing his mom's warm but intimidating gaze. "Good. Now…kiss me."

The mother threw her arms softly around his shoulder, pulling him in for a tit-squashing embrace, while they shared several tender kisses. "Mmm, not bad for a virgin," she whispered. "I can tell you've been to first base, just nothing beyond that, right?"

"Nope." "So, not even second base, by feeling a girl up?" she asked.

Chad shook his head. "No…and not third base either, by getting a blowjob?"

"No, not that either," he gulped. "That's okay, honey, don't you worry…mommy's gonna help you knock one out of the park today."

They kissed again, this time letting the tips of their tongues play together teasingly. The young body shivered as he stared into his mom's smoldering eyes. "There now, are you ready to get our groove on, sweet boy? Are you ready to be fucked for the very first time? Yeah?"

Abigail kissed him again, their exchange becoming more and more passionate with each wet smooch. She rubbed her hands on his young, naked chest, her nipples hardening beneath her bra as she felt his pubescent body against her. For a moment, she paused and stared into his eyes in earnest. "You're gonna see a side of me you never have before, honey. A side that's completely wild and uninhibited, so please don't be shocked," she stated pleadingly.

Her eyes feasted on his young flesh like a cougar over a piece of fresh meat. "I will be rough with you, Chad, but not so rough that I hurt you…I promise. You see…when we moms get dick inside us… we change. Not in a bad way, of course, but in a way that might be quite shocking to our sons."

"Ok," he nodded, anxious to see that side of her. "You're used to seeing me in my 'sweet, loving mom' roll, not acting like a complete sexual deviant. That's the way I get during sex, baby. I become a complete, hypersexual slut."

She dove forward for a series of more kisses, getting her teen even more excited than he already was.

"You don't mind seeing me that way, do you, honey?" Abigail asked as they kissed. "You don't mind having a slut-mommy who's hot for your cock, do you?"

"No…not at all," the boy gasped, making her giggle at how overcome with lust he seemed. "I didn't think so." After a few more smooches, she continued speaking. "All you have to do this first time is sit back and let me ravage you. Oh, and trust me…**I WILL** fucking ravage you!" she exclaimed in a sexually excited tone.

She began to shower his neck with light kisses, letting her tongue play against the tendons in his neck. Her meaty melons mashed against his upper chest, making her cleavage bulge obscenely. "Let mommy take your sweet virginity **HER** way. If you cum quickly, which I know you probably will, don't panic if I just keep fucking you. You're a teenager and I know what you're capable of sexually. Just trust mommy and let me completely have you my way this first time, alright?"

"Yes ma'am." "Good boy! Let's take off all our clothes then and get naked."

Chad removed his shorts, while his mom shucked off her mini dress. She wore a beautiful, black embroidered bra that could barely contain the enormity of her ballooning mommy-melons. Abigail's eyes widened at the sight of her boy's prick as he slipped his briefs off. "Oh, Chad! Oh, honey…your **PP** certainly has grown since the last time I saw it," she stated admiringly. "Look how fucking hard! Oh baby, that big, fat thing is gonna feel so good inside mommy!"

She reached down and grasped the vein-encrusted stalk with her fingers and could feel it pulsing with excitement. "Let me peel the rest of your foreskin back and have a look at the head."

Chad's foreskin was pulled down over his coronal ridge, exposing the fat bulb of his glans. "Wow, Chad…you have such a beautiful dick!" the mother beamed, her eyes staring at it dreamily. "I can't believe you haven't had it sheathed in a hot fuck hole yet."

"It's not like I haven't wanted to." "Have you ever even seen a girl's pussy…in real life I mean?"

The boy shook his head. "No? Oh, sweet boy…kneel down her on the floorboard in front of me. Mommy wants to teach you all about pussy before your big, horny boy-dick starts exploring the inside of it," she urged.

Chad complied, kneeling down on the floor of the car in front of his eager mom. "Get my panties off, baby. You need to learn how to strip a girl's panties off of her," Abigail demanded.

The boy's heart raced in his chest as he grasped the tiny black waistband of his mom's thong and peeled them off her puffy crotch. His breath quivered excitedly as he yank them down her luscious legs, while staring at her bare vulva. "There, let mommy draw her knees back and spread her thighs wide open for her birthday boy," the mother stated, then spread her smooth thick thighs as wide as she could, opening her crotch for her teen. She smiled lasciviously as she watched him gawk at the hole he was birthed from. "See my pussy, sweetheart? Isn't it pretty? Mommy keeps it shaved and sexy, because she loves doing sexual things and doesn't need pubic hair getting in the way."

Chad's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he watched her reach down and splay her cunt-lips open with two fingers. "A woman's pussy has two sets of folds, called the labia," she explained. "These protect her more sensitive inner parts, like the clitoris and the vagina. As you can see, these inner lips form a hood of flesh, called the prepuce or clitoral hood. Let me peel it back and you can see mommy's love-button."

"Oh, wow!" Chad uttered, resisting the urge to stroke his peter as he watched his mom's hood retract over her swollen glans.

"There we go. That's the fat bulb is mommy's clit, sweetheart. It's the most sensitive part of my body. Do you see how much it looks like a mini-version of your fat bell tip? Isn't that cool?" Abigail giggled.

"Yes." "Down here…is mommy's fuck hole. The tight little tube of her vagina that you squeezed out of eighteen years ago today. Now, a part of you is about to go back, but this time mommy won't be screaming in pain…she'll be screaming in pleasure," Abigail giggle. "Oh, and um…don't let the fact that I gave birth to your sister a month ago fool you. I am **EXTREMELY TIGHT**, as you're about to find out."

Chad was aroused beyond belief and desperately needed to touch himself, so he timidly reached down and squeezed on the tip of his peter-meat. "I see you pulling on that pecker, young man," his mom observed. "Good boy! Keep it nice n rigid for mommy. I want it rock hard when my slippery pussy walls sink down over it! Before I fuck you though, would you like to smell and lick my pussy?"

"Can I?" "Go ahead."

The boy brought his nose down close, taking in the fragrant scent of his mom's cunt. The warm, sweet tang made him dizzy with desire. "Mmm, that's mommy's good fucking birthday boy. It smells good, doesn't it, baby?" she cooed. "Mmm, that sweet pussy aroma. Take a long lick now."

Her son quickly swiped his tongue across her outer lips, making her laugh at his weak attempt. "Honey, that was hardly a lick! Start at mommy's butthole, come all the way up through her labia and across my pink pearl," she instructed. Chad's second go at it was much more to her liking. "There you go…good! One more time! This time go a bit slower."

The boy's tongue laved across the ring of her asshole, up her perineum, then through the flavorful folds of her pussy and clitoral nubbin. "Ohh, that's mommy's good cunt-licker. See how much more tasty that one was?" she asked.

She quickly sat up, trapping him against her breasts and the seatback behind him, while wrapping her lovely legs around his

back. "Oh, Chad…I'm gonna teach you how to eat such good pussy! You'll have those high school girls lined up down the street to get their cunts devoured by you," she assured him.

Chad watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom reached back to unhook the cross-straps of her bra. "Let me get this bra off, so we can both be naked." she said, then giggled, watching her boy eyes widen at the sight of her bobbling milkers. "You've been wanting to see these boobs naked for a long time, haven't you? What do you think? Is there plenty enough there for you to enjoy?" she asked, brushing them softly against his chest.

"There's enough there for a whole group of guys to enjoy," he replied, while still stroking on his throbbing erection. "You're stroking that dick so good, honey. Would you like mommy to help you and we can beat your meat together? Yeah? You yank on the base, mom will work the top half of your big cock."

Abigail grasped her son's rod and began helping him beat it's length. They both looked down through the canyon between her tits and watched their hands stroke him vigorously. The mother suddenly threw her arm around his neck and pulled him down on top of her. "Oh, your dick is **SO** hard, baby boy! Come down on mommy. I wanna show you what it's like to be on top of a girl," she directed.

Chad sunk down on top of his mom and she harnessed her silky legs high up around his back. Because he was such a short boy, his face sunk into her cavernous cleavage. Her hand remained between their crotches, yanking on his hard pecker. "Oh, your head sinks right down in between mommy's titties this way, doesn't it? Mmm, let me rub your dick against my pussy, while I clutch onto you," Abigail sighed, then dug the knob of her son's cock through her moist folds. "Ohh, do you feel how wet you're making me, baby? Do you feel my hot juices smearing all over you?"

She heard her teen let out a whimpering reply. His face was masked between the squishy flesh of her tits. He felt her rub his cock on her clit, then across the juice-slickened mouth of her vagina. "Is this how you imagine fucking a girl, Chad. Do you imagine yourself laying between her thighs, beating your young, hard cock through the tube of her pussy hard and fast."

"Yes!" the boy hissed, his voice muffled by pounds of smothering tit-meat. The mother giggled. "I'm sure you think about sex a lot, baby, but it's time to stop fantasizing and start fucking! Come back up on the seat so mommy can straddle you and give her cute boy his first piece of cunt."

Chad climbed off his mom, planted his ass on the cushion and slouched back on the seat. He could hardly contain his excitement as he watched her climb on top of him. "Mmm, here we go, let mommy mount your young loins," Abigail purred, her milk-engorged tits nearly smothering him they stuck out so far. "A boy's first fuck should always be with mom on top."

They both let out a loud sigh in unison as Chad's young erection pierced her twat, slipping past the remnants of the hymen that she had tore apart when she was his age. "Oh, that **IS** a hard, yummy dick!" the mother squealed. "Oh, fuuuuck, you are going so deep, honey!"

The teen's inexperienced body shuddered from the feel of having his virgin cock encapsulated by hot, wet pussy for the first time. His big dick flexed with excitement as it reached the back of her vagina. "Do you feel that?" his mom asked. "Yeah? That's the head of mommy's cervix, baby. That's the back of my pussy kissing the tip of your big baby maker."

Abigail's eyes rolled back in delight as she clenched the pleated tube of her cunt around the thick meat of his boner. Hot, slippery mucus, secreted from her sex glands, coating her boy's penile flesh. Since

pushing out a baby a month ago, she'd worked hard getting her pussy back to maximum tightness, determined to give her son a good cunt milking when he turned 18. "Oh God, you're gonna make me cum before I even start fucking you!" she mewled. The mother's attention was suddenly drawn out the window. "Oh…look over there, sweetie. Look out the window, at Barb's car! Do you see her pretty legs spread open in the air?" she asked.

Chad looked over and saw Barb's legs in the air, through her car window. Her dainty feet bobbed around from the power of her son's thrusts. "Yeah, I can see that," he replied. "That means her son's on top of her, practicing his cunt-fucking skills. Isn't that wonderful? Imagine how exciting it must be for him to have his mom squeezing on his cock like I am yours," Abigail expressed. "The next time we come up here, mommy will lay on **HER** back, like she was earlier. I'll let you come down on top of me and thrust your erection through my pussy hard and fast, while I wrap my strong, shaved legs around you. Would you like that?"

"Yes!" the boy replied, his heart racing. "Yeah? Oh God, your virgin cock feels so good! Can you feel me clutching it with my cunt muscles?"

"I love that!" Chad sighed, feeling her cunt-tube chew at the meat of his cock with its spongy walls. He knew his mom's cunt must be incredibly strong and skilled from years of sex and squeezing babies out, so his dick was in for a real treat. "Do you like mommy's big juicy tits looming over you like this?"

"Yes…wow!" her boy replied, staring up at her huge, ballooning tits. He studied the blue mammary veins running beneath her skin, which were the result of increased blood flow and heavy milk production. "They're beautiful!" "Mmm, lift them, baby…feel how squishy and heavy they are," she requested.

Chad complied, handling his mom's heavy breasts. He studied the details of her wide, thickly-textured areola and big rubbery nipples, fascinated by the milk-droplets that began to form on the peaks of her teats. "Ohh, you do you like that don't you, my little boobie hound?!" she teased. "Always staring at mommy's big bosom around the house, watching them wobble around beneath my blouse and bra. Laying in bed at night thinking about them, while you pull on your young tender **PP**."

"Yes…I love to do that!" Chad confessed, sinking his fingers into her fatty jugs and making breastmilk spray from several different milk-ducts surrounding her nipples. "I told you though, honey, naughty fantasies and masturbation is for little boys. You're a big boy now so it's time to fuck and get your dick soaking wet, while you suck on big, fat, milky titties.

Abigail began to bounce up and down on her son's prick, making it pummel through her pit of pleasure. "**OH YESS**…**LET MOMMY FUCK THAT BIG FUCKING TEENAGE COCK!**" she cried out.

The boy shuddered in delight, feeling his cock fucked for the first time. The tingly sensation of all her wet, spongy vaginal pleats squeezing and dragging around his pink stalk like a fist was beyond anything he'd felt before. The pleasure he was feeling only intensified as his mom's talented cuntal walls began squeezing and milking on the length of his virgin shaft. Abigail leaned forward and kissed her boy frantically. "Oh my God, I'm gonna devour you! I'm gonna fucking eat your gorgeous body up and spit you back out!" she cried out, which was followed by more wild kissing.

The mother's rounded buttocks flew up and down, drawing her son's steely cock almost all the way out before slamming it home with all her power. The wet, heated impact made her fatty ass-cheeks ripple wonderfully, right up against Chad's cum-filled nuts. While repeating this motion over and over, her supersized tits danced crazily beneath her lurching torso, beating and quivering against her boy's wonder-

filled face. "Take it, Chad! Take that hot, mature pussy on your virgin cock! Let me fucking cum on you!" she cried out.

Abigail smacked their heated crotches together in full penetration, making her cunt-lips splay open and her heated vestibule suck right around the root of her boy's hard, sinewy shaft. She frantically jerked her hips up and back, gyrating his love-muscle inside her, stimulating the sensitive nerve endings along her slick cuntal lining. "Ohhh shit yeah, you like mommy grinding on you like this?! Huh? You like mommy's pussy to suck on your cock like that, right down around the root?"

"Yes!" he gasped. "Feels incredible!" As his mother gyrated to one side, he caught a quick glimpse out the front windshield. When he saw the building his dad worked in, in the distance, his insides tingled with a wicked thrill. His father was working hard to support the family, while him and his mom pounded their horny pissers together in the back seat of her car. It didn't get any more naughty than that.

The cock-obsessed mother began pumping her cunt up and down the satisfying stiffness of his prick again, making their flesh **SMACK** together rhythmically. "Come on, sweet boy…buck that fucking ass beneath me! Be that motherfucker I know you can be!" she cried out Chad was completely awestruck, listening to his big prick pound wetly into his mother's clasping fuck-hole. He let out a pleasurable growl, clenching his teeth together in ecstasy, while flexing his teenage dick. His mother returned his contractions with ones of her own, compressing the spongy, pleated tube of her vagina around the jutting pillar of young penile flesh. This created even greater friction, making the veins and tendons at the base of Chad's penis bulge out as they sustained the force of their furious fuck.

"Oh, shit, mom!" the teen whimpered, lurching and heaving beneath her; his mushrooming knob hammering against her cervix. "**OHH GOD, I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM!!**" Abigail cried out as a wild

climax suddenly consumed her. Her curvy body trembled and Chad listened to her wonderful screams of passion, while her squishy boobs quivered and pummeled all over him, wetting his young body with the sticky tit-nectar that leaked from her teats.

Abigail felt her teen's muscular body stiffen and his hot meat begin to pulsate inside her spewing cunt, filling her with a thick streams of hot boy-cream."Ohhh, fuck! Yes, baby…cum! Shoot your fucking virgin wad in mommy! Mmm, gimme that hot teenage spunk!" she shouted.

The boy had yanked himself off thousands of times, but he'd never had and orgasm like this. It had to be the biggest load of cum he'd ever shot and what better place to put it than his own beautiful mom's pussy. "Oh, yes…there it is! I can feel it, Chad! I can feel it spurting off. Fuck it into me, baby boy! **FUCK IT UP INTO ME, I'M CUMMING AGAIN!**" Abigail desperately panted.

Once again, the fuck-hungry mother erupted in orgasm, her milk-swollen breasts rippling wonderfully against her boy. She couldn't help but marvel as she shamelessly spewed girl-cum around his young, dreamy cock. It was her son's first time beating his dick through pussy and he was already putting his father to shame. She knew that the wild backseat fun to be had between them at Heartthrob Ridge would be some of the best sex of her life.

It took them both a good long minute of panting and whimpering until they had milked out all the pleasure that their mutual orgasms would provide. "Ohh, baby…welcome to manhood, honey! Did you like your first fuck, sweetheart?" she breathlessly asked.

"Yes," he gasped.

The mother began giggling. "You better say yes, young man," she teased. "I can already tell you're gonna fuck me **MUCH** better than your father does."

"Really?" "Yes, really. Did you not see how fucking hard I just came…**TWICE!** Not only that…but it feels like your dick is staying hard, just as I hoped. Let's kiss for a few minutes, then I'm gonna fuck you again, ok?"

"Sure!" the lucky teen nodded. "I told you your mom likes to have, hot, nasty sex. As long as you can keep that yummy teenage dick erect for me, I'll give you all the pussy you can handle."

She lowered her spongy, stiff-nippled breasts onto his chest and began passionately kissing him again. Chad's experience at Heartthrob Training Ridge had only just begun.

Mom's Busted!

By Klrxo

"Hey, mom…I have an idea," Fitz announced while watching her make cookies.

"What's that, honey?" the blonde-haired beauty asked, making her lovely round ass jiggle as mixed some chocolate chips into the batter.

"You could fuck me, like you were fucking that guy down at the park."

Sandra suddenly stopped mixing. "Fitz, why would you say such an awful thing?" she scolded, leering back at him.

"Because it's true," he answered. "I saw you, mom…and so did my friends."

"Honey, no…I think you must have mistaken someone else for me."

"No…it was you. I have a picture right here," he replied, looking at his phone, "and that's **DEFINITELY** your car that you guys are in the back-seat of."

"You took…pictures?" Sandra asked, frozen in fear.

"Yeah, but don't worry, I'm not gonna show dad…or tell him for that matter, as long as…"

"As long as what?" his mom nervously asked, staring right at him.

"As long as you fuck me, the way you did him."

Sandra shook her head, wishing this were all some nightmare she could wake up from. "Honey, I made a mistake, alright? I had a weak moment and I…"

"Moment?" he son chuckled. "You were at the park in the backseat. This was more than a moment, mom. You guys clearly had this all planned out."

"It was the only time I was with that guy, I swear," she said with emotional distraught in her voice.

"I'm sure it wouldn't matter to dad if it was 'one time' or a hundred times. He'd still be pissed and probably divorce you."

"Can we just…not bring your dad into this conversation, please."

"But he's the whole reason we're having this conversation, isn't he? If you were single and I saw you fucking a guy at a park it would be no big deal. You're just out doing what single people do. But you're not single…you're married to dad, which is what made it so wicked, right?" the teen asked.

Fitz watched his mom's huge tits tremble beneath her cotton top as she stepped up close to him. "Fitz, I messed up. Please don't let this break up our family. I love your father…I really do. Things just haven't been…"

"Haven't been what? Are you and dad divorcing?" her son asked.

"No, we get along fine, it's just…well, your dad hasn't been performing very well, sexually I mean, and I guess I just got… frustrated," she confessed.

Fitz felt a bit bad for her, but stuck to his guns selfishly, in hopes of getting something that he'd wanted since he hit puberty. "I love you, mom, and I'm sorry you and dad are having those issues, but you have one way out of this mess."

"By having sex with you?" she scowled.

"Yes, by you riding my cock, like I saw you doing at the park.

"Fitz, please don't talk like that," she blushed.

"Don't act so timid, mom. I saw the way you were fucking him like a two-dollar whore. You were completely into it."

"I can't have sex with you!" Sandra exclaimed. "You're my son. It's just…wrong on so many levels."

"So is cheating on dad, but that certainly didn't stop you from doing it."

"Fitz, I get that you're upset. I really do. I promise it was a one-time thing. A stupid mistake. It'll never happen again," she pleaded.

Fitz turned and began walking from the kitchen. "I'll be in your bedroom, mom. If your not down there and naked in five minutes I'm texting those pictures to dad," he warned.

The mother stood there speechlessly. She simply couldn't believe her son was blackmailing her this way. Sure, she suspected that Fitz desired her sexually, just like a lot of boys did their mothers. However, she didn't think in second that he would stoop to this level to get into her panties.

"I can't possibly do this, can I?" she asked herself. She wanted to run away and hide, but the prospect of having her marriage destroyed horrified her. Besides the bad sex, she was still madly in love with her husband and couldn't imagine life without him. It was the one and only time she had ever cheated on him, but it was only because her sexual frustration had reached a breaking point.

"Alight, damnit…I'm just gonna go in there and talk some sense into him!" she thought. "Fitz loves baseball. Maybe I'll bribe him, by

promising to take him to some games."

Fitz saw the shock on his mom's face as she opened her bedroom door and stared at him sprawled out on her marital bed with a monster erection. "Fitz, what the hell are you doing?!" she shouted, looking away.

"What's it look like, mom? I'm waiting for you," he answered. "Get undressed!"

"We can't just have sex. I'm your mother!" she reminded him.

"You have a pussy and I have a cock. We **CAN** have sex, so get naked!"

"There's a Sox game coming up, right? I'll get two tickets and we'll go. That'll be fun, won't it?"

"I don't want Sox tickets, mom. I told you what I want," he replied, staring at the giant swell of her tits. He noticed that her nipples had hardened and were clearly visible, protruding out from the peaks of her tits, beneath her top.

"Honey, can you **PLEASE** just pick something besides that," she begged. "I'll buy you something nice…whatever you want, just name it!"

"**I WANT** you on top of me!" he persisted. "Trust me, mom. You'll like it just as much, if not more than you did with the guy in the car."

"Don't say that," Sandra uttered, shaking head with uncertainty.

"It's true," Fitz boasted. "The girls at school say I have a bigger dick than most guys. Probably bigger than the guy you were with, and **MOST DEFINITELY** bigger than dad, from the sounds of it."

"Don't disrespect your father that way," his mom whispered.

"Oh, you mean like **YOU** did, on your backseat? How crushed do you think he's gonna be when he sees those pictures."

She slowly forced herself to look back over at him. "I'm not gonna win this battle, am I?" she sweetly asked.

"Nope! Time for you to slip out of those white panties and wave them around like a surrender-flag," he joked.

Sandra's eyes drifted down to her boy's erect cock-muscle. She knew right away he was correct about one thing. Fitz's penis was **MUCH** larger and fatter than not only her husband's and the guy's she'd slept with, but any lover she'd ever had. His bulging veins looked like powerful streaks of lighting running down the meaty shaft. His pinkish-purple knob was turgid and well-formed. For a moment, she felt her hot pleated pussy-walls tingle just staring at it.

"If I do this…you delete those pictures and not a word of this, or what you saw at the park ever leaves your mouth, understood?" she warned.

"Don't worry, mom…I'll live up to my end of the deal, as long as you fuck me like you mean it," he answered.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"What it means is…you fuck me with the same energy and enthusiasm that you were with the guy in the car."

"Fine!" she sighed, unbuttoning her blouse.

The boy's cock pulsed with excitement as saw his mom in her tit-stuffed bra for the first time. It was white and had beautiful floral-laced embroidery. The cup-panels were semi-sheer, exposing the wide, dark circles of her areola through the fabric. Next, she shed her shorts, revealing a sexy pair of bikini panties that was molded to the puffy outline of her vulva.

"Are you sure there's nothing else I can do to change your mind?" she asked, making one last-ditch effort, while reaching back to unclasp her bra-hooks.

"Take it off!" her boy demanded, watching in fascination.

Sandra unfastened her bra and peeled the cups away, releasing her big udders. They bobbled heavily, with fat erect nipples puffing out from the wide, thick-textures rings of her tit-caps. She looked away blushingly, while she peeled her panties down her freshly-shaved legs and stepped out of them.

"Wow!" the teen muttered, staring at her mature pussy. Her plump outer lips converged, to form an alluring pudendal cleft. Her mons were crowned by a patched of neatly-trimmed pubic hair. "Come get on, mom!" he urged.

Sandra stepped over to her marital bed and crawled onto the mattress with her persistent boy. "It's not too late! You can still say no to this!" her conscience screamed. "Yes, but at what cost?" she asked herself. "I fucked up and this is price I have to pay."

Fitz watched in wide-eyed fascination as his mom grasped his cock and fit it's fat tapered knob to her fuck-slit. She let his eager crown slip up between her flanking labium and felt it sink exquisitely into the tube of her hot vagina.

"Ahhh!!" the both gasped in unison, as Sandra lowered her ass, taking his steely-hard cock all the way inside her clinging cunt-hole.

She didn't want to act like a cock-humping whore in front of her son, but she knew if she put all her fucking-skills to work, she'd make him pop off quickly and it would be over with.

"Come on, mom…fuck me like you mean it!" Her boy urged, bucking his hips to get her going.

The mother put all her inhibitions aside and began riding her boy like a cock-fucking pro. Their crotches smacked together as Sandra found a nice steady tempo to ride him in.

"Yes…like that!" her son gasped, feeling her spongy ribbed lining glide along the meat of his cock. "Fuck that's good!"

Sandra didn't like her son using filthy language, but knew this wasn't the time or place to chide him.

The teen sat up and grasped her lush hips, guiding her thrusts, while watching her huge breasts bobble around from the rhythm of their steady fuck.

Sanda tightened her pelvic-floor muscles, making her spongy, corrugated lining squeeze her boy's rigid cock even tighter. "Good grief he's hard!" she thought, feeling his fleshy spike stab through her cuntal grip, kissing the ring of her cervical entrance on every thrust.

Fitz was a Guns and Roses fan and the lyric "knock, knock, knocking on heaven's door!" came to mind as he felt his fat knob smash against the doorway to her womb.

"Damn that's some good pussy, mom!" the boy gasped, watching their crotches beat lewdly together.

"Fitz, please don't talk like that," she blushed.

"What, it's true!" he smiled, then brazenly reached out and squeezed her ballooning tits.

The mother tried to push his hands away, but to no avail. "Touching my boobs wasn't part of the agreement," she complained.

Fitz sunk his fingers even deeper into the squishy meat of her jiggling melons. "The deal was…you ride my cock, like you did the

guy in your back seat. I doubt you brushed his hands away from your tits, so don't do it to mine!" he demanded.

"Fine!" the mother relented. "You're a brat, you know that?"

"What's worse…a brat or a cheating wife?" he asked her. "Now shut up and fuck me!"

Sandra's rode her boy's cock with gusto. Minutes passed and her heart and respiration rate continued to rise. Her naked body was flooded with an increase of oxytocin, her love hormone. Her son couldn't help but notice how her beautiful body gave off a wonderful sexual blush.

"You're gonna cum, aren't you?" he asked with a big smile.

"No…I'm not," his mom panted, her body clearly saying otherwise.

"Yes you are. I can tell."

"Fitz, please just…hurry up and finish," she urged, fighting to ignore the warm, tingling sensation swelling in the core of her crotch.

"You can go crazy, mom…I know you want to," he told her.

She gazed at him pleadingly, her eyes glazed over with lust. She thought perhaps she could make her son pop quickly, before she reached this level of arousal. She thought wrong. "Can you please just…not watch me do this," she whimpered, on the verge of climaxing.

"Why would I not watch you? It's incredibly hot."

"Because I'm your mother…you're not suppose to see me having an orgasm."

"Too bad, mom. This is all part of the deal, so let loose!" he muttered.

Sandra knew there was no stopping the orgasm train that was preparing to roar through her sexual depot. She realized that the things she did during climax were mostly involuntary. Her son would be seeing the unbridled animal-side of her. He would be seeing her cum like a cock-lusting slut.

Fitz could feel the pressure around his burrowing cock gradually increase. Looking down, he saw that the hooded sheath that covered his mom's clitoris had peeled back, exposing the fat, juicy bulb of her sex organ. Another sign that she was about to explode.

The boy decided to hump his hips from the mattress and really bring her off hard. His cock pummeled through her savagely.

"**YES! OH, GOD!**" the mother gasped, her pretty eyes widening as she felt her son's long powerful fuck-muscle slam through her juice-slicked grip.

"Yeah! That's what you want, isn't it mom!" the boy blurted, meeting her frantic humps, so their genitals smacked wetly together.

"Holy fucking shit…he's gonna make me lose my mind!" Sandra thought as she quickly ascended towards that golden peak.

Fitz could hear his mother's heavy breathing become more rapid. He watched in fascination as her body tensed up and her fuck-rhythm increased. She suddenly mashed their genitals together in full penetration, then began swiveling up and back wildly, stretching the lining of her vagina every which way with his unyielding cock.

Sandra threw her arms up into the air, clenching her fists. Her pretty face contorted in pleasure as the muscles in her vagina, anus and uterus began to contract and relax in a rhythmic pattern. The heavy-titted mother let out a piercing orgasmic scream that made her boy's cock flex with excitement. Her entire body convulsed in powerful pleasure-spasms. Her fatty, oblong tits bounced and rippled, creating quite the eye-pleasing spectacle for her teen.

Fitz felt her snug birthing-tube chew at the meat of his cock. Her cuntal vestibule bulged out around the root of his erection as her urethra began squirting hot female ejaculate all over his dick and balls.

"Oh wow, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling her love-juice run down the sides of his bulging testicles. He had no idea that his mom was a squirter, but he fucking loved it.

After humping wildly, through what was arguably the strongest orgasm of her life, Sandra smacked her tits down against her boy's bare chest, causing him to fall back onto the mattress.

"Stop showing off and cum already!" the mother breathed, bobbing her lovely round ass up and down, feeding his prick through her skillfully clutching vagina. She planted her knees firmly against the mattress, astride his hip, so she could really ride him like a slut.

"Ahh, yes!" her teen hissed, delighting in the way his mom's huge milkers slightly rose from her chest and swung pendulously around his face.

Sandra felt a sharp hand-strike to her ass. "Come on, mom! Ride that big cock like a fucking whore!" her boy shouted.

"You can't slap my ass that way!" she complained. "Your father could see your handprints."

Fitz smacked her ass hard again defiantly, making the fatty flesh of her bubbly buttocks ripple. "I guess you better hide your ass from dad for a few days then," he warned. "Besides…I know you like it!"

"**SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**" the boy's hand struck her bobbing ass several more times for good measure. Even though she had objected to him doing it, the excited squeals that escaped Sandra's mouth revealed how much it really turned her on.

She rode him good for several more minutes, enamored by his incredible staying power. "How have you not cum yet? I've been riding you for nearly a half-hour," she inquired.

"If you want me to cum fast, you'll have to suck my dick. Blowjobs get me every time," he revealed.

"Well, I'm **NOT** doing that!"

"Suit yourself, mom. I don't mind being fucked like this, but just to let you know…it's probably gonna be another half-hour before I even get close."

"A half-hour?!" Sandra exclaimed, still riding his stiff cock steadily. "Honey, this has already gone on for **WAY** too long!"

"Well if you stop complaining and start sucking it'll be over with a lot sooner!"

"Ugh!" the mother huffed, climbing off her boy's cock and taking position beside him. She grasped his erection around the base and glared over at him. "This is the one and only time I'm **EVER** doing this!"

"Then I suggest you get a motel room next time, so you don't get caught. Now start sucking!"

Sandra parted her lips and took her son's big, spongy cockhead in her mouth. Her tongue rolled around the sensitive flesh of his crown, swiping across his piss-slit, cleaning off the weeping pre-ejaculate.

The busty mother was a skilled cocksucker and she was eager to use her techniques to bring her son off as quickly as possible. Without delay, she began sucking hard, bobbing her head up and down the length of his cum-oozing hardon.

Fritz sighed from the feel of his mom's hot suctioned mouth squeezing up and down his dick.

"Ahh, man…look at you go, mom!" the boy sighed, watching her huge dangling tits jostle around wildly from the tempo of her sucking.

Lewd gurgling and slurping sounds filled her bedroom as Sandra fucked the ring of her lips on her boy's prick like a tight, wet pussy. She got both of her hands in on the action, one yanking around the base of his prick-shaft, while the other massaged his cum-bloated nuts.

"That's it, mom! Fuck, that's nice!" Fitz gasped, feeling his dick and balls tingle in the clutch of his mom's mouth and hands. "Get ready to drink my cum!"

Sandra continued sucking steadily, then curled her licker in her cock-stuffed mouth, dragging her tongue-tip along his sensitive frenulum.

"Oh shit, I'm almost there!" the boy announced.

His mom pistoned her mouth around his cock-muscle, feeling his knob mushroom each time it sunk into her tightly-clasping throat. She **HUMMED** loudly, adding extra vibrating pleasure to her boy's throbbing penis.

"Fuck, mom! Holy shit you can suck dick!" he gasped, watching her pretty blonde head fly up and down on his prick.

"Ahh, here comes my load, mom!" Fitz grunted, thrusting his cock as deep into her throat as he could as cum started spurting angrily from his piss-slit. "**UUGGHHH!!**" he growled in delight.

The mother was surprised to feel a second climax course through her body, just from the thrill of having her own son's ball-jizz blast across her tongue. She milked the cum from his organ and Fitz could

tell she was enjoying every second of it, even though she would never admit it. His knob finally popped from her mouth like a cork.

"There…are you finally satisfied?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes!" he sighed. "That was one hot blowjob, mom."

"Thanks. Will you please delete those pictures now?"

Fitz picked up his phone and deleted them, while his mom stood there staring at his still-hard cock. "Done!" he blurted, then tossed his phone back down.

"Why do you still have a…" she said, pointing at his boner.

"A hard dick?"

"Yes, that," she blushed.

"Because it usually takes a couple orgasms to make it go down, **AND** there's a really hot naked lady standing in front of me," he teased.

Fitz expected now that his mom had followed through on her end of the bargain that she would quickly disappear. However, Sandra just continued standing there, eyeballing his rigid cock. "Are you sure you're completely satisfied now? You can keep this incident just between the two of us?"

"If dad ever does find out, it certainly won't be from me. I promise you that."

Later, at family dinner, Sandra's husband, Reid, noticed the awkward tension in the air. "So, what happened today?" he asked looking at his wife and son. "Did the two of you get into an argument or something?"

Sandra and her son glanced at each other questioningly. "No...why would you think that?" the mother asked.

"Because you're acting strange. So what **DID** happen today?"

All she could think about was the hot fuck her and her son shared and just how incredibly hard Fitz had made her cum.

"Mom and I did get into a bit of a dispute, but we worked it out," Fitz shared, "didn't we mom?"

"Yes, well…I hope so," she stated, staring at her son intently.

"What's a dispute?" Sandra's six-year-old son asked, while playing with his food.

"It's when one person disagrees with something someone else does, son," his dad answered, then looked at his wife. "So, what was this dispute about?"

"It doesn't matter," his wife replied. "The important thing is that Fitz and I were able to **CUM TOGETHER** and resolve it, right, honey?" Sandra stated, looking at her son.

"Right," Fitz answered, sharing a secret smile with his mom.

The next day at school Fitz got a text from his mom. "The red hand-prints on my butt have finally gone away ," it read.

"Maybe I should give you more then," the boy texted back.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" she texted back.

"Not as much as you would."

"No comment . Question…what's your favorite color?" her text read.

"Red. Why?" he texted back.

"Just wondering. Don't forget we're going to the lake later with the Thompsons."

"Do I have to go?" Fitz texted back.

"Affirmative!" Came his mom's response.

Jamie Thompson was his mom's best friend since grade-school. She had a husband and three kids, one just a little older than Fitz, who had already gone off to college. This meant when they met at the lake for swimming and a barbecue, Fitz was usually bored out of his mind. Today was no exception. He wasn't really in love with fishing, but decided to bring along his fishing pole anyway, just for something to do.

"I have to tell you something, and promise you won't freak out," Sandra said to Jamie as they watched their younger children swim. A short distance away, their husbands were having a beer and a friendly game of cornhole.

"Why would I freak out? Haven't we always been able to tell each other everything?" her brunette-haired friend asked.

"Yes, well…this isn't something I'm exactly proud of."

"What is it? Did you kill someone?" Jamie joked.

"No…do you remember that cute guy who waited on us at that restaurant last week?"

"Of course I remember that guy. He was fucking hot, and he put his phone number on our receipts, which was…" Jamie said, then paused, staring at her friend. "You didn't!"

"I did," Sandra muttered. "I texted him and…well, long story short, I fucked him."

"Oh my God!" Jamie giggled. "Was it good?"

"It was just…ok," Sandra answered in a hushed, frustrated tone, "but I was stupid about it."

"How so?"

"We met at the park and fucked in my backseat."

"Damn, girl…talk about a risky affair!" Jamie smiled. "Sometimes that thrill of being seen though is what makes it so fucking hot."

"Apparently, we **DID** get seen, by Fitz and some of him his friends," Sandra confessed.

Jamie's mouth hung open in shock. "Oh…shit, that is a problem!" she uttered.

"It **WAS** a problem…until Fitz pretty much blackmailed me."

"Blackmailed you?"

"He said he would tell Reid, unless I agreed to fuck him."

"Did you?"

"I had to. Fitz swore he would have told his father what he saw if I didn't."

Jamie burst out laughing.

"What's funny about that?" Sandra asked, giggling some herself.

"I'm sorry, this is just too ironic."

"What's ironic about it?" Sandra asked.

"Brad pulled the same thing on me last year. He came home early from school and caught me masturbating. He threatened to tell his father if I didn't let him fuck me."

"Yeah, but that's just masturbating. Your husband doesn't know you masturbate?" Sandra asked.

"Yes, he does. He just doesn't know that I have a ten-inch black dildo I use to do it with," Jamie admitted. "I had it shoved straight up my cunt when Brad walked in on me. He threatened to tell his father every juicy detail of what he had seen, unless I agreed to his terms."

"So you fucked him?"

"I had to. I was backed into a corner. What else was I suppose to do?"

"Why did you never tell me about this?" Sandra asked.

"Because I was embarrassed. I didn't want you to think your best friend was some cheap slut. Hold on…" she sighed, looking at her kids in concern. "Brandon, don't splash your sister in the face, honey!" she shouted to her youngest son.

"I would never think you're a cheap slut," Sandra stated. "but **I CAN** relate to what you were saying. I wasn't gonna mention what happened between Fritz and I to you for that very reason."

"Don't beat yourself up about it," Jamie advised. "You did what you had to do to save an already disastrous situation from getting worse."

"I know," Sandra sighed, still seeming as though something was bothering her.

"Allow me to read your mind," Jamie tease.

"Ok?"

"The problem now is…the sex with Fitz was really, **REALLY** good and you can't stop thinking about it. Am I right?"

Sandra fed her friend a guilty smile. "You always were good at mind reading," she replied.

"Listen, I always thought Larry and I had a pretty good sex life, until I fucked my son. Then I realized that my husband was actually pretty lousy in bed. After that, as wicked as it was, I decided I was never going back to strictly having mediocre sex again," Jamie explained.

"Hold on, you and Brad fucked a second time?"

"A second time, then third, then a forth…until we were pretty much screwing each other's brains out every day."

"Wow!" Sandra exclaimed in shock. "And here I was worried that you might tell **ME I** was crazy and perverted."

"No more crazy and perverted than I am," Jamie admitted. "I'm not telling you that you should fuck Fitz again, but I am telling you to follow your heart, which is the advice that any best friend would give."

"I love you, girl!" Sandra stated, mashing their huge tits together as they hugged.

"Love you more!" Jamie answered.

Fitz was on a private little beach area a short distance from the picnic spot. He had his fishing line cast out, but didn't look like he was having much luck.

"There you are!" he heard his mom say as she stepped up the tiny trail towards him.

"Damn…look at you!" he answered, staring at his mom with wide eyes.

Sandra wore a skimpy micro bikini. It was red, her son's favorite color. The triangular-shaped cups of the top only covered a small portion of her ginormous tits. This caused her ballooning milkers to wobble deliciously as she walked. The bottoms were molded to her crotch, creating a delightful camel-toe. The thin red straps crossed her wide swaying hips, forming what Fitz knew must be a thong in the back.

"Is that why you wanted to know my favorite color?" he asked.

"Maybe," she answered teasingly.

"That's quite the scandalous bikini, mom," Fitz commented.

"I know…that's why I wanted to come over here, away from the kids **AND** your father, to lay out in it and get some sun," Sandra said, stepping past him, towards a sandy area of the tiny cove.

"You won't hear any complaints out of me," Fitz said, followed the sway of her ass with his eyes. His suspicions were correct. The thin red string of a thong disappeared between the cheeks of his mom's luscious, undulating derriere. He watched her spread out a towel on the sand and sprawl out on her tummy.

"I didn't think I would I would hear any complaints," she teased, feeding him a sly smile.

"Better be careful," Fitz warned. "You might attract some hot guy out here who wants to make it with you on your back seat."

Sandra frowned. "Are you still mad at me about that?"

"No, it was just a joke, mom," he answered, casting his line back out.

"Good…but if you're still feeling like I haven't done enough to earn your silence, I would understand…and be willing to do more, if I needed to," she offered.

Fitz smiled. Yesterday his mom was begging him not to ask for sexual favors from her, now she was practically offering them up to him. "Well, um…what kind of 'more' did you have in mind?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders cutely, with her big tits squashed beneath her, bulging out between her and her towel.. "Oh, I don't know…if you feel like I still haven't done enough, I could…bend over and let you take me from behind," she suggested.

"Really?! Out here?"

"Not because I want you to, of course, but just so you can feel like I've really earned the right to be forgiven."

"If you feel like you need to be pounded doggy-style to make things right, I'm certainly not gonna argue with you, mom," Fitz stated, peering over at her nearly naked bubble butt.

"Of course…if you'd rather keep fishing than feel my ass beat against you, I'd understand," she teased, kicking up one sexy leg and waving her toes towards the sky.

"Fuck that!" Fitz answered, throwing his pole down and stepping over near his sunning mother. He looked towards the picnic area. "Are you sure this is a safe spot though?"

Before Sandra left the picnic area, Jamie had agreed to text her if any of the kids or husbands were wandering their direction. So she felt confident that this was a safe, discreet spot to get nasty with her

son in the wild. "Don't worry. No one will bother us down here," she whispered.

Fitz licked his lips in lust, staring down at his mom's meaty thonged ass. "I'm gonna smack that ass some more, especially if we're doing it doggy. You know that, right?" he bold asked.

His mom rose up on her hands and knees, pointing her big fleshy buttocks back at him. "Do what you need to do. I wanna earn your forgiveness, and I realize that's gonna take some real effort on my part."

Fitz was shocked at the fact that his mom was encouraging his nasty behavior, especially because of how reluctant she was at first. However, he certainly wasn't about to question it. He quickly removed his trunks and his boner sprung out from loins as stiff as a tree branch. He loved the way his mom was peeking back at it, with desire in her eyes.

"You like looking at this thing, don't you, mom?" he asked, wagging it back and forth.

Her gaze drifted up into his eyes. "Would you like me to say yes? Would you like to hear nasty, dirty things come out of my mouth, that would get you even more excited than you are?" she asked.

"Would you do that?"

"If you slapped me on the ass and told me to do it, yes. I told you… I'm willing to make the effort to be fully forgiven by you, Fitz."

"Well in that case…" the boy said, lowering to his knees behind her and **SMACKING** her lovely ass as hard as he could. "Talk dirty to me, whore!"

"Is that what I am, baby…a whore?" she asked. "A slut for your big fucking cock?"

Fitz's mouth fell open. "Whoa!" he muttered, feeling like he should pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

"What?" Sandra asked, giggling at his reaction.

"I've never heard you talk that way."

"Well, things are different now," she stated in a seductive tone. "I'm trying to earn back the trust of my son, by letting him shove his big cock up my tight cunt, while saying nasty fucking words to him."

"Righteous!" the boy sighed.

"You never answered my question," Sandra said, staring back with her brilliant blue eyes. "Is mommy a whore for your big fucking cock?"

"Yes she is!" he answered, reaching out with both hands and taking two great big handfuls of fatty ass-flesh.

"Get my thong off then," she mewled. "Peel my thong down my ass, then sock your fat prick through my pussy-hole."

"Gladly!" the boy snarled, grasping the thin straps of her bottoms and yanking them down over her rounded ass. His mom lifted her knees from the towel one at a time, so he could pull them completely off. He brought the dainty red gusset to his nose and inhaled.

"Ahhhh, shit!" he sighed letting the wonderful cuntal aroma sweep through his nasal passage. He did this while staring at the outer pair of labial folds dividing her pudendal cleft. Her rounded mommy-buns were slightly spread, exposing the pink elastic ring of her butthole.

Sandra continued to peek back at him, watching him enjoy her feminine aroma. "Does that smell get you worked up, baby?" she

asked. "Does it make you wanna shove your face between my shaved cunt lips and kiss the hole you came out of?"

"Best idea ever!" the boy excitedly answered, tossing her bottoms aside and diving face-first against his mom's pussy. He followed her suggestion to a tea, nudging his face through her cuntal fissure, into the vestibule, and kissing her hot, juicy hole.

Sandra gasped; her eyes rolling back in their sockets as she felt her boy's tongue whipping at her horny fuck hole. When his licker plowed down across her swollen love-button, she thought she might lose her fucking mind. "That's it, honey…eat at that pussy. Get it ready for a hard cock-pounding!" she cried out.

The teen was on cloud nine, inhaling his mom's fragrant folds, while lapping away at her pussy. He sucked her grape-size clitoris into his mouth, feeling it throb against his tongue. Her thick cuntal petals were flanking his face. He sucked and pulled on those also, snarling as he enjoyed the tangy-flavored flesh in his mouth.

"I've been such a naughty girl and I want your forgiveness so bad," Sandra cooed. "Maybe you should lick my asshole too, baby. I owe that to you."

Fitz licked his way up across her perineum, to the budding ring of her asshole. He tongued it really good, feeling it throb against his lashing licker.

"Are you ready to doggy-dick me, honey?" she asked. "Are you ready to smash you boner through my juicy cunt-hole?"

"Fuck yes!" the boy hissed, kneeling upright and mounting his mom's haunches.

Sandra's tongue was nearly hanging out in anxious lust. "Plow your fat knob through my cunt-slit and against my clit first. Rub our pleasure-bulbs together, baby!"

Fitz did just that, feeling his mom's slick, aroused genitalia against his sensitive glans. "I'm gonna fuck you now, mom. I'm gonna fuck you like a whore!" he announced.

Juice that had secreted from Sandra's Skene Glands wet her boy's cock as it squeezed into her spongy cunt-hole. "Ohhh, fuck!" Fitz exhaled, feeling his pink slab travel along the hot ribbed walls of her vagina.

Sandra let out a sharp pleasure-gasp as she felt her boy's barbed tip smash against the puffy ring at the head of her cervix. Before the boy could even start thrusting, the mindlessly horny mother began throwing her ass back on him.

"Yes!" Fitz gasped, grasping her humping hips and meeting her with thrusts of his own. His mom's fatty ass-cheeks **SMACKED** against his midsection repeatedly as they found a satisfying fuck-rhythm.

"Oh, shit!" the teen sighed, looking down and watching his juice-slickened cock appear, then disappear inside his mom's wilding-humping cunt.

"That's what you like, isn't it, baby?" Sandra panted, looking back over her shoulder, while screwing her clutching pussy back on him. "A nice tight pussy to beat your dick through!"

"Oh, hell yes!" the boy responded, watching the mouthwatering flesh of her rounded buttocks ripple every time it smacked against him.

"You probably didn't think mommy was gonna put out again, did you?" Sandra asked. "That's not the case. You saved my marriage, by promising not to tell your father what you saw. Mommy owes you a piece of her pussy anytime you want it, baby."

"Seriously?! Well, I uh…won't argue with that, mom," her son said, spearing his dick into her.

"Untie my top, honey. Let my tits out!" his mom shouted breathlessly.

All Fitz needed to do was reach down and untie her tit-sling. Her dangling boobs did the rest as they swung pendulously, tossing the dainty top onto the towel beneath her.

"Sweet! Now I can do **THIS**…" Fitz stated, leaning over, reaching under and grasping on to his mom's giant, dangling boobs. His fingers sunk into the fatty meat, pinching at her engorged teats.

"Yes! Squeeze those breasts, baby! Hold on to those hooters, while you pound the fuck outta me!" Sandra cried out.

Fitz's cock flexed as it plowed against his mom's vaginal walls. Pre-cum drooled from his piss-slit as he enjoyed the exquisite pleasure the texture of his mom's pussy walls were giving him. For Sandra, it was equally as intense. Friction on her vaginal tissue and their clusters of pleasure sensors made the root of her clitoris tingle. Her perennial sponge, between her vagina and rectum ached in arousal as her boy stretched it with each mighty plunge of his cock.

Naked on the beach, they fucked like lusty animals, their writhing bodies glistening in the sun.

Sandra's fuck-tube was slick with secretions. Fitz felt his mom's pelvic floor muscles bulge forward, then retract with arousal, over and over. This tightened the corrugated sleeve of her cunt, creating even more friction around his penile glans.

"Oh, fuck, your pussy feels good, mom!" he whimpered.

"Wanna cum together, baby?" she replied, peeking back at him. "I'm getting close, and I can tell you are too, by the way your cock is twitching inside by birthing tube."

"You better be ready quick then, because you've got me all worked up."

Sandra knew she was close to a toe-curling orgasm, but reached under and rubbed her clit to speed up the process even more. "Tell me when you're ready!" she gasped.

"Ahhh!" the boy delightfully sighed, his eyes rolling back as his mom flexed her cunt muscles, making her spongy cuntal lining gnaw at his stiff cock.

"I'm cumming! I'm gonna fucking explode in you!" The boy grunted, thrusting wildly and making their juicy genitals pound together.

"**YES! GIVE ME YOUR BABY-NECTAR!**" Sanda cried out as she too surrendered to her own full-body orgasm.

"**UUGGHH!!**" the teen grunted, hosing out a big fat ribbon of spunk inside his mom.

Sandra let out an orgasmic scream that echoed across the lake. Her body writhed and trembled wonderfully. Her genital pleasure-centers ignited around the fat cum-spurting erection that was plunging through the center of it all. After several body-trembling minutes, the boy pulled his cock out.

"Hot damn, mom!" the boy sighed, gazing down at the girl-cum literally dripping off his penis.

"Was it a good piece of pussy, baby," she winked, standing up and putting her bottoms back on.

"Unbelievable piece!" he answered.

They arrived back at the picnic area together. Sandra was wearing a bikini cover up that she had brought with her.

"We heard you scream," her husband said. "Thought maybe you got attacked by a grizzly or something."

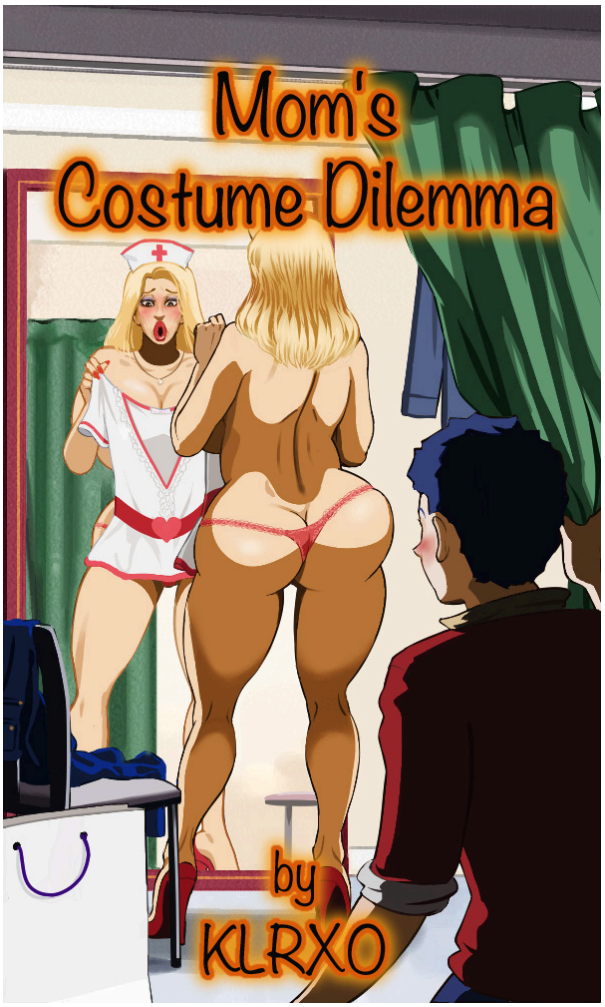
"No…just a savage teenager," Sandra answered, sharing a knowing smile with her friend Jamie. "I screamed after he threw me right into that cold lake water."

"Hold her under next time," Reid joked, making Jamie's husband bust a gut laughing.

"Oh, there **WILL** be a 'next time,' won't there, honey?" the mother asked, gazing into Fritz's eyes wantonly.

"Sure, and you think I was rough with you earlier, just wait until next time," he teased.

"Oh, sounds like I'll do a lot more screaming then," the mother stated in an exaggerated manner, then quickly brought her lips to her boy's ear. "I fucking love it rough," she whispered.



Mom's Costume Dilemma

By Klrxo

"Scott, what should I be for Halloween this year?"

"Jeez, mom…you sound like an eight-year-old in a grown woman's body," Claudia's son, Scott, laughed.

"It's not for trick-or-treating, smarty-pants. It's for the annual Halloween party, at your father's job. I have no idea what to go as."

"Well, try hitting that new costume shop in town," he suggested.

"That **WAS** my plan for today," she replied, "but I know I'm gonna be bombarded with a hundred different outfits I like, then I surely won't be able to make a decision."

"I can go with you if you want?" the boy proposed.

She fed him a suspicious grin. "I don't know if that's such a good idea, honey" she pointed out.

"Why not."

"Well, for one, you're suppose to be in school today, and two, I've caught you peeping in on me while I was getting dressed twice, just this week. That makes me very suspicious of your motives for wanting to help me," Claudia expressed.

Scott knew his mother had a point. Obviously about the school concern, but also regarding his obsession for her. Since he was thirteen he'd been lusting after his mother, just like any other male who crossed her path. Claudia was a beautiful platinum-blonde, with the type of body that would land her a porn career in a second. Having children had turned her physical-build into boy's playground; one that was sadly off limits to boys, since she was happily married. Well, almost happily. Well over a hundred times, Scott had stolen her bra or panties from her laundry hamper and imagined her wearing them, while furiously beating his cock. He knew her bra size just as well as his date of birth. 38 **HH**. The number of times he'd been caught trying to catch a glimpse of them was concerning to the mother, but she also knew it was somewhat normal for a boy to be curious about such things and mom was the nearest object of fascination for an inquisitive teen.

"I won't peep in on you trying on costumes. I promise," Scott pleaded, dying to go along. "I'll just be there to help you pick out the one that looks the best."

Despite being suspicious of his motives, she knew she could certainly use his help in deciding on a costume. "Alright. I'll call the school and let them know you have a fever today," Claudia agreed. "We'll head out in about an hour."

After seeing her other children off to school and her husband out the door for his day at work, the mother slipped on some heels that complimented her outfit. They were bandage-style peep-toe stiletto heels, that looked perfect peeking out from the legs of her pants. Her jeans were molded to her luscious legs and succulent round ass like a denim skin. A snug cotton top clung to her giant breasts, accentuating their globular-shaped meat.

"I kept Scott home for school, so he could help me decide on a costume for the party," she told her friend, Jan, over the phone.

"That's brave. You know he's just gonna try peeking in at your tits the whole time," Jan stated.

"He said he would behave himself."

"Ha, and you believe him?" Jan asked. "Claudia, boy's his age think with their horny dicks, remember?"

"I know they do, but I can't just not be around my son just because he's fascinated with my big tits."

"Speaking of male affection," Jan muttered, "did you get any last night?"

"Yeah…some," Claudia answered unenthusiastically.

"Some? I take it he left you high and dry again?"

Claudia sighed in frustration. Recently, she had been unable to have an orgasm with her husband during sex and it was troubling her.

"We had sex for a while. It wasn't really his fault. Or…maybe it was, I don't know."

"You guys really should get to the bottom of that issue."

"I know. At least I have my vibrator. **THAT I** can count on," Claudia joked, making Jan laugh.

The delicate **CLICK** of his mom's heels always got Scott excited. When he heard them, he would picture his mom's dainty feet with their painted toenails arched back in the air, with her toes pointed across his room, while he was cradled between her thighs pounding the shit out of her.

"Ready to do some costume shopping?" his mother asked, grabbing her purse.

"Let's kill it!" the boy replied, checking out her undulating bubble butt, which was lusciously encased in denim.

As she drove across town, Claudia could feel her son's eyes on her. The swell of her oversized tits trembled with every bump in the road. Part of her was flattered that her boy was so enamored by her feminine charms. Surely there were no girls his own age with a body-shape quite like hers. A voluptuous mommy-body was like a beautiful coastal rock formation that had achieved it's shape through years of natural evolution. Claudia certainly did what she could to assist in this process through healthy eating and exercise.

"Thanks for not telling dad," said Scott, while staring over at her.

"Telling dad?"

"About me peeking in on you the other day, while you were getting undressed."

"Oh, that," the mother smiled. "What makes you think I didn't tell your father?"

"By the fact that I'm still alive."

Claudia laughed. "Good point. He would kill you if he knew about your naughty little habit of peeping in on me."

"So, why haven't you told him? Just curious," Scott asked.

It was a question Claudia had pondered herself. "Scott, you're a young guy and you're curious. I get it. I'm certainly not encouraging that type of behavior, but **I DO** understand it. Your father, on the other hand, wouldn't."

"True," her son agreed. "You know, if you just send me one picture of you…undressed, then it would satisfy my curiosity and I'd stop trying to peek in on you so much."

"Good try with the negotiation tactic, slick, but it's not gonna happen," she giggled, then glanced over at him sternly. "I appreciate your fascination with me, but mom is one piece of candy that stays in the wrapper."

"That's ok," Scott stated, gazing over at the huge fatty orbs of her tits, "you look pretty damn good in your 'wrapper' too."

Claudia smiled blushingly. "Thank you," she muttered. Her chest, almost instinctively thrust out in pride, making her mammoth breasts balloon outward beneath her thin cotton top.

Scott watched his mom's heavy, jutting mounds of fatty and glandular tissue test the strength of her bra-hooks, by swelling out wonderfully. They put so much pressure on her thin cotton top that he could clearly make out the floral laced embroidery of her silky bra cups. "Goddamn those are fucking big!" he thought, while trying to conceal the growing bulge in his pants.

The mother's lips curled into a knowing smile as she stared at the road ahead. As a beautiful, curvy Goddess of a woman she'd grown used to being gawked at by men and seeing them adjust their horny pricks, while staring at her lustfully. She only wished her husband, David, still gave her that type of attention. He certainly used to, but over the years, and with the hustle and bustle of work and having children, his fascination for her seemed to fade some. It's not that it was completely gone. Their sex life was good, even though he could hardly make her orgasm any more. She knew her husband still adored her and she him, but his attentiveness and sexual abilities certainly wasn't on the same level as they were when they were younger.

The costume warehouse was a seasonal Halloween store featuring every get-up imaginable. Scott was determined to find the sexiest costume he could for his mom to wear. "Hey, mom, how about this one…sexy Princess Leia," he suggested, holding up the skimpy costume for her to see.

"Honey, you know I'm not a Star Wars fan. What about this one?" she asked, holding up a 80's-looking sweat-suit costume with a curly wig. "I could be Richard Simmons."

"Richard who?"

"He was an exercise guru back in the 80's," she explained.

"Fine I guess, for people who know that, but if they don't, you're just gonna look like a fitness freak, with pubes for hair. What about a sexy female cop?" Scott asked, taking a costume off the rack.

"Is it just me, or are you putting the word 'sexy' in front of every costume you suggest for me?" the mother teased.

"Sorry. I really think you should try this one though. Look, it even comes with a badge and handcuffs."

The mother took the costume and looked it over. "It might look cute…I dig the shorts."

"You should try it on!" Scott urged.

"Let me find a couple more I like, then I'll hit the fitting room to give them a try."

Claudia thumbed through more costumes. It didn't take long before one caught her attention. "Oh, Egyptian Goddess!" she marveled, looking over the outfit.

"You would look incredible in that!" Scott stated, surprised that his mom was even considering the revealing gown.

"I don't know. It might be a little too risqué," she muttered, looking the outfit over.

"Yeah, but probably ninety-percent of these women's costumes are risqué, mom. It's not like you'd be the only one at the party wearing something a little revealing," Scott pointed out.

"I suppose I could try it," the mother decided. "What about something superhero-ish?"

Her son just happened to be standing in front of just what she was asking for. He quickly took it off the rack. "Supergirl!" he shouted. "See, I can suggest one without putting 'sexy' in front of it. Although this thing is super-sexy."

"Maybe too sexy! Are those garters?" Claudia asked.

"Yep, and a corset. You gotta try this one on mom!" he requested, handing it over to her.

"Supergirl my ass! I'd look more like super-hooker in this thing," she joked, while looking it over.

"You gotta at least try it on. Maybe you'll love it," Scott urged.

"Alright, well…this is three. Let's go find the fitting room," said Claudia as she started away with her three costume choices.

The fitting rooms were nestled in the back of the store. Each room was it's own private area, with a curtain drawn across the door and a chair sitting just outside the room. It was the perfect arrangement for a second person to sit and critique outfits as they were tried on. Claudia knew right away that it would be incredibly tempting to her son to peek right in on her, but she wanted his opinion on the costumes and certainly wasn't gonna march out into the store with them on to find him.

"Will you try on supergirl first?" he asked.

"Yes, as long as you promise to stay in that chair and behave yourself," she half-teased.

"Deal!" Scott answered, plopping down in the chair, while his mom stepped into the dressing room and pulled the curtain.

Just listening to his mom undress was incredibly thrilling. He was so eager to see her in the revealing costume that it was killing him.

"Oh, Scott, I don't know…" he heard his mom mutter doubtfully .

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm **BARELY** fitting in this thing."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Scott joked.

"**IT IS** a bad thing, especially if I rip right out of it half-way through the party. It's Supergirl, not the Incredible Hulk."

"I'll give you an honest assessment and tell you if it looks too tight on you," he assured her.

After a few more minutes, his mother spoke again. "Alright! Here I come to save the day!" she blurted, trying to sound heroic.

The curtain suddenly opened and Claudia stood there as the sexiest version of Supergirl Scott had ever seen. "Damn, mom!" he blurted, trying to take it all in at once. The way the corset fit across her tremendous bust gave Claudia the most extraordinary cleavage the boy had ever seen. He spied her bra hanging on a hook behind her and suspected she couldn't wear it because the straps would show. The blue corset, with the Supergirl logo, flared out into a red mini skirt, which barely fell below her crotch. Garters were stretched across both her thighs, holding up naughty red stockings. On her feet she wore red stiletto mules, which went perfect with the outfit.

"Be honest. Does it look too snug?" the mother asked, striking a superhero-worthy pose, with her hands on her hips. A red collar around her neck was attached to a flowing red cape and Claudia's long, platinum-blonde hair made her a convincing match to the real character.

"You really expect me to say yes to that, mom?" her son smiled.

"Of course I do, honey. You're here to give me an honest assessment, remember?"

"You want my 'honest' assessment?" he asked. "If there really was a Supergirl, she wouldn't hold a candle to you."

"Thanks," the mother blushed, "but I wouldn't have her powers though," she stated with a cute smile, then threw her arms straight into the air, making her massive mams jump beneath her outfit. "I wouldn't be able to soar through the sky!"

Scott watched in astonished fascination as his mom quickly adjusted the top of her corset to prevent her oversized knockers from spilling out. "This thing was certainly not made for breasts the size of mine," she complained.

"I think it fits perfect!" Scott muttered, watching her struggle to contain the better portion of her tit-meat.

"Of course you do," Claudia teased with a blushful smile. "I do have a strapless bra I could wear with it. That would certainly help."

"That's a lot of weight to contain," Scott boldly stated. "How much do you think they weigh each?"

She glared at him sternly. "Scott, we're here to discuss costumes, not the weight of my breasts."

"You were the one who brought it up, mom" he reminded her.

"How did I bring up the weight of my boobs?"

"You said that costume wasn't made to hold breasts the size of yours, so I was only expanding upon that comment."

Claudia giggled. "Do you ever think about anything besides boobs?" she teased, remembering how many times she had come into his room to find a picture of giant naked breasts on his computer screen. She never really scolded him for it. She knew it was better that he be yanking it to online porn than out chasing girls at school and risk getting one of them pregnant.

"Yeah, of course. I think about a couple other things too," the boy responded, letting his eyes drift down his mom's well-sculpted legs. "Would Supergirl would wear red panties or blue ones beneath her skirt?"

"Bright yellow panties would actually be a better contrast, since the skirt and the stockings are both red."

"True. Do you have Bright yellow ones?"

Claudia smiled as she spun around to look at the back of her costume in the big floor to ceiling mirror. "You tell me. You seem to know my panty drawer these days as well as I do," she teased.

"That's not true. I don't snoop in your panty drawer."

"Oh, that's right. You prefer plucking them out of my laundry hamper," Claudia giggled.

"I plead the fifth," Scott grinned. He was a bit embarrassed knowing now that his mom was aware of his nasty habit of stealing her panties.

"You know, if your father ever caught you doing that you'd be grounded for life, especially if he knew what you did with them," Claudia warned.

"How do you know what I do with them?"

"Scott, I have to wash the boy-slime off my hands every time I do a load of my laundry. Trust me, I know what you do with them," she answered.

"Do you ever taste me?" Scott boldly asked.

"Excuse me?!"

"I just wondered if you were ever curious what I tasted like and tried a little sample?" he wickedly inquired.

"No, I most certainly have not," the mother answered, knowing full-well that there was one time recently where she had licked her son's ball-juice off her finger. She had been curious to know how he tasted, compared to her husband. She was pleasantly surprised to discover that Scott's sperm was much sweeter-tasting and the volume of ejaculate that he always left in the gusset of her panties

simply amazed her. "Just because you boys are obsessed with sniffing and tasting us moms, doesn't me that we're the same way."

"Well, just so you know, you taste great, and your smell down there is intoxicating!" the teen brazenly confessed.

The mother covered her ears and shook her head. "Scott, please… **TMI!**"

"Sorry, mom…I'm just being honest."

"Can we just…get back to the subject of costumes please? If I decided on this one, do the red heels look good or should I try to find some boots?" Claudia asked.

"The heels look awesome! Definitely stick with those."

"Alright, close the curtain. I'm gonna try on the next one," she stated.

Scott closed the curtain, almost all the way. He left a tiny slit that he could peek through. He watched his mom sit on the corner bench of the changing room and slip her nyloned feet from her stiletto heels. As Claudia unhooked the garters, her son got a good look up her skirt. Her dainty red panties were molded to her crotch, creating a wonderful camel-toe. He could even see how the fabric narrowed out, forming a thong between her buns. "Fuck!" his brain screamed as he fought off the urge to reach down and squeeze his hardening cock.

Since there was a gap between the fitting room curtain and the floor, it didn't take much effort for Claudia to notice her snoopy son hovering there. A tiny smirked formed on her lips as she realized he was peeking in at her. "I'll let him watch my take off the nylons, but that's it," she decided.

The boy's eyes widened as he spied his mom extending one of her luscious legs out and slipping the stocking off. He loved the way her toes were pointed towards him and how her sexy legs gave off a wonderful freshly-shaved sheen. "Whoa!" he thought, watching her roll the stocking off the other. This time she extended her leg out at an upward angle, showing her limberness. Once the red nylon slipped off her arched foot, she held her leg there for a moment, suspended in mid-air for her son to gawk at.

"Scott, away from the curtain please," she requested sweetly as she lowered her leg and stood up.

"Sorry," the boy blushed, going over and sitting down in the chair just outside the fitting room.

"Uh-huh," Claudia teased. "I bet you are."

"Which one are you trying next?"

"I'm not telling you," she playfully answered. "It can be a surprise."

"I hate surprises."

"Well, who knows, maybe you'll like this one," she replied.

It was torture sitting just outside the room, listening to the fabric of the costume brush against his mom's smooth skin as she put it on.

"Ready for the big reveal?" Claudia finally asked.

"Ready!" her son answered, then watched the curtain swish open. His mom stood there in a long dark wig and the Egyptian Goddess costume, with one leg cocked out. The get-up featured a gold and white cut-out dress with an ornate jeweled collar. The white, pleated-panel satin skirt had daring open sides, allowing her legs to be fully exposed, all the way to the top of her hips. Her feet were arched in gold-colored open-toed heels that came with the costume.

"Do I make a convincing Egyptian Goddess?" she asked.

"Do you ever!" the boy responded. "I'd worship you."

"What about if I stand like this?" Claudia said, then took the 'walk like an Egyptian' pose. This made her jutting tit-mounds look as though they could rip right through the fabric.

"Perfect!" Her son beamed, studying her up and down. He noticed her panties laying on the floor. "Did it come with panties?"

"No, I couldn't wear a normal G-string with this because the hip-straps might show."

"So you wouldn't wear **ANY** panties?"

"Well, I don't know if I'd be brave enough to go without them," she giggled. "I'd probably just wear a black C-string."

"C-string?"

"It's a new type of panty that's strapless. It looks like normal sexy underwear in the front, with a thong-style strip at the rear and nothing on the sides."

"Wow! How does it stay on?" Scott asked.

"It has a flexible inner frame that hugs and holds it to a woman's crotch, without the need of any other straps."

"Damn, would I love to be a c-string!" the boy sighed.

The mother placed her hands on her hips and gave him a stern, but slightly amused glare. "Scott!"

"I'm just sayin."

"What do you think of the back," his mom asked, spinning around.

Scott could see the silky backs of her entire legs. Only the swell of her rounded mommy-rump was covered by the skirt. "What do you think I'm gonna think of the back, mom? It's incredible!"

"Thanks, honey. I like it too! I think this one's gonna be high on the contender's list. The black wig doesn't look stupid?" she asked.

"No, it's hot!" Scott replied. "Besides, I doubt there were too many blonde Egyptian women back in the day."

Scott stared at the thong laying on the floor. He'd give his left testicle if his mom would let him hold them to his nose and sniff them. Even though he knew she'd be upset, he decided it wouldn't hurt to press his luck. "While you try on the next costume, can I hold on to your panties?"

"Scott, no! What you sneak around and do at home is one thing, but right now we're in public," she reminded him.

"Yeah, but the fitting area is totally private. There's no one even back here."

"I'm putting them back on," she stated. "I only took them off for this one costume."

"You don't need to wear them with the cop costume. Come on, mom…I dedicated this entire day to helping you. Just throw me a bone," he pleaded.

Claudia laughed, picking up her dainty panties off the floor. "Throw you a bone?! What are you, a dog?"

"Ain't nothin' but a hound dog!" Scott jokingly replied.

"More like a horn-dog!" she laughed. She threw her panties over and they landed in his lap. "There's your bone, horn-dog. You have until I open this curtain back up, then I'm getting them back."

"Got it!"

Claudia gave him a playful smile as she closed the fitting room curtain. "Oh, Claudia, what the hell did you just do?" she thought, feeling a little ashamed.

In a flash, Scott grabbed the panties and brought them to his nose. "**GODDAMN, FUCK!!**" his brain screamed as the sweet, musky aroma of his mom's pussy swept through his nostrils. The scent was so pungent that it made his eyes roll back and excited tingles course through his body. He gasped a little too loudly.

"Are you ok out there?" his mom's voice giggled.

"I'm fine…sort of," he replied.

"So, are you doing this with other women's panties…or is this just sort of a mommy thing?" Claudia asked as she took off the Goddess costume.

"Doing what?"

"I don't know…whatever it is you do with them. I assume that you like to smell them, right?"

"Well, yeah…that is **PARTLY** why I like them."

"Ok, so…what's the other part?" the mother curiously asked.

"Do you really have to ask, mom?"

"I know **WHY** boys do it…I'm just…trying to get a better understanding of what **YOU** like about panties, that's all.

"I do love the smell," Scott confessed, taking another good whiff.

With the Goddess costume off, Claudia stood there in the fitting room for a moment completely naked, while speaking to her boy.

She peeked down and noticed how long and stiff her nipples were, protruding from the round pink caps of her giant tits.

"Alright…what about the taste?" Claudia brazenly asked. "You said earlier that I taste good. Are you one of these boys who enjoys sucking on the gusset?"

"Wow, mom…weren't you getting upset earlier when I asking you if you ever tasted **ME**?" he chuckled.

"Hey, I'm the one letting you use a pair of my delicate personal belongings. I have a right to ask a few questions."

"I do suck on the crotch, yes," he confessed.

"You do this, while you masturbate, I'm assuming?" his mom innocently asked.

"Yes, usually. Unfortunately, not this time though," Scott answered, feeling his cock throb with hardness.

Claudia laughed. "No…masturbating in public isn't the best idea, honey."

"I could always come in there with you and do it," he half-jokingly suggested.

His mom laughed. "Probably not the best time for that, seeing as I'm completely naked at the moment," she stated.

"Sounds like the prefect time to me," Scott replied.

"It would probably be the greatest moment of your life, since you've been trying to catch a glimpse of me naked since your were thirteen."

"Wow, has it been that long?"

"Yes, don't you remember memorial day weekend up at the cabin, when I caught you peeping in on me, just before I got my bra off?" Claudia asked.

"Oh, yeah, I guess I do remember that."

"You were certainly too young to be seeing tits and ass at that age," the mother stated.

"Well, maybe now than I'm technically an adult I should get to see more of you."

"You should certainly get to see more naked women now, but whether that should include your own mother I'm not so sure about."

"Oh, come on, mom. What about a quick flash?" the boy pleaded.

"No!" Claudia giggled. She then poked her arm out from behind the curtain. "There! There's my naked arm."

"Very funny, mom! You can show more than an arm."

"OK, fine," said Claudia, then peeked out of the curtain and used it to cover her upper-half as she curled one of her sexy legs out. "That better?"

Scott stared at his mother's luscious bare leg. The way she had it bent and curled up around the curtain allowed him to see all the way to her naked hip. He marveled at how silky soft it looked, but how it also exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of him.

"Sexiest damn leg ever!" the boy stated while staring.

"Yeah, I bet you tell that to all the girls," she winked, then looked down at his crotch, where the panties sat. "Just so you know, those

panties are way too tiny to hide anything, if that's what you were hoping they would do."

"No," Scott answered, lifting the delicates from the bulge of his erection. "I wasn't worried about hiding anything."

Claudia's eyes lingered on his crotch for a moment, studying it's tubular outline. "You should not be standing here staring at your son's bulge," she reminded herself. She focused on the panties in her son's hand. "I'm kinda surprised. I thought for sure I'd peek out and see those panties shoved in your mouth."

"Like this?" he said, then placed the crotch in his mouth and smiled.

"Yes, exactly like that!" the mother laughed. She knew she was being inappropriate, but it was also a little fun and thrilling. It made her feel like she did back when she was younger, flirting with Scott's father, while they courted each other. "You better not soak those with your slobber. I do have to put them back on you know?"

"Um-hm!" Scott nodded.

"I'm gonna go put on my police uniform now. If you're still sucking on those panties,"Claudia said, then glanced down at his boner, "while clearly showing signs of arousal out here in public, I'm gonna arrest you, young man," she teased, then disappeared back behind the curtain.

While she changed, Scott sucked on her panty-gusset, tasting the sweet tang of her vaginal nectar. His large erection twitched and ached beneath his pants as he eagerly waited for his mom to finish trying on the costume.

"**FREEZE!!**" she shouted, throwing open the curtain. Claudia was all decked out in the police uniform, hat and glasses included. The blue crop top was snug and it's V-neck revealed her monstrous cleavage. It was adorned with fake patches and a badge. A pair of plastic

handcuffs hung from her blue booty shorts. Her feet were arched in six-inch mules that added to the look of a matronly law-authority.

She confidently strode towards her boy and removed the panties from his mouth. "Who do you think you are performing such a perverted act in public? Get on your feet!" she demanded.

Scott went along with it, standing up, so he was pinned between his mom and the wall. He loved the way her squishy boobs were rubbing against his chest. "Spread your legs! I'm searching you for weapons," Claudia insisted.

The mother frisked her boy's upper-half, then nudged his boner-bulge with her crotch. "What are you hiding down there? Is that some sort of long-barreled pistol?" she asked, trying to take on the roll of bitchy cop.

"You could say that," Scott grinned.

"What's that suppose to mean? Do I have to extract it from your pants before it does me any harm?" she sternly asked.

"Be my guest."

Claudia nudged him against the wall, sandwiching his big cock between their crotches. "You'd like that, wouldn't you. Little pervert. Sitting out here in public, with you mom's panties in your mouth, sucking on her juices. Get your hands behind your back!"

Scott did so, which allowed his mom's gigantic tits to smother his entire chest. Her face was within inches of his and he could see his reflection in her big glasses. "I'm not resisting," he stated.

"You better not. I'll slap these cuffs on and haul you downtown. You think just because you're a hot guy with a big concealed weapon that you can do whatever you want?" She playfully asked. "Think again!"

"Your welcome to take my 'concealed weapon' out anytime."

"Yeah, that's just what you want, isn't it? You want me to release your big, dangerous weapon, so you can try to use it on me. So you can try to jab me with it!"

"Well, the idea had crossed my mind a time or two," Scott confessed.

"See what I mean? You're a menace! A threat to women everywhere with your big, throbbing weapon," she stated. "You think I don't feel it down there, twitching and flexing? Eager to be used."

"On you, yes!"

"I've handled big weapons before. Don't think you have anything that I couldn't handle," officer Claudia revealed, then moved away from her son.

Scott watched with lustful eyes as his mom turned and sashayed back towards the fitting room. The booty shorts were molded to her meaty ass like a second skin and the hems had ridden up, so that a good deal of creamy ass-flesh seeped out. Her rounded mommy-buttocks swayed back and forth teasingly as she entered the fitting room.

When Claudia turned back around, her son was standing right there in front of her. "Maybe I should cuff **YOU**, huh?" he blurted, then snatched the cuffs from her hip. "Maybe you're a crooked cop that needs to be cuffed and punished!"

He backed his mom to the wall, then forced her hands behind her back and cuffed her with the plastic cuffs , making her huge tits jut outward. "Your so afraid of my concealed weapon. Maybe I should push it against you, so you can see just how huge and dangerous it is."

The boy nuzzled into his curvy mom and almost instinctively, Claudia raised a leg and curled it around his young frame. The long meaty shaft of his cock pushed against her heated crotch, making them both let out a sharp gasp from the intimate contact. "Don't do it! I'm warning you," the mother sighed, still in her female cop roll.

For nearly ten seconds, the two of them became lost in a lustful haze. Their bodies began to writhe against each other like passion-stricken animals.

"Mmnnff!" Scott snarled, his face nuzzled against Claudia's neck. He could feel her big spongy milkers sloshing around against him, while he ground the erect muscle of his cock against her cunt.

"Scott, stop!" Claudia's voice gasped, lowering her leg. "Honey, enough!"

"Come on, mom, it's fun!" the boy panted, humping against her.

"It's wrong! I'm sorry. I let things go too far," she replied, then her voice became more stern. "Scott, stop now!"

The teen awkwardly moved away from her, his boner clearly twitching with excitement through his pants.

"Sorry," he muttered shamefully.

"OK, so…um, definitely not the police uniform," Claudia breathlessly stated. "It would remind me of what just happened, which was **VERY** wrong."

"You mentioned that already," Scott pointed out in frustration.

"Let's just decide between Supergirl or the Egyptian Goddess, then we can leave."

"Well, I uh…love 'em both," Scott muttered, still feeling a little guilty for basically dry-humping his mother.

"Let's do this. The party isn't until tomorrow night. Let's go get some lunch, go home and we'll talk it over. I'll stop back by tomorrow and get whichever one we decide on."

"Good suggestion. I am getting hungry," Scott agreed.

After she was dressed, Claudia and her son left the store and went to the local brewpub for lunch. There seemed to be an awkward silence between the two of them as they waited for their food. Claudia knew the best way to purge the incident from their minds was to focus on something else. "So what are **YOU** gonna do for Halloween? Hanging out with your friends again this year?" she asked.

"No, Randy has to work. I think I'll just hang out at home. Maybe help pass out some candy."

"Well, I'm sure your sister will be happy to have the help."

Scott saw a couple women dressed in scrubs, clearly nurses, sit down near them. "What about a sexy nurse?" he asked his mom, like a light bulb just went off in his head.

"Nurse?"

"A sexy nurse's costume. You don't see very many of those around on Halloween."

"Oh, well…I could look and see if they have one there when I go by tomorrow."

"You could wear some latex gloves, like you're getting ready to do a prostate exam," Scott joked.

"Oh, wonderful!" the mother giggled.

"Can I ask your opinion on something?" Scott inquired.

"Of course, honey. I ask for your opinion all the time, don't I?"

"Yeah, but this opinion is regarding something… kind of personal."

"Oh, well…I guess we've gotten kinda 'personal' already today, so it wouldn't hurt, I suppose. What's your question?"

"I know we were just role-playing and joking around at the costume shop, but you said I had a 'big concealed weapon.' Did you really think so, or were you just saying that?"

"Well, it um…looked big…and felt big. If it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, it must be a duck, right?" Claudia answered.

"I hope it is, because girls like big ones, don't they?"

"Yeah, I mean…if I'm being honest, I think most girls prefer a guy with a larger penis. Just like most guys prefer girls with big boobs."

"Yeah, but that's different."

"How is it different?"

"Well, guys like big boobs for smothering and sucking, where girls like bigger dicks so they can feel fuller, right?" Scott inquired.

"Yes, that's true, but it all boils down to sexual gratification, honey. Guys get sexual pleasure by being smothered and gorging themselves on a women's breasts," Claudia explained. "Women get off from feeling a hard penis in the deepest areas of their vagina. Different places entirely, but the same types of pleasurable results."

Claudia took a moment to reflect on her lack of 'sexual gratification' here lately and how much it frustrated her.

Scott had gotten fully erect from just sitting there next to his mom glancing at her king-sized jugs. "Well, I certainly hope I have the size to please a girl that way. Do you think you could check…just to make sure?" he boldly asked.

"Check?"

"Yeah, you know, just um…feel it, to make sure it's a size that girls would like."

Claudia glanced over at his crotch and could see the bulge of his erection. "Scott, I don't know…we've already gotten **WAY** more touchy-feely today than we should have."

"Yeah, but this time is different. We're not just fooling around. You'd be doing it so you could just give me your honest assessment…on my size down there."

Claudia looked around to determine the level of privacy they had to conduct such an 'assessment.' She knew if she got caught touching her own son's prick in public it would be disastrous. "Even if someone did see us, these people don't know we're mother and son. As far as they're concerned I'm a cougar with a young boyfriend and we're being affectionate in public. Big deal," she told herself.

"Alright…scoot over closer to me," she nervously muttered.

Scott moved his chair over so he was literally hip to hip with his mom, with the table concealing their lower bodies from the view of any other patrons.

"Are you, um…fully hard?" Claudia whispered.

"Yes. I have been since we sat down."

Claudia giggled. "Scott, why are you getting stiff like that in a restaurant of all places?" she asked.

"The same reason you are, I suppose."

"The same reason I'm getting…stiff?" she inquired with a look of confusion.

"Yeah, mom," he answered, glancing over at her breasts. "You've been stiff for awhile too."

Claudia looked down at her ballooning tits and noticed that her thick teats had hardened and were clearly visible through her top. "Oh, snap! I guess I um…am a bit stiff, aren't I?" she blushed.

"You could say that," Scott smiled, imagining that he was latching his lips around the peak of her mammary.

"Alright," Claudia muttered, moving her hand over onto her son thigh, "just a quick assessment, then we'll pay the bill and get out of here."

"Sounds good," Scott sighed. He peeked down and watched his mom's pretty hand slide onto his hard cock. She traced her long nails around the outline of his bell-shaped crown through his pants. "Holy fuck that feels good!" his brain shouted.

"I think I have officially sunk into the pit of depravity," Claudia thought as she squeezed her boy's glans. The way her wedding ring sparkled on her finger made her feel a tinge of guilt. It had been years since she'd touched any penis besides her husband's, so she was naturally feeling a bit guilty. "Is **IS** a pretty good-sized knob though," she assessed. "Let's check the shaft."

The mother let her tender clasp move down the length of his erection. His thick vein-encrusted stalk just seemed to go on and on and she tried to keep track of the inches as she went along. "Four, five, six, seven…eight…maybe nine. Holy heavens…nine inches! And I may very well have been underestimating," she wondrously thought. "Can that be right?"

"What do you think?" Scott asked, eager to hear her opinion.

She looked over into his eyes blushingly. "Well, honey, let's just put it this way. I can confidently say that you have absolutely **NO** reason to be concerned."

"So I do have a size you think girls will like?"

"**WILL** like?" Claudia asked. "You mean, you haven't been with anyone…sexually yet?"

Scott shook his head in response. He **HAD** been sexual, with many girls in fact, and had gotten quite skilled at using his oversized cock. However, he wanted his mom to think he was a naïve virgin, so maybe she'd be willing to show him a thing or two. "I've gotten close a few times, but never went all the way."

"Oh…" his mother muttered. She had lost her cherry when she was fifteen, so the idea that such a handsome eighteen-year-old with a large penis was still a virgin completely mystified her. "So, have you ever even felt a girl…on her private parts?"

"I squeezed a boob once, but that was about it," Scott lied. He loved how his mom's hand was still clasping the base of his boner. She seemed in no hurry to move it.

"Scott, you're eighteen-years-old. Are you telling me that all you've ever done with a female is squeezed her boob?"

"Yeah, that and kissed," he answered.

Claudia was genuinely stumped. By the way her son had aggressively handled himself in the fitting room earlier she would have guessed the opposite. She would have thought that he'd had a ton of experience. "Are you sure you're not lying, because you're worried I'll be upset if I knew just how much sex **YOU'VE REALLY** had?" the mother asked.

"No, I'm not lying, mom," he answered. "In fact, I'm kinda freaked out that I might make a fool of myself once I do get my hand in a girl's panties."

"Why would you worry about that?"

"I don't know…maybe because it would be so new to me, but she would expect me to do what the other guys do and I would completely suck at it," Scott explained.

"Honey, I'm sure you wouldn't suck at it," the mother said consolingly.

"How would I not, when I've never even touched a woman's vagina before?" he stated, then peeked down at her denim-covered crotch. "Do you think maybe I could um…try it on you?"

Claudia suddenly pulled her hand away from his penis. "Honey, no. That would not be appropriate at all."

"Even if it's just to show me? I mean, you just felt **MY** privates, just to help me. What would be the difference?"

Claudia knew her son had a point. She had touched his stiff penis through his pants, but only for the purpose of assessing it's size for him. "I touched you through your clothing, honey. You're asking to go **INSIDE** my panties, which is different."

"Okay, then I'll stay outside your panties."

The mother giggled. "Women are built differently. You'll gain nothing from feeling me outside my panties," she stated.

"I guess I'll just have to make an idiot of my myself then, when and if I do ever get to feel a girl up," Scott mumbled.

Claudia's pussy tingled at the thought of being felt up. Plenty of curious hands had dug through her panties when she was younger, but during her married life it was something her husband had rarely done. "Routine sex," she sadly thought, "that's what my sex-life has become. Routine and boring. Without all the exciting groping and risky public raunchiness. Fuck, I have a husband who can't even get me off anymore."

Scott was prepared to give up on the idea, when he heard his mom's sexy voice. "Go ahead then," she muttered.

"Go ahead?" he asked. "Really??"

"Yes, but let's get one thing straight. Just like when I touched you earlier, this is nothing sexual between us. It's only so you can know what it's like…so you're not stupidly nervous the first time."

"Understood," Scott said, while looking down and watching his mom unbutton her denims, exposing the crotch of her panties. He sneakily reached down and slipped his hand beneath the hem. His heart-rate was through the roof as he felt the smooth, shaved lips of his mom's outer labium. "Whoa, that feels nice!" he whispered.

"Scott, please try not to act too excited. I don't want other people to catch on to what you're doing," she softly warned.

"Got it!" he answered, stroking her pussy and letting his middle finger slip between her tumescent outer folds. His digit sunk between inner flanges, entering the moist pit of her cuntal vestibule. "Holy fuck, she's wet! Hard nipples…wet pussy! I'm clearly not the only one enjoying this," Scott thought.

Claudia took a sip of her wine, trying to act inconspicuous in the eyes of the other patrons who may look her way. Her body jerked suddenly as she felt Scott's finger strum beneath her clitoral hood and across love-button. "Are you sure you've never done this before?" she sighed.

"No…never!" Scott lied.

"You seem to know your way around awfully well down there for someone who's never had their hand in a girl's panties before."

"Beginners luck, I guess," he smiled. His hand was now cupping his mom's vulva, wiggling his middle finger back and forth across the grape-sized nubbin of her clit. He could tell by the way his mom was restlessly shifting her body that she was enjoying it.

"Do you um…have any…questions?" his mom asked, with heavy breath.

"Can I slip a finger in…maybe two?" he brazenly asked.

Claudia knew that was part of feeling a girl up, so she agreed. "Go ahead."

Scott eagerly plunged two fingers inside her pussy, exploring her snug inner lining. He began doing the 'come-hither' motion, massaging the rough textured area that he knew was her G-spot.

"Damnit, I knew you were lying to me," the mother gasped, reaching over and grabbing his wrist. She was holding onto him, but making no effort to pull him away. "You've done this before!"

"Okay, maybe a few times, but I do appreciate you helping me get better at it," Scott confessed.

"You lied to me…just to get into my panties, didn't you?"

"Mom, your slit is soaking wet. That tells me that you probably wanted this as much as I did."

"I bet you tricked me into touching your erection too, didn't you?" the mother quavered. "You knew you had a large one. You just wanted my hand on it."

"I've always been told I was huge, but I wanted the opinion of a beautiful grown mother, who's opinion I respect the most."

Claudia clenched her toes in their heels as her legs began to tremble delightfully. She couldn't remember the last time she had been finger-fucked by her husband. She had forgotten how much she loved it. Yet, this was her son and they were treading in dangerous waters.

"Scott, you have to stop that!" the mother mumbled, clearly about to go out of her mind in ecstasy.

"Why mom? You clearly like it. Just let it happen. Dad hasn't made you cum recently, has he?"

"Why do you say that?" the mother asked, surprised that her son knew that detail of her sex life.

"I used to hear you cry out all the time at night. I don't anymore."

"That's nothing that **YOU** need to be concerned about," Claudia stated.

Scott plunged his fingers in and out, curling them as he did so, to provide more pressure on her sweet-spot. He used his thumb to strum against his mom's fat clit, to provide extra stimulation. His eyes were fixed on her breasts, watching them shift and quiver from the pleasure that was surging through her.

"Oh my God, Scott, please stop!" she hissed, but her son refused to comply.

"Just let it happen, mom. You know you need this."

The sound of his mom's suppressed gasps and the way her cunt-tube was clasping at his fingers made the boy intensify his

fingerings. A lewd creamy sound began to emanate from her crotch and he suddenly heard a cute squeal leave his mom's lips.

Lights of many colors flashed before Claudia's eyes as she experienced a tremendous clitoral orgasm. She prayed that no one was watching her. It must have been obvious by her slightly contorted face that she was cumming. It was all she could do to keep from screaming out as she gushed all over her son's plunging fingers. It was several minutes before she could even think straight again. "OK, Honey, that's enough!" she whispered with a satisfied sigh.

Scott removed his hand from her panties, marveling at how soaking wet it was. "Wow, mom…that was a gusher," he gleefully stated.

"Here," she said breathlessly, handing him her cloth napkin. "Clean your hand up with this."

That evening Claudia took a long shower, replaying the naughty happenings that had occurred that day in her mind. Scott looked so much like her husband, Ward, that it almost felt like taking a trip down memory lane. When they were young, they flirted and took risks by being naughty in public. These days it seemed like they barely had time for intimacy with the hustle and bustle of work and caring for their children. She missed those types of sexual shenanigans. She missed having body-shaking orgasms. Perhaps that's what made her day with Scott so incredibly thrilling.

"Make love to me!" Claudia excitedly requested, pouncing on her husband in bed.

"Claudia, we just had sex last night," he stated, trying to ignore his kisses and her giant breasts rolling all over him.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I'd reached my sex-limit for the week," she replied, continuing to kiss him. "Besides, I didn't get to cum, remember?"

"Can we just…do this tomorrow night?" he asked. "I have to be out the door super-early in the morning."

"Whatever!" his wife blurted, getting up and throwing on her kimono robe.

"Babe, I'm sorry…it's just been a crazy day and I'm beat," her husband explained, standing up and hugging her. "I'll make it up to you tomorrow. We'll go to the party, then come home and have some intimate time, ok?" he said consolingly.

Claudia nodded understandably. Although she knew the 'intimate time' would most likely include her not having and orgasm. "Alright," she whispered, then looked at the door. "I'm not that tired, so I'm just gonna go down and watch some **TV** for awhile."

She shared a kiss with her husband, then left the room, closing the door behind her.

The blonde-haired beauty padded down the hallway on bare feet, her unfettered boobies bobbling heavily beneath her robe. She peeked in on her kids, saving Scott for last. "Are you behaving yourself in here?" she asked, gazing over at her boy, who sat in bed on his laptop.

"Hey, mom…come look at this. They have it!" he stated.

"Who has what?" his mom asked, stepping towards him.

Scott loved the way her heavy breasts moved beneath her robe when they were unrestrained by a bra. He always fantasized that her robe would accidently slip open, while she came in to say goodnight to him. He turned the computer screen so she could see it. "I checked the costume company's website. They have a sexy nurses costume. Look at this thing."

Claudia checked out the skimpy costume on the woman modeling it. "Looks like half a costume to me, honey" she joked.

"Well, yeah…incredibly sexy, don't you think? You'd look amazing in it!"

"Well, thank you, but I don't think your father would let me wear something that risqué to his company Halloween party," she contended.

"Even so, you should still check it out tomorrow."

"I'll see if they have it in stock…and what it looks like on me."

"I figured out what I'm wearing, while I pass out candy," said Scott.

"What's that?"

He quickly threw on a ski mask. It was the kind with just the eyes and mouth-hole cut out. "The creepy burglar!"

"Oh, very creepy! I'm going downstairs to watch **TV** alone. I certainly hope a burglar like that doesn't come creeping through the window."

Scott could tell by the playful look in his mom's eyes that it was less a concern and more a suggestion. "You never know," he stated.

"Well if you hear me screaming you better come rescue me," she winked, then sashayed from his bedroom, with a little more sway in her hips than usual.

Scott quickly scrambled to his feet and threw on an old sweat suit. Then, he slipped the ski mask on and checked himself out in the mirror. "Damn! I look like the perfect creepy burglar!" he thought.

Downstairs, Claudia poured herself a glass of wine, then sashayed into the living room and turned on the **TV**. Through the corner of

her eye, she noticed a shadow move on the wall. This caused a mischievous smile to cross her lips as she curled her smooth lovely legs up onto the sofa. She heard the quick patter of footsteps behind her and her eyes lit up as she ran her pink tongue across her lips anxiously. The mother was most definitely horny and ready to play.

Scott crawled along the back of the sofa, then peeked over the arm, looking at his mom as she sat on the other end. Her legs looked amazing and he watched her toy with the sash to her robe, loosening it up a bit. This caused the slit of her gown to creep open a tad, exposing her naked tit-cleavage. "Holy fuck, yes!" the boy's mind screamed, wishing it would slip completely open.

His mother glanced his direction and the way her lips slightly smirked told him that she knew he was there, but was trying to pretend like she didn't. She quickly rolled on to her tummy, but stayed propped up on her forearms, looking at the **TV**. Her knees were bent and dainty feet pointed towards the ceiling and moved slightly, like they were waving to her boy. Scott squeezed his aching prick, staring straight up his mom's slightly-splayed thighs. Though the lighting wasn't good, he could just make out the outer lips of her pudendum and the meaty swell of her naked buttocks, peeking out of the robe.

"Don't move!" A voice blurted into Claudia's ear and she felt a body pounce down on top of hers.

"What do you want?!" she asked, trying to sound panicked. She could feel her son's hard cock-muscle digging between the cheeks of her ass, pushing against her butthole through his sweat-suit.

"I'm a burglar. I'm hear to steal from you," Scott answered, hovering over her shoulder. The mother peeked over at him, her green eyes smoldering with lust.

"What are you here to…steal?" she whispered.

"Pleasure," Scott answered, flexing his horny cock against her ass. "Where in the house would I find that?"

Claudia looked towards the top of the stairway. She knew if her husband or one of her kids were to get up they could look straight down on them and get the shock of their lives. "The basement," she softly replied. "It's the most private place in the house and it has doors that lock. If pleasure is what you want…that's where you'll find it."

Scott climbed off her. "Let's go!" he demanded in a hushed tone. His mom got up also and led him through the downstairs. Scott watched her bubble butt sway atop her sexy legs as he followed her down a stairway, into the finished basement. "Take me to the most private place you have down here," he demanded.

His mom peeked back at him, trying not to smirk. "That would be the closet, in the guest bedroom," she replied.

"Take me there," he demanded, poking her in the ribs.

"I'll do whatever you want, just don't hurt me," the mother said with an innocent stare, letting her tongue linger between her lips.

The sexy mother led him down a narrow hallway and entered a good-sized guest bedroom. Scott closed the door behind them.

"Lock it," Claudia whispered, as if, just for a moment, she were speaking outside her victim role. This mommy was ready to play along, but wanted to do it as safely as possible.

Scott locked the door, then followed his mom to the closet. She clicked on the light, illuminating the small space in a warm glow.

He closed the door behind them and watched his mother back against the wall, staring at him, just as a frightened victim would.

"So, this is where the pleasure is, huh?" the boy asked.

"Yes. It's in here."

"What kind of pleasure are we talking about?" Scott asked.

His mom stared straight into his eyes. "Pussy," she whispered.

"Take your robe off," Scott requested, his heart racing out of his chest. He stood there for a moment staring into his mom's eyes. It was as if this was a crossroad in their relationship and he was anxiously waiting to see which direction she took.

Claudia took a determined gulp. "Ward, you had a chance to please me tonight. You fucking blew it!" she thought as if speaking to her husband.

Claudia reached down and untied the sash to her robe. She slowly slipped it off her shoulders, watching her boy's reaction.

"Fuck!" Scott gasped, staring at his mom's jutting double-H cup knockers. He knew they'd be a sight to behold, but never imagined how wide and exuberant her nipples and areolas would be. They certainly looked nothing like those of the young girls he'd been with. His mother's areolas were slightly oblong and three-and-a-half inches in diameter. They were a dark dusky-pink in color, thickly textured and dotted with Montgomery glands. Fat, supple-looking teats protruded from their centers, making Scott lick his lips lustfully.

"What's wrong?" Claudia softly asked. "Getting scared? Afraid to steal that pleasure you wanted?"

"No. What I want just looks more amazing than I ever imagined," he answered, tearing his eyes from his mom's tits, following her tapered torso down to her shaved pubis. The turgid fleshy folds of labial tissue met in the middle to form a well pronounce mound of Venus.

"Come take it then," Claudia urged, squeezing the sides of her tits between her forearms and making them balloon out obscenely. "Come plunder and ravage this hot pussy, until you get your fill."

Scott dove for his mother, slapping their bodies together in a fit of passion. Their lips fused in open ovals and their tongues wrestled heatedly inside his mouth. Claudia quickly peeled off his shirt, then began untying the string to his sweatpants, wanting to get to his dreamy cock as quickly as possible. They gasped and clawed at each other, like two panting, sex-crazed animals in heat. Scott lost his footing and crashed down through some lightly-packed boxes, arriving on his back at the rear of the closet. He pulled his mother down with him and gasped as he felt her weight on top of him; her giant tits crushed against his bare chest. She lashed her wild tongue against his neck, while yanking his sweatpants off. Before he knew it, she was grasping onto his cock with her hand, fitting it's tapered tip to the entrance of her pleasure-pit.

"Ungghh!!" they both grunted in unison as Scott's penis squeezed through the remnants of his mom's hymen and sunk inside her juicy cunt-tube.

"**FUCK!!**" Scott gasped, feeling her hot, ribbed vagina sleeve his sturdy cock. His mom was already humping before he even hit bottom, her fatty rounded ass bobbing up and down. His boner pumped in and out a few time before his crown kissed the puffy ring at the head of her cervix.

"Good God, he is so much bigger than his father!" Claudia deliriously though. The mere thought of her husband made her blush in guilt for a moment, but when her son began humping his ass from the floor, all thoughts of her sexually-inadequate hubby simply faded away.

Their heated crotches **SMACKED** together lewdly and repeatedly, finding a passionate fuck-rhythm.

Scott's cock flexed with hardness, making his mom's cunt react with hot, slippery clenches that felt amazing against his penile flesh. His big cock-head mushroomed as it dug against areas of his mom's pussy that she hadn't had touched in over twenty years.

"Come on!" Claudia gasped, savagely riding her son. "Take my pussy! Take it!!"

He was surprised at how loud his mom had screamed, but he knew that's why she had brought him down here. The basement was a place they could be as loud and nasty as they wanted, without anyone else in the house hearing them, even if his family were awake.

The teen felt his mom's crotch strike his cock-base and remain there. Then, she began swiveling her wide mommy-hips, plowing her cunt with his erection in full penetration. "**OHH, DAMN!**" the boy grunted, feeling his steely cock get jerked around, so it stretched his mom's uteri in every direction.

Claudia rose up on extended arms, so she could really grind the fuck out of her son's dreamy prick. This allowed Scott to gaze straight up at her wildly-swinging breasts. Girls he'd fuck from school had some pretty big knockers, but he'd never seen anything like this. His mom's dangling udders were like two huge watermelons as they swung around, rippling wonderfully as they beat together. "**FUCKING HELL, THOSE ARE HUGE!!**" the boy's brain cried out.

Claudia's heart and respiration rate continued to increase, as did her heavy breathing. Spasms in her pelvic muscles began to cause contractions in her lower vagina, as she felt a powerful orgasm, the first she's had in months, begin to sweep through her beautiful body.

"**OH, GOD, SCOTT, I'M CUMMING!!**" her cute voice squealed as she intensified her grinding motions.

Scott gazed up through the canyon between his mom's wildly-wobbling tits. He watched her silky blonde hair swirl around and her pretty face become contorted with pleasure. "**UUUHHGG!!**" she screamed out.

"**GOD!!**" the boy sighed, feeling the contractions in her pelvic floor compress her fuck-tube around the plunging muscle of his erection. It was easily the most pleasurable sensation he'd ever experienced on his prick, but he was determined to give his mom a fuck she'd remember before he came himself.

After humping and shaking and crying out in orgasm for nearly two minutes, Claudia collapsed onto her boy. "**FUCKING FUCK, I NEEDED THAT!**" he brain gasped. She continued bobbing her ass up and down. This hot mother was skilled at fucking and she knew how to keep her man's cock doing what it was made to do, even if she had just been temporarily drained by a mind-blowing climax.

Scott was in tittie heaven. His wonder-filled face was wedged between his mom's fatty mammaries and he was kissing his way around their warm spongy contours. He peered down between their slapping bellies and could see his mom's cunt riding the big slick pole of his cock. He marveled at the way her labial flanges were stretched around his girth. Her fleshy prepuce had retracted back over her fat, blood-engorged clitoris and her juicy bulb smacked against his pubic bone on every thrust.

"Fuuuck!" he snarled, flexing his boner inside her, making her respond with wonderful cuntal squeezes. Rubbing his face up one of her giant tits, he found her engorged nipple and latched on.

"**OH MY GOD!**" the boy's mind swirled euphorically as his face sunk into her squishy melon, completely masking it in the warm meat of her boob. He tried his best to get his lips around the huge cap of her tit, gorging himself on as much flesh as he could get in his mouth.

His tongue dueled with her fat elongated teat, while he sucked in ways he always dreamed of.

Claudia blushed in satisfaction, knowing she was making her boy's wicked fantasy come true. Scott was sucking on her giant titties and she certainly had no plans of rushing him. If her baby wanted to nurse on her huge, squishy boobs all night, she was prepared to let him do just that. From regular exercise, the mother had well-conditioned hips that allowed her to ride her boy's erection over the next hour, gushing her hot mommy-ejaculate all over him repeatedly. "Holy fuck, I've never cum this much in my life!" she thought. The mother was simply blown away by her son's stamina. How his long dick could stay so incredibly rigid and thunder through her cunt without cumming for well over an hour now absolutely amazed her. It was something she knew her husband never ever do.

"Mmgff!" Scott snarled, his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He felt his mom's female juices soak his tender dick and run down the sides of his nuts. It was a struggle to breathe beneath all that heavy, quivering breast-flesh, but it was worth it. He'd been sucking for well over and hour and gorging himself on his mom's giant tits was the biggest rush of his life.

Claudia finally lifted her chest from her boy to give him a break. Her rubbery teat popped from his lips, red and distended. "Don't pass out on me, honey," she giggled.

Scott watched her sit upright, with her knees firmly astride his hips. She bounced up and down, fucking him like a mommy who just couldn't get enough of his dick. Scott's eyes widened in lust, gazing up at her huge bouncing boobs. The teen knew his mom liked sex and was moderately athletic, but never dreamed she could fuck him this way. His stamina was well matched by her tireless pursuit of more orgasms.

"Yes! Fuck me, Scott!" the beautiful mother gasped, gazing down over her breasts. "Fuck me hard!"

Scott humped his ass from the floor, meeting her downward thrusts and socking his prick from knob to ball inside of her.

"God, your cock is so hard!!" his mom cried, clearly on the verge of another toe-curling climax.

Hearing those words, paired with the incredible sensations his cock was receiving, made the semen rush up Scott's shaft and explode out the tip of his prick. His mom cried out in climax also and for several wonderful minutes they bucked and trembled in a powerful mutual orgasm.

After coming back down to earth, Claudia stood up and led her son out of the closet. They climbed into the queen-sized guest bed together and fucked again. This time Scott was on top and pummeled his mom's pussy hard and fast, while her luscious legs were scissored in the air.

"Oh, hell yeah, mom!" the groaned, beating his long dick through her cunt-tube furiously.

Claudia locked her lovely naked legs around him and used them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress. She pumped her overheated cunt up around Scott's satisfying stiffness, feeling his fat knob knock against the ring of her external os.

"Oh, fuck, baby…you're in me so deep!" she cried out.

The teen rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom's huge fleshy tits roll up and down her chest to the rhythm of their union.

"Goddamn, I could fuck you all night, mom!" the boy gasped.

Claudia pulled her son down, crushing her tits between them. "Fuck me all night then, you naughty burglar!" she urged, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

Claudia woke to the sound of **KNOCKING** at the door. "Claudia, are you in there?" her husband asked.

"Oh, shit!" she whispered, looking over at her son who was just waking up next to her. "Shit, shit, shit!"

"Claudia?"

"Yeah, honey…hold on!" she shouted.

"Is that dad?" Scott asked in a hushed tone, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes! Hide under the bed or something," the mother answered with panic in her voice. "Hurry!"

While Scott quickly squirmed under the bed, Claudia threw the sheet around her body and went to the door. Her husband was standing outside with a suspicious smile. "You slept in the guest bedroom last night? Why didn't you come back to bed?" he asked.

"Oh, um…well, I knew you had to get up early, so I didn't wanna wake you."

"Have you seen Scott? His door's open, but I didn't see him in there."

"Um…Scott? He uh, said something about getting to school early today. He must be gone already."

Ward was shocked at how disheveled his wife looked. "You looked like you had a rough night," he stated, then noticed the condition of the bed behind her. The fitted bedsheet was dotted with big wet

spots of female ejaculate. "Good grief, Claudia. Is that what I think it is?"

Even Claudia was a bit shocked at the mess her and her son made. She knew she had spent most of the night cumming shamelessly on his cock and that this was the aftermath. "I'll admit…I did a bit of masturbating," she blushed.

"Are you sure it was just you?"

"What?" she panicked. "What do you mean?"

"Are sure there wasn't a party of women in here masturbating together. The bed is soaked," her husband chuckled.

"Oh, no…just me," she sighed. "You knew I was horny last night."

"Apparently a little more than I realized."

"Yeah, too bad your son's big dick made my cum more times last night that you have in a year," Claudia thought to herself.

Ward noticed the closet door open and boxes everywhere. "What the hell happened in there?" he asked, stepping over to that area.

"In there? Oh, I was um…just going through some old boxes last night."

Ward picked up the ski mask laying on the floor. "Isn't this Scott's?" he asked.

"Yeah, I um…found it in one of the boxes. It must have accidentally gotten packed in there."

Claudia's husband picked up one of the boxes. "You know, these are small enough. Maybe we should just slide them under the bed, get them out of the way," he suggested.

Claudia snatched the box from his hands, knowing her son was beneath the bed. "I'll do that, honey. You should probably get going," she stated.

"True," Ward agreed, checking his watch. "I can't be late for this meeting."

He gave his wife a quick kiss and she walked him upstairs. She felt a bit guilty knowing she had spent the night fucking their son, but if she could do it all again she wouldn't change a thing. "It's not like I didn't give Ward a chance to fuck me," she thought. "He was the one who decided that sleep was more important than sex with his wife. It doesn't matter. He would have left me unfulfilled anyway."

"Wow, mom…what a night!" Scott exclaimed after coming upstairs.

Claudia fed him a naughty smile, while pouring herself a cup of coffee. "Yes, that damn burglar that broke in really took his time taking what he wanted," she joked.

"I'm sure he enjoyed himself," Scott smiled. "Who knows, he might even be back to take more."

Claudia stared into her son's eyes seductively, while sipping her coffee. "Good thing I have a lot more pussy to give," she replied.

"Do I have to go to school today? Can we just stay home and fuck?"

"Honey, no! You can't miss two days in a row. Hurry and get ready. I'll give you a ride, and not like the one I gave you last night," she winked.

Scott could hardly focus at school. Not only was he exhausted from fucking his mom's ass off all night, but he could hardly stop thinking about it. He could still feel her warm smothering tits around his face and her snug, ribbed pussy gliding up and down his cock. It didn't help that his mom was texting him kissy lips all day.

After school he was surprised to see her pull up in her car. "Hey, sexy boy, need a ride?" she asked in a teasing tone.

Scott got in and looked over at her. She was dressed to the nines, in a skimpy mini-skirt and snug top with a V-cut neck that displayed a lot of cleavage. "Did you go try on the nurses costume today?" he asked.

"No, I wanted to take my right-hand-man with me. You're helping me pick out this year's costume, remember?"

"Sweet!" Scott smiled, knowing that even if his mom didn't like the costume, he'd at least get to see her in it.

At the costume shop, they found the nurses uniform on the rack and headed back to the fitting room. "We don't really have to close the curtain this time, do we?" Scott asked.

"What…you think you have free rein now to see your mom naked whenever you want?" Claudia asked with an amused smile.

"Uh…yeah!" Scott answered, shrugging his shoulders.

"I guess you can leave it open then."

Scott watched his mom shimmy out of her skirt and blouse. Without hesitation, Claudia reached back and unfastened her big bra, releasing her giant milkers. Standing there in only her high-heeled mules and thong panties, the mother held the skimpy nurses outfit up to her body, while looking at it in the mirror. "I don't know about this one. Could you get any more risqué?" she asked.

"You have to at least try it," Scott urged.

He watched his mother squeeze into the costume. The white skirted outfit just barely fell below the meaty cheeks of her thonged ass and the plunging neckline left more tit-cleavage on display than any

other top she owned. A cute nurses hat topped off the titillating get-up. She turned towards her boy with a mischievous grin. "The doctor will see you now," said Claudia in a seductive tone, the stiff nubs of her nipples clearly visible through the costume.

Scott stepped into the fitting room and closed the curtain. "I don't need the doctor today…just his sexy nurse," he stated.

"Well, let the sexy nurse check you over then, to make sure there are no issues," Claudia softly advised.

She unbuttoned her son's shirt, then sensually kissed her way down his chest. She lowered down into a crouched position in front of him, with her thighs bowed wide open, so her son could see the bulge of her panty-covered pussy lips.

Scott looked on in awe as his mom began unbuttoning his pants and pulled them down. Next came his briefs and his erection sprung upward, nearly hitting his mom in the chin. "Oh, I think I see a problem here," she muttered, peeking up at her boy with her alluring eyes. "Don't you worry though, Nurse Mommy knows just what to do to make it better."

Scott watched her grasp his erection near the root and begin teasing his knob with the tip of her long tongue. "Oh, wow!" he gasped, feeling her wet licker dart all over his sensitive glans.

Claudia plunged her son's dick into her mouth and began sucking on it's tender pink meat. Her head began to bob in traditional blow-job fashion, forcing more and more of his boner into her mouth and throat. She sucked harder, gulping and slurping, while working her throat muscles around the throbbing shaft of her son's hard-on.

"Oh, God, yes, mom!" Scott gasped, feeling the warm, wet snugness of her oral affection.

Gulping sounds burbled out of Claudia's throat as she lowered the ring of her lips to his cock-base, taking all him. Scott held his mom's head to his crotch, feeling her nose and lips mashed against his cock-root. He flexed his boner inside her, making her gag on it. After quickly coming up for air, his mom resumed sucking, while beating her boy's boner into her mouth at the same time.

For a moment, the mother paused at his spongy cock-head, sucking it, licking it, biting it gently, then plunged her mouth back down to his nut-sack once again.

"Fuuck!" Scott gasped, watching his mom bob her head gracefully on his cock. She toyed with his balls with one hand, tugging them and rolling them around inside his sack, while sucking shamelessly.

The mother was so horny she could hardly stand it. All she could think about was how good her son's dick tasted and how badly she needed it squeezed up the smoldering tube of her cunt and making her cum. She couldn't stand it any more. Her pussy was so wet she could feel her juices drooling from her fuck-slit.

Claudia stopped sucking, stood back up, turned around and bent over, pointing her thonged ass back at her boy. "Get 'em off!" she lustfully demanded. "Get my panties off and fuck me!"

Scott happily complied, peeling her red thong down her legs so his mom, still in her heels, could step out of them. He moved to his mom's naked, rounded ass, grasped his boner and fed it through the coral slit of her twat. "Ahh, yeah!" he moaned, feeling her spongy inner lining sleeve his cock in a snug, juicy grip.

Claudia jerked her ass back against him, setting them into a rhythm. Her son grasped her lush hips and met her frantic thrusts with one's of his own. The fleshy-slapping sounds of a heated fuck filled the dressing room.

Scott stared down at his mom's fatty rounded ass, watching her butt-meat ripple delightfully each time their bodies beat together. His rock-hard penis stabbed through her quivering tube of pleasure, stretching her inner lining. Her secretions slathered the muscled cock, lubricating it's deep relentless thrusts.

Scott looked in the mirror and could see her dangling tits nearly being jerked free of the costume. Big mounds of tit-flesh were rippling wilding. He slapped his mom's ass while he fucked, making her squeal in delight. "You like that, you naughty mommy-nurse?" he panted.

"Uh-huh!" his mom answered. "I fucking love it!"

Again, Scott drew his hand back, then smacked her derriere, making her fatty butt-flesh quiver upon impact.

After ten minutes of ass-pounding action from behind, Scott pulled his cock out. His long sturdy pussy-prod was dripping with her ejaculate. He yanked his mom around. They embraced, locked lips and frantically kissed, lashing their lickers together wildly inside the boy's mouth.

"Hop up on me!" he demanded between kisses.

Claudia leapt gracefully from the floor, throwing her luscious mommy-legs around his waist. Her son pinned her against the fitting room mirror and jabbed his stiff pecker in as far as it would go. She gasped as she felt his big bell tip mash in between the lips of her cervical head, threatening to pop right into her womb. The sexually-charged mother gyrated her hips up and down, grinding on his pole and marveling at it's stiff, unyielding strength.

"**I'VE NEVER HAD A DICK THIS HARD!**" her mind confessed.

The overly-horny mother clung to her boy as tightly as she could, pancaking her giant tits between them. "Pound the fuck out of me!"

she hissed in his ear, wanting nothing more in the world than to be royally fuck by her well-endowed, sexually-talented son.

Scott set his hips in motion, fucking his mother's quivering pussy with full-length thrusts. He sunk his fingers into her jiggling ass, taking big handfuls of flesh and using his grip to pull her pussy into him on every thrust.

"Goddamn, you feel incredible, mom!" his voice quivered, feeling her cuntal muscles flex, making the spongy tube of her vagina chew at his cock.

"So do you, baby!" she panted. Between her experiences before meeting her husband and her marriage days, Claudia had been fucked thousands if times. However, she'd never been manhandled and screwed so intensely as today. She couldn't even imagine her husband, Ward, holding her up and fucking her this way. This was something that only young, strong studs like her son did. It was something she'd forgotten how much she'd missed and she desperately needed it to become a permanent part of her sex life again.

"Promise you'll never stop fucking me!" she pleaded, while gazing into her boy's eyes.

"I promise," he muttered, intensifying his thrusts.

"I need to be fucked this way. I need it so bad in my life, baby," the mother mewled.

"You got it," Scott replied. "You got me."

Scott suddenly saw his mom's pretty eyes roll and her head arch, throwing her long blonde back in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck, I'm cumming!" she squealed.

The teen felt her cunt-tube clench up and contract around his cock. He heard a deep squelching-sound emanate from their smacking crotches, then felt his mom's girl-cum swirling wonderfully around the meat of his pisser. "Ahhh, shit!" he groaned, feeling his dick and balls tingle from his own approaching ejaculation.

He pummeled his penis in nice and deep, grunting in pleasure as he began hosing out big cords of gooey baby-makers inside his mother.

Claudia felt her son's oversized organ twitch and jerk and the force of his cum-load warm her greedy, sectioning cunt.

For nearly five magical minutes they stood there kissing and gazing, while feeling their draining genitals pulse and clench together. They could even feel each other's excited heartbeats through their engorged pissers.

"I think…I'll go with the Egyptian Goddess costume for the party," Claudia said decisively.

"Bummer!" Scott stated breathlessly.

"**AND**…I think I'll get this **SEXY** nurses costume too," she grinned. "Because you, young man, have a serious condition, and it will need lots of follow-up visits with nurse mommy."

"Awesome!" Scott beamed, then shared another passionate kiss with his mom.

THE END

Mom's Countdown to Cummie Time

By Klrxo

"Jacob, come in here please!"

Gina was brushing her long, dark hair when her son stepped into the bathroom of their hotel room with her. "Close the bathroom door, honey," she directed. Jacob did as she asked and his mom turned towards him. "Just because we're on vacation doesn't mean we don't stick to our routine," she stated. "We need to milk you. Your father and sister are going down to the pool here in a few minutes. I want you to stay here in the room with me so we can do our countdown to cummie time."

"We missed it this morning," the teen muttered. "Yes, I know we missed your milking this morning, sweetie, but we were on the plane. Your balls are probably extremely full, so I think it's best if mommy gives you **TWO** ejaculations, back to back. Did you bring the heated lubby for your **PP**, like I asked you to?"

"Yes, ma'am." Good boy!"

Jacob took two steps back, staring at his mom's huge jutting tits as she stepped towards him. "Don't be nervous when mommy backs you against the wall like this," Gina advised, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "You know I'm not gonna hurt you, Jacob. Quite the contrary…your mother is all about giving her cute boy unimaginable pleasure."

"I know," the teen timidly answered as her fatty knockers began to flatten out against his young chest. "One of the ways I do that is by

crushing my huge, fat tits against your chest like this, when we're alone and talking together. This does get you excited, doesn't it, sweet boy?"

"Yes," his voice quivered. "I know it does, because mommy can feel your excited heartbeat, against my succulent, rubbery nipple, while it prods against your young, lean chest.

Gina curled one luscious leg up around her boy's midsection, mashing their crotches together. "I saw the way you were staring at the front desk clerk when we checked in. You liked her big boobies, didn't you? They weren't nearly as big and squishy-looking as mine, but they were still pretty nice. Did she make you hard?"

"Yes." "Yeah? Did she get my baby boy's horny penis nice n stiff?" Gina asked, staring straight into his eyes. "Ohh, I felt that!" she laughed. "It feels like you're still trying to get that purple headed love warrior under control, aren't you?"

"Yes ma'am," the boy timidly answered. Gina brought her leg back to the ground and turned around. "Let mommy turn around so you can hug me from behind, then you can push it again my ass and show mommy how thick it's gotten," she suggested.

Jacob pushed his crotch against her rounded bubble butt. She wore thin cotton short, that allowed his hardness to sink between her ass cheeks. "Ohh, there you go…push the bulge of that boy-meat into mommy's ass-crack, just like that," the mother sighed.

Her son's prick felt long and rigid, its meaty stalk nudging against the ring of her butthole. "Mmm, damn, sweetheart…you **DO** have a nice, hard hunk of boy-cock down there, don't you? It feels like it **REALLY** needs to be milked off."

"Can I, um…squeeze on your tits?" Jacob whispered.

Gina giggled, knowing how much her boy loved her gigantic mommy-melons. "Yes…you can squeeze on my tits, but only through my blouse and bra until your dad and sister leave. They're getting ready, but we do still have to be careful with them in the next room," she warned.

Jacob dug his mitts into his mom's boobs, taking two great big handfuls of tit-meat through her blouse and bra. "Too rough?" he asked, concerned by how hard he was grasping them. "No, that's fine…you can squeeze on my tits hard like that. I've told you before that you're not gonna hurt them," Gina replied. "The reason moms have heavy boobs is so their boys can squeeze them and suck them, **AND** hump their horny dicks between them."

"They're so squishy!" the boy marveled, his ass-smothered boner flexing in his mother's butt-crevice. Gina turned her head and smiled. "Here, let me turn my neck and kiss you, while you enjoy mommy's body."

She began to feed her teen sensual kisses, while rubbing her meaty derriere against his throbbing peter-meat. "Mmm, God…isn't this exciting? Fooling around with each other, while your father's in the next room. If he only knew how hard and often you and I fuck…he'd probably die of shock," she laughed.

"True," her boy nodded, delirious at the thought of all the toe-curling pleasure he'd got pounding his young penile flesh into his mom's hot vagina. "You like coating mommy's wedding ring in ball-juice when I stroke you, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Yeah." "I like it too. Thank God I'm a lefty," Gina laughed. "It gives me a wicked fucking thrill watching that big diamond wedding ring, the token of your father's love and affection, fly up and down your big teenage dick when I'm stroking you. It reminds me of how wonderfully fucking wicked we're being," the mother hissed, then

gave her boy more kisses. Their tongues lightly played together during each tender smooch.

Gina did love her husband. They had a good marriage and a healthy sex life, but once she got a taste of her boy's young teenage dick earlier that summer, she was hooked. Not a day had gone by since then where Jacob and her weren't fucking each other's asses off somewhere in the house.

The mother's pretty eyes rolled up in their sockets as the power and exuberance of her son's humps nearly lifted her off the floor. "Oh, baby…your cock feels so fucking good digging against mommy's asshole," she whimpered.

Suddenly, she heard her husband call her name from the other side of the door. "Shit, you're father's outside the door! Stay quiet!" she warned her son, in a hushed tone. She answered her husband. "Yes, honey…I'm in the bathroom."

"Is Jacob in there?" her hubby asked. "Jacob? No… he's not in here. I, um…sent him downstairs for some ice," Gina replied, then brazenly gave her boy a few kisses.

"Alright, well we're heading downstairs," the boys father shouted. "Oh, you guys are going down to the pool now, well have a great time!" his wife said back.

"Do you know if Jacob plans on swimming?" "No, he's staying here with me when he gets back. We have some things that we need to take care of," Gina replied, then kisses her boy twice more.

"Alright…we'll be back!" "Okay…bye guys…enjoy the pool!" the mother imparted, then looked her son in the eyes with a mischievous grin. "Alright, Romeo….let's go into the bedroom and get naked."

Jacob followed the sway of his mom's ass as they left the bathroom and walked into to where the beds were. "Do you want mommy's panties this time, so you can smell and lick the crotch, or do you wanna suck on my boobie while I milk you?" Gina candidly asked.

"I guess just your boob," he replied.

"Are you sure?" she asked, sliding her shorts down her luscious, clean shaven legs. "I've been wearing these panties all day. They probably smell **REALLY** yummy!"

Alden watched her hook her thumbs beneath the elastic waistband of her panties, then peel them down her legs. "Oh, and look at that…there's some pussy juice on the crotch and it's not even dried yet," his mom added.

The boy gulped excitedly, staring at his mom's naked pubis. It was completely shaved, and just the sight of the two puffy flanges that were separated by her pudendal cleft made him shudder in delight. That's because he was well aware of the wonders that were just beyond those gates. The fat juicy clit that was waiting beneath it's hood; the smoldering tube of her cunt, lined with rows of pleats that could encapsulate his tender young dick like a velvet vice. Then, there were the squeezes, given off by her strong coital muscles; the secretions that would bathe his rigid flesh and lubricate their wicked union. It was enough to make him dizzy with desire. "I'll use them," he replied, referring to her panties.

His mom giggled. "I knew that would change your mind. You've never been one to pass up the smell and taste of mommy's panties."

"That's true," he agreed. "Did you get the boner lubby from your bag?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am." "Good boy. Let mommy lay a big towel down. We don't need you splattering your sticky cummie loads all over the clean bedding," she stated. Gina's heavy tits jostled beneath her blouse

and bra as she spread the big bath towel down on one of the queen-sized beds. "There! Now lay down on your back. You know the routine."

Jacob quickly pulled his shorts and briefs off at the same time, making his erection jut out at an upward angle. His foreskin was peeled back taut, exposing his plump, pinkish-purple glans. The boy's shaft was long and meaty, with protruding veins that crisscrossed down its length.

Gina's heart went pitter-patter and her nipples instantly hardened at the sight of her boy's rigid sex organ. "Oh, sweetheart…you're so fucking hard! Good boy!" her excited voice quivered. "Oh, you always have such a rigid boy-boner for mommy to milk! Mmm, look at that long, pink dick, all big and stiff! Mommy just adores your fat love-muscle, baby."

Jacob felt like his mom was looking at him like a hungry lion ready to pounce. "You **ARE** mommy's good fucking boy, aren't you? Are you ready for my smelly panties?" she asked, holding them by her fingertip.

"Yes," he replied, sprawling out on his back on the bed. "Yeah? Here you go…let's fit them over your head just the way you like," Gina stated, putting her fragrant panties over her boy's head. "Mmm, so the crotch is right up against your mouth and nose, just like that. Oh, there's my cute little panty bandit in his little panty-mask!" she laughed.

Jacob's mom was right…they were fragrant. The boy got almost dizzy with lust when he inhaled their pungent cuntal aroma.

"Oh, God…I love to watch your eyes roll back when you smell me," Gina cooed, watching her boy enjoy her scent. "You like mommy's panties when they're so warm and fragrant, don't you, baby? They've been hugging mommy's hot, shaved pussy **ALL** day, getting all smelly, juicy and ready for her boy."

"Yes…they do smell amazing!" he sighed. "I bet you love the times where your young dick get to smell like mommy's panties? When we're home all alone together and you get to beat your hard **PP** through mommy's pussy all day?" she reminisced. "Mmm, pummeling through my horny fuck-hole and making your knob smash against my cervix over and over. Mommy makes your prick nice and smelly from all that cum juice she squirts all over you, doesn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am." "Mm-hmm, my boy likes his stiff meat smothered in hot, wet pussy, doesn't he?"

Jacob nodded, beside himself with lust. "Yes…you love to lay into mommy nice n hard, like a cunt-fucking Casanova! Making that cute ass bob up and down between my warm thighs. Washing my cervix with all those big cummy loads. It's a wonder you haven't fucked a baby into me yet, like you did Lori Anderson."

"Do you really think her baby is mine?" Jacob asked. "Honey, come on…of course Lori's baby is yours, which is really no big deal as long as her husband doesn't find out. That's why I've always told you that we **DON'T** need to use protection, you and I. If I end up pregnant we'll just act as though it was your father who knocked me up," his mom reassured him.

The idea of knocking his gorgeous mom up made his stiff cock jump on his loins. "Oh, I saw that boner throb when I said that!" Giana exclaimed, standing beside the bed. "You wanna impregnate mommy with your baby? Huh?

Make my belly get big and round and my tits swell up with warm milk for you to drink. You'd like that, wouldn't you, sweetie?"

"Very much!" the teen replied, then reached down to give his throbbing cock a stroke. "**HEY!** What are you doing, young man?!" his mother scolded, slapping his hand away. "You know the rule. You **DO NOT** touch yourself! Your cock belongs to mommy right now,

which means it doesn't get touched by anyone but me! If I see you touch it again I'm taking your phone the rest of the day, do you understand?!"

"Yes ma'am, sorry." "Now you just lay there and let it throb for me, while I get my bra off," she demanded, while peeling off her blouse. Her huge, white, embroidered cups could barely contain the enormity of her colossal tits. Gina reached back to unclasp the four hooks holding her thick cross-straps together. "Do you want me to rub the warm embroidered cups of my bra against your balls, like I usually do?" she asked.

"Yes please!" the lucky boy replied, then watched his mom's fatty mammaries wobble free of the cups. Her areolar rings were as big around as grapefruit and peppered with Montgomery glands. Thick, rubbery nipples protruded stiffly from their centers, making Jacob lick his lips with lust.

His mother grinned down at him, watching her baby stare at her milkers. "Your eyes always get **SO** big when you see mommy's huge breasts spill out of her bra, it's cute!"

She gently rubbed the warm silky cups of her bra against his young, cum-swollen balls. "Mmm, you like that, baby boy? Yeah? Those big silky G-cups that have been holding mommy's hooters all day, rubbing up against your smooth, swollen balls. Mmm, getting all those sticky cummies ready. Getting them all worked up in those big nuts so my boy can send them sailing through the air."

"Yes!" Jacob gasped, his cock twitching excitedly.

"Yeah? Are you gonna make some juicy cummie-ropes for mommy?" Mmm, you are my cute little cum-rope-thrower, aren't you?"

"Yes, mommy." Gina eyeballed his meaty lance. "Oh, honey…your dick is twitching! Mmm, and look at that drool leaking out your tip. You're so fucking horny for mommy's hand, aren't you?" she

teasingly asked. "You want mommy to beat you from your balls to your knob and make your toes curl? Yeah? You want me to jack you off?"

"Yes, ma'am," he breathed. "You want me stroke your rock-hard boy-meat in my hand and make you fucking explode?"

"Yes!" "Squirt your boner with heated lubby! Get it ready for mommy!"

Gina licked her lips lustful, while looming over her boy, watching him coat his cock with oil. "There you go. Get it nice n slippery so mommy's hand feels like a tight, wet pussy!" The busty mother climbed onto the bed next to him. "Get yourself ready to fuck mommy's fist, while I climb up here and lay next to my baby boy. Mm, good…let mommy hold it now."

She grasped his cock, while nuzzling up next to him, draping one huge tit across his chest. Her hand made a lewd creamy sound as it slowly stroked the length of his cock. "There we go! Ohh, your **PP** is so warm and rigid, baby," she cooed. "Such a strong, yummy teenage dick! Are you ready for mommy to milk it, while we lay here naked together?"

"I'm definitely ready!" he replied.

Gina's body shivered with arousal, her cunt tube clenching with overwhelming desire. "Mmm, God…you don't know how tempted I am to climb on and fuck the shit out of you, but we'd probably just end up breaking the bed, like we have all the ones at home," she laughed. "Your poor father seems to spend all his spare time here lately putting our beds back together. Luckily he's too fucking naïve to realize that they're breaking because you and I spend most of the day savagely fucking each other in them." She stared down into his eyes dreamily, while stroking. "We do like it rough, don't we, baby? Hard and nasty…that's our motto! Oh, but it feels so good to fuck each other, doesn't it? To beat our horny pissers together and

experience body-trembling mutual orgasms." Her lush body quivered with sexual excitement. "Oh God, I just **LOVE** the thrill of cheating on your father with you!" she shouted. "Ahhh!" Jacob sighed, from the exquisite friction his mom's hand was creating around his cock-flesh. "How's that, baby boy? Is that a good cock-stroking tempo? Yeah? Isn't it wonderful laying here with mommy's big, squishy tit draped across your chest, while we look down together and watch me milk you?"

"Uh-huh!" There were few things Jacob loved more than doing what his mom just described. Watching her tireless hand with her big diamond wedding ring fly up and down his jutting erection skillfully was absolutely mesmerizing. Listen to her talk dirty was pretty awesome too. "Giving my boy full-length strokes on his young cock," Gina exclaimed. "Going from the base, all the way up over your sensitive bell tip and back down. It feels **SO** good, doesn't it baby?"

"Oh God, yes!" the teen gasped. "Don't just lay there now…you know what mommy likes you to do. Hump your hips, sweetie…fuck mommy's hand," she demanded.

Jacob thrust from the mattress, but struggled to meet her cock-stroking tempo. "No…don't get clumsy! Join my rhythm and keep it," she urged. "There you go…just like that! Hit that pussy, baby! **YES!** there's mommy's horny little motherfucker!"

While the boy humped his ass, his mom provided full-length strokes of his teenaged cock, twisting her hand in a perfect, corkscrew rhythm. "Are you ready to start our countdown to cummie-time?" she asked. "Yeah? You know the rule. **DO NOT** cum until we get to zero, understand?!"

"Yes!" "We've worked on your staying power, so you know how to hold your spermies in until the end. My good boy knows how to fuck until mommy tells him he can cum! Are you ready? Yeah?"

"Uh-huh!" he grunted, worried he wouldn't be able to make it at this pace. "**TEN!**" Gina shouted. "Keep thrusting your hips. Meet my strokes and **DO NOT** fucking stop!" "**NINE!** Imagine that your fucking mommy, sweetie! You're fucking all the way to my cervix… with deep thrusts of your tender teenage cock!" she coached, yanking his steely dick nice n hard. "**EIGHT!** Suck the crotch of mommy's panties now. Taste her juices, while she milks your boner!"

Jacob grasped the flavorful gusset of his mom's panties between his lips, sucking the wetness out. "**SEVEN!** Imagine my titties on you, Jacob! Imagine my huge, squishy boobs bouncing and rippling around your face while we fuck."

That thought aroused the teen even more. There was nothing he enjoyed more than watching his mom's heavy tits bounce around, while she rode his cock. "**SIX!** Mommy's gonna speed up and milk you harder. **DO NOT CUM YET!" DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING CUM!**"

Jacob was writhing at this point. His cock and balls were tingling with an impending climax, but he did his best to obey her and hold it off. "**FIVE!** Fuck me harder and faster!" Gina cried out. "Make your balls beat against my asshole! Come on…**FUCK ME!! STEAL ME FROM YOUR FATHER! MAKE MY PUSSY YOURS, SWEETHEART" "FOUR!**" Kiss me! Kiss mommy while I beat your big teenaged dick!"

When she began sloppily smooching him, Jacob's young body trembled and he let out a desperate whimper. He didn't think he could hold the cum in for another second. "No-no…don't you fucking cum yet!" his mom warned. "Don't you dare fucking cum until I tell you!" Then, she kissed him tenderly between sentences. "We're not to zero yet!" Kiss, kiss. "You don't make cummies until we get to zero!" Kiss, kiss, kiss. "**THREE!**" she urgently shouted, staring down at him. "Look at me! Look into mommy's eyes! You know I want you looking into my eyes when you hose out your ball-goo!"

Jacob did as she asked and he felt like her hazel eyes could pierce right through him. "There you go…just like that!" she smiled. "**TWO!** Grab me! Squeeze me, Jacob! Squeeze onto mommy's warm, soft body when you cum!"

The teen loved this part. When he pulled his mom against him, he felt like he was melting into her soft curves. Not only that, but she smelt so Goddamn wonderful! "That's a good fucking boy, just like that!" she gasped. "**ONE!** Fuck me as hard as you can! Fuck your father's wife! Fuck mommy! Fuck mommy's wet pussy! **FUCK A BABY INTO ME!**" she cried out, humping her body against him and jacking him off wildly, feeling his swollen veins pulsating against her fingers. "**ZERO! CUM! CUM ALL OVER US! OHH THERE IT IS! THERE'S MOMMY'S CUMMIE LOAD!**" she exclaimed, watching the hot silver ribbons streak into the air. "**SPRAY IT ALL OVER US, BABY!**"

Jacob writhed beneath her, his body jerking and straining as he experienced a tremendous ejaculation. He let out a guttural grunt, hosing out more boy-goo. "Ohh, yes…grunt for mommy! Let her milk all that pleasure out! There you go! That's my baby boy! Ohh, sweetie…so many cummie ropes for mommy!" she mewled.

For several more minutes the cock-milking mother pulled at his erect penis, drawing out all the cum she could. "Ohhh, who did a good, hard cummie for mommy?!" she asked in a cute tone. She could feel his spunk trickling down various parts of her body. "Mm, you got your sticky goo all over us, sweetie! And look at that…your **PP** is still as hard as concrete," she pointed out, squeezing her son's rock-hard stalk in her circled fist. "Mmm, that's why moms just love boys your age. Even after you've been milked off you stay rock hard and ready to fuck!"

"Dad doesn't stay that way?" Jacob asked. "Your wimpy-dicked father would have shriveled up by now," the mother laughed. "Not to mention he has to take a stupid fucking pill just to get his cock

hard. Men like that don't deserve pussy. Boys your age should get it all," she expressed, while staring down at his boner dreamily. "You should spend all day, every day fucking juicy married mommy-pussy. Sucking on our heavy boobies, while squirting cummie load after cummie load deep in our unprotected pussies."

"I wouldn't complain about that at all," said Jacob, still breathless from his amazing orgasm. "Speaking of hot, wet pussy…would you like to soak mommy's cervix with cum-load number two, sweetie?" she asked, then gazed back into his eyes. "Would you like to crawl on top of me and lay some teenage pipe deep inside me?"

"Yes!" "Yeah? You wanna fuck mommy straight up the pussy and make her pretty eyes roll back in their sockets?" Gina asked, sharing a pretty smile. "Oh, you do, don't you, sweet boy? Mommy's sweet, horny-dicked teenager!"

The busty beauty rolled onto her back, making her huge round boobs heave back and forth across her chest. "Crawl on top of me, sweetheart. Come down between mommy's warm thighs," she eagerly suggested.

Jacob rose to his knees, watching in wide-eyed awe as his mom drew her own knees back and bowed her thick thighs wide open, creating a saddle for him to settle in. This was the way Gina had birthed him out years ago and she had no problem with her son going back with his big, jutting pussy-prod and hammering it against the womb that once held him. Jacob lowered down on top of her. "There you go…now slide it in and I'll wrap my legs up around you," his mom directed.

The boy's bulbous tip split her twat, squeezing through the remnants of her hymen. He gasped as he felt his peter sink through the heated collapsed walls that were dripping with slippery secretions. "Ohh, Jacob…your dick feels so good!" Gina squealed, feeling it stretch her pleated lining divinely. "Slide it all the way in! Bury it to

the root inside mommy." When he complied, jabbing his muscled boner to the base, Gina let out a pleasurable gasp. "**OHH YES, I LOVE THAT BIG FUCKING TEENAGE DICK!**" she squealed.

The teenager gritted his teeth together in a pleasure-grimace as his mom tightened all her strong, mature fuck-muscles, compressing the smoldering tube of her cunt around him. "Ohh, shit!" he spewed, feeling her wet, ribbed walls suck at his meaty prick as he back it out. He took two or three jerking thrusts, stretching her uteri in different directions before finding a rhythm straight up her pussy.

Gina wasted no time tossing her strong mommy-legs high around his back. She grasped his young, muscular ass-cheeks in her hands, digging her long nails in, and pulled him violently against her, bucking her hips up like a wild mare to take the full length of his teenage prick. Their bellies **SMACKED** together lewdly and the big bed began to jerk around from the sudden intensity of their fierce fuck. When she said they had broken beds at home from their frantic screwing, she wasn't kidding. "Kiss me while we fuck!" the mother whimpered.

Their lips met again, but this time in open ovals. Gina's long, thick tongue whipped inside her boy's mouth and flailed around her son's licker like a snake with it's head cut off.

Their twined bodies writhed in counterpart, pounding their juicy pissers together. Jacob's cock thundered through his mom's fuck-hole, his knob swelling even larger as it knocked at her cervix, smearing it with his bubbling pre-drool. The fleshy ridges of Gina's cunt-tube clung to its tubular outline, pulling and squeezing at the blue-veined prick with heated suction. "Ohh, yes…faster! Fuck me harder and make me cum!" the mother demanded, using the harness of her legs to pump her rounded ass from the mattress, making sure her cunt-lips were screwed right up around her son's cock-root on every thrust. Her huge, cushy breasts sloshed wildly between their bodies, her turgid nipples digging at Jacobs's chest.

For several fervent minutes mother and son fucked up a storm, their savagely humping bodies **SMACKING** together in wild abandon. They gradually increased the tempo of their mutual thrusts, nearly pounding the headboard through the wall. Both were feeling the itch of a tremendous orgasm building in their loins.

Gina was out of her mind with fuck-lust. Her boy's steely-hard prick was pounding mercilessly through her juicy cunt-tube. The coronal ridge of his swollen knob was scrapping against her upper wall, stimulation her G-spot. Her pelvic floor suddenly began to contract involuntarily. "**OH, JACOB**…**I'M CUMMING! MOMMY'S CUMMING ON YOUR FAT COCK!**" she cried out.

"Hnnnggfff!" the teen grunted, grimacing in pleasure as he felt his mom's vagina shrink around his cock. His fat dick engorged even bigger as he began to pump hot jizz into her. He heard his mom's pussy squelch lewdly as hot female ejaculate began to bathe his pummeling peter.

For several body-trembling minutes they wrestled in sexual delight, humping their horny love-organs together to draw out as much mutual pleasure as they could. "Oh, baby…you shot quite a load of little swimmers inside mommy, didn't you?!" Gina breathlessly expressed.

"Uh-huh!" her son responded, his heart still beating so fast he could hardly speak. His mom clawed her long nails down his back. "You know…normally I'd be upset by you cumming so quickly. You know mommy wants two to three hours of hot, nasty sex before she allows you to cum. However, since we don't really know when your dad and sister will return, a quick, hard fuck, with one orgasm each was fine for today," she grinned.

"Yeah, probably a smart idea," Jacob agreed. "After we return home though and your father goes back to work, it'll be back to longer, more intense sessions of fucking and cock-milking, understood?"

"Yes ma'am." "My friend Donna has been telling me about this really cool sex position that she's been doing with **HER** son and I can't wait for us to try it!"

"Her son?" Jacob asked with a surprised expression. "Don't act so shocked, baby. There are probably a ton of boys at your school who are fucking or getting milked off by their moms. It's perfectly natural."

"I guess I really never thought about that," he muttered. "Hey, let's go in and have a quick shower, so we can wash all these cummies off us."

"Can we make out in the shower?" the teen asked, making his mom giggle. "Yes, we can make out, while we wash each other in the shower. Don't we always?" she asked, then pulled his head back down for more smooching. "You know mommy can't get enough of those sweet, young lips."

They exchanged sensual kisses, both wondering if they had time for another quick, furious fuck before the rest of the family arrived back from the pool.

Mom's Darling Entrepreneur

By Klrxo

Part 1 of 3

"Hey, mom, guess what?" Austin's voice rang out with excitement. "I'm starting my own business."

Amy raised an eyebrow, not sure if she was ready for whatever outlandish idea her son was about to present. "Oh? And what kind of business might that be?"

"I wanna fuck married women who aren't getting enough from their husbands," Austin declared boldly.

The brunette-haired mother's eyes widened in surprise and a hint of amusement. "Well, it's admirable to want to help improve the sex lives of others, but you do realize that charging money for sex is illegal, right? You could get arrested for essentially being a male prostitute, honey."

Austin's face fell at her words. "But...what if I just ask them for something else in return? Like homemade cookies or something like that?"

Amy couldn't help but chuckle at his innocence. "I suppose that could work, but be careful. Sinking your young, eager cock into married women can lead to some very messy situations if their husbands find out."

With a serious expression, Austin nodded in agreement. "I've thought about that," he confirmed. "In fact, I have a plan to be discreet by purchasing a tent and setting it up in a secluded area of the woods. A place where I can conduct my business without anyone else knowing."

Amy's nodded, her eyebrows raised in understanding. "That could work," she agreed. "So you would basically be building a clientele of

local mothers seeking pleasure?"

"Exactly," Austin affirmed. "I would simply be providing what their husbands won't."

"Well, you are young and handsome, so I'm sure you'd get plenty of business, and all that wet pussy would certainly feel on your penis," Amy winked.

"That's what I think too," Austin grinned.

"You know, your services could also involve fulfilling some very kinky fantasies," Amy added with a sly smile.

Curiosity sparked in Austin's eyes and he leaned in closer. "Like what?"

"Well, sometimes in a marriage, a woman may crave something more taboo, like anal sex or even just having her pussy eaten," Amy explained. "But a lot of husbands may not be open to those kinds of things."

Austin grinned confidently. "I could definitely handle that. I love the taste and the smell of pussy."

Amy giggled at his eagerness. "Oh, did I raise a little cunt muncher?" she asked in a cute, playful tone. "Does my sweetheart like to get his face wet?"

Austin licked his lips just thinking about it. "I've only done it a few times, but I loved it," he confessed.

"You've eaten High School pussy," Amy noted. "Mom pussy is a whole other experience entirely, honey."

"I'm ready for it."

Another idea came to Amy's mind and she shared it with Austin. "You know, if you want a ton of clients why not offer an anonymous service."

"A what?" Austin questioned.

Amy elaborated, "You and your clients could wear simple hooded masks with eye holes and cut-out mouths for kissing and eye contact. That way, your identities remain a mystery, which is quite important in a small town."

"So, that would that attract more customers you think?" Austin asked.

"I think it would," Amy nodded. "If a married woman can conceal her identity with a mask, she may feel more comfortable indulging in her deepest desires without fear of being recognized and judged. Plus, the thrill of anonymity can add excitement to a sexual experience."

"True, and I suppose it could feel awkward if we didn't wear masks and the woman knows me," Austin added.

"True, I mean…you could be fucking teachers from school or even moms from church. Wearing a mask can prevent things from getting uncomfortable and potentially damaging to your reputation."

"Yeah, you're right." Austin nodded. "Anonymous service it is!"

"Let me make a list of some things you'll need and then I'll do some shopping for you tomorrow," Amy offered.

"Really?! So you'll actually buy me what I need to get started?"

"Of course. What kind of mother would I be if I didn't help my son set up his new and exciting venture?" Her tone was filled with pride and excitement, but it quickly turned serious as Austin's expression

became worried. "But wait, your not gonna tell dad about my plan, are you?" he asked nervously.

"Well, your father would undoubtedly be proud of your entrepreneurial spirit, but I don't think he'd approve of you fucking married women."

"I don't either," Austin agreed reluctantly.

"Dads just don't understand that kind of thing, even though they're partly to blame," Amy snickered, shaking her head. "I mean, their wives wouldn't feel the need to cheat if they made sex more of a priority. Let's just keep this new venture between you and me, ok?" She placed a reassuring hand on Austin's shoulder.

"I agree, and thank you, mom," Austin smiled gratefully, surprised by his mother's support and willingness to help him succeed in his new venture.

The following day, as Austin stepped into his bedroom, he was met with a surprising sight. A large tent had been set up in the middle of his bedroom, and Amy stood in the doorway wearing her usual attire of short-shorts and a snug cami top that showcased her monstrous cleavage.

"Do you like it?" she asked with a sly smile.

"It's perfect," Austin exclaimed, his eyes widening in surprise.

"Take a look at the inside. I have it all set up just how I think it should be when you open for business."

Intrigued, Austin unzipped the tent and crawled inside. Amy followed closely behind him, half the flesh of her rounded buttocks peeking out from the hem of her shorts as she maneuvered herself into the small space.

"Wow, this is a really comfortable air mattress," Austin remarked as he sat down on it.

"I did some research and found out it's the perfect one for fucking," Amy replied with a mischievous wink. She bounced her buns on it a few times, making her humongous boobies jostle beneath her top and bra. "It's soft, yet firm enough to withstand even the most passionate thrusts."

"I'll be thrusting a lot, that's for sure," Austin stated.

"I know you will," Amy beamed, "and I wanted to make sure you had the perfect cushion for the pushin."

Curious, Austin reached over and picked up a wedge-shaped cushion that sat next to the mattress.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"It's called a fuck-wedge. With this, you'll be able to pleasure women in all sorts of positions and angles. Trust me, they'll be begging for more," Amy explained with a playful smirk.

"I've never even heard of one of these."

Amy placed the wedge on the center of the mattress, then crawled over and leaned against it, pointing her thick, half-exposed ass outward. "One of your clients can lean against it like this so you can dick her doggy style."

"That's brilliant," Austin replied, impressed by her forethought.

"And over here," Amy continued, gesturing towards a collection of items neatly organized on a nearby shelf, "are some other essentials for your new venture. You have a stack of towels and extra sheets for any...sex fluids that may occur during each session. Plus there

are lubricants and condoms-thin ones, of course-because it's always best to be prepared."

"You've really thought of everything," Austin marveled, admiring her attention to detail.

Still on her hands and knees and with a warm, reassuring smile, Amy reached out and gently brushed Austin's cheek. "I tried, honey," she said softly, her voice filled with genuine care and concern. "Oh, and that reminds me, there's something else sitting over there that I think will help you be successful."

Curiosity piqued, Austin turned to see what she was gesturing towards. His eyes landed on an item sitting beside the mattress, small but seemingly significant.

"This?" he asked, picking it up and examining it closely.

"Yes." Amy nodded, her expression serious yet encouraging. "It's a ring that you wear around your penis to help enhance erection size and strength. Since you'll likely be fucking for hours on end, it'll be important to maintain stamina and performance."

Austin couldn't help but let out a nervous chuckle at her blunt statement. "Wow, I feel ready to take on every mom in the world now," he quipped, making Amy laugh in response.

"Well, I guess you'll be coming home with a lot of cookies to share then," she teased, playfully nudging him with her shoulder.

"Since you're a married mom and that's likely who my clients will be, do you have any advice for me?" Austin asked earnestly.

Amy's gaze softened as she looked down at the comfortable mattress beneath them. "We have a little time before your sister gets home. Why don't we lay down and get comfy and I'll offer you a few tips?" she suggested with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Without hesitation, Austin followed her lead and they both sprawled out on the full-sized mattress together on their sides facing each other. As they settled in comfortably, Austin couldn't help but notice how Amy's huge knockers seemed to squash together, creating a long, sexy cleavage. He could hardly peel his eyes away from her tempting curves as he waited for her to share her wise advice.

Amy leaned in close, her voice a sultry whisper as she advised Austin on his lovemaking technique. "When you're about to fuck a client's pussy," she purred, "you have to take your time and build up the anticipation. It's not just about physical pleasure, it's about creating an experience that will make their heart race with desire."

She rolled onto her back, extending her silky leg outward, into the air. She wiggled her cute toes, which were adorned with bright red polish. "Start with their toes, suck on them and kiss your way up their thighs and bellies," Amy advised, tracing her fingers lightly up her body. "Tease their body with your tongue, let them feel the intensity building between the both of you."

Austin's eyes widened at this advice. "Should I eat their..." he hesitated, unsure of how to phrase it.

"Pussy?" Amy finished for him with a knowing smile. "Not right away. Save that for later when they're begging for it." She paused for a moment before continuing, "But don't keep them waiting too long. A little teasing is good, but they'll be anxious for your dick and you don't wanna leave them hanging."

"How long is too long?" Austin asked eagerly, taking in his mom's voluptuous body displayed on the mattress next to him.

"About ten minutes," Amy replied confidently. "That's enough time to really get them wet and ready for you." She splayed her legs in the air, drawing her knees back with a mischievous glint in her eye. "And trust me, when you finally feel the hot, tight slickness of their

arousal around you, you'll be glad you took the time to work them to that point."

"Should I be gentle with their bodies or more aggressive?" Austin asked, hesitantly.

"Definitely more aggressive," Amy answered without hesitation. "Moms crave rough, passionate sex that lasts for extended periods of time. It's what most of us are missing in our mundane marriages."

Austin couldn't help but notice how she seemed to include herself in that group, but he didn't want to pry into the intimate details of his parents' sex life.

Amy continued, her voice low and seductive, her sexy legs continuing to curl and splay apart almost involuntarily. "Once you're inside her, don't be afraid to experiment with different positions. Some moms prefer doggy style because it allows for deeper penetration. Others might enjoy missionary, where they can gaze lovingly into your eyes while you're thrusting your cock inside them. Every mother is different, so take the time to discover what each one likes best."

"It's okay to cum inside them, right?" Austin asked nervously, wondering if this was crossing a line.

"Oh, absolutely!" Amy exclaimed, her breath quickening with excitement. "Most moms love the sensation of an erection pulsating inside them and the warm, splashing feeling of seed being ejaculated deep in their wet pussy. It's the ultimate act of intimacy between two people."

But then Amy's tone turned serious as she cautioned him, "Remember though, not all moms will want you to finish inside them. Some may prefer to use protection or have you pull out and cum on their tits or face to avoid getting pregnant. Always ask beforehand and respect their choices."

"Got it," Austin acknowledged with a newfound sense of confidence and understanding.

Amy leaned in, her voice filled with confidence and knowledge. "Listen," she stated firmly, "I may not be a business person, but I do know that the key to success in any industry is repeat customers." She paused, a sly smile spreading across her face. "And in this line of work, it's all about making those moms cum." Her eyes glinted mischievously as she continued, "So focus on fucking them as hard and as long as you, make them feel like they've never experienced pleasure before. Leave them wanting more of that teenage cock and they'll keep coming back for more."

A couple days later, Amy was out on her morning walk with her friend, Laura. The sun was just beginning to rise, casting a warm glow over the neighborhood as they strolled along the sidewalk. Their heavy breasts bounced obscenely beneath their snug workout tops, drawing the attention of every passing male.

"Well, today's the day that Austin starts his new business venture," Amy proudly announced, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

"If all he's charging for a fuck is baked goods, he'll be gaining 50 pounds by the end of the summer," Laura joked, her platinum-blonde hair bouncing across her shoulders.

"I don't think it'll go on for that long, honestly," Amy chuckled. "He'll likely have a few fucks with local moms, but it'll most likely fizzle out."

"You think so?"

"Maybe," Amy replied, shrugging her shoulder. "I guess we'll see."

"You said there are masks involved, right…so these encounters are completely anonymous?" Laura asked, intrigued.

Amy nodded sagely, "Exactly. The anonymity is key. After all, who wants to be known as the mommy who paid for dick, even if it was with a plate of brownies? That would be social suicide!"

"True," Laura giggled. "Not to mention the end of their marriage."

"But seriously, most moms throw societal norms and judgments out the window when they can have a hot, sweaty romp with horny, fit teenager in secret. It's not just about physical pleasure, it's about the thrill of breaking the rules and indulging in taboo desires."

"Well, if Austin had you as his salesperson he'd have more pussy than he could handle," Laura laughed. "Speaking of that, how are women even finding out about his services?"

"I think it's a combination of word-of-mouth and maybe some subtle ads online or in local moms groups, that sort of thing."

"Well, I disagree with your prediction of his business 'fizzling out,'" said Laura. "Austin is an attractive kid. I think he'll have more housewife pussy than he can handle. The local market is about to sell out of cookie dough."

"I hope you're right," laughed Amy, "but we'll see what actually happens."

"Well, since we're on the subject of unfulfilled housewives," Laura stated with a sense of resignation, "how are things going between you and Steve?"

Amy let out a deep sigh before responding. "The same. If he put as much effort into our sex life as he does his job, I'd be a happy woman."

"I hear that," Laura nodded sympathetically. "Wes used to fuck me every day, but now I'm lucky if I get dick once a week. It's like sex has become an afterthought for our husbands."

A cloud of melancholy descended upon Amy as she thought about their lackluster sex lives. "Sometimes it's like they're already cheating on us with their work. The constant exhaustion, the late nights... it's like we're just a footnote in their busy schedules."

Laura nodded in agreement, understanding all too well. "It's like the passion is slowly being drained out of our marriages. It's fucking pathetic."

At this point, Amy couldn't help but make a sarcastic joke to lighten the mood. "Maybe **WE'RE** the ones who should start a business, servicing young guys whose girlfriends aren't giving them enough pussy. It would solve our problem and theirs."

Laura chuckled at the thought, her big tits bouncing with each laugh. "Now you're talking," she exclaimed excitedly.

"Not to embarrass you, Laura, but I think you're leaking," Amy noted with amusement, looking over at the milk soaking through her top.

"Shit, I knew I should have pumped before I left," Laura sighed.

Austin had eagerly scanned through over thirty emails from potential clients. In order to filter out those who didn't pique his interest, he had set a daring requirement-each person must send him a naked picture from their neck down. As he clicked through the flood of images in his inbox, his heart raced with anticipation. Unlike the pictures he had received from high school girls, these were of fully grown mothers, with curves and heavy tits that young guys like him could only fantasize about. Their bodies had been shaped by childbirth and years of experience, making them masters at fucking and sucking cock.

Among the tantalizing photos, one stood out to Austin immediately-a woman with humongous, stiff-nippled breasts and a shaved pussy with well-pronounced lips that made his cock twitch with desire. He quickly arranged to meet her in just an hour at the secluded location

where he had set up his tent outside of town, eager to fulfill his wildest fantasies.

Nervously, Michelle Miller dropped her newborn baby off at her parents' house. She had told her mother that she was going out to lunch with some other local moms, but in reality, she was heading to a secret rendezvous. The married mother of three felt her pulse quicken as she drove her minivan to the location she had been given. Her body hummed with anticipation and her heart raced with a tinge with guilt.

She had never cheated on her husband before, but his declining sex drive had pushed her to this point. Masturbation just wasn't enough for her anymore, and the idea of being ravaged by a young stranger in the woods was both thrilling and terrifying.

After following a winding dirt road through the dense forest, Michelle spotted a stick in the ground with a small red ribbon tied around it. This was the landmark that would lead her to the tent where her encounter would take place.

Leaving behind her purse and cellphone in the car, Michelle stepped awkwardly into the unfamiliar environment. As a stay-at-home-mom, she was not used to being alone in such a remote location. But the excitement of the forbidden drew her deeper into the woods.

Before long, she reached the tent, perfectly positioned in a small clearing for maximum privacy. It was set up in a surprisingly orderly manner, considering the risky nature of their meeting.

"Hello, I'm here," Michelle's voice trembled as she announced herself.

"Oh, um...hi," came Austin's anxious reply from inside the tent. "Your mask is right there next to the door."

"Okay, I see it," Michelle responded, her fingers shaking as she unwrapped the package. She glanced over her shoulder nervously, but the thick trees and stillness of the forest provided a sense of security for their illicit encounter.

With a nervous excitement coursing through his body, Austin breathed in sharply as Michelle unzipped the tent and gracefully climbed inside on her knees. The hooded mask she wore only served to intensify her already alluring features: piercing blue eyes and full, bee-stung lips.

"Hi," he managed to utter, sitting on the air mattress wearing nothing but his own mask. He couldn't tear his eyes away from her as she slowly made her way towards him, her heavy tits looking at though they could burst right through her sundress.

"Hi," she replied softly, her gaze locking onto the hard pillar of flesh rising from his groin. It was significantly larger than her husbands and the maze of blue veins displayed its youthful strength.

"You're really handsome," she complimented him, causing a flush of pleasure to spread through his body.

"Thanks," he replied, unable to resist sneaking glances at her oversized assets, barely contained by her sundress. "Do you want to...get undressed?" he asked tentatively, feeling emboldened by her previous comment.

"Would you mind doing it?" she asked with a mischievous smirk, raising an eyebrow suggestively.

With eagerness pulsing through him, Austin quickly closed the distance between them. As soon as he shed her dress, Michelle sprawled atop Austin on the mattress, their mouths melding together in a series of wet, sensuous kisses. Fumbling with her bra hooks, Austin was taken aback by the five sturdy closures, unlike anything he had encountered on girls his age. As he finally managed to undo

them, his chest was met with a flood of soft flesh spilling out from her bra.

A long, thick tongue invaded his mouth and danced wildly against his own. "Get my panties off," Michelle sighed between kisses, her need palpable. With practiced ease, Austin tugged at the waistband of her delicate panties and slipped them down her smooth shaven legs.

Rolling them over and wrapping her legs possessively around him, Michelle's impatience for pleasure was clear. Remembering his mother's advice about teasing a woman first, Austin hesitated, but Michelle's urgency overtook him as she reached down and fumbled for his cock.

"Do you want me to use a condom?" he managed to ask amidst her frantic kisses. "No," she gasped, desire dripping from her voice. "Just fuck me."

Finding his way between her warm thighs, Austin's rigid cock found its target. Michelle gasped in ecstasy as his mushroom-shaped head entered her tight, slippery sheath. His body shuddered as he thrust into her depths, feeling his swollen tip press against her cervix as he fully penetrating her.

Their embrace was far from gentle or romantic; it was primal and urgent, their bodies colliding with a wild intensity. Austin's skin burned at the touch of her, wrapped in the type of body that fueled his most fervent fantasies. Every thrust sent shivers through him as her firm, hard-nippled breasts pressed against his chest, her fat tits undulating between their writhing forms. The knowledge that he was taking another man's wife, that his cock was penetrating where only a husband's should be, excited him to no end. He couldn't resist the intoxicating power of their forbidden passion, consumed by the passionate heat of their tangled limbs.

Amy arrived home to an empty house, but a smile spread across her face as she imagined her son out on his first business appointment, digging his young cock through hot, middle-aged pussy. She couldn't help but feel proud of him and his determination to succeed. Concerned for his safety, she persuaded him to tell her where he would be setting up his tent. As a nosy yet loving mother, she decided to take a drive out there and check in on him secretly.

Arriving at the location, Amy parked behind Michelle's minivan, feeling a surge of excitement for whoever the lucky woman was inside experiencing the pleasure of young, virile cock. The thought made Amy tingle with anticipation as she followed the sound of Michelle's panting and moans of ecstasy to the tent that Austin had set up in the woods.

The scent of sex filled the air around her as she neared the tent, listening to the rhythmic beat of their bodies colliding in passionate intercourse. Proud thoughts of her son coursed through her mind as she imagined him pleasuring a woman her own age, his youthful stamina a perfect match for hers. But along with the pride came unexpected pangs of jealousy, causing her nipples to harden beneath her shirt and her clit to throb beneath its fleshy hood.

As she stood there, weak at the knees and with her jaw agape, she heard Michelle gasp from inside the tent, begging for more from Austin. The distinctive sound of her son's balls slapping against the woman's ass only fueled Amy's arousal and admiration for her Austin's sexual prowess.

"Wow," she thought, resisting the urge to reach inside her panties and relieve the tingling sensation between her legs. "That is some impressive stamina."

As Amy stood outside the tent, she could hear Michelle's soft moans and gasps growing louder. Each sound hit her like a wave, crashing against her body and causing her heart to race. She knew she

should leave, but a part of her couldn't resist listening, curious about what was happening inside. And then, in one electrifying moment, Michelle cried out in climax from within the tent, her beautiful voice echoing through the empty woods surrounding them.

Amy couldn't help but feel overwhelming pride and desire swirl within her, a yearning fueled by taboo thoughts that she had never allowed herself to consider before. But as much as she wanted to stay and explore these newfound desires, fear of being caught forced her to cautiously return to her car and drive away. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts, her hands shaking as her mind replayed the sounds and sensations she had just overheard, leaving her both intrigued and slightly ashamed of her own curiosity.

Inside the tent, Austin's face was smothered in the soft, fleshy weight of Michelle's tit as she rode his cock with vigor. They'd been engaged in heated sex for just over two hours and their naked bodies were dripping with sweat from the humid forest air.

Michelle was in awe of how Austin was performing sexually and the fact that he hadn't cum yet was a dream come true, resulting in countless body-convulsing orgasm, 100 times more powerful than she had ever had with her husband.

Knowing that he may start a business like this some day, Austin had spent months conditioning his cock not to cum. He watched videos and practiced the skill of edging in order to fuck for longer without cumming. His hard work had paid off as he felt Michelle's cunt-tunnel spasm around his pounding boner, her hot, female ejaculate running down over his nuts and pooling on the sheet beneath them.

He groaned in delight, his teeth clamping down on the rubbery peak of her tit that was stuffed in his mouth. Since Michelle had just given birth a few months ago, the nectar flowed from her nipple and Austin gulped again and again to keep up with its flow.

The entire tent seemed to vibrate from the intensity of their bodies colliding on the matress. Michelle's thick, rounded ass bobbed tirelessly up and down, driving her cunt along the unyielding shaft of Austin's blue-veined cock.

He pumped his hips beneath her, feeling the rush of her slick fuck hole being drawn against his penile membrane with powerful suction, stimulating his pleasure-glans.

As Austin felt the powerful orgasm begin to build in his loins, he knew he couldn't hold back any longer. With a final surge of energy, he thrust his hips upward, plunging his hard cock as deep into Michelle's tight, wet cunt as he could. The veins on his member pulsed with blood, swelling to stretch her completely.

Michelle shuddered and cried out, her body convulsing around him as she felt him unload inside her. The sensation of his hot, thick cum splashing against her cervix sent her soaring, her orgasm wracking her entire body.

Austin's face was wet with her sweat and tit-juices, his eyes rolling back in his head as he felt the waves of intense pleasure ripple through him. He buried his face deeper into her flesh, his teeth grazing her nipples as he let out a guttural groan.

As the intensity of their orgasm subsided, Michelle lay on top of Austin, her sweaty housewife-body still shuddering with aftershocks. They stayed like that for a few minutes, their breaths ragged and hearts pounding in their chests. Slowly, she lifted herself off of him, her lips finding his in a deep, passionate kiss.

"That was amazing," she whispered between kisses, her voice shaking with emotion.

Austin smiled up at her, his eyes filled with a mixture of pride and gratitude. "I'm glad you thought so," he replied.

"You've completely wrecked me for my husband," she expressed with a since of sadness that her marital sex would never compare.

"Good," Austin grinned, pleased that he had created his first satisfied customer.

As he returned home from his first work date, Austin could feel the weight of Amy's curiosity pressing down on him. She had been dying to hear all the details and he had promised to indulge her, at least this one time.

"It was amazing," he admitted, a sly grin creeping onto his face. "We both experienced a lot pleasure and she even brought me some homemade brownies," he added, holding up the plate for her to see.

"I'll have to try one later," Amy giggled, plopping down on his bed on her tummy with childlike enthusiasm. "But right now, I want to know everything about the sex. Did you make her cum?"

Austin's mind immediately flashed back to the intense pleasure of their encounter. "Multiple times actually," he replied, his eyes wandering over to Amy's rounded buttocks peeking out from her snug booty shorts. "She practically soaked the sheet we were fucking on."

"Wow, you must have been really going at it hard and deep. How did her pussy feel wrapped around your cock?" Amy asked, her voice filled with eagerness.

"It felt incredible," Austin admitted, feeling himself grow aroused again just thinking about it. He tried to hide his erection but it was already too late as Amy's hungry eyes lingered on the outline of his stiff member.

"And her tits? Did she have big, delicious ones?" Amy whispered eagerly, wanting to hear more.

"Yeah, they were huge," Austin blushed slightly at the memory. "That's actually why I chose her as my first date."

Amy laughed knowingly. "So you have a thing for moms with big tits? I already knew that about you," she teased, acknowledging all the times she had caught him staring at her own large chest.

"Well, they're just more fun to play with and suck on," Austin shrugged.

"Trust me, us big titted moms don't mind that at all," Amy confessed with a seductive smile, rolling onto her back and drawing attention to her own ballooning orbs beneath the thin fabric of her cami top. She grew more serious as she continued. "I really wish your father paid more attention to mine."

"He's crazy not to, especially with how huge and soft they are," Austin agreed.

"I know, right? And I have long, thick nipples that are perfect for latching," she added, noticing the arousal evident in Austin's eyes. "But let's get back to your first work date... Did you finish inside her or pull out?" Amy asked, a hint of both curiosity and jealousy in her voice.

"I came inside her. But I did ask to make sure that's what she wanted," Austin reassured her.

Amy nodded knowingly. "Like I've told you before, most moms love the feeling of a cock pulsating and releasing hot seed inside them. It's a huge turn-on, even if there is a risk of getting pregnant."

Austin's grin was a reflection of pure pleasure, his body still trembling from the intense sensation of earlier that day. "It sure felt good," he breathed out, relishing the memory. "It felt like she had a set of lips deep in there that was kissing on my tip while I orgasmed."

"Well, she does...sort of." Amy's voice was almost dreamy as she explained. "It's more like a ring than lips, right at the entrance to a woman's cervix." Her gaze drifted down to his bulge before returning to his face with a mischievous glint in her eye. "You're lucky...only guys with really big dicks get to experience that sensation. It sounds like you'll get to pack every mom-pussy you fuck completely full of hard cock." She let out a chuckle. "No wonder she soaked your sheets."

"Yeah," Austin chuckled, remembering how wet and wild their encounter had been. "She came so hard a few times, I thought her pussy might squeeze it right off."

Amy laughed at his admission. "Sounds like one satisfied customer."

"I think so," Austin replied with a confident grin. "She did ask me if we could get together again this week, but I have dozens of other moms who are interested too."

Amy's eyes narrowed in a jealous glare. "Dozens, huh?" she asked in a teasing tone.

Austin chuckled, feeling a rush of excitement at the thought. "Yeah, I might have to start taking on three or four a day to meet the demand."

Amy sighed dramatically, her lips pouting in an exaggerated frown. "Great, I'll never get to spend time with you this summer," she complained. "You'll be in that tent smothered in pussy and titties every day."

Despite her words, Austin could see the gleam of amusement in her eyes. He leaned closer to her, his voice low and suggestive. "But just imagine all the goodies I'll get to bring home," he stated with a playful smirk.

Amy's heart swelled with pride for Austin. He was living out his wildest fantasies and running his own business, even if it wasn't profitable. But alongside her excitement, there was also a twinge of jealousy that any hypersexual woman would feel. All these housewives, just like her, now had a safe and discreet outlet for their desires thanks to Austin. She couldn't deny that he was young, handsome, and certainly skilled at fucking, but she also couldn't forget that he was her son, making him completely off limits to her in a sexual sense.

"Ah, yeah!" Austin gasped in the tent the next day as he fucked a big-titted **MILF** from behind. Her big, fleshy ass rippled as it struck his midsection over and over. Despite wearing masks, there was something familiar about her that he couldn't quite put his finger on. But he couldn't focus on that as his cock plowed into her wet, swollen pussy, hitting the head of her cervix on every thrust.

The woman gazed back at him, her pretty eyes glazed with desire. "Put it in my ass now," she pleaded. "Fuck me up my asshole."

Austin obliged, pulling his wet dick from her vagina and pushing its tapered head against the ring of her shitter.

He grimaced as he pushed his way past her tight sphincter, the snug sensation of it stretching open momentarily breaking his concentration. In a few more thrusts, he was fully embedded into her ass, his balls slapping against her vulva, making her gasp and cry out in pleasure-pain.

"Fuck! Yes! Fuck my asshole!" she shouted, her tone impassioned as she threw her ass back on his cock.

Austin leaned down against her back, feeling the tight ring of her butthole milk his veiny shaft. He reached under and squeezed her big dangling breasts, pinching the thick nipples between his fingers.

This was his second client of the day. The first was a busty blonde who enjoyed having her chest covered in cum, which Austin was more than happy to provide. He savored the feeling of her warm, wobbly tits as he spewed his load all over them.

Now, with the woman in the tent, he was experiencing a new level of pleasure. The feeling of entering her ass and fucking her hard was incredibly intense, and he could tell that she was loving every moment of it. Her moans grew louder, more desperate as he pounded his knob deep into her rectum, her hands clawing at the sheet.

"It's Keri McLellan," Amy exclaimed, her voice muffled by the cellphone pressed against her ear. She sat in her car, parked on the road behind Austin's client's car.

"Are you sure?" asked Laura, her voice crackling through the speaker.

"Yes, I've seen her in the grocery store parking lot before, so I know it's her car. It's definitely her."

"Well, Amy, you did know there was a chance he could be sleeping with women he knew," Laura reminded her.

"I know, but his third grade teacher?! He was just a child, Laura."

"But he's not a child anymore. He's an adult now, and the beauty of wearing masks is that neither of them knows each other's identity when they're together."

"I know, but still...every memory I have of this woman is from when Austin was young, and now she's in there...raping him," she frowned.

Laura couldn't help but let out a laugh.

"What?! It's not funny," said Amy, trying to suppress a smile.

"What's funny is how obsessed you seem to be with knowing who his clients are," Laura chuckled.

"I'm not obsessed," Amy defended herself. "I'm just out here checking up on him."

"Checking up on him how...are you gonna interrupt them to ask if he needs anything from his mommy?" Laura teased.

"Well, no, but—'

"Then you're not 'checking up,' you're snooping," Laura interrupted.

Amy let out a resigned sigh, unable to argue with her friend's logical reasoning. She had been secretly keeping tabs on Austin's business, but she couldn't deny that it was more out of curiosity than genuine concern for his well-being.

"Well, maybe I am being a little nosy," Amy admitted with a hint of guilt in her voice.

"A little nosy?!" Laura snickered, her tone filled with playful disbelief. "More like extremely nosy. You need to promise me that you'll just let him be and not go back out there tomorrow."

"Alright, I won't," Amy sighed, knowing deep down that she would probably break that promise. "It's none of my business who he's fucking."

"You pinky swear you won't be snooping around there anymore?" said Laura, raising an eyebrow in skepticism.

"Yes, I pinky swear," Amy replied, crossing her heart with her pinky finger. But even as she made the promise, she knew that her curiosity would most likely get the best of her again.

Meanwhile, back inside the tent, both Austin and his client were laying on their sides facing each other. Her lovely legs were wrapped around his back while he continued to thrust his pecker deep into her ass.

Inside Austin's mouth, their tongues whipped wildly together like flames flickering in the air. Little did Austin know that the mouth he was kissing was the same one that use to teach him how to read and write.

The woman's heavy breathing grew more intense with each deep thrust, and Austin could feel her nails digging into his back as her orgasm built.

"Oh, yeah, fuck my ass, baby," she moaned, her beautiful eyes locked on his. "Give it to me!"

Austin snarled in lust as he increased the tempo of his thrusts, pummeling his strong, sinewy cock into her ass with reckless abandon. Sweat dripped from their bodies as they moved in a rhythm only they could feel.

"I'm gonna cum!" she screamed, her eyes wide with pleasure.

Austin groaned, feeling the warmth building in his balls. He thrust harder and deeper, his cock swelling within her tight rectum as it chew on his meat.

"Shit, yes!" she cried, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

Austin felt the familiar sensation in his dick and knew that his climax was just around the corner. With one final, powerful thrust, he unleashed a torrent of hot cum deep inside her ass, filling her rectum with his man juice.

"Ahh!" he groaned, his heart racing as they both lay there, catching their breath and basking in the afterglow of their intense encounter.

"How were your dates today, sweetheart?" Amy asked her son eagerly as he returned home.

"They were really good," Austin replied with a wide grin. "The second lady was especially interesting. She seemed familiar to me, but I couldn't quite place why."

"Mm, I wonder why?" Amy sarcastically thought.

"That's the thing about wearing masks during sex," Amy chuckled. "You never truly know who you're sleeping with."

"True, but that just adds to the excitement," Austin agreed.

Amy sauntered over on bare feet and perched beside him on his bed. "So, tell me about this second woman you slept with. How was it?"

"Amazing. We had mostly anal sex," Austin revealed.

Amy arched an eyebrow in surprise. "Anal sex? I told you, these moms can be into some kinky shit."

"I hope I get to explore that with a lot more of them," Austin expressed eagerly. "Her tight asshole felt so hot and snug around my cock."

Excitement sparked in Amy's eyes as she glanced down at the growing bulge in his pants. "So, you enjoyed the way she gripped you deep inside her ass?"

"Loved it," Austin replied with a satisfied grin.

Amy's hand tenderly rubbed his leg, her heart racing at the thought of him experiencing such intense pleasure from a tight anal fuck. "I can only imagine how amazing it must have felt to release that sweet nut deep in her rectum," she stated breathlessly.

"I'll admit, I was seeing stars at that point," Austin answered with a laugh, causing Amy to join in.

"It sounds like your ejaculation was quite powerful," she grinned mischievously.

"It was incredible, and I think she had a good orgasm too. At least, it seemed that way."

"Did you suck on her titties?" Amy asked, unconsciously thrusting her own chest towards him in an inviting manner. "Her boobs must have been big and soft, just how you like them."

"Yes, they were quite enjoyable to suck on," Austin admitted with a mischievous glint in his eyes. Amy couldn't help but bite her lip, feeling a surge of excitement at the thought of Austin sucking on the large breasts of women her age.

"And how did she respond when you pleased her in that way?" Amy asked, her voice barely above a whisper as she leaned in closer.

Austin's own excitement grew as he recalled the experience. "She moaned and pulled me in closer, her hands gripping my head as if she couldn't get enough."

Amy's lips curled into a sly smile as she offered some advice. "I'll give you a tip when it comes to sucking on tits." She took his thumb and brought it to her mouth, her pink tongue swirling around it sensually. "Use your tongue to swirl around the nipple like this," she demonstrated before sucking his thumb into her mouth like a penis. She released it with a soft pop, letting it glide slowly from between her lips before repeating the motion again.

"Then, suck it in with some force and release it with a gentle pop," Amy instructed, causing Austin's eyes to widen. He watched intently as she repeated the action with his thumb. The sensual sight made

him even more eager to try out her technique on real breasts. It also made his stiff prick throb in his underwear.

"Thanks. I'm going to try that unique technique on my first client tomorrow," he stated, a hint of excitement in his voice. "She's got **REALLY** huge tits."

"Do you have a photo of her?" Amy asked, not able to resist her curiosity.

"Yeah, just the one from the neck down that all my potential clients send me," Austin replied nonchalantly.

"Can I see it?" Amy asked with a playful grin.

"Sure," Austin said, retrieving his laptop and scrolling through his emails.

"It seems like you have more moms out there horny for your dick," Amy observed, noticing the unread emails. "Including a thank you from your date today. Can we read it?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course," Austin replied, opening the email titled "Thank you."

Amy took the laptop and began reading aloud.

"Dear Mystery Man,

Thank you for giving me such an unforgettable fuck," Amy read, then shared a proud smile with Austin before continuing. "I couldn't believe the length and girth of your cock...and how impressively hard it stayed throughout our 3 hours together. You fulfilled my long-held kinky fantasy by giving me the best anal fuck a woman could ask for."

Amy couldn't help but feel a sense of pride as she rubbed his thigh while continuing to read. "You made me cum so hard that I nearly

passed out. I hope I didn't scratch up your back too much, but even if I did...well, sorry-not sorry," she read with a laugh.

Amy suddenly stopped reading and looked over at her son with concern. "Did she hurt you? Let's see your back," she said, lifting his shirt to inspect any possible marks.

"Oh, baby, you do have quite a few scratches," Amy noted as she traced her fingers over the marks on his skin.

"Yeah, not all from her though. The other two women were clawing me up pretty good too," he said with a playful wink.

"Well, you should wear those marks with pride, honey. It means that you were making their pussies cum really hard with your…how did she put it…?" Amy asked in a teasing tone, reading back through the email. "Your 'long, girthy and impressively hard cock.' She must have been quite impressed."

"Yeah," Austin blushed, but couldn't hide the smile of pride on his face.

"It makes a mother proud knowing she had a hand in creating such a big, stiff pussy-pleaser," Amy grinned, staring down at the evident bulge in his shorts. "I always knew you were a special boy."

"I'm your 'special boy,'" Austin added.

Their eyes became transfixed in a deep gaze for a moment. "You are, aren't you?" Amy whispered softly.

"What else did she say about my amazing manhood?" Austin asked eagerly, looking over her shoulder at the email.

Amy was snapped from her trance by his question. "Sorry, sweetheart…I got a little distracted," she giggled, fanning her face with her hand to hide her blush.

Her eyes returned to the email and she continued reading aloud.

"When I looked into your eyes while kissing, I swore I'd seen them somewhere before," Amy read slowly, then continued with raised eyebrows, resisting the urge to tell him that it was the woman who had been his third grade teacher.

As Amy continued reading, her eyes scanned the text with a growing sense of excitement. The words on the screen seemed to create a spark inside of her, igniting a fire that she couldn't resist. She read the last bit of the email.

"Anyway, now that you've created an itch in my ass that only you can scratch I plan on using your services as often as possible.

Yours truly,

Mystery Mom."

Amy's lips curled into a knowing smirk as she looked over at her son, who was sitting next to her. "Sounds like a glowing review to me," she said proudly, her voice laced with satisfaction. "Now, let's take a look at this mom you plan on sinking your five-star meat into tomorrow."

Austin clicked on a picture attachment and a naked selfie appeared on the screen. The woman in the photo had curves in all the right places, her figure exuding sensuality and confidence.

"Well, well," Amy teased, leaning closer to get a better look. "I can see why you picked this one. Her tits look like they could swallow half your body."

"I hope they do," Austin grinned mischievously. "She just had a baby a couple months ago so they're swollen with milk."

While Austin fixated on the future client's voluptuous breasts, his dick throbbed with anticipation of being smothered beneath their weight. However, Amy's attention had been drawn to something else entirely. "That tattoo on her wrist," she exclaimed out loud, then glanced down at the matching one on her own wrist. Suddenly, it hit her who this woman was. "Oh my God, that bitch!" she shouted in anger.

"What?!" Austin asked in surprise. "You know this woman?"

"I'll explain later, honey," Amy said through gritted teeth, clearly fuming. "But first, I need you to email me that picture."

TO BE CONTINUED

Mom's Detour

By Klrxo

After using the service station restroom, James came back to find his mother laying down the back seats of her **SUV**.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"I lost an earring back here somewhere," she said, looking around as the gas pump **CLICKED** full.

James took it out of the fuel opening in the car and hung it back up on the pump. "Why would your earring be back there?" he asked.

Wendy froze suddenly, then looked over at him with a guilty expression. "I don't know. I um…figured maybe when I leaned in to get groceries out, it may have fallen out of my ear," she said.

"Didn't dad just buy you those earrings for your anniversary?"

Wendy continued her search. "Yes…which is why I'd love to find them," she answered.

"Let me help you," James said, opening the rear side door and laying the seat down. Something fell out that caught his attention. "Hmm, well, it's not your earring, but I found **SOMETHING**."

Wendy looked over and her expression became one of dread as she saw her son holding an empty condom wrapper. "Where did that, um…come from?" she said, snatching it from his hand.

"Good question," he said with a smile. "It's certainly wasn't mine. I have my own car, remember? So does dad."

Wendy slammed the back hatch down in frustration. "Forget about the earring. I'll find it later. Let's just get home," she said in a perturbed tone. Her heels clicked loudly on the cement as she marched over and got in the car.

Things were quiet for the first couple of miles. Wendy had just taken her son to college orientation at a school about three hours from their home town. She had dropped him off for the two-hour tour and introduction, since he'd soon be attending the college.

"You didn't go shopping, did you?" he asked, breaking the silence.

"What?" she asked, even though she heard him loud and clear.

"When you dropped me off at orientation, you told me you were going shopping," he said. "If that's true, where are your shopping bags?"

Wendy stammered for an answer. "I…I didn't find anything I wanted," she answered.

"Come on, mom, I wasn't born yesterday. I found an empty condom wrapper in here, which I know's not mine…and you're looking for your earring near the back of your car, and fed me some stupid excuse for it being back there."

"Can we just…talk about something else please?" the mother asked in frustration.

"You fucked some guy in here today, didn't you?" James plainly asked.

The car got quiet for a long moment. James heard his mother sniffling and looked over to see tears running down her cheeks.

"So…who was he?" James asked.

"Not who I thought," she answered, wiping a tear away.

"What do you mean?"

"We started talking about a month ago online…just innocent flirting," she explained. "Then we started sending pictures and…well, he didn't look anything like his pictures."

"So, it was a different guy? You got catfished?" James asked.

"Pretty much, yes."

"Wait…if this wasn't the guy you thought he was gonna be, then why did you still fuck him?" the confused teen asked.

Wendy huffed. "James, please…do you have to use that word?" she softly scolded.

"OK, then why did you still have sex with him?"

Wendy ran her fingers through her dark hair as she formulated the right words. "Things with your father and I haven't exactly been the same in the bedroom here lately. I just needed some… attention," she uncomfortably explained.

"You and dad aren't having sex?"

"We are, it's just…well, if I can be frank, it's just been very dull and boring here lately. He spends two minutes on top of me…does his thing, then rolls over and I'm left hanging," Wendy explained.

"Have you tried talking to him about it?" James asked.

"Of course I have, honey, and it got a little better, but unfortunately now it's right back where it was before…quick and unfulfilling."

"So, you thought this guy…who really wasn't the guy you thought he'd be…could satisfy you sexually?"

"Yes, and boy was I wrong," Wendy answered. "Not only was his face not the same one as in the picture he sent…but his, you know…"

"Penis?"

"Yes, that thing wasn't the same one he sent a picture of either," she said blushingly.

James giggled. "Pretty small, huh?" he asked.

"Yes, and he only lasted about five seconds longer than your father has here lately," Wendy answered, then sighed in frustration and shook her head. "Hardly worth risking my marriage over."

"Look, mom, you don't have to worry…I'm not gonna tell dad."

Wendy glanced over at him with a sweet smile. "Thank you," she softly said.

James found himself being a little jealous of the chump that catfished his mom, but more so angry at his father for neglecting her sexual needs. His mom was a beautiful brunette, with an incredible body. He'd lusted after her king-sized tits and thick scrumptious ass since he'd reached puberty, and couldn't imagine any guy just spending two minutes on top off her, then rolling off selfishly.

His mom looked over at him again, sensing that he was processing it all. "Do you think I'm horrible?" she asked.

"Of course not," he answered. "Everyone makes stupid decisions once in awhile. At least you had a really good excuse to make yours."

"I do love your father…I just wish he showed as much passion in the bedroom as he used to."

"Well, since I'm keeping **YOUR** secret, will you keep one of mine?" James asked.

Wendy fed him a quirky smile. "Um…sure," she muttered.

"Tim told me that Aunt Patty is going through something similar, with Uncle Rich," he said. "Sex in their marriage is pretty bad too right now I guess."

"Well, honey, that's not really a secret. Your Aunt Patty and I are sisters…we talk about everything. I'm well aware that her sex life is just as pathetic as mine."

"Did she tell you what she's doing about it?" James asked.

"Doing about it?" the mother asked, giving him a curious look.

"Yeah, how she's getting the pleasure she needs."

"Well, I assume she's probably just, um…"

"Masturbates?"

"Yes, just like most women do when they're having a dry spell," Wendy said.

"Or find a cute guy online to screw," her son teased.

"Not funny," the mother said with a stern glare.

"Sorry. What would you say if I told you that her and Tim were fuck..um, having sex together?"

"Tim? Her son, Tim?" Wendy asked with a doubtful expression.

"Yep, for about a month now."

"Tim told you that?"

"He did," James said. "They're having sex at least three times a day. Apparently, Aunt Patty doesn't tell you **EVERYTHING**."

Wendy shook her head. "I don't believe that. Patty would never do something like that," she said.

"You don't think so?"

The mother flashed her son an amused smile. "No, I don't," she said with surety.

"Aunt Patty has a large freckle on the underside of her left boob, right?" James asked.

"Yes, she got it checked out when she was younger. How do you know about that spot?"

"Tim told me, and how does **HE** know about that spot, unless he's having sex with his mom?" James pointed out.

Wendy continued to seem doubtful. "I don't know…but I still don't believe you."

"Fine," James said, opening the picture gallery on his phone.

This captured his mom's attention as she drove. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm gonna show you something he sent me that'll prove I'm right."

"What?" Wendy asked curiously.

"Let me find it and I'll show you."

Finally, James pulled up a picture on his phone and showed it to his mom. "Now tell me I'm wrong," he said.

Wendy found herself staring at a photo of her older sister beneath her nephew, Tim, with her big tits squashed between them, and her smooth motherly legs wrapped up around his midsection. Her sister's head was arched back, her face twisted in pleasure, while her son Tim gave the camera a cocky smile. "Good grief!" Wendy gasped.

Suddenly, an oncoming car's horn screamed. James quickly reached over and jerked the wheel to the right. "Mom!" he shouted.

Wendy quickly pulled the car over so she could process what her son was showing her. Her breath was heavy as she stared at the lewd photo. "Why didn't she tell me?" the confused mother muttered.

"Do you believe me now?" James asked.

"Yes," she whispered. "I believe you."

"So now you know what I mean when I say we both have secrets."

"It's so weird to see them together like this," Wendy said, staring at the photo. "I'm mean, this sort of thing is…so taboo."

"But, it's also an answer to Aunt Patty's issue, and one that she doesn't have to go online looking for. It's right there under her own roof," James pointed out.

Wendy suddenly gazed over at her boy with an odd expression. "Your not suggesting that we? That you and I…?"

James smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "It would solve your problem…**AND** fulfill a huge fantasy I've had since I hit puberty," he confessed.

"Oh God, James, I did not just hear that," she said, tossing the phone back onto his lap.

"I'm sorry, mom, it's true," he exclaimed. "You're incredibly hot! Your body is to die for. Your tits are…gigantic…"

"James!" the mother said, half-embarrassed as she looked out the window on her side.

"What would be so bad about me helping you out sexually?"

"I don't know, let's start with…everything! I'm your mother, not some sexual conquest."

"It's working for Tim and Aunt Patty, isn't it? Why couldn't it work for us?" the boy asked.

"Just because it's working doesn't mean it's right!"

"Oh, you mean right like you cheating on dad with some stranger you met off the internet?"

"That was wrong of me, and I fully admit it," Wendy said, "but what you're suggesting is on a whole other level of wrong, and **IT'S NOT** happening."

James huffed and looked out his window. "Fine! Sorry I told you. Let's just go," he said.

Wendy sat there a moment at the side of the road. "If you wanna tell your father what happened today, go ahead…I deserve it," she said softly.

"I told you I wasn't telling dad, mom, and I keep my word," James assured her. "We have another hour on the road, so can we just go?"

His mother put the **SUV** back in drive and continued down the street. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts as they traveled in silence. Sure, she was somewhat jealous of her sister. Patty was

getting fucked hard by a young stud and probably cumming like crazy every day. That's exactly what Wendy was craving, but couldn't wrap her head around letting her son be the one to do it to her. "Sure James is handsome, and probably well endowed, but he's my son and I could get in so much trouble if I went down that road," she thought.

Speaking of road, up ahead was a large orange sign that directed cars off the highway. It read: "**DETOUR**," and had an arrow pointed the way they needed to go.

"Detour…" she said in her mind. "A road you take to avoid an issue, but one that's only temporary," she thought.

She glanced over at her boy as she turned off on the exit. "So…what do you and I do in these…fantasies of yours?" she asked him.

"What?" James asked, even though he was pretty sure he knew what she meant.

"These '**HUGE**' fantasies that you say I'm in of yours…what do we do in them?"

"What do you think we do, mom?" James asked.

Wendy glanced at his crotch. Even though she usually tried to be a prim and proper mother around him, she wanted to know what was going on in his brain. "Do you imagine me…sucking on you?" she softly asked.

James looked over at her, sort of surprised that she would ask him that. "Yeah…um, sometimes," he answered.

"Do you envision me being pretty good at giving head?" she brazenly asked.

Now she really had James's attention. "Yes," he muttered, his heart speeding up.

Wendy smiled and looked out at the road. "Well, besides cooking and cleaning, there's one other thing that we stay-at-home moms are **VERY** good at," she said, then looked over at him, "and that's sex."

"I bet," James said.

"I mean, can you believe your father wouldn't wanna take advantage of that fact every night?!" she exclaimed.

"I can't. He's crazy," the boy said, staring over at her huge heaving tits.

"He **IS** crazy! It's frustrating, and now I feel like I can't even talk to my own sister about it…because she's getting screwed silly every day…so what does she care?" Wendy said in exasperation.

James shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could help you out," he said.

She looked over at him. "I know you do," she said, then glanced at his crotch. "and I'm sure you could…given that you're probably well equipped…and have a lot of stamina."

"I'm not gonna deny that," James said, "but I don't wanna pressure you into doing anything you don't wanna do."

Wendy pulled the car over and put it in park. "What if we take a detour?" she asked.

"Isn't **THIS** a detour?" James asked, looking out at the road they were on.

"Not that kinda detour. A detour on our road as mother and son. We get off the main road for a couple hours, then right back on it again," she explained.

"I'm not following."

"Honey, I'm talking about parking somewhere and letting you fuck my ass off. Is that clear enough for you?" Wendy said desperately.

"Mom, do you have to use that word?" the boy joked.

The mother giggled and rolled her eyes. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! Do you wanna fuck me or not, young man?" she asked playfully.

"Yeah, I do! You know I do," he answered, his heart racing.

She looked at him with a serious expression. "It's a detour. When we're through we get right back on the road we we're on, in a normal mother and son relationship," she said.

"Got it!"

"Ok…" the mother sighed nervously. "We're gonna do this. Oh my God, we're really gonna do this," she told herself and her son out loud.

"Yes, we are," James agreed.

She looked out the window. "So now the question is…**WHERE** are we gonna do this?" she asked.

"There's a dirt road right up there. We can take it…see if it leads somewhere private," the teen suggested.

"OK, let's try it," the mother said, putting the vehicle in drive.

They turned on to the old dirt road and disappeared into the woods. "This road looks like it hardly gets used at all. What about down

there, under that brush?" James suggested.

"Seriously?! You want me to pull the car down there? What if we get stuck?" she asked.

"You're not gonna get stuck, mom. Just pull down under that brush, so if anyone does happen to come out here, they won't even see us."

"Fine, but if we do get stuck, I'm gonna murder you," she teased.

The anxious mother pulled her **SUV** off the road and down a shallow embankment, then carefully slipped the car between some tall brush.

"Perfect!" her son said. "Well done."

"Thanks," she said with a proud smile, shutting her car off.

"So…where were you and this internet guy going at it…in the back seat?" James said, looking back.

"Oh, James…do we have to talk about that?"

"I'm just curious."

"Well, first of all…we were hardly 'going at it' at all. It really wasn't even worth all the prep work to be honest," the mother explained.

"Prep work?"

"Yes, well…I thought it would be better to lay all the seats down and do it on an air mattress," she said a bit shamefully. "That's why I thought my earring disappeared somewhere back there."

James giggled. "You actually brought an air mattress, and took the time to pump it up?" he asked.

"I brought your dad's battery-operated pump, so it only took a couple minutes," she said.

"Your date only took a couple minutes too, apparently," James teased.

"Yeah, well…like I said, **HE** was hardly worth the effort."

"Will I be worth the effort you think?" James asked, smiling over at her.

She gazed at him flirtingly. "Yeah, I do," she answered.

They got out, and after a few minutes had all the seats in the back laid down and the air mattress pumped up. Wendy slipped out of her heels, and they both crawled in the back. The mother had brought a comforter, so it was cozy and comfy. James closed back cargo door behind them.

"Ouch!" his mom said, then reached down under her butt.

"What is it?" her son asked.

She giggled and showed him what she sat on. "My lost earring," she said, then put it back in.

"Well, better that it poked you in the ass than punctured the mattress," the boy said, looking over at her strong silky calves, and dainty bare feet, with freshly painted toenails. For years he'd marveled at how sexy her legs were, and the thought that he was about to have them wrapped around him in a sexual way made the boy dizzy with anticipation.

"I hope I don't shock you," his mom said.

"Shock me?"

She peeked over at him. "I like hot nasty sex a lot, James. You're about to see a very primitive side of me," she warned.

"Well, let be 'primitive' together then," he said.

"Ready to take that detour?" Wendy asked him anxiously.

"Ready," he answered with a nod.

Before the boy could blink his mom was on top of him, tearing off his t-shirt. "Holy shit!" he thought, unprepared for her aggressive start.

"Get your bottoms off!" the mother said in an lusty tone as she sat back on her heels and quickly shed her blouse. The boy's eyes went wide as he stared at her beautifully-embroidered black bra. Huge mounds of tit-flesh were spilling over the cups, and Wendy hastily reached back and unclasped her hooks.

James's long thick slab of meat caught on the waistband of his briefs for a moment as they were being pulled off, then sprung free, slapping back against his lower abdomen in full hardness.

"Oh wow!" the mother exclaimed, staring at her boy's vein-encrusted erection while pulling off her bra. It looked just like the big dick in the picture her failed date sent her.

"You like it?"

"Uh-huh," she said, biting her bottom lip for a moment lustfully. "It looks like the picture of the boner I was suppose to get this morning."

James was enamored by the sight of her monstrously meaty tits. Her thick-textured areolas were like softball-sized pink crowns situated on the peaks of her melons, with swollen nipples protruding from their centers. Her fatty orbs wobbled wonderfully as she slipped out

of her skirt, then quickly peeled her dainty black thong down her lovely legs.

Now they were both bare naked, and James could swell the sweet pungent aroma of wet pussy. His mom was on top of him in an instant, and he found his face wedged between her soft dangling tits as she grasped his cock and fit his tapered knob to her vulvar vestibule.

The boy quickly peeked down from between her hanging udders and saw his boner sticking straight up, with his knob smothered between the puffy cleft of her pudenda. Her vulva was crowned by a neatly trimmed landing-strip of pubic fur.

"Oh, James!" the mother gasped, lowering her wide hips and feeling the thick tubular hunk of his cock split her spongy cuntal walls as he sunk into the slippery heat of her vagina.

The teen felt his tender bell tip squash against the puffy head of her extocervix, and her bare pubis met the hilt if his cock.

"I wanna fuck you so hard!" the mother whimpered desperately as she set her wide hips in motion, and began plunging her aroused pussy up and down the steely column of his erection.

"Ohh, shit!" the boy gasped excitedly, feeling his pink boner slip along the smothering walls of her birthing tube, while two heavy melons of squishy tit-flesh swung on either side of his face.

Wendy's **SUV** subtly rocked from the rhythm of her fuck-humps. It didn't take long for the window to fog up due to their heavy moaning and gasping.

Her crotch beat against his cock-base relentlessly, her blood-swollen flanges slapping wetly around the root of her boy's muscular shaft. Her fleshy prepuce was peeled back over the glans of her clitoris,

which mashed against her son's pubic bone on every downward thrust.

"Oh God, you're gonna make me cum already!" the mother's shaky voice announced.

James pressed his face a little deeper into the hollow between his mom's wobbling breasts, kissing the quivering fatty flesh that now sandwiched his entire head at the sides.

He felt her snug pelvic floor muscles contract around his burrowing erection as his mom let out a beautiful orgasmic scream. He looked up between her sloshing tits, at her pretty face as it twisted in pleasure between the curtain of her silky brunette hair. His cock flexed excitedly as he witnessed his mom in her most primal state.

Wendy enhanced her climax by mashing her vulva against her son's pubic base and grinding frantically up and back on his erection. This got a delightful groan from her stiff-cocked son as he writhed beneath her.

James had girls grind on his cock before, but none felt nearly this incredible. His mom's juicy cuntal grip felt like a velvet fist clutched onto him, and jerking his stiff meat around like a fleshy gear shift, stretching her uteri in all different directions. He could feel her love-nectar running down along the sides of his nuts.

She dropped against him, plastering the open oval of her lips around his, and darting the long pink snake of her tongue into his mouth. Their lickers wrestled frantically inside of James's mouth, while their naked bodies writhed with equal passion.

"Holy fuck this is amazing!!" James's brain screamed, as he lay there blanketed in his mom's warm **MILF** flesh as they kissed, while having his boner pulled and squeezed by her skilled cunt. Her thick rubbery nipples prodded against his chest, squashed between them.

Wendy broke their kiss and gave him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "Roll me over and pound the fuck out of me!" she panted lustfully.

James did just that. Keeping his cock fully sheathed, he rolled them over and took the top. He knew he wasn't a porn star by any means, but was anxious to show his mom the skills he'd developed from recent sex with girls his own age. He immediately began thrusting into her at a rapid pace, holding himself up on extended arms, so he could watch her expression. He got just the reaction he was hoping for, as Wendy clenched her eyes closed tight and arched her head back in ecstasy.

He felt the smooth cradle of her mommy-thighs slip up around his bobbing hips as he stared down at the giant twin mounds of boobie-flesh rolling up and down her chest.

"Fucking gorgeous!" he wondrously thought, still processing the fact that this hot woman beneath him was his own mom.

His boner throbbed as it pumped through the snug pleated walls of her vagina. James's weeping precum and her cuntal secretions mixing to create a hot slippery oil that lubricated their fuck-thrusts.

Wendy extended her sexy legs out, throwing them back in a wide V, with her dainty feet nearly touching the ceiling of the vehicle.

"Holy shit, mom!" the boy gasped, looking at the width of her amazing spread. Her sexy little feet bobbed from the force of his thrusting as they pointed towards the back window.

"I told you I'm good at this," she panted with a teasing wink, bouncing her ass from the mattress to meet his thrusts.

"I know a few tricks myself," James bragged.

"Oh yeah? Show me."

The teen brought his chest down against hers, then slipped his arms beneath her back and grasped on to her shoulders from behind. Then, he thrust his hips forward powerfully, fully sheathing his brick-hard penis and holding it there, with his knob crushed against her cervix.

Wendy let out a delightful squeal, arching her back and lifting her son's body up, then back down. Her hips jerked in a wild humping motion, but James stayed with her, keeping his boner buried in full penetration.

"Ahhh!" he hissed, feeling her squeeze the meat of his cock harder than it ever had been. He rested his head between her neck and shoulder, as their bodies rocked feverishly on the mattress.

Both of them groaned and clawed at each other, like a couple of grappling animal, as if they were desperately trying to pull James's body back inside her, to the place where he was conceived. This went on with increasing intensity until Wendy suddenly tossed her lovely legs around James, high on his back, so her ankles were twined together, nearly across his shoulders, and began crying out in orgasm.

The teen started pounding her again with savage thrusts, making her hot girl-cum squelch out between their joined genitals.

The boy lunged his face up against one of her squishy tits and greedily sucked her nipple and areola into his mouth.

"**YES!! SUCK ME!!**" the mother cried out, delighting in the feel of his suctioned lips and lashing tongue, as his steely erection continued to thunder through her.

The boy's balls beat against her luscious buttocks, hitting the throbbing lips of her anus and the bulging ringed muscle of her external anal sphincter.

The muscle and ligaments at the root of his erection bulged obscenely, sustaining the force of his cock-shaft as it hammered through the juicy labial-fleshed mouth of his mom's twat.

"Mmnnff!" the boy grunted into the fatty bulge of his mom's tit-meat, feeling his tender glans squeezed by Wendy's muscled cuntal walls as she put his will-power to the test.

Despite the exquisite sensations on his cock, he passed with flying colors, fucking her steadily for the next half-hour and giving her body-shaking climaxes several more times.

Finally, with their naked bodies glistening with perspiration, the boy felt the warming, tingling sensation of an impending orgasm. "Oh shit, mom…I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, bucking wildly between her thighs.

Wendy wasn't on any form of birth control, but she didn't care. She wanted to feel her boy's milky excrement splashing around inside her sex chamber as much as he did. "Cum, baby! Cum hard!!" she cheered encouragingly.

He happily obliged, letting out a guttural grunt as a fat blast of boy-semen erupted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit. His body humped and jerked, letting his mom have all the ball-juice her slippery-ribbed cunt walls could milk out.

He finally collapsed against her and she held him, gently stroking his back with her long nails in silence for nearly a half-hour.

"That was a nice little detour, but we should probably get back to the main road now," Wendy said.

"Main road meaning, you and me…back to our normal relationship?"

"Yes, that and the **ACTUAL** main road," she said. "Your father's probably wondering why we're not home yet."

"Can we do one thing first?" James asked.

His mom fed him a naughty smile. "And what would that be?" she asked.

"Well, remember you asked me if I imagined you sucking on me," he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well…do you think you could really quick?"

"James, we really should get going," she said. "How about this…You drive and I'll suck, how's that?"

"Perfect," he answered.

They got dressed and hit the open road again, with James driving. It wasn't far before the detour ended and they were back on the highway. "Now we should be able to make some good time," Wendy said, crawling over and fishing his cock from his fly-hole. "After this blowjob, or detour's over, got it?"

"Got it," he said, then felt his mom's wonderful tongue licking his peter-tip.

The mother wasn't lying earlier when she had told him she was good at giving head. First, her licker swathed up and down his tender erection, looping around his knob, then down to his balls and up again.

"Wow!" the teen muttered, feeling her thick pink tongue lash all over his glans.

"Please don't make us crash, honey," she told him between licks.

"I won't," he assured her.

Wendy fit her lips over his knob, then sink the first few inches of his boner inside her mouth, giving it a few tender sucks. Then she grasped around the base with her hand and began beating his prick-meat as she sucked it.

"Holy shit…amazing!" the boy wondrously thought, watching her head bob up and down as her fist jerked him steadily. He looked at the big sparkling wedding ring on her finger, which reminded him of what a chump his dad was for not wanting more of this.

He put one hand down on her head, curling his fingers in her dark tresses, holding her cock-sucking mouth in position as she slurped greedily on his tasty prick.

Lewd gurgling sounds escaped Wendy's mouth as she took more and more cock-meat into her mouth, letting his glans plug through her throat.

The boy didn't know how his mom had room to move her tongue around in there, but she did, digging it wetly back and forth against the band of his frenulum.

"Jesus Christ, mom!" he gasped, feeling a warm tingling sensation shoot through his crotch.

His knob popped from her lips, but only for a second, and she took full-length strokes with her hand as she spoke to him. "Pour it out, James," she cooed, then went back to sucking, wrapping her lips in a tight loving circle around his tender prick and using her mouth like a pussy, plunging up and down.

"Ahhh, damn…I'm gonna cum!" the boy groaned.

His mom stroked and sucked urgently, as long fat ropes of spunk began erupting from the slit of his meatus, splattering all around inside her mouth and shooting past her tonsils.

Wendy's body shivered with the thrill of drinking her own boy's potent sperm. His load tasted sweet and yummy, just as she imagined it would.

"**OK, I** gotta say it, mom. That was the most incredible blowjob I've ever gotten," he confessed.

Wendy giggled, licking the last of his cock cream from her lips. "Glad you enjoyed it," she said.

"That was some pretty amazing fucking we did too," he confessed.

She gave him a stern look. "James…that word!" she scolded.

"Oh, sorry…I mean incredible **SEX** we had."

"I agree with that whole-heartedly, honey, but…we're back to things being normal between you and I now, right?"

"Right," the boy said, a tad disappointed. "Sadly, the detour's over."

"What the heck?!" Wendy exclaimed, looking at a sign ahead of them.

"What's wrong?" James asked, spotting the orange sign just before they passed it. It read: "**DETOUR AHEAD**."

"Another one?! We'll never get home at this rate," his mom said with a huff.

"You wouldn't think they'd have two detours so close to one another, but I guess they can sometimes," the boy said, then looked at his mom as he took the exit.

Wendy peeked over at him and her lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Yes, I guess they can, can't they?"

THE END

MOM'S *Dream Lover*

BY KLRXO

Mom's Dream Lover

By Klrxo

Charlie came from a religious household. His family went to church every Sunday. Ironically, it was during a boring sermon one day that the boy's naughty fascination with his mother had begun to develop.

On that day his mom Stacey had on a dress with a neckline that was cut deeper than usual. This allowed him to see a substantial amount of her succulent cleavage. Girls with big boobs at his school had always captured his attention, but they carried nothing like what his mom had..

Stacey was a beautiful thirty-nine year old brunette. Her girlfriends all called her Wonder Woman.

Not only because she was the mother of five children, but also because she was a striking image of the eighties actress Lynda Carter. Despite birthing all those children, the mother managed to keep a fairly good figure with long strong legs and an ample buttocks. Stacey came from a long line of busty women and because of this, she was blessed with an enormous rack.

It was no shocker then that a horny eighteen-year-old boy, living under the same roof, would quickly develop a fascination with her wobbling wonders.

"Charlie, I saw what you were staring at in there," Stacey chided as they walked side by side to the car, "that's not ok, especially at church."

"Staring?"

"Yes, staring...at my breasts," she said. "It's not polite to look at a woman's breasts." "Is it polite for a woman to look at a guy's cock?"

Charlie asked.

Stacey gasped. "Charlie Adams! I can't believe that word just came out of your mouth." "Fine, is it polite for a woman to look at a guy's crotch?"

"No, of course it not."

"Then why do you stare at mine sometimes?" the boy asked.

Stacey blushingly glanced back to make sure her husband hadn't heard that. James was a ways back, walking hand in hand with two of their smaller children. "**I DO NOT** stare at your crotch," she muttered, but not too loudly.

"You were staring when I got out of the pool yesterday."

"Ok, I think we need to end this conversation," she said, clearly frazzled that he had turned it back on her.

"Whatever you say, Mom."

Yet it was Stacey who refused to let it go. "I'm sure it may have seemed like I was staring at your crotch, but that wasn't the case at all," she said defensively..

The truth was Stacey **HAD BEEN** staring at her son's crotch, studying the big tubular outline of his prick as his wet shorts clung around it.

During the car ride home James glanced back at his oldest son through the rear view mirror. "I'm not sure if your mother told you or not, but I'm taking a new schedule at work for awhile. I'll be working the overnights, eight **PM** to six **AM**," he explained.

"So you'll be gone every night?" Charlie asked.

"Yes, except on weekends of course. I'm gonna need you to step up and help your mom out in the evenings, when she needs it."

Charlie and his mother glanced at each other, sharing a little smile. "Sure, dad, whatever she needs me to do," the boy answered.

The worst thing about being the oldest of five kids was having to share a bedroom. Luckily for Charlie, his fourteen year old brother Gabe was addicted to video games. The youngster rarely did anything besides play on his game console and he had a good set of gamer headphones, which meant Charlie wasn't bothered by any noise. Still, sharing a room meant no locking the door and beating off when Charlie wanted to.

The bathroom wasn't a good wank-retreat either, since it seemed like one of his siblings was constantly knocking on the door. The teen was forced to find another place for his private wank sessions.

Parked in the attached three-bay garage was an old Volkswagen Camper Van that his father had purchased. Every summer, James had planned to fix it up, but never quite got around to it. This became Charlie's "go to" spot for daily masturbation.

"I'm heading down to the park to shoot some hoops, Mom," the boy would announce, then retreat to the van and lock himself inside.

The rear portion of the van folded out into a full-sized bed. Charlie would sprawl across it, fish his dick out and lather it with lotion that he kept stashed in there, for just that purpose. As he rested there on this day, the boy clicked on a video he had recorded on his phone.

His mom came up on the screen from recording he'd made at the lake."Charlie, are you getting in the water with us?" she asked.

"I'm just texting a friend, then I will," Charlie answered.

Clearly the teen was doing no such thing, but rather secretly recording his Mom as she stepped into the lake. Stacey wore a modest white, one-piece swim suit, but to her son, it was still a feast for the eyes. The swell of her boobs were massive and he could even see the thick fleshy nubs of her nipples protruding out of the fabric.

"Ohh my Goodness, this water's cold," the modest mother shivered, making her big boobies shimmy back and forth. Charlie loved that part. This was recorded last summer and he had lost count how many times he had beat off to it. He clicked rewind and watched it again.

"Ohh my Goodness, this water's cold," he listened to his mother say, only this time Charlie zoomed in on her giant jugs and played it back in slow motion.

"Ohhh man!" the horny boy sighed, beating his boner while watching his Mom's heavy breasts slowly shake from side to side.

Charlie was endowed with a large uncircumcised peter. He knew this by comparing his own size the those of the boys his age in the locker room at school. Despite having a long thick cock, he had yet to use it on a girl. From a young age he was taught the importance of saving sex until marriage, so every time the opportunity presented itself he would chicken out.

While Charlie beat off in the garage, James, Charlie's father entered the kitchen. "Mmm, that food smells good, hon," he said.

"I hope it's good. Tina shared a recipe she found in one of her womens magazines. I thought I'd try it out," Stacey said, "Will you stir this for me for a sec?"

"Sure."

James took over at the stove and his wife searched through the freezer. "Shoot, the frozen pie crusts must be out in the other freezer. I'll be right back," she said.

"No worries, I got this."

Stacey went out the side door into the garage, where they kept a large freezer full of items. Such a big family required lots of space for food storage. As she looked for the items she needed, she heard the faint sound of a video playing from across the garage.

The busty mother looked out over her vehicle to the old Volkswagen. She noticed a strange glow coming from the inside, so she slowly walked over to investigate. Peering in the back window, her eyes widened in utter shock as she saw her son laying on his back beating off.

"He told me he was playing basketball!" she said to herself. "He lied to me."

Her mind screamed for her to run away, but her legs wouldn't move. She was witnessing the lewdest thing she'd ever seen and it was her oldest son who was doing it.

Her eyes drifted down his young lean chest, zeroing in on the biggest dick she'd seen in her life. .

It was easily nine inches and so hard it looked like it was carved in stone.

"It's simply enormous!" she muttered to herself.

Her son's fist traveled up and down his cock's rigid length, the shroud of foreskin was pulled back, revealing a huge angry knob that pointing straight up towards the ceiling. Stacey was absolutely spellbound. Her curious eyes studies every bulging vein that criss-

crossed up the shaft. "Dear Lord, that can't be real, can it?" she asked herself, "that's just much too big to be real."

She turned to walk away. I need to get away from here!" she told herself, then she stopped and clenched her fists in frustration. "God, please help me to be strong right now," she silently prayed. However, no assistance was given and she turned around and moved back to the window, peering back in at her teen.

At this point she could see that her son was watching a video of her in her swim suit. "Oh my Gosh, was that at the lake last summer? He video'd me in my swim suit and now he's..."

Her eyes went back to watching her son beat his hard dick, mesmerized by the thick slab slipping through his circled fist. Charlie's hips were thrusting rapidly from the cushion, fucking his cock upward, while jacking off at the same time.

"Where on earth did he learn to move his hips like that?!" she wondered, then felt herself feeling angry towards her husband, "James never moves his hips like that when we make love!"

She saw a bead of precum weap from Charlie's meatus. "Ohhh!" she gasped, watching it run down his knob before getting swiped up by his fist.

Her knees felt weak, her big swollen tits heaving with every heavy breath. She bit her bottom lip, wanting nothing more than to shoot her hand down into her panties and rub her hot genitals right along with him. "Nooo, I can't!" the good-girl, church-going mom side of her screamed.

"Yesss, you can!" the deeply repressed naughty-girl part of her answered back.

Her husband's shout from the kitchen made her decision a little easier. "Everything alright out there?" he shouted.

Yet for a moment longer her eyes remained transfixed. Even as she crept away from the van she continued to peer inside the window for as long as she could. "I wonder how long it takes him to ejaculate?" she wondered.

"Did you find what you needed?" James asked his wife when she returned. Her mind was clearly frazzled. "No, we um...we must be out."

"Are you ok, hon?" her husband asked. He could tell she was completely out of sorts.

"Well, other than just looking at the longest, meatiest penis I've ever seen before, yeah I'm fine," she thought.

"Yes, um...I'm fine," she lied, forcing a smile.

The image of Charlie's cock was branded in her mind and try as she may she couldn't shake it.

The next day, while most of her kids were in school, Stacey went to her friend Tina's house. They both sat at the table having coffee and cradling their infants.

"So he was just laying in there masturbating?" Tina asked, a bit surprised at what her friend had told her.

"Yes, it was the last thing I expected to see when I looked in that window."

"Well, it's not uncommon. I'm sure both our oldest boys masturbate, but I suppose it's better than them engaging in premarital sex," Tina said.

"Yes, I suppose. I just...really didn't expect it to look that way," Stacey said blushingly. "His penis you mean?" Tina asked innocently.

"Yes. It was just um...bigger than I expected."

"Ohh," Tina muttered, incredibly intrigued, but reminding herself how inappropriate that was. After a long pause, she couldn't resist but comment. "Connor's size shocked me too."

Stacey looked at her questioningly, raising an eyebrow.

"I accidentally walked in on him coming out of the shower one day," she explained.

"Ohh, well accidents do happen," Stacey said, "I mean, if I knew Charlie was in the van masturbating I never would have peeked in."

"Of course not, you didn't know. How would you have known?"

"Exactly...but I did peek in and it just confused me," Stacey confessed. "Why are their penises so big do you think?"

Tina shrugged her shoulders. "It's a new generation of boys. Maybe God wanted to create **UPGRADED** versions of our husbands...make them more handsome and increase the size of their manhood."

Stacey nodded in agreement. "That makes sense.. I mean, a larger penis would make them better at procreation," she theorized..

"How do you figure,"

" When their sperm flows out, it would be much closer to the point of conception, right?" "Yes, I guess that's right.."

"And from what I saw, their seed is much thicker and richer," Stacey said "Explain," Tina said, beaming with interest, "what did you see?"

"It was only pre-ejaculate. It came trickling out while Charlie was masturbating," Stacey said, "but it was **SO THICK** and such a beautiful pearly white, Tina, I couldn't believe it."

Tina's eyes lit up. "The seed of life," she said.

"Yess...so much of it and **THAT** was only the pre-ejaculate. The amount our boys emit during and actual climax must be incredible," Stacey exclaimed, her heart racing.

The mothers sat there for a moment in wonder. Stacey reflected on what she saw through the van window, how her son rapidly thrust his hips. "I think you're right. I think God did make them superior...in looks, size **AND** sexual abilities," she said.

"Abilities?"

"When I peeked in the van, Charlie was moving his hips in a way I'd never seen before." "Thrusting?" Tina asked, her thick nipples tingling beneath her blouse and bra.

"Yes, but really, **REALLY** fast," Stacey said, then took an excited gulp, "James never moves his hips like that."

"Do you think Charlie knew he was doing it, or do you think it was just instinctual?"

"I don't know, but what I do know is if girls ever see him doing that...if they ever see the size of his endowment, I fear he's gonna be presented with more temptation than he can bear," Stacey said with genuine concern.

Tina replayed the image of her own son's big cock hanging between his legs when she "accidentally" walked in on him. "So you think Charlie was watching a video of you?" she asked.

"It **WAS** me in the video. Charlie must have taken it during our lake trip over the summer," Susan said. "He was zoomed right in on my breasts. I didn't think my swimsuit was that inappropriate."

"It probably wasn't. Connor is the same way. It seems like every time I look his way he's staring at my breasts, especially now that their all swollen with milk for the baby."

"The poor boys. Temptation surrounds them at school **AND** at home," Stacey said.

Tina shrugged her shoulders. "What can we do though? We're both extremely large breasted women. Other than the times we're nursing the babies, we keep them covered the best we can."

"God really tests mothers and sons doesn't he?" Stacey concluded. "In what ways do you mean?"

"Temptation mostly," Stacey answered, "By nature, we Moms are naturally drawn to handsome young men with large penis's, who are the most gifted at breeding us and at providing us pleasure. For years we thought our husbands were these men....but we were wrong."

"And the boys are tested too," Tina agreed.

"Yes. Boys are drawn to older, large breasted women. Ones who are skilled at lovemaking." "That's why they obsess on us so much," Tina agreed.

Stacey knew it was true. Just talking about her son and his cock made her nipples throb and her panties were soaked with the secretions of her arousal. "We should pray for strength," she suggested.

Holding their babies with one arm, the mothers reached across the table and held each others hands. They bowed their heads and Stacey began praying. "God, we ask for your hand in leading us from temptation. Help us to stay wholesome mothers and faithful wives. We thank you for the gifts you've bestowed upon our boys. Please give them the strength to refuse the harlots and to save their skills

and wonderfully large endowments for marriage. In Jesus name, amen."

The mothers hugged, feeling strengthened in their resolve.

"First night of working the overnight," James said as he prepared to leave that evening, "you gonna miss me?"

"Of course I'll miss you," Stacey said, giving her hubby a big hug. "I love you so much!"

After her husband left, Stacey went upstairs to the nursery, closing the door for privacy before nursing her two-month old daughter. When she was finished, she put the baby to bed, then closed her robe tight, making sure her huge bobbling tits were completely covered.

Charlie and his brother were both in bed on their devices when their mom peeked in. "Good night boys," she said sweetly..

Gabe just gave her a wave, but Charlie actually sat up, hoping she would come in. Sometimes she did and he loved watching her braless boobs jostle beneath her robe. "Goodnight, Mom," he said.

Stacey smiled at him and quickly glanced at his crotch before closing the door. She went to her and her husband's bedroom, keeping their door open a crack in case the baby cried in the middle of the night as she often did, needing a feeding.

Then, the mother slipped out of the robe and put on a big oversized t-shirt, wearing it and her panties to bed. It felt strange and lonely being in bed alone. This was the time of night that her and James would usually engage in their nightly lovemaking.

"Oh James, why did you take that shift?" Stacey thought as she tossed and turned. Her husband had assured her that their sex life

wouldn't suffer because of it, but with five children, who kept her busy most of the day, she wasn't sure how they were going to squeeze in time for marital sex.

Stacey rolled onto her back, looking up at the ceiling. She always left a night-light on in case her children needed her. It cast strange shadows across the room, one of which looked like a large thick penis. It immediately made her think of her son's cock. This image of him beating his boner flashed through her mind. "No! I can't think about that. I'm married and Charlie's my son!" she reminded herself.

She repositioned several times, restless and horny, trying to ignore the images of Charlie's big juicy dick in her mind, as well as the lustful itch between her legs.

Charlie got up later in the night to use the bathroom. The house was still and silent, about the only time it was that way with so many brothers and sisters. He noticed his parent's door was cracked like usual, but tonight he knew it was just his mom in there.

He wandered over and bravely peeked inside. With the night-light on in the room, Charlie could clearly make out his Mom's frame on the bed. He noticed a portion of her lovely legs sticking out of the blankets. His heart pounded with excitement, knowing she could just be wearing panties, or better yet, nothing at all.

"I can hear her heavy breathing. She has to be asleep," he thought, "I'll just take a quick peak, then leave."

The boy slowly wandered over to the edge of the bed. His mom was on her side, with her legs curled up. A portion of her smooth calves, along with her sexy bare feet, stuck from the blanket. With shaky hands, he carefully grasped the edge of the comforter and pulled it up.

"Holy shit!" he gasped inwardly as more and more of her smooth naked legs were exposed.

She moved slightly and sighed, making the boy freeze in horror. When he was convinced she was still asleep, he continued to raise the blanket up her body.

He audibly gasped as he unveiled her thick peach-shaped mommy-buttocks. Susan wore a pair of blue bikini panties and the hem had crept up into the crack of her ass, leaving half her meaty half-moons exposed.

Charlie could hardly believe his eyes. "Soo sexy!" he thought, his big prick rising in his boxers.

He stooped down to get a view of her panty-covered crotch. The gusset hugged his Mom's snatch, outlining her puffy cunt-lips and the deep crevice between them. The urge to lean down and sniff her pussy was to strong to resist. "Just one sniff and I'm outta here," he thought.

Since Stacey had Charlie's big hard dick on the brain all night, by the time she finally fell asleep her cunt was soaking wet. So when her son's nose got close to his target, he was hit with a sweet pungent aroma that made his head spin. "Holywow... incredible!!"his brain shouted as her feminine scent was inhaled deeply.

He bravely placed his nose against her mound, letting it sink down into the furrow between the meaty bulges of her outer lips. When he inhaled, his eyes rolled back in their sockets. The scent of aroused pussy was so strong it nearly made him pass out.

Charlie reached down and fished his massive erection from his boxers, stroking it up and down.

His carelessness made Stacey's eyes suddenly pop open as she awoke, conscious that there was someone in the room with her. "Oh my Lord, don't panic, Stacey!" she thought, feeling the nose at her crotch, "It could been intruder! He could have a gun or a knife!"

Since the night-light was on the wall behind him, Charlie's shadow was cast across the bed and wall that Stacey faced, allowing her to study the "intruder's" every move. As the boy stood up, it became clearly obvious he was beating off to the site of her.

"Oh my Goodness, is that... That's Charlie!" she thought, not wanting to believe what she was seeing. "He's masturbating!!"

The teen brazenly hovered beside the bed, staring at his Mom's sexy ass, while beating his hard boner. He imagined that he was ripping those panties off, crawling between her silky legs and pounding his cock-meat deep inside her. So much blood had flowed to his penis that he felt light-headed. "I bet it feels so good in her pussy. Warm and wet and snug!" he thought, his hardon flexing in his hand.

Stacey's eyes were wide in shock and fascination as she remained motionless, watching the shadow of her son beating off. "I can't believe he's doing this. The first night his father's out of the house and he's in here peeping and stroking his large penis," she thought. "He should be ashamed of himself."

Her breathing got heavier and heavier as she watched her son's hand fly up and down his enormous jutting erection. The shadow was so well defined that she could see the shape of his flaring knob stretching from his foreskin.

The mother made the muscled walls of her cunt-tube clench, secretly yearning to have that void filled by such a big meaty cunt-splitter. "Oh James, why did you take that shift?" she thought, wanting to blame anyone but herself for her lewd thoughts.

Charlie gawked and pumped his fist relentlessly up and down the length of his hardon, precum lubricating his strokes.

His mom watched in shameful fascination, not wanting to miss a single stroke. "So many pumps! How on earth is he going that long?" she screamed out in her mind. Then she had a question for

her creator. "God, you've already given him an extremely large penis. Are you telling me you've gifted him with incredible staying power too?!"

It was nearly five more minutes of steady cock-stroking before Charlie felt his knob tingle. "Oh fuck, where am I gonna cum?" he thought in a panic.

The last thing he wanted to do was squirt his load all over her. Actually, that's what he really wanted, but he knew he couldn't. He quickly looked for something to use as a cum-rag, delighted to find one of her bras strung over the chair nearby.

"Grab it, quick!" his mind shouted as he felt the rushing torrent of jizz shooting through his fuck-tube.

He snatched the bra and covered the end of his prick with one of the huge silky cups. "Hhmmpph!" he whimpered, his knees buckling as he sent a long milky rope splashing against the fabric.

Stacey's eyes widened even more as she witnessed her son using her bra to pump his load into. She was ashamed to feel her fleshy clit throb beneath it's domed hood and her nipples were so erect they felt like stones resting on the peaks of her tits. "He's ejaculating!!" her mind excitedly screamed.

She could smell his musky spunk from where she lay on the bed. It made her body tremble with a wicked thrill. She clenched her eyes closed. "No, just go back to sleep, Stacey!" she thought.

After coating the inside of her bra-cup with hot cum, the boy just held it there a moment, the soft silk against his glans felt really good. "Ok, I'll just put it back. My cum should be dry by morning, hopefully," he thought.

After putting it back where he found it, Charlie took one more look at his Mom's succulent ass, then retreated back to his room.

Stacey's eyes popped back open, realizing he was gone. She quickly sat up and looked straight over at the soiled bra he had placed back on the chair. Her heart was racing and the itch between her legs was almost unbearable. . "Lay back down!" the wholesome part of her brain told her.

"I will. I won't do anything inappropriate, I just wanna see it,"her horny, curious side answered back as she slipped off the bed.

With shaky hands, she lifted the bra and studied it's milky contents. The inside of the cup was plastered with boy-spunk. "I knew it! So much of it! God **HAS** truly gifted him."

Her nostrils flared, breathing in the aroma of hot baby-seed. Her mind swirled and her birthing-tube squeezed and contracted. The busty mother quickly put the bra back down, as if it were burning her hands. "Ok, curiosity satisfied, now go back to bed," she said to herself.

She turned back to her bed and sighed. "Thank you God, forgiving me the strength to do what's right. I pledge my resolve to be a wholesome wife and mother," she prayed.

She tried to move back onto the bed, but her overly-horny body had other ideas.

It was 4am and Stacey's children all still slept soundly. In the hot mother's bed, however, there was no rest to be had. Stacey was now completely naked, on her back in the center of her bed. Her knees were thrown up nearly to her shoulders, her thick smooth thighs bowed open as she rubbed her clitoris furiously.

"Ohhh-h-h-h!" she whimpered, her cute voice shivering lustfully and muffled by the big bra-cup masking her face. Her enormous knockers were spread out across her chest in big fleshy quivering mounds..Her nipples were thick and distended, leaking breast-milk that trickled across her wide areola.

Her thick naked buns bounced from the mattress, humping her cunt up around the imaginary cock that was pounding her senseless. Beneath the frantic stroke of her fingers, her large fleshy clitoris tingled and throbbed exquisitely.

With her other hand, she held the bra-cup to her face, cleaning out it's juicy contents with her long lapping tongue, while lustfully inhaling the scent of warm boy-spunk. "It's soo rich!"her frazzled mind shouted. "There's so much of it!"

She sucked some slimy spunk into her mouth and let her tongue play around in it, while panting excitedly. "Mmmmm," she whimpered, feeling it run down her throat. She knew she was out of control and a little tear of shame ran down her cheek, yet this didn't detour her from licking more slime from the material and stroking her cunt even faster.

"Sooo much sperm, but I knew there would be. He's been endowed with a whopping baby-maker, so of course there would be a lot of seed!" she thought.

She imagined her son standing there watching her masturbate while beating his dick wildly. "You're not the only one in this house with gifted sexual abilities!" she thought, imagining she were talking to her son, "We Moms can do things too!"

Stacey extended her luscious legs back, scissoring them wide open, pointing her sexy, dainty bare feet back at the headboard. She bobbed her ass up and down off the mattress in a horny rapid manner, making her boobies jiggle and roll on her chest. "We can squeeze and hum pour vaginas on you in ways you never dreamed of!"her mind bragged.

She felt her climax peak, making her back arch from the cushion, heaving her mammoth jugs upward. "Squirt our juices!!" her mind squealed. "All over your big wonderful penis!"

Susan grabbed the big double pillow and screamed into it as a juicy orgasm ripped through her middle-aged body. The long fluffy pillow reached from her head to her knees and she quickly latched her arms and legs around, humping wildly as if she were being fucked in the missionary position.

"Oohhh, Charlie!!" her brain cried, "Ohhh my baby, look what you do to me!"

She continued to stroke and hump and writhe for several minutes, before relaxing her lush body and letting out a big satisfied sigh. The guilt suddenly came flooding in and she felt extremely ashamed. Tears trickled down her cheeks as Stacey wept herself to sleep.

"I'm horrible!" Stacey sniffled as she sat next to Tina. They were both nursing their newborns, so each mom had one hefty boob hanging out of her maternity bra.

"You're not horrible. You're human," Tina said consolingly. "I'm a horrible human."

"You had a weak moment, Stace," Tina said, "God forgives those who acknowledge their wrong-doings."

"Charlie snuck in my bedroom and I liked it. I'm not suppose to like those things," she said, "Then I sucked up all his seed like a depraved whore."

Tina lowered her own head in equal shame. "Well, if it's any consolation...I haven't exactly been the model mother myself here lately."

Stacey fed her a confused look. "How so?" she asked.

Tina sighed, "Connor's been fingering me every day for the past two weeks." Stacey looked at her best friend in surprise, "Fingering

you?" she asked. "Yes, putting one or more fingers inside my vagina."

"I know what fingering is...I just... How did this start?" Stacey asked.

"We were just hugging one morning and the next thing I knew his hand was in my panties," she explained, "I was too weak to stop it, so it continued day after day until...well, here we are."

They exchanged a guilt-ridden look. "Do we stop them?" Stacey asked, "we should stop them, right?"

"Maybe if we just try to eliminate the situations that provide temptation, they'll move on to something more appropriate."

"How do we do that?" Stacey asked.

"Well, in my case, I could try to avoid hugs, when Connor and I are alone together," she suggested, "And when it comes to Charlie, well, maybe you could try locking your door at night."

"Good idea. I don't know if he'll try it again, but if he does, having the door locked will certainly keep something like that from happening again."

"Let's pray," Tina suggested. "If there was ever a time we needed God to give us wisdom and strength, it's now."

"Do you wanna lead us this time?" Stacey asked, taking her friend's hand.

"Sure.. God, we ask your forgiveness for the mistakes we've made. We've allowed our son's extraordinary good looks...large sex organs...and bountiful sperm-supply to lead us into temptation. We ask you to give us strength to resist their charms and be the wholesome, exemplary mothers you'd like us to be, amen."

"Amen." Stacey said.

Once she got home and put the baby down for a nap, Stacey found herself trying on different outfits. It wasn't until the third set of clothing that she realized she was doing it with her son in mind, as if subconsciously wondering which outfit he would approve of the most. "What am I doing? This is rediculous," she thought.

She decided to just go with the one she had on, which was a pair of snug gray yoga pants and a cute cami top. Stacey moved to her vanity and glanced at the clock. "A half-hour until he's home," she thought. She applied a little make-up, a couple sprays of sweet perfume and fluffed her pretty dark hair.

James walked through, hot and sweaty from mowing the grass outside. He gave his wife a wolf-whistle. "Look at you! Meeting someone for a hot date?" he asked.

"No, of course not," she giggled, "just thought I'd make a little extra effort in looking pretty for you today."

"Aww, babe, you look pretty every day," James said, starting the shower. "Thanks, so...I guess no lovemaking today," she commented sadly.

"Yeah sorry. Maybe we could lock ourselves in here tomorrow, while the baby's napping," James suggested.

"Maybe," she said, but with children at home it was highly unlikely.

Stacey sat on the edge of the bed and put on a pair of sexy four-inch heeled sandals, completing her outfit..She knew deep down that "looking pretty" for her husband's benefit was a lie. She had captured another set of eyes in the house and figured there was really no harm in looking her best for Charlie when he arrived home.

"Wow, Mom, you look great today?" Charlie said after he walked in the door. "Are you saying I look bad the other days?" Stacey joked.

"No, when it comes to **YOUR** looks, there is no such thing as a bad day." "Goodness, thank you honey," the hot mother blushed.

Charlie noticed the cami top had a deep neckline, allowing more cleavage than he was used to seeing exposed for his viewing pleasure.

At dinner the boy simply couldn't take his eyes off his gorgeous mom and her sexy choice of attire. Several times during the usual dinner-time banter, Stacey and Charlie's eyes would meet and linger for a few magical moments, before looking away.

After the meal, James excused himself to get ready for work and the children scattered, leaving Charlie alone in the kitchen with his mother. "How did you like dinner, honey?" the mother asked.

"Delicious," the teen answered, staring straight at her creamy tan cleavage.

She smiled sweetly. "Well it must have been. Your plate looks like it's been licked clean," she said. She stood from table and leaned over, taking his plate. "Nope, wait, you missed a spot," quothe said, the extended her thick tongue from her mouth and took a long wet lick across his plate.

The boy looked on in wide-eyed fascination. From his vantage-point, he could see every detail of the erotic lick, with her dangling tit-cleavage centered perfectly in the background.

"There, now it's clean," Stacey said with a cute giggled, then took their plates to the sink.

"THATwashot!"Charlie thought, watching his mom sashay towards the sink. Her gray yoga-pants fit like a second skin over her meaty

mommy-buttocks, allowing the teen to observe every every jiggle of her undulating ass cheeks.

While his mother usually looked great, tonight she looked especially ravishing. The sharp **CLICK..CLICK..CLICK** of her dainty heels drew Charlie's eyes to her sexy little feet. They were arched in a displayed manner in her sandals, which consisted of just a thin strap crossing her foot, just above her painted toes.

The boy reached down and squeezed the hardening muscle protruding from his lap. His newborn sister began crying from her baby seat, distracting him.

"Oh honey, would you mind holding her while I finish up these dishes?" Stacey asked.

"No problem mom," Charlie said, standing up, lifting his baby sister from her seat and rocking her in his arms.

Stacey peered over nonchalantly and wasn't surprised to find a bulge pushing Charlie's shorts out obscenely. "Certainly no surprise there. I don't know how he could possibly hide that thing," she thought.

After finishing up a little cleaning she stepped over to her two children and smiled sweetly. "She's hungry," Stacey commented, looking at her baby. Her next words carelessly left her mouth before she could stop herself. "You're dinner"s in Mommy's bra, isn't it sweetheart," she said to her little-one.

Charlie's cock flexed in his shorts. He secretly wished he could feast on her tits as well.. Stacey inwardly chided herself. "Dumb thing to say, Stacey! Really dumb!"

"Would you mind bringing her up to the nursery, honey, so I can feed her," she asked her son. "Not at all mom."

Charlie wasn't sure why she asked him to do this, since she could have just taken the baby herself, but he certainly wasn't complaining. Following his Mom through the house gave him a chance to admire that hot swaying ass some more.

"Rooms need to be clean before bedtime, I mean it," the mother shouted to her other children as they passed their rooms.

Charlie followed her into the nursery and stood there as his mom readied her items for nursing.

"Ok, now take the baby and send him on his way," she thought, "This isn't the time or the place for a boy's curious eyes."

Rather than listen to her righteous inner-side, Stacey peeled her cami top off without hesitation.

"Wow, wow, **WOW!!**" the teen silently exclaimed. His mom had on a sexy white maternity bra and the flesh of her milk-filled tits were spilling out all over the place. Through the delicate floral lace, he could faintly make out the the huge dark rings of her areola.

"Ok, all set," the mother said, her eyes glued to her son crotch as she stepped towards him.

Charlie was too entranced to even notice where her eyes were. He couldn't tear his own lustful gaze from her huge bra-clad knockers, which trembled heavily as she stepped up to him and took the baby. "Thanks, honey," she said.

"Anything else I can do to help?" he asked, wanting to stick around as long as he could. "Not unless your lactating," Stacey answered with a teasing wink..

"Hold on, let me check," Charlie joked, lifting his shirt and squeezing his nipple. "Nope nothing."

Stacey laughed, letting her eyes drift all over his lean chest. "If I squeezed my nipple like that I'd have milk shooting out all over the place."

She reached down to unfasten her bra-cup, but paused for a moment. "Are you crazy?! You can't do this with your son standing right there watching," she told herself.

She undid the clip anyway and let the enormous melon come spilling out. "Hogwash! I'm nursing a baby, not putting on some strip-tease show. This is perfectly natural. There's nothing sexual about it at all," she rationalized.

Yet her gawking boy was imagining that it was **HIS** mouth preparing to feast on her bounteous bosoms. Before his sister could latch on, he decided to add upon her earlier comment. "Would it really shoot out like that?"

"What?" Stacey asked, curiously looking back at him. "Your nipple. Would it really shoot out all over the place?"

She smiled, amused and intrigued by his interest. "A woman has as many as nine milk ducts surrounding her nipple, so yes, if I squeezed it, milk would would likely come squirting out in every direction," she giggled.

"Could I see that?" he bravely asked.

Stacey hesitated a moment. "Don't be a prude. Lactation is a natural process," she told herself.

"This isn't inappropriate. It's a teaching moment."

"Let me get your sister started with this one, then I'll show you on the other."

Charlie watched his Mom position the baby at her tit. Once she was hungrily feasting away, Stacey unfastened the other cup and the gawking teen watched the second boob bobble out heavily. "Whoa!" he inwardly sighed, amazed at the sheer enormity of her tits.

Stacey was equally enamoured by the size of her son's cock-bulge. She knew her clitoris was abnormally fat and began to wonder if she passed these "size" genes on to her son. "James was simply left out of the equation," she thought to herself. "Charlie and I are both extremely attractive, have unusually large endowments and we both have extremely high sex-drives. We were cut from the same cloth."

The mother glanced down at the floor at her feet. "Do you wanna kneel down where you can see it better?" she asked.

The boy happily obliged, kneeling down in front of her.

Stacey's heart raced as she hefted her big tit-melon, raising it up so that her stiff fleshy nipple-nub pointed straight at him. Her areola had hardened some as well, becoming a large thick dark circle of rubbery tissue, dotted with mammary-glans.

"Ready?" she asked with a cute smile. "Yep."

Cupping her boobs, she sunk her fingers into her swollen tit-meat. Her nipple puffed up and milk began squirting out in thick streams going every direction. Some even spouted from the end, spraying on to her son's chest.

"Whoa!" the teen exclaimed.

Stacey laughed. She didn't expect to soak him. "Oh my Gosh! Sorry honey," she said. "That's ok. Man you weren't kidding. The milk really squirts out everywhere."

"Told you," Stacey said.

"Can I taste some?" he brazenly ask.

Stacey's clitoris tingled. She looked towards the doorway, hoping her husband didn't walk by and see both her tits out. "Honey, the milk is for the baby and that really wouldn't be too appropriate," she replied.

"I understand," the boy said in a disappointed tone. "Dang, I should have just opened my mouth when you squirted it. I could have caught some."

Stacey laughed. "Try explaining that one to your father if he just happened to walk by," she said. "Yea, that might have been awkward," the teen said, standing back up.

Stacey's eyes immediately went to the erection pushing his shorts out. "Good heavens, I can see the shape of the tip bulging out. It must be incredibly hard," she thought.

Charlie noticed his mom checking out his bulge. He clenched his ass, making his hardon flex and stretch the fabric of his shorts even more. He was delighted to see her eyes widen and her mouth open slightly in awe. Then she glanced up at him shamefully.

"Stacey?" her husband called from down the hallway.

The mother quickly squeezed the tit she wasn't nursing with back in her bra. "Down here, honey," she answered back, then looked at her son. "Charlie, maybe you should um, head to your room for a bit," she said, glancing again at his boner, so he got the point.

"Oh, right, probably should," he muttered, then put his hands down over his hard dick in an attempt to conceal it while walking past his father.

Stacey had a conversation with her husband, but her mind was a million miles away. She had a lot of unanswered questions that

secretly intrigued her.

"Exactly how large is Charlie's manhood?" "How many sessions of masturbation a day does such a large meaty sex organ like his require?" "Will he visit my room to satisfy his penis again tonight?" "What if he knew **I WOULDN'T** wake up. How far would he dare to go??"

"Stacey?" her husband said, raising his voice to snap her from wonderland.

"Huh? Oh sorry, honey...I was just trying to remember something," she lied, showing a tinge of shame.

"I just asked if there was anything you needed before I left for work." "Oh, no, I think I'm good," she said with a sweet smile.

Later that night, Stacey got a text from Tina. "Don't forget to lock your bedroom door tonight. Good luck!" it read.

"Thanks! Will do," Stacey texted back, but had no intention of locking her door at all.

"I have small children," she said out-loud as if conversing with herself, "I can't just lock myself in my bedroom. I need the door open. If Charlie comes in, I'll just have to let him know it's not appropriate."

Even though she had made this resolve, she still found herself going through her drawers to find something super-sexy to wear to bed. She decided on a black chemise with a plunging neckline and hem that fell just barely below the crotch. She showered, shaving her lovely legs and all her delicate mommy-parts.

It was nearly ten-thirty when Charlie heard a gentle tap at his door. His younger brother was already fast asleep. "Hey hon," Stacey said,

poking her head in, "can I come in for a sec?"

"Sure Mom," the boy answered, putting his laptop aside.

Stacey stepped across the room on bare feet. The chemise looked absolutely stunning on her, showing off all of her silky-smooth legs. It had spaghetti straps with a long V neck, revealing huge bulging tit-cleavage.

"Wow, she's not wearing a bra!" Charlie thought. He could tell by the way her breasts jiggled and shifted about as she moved. He had never seen her look this amazing at bedtime.

The busty mother sat on the edge of his bed and looked at him, letting her eyes linger on his bare chest a moment. "I just wanted to say goodnight and ask for a favor," she said.

"Sure."

"I've been sleeping horribly the past few nights, so I'm gonna take a sleep aid tonight, see if it helps," she explained. Then the guilt suddenly kicked in. "Oh my Gosh, you're horrible! You're lying to your own son!" her inner voice screamed. "Not only that, you're lying in order to draw him into your bedroom like a cheap whore, so he can have his way with you while he thinks your sleeping!"

"Oh, ok, well thanks for letting me know," Charlie said, feeling like he could let out a mighty cheer.

"Yeah, well the reason I wanted to let you know is, whenever I take those, I'm extremely out of it," she said, "I mean, a marching band could probably go by and it wouldn't even wake me up."

"Holy shit, this is perfect!!" the teen thought.

"So if you happen to hear the baby crying, could you come in a dump a bucket of cold water on me or something," she joked.

"Really?"

She shook her head playfully. "I'm kidding of course, please don't dump water on me," she cutely begged.

Charlie giggled. "Don't worry, I won't do that. If the baby cries, I'll try to rock her back to sleep. If that doesn't work, I'll figure out some way to wake you up."

"Oh honey, you're an angel."

"Can I hug you goodnight?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. I'm your mother. Of course you can hug me goodnight," Stacey said, standing up. Charlie stood up also, displaying the boner that was lewdly tenting his boxers.

Stacey, of course, immediately hazed right at it. "Goodness gracious, he's always so hard down there!" she thought.

They embraced and her squishy boobs melted against his bare chest. Charlie let out a delighted sighed, holding their hug as long as he could.

"Goodnight, honey...and thanks again," the pretty mother said as she sashayed away. The boy loved the way his Mom's buttocks swayed when she walked. If the gown were an inch shorter, he'd get a peek at those succulent cheeks.

Stacey went to bed with her door wide open. As she lay ther, she mentally justified her actions.

"I'm only doing this because I'm curious about how far he'd actually go, if given the opportunity," she thought, "Of course I'd stop it if things got too heated."

Several times she would almost be asleep, when she'd hear a noise that would cause her eyes to pop open. It would end up being a false alarm, however, and soon she drifted off into real sleep.

Just after midnight, Charlie snuck down to his parent's bedroom. He wasn't surprised to discover his mom sound asleep, but he wondered if she was really resting as deeply as she said she would be. "Mom, are you awake?" he said, at a normal speaking level.

When he got no answer, Charlie sat on the edge of her bed. Stacey was resting on her back with the blankets pulled nearly to her neck. He shook her shoulder. "Mom?"

Stacey woke up, but didn't dare open her eyes. "It's Charlie! He's sitting right next to me," she said to herself. "Ok, don't move...and what ever you do, **DO NOT** open your eyes."

Satisfied that his mother in a deep sleep, Charlie stood from the bed and removed his boxers. His cock was already fully hard and wagging stiffly as he crawled back onto the bed.

The boy peeled the blanket aside, uncovering his Mom's lush, half-naked body. "Holy shit those legs...so Goddamn sexy!" he though, his heart racing with a wicked thrill. "I gotta feel them around me."

Stacey trembled nervously as she felt her son hook his arms under her thighs and maneuver himself down between them. "You should stop this now... before it gets out of hand," she thought.

Before she knew it, her boy was settled on top of her, crushing his hard cock against her panty-covered crotch. He held her lovely legs around his waist, running his hands along her smooth outer-thighs. She could hear his heavy excited breathing and she fought to regulate her own excited gasps.

"Soo beautiful," she heard her son softly mutter, as he brought his body flat on top of hers, crushing her tits against his naked chest.

Stacey's heart was racing. She felt like a virgin preparing to be taken for the first time all over again. She tightened her naked legs in an anaconda grip around her son's hips, making him freeze cautiously for a moment.

"Be still Stacey!" she screamed inside, sensing that her son was watching her face for any signs of her waking.

Charlie wedged his face between her chin and shoulder, planting tender kisses on her neck, while setting his hips in motion. "Ohh no Charlie, not my neck. Please don't do this!" she thought. Her neck was major pleasure-spot for her and she knew her son kissing it would break down what little defences she had.

The boy's huge hardon was right on target, the underside wedged between the puffy outer folds of Stacey's labium, with only the thin panty-fabric separating them. The mother bit her bottom lip, feeling the hard cock-muscle dig against her genitals. "Ohh my Goodness!" the mother's mind swirled lustfully. "Ohh my Goodness, it feels so big and powerful!

Charlie snarled in fuck-lust, his hands still gripping Stacey's strong mommy-thighs, while he dry-humped his cock against the gates of paradise. He ran his hands up her hips, underneath her bunched-up chemise and along her smooth midriff.

"He's going for my boobs!"Stacey told herself. "I should start moving around. This has gone far enough... too far in fact."

Charlie's hands slipped up onto his Mom's massive mammaries. He was amazed at how easy this was. Her body was showing no resistance whatsoever and very little movement for that matter. "And her legs are still squeezed around me and I'm not even holding them there. That's incredible!" he thought.

He sighed delightfully as his hands sunk in to the warm dough-like flesh of Stacey tits. "Her nipples are hard! Soo hard!" he excited

thought as he squeezed and pulled at her giant jugs.

He settled all his weight on her, sinking into her soft curvy body, rocking his hips in a faster rhythm, really digging his boner against her with everything he had. "Ohhh shit, I wanna fuck her so Goddamn hard!" his horny mind screamed.

Stacey's body trembled with arousal from her son's aggressive humping. "Ohh please God, help me!"her mind cried out. "Damn you James, this is your fault! A wife should never be left in her bed alone!"

Her big marital bed rocked and creaked from the power of her son's grinding humps. "Ohhh God, sooo fucking soooft!" the boy's brain whimpered, thrilled at the feel of Stacey's voluptuous body and the way he was able to just lay into it, without her showing the slightest signs of life.

The mother could feel her twat becoming a juicy grotto of pleasure. Every scrape her boy's boner against her hot engorged clitoris was sending waves of pleasure coursing through her big titted body. "This is wrong! What am I doing?! This is sooo wrong!" he mind screamed, yet she made no attempt to stop it.

Charlie brazenly humped at his mom's lush body, feeling his cock throb excitedly as dug through her pussy-crease.

Stacey struggled to contain her gasp as Charlie forcefully rolled them over, so he was now on bottom. She planted her knees astride his humping hips, keeping her full weight against him, doing her best to remain completely limp.

"He just flipped me over on top of him like a rag doll!" she excitedly thought. "Good grief, he is just sooo strong!"

"Ohhhyeah!" the boy sighed, clutching onto his mother, feeling her huge bobbling boobies jiggle all over him through the thin chemise,

while he pumped his prick up against her smothering cunt.

She felt her son's hands lifting the gown up, over her tits, forcibly shedding it from her body.

"What's he doing?!Oh my Lord, he's getting me naked!" the mother's brain panicked.

Stacey's huge bare-tits joggled all over the boy. The spongy softness of her tit-meat felt amazing to him, making his boner flex even harder against her pussy-mound. "Holy shit, I've never felt tits like this!" he thought.

The milk that trickled from her nipples and smeared again his chest reminded him of the feast that was contained inside these massive mommy-mounds. "**I WANNA SUCK!**"

He slid her chest up onto her face and latched his lips around one of her big pink nipples. The first hungry suck resulted in a mouth full of sweet nectar. "Mmmnnfff!" the boy mewled, lashing his wet licker up and down across the rubbery flesh of her engorged papilla, as his face sunk deeper into the meaty flesh of her boob.

Stacey nearly squealed in delight. She clenched her toes and began to pant heavily out her nostrils. The pleasure Charlie was giving her cunt and now her nipple was driving her absolutely insane. "Oohh please, Charlie! Ohhh good grief, you're too good at this honey!" her brain pleaded.

Warm tit-milk poured from a half-dozen milk ducts around Stacey's thick tumescent nipple as her son sucked and lapped and swallowed like a starving infant. "Ohhh my God, this is amazing!!" his young horny brain exclaimed, continuing to plow his prick up against her smothering cunt.

"Not now!!!Please not now!!!"Stacey silently cried out, as she felt a hot juicy climax rise toward a peak.

Unless she faked waking up, she would continue to be putty in her son's hands. She knew if she came she would shake and scream out, making it apparent that she was not unaware at all, but faking her slumber. "Good grief, get ahold of yourself! You need to stop this right now!" the angel on one shoulder told her.

However, the devil on the other shoulder had other plans. "Just a little longer! Your husband never gives you this type of pleasure. You know you're loving it!"

"Yesss!"Stacey answered, carried away in heated passion by the feel of Charlie's big hot cock-muscle plowing away at her dripping crotch.

The angel on her shoulder made one final stand. "Noo, you're not loving this! You're a married woman Stacey... a wholesome mother, not some whore for your son," the angel reminded her.

"Must stop!" Stacey reluctantly told herself, feeling as though she could explode in orgasm at any moment. If she didn't put an end to this now, she might lose all inhibition and let her son fuck her senseless.

Just as she were about to fake waking up, Charlie tossed her over onto her back. The mother's hefty tit-mounds wobbled heavily back and forth from the force of her landing on her back.

"What's he doing now??" she excitedly asked herself.

Charlie grabbed the hem of her tiny black panties and savagely pulled them down her shapely legs.

"Charlie no! Not my panties!! We can't!" her inner voice screamed.

The boy tugged them completely off, then grabbed her slender ankles, pulling her legs apart in a wide scissoring spread. Like a sex-crazed animal, his tongue hung from his mouth lustfully, while

staring at the splayed folds of Stacey's pussy. "I'mg onna fuck her! I'm gonna fuck mom!" he thought with horny resolve.

The teen crawled forward, his big eager dick wagging and throbbing with anticipation. He cupped her pussy and dug his fingers down inside her juice-slickened coral slit.

"Ohhhman, she's so wet and ready!" he thought.

Stacey clenched her eyes and gritted her teeth, feeling her son's fingers rubbing the big fleshy nub of her clitoris. "**OHHH DEAR GOD, THAT FEELS SOOOO GOOD!!**" her mind screamed.

She peeked her eyes open slightly and peered down to see her teen positioning himself between her legs. His large boy-spear was pointed straight at her pussy. It was so hard that the foreskin was pulled all the way back, exposing Charlie's big purple knob. The slit of his meatus drooled a big dollop of precum and it lowered from his knob like the drool of a hungry dog.

"Good heavens! His penis looks like it could split me in half!" she lustfully thought.

Such a lewd, yet thrilling site made Stacey's heart about leap out of her chest. Just when she thought she couldn't get any more turn-on, her teen grabbed one of her sexy feet and brought it to his mouth, stoking his dick while he sucked on her big toe.

"Wow! Where did he learn to do that??" she silently exclaimed, nearly cumming on the spot.

"Mmmm, Mom's pretty little feet. So fucking sexy!" the boy thought, rolling his tongue around her toe. "I'm gonna keep them hooked around me while I pound the juice out of her cunt!"

Charlie bent her knees way back, level with her shoulders, bowing open her smooth thighs and lowering himself between them.

Stacey felt the fat flaring head of his prick prod at her pussy, trying to get lined up with the juicy mouth of her vagina. It bumped her swollen clitoris, making her body tremble internally. "This is wrong! Do something!!" her indecisive brain screamed.

Rather than fake waking up, Stacey heaved her big jugs upward, pressing her arms against the sides, making them squeeze together. Her erect nipples puffed up and long trickles of breast milk began spraying from the tips of her mammaries. "I'll distract him," she thought.

Distract him she did. Charlie froze and gazed down at the big milk-fountains. His eyes widened, mesmerized at the numerous ropes of spraying breast-milk. He licked his lips lustfully, watching some of the sweet white nectar flow down into the enormous canyon between her boobs.

"Ohh yes!" he hissed out-loud, climbing up and straddling his Mom's torso. He clutched her boobs along the spongy sides and speared his cock between them.

"Oohhh, Goddamn!!" the boy's horny brain groaned, feeling his erection glide through the warm soft pocket of tit-meat.

Stacey peeked out her slitted eyelids and found herself face to face with her teen's huge shiny knob. It repeatedly peeked from her smothering cleavage as he fucked her tits steadily.

"He's still enjoying my body, but this is the lesser of two evils," she thought, justifying her actions.

Her eyes studied his cock-knob dreamily, each time it made it's appearance. "It's just so big and beautiful," she confessed.

Many times when the boy reared his cock back, the fat knob would slip back into the surrounding sheath of his foreskin. Then, on that

forward thrust his glans penis would expand out fully, his huge shiny tip nearly poking his Mom in the face.

"Ohhhh!" she heard her son sigh in delight.

She peeked at his drooling piss-slit, knowing that his milky seed would soon be squirting her directly in the face. "Maybe this is my place in life," she thought. "Perhaps this is what God wants for me. Maybe this is what he intended for all mothers to be. To birth, to raise and nurture our boys... and to be vessels of sexual pleasure for them, to keep them from engaging girls his own age in premarital intercourse."

Charlie pressed his Mom's tits together even tighter, creating greater friction around his cock.

Slick with breast-milk, his meaty member fucked her snug cleavage like a pussy. The fatty outer layer of breast-meat moulded around the contours of his plunging pink boner, causing his sensitive nerve-endings to sizzle exquisitely.

"Ohhh yesss!" the boy moaned.

His knob had just disappeared back into her tit-crease, when Stacey saw a big gob of bubbling spunk spout out from between her boobs. She knew she was about to get her face painted. "Here we go!" she thought, with an anxious thrill.

Sure enough, her son's peter-tip popped out and sent a big milky rope right across her lips.

"Ohhggff!" Charlie whimpered. He tried to time the pulses of ejaculate so that he could get as much cum on his Mom's pretty face as possible.

Stacey was amazed by the amount that her son was squirting on to her. Rope after rope of hot boy jizz was splashing against her face,

coating her with ball juice. "Soooo much!!" her mind swirled. "How can there be so much?!"

The site and smell and feel of her boy's baby-batter squirting onto her face made her cunt erupt into it's own mind-blowing orgasm. It was all she could do to keep her face from grimacing in pleasure.

The climax shot through Stacey's body like an electric current. Her sexy little feet pointed down, her painted toes spreading apart as her legs trembled violently. Luck for her, Charlie was still busy milking his own organ between her tits to even notice.

Once they had both settled down from their mutual orgasms, Charlie looked down at her cum-plastered face in a panic. "Oh shit, I can't leave this mess. I gotta clean her up and get her dressed," he thought.

It was quite the feat and he was amazed she hadn't woken up from it, but he managed to get her face wiped off and night-clothes back on.

"He's so sweet!" his mother thought. "I can't believe he's taking the time to make things exactly the way they were."

"What if God wants us to have sex with our sons?" Stacey asked Tina, the next morning as they had coffee.

Tina looked at her like she was completely crazy. "You didn't lock your door last night, did you?" she asked.

"Charlie and **I DID NOT** have intercourse."

"Ok, so what **DID** you do?" Tina asked, raising an eyebrow. "Well...I didn't do anything, but Charlie, he..."

Stace, if you did nothing, then you did something. You let him have his way with you, didn't you?" Tina asked.

"Yes. I mean...no. Well, sort of," Stacey stammered. "What did he do?"

Even in front of her best friend, Stacey seemed a tad embarrassed. "He put his penis between my breasts and sprayed his ejaculate onto my face."

Tina burst out laughing.

"What? Why are you laughing?" Stacey asked. "No, seriously...what happened last night?"

Stacey said nothing, just shook her head and rolled her eyes.

Tina suddenly got a serious look. "Oh my Gosh, you're serious, aren't you?"

"Of course I'm series. If I hadn't distracted him with my boobs, he would have done a lot worse." "Ok, but how long before it is 'a lot worse'...tonight, tomorrow night?" Tina asked.

"What if this is God's will?" Stacey suggested. "Come again?"

"What if God wants us to help our sons this way. Our boys have needs...and they're not suppose have sex before marriage. What are they suppose to do?"

"Ok, but having sex with **US** kinda falls under that "sex before marriage" category, doesn't it?"

"It's not really the same though. We're their mothers. Maybe God not only wants us to provide for them in every way, but in...**EVERY SINGLE WAY**," Stacey explained.

"Stace, I don't remember reading about that anywhere in the bible."

"Well, that's not true. I mean, maybe it wasn't taught, but Eve was the first woman. Doesn't that mean she would have had sex with her son to populate the earth?" Stacey said, grasping at straws.

Tina giggled. "I doubt that's how it worked. Besides, even if it did, that was a gazillion years ago, over in the Middle-East somewhere. Those rules don't apply today."

"How do we know they don't," Stacey asked. "Maybe it's one of our duties as a mother to be vessels of pleasure for our sons?"

"Vessels of pleasure?"

"Yes, a sort of...sexual surrogate, until they're married."

Tina sighed, shaking her head. "Even if it were God's will, do you really think it would fly with our husbands?" she said. "There's no way James would let you have sex with Charlie."

Stacey shrugged her shoulders. "We're making sacrifices. Maybe our husbands will just have to make sacrifices also."

Tina smiled. "Yeah, well, let me know how that turns out," she joked. "I'm worried enough about my husband finding out that I sucked Gabe's penis."

"Wait, what? When did you suck on Gabe? I thought he was just feeling you up?"

"About an hour ago, after his father left, Gabe put his hand in my panties, like he normally does," Tina explained, "then, out of nowhere, he grabbed my shoulders and pushed me down to my knees in front of him."

"Did he force you to suck on him?"

Tina looked at her bestie a bit shamefully. "No...not exactly." Stacey sighed. "And you weren't gonna tell me this?" she asked. "I just did, didn't I?"

There was a short pause in the conversation as they each reflected on their own transgressions. "Your theory makes sense, or else why would something so wrong feel so right?" Tina said.

"Maybe it's because it just simply **IS** right and we've been falsely seeing it as wrong this whole time."

Charlie was still flabbergasted that he was able to pull off what he did last night without his mom waking up. His only regret was not fucking her, even though the experience of fucking his Mom's mammoth tits and blowing his wad all over her pretty face **WAS** pretty damn incredible.

"Mom, are you home?" he shouted, arrive back from school. "In the nursery honey," he heard her say.

The boy knew it was another free pass to see her boobs, maybe even get squirted with tit-milk again. He went upstairs and stopped in the nursery doorway.

"How did school go?" Stacey asked.

Charlie was surprised to see her draped in only a tiny white towel, her smooth lovely legs on full display. "Good, um, just the normal stuff.' he said.

She caught him gawking at her body. "Sorry, I was about to take a shower, but your sister needed changed," she lied.

"That's ok, it's not like your naked or anything."

"True, only about eighty-five percent naked," she joked, making them laugh. "That's ok, I don't mind," the boy confessed.

"Why **IS** that?"

"Why is what?" he asked, even though he thought he knew what she meant. "Why don't you mind seeing me eighty-five percent naked?

"Oh, um...well, that sort of thing really doesn't bother me I guess."

"I see," she said, then flashed him a flirty little smile, "so it's not because you think I'm hot?"

Charlie was caught off guard. He'd never really had a conversation with his mother like this, but of course it excited him. "I do think you're hot," he blushed.

"Well, you certainly thought I was hot in the dream I had last night." "Dream?" he nervously asked.

"Yeah, it was quite the steamy one," Stacey said. "I had a dream that you and I were alone in my bed."

"Oh, um...what were we doing?"

His mom fed him the naughtiest look he'd ever seen from her. "Do you really wanna know?" she asked.

"Sure," the boy muttered, his heart pumping fast.

Stacey turned towards him, placing her hands on her hips. Her boobs ballooned outward, her stiff nipples clearly visible through the towel. "First we were kissing..." she said, slowly stepping towards him, "then we started undressing each other..."

Charlie's dick was now at full mast, tenting his shorts out. He listened with excitement as his mom continued speaking, slowly

closing in on him.

"Once we were naked, you crawled between my thighs and bent my knees back," Stacy said in a seductive manner, then she paused just in from of him, "then we had some **VERY** intense sexual intercourse."

"Wow," Charlie muttered, with a slight look of guilt, but he was mostly aroused. Stacey smiled, staring into his eyes. "Good thing it was just a dream huh?" "Yeah, good thing."

"It was probably just those sleeping pills I took. I heard they could give people crazy dreams," she said, "but they worked well, so I'm definitely taking more of them tonight. I might even double the dose."

Charlie cheered inside. "Yess! Music to my ears," he thought. "I"m definitely gonna be balls-deep in Mom's pussy tonight."

She stared him in the eyes, her lips curling into a mischievous grin. "I guess I should be prepared for more of those naughty dreams right?"

"At least you'll have a good night's sleep," her son reminded her.

"Ha, I haven't had a goodnight's sleep since your father started those over nights. Partly your fault, young man, but mostly your fathers. Husbands should never leave horny wives unattended, she thought. "Thank goodness for naps."

"Well, I should probably feed your sister," Stacey said, looking back at the squirming infant in the crib. "Hungry girl needs Mommy's nipple."

While her head was turned, Charlie peered down at her massive cleavage. The towel looked like it could pop off her body at any moment and he wished it would. He got his wish, but it didn't fall off

accidentally. Stacey reached up, untied her covering, then lowered it and tucked it around her waist.

"Holyfuck!"Ryan inwardly exclaimed, his mouth falling open as he found himself staring at his Mom's huge naked tits.

"I hope you're not embarrassed watching me nurse," Stacey said, walking over and picking the baby up. "It's a natural thing, so there's no shame in it. Besides, with the towel's tied at my waist I'm still only eighty-five percent naked," she said with a wink.

Charlie smiled. "That's true."

The boy would have been perfectly content standing there with an obvious boner, watching her nurse, but then his dad walked in. "Whoa! What is this a topless bar in here?" James said.

Stacey giggled. "We were just talking while I nurse the baby."

James glanced at his wife's huge naked knockers as she sat down in the rocker. "Maybe when your top's on would be a better time for a discussion, you think?" he said.

"James, I'm nursing. Don't try to make this into something inappropriate," his wife chided.

"Stacey, there's a difference between carefully slipping your breast out of your clothes and being full-on topless. Charlie doesn't need to see that."

Stacey scowled, "Ha, neither do you apparently. You haven't paid attention to them in days."

Feeling awkward, Charlie slowly crept to the door, doing his best to conceal his boner from his father's view. "I think I'm gonna go outside for a bit."

When he was gone, James glared at his wife. "I know this shift is an adjustment for everyone, but I told you, we'll try to find some times to be intimate during the day," he said.

"How?! James, we have five kids who are all over this house during the day," Stacey said, "the time for intimacy is at night, but obviously that was the farthest thing from your mind when you committed to that shift."

James frowned in guilt. "Honey, I'm sorry. I can't back out of the shift now. I'm a manager, so those workers would get into all sorts of mischief at night without a supervisor there."

"Fine! Well, guess what, you're wife and son are getting in to all sorts of mischief at night while you're not **HERE**, but you have only yourself to blame,"she thought.

"How 'bout we get you mother to watch the kids at her place this weekend," James suggested, "We'd have the house all to ourselves."

Stacey faked a smile. "Sounds like it could be fun," she muttered.

"And will you please do me a favor?" James asked. "Will you tell Charlie to stay out of here while you're nursing. He doesn't need to see your boobs."

Stacey inwardly giggled. "Wouldn't you freak out if you knew he had his hard penis thrusting between these boobs last night,"s he thought.

Later that evening Charlie was getting a drink from the kitchen when he heard a voice behind him. "Nice butt."

He turned to see his Mom standing in the doorway checking him out. He couldn't believe what she was wearing. "Holy fucking shit!" his brain exclaimed.

Stacey was standing there in a sexy pose, wearing only a black transparent lingerie robe and nothing else. Her huge breast were clearly visible through the thin mesh and jutted out obscenely. Even her crotch was bare, revealing the V of her mons. She was thrilled by the way her son was soaking in her nearly naked displayed. "You said you didn't mind seeing me eighty-five percent naked, so I figured you wouldn't mind seeing me ninety-five percent naked either," she said with a flirty giggle.

Charlie didn't realize his mouth was hanging open as he shook his head. "I don't mind at all. A hundred percent would be even better."

"Would it now?" she asked, gazing him in the eyes.

"Yeah, but I'm not gonna press my luck," hs said, making Stacey laugh.

"Well, never be afraid to press your luck," she said, subtly trapping her boobs between her arms and making them balloon outward. "When you do, you never know what might happen."

"I'll try to remember that," the boy said.

"So, I'm going to bed and I'm doubling up on those sleeping pills. So if your sister wakes up..." "I can handle it, Mom. You just focus on your rest."

She smiled warmly, then stepped towards him.

Charlie swallowed hard, glancing down at the huge tit-mounds that bobbled just beneath the see-through robe. The Lynda Carter look-alike placed her hands against his upper chest, gently stroking him while gazing at him with those alluring eyes. "You're a sweetheart, you know that?"

"Thanks," he blushed.

"Do you know what I want more than anything?" she asked lovingly.

"What?"

She brought her lips to his ear, pressing her squishy jugs against his bare chest. "To see you in my dreams again tonight," she seductively whispered, making the boy's heart skip a beat.

She kissed his cheek, then sashayed away. The site of her naked buttocks swaying seductively beneath the lingerie-robe made him so fucking aroused he could hardly stand it.

Waiting until it was a safe time to sneak into her room was the hardest thing Charlie had ever done. He wanted so badly to beat his dick to what he had just witnessed in the kitchen, but decided to wait it out and fuck her with every ounce of energy he had.

Stacey also grew restless from waiting. She had no doubt in her mind that she'd be getting screwed silly tonight and the anticipation was killing her.

"It God's will," she told herself. "My divine purpose is to provide pleasure for my son."

Her phone chimed and she read a message from her husband. "Love you so much. Can't wait for this weekend!"

She didn't as answer it. At that moment, she could care less about the weekend, or her husband for that matter. All her thoughts were on tonight and the royal fucking she was about to receive from her son.

"I wonder how Charlie will take me? Missionary? Doggy-syle? No, probably not doggy. I'd have to be able to hold myself up. Can't do that if I'm suppose to be sleeping," she thought.

Charlie finally crept out of bed around midnight and made his way to his parent's bedroom. The door was wide-open. "Wide-open, just like Mom's legs will be soon," he excitedly thought.

He closed her door behind him. One thing he hadn't considered before was one of his younger sibling walking in and catching him. "That would be bad!" he thought.

He looked down at his Mom's pretty face as she slept and the form of her body beneath the covers as he removed his boxers, releasing his rock-hard cunt-splitter. "Time to fuck her!" he anxiously thought.

The boy peeled back the cover and just as he thought she was completely naked.

Stacey breathed heavily out her nose, trying to keep her composure as she felt her son crawl onto the bed with her. "This is it. Here he comes!" she thought, curious to know exactly what his first move would be.

"Mom, are you awake," she heard him ask.

"No, I'm asleep honey. Have your way with me!" Stacey said in her mind.

Charlie grasped his Mom by her ankles and bowed her sex tan legs back into a wide spread. His eyes zero'd in on her mature cunt. "Look at that!" he thought, his tongue nearly hanging out.

Stacey's pussy was moist and ready. Her slippery cunt lips were wantonly unfurled and her son gazed up into the rosy inner flesh that was glistening with the oily juices of her lust. The beautiful mother's swollen clit was protruding from its hooded cover, looking like a gleaming pink pearl just waiting to be devoured.

Needing no urging, Charlie crawled up between her widely splayed thighs. He reached down and grasped his thick fuck-shaft, then

guided the big purple knob to the mouth of her vagina.

Stacey felt his thick knob starting to press between the slippery flesh of her juicy cunt lips. She could feel her horny slit stretching to accommodate the big prick that was sinking so deliciously inside of her.

"Ohh my heavens, I've never had one nearly this big!"she anxiously thought. "It's like I'm a virgin all over again."

"Ohhh hot damn!" The boy's mind cheered and he shivered with rapture as he felt her soft, hot cunt closing around his hard meat, coating it with slippery fuck-oil.

"Damn, what a pussy!!" his brain exclaimed, feeling his tender cock sinking deeper and deeper into the warm folds of her squeezing cuntal flesh.

"Ohhh heaven help me, I've never felt anything like this inside me!" Stacey excitedly thought. The delicious pressure of Charlie's muscled erection pressing out against the stretched walls of her fuck-channel sent thrill after thrill surging through her body.

Finally reaching full penetration, the boy lay perfectly still, savoring the feel of his Mom's hot cunt-tube deliciously sheathing the length of his throbbing boner.

He gripped her outer-thighs tight, holding them around his hips, bringing all his weight down on top of her as he started fucking frantically. "I'm gonna fuck you to the moon and back, Mom!" the boy thought as he pounded into her.

"Ohhhh yesss!" Stacey's mind screamed, as the frenzy of her son's fucking increased. She instinctively began slamming her loins up to meet every deep thrust of his wonderful boner.

Charlie was laying it to her with long sweeping strokes, drawing back until only the tip of his prick remain in her before drilling back in. Again and again he fucked his hard meat into the scalding hotness of her juicy clinging twat, feeling his balls slapping against the soft flesh of her luscious mommy-ass.

"Ahhhh, fuck yeaaah!" the boy audibly whimpered, clutching his Mom's thick naked buttocks.

Her huge sloshing tits were leaking all over him, applying a slick glossy layer of milk on his chest.

Her legs were still folded around him and he hammered his hips between her smooth thighs with animal-like intensity, making the bed rock and creak..

Stacey had never been fucked this wildly before. Charlie was making her marital sex with his father seem almost laughable by comparison. Her entire gorgeous body tingled and throbbed as she rose towards what she knew would be a mind-blowing climax.

"He'll know,"she frantically thought. "I'm a screamer! When I orgasm he'll know I'm faking this wholething!"

Charlie increased his cunt-fucking tempo, pounding her squeezing pussy with jarring thrusts. Stacey felt his knob punching the juicy head of her cervix, over and over, igniting nerve ending she never even knew she had. "Oohhhnoo, I'm gonna cum soo hard!" her brain screamed.

It wasn't how she wanted him to find out the he was fucking a fully conscious mother, so she made her secret known vocally.

"Yesss! Fuck me, Charlie!!" she cried out, tightening her strong legs around his humping torso.

At first the boy thought it was his imagination, but then he realized what he'd heard was his mother's actual voice. This was, however, no time to ask questions. His balls were itching for release and could feel his Mom's cunt-tube tightening up around him, a sure sign that she too was about to cum.

He fucked like his life depended on it, hammering his hardness through the juicy ribbed lining of her muscled cock-harness. "Ohhhyess, baby, I'm cuummiinnggg!!" the sexy mother sang.

The teen could feel her hot slick cuntal sheath squeezing and sucking deliciously around the meaty thickness of his swollen dong as it drilled in and out. "Ohhh God!" he cried out, feeling his knob tingle exquisitely in his Mom's juicy grip.

"Ohhh God, I love you, Mom!" Charlie groaned as big spurts of ball-juice began pouring into Stacey's juicy-burbling cunt.

"I love you, Charlie! she shouted, then squealed from the intense pleasure she was feeling.

Stacey feverishly pounded her loins up against him in the wild throes of her uninhibited orgasm. "Uuuhhggh!! Uuuunnhhgg!!" she screamed, praying she didn't wake her other children.

Slamming her hips up from the bed, she lifted him into the air with her as she was struck with the hardest cum of her life. Clinging to the wildly bucking beauty beneath him, Charlie continued pounding his hard prick into her, letting her clutching pussy squeeze every drop of jizz from his load.

When James didn't receive a text back from his wife he figured it was because she was fast asleep. Nothing was farther from the truth. In his marital bed, his wife was happily cheating on him. Stacey's knees were planted astride Charlie's hip, her thick ass-meat rippling as it beat against his crotch.

"Ohhh yess, Mom!" her boy whimpered, feeling his tender hardon thunder up and down her hot slick birthing-tube.

Most women would have loosened up after having five children, but not Stacey. Her cunt was as snug as it was when she was her son's age, but having to push so many babies out had given incredibly strong cuntal muscles. Her pink pussy-cavity squeezed up and down his muscled shaft, massaging it in a tight slick grip of rubbery ridges.

Laying under his Mom while she rode his cock provided Charlie with the most amazing view he'd ever seen. Stacey's king-sized titties leaped up and down her chest, providing quite the show.

The milk-filled melons beat heavily against her lower torso, sweet nectar dripping from her aroused teets.

The pretty mother gazed down lustfully at her boy between her wildly bouncing boobs. "Thrust your hips Charlie!" she gasped. "Meet my humps!"

The boy pushed his hips from the bed, timing his pumps so their genitals smacked together, screwing her labial lips around his cock-hilt.

"Yess! Like that. Ohhh my gosh, you're so incredible at this!" she cried out. "You think so?" Charlie panted.

"Ohhh Charlie, yess! You have the type of hard penis that women dream of!" the mother confessed, bouncing up and down tirelessly. "And the way you move your hips... wait..." Stacey said, then suddenly stopped as if remembering something.

"What?" Charlie asked.

"Charlie I saw you masturbating in your father's van, in the garage the other day." "You did?"

"Yes, you're not in trouble," she said, "I know that every boy needs a private spot to do those things. What I noticed though was the way you were moving your hips while you stroked your penis. You were thrusting them very, **VERY** fast."

Charlie felt her cunt-grip quiver around his boner. "I was," he asked.

"Yes, you were. Do you think you could do that now...with me on you like this?" "Sure," the boy said with a cocky smile. "Do you want me to start doing it now?"

Stacey gulped anxiously, knowing he was about to make this amazing fuck even better. "Sure," she timidly muttered.

Charlie's hips set in motion, bobbing up and down rapidly, digging his pussy-pleaser through the deepest regions of Stacey's pussy.

"Ohhhh baby!!" his mother wailed, her entire body bouncing up and down as if she was straddling a quickly trotting horse.

"Ohh wow, mom, your tits!" the boy said in a delighted tone, watching her huge dangling jugs jiggle and quiver, milk-droplets raining down on him.

"Ohhh Charlie, this feels sooo good!" Stacey cried, her pretty face masked in pleasure. "Come down on top of me Mom. I'll hump even faster."

His mother didn't hesitate, dropping down on top of him. Charlie threw his arms around her, peeking up from between her warm smothering cleavage. "Ohhhh yeeaah," his voice trembled as he jackhammered his prick up through her juicy cunt-hole.

This position blanketed Charlie's upper-half in pounds of meaty tit-flesh. He squeezed his hand between their humping bodies, hefting one of his Mom's boobs, maneuvering her nipple to his mouth.

"Yess! Suck me honey," Stacey cried, tightening her cunt-muscles..

"Mmnnfff!" the boy mewled, as his face sunk into her meaty tit-melon. Warm tit-nectar squirted around his licker as it danced with her fat rubbery nipple.

Even while sucking her milky tit, Charlie kept his hips moving at a rapid steady pace, making Stacey's pussy turn to cream. "Ohh! Ohhh!!! Ohhhhhhh!!" the mother's sexy voice cried out in ecstacy. "Cuuuminnngg!"

Charlie felt hot girl-cum swirl around his womb-pounding boner. Coupled with the grip of hot quivering cunt-tissue, the feel of his Mom's juicy excrement made his knob tingle and a surge of intense pleasure shot through his young body.

The boy's orgasmic cry was muffled by his Mom's big squishy boob. "Mmmnngggfff!!"

Writhing and screaming on top of him, Stacey's eyes were rolling crazily around in her head, her body wildly convulsing as she violently slammed her hips up against him, meeting Charlie's rapid pumps, while feeling his hot boy-spunk splash against the back wall of her pussy.

Charlie kept pumping, while slurping at her tit, until he'd emptied the last of his jism into her hotly sucking slit. They lay there in a sweaty sticky heap for the longest time. When the boy's thick limp prick finally slipped out of her with an obscene **POP**, his mom rolled over onto her back. .

"Oh, Charlie," she sighed, a blissful expression on her lovely face. "I've never enjoyed anything as much as that."

"Neither have I," said the boy, "That was fantastic."

Stacey suddenly realized she really hadn't given him a lovers kiss yet, so she quickly rolled over so her boobies pressed against him and locked lips in a fiery French kiss. "Mmm, my Goodness, a good kisser too!" she exclaimed in a horny tone, "Is there anything you're not good at?"

The boy smiled with pride. "Sorry, I didn't mean for you to wake up earlier," he said.

Stacey's face hovered over his. "First of all, don't be sorry. I loved it and would have been extremely disappointed if I knew I slept through sex like that," she confessed. "Second, I have to be honest...I was never really asleep at all, Charlie."

The boy's face filled with shock. "Not last night either?"

"Not last night, or the night before that. I was awake for everything and I loved every second of it," she admitted.

"Really?" the boy said, trying to wrap his head around the fact that his own Mom was as in to him as he was in to her..

"Really," she said with a satisfied smile. "What girl wouldn't have loved every second of it. You're amazingly handsome and you have the longest, thickest penis I've ever seen," she said, glancing down at it.

"Thanks," the boy blushed.

She gazed him in the eyes. "You use it incredibly well too," she said with look of adoration. "Which is what had me worried and why I decided to let you use **MY** body for sexual pleasure."

"What do you mean?" Charlie asked.

"God wants you to save yourself for marriage honey. A boy like you will be bombarded with attractive females who'll tempt you to have

sexual relations with them," Stacey explained. "By using **MY** body to satisfy all of your sexual urges, you'll be able to resist the harlots of this world and follow the plan God has for you."

"So this...wasn't just a one time thing?"

Stacey giggled. "Oh heavens no, honey. We'll be having sexual intercourse every night. Well, as long as you understand and agree with my reasons for us doing this," she said.

"Of course I understand and I'd be crazy not to agree mom."

"We'lll have to careful and lock the door, but I think you should start sleeping with me at night," she suggested. "That way we can have intercourse as many times a night as you feel you need."

Charlie felt like he should pinch himself. "I'm not dreaming. Mom really wants me to fuck her whenever dad's not around. This is fucking crazy cool!" he thought.

Her eyes were wide with lust. "And we can be as wild as you want. If there's something you want, just ask me."

There is actually something..." Charlie said, a little smile forming on his face.

A few minutes later he was still laying on the bed, but propped on his elbows watching Stacey's pretty head bob up and down on his crotch.

"Ohh yes, mom. You suck it soo good," the boy panted. "Mmmnn," the mom replied, her mouth packed full of cock-meat.

Charlie stared down at the beautiful mother who was sensuously licking his hard knob. The inexperienced youth was trembling like a leaf as he lay there getting head from an experienced cock-sucker.

He'd heard and dreamed about blow-jobs all his life, but these were the first lips that had ever touched his prick.

His knob popped like a cork from Stacey's mouth. "Do you like this honey?" she whispered up to him, "do you like the way Mom's sucking on your meaty penis?"

"God, yes," the youth panted. "It feels fantastic."

He watched his Mom's long pink tongue fly all over his knob with expert licks. As she continued licking the sensitive head of his cock, she reached up between his legs with one hand and began caressing his big cum-bloated balls.

"Ohh yess," the boy sighed.

He feasted his eyes on her huge dangling jugs. They wobbled heavily back and forth from the motion of her vigorous sucking.

"Your large lady-pleaser is so fun to suck on honey," she whispered, momentarily pulling her lips away from his prick.

Her soft warm fingers deliciously encircled his thick, throbbing shaft as she passionately stroked it. She could feel his huge boner throbbing madly against her palms as her talented fingers worked the tightly stretched foreskin up and down over his swollen meat.

She giggled, looking it up and down. "It makes your father's penis seem so tiny," she said.

Charlie's excitement was suddenly increased a hundred fold when Stacey's hot sucking lips closed around his knob. Then, giving him a little teasing smile, she'd deliciously tickled his sensitive knob with the tip of her tongue until she almost blew his mind.

She stroked his cock while sucking it, rolling the layer of foreskin over his knob, then worming her tongue inside the fleshy sheath,

looping her licker wetly around and around his glans.

"Ohhh wow mom, I like that a lot!" he exclaimed.

"Then I'll do it alot.," she said, taking more wet licks, "that and **SOOO** much more."

The skill cock-sucker beat his dick into her mouth, while lashing her tongue all over the tender pink meat of his hard cock.

"Ohhh mom! Ohhh hot damn, I'm gonna cum!" he announced.

The hot spunk poured out of Charlie's meatus in big milky spurts and Susan kept sucking, determined to slurp every drop and swallow it down before stopping. She took the entire length of his lusty boner into her hot mouth.

"Ggnnff!" she gagged, but kept her lips and nose mashed into the base of his thick cock, forcing it deeper and deeper into her throat.

"Ohhhh!" Charlie wailed in delight.

Stacey tightened her lips and continued sucking and swallowing until she'd completely drained his thick manhood.

James continued working the overnight shift, but his wife was ok with that. Her dream lover shared her bed at night and their passion knew no bounds.

One year later, Stacey and Tina were on all-fours side by side on Stacey's bed. Their sons were positioned behind them, pounding their hard dicks through the grip of their mom's cunts.

"Have you and Charlie talked about names for the baby?" Tina asked.

Stacey rubbed her massive fully-developed baby-ball. Tina had one too. The two mother's were so big and pregnant they looked like they could give birth at any moment. Their enormous milk-swollen knockers swung wildly as the hung down.

"I like Isabella, but Charlie's not quite sold on that one yet," she said. "I'm sure he can be persuaded," Tina said with a naughty smile.

Charlie and Connor pumped their hips in perfect form, their crotches smacking wetly against the persperationed-sheened globes of their mother's meaty asses.

Their cocks were rock-hard, thundering through the juicy grip of cuntal flesh.

The boys marveled at the site of Stacey and Tina's naked bodies bent over in front of them, their huge pregnant tits wobbling, their thick peach-shaped asses rippling as they pounded back against their midsection.

"That's an awesome view right there!" Connor panted.

"You got that right!" Charlie said with a satisfied smile, giving his friend a high-five.

THE END

Mom's Favorite Sex Toy

By Klrxo

"What's bothering you, Christy?" asked Tina, noticing her friend's frustration as they watched their sons play baseball.

"It's nothing important, really," Christy replied, fiddling with her glasses.

Tina raised an eyebrow. "I know that look, and it screams 'sexually frustrated'. What's going on with James?"

Christy let out a nervous laugh, feeling her cheeks redden. "He's been so focused on work lately. Our sex life is practically non-existent."

"We all have our ups and downs in the bedroom. You're not alone in that."

"I know, I try to remind myself of that. But sometimes it feels like I was just born with a high sex drive," she joked.

Tina chuckled, shaking her head. "Well, if James isn't satisfying you, maybe it's time to take matters into your own hands."

"Oh, trust me, I have."

"They do make things that can make it more interesting, you know," Tina noted.

"I don't know... I've never... you know…"

"Never used a toy?" Tina finished for her with a mischievous grin.

"I've fooled around with objects when I was younger, but never anything made for that particular purpose," Christy confessed.

"Maybe it's time to step out of your comfort zone," Tina suggested, her eyes glinting with excitement.

"You mean like…purchasing a sex toy?" Christy awkward asked.

"Exactly. If James won't satisfy your needs than why not purchase a little something to help yourself out," Tina winked, her tone encouraging and supportive.

"Alright, fine. I'll consider it," Christy agreed, trying to sound more confident than she felt.

"Great! There's a store downtown that has a wide selection of toys. We can go together this weekend and find you something that suits your fancy."

"Thanks but I think I'd rather buy online. I mean, what if I saw someone I know there?" Christy blushed, her voice barely audible.

Tina chuckled, understanding her friend's hesitation. "That's a fair concern. But don't worry, there are plenty of online stores that offer discreet packaging and shipping. I've done it myself and it's always been smooth sailing."

"That's good to hear," said Christy. "I would die if my son knew I bought something like that."

Tina brought up a website on her phone. "Here, this place is my go-to store for whenever I need a toy. They have a great selection and like I said, very discreet packaging."

Christy hesitated for a moment before taking the phone and looking at the website. "Good grief, I've never realized there were so many

options. I don't know, all these fancy gadgets may not be my cup of tea."

"Then why not stick with something basic," Tina suggested, clicking on a fake penis, "like a dildo."

"Good grief, those things are huge!" Christy exclaimed, her eyes widening at the sheer variety on the screen.

Tina burst into laughter at her friend's reaction, the sound echoing across the baseball field.

"Not all of them are massive," Tina managed to say between giggles. "There are plenty of smaller options that are more beginner-friendly."

"I'll just choose a smaller one," Christy agreed. "I don't want Jim to find a fake penis in my drawer that's bigger than his real one."

"What about this one? It's seven inches," Tina suggested.

"Seven inches?!" Christy exclaimed, causing the other moms to turn and give her curious looks.

"Seven inches," she repeated, this time in a hushed tone. "That's too much."

"Come on, Christy. A seven inch penis is decent, but not overly large."

"What about this one, five-and-a-half. I think that's more James's size," Christy said, pointing to a smaller option on the screen.

"OK, but do you really think he'd be all that upset if you had a dildo that was a bit larger than him?" Tina asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Well, I would certainly be upset if he had a set of fake boobs to play with that were bigger than my real ones," Christy retorted,

trying to make a joke out of it.

"What are the odds of that happening?" Tina laughed. "You have the hugest hooters out of all the women I know."

Christy blushed and chuckled, appreciative of Tina's honesty and support. "Okay then, I'll go with the six-inch one. It's slightly bigger than Jim, but not by much."

"Perfect!" Tina exclaimed. "I think that size will be a great starting point."

"Starting point?"

"Well, yes, most women start with something around that size and then work their way up to find their perfect fit," Tina clarified.

"I think six inches will work just fine for me."

"I said that once too," Tina chuckled, "then I ended up with a foot long monster that could knock over a small child."

"A foot long?!" Christy exclaimed, her eyes widening in disbelief.

"Yeah, it was a bit excessive, but it was still fun." Tina winked. "But like I said, start small and work your way up. Who knows, you might surprise yourself."

As the players sprinted off the field, Logan and Quinn's moms, Christy and Tina, were waiting for them with open arms. Both of the boys embraced their proud moms in tight hugs, lifting them off the ground with their strong, muscular arms. "Way to go out there!" exclaimed Christy as she hugged Logan tightly against her soft, curvy body. Her plump nipples tingled involuntarily at the scent of sweat and pheromones radiating from her son's hardworking body.

"Undefeated again this season," bragged Logan, squeezing his mom even tighter.

Meanwhile, Quinn was already thinking ahead to post-game celebrations. "Can we stop for burgers on the way home?" he asked eagerly. Christy and Tina exchanged a knowing glance and smiled. It was an away game and they all had a long ride back home so stopping for some well-deserved burgers sounded like a great idea.

"That can definitely be arranged," replied Tina with a grin.

"We need some sex advice," Quinn stated as he and Logan sat in the backseat of the minivan on the way home.

"Sex advice?" Tina asked, sharing a nervous glance with Christy as she drove.

"Yeah," Logan chimed in. "Quinn thinks you should give a girl one orgasm during sex, but I think you should aim for three."

Tina glanced back at the boys in the rearview mirror as she spoke. "If a guy can give a girl at least one orgasm, that's more than most men can do," she commented.

Logan, sitting next to his mom, chimed in. "But why settle for just one when you could give her three and make her feel even more satisfied?"

His mom chuckled and turned to smile at him. "There's no set number, honey. Every girl is different, so it's important to communicate during a sexual encounter. Don't be afraid to ask your partner what they like."

Logan then asked his mom, "How many do you like to have?"

The two moms shared a slightly embarrassed laugh. "I said to ask your date during a sexual encounter, not your mom on a car ride,"

Christy playfully scolded.

Tina then volunteered, "Personally, one intense orgasm is enough for me, but I wouldn't turn down the possibility of having three or even more if my husband was capable of delivering them."

Not wanting to come across as uptight, Christy followed Tina's lead and shared her thoughts. "I agree with Tina," she said, glancing at Logan. "Having one satisfying orgasm is great, but if your father can give me more than that, I won't complain."

Logan didn't hesitate to ask for more details. "Does he though?"

Christy blushed and looked at Tina before answering. "That's a conversation between a husband and wife, sweetie."

Tina jumped in again. "It all depends on how much effort my husband puts into it. If he's just being lazy, I'll only have one orgasm. But when he puts in the work, three is definitely achievable."

Christy felt obligated to share her own experiences with Logan. "It's similar with your father. If he takes his time and focuses on my pleasure, then yes, multiple orgasms are possible. But if he's in a rush, I'll be lucky to have just one."

"What's the most you guys have ever had?" Quinn asked, addressing both mothers.

Tina and Christy exchanged a knowing smile, amused by their sons' curiosity. "I've had six," Tina answered, "but it wasn't with your father, unfortunately."

"You cheated on dad?" Quinn inquired.

"No, I didn't cheat. I had a life before I met your father, you know."

"What about you, mom?" Logan eagerly awaited her response.

Christy hesitated slightly before answering honestly, feeling a bit awkward talking about this in front of her son. "There was one time where I had quite a lot, but that was when I was younger and more adventurous," she admitted.

"How many is 'quite a lot?' I'm just curious."

"Sweetie," she chuckled at his persistence. "It was a considerable amount, trust me, but it was before I even met your dad."

"More than ten times?"

"Yes, more than that," she replied with a smile.

"More than twenty?!" Logan's curiosity continued to grow.

"If you must know, it happened twenty-six times, but those types of experiences are extremely rare," she shared, her heart racing at the memory.

Logan's eyes widened in disbelief. "Wow, that's... a lot," he muttered, starting to understand the significance of his mother's past. "Was this just some guy you were dating?"

"Yeah, Christy, please share," Tina urged, glancing back at her through the mirror with interest.

"I was only 22 years old at the time," she answered with a slight blush. "My friend and I were on vacation at a Mediterranean resort where we met two very attractive and well-endowed young men at the local beach."

"And then what happened?" her son pressed on.

"And then what do you think happened, honey?" She giggled. "Do I really need to say anything else?"

"Did you have sex with both of them?"

"Yeah, did you guys switch off?" Quinn added with a smirk.

"I'm not going into details, boys," Christy giggled coyly. "I'll just say there were many long, passionate hours filled with sweat and tears."

"Tears?" Logan questioned, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Yes, tears. But not all tears are from sadness, honey. Some can be brought on by moments of intense pleasure," Christy explained with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Twenty-six moments to be exact," said Logan, unable to hide his surprise.

"Like I said, it was a rare and unforgettable experience. Those two young men were clearly some type of sexual prodigies and my girlfriend and I just happened to be at the right place at the right time," Christy concluded smugly. The memory of that wild day still sent shivers down her spine.

"Wow, that's a high bar to reach," Logan exclaimed. "Now I feel like I have to make a girl orgasm twenty-six times every time we have sex."

Both Christy and Tina burst into laughter. "Oh honey, don't put that kind of pressure on yourself," said Christy, rubbing his shoulder comfortingly. "Sex isn't just about achieving a certain number of orgasms. It's about connecting with your partner, experiencing pleasure together, and understanding each other's desires."

"I know, I know," Logan agreed, acknowledging the truth in their words with a shrug. "But you know me, I always want to be the best at everything."

"You know what," Tina interjected with a smile, "it's great that you both care so much about making your partners happy. But remember, it's not about the quantity of orgasms. It's about the quality of the experience."

Christy nodded in agreement. "Exactly, instead of focusing on a number, focus on giving mind-blowing orgasms that leave her breathless and craving more."

"Hey there, handsome husband of mine," Christy purred in a seductive tone as she appeared from their en-suite. "Do you want to have some steamy, passionate sex tonight?"

James took a moment to admire his wife in her revealing baby doll nightgown. Her ample cleavage spilled out of the V-neckline and the skirt of the gown barely grazed her hips, showing off her smooth, toned legs. "You look stunning, but I might have to take a rain check for tonight. I'm exhausted from waking up so early," he replied. "How about tomorrow instead?"

"That's what you said last night," his wife pouted, "and the night before."

James let out a sigh, feeling guilty. "I know, I know. Work has been really demanding lately and I need to catch up on sleep before the big presentation next week. But how about this: I promise to make it up to you on Saturday. We'll go out for dinner and then come home for a long, sensual evening together."

"I suppose…whenever you can fit me into your busy schedule," she said in a dejected tone, taking off her gown, removing her robe from the hook and slipping it on.

"Oh come on, babe, it's not like that. I just need to stay focused and make sure my projects are completed on time then we can have quality time together."

Christy gave him a soft smile and leaned down to kiss him gently on the lips. "I understand. I'm gonna go down and lay on the couch for awhile," she said in a soft tone.

"Why? Aren't you coming to bed?"

"Do I really need to explain, James?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Let's just say I'm not waiting until Saturday for an orgasm. I need a little personal time."

"Oh, I see," he nodded suddenly realizing what she was up to.

It was well past midnight when Logan made his way down to the kitchen in search of a late-night snack. As he tiptoed through the quiet living room, his attention was drawn to the sound of heavy breathing coming from the direction of the sofa. Intrigued, he cautiously approached the couch which sat in the middle of the room, facing the fireplace. The sound of intense female panting only grew louder as he got closer. With a sudden realization, Logan realized it must be his mom on the sofa and he crouched down on all fours to get a better look. He couldn't see her face, but the heavy breathing gave him a pretty good idea of what she was up to.

Logan cautiously raised his head above the arm of the sofa and was met with a lascivious display of self-pleasure. Christy lay on her back, her robe haphazardly bunched up around her waist, revealing her hand eagerly exploring beneath her panties. The sight sent Logan's heart racing as he took in every inch of her exposed body. Her cute bare feet were mere inches from his face, arched in delight with freshly painted red toenails and toes that seemed to quiver with pleasure. His eyes trailed up her smooth, bare legs, muscles flexing beneath the skin as she indulged in the sensations emanating from her clitoral nerve endings. The frantic movements of her hand beneath her dainty panties caused her unfettered breasts to sway and roll enticingly beneath the fabric of her robe. Her pretty face was contorted in ecstasy, each breath coming in quivering gasps.

Logan couldn't tear his eyes away from this thrilling display, feeling his own arousal grow as he watched Christy lose herself in pleasure.

Suddenly, Christy's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she caught sight of Logan watching her. She quickly removed her hand from between her legs, sitting up and drawing her knees to her chest. "Logan, what are you doing?!" she panicked, feeling ashamed that he had just seen her in such a vulnerable state.

"I just came down for a snack and heard the breathing," he answered, his cheeks turning red from being discovered. "I just wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Yes, I'm fine. I was just..." Christy realized there was no use in lying. "Well, I think you know what I was doing."

"Why do you need to masturbate? Isn't it dad's job to give you pleasure?" Logan asked incredulously.

"Well, yes...but sometimes your father gets too tired. He's been working a lot of hours lately," she awkwardly explained. "So, sometimes wives just have to take care of business themselves."

Logan moved closer and sat next to her on the couch. "That's crazy," he uttered.

"Why is it crazy?"

Logan's voice was filled with disbelief as he spoke. "It's crazy that he has the chance to have sex and is passing it up. I mean, who would do that?"

Christy let out a tired sigh. "Your father works hard all day and comes home exhausted. When you get older and life gets busier, you'll understand." Her words were tinged with a hint of sadness.

"But why do you make excuses for him?" Logan asked.

Christy looked at him with confusion in her eyes. "Excuses? What are you talking about?"

"All this talk about his work and exhaustion, it's just an excuse not to be intimate with you. You're his wife, his partner. If he truly loved you, he would never let work get in the way of giving you pleasure."

Christy couldn't help but laugh at her son's bold statements. "Are you a sex therapist now?" she joked.

"No," Logan replied, "just someone who cares about you and wants to see you satisfied."

"That's very sweet of you, Logan," Christy said, touched by his concern, "but my sexual well-being is not something that my son should be concerned with."

"Well, dad certainly doesn't seem concerned with it," said Logan boldly pulling her foot over onto his lap to begin massaging it.

Christy was startled by his touch, but then she let out a sigh of relief. "Logan, what are you doing?" she asked, her voice a mixture of surprise and gratitude.

"Just giving you a foot massage, mom," Logan replied, looking up at her with a warm smile. "I see how stressed you are, and I want to help."

As he gently massaged her sexy foot, he placed her heel right on top of the shaft of his erection as it bulged from beneath his underwear. "That does feel good, honey, but I don't know if this is too appropriate," said Christy.

"It's a foot massage. What's not appropriate about it?"

Christy couldn't help but smile at her son's innocent jest. "Sweetie, my foot is sitting on your, um…erection," she pointed out.

Logan laughed, feeling a little embarrassed. "It's not like that, mom. I'm just trying to help you relax," he said defensively. "My erection is just a guy thing. It happens all the time."

"I know how erections work, honey, I just…don't think I should be touching yours, that's all."

"It's not like you're reaching out to touch it," Logan pointed out. "Your foot's just resting on it while I massage it."

Christy thought for a moment, then sighed and shook her head, giving in to her son's persistence. "Fine, but just for a few minutes and then you have to go to bed, okay?"

Eagerly, Logan's voice chimed in the air. "Deal," he said, his hands already reaching for her other foot. His touch was firm yet gentle as he began massaging her tired feet, his fingertips tracing along the arches and heels with expert precision. As she felt the tension melt away under his skilled hands, Christy couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. Her first foot rested on top of the muscular outline of his cock, bulging through the fabric of his underwear.

Logan chuckled, breaking the silence between them. "At this rate, dad's certainly not going to break that twenty-six orgasm record of yours," he noted, recalling their discussion from the previous day.

Christy smiled softly at the memory. "That was a once in a lifetime experience," she said. "I didn't marry your father with any intention of him breaking that record."

"Isn't that kind of depressing though, knowing he'll never be able to top that?" Logan asked, his voice laced with concern and curiosity.

A slight frown creased the corners of her mouth as she considered his question. "Yes, it can be a little disheartening," she admitted, "but it's an unrealistic expectation to put on your father or most men for that matter. My girlfriend and I were lucky enough to have met a

couple of young sexual prodigies that day. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience."

She paused, a wistful look in her eyes. "Every woman has one defining experience that marks their sexual peak, and while it's not something I'll ever forget, it's certainly not something I expect to ever happen again."

Logan nodded in understanding, his hands working magic on her tired feet. "So why do you think dad can't top that record?"

"Well, my dear...your father is 43 years old, not 18," she stated matter-of-factly.

"Like me?" Logan asked, feeling a surge of pride and arousal at her words. His erection strained against his underwear beneath her foot.

"Yes, 18, just like you," Christy confirmed with a knowing look in her eyes. "For men, sex is like sports. You don't see many professional athletes in their 40s."

"So basically, I'm a sexual athlete then?" Logan grinned, pleased with the comparison.

"I suppose you could say that," Christy replied coyly, glancing down at his still-erect member beneath her foot. "But don't let it go to your head," she teased with a playful wink.

Logan's grin was mischievous and his eyes sparkled with playful defiance. "Or what?" he challenged, not missing a beat.

Christy couldn't help but smile at his audacity. "Or I'll have to give you a spanking!" she retorted, trying to maintain a light tone.

Logan chuckled and playfully pushed her feet off of him. "I'd love to see you try that," he replied daringly.

Her gaze roamed over his toned muscles, the product of his rigorous weightlifting routine. "What, you think just because you're strong and muscular, you're too tough to be spanked by me?" she teased.

"I'll have you bent over **MY** knee way before you can bend me over yours, Mom," Logan declared confidently.

"Let's just see about that," Christy grinned, attempting to pull him onto her lap. But Logan didn't budge. Instead, he effortlessly yanked her over his lap and she let out a playful squeal.

As she felt Logan's cock press against the soft flesh of her tits, Christy couldn't help but gasp. Logan pulled up the hem of her robe, revealing a glimpse of her thong-clad ass, causing his eyes to widen in appreciation.

"Holy fuck," he breathed, admiring the perfectly rounded half-moons of her exposed cheeks.

Before she could cover herself back up, Logan landed a firm slap on one of her butt cheeks, making it ripple.

"Logan!" Christy gasped, sitting back up in shock. "You better not have left a handprint on my ass, young man."

But Logan was too distracted by the sight of her cleavage spilling out of the open robe. In her rush to cover her lower-half, the garment had slipped down and revealed nearly all of her breasts. She quickly fixed it, concealing them in silk once more.

Logan's cocky smile widened as he leaned back comfortably on the plush couch. "What was that you were saying about spanking me?"

Christy sat there with her jaw hanging open, unable to tear her gaze away from Logan's chiseled chest and perfectly defined six-pack abs. The way his body looked in the dim light of the living room made her heart race and heat pool between her thighs.

But as she followed the trail of tantalizing muscles down his body, her eyes landed on something even more shocking. Logan's briefs could no longer contain the length of his boner, and his pinkish-purple knob protruded proudly from beneath the waistband like a ripe plum ready to be plucked from the vine.

"Oh my God," Christy gasped, quickly turning her head and covering her eyes. "Logan, please cover yourself."

Logan chuckled, trying to adjust his underwear to cover his erection. "Oops, sorry about that."

Christy took a deep breath and tried to compose herself. "Honey, I think it's time for you to go to bed. If your father walked out here and saw you in that...condition, I'm sure he wouldn't be happy."

"You're right," Logan agreed, standing up from the couch. "I should let you...um...finish."

Christy nodded, still feeling flustered as she sat awkwardly on the couch. The soft glow of the lamplight gave her face a warm, rosy tint as she tried to compose herself. "Yes, I'll just be a few minutes and then I'll move back to bed as well."

"Goodnight," said Logan, his voice strained as he made a half hazard attempt to hide his boner by shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Goodnight, honey," Christy smiled with a tinge of discomfort. She could feel Logan's eyes lingering on her, making her skin tingle with a mix of embarrassment and arousal.

Logan retreated but not far. He wanted to stroke his cock while listening to her get herself off. The sound of Christy's sweet voice breathing, gasping and finally squealing with pleasure made the seed start spurting from his own love organ as he pulled out a pent-

up load, trying to catch it in his hand, but failing miserably as it landed on the carpet in front of him.

"Oh, damnit, Logan," Christy whispered in frustration a few minutes later as she stepped in a pool of goo, squishing it between her toes. She knew exactly what it was and who it belonged to-evidence that Logan had stuck around to listen to her climax.

Rather than confront him about it, however, she just grabbed some paper towel and cleaning spray to wipe up the mess herself. It wasn't the first time she had cleaned up remnants of his nectar. She often did deep cleans of his filthy bedroom while he was in school, wiping up jizz-splatters and washing the crusty cum-rags he left beside his bed. She chalked it all up to it just being her responsibility-taking care of everything for him, even when it involved cleaning up after his sexual escapades.

After a long day at school, Logan walked up the front steps of his house with his friend Quinn in tow. As they approached the doorstep, they noticed a small package sitting on it. "Dude, sweet...this must be the new game controller I ordered!" exclaimed Logan.

"Finally," Quinn blurted. "Now you'll stop borrowing mine."

With excitement, they quickly brought the box inside and up to Logan's bedroom. However, when he opened it, he was shocked to find a large dildo inside. "What the fuck is this?!" he exclaimed, causing Quinn to burst into laughter.

"That's some controller there, buddy," joked Quinn. "Is there something you're not telling me?"

Logan looked at the label on the box, realizing he should have checked before opening it. He saw his mother's name written on it.

"Shit, it's my mom's," he revealed.

"Well, I should hope so, since everyone else in this household is male," replied Quinn.

Logan took a second to examine the toy displayed within its clear packaging. "I can't believe she ordered a dildo," he said incredulously.

"My mom has a whole damn collection of them," confessed Quinn. "Although hers are all much bigger than that."

"Yeah, this one seems kind of smaller. I wonder why she chose this size?"

"Maybe it reminds her of your dad's cock."

"Yeah, that must be it," exclaimed Logan.

"It was only a guess," retorted Quinn. "There could be other reasons. Maybe she prefers smaller sizes."

"No way. Remember I told you the other night I caught her masturbating on the couch?"

"Yeah."

"Well, the reason was because my dad hasn't been having sex with her. That must be why she bought a dildo his size," speculated Logan.

"You don't know for sure if it's his size though. Maybe your dad has a massive cock and your mom just needs a break from it," suggested Quinn.

Logan burst into laughter. "Yeah, I'm sure that's it," he said sarcastically.

Quinn studied the dong through its packaging with a mixture of fascination and disbelief. The details were so incredibly lifelike, from

the veins that ran along the shaft to the subtle curves at the tip. "It's crazy how realistic they make these," he remarked, turning it over in his hands. "Did you know there's a place that'll make them custom using a mold of your own cock?"

"You're kidding?" Logan's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"No, I'm fucking serious man," Quinn replied with a smirk. "A guy I know had it done for his girlfriend. They sent him a kit so he could make a mold of his dick, then sent him a custom dildo a week later."

Logan looked like a light bulb suddenly went off in his head. "Dude, wouldn't it be wild if we replaced this dildo my mom ordered with one that was fashioned after my own cock?"

"That would be totally perverted," Quinn exclaimed, but couldn't help feeling excited by the idea. "And extremely fucking awesome!"

"It would take time though and I'm sure my mom's tracking this thing. She may have even been alerted that it's already here."

"Don't worry," Quinn grinned mischievously. "If you're serious about doing this, I have a plan that could make it work." He leaned in closer, lowering his voice so no one else could hear. "Although I have to ask…what's your end game?"

"To fuck her, what do you think?" Logan replied eagerly.

"That's what I thought," Quinn chuckled. "I mean, we've hinted around about wanting to fuck them, but never really talked about it."

"Maybe if I can get her addicted to my dick in dildo form," Logan mused, "then she would at least entertain the idea of letting me fuck her once she saw how similar my cock is to her toy." The thought sent a thrill of excitement through him, and he couldn't wait to put their plan into action.

"How does this even happen?" Christy asked in exasperation, her disappointment evident on her face as she sat across from Tina at the cafe, their steaming cups of coffee untouched.

The package lay open between them, and upon closer inspection, they could see that the knob had been ripped completely off the dong and was now lying beside it in the box.

"I don't know," Tina scowled, her frustration mirroring Christy's, "but you just went from 6 inches to 5; barely exciting to almost worthless."

Christy let out a heavy sigh. "I swear to God, these postal people have no respect for packages anymore. No pun intended."

"Good one," Tina giggled nervously, trying to lighten the mood.

"But seriously," Christy continued, "how the fuck do you break a dildo? It's not like it's made of glass or anything."

Tina's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Well, I've broken a few dildos in my time," she admitted sheepishly, "but we won't get into that. You'll just have to send it back and have them send you another one."

Christy let out a deep sigh of frustration as she stared at the broken dildo lying in the box. "I suppose I've already gone without for this long, what's another week?" she mused, her fingers running over the smooth surface of the toy.

Tina let out a chuckle next to her. "Or you could always threaten to cut off James's balls if he doesn't satisfy you," she joked.

Christy couldn't find any humor in the situation. "Seriously, it's been almost a week since I've had any action."

Tina raised an eyebrow. "Well, I do get laid every night, but lately it's been pretty pathetic," she admitted. "Last night Rob barely lasted twenty minutes, and the one orgasm I had wasn't even satisfying enough to make my toes curl."

Christy groaned in frustration. "I just hope that when this new dildo finally arrives, it will make me cum harder than I have been. Rubbing myself off three times a day just isn't cutting it anymore."

"What the fuck is going on with our husbands?" Tina scowled. "It's like their libidos are slowly withering away."

"And **OUR** libidos are raging almost uncontrollably," Christy added. "It's like some sick biological joke that nature is playing on us."

"We can't back down though," Tina stated. "We need to demand that our husbands have sex with us as much as we want it."

"Well, we know that's not gonna happen," Christy giggled. "Otherwise they wouldn't be going to work and we'd be getting fucked all day."

"True, so maybe we won't get it quite as much as we want it, but I don't think two hours of sex every night and a quickie every morning is too much to ask."

"I agree," Christy nodded.

The custom dildo kit arrived in the mail, and Logan was filled with excitement. He eagerly opened the package to reveal a variety of materials and instructions for making a mold of his own erection. But first, he wanted his dick to be as hard as possible so that his mom could feel every vein and contour of his manhood when she used the finished product.

With determination in his stride, Logan made his way downstairs to the basement where Christy was working out on the elliptical

machine. Her face was flushed and glistening with sweat as she pushed herself on the machine.

"Hey there, honey," she grinned as she caught sight of him.

"Getting a workout in?" he asked casually, but inside he was thinking about all the ways he could use this opportunity to tease and taunt her.

"Just part of my routine," Christy replied, still breathless from her exertion.

Logan couldn't help but admire her figure as he stood there watching her giant breasts bounce beneath her snug yoga top. The sight was enough to make his penis twitch and grow hard within seconds.

"You know," he said with a sly smirk, "since it's Saturday, you should have skipped the machine and had dad give you a workout instead."

Christy's expression turned from playful to serious at his words. "I like that idea," she stated firmly. "If only I could count on him as much as I can on my trusty elliptical machine." The disappointment and frustration were evident in her voice.

Logan shook his head in disbelief at his father's obsession with golf. "Dad's crazy," he confessed, rolling his eyes. "I'd much rather be spending the day having sex than chasing a tiny white ball around a huge field."

His mom let out a laugh, her lips curved into a mischievous smile. "I'm sure you're doing just fine in that department. Maybe better than I am these days."

Feeling emboldened by her flirtatious tone, Logan leaned in closer and decided to impress her with some fabricated stories he knew women loved to hear. "Actually, I've been more focused on quality

over quantity lately," he said confidently, his gaze fixed on her bouncing tits.

She raised an eyebrow, clearly amused by his boldness. "Well, right now it seems like you're focusing on something else entirely," she chuckled, tilting her head towards his staring eyes.

Flustered, Logan quickly looked away, feeling a slight heat rising to his cheeks as he realized she had caught him gawking. "Sorry about that," he mumbled sheepishly.

Her laughter filled the air once again as she playfully teased him. "It's **OK. I** realize they're hard not to notice," she quipped, "especially when I'm working out on this machine."

"I wanna do more than just have a quick session of sex with a girl, ya know," Logan continued with his earlier train of thought. "I really wanna make sure I please her over and over."

"That's really admirable, honey. Most guys just want to get their rocks off and move on," Christy said, sounding impressed.

Logan nodded in agreement. "There's this one girl I met recently, and she's so adventurous and open-minded. I want to show her just how far I can take her; give her the type of experience you had, you know…when you got your twenty-six orgasms."

Christy's eyes widened at the mention of her record breaking experience and Logan's desire to replicate it.

"Wow, that's quite an ambitious goal," she stated with a mixture of amusement and disbelief.

He nodded confidently, his eyes shining with determination. "I know it sounds crazy, but I've been working hard to be able to perform at my peak sexually."

She couldn't help but smirk at his bravado. "Just keep in mind that giving a girl twenty-six orgasms is no easy task for any guy. It takes hours of intense, stamina-filled sex."

He leaned in closer, eager to impress her even more. "But I have techniques that can make her come harder and more frequently," he boasted.

Her eyebrow raised skeptically as she continued her workout on the elliptical machine. "Techniques? Do tell."

He eagerly explained, gesturing animatedly with his hands. "Like angling my thrusting just right to hit her sweet spot, using different rhythms and speeds...it's all about knowing what works best for each woman."

"That's true, but it's also about controlling your release when a woman uses **HER** techniques on you," advised Christy in between deep breaths, sweat glistening on her forehead. She paused her workout and reached for a towel to wipe away the moisture.

"Her techniques?" questioned Logan, intrigued by the idea.

Christy stepped off the machine and made her way over to her exercise mat. "Well, yes, honey. Guys aren't the only ones who have techniques that they use when making love. All I'm saying is that when your lady friend employs some of these techniques on you, it may truly test your staying power."

"Will you…um, show me a few of them so I know what to expect and how to prepare for it?" asked Logan with a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Christy let out a small laugh. "And how exactly am I supposed to do that?"

"Show me on your peanut ball," suggested Logan, pointing to the large peanut-shaped exercise ball next to the mat.

Christy hesitated, looking slightly uncomfortable at the thought. "I don't know, Logan...that could be kind of awkward," she stated.

"Oh, come on, help me out. I won't be able to reach my goal unless I know what women have in store for me," pleaded Logan.

Giving in to his persistent requests, Christy let out a sigh and agreed. "Fine. Let me take off these sneakers and I'll demonstrate a few things."

With a graceful movement, she untied her sneakers and peeled off her socks before gracefully settling onto the mat. Logan positioned himself next to her, eagerly awaiting Christy's demonstration.

"Alright, honey," she began, "I'll show you four techniques that a woman might use on you during sex-two when she's on bottom and two when she's on top." With practiced ease, she brought the inflated peanut onto her voluptuous body, its smooth surface contrasting against her creamy skin.

"Now let's say the two of you are in the missionary position," Christy continued. "Instead of just wrapping her legs around you like this," she demonstrated by securely folding her legs around the inflatable, "she may bring them higher up around your back, like this."

Logan's eyes were glued to her as she effortlessly lifted her shaven legs high around the back of the peanut, interlocking her ankles and showcasing her flexibility. A surge of desire shot through him as he imagined what it would feel like to be cradled between her legs, pressed against her soft breasts.

"Now, once she's positioned this way, she can use her legs as leverage around your body to pull her pelvis up and meet your

thrusts," Christy explained. She demonstrated the motion, smoothly pumping her hips from the mat.

Mat's eyes widened as he watched her, completely entranced by the rhythmic humping motions of her luscious curves. He couldn't help but admire the flexing of her sexy legs and the way her cute feet with their perfectly painted red toenails gripped onto the back of the inflatable.

"This adjustment causes deeper penetration and will increase the friction around your penis," Christy stated matter-of-factly. "It could make it much more challenging for you not to ejaculate."

Logan nodded, still gazing at Christy's movements with wide-eyed fascination. She brought her feet flat to the floor, a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Another technique she might try is called the **CAT**," Christy continued, turning to address Logan directly. "Have you heard of that before, honey?"

"No...I never have," Logan replied, his interest piqued.

"It stands for the Coital Alignment Technique," Christy explained. "She might try this one in order to bring herself to orgasm by providing more contact with her clit. It won't necessarily provide greater friction on your penis like the first one, but it will definitely raise your excitement level and could result in a quicker orgasm."

Logan eagerly leaned in closer, ready to learn this new technique.

"How does she do it?" he asked eagerly.

"Watch carefully," Christy said with a sly smile. This time, she wrapped her legs low around the inflatable and began moving as though she were literally pulling the top person up into her vagina rhythmically.

Logan's eyes widened in awe as he watched her move her body with such skill and sensuality. "Damn, you must know a lot of tricks," he remarked, feeling both impressed and turned on.

"Well, climax is different for men and women, honey," she replied with a smirk. "While a man generally has one orgasm, a woman can have multiple. And from what you've told me earlier, it seems like you want to get a woman into a state of hyper-arousal so she can stack her orgasms."

"Stack them?" Logan asked, his curiosity piqued by her words.

"Yes, it's when a woman has one orgasm, but before it subsides, they begin ramping up for the next wave. It's like an endless cycle of pleasure," she explained.

"That must be what you experienced when you had twenty-six orgasms that one time when you were younger," Logan surmised.

"Yes," she confirmed with a smile. "My partner at the time knew how to make me stack my orgasms for several hours."

"Damn," Logan couldn't help but utter in amazement. "Will you show me what a woman might do from the top now?"

With any bit of embarrassment now gone, Christy gracefully straddled the exercise peanut, her movements fluid and sensual as she settled onto the mat. Her knees planted on either side of the peanut, she perched atop it as if she were astride her lover.

"So, traditionally a woman would just move up and down in this position," she stated confidently, demonstrating the technique with ease. Her huge, ballooning breasts jostled heavily with each humping motion, drawing Logan's gaze like a magnet.

"But in order to provide even greater genital friction," Christy continued, "she would create more of a rocking motion, like this."

Her hips swiveled and rolled with graceful precision, stirring desire in Logan's core as he imagined the sensation of his erection moving inside the tube of her vagina that way.

Logan's eyes widened as he suddenly remembered that his plan was not to be impressed, but for him to be the one impressing her. He couldn't help but puff out his chest and brag, "Yeah, it looks cool, but I could probably last a long time that way. Plus, I would hold onto the woman's hips to guide her thrusts."

Christy's eyebrows raised in interest as she continued to ride the inflatable with increasing fervor. "So, you've had a girl on top of you doing it this way?"

"Oh yeah, for well over an hour," Logan boasted confidently.

"Over an hour?" Christy echoed, her eyes widening in disbelief. "The way I'm doing it now?"

"Yeah, she was even moving faster than that at times," Logan lied smoothly.

"You mean like this?" Christy asked, her swiveling hips becoming a blur as they thrust up and back rhythmically.

Logan's jaw dropped as he watched Christy's impressive display of sexual technique. Her breath came in short huffs as she continued her fast-paced rhythm, her body a blur of motion.

"As you may already know," she panted, "When a woman moves this fast, it can become quite the challenge for you not to cum."

"I'd hold out for a while and at least let her stack some orgasms before I cum," Logan replied confidently.

Christy smiled at his words, but as she stopped rolling her hips, she noticed the bulge beneath his shorts. "We should probably stop now,

honey," she said, climbing off him.

"Why? You were really helping me understand a lot," Logan protested.

"Well, I know, but it looks like you're having another one of those 'guy thing' moments," Christy answered with a glance down at his tubular-shaped bulge. She was even more surprised to see a wet spot on the knob, where precum had soaked through.

"Oh...um...sorry," Logan blushed, though he couldn't help feeling excited by her gaze on his arousal.

"I hope I was able to help you out," Christy smiled. "It sounds like you have some pretty lofty sexual goals and now you know some of the things you might be in for."

"Thanks for your help," Logan said quickly before rushing back to his room. He already had the mold for the custom dildo mixed up and ready to dip his hard cock into. As he removed his shorts, his boner sprang upward, proud and powerful. He gazed down at it with admiration, watching as it stretched upward from his loins like a mighty phallic column. The knob was shiny and bulbous, the fat blue veins pulsing prominently along his lengthy penile shaft. "I hope you enjoy it, mom" he said out loud as he slowly inched his cock into the solution.

Logan anxiously awaited the return of his custom dildo from the company, fearing that it wouldn't arrive in time before his mom's replacement dildo was set to arrive. He kept a close watch on the delivery status, hoping to intercept the package before his mother could receive it. Luckily, it arrived while she was out running errands.

"Houston, we have a problem," Logan whispered urgently into his phone, careful not to be overheard by his mother.

"Did she get the package before you did?" Quinn's voice crackled through the line.

"No, I have it here and I'm ready to make the exchange, but how am I supposed to fit this 9 inch monstrosity into a 6 inch dildo box?"

"Can't you just swap out the labels and keep it in its original box?" Quinn suggested.

Logan let out a relieved sigh. "Oh yeah, just switch the labels. Why didn't I think of that?"

"You're too focused on how much she's gonna love it," Quinn teased.

"Well, she's definitely in for a shock when she sees the size of this thing," Logan chuckled.

"The real question is, will she even use it?" Quinn posed.

"I mean, with all the detail and effort put into making it look like the real deal, I can't imagine why she wouldn't," said Logan, admiring the intricate design and lifelike features of his custom dong.

Tina's jaw dropped in awe as she took in the sight of the giant dildo resting on the coffee table in front of them. "Holy fuck, it's beautiful!" she exclaimed, unable to tear her eyes away from its impressive size and lifelike features.

"I won't disagree, but it's not really the size I ordered," Christy stated, her gaze fixated on the toy as well. Ever since she opened the box, she had been mesmerized by its appearance, feeling almost drawn to it in some strange way.

"Then I'll purchase it from you, but you are not sending that thing back," Tina insisted, her fingers grazing over the intricate cock-veins that ran along the length of the flesh-colored dong.

"It's almost 3 inches longer than James's erection is," Cathy chimed in worriedly. "If he finds it in my drawer, he might get upset."

"Just...hide it somewhere where he can't find it then, or...you can keep it here and just take it when you need it," Tina suggested with a sly grin, already imagining all the possibilities this new addition could bring to her sexual adventures.

"Yeah, right, you'd be using it more than I would," Christy teased back with a laugh.

After a moment of contemplation, Christy spoke up again. "I'll hide it down in my sewing room. He never goes down there." The thought of sneaking off to use her new toy whenever she pleased made her heart race with excitement.

"A word of advice," Tina said with a sly grin. "Only use it when you're home alone, because trust me, you're gonna cum so fucking hard that you'll scream like a banshee."

Christy couldn't help but laugh at her friend's words, already feeling herself getting aroused from the thought. "I'll keep that in mind," she replied, feeling the anticipation building in her loins.

But then another thought crossed her mind. "Since we're on the subject of penises," Christy began hesitantly. "Does Quinn ever...get an erection around you?"

Tina burst into laughter. "When doesn't Quinn have an erection around me?" she joked. "But then again, he is a young man and they're almost always erect."

Christy nodded in agreement, her mind drifting to her own experience with Logan. "Yes, Logan too. Maybe it's just my penis-deprived brain playing tricks on me, but lately it seems like Logan is almost flaunting them in front of me."

Tina fed her an understanding smile, her long curls bouncing with the movement. "Look, I know they're our son's, but we're women. Our brains are designed to recognize signs of attraction in men, and they give off subtle pheromones that we can't help but be drawn to. It's not their fault or ours, it's simply biology."

"I know, I know," Christy sighed, feeling a wave of relief wash over her. Her fingers toyed with the hem of her shirt as she spoke. "But it still just seems odd. I constantly catch Logan staring at my breasts and then I look down and he's…aroused."

Tina couldn't contain her laughter any longer. "Christy, we both have H-cup breasts. Any guy, son or not, who doesn't stare at them is either blind or gay."

"I guess you're right," Christy snickered. "Our boys are only human."

"And if you ever wanna give you and Logan a secret thrill," Tina said mischievously, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Take off your bra, put on a thin lacy top, then give him a long, tight motherly hug and watch his fucking eyes light up."

"Tina, that's terrible," Christy stated firmly, though the thought intrigued her.

"Hey, don't knock it until you try it," Tina countered. "Besides, there's no harm in it. It's not like we're scarring them for life by letting them feel our bare breasts." She winked playfully at Christy before taking a sip of her tea.

Christy's eyes shone with excitement the next day, her face alight with pleasure as she slid her new dildo into her dripping pussy. The way the vein-encrusted shaft stretched her walls and stimulated every nerve ending was an unparalleled sensation, one that had been absent in her sex life for far too long. With each thrust, the large knob pushed against the head of her cervix, a feeling she

hadn't experienced since her wild twenties. It was as if the cock had been perfectly molded to fit the contours of her vagina.

Thankfully, she had taken Tina's advice and waited until mid-morning when everyone else was out of the house before indulging in her new toy. Her moans and screams filled every corner of the house as she shamelessly rode herself to ecstasy on her bed, naked and uninhibited. Her heavy breasts bounced and swayed with each powerful contraction, adding to the intensity of her pleasure. She lost herself in a haze of pleasure for nearly two hours, until she lay spent and panting on the bed, drenched in sweat from the sheer force of nearly a dozen mind-blowing orgasms.

Logan longed to be a hidden fly on the wall, an unseen witness to Christy's indulgence in a toy molded after his own cock. Her radiant post-orgasmic glow every time he caught sight of her told him all he needed to know. Now, it was time for him to move on to phase two of his plan-somehow revealing his throbbing erection to her, so she could see just how identical it was to the new toy that she couldn't seem to get enough of.

Logan knew he had to somehow provide her with a look that was up close and personal, not just some half hazard glance at his boner from a distance. He wanted her to see just how closely it resembled every detail of her new dildo.

"Mom, I need your opinion on something," Logan stated anxiously, interrupting his mother's conversation with his father in the kitchen.

His mother turned to him with a gentle smile. "What is it, honey?" she asked in a soothing tone.

"It's kind of personal," he said, looking down at his feet.

"You can share it with your mother but not me?" His dad chimed in with a playful tone. "That's not fair."

Logan shook his head. "No offense, dad, but I think mom's perspective might be more helpful in this particular case."

Christy glanced at her husband. "Why don't you just stir dinner for me, honey. I'll go help Logan real quick and then we can all eat together."

Logan led his mother up to his room and closed the door behind them. She couldn't help but feel a bit worried as she looked at him expectantly. "Logan, is everything alright? What is this about?" she asked with concern lacing her voice.

Logan shifted uncomfortably, his eyes darting down to the obvious bulge in his pants. "I think I have an issue with my...you know," he hesitantly admitted.

"Your penis?" Christy raised an eyebrow, trying not to smirk at his awkwardness.

"Yeah. It's been hard for like...two hours and it looks a little different to me," he lied, hoping she wouldn't see through his facade.

"Two hours?! Did you get into your father's Viagra or something?" she asked, her tone now stern and disapproving.

"Dad takes Viagra?" Logan's eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes...um, sometimes," Christy's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "Do we need to take you to the walk-in clinic? A two-hour erection isn't normal unless you're..." she trailed off, giving him a pointed look.

"Having sex?" Logan finished for her, feeling even more awkward and embarrassed.

"Yes," she nodded. "And you said it doesn't look like it normally does."

"I don't know, maybe it's just because it's really hard," Logan shrugged, hoping to downplay the situation. "Will you just have a look and let me know if everything seems alright?"

Christy hesitated, looking at the closed door as if seeking confirmation of privacy. "Honey, I—"

"Please, mom," Logan interrupted, desperation creeping into his voice. "You're obviously someone who would know if something doesn't look right."

Christy mulled it over before finally nodding. "Fine. But you should really see a doctor if you're concerned. I'll have a quick look just to put your mind at ease."

Logan nervously fished through his shorts, relieved to find his erection still fully rigid from earlier vigorous activity. As he pulled it out for Christy to see, he watched her eyes widen in surprise and a small gasp escape her lips. The sight of his throbbing member caused her to go speechless, fixated on its size and shape.

"It...it actually looks more normal now," Logan stated with a hint of pride, flexing it against his loins. Christy continued to stare at it, clearly struck by how closely it resembled the new toy that had become her latest obsession.

"Are you alright?" Logan asked, snapping her out of her trance.

"This is...um, how it normally looks?" Christy whispered, still in shock.

"Yeah. Maybe I was just being paranoid before because it was so hard."

"Well, even if it does look normal to you now, we should still address why it's been erect for two hours," Christy said with concern, trying to hide her own excitement as her pussy tingled uncontrollably.

"Could you touch it and make sure it doesn't feel too warm?" Logan boldly suggested.

"I...I don't know if I..."

"Just real quick. Like you said, just to give me peace of mind."

With hesitation, Christy reached out and lightly touched his erection with her fingers. Despite feeling a tad ashamed, she couldn't deny the excitement coursing through her body as she felt the heat and rigid texture of his member.

"Does it normally get this...erect?" she whispered.

"Yeah, and I suppose I have been thinking about sex so maybe it's my fault," he admitted. "Maybe there's no reason to be concerned and I'm just feeling extra horny today."

Christy found herself unable to take her eyes off his erection, or remove her fingers from its flesh. It was like she was under a spell, unable to resist his arousal.

"Maybe you should...give yourself some release. You know, to help it go down," she suggested, her voice shaking slightly.

"I could try that. Sometimes it works, but usually it just makes me want more," Logan bragged with a smirk.

Still mesmerized by the sight of his erection, Christy finally snapped out of her trance and took a step backwards. "Well, um...if you think everything looks normal then I should probably get back to preparing dinner," she said.

"Thanks for taking a look. If I notice any changes, I'll probably just go to the clinic and see what they have to say," Logan stated, tucking his erection back into his shorts.

As they sat down for dinner, Logan immediately noticed that his mom seemed off. Her typically cheerful demeanor was replaced by a distant, pensive expression. Every so often, he would catch her stealing glances at him before quickly averting her eyes, like a shy girl at a school dance. He couldn't help but wonder if she was starting to see him in a new, more sensual light. Perhaps the events of earlier had sparked something in her, awakening desires she never knew she had. The atmosphere in the room felt charged and tense, as if unspoken thoughts were swirling between them like wildfire.

Despite the intimate act of making love with her husband James that night, Christy's mind was elsewhere. All she could think about was her trusty dildo, shamefully comparing it to the size and shape of Logan's impressively large and erect member. Enduring a lackluster 15-minute session with James felt more like a chore than pleasure. His average-sized penis barely stimulated her at all, leaving her yearning for the fullness and intensity that only her silicone lover could provide.

"You didn't climax tonight, babe," James pointed out, still basking in the afterglow of his own ejaculation.

"Yeah, I um...I haven't been feeling too great tonight," Christy lied, trying to hide her disappointment. "I might go sleep on the couch so I don't disturb you if I get sick."

"I hope you feel better," James replied with concern. "Let me know if you need anything."

The lies weighed heavily on Christy's conscience as she retreated to the couch, unable to shake off the thoughts of her son's impressive endowment. Only once before had she encountered such a breathtaking erection, and that one memory had left her with twenty-six reasons to never forget it.

"We need to talk, young man," Christy's voice was stern as she stood in his doorway, her piercing gaze directed at Logan. Even in her anger, Logan couldn't help but find her attractive. His eyes drifted down to her chest, admiring the way her huge breasts pressed against the fabric of her top.

"What about?" Logan asked curiously.

"First of all, my eyes are up here," she scolded, pulling his attention away from her tits. With a hand behind her back, she brought out something that made Logan's heart sink. It was the 6-inch dildo she had ordered. The one he had secretly switched with a custom one and stashed in his room.

"I found this in your room today while I was cleaning," she stated, giving him a questioning look.

"Yeah, I...bought it for a girl I've been seeing," Logan lied.

"Bullshit," Christy blurted out. "This is the same dildo I ordered a few weeks ago. You knew that because you switched it out with another one, a custom one. I found the receipt for that too. Why would you do such a thing?"

Logan knew he couldn't keep lying. He had been caught and it was time to come clean. "I just wanted you to experience real pleasure," he admitted. "I knew you weren't getting it from Dad and certainly not from that tiny thing," he gestured towards the box containing the 6-inch dildo in her hand. "I wanted to give you something I knew you'd enjoy...a dildo that would make you orgasm over and over again."

"So you had a mold made of your own penis?!" Christy exclaimed, her voice rising in disbelief. Her eyes widened as she processed the information. "Logan, do you realize how…twisted that is?"

Logan shifted uncomfortably, his face turning red with embarrassment. "I've had other girls tell me it's the perfect size, so I thought it would be something you'd enjoy," he explained weakly.

"I'm not one of those 'other girls,' Logan. I'm your mother," she stated firmly, her tone conveying her disapproval. "You can't go on staring at my tits. You can't continue to try to show me your erections and you certainly don't need to be purchasing me sex toys!" With that, she turned and walked away from his doorway, leaving him standing there feeling foolish and ashamed.

"Wait, mom!" Logan called out desperately. Christy paused and turned back to face him, frustration evident in her flushed face.

"What?!" she asked impatiently.

"I'm gonna be honest and just let the cards fall where they may," he confessed, his voice trembling with nervousness.

Christy's expression softened slightly, curious about what he could possibly have to say. "Go on," she urged.

"I know you're my mom and it's wrong, but I really wanna have sex with you," he blurted out, unable to hold it in any longer.

There was an awkward silence and tension in the air as Logan waited for her response. "So, be mad, punish me if you need to, but at least I was honest and got that out into the open," he continued nervously.

Christy looked shocked, like a million thoughts were flowing through her mind. She walked away without saying anything, leaving Logan feeling both relieved that he had finally been honest with her and anxious about what her reaction would be. At least he knew Christy wouldn't be telling his father, since he doubted that his dad was aware that she used a dildo to give herself pleasure.

"What a week!" Tina exclaimed, her laughter echoing through the mall as she and Christy took a break from their shopping. They settled down on a bench, the soft cushion sinking beneath their weight.

"So let's recap," Tina continued, her blue eyes sparkling with mischief. "Logan switched out your dildo for one fashioned from his own cock, then he admits that he wants to fuck you, and now…"

Christy raised an eyebrow, waiting for Tina to finish her sentence.

"And now you're still using the dildo?" Tina finished, a smirk tugging at the corners of her mouth.

Heat crept up Christy's neck and into her cheeks. "I know it may seem weird," she admitted, feeling self-conscious under Tina's gaze. "I just…couldn't make myself throw it away."

Tina leaned in closer, curiosity piqued. "Let me guess," she said in a teasing tone. "You tried the 6-incher that you originally ordered and it didn't quite hit the spot?"

"It didn't hit any of the spots," Christy confessed, feeling embarrassed by her own words. "I'm just gonna say it, even though it sounds awful. This dildo…it fits me perfectly and hits all the right spots. It's like it was made just for me."

Tina chuckled. "It **WAS** made 'just for you' actually," she quipped.

"You know what I mean," Christy retorted with a playful swat to Tina's arm. "I know I should probably just throw the damn thing away and try to find another one, but—"

"Don't you dare throw it away," Tina scolded with a laugh. "Give it to me. I have no reservations about cumming all over it; it's about the most perfect dildo I've ever seen."

"And therein lies the reason that I can't let it go," Christy admitted, a hint of sadness in her voice. "It's the one thing that brings excitement and pleasure into my life right now."

The air between Christy and Logan had been thick with tension after the big discovery and his confession, but things were slowly starting to return to normal. As Logan entered the living room, he found his mom downstairs doing stretches on the yoga mat. Her body moved gracefully, like a dancer's, as she flowed from one pose to the next.

"Hey, how's the workout going?" Logan asked, trying to break the awkwardness.

"Hi, honey. Fine, just doing some yoga," she replied with a smile. "How did school go?"

"Blah."

Christy chuckled. "That well, huh? Let me guess, you were thinking about sex all day," she winked playfully.

Logan couldn't help but gulp excitedly at her words. She was dressed in a little less than usual for her workout, wearing lavender colored booty shorts and a matching cami top that left her sexy midriff exposed. As she pulled her leg back limberly, it stretched upward like a fleshy spire with her toes pointed towards the ceiling.

"You know me well," he smiled.

"Like mother, like son I guess," she giggled.

Feeling himself getting aroused, Logan didn't want things to get awkward again. "I should probably go back to my room," he stated nervously.

But before he could make his escape, Christy glanced down at his crotch and blurted out, "Honey, wait!"

"Huh?" he inquired.

"I'm sorry about what I said earlier about you not getting erections around me. I was just shocked and overreacting. But I know it's not really within someone's control when those things happen...so I just wanted you to know that it's okay if it happens around me."

"Alright, thanks," Logan replied with relief.

"Did you want to come in and watch me workout?" she asked, her eyes filled with genuine care.

"Sure," Logan answered, grateful for the opportunity to diffuse the tension between them.

Logan settled onto the edge of the mat, his eyes following her every move as she gracefully continued her stretching routine. Christy's lithe body bent and twisted, her muscles flexing with each gentle movement. As she lowered to the ground, her legs spread out into a perfect split, her bare skin glistening with a light sheen of sweat. Logan's gaze was drawn to the smooth line of her inner thighs, leading down to her feet pointed in opposite directions.

She leaned forward, pressing her forearms onto the mat and giving Logan an unobstructed view of the deep valley between her breasts. He couldn't help but take in the sight, feeling his cheeks flush with heat.

Her voice broke through his thoughts, soothing and understanding. "I know I said you shouldn't be looking at my boobs, but I was wrong about that too," she whispered.

Logan's surprise was evident on his face as he turned to look at her. "You were?"

"Of course, I was," she confirmed with a nod. "There's no harm in admiring the human form. It's only natural, right?"

"Right," Logan agreed, returning his gaze to her ample bosom.

"In fact, you might think I'm horrible for asking, but..." Her voice trailed off, leaving Logan hanging in suspense.

"But what?" he urged, eager to know what she wanted to ask.

Christy hesitated before shaking her head. "Never mind," she sighed. "I should probably just focus on my routine."

"You know how I feel about you," Logan stated firmly. "If there's something you wanted... anything, you know I would give it to you."

"I know," Christy blushed, her cheeks turning a rosy shade. Then she mustered up the courage to meet his gaze directly. "Can I see your dick again?" she whispered.

Logan's heart skipped a beat at her words, his desire for her growing even stronger. It was like music to his ears, and he couldn't wait to fulfill her request.

"How do you want me?" he asked, his voice low and husky. Christy's heart raced as she moved to her knees, her body buzzing with anticipation. She patted the mat in front of her, a gesture that felt both commanding and inviting at the same time. "Lay down here," she directed, her voice firm yet tinged with a hint of shyness. Logan quickly complied, sprawling onto the floor in front of her.

She wasted no time maneuvering between his legs, her fingers deftly unfastening his shorts. The fabric fell away to reveal his toned thighs and Christy couldn't help but appreciate how good he looked lying there, vulnerable and exposed for her. Her cheeks flushed slightly as she undid his briefs, revealing the impressive length and girth of his cock.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips as she stared at the meaty slab in front of her. It was a shape that she was all too familiar with at this

point, having spent countless hours playing with its silicone replica. But this was the real thing, pulsing and throbbing with life right before her eyes.

"I guess it must seem a little familiar to you, huh?" Logan asked playfully, drawing a mischievous grin from Christy.

"Yes, more than just a little," she confessed breathlessly.

"Did you cut the dildo into little pieces, then burn it?" he joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"No, I didn't," she giggled, feeling a surge of arousal at his words. "I would never dispose of something that gives me that much pleasure."

"You still use it?" Logan asked, seeming surprised.

"Only several times a day," she winked, then went back to admiring his cock with hungry eyes.

"Do you wanna touch it," he boldly asked. "Wrap your hand around it?"

Her answer was immediate, without looking away from his cock. "Probably just as bad as you want me to," she grinned mischievously.

"Go ahead," Logan urged, his own excitement building.

Her face lit up with a primal hunger, her eyes sparkling with desire, as she lifted his erection, pointing it upwards towards the ceiling. The weight of it in her hand was intoxicating, hot and hard like molten steel. Arousal coursed through her body as she pulled the taut skin of his penile membrane along the column of pulsing flesh beneath it. Her gaze fixated on the engorged tip, marveling at its swollen shape and perfect symmetry. Memories flooded back to her

of how that same part of the dildo had stretched and glided along the walls of her moist cuntal cavern.

"You can stroke on it if you want," Logan offered, eager for things to progress.

"Do you mind?" Christy asked shyly, almost sheepishly admitting her obsession with his cock.

"What do you think?" he replied sarcastically.

"I think you'd like me to do a lot more than just stroke on it," she playfully retorted.

"Well, yeah."

She ran her free hand up his abdomen, teasing his skin with her long nails. "Take off your shirt," she whispered seductively.

"Only if you take off yours," he responded, a mischievous grin playing on his lips.

Their eyes locked in an intense stare, like two explorers contemplating a forbidden path. They both knew they shouldn't go any further, but the temptation was too great to resist.

A small sigh escaped her lips as she whispered, fingers trembling as they reached for the hem of her cami top. Logan's eyes widened in shock as he watched, unable to contain his excitement. With a slow, teasing tug, the top was pulled up her breasts, revealing the full, meaty undersides that had always been hidden beneath fabric. As if in slow motion, her tit-melons slipped out from the top and bounced heavily onto her rib cage. Logan couldn't help but stare in awe at their size and shape, his mouth watering at the sight of her wide areola and dusky pink nipples. They looked thick and inviting, begging to be touched and tasted.

"Those are...the most incredible breasts I've ever seen," he sighed dreamily, barely able to believe that he was actually seeing them in all their naked glory.

Christy smirked and grasped his cock again, giving it a long stroke that left him shuddering with pleasure. "I'm glad you appreciate them," she purred playfully. "But I have to admit, I'm pretty obsessed with something of yours too."

Logan grinned and removed his own shirt, now fully exposed to her hungry gaze. Her eyes roamed greedily over his chiseled chest and sculpted arms.

Christy extended her free hand to his and their fingers intertwined tightly. Her other hand slowly fisted up and down his length, eliciting moans of pleasure from him. As they gazed into each other's eyes, they both knew this was just the beginning of a wonderful sexual journey.

Christy's teeth gritted in a mix of desire and arousal, her fat clit pulsing beneath its hood as she gripped onto his hard, muscular cock. Her mind was filled with explicit images of him thrusting into her, splitting her twat and pounding fiercely into her core.

The memory of her friend Tina's suggestion to give Logan a braless hug flashed through Christy's mind, but she wanted to take it one step further. With an almost wicked grin, she plotted out a plan for a tight embrace without a single shred of clothing between them. The anticipation built within her as she knew she couldn't make the move right away-she had to tease him first, playfully building up the tension until they were both ready for the explosive release that would follow.

"Just imagine if I was to come down there for a hug," she purred, her voice dripping with seduction and desire. "And flatten these big titties against that gorgeous bare chest of yours."

Logan's heart raced as he imagined her pressing against him, her soft curves squashed tightly against his own muscled body. He could feel the heat radiating off of her, igniting a fire within him.

"I think you know, I'd like that a lot," he gasped, his breath coming in short pants as he stared at her hungrily.

"But then I'd have to let go of your big dick," she whispered teasingly, tugging it up and down while squeezing his other hand. "I don't wanna let go of your big dick."

The touch of her hand on his throbbing length sent shivers through his body, leaving him craving more.

"I don't want you to let it go either," he confessed, his eyes locked on her wobbling breasts.

"I suppose we could sandwich it between our bellies and feel it throb and pulse, or…" Christy trailed off suggestively.

"Or what?" Logan urged her on.

"We could press it against my naked pussy while we hug," she teased, a mischievous glint in her eye. "Would you mind that, honey?"

"Oh, God, your so sexy," Logan groaned, his arousal reaching new heights as she teased him relentlessly.

"I didn't think you would," Christy giggled playfully, knowing his response had answered her question. With a sly smile, she released his hand and cock, sitting back on her lovely ass and began stripping off her bottoms seductively.

Logan lifted his head off the mat and watched as Christy effortlessly slid her tiny shorts down her smooth legs. Her bare inner thighs were slightly spread open, allowing him an enticing view of her

exposed vulva. She had meticulously shaved her outer lips, leaving only a small triangle of hair on top. As she joined him on the mat on her knees, her large breasts bounced heavily with each movement. With one hand stroking his hardening member, the other explored the defined muscles on his chest. "If we hug, it's only natural that we'll want to kiss too," she purred seductively. "And once we start kissing, who knows where things will lead," she added with a playful glint in her eye. Logan nodded in agreement as he listened. "Things could get so intense that I might even ask you to roll me onto my back and..." she trailed off.

"And what?" Logan asked, hanging on her every word.

Without a word, Christy slithered on top of Logan, her body moving with the fluidity of a snake. She pressed her soft breasts against his chest, smothering him in their spongy warmth. Her lips eagerly sought out his in a frenzy of desire, resulting in a fiery French kiss that left them both breathless.

As they continued to explore each other's mouths, their bodies began to writhe and grind together. Logan groaned as he felt the heat radiating from Christy's naked body, her bare pussy pressing against his growing erection.

Their hips moved instinctively, mimicking the motions of sex even though there was no penetration. They clutched at each other's skin, desperate for more contact.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Christy broke the kiss and whispered into Logan's ear, her voice trembling with need. "Roll me over," she pleaded. "Fuck me!"

Logan didn't hesitate, eager to fulfill her request after waiting so long for this moment. He effortlessly flipped Christy onto her back and she wrapped her legs around his lean frame, their lips crashing together once again.

In that moment, nothing mattered except their mutual desire and hunger for each other. Logan reared his hips back, lining up his throbbing member with the entrance of Christy's wet folds.

The both gasped and shuttered in unison as he thrust forward, burying nearly ten-inches of cock-flesh into the wet clutches of Christy's pussy. Logan began fucking her with animalistic intensity, his muscular ass flying up and down between the cradle of her thighs, pounding his dick through her cavern of carnal desire.

Christy's eyes rolled back in pleasure as Logan's firm thrusts sent waves of bliss coursing through her big-titted body. Her hands gripped onto his taut hips, guiding him deeper with each hard, powerful stroke.

"Oh, yes," she moaned, her voice hoarse with passion. "Fuck me, Logan-fuck me hard!"

With a growl of pure male desire, he surged forward, burying himself balls-deep inside Christy's clinging pussy. He continued to piston his hips, driving into her mercilessly, his eyes locked onto hers as she writhed beneath him.

Christy's fingers dug into his flesh, her nails practically sharp enough to draw blood as she clawed at his back. Her hips met each of his thrusts with equal fervor, craving his cock like there was no tomorrow.

The throbbing pulse of a real cock, pulsing with blood and sinew, was everything her dildo had to offer but more. Attached to a handsome youth with a chiseled jawline and piercing eyes, she could feel the heat of his desire radiating onto her skin. He was prepared to fuck her senseless, his primal instincts driving him towards conquest.

On the exercise mat, their bodies moved with wild urgency, slick with sweat and pulsating with desire. Every flexing muscle was

accentuated by the glistening sheen on their skin as they tangled together in a feverish embrace.

Logan plunged his throbbing cock deep into Christy's tight, hot pussy, savoring the sensation of her walls gripping him tightly. His glans pressed against the entrance to her cervix, as if trying to push its way even further inside.

With her legs wrapped around his back, Christy arched her hips and rolled them in perfect rhythm, showcasing the strength and agility she had learned from using her peanut exercise inflatable. Despite being fully penetrated, their hips continued to move in a frenzy of passion as they clung to each other.

Logan growled, feeling Christy's pussy clench and release around him as they writhed on the floor like two mating serpents. Their bodies were consumed by pleasure and ecstasy as they reached new heights of desire together.

Logan was nearly startled as Christy let out an ear-piercing scream, her voice sounding through every corner of the house. He set his hips in motion again, delivering deep, full-length thrusts into her quivering pussy as she continued to orgasm.

Christy's eyes rolled back in her head as her body shook uncontrollably. With every powerful thrust, Logan felt her pussy tighten even more around his cock, milking him as he fucked her. He loved the feel of her fat, cushy tits rippling between them, her erect nipples poking into his chest.

In that moment, time stood still and all that could be heard were the sounds of their heavy breathing, mingling with soft moans and gasps of pleasure. Their bodies moved in perfect harmony, creating a symphony of wet slaps as skin met skin.

Christy's legs wrapped tightly around him, using them as leverage to lift her hips off the mat and meet Logan's every powerful thrust. His

unyielding shaft plunged deep into her slick core, its bell-shaped tip carving through her walls with precision and sending waves of pleasure throughout her body. The rhythmic friction of his vein-encrusted cock against her corrugated walls sparked a second orgasm, coursing through her like an electric shock.

Logan's movements intensified, his body driven by an insatiable desire to give her a mind-blowing orgasm she would never forget. The way she screamed and writhed beneath him, her nails digging into his skin, confirmed that he was succeeding in his goal.

He shifted his weight on top of her, propping himself up on his extended arms so he could see her in all her glory. Her huge breasts rolled up and down her rib cage with each forceful thrust, mesmerizing him. Christy's flushed face glistened with sweat, her hair matted against her skin as she panted for breath. But it was her huge jiggling jugs that stole his attention-they were shamelessly dancing for him, enticing him further.

"Are you enjoying this?" Christy panted, her voice husky with pleasure.

"Hell yeah," he replied, unable to tear his eyes away from the mesmerizing display of rippling flesh.

"I thought you'd be sucking on them by now, my little boob-addict,," she teased, a mischievous grin spreading across her face.

"That sounds like a fantastic idea," he groaned, lowering himself down to capture one of her nipples in his mouth.

Logan groaned against the flesh of her tit, feeling her vagina tighten around him in response to his ministrations. His tongue lashed wildly at her swollen teat as he suctioned in as much flesh as he could.

He didn't want the attention he was giving her boobs to throw off his rhythm so he focused on gliding his cock through Christy's pussy at

the perfect speed and angle, quickly bringing her to another orgasmic peak.

Her pussy clamped around his shaft like a vice, milking his cock as she screamed out her climax, her pretty voice echoing through the house. The feeling of her muscles fluttering around him quickened his own arousal, sending him further into the abyss of lust.

As Christy's body trembled beneath him, Logan thrust harder and faster into her, his cock sliding wetly against her inner walls. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the room, punctuated by their grunts and gasps of pleasure.

Christy's eyes rolled back in her head, her face twisted in ecstasy as she climaxed over and over again. Her pussy tightened around him, gripping his cock with a vice-like hold as she threw her head back and cried out in pleasure. She was riding the wave of orgasm, her body shuddering with every powerful thrust.

They'd been going at it for nearly an hour now and with a half-dozen orgasms behind her Christy was racing towards another. This time, Logan was right there with her, his own release imminent.

He slammed his cock into her pussy, burying himself as deep as he could go. Christy let out a scream that threatened to shatter the windows, her body arching off the mat with the pure force of her climax. Her nails raked down Logan's back, nearly drawing blood as he continued to plunge his dick into her.

The pleasure the two of them shared was unlike anything they'd ever experienced. In that moment, all their inhibitions, all their doubts, were washed away in a tide of lust. Their bodies danced in perfect harmony, each movement echoing the other.

Christy's cunt clamped down on Logan's cock, milking him mercilessly as she screamed out from her release. He could feel the pulsing of her muscles, her juices flowing around his shaft. Every

thrust was like a jolt of pure pleasure, driving him to the edge of madness.

"Shit!" he gasped, her nipple popping from his gasping mouth. "I'm gonna cum!"

Logan's cock throbbed and twitched, the knob mushrooming, the veins on his shaft swelling as he neared his climax. Christy could feel the tense muscles in his back beneath her nails, and she knew this was going to be something special.

"Cum for me," she whispered, her voice husky with arousal. "Fill me up with your hot cum! Show me what a real man can do!"

Hearing her words, Logan thrust harder into her, slamming his hips against her helpless body with wild abandon.

As Christy's words of longing reached his ears, Logan's primal instincts took over. He thrust harder into her, his hips slamming against her body with fierce determination.

"Fuck, yes!" Christy exclaimed, her voice filled with ecstasy as she bucked and arched beneath him. With every thrust, Logan felt himself losing control until he released a guttural grunt and hot streams of cum erupted from his pulsating member, splattering deep inside her core. It was like a million tiny soldiers racing towards her egg in search of fertilization.

Finally, after experiencing an earth-shattering mutual orgasm, their bodies came to a stop and they lay there, a tangled mess of sweaty limbs, basking in the euphoria of their love-making. The air was thick with the scent of sex and their mingled fluids, creating an intoxicating atmosphere around them.

The next morning, Logan was pounding into Christy from behind at the kitchen sink, her skirt hiked up to her waist. The sound of their

bodies colliding and the wet, lewd smacking filled the room as they both groaned in pleasure.

His hands were firmly planted under her top and bra, eagerly groping her supple breasts as he thrust his aching erection between the tightness of her folds.

Christy couldn't help but be nervous as she kept an eye on her husband through the kitchen window, watching him do yard work outside. "He's coming back inside," she warned.

Logan's throbbing member made a creamy popping noise as he withdrew it from her dripping core, coated in the slick juices of their arousal. He quickly tucked himself back into his shorts while Christy smoothed out her dress and adjusted her top.

"Honey?" James called out, entering the house once again.

"In here!" Christy answered with a falsely sweet tone, trying to hide the intense pleasure that still lingered within her body from Logan's touch.

James paused in the doorway of the kitchen, his posture tense and his hand hidden behind his back. "Can I speak to **JUST YOU** for a minute?" he asked, his voice low and serious.

"Oh, um…sure," she replied, exchanging a nervous glance with Logan who was sitting at the table.

"I'll be downstairs in my room," Logan announced, sensing the tension between his parents. "Will you still help me with my homework?"

"Of course, honey," she smiled softly, her eyes meeting Logan's as they both had the same thought – a passionate tryst on his bed.

Once Logan left, Christy turned to her husband with a questioning look. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

"I was going through the trash looking for some paperwork and I found this," he said, revealing a large custom dildo from behind his back. "Would you care to explain?"

Christy couldn't help but smirk. "That's a dildo," she said nonchalantly. "One of my old ones that I no longer use."

"I didn't know you owned a dildo," James stated, his eyebrows raised in surprise. "And one this size…it's quite unrealistic, don't you think?"

"In what way?" Christy challenged playfully.

"Come on, Christy, no penis is this big. It looks like it belongs on a horse, not a human."

She couldn't contain her laughter at his naïve remark. If only he knew about the real cock upstairs that was more than capable of stretching her pussy and bringing her to multiple orgasms.

"Well…I must admit, dicks that size are quite rare, but they do exist," she said coyly. "But I no longer have any use for it. It simply can't compare to the real thing," she added dreamily, her gaze drifting off into space before snapping back to her husband. "And you, my dear, give me the real thing so wonderfully," she purred.

Her husband let out a small scoff. "If that's your attempt at getting some action right now, I'm sorry to disappoint. I have a lot of work to do outside today."

"I know, and I appreciate all your hard work," she responded sweetly. "But since I have skills that Logan finds useful, I'll do my part as well. I'll even close and lock his door while we're in there so

he can truly focus on what I'm helping him with. So please, try not to bother us, okay?"

"No problem," her husband replied with a nod before glancing at the dildo in his hand. "I'll make sure King Dong here gets properly disposed of. We definitely don't want James finding it and being traumatized by the thought of his mother using something like this."

Christy snickered, "Oh gosh, can you imagine? Poor kid probably wouldn't know what to think."

As Christy stepped into Logan's bedroom, she was met with a sudden jolt as he leaped out of the closet wearing an Incredible Hulk mask. His roar echoed off the walls, filled with ferocity and playful energy. She couldn't help but giggle at his antics.

"Mm, are you gonna jab that big green cock inside me, baby?" she teased, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Hulk horny!" Logan declared in a deep voice, trying to mimic the powerful superhero.

"Oh yeah?" she taunted, climbing onto the bed and hitching up her skirt to reveal her smooth, naked ass. "Then come give this damsel in distress some a nice, hard doggy-style fuck, Mr. Hulk."

She wiggled her meaty behind enticingly as Logan eagerly shed his underwear. His erection stood proudly, glistening with a string of precum running down the length of it. With a sense of urgency, he pounced on her from behind and mounted her haunches in one swift motion.

The primal sound of Logan's Hulk-like roar echoed through the room as he jabbed his monstrous cock deep inside Christy, causing her to let out a pleasurable squeal. His grip on her hips was aggressive and unyielding as he thrust into her with force, causing the flesh of her buttocks to ripple wildly upon each strike to his midsection.

This was their first time doing it doggy-style, and Logan felt like the king of the universe as he pounded into her pussy from behind, their bodies creating a symphony of smacking flesh that reverberated off the walls. The intensity of his erection could rival that of the Hulk himself, as it pummeled through the delicate folds of Christy's pussy with relentless power. Every inch of her snug cunt was filled with his furious thrusts, the friction between them causing Christy's hot fuck-oil to seep from her sex glands and coat his meat with slippery wetness.

With a gasp, Christy snatched Logan's pillow and buried her face in it, muffling her screams of pleasure. She was always mindful of their surroundings, even with her husband outside.

Logan couldn't resist grinning beneath his mask as he felt her walls clench around him in a series of intense spasms. His cock pulsed inside her, merging with her wetness and heat as she climaxed. He gave her round ass a sharp smack, sending shivers of pleasure through her trembling body. The waves of orgasm radiated through her like electric pulses, intensifying the already overwhelming sensations.

"Oh, fuck!" Christy cried out, her body arching back against Logan's powerful thrusts. "That's it, good boy… fuck me, Hulk! Fill me up!"

She knew she was pushing it with their unusual role-play, but the excitement of doing something different and playful fueled her passion. She knew her husband would never accept such childish, role-play behavior, but she thought it was absolutely thrilling.

Logan's balls slapped against Christy's ass with every powerful stroke, his Hulk-like grunts filling the room as he drove himself harder and faster into her. He was well aware of the danger they were in with his dad around, but the rush of adrenaline only seemed to enhance their pleasure.

As Christy felt another orgasm begin to crest, she reached down and began to massage her engorged clit. The sensation of her own fingertips combined with Logan's monster erection was an explosion of intense pleasure. She let out a wild cry, her body trembling as the orgasm took hold.

Logan felt the walls of Christy's cunt rush his cock, swelling and constricting around it in a powerful embrace. He groaned, his face twisting into a snarl beneath the Incredible Hulk mask.

"I'm gonna cum!" he growled, his hips thrusting harder and faster.

Christy let out a gasp as the first spurt of cum hit the back of her womb, causing her to convulse around his cock. She could feel his cum filling her insides, the warmth and thickness of it spreading through her, making her feel even more alive and charged.

Logan slammed into her as he unloaded his boy-semen into her core, his body trembling and shaking with the force of his orgasm.

As the last spasms of their climax subsided, Christy collapsed onto the bed, her face still buried in the pillow. She let out a contented sigh, feeling utterly satisfied as Logan's cock slowly softened inside her.

"Well, that was something," she muttered, still catching her breath.

Logan let out a chuckle, the sound muffled by the mask. "Hulk agree. We make good team, you and me."

Christy laughed, reaching back to give his ass a playful swat. "Hey, Hulk, can I have my son back? Let him know I wanna ride his cock," she said playfully.

Logan threw off the mask. "Hey, mom…did you miss me?"

"Ha-ha, very funny," she giggled. She shed her blouse and bra, releasing her heavy hooters, then fed her son a sensual kiss. "Now, get on your back and let mom show you **HER** superhero abilities, young man."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, sprawling onto his back.

The next day, Tina couldn't help but notice the radiant glow on Christy's face. "Wow, did you get some last night?" she asked with a wink. "Your freshly-fucked glow is almost blinding."

Christy's grin grew wider. "You could say I 'got some,' yeah."

Tina's eyes widened in excitement. "Do tell. Did that husband of yours finally find out he was competing with a dildo and step up his game?"

Christy's smile faltered slightly. "No, James is still the same old James," she said with a slight frown. "And my days of using dildos are definitely over."

Tina furrowed her brow in confusion. "Wait, how can both of those be true? Who else are you fucking?"

A mischievous glint appeared in Christy's eye. "Let's just say I traded in that dreamy dildo for the real thing, literally," she said with a sly grin.

Tina gasped in realization. "You're fucking Logan, aren't you?" she exclaimed, letting out a sigh of relief. "Oh my God, that is such great news, Christy! I thought I was the only one being depraved in this friendship."

"What do you mean?" Christy asked.

"I've been letting Quinn fuck me for a few days now," Tina confessed, blushing slightly. "I wanted to tell you, but I was afraid

you would think I was a complete whore or something."

Christy reassured her with a giggle. "You're not a whore, Tina. Just because we're sharing our love with them doesn't make us whores.

We're simply exploring our sexuality and finding happiness in our relationships." She leaned in closer and whispered conspiratorially, "And let's be honest, who wouldn't want to share some fun with Logan and Quinn? They're quite the studs."

Tina grinned mischievously. "I won't argue with that. In fact, I have a naughty idea for the four of us if you're up for it," she stated with a wink.

The musky scent of sweat and sex filled Quinn's bedroom as his bedspreads squeaked rhythmically beneath the weight of four bodies. The air was thick with moans and gasps, forming a primal chorus that echoed off the walls. Quinn and Logan lay side by side on the queen-sized mattress, their bodies slick with sweat, while Tina and Christy straddled them, riding their erections with feverish abandon.

The men's eyes widened to the size of silver dollars as they gazed up at the giant breasts bouncing above them. The soft mounds of flesh moved like huge rippling watermelons in perfect sync with Tina and Christy's vigorous fuck-thrusts, creating a hypnotic spectacle for the two teens below.

They'd been at it for nearly two orgasmic hours, both women at the point in their arousal where they were 'stacking' their climaxes quickly and with greater intensity.

Logan marveled at the way Christy moved her body, doing the hula-grind on his cock, soaking the bed beneath them with her ejaculations. Both he and Quinn had already cum once, which relaxed their sensitivity, allowing them to fuck longer and harder without cumming a second time.

Every little while the two women would slap their sweaty tits down against Logan and Quinn's chests and make out with them like lovers, their tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths like snakes.

Meanwhile, Christy and Tina continued to work their hips, their glistening bubble butts bobbing up and down tirelessly as they continued to fuck with skill and fervor.

Moving from her lips, Logan worked his way down the canyon between Christy's massive tits, licking and sucking at her flesh. Quinn did the same to Tina and for a long while the two boys resting beneath the weight and softness of their boobs, gorging themselves on the succulent peaks of the women's jugs.

The moms writhed and moaned, caught in a seemingly never-ending cycle of orgasms that rolled through their bodies like waves crashing on the shore. Their symphony of ecstasy filled the room, their voices sweet and melodic, but also raw and primal. Quinn couldn't tear his gaze away from Christy, who trembled and cried out as she ground her pussy against his friend's cock with reckless abandon.

"Did you reach it?" Quinn eagerly asked, his own arousal growing as he watched.

"Yep," Logan grinned proudly. "Twenty-seven orgasms. I just broke her record."

The boys exchanged a proud high-five before returning to their frenzied fucking, each thrust bringing them closer to their own release.

Logan pulled Christy back down against him, their bodies molded together like two puzzle pieces. He wrapped his arms tightly around her, savoring the fatty softness of her breasts pressed against his chest. With a surge of lust and possessiveness, he began to thrust his hips up from the mattress with a ferocious intensity, driving his

throbbing cock deep into her slick, quivering entrance. The rhythmic smacking of their wet flesh filled the air, like a primal drumbeat that reverberated off the walls.

"Ah, shit!" Logan gasped as he felt himself reaching the edge. "I'm gonna fucking cum!"

"Me too!" Quinn whimpered, matching his movements with equal fervor. The two friends climaxed simultaneously, their hot seed spurting between the pulsating folds of Tina's and Christy's cunts, mixing with their sweet juices.

As they all collapsed onto the bed, spent and panting, Christy leaned in close to her son's ear. "Twenty-eight," she whispered with a satisfied smile, giving his cock a loving squeeze with the walls of her sex-chamber.

The four of them lay there in a tangled mess of limbs and sheets, basking in the afterglow of their wild afternoon. Their bodies glistened with sweat and cum, evidence of their intense passion and pleasure.

THE END

Mom's Fetish

By Klrxo

"Honey, what's wrong?" April asked her son when she noticed he seemed down.

"Dad's making me spend my entire day Saturday helping him cut down that damn tree in the front yard."

"Maybe it's just something he doesn't think he can do on his own."

"Then why doesn't he hire some tree guys to come do it. Why do I have to spend half my weekend doing work?" Ian griped.

"I can talk to him," April sighed, "but if I get you out of tree duty you're gonna owe me," she hinted with a mischievous smile.

"Name your price," Ian blurted, willing to do about anything to get out of the task.

"Anything?" the mother smiled.

"As long as it doesn't involve me working all day Saturday."

The mother seemed a little reluctant. "OK, well…um, if I ask for something specific. Can we keep it between us?"

"Of course."

"You promise you won't think I'm weird or perverted?" April awkwardly asked.

"Mom, I'm as weird and perverted as the come, so it would be extremely hypocritical for me to think that."

April giggled. "Good to know, but you haven't heard my request yet."

"What is it?"

Thoughts of doubt and guilt suddenly swept into the mother's mind. "You know what…never mind. I'll think of something else. I shouldn't even have considered asking for this," she muttered, having second thoughts.

"Mom, would you stop. Whatever it is, I won't tell anyone, and I won't think any less of you, I promise," Ian assured her.

"Alright then, fine. Are you and Maria still using condoms?" April asked, referring to her son's girlfriend.

"I promised you we would, and we have been, every time we have sex."

"I have a feeling you're lying to me."

"Why do you think I'm lying to you?"

"Oh, I don't know…maybe because I haven't really been seeing them in your trash lately," April pointed out.

"Oh, well…to be honest, I've just been flushing them."

April gave him a play full slap on the knee. "Honey, you're not suppose to be flushing used condoms," she scolded in a playful tone. "Haven't I told you that before?"

"I know, I'm sorry, but what's that have to do with what we were talking about?" Ian asked, trying to get back on the topic of what he could do for his mother.

"If I can get you out of tree duty on Saturday, I was wondering if you would tie your condoms off, after you squirt your wad into them, and save them for me," she asked timidly.

"Save my used condoms for you? Why?"

"Ian, come on," she responded, red with embarrassment. "I'm not asking you how come you want Saturday free," his mother stated.

"So."

"So…don't ask me why I want your condoms. Do we have a deal or not?"

"So, I'm just suppose stick my condoms aside…after I've used them to have sex with?" he asked.

"Yes, just tie them off and leave them on your nightstand. I'll come in to get after you've gone to school," April directed.

"Fine," the boy agreed, even though he was extremely curious what his mom wanted to do with them.

"You'll do it?"

"Yes, I'll do it.

"Awesome!" his mother smiled. "I'll talk to your father tonight."

Ian and his girlfriend Marie had sex a lot…at least twice a day and they didn't even live under the same roof. Since Marie's parents were super-strict, they usually fucked in Ian's room, with his door locked so his younger brother and sister didn't barge in. The moment her son left for school the next morning his mom headed to his bedroom to retrieve the condoms he left for her.

What she didn't know was that her son hadn't left for school at all. He was too curious to see why she wanted his latex cum balls so much, so he hid in his closet and watched for her to enter his bedroom.

The teen was shocked when his mom finally arrived to his room completely naked. Her huge heavy tits bobbled on her chest as she came over and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Holy fuck! Mom looks amazing naked!" the boy thought. He had never really lusted after his mother before, but seeing her body bare sparked a flame inside him that he never expected to have. Her tits were way larger than he expected, with wide areolas and thick rubbery nipples. Her trim tummy flared out to wide hips and a big rounded ass. The cleft of her pudenda was crowned by a tiny patch of pubic fur.

April lifted one of the used condoms and let it dangle in front of her face as she studied its contents. The brunette mother opened her mouth, then chewed the tied end of the condom completely off. She had performed the task with such ease that it was clear she had done it many times before.

Ian watched in fascination as his mom poured his milky load into her mouth, swished it around, then swallowed it. The look on her face was one of sheer ecstasy as she savored the taste of his spunk.

"Holy shit! I can't believe what I'm watching," Ian thought.

April turned the rubber inside-out, then proceeded to lick and suck it clean.

Not a drop of spunk remained by the time she was finished. Her heavy tits wobbled as she plopped back onto Ian's bed, taking the second condom-ball with her.

Her son's tongue nearly hung out as he watched her draw her knees back, spreading her thick thighs. April reached down and began rubbing her aroused pussy, while chewing the tied end of the second condom off, just as she had the first.

This time the horny mother poured the gooey pearlescent-colored load all over her tits. The spunk ran down over her giant slopes and she immediately used her free hand to rub it in like lotion.

"Whoa!" Ian muttered, watching her massage his jizz into her unblemished skin. His eyes drifted down to her hand as it frantically rubbed just under the fleshy hood of her clitoris.

April slipped what was left of the used condom into her mouth. She sucked it like a lozenge, letting the tang of her boy's jizz sizzle on her taste buds. This seemed to make her even hornier as she began to buck her lovely round ass from the mattress, while whimpering in delight. Her index finger dug across her engorged clitoris feverishly. The muscles in her legs tensed up, then quivered in pleasure as she was struck with a powerful climax.

"**OHH, IAN, FUCK MEE!!**" she cried out, while her big boobies rippled on her chest.

Her spying teenager quickly whipped out his throbbing dick. He had been able to restrain himself until he heard his mom cry out his name. Unfortunately, while fishing out his cock, he inadvertently knocked his closet door open.

"What the hell, Ian!" his mom exclaimed, nearly startled out of her skin. She grabbed his blanket and attempted to cover herself.

"Sorry, I was just, um…"

"Spying on me?!" his mom blurted, finishing his sentence. "You're suppose to be at school."

"I know," he answered, red with embarrassment. "I guess I was just curious to see what you were doing with my used condoms."

"Well, I guess you found out, didn't you?" she told him in an irritated tone, holding his blanket around her voluptuous body as she stood

from the bed. "Oh my God, this is so embarrassing. If you tell your father I swear I will never speak to you again."

"I'm not gonna tell dad, so don't worry about it."

After standing there in silence for a moment, April sat on the edge of his bed. "Well…I suppose it doesn't make much sense for me to run to my bedroom and pretend like this didn't just happen. The cat's out of the bag now, so I suppose we should talk about it."

"I'm not gonna lie. I know you're my mom, but that pretty freagin hot to watch," the boy confessed.

April burst out laughing. "I'm sure you were just as much shocked as you were turned on," she teased.

"Shocked yes, but definitely more turned on."

"You have a girlfriend, honey. You don't need to be turned on by your mom of all people," April noted.

"No offense, mom, but I could say the same for you. You have dad. Why do you need to be turned on by me?"

"That's a dumb question. Look at you…you're gorgeous! Do you realize how many of my married friends talk about wanting to fuck you until they can't stand up straight?" she teased.

"Yeah, but those ladies aren't **YOU**. They're not my mom."

"Oh, Ian please…don't act like mister innocent. I saw you standing there with your dick in your hand when that closet door opened. You said yourself you were turned on by what you saw me doing."

"Well, yeah, then I guess we're both guilty, but…"

"But what?" his mom asked.

"But what was with the used condom routine?" he candidly snickered.

"I guess us moms can have weird fetish's just like you boys can," she confessed.

"I don't have any weird fetish's."

"Excuse me?! I've seen the browser history on your laptop, young man. You most certainly do have a fetish."

"Alright, alright, fine…but we don't need to talk about that," Ian blurted.

"Oh, but my sperm fetish is open for discussion?" his mother teased. "That's not fair."

"We'll just…drop the subject completely then," Ian suggested, embarrassed to discuss his own perverted obsession.

"No we won't," his mom stated with a mischievous smile. "Tell me about your fixation on being smothered, and I'll tell you about my sperm addiction."

"Oh, come on, mom. It's really embarrassing to talk about."

"Oh, stop! Do you really think either of us can be any more embarrassed than we already have been this morning?" she asked, then patted the spot beside her. "Come sit next to me."

Ian stepped across his bedroom and sat down next to his mom on the edge of his bed. April reached over and took his hand. "I started drinking and playing with your cum several months ago," she confessed. "How do you think I knew you stopped throwing them in your garbage can?"

"Why do you do it?" he asked her.

"I like the taste of it and the smell. I like the feel of it on my skin. When I'm doing it, it gives me such a thrill…I can't help but rub my pussy."

"Well, like I said earlier. It's pretty hot if you ask me."

"Thanks," his mom smiled, looking over into his eyes. "Your fetish intrigues me too. Is there a certain part of a woman's body that your prefer being smothered by?"

"Her vagina or ass. Her tits too, but my girlfriend's boobs aren't very big, so she mostly smothers me with her other parts," he timidly admitted.

"Interesting. Breath play can be very dangerous you know. I hope you're using techniques to do it safely," his mom stated.

"Yeah, we use safe words and stuff like that."

"So, while you're being smothered, by her pussy for example, are you performing oral sex on her?"

"Yeah, of course. I just think it's kind of thrilling not being able to breath and nearly passing out from it," the boy stated. "I know, pretty perverted, huh?"

"No more perverted than your mom eating up your cum like it's candy," she giggled.

"Do you eat dad's cum like that?" Ian asked.

"Oh, God no!" his mom scowled. "Your father's cum tastes horrible. It's not thick, rich and sweet like yours. Sorry if this shocks you, but I could drink your cum by the gallon, honey."

"Dang. It might take me awhile to produce **THAT** much cum."

"I don't know… you pump out some pretty big loads of ball juice, honey," his mom attested. "If you filled a condom while you were being smothered, I bet your ejaculations would be even bigger."

"Probably," her son agreed.

"Would you like to test that theory out?" his mom asked lasciviously.

"Test it out?" he asked, his heart rate increasing.

"Yeah. I could smother you with my big tits, in exchange for whatever comes out of the tip of your penis, deal?"

"Deal," Ian blurted, in disbelief that she was actually serious about this.

"Better close your door and lock it," his mom suggested. "We certainly don't need your brother or sister coming home early and catching us."

"True," the boy agreed, jumping up and doing what she asked.

April stood from the bed and removed the blanket from her body. Ian gawked at her humongous mommy-melons. They bobbled heavily on her chest as she stepped over to him and peeled his t-shirt off.

"Are you getting as excited as I am, honey?" she asked. "Are you anxious to be smothered in tit-flesh?"

"Yes, very!" the boy excitedly sighed, watching his mom shed his shorts and briefs. His boner sprung out stiffly, nearly slapping her on the face. "Oh, wow, Ian. Your dick is every bit as big and thick as I imaged it would be!" the mother gushed.

"You think so?"

"Yes I do. I certainly didn't think those huge cum loads I was drinking were coming from a small penis."

Ian had a condom on his nightstand. April picked it up and tore it opened, then wasted no time rolling it over her son's erect prick.

"There you go…all suited up and ready for battle," she joked. "Now you just have to decide where you want this battle to take place."

"Um…on the bed," Ian answered, glancing over at his mattress.

"Well, I know **THAT**, honey. What I meant by '**WHERE**' is… do you wanna do battle in hand-ville?" she asked, doing a jerking-off motion with her clasped fist. Then she pointed down to her cunt. "Or pussy-town?"

"Pussy-town?" he asked, thinking surely his mom didn't mean fucking her pussy.

April smiled salaciously and placed her hands on her hips, making her king-sized tits jut outward. "If you're gonna play ball with mom, you might as well go all the way to forth base."

"Seriously?!" the boy asked, thrilled by her suggestion.

"You focus on getting smothered and let me focus on draining those big nuts," April insisted, glancing down at her son's dangling scrotum.

Ian eagerly sprawled onto mattress and his mom followed. "Prop yourself back on some pillows, honey. That'll be the best position for me to smother you and ride you at the same time," the mother suggested.

Ian stuck some pillows beneath his back, so he was reclined instead of laying flat. Watching his beautiful, heavy breasted mom crawl on top of him was the most thrilling moment he'd ever experienced.

April planted her knees astride his hips. She reached down and grasped his erection, then fit his condom-sheathed knob to the mouth of her cuntal vestibule.

Ian gasped sharply as his bell tip was encased in the heat of his mother's fuck-pit. Slippery secretions from April's Bartholin's glans lubricated the meat of her son's erection. This allowed it to squeeze through the remnants of her hymen and into the snug heated grip of her vaginal orifice.

Ian peered down with wide eyes and watched his thick cock shaft slowly sink up into his mom's body. Finally, their bare pubis's fused together as they experienced full genital penetration.

"Holy shit! What a dick!" the mother gasped excitedly.

Peering up, Ian couldn't see much of his mom's lust-filled face, since it was obscured by her huge ballooning tits. "Ready for mom to make your naughty dreams come true, honey?" April asked in a lusty tone.

"Yes, please!" the boy answered, licking his lips.

She lowered her ample bosom, mashing his face down between her squishy melons. Ian's young body gave off an excited shudder as he was smothered in the warm spongy pocket of her cleavage.

"Now, let me show you what us moms can do," April expressed, lifting her lovely round ass up. This made her cunt walls drag up the stalk of her son's prick. Then she plunged back down, crushing his fat knob against the puffy swell of her external o's.

She heard her son give of a tit-muffled gasp as she began riding him in a steady fuck-rhythm. "Oh my God, Ian…your dick feel **SO** good!" she whimpered. The mother wasn't used to such a hard, muscular cock pumping through her hot vagina. She could feel his aroused penile flex flexing and throbbing through the thin latex condom. This

caused her pussy to clench excitedly, swathing her boy's spooge-canon in hot slippery fuck-oil.

Wedged in the canyon of her cleavage, Ian's face was turned slightly and masked in fatty tit-flesh. This was just the type of smothering he'd always dreamed of. He'd just never been lucky enough to be with someone as tit-heavy as his mother.

He gasped in wonder, feeling the fatty and glandular tissue slosh around his face. He kissed his mother's squishy flesh tenderly, wishing he could spend hours upon hours in that very spot. However, from the way his mom was fucking his rigid cock, he knew he'd be lucky to last an hour tops.

April, on the other hand, was already edging on the peak of a monster climax. She knew she was about to let her son see her in her most primal state. It didn't matter though. She knew they crossed that barrier where they could get as wild and uninhibited as they wanted.

"I'm gonna cum on you, Ian!" she cried out.

"Ohhh, shit, that feels incredible!" the boy's mind exclaimed as he felt his mom's pussy contract around his burrowing prick. Even through the latex he could feel her orgasmic secretions swirling around the tender meat of his dick.

April's big naked mommy-ass flew up and down, beating their pissers together. She cried out in sheer ecstasy as she gushed all over the satisfying stiffness of her boy's boner.

Ian loved having his face surrounded in that part of his mom's breast, but there was another part that equally intrigued him. He kissed his way up the squishy contour of her tit, until he arrived at her nipple. He quickly latched on, spreading his lusty lips out across the thick-textured cap of her pinkish-purple areola.

"That's it, baby boy. Suck those big titties now!" his mother urged. She didn't know if he was close to cumming or not, but was determined to take as many toe-curling orgasms as she could get until he did. The mother continued working her hips tirelessly, plunging her clasping cunt-tube up and down her boy's erection, from bell to balls.

Their crotches **SMACKED** wetly together and the frame of Ian's bed squeaked repeatedly from the feverish sexual tempo.

April slapped their genitals together in full penetration, then swiveled her motherly midsection up and back. This grinned her boy's boner around inside her sex-chamber like a fleshy gearshift.

With his mouth gorged with the rubbery cap of his mom's tit, Ian whimpered in pleasure. He loved having a big dick and being able to stretch every inch of a woman's pussy. His eyes rolled back from the exquisite feel of his mom's pleated walls chewing at the meat of his cock.

By now the boy's face was sunk deep in the dough-like softness of his mom's tit. He sucked at her rubbery nipple greedily, making it elongate inside his mouth.

"**YES!...YES, I'M CUMMING!!**" he heard his mother sing.

Once again he felt her tremble violently. Girl cum hissed from her urethra, washing along his thick cock-root. It then cascaded down his nuts and onto the bed.

"Good-fucking-grief!" the mother brain exclaimed. "My son is a sexual superman!"

If this were true than Ian had certainly met his match. They'd been going at it for an hour now and his mother didn't miss a beat. Moms her age were sexual athletes and had high skill and endurance

levels. Her wide mature hips worked like a machine, plunging her hot pussy up and down her boy's steely rod in a tireless rhythm.

Ian absolutely loved the texture of his mom's fuck-tube. It was so much different than his girlfriend's, in a good way. He had heard that women his mom's age had developed well-pronounced ribs along their vaginal lining. Now he knew for himself how true it actually was. Her strong pelvic floor muscles bulged out, compressing the spongy sheath around his fuck-muscle even tighter. He could only imagine how fucking amazing that pleated vaginal rugae would feel dragging along the flesh of his cock without a condom on.

Over the next twenty minutes, April alternated between humping and grinding. Her big dicked boy brought her off two more times during that period, making her tremble and howl in sexual delight.

The mother had enough experience to know when her son was preparing to ejaculate. His dick was twitching inside her and he was lifting her off the bed with involuntary thrusts. She wanted to make this orgasm as powerful as she could for him. There was also a bit of selfishness involved, knowing a really strong cum would provide more semen for her to drink from his Ian's condom.

April realized, in her son's case, with his smothering fetish, a strong ejaculation would come from oxygen deprivation. While she had no intention of pushing it too far, she wanted to restrict his breathing just long enough for him to experience the most intense climax of his young life.

With his dick tingling, Ian felt his mom rest her full weight against him, and wrap her arms around his head. She pulled him even deeper into her tit melon, encasing nearly his entire head in fatty flesh.

The boy whimpered and trembled from the thrill of being so intensely smothered by his own mom's giant tit. His frantic thrusts

were met by his mother's as she slammed him back to the mattress and screwed her juicy cunt back down around his cock-root.

With a tit-muffled grunt, the boy began filling his latex condom with fat blasts of ball-juice. While most people would see stars from a lack of oxygen, Ian saw a dozen images of his mom's tits swinging wildly around him.

April delighted in hearing her boy's stifled pleasure-grunts. She could feel his powerful cock flexing stiffly in her cuntal grip, each time it ejected a thick spurt of cum inside the condom. Her pussy quivered at the thought of pouring his hot, fresh cum-load down her throat. She had always retrieved his condoms well after he had sex with his girlfriend. She couldn't wait to see how much more tasty it would be fresh from his balls.

For nearly two minutes her son grunted and writhed beneath her, having the orgasm of his life. He finally gasped for air as his mom rose up off him. "Are you OK, honey?" she giggled, watching him fight for breath.

Despite his struggling, the teenager smiled from ear to ear. "Uh-huh!" he sighed, gazing up at her enormous sweat-glistening udders lustfully. Her left nipple was purple and swollen from the vigorous sucking it had just received.

"How was that for a good smothering?" she asked.

"I'm sure you'll tell when you see how full that condom is," he answered.

"The anticipation is killing me," his mom smiled, then climbed off him.

Ian's dick popped from her cunt, soaked with her orgasmic secretions. The anxious mother was quick to inspect the condom,

gasping at the extraordinary amount of ball-goo it contained. "Oh my God! Look at all that cum!" she exclaimed.

"I knew it would be a lot. I've never cum that hard," Ian confessed, still short of breath.

April carefully removed the rubber from his dick. She made a point of squeezing the sides, so she could clean as much cum as possible off his dick and into the condom.

"Wow!" the mother beamed, holding the rubber, so it made a huge cum-ball at the tip. "This is the biggest load of cum I've ever seen."

"Really?" Ian asked proudly.

"Yes. I'm pretty sure it takes your father about a months worth of orgasms to produce this much."

"So, are you drinking this one, or rubbing it all over yourself?" Ian asked.

His mom peeked down at him and smiled mischievously. "Oh, I'm drinking this one. Every fucking drop," she excitedly blurted.

Ian watched in fascination as his mom poured the milky contents of the condom into her mouth and swished it around.

The mother swallowed the jizz and her boy's eyes were bulging from his skull as he watch. "Damn, mom, that was **SO** hot!" he declared.

"Oh, fuck, honey…your cum tastes so incredible when it's warm and fresh like that."

"I can produce more for you, if you want?" he stated, giving his big cock a few rejuvenating strokes.

"Can you?" she asked, staring at his flaring knob. "Can you squirt your cum-ropes all over mommy's tits this time?"

"You bet. So I can fuck you again?"

"As long as you give me a half-dozen orgasms like you did the first time," she winked.

"No problem. Can I be on top this time?" Ian asked.

April sprawled down onto her back, making her giant boobs shimmy across her chest. She brought her knees back, bowing open her thighs, so her dainty feet hovered in the air. "Slip a condom on that sweet dick and hop on, honey," she insisted.

Ian reached for a condom, but there was none there. "Shit, that was my last one," he moaned.

"Well, I guess it's your lucky day. Looks like you'll be getting some bare back pussy this time."

"Seriously?! Are you sure that's ok?"

"As long as you pull out and squirt those little swimmers onto my tits. I don't need them gang-raping my egg and getting me pregnant this week," she teased.

"Can do!" the boy responded, staring at his mom's naked pussy. Her engorged clitoris peeked from beneath the fleshy prepuce like a tiny erect penis. Her cuntal flanges were splayed, revealing the pink, creamy, collapsed walls, just inside the mouth of her vagina.

"Come on, honey…" April said seductively. "Let mommy squeeze and squirt all over that big dick."

Ian climbed down on top of her and fit his cum-drooling knob into her fuck-slit. With one forceful thrust, he rammed all his cock into the snug wetness of her pussy.

"Oh, fuck, baby!!" his mom squealed as she was packed with the thickness of her son's cock.

Ian began fucking her, making his cum-filled balls beat again her upturned ass. Mother and son clung to each other like their lives depended on it, while fucking frantically.

The teen groaned in delight. He wasn't used to having a tight, wet pussy sheathed around his cock without a condom on. It felt divine. His mother's spongy cuntal pleats chewed at his erection, soaking it with fuck-oil.

April's heavy breasts were crushed between them like a tit-sandwich. The fatty orbs sloshed wildly against Ian's bare chest, adding to his excitement level.

The horny mother had her lovely legs wrapped around her boy. She used them to whip her buns up from the mattress, meeting Ian's thrusts. This made their genitals smack together in a lewd rhythmic beat.

"Ahhh, shit!" the teen groaned. He'd had a lot of sex with girlfriends, but he wasn't used to the fuck-skills of a middle-aged mother.

April felt an equal thrill as her boy pounded into her. Despite having frequent sex in her marriage, the incredible vigor and rock hardness of a teenager easily put her husband to shame.

"Oh, baby…I'm gonna cum!" the mother groaned.

The muscles in April's vagina, anus and uterus began to rhythmically contract. Her teeth clenched together as her face twisted into a wild pleasure-grimace. Then, her back arched and shuttered, lifting her boy from the bed as a powerful climax shot through her heavy-titted body like an electric current.

April's clasping fuck-tube squelched around her boy's meat, bathing it in hot female ejaculate. The pair wrestled like two lusty animals rutting in the wild. April muscles strained as she humped and clawed at her boy. Her mind swirled with tit-quivering pleasure that seemed to never end.

Ian felt his entire body tingle euphorically. A load of jizz shot up his urethral tube, like water through a fire hose. As much as he wanted to soak his mom's cervix with his spunk, he remembered their deal and quickly pulled out.

"Cumming!!" he grunted.

April quickly propped herself on her elbows, pressing her giant tits together. This created a huge fleshy target for her boy to blast his spunk against. "Soak my tits, baby!" the mother cried out. "Glaze mommy's fuck-udders with your ball-nectar!"

With a wild series of grunts, the teen blasted fat cords of pearly-white jizz against his mom's breasts. Some ran down over rubbery nipples. Some of his spunk cascaded down into the deep canyon of her cleavage. April's body trembled as she creamed again just watching her son's ejaculate pulse from his piss-slit.

After a few minutes of climactic excitement, they both let out a deep satisfied sigh. "Wow, honey, you really soaked me…in more ways that one," she giggled, looking down at both her cum-drenched boobs and the pool of girl-cum staining her son's bedsheet.

"Will you sit on my face now?" Ian asked, anxious to experience more of her wonderful mommy-smothering.

"Mm, you just can't get enough can you, baby?" she mewled. "Like mother, like son."

April straddled her boy face, smothering him in hot, wet pussy. She was already dreaming of the next cum-load that would squirt from

his cock. She knew this time she wanted to feel his fat knob clogged deeply inside her throat. She wanted to feel his ball-milk splashing and cascading through her esophagus and down into her tummy.

All day they would feed each other's fetishes, writhing and trembling and crying out in sexual delight.

Ian's father ended up hiring a tree company to come do the work, after his wife convinced him that their son was simply too busy to help on Saturday. She wasn't lying. Ian **WAS** busy…having his face smothered in tit-flesh. He and his mother had found a nice private spot to park her car at the local make-out spot outside of town. Ian was slouched on the back seat with his naked mom on top of him. Her sexy round bubble butt slowly pumped up and down as they engaged in a long passionate fuck.

The boy's cock was unsheathed, flexing and throbbing as it was milked by the juicy pleated walls of his mother's cunt tube. April got a wicked thrill from chewing his condoms open and drinking or bathing in their milky contents. However, seeing his boy-goo squirt directly out of his piss-slit and enjoying his jizz while it was hot and fresh was even more exciting to the perverted mother.

For Ian, there was no place on earth he'd rather be. Having his big cock squeezed, pulled and gushed all over by his mom's skilled cunt was wonderful enough. However, having this done, while pushing his face against her fat squishy boob and gorging on her tit-cap was as good as he could ever wish for.

Mom's *HARD* Choice

by klrxo

"Kevin are you home?" Sharon shouted, stepping into the house with shopping bags in one hand, a baby in the other.

"Yeah, I'm here," he answered from the couch, busy playing a game on his phone.

The spires of Sharon's four-inch heels **CLICKED** on the wood floor as she sashayed over to the sofa. "Oh good, I need your help with something. I'm gonna nurse your sister and put her down for a nap. Don't go anywhere ok?"

The handsome 18 year old gave her a thumbs up, enthralled in his game.

Sharon dropped the bags off in her bedroom, then went to the nursery, changing her newborn's diaper. She pretty brunette unbuttoned her blouse and her huge bra-shrouded tits jutted from the parted top. The mother unfasten the nursing hook to one of the cups and peeled the fabric away, revealing the puffy swollen flesh of a pink nipple and areola. A bead of seeping breastmilk began to form on the thick papilla as she brought her newborn daughter to the rocker for a good nursing.

A little while later, she called out to Kevin again. "Darling, can you help me now."

Kevin went to her bedroom, where she was going through the bags she'd brought home. "What's up, Mom?" he asked, standing near her.

"It's almost your father and I's anniversary, so I bought a couple things today," she said.

"Oh that's right. You and dad's anniversary is this week, I forgot. What kind of things did you buy?" the boy asked.

"Some things I thought your father would like. I only needed one outfit, but I couldn't decide which one I liked the best, so I ended up buying two," Sharon explained.

"Two? Your anniversary's only one night, mom. How are you gonna wear two different outfits?" "I know that, smarty-pants, I have something special planned for the other one. I just need your help picking out which one you think would be your father's favorite, so that I can wear it the night of our anniversary," Sharon said.

"Ok, sure. I'll do what I can to help."

"You're an angel," Sharon smiled, then carried the bags into the joining bathroom. "I'll be right out."

Kevin didn't expect his mom to come out in something so skimpy. "Ok, here's the first outfit," Sharon said, emerging in an aqua colored stretch mesh see-through babydoll that featured a halter-style top that tied around the back of her neck. The bust portion had beautiful laced detail and Kevin could faintly make out the huge dark-pink rings of her areola through the design.

"Nice," Kevin said blushingly.

The sexy mommy struck a cute little pose in front of him, with her hands on her hips and one knee cocked slightly out. "I love babydoll nighties," she said, "and this one **IS** stunning. I just, I don't know if it's elegant enough for an anniversary."

Kevin's heart beat fast as his eyes drifted over her. "I love all the details, especially up around the boob area," he said.

"Me too," his mom said, "it reminds me of the bridal negligee I wore on your father and I's wedding night, except that was all white of course. Do you like the panties?" she asked.

Kevin lowered his eyes to her crotch. "Yeah," he muttered. The matching panties were on clear display through the transparent skirt portion of the gown. They too were made of a translucent material, allowing him a peek a her shaved pubis. He gulped excitedly, gawking at the puffy hairless folds that formed her pudendal cleft.

"Wanna see the back," she asked, spinning around before he could answer.

The teen could see where the material disappeared in the split at the top of her buns. The smooth tan half-moons of her meaty buttocks made Kevin's cock throb with hardness. He hoped his mom wasn't noticing the bulge beneath his shorts. "Not much to the back," he said.. "I know. These types of panties don't leave much to the imagination, do they?" Sharon asked, peeking back at him.

"Nope."

"Bet you didn't expect to be looking at Mom's thonged ass today, did you," she said, giving him a flirty wink.

"Not at all," Kevin nodded, still staring.

"Ohh, shoot!" Sharon said suddenly, looking down at her boobs.

"What's wrong?"

"My boobs are leaking...and soaking through," she said, turning to reveal the big wet spots on the fabric covering her colossal jugs. "And I just nursed her. These boobs are relentless in their milk production," she said.

"I doubt dad will mind all that much, mom," Kevin confessed.

"True. Ok, I'm gonna go wipe off and try on the next outfit. Be right back."

Before she could get to the bathroom, she stopped suddenly. "Oh wait, I have something that goes with this outfit," she said, rushing into the walk-in closet.

She emerged with a pair of black dainty heels and rushed over to the bathroom. "Sorry," she said cutely, her big milk-filled boobies bobbling beneath the nighty as she rushed into the bathroom.

Once she disappeared, Kevin fished his boner from his shorts and gave it a few strokes. The image of his mom in that sexy babydoll was branded in his mind and he was sure it was all he'd think about for days.

He put his dick away not long before his mom emerged in the second sexy outfit. It was a short black fishnet cutout dress, which fit her snuggly and was cut just below crotch length.The entire gown was nylon and spandex fishnet cutouts, clearly showing off her naked body beneath. "Jesus, Mom," Kevin muttered, his mouth hanging open.

"I know, it's revealing, but I've never had fishnet cutout dress before. I've always wanted one. Do the heels look okay with it?" she asked.

The boy's eyes traveled down her smooth legs, passing along her strong calves and slender ankles. Her sex feet were arched in daily black sandals with five-inch heels. They had a T strap that crossed her feet, just above her pretty painted toes. "Heck yeah," the excited teen muttered. "They didn't come with panties, but that's fine. I think it looks better without them, don't you?" she asked.

"Agreed, totally," Kevin said, starting at the smooth upside-down triangle of his mother's crotch. At the point of the triangle, just between her legs, he could see the juncture were her puffy

outerfolds met. At the top of the pussy-cleft, the thick domed hood of her clitoris peeked out.

"You definitely won't notice the milk leaking out of my boobs as much in this one," Sharon said, peering down at her nipples. "It'll probably just drip out onto the floor," she giggled.

This was the closet to naked Kevin had ever seen his mom. He couldn't believe how big and fleshy her areolas were. They spread across the tips of her boobs in a wide round circles and were dotted with areolar glands. The nipples themselves were thick nubs with droplets of milk clearly seeping out.

She spun around. "What about the back? Like it?" she asked.

Kevin blushed, staring at that succulent mommy-ass, which stretched the fishnet cutouts teasingly. "What's there not to like?" he muttered.

Sharon peeked back at her teen and smiled, letting his eyes linger a moment longer on her derriere before turning back around to face him. Her movement caused her tit-cannons to wobble back and forth a moment, making Kevin's cock flex beneath his briefs.

"So now the big question, since it's such a hard choice for me, which one will your father like better do you think?" she asked.

"They're both hot, don't get me wrong, but definitely the one you have on," her son answered. "So if **YOU** were your father, that would be your choice?" she asked.

"Definitely."

"Ok then, it's decided. I'm wearing the aqua babydoll for your father and I's anniversary," she said. Kevin seemed confused. "Wait, why that one? I said he'd like this one better."

Sharon snickered and moved to her son, placing her hands on his shoulder and gently rubbing them. "I know, but to be honest, I really don't give a shit which one he likes. He'll be happy with either one of them. I really wanted to know which one **YOU** liked better, so I can wear it around the house for you this week," she said.

"Wear this? For me?"

"Would you like that?" she asked, "would you like Mom to wear something naughty around the house, when it's just you and me here?"

"I wouldn't complain," Kevin said excitedly.

"Let me ask you a candid question then... do you ever think about fucking me?" Sharon asked. "All the time," her son sighed, his heart racing.

"That's good, because I think about fucking you too '**ALL THE TIME**,' she giggled. "I've been wanting to fuck you for a few years now and now that you're old enough, I think it's something that we should both explore, don't you?" she asked.

"For sure."

She slowly moved her lips in for a series of wet sensual kisses. Kevin felt her hand gently squeeze the bulge of his cock. "Mmm, you're so hard," she whispered.

"It's your fault," Kevin teased, getting a few more kisses.

"Do you want my boobs on you baby?" Sharon said between kisses, "Do you want mommy's big milky tits pressed against your chest?"

"Yess."

"Let's take off your shirt," she said, "let mom help you."

Sharon helped her boy shed his shirt, gazing lustfully at his chest. "Ohh those muscles. You're so fucking young and hot," she moaned.

"Your body is hot too. Your boobs are um...amazing," the boy muttered..

"Mnnn, thank you. They'll be even more 'amazing' when they're up against you," she said, "come here."

She pulled him in for a boob-squashing embrace. "Hhhooh," her son sighed, feeling the spongy flesh of her jugs spread out like soft dough across his chest.

"Let me kiss your neck, while I squeeze your dick," she whispered softly, then planted a series of wet kisses along the side his neck. Kevin felt her hand reach into his briefs and grasped the aroused meat of his manhood.

"Mmm, so thick. Where have you been hiding this?" she giggled between lustful kisses. "That feels really good," he panted.

"Ohh darling, this is nothing. Wait until you feel it inside me...stretching the soft pink walls of my pussy with your young cock" kiss, kiss," while I squeeze on you and soak you with my hot juices."

"Ohhh Jesus Mom," the boy shivered with overwhelming arousal..

"Mmm you like the sound of that darling? You want mommy to throw her sexy legs waaay back in the air and let you crawl between them?"

"Yess," her son whimpered, delighted by how she was squeezing and tugging his cock with her hand.

"Mmm baby your dick is so big. You'll fill mommy so full...reach all the way to her hot tootsy-roll center," she said, pulling his shorts off,

while continuing to plant soft kisses..

"Ohh my God," he sighed with excitement.

Sharon pulled her gown up around her waist and the snug spandex kept it in place. "See, all mom has to do it lift her sexy new outfit over her hips like this...and we're ready baby. Ready to fuck our asses off!" she said with a thrill in her voice.

"Ohh man, yess." "Mmm where do you want me?" she asked, still giving him sporadic kisses. "Where do you want our maiden voyage to be? Do you wanna fuck me on mine and your father's bed or do you wanna take me down to your room and pound my hole on your mattress?" she asked passionately.

"Both," he muttered..

Sharon laughed. "Ohh don't you worry, we'll be fucking all over the house this summer," she said. "We'll fuck in the shower," she said between smooches, "We'll fuck in the kitchen, on the sofa and even in your father's workshop," kiss, kiss. "You can lift me up on his workbench and fuck me soo hard, then blow a huge wad of baby-makers into me, would you like that?" she asked. "Oh my God, yes," he sighed. "My bed."

"What baby?"

"I want it on my bed...the first time," he said eagerly.

Sharon giggled, then eagerly took his head. "Mmm, let's go," she whispered lustfully, then led him out of her bedroom. "Your bed sounds like a great place to start our sexual adventure."

Kevin followed his mother down the hallway, like a love-struck puppy dog, entranced by her naked buttocks as it swayed hypnotically, like a big juicy peach.

Once in his bedroom, Sharon led him to the bed. "I'll get on the bed first," she said, letting his hand go and crawling on to the mattress. This made her jiggling ass-mounds spread slightly, giving her boy a peek at the pink crinkled ring of her asshole. Kevin was so incredibly aroused he felt faint. His hardon jutted from his crotch in a perfect upward angle. It looked thick and strong, like branch of a mighty oak tree. The shaft was capped by a fat purple knob with a weeping piss-slit.

His mom rolled on to her back and immediately scissored her shapely legs wide open. "Mmm, your dick looks so hard. Mommy's spreading her legs for you baby," Sharon said.

"Oh wow," her son muttered. He knew his mom did palates, but was still amazed by her limberness. Her cunt-lips were splayed open, like thick fleshy butterfly wings, separated by the deep coral grove of her fuck-hole.

"Come get in," she said lustfully, staring at her son's cunt-splitter, "I wanna wrap these strong smooth legs around you."

Kevin crawled onto the mattress and took position between her thighs. He fit the tip of his pecker between the layers of labial meat. "Yess, slide it in," Sharon whimper.

The teen watched his boner sink inside her and was met by the heated ribbed walls of her juicy vagina. "Ohh God yesss, to your balls baby. I wanna feel every inch of you," she gasped.

Kevin let her have it all and he felt her shaved folds spread out around the root of his cock. "Ohhh shit," the teen muttered, overwhelmed from the sensations of being fully sheathed in the same pussy that gave birth to him.

"Kiss me," she said with wild eyes, "fuck mee!"

She tossed her sexy legs around him, while humping her ass off the mattress, setting Kevin's hips in motion. He kissed his Mom passionately as he began to plunge his hardon through her pussy. "Ohhh yess, your cock feel so good!" she cried out.

For a women who'd just given birth only a couple months ago, Sharon had a really tight cunt. This, along with the skilled use of her pussy-muscles, made it an exquisitely pleasurable hump for the young man.

"You like how that feels baby? You like having your dick in there?" she panted.

"Yess, feels amazing in there," he moaned.

"I'll squeeze my cunt muscles around that young cock," she said while kissing him, "make it so fucking good for you."

"Ohhyess!"

She clawed his back with her nails. "Come on baby, go faster! We Moms love to be fucked hard and fast," she shouted.

Kevin obliged, setting into a steady cunt-fucking rhythm. His big smooth balls beat against her upturned ass. "Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap, slap, slap, slap!"

"Oohhhyesss!!" the horny mother cried out, feeling her son's hard muscle thunder through her hot cunt. It ignited the sensitive pleasure-centers spread along the inside of her cunt-tube, making her entire big-titted body tingle with pleasure.

As a result, Kevin had his Mom crying out in orgasm in no time flat. "Ohh baby, I'm gonna cum on you!" she shrieked as her flesh trembled. Her big milk-filled boobs rolled and quivered on her chest, sporadic streams of milk squirting from her teets. "Suck 'em baby! Rip open the dress and suck mommy's tits," Sharon said.

"Rip it open? Won't you wanna wear it again?" he asked.

"No, I don't wanna wear anything around you baby. From now on, nothing comes between our naked bodies when we're alone," she said.

Kevin grabbed the material with both hands. "Well, ok then," he said, then ripped open her dress.

Sharon's huge naked tits came spilling out and the eager teen latched on to one and sucked like a baby. "Yess, just like that. Suck that warm milk out," his mother said encouragingly, holding him to her breast.

Kevin slurped and sucked, beating his tongue against her squirting nipple and gulping down every drop of sweet nectar she provided. "Mmmggff," his mouth wetly whimpered..

Meanwhile, his pounding cock was tingling, on the verge of releasing it's own milky content, deep inside Sharon's tightly gripping cunt. "Ohhhfuckl!" the teen finally spat.

Kevin's mom clutched him in an anaconda grip, humping up at him wildly, her sexy little bare feet bobbing in mid-air.."Yesss, I'm cumming again. I'm cumming on your big juicy cock! UUUUNNHHGG1!" she screamed out, soaking his boner in hot girl-cum.

For several minutes their bodies jerked and writhed in pleasure, making Kevin's bed rock and squeak. "Mmm baby..You fucked me sooo good," Sharon said.

"That was amazing," her boy gasped.

His gorgeous stacked Mom gazed up at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Amazing enough to want to do it again before your father gets home?"

"No," he muttered, looking down at her. "Amazing enough to want to do it **TWICE** before dad gets home," he teased.

This brought a big smile to his Mom's face. "Deal," she said, the dove for his lips, planting sensual kisses.

Mom's Hero

By Klrxo

Part 1

"Frankie, I have something **VERY** important I need to talk to you about?" Lori said.

"What is it, Mom? Is everything ok with dad?" Frankie asked, knowing his father was overseas in the military.

"Yes, your father's fine, but as you know he's gone for three months, so he's not here to perform his special duties."

"Well, I told dad I'd help take care of things while he's gone."

Lori got a big pretty smile, gazing at her boy with her lovely hazel eyes. "I know you did. That's why I'm coming to you with a **VERY** important task that needs accomplished here at home," she explained.

"Sure, how can I help?"

The pretty mother took a deep brave breath. "Well, how would you like to make a little brother or sister with me?" she asked nervously.

"A little brother or sister?"

"Yes, I've been wanting another baby in my belly for awhile now, but your father always seems so busy with his career," the mother explained. "So, I was thinking that you might be interested in helping me out."

"By helping you get pregnant?" Frankie asked, his heart racing a mile a minute. For the longest time, he'd had fantasied of doing that very thing. All his friends had pretty moms, but his own mother took the cake. She had long silky-brown hair, amazing motherly legs and the biggest squishiest-looking boobs of any woman in town.

"I'm ovulating, starting tomorrow," Lori said with a raised eyebrow.

"Ovulating?"

"It's a woman's special time, when her body produces an egg that attaches itself to her uterus," she said,

"but you don't need to concern yourself with all the technicalities. Let me worry about that. Your task is very simple, and one that I think you'll like a lot. Pump as much sperm into my vagina with your penis as you can the next five days. That's it!"

"Five days?" Frankie asked, so excited that he felt faint. At first, he was thinking this was just gonna be a one time thing.

"Yes. We have a five day window to inseminate me. If we're not successful, we have to wait another month before we can try again."

"Geez, that long?"

"Yes," she whispered, then thrust her chest, making her huge round boobies balloon outward, stretching her thin top. "Can you be my hero, Frankie? Can you make this happen for me?" she asked, giving him a sexy pleading look that made her boy's dick flex with stiffness.

"I'll do whatever I can," he muttered.

"Oh, honey, thank you!" the mother exclaimed, near tears she was so grateful and excited. She lunged forward and hugged her teen, pancaking her large fatty melons against his young chest.

"Does, um... dad know we're doing this?" Frankie asked.

Lori broke their embrace, a tinge of guilt spread across her face. "That's actually the other thing I wanted to mention. Him and I had sex the night before he left, so if I do get pregnant, I can just tell him it must have happened that night," she explained.

"Yeah, I don't suppose dad would be too happy if he thought I put a baby in you."

"Probably not," Lori giggled, her face a tad blushed at the fact that she was so eagerly planning to cheat on her husband. "I guess it'll just have to be **OUR** special secret."

"If we're successful that is," Frankie said.

She playfully slapped him on the knee. "Of course we'll be successful, as long as we stick to the goal, and make creating a baby our whole focus for the next five days," Lori said, then quickly took her son's hand.

"That reminds me... I have an idea."

The busty beauty anxiously led her son down the hallway, to her and her husband's bedroom. They stopped just inside the door. "So I was thinking," Lori said. "We should probably take my mattress off the bedframe and put it on the floor."

"Why?"

"Well, honey, five days worth of vigorous sexual intercourse will definitely take it's toll on my bedframe," she explained. "We don't wanna have to explain to your father why the bed is in shambles, and there's holes in the wall from the headboard pounding against it so hard."

"True," Frankie said, still in disbelief that his own mom was making reference to them fucking each other's asses off.

"The other thing I was thinking was that you should move some of your stuff down here and share my bedroom with me," she suggested, with a big smile.

"You mean sleep in here at night?"

"Well, honey, during the baby making process you don't get much sleep, but I certainly think if we're going to be copulating like a couple, we should definitely be sharing a room like one."

"What does copulating mean?" Frankie stupidly asked.

Lori giggled and placed both her hands on his shoulder, gazing at him lovingly. "Copulation means having hot, nasty, baby making sex together," she teased, giving him a cute wink.

"Oh, yeah, guess I should have known that."

"Like I said, I don't expect you to know all the technical terms, and special techniques. I'll coach you through all that stuff as we go. Your job is just to keep that thing hard as much as you can," Lori said, glancing down at his bulging crotch. "Then help me transfer those little swimmers from your balls to my cervix."

Frankie nodded confidently. "Got it!"

"Good," his mom said, showing her perfect gleaming white teeth as she smiled. Her eyes were so dreamy and radiant, Frankie could hardly think straight when she looked at him.

"So if I'm gonna be staying in here, which side of the bed is mine?" the boy asked.

"You won't need a 'side,' you goof!"

"I won't?"

"No, we're making a baby. There are no sides, honey. You'll be on top of me, or I'll be on top of you...pretty much constantly," Lori said with a quirky smile.

"Well, that's not necessarily true."

"And why's that?" Lori asked in a questioning tone.

"Well, I could be **BEHIND** you," he joked, making his mom burst out laughing.

"You have a point. We'll be doing plenty of doggy, so that's true."

Frankie let out a little gasp in reaction to her words. Having his mom's thick peach-shaped ass beat against his midsection, while they fucked doggy-style, had been a fantasy of his for a long time.

"So, when do we start all this baby making stuff?" the boy asked, so anxious it was killing him.

"Tomorrow morning," she answered. "Tonight we'll focus on getting our bedroom all set up. Since it'll be our first time sharing a bed together, we should probably engage in some sort of little ice breaker tonight."

"Ice breaker?"

"Yeah, tomorrow we're gonna be naked together, honey, and as close and intimate as two people can get," Lori explained, gazing lovingly into her boy's eyes. "So maybe tonight we'll prepare ourselves for that. We'll go to bed a little early, and just let ourselves become acquainted in a way we never have before."

"Dang," the boy gasped, his heart racing. "Is it bedtime yet?"

His mom laughed. "Oh, looking forward to getting acquainted are we?" she asked cutely.

"Sure," the boy said with an anxious smile.

"You're just excited to see what mom wears to bed," Lori joked.

"That too."

She fed him a sultry look. "What if I decide to wear nothing?" she asked.

"That would be fine."

"Yeah? You'd be OK with Mom crawling into bed in nothing but tits and ass?" she teasingly asked.

Frankie felt his cock flex stiffly in his pants. "I would definitely be OK with it," he answered.

"Well I certainly hope so, mister, because after tonight you'll be seeing me more naked than dressed."

"Obviously, right?"

"Not only are you gonna be seeing your mother naked, you're gonna be seeing her in the raw, you know that, right?" Lori asked, raising an eyebrow as she stared through her curtain of dark silky hair.

"What do you mean in the raw?"

"Well, all these years you've seen me in my mom roll, and now you're gonna see a whole other side of me. A side of mom that sons don't usually get to see. My sexual side," she said with a mischievous little smile.

"I suppose so, but there's no getting around that, right?"

"Nope. I just hope I don't shock you too much."

"Why would you shock me?" Frankie asked.

She looked straight into his eyes with a serious expression. "I can get pretty wild in the sack. Sex is something I've always taken very serious, Frankie... and I consider myself **EXTREMELY** good at it," Lori said.

"Well um... OK then," the boy muttered, so anxious he could hardly speak. He knew that this wasn't gonna be like having sex with the

girls at school. His mom was a bona-fide milf, and it may just be the best piece of pussy he'd ever get.

"Now, let's get this bed on the floor, shall we," Lori said.

Frankie helped his mom dismantle his parent's bed, leaning all the parts in the corner, while the big kingsized mattress was placed flat on the floor.

"There! Now we can't break anything. Unless you pound me through the floor," the mother joked, hugging her son from behind.

"I doubt that'll happen."

"Oh, you never know. If we get going hard enough, anything's possible," the mother said with a giggle, clinging onto him with her soft motherly curves.

"Yeah, never mind the bed, try explaining a big hole in the floor to dad."

"Oh God, that would be a tough one to talk our way out of" Lori said. "I suppose we could be honest.

Sorry honey, Frankie and I were making a baby together and we started going a it a little too rough."

Frankie giggled. "Yeah, I doubt he'd find that amusing at all," he said, loving the feel of his mom's mammoth tits pressed against his back.

"Ha, right. Divorce for me, and a grounding for you… for life."

"Probably true."

"That's ok, if he kicks me out you can come live with me and we'll make more babies," the mother giggled.

"Should I go get my stuff?" Frankie asked, anxious to get moved in.

"Not yet," his mom whispered playfully into his ear. "I wanna do something first. Turn around."

Frankie turned, facing his sexy mother. "What? he asked curiously.

"Let's take something off," she said with a wicked smile.

"Like what?"

She looked at his chest flirtingly. "How 'bout our shirts."

"Our shirts?"

"That's right," his mom answered, grabbing the hem of his shirt and peeling it over his head and off, exposing his lean well-fit chest.

"That didn't take much effort," Frankie said, acknowledging that she was the one who took his shirt off for him.

"No, but now you can take mine off of me if you want."

Frankie wasted no time peeling off his mom's snug blouse, revealing her huge bra-clad breasts. "The bra too?" he asked.

"Nice try, mister. I said shirts, not bras," Lori teased. "If you wanna see big naked tits, you have to wait until tomorrow."

"Damn," the boy said in a disappointed tone. Gazing at his mom's naked knockers was a huge fantasy of his.

Lori put on a cute pouty face. "Oh, you have to settle for seeing mom in a semi-sheer bra, poor baby," quothe teased.

"Semi-sheer?" Frankie asked, taking a step back so he could get a good look at her upper half. Sure enough, his mom's big pale-yellow bra was made of semi-transparent mesh. Lori's enormous

mommymelons bulged out from her chest, putting immense strain on the four hooks of her back-strap. Her puffy nipples and huge round areolas looked like big dark-pink demon eyes staring back at him.

"Whoa!" the boy muttered, taking in their immense size. Lori's motherly papilla looked thick and rubbery, with areola that were dotted with Montgomery glans. The amount of creamy cleavage that bulged out the top of the cups was mind-boggling.

"Don't worry, honey. You'll be getting better acquainted with them tomorrow," the mother giggled, making her tit-meat jiggle like jello. She stepped up to her boy, throwing her arms over his shoulders.

"They would like to be pressed against your chest right now though," she said with a flirty look.

Frankie sighed as his mom moved in for a tit-smothering embrace. Through the thin mesh, her boobs felt almost as magical as if they were bare. Her thick engorged teats prodded the bare flesh of his chest.

Lori was slightly shorter than her son, so when they hugged his aching erection pressed her lower belly, right where she hoped there would soon be a big round baby ball.

"Feels like someone's ready to start planting seeds," she teased.

"Sorry, a little excited I guess."

"Just **A LITTLE** excited?!"

"Okay, a lot excited."

His mom giggled. "I can tell, and don't apologize. If it didn't get hard like that I'd never get my baby," she said.

"That's true."

"Don't worry, honey, tomorrow I'll have a place he'll feel right at home," Lori said, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "Somewhere warm."

Frankie was so damn excited he could hardly speak, so he just nodded.

"And I should probably warn you, I'm kind of a gusher," she said, her face a little red with embarrassment.

"A gusher?"

"Yes, well, when some women get excited, they shoot hot liquid out of a part of their genitals called the urethra."

"Oh, you mean they squirt kind of like guys do?"

"Sort of. It's brought on by intense pleasure, I just don't want you to be shocked if I soak you, ok?"

"Ok."

She nuzzled up against him. "I kind of feel like I'm young again, kinda like deja vu."

"How so?"

"Well, when your dad and I were young, we got married and began sharing a bedroom, just like you and I are now. Then, we immediately started trying to make a baby, just like you and I are gonna start doing tomorrow," Lori explained. "It's ind of the same, but not really."

"Why not really, because we're not married?"

"Yes, that, and I just think with you and I things are gonna be a lot different."

"How so?"

She gazed into his eyes and smiled salaciously. "Honestly, I think the baby making process will be way more fun with you than it was with your father."

"It wasn't that fun with dad?"

"Oh it was fun with him, but with you I think it's gonna be incredible," she said, gazing dreamily into his eyes.

Frankie brought a few things down to their bedroom, but since sexual intercourse was the only thing on the agenda for the next several days, he didn't need much.

After dinner, he helped his mom clean up. He loved that she hadn't put her blouse back on, giving him a chance to watch her oversized breasts bobble around beneath her bra. They retreated to the bedroom, to become "acquainted" in a whole new way, as Lori had suggested.

"Why don't you strip down to your briefs, honey, and get into bed. I'll be out in a few minutes," the mother said with an anxious little smile as she stepped towards bathroom.

Lori wore a pair of snug cotton shorts, and Frankie watched her meaty buttocks undulate atop her smooth motherly legs as she sashayed towards the bathroom .

Then, the boy did just as his mom suggested, removing his pants, hopping into bed and waiting in restless anticipation for her to emerge.

"Ready for your new roommate to join you," the mother said as she stepped from the bathroom wearing a white sheer baby doll chemise made of delicate floral lace.

Frankie was speechless, as once again he was greeted by the huge puffy caps of her tits that he could clearly see right through the gauzy fabric. "That's really sexy," he finally muttered, letting his eyes wander down to the matching panties covering her crotch. It was just a tiny patch of triangular-shaped fabric covering her vulva, with thin straps crossing her hips. The panties also were transparent enough for him to tell that his mother was completely shaved down there.

"Here you go!" Lori said with a wink. "You're getting to see what mom wears when she goes to bed."

"I like it."

The heavy-titted mother crawled onto the mattress and slipped under the blankets with her boy. She reached over and clicked off the bedside light, shrouded them in darkness.

Frankie's body shuddered as he felt his mom's squishy boobs press against the side of his chest. She intertwined their legs and held him close, with her head resting on his chest in the sweetheart cradle.

"Are you nervous about tomorrow?" she softly asked.

"Maybe just a little," he admitted.

"Don't be. You're gonna do amazing."

"You think so?"

She rubbed his chest tenderly. "I know so."

After a short silence, the mother spoke again. "Have you had sexual intercourse with a girl before, honey?"

"Yeah, a couple girls."

"Your own age?"

"Well, one was a little older, but only by a couple years," he admitted.

"We're they on birth control?"

"Yes, at least that's what they told me."

"Good. I want my own baby. I don't need to be Grandmothering someone else's," Lori said. "When we start to copulate tomorrow, you're gonna notice some differences with someone my age right off the bat."

"Like what?"

"As a woman gets older, her body goes through some wonderful changes. Her boobs get bigger and softer, and the muscle fibers in her body, including the ones inside her vagina, get strong, making it extremely pleasurable for a man."

"I've heard some guys say it's better with a younger girl, since their vaginas are tighter," Frankie said.

"Yes, but they're only tighter because of inexperience. A lot of moms, including myself, work very hard at keeping their love tunnel's strong and tight for a man," Lori explained.

"That's cool."

"Plus, you're gonna feel a different type of texture in there that's gonna feel amazing around your glans."

"What do you mean texture?" Frankie asked curiously, his heart racing from just listening to his mom explain it.

"As a woman gets older, the lining of the vagina thickens. The ribbed walls become more pronounced, and the muscles in her pelvic floor get strong, so she can push babies out. All these things provide intense friction on a man's hard penis during intercourse," she explained.

Frankie gasped softly. His dick was so hard it almost hurt. "That doesn't sound bad at all," he whispered.

"Well, those are just the physical changes a woman goes through. The other thing that sets us moms apart is our skill-set."

"You mean like… how good you are at it?"

"Yeah, with a healthy sex life, by the time you reach my age, a woman has had sex several thousand times. With that much practice she's gotten very, very good at it," Lori said with a cute giggle.

"I suppose your right."

"That's a good thing too," she said, giving him a little kiss on the chest. "That means I'll be able to use my special skills to milk a lot of sperm out of you this week."

Lori could feel her boy's heart racing. She lifted her head from his chest. "Sorry, maybe 'milking' wasn't the best term to use. I don't want you to feel like a cow that's getting squeezed off every five minutes," quothe giggled. "What I meant to say was, using my sexual mom skills, I think I'll be able to get you off quite frequently, and help you produce some very powerful ejaculations inside me."

Frankie was so horny he was about to go out of his mind. "Mom, can I just run to the bathroom really quick?" his shaky voice asked.

"Well, that depends. Are you going to the bathroom to pee, or are you going to the bathroom because all this sex talk as gotten you so excited you need to squeeze one off?"

"Sorry, I just um…can't really help it."

"Honey, I know your horny, but I really need you to hold off until tomorrow. It would be amazing if that first ejaculation you pumped into me had millions of strong swimmers," Lori said.

"I can try."

"Oh, Frankie, it'll be worth the wait, I promise," the mother cooed, hugging him tight and mashing her fatty boobies against him. "You'll probably cum so hard the first time it'll feel a huge volcano of babymakers going off inside me," she said with a cute giggle.

"You're probably right," the boy sighed, his body trembling with desire. "I'll hold off."

"Here," the mother said, taking position beside him. "Roll over onto your side and let's spoon. You can push your erection against my buttocks. That might ease the pressure some," she suggested.

Frankie doubted it would ease any pressure, but he wasn't about to turn down the offer. He got on his side behind his mom and snuggled up against her lush body.

Lori's chemise was bunched up around her waist, allowing her teen to push his brief-covered bulge against her thonged ass. He felt his rigid tube sink down between her thick mommy-buns, with only the tiny string of her thong separating his bulge from the crinkled ring of her asshole.

"There, is that better?" she asked.

"Kind of," the boy answered.

"I know it's hard not to think about all the hot intercourse we're gonna be having, Frankie, but it's important that not a drop of that sperm come out, unless your hardon is fully sheathed in my vagina,"

Lori said.

"Why can't it be tomorrow already," the boy sighed, pushing his blood-engorged member deep into his mom's butt-crevice.

Lori giggled, mashing her ass back against him. "The anticipation will make it all the more exciting when the time finally arrives," she said. "Then when it does, we'll float away, honey. We'll float away completely naked together, on a cloud of baby making pleasure," she mewled.

"God, mom, this is killing me," Frankie said, more aroused than he ever had been in his life. He began to gently rock his pelvis in a steady dry hump between her warm smothering butt cheeks.

"Oh, honey, are you sure that's a good idea?" his mom asked. "Can you engage in a dry hump without ejaculating out your piss-slit?"

"Just a few minutes and I'll stop."

"Ok, I can feel a wet spot smearing against me, but I'm not worried. It's just your pre-ejaculate. It's not the same as the powerful type of seed that'll pierce my ovum," she said, with heavy aroused breath.

"No?"

"Nope. The real baby-juice comes out when you orgasm, and that won't be until tomorrow, when we're humping away like newlyweds."

"So, we can wake up at midnight and get started? Technically that's tomorrow," the boy pointed out.

His mother giggled at his eagerness. "Patience, honey. Trust me, once we get going, you'll be begging me for a break in the action," she said.

"I doubt that."

"I'm gonna hold you to that, mister."

"Fine by me. I won't need, or want any breaks," Frankie said confidently, steady dry humping against her ass.

His mom suddenly twisted around so she was facing him. "Oh my God, Frankie! You're impressing me so much and we haven't even started copulating yet," she said, then slid on to his chest and began showering him with kisses.

Frankie squirmed hornily beneath his mother, delighted by the feel of her floral laced covered tit-melons crushed against his chest. He could feel the fatty meat of her knockers squeeze and slosh against him, while her lips planted wet kisses all over his face.

"I love that you're more than equipped for the job," she said between kisses, pressing her pubic mound against his hard muscle. "And that you're gonna get me pregnant in the best possible way."

"Muah, muah, muah…muah!" the mother kissed, while pushing her panty-covered pubis against his long twitching boner. "When my belly's big and round, we'll both know that it was **YOU** who made me that way, Frankie. A baby made with your sperm and my ovum. **OUR** baby really," Lori cooed.

"That's true," Frankie sighed, still in shock that he was laying under his mother this way, let alone fucking her brains out tomorrow.

"I know you have what it takes to be my hero, honey. To load mom up with so much hot sperm that my egg won't stand a chance against it," she said.

"I will make you pregnant, mom. I promise."

"I don't doubt that even for a second, handsome. These next several days will be a nonstop whirlwind of baby making fun, and I know your mom will be pregnant and giddy when we're all through," she said.

Sleep didn't come easy for either of them. They both eagerly longed for that magical moment of penetration, when Frankie's broad fat bell-tip stretched Lori's labial flesh aside and sunk into the lovely hot-juiced grip of her mature fuck-tube.

Then, their joined genitals would do the mating dance, repeatedly washing the mother's womb with millions of baby making tadpoles that would begin the search for her prized pearl.

Part 2

"Frankie and I are making a baby today," Lori said excitedly, winking over at her boy as she spoke to her mother over speakerphone.

"Oh, honey, that's wonderful. I think the two of you will create a beautiful baby together."

"I think so to," the mother said, giving her son a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth. "I know that boys Frankie's age have short refractory periods, so we'll be able to have back-to-back sessions of sexual intercourse **ALL DAY**."

Frankie gulped excitedly. The idea of fucking his heavy-titted mom was thrilling enough, but now to know he'd be screwing her repeatedly in the coming days was an absolute thrill.

"Well, just make sure you two do the doggy-position a lot," Frankie's grandma Kim said. "I swear by that position when it comes to making babies."

"We did talk about that one, didn't we, pumpkin?" Lori asked her son.

Frankie smiled and nodded anxiously.

"There's actually about a dozen positions I'd like to try, that I've heard can be affective when it comes to sperm transferal," Lori told her mother. "My friend Jessa was telling me about this new position called the 'butter churner' that's suppose to be highly affective with baby making."

"Oh, try the lotus also," Kim suggested. "Great position for conception."

Lori smiled over at her teen. "We just have **SO** much to do, don't we, pumpkin?" she asked, making her giant unfettered boobies wobble heavily beneath her robe. Frankie could see her thick rubbery nipples protruding out from beneath the silky fabric.

"We sure do," he answered.

"Frankie?" his Grandma called.

"Yeah?"

"I know you'll be the man your mother needs you to be in your father's absence," Kim said. "Make me proud and pump a beautiful Grandbaby inside my daughter."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

After his mom hung up the phone, Frankie looked at her like the wait was killing him. "Are we gonna be getting started soon?" he asked.

Lori gazed down at the obvious erection beneath his shorts. "Oh, honey, I'm sorry. You didn't masturbate last night, so your boner must be aching this morning," she said sympathetically.

"Yeah, a little bit," he answered, even though it was actually "aching" a lot.

"I wanna make you a hearty breakfast before we begin copulating," Lori said, stepping over to the refrigerator. "You'll need incredible endurance for all the vigorous intercourse we'll be having today.

How about some eggs?" the mother asked, bending over and retrieving them from the bottom shelf.

Frankie's eyes widened as he watched the hem of her robe creep up over her naked mommy-buns. His mom's thick unblemished half-

moons pointed towards him, with her cute crinkled butthole peeking out of the crack between them. His eyes drifted down her butt-crevice, along her perineum, to the puffy outer folds of her vulvar lips. Protruding out of her cuntal cleavage were the pink flanges of her inner labium. The boy reached down and squeezed the leaking knob of his bulge, knowing that soon he'd be smashing his aching prick through that pussy clamshell, and feeling all that slippery pink tissue inside slip along his sensitive boy-glans.

"Are you ok, Frankie," his mom asked.

The boy's eyes traveled up to see her staring back at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "**OH**, yeah…um,

I'm fine," he answered, releasing his cock.

Her eyes darted down to his protruding organ, watching it throb to his excited heartbeat. "It won't be long now, pumpkin," she assured him. "It won't be long and you'll be riding into vagina-ville."

Frankie watched his mom cook him breakfast, fascinated by the way her huge unfettered boobs moved beneath her robe. Since he'd hit puberty he'd been obsessed with her king-sized melons, stealing her big bras several times and rubbing his tender dick through the embroidered cups while he masturbated. He knew from looking at the tags that she wore a 36H cup bra. He doubted that any other boy at school could brag about having a mom with a rack that huge.

Lori moved gracefully through the kitchen on dainty bare feet with freshly painted toenails, smiling over at her ogling teen several times. "He's so infatuated with mommy," she thought, then let her eyes quickly travel his frame while biting her bottom lip. "And mommy's infatuated with him. I can't believe I'm making a baby today with such a handsome teenager."

Frankie reminded her so much of her husband when he was younger. They had fallen in love just after high school and gotten

married a year later. Her libido had grown over the years, craving her husband's dick inside her as often as she could get it. However, like most husbands, Henry had gotten busy at work and with other interests, and sex didn't seem to matter as much to him. Only recently, the mother had begun wanting another child, and her and Henry made plans to start trying during her next ovulation period. Then he got a three month assignment overseas unexpectedly, leaving her to rely on her handsome boy to plant a seed in her womb that would blossom into a child.

"Here you go, pumpkin," the mother lovingly said, setting a plate of food in front of him.

Frankie watched her sit down at the table near him, which made the melonous swell of her tits jostle from their immense weight. "You're a boobie-boy, aren't you, Frankie?" the mother teased.

"A boobie-boy?" he asked.

"Yes, a boy that's fascinated with big boobies," she explained. "I don't think you've taken your eyes off mine all morning."

"Sorry," the boy said timidly, looking down at his breakfast.

"I didn't say it was a bad thing. A mom with big breasts is sure to capture a boy's attention, especially when she walks around the house without a bra on."

"Yours are just **REALLY** big," the boy confessed, seeing that the neck of her robe had crept open, providing a view of her enormous creamy cleavage.

"You think they're big now…wait until I get pregnant. They'll be so big and milk-swollen that I might have a hard time standing up straight," she said with a cute giggle.

"Wow, that's gonna be pretty cool to see."

She brushed her long dirty blonde hair off her face and smiled at her boy. "Well…they are yours you know?" she said.

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours. A moms boobies are for her babies…to suck and squeeze. You did used to nurse on my nipples when you were little you know?"

"I thought a kid was suppose to grow out of that though?" Frankie asked.

"Nonsense. You'll always be my baby, so these will always be here for you," the mother said, rocking her shoulders and making her knockers wobble back and forth.

"Not to drink from though, right?"

"Well, if they're producing milk, like they soon will be, you can," she answered. "But boys your age like to do other things with them."

"Like what?"

"Like…sucking and chewing on the nipples, smothering their faces under the flesh, and rubbing their dickies down into the cleavage," she explained in a sensual tone, running her fingers along her expose tit-crevice teasingly.

"Those things sound wonderful," Frankie said with excited breath.

"Would you like to start our first round of copulation by spending some time giving mommy's titties some attention?" she asked with a naughty grin.

"Would I ever!" the boy answered, his heart racing.

"Then finish your breakfast, baby boy," she said, standing up. "Mommy's gonna go get ready. Come down to our bedroom when

you're done."

Frankie took a quick bite, watching his hot mom step across the kitchen. The rounded swell of her buttocks undulated from side to side, almost as if its movement was meant to draw his attention. She peeked back at her teen before exiting the room with lust-filled eyes and their mutual gaze lingered for a moment, like an anxious couple preparing to fuck their asses off.

Frankie's arousal level was through the roof as he quickly finished his plate of food. His dick was so hard it almost hurt.

After quickly washing his dishes, he rushed down to the bedroom he was temporarily sharing with his busty mom and knocked on the door.

"Come in, pumpkin," his mom's sultry voice said from the other side.

Frankie opened the door and gasped in wide-eyed wonder as he saw his mom standing there at the foot of the mattress waiting for him, completely naked. She was in a striking pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward and bent at the knee, so it rested on the squatted painted toes of her dainty bare foot.

Her hands were on her hips, making her giant tits balloon outward. The teen took a nervous gulp, staring at the grapefruit-sized rings of dark-pink areola. They were thick and textured along their surface with dozens of Montgomery glands. Thick protuberant nipples protruded from their centers, making the boy lick his lips with desire.

The mother had clearly fluffed her hair some, put on a dab of lipstick and a squirt of sweet perfume. Her bee stung lips curled into a naughty smile. "What do you think, Frankie," she asked.

His eyes drifted down her sexy torso, admiring how her motherly hips flared out. Positioned atop her lovely smooth legs was the crown jewel of her womanhood. Lori's V-shaped crotch was

completely shaved, with the split of her pudendal cleft running down the center. The boy's heart was racing so fast he thought it might beat right out of his chest. "You're beautiful," he finally answered.

"Do you think my vulva looks good with no hair?" she asked, grazing her nails across it.

"Incredible," he responded.

"What about my tits…big enough for you?" the mother asked with a knowing smile, pressing them between her biceps and making them bulge out even further.

"Wow!" the boy gasped, reaching down and squeezing his boner-tip through his shorts.

Lori watched him and made a cute sad face. "Oh, poor dickie. He wants to get to work, doesn't he?" she cooed.

"Yes," the boy sighed.

"He wants to be buried to his root in hot pussy, so he can squirt those baby makers into me."

"Uh-huh," the boy muttered.

"Well that's not gonna happen…unless my handsome boy gets naked first."

Frankie quickly shed his shirt, then shucked his shorts and briefs off at the same time. An impressive nine-inch erection sprung free and pointed across at Lori as if stiffly saluting her. Pre-cum dripped from the slit of it's fat angry knob and oozed towards the floor.

The mother smiled with lustful desire, staring at the blood-engorged column of flesh. "I'd say you have your father beat by about three

inches," she said. "That looks like the perfect baby making dick, honey."

"Thanks," the boy blushed.

The previous day, Lori and her son had placed her big marital mattress on the floor, to prevent her husband from finding potential damage the mother and son would do to the bedframe while fucking.

The mother turned and crawled onto the mattress pointing her thick naked ass back at her boy. "Come follow me into bed, pumpkin," she said.

Frankie didn't need to be told twice. He joined his mom on the bed. Still on her knees, Lori rested her ass back on her heels and patted the mattress in front of her. "Come lay on your back, Frankie."

The teen crawled over and sprawled out on his back beside his beautiful mother. She leaned over, resting her hands astride his body so her boobs hung down like big fat udders, just above his chest.

"Now, you just relax and stroke your boner, while mommy rubs her boobs against you," she said, "but **NO** cumming, ok?"

"Alright," he answered, staring up into her gaping mile-long cleavage.

Lori only had to lower herself slightly to allow her big spongy tits to drag along his lean bare chest.

Frankie was over the moon, stroking his cock up and down while watching her hanging mams softly brush all over his chest. His chin parted the twin melons and his face sunk into the soft canyon of her cleavage.

"**HOLY HELL!**" the boy's excited mind screamed as he found himself in a thick pocket of breast-meat. He turned his head slightly and kissed the warm dough-like flesh of his mother's tit, while his mom lowered her chest even more, squashing her mounds against her son's shoulders, causing their rounded fatty contours to bulge together around Frankie's wonder-stricken face. "Ohh, you like that, don't you, baby?" quotis mom asked.

"Mm-hmff," the boy's muffled mouth answered.

Lori ran her long thick tongue across her top lip lustfully, while looking down and watching him stroke his hard peter. "Can mommy help you squeeze on it?" she asked.

She felt his tit-plastered face nod, so she reached down and circled her hand around the thick base. "Oh,

Frankie…it's so incredibly hard," she said in genuine adoration. She watched the huge purple knob squeeze through his fist, shimmering with slippery pre-ejaculate. His dick-meat felt hot in her hand, "I can get my hand around his father's easily, but this thing…my hand barely goes half-way around it," she thought, with horny butterflies flickering through her tummy.

"Goodness, honey…I've never squeezed a cock-base this thick before. You might just split your mother in two with this thing," she said with anxious thrill in her voice.

Frankie was busy moaning and kissing all the squishy boobie-meat plastered against his face. He felt his mom's breast move slightly so her big rubbery nipple drug up his cheek, until he was able to capture it in his mouth.

The mother's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she felt her teat and most of her areolar ring sucked inside her boy's greedy mouth. Her hand now followed her son's, slowly pumping up and down the stalk of his erection.

"Hhmmff!" the boy whimpered, digging his tongue against her engorged mamilla. Her thick fleshy nub throbbed as it stretched out from the rest of her rubbery tit-cap, tugged deep into her son's suctioned mouth.

Frankie remembered what she said about how her tits were made for him to suck and chew on. While he always dreamed of sucking, he never imagined that a boy could chew on a woman's tits as well. He clamped his teeth around the teat, pulling it even harder.

"Ohhh!" he heard his mom gasped, making her fatty flesh ripple across his face. He assumed she did this because she liked it, so he continued gnawing on her nipple.

Unable to breathe through his tit-smothered nose, the teen gasped for air through his mouth, then went back to sucking and nibbling. "Damn! There's no other place I'd rather be in the world," he thought. All the times he lustfully watched his mom's tits jiggle beneath her clothing. All the times he'd stare at her exposed cleavage in wide-eyed wonder, and now here he was…right at the core of what he always wanted. His face sunk deep into the fatty meat of her wonderful breasts, gorging himself on the fleshy parts he never got to see until now.

Lori felt his hips thrust up and his boner flex in her hand. She watched his purple knob expand out even more, mushrooming with more blood, causing more pre-ejaculate to seep from his piss-hole and run down across his glans.

"Ohh, honey," she mewled, watching the stream of pre-spunk ooze over his fingers, then hers, covering the diamonds in her wedding ring with pearlescent gooey ball-juice.

"Frankie, I think we should start copulating now, honey. Your pre-cum is starting to get thicker and milkier, which means it has sperm in it," Lori explained.

As much as Frankie was enjoying himself, he couldn't wait to climb between her thighs and feel his mom from the inside. Lori's nipple popped from his mouth, wet and distended. Her boobies bobbled back and forth as she lowered on her back between the boys parted legs. He watched in aroused fascination as her knees drew back and her smooth thighs spread wide open…a position a mother only takes if she's fucking or giving birth.

"Whoa!" he muttered, watching the meat of her labium splay open like a blooming flesh-colored rose.

The thick tumescent glans of her clitoris stuck out from it's fleshy prepuce and the teen could smell the sweet cuntal aroma rising from her juicy coral slit.

Lori reached out for her boy. "It's time, honey," she said, pulling him up and guiding him down into her warm sexual saddle.

The teen felt completely overwhelmed, like a kid who just started driving, climbing into a lush luxury automobile. He marveled at how wide his mom's thighs were spread open. How absolutely beautiful she looked gazing down at him over her huge round naked tits. He was seeing her in a whole exciting new way, and was about to bury his hard penile flesh in a mother's most secret place.

He dropped down on top of her, mashing her tits between them, and heard her hiss with delight, bringing her luscious legs up around him, high on his back, while reaching down between them to guide his cock in.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, feeling his knob drag through her swollen flanges then down into the mouth of her cuntal vestibule. His bulbous tip squeezed through the remnants of her hymen and was suddenly shrouded in slippery heat as it sunk inside her fuck hole.

"Give me a baby, honey!" the mother cried out, reaching around and clutching his young ass with her long, painted nails, pulling him

deeper inside her love-socket. Using her strong silky legs, the mother lifted her lovely ass from the mattress, screwing her tight vagina up around her boy's entire dong, mashing her cock-stretched vulvar lips against his pubic base and holding it there. "Ahhhh!!" her pretty voice sang out in pleasure.

"Hot damn!" her son whimpered, bucking between the cradle of her thighs.

Despite his thrusting movements, his mom kept his pecker lodged in full penetration as their coiled bodies began to wrestle in a violent grind.

"Shit!" the teen gasped, feeling his swollen knob pressed against her cervix as his huge-titted mom writhed beneath him. He felt like his entire body was wrapped in soft warm mommy-flesh as she dug her painted nails against his ass while rocking them on the bed frantically.

She finally scraped her fingers from his ass up his back, pumping her hot pussy up and down. "Fuck meee!" she cried out.

Frankie put his hips in motion, pounding his engorged fucker through his mom's cuntal grip.

"Ooaaahhh!!" his young voice quivered, feeling the strong vaginal muscles compress her juicy ribbed walls around his pink dick.

"Yesss!" his mom cried out, and he felt her snug sheath pulsate around his plunging dick, adding more compression around his sensitive glans. He felt his prostate swell, and his entire prick tingle in preorgasmic delight.

"Oh God, I can't hold it, mom!" he whimpered, feeling the raging torrent speed up his urethral canal.

"Thrust deep, honey! Splash my cervix with your cum!" his mom panted, meeting his frantic humps with one's of her own, making their wet crotches beat together.

"Aauuughh!!" the boy groaned, hosing out the first big rope of jizz just where his mom told him to. He grunted again, pissing out more and more cum-paste.

For several minutes the mother used her well-practiced coital walls to milk out every drop of sperm her son's balls could give her.

"Oh, Frankie, that was wonderful, honey," she finally said, stroking the back of his hair as he rested against her.

"Sorry I couldn't go longer," he muttered. "It just felt amazing."

"Oh honey, when you're making a baby, it's not about how long you last. It's about being able to recover quickly, that way you can go at it again and pump more semen inside a girl," his mom explained.

"I think once I catch my breath, I'll be able to go again."

Her cuntal muscles tightened around him. "That's my boy. That's what mommy wants to hear."

She rolled them over so she was now laying directly on top of him, gazing down into his eyes. "Do you wanna bump our bellies in a different position this time?" she asked.

"You mean with you on top of me?"

"Sure…you just lay back and let mommy do all the work this time," she said, giving him a sensual peck on the lips.

Frankie gasped in wonder as his mom lifted upright, so she was straddling his loins like a cowgirl. This allowed him a view of the

huge rounded undersides of his mom's boobs as they stuck from her chest like two big ripe watermelons.

Lori peeked down over her mammaries. "Ready, my boobie-baby?" she asked.

"Yes!"

She used her legs that were curled astride him to pump her hot pussy up and down the steely hardness of his prick, quickly falling into a crotch-smacking rhythm.

Watching his glistening cock sink in and out of his mom's fuck hole was a surreal sight. He could see where the inner folds of her vulva formed the hood of her fleshy prepuce, and the blood-filled clitoris protruded out like a plump grape. Her vaginal introitus gripped his muscled meat, secreting mucus from her glands that lubricated their union.

His leaking knob plunged up her birthing tube, kissing the puffy lips of her cervical entrance. Her flexible lining molded to its tubular outline, massaging the boy's rigid penile flesh with the pleats of her vaginal rugae, and the strong cuntal muscles beneath.

"Oh man, mom! This feels really good!" the boy gasped.

"Mmm, it does to me too, baby," she said breathlessly. "Even though our goal is getting me pregnant, there's nothing wrong with us enjoying the process, right?"

"Oh, I'm enjoying it alright," Frankie sighed, his eyes traveling up his mom's sexy torso, to the rippling jugs bouncing heavily on her chest.

Lori pressed her crotch against her son in full penetration, then swiveled her lush hips up and back, stirring his meaty prick inside her clutching vaginal tract, letting his knob plow along her back wall, in areas her husband didn't have the length to touch.

"Oh my God, Frankie…you're making me feel like I'm losing my cherry all over again," she gasped.

"What do you mean?"

"Your cock is so much longer and fatter than your father's…it's working areas of my vagina that have never been touched by a man's boner before."

"It feels incredible, but I'm not cumming quickly like I did the first time," the boy pointed out.

"That's because you've gotten one hot cum out of your system. Now you'll be able to hump mommy's pussy for longer without squirting more cum out your piss-slit," she explained, still grinding away on him.

Lori lowered her upper body, resting on extended arms that were planted astride Frankie's head. She began bobbing her ass with cunt-thrusts, making her giant hanging boobies swing delightfully just above her boy's face.

"Wow!" the teen groaned, staring up at his mom's fat tits as they wobbled and rippled up and down above his ogling eyes.

"Good heavens, pumpkin. Your boner is still so hard!" she gasped in wonder, feeling his muscled meat dig through the hot juice-slickened grip of her cunt, igniting the pleasure receptors scattered along her cuntal lining.

She could feel a powerful climax begin to build in the core of her cunt, creating a full body sexual blush.

As she increased her cock-humping tempo, her heart rate and respiration continued to rise, making her gasp and whimper excitedly.

"Oh, Frankie, I'm gonna cum!" she squealed, as a series of rhythmic contractions suddenly jarred her uterus, vagina and pelvic floor muscles. A warm body-tingling sensation suddenly swept through her, causing the busty mother to shudder and cry out in orgasm.

Frankie could feel every wonderful contraction of her vagina around his plunging cock, and it felt divine.

Being milked the way it was, his sex organ began to throb and tingle also, making him squirm in delight beneath her. "Fuck, that's so good!" he groaned.

Lori dropped her body against his, crushing her squishy tits between them, while continuing a steady up and down fuck-motion on top of him. Her first orgasm rolled into a second more powerful climax, making her squeal as her urethral meatus bulged out and began spraying hot girl cum all over Frankie's boner. Their wet crotches made a lewd smacking sound as they beat together in a heated fuck.

"Ohh, mommy!" the teen cried out, feeling his dick swell even bigger as his vas deferens contracted, squeezing his semen towards the base if his penis and his prostate gland. Muscles at the root of his erection began to contract, firing the cum up his urethral tube. With huge spurts, the teen began hosing the walls of his mom's vagina with potent spunk.

While Lori continued to ride the spurting rod of his dick, her boy bucked and grunted beneath her, so hard that it made her enormous mommy-melons careen up around his face, smothering him in pounds of rippling tit-cleavage.

"Uuaaahhff!" the trembling boy squealed, his voice muffled by the dough-like flesh of Lori's heavy boobs.

His mother felt another hot jet of semen splash against the door to her baby chamber. She wanted more than anything for just one of

the millions of strong swimmers to reach her egg and impregnate her. It wasn't her fault that her husband had to go away on assignment. He had business to attend to, but so did she. The business of making a baby. Her precious Frankie was there to help her every step of the way. Yes, she'd be embarrassed if her husband found out…especially if he knew how much she'd been creaming all over their son's cock. "It's part of the process," she thought. "You can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs."

For nearly an hour she snuggled and kissed her baby, letting him enjoy the feel of her warm curvy mommy-body blanketing his young flesh.

"Are you ready for round three, sweet angel?" she asked, gazing down at him with her beautiful hazel eyes.

"Sure," he answered eagerly.

"This time we'll follow Grandma's advice," she said, rising up, turning and pointing her thick ass back at him. "We'll pump some cum in me doggie-style."

Frankie got to his knees behind his mom, staring at the rounded cheeks of her peach-shaped derriere.

Through her slightly splayed buns, he could see the muscled ring of her anus. His eyes traveled down her perineum, to the camel-toe of bare cuntal flesh.

Peeking back, Lori watched her boy study her posterior. She knew that seeing a grown woman bent over this way was really special for him. She also knew by the way the fat knob of his rigid cock was twitching that he loved what he saw.

"Come squeeze your dick in, honey," she said softly, wagging her buttocks teasingly.

The teen mounted her from behind, pushing his knob through the juicy split of her twat. He continued forward until his boner was fully sheathed in the snug tunnel that had once squeezed him out.

His mom got the action going by moving up and back, pounding her vagina back on the satisfying stiffness of his cock. Even behind her, Frankie could see the huge hanging contours of her side-boobs swinging to their humping rhythm.

"Hold on to my hips, honey, so you can really pound it into me," his mom said with heavy excited breath.

Doggie was one of Lori's favorite positions for it's extreme depth of penetration, although her big dicked son didn't have a problem smashing the back wall of her pussy in any position. However, there was more than one way she liked it, while on her hands and knees. "God, I bet he would feel incredible up my ass," she thought, gazing lustfully back at his chiseled chest.

"Baby, I have an idea," she said while they continued fucking.

"What's that?"

"Well, we want you to explode in the strongest ejaculation possible, that way you give mommy as many spermies as you can."

"True," he muttered, smacking his crotch against her thick ass repeatedly.

"How would you feel about sticking your stiff penis in my asshole, so I can milk you that way?"

"You can't get pregnant that way though, right?"

"No, but when you're ready to shoot your jizz out, you can pull it out of my ass and stuff it back in my pussy. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Sounds great."

One thing Frankie hadn't expected in a million years was to be shoving his cock up his mom's shitter. His knob was certainly wet and slippery enough, from his mom's cuntal secretions, to slip right through her tight sphincter.

"Ohh, how fucking delightful!" his mom couldn't help but cry out as she felt her rubbery rectum stretch around his meaty prick. She mashed her cushy buns against him, burying his stip prick all the way to her ampulla.

"Whoa!" the boy sighed, then backed his prick out, making his mom squeal as his cock drug along her slippery ass walls. When only the knob remained in the circled ring of her butthole, Frankie plunged his prick back home.

"Yess! Fuck my asshole, Frankie!" his mom cried out, working her jiggling rounded ass back on his erection.

The butt-humping teen watched his mom's sexy naked ass beat against his mid-section. The layers of fat and muscle rippled wonderfully just beneath the skin of her rump, each time it smacked against him.

They engaged in anal intercourse at a heavenly pace, beating Frankie's tender dick through the snug cavity for ten pleasurable minutes. Lori tightened her ass muscles, smothering her son's glans with her rubbery rectum. Her udders hung down off her chest and swung wildly to the rocking rhythm of her body.

The horny mother reached under and rubbed her itching clit, humping back to meet his thrusts. "Make me cum, honey," she squealed. "Make my asshole cum on your cock."

"I might need to slow down, mom," he panted. "I'm feeling **REALLY** good!"

She gazed back at him over her shoulder without slowing her backward thrusts one bit. "Just fuck my ass as long as you can, then pull out and finish in mommy's pussy," her voice quivered.

The boy mustered up all the staying power he could, plunging his prick through her throbbing asshole for another five solid minutes, before making his mom cry out in a cunt gushing climax. Her body trembled, and her rectal-muscles pulsated around her boy's steely prick, milking the cum up from Frankie's balls.

"Ahhh!" the boy groaned, his body giving off a pre-orgasmic shudder.

"Slip it back in my pussy, Frankie!" his mom said in an urgent tone.

The teen pulled his boner from his mom's anal oven, then watched her distended ass-ring clench closed.

A fat milky gob of jizz oozed from his meatus, just as he plunged his prick inside her vagina, smearing his seed along her smothering walls. They smacked their juicy genitals together violently, making the boy's swinging balls beat against the swollen hood of Lori's clitoris.

"**CUMMING!!**" he grunted, clenching his ass-cheeks as a series of wonderful contractions sent a load of hot jism splattering the walls of his mom's sex chamber. For several minutes the boy enjoyed the sensations of having his cock milked off by his mother's experienced pussy.

"Do you think you're pregnant yet?" the boy naively asked as they sat having lunch.

The mother giggled, making her giant boobies jiggle. They had both stayed naked while they sat in the kitchen having lunch. "Oh, honey, I won't know if I'm pregnant for several weeks. That's why it's

important that we just get as much of your sperm into me as we can, and hope one of them finds my egg," she explained.

"I heard you telling Grandma about a position your friend told you about," he said.

"Yes, the butter churner. I can't wait to try it. A woman lays on her back with her legs raised above and behind her head. Her partner then squats and penetrates her from above."

"So, it's suppose to be a good baby making position?" Frankie asked.

"That's what they say," Lori answered, smiling anxiously over at her teen. "Wanna try it?"

"Sure."

She quickly stood up, making her titties bobble heavily. "You're gonna have to catch me first," she teased, then rushed away.

Frankie hopped up and chased her through the living room, watching her bare buttocks jiggle as she moved. The giggling mom let out a playful scream as he closed the distance between them. "No fair, you're faster than me," she shouted.

"I sure am," he responded, his stiff prick wagging obscenely as he chased her.

The sofa was situated in the center of the room and Lori scrambled around it, her huge fleshy mommymelons flopping up and down. Stopped at opposite ends of the couch, they stared at each other playfully as Frankie waited to see which way his mom was gonna try to escape. She spit her tongue out at him teasingly. "What are you gonna do if you catch me? Are you gonna carry your girl to our bed like a caveman?" she asked.

"If I have to," he said with a smile.

The mother quickly rushed to the laundry room, sliding the glass-paneled door closed before her son could get there. She stood there giggling as she looked at him through the glass. "Oh, darn, now what are you gonna do, hotshot?" she flirtingly asked.

"Well…you gotta come out sometime."

"I could stay in here for awhile," she said, then looked down at the boner protruding stiffly from his loins. "Start stroking that erection for me and I might come out sooner."

Frankie reached down and slowly slipped his fist up and down the length of his prick.

"Push your knob up against the glass for me," his mom said.

Frankie did as she asked, pressing his fat bell tip against the glass panel of the door. He watched his mom lower to her knees and bring her mouth over to it. She mashed her lips against the opposite side of the glass, right next to his cock-tip. Her thick pink tongue curled out and began flailing wildly up and down as if she were licking his glans.

"Wow!" the boy sighed, watching in fascination and wishing more than anything that there wasn't glass separating them.

Lori peeked up into his eyes while her licker danced wildly against the glass, then she looked at the plump bulb of his cock flattened out in front of her obscenely. She could see pre-cum weeping from the dark slit of his meatus and smearing against the glass. She curled her tongue over and made just the tip of her pink snake flicker next to his piss-slit, as if scooping out the slimy nectar.

"Ohhh," the boy gasped in wide-eyed wonder, imagining how good it would feel if his mom was licking his glans that way.

Lori moved her mouth away from the door, then pressed her wobbling boobies against it, mashing them against the glass.

Frankie got down on his knees, stroking his boner again while watching in wide-eyed delight. His mom's nipples spread out against the glass, huge and distorted-looking, as she flattened her fat melons against the inside of the door.

"Goddamn that's hot," her son muttered.

"You like that, honey?" she asked sweetly.

"Hell yes."

She quickly got on all fours and turned around, making her titties droop down and teeter back and forth as she brought her ass against the glass.

Her son quickened his cock-strokes excitedly, watching her rounded rump mash out lewdly. The ring of her butthole kissed the glass. The elastic muscle was still a bit moist from being pounded earlier and left a cute little wet pucker-mark on the surface of the glass. Her vulvar folds pressed against the door also displaying the contorted ribbons of labial flesh for her son to gawk at.

"Ready to get back to our baby making, Frankie?" his mom asked, peeking back at him with a salacious smile.

"Sure," the teen answered with an anxious gulp.

His mom stood up, unlocked the door and slid it open. He remained on his knees as she stepped over in front of him and gazed down over her ballooning stiff-nippled boobs. She extended her foot out and grasped the tip of his knob with her toes. Frankie always loved looking at his mom's pretty feet, with their freshly painted toenails. He only now realized they were colored a deep maroon, his favorite color.

"You're leaking, honey," she giggled, smearing her big toe across his gooey piss-slit.

"It's from watching you," he admitted.

She tilted his prick down, then slipped her toes off of it, watching his boner spring back up stiffly. "My God, such a hard dick!" her mind exclaimed as she bit her bottom lip lustfully.

"Are you ready to ram your rod in me some more, baby boy?" she asked. "Are you ready to give mommy a big round belly?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, you didn't catch me, but I'll still let you carry me to our bedroom like a caveman if you want."

Frankie stood up and his mom moved up against him, kissing his chest with her doughy-soft tits and placing her hands on his shoulders. "Or would you like to carry me like a husband does his bride on their wedding night, right before they make hot passionate love all night?" she asked, gazing in lust.

"That sounds even better," the boy said, aroused beyond belief.

He picked his mom up off the floor and into his arms. Lori's face lit up with adoration, and she stroked her son's cheek gingerly. "Take me to bed, baby," she whispered.

The confident teen carried his pretty mom across the house and into their bedroom. After he put her down on the mattress, Lori immediately raised her legs and folded them over limberly, so her ankles were on either side of her head and her ass pointed straight up into air. She gazed up at her teen and smiled. "Ready to churn some butter?" she asked.

Frankie's ogling eyes traveled from his mom's dainty arched feet, up the backs of her smooth strong legs to the rounded rump framing her waiting pudenda. He stepped up onto the bed and dipped his cock in, straddling her hips as he stood.

"There's you go, honey. Just pump it into me this way," she said.

Frankie felt like he was doing some variation of a squatting exercise and he pumped his prick down into his mom's cunt hole. Arched back the way she was, his mom's boobs looked like two huge round pillows of flesh nudged up around her pretty face.

After about ten minutes of pumping this way, Lori extended her legs up, so her feet hugged her boy's face on either side. "Hold my legs, honey. That way you can really start fucking hard," she said.

The boy complied, grasping her lovely legs, which acted as leverage while he beat his cock into her. He looked down and watched his mom throw her pretty head around in ecstasy, her big boobies wobbling all around from the rhythm of his humps.

"Ohhh fuck!!" Lori screamed out, her legs trembling in her son's arms as she experienced tremendous orgasmic contractions.

Frankie gasped as he felt his mom's birthing tube shrink up around his prick. He looked down at their crotches and saw the slit of his mom's urethral opening bulge outward, then a jet of female ejaculate burst out, spraying down all over his mom's jostling tits.

As Lori squirted, her strong pelvic floor pushed and pulsated against the burrowing slab of her son's cock, compressing it against the cluster of engorged rugae lining the top wall of her cunt-tunnel. The feel of her textured lining from this angle made her boy's balls clench up and triggered a quick orgasm.

"Ahhh! Ahh, shit!" the teen gasped in delight as he punched his prick in as deep as he could and held it there. "**AHHHH!**"

Lori felt her boy's knob mushroom against her cervix, then she experienced the hot liquidy sensation of his ball-juice pouring into her. "Oh, yes, honey…give mommy all that cum!" she said, breathless from her own orgasmic contractions.

As the day went on Frankie's young balls were constantly beating against his mom's buttocks.

Lori couldn't count the number of orgasms her son had fucked her through. One orgasm seemed to roll into another, then another, making her body convulse with pleasure.

They fucked in various positions and by the late afternoon their bodies were a sweaty tangled mass of humping flesh, as they beat their pissers together in lusty copulation.

"Fuck!" the teen gasped, looking up from between his mom's smothering tits as she lay on top of him bobbing her rounded ass up and down as she fucked him tirelessly.

"Are you gonna cum again, baby?" she asked, flexing her cunt muscles around him.

"Yes! Real soon," he panted.

"Would you like to kiss me while you cum this time?" she asked him.

It hadn't occurred to the boy that they'd spent the day fucking their asses off without sharing one intimate kiss.

"I would love to," he replied.

Tilting her head slightly, his mom lowered her bee stung lips and fused them around his in an open oval.

Their tongues danced wildly inside Frankie's mouth, raising his excitement level even more. For two full minutes he felt his climax

build while engaging in the wildest French kiss he'd ever shared.

Lori suddenly felt her boy's unyielding hardon swell even larger in the grip of her pink ribbed pussywalls.

His back arched from the mattress, the muscles in his neck straining as he let out a guttural grunt.

His groans were muffled by the fatty pocket of sweaty cleavage surrounding his face.

His swollen peter flexed and pulsed, blasting milky jets of cock-cream out of his cunt-smothered meatus.

His curvy mother trembled, squealed and pissed out hot orgasmic juice that ran down along the sides of his scrotum, letting him know that she was cumming again also.

Over the next half-hour they kissed and writhed together, riding the dreamy waves of pre-orgasmic bliss. Their fully penetrated genitals marinated in their gooey excrement, wrapped snuggly together in a union of pulsing vaginal and penile flesh.

Lori tenderly kissed her son's forehead as they snuggled. "Oh Frankie, you're gonna give me a baby. I just know you are," she whispered.

Part 3

It was 2 a.m. and Lori's neighborhood was illuminated by the soft glow of a full moon. Inside the house, the rooms were dark and still. The only noise to be heard came from the master bedroom. It was the sharp repetitive sound of naked flesh beating together.

A big fluffy comforter was draped across a king-sized mattress that sat on the floor in the darkness. The blanket bulged up and down at a steady rhythm. It was clearly the source of the lewd creamy smacking noise that didn't miss a beat.

Beneath the blanket, Lori was folded in half. Her handsome son Frankie resting on top of her, beating his tireless cock through her vagina. They were shrouded in complete darkness, until the mother's cell phone rang, illumining their cocoon of love.

"It's just your father," Lori gasped, like she'd been fucking for hours. Actually, she had. She looked up into her boy's eyes. His perspiration-sheened face hovered only inches above hers. It was cradled on either side by her slender ankles. Her dainty bare feet with ruby red toenails were arched, pointed back past their heads. "Don't break your rhythm, baby. You're doing amazing!"

"Thanks," the teen hissed, his tongue nearly hanging out. He socked his boner in deep, from knob to balls on every thrust. His mom's lovely corrugated walls chewed at the tender meat of his dick, soaking it in fuck-oil.

"Hi, honey!" Lori blurted, answering her phone.

Her husband's Jim's voice blurted from her phone's speaker. "Sorry, I know it's late there. Were you sleeping?" he asked.

"No, Frankie and I are, um…still awake."

"At 2 a.m.?"

"Well, yes…neither one of us can sleep tonight."

"What's that noise I'm hearing?" he asked, referring to the sound of Frankie's nuts beating against his wife's ass.

"Noise?" Lori said, trying to play stupid. "I'm not sure what noise you mean, honey."

"Your breathing is awfully heavy," Jim observed. "Are you doing housework or something?"

Lori hated keeping secrets from her husband. She had gone back and forth on whether to tell him what her and her boy were up to. She decided to spill the beans, in hopes of having his support. "Jim… I wanna be honest with you. Frankie and I are making a baby together," she confessed.

"A baby?"

"Yes, remember you and I talked about getting me pregnant, but then you had to leave on assignment?

Frankie offered to step up and help us out. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Wait, help us out? Are you telling me that you and Frankie are having sex together?" Jim gasped.

"Well, honey…that **IS** how baby's are made…remember?" Lori giggled.

"Lori, please tell me you're joking," her husband pleaded.

"Honey, I wouldn't joke about something as serious as conception. Frankie and I have already been in engaging in sexual intercourse for several days. We're fully committed to making this baby! I'd like to know that I have your support."

"You're having sex with our son. How the hell do you expect me to support that?" Jim exclaimed.

"It's not like Frankie and I are having a secret love affair. If that were the case, I never would have told you in the first place," the wife explained. "He was gracious enough to volunteer his sperm, because he knew how much we wanted this baby."

"That's not the kind of thing that boys should be volunteering to their own mothers," Jim scolded.

"Are you kidding? That's exactly the type of thing a mother should be able to go to her son for.

Especially if her husband is unable."

Frankie couldn't believe his mom was having a conversation with his father while he fucked her. He felt a little guilty beating his dick through a pussy that was technically his dad's. However, he knew it was for the purpose of making a baby and it just felt too fucking good to stop. He was amazed at how his mom could talk on the phone and fuck at the same time. She'd gone from having her silky legs propped back on his shoulder, to wrapping them around him like a fleshy fuck-harness. She rocked her hips subtly, screwing her cunt up around his cock-root, meeting his thrusts with one's of her own. Her enormous titmelons were crushed between them, sloshing against his bare chest.

"Couldn't you just have waited until I got back home to start making a baby?" Jim asked his wife.

"Honey…it's probably better this way anyway. If you recall, you were having issues just getting an erection, even with the help of those little blue pills," Lori reminded him.

"The pills **WERE** working…sometimes," Jim pointed out.

"A woman who's trying to conceive needs to know she can count on her man more than 'sometimes,' aposoney," Lori informed him. "That's why it's probably better that Frankie helps us. He has the opposite problem as you," Lori giggled. "He can't ever seem to make that thing go soft."

"I'm still hearing that noise. What is that?" Jim asked. "It's gotta be coming from your end."

Lori sighed. "Well, since the cat's out of the bag, I suppose I'll tell you. Frankie's been on top of me the whole time you and I've been talking. Actually, he's been on top of me for the past two hours."

"So what's the noise you're making?" Jim asked.

"Honey, after what I just told you…you still don't know?"

"Obviously not," Jim answered.

"I didn't wanna have to spell it out for you, but that sound you're hearing is Frankie's balls, beating against my upturned ass.

"You two couldn't have waited to have sex until you were off those phone with me?" Jim shouted.

"You called **ME**…and you're lucky I picked up. I could have waited to call you when we were finished, but that could be several hours from now."

"Oh, I feel so grateful all of the sudden," Jim muttered sarcastically.

"Hon, don't take that tone with me. You should be thanking your son. He's spent the last three days unselfishly giving me sperm injections."

"We should have had this discussion before you even started," Jim muttered.

"To what avail, honey? Jim, you have to be a man and face the facts. The probability of me getting pregnant is **MUCH** higher with Frankie in the captain's seat."

"What makes you think that?"

"A whole list of things, honey. First of all, his penis is about three-inches longer than yours. That puts him right there next to my cervix when he ejaculates. Second, he has **VERY** short refractory periods. Do you realize how many times him and I have had baby making intercourse, just today?"

"No, and **I DON'T** wanna know."

"I love you, Jim, but I could never have back to back sessions with you, honey. You just don't have the sexual stamina that he has."

"Lori, he's a lot younger than me," Jim stated in his defense.

"Yes, I know…and bigger and harder…and has a whole heck of a lot more staying power than you do,"

Lori shared, her breathing getting heavier. "Not to mention the amount of ejaculate he squirts out when he cums. It's quite extraordinary!"

"Well, he should be out impressing other girls with that…not his mom," Jim complained.

Before Lori first answered the phone with her husband, a powerful climax began to swell in her loins. By now, her boy's knob had plowed along her sweet spot long enough that she was seconds away from a body shaking orgasm. "Honey, I need to put you on hold for a few minutes!" her voice quivered.

"What's going on?" Jim asked.

After hearing just the beginning of his wife's climax, Lori's phone was put on mute. The husband's stomach sunk as he pictured his wife and son wrestling in sexual delight. "This is ridiculous," he griped out loud.

It was nearly three minutes before Lori came back on. "OK, Honey, I'm back," she informed him breathlessly, like she had just experience the most intense three minutes of her life.

"What was that all about?" her husband inquired.

"It was nothing. Let's just get back to our discussion," she blushed.

"Lori, I'd like to know why you just put me on hold for three minutes," Jim demanded, even though he pretty much had it figured out already.

Lori sighed. "Fine. I was having an orgasm," she admitted.

"An orgasm?! Since when did **YOU** having an orgasm become part of the baby making process?" her husband scolded.

"Actually, honey…it's an important part of the process."

"Yeah, right," Jim muttered jealously.

"No really. It's been proven that female orgasm relaxes the cervix. And that helps tremendously with sperm transferal," she informed him. "That means orgasms actually **INCREASE** my chances of getting pregnant."

"That doesn't matter," he fumed. "You shouldn't be having orgasms with your son."

"Well, honey…it's not like I can stop them. Orgasms are just a natural part of having intercourse, like it or not."

"**I DON'T** like it…at all!"

"Jim, I know this isn't easy on you, honey. Knowing that your son and wife have been having sexual intercourse for the past three days must be heartbreaking," Lori sympathized. "Just think though…when you get home in a couple months, we'll have a little son or daughter growing in my womb. Isn't that exciting?"

"If it were a child I helped create, yes!"

"You did help, honey. You created the child who's creating a child inside me," Lori reminded him.

"Very funny!"

"Hold on just a second, honey," Lori said to her husband. Jim could clearly hear her speaking to their son. "Baby, your hips must be burning from all that thrusting. Would you like mommy to take the top for awhile?"

"Sure," the boy replied. His boner made a creamy popping sound as it slid from her cunt. It was still fully erect and dripping in his mom's cunt-juice.

Frankie plopped down on his back, and watched his heavy-titted mom straddle his loins, while holding the phone to her ear.

"Honey, Frankie and I did take the mattress off the bed frame. We certainly didn't wanna do any damage to the new bed set," Lori told her husband.

"That bedframe's build like a rock. I highly doubt you would have done any damage."

"I don't know. This boy of ours can certainly buck around like a Texas bull when I'm on top."

Frankie watched his mom reach down with her free hand and point his boner up at her cuntal cleft. She lowered it down on his

satisfying stiffness, making him sigh from the feel of her warm slick vaginal sheath. Lori lowered all the way to his scrotum, making her fleshy prepuce squash against his pubic base.

"Honey, I better let you go until tomorrow," she informed her husband. "I won't be able to have much a conversation with you once I start riding him. Call me around lunch time, ok?"

After hanging up and tossing her phone aside, Lori smiled down at her handsome teen. Frankie was laying there, staring lustfully at her huge ballooning tits. "Ready to make these big titties swing, baby?" quothe purred.

"Yes ma'am!" he excitedly replied.

Lori set her hips on motion, feeling her boy's thick hardon drag down her cuntal walls. His fleshy spear jabbed into to her cuntal depths as she slammed it back down against his crotch. The mother repeated this wonderful process, finding a nice steady fuck-rhythm.

"I love it when your boobs dance like this," Frankie confessed. His mom's huge plump melons jumped around on her chest. The fatty flesh of her knockers rippled, and her rubbery nipples throbbed as they jutted stiffly from the wide rings of her areola.

"I know you love watching my titties, baby, and they sure have loved all the sucking you've done the past few days."

"Did you feel guilty at all…telling dad we were doing this?" the boy asked. His breath was increasing, due to the vigorous cock-pumping his mom was doing.

"A little bit. I love your father…and I don't wanna hurt him, but he's known for a long time how bad I want another baby. You're here and he's not. There's no reason why **YOUR** cum-loads shouldn't be blasted into my fertile pussy instead of your cum-rags. He just has to accept that," Lori explained.

Frankie loved watching his mom perform on top. Most of the time, during the day, she wore her hair in a ponytail, so it was a thrill watching her beautiful dark trusses swaying across her shoulders freely. The way she alternated from bouncing to grinding made his cock give off an invigorating throb. One thing was for certain…his mom **REALLY** knew how to fuck.

"Come on, honey! Buck under mommy like a rodeo bull!" she shouted encouragingly.

Frankie pumped his ass from the mattress, making their crotches smack loudly as they met in the middle. This caused his mom's fat tits to shudder and her cunt-sleeve tightened around the unyielding hardness of his plunging erection.

"Hot damn that feels good, mom!" the boy exclaimed, feeling his glans sizzle.

Lori leaned forward, resting her hands astride his head. This allowed her huge stiff-nippled udders to swing delightfully, right above her boy's wonder-filled eyes.

To Frankie, the sight was almost hypnotizing. His mom's huge hanging jugs swung in a steady circular upand-back motion. They met in the middle and beat together, making their giant fatty contours ripple.

The thrilling sight make the boy's long muscular dick flex in arousal.

The slick corrugated ribs along Lori's vaginal lining compressed around her son throbbing meat-stick. She had strong pelvic floor muscles that could tighten her mommy-muffin up like a velvet vice.

"Are you ready to blast another hot creamy load for me, honey?" his mom panted.

"Real soon for sure!" the boy sighed.

Lori suddenly fell forward, smacking her enormous tits down against his upper chest. Her thick round bubble butt flew up and down, beating her tingling twat down on her boy's boner. "Hold on, baby!

Mommy's cumming right now!" she moaned.

Feeling his mom's warm curvy body shudder on top of him, was the corkscrew that popped Frankie's top.

"**OH WOW, MOM**…**I'M CUMMING!!**" Frankie announced.

His muscles tensed and he began to make involuntary movements in his pelvis. Semen was already deposited at the top of his urethra, ready for ejaculation. There was a sudden series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles, and around the base of his anus. The nerves sent messages of pleasure to Frankie's brain, making him grunt in ecstasy.

Long hot jets of pearlescent-colored baby-batter splattered along the mother's coital walls. They were forced out of Frankie's cunt-smothered piss-slit by powerful contractions in the root of his prick.

Lori's female ejaculate squelched around the boy's spurting cock, bathing it in the results of her own titquivering climax. Frankie's young body shook as he jabbed his twitching boner in deep and held it there.

The rest of his load soaked the head of his mother's cervix, coating it with hundreds of millions of potent sperm.

Mom and son writhed in what was known as the resolution phase of the sexual response cycle. This involved a lot of heavy kissing and catching their breath. Some of their swollen body parts returned to their previous size and color. Not Frankie's cock, however. His erection remained as hard as a tree branch. Lori was certainly ready for a rapid return to the orgasm phase through further intercourse.

However, she knew her boy needed just a short recovery time.

"Oh, Frankie, you don't know how much this means to me," she cooed. "I've wanted another baby for so long and thanks to you, it's really gonna happen."

"Glad I can help, mom," he sighed.

"Yeah, I bet you are," she giggled, gazing down into his eyes. "I feel like I owe you so much. Why don't you let me give you something extra special for stepping up to the task," Lori offered.

"Like what?"

"Well…" she answered, her bee stung lips curling into a naughty grin. "I could give you a handjob…a footjob…**A BLOWJOB**, or maybe even tit-job."

"Really?" Frankie gasped.

"Sure," his mom replied, rising up on her hands and knees. She moved her shoulders, making her big hanging udders rock back and forth. "It's been awhile since I wrapped these big soft boobies around a strong cock like yours."

"That would be…amazing!" Frankie blurted in wide-eyed wonder.

His mom gawked down at his jutting prick. "I would go get some heated lubricant to use, but it looks like your dick is still soaked with my juices," she observed, then crawled down between his legs. "Would you like to turn the light on, so you can see me wank your dick off with my tits, honey?"

"Sure!"

Frankie reached over and clicked on the bedside lamp. His mom lowered her heavy tits down around his stiff penis, then pressed

them together. This smothered his slick boner in a spongy grip of tit-meat.

"Ready to fuck my tits, baby?" his pretty mom asked.

"Oh, yes!" Frankie answered, his heart nearly pounding out of his chest.

His mom was the one in the driver's seat, controlling the stimulation. She pushed on the huge rounded sides of her boobs, compressing her boy's meat in the warm squishy pocket of her cleavage. Then, she rose up and down, giving him a nice snug tittie-fuck.

"Ohh!" the boy sighed in wide-eyed delight. He watched his engorged peter-tip disappear between his mom's breasts, then peek out the creamy split of her cleavage, over and over.

"How does that feel, honey? Do you like your cock smothered between mommy's big meaty tits?"

"Oh my God, yes!" the boy answered, glancing up into her watchful eyes.

"This may not always work with girls your age. But us moms have huge round melons that are perfect for this sort of thing."

"It's really something," Frankie breathed, watching her use her tits on him.

"Would you like me to lick your knob when it peeks out?" Lori asked.

"Yes, please!"

Lori lowered her head down. Her long pink licker extended from her mouth and fluttered around the broad tip of her son's cock.

"Ahh!" Frankie shuddered, feeling the tip of her tongue tickle his glans.

"Mmm, you like that, baby boy?" Lori mewled. "Mommy knows all the spots that make your balls clench, doesn't she?"

"Uh-huh."

The thick-tongued mother darted the tip of her pink snake against the band of his frenulum, then looped it around his coronal ridge. This made her teen tremble with pleasure.

"Mmm, mommy's gotta take care of her boy's crown," Lori sensually said. "Keep it big and fat so it can pound against her cervix."

"Oh, mom!" the teen whimpered, his cock tingling exquisitely between her humping tits.

Lori continued battering the penis-tip with tender licks, each time it emerged from the snug sleeve of her cleavage.

"Mommy just loves the feel of that huge barbed tip digging through her baby-chute. Plowing against her G-spot, making me throb all the way up to my clitoris."

"Oh, man, mom," the boy's excited voice quivered. He was getting just as excited by her hot nasty words as he was the feel of his cock gliding between her breasts.

"Does that get you excited, baby?" Lori cooed between licks. "Does that make you wanna take a ride into pussy town?"

"Oh, yeah!" the teen gasped, feeling his knob tingle and his testicles clench up in their sack.

"Mmm, mommy has some hot pussy reserved just for you, baby. A nasty mattress-dance for her and her stiff-dicked boy."

"Damn, mom…I'm gonna cum real soon!" Frankie moaned.

"Are you gonna give mommy a pretty cum-necklace, honey?" Lori asked, pumping his cock even harder between her squishy tits. "Come on…shoot your wad up around mommy's neck!"

Frankie felt his prostate swell. He arched his back from the mattress and let out a guttural grunt. A rope of thick ball-juice splattered up onto his mom's neck.

"There it is!" she beamed, watching the stands of cum shoot up towards her. "Mmm, you're mommy's little rope thrower, aren't you, baby. Blasting all those little trouser-troopers all over me."

For several dick-quivering minutes, Frankie was milked-off by his heavy-titted mother. "Oh, baby…look at me. I'm an absolute mess. I look like a cum-bomb went off in front of me," she giggled.

"Sorry!"

"Oh, trust me…I'm not complaining, honey. I love the feel of ball-juice dripping down my tits," she assured him. "After I clean it all off with my tongue…do wanna take a nice hot shower with me?"

"Of course," Frankie nodded, watching his spunk trickle off the thick rubbery nubs of his mom's teats.

"We can wash each other's bodies, then come back to bed for more baby-making fuckies and suckies."

"Sounds amazing!" the boy gasped. Frankie knew he must just be the luckiest teenager on earth.

Part 4

By Klrxo Frankie and his beautiful, big busted mom, Lori, had been fucking their asses off for nearly five straight days. The lucky boy had pumped load after load of potent teenaged sperm into his mother's fertile cunt.

Their naked bodies glistened with perspiration as they spent endless hours beating their overheated genitals together in baby-making intercourse.

Unlike sex with her husband, Lori's stamina was well matched with Frankie. He was 18 and she was 38; they were both at their sexual prime. Frankie's long, muscular boy-cock was constantly hard and Lori's cuntal lining produced an endless amount of fuck-oil, lubricating their mating dance. The pair fucked relentlessly, resulting in endless body-trembling orgasms.

Lori's naked bubble butt bobbed up and down at the center of her marital mattress, pummeling her boy's unyielding hardness through her tube of pleasure. Frankie was reclined on some pillows underneath her, his face buried beneath one of her giant squishy breasts. Licking, sucking and chewing at his mom's engorged teats was something he'd spent hours upon hours doing over the past view days.

His mom's oversized breasts were warm and filled with fatty fluff. He simply couldn't get enough of being smothered by them. The way her spongy mammary-meat masked and rippled against his face, while he gorged himself on the peaks of her tits was the most wonderful feeling he'd ever experienced.

After being under her tit for over an hour, while feeling his rigid meat being milked skillfully, Frankie had the nipple pulled from his mouth

as his mom sat up.

"What do you wanna name our baby, Frankie?" she asked.

"Aren't you and dad suppose to decide that?"

"Well, yes, if the baby were mine and his, but it won't be. He, or she will be a product our **OUR** sexual body fluids, so you and I should be the ones deciding on a name."

"Oh, true," Frankie muttered, gazing up at the rounded undersides of Lori's melons as they jutted over him like two big bowling balls. "How about Frankie Junior?"

"I think that's a wonderful idea!" Lori smiled. "After all, you will be the baby's biological father. It'll be **YOUR** cum-spermy that fucks its way inside my egg."

"Are you sure dad won't be mad about that?"

"He has no right to be. He knows it'll be **YOUR** aggressive sperm that inseminated me. He's fully aware that my pregnancy will be a result of all the wonderful baby-making coitus you and I have had while he was away," Lori assured her son.

"I bet he wishes it was him here getting you pregnant," Frankie sighed, watching his mom glide her hips.

This caused the boy's fat bell tip to plow along the back wall of her vagina.

"I'm bet he does," Lori giggled. "I'm sure it eats at him knowing all the wonderful pussy you're getting."

"Hey, it's not my fault he had to go away," Frankie happily stated.

"Nope. He did tell you to help **TAKE CARE OF THINGS** while he was away and that's exactly what you're doing. Just because your

big cock is getting milked by his wife's hot, tight pussy all week doesn't mean he has the right to be upset. Besides, we all know that **YOU** are a way better 'baby-maker' than your father is."

"You think so?" Frankie asked, watching her milkers bobble to the rhythm of her cock-grinding.

"Of course you are, baby. Your younger and more attractive than he is. Your dick is bigger and harder, and you have short refractory periods. That means you can pump more loads of hot sticky semen inside your mommy's needy hole than he ever could."

Frankie's boner flexed inside her and was met with a loving squeeze. "Jeez, mom, just listening to you talk that way gets me **WAY** excited," he sighed.

Lori smiled down over the swell of her jutting tits. "Mm, you like hearing mommy talk about what a fucking stud you are?" she teased.

"Sure!"

"How incredible your big, muscular dick feels pumping through my baby-chute? Plowing through all my most pleasurable spots…making your mommy scream, shake and gush all over your young dreamy dong?"

"Yes!" Frankie sighed. "Damn that's hot!"

"Mm, you must love hearing how mommy enjoys doing the fucky-sucky with you, **WAY** more than she does with your father?"

"Yeah, I just wish it didn't have to end once you get pregnant," Frankie frowned.

"Aww, does somebody wanna bury his bullhorn in his mom's pregnant pussy?" Lori teased. "Does he wanna smother his young

body beneath a big round baby-ball and giant, milk-swollen titties."

"Damn…do I ever!" the boy exclaimed.

"You think your mother's horny now. You should see me when I'm big n pregnant and all my hormones are out of whack. I'm like a depraved nymphomaniac that wants to do nothing but fuck and cum all day."

"Not for nothing, mom…but you're kind of like that now," Frankie teased.

"Only because we're making a baby, brat!" Lori smiled, tightening her cunt muscles around his cock. "I'm not usually quite this fuck-hungry."

"You like that word, don't you?" her son asked.

"What word…**FUCK**?"

"Yeah, you say it a lot when we do it."

"Do you like hearing mommy say filthy words, like **FUCK, COCK** and **PUSSY**. Does it turn you on, baby?"

Lori asked.

"It sure does!"

Lori lowered her upper half down onto him, squashing her juicy tit-melons between them. She brought her pink bee-stung lips to her son's ear. "Come on, honey…fuck a baby into me!" she mewled. "Pump that hot fucking cum up into mommy. Lay that sticky seed up into my greedy womb. Put your baby there!"

"Oh, yeah, mom…that's hot!" Frankie gasped, feeling her slippery cuntal sleeve drag snugly along the length of his cock as she screwed him.

"Yes, Frankie! Fuck your baby-momma! Beat your rock-hard boy-meat up into the hole I squeezed you out of! Let mommy pull all that hot pasty milt up from your balls."

"Goddamn, mom!" the teen gasped, going out of his mind with lust. He was looking down over her shoulder while she whispered in his ear, watching the rounded cheeks of her meaty ass spring up and down on his crotch.

The splayed, shaved outer lips of Lori's vulva smacked lewdly on her boy's cock-base. The muscles and tendons at the root of Frankie's erection bulged powerfully, sustaining the force of his mother's fuckrhythm.

"Fuck me! Breed me, Frankie!" Lori lustfully urged. "Give me your baby! Pound our fucking sex organs together. Let's spray our hot fuck-juices all over each other!"

"**OH, DAMN, MOM**…**I'M CUMMING!!**" the teen announced.

"**ME TOO, LOVER!!**"

Frankie felt his mom's pussy swath and squeeze his cum-spewing prick with hot suction. Their slapping flesh became wet and lewd-sounding. The teen felt the heat of his mother's ejaculate run down the sides of his nuts and drip onto the mattress beneath them. Lori's pelvic floor muscles flexed with orgasmic contractions, compressing the slippery-ribbed lining of her cock-socket around the meat of her boy's penile flesh. Frankie groaned and grunted in delight as pearlescent-colored ball-goo spurted from his cunt-smothered piss-slit. It was only noon and it was the forth load of ejaculate that day that he had pumped out inside the warm constricting walls of his mother's pink pussy.

With each of Frankie's orgasms, Lori took her time milking him dry. She wanted every once of his babyhoney inside her needy cunt. She would spend this post-orgasmic extraction period kissing him

intimately, making her long, experienced mommy-tongue duel with his inside Frankie's mouth. This, while dragging her tightly-clenched twat up and down the meat of his twitching hard-on.

"Wow, mom…you sure know how to drain me down there," Frankie sighed.

"Well, you know how to make a woman cum pretty hard too, honey."

"Do I do a better job than dad does at that?" he asked.

"Are you kidding? You're a thousand times better at it than your father is. Your cock is **MUCH** longer and thicker than his though, so that doesn't surprise me."

"Cool!" Frankie proudly smiled.

"Wanna hear something funny?" Lori asked.

"Sure."

"Not only does your dad have to take a stupid fucking pill to get hard, but sometimes, only after about ten minutes of screwing, he goes completely soft again. Can you belief that shit?"

"That's crazy!" Frankie muttered. "How could he possible go soft?"

"Right? Men like that have no business between a woman's legs trying to conceive," Lori stated. "I mean, you should see the tiny spurts of cum that your father shoots out. It's like watching some glue drip out the tip of an Elmer's glue bottle. It's hilarious!"

"Wow, only that much?!" Frankie asked.

"Uh-huh! Your father doesn't blast long, thick cum-ropes out of his penis like you do, Frankie. Your loads would fill a shot glass, while I'd be lucky to get a half a teaspoon out of your father's nearly-worthless dick."

"Damn, with cum-loads that small dad would have never got you pregnant," Frankie expressed.

"Exactly! Especially when he's done after one pitiful, ten-minute round," Lori giggled. "My sex-rounds with you go for a least and hour, and we're getting ready to start what…number five, just today?"

"Yeah, and the day's only half over," Frankie stated, his cock flexing back to full hardness.

"Knock, knock!" Came a voice from the front of the house.

"We're down here, mom," Lori announced.

Frankie's Grandma Kim stepped to the open bedroom doorway and saw her beautiful daughter sprawled out on top of her Grandson, with her huge naked tits crushed against his chest and bulging out at the side. "Looks like there's all sorts of baby making going on in here!" Kim gleefully sang.

"We were just getting ready to start some more intercourse."

"I hope you two have been doing it doggy like I suggested."

"Yes, we did a lot of doggy-style fucking yesterday, didn't we, baby?" Lori asked her son.

"Yep!"

"Frankie shot about six loads of baby batter up my fertile pussy yesterday, while hitting it from behind like a cunt-fucking stud!"

"Excellent!" Kim blurted gleefully. "I'm so proud that my darling Grandson is such a skilled baby maker."

"If I wasn't already pregnant I'd be shocked," giggled Lori, while combing her long nails gingerly through her boy's hair.

"Well, if you're not it just means the two of you will get to fuck like bunnies next month too."

"Unfortunately, Jim will be home by then."

"Well, too fucking bad. We both know **HE'S** not getting you pregnant," Kim giggled. "You can just come over to our place. Frankie can use the guest bedroom to fuck a baby into your womb."

"That probably won't be necessary," Lori smiled, gazing adoringly at her boy. "I have a feeling between all the wild, nasty baby-making intercourse we've had, and the sex that's left on our agenda that we'll get the job done this week, right, baby?"

"Yep!" Frankie answered.

"Well, maybe we should reward this handsome teen for all his efforts."

"Sure. What did you have in mind?" Lori asked.

"What about a nice, hot, juicy double-blowjob," Kim suggested.

"Would you like that, baby boy?" his mom asked, gazing down at him with her smoldering brown eyes.

"Would you like your Grandma and I to give your boner and balls some sloppy oral affection?"

"Would you like to fuck our cock-hungry mouths, sweet boy?" his Grandma asked, curling her tongue across her top lip. "To pound your young penile flesh through the ring of our lips?"

"I sure would!" the gleeful teen answered.

Lori lifted her clasping cunt from Frankie's stiff cock. His peter-meat was soaked in his mother's secretions and flopped back onto his abdomen.

"Would you like me to be naked, baby?" Kim asked her Grandson, peeling off her blouse. "Would you like two naked cock-suckers working you over?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Frankie replied, staring at all his Grandmother's heavy tit-meat, which was threatening to spill right out of her sexy embroidered bra.

Kim unfastened the four hooks holding her thick bra straps together. Her Grandson gasped as he watched her triple-J cup mammaries spill out onto her chest. They were huge and fat, just like his mother's. The way her hardened nipples puffed out from the centers of her wide areolas made him lick his lips with desire. Next, Kim shed her mini-skirt, then her dainty lavender-colored panties. She had a tiny neatly-trimmed landing strip of dark pubic hair that crowned her vulva. Below it, dark-pink flanges of labial flesh dangled from her cunt-slit. Frankie wondered if her birthing tube would feel as incredibly good squeezed around his fat cock as his mom's did. Kim did a teasing twirl, wagging the meat of her naked buttocks.

"Let's give this handsome teen a good work-over," Kim insisted, crawling onto the bed with the boy and his mother. The two women hovered over Frankie's stiff cock, each with a hand around it, stroking it's length. Frankie flexed his dick in their hands, causing their eyes to light up.

"Have you ever seen a dick so hard?" Lori asked her mother.

"Mmm, no, and such a fat crown. The girls must love that thing plowing through their cunt-holes," Kim marveled, staring down at her Grandson's turgid knob.

"I know **THIS** girl sure does," Lori stated, squeezing her fist around the boy's glans. Her and her mother's wedding rings sparkled on their fingers, reminding them of how wonderfully wicked they were being.

Frankie's heart was about pounding out of his chest as he watched both women lean over licking his erect dick. Their tongues were long and thick and the sight of them curling and flickering all along his vein-encrusted shaft and swollen knob was mesmerizing. The teen clenched his toes, while watching the tips of their lickers attack his bell tip. They kissed it sensually and lightly nibbled at it's flesh with their perfectly-white teeth. This made the engorged knob mushroom between their surrounding mommylips.

Lori and her mother began taking turns sucking Frankie's cock. The meat-stretched ring of their lovely lips rose and fell around the thick phallic-stalk. Soon, Frankie's Grandmother was kissing his cock-base, lightly gagging on his prick from having it crammed down her clasping throat.

As soon as Kim came up for air it was Lori's turn to deep-throat him. "Ahh, wow!" Frankie gasped, feeling his prick plunge down his mother's warm throat.

"Mmm, you like that, Frankie," Kim asked as she kissed as his scrotum, taking in the warm musky scent of his cum-filled balls.

"Yeah, I do," he replied.

"Mmm, your mother's a talented cock-sucker, isn't she?"

"Uh-huh!" Frankie answered, feeling his Grandma slurp one of his big nuts into her mouth. He was staring at her humongous tits as the dangled from her chest, imagining how wonderful they'd feel squashed around his head.

"Mmmnnhhh!" Lori delightfully whimpered, tasting the pre-jizz that bubbled from her teenagers pisshole.

She wrapped her hand around the base of his boner and beat it into her mouth as she sucked.

Kim slurped, kissed and lightly nibbled at Frankie's nuts, adding to the extraordinary pleasure the boy was experiencing. It wasn't long before the teen was squirming beneath them, going out of his mind with sexual delight. They teased him verbally, while continuing their oral affection. "Do you like that, baby?" his mom asked, while stoking his boner up and down. "Do you like having your dick and balls sucked at the same time."

"Yes!" Frankie replied.

"Kind of like being fucked by pussies with tongues, isn't it, baby?" his Grandma asked.

"Yes. It feels amazing!" his voice quivered.

"Are you gonna feed us your cum, Frankie?" Kim asked, watching her daughter's cock-stuffed lips sink to the boy's nut-sack. "Are you going to let your mother and I share your ball-honey, baby boy?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

The women were certainly in no hurry to get him off this way. They wanted to take their time and give the squirming teen a good oral work-over. Frankie loved watching their heads Bob up and down on his prick, making their pretty hair swirl wonderfully around his crotch. The way their king-sized udders hung down and bobbled from their chests just added to Frankie's excitement-level.

"Let's eat his ass and taint, while we milk his prostate," Kim suggested to her daughter. Lori kept her hand up around the steel cock, stroking it steadily, while joining her mother down between Frankie's legs. "Bend your knees up, love," she directed her son.

Frankie propped his knees up and watched in shock as his mom and Grandmother buried their faces down between his legs. He felt Kim's tongue plowing against his asshole, while his mom's licker dug at his taint. "Good hell!" he gasped, feeling them give him pleasure that he

never imagined possible. They were definitely skilled at what they were doing. Even his mom's hand wasn't just jerking with halfhazard cock-strokes. Her grip went all the way up over the tip and back down, with perfect corkscrew twists. This created exquisite friction. Frankie shuddered in delight, bucking his hips inadvertently. The mother's patiently followed his writhing motions, whipping their tongues wildly, bringing him closer and closer to orgasm.

"**I'M GONNA CUM!**" Frankie finally announced. His hips gave off a violent jerk and with a mighty grunt he sent a long creamy cum-rope sailing neatly four-feet into the air.

Kim and Lori quickly brought their faces back up. They hovered over his shivering crotch, side by side with their mouths open and their tongues out. A second cum-jet streaked across their pink, bee-stung lips. Grandmother rubbed the boy's perineum with her fingers, stimulating his prostate, while mom continued to stroke Frankie's cock. "Cum in our mouths, baby!" his mom encouraged, curling her thumb, so she could plow it against the frenulum of Frankie's erection.

The lucky teen grunted and groaned, throwing his ass from the mattress as he was skillfully milked-off by the beautiful mother-daughter duo. More cum shot into their mouths and they swirled their tongues around in it before gulping it down.

For nearly ten body-trembling minutes Frankie felt them squeeze and suck every once of cum from his cock-lance. They took turns nursing on his spongy bulb, scrubbing it with their overactive tongues, while each grasping on to one of his nuts, stroking it with their long painted fingernails.

"God! That was…intense!" Frankie gasped, then watched them crawl up and plop down to either side of him. Lori and Kim both had a boob spread out across his young chest. When Frankie peered down it looked like one giant, melonous breast spread out across him.

"Only the best for **MY** huge-dicked Grandson," Kim cooed, stroking his cheek tenderly.

"Can I suck on both your nipples?" Frankie bold asked.

"Both of them…at once?" his Grandma asked.

"I could try."

They both rose up on their hands and knees, letting one of their hang down above his face. Frankie's eyes widened and his expression filled with wonder as he stared up at the two giant tit-caps that were about to smother him. The pink flesh of their areolar rings were thickly-textured from arousal and their nipples were fully turgid. The boy gulped excitedly as they began to lower their boobs down to his waiting lips.

"**I'M PREGNANT!**" Lori announced, nearly two weeks later, as she came in the door from her doctor's appointment. Both her husband and son were standing there, but she rushed to Frankie first, giving him a long tit-squashing embrace. "We did it, Frankie!" she stated with prideful emotion in her voice.

"That's excellent!" Jim stated, standing there awkwardly.

Lori rushed over and hugged him also. "Isn't it? I never had a doubt. I knew Frankie and I could do this."

"I still wish you would have waited until I got back, but I am thankful he helped us out," Jim expressed, not wanting to ruin the moment by griping about his wife and son's baby-making exploits.

"My pleasure," Frankie stated, knowing how literal his statement really was.

Jim looked at his wife. "I assume now that this is all done there will be no more hanky-panky going on around here?" It seemed more a

of statement than a question.

"Of course, honey. Frankie and I were only having intercourse to make the baby, and now that it's done, things can go back to normal," his wife assured him, then gave her son a flirty wink.

Eight months later, a old camper-van sat in the secluded woods outside of town. The shocks squeaked as the older vehicle rocked steadily back and forth. The beat of a sexy **R&B** tune could be heard coming from the inside.

"**OH, YES, FRANKIE**…**FUCK ME!!**" Lori cried out. The pregnant mother was only days from her expected due date, but this didn't stop her or her son from driving out to their special spot for a heated fuck.

Frankie had saved up enough money from his part-time job at the theater to buy an old conversion van.

He rigged a full-sized bed near the back, since he knew the vehicle would be primarily used for fucking his mom.

"**THIS**…is where it's at!" Frankie thought to himself as he lay beneath his mother's abundant flesh. They were both completely naked and the sexy beat of a song through Frankie's stereo seemed to dictate their fuck-rhythm. One of his mom's huge milk-engorged tits was squashed around his face as his head rested back on a pillow. His mouth was completely gorged with the cap of Lori's tit. Her breasts were already producing milk and Frankie could hardly keep up with the flow. Warm tit-nectar sprayed into his greedy mouth from several different milk-ducts surround his mom's engorged teat. He could feel milk from her second nipple running down his shoulder, from the other giant breast that was nestled next to his face like a rounded pillow.

Lori's huge fetus was sandwiched between them and they could feel their twin girls squirming around inside their womb-sack. With her

knees planted firmly astride him, the mother's rounded bubble butt bobbed up and down to the rhythm of the music.

Their humping genitals glistened. Lori had cum so hard and often over the past two hours that her boy's dick and balls were soaked with female ejaculate. Despite have being ridden vigorously, by a pregnant mother who simply hungered for more and more, Frankie's cock remained fully erect. It was rock-hard slab of penile flesh, with strong jutting muscles, veins and tendons to sustain his mother's desire to fuck until she simply couldn't take anymore.

"Mnff!" the teen grunted, tit-honey spurting from the corners of his mouth as he felt his long teenage bullhorn exquisitely humped on. The changes that had taken place to his mother's body over the past nine months were absolutely wonderful. Not only had her tits swelled up even bigger with warm milk, but her vagina also had undergone fantastic changes that had become a true test for Frankie's staying power. Increased blood-flow to her genitals, in preparation for birth, had caused the cuntal pleats lining the mother's vagina to engorge. This created a spongy-ribbed sheath that felt unlike anything Frankie had ever experienced. When factoring in how much stronger her pelvic floor muscles had became, in preparation to push out two babies, Lori's vagina had become a formidable pleasure-box. It pumped and squeezed at the length of his prick, chewing on it's tender tubular meat and laving it with hot, slippery secretions. Frankie's dick flexed and throbbed, basking in his mother's sexual grip.

"Oh, Frankie…I think you're gonna make me cum again, baby!" Lori squeezed, intensifying her cuntal thrusts.

Frankie's talents had grown over the past nine months. He bucked beneath his pregnant mother, gasping as he peeked up from between her jiggling jugs. "I'm gonna cum too, mom…fuck!!" he announced.

The teenager's eyes rolled back in delight. His mom had already lost her mucus plug, during one of their fervid doggy-style fucks earlier that week. This caused her cervical head to soften and dilate in preparation for labor. This 'cervical softening' creating extraordinary sensations on Frankie's glans. It literally felt like his mom had a set of hot, pursed lips at the back of her vagina sucking on his peter-tip with every plunge. The smoldering frothy mucus that oozed out from her womb created the perfect lubricant to oil their union and keep their crotches smacking together for hours.

"**OH, YES, BABY. GOD, YOU'RE AMAZING!!**" Lori cried, on the verge of a mind-blowing climax.

Frankie's van jerked back and forth as they writhed wildly on the mattress. The boy's head was wedged between her meaty tits, peeking up out of her cleavage and watching her pretty face twist with sexual pleasure.

"**OHH, DAMN!**" Frankie wailed, feeling her clasping cunt contract and quiver like a vibrating vice around his prick. This opened the floodgates in his nuts and sent a torrent of jizz shooting up the tube of his prick. His load was met by a surge of female ejaculate, creating a wonderful cocktail of mother and son cum inside Lori's pussy.

Once they had settled down, after minutes of mutual climax, Lori peered down at her boy with wideeyes.

"I think we need to go…now!" She breathed.

"Home?"

"No…to the hospital. I think I'm going into labor, Frankie."

The boy had never gotten dressed so fast in his life. He raced his mom to the hospital, then called his dad. Jim got there just in time

to see his wife give birth to twin baby girls. They weren't his biologically, but he was still their proud father.

"So, you guys were just in the middle of grocery shopping and then the labor pains started?" he asked his wife and son as they visited Lori's hospital bed later that evening.

"Yeah, it was the strangest thing," Lori answered, then looked over at her son adoringly. "Once again,

Frankie was there when I needed him. Mom's Hero, right, honey?"

"Yep!" Frankie proudly smiled. "Mom's hero."

Mom's Midnight Visit

"Sweetheart, are you awake?"

"Oh, good…I was hoping I didn't wake you. Yeah, I'm fine…just a little sexually frustrated, that's all. Do you care if I lock your door, then come over and crawl into bed with you for awhile?"

"Sorry, I should have put on a robe. I forgot I was wearing a see-through nighty."

"There…that's nice. You don't mind if my boobs rest against you like that, while we cuddle, do you, sweetheart? I didn't think so. I've noticed how you always like to stare at them around the house, watching the way the move beneath my blouse and bra. They're so big and heavy and squishy. You must have a thing for huge boobs, hmm?"

"No, you don't have to be sorry. It's normal for Boys your age to stare at their mother's breasts. Just be careful not to do it when your father's around. Dads don't understand the fascination that mothers and sons have for each other."

"Of course I'm fascinated by you, sweetie, for the same reasons I'm sure that you're fascinated with me. We moms know that you boys wonder what we'd look like without our clothes on, and we have those same thoughts about you. Yes, really! Haven't you ever noticed me just watching you out by the pool or even at the dinner table? You'd probably be shocked at the naughty thoughts going through my head when I watch you. Boys and moms have a lot in common, baby. We like to have touch ourselves, and we **LOVE** to fuck."

"Speaking of hot, nasty sex…you know it's also perfectly normal for a boy to wonder what it would feel like to have his long, hard penis inside his mom, right? Now, now…you don't have to blush, sweetie.

Having sexual thoughts about me is perfectly natural. I have sexual thoughts about you too. What…is that so hard to believe? Your own mom wondering what it would be like to have hot, passionate sexual intercourse with you?"

"You know, sweetheart…some moms actually let their boys crawl between their thighs and slide it in. No, I'm not kidding. You might be surprised by the number of boys at your school who've had their erection sheathed in their mom's vagina."

"Speaking of erection…is that what I think it is rubbing against my thigh? Hmm? Oh, sweetie, don't apologize. It's perfectly normal for you to have an erect penis around me. In fact, I would be shocked if you didn't have one. I mean look at us. We're here alone together in the dark, on your bed, in the middle of the night, cuddling under the warm blankets. You're just wearing flimsy boxers and I'm in a see-through nighty and panties. That kind of situation is bound to give a boy your age a rock-hard penis. Moms get aroused by this sort of thing to. I'm sure you can feel how stiff and rubbery my nipples have gotten while they're pushed against you."

"Mmmm, I just love cuddling with you, Brandon. All your father wants to do lately is roll over and go to sleep. He doesn't realize how important **THIS** type of affection is, or maybe he does and just doesn't care. **YOU** know though, don't you, baby? Hmm? You know exactly what women my age crave. Maybe I should just give your clueless father the boot and have **YOU** in my bed every night."

"Do you mind if I kiss on you, sweet-baby? Do you mind if I smooch you…on your lips and your face and your neck. Would you like that? Hmm?"

"Would you like me to slide on top of you while we kiss, so you can feel my heavy, stiff-nippled tits crushed against your chest? I thought you'd like that idea."

"Kiss me, baby. Make out with me. Let's make our tongues dance together. Of course it's ok, sweetie. We're all alone and your door's locked. No one else will ever know but us. It'll be our naughty little secret."

"Mm, you're such an amazing kisser, Brandon. Would you like to start making out with me after you get home from school? Hmm? It would be the perfect time…with your father still at work and your sister at dance practice. I could squash my big tits on you, while we hugged and kissed all over the house."

"Ahhh…I just felt someone's penis flex with excitement. Would you like to touch each other's genitals, sweetheart? Can mom put her hand on your penis? Yeah?... Oh, Brandon! Oh, baby, it feels so big and hard. It must be at least nine inches long and **SO** incredibly thick. You have a dick that was made for some **VERY** deep and **VERY** intense sexual intercourse. Mmm, I can feel pre-cum weeping from your piss-slit. Am I making you excited, baby? Hmm? You're making me excited too. Put your hand in my panties, sweetheart. Feel how wet my pussy is."

"Doesn't that feel nice? Do you like touching my shaved pussy, sweetheart? It's **SO** aroused. All that juice has secreted from my sex glands, preparing my vagina for sexual penetration. Can you feel my clitoris, baby? Can you feel how big and swollen it is? Finger me, Brandon. Finger my hot pussy-hole."

"Do you wanna push your dick up inside me? Yes, I'm serious! Would you like to have that hot tender cock sheathed in pussy? Here, let me roll onto my back and you can climb on top of me."

"There you go, baby…crawl right down here between mom's warm, smooth thighs." "Good…now line it up and push it in, sweetheart.

Ohh, there you go, baby…penetrate me!" "**FUCK!!! OH** my God, you are fucking big!! Shit! Ok…um…push it in further, sweetie."

"Oh my goodness…what a dick! Does that feel good, sweetheart? Do you like the way mom's pussy-walls feel around your manhood?"

"Yes, I can feel that too. The fat knob of your cock is pushed against my cervix. Oh no, baby, it doesn't hurt. I love it! Your father's penis is much smaller than yours, so I'm just not used to being touched in that area."

"Oh my God, you're so incredibly hard!"

"Would you like mommy to rock you, baby? Hmm? Would you like me to wrap my smooth, shaved legs high up around your back and hump my hot pussy up around your cock? Would you like me to rock us on the mattress, so it feels like we're floating up into a cloud of pleasure together?"

"Feel me, baby. Feel me clutching you."

"Oh, God…fuck me, baby! Yes, just like that! Harder…and harder! Oh, God, I love it"

"Oh, fuck yes! Oh, Brandon, please… Oh God, suck my nipples, baby, while you fuck me."

"That's it…thrust it in and out! Oh, God, your cock is rubbing right against my clit. Yes…pin me down, baby!"

"Oh, fuck! Oh, yeah. Oh, I can feel it sliding in and out of me. Oh, God! Ohhh! Oh…pump it! Pump it hard, just like that!"

"That slow, steady fuck-rhythm…oh my God, yes!"

"Yes! Yes…pump it. Pump it! Oh, God. Ewww! Oh, baby! Oh, Brandon! Ohhh!" "Oh, God! Oh fuck! Oh, God…oh, God, I'm gonna

cum!"

"Oh, faster, sweetie! Faster!! Pump it in! **YES! YESSS!!**"

"**FUCK MOMMY! OH, GOD, FUCK MOMMY HARD! OHH! OHH FUCK, YES! OHHH!" "OHHH, GOD**…**OH, BRANDON, YESS!!**"

"Oh, God…oh fuck…oh, baby! Ohhh!"

"Oh, sweet baby…you made me gush all over that fat dick, didn't you? Mmmm, would you like mom to lick your dick and balls? Hmm? Then I'll lay on my tummy and let you slip it back inside me. You can beat your crotch against my big juicy ass all night long."

Mom's Morning Ride

By Klrxo

Alex loved watching his mom's 38 double-h cup tits bounce while she rode his cock. He only knew they were that huge because he used to sneak into her laundry hamper and read the tags on her beautiful embroidered bras.

"I sure am glad dad took Sydney to the park this morning," Alex confessed, watching her fatty melons ripple delightfully as they leaped up and down.

Megan gazed down at her boy over the ballooning swell of her twin mounds. "Why's that? So you can fuck his wife and watch her tits bounce around like crazy?" she teased.

"You got it!"

"Maybe I should divorce him. Then we could fuck like this any time we wanted," Megan suggested.

"Seriously?"

The brunette mother giggled. "No, I can't divorce your father. He works hard so I can stay home and ride your fat cock like this all day," she reminded him.

"True."

"Besides, it's more fun to know I'm cheating on him," she said with a shivering thrill. "To know our own son's fucking me better than he is, behind his back."

Alex's cock was glistening with sweet cuntal nectar as it pounded stiffly through the ribbed lining of his mom's most private place. The head of her fertile womb kissed his tender knob on every plunge, becoming wet and slimy with his leaking pre-cum.

"I'm ovulating today," Megan said, with cute huffing breath from her bouncing rhythm. "Which means if you cum inside my pussy today, you're probably gonna get me pregnant."

"Should I put a condom on?" Alex asked.

"Ugh...no! Don't even say that nasty c-word!" Megan said in disgust. "No boy of mine is wearing a condom...ever! It's nothing but bareback pussy for my handsome baby boy. Flesh on flesh."

"If you say so," Alex gasped excitedly, making his dick flex in the oily grip of his mom's cunt. He was glad his mom was so anti-condom. The pink tissue lining her vagina was hot and snug and slippery, swathing the tender slab of his cock in experienced mommy-pussy.

Megan's bare pubis beat against her son's cock-base, the rounded fleshy dome of her clitoral hood jiggling with every strike. "**SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!**

SMACK!"

"We need your boner unsheathed, because you wanna give me a baby, don't you, honey?" she asked. "Every boy wants to get his mom big n preggers with their horny cock."

"I wouldn't mind," her son responded, watching her jutting knockers heave up and down. The thick rubbery nipples protruding from the wide rings of her areola looked so thick and suckable.

"Mm, make my belly big and round, and my tits so huge and milk-swollen that I could smother your entire fucking head between them," she passionately exclaimed.

Alex gulped excitedly. "Yes please," he muttered.

"Would you like that, honey?" Megan asked, grinding their pubis's together. "Would you like mommy to get so pregnant and hormonal that she just wants to fuck you all day long?"

"God yes!" the boy gasped, his dick twitching with excitement. His mom acknowledged the twitch with a cuntal squeeze.

"I'll let you experience the pleasure that a mom's pregnant pussy can give you, while you nurse at my nipples."

"Oh damn, mom...that sounds so hot!"

Megan brought her naked tits down against her boy, mashing them against his lean chest like soft warm bread-dough as she gazed lustfully with her beautiful hazel eyes. "My engorged nipples will leak all over us...making our bodies nice n slippery while we fuck," she said lustfully, her thick rounded mommy-ass still bobbing steadily up and down.

"Ohh!" her boy gasped, shuddering in arousal.

She kissed him sensually with her pink bee stung lips. "I can sandwich our baby's fetus between us, so we can feel it move around while I ride your boner."

"That sounds amazing!"

"Does it, baby? We'll have to get rid of your wimp-dicked father every chance we get, so you can fuck his pregnant wife straight up the pussy," the pretty brunette said.

"And make her cum and cum!" the boy added excitedly.

"Mm, that's my baby," she said, kissing his lips sensually. "You know how much I like to squirt my hot mommy-juice all over your big pink

love-muscle, don't you?"

"Yeah I do!" the boy answered, humping his hips from the mattress, spearing his cock in as deep as it could go.

"Ohh, you animal!" she cried out, fucking him with eager vigor, stretching the back wall of her cunt with his fat bell tip. "No wonder the girls at your school are lining up to fuck you."

"Yes," the boy gasped, a bit surprised to hear that his mom knew about his sexual popularity.

"Your mom used to be like one of those hot girls at school you know?" she said, tightening her inner muscles. "Fucking all that jock dick with her hot cheerleader pussy."

"Oh wow!" the boy sighed, delighted at the though of it.

"That's why you don't need all those sluts now, honey. You've got hot cheerleader mommy-pussy to beat your dick into," she panted.

Alex craned his head up, making his face sink wonderfully in the soft gaping canyon between his mom's boobs. "That's right. There's only one girl I wanna fuck," he said, his voice muffled by pounds of squishy tit-meat.

A lewd wet **CLAPPING** sound filled the room as their humping genitals beat together.

"Then fuck her then!" the mother shouted, pumping with everything she had. "Fuck your baby into me!"

Alex grasped onto her, mashing their wildly humping bodies together.

"Mmmnnfff!" the boy groaned in delight, with his face masked in the spongy fatty flesh of his mom's huge tit.

Her hot juicy vagina felt exquisite plunging up and down his steely prick from balls to tip. Megan flexed her strong cuntal muscles in a kegel grip around him, making her pink ribbed lining milk her boy's dong with skillful friction.

"**OH GOD, I'M GONNA CUM ON YOUR COCK!!**" she grunted out, feeling her climax swell.

The mother's urethral slit bulged out from the top of her cock-stuffed cuntal vestibule, blasting hot girl-cum around her boy's pistoning erection. Her beautiful heavy-titted body shuddered atop her teen as a mind-blowing orgasm surged through her like an electric current.

"**FUCK, MOM!!**" her teen whimpered, feeling his dick tingle and his prostate swell. "**AHHH!!**" his voice trembled, as ball-juice blasted like hot lava from the slit of his cunt-smothered meatus.

"**AHHH!**" he groaned again into her jiggling pocket of tit-meat, trembling beneath his hot mother as he filled her birthing tube with rich potent blasts of boy cum.

For several dreamy minutes they bucked and writhed, moaning and shaking as if sharing one tremendous orgasm.

Megan finally lifted her head from her son's shoulder. "Kiss me, baby," she cooed, meeting his lips with hers.

Her long thick tongue squirmed into his mouth and their lickers lashed together like pink snake-tails.

"Mm, you always make mommy cum so hard," she whispered breathlessly between smooches.

"You make me cum hard also," he said.

"Mmm, and such a big creamy load too," she said, feeling his spunk slosh around inside her sex chamber as she kissed him a few more

times. "Mommy loves big creamy loads. The kind that can make her belly big and round...and her titties swell with milk."

"I hope that happens," her son said.

"Well, your dick **IS** still hard," she pointed out, gripping it with her semen-plastered cunt tube. "Wanna fuck again, just to be sure we plant as much baby-making seed as possible?"

"If I have to," the boy joked.

His mom giggled and suddenly rolled them over, so her boy was on top of her, with his boner still wedged deeply in her vagina. She scissored her legs back in a wide V, with her dainty bare feet pointed back towards the headboard.

"Damn, mom...I never knew you could spread your legs back that far!" the wide-eyed teen exclaimed, looking up the backs of her silky spread-eagled legs.

"Cook, clean and fuck, honey. It's what we mom's do...and we're **VERY** good at all three," she said.

"Super awesome!"

"Now," she said, reaching up and stroking his cheek tenderly, "why don't you pump a 'super-awesome' baby inside me, so you have a pregnant mom to fuck."

"Yes ma'am!" the teen said, setting his hips in motion.

Mom's Mountaintop Quarantine

By Klrxo

"Fuck me, Phil!"

Lori and her husband Phil frolicked under the blankets, kissing and caressing. "I need you," Lori whispered desperate.

"I'm trying hon," Phil said.

Lori's sexy bare foot and part of her silky leg emerged from the blankets, twisting around the lump in the blanket that was husband. "Oh my God, please Phil. I need it," she pleaded.

"Lori I'm trying, I really am." "Let me try sucking on it ." "That doesn't work."

"Let me try, it might this time."

Lori's cell phone went off. They both recognized the ringtone. "It's Alex," Lori said. "Just call him back."

"He should be playing in the game right now. Something's wrong." The blonde mother emerge from the blankets and grabbed her phone. "Alex?"

"Hey, Mom," her son said on speaker phone.

"Hey, is everything ok? Did they cancel the game?" Lori asked.

"No. I have bad news. We all had to take the rapid test before the game. I tested positive. I have **COVID**."

"Oh my God, sweetie, how?" Lori asked her 1 8 year old. Lori was a natural blonde. A real looker. Her friends told her she looked like the actress Elizabeth Banks, but with a little more meat on her bones, in all the right places.

"One of my friends, I guess. Two other guys on the team have it too."

By now Alex's father Phil was out from under the blanket also, showing obvious concern. "Have you shown any symptoms? Been feeling sick at all?" he asked.

"No, that's the thing, I feel fine," Alex said. "I wouldn't have even known I had it if coach hadn't made us get tested."

"So what's next? Did you call doctor Matson?" Lori asked in concern.

"Yeah, he said I have to quarantine for two weeks. I don't dare come back to the house though. I don't wanna get anyone there sick."

"Alex, this is your home. I'm sure Daniel wouldn't mind if you took his room in the basement . You'd be away from everyone down there."

"Why don't I just go up to the cabin for a couple weeks. There's plenty of food up there still, right?" Alex asked. "Then I wouldn't have to worry about exposing anyone." Phil looked at his wife. "Makes sense."

Lori scowled. "No, it does not make sense. You're not spending two weeks alone in that cold cabin," she said.

"I know how to build fires Mom and there's enough cut fire wood to last a year up there. Trust me, I still have the calluses from helping dad chop it up."

"Alex, I'm not letting you spend two weeks completely alone up there. That's depressing." Lori said. "Mom, I'll be fine. I'll have food, netflix...what more does a guy need?"

"Company," Lori answered, "And have you forgotten there's no internet up there. There's hardly a cell signal. How on earth do you plan on using Netflix?"

"I'll download some content before I go up. Look, Mom, I'll be fine. I'll give you a call once I get to the cabin, ok."

"Let us know if there's anything you need, son." Phil said. "And please drive safe," Lori added.

"I will. Love you guys," Alex added, then hung up.

Lori looked over at her husband in shock. "My God, this is awful," she said.

"I knew something like this would happen. I'm sure the school will be rethinking the winter sports program now."

"Oh Phil, I hate the thought of him spending two weeks by himself," Lori said.

Phil laughed "Honey, come on. Two weeks in a cozy cabin away from the world. I'd gladly trade him spots."

"What if he gets really sick? You know how weak the cell service is up there. What if he needs to reach us and he can't?"

"Then he'll drive down and make a call. We do it all the time when we're up there," Phil said. "No, this is different . He has a deadly virus, Phil. Of all the times he shouldn't be alone it's now. I'm going up there," she said, climbing out of bed.

"You're joking, right ...and expose yourself to this thing. Honey, come on, it's unnecessary." "I don't care if I get **COVID. I**'m not an old woman. I'm healthy. I don't have any medical conditions that put me at risk," Lori said.

"Ok, but why take that risk if you don't have to?"

Lori's face was filled with worry and frustration. "I do have to. I do have to take that risk. My son needs me. If that sounds corny, I'm sorry. I'm going up to quarantine with him."

Lori packed her suitcase, which included some things of Alex's. After making arrangements for her younger kids, the blonde mother kissed her husband goodbye and made the two hour ride to their mountain cottage.

Alex was shocked to see lights coming up the driveway. He was even more surprised to see his mother's white jeep pull up. He came out on the porch, watched her get out of the vehicle and move towards him in her big winter coat . "Mom, what are you doing? You can't be here." "You're not spending two weeks up here by yourself."

"Mom, I'll be fine. Please don't come any closer. I don't want you to get sick."

"If I get sick I get sick. Mommy's here and we can battle this thing together," Lori said, stepping onto the porch.

"At least just let me put a mask on. We can stay six feet a part," Alex said, turning to go inside.

Lori stopped him, grasping his sweatshirt and moving in for a tight hug. "Absolutely not . I'm not gonna spend the next two weeks across the room from you."

Alex laughed. Even through her thick winter coat he could feel her big tit-cushions press against him. "This is not what you call social distancing," he said.

Lori grabbed the neck of his sweatshirt and yanked him down towards her waiting lips. "Fuck, social distancing," she said, then proceeded to plant a series of wet kisses on his lips. "Muah, muah, mauh, mmmauh!"

"Jesus, Mom," he giggled.

She let him go. "There, now I'd say there's a good chance you've shared your **COVID** with mommy. So la-di-da," she said.

"You're crazy, you know that ."

"I'm not crazy, I'm cold. Now can we go inside please," she said with a playful smile.

Alex followed his Mom inside and she went straight for the tiny kitchen. "It took me forever to get it warmed up in here," he said.

"Feels divine. I'm gonna make some hot tea. Want some?" "No, I'm good."

Lori put the kettle on, then stripped off her jacket and scarf. The swell of her large breasts stretched her thin cotton pullover sweater. "I brought you some clothes. You just have to be a sweetheart and bring my suitcase in for me."

"Oh awesome. Thought maybe I was gonna have to wear the same two outfits the whole time." "Oh and I urn...I brought something else I thought maybe you'd like to have with you," she said. "Let me guess, my PS4?"Alex asked, half-joking.

"No, nothing like that ."

"Damn," he muttered disappointingly.

"This is actually something I discovered last week, in your room." "Discovered?" Alex asked.

"Just so you know, I wasn't snooping. I was doing some dusting and rearranged some of your magazines and um, they kinda fell out of one."

Alex stared at his Mom with a look of horror. He knew exactly what she had found. "Oh I uhh, I can explain those."

Lori put her hands in the pockets of her form fitting denims, giving her son a cute, but awkward smile. "You don't have to explain anything. I'm a big girl, I can figure it out ."

"Sorry," Alex blushed.

"Uh huh," Lori muttered with quirky grin. "Anyway, it's with the other things I brought . I um... I do think we should talk about it, at some point ."

"Ok," Alex muttered, already dreading that conversation.

Lori pulled her phone out of her back pocket. "I better try to shoot a text off to your father, let him know I got here ok and that you already infected me," she said with a playful smile. "Hey, I told you not to come in. You infected yourself."

"Yup, mommy sacrificed her health so she could be here to take care of her baby. I should definitely get the Mom of the year award for this one," she joked.

Lori made dinner, which gave them a chance to talk about the virus and some of the symptoms they might be experiencing while in quarantine. After they cleaned the dishes, she took a shower and unpacked her suitcase. "Hey, come get your stuff," she shouted.

Alex came in her room, pausing in the doorway when he saw what she was wearing. It was a black thermal sleepshirt. It was slim fit and fell to her middle of her thighs. Alex had been around alot of sexy girls, but he knew his mom had the most incredible legs and ass that he'd ever seen. Lori's bronze legs were shapely and strong and they seemed to always give off a glossy sheen. They tapered down to slender ankles and cute bare feet with pink painted toenails. Her blonde hair fell just below her shoulders and was a shade darker since it was still damp from her shower.

"Thanks for grabbing these things for me," he said, snatching his neatly folded clothes from her bed. "Well, I figured you didn't have much with you."

There were a few photographs sitting there too. He glanced at them uncomfortably. "You didn't have to bring those," he blushed.

"Why, you wouldn't miss looking at them?" she said with a little smile, while refolding one of her shirts. "I don't know, I guess."

Lori giggled. "You guess? Gee, thanks." "No, I mean, I would, but ..."

She scooped up the three photographs and sat on the edge of the bed, then patted the spot beside here. "Sit down here," she said softly..

Alex sat next to her, seeming a bit uncomfortable as Lori flipped through the three photographs. "We were at Driftwood Beach that day, right?"

"Yeah, last summer."

"That was the day I lost my sunglasses. Ugh, I remember being so pissed." "I still think somebody went through your bag," Alex said.

"Or those damn seagulls snatched them."

Alex laughed. "Mom they were sunglasses, not a French fry."

Lori slapped his leg playfully. "Well apparently the thieves weren't the only ones scoping things out that day," she joked, looking at the photographs of herself in a skimpy yellow bikini. "I guess I just thought it would be cool to get some pictures of you."

"Uh huh, I can see that," she said with a grin. "So were these the only ones you took, or just your three favorites?"

"No, I just took those three. It wasn't like I was stalking you on the beach taking a ton of pictures of you or anything."

"You really should find a new hiding spot for these. Had it been your father who found them, you would have had some answering to do," Lori said.

"Yeah, probably."

"No, not probably. Most definitely," she said with a giggle.

Sitting side-by-side they continued to study the three photographs. Lori focused on one that was just the top half of her body. The skimpy yellow bikini could barely contain her massive tits. "My boobs are just way too big," she said.

"Why do you think that?" Alex asked timidly.

"They take up like eighty-percent of this picture, that's why" she said, making her son laugh. "I'd say more like ninty-percent," Alex joked.

Lori slapped him on the leg playfully. "Brat ."

"Seriously though, Mom, they're nice. You should be proud of them."

She fed him a teasing smile. "Oh boy, sounds like I've created a boob monster." "Like a cool T-Rex, right?" Alex said smoothly.

Lori giggled and stood up. "Yup and we both know what the T stand for," she said. Facing him, she thrust her big boobs out . She was clearly braless beneath the top, her fat nipples poking out

. She rocked her shoulders teasingly, making her boobs swing back and forth a few times. "T for ta-ta's."

Alex's eyes were as wide as saucers. "Holy wow, Mom. Can you do that again?"

"Noo, take your pictures and get outta here. I need to finish unpacking," she said playfully.

Alex went upstairs to his room. It was tiny, but big enough for the bunk bed. He shared it with his siblings whenever they came up to stay, but now he had it all to himself. After putting the pics in his

bag, he went back downstairs and threw another log on the fire. The teen replayed the image of his mom's "ta-ta's" rocking back and forth beneath her sleep shirt. She'd never done anything like that in front of him and it was pretty fucking amazing.

His mom's voice startled him as she entered the room. "We should take your temperature. How are you feeling?"

"I feel fine."

Lori padded over on bare feet and placed as thermometer in her son's mouth. "Well, it might take a couple days for you to show symptoms."

"Uhm-hmn," Alex hummed, watching Lori's tits bobble heavily beneath her shirt as she moved. "If we're lucky we won't show signs at all. We're both healthy, but at least we're here to take care of each other if we need to," she said, removing the thermometer.

"Thanks, Mom. I didn't say it before, so I um, just wanted you to know that I appreciate you being here."

"I'll always be here and no thanks needed. I'm your Mommy and that's what we do. Your temp is a little high. Why don't you get some rest . A good nights sleep would probably be the best thing for you." "Yeah, it's been a pretty long day," he said.

"That it has. Gimme a hug," she said, moving in for a tit-squasher.

Alex couldn't help but sigh out loud. The meat of his mom's tits felt immense as they flattened out on his chest . The hug went on longer than normal before she pulled back and gave him a smiling wink. "You ok, T-Rex?"

He gave her a blushing smile. "Yeah, I'm good."

She gave him a quick peck on the lips, a little sparkle in her eye. "Goodnight ."

The feel of her warm squishy breasts would play on his mind for the next hour while he squeezed and pulled at his erection. After squirting a hot load into his t-shirt, Alex drifted off to sleep.

Alex woke to the smell of bacon. He found his mom in the kitchen finishing breakfast prep. He watched her for a moment . She still wore the sleepshirt and her blonde mane was slightly disheveled from sleeping. He marveled at her smooth tan legs and could tell she was still braless by the way the hefty swell of her breasts shifted as she moved. "Good morning," she said as she spotted him gawking.

"Morning. Smells awesome."

"Thanks. Have a seat, I'll get you some breakfast," she said. Lori served her son, then sat down at the table with him to eat . "So what's the plan today?" Alex asked.

"Well, I thought we could relax a while, then after that we could relax some more, then later maybe do some more relaxing. How's that sound?"

"Sounds like a relaxing day," Alex said, making them both laugh.

"I'd say we could take a walk, but it's seriously too damn cold out there."

"Well, I guess two weeks of laziness it is," Alex said.

"Yes, glorious quarantine. I do need to take a shower. That'll kill like...twenty minutes," she said joking.

"Well when you're done I'll do a load of laundry. I don't wanna use up your hot water." "You're a sweetheart . Hey, since you're doing

some laundry, would you mind throwing something of Mommy's in with your stuff?" she asked.

"No, no problem, Mom."

He helped his mother clean up, then Lori took a quick shower. Alex gathered his laundry, including the cum-stained t-shirt from the night before. He stopped at the bathroom. "Hey, Mom, did you have something you wanted washed?"

"It's right in on my bed, sweetheart. Thank you," she said through the door.

Alex stepped into her room and found one of her big white bras laying on her bed. His heart pounded excitedly as he lifted the bra by the thick strap. The cups were huge and adorned in delicate lace. He placed it on top of his pile and made his way down to the laundry room.

He opened the lid to the washer and stuffed his items in first . He grabbed the bra and looked it over with excited curiosity. There was a tag on the strap. It read 36J . He knew enough about tits to know that this was pretty damn big. Slowly, he lifted it up and buried his face inside one of the cups. He could smell his is mom's sweet perfume.

"Damn, Mom's big tit was just in this yesterday," he thought .

"Feel good?" A voice said from nearby, startling him. Lori smiled from the doorway.

Caught red-handed, Alex lowered the bra from his face. "Oh, I um... I was just getting ready to start it ." "My bras are very delicate. Make sure you run it on gentle cycle, okay."

"Got it," Alex said, fumbling with the dial.

Lori patiently stepped over next to him. She was wearing a short white satin kimono robe, which looked amazing against her tan skin. "Let me help," she said softly, setting the dials.

"Sorry, I usually just throw my stuff in and start it," he said. "Did you remember the pods?"

"Ohh," Alex muttered, reaching over to grab some pods to throw in.

Lori lifted herself up and sat on the dryer, watching her frazzled son "One or two?" he asked, showing her the pods.

Lori smiled. "They're kinda like boobs. Always two," she joked.

Alex blushed, throwing them in. He closed the lid.

"The bra goes in there too, sweetheart," the mother said patiently.

Alex forgot he was still holding the bra. He threw it in with the other items and started the washer.

Lori threw her arms up, making her boobs jiggle beneath the thin covering. "Yaaaay! You did it," she cheered jokingly.

"Time to do that relaxing thing now I guess," he said, but before he could pass, Lori extended one naked leg, making it impossible for him to get by in the tiny space.

"Hold on just a sec. You didn't answered my question," she said. "What question?"

"You had your face buried in my bra cup. I asked you if it felt good?" she asked candidly. "Yeah, of course"

"You practically had your whole head in there. I told you they were big," she giggled. "That much I knew already, Mom." Alex said.

"So first I find pictures of me in a bikini, then I find you playing with my bra. Anything else you might be trying to hide?" She said with an amused looked, taking an obvious glance down at his midsection.

"No," he muttered, clearing trying to hide his aroused cock with his hands. "Okay, but there's a rule if you wanna pass."

He looked at her sexy leg and bare foot blocking his path. "What do you mean rule?"

"If you want me to move so you can get by, you gotta put your hands on your head.," Lori said with a smile.

"Oh come on, Mom." "That's the rule."

"Fine," he muttered, putting both hands on top of his head.

Lori moved her leg and watched him pass, staring down at the tubular bulge in his shorts. "I knew you were hiding something else," she said with a giggle. He fed her a timid smile. "You're mean," he joked.

After showering and getting dressed Alex found his Mom in the living room putting her jacket on. "My text didn't go through last night, so I'm gonna drive down to the main road and give your father a quick call," she said.

"Do you want me to come?" Alex asked.

"I'll be fine, just keep the couch warm for us," she said with a wink.

Lori traveled two miles down the steep dirt driveway to the main road. Once there, she pulled off to the side and dialed her husband. "Hey babe," he answer.

"Hey, sorry, I sent a text last night, but it didn't go through." "That's what I figured. How's everything? Alex ok?" Phil asked.

"Yeah, he's fine. I'm just glad I can be here for him."

"Well, don't worry about things here. I'll make sure everything's taken care of."

"You're a sweetheart . I'm sorry I rushed out of there so quickly, I just knew I had that two hour drive," she said.

"No worries, when you get back, we'll finish what we started. I'll take care of you, I promise." Lori giggled a bit . "Hon, you don't need to worry about that right now, really."

"Of course I do. You're my wife and it's my job to take care of your needs. There's one other drug I haven't tried. My doctor mentioned it during my last visit . I'll call before you get back and have him write me a prescription."

Lori smiled. "Ok, that sounds fine."

"I love you. I'm gonna miss you guys."

"We'll miss you too. Don't worry about a thing ok. Alex and I will be fine."

"Ok hon, I know it's a pain in the ass, but drive down the mountain in a couple days and give me an update," Phil said.

"I will. Kisses."

"Kisses back. Bye babe," Phil said, then hung up.

When she got back to the cabin, Lori shed her winter gear and joined her son on the couch. They made small talk and she flipped through one of her women's magazines. Lori had her legs sprawled sideway on the cushions, wearing sexy gray yoga pants and a white fitted tank top.

Alex noticed right away how much bigger her boobs looked in this top and the amount of cleavage that was showing.

"Whatcha reading, Mom?"

"Just an article. What about you?"

"A book, but not really into it. I thought I might watch a movie I downloaded." "Oh, what one?"

"Forgot the name. Some martial arts movie," he said. "Ohh, sound very manly," she said with a giggle.

"I would have passed it by, but my friends said it was pretty good."

Lori looked at her magazine, then back at her son. "Did you know that thirty-seven percent of all women enjoy shoe shopping over sex?"

Alex laughed. "That's an odd fact ."

"Isn't it though. I can't imagine a woman loving anything more than sex." "What kinda article are you reading over there, Mom?"

"It's just one on weird sex facts. Here's one for you. Let's see if you can get it? What is the current number one aphrodisiac, reputedly?" Lori asked. "Hmm, dark chocolate," Alex answered.

"Nope, asparagus," Lori said with a grossed out look. "Of course, it would be a nasty vegetable."

Lori reached across to hand him the magazine. "Here, read me number three, see if I know it."

Alex smiled as he took the magazine. "Hold on, are we having a friendly competition here, to see who can get more answers correct?"

"Competition? You're out of your league, young man," she said, extending her leg and nudging him with one of her sexy bare feet . "I guarantee I know way more about this stuff than you do." "We'll see about that . What do I get if I win?" he asked.

She fed him an odd smile. "What do you want?"

"Hmmm." Alex hummed, pretending to think.

Lori didn't hesitate to share her intended reward. "If I win I want a back massage. Soft music, candles, hot baby oil. The works."

"Ok, umm..." Alex knew what he wanted, but he was afraid to ask. He was afraid of how she might react . "How bout if I win, we switch beds tonight and I get to sleep on that comfy queen¬ sized bed in your room. You have to take the bunk bed."

Lori giggled. "I would gladly agree, if I didn't think there was something you wanted more than that ." Alex played stupid. "Like what?"

She smiled at him slyly. "You tell me. I think you've made it pretty clear." "I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes you do, but you're afraid to ask and I understand that . So here, I'll make it easier for you. If you win, which you won't by the way, I'm confident of that. But if you do, I'll let you see my boobs," Lori explained. "You'd... Really, you'd do that?" Alex muttered, his heart racing.

"Well, I wouldn't have thrown it out there if I didn't, but don't get your hope's up there, T-Rex, because it's not gonna happen."

"I guess we'll see," Alex said, knowing he just had to win.

"Ok, so there are ten questions total," she said anxiously, "we're on number three."

Alex read a question from the magazine. "The average female orgasm lasts how long?"

"Hmm, the length of a female orgasm..." Lori said as she thought about it. "I mean a lot would depend on the type of orgasm. Vaginal orgasms typically last much longer than clitoral, but on average, I would say... thirty seconds??" she said, gazing over at him unquestioningly.

"Twenty seconds."

"Ohh, damn, I was close."

"Close, but no cigar, Mom," he said handing her the magazine.

"Ok, Mr. Sex expert, here's one for you. In a single ejaculation, a guy sends how many sperm swimming towards the egg? It gives an estimate here, so if your answer is within those numbers, I'll give it to you," Lori said.

Alex shrugged his shoulder, clearly guessing. "A hundred million?"
"The answer is between thirty and seven-hundred million sperm."

"Yess!" Alex said, pumping his first in the air.

"Nice job. I certainly hope you don't know that because you count them as they squirt out?" Lori joked as she handed the magazine back.

"Ha, that would be quite a task. One to zero, my lead," he said with a smile. "Enjoy it, it won't last ."

"Speaking of lasting...the average sex session goes on for how many thrusts?"

Lori giggled. "I like the way you transitioned into that one. Hmm, is the answer precise or is there a range?"

"There's a range, so I guess if you're answers somewhere in that range, you got it ." "Hmm, thrusts. Sadly, the answer's probably not as many as it should be. I'm gonna say a hundred. A hundred thrusts," she said.

"The answer is between a hundred and five hundred. You barely got it ."

"Woooo! Yay me!" Lori cheered, throwing her arms in the air. "Told you wouldn't keep that lead," she said, taking the magazine back.

"Ok, here's your question. Other than the bedroom, where is the second most common place people have sex?" Lori asked.

"Umm, the kitchen."

Lori burst out laughing. "Good answer, but no. Think about where you'd have sex if you had a house full of people, or if you were out on a date."

"Oh, the car?"

"Yes," the mother said.

"Damn, I should have got that," Alex said.

"Oh, why's that? Had plenty of backseat adventures have we?" Lori teased. "A few. What about you?" Alex bravely asked.

She laughed, as if reflecting on the times and also surprised that he would turn that the question back on her. "Lots when I was younger, but since being married, not so many. Your dad and I do occasionally drive out somewhere dark and secluded though, just to keep things interesting." "Do you ever worry about getting caught?"

"Worry, no. The danger of getting caught is half the thrill," she said, raising an eyebrow. "So what your saying is I should be prepared to

pick you and dad up from the police station one of these days," Alex said, making his mom laugh.

"Well, any cop that arrests a married couple for having sex in their own vehicle suffers from a serious case of envy."

"True," Alex said, looking at the magazine. "The next question has a picture. You have to name that sexual position."

"Okay, let me see."

"Hold on, I'll cover the answer," he said, then reached over and showed her. It was a drawing of a woman sitting on a man's lap, facing him with her legs over his shoulders. "It's a multiple choice. I'll read the possible answers," Alex said.

Lori smiled confidently. "Don't bother. It's called the rocking chair." Alex looked at the answer. "The rocking chair position, you're right ."

"Of course I'm right . I know my sexual positions. Who's in the lead now, buster," she teased, "two to one." Alex handed her the magazine. "Not for long."

"Ok, what is the average length of a man's erect penis?" Lori asked with a little smile. "Twelve inches," Alex joked.

"Ha, wouldn't that be something."

"I'm joking of course. I think it's like six inches."

Lori nodded. "Between five and six inches, correct ." "Yess," Alex hissed.

Lori fed him a proud little smile. "So glad that my son's not just average," she sighed, handing him the magazine.

Alex blushed a little. "Why do you think that?"

"I saw that bulge you were trying to hide in the laundry room. It looked far from average," she said with a wink.

"I guess," Alex said timidly, then looked at the next question "Ok, here we go, two questions left and we're all tied up."

"Oh boy, the pressure's on," Lori said. "Let's have it ." "Another penis question," Alex said.

"Oh well then you might as well just give me the point . I am a penis scholar," she joked. "We'll see about that . The most sensitive spot on a man's penis is called the what?" "Frenulum!" Lori shouted excitedly.

"Dang," Alex scowled, handing her the magazine. "Guess you are a penis scholar. I've never even heard of that word."

"Really? The frenulum is the sweet spot . Surely you must know where your sweet spot is?" Lori said with an awkward smile.

"Well, maybe. Are you talking about the tip of it?"

"Kinda. The frenulum is that little band of skin beneath the tip. It kinda works the same way as the skin beneath the tongue," Lori explained, curling her long up so her son could see. "This one's called the lingual frenulum."

"Oh I see. Damn, I hope the next question's a little easier or I'm screwed," Alex said.

"Well you're in luck, it's a true or false question, so you have a fifty percent chance of getting it ." "Alright, let's here it ."

"Ok, true or false, there are more nerve endings on a women's clitoris than on the tip of a man's penis?" "Oh man, I'm not for sure on this one..."

"Shall I go ahead and start getting ready for my massage then?" Lori said with a teasing smile. "Hold on, I'm definitely leaning more one way on this. I'm gonna say true."

"Are you sure?" "Yes."

"So that's your final answer?" she asked, giving him an anxious look. "Final answer."

She frowned. "You're right ."

"Yess!" Alex shouted, throwing his arms up. "Damn, I got lucky on that one. So it's a tie score and there's no more questions left . What do we do now?"

Lori tossed the magazine aside. "Well, we could either come up with a bonus question for each other, or..."

"Or what?" Alex asked eagerly.

"Or we could call it a tie, which means we both win and we both get rewarded." Alex got a big smile, his heart beating like a base drum. "I'm good with a tie."

"Me too, only because I know you. You'd find the hardest sexual question on earth for me and I don't wanna risk losing that massage."

Alex gave her a guilty look. "I would never do that ." "Uh huh, right," she said, playfully throwing a pillow at him. "Why don't we have some lunch, then we'll meet up in the bedroom for the big reward ceremony."

"Ha, you make it sound so formal. Do we have to sing the national anthem too?" Alex said, making his Mom laugh.

"Maybe we will," she said, "it'll be my version though." "How does your version go?"

Lori knelt on the cushions and leaned over towards her son, gazing teasingly. "Ohhh say can you see, my bra'aa slippin' off of mee," she sang.

Alex's heart raced as he watched his mom get up, giggling as she made her way to the kitchen. "Cute version, Mom."

"Bet you like my version better than the original."

Lori made some sandwiches and they ate. It was fairly obvious during lunch that both were quite anxious for what was coming after. "So give me ten minutes to get things prepared. Remember, I said I wanted the candles and soft music and all that, so I'm gonna set things up, you just get those magic hands ready."

"Sounds good," Alex said, his erection flexing with anticipation.

It seemed like forever before he heard his Mom call him. "Alex, Mommy's ready, sweetie."

Alex made his way across the cabin to the large bedroom. He stopped in the doorway and gasped out loud. Lori was standing near the bed in a long sexy white bridal-laced robe. She had one naked leg slightly bent at the knee and sticking sexily from the slit . Her little feet with pink painted nails were propped in 4-inch mules. Alex could see through the lace that she was wearing a matching white bra and panty set beneath the robe. She had clearly taken the time to fluff her hair up a little and he could smell her sweet perfume.

Lori had pulled the shades and lit some candles. The light beat of **R&B** music thumped from a small Bose speaker on her nightstand. Alex noticed a fluffy white towel draped across the bed and a stack of others nearby. However, his attention could drift away very long

from his gorgeous mother. "Dang, you look amazing," the teen muttered.

"Thanks. I know it's not a real ceremony and it's just you and me, but ...I wanted to look pretty," she said sweetly.

"Well you've succeeded at that, but you always look pretty Mom."

"Aww, you're making me blush," she said, smiling at him adoringly.

"It's true." "Close the door and come over here," she said, waving him over.

After closing the door behind him, Alex came over and stood in front of her. With her heels on, they were now about the same height . "Since I have to take off my top anyway, to get my reward, I figured we might as well take care of yours at the same time."

Alex took a heavy anxious gulp. "Makes sense."

"So, you're not gonna tell any of your friends about this, right? This can just stay between us?" "Of course, I won't tell anyone, I swear."

"Good because I'm pretty sure your father would kill me, if word ever got back to him that I did something like this for you."

"Not a word, Mom. I promise," her son said reassuringly.

"Ok," she said, then reached down and untied the sash to her robe.

Alex watched wide-eyed as the flimsy robe slipped from her shoulders, down her curvy body and pooled at her feet . "Jesus," the teen muttered as he stared at all the breast meat oozing out tops of her lacy bra. Lori's tits were clearly enormous and the way they were stuffed inside the bra created the biggest, creamiest cleavage her son had ever seen.

She reached around and clasped the hooks, watching her son's reaction as the straps fell and the giant cups slipped from her breasts. The twin mounds bobbled heavily as they were released. Thick rubbery nipples protruded from large areola, which were fairly thick themselves and dotted with milk glands.

Alex's jaw dropped as he gawked. "Holy shit, Mom," he muttered. Lori giggled at his reaction. "I warned you they were too big." "They're not, they're um... they're beautiful."

"Thanks," she said, watching him stare.

Alex marveled at every detail. These weren't like the boobs of girls his own age. He could see the faint blue veins disappearing into a cleavage that could easily swallow his entire head. Her engorged nipples and rough-textured areola looked like they were made to be sucked and chewed on. These were true mommy-boobs, heaving with Lori's every breath.

Lori frowned. "I feel bad. I feel like you're getting the short end of the stick on this deal," "What do you mean?"

"Well, I get a half-hour massage and all you get is quick look at my boobs."

Alex couldn't tear his eyes away from her jugs. "I'm not complaining."

Lori giggled, making her breasts jiggle. "I know, but I still feel bad. I feel like maybe I need to sweeten the deal for you just a bit, to make things fair."

Alex looked his Mom in the eyes for the first time since she unclasped her bra. "Sweeten the deal?"

"Yeah, throw in a little something extra. That way I don't feel so bad while I'm getting that amazing massage you're about to give me."

"So what's the something extra?" Alex asked, his heart racing.

Lori smiled cutely, showing her perfect white teeth. "Do you wanna touch 'em?"

"Really? Yeah, um... sure," he muttered, then reached out and grasped her big boobs, gently giving them a squeeze. "Ohh, man," he muttered, amazed at how warm and squishy they were. "You can squeeze them harder, sweetheart . They're not gonna break," she said.

Alex took great big big handfuls of tit-meat and squeezed somewhat harder than before. Lori closed her eyes, gently sighing as her son mauled her tits for a full minute.

"Jesus," the teen muttered in delight, making his mom's eyelids flip open. "Do you like how Mommy's boobs feel?"

"Do I ever," he answered, continuing to squeeze away. "So do I get a half-hour, you know, since I'll be doing you for that long?"

Lori burst out laughing, making her titties tremble in her son's hands. "I said a little something extra.

"That's a lot something extra."

"Can I just go five more minutes then?"

Lori nodded. "Fine, five more minutes. We wouldn't want you to feel cheated, now would we? Why don't we try it with you sitting behind me on the bed. I think might like that way even more." Alex plopped onto the bed, his erection clearly tenting out . He watched his mom step towards him, this time focusing on her panty covered cunt. Her white bikini-style panties moulded snuggly around her snatch. She turned, giving him a great view of her meaty ass before sitting down between his legs at the edge of the mattress. "There we go. Now reach around and try it this way," she said.

The teen reached under her arms and latched onto her boobs, feeling their immense weight. He sunk his fingers in and kneaded firmly, watching his handiwork over his mom's shoulder.

Lori bit her bottom lip, clearly becoming more aroused by the second. "Better?" she asked. "For sure," the teen answered, going to town on her boobs. He squeezed and tugged on her nipples, making his Mom gasp. "Is that ok?" he asked, afraid he was hurting her.

She closed her eyes and nodded. "That's fine."

Soon Alex was completely mauling her tits, pulling and squeezing the meat of her jugs. He pressed both mammoth tits together as hard as he could, making her rubbery nipples stick out obscenely. He held her boobs together like that, his fingers sinking in, then glanced at his mom's face. Lori panted lightly, her eyes were still closed and it seemed as though she might be enjoying it . "Too rough?" he asked.

She peeked over at him and smiled. "If I get uncomfortable, I'll let you know."

He went back to town on them, cupping them aggressively, pinching and pulling her thick engorged nipples between his fingers. He knew it had been longer than five minutes, but he didn't care. He simply couldn't get enough of his mom's huge jiggling jugs.

Lori finally peered over at him and giggled. "I'm pretty sure your five minutes was up like five minutes ago, T-Rex."

"Sorry," Alex sighed, easing his grip.

"We don't want you getting tired out . I need those strong hands for that back massage." He reluctantly released her boobs. "Thanks for the extra time," he said.

Lori got up and handed him a bottle of hot babyoil. "Oil me up, messier." she joked, then sprawled out on her tummy on the bed.

Alex stood there looking at her with a raging boner. His mom's body looked amazing laying there with her legs slightly spread. The def focal point was the succulent half-globes of her meaty mommy-ass. The panties were snug, so he could see alot of ass-cheek. The backs of her tan legs looks so strong and smooth. Her big tit-cannons bulged out from the sides, squashed against the mattress.

The hot mother peeked up at him with an eager smile. "Ready when you are, honey." "Oh, sorry," Alex muttered, snapped from his lustful trance.

He knelt beside her on the bed and after squirting an ample amount of oil on her back, he began to give her a massage. His mother's skin was completely unblemished and silky smooth. He worked her muscles the best he knew how.

"Mmmnn, that feels divine," Lori whimpered, enjoying the feel of her son's strong hands working her over.

After awhile, Alex moved down her lower back, marveling at the way her hips flared out . "This is truly what they mean by an hourglass figure," he thought .

While working that area over, he stared at her amazing half-moons, wondering how it could be that a woman could have such a perfect ass and perfect tits also. His boner throbbed almost painfully. The way his mother was sighing and whimpering wasn't helping either.

Alex stopped for a moment, deciding to press his luck. "I don't really wanna get oil on your panties, Mom. Did you wanna take them off?"

Lori giggled. "Got Mommy out of her bra, now you want her out of her panties too?" "Well, I know oil doesn't come out of clothes very easy."

"Mm, I'm so relaxed right now. I don't know if I can even move," Lori said. "Want me to just skip your lower back?"

"Mm no, no skipping. If my panties are in your way just take them off."

Alex's heart skipped a beat . "Ok," he muttered, then hooked his thumbs under the elastic waistband.

The teen felt like a kid opening a gift on Christmas morning. He peeled her bikini-style panties over her buns, down her curves legs and off. For a moment he just knelt there staring in absolute awe.

He could hardly believe the naked body laying there was his own beautiful mom. Her lush figure was everything he ever fantasized about . Almost on instinct, he reached down and squeezed the head of his erection through his shorts.

"Mmm, where are those magic hands?" Lori asked.

Alex went back to work, kneading her lower back. Inevitably, his hands drifted down where her naked meaty buttocks began to flare out . He mustered up some courage. "I can get your butt and your legs too if you want?"

"Oh sweetie, you don't have to. You've probably massaged me more than a half-hour already anyway." "I don't mind though."

Resting on her forearms, Lori smiled back at him. "You're a sweetheart . If I let you spend more time massaging me, I'm gonna feel like I owe you again."

"You mean like more time touching your boobs?" Alex said anxiously.

"Yeah, that...or maybe I could wash this oil off and we could snuggle under the blankets for awhile, maybe take a little nap together."

"Naked you mean?"

Lori giggled. "No not naked. How bout just **ALMOST** naked," she said. "I'm down with that."

"Sounds like we have a deal," Lori said, laying back down. "So get back to work, mister."

Now that he had the green light to massage her ass, Alex went to town. He squeezed and kneaded her meaty buns, working the hot slippery oil into her ass-flesh.

"Mmnn that feels good," Lori purred.

Alex pressed his luck, letting his fingers slip down into her ass-crack. When she didn't say anything, he dragged his slippery thumb gently across the ring of her butthole. He felt his mom's body tense, but still she said nothing, just gasped lightly.

He wanted more than anything at that moment to bury his face between her buns and lick her ass until she couldn't stand it, but he knew he couldn't take it that far. That would be crossing the line from "massage" to something else entirely.

After more ass-groping, the teen moved down to her legs. The room was dim, so he could only faintly see the shaved outer lips of her mons as he rubbed her smooth strong mommy-legs. He took his time, listening to her cute gasps as he worked his way down to her sexy feet . He massaged them thoroughly. Alex didn't necessarily have a foot fetish, but the site and feel of his mom's perfect little bare feet made his head swirl and his dick leak a substantial amount of precum.

"How was that?" he asked, eager to move on to next stage of reward-giving. "Oh my God, that was beyond wonderful," Lori sighed.

"I did ok then?"

"Oh sweetheart, you did better than ok. You have me so relaxed right now, some snuggles and a nap sound absolutely divine," Lori said, bringing the towel up and around her body as she stood. "Sounds pretty good to me too."

"I should hope so, since it's your reward, for going above and beyond the call of duty," she said with a wink. "Why don't you use the kitchen sink to wash up. I'm gonna take a quick shower and then we'll rendezvous back in here in ten minutes."

"Got it," Alex said.

Alex washed up and put a few more logs on the fire. He could hardly sit still he was so excited. Massaging his mom's body, especially her giant tits was the biggest rush of his life and he knew if it got any better he'd probably be creaming in his shorts.

When he went back to his mom's bedroom her door was closed so he knocked lightly. "Mom?"

"Almost ready, honey," Lori said from the other side.

The teen waited anxious until she gave him the word. "Ok, you can come in," she said softly.

The room was still dim, the candles still burning. Lori had pulled the blankets partway back and was standing near the bed. "Oh wow, Mom," Alex muttered, looking her over.

Lori was adorned in a sexy black lace babydoll featuring a breathtakingly deep V-neck, revealing her huge cleavage. The lace cups had delicate floral details. A mesh asymmetrical hem fell just below her crotch, showing off all her naked legs. The black lace was transparent enough to show that she wasn't wearing panties. Alex could clearly see the cute V of her shaved mons.

Lori's hair was still damp and slicked back from her shower. She smiled at her gawking teen. "How this for almost naked?" she asked.

"It's, uh...well, damn," the boy muttered, unable to put it into words.

Lori giggled at his reaction. She put on her best seductive face. "Come get snuggly-wuggly with Mommy?" she said in a cute tone.

She stepped over to him gracefully and gasped the bottom of his t-shirt . "You have too many clothes on though. Mommy said 'almost naked,' remember?" she said, pulling his shirt up and off.

Then she crouched down and unzipped his fly. Alex looked down his disbelief and watched his Mom shuck his shorts. His erection was in full force and Lori's eyes went wide when she saw the almost obscenely large bulge in his briefs. She peered up at him with an odd smile. "Did I do that?" she asked jokingly.

"Yeah, pretty much," the teen blushed.

Lori stood back up, took his hand and led him to bed. Alex had a clear view of her bare buttocks through the gown and watched it undulate teasingly atop her sexy legs as they crossed the room.

Lori crawled into bed, pulling her son in too and covering them up. She immediately snuggled up to him, draping an arm and a leg across his body and squashing her big boobs against the side of his chest . "Mmm, this is nice," she said, nuzzling in close.

"Sounds like your enjoying this reward as much as I am, Mom," Alex said.

Lori lifted her head, gazing down into his eyes. "Oh I know and that's not fair, is it?" "What do you mean?"

"I got my reward earlier and it was incredible. Yours should be equally pleasurable, not to me, but to you. Alex smiled as he felt her

hard nipples poking into him. "Oh, trust me, I'm enjoying every second of it ."

"Yeah, as the giver, once again. Yes it was your reward earlier, but you pretty much gave me a boob massage, then you gave me a full body massage. I think for once today you should be the receiver, don't you?" Lori asked.

There was no way Alex was going to disagree. "I guess. What amlon ?" he asked with a mischievous grin. Lori gave him a knowing smile in return. "Well it's not a handjob if that's what your thinking." "I didn't really think you would" Alex said, inwardly disappointed.

"Now that I've told you what I won't do, do you wanna hear what I will do?" "Sure," he muttered.

Lori gazed in his eyes, speaking in a seductive tone. "**I WILL** lay my boobs across your chest . **I WILL** lick your neck. **I WILL** say really naughty things to you. And **I WILL** do all those things while you stroke yourself off. Does that sound like enough for now?"

Alex gulped in disbelief. "Yeah, definitely," he said. Lori smiled. "I thought so."

"So how naughty?"

"How naughty what, sweetheart?" Lori asked.

"You said you'd say naughty things. How naughty?" he asked, already rubbing his throbbing pecker through his briefs.

Lori smiled salaciously. "Really fucking naughty."

Alex shivered with anticipation. It wasn't often he heard his mom use the F word, especially in a sexual way. He had a feeling she was gonna absolutely blow his mind.

"So what are you waiting for big boy. Pull your hard dick out and start stroking," she said candidly. Alex didn't have to be asked twice. He quickly fished out his prick and started beating off.

Kneeling beside him, Lori slid her mesh covered tits onto his chest, slowly moving her lips to his neck. "You made Mommy feel so good earlier. Mommy wants to make you feel good too," she said, then buried her face in his neck.

Lori planted a few kisses, then whipped her strong experienced tongue out and lashed it across the most sensitive parts of his neck.

"Ohh shit, Mom!" Alex whimpered, his body jerking upward in pleasure.

"Yess, baby!" Lick, lick. "Beat that dick!" Lick. "Beat that big dick while you think about fucking hot girls," lick, lick.

"Daamnn," the teen moaned, beating his meat with full length strokes. His precum provided plenty of lube.

Lori paused from licking to look into her son's wild eyes, her pretty face hovering only a few inches above his. "Mmmnn, feeling all that hot pussy on your dick while you suck their big titties," she said in a sexy tone.

"Ohhh shit," Alex moaned, feeling his cock flex in reaction to her words.

"Pounding their cunts," Lori cried, before planting a series of neck licks. "Slapping their asses," lick, lick, lick. She suddenly slid up until his face was in her cleavage. Lori pressed her tits together and Alex found his face wedged in a pocket of tit-meat . "Smothering your face between their big fucking titties."

And just like that Alex was done-for. "Uuugghhh, shit!" he cried out as hot cum erupted from his dick. Lori slid down a little so she could

watch his face while he came. "Yess, cum for Mommy!"

Alex whimpered as he experienced the strongest orgasm ever. "Yes baby, shoot your fucking load out and show Mommy what a big man you are," Lori urged.

Her words kept the teen writhing as more and more cum fired out of his piss-slit . Finally, he made the final squeeze and his body relaxed. "Ohhh wow," he sighed.

Lori giggled, watching him recover. "Were those words nasty enough for you, sweetie?" Alex was still trying to catch his breath. "Yess," he gasped.

"Good, now that we're even, we can do some snuggles and a nap," she said, cozying back at his side.

Phil looked at his phone as he sat at his office computer. He started to text Lori, but then remembered that she probably wouldn't get it. He wanted a weekend getaway that was off the grid and the cabin was certainly that . The only way to get a cell signal was to drive two miles back down the mountain to the main road, like his wife had, and even then the signal was sketchy.

The cabin was a constant worry for Phil that first year. He imagined some crazy country bumpkins or a group of young hoodlums breaking in a vandalizing the place. To set his mind at ease, he had a good security system put in, alarms and hidden cameras that would incriminate any trespassers.

Lori didn't know about the interior cameras. He never really thought to be tell her about that added feature. There were a few times he thought about using them, like once when his son had some friends up there, just to check up on them, but he decided not to intrude and trust that Alex wasn't doing something he shouldn't be.

Phil decided to use them today, just to check up on his wife and son. He knew that the **COVID** virus was no joke and if they needed anything at all he'd make the drive and provide them with whatever they required.

There were two exterior cameras in the system, the front and back of the cabin. On the inside, there were three cameras, one the main livingroom area, one in the kitchen and one in the hallway, close to the bedrooms. All the cameras were hidden within the overhead recessed lighting, making them undetectable to would-be intruders.

After logging into the system, Phil clicked on the front camera. A livestream of the porch and driveway appeared. Sure enough, Alex's car and his wife's jeep were parked up front .

Next, he clicked the interior livingroom. The room was empty and he could see the fire burning in the fireplace. He waited about a minute, but when no one appeared, he checked the kitchen camera. Like the livingroom, the kitchen was void of his wife and son.

Phil checked the last camera, the hallway. The space was empty and he noticed the master bedroom door was closed. "She must be resting," he thought . "They both must be resting."

Even so, he knew he would feel better if he saw them on camera, just to make sure they weren't showing signs of serious illness. Phil remained on the hallway feed, but rewinded until he saw movement . He was surprised to see how far it had to rewind, nearly two hours of video before he saw his son back out of the master bedroom. He played it at normal speed, watching Alex knock on the door, wait about a minute, then go inside, closing the door behind him. "What's he doing?" Phil wondered.

He backed the recording up further, watching his wife criss-cross the hallway to and from the bathroom with nothing but a towel draped around her voluptuous body.

Establishing that they were in the bedroom together at that moment, Phil watched the livestream of the hallway. The bizarre events that he witnessed earlier had peeked his curiosity. "How was your nap," Alex asked as he and his Mom still snuggled.

"Awesome. I dreamed that I had dried cum stains all over my comforter," she said, then lifted the blanket . "Oh wait, I do. I wonder how that happened?"

Alex laughed. "Sorry, guess I should have used a towel."

"That's ok, it's more fun to get it everywhere," she said with a giggle, slipping out of bed. "And speaking of getting it everywhere, look at this, you squirted all over my nightie too, you sperm monster."

"Sorry, my briefs are kinda soaked too. Guess I should of took them off first," Alex said. 'Let's get a laundry pile going. I'll wash everything together in one load."

Alex wrapped a towel around his waist, then reached under it and removed his briefs.

"Nice try, but that towel needs washed too, mister modest," Lori said, snatching the towel from around her son.

Alex buckled a little, trying to cover his dick as he stood there completely naked. "Geez, Mom," he blushed.

Lori gave him a funny look. "Oh please, are you really gonna put on shy boy act for me now?"

Without hesitation, Lori lifted her thin babydoll up and off her body. Her king-sized titties did a bobbling dance on her chest as she tossed the nightie onto the laundry pile.

Alex couldn't help but stare. He was in utter disbelief that his own gorgeous mom was standing there naked in front of him. She picked up the pile of cum-stained laundry. "Come get your stuff out of the dryer for me."

Alex followed her to the laundry room, watching her bare buttocks sway atop her sexy legs the whole way.

Phil had to do a double-take as he watched his wife step from their bedroom naked with a pile of laundry in her arms. His son followed her, he too completely nude. "What in the world?" Phil muttered as he watched them disappear into the laundry room.

A few minutes later they emerged again. Lori had the bra that Alex had washed for her. Alex had his pile of his clean laundry. Phil's mouth hung open. He couldn't believe his wife and son were shamelessly naked in front of each other. He watched Alex stand there at the end of the hall watching his mother sashay towards her bedroom. Lori looked back at him teasingly as she slowly entered her room.

Phil felt sickened and confused. "What the hell's going on between those two?" he thought . He wanted nothing more than to confront his wife, but knew if he did he would give away the fact that there were cameras in the cabin. If he did this, they would change their behavior, then he may never have a chance to see what's going on 'behind the scenes,' when he's not around.

Lori's husband decided to continue to observe, to see what else might be going on. The remainder of the day, he monitored their actions around the cabin, which seemed relatively normal. Lori made her and her son dinner. He watched them talking and laughing at the table, wishing he had audio to hear their conversation.

They hung out together by the fire in the evening. At times seeming to get a little more cozy than what's normal for mother and son, but nothing outrageously alarming to Phil.

Phil realized he couldn't sit at work all night watching, so he headed home.

At the house, Phil took a shower and set up his laptop to monitor them from his bed that evening. He watched his wife and son share an unusually long hug before retiring to their rooms for the night .

It was near midnight at the cabin. A light snow fell outside. Alex was in his own bed on the top bunk, beating his meat to the recent memory of his mom's naked tits on his chest while she licked him and said naughty things. Such a memory would probably be branded in his brain for years.

The teen was startled by a light tap at his door. "Sweetie, are you awake?" Lori asked softly. Alex released his slippery cock and sat up, his head nearly hitting the ceiling."Yeah, Mom."

The sexy mother entered his room wearing her short kimono robe. She padded over to the bunk bed on bare feet and looked up at him. "How's the weather up there?" she joked. "Fine. Snowing outside though," Alex said, looking towards his window.

"I noticed that. Could be a big storm I heard. Not that it matters us folks in quarantine. We're sure not going anywhere."

"True," Alex agreed.

"Hey I was um, I was thinking about that sex trivia game we were playing today and I remembered what your first request was, for a reward."

"Oh you mean switching beds?"

"Yeah, that. I feel bad. I guess I didn't realize these bunks were that uncomfortable," Lori said. "No, they're not that bad, but the mattresses aren't nearly as comfortable as you and dads." "If that's

the case, then it's kinda silly for you to sleep on the bunk bed, since it's just the two of us here."

"No, it's cool, Mom. You already gave me my reward. We don't have to switch beds."

Lori giggled. "It's not a reward, nor would I be switching beds with you. There's plenty room in my bed for both of us. We slept pretty darn good in it early today, didn't we?" "Yeah, that was a great nap."

"Well it's decided then. Come on down here," Lori said.

Alex put his briefs back on and climbed down off the top bunk. His long tubular bulge stuck out obscenely and Lori glanced down at it . "Has that thing even gone down today?" she joked.

Alex shook his head shyly. "Not really."

Lori giggled and looked down at it again. "Not sure they'll be room on the bed for the three of us, but I suppose we can keep him squeezed in between us," she joked, reaching for her son's hand. Phil was drifting off to sleep when he noticed movement on his laptop screen. It was from the hallway cam. He watched his wife lead Alex by the hand to their bedroom, then close the door. "You can't be serious? Again?!" he said out loud.

The frustrated husband replayed the video, just to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

At the cabin Alex crawled onto his mom's bed, watching her slip the robe off. He was greeted by a site that fuel boy's dreams. Lori wore a sexy black lace teddy with spaghetti straps and a plunging neckline. The floral lace was somewhat transparent, allowing him to faintly see the huge pink circles of areola through the fabric.

The busty mother crawled under the blankets with him and snuggled at his side. She kissed his cheek tenderly. "See, much more comfy.

Besides, it's snowing outside and we both have a virus. We need to stay close and keep each other warm," she said.

"You won't hear me complain," Alex sighed, delighted by the feel of his mom's warm squishy boobs pressed up against him.

Draping her leg across him, Lori inadvertently bumped his still-hard cock. "Sorry," she giggled. "It's ok," the boy muttered, arouse by the mere bump of his mom's sexy leg.

"If I ask you something, will you be honest?" Lori whispered. "Yeah."

"Were you masturbating in bed, before I came to get you?" Alex bravely gave her an honest answer. "Yes."

"I thought so. I could smell the precum when I came in your room. I'm sorry I interrupted you," she said. "It's no big deal, Mom."

"It is to me," she said, then got silent for a moment. "Did you wanna finish?" Alex's heart skipped a beat . "Finish, urn, now?"

"Yeah, I really don't mind, if you wanna pull some out, before we sleep." "Ok, would you, urn..."

"Would I what, sweetheart?" "Never mind."

Lori sat up slightly and looked down at him. "Would I what? Tell Mommy, Alex." "Would you say dirty things to me again?"

Lori smiled big. "You liked Mommy's dirty talk a lot, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"You know, I really shouldn't be saying those kinds of things to you. Are you sure that you're not gonna tell anyone," Lori said, giving him a stern look.

"Not a word to anyone, I swear."

She gazed into his eyes. "I wanna believe you, sweetheart, because if **I CAN** believe you, there's probably something else I would do for you. Something I think you'd like a lot ."

Alex's heart was beating so hard he felt short of breath."Something else?"

"Yeah, well, we just washed the bedding. We don't want your cumload spraying all over it again, do we?" "No..."

"If you cum as much as you did the first time, then we'd both have a slimy night's sleep," she said, making them both laugh. "If you want, Mommy could do something that would prevent that ." "Prevent it how?"

"Prevent it by having your spermies go into Mommy's tummy, instead of all over her clean bedding." "Are you talking about giving me a..."

Lori smiled naughtily. "Uh-huh. Have you ever had a girl drink your cumload?"

"I've been sucked on but, they never really swallowed it ." "Well, girls your own age are inexperienced. The taste of a guy's ejaculate probably grosses them out . Girl's my age are a little different ."

"Oh," Alex muttered, glancing down into the canyon of cleavage pressed against him. "So here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna go under the blankets and put your hard penis in my mouth. What I want you to do is close your eyes and imagine your fucking the hottest girl you've ever seen. Can you do that?" Lori asked.

"Yess," the teen muttered.

"While your doing that, I want you to reach down and grab the back of my hair. Then thrust your cock as fast as deep as you want . Understood."

"I won't choke you?"

Lori smiled. "You might, some, but that's ok. Mommy's a trooper, she can handle it ." "Alright," Alex said breathlessly. He couldn't believe what she was about to do.

Lori gazed excitedly. "You ready?"

"Yeah."

The mother slithered under the covers. Alex felt her remove his briefs and his rock-hard prick sprung into the open air. Lori grasped it at the base, sniffing in the manly aroma wafting up from his balls. She blew her hot breath on the head, making her son shiver. "Ohh damn," Alex sighed, making the mother giggle.

Lori curled her strong tongue around the head, then fluttered the tip against the sensitive underside, feeling his cock throb excitedly. "That's your frenulum, sweetheart. The sweet spot," she said, then applied several more licks.

"Ohhh wow, it feels good."

"Mmm, Mommy's ready to give you some divine head. Are you ready to close your eyes and fuck my mouth like a hot pussy?" she said matter-of-factly.

"Yess."

Lori put his cock in her mouth, at first nursing hungrily on the tip. She rolled her tongue around and around the bloated knob as she sucked, enjoying the sweet salty flavor of his precum. Her lips stretched as she took more and more dick into her mouth with each suck.

"Ohh damn, Mom," the teen whimpered, feeling her work her magic.

Lori gave him a few more bobbing sucks, then lifted her mouth off his dick. "Grab my hair. Fuck my mouth, sweetheart."

The teen complied, reaching down and taking a handful of her blonde mane as Lori began to plunge his dick through her stretched rounded lips again. He thrust his ass off the bed a few times, sending more meat into his mom's mouth. "Ughh-hmm," she hummed encouragingly.

Alex felt his cock-head sink into her hot throat . When she didn't gag, he pushed it further until finally her heard gurgle on his meat . He pulled back some, but Lori followed him, then plunged his prick back into her throat herself, even deeper this time.

The teen's tongue hung lustfully from his mouth as he felt most of his dick being swallowed."Gggnnuufff!" Lori gagged, causing her son to retract . She lifted her head and spoke into the tip as if it were a meaty microphone. "I'm ok, sweetie, I'm just adjusting," she gasped, precum dripping from her lips.

"Ok," he muttered, feeling his man-meat sink back into her throat . This time he felt his cock plunge all the way to his nutsack. "Ohhh my God, Mom," he groaned.

"Mmmnngggrrff," the mother let out a throaty gurgling whimper, her pink lips spread out along the pubic base of his cock, holding him there. Alex had a firm grip on her hair, helping to hold her in place as his throbbing cock soaked in her buttery throat .

Lori came up finally, gasping for air, precum oozing out of her mouth. She immediately plunged his dick right down to the hilt again. "Ohhhshit," the teen sighed, feeling her mommy-mouth squeeze on his strong slab.

After a long cock-soaking pause, Lori came up with a gasp, but only for a second. "Come on, fuck my mouth, Alex," she said almost pleadingly, then swallowed his dong again.

The teen pumped his ass off the mattress and Lori bobbed her head, meeting his fuck-thrusts. She reached down while doing this and drug her nails along his nuts, driving him insane."Ugh, hot damn!" Alex shouted as he watched the lump in the blankets rise and fall.

A pleasure suddenly surged through his body like an electric shock. "Ooohhhman, fuck, Mom. I'm gonna cum!"

Lori didn't miss a beat . She sucked expertly as the jizz began to spray into the back of her throat . The talented mother swallowed and sucked and swallowed and sucked, tightening the ring of her lips and curling her tongue against the super-sensitive underside of his boner, pulling out as much cum as she could. "Uuugghh, shit!" the teen whimpered, arching his head back in pleasure.

Even after Alex was spent, she continued to nurse on the head, milking out every little drop. After a minute of doing this, the mother emerged from under the blankets. She crawled on her hands and knees above her boy, gazing down at his limp body. "Look at that, tons more fun, without the mess."

Alex looked up into a huge cloud of heaving lace-covered tit-meat. Her engorged nipples stared down at him like big demon eyes. The massive boobs were crowned by his mom's pretty face gazed down with a naughty smile. "How's the view?" she asked with a giggle.

Alex gulped hard, staring up into a deep canyon of cleavage. "Pretty damn good," he sighed, still regaining his breath from the intense orgasm.

Alex decided to use his mom's own strategy to get into her panties. "So I answered you something honestly earlier. Will you do the same?" he asked.

"Of course," she said with a quirky smile.

"Do you ever touch yourself, you know, when you get horny?" he bravely asked.

"Sure, all the time. I think most people do, even married people. Whether they wanna admit it or not is another story."

Remember you talked about things being fair earlier today? Well you sucked on me, so I think it's only fair if, you know..."

Lori got a big smile. "Well you're a sweetheart, but sometimes people just do nice things without expecting anything in return. I love you and I just wanted to make you feel good, that's all." "I love you also, so what if I wanna make you feel good too. You've made me feel good two times today. Actually, three times."

"When was the third?" Lori asked curiously.

"I was thinking about your boobs in the shower," Alex blushed.

Lori giggled. "Ok, that explains why you were in the shower longer than usual."

"You gave my all that pleasure. Is there anything wrong with me giving you some in return?" She fed him a sly smile. "No, I suppose not . What did you have in mind?"

"Well, you gave me oral so maybe I could give you oral too...or finger you." Lori's smile turned naughty. "How bout both?"

Phil still stared at the monitor. His eyes were fixed on the hallway cam, waiting to see if his wife and son would emerge from the bedroom, but it was beginning to look they wouldn't until morning. Based on what he'd seen so far, he was beginning to entertain the thought that they may be doing something seriously inappropriate for a mother and son. He quickly dismissed the thoughts. "Lori would never do something like that . That's just crazy," he thought .

Soon Phil drifted off to sleep, hoping he'd have more answers in the morning.

"Ohhh my God," Lori whimpered as she plowed her naked cunt against her son's face.

The horny mother was straddling Alex's face, her lush hips gyrating up and back, using her son's wiggling tongue like a sex toy against clit.

Alex felt like he was dreaming. His eyes were closed. The feel, taste and smell of his mom's hot cunt was overwhelming. His tongue lapped at Lori's pussy, plowing through her slits-folds and across the fat nub of her clitoris. He did his best to breathe, eating her pussy like a starved dog.

With his head locked at the base of her pubic V, the teen could see straight up her belly to the undersides of her huge bobbling tits. He watched her mother grasp them and squeeze, adding to her pleasure. "Ohhh, sweetie, this feel so good," she gasped.

Alex grabbed her upper legs for leverage, feasting on the smooth fleshy folds of her snatch. The aroma was absolutely intoxicating. He performed a consistent wiggling motion against her fat clitoris, attacking it with wet licks.

Soon Lori's hips were moving with greater intensity as her son helped her rise towards her climax. "Ohhh fuckk yesss, right there!" she cried, rocking her hips at a frantic pace.

"Mmmnngg," the boy hummed, laving and slurping her cunt juices, his face wet and slippery from all her vaginal excretions.

His mom's body stiffened, the veins in her neck straining. "Uuunngghhl!" Lori cried out, her entire body shaking.

Alex kept at it, making her hot naked mommy-body shake even more as she came hard on his face. He didn't let up until her movements slowed and it was clear that she had rode out her entire mind blowing orgasm.

Lori drug her wet pussy down his chest as she laid down on top of him. Alex sighed out loud as her warm naked tits flattened out on him, her thick hard nipples clearly prominent . "Oh sweetheart, that was divine," she sighed, still regaining her breath.

"I'm glad I could make you feel good too," he said.

"Mmm, that you did. We better stop though or Mommy will end up riding your face like a carousel pony all night," she said with a giggle.

"I wouldn't mind."

Lori lifted her head and smiled down at him. "Oh you wouldn't huh? Should I start calling you my little P-Rex now?" she joked.

"Oh, P for pussy, I get it . No, T-Rex is good. I like tits a lot more, especially yours, but I could definitely lick you some more, if you wanted me to?"

"Hmmm, you don't say," Lori said with mischievous grin. She sat up, turned around and straddled his chest, her luscious ass pointed straight at him. "How bout we do something even better," she said. Alex gulped excitedly, staring at her big fleshy ass. "What?" he muttered.

Lori peeked back over her shoulder. "I'll give you a hint . It comes after sixty-eight and before seventy." "Ohh," he said with a smile.

The hot mother lowered her cunt back onto his face, while grasping his cock and stuffing it into her mouth. For the next two hours they

feasted on each others genitals, both producing lots of cum for the other to devour lustfully.

Phil sat at his office desk around ten **AM** the next morning. He did some work, but was still logged into his security site keeping an eye on the cabin's hallway cam. Finally he noticed the bedroom door swing open. Lacy stepped out with a big smile, leading her son by the hand. Both of them were completely naked. Lacy's big tits jiggled with each step as she led her son into the bathroom.

Phil wasn't sure what to think. Perhaps Lori was letting Alex sleep in their bed only because it was so much more comfortable. However, the fact that they were naked led him to believe that it may be much more than that. He began to feel a strange mix of emotions creep in. Yes, there was the obvious anger and confusion, resulting in that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. There was something else though. Something he wasn't proud of, yet he couldn't deny he was feeling. It was arousal.

It was on this third day that both Alex and Lori began to show signs of **COVID**. Both had a bit of a fever and some other mild flu symptoms. Because so, this day, along with the forth day at the cabin, were very uneventful. There was a lot lounging around. A lot of cuddling on the couch while watching movies that Alex had downloaded on his laptop.

The loving mother made sure that both her son and herself got plenty of meds, liquids and anything else that allowed them to go throughout the day without being completely miserable.

Things were so normal seeming that even Phil began to second guess himself. Yes, he'd seen them come out of the bedroom naked, but maybe, just maybe, there was a logical explanation for it . That night, from his laptop at home, he again watched his wife and son enter the bedroom together, closing the door behind them. "They're just going to bed, that's all," he told himself.

On the fifth day, Alex woke to the smell of breakfast . "Hey, Mom," he said entering the kitchen. "Hi sweetheart . Hungry?"

"Starving."

Lori served him, then joined him at the table. "I can't believe how much better I feel today." "Me too," Alex said.

"I'm so glad things didn't get any worse, for me or you."

Alex saw a deck of cards sitting there on the table. "Where did the cards come from?" "Oh, I brought those up last time we came up here. Threw 'em in the drawer and forgot all about them."

"Nice, we should play some blackjack."

Lori smiled slyly. "I'm game. Are we wagering anything, like more massages maybe?" she giggled. "I guess. If I have to," Alex joked.

"Ha, if you have to?! Somehow I feel like **THAT** reward is as much for you as it is for me," Lori said. "I have my own reward idea."

Lori gazed at him with a curious smile, the blowjob she'd given him still fresh in her mind. "Uh-oh, do I dare ask what?"

"Would you let me take pictures of you?" "Pictures?"

"Yeah, sexy pictures, like the ones we took of you on the beach," Alex said.

"You mean the ones **YOU** took on the beach, without me knowing?" she asked, giving him a stern but amused look.

"Yeah, like those, only maybe you could pose for these. You know, like sexy poses."

'Hmm, Ok, I'll agree to the deal as long as you promise that the pictures are for or your eyes only," Lori said.

"Swear to God, I'll show no one."

"Well there won't be many to show anyway, because you're gonna lose buster," she said, nudging him on the shoulder.

Alex smiled. "We'll see."

"I know this may sound a little corny, but I think we should do team uniforms," Lori said. "Uniforms, Mom, seriously?" "Yess, it'll be fun. Team Alex versus Team Mom."

"So you're seriously gonna make find something else to wear, just for some games of blackjack?" Alex asked.

"Yes, something fun, just play along. Trust me, you'll like the uniform idea more than you think." "Ok."

They went to their bedrooms and put on their 'uniforms.' Alex chose to wear his school team jersey, along with his lace-up football pants. He decided against wearing his cleats inside, but a cap worn backwards completed the outfit .

He heard his Mom call from her bedroom. "How's it going down there?" she asked.

"I'm about ready," Alex shouted back, putting black marks under his eyes, like he does right before football games.

"Hey, I'm the woman. I'm not suppose to be ready before you are," Lori giggled, now speaking from the hallway.

"Just had to add the finishing touches. Get ready to be wowed, Mom." he said jokingly, heading for the door.

Alex stopped dead in his tracks as he entered the hallway. "Holy Wow!" he muttered gazing at his Mom. Lori stood in the center of the hallway in a cute little standing pose, wearing nothing a skimpy

yellow bikini. Pounds of creamy breast meat bulged out . There was just way too much for the tiny bikini to cover. "Sounds like you're the one that just got wowed there, joke-boy," she said with a smile, showing her brilliant white teeth.

"Is that ...?"

"The same bikini in your pictures? Yup, it is. It feels a little more snug though," she said, tugging at the strap and making her jugs wobble back and forth. "Wonder if my boobs have grown since that beach trip."

"Well you looked amazing in it then and you definitely look amazing in it now."

"Thanks, I love your uniform too. You look like a studly football star," Lori said in admiration. Alex flexed his muscles in a manly stance. "**I AM** a studly football star," he shouted.

Lori laughed and made her way to the kitchen. "Ready to get you butt kicked at blackjack?"

Alex couldn't answer. He was too mesmerized by the meaty half-moons of Lori's ass as she sashayed into the kitchen. The bikini bottoms only covered half of her fleshy buttocks and her buns undulated sexily as she walked.

At the table Lori shuffled the cards. "So here's the rules. If I win a hand, I get a two minute massage. I get to pick the body part," she said with a wink. "Oook," Alex said with an excited grin.

"If you win, I give you a sexy pose and you can get all the pictures you want . The first person to win ten hands gets a special prize."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "A special prize?" "Uhh-huh, very special."

"Can I ask what it is?" Alex asked.

Lori giggled cutely. "Nope. But trust me...you wanna win this game." "Ok, let's do this," Alex said anxiously.

Lori delt the cards, then looked inquiringly at her son. "Hit me," Alex said.

Lori's face card was a queen of diamonds. "I'll stay." Alex turned his card. "Seventeen."

Lori flipped hers and smiled. "Twenty." "Damn," Alex shouted.

"Come over here and massage my feet," she said with a smile.

The mother lifted one foot and Alex rubbed and squeezed. His mom had the sexiest little bare feet ever. He loved her perfect toes and meticulously painted toenails.

Lori arched her head back. "Mmm that feels so good." Finally, after a minute longer, she pulled her feet back. "Next hand."

She delt the cards and they made whatever changes they saw fit. "Damn, I went over," Alex said. Lori flipped over a sixteen and smiled with satisfaction. "Shoulders please," she said.

Alex stepped around her and massaged her shoulders. He gazed over her and marveled at how her tits came together to form a massive cleavage. He wanted so bad to reach around and squeeze the hell out of her tits.

"Thank you," the mother finally said and they were off to the next hand. Again, the teen had to fold with a twenty-three.

"What the hell!" he shouted. "I can't seem to win a hand."

"You may not get any pictures at this rate," Lori said. "How 'bout my legs this time."

Alex couldn't wait to see his mother posing in her bikini, but he wasn't exactly having a miserable time massaging her body parts. Every inch of his Mom exuded sexiness and he savored every second that he got to touch her and feast his eyes on her nearly naked body.

Alex finally won the next hand. His hard cock throbbed with anticipation. Lori walked over and struck a pose, leaning in the doorway, with her arms up on the frame, her huge jiggling jugs thrust out . The cherry on top was the seductive look she gave the camera as her son snapped shots from different angles. "Damn, Mom, that's hot," he muttered.

Alex walked behind her and pointed the camera. Lori gazed alluringly over her shoulder, through her curtain of silky blonde hair. She shook her ass playfully, making her buns jiggle. "So you like your Mommy in a bikini huh?"

"Yes," Alex said, snapping another shot .

"Of course you do. It's the next best thing to seeing her naked, right?" she said with a wink. "For sure."

Returning to the table, the bikini-clad mother delt their cards. Both of them had a high face card. "I'll stay," Alex said.

"So will I," Lori smiled, turning her cards. "Twenty-one."

Alex looked towards the ceiling in frustration. "Twenty," he muttered, tossing down a queen and a ten.

Lori did a cute little dance, her big boobies shifting back and forth beneath the flimsy bikini-top. "I'm gonna wiiiin...I'm gonna wiiiin," she sang teasingly.

"I got this next one," Alex said confidently.

"Maybe you do, but guess what? You're massaging my boobs first," Lori said candidly, stepping over to him. "Stand behind me."

Alex happily stood up behind his Mom, reached around and squeezed her enormous tits through her bikini top. His fingers dug in to the supple flesh. "Man, your boobs feel nice, Mom."

Lori smiled, her eyes were closed as she enjoyed the attention her tits were getting. "Mmnn, your hands feel nice."

Alex could feel her nipples harden into thick swollen nubs. After another minute of breast kneading, Lori placed her hands on his. "Times up, boob-monster." "Ook," Alex muttered in a disappointed tone.

They played the next hand of blackjack and as he predicted, Alex won. He pumped his fist in the air excitedly. "Yess!"

Lori stepped over and crawled onto the kitchen counter. The teen watched in awe as his gorgeous mother laid on her back, sprawling her body onto it's surface. She threw her arms back above her head and thrust her pillowy chest upward. Her golden hair was spilled out over the countertop as she gave him a sexy bikini-model stare. "Pictures, sweetie," she reminded him. "Oh, yeah, right," Alex said, snapped from his trance.

He clicked some shots with his phone. Lori rolled onto her side, her strong smooth mommy-legs curled, her bare feet pointing sexily. She propped her head up with one hand, her elbow resting on the countertop. Her big juicy jugs were sandwiched together, forming a huge dark crevice of cleavage. She gave her son that same hot "come fuck me" look as before, while he clicked a series of pics.

"You're getting some good ones. Might have to retire those old candid beach pictures," she said. "No way. I'm not retiring anything. I'm keeping all of them."

Lori giggled, rolling onto her tummy. "Why so you can stroke to them? Beat off to Mommy in her naughty bikini?" she said, bending one leg at the knee and kicking it up playfully. While doing this, she thrust her ass upwards, the skimpy bikini-bottom stretching obscenely over her meaty buns.

Alex got a bit closer, breathing heavily as he snapped a shot between legs. The thin bikini fabric moulded around her pubis, so tight he could see the bulging lips of labial meat and the crack of her cunt. His hard cock throbbed almost painfully in his pants.

Finally the mother sat up, slipped off the counter and went back to the table. "Ready for the next hand?"

Alex adjusted himself, trying to keep the tent-pole in his pants from being to obvious. "I see what you do. You get me all frazzled, so I can't think straight, then you take advantage of that to win the game."

Lori giggled. "I would never do such a thing." "Yeah right ."

She shuffled the cards. "Well it goes both ways. You don't think you had me all hot n frazzled after squeezing my tits with those magic hands?"

"Yeah, I suppose you're right ." "I'm the mom, of course I'm right . So stop making excuses and play. I'm gonna win this game and get that special prize," she said, dealing the cards.

"Still not gonna tell me what that special prize is?" "Nope," she said.

"Can I get a hint?"

"No, because if you figure out what it is, then you'll cheat and steal and do whatever you have to do to beat me."

"Wow, it's that great huh?" Alex asked, wondering what on earth it could be. Since they had already done naughty things together, he wondered if it was something sexual.

"It's gonna be, for me," she said with a smile.

He looked at his face card. It was a four of hearts. "Hit me," he said.

Lori delt him a five. He showed his hand. "Nineteen," he said confidently. Lori frowned and tossed her cards down. "Where do you want me?"

Alex laughed. "Bending over, looking back at me."

She smiled and took a few steps away from the table. Alex watched his mom bend over, thrusting her hot ass towards him, she gazed back, her big blonde mane hanging down. "Like this?" she asked. "Oohh yeah," he said with a big smile, clicking pics.

Lori won the next three games and enjoyed a massage to her feet, back and ass. "Mmm you're hands feel divine," she purred, as Alex squeezed the fleshy half-moons of her luscious mommy¬ ass.

They returned to the table and she delt the next hand. "One more win and that special prize is all mine," she said.

"There's no way you're gonna win four in a row," he said, but when he saw that her face card was an ace, he began to worry.

The teen cringed and tapped the table. "Hit," he muttered.

When she delt a king he knew he was doomed. "Damnit," he shouted, tossing his cards down. "I win!" Lori screamed, raising her arms in the air. She thrust her huge chest and purposely bounced her boobs to her cheers. "I win, I win, I win!"

Alex's eyes got big as he watched her heavy tits swing up and down. "Damn, if you promise to do that, I'll let you win every time."

Lori laughed, stepping around and taking his hand. "Reward time," she said, leading him into livingroom. The fire crackled in the fireplace. Lori led Alex over to the couch. "Sit," she said softly.

Alex complied. Even though it wasn't his reward, his heart was racing a mile a minute out of anticipation of what might be coming. He watched his mother loom over him.

She smiled a bit timidly. "Before we do this, you should know that it didn't really matter who won the game, because we both had the same reward."

"We did?"

"Yep we did. I'm sure you've figured out that these little 'rewards' we've been giving each other benefit both of us, right," she asked.

"True, I would have gladly massaged your body anytime."

Lori bent over and grabbed the hem of his jersey, lifting it up and off his body as she spoke. "And I would have gladly done sexy poses for you in my bikini." Next, the mother knelt down and began pulling his football pants. "I gladly gave you a blowjob last night and I'm sure you were equally eager to eat my pussy, am I right?"

Alex gulped anxiously, now totally naked. "Definitely right ."

Having stripped her son, Lori stood back up, reached around and untied her bikini top. "So for this reward I chose something special. Something I knew we both really wanted," she said as her big breasts sprung free.

The hovering mother placed her thumbs under the hem of her bikini bottoms and slipped them down over her hips. "Something I've

known we've both wanted for a long time," she said, gazing hungrily as the hard pillar of cock-meat rising from her son's loins.

Alex watched his mom step out of her panties. Like him, she was now completely naked. He was so turned in he could hardly stand it . "Holy shit, are we gonna..."

She smiled down at him naughtily. "Uh-huh, we're gonna. That's cool with you, right?" "Uh, yeahh."

"I thought so," she said as she climbed on top of him, straddling him with her knees digging into the cushions to either side of his hips.

Alex suddenly found his face between Lori's warm dangling breast . He felt his mom grasp his cock and drag it's bulbous tip up and down through the moist folds of labial meat. "Should I urn..."

"Should you what, sweetheart?" Lori asked, looking down at him. "Should I wear a condom?"

Amused, the mother smiled. "I appreciate you taking responsibility and asking, but no. We'll talk about the dangers of me getting pregnant later, but this first time...nothing comes between us."

Both mother and son gasped out loud, as the boy's rock-hard cock sliced up through her cunt-tube.

"Ohh my God," Lori sighed, feeling his impressive boner passing the deepest point her husband could ever reach and just kept going.

Finally, her shaved mons spread against the base of his cock and they just remained motionless for a moment . Alex felt his mom's strong cunt take a firm grip on his throbbing meat .

Lori moaned and lifted her ass up again. Alex watched as his dick slid back out of her cunt, the pink shaft now coated with her fuck juices.

Lori began to bounce, creating a steady fuck-rhythm. Her round ass jiggled as she pumped her pussy on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock. A lewd creamy slapping sound filled the room as their bodies beat together.

"Ohhhyess, fuck meee!" Lori's cute voice cried, as she pumped her creamy cunt on his cock.

Alex whimpered, thrusting his ass off the sofa as best as he could. Lori's big melons did a bobbling dance around his head. He pressed his face down between the jiggling jugs and kissed her breastbone. "Suck me honey. Suck Mommy's tits," Lori cried out .

The teen happily obliged, latching onto one and stuffing as much tit into his mouth as he could get .

Lori gasped and threw her head back, her big mane of blonde hair swooshing backwards. "Yess, suck mee!" she screamed, feeling her swollen nipples throb between her boy's squeezing lips.

They were fucking together, hard and fast, like two dogs in heat . "Mmnnggff," Alex whimpered, his face plastered in squishy tit-meat .

Lori stopped bouncing and swiveled her hips, stirring the inside of her cunt with her son's big baby making spoon. Alex felt his knob licking the back of her cunt . He could also feel the girl-cum already dripping off his balls.

"Pick me up," Lori gasped.

Alex peeked out from under her big tit. "What?" he muttered.

Lori began to kiss at his neck frantically. "I want you to pick me up," kiss kiss, "and pound me against the fucking wall."

"Ok," the teen muttered. There was such a thrill surging through his body he could hardly stand it

. He stood up and his mother clung to him, folding her strong naked legs around him and interlocking her ankles behind his ass. She wrapped her arms around him, continuing to kiss and lick at his neck. Her tits pressed against his chest, her stiff nipples digging at him. "Against the wall. Fuck meee hard," she cried desperately.

Alex carried her over and pinned her against the livingroom wall. He pumped into her with savage thrusts. Lori's eyes rolled back and she clawed at her boy as if trying to pull his entire body into hers.

"Ohh shit," Alex moaned. His body was wrapped in hot mature flesh and he was loving every second of it . He could feel his mom's strong legs and sexy feel, pulling him in, cradling his bucking ass between her lush splayed thighs.

"You like that, baby?" Lori gasped. "You like to hold your mommy like this and fuck her and show her what a man you are?!"

"Ohh hell yeahh."

Even though Alex thrust at a pretty good pace, Lori reached back and clawed his ass with her long nails, her big diamond wedding ring, glowing from the reflection of the fireplace. "Is that the best you got, because I know you can give me more. I know you can fuck me harder than this," she panted.

The boys ass became a blur as he punch his cock through the slippery grip of pussy. Lori bucked along with him in an animalistic frenzy of incestuous lust . She gasped and trembled as the warmth exploded in her pussy. "Awww, yes, I'm cuummiinngg," she cried out .

The lucky teen felt her cunt shrink up around his hard member, forcing him to pump with great force so he could continue to fuck her nice and deep.

The exquisite resistance of her cunt walls, along with the hot squirting juice of girl cum was even more than an experienced cocksman could handle. "Ohhh shit, I'm gonna cum, Mom!" he announced.

Lori gasped out loud from her own juicy orgasmic contraction. "Ohhh fuck yessss, cumm, baby!"

Alex's cock-head bulged as thick ropes of hot spunk fired from his piss-slit, splattering against the hot sucking pink walls of Lori's birth canal. "Uugghh, Uuugghhhl!" Alex grunted, overwhelmed by the wildest orgasm he'd ever experienced.

After a minute of writhing and moaning, Alex and his mom looked into each other's eyes. Lori leaned her forehead against him. He still held her up off the floor. "Pretty good reward," she said with a satisfied sigh.

"I agree. Even though it wasn't mine."

She smiled as they exchanged a long lingering stare. Their eyes were full of lust and passion. The mother was finally drawn to his lips, tilting her head slightly and moving in for long tender kiss.

One kiss became another, then another. Their lips opened to receive each others wet tongues. Lori's long licker was more experienced than her son's and it showed. She fluttered her lapper in circles around his, battering it lovingly.

She planted a few more wet kisses. It was obvious where this was headed as she gave him a dreamy-eyed gaze. "Take me to bed," she whispered.

As she clung to him with her curvy limbs circled around him, Alex carried his Mom down the hallway and into their bedroom.

At his office, Phil tapped his pen against the desk as he stared his computer monitor. The home security page was open and he'd witnessed everything. The naughty card game, his wife's sexy posing and Alex's inappropriate massaging. He had watched his wife strip them naked and fuck their son. He had watched his son pound his wife against the wall, something he had been unable to do for years. He didn't miss anything, only the audio, which wasn't a feature the program had.

The same mix of emotions were surging through him as before, only on a much higher level. He felt sick. He felt jealous. He felt betrayed. But once again, he felt a strange sense of overwhelming arousal. It was so overwhelming in fact, it seemed to wash all the negative feelings away, as though they didn't exist at all.

Phil looked down at his lap and noticed the sizable lump in his pants. In disbelief, he unzipped his pants and fished his dick out. It was completely hard. Harder than it had been in years.

He circled his fist around it, astonished by what he was looking at . It felt strong and firm, like it had when he was younger. It was then he realized, that as wrong as it was, watching his wife and son do those things had done more for him than all the drugs, all the therapy, anything he had ever done to cure his impotence.

He kept his erection for a long while as he stared at the empty hallway on the monitor. He watched his bedroom door, waiting and wondering what might be happening inside. Despite not seeing anything, he had a pretty good idea what they were up to and let his imagination run wild.

At the cabin, Lori slid her smooth legs higher up Alex's muscled back until her ankles were twined together nearly across his shoulders. The bed springs creaked as she whipped her ass up off the mattress in a frenzy of fuck-lust, grunting and moaning like bitch in heat .

Alex eagerly worked his hips to meet her fuck-strokes, ramming his erect cock rapidly in and out of his mom's creamy cunt .

"Ohhh Alex, you fuck so good, baby boy," she cried out, as she felt her son try to knock out the back wall of her cunt .

The teen had sunk down onto her big, jiggling knockers, feeling her rubbery nipples poking his chest as he cradled his sweaty face between her neck and shoulder.

Lori's voice shook from the power of her son's thrust . "You were hoping to get in my cunt weren't you? Looking at those pictures every night wondering what it would be like to get your dick inside me."

"Ohhyeahhh," Alex gasped, keeping a hot steady fuck-pace.

"You were hoping Mommy would do this, huh. You were hoping she would spread her thighs and let you in," Lori hissed.

She tightened her cunt-grip, feeling Alex's body tense in response. "She's risking alot by letting you have your way with her, but you're gonna make it worth the risk, aren't you, sweetheart ." "Yesss," Alex, feeling his cock tingle from her hot words.

The wet beat of their persperationed-sheened bodies intensified the more Lori spoke. "You're taking mommy to another world and you're gonna keep her there alIIII night ."

Alex adjusted the angle of his attack, letting every inch of his mother's cunt feel the power of his onslaught. Lori shifted to accommodate, her legs locked around him, her back arched to allow him to plow his spear directly against her G-spot . "Ooohhh fuckk!" she screamed, her eyes thrown back in their sockets.

Thirty seconds later Lori's pussy started spasming uncontrollably. Her urethra shot fuck juice all over her son's prick. Her cunt walls

contracted rhythmically around his spearing cock. "Uuuhhggh," she cried out . It was the longest, hardest cum of her life.

How Alex hadn't come yet had absolutely amazed and impressed her. She loosened her grip and smiled with a wicked thrill. "Fuck me doggy-style," she said.

Lori was quick to move onto her hands and knee, her immense tits bobbing as they hung off her chest.

Alex rose up behind her, holding his rigid cock in his hand. He stared at his mother's sopping-wet pussy and at the pink, puckered ring of her asshole. Lori eagerly looked back at him. "Get it back in there, T-Rex," she said playfully.

He put the spongy tip of his cock into her flowering pussy folds. Before he could even get half of it in, his mom started throwing her ass back, like a bitch in heat, grunting and gasping as she wiggled and thrust her pussy onto his cock. "Yesss, grab my hips. Make Mommy cream on your cock again," she cried desperately.

Alex loved how eager his mom was to fuck. He gripped her soft wide mommy-hips and pounded his cock with full-length thrusts. Lori gasped out loud, tossing her silky hair back with a big panting smile. "Yesss, oh my God, I love it!"

Alex was mesmerized as he looked down and watched her big tan bare buttock beat against his midsection. He loves the way her fleshy half-moons rippled each time they struck him. The teen fed every inch of his pole inside, then paused with his prick buried to the root in her pussy, savoring the way her tight cunt sucked and squeezed around his cock. He slowly pulled out again, until only the knob of his hardon parted her gooey pussy lips. His boner glowed with a wet sheen of pussy-juice. "Damn," he muttered.

Lori looked back and giggled. "Having fun?" she asked. "You bet," he said, then started thrusting again.

Lori's tits swung wildly and their bodies made a lewd clapping sound as they beat together in the heat of an intense doggy-fuck. The horny mother was in heaven, burning with a desire that her husband Phil hadn't made her feel in a long, long time. "Nothing could be this good," she thought deliriously. "Nothing could be as sweet as letting my well-hung son not only give me pleasure, but also take pleasure from my willing body."

Alex held his mom's hips, driving his cock with deep thrusts. Lori whipped her ass back to meet his strokes. Without missing a beat, she peered back at him lustfully. "You wanna make it yours? You wanna make Mommy's cunt yours, baby boy?"

"Yess," Alex said excitedly, his cock flexing as it glided through the smothering cunt walls.

"Make it turn to cream then. Come on, I wanna soak that hard boner with hot cum," she said, tossing her cunt back, aiding his fuck-thrusts.

"Damn, you keep talking like that and I'm the one who's gonna cum," the teen sighed. "Ohh, is my baby turned on by Mommy's hot-talk?"

"Yes."

"Well, sorry, but I'm not gonna stop. I will give you a reward though, if you can keep the cum inside your balls until I pop again," she said with a smile.

"A reward? What could possibly be left to offer as a reward, Mom." "My ass," the mother said.

Alex looked down at her swiveling buttocks and the tight crinkled ring peeking out from between her buns. His heart about thumped out of his chest . "Deal," he said.

She thrust her cunt back with greater intensity. "Come on then, cowboy. You wanna ride Mommy's ass like a pony...you earn it!"

Alex remembered the angle change he made when he was on top and how it made his Mom cream hard. He quickly took that same angle of attack, thrusting with long ball-bumping thrusts Lori glanced back in total ecstacy. "Noo, you're cheating!" she panted. "How is this cheating?"

"You know where my sweet spot is now, you're not playing fair."

Alex flexed his dick, making it plow harder. "I don't remember there being any rules, Mom." "Fine, two can play that game," Lori said, flexing her cunt muscles as tight as she could.

"Ooohhshit," the teen sighed, feeling her slippery cunt close up like a tight fist around his dick. The sensation was out of this world.

Alex's erection squeezed through the tight pink ridges of flesh. The resistance was insane as he pushed his cock through the vice-like tube of muscular tissue.

Lori watched him react . "Uh oh, is someone losing confidence?" she asked. Alex tightened his ass, making his cum subside. "No chance," he said.

He gripped her hips, flexed his dick and began to punch it home. Lori's tan buns beat against him as he fucked with everything he had. The aroused mother howled in delight. "Hhhuuugghh!" he voice rang out.

If they were back home, every house on the block would have heard her.

Within seconds, Alex felt his cock sheathed in hot girl-cum. Liquid love squelched out of the mother's cunt . He was helpless to resist his own intense orgasm.

"Ooohhshit," he sighed as his cock jerked and spat inside the hot liquidy grip.

Their bodies shook and writhed. They moaned and whimpered, milking each others orgasms for several minutes.

"Damn, Mom," Alex sighed, falling back on the bed.

Lori snuggled beside him. "You almost made it," she said, kissing his cheek. "What do you mean? You came before I did."

She laughed. "I don't think so. It seems to me we were popping off at the same time. You lost, which means I should be the one getting a reward."

Alex knew he wasn't getting his anal sex, but this probably meant something good anyway. "Ok, what do you want?"

She giggled and brought her lips to his ear. "I want fucked in the ass," she whispered. Alex laughed, his cock twitching. "That the same reward you were gonna give me." "Like I said before, a reward for one is a reward for us both."

Alex smiled. "Rad."

The duo hardly slept that night . Alex switched off between her ass and cunt, blowing several more loads. Lori had more orgasms than she could count and by morning the bed was a rumpled cum-stained mess. Mother and son slept, their bodies were twined together in a sweaty heap of naked flesh.

Lori lifted her head off Alex's chest, causing his eyes to flutter open. "Oh my God, what a night, she said. "I'll say. What time is it?" Alex asked.

Lori looked over at her bedside clock. "Oh Jesus, it's eleven-thirty."

"Damn. Well, I guess it doesn't matter. Not like we can go anywhere anyway."

She rested her head back against him, reflecting on all the hot sex that had transpired throughout the night . "Do you regret anything we did?" she asked softly.

"No way...do you?"

After a short pause Lori spoke. "I should. I'm a married woman. I'm your mother. I should feel regret, but I don't ...not a single drop of it."

They slept more, then showered together, kissing and groping under the hot spray, like two lovers on their wedding night . Lori made them breakfast, then put on her big coat and scarf. "I need to go call your father. It's been a few days. I should let him know we're ok."

"Do you want me to come?"

Lori stepped up to him with a smile. "Not until I get back." "Huh?" Alex asked, confused by her answer.

"When I get back you can fuck me and **CUM** all you want," she said with a naughty smile. "Ohh, ok," he said, finally getting it .

Lori rose up on the toes of her boots and planted a series of soft sensual kisses. "Don't worry, while I'm at the bottom of the mountain, talking to your father, it'll be your big dick I'm thinking about ."

Alex's heart did a somersault in his chest .

Lori made the two mile drive, pulled off and called her husband. "Hi babe," he answered. "Hey, how are things going?" she asked sweetly.

"Everything's fine here. How are you two doing?"

"Well, we went through a mild spell for a few days. Nothing serious though. We're both feeling fine." "Thank goodness. When you hear the horror stories, it makes you thankful."

"Yes, very thankful," Lori said.

"So um, what have you two been doing to pass the time?" Phil asked.

"Ohh, you know, reading, watching movies. We did play some cards. I forgot I even brought the deck up to the cabin."

Things got quiet for a moment before Phil spoke again. "How was the sex?" Lori's jaw fell open, her heart racing nervously. "What?" she asked.

"Lori there's something I have to tell you. Do you remember that security system I had put in at the cabin last year?"

"Yes."

"Well, it included a bunch of cameras, some inside the house."

Lori's breath became short as she began to panic. "Where inside the house?"

"There are three of them. They're inside the light fixture in the cieling of the livingroom, the hallway and the kitchen."

"Ohh," the mother muttered, realizing her and her son were in big trouble. "So you've been watching us?"

"It wasn't my intention to spy. I was just nervous about this virus. I wanted to check in on you guys. I didn't expect to see anything like what I saw." Phil explained.

"Phil, I..."

"Hold on a second. Before you say anything, I have something I wanna tell you. I know we've had some issues for years with my inability to satisfy you sexually."

"Phil, no, please you..."

"Hold on, let me finish. At first, when I watched you two, I was upset. I was hurt . But I was also experiencing feelings that I wasn't expecting at all. Feelings I'm almost ashamed to admit ." "Tell me. What types of feelings?" Lori asked.

"I don't know how else to put it, so I'm just gonna be blunt. I was aroused. I was getting turned on watching the two of you."

"Ohh," Lori muttered. It was the last thing in the world she expected to hear. "It got hard, Lori."

"Your...your penis?"

"Yes, my penis. It got hard. Harder than it's been in...we'll for as long as I can remember. Can you believe it? Years of taking drugs and going through therapy with no results and now this...the one thing that gets me as hard as a rock is watching my wife and son have sex together."

Lori shook her head. "It's... it's crazy." "Isn't it?"

"Well, no, not really. No more crazy than me getting aroused and having sex with my own son." "Maybe in a way, I was just living vicariously through him as I watched. Remembering the feelings...the excitement of having sex with you."

There a short pause as Lori took it all in. "You've been honest . Thank you. So...what do we do?" "Do you wanna stay married to me?" Phil asked.

"Of course I do."

"I wanna stay married too, but I wanna be happily married. I know you weren't happy before, but now I feel like we've found the answer. Yes, it's morally wrong and unconventional, but I think it may be the one thing that saves our relationship."

Phil waited for his wife to answer. Finally, he heard her soft response. "Ok."

Ten minutes later, Lori arrived back at the cabin. Her son wasn't in the living room. She stripped off her boots, jacket and scarf. "Alex?" she called.

"In here, Mom," he answered from the bedroom.

Lori walked down the hallway and into the bedroom. Her son was naked, sprawled out on the bed waiting. His cock was rock-hard, throbbing with anticipation. "Ready when you are," he said. Lori giggled, looking his hot body up and down. "I can see that . I have a request though."

"Ok, what?"

"Will you fuck me in the livingroom, by the fire? It's so warm and cozy in there." "Of course," the teen said, hoping up from the bed.

Lori reached out, took his hand and led him to the livingroom. They arrived by the couch and faced each other. "Get me naked," the hot mother asked anxiously.

Alex slipped off her sweater, then her pants. The mother giggled at how eager he was. She unclasped her bra and her big tits sprung free. Alex pulled her panties off, then the two embraced and began kissing in a frenzy of passion.

The mother lifted one silky leg and twisted it around him. He responded by grabbing her meaty ass and lifting her from the floor. Now both her strong legs circled him, her sexy little bare feet hovering behind his ass. She crushed her tits on on his chest as they made out hungrily.

Alex plopped his Mom onto the couch, spearing his cock deep inside her cunt at the same time. His ass bucked intensely between Lori's splayed tan thighs.

The mother gasped. "Yesss, fuck meee!" she cried.

She kissed and licked his neck, then peered up into the overhead light socket. Biting her son's shoulder, she stared into the camera for a long while, knowing that her husband was watching on the other end.

Alex pounded her cunt with everything he had. He had sunk into mother's soft hot body and it was the greatest feeling in the world. "I wish we could do this forever," he panted.

Lori smiled naughtily. "Careful what you wish for," she whispered.

THE END

Mom's Roommate

by klrxo

Doug gave his wife a final kiss before boarding the military aircraft.

"I don't want you to go." She whimpered.

"Honey, I have to...I'm sorry."

Kristen gazed up at him, her big green eyes full of tears. "What if you get hurt...or get killed?"

"Babe, that's not gonna happen...I promise you." Doug said confidently.

As he boarded the plane with the rest his battalion Doug gave a final wave back at his family. Kristen forced a smile and waved back, her 6 year old daughter Cassie stood by her side, holding her hand. On the other side of her was Garret, her lean handsome 18 year old son.

In the face, Kristen Hill looked like a 38 year old version of the actress Melora Hardin. Her body was what many would call voluptuous. It's not that she was fat, or even chubby for that matter. She just had all the right curves, in all the right places.

Even with his mind full of uncertainty Doug couldn't help but admire her beauty from the door of the plane. Her thin cotton baby-blue mini-skirt showed off the flowing contours of her hips and left bare the golden brown glow of her long luscious legs. Her button up white satin stretch blouse hugged the enormity of her middle-aged breasts.

Her sexy little feet were displayed in a pair of dainty sandals with a 4 inch heel. A row of baby blue rhinestones lined the strap crossing her foot, right about her cute little toes with their painted toenails.

The site of her beautiful legs made Doug think about all those nights he had them wrapped around him. All the times that Kristen had clutched him with her silky softness while he bucked in the smooth warm flesh of her saddle. While they did this he would often look back in the mirror across from their bed and marvel at the way her strong legs were wrapped around his midsection, her tiny bare feet flexing and pointing towards the ceiling.

One of the other soldiers broke Doug from his trance. "Sergeant Hill, we gotta move, sir."

As the aircrafts door closed Kristen sniffled and wiped another tear away. She slid her arm around her son and leaned her head to one side, resting it on his shoulder.

"**BOOM!!!**"

It was nearly two month later that the roadside bomb rattled the humvee with Doug inside. The vehicle toppled into the desert sand, its occupants **SCREAMING** in pain.

Doug only remembered a few moments before blacking out. He hung upside down. The door had imploded from the blast and crushed his legs. He could feel the blood trickling from a gash in his forehead.

"Kristen." He muttered.

As his body went into shock he had a sudden vision of his wife, her big beaming green eyes staring into his...full of love. He saw her silky tan legs through the mirror, clutching around him, her little feet flexing...bobbing in the air from the power of his thrusts.

Then...everything went black.

"Douglas?"

Doug's eyes peered open and into the face of a military doctor.

"Can you hear me Douglas? Can you hear my voice?" The man asked.

"Yes." Came the reply.

"That's good...that's excellent." The doctor smiled.

Doug gazed around the room. "Where am I?"

"You're back home. You're at the Base Hospital. You're battalion took quite a hit. You've been in a coma for about six days."

"Where's my wife?" Doug asked.

"She's been here a lot by your side, but it's the middle of the night. I'll have the nurse call her right away," the doctor said.

"Thank you."

Thirty minutes later Doug heard the rushing **CLICK** of his wife's heels moving up the hospital hallway. She stepped into the room, her beautiful face glowing with anticipation.

"Ohhh Doug." She said in relief, rushing over and carefully embracing him on the bed.

"Hi baby." He said, nearly in tears himself.

The early morning hours passed and after a series of scans and examinations of Doug the doctor joined Doug and his wife in Doug's room.

"So doc, my legs...are the done for good?" Doug asked.

"I'm afraid so, Doug. The force of that blast not only did severe damage to your legs, but also your spinal column. The good news is you still have healthy blood flow, which prevented us from having to amputate. However, it's gonna be a long road to recovery," the doctor explained.

Kristen looked absolutely devastated. "Will he have any chance of overcoming the paralysis, with the right type of physical therapy maybe?"

"I'm afraid at this point it looks permanent. The damage was just too severe. I'm sorry."

The doctor left the room and Kristen seemed to stare into space as if shocked by the news. Doug squeezed her hand.

"I'm sorry baby." He said.

"You lied." She muttered.

"What?"

She glared down at him, her eyes full of tears. "You lied to me. You promised me nothing would happen to you over there. **YOU FUCKING LIED!**"

Kristen stood up, pulled her hand away from Doug's and began sobbing as she stormed out of the room.

"Kristen...Kristen, come back. Baby I'm..."

It was nearly 5am when Kristen arrived back home. They chose a modest three bedroom ranch in a middle-class neighborhood, just across town from base.

The middle aged Mom moved up the hallway and peeked in on her daughter. She found Cassie sleeping comfortably.

A few minutes later 18 year old Garret turned onto his side in bed. His eyes peeked open and he saw his mother's curvy silhouette in his doorway. She was leaning with her hands against the doorframe and just seemed to be hovering there...watching him.

"Mom, everything ok with dad?"

Kristen slowly sashayed across the room and sat on her son's bedside. "Thank you for staying here and watching your sister for me."

"Of course."

"Your dad's awake, but I'm afraid his injuries are pretty extensive," she said, then went on to explain the doctor's findings.

"So when's he coming home?" Garrett asked.

"Not positive yet. The doctor said as early as a few days."

"Wow, I can't believe all of this has happened." Garrett muttered.

Tenderly, Kristen's brushed her son's bangs out of his eyes with her long nails.

"That makes two of us kiddo." She said.

After a short silence Garrett heard his Mom sniffle.

"Don't cry Mom. It'll be ok."

She rubbed his strong shoulder. "I know sweetie. It's just..."

"It's just what?" He asked.

Even in the dim early morning darkness Garrett could see his mom's misty eyes, gazing down at him.

"Can I just...lay here with you for awhile. Do you mind?" Kristen asked softly.

"No, not at all, Mom," he said, scotching over on his small twin sized bad.

Kristen slipped her little feet from their heels and curled her luscious legs up on her son's bed. Garrett was on his back and she slid over close to him, laying on her side and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Will you hold me?" She sniffled.

"Sure, Mom," he muttered, curling his arms around her.

Garrett felt the supple flesh of her big mommy-breasts squash against the side of his chest. They felt full and heavy, much different from those of the girls at school.

Kristen grazed her hand across his cheek. "My precious baby...such a strength to me."

"Anything you need, Mom," he answered, giving her arm an assuring rub.

Kristen slid her naked leg up across the top of her sons, grazing her tiny bare foot up his thigh. Garrett was excited by the feeling. Soft smooth skin rubbing against his own.

"Thank you sweetie. I'm gonna need you a lot I think."

Two hours later, sunshine peered though the shades.

"Mommy."

Kristen lifted her head off her son chest and saw her daughter Cassie standing beside the bed, still in her **PJ**'s.

"Good morning sunshine," the Mom smiled.

Cassie looked at her brother and the way her mom was nearly sprawled out on top of him. "Why are you in Garrett's bed?"

"Garrett and I were cuddling some this morning."

Waking, Garrett was kinda surprised by the way his mom laying on him. One of her naked legs was still draped across his midsection and both her big tits were now mashed against his chest. A few of the top buttons to her blouse had popped open and he could see a huge bulging cleavage straining again the lacy hem of her white bra.

"Fucking hell." Garrett thought as he felt a surge of blood enter his pecker.

"Oh, will you come cuddle with me next?" Cassie asked, with a cuteness that no mother could resist.

Kristen giggled. "Well I would, but it looks like it's time for you and your brother to get ready for school."

Cassie stomped out of the room in a tiff. "Aww, I hate school."

Kristen giggled again, then propped herself up on her elbows, gazing down at her teen. "Good morning" she said affectionately.

"Guess we fell asleep huh?" Garrett said.

"Yeah, I guess so. Wish we didn't have to get up though," she answered, making a cute little pouty face.

Garrett's erection was now at full attention. Having risen to her elbows, his Mom was exposing a lot more tit-meat. Huge bulging mounds of soft flesh were spilling over the tops of her bra cups and

Garrett found himself gawking into the deep gaping pocket of exposed cleavage.

"Thank you for letting me snuggle. I sooo needed it," she said.

"Anytime, Mom," he said, half-blushing.

As she slid off him, Kristen's inner thigh rubbed across her son's long rigid love-muscle. "I suppose I should get you two some breakfast."

Garret laid there awkwardly, attempting to conceal the tent in his sheet. "Yeah, I'll get up in a sec."

Rising to her feet, Kristen stood bedside, placed her hand on her hips and smiled down at her boy. "You don't have to be embarrassed about that you know."

"About what?"

She glanced at the still obvious protrusion, then back into his eyes. "That."

"Ohh...yeah." He mumbled timidly.

"You may be my first, but I do know some things about teenaged boys. It's called a piss hard-on and it probably gets like that every morning...am I right?" Kristen asked, feeding him a quirky smile.

"Yeah...pretty much."

Kristen smiled proudly, bent over and poked her son in the ribs, making him squirm. "See, I know more about you than you think."

Garrett watched her stroll towards the door. He could see the indentation of the hem of her panties through her skirt and her meaty buttocks seems to have little extra sway as she stepped towards the hallway.

Before rounding the corner, she peeked back, smiling almost naughtily and gave him a cute little wink.

The sheet rose upward as Garrett's rock hard erection flexed and throbbed beneath it.

Kristen glanced at it and giggled. "Show off." She disappeared from the doorway.

"Hooly shit." Garrett muttered excitedly, under his breath.

That afternoon Kristen took the kids over to see Doug at the hospital. Cassie snuggled up beside her daddy and Doug's wife sat on the other side of him. Garrett sat across the room in a chair.

"I missed you daddy." Cassie said.

Doug kissed his daughter on the forehead. "Missed you too pumpkin."

She squeezed her father. "I want you to come home."

"Cassie, be careful honey, you're daddy is still quite sore." Kristen said.

She kissed him on the cheek. "Sorry, daddy."

Doug looked across at his son. "That's ok, precious. Garrett, how you doin' buddy?"

"I'm ok dad," Garret answered.

Cassie seemed jealous that the attention was drawn from her. "Mommy slept in Garrett's bed last night."

Kristen fed her daughter a stern look. "Cassie, hush your mouth."

"Well you did, Mommy."

Kristen looked at her husband as he returned an inquisitive smile. "Garrett and I were having a chat after I got home and I fell asleep on his bed."

"Mommy was laying on top of him this morning." Cassie said.

"Cassie Hall...I most certainly was not, now I told you to hush. I was giving Garrett a hug when she walked in...wasn't I?" Kristen asked, looking over at Garrett.

Garrett nodded, knowing his Mom was lying and that he woke up with her on top of him. "Yeah."

"Well I got good news. The doctor said I can come home in two days." Doug said.

"Yay!" Cassie cheered.

"I'll have to come back for physical therapy twice a week, but otherwise I'll be good to go."

Kristen smiled and patted his hand. "That's great sweetie."

"Yeah, awesome, Dad." Garrett added.

"Well, I better to get the kids home so they can get started on their homework." Kristen said.

"Awww, I wanna stay with daddy. " Cassie whined in protest.

Doug hugged her tight. "Daddy will be home in a few days pumpkin."

They gave their hugs and said their goodbyes and Doug watched his little family move down the hallway towards the elevator. Kristen was wearing a pair of low cut jeans that looked as though they were sculpted around her luscious ass. She also wore a sexy white tank top and mini platform sandals with a 4 ½ inch heels.

As they waited for the elevator Doug took a second to admire how sexy her little feet looked ached in them. Her cute little toes peeked out the bottom, with their red painted toenails. There's no doubt that his wife of twenty years was built like a brick shit house.

Again he remembered peering back at her in the mirror as they made love so many times through the years. He remembered staring at those smooth golden brown legs as they kept his body locked between them. Her muscles tensing. Her sexy little bare feet flexing.

Normally Doug would feel his penis get hard about now, but this time it wasn't happening. He glanced down at his lap a it lay flat and motionless.

DING!!

The elevator door opened and just before they entered Doug noticed that Kristen's hand slowly crept over into Garrett's, interlacing her fingers between his, then led him and their daughter into the elevator.

Later that evening Garrett was hanging out in his large walk-in closet. He appropriately called this place his "Man Cave." He sat in a padded swing chair that was suspended by a large metal stand and was surrounded by a lot of his favorite things.

"Garrett?" He heard his mom call from inside his bedroom.

He glanced up from his laptop where he was chatting with pals on Facebook. "In here Mom."

The closet door opened and Kristen stepped inside.

"I should have known you'd be hanging out in your Man Cave," she giggled.

"You know me," he said.

Kristen closed the door behind her. Her hair was still damp and slicked back from a shower and she wore nothing but a white short satin robe.

"Well I finally got your sister to sleep. Whiny little thing," she said, making her son giggle.

"You can say that again," he added.

Kristen smiled as she moved past a large poster on the wall of a voluptuous women in nothing but a white bra and panty set. The women's deep tan was nearly same shade as her own. "She's pretty. Who is that?"

Garrett looked up the poster. "Umm her name's Denise Melani."

Kristen smiled and pointed at the woman's lacy, almost transparent bra. "That's funny, I think I have that same bra."

"Really?" Garrett asked.

"Yeah, I had no idea they had matching panties for it. Hmmm."

Kristen strode past her son and sat down on a small bench in front of him. The robe gathered a bit at her waist exposing her smooth shapely legs in their entirety. She rested both palms on the bench by her hips, thrusting the swell of her huge mommy-boobs out just a little. Her legs were together and her knees were slightly cocked to one side.

Garrett could smell the sweet scent of her recently applied shea-butter and noticed that her tan legs looked nearly as smooth and shimmery as the satin robe she was wearing.

"So, you must be excited for dad to come home finally," he said.

"Yeah...I guess," she answered unenthusiastically.

"It's gonna be a big change for him, huh?"

Kristen looked at her son and smiled. "It's gonna be a big change for all of us, which is kinda what I wanted to talk to you about."

"Okay."

"They're sending your father home with his own bed, one of those fancy automated ones. He'll be in a wheel chair, so he'll need a lot of space. I thought maybe if you didn't mind, we could move the king sized bed down here and...I could share your room with you for awhile." Kristen explained.

Garrett's heart began to thump hard in his chest. "You mean a bedroom to...like sleep in...together?

Kristen giggled. "Of course...that is what you do in a bedroom knucklehead."

Garrett smiled awkwardly. "No...umm, I don't mind. Whatever I can do to help, Mom."

"I know you're father's not gonna like the idea, but he has to deal with the realities of his injury. It's just the way it has to be for now."

Garrett nodded, still flabbergasted by her request. "I agree."

"Thank you sweetie. Are you sure you're okay with being roommates with Mom?" Kristen asked with a smile.

"Yeah, of course."

Kristen placed her hands on her knees, leaning forward a little. "You know buster...sharing a room with me might just have its advantages."

"What kind of advantages?" Garrett asked.

Kristen peered up at the poster of the nearly naked woman, then back at her boy. "You'll see," she said, with a mischievous smile.

"If dad's coming home this weekend how are we gonna move all your stuff down here by Saturday?"

Kristen nodded. "Well, tell you what, why don't we keep you home from school tomorrow and we can spend the day setting up our bedroom."

Garrett rolled his eyes. "Oh great now you tell me, after I did all that homework."

Kristen giggled. "Oh stop your whining, You're starting to sound like your little sister."

"I don't think that's possible, Mom."

Kristen stood up, making her heavy tits bobble beneath the loose thin covering.

"Sadly, I think your right. Stand up here and give me a hug."

Garrett stood and he and Kristen embraced. The euphoric feeling of warm braless breasts against his young chest nearly took his breath away.

"Don't stay up too late. You and I have a busy day tomorrow," she said.

"I won't."

Kristen started out, but then stopped at the door. "Oh, and I'll make a deal with you...cuz I'm gonna need some closet space. I'll let you keep the back half of the Man Cave, but in return I get to doll up our bedroom."

"Doll up?" Garrett asked.

"You know. Some delicate lace...lots of fluffy whites and pale pinks. You've seen my bedroom."

Garrett giggled. "Ohh right...okay I guess."

"It'll be pretty...and comfy...you'll see," she said with a wink as she stepped out the door.

The next morning Garrett entered the kitchen to find his Mom at the sink on her cell phone. His sister was at the table chomping on some cereal.

Kristen spoke to her husband on her cell. "Hey hon, it's me...how are you this morning?"

It didn't take Garrett long to notice what his mom was wearing...a white smocked tube top and tight hot pink terry shorts.

"Listen, I probably won't be dropping by today...I'm keeping Garrett home from school so we can do some rearranging before you come home tomorrow." Kristen said.

Cassie glared at her brother. "You get to stay home? No fair!"

"I'm helping Mom today," he said.

"I wanna help toooo." Cassie whined.

Kristen padded on bare feet over to the fridge to put something away. "Well, you're gonna need the space in the master bedroom, so I've decided that Garrett and I are gonna share his bedroom for awhile."

"What, you get to share a room with Mom?!" Cassie said in a huff.

"Doug I've already talked to Garrett and he's fine with it...ugh, no, I'm sorry, but I'm not sleeping in one of those damn hospital beds." Kristen continued.

Cassie glared at her brother. "I wanna be in Mom's room."

"You better eat, you're gonna miss the bus." Garrett said.

Kristen continued to clean. "Sweetie I know you have to use it...and that's fine. We're gonna get rid of Garrett's bed and use the king size bed for him and I."

"No fair, you get to sleep with Mom." Cassie was near tears at this point.

Kristen glanced at the clock, then over at her daughter. "Cassie, school bus honey."

"I know." Cassie said, grabbing her backpack and stomping away.

Garrett couldn't help but stare at his mom's silky tan legs as he watched her talk to his father on the phone.

"I know honey and I knew you wouldn't like it, but Doug it's just the way it has to be right now. I'm sorry," she said, then turned towards her son, leaning back against the sink.

"Anyway, I gotta go...poor Garrett's been sitting here waiting patiently. I'll call you this afternoon...love you too...bye."

Kristen smiled and strolled towards her son. "Well that went over like I thought it would."

"Mom, I've been thinking...you and Dad's bed is huge. Is it even gonna fit in my room?" Garrett asked.

Kristen smiled and brushed bangs out of his eyes with her nails. "Well, it might be **ALL** bed in there when we're finished, but we'll make it fit...one way or another."

A little while later Garrett and Kristen wrestled the giant top mattress down to their tiny bedroom.

The big busted mom giggled as she nearly fell over maneuvering it onto the box spring. Once in place she fell back onto the mattress with a big **SIGH**.

"My God this bed is a monster," she said, crawling to the center of the mattress.

"I still can't believe we got it in here." Garrett said.

Kristen padded the bed beside her. "Come rest with me a minute."

"Sounds good to me." Garret said, crawling onto the mattress and sprawling out onto his back.

Kristen nuzzled close, draping an arm and legs across him. Garrett let out a tired breath and his mom lifted her head to look at him.

"You okay?" She asked.

"Yeah, why?"

She got a playful smile. "Just making sure. Last time we were like this you were sprouting quite the piss hard-on," she said with a little grin.

"Jeez, Mom," he blushed.

"Well, you were...then you were trying to act like I couldn't see it."

"I'm sorry...it just happens."

Kristen burst out giggling. "I'm just teasing you, sweetheart. It really doesn't bother me. Erections are a natural function of a boys body and remember, we're roommates now, so I don't want you too feel like you have to hide it every time it happens okay?"

Garrett nodded, still a tad embarrassed.

"Hey..." Kristen said, gazing down at him with those brilliant green eyes. "I mean it...we're sharing a bedroom, sweetie, which means we're gonna see things. Things that we probably wouldn't normally see. Just promise me you won't be embarrassed when it happens okay?"

Garrett nodded with a smile. "Okay."

"Good, cuz if you do get embarrassed...I'm gonna **TICKLE** you," she said, then dug into her son's ribs.

Garrett laughed and flopped around, trying to escape his mom's fingers.

Kristen pulled him back down onto his back, then threw her leg across his lap and mounted him. Garrett thrust his hips over and over, trying to buck her off.

Kristen giggled as she rode his teenaged loins. Her big mature tits jumped up and down under the tube top. The hem crept down and her jugs nearly spilt out.

Garrett stopped bucking and had an astounded smile. "Mom, you're gonna lose your top."

She didn't pull it up, but grabbed his hands and pinned them back against the mattress. "That **IS** a possibility."

With his Mom leaning forward Garrett was exposed to an obscene amount of cleavage. "What's that suppose to mean?"

Kristen gazed down into his eyes with a quirky little smile. "This is my bedroom too remember? So if my boobs fall out of my top while I'm tickling you...then I guess you're just gonna have to deal with it."

"Deal with this," he said, quickly rolling his mom over onto her back.

Kristen let out a playful **SCREAM** and found her son on top of her. She immediately brought her naked legs up and wrapped them around him.

When they both stopped giggling they found themselves sharing a prolonged gaze. The seeds of forbidden desire were just starting to sprout and they were both feeling it.

Being this close and flirty with his own voluptuous middle-aged mom was an absolute rush for young Garrett.

For Kristen, having her own innocent teenaged son between her legs was absolutely exhilarating.

Garrett slowly pried himself out from between his mom's legs and off the bed, trying his best to conceal his growing erection. "I guess we should get back to work huh?"

Kristen rose up, resting on one elbow and stared at him with a naughty little smile. "Get back here," she said softly, beckoning him with her finger.

Garrett gazed a her a second. Her long luscious legs were stretched out and her tube top pulled nearly off, revealing the tops of her enormous breasts.

Garrett crawled back onto the mattress and Kristen guided him back down between her silky legs. Again she threw them up around him, this time criss-crossing her ankles together above his ass, locking him in.

She could feel the obvious bulge resting against her. "We're not gonna be embarrassed, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah...I remember." Garrett said, still somewhat timidly.

"You're not gonna try and hide it anymore, right?"

Garrett nodded.

Kristen giggled, lifted her head and planted a quick kiss on his lips "Thank you," she whispered, then unlocked her legs and watched the cute teen squirm away.

Before noon Kristen and Garrett were able to get most of her things moved out of the master bedroom, but their new bedroom was now a disorganized mess.

Garrett came down with one of the final boxes from his mom's closet. "Hey Mom, what's this? It's a box that says 'honeymoon' on it."

Garrett handed her the box. Kristen placed it on the bed and opened it. "Oh, these are things from the honeymoon your father and I took to Mexico."

"Oh, like stuff you guys bought there?"

"Yup" she answered, thumbing through the items.

"That looks like a bikini." Garrett said.

Kristen lifted a skimpy pink string bikini from the box. "It is...it's the one I wore on the beach practically the entire time we were down there."

Garrett stared at the tiny patches of fabric. "No way that thing's a bikini," he said jokingly.

"Do I have to prove it?"

Garrett knew his answer, but he didn't wanna seem too excited. "If you want to I guess."

"Well if I try it on I'm gonna have to do it before your sister gets home. It's not the kinda thing I'd want her seeing me in."

"I was just kidding, Mom. You don't really have to. " Garrett said, a little surprised that his Mom took his joke so serious.

"No, I don't mind. I've been wanting to try it on again anyway. Just do me a favor and lower the shades. We don't need the nieghbors seeing me parade around in this thing." Kristen said with a giggle.

Garrett's heart was racing. "Naw, I guess that wouldn't be good."

Kristen carried the bikini out of the room. "Back in a few minutes."

It was longest few minutes of Garrett's life. Finally, he heard his mom stepping up the hallway.

"Just remember, I'm a little chunkier now than I was at 18," he heard his mom say as she approached.

As Kristen rounded the corner and into the bedroom, Garrett literally felt his mouth fall open.

The skimpy two-piece barely covered her. Huge rolls of tit-flesh were spilling out everywhere. The bikini fit snug around her curvaceous middle-aged body and the bottoms were so tight that they literally molded around the grooves of her snatch. Her dark tan against the pink nylon fabric looked stunning.

With one leg cocked out in front of her, Kristen placed her hands on her hips and fed her son a playful smile. "Well, what do you think?"

Garrett could hardly speak. "I see now why you wanted to close the shades."

Kristen giggled, then turned, displaying her backside for the captivated teen.

"Oh wow." Garrett muttered.

They weren't g-string bottoms, but they were far from modest. Kristen's meaty ass cheeks literally spilt out from under them and put on display the type of ass that boy's Garrett's age dream about.

"Well, definitely more snug than it used to be." she said.

"Anybody home?" Came a female voice from the front door.

The voice startled Garrett, but Kristen seemed unphased as she looked out the door into the hallway. "Down here Momma."

Garrett gazed at his mom like she was insane. She smiled back reassuringly. "It's ok...it's just Grandma."

Dolores stepped into the doorway with a huge smile. She was a gorgeous 57 year old. An older version of Kristen, big tits and all.

"Well, look at you two. Having a fashion show in here are we?" Dolores said.

Kristen kissed and hugged her mom. "I was just trying on old bikini for Garrett."

"God, I haven't seen you in that since we shopped before your wedding. Honey, you look stunning."

"Thanks, Momma," Kristen smiled.

"And I'm sure my Grandson more than agrees, don't you handsome?" Dolores, asked as she stepped over and hugged Garrett.

"Yeah, hi Grandma."

Dolores eye-balled the huge bed that filled the room. "I was just on my way over to say hi to Doug, thought I'd stop by and see how the new bedroom was coming along."

"Well, everything of mine is moved out of Doug's room, now I just have to start organizing." Kristen said.

"Oh I think this room is going to be sooo perfect for the two of you...I really do." Dolores said, feeding her daughter a warm meaningful smile.

Kristen smiled in return. "I do to."

Dolores turned towards her Grandson. "And sharing that big fluffy bed with such a beautiful mother. How exciting."

This made Garrett smile and glance at Kristen, who fed him a loving wink.

Dolores glanced at her daughter's huge tits. "Honey, I hate to say it but if those boobs get any bigger, you're gonna topple right over."

Kristen's breasts jiggled as she laughed. "That's ok...I have a nice strong roommate to catch me if I do," she said, leaning against her son.

"Well remind me the next time you're over. I have a bunch of satin bras that are all 44 triple-d's. I never wear them and they might actually fit you now."

"Thanks, after I gave birth to Cassie I think I left Double-D land for good." Kristen said.

Dolores pulled a photograph out of the honeymoon box. It was a picture of Doug and Kristen, newly married and on a beach in Mexico. Doug was holding Kristen piggy-back style, her big bikini-clad tits were flattened against his back.

"What a happy memory." Dolores said.

Kristen smiled, gazing at the picture. "You should take it with you and show Doug. I don't think he's seen that picture in years."

"Wonderful idea, darling. I better head over there now and let you two love-birds get back to work."

Kristen walked with her Mom to front door. "Love you, Momma. Tell Doug I'll give him a call a little later ok."

Dolores left and Kristen sashayed back into her and her son's bedroom. "Well, I better get out of this bikini before your sister gets home. Will you do me a huge favor?" Kristen asked, batting her eyelashes.

"Sure Mom."

Kristen stopped in front of him and rubbed his shoulder tenderly. "Will you take your sister to ballet while your mom stays here and works her magic on our bedroom?"

"No problem, Mom."

She gazed up at him with love in her eyes. "You're so good to me. You know, with everything that's happened...I'd be completely lost without you."

For the second time that day they shared a deep passionate gaze. Kristen stood up on her cute little tip toes and brought her lips to her sons. "Thank you," she whispered.

She gave him a peck on the lips...then another...then another, gazing into his eyes and savoring his innocence.

They heard the **SCREECH** of breaks outside and Garrett's eyes got big. "School bus!"

Kristen gave him another quick peck. "Shit!" she giggled.

She started to leave, but then rushed back and gave her son more kisses, like a playful little schoolgirl. Both of them were laughing at this point.

"Geez, Mom."

Garrett watched her gracefully trot out of the bedroom, her big fleshy tits bobbling wildy under the flimsy bikini sling.

"Well, you look chipper today, son-in-law of mine." Dolores said as she entered Doug's hospital room.

"Chipper as one can be under the circumstances I guess." He smiled.

Dolores stepped over and sat on his bedside. "Well I just came from your place, Garrett and Kristen's room is looking wonderful. You should see them...they're so cute...like young newlyweds setting up their new bedroom together."

"I still don't think it's necessary," he said, shaking his head.

"You should be thankful. They're working their asses off today to make sure you have a comfortable room at home. I hope you appreciate the sacrifice that they're making."

"I'd appreciate being able to share a room with my wife."

Dolores glared at him. "Well, sweetheart, maybe you should have thought about these things before you went and played soldier and got yourself all banged up."

"Oh I'm sorry Dolores, I was out defending my country. What was I thinking," he answered sarcastically.

Dolores reached in her purse and pulled out the photograph. "Oh, before I forget I told Kristen I'd bring this over for you to look at."

Doug smiled when he saw the picture. He and his wife looked so young and happy in it. "It's our honeymoon. I haven't seen this picture in years."

Dolores gazed at her daughter in the picture. "Wasn't she beautiful and she still looks just as dazling in that little pink bikini. She was modeling it for Garrett when I got to the house."

"She was wearing that bikini? In front of Garrett?" Doug asked.

"Well Doug, maybe you've been too busy to notice, but Garrett isn't a little boy anymore. He's more than old enough to handle seeing a gorgeous big breasted woman in a skimpy bikini."

"Well yeah, but when the gorgeous women is his mother, then that's a different story."

"Well darling let's be realistic, Kristen may be his mother, but they're sharing a bedroom now. Garrett's probably going to be seeing her in all sorts of skimpy things and chances are there will be times he even sees her completely naked." Dolores explained.

"No, you're wrong. Kristen would never let that happen."

"Oh sweetie, I wouldn't be so sure about that. You and I both know that Kristen is completely comfortable with her body. In fact I wouldn't be surprised if young Garrett has already seen her in the nude."

Doug was getting a tad bit irritated at this point. "That may be the case, but I think she has a bit more modesty around her son than that."

"Well, I can tell you one thing for sure...that bikini she was wearing for him today sure wasn't covering much." Dolores countered.

"Yeah well, I guess I'll have to talk to her about that." Doug said.

Dolores giggled and rubbed her son-in-law's shoulder. "You do that, darling."

Late that afternoon Garrett arrived back at the house after taking his sister to ballet. He and Cassie entered the bedroom to find his mom straightening out one of her drawers. Other than that the room was finished.

Kristen turned towards her son with a smile. "Tah-dah!" She said proudly.

The bedroom was bright and feminine. There were a few floral arrangements here and there and big fluffy white down on the bed, with delicate lace.

"Wow, this looks great, Mom." Garrett said.

"You think so?"

Again, Cassie stuck out her bottom lip. "Noo fair, I want mom to share my room with meeee."

"Speaking of your room, it's a disaster, young lady...let's get it clean okay?"

"Can you help me?" Cassie pleaded.

"Go in and get started, I'll be in a few minutes to check up on you."

Cassie hung her head low and marched to her own bedroom. Grinning from ear to ear, Kristen motioned for her son to follow her to the closet. In the front half hung all of her clothing, but the back half, separated by a semi-transparent curtain divider, was Garrett's retreat.

"As promised, I left you a little man-cave," she said with a giggle.

"Sweet," he smiled, pulling back the curtain to see his little space, which was just big enough for his swing chair and a few other things.

"Guess what?" Kristen asked him, seeming anxious.

"What?"

"Your Grandma offered to take Cassie for the night so you and I can go on a date."

Garrett gave her a strange smile. "A date?"

"Yeah, you know...dinner, maybe a walk along the beach. Come on, it's Friday night...it'll be fun."

Garrett giggled a little and nodded. "Okay I guess."

Later that evening Dolores came to get Cassie and Kristen and Garrett got dressed up to go out. Since it was still warm out Garrett decided on a pair of khaki shorts and a polo.

Cassie rushed out the front door. "I'll be in the car Grandma."

"Okay, Pumpkin." Dolores said.

Dolores stepped up to her Grandson. "I think you've really made an impression on your mother here lately," she said, straightening his collar. "Boys who make an impression on their mother can sometimes find themselves on the receiving end of something very special."

Dolores gave him a smiling wink. "Have fun tonight...and don't be afraid to romance her."

Garrett was watching baseball in the living room when he heard the click of his mom's heels coming down the hallway.

"Ready to hit the town, handsome?" She asked.

Kristen sashayed towards her son in a black knit, stretch-fit mini-dress, which had a sleeveless, tie-back halter top. It looked as though it were sculpted around her curves. She had on a little make-up, but didn't need much. Her feet were arched in a dainty pair of black mini-platform leather sandals, with 4 ½ inch spiked heels.

Garrett's heart beat heavy as his eyes traveled from her sexy little feet up her smooth luscious legs.

"Wow, you look great, Mom."

She fed him a flirty little smile, raising one eyebrow. "You look pretty good yourself, Romeo."

Kristen took her son to a nice restaurant. A hot middle-aged mom out with an attractive teenaged boy resulted in more than a few whispers amoung other patrons.

"I saw them setting up for the tri-city carnival over at the fairgrounds today." Garrett said as they ate.

"Mmm, I love that fair. We should go this year." Kristen answered.

"Dad hates that fair. He says he doesn't trust all those creepy carny people that put those rides together."

Kristen took a sip up wine. "Well then your dad can stay home and you and I'll go."

Garrett chuckled. "And I'm sure Cassie will want to tag along."

"Well too bad. I'm sure she'll be going with her friends like she did last year. I refuse to listen to her or you dad whine every time you and I want to spend time alone together."

Kristen cell phone went off and she looked at it. "Speaking of your father...shit, I forgot to call him before we left."

Kristen answered and Garrett listened to her conversation while he ate.

"Hey, honey...yeah I'm sorry...things just got really busy. How are you doing?"

Doug sat in his hospital bed on the phone with the ballgame on. "Ready to get out of this damn hospital and eat some real food."

"I bet. Did they say what time they're bringing you home tomorrow?"

"No, they just said sometime in the morning. What are you guys up to tonight?" Doug asked.

"Well, right now Garrett and I are out to dinner at Seasons. Mom took Cassie for the night."

Doug seemed surprised. "Seasons huh, pretty expensive night out."

"Yeah well, Garrett's been a big help lately. I wanted to take him somewhere special."

Doug glanced down at the honeymoon photograph on his lap. "Well I heard he got to see his mom in a pretty provocative bikini today...wasn't that special enough?"

"Well I don't know...I guess you'd have to ask him how special it was." Kristen said, looking across the table and giving her son a wink.

Garrett took a bite of his dinner and seemed confused. "How special what was?"

Doug didn't seem amused. "Come on Kristen, do you really think that's something you should be wearing around him? I mean it's hardly modest even by today's standards."

Kristen forced a smile. "Doug, I really can't have this conversation with you right now. Garrett and I are gonna finish eating and take a walk along the beach, so call me in the morning just before they bring you home okay?"

"Alright...well enjoy your dinner, tell Garrett I love him and I can't wait to see you guys tomorrow."

Kristen gazed across at her son with a tender smile. Her bright green eyes radiating pure love. "I will. Sweet dreams, hon."

"You too. Love you babe." Doug said.

On the way home Kristen was kinda quiet. Garrett glanced over at her. "You ok, Mom...you seem upset?"

"No, sweetie, I'm fine. I just...I could really use that walk on the beach. You game?"

A few minute later Kristen slipped off her heels and took her son by the hand, leading him onto the moonlit beach.

"Wow, it's really pretty out here at night...and empty." Garrett said.

"It's magical. Places like this make me think of all my hopes and dreams...everything I still want out of life." Kristen said.

Garrett glanced over at her and noticed how graceful she moved, even in the sand. The swell of her big busts seemed to tremble with each step. "So what is it you still want out of life?"

Kristen thought about it for a moment. "I want love...I want passion...I want intimacy....I want more pleasure and more

babies..."

"More babies...really?" Garrett asked.

"Of course, I'm only 38, goofball. I would love to get pregnant again," she said, squeezing his hand.

"So do you think dad..."

"Do I think dad what?" Kristen asked.

"Oh, never mind."

Kristen stopped and faced her son. "Do I think dad will be able to get me pregnant?"

"Yeah."

Kristen seemed somber, yet hopeful. "I don't know yet. With this whole paralysis thing I...I just don't know."

"Well dad loves you...I'm sure he will if he can."

Kristen gazed at her son and nodded. "Yeah well, this is our time together right now, so I really don't wanna talk about your father okay?

Garrett nodded.

Kristen moved in for a big tit-squashing hug. Rather than separate, she rested her head against her son's shoulder. Garrett slid his hand onto her soft well rounded hips.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"For what?"

"For being my strength through all this," she said.

Her warm fleshy tits felt so good mashed against Garrett's chest. "You don't have to thank me, Mom. It's just what son's do."

"I know...but the past few days I feel like you've been more than a son," she said, pulling back and gazing into his eyes. "You've been my best friend."

Garrett smiled. "That's cool that we can be like that."

"Yes it is." Kristen said, then raised up on her tip-toes and gave him a soft peck on the lips. "Let's go home," she whispered.

A half hour later Garrett was crawling into the giant king-sized bed that filled their bedroom. Sleeping in the same bed as his mom would be sort of strange, yet exciting all at the same time.

"So what side do you want on the bed, Mom," he asked.

Kristen was in the closet changing, but Garrrett was unable to see her. "It doesn't matter, sweetie, but I have to warn you...I do have a tendency to be a blanket hog," she giggled.

"That's ok, I usually get hot at night anyway."

Kristen turned off the light in the closet and stepped across the room. She was wearing Garrett's big high school hockey jersey, which fell just below her ass.

"Nice jersey." Garrett said.

"Thanks, it belongs to my hockey hottie of a son. Hope he doesn't mind me wearing it to bed tonight."

Garrett shook his head, watching his mom crawl into bed. "Not at all."

Kristen fell onto her back so that her and Garrett were laying side by side, looking up at the ceiling.

"I had fun tonight," she said.

"Me too...dinner was awesome."

"The walk on the beach was nice too," she said softly.

"Yeah." Garrett muttered.

There was a period of awkward silence before Kristen turned her head to look at her son. "Garrett...will you hold me?"

Garrett's heart started racing. "Umm sure."

Kristen moved up against him, resting her head on his chest and drapping one leg over the top of one of his. Garrett marveled at how soft and smooth it felt. "Good night," she whispered.

"Night, Mom."

His mom's sweet fragrance lingered around them as they drifted off to sleep.

Sometime in the early morning hours Garrett woke up and noticed that his Mom was no longer laying against him. She was still nearby, but was laying on her tummy.

Garrett sat up as he realized that she was uncovered and that the jersey had bunched up around her waist, leaving her panty-covered ass on open display. As if that wasn't thrilling enough, the white panties she was wearing were completely sheer.

The room was too dark to make out the finer details, but there was just enough light for Garrett to make out the crack of her meaty ass and the hairless cleft of her vulva.

The curious teen felt the blood race to his loins. His heart was pounding with wicked excitement as he carefully leaned in for a closer look.

As he crept in closer he could see a few more details. Kristen's buttocks was slightly spread apart and he could see the ring of her cute little butt-hole. He could also just make out her fleshy inner pedals as they peeked out from between the thick outer lips of her labia.

Then it hit him...the aroma of female pussy. His mom's pussy.

"H-h-holy shit," he thought, as he reached down and squeezed the end of his hardening bulge.

Kristen suddenly shifted and Garrett quickly fell onto his back to fake sleep. To his surprise, he felt his Mom crawl over to him, only this time she layed directly on top of him.

His cock lurched as he felt her braless tits roll out onto his chest. Their warm spongy softness, separated by only thin nylon fabric was absolutely euphoric.

His brick hard erection was now trapped against her pubic bone. Kristen rested her head against his shoulder and nustled in close, giving his neck a tender kiss.

Sleep didn't come easy this way for poor Garrett. His cock throbbed for what seemed like hours before he drifted off to sleep again.

He woke to his mom's smiling face as she gazed down into his eyes.

"Good morning sunshine," she said.

"Hi...what time is it?"

"Not really sure...still early I think. Oh wait...I know exactly what time it is..." Kristen said, her eyes getting big.

"What time?"

She quickly dug her fingers into his ribs, making her son flop like a fish. "**IT'S TICKLE TIME!**"

"Oh God no...not that!" Garret laughed.

Kristen quickly mounted him as she continued her playful attack. "Ohh yes, that!" She giggled.

With his lengthy erection squashed against her mons, Garrett thrust his hips up and down, trying to buck her off. This forced Kristen to fall forward, dropping her chest against his. As Garrett flopped around, lifting him and his mom off the bed over and over, Kristen's big braless tits bounced and bobbled against him.

"Ohh, Mom, you gotta stop!" Garrett begged, while laughing hestarically.

"What's wrong, am I bothering that big monster in your boxers?" She asked playfully.

"No, but I do have to pee."

Kristren wouldn't let up. "Of course you do...that's why they call it a piss hard on, silly boy."

As much as Garrett hated being tickled, the warm flesh of his mom's voluptuousness smothering his lean teenaged body was beyond what words could describe.

Doug wheeled himself in the front door of the house and was kinda surprised at how quiet it was. He heard his wife let out a mischievous **GIGGLE** from somewhere inside.

Wheeling himself down the hallway, Doug peeked just inside Kristen and Garrett's bedroom.

"Get back over here, young man," he heard Kristen tease.

Doug could see his wife and son frolicking under the covers. Their bodies formed a big bulge in the blankets, which rolled to one side, bounced a few times, then rolled back again, half-way across the bed.

"I mean it, Mom. You gotta stop!"

"When I'm ready," she giggled.

Doug saw his wife's naked legs slide out from under the blankets. It was obvious now that Garrett was on top of her as her smooth tan legs crept up and around his midsection.

Doug felt jealous, yet strangely aroused as he watched his wife's strong luscious legs clutch around their teenaged son's body. Her cute little tan bare feet flexed and pointed, making Doug remember all those times he had looked back in the mirror of their bedroom while he bucked in her saddle.

He looked across the room and sure enough, there on the wall across from the bed was his favorite mirror.

"Good morning, kids!" Doug finally said.

He saw Kristen's head pop up over her son's shoulder and look at him, her hair disheveled.

"Doug??"

Doug tried not to show how bothered he was. "Yup, just got here. The guys are getting ready to bring the bed in."

Kristen slid out from under her son and off the bed. The big jersey was slipping off her shoulder and she straightened it as she padded towards her husband on bare feet.

"You said you would call me," she said.

Doug noticed she was wearing Garrett's jersey, but bit his tongue. "Yeah sorry, it all happened kinda fast this morning."

"Ohh...well..." she bent over and gave him a quick kiss, still seeming a bit out of breath from the mornings activities. "Welcome home, sweetheart" she said with a soft smile.

Doug looked over and saw his son sitting up in bed. A bed that was once his. "Hey, dad," Garrett said, seeming a bit uncomfortable.

Later that day, after getting Doug's room situated Kristen went down to her and Garrett's bedroom and found him in the man cave on his cell phone.

As Garrett sat in his swing talking he saw his mom pull back the curtain just a tiny bit. Kristen was wearing a knee legth smocked strapless dress and her hair was pulled back in a pony. She was in a cute little stance, with one leg straight, the other bent at the knee. The heel of her front foot was kicked up and her cute little toes, with their red toenails, squatting against the floor.

She smiled down at him almost playfully and blew him a kiss.

"Hey Mom, do you care if I hit the tri-state fair for a few hours with Tim and Mitch?"

Kristen nodded, but seemed a tad disappointed. "As long as you three don't cause trouble."

"Cool, she said I could go. All right dude, I'll see you in an hour. Bye." Garrett said into the phone.

"Thanks, Mom, it's the opening day and there's gonna be a few cool bands there."

Kristen dropped down to her knees and crawled up between her son's legs. "I thought **WE** were going to the fair together?" Kristen

said with a little pouty face.

Garrett leaned back in the swing chair and watched as his mom crawled right up onto him like a prowling cougar. Her massive tits made the bust of the smock stretch way out and as she leaned up against him they half-flattened against his chest. "We can still go," he said.

She softly kissed his lips. "You promise?" She asked, gazing down at him with those big gleaming green eyes.

"Yeah."

Kristen fed him another smacking kiss, slower this time. "You swear?"

"Of course, we can go tomorrow if you want."

Kristen turned over and sat on her son's lap, smothering his hard pecker in soft butt cheeks. She stretched her sexy legs straight out and leaned back against him.

"Your sister's going today with her friends, so don't be surprised if you run into her there."

Garrett was sorta taken back at the way his mom was sitting on him, but he tried not to show it. "Oh great, she'll probably be asking me for money."

Kristen giggled as she used her legs to slowly swing them up and back a few times. "I'll make sure she has plenty so she'll leave you and your friends alone."

Speaking of the obnoxious little sister, Cassie snuck into Kristen and Garrett's bedroom and quietly peeked into the closet. Through the curtain she could see her mom sitting on Garrett's lap, leaning back against his chest comfortably.

"Sure you don't want to hang around here with me today... I think we might have our own little carnival ride here." Kristen said, as she made them swing freely off the floor.

From the way he was sitting Garrett had quite the view. With his mom against his back like this he could stare straight down her smock, into her monster cleavage. When he gazed straight out, he could see her shimmering legs extended out, her sexy little bare feet pointed as they swung up and back only a foot from the floor.

Kristen felt the teenaged dick flex against her ass.

"We could call our ride the amazing boner swing," she giggled.

"Yeah, funny, Mom."

Kristen turned her head and kissed his cheek. "I hope you're not still embarrassed about those."

"Well I had one this morning when you were tickling me...I was ok with it then wasn't I?" Garrett asked.

"Mmm that you were...and I was pretty ok with it too." Kristen said, quickly squeezing her buttocks around the long pipe tucked snug between it's cheeks.

"That's a relief...seeing as it gets like that a lot." Garrett said.

"Well one thing's for sure...it feels pretty darn big...and strong too," she said, feeling her heart flutter.

"What does?"

"That lump in your shorts, silly," she giggled.

"Isn't that how they're suppose to feel?"

"Not when it's your mom's sitting on your lap." Kristen said almost jokingly.

"I'm sorry, guess it is kinda wrong huh."

Kristen kept swinging them, which made her butt-hole grind along the underside of the stiff throbbing cylinder of cock-meat. "Don't apologize, goofball. Do you hear your mom complaining?"

Cassie raced from the doorway and into her father's room. Doug was sitting up in bed watching a baseball game.

"Hey, Pumkin, what are you up to?" Doug asked, as she climbed up on the bed next to him.

"Mommy's sitting on Garrett's lap."

"She is huh...in the kitchen?" Doug asked.

"No, in Garrett's closet, on his swing chair. They were talking about the lump in Garrett's shorts." Cassie said.

Doug look at his daughter, confused. "The lump in his shorts?"

"Daddy, is that when a boys pee-pee gets hard?" Cassie asked.

"Honey, you're way too young to know about that stuff."

"I think it is...cuz mommy was sitting on Garrett's pee-pee in the closet and she said it felt big and strong."

Angered, Doug quickly pulled back the covers and lowered his bed. He tried to manuever into his wheelchair, but failed miserably and dropped to the floor.

"Daddy!" Cassie cried out.

Seconds later Kristen rushed into the room. "Doug?...Oh my God, honey, what happened?"

Doug sat up on the floor. Cassie was bawling at this point.

"Nothing...nothing, I'm fine," he said.

"No you're not fine, you're on the floor. What the hell happened?"

"I just had a little spill. Help me up into my chair, I'll be fine," he said, a tad embarrassed.

Kristen helped her husband off the floor. "Cassie, stop crying honey, daddy's ok."

Cassie rushed out of the room, still crying. "But I made him mad so I made him get hurt."

"What did she do?" Kristen asked, showing some concern.

"Forget it...we'll talk about it later."

Kristen sat on the bed and took her husband's hand. "You know...the kids are both going to the fair tonight and..."

"And what?" Doug asked.

"And...well, it's been over two months," she said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Well, a lot's happened in two months babe, including this." Doug said, motioning to his legs.

"I know but...I just thought, maybe we could try..."

A couple hours later Kristen was pouncing on her husband like a hungry cougar. They kissed desperately as she quickly peeled his

shirt off. Doug was leaned back in bed and Kristen was straddling him.

"Ohhh Doug...ohh God, I need it so bad." She sighed, pulling down her haulter and quickly unclaping her strapless bra.

Kristen's huge tits sprung free from her bra and bobbled around wilding as she kissed on her husband some more.

She began to rock her hips, grinding her swampy cunt against his non-exsistent bulge.

"Oh fuck Doug, I need you!" She cried.

She dismounted and ripped his shorts down to his knees. Without the least bit of hesitation the hungry cock-starved wife dove head first into his groin and started sucking his limp cock.

Her head bobbed up and down frantically, trying to put some life in her husband shriveled appendage. While she sucked Kristen grabbed it at the base and tugged up and down, using all her tricks.

"Please, Doug!" She moaned, then flailed her tongue around the spongy tip of his soft cock.

In one swoop she swallowed his entire dong, right down to his balls and and drug her long pink tongue back and forth across his nuts. Her mouth formed a tight vacuum seal and began to suck hard on his cock.

After a few minutes, Doug's limp pecker **POPPED** from Kristen's mouth. She reached under her dress and pulled her panties down. Doug watched them slide down her silky tan legs and over her little bare feet.

Again Kristen mounted him. She reached under and grabbed his dick, pulling and tucking. Her dripping cunt hovered right over it,

aching to be stuffed full.

"Fuck me...oh God Doug, please fuck me!" She cried.

Desperately, she brushed the mushroom tip back and forth against her inflamed clit, then down between her gooey slit. With unbridled horniess she bounced up and down against it, trying to force it inside. "Nooo! Oh please, Doug!"

"I'm sorry baby." Doug said in a defeated tone, staring down in between the huge hanging utters bobbling in front of him.

His cock started to worm inside the sucking mouth of Kristen's cunt. "Ohhh, yes, there it is!"

Too wilted to go any further it popped right out.

"**FUCK!**" Kristen shouted in frustration. She seemed near tears at this point.

"I'm sorry honey, I just can't." Doug said.

Kristen fell to one side of him on the bed and began to sniffle.

Doug reached over and rubbed her shoulder tenderly. "Let me lick you."

Kristen closed her eyes and shook her head, a little tear trickling down her cheek. "Just forget it," she said softly.

"I can still pleasure you."

"No Doug, you can't...but it's ok. I'll be fine," she said, forcing a smile.

"We'll talk to the doctor, maybe there's something we can do...a drug or something to help me get an erection."

Kristen seemed to be staring off into space. "Yeah....maybe."

After a period of discouraged silence Doug said something he shouldn't have. "Well I heard someone else didn't have any problems getting an erection today."

Kristen turned her head and looked at him. "What do you mean by that?"

"Cassie said she saw you sitting on Garrett's lap in the closet and that you commented on how big and hard his... 'boner' was." Doug explained.

Kristen felt her blood boil. After her huge let down she wasn't about to lie regarding the situation with her and her son.

"Garrett and I were having an adult conversation. He's 18 years old, Doug, he's not a little boy anymore."

"All I'm saying is...sitting on his lap...parading around here in front of him in a skimpy bikini...do you really think that's a good idea?" Doug asked, trying not to sound too upset.

Kristen sat up and fed her husband a perturbed glare. "You wanna know what I think...then I'll tell you. I think you have enough issues of your own to deal with right now than to worry about what Garrett and I are doing!"

"I just don't think it's appropriate."

Kristen stood up off the bed, pulling the halter up over her breasts. "Last I checked I was a grown woman. I think I can decide what's appropriate for me and my son thank you very much."

Doug raised his voice a little. "Wrestling around half-naked with him in bed and wrapping your legs up around him like you did this morning...is that what you call appropriate?"

Kristen glared at her husband. "Look, all that's happened has taken an emotional toll on me, Doug and Garrett's been an incredible strength through all this. **IT HAS** brought us closer as a mother and son and if you don't like you can just go fuck yourself." Kristen said, then glanced as his limp pecker. "If you can even manage that," she said sarcastically, then marched out of the room.

Garrett got home about 11pm that night to find his mom sprawled out on the couch. "Hey sweetie, how was the fair?"

"The bands were awesome."

Cassie stood at the end of the hallway in her **PJ**'s. "I saw Garrett and his friends flirting with girls, Momma."

"Shut up, I was not." Garrett snapped.

"What are you still doing up, young lady?" Kristen asked, standing from the couch.

Cassie put on her sad face. "I can't sleep."

Kristen gave her son an almost jealous smile as she passed him. "Flirting with the girls huh?"

"We were talking to them...we weren't flirting."

Cassie nodded. "Yes you were."

Kristen guided her daughter away. "Come on, back to bed for you, young lady."

Garrett went into the mancave and sat in the swing on his laptop to check his email. Through the silky curtain he saw his mom stroll into the closet.

"That little girl. I think she had way too much sugar at the fair today." Kristen said.

Through the curtain Garrett could see his mom sliding the halter dress off. His mouth fell open as he realized she was now in just her bra and panties. "Probably," he muttered.

He couldn't make out much detail, but he could see just enough through the semi-transparent cloth to send blood rushing to his teenaged cock.

Kristen reached around and unclasped her strapless bra. "So tell me about the girls that you were flirting with."

Garrett could see the shapes of her her big mommy-boobs wobbling as the sprung free. He could see the large dark circles of areola on the tips. "They're just girls from my school...but I really wasn't flirting."

Kristen grabbed the hem of her little panties and slid them down her legs. "So you haven't had sex with any of these girls?"

Garrett watched for a second as his mom stood there completely nude, brushing back her hair with her long nails. "No, I don't even really know any of them that well."

Kristen threw on her white short silk robe, tied it around her waist, then walked over and peeked around the curtain.

Garrett looked up to see her smiling down at him mischievously. "Are we enjoying the benefits yet?" Kristen asked.

Garrett recalled their discussion the day prior and his mom's comment about the benefits of sharing a room together. He giggled a little under his breath, looking a tad embarrassed. "I guess."

"I'm gonna grab a shower and put on my nightie. Then I'll come back and we'll go to bed, okay?" Kristen asked.

Garrett nodded, his penis starting to throb, his heart starting to race. "Yup."

After her shower Kristen peeked in on her husband. Doug was watching some sports when he heard her tap at the door.

"Garrett and I are going to bed. I just wanted to say goodnight."

Doug felt a surge of jealousy as he looked at his gorgeous wife standing in the doorway in nothing but a tiny robe. Her hair was still damp and slicked back and her smooth tan legs had a light sheen from having just been shaved and lotioned. "I'm sorry about ealier today. I may have overracted I guess," he said.

Kristen strolled over to her husband's bedside and smiled down at him lovingly. "It's been a stressful time for everyone."

"You know I love you right?" Doug asked.

"Yes I do...and I love you too," she answered, then leaned over and gave him a peck on the lips.

When she did this Doug's could see inside the open slit in her robe. He could tell she had on something very sexy and very scanty underneath it. "I'll see you in the morning," she said.

Doug watched his wife stroll out of the bedroom, the pillowy swell of her meaty buttocks swaying gently. He heard her little bare feet pad down the hallway, then his wife and son's bedroom door click closed.

Garrett had just crawled in bed when his mom returned.

"Hey, handsome, you warming that bed up for us?" Kristen asked as she sashayed over to her side.

"Well it's another hot night. Don't want to warm it up too much," he answered.

Garrett watched his mom untie her sash and let the robe slip to the floor. Kristen was wearing a white sheer dainty baby doll nighty with spaghetti straps and matching G-string panties. The set had beautiful detailed butterfly applique.

As she crawled into bed Garrett watched her tits flounder as they strained against the flimsy top. She moved under the big fluffy comforter and slid over against him. "Mmm, I need some snuggle time."

Garrett couldn't help but **SIGH** as he felt her warm soft flesh smother his side. Kristen lay her head down against his chest and Garrett felt one of her smooth legs slide across his.

"I missed you today," she whispered.

"Missed you too. Did you still wanna go to the fair tomorrow?"

Kristen lifted her head and gazed into his eyes dotingly. "As long as I'm with you I'll go anywhere."

"What if I wanted to hang out at the sewage treatment plant?" Garrett joked.

Kristen giggled and poked him. "Smart ass."

"Well, you said anywhere."

There was a short period of silence before Kristen got a quirky smile. "You're hard again."

"Huh?" Garrett muttered, trying to act stupid.

Kristen gazed down at the obvious protrusion in the blankets. "You have a hard-on silly...just like you did yesterday and last night....and this morning...and this afternoon and dozens of times in between I'm sure. " she giggled flirtingly.

"Yeah, it does get like that a lot." Garrett blushed.

"Well, that's because it's trying to tell you something."

"Tell me what?"

Kristen looked into his eyes with a innocent smile. "What do you think? When a penis gets hard it mean it needs to be masturbated to orgasm. Sweetie, when was the last time you took care of yourself?"

"Yesterday morning," he answered.

"Yesterday morning?! Garrett Hill, you can't be serious." Kristen said sympathetically.

"Well, we've been kinda busy, Mom."

"I know, baby, but you need to make sure you always take time out of your day for things like that...no matter what's going on." Kristen said.

Garrett glanced towards the door. "Well, I guess I could go into the bathroom and take care of it real quick."

"Don't be ridiculous. This is your bedroom. You shouldn't have to retreat down the hallway every time you need to masturbate." Kristen said.

"I know, but now that we're sharing a room and everything, maybe I..." Garrett started then his mom cut him off.

"Hey, we had this discussion yesterday. Erections and masturbation are a perfectly natural part of life and we're both grown adults, remember?"

Garrett still seemed a bit uncomfortable. "I know, Mom...it just seem a little weird, that's all."

Kristen smiled as she sat up and tucked her legs to one side. "You're just silly. Scootch over here and lay your head on my lap."

Garrett slid over and rested his head against his mom's legs. He felt the breath being sucked from his lungs as he caught site of the underside of her protruding breasts through the flimsy nightie looming over his face. Kristen peeked over the swell of her enormous boobs, smiling down at him.

"Are you comfy?"

"Yeah," he whispered.

"Which hand do you use to stroke yourself off with?" Kristen asked.

"My left."

"That's what I figured. Bring it up here to my mouth," she said.

Garrett brought his hand up and Kristen spit out some saliva into it. "That should get you started until your penis starts leaking out it's precum."

"Ohh umm...okay." Garrett muttered, his heart pounding. "Holy fuck, was this really happening?" He thought.

Kristen stroked his cheek tenderly. "Hey...I want you to just relax and give yourself some pleasure okay? Just like you would if I wasn't here."

Garrett nodded, then reached under the comforter, where his hardness had already found its way out of the fly in his boxers and was standing tall and proud.

He coated the tip with Kristen's spit and started to twist his fist around it. As he began jerking on his rod he looked up again to find his own loving mom smiling down at him.

"There, now doesn't that feel better?" She whispered.

"Yeah." Garrett muttered.

Her big gleaming green eyes were enough to make him melt. "I'm so glad we can share this," she said.

Kristen looked over and watched the blanket rise and fall from her son's jerking. He gradually increased his pace and she looked back down at him, then again at the blanket. Garrett could see the thrill in her expression.

"Oh that's it...make it feel good, sweetie," she said.

Garrett gazed up at the underside of his mom's breasts. Two huge curves of tit-flesh that he was making tremble from his steady fisting.

A lewd creamy sound filled the room as precum now trickled in a constant stream from Garrett's piss-slit and lubricated his shaft.

Garrett mustered up enough courage to ask his mom the unavoidable. "What about you, Mom? You must need to...you know, masturbate too sometimes."

Kristen giggled. "More times than I like to admit."

"Well...you can always join me you know."

Kristen fed him a quirky little smile. "That wouldn't...bother you?"

Garrett smiled, still stroking steadily. "Why would it bother me? This is your bedroom too right?"

"True...guess I shouldn't be afraid to follow some of my own advice huh?"

"Lift up a sec." Kristen slid out from under him and replaced her lap with a comfy pillow for her son.

She sprawled out on her back right beside him and slid under the covers.

Kristen turned her head and kissed Garrett on the cheek. "Are you sure you don't mind if I masturbate with you?"

"Of course not," he answered, trying to conceal his excitement.

"And promise me you won't tell anyone we did this. I mean it sweetie, it's just between us okay?"

Garrett nodded as he watched his mom slip her hand under the blanket. "Don't worry, Mom...I'm not like Cassie. I can keep my mouth shut," he giggled.

"Your sister has the biggest mouth on the planet." Kristen joked.

"I won't argue with that."

"Mmmmhhh." Kristen sighed as she started rubbing her engorged clitoris.

If Garrett's penis wasn't throbbing before, it certainly was now. He felt it flex in his gooey fist.

Mom and son looked up at the ceiling as they stroked on their genitals. Garrett could hear his mother's sharp **QUIVERING BREATH** as she pleasured herself beside him.

"O-o-ohh yeah, this is soo nice!" Kristen said in a sighing whispered.

Garrett kept a steady pace, jerking on his throbbing cock-rod. "Yeah it is."

Kristen lets out a **SHARP BREATH**, jerking her head to one side and throwing her knees back. Garrett could see her arm shaking rapidly and knew that she was frantically rubbing her pussy beneath the covers.

"Ohhh...feels soooo good," she whispered.

Garrett felt his mom's free hand slide into his and they interlaced their fingers together. She squeezed his hand tightly as she let out another quivering **GASP**.

Suddenly Kristen winced and arched her back. "Oh God, I'm gonna cum!!!"

It was the most amazing thing Garrett had ever seen. There he layed on his back stroking his big dick and watching his own busty mom flop around like a fish beside him. It was almost surreal.

"**OH SHIT SWEETIE, I'M CUMMING!**" Kristen's little voice cried, trying not to be too loud.

She continue her relentless assault on her clit. Her gorgeous mommy-body bounced on the mattress a few more times, then she rolled onto her side against her son.

The hot mom let out a muffled grunt against his bare shoulder. "**UUUNNGGHH!!**"

"Oh wow, Mom!" Garrett muttered, stroking furiously. His peter was so fucking hard it felt as though it was gonna take off like a rocket.

With her hand still tucked down between her legs, Kristen rolled up against her son's chest. She stared off into space, her eyes glazed with lust, a look of wild euphoric pleasure washed acrossed her face.

"I need more," her voice quivered softly.

One of her silky legs slid across Garrett's dick and before he knew it, his mom was litererally on top of him with her face against his neck. He could feel her little hand tucked inside her panties, rubbing swiftly across her love button. He was now reaching up under one of her legs, keeping a tight stroking grasp on his cum-lathered organ.

Kristen let out a little **WHIMPER** and Garrett could see her luscious ass start to do a little bounce up and down beneath the covers. He slid his free hand across her back, as if holding onto her. His entire bare chest was plastered in soft squishy tit-flesh and he could literally feel them sloshing between them.

"**OH DAMN!**" Garrett's voice muttered.

Kristen's fingers were pushed down between her clean-shaven labial meat, frigging her clit in rapid little circles. "Ohhh sweetie, I'm gonna cum again!"

Her ass flew up and down as if it were riding an imaginary cock. Garrett bucked his hips as if he were fucking up into an imaginary cunt. The bedspring began to squeek as their clinging bodies bounced together in wild mutual masturbation.

"Oh shit, Mom!" Garrett sighed, his balls churning.

He felt his mom's warm smothering flesh begin to convulse. She let out a muffled girlish cry into the nape of his neck. "**OHH GARRETT!!**"

Kristen was struck with one of the strongest orgasms of her life and Garrett was no question only moments away from experiencing a rush of pleasure he never dreamed possible.

"Ohhh, I'm gonna cum too, Mom!" He muttered.

"Oh God...Ohh shit, baby cum with me!" Kristen said in a crying whisper.

Kristen's sexy mommy-body bounced atop her teenager as thick ropes of semen erupted from Garrett's piss-slit, splashing up against the comforter. "**UUUNNGGHH SHIT!**" He grunted.

While his penis spit gysers of gooey semen, Garrett thust his hips, making his mom's voluptuous body bounce and her big tits **CLAP** against his chest. The headboard began to **BEAT** repetitiously against the wall.

Doug was almost asleep when he woke to the **THUMPING** against the wall. "What the hell?"

After about a dozen dull **KNOCKS** the noise stopped. Doug carefully slipped out of bed and into his wheelchair. He pushed himself out into the darkened hallway and to the closed door that was Garrett and his wife's.

He listened for a moment and could barely hear what sounded like heavy breathing. He tapped lightly on the door. "Kristen?"

There was no response so he **KNOCKED** a little harder. "Kristen!!"

"Doug? Honey, what's wrong?" Came his wife's voice from inside the bedroom.

He tried the door, but found it locked. "Can I come in for a second...the door's locked."

After about a half a minute Kristen opened the door just a tad and looked out. She was back in her silk robe. "What is it, what's wrong?"

"I just heard a knocking...sounded like it was coming from in here."

Kristen could feel gobs of cock-cream seeping into the crack of her ass, cascading across her butt hole and down the backs of her legs.

"A knocking?? Honey, Garrett and I were almost asleep. Whatever your heard it wasn't coming from in here."

"Well I could have sworn it was coming from the other side of the wall."

Kristen fed her husband patient smile. "Sweetie, this is your first night back home in months. I'm sure it's gonna take some time to get used to all the creaks and knocks again. Just try to get some rest okay?"

"You're right babe. I'll see you in the morning."

"Goodnight." Kristen said as she closed and locked the bedroom door.

Garrett watched his mom step over and turn on the bedside lamp.

"Well someone had a strong orgasm...my ass is absolutely drenched." Kristen said with a giggle.

"Sorry. Want me to go grab a washcloth?"

"No, probably not a good idea. You're father heard the headboard pounding against the wall. If he saw you fetching a washcloth I think it would be pretty obvious what we were up to in here, don't you?" Kristen asked.

"Yeah I guess your right."

Kristen placed one of her bare feet on the bed and started rubbing Garrett's cock-cream across her silky leg as if it were a lotion. "That's ok...semen is rich in vitamin E...makes a great moisturizer for the skin."

"Are you serious?" Garrett giggled.

"Yes I'm serious. A lot of women love using male ejaculate on their skin. Not only that, but I've read articles that say that semen ingestion is also good for women. It has sugar-based enzymes that help lower stress." Kristen explained.

Garrett couldn't tear his eyes away from his mom's shapely tan leg which seemed to shimmer with silk-softness as she reached out and applied a healthy dose of spunk. "So by ingestion...you mean swallowing it?"

Kristen giggled. "Yes swallowing it, goof-ball. How else would a woman ingest it?"

"Yeah but doesn't that stuff taste nasty?"

Kristen gave him a questioning look. "You mean to tell me you've never tasted your own ejaculate."

"No way...that's just seems gross!"

Kristen giggled playfully. "It is not gross. You just need to try it and you'll see what I mean."

"Too late, Mom...it's already all over your legs."

Kristen lowered her foot back to the floor and placed her hands on her hips, making her big busts protrude outward.

"Oh what a shame...well I guess we'll just have to make more then, won't we?"

"Right now?"

"Yup, right now buster...and don't tell me you can't. You're a healthy teenage boy, so I know better." Kristen said, grabbing his hand and playfully pulling him from the bed.

"Where are we going?" Garrett giggled.

Kristen jumped up on his back piggy-back style, making her son reel back and forth for a moment. "Into the mancave, loverboy!"

Garrett carried his Mom over to the closet. He started to turn on the light, but she stopped him. "No, leave it off."

"Mom, it's pitch black in there."

Kristen nibbled on his earlobe. "So what's wrong with that...you afraid to play in the dark?"

"Fine," he said, stepping into the closet.

Kristen slipped off his back but took his hand and held it as she reached back and closed the door behind them.

"I can't see a thing now." Garrett said.

Garrett's mom giggled and gave him a wet smacking kiss on the chin. "I know...fun isn't it?"

She grabbed the waistband to her son's boxers and slipped them down his legs until they fell to his feet.

"Geez, Mom!"

"You can't masturbate with boxers on, goofball." Kristen said.

Garrett felt his mom twist around and his erection bumped against her ass and slip up under her nightie. As she backed against him, Kristen took her son's other hand and guided both his hands under her gown and onto her soft hips. Garrett felt the tiny straps to her G-string.

"Your turn...pull em off," she whispered.

"Pull what off?" He asked, even though he already knew the answer.

Kristen giggled. "My panties silly."

"Oh," he muttered, then slipped his thumbs under the straps and pulled them down until he felt them fall to her feet.

Kristen quickly pulled off the nightie and stepped out of her panties. She turned towards toward her son and threw her arms around his neck. As her big bobbling breasts melted against his young chest Garrett's breath quivered with excitement.

"Guess what?" Kristen said softly.

"What?"

She hugged him tight, mashing her warm tits against him and bringing her lips to his ear. "We're both completely naked," she whispered excitedly.

Kristen felt her son's cock twitch and throb against her tummy. "Are you ok with that?" She asked.

"Yeah umm sure." Garrett answered.

"Me too," she said softly, then pulled him deeper into the darkness, past the silk curtain. "Let's get to the swing."

They blindly felt their way to the swing and Garrett stumbled onto it and sat down. Kristen let out a playful little **SCREAM** as she fell forward onto him, her big naked tits mashing up against his lean teenaged chest.

"Shit, I hope that wasn't too loud. This certainly isn't the time for your father come investigating strange noises again," she said.

"That's for sure. I think he'd be a little shocked." Garrett said.

"His naked wife laying all over their masturbating teenaged son...I think so." Kristen giggled.

Kristen's hip slid along Garrett's shaft as she straddled one of his legs. He could feel the heat of her genitals and a neatly trimmed patch of pubic fuzz tickle the top of his leg.

"You better start stroking that thing, sweetheart. It feels like it's gonna blast off like a rocket ship," she said with a little giggle.

Garrett reached down excitedly and starting yanking on his throbbing pecker.

"Do you need some spit, love?" Kristen asked softly.

"No...it's leaking plenty." Garrett answered.

"Mmm, that means being naked in the dark with mommy is getting someone excited..."

"Good," she said, laying flat against him and resting her head on his chest, just under his shoulder.

"Put your other arm around me." Kristen whispered.

Garrett stretched his free arm around her, feeling the smooth bare skin of his mom's back. The lewd creamy sounnd of cock-stroking filled the air.

"I noticed that you like to stroke your penis really fast. That must be how you like to make love to a girl huh?" Kristen said.

"Y-yeah, well no...I mean I don't like for it to end quick," he answered.

Kristen giggled. "Well of course you don't sweetie. Just because you like to make love hard and fast doesn't mean you're racing for the finish line. That's why they call it monkey sex."

"Monkey sex?"

"Yeah, monkey sex, you know, the kind of sex that leaves clothes all over the place, bed sheets torn, things broken, the nieghbors complaining...and an odd scatch or two." Kristen explained with a little giggle.

"Wow, well I'm not sure I've gotten to experience any of that yet."

Kristen lifted her head, stroking his shoulders with her long nails. "Maybe not, but I'm sure it's the kind of sex that you think about while you stroke...isn't it?"

Garrett got a big grin, continuing to jack his rock-hard dick. "Maybe."

He felt his mom's big squishy boobs slide up his chest as she brought her face above his. He sensed that her lips were very very close.

Kristen whispered soft and seductive. "I'm sure you lay there at night...pulling on it and thinking about a sexy girl...kissing you..." she said, then gave her son a wet peck, letting her luscious lips close against his.

"Licking you..." she said, then gave him another lip smacking kiss...then another...then another.

"Ummmhh" Garrett moaned, his body shuddering with wicked excitement as his hand flew up and down his cum lathered shaft.

After the last kiss Kristen stayed close, letting her lips barly graze against her son's. "Ssssucking you," she whispered, then fed him another kiss.

Kristen planted a few wet kisses on his cheek and moved her lips to his ear. Garrett's hips started rocking up and down as he stroked on his pulsing dong.

His mom spoke softly into his ear. "That's my baby, you're **FUCKING** her hard now, aren't you? You're fucking her tight slippery pussy hard and fast just the way you like to."

Garrett's head spund and his heart about leaped out of his chest. Never in his life had he heard his mom use the F word, especially not in the way she just did.

"Ohh geeez, Mom!!!" He muttered, as his cock seemed to stretch another inch.

Kristen gently slid her hand down the side of his body and down between his legs. She planted her middle finger between his balls and butt-hole and started to massage his perineum.

Garrett's balls jumped and he felt his scrotum tighten. "**O-H-H-H WOW, MOM!!**"

"Does that feel good baby boy?" Kristen asked.

"Uhhh-huh."

"And you don't mind mommy helping a little?" She asked lovingly.

"Nooo way!" Garrett muttered.

She kissed back up his cheek and planted a series of soft wet pecks on his lips. "Oh sweatheart, I love you soo much."

"Oh God I love you too, Mom and I'm feeling really really good." Garrett muttered.

The whole situation, as mind-blowingly erotic as it was, seemed almost surreal to Garrett. Alone in the darkness, masturbating naked with his own mom, while his father was right down the hallway. What a rush!

Kristen's kisses were wet and tender. "Oh Garrett," ...kiss. "My baby,"...kiss. "My sweetheart,"...kiss, kiss.

"O-h-h Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

"**YESSS**,"...kiss, kiss. "Oh sweet baby, cum all over us!"
Kiss...kiss...kiss...

It was all too much...his fingers, his mom's fingers, tender kisses, warm fleshy mommy-tits smothering his young chest.

Garrett grunted as the first huge milky blast rocketed out his piss-hole and sailed four-feet in the air. **HHHUUUNNNGGHH!!!!**

His young body jerked as rope after hot creamy rope squirted from his lance and splashed down on him and his mom.

"Ohhh honey, you're squirting sooo much." Kristen said, planting a few more kisses on his moaning lips.

Garrett had shot huge loads before, but never anything like this. As his mom's two fingers rubbed against his taint it was if she were pulling more and more cum from his balls.

"Ohhhh shit," he finally sighed, as the last of it oozed out onto his belly.

Kristen's finger stopped and her hand slid up and cupped Garrett's soft scrotum. She gently clutched his balls and let her long nails slowly rake across the tender meat of his nuts. "I bet they feel so much better now, don't they?"

"Yeah...oh God yeah." he answered, still catching his breath.

Kristen released his sack and let one of her long nails tenderly drag up the underside of her son's shaft. His cock twitched and his breath quivered as her nail scraped across the super-sensitive cock-head.

She reached the pool of cum on his chest and began rubbing it against him like a lotion. She could feel streams of spunk running down in between her tits.

"Sorry, I think I really made a mess." Garrett said.

"Mmmm, it's a good kind of mess." Kristen answered, coating her son's chest with it. "Here, open your mouth."

Garrett opened and his mom's finger swiped a big warm gob of his own cock-cream onto his tongue. "Gross," he said, swallowing it down.

"It is not." Kristen said with a giggle, scooping up more and sucking it into her own mouth. "It's yummy."

She fed him one more tender peck on the lips. "Let's go get back in bed."

Kristen stood up and after Garrett stood he felt his mom once again clutch her tiny hand around his scrotum. She tugged gently, leading him by the balls to the doorway.

"Shouldn't we get dressed?" Garrett asked.

"No," she whispered.

The moonlight placed a warm magical glow in their bedroom and the first thing Garrett made out was his mom's tan bare buttocks. It swayed seductively only a couple feet from his bobbing erection.

Kristen's cute little bare feet padded against the floor as she walked her son over to their big bed. She gave her son's balls a quick squeeze before letting them go and crawling up onto the mattress.

Garrett couldn't help but stand there , mouth agape, watching his naked mom crawl towards the center of the bed. Her luscious ass,

her clean shaven snatch, her huge dangling tits...they were right before his eyes.

Kristen paused reached her hand back for him. "Come on," she lovingly whispered.

It was all like a wild erotic dream to young Garrett as he took his mom's hand and climbed in bed naked with her. Kristen slept close to him that night, her big squishy bare breasts plastered against him.

"Good morning." Kristen said as she joined her husband and daughter in the kitchen.

"Well, welcome to the land of the living. You're usually the first one up in the morning." Doug said.

Kristen poured herself a cup of coffee. "Yeah, I think all that work moving rooms around finally caught up with Garrett and I."

Doug took a second to run his eyes down his wife's luscious legs down to her sexy little bare feet. Just the site of her in that short silk robe always made his heart skip a beat.

"Well how bout a nice relaxing day at the beach. I can call the clinic, they can bring the van and wheel us right over."

"Oh honey that would be great, but Garrett and I have plans to go to the fair today." Kristen said.

"Well, cool then...how bout we all go?"

"**YEAAAHH!!**" Cassie cheered.

"Uh, that's a no, young lady...you got to go yesterday," Kristen said.

"Well so did Garrett."

Doug tried to smile through his next comment. "You and him sure have been spending a lot of time alone together the past few days."

"And Mommy was sitting on Garrett's lap." Cassie chimed in.

Kristen gave her a stern glare. "Hush!"

"You were momma, you were sitting on Garrett's pee-pee."

"Young lady!" Kristen said in a scolding tone.

With an overdramatic pout Cassie turned and stomped out of the kitchen.

Kristen sat at the table and crossed her legs. "It's a good thing she's so damn cute, it makes all the whining half-way tolerable."

Doug noticed Kristen's robe had opened slightly when she sat, revealing a good deal of cleavage. "So...you slept naked last night huh?"

Kristen took a sip of coffee, feeding him a quirky smile. "And what makes you say that?"

"Well last night when you came in and said goodnight I could have sworn you had on a nightie on under your robe."

Cassie peeked around the corner. "Please, please can I go?"

This time it was Doug who glared. "Cassie, you heard what your mother said, now drop it."

With a whine Cassie diappeared again.

Kristen took another sip of coffee. "You should go talk to her, see if you can cheer her up. She went almost two months without seeing you, Doug. It might be good for just the two of you to spend some quality time together today."

"Yeah, I suppose," he said, wheeling himself away from the table.

Before he could pass her, Kristen stuck out one of her legs, blocking his exit. She gave him sweet smile, batting her eyelashes. "I love you."

They both leaned forward and kissed. "And I love you...but you still didn't answer my question." Doug said almost playfully.

Doug found himself strangely aroused at the idea that his wife might have actually slept naked with their own son. The fact was, he himself was a horny teen once and could only imagine what is would have been like sleeping in bed naked with his big breasted mother.

Kristen smiled almost guiltily then gracefully curling her naked leg back under the table. "Stop asking a billion questions and go calm your daughter."

After Kristen and Garrett left Doug watched a Disney movie with Cassie, until she did what she always did while watching movies and fell asleep.

The fact that his wife was naked under her robe this morning was eating away at him so he decided to snoop through her and Garrett's bedroom a little.

Because they were in such a rush to get to the fair the bed was still unmade. Doug went to the closet, Aka. The Man Cave. Laying on the floor just inside the door was his wife's little nightie, the one he was sure she was wearing the night before.

A little further back was her panties, laying right next to Garrett's boxers. It was pretty clear that his wife and son were taking off their clothes together in here. Strangely, he found himself grabbing his own flaccid dick and giving it a few tugs.

He wheeled over to the bed and studied where his wife and son had slept. There was nothing out of the ordinary until he lifted the blanket and saw huge ribbons of dried spunk plastered against the underside of the comforter.

"**OHH YEAH...OH GOD FUCK ME!!**"

Misty, Doug's sister, arched her back as she came, thrusting her big tits up against the young man on top of her.

"**OH, MISSES YOUNG...OH SHIT!!**" The 18 year old cried as his dick went off like a cannon inside her.

A few minutes later the youngster was throwing his clothes back on as Misty lay there sucking on a cigarrette.

"Wow, Misses Young, that was soo awesome," he said.

Misty's cell phone began to go off. "Well don't think that just because I'm giving you an A on that test that you don't have to do your homework. I want those assignments turned in tomorrow."

The young man threw on his shoes and hurried towards her bedroom door. "Right on, Misses Young. See you at school."

Misty answered her cell. "Hello."

"Hey Sis, it's Doug."

Misty got a big smile. "Dougie...how's my big brother? Glad to be home I bet."

"Yeah, that damn hospital food just wasn't doing it for me." Doug said, making his sister giggle. "Say are you um...busy today at all?"

"No, I have to grade a few papers, but Steve's still out of town on business so no big plans. What's up?"

"You still good with that camera?"

Misty laughed. "Are you kidding, photography is my passion, you know that."

"Well I have a huge favor...and it may seem kinda weird, but I...uh...I promise I'll explain later."

In the late afternoon Doug greeted Misty at the door.

"Hey," she smiled, seeming her cheery self.

"Aunt Misty!!" Carrie shouted, giving her Auntie a big hug.

"Hey Kiddo, how are you?"

Cassie was all smiles. "I went to the fair yesterday and it was fun."

"Awesome." Misty answered.

"Pumpkin, I need to talk with Aunt Misty so I need you to play in your room for a bit ok?" Doug said.

Carrie threw on her trademark pouty face. "Awwww!"

Misty rubbed her cheek. "Tell you what, when I'm done talking to your dad I'll come hang out with you for a bit ok?"

Doug and Misty went to the table in the kitchen. "Well, how did it go?" Doug asked.

His sister seemed a little hesitant. "It went well...I guess. Not really sure why you had me following them all day."

"So you got some pictures then?"

Misty gave her brother a quirky smile. "Yes, I got your pictures."

Misty propped her ipad up on the table and opened her images. The first picture was taken a little distance behind Kristen and Garrett as they strolled through the fair. Garrett was in his usual shorts and t-shirt. Kristen was wearing a tan mid-thigh length crochet sweaterdress and matching wedge heeled flip flops. As they had been a lot lately, they were holding each others hand tightly.

"I followed them through the fair most of the morning." Misty said, flipping to another picture.

This one was of the two embracing as they stood inside a little alcove between two tents. Kristen had her armed wrapped loosly around her son's neck and stared up into his eyes. They definitely looked more like lovers than mother and son.

"They were kinda hard to follow. They seemed to wander off into these private little spots a lot." Misty said, flipping to the next photograph.

Doug glared at the picture. "Yeah that's kinda what bothers me."

"Bothers you? What do you mean?" Misty asked.

"Well, don't you think they look a little too...intimate, for a mother and son?"

Misty giggled. "Dougie, what are you trying to say?"

"Nothing, just umm...let's see the next one.

This was a closer picture of Kristen standing in the same spot, but laying her head against her son's chest. It was completely obvious by her content expression that this was a woman who was absolutely in love.

"So is that all those two did was stand around and hug all day?" Doug asked.

Misty flipped to the next picture which was of Garrett and Kristen sitting off by themselves at a picnic table with a big umbrella over it. Kristen was sitting sideways with her smooth tan legs crossed over her son's lap. She had the tip of a big popsicle in her mouth and seemed to be giving Garrett a naughty stare.

"How's your popsicle?" Garret asked.

The tip slipped from between her pouty lips. "It's long hard and juicy. Kinda sounds like something else we were giving some attention last night, doesn't it?"

Garret giggled. "Sure does...and I think the juice part was pretty much all over us."

"Well, this popsicle juice would get all over us too if I let it. That's why I'm licking it..." Kristen said, then ran her long pink tongue up the length of the popsicle.

"And sucking it..." she continued, stretching her ovalled lips around it and sucking it into her mouth. "It keeps the yummy juice sliding down my throat and into my tummy."

As Garrett's sat marveling, Kristen stared into his eyes and slid the entire treat into her mouth. Seven inches of icy goodness disappeared in her warm mouth and throat.

Garrett's heart was racing and his cock had already become a throbbing slab of iron in his shorts.

She slid the popsicle back out of her mouth. "Long hard things don't make as big a mess if they're being licked and sucked on properly," Kristen said, squeezing the tip of her son's lump between her fingers.

Misty flipped to the next picture of Kristen excitedly pulling Garrett towards one of the carnival rides. "They did go on a few rides. Their

favorite seemed to be this one, called the tunnel of love."

"How do you know it was their favorite?" Doug asked.

Misty raised an eyebrow. "Well for one, they went on it two times, back to back."

She flipped to another picture of Garrett and Kristen sitting inside the car of the ride, which was shaped like a giant heart. Kristen looked excited and was snuggled up next to him.

"As long as their no ghosts or ghouls in this ride I'll be fine." Kristen said as she squeezed her son's arm.

"Wrong ride, Mom. This is the tunnel of love, not the tunnel of horror."

Kristen poked him in the ribs. "Smart ass."

The car moved forward through some double doors painted like a big box of candy. "**HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR SWEETHEART…HERE WE GOOO!!**" A voice on the speaker said.

Once inside, the car moved along a tunnel with a painted scene of Lovers Lane, which was fluorescently lit.

The chorus of "Do you love me?" by the Contours was playing loudly. Kristen rocked her body to the beat of the music, making her soft tits brush back and forth against Garrett's arm as she held it.

A painting of trees opened up and their car continued into another tunnel. This one was of clouds and little flying cupids, warmly lit so it seemed as if they floating through the sky. Soft romantic music filled the tunnel as the car slowly moved through it.

The voice again came over the speaker, calmer this time. "**ARE YOU HUGGING LOVERS…BECAUSE THIS IS THE TUNNEL OF**

PASSION."

The entire car leaned back a little. Kristen giggled then looked at Garrett playfully. "You heard what he said."

She slid one of her legs across his lap and coiled her arms around his neck. The feeling his Mom's huge breasts flattening out against his chest never failed in making his heart leap.

Mom and son rested in a passionate embrace as the car of the ride seemed to hover through the tunnel.

Suddenly doors in front of them opened and the music became a fast paced disco beat. Big lips, of all colors seemed to fly across the surface of the walls. "**IT'S TIME FOR KISSSSSSSEEEEESS!!!**" The speaker voice announced.

Garrett and Kristen's heart shaped car began to slowly spin and rock. Kristen let out a cute little **SCREAM** and started giggling as they were swung around.

"Now just how am I suppose to kiss on you if they're gonna swing us around like this?" She asked playfully.

"Guess they wanted to make it a challenge." Garrett answered.

She brought her face up close to his. "Well I'm kissing you dammit and I don't care how difficult they make it."

Kristen started planting kisses on her son's lips. A few times as they were rocked around she missed and kissed his chin or forehead. The two them giggled at her failed attempts.

The car suddenly leaned way back and froze. Multicoclored lips raced by above them. Kristen's face hovered over Garrett's. This was his mom and he could see the thrill in her eyes.

"Finally," she said, then planted a wet kiss on his lips, then another...then another.

Pecking kisses were a commom thing his mom gave him growing up, but these were different. With each smacking kiss Kristen seemed to be closing the wet of her lips around him. There were many times that he even felt her tongue. They were more like sucking kisses.

The car began to rock again and the speaker voice sang:

"**UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN...ROUND AND ROUND...HERE WE GOOOO!!**

The car moved through another set of doors.

This room was full of hearts and had a painting of two birds kissing as they were perched together on a tree.

"Awwww." Kristen said as she saw the painting.

A young girls voice sang a familiar rhyme.

"**TWO LITTLE LOVE BIRD SITTING IN A TREE...K-I-S-S-I-N-G. FIRST COMES LOVE, THEN COMES MARRIAGE, THEN COMES BABY IN THE BABY CARRIAGE**."

The final doors opened and Kristen and Garrett were carried out into the sunshine and back to where they started.

"That was fun." Kristen smiled.

"Yeah it was."

She squeezed his arm. "Let's go again."

Garrett had a raging hard-on. He certainly wasn't going to object. "Okay."

Within moments they were racing back into the tunnel of love. "**HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR SWEETHEART... HERE WE GOOOOO!!**

As soon as they were inside the Lovers Lane tunnel Kristen giggled and quickly straddled Garrett, facing him.

Garrett was beyond excited at this point as he found his face brushing against her huge tits. "Geeez, Mom," he laughed.

As she did before, Kristen began to move to the beat, bouncing against the underside of her son's erection.

Garrett's face was nearly nestled in her cleavage and he looked up to see her gazing down at him, mouthing the words to the song.

"Watch me now, Oh (*work, work*) Shake it up, shake it (*work, work*)"

Each time the she mouthed the words (*work, work*) Kristen would bounce her panty covered twat against his aching cock.

"Ah shake 'em, shake 'em down (*work, work*)

"Ah, a little bit of soul now (*work, work, work*)

"Ah shake it, shake it, baby (*work, work*)

Kristen thrust her tits out, smothering his head into her cleavage and for the next line of the song, she got the wildest sluttiest look Garrett had ever seen.

"Ah you're drivin' me crazy (*work, work*)

Garrett's cock was leaking and twitching. Even through the layers of thin fabric he could feel the heat his mother's genitals each time she dropped against his lap.

"Ah, don't get lazy (*work*)"

They moved into the second section of the tunnel, the one with romantic music and painted clouds. "**ARE YOU HUGGING LOVERS…BECAUSE THIS IS THE TUNNEL OF PASSION**."

The car tilted back and Kristen's tits once again rolled out like soft dough against Garrett's upper chest. Their faces were close and they were locked in a gaze.

Kristen's big beautiful green eyes were glazed over with lust. "Are you my lover?" She asked tenderly.

Garrett breath was rapid with excitement. "Did you want me to be?"

She brought her head down and nustled it in the soft of his neck. "What do **YOU** think?" Kristen whispered.

Garrett looked up at the passing clouds. Here he was on a carnival ride smothered in the soft warm flesh of his own mom as she lay on top of him. He could feel the heat radiating from her genitalia as it lay up against his blood engorged phallus.

He glanced down and could see his mom's silky tan legs folded on both sides of him and the flair of her wide birthing hips. The experience was absolutely euphoric.

Before they knew it the car moved into the next section and the roar of the disco beat. "**IT'S TIME FOR KISSSSEEEESS!!**

Kristen giggled and held on to her son as the car started to spin and rock. Straddling her son like this, she almost felt like she was on a mechanical bull.

"Oh my God, I hope I don't fly right off this thing. Hold onto me, love," she said playfully.

Garrett wrapped his arms around her waist. Their genitals were grinding together and Kristen could feel the bulging underside of her

son's prick-shaft sinking down in between the warm folds of her outer labia, with only a thin layer of panties separating their flesh.

Each time the car rocked and spun Kristen's huge boobs would tremble and slosh against the lucky teen beneath her. Garrett couldn't help but be mesmerized by how they bobbled around, right up against him.

Kristen brought her face down and gave him a wet sucking kiss. "Come on now boobie-boy, we're suppose to be kissing."

He shared her kisses and they became longer and longer. Finally, with one such kiss Garrett felt her tongue slip into his mouth. It slithered across the top of his, then twisted down underneath it, inviting it to dance.

Garrett's tongue came alive and wiggled awkwardly at first. It was immediately clear to him that his mom had a very long and very experienced tongue. Her pink snake was taking the lead, twisting and fluttering and Garrett did his best to keep up.

"Mmmmmmhhh." Kristen moaned softly as she made out with her baby.

The car rose up, leaned way back and froze. Kristen lifted her chest from her son, raking her long red nails down his lean chest. Garrett watched as she sat straight up, her eyes closed and her enormous mommy-tits thrust way out, stretching the top of her dress to the bursting point. She looked like a Goddess, proudly straddling her steed.

Their overheated genitals were crushed together and when Kristen felt her son's strong rigid dick flex against her quim, it sent her into another world.

"**OH MY GOD!**" Her voice quivered, as she threw herself back down against him.

"**OH FUCK I NEED YOU!**" She exclaimed as she started kissing on him.

The car began to rock and spin and Kristen humped her hungry pussy against Garrett's big dick.

Garrett's face became smothered between her tits and he felt her deperate grinding as the car rocked wildly.

"Holy s-s-shit, Mom!" He mumbled.

"**UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN…ROUND AND ROUND…HERE WE GOOOO!!**" The speaker voice sang.

As they rocked and spun into the last tunnel Garrett felt his mom's body buck and tremble. "**OH GOD GARRETT, IM CUMMING ON YOU!**" Kristen screamed.

It became clear to him that she was using his brick hard dick to grind against her clit...and it was fucking awesome.

"**TWO LITTLE LOVE BIRD SITTING IN A TREE…K-I-S-S-I-N-G. FIRST COMES LOVE, THEN COMES MARRIAGE, THEN COMES BABY IN THE BABY CARRIAGE**."

Kristen slipped off her son and sat back down beside him, just before their car exited the tunnel.

Misty flipped to another picture which showed the two just as they exited the last tunnel. Kristen had her eyes closed, her head leaned against her son's shoulder and looked to be catching her breath.

Doug stared at his wife. "Jesus, she looks like she just..."

Misty giggled. "Oh Dougie, don't be ridiculous."

"So were they still there when you left?" Doug asked.

"No, they left the fair about one o'clock."

Doug glanced at the clock on the wall. "One o'clock? That was almost three hours ago. Did you follow them?"

"Yes."

"Well where the hell did they go?"

Misty seemed almost hesitant. "They went out to Lover's lake."

"Lover's Lake! Why would they go way out there?"

"I don't know." Misty said.

"I thought you said you followed them??"

Misty nodded. "I did but, I was afraid of them spotting me so I came back into town."

Doug got quiet and slowly wheeled himself away from the table. Misty turned her ipad so that only she could see and clicked to the next picture. It was a photo of a blue Honda Pilot tucked in a little cove of trees and brush.

"I just don't know what's going on with those two." Doug said.

Misty clicked to the next picture, which was taken right next to the Honda. Since there was no tint to the windows she could see right inside. **THE PICTURE WAS OF GARRETT, LAYING NAKED BETWEEN HIS MOM'S LEGS IN THE BACK SEAT**.

"**OHH GARRETT, FUCK ME HARD!! PLEASE FUCK ME HARD!!**" Kristen cried.

Garrett's ass bounced and bucked as he fed his throbbing peter down inside his mom's warm creamy hole. Kristen threw her knees

way back, spreading her saddle wide open for her son to ride in. Her dress was already off and her tits were spilling nearly out of her bra.

"Ohhh my God!" The lucky teen muttered.

Kristen clutched onto her son's ass with her long red nails and pulled him even deeper inside the burning liquid furnace of gripping vaginal flesh.

Garrett thrust and whimpered. He could feel his cockhead turn slightly upward as it struck the wet spongy head of Kristen's cervix.

"Oh baby! Oh Garrett, it's soo hard...soo deep!" Kristen panted.

Misty lowered the camera, her mouth agape. She was in a state of delighted shock as she watched her nephew and sister-in-law go it in the back seat of Kristen's **SUV**. She could see Garrett's heavy balls beating repeatedly against Kristen's butt-hole as his juice-slickened cock slithered in and out. Kristen's clean shaven cunt lips stretched obscenely around her son's rod, clutching around the root of its strong rigid girth.

Misty marveled at how her sister-in-law's legs were wrapped snuggly around the young teenager, like a strong silky-smooth tan harness locked around him. She watched kristen's toes curl as the heels of her sexy little bare feet bounced against Garrett's bucking ass.

"Oh baby...I love it...I love it...I need it. **OH GARRETT, I'M CUMMING!! I'M CUMMING ON THAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DICK!!**"

Excited by his mother's squeals of passion, the big dicked teen drove his cunt-smothered pecker deeper and harder, humping his ass up and down wildly.

Kristen let out a piercing orgasmic **SCREAM**, nearly shattering the windows. Her quivering cunt walls screwed up tighter around thick

unyielding hard-on, swallowing the teenaged dong in hot creaming mommy-twat.

She heard her son whimper and felt the first hot stream of cum splash against the ring of her cervix.

"**OH-H-H MOM!**

"Oh honey!" Kristen cried, cradling his verile young body between her thighs.

Garrett's cock was jerking and twitching, splattering huge milky ropes of cum inside the convulsing cunt as it rippled up and down the length of his shaft.

Finally...after emptying his load inside her, Garrett felt his mother's twat muscles relax their gasp on his slippery dick.

"Ohh wow." He muttered, resting against the soft warmth of her body.

Kristen continued to hold him, running her nails through the back of his hair as his head rested against her half-exposed breast. "Oh Garrett, my love...that was beautiful."

"It certainly was." Came Misty's voice through a crack in the window.

Startled, Garrett gazed back to find his Aunt Misty at the window with big smile.

"Oh my God...Misty?!" Kristen said.

"Just relax, Kristen, I'm not here to rain on your little fuck parade. You and I do need to talk though." Misty said.

A few minutes later Kristen was dressed and strolled over to find Misty waiting at her car.

"Sooo...what are you doing out here?" Kristen asked.

"Following you two. Doug is suspicious."

Kristen rolled her eyes and got an extremely perturbed look. "Doug has you out here following us? You've gotta be fucking kidding?"

"Nope, I'm not. He think's there's something going on with you and Garrett...and apparently, he's right."

Kristen laughed to herself and shook her head. "This is fucking **UNBELIEVABLE!**"

Misty stepped up and took her sister-in-law's hand. "Kristen, you don't have to worry. I'm not gonna rat you out, but I do wanna know something though."

Kristen took a moment to let her temper settle down a bit. "Ok...What do you wanna know?"

"What **IS** going on with you guys?" Misty asked.

Kristen smiled and lowered her head a moment, searching her core for the answer to Misty's question. "I'm in love with him."

Misty smiled back. "Well, that's great...but guess what?? So am I."

Kristen gave her an odd look. "With Garrett?"

"Yes with Garrett and don't act so shocked. I may be his Aunt, but you're his fucking mother for God sakes." Misty said, making both of them giggle.

"Well, he is handsome...and charming. I suppose anyone would think so." Kristen said.

"And from what I saw through the window, he's extremely well endowed." Misty added, making them giggle once again, like excited

high school girls.

Kristen face beamed with pride. "Trust me, you're certainly right about that."

Misty looked a little more serious. "So...do you still love Doug?"

"Yes I love Doug. I'll always love Doug...and despite how this looks...I really don't wanna hurt him. Heaven's knows he's gone through enough." Kristen said with sincerity.

"Well you don't have to...your secret is safe with me...and it always will be...on one condition..." Misty said.

Kristen returned a little smile. She knew exactly what her sister-in-law wanted.

Doug looked at Misty as she sat at the kitchen table and put her ipad back in its case. "So then give me you're honest opinion...is there something going on with those two?"

Misty fed her brother a little smile. "Honestly Dougie...**NO. I** think they're just a mother and son and they're very close...and because of this new living situation, you're just letting your imagination run wild."

"Misty, I found what looked like cum stains...smeared all over the sheets."

Misty giggled. "What looked like cum stains. That doesn't mean that's what they were."

"They locked the door last night. Why would they do that?"

Misty laughed, walked over and sat on her brother's lap. "Dougie, stop! This is your wife and boy you're talking about. Mother and son. Do you honesty think that they'd fuck?"

"**OH FUCK, MOM!!!**"

Garrett stared up at his lust-crazed mother. Her huge naked tits leaped up and down wildly as she bounced on his loins.

"Ohh Garrett, fuck me! **FUCK ME!!**"

Kristen's ass rippled as it beat against her son's balls. His cock glistened and frothy juice dripped from his scrotum as his hard teenaged erection bored in and out of his mom's buttery cunt.

Kristen leaned forward, holding her son's shoulders for support. Slouched back the way he was, this put Garrett's face right between her big bobbling breasts. Shivering with excitement the young teen found himself licking and sucking the inside of one of her soft tan tits as the other one slapped against his cheek.

The little **SUV** was rocking and **SQUEAKING** as Kristen humped down hard on her son's dick. She clamped her juicy fuck-muscles around the brick-hard prick, milking the long blood engorged lance like only a middle-aged mom can.

"Ohh baby, you're gonna make me cream again!!" Kristen whined.

One of her gigantic tits jiggled across Garrett's face and he sucked the nipple into his mouth. Kristen shuddered as her son's tongue plowed acrossed her huge areola.

"**OHH YES!!**"

Like a bitch in heat, Kristen pounded her sopping slit up and down the rigid dong, making her ass **CLAP** relentlessly against her son's balls.

With his mouth stuffed full and his entire face smothered in spongy-soft tit-flesh, Garrett **MOANED**. His mom's cunt clamped shut like a vice, sucking and squeezing on the his throbbing fuck-muscle.

"**I'M CUUUMMMIIINNNGGG!!!**" Kristen cried.

As Garrett assaulted his mom's nipple with his tongue, he could just peek up over the bulging breast and see her pretty face red and contorted with pleasure.

Kristen's soft luscious body jerked and convulsed on top of her teen. She was cumming hard on her own son's big dick.

Seeing his own loving mom like this sent Garrett over the top and his cock began to spit. While milky cum pulsed from his penis, Kristen went from humping to grinding. She plowed the mouth of her womb back and forth across the spungy cock-head, while her son soaked it with huge jets of cum.

Garrett and Kristen arrived back home about 8:30pm. Cassie charged into her mother's arms. "Mommy!!"

"Hey sweetie, what are you still doing up." Kristen said, sharing a big hug.

"Watching **TV** with daddy."

Kristen shared a smile with her husband. "Awww, did you have a good time with daddy today?"

Cassie nodded. "Yeah, Aunt Misty came over."

"She did huh?"

Doug was quick to comment. "Yeah, she just uhh...stopped by earlier...just to say hi."

Kristen smiled, knowing her husband was full of shit. "Well wasn't that nice of her. I missed you to death, young lady, but **YOU** need to get to bed...school tomorrow."

"I know." Cassie moped, marching towards her room.

Garrett lingered for a bit, while his mom stepped over and gave Doug a kiss.

"So how was the fair?" Doug asked.

"It was great. The rides were really something this year...especially that last one...it had me screaming my ass off." Kristen said, giving her son a secret wink.

"Well, I don't ever remember you being into carnival rides. It must have been pretty a thrilling one." Doug said.

Kristen fed him a quirky little smirk. "You have nooo idea."

Garrett hung out in the man cave for awhile, chatting with his friends on the computer. He didn't even hear his mom come into the bedroom and close the door.

"Garrett, love, can you help me with something?"

Garrett rose from the swing and set his computer aside. "Sure, Mom."

He stepped from the man-cave and was startled as Kristen pounced onto him from around the corner. "**GOTCHA!**" She said playfully, pulling his polo-shirt up and over his head.

Garrett giggled. "What did you need help with?"

She unbuttoned his shorts. "Taking off our clothes. We're gonna take a shower."

Garrett seemed hesistent as his shorts and boxers dropped to his feet. "Together?? What about dad...what if he sees us?"

Kristen gave her son a playful smile. "Well, we'll just have to make sure he doesn't."

Her dress fell to her tiny feet and Garrett watched in awe as his mom stripped out of her bra and her huge hanging tits bobbled free. She pulled her dainty panties down those smooth luscious legs and as she bent forward, her big mommy-tits teetered back and forth. Garrett had seen some big tits online, but never anything this big in person.

When she saw his big peter quickly rising from his loins Kristen giggled and dropped down to her knees.

Garrett watched as his mom wrapped her tiny around the base of the stalk and started stroking his hot meat. She gazed up into his eyes with that cute little smile and brilliat green eyes. Son groaned...and Mom felt his prick ballooning in her fist.

"Mmmmm so nice," she whispered.

Kristen slid her fist all the way to the base, making the blood engorged boner stick straight out. She leaned forward and with her free hand, tucked her hair back behind her ears, out of the way.

That long pink snake slipped from her mouth and began licking at the swollen head of Garrett's cock. She sucked the throbbing knob into her mouth and began scrubbing it with her tongue.

"Ohhh shit, Mom." Garrett muttered excitedly.

As oozing spunk dribbled from the tip, Kristen's tongue soaked it up like a fleshy sponge. The delightful taste of her own boy's semen made her eyes roll back in her head.

The cock-hungry mom licked her way down the underside of the now rigid shaft, all the way to Garret's hairless balls. Her long strong tongue whipped back and forth across his nuts, soaking the big bag of cum filled flesh with her saliva.

"Ohh Jeeez." Garrett whimpered, his legs trembling.

Kristen licked her way back up and let the teenaged dong slip into her mouth. Garrett felt his cock encased in the liquid warmth of his mom's mouth. He felt her amazing tongue rolling and twisting around his meat as her lips slid up and back along the sturdy pole.

With his big fuck-steak crammed her mouth, Kristen peeked up at her son and gave him a cute little wink. Her tongue washed away the bubbly cream as it oozed from his piss-slit.

Kristen began to pump the base of his cock as she started sucking it loudly and hungrily. She let out a cute muffled whimper. She was a horny middle-aged woman, doing one of the things she loved to do more than anything...sucking dick.

She felt his balls tighten and let Garrett's cock pop from her mouth like a cork. She giggled, still clutching it with her hand.

"You like that huh??"

"Oh God yeah," he sighed.

Kristen stood up, but kept a firm grip on the base of his erection. "Come on, loverboy...shower time."

Doug was still in the living room watching a game. Behind him, in the hallway, Kristen peeked out of her and Garrett's bedroom. Quickly, the naked mother pulled her son by his dick across the hallway, her big tits bouncing and bobbling as she moved.

Doug heard his wife giggle playfully and the bathroom door close. He glanced back, but her and Garrett were already out of site.

Kristen turned on the shower, then turned and pushed her son towards the toilet.

"Sit down and I'll blow you some more while the water warms up," she said.

Young Garrett didn't have to be asked twice. He sat down on the toilet seat, leaned back and spread his legs apart. Kristen dropped down in between them and picked up where she left off in the bedroom.

Kristen watched her son's reaction as she opened her lips and took his long strong cylinder of flesh into her mouth.

"Ohh yeah, Mom...suck it." Garrett whimpered.

Kristen started lashing her long hot tongue around and around the fat purple head of his prick.

"Mmmmm," she moaned, rolling his hot spunk around in her mouth, savoring it's taste before swallowing it down.

She sucked his dick loud and sloppily, the shower drowing out the noise. Garrett's dong was bathed in hot drooling saliva. He watched his mom's lips fall closer and closer to his balls, her pretty brown hair waving around as she gobbled his throbbing cock.

The young teen felt a lot like a King with his hot middle-aged Queen kneeling at his phallis. His eyes traveled down the tan unblemished skin of his mom's back, the flare of the hips and the unbelievable curves of her big meaty bare buttocks. His heart pounded with wicked excitement. This was his own Goddess of a mom giving him head and she was totally falling for him.

"Ohhh mom that's amazing!" His voice trembled.

Kristen clutched her son's scrotum and messaged the tender balls with her nails. Her tongue went wild, her lips gliding lower and lower until her face was buried in Garret's crotch, her lips plastered against the root.

Garrett could feel his cock fucking in and out of his mom's hot throat. Kristen gagged a little, but then recovered, taking him right

back down to the base.

"O-o-hhh shit!" The teen yelped, his cock flexing excitedly, his balls tightening in his mom's hand.

Kristen's mouth was a hot liquidy sheath plowing up and down her son's rigid pecker. Her lips and tongue worked in unison, hungrily licking and pulling on the throbbing penis as if trying to suck the meat from the bone.

"Awwwww shit, mom, I'm gonna cum!" Garrett groaned.

"Mmmmm." Kristen moaned, encouraging him to shoot his load into her sucking mouth.

Kristen felt the penis pulse in her mouth and the first delicious wad of hot cum splash against the back of her throat. She let the creamy cock-milk collect in her mouth until her cheeks bulged out, then she swallowed it down with two big gulps.

Again Garrett groaned as more jizz squirted from his piss-hole and splattered around his mom's long flailing tongue. For what seemed like forever to young Garrett his mom continued to nurse on his erupting prick, pulling every last drop of spunk that she could get.

Doug wheeled by Garrett and Kristen's bedroom, peeking his head in for a moment.

"Goodnight buddy," he called out, thinking Garrett was still in the mancave. "Garrett??"

Getting no answer Doug wheeled to the edge of the hallway and called across the house. "Garrett??" Still there was no answer.

Doug wheeled over to the bathroom and knocked on the door. He had to pound three different times before Kristen answered.

"What is it? What's wrong?" She asked, holding a tiny white towel over her enormous breasts.

"Have you seen Garrett? He doesn't seem to be in the house anywhere."

"He didn't say anything to me about leaving, but maybe he's outside."

Doug decided to ask a bold question. "Are you sure he's not in there with you?"

Kristen rolled her eyes and smiled down at him. "You're joking right? Doug I'm sure he's fine. Just go into bed I'll be in in a while to kiss you goodnight."

"Yeah, Okay."

Kristen closed the door, locked it, then jumped in the shower with her waiting son. "Just your father getting curious again. Just where in the world did you disappear to, young man?" She said playfully.

Garrett giggled as his mom stepped forward and threw her arms around his neck. "Probably out having a miserable time somewhere."

"Oh so that blow job I just gave you was miserable huh mister?"

"Yeah, just horrible." Garrett joked.

"Well maybe picking your mom up, pinning her against the shower wall and fucking her brains out will help liven your spirit's a little."

Garrett got a big grin, his heart about beating out of his chest. "How could it not?"

Kristen kissed him, letting her tongue dance with his. While they made out, she reached down and wrapped her hand around his

teenaged dong. It was still brick hard, the big blue veins bulging obscenely along the shaft as it stuck way out from his loins.

"Hold me," she whispered, then gracefully jumped from the shower floor, wrapping those luscious mommy-legs around his waist.

Garrett held onto her thighs and turned them so Kristen's back was against the wall. Her lips were at his ear, her wet warm tits mashed against his chest. "Fuck me," she whined.

He snorted with lust as he felt her hand clutch his rod and feed it into her sopping honey-hole. A scalding liquid heat smothered the throbbing cock-rod as it searched for bottom.

"Ohhh honey!" Kristen sighed as she felt her hungry cunt stretch around the unyielding length of her son's spear.

Garrett started hard and fast. His need was urgent and so was hers. Neither of them wanted to be slow or gentle. As Garrett hammered his meat into her, Kristen clung to him, digging her nails into his shoulders. She fucked right back at him, their hips moving in unison.

Garrett realized he could be as rough as he wanted...his mom liked it that way. Her jerking hips signaled the brutal tempo she craved. As she panted on his shoulder, the young teen could feel her molten cream drenching his prick and trickling from his wobbly ball-sack. He hammered his cock harder...deeper...pounding against her cervix.

"Ohhh God baby, just like that, don't let up! Don't you dare let up!" She softly cried.

After about 15 seconds of lighting fast thrusting Garrett felt a sizzling burst of juice around his meat and his mom's body began to buck and tremble against him.

"**OHHH GOD I LOVE YOU!!**" She squealed.

He felt her warm soft body tightening up around him, her motherly arms and legs constricting around his young body like an anaconda. It was like she was trying to pull his whole body into her core...trying to become one flesh, like they had once been.

Her tits were plastered against his chest, but he could still feel them sloshing and rippling. Her cunt was squeezing and convulsing around his plowing erection, soaking it in orgasmic fuck-oil.

His body was smothered in the glistening golden brown flesh of his own clutching mom. His cock was pounding into her slick gripping cunt. He wanted this thrilling moment to last forever, but his balls simply wouldn't allow it. Her strong muscled cuntal tube was just milking his cock too hard.

"Ahhhh fuck, shit, aaaagghhh!!" He softly roared, jetting his cum inside her.

"Ohhh God baby, I'm cumming again!" Kristen whimpered, burying her face into her son's neck.

Their wet bodies jerked and writhed together as their wild mutual orgasm went on and on. Garrett felt like he fucked a gallon of cum into his mom. At this very moment there were in fact millions of tiny tad poles fighting to get inside her womb and fuck their way inside her egg.

Kristen opened the door to find her husband sitting in the hallway waiting. "What are you still doing out here, numbskull?" She giggled.

"Why would he think it's okay to take off somewhere without telling one of us?"

Kristen smiled and strode towards him. She had nothing but a bath towel around her and her hair was still damp and slicked back.

"Doug, he's 18 years old...he's not a little boy anymore."

"Well he's still living under this roof, so he should have enough respect to--"

Kristen cut him off. "Honey, stop! You're getting yourself all worked up again."

She walked behind his chair and wheeled him towards the bedroom. "When he comes to bed tonight I'll talk to him...if that'll make you feel better."

Garrett snuck from the bathroom and stepped across the hallway.

"I may be in a wheelchair, but I'm perfectly capable of having a talk with our son."

Kristen leaned over and gave her husband a peck on the cheek. "Now, now, don't get snappy with me, Douglas."

Garrett stopped just before entering the bedroom and gawked at his mom. The was she was bent over made the towel creep up, exposing the bottom-half of her bare buttocks and her clean shaven clamshell. He could even see the puckered ring of her cute little butt hole.

Kristen peeked back at Garrett over her shoulder. She hungrily swiped her long pink tongue across her top lip and gave him a teasing wink.

The young teen's heart did sommersaults. He still couldn't believe that this was his own sweet mom fucking and teasing the shit out of him.

Kristen helped her husband into bed. She crawled up onto the mattress with him and her curled her smooth tan legs to the side.

"Can I ask you something?" Doug said.

"Of course you can."

He seemed hesitant, but asked anyway. "Does he hold you at night?"

Kristen giggled and shook her head. "Oh Doug."

"No, it's okay, it wouldn't make me mad...I mean, I know how much you like to cuddle."

Kristen gazed into his eyes with a smile. "Do you lay down here and imagine that he's holding me at night?"

"Well...honestly, yeah I guess I do." Doug answered, then seemed to be thinking hard on something.

Kristen could tell there was more. "What is it?"

"Ohh it's nothing, forget it."

"Doug, I will not forget it. Tell me what you're thinking."

He still seemed to have reservations. "If I tell you what happened you'll think I'm some sort of sicko or something."

Kristen smiled and rubbed his arm reassuringly. "I won't think you're a sicko."

"This morning after you left I ummm...I went into you and Garrett's bedroom. I saw his boxers laying next to your bra and panties and...I guess I just drew the conclusion that for some reason the two of you got naked together."

Kristen attempted to do some damage control. "Doug, I--"

Doug cut her off. "No let me finish. I think what surprised me more than seeing that and thinking that...was the way I reacted to it. In this twisted sick way...it was sort of exciting I guess."

"Exciting??" Kristen asked.

"Look. I know this might sound strange to you, but I was young once and I did happen to see my own mother naked accidentally on a couple of occasions. I'm not gonna lie to you, even though it was my own mom, it was extremely thrilling at that age. It's perverted I know."

Kristen shook her head, thinking seriously over his words. "No, it's not perverted. It's what boys do. It's how boys think."

"Well that doesn't make it right."

"Fuck right and wrong, Doug. It was your feelings...and you can't deny those, even if they seem wrong."

Doug still hung his head. "I know, but..."

"So what you're saying here is that when you found Garrett and I's clothes laying on the floor, the idea that he may have been getting to see his mom, me...in the nude...that aroused you in some way?"

Doug answered in an almost shameful tone. "I guess it did...yeah."

"Did it make you...did it give you an erection?"

"Not fully, but it definitely seemed to be on its way. I'm sorry babe, I shouldn't have told you this," he muttered.

"Are you kidding?? Doug, sweetie, this is progress. Yes it's a little out of the ordinary maybe, but I think whatever works at this point is what we need to focus on."

Doug giggled. "Kristen, don't be ridiculous. I'm not gonna have you getting naked in front of Garrett, that's just insane."

"Nobody said anything about me getting naked. I do think, however, if this is helping you to come alive again down there, then it's

definitely something we should pursue further."

Doug seemed reserved. "I don't know...we'll have to think more on it I guess."

Kristen had the grin of a Cheshire cat. "Yes, we'll definitely think more on it."

Mom's Roommate & More

"Oh wooow, Mom!" Garrett whimpered as he watched Kristen's tan bare buttocks beat against his midsection.

The naked mother fucked her cunt back onto the horny hardness of Garrett's teenaged dick as they went at it doggie-style on the center of the bed.

The handsome 18 year old youth watched in aroused fascination as the warm meaty ass rippled, clapping against midsection over and over. His vieny erection glistened with Kristen's juices as it emerged, her cunt-mouth clinging to the beefy prod. Then quickly he was buried again...his tender penis sinking into the hot liquid-spongy grip of Kristen's experienced pussy.

Over and over this process repeated, Kristen's curvy hips were like a machine tossing her naked mommy-ass back, her tan globes smacking against her son's loins.

Garrett looked up to see his mom peeking back at him, panting in pleasure. "Havin' fun?" She asked.

"Oh hell yeah!"

Kristen smiled naughtily. "Me too. If you grab my hips and thrust you'll send me to the stars."

Garrett grasps his mother's soft reeling hips and started driving his cock deep with rapid fuck-thrusts. Her buns trembled as their flesh collided.

Garrett's tongue hung out the side of his mouth as he stared hungrily at the backs of Kristen's hanging tits and the way they were swinging around wildly.

Kristen threw her head back, tossing her dark hair around. Her eyes went big and rolled back, her face contorting in pleasure. "Ohhh honey, fuck meeee hard! "

As Garrett fucked with all he had, he felt Kristen's cunt tighten around his gliding dong. The big titted mother dropped her head to the pillow, which muffled her orgasmic squeal.

"Ohhh shit!" The teen whimpered, announcing his own cum.

Garrett dropped back to his ankles, but Kristen rose and followed him back, bouncing on his lap.

The teen's cocktip spouted a huge blast of hot cum which swirled with the boiling blast of female juice that Kristen squirted along his hard cylinder.

"Hhhhnnggfff!" Garrett groaned as he felt his mother's hot liquid love cascade across his flopping balls.

The pleasure-struck couple fell back onto the bed and Garrett threw his arms around Kristen, grabbing a handful of tit as she continued to work her cunt on his dick. "Ohhhnngghh fucknshiiit!"she squealed.

It was quite the site...a middle aged mother laying upsidedown against her son's chest, arching her back as she fed her spewing cunt right down to her son's cockbase over and over.

The lucky teen whimpered as he sent big ribbons of spunk splashing along the hot sqeeezing tube of pink pussy-flesh. Kristen was showing her experience, rocking her hips and using her strong cunt muscles to milk her son's organ. All the while, her own orgasm made her body tremble and her cunt rippled and spewed it's hot juices around the rock hard boner.

Doug was at the kitchen table reading when he heard the front door close. Cassie ran out of the room. "**GRANDMAAA!**"

"Hello, my little angel." Doloris said, giving the youngster a kiss.

Doug wheeled himself into the front room. "She just had breakfast."

"Wonderful! Why don't you run out to the car with your Grandpa. He'll be sooo happy to see you." Doloris said to Cassie.

The little girl disappeared and Doloris glanced down the hallway. "I take it the two new roommates are still in bed?"

"Yeah...um...haven't seen them yet."

Doloris smiled. "Well...they must have been up late doing who knows what."

"Cute, Doloris...quite the imagination." Doug scowled.

"Oh you're wrong there, darling...I'm going only on what my daughter tells me. You should have heard her the other morning...like a girl who's found her true love all over again."

"True love...that's funny."

"Oh Dougie...there's nothing wrong with admitting defeat hon. My Kristen is a sexual woman...just like her mother. How's a woman like that suppose to stay truely satisfied with a man who...well, can't even get it up." Doloris giggled.

"Funny, since when did mine and Kristen's sex life become your business?"

"First of all, darling...you have no sex life...she's made that **VERY** clear...and second when it comes to the happiness of my daughter...like it or not **I WILL** voice my opinion."

"And your opinion is what exactly, Doloris." Doug asked.

"Well, it's fairly obvious, isn't it? Her and Garrett are falling in love."

"That's rediculous." Doug exclaimed.

"Is it? They're sharing a mattress before you even get home from the hospital. She tells me she's been spending every waking moment with Garrett, like she can't get enough of him."

"He's our son, Doloris."

"Yes...but even mothers and sons fall in love sometimes." Doloris said as she looked down the hallway.

Doug turned and joined the stare at Kristen and Grarrett's door.

"Makes you wonder what could be going on behind that locked door. The idea excites you...doesn't it? Or so I'm told." Deloris said.

Doug sat there fuming as Doloris strode toward the front door, her full matronly buttocks swinging beneath her skirt. "Tell Kristen we'll have the little one back before six"

Before exiting, Doloris glanced back at Doug and snickered pitifully.

Doug wheeled down the hall, stopping at Garrett and Kristen's bedroom. He gently tried the handle, but found it locked. He listened carefully for any noise from the inside, but heard nothing.

A half hour later Doug was back at the kitchen table reading the paper when Kristen sashayed in wearing only a short silk robe.

"Good morning!"

"Your parents have already been here...to pick up Cassie."

"Oh good. Poor thing..it was all she could talk about last night...spending the day with Grandma and Grandpa."

"So....I was thinking maybe we could hit a few stores today...maybe grab some lunch?" Doug said.

"Oh honey i'd like to, but I already promised Garrett I'd spend the day at the beach with him."

"Well great..I'm up for the beach."

Kristen giggled. "Oh Doug, don't be silly. That's all we need is that wheelchair tipping over in the sand."

"Well I'll stay up near the boardwalk then."

Kristen seemed a tad perturbed. "Fine...but Garrett and I are laying down by the water. I'm not going to the beach so I can hang out by the boardwalk."

Kristen entered the bedroom as Garrett was slipping on his trunks. "Ready for the four S' s today mom?"

"Which are?"

Garrett smiled. "Surf, sand, sun and sex."

"Sure, but your father's going," she answered disappointed.

"Ohh...so much for the sex."

Kristen let the robe slip from her body. She stepped to her drawers completely naked. "Don't even say that. We're having sex on the beach today...I don't care how sneaky we have to be."

Garrett glanced at the doorway, then at Kristen with surprise. "Mom...the door's wide open."

"Ha..oh well."

"You don't want dad to see you like that...in front of me."

Kristen giggled as she stepped up to her boy and wrapped her arms around his neck. "What, it's not like I'm holding you...with my big tits crushed up against your chest," she said, mashing her naked tits against the teen's chest.

Kristen began to give her son sensual kisses. "It's not like we're making out or anything," she muttered between kisses.

Before Garrett could answer his mom's tongue was in his mouth, wrestling with his. The teen nervously glanced at the open doorway.

Before he knew it, Kristen pulled herself up onto him, wrapping her strong tan legs around his waist. He instinctively grabbed her soft thighs, holding her up.

"It's not like I'm in here with you between my thighs, whispering naughty things like how I want you to throw me on the bed and fuck the shit out of me all day."

"Ohh Jesus, Mom!"

They suddenly heard Doug's voice from down the hallway. "Kristen, you down there?"

"Oh shit!" Garrett muttered.

"Take off your trunks and get naked." Kristen whispered between kisses.

"Mom, are you crazy?"

"Sweetie, hurry..pull them off."

Garrett shucked his shorts. His cock was rock hard and was trapped between their tummies.

Doug's voice was closer...near the doorway. "Kristen?"

The naked housewife tightened her clutch, smothering her warm curvy body against her teen . "Take me into our cave."

Garrett carried his mom into the closet just as Doug wheeled into the bedroom doorway. "You guys in here?"

As Garrett carried his mom to the back of the man cave, Kristen whispered in his ear. "Answer him. I'm not in here."

"Just me, dad. I'm uhhh..getting ready."

"Oh ok...where's your mom?" Doug asked.

Garrett felt Kristen clutch his erection and give a few slow tender strokes. "Pin me against the wall," she whispered.

"Umm..not really sure." Garrett answered to Doug.

Garrett felt his mom feed his cocktip into her creamy groove. Kristen let it go and sighed as she felt it sink all the way to her cervix.

"Ok...well when you see her...tell her the van should be here in about fifteen minutes. I'm gonna get ready."

Garrett could hardly answer as he felt hot pussy collapse around his throbbing dick. "Tell him to come over here." Kristen whispered.

"What? Mom, are you nuts?!"

"Just do it...he can't see us."

Garrett raised his voice again. "Hey dad...can you come here a sec."

Doug wheeled over to the closet doorway, but between the darkness and the silk curtain he couldn't see much at all.

"It's pitch black in there...want some light?" Doug said, reaching for the switch.

No, no...don't turn on the light. I'm uhhh...getting dressed."

Kristen clutched her son's ass with her long nails, setting Garrett's hips in motion. "Fuck me," she whispered, gazing at her husband's silhouette in the doorway.

"So what did you need?" Doug asked.

"Well...umm...are my trunks out there?"

"Yeah, they're right here on the floor."

Garrett's sighed as he felt his cock slip through Kristen's gripping birth canal. The feeling of being trapped in the clutch of her warm luscious, big titted body was absolutely euphoric. "Ok...um...could you you toss them in here?"

Doug picked them up and tossed them into the darkened closet.

"How can you even see what you're doing in there?"

Garrett sunk his fingers into his mom's soft ass. "I'm just kinda...feeling my way around."

Kristen snickered softly.

"Careful what you touch, you could find yourself buried deep in your mother's stuff." Doug said.

Garrett thrust his cock all the way in and flexed it, making Kristen's body trembled. "True, dad..buried real deep."

Doug started away. "Well I better get ready to go. The van will be here shortly."

"Follow him." Kristen whispered, cluching tightly.

Garrett carried his mom out into the bedroom, their genitals still grinding together. "Fuck me in the hallway...right outside his door."

"Jesus, Mom..are you sure?"

"Yes come on, it'll be fun."

Doug wheeled over to his dresser and took out a few items of clothing.

He heard a dull **THUD** in the hallway and looked toward the open door. "Kristen, that you?

Just around the corner Garrett was nailing Kristen against the wall. Her tan curvy body clung to the teen, her cute little bare feet drumming against his lean humping ass.

"Yes hon...just getting some towels for the beach." Kristen answered.

"Oh good...could you help me out with a few things?"

Kristen breath quivered as she held her son's head against her shoulder, combing her nails through his hair as he fucked with all he had. "Be there as soon as I can, Doug. I'm gonna be held up for just a little while longer."

Garrett groaned as he felt the slippery pressure of Kristen's cunt walls encasing his cock. Her oversized tits jiggled and sloshed, squashed against her son's chest.

"Harder...**HARDER!**" Kristen shouted as she started rhythmically thrusting her burning pussy into the young stud's prick.

"What was that, hon?" Doug called out.

"I was talking to Garrett...he said he lost his um...phone and I told him to look harder."

The lust was mounting through Kristen's lush naked body, her big clit throbbing each time her son's big dick glided across it.

Panting on his mother's shoulder, Garrett reamed out her pussy with long rapid thrusts. The clutching cunt gurgled its hot juice around his prick as it clung to the spearing rod.

Suddenly, Kristen's eyes lit up. "**DOUG...I'M CUUUMMMINGG!**"

"OK..thanks babe." Doug answered.

A fountain of cum rose up from Garrett's balls and the teen whimpered as long streams of cum spurted into Kristen's sopping wet cunt. Their bodies jerked and shook...it was a very long, hard and thrilling orgasm for both of them.

When the spasms finally subsided, she giggled vixenishly and pulled his head down for a long, tongue-sucking kiss.

"Oh my God, that was fun." Kristen sighed.

"Fun and dangerous." Garrett whispered.

Kristen giggled. "Makes it all the more exciting. Now put me down so I can throw something on and see what your father needs. I told him I was coming, remember?"

A short time later Kristen and Garrett followed the handicapped Van in Kristen's **SUV**.

Garrett was at the wheel and glanced over at his mom. "So...do you ever think you and dad will have sex again?"

"Maybe. It's hard to say. Even if we do...I think it'll be a while before he's able to give me what I need. Right now your father's not even able to achieve an erection."

"Damn, that would suck!" Garrett said.

"Yeah...for his wife especially. I'm in my sexual prime. The last thing I need in my life is limp-dicked husband."

"Man, all I have to do is look at a pretty girl and I get it up." Garrett giggled.

"And we pretty girls love guys who can get it up. Nothing makes our hearts flutter and our pussies throb more than a long, rock hard dick."

"Well I've had plenty of erections here lately..that's for sure."

Kristen glanced at his crotch and wet her lips. "I love your erections. Your shaft is so strong and sturdy...and that big juicy bell-shaped tip...mmmm yummy! Your dad's disability has been frustrating for me. It's nice knowing I have a hard young dick around to take me away from all of it."

"Geez, Mom... I'm getting hard just thinking about the past few days."

"Oh honey, the past few days have only been the tip of the iceberg. You wouldn't believe the exciting things I have planned for you and I." Kristen explained.

Garrett glanced down at the stiff lump protruding up from his trunks. "Great...thanks, Mom. Yet again...another boner."

Kristen reached over and rubbed it between her fingers. "Ohh poor baby, do you need Mommy to suck on it while you drive?"

Garrett sighed excitedly and looked over to see Kristen gazing hungrily back at him. "Do you want Mommy to suck it to orgasm?"

Before he could answer his mother slid onto her knees and leaned over the center console, fishing the rigid pecked from her boy's trunks. The sexy housewife leaned over his groin and gazed at the flaring cockhead and long bulging cylinder of cockmeat. "Oh God I love your dick."

She cupped his balls in her hand and squeezed gently, as if weighing the jism they contained. "I spent the night draining those balls and look at that...already full."

Her hand slipped up and wrapped around the root of his cock. She squeezed it in her tiny fist, feeling its thick rigidity. "Mmm...my sweetheart's throbbing."

Pursing her lips Kristen blew a hot breath over the shiny head of Garrett's cock. The teen shuddered as pleasure pulsed through his athletic body. Another breath steamed from between her lips and billowed the twitching cocktip. A trickle of cum oozed from his piss-slit and ran down his cock. "Oouuhhh somebody's liking that." Kristin giggled.

Garrett glanced down to see his mom tilt his boner back and lick his balls. Her tongue was long and experienced, undilating wildly around each testicle, battering them with her tongue tip.

She sucked one into her mouth, lapping at its underside greedily. It popped from her lips and she sluped the other one inside her mouth.

Garrett whimpered as he felt her tongue plow against the tender nut.

Kristen ran her flattened tongue up along his cock in one long slurping stroke, then flutter kissed the underside of his cock knob lovingly.

Garrett's hips buckled. "Ohhh shit, Mom!"

"Careful, honey...don't run the car off the road." Kristen giggled.

She kissed around the head of his dick, then fluttered her tongue tip against the frenum.

"Ohhh wow that feels soo good!"

"Well sweetie, this is only teasing. I haven't ever started sucking your dick yet." Kristen said.

"Will you please?" Garrett sighed.

"Are you ready for me to suck, love?"

"Yess."

Kristen rubbed her cheek against the erection, like a cat on a scratching post. "Are you ready for me to nurse on that boner while you fuck my mouth like a pussy?!"

"Ohhh Goddamn." Garret muttered, thrusting his dick up along his mom's face.

Kristen grabbed the prick at the root and swirled her strong pink tongue around the head. She slipped the throbbing tip into her mouth and nursed on the leaky slit. Garrett instinctively tilted his hips, trying to feed more cock into her hot mouth.

Kristen's head started bobbing up and down, taking more dick into her mouth. Her long brown hair spread out like a curtain on his lap as her lips sunk further and further down his shaft.

"Unghhhh," she gagged as his cock clogged her throat.

Her lips rose to the tip and her tongue slithered around the flaring knob, twisting wetly around it's surface. The pink prick tip was battered with a series of quick flailing licks before being sucked back into her hot mouth.

Kristen's head bobbed and her lips pulled on the meat as it glided along her wiggling tongue.

Her lips sunk straight to his scrotum and Garrett felt his meat sink into his mom's throat. "Hhmnnnggghhhfff!" Kristen's mouth gurgled as she plastered her lips to the hilt.

Garrett groaned and put his hand behind his mom's head, holding her in place, gorged on his cock. For ten long seconds the loving mother let her son's boner soak in her throat. Just before she came up for air, she felt the cockhead expand.

"Ohhhhh fuck!" Garrett trembled.

Kristen took a quick gasping breath, but before she could swallow again a big milky rope of spunk splashed against her lips. " Yess..**CUM**, honey!

In a flash she gobbled up the pulsing boner, lowering her luscious lips all the way to the hairless hilt of her son's cum spitting cock. "**HHHNNGGNNFFFNNGGG!**" Kristen's throat gurgled as it swallowed two hot blasts of cum.

She drew her lips up his cock and another gooey spurt skimmed across her tongue.

Kristen sucked and swallowed, whimpering hungrily as she pulled the cum up from his balls. Her tongue floated through a sea of hot jism as the spunk swirled through her mouth and down her throat.

It was all Garrett could do to keep the car on the road as the intense pleasure vibrated through his penis. "Ohhhh ssssshit!"

When the cum spurts stopped, Kristen wrapped her hand around the base of the erection and pumped up and down, making sure she milked out every drop. Her boy shuddered as she twirled her strong tongue around and around the sensative glass.

Finally the cock hungry mother lifted her lips off the cock and it popped from her mouth like the cork from a bottle.

"Jesusss, Mom!" Garrett sighed.

Kristen licked her lips. "Mmm, that was yummy, but I'm horny as fuck now," she said, sliding her hand under her skirt and rubbing her cunt.

Kristin looked off the side of the road. " I need you! Pull off to the side of the road."

"Mom, are you sure...out here?"

Kristen raked her fingers through the thick creamy folds of her cunt. Her clit stuck out like a stump in a swamp and she rubbed back and for across the rubbery nub. "Yesss...just pull off!"

The ramp of the handicap van lowered Doug to the ground.

"Wow...like having your own limo huh?" Misty said as she strolled over from across the parking lot.

"Hey, sis."

"Good to see you out and about, big brother." Misty said cheerfully.

Doug scanned the lot. "Thanks. Wonder what happened to Kristen and Garrett...they were right behind us a few minutes ago."

Misty smiled knowingly. "Maybe they stopped to get gas or something. I'm sure they'll be along."

On the backseat of Kristen's **SUV**, Garrett's well toned ass rose and fell between his mom's tan thighs. Both were naked only from the waist down and made out like hungry animals as their bodies beat together.

The curvy mother had her arms folded under her son's, holding on desperately to his shoulders as she felt the power of his fuck-thrusts. "Ohhh baby, fuck me as hard as you can!!"

Garrett took savage strokes, making her whole curvaceous body tremble and vibrate. His cock appeared, glistening with juices, then sank to the hilt, his balls making a wet smack against her ass globes over and over.

"**FUCK!**" Kristen shouted, in a cute little mommy-scream. "Fuck --fuck --fuck!"

Her fuck-hole gripped him firmly on the backstroke, so that he had to yank back hard against the suction of her cunt. Her cunt muscles began to ripple.

The inner rings contracted in a series of circles, running up his prick from the root to the knob, as if she were frigging him off inside her fuck-box.

"Uuhhh wooow, Mom!" Was all the teen could mutter as pleasure surged through his humping frame.

Bowed open around her boy, her silky legs hung in the air, knees propped back. Her cute little tan bare feet with their red painted

toenails clenched and flex from the exquisite pleasure she was receiving.

Kristen's back suddenly arched from the carseat, her head twisting to the side. "**I'M CUMMMINNGG! OHH GOD I'M CUMMING HARD! OHH FUCK GARRETT!!**"

Garrett's cock was now merely a slimy blur as it pounded in and out. Having cum so hard from his blowjob, he knew he would be able to fuck his Mom straight through her orgasm.

Kristen's pussy tightened its grip and squirted three hot blasts of liquid girl-cum against the hard pistoning shaft-meat.

Garrett heard her emit a primitive grunt and as her warm flesh trembled around him, he knew he was taking her to paradise.

Just as Kristen came down from the first, another thundering cum shook her mature body. "**OHHHNNGOD AGAIN!!**"

This time the convusing mother grasped onto her boy so hard, Garret could hardly move. Her legs slid down, but stayed locked around his frame like a fleshy hardness. She pulled her pussy up and pushed it down, frigging on two or three inches of cock-shaft.

With his face to her neck, the young teen felt like he was encased in warm smothering mommy-flesh as Kristen fucked herself up into his young body, using it to get her off hard.

His cock throbbed and vibrated in the wet sponge grip of Kristen's cunt. The teenaged cock-knob dipped into the creamy mouth of her cervix, which felt like a gooey tongue on his glans.

Kristen's body quaked and cum pulsed against Garrett's rigid organ, washing it in more cream.

"Ggggnnnaaahhhh!!" Kristen cried, which acted like a trigger in Garrett's balls.

Tucked in the crack of her ass, Kristen felt his scrotum tighten.

A huge geyser of hot spunk erupted from his piss-slit, soaking Kristen's cervix.

"Oooohhhhhh!" Garrett moaned as his mom worked his pulsing dong with her experienced cunt muscles.

She could feel his cock quiver and flex as it shot huge ribbons of jism, stirring their orgasmic juices together into a hot creamy froth around the rigid meat.

Still writhing frantically, their panting became quiet and both mother and son held their breath as their bodies were hit hard. Neither one breathed for what seemed like forever, as only their bodies jerked and trembled, as if passing the orgasm back and forth between them.

Finally, both of them hissed, then fought to catch their breath.

They laid there in a heap of flesh as if their bodies were melting together.

"God, that was amazing!" Kristen said.

"You can say that again."

"Garrett..." Kristen said, getting his attention.

Resting on his elbows Garrett looked down to see Kristen gazing up at him dreamily. Her hair was disheveled, but sexy. Her big bown eyes beamed. "I'm in love with you."

"I'm in love with you too."

Kristen smiled timidly. "I know this is gonna sound cruel, but I wish your dad had never come home."

"Why?"

"After he left, I started to feel a very unmotherly attraction to you and I could tell you were feeling the same towards me. Even though we never talked about it...or acted on those feelings...it was a pretty magical two months after your father left." Kristen said.

"Yeah it was."

Kristen smiled slyly. "Which parts do you remember most?"

"It was a couple days after dad left...we were at the table eating dinner...."

"I remember. That's when our eyes met from acoss the table...and do you remember what happened?" Kristen asked.

"We just kept staring at each other." Garrett answered.

"Yup...I think the seeds of love were being planted at that moment."

"And who could forget the following night...when we took Misty to the parade." Garrett said with a big smile.

"Hey, it was cold that night and dummy here forgot her jacket."

"So you decided to climb inside my jacket with me." Garrett said with a grin.

Kristen smiled naughty. "That coat was big enough for two...besides, I didn't hear you complaining at the time."

"Uhhh no way!"

"And why was that...was it because we were hugging inside that coat for a half-hour and these big ole boobs were squashed against your chest?" Kristen asked.

"I never even noticed." Garrett joked.

"Yeah right, I could feel that hard-on against me the whole time. I could feel it pulse when you started creaming your jeans."

Garrett blushed a bit. "That was embarrassing."

"Why...you were doing what came natural. Do you remember what I said to you while it was happening?"

"Yeah...you hugged me even tighter and whispered in my ear that it was ok." Garrett said.

"It was more than ok...it was wonderful. We were falling in love even then...and I was making you cum for the very first time." Kristen said with a warm loving smile.

"Well I came a lot of times after that...just thinking about that night...and this certain afternoon after school."

Kristen giggled. "You must be referring to the afternoon you saw me naked."

"It was the middle of the day...and your bedroom door was wide open, Mom."

Kristen smiled. "I know it was and there was a reason I was naked when you got home. I wanted you to see my body."

"Wait a minute...so that was on purpose? I guess that's why you just stood there and didn't really say anything."

"Well...just for the record...you could have walked right away, but if I recall you just stood there gawking."Kristen said with a wink.

"What do you expect...I have a mom with an amazing body...which includes the biggest tits I've ever seen."

Kristen laughed, then got serious. "You know...you could have come in, thrown me on the bed and fucked me and I probably wouldn't have stopped you."

"Even then...before dad came back?"

"Honey...every move I've made has been to get you into my heart...and between my legs. I forgot my jacket on purpose on parade night. I wanted into yours with you. All the winks and long lingering stares...all the times where it seemed like I was displaying myself for you...all those things were done on purpose. Even sharing a bedroom...it wasn't about accommodating your father...it was about getting closer to you. It was about getting you into my bed and making you mine." Kristen explained.

"Well I am yours."

Kristen rubbed his face tenderly with her nails. "And I'm yours. I won't abandoned your father...but he's not the man rocking my world anymore nor the man who has my heart. You are."

Garrett and Kristen arrived at the beach to find Doug relaxing in his wheelchair on the boardwalk. "What happened...did you two get lost?"

"Forgot the towels, so we had to go back to the house. Did Misty show up?"

Doug pointed out to the crashing surf. "Yeah...she went for a swim."

"Sounds like a great idea. It's hot today!" Garrett said.

Kristen pointed to an area of beach about a stones-throw from where they stood with Doug. "Honey, let's set up over there."

"Cool, Mom." Garrett answered, rushing over and setting up his chair and cooler.

"You should put some sunscreen on, Doug. You know how easy you burn." Kristen said.

"Yeah yeah i know...not all of us are lucky enough to get a golden brown tan."

Kristen smile as she leaned down and gave him a peck. "Speaking of tan, I'm gonna go work on mine. Text me if you need anything."

Doug watched his wife sashay over to where Garrett was set up. He watched her spread a towel out on the sand, then lift the beach dress over her head.

"Damn!" Doug muttered as he gawked at his gorgous wife.

Kristen wore an extremely skimpy white bikini. The top was Bandeau style which was clearly fighting to contain the enormity of her tits. Her string bikini bottoms were scrunch butt style, leaving half her luscious tan ass globes exposed.

Garrett gulped in awe as he took it in. "Jesus, Mom...you're give dad a heart attack in that thing."

Kristen glanced at her husband as she adjusted her top, making her bulging tit meat quake. "Oh I'm sure I'll get a lecture on how inappropriate it is...but he'll get over it."

"Well I'm going for a swim...before I get another boner." Garrett said, rushing towards the surf.

Doug watched his son rush towards the water and heard his wife giggle and shout out a comment. "And that would be a bad thing why?"

As Garrett neared the surf his Aunt Misty was stepping from the water in a bikini that also provided little coverage. The baby blue bikini top was more like two triangular patches covering only about a third of her huge tits. She was a beautiful woman and looked much like the British actress Haley Atwell. Her wet tan skin glowed in the sun and the bulging flesh of her breasts trembled obscenely as she pranced towards her nephew. "Hey handsome!"

"Hey Aunt Misty...Mom's up there."

Misty stepped up to Garrett, ringing out her wet hair.

"How was your roadside quicky?"

Garrett giggled. "It was good."

"Did you make her cum on your dick?"

Garrett blushed a little. "Yeah."

She grazed his cheek with her nails, glancing down at his bulge. "Good boy. Your Mom and I have a surprise for you later...it's right down there." Misty said, pointing down the beach.

Garrett looked in that direction. "What is it?"

"Well if I told you it wouldn't be a suprise silly. Don't worry, you're gonna like it." Misty said, smiling naughtily as she strode away.

Garrett couldn't help but watch his Aunt sashay off and his mouth fell open as he discovered she was wearing string bikini bottoms. Misty's tan meaty buttocks swung provocatively, the rounded globes on full display. Garrett turned and sprinted into the water.

Kristen was sprawled out on her tummy on the towel. She watched her sister-in-law approach. "Trying to give my boyfriend a hard-on?"

Misty giggled. "This is my 'husband's out of town' bikini."

"Well, unfortunately my husband's not...so this is about as skimpy as I can get away with. I saw a Malibu micro bikini that I absolutely loved."

"Have you seen the new sling bikinis they have? I soooo want one." Misty said, spreading out a towel and laying next to Kristen.

"Soo...were you able to get here early enough to do what we talked about?" Kristen asked.

"Of course. You should know by now that I wouldn't dare not follow through on a plan when it benefits me."

Kristen's cell rang. She rolled her eyes and answered on speaker."Hey hon, watcha' need?"

"You two can't be serious about laying around like that in front of Garrett?" Doug's voice said.

"Laying around like what? We're not **NAKED**?!"

"You might as well be, Kristen...come on...look at those bikinis"

Misty giggled. Kristen just shook her head. "Doug...we're at the beach..gimme a fucking break.

"He's not a little boy, Dougie. He can handle seeing us in skimpy bikinis." Misty chimed in.

Doug started to respond, but Kristen cut him off. "You're breaking up...**GOODBYYYE!!**"

Misty giggled as Kristen hung up the phone. "Still on the suspicious war path I see?"

"That...or he's afraid sitting back there watching me display my ass for our son might give him a hard-on."

Misty laughed. "Seriously?"

"Yes...Doug told me the other night that the thought of Garrett and I being naked together in our bedroom excites him. "

"No way!"

"Yup."

"Hmmm...have you thought about using that...as a type of sexual therapy for Doug?" Misty asked.

Kristen nodded. "I have. From what he's said...I think that type of therapy might even help him achieve erections."

"Well maybe that's what you need then...to get your sex life back on track."

Kristen giggled. "Oh trust me, my sex life is on track...in fact it's racing down the track at high speed."

Misty laughed. "Well so is mine...but we do have to pity fuck our husbands once in awhile."

"I know...I'm just so enamored with Garrett right now...the thought of sex with Doug just seems so...dull and boring. Although I have to admit, flirting with Garrett in front of Doug has been fun."

Garrett arrived soaking wet from his dip. "That water's perfect!"

"You're perfect!" Kristen said, looking him up and down.

Misty smiled mischiviously. "Perfectly naughty from what I've heard...oh and saw. Let's not forget about the show you two lovebirds gave me in the woods the other day. Careful, that's how Tracy Davis got caught a few weeks ago."

"I heard her husband was divorcing her. She got caught?"

"Yup...hubby followed her into the woods...caught her fucking a college guy in the back seat of her pretty little Mercedes."

As Misty and Kristen chatted, Garrett sat in his beach chair behind them. He had a front row seat to the skimpy bikini show, starring Mom and Aunt Misty. The teen couldn't help but gawk at the backs of their tan shimmering legs and the meaty mounds of their scantily clad asses. He could see the sides of their big mature breasts distending out as they lay flattened against the sand.

His Aunt Misty's ass was practically naked. The thong disappeared, smothered between the rounded globes, then emerged at the top where a small row of beads centered the cross strap. Her shapely legs were spread slightly so the teen could see the tiny patch of fabric and the obvious outline of her bulging cunt.

His eyes traveled between Kristen's legs to find her tiny bikini gusset moulded around her clam shell, her thick outer lips bulging out the sides obscenely. The scrunch butt bottoms were like a triangle of cloth hugging her meaty buttocks, leaving half the smooth tan cheeks exposed. The bottoms of her cheeks formed a sexy crease, the borderline between luscious ass and a set of strong silky-smooth tan legs.

"Shit." Garrett muttered, remembering how he'd spent the last few days banging the hell outta that.

"Enjoying the view back there?" Kristen asked.

He looked up to see both his Kristen and Misty's heads turned, gazing back at him.

"Best view ever!"

The women giggled. "I told Garrett that you and I have a surprise for him down the beach a little ways."

Kristen kicked her legs up, arching her sexy feet. "Mmm...we sure do."

Doug surveyed the threesome from the boardwalk. His mind raced with a combination of emotions as he watched how his wife and sister were clearly displaying themselves for Garrett.

Kristen looked at her hubby for a moment, with a mischievous smile. "Garrett will you hand me my tanning oil babe," she asked.

Garrett fished the Coopertone from his pack and gave it to Kristen. The big busted mother turned over, sat up and started lathering her body. She was positioned right in front of her son, commanding his attention.

Doug watched as his wife limberly lifted a leg, stretching it out and making it flex, her toes pointed at her boy as she coated its smooth flesh with oil. She brought the knee of her leg back, bowing open her leg to apply oil to the inside of her soft thigh.

Doug felt his body shiver as he imagined the view between Kristen's legs his son must be enjoying.

He was right...Garrett's eyes got big as the bikini stretched around Kristen's smouldering cunt, making it bulge out obscenely from her leg being kicked back. She applied oil to the other leg, giving her boy a wink as she put on her show.

As she brought her other knee back, opening up her crotch again, Kristen made eye contact with Doug and fed him a sly smile as if knowing what this might be doing to him.

Misty smiled as she watched her sister-in-law thrust her huge tits out and squirt oil on the bulging shelf of tit-flesh. She marveled at the way the side of Kristen's boob sloped down into an enormous contour that looked like it could split the Bandeau style top in two. "Damn those are big tits, Kristen!"

"Hey, yours aren't exactly small there, Girly."

"True...home grown...that's what my momma always said. Do you like women with big tits, Garrett?" Misty asked.

"He better!" Kristen said with a stern glare.

"Hell yeah I do." Garrett said with a smile.

"So, Mom...have you given him a tour of the universe yet?" Misty asked.

Kristen giggled. "He's gotten shown around a little, but I don't think he's got the full tour yet?"

"Tour of the universe?" Garrett asked.

"When a big breasted girl rides and your looking right up at her tits while they swing...then she takes you over and under and inbetween..." Misty explained, making Kristen giggle. "That's what we girls call giving a tour of the universe."

Garrett gulped hard. "Sounds like a fun tour to me."

"Well then maybe we better all take a little walk...what do you say, Kristen?"

Kristen stood up, her golden brown body glistening with oil. She stood just in front of Garrett, towering over him. Garrett stared up and watched her udjust her bikini top. The butt of her oozing breasts peeked out, revealing and underside of cleavage as the buxom mother adjusted her bandeau to keep her bobbling boobs covered. "I'm ready...just let me see if Doug needs anything."

Doug watched his knockout wife walk towards him.

"Hon, we're going for a walk down the beach. Do you need anything?"

"Yeah...an apology...for hanging up on me." Doug answered.

"Doug, please...don't start. Do you need anything or not?"

"I got the sun...I got my beer. Life is good." Doug said, sipping his drink.

"No flirting with any young bikini sluts while I'm gone." Kristen teased.

"I'll try." Doug said.

Doug watched the three start off down the beach. Kristen was on one side of Garrett, Misty on the other...each holding Garrett's hand. He was clearly the envy of every guy on the beach.

"So how are you guys keeping all the sex from Doug?" Misty asked.

"Very carefully." Kristen answered.

"I dont know...I wouldn't call having sex right outside dad's bedroom door careful." Garrett said.

The women giggled. "No, but you have to admit...it was a thrill."

Misty squeezed Garrett's hand. "Oh my God, that's awesome! I've talked to Rich on the phone while having sex with another guy and I can't even explain to you how good it made my orgasms."

"Ohhh I wanna try that. Let's try that okay babe?" Kristen said excitedly, squeezing her son's hand.

"Jesus Mom, if your orgasms are any stronger you'll drown me."

Both women burst out laughing.

"Oh stop...you love it when I squirt on your dick."

"Does it make his cock take off like a rocketship?" Misty asked.

"The first few times...but I must say his stamina is getting much much better."

"Well that's not an easy thing for a young man. Women our age have very strong cunt muscles. I don't know about your mom, but when I cum hard and my pussy starts to squirt, it closes up like a vice. It takes a rock hard cock with lots of staying-power to fuck a woman through that." Misty explained.

Misty stopped at a beach tent, which was down the beach by itself, away from the other crowd.

"I bet Garrett could do that." Kristen said confidently.

Misty knelt down and unzipped the tent door, grinning at Garrett naughtily. "Well...why don't we find out."

Garrett looked at his mom, who also had a big grin. "Told you we had a surprise for you."

Misty crawled inside, followed by Kristen. Garrett looked around, excited, but unsure. There was no one else around and the crashing surf would drown out any noise from inside the tent. He heard the two women giggle.

"Gaaaarreeet," he heard his mom call in a sexy tone.

The teen peeked inside and saw the women curled on their sides across from eachother on a queen-sized air mattress covered in a fluffy comforted. Both Kristen and Misty were naked, their tits hanging heavy, one stacked on top of the other.

"Ready for that tour of the universe?" Misty asked.

Garrett crawled in, his heart racing with excitement. He fell back between the two beauties and they hovered over him hungrily.

"Better zip that door up, Momma bear. Things are about to get really fucking crazy in here." Misty said, twisting her tongue in her mouth.

While Kristen zipped them in, Misty reached over and started some music. Garrett recognized the Beyonce tune. It had a sexy beat and the two women crawled back and hovered over him on their knees dancing to it.

The teen's mouth hung open as he gazed up at their gyrating bodies. Their huge breasts rocked and bobbled, big nipples protruding out from wide areola.

Garrett gazed over at Misty's pussy as it swiveled near his face. Her pubis was completely shaved, forming a perfectly smooth tan V all the way to a puffy clam shell.

His head turned to see his mom's cunt, framed by wide child bearing hips, rocking to the beat from side to side. Unlike Misty's cunt, Kristen had a cute little, perfectly trimmed triangle of pubic fur.

The women reached down and worked together to pull off his trunks uncovering the rock hard column of cock flesh that jutted out from his body.

Misty wrapped her fingers around it and gave it a few slow strokes as if measuring it's length. "Mmmm it so **BIG**."

Kristen raked her fingers against her son's scrotum. "And his balls...feel how smooth and full they are."

Garrett sighed as he felt his balls being massaged in each woman's hand. He could feel their long nails digging through soft scrotum, grazing along the meat of his nuts.

Misty peeked down at him. "Do you like having big balls, sweetheart?"

Garrett nodded.

"Do you like the way they beat against your mom's ass when you fuck her?" Misty asked.

"Mmmm I know Mom does." Kristen added.

Misty took the cock back in her hand, feeling its hardness throb. "Mmm so long and hard and thick."

Misty squeezed hard around the root, then tilted the erection, pointing it towards the roof of the tent. She brushed her hair to one side of her head, then took his cock in her hungry mouth. Her wet tongue lapped at the head of his prick, laving it with her warm saliva. "Mmmmm."

While Misty started sucking dick, Kristen crawled over the top of her boy. Holding herself up, with a hand planted on both sides of him, the lusty mother gazed down in his eyes naughtily. Her big tan tits hung down from her chest, barely grazing him. Slowly, she lowered herself down onto him, her boobs rolling out like soft dough against his chest. Kristen buried her face in his neck and started battering it with wet licks.

"Mmmmnnn hmmmmnn."

Garrett whimpered in pleasure, looking up overy his mom's shoulder. He could feel his cock gliding through his Aunt Misty's hot mouth, his flaring cockhead ramming the back of her throat.

Misty pumped at the base with her circling fist, stuffing her mouth full of meat on every stroke. The teen could feel her experienced tongue going wild in her mouth, dragging along the vieny underside

as she rose up, then twirling it around the bulbous tip twice before swallowing it back down.

His mom's licks were making his body shiver. Kristen looked like a female vampire layed out against her son with her face buried in his neck. Her strong tongue plowed at the sensitive tendons, knowing just the spots to hit, lighting the erogenous zone on fire.

Garrett gasped with pleasure wrapping his arms around Kristen and squeezing her tighter to his body. His mom reacted, whimpering as her tongue went into overdrive...flailing wildly against his flesh.

"Hot damn, Mom!" He hissed, pleasure filled eyes widening as he stared off into space, basking in the sensations.

Misty's head bobbed up and down as she sucked the boy's dick in a steady rythm. Her mouth made a lewd slurping sound as she gurgled his sweet slimy seepage down her gullet.

Kristen rose from his chest, kissing and licking her way down his body until she joined Misty at her son's cock.

"Isn't it yummy?" Kristen asked.

"Mmm hmmm." Misty hummed, nursing hungrily.

Kristen looked up at her son as she clutched his nuts and tenderly massaged. "Does that feel good baby? Do you like the way Aunt Misty is sucking your hard cock?"

"Uhhh huh."

The boner popped from Misty's mouth and she drug her wet lips across the fleshy underside. "Such a young hard dick!"

Kristin fluttered her tongue up the rigid stalk. "I'm in love with this young hard dick."

She pulled at the loose skin between his penis and balls, making the erection rise and point straight up between their faces. Both women's eyes got big and their cunts quivered as they gazed in awe at the fleshy pillar.

"**HOLY FUUUCK!**" Misty exclaimed excitedly.

Kristen giggled like an excited schoolgirl, her tongue starting to slither from her mouth. She put it to use...battering the bulbous tip with wet licks. Misty joined her and the knob was buried in a pink curtain of twirling tongues.

"Ohhhh man!" Garrett shuddered as he felt the strong wet mommy-tongues scub his glans.

Kristen's mouth slipped over the head and nursed while Misty drug her tongue down the shaft with one big lick, then sucked one of his nuts into her mouth.

Both women began working in unisone, one gorging on his prick while the other sucked his balls.

Garrett looked down in awe at the two bobbing heads. His mom's lips looked so sexy stretched in a wide circle around his cock. Then she slid down and took every inch of her son's prick into her maw. Her chin pressed to his balls and her nose nestled in his wiry pubic vee until her lips were glued to the root of his prick.

"Hooly shit." The teen muttered.

Misty giggled, a saliva covered testicle plopping from her mouth.

"Look at you...you sword swallowing mommy!"

Kristen came up for air, then took him straight back to the balls.

"Unghhhh!" she gagged as his flaring slab clogged into her gullet, spilling out goo.

Misty got onto her knees and tossed her hair to one side as she leaned over, waiting for Kristen to come up for air again.

As Kristen gasped, Garrett's mom's mouth was replaced by Misty's. Not to be outdone, her lips sunk all the way to the hilt. She gurgled as she raised and lowered her lips just a little over and over, showing her experience and allowing her nephew to fuck her throat.

Kristen went to work on his balls, fluttering her tongue all over his ballsack.

Misty's wet lips slid smoothly up and down the rigid prick, using her mouth like a pussy. After about every ten slurps the knob slipped from her mouth and her tongue danced around on it's shiny engorged surface.

Kristen sucked one of her son's nuts like a plump round penis. Her pouty lips slipped back and forth across the tender nut. She sucked it in deep in her mouth and held it there. The skin on his scrotum was now pulled tight, his other nut resting on her cheek, waiting its turn. Then her tongue went to work, battering the testicle in a hot saliva bath.

"Oohhh damn!!" Garrett groaned.

Misty was like a cocksucking machine, her mouth keeping a steady tempo as it sucked up and down the rock hard prick. She pulled up to the cock knob. "Thrust your hips and fuck my mouth."

Garrett complied happily, thrusting his prick up into her mouth and down her throat.

A testicle plopped from Kristen's mouth...it's ovaled shape red and bulging out from the sack from being sucked so hard.

"**SSSSSSSLLLUUUPPPPP!!**" The other nut was sucked into her mouth, where it recieved a quick scrub before her luscious lips started to slip back and forth over its plump smooth surface.

Kristen heard her son whimper and felt his nut jump in her mouth. She applied more suction, pulling it back in deep and started stroking her tongue along the sensitive underside.

"Hhhhnnnuhhh!" Garrett groaned.

The testicle popped from Kristen's mouth, wet and distended. "He's tightening up!"

Misty's mouth rose from the flaring knob. "Do you want some spunk?" She asked quickly, then resumed her deep sucking.

"Take the load and then I'll milk him."

"**CUMMMINNGG!!**" Garrett shouted.

Hot juice spouted from his piss slit, skimming over Misty's tongue and down her throat. A second blast erupted, filling her mouth with cream. "Uhhnnngg!" She swallowed hard, making room for more.

Garrett felt one of his testicles vibrate inside his mom's mouth. It jerked forward, nearly escaping as it fired more cum up his shaft. Kristen sucked it back in and held it deep, letting her tongue flail on its surface. The nut twitched and she held it tight in her mouth, feeling it pump out more cum.

Misty whimpered with delight as she felt the throbbing rod pulse between her lips, sending out delicious spurts of creamy jit.

A few moments later, Misty let the tip pop from her mouth and Kristen rose from his balls and gobbled up his cock.

"Ohhhh fuuuck!" Garrett groaned as he felt his mom milk the last drops from his piss hole.

Kristen circled her fist around the root and pumped his prick up and down slowly, getting every ounce of sperm she could.

Finally, Kristen rose to her knees beside Misty. They gazed down at the sweaty breathless teen.

"How's that for a blowjob, honey?" Kristen asked.

"Best ever." Garrett sighed.

Misty reached down a took a firm grip around the still-hard rod. "Know what I like best about teenaged cock?"

Kristen smiled. "That it can stay hard and horny for hours?"

"Yup." Misty said with a grin.

She crawled on top of her nephew, planting her knees on both sides of his lean body. She reached down between her thighs and grasped his huge wet cock. "Ready to take that tour of the universe, gorgeous?"

"Hell yeah." Garrett said with a nod.

Misty's lowered her hips and her wet cunt lips slipped over the blood engorged head of Garrett's cock.

"Ohhhh wow!" The teen muttred, watching his cock sink into her shaved pussy.

Misty's pussy throbbed and sucked around the meat prod as it sunk all the way to her cervix. Then she was sitting flat on top of him, wiggling her bare ass on his upper thighs, the entire length of his giant prick buried in her drippy cunt.

"Ohh my God...so fucking big!" Misty sighed.

Kristen knelt beside her boy, stroking his lean chest. "How does Aunt Misty's pussy feel on your dick, sweetheart?"

"Really tight. Incredible!"

Misty leaned forward, her enormous stiff nippled tits hanging over Garrett's chest. Gradually she started humping and wiggling, grimacing and biting her lip with intense pleasure as she slid her wet clinging pussy up and down on his cock.

Garrett excitedly watched her big tits as they began to swing like pendulums up and back. Misty grabbed his shoulders and feverishly started bouncing her tan meaty ass against his loins. His sturdy teenaged erection sliced through the hot sponge grip, packing her cunt with every stroke.

"Ohhh yeah...fuck me!!!" Misty shouted.

She held his shoulders tightly and humped much faster, rhythmically banging her quivering buns onto his upper thighs, panting as she fucked her throbbing pussy onto the stabbing shaft of his cock.

"**HAAARDERR!** "

Garrett thrust his hips up, driving his hard dick deep and hammering the head of her cervix.

"**YESSS!**" Misty gasped, furiously slamming her gooey fuckslit up and down the hard cock. She tightened her cunt muscles around his cock, showing her experience.

"Ohhh man!" Garrett sighed, watched the huge tits above swing around wildly.

Misty leaned forward, lowering her swinging tits so that they brushed and slapped against the boy's face. Garrett's tongue hung out of his mouth, letting the spongy breasts drag against it as they danced. He caught one of her rubbery nipples in his mouth and started sucking.

"Yes, fuck yes!" she groaned and gasped with desire, her lips pulled back to bare her pretty white teeth, panting obscenely as she pounded her throbbing, juicy pussy onto his cock as fast as she could.

Garrett was seeing a side to his Aunt he'd never seen...the lusty animal side and he was loving it. Misty's eyes got big and Garrett felt her cunt walls tighten.

"**I'M GONNA CUM! OH GOD I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM HARD! OHH GARRETT!!**"

Her nipple popped from the teen's mouth as Misty rose back up, slamming her cunt back on the sturdy erection. Her pussy spewed out juice, contracting and spasming uncontrollably around his stiff, throbbing pisser.

Garrett knew that because he had cum earlier, he could fuck her straight through her orgasm. The handsome teen pulled his convulsing Aunt back down onto him, burying his face in her soft tits. He furiously bucked his hips, driving his dick deep.

"**HOLY FUCK!!**" Misty cried. No teen had ever handled her this way and she clung onto him for the ride.

Garrett's big dripping balls flopped wildly, beating against Misty's quivering buttocks. His cock was a slimy blur jackhamming in and out, her thick hairless cunt lips stretched obscenely around it's girth.

"Ohhhh yeeeaahh!!" Garrett sighed, his face peeking out from between Misty's massive cleavage.

He watched his Aunt's face contort with pleasure. "**OHH FUCK...I'M CUMMING AGAIN!!**"

Garrett felt her cunt ripple up and down the length of his dick, then a surge of hot juice soak his boner. He could feel her soft warm flesh convulsing on top of him, her big sweaty tits sloshing and quivering against his face.

In an instant, she rolled off of him, his cock wobbled from the exit, beads of juice running down the shaft.

Gasping and quivering, Misty backed against the tent wall. She cupped her cunt in her hand and gazed at the slab of meat like it was it was a God that just zapped heavenly pleasure through her pussy. Her breath quivered and her curvy tan legs trembled as post orgasmic contractions shot through her body. "Ohh my G-g-g-god!!"

Kristen threw her leg over Garrett, mounting his loins. She reached down and fit his wet cock knob inside her juicy cunt opening.

"Ooooh!" The big titted mother mewled, wiggling excitedly as his meaty cock pushed into her pussy.

The feeling of his mom's wet cunt sliding down his prick like a spongy sleeve was out of this world. She wasn't as tight as Misty, but the ridges along her cunt tube coaxed and squeezed his glans in ways he never dreamed of.

Finally it was all the way up her pussy-hole, buried to the balls in the throbbing grip of her cunt. She gazed down at her son in lusty adoration. "God I love you!"

She leaned forward and bobbed her tan mommy-ass up and down, fucking the hard pillar of flesh through her tight cunt. Garrett thrust his hips, meeting her on every downstroke. Soon their pace intensified.

"Yesss, honey, fuck my pussy!"

Kristen's big tits danced above her boy. Garrett watched them in fascination. Misty had big fat tits, but Kristen's were even bigger. Where Misty's areola were wide and smooth, Kristen's were equally as wide, but thick and dotted with milk glans. Watching his mom's tits swing was an absolute rush. It was like they had a life all their own, bobbling heavily up and back, sometimes swinging way out away from her chest in a big circle, then smacking together, rippling like jello.

Kristen's lush hips worked like a machine gliding her ass up and down on her son's thick slab. She twisted her pelvis as she sank down, screwing her pussy down to his balls. Then she grinded up and back...up and back, making Grarrett's cock knob lick back and forth across the creamy head of her cervix.

"Ohhh Goddamn, Mom!"

As she grinded, gliding her strong hips, Kristen sat upright as if riding a horse. Her tits were trapped between her arms, making them balloon out...huge and sweaty.

Grarrett's eyes traveled from her breasts down the smooth skin of her flattened belly with its cute little naval. The vee of her mons seem almost fused with his groin as it glided up and back...up and back.

Kristen's inner cunt muscles were working like a wringer on his prick. Gradually, she intensified her pace, her soft hips flexing as they powered her grinding into a desperate tempo, stirring her cunt with the rigid love muscle.

"Wooooo-hoo...you go girl!" Misty cheered, watching her beautiful sister-in-law law fuck like a porn actress.

Kristen's arms were extended, hands on her son's chest, digging in with her nails. Her tits were still squeezed between her arms distended out like quivering watermelons. The nippled caps were huge, engorged and looked as though they could blast off the ends of her tits at any moment.

"**FFFFFUUUUUCKKK!!!**" Kristen screamed, her hips now a blur as she used the bone like a scatching post in her pussy.

The horny mother's face contorted and she screamed again in wild orgasm as her pussy turned to cream.

"Uggghhhh fuck!!" Garrett groaned. The gripping juice spewing cunt was too much and his cock began to spit without warning.

Garrett wanted to finish off his mom like he had with Misty. He reached up and pulled her body down against him, mashing his face between her sweaty breasts.

He pumped his hips, driving his dick with rapid thrusts.

"**OOOOHHH YESSSS!**" Kristen cried, hanging onto her baby as he fucked furiously up into her curvy body.

"Yesss...get it, Garrett, **GET THAT PUSSY!**" Misty cheered encouraginly.

"Hhhhgggnnuhh!!" The teen groaned, his face encased in quivering breast flesh.

Huge jets of sperm continued erupting from his piss slit as he hammered his penis deep like a midevil battering ram. He heard his mom grunt like an animal as her body trembled against him. All while his boner was being washed with female cum...their juices swirling together.

For five more minutes their bodies writhed and trembled, gradually coming to a hault in a sweaty heap of panting flesh.

Doug took a sip of his beer, then gazed down the beach for any sign of the threesome. They'd been gone for two and a half hours and he was more than annoyed.

"Hi...aren't you Grarrett's dad?" A soft voice asked.

A girl Grarrett's age with long blonde hair stood nearby. She wore a two piece red bikini and looked like the actress Kaley Cuoco. The girl was tan and curvy, her tits big and plump, leaving lots of cleavage on display.

"Yeah...hi I'm Doug."

"The war hero right?" The girl asked.

"Well I don't know about that. Do you go to school with Garrett?"

"Yeah we have a few classes together. My names Heather."

Doug reached out and shook her hand. He noticed the teen had strong curvy legs like his wife, which tapperd down to cute little tan bare feet with red painted toenails that matched her bikini.

"Is Garrett around?"

"Yeah, somewhere. He took a walk down the beach with his mom and Aunt. They should be back soon though."

"Oh cool. I gotta tell you...I've had a crush on your son since the third grade."

"Wow...does Garrett know this?"

Heather giggled. "Well I stare at him enough you'd think he would. Does he have a girlfriend?"

Oddly, Doug thought of Garrett and his wife. "No...ummm not that I'm aware of. You seem like a nice girl. You should take charge...ask him out."

"Hmmm I don't know about that."

"Don't be silly. Here, put his number in your cell phone. Trust me, he's been a bit of a momma's boy here lately...it would do him some good to go out with a girl his age."

Doug gave Heather their number and they said their goodbyes. As she pranced away Doug couldn't help but notice that she had ass like Jennifer Lopez, thick and meaty. The tan cheeks were partly exposed and swayed hypnotically as she strode away.

"My wife is about to have some compitition." Doug thought.

Ten minutes later his cell phone rang. It was Kristen. Doug answered. "Did you guys get lost?"

Kristen stood outside the beach tent, a towel wrapped around her body. "Hi hon, no..we just went for a swim...lost track of time."

"Well how much longer 'til you guys get back here?

Kristen heard Misty scream from inside he tent. "Ohhhh fuck me!!"

"It might be awhile, we walked a ways down and we have to come all the way back. Why don't you have the van take you home so you can relax and cool off. Garrett and I will be home in a couple hours and I'll make some dinner."

"Yeah ok. Hey let Garrett know I just scored him a date. Cute blonde girl named Heather. She said she has a couple classes with him."

"What do you mean you 'scored him a date'." Kristen asked in a slightly annoyed tone.

"Well, she said she has a crush on him so I gave her our number..told her to call and ask him out."

"Doug, why would you do that without talking to me first?" Kirsten asked.

"Oh come on, Kristen...he should be going out with girls his age...not sitting around oogling over his mommy in a bikini. The way you've been flaunting yourself for him here lately isn't helping either."

Kristen snapped back. "For your information...that flaunting is for you, Doug. You were the one that told me it got you excited to see me act that way in front of Garrett."

"It still doesn't make it right...it's...perverted."

"Perverted or not...the point is to get you aroused. So...were you aroused?" Kristen asked.

"Oh come on, Kristen."

"Answer the question, Doug. Watching me display my body in front of Garrett...did that arouse you? Did it work your penis up into an erection?"

"I was....I was excited, but no...no erection."

There was a pause until Kristen broke the silence. "I gotta go. I'll see you at home later."

Kristen crawled back inside the tent and zipped it up. Garrett was between Misty's lucsious legs, drilling her cunt with long juicy strokes. Misty rocked her curvy hips in rhythm, making his dick grind hard against her sensitive inner flesh.

Kristen pulled the towel away from her body and spread her naked legs, stroking her cunt as she watched her boy's lean naked ass bounce up and down.

"Haaarder! Fuck me harder!" Misty cried, scratching her long nails down Garrett sweat soaked back.

The teen intensified his fuck-thrusts, punching his rock hard dick through the tight sponge-grip of mature pussy. His balls beat hard against Misty's quivering buns and he could feel her big sweat-slippery tits sloshing against his chest.

"Ooooh yeah!" Garrett muttered, riding the soft curvy clutch of Misty's saddle.

"**OOOOOHHHGOODDDFFFFUCKINGSHITTT!!**" Misty growled as her back arched from the air mattress, lifting both of them. Her face contorted wildly and Garrett felt her slippery body tighten it's clutch as it started to convulse below him.

Kristen dug through her snatch with her fingers as she excitedly watched her son's rigid love muscle dig through her sister-in- law's hot throbbing pussy. She could see the juice from Misty's cum dripping from Garrett's shaft, cascading down between her ass globes.

Just as Misty came down from one...another powerful orgasm shot through her naked body. She let out a sexy scream and Garrett felt more girl-cum break like a crashing wave around the head of his spear. He fucked hard...pushing his hot prick through the rippling tube as it squeezed his meat with strong experienced muscles.

"Ohhhhh fuck!" The teen groaned in pleasure.

Misty had one more trick up her sleeve. She grabbed onto the teen's ass and screwed her cunt up to his cockbase. Holding it there, she rocked her hips beneath him and Garrett felt his big dick being

stirred around inside her. He felt the tip slipping back and forth against the juicy head of her cervix. He was just laying there in her sweaty embrace while she ate his dick up with her cunt.

Kristen rubbed her big clit desperately as she watched her sister-in-law use her son's body like a fuck doll. She could see Misty's cunt lips squashed out around Garrett cockhilt, their genitals jerking and grinding together.

"Ooohhhnngod, you big dicked fucking stud!!" Misty cried, gyrating her cunt around on his prick like it was a stickshift.

The hot genital grinding made his cock flex and yet another juice spurting orgasm shook Misty's body.

Locked like a velvet vice around his hard on, Misty's cunt was like a fleshy wringer, squeezing in waves from nob to root. The sensations sent Garrett over the edge, pulling up a huge load from his balls.

"**OOOOHHHH MAN!!**" The teen shouted as a powerful blast erupted from his piss-slit.

Misty felt the thick hot goo splash along the back of her cunt. Her body was still riding the wave of her own cum and in a sweaty naked heap they wrestled through a wild mutual orgasm.

Kristen cunt exploded into a squirting mess and her tits shook as she brought herself off hard. For ten minutes the tent was filled with cries, whimpers and moans as their writhing bodies slowly came back down to earth.

After a few minutes Kristen noticed that Misty and Garrett were making out. She crawled over and rolled her son onto his back.

"Mmmm I definately wanna share some of this."

Misty stayed clung to him, her huge sweat soaked tits flattened against his chest, her tongue twirling inside his mouth. She fed him a few more wet smacking kisses before their lips separated and she rose from his chest.

Misty was gorgeous mess, her hair wet and stringy. Kristen noticed that she had a look of wild adoration on her face as she stared down at Garrett. "Someone's in looooove." Kristen sang.

"Uhhh hmmm." Misty hummed, biting her bottom lip.

Kristen leaned over so that her face was next to Misty's and both women gazed down into his eyes. "You naughty boy...fucking our pussies and making us fall in love with you."

Kristen lowered her lips and started kissing her boy. Her tongue slid into his mouth and scooped his up, inviting it to dance. After a few minutes of deep kissing, kristen's lips rose up and Misty's lips dropped down.

Garrett marveled at how both women were such amazing kissers. He couldn't possibly prefer one over the other...each had a unique style developed from years of experience. Both had such soft lips and long strong tongues with skills that put girls his own age to shame.

Kristen and Misty's tongues seemed to have life all their own...sometimes moving slow and methodical, snaking around his youthful mouth as if exploring every groove. Then other times their tongues would go absolutely wild, twisting and twirling and fluttering in ways Garrett never dreamed possible. Of course he would do his best to keep up, but most of the time the women's aggressive pink snakes were whipping around his tongue so fast that there was no way he could match their experience.

"Mmmm our sweet baby." Misty muttered between wet kisses.

She licked her way down, then sucked and lapped at his neck.

Kristen planted her lips on her sons in a serious of slow wet kisses, her big beautiful eyes gazing into his the entire time.

"Oooh shit." The teen muttered, getting lost in his mom's dreamy green eyes and feeling the surge of pleasure and excitement flow through his body.

Mother and son's tongues slid out and began to lash together.

Gradually, Garrett's tongue sunk back into his mouth and Kristen's followed aggressively. Soon their lips were sealed together and the tongues inside the boys mouth were wrestling wildly.

Twenty minutes later, Garrett felt the women's hands stroking his hard cock. Kristen and Misty looked down at the long canon pointed straight up at them.

"Doug saw the way I was teasing him...but he still couldn't even get a hard on." Kristen said.

"Poor Dougie, what could be worse for a guy than a limp dick?"

"What could be worse for a wife? I'm just lucky I have such a hunky teenaged son with big rock hard erections." Kristen said.

Misty giggled. "Kristen, you and Garrett are in love. That would have happneed even if Doug hadn't had the accident."

"Garrett and I were talking about that just today. We were well on the road to having sex before Doug even came home, wern't we honey?"

Garrett smiled, nodding his head. "For sure."

Misty tilted Grarrett's boner up and a good five inches of meat rose up from the two circling fists at the base. "Well who can blame you...hubby's thousands of miles away for months at a time....and

you have a big hard cock like this under your roof. What mother could resist?"

Kristen smiled, squeezing the rigid meat in her hand. "Not this mother."

"Well...as much as I wanna stuff this big boner back inside me, I need a swim. Anyone up for some skinny dipping?"

"I'm game." Kristen said.

Garrett seemed reluctant. "What if we get caught?"

"Oh God, is that Dougie I'm hearing?" Misty giggled.

Garrett laughed. "Sorry."

"Almost getting caught it what makes it so exciting, remember love?" Kristen said.

Misty peeked out the tent. "There's no one even out there...that's why I picked this spot. Let's go!"

The two women held Grarrett's hand as they rushed towards the crashing surf. Their big mature mommy-tits bounced as they pranced to the water.

"Oh shit!" The girls screamed playfully as they were struck by a wave. They splashed and frolicked.

"Bet you can't catch me!" Misty said to Garrett as she swam out further.

The horny teen swam after her. Kristen crawled up onto the warm sand and turned over, resting on her elbows. Her wet naked body shimmered in the hot sun, her big tan tits rolling slightly off the sides of her chest. She heard Misty scream and saw that Garrett had caught up to her.

Kristen watched her horny sister-in-law cling to her boy as they started making out. Of course the love-struck mother was a little jealous, but she knew that she owed Misty for not telling Doug about her and Garrett. Yes she would continue to tease her son around her husband, in order to hopefully excite an erection, but Doug didn't need to know that her and Garrett were fucking like animals. She didn't wanna break his heart completely.

Besides, there was something exciting about keeping things a mystery with Doug. She knew he wondered about her and Garrett...could see it in his eyes...hear it in his voice. It thrilled her wickedly to keep him wondering.

Garrett shivered with excitement as he felt Misty's warm curvy body cling to him under the water. Her strong smooth arms and legs were wrapped around him, her huge tits felt amazing against his chest. She broke the kiss and gazed into his eyes. "I know your mom considers you hers, but I think you and I have something pretty special going on too."

"I agree."

"I've had my eye on you for quite a while, but when I saw the way you were pumping your mom in her back seat that day, I knew I had to have you. And now that I've had you...I just want more."

"I want more of you too." Garrett muttered just before Misty's lips met his. They kisses and their tongues wrestled hungrily.

Some time later, Misty and Garrett emerged from the surf, hand in hand. Garrett couldn't help but gawk at his naked mother, her gorgeous body laid out in the sand.

"Jesus Mom, you look like one of those Sports Illustrated bikini models."

"Minus the bikini." Misty added with a giggle.

Kristen rose from the sand, hugged and kissed her son. "Just waiting for my sailor to come ashore...so I can shower him with kisses."

Misty watched as mother and son held each other and engaged in a deep french kiss. "God, that is sooo fucking naughty!"

Kristen looked over at Misty mischiviously. "It is, isn't it? You know what...get my camera...I have an idea."

Doug was home putting some of his clothes away when his cell phone rang. "Hey babe, you guys on your way back?"

Kristen stood alone outside her tent. "Pretty soon. Is Cassie home yet?"

"Nope..not yet."

"Good, I want you to do something for me." Kristen said.

"What's that?"

"Crawl up onto your bed and take your penis out of your shorts."

Doug laughed "What...why? Kristen, what's going on?"

"Doug would you please just trust me and do it. I wanna send you something."

"Hold on." Doug said, then pulled himself out of his chair and onto his bed. He shook his head, like he couldn't believe he was going along with this, then fished the flacid penis from his shorts. "Ooook, now what?"

"Is your penis out?" Kristen asked softly.

"Yes...it's out."

"I want you to start stroking it as hard as you can. I'm gonna send you something...promise me you'll watch the whole thing to the end...and that you'll keep stroking your penis while you watch."

Doug smiled and rolled his eyes. "Okay...yeah I promise."

"Talk to you soon." Kristen said, then hung up.

Seconds later Doug got a video text. He opened it and as promised, stroked his limp shaft.

The video began with a view of the crashing waves, then panned over to two people strolling hand in hand through ankle deep water. Doug felt an excited jolt surge through his body as he realized it was Kristen and Garrett and they were both completely naked.

"Holy shit." He muttered.

They seemed so comfortable in their nudity. His eyes were drawn to his wife's buttocks...twin tan globes that seemed to swing seductively with each step. Even though her back was to the camera he could still see the sides of her tits sloping down and bobbling heavily as she walked. Garrett's ass was young and firm, sending pings of jealousy through Doug's mind. Still, he stroked his cock.

The camera person, obviously Misty, followed them..then stopped as Kriten turned toward Garrett and slowly coiled her arms around his neck. Doug watched as his wife's big tits flattened out against the teen's youthful chest. Doug knew how good that felt and thought about what a thrilling experience it must be for his son.

Doug was too enthralled to notice that his cock was slowly hardening in his hand. He kept stroking, fueled by the site of his own wife and son embracing naked on the beach.

Kristen rested her head on Garrett's chest and Misty circled to capture the couple at every angle. When she got around to Kristen's

face, the mother opened her eyes and looking right into the camera, smiled naughtily.

The video cut to another scene of Kristen riding Garrett piggy back style as he rushed them into an a crashing wave. The surge knocked them over and Doug could hear his wife giggling as she clung on best she could to her boy. As the water rushed back out Garrett was on his back in the wet sand and Kristen was straddling him.

"You guys just got owned!" Misty giggled.

Garrett lifted his upper body from the sand. Kristen used her hands to toss her wet hair back, thrusting her big tits out, making them hover over Garrett. In this position it looked just like she was riding him. Doug felt a waves of different emotions...anger...jealousy...disbelief...but mostly arousal. His cock hardened even more.

"Here comes another one!" Misty yelled.

Kristen screamed playfully as another surging wave overcame them. When this one rushed back out Kristen's sexy little bare feet were the first things to emerge, her painted toes pointed towards the sky. The water lowered revealing her luscious legs bowed wide open and Garrett laying between them. Both of them were laughing hysterically.

Doug's mouth fell open as he watched the last of the water rush out around their naked bodies.

"Damn...get a room, you two!" Misty joked, pointing the camera straight down at them.

Kristen put her hands on her son's shoulders, looking up at the camera sassily. "Fuck you, girl...we already have one!"

Doug watched her curvy wet legs wrap around their son, so high that her little feet slid onto his ass as if locking him between her thighs.

"Mother and son sharing a room. God only knows what goes on in there." Misty said.

Kristen responded by spitting her tongue out mischiviously.

The camera cut to another shot of Kristen and Garrett in a standing embrace, her stiff nippled tits crushed against his chest. Kristen had her lips to his ear, whispering things to him.

"What on earth are you saying to him, Kristen?" Misty asked.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Kristen said with a grin.

Doug stroked feverishly and shouted out loud. "**YESSS! YES I WOULD!!**"

For the first time he tore his eyes from the phone screen and looked down to see a hard cock in his fist. "I'm hard! Holy shit, I'm hard!!"

He looked back at the screen to see Kristen looking up into their son's eyes. She slowly rose up on her tip toes, her curvy tan legs flexing. Her lips rose towards Garrett's lips, her head tilting. Just before they made contact the video ended.

"**FFFFUCK!**" Doug shouted, but not in disappointment.

He looked down to see his cock spitting ejaculate...big ropes of hot cum.

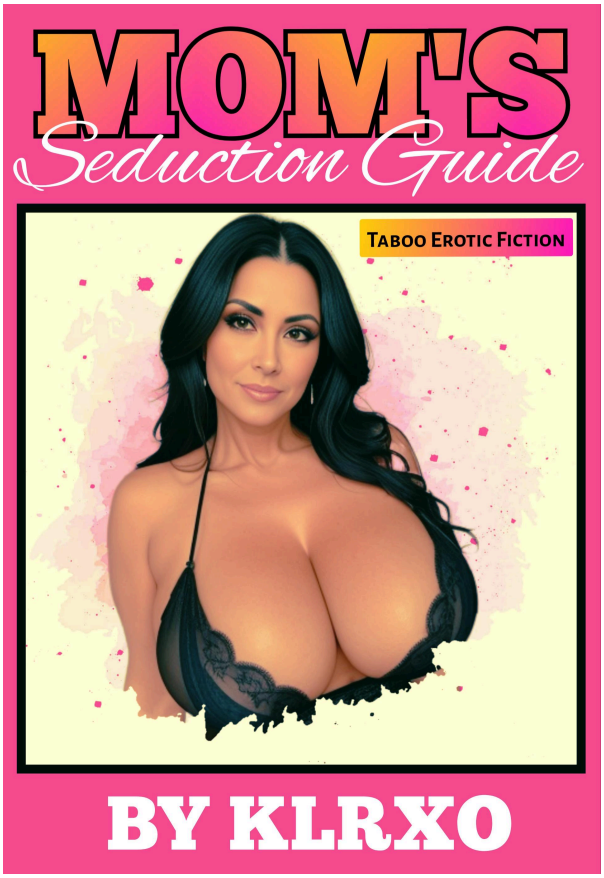
Garrrett thrust his hips, fucking Misty doggie-style inside the tent. She screamed out in pleasure, her warm meaty ass clapping against his loins.

"Ohhh yeah!!" The teen sighed excited, looking over to see his mom's luscious ass parked next to Misty's, waiting its turn.

Kristen smiled naughtily back at him, rolling her tongue across her lips and wagging her mommy-buttocks inviting. How could a boy resist?

He slipped his wet dick from Misty's cunt, fit his knob in Kristen's creamy cunt-socket and grasped onto her soft curvy hips. "Here I come, Mom!" He said with a cocky smile, feeling her cunt-slot nip at his cock tip.

Kristen's tan buns quivered with anticipation. "Fuck me hard, honey!"



Mom’s Seduction Guide

By Klrxo

Cover Art by Jack

3D Renders by Nixmare

"Justin, I need you to do me a favor this morning," McKenzie stated, wiping the kitchen table in front of her son as he sat there eating a bowl of cereal.

"What's that, mom?" Justin asked, trying not to stare at her mega-tits and the way they wobbled as she swiped the paper towel back and forth. From his angle, the split of her cleavage looked a mile long.

"I need you to go up into the attic and find a box for me. It should be labeled 'McKenzie's Summer shorts.' This weather's starting to warm up, so I think it's time to retire my long pants for the season."

"I retired mine a month ago," Justin commented.

"Not surprising. You'd wear shorts even if it was snowing outside," his mom teased.

"I have done that before actually."

"That's doesn't surprise me," McKenzie giggled, then headed for the sink, her thick buttocks wagging beneath her snug denims. "Anyway, can you take care of that for me, before I get back from dropping your sister off at Day Care?"

"Not a problem, mom."

"You're an angel!" she remarked, showing her prefect white teeth as she smiled at him warmly.

Justin grinned at her comment. If his mom only knew how far from an "angel" he was. A devil was more like it! He could still smell a hint of sweet pussy on his face from sniffing her panties, while jerking off that morning. Stealing his mom's bra and panties from her laundry hamper, for self-gratification, was a favorite pastime of his. However, any boy with a mom who looked like Justin's would probably be doing the same thing. McKenzie was a stunner! Picture a curvier version of the actress, Gale Gadot. Yes, Wonder Woman! His mom could be her slightly older (even more attractive) sister.

It was no shock then that the teen, like many boys his age, wanted to be a motherfucker. He wanted to smash into his mom's pussy with

savage fuck-thrusts, while mauling her 36 H-cup tits. If any kid could break down those taboo barriers it was Justin. He was a lean, handsome teen, with a bigger than average cock. He was the kind of kid that had his pick of the girls at school. Even ones who already had boyfriends would come running and sit on his dick if he asked them to. His girlfriend presently was a hot big-titted blonde named Georgia, who was named the Prom Queen their senior year. His charm wasn't just attracting girls his age. He had easily gotten into the panties of a couple married MILFs in the neighborhood, since turning eighteen, but his mother, McKenzie, was the ultimate prize. The crème de la crème! If he could bed her, he would certainly be considered the GOAT in the art of seduction.

"I doubt that'll ever happen," he thought, staring over at his mom's plump, rounded ass, which was snugly shrouded in the faded denim of her jeans. "I'm her son, and she's happily married to dad. Fucking her is probably one goal I'll never achieve."

After his mom left, Justice went up into the attic to follow through with her request. They had a newer home, so it wasn't one of those creepy attics you'd see in horror movies. It was clean, well-lit and his dad kept it extremely organized. He knew the mountain of boxes in the corner must be his mom's. He began to look through them, searching for the one she wanted.

"McKenzie's Heels," he read on one box, then set it aside and read the labels on others. "McKenzie's cookbooks. McKenzie's jackets. McKenzie's Wedding keepsakes. Damn, mom has a lot of shit in storage!" he said out loud.

He moved the pile aside, so he could get to other boxes. "McKenzie's High School keepsakes," one box read. "Hmm, this could be interesting!" Justin thought, then peeled the packaging tape off and opened it curiously. The first thing he noticed inside was a set of pom-poms and a small skirt with a sexy top that had his school logo on it. He had forgotten that his mom was captain of the cheerleader

squad when she was his age. "Damn! I bet she looked hella sexy in this!" he thought.

Beneath it was a few collection of poems and some yearbooks. Below those, he discovered a small pink book with a girly design on the outside. It had a tiny lock, requiring a key to open it. "A diary!" he blurted out loud, wishing he could read it. "I bet she wrote all sorts of naughty shit in here. Things she got into when she was my age," Justin thought. He knew unless he found the key or pried it open, he was out of luck. "If I was the key to a secret diary, where would mom keep me?"

he thought. He set the book aside, quickly found the box that his mom wanted, then brought them both downstairs.

Searching his mother's bedroom was nothing new to him. Justin knew where everything was from having snooped through her room so much in the past. He knew where his mom kept her negligee and her small pink bullet vibrator. It was the one he occasionally sucked on, while he jerked off, with the thrill of knowing his mom used it to plunge through her pussy or rub against her clitoris. His eyes suddenly fixed on something as he scanned her bedroom. "THE JEWELRY CHEST! The key's got to be in there!" he thought. After rushing over and looking inside, he found what he was searching for.

"BINGO!" he shouted out loud, taking the tiny key out.

"Justin, I'm back!" he heard his mom shout. He would have darted out of her bedroom, but it sounded like she was coming up the stairway. "Shit…I didn't even hear her get home!" he panicked, then quickly slid under the bed to hide.

"Did you find that box for me?" McKenzie shouted, thinking her son was in his bedroom. Justin watched her step across the room in his direction, her dainty heels clicking on the wood floor. She stoped beside the bed, only a foot from his face. "Oh, he did find it!" he heard his mom say to herself as she saw the box sitting on the

mattress. Justin stared at his mom's dainty feet, propped in four inch black, open-toed mules. She suddenly reached down and unbuttoned the ankle straps, while talking on her cell phone. "Hey, Mila, it's me! Sorry, I forgot that Zumba was moving to Monday mornings. I'm gonna get changed and I'll be there as soon as I can," Justin heard her say. He knew his mom and older sister, Mila, took a Zumba class together at the local gym.

The fascinated teen watched his mom slip her feet from their heels, then pull off their denim jeans. His heart REALLY started racing when her black thong panties hit the floor and she stepped out of them. "Oh my God!" his mind gasped when he realized he was about to enjoy a pair of panties fresh off his mom's body. Usually, he snatched them out of her laundry hamper, well after she had taken them off. His mom's big, embroidered bra hit the floor next to them and he fought off the urge to peek out at her naked body, for fear of being caught.

"What a view that would be though! Straight up her sexy legs…with a clear view of her pussy!" he wickedly thought.

McKenzie quickly slipped into her yoga pants and sports top, then grabbed her sneakers out of the closet. "Justin, I'm going to Zumba… I'll be back!" she shouted, rushing out into the hallway.

Now that she was gone, her son wasted no time snatching the panties off the floor and bringing them to his nose. "AHH-FUCK! GODDAMNIT!" he heavily sighed, taking in the warm fragrant aroma of his mother's genitalia. There were times where her panties were so ripe that it made his eyes roll back in their sockets, while smelling them. This was certainly one of those occasions. The pungent vaginal aroma, mixed with her sweet perfume, was absolutely intoxicating!

The fact that he could still feel the heat of her pubis on the cloth made it even more thrilling. "Damn! I can't even imagine what it would be like to eat mom's pussy," he deliriously thought. "Devouring that smell and taste right from the source…fuck!"

Justin crawled out from under the bed. He really wanted to beat off, while holding his mom's panties to his nose, but was super-anxious to unlock her diary and read her teenage secrets. He brought the panties and book to his room, then inserted the tiny key into the diary, unlocking it. Curiously, he began flipping through the pages, until he arrived at one that caught his eye. He could almost hear his mom's voice in his head as he read the entry.

"I went on a date with Greg Foster tonight. Wow is he dreamy! He wasn't

one of these other boring morons that I went out with that didn't know

what they were doing. He brought me pink roses. A dozen of them! It's

almost like he knew those were my favorite. Attached to them was a short

love-poem. Reading it made my heart melt! OMG…I've never felt that

blown away by someone before!"

Justin flipped to the next page and read a different entry.

"There's nothing sexier than a guy's bulge through his pants and Nick

Thomas has a BIG ONE that he loves to show off! Today I was sitting in

math class when I looked over and noticed the amazing tent-pole in his

pants. I couldn't believe he had erection in math class, haha! I simply

could stop looking at it! Pauline and I think he must be at least 7-inches

and probably pretty thick. Nick is one guy, whether he knows it or not,

who certainly gets me worked up when he's hard like that."

Justin reflected on how strange it was to hear his own mom's naughty confessions. After reading a few more entries he really began to understand the value of this diary, especially to a guy like him, who was dying to fuck his mom. He had often wondered how he could seduce her into having sex with him. Now, here were the answers. A book full of kinks and other things about guys his mom loved, particularly details about what she liked them to do to her. It was a virtual 'seduction guide' for someone to win their way between her legs. "I'd be crazy not to try some of this shit…just to see if it works. What harm would it cause, even if it didn't charm her panties off?" he thought.

When McKenzie got home from her workout, she was met by a dozen pink roses, sitting on the table in a pretty vase. "What's this?" she asked, as her and her daughter, Mila, stared at the flowers. Mila, Justin's older sister, had gotten married last year and her and her husband had their own apartment across town. Justin's twenty-two-year-old sister had a bit of a wild streak as one would suspect by looking at the pink highlights in her hair.

Justin had just done up a few dishes and was drying his hands. "I picked up some flowers for you. You work so hard around here, and are such an amazing woman, I felt if anyone deserved them…you do."

She fed her boy a dreamy eyed stare, her heart going pitter-patter.

"Honey, that's so sweet of you! How did you know that pink roses were my favorite?"

"Just a lucky guess," he answered, then peeked over at his sister who was feeding him a suspicious glare. Mila was pretty, like her mother,

but extremely blunt and honest. She had no filter and Justin was sure she'd be saying something about this to him later.

After McKenzie stepped up and smelt the beautiful bouquet, she noticed a little card attached to them. She read it out loud.

"If I could have all the time in the world, I know what I would do: I'd spend the time in pleasure sublime, just by being with you." McKenzie gazed at her teen wondrously, seeming as though she could tear up. "Justin!"

"Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful, honey! Oh my God, this was so unexpected, thank you!" she expressed, shaking her head in disbelief. Her eyes inadvertently darted down to her son's crotch and lingered there for a moment. Just before her and Mila arrived, Justin had stroked his cock to full hardness, then tucked it back in his shorts. McKenzie could see the long tubular shape of his prick pushing out from beneath the fabric. She quickly looked away in shame. "Well, I um…should probably get a shower."

"I'll prepare us from salads for lunch," said Mila, walking towards her brother as their mom disappeared from the kitchen. She stared into Justin's eyes suspiciously, stopping in front of him. "What exactly are you up to, Romeo?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" Justin answered, playing stupid.

"You know exactly what I mean. The roses, the sappy little love-poem…what's that all about?"

"Why does it have to be "about" something. Maybe I just want mom to know she's appreciated."

"Yeah, or maybe you're trying to work your way between her fucking thighs," Mila stated, with a teasing smirk.

"That's ridiculous! Why would you think that?"

"Because I lived in this house and I'm not a fucking idiot. You've been obsessed with mom since you were twelve."

"Have not!"

"You have so! Do you think I didn't notice how much you constantly stare at her tits, while sporting your boy-boners around her. She's certainly got your attention over the years and now I think you're trying to get hers."

"Then you would be wrong. I already have a girlfriend, remember?"

"Give me a break, Justin! Girlfriends don't mean shit!" Mila giggled.

"Boners don't lie either and you have a raging one in your pants RIGHT NOW! My guess is you got yourself nice n stiff, just before we walked in, so you could 'wow' mom with it."

The boy knew if there was anyone that could read him like a book it was his older sister. There was nothing he couldn't talk to her about growing up and, to his knowledge, she never shared their discussions with anyone. Despite how she teased him, she was the one person he trusted more than anyone. It was probably because she had a secret wild side herself. "So, if I did do that, would you think I'm a horrible person?" he asked.

"If you intentionally got your dick hard to impress mom?"

"Yeah."

"No, why would I? You're not the only guy in the world who wants to bang his mom, you know? I think it's cute."

"Am I uh…being too obvious about it do you think?"

"No, this is creative…I like it," Mila answered, looking back at the flowers. "How did you know mom loves pink roses though?"

"Do you promise you won't say anything?"

"Since when have I ever said ANYTHING about what you and I talk about to ANYONE?" Mila asked.

Justin knew she was right. They had discussed some heavy shit growing up. A lot of it was sexual in nature, and it just wasn't about experiences he was having, but things she was going through as well.

He clearly recalled a discussion they'd had six months ago when Mila had discovered that she was a squirter. She didn't hesitate to go into graphic detail, telling Justin all about how she gushed on her husband's cock. When it came to their relationship it seemed that nothing was off limits conversation-wise, and any judgements were set aside. For this reason, he felt safe being honest with her.

"I found an old diary of mom's today, in the attic," he admitted.

"An old diary, huh? From her younger years?"

"Yes, back when she was my age. In the diary she wrote about all about the things she liked back then. Sexual things. The kind of stuff that really turns her on."

His sister's lips curled mischievously. "So, you're using it, like a 'seduction guide,' aren't you? You want to utilize those things in the book to turn mom on, so she'll fuck you."

Justin shrugged his shoulders blushingly. "Yeah, well, you know…I just thought that--"

"Justin, it's fine that you wanna fuck mom. Heavens knows I'm into some kinky shit too, so I'm certainly not one to judge you."

"You are?" the boy asked, giving his sister an inquisitive stare.

"Yes, but I DON'T fantasize about fucking dad, if that's what you're thinking."

"No, it wasn't, I was just…um, trying to imagine what it might be… that you're into."

"Well, we'll save that conversation for another day, ok? Right now, let's just focus on you and mom and this little plan of yours."

"Do you think I'm wasting my time? I mean, IT IS mom, and she's married to dad. They seem happy."

"How they seem to us may be no indication of how bad things could be in the bedroom. If dad's not giving mom enough dick, she could be receptive to someone who could, even if it is you. As far as "marriage" goes, a stupid fucking ring on someone's finger isn't gonna stop two people from beating their sex organs together."

"What if dad IS enough for her though? What if they have a great sex life?"

"Maybe they do, but even so, let's talk about what YOU have over dad. First, you have the Seduction Guide…all the secrets to what drives mom wild. I guarantee, even after years of marriage, there are some of those things that dad DOESN'T even know, which gives you the upper hand."

"True," Justin agreed.

"Second, mom's just a sexual creature, just like any other woman. She can easily be broken down, if tempted the right way," Mila explained. "This is where you also have the upper hand on dad. You're younger, in better shape and full of sexual vigor. You and mom are peaking at the same time, which, sexually speaking, makes you a MUCH better suitor for her than dad."

"That's why I wanted her to see how hard my dick can get."

"That's a smart idea. I seriously doubt dad is just walking around with spontaneous boners. You need to show mom that your dick gets bigger and harder than dad's does. You're the alpha-male around here who's 'on the ready-line' to fuck a girl senseless, whenever the opportunity presents itself."

"Agreed!" Justin nodded, loving that his sister was being so frank with him.

"Trust me, mom will notice those things, and it'll start to tear down her defenses really quick."

"I hope so."

"Meanwhile, I'll do my part to help you out," Mila offered.

"How so?"

"I'm gonna start pointing out things about you to mom, that way I can really start getting the wheels in her head turning. Trust me, if we stick to this plan, you'll be nailing her to the mattress real soon."

That evening, after talking to his girlfriend on the phone, Justin read some of his mom's diary, fascinated with learning more about the things that drove her wild back then. He guessed that not much had changed; that her being exposed to the things she described was sure to get her juices flowing, even now. One entry he read sparked some ideas.

"Trey Simmons is beast in bed! The things he did before we even got there

had me so vulnerable, I was like putty in his hands. He started by sitting

behind me and massaging my shoulders. The feel of his hardon against my

ass nearly drove me crazy with desire. His hands began to roam to places

where they probably shouldn't have, since it was our first date, but he had

me so relaxed and horny that I honestly didn't care. God, we ended up

fucking like rabbits!"

The next morning Justin stayed in bed longer than usual, knowing his mom would eventually come knocking on his door to see if he was OK. He kept his cock hard so she would see it, but this time he wanted to take things one step further.

After dropping her daughter off at Day Care McKenzie arrived back home, curious to know why her son wasn't up yet. "Justin, are you awake?" she asked, tapping at his door. After getting no answer, she peeked in out of concern. "Honey?"

The mother gasped suddenly as she realized her son was still in bed, uncovered and completely naked. Her eyes immediately went to his morning wood. Justin was on his back, so his jutting erection rested on his abdomen, nearly reaching his belly button. "My goodness!" the mother marveled as she stood in the doorway gawking. She felt her cunt-tube clench and tingle excitedly. Her eyes traveled up his well-toned torso. "He's in such great shape. No wonder he gets so many dates," she thought.

Justin could feel his mom's eyes on him as he lay there pretending to be asleep. He wanted so bad to peek his eyes open, so he could watch his mom stand there and lust over his cock, but he didn't dare, otherwise she might catch on to what he was really doing. He

clenched his ass cheeks, making his boner flex, showing off its bugling veins, muscles and ligaments. This was immediately followed by the sound of his mom's sharp gasp. Several minutes had now passed since she entered the room, and he couldn't believe she was still standing there. "Maybe she'll get brave enough to come touch me," he thought.

McKenzie didn't have that much courage, but over the past minute, she had crept inside his room and was now standing beside his bed.

She stared down at the dreamy dong in fascination, studying its every detail, from the bulging dorsal veins and long muscled shaft to the puffy tube of his corpus spongiosum and swollen, pinkish-purple glans. "I had almost forgot how incredibly hard boys get at that age. Mitch NEVER gets that erect anymore," she thought, comparing her boy's dick to her husband's. She felt a trickle of pussy nectar seep from her fuck-slit.

Justin popped his eyes open, and for a few wonderful moments he watched his mom gaze open-mouthed at his cock. Even through her bra and cotton cami top he could see the fat nubs of her erect teats protruding out, showing her arousal. "Is everything OK, mom?" he finally asked.

McKenzie looked away from his prick awkwardly. "Oh, honey…yes, I was just, um…coming in to see if YOU were OK. You're usually up by now," she blushingly replied.

He made a poor attempt at covering himself. "Yeah, I'm alright. I just didn't sleep very well last night."

"Are you feeling sick?" McKenzie asked with concern.

"No, I feel fine. I just had a lot on my mind last night, that's all. Are you sure you're alright? You look a little flushed this morning."

"I'm good," McKenzie replied, looking him in the eyes and smiling awkwardly. She had, after all, just been staring at his piss-hardon for several minutes straight.

"Because if you're not, and it would help, I COULD rub your shoulders for a few minutes."

"R... rub my shoulders?"

"Yeah, you could sit here on the edge of my bed. I could sit behind you and rub your shoulders," Justin reiterated, hoping she'd agree.

"Well, that does sound nice. I love shoulders massages. Do you think you should maybe…get dressed first?" she asked, glancing down at his crotch.

"I'm fine doing it like this, but if you want me to get dressed I can,"

the boy replied. "If you feel uncomfortable, I mean."

"No, um…you don't have to get dressed. I just…didn't want you to feel awkward."

"I'm fine. In fact, maybe you should take a couple things off too, so I don't get any massage oil on your clothes," Justin suggested.

"Massage oil?"

Justin opened the drawer to his bedside table and pulled out a bottle of massage oil. "Yeah, I have some heated oil we can use, while I massage you… unless you don't wanna use it?"

McKenzie stared at the bottle a moment. "Is that…cotton candy scented massage oil?" she asked.

"Yeah, I bought it a while ago. I just love the smell of it!"

Justin was lying. He had just purchased it yesterday, after reading several references to his mom's love of 'cotton candy scented anything' in her diary.

"I've always loved the scent of cotton candy!" she expressed.

"Well, I'd hate to get any of it on your outfit. Maybe you should at least take off your pants and top, then I'll do your shoulders."

McKenzie hesitated a moment, then realized her son was quite old enough to handle seeing her in her bra and panties. Besides, she had just spent several minutes staring at his naked cock. Who was she to act the prude. "Sure…um, ok," she muttered, then peeled her cami top off, unshrouding her giant, bra-clad breasts. The white floral-laced embroidered cups were stretched around her mammaries, leaving a tremendous amount of tit-cleavage exposed.

"Fucking wow!" Justin thought. His erection flexed beneath the sheet as he realized that he could just make out the wide, dusky-pink rings of his mom's areolas through the semi-sheer fabric. Next, she removed her jeans, revealing a matching pair of dainty panties. The lace fabric fit against her pubis snugly, molding to its puffy outline and creating a wonderful camel toe. "I should probably pull my bra straps down off my shoulders, so you don't get oil on those either," McKenzie stated.

"Good idea!" her son agreed. He watched her heavy tit-melons shift slightly downward as his mom pulled her bra straps off her shoulders.

"There…now, you want me on the, um…edge of the bed you said?" the mother asked.

"Sure! You can sit here," Justin answered, patting the spot between his legs. His mom turned, and he was met with the sight of her mostly naked ass. The thin strap of her G-string was tucked between her meaty butt cheeks. She plopped down between his legs, bumping his rigid cock with her ass-meat.

Justin squirted some oil on his hands, then began massaging his mom's shoulders. "Oh wow…that does feel good, honey!" McKenzie sighed.

"I'm glad you like it," her son answered. He could feel her nervous tension slowly melting away. Over the next few minutes Justin gave her the best shoulder massage he could, while gradually moving his crotch against her ass. It wasn't long before his erection was pointed upward, mashed against her rounded buttocks. The sheet separated their flesh, but it still felt amazing! Even through the fabric, McKenzie could feel how hot and incredibly rigid her son's cock was. "Let me return the favor," she whispered, gazing over her shoulder at him.

"You mean…massage me?" Justin asked.

"Yeah. I'll do your shoulders, and your neck. Lay back."

This certainly wasn't something he expected, but the teen wasn't about to turn her offer down. He scooted back some, to the center of his mattress and sprawled back, his boner still covered by the sheet, but forming an obvious tent-pole. Watching his mom follow him and straddle his loins was almost too good to be true. He let out an excited gasp as she lowered her mommy-muffin against his fuck-muscle, trapping it between their crotches. He could see enough through the embroidered panel of lace fabric to know that his mom had a shaved pussy.

Arousal caused the blood vessels in McKenzie's vulva and clitoris to swell up, mashing against her boy's penile flesh through the fabric and sending tingles through her body. Justin's eyes traveled up her trim belly to the monstrous tits ballooning from her chest as McKenzie applied some oil to her hands.

"I have to admit, mom…the view's pretty good from down here," Justin confessed.

His mom peered down into his eyes and gave him a teasing smile.

"Well…my view's not so bad either," she replied, letting her dreamy gaze travel down his lean hairless chest.

Just when Justin thought things couldn't get any better, they did. His mom leaned forward and began massaging his shoulders. This caused her tits to hang down, barely contained inside her bra and inches from his face.

"Holy shit!" the teenager's brain gasped as he stared at his mom dangling udders. Since her bra straps were down, the top hem of the two cups were just barely covering the upper fringes of her areolas.

The mother felt Justin's stiff prick contract, swelling with even more blood and pressing tightly up between her nuzzling labial lips, like a sausage in a bun. Her boobies bobbled teasingly as she massaged her son's shoulders. The wide-eyed teen stared down into the cavernous canyon of her cleavage. "Damn! What I'd give to have my face buried in there," he thought.

Justin wasn't the only one excited by what was happening.

McKenzie's heart was racing and her breathing increased. Her genitals were now fully engorged, the muscles around her vaginal entrance tightening. This triggered the release of lubricating fluid from her cervix and Skene glands, preparing her smoldering coital tube for intercourse. She squirted more oil on her son's chiseled chest, their eyes locked together needfully before she began running her hand all over his upper half.

"I bet you have dozens of girls at school willing to do this sort of thing, including your new girlfriend," the mother commented.

"Yeah, but none are as sexy as you," her son replied.

"I'm your mother, Justin," McKenzie blushed. "You really shouldn't see me that way."

"People can't just change the way they feel about someone, mom."

"No, but they can try to control it."

"How the fuck do you expect me to do that when your cunt's against my cock and your tits are hanging in front of my face?" the teen thought. He didn't dare say it out loud though, because then his mom might agree, and climb off him. "I do my best to control it, but it's not easy," he shared.

McKenzie worked the oil into her son's lower torso, marveling in fascination at the lean muscles of his six-pack abs. Her husband had them, once upon a time, but over the years they'd become covered in fat. She also couldn't remember the last time she had fit her twat down against something so incredibly hard. In fact, they could both feel how hot and throbbing their genitals were mashed together.

"I better put these bra straps back on before my boobs fall out,"

McKenzie stated in amusement, then slipped them back over her shoulders. Justin could see the fat nubs of her erect nipples poking out beneath the fabric, causing him to lick his lips lustfully.

"You have the most beautiful boobs on the planet, mom," the boy confessed, pouring on the compliments, just as he knew she liked to hear.

"Thanks, honey," she blushed. "They're heavy."

"Well, they can be heavy and still be beautiful, right?"

"Yes. I'm sure most guys think so."

"Dad's one lucky guy…that's all I have to say!" Justin uttered.

"Why, because his wife has big boobs?" McKenzie asked with a quirky smile.

"Yeah, I mean…if the girl I marry has boobs like yours I don't even think I'd be able to keep my hands off them…or my mouth!"

The mother burst out laughing. It didn't register consciously, but her body began to react in an inadvertent sexual manner; her hips subtly moving up and back, grinding against her son's cock. "Do you have boobs on the brain all the time, young man?" she asked him.

"I certainly do. I'm not gonna lie," he replied. "Do YOU have anything on the brain?"

"Sure," she answered, smiling down at him flirtingly.

"Like what? I shared my obsession with you."

"That you did! Are you sure you wanna know what your own mom obsesses about though?"

"Sure!"

"Maybe I'm too embarrassed to look at you and say it," she blushed.

"Well…you can always come down, hug me and whisper it in my ear."

"Yeah? I think we both know why you want that," McKenzie teased, thrusting her chest and making her giant jugs balloon out obscenely.

A substantial amount of breast-meat was seeping out the cups.

"Sure, but then it's a win-win for both of us, right?" Justin asked.

"Fine, I'll hug you and whisper my obsession into your ear, then we better end this little massage session for today."

"Understood!" Justin replied.

McKenzie lowered down on top of her son, flattening her fatty, bra-encased tits against his bare chest, making them distend out from

between their bodies. "Ahhh!" Justin audibly sighed, feeling her spongy cleavage bulge up around his chin. His mom's nipples felt stiff and rubbery prodding against his flesh. Her silky dark hair fell down the sides of their faces and smelt divine.

McKenzie brought her lips to his ear. "What do I obsess about, you ask?" she whispered, followed by a nod from her son. "I obsess about getting FUCKED…hard and deep!"

Her confession made her son tremble with excitement. His ass lifted from the bed, holding their fused crotches up in midair as his dick twitched in arousal. His mom pushed him back to the bed, then made two slow grinding motions along the length of his cock. This allowed her to feel it's unyielding hardness scrape deliciously between her wet pink flanges and crush against her swollen clitoral bulb. She gave her boy a quick, innocent kiss, then hoped off of him.

"Holy fucking hell!" Justin's mind exclaimed, in disbelief by what just happen.

The next day, while driving to Zumba class with her mother, Mila decided to speak to her about Justin. "Can I ask you a question?" she inquired, flashing her mother an inquisitive smile.

"Of course."

"And you won't give me that 'I'm your mother and we shouldn't be having this conversation' bullshit?"

"I think we've always managed to have an open line of communication between the two of us," McKenzie pointed out.

"What's your question?"

"Does Justin turn you on?"

McKenzie got shocked expression. "OK, umm…I certainly didn't expect THAT type of question," she stated.

"Well, you did say we had an 'open line of communication,' so shouldn't that mean I be allowed to ask you anything?"

"Yes, ok, well then…the answer to your question is no. Of course, he doesn't turn me on. He's…my son."

"Mom, you're lying!"

"Why do you think I'm lying?"

"Because I've known you my whole life. I know when you're lying. Look, I realize it's Justin we're talking about, but it's a judgement free zone between you and me. We should be able to tell each other anything, even if it has to do with family members. Remember that time I was honest with you about wanting to fuck Cody?"

"Your Cousin, Cody?"

"Yeah."

"Yes, I do remember that, but you were only seventeen at the time."

"I know, it was wrong and perverted, but my point is we talked about it, you and me. We trusted each other. If you wanna bang Justin's balls off I'm not gonna judge you for it. Just be honest!"

"Fine!" McKenzie blurted, mustering up some courage to share her true thoughts. "Your brother has been…capturing my attention here lately."

"Sexually?"

"Yes, sexually."

Mila smile in satisfaction. "Keep going..."

"I think he's trying to seduce me into having sex with him, and the strange thing is…he's doing everything right!"

"Such as, what?"

"Such as…buying me pink roses with a touching love-poem attached. Giving me massages and compliments. Displaying the bulge of his erection every time he gets a chance. These are all things that drive me insane!"

"Have you considered letting him fuck you?" Mila brazenly asked.

"No! Mila, it's your brother!"

McKenzie's daughter gave her a look of doubt. "Mom??"

"What?!" she asked, looking on the verge of laughing.

"We're being honest, remember? Have you thought about letting Justin bang the shit out of you?"

"Yes!" she shouted, "but you and I both know that CAN'T happen!"

"Ha! He has a cock, and you have a pussy…it most certainly CAN happen!"

"You know what I mean. I'm his mother and I'm married…to your dad."

"Mom, that doesn't mean shit and you know it. We all know that Aunt Tina took her son to that secret training camp for boys, in the tropics, and fucked his brains out for a week. She's supposedly 'happily married,' just like you are, so don't give me any of that 'it can't happen' bullshit!"

"Mila, I'm not cheating on your father…with your brother."

"But you want to…don't you?"

McKenzie looked over at her daughter and rolled her eyes. "YES…I do! There, are you happy?"

"Are you being serious, or are you just telling me that to shut me up?" Mila asked.

McKenzie let out a deep sigh. "I love Justin, as a son…but I also find him extremely gorgeous and charming. Yes, lately…I HAVE been thinking about what it would be like…to have passionate sex with him," she confessed.

"It would probably be amazing!"

McKenzie let out a giggle. "Then why don't YOU fuck him?!" she stated.

"Because I'm clearly not the one he wants. You are!"

"So, you mean to tell me, if it was you, he was trying to seduce, that you'd cheat on Rodney…with your brother?"

"In a heartbeat! Justin's gorgeous! Why do you think he has the Prom queen for a girlfriend? Mom, we both love our husbands, but let's face it…you and I know there's nothing like a teenage boy in the bedroom. The way they fuck…all full of sexual energy! Not to mention their ability to bounce back and stay fully hard!"

"Your brother certainly has the hardest one I've ever seen," McKenzie added, then realized what she was implying. "I um…went to wake him up the other morning and he was uncovered."

"You and I have both experienced huge dicks like that inside us before, mom. We both know what they can do to us. Justin could probably make you cum so hard that you'd lose your fucking mind. Why deny yourself that?" Mila asked.

"I don't know if I want your brother seeing me like that. I might shock him to death."

"I'm sure he's seen plenty of girls lose their minds and gush all over his fat prick. Besides, you deserve it. I'm sure dad's not blowing your

socks off lately."

"Not hardly," McKenzie snickered. "If I get one orgasm before he shoots off here lately, I'm lucky."

"Then you shouldn't feel a drop of guilt cheating on him. Fuck, mom…you're in your prime! You shouldn't have to settle with some 'two-pump-chump' like dad dictating how much pleasure you get."

"True. I love your father, but I'll admit…I do miss getting royally fucked, like I did when I was younger," McKenzie admitted.

"It's YOUR decision, mom. All I'm saying is…if I were in your position, I know what I would do."

The next morning, after reading in the diary about a sexy encounter his mom had when she was his age, Justin decided to hit the mall. His goal was to purchase her some negligee, just like ones she described that were given to her by her boyfriend at the time. The way she went on and on about how much she adored the outfit made Justin determined to find one just like it.

After arriving home from the mall, Justin placed the lingerie and heels he'd purchased on his bed, in just the right position, so they could be seen from his doorway. He prided himself in the fact that they were an exact match to the outfit his mom had described in her Seduction Guide. The color, the style…everything was spot on. It was only a matter of a few minutes before his mom, McKenzie, showed up in his doorway wearing snug jeans and a form-fitting sweater. "Hey, sweetie…how was your shopping excursion?" she asked.

"Good…I found everything I was looking for," he replied, motioning to the lingerie.

McKenzie stepped into his room; her brilliant blue eyes fixed on the sexy negligee displayed neatly on his bed. "What's this?" she asked.

"Oh, just some lingerie I bought for my girlfriend."

The heavy-breasted mother lifted the nightie from his mattress. "How strange," she whispered as if in deep reflection.

"What's strange…the outfit?"

"No, the outfit's beautiful, it's just…well, I had something just like this, a long time ago. My boyfriend bought it for me…when I was your age."

"Wow, how ironic!" Justin muttered, trying to act surprised. Little did she know that he had already read all about it in her diary, including what her and her boyfriend had done after she'd put it on. He could tell his mom was in love with it, so he mustered up all the courage he could to ask the big question. "Do you wanna try it on?"

Justin's mother fed him a blank stare, almost as if she couldn't believe he had just posed that question. "Try it on?" she repeated.

"Yeah…since it reminds you of something you had once. I don't mind if you wanna try it."

"Oh, trust me…I would love to try it on, but this is for your girlfriend. I don't wanna—"

"She'll have no idea you had it on, mom. In fact, if you like it enough…I might just give it to YOU and buy her something else."

"Oh, Justin…I would never expect you to do something like that."

"I wouldn't mind giving it to you, but could I at least see it on you first?" he boldly asked, anxious to see how she'd react to such a question.

"In this?! Oh, sweetie…this isn't the type of thing I should be wearing in front of you."

"Why not? I'm an adult now, plus I did spend a pretty dime on it. It would be cool to see SOMEONE beautiful wearing it."

McKenzie's heart melted from hearing such a compliment. "That's so sweet of you to say, but…well, you do know this lingerie is sheer, right?" she asked.

"Of course! That's one of the things that makes it so sexy."

Justin's mother couldn't believe how closely the nightie resembled the one her boyfriend had bought her all those years ago. Even the floral-laced trim was the same. Not only that, but the matching high heeled mules were just her size. She was surprised that her son was offering the outfit for her to keep but had mixed feelings about him seeing her in it. On the 'lingerie risqué level,' this rated up there high.

However, she knew she would feel terribly guilty keeping the outfit, without at least indulging him in his one simple request.

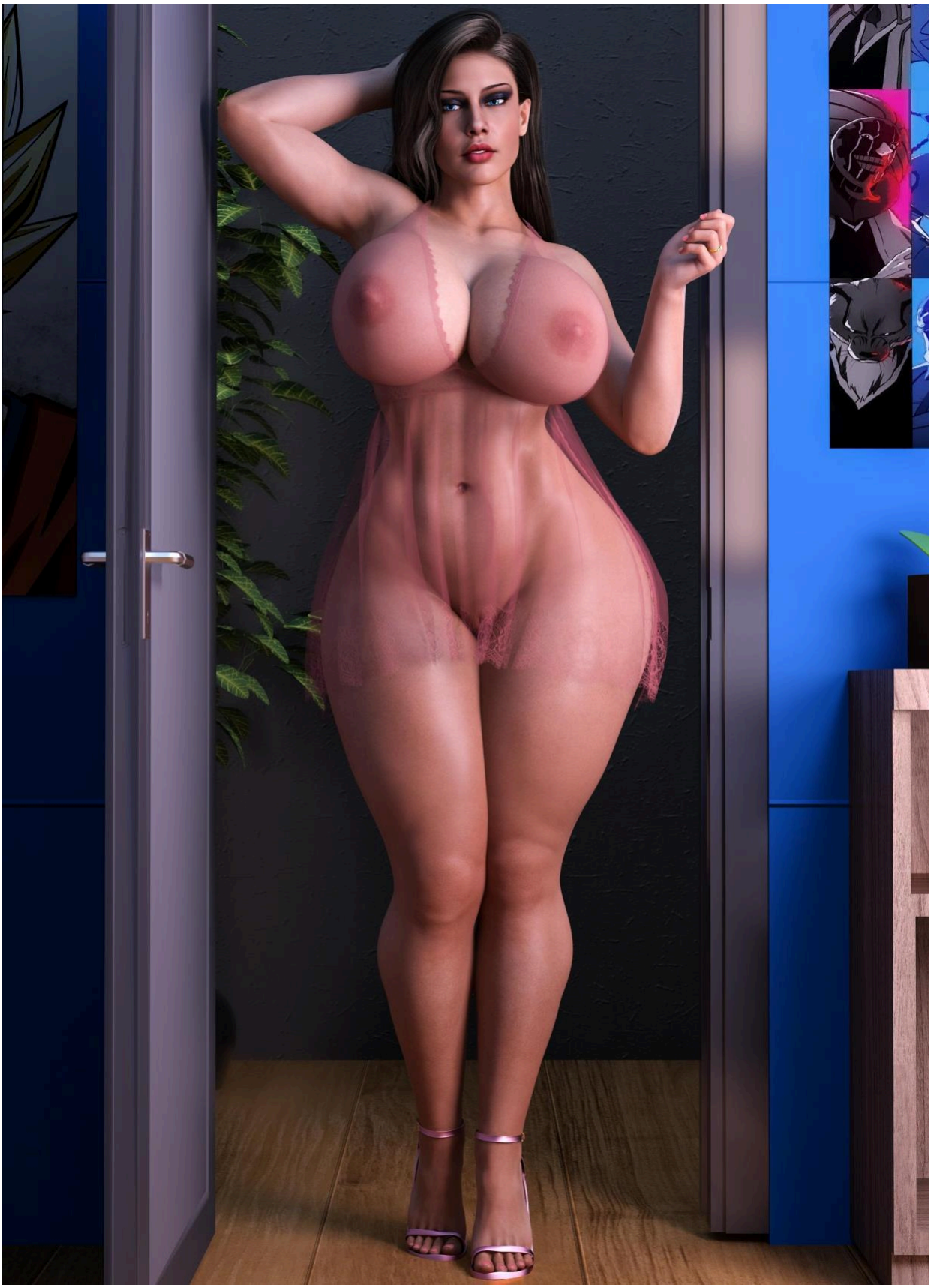
"If I let you see me in this…will you promise not to tell anyone?" McKenzie asked.

"Of course. Why would I tell someone?"

"I'm not saying you would, it's just that…well, IT IS pretty revealing. I wouldn't want anyone knowing I modeled this in front of you, especially your father."

"Trust me, mom…my lips are sealed."

"Alright then," said McKenzie anxiously, "I'll be right back. It was the longest ten minutes of Justin's life. He didn't even know his mom had retuned until he heard her sweet voice from his bedroom doorway. "Well…what do you think?" she asked.



The teen's jaw lowered in awe as he stared across his room at her.

His mom was wearing the skimpy babydoll nightie, which was pale pink in color and completely sheer. This allowed him to see her supersized tits, almost as clearly as if they were naked. McKenzie's teats were thick and turgid, protruding from her wide areolar rings.

The nightie fell just below her crotch, but that hardly mattered, since Justin could see her shaved pubis through the transparent fabric.

"You look stunning, mom!" the boy exclaimed. His lust-filled eyes drifted down her silky legs, to her feet, which were propped in four-inch pink mules, with a sexy single strap circling her ankles.

"You think so?" she asked proudly. "What about the back?"

She gracefully twirled around, making her heavy boobs wobble back and forth as she displayed the backside of the nightie. Justin gasped at the sight of her bare buttocks, which was plainly visible through the sheer silk. Her ass-cheeks were thick and rounded, crowning the backs of the most gorgeous legs the boy had ever seen. He suddenly remembered what she wrote in her diary about how she loved guys who already had girlfriends doting on her. "Dang, mom…you look WAY more amazing in that than my girlfriend probably would," he confessed, feeling his erect cock push against the crotch of his jeans."

"My, sweetie…you really know how to charm a girl with words, don't you?" McKenzie blushingly remarked.

"It's true…though, I do think you look amazing," Justin answered, then thrust his tent-pole out. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Yes...VERY obvious!" McKenzie smiled, her eyes widening as she stared at his dick bulge. "It's nice to know I still have what it takes to harden a teenage penis."

"If it gets any harder, I think it's gonna burst right out of my jeans, like the Incredible Hulk!" Justin joked.

"Oh, well…we don't want you to ruin your jeans, honey. Maybe you should just take it out."

Justin was over the moon that she had just made such a suggestion.

"You asked for it!" he said, lowering his jeans, then his briefs and stepping out of them. His long hunky dick bobbed on his loins, branching out stiffly. He loved the way his mom was staring at it, admiring its impressive size and rigidity. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Well, if I see your girlfriend walking funny…I'll know the two of you just had sex. That thing is a monster!" McKenzie exclaimed, her cunt-tube clenching over and over as if yearning to be stuffed full.

"Well…this 'monster' needs a cave to hide in. Do you know where he can find one?" Justin joked, willing to sound sappy in order to fuck his mother as soon as possible.

"Ha, ha! Very funny! Maybe you should yank on that monster instead; see if you can beat some semen out of him," McKenzie suggested.

Her comment made Justin remember an entry in her diary, where she talked about how much it turned her on watching a guy jerk off in front of her. "That's not a bad idea. Wanna sit and watch me jerk off?" he asked her.

His mom fed him a naughty smile, hesitating a moment. "Sure! Let me shut your door first. Not that anyone's due home any time soon, but I'm not taking any chances," she nervously stated.

Justin was already stroking the knob of his cock, licking his lips as he watched his mom sashay to his door. Her rounded rump swayed atop her gorgeous legs, and he hoped that soon he'd get to feel the delicious-looking derriere beating against his midsection. He wasn't quite to that point in seducing her yet, but he was certainly making quick progress.

McKenzie closed and locked his bedroom door, then made her way his direction, her heavy, fleshy tits bobbling beneath the sheer nightie with every step. She watched her boy's hand squeeze his glans.

"Starting without me?" she teased, then sat on the edge of his bed.

Now she had a front row seat, so she could watch her son beat his boner.

"Looking at your amazing ass makes it hard not to wanna touch myself," Justin admitted.

"Why is that? Are you having naughty thoughts about mommy's ass?"

"Always!"

"Always, huh?" McKenzie asked, raising an eyebrow. "And here I thought it was just my huge boobs you were obsessed with."

"I'm obsessed with all of you, mom. Every inch!"

McKenzie gazed into his eyes lustfully. "Well, maybe…just maybe…I'm obsessed with you too. Every inch! Although…" she said, staring back at his cock, "there is about nine inches of you that I'm MOST obsessed with."

Justin heart raced excitedly. He could hardly believe where this conversation was going. "You're a pretty good judge of size," he told her.

"I know a big dick when I see one," she replied with a flirty wink.

"Will you lay back and spread your legs for me, while I stroke?"

Justin boldly asked, wanting to push things even further.

"I suppose I could do that," she replied, standing back up, "but maybe I should undress first."

Justin watched his mom peel off the pink nightie. Then, she bent over in front of him to unbutton the straps of her heels. Doing this made her juicy bubble butt point straight at him. Her buns were now slightly separated, exposing the rosy-colored ring of her butthole to his ogling eyes. Below it, her puffy outer labium formed a hairless clamshell of vulvar meat. Before raising back up, McKenzie peeked back at him and smiled. "You're stroking awfully hard all of the sudden, honey. Do you see some things back there that are getting you excited?"

"Uh-huh," Justin replied, staring lustfully.

"Well, now that I have you all worked up, let me get on the bed and spread these pretty legs, just like you requested."

McKenzie stepped out of the heels and sprawled on the bed. She opened her legs in the widest spread Justin had ever seen, so her dainty feet pointed towards opposite sides of his bedroom. "There…is this how you wanted me?" she asked.

"Damnit, mom…that's fucking hot!" her son exclaimed, staring at her smooth, thick thighs. He could see the pink inner flanges of her labia peeking from her outer folds. It was all he could do to keep from pouncing and fucking her to the moon and back.

"You think it's hot, honey? Does it make you wanna get nasty?" McKenzie asked.

"Real nasty!"

"Yeah? I bet it makes you think about fucking hot pussy, doesn't it?"

she asked, gazing at him with her brilliant blue eyes.

"God, yes!" Justin answered, stroking his boner even harder.

"It makes you think about beating it through a fuck hole just like this one," said McKenzie thrusting her cunt mound up a few times, "and getting your dick all wet and tingly."

Justin suddenly got a brilliant idea. "Will you rub your pussy…while I stroke myself?" he boldly asked.

"Hmm, if I do that for you…what do I get in return?"

"Whatever you want," Justin answered, then suddenly remembered reading in her diary about something she loved a guy to do when he was masturbating in front of her. "Wait, I know… I'll cum on your tits!"

She fed him a strange smile. "What are you, a mind reader or something?" she asked.

"No, just, um…something I thought you might like."

"Well, just so you know…you've been spot on with a lot of things I like the past few days. The roses with the love-poem, the cotton candy massage oil, the lingerie. That's all information I've only kept in my…"

McKenzie's expression suddenly changed. Her fat jugs jostled as she closed her legs, then stood up off the bed and glared at her son.

"Hand it over, Justin!" she demanded.

"Hand what over?" he asked.

"Don't play stupid with me. You know what!"

"Mom, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"So, I should be able to march into the attic right now and find my High School diary, in the box that I was keeping it in, is that what you're saying?"

Justin realized that he'd been had. If he didn't spill the beans now, he'd be forced to after his mom went upstairs and saw that her diary wasn't in the box. "I'm sorry, I just…stumbled by it the other day, when I was looking for that box you wanted," he confessed.

"It was in a different box, that was taped up. You didn't 'stumble by' anything, Justin. You snooped in there, found it and ripped open the lock so you could read it, didn't you?"

"No, I used the key. I didn't damage your book."

"Oh, you mean 'the key,' that was in my jewelry box, which means you snooped through my bedroom too?!"

"Mom, I was gonna put it back, I swear!"

"Yeah, after you used the personal stuff in there to seduce your way into my panties! Well, guess what, Justin…you can forget all about that now! You're a snoop and a fake! Now give me my diary back!" his mom sternly demanded.

Justin walked over to the dresser, retrieved the diary from his drawer and handed it to her. His mom fed him the most disappointed look that he'd ever seen. "And just to think that I was ready to cheat on your father with a phony!" she stated, then marched out of his bedroom bare ass naked.

Justin avoided his mom the rest of the day, even skipping dinner, which didn't go unnoticed by his father. "Where's Justin? Is he not feeling well?" Mitch asked his wife as they sat at the table.

McKenzie was clearly still not in the best of moods. "You'd have to ask him that question," she replied. "I haven't spoken to him in a

while."

"Is everything OK? Did you two get into an argument today or something?"

"We're fine, Mitch. You don't need to worry about it," his wife answered.

Mitch certainly didn't want to feed the fire by getting involved, so he didn't push the issue. "Ok, I'll stay out of it then," he muttered.

"Thank you," his wife muttered, picking at her food.

Justin was at the park the next morning shooting baskets when his sister pulled up in her vehicle. She got out and walked over to talk to him. "Are you ignoring my phone calls now, asshole?" she joked.

"Sorry, I shut my phone off."

"So, I heard you blew it with mom."

"She told you?"

"Yep," Mila nodded. "I don't think I've ever seen her that upset. You'd think she broke up with a longtime boyfriend or something."

"I was stupid. I should have never went snooping into her diary."

"You weren't stupid, Justin…you were just sloppy. You were so spot on with your seduction techniques that mom figured it out. What you should have done was mixed in a little bit of YOU in there," Mila explained.

"Me in there?"

"Yeah, used SOME of what you read from her diary, but also seduced mom with ideas of your own. You should have got her excited about

something new. Maybe something kinky, that she's never experienced before. Something that would soak her panties!"

Justin turned and took at shot with the ball, getting nothing but net.

"Well, I guess it's too late for any of that now," he muttered.

"Not necessarily. Mom is still obsessed with you, Justin. That hasn't changed, I guarantee it. She lusts after YOU…not the roses, not the massage oil or lingerie you offered to give her. She's upset, yes, but I really don't think she'll give up on the idea of fucking you this easy."

"Yeah, but if I start pouring on the attention, buying her more stuff. She could get pissed at me all over again, especially if I do something like what's written in her diary," Justin expressed.

"Then take a different approach."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you have a girlfriend, don't you? Start doting on her more and watch how jealous mom gets. She'll be so pissed off that your attention's not on her anymore that SHE'LL start trying to seduce YOU! It's fucked up, I know, but that's how we women roll," Mila advised.

"Do you really think that'll work?"

"Yeah, I do, but just remember…when things start rolling your way again, just be yourself. Don't try to replicate an experience from mom's past. Give her new ones!"

"Got it! Hey…and, um…thanks for all the advice," said Justin with a grateful smile. "It means a lot."

"Yeah, well…I may be your sister, but my therapy services don't come free. After you've experienced having your cock milked off by mom, you're gonna owe me."

"Owe you what?"

"We can talk about that later. And you're not fucking my pussy, so don't even give me that look."

"What look?" Justin asked.

"Right now, you need to focus on mom," Mila reiterated.

"Don't you mean focus on my girlfriend?"

"Exactly, but make sure and throw it in mom's face. Trust me…if you're not balls deep in mom's cunt by this time tomorrow I'll be shocked."

That evening Justin was wrapping a gift on his bed. He kept his door open, hoping his mom would walk by. He certainly didn't expect her to stop in his doorway. "Dinner's almost ready," she told him.

"Thanks, mom, but I'm going out to eat with my girlfriend tonight."

McKenzie lingered in his doorway a moment, seeming disappointed.

"Justin, I'm sorry I snapped at you yesterday, but we can't just go on avoiding each other. Can we just put what happened behind us and move on?" she asked.

"I'm not avoiding you. I just wanna spend more time with my girlfriend, that's all."

The mother couldn't ignore the pangs of jealousy she was feeling.

When she noticed the gift on his bed being wrapped with heart-covered wrapping paper it certainly didn't help. "What are you wrapping?" she asked.

"The lingerie you tried on yesterday. I can't return it, so I figured I might as well give it to my girlfriend."

"Well, according to what you told me yesterday it was supposed to go to her anyway, or was that a lie also?"

"I thought we were putting this behind us, mom?" Justin asked.

"We are, but I just want you to remember something," McKenzie replied, glaring at her son jealously. "She won't look nearly as hot in that lingerie as I do."

The mother left his doorway and Justin smiled in satisfaction. He couldn't have asked for that interaction to have gone any better. Now that the first part of his plan was accomplished, it was time to move on to phase two. After going out to eat with his pretty girlfriend, Justin brought her back to his house. It was something he rarely did, but he knew it was sure to ruffle his mother's feathers. Now all he had to do was fuck the hell out of Georgia and make her scream loud enough for his mom to hear it down the hallway.

"You have some balls, you know that?!" his mother fumed as she stood in his doorway the next morning with her hands on her hips.

"What did I do?"

"You know what you did, Justin! Don't bring her around here anymore!"

Justin smiled inwardly. He was hoping his mom would react this way.

He took a moment to study what she was wearing, which was a sexy brown, ribbed knit romper. It was clear she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her nipples were poking out. He couldn't help but wonder if that were intentional. "Mom, Georgia's my girlfriend. Why can't I bring her around?" he asked.

"I think you know why. Could you two have been any louder last night?"

"I have no control over how loud she is," Justin stated.

"Oh, you most certainly did have control over how loud she 'GOT OFF' last night! Don't play coy with me, Justin!"

"Whatever, mom! Her and I were talking about maybe getting our own apartment anyway," he replied.

Getting and apartment was a lie, of course. Justin and his girlfriend were nowhere near that point in their relationship. However, he knew by telling mom this it was sure to get her even more worked up.

"Your own apartment?!" she exclaimed, making her boobies wobble.

"You guys just barely started going out!"

"I know, but we really like each other, and now that we've both graduated, we think it might be the next best step for us."

"Justin, you really should take your time and think about this. Moving in with someone is a huge commitment," McKenzie reminded him. "It's not a sure thing, mom. Like I said, we're talking about it."

Now that Justin had planted the fake idea in mom's head, that he may be moving in with his girlfriend, he decided to switch gears, with a romantic plan that he had come up with, all on his own. "Remember that trail we hiked together as a family, when I was like… twelve? The one that went through that beautiful prairie out in the country?" he asked.

"Yes, I remember, why?" his mom asked, as she gracefully sashayed to his bed and sat down next to him. The way she crossed her lovely legs was meant to draw her son's attention to them.

"I've really been wanting to take a hike out there again. I was thinking about going today, since it's so warm out. Wanna come along?"

He certainly didn't have to twist McKenzie's arm to get her to agree, but she did feel a bit bad about how she'd treated him the past two

days. "Are you sure you wanna spend time with your bitchy old mom today?" she asked.

"You were bitchy, yes, but with good reason. I snooped and lied to you. Like you said though, we should put it behind us and move on."

McKenzie's lips curled into a warm smile. "Agreed. I'll get changed," she stated.

After a twenty-minute car ride outside of town, they arrived at the beginning of "Prairie Trail." McKenzie was surprised when her son pulled a stuffed backpack out of the trunk. "Are we camping up here and you didn't tell me?" she teased.

"No, but I thought a picnic would be nice, so I brought some things."

"Wow, you're making a whole date of this, aren't you?" his mom asked, playfully jabbing him in the ribs.

They walked the trail together, surprised that they had it all to themselves on such a beautiful day. McKenzie wore sexy Daisy Duke shorts, a snug cami top and hiking boots. After about a half-mile walk, the trees gave way to a beautiful prairie, with tall grass that gently wavered in the breeze. "I forgot how beautiful this trail was. It's been so many years since we've been out here," McKenzie stated.

"That's why I wanted to come back sometime," Justin told her. "The part I remember most though was walking behind my gorgeous mother and watching her ass sway."

McKenzie started laughing. "Justin, you were twelve!" she remarked.

"A kid can't be obsessed with his mom's ass at twelve?"

"I thought it was my huge boobs you were obsessed with?" she teased.

"Well, yeah, but I couldn't very well walk backwards in front of you and stare at those, could I?" he pointed out.

"Good point! That may have been a little too obvious."

"Let's find a spot to have our picnic," Justin suggested, then left the trail, heading into the tall grass. His mom followed, and after a short walk, the teen plopped the backpack down. "How about here?"

"It's as beautiful a spot as any," his mom replied.

Justin unzipped his backpack and pulled out an inflatable air mattress and pump. "Is that an air mattress?" McKenzie giggled.

"I figured if we're going to be picnicking, we might as well do it comfortably," her son replied. "I have a tent packed also; in case we're feeling REALLY adventurous." Justin knew his mom had never been camping, so chances are…being naughty in a tent was something she's never tried. He just hoped she's be as excited about the idea as she was some of the experiences she had written in her High School diary.

"Why not!" she smiled. "What can I do to help?"

"Just do what you do best, mom; stand there and look pretty."

McKenzie fed him a mischievous grin. "Well, that's sweet of you to say, but just so you know, that's NOT what I do best," she revealed.

"What do you do best then?" Justin asked, having a feeling she'd say something naughty.

"Maybe I'll tell you, once we're inside the tent," she winked.

The teen had the tiny tent erected and thick mattress pumped up and situated inside in no time. He even placed a fitted sheet over it for added comfort. They removed their hiking boots, then crawled

inside together and zipped the door behind them. "Well…isn't this cozy?"

McKenzie commented, smiling over at her son as they lay on their sides, facing each other, only a foot apart.

"Now, about that comment you made outside?" Justin inquired. "You know… that thing you were gonna tell me, once we were inside the tent."

"I have no recollection of that," McKenzie joked, getting a cute innocent look.

"I do! It was something about you telling me what you do best."

"Oh, that…well, take a guess!" the mother requested, gazing him in the eyes. "I'll give you a hint. It starts with F and ends in K, and there's a couple letters in between.

"FORK?!" Justin teased.

"Yeah, that's it!" the mother laughed, making her tit-meat quiver beneath her snug top. "Forking is what I do best!"

"Fork yeah!" Justin shouted.

When his mom stopped laughing, she had another one to add. "Stop FORKING around and kiss me, Justin!"

For a moment, they shared a magical gaze, before McKenzie continued speaking. "That IS why you brought me out her, right? That's why you set up this tent for us? So we could kiss…and FORK our asses off?" she asked.

"Not exactly," Justin replied.

"No?" his mom asked, her face frowning in disappointment. "What then?"

"I brought you out here so I could devour your pussy and make you cum all over my face," he confessed.

McKenzie's heart skipped a beat and her eyes widened. She felt her engorged clitoris throb beneath it's fleshy hood. "Well, I, um… certainly won't stop you, if that's what you want."

"It is!" he replied, excitement flowing through him.

"Haven't you tasted my pussy enough from all those panties you've been stealing out of my hamper for years?" she teased.

"You mean while I was dreaming about tasting it from the source?"

"Aright…well, um…do you want me to tease you, by taking off my shorts and panties very slowly, or do you just wanna rip 'em off my fucking body and dive in?" she sensually asked.

"The second choice!" Justin replied, anxiously staring over at her.

"I'm all yours."

Justin suddenly sprung onto his knees, quickly scrambling between his mom's parting legs as she rolled onto her back. He shucked off her Daisy Duke shorts in a flash, then grabbed the hem of her gray panties, tugging the thin straps down over her lush hips. He glanced up at his mom's face, delighted by her sexually excited expression, while he forcefully pulled the dainty panties down her legs and off.

McKenzie drew her knees back, splaying open her thick thighs, exposing a bull's-eye target of shave pussy her boy. "Fuuuck!" Justin whimpered excitedly, staring at her juicy genitals. Her thick labial flanges were unfurled, like the petals of an exotic pink flower in full bloom. Crowning her coral gash, was the engorged tissue of her clitoral prepuce. The teen "dove in" face first, laving his lusty licker through his mom's pussy folds, making her gasp sharply.

"OH, MY FUCKING GOD!!" Justin's mind wondrously buzzed, as he took in the fragrant aroma, the sweet tang of her cuntal excretions and the delightful feel of her tumescent, fleshy folds against his face.

McKenzie slouched down onto the aircushion, arching her back in pleasure, making her oversized knockers balloon skyward and threaten to rip right out of her bra and thin cotton top. She let out a girlish squeal, feeling her son carve his tongue beneath her clitoral hood and across the fat bulb of her glans.

Justin snarled, like a starving dog who'd just been given a juicy steak.

He sucked her engorged love-nubbin into his mouth and scrubbed it with his tongue, making his mom writhe in pleasure. Then, he kissed the mouth of her pleasure-pit, pressing his face deep in her vestibule, licking it's fringes and savoring the sweet cuntal nectar that seeped from her horny orifice. He couldn't wait to bury his erect cock in there and feel all that wonderful pink tissue smother the fruit of his manhood, right down to the root of his erection.

Out here on the prairie, miles from anyone, McKenzie had no reservations about letting out the loudest orgasmic scream she could as her cunt creamed on her son's face. Her heavy titted body trembled violently, while locking her thick thighs around her son's head, trapping him against her quivering cunt. To Justin, this was like a wild dream come true. After years of getting little samplings from her panties, he was finally getting the main course.

After receiving a divine, twenty-minute oral assault, McKenzie pushed her son onto his back and climbed to her knees. Justin watched her quickly shed the rest of her clothing. Her huge H-cup tits wobbled deliciously as they sprung from her bra, her nipples sticking out, thick and erect. Justin threw off his shirt, but his mom took care of the rest, eagerly shedding his shorts and briefs. Her mouth was on his bobbing cock in a flash, licking it all over. "My turn!" she gasped, then sunk his prick between the ring of her lips and began sucking.

Justin panted in delight, watching his mom's pretty head bob up and down on his love-muscle. Her dangling tits jostled around heavily to the rhythm of her cock-sucking tempo. When she came up for air, McKenzie darted her thick pink tongue all over his glans, making her teen's body tremble in pleasure.

She plunged his cock in her mouth again, this time taking him into her throat. Her obscenely-stretched lips kissed his cock-base, showing her boy that she was perfectly capable of taking him to the balls. She came back up and gasped for air.

"I need you to fuck me, Justin!" McKenzie whimpered, grabbing his arm and guiding him down on top of her. She certainly would have loved to have sucked his cock and balls for longer, but this mother desperately needed a royal fucking.

Coming down on top of his mom was a surreal moment, since it was something that Justin had wanted to do for so long. His boner was so fucking stiff it almost hurt. He ran it through her juicy labium first, scraping it across her sensitive clit. Then, he reared back and fit the barbed tip against her steamy entrance. Mother and son both let out a satisfied gasp, as the crown of Justin's horny peter stretched her opening and sunk inside her.

McKenzie grasps his ass cheeks with both hands, sinking her nails into his flesh as she desperately pulled their crotches together. Sure, she had experienced plenty of cocks in her lifetime, but something about her son's felt absolutely perfect! Their bodies wasted no time going into fuck-mode. Justin began to thrust steadily, making their bellies beat together, and his mother wrapped her silky legs high around his back, to facilitate the deepest penetration she could get.

Their lips were drawn together like magnets, fusing in open ovals, so their tongues could duel inside Justin's mouth.

The sound of SMACKING flesh filled the inside of the tent as they wrestled in a wild fuck. McKenzie's fat mommy-tits were crushed

against her boy and sloshed uncontrollably between them. The muscles in their legs and asses flexed and strained as they pounded their horny genitals together in a glorious union. The last time they were at this location together, Justin was just a young boy, first learning about the mysteries of sex. Being wrapped in his beautiful mother's body and having his penis buried inside her seemed like such a impossible dream. Now, here he was, six years later, at that same location, fucking her savagely with his huge, fully developed cock. It was a satisfying sense of accomplishment.

McKenzie had forgotten how divine it felt to be pounded by a teenage cock. She could feel her son's rock hardness and youthful exuberance with every thrust. His jutting boner thundered through her fuck-hole, lubricated by a combination of cuntal juices and the pre-ejaculate that seeped from her son's piss-slit. The strong slab of penile meat ignited the pleasure sensors along her spongy pleated lining, which soon had her trembling and howling in a powerful, full body orgasm.

"AHHH, FUCK!" Justin groaned, feeling her powerful cunt muscles clench, while female ejaculate erupted from her urethra, swirling around his pummeling peter-meat. This set off a series of rapid-fire contractions of his penile muscles and around his anus. The nerves causing these contractions quickly sent a message to his brain, triggering his own fierce climax.

For several mind blowing minutes, they bucked and writhed in fuck-passion as thick, potent ropes of baby batter erupted from Justin's cunt-smothered knob, splattering along the quivering walls of McKenzie's vagina.

The huge-titted mother clawed at her boy, holding his frame with her arms and warm, circled legs; kissing him passionately. She marveled at how that cute twelve-year-old boy, who hiked the trail with her years ago, had become such a gorgeous, charming, big dicked stud.

"You're not going soft," the mother whispered, after they laid there together for a moment holding each other.

"Was I supposed to?" Justin chuckled.

"No…not at your age. I'm just not used to that. Your father's dick goes soft almost immediately after we have sex. Having a huge, hard cock that's ready to go a second time is refreshing," she replied, tightening her fuck muscles around him.

"Then you'd be ok with me fucking you again right now?"

"Are you kidding me? YOU BETTER fuck me again right now!"

Justin pulled out of her and rose to his knees. His bobbing boner was shimmering and dripping with orgasmic juices. "How do you want it?" he eagerly asked.

"Hmm, well…how did you imagine us doing it…back when you were twelve and dreaming about fucking me?" she asked with a sinister grin.

"How DIDN'T I imagine it, mom? In my fantasies we were doing every way possible!"

"Well, that sounds like a challenge I'd be willing to accept, but for now, why don't you lay on you back and let mommy ride you," she requested.

"Yes, ma'am!"

Justin sprawled on his back, then watched his mom climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. He licked his lips anxiously, staring at her bobbling bosom. He simply couldn't wait to suck on their big swollen nipples. McKenzie grasped his cock and guided it back inside her fuck-hungry vagina. The feel of her son's meaty spike sinking to her cervix literally took her breath away.

"You're not really planning on moving in with your girlfriend, are you?" the mother asked, flexing her pelvic floor muscles, so her cunt tube tightened around her son's stiff pecker.

Justin sighed at the sensation of her hot pussy gripping him. "I'm not moving anywhere!" he replied.

"Good answer, honey!"

The beautiful brunette mother began riding his cock, bouncing up and down masterfully. From his vantage point, Justin was treated to a real show, gawking at his mom's king-sized tits as they bounced and rippled wonderfully while she fucked him. As the minutes passed, the spectacle got even more thrilling. His mom's pretty face twisted in pleasure and she let out an ear-piercing scream as she was hit with a powerful, body-trembling climax.

McKenzie alternated between thrusting and grinding, showing her skills at fucking. She adored the feel of her boy's strong vein-encrusted erection stirring through her as she swiveled up and back in full penetration. She leaned down, resting her hands to each side of his head, so her dangling tits swung teasingly, just above his face.

Justin loved watching girl's tits swing when he fucked them. He had dicked a couple of married moms with huge hooters, but none as big as his mom's.

Justin craned his head up, kissing his way into her soft, gaping cleavage. The flesh of her fatty tits felt just as wonderful as he always imagined they would brushing against the sides of his face. He took his time, exploring every inch of her wobbling wonders, even the spongy, rounded undersides, before arriving at one of her turgid teats.

The tit-obsessed teen sucked it into his mouth, then gorged himself on as much spongy flesh as he could.

Having her tits sucked on, while working her boy's pleasure-pole at her desired pace brought the mother off yet again, making her shudder as powerful orgasmic contractions swept through her plush frame. Justin grunted in delight, his voice muffled by pounds of tit-

meat. He could feel McKenzie's girl-cum squelching around his cock-base and running down his balls. His erection flexed in excitement, his knob mushrooming against the pursed ring of his mother's external os. He could feel her wonderful pink pleats tightening and tugging around the glans and shaft of his fuck-muscle, soaking it in the hot, slippery oil that secreted from her Bartholin's glands.

After a long period of fucking this way, McKenzie's distended nipple popped from her son's mouth and he wrapped his arms around her, so their bodies hugged tightly. Peeking up from between her jiggling mammaries, Justin began fucking into her savagely.

"OH, JUSTIN! … OHH, GOD, YES! FUCK MEEE!" his mother cried out, thrilled by her boy's heated sexual aggression.

Their juicy sex organs slapped together wetly and lewdly lewdly as the teenager hammered his mom with rapid, full-length fuck-thrusts.

Most grown men could only keep this intense sex-pace for a short time, but not Justin. He had incredible stamina, so his lean athletic body allowed him to fuck his busty mom like this for ten minutes straight. During that time, McKenzie experienced two mind-numbing orgasms, back to back, making her body convulse in pleasure.

There was nothing more satisfying to the lucky teen that hearing his mom's screams of passion and feeling her soft, warm flesh tremble against him. He had conquered her and practically stollen her sexual attention from his father. It made his nuts tingle with glorious pre-orgasmic sensations. When his sexy mom locked lips with him for a frantic French kiss he felt his prostate swell and his cum-filled balls clench up in their sack. A raging torrent of hot love-lava stormed up his urethral tube, then blasted out the slit of his meatus, into his quivering sleeve of his mom's pussy.

McKenzie heard her boy let out a deep, pleasurable grunt, while feeling his boner pulsate inside her, painting her cuntal walls with hot goo. Neither one of them was in any hurry to untangle themselves.

For nearly a half hour, Justin drained every drop of jizz inside her clasping orifice, while kissing her and groping his mom's squishy tits.

They both let out a satisfied sigh. "Do we have to go home?" Justin asked. "Can't we just stay out here and fuck our asses off all night?"

This made his mom giggle and clench her pussy muscles on his still-hard cock. "I don't know about "all night," honey. I do have to pick your sister up from Day Care and make dinner for your father," McKenzie replied.

"Yeah, I suppose."

His mother lifted her head, looking down into his eyes with a smile.

"But…if we get really creative, we could probably come up with an excuse to lock ourselves in your bedroom later for a nice hard doggie-style fuck. How's that sound?" she asked.

"Incredible!"

"I thought you'd think so, and speaking of "creative" …you really impressed me today. If I were still keeping a diary, this is definitely an experience I would have wrote about."

This is just what Justin wanted to hear. "Well, you can always start keeping one again, because I'm sure we'll be having all sorts of noteworthy sexual adventures together," he suggested.

"You know what…that's not a bad idea," the mother agreed, then gave him a long, tender kiss.

Later that evening, Mila and her husband stopped by the house for a visit. They found her father alone in the living room, watching a basketball game. The sound of loud, muffled rock music was blaring from the upstairs. "Where's mom and Justin…and where is that God awful music coming from?" she asked.

"Well, it's like this…" her father answered. "At dinner, your mom and Justin made a bet, to see which one could spell the most words right. Your mother lost…so now she's being forced to listen to the whole album of Justin's favorite rock group up in his bedroom."

Mila smiled in amusement. Of course, she suspected the real reason they were up there, and it wasn't to listen to music. "Is that so? Well…I'm sure mom's just sitting up there suffering even as we speak," she sarcastically stated.

"Never take a bet, unless you're sure you can win, that's what I always say," Mila's father, Mitch, concluded.

Inside Justin's bedroom, the music was playing, but they certainly weren't just listening to it. The teen had his mom bent over on the bed, fucking her from behind. The loud music served it's purpose,

muffling the sound of their flesh smacking together, as well as McKenzie's gasps of pleasure.

Justin was grasping on to his mom's wide hips, while thrusting into her. She joined, by pumping her ass back tirelessly, making the rounded, fatty flesh of her buns ripple as they beat against her boy's midsection. McKenzie's huge, stiff-nippled udders swung on her chest like pendulums stuffed full of fatty and glandular tissue.

Justin's teenage cock punched through his mom's pink gash powerfully. The muscles and tendons strained at the root of his shaft, sustaining the force of his fuck-thrusts.

"Oh, baby…your dick is so hard and strong!" McKenzie whimpered, gazing back over her shoulder at her hard bodied teen as she felt his supercharged dong massage her inner lining.

"Get used to it, mom! You'll be cumming on this dick a lot!"

Sex in the tent, on the prairie trail, was amazing, but there was something wonderfully wicked about fucking at home. Just knowing her husband was downstairs gave McKenzie a wicked thrill. She couldn't wait to have her son pound the fuck out of her on her marital bed tomorrow, once her husband was at work. Of course, she still loved Mitch, but sex with him would certainly never be the same again. In fact, the sex she'd had recently with her husband almost seemed laughable in comparison to the royal dicking she was getting from Justin.

"Oh, Justin…I'm cumming!" the mother squeal, her voice barely heard over the music.

The boy watched his mother's pink, crinkled asshole clench between her swiveling buns and felt her cunt contract around his cock. "Ahhh, fuck!" he sighed. Her pelvic floor muscles were tightening and relaxing over and over, making her vaginal tube chew at the tender meat of his prick. His cunt-smothered glans swelled up even bigger;

slippery, pre-ejaculatory goo weeping from its slit and smearing on his mom's back wall. He could feel the scalding female cum pissing from his mom's bulging vaginal meatus and dripping from his balls.

"Fuck, mom…that feels so fucking good!" he sighed.

"Mmm, are you gonna give me a stud-sized cum load up my pussy, baby?" she mewled. "Are you gonna pump some baby making sperm into mommy?"

"Real Goddamn soon!" her son answered, his dick and balls tingling exquisitely.

McKenzie threw her ass back even harder. "Come on, Justin…take that fucking pussy! Make it yours!" she shouted.

"Ahhhhh!" the teen grunted, fucking into to her savagely. His hips were moving so fast they looked like a blur. His crotch was now smacking extra hard against her ass, making the fatty flesh of her butt-meat ripple wildly. "Ahhhgghhh, cumming!" the boy announced.

"ME TOO!" his mother squealed.

Together, they jerked and trembled, sharing a wonderful mutual orgasm. "AHHHGGGHHH!!" Justin grunted. Good thing the music was going, otherwise they would have surely heard him downstairs.

He was ejaculating so hard it felt like his knob might pop right of the end of his cock. His milky ropes were thick and powerful, hosing out all over the engorged, ribbed-textured lining of McKenzie's vagina.

"Did you two enjoy your music?" Mila asked with a knowing smile as McKenzie and Justin joined her out on the back deck.

"Yes, it was…satisfying, right, honey?" McKenzie answered, smiling at her son.

"Very!"

"I bet. Well, don't forget you both owe me. If it wasn't for my help you probably would have never had the courage to beat your bellies together."

"Fine, I'll make you a batch of your favorite cookies, how's that?" McKenzie asked.

"That'll work."

"What about me?" Justin asked, looking at his sister. "What do I owe you?"

Mila fed him a mischievous smile. "Come by my apartment at noon tomorrow and I'll tell you," she answered.

McKenzie gave her daughter a suspicious look. "What do you have planned for noon tomorrow?" she curious asked.

"Do you really wanna know?"

McKenzie knew her daughter was into some very kinky shit, so she decided not to pry. "No…forget it. It's probably better if I don't know."

"Don't worry, mom…I'm not fucking her pussy. She already assured me that wasn't what she wanted," said her son.

"It's true. That's not what I want."

The following afternoon Justin was beating his cock through the ring of his sister's asshole. They were on Mila's marital bed; she on all-fours with nipple clamps attached to her fat tits. She gazed back at her brother deliriously. "HARDER! FUCK MY ASS HARDER, YOU MOTHERFUCKER!" she cried.

Mila had a big, plush ass, like her mother. It beat against her brother's midsection relentlessly as he speared his meaty muscle

deep into her rectum. "Your husband seriously doesn't like this?" Justin breathlessly asked.

"No…he hates anal sex, but it doesn't matter, I'd want you in my ass even if he did like it. You cock is incredible! No wonder why mom wanted it so fucking bad!"

Justin's sister had a vibrator shoved up her cunt and he could feel the pulsations of it on his erection, through the wall of tissue that separated her vagina and her ass-tunnel. He watched the elastic ring of her butthole squeeze around his slick penile meat as it pumped in and out. "Slap me! SLAP MY FUCKING ASS WHILE YOU FUCK IT, PERVERT!" Mila shouted passionately.

Justin obliged, striking his sister on the ass and making her fatty cheek ripple wonderfully.

"AGAIN! SLAP ME AGAIN AND FUCK ME HARDER! POUND MY ASSHOLE, JUSTIN!"

The boy's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he pummeled his peter deep into her shit-chute, feeling her clenching walls stroke his throbbing boner.

"Damn…this makes me wanna fuck mom up the ass now!" Justin exclaimed.

"Jesus, would you stop thinking about mom for two seconds?! Grab my hips! I need you to really fuck my ass hard and deep, Justin!" his sister demanded. "REAM MY FUCKING ASSHOLE!"

"Got it!" he replied, then doubled his efforts.

THE END

Mom wants a Fuck Doll

By Klrxo

"Hi, honey…how was your baseball practice?" Ruby asked as she stood in her son's doorway.

"Excellent!" David replied, his eyes drifting up his mom's voluptuous body. She wore a short, black maxi dress, which showed off a good portion of her legs as well as the creamy bulge of her enormous tit-cleavage.

"Oh good…I can't wait until your games start so I can **CHEER** you on from the bleachers!" Ruby expressed, throwing her arms into the air like a cheerleader, making her huge, fatty melons jostle heavily.

"Me too," her boy agreed.

"Can we, um…talk for a few minutes?" Ruby asked, suddenly seeming and anxious and serious.

"Sure."

"Good…let me close and lock your door. We don't need your nosy sister snooping in on our private conversation."

"True."

Ruby closed her boys door and locked it, then stepped towards him on bare feet. "There…let's sit down on your bed together," she requested. Her delicious bubble butt landed softly on the bed, making the heavy breast-meat beneath her blouse and bra jostle as she sat next to her teen. She gazed over with her beautiful sapphire eyes, flashing him a warm, adoring smile.

"Honey…I have an 'issue' that I'm trying to get resolved and I think you might be able to help me out with it. First, let me just say that I know your eighteen now, so I feel like I can talk to you about anything, " Ruby stated, then gazed deeply into David's eyes. "Especially 'sexual' things."

David gulped anxiously. "Sure, mom. Is everything all right with you?" he asked with concern.

"Yes…everything is fine with me, honey. My issue has more to do with my…'sexual' well being," she answered. "I'm 38 now, which means I've just hit my sexual prime."

"What's that?" David stupidly asked.

"You don't know what 'sexual prime' means, honey?" the mother giggled. She never considered that her cute boy may not know much about the subject of sex.

"No."

"Well, I'll be frank with you. A person's sexual prime means that they wanna fuck…more than any other time in their life. It's pretty much all they think about," the mother confessed, her fat clit tingling beneath its fleshy hood.

Ruby noticed her son was becoming a little red in the face, probably because she had just used a word she hardly ever had around him, especially in a sexual context. "Why are you blushing? Is it because I used the word… '**FUCK**?' she giggled. "Oh, honey…you don't have to be embarrassed. I like that I can finally use those 'grown up' words with you."

"Yeah…I like it too," he admitted. Since David was a young boy he had admired his mom's beauty. Like many boys his age he dreamed of being wrapped in mommy-flesh, smothered by her enormous tits, while beating his horny boner through the tube that birthed him.

His beautiful mom stared him in the eyes as she continued. "Now when I talk to you, I can say words like 'fuck, cock and pussy'… those are all words we should be able to use and discuss with each other."

"True," the boy agreed, his heart racing.

His mom reached over and took one of his hands in both of hers, resting them on her soft lap. David could feel the heat radiating from between her legs. "Hey, I have an idea. Why don't you tell me your favorite dirty word and I'll tell you mine."

"My favorite dirty word?" David awkwardly asked.

"Yeah, don't be shy, honey. It's ok for a mother and son to talk nasty when they're alone together. It's all part of that special, secret connection that we have."

"Ok."

"Now tell me…what naughty word to do think the most about?"

"Probably boobs," he timidly answered.

"Ohhh, 'boobs' huh? Let me guess…you like **REALLY** big boobies, don't you?" she asked, then giggled when he nodded, making her own huge mounds quiver. "I thought so. Have any of the girls at school let you suck on their fat titties?"

"Yes…some."

"Yeah? Did you like masking your face in all that squishy flesh, while you suckled and chewed on their teats?"

"Yeah, a lot," the boy replied. He glanced at his mom's mams, knowing he had never seen boobs anywhere near the size of hers. Ruby's nipples were completely engorged from arousal, creating

fleshy protrusions in her dress. "So what's, um…your favorite dirty word?" David bravely asked.

"Hmm…well, it has to be 'dick.' I probably think about dick more than anything else throughout the day. Big, hard, juicy dick!" the mother answered, lustfully licking her lips as she glanced down at her son's crotch. "Which reminds me…you know how I said I was in my 'sexual prime?" Do you wanna hear something cool?" the busty mother asked.

"Sure."

"You and I are 'peaking' at the same time. We're both at the age where we crave hot, nasty sex constantly, it just the way human sexuality works. Isn't that really cool?"

"Yeah…I never knew that."

Ruby squeezed his hand in hers. "Which brings me to my issue. I'm afraid your father's just not doing it for me anymore. He tries, I'll give him that, but he's older now, and…well, I'm just not really that physically attracted to him anymore. It frustrates the hell out of me that he can't keep up with me sexually, and his erections aren't nearly as hard as they once were."

"Couldn't he just take one of his blue pills?" David asked, knowing his father had a prescription for erectile dysfunction.

"Yes, I know he could take Viagra, honey, but to be honest…I've always kinda thought that men who need those drugs to get hard are really fucking pathetic," Ruby giggled, then stared her son in the eyes. "I don't need a wimpy-dicked loser trying to please me in the bedroom. What I really need is someone who can take me to the moon and back. Someone with a strong, rigid dick and tireless sexual energy. What I need…is a fuck doll."

For a moment, David contemplated exactly what his mom meant. "Do they make sex dolls for women?"

"Yes, they make them for women too. I actually looked in to purchasing one a couple weeks ago. It was a fake male torso, with an eight-inch dong attached to it. You know…for women to take their sexual aggressions out on. I was gonna buy it, but then I changed my mind," Ruby explained.

"Why did you change your mind?" David asked. He noticed that his mom's mini skirt had bunched up near her waist, leaving all her luscious legs for him to look at. He often imagined her powerful, silky legs harnessed tightly around him while he pounded his muscular cock through the tight, juicy grip of her pussy. He tried not to let his mind wander there, but to remain focused on what his mom was saying.

"While I like the whole concept of having a doll at my disposal, whenever I need it…I just don't think I'd be completely satisfied with something fake, not to mention an object that requires **ME** to do all the work," Ruby told him.

"I see. That makes sense," the boy replied.

"That brings me to the issue I wanted to discuss with you; a question actually. If you say no I'll understand…and I promise, I'll never bug you about it again, alright?"

"Um…ok."

Ruby seemed a tad bit reluctant, but continued anyway. "I know this isn't a question a mother would normally ask her son, but…we've always had a close bond, haven't we?"

"Yeah…of course," David replied.

"Even though we've never talked about it, I think its obvious that there's always been sort of a 'sexual' attraction between you and I. An infatuation," the mother whispered, staring yearningly into his eyes. "A hunger."

"Yes," her boy agreed. He was amazed that his mother was confessing a desire for him.

"When I was shopping for sex dolls and I saw all those fake, young-looking male torsos with their big erections attached, I couldn't help but think about how ironic it was that I already had one of those living under the same roof as me, only he **WASN'T** fake. I realized, from a little spying, that someone has a **REALLY** nice dick, and could give me greater sexual pleasure than any of those toys," Ruby expressed, then gazed into her boy's eyes deeply. "Of course, that person I'm talking about…is you. Honey…would **YOU** be interested in being mommy's fuck doll?"

David's heart was beating so fast in his chest that he could hardly spit his response out. "Yes!" he blurted.

"Well…that certainly didn't take any convincing!" his mom giggled. "Are you sure you don't wanna hear what I'll be requiring of you first…before you take on that responsibility? I wrote a list down in my phone, just in case you wanted to know what your role as my 'sex toy' would entail."

Ruby thumbed through her cell phone to find the list she was referring to. She desperately wanted a toy that she could sexually ravage on a daily basis. One that that could make her cum so fucking hard that it would set off an earthquake of convulsions inside her and make her pretty, sapphire eyes roll back in their sockets. "Maybe I should read it to you, before you fully agree to making this commitment," she told her boy.

"Sure, I'd like to hear it!" David replied.

"This would be our…daily schedule, except on weekends, of course, which we'd have to modify, since your father and sister would be around the house more," Ruby informed him, then read from her list. "Every morning at 8am, just after your father leaves for work, we could lock ourselves in here and fuck our asses off on your bed. We'd be doing this in various positions, but you should know that doggy-style is my favorite, so I would be expecting you to pound my shaved pussy from behind quite a lot."

David let out an excited sigh, his cock hardening beneath his jeans.

His mom giggled at his reaction. "Oh, you like that position too, huh?" she asked in a sultry tone. "You like to watch a nice, meaty ass beat against your midsection?"

"Heck yes!" he blurted, envisioning his mom's fatty ass cheeks rippling as they steadily smacked against him.

"Would you be willing to slap my ass a lot, while we fuck that way? Yeah? Oh my God, honey…that'll be perfect then!" said Ruby, excitedly, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. "So…I was thinking…two to three hours of sexual intercourse every morning, then maybe a late breakfast or early lunch."

"Ok," David nodded, wanting to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming this.

"From noon to 1pm you'd be eating my pussy and giving me clitoral orgasms," she informed him in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm not apposed to extending that time to include engaging in the sixty-nine position, since I do enjoy sucking cock."

"What about my baseball?" David asked, licking his lips with anticipation of eating his mom's sweet, fragrant cunt. He had smelt and sucked on the crotch of her panties so many time that he couldn't imagine how thrilling it would be to experience it from the source.

"I can give you a couple hours in the afternoon for baseball practice, but as soon as you're home and showered I'll need you back between my thighs. Hopefully we'd be able to get in another hour or two of fucking before your father gets home."

David could hardly believe his ears. Being buried to his nutsack inside his mom was a long-time dream of his. His excitement level grew the longer he listened to her talk. "Wow, mom, you **DO** like sex a lot," he stated.

Ruby giggled, squirming hornily. "Yes, I know that's a lot of sex, honey, but like I told you, you're mom's a complete hypersexual slut for dick right now. If there was a way for me to fuck or suck cock twenty-four hours a day, I would."

The boy's eyes widened at her admission. "How will the evenings work?"

"The evenings will be tricky," Ruby warned. "Anything we do will have to be done discreetly, but **IF AND WHEN** the opportunity presents itself in the evenings, I will expect you to be ready to savagely fuck me, in a moments notice."

"Whatever you would need me to do, mom," the teen offered, hardly able to breathe he was so fucking excited.

Ruby smiled at his eager willingness to fuck her. To have a young, energetic teenager tirelessly digging at her cervix with his steely-hard erection made her giddy with desire.

"One other thing I wrote down here," Ruby added, reading from her phone. "I'd like Wednesdays to be 'anal' day. Not all day, since my pussy will still need **SOME** of your attention. Maybe just two to three hours of deep anal pounding."

"I've never done that before, but I'm anxious to try it!" David replied.

"What?! You've **NEVER** had anal sex? Oh my God, honey, you're gonna love it!" Ruby stated, feeling the ring of her asshole throb. "I can't believe you've never done that with one of your girlfriends. How selfish of them to not give you their assholes!"

David's cock flexed beneath his jeans as he dwelled for a moment on how incredibly good it would feel to have his boner encapsulated inside the hot tube of his mom's ass-tract. He imagined that her rubbery rectum would feel divine squeezing around his tender glans, and that the ring of her butthole clasped tightly against his cock-root would be unlike anything he ever felt.

"Now, do you have **ANY** questions about what your expectations would be as my fuck doll?" his mom asked him.

"Will we always do it here...at the house?"

"No, not always. Sometimes…especially if your father's home, we can drive somewhere private and fuck in the back seat of my car," Ruby suggested. "We have that cool beach tent we bought last summer. We could camp out at the beach sometimes and suck and fuck the day away, giving each other tremendous, body-trembling pleasure.

The teen peered down at her gigantic mammaries. "Will I be able to suck on your breasts too?" he asked.

"Of course you'll be sucking on my breasts, honey. Kissing and squeezing them, sucking and chewing on my nipples…that's just all part of doing the nasty," she replied, stroking his back gently with her long nails. She smiled salaciously. "I know that you have boobs on the brain a lot, but are you sure you won't mind these forty-eight double-H cup boobs smothering you all day?"

"No way…I won't mind at all!"

His mom giggled at his excited response. "I didn't think so. I see the way you sneak little peeks at them every time you're around me. Watching them tremble beneath my top and bra whenever I move. I also know you steal my panties. Do you like the way they smell?"

"Yes…are you mad about that?" her boy replied.

"Of course I'm not mad, honey. Boys are suppose to steal their moms panties…it's just normal sexual behavior. So also is smelling them and tasting them…" Ruby expressed, then reached over and tenderly grazed the tubular shaped lump in her boy's pants. "Then rubbing the silky fabric around your glans until you cum. Trust me, I've cleaned a lot of your sticky ejaculate out of my panties over the years," she confessed.

"Sorry about that," David blushed, loving the sensation of his mom's fingers on his cock.

"Don't apologize, baby. I've never brought it up because it's never really bothered me. In fact, since we're being honest, sometimes I'll lick out a the goo that you leave in them."

"Really?!"

"Yes, really," Ruby giggled. "Your young cum is really sweet and yummy…kind of like pineapple juice, which you know I love. I'll slurp your creamy love-lava into my mouth and swirl it around, playing with all that slimy spunk with my tongue, then swallow it right down. I'd venture to say that I've probably swallowed several gallons of you ball-nectar over the years."

"Wow," David uttered, trying to process what his mom just shared.

The horny mother continued to tease his cock bulge with her nail-tips, contemplating its length, while gazing at him dreamily. "Are you a good kisser, honey? Yeah? Do you like deep French kisses?"

"Yes."

"Oh, wonderful! One thing I want in my fuck doll is one who loves to make out as much as I do. We'll let our tongues duel **WILDLY**, while we beat our horny love-organs together, doesn't that sound nice?"

"Yes."

She felt her son's cock twitch against her fingers in reaction to her words. It made her cunt tube contract; hot, liquid secretions forming along its tightly-clenched walls. "Any other questions?" Ruby asked.

"Will there be blowjobs too?"

"Yes, I did plan on working deep-throat blowjobs into our routine, but you have to remember, honey…you're **MY** fuck doll, so I'd only be giving them to you because I love to suck dick, and it turns me on tremendously!"

"Understood. I was just curious about that."

The mother smiled wickedly. "You can count on me working in some oral affection on your cock and balls periodically throughout the day, and yes…I do swallow. I'll probably even wanna bury my face between your ass cheeks and lick your asshole."

"Oh, wow…can I do that too?"

"Of course you can do that to me too! Mommy loves to have her ass eaten. I need to know though, that even if I let you pour your cum-load down my throat, that you'll stay nice n stiff for me. I know that boys your age can retain their erections after cumming, and that you have short refractory periods, which makes you the perfect fuck doll for a sex-hungry mom like me."

"I'll do my best, mom!" David promised.

"So, there's one other important thing we should probably discuss, honey."

"What's that?"

"Well…you **ARE NOT** wearing condoms with me, first of all. All of our fucking will be done bareback. I'm also not on any form of birth control either, and I don't plan to be. Which means, if you and I are gonna beat our bellies together every day, you're probably gonna end up getting me pregnant at some point this summer."

"You really think you'll get pregnant?" David asked, unsure on how he felt about that.

"Yes, I do. We're gonna be fucking so much that it's gonna be impossible for me not to get knocked up. It's not a big deal though, since your father and I have been talking about wanting another child anyway. He'll think it's his, and you'll just be a big brother again. I just wanna make sure you're cool with that, since you'll be the one impregnating me?"

"Yeah, I mean…as long as you're good with it, I don't mind."

"OK, good. You should know though that once you do pump a baby into me, my hormones will be going **CRAZY! I** may have to modify our schedule to include more fucking throughout the day. Don't worry though, honey, once you see how big and round my belly gets, and how my breasts swell up with tit-milk, you won't wanna be anywhere else but wrapped in your mommy, enjoying the pleasures that my pregnant flesh can give you."

"Sounds incredible!" the boy blurted anxiously, his erection about ready to rip through his pants.

"We'll definitely have to make sure your sister is at her friends house alot while I'm pregnant, since you and I will be on my bed or yours, fucking and cumming all day long."

David felt delirious with sexual excitement. The thought of beating his hardon through all his mom's fuck-holes was making his cock swell with so much blood it was almost painful.

Ruby could feel her boy's dick throb beneath her kneading fingers. "Wow honey, that's quite the bulge you have going on. Has all this talk about being your mom's fuck doll got you excited? Has it gotten you all horny and eager to bury your boy-cock to the root inside my warm, juicy pleasure-hole?"

"Uh-huh!" David replied, too fucking excited to formulate words in his brain.

Ruby glanced back at his mattress. Her nipples were erect and her cunt-tube was quivering and smoldering with desire. She simply couldn't wait to be pounded by a real cock. One that could smash through her needy pink pussy like a fucking battering ram! "Well… since you are 'officially' my fuck doll now, and your father's still at work, why don't kiss a little bit. Mommy can unzip your fly and hold onto your hot dick, while we kiss. We might as well start becoming sexually acquainted, right?"

"Sure."

Ruby unzipped his fly and shoved her hand into his briefs, grasping the meat of his naked erection. She brought her lips to her boy's for a series of sensual kisses. "Oh, baby…you are good with those sweet lips," she whispered between kisses.

"Mmm, and your young dick is so rigid," she sighed, her hand circling the bulging flesh of his prick. "Mommy can feel all that blood pulsing through those fat veins. Oh, it's so long n thick n ready for pussy. You're just gonna be the perfect doll for mommy to take her raging sexual aggressions out on."

Ruby dove back to her boy's lips, this time for deep French kissing. She whimpered in delight as their tongues dueled wildly inside

David's mouth. Her hand began to make lewd, creamy sounds as it slowly stroked his cock, using his pre-spunk as lubricant.

"Ohh, listen to that. Baby boy's pre-cum is making mommy's hand all warm and creamy," she cooed between kisses. "Getting it all slick, just like a wet pussy. Do you like mmomm's fist squeezing you up and down… pumping up that long teenage shaft and across your swollen glans?"

"Yes!" David hissed.

Ruby stared down at his pecker as she pulled it from his fly-hole. "Mmm, my new fuck doll has a penis-tip that looks just like a perfectly-formed bell…and mommy's gonna make it go ring-a-ding-ding, deep inside my wet, smoldering pussy."

David shuddered and Ruby fed him several more wet smooches. She guided him back on the bed so should could lay against him while they kissed, spreading her giant tits across his young chest.

"Do you promise you'll fuck me hard, David?" she mewled between sensual pecks. "Do you promise you'll be the savage, cunt-humping motherfucker that I need you to be?"

"Oh, God yes!" the teen hissed.

"Oh fuck…I'm gonna love being pounded by your young dick," she whimpered, squeezing her fist up the length of his long, muscular boner.

"I'll love it too," her son assured her, marveling at how huge and squishy her boobs felt on him.

Ruby suddenly sat up.."Mommy needs fucked," she gasped. "I think I'll strip naked and let you give me some dick. It would be a shame to see this beautiful boner go to waist."

"What about Wendy?" the boy asked, worried that his sister might hear them.

His mother stood up and shed her dress. David could see the slit of her shaved cunt right through her sheer, white panties. "Oh…don't worry about your sister," Ruby replied. "She's downstairs and probably on the phone with one of her friends. Take your pants off, honey."

David stood up and quickly stripped naked, watching his beautiful mother do the same. It wasn't the first time he'd seen her huge, naked tits. On several occasions he'd peeked in on her taking a shower. This time was different though because she wanted him to see them. Not only that, but she gave him the ok to squeeze, lick and suck them also. It was his wildest fantasy come true!

Ruby stared at his jutting erection, licking her lips with desire. "Oh, baby…you **ARE** a big boy, aren't you?! Wow, that long, thick cock-shaft, with all those bulging veins will feel so fucking yummy inside me! Mmm, the skin is pulled back so fucking tight, and that pink knob is so fat and juicy-looking. It looks like it could pop right off the top of your dick, honey," she cooed, then crawled back on his bed, spreading open her smooth, thick mommy-thighs. "I think I picked out the perfect doll. Prove me right, baby. Come down here and slam that cock through me like a battering ram. Let's fuck!"

David took just a moment to stare at his mom's shaved vulva in it's aroused state. He marveled at how engorged her labial lips were, making them a darker shade of pink. They were unfurled, allowing him to see the juicy coral-colored slit of her vestibule. Below it, just beneath her perineum and tucked between her meaty buns, was the pink elastic ring of her asshole.

He anxiously scrambled down onto his mom's warm sex-saddle, jabbing his long, muscled cock around her cuntal opening before finding the entrance. The boy's body shriveled with a wicked thrill as

he felt his bulbous crown swallowed by the spongy, heated tissue of his mom's vaginal threshold.

"**OH, HONEY! OH, YES**…**SLIDE IT ALL THE WAY IN!**" his mother urged, pulling him down, locking her freshly-shaved legs around him and humping her ass from the mattress in mindless fuck-passion. "My God, your cock is big! … Fuck!!"

Together, they began to engage in a feverish fuck, making the boy's bed rock and squeak violently. The teen's dick-piston pummeled through the socket of his mom's vagina like it was a fleshy crank shaft. The rigid pink flesh of David erection was quickly coated with lubricating oil. It was a cocktail of secretions from both him and his mom's accessory sex glands, making the slippery friction of their union exquisitely pleasurable.

"**OH GOD, YES**…**THAT'S A GOOD FUCK DOLL. FUCK MY PUSSY**…**MAKE ME FUCKING CUM!**" Ruby squealed, meeting her son's thrusts, so that her stretched cunt-lips beat wetly and lewdly against the base of his cock.

David whimpered, and his young body let out a wonderful shudder. His young penile erection was encased in hot, slippery pussy. He could feel the muscles of his mom's pelvic floor bulging, which tightened the pleated mucus membrane of her cuntal lining around his pecker. "**OHH, WOW, MOM!**" his quivering voice shouted as he pumped his cock into her.

"**HARDER! FUCK ME FASTER AND HARDER!!**" Ruby cried out, squeezing her humping teenager even tighter to her curvy body as if trying to draw him back inside the womb that once held him.

The boy did his best to keep his horny hardon thundering through her, while rising up slightly on extended arms so he could watch her oversized tit-melons roll wildly up and down her chest. He lowered back down and latched onto one, showing her how he could suck and fuck at the same time.

Ruby bucked and writhed beneath her boy passionately, throwing her aching cunt up at him as she felt him carry her to the peak of her climax. Due to engorgement, the fat nubbin of her clitoris had retracted from beneath it's hood and was throbbing immensely as it was repeatedly struck by David's pubic base. Suddenly, the muscles around her vagina and anus began to spasm rhythmically. She let out a delightfully orgasmic mommy-scream as her body trembled in orgasm. "**OH YES! OH FUCK**…I'm **CUMMING! YES-YES-YES**… **FUCK MEEEEE!**" Ruby wailed.

David grunted in reaction to his mom's cuntal sheath squeezing and spewing around his cock. The way Ruby's vagina chewed and pulled at his peter-meat in a milking motion made his head spin. His vas deferens, prostate and seminal vesicles began a series of powerful contractions that forced his built-up semen into the bulb of his urethra. His cunt-smothered knob mushroomed with even more blood as hot, baby-making boy-lava rocketed up his pisser and splattered out into his mom's fuck-tube.

Ruby was hit with more rhythmic contractions, making her clutching flesh convulse around her teen. She felt her boy's big peter twitch over and over, while coating her walls with sizzling ball-nectar. For several body-trembling minutes they compressed their love-organs deeply together, drawing out as much pleasure as they could. David was still latched to her nipple, his lusty lips spread out around the fringe of her areola.

"Oh, honey," Ruby gasped, "you **ARE** a little fuck-monkey, aren't you? I definitely picked the right boy for the job. Mmm, mommy's new big-dicked sex toy! Her handsome little cunt-fucker! My fuck-toy forever!"

Her teat popped from her boy's mouth, wet and distended. "That felt amazing!" he gasped.

His mom cradled his cheeks with her hands, staring into his eyes. "I'm gonna go check on your sister, then I want you to meet me down in my bedroom. I want a nice, hard doggy-dicking before your father gets home."

"Yes, ma'am!" her boy anxiously replied, which made her giggle.

"I didn't think you object to that, and even if you did…too bad, you're **MY** fuck doll now, and I'll use you whenever I want. Kiss me, baby."

The two of them engaged in a series of sensual smooches. "Mmm, I want hours and hours of your sweet kisses," Ruby requested. "Don't even bother putting your pants back on. I'll see you in my bedroom in a few minutes," she instructed, then brought her lips up to whisper in his ear. "Keep that dreamy dick hard for me."

Mom "with Benefits"

By Klrxo

"Honey, I thought you were going out with Tina tonight," Mom said as she folded my laundry. "I was suppose to, but she's not feeling well."

"Oh, that's too bad. You don't have someone you can call as a backup?"

"Well, Tina's kinda my girlfriend now, Mom, so I probably shouldn't," I said, although the idea did cross my mind.

"Oh, I see," Mom said. Even though I had committed to Tina, she didn't seem too enthused about it. My eyes were mesmerized by the jostling of Mom's enormous boobs beneath her top as she folded my little brother's clothing. Mom was a beautiful, short-haired brunette and if she wasn't married to dad, could probably have any guy she wanted.

"Well, your father's working late. I could get a sitter for your brothers and **WE** could go out if you want?"

"You don't have to do that, Mom."

She fed me a sly smile. "What if I want to? Your father's been so busy on that new work project, I haven't been out on a proper date in weeks"

Even though she was my mother, the idea of going out with her, as if she were a girl my own age, was really exciting, so I didn't debate it too much. "Ok, what time should we go?"

"Let me make a call, get a shower and and all primped up. I gotta look beautiful for my new love-interest," Mom teased with a wink.

"Funny, Mom

"Does an hour sound ok?"

"Sure," I said, my excitement growing at the thought of being alone with her. With two younger rambunctious brothers, Mom and I rarely got time alone, so this would certainly be something fresh and special.

I threw on the outfit I had in mind, then greeted the sitter as she arrived to watch my brothers. She was a pretty girl from down the street, but I didn't focus too much on her. I was too damn anxious to see what mom was wearing for our date.

"Mandy, thank you so much for coming on such short notice," Mom said to the sitter as she sashayed into the living room, looking absolutely stunning. Her dainty four-inch slip-on heels **CLICKED** on the hardwood as she stepped towards me, wearing a tan-colored tubed mini dress. She had applied a little makeup, even though she didn't need it, and her sweet perfume smelt incredible.

I'm sure it was impossible for Mom not to notice me staring at her breasts as they trembled with every step she made. Other than her occasional bikini, I couldn't remember an outfit she'd ever worn that showed off this much creamy cleavage. "Ready to do this?" Mom said with an anxious smile.

"Sure," I said, taking her hand as she extended it out to me. She led me out the door to my car. Her ride was much nicer, but I went along with her desire to take mine. I went to get in, but then mom cleared her throat, standing on her side of the vehicle and giving me a quirky little smile. "Are you forgetting something?" she asked.

"Oh," I muttered and like a fool rushed back over and opened her door for her. I was rewarding with a great view of her smooth tan legs as she sat down in the seat and her mini dress crept up nearly to her crotch.

"If you wanna keep a girl impressed, you really should clean this thing out once in awhile," she said half-jokingly as I took a seat at the wheel.

"Yeah, you're right. It is getting pretty bad in here. So where are we going anyway?"

Mom shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "I don't know. What did you and Tina plan on doing?"

Before I answered, I reflected a moment on my relationship with Tina. See, we weren't really boyfriend and girlfriend, more like fuck-buddies or friends with benefits. Mom would see her at the house or us walking somewhere together and therefore must have assumed we were a couple, but we really weren't. The "commitment" part was that we both basically agreed not to fuck other people. I decided that the weird arrangement was bound to eventually bring up more questions from mom, so I should just be honest with her.

"Well, we um, didn't really have plans to go anywhere and spend money," I said.

"Oh," Mom muttered in surprise, "is there a restaurant in town serving free food I didn't know about?"

"No mom, nothing like that, it's just, well...Tina and I aren't really a couple. We don't really have a boyfriend, girlfriend thing going on, we just..."

Mom's eyes lit up as she realized what I was getting at. "Ohh!"
"Yeah."

"So, the two of you were just planning on going somewhere and screwing?" she asked candidly. "That **WAS** the plan."

Mom looked at the pile clothes, sports equipment and other junk in my backseat. "Please don't tell me you expected her to have sex with you on that backseat?"

I laughed. "No, we have another spot we go." "Another spot huh? And where might that be?"

I was a bit reluctant to tell her. My buddy Trey bought an old travel-van and parked it in the woods on his parent's property. It was kind of a cool, tranquil spot, overlooking a small pond, but very private. After explaining this to her, she still seemed curious.

"So did you have to make a reservation?" she joked.

"No," I answered with a giggle, "I just had to text them and let them know I'd be using it tonight. Which, reminds me...I guess I should text them again let them know I won't be needing it."

"Why would you do that?"

"Well, because Tina and I were gonna use it, but now...well, you and I will probably go out to dinner or something, right?"

Mom seemed heavy in thought for a moment as she looked out the window. She finally looked over at me decisively. "Take me out there," she said.

"To the van?"

"Yeah, I wanna see it."

It seemed a bit strange, but I didn't argue. "Um...ok," I muttered, setting a course for my friend's parent's property.

Their land was outside of town and luckily had a small dirt road leading out close to the spot where the van was parked. "Well, you guys certainly picked a private spot," Mom said, her humongous boobs wobbling around every time we hit a big bump.

"Yeah, we used to fish in the pond out here."

Mom fed me a naughty smile. "Until you moved on to luring in bigger fish?"

"Yeah, I guess," I blushed, pulling my car off the wooded road, down into a small clearing where the van was parked.."Here it is!"

Mom and I got out and she seemed unsteady on her heels. "Ok, not the best place for wearing heels obviously," she giggled, then took them off.

We gazed out at the tranquil pond. "Beautiful spot though," she said, then looked over at the van. "Show me the inside."

I opened up the back doors. The full-sized bed was still pulled out, but thankfully my friends had taken their cum-stained sheets off. "Looks like your buddies stripped the bed. Must have had quite a messy adventure," she said, making us both laugh.

"Well, we each have our own set of sheets we use." "Smart idea. So...where's your set?" she asked.

I looked over at my car. "In my trunk." "Clean I hope?"

"Yes."

A little smiled formed on Mom lips. "Go get them. We'll lay here and look out at the pond."

Of course I didn't object. After getting the sheets, Mom helped me put them on the mattress. "Well, at least the van is clean and smells

nice," she said.

I was so busy checking out her gaping cleavage as she leaned over, I forgot to answer. The way her boobs wobbled heavily from side to side as she pulled at the sheet was absolutely mesmerizing. Mom crawled onto the mattress and sprawled on her side, with her head resting on her hand and her elbow propped on the cushion. "Not the most comfortable mattress in the world, but still not bad," she commented.

It felt a little weird laying down next to her, on a bed that me and my friends had fucked countless girls on, but Mom was beautiful. She had a killer body, way beyond the ones of those I'd fucked, so it was exciting at the same time.

"It's a great spot, but you and your friends don't really come out here for the view I suppose? So how many girls have you fucked on this bed?" she asked candidly, looking over at me.

My heart skipped a beat. I rarely heard my mom say the F-word and usually it was because she was mad about something. She sensed my shock right away. "Honey, it's just a word and appropriate for this conversation. I mean, that **IS** what you do here, right? These girls aren't your girlfriends, so you're not making love. You're fucking them."

"Right," I muttered, my heart thumping faster than usual. "So how many have there been?"

"A few," I confessed, even though I knew there had been at least five, counting Tina. "A few, as in three?" she asked.

"Five, actually."

Mom's eyes lit up. "Five is more than a few."

"I know."

"So why did you say 'a few?' Were you afraid I was gonna think you're a man-whore or something?" she giggled.

"Maybe."

"You're a cute guy, so am I surprised you have so many girls wanting to fuck you? No." "A couple of them weren't really planned...they just happened," I said.

Mom giggled. "So you just brought them way out here not knowing there was gonna be any sex involved? Yeah right."

One thing about Mom, she could always read through my silly lies and exaggerations.

Her next question caused quite the stir in my pants. "Are you gentle with them...or do you fuck them hard and fast like a savage beast."

I let out deep excited breath before answering. "Depends on what they want I guess."

Mom rolled from her side to her stomach, staring right at me. She bent her knee, kicking one of her sexy bare feet up teasingly. Her massive jugs looked amazing squashed against the mattress. I could only imagine what that must feel like against a guys chest. "Well you've had quite a bit of experience. You must be quite good at it by now?"

"You'd have to ask them I guess."

"Did you make them all cum?" she asked, making my dick flex. "Yeah."

"Then I don't need to ask them. You know what you're doing.," she said, gazing into my eyes. "I suppose it's a great place to fuck. You could go at it like animals out here, without worrying about other people hearing you."

"That's true. The girls do get loud sometimes."

Mom giggled. "Well, we're wired that way, honey. If a guy's hitting all the right spots, it'll make us girls scream in pleasure. It's been awhile since I've fucked somewhere where I could **REALLY** let loose," she said, gazing around the van.

A threw out a stupid suggestion. "Well, I could ask Trey if maybe you and dad could use the van sometime."

Mom smiled in a flirting manner. "That's not what I had in mind." "Oh, um...what did you have in mind?"

"Well, we're here...and **I AM** your date. Why don't we go at it."

I was so shocked and thrilled that I could hardly speak. "You mean you and I...?

Mom shrugged her shoulders. "Why not? You're good at it. I'm **VERY** good at it. It would be one incredible fuck, don't you think?"

"Yeah. I do," I said with an excited sigh.

Mom sat up and so did I, more anxious than I had been with any date that I had brought out here. She leaned over and planted a sensual kiss, her lips softly lingering on mine a moment. "Ice breaker," she giggled, then got up on her knees, pulling my shirt up and off.

I watched in wide-eyed wonder as she pulled the tube-dress down over her her enormous tits, which were wonderfully encased in a beautiful, white lacy bra. Through the sheer design, I could clearly make out the dark circles of her wide areola.

Mom slowly draped her arms over my shoulders, pressing her cushy chest against mine. She gazed at me with the wildest look of desire I had ever seen. "Show me what you do," she said softly.

If ever there was a time to fumble, this wasn't it. I reached around and unclasped the hooks of Mom's bra, then pulled the straps and cups away, releasing her fleshy bobbling tits. Just the site of them naked took my breath away. They were huge and fat and wonderful and her nipples were thick and rubbery, so much sexier than the ones on the girls my own age. "Damn, Mom, those are incredible!" I muttered.

She smiled proudly, then rocked her shoulders, making her naked boobies swing back and forth in a way that caused my dick to throb delightfully. She pulled her dress off, then rested back on her ass, long enough to peel her tiny white thong down her smooth tan legs.

I could hardly believe I was looking at my own mom's pussy. It was shaved all over, except for a tiny triangle of thin pubes crowning her pubis. Her mons were thick and puffy and the thought of them spread open, revealing her precious inner labium made me dizzy with anticipation.

"Your turn," she said with an anxious smile, climbing back to her knees and unbuckling my belt.

I wasn't shy about showing my cock. I knew from seeing other guys in the locker room that I was above average in size. When mom slipped off my briefs and my erection wagged up and down stiffly, I could tell by the way her eyes widened that she was pleased by what she saw.

"Ohh, honey!" She muttered, staring at it while sprawling back onto the mattress. Watching your own beautiful mother take position on her back and spreading her thick thighs for you to crawl between had to be the greatest site ever for a guy my age.

Her boobs spread out on her chest like big pillowy orbs, her nipples thick and erect. She tilted her head up, looking over them at me. "Come fuck me!" she sexy in the sexiest tone I'd ever heard her use.

It was go time! I'd rocked this van plenty of times, but I knew this time would be different. Mom had experience at fucking and would probably be doing things that would blow my mind. With the knowledge of how many girls I'd fucked, I knew she was expecting a lot out of me as well. This had to be my greatest performance yet.

I crawled forward, in awe that I was seeing mom in a whole new way. She was naked and her legs were shamelessly bowed open in a way that probably only my dad had seen. I licked my lips, staring down at the split of her quim and the round clit that protruded from it's fleshy hood.

I adjusted my angle, lining my cock up, and fitting my bell-shaped knob into her creamy cunt-hole. Mom suddenly did something unexpected, reaching up, grasping onto me and pulling me down on top of her. "I need it hard!" she cried out, tossing her legs around me.

Her tugging had caused my boner to sink inside her, making me gasp from the warm, slippery snugness that surrounded my cock. I wasted no time pumping in and out. I knew that's what Mom wanted.

"Yesss!" she screamed out, as my hardon plunged deeper and deeper with every thrust.

I felt like I won had climbed Everest. Conquered the hottest girl on the planet as the tip of my cock struck the back of her pussy. I had accidentally seen dad's cock a couple time and knew for a fact that he couldn't do that. Mine was much bigger!

As we fell into a nice steady rhythm and the van rocked beneath us, I started doing other things to mom that I knew girls liked, kissing and squeezing her breasts as they sloshed around between us. As a result, I felt her pussy muscles tighten around my cock, which about blew my mind. "Ohhh shit!" I sighed.

"Yesss, honey! Fuck this girl! Show her what a stud you are!" Mom cried out.

Despite the resistance in her tightening pussy, I hammered my cock through, struck by the exquisite feel of her mature inner flesh, squeezing and milking my big cock.

"Ohhh! Ohhhyess!" Mom cried out deliriously, humping her ass from the mattress and meeting my every fuck-thrust.

It seemed almost surreal that I had once slipped down that same tube I was feeling around my cock, when she had given birth to me. Of course I had no recollection of that, but the feel of her birth canal squeezed around my thrusting cock was one I would never forget.

Our bellies beat together, as did my balls against her ass, as we fucked on and on. I latched on to one of her nipples, gobbling up as much tit-meat as I could, stuffing my mouth full, sucking and pulling at her big tit. I knew from my experience that this would make a girl reach that golden summit in no time.

"Ohhhbaby!" Mom cried out, her voice quivering in pre-orgasmic delight. "Ohhhhbaby, you're gonna make me cum on you!"

"Mmnnff!" I whimpered, my cock tingling upon her announcement. I tried every trick to keep hammering away without cumming. I wanted to bring her off hard and fuck her steadily straight through her orgasm.

Mom had other ideas, tightening her cunt like a velvet vice around my plunging boner. "Cum with meee!" she shrieked out pleadingly as her body began to tremble beneath me.

Feeling my own mom cling to me while I fucked her big titted body and made her cum was an absolute trip. Her hot juices squirted around my dick and her entire being shuddered in ecstacy. If you're a guy who was able to continue fucking without cumming, while

experiencing such a thing, I congratulate you. I knew I'd be good to go for round two shortly after, so I let my cannon fire.

"Ohhhhshit!!" I moaned, feeling that first blast of jizz erupt out with greater force than it ever had. More and more pulsing blasts of cock-cream followed in rapid succession, mixing with Mom's juices, creating a creamy frothy cocktail that I imagined was oozing out of her fuck-hole.

"Kiss mee!" Mom blurted out, almost incoherently as she continued to writhe beneath me.

We kissed passionately, lashing our tongues together as we continued to rock and hump, cumming together in pure incestuous delight.

"Phew!" Mom sighed as I finally rolled off her.

"Now **THAT** was the best fuck I've ever had," I blatantly confessed. "Me too!"

I looked over at her, a bit surprised. "Seriously?"

"Are you kidding? Of course. You were unbelievable."

My heart swelled with pride. I imaged all the ways I could fuck her. Not to mention experiencing what I'm sure were some **AMAZING** cock-sucking skills. "Wanna go again?"

Mom's face looked as eager as mine probably did. "Dumbest question ever!" she said sarcastically.

"Will you be on top this time?"

"Why, so you can look up and watch these big tits bounce around all over you?" she teased. "Hell yeah!"

"Get on your back, young man!"

I sprawled back and watched mom climb on top of me. Her king-sized melons hung down and dangled right above my ogling eyes as she reached down and stuffed my erection back inside her. "Ohh damn!" was all I could mutter as she sat up and her tight slippery cunt sheathed my entire cock in one long plunge. Now our pubis's looked fused together, my boner was balls-deep in a snug love-grip.

Mom gazed down at me over her jutting boobs. "You got to impress me. Now it's time for Mom to showcase her skills at fucking," she said.

I placed my hands behind my head, preparing myself for more wild action. "I'm ready!" "Looks like you made a new fuck-buddy today," she winked.

"A mom with benefits," I added.

She giggled, then ran her long tongue across her top lip lustfully. "Ready to see just how fucking good those benefits can be?"

"Sure!" I answered, my heart hammering away with excitement.

Mom let out an almost animal-like pant as she fell forward, resting her extended arms astride my head. Now my face was wedged between her spongy-soft jugs and I could tell she was positioning herself to fuck the shit out of me.

She thrust her hips up and my dick squeezed wetly up her cunt-tube, until only my knob remained inside her. Then, all at once, she plunged her juicy pussy down my cock, flexing her coital muscles at the same time. "Ohhfuck!" I cried out, throwing my head back in rapture as my rock-hard boner sliced through the muscled ribbed lining of her vagina.

She ground our pubis's together, stirring my meaty muscle inside her most secret place. My knob plowed against the puckering gates to the womb that once held me.

I mashed my face against the inside of one of her boobs, masking myself in soft dough-like tit-meat as I prepared myself for what I knew would be the most intense fucking I'd ever recieved. I had seen my mother in many roles and this was a brand new one-Mom, the uninhibited sexual animal.

Best date ever!

THE END

Little Snuggle-Bear

By Klrxo

"Flight number three-thirteen is now boarding through gate eleven." The loud speaker announced.

"Well I guess that's me guys." Matt said as he turned towards his wife and son.

Bonny stepped towards her husband, her nine-month pregnant belly leading the way. Her tummy stuck out so far it looked like she was hiding a beach ball beneath her skirt. She gave Matt a quick hug and kiss.

"Have a safe flight, hon." She said.

Their son Gabe hugged his father. He was tall, slender and about as enthusiastic as any 18 year old.

"See ya, dad." He muttered.

"You're sure you don't mind taking the week off school to help your mom?" Matt asked.

"Of course he doesn't mind." Bonny said, taking her son's arm.

"This is probably the last week he doesn't have to share my attention with a little brother." Bonny smiled.

A few minutes later Bonny and her son watched Matt's plane back away from the gate. She gave Gabe's hand a little squeeze.

"Well, guess it's just you and me, sweetie." She said in a soft motherly tone.

As they walked back through the airport Gabe found himself being aroused by the sound of his mom's tiny heels clicking against the tile. He peered down at her sexy little feet, arched perfectly in her dainty little high-heeled sandals. The nails on her squatty little toes were a beautiful teal-green, matching her long fingernails.

Gabe's eyes traveled up her long silky-smooth legs which were only partially exposed beneath her three-quarter length dress. The giant orb of baby-meat obstructed most of the view, but that was okay, what Gabe really wanted to see was the mound of tit-flesh resting atop her pregnant tummy.

The U-shaped neckline of Bonny's dress left exposed the kind of cleavage that fuels boys dreams. Gabe's mom had big heavy breasts that just sort of trembled with each step.

On the car ride home young Gabe couldn't help but sneak little peeks at his mom's tummy. He felt almost ashamed of the fact that something a natural as a pregnant belly could make the cock in his pants as hard as iron.

"Are you gonna miss dad?" Gabe asked.

"I'll miss having someone to snuggle with at night. I hate being in that big bed all by myself." She said.

"I was kinda hoping that I might find somebody to take his place, be my little snuggle-bear for the week. Know anyone who might be interested?" She asked, gazing at her son with a little smile.

"I would." Gabe said.

"I thought you'd be up for the job. After all, your father did ask you to stay close to me this week." Bonny winked.

After arriving home Gabe went up to his room to play video games. About a half-hour into it his mom tapped at the door.

When she stepped inside, Gabe's jaw about hit the floor. Bonny was in a long wrap around skirt and a pale-pink top that fit like a sports bra. Her huge pregnant tummy was completely naked protruding out in front of her. Her long brown hair was slicked back, still wet from having just gotten out of the shower.

"Hey there, snuggle-bear, mind if mom comes in and hangs out?" She asked.

"No, not at all." Gabe said, his cock slowly rising in his shorts.

Gabe was sitting on the edge of the bed and Bonny climbed up behind him, kneeling on the mattress. She threw her arms over his shoulders and rested her weight against his back, pancaking her baby-ball between them.

Resting her head on his shoulder she watched the **TV** screen as her son tried to concentrate on the game.

"Can I ask you something?" She said softly.

"Sure." He answered.

"Are you getting laid?" She asked candidly.

"What do you mean?" He muttered.

"Come on now, sweetheart, do I really have to explain what getting laid means?" Bonny smiled.

"No." Gabe said.

"So are you?" She asked.

"Well, no...not really." He answered.

"Not really meaning not lately...or not really meaning I'm a virgin?" She asked.

"Not really meaning...not ever." Gabe said.

"I'm sorry, baby. A boy your age should be getting his weenie wet at least once a day." She said, staring into his eyes.

For a moment they became locked in a stare. Bonny's big brown eyes had the cock-hard teen in a trance. She looked at the **TV** and smiled.

"Can I play?" She asked.

"Sure?" Gabe said with surprise.

Bonny climbed off the bed and came around to the front of her son. Gabe took a sec to marvel at huge jutting enormity of her breasts as they stretched the thin top.

"Scoot back." She said, then turned and planted her big soft ass between his legs.

Gabe moved back against the wall with his legs on the bed. His mom scooted back against him, she too bringing her legs up on the bed and planting her bare feet flat on the mattress.

Bonny's skirt rode up a bit, exposing the bottom half of her silky-smooth legs. Gabe could feel his cock at full mast as he reached around to help his mom with the controller.

"So how do you work this thing?" She asked.

"These buttons here are the gas and break. These arrows control your steering." He said.

"Seems easy enough." She said, setting the controller down on the peak of her pregnant orb. She took her son's hands.

"I'll play the game. You play with your brother." She said, placing his hands on the sides of her mountainous swell.

Bonny began to play the racing game while Gabe slowly ran his hands over her belly, feeling the smooth naked swell of her pregnancy. Looking over her shoulder he had a birds-eye view of her gaping cleavage.

Bonny made a little yelp and leaned to one side, getting into the game. As she did this Gabe watched as her tit-meat wobbled from side to side. He let out an audible sigh, his cock flexing in his shorts.

Bonny glanced back at him.

"You okay back there cuddle-bear?" She asked in her cute little tone.

"Yeah." He muttered.

Her skirt had now crept up over her knees and her legs were slightly spread.

Gabe's hands wandered down beneath his mom's swollen belly. His fingers sunk right up into the soft pliable flesh. His hands were getting a bit rough and he hesitated for a moment.

"Go ahead, sweetheart. You're not gonna hurt him." She reassured him.

Bonny rested hear weight back against her son, leaning against him. She could feel his throbbing erection against her ass.

Gabe decided to test the limits. His fingers snuck under the top of her skirt and began rubbing her lower belly. Wandering further he felt the tips of his fingers slide against the hem of her silk panties. It wasn't long before they crept underneath.

"And just where do you think you're going?" Bonny said, glancing back at him.

"Sorry, mom." He smiled, sliding his hand back onto her belly.

Gabe ran both hands up along the top of Bonny's pregnancy and soon found them sandwiched between the baby-ball and his mom's huge, spongy-soft tits.

Bonny slowly got up and handed her son back the controller.

"That's enough gaming for me. You take over." She said.

Gabe took over the game as Bonny crawled back behind him again. He soon found himself sitting between her legs, leaning back against her softness.

"My turn." She said, slipping her hands under his t-shirt.

Gabe felt his mom's soft hands roaming across his chest. Her long nails drug up his abs and across his nipples. Soon Bonny's hand slipped under the hem of his boxers and her fingers combed through his pubes.

"Fair's fair." She teased.

"Yeah, but I had to stop." Gabe said.

"Oh...interested in spending more time in Mom's panties are we?" Bonny teased.

"I wouldn't mind." Gabe blushed.

"Sounds like I have a naughty bear to snuggle with this week." She said, kissing him on the cheek.

A couple hours later Gabe sat at the table watching his mom in the kitchen preparing dinner. She was still in her cute little wrap around skirt and sports bra. He couldn't take his eyes off her enormous baby-ball.

"You're awfully quiet over there. Something on your mind?" She asked with a little smile.

"No, I just can't believe you're dressed this way." He said.

"Are you complaining?" Bonny asked.

"No, it's just that you never dress this way when dad's around." He said.

"You might be surprised what I'll do when dad's not around." She smiled.

"Would you get naked?" Gabe asked.

Bonny gazed at him while she stirred her vegetables. A slight smile crossed her lips.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" She said.

"Yeah, I think you have a great body." Gabe said.

"You just like my big boobs. All boys your age like big boobs." She said.

"And all women your age like big penis's." Gabe said.

"Are you trying to tell me something." Bonny said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Maybe." Gabe smiled.

"Maybe I don't believe you." She said.

"Maybe I should prove it." Gabe said.

"Maybe you should wash your hands for dinner." Bonny smiled.

Bonny could feel her son's eyes on her at dinner.

"I don't think you could handle a girl with big boobs." She said.

"Why do you say that?" He asked.

"I don't know...I think you'd pop too soon." Bonny said.

"I think you're wrong." Gabe said.

"You sound so sure of yourself." She smiled.

"I've seen girls with big boobs before." He said.

"What, D-cups. Sorry, sweetie D-cups aren't big. E-cups are big." She said.

"Is that what you are, mom...an E-cup?" He asked.

"What do you think?" She said.

"I don't think you can handle a guy with a big penis." He smiled.

"Oh you don't do you?" She said.

"No, I think you'd pop too soon." He said.

"Well, for your information I can pop over and over so it doesn't matter. And yes I've had guys with big penis's." She said.

"What 7 inches. Sorry, mom 7 inches isn't big. Ten inches is big." He said.

"Is that what you are, Gabrial...Ten inches?" She asked.

"What do you think?" He smiled.

"I think it's bedtime." She said.

"Bedtime? It's only six-o-clock." He said.

"So that's a **NO**?" She asked.

"No, I'm ready for bed." Gabe smiled.

Bonny held his hand as he trailed her up the stairs. Gabe stared at her heavenly ass as it swayed invitingly.

The pregnant mom led him into her lair, a place where boys dream of going when dad's away.

"Get undressed and crawl into bed. I'll be out in a few minutes." She said, stepping into the bathroom.

Gabe stripped down to his boxers and hopped into his parents bed. It was so fluffy with all those soft pillows and all that white down.

Bonny stepped from the bathroom in a pale-pink baby-doll. Her tits bobbled with each step, like braless tits do.

As if Gabe's cock wasn't hard enough, Bonny reached under and slid her pale-pink panties down her long legs before slipping under the covers.

"Where's my cuddle bear?" Bonny said in a soft little voice.

"Right here." Gabe said.

Bonny snuggled up against him. Gabe literally gasped as he felt her huge milk-filled breast rest against the side of his chest. She lifted her head, gazing down at her son.

"I can't believe you've never been laid." She said.

"Why's that so hard to believe?" He asked.

"Because you're so handsome ." She said, letting her nails drag against his chest.

"I wouldn't lie to you mom." He said.

"No, sweetie, I didn't say I didn't believe you...it's just kind of sad that's all." She said.

"That's funny. Most mom's would praise their kids for not having premarital sex." He said.

"True, but most moms wouldn't snuggle half-naked in bed with their son while their husband's out of town either. Guess I'm not like most moms." She smiled.

"True. So do you think dad would be mad...if he knew I was laying here?" Gabe said.

"Oh most definitely. That's why I'm gonna keep my little snuggle-bear a secret." She said, kissing him on the cheek.

"Sounds good to me." Gabe said.

"**EEEEEUUUWW!!!**" Bonny squealed, putting a hand on her belly.

"What's wrong?" Gabe asked.

"You're brother's kicking. Wanna feel?" She asked.

"Of course." Gabe said.

"Tell you what, why don't I lay on top of you. That way we can both feel him play while he's sandwiched between us." She suggested.

"Okay." Gabe muttered, his heart racing with excitement.

Bonny straddled her son and as she moved into position Jacob could see straight down the neck of her baby-doll nightie. His cock flexed as he gazed at her huge gaping canyon between her milk-filled breasts. The hanging udders teetered back and forth as they descended towards him.

The swell of Bonny's pregnancy flattened against Gabe's stomach and her soft tits rested against his chest. He felt her nest of love snuggle softly against the swell of his boner.

Gazing down at her son she smiled lovingly, gently running her fingers through his hair.

"Mmmmmm, my little snuggle-bear." She said softly.

Gabe could feel his unborn brother squirming around in his mother's womb. It felt weird pressed against his stomach.

"I think your brother's as excited to be nestled against me as you are." Bonny said, giving Gabe's cock a gentle little nudge with her bare muffin.

"So what was I like when I was a baby?" Gabe asked.

"Hmmmm, You were my boobie-baby. Always wanted to suck on his momma's big swollen nipples. Even when you weren't sucking you liked to just rub your little body up against them." Bonny explained.

"I have a strange suspicious that not much as changed." She said with a giggle.

"They do feel good." Gabe said, glancing down at all the breasts meat oozing out from between them.

Bonny glanced at her tits too then fed her son a naughty little smile.

"Sometimes, after your dad left for work, I'd bring you back to bed with me. I'd lay on my side and wrap your little body between my breasts. It's not surprising that you became such a boobie-lover, as much as I used to smother you with them." She smiled.

"Smother me how?" Gabe asked.

"Well, I used to do this thing when you were little where I'd take off your shirt and lay you down on your back. Then I'd take off my bra, crawl above you on my hands and knees and let my big boobs dangle above your face." Bonny said.

"Wow, I bet I liked that." Gabe giggled.

"You were little and still nursing. Your momma's boobs were a big part of your world. You were so cute. I used to love to watch your little eyes light up while those big breasts hovered over you, especially when I'd start to make them swing." Bonny recalled in a loving motherly tone.

"Back and forth they'd swing, little drops of milk dripping from the teats. Then after a while I'd let them drag against you. I used to love watching your little body shiver while those big soft sacks licked your chest." She smiled.

"Holy Cow. What I'd give to be that age again." Gabe said, his cock drooling onto his tummy.

Bonny giggle, patting his cheek lovingly.

"Think you'd like being momma's boobie-baby again?" She asked.

"Would I ever." Gabe answered.

Bonny rose up into the upright position, still straddling her son. This put more cunt-smothering weight on his cock and it felt amazing.

Gabe gazed up at his mom's top half as it now towered above him. Her beach-ball sized belly stuck way out over his stomach and the swell of her breasts resting against it looked absolutely massive.

"And just what if I decide to take you up on that offer, buster. What's in it for me?" Bonny smiled.

"I don't know. What do you want?" Gabe smiled nervously.

"Well, we are talking about my boobs here. Big boys aren't suppose to see their mother's boobs. Maybe in return I should get to see a part of you that I'm not suppose to see." She said with a sly little smile.

"You mean my..." Gabe started.

"Well, fair's fair right?" She said.

"I guess." Gabe answered.

"Besides, I've been a little curious ever since you made that "ten-incher" comment." She said.

"Well now I guess I get to prove it, right?" Gabe said.

Bonny fed him a peculiar little smile, staring down into his eyes.

"Yeah, I guess you do." She said.

Gabe's mom moved into a sitting position beside him, tucking her long legs underneath her. She eye-balled Gabe's erection as it made his boxers stick way up.

"Wow...looks like a circus tent. Must be quite the pole under there holding that up." She said.

They both giggled at her comment.

"You're sure you want me to do this?" Gabe asked, tucking his thumbs under his elastic waistband.

"Are you sure you wanna play boobie-baby?" Bonny questioned.

"Yeah, I'm sure." Gabe answered.

"Well then I guess you better get those boxers off, mister." She smiled.

Gabe lifted his ass as he slid his shorts down his legs. His big boner sprung free and bobbed around under Bonny's stare.

"Wow!" She said, her mouth slightly agape.

"Told you it was big." He said, smiling proudly.

"Oh, sweetie it's.... it's beautiful." Bonny whispered.

"Thanks." He said.

"And you're telling me that this big thing has never been inside a vagina?" Bonny asked.

"Sad but true. Can I see your boobs now?" Gabe answered.

"Patients, your-horniness, my boobs aren't going anywhere and I'm not through looking at you yet." Bonny said.

"Sorry, mom. Just anxious I guess." Gabe said.

Bonny slouched down next to Gabe for a moment, looking down into his eyes.

"I know you are, sweetheart, but lets just take our time and enjoy this, okay. We have all night...all week for that matter." Bonny said.

"Alright." Gabe smiled.

Bonny glanced down at her son's erection.

"So...ten inches huh? We'll see." She said, reaching over towards the bedside table.

Bonny opened the drawer and pulled out a large black dildo.

"Holy crap, mom, is that what I think it is?" Gabe smiled, his eyes getting big.

"What, a mom isn't allowed to own a dildo?" She asked, making it bob back and forth.

"You didn't actually think that all your mom did around here all day was housework, did you?" She asked.

"No, it's just kind of weird that my own mom is showing me her sex toy, that's all." Gabe said.

"Well in case you've forgotten, goof-ball, we're laying here looking at your penis. I really don't think showing you my sex toy is that big a deal, do you?"

"No, I suppose you're right." He smiled.

"For your information, this dildo is exactly ten inches. It said so on the box when I bought it, which means, Mr. Ten-Incher, that unless you were over exaggerating, it should be your twin." Bonny said.

"Should be." Gabe said.

"So lets prove it. Make it stick straight up." She said.

"How do I do that?" Gabe asked.

"You can't be serious." Bonny said, then giggled at how naïve her baby was.

"Reach around and pinch the loose skin on your scrotum." She said.

Jacob followed her directions.

"Now pull it down." She said.

Jacob pulled on his sack and his bone-hard shaft rose up until it pointed up at the ceiling.

"Tah-dah." Bonny giggled.

She reached down and placed the base of the dildo on his pubic bone. It hid his cock from their view, accept for his bulbous cock-head, which rose a bit higher than the fake one.

"Newsflash, sweetheart, your shaft is ten inches. If you count that big pink battering ram it's capped with, you're more like eleven." She said.

"Well, it was last year when I measured it." Gabe said.

"Looks like you've sprouted an inch since then." She said.

"Gee, how cool is that? I even have my mom's dildo beat." Gabe grinned smugly.

"Yes, but no matter how hard you try, you can't make yours vibrate." She giggled.

"Yeah, but I have an extra inch, which means that I can go deeper." Gabe said.

"Deeper yes, but I still think you'd pop before you got there." Bonny said.

"I bet you're wrong." Gabe said defensively.

"You know, you're awfully confident for a virgin. Are you sure you've never been laid?" She asked.

"Trust me, mom, I'm completely cherry." He said.

"Cherry meaning you've never even been sucked on?" Bonny asked.

"Completely cherry, mom. Why, is that so hard to believe?" He asked.

"Yes, it is! How does a handsome eighteen year old with an eleven-inch penis go this long without getting it wet?" She asked.

"I don't know, maybe we should call Guinness. I could have broke a record or something." He said.

Bonny slapped him on the leg playfully, making his cock jump.

"Smart ass." She said.

"So do you think eleven inches is bigger than average?" Gabe asked, know full well the answer.

"Sweetie, given that the average penis is six inches, I'd say, yes, you're well above average." She said.

"So I have a big penis then?" He asked, wanting to hear her say it.

"Yes, sweetheart, you have a very large penis." She said with a quirky little smile.

"Larger than dads?" Gabe asked.

"Gabe." Bonny whined, as if her son had just said something cruel.

"What, it's just a question? How many inches is dad? " He asked.

"Big enough to make me happy. How's that?" Gabe said.

"So how many inches does it take to make you happy?" He asked.

"You're just not going to leave this alone, are you?" She said.

"Nope." He smiled.

"Fine, anything over seven inches makes me happy." She confessed.

"So dad's only seven inches then?" Gabe smiled.

"I know where you're going with this, so stop right now." Bonny said, trying not to crack a grin.

Bonny leaned over him, staring down into his eyes.

"Look, sweetie, you're in my marital bed and I'm not gonna kid you, if things keep going like this, you're probably gonna get laid." She said, making Gabe's heart pound in his chest.

"So do me a favor and let's not talk about your dad anymore, okay Boobie-Baby?" She smiled.

"Okay." Gabe smiled.

"Do me another favor. Go into the nursery and get the pacifier that's in the crib." Bonny said.

"Okay." Gabe smile, reaching for his shorts.

"No...leave those off." She said.

Gabe crawled out of bed and rushed out the door, his big boner flouncing up and down.

When he returned a minute later his jaw about hit the fucking floor. There, standing at the foot of the bed was his mom, completely naked. Her tits were massive and rested against the huge nine-month swell of her pregnant belly. Beneath her baby-orb he could just make out the neatly trimmed mound of her womanhood.

"Hi." She said, in a sweet teasing tone.

"Hi." Gabe sighed, staring at her milk-filled udders.

"Come here." She smiled.

Gabe walked over to his mom and she stepped forward and threw her arms around his neck. The teenager let out an audible sigh as her big tits and belly kissed his chest. He felt the tip of his cock drag against Bonny's pubic fuzz and stop against her engorged clit.

"If you wanna stop now, we can...I'll understand." She said, looking into his eyes.

"I don't wanna stop." He muttered.

"Good, then lets get back in bed." She said, taking him by the hand and leading him around to the side of her bed.

Bonny had a cute little waddle when she walked from carrying all that extra baby-weight. This made her pendulous breasts just sort teeter back and forth across her belly.

Gabe watched her meaty ass sway seductively as she led him around the bed. Those beautiful cheeks crowned the silky-softness of her long shapely legs. As Bonny crawled onto the bed her cheeks parted slightly and Gabe could see the big wrinkly pucker of her asshole. His breath quivered as his eyes caught site of her bald clamshell.

Bonny turned towards him, resting on her knees near the center of the bed. She smiled at Gabe and patted the spot in front of her. Gabe noticed that there was a big bottle of baby-oil sitting next to her that she must have gotten while he was fetching the pacifier.

"Come lay back down on your back." She said.

Gabe moved into position next to his beautiful pregnant mother and she gazed down hungrily at his young teenaged body, taking a second to admire the large, beefy fuck-stick rising all the way to his belly-button.

"What do you want me to do with this?" Gabe asked, lifting the pacifier.

"What do you think, Boobie-baby?" She smiled naughtily.

Gabe smiled as he stuck the nipple in his mouth and began to suck. Bonny giggled as she watched him.

"Awe, look at my adorable little baby boy." She said, in a cute little mommy-voice.

Bonny got onto her hands and knees and crawled over above her son. She gently grazed his chest with her long nails as she smiled down at him.

Gabe stared at her heavy tits as they as they dangled right in front of him.

It wasn't long before Bonny crawled right over the top of him so that her hanging milk-sacks could droop right above his face. Gabe studied her massive areola. They were covered with bumpy little milk-glands, which made them look so thick and rubbery. The teats themselves were as big around as **AA** batteries had little indentations where the milk secretes.

"Does my sweet little boobie-bear wanna watch momma's titties rock?" She asked.

Gabe nodded his head.

"Yes, he does, doesn't he. He wants to watch her boobies dance." Bonny said.

Bonny began to slowly move her chest and Gabe gazed up with delight as her drooping breasts began to gently swing from side to side. They were like big pendulums swaying back and forth hypnotically.

"While you watch them move I want you to think about how it would feel if they were squashed against you. Think about what it would be like to have the big soft sacks crushed against your chest." She said.

Gabe sighed excitedly at the very thought of it. He was so aroused by his mother's words and the sight of her massive jugs moving in unison that his hand instinctively went to his cock.

"That's right. It makes baby wanna stroke his big beautiful boner, doesn't it, sweetheart?" She asked.

Again, Gabe could only nod as he sucked on the pacifier, imagining it was one of his mom's engorged nipples. He used his drooling pre-cum to twist his first around the enormous cock-head.

After letting her tits flounce for a few minutes Bonny sat up, straddling her son's tummy. Gabe could barely see over her mammoth pregnant swell and gazed up into the butt of her tits.

Bonny took the baby oil and began to squirt it onto her breasts. Her son watched in awe, stroking madly at his cock, as she rubbed the oil into her flesh. She peered down at him over her matronly mounds with a naughty smile.

"Enjoying the view." She asked, rubbing the oil down onto her swollen belly.

Bonny got back on her hands and knees above her son, her tits and tummy glistening with oil.

"Okay, I want baby to stop stroking and bring his hands up and rest them on my waist." She said.

Gabe reluctantly let his cock go and followed his mom's directions. He knew something magical was coming.

"That's my good boy. I don't want you to pull all that sperm out before momma's had a chance to smother you." She smiled.

"You wanna be smothered, don't you baby?" She asked, staring down at him.

Gabe nodded, his eyes glued to the drooping knockers and their huge demon eyes.

"My baby-boy wants to be smothered by all this soft mommy-flesh, doesn't he?" She asked in a soft warm tone.

Bonny slowly let her body decend onto her son. The first thing to make contact was her huge greasy baby-ball. The spongy swell hugged his enormous hard-on as Bonny's pregnancy began to flatten against her son's tummy.

Her tits began to spill onto his chest, rolling out like soft dough. Gabe let out an audible moan as his body became blanketed in voluptuous flesh.

Bonny coiled her arms around her son's neck and began to move her body against his. Her big slippery tits glided easily up and down his chest and Gabe could feel the rubbery nipples licking his flesh.

His cock was trapped between his belly and the spongy softness of his mother's baby-ball. The friction it caused againt the underside of his shaft felt amazing.

"Mmmmm, my baby likes that." She smiled.

Bonny buried her face in the soft of her son's neck and began to flutter her long tongue against the areas she knew were the most sensitive. The entire bed began to rock as the experienced mom ground her body against the handsome teen.

Gabe was breathing heavily as the pressure on his cock intensified. He slid his hands back and dug his fingers into Bonny's big meaty ass.

"Uh-huh...oh, that's where mommy likes her titties...crushed right up against her baby." She said between licks.

Gabe was in absolute euphoria. He could hear the light thumping of the headboard against the wall as his mom rocked up and back against him. His young body shivered with a rush of excitement.

"**HHHHHNNNNNNMMMMM!!!**" He hummed.

"Oh that's it, sweetie. Come on." Bonny said lovingly as she felt his cock balloon against her smothering tummy.

Gabe felt the floodgates give way and his penis began to spit it's potent milk.

"**UUUNNNGGG!!!!**" He groaned, still sucking on the play-nipple.

"Oh, there you go, baby-boy. Let it squirt!" She said.

Squirt it did and it seemed to never stop squirting. Little trickles of semen seeped from between their bodies, running down the sides of Gabe tummy and onto the mattress.

With his head thrown back the nipple fell from his mouth as his cock continued to pulse.

"**OH, GGGOD, MOM!**" His voice quivered.

Bonny just kept working her slippery body against her baby, gazing down at him with a loving smile.

"Oh, that's my baby. Come on, get it all out of there." She said.

When Gabe finally relaxed Bonny stopped rocking and just laid there against him.

"I bet I could make him pop again." She smiled.

"Right now." He asked.

"Yep." She said.

"I don't know, mom. That was pretty intense." Gabe sighed.

"So that's a challenge then?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure, why not." He smiled.

Bonny scooted up a bit until she slid off her son's cock. She lifted herself off his chest and Jacob watched her tits wobble. Sliding onto her knees she reached back and took hold of his still throbbing member, positioning it at the entrance of her honey-pot.

Her inner lips stretched around the bulbous head and with one big cock-swallowing lunge her ass dropped all the way to his balls.

"**OH GOD!!!**" Gabe groaned as he felt the heat of her furnace surround him with it's soft wet warmth.

Bonny gasped a little, her eyes getting big as she felt her vaginal walls expand around the eleven-inch guest. She felt her son's spongy mushroom push against her cervix.

"So, you still think I can't make it pop again." She smiled.

"Nope." Gabe smiled, knowing full well should would.

"Prop the pillows up behind your back." She said.

Gabe did as she asked so that he was sitting a little more upright, but still reclined backwards. This allowed his mom to fall forward

and rest her tits on his chest.

"I'm gonna prove you so wrong, mister." She grinned, knowing that in this position she could really work his cock with her cunt.

Her big meaty ass rose, her juices dripping down Gabe's shaft, then it dropped suddenly, swallowing it up again. It was like a steam locomotive, strating slowly and gradually speeding up so that within seconds her big matronly bottom was beating against his balls.

It was the perfect union. Big sloppy pregnant pussy stuffed to capacity with beefy teenaged cock. Their genitals made a lewd throaty slurping sound as they slapped together.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

"So, mom...am I touching places dad's never been?" Gabe asked.

"You've got four inches on him, what do you think?" Bonny said, a little out of breath as she continued to work her ass.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

"I think he only wishes he could touch bottom. It feels amazing." Gabe said.

"Well maybe you should call him, tell him what he's missing." Bonny joked.

"I bet I make you cum harder than he can." Gabe persisted.

"Well in about ten more seconds, sweetie, we're gonna find out." Bonny voice quivered.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

Gabe was front row center to the orgasm show, staring his beautiful mom. Her body suddenly convulsed making her big titties jump as she threw her head back.

"**OOOOHHHHH, GGGGGOOOOODDDD!!!!!**" She groaned.

She pushed herself up a bit crushing his cock against her cervix. Her hips went into overdrive as she stirred her pot with her son's big spoon.

"**OOOOHHHH, OOOOHHHH, YEAH, OOOOHHH, GABRIAL!!!**" She shrieked, her cute little voice echoing through the house.

Her body did it's final little shiver, the dropped back against her son and her ass resumed bouncing.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

"Was I right? Did I make you cum harder than dad can?" He asked.

"You have to ask." She sighed.

"Bet I could do it again." He smiled.

"Easy for you to say, boobie-baby, I'm doing all the work." She said, her voice trembling with each thrust.

"I know. All I meant was that I could go a long time in this position without cumming." Gabe said.

"Well then I guess it's gonna be a long night, isn't it?" She smiled.

"Don't worry, sweet-baby, when momma's pussy's ready for you to cum, you'll cum. It doesn't matter what position you're in." She said.

"How's that?" He asked.

Suddenly , Gabe felt his mother's birth canal flex against his cock, creating ball-busting friction as his pecker continued to plow in and out.

"**OH, GOD...OH, MOM!**" He moaned.

"That's how." She smiled, relaxing her cunt-muscles.

"Oh wow...that felt amazing." He said.

"Well, unlike some people, I've been doing this awhile. How does it feel to be in bed with a woman who knows just how to make you squirm?" Bonny asked.

"Awesome." Gabe answered.

Bonny flexed her cunt again and the soft hot walls of her vagina squeezed hard around his cock-shaft.

"**OH, MOM!**" Gabe sighed.

"Good answer." She giggled.

After relaxing her cunt again Bonny noticed that Gabe was staring at her tits, which were bouncing around on his chest.

"Big and soft, aren't they baby?" She asked.

"They sure are." Gabe said.

"Are you ready to suck?" She smiled.

"On your boobs?" Gabe asked.

"No, on my pinky-toe. Of course my boobs, goof-ball." Bonny teased.

"Okay." He said excitedly.

"Slouch down a little." She said.

Gabe adjusted his position so that Bonny's boobs now hung above his face. Bonny's ass never missed a beat. It just kept bouncing.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

Gabe watched as her hanging breasts fell to his face. One of her huge swollen nipples fell right into his mouth and as soon as his lips closed around it he felt his mom's body begin to convulse.

"**OH, GOD, I'M CUMMING!**" She squealed as her face began to contort.

For fun, when no one else was home. Gabe sometimes liked to fill two water balloons with warm water and tie them together. He liked to rest the weight of one balloon on his face and imagine it was his mom's breast against him. He loved the way the balloon would mould around his face, completely smothering him.

Now, here he was, his face completely buried under the wieght of the boob he had always dreamed about. This balloon had a nipple and areola and he was nursing and chewing like a hungry infant. Despite being wracked with another mind-blowing orgasm, Bonny showed no signs of tiring. She was a hungry pregnant slut. Hungry for big teenaged cock.

THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP! THFFLUP!

The big bed shook as mom and son drank from the fountain of forbidden lust. They fell into a steady thirty-minute rhythm with Bonny reaching a screaming climax about every five minutes.

Bonny sat up a bit and her breasts lifted off her son's face, her cap popping from his mouth.

"Hey there, my boobie-baby. Are you ready to cum?" She asked, grinding his dick.

"How did you know I was getting close." His voice shivered.

"Moms just know these things." She smiled.

"I don't want it to end." He muttered.

"It won't...we have all week." She said, leaning down against him and staring into his eyes.

"And you and I my little cuddle-bear are gonna do nothing but fuck." She said, matter-of-factly.

As soon as the word "fuck" left her mouth Bonny flexed her cunt muscles, forming a vice-like seal around her baby's cock.

"**OH GOD! OH, MOM!**" He groaned.

"**COME ON, BABY-BEAR!**" She said, in a sweet, motherly tone.

Gabe groaned as he popped hard, sending the biggest load of cum that ever squirted from his balls into his mother's secret chamber. It seemed to never end as rope after rope of hot white love-lava was pulled from his piss-hole from his mom's clutching sheath.

Bonny calapsed onto his chest and for a few minutes they kissed like lovers, their tongues twisting together wildly.

"Well, this may have been your first lay, but it's obvious this isn't the first time you've had your tongue in a girls mouth." She teased.

"No, I've done that a few times." He said.

"I can tell. You're pretty good with that little snake. I think I see a really long make-out session in our future." She smiled.

"Was I good with the big snake too?" Gabe smiled.

"Well, you made me scream seven times. I'm pretty sure that qualifies as good." She said.

"Was I better than dad?" He asked.

"Yes, my sweet-baby, you were better than your dad." She grinned, patting his chest.

Bonny clenched his bone-hard shaft as it still remained tucked inside her warm vagina.

"You still have a boner." She smiled.

"It doesn't go away easily." Gabe said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to fuck until it goes soft, won't we?" She asked.

"As turned-on as I am, that could be tomorrow morning, mom." Gabe smiled.

"So, I'm a big girl...I can certainly go at it all night... Can you?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"All night? Ha, I could go all week." Gabe said.

"Yeah but are you sure this is where you wanna spend your week, in this soft bed pounding your beautiful big breasted mother?" Bonny asked teasingly.

"Hell yeah." Gabe smiled.

"Yeah, that's how my boobie-baby wants to spend his week, isn't it, fuckin' and suckin' his horny momma?" She said in a sweet tone.

"Wow, mom that's such a turn on when you talk that way." Gabe said.

"I know, I can feel your penis flexing. Do you know why it's flexing, baby?" Bonny said, gazing down into his eyes.

Gabe nodded, wanting to hear his mom say what he was thinking.

"It's flexing because it wants to fuck pussy." She said.

Gabe sighed as the head of his cock ballooned with more blood.

"See, sweet-baby, you've got a big strong teenaged boner that's ready to spend the whole week inside mommy." She said.

Bonny climbed off her son, letting his pecker slide out of her steamy cunt.

"Go downstairs and get me the phone. We're gonna do something I think you'll like." She said.

Gabe got a big smile as he jumped from the bed, his big dick bobbing up and down.

A few minutes later...

"Hi, sweetie, how was your flight?" Bonny asked, holding the phone to her ear.

The pregnant mom was straddling her son, who was sitting on her padded vanity stool in the middle of the bedroom. Her tits and massive baby-orb were sandwiched between them and Bonny's long legs were wrapped around his waist, her heels resting on the edge of the stool behind Gabe's ass.

Gabe's cock was buried to the balls in Bonny's warm clutching birth canal. His bulbous cock-head was sunk right down into the soft mouth of her spongy cervical head.

His head lay right up against his mom's soft titties as he felt her stir her pot with his big fuck stick.

"How's the hotel room they put you up in?" She asked.

While Bonny's husband Matt answered, Bonny lifted her son's face from her tits and they began to kiss softly.

"That's good, hun. Do you wanna say hi to Gabe, he's right here." She said.

"Okay, hold on, I'll put you on speaker-phone." She smiled.

Bonny put the phone on speaker-phone and set it down beside them.

"Hi, dad." Gabe said with a grin as his mom began to lick and suck on his neck.

"Hey, sport, what are you up to?" Matt asked.

"Awe, nothing' just hangin' out here with mom." He said as he felt his mom's cunt grind his cock.

"I appreciate you watching out for your mom this week. It means a lot." Matt said.

"Don't worry dad, I'm gonna take good care of mom and the baby this week." Gabe said, his voice quivering a little.

"Uh-huh." Bonny hummed as dug her tongue against the tendons in her son's neck.

Gabe let out a little sigh as he felt the tip of his cock dig against the entrance to his mother's womb.

"You okay son?" Matt asked.

Bonny and her son started kissing hungrily, their tongues twisting together. "Hello, anybody there?" Matt asked.

"We're here, sweetie." Bonny said between kisses.

"You guys in the middle of a good **TV** show or something, you seem a little distracted." Matt said.

Gabe and Bonny giggled, staring at each other naughtily.

"I think Gabe's just enjoying his mother's undivided attention tonight." She smiled.

"Well, Gabrial, you just don't let your mom do anything overly strenuous. She needs to spend lots of time on her back this week." Matt said.

"Don't worry, I have a feeling she'll be spending plenty of time on her back dad." Gabe grinned.

"And while I'm on my back I'm sure my baby will be right there taking care of all his mother's needs." Bonny smiled, staring into her son's eyes.

Bonny leaned in and continued making out with her baby. Their tongues danced wildly together.

"I knew I could count on you, son. If mom goes into labor you call me first thing, okay?" He asked.

Gabe and his mom were going at it hot and heavy now. Bonny's hips were gliding up and back, causing Gabe's cock to plow against the bottom of her honey-pot. Gabe tried to break the kiss to answer his father, but Bonny wouldn't allow it.

"Huh-Uh." She hummed, twisting her long pink snake around his.

"Gabe? Is anyone there?" Matt asked.

Overwhelmed with wicked incestuous lust, Bonny couldn't pull herself off of her baby. Her hips were gliding wildly now.

"Hello?" Matt called out.

Without breaking her wet, tongue-twisting fun the horny mom reached over and turned off the phone, hanging up on her husband.

About ten seconds later the phone rang, but Bonny's body was quivering with orgasm so she just let it ring.

"**OOHH G-GOD, I'M CUMMING SO HARD!**" Bonny cried.

Jacob smiled with pride as he felt his beautiful mom use his big cock to bring herself off.

"Oh shit I love that dick?" She said between kisses.

"Did you enjoy the phone call?" She asked.

"That was awesome." Gabe muttered, the phone continued to ring in the background.

"Sorry, honey, can't answer the phone. I'm too busy taking care of my big-dicked baby boy." She said playfully, her ass hammering down against Gabe's balls.

The bedroom echoed with that familiar creamy fuck-sound...

THFFRUP!! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

"Do you think he'll worry?" Gabe asked.

"I've got an eleven-inch penis inside me. Does it look like I really fucking care?" Bonny giggled, her eyes wild with lust.

"Wow, with one out of my system I could sit like this all day." Gabe said.

"Good, in the morning I'll suck you off , we'll turn on some soft music and I'll spend the rest of the day bouncing on your lap. Sound like a date?" She asked.

"Oh yeah." Gabe sighed.

"Right now I want my snuggle-bear to follow daddies orders and get me on my back. Then, once I'm on my back, I want you to nail me to the mattress." She said naughtily.

"Yes, maam." Gabe said.

Gabe grabbed hold of his mom's meaty buttocks and stood up. Bonny let out a surprised little scream, throwing her arms around her baby's neck.

"Oh my God my babies a fucking stud." She said, gazing down into his eyes as he carried her over to the bed.

"Right on the edge, sugar bear." She directed him.

Gabe set his mom down softly so that her ass was right at the edge of the bed and he was still standing on the floor. She threw her legs back into the birthing position, Gabe's cock still buried inside her moist folds.

"There you go, baby. Long hard strokes now, come on." She said.

Gabe slid his dick in and out and in and out, falling into a nice rhythm. He watched in fascination as Bonny's huge milk-filled breasts rolled like big rippling waves up and down her chest. Even her enormous baby-ball seemed to be wavering up and back from the force of his thrusts.

"Oh yeah, there's my baby-boy." She said as she felt the tip of his battering ram knock at her cervix.

Gabe looked down and was amazed by the sight of his mother's splayed cunt. There was a neatly trimmed triangle of dark hair crowning an enormous marble-sized clit. Her big beefy labial peddles were stretched around the girth of his rod.

"**HARDER!**" Bonny requested, a little pre-orgasmic whine in her voice.

Gabe gave his mom all he had, fucking her matronly cunt with deep, ball-slapping strokes.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

Bonny's back suddenly arched from the mattress, her face going into a cute little contortion. Gabe eyes got big as he watched her huge belly balloon upward.

"Holy shit." He muttered, still hammering away.

"**UUUUGGGGNNNNHHHH!!!!**" Bonny grunted.

"**UUUUUUGGGGNNNNHHHHHH!!!!**" She continued, her body, quivering.

Gabe noticed that his mom's cute little toes were pointed. How he loved her sexy feet.

"Oh God I want you on me." Bonny whined, grabbing Gabe's hand and pulling him up onto the bed.

Moving to the center of the bed her long legs twisted around Gabe as she pulled him down on top of her. Gabe felt the meat of her

pregnancy squashed between them as he now lay flat against his mother.

"Oh baby, fuck me hard!" She hissed.

As directed Gabe started to fuck, his ass rising and falling. He felt his mom kissing and licking at his neck.

"Oh yeah, just like that. Feed me that big pussy-fucker." She said.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

Gabe balls were like a door-knocker, slapping against Bonny's buttery asshole. Bonny dug her heels in his ass, pulling him deep. She wanted to feel his bulbous head lick her cervix with each down stroke.

"You doin' so good, baby boy. Takin' such good care of momma's pussy." She panted.

Gabe's fingers sunk into Bonny's big sweaty breasts, savoring their spongy softness. Never in a million years did he think he's ever be cupping his own mom's boobs.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

At about one pussy-packing stroke per second Gabe fell into a nice ten minute rhythm. It felt so good thrusting against his mom's voluptuous body. Her arms were curled around him and even though he seemed to need little coaching, like a good mother, she encouraged him along.

"Oh, you have such a nice strong boner don't you baby boy?" She said.

"Uh-huh." Gabe muttered.

"It's gonna stay big and hard for momma all week, isn't it boobie-bear?" She asked in a cute little voice.

"Oh, yeah." He sighed as he felt his shaft glide up and down Bonny's velvet pouch.

"That's right. We'll keep it nice and stiff so momma can suck it...and fuck it...and wrap her big soft titties around it." Bonny said.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

"Can you feel it, sweetie? Can you feel momma's pussy pucker?" Bonny moaned.

"Yeah." Gabe's said.

"That means you're about to make it cream." She whined.

"Oh yeah." Gabe said, picking up the pace a tad.

"Oh that's it sugar, make your momma howl." Bonny said, thusting her cunt up to meet his downward thrust.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

"**OH FUCK! OH SHIT! OH GABRIAL! OOOOHHHHNNNGGGGOD!!!!!**" Bonny cried, curling her head back.

Gabe smiled and just kept feeding his mom dick. He loved the way she squirmed beneath him as she just kept cumming and cumming for what had to be a full two minutes.

Bonny was in absolute euphoria. Here was a pregnant middle-aged woman in her sexual prime with the dream dick inside of her.

"He's like the energizer bunny and I fucking love it." She thought.

THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP! THFFRUP!

Ten more minutes passed and about this time sweat was dripping from their bouncing bodies.

"Do you want to me to cum, mom?" Gabe asked.

"Do you need to, sugar?" She asked.

"No." He said.

"Then don't. Prop my legs back." She gasped.

Gabe held Bonny's legs to the sides of her chest. This allowed his cock to go a little deeper. His cock-head curved upward as it slid along the head of her cervix.

"Bet dad's never fucked you this long before." Gabe said proudly.

"Most men can't go half as long as you have, sweetie-bear. I think you're momma's finally met her match." Bonny said.

Bedsprings whined as their bodies bounced for yet another ten minutes before Bonny screamed again. Gabe had been fucking his mom over an hour since his last orgasm and he could the beginnings of a strong one.

"Oh, mom I think I'm gonna cum." He cried.

"**OH SWEETIE, FUCK HARD!!!**" Bonny shouted.

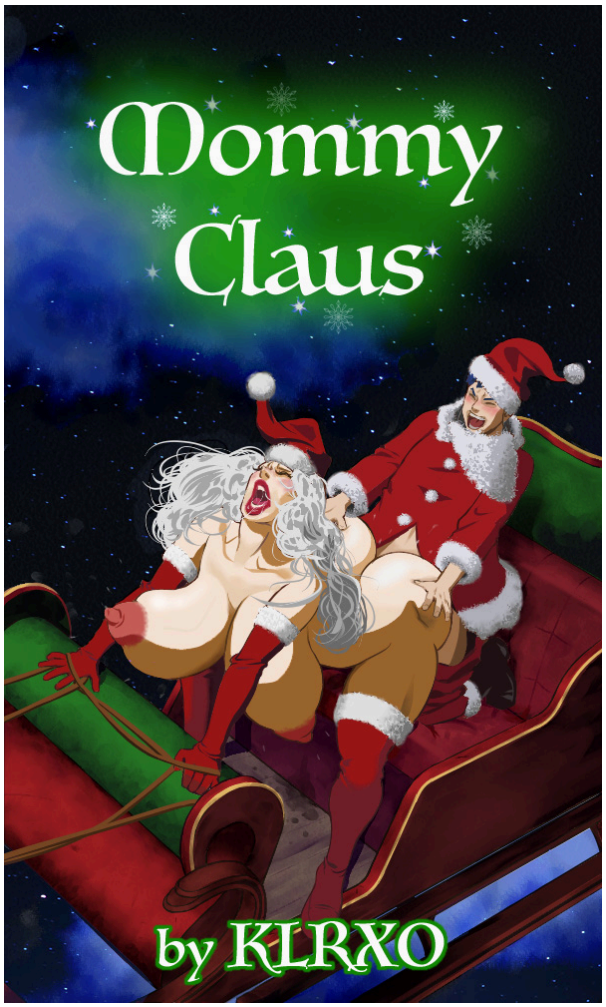
Gabe did fuck hard. His cock was literally a blur as he hammered Bonny's sloppy cunt with everything he had.

"**OH GODDDD, MOM!!!**" He cried, as his penis began to spirt.

"Oh, that's it baby...lay into that pussy!" She said, fucking him right back.

Bonny could feel the hot ropes of teenaged spunk splashing against the door to her womb. It seemed to never stop until her son rested, finally still on top of her. The loving mom ran her fingers through his hair as she held him against her softness.

"My little cuddle-bear." She said softly.



Mommy-Claus

By Klrxo

In a large workshop, nearly one hundreds elves scrambled to prepare children's gifts for the big night that was only a day away. One particular elf, that looked wise in age, rushed in from outside. This was Tiberius, the lead elf.

"Mrs. Claus is coming!" he anxiously said to a few, who quickly spread the word around to the other elves.

As the news spread, the army of workers scrambled to look as busy as they could.

The whistle of the North Pole wind swept through the factory as a figure entered from outside, wearing a huge white hooded coat. Several elves were more than willing to help her remove it.

A collective gasp hissed through the workshop as all eyes momentarily gazed upon the beauty of Natalia Claus, Santa's wife. Her platinum silver hair was put up in a bun. Her striking facial features showed a woman who looked to be in her forties, even though her age extended much beyond that. Her hazel-green eyes surveyed the familiar faces, her full pink lips curling into a warm smile. "Good evening!" her pretty voice said.

"Good evening!" Came the collective response. "Have you seen my husband?"

Like a group of awe-struck idiots, they all pointed towards a large door at the far side of the room.

"Thank you!" Natalia said, then sashayed across the factory floor. Her long strong legs moved fluidly beneath her modest brown dress, making the tremendous swell of her motherly bosom judder heavily beneath it's covering.

The horny elves faked like they were working, while watching the voluptuous matronly figure cross the room. Even the loyal foreman Tiberius fell victim to her charms, as he followed behind her, watching Natalia's well rounded buttocks sway hypnotically beneath her dress.

A fat, bearded Santa Claus was trying on a new big red Christmas coat he'd had custom made for this year's busy night.

"I like it!" his lovely wife said as she entered the room. "Better not let any of those sexy mothers lure you away with more than milk

and cookies," she teased.

"Ho, ho, ho!" Santa laughed. "I wouldn't think of it, dear."

"And speaking of that…" Natalia said, running her soft hands over his shoulders. "Since this is the final night before your 'busiest day of the year,' I was hoping you'd slide something down **MY** chimney later."

"Now Natalia, you know that I need to conserve all the energy I have for tomorrow. The children are all counting on me."

"Oh I know," the mother said understandably, but with a tinge of disappointment. She knew never to put her own needs above her husband's obligations to the children of the world. Even so, not a day went by that her pussy wasn't throbbing with desire.

Santa brushed his hands down his new coat seeming pleased with the way it fit. "There's still much to do, and only a short time to do it in. I need all hands on deck," he said. "Be a dear and let Jack know I need him down in the factory to help the elves."

"Right away, hon," Natalia said, rising up on her tip-toes and giving her chubby husband a kiss on the cheek.

Jack Claus lay on his bed, repeatedly throwing a red ball up in the air, then catching it. He was a handsome boy, with dark shaggy hair and a thin build. He had just turned eighteen this year, and hoped that his father would finally let him become more involved in 'Santa-type' responsibilities, and not just helping out in the factory with the elves. People aged differently in the land of the North Pole. One year of life for them, equaled a hundred years of life for people in the rest of the world. This meant that Jack had a century of being a 'rookie adult,' and he was anxious to see what opportunities it would bring.

There was a gentle tap at his door. "Jack?" his mother's sweet voice called.

He quickly sat up on the edge of the bed and ditched the ball. He knew if he wanted his parents to treat him like an adult, he had to start acting like one. "Come in, Mother," he answered.

Natalia opened the door and stepped into her son's room. Like every other Christmas-land creature with a swinging dick, Jack was enchanted by his mother's beauty. She had just the type of curvy body, especially with her thick ass and jumbo-sized boobies, that he hoped to find in his own wife someday. He often wished his mother would wear less around him, so he could really admire what was going on under those clothes.

She plopped down on the bed next to him. "Your father would like it if you'd come help out in the factory. You know the next twenty-four hours are the busiest of the year around here," Natalia explained.

"I know," the boy muttered, seeming a little forlorn.

"What's wrong, sugarplum?" his mom asked, taking his hand and holding it on her lap.

"I was hoping dad would let me help out in the sleigh room this year. You know, take on more responsibility."

"I'm sorry, Jack. I know it's hard to be patient, but just remember that some day you'll be taking the reins of this operation, and then you'll have more responsibilities than you'll know what to do with," Natalia explained.

"I know, it's just that right now I feel like I have more to offer," he said. "There must be some way I can step up to a bigger role and make things easier for dad."

His mother squeezed his hand tenderly. "I'll tell you what. You help out down in the factory for now and I'll put more thought into this matter while I'm doing some baking."

Jack nodded in agreement. "Ok, mother," he said.

While the men were busy in the Christmas factory, Natalia assisted with baking in the kitchen. There were lots of mouths to feed, especially this busy time of year. The Claus's assigned this important task to a female elf named Vanora.

Vanora was a master chef and baker, and was very close with Natalia. The two of them spoke about everything, and were practically best friends. "Jack is so anxious to take on more responsibility, but my husband doesn't seem in any hurry to 'bring him up the ladder' so to speak," Natalia explained, while rolling out some bread-dough.

"Well, we both know how stubborn Santa can be. And what he can't do himself, the elves are quick to step up and take care of," Vanora said, removing cookies from a giant oven.

"I know, and that's another thing that has me worried. I certainly don't want Jack stepping on any toes and causing any contention with the senior elves in the factory."

"Perhaps if you spoke to Santa about it, in a way that was more… personal," Vanora suggested.

"Personal?"

"Yes, well, if Jack were to take on some of the more important responsibilities, that would free up more time for Santa to take care of **YOUR** needs, in the bedroom."

Mrs. Claus giggled. "Oh, Vanora, I do like the way you think, but unfortunately there's nothing more important to Santa than meeting his Christmas deadline, and not letting down the children of the world," she explained.

"That is most certainly true," the female elf agreed.

"My sexual needs will simply have to wait until Christmas is over, and he's well rested again," Natalia said, seeming somewhat sad by that fact.

"Not necessarily," Vanora said, her lips curling into a naughty smile.

"Oh?" Natalia asked, stopping what she was doing and looking at her besty curiously.

"Forgive me for suggesting it, Natalia, but there **MAY** be a solution to everyone's problem, albeit a very unconventional one," her elf-friend said.

"Do continue," Mrs. Claus said, listening intently.

"As we've discussed before, your son Jack **IS** quite handsome, and every bit a man now. Perhaps his desire for greater responsibility can be best utilized outside the factory, and inside your bed chamber," Vanora suggested.

Mrs. Claus burst out laughing. "Oh my dear Vanora, such a naughty suggestion, and **VERY**

'unconventional' indeed."

Vanora continued scooping freshly-baked cookies off the platter. "But one that would remedy both **YOUR** lack of affection, Jack's desire to step in and fill his father's shoes in a **MAJOR** way, and allow Santa to focus on what he does best. Delivering Christmas joy to families everywhere."

The beautiful mother silently pondered the idea a moment. It was true that her only son was quite handsome. Her husband looked the same as Jack so long ago, hundreds of years by normal human time. Surely getting affection from her son would make her feel so young again, and she was sure the sex would be amazing. However, it was

her child they were talking about, and she'd never cheated on her husband before, not once.

"Even if I were to consider your idea, how do I know Jack even desires me that way. He could be completely sickened by the idea, then I'd feel like a complete fool," Natalia said.

"I've seen the way your son looks upon you, staring at 'certain parts' of your body with desire," Vanora said with a smile, gazing at Mrs. Claus's enormous rack. "If you wanna be sure, however, perhaps you should simply gauge his interest first."

"Gauge his interest," Natalia repeated.

"Yes, try to…"

"No, I know what you mean," Mrs. Claus said, "and it does make sense, but doing such a thing would seem so selfish of me."

"Perhaps in meeting your own needs, yes, but remember, you're also meeting the needs of your husband and son as well. It's a win/win for everyone really," the elf chef reminded her.

Jack was busy in the factory, when an elf who's job it was to deliver messages approached him. "Mrs. Claus would like to see you back in your bed chamber right away," he said, with what seemed like a bit of envy.

"Thanks," Jack muttered, then headed out of the factory, trudging through the snow, to the large victorian-style home he shared with his parents. Beautiful white lights adorned the house, giving it a magical glow.

Once inside, he kicked off his snow-covered boots and went upstairs to his bedroom. His beautiful silver-haired mother was waiting, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Everything OK, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, everything's fine, sugar-plum. Just need to speak to you is all. Close the door and come sit next to me," she said, patting the spot next to her on the mattress.

Jack obeyed and had a seat beside her. He was delighted to see that she was wearing a somewhat scandalous-looking red gown, that left her bare legs partially exposed as they were crossed in a sexy manner. What also made the gown a bit naughty was the fact that it had a plunging neckline, revealing a substantial amount of tit-cleavage. He could tell his mom had spent time putting on some make-up and her sweet perfume smelt divine.

"You look really nice," he said. "Do I?"

"Yes, smell good too."

"Well, thank you," she said, pleased that her son was already impressed by what he was seeing. She often wondered if he saw her as more than just 'mom,' but as a sexual creature also. Now was the time to find out, as she contemplated Vanora's suggestion. "Vanora said that she often catches you staring at my big breasts, is that true?"

The boy got a look of surprise. "Oh, I, um…"

"It's perfectly alright if you do, you know," she said. "I realize that the North Pole isn't exactly full of girls your own age to look at." "That's true," the boy agreed.

She reached over and took his hand, holding it on top of her leg. "So is that a yes?" she asked. "Yes, you do look at my breasts?"

"Yes, um, sometimes," he blushed.

Natalia smiled over at her teen, squeezing his hand reassuringly. "Do you wonder what they look like naked, Jack?" she asked candidly.

"Naked?" he repeated timidly.

"Yes, naked…with my big nipples poking out."

Jack took a nervous, but excited gulp. He certainly wasn't used to answering these types of questions from a girl, especially one as gorgeous as his mother.

Natalia sensed his uneasiness. "Darling, I assumed from our discussion earlier today that you'd really like to be treated like a man now, and given manly responsibilities, is that accurate?" she asked him. "Yes," the boy muttered.

"Well, part of being a man, is being able to have open and honest conversation about all sorts of 'adult-type' things, including body-parts and sex. If you feel you're not ready for a conversation of that nature, I'll understand."

The last thing Jack wanted was for his mother to keep treating him like a boy. He knew to get treated like a grown-up, he had to act like one, even if it meant talking about embarrassing stuff, like how he lusted after her. "I do think about your breasts naked a lot," he brazenly confessed.

This brought a pleasant smile to his mother's pretty face. "Was that so hard to admit?" she teased.

"You have the biggest boobs of any woman I know, so it's really hard not to stare at them and wonder what they look like, you know, without any clothes on," he further admitted, glancing down at the creamy cleavage of her mammoth mounds.

"Just what they look like, or what they feel like also?" Natalia asked.

"I do wonder what they'd feel like. I would imagine they're probably as soft as fresh mounds of morning snow," Jack said.

His mother giggled. "Yes, but **MUCH** warmer though. Like fleshy mittens, with thick pointy nipples," she said, gazing into her son's eyes.

"Father must love them," the boy said.

"Not this time of year unfortunately," Natalia sadly admitted. "He's busy during the day and much too exhausted at night to give them any attention at all."

"Oh," Jack muttered, thinking his father must be absolutely nuts not to make such a wonderful thing a daily priority.

"My boobies are definitely the happiest when they're bouncing up and down," the mother confessed, bobbing her thick ass on the soft mattress a few times, making her giant milkers heave up and down heavily beneath her gown.

Jack's eyes about popped out of his head. He watched his mother thrust out her chest, making her stiff-nippled tit-melons balloon outward. "Or when the nipples are being sucked or nibbled on. I really like that a lot also," his mother added.

"You do?" the boy asked dumbfounded, still staring at her jutting orbs.

"Yes. Since you've decided to be so honest, like the grown young man you are, are there any other parts of me that you like to admire regularly?" she asked with a sly smirk.

"Well, yes, like…**EVERY** part of you," he answered. "Every guy in Christmas-land thinks you're beautiful, mother, even me."

Natalia raised an eyebrow. "Is that so? Even my legs?" she asked, extending one of her lovely legs out and pointing her sexy toes.

Rarely was the boy treated to the sight of his mother's bare legs. They were so soft and silky-looking, yet exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of him. "They're incredible," he sighed, feeling his cock rise to a full erection inside his pants.

"They love being spread wide open in the air. They're going to miss that so much during this busy season," she admitted. "They are?"

"Yes," his mom whispered, then brought her knees up, lifting her dainty bare feet from the floor. Jack watched with mouth agape as her gown slid up, exposing her thick thighs as she splayed them open. "I'll miss having a man right here," she said, sliding her hands up the saddle of her open legs.

Her gown had ridden up so far that her boy could see the crotch of her Christmas-red panties. They mounded perfectly to the shape of her puffy vulva, even showing the groove of her cuntal cleavage and the exposed split of her bulging ass-cheeks.

"Father will sure have a lot of catching up to do," the boy said with heavy breath.

"At least **HE'LL** be busy in the meantime," Natalia said, lowering her legs. "Me on the other hand, I'll just be alone in that big bed all night."

Jack would have gladly volunteered to take his place in the bedroom, but despite his mother's confessions, he still hadn't caught on that it was possibly what she wanted also. He decided to turn the conversation around on her. "Do you ever stare at parts of me?" he asked, already convinced that she had glanced down at the bulge in his pants a few times.

Natalia smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. "All the time," she admitted. "You have the cutest butt in the whole world."

Jack blushed. "I'm sure you're just saying that because I'm your son," he said.

"Were you saying I have the nicest sweater-puffs because I'm your mom, or because you really mean it?"

"I meant it of course," Jack answered.

"Well I meant it too. Your butt is the sexiest ever!" she said with a teasing grin. "Are there any **OTHER** parts of me that you admire?" the boy asked bravely.

"Are you referring to those morning boners you like to show off so much? They haven't gone unnoticed," she said with a cute wink.

"Oh," the boy sighed, his cock flexing excitedly.

"The one you have in your pants right now hasn't gone unnoticed either," his mother said, gazing into his eyes.

"Sorry," he blushed, "the conversation just got me a little excited I guess."

Natalia giggled. "A little excited?" she said, then looked down at the hard cylinder beneath the fabric of his pants. "If that's a little excited, then I can't imagine what 'a lot' excited looks like." "I'll um, try to get it under control."

"Don't worry about it, sugar-plum. I've been watching you get boners since your balls dropped. Besides, mommies get erections too," she said, then thrust her tit-cannons out, clearly displaying the thick engorged nipples sticking out from beneath the fabric.

"Yes, true," the boy gasped, staring lustfully at her 'erections.'

A mischievous grin crossed his mother's face. "And they've gotten erect for the same reason. The conversation got **ME** a little excited

too I guess," she admitted.

They were both startled by Santa's unmistakable voice from downstairs. "Ho, ho, ho!" he called out in his jolly way.

Natalia stood up, her eyes lingering down on her son's boner-bulge, as if trying to measure it's length with her eyes. "Sounds like your father's home. I should get him supper," she said.

Jack watched his mother sashay gracefully towards his door. Her silky gown was molded around her swaying buttocks and he could clearly make out her panty lines through it, making it obvious that her dainty panties only covered half her luscious ass.

"I forgot to mention a part," he said to her.

When she stopped and looked back curiously, he went on to explain. "Another part of you that I like to look at," he said.

"Let me guess," she said, then reached back with both hands and clutched her meaty cheeks with her long red nails. "This part?"

"Yes," he hissed excitedly.

"Well then, I suppose mommy will have to put a little extra sway in her hips when she's around you from now on," she teased, then let go of her ass and slowly wagged her jiggly bun-cheeks back and forth teasingly.

She stepped out of his room, leaving her boy with a aching erection.

Even though she was so horny she could go out of her mind, Natalia didn't pressure her husband into sex that night. She knew he needed his rest and strength for the day and night ahead.

As she lay there in bed watching the big bearded guy snore away, her mind drifted back to the conversation she had with Jack. It was

clear that he lusted after her, and would probably jump at the chance to take his father's spot between her thighs on Christmas night.

"I couldn't possibly cheat on poor Santa," she thought. *"He adores me and it might crush him if he found out Jack was pounding my cunt on the eve of Christmas."*

Then, her naughty side chimed in. *"But if he cared as much about giving me pleasure as he does about*

delivering Christmas gifts around the world, I'd be the happiest woman alive."

She tossed and turned restlessly; her mind conflicted. *"Jack's my son. My little sugar-plum. I couldn't possibly let him plunder my cunt and pump his seed inside me, could I?"*

"But Vanora did make a good point. Jack wants more responsibility, and what greater task than helping his mother quench her insatiable sexual appetite," she thought. *"I just know Jack would be **UP** for the Job. He's probably upstairs right now beating his boner at the very thought of it."*

Curiously, Natalia slipped out of bed, snuck out of her bedroom and made her way upstairs, wearing only a skimpy snow-white nighty.

The mother's dainty bare feet tapped lightly on the old wooden floor as she crept to her son's doorway and put her ear to the door. Sure enough, she could hear the repetitive squeak of his bedsprings, announcing the fact that he was masturbating his penis.

Her fat nipples hardened beneath her nighty at the mere thought that her son may be thinking about her while furiously beating his dick.

"I just wanna take a peek," she thought. *"One quick peek and that's it."*

She opened the door just a crack and peered inside. Her beautiful hazel-green eyes widened as she spotted her son on his bed, stroking his erection. His shaft looked so long and thick and his fat pinkish-purple nob glistened in the moonlight as it slipped through his fist.

Natalia's heart raced excitedly as she watched her boy's young energetic hips thrust from the mattress. A voice suddenly startled her.

"Is he stroking his pisser?" the voice whispered. It was Vanora, the female elf. Natalia sighed in relief. "Vanora! You about startled the life out of me," she said.

They spoke at a whisper, so Jack couldn't hear them at his doorway. "My room's directly downstairs and I've been listening to the bedsprings," Vanora said, kneeling down and peeking in. "He's been going at it for over an hour."

"An hour?" Mrs. Claus said in disbelief.

"Yes. That's how long he usually beats off at night."

Natalia joined her friend in watching her son masturbate is erect cock. "He must have amazing stamina," quothe mother whispered, in awe of her son's sexual vitality.

Their eyes watched the pillar of cock-meat slip through the boy's jacking hand. "It must be at least ten inches long," Natalia said.

"And as thick as a rolling pin," the elf added. "Surely such a penis would make a suitable replacement in the absence of his father."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that," Natalia agreed. "I just don't know if I can."

"Can or should?" Vanora asked, peeking up at her. "Because I have little doubt that you can."

Mrs. Claus's eyes drifted up to her son's pleasure-filled face. His eyes were clenched closed and she could tell he was thinking about something wonderful. "The fact that he's so handsome, and his penis is so large, isn't making my determination to be a faithful wife any easier," she confessed.

"You're not contemplating a secret love affair, Natalia," Vanora reminded her. "You're merely giving your son an important task to fulfill. A way to assist his father with his manly obligations until the holiday has past by."

Natalia knew her friend was right. Requesting that her son meet her sexual needs was just a temporary assignment. This was no different than asking him to polish the sleigh, feed the reindeer, or some other important task that would make her husband's job easier. Once Santa was back and well rested, her sex life would return to the way it was before and Jack would be off the hook, until possibly next Christmas.

"I still don't know for sure if Jack would even entertain the idea," Natalia muttered. Even after having the sexually-charged conversation with her son earlier, she wasn't completely convinced that he would have full-blown sex with her.

"Perhaps you need an ice-breaker," Vanora suggested.

"Ice breaker?"

"Yes, something to steer the two of you in that direction, to see if he's a willing participant," the elf explained. "Then you'll know if he'll except the assignment to have full-on intercourse with you."

Mrs. Claus gave her friend a thankful smile. "Dear, Valora, where would I be without you," she said.

"Frustrated and horny perhaps?" the elf teased.

Natalia looked in on her son, still unsure how he'd react. "Well, that still may be the case." "Somehow I doubt it," Valora said, watching the boy beat his hardon.

"Ok then," Natalia said bravely, "let see about that ice-breaker."

Jack heard the floorboards creak and his eyes popped open to see his beautiful mother standing at the foot of the bed watching him beat off. He quickly covered his erect prick with the blanket. "Mother!" he gasped embarrassed by being caught doing such a thing.

"I see your 'handling' your horny desires well in here," she teased. "No, I um…I was just…"

Natalia giggled. "I know what you were doing, darling. I do the same thing when I have horny desires," quothe confessed.

"You do?"

"Of course. I don't have a penis like you do, but women have sexual body parts, just like men do."

Speaking of 'sexual body parts,' Jack's eyes traveled down to the swell of his mom's unfettered tits. Covered only by the top portion of her nighty, without the support of her bra, his mom's monstrous melons looked so big and heavy that the boy's excited heart nearly beat out of his chest. Once again, he could tell that her nipples were erect, just like his cock.

His gaze continued downward to her crotch. The skirt portion of the frilly white nighty was transparent, allowing him to see her dainty

panties, and the V of her motherly pubis. "So women rub themselves down there, like men do?" the boy curiously asked.

"Why don't I lay beside you. We can masturbate together and you'll see the difference," she boldly suggested.

Natalia inwardly sighed in relief as her boy pulled the covers back, inviting her to lay beside him. *"Thank goodness! He's clearly on board with my suggestion,"* she thought.

Jack watched his mother's giant tit-orbs bobble delightfully as she stepped over, then crawled into his bed and laid beside him.

They bright moonlight illuminating off the snow outside created a blue magical glow, than shined through the window and onto their nearly naked bodies.

The mother turned her head, smiling over at her boy. "Would you like to take my panties off, Jack?" she brazenly asked.

The boy gulped anxiously. "Take your um, panties off?" he muttered, making sure he heard her right.

"Yes, just like how you don't wear underwear while you're masturbating, women don't wear panties while they masturbate either."

"Oh, well, that makes sense."

She reached over and rubbed his shoulder reassuringly. "Pull them off for me," she softly whispered.

The boy climbed to his knees and Natalia gazed lustfully at his fat cock as it pointed out at an upward angle. She brought her knees together, then to her chest, so her lovely legs were folded in half.

With nervous hands, her son reached up and grasped the elastic waistband of her dainty white panties, then pulled down her legs and off her bare feet. The boy then paused there for a moment, waiting for her legs to part.

Natalia knew her son was bravely showing off his manhood, and that she should do the same by exposing her vagina. Her knees parted, her thighs bowing open.

Jack let out an audible sigh, staring at his mother's naked vulva. The puffy folds of her labium were crowned by a thin neatly trimmed patch of silver pubic fuzz. The fleshy dome of her prepuce protruded from her cuntal-crevice, shrouding the engorged clitoris beneath it.

"Lay back down and we'll rub our genitals in mutual masturbation," Natalia said softly.

Jack was on his back in a split-second and they both began stroking themselves side by side. Each of them gazed down at the other's crotch, fascinated by what they were watching.

Natalia's eyes were wide with desire as she witnessed her son's hard boner fucking through the grip of his fist. His big juicy bell bulged with blood as it stretched up towards her gaze with every pump of his hand. She couldn't help but wonder what such a large young cock would feel like thundering through her fuck-hole.

Jack's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he watched his mother's middle finger rub her fleshy clitoris. He could tell the folds of her vagina were wet with arousal.

"Look at me, Jack," her voice said.

The boy turned his head and looked straight into his mother's beautiful eyes. "I wanna tell you a story," quothe whispered.

"A story?"

"Yes, the story of a King, his Queen and their Prince," Natalia said, while her and her son continued masturbating. "The king was a man that was well respected throughout the land. Everyone knew his name, and counted on him at a certain time of year. His royal obligations required him to be away from the castle for a period of time, which the Queen, his wife, didn't like, but understood that it had to be," she explained.

"Didn't like because she missed him?" Jack asked.

"Yes, and because she had strong sexual needs that he provided for, but was suddenly unable to because of his obligations to the kingdom."

"Oh," the muttered, stroking steadily. "So, what did she do?"

"She did the most logical thing that could be done. She invited her son, the prince, to come to her bed chamber, to meet her sexual needs while the king was away," his mother explained.

"Whoa!" Jack muttered, beginning to see where his mother was going with this.

"The sex they had was incredibly intense," Natalia said, gazing into her boy's eyes meaningfully. "The entire night they kissed and sucked, and pounded away at each other's flesh, bringing each other the most exquisite pleasure imaginable."

Jack's cock flexed and tingled in his hand. He now realized that the story that his mom was telling was one that she wanted to play out between the two of them, while his father was out bringing the rest of the world joy.

"The prince must have loved it," he muttered.

This brought a beautiful smile to his mother's face. "He did. His mother had the largest tits of any woman in the land. All night the

Queen's breasts swung and beat against the young prince. Her nipples were large and fat, and he sucked and pulled at them with the joy of a child on Christmas morning," his mother said.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed, his hips jerking with delight.

"The prince's hips would thrust just like yours are now, pounding his hard tender penis into his mother's most sacred place," Natalia said in a sexy voice, her face flush with desire. "The Queen would match those thrusts with one's of her own, squeezing on the prince's boner with her wonderfully experienced vagina, and locking her powerful legs around his frame, clinging to him with desire."

"Ohh, damn, mother!" the boy whimpered, his cock about ready to spout off from her naughty words.

Usually, Mrs. Claus would scold her child for using such an obscenity, but not in this situation. In fact, she decided she would turn him on even more by using some obscene language of her own. "The handsome Prince fucked his mother hard and fast!" she said in a sexy exaggerated tone. "She wanted it this way. She loved having a hard cock pound through her hot velvety pussy!"

"Oh God, mother!" Jack cried out, as big ropes of ball-juice began erupting from the tip of his prick.

"Yes! Cum for me, sugar-plum!" Natalia squealed, rubbing herself frantically. "Mommy's cumming too!"

Together, their bodies writhed on the mattress, their hips jerking as jolts of orgasmic pleasure shot through them.

"Auughh, yesss!" Mrs. Claus shrieked, her lush body trembling. Her big cushy tit-mounds rolled and rippled on her chest beneath the thin layer of fabric, her excited nipples poking through like plump rubbery marshmallows.

Jack's bed creaked steadily for several minutes as mother and son rubbed and stroked out every ounce of sexual pleasure their orgasms would provide.

There was no post-masturbatory discussion. Jack was so exhausted that he fell right to sleep. Natalia knew she had to return to her marital bed. If Santa woke up and saw her gone, he would think something was wrong and come looking.

Christmas Eve day was the busiest day of the year here in North Pole land. Everywhere you looked elves were scrambling to prepare toys for girls and boys everywhere.

Santa had surprised his son Jack by asking him to assist the team in preparing his sleigh. Perhaps the old man was beginning see purpose in providing his son with greater responsibility after all.

Jack saw little of his mother that morning. He knew she must be busy helping the team of women in the kitchen, cooking up meals and goodies for the army of worker-elves in the factory. His mind dwelt heavily on the mutual masturbation session they had shared the night before, although he felt like he could have possibly dreamed the whole thing.

Finally, around noontime, he spotted his mother, as her and Santa came in to inspect the progress on the sleigh. The way she looked at her son and smiled, let Jack know that it wasn't a dream at all, and that their naughty time together was still playing on her mind as well.

"I see your father's given you a greater task to achieve today," Natalia said to her son, with her husband standing next to her.

"Yes," Jack answered. "It's always been a dream of mine to help out in the sleigh room," he said.

His mother gazed in his eyes with a hint of naughtiness. "Are there any other ways you've ever dreamed of helping out?" she asked.

Jack smiled at her knowingly. "Certainly," he answered.

His father chimed in. "I'm not sure why I haven't asked for his help in here before now. His work this morning has been exceptional," he said.

Jack's mother continued gazing him in the eyes. "Splendid. Let's just hope his performance in the rest of the days 'responsibilities' are just as impressive," she said, giving her boy saucy wink.

Jack was over the moon. He knew exactly what responsibilities his mother was referring to, and still couldn't believe she'd allow him to do such a thing.

"Lunch is ready and waiting," Natalia said. "See you both back at the house."

Last night Jack's mother had promised to put a little extra sway in her hips, and she did just that, making her buttocks undulate for her boy's ogling eyes as she strode from the room.

Hosting lunch in their home was always chaotic, but it gave Natalia a chance to lure her son away without her husband noticing. After giving Jack a little "follow me" motion with her head, she moved out the back door.

Jack stepped outside and watched his mother move hurriedly in her big white coat towards the toy factory. She peeked back quickly to make sure he was following, smiling at him mischievously.

The boy arrived at the factory, finding it unusually quiet and empty. He knew it wouldn't be for long.

"Mother?" he called out.

He heard a door within the factory close. It was the sleigh room. He quickly headed that direction. Moments ago, the room was full of people, including Santa, but now it was just him and his mother.

Natalia sat in the sleigh with her stocking-covered legs together and propped up in a sexy pin-up girl style pose. Her coat was now open, revealing a white mini-skirt and red blouse with a scooping neckline, exposing an obscene amount of creamy cleavage. "Wanna take a ride?" she asked in a sexy tone.

"That might be tough without the reindeer hooked up," Jack said.

His mother spread her legs apart, giving him a good look at her naked pussy. "Maybe that's not the type of 'ride' I'm talking about," she teased.

"Dang, mother! You're not wearing any panties," Jack said, pointing out the obvious.

"True, and my pussy is starting to get a little cold. Maybe you should come rub your hot cock up against it," she said.

Jack couldn't believe how naughty his mother was being, but despite the danger of being caught, he decided to play along.

"Well, I wouldn't want you to get frostbite down there," he joked, stepping up into Santa's big sleigh with her.

Natalia moved one leg just long enough for her boy to maneuver between her thighs. The mother eyes widened at the swell of his erect cock bulge. "Better be careful how hard you rub me with that thing. You make me too wet and I'll soak you so much it'll look like you peed yourself," she said.

Jack's heart was thumping excitedly as he gazed down at his mother's bare pubis. Her labial lips were smooth and plump, separated by the dark furrow of her cunt-slit. "Do you really want

me to rub against it?" he asked, still in disbelief that he was being this naughty with his own mother.

"Yes, you rub and I'll sing you a wonderful Christmas song," she said with a smile.

The boy stepped up and their crotches met. He began to move his hips and rub his dick against her vagina. Their bodies began to gently rock together, making Natalia's boobies roll up and down heavily. As promised, the mother's beautiful voice started singing.

"Dashing through the snow In a one-horse open sleigh O'er the fields we go 'humping' all the way Balls on my-baby swing While he grinds his mommy right What fun it is to fuck and sing A sleighing song tonight! Oh!

Jingle balls, jingle balls, Jingle all the way. Oh! what fun it is to fuck In a one-horse open sleigh. Hey!

Jingle balls, jingle balls, Jingling mommy's way; hump her hard and make her scream In a one-horse open sleigh."

Natalia took her boy's hands and interlocked their fingers together, while humming the second verse. Their bodies rocked in a steady dry hump, the underside of her boy's thick muscled cock plowing between her puffy labial lips.

Jack watched his mom's bulging tit-mounds jostle up and down. He could only imagine what they would look like doing that while naked. His mother gazed up at him with excited eyes. "Would you like to come down on top of me, sugar-plum? Mommy can whisper sweet nothings in your ear, while you keep warming her camel-toe," she said.

Jack looked at the door nervously. "What if they come back from lunch and catch us?" he asked.

Natalia looked back towards the rear of the sleigh. A mountain of gifts were piled, and tied under a huge red Christmas tarp. "I have an idea," she said.

Ten minutes later, the room was full of elves hard at work. Santa was overseeing the final preparations of his sleigh and the harnesses that his reindeer would soon be attached to.

Meanwhile, under the giant red tarp, Mrs. Claus and her son Jack had carved out some wrapped gifts, to create a private little section at the back of the sleigh for them to play on. Some gifts had even collapsed in around them, creating a colorful cave of Christmas boxes.

Young Jack was flat on top of his mother with his head resting beside hers. Natalia's stocking encased legs were thrown around her boy, cradling his humping body between her warm thighs. His hard muscular cock throbbed wildly at it dug against her panty-covered crotch, finding the groove between her outer labium and plowing through it.

"Ohhh!" the boy sighed softly, feeling his mother's warm squishy tit-melons crushed against his chest. His mother was also panting softly, moving right along with him in their steady dry-humping rhythm. "Tonight," she whispered in his ear, "your manhood will be sheathed in hot pussy."

"Ohh damn, mother," the boy sighed, more sexually aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

"We'll **BOTH** be naked," Natalia said. "And we'll both be joined together at the genitals."

The mother's body shivered with a wicked thrill at the sound of her husband's voice. Santa was busy, completely unaware that his wife and son were in the same room, engaged in sensual dry fuck.

"I need you to drill me all night," the mother hissed in her son's ear. "I need you to take me to wonderland."

Jack snarled into his mother's neck, feeling his cock flex and tingle exquisitely. He ran his hands along the outsides of her nylon covered legs. The stockings ended at mid-thigh and he felt the smooth silky skin of her flesh above the elastics.

Natalia's wide motherly hips rocked fluidly, like a well-lubed machine, countering her son's thrusting grinds, creating exceptional friction against his long meaty boner.

"Make me scream tonight," she whispered in his ear. "Make my toes curl and I'll make you cum so fucking hard your jizz will flow like tears of ecstasy out my eyeballs."

"Ohhh, mommy!" the boy whimpered, feeling like his cock could explode at any moment.

The crushing friction of her son's cock against her clitoris was making the mother rise towards that golden climax as well. Her heavy breathing was becoming more frequent, and her movements more desperate.

"Come on, darling! Make me cream on you," she panted in his ear.

They bodies humped wildly now as both their orgasms were about the crest. Natalia wonderful mommy-legs were clamped around her boy, her giant tits sloshing between them.

When they both popped at once their bodies went into a shaking, writhing fit. The entire sleigh rocked beneath them as they went at it like two wild animals in a frantic rut.

The crotch of Jack's pants immediately became saturated with both the ball-juice that was pulsing from his cock and the girl-cum that was squirting from his mother's urethra.

They heard Santa's voice nearby. "Did ya'll see what the sleigh just did?" he asked his elves. "I think we may have just experienced a little Christmas earthquake."

Concealing themselves before Santa and the elves arrived was the easy part. Sneaking out from under the collapsed gifts and straightening themselves up presented more of a challenge.

Santa was surprised to see his wife and son come out from behind the sleigh. "Ho, ho! I had no idea you two were even in here," he said in his jolly tone.

Natalia's big knee-length coat was held closed, concealing the fact that she was wearing a naughty top and mini-skirt. "Yes, Jack was just showing me the work he accomplished today on the back of the sleigh," she said.

"They boys worked hard today," Santa said. "He should rest well tonight."

His wife giggled and looked back at Jack. "Oh, I doubt he'll get any rest at all tonight actually," she said. Jack fed her an awkward look, and Santa seemed a bit confused by her comment.

"You know how boy's are on the eve of Christmas," Natalia said. "They hardly sleep a peep."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, that is true!" her husband said, then looked down at the shop towel his son had wrapped around his waist.

Jack provided an explanation before his father could ask. "I'm out-growing my pants, I guess. The back of them just ripped when I bent over," he said.

All the elves burst out laughing, and Santa got a kick out of it too. Little did he know that his boy's pants were really soaked with his wife and son's orgasmic juices.

The hours passed, getting closer to go-time. Natalia and Vanora were in the kitchen preparing Santa's food and beverage to take with him on his long journey.

"Jack's penis is so big, Vanora," Natalia exclaimed. "If he made me cum that hard during a dry hump, I can't imagine how hard I'll cum when he's inside me tonight."

"Young Jack may just ruin sex with your husband forever," Vanora giggled.

"I know this is suppose to be a naughty 'one time thing' while Santa's gone, but what if you're right? What if he puts his father to shame in bed and I just enjoy it **WAY** too much?"

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose that 'one time thing' might become a daily thing," the elf woman said.

"Mrs. Claus!" a voice called out from the front door. "Mrs. Claus, come quick!"

The rushed to the next room to find the messenger elf in the doorway. "What is it? What's wrong?"

Natalia asked.

"It's Santa. He's hurt!" the elf answered.

They arrived in the factory to find Santa on his ass, with several elves looking over his leg.

"Darling, what is it?" Mrs. Claus asked, rushing over. "What happened?"

"It's my leg. I took a misstep coming off the sleigh," he explained, then winced in pain. "I think it's broken."

"Let's help him back to the house," Natalia said to the elves.

"No!" Santa said loudly. "The children of the world are counting on me. I'll just have to suck it up and do the best I can."

"Suck it up?" his wife asked. "Darling, you can't even walk. How do you expect to slide down chimneys and deliver presents all night?"

"It's true," Tiberius, the lead elf said, "Christmas will need to be canceled this year."

The factory erupted in gasps and bewildered chatter. Jack's voice silenced the factory workers. "I'll go!" quote shouted bravely.

Tiberius fed him a scowl. "Impossible," he muttered.

"Not impossible," the boy said. "I can do it."

"I'm afraid Tiberius is right, son. You've never directed the team of reindeer before," Santa said.

"But I have," his wife said. "Jack and I will go together. Working as a team, we could still make Christmas happen."

"Natalia, you've taken the reins on short trips, yes, but never around the world," Santa said. "It's much to great a task for even you **AND** Jack."

"Let us try," his wife said. "If we fail, then we fail, but at least we've tried to make the dreams of children come true this Christmas."

"Please, father, let's us do this," Jack pleaded.

Santa knew he wasn't getting any younger, and there would come a time in the, not so distant future, when his son would become the person to spread Christmas joy throughout the world. If anything, it would be a good test for the boy. "Very well," the white-bearded fat man said, "but be careful over Nevada."

"Nevada?"

"Yes, there's always lots of strange things flying over that area, so watch yourselves," he warned.

"Got it!" Jack said, smiling over at his mother.

An hour later, it was time to set off on their journey. Every soul in North Pole land was in the town square, surrounding Santa's sleigh and the eight reindeer who were ready for flight.

Natalia was dressed in a traditional red coat and Santa hat. Jack of course, was wearing his father's magical Santa suit. They stepped onto the sleigh and sat down next to one another. Mrs. Claus took the reins and smiled over at her handsome teen. "Not at all what I expected to be doing tonight," she said.

"Me neither, but maybe after we make the children of the world happy, we can make ourselves happy too," he suggested.

"Now you're talking," she said with a wink.

Santa stood nearby on crutches. "Remember, son, don't spend too much time on the milk and cookies. In and out quickly."

Natalia squeezed her boy's arm and smiled. "Mmm, I like in and out quickly," she whispered, so only her son could hear. "Especially when my legs are propped back on your shoulders."

"You have a lot of stops to make," Santa continued, "so don't spend too much time in one place."

"Unless 'that place' is inside me," his mother whispered, discreetly squeezing Jack's cock-bulge through his pants.

"Got it, father!" the boy said confidently, acknowledging his father's admonition.

"Are you ready?" his mother asked, smiling over at him.

"Let's do this!" her son answered.

Natalia looked out at the team of reindeer. "Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen! On, Comet, on Cupid, Doner and Blixen! To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!" she shouted, then shook the reins.

The reindeer began quickly pulling the sleigh through the snow and within a short distance they were taking off into the air, to the cheers of those below.

Mrs. Claus snuggled next to her son as they raced through the sky. "Well, you wanted some extra responsibility. Looks like you got it, darling," she shouted over the rushing breeze.

"Well, I never expected this," Jack said back to her.

She rubbed his cock through his pants. "Just don't forget your most important delivery of all tonight," quothe reminded.

"No chance I'd forget that."

Natalia directed the team of reindeer like a seasoned pro, and with the aid of the magic Santa suite, Jack transported himself, and the wonderful gifts they'd brought, into each and every home they came across.

They made excellent time, and at one point, the mother latched on to her boy and gave him a big sensual Christmas kiss.

"Mmm, that was nice!" the boy blushed.

"You'll be getting a lot more of those pretty soon, including a nice hot piece of ass!" she teased.

"I can't wait!"

"Once Jack got used to using the magical Santa suit, he was popping in and out of homes in record time. Even Santa, in his prime, had never completed this task with such efficiency.

"So, I've handled to sleigh before, but your father's never let me go into a home with him," she said, latching on to Jack and gazing at him pleadingly. "Will you let me try it once just once?"

"With me?" Jack asked.

"Yes. Your father's a fat ass, and you're drowning in that big suit. There's definitely room for both of us in there."

"Alright," the boy said anxiously, opening his big Santa coat for his mother to step inside of.

They suddenly morphed into a cloud of magical blue Christmas dust and swept down through the chimney of a home at lightning speed.

Once inside, they morphed back into their physical forms. "Wow! That was absolutely exhilarating," Natalia exclaimed. Then she remembered she was in someone's living room and she'd been much too loud. "Oops," she whispered with a giggle.

Jack started placing gifts, while Natalia looked at pictures on the mantle. "Wait," the mother said, picking up a note that was left for Santa.

"Dear Santa," she read out loud. "Sorry we couldn't be here, but we hope you visit us at our vacation home tonight. There are cookies on the counter and milk in the fridge. Merry Christmas!"

"Looks like an empty house," Jack said, backing the gifts back up. "That's happened quite a few times tonight already."

"Do you wanna eat a cookie they left for you, sugar-plum?" his mom asked.

"Naw, I'm already full from the others I've eaten."

"I guess we know now why your father gets so darn fat," Natalia said, making them both giggle.

"Since there's no one home, and we're ahead of schedule…" his mother said, then slipped off her coat, making it drop to the floor. "Is there anything else you'd like eat right now?"

Jack's eyes about popped out of his head. His mother was wearing a beautiful red bodycon gown, with a sexy tubed-top portion that had a hem of delicate white Christmas fur. She had an extraordinary amount of tit-flesh exposed, and her mommy-melons looked even bigger that Jack had ever imagined.

"I can think of some things I'd like to eat right now," he confessed.

She turned and walked into a dimly lit bedroom. The back of the gown had a scooping hem-line, that left all of her back and half of her naked buttocks exposed. The boy watched her jiggling buns sway teasingly as he followed her into the bedroom.

She turned back towards her boy and slowly lifted the gown up her lovely legs. Her feet were adorned in dainty four-inch red mules, her toenail painted a sparkly holiday red to match her dress.

She lifted the gown, so it bunched up at her waist, exposing her bare pubis. Jack noticed that her little patch of silver pubic fuzz had been trimmed in the shape of a heart. Below it, her puffy shaved vulvar lips came together to form the slit of her cuntal cleavage. "I suppose since the dress is up this far, I may as well take it completely off," she said. "Any objections?"

Her son shook his head, staring intently.

Mrs. Claus continued pulling the gown up, over the giant melonous meat of her tits. As she shed her dress completely, the boy gasped

out loud, seeing his mother's massive milkers for the very first time. They were huge and heavy-looking, with dark pink areolas that were as big around as Christmas ornaments. Thick erect nipples protruded from their centers, the site of which made Jack's fully erect cock flex beneath his Santa suit.

Wearing only her sexy stiletto heels, Natalia turned and crawled up into the big bed. Jack squeezed his excited cock through his pants as he watched his mother crawl on all forwards towards the center of the mattress. The way her thick naked ass pointed at him, and her knockers wobbled heavily as they hung on her chest made the teen so fucking horny he could hardly stand it.

The silver-haired Christmas Goddess rolled gracefully onto her back, making her wobbly mammaries droop slightly off the sides of her chest. She drew her knees back, splaying open her soft thick thighs.

Jack dropped onto the bed, diving his face for her pussy like a kid after a candy cane. His nose nuzzle up in between her fleshy cuntal folds, inhaling her intoxicating aroma. He laved the slit of her pussy with his tongue, dragging it across the swollen nubbin of her clitoris, making his mother's entire body jerk with delight.

"Oh, darling! I want you to devour my pussy like you haven't eaten in weeks," Natalia whimpered.

Her son was happy to oblige, licking and sucking at the sensitive flesh of her sweet tasting pussy. He didn't know much about giving oral sex, but knew that licking a woman's clit would have her trembling in a juicy climax.

With this knowledge, Jack went to work with his tongue, lashing it against Natalia's excited love-button. Every dozen licks, he would scoop his tongue through her creamy coral slit, tasting the sweet pungent nectar that was oozing from her fuck-slit.

He sucked her fleshy naughty bits into his mouth hood and all, making his mother writhe in pleasure on the bed, her giant boobies rolling all over the place.

"I'm cuuuminng!!" she cried out, flopping around in ecstasy, like a fish out of water.

Once she had settled down, Mrs. Claus climbed up on her knees, grabbed her boy by his coat and throwing him down onto his back. "Your turn," she said, stripping off his pants.

Jack big boner slapped against his lower abdomen. He watched his beautiful mother grasp it at the base, bringing his fat nob to her lips and speaking at it as if it were a meaty microphone. "Mommy's gonna suck you like a candy cane," she said seductively.

The boy watched in wide-eyed disbelief as his mother drug her thick pink tongue up the entire length of his erection. Her licker swirled around his bulbous tip, then she crammed his cock in her mouth and began sucking.

"Ohhhh!" the teen moaned, feeling his tender hardon encased in the wet warmth of his mother's oral sheath. She peeked up at him with her pretty hazel-green eyes, while her head bobbed up and down, fucking his hard prick through her heavenly mouth.

His nob popped from her lips like a cork. "Do you like Mommy's lips around your big dick?" she asked.

"Heavens yes!" the boy gasped.

"I like it too…a lot!"

She went back to sucking, and Jack watched her huge hanging tit-melons rock back and forth to her cock-gobbling movements .

Lewd wet sucking sounds filled the bedroom as the horny mother gorged herself on the longest fattest cock she had ever sucked on. Having her boy's penis in her mouth and tasting his weeping pre-spunk was making her so horny she was about to go out of her mind.

"Good Lord, Jack!" she gasped, popping his rod from her mouth and licking all over it. "I need fucked so bad, I'm about to go crazy!"

The teen's heart skipped a beat. "I'm ready when you are," he muttered excitedly.

She smiled seductively through a curtain of long silver hair. "That's just what I was hoping to hear," she said.

The heavy-titted mother straddled her teen, planting her knees astride his hips. She grasped his rod and gazed down at him, with his fat nob kissing the mouth of her creamy fuck-hole. "Merry Christmas, darling!" she said, then lowered her hips, slipping his meaty erection inside her.

Jack's eyes rolled back as he felt his manhood sink into the hot ribbed tube of his mother's snug vagina.

"Merry Christmas indeed!" he sighed, feeling his fat nob kiss the puffy head of her cervix.

"Oh dear Lord, you feel just as amazing I thought you would," Natalia sighed, mashing her pubic lips against her boy's cock-base in full sexual penetration.

With his mom sitting upright, Jack gazed up with ogling eyes at the colossal boobs looming over him. He knew he'd probably never see such tremendous jugs on a woman so beautiful.

"Are you ready to fuck the Queen to the edge of her life, you darling Prince?" she asked, reminding him of the story she told while they

were masturbating.

"I'm ready," he answered confidently.

Natalia wasted no more time with conversation. The moment had come to scratch her itching desire for hot nasty fucking. She began bouncing her ass up and down, plunging her boy's dreamy cock through her neglected fuck-tunnel.

"Yesss!" she cried out, letting her teen know that she was pleased with the feel of his blood-engorged cock-meat spearing through her.

If Jack's tit-ogling eyes weren't big before, they certainly were now. His mother's mammoth melons were leaping up and down heavily from the steady rhythm of her fucking.

"Mother, your breasts are…simply amazing!" the boy gasped, watching them bounce up and down hypnotically. Each time her massive mams beat against her lower torso, the fatty meat would ripple delightfully, providing a visual feast for the boy's eyes.

"You'll think they're even more 'amazing' when your face is smothered between them," she said, then lowered her squishy tits onto her boy's face.

"Ohhh yesss!" he hissed, as her cavernous cleavage swallowed his entire head, smothering him in jostling tit-flesh.

Jack's unyielding hardon pumped through his mother's juicy twat, igniting the sensitive erogenous zones along her pink inner lining. This made her already snug sleeve clench even tighter around plunging muscled cock.

"Ohhh damn, mother!" the boy gasped. "I don't know what you're doing down there, but it feels divine."

"Your boner is just so incredibly hard, Jack!" she shouted with a shaky voice. "It's making my pussy melt around you!"

The sexually experienced mother alternated from ball-smacking pumps, to deep steady grinding, plowing Jack's throbbing bell tip against the furthest rubbery-regions of her vagina.

The big bed rocked and creaked from the frantic moments of their passionate fucking. The mother dropped her pillowy bosom against her boy's chest and made out with him like a girl on prom night, while tirelessly bobbing her thick ass up and down, fucking her wet pussy on her boy's sturdy prick.

"Look at you!" Natalia gasped between wet kisses. "Performing **ALL** Santa's wonderful duties this year." "I especially like this one," the boy said, then shared a deep tongue-lashing French kiss with his mother.

"Good, because it'd the one task you'll probably be performing the most of tonight," she said then let her tongue play lustfully with his outside their mouths.

"Fine by me!"

The silver-haired Christmas Goddess gazed down into her son's excited eyes. "Roll me onto my back, so I can feel Santa-Jack's big cum-filled ball-sack beat against my ass!" she said in a naughty tone.

The boy rolled his mother over and pumped into her with everything he had, feeling her smooth bare legs wrap snuggly around his mid-section.

The mother moved her body beneath him, humping her cock-stuffed honey-hole right back at him, so he could drive his fleshy spear all the way in on every thrust.

Jack latched on to one of her engorged papilla, sucking hungrily and pulling as much fleshy tit as he could into his mouth while he fucked.

He felt his mother respond to his oral attention by gasping sharply and squeezing her strong motherly cuntal muscles around his deeply pumping cock.

"Fuck, Jack!" the mother cried, reaching the peak of a monster climax. This triggered a switch in the boy's on nuts, opening the flood gates.

"Uhhgghh!" the boy grunted, bucking frantically between her cradling thighs. Uhhgghh!" Huge fat ropes of hot spooge splattered along his mother's birth canal as he came harder than he ever had before.

Natalia's body trembled beneath him as her own orgasm pulsed through her heavy-titted body. Her vaginal vestibule bulged out beneath her clitoris, squirting hot girl-cum from her urethral opening, all around her boy's cum-spurting cock.

For several pleasurable minutes their naked bodies wrestled in sexual delight, clutching and humping and shaking together, before finally collapsing in a sweaty heap.

"Wow!" the mother said breathlessly. "You've truly outdone your father in **EVERY** way today." "You were amazing too!" her boy gasped.

The mother rolled him over playfully and showered him with kisses, her fat squishy tit-knockers smothering his chest like soft-gingerbread dough . "As much as I'd like fuck you until the sun comes up, we should probably make the rest of our deliveries."

"True," Jack muttered. "We don't wanna let the children of the world down."

"Don't worry though," Natalia said. "I'm sure we can find ways to find sexual pleasure between stops." "Yeah?" Jack said eagerly. "Like how?"

Later, in the moonlit night over the beautiful lights of some other city, Santa's sleigh zipped through the air, the bells Jingling.

Natalia bent over the front of the sleigh with her naked ass pointed back against the thrusting midsection of her son.

Jack's tongue hung lustfully from his mouth as he fucked his mother from behind. The fleshy cheeks of her meaty ass-globes rippled delightfully from every thrust of his rock-hard cock.

"Any more deliveries, before we move on to the next city?" Jack shouted as he humped.

She gazed back at him lustfully, her beautiful hair fluttering in the wind. "Just one!" She shouted back, squeezing muscled inner rings around her lover's cock. "Deliver that load, darling!"

That he did, hosing her hot pussy with yet another load of jizz. "Meeerryy Christmasss!! Ho! Ho! Ho!" quothe boy shouted as they sailed off into the night.

THE END

Mommy needs your sperm

By Klrxo

"Hey sweetheart, Mommy needs to talk to you about something," Violet stated, stepping into her son's bedroom. She wore a silky kimono robe and her son, Rin, could tell she was braless beneath it by the way her ballooning udders wobbled and jiggled with every step. "Can you put your phone down for a minute and come sit next to me on the bed?"

"Sure, mom," Rin answered, then sat down beside his beautiful mother.

"There we go, that's better," she smiled, patting his knee. "So, I want to talk to you about something that's a bit on the grown up side, but I think you are old enough and mature enough to handle this conversation."

"Ok."

"I'm not sure if you are aware of it or not, but your father and I have been trying to get pregnant for quite some time now."

"Oh, really?"

"Unfortunately, we **HAVE NOT** been successful," she continued, leaving her hand on his knee. "We've been having a lot of sex, making sure to do it when I'm most fertile."

"Damn," Rin sighed, thinking about how damn lucky his father was to be laying pipe inside such a curvy beauty.

"Oh, hunny…don't blush. Sex is a natural thing, and it's necessary to have a baby. I really don't want to have to keep trying, I want to get

pregnant now! And I think you can help me with that," Violent told her son.

"Really? What can I do to help?

The mother shifted a bit on the bed, turning towards him. "So, we had your fathers semen tested, and it seems that even though he has some swimmers in there it's a bit on the low side," she explained. "You see, son…as you get older the sperm count in your cum gets lower and lower.

In order for me to successfully get knocked up, I need semen from a younger male. Well, when the doctor told me that, I immediately thought of you!"

"Me?!" Rin blurted, his heart doing a summersault in his chest.

"Don't look so shocked, sweetheart," Violet giggled. "You are a healthy, virile young man, with lots and lots of sperm in your semen. And I believe that with your help, I could get pregnant very quickly, maybe even on the first try."

"I'd love to get you pregnant!" the boy gleefully confessed.

"Mommy just took her ovulation test, and I am very fertile right now. It's the right time to have semen injected into my womb. Now I need you to be a good boy, and let me get that young baby maker out of your pants."

"Be my guest, mom," the boy offered, tilting his hips to make his hardening bulge stick out.

"I need to get you nice and hard, and build up a good amount of cum in those hot young balls of yours. What do you think, would you like to help mommy?"

"Fuck yeah!"

"Mmm, you would huh?" she smiled, gazing deeply into his eyes. "I was hoping you would say that. Mommy is gonna need all the semen she can get out of you."

Rin looked at the door worriedly. "Isn't dad here now though?" he asked.

"Don't worry sweetheart, your dad is asleep in his chair as he usual is at this time of night."

"It's ok?" Rin asked. "What's that?"

"It's ok that we do this?" he inquired, wanting to be sure. It wasn't every day that a boy was asked to fuck a baby into his mother.

"Of course its ok that we do this, baby. Its perfectly natural for a son to supply his fertile load to help get his mother pregnant. And it will be our little secret! When I finally have a baby inside me, **OUR** baby, then your dad will just think he is the one that knocked me up."

"True," Rin snicked. He was so thrilled to be taking his dad's place as baby-maker of the house. Yes, that meant he'd be fucking his wife, but his mom was perfectly fine with it, so who was he to protest.

"Are you ok with all of this?" Violet asked. "Fuck yeah…it'll be a blast!"

"Mmmm, ok good. Let's go ahead and get your pecker out of your shorts, mommy needs to rub it and get it nice and stiff in order for you to fuck me."

"I like how that sounds," said Rin, watching his mom unbutton his shorts and pull down the zipper.

"Yes, honey, that is how your semen will get inside me. Now, I'm going to reach into your shorts," she whispered, then fished her boy's young, thickening cock from the fly-hole. "Oh, my…look at

that, it seems you are already half way to being hard enough for me!"

"I'm pretty turned on right now, mom," the boy admitted.

"I see my boy is turned on at the thought of his mother rubbing his cock, getting it ready to slide it inside her hot love-tunnel."

"Oh, he'll yeah…that's gonna feel amazing!" Rin had already fucked nearly a dozen girls at school. Everyone from hot cheerleaders with fat, young tits, to shy book-worm, virgin-types who he just wanted to savagely pound his cock into. He had experienced some really good pussy, but never a hot, mature cunt like his mom's.

"That's a very good boy," Violet cooed, feeling her boy's prick-meat harden in her hand. "Oh, don't you feel nice in my hand! I brought a little bottle of lube with me, just in case, and I'm glad I did! I'm going to squirt some on you now, and start rubbing you. Ready?"

"I'm ready! Go for it, mom," he nodded.

"Ok here we go," Violet tenderly whispered, then poured some lube on and began to slowly stroke her teenager's cock. "Mmm? you like how mommy's hand feels on you, baby?"

"Oh shit yeah…that feels amazing!" he gasped.

"The way my long pretty fingers wrap around your young meat, sliding up and down slowly. I can tell how much you like it, son. Your dick is throbbing against my palm with each stroke."

"Oh, you're getting me that way…by the way you're stroking me," he told her, listening to the lewd sound of her stroking as she pumped his growing organ up and down.

"Mmmm, oh that's such a good boy! I love how easily and quickly you get so thick and hard for me!"

"Looking at you always gets me stiff like this," he boldly confessed.

"Yes, sweetheart, lean back a little and let mommy really get you rock hard. I can feel every single vein swelling up."

"Oh, your hands feel so incredible around my dick," Rin panted.

The mother wild eyes stared at her boy's fully-hard cock. She could feel the three rigid erectile columns bulging up and outward, making the blue veins bulge obscenely along his long cock-shaft. The lube she was using made his bulbous tip glisten beautifully, like the shiny skin of a fat, purple plumb. "You really do have a beautiful cock, baby," she meaningfully expressed.

"Thanks."

"Mmm-hmm, mommy **REALLY** likes it!" Her tightly-circled hands continued to travel its meaty length. "I have to tell you something. It's bigger than your father's.

"Sweet!" Rin snickered, his heart swelling with pride that he was more endowed than his dad. He knew his mom must be thrilled also, since she was about to be bred by a whopper of a dick.

"Shhh, we won't say anything though. That'll be our little secret," Violet winked.

"Ok."

"I'm going to have a little taste," she whispered, which made his cock flex excitedly. "Oh, my!" she giggled. "That made your cock twitch."

"It did?"

"Yeah, it did. That really turned you on thinking about sliding between my lips. Mmmm, that excites your mother. I'm going to lean

down now, and take you into my hot, wet mouth, but just for a minute or two. I don't want you getting too excited and shooting your cum ropes into my mouth, instead of my pussy."

"True. I can't get you pregnant through that hole," Rin joked.

"Mm, are you ready?" his mom asked, staring into his eyes for a magical moment.

"Uh-huh."

"Here comes my mouth," Violet whispered, taking the head of her son's tool between her lips and sucking it tenderly. "Oh, baby, you taste so good, I could lick and suck your throbbing knob for hours."

"I sure wouldn't complain about that," Rin sighed.

His gigantic hard-on seemed to plunge endlessly down his mother's throat, as if there was no limit to the depths of her mouth. Violet gurgled shamelessly as she sucked more and more of his hot, teenage prick down her buttery throat. Her lips closed in a tight suctioning circle right at the root, deep throating him. Furiously, the cock-gobbling mother gorged herself on his prick, sucking and caving in her cheeks to increase the pressure around his pinkish-purple cock meat.

Violet came back up for air, watching pre-cum bubble from her son's meatus. "Oopsie, looks like you have some pre-cum leaking out of your piss-slit, and its dripping down your mushroom head."

"Yeah!"

"Mmmmm yummy, yummy…tastes so sweet to me," she mewled. "Let me lick that up for you."

Rin sighed in delight as he felt his mom's thick tongue swirl around his knob, licking clean the ball-goo that had formed on the tip.

"Let me check to see how full those balls are," said his mom. She reached down and combed her fingers through his scrotum, feeling his cum-swollen nuts. "Oh, yes…they are getting nice and firm, filling up with your young, hot sperm-filled semen. Kiss me, sweetheart, I want to taste your mouth."

"Sure!" blurted Rin, then he leaned over and smooched passionately with his mom.

"Oh, you're such a good kisser, I had no idea!" she whispered between kisses. "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"I've had plenty of dates lately, mom. I do a lot of kissing." Oh, yeah…practicing on the girls at school, huh?"

"Yep!"

It was certainly no lie. For every girl he had fucked there were two more he'd made out with. Many times he'd get to third-base, sucking on their tits and pussy, then getting some magnificent head.

"Well, its working," Violet confessed. "You're getting your mother all wet and juicy in her very fertile love-tunnel."

"Nice!"

It was a huge rush to be kissing his mom this way. Even his father didn't get lips service this good anymore.

"I want you to slide your hands inside my silky robe and feel my big boobs son," Violet requested.

"Oh yeah, gladly," said Rin, undoing the sash to his mom's robe and slipping his hands inside.

"Oh yeah, just like that!" the mother gasped, feeling her boy's hand touch her stiff-nippled tits.

"Oh, shit those are big, mom!" Rin exclaimed, sinking his fingers into her huge, squishy mammaries.

"Can't you just imagine them full with milk for our baby that you are going to put inside me?"

"Oh, yeah…I love that!"

Oh, you love that, huh? Well, If you're a very good boy, mommy will let you suckle on them every day, but you have to promise to save some milk for the baby, ok!"

"If I have to," he teased.

Violet laughed, leaning back and propped on extended arms. "Why don't you have a little taste now, that's right, spread my robe open and wrap those young eager lips around one of moms hard nipples."

"Fuck yeah!" the boy sighed, moving up between her splayed legs and swooping his face down to get at her jugs. Not only did his mom have the biggest tits he'd ever seen, her areolas were huge also and her nipples stuck up turgidly, begging to be sucked. He quickly latched onto one.

"Oh, yes…that feels so amazing!" Violet whimpered. "Use that talented licker and flick it over the tip! Fuck, that is making your mother so horny for you, baby!

Violet still had a monster grip at the base of her boy's erection, feeling it throb with anticipation. "And from the feel of your swollen sausage, you are so horny for your mother as well," she noted.

"Yeah I am!" he gasped between sucks. He mashed his wonder-stricken face down into the meat of her tit, locking his lusty lips around the fringe of her areola while he sucked fervidly .

"I want you to push my robe over my shoulders and slip it off of my sexy thick body," Violet requested.

"Oh, damn!" Rin excitedly uttered, staring at his mother's naked frame.

"That's right, baby, take it all in, just look at my beautiful heavy tits, my soft plump belly, ripe and ready for a baby," said Violet. "Oh, son…kiss me again."

They heavily kissed; their tongues dueling feverishly inside Rin's mouth. He felt his mom slide her crotch down further and draw her knees further back as she prepared for breeding.

"Mommy is so ready for your thick hard baby-maker to slide inside my hot, wet hole," Violet breathlessly expressed, letting his cock go. "I'm going to lie back and spread my thick thighs nice and wide so you can have a good view of the pussy you are about to breed."

Rin's eyes widened as he witnessed his mother in a position he'd never seen her in before. Violet was limber from doing yoga regularly, giving her an extraordinary spread so her thick thighs splayed completely open. Her sexy, dainty feet with their red painted toenails hovered in the air, raising the boy's excitement level into the stratosphere.

"Oh, yeah…can I touch it?" he asked, staring at vulva. "Of course, baby, you can touch it!" she smiled.

Rin's tongue hung from his mouth in lust as he ran his fingers along his mother's pink flanges and over the rounded swell of her clitoral prepuce. "Mmmm that's it, slip those young fingers between the folds and learn what a woman's wet clit feels like."

Rin did just as she said, making her hood peel back like foreskin, exposing the grape-sized nubbin of her clit.

"Do you like that, my sweet horny boy?"

"Fuck yeah. I'd rub your pussy all the time if you let me!"

"Ohh, your mom likes it too," Violet moaned, her ass writhing on the mattress. "Yes, slip them around, explore my wet, sticky crotch-candy."

Rin rubbed all over her pussy, just like he'd done to many girls he'd dated. "You like that, mom?" he asked.

"Ohh, yeah! Slide them inside my baby-cannon, feel how wet and ready it is for your hot, throbbing teen meat to slide inside!"

"I'd love to taste it," he hungrily confessed, licking his lips. "What's that, sweetheart, you'd like to have a quick taste?" "Can I?"

"Of course, my dirty boy. Lean down and taste the sweet musk of your mother's cunt."

Rin didn't need a second invitation. He swooped his head down and buried his face in her crotch, gluing his lips to the fragrant folds of her pussy. "Oh, fuck, son, **YES**, just like that! Lick inside my hairy lips, spread them with your fingers and taste my swollen love-bud!"

He pried his hands under his mom's meaty buttocks then began to eat out her juicy mommy-pussy like a wild man. He fucked his tongue deep between the pulsing, pouting lips of her labium, tasting the delicious juices that seeped from her fuck-cavity.

"Oh my God, I need you to fuck me now son!" Violet's voice quivered. She needed his big, steely cock inside her so Goddamn bad it was killing her. "I need you to fuck your mother!"

"I'm ready too!" blurted Rin, rising up on his knees so the huge branch of his cock bobbed up and stiffly.

The sight of that huge, purple-headed love warrior looming over her took the mother's breath away. She knew she was about to get the most satisfying fuck she's had in a long time. "Guide that throbbing cock into my slit," she urged.

Rin crawled into position between her spread-eagled thighs, holding his throbbing prick in his fist. He watched his mother's body stiffen, her fat tits reeling on her chest as she felt the plump, barbed knob of his boner press between the buttery folds of her cunt. Already his prick felt enormous, and she took at quick look down at the rock-hard cylinder of cock-meat looming between her legs, all lined up and ready to spear inside her overheated fuck-tunnel.

Violet squealed as her son's fat cock squeezed down into the sheath of her vagina.

"Oh, shit!" Rin gasped, feeling her hot, corrugated walls collapse in around his cock. "Shit, it's so fucking tight!"

"Ohhhhh, sweetie, you fill mommy right up, don't you?!" his mother sighed.

"Fucking right I do, and it feels **SO** hot and tight…damn!" He thrust further, causing her erectile flesh to become even more deeply embedded in his mom's cunt.

"Now pump those hips for me, slow and steady," his mother directed, humping her mound up onto his steely hardness, showing her boy that this wasn't her first rodeo. She was a well-skilled fuck-hound just like him.

"Good?" Rin asked, pumping his hips and slowing working his prick into the churning tightness of his mom's cunt-tunnel.

"Uh-huh, that's a good boy! Grab your mother's knees and slide them up towards my chest. Oh, there you go…fuck your mother with the cock that I made!"

The teen fucked her rhythmically, reaming out her creamy pussy with long, driving strokes of his blood-swollen cock."Ohhh, shit that's good pussy, mom," he gasped, feeling his slippery knob carve through her cunt, mashing against that rounded, pink donut at the back of her vagina. This was the place he was determined to unleash his steamy load of swimmers so they could rush in and pillage his mother's baby-factory.

Violet was taken back to her college days, where she had her share of huge, young cock. They type of cock that could turn her to mush from churning so hard and deep inside her body, making her climax more times than she could count. She flexed her coital muscles, demonstrating the strength and skill of **MILF** pussy to her son. "Ohn yes, oh, yeah…,can you feel my pussy-muscles tightening on your shaft as it slides in and out of me?"

"Yes! It feels amazing around my dick," her boy answered. He wasn't just saying that. His mom easily had the best piece of pussy that he had rammed his cock into. Her vaginal chamber was like a variable milking-machine, tugging his cock up from its root in tight, rippling squeezes, while permeating his teenage penis with the slippery fluid excreted by her sex glands.

"Mmmm, kiss your mommy, while you fuck her, sweetheart," Violet requested, then locked the harness of her silky legs high up around his back as he brought his full weight against her. They kissed like lovers, their bellies beating together with greater intensity.

"Yes! Yes…just imagine watching our baby grow in my beautiful belly," Violet panted. "Imagine my big, beautiful, bouncing tits, heavy and full of milk for you and our baby."

The mental image made Rin's cock flex powerfully as it pumped through his mom's birthing chamber. He began fucking even faster. "Oh God, I'm gonna love sucking on those!"

"Oh, yeah, oh, fuck yes, son, that's it, fuck the hole that you came out of!"

He loved seeing her this way. The horny, slutty side of his mom was something he knew existed, but it wasn't a thing he wasn't suppose to see. Boys weren't suppose to bury their dicks inside their moms. They weren't suppose to use their young sperm to plant babies inside them, but here he was and he certainly wasn't regretting it. Rin yearned to make her pussy gush around his young, stiff pecker. He wanted to witness his mom going out of her fucking mind, wailing violently to every thrust of his blood-engorged pecker. "You want it harder?"

"Oh, yeah, fuck me harder, and faster!" she replied. The oversized globes of her spongy tits bounced and rippled between as she humped feverishly up and down, meeting her son's rapid cock-thrusts. "Yes, that's it my perfect mother fucker, you're going to breed your mothers pussy aren't you?!"

"Yep!" he answered, overwhelmed by his mother's heavy-titted body beneath him, and the clinging tightness of her pussy as the narrow, pleated fuck-tube sucked and secreted on his cock. He wished he could get his whole body in there, just like when she birthed him out so he could become lost in the spongy, quivering tightness of her vagina, breathing in the strong, musky cuntal aroma, while her walls swathed his body in hot fuck-oil. He didn't wanna go back to the womb. He just wanted to feel his whole body worming around inside her tight mommy-cunt, feeling it clutch onto him.

"That's it don't stop now, give your mommy all of that young fertile seed that's been building in your tight balls," Violet cried out. "Keep fucking me, harder, faster! Oh God, don't stop, son, you're going to make your mother cum all over your young hard cock!"

"Cum on my dick, mom!" Rin snarled, beating his boner through her pussy at a desperate pace, making his cum-churning balls beat

against her asshole.

Violet had become scared by her husband's low sperm count and his inability to fuck her like she really needed to get fucked in order to get pregnant. Now, all was well with the world. Her handsome son was taking over the reins of baby-maker. He would be filling her fertile womb with hot, sticky milt. She would be taking her own boy's sexual body fluid and letting his hundreds of millions of virile sperm do what his dad's couldn't. "Oh, God, that's it my big boy, fuck a baby into your mom, pump me full of your hot ball goo!" Violet cried out.

Her son's dreamy dick was like the friction-stick that was lighting her nerve-endings on fire. Her clit protruded from its fleshy hood, chafed raw by the root of his prick with every thrust. She felt her climax swelter, deep in the core of her cunt, slowly building to a mindblowing crescendo. "Oh fuck, baby, mommm's going to cum on your dick!" she announced.

"Oh shit, I feel really good!" added Rin, feeling his mom's ribbed-lined walls chew and smolder around his erectile meat.

"Cum with me son! Shoot your seed into my womb! Fill me up with your baby-gravy!"

Rin's dick tingled and his nuts clenched up closer to his body. "Oh fuck, I'm cumming, mom!" he grunted.

"Don't you dare stop fucking me until every last drop is drained from those balls!" The spasms quivered exquisitely through her throbbing cunt-tunnel, making her teats throb on the peaks of her tits and her asshole pucker as she gushed female ejaculate all over her son's dick.

The teen grimaced, seeing colored lights flash before his eyes as more blood rushed from his body, into his raging fuck-muscle, making his cunt-smothered knob mushroom obscenely. A torrent of

cum blasted open his piss-hole and splattered through his mom's contracting vagina.

"Oh, sweetheart I can feel your hot jizz hitting my cervix!" Violet squealed, writhing wildly in mutual climax. "Yes! Yes, fill my tunnel, pump all that baby juice into my fertile pussy! **BREED YOUR MOTHER SON!!!** Fuuuuuck yes!"

"Auuugh, fuck!" Rin groaned through gritted teeth, feeling her spewing pussy suck more and more cum from his prick. For a good minute they wrestled in ecstasy, their pleasure-stricken bodies slowly descending from that golden climactic peak.

"Oh my sweet boy that was amazing!" Violet sighed, holding her teen tight. "Ohhh, yeah it was," her son agreed.

I'm going to lie here for a moment to let all that juice absorb and take hold inside my baby-cannon.

"Do you think we did it?"

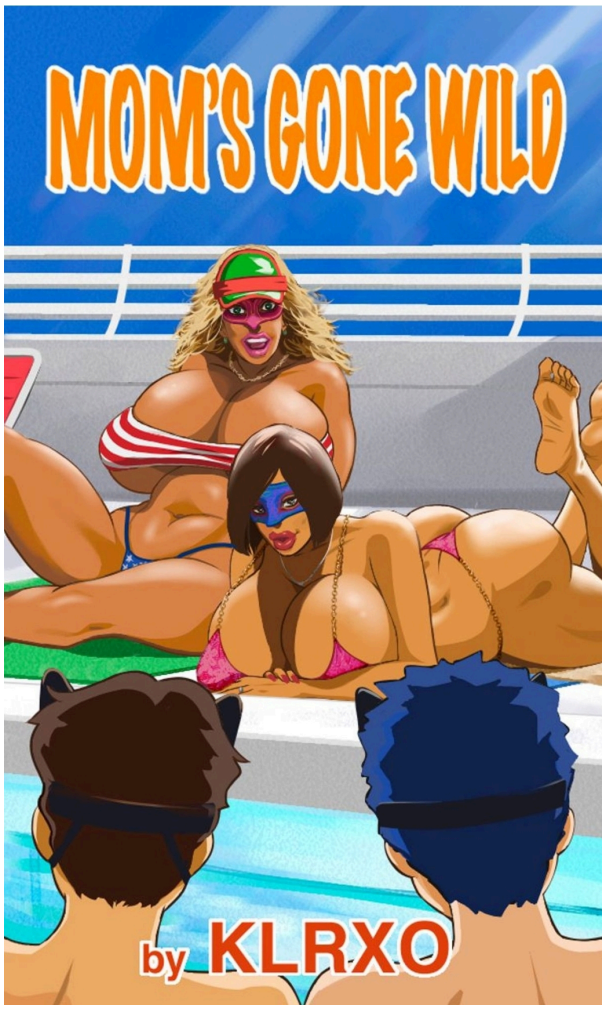
"I have no doubt that you got your mom pregnant just now! You shot so many cummy-ropes into my pussy! You did such a good job sweetheart, I'm very proud of you!"

"Thanks."

"Now, if for some reason it didn't work this time, that's ok. We can try again and again until you've successfully planted your seed."

Rin's body shuddered at the idea at fucking his mom over and over again. He hoped she would keep him home from school so they could beat their horny pissers together in baby-making intercourse all day. "Mmm yeah, whenever you need me mom," he offeredm

"Give your mom one more kiss," Violet whispered. They shared a passionate smooch. "Such a good boy!"



Moms Gone Wild

By Klrxo

"Pack your bags, girlfriend. We're going on a cruise," Jess said.
"What cruise?" Missy asked.

Jess smiled excitedly. "The Moms Gone Wild cruise. You know, that one that comes around every couple years," she said.

"Yeah, I remember that one. Didn't it have age restrictions?"

"Yup, women thirty-eight to forty-two and young men, eighteen to twenty-two. We're good. We're going," Jess said, matter-of-factly.

Missy giggled, displaying a perfect, white toothed smile.. "Hold on a minute. When is it? We have kids, we can't just..."

"It's this weekend and yes we can. It's only two days. Our mothers are always begging to take our little ones and our husbands will be home most of the time we're gone. They'll keep the teenagers from wreaking havoc," Jess explained.

"Wasn't there a rumor going around that like half the women who took that cruise, ended up coming home pregnant?"

Jess laughed, "that's an exaggeration, I'm sure, but we can get an appointment with our doctors tomorrow, get on the mini-pill and be all set by the weekend."

Missy fed her best friend a scowl. "Jess, I'm not cheating on Philip," she said.

"Oh come on, stop being such a prude. There's nothing wrong with us cheating on our husbands for a couple days, it's only two days...and we'll be out in the middle of the ocean, there's absolutely zero chance of getting caught," Jess said.

Missy shook her head. "No, there's no way Philip would even agree to me going on a cruise like that, he might even kill me for asking."

"Well Joe wouldn't like the idea of me going either, so maybe we just tell them we're going to Vegas or something for a couple days...girls getaway."

Missy twirled her finger through her short brown hair, thinking it over. "If I go, I'm going to enjoy the cruise, **NOT** the horny young boys on board."

Jess smiled wickedly. "They're not boys, their young men...all legal age, but whatever. So we're gonna do this?" she asked.

Before Missy could answer, the front door opened and their eighteen-year-old sons entered. The boys carried their baseball gear and both were absolutely filthy.

"Oh boy, look what the cat dragged in," Jess said.

Missy took a step back, gazing at her son Lucas and his filthy attire. "Rough practice, boys?"

Lucas let out an exhausted sigh. "Coach had us doing slide drills today," he said, slipping his cleats off.

Missy smiled at him. "I never would have guessed," she teased. "Can I use your shower, Misses G?" Jesse's son Gabe asked.

His mom answered first. "Uh, hold on mister, you're filthy. You're not walking through this house like that," Jess said.

Missy pointed across the foyer. "Into the laundry room, boys. Let's go," she said.

The mothers followed their teens into the laundry room. Jess's big buttocks swayed beneath her pink booty-shorts. The 39 year-old had that sexy beach-bunny look, with long, baby-blonde hair and a dark tan. Her all-natural H-cup tits trembled beneath her bra and cami top as she trailed her son on bare feet.

"Strip out of those clothes. We can wash everything together," Missy said, adjusting the settings on her washer.

Jess lifted her son's shirt up and off his lean chest. The boy definitely took after his mother, with light hair and dark, sun-tanned skin. He watched her jugs wobble from side to side as she tossed his shirt in the wash. "Ugh, filthy," she said.

Lucas handed his Mom his soiled shirt and watched her place it in the wash. Missy's short brown hair framed her pretty face, which resembled the singer Lana Del Rey. At 38, her body was absolutely voluptuous. A true hourglass frame. Her wide hips and thick, peach-shaped buttocks tapered down to strong sculpted legs, slender ankles and sexy bare feet with burgundy painted toenails. Her breasts were only slightly larger than Jess's. In fact they had often traded outfits, including their sexy bras and lingerie. Mom or not, she had never failed to draw her son's eye.

"So, um, a few of the guys on the team are going up the coast on a surfing trip, over the three-day weekend," Lucas said, "they wanna know if we can come with them?"

"Just camping out?" Missy asked.

Gabe answered as he removed his baseball pants. "Yeah, there's a State Park up there, with camp sites I guess," he said.

Jess chimed in sternly, since it involved her son also. "Any girls going along?" "Nope, just a guy thing," her son answered.

The two mothers looked at each other. "I don't have a problem with it," Missy said, "as long as you two don't do anything stupid."

Lucas gave his Mom a playful smile. "We would never," he said.

Jess laughed. "Yeah, right. Just keep your eyes on the waves and not the bikinis," she said, glaring at her boy.

Missy's eyes drifted up her son's chest, to his face. "That goes for you too," she said. "Got it," Lucas answered, taking a quick glance at his Mom's jutting breasts.

Jess glanced at her bestie. "And that reminds me, your Mothers are also skipping town this weekend."

"Just a quick, two-day trip to Vegas," Missy added, looking over at Jess as if afraid she might give something away, "So if you need anything, your dads will be around."

"Wow, it's like a hundred and twenty degrees in Vegas right now. Why would you guys wanna go there?" Gabe asked.

The women looked at each other, as if each waiting for the other to answer. Missy finally spoke up. "Well, thank God for air-conditioned casinos."

"Exactly," Jess smiled, then looked back at their sons. "All right, get your cute little asses in the shower, boys."

Lucas looked at his Mom as they scrambled out in just their briefs. "Can I use you and dad's shower, Mom."

"Of course, she didn't mean you two had to share a shower, goof-ball," Missy said, making Jess laugh.

"Yeah, that would be weird," Gabe said.

A few days later, Missy hurried down the stairway, her dainty heels clicking on the floor. She was done up to the nines with a light button-up sweater over her dress. Her husband Philip waited by the door, holding their sixteen-month old daughter. "Got everything?" he asked.

"Oh, I think so. Mom will be over in about an hour for the baby. Please don't forget to pick up Morgan from dance class," Missy said.

"Hey, relax, I got this under control," Philip said.

"I know you do," Missy smiled beautifully, "you're wonderful."

"You guys have a great time," Philip said, then gave his wife a kiss. "don't drain our bank account on the slot machines though."

Missy giggled, "I'll try not to," she said, feeling a tad guilty lying about where she was going.

A half-hour later, her and Jess were walking towards the ship and she had peeled off a layer of her outfit. At home, a light sweater had covered her upper half. Now the sweater was off revealing a black nylon tube-dress. It fell just below her crotch, leaving nearly all her freshly-shaved legs on display. Her pretty feet were propped in a pair of black sandals with only a slender strap crossing her feet, just above her painted toes. The dainty four-and-a-half inch stiletto heels clicked against the sidewalk, commanding attention.

"What a beautiful ship," Jess said, gazing up at the vessel as they walked towards the gate. She wore a sexy pale-pink bodycon mini-dress, with spaghetti straps. Like Missy, she also wore stiletto heels, showing off her sexy feet.

The two moms pulled their bags behind them, like two sexy flight stewardesses heading to the next jet.

"Welcome aboard ladies!" A friendly female ticket agent said as they arrived at the gate. "You can leave your luggage right here, an agent will make sure they get to your cabin right away."

"Thank you," Missy said.

"Can I have your reservation number?" the agent asked.

After going through the boarding formalities, the agent presented two different colored masquerade-style masks for the women to see. "One of the things that makes the Moms Gone Wild cruise unique is the anonymity of all our passengers. We ask that you keep the masks on whenever you're outside your cabin. Wearing masks keeps everyone's identity a secret and allows passengers to relax and really enjoy the experience," she explained.

"Interesting," Missy said, taking her pretty mask out of it's wrapper.

The two mothers put their masks on and looked at each other. "Wow, mysterious and sexy," Jess joked..

Missy giggled and shook her head. "I still can't believe you talked me into this."

"Well we're here now, so no turning back. Let's go check out our home for the next two days," Jess said.

The Moms walked out on deck and saw scattered groups of women and young men. The boys wore masks also, but instead of masquerade-style, they were wolf masks that covered the upper-half of their faces. All the boys eyes were on Missy and Jess as they sashayed by, their dainty heel clicking. The two women had dresses that fit snuggly over their lush mommy-bodies and the boys marveled at the way their huge tits trembled heavily with each step.

"Holy fuck, look at those knockers," Missy heard one boy say.

The women could feel the young men's eyes exploding ever part of their bodies as they walked by. Missy suddenly felt so exposed in her sexy little mini-dress.

"Fuuuuck," Missy heard one boy say. She peeked back to see three of them staring at her meaty ass as it undulated back and forth as she walked.

"Maybe pig masks would have been more appropriate for these boys," Missy said, making Jess giggle.

"And cougar masks for us ladies. My God I could absolutely pounce on some of these cutie's," Jess said. She spotted a fit-looking teen standing there watching them. He was bare-chested and obviously worked out. "Look at that one," Jess said lustfully.

"Yup, I looked...and that's all I'm doing," Missy said. "You know you wanna spread your legs as bad as I do."

"Jess, come on. I'm behaving myself, remember," Missy said as she continued walking.

"Yeah, well, good luck with that," her friend said, eyeballing the shirtless cutie as she passed by. "Just remember what the banner we saw outside said. What happens at Sea stays at Sea."

Missy's eyes lit up as she spotted something ahead. "Now there's something that has me tempted,"said, leaning against the rails and looking down onto the lower level. Below them were rows of lounge chairs surrounding a nice-sized pool and jacuzzi.

"I know where we'll be spending most of our time," Jess said, "when I'm not in the cabin getting fucked hard that is," she said, then smiled over at Missy.

Her friend gave her look, rolling her eyes, which made Jess giggle. "I'm kidding," Jess said playfully.

"Yeah, right," Missy said, "Let's get a drink and find a good place to watch the ship leave the harbor."

"Let's do it," Jess said as they strode toward the stairway.

By the time the ladies got their cocktails, the upper decks were full of people. There were dozens and dozens of masked mothers, just like Missy and Jess and an equal amount of young men, all wearing wolf masks that covered the upper-half of their faces. The ship's horn sounded as they pulled away from the pier, beginning to float out to sea.

Within minutes, the harbor began to disappear behind them. "Wanna lay out by the pool?" Missy asked her bestie.

Jess answered excitedly. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, let's go find our cabin and get changed," she said.

On the way to their room, the girls passed through a shopping area. Jess paused at small women's boutique. There were skimpy bikinis in the window display, which caught her eye. "Oh my God, Missy, look how sexy those bikinis are," she said.

Missy giggled. "Are you kidding me? Those are the tiniest bikinis I've ever seen," she said. "They're mini-micro bikinis. How fucking amazing would we look in those?" Jess said.

Missy shook her head. "No thanks, my bikinis are skimpy enough," she said.

Jess tugged her friend's arm, pulling her inside. "Let's just try them on real quick....pleeease," she pleaded.

After looking around and trying things on, not only did the girls purchase new bikinis, but a few pairs of thong-panties as well. With shopping bags in hand, they headed to their cabin.

The friends had paid for one of the more luxurious rooms on the cruise-ship. The spacious cabin had two full-sized beds and a balcony overlooking the passing sea. "Very nice," Missy said, stepping out of her heels and exploring the room.

"Oh my God, look at this tub," Jess said, peeking into the bathroom. In the corner was a huge jetted tub and next to it, a small shower.

"Maybe I'll just stay in the room, you go have fun," Missy joked.

Jess returned a mischievous smile.."You send me out there alone and I'm gonna get in serious trouble."

Missy laughed. "I don't doubt that," she said.

The two Mothers put their bags on their beds and began peeling off their dresses. They both wore sexy bra and panty sets and quickly stripped those off as well, getting completely naked. "I can't believe

I let you talk me in to buying this thing," Missy said, holding up the tiny string that had only small patch of attached fabric.

"Just admit it, you're as excited to wear these as I am. Just imagine all the stares we're gonna get," Jess said.

"That's what scares me," Missy said, stretching the tiny string around her enormous tits.

Ten minutes later, they were primped and ready for some fun in the sun. The beautiful mothers strode across the ship, drawing the eye of every boy they passed. Jess wore a sexy mesh cover-up skirt, but her upper-half was a complete feast for the eyes. Her ginormous rack was barely contained in the tiny bikini sling. The top was literally just the traditional series of thin straps, but unlike most bikini-tops, only two small triangular patches of fabric covered a small portion of her jostling boobs.

Missy wore a white crochet-style beach cover-up. It was basically just a mini dress, but the hollowed out portions allowing a peek at the succulent bikini-clad curves beneath. Both women's pretty feet were displayed in sexy wedged flip-flops that matched their attire.

They went down to the main pool area at the center of the ship. Moms in sexy bikinis and masquerade masks were scattered about and the pair exchanged a "hi" with many of them as they weaved over and picked out two loungers in the full sun. The beat of contemporary hit music thumped loudly from overhead speakers.

"Drinks ladies?" a deck attendant asked as the mothers laid out their big towels. "I'll have a pina colada," Jess said.

"Mai Tai for me please," Missy added.

The attendant hurried off and the Moms stripped out of their cover-ups. Missy's micro bikini was red and bandeau-style. A thin strip of spandex fabric was stretched across her massive boobs, leaving an

obscene amount of tit-meat exposed. Her thonged bottoms were just thin straps with a tiny piece of triangular-shaped fabric barely covering her mons.

Jess gawked at her friend with a big smile. "Oh my God, Girl, you look so fucking amazing in that," Jess said, plopping down on the lounge. The string of her own thong was tucked down in the crack of her ass, leaving her tan meaty half-moons on full display.

"There's no way this top's gonna stay in place," Missy said, her big jugs bobbling as she adjusted the fabric to keep her areolas covered.

"So big deal. We're wearing masks. Even if there are women on board we know, they probably wouldn't even recognize you," Jess said.

A blonde mother tanning her body next to them chimed in. "Don't worry, my boobs keep falling out of mine too. It is a 'clothing optional' cruise though, so I wouldn't worry too much," she said.

Jess looked at her friend with a grin. "See? Moms Gone Wild, Not Moms Gone Modest. Relax," she said, making the blonde mom next to them giggle. "I'm Candice," the woman said.

Missy and Jess introduced themselves.

"I'm gonna get wet," Missy said, stepping toward the pool..

"Mmm, I'm already wet," Jess said, watching a few hot young men who were laying out nearby.

"That makes two of us," Candice said with a giggle. "That one in the dark blue trunks looks delicious," she said.

"His friend isn't half bad either," Jess said.

Missy stepped gracefully into pool, like some Greek Goddess, her huge, barely-covered tits jutted obscenely, capturing the attention of every male within eye-shot. Even the other Moms, as beautiful as they were, looked upon her voluptuous body with complete envy. Missy dipped down into water to her neck, then stepped back out of the pool, her curvy body shimmering with wetness.

The ladies sipped from their drinks while tanning their beautiful, nearly-naked bodies. Missy turned onto her tummy, propped on her elbows, so her big mommy-tits were half-mashed beneath her. She peeked up at the deck above and saw a cute, lean young man staring down at the meaty half-globes of her practically naked ass. Missy could see his eyes through the eye-holes of his wolf mask. They traveled along the backs of her smooth curvy legs.

While he admired her, she found herself doing the same to him, her eyes drifting down his lean bare chest to the bulge in his trunks. Her gaze darted back up and their eyes met and lingered a moment. The boy suddenly looked away timidly, only to peek back at her a moment later.

Missy giggled at how coy the kid was acting. He gave her a friendly wave and she returned a cute one of her own, along with a beautiful smile that made the boy's cock harden even more.

"Are you flirting, Miss goody-goody?" Jess asked, noticing Missy's exchange with the boy. "No, I'm just being friendly."

"Yeah, right. I know flirting when I see it. He seems shy. You should go up and talk to him," Jess said.

"Don't be ridiculous," Missy said, sipping from her drink. "I'm not here to chase boys." "You're just cared to?" Jess teased.

Missy rolled her eyes. "Scared? Really? You do know who you're talking to, right?"

Jess watched as the "shy boy" was joined by another young man and they both looked down at the ladies, gawking at their sun-tanned bodies. "Better hurry then, before he rushes off and gets some other woman's attention," she said to Missy.

Missy smiled and laid her head down. "I told you before, I'm here to enjoy the cruise, not to chase boys," she said.

Their new friend Candice chimed in. "You can do both," she said. "Exactly, thank you," Jess agreed.

Candice sat up, her big bikini-encased boobs wobbling from side-to-side. "Speaking of boys and fun, you guys do know there's a glory hole on board, right? Wanna go check it out with me?" Jess's face lit up. "I heard about that and yes we would," she said, looking over at Missy.

"I'm good. I might get in the pool again," Missy said.

"Missy, come on, just come check it out. You don't have to do anything. Pleeease. We'll grab some lunch too, then come back and swim," Jess pleaded.

"Fine," Missy said, rising from the lounge.

The three moms strode down to a lower level in bikinis and bare feet. Their asses swayed and their nearly naked mommy-milkers quivered with each graceful step. "You ladies look amazing, just sayin'," one horny teen said as he watched them pass by.

"Thank you," the women said with friendly smiles.

They arrived at an area of boutiques and other upscale-looking shops and salons with flashy neon signage. One of the signs read "**BARE NAKED MOMS**." The women heard the thumping beat of music coming from inside.

"Let's check this out," Jess said, stepping through the entrance. The other Moms followed.

The inside had a strip-club vibe, but not dirty and shady like most clubs..Being on a cruise-ship, it had more of a fun, flashy feel, with lots of fancy overhead lights showering a huge center stage. On the platform, were a dozen naked masked Moms, dancing and giggling. The crowd of boys around the stage had their hard dicks out, beating to the site of all the jiggling flesh.

"Oh my God, that's so hot," Jess shouted above the deafening beat.

Candice gazed at the dick-beating boys lustfully. "Right. You guys wanna dance?" she asked.

Missy nodded. "I'm good. I feel naked enough in **THIS** thing," she said, pulling her bandeau top to keep her areolas from being exposed.

Jess stepping into a side hallway. "What's through here?" she asked. The corridor was lined with doors. A white neon sign illuminated the space and read "Private Lap Dances."

They heard a few boys whimpering from the other side of the doors. "Ohh yes, cum!" they heard a woman shout.

A smiley female attendant approached the three Moms. "Hi ladies. Interested in doing some dancing, or just hanging out?"

Missy smiled back. "Just passing through," she said.

Candice looked at the attendant curiously. "So are these sex booths too, or just lap dancing?"

"There's no sexual intercourse allowed here in Bare Naked Moms, but..." she winked. "We've never really kicked anyone out for it, if you know what I mean?" the attendant explained.

Jess grinned. "I get it," she said.

"There's a fun little amusement area called the Rocking Horse further down you guys might enjoy," the attendant said.

"Thank you, we'll check it out," Candice said.

"Have fun," the attendant said as the women wandered back out.

They continued along the row of boutiques and tiny cocktail bars, tucked privately in a courtyard with the passing sky above. Jess spotted an item displayed on a mannequin inside of the shop window. "Oh my God, a patriotic bandeau micro-bikini. I need that in my life right now," she said, stepping into the shop.

Candice giggled and moved across the courtyard.. "I'll see you guys in the Glory Hole," she said. "We'll be right over," Jess said.

Following her bestie inside, Missy spotted a bikini she absolutely fell in love with. "Why do you bring me in these places? You know I love to spend money," she joked.

"Because I'm just as addicted to spending as you are, that's why," Jess said.

The women each bought another bikini and a few other items. Bags in hand, they stepped across the courtyard to a place with a big flashy neon sign that read, "The Glory Hole."

Two young men came rushing out. "Damn that was awesome!" one said to the other. "Dude, she sucked my dick so good," the other said.

Once inside, Missy and Jess stepped down into a dimly lit space that had the feel of an upscale salon. The wall facing them extended out into a huge half-circle. The oblong surface had a series of holes spaced out, at waist level, going all the way around. A dozen

women, mostly in bikinis knelt at many of the holes, their heads bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

"There she is," Jess said, motioning to Candice, who was kneeling at one of the cocks, sucking away.

A sexy tattooed female attendant greeted them. "Hey ladies, we gonna suck some dick today?" she asked candidly.

"I am," Jess said, then her and the attendant looked at Missy. "I'm just um, observing for now," Missy said.

"Ok, we have some benches down here, so you can relax and watch," the attendant said, "if you change your mind, we have hair ties and all sorts of flavored oral sex gels. Just pick you out a cock and enjoy," the attendant said.

"Thank you," the women said.

Jess tied her hair back in a pony and looked through the gel flavors. She picked one up. "Oh my God, Missy, they have a pina coloda flavor," she said.

"Wonderful," Missy said sarcastically.

Jess walked along the Glory Hole wall. There were a few hard cocks sticking out, waiting to be sucked. She picked out her favorite and knelt in front of it. She looked over at Candice, who nursed hungrily on the tip of a boy's peter. "What flavor are you using," Jess asked.

The boy's knob popped from Candice's mouth, wet and shiny. "Strawberry. It's so fucking yummy," she said, then went back to sucking.

Jess squirted an ample amount of the oral flavoring on the boner and it flexed in reaction. She rolled her thick tongue around on the

head, then started sucking, plunging the hard cock deep into her mouth.

As she sat on the bench nearby, Missy's attention was drawn to a long veiny boner as it poked from one of the holes, pointing straight out. She looked down at the wedding ring on her finger, thinking about how much she loved her spouse and what a wonderful father and husband he was.

Again, she peeked up at the sturdy erection, her eyes lingering on the fat knob. She could see a bead of pre-cum weeping from the piss-slit.

"Mmmnnn," Jess whimpered, her head bobbing up and back as she sucked the boy's prick skillfully. As she gave head, her enormous melons jostled around heavily, threatening to pop right out of her bikini-top.

Another yummy-looking hardon slid through a different hole, protruding out a good seven inches.

Missy stared at it for a moment, watching the hard meat pulse and throb. She glanced over at the assortment of oral sauces.

Again, her attention focused on the hole cock protruding from the hole. It looked incredibly hard, with big thick veins running down the shaft. Her husband had only an average cock, not nearly as meaty as the one she was staring at.

She started to stand, but paused as two moms in bikinis suddenly rushed over. "Ohh, I see one I like," one mother said, kneeling at the cock Missy had been staring at.

"Flavored gel?" the other Mom asked, trying her hair back, her medium-size boobies bobbling in her pink bikini-top.

"Yeah, can you get me cherry?" the kneeling mother asked, stroking the hardon with her hand, her own wedding ring sparkling.

Missy got up and wandered back out into the courtyard. A group of boys gawked at her huge tits as they passed by, amazed at their immense size. One of them paused for a moment and looked her in the eyes. "Will you marry me?" he asked.

Missy giggled and flashed her wedding ring. "Already taken, sorry."

"Ok, how bout just some cuddling then? he asked. "There's no one in my cabin right now." Missy gave him a friendly smile. "I'm all set," she said.

He gave her boobs another good look, staring wantonly at the deep dark canyon of cleavage. "Never hurts to try right? Bye," he said, rushing off to catch up with his friends.

"Bye," Missy giggled, then wandered over to a mysterious-looking shop. A rustic carnival-looking sign above the door read: "**FORTUNE TELLER**."

"Hello?"Miss called out, stepping inside.

An older woman in sexy gypsy attire emerged from behind a silk curtain. "Welcome, please sit."

Missy played along, sitting at a small circular table with a large crystal ball at it's center. The woman looked Missy over. "I must confess, I've given a lot of readings, but you may be the most beautiful woman I've ever had at my table," she said.

Missy smiled. "I'm sure you use that line more than once a day, but thank you," she said. "May I hold your hands a moment, before I gaze into my glass ball?" the woman asked.

"Of course," Missy said, placing her hand into the fortune teller's. The gypsy-woman closed her eyes and slightly squeezed Missy's hands. She then turned them over and gazed at her palms.

"Thank you," she finally said, letting her hands go, then leaning forward, looking into her glass sphere. "I see a busy mother and wife," the woman said.

Missy smiled, "That would be me," she said.

"I see pleasure... much pleasure in your future, more than you've ever experienced. This pleasure will happen **VERY** soon," the woman said.

"Uh-huh," Missy muttered, unimpressed at this point.

"Wait... I see something else..."

"What would that be?" Missy asked with an amused smile. "I see a shy one," the gypsy said.

"Shy one?"

"Yes, a shy one. A shy... boy, fascinated by you," the Fortune Teller said.

Missy immediately thought of the boy on the upper deck who'd been staring down at her. She remembered Jess even commenting on how "shy" he seemed. "Can you tell me more about this boy?" she asked.

"No, only that he is the yin to your yang."

Missy gave her an odd smile. "Yin to my Yang? A boy?"

The Gypsy woman nodded. "Many spend their whole lives searching for the perfect mating partner. Yours is aboard this ship. Follow the shy boy," she said.

Missy wasn't terribly impressed, but gave to woman a tip and a friendly "goodbye." She met up we with Jess and Candice in the courtyard. "There you are," Jess said, looking at the shop that Missy had stepped out of. "Fortune Teller huh? Did she see anything naughty in your future?" she asked.

"Just a bunch of nonsense. Shall we check out this Rocking Horse place, then grab some lunch?" Missy asked.

"Let's do it," Jess said.

The Rocking Horse was the featured attraction on board the ship. It was literally a mini amusement park with a sexual theme. "Oh my God, these rides look outrageous," Candice said. A choir of moans and orgasmic screams were ringing out from every direction.

"Look at that one," Jess said, pointing at a two-story cylinder, shaped like a giant cock and balls. There were windows along the shaft. They could see two Moms in bikinis inside, giggling as the interior quickly filled with a thick foam of white bubbles. Suddenly the floor beneath the two women shot up, lifting them up the cock-tube and sending them flying out the tip. The two Moms screamed, their sudsy limbs flailing as they flew through the air and splashed into a pool. "Oh my God, that looks so fun!" Candice said.

"What the hell is that one?" Jess said, stepping over to some type of ride that looked like a giant vagina. Jess read the fancy sign above it. "The Throbbing Clitoris, we gotta try this."

Missy giggled. "Try this? We don't even know what it does," she said. A female attendant stepped up to them. "Interested in a ride, ladies."

"What does it do exactly?" Missy asked, gazing into a round chamber with a few saddle-looking seats.

"The seats inside are sybians. Ever been on a sybian before?"

The women nodded. "I never have, but my sister has one. She loves it," Candice said.

The attendant looked at Missy. "Imagine your vibrator, times a-hundred," she said, then led them to a display case. "The ride is five minutes. You can pick out your own attachment. These have been sterilized. They attach right to your sybian seat for a custom pleasure-ride," the attendant explained.

Jess tugged on Missy's arm. "Let's do it," she said. "I don't know, Jess," Missy said hesitantly.

"Come on, you're not cheating on Philip. It's a fucking sex toy. Let's have fun," Jess pleaded.

Candice pointed at one of the attachments. "I want that one," she said. "That's called our G-max, for G-spot stimulation," the attendant said.

"I'll try that one too," Jess said.

"You won't be disappointed, trust me," the attendant said, then looked at Missy, "And for you?"

Missy forced a smile. "I'll try the one on the end I guess," she said, pointing at a four-inch stem surrounded by vertical ribs. At the base was a pad of silicon nubs for clitoral stimulation.

The attendant entered the chamber and connected their attachments. "You can hang your bikini bottoms right there on the hooks," she said.

Missy smiled at her bestie as she shimmied her bikini bottoms over her wide hips. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she said.

The three Moms peeled off their tiny bikini bottoms, their bare feet stepping out of them. Candice's pubis had a cute little landing strip.

Missy and Jess's vulva's were completely shaved, the hoods of their thick clitoris's protruding from their pudendal cleavage.

The attendant exited the chamber. "The dispenser there will give you a squirt of lubrication. We suggest applying some to your vagina before inserting your attachment," she said.

"Got it," Jess said, sticking her hand to the dispenser so it could spit out a gob of lube.

The three Mom's slicked their pussies as they stepped into chamber. The attendant peeked in at them. "Once you're situated and your harnesses are on, just give me the thumbs-up and I'll start your ride," she said.

"Thank you," they said.

The mothers straddled their sybians, the attachments they had chosen sunk inside their fuck-holes. Their sexy legs hung down as if they had just mounted a horse, their feet dangling a few inches from the floor. "So why the harness? Is thing gonna buck me off?" Missy said, making her friends giggle.

"Buckle-up for the ride of your life, girlfriend," Jess said, strapping on her harness.

Once all the Moms were strapped in, Jess gave the attendant a thumbs up. "Let's do this," she shouted.

"Woooo!" Missy sang with an anxious smile. The playfully girl in her was beginning to show.

The chamber door closed, crazy lights began to flicker and the vibrations began. The women's eyes lit up and all three gasped at once. "Ohhh, shit," Jess sighed.

"**ZZZZZZZ!!!**" The sound of buzzing quickly grew louder as the sybians vibrated between their legs. There were little handles on the front of their saddles and the ladies gripped on, mashing their big bikini-clad tits between their arms.

The buzzing grew louder and louder as the vibration on their cunts intensified. Missy's eyes were clenched shut, her pretty face masked with pleasure.

"Ohhh my Goooood," Jess's voice trembled as she felt the sheath of her cunt melt around the attachment and her clitoris throb wildly.

The Sybian's suddenly tilted, reclining the women backwards. The harness secured them snuggly, otherwise they would have slipped right off, as their backs were now pointed at a downward angle. The three sets of curvy legs were thrown back in huge spread-eagles.

Jess dropped her arms back over her head, letting them dangle. Along with the vibrating attachments, the entire saddle of their sybians were now shaking, causing the meat of Jess's huge jutting breasts to quiver on her chest. "Yess! Uuuunnhhgg, yess!" she gasped in pleasure.

"Fuuuck!" Candice cried, her strong scissored legs convulsing and her eyes rolling back.

Missy still clutched the handles, gasping in ecstacy. Years of doing yoga and regularly engaging in different types of straddle-splits allowed her legs to prop back as far as they were. Her sexy bare feet were flexed, her toes pointing back. The sybian trembled between her thighs, the penis-shaped attachment buzzing against the clutching inner walls of her fuck-tunnel.

"Ggruuhh," she grunted, tightening her cunt-muscles. This would make her husband shoot off in a split-second, but not the sybian. She could pull out all her tricks, but it didn't matter, the machine was fucking her for the next three minutes and there was no stopping it.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Missy screamed, her entire curvy body trembling in orgasm.

The Sybian's rotated back all the way, so the Moms were now upside down, their hair hanging just off the floor. Their legs were wide open, only their crotches remained connected to the saddles. Their clits stuck out, wet and engorged. Pussy juice burbled from the stuffed cunt-slits. Gravity had caused their heavy jugs to hang upside-down. Their mico-bikini tops barely hung on, the big bulging undersides of their melons were fully exposed.

Jess brought her strong tan legs up and wrapped them around a portion of the sybian, clutching and grinding her pussy desperately. "Ohhhhyeesss!" she cried out.

Missy extended her gorgeous legs straight up, pointing her toes at the ceiling of the chamber and making her body completely vertical. More orgasmic contractions shot through her big titted frame, making the smooth silky spires of her mommy-legs tremble in pleasure. "Uuuhhggh!" her cute voice screamed.

The machine had one more position to put them in, lifting the women high in the chamber, so that the saddles themselves were vertical, allowing the Moms to clutch their legs around the padded walls of the machine and hold on for the ride.

"**ZZZZZZZZZ!!!** The attachments buzzed, vibrating against the inner lining of their cunts.

"**RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!**" the entire saddle bucked violently, causing the attachments to piston in and out of their juicy pussies at an incredible speed.

"Ohhh my God!" Missy cried out with passion, her whole body shaking from the power of the ride.

"**RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!!**" The attachments plunged the juice from their twats as they plowed the women's G-spots unmercifully. All three pretty mommies cried out shamelessly, their hot, practically naked bodies, clinging desperately to the trembling machine.

Their screams blended with the rattle of the sybians and the lewd juicy sounds of girl-cum squirting around the silicon stems.

Finally, the wild ride began to slow as the trio were slowly lowered back to the floor. "My God," Candice gasped.

All three women looked like they'd just been tossed around inside some type of orgasmic tornado. They caught their breath as the chamber door opened. "Fuck, did that really just happen?" Jess said, making the attendant giggle as she stepped inside.

"I take it you ladies enjoyed the ride?" she asked.

Missy smiled, her face still flush. "What ever gave you that idea?" she joked.

Candice let out a big sigh. "I want this, at my house. I'll kick my husband out. How much?" The attendant giggled, helping them unfasten their harnesses. "Probably not for sale, sorry."

Missy sighed as they put their bottoms back on. "I'm starving. I say we get some food now," Missy asked.

"I second that idea," Candice said.

The sun was going down and the women went back to their rooms, showered and put on their sexy evening gowns. Jess wore a red bodycon mini-dress, with thin gold-colored chain straps. Missy chose a white ribbed crop-top and mini-skirt set. It had long sleeves and was made of form-fitting polyester accentuating her amazing curves. "Ready to wine and dine?" she asked her bestie.

"Let's do it," Jess said, topping her outfit off with her sexy mask.

The women strode across the ship, their dainty heels clicking on the deck floor. Passing boys literally stopped and did a double-take, whispering to each other as they lusted after the beautiful Moms.

They met back up with Candice, who was also dressed to the nines, then stepped in to the dining hall.

"Thanks for letting me join you guys for dinner. I feel kinda like the third wheel," Candice said as they were seated by the handsome young host.

"Don't be silly. We enjoy your company," Missy said.

"Yeah," Jess agreed "and since Miss Goody-Two-Shoes here will probably opt out of the extracurriculars later, it'll be nice to have someone to go out and make trouble with," she said.

"I'm game," Candice said excitedly.

The women ordered drinks and dinner. The conversation centered mostly on their kids. Given that they were on a cruise that none of their husbands knew about, or would agree with, they kept their spouses out of their chat as much as possible.

It was around dessert time that Missy noticed a set of familiar eyes gazing at her from a few tables over. It was the "shy boy" that had been watching her from the upper deck. The kid sat with a small group of other boys and wore a sharp button-up shirt and dress-pants.

Their eyes seemed to linger before the boy gave her an awkward wave. Missy smiled and waved back and, of course, Jess was the first to notice. She looked over at the target of her friend's attention. "Is that the kid from earlier? The shy one?" she asked.

"Yes," Missy said. "That's him."

"Oh my God, he cleans up nice," Jess said. "His friends are cute too."

Candice chimed in. "I saw one today..so gorgeous, and he was giving me that 'come fuck me' stare. God, I could kick myself for not talking to him," she said.

"Your desserts," their waitress said, giving the women their plated goodies. "Thank you," the Moms said politely.

While Candice and Jess conversed about cute boys they'd seen on board, Missy found her eyes drifting back to her handsome admirer. As if drawn by magnets, the boy's eyes peeked back over at her, watching her bring a bite of cheesecake to her luscious mouth with her fork. Missy stared into his eyes, licking her lips as she let the dessert melt in her mouth. Her mind couldn't help but reflect on the Fortune Tellers words about the shy boy being thbit"Yin to her her Yang." That he was the perfect mating partner, able to bring her more pleasure than anyone she'd ever meet.

"What do you think, Missy?" Candice asked.

The mother was suddenly snapped from her trance. "Oh, um, what, I'm sorry," she said, completely oblivious to the conversation that had been going on around her.

"Hmm, someone's a little distracted, aren't they?" Jess said, then looked in the direction of the shy boy,"Oops, missed your chance again."

"What?" Missy said, turning to find her admirer's seat empty. "Where did he go?" she said out-loud, making the other two women giggle.

Missy spotted him moving towards the entrance. She heard the Fortune Teller's voice in her head. "Follow the shy boy," it said.

Missy got up and hurried off. "I'll be back," she said.

Jess and Candice watched in surprise. "Holy shit, I didn't see that coming. Miss Modest is actually chasing after a boy" she said.

Lights illuminated the main pool area. Missy heels clicked rapidly as she hurried after the teen, her big boobs trembling heavily with each step. "Hey...wait," she called out.

The boy rushed up the stairway to the upper deck. Missy did her best to catch up with him, but her 4-inch stilettos didn't make the task easy. She paused and took them off, then continued to make chase.

She got to the upper deck and rounded a wall, only to discover there was no sign of him anywhere. "Ugh, damnit," she said disappointedly.

She turned to move back for the stairs, but stopped suddenly when she saw him standing against the wall. "Oh... hi," she muttered.

"Hi," he said timidly, then glanced down at the swell of the enormous rack stretching her haltered-top. There was a long silence, only the sound of the ship crashing through the water, just over the deck railing.

"What's your name?" Missy asked sweetie. "Mine, um...Larry," he muttered.

Missy giggled. "Larry's not really your name, is it?" she asked. "No," he confessed.

Missy gave him a sweet smile. "It's ok, I get it...the masks, the anonymity, that's what this cruise is all about, right?"

"Yeah. Sorry if I was staring. You're um...you're really beautiful though," he said bravely. "Well, I suppose beauty, without a cute guy

to admire it, is a waist, right?"

"Yeah, I guess that's true," he said.

Missy slowly stepped towards him, closing the space between them. "So, are you having a good time so far? she asked.

"I think so. It's a cool ship. How 'bout you?"

"Yeah, it's been a fun day. I enjoyed laying out by the pool and getting some sun," she said.

Beneath his wolf mask, the boy's lips curled into a smile. "I bet. I've seen lots of bikinis, but that one you were wearing was...well, it was amazing," he said.

Missy blushed a little herself. "Thanks," she said, "it's not really something I would normally wear, but I figured, the whole 'Moms Gone Wild' thing, I would relax my attire just a tad," she said.

The boy nodded. He could see her hard, thick nipples protruding out through the fabric of her dress. "I love natural curves. A lot of women are getting those big fake boobs nowadays," he said.

"Well, I can assure you, these are a hundred-percent home-grown," Missy said, glancing down at her huge jutting breasts.

"Wow, lucky lady," the boy muttered, staring at her jugs. "What size are they, can I ask?" Missy gazed at him with her alluring eyes. "Thirty-eight double H," she said softly. "Dang," the boy said, his cock hardening, "They're beautiful I bet."

Missy got within a foot of him and stopped, her boobs nearly touching his chest. "I think so," she said, glancing down the bulge in his crotch. "What about you?" she asked.

"Me?"

"Yeah, what size are you...down there?" she said, then sighed as if coming to her senses. "You know what, never mind, you don't have to answer that."

"Nine inches," he muttered.

"Oh..." she muttered, then smiled. "You must impress all the girls with something that big."

They gazed lustfully at each other for a moment. He glanced at her boobs a few times and Missy suddenly giggled. "What?" he asked with a smile.

"You're a boob guy, Aren't you?" she asked.

The boy seemed to blush. "I guess," he muttered.

Missy giggled. "It's ok, you don't have to be embarrassed. Lots of guys love big boobs," she said, making her ballooning jugs gently heave back and forth. "they're like big squeezable, suckable toys," she said.

"Yeah," the shy boy said with a timid smile.

Missy gazed in his eyes a moment. "Do you wanna touch 'em?" she said.

"Can I?"

She smiled sweetly. "Sure," she muttered.

The boy reached up and squeezed her big tit-orbs, his fingers sinking in to the supple meat. She watched him gawk and squeeze, feeling her clitoris throb between her legs."Cup your hands under them. Feel how heavy they are," she whispered..

He did so and his mouth fell open in amazement. "Dang," he muttered. She smiled at his reaction. "Big, huh?" she asked.

He nodded and she glanced down at his bulge. "Can I feel you?" she asked softly.

"Sure," he sighed.

Missy reached down and squeezed his thick meat. She let her fingers trace it's impressive length. "Oh my God," she giggled, "are you sure you didn't stuff a banana in your briefs?" she joked.

"Ha, no, it's me," the boy said.

"It feels really thick too," she whispered, looking straight at him. "It's funny..." she said. "What is?"

"I've never met you, yet your eyes, your voice...they seem so familiar to me," she said.

Suddenly, they both stared at each other with a look of horror. The boy's hand quickly slipped from Missy's tits and her hand from his cock. "Noo," Missy muttered, "No, you can't be," she said in a sudden panic, then grabbed his mask and slipped it off.

It was her son. "Lucas?!?!" she exclaimed. "Mom?!?!" he muttered in absolute horror.

Missy slipped her mask off, glaring in disbelief.."What the actual fuck, young man?! she shouted, backing up.

He stared back at her, speechless. "Ohh shit," the boy said, realizing how much trouble he was in.

Twenty minutes later, Missy and Jess stood in their cabin, with their arms folded over their tits, glaring down at their two boys. Both Lucas and Gabe sat on the bed and looked like kids who'd just got caught with their hands in the cookie-jar.

"I do not even **FUCKING** believe this. You two lied to us. You're suppose to be on a surfing trip, with your buddies, remember?" Missy chided.

Gabe looked up at his Mom. "Sorry, but what about **YOU TWO**? Aren't you suppose to be in Vegas right now?"

Missy and Jess looked at each other uncomfortably. They knew he had a point. Missy glared back at her son. "Why couldn't you just have been honest with us, told us you wanted to come on this cruise?"

Lucas peeked up at her shamefully. "I guess for the same reason you weren't honest with Dad. He probably wouldn't have been ok with you coming," he said.

The besties looked at each other again. At this point they knew they were in the wrong, just as much as their sons were and to scold them would just be hypocritical.

"Ok, so I guess, we were all kind of in the wrong here," Missy said, "and what's happened has happened and...here we are."

Jess chimed in. "True, we're in the middle of a cruise. It's not like we can just go about our normal routine," she said.

"So what do we do?" her son Gabe asked.

Missy and Jess gave each other a stumped look, then Missy turned back to the boys. "Jess and I need to talk. Wait for us out by the pool," she said.

"And that means don't go chasing any women," Jess said, glaring at her son.. "Got it," Gabe said as the got up and left the cabin, closing the door behind them. "I'm horrible," Missy said, rubbing her head.

"Look, Missy, we all..."

"I was lusting after my own son. I asked him how big his dick was..I touched it. I let him put his hands on my tits for God sake," she said.

"Ohh..." Jess said, getting a big smile. "Wow." Missy looked at her. "Yeah. Wow is right."

"Look, you didn't know. Lucas is a cute kid...and he had a mask on. Don't beat yourself up. He didn't know it was you. How would you have known it was him?" Jess said.

"That's true, but now he probably thinks his Mom's on this cruise just to whore around and that's the last thing I want him believing," Missy said.

Jess was in heavy thought for a moment. "I'm all about Gabe being with girls, but to be honest, the idea of him being stalked on board this ship, by a bunch of horny women **OUR AGE** really bothers me," she said.

"I feel the same about Lucas," Missy said. "So what do we do?" Jess asked.

The Moms met up with the boys and they all sat together at a table near the pool. "Ok, we've already established that none of us should really be here," Jess said.

Missy spoke up. "Not that any of us are here to do anything inappropriate, but it might be best if we just kinda stuck together for the next two days."

"Stuck together? Can't we just pretend like we didn't see each other?" Gabe asked.

Jess glared at him. "So you can go be a man-whore to a bunch of slutty Moms? I don't think so," she said.

"Look, we can still have a good time the rest of the cruise," Missy said, "Hang out by the pool and eat good food, we'll just do it together."

Jess looked at both the boys. "And part of this 'togetherness' means sharing a room, so you guys should get your things and move them over to our cabin after we're done here," she explained, causing Missy to share a quick glance with her son.

"What do we tell the other guys?" Lucas asked. "I'm sure you can figure that part out," Missy said.

Gabe frowned. "So what are we gonna do tonight, just sit around and look at each other?" he asked.

"Well, we were planning on getting a drink and sitting in the jacuzzi. I guess you boys are joining us," Missy said.

"I guess so," her son muttered.

Jess glared at Gabe.. "I don't even wanna ask what you guys had planned," she said.

Missy giggled. "Right?" she said, giving her son a look. "Maybe it's a good thing this happened."

The boys went down to fetch their belongings while the Moms went back to the cabin and stripped naked. "There no way I'm wearing this in front of him," Missy said, taking her new bikini out of the bag.

"What are you talking about? He already saw you in the other mini-micro and it was just as revealing," Jess said, stepping into her own skimpy thong.

"That doesn't mean I should start parading around in front of him with another one on," Missy said.

"Come on, I'm wearing mine. Just put it on and relax," Jess said.

Missy leaned over to take the other half of her bikini out of the bag. Her huge naked boobs hung from her chest, bobbling heavily. The big rubbery nubs of her nipples protruded from the centers of her wide areola, which consisted of thick tissue, dotted with milk-glands. "I'll wear it I guess, against my better judgement," she said.

By the time the boys arrived, the Moms were wearing bikini cover-ups. The mini-dresses were still sexy, but nowhere near as hot as what they were wearing underneath.

"These beds aren't exactly big, Mom.You guys don't expect Lucas and I to share one, do you?" Gabe asked.

Jess rolled her eyes. "You can share one with me, just don't be a bed-hog," she said.

Missy and her son looked at each other, their earlier incident on the deck still fresh in their minds. "Don't worry, I won't be a bed-hog either," Lucas said, making his Mom smile.

After the boys changed into their trunks, the four of them made their way to the bow of the ship, where a large outdoor jacuzzi awaited. There were only a couple other women chatting as they soaked.

The boys entered first as Missy and Jess removed their cover-ups. Lucas gasped as he watched his Mom step into the hot-tub. She wore a pink mini-micro bikini with a subtle floral design. The strings of the bikini were a thin gold-colored chain. It was the skimpiest bikini Lucas had ever seen and the way it barely covered all her fleshy lady-parts made the boy's penis instantly hard.

Jess got in after her, wearing a patriotic bandeau-style micro bikini. Her son smiled when he saw it. "Should we salute?" he joked.

She splashed water at him. "Hush," she said.

The Moms sat next to their sons, but each couple was across from each other. "This is weird," Gabe said.

"What's weird about it? Jess said, "You were sitting next to me in a jacuzzi a couple months ago while we were on vacation."

"I know, but that was different. People knew we were family. Here, it's like I'm sure everyone is looking at us like we're hitting on each other," Gabe said.

Jess scooted over next to her son and hugged him from the side, her boobs squashing against him. "Well I guess we better play the part then. Wouldn't want anyone knowing you're in here sitting next to your Mommy," she joked, snuggling up to him.

"Jesus, Mom," Gabe giggled awkwardly.

Jess looked over at Missy. "Come on, Miss, play the part," she said with a wink, "we don't want people getting suspicious."

"You're funny," Missy said, not moving.

Jess looked at Missy's son. "You too, Lucas. Pull her over next to you. I'm sure you want to," she winked.

Missy glared at her friend. "Jess," she said harshly.

"What, apparently you two didn't have any problems getting cozy earlier," she teased. "Stop," Missy said, a tad embarrassed.

"It's ok," Lucas said.

Missy felt her son grab her wrist under the water and gently tug. She peeked over at him, their eyes gazing together like a horny young couple on a first date. The busty mother scooted over, turned

towards him and snuggled, just as Jess was with her son. Beneath the water, she took his hand and twined their fingers together.

A light breeze swept over the most empty deck. The boys had reclined back and the mothers still clung to them. Missy's leg slipped over her son's, her toes trailing down his calf. She was still slightly beside him, but they were chest to chest, her big milkers pressed up against him.

Lucas looked up at her as she extended her neck, combing the nails of her free hand through her beautiful brown hair as the breeze swept through it. His eyes traveled down to the massive canyon of cleavage that poked out, just above the bubbling water.

Missy squeezed his hand and he gazed up at her. Her eyes were warm and familiar, yet drove him crazy with lust. Their gazed remained fixed, as if searching...wondering... Missy's middle finger curled down between their palms, dragging her long nail across his skin, then back up.

She was now practically straddling her son's leg, her cunt-mound pressed against his thigh. She adjusted a little and Lucas looked down at her Mommy-melons as they bobbled a few inches further up his chest. Their fingers were now playing together, sliding and grasping. It's as if their hands were acting as proxy for their entire bodies, engaging in a hot fuck.

Gabe's eyes were closed as he enjoyed the heated water, but Jess watched the couple across from her. She knew there was something magical going on between them.

Missy found her lips drifting towards her son's. It was all she could do to stop herself. "We should take a walk," she said.

"Oh, um...ok," her son muttered. "Can we um, wait just a few minutes?" he said, glancing down towards his crotch.

"Oh, right. Ok," Missy said, moving away and trying to keep a straight face.

Jess giggled. "Yeah, Mom, hard to walk with a hardon," she joked, getting a glare from her bestie. After a few minutes, Missy looked back at him. "Better?" she asked.

"Yeah," he muttered.

Missy looked at Jess as she led her son out of the hot-tub. "We're gonna go for a walk," she said. Jess fed her friend mischievous smile. "See you back at the room," she said.

After drying off and putting her cover-up back on, Missy took a walk with her son along the promenade deck. For awhile, they strolled silently, hand in hand. The beautiful mother finally broke the silence. "I'm not really sure what's going on with us, but we should probably pump the brakes a little," she said.

Lucas nodded. "I understand."

"I'll be honest, when I first saw you watching me from the upper deck, I was intrigued. Then I saw you again in the dining-room and I was more than intrigued. I thought my feelings would be different once I found out it was you, but they're not," Missy confessed.

Lucas looked at her, a bit surprised. "What you just said, describes exactly how I feel," he said.

"We're Mother and son, we shouldn't be having these feelings," she said. "Did you mean what you said earlier, about me being beautiful?"

"Of course," he said "did you mean what you said?" "Which part?"

"When you said beauty, without a cute guy to admire it, is a waist?"

Missy giggled. "Oh, that part. I suppose I did mean it. It's just that now..." "Now what?"

"Now things are a bit more complicated. Before, you were just a cute guy in a mask...named Larry," she said, making them both laugh. "Now you're my cute son, named Lucas. Maybe we should just stick with the admiring part, and try not to move beyond that," Missy said.

Lucas nodded. "Alright," he said. "So lots of looking, but no touching then?" She smiled. "Something like that," Missy said.

Once back at the cabin, the boys put on dry boxer-briefs, plopped down on the beds and began playing games on their phones. Missy and Jess headed into the bathroom. "We'll be right out, boys," Jess said.

Once inside the bathroom, Missy closed the door. "What do your have for nighties? Please tell me you packed something decent?" she asked Jess.

"If you mean decent, as in modest, I'm afraid you're out of luck."

"Shit, all I packed were sheer baby-doll nighties. I certainly didn't expect to be sharing a room with our sons," Missy said.

"So how did your 'walk' go, because you guys were practically humping in the jacuzzi," Jess teased.

"We **WERE NOT** humping. Anyway, we had a nice chat and decided we'll admire each other and that's all."

Jess giggled. "Says the couple that's about to crawl into a tiny bed together." "I can control myself," Missy said.

"Like you did in the hot-tub? Yeah right. So if you both agreed to 'admire' each other, then what's the problem with you wearing a

sheer nightie to bed?" Jess asked.

"Well just because I agreed to let him check me out, doesn't mean I'm gonna go out there practically naked," Missy said.

"What if I wear one too?"

"A babydoll, in front of Gabe? Do you think he'll..."

"I accidentally bumped his crotch while we were cuddling in the hot-tub. His dick was as hard as concrete. Somehow I doubt he'll be grossed out by seeing me in something see-through," Jess said.

"Should we wear panties?" Missy asked.

Gabe looked over at his friend, seeming a bit ashamed. "Dude, I gotta tell you something," he said.

"What?" Lucas asked.

"Promise you won't tell any of the other guys I told you this, you swear?" "Of course, we've shared secrets before," Lucas said.

"Yeah, but this one, well, it's kinda fucked up."

Lucas seemed more curious. "What is it," he asked.

"When we were sitting with our moms that way, in the hot-tub. It made me horny as hell. Dude I was getting off on having my own Mom's body up against me. That's fucked up, right?"

"Well, not really," Lucas said.

"Not really? Dude, she's my mom."

"Yeah I know, but since we're sharing secrets. I have one of my own," Lucas said, then he went on to describe him and Missy's encounter, just before their identities were revealed and how he had

squeezed her tits and she had felt his dick. "The really fucked up part is, I would do all again, even if I knew it was my mom," he said.

"Damn," Gabe giggled, "Well, it's nice to see I'm not the only one fucked in the head. Guess that's why we're best friends huh?"

"I guess so," Lucas said as he heard the bathroom door open. The overhead light went out, leaving the cabin bathed in a soft warm glow from one of the bedside lamps. The boys lowered their phones and watched the mothers strode towards them, wearing nothing but sheer babydoll nighties.

"Fuuck," Lucas heard his friend whisper.

Jesse's nightie was pale pink and Missy's was a soft baby-blue. The boys could see their enormous gently-bobbling breasts as clear as day. They could see their thick mammilla protruding from the large pink caps of areola. Missy stopped at the foot of the bed in a cute little pose, with one leg cocked slightly forward. Lucas could tell she had got herself primped up and could smell her sweet perfume. "Ready for bed, sweetheart," she asked.

Lucas gulped, then answered. "Sure," he muttered, taking a quick look down at her shaved mons.

Jess fed her son a playful smile as she crawled on to the mattress, her big heavy knockers hanging down and rocking back and forth. "And no hogging the bed, remember?" she said to her son.

"I guess we'll have to cuddle then, like we did in the hot-tub," Gabe said with a smile. "That's fine," Jess said, "just behave yourself."

"I will," Gabe said.

Lucas looked at Missy as she joined him on the bed. "If I behave **MYSELF**, can we cuddle too?" he asked.

"Well, the bed **IS** small, so I suppose there's no avoiding it," she said, sharing a quick smile with Jess. "Just don't get any bright ideas."

The Moms crawled under the covers and snuggled up to their boys. Lucas shivered excitedly when he felt pounds of squishy tit-meat pressing against the side of his chest. They cuddled in what's know as "the sweetheart cradle" with Missy's arm and leg draped across him, her head resting on his shoulder.

Jess clicked off the light on the side-table and the room was shrouded in darkness. They felt the gentle rocking of the ship and with the balcony door open, could hear the crashing sounds of the vessel cutting through the ocean water.

"This is wonderful," Missy whispered, nuzzling into her son's neck. "Sure is," he whispered back.

Missy's heart was racing. Being in bed with her handsome son out in the open sea was unlike any thrill she'd ever experienced. She cast all thoughts of her loving husband aside and enjoyed just being in the moment, pressed up against her son's nearly naked body.

She simply couldn't help herself and began to gently kiss her son's neck. Lucas sighed as he felt her soft lips planting little kisses on his flesh. His mom's hand began to play on his bare chest, her long nails trailing down along his toned abs.

He felt her hot breath at his ear. "If this is so wrong," she whispered between kisses, "why does it feel so right."

"Yeah," Lucas whispered back. His cock was rock-hard, pushing up against his briefs, straining to be released.

Missy planted a trail of soft tender kisses along the front of his neck as she slithered further onto him. "Ohh shit," the boy hissed excitedly, feeling her soft mesh-covered mommy-melons spread out

against his chest, while she kissed her way to the other side of his neck. He wrapped his arms around her, savoring the feel of her warm flesh against his.

Her soft lips smacked against him, then he felt her tongue peek out and flicker on his neck with each tender smooch. "Ohhh," Lucas sighed, his back slightly arching with pleasure.

"Mmmnn," Missy hummed, flailing the tip of her tongue along what she knew were his most sensitive spots.

Lucas could hardly believe this was his own gorgeous mother showering him with affection. Her nipples were thick and aroused and he could feel them prodding at his chest.

Gabe was spooning with Jess and her big naked ass felt amazing pressed against his boxer-brief covered erection. They were facing Lucas and his Mom and they could both tell there was something besides just cuddling going on over there. "I think she's kissing his neck," Gabe whispered.

He could tell Jess turn her head up towards him. "Jealous?" she whispered. "Honestly...yeah," the boy confessed, making him mom giggle.

He felt his mother sit up and turn towards him. She propped her arm astride him and looked down. "Keep your briefs on, understand?" she whispered.

"Sure," Gabe muttered, still unsure about what was about to happen.

She lowered herself down on top of him and buried her face in his neck, attacking it with kisses. It was a move that took her son's breath away as he felt both her tremendous boobs flatten against his chest. "Hhoohh," he sighed..

Now both Moms were laid out on their teens, loving on them tenderly. Both boys dicks throbbed as they squirmed beneath the busty beauties.

"Squeeze me," Missy whispered lustfully, then continued her onslaught of kisses.

Lucas obliged, wrapping her in his arms and clutching her as tight as he could. She was now straddling his leg and he could feel her smooth naked pudenda gently humping against his thigh. She gasped suddenly, then dove back to his neck, but this time her long thick tongue lashed at him, attacking him with big wet licks.."Ohhh," the boy sighed, his body trembling with excitement.

Gage was getting similar treatment. He loved the feel of Jess's stiff-nippled tits sloshing around on his chest as she licked. Yes the mesh was between them, but the material was so thin she might as well have been naked.

"You liking that?" she asked between licks. "What do you think?" Gabe sighed.

He felt her drag two fingers up and down the length of his boner. The touch was electric, making his hips jump. "I think you are," she said in an amused tone.

"Jesus, can you do that again," Gabe said.

"What?" she asked seductively, then drug her fingers up and down his dick again, "that?" "Ohh my God," he sighed as he felt her go back to licking.

Missy paused her licking a moment and tilted her head back, gasping with fuck-lust. Gabe extended his neck out and returned the favor, lashing his tongue on her neck. He felt her squirm with arousal. "Ohhh nooo," she whimpered, but didn't stop him.

Instead, the curvy mother scratched her nails down his arms and grasps his hands, pinning them back on the bed. She threw her leg across his midsection, straddling his loins. Lucas kept at her neck the whole time, his licker driving her absolutely wild.

"Ohh," the boy sighed, feeling her mound of Venus rest against the underside of his hard cock. Missy sat up, pressing her weight on it. Lucas felt her labial meat spread around his thick muscle. His mom rocked her hips a few times, stroking the length of his dick with the split of her twat. He could feel the moist heat radiating from her fuck-hole.

"Ohh, shit," the teen groaned, thrusting his hips, digging his hard cylinder of meat against her mature pussy.

Again she plunged down on top of him, her big bobbling boobies smacking against his bare chest. She kissed his lips this time, smooching them with long sensual kisses while squeezing his hands tightly. Their genitals continued to hump and grind. The bed began to squeak as their bodies rocked in a heated dry-fuck.

Missy's brain was a whirlwind of lust. She hadn't felt this horny since early in her marriage with Phil. Phil, her loving husband. She quickly wondered if he were thinking about her right now...missing her. He was probably picturing her having fun playing a slot machine, yet here she was, out on a naughty cruise-ship, practically naked and dry-fucking their own son. "Noooo," she cried out, suddenly jump off of Lucas.

Curious, Jess clicked on her bedside lamp, still laying against her son, her tits bulged out between them. "Missy, are you ok?" she asked.

Missy sat at the edge of the bed with her head in her hands. "This was a bad idea," she said.

Jess glanced at the boys uncomfortably, then back at her friend. "Would you feel better if you and I shared a bed?" she asked.

Missy looked at her and shook her head. "No, the beds are too small for both the boys to sleep comfortably. Maybe you guys should just go back to your cabin. We can all just pretend like we never saw each-other" she said, then looked at Jess, "is that ok?"

"Of course. Can you guys just promise us you won't do anything stupid?" Jess asked the boys.

Both of their sons nodded in agreement.

Missy looked at her son uncomfortably. "And I swear, we won't do anything stupid either," she said.

The boys packed their things back up, gave an awkward goodbye and left. Jess came over and sat next to her bestie. "What happened?" she asked.

"What happened was I was in bed with my son and I was losing control of myself. I'm horrible," Missy said.

Jess squeezed her hand. "You're not horrible. If it's any consolation, Gabe and I weren't exactly keeping our hands off each other either."

Missy sighed in frustration. "They're our boys. What the fuck is wrong with us?"

Jess shrugged her shoulders, making her knockers jiggle. "I don't know, we're overly horny maybe. I mean, we've been surrounded by cute boys all day, in a very sexually-charged environment. Maybe we just need to..."

"To what? Don't say go out and prowl on guys that aren't our sons," Missy said.

"No, not that, but it probably would help if we did what we normally do in these situations and masturbate," Jess said.

Missy nodded. "True, that might help alot actually."

Jess stood up, her huge cannons jutting out. "Well take care of ourselves then. Tomorrow's a new day. Like you said, we'll pretend like we never saw the boys. We'll hang out with Candice. We'll get some sun. We'll behave ourselves...sorta of," she said.

Five minutes later the lights were in back off and the Moms were on their beds masturbating their pussies. Missy's sexy legs were spread wide as she rubbed her clitoris frantically. Try as she may, she couldn't shake the image of her handsome son from her mind.

Jess too was fixated on her boy, her legs thrown back in a wide V as she dug at the own cunt with her fingers. Their tit-mounds rolled on their chests and their bodies shook as they cried out with orgasm after orgasm. After an hour, both women passed out with exhaustion.

The next day the friends had breakfast, then met up with Candice by the pool. "So, do tell...what happened with those two hottie's I saw you guys with last night?" she asked.

Missy and Jess looked at each other speechlessly. "We, um, well nothing happened. We were just being friendly."

"Look, your secret's safe with me," Candice said, "I'm married too and I'll be the first to admit after sucking a guy's dick in the Glory Hole last night, I drug him back to my room for a hard fuck."

Jess rolled her eyes. "Well, at least someone got some action last night," she said.

Candice stared at them with surprise. "Seriously? So you guys really didn't have your way with those sexy studs I saw you hitting on?"

"We weren't really hitting on them," Missy said.

"Well you drug them back to your room awfully quick, so something must have happened." Jess looked at her, clearing hiding something. "Nope," she said.

Candice got a annoyed scowl. "Whatever. I get it, you guys are best friends. You only just met me. I'm the third wheel. Information I get is probably on a 'need to know' basis. I don't..."

"They're our sons," Missy said.

Candice glared back at her in shock, "Come again?" she said.

"Our sons...our eighteen year olds."

"Your sons? As in, your children?" she asked. "Correct," Missy said.

Missy quickly added an explanation. "We didn't know they were on board, trust us, we were just as shocked as you are."

Candice shook her head. "Oh my God, so were you pissed? Did you lock them in your cabin? she said with a giggle.

"We decided it would be best if we all just pretended like we didn't see each other," Missy said.

Jess nodded in agreement. "We're not really suppose to be on this ship either, if you know what I mean?" she said.

"Ohh, right," Candice nodded, "Gotcha. Wow," she muttered.

As the morning went on, more and more women and young men were gathered around the pool. Many were flirting, giggling and dancing to the beat of the music coming from the overhead speakers.

Missy, Jess and Candice were getting hot just watching the way the crowd was acting around each other. Many of the cutest boys were lingering around the three Moms, competing for their attention, while sneaking looks at their thonged asses and the big meaty tits, barely covered by their bikini slings.

"Come on girls, let's dance," Candice said, jumping up from her lounger and joining the grooving crowd.

Missy and Jess brought their drinks and joined a cluster of hot Moms near the pool, dancing to the beat of a modern dance tune.

Nearby, Lucas and Gabe wandered into the pool area. "Dude, look over there," Gabe said, motioning to the group of masked, bikini-clad ladies.

They saw Missy and Jess dancing with the other moms, their enormous jugs bouncing off their chests as they thrusts their sexy torsos to the beat. "Damn, dude, our mom's tits are so big," Lucas said.

"And they look fucking amazing in those bikini tops," Gabe added.

"Woooo!" Candice shouted, holding her drink up as she danced. Her boobs were no where near the size of Missy and Jess's but still a full double-d, bobbling heavily with every thrust of her chest.

Horny boys lingered all around, watching the mostly married moms move their bikini-clad bodies provocatively. More women joined the group and everywhere you looked were swiveling thonged asses and bouncing boobies. "Come on, dude, let's go dance," Gabe said.

"Probably not a good idea. I doubt after last night they even want us near them," Lucas said.

"They didn't say that. They just said to pretend like we don't know them," Gabe said, then rushed toward the crowd.

Being the "shy one" of the two, Lucas decided to hang back and just observe.

As Jess's son danced with a few Moms, it didn't take long for her and Missy to spot him. "Isn't that one of the cute guys we're not suppose to know?" Jess shouted to Missy over the blaring beat.

Missy's eyes drifted across the crown. "Yep, where's his partner in crime," she shouted back.

There were plenty of sexy ladies around, but Lucas's attention was drawn to his Mom's curves. From laying out and dancing in the full sun, Missy's tan body was coated with a sheen of perspiration. He marveled at the fact, that except for a few tiny patches of cloth, she was pretty much naked. Her wide hips rocked, tossing her meaty half-globes back and forth, while thrusting her upper torso, making her massive tit-melons leap up and down.

His eyes drifted up to see her staring back at him, then she quickly looked away.

Gabe squeezed between a few women and arrived in front of his Mom. "Hi, my name's um...

Romeo," he joked, making her bust out laughing.

"Nice moves, Romeo," she said, letting her eyes travel down to his hard crotch. "You too," he said, watching her big mammaries move up and down.

Jess glanced at Missy, then looked back at her son. "My friend needs a dance partner," she shouted over the deafening beat "why don't you call your sidekick over to join us,"

Lucas noticed Gabe waving him over, so he hesitantly worked his way through the sweaty, slippery Moms. Missy smiled at him as he arrived and started dancing with her. "Larry, right?" she joked.

"Yep," he shouted back, then watched her mostly-naked tits bobble around in front of him, brushing his chest. Her motions had caused the fabric to gradually slip off the tip of one boob, making her engorged nipple and half of her areola pop out. She quickly slipped it back in place, then looked her son in the eyes, fully aware that he had just seen her little nip-slip. "Oops," she said with a wink.

She peered down and noticed the hard bulge beneath his trunks. The four of them were dancing super-close, their bodies brushing together. "You guys get behind us," Missy shouted.

Jess gave Missy a mischievous smile, surprised at her request.

The teens slipped behind the dancing beauties and the Mother's ground their asses against the boys erections. Lucas sighed with delight, so turned on he could nearly faint. He was surrounded by rocking, jiggling female flesh and the one he was up against was the hottest of them all. His cock flexed and throbbed as it dug between Missy's thonged ass-cheeks.

Gabe's heart raced as he looked down at Jess's thick naked buttocks pressing and grinding on his stiff prick. He thrust to the beat, looking down over her shoulder and watching her immense cleavage jiggle as her boobs jumped and wobbled. The Moms all cheered as the song ended, but one tune blended into another.

"Ohh, I love this song," Jess shouted as "Poker Face" from Lady Gaga came on. The mothers rocked their bodies to the intro. The beat started and their torsos set back in motion, their big milkers started bouncing again.

"Wooooo!!" Jess screamed, throwing her arms in the air.

The two besties turned and danced together, their boys still pressed behind them, their jiggling buns squashed up against their crotches. From dancing in the hot sun, everyone in the crowd was dripping

with sweat, their hot buddies squeezed together, rocking and jerking.

Lucas and Gabe peered down over their mom's shoulders and watched the two women's bobbing tit-orbs rub and beat together, their big engorged nipples protruding out through the fabric, begging to be sucked. The musky aroma of aroused pussy wafted into the young men's nostrils. The crowd of women waved their arms in the air and sang a portion of the song together.

"Oh, woah-oh, oh, oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!!" they sang.

Both Missy and Jess gazed back into their boys eyes and sang the next line. "I'll get him hot, show him what I've got."

"Oh, woah-oh, oh, oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh!!" All the Moms sang.

This time when she sang the line, Missy twerked her ass up and down, fucking his erection deep in her ass-crevace. "I'll get him hot, show him what I've got."

The boys smiled across at each other, their boners throbbing like crazy from all the heated friction of their mother's meaty behinds. "Yeeeaahh," Jess shouted, "sandwich us," she said to the boys.

Gabe and Lucas pushed forward, squashing the two mothers together. The women screamed and giggled playfully, their arms high in the air. Pounds of tit-meat bulged out from between them and the boys used their mutual strength to lift the Mommies from the deck so that their sexy little bare feet dangled.

Jess glanced at her son. "Lifting us with those dicks, boys?" she shouted, squeezing her ass-cheeks around Gabe's wedged meat.

Missy looked down at the son and mouthed the words to the song. "P-p-p-poker face, f-f-fuck her face."

Lucas's cock flexed in reaction, digging against her asshole. She fed him a naughty smile. "You're suppose to be behaving yourself," she said.

"I know," Lucas said disappointedly, easing her back down. His mom swung around and danced chest to chest with him. He couldn't believe how absolutely gorgeous she was. Her full ruby lips mouthed the words to the song as she combed her her wet stringy brown hair back with her long nails.

She gazed at him, her beautiful eyes glazed over with lust as she sang the next part of the song to him. "Russian roulette is not the same without a gun...And baby, when it's love, if it's not rough, it isn't fun."

Just the though of rough sex with his Mom made Lucas a little light headed.

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed down. Lucas lowered to his knees and gazed up at the most amazing site he'd ever seen. Missy's huge tit-melons leaped up and down her chest, the fatty outer-layer of her flesh jiggling like crazy as they swung back down and struck her torso over and over again.

Lucas instinctively reached down and squeezed his knob through his trunks as he enjoyed the tit-show. He could see his Mom's smoldering eyes peering down at him over the swell of her dancing titties.

He finally got back to his feet and as they continued dancing, another blonde Mom squeezed behind Lucas. She was topless and rubbed her big sweaty tits on his back. The pretty blonde rose up on her tip-toes and brought her lips to his ear. "Mmm, I want your cock," she said lustfully.

Missy didn't see hear what the woman said, but noticed her hand creep down into her son's trunks. The blonde bimbo slowly pulled

her son through the crowd, like a hungry Lion that had just captured it's prey and was dragging it off to feast.

Lucas's Mother stopped dancing as a switch clicked in her brain. Suddenly, no other care on earth existed except the need for her son. If someone was gonna have him, it sure as hell wasn't gonna be some slut he didn't know. Missy squeezed through the crowd, following after them.

"You're gonna fuck the shit outta me," the blonde mom said, tugging him across the deck.

As the blonde mother pulled him towards the stairway, Lucas's mother caught up with them and snatched him away from her. She gave the woman an evil, possessive glare. "Back off!" she snapped.

"He's mine, you fucking cunt," she shouted back, trying to grab the teen. "Go fuck yourself!" Missy said, leading her son away.

"Jesus, Mom," Lucas said with a giggle. He had never seen his mother so nasty.

Missy led him up the stairs and into the corridor leading to her a Jess's cabin. She had a look of determination and she was a woman on a mission.

"Mom, hey...are you ok?" Lucas asked as she pulled him along, her sexy bare feet tapping on the floor.

"No!" she answered abruptly.

"What are you doing? Where are we going?"

"You know where," she answered, rushing them down the hallway. "To your cabin?"

Missy didn't answer. Seconds later, they stopped outside her and Jess's room. Lucas looked at her questioningly. "So what are we...

He was cut off suddenly as she lunged against him, fusing her lips around his. Her long pink tongue darted into his mouth and lashed around passionately. Lucas greeted her licker with his own and their tongues danced with desperate intensity.

After what seemed like forever, they broke their kiss and she gazed with sexual fire in her eyes. "What happens at Sea, stays at Sea, got it?"

He nodded excitedly. "Got it," he muttered.

The door popped open and she back him to her bed, planting kisses the whole way. They tore their silly masks off and fell back onto the bed and Missy tugged her son's trunks down his legs, kissing him the whole time. She humped her cunt up against his rigid cock. "Get my bottoms off," she said desperately, between wet smooches.

Lucas's heart raced as he pulled her bikini bottoms over her hips and down her silky legs. She grabbed his arm and pulled him between her parted thighs, lifting her knees to give him an amazing spread to settle in. He bucked a few times awkwardly, his cock sliding along her soaking-wet labium, seeking entrance to her body.

Missy reached down, clutched his throbbing erection and greedily squeezed it into her horny fuck-hole. "Ohhhyess, fuuuck!" the mother cried out as she felt her son's hard penis sink into a place, up until now, reserved only for her husband.

Also until now, there was a portion of her vagina that remained untouched by a man's cock. Her eyes lit up as she felt his prick stretch the virgin tissue. "Ohhh my God," she gasped, throwing her legs around him, high on his back.

Lucas groaned with delight as he sheathed his cock right to the balls in his mother's snug slippery cunt. Missy could feel his meat throbbing against every inch of her cunt-tunnel. Her body shivered with the thrill of having her twat crammed with her own handsome son's hot hard cock-meat. She humped her sweaty ass off the mattress lustfully. "Fuck my pussyyy," she cried.

The horny teenager let his instincts take over, bucking his ass and spearing his hardon through her juice-slickened fuck-hole. "Ahhhhhh, shit," he whimpered, feeling her cunt-muscles tighten around him.

Missy panted as she clung to him and jerked her hips to his rhythm, meeting him thrust for thrust. She snarled lustfully as she felt his fat knob press against her cervix on every downward plunge. "Ohh my God, I can't believe how big you are," she whimpered, savoring the feel of a nine-inch cock inside her. "I need you to spend every second of what's left of this cruise fucking me," she whimpered.

"Gladly," Lucas said, driving his hips and running his hands along the outsides of her smooth strong thighs.

His veiny cock slipped through her love-canal, the ridges of her inner lining squeezing along his glans, soaking his cock with her hot juicy fuck-oil. "Ohh shit that feels so good," he sighed.

"Fuck me harder, baby. Make me gush on you," Missy said.

Lucas and his mom bumped bellies as he laid pipe deep inside her vagina. Excited by his mother's squeals of passion, the wildly humping teen drove his throbbing boner deeper and harder, while she squeezed her cunt around his meat, showing her experience.

"Yesss, like that. Oh my God, babyyy," she cried.

On and on they humped, their sweaty naked bodies pounding wantonly together. With her curvy body clutching him, Lucas could

feel a climax building deep in his balls. He knew his mother about melted when he licked her neck the last time, so he tried it again to spark her orgasm.

"Ohhhfuuuck," the hot mother gasped, feeling her teen's body flat against hers, his tongue lashing at her neck.

Lucas loved the feel of her spongy boobs sloshing between them. He couldn't wait to latch his lips around those huge swollen nipples.. He felt her body start to tense up. "Ahhhhh," she cried in a cute little tone. Her pretty face masked with pleasure, showing the approach of a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Ohhh yeah," her boy sighed, feeling her cunt-tube shrink up around his juice-slickened cock-meat. Despite the added resistance, he continue to completely sheath his boner with every thrust.

"Ohhh fuuck yesss!!" she shrieked, as wave after wave of unbelievable ecstasy shot through her curvy body. "Hold me, baby...oh God, hold me, I'm cummiiiinng," she cried out.

Lucas squeezed her lush trembling body, their hot sun-tanned flesh writhing together. Her climax had triggered his own cum and a hot stream of spunk gushed up into her pussy, With his virile young body cradled between his mother's hot thighs, he pumped her fuck hole with everything he had, feeling her hot juices squirt around his tender prick, mixing with his own milky jizz.

The bedsprings whined as they rocked the mattress with their wildly humping bodies. Missy's strong naked legs squeezed and jerked, as if trying to pull Lucas's entire body back inside her womb. They panted and bucked for several minute as the juicy orgasms surged through them..

"Oh, Lucas," Missy whispered a few minutes later, as they untangled their hot, damp bodies. "That was unbelievable," she said.

"It sure was," he said, catching his breath. "Did you mean what you said about doing it every second of what's left of the cruise?"

Missy giggled, stoking his cheek tenderly. "Well if I did, it's already been more than a second. We're running late," she joked.

"Will you ride me this time?" he asked.

She fed him a warm motherly smile. "I'd love too," she said.

Lucas dropped on to his back and watched Missy climb to her knees and unfasten her bikini top. Her big milk-jugs bobbled heavily as she placed her knees astride his hips, then clutched his boner, slipping it back inside her shaved cunt.

"Ohhh," they sighed in unison, feeling the hard fleshy column squeeze along her inner lining.

Missy started to pump her ass up and down, screwing her son's cock into the depths of her cunt. Lucas was in awe as he looked down and watched his thick juice-slickened boner spear through the hairless lips of her vulva. Missy's fat marble-sized clitoris protruded out of it's fleshy hood, completely engorged by her arousal.

Their heated crotches beat together as she began to ride her son's dick with gusto. Lucas's eyes were wide with lust as he watched her big naked mommy-udders swing up and back, matching the motion of her driving hips.

Whimpers of delight were gasping between the mother's lips as she fucked her ravenous cunt on her boy's unyielding hardness. His long, thick meat rubbed exquisitely against the rippling ridges of her middle-aged pussy. "Oohh fuck yesss," she hissed, her oversized tits swinging above her son's handsome face.

She stopped bouncing and started swiveling, plowing her love-pit with her son's strong dick. Lucas's heart pounded with a wicked

thrill, his eyes traveling from her teetering tits, down her sexy tummy to the smooth, upside-down triangle of her shaved crotch. He could see the fleshy layers of labial meat splayed out around the root of his thick hard muscle.

He smiled and flexed his dick, making the veins and tendons at the base of his boner jut out obscenely. He heard his mother gasp as she felt his cock swell, stretching the secreting walls of her inner sanctum.

"Ohhh, baby," she cried, bobbing her ass again and dropping her upper half down onto her son at the same time.

"Yesss," Lucas hissed in delight as her giant boobs collided with his chest, sloshing around like two huge over-filled water-balloons. He rubbed his face up into her gaping cleavage, savoring the feel of all that squishy melon-meat against both sides of his face.

"Suck my titties," Missy whispered. The wet, slurping sound of her her swollen twat lips sucking up and down over her son's hardon filled the room, along with the tranquil sounds of waves crashing along the side of the ship.

Lucas sucked as much tit as he could get into his mouth, his tongue lashing on her thick, swollen papilla. He pressed forward against her boob and his face sunk into the squishy flesh of her melon, masking it in tit-meat.

He knew he was doing what every other guy on board wanted to do, suck those big heavenly tits while having his cock smothered in her hot juicy pussy. For a young horny guy like Lucas, it didn't get any better than this.

The feel of her son's mouth clamped around her boob while she plunged her cunt on his cock made the Mother's body rise towards another climax. "Ahhhh," she whimpered.

"Ahhhhhh!...Uuuunnhhgg!!" she cried out, her body trembling atop her teen.

As their sweaty, slippery bodies ground passionately together, Lucas bucked his hips on the mattress, fucking his throbbing boner up into her pussy at an ever-increasing tempo. "Mmnnff," the boy gasped, the thick caps of pink areola and nipple-flesh, popping from his mouth and resting, wet and distended against his lips. "Ohhh shit," he sighed with pleasure, feeling his mom tremble, soaking the tender meat of his erection with pulses of hot girl-cum.

Missy let out one last grunting cry, grasping her boy's cock in a muscled grip, while expelling another squirt of juice from the duct of her urethra. "Ohhhh, man," Lucas moaned, feeling his Mom's hot liquid love swirl around his humping man-meat and gush down over his nuts. "That is sooo good."

They kissed passionately and she licked at his neck. Lucas looked over her shoulder, down her smooth back and watched the big half-globes of her mommy-buttock rise and fall, pushing her pink-ribbed pussy-tube up and down over the fleshy spire of her son's dick.

Lucas's knob tingled. He was getting ready to fill his Mom's cunt with his baby-makers. Missy sensed this too and gazed in his eyes. "Fuck me doggy style," she said, then climbed off of him.

He got to his knees and she pointed her meaty behind back at him. She was on her hands and knees and ready for more fucking.

Lucas mounted her from behind, squeezing his cock back inside her cunt. "Ohh yess, push it in deep," Missy gasped lustfully, throwing her ass back to facilitate deeper penetration.

The boy squeezed his Mom's sweaty ass, as it beat back against his crotch. He flexed his erection and set his hips in motion, wanting nothing more than to make her howl again and again.

It didn't take long to get his wish. "Haaaardeer!" Missy cried out, propelling her ass back against his dick over and over. The lewd sound of sweat-soaked ass-flesh smacking against Lucas's midsection filled the room.

"Ohh shit," the boy sighed, watching his own mom's meaty rump slap against him, the fatty top-layer of flesh rippling with every strike. His plump barbed knob sliced through the juicy muscled grip of her cunt, lubricated by his own pre-cum and the secretions of Missy's vaginal glands. On every thrust, the cock-muscle slipped along the upper wall of her vagina. Her slightly swollen G-spot tingled exquisitely from the friction of his meat digging against the patch of rough-textured cunt-lining.

"Uuuunnhhgg!" Missy's cute voice cried out, as a powerful cum rocked her big-titted body.

Unexpectedly, her thoughts turned to her husband. She imagined how he would react seeing their son fucking her from behind, their sweaty bodies panting in pleasure. How his heart would break in half, seeing his beautiful wife of twenty year throwing her ass back like a bitch in heat. Watching their son fuck the hell out of one person her husband Phil loved and adored the most in this world.

She didn't expect that those thoughts would make her cream even harder. "Ohhhyesss!!" Missy cried out lustfully, a wicked thrill shooting her body, causing her to orgasm yet again..

"Ohh, shit, I'm cumming, Mom," Lucas announced and the hot jizz began pulsing out of his cock-tip, hosing the inside of her vagina..

His young body trembled with pleasure as she tightened her muscles around him, drawing out more and more cum. Finally, they collapsed in a sweaty heap, cuddling and kissing for a long while.

After showering and getting dressed up, Missy and her son met back up with Jess and Gabe. "Well, don't you two look freshly fucked,"

Jess teased.

Missy slapped her on the arm. "Stop,' she said playfully.

"Well you've been gone for three hours. And I was there the day after you lost your virginity in High School, remember. You had that same giddy look then that you do now," Jess said..

Missy just returned a guilty smile. "We're going to dinner," she said. "Well, thanks for the invite," Jess said.

"Mom, we just ate a little while ago," Gabe said.

"I know, I'm just giving her shit. You two go have a quiet romantic dinner," Jess said, "now that the room's free, I think I'll take Romeo here back with me as and we'll talk about the first thing that comes up," she said, glancing down at his bulge.

"Gee, I wonder what that'll be?" Gabe said, sharing a smile with Lucas.

Missy and Lucas had a candlelight dinner, with lots of hand holding and lustful gazes. The conversation focused a lot on the earlier sex they'd had. "What position did you like the best?"

Missy asked, her face beaming with interest.

"Wow, I don't know, they were all really awesome," Lucas said. "When you were on top though...damn," he muttered, making her giggle.

"Speaking of me on top, there's a position I wanna try later, it's called the octopus. I basically sit on your lap facing you, recline back and throw my legs over your shoulders. I've always wanted to do.it, but your father, well, let's just say he's not really the most experimental person when it comes to sex," Missy explained.

"Damn, dad's crazy. If I were him, I'd wanna try every position there was with you," Lucas said. Missy smiled anxiously. "And there's so many," she said. "To bad **WE'RE** not married." "I know, right."

She gazed at him adoringly and smiled. "We would fuck our asses off, wouldn't we?" she asked.. "Heck yeah, you wouldn't hear me complain any," her son said..

Missy giggled, cozying up next to him, reaching down and feeling his cock through his pants. She gazed with her beautiful eyes. "I would constantly rub my tits on you. Let you feel my hard nipples dragging on your skin," she said.

"Oh man, I'd love that," Lucas muttered.

"Can you picture us in that big marital bed together every night. My legs thrown way back while you pound the shit out of me," she asked, her eyes big with wonder.

"Damn could I," the boy muttered, feeling her squeeze his knob.

"Your father turns me down some nights. Can you believe that shit?" Missy asked. "What, is he crazy," Lucas said.

"I know right," she said, then thrust her chest out, "can you imagine saying 'not tonight' to this?" quothe asked. "Can you imagine not wanting to feel my pussy sheathed on your cock...squeezing you," Missy said, her fingers kneading his boner, "humping you...squirting my juices all over you."

"He's nuts," Lucas said, squirming with excitement.

"Isn't he? I bet you wouldn't turn down a hot fuck with me, would you, baby?"she said, her beautiful eyes blazing with lust.

"No way. Never."

Missy gripped his hard meat in her hand, feeling it throb with his excited heart-beat. "You're so young and hard and constantly horny, just like your mother," she giggled.

A female voice suddenly came on over the intercom. "Hellooo, passengers! Everyone having a good time?"

The dining hall erupted in a cheer.

Back at the cabin, Jess's nipple popped from Gabe's mouth. "I'm having a good time,," he said, making his Mom giggle. She was on top of him, riding his cock, their persperationed-sheened bodies clinging together. The bed was squeaking loudly from their mutual fuck-thrusts. The obscene sound of wetly slapping flesh filled the room as the teen pounded his hard slippery prick up into his mother's hot cunt.

"Come on, you horny little fuck," Jess panted, "show me what a fucking man you are." She used her strong hips to spear Gabe's boner up and down her juice-slickened vagina.

The female voice continued. "On the final night at sea it's been a longstanding tradition on our ship to get as many people naked as possible. So shed those clothes, motherfuckers! Woooo!" she shouted excitedly..

Missy giggled and cheered with other Moms in the dining hall. "You heard her. Get naked shy boy," she said to her son, standing up and shedding her dress. Her bra and panties came off next, leaving her completely bare.

When Lucas stood up, she helped him shed his outfit. It wasn't long before everybody in the dining hall was bare-ass naked. Lucas had never seen so many sexy moms naked in one place. Of course, his cock stood at attention and Missy ran her long nails over it teasingly. "I want this for dessert and I know just the place to slide it between my lips."

Five minutes later, she was leading her son into the Glory Hole, her big naked mommy-tits bobbling on her chest as she gave him a quick kiss and sent him through the doorway leading to the other side of the wall. There were other naked mothers kneeling down, their pretty head bobbing up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

Missy saw her son's boner poke through one of the holes, sticking way out, hard and throbbing. She licked her lips, staring at it with lust. "Yum," she muttered out-loud.

Lucas sighed as he felt his Mom's hot mouth slip over his boner. Missy plunged downward, slurping the first several inches of her son's mammoth fucker between her wet, stretched lips. After a few good sucks, she popped his prick from her mouth and looped her long licker around his shiny knob.

"Ohhh shit," Lucas said, feeling his Mom's strong wet tongue wiggle and roll all over his tender dick.

Like the Moms on either side of her, Missy began to bob her head, screwing her boy's hardon with her skilled mouth and tongue. Her own slurping, gurgling sounds mixed with those of the women around her as she sucked feverishly on the teen's big throbbing pisser.

Lucas's boner flexed and pulsing on the roof of her mouth, oozing out some bubbly pre-cum. "Mmmm," Missy hummed, swirling her thick tongue around the crown of his engorged knob.

The cock-sucking mother opened her mouth as wide as she could, again plunging her face into his crotch, this time sinking even more of his prick between her lips. "Gnggnnff," she gagged, her rounded lips lowering further and further as she crammed his meat down her throat.

She came up gasping, but immediately plunged her mouth right back over his prick, this time lowering her lips all the way to the ring

of the hole and held it there. She heard her son groan from the other side and felt his hard penis throb and twitch in her throat. "Gnnggnnfff," the mother gagged, then went back to sucking.

Each time her mouth traveled up his rod, she swirled her tongue insatiably around his cock head, teasing his glans and meatus. She clutched her fist around the root of his cock, then started beating his meat into her mouth, hard and fast, her fist a blur as it whipped up and down his prick.

"Ohhh, shit," Lucas cried out as his boner started to spew, blasting thick cock cream into his Mom's sucking mouth. Eagerly, Missy clung to the jizzing peter, jacking and sucking cock as hard as she could, determined to milk down every drop of her son's load.

Missy marveled at how much thick yummy cum poured down her throat. She let her tongue play in his spunk as it pulsed from his piss-slit, then she gulped it down into her tummy.

Meanwhile, back at the cabin, Gabe was about to blast his own load inside Jess. The horny mother's tan legs were thrown back and his young toned ass was thrusting desperately between her warm cradling thighs. "Ohhh fuck yess!" the teen groaned, feeling balls tingle as they beat on her ass.

"Come on, gimme that fucking load,"Jess cried out, grasping his spearing boner in the juicy grip of her experienced pussy. "Hhhaahh, fuck," Gabe shouted as big ropes of hot cum pulsed from his peter-tip, hosing the inside of Jess's vagina with cock-cream.

After fucking out every drop of spunk, he collapsed against her huge sweaty tits. "Ohh damn, that was good," he sighed.

Jess giggled and ran her fingers through his hair. "Of all the girls you could nail on this ship, you end up fucking your own mother. How crazy us that," she joked.

"Well, what's that saying?" he said, "mother ho's best?"

She slapped him playfully. "I'm not a ho," she said, "and the saying is mother **KNOWS** best, ya goof."

Gabe giggled. "I know," he said.

Lucas gave his Mom a piggy-back ride along the bow of the ship. He loved the feel of her smooth strong thighs and big naked titties bouncing against his back. Missy giggled playfully, "We're almost there, baby" she said.

She slipped off of him, grabbed his hand and pulled him to the furthest point of the bow. The naked mother climbed up onto the railing, like Rose in the famous scene in the movie "Titanic." Lucas climbed up behind her, holding her just like Jack had as they stared out at the open sea. They extended their arms out like wings, squeezing each other's hands. "We're flying," Missy shouted, thrusting her huge meaty boobs out, making them the most forward part of the ship.

The breeze swept through her hair. The gorgeous mother looked like one of those classic nautical figureheads that many ships had. She turned her head towards her boy and they kissed passionately. When their smooch finally broke, Lucas looked back out at sea and shouted as loud as he could, "I'm the king of the world!!"

Missy giggled and slipped back down onto the deck with him. She threw her arms around his neck, embracing him. "And I'm your Queen," she said in a sexy tone.

They kissed some more, Missy's big jugs squashing against his bare chest. Their lips smacked together and their tongues danced with needful passion.

Jess and Gabe arrived, hand in hand, both completely naked, like pretty much everyone else wandering the ship at this point. "Please

tell me you guys didn't just do the while "Titanic" thing?" Jess said.

Missy smiled gleefully, "we did," she said. "Vomit," Jess said, making them all laugh.

Gabe looked over at the empty jacuzzi. "Let's get in the hot-tub," he said, pulling his Mom over.

Missy and Lucas followed. "I like that idea," Missy said, "it is getting kinda chilly and we don't want these hot dicks shriveling up."

Jess laughed. "Right, they're not much good to us then," she joked..

The four of them got into the jacuzzi and the mothers straddled their teens. They made-out lustfully, like two young couples on a hot double date. "Mmm, those dicks are far from shriveled up now," Jess said, grinding her naked twat against the underside of Gabe's boner.

"Well it's a good thing," Missy said between kisses. "We Moms love a hard dick."

Lucas was right when he said he was "king of the world." He had his sexy, big titted mother on top of him, spinning her long tongue through his mouth.

"I'm sure the boys loving having hard dicks too," Jess said, her lips smacking wetly against her son's, "so they can fuck our pussies nice n deep."

Missy squashed her labial lips against Lucas's thick cock-muscle. "Is that true, boys?" she asked, "do you enjoy pounding our cunts and squirting your hot loads deep inside us?"

She felt her son's cock flex in reaction to her hot words. "I know I do," Lucas said, his eyes wide with lust.

"Do you like to see our sexy legs tossed back, spread wide open for you?"Jess asked them, gazing into Gabe's eyes, gently grinding on his stiff prick..

"Fuck yeah," he muttered.

Missy shook her chest, making her big cannons wobble just under her son's chin. "Feel our big soft tits bounce around on you, while you hold us and show us what strong studs you are," she said in a sexy tone.

Jess's lips were mashed against her son's as she spoke. "Fucking us," she said lustfully..

"Pounding our pussies," Missy said while planting series of wet kisses, "making your sexy Mommies scream while they cling to you."

There was a pause in the dialog as both horny mothers french-kissed their boys and humped their cunts against their strong dicks. Missy broke her kiss and went for Lucas's neck, kissing and licking at his most sensitive spots. The teen's face filled with pleasure, "ohhh, yeah," he sighed.

He felt his cock-tip pop into her heated fuck-socket and sink into her juicy vagina. Missy threw her head back. "Ahhhhyesss," she sighed, feeling his sturdy spear rise up her cunt-tube.

Jess trapped the knob of Gabe dick against her swollen clitoris, squeezing them together. She could feel the two blood-engorged nubs pulsing and throbbing as if they were joined as one piece of flesh, the heated water making them tingle even more.

Jess gasped lustfully, then reached down under the water and stuffed her son's cock into her cunt-tunnel. "Fuck usss!" she cried out.

The two pretty moms swiveled their experienced hips, plowing the boys dicks deep in their smoldering holes. Missy marveled at how thick and strong her son's cock was. Her husband Phil had an average cock, with erections that were often sub-par. Lucas's young dick, however, was so incredibly different. His cylinder of meat stayed rock-hard and packed every single inch of her pussy-pouch, stretching the inner lining. This made for an intense sexual experience, that she wasn't quite used to.

"Uh, Mom," Gabe muttered, pointing up at a sign near their heads. "We better get out if we're gonna fuck."

Jess looked up at that read "**NO SEX ALLOWED IN JACUZZIS**." She giggled, "Right. They catch us fucking in here, they might throw us overboard," she said.

Missy smiled as she led her boy out of the water."Or maroon us on some tropical island, that could be fun," she said.

The two Moms playfully pulled their teens around to a private side of a divider-wall, their cute little bare feet tapping on the deck. "Pick us up and fuck us," she said to the boys, wrapping her arms around her son's neck and feeding him a horny gaze.

Missy and Jess sprung from floor and tossed their sexy legs around their teens, interlocking their ankles behind them. The boys grasped their Mom's thighs, and slipped their erect dicks back inside them. "Yesss, fuuuck!" Jess cried out lustfully, humping her horny pussy on Gabe's cock.

"Ohh baby, your dick feels so good," Missy sighed, tightening her arms around her boy, mashing her big wet knockers against his bare chest. "Fuck me hard," she hissed.

Lucas and Gabe pinned their Moms against the divider-wall and started thrusting their cocks through their slippery cunts. The two

besties clung to their boys, tightening their parted thighs. The flesh of their naked bodies trembled from the power of the fuck-thrusts.

"Ohhh Goddamn," Gabe sighed, fucking steadily. Holding his own Mom this way was a powerful rush and he wanted to make her cum so fucking hard that her eyes rolled back.

They kissed and fucked and kissed and fucked even harder, their bodies beating together as the boys held them up in the standing fuck position. "Ohhh! Ohhmy...Ohhshit, I'm gonna fucking cuuum!" Jess cried out.

"Meee toooo!" Missy shrieked, bucking her hips, meeting her boys thrusts and screwing her cunt to his balls on every downward plunge.

"Uuuunnhhgg!!" Both beautiful Mommies screamed out, within seconds of each other, their lush bodies trembling from the force of their orgasms. The boys continued fucking with everything they had, pounding their dicks through the juicing grip of hot quivering vagina.

"Ahhh, fuck!" Gabe groaned, as his knob tingled and began spitting big ropes of spunk.

"Hhhnnff!" Lucas snarled, his big cock thundering through Missy's clasping cunt-tube. The hot mother trembled and groaned as her pussy turned to cream. The muscles in her legs flexed around her son's wildly-driving hips, her boobs sloshing as she clung to his strong lean frame like a helpless fuck-doll. "Aaaaauuuggghhh!!" she screamed, making more hot girl-cum pulse around his spearing cock and drip off his swinging balls.

Lucas's knob tingled exquisitely. "Ohhh shit," he whimpered loudly. Huge rockets of gooey baby-batter pulsed from his peter-tip, mixing with his Mom's secretions and coating her cunt-tube with teenage jizz.

The two teens whimpered into their lovely mom's necks, their ass-cheeks flexing and their hips jerking. The skilled birth-canals of both Moms were squeezing and sucking on the tender dicks, milking out more and more cum. "Yesss, baby, pour it all out," Missy said, cradling her son's head in her hands..

Lucas thrust in as far as he could go, crushing his big purple knob again the mouth of her cervix. His nuts clenched and his whole body shivered as another big gob of cum oozed from his meatus. "Aahhhh!," his shaky voice cried out.

The muscled walls of Missy's vagina clasped his meat-stick, holding it in a hot embrace. He backed his prick out just a tad and the empty portion of her tube collapsed in on itself, shrouding her inner sanctum. Lucas thrust his hips forward again, stretching the pink ribbed walls of her inner lining and touching the doorway to her womb once again. "Uuunnggh," he grunted, as a little more spunk bubbled from his piss-slit.

"Damn, boys, you keep fucking us like that and we'll have to divorce your fathers," she said, making Missy giggle.

"Or at least make sure they're out of the house a lot," Missy said, combing her nails through her son's hair.

Lucas and Gabe smiled at each other. "So you guys are gonna let us fuck you at home too?" Gabe asked.

Missy and Jess looked over each other, then Missy answered. "I guess when we get home, we may have to revise the whole 'what happens at Sea stays at Sea' thing," she said.

Jess chimed in. "Yeah, change it to something more general like 'what happens **BETWEEN US**, stays **BETWEEN US**," she said.

Gabe smiled. "I can abide by that," he said.

"Me too," Lucas said, gazing into his Mom's beautiful eyes.

It was getting late and Missy and Jess led their sons arm in arm back towards their cabin. Along the way, they spotted Candice, holding on to the railing and getting pounded from behind by a handsome teen. He had a friend standing next to him, stroking his own boner while waiting his turn.

Jess giggled. "Looks like Candice is having a good time," she said to Missy.

When they got back to the room, each boy showered with his Mom. They made out under the hot spray, soaping and caressing each-others bodies. Lucas's heart raced excitedly as he slipped his hand all over Missy's enormous jugs, while she gently stroked his erection with slippery suds.

"Let's rinse off. I need you back inside me," Missy whispered, her lips rubbing against his tenderly.

The big cruise ship crashed through the water as it slowly made its way back towards land. The sea around it illuminated beautifully in the moonlight.

That same moonlight showered Missy and Jess's cabin in a magical glow. Both mommies had their silky, curvy legs propped way back in the air, their sexy little bare feet pointing back and shuttering, as if moving to the beat of the lewd smacking sounds that filled the room..

Their teens were on top of them, driving their dicks through their Mom's cunts with hard forcefully thrusts, their ball-sacks beating against their upturned asses. "Ohhh fuck," Gabe groaned, feeling Jess's juice-slicked inner lining hug his spearing erection.

"Yess, fuck meee," his mother cried out, gripping his ass with her long nails.

Lucas's pulled on Missy's nipple with his latched lips, stretching the flesh of her big jiggling titty way out. His hips working tirelessly, jerking between Missy's silky thighs, propelling his boner through her juicy pussy from balls to knob on every thrust.

"Ohhhyess!" his mommy cried out, circling her arms and pulling him back down against her tit-mounds. Lucas rubbed his face between them, licking up through her gaping cleavage like an panting dog.

He gazed up at the glossy backs of his Mom's scissored legs and her sexy little feet as they pointed back towards the headboard. "Damn you're sexy Mom," he muttered, resting on his elbow as he kept fucking her.

"You like fucking this girl?" she asked breathlessly.

"Ohh hell yeah," he panted.

"Are you ready to fuck me in my dream position?" she asked. "The octopus?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she smiled anxiously.

"Let's do it," he said, his wet cock slipping from her twat as he got to his knees. He sat on his ass and leaned backwards slightly, using his hands placed behind his back to support himself.

Lucas heard Gabe's mom cry out and looked over to see him pounding her cunt hard and fast, her sexy tan legs propped up on his shoulders.

Missy stood over her son, feet to either side of his waist and slowly lowered herself, squatting onto his cock. Once he was inside her, she sat on his lap and slowly started to lean backwards. Like her son, she placed her hands behind her back on the mattress for support. Once she was leaning back, Missy lifted your right leg and rested it

on her son's left shoulder. Then she lifted her left leg and rested it on his right shoulder.

She gazed at him lovingly. "Yess, this is it...fuck mee," she gasped excitedly.

They drove their hips together, spearing his cock through her pussy-folds and deep inside her. Lucas marveled at the view. Her sexy legs flexed, her little bare feet hugging his neck, pulling at him. Her huge jutting milkers rolled around on her chest like big fleshy waves.

"Ohh my God, I love it!" Missy shouted with pure lust in her voice. "Me too," her boy smiled.

After a few minutes of fucking this way, Missy lowered her legs around her son's waist and slid onto his lap, wrapping him in her arms and grinding, chest to chest.

She gazed down at him with a smile. Without the mask, it truly was more of a thrill for the teen. This was his own mother. The one who'd given birth to him and nurtured him growing up. Now she was letting him see her in a whole new way. She was letting stick his manhood inside her and be his partner in the most intimate of all acts. She was letting him shoot millions of little baby-seeds inside her, each one seeking out her prized pearl. "Thank you, by the way," she whispered, responding to his compliment.

"For what?" he asked.

"For saying I'm sexy," she said, squeezing his hard thick prick with the grip of her cunt.

Her eyes welled-up as she stared up at him, feeling his unyielding cock plugging away at her pussy perfectly. She stroked his cheek tenderly, thinking back on the words of the Fortune Teller. "You are the Yin to my Yang," she whispered.

THE END

Mother's New King

By Klrxo

Of all the kings that ruled the land, King Roland was the most respected. For nearly a quarter of a century the kingdom flourished under his rein. Of all the battles he'd won, of all the kingdoms he'd saved from evil rulers, there was one thing that he'd considered his greatest accomplishment. That was winning the heart of Arabella.

Arabella was widely considered the most beautiful woman in all the kingdom and beyond. When rumors of her feminine perfection had reached young Roland, the future King traveled far to seek her hand.

Tales were spread on how she attained such loveliness. Some believed that a wizard named Agamenticus had cast a spell. This spell endowed her with beauty unlike that which had ever walked the kingdom. As she grew, so did the rumors, that not only was Arabella gifted with the body of a Goddess, but that she had also attained great sexual abilities.

Roland brought her to Stoneshield Castle, which stood as a towering monument to his forefathers. The mighty castle was erected in the heart of Stoneshield Hallow. The day of Roland and Arabella's wedding was like no other. It was a true royal celebration, that all the kingdom attended. Every male in the land was sick with envy. Arabella beauty was unmatched and it was widely known that a mere look from the new Queen would take a man's breath away.

Roland and Arabella's union would produce two sons. Prince Peter, the oldest, was much like his father, brave and self-assured, but where his father was humble, Peter was cocky and often cruel. Prince Leo was the youngest. He was the people's Prince. Most of his days were spent outside the walls of the castle, mingling with common-folk. Unlike his older brother, his friends were not within the royal circle, but rather the sons and daughters of village farmers and merchants.

Leo was very popular with women of the village. The lean, dark-haired 18 year old had fucked nearly a dozen girls his age, all had big tits and sweet asses. He was especially popular with married women of the village and had fucked quite a few of them, while their husbands were away traveling or working.

On this day, Leo and his friend Gus were in a horse stable with a couple of young mothers bent over in front of them. The young men watched the meaty asses jiggle as they thrust their long erections through the women's cunts from behind.

"Damn, I like the way this one feels. So much tighter than the one yesterday," Gus said, fucking at a steady pace.

"As tight as the blacksmith's wife?" Leo asked.

"Could be close."

Leo slipped from the girl's cunt, his long wet dick bobbing on his loins. A trickle of precum strung from the slit in his plumb-sized knob. "I wanna feel it. Switch spots."

Gus cock flopped from the girl's pussy and Leo stepped up behind her. He clasp his boner and drug it's engorged tip through her smooth labial meat, plowing her fat clitoris. Then, he squeezed his cock inside her creamy hole.

"Fuck me, you're right," he gasped, fucking her with deep steady thrusts.

"I told you," Gus smiled.

They suddenly looked at each other as they heard the rumble of horses. "Shit, I know that sound," the Prince said, sliding his dick back out.

The rumbling was so loud now it nearly shook the ground beneath them. They pulled up their trousers and exited stable. A group of nearly a fifty royal soldiers circled them on horseback. They escorted the royal carriage.

The carriage was a testament to the power and wealth of the King. It was lined in gold and exquisite jewels. As it came to a stop near Leo and Gus, it was immediately surrounded by a dozen guards. One of the envoy opened the carriage door. Two pretty servant girls in their mid- twenties, exquisitely dressed, stepped out first.

Then, all at once, the soldiers, the servants and even Gus, kneeled and bowed their heads. A figure emerged from the carriage in a flowing royal gown. It was Queen Arabella. "There you are. I thought we agreed that youd stay close to the castle today," she said, looking over at her youngest.

Leo watched his mother sashay towards him. "My friend Gus is teaching me archery. He's been quite helpful, mother."

Arabella spotted the two young mothers slip awkwardly from the horse stable, both giving the Queen a shamed look.

"Archery you say," the Queen smiled looking down at the farm boy who knelt not far from her feet. "So you're Gus. I've heard a lot about you."

Gus remained staring at the ground.. "I'm honored, your majesty". The boy shivered nervously as she stepped closer to him. Hed only seen her once, from a great distance, but even so he could tell her beauty was the thing of dreams.

"You may stand," she said.

Gus rose to his feet. He timidly looked upon the Queen. He felt as though he were in the presence of a Goddess. Arabella's features were sharp and striking. Her hair had been meticulously pulled up so that only a few silky ringlets fell across the sides of her face. The swell of her breasts were enormous, the rounded neck of her gown showed off an immense cleavage.

"I invite you to join us in the royal hall for dinner tomorrow. A thank you for your kindness towards the Prince."

"I would consider that a great privilege, maam."

Arabella stepped over to her son. "Mingling with those in the village I will allow. Doing so without protection I will not. Next time, please

bring two guards with you."

"Yes ma'am," Leo said.

"You're father prepares for a long journey and will be leaving soon. You should come bid him farewell."

Leo nodded, then watched his Mother move back to the carriage, the swell of her ass swaying provocatively.

"See you soon, Gus," Leo said, following his Mother back into the carriage. The royal envoy shot off, disappearing back towards the castle.

Inside the carriage, Leo sat across from his Mother. He couldn't help but watch her creamy cleavage quiver with every bump they hit. She was so beautiful he could hardly stand it. Soon, the hard lump in his pants returned and he adjusted himself awkwardly.

The servant girls, Aura and Delfeni sat on either side of the Queen and giggled as they watched him struggle. Arabella saw her son steal another peek at her breasts while he shifted uncomfortably. She too smiled, amused by his obvious arousal.

After arriving back at the castle, the Queen and her son joined the King in the courtyard as he and his guards prepared for their journey. "I'll miss you father," Leo said.

"Not to worry, this journey will be no where near as long as the last."

The rumble of an armored horse approached. A young man only a few years older than Leo stopped the horse, just in front of the King. This was his oldest son Peter. "I've prepared your horse for you father."

"And for that I am thankful, Peter."

Leo looked up at his older brother. "Are you going also? Why do you wear some of father's armor?"

Peter glared at his brother spitefully. "I am not going and I wear it because I am the future king. It is good for the troops to see me dressed as such."

King Roland stepped up to his wife. "You boys are to protect the kingdom while I am away, but most of all, watch over the Queen. Of all I possess, she is most valuable of all," he said, kissing his wife's hand. They embraced tightly.

"Be safe," Arabella whispered.

They watched the King and his envoy hurry away. Peter stepped over next to his Mother. "If you need anything Mother, I'm at your service," he said, clearly trying to impress.

"Thank you, Peter. Your concern and loyalty to the kingdom is admirable," Arabella said, then sashayed away.

Leo looked over at his Brother, who was clearly watching their Mother's ass sway as she left. "My friend is teaching me archery. I'm getting quite good."

Peter glared at him. "Archery is for weak little men who are afraid to yield the sword. It suites you," he said, then walked away.

Prince Leo was in his bed that evening when he heard a gentle tap at his chamber door. He got up and answered to find one of his Mother's servants, Aura standing there. She was holding a stack of clean linen. "For you, Prince Leo."

Leo took them from her. "Thank you."

Aura was a pretty woman, a young Mother herself, almost ten years older than him. She had dark hair and deep olive-colored skin. She

kept standing there as he began to close the door. "Do you lust after her?"

"What do you mean?" Leo asked.

"I see the way you look at the Queen. You undress her with your eyes, as all the men in the kingdom do."

"I...um, no," he clumsily muttered, shaking his head.

The servant giggled. "Your blushing shows your guilt."

"My mother is quite beautiful, but..."

"She is truly the most glorious woman in all the land, but she is more than beauty they say."

"How so?"

"Rumor has it, that she was gifted with extraordinary sexual prowess, by a wizard named Agamenticus.-"

"Oh, well, perhaps they are just rumors," Leo said.

"From what I have seen and heard, I think not."

"You've seen her...with my father?"

The servant girl answered with a smile. "Do you wish to see her naked?"

"Why do you ask me this?"

"I'll be drawing her bath soon. I Know a place. A secret place where you can spy upon her chamber without the worry of being caught."

"A place to watch her bathe?" Leo asked, an excited tingle forming in the pit of his stomach. "Yes, if that is what you wish," Aura said.

A short time later, Leo waited in the shadows. He could see his Mother and Father's chamber door from where he crouched and was about to abandoned the plan, when he saw Aura peek out. She nodded her head, giving him the signal.

The boy hurried down a side corridor, up a stairway, then took another turn, walking along an even narrower, darker section of the castle.

Unfortunately, Leos older brother Peter also knew about the peep-hole. Peter's tongue hung from his mouth lustfully as he peered through a vent-like opening in the stone wall. On the other side, was his Mother's chamber and he had clear view of her as she prepared for a bath.

He noticed a pair of his Mother's undergarments laying on a beam up near the ceiling inside her chamber, where the spy-hole was. "How the hell?" he muttered, wondering how they got up there.

He beat his dick with greater intensity as he saw the robe slip from Arabella's shoulders. Now he had a view of the naked backside of her body, which was in the shape of a perfect hourglass. Her buttocks was thick and meaty, perfect half-globes, crowning a set of luscious, golden-brown legs. Her unblemished skin was silky smooth and seemed to glow in the candlelight. From this angle, he could see the side of one of her huge naked tits sloping down. Peter snarled with lust.

"I would fuck you to the edge of your life, Mother," he said in a hushed voice.

Leo rounded the corner and stopped suddenly as he saw his older brother jerking off. Peter was Startled and he turned to cover himself. "You leach! What are you doing back here?" he shouted, his voice echoing through the walls.

"I was just..."

"Just what? Sneaking around in the night like a rat," Peter said, pulling up her trousers.

"No, I was...I just got turned around," Leo lied.

"You just got horny more like. Come to peek in on Mother. To see something you could never have?" Peter said loudly.

"But..but you were the one who was..."

"The one who was nothing. No one will believe your lies. You're clumsy and foolish. Everyone knows that."

Arabella and the servant girls arrived, obviously alerted by the voices. The Queen held a thin robe closed over the swell of her breasts. "Boys, what's happened?"

Peter was quick to respond. "I caught him peeking in on you, Mother, peering in through that hole there," he lied.

"No, wait, I...I was only..."

"His hand was in his trousers. He was lusting over you, with no respect for your privacy," Peter Said.

Arabella looked at her youngest son questioningly. "Leo?" "Mother, no, I was only..."

"Don't listen to him, Mother. I Know what I saw. There's no telling how long how he's been spying on you like this."

Leo clenched his fists in frustration. "Noo, you.. ugh!" he said in frustration, then sped away.

Peter smirked, shouting after his bother. "That's right, run away. You're a shame to this house. An embarrassment to the Kingdom."

Arabella gave her eldest a scolding look. "Peter, enough," she said, then turned to leave, but the servant girl, Aura stood in her path.

"My Queen," Aura said, "Please have pity on him. I'm afraid this is partly my fault..."

"What ever do you mean?" Arabella asked.

Leo was up on the east tower, looking out over the lights of the village. A soft voice broke the silence behind him. "The moon is beautiful tonight," Arabella said as she joined him on the tower.

"Yes," Leo muttered, glancing over at his Mother. She looked so stunning in the moon light.

"I hope that your father is looking upon it right now also."

"Why?" Leo asked.

"Some say that lovers who look upon such a moon together, even while apart, will be blessed with eternal love and prosperity," she said.

"Mother, about Peter. I have to tell you, he..."

"Peter does not provide the example that an older brother should, I am aware. I can only pray that soon, when you become an older brother yourself, you make a more valiant effort."

"Soon? Mother, are you with child?"

Arabella smiled. "No, but after he returns, your father has agreed to make that his next undertaking."

Leo smiled, secretly jealous of such an undertaking. "I imagine it will be quest father will enjoy making more than any other."

Arabella giggled, knowing of her son's fascination with her. She peeked over at him with a mischievous smile. "I suppose I'll enjoy that quest as well."

After a minute of silent moon-gazing, the Queen spoke.

"My servant, Aura had a confession. She told me that it was her that showed you how to spy upon me while I bathed."

"Oh," Leo muttered. He realized at this point, it didn't matter what he said about Peter. He himself was just as guilty.

"Am I becoming like those townswomen you chase? First youll soy me naked, then youll have me bent over in a horse's stall?"

His face turned a shade of red. His Mother was smarter than he thought. "No, Mother."

For a short moment, she just stood there looking at him. "Walk with me," Anabella said.

Side by side, they moved back into the castle.

"You're not a boy anymore. Boys sneak around to catch glimpses of naked women, men do not."

"I hope that Aura will not be punished. She's a good person, Mother, and she meant no harm."

Arabella and her son walked to the door of his chamber. "She WILL be punished, but not in the way you may think," the Queen said, opening his door.

The Queen's servant Aura stood near Leo's bed, completely naked. Her big plump tits hung heavily from her chest. Arabella watched her son's eyes travel up and down the women's smooth shapely body.

"Before she goes home to her husband and children, she is yours," the Queen said. "No more spying, Leo. Understood?"

Leo gulped, his cock filling with blood. "Yes, Mother," he said.

By the time Leo reached Aura, he was fully erect. The servant girl smiled at him, not seeming the least bit uncomfortable. "I expected to be whipped for my actions, not to be tasked with being the Prince's vessel of pleasure."

"You are even more pretty without your clothing," Leo muttered, marveling at how strong and silky her legs looked.

"I am not the Queen. My looks pale in comparison. I am, however, a married woman, with many years of experience. I have the know-how to provide you with extreme pleasure, Leo." Aura said.

Leo pulled off his trousers. His big erection sprung up and down a few times. The long cylinder of meat had thick bulging veins and a huge angry knob.

Aura's eyes got big as she gazed at it's size. "Goodness, I've never looked upon one so large," she said, her breasts heaving from her excited breath.

"Shall I put it in your cunt now?" Leo asked.

Aura giggled. "So you can split me in two with that monster?"

Leo gazed at her breasts, marveling at how large and suckable they looked.

"Would you like to kiss me first?" Aura asked.

"Yess."

She stepped up to the Prince and planted a tender kiss. One kiss turned into another, then another. Their tongues began to play. Aura

reached down a felt his hardness, letting her fingers explore his thick manhood. Leo shuttered, unable to control himself any longer.

"I'm sorry..." the young Prince said, diving forward and clamping his lips around one of her big tits. At the same time, he hooked her shapely legs, lifted her from the floor and throwing their bodies back onto the bed.

Aura shrieked lustfully as he landed on top of her. Leo pumped his hips, fitting his cock-head securely between the pouting lips of her wet cunt. Then he desperately pushed his rigid hard-on into the clinging sheath of her pussy.

"Ungghh!" Aura bit her lip and winced as she felt her cunt stretching to accommodate the massive thickness of his cock. "Ohhh my Gggoodness," her voice trembled from his fuck-thrusts.

Leo pumped hard, invading her pussy with a few more inches of his cock. Aura shuddered and spread her legs even wider. The Prince gasped as he speared his cock to the hilt inside her.

"Unngghhh!" Aura screamed, echoing through the chamber as she felt her cunt stuffed full. Leo lifted his head. "Do you like that?"

"Yes," Aura mewled.

"Do you want me to go harder?"

"Yes, go on...fuck me as hard as you can!" she gasped.

She lifted her shapely legs as high as she could, completely opening up her cunt for the invasion, of his cock. Leo started humping with practiced skill. Aura gyrated beneath him like a pro, thrusting up her pussy for more cock meat.

"Yesss, that's it! Oh my God!" her sweet voice cried, already feeling an orgasm approach.

Leo pounded her cunt with savage thrusts, his steel-hard cock tearing through her gripping cunt, knocking against her cervix.

"Ohh, yes, yes, yesssss!" Aura screamed clawing his shoulders and whipping her ass up and down like a bitch in heat.

Leo felt her cunt shrink around his erection, soaking it with her orgasmic juices.

Down the hallway, Queen Arabella sat on the edge of her bed listening to the faint howls of her servant-girl. She smiled with pride, knowing that it was her youngest son who was providing the woman with such pleasure.

"Unh, shit...fuck," the Prince whimpered, feeling her fat tits slosh against his chest while he fucked in earnest.

Aura's frenzied whimpers and groans filled the room as Leo's cock slammed relentlessly through her cunt tube . "I love it, Leo. Oh my God...I've never had it this good before," she cried. "Keep going hard, you're amazing!"

Leo slid his hands up her scissoring thighs, clutching the meaty cheeks of her ass. He snarled as he started to pump his aching prick into her pussy as hard as he could, filling her cunt to the hilt on every thrust.

"Gonna cum again!" Aura shivered and grimaced.

Leo's ass was a blur, pounding between her mature thighs. The young mother clenched her pretty toes as a spasm swept through her cock-filled cunt. "I'm cuuummmiiiinnnnnnggggggg!" she screamed.

From her chamber, Arabella heard Aura's shriek. The Queen's big nipples were stiff and her own clitoris was engorged. She slipped from her bed and rushed to the door, her breasts bobbling heavily

beneath her nightgown. Her breathing was rapid as she put her ear to the door, listening to her girl-servant scream in pleasure.

Aura squealed and humped up her ass off the mattress like a woman with experience, pounding her pussy furiously onto the Prince's prick.

"Oh shit, yesss," he moaned. "I'm cumming too!"

He sunk into her soft flesh, fucking her slippery pussy with everything he had. Aura squealed as she felt the hot cum spurting deep into her cunt, filling her pussy with fuck cream. The married woman knew just what to do, twining her thighs around her Prince's back and flexing her cunt tunnel, helping him drain all of his wad into her mature cunt.

Every few hours into the night, the Prince would drain his nuts while driving his dick deep inside Auras pussy. As Aura straddled young Leo, grinding on his phallus, she gazed down at him curiously. "Do you think of your Mother while you fuck me, Prince Leo?" she panted, her body glistening in a sheen of sweat.

"At times," he said, watching her big boobs dance on her chest.

"You're quite the cocksman. Most men would have passed out by now."

"Passed out? Ha. I'm only getting started," he said, reaching up and latching onto her tits. Aura's face filled with surprise. "Ohh. Oh my..."

The Queen hardly slept that night. She laid in bed and rubbed her own hot cunt to the sounds of intense sex down the hallway.

When late morning came, her two servants arrived back at the castle and were in the Queen's dressing chamber. With hardly any sleep, Aura looked like hell, yawning as she tightened the Queen's corset. "Exhausted are we?" Arabella asked with a smile.

"Yes maam," Aura blushed.

"Are you sure there werent a dozen men in his bed with you?" the Queen joked.

"I have been with younger men, but none quite as vigorous...or well endowed," Aura confessed.

Arabella thought on her words for a moment, wondering how big her son penis actually was. "Sounds as if your punishment turned out to be quite enjoyable."

"I'm sorry, ma'am. I will gladly take on extra tasks if you wish."

"That's not necessary," the Queen said, "not all punishment need be miserable, Aura."

"Thank you, my lady."

A Male voice suddenly echoed through her chamber. "My Queen!"

Arabella threw on a robe and rushed out of her dressing quarters. Three men stood just inside her doorway. "What is it?" she said.

One of the men stepped forward, his voice shaky. "My Queen, forgive the intrusion, but I'm afraid I bring unfortunate news. The King...the King has fallen."

Arabella's face when blank. "What?" she muttered.

"They say his royal envoy was ambushed. They spared not one life. I'm sorry, but the King is gone, my lady."

Arabella eyes welled up as she stood there for a moment in disbelief. "Noo," she muttered. Her servants quickly moved it to catch her, as the Queen fainted.

It was a dark day in the kingdom. Their leader...their hero, was gone forever.

The bodies of the King and his troops were brought back and burned in a funeral ceremony, as was custom. It was a hard day for the Queen and her sons to endure.

Peter knelt before his weeping mother, her faced veiled in black. "I will avenge his death, Mother. I will have their severed heads displayed on the very spot where Father fell."

After a period of mourning, the Chancellor requested a meeting with all the royal family and Staff to discuss future leadership within the kingdom.

"It is most unfortunate that our great King is no longer with us, but we must proceed by following the laws of the kingdom, as they are written," the Chancellor explained.

The beautiful Queen sat on her throne listening, her two sons on either side of her. All were in formal attire.

The Chancellor continued, reading an old royal scroll. "According to royal decree, upon the King's death, if the Queen is still within the age to bare child, she must chose for herself a new King from within the royal family. In this case, she must chose a King from her two sons."

The hall was suddenly filled with the hiss of whispering among those present. A suddenly look of surprise swept across Arabella'ss face, as well as Leo's. Peter's lips formed a big cocky smile.

"There shall be two days of courtship. Prince Peter, Prince Leo...this period is provided to you to show the Queen that you are willing and able, if chosen, to serve as her new husband and heir to the throne."

Both Princes nodded in eager agreement.

Peter waisted no time, setting up the first demonstration to impress his Mother. It was in the courtyard that next day. It consisted of a full display of his swordsmanship in a mock fight with several of the castle's Knights, royal armor and all.

Leo sat near the Queen. While everyone else watched his brother, he was watching his Mother's legs. They were partly exposed, peeking out of her gown. They looked so strong, so smooth, so sexy. He couldnt help but get hard.

He was surprised when he looked up and saw her peeking over at him. When he blushed and looked back out at the battle, the Queen giggled, as did Aura and Delfeni.

Later on it was Leo's turn to attempt to impress. Archery was the only thing battle-wise he was even remotely good at. Unfortunately, he was so nervous, he could hardly hit the target. Many in the audience laughed at his attempts, including his brother Peter. "So if a thousand enemy troops are scaling the castle wall, maybe one will be struck with a little stick?" he said mockingly, followed by laughs from the Knights.

Leo felt pretty humiliated and found a place in the horse's stables to be alone. A soft voice Startled him.

"I've served the Queen for quite some time, Leo," Aura said as she wandered into the stable with him. "I Know what impresses her and what doesnt."

"I certainly didn't today."

"I wouldn't say that. You were looking at her legs, showing interest in her beauty. I'm sure that impresses her."

"Ha, why? I do the same thing every other man in the kingdom does."

Aura stopped beside him, placing a hand gently on his shoulder. "Yes, but the difference is, you may be her future husband. My point is, there are other ways to impress a woman, than with a sword."

"Like what?"

"Like the skills you showed the night we were together. Remember those?" Aura said witha mischievous smile.

He smiled back. "I do."

"I have an idea. If it goes wrong, it may get me punished. However, if it might help you become my future King, it'll be worth it."

"Let's hear it." Some time later, Aura rushed down to an area the Queen was relaxing in. "My Queen, I cant be certain, but I think something could be wrong with Prince Leo."

"Wrong? What do you mean," Arabella asked, jumping up from her lounger.

"There are strange noises coming from his chamber. I knocked to see if he's alright, but he didnt answer."

They rushed to the Prince's chamber. The Queen tapped on the door. "Leo, are you in there?"

When no one answered, she knocked again. "Leo," she called out. "I'm not hearing any strange noises. Are you sure it was coming from his room?"

"Positive, maam," Aura said.

The Queen peeked through his unlocked door. "Leo?"

There was still no answer, so they stepped inside. The women could tell the Prince was on his bed, but their view was partly obstructed. "Leo, are you not well?" Arabella asked.

As the Queen and her servant moved to his bedside they suddenly caught site of the teen on his back beating his cock. "Ohh God in heaven," the Queen exclaimed, putting a hand over her mouth.

The two of them stood there watching the Prince squeeze his slippery fist up and down the long hard cylinder of cock-meat. His big smooth balls jumped in their sack from the power of his strokes.

"Can he not hear us?" Aura asked the Queen.

"Shhhh," the Queen said as she stood there, mesmerized by her son's lean young body and extremely large dick. She stared at the huge leaking cock-head. The shiny knob was as big as a plumb, purple and engorged.

Aura peeked over at the Queen with a smile. "Did I not tell you it was large?"

"Yess," the Queen said softly, "And as hard as a steel sword."

They heard the Prince whimper and thrust his hips, beating his cock with greater intensity.

"Should we go, before he sees us?" Aura asked.

"No, not yet....," Arabella said.

The Queen clenched her fists and bit her bottom lip. Her engorged nipples were tingling in her gown and she could feel a trickle of cunt juice running down her inner thigh.

"His young sack looks so smooth and full," Arabella muttered, gazing in adoration at her son's bobbling nuts.

"Indeed. Surely they must contain an abundance of seed," Aura said.

Moments later, the Prince's hips bounced from the bed. "Uuughh!"

The Queen and her servant both gasped and took a step backward as huge rope of cum fired into the air. It lingered there above him a moment, before dropping down and splattering against his chest.

Another grunt sent a second rope of equal size firing from his piss-hole. The Queen clutched onto the servant-girl, as if just needing someone there to support her in case she fainted.

"Uuuggghh!!" Leo grunted, firing huge ribbons of milky spunk from his lance.

"Look at how he moves his hips," the Queen whispered, enthralled by her son's thrusting.

Aura smiled. "It was the same when he was between my thighs. He seemed to attack from every angle."

The Queen looked at Aura, mouth agape. "No wonder you were crying out so intensely." They both watched the spunk continue to spurt from the Prince's cock-tip.

"So much seed," the Queen said with astonishment.

"Yes, I only pray I wasnt fertile while with him. If so, then surely I am with child."

They watched him squeeze out the last few drops. Arabella spoke as she stared at Leos dick in awe. "How does a son grow twice the size of his father, in length and in girth?" she asked softly.

"Surely such a young man was created for the sole purpose of giving a woman pleasure," Aura Said.

The Queen looked her servant in the eyes and gave her a little smile. She looked back at her son.

Leo finally stopped beating off. He sighed as he let go of his meat. It was still as hard as a royal dagger.

"Why is it not going soft?" the Queen asked, amazing by the site of his long boner.

"It does, but not for a long while." Aura said.

"Ohh. We should go now. If he should see us, it could be quite awkward." the Queen said.

Leo peeked open his eyes and smiled, watching Aura and his Mother sneak out of his chamber.

After dinner that evening, Peter put on another display of skills for his Mother. It was back in the courtyard and this time he was on horseback. The onlookers cheered as the Prince maneuvered his steed around the obstacles.

Leo watched his Mother smile as she observed his brother's show. He looked down at her smooth crossed legs, which were partly exposed. He noticed she was wearing a pair of open- toed platform heels. Her feet were so pretty and there was a jeweled gold ring around one of her toes.

The Prince was mesmerized by his mother's beauty. She had her silky mane pulled up under her golden crown and little ringlets of hair fell across her lovely face. As if sensing he was watching her, Arabella peeked over at him, with a heart-melting smile and wink.

Leo blushed, then he noticed more of his Mother's legs peek through the slit in her dress. Her golden-brown legs were almost fully exposed now, nearly to her crotch.

Suddenly, their attention was drawn back to Peter as he stopped his horse just below the platform where the Queen sat. At the tip of his sword was a red rose and he extended it out for his Mother to take. "For you, my Queen," he said.

Arabella smiled and plucked the rose from the sword's tip. "Thank you, Peter. Your display of horsemanship was quite impressive."

"I expect the people of the land would require no lesser skill of their King, Mother," he said, flashing a mean look his brother's way.

There was a cluster of gourds on the ledge of the platform. Peter stuck his sword through one, then tossed it at Leo. His younger brother was hardly prepared, tipping backwards in his seat as the gourd struck his chest. "Perhaps my younger brother could show us his skills now. Something besides littering the courtyard with his little sticks," Peter said, then rode off on his horse.

Laying on the platform, Leo rose to his elbows. The Queen came rushing over. "Are you alright, Leo?" she asked.

The Prince took a big nervous gulp as he saw her looming over him. The scooped neck in her dress allowed him to see a substantial amount of cleavage. "I'm fine, Mother," he muttered.

The Queen was crouched so that their faces were level, only a few feet apart. There was a long silence as they shared a prolonged gaze. Arabella finally leaned forward and planted a soft sensual kiss on his lips.

As she backed off slightly, her eyes were still closed, her heart thumped wildly in her chest. Her eyelid suddenly flew open and she stared at him with a dreamy-eyed gaze.

"Aura, fetch the Chancellor at one," the Queen said.

"Yes maam," the servant-girl said, then rushed off.

A short time later, all were gathered in the royal hall. The Queen stood on the throne before the audience, her sons on either side of her. The chancellor spoke. "A decision has been made and now, In accordance with royal law, the Queen will announce her choice for heir to the throne."

The room fell silent. You could have heard a pin drop as those present waited for Arabella to speak. "I love my two sons. They are both valiant and brave," she said, causing an eye-roll from her oldest.

The Queen continued. "They both exhibit attributes fit for a King and would serve the people diligently, of this I have no doubt. I have, however, made a decision that is without hesitancy."

Arabella took a nervous gulp, then continued. "I have hereby chosen, as heir to the throne, King of the land, and my new husband..."

She turned towards her youngest. "Prince Leo."

The crowd gasped, then began to clap. Leo about fainted. He could hardly believe it. As those present began to cheer, him and his soon to be bride exchanged an excited smile.

Peter stood there with a look of defeat and shock.

The Chancellor finally spoke up. "The royal wedding will be held in three..."

"Tomorrow," the Queen interrupted.

He looked at her questioningly. "Ma'am?"

"The royal wedding will take place tomorrow," Arabella said.

"I beg your pardon, my Queen, but there is... so much to prepare."

"Then I suggest you assemble every available hand. Work through the night if you must. Leo and I's union will take place tomorrow," Arabella said.

"As you wish," the Chancellor said, "the Queen and Prince will now be given a moment of privacy," he shouted.

The hall cleared out and Arabella and Leo stood by themselves on the throne. She took him by hands and smile. "Surprised?" she asked.

"Honesty, yes."

His heart about melted as she looked at him adoringly. "I shall make you a happy husband, Leo."

"I shall make you a happy wife."

Her big breasts heaved as she spoke. "We shall share moments of intimacy that will be beyond your wildest dreams."

"I will strive to be at my best for you."

"That pleases me. Your best I will need. My sexual appetite can be quite unrelenting," Arabella said with a naughty smile.

"SO I will not see you again until the wedding?"

"No, it is customary for the bride and groom to be apart until then."

"I see," Leo said.

Arabella stepped up and planted a soft sensual kiss. "But then we shall be King and Queen, together forever," she whispered.

After she exited the hall, Peter caught up to his Mother in the castle corridor. "Mother, why??" he asked, clearly beside himself.

Arabella stopped and looked at him compassionately. "You will have a strong role in your Brother's kingdom, Peter. And in time, I am certain you will find a bride of your own."

"He's clumsy and unskilled. Have you forgotten about how he infringed upon your privacy?" Aura rolled her eyes.

The Queen smiled patiently. "There are other skills more important than yielding a sword, Peter. Your brother is a lover, not a worrier. His skills are not to be displayed on the battlefield. They will be displayed with his new wife, on the royal bed."

The two servants smiled at each other, trying to contain their laughter. They looked at poor Peter.

The Prince's heart sunk. He wanted his Mother so badly it hurt and hearing her confession about made him drop to his knees in jealous anguish. "How is he to protect the Kingdom that way?"

The Queen continued. "Not all Kings ride with their army. When it comes to battle, he'll rely on you and the other skilled Knights to protect the kingdom. Now if you excuse me, I have my wedding to prepare for."

Peter watched her and the servant-girls walk away, their sexy asses swaying. He felt completely defeated.

Leo on the other hand was so excited he could hardly stand it. He lay in bed that night thinking about how wonderful it was gonna be to have access to his Mother's voluptuous body every night.

His cock was so erect it hurt. Just as he reached down to grab it, he heard a tap at his door.

Aura and Delfeni stepped into his chamber and over to his bed. Both were wearing sexy robes. "Your Mother sent us, to provide you pleasure," Delfeni said.

"We were given her permission, to use our cunts, aSses,or mouths in any manner you see fit", Aura said.

Leo watched the robes slip off their shoulders. Both girls were now completely naked. Their big titties wobbled on their chests as they climbed into bed with him.

As Leo laid back on the bed, Aura loomed above him, smiling down. He marveled at the big rounded undersides of her tits. "I have something for you. I was given explicit directions from the Queen to place these over your face while we suck you."

While Delfeni began to lick up and down his hard dick, Aura draped a frilly pair of silky undergarments across his face. They smelt of fresh pussy and the Queen's sweet perfume.

"Your Mother wore them today," she said with a cute wink.

"Ohh," Leo muttered, breathing in the intoxicating aroma.

Aura crawled over and knelt between his legs, joining Delfeni. She grasped his prick at the root and sank her lips around the thick, blood-engorged cock-head. Both women felt Leo quiver with excitement as Aura inched her lips further down his shaft.

Delfeni sank her face into his smooth nutsack, lashing her tongue around his balls.

"Oh, God," Leo grunted, feeling his aching nuts being bathed in a hot pool of sucking warmth. Aura swallowed more of his cock down her throat.

Her head began to bob on his crotch, sucking his cock in earnest. Delfeni slurped on his testicles, nursing and pulling on the meaty nuts. "Mmmnn," she hummed.

"Uugghh," the Prince whimpered as his cock and balls were given the royal treatment.

After a few minutes, the two servants switched spots. Aura began to lap and suck every inch of his crotch. She flicked her tongue between his thighs, up over his nuts, and against the ring of his asshole.

Delfeni lashed her licker around his bloated cock-knob, before swallowing half his hardon. Her lips formed a tight seal as they slipped up and down his thick shaft.

Leo sighed, his body writhing from the pleasure.

Aura licked her way back to his cock. She nibbled on the thick base of his erection, while her cohort continued to suck in traditional blow-job fashion.

"Mmmmfffff!" Delfeni choked, trying desperately to swallow all his cock. She came up gasping. Both women wrapped a hand around his throbbing meat and stroked up and down.

"Do you like that, my Prince? Do you like what we're doing to your big cock?" Aura asked.

"Ohh God, yess," Leo gasped, still smelling his Mother's undergarment. He watched the girls hands work in unison, beating him off, their jeweled wedding rings sparking on their slippery fingers.

"If you think this is something, wait until you see what you Mother can do," Delfeni said.

"You've seen her...with my father?"

The two girls looked at each other and smiled. "We both have," Aura said. "Her skills are beyond belief."

"Beyond belief?" Leo asked, watching their big hanging boobs jiggled as the stroked his cock.

"Legend has it that the Queen was gifted with extraordinary sexual abilities," Delfeni said. "By a wizard named Agamenticus. Aura told me. So, is the legend true?"

Both girls smiled. "I'm sure if your father were here, he would tell you yes. Never before have I seen a man given such intense pleasure as he was," Aura said.

The women didnt miss a beat, jacking the length of his dick as they spoke, the creamy sound of cock-stroking filling the chamber.

"Watching your mother perform sexually was unlike anything I've ever seen," Delfeni said.

Between the handjob and imaging his Mother using her skills on him, Leo's knob was beginning to tingle. "In what way?" he gasped.

"The way she moved, the way she sucked and kissed, the way she wrapped her legs around him. It was like your father was being conquered by a Goddess of pleasure," Delfeni said.

Leo looked over at Aura and she smiled back. "It's all true. You're about to become the luckiest young man on earth, Leo," she said.

Leo fell back to the bed with a big excited smile. Aura looked over at Delfeni "Lick his ass," she Said.

Delfeni crouched down and buried her pretty face between his buns. Leo felt her wet tongue fly across his butthole with rapid licks. Aura went back to sucking his cock, twisting her own licker around on his meat to make it as pleasurable as possible.

"Ohhh, damn," the youngster moaned, going back to sniffing his Mother's intoxicating scent. He began to thrust his hips a little. Auras

head was a blur as she bobbed up and down on his crotch, showing her very own cock-sucking experience.

Delfeni plowed her tongue across his asshole, up his taint, around his nuts, then back down. Her tongue repeating the path over and over.

The Prince threw his head to one side, his eyes closed tight in extreme pleasure. "Fuuckingshit!" he whimpered as his hot cumload began to squirt down Aura's throat.

"Mmmmfffff!" Aura choked, unable to take the enormous amount of jism that squirted into her throat. Some of the thick, creamy spunk blasted upward, behind her nose, where it boiled from both nostrils.

Soon, her entire mouth and throat were full to overflowing. Delfeni flew to her knees and took over, swallowing the Prince's spurting cock. "Ohhh yes, right there!!" Leo cried as she spread her lips down his meat as far as they would go.

"Fuuck, yess," the Prince hissed as he reached down and grabbed her pretty head, holding it in place.

"Mmmnnnofff," the servant gagged, his spurting knob clogging her throat.

"Uhhgghh," he whimpered, slowly fucking his cock in and out a few times, more cum oozing along her tongue.

His tensed body suddenly relaxed and he let her head go. The two women took turns nursing every drop of cum he could give.

They both crawled up and kneeled astride him, running their hands on his lean chest. The Prince looked up in awe. Their two pretty faces gazed down at him over their big hanging titties. He knew their boobs were no where near the size of his Mothers, but still pretty damn big. Their areolas were thick and dotted with milk

glands. Their nipples were fat and engorged. He knew they both had young children and were probably used to having their tits sucked and chewed on.

"May I suck?" he asked.

Aura looked at her cohort who returned a naughty smile. "Who's do you want first?" she asked the Prince.

"Both."

"Both?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes. Both of you kneel above me and rub your breasts on my face."

The girls giggled. "Ohh, naughty, Prince. No wonder your Mother chose you," Delfeni said, crawling over him.

The servants leaned close together, each letting a big warm breast drag on the Prince's face. One of their nipples felt wet and Leo sucked it into his mouth. As milked dribbled from the swollen nub, he slurped more in, forcing his face to sink into the warm pillowy tit-mound.

Delfeni sighed in delight as she felt the Prince nursing on a mouth full of tit. Aura rubbed her soft tits around on his neck and chest, both girls moaning.

After a few minutes of hardly being able to breathe, Delfeni's wet nipple popped from his mouth and he gazed up at her. "Your milk is delicious," he sighed.

"I have an infant at home. He'll still need fed tonight, so don't drink all of it, my Prince," she giggled.

"Just a little more...from the other one," he said, reaching up and cupping her other tit, pulling it to his mouth.

Wild arousal swirled in Leos head as he sucked earnestly. His mouth was stuffed with the entire cap of her tit, causing her pink nipple and bumpy areola to distended outward. He plowed his tongue all over it, forcing the milk to squirt out and run down his throat. "Mmmnnggff," he snarled, sucking in what little breath he could get like animal devouring a meal.

He instinctively reached down and stroked his still-hard cock as he sucked. Warm milk squirted from Delfeni's nipple, splattering around inside the Prince's slurping mouth. After a few minutes, he pulled Aura up. She shoved her tit in his face. Delfeni's wet swollen nipple popped from his mouth as he switched to Aura's, his face sinking into her warm squishy breast.

"I do believe the Queen has herself a breast-man," Aura said.

"She will definitely be the luckiest woman in the land. I only wish my husband would suckle on my breasts like that," Delfeni said, her tits still leaking out, dripping onto his chest.

Leo peeked out from under Aura's breast, watching Delfeni kiss his chest and lick his nipples. She had a body much like Aura's, thick and smooth. The body of a young mother.

"I felt Aura's cunt yesterday?" he asked.

"So I heard," Delfeni smiled.

"Before I marry, I'd like to feel your cunt as well."

The blonde servant peered down at the long cylinder of meat rising from his loins. "I have a good husband. He expresses his love to me every day. If he were to find out I fucked the Prince, it would surely break his heart."

"He would never hear it from my lips," Leo said.

Delfeni looked over at Aura. "Nor mine," Aura said.

Delfeni again gazed down at the long hard dick, licking her lips. "I've never had one quite so large, but I did recently birth a child, so I should still be stretched enough to accommodate such enormous phallus."

She climbed on, straddling the Prince while reaching down to fit the tip of his dick in her cunt- socket. Leo felt his engorged knob drag through her fleshy folds before squeezing inside her creamy groove.

"Oooh my God," Delfeni gasped, as her inner lining stretched to accommodate his girth.

Leo watched his boner slowly disappear between the plump parted flesh of her outer lips.

"Ooohhyess," he sighed. It felt like his cock was being sheathed in hot velvet.

He hit bottom with a couple inches left. Delfeni was already panting. "It feels like it's carved in stone," she said.

She began to gyrate her hips, plowing the inside of he vagina with his king-sized dick.

Kneeling at his side, Aura leaned over and rubbed her tits on his chest as she began to kiss him passionately. Their lips smacked and their tongues wrestled together in a frenzy of lust.

Delfeni quickened her movements, really getting into a rhythm. She glided her her wide hips, showing her experience. He big leaking titties bobbled on her chest, her shaved pubis grinding against Leos hairless hilt. "Ooohhhh!" she cried out.

The Prince's hard cock flexed, swelling with more blood. His knob was crushed against the head of her cervix, her muscled cunt walls

smothering the juice-slickened erection as she stirred it inside her.

The dick-grinding servant sped her movements even more. "Ohhh my Goddd!" Delfeni cried out, her body going into a shaking fit as she creamed on his cock.

The Prince quickly sat up and flipped her like a rag-doll onto her back, her big juicy jugs flopping about. She stared up at him in complete adoration as he took position between her splayed thighs.

Leo speared his cock all the way back inside her, taking her breath away. His arms were hooked around her back, his hands gripping her shoulders.

Their naked bodies writhed together, as he kept his cock buried, pushing against her back wall as if trying to gain entrance to her womb. Delfenis strong smooth legs folded around him, high on his back, interlocking her ankles.

"Ohhhyesss, fuck meee," she whimpered, rocking her pelvis with his every movement.

Leo nuzzled his face in her neck and licked, completely enthralled by the feel of her warm soft curves beneath him. His cock was still buried deep. He hadnt even started thrusting yet. Her cunt gripped his prick tight and their bodies were pressed together, their hips gyrating in a sexual wrestling match.

Delfeni threw her head back, the muscles in her neck straining as she screamed in wild orgasm.

"Ohhh, shit," Leo sighed, feeling hot girl-cum begin to wash around his prick. He began to thrust, hammering her with his hardon.

Like a battering ram of flesh, his big Knob sliced through the hot juicy sheath, lighting her nerve endings on fire. He felt her naked

flesh quake beneath him, her big stiff-nippled tits sloshing against him.

Delfeni's pretty face contorted with pleasure. "Uuuhhggh!" she grunted, squirting more juice around the Prince's cock.

Leo kept thrusting, determined to fuck her as long as he could. Soon tears of pleasure began to trickle down her cheeks. "Ooohhh my Goddd," Delfeni sobbed, getting the best fuck of her life.

Leo lifted his head and noticed her sobbing, his hips slowing down.

Aura looked over at him. "It's ok, Leo, don't stop. Those are tears of pleasure."

"Alright," the Prince said, then began thrusting hard like before.

Delfeni tightened her coital walls as much as she could, squeezing the glans of Leo's cock and making it throb and tingle.

"Ohhhyess," the Prince snarled, feeling the cum rush up his cock-tube.

"Fuck!" he shouted, as hot spunk erupted from his piss-slit, splashing through Delfeni's clasping cunt.

Aura was on her hands and knees, pointing her meaty buns back at the Prince. "Fuck me in the ass now, Leo," she said.

The Prince pulled his cock from Delfeni's cunt, crawled over and fed it through the ring of Aura's asshole. "Ohhh God," she gasped, feeling her ass-tract expand around the meaty invader.

They fell into a rhythm and Leo gave her a nice long anal fuck before popping his nut inside her ass.

Both the servants went home to their husbands that night, full of the young Prince's cum.

The castle bells rang for a full half-hour that morning, announcing the royal wedding. Leo was given wedding day treatment by a team of servants. This consisted of a bath, massage, shave...the royal works.

The Queen's seamstresses were up all night finishing the royal wedding gown to the Queen's specifications.

A team of female servants worked tirelessly to prepare the Queen for her big day. It started with a full body massage, then shaving her, to make sure her legs and cunt were as smooth as silk. Then the Queen was moved into her dressing chamber.

The entire wall of the chamber was a giant elaborately-framed mirror. The Queen stood in front of it, completely naked. Her silky hair was pulled back in a ponytail, not quite ready to be done up.

Aura brought in a beautiful purple robe. "Choices, for the wedding night, my queen."

Arabella looked over the gown. "No," she said, rejecting the first one.

Delfeni brought in the second robe. It was pink, made of exquisite silk, with a thick feathery boa along the outside. Arabella tried it on and she looked stunning. The servant set a matching set of heels down and the Queen stepped into them.

"You look stunning, my Queen," Aura said.

Arabella posed in front of the mirror, bending one leg at the knee and making it stick out sexily from the slit in the robe. The way her little feet were arched in the five-inch heels showed off the muscles in her strong motherly legs. "I like it and I think my husband will to, but for a different night, perhaps. Place it in my wardrobe," the Queen said, slipping back out of it.

"Yes ma'am," Delfeni said.

Arabella slipped into the next sexy item, which resembled a modern day teddy. She packed her big breasts inside it and the embroidered material was so thin it left nothing to the imagination.

"The crotch unfastens, my lady, giving the King access, without having to remove the entire piece", the Seamstress explained.

Arabella posed, looking it over in the mirror. "I like that, although I do plan on being completely naked for the King when we fuck. Are there heels for this?"

"Yes ma'am," Aura said, stepping forward with them.

Arabella slipped on the five inch heels and posed in the mirror. "I like how sheer it is, but is it sheer enough? What are your thoughts, Aura?"

"The King's eyes might surely pop out of his head once he sees you in it," she said, making all the women, including the Queen giggle.

"I do love it, but is it worthy of a wedding night?" Arabella asked.

"It is quite beautiful, but I suspect Leo will want access to your breasts, especially this first time, maam.-"

"You're right. As much as he stares at them, hell probably want to be smothered and suck like a Starving infant all night," she said, making the women giggle.

"A young man's dream come true," the Seamstress said.

The Queen began removing the outfit. "Perhaps I should stick with a robe then, something that could be completely removed in a hurry. I want something lighter than what I've seen though, something thats...barely there."

The seamstress smiled. "I think I have the perfect one for you, my Queen."

As was custom, the bride and groom would walk out of the castle, down the doors of the church, where they would exchange their wedding vows.

Well groomed and wearing a handsome suit, Leo waited with others in the wedding procession. They were gathered in the courtyard, waiting for the Queen to arrive. He could hear the excited crowd outside the castle walls. It was a day where thousands had come from far and wide to catch a glimpse of the new royal couple.

Instrumentalists began to descent the stairway, playing a beautiful wedding arrangement. A procession of women followed. They were servants of the Queen. Aura and Delfeni stepped down the stairway. They both wore beautiful gold-colored gowns. They smiled over at the Prince and Aura gave him a sexy wink.

Everyone gasped as the Queen arrived at the top step. She was absolutely stunning! Her wedding gown was a burnt-orange colored halter-style gown. It fit her body like a glove, accentuating her amazing curves. Lined with a jeweled hem, the top cut straight across her breasts, leaving an almost obscene amount of creamy cleavage on display.

Her silky dark was down and perfectly styled, the golden crown on her head gleaming in the sunlight. She stepped gracefully down the stairway and Leo watched her, in absolutely awe of her beauty. She gave him a loving smile, showing her gleaming white teeth, as she took his arm. "Hello my love," she said softly.

"You look so beautiful," Leo said. He could hardly believe he was about to marry such a Goddess of a woman.

"And you are as handsome as ever," she said, gazing into his eyes in a manner the Prince wasnt used to seeing.

The wedding procession made its way out of the castle, onto the road leading through the village. Thousands of people lined the streets, cheering and celebrating, watching the royal couple walk proudly, arm in arm.

As was tradition, Leo and his mother were followed by Prince Peter and many of the royal Knights. They were all on horseback and displayed their shiniest armor.

lt was clear that Peter was still far from happy as he watched his brother and Mother affectionately make their way towards the church.

Leo felt his Mother squeeze his arm, pressing it even tighter against the side of her spongy breast. She pulled him down to whisper in his ear. "Seeing all these people makes me realize how much I can't wait to be alone with you," she said.

Leo flashed her a smile. She again rose up and whispered. "I'm gonna tear off all your clothes ravish you for days," she said, the gazed in his eyes lustfully. Leo's cock stirred as he watched her tongue peek from her mouth and slither across her teeth. He was beginning to see a whole new side to his Mother and he loved it.

Peter scowed as he watched his Mother whisper in his brother's ear. He hated that he had to linger behind and watch them share intimate looks with each other.

"It should be me down there beside her," he told Houlton, the knight who rode beside him, who was also his best friend. "This is horse shit," the Prince complained.

The procession arrived at the chapel doors, where the Priest was waiting. Leo and Arabella exchanged rings and shared the traditional wedding vows.

"Leo, do you take Arabella to be your wife, to rule beside you as your Queen?" the priest asked.

"I do," he answered, sharing a smile with his Mother.

"Arabella, do you take Leo to be your husband, to rule beside you as King of the land?"

She gazed at her son with a tender smile, her eyes radiating pure love. "I do."

"In the name of the father, son and holy spirit, I now pronounce you husband and wife, King and Queen, to rule on the throne until your mortal time on this earth shall end. King Leo, you may kiss your bride," the Priest said.

Mother and son shared an intimate kiss. "We'll save the naughty ones for later," the Queen whispered.

The crowd erupted in cheers as the royal carriage pulled up and the newly-married couple climbed inside. Flowers and confetti rained down onto the carriage as it sped off back towards the castle.

Arabella plopped down onto Leo's lap and showered him with kisses. "You're mine," kiss, kiss. "Mine," kiss, "mine," kiss, "mine," kiss, kiss.

Leo blushed. The feel of his Mother's ass felt amazing against his rising penis. "Do I get one of those naughty" kisses now?" he asked.

She smiled at him naughtily. "You're the King now. Kings don't ask permission. They take what they want."

Leo smiled. "Well in that case," he said then locked lips with his Mother. Arabella tilted her head slightly as a few wet passionate kisses, turned into a full-fledged make-out session.

"Mmmunn," the Queen whimpered, her lips fused against her son's in an open oval. Their tongues lashed wildly in their mouths. Leo wasnt expecting his Mom to have such long thick licker. It was like a spastic little creature flopping around inside his mouth. He loved it.

She ran her long nails through the back of his hair, planting a few more wet kisses. "Shall we just cancel the wedding party? We can go to our chamber straight away...spend the rest of the day...the rest of the week fucking to total exhaustion," she sighed, then planted another deep, tongue-lashing kiss.

Leo's heart was pounding in his chest. For all these years he had seen Arabella as the loving Mother and Queen. Now he was seeing Arabella the wife and lover.

The carriage came to a stop and she broke the kiss. "I suppose we should join the others and celebrate our union, but just a warning...I Il not be able to keep my hands off of you," she teased.

"Fine by me, Mother," Leo said.

The wedding party was full of dancing and feasting. The jester provided plenty of entertainment and laughs for those present. Arabella was certainly right about one thing, she couldn't keep her hands off her new husband. She was constantly kissing and squeezing Leo against her big tits. The groom didnt mind one bit.

By far the highlight of the evening for Leo was removing his new wife's garter. As he slid the golden colored garter down her smooth tan thigh, he was treated to a clear view of her cunt. He was shocked to discover that Arabella had no panties on. Her pubis was completely shaved. He could see her thick clitoral hood peeking out from between her outer folds.

When he came out from under her dress with a thrilled look, she giggled and gave him a knowing smile.

For one song, people formed a big circle and the women weaved around the men, dancing gracefully. Even with other women rubbing their bodies up against his, Leo couldn't take his eyes off his new bride.

Arabella spun around the circle gracefully, giggling with the other women as she weaved around the men. Somehow, her boobs remained covered, but jostled heavily as she moved.

At one point, she gazed over at her new King with a flirty smile, her eyes lingering on his. Her thick wet tongue slithered from her mouth and curled across her top lip. Leo became instantly hard.

Aura slipped around him, rubbing her ass against his protruding lump. "Someone is anxious to get to the royal bed."

Several other women spun around him, many with husbands in the circle, twisted around their King, feeling his hard cock rub up against them. Leo could tell by the look in their eyes that they were horny for him.

Delfeni circled the King, making sure to rub her big plump tits against him. "My handsome King,-" she whispered before spinning off.

Next came Arabella. Leo watched her move towards him gracefully. He took her hand and pulled her too him, crushing the swell of her big tits against his chest. Their lips collided and their tongues lashed together. As they continued spinning and kissing, the rest of the group formed a big circle around them.

For the next five minute, the newly married couple was the center of attention. Arabella rested her head against Leo's, sharing a lovers gaze. One hand was around his back, the other stroked his cheek, as their bodies slowly spun to the music. It was magical.

Leo was overcome with joy. This beautiful woman with the biggest, softest tits he'd ever seen, was all his. The way she gazed at him with her dreamy brown eyes was enough to send his heart pounding out of his chest. "Are you ready to be alone with me, my love?" she asked tenderly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Let's say goodnight to our guests."

Among the last to congratulate the newly married couple was an older gentleman, dressed ina sleek black suit. He was dark skinned, with a snow-white mustache and goatee. "My best wishes to the lovely Queen and her handsome new King. May the royal marriage be one of peace, prosperity and passion," he said, kissing the Queen's hand.

"Thank you Agamenticus. It was wonderful to see you again," Arabella said.

"You're Agamenticus?" Leo asked. "I've heard stories of you. Are you really a Wizard?"

Agamenticus laughed. "I prefer the term crazy old man," he said.

He removed a tiny box, beautifully wrapped, from his pocket and held it out for the Queen. "A gift, for the royal couple."

"Thank you," the King and Queen said.

Backing away, Agamenticus did a slight bow out of respect. "I bid you good day."

As they watched him disappear into the crowd, Leo turned to his Mother. "Is it true that he gifted you with great sexual prowess," he asked.

Arabella fed him a mischievous smile. "Perhaps we should go and find out," she said."

The couple walked down to their marital chamber. The Queen stepped in first and turned towards her King. Before Leo could shut the door, it closed and locked on it's own. He looked at it, then at his Mother in confusion. "How did..."

His suit began to unbutton, as if by some mysterious invisible force. The garment was suddenly peeled from his body and flung across the room. Clearly baffled, the King looked at his Mother for answers. She just stood there and giggled as Leo's trousers slid down his legs. "You do have powers," he muttered, standing there with his hard dick pointing at her.

"Get into bed. I'll be out soon," she said with a smile.

As she sashayed to her dressing chamber, her robe dropped to the floor, revealing the back of her gown. Leo gasped when he caugNt site of it's design. There was a heart-shaped cutout on the backside, which left the top half of her naked buttocks exposed. Her meaty motherly buns swayed provocatively as she stepped across the room. She peeked back and flashed him a wink before disappearing inside her dressing chamber.

The royal bed was massive, a cloud of white comfort, with four big jeweled posts on each corner and a huge canopy. Leo crawled onto it and sighed as he sunk in to the softness.

After waiting for a bit, he finally heard his Mother's soft voice, but it sounded distant. "Leeeooo," she called in a sexy manner.

The King crawled to the edge of the bed and scanned the chamber. "Where are you?" he said.

"Up here," Arabella said.

Leo peeked out from under the canopy and spotted the Queen about forty-feet up, standing on the giant beam that crossed the room, just under the vaulted ceiling. She looked a Goddess, ina flowing all-white robe that was made of the finest silk. It was so transparent that he could see her naked body, including the big pink circles of her areola and engorged nipples right through the fabric.

"How did you get up there?" he asked, crawling out of bed and gazing up at her.

Arabella smiled down through a curtain of long dark hair. She stepped slowly and gingerly across the beam on bare feet. "I floated," she said. "I never knew you could do that."

She giggled. "You couldn't have known. I can only use these special gifts when I'm alone with my lover."

"You look like an angel," Leo said.

She stopped and struck a beautiful pose, with her hands on her hips and and a smooth naked leg bent at the knee and sticking out of the slit in the robe. She thrust her breasts out, gazing down at her King. "Are you ready to see your angel naked?"

"Yess."

Arabella untied the robe and let it slip off. The light garment floated like a feather down to the floor. The young King felt faint as he looked upon his Mother's gorgeous naked body. Her breasts were absolutely massive. Two big twin melons hanging heavily from chest. Every curve of her golden brown body was awe inspiring.

The Queen suddenly dove from the beam, floating quickly down, nearing her son, then dipped skyward again. Leo gasped as he watched her naked body rise back towards the ceiling. She smiled at him as she ascended, peering over the swell of her stiff-nippled tits.

"God in heaven," the young man muttered. He instinctively grabbed his hard dick and started stroking, then stopped himself.

"It's ok, love...you can stroke your cock. I'm yours. I want you to," Arabella said, slowly curling her strong leg out in front of her.

"Alright," Leo said, the resumed beating his meat as he gazed up at her.

As the Queen watched him squeeze his prick, she did a series of smooth gracefully flips through the air. Her big breasts bobbled around with the weight of gravity as her naked body floated through the chamber.

"Are you pleased with my body, Leo? Is it everything you dreamed it would be?"

"Yes, Mother, it's...it's so sexy I can hardly stand it."

Starting at the peak of the ceiling, she slowly dropped towards him. "Would you like to see my Spread?"

"Your spread?" Leo muttered.

"Yes, what I will look like spread out beneath you."

"Oh," he said, then took a big excited gulp. "Yes, I would very much like to see that."

As she slowly descended, Arabella's curvy legs flew open, her pointed bare feet rising way up past her head as her legs splayed into huge spread-eagle.

"Ohh, God," Leo muttered, his tongue nearly hanging out as he gazed up lustfully.

Her shaved pussy was slightly peeled open, revealing a creamy coral gash. The meaty hood of her clitoris protruded from her outer labia

as her cunt dropped to Leo's face. "Lick me, my love. Lick my cunt," Arabella said lustfully.

Her lovely snatch landed against Leo's upturned face. He laved his tongue through her smooth folds, her sweet pussy juices sizzling on his taste-buds. "Mmmnnhh," the King whimpered, beating his throbbing meat while digging his tongue through the pink flesh, finding engorged clitoris.

"Yesss, right there," she sighed.

Leo's cock flexed in his hand, his own precum lubing it up as it squeezed across his angry purple knob. He plowed his licker up and down the steamy slit.

"Ohh God, lick my ass now. Lick all of me," the Queen's voice quivered as she just hovered there in the air, her smooth curvy legs thrown way up, her sexy little bare feet pointed at the ceiling.

Like a starving Dog, Leo tongued her asshole, tucking his face between her slightly-parted buns. He went back to her clitoris, positioning his face so he could see up her pubis and stomach, right up to to the huge rounded undersides of her massive tits. "Mmmnnnhhh," he whimpered, tasting her sweet nectar while watching the cloud of tit-flesh hover above him.

"Ohhh my darling," Arabella squealed. Her legs curled down, trapping Leo's head between her strong smooth thighs. Her calves criss-crossed behind him, so tt looked as though she were sitting on his shoulders. She clawed at the back of his head, pulling him in tighter against her cunt.

"Yesss, ohh God, yesss," she cried.

Her clit was quite large and protruded out from under it's hood like a fat grape. Leo wrapped his lips around it, sucking hard, then whipping his tongue on it's rounded surface. Immediately Arabella

bucked as if she'd been shot by an arrow, gasping and squealing, smothering the King's head between her quivering thighs.

Suddenly, she shot upward, off her son's juice-soaked face. "Unnnggghhhh," her sexy voice cried.

Leo watched her rise into the air, her pretty face turned to the side and contorted in pleasure. She was squeezing her tits, her gorgeous, motherly legs trembling wildly as an orgasm surged through her cunt. He watched a pulsing jet of hot girl cum squirt down her leg and rain down on him.

"Amazing," he muttered out loud.

Arabella floated up and straddled the beam near the top of the ceiling. Leo stroked his boner as he watched his Mother's strong golden-brown legs extend as they hung astride the beam.

"Mmm, I suppose the Mother's of the village were right," Arabella said.

"Right about what?"

Arabella squeezed her cannons between her forearms, making them balloon outward. "About you pleasing their cunts while their husbands are away..."

"Oh," Leo muttered, slightly embarrassed.

"I'm more connected with the women of the village than you think I am, Leo." Arabella said, bringing her chest down on the beam, squashing her tits and making them bulge out at the sides.

Leo couldnt take his eyes off of her. He'd already nearly cum several times and had to slow his strokes. She was now laying on her tummy, with her legs bent up at the knees, her little feet arched and waving around playfully.

"They tell me how much you like to have your cock and balls sucked," Arabella said.

"Yes."

"SO tell me. I'm sure youve had women do one or the other at one time, but have you ever had a woman suck on all of you at once?"

"All of my cock and all of my balls ina women's mouth, at the same time you mean?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"Ha, no. It sounds amazing, but I'm afraid I'm much too large down there for that."

Arabella smiled and slipped off the beam. She dropped quickly to the floor, but slowed at the last second, landing softly and gracefully on her feet.

Wearing nothing but her wedding ring, the sexy Queen stepped towards her son, her big tits swaying with each step. She stopped in front of him and squatted down.

She replaced his hand with hers, giving it a couple slow strokes. She could feel the web of bulging veins in her hand as she watched the plumb-sized knob balloon outward, packed with blood. She leaned in and gave it a gentle kiss. It was like an introductory smooch.

She stared at it and smiled a moment, realizing all the places it would go and all the extraordinary pleasure it was about to experience. She shivered at the thought of such a huge cock fucking her silly for the rest of her life.

She peered up at him with a naughty smile. "Ready, King, Leo?" she asked.

"Yess."

She slid her hand down, cupping his balls between her thumb and forefinger, then pinning them up beside his hard dick.

She pulled his cock into her mouth. Leo watched the ring of her pretty lips drop down his shaft. Somehow, her lips stretched open even more, slipping both his nuts into mouth. He felt his knob sink into her throat.

"How..." he sighed out loud.

Without even a gag, Arabella nose pressed against his thin wiry pubes and she held him there, letting him soak in her throat.

Something suddenly touched Leo's knob. He was in her throat, so it wasn't something that was suppose to be there. If felt just like a tongue, circling his knob.

"Wow," he muttered, enjoying the sensations. Suddenly the throat-tongue was joined by another, then another. It was like they were forming out the walls of her throat. The three lickers started lashing wildly on Leo's cock, fighting for position on the most sensitive parts of his spongy cock-head.

"Holy hell," the King sighed, buckling a little.

Despite his movement, the tongues didnt let up a bit, fluttering wildly as they circled his knob. One of them paused and wiggled it's wet tip into his piss-slit. Another dug at his meat, just beneath the head.

Leo sighed with delight. He noticed his Mother's eyes were closed, her pink lips spread obscenely around his cock-hilt. He'd had his cock stuffed in there for nearly two minutes. Out of concern he pulled out. A big gob of precum seeped from his piss-slit and lowered towards the floor.

Arabella looked at him, without even a gasp. "Darling, what's wrong?" she asked.

"How can you even breathe?" he asked.

She giggled. "You needn't worry about me."

"Those things in there...are they tongues?"

"Yes," Arabella said with a smile.

"How many are there?"

"How many do you want?" she said.

"All of them," Leo muttered.

"All of them at once? That could become quite intense, very quickly."

"I'd like to feel them all."

"Very well, my love," she smiled, then swallowed his cock and balls, just as easily as the first time.

As if they never went away, the trio of tongues started on his knob again. Then, wiggling flesh began to surround his dick. There must have been twenty lickers, attacking every square inch of his shaft.

Warm, wet, wiggling tongues lashed against his nuts at every angle. Every part of his cock, his nuts, even his sack was being licked relentlessly. Some lickers worked together, like they had minds of their own, their wet tips dueling against the same spot. The spots they knew brought the greatest pleasure.

Leo gasped, his eyes rolling back a bit from the extreme pleasure. As if those tongues werent enough, he felt another elongated licker squeeze from his Mother's mouth, slither along his taint and begin to lash at his butthole.

"OhhhfuckingChrist," the King cried out.

His cock flexed and his knob swelled. The sensations were just too much for even a skilled cocksman to endure.

Inside Arabella's throat, the King's hard prick was covered in a frenzy of wet flailing tongues. His twitching knob began to spit hot spunk, causing milky goo to get mixed around between the pink wigglers.

Leo grunted and as more and more cum squirted out his piss-slit and was mixed around in Arabella's throat like cake batter.

After milking every drop, Leo's wet dick and balls slipped from the Queen's mouth. She took a big gulp of remaining spunk, then fed him a satisfied smile.

Arabella grabbed his hand and rushed him to the bed. "Let's fuck now," she said excitedly.

She turned and kissed him as they flopped together onto the bed. The Queen splayed her thighs and Leo settled down between them. They kissed passionately as he prodded her cunt with his Stiff pecker, searching for instance. Arabella helped him, grasping his erection and feeding the big tapered tip into the creamy mouth of her vagina.

They both gasped in unison as they experience the pleasure of their first union.

"Ohhh damn," Leo whimpered, feeling his cock-meat sheathed in hot slippery cunt. He felt his Mother's strong smooth legs fold up around him. Before he started thrusting, he decided to use a grinding technique he had done with a lot of women, that he was sure would drive his Mother crazy.

Laying flat against her, with her tits crushed between them, he hooked his arms around her back and grasped her shoulders. Then,

he dug his cock in as deep as it would go, feeling his knob press against the squishy head of her cervix.

Arabella gasped, staring back at him with wild dreamy eyes.

Leo started grinding his pelvis. The Queen clasped his ass with both hands, digging her nails in as she rocked her hips, pushing right back at him. The big royal bed jerked and creaked as Leo and Arabella engaged in a wild mating dance. Their muscles were tensed, their bodies sandwiched together in a jerking, writhing pile of naked flesh.

"Ohh, yess, Leo," the Queen gasped, trying to pull his entire body inside her. "Ohhh, yess!"

The grinding became more intense, like a battle of wills, as they pushed against each other, their hips now rocking in a wild grinding motion.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Aaaaaauuuggghhh," the Queen screamed out, squeezing his cock with her strong cunt muscles as she came.

Leo whimpered, feeling his cock soaked with hot girl-cum. He rose up to his elbows, drawing his cock back for the first time, only to punch it back deep again.

He fucked his Mothers pussy with long deep thrusts, watching her big pillowy tits rolling and jiggling on her chest.

When she was done creaming out, Arabella smiled up at him, her big mane of dark hair spread out on the bed around her pretty face. "My turn to show off now," she said.

Arabella rolled them over and took the top position with her knees planted on the bed to either side of Leo's hips.

She pumped her meaty buns up and down, slamming her wet, squeezing pussy onto the base of her sons prick. Leo stared the huge milk-makers swinging just above his face.

He watched them in awe, mesmerized by the way they dangled and flopped around heavily. They were easily the biggest set hed ever seen.

As if his Mother's cunt didn't feel good enough on it's own, her sheath suddenly transformed into a series of hot vibrating muscles rings. Trapped in it's grip, the rings squeezed the big prick from balls to knob.

"Ohh damn, what is that?"Leo said, arching his back in pleasure. "I've never felt that before."

Arabella giggled, gyrating her Motherly hips and stirring his dong. "Of course you haven't, love."

"Can you do it again?"

Arabella pumped her ass up and down, making the tight rings apply squeezing vibrations up and down his throbbing boner. Leo's body jerked in response.

"Damn, that's almost too intense," he gasped.

"That's why I don't use them all the time," she said as her pussy went back to normal, squeezing up and down his hard prick.

"Just once in awhile," she said, bouncing on his dick. "When your not expecting it."

The muscled rings formed again, taking two exquisite pumps up and down the muscled cylinder of meat, before her cunt returned to normal. Leo's eyes rolled back. "Ohhh God in heaven," he sighed.

Arabella giggled as she sat up and did a little grind on his cock. Leo's heart was about thumping out of his chest with the thrill of fucking his own big titted Mother.

As she stirred his erection in her cunt, he gazed up at her big rocking tit-melons. Like those of many of the women he had fucked, her areolas were thick and dotted with milk glans. Her nipples were engorged and stuck out proudly.

Noticing her son's fascination with them, the Queen suddenly dropped on him. Leo sighed with delight as found his face suddenly smothered in warm tit-flesh.

Arabella bobbed her ass on his loins, feeding his cock up and down her slippery cunt-channel. At random, she would apply the vibrating muscled rings, making her son whimper beneath her.

Leo drug his face through her cleavage, feeling her spongy tits jiggle on either side of his face. He drug his tongue along the inside of one of her jugs until he found the nipple.

"Ohhhh, yess," Arabella sighed, wrapping her arms around his head and pulling his face deeper into the flesh of her breast.

The meaty half-moons of her ass continued to rise and fall. Her husband's big cock traveled up and down through the warm pink tunnel of her vagina.

At random, the inner lining would bulge out into a series of fleshy rings and mysteriously vibrate , giving his dick exquisite pleasure.

Leo was in tittie heaven. His face was plastered in the spongy flesh of Arabella's breast. He sucked like a hungry infant, digging his tongue against her hardened areola and nipples.

Arabella sat up, but pulled him up with her. He continued sucking while she plowed desperately on his cock, her lush hips swiveling

frantically. "Ohhh, fuck, I'm gonna cum!" she shouted.

Outside the chamber door Prince Peter listened to his Mother scream in pleasure. His face was an ugly scowl. "Damn him," he muttered.

He heard the bed rocking, his brother's whimpers and his Mother's screams of intense orgasm.

"Uuughhh, God, I'm cumming!" the Queen screamed.

Peter let out a frustrated sigh, squeezing the bulge in his pants. "I'll pry that crown off his severed head," he spat, then rushed away.

Back on the royal bed, Leo had rolled his Mother onto her back and was fucking like madman. Her silky legs were wrapped high up around his back, her flesh quivering from the power of his thrusts. The big bed rocked and creaked, Leo snarled as rippled rings squeezed at his wildly burrowing erection.

Arabella's tits sloshed against his chest. Being sunk down in the soft curves of his Mother's splayed thighs and pillowy tits was the greatest rush in the world.

Her experience cunt milked his cock and was helped out by random tightening of the inner rings, a gift not really bestowed for her benefit, but for the pleasure of the King.

"I'm cumming, Mother!" he finally cried out.

"Yess, fill me with your seed, my darling," she gasped.

Leo had never cum harder in his life. What felt like a gallon of hot spunk squirted into his Queen's hot gripping cunt. The vibrating rings of flesh pulled out more and more cream. "Oohhh, God," Leo trembled.

"Yess, I want it all. Give it all to me, my love," Arabella said, cradling his writhing body between here wide-spread thighs. Leo felt the soles her little bare feet pushing at his ass, urging him to squirt his load as deeply as he could.

The full moon at midnight illuminated the castle in a magical glow. All was quiet, except for the faint screams of delight by the Queen of the land.

Inside her quarters, the screams werent so faint. Arabella's voice echoed across the stone walls as she cried with pleasure.

She was on her hands and knees on the bed, her King kneeling behind her. Their bodies glistened with a sheen of perspiration, her big milk-makers swinging heavily on her chest from her sons thrusts.

Leo had his dick up her ass. He watched his glistening erection slide through the ring of her stretched asshole.

Arabella thrust her meaty buns back at him. "Harder! Fuck my ass harder, Leo!" she panted.

Leo obliged, grabbing her soft hips and laying his dick in nice n deep, over and over.

The Queen's pretty face contorted and she gasped again and again as she was struck with yet another mind-blowing orgasm.

She suddenly pulled her ass away, climbing off the bed. Leo watched her, his erection just sort of bobbing up and down. "What's wrong?"

She turned towards him from the center of the room, her tits wobbling. She had a big playful smile. "Come to me," she said.

Leo scrambled off the bed and moved to his Mother. She hugged him, her big wobbling wonders pressed against his chest. "Those

married women in the village. Did they ever have you pick them up and fuck them while you stood?" Arabella asked.

"Yes, quite a few of them actually."

"Do you know why that is?"

"No."

"Because most of them have husbands who are away working so much that they never have time to do that to them. All women crave to be fucked that way," the Queen said, then looked in his eyes. "I want you to fuck me that way, my love."

Leo smiled. "Alright."

"AS soon as we are joined together, were going to do something very special."

"What?" Leo asked.

"Better that I show you," Arabella said, twining her arm around his neck.

The gorgeous Mother lept gracefully from the floor, wrapping her legs around him. Leo grabbed her thighs and held her up. She reached down and slipped his cock inside her, then smiled at him. "That must have been very exciting for you. Having all those naughty married women clinging onto like this."

"Yes," Leo blushed.

"Feeling their hot cunts on your cock and their big breast bouncing all over your young chest."

"I liked it," the King admitted.

Suddenly his feet left the floor. He looked down, then at his Mother, who was smiling back.

"Could any of them do this?" she asked.

They floated towards the ceiling. "I saw you do it earlier, but how is it possible that I..."

"As long as you are touching me, you are as free to float around as I am. Just make sure you dont stop touching me, darling. As your late father accidentally discovered once, it's an awfully long way down," she said.

Leo looked down at the stone floor thirty feet below. "Ouch," he cringed.

He felt his Mother comb her fingers through the back of his hair. They exchanged a lovers gaze, then kissed passionately. Arabella began to bounce on his dick, throwing her cunt down his pole.

Their hovering bodies slowly rolled to the rhythm of their fucking, like in zero gravity. They clung to each other, floating high above the room. Leo squeezed his Mother's warm body, her strong legs still locked around him. He looked up at the nearby ceiling while punching his cock through her juicy slit.

As he dropped under his Mother, she sat up, rising from his chest. Her sexy legs hung off the sides of him. She swiveled her hips, grinding her cunt.

Leo gazed up at the big stiff-nippled tits looming over him. He felt like they were floating ona cloud. He looked again at the bed far below in disbelief.

Arabella smiled at him over the swell of her breasts. "Do you like it?"

"It's amazing," he muttered.

She pulled him back and they flipped gracefully. Still joined at the genitals, she slipped her legs up on his shoulders. Leo wrapped his arms around her thighs and took a bunch of deep thrusts, his balls beating on her ass.

He watched his Mother's big tits jostle on her chest. His thrusting had made their bodies flip around, but he didn't care. He kept fucking from beneath her.

Over the next hour they floated all over the room, fucking and kissing in every position imaginable.

Regaining her breath from a hard cum, Arabella looked up at the ceiling. "Let's go higher. Up there," she said.

She clung to her King, their sweat-sheened bodies floating upward. Leo saw a cushion that had been fastened to the wall at the highest point.

"Did you and Father put this up here?"

"Yes, sadly, we never got to use it. He was so excited to, but..."

There was a short pause as she felt a little emotional.

"I'm sorry Mother," Leo said.

Arabella turned and set her back to the cushion. "Don't be. This was meant to be, Leo. I believe your Father is here in spirit and he is pleased with what he sees," she said, then pulled him towards her. "Come make him proud."

The Queen circled her legs around him. Leo clutched her meaty ass and fed his cock back inside her cunt. He began to pound her against the wall. "Yesss, fuck me as hard as you can," she cried, clinging to him.

Leo rested his head between her shoulder and neck. He fucked her cunt with savage thrusts, his knob beating against her back wall.

The Queen's strong legs slid higher around his back, like a fleshy harness strapping him between her thighs.

"Ooohhh fuck," he groan, feeling those muscled, vibrating rings return.

They kissed hungrily. The Queen fused her lips against his and his mouth was suddenly filled with a half-dozen tongues. His tongue dueled with them as best it could as they attacked in wild flailing motions from every direction.

She broke the kiss and for a moment Leo watched the cluster of pink tongues wiggle around before retracting back inside her mouth. He didn't break his pace, his body beating against hers as he sliced his dick through her hot pussy.

"Lets cum together," she gasped.

"I'm getting close," he announced.

"As am I," she cried as her cunt tightened around his cock. She suddenly trembled as her orgasm struck. "Cum with me, my love," she shouted.

"Yesss, uuuhhggg!!" The King grunted, firing hot spunk deep inside her.

Their bodies rocked and humped as if they were throwing a juicy orgasm back and forth. On and on it went until their bodies went limp and they floated away from the wall, holding each other.

During the late morning there was a pounding at their chamber door. The Queen and King were in bed naked and Arabella quickly got up and threw a robe on.

She answered the door and her son Peter stepped inside the room. "Forgive the intrusion, but I bring great news, Mother," Peter said.

"What is it?" Arabella asked.

The Prince looked over at his brother as he joined them with a blanket around him. "A soldier was just here delivering a message from King Philip. He would like to sign a peace treaty with US."

"A peace treaty? Philip? He's resisted doing this for many years. Why would he do it now?" Arabella asked.

"Maybe as a sign of good will to the new King. He has offered to meet King Leo on neutral ground, only a days ride, to sign the treaty."

Leo smiled at his Mother. All this King stuff was so new to him. "That's good, right." Arabella smiled back. "Yes, it is good indeed."

"You needn't worry, Mother. The King will ride with myself and some of our best soldiers. We will be well prepared should anything go wrong," Peter said.

Arabella smiled, still seeming a bit reluctant. "Very well. It is for the good of the Kingdom I Suppose."

"Indeed," Peter said.

The next day, after saying goodbye to his wife, King Leo set out with his brother and fifty soldiers of the royal army. The trek was along the mountain range.

Late in the afternoon, they began to weave through some eerie rock formations. Leo's horse screamed and backed up, clearly spooked by something. "What is it?" The King asked his brother.

Peter looked up at the steep cliffs looming nearby. "Were near the lair of the Dragon. The horses sense it. Just keep a tight hold on the reins until we pass through," he said.

Peter dropped back with one of the Knights, his closest friend, Houlton. "On my signal, tell the soldiers to take battle positions. I'll lead my brother around that bend out of site and kill him."

"When he doesnt come back, what will we tell the men?" Houlton asked.

"He was carried away by the dragon. There was nothing I could do."

Houlton nervously nodded. "I expect to be rewarded for this."

Peter gave him an evil smirk. "You have my word, he said, then looked around to make sure everyone was in place. "Ready... Now!"

Houlton quickly turned his horse and screamed the order back to the men. They all began unsheathing their swords, looking around in confusion.

Peter took off on his horse towards his brother. "Leo, go, go, go!!" he shouted, waving his brother forward.

Peter zipped past him and Leo kicked his horse and quickly followed. They raced around the bend, then Peter suddenly stopped his horse.

"What is it? What's wrong?" The King asked. Peter glared at him and quickly drew his sword. "You're a stupid fool who has what's mine,"

Before the King was able to draw his own weapon, Peter's sword was swinging towards him. Leo managed to lift his shield and the blade struck it with a loud CLANK, knocking him right off his horse.

Peter circled around. Leo stumbled to his feet and the Prince swung again at him, just missing.

Leo tried to draw his own sword, but his brother was much faster and was back on him in a split-second. "You're a dead man, Peter yelled, drawing back his sword to swing.

"Whoosh!" Suddenly, an arrow shot straight through Peter's arm. He screamed in agony, dropped his sword and fell from his horse.

Leo heard a loud rumble and another fifty of his soldiers came racing over the hillside towards him. The royal carriage was with them. It stopped near the King and Arabella jumped out and raced over to her husband, embracing him. "Are you alright, my love."

"I'm fine, Mother," he muttered.

The Queen glared at Peter, who knelt on the ground, squealing in pain. "You're as predictable as you are stupid, Peter. Philip would never sign a peace treaty. He's as evil a man as you are."

"Get this fucking thing out of my arm," Peter screamed.

"What's wrong, brother? It's only a little stick," Leo said, making his Mother snicker.

A horse rounded the bend. It was Houlton. He stopped and looked at his friend there on the ground. Suddenly, a giant shadow fell over him.

"BOOMI!!" Something hit the ground with immense force, kicking up a cloud of dust and blood- splatter. A dragon, forty-feet high, with rows of razor sharp teeth snarled at the onlookers. The horses went crazy, bucking men off.

The King and Queen embraced as the giant scaled beast extended it's long neck, shooting it's head towards them. It stopped suddenly and sniffed at them.

Peter jumped to his feet and took off like a coward.

The dragon watched him run, then glared back at the royal couple. It sniffed again, then hissed, spread it's massive wings and took off into the sky. They watched as the monster plucked Prince Peter from the ground, chomping him down as it flew away.

"He took Peter," Leo muttered in disbelief.

"Yes. An easier punishment than life in the dungeon. Are you sure you're ok?" Arabella asked her husband.

"Yes," he smiled.

"Ride with me back to the castle," she said, leading him to her carriage.

The army escorted the royal carriage away, for their long journey back.

"My King, you smell of dragon's breath," Aura said, a short time later. Her and Delfeni were with the King and Queen on a big lounge within they carriage. They were all naked, but Leo was on top of his Mother, fucking her pussy.

"All well, as long as he doesnt shoot fire out his cock." the Queen gasped, making the girls giggle.

Leo cupped her meaty ass and pounded between her splayed thighs with savage thrusts. "Would you like me to fuck you like a dragon, Mother," he said.

"If you're prepared to hear me roar like one," she cried, her voice shaking from the power of his thrusts.

The King's ass was a blur as he pounded the hell out of her cunt. The Queen turned her contorting face to one side, her back arching, lifting her humping son upwards.

"Auuuhhggghhh!!" she screamed, shooting girl-cum along his thrust shaft.

She continued to cry and pant, riding out her juicy orgasm.

"I wish someone would make me roar like a dragon," Delfeni said.

Arabella looked up at her son. "You heard her darling."

The Prince scrambled over between Delfenis legs. He pierced her cuntlips with his cock and buried it to the balls. She drew her knees up, spreading her thighs wide for him. He fucked hard and fast, his balls beating against her upturned ass.

He latched on to her big rippling breast with her mouth. Milk flowed easily and he spent a long while slurping while dicking her hot cunt-sheath.

Aura crawled over and rubbed her tits on the King. "Make me roar too, King Leo," she said.

The King pulled his dick from Delfeni's cunt, then crawled down between Aura's spread legs.

"Ohhh God yess," he sighed, sinking his hard cock into her hot pussy-tunnel. She clung to him, wrapping her own strong motherly legs around him while he humped her cunt. Her soft warm titties jiggled against him as he pounded relentlessly. It wasn't long before he had her howling in orgasm.

He crawled back to his Mother and hooked her sexy legs over his shoulder. His loins clapped lewdly against her ass as he fucked her cunt hard and fast.

Arabella squealed with delight, her big pillowy tits rocking and trembling on her chest. "Let me ride you," Aura whispered, rubbing her tits on him from behind.

He got on his back and Aura straddled him, riding and grinding on his cock. She brought her big tits down and let them swing against his face.

After about ten minutes of cunt-grinding she switched with Delfeni, who in turn switch with the Queen, so that each woman got to cum, soaking his nuts.

Leo flipped his Queen over and slipped between her open thighs. He fucked like a madman, savoring the feel of her soft warm motherly curves around him. He snarled with delight, feeling his knob tingle inside sucking pussy. "Ohhh fuck, Mother!" he cried, as thick ropes of hot spunk shot out his cock, soaking her womb.

They arrived home late and went straight to their chamber. Both got naked and were preparing to crawl into bed, when Arabella brought over the small boxed gift that Agamenticus had given them.

"Shall we open a gift before bed, my love?" she asked.

"That's the one from Agamenticus. It's such a small box. What do you think it is?"

She pulled at the ribbon. "Let's open it and see," she said.

Inside the small box was a piece of perfectly round dark chocolate. "Shall we split it?" Arabella asked.

She broke it in half and handed a piece to her son. He hesitated a moment. "Do you think it's just chocolate, or something else?" he asked.

She smiled. "One never knows," she said, then they both ate it. "But if I had to guess, I would say something else."

They both stood there for a moment, gazing at each other. Then...

THE END

Mother's Stallion

by klrxo

The Baker farmstead sat deep on the plains of the Old South. The year was 1889 and like most prairie families, they were living the dream on the American frontier.

Mary stepped out onto the porch in her long calico skirt and Victorian blouse. She could see her husband toiling in the barn not far away. Her only son Will was cutting wood near a corral of horses. Will was a lean handsome 18 year old...an only child and her pride and joy.

Leaning against the deck rail, Mary watched her boy work. She watched his muscles flex, accentuated by the sheen of sweat covering his youthful body.

After another mighty chop, Will spotted his mother on the porch watching. He gave her a wave. Since he was a young boy, Will had thought his mother was more beautiful than any woman he had ever beheld. Her wavy brown hair fanned out across her shoulders, framing a sweet mature face with gleaming brown eyes and a smile that could melt right through you. Mary was every bit a woman...and built like a brick shit house.

The sexy housewife waved back lovingly and couldn't help but notice her son's eyes travel down to the swell of her large matronly breasts. Even packed inside her corset the gorgeous mother's breasts seemed to shift about with her every move. Mary was proud of her chest. She came from a long line of huge titted women.

Will looked up from her bounteous bossoms to find his mom locking eyes with him, her lips curled into a knowing...almost playful smile.

Bashfully, the teen went back to work, but it wasn't long before his mom caught his eye once again. Mary strode from the porch towards a cluster of wild flowers. Her jiggling buttocks swayed gracefully beneath her skirt and she peeked back over her shoulder to confirm her suspicion.

Will's gaze traveled up his mother's lush frame into her inquisitive eyes. She looked down at the obvious protrusion, making her son aware of the bulge in his trousers. Will buckled in embarrassment. Mary giggled adorably.

Sitting down on the woodpile, Will tried not to make his attention obvious, but his mother was very aware.

Mary slid out of her shoes and moved through the grass on her sexy bare feet. She lowered down onto her knees and plucked a daisy from the ground. A light breeze made her wavy mane flutter as she tucked the flower between her head and ear. She sat back on her heels, straightening her back and thrusting her big busts out so they looked like they could burst right through her blouse.

Will watched intently as she peeked over at him. Her loving eyes seemed to linger behind long fluttering eyelashes before she gave him a cute little wink. It was obvious to Will that his mom was flirting with him and his body was charged with sexual excitement.

Mary gracefully rolled onto her side then onto her tummy. Resting on her elbows, the middle aged mother bent her legs at the knees, throwing her arching little bare feet up and just sort of waving them around a little.

Will carefully squeezed the head of his aching prick bulge as he stared at his mother sprawled out on the grass. He could see her naked calves and flexing bare feet. Her legs were freshly shaven and seemed to glow in the noonday sun.

With her chin resting on her palms, Will could see his mom gazing at him through the grass. Her eyes stared straight into his as if studying his reaction. Mary was like a hungry cat surveying a potential kill.

Time seemed to stop as mother and son were locked in what seemed like a forbidden gaze.

"Get a move on, boy...that wood's not gonna chop itself."

It was Walter, Will's father. He moved past his boy and towards his wife.

Will jumped back to splitting wood. "Sorry, Pa."

Walter looked at his wife laying on ground. "Well...don't you look like a fresh peach just fell off the tree."

"You gon eat me up?" Mary asked.

"Maybe I will." Walter said plopping down beside her.

"Like hell you will. You ain't gon do the nasty with me lookin and smellin like a farm hog."

Walter slapped her ass. "Suppose you better bathe me then."

Mary gazed across at her son. "I'm fixin to give somebody a bath...but it ain't you."

"He ain't no boy needs his momma to bath him, Mary."

Mary gave her husband a defiant smile. "He ain't no man neither. He ain't laid pipe in a girl, he ain't a man. I'm fixin to change that real soon. Mother's duty."

"Yeah I know. Suppose I need to disappear then...that what you're sayin?"

"I just need a week with him...maybe two." Mary said.

"Suppose I could head to Culter Creek....help my brother with that barn."

"I think that's a mighty fine idea. Barn building's bound to keep your body and mind occupied. Not a reason in this world for you to think about what Will and I are doin' back here at home. A husband could torture himself with such thoughts."

Thirty minutes later Walter was saddling his horse.

"Where you headin, Pa?" Will asked.

"Helping your uncle for a week or so. Mind your Ma and look after her...you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

Walter sped off on his horse and as young Will watched him disappear, Mary stepped up behind him. "When I was a little girl, my Pa had two horses. When they was bred they made the most beautiful colt I ever seen. You could just look at that thing and you knew...that he was born to be a stud. For two long years that colt followed his momma around that farm...sniffin at her cunny and doin his best to mount her. I still remember that colt had the biggest putter I ever seen. Every time he got close, that daddy horse would kick it away...doin his best to protect what was his. Then one day my Pa took that daddy horse into town...leaving that mare and her colt all alone. As soon as that colt's daddy left the corral...that momma mare thew her ass at him faster than wolves in a hen house. What we didn't realize was that that mare wanted her colt's putter deep inside her even more than he did. She wanted her baby to mount her. She wanted to make him a stallion....and she did."

Mary took her son's hand, turning him to face her. "I know you've been sniffin. It's a mother's duty teach her boy how to rub bellies.

Your Pa's gonna be gone as long as we need him to. I have his full blessing...to take my boy and make him a man...."

Mary's face glowed with excitement. "To make him a stallion."

Will could hardly breathe. The loving mother took her boy's hand and led him into the farmhouse.

"Put a couple more logs on the fire...momma's gonna draw you a bath." Mary said.

After following through with his mother's request Will watched his mom fill the tub with pots of steaming hot water. Just watching Mary move about was an erotic experience. Her curvaceous body moved with grace and confidence and young Will marveled at her trembling breasts and swaying buttocks.

Mary stepped over and slowly unbuttoned her son's shirt. She peeled it off then tenderly grazed her nails down his lean chest, gazing up at him through slitted eyelids. "You wan kiss me like a man?"

Will nodded nervously. Mary stepped forward, her eyes fixed on his as she circled her hands around his neck. Her big pouty lips puckered as she rose up on her tip toes and connected with her target.

Will's body trembled as he felt her soft lips mash into his. Mary planted a series of slow sensual kisses, combing her fingers through the hair on the back of his head. Her eyes were now closed tight. "Mmmmm, that's right darlin...let your momma give you some sugar," she said between kisses.

She kissed him softly a few more times. "I'm gon give you some wet kisses now. Gon show your whistle how to dance with my dribblin dart."

Will felt his mom snake her tongue into his mouth. It scooped his own tongue up and flailed around it. The youngster caught on quickly, making his tongue twist and flutter against hers.

"Mmmmnnn." Mary moaned, impressed by her son's early progress.

For two full minutes their tongues battled. The lusty mother displayed her experience, eating at her boys lips, rolling and twisting her strong experienced tongue through his mouth. Finally, they seperated.

"Damnations, Will Baker...you sure you haven't been locking lips with those Taylor girls?"

"I'm sure momma...why?"

Mary put her hands on her wide hips, smiling proudly. "You're smoochin pretty good for a virgin...that's all."

Will's face turned a shade of red. "Oh...thanks, Momma."

"Now don't you go gettin' bashful on me. I'm about to take off them trousers and I have me a feelin' when I see what's inside I'm gon be givin' you all sorts a compliments."

Mary crouched down and unbuckled her son belt. She pulled his pants down and Will's erect penis sprung free wagging lewdly in front of her. The long smooth shaft curved slightly upward as it stretched way out. Mary fed her son a lusty grin as she gazed at the big mushroom cap flaring out like head of a hooded cobra.

"Ohhhhhhh darlin...I ain't never seen such a thinga beauty. Just look a the way it's stuck out there like that...just throbbin' for Momma's attention."

Will was nearly out of breath. "I ain't never seen it this stiff before."

"Well I will confess that just lookin at that thing's makin' me all gooshy between my thighs...so you best make room in that tub cuz I'm fixin to get in with ya."

Will seemed surprised. "You mean...naked?"

Mary giggled, unbuttoning her blouse. "Of course naked. It wouldn't be much of a bath otherwise."

Will's mother peeled off her blouse, revealing her tightened corset. Her gigantic tits were straining to get out. Bulging tit meat was literally spilling over the top. Will gazed at them and hopped in the tub as Mary gracefully removed her skirt.

With her back to her boy, Mary pulled her bloomer's half way down her meaty buttocks, then stopped, peeking back at Will. "I'm thinkin you better do what comes natural about now, darlin son of mine...and if that means pleasin your pisser in that tub while you watch your momma undress then I suppose you better get to pullin."

Will jumped to his knees inside the tub and started jerking his soapy cock, waiting for his mother's next move.

Mary grinned at him, then sent the bloomers sliding down her smooth legs. She stepped out of them and with her luscious backside pointed at Will, Mary reached down to pick them up.

Will panted lustfully, fisting his pecker as he gazed at his mother's gorgeous ass. He could see the crinkled ring of her butthole, peeking out between two rounded ass globes and the light patch of dark pubic fur surrounding the split of her twat.

The lascivious mother licked her lips as she stood up straight and untied her corset. Within moments her large breasts were spilling out onto her chest. Will's tongue about hit the floor as the naked

mother stepped towards the tub. At the tips of her bobbling breast were huge thick areola and big rubbery nipples.

As she stepped into the tub, Mary glanced down at her boys rigid prick as his fist slipped up and down its length. "Heavens boy, you tug that pud any harder you're libel to pull the meat straight from the bone," she giggled.

Will sat back down in the water, his fist still clasping his rod. In a flash, Mary dropped to her knees then sent herself splashing through the water and sliding her wet curvy body up onto her son. She let out a playful scream as she clutched onto him, throwing her arms around his neck.

With her soft tummy now trapped against his fisted prick, Mary felt her son stroke, fueled by the spongy tits that were now mashed against his chest. Her warm curvy body slipped around against her youngster as she tried to settle on top of him. This caused her to giggle and scream playfully.

"Oh wow momma!" The teen sighed excitedly, watching her tits slip and slosh against his naked skin.

"Baby, you better let go of that mating meat and hold onto me!" Mary said with a giggle.

Will folded his arms around her. "I got ya, Momma."

Mary smiled down at him, her excited stare only inches away. "Ok....you got me....so now what you gon do?"

"Kiss you I suppose."

"Well then you better get to kissin." Mary said with a grin.

Mother and son mashed their lips together and kissed hungrily. Minutes of wet tongue twisting action passed before Mary giggled. "I

do believe we got a red hot poker between us."

Will smiled bashfully.

Mary looked down at the throbbing purple cockhead peeking out from between their tummies. "We best wrap that thing in somethin before it scortches our bellies like a brandin iron."

Mary slipped down Will's body until his throbbing peter rested between her tits. She pressed her pendulous boobs together, trapping it between them. "Mmmm, let momma give that pud a nice soft bunny rub."

Will watched his shiny cock nob peek out from between the tops of Mary's smothering tits. "Ohh, Momma!" he muttered.

Mary held her tits tightly together and moved her torso up and down, milking Will's slick prick with her tits. Will threw his head back with delight.

"Feels good, doesn't it baby?" Mary asked.

"Suuure does." the boy gasped.

Mary looked down, watching the flaring shiny bulb emerge and the yawning piss slit bubbling with hot precum. "Just look at that big juicy throb nob...cappin that loooong slab a prick. My baby boy's all grown up and ready to lay some pipe aren't ya, sugar bear."

"Uh huh."

As Mary fucked her boy's dick in the warm valley between her luscious breasts, she bent down and flicked her tongue around the tip. Will's body shuttered.

"D'ya like that, sugar?" Mary asked between licks.

"Yeah, Momma...I ain't never felt anything so good," he answered, feeling the satiny flesh and slippery wetness.

Each time the shiny tip rose up from between her tits, Mary fluttered her tongue around on it. All the while, her big brown eyes gazed up at her boy, watching him whimper in pleasure.

"Ohh...I'm fixin' to explode down there real soon!" Will announced.

Mary pumped his prick faster between her smothering tits. "Oh sweet darlin...you gon bust a nut for meeee?!"

Will's ass clenched and rose from the tub. His legs trembled as cum shot up his throbbing pecker. "**OHHH MOMMAAA!!!**"

The first milky spurt struck Mary in the chin. The second and third erupted between her boobs and bubbled up to form a creamy pool on her cleavage. The buxom mother pulled at the squirting boner with her tits as gobs of cum squirted out the tip. She continued until he was milked dry.

"Well if I didn't need a bath before, I certainly do now. I ain't never seen so much seed spurt out a peter before."

"Sorry bout the mess, Momma." Will panted.

"Now don't you go apologizin... The moment I wrapped that pig in a blanket...I knew it was gon spit. And I knew darn well you was storin' all sorts a virgin sperm in that big sack a balls."

Will's eyes were fixed on the cum coated mams. "You want me to wash em for ya, Momma?"

"I think that sounds like a mighty fine idea," she answered, sliding down between Will's legs, with her back to his chest. "Boy your age needs to learn how to handle a lady's charms. This'll make for a great time to practice."

Mary handed her son the soap and he timidly reached around and began lathering up her lucsious breasts. The naked mother turned her head and fed him a stern gaze. "What do you think you're doin?"

"Well, you said I could...."

"I said you could handle em. You're pawin' at em like a little boy." Mary giggled.

"Sorry, Momma."

"Baby, sorry ain't gon make a girl get to drippin. Now you better take hold and start squeezin' these titties like a man." Mary said.

Will sunk his fingers into her soft breast flesh and started kneading. Mary thrust her chest out and they both watched Will's hands squeeze and pull at her wet soapy tits.

"That a boy....that's how you handle Momma's big jiggle bosoms. See how you're makin those cherry red tips harden up?"

Will could see that her nipples were now huge and engorged as they slipped between his fingers. "Uhh...uh huh."

"Tell me what that means, baby?"

"Does it mean that they's needin' sucked?" Will asked timidly.

Mary fed him a beaming smile. "Oh darlin, that's exactly right. When you see those saps harden up like that...you best get yourself under them cream jugs and start suckin like a baby."

"Well...no way my mouth can get to em from here, Momma."

Mary fed him a sly smile. "Well what you gon do about that?"

"Well, I..."

"Don't you get backward, Will Thompson...now you take hold of me n roll me over." Mary commanded.

"But what if I was to hurt you?"

Mary raised her voice. "I'm gon take you over my knee I have to tell you again. Now you stop actin' like a boy and manhandle me!!"

Will clutched her around the waist and forcefully spun her around. Mary slid up his body and knelt over him so that the lucky teen found his face between her big dangling breasts. He wasted no time clamping his lips around an engorged nipple.

"Now then that wasn't so hard...was it? Now listen here, darlin...us ladies, we ain't the fragile little angels you think we are. We may present ourselves frail prim and propper , but when it comes to lovin'...we ain't afraid to get rough. Understand?"

"Mmmm hmm." Will hummed, his mouth full of breastmeat.

Will plowed his tongue against the bumpy ridges on Mary's areola, flicking it across her rubbery nip. It popped from his mouth and he licked up into her soft cleavage. The wet pendulous tits bobbled against his excited face and he found himself licking and sucking the underside.

He felt Mary's soapy hand circle his still rock hard prick and gently stroke. "My..my!!! Had your bell rung and you's still as stiff as a ax. Makes a lady wonder just how many times in a night she can make that big juicy bell go ring a ding ding."

Will whimpered, his face plastered in squishy tit flesh as Mary stroked her long nails across his sensitive glans. Mom licked her lips hugrily as she gazed back at his pointing erection.

"So young...sooo beautiful," she whispered. "You know...we stay in this tub any longer...we're likely to shrivel up like prunes."

Will spoke between sucks. "I could stay like this forever."

Mary giggled. "I'm sure you could, sugar."Her tits drug across his mouth as she brought her face down close to his. "But Momma's got a better place for us tonight."

Mom and son got out and dried off. Will couldn't tear his eyes away from his mom's lush body. Mary snapped him from his trance. "Sounds like a storm's comin'. You best go out and make sure the horses are in the barn."

"Ok, Momma."

Will threw on his pants and boots. As he prepared to go out, he noticed his mother slowly creeping towards him. She was still naked, just holding the towel loosely against her curvy body. Her hair was still wet and slicked back and she seemed to be staring lovingly as she stepped closer.

"You okay, Momma?"

Mary sashayed her wet naked body up to her son and began tenderly kissing his chest. She kissed one of his nipples and flickered her tongue against it. Mary gazed up at him, her eyes blazing with lust. "Hurry back to me," she whispered as thunder roared in the distance.

Will had never rounded the horses so quickly. Lightning flashed as wind began to whip around the farm. Once everything was secure, Will rushed back to the house, his boner threatening to tear a hole in his trousers.

Once back inside, he noticed the main room was dark, except for the glow of the fireplace. "Momma?"

A soft seductive voice answered from the back bedroom. "In here, sugar."

Will stepped into his parents bedroom and gasped as he saw his mother sprawled out on their big bed naked. Mary was on her tummy, her silky legs bent and her cute little feet kicked up playfully above her rounded buttocks. Propped on her elbows, her big soft tits were half flattened against the mattress. She gazed at her boy with a lusty smile. "Pull them trousers back off...and come get into bed with Momma."

"But..but ain't that you n Pa's bed?"

Mary rose up on her hands and knees and crawled towards him. The way her tits rocked from her chest reminded Will of the way the cows milk filled udders bobbled as they walked across the field. She gazed hungrily through slitted eyelids as she undid his pants. "Your Pa ain't here...and until he is...this soft warm bed is miiine and yours."

"So I'm gon be sleepin in here with you?"

As his pants hit the floor, Mary stared in awe at the long blood engorged peter sticking way out from his loins. "Oh you gon be in here with me...but I doubt there's gon be much sleepin goin' on."

She clutched his soft scrotum with her hand and pulled him onto the bed. Will fell onto his back and Mary kissed him. "Remember how I told you how that mare threw her ass at that colt, wantin him to mount?"

"Yeah."

"Well we did some playin...but this mare ain't threw her ass at her young colt yet." Mary said as she slid onto her son and straddled him.

Will looked up at the massive tits ballooning out from between Mary's arms as she rested her hands against his chest. He felt the heat of her cunt as his shaft slid between her quim. "She ain't

thrown her hienny up to take that slab a meat straight to her womb...but she's fixin to real soon. And once this big bed starts to rockin'...you and me's gon float away on a cloud of pleasure. And we may not come back til mornin." Mary said with a giggle.

"Sounds alright to me." Will said excitedly.

Mary rolled her hips up and back, grinding her moist labial meat again the underside of Will's throbbing erection. "You like that...the way Momma's lickin that peter with her hot crack a heaven?"

Will's young body shivered with anxious arousal. "Oh yeah, Momma...it's hot for sure."

"I reckon you ain't seen a woman's charms before up close...so you just lay right there Will Thompson...and Momma's gonna show her boy what a woman's got between her pretty legs."

Mary turned and straddled Will the opposite direction, so that her ass hovered in front of his face. Will's breath was short and excited as he stared ahead at the meaty furrow of his mother's cunt. He followed the crack up to the ring of her butthole as it budded out obscenely between her ass globes.

The naked mother peeked back over her shoulder, watching her boys reaction. "Now how bout I spread those lips a Venus...so you can take a peek inside Momma's treasure box."

Mary reached under and used two fingers to spread her labia. Her moist slot opened up like a pink flower, revealing a large clitoral nub and a creamy fuck hole.

Will's cock flexed and bubbling precum trickled out as he gazed at Mary's hot hole. "Wow, Momma....so that's the place us guys put our peters?"

Mary wrapped her free hand around her son's dong and stroked tenderly. "Mmm-hmm...way up inside where it's soft n warm."

"Sure smells yummy, Momma."

Mary smiled back at him and moved her cunt closer to his face. "Mmmm, well if you wan know just how yummy it is...you gon have to dip your tongue inside."

Will kissed her cunt, then ringed his lips around the mouth. He licked the inner lining of her slithering hole, gently rubbing his moist tongue all along her crack. "Ughh, darlin...just like that."

"Mmmm, it is good, Momma." Will exclaimed, tasting her pussy juices. He darted his tongue in and out, lathering the inner fuck walls of her cunthole.

Mary softly sighed as she closed her eyes and tightened her grip on Will's cock. "Ohh Goddamn, Will...that's it darlin...that's real nice. Eat yourself some pussy baby."

Will slurped at her delicious cunt, lathering her hole with his gyrating tongue. Her juice and his saliva mingled, getting her cunt wet and sloppy.

Mary squeezed her boy's rigid pole up and down, feeling its strength and girth in her tiny hand. She landed her hot cunt on his face and gently rocked against his darting tongue. Will slid his tongue in and out of her pussy, tongue fucking his mom's hole.

Mary panted and smiled deliciously. "Ohhh yes, darlin...stir it around, just like that."

Will flicked his tongue against the knob of her big clit. The **BOOM** of thunder shook the house. Mary shrieked, but not from the noise...it was from having her clit assaulted by her boy's tongue. She panted and trembled, but made sure her boy's face stayed firmly planted

against her crotch. "Ughhh baby, you just found Momma's sugared diamond. Don't you dare stop lickin'."

"Mmmnn-mnn-mnn-mnnn!" Will hummed, sucking the rubbery clit into his mouth.

Mary screamed in pleasure, rotating her crotch on her son's face, getting every square inch of his darting tongue. Her cunt oil streamed onto his face as Will ate deep, darting his tongue in and out of her fuckhole...on and around her clit.

"**OOHHH, GODDAMN YOU, WILL!!**" Mary screamed, grinding her muff and ass against his face.

Will's snaking tongue pummeled her fuckhole. Her cunt walls were slick and hot and Will could feel them collapse around his tongue. Buried in her crotch, Will could see her butthole right between his eyes, throbbing and winking.

Mary trembled, her big boobs swayed back and forth as she felt her son's tongue stab at her pussy. She kept a tight possessive grip on his prick, jerking it up and down, making his balls bounce.

"**OH SWEET JESUS DARLIN, YOU GON MAKE ME SEE STARS!**"

Mary's body covulsed and rolled to the side, pulling her son with her and wrapping her thighs around his head in order to keep his face in her crotch. Her soft curvy body writhed and shook as she screamed in pleasure. Her boys silver tongue kept licking, drawing out a powerful orgasm.

Will felt his cock become encased in wet warmth. Mary's lips formed a tight circle around the swollen tube of cock meat. She slid her tongue around it tenderly, making her boy whimper.

Her body slipped off of his and Will peeked down to see his gorgeous mom hovering over his erection. He watched her long pink

tongue lap around and around his cockhead, battering it with wet wiggling licks.

"Arghhhh!" Will cried, bucking his prick up between his mother's lips.

Mary opened her mouth wide and closed her lips around the center of Will's big dick. She wrapped her hand around the base and tugged as she started sucking on his cockshaft. "Mmmmm!" she moaned.

"**OHHH MOMMA!**"

Mary's head bobbed up and down...slurping, smacking sounds burbled out of her throat as she sucked him off. Her slick experienced mouth felt like a wet juicy cunt. Will's hips rocked off the bed, driving his thick dick into Mary's throat.

"Mmmmmnnnn!" Shamelessly, the housewife nursed on the long meaty prod, fucking its length with her wet and willing mouth. She took him to the balls, her lips clamped tightly around his cock-base.

She pulled her head up, sucking her lips along the twitching shaft. Mary paused at the tip, sucking it hard and darting her tongue around the cum-drooling head. Will's body shuddered as she plowed the tip of her tongue against his frenum, pulling out all her tricks.

"**OHHH MOMMA, I'M FIXIN TO BLOW REAL SOON!**" Will announced.

Mary started ramming her head furiously up and down the length of her son's cock, encasing the throbbing slab of prick in a grip of slathering lips and tongue. This quickly resulted in a thick creamy gusher of jism erupting from his spongy cockhead.

Will groaned as his penis spurted. For Mary, there was something deliciously wicked about sucking on her own boy's prick...feeling it quiver and pulse in her mouth as it squirted ribbons of spunk across

her tongue and down her throat. For minutes she nursed on his quivering organ...pulling out every drop.

The groaning teen's cockhead **POPPED** from Mary's mouth, still flexing sensitively. "Mmm...darlin you got you the sweetest sugar stick I ever sucked on."

Mary crawled up on top of him burying his chest in big tits and began showering his face and neck with kisses. "Gon lay there...or you gon roll around on this big bed with me?!"

Still panting, Will got a big excited smile. "I'll roll around with you any day, Momma!"

And roll they did...for the next two hours Mary and her boy rolled around on the bed naked...clutching eachothers bodies as they kissed and giggled.

Laying on his back, Will gazed up at the cieling...listening to the rain beat down against the roof. His mom's body was directly on top of his, her big spongy tits flattened against his youthful chest as she licked and sucked at his neck. "How could it get much better than this?" The youth thought, as the curvy beauty showered him with unmotherly affection.

Again they rolled across the mattress, Mary's strong silky legs tightening around his midsection, keeping him clutched between her thighs. They kissed passionately, tongues twisting together in a wild frenzy. Will's hands traveled down his mother's wide hips and onto her fleshy ass. His fingers sunk in..squeezing big handfulls of meaty buttocks.

As they broke the kiss, Mary gazed up at her boy with affection. "Are you beginin to see how much fun this can be?"

Will looked down at her excitedly. "Sure am, Momma!"

"Are you startin to see how a good woman like me can bring you hours n hours a pleasure?"

"I ain't never imagined this much pleasure, Momma." Will answered.

Mary giggled. "Well sweatpea...your peter ain't even started lickin your Momma's womb yet. Once you slip inside and we start to rockin...you gon see just how good pleasure can get."

Will's brick hard prick flexed against Mary's moistened quim. "Can I stick it in now, Momma?"

"Long as you's ready to cream again..cuz I guarantee that virgin quiff splitter's only gon last a minute."

"I'll try to last longer.'

Mary reached down between them, grasping her boy's prick and dragging the head against the entrance to her creamy twat. "Don't you promise such things. I'm gon teach you to take a girl to paradise alright, but for tonight you gon get your fist piece a cunt."

Will whimpered as he felt his cock sink inside.

Mary clutched his ass and pulled him in deeper. "Now you start buckin them hips and you don't stop for nothin...you here me?"

"Y...yes ma'am!" Will exclaimed, feeling the lips of her cunt suck at his prick, drawing it in.

He heaved against her soft belly, driving his hot teenaged cock into the far end of her rippling tunnel, and held it there.

"Ooooh!" Mary groaned, lifting her legs higher and wrapping them tightly around him, her soft thighs hot against his hips and the heels of her little feet pushing hard against his ass.

Will backed out a little, then punched his taut prick into her wet folds. Stuffed full, Mary grunted and creamed throwing her cunt up at his plunging cock, setting them in motion. Will's balls began to slap lewdly against her ass crack, tormenting his mom's asshole.

"I'm doin it, Momma! I'm really doin it!!"

He dropped his face in the sweaty valley between her rippling, bouncing tits. Mary's soft body seemed to fold around his lean bucking frame, wrapping it in luscious mommy-flesh. "Ohhh my love, you are doin it. "**LAY INTO MOMMA BABY!!**"

As her slick folds tightened around her son's fat cock, she heard him whimper and his body stiffened. Steaming cum spewed out his pisshole explosively, splashing along her hot gripping cunt. "Oh Momma," he sighed, resting his weight against her.

"My baby! My stallion!!" Mary whispered, wrapping her arms around him and tightening her thighs, rocking with bliss. For an hour they remained that way, stroking and fondling...staring and kissing.

Still inside Mary's cunt, Will's cock hardened again. The spongy ridged walls of pussy squeezed as his erection came to life. He fucked his mom a second time...slower this time around. Her pussy sucked and chewed on his fat prod, making the cum boil in his balls. She clutched his ass with her long nails,guiding his thrusts.

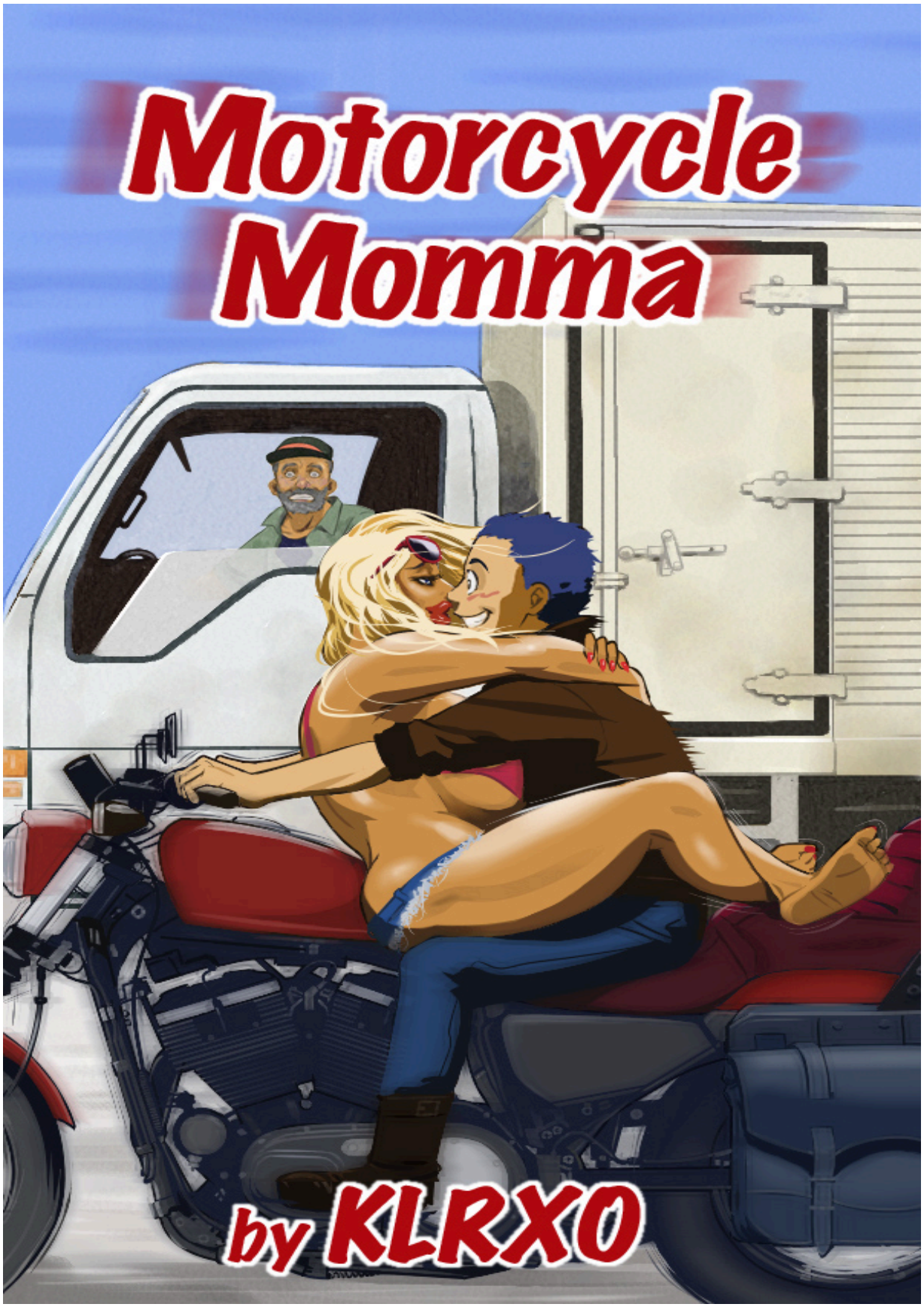
"Oooohhnngghh!!" the teen shuttered as jets of hot cum began to spew.

"Aaaanngggghhh...cream your mare!!! Mary screamed as she clutched her teen even tighter and started throwing her hips up in a frenzied fuck to meet his thrusts. Their glistening bodies heaved and shook, rocking the big bed violently.

The lucky boy came even harder as he felt Mary's hot liquid love squirt along his prick meat, mixing with his own creamy spunk. Their

bodies crashed together, making wet lewd **SMACKING** sounds as hot flesh beat against wet quivering flesh. It was like they were throwing a wild bodywracking orgasm back and forth between the two of them.

For another hour Mary rocked him...keeping her arms and legs locked around him, clutching her boy to her sweat soaked body. She whispering naughty things into his ear. Thing mother's shouldn't say to their boys. It was the most erotic night of young Will's life, but his lessons in lust were far from over.


Motorcycle Momma
by KLRXO

Motorcycle Momma

By Klrxo

"How much is the bike up front?" Cole asked the greasy mechanic as he stepped inside his shop.

The bearded hulk of a man that locals called ‘Spark Plug Mike’ climbed out from under the vehicle and looked the scrawny teenager up and down. "Are you even old enough to ride a motorbike, kid?" he asked.

"I just turned eighteen…I'm old enough," Cole answered, trying to add more to his stature with his confident demeanor.

"Have you ever ridden a motorcycle before?" Mike asked.

"No, but I plan on learning. My parents both ride."

"They ride Harley Davidsons, like that one?" The mechanic asked, motioning to the one he had for sale. "Well, my dad does. My mom rides along with him. They're part of a local motorcycle club."

"And which club might that be?" Mike queried.

"The Road Raiders."

Mike burst out laughing. "The Road Raiders ain't bikers, kid. They're a bunch of weekend wannabees," he stated, going back to work on the vehicle. "Although they do have a few hot mommas in their group."

Cole knew he must be referring to his mom and her friends, who were notorious for not keeping their clothes on when they joined their husbands on the road. He looked over the time- worn motorbike.

The tank and fenders were red in color and huge leather saddle bags hung along the rear wheels. "I can give you two thousand," the boy blurted.

Mike chuckled, turning the socket with his big grease-stained hands. "That's too much bike for a beginner, kid. Go get yourself a Honda Rebel."

Cole noticed a lot of motorcycle parts scattered here and there. "My dad has a motor for an old knucklehead. It's been sitting in our garage for years," the teen shared.

This seemed to get big Mike's attention. "A knucklehead?"

"Yeah, I'm not sure what he wants for it though."

The mechanic wiped his hands with a dirty rag, seeming intrigued by what he'd just heard. "I'm askin' five-G's for the hog, but get me that knucklehead and the bike's yours, and that'll include a lesson or two, just so you don't kill yourself," he offered.

"I'll talk to my dad tonight."

Cole was excited at the prospect of owning a motorbike, and not just any motorbike, but an actual old Harley-Davidson. He certainly didn't have five-grand, so he knew his only chance was making his father an offer on the vintage engine.

Once he got home, he found his dad, Sam, working in the garage, listening to "Sweet Home Alabama" on his shop radio. "Hey, dad… you got the bike all ready to go I see," Cole pointed out, motioning to his dad's shiny new Harley Street Glide Special.

"Yeah, Bullet City Bike week's coming right up," his father stated. "Which reminds me…I'm missing that vintage-looking bandana I brought home from that event last year. Have you seen it?"

"It's in your saddlebag, honey," a sweet voice reminded him. It was Cole's mother, Maddy. The busty platinum-blonde stepped into the garage wearing a light summer dress. Her "It flew off your head on our way home and we had to go back and get it, remember?"

"That's right! Shit, I forgot all about that," Sam remarked, then fished the flashy bandana from just the place his wife said it would be. "I'll have to make sure it fits a little more snug this next time around."

"Hey, dad…can I buy that old knucklehead engine off of you?" Cole asked.

His father burst out laughing. "It's not for sale, sorry, and even if it was…I doubt you have that kind of bread in your pocket, kid," he answered.

"What do you want with an old rusty engine, Champ?" his mother asked curiouy. "Champ" was a nickname Maddy had given Cole at birth. She had won a wet t-shirt championship at the local biker bar, while she was pregnant with him. She had credited her victory to the fact that her prenatal tits had grown tremendously, thus giving the boy the nickname, which had stuck through the years.

"I just thought it might be cool to collect vintage motorbike parts," Cole answered. He didn't want his parents to know he was in negotiations for a Harley. He would rather surprise them by rolling up to the house on it.

"Sorry, son. I admire your new hobby, but that engine's way too valuable," his father objected.

"What do YOU plan on doing with it, Sam?" his wife asked. "It's been sitting in this garage collecting rust for like…ten years."

"Parts like that are like fine wine, honey. The longer you hang onto them, the more valuable they get."

"I'll give you three thousand for it," Cole blurted.

"That's a good offer, son, but not nearly enough," Sam laughed. "How do you have three-grand anyway?"

"I've been saving up," Cole replied. "How about three-grand and I'll take care of the yard work all summer?"

Sam's sexy wife smiled at him. "That IS a pretty sweet deal, Sam. You're the one who's always complaining that you never have time to cut all that grass."

"Alright fine…but you'll have to start by helping me clean the gutters out today."

"So, it's a deal then?" Cole asked excitedly.

"Yeah, it's a deal."

Later that afternoon, Cole was holding the ladder, while his dad cleaned leaves out of the gutters along the perimeter of the roof. It was a boring job, but he just reminded himself that soon he'd be the owner of some sweet new wheels.

"This is taking way too damn long," Sam complained. "I'm just gonna use the pressure washer!"

After getting it setup, Cole handed the sprayer up to his father, who was on the roof. "Careful, dad…don't get too close to the edge," the boy warned.

"This isn't my first rodeo, kid. I'm know what I'm doing."

Ironically, it was only five minutes later that the father lost his balance and dropped to the ground.

"Dad! Shit! Are you ok?" Cole shouted, running to his father's aid.

"I'm fine," he answered, but then cried out in pain as he tried to get up.

"Just stay down. I'll call an ambulance."

Maddy came rushing out of the house, her large breasts bouncing around beneath her dress and bra as she hurried to her husband. "What happened?" she inquired.

"I fell off the damn roof. I think I fucked my leg up really bad," her husband winced.

Cole and his mom rode along with Sam to the hospital and sat in the waiting room as the doctors took some x-rays. "I warned him to stay away from the edge," Cole told hid mom as they sat there thumbing through magazines.

"You know your father…stubborn to the end," Maddy chuckled.

Cole sat across from his beautiful mom and his eyes drifted to her luscious tan legs as she crossed them. His heart skipped a beat as he was treated to a quick peek of panty-covered pubis. The lavender-colored panty-cloth was molded to her pudenda, creating a well-pronounced camel-toe.

"Damn, that's hot!" the boy thought, wondering what it would feel like smash his prick inside what he considered the hottest pussy on earth. His mom dangled a dainty black high-heeled sandal from her pretty painted toes. Her lovely legs were strong and powerful-looking, yet gave off a perfect silky sheen from being freshly shaved. Cole imaged what such legs would look like scissored wide open, like he was sure his mom did when her and his dad fucked.

Sensing her boy's eyes on her, Maddy eyes peeked up from her magazine, gazing over at his crotch.

She could see the well-outlined tube of his erect penis. Her rubbery nipples hardened beneath her bra as she stared longer than she probably should have.

"Maddy?" a doctor's voice blurted, jarring her from her trance.

"Yes?"

"You guys can go in and see him now."

"Thank you," the mother smiled, then her and Cole went in to check on her husband. "So, what's the verdict?" she asked.

"Looks like a broken leg. They're gonna put me in a cast," Sam answered, shaking his head in frustration. "I can't believe I was so stupid."

"Well, I guess it's a good thing you agreed to that deal with Cole. You couldn't do yardwork this summer, even if you wanted to," his wife pointed out.

"True," her husband muttered. "I guess we can scratch Bullet City Bike week as well."

"Yeah, with a broken leg…we can pretty much forget biking at all this summer," his wife lamented.

"Sorry, honey," Sam consoled, knowing his wife was just as excited for their upcoming road trips as he was.

A few days later, Maddy was laying by the pool with her girlfriends, Autumn and Baily. The three women wore skimpy micro bikinis and had golden tan bodies from all the sunning they'd been doing together lately. "I'm so fucking depressed," Baily uttered. "I was really looking forward to the three of us raising hell again this summer."

"I know, right?" Autumn agreed. "This'll be the first time in fifteen years that one of us misses bike week."

"I'm sure the two of you will swing your asses around plenty without me," Maddy giggled.

"True, and one less of us…means more hot bikers for Autumn and I to flirt with."

"Fuck you, whore!" Maddy joked, giving her the finger.

Maddy cell phone rang. She saw it was her son, so she answered. "Hey, honey, what's up?"

"Hey, mom…are you home right now?"

"Yeah, I'm laying out by the pool with the girls. Is everything ok?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm almost home. Could you guys come up front," Cole requested.

"Um…sure, we'll be right up," Maddy replied curiously.

"Oh, and wheel dad out too!" Cole insisted. "I have a surprise for you guys."

The three friends got up and made their way through the house. They certainly weren't shy about the fact that they were wearing nearly nothing. Their faces and hair color were different, but their curvy bodies were much the same. Huge tits and big bubble butts could barely be contained in the skimpy micro bikinis they wore.

"What's this all about?" Sam asked as his wife pushed him out into the driveway in his wheelchair.

"I have no idea. He said it was a surprise."

Suddenly they heard the ROAR of a motorbike round the corner and roll into the neighborhood. It was Cole, the proud owner of a new red Harley. He raced up the street and stopped in the driveway. The gasps and cheers of the three busty moms could barely be heard over the chugging tailpipes.

Cole took a second to admire all the ballooning tit-flesh in the driveway. When he shut the bike off, he heard his mother's reaction. "Wow, nice bike, honey!" she exclaimed.

"Thanks!"

"How the hell did you buy a Harley?" Sam asked, in an almost jealous tone.

"Remember I told you I was collecting vintage motorcycle parts?"

"Yeah."

"Well, that was kind of a lie. I'm not collecting them, but I know a guy that is…and he traded the motorbike and some lessons for that old knucklehead motor I got from you."

"I love it, Cole!" Baily beamed, showing her pretty white teeth.. "It's so old school."

"Wait a second…this guy's name doesn't happened to be Spark Plug Mike, does it?" his father asked.

"Yeah, that's the guy. Do you know him?"

"Unfortunately, yes!"

"Mike has beat your father two years in a row in the bike week burnout contest.," Maddy explained.

"Well, who knows…maybe once I enter the competition, he'll regret selling me the bike," Cole stated, then smiled at his heavy breasted

mother. He took just a second to admire her mile-long cleavage.

"Wanna go to bike week with me?"

"Really?!" his mom asked excitedly, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah…since dad broke his leg and can't take you this year, I figured I could."

"Wait a second…hold up!" Sam blurted. "Do you even have a license to ride that thing?" he asked his son.

"Yeah, I just came from getting it."

"Well if you took riding lessons from Spark Plug Mike, then I doubt you're ready to 'safely' be out on the road," his father warned.

"Oh, Sam, relax. He'll have a experienced riding partner, so I'll make sure he's following the road rules," his wife assured him.

"Oh my God...we're ALL going to bike week!" Autumn cheered, giving Maddy a big hug.

"WHOOOAA!!" Autumn screamed throwing her arms in the air and bouncing excitedly on her bare feet. Her big mommy mikers jostled around heavily, making Cole's eyes widen. Then, he watched his mom and Baily's huge bikini-clad knockers bulge out at the sides as they hugged in celebration.

That evening, Sam decided to express his concerns to his wife, while they sat next to each other in bed. "Don't you think we should have discussed this, before you agreed to letting Cole take you to bike week?" he asked.

"Sam, he's really excited to go. It's his first bike rally. What's the issue?"

"The issue is what he's gonna be exposed to there, and you know what I'm talking about."

"He's an adult, and now he has his own ride…there's nothing we can do to stop him from going. Even if you hadn't broken your leg, he probably would have wanted to go anyway," his wife argued.

"You become a different person on the road, Maddy. Do you really want him seeing that part of you?"

Sam asked.

"I have fun. What's wrong with a boy seeing his mom have a good time?"

"We've been to bike week for fifteen years; I know you and your girlfriend's idea of a good time."

"Sam, Cole's not a kid anymore…I'm sure he can handle it all like an adult."

"Promise me you'll at least keep you clothes on in front of him," Sam insisted.

"If he doesn't wanna see his mom's tits hanging out, there will be plenty of other things for him to do there. He might even find a hot young biker girl he's interested in."

"Hopefully not. Bullet City Bike week isn't the most ideal event to find a future spouse," Sam said.

"He has a good head on his shoulders, honey…plus I'll be there to make sure he doesn't do anything he shouldn't," Maddy reminded him.

"Including no alcohol!"

"He knows we don't want him drinking…plus he's my ride home. I'm sure as hell not gonna let him get arrested," his wife stated. "Just try to have a relaxing time while we're gone. No worrying. We've be fine."

The day to head to the bike rally came and Sam was standing up front in the driveway on his crutches, when the "Road Raiders" roared up the street. It consisted of nearly a dozen bikers, with their scantily clad wives or girlfriends sitting behind them.

"You kids ready to ride?" the leader rider, Barry, asked, stopping next to Cole and his mother. Barry was Autumn's husband. She sat behind him on the seat wearing skimpy shorts and a crop top.

Maddy wore snug jeans and a tank top that accentuated the enormity of her breasts. She quickly kissed her husband and straddled the seat of her son's motorbike behind him. "Let's roll!" she shouted.

"Be safe!" Sam advised, before watching the group race off down the street.

Cole felt on top of the world with his new wheels and his hot mother behind him. The feel of her big squishy tits against his back felt amazing. "I apologize in advance," his mom shouted in his ear.

"For what?" Cole hollered back.

"For all the depraved things you're gonna witness your mother do this week," she giggled.

"I'm not worried."

"I'll remember you said that."

Being the newbie and such an inexperienced rider, Cole stayed near the rear of the group. His mom pointed to the bike in front of them.

"Roll up beside them at this light," she shouted.

Cole did as his mother asked, stopping his red Harley next to Baily and her husband, Dan. Dan worked with Cole's father and his Street Glide Special was nearly identical to Sam's. "Wow, who's this ugly bitch and her convict husband?" Maddy playfully asked.

"Hi. My name's Anita Hardone!" Baily joked in an exaggerated tone, then reached around and squeezing her husband's cock.

"Oh, I'm Mona Lott and this is my boyfriend, Buster Cherry," Maddy responded, squeezing onto her son even tighter.

"Mmm, I wish he could have busted MY cherry," Baily exclaimed in a sexy tone, while staring at Cole lustfully.

"You mean the one you lost when you were twelve," her husband Dan laughed.

"Shut up, creep!" his wife joked back.

The traffic light turned green and the group revved their motors, then sped off again. Cole loved sitting between his mom's soft thighs, even though he would much rather it be with them facing each other, with his cock stuffed up her cunt. Since Maddy was an experienced biker herself, he felt a little intimated having her ride on the back with him. "How am I doing?" he shouted back to her.

"Your shifting's a little rusty, but otherwise you're handling this hog like a pro, honey," she replied back.

A lone biker passed going the opposite direction. Cole noticed that the other riders in front of them extended their left arm down away from their bikes, doing the peace sign with their fingers. The lone biker going the other way did the same.

"What was that?" Cole hollered back to his mom.

"That was the biker’s wave. It's a way to express solidarity with other riders," she explained.

"Cool!"

At the next stoplight, Cole pulled up between the bikes of Baily, Autumn and their husbands.

"You guys enjoying choking on our exhaust?" Autumn tease.

"Suck my cock!" Baily answered, giving her girlfriend two middle fingers.

"Ha! If you did have one, it wouldn’t be big enough to waste my time on," Autumn responded.

"Fucking skank!" Baily blurted.

"Eat my asshole, cunt!"

"Hey, bitches…I think this greenhorn needs a distraction test," Maddy suggested, referring to her son.

"Anyone wanna switch seats for a few miles?"

"Oh, I do! I do!" Baily shouted, raising her hand.

"Let's do it."

Maddy smile naughtily at her son as the two women switched bikes. "Remember…keep your eyes on the road, honey," his mom advised.

When they took off out of the stoplight, Cole felt Baily reach around and squeeze his cock through his pants.

"What are you gonna do…tell on me?" she teased.

"Nope!" the boy responded.

"Mmm, someone has quite the trouser-rouser," she cooed into his ear. "Do you know how to plow pussy with that thing?"

"I do ok I think," he repled.

"If I keep my hand on it, I'll get to see if his mommy turns him on as much as we all think she does."

Cole glanced back at her. "What do you mean?" he hollered.

"You'll see," she giggled, motioning ahead of them.

Cole looked straight ahead. Baily's husband's bike was a car's distance in front of them and the first thing he noticed was his mom's lovely round ass. Maddy's denim jeans were molded so snugly around her apple bottomed derriere that they looked more like a second skin. Cole could clearly see the strap of her tiny pink thong crossing her exposed ass-flesh.

Baily brought her lips to his ear. "I just bet you've beat your dick thinking about that thick hot MILF ass beating against your midsection," she said in seductive tone.

"It's my mom," Cole blushed.

"I know. That's what makes it so fucking hot," Baily stated. "My two sons are much younger than you, but when they turn your age, I'm gonna let them fuck the hell out of me."

Cole was shocked by her words. Sure, he had lusted after his mom growing up, but those were just fantasies. He never in a million years thought there was a chance that they might do anything.

"Mmm, I knew it…someone's getting hard," Baily teased, squeezing his growing bulge even more. "As hard as a fucking tire-iron!"

Cole saw his mom peek back at him and smile mischievously, her long platinum-blonde hair blowing in the wind. She lifted her meaty buttocks from the bike seat and gave it a flirty wag back and forth.

"Eyes on the road, Cole," Baily teasingly sang, reminding him of his mother's words.

"I'm trying," the teen confessed.

"Imagine how distracted you'd be if she wasn't wearing anything," Baily shouted.

"I doubt that would ever happen."

"Don't be so sure. There's a rest stop in about twenty-miles. When we stop to take a break, ask her if she'll show you her ass…see what happens."

"I can't ask her that!" Cole blurted.

"Why not?"

"She's my mom. She'll probably ground me just for saying that to her."

"Did you ever think you'd be riding down the road on a motorcycle, watching her shake her ass back at you like she just did?" Baily asked.

"Well, uh…no!"

"Alright then, don't be a wimp. Just ask her. You might be surprised what she'd do."

At the next stoplight, the women switched back. "Congratulations, Champ. You didn't drift off the road, so I guess you passed the distraction test," Maddy teased.

"It WAS distracting…but in a good way though," her son confessed.

"Well, once we get to the rally, you'll see a lot more of those 'good' distractions,' so don't start gawking until after we've parked, ok?"

As they hit the open road outside of town, Cole wondered if he'd really have the courage to ask his mom to see her ass, as Baily suggested. She had been a little flirty with him here and there, but he still worried that such a lewd request would shock her and make the rest of the trip awkward for both of them.

Pine acres Rest Area was the halfway point to the bike rally in Bullet City. The Road Raiders pulled in, threw down their kickstands and got off their bikes.

"I sure hope these bathrooms are cleaner than the last time we were here," Autumn griped.

Cole trailed the group towards the restrooms, watching all the big round mommy-asses sway wonderfully. After taking a leak, he waiting outside the restrooms a moment, trying to muster the courage to ask his mom the question.

Maddy finally emerged from the ladies' room with Baily and Autumn. The two friends fed the boy grin as they stepped past him. "Don't worry, we won't leave without you guys," Baily said as her and Autumn continued towards the bikes. Maddy, on the other hand, lingered next to her son. "Enjoying your first bike outing so far?" the mother asked.

"Yeah, it's awesome!"

"This is the half-way point, so another hour and we should be there."

Cole looked over at his mom to see her smiling back at him, staring with her big beautiful blue eyes, as if waiting for him to ask her

something. Unfortunately, he was simply too nervous to pose the question to her. "I guess we should get going," he suggested.

"Did you have something you wanted to ask me first?" Maddy inquired, clearly given a ‘heads-up' from Baily.

"Ask you?"

"Yes. Baily said you had something you really wanted to ask me."

"Oh…um, I'm not sure why she told you that," he lied.

"If I told you the answer was yes, would that help jar your memory?" Maddy asked with a flirty smile.

"Yes?"

"Yes, is the answer to your question, but I do wanna hear you ask it first."

"Oh…uh, alright," Cole nervously muttered. "Can I see your ass?"

"Again, yes…but not out here," the mother answered. She took her son's hand and led him into the ladies' room. There was only one woman at the sink washing her hands and she didn't even notice Maddy and her son step into the stall.

The busty mother closed and latched the door behind them, then smiled at her awkward-seeming son. "The view might be better if you sit," she whispered.

Cole sat down on the toilet seat. Without hesitation, his mom turned, while unbuttoning her jeans.

This gave the boy a front row seat to his mom's ass-display as she peeled the denims over her big rounded cheeks.

The teen let out an excited gasp as his mother shoved her jeans down to her knees, bending over slightly so that she could point her lovely thonged ass back at her boy.

"Wow…amazing!" he breathed.

His blonde mother peeked back with a salacious smile. "I'm not done yet, honey," she softly said.

Cole watched her hook her fingers under the waistband crossing her lush hips and pull them down over the meat of her buttocks. The pink thong peeled from the crack of her ass, then the gusset moved away from her crotch as the dainty panties were pulled down to her knees with her jeans.

"Good hell!" the boy wondrously gasped, staring at not only his mom's naked ass, but the fleshy clamshell of her shaved vulva. He could smell the sweet fragrant aroma of her cuntal flesh.

"Was this what you wanted to see?" Maddy asked, rocking her big tan mommy-ass back and forth.

"Yes," Cole admitted. The way her buns were slightly spread allowed him to stare at the crinkled ring of her asshole. It clenched, winking at him lewdly and making his fully hard cock flex in his pants.

Gazing back, Maddy noticed the tubular bulge jump beneath his pants and she stared at his crotch, licking her lips lustfully.

"You have the most incredible ass on the planet mom," the boy confessed.

"Wow!" she blurted, pulling her panties back up. "You mean to tell me you've been living under the same roof as 'the most incredible ass on the planet' and you're only just now saying something about it?"

"Sorry, I just, um…didn't think you'd be too happy about me making a comment like that."

"You right…your 'housewife mom' probably wouldn't have been too impressed, but out here…your motorcycle Momma welcomes such naughty compliments."

"Good to know."

"As long as you don't mind mom handing out compliment too," she stated, then leaned down and brought her lips to his ear. "Nice bulge!" she whispered in a naughty tone.

They rejoined the group and hit the open road. The image of his mom's ass and cunt was on the forefront of Cole's mind as they made their way to the bike rally. He was still in a state of disbelief that she had so openly displayed it for him.

When they arrived in downtown Bullet City the teen was overwhelmed by the amount of bikers that were there. He had never seen such a collection of cool motorcycles in one place.

"A word to the wise…" his mother said, "you can look, but no touching. And that goes for the bikes AND the women. Even if they say they're single, chances are they're not."

"I'll be careful," Cole stated. "Besides, I'm just gonna hang out with you mostly…if that's ok?"

"As long you're not shocked by what you might see, it's ok with me."

"I can handle it."

Cole parked the bike alongside the street, near a group of other riders.

"Well, well…if it isn't the lone wolf and his mommy," Spark Plug Mike taunted as he stood near his bike with a few other rough-looking bikers. "When did you take the training wheels off that thing?" he asked, motioning to Cole's bike.

"Right after you sold it to him," Maddy answered for her son. "I had him peel the dinosaur stickers off the tank too. You'd think he bought the bike from a fucking three year old."

"Ohh, burn, fucker!" Autumn shouted, glaring at Mike.

"Yeah, speaking of lame jokes, where's your husband?" Mike asked. "Was he so afraid that I was gonna beat him three years in a row that he just didn't show up?"

"No, he just sent someone who he knew could kick your ass," Maddy said, putting her hands on her son's shoulders.

"That would be me," Cole stated confidently.

"At the burnout?" Are you fucking kidding me, kid?" Mike laughed.

"Nope…he's not. You'll see," Maddy said, leading her son away. "Come on, Champ. I'm bored with this conversation."

"Since I've never done a burnout in my life, Spark Plug Mike is probably gonna completely humiliate me," Cole admitted as they walked through the crowd.

"Not necessary. You may surprise yourself."

"Where are we going?"

"To the studio loft your father and I rent out every year. I need to change clothes," she answered.

Maddy led him along a narrow alcove, then up a set of stairs running along the back of the old brick downtown building. She used a key

to open the door to the loft and they stepped inside.

"Holy smokes!" Cole blurted. "This is the tiniest loft I've ever seen."

The space was literally a ten foot by ten foot box. A full-sized bed took up most of the room. A tiny shower and toilet was situated across from it. "Most people come here just to fuck, or drink until they pass out, so this is typically all the space you need," his mom explained.

Cole turned his back bashfully as his mother quickly started umdressing. She was amused by his timid demeanor, especially after she let him gawk at her ass at the Rest Stop earlier.

"What's wrong, honey? Are you afraid you might see something you like?" she teased.

"I just wanted to give you some privacy."

"This IS NOT the room for someone who expects privacy, Champ," she giggled. "From now on don't turn your back, because when YOU strip, I'm certainly not gonna turn mine," she stated.

Cole's mom was now wearing a sexy black mini skirt and a snug white crop top with the bold words "BULLET CITY TITTIE-QUEEN" on it.

"Bullet City Tittie Queen?" Cole asked with a curious grin.

"Three years in a row, baby!"

"What is it?"

"The annual wet-t-shirt contest. Your mother is the reigning champion," she proudly announced, thrusting her big tits out.

"Is the competition tonight?" the boy anxiously asked.

"It is," she smiled. "Looks like mom's ass isn't the only naughty part of her you'll get to see today."

"I'll go…just to cheer you on," Cole said innocently.

"Yeah, right," his mom giggled. "You've been trying to see my tits naked since grade school, Champ. Cheering me on isn't the only reason you'll be there," she teased.

"I can hide my eyes when it's your turn to get wet," Cole suggested, still trying to play innocent.

"And what if I don't want you to hide your eyes," she winked. "You certainly weren't hiding your eyes at the Rest Stop today."

"Well, then I'll do whatever makes you happy."

She fed him a sultry smile. "Whatever makes me happy, huh? You might regret those words later," she uttered, then glanced down at his crotch. "Then again…maybe you won't."

They rejoined the Road Raiders for dinner and drinks at one of the many local saloons. Cole loved seeing his mom have such a good time, joking and laughing with her two hot friends, Autumn and Baily. He noticed how many of the young guys there couldn't seem to take their eyes off the scantily clad MILFs. The reason he probably noticed this is because he himself was just as guilty of staring.

"What did the banana say to the vibrator?" Baily asked the group. "Why the fuck are you shaking? I'm the one she's gonna eat!"

Her friends burst out laughing.

"I got one!" Baily's husband shouted. What's the difference between your wife and your job?" he asked. "After five years, your job will still suck."

Everyone laughed but his wife. "Hey! I suck your cock all the time, asshole! So, here's a joke everyone! What's the difference between your husband and being a housewife?" Baily asked. "After fifteen years one of them can still be hard, and it's not your husband."

The entire group died laughing.

A loud female voice came over the loudspeaker. "OK, ladies…it's time for the Bullet City Bike Week Wet t-shirt contest!" she announced.

Everyone in the bar erupted in cheers. "Wish me luck, honey," Maddy shouted, giving her boy a quick kiss on the lips. She then followed several other ladies onto the stage, including Baily and Autumn.

Cole watched attentively as the women's upper-halves were sprayed with water. Music blared through the room and the women danced and giggled, shaking their big braless hooters around beneath their thin t-shirts.

His mom smiled over at him, rocking her big guns back and forth. He could clearly see the outline of her gigantic tan melons through the wet fabric, as well as the huge pink rings of her areola. Sure, the other women had big sexy tits, but he couldn't help but keep his eyes fixed on his mom's bobbling beauties.

After a few minutes, the announcer went from woman to woman, asking for crowd reaction. Of course, the one who got the loudest roar was his huge-titted mother.

"Four years in a row, bitches!" the mother shouted, yielding her metallic boob trophy proudly as she stepped off the stage.

"Congrats, mom," her son said, trying not to stare at the way the wet material clunk to her fat tits.

"Thanks, Champ. I need to slip into the ladies'room and put on my dry shirt."

"I think I'm gonna head back to the loft and get some rest for tomorrow," the boy stated, trying to conceal the erection he'd gotten from watching his mom on stage.

"Oh, ok, honey…I'll be along in a little while," Maddy told him. She was no dummy. She knew her son must be reeling in arousal from what he'd just witnessed and probably needed to get back to the loft so he could yank one out. She was surprised at how thrilling she'd felt knowing he was watching her throw her giant-mommy melons around on stage.

"Perhaps it's just the alcohol fogging my judgment," she thought as she went in and changed shirts.

"No…I was completely sober when I showed him my ass earlier today and it excited the hell out of me."

She rejoined her friends. "Am I a horrible mother?" she asked Baily and Autumn.

"Why would you think that?" Autumn asked.

"I bent over in front of him today like a horny slut," Maddy answered, "then I get on stage and let him see me in a wet t-shirt."

"Maddy, Cole's an adult, he chose to be here, and HE was the one who asked to see your ass, remember?" Baily reminded her.

"Yeah, I know, but I'm the mom. I'm the one who's suppose to be the example and set the limits, aren't I?"

"Would you stop already!" Autumn snapped. "You came here to have a good time and that's what you're doing. Stop beating yourself up over it."

Cole had just drifted off when he heard his mom come in the door. He faked sleep, watching her step over and turn on the shower, which was directly across from the foot of the bed.

Maddy stripped out of her clothes, as if her son wasn't even laying there. She knew he might be asleep, but the naughty side of her hoped he wasn't.

Cole's heart rate increased drastically as his busty mom got completely nude and stepped into the tiny shower. The stall had it's own light, which eliminated every detail of her body for the boy's ogling eyes, since she'd chosen to keep the curtain half-way open.

"Holy damn!" his young mind gasped, watching her suds up her big wobbling boobs. The sight of all those bubbles cascading through the deep canyon between her tits was absolutely captivating.

Maddy was just as thrilled as her son was. She knew that chanced are he was wide awake and watching her put on a show for him. She tilted her neck back, rubbing some shampoo through her wet hair, thrusting her monstrous melons out in the process. If it weren’t for the noise of the water running, she would have heard her boy's excited gasp as he stared at her ballooning udders.

She got out, towered off, then through on a skimpy nighty with no bra or panties. If his excitement level wasn't through the roof before, it certainly got there as he peeked at his mother crawling into bed with him. "Cole, are you awake?" he heard her softly whisper.

He decided to continue faking sleep, so he didn't answer her. He felt his mom reach over and gingerly run her hand across his chest. Over the next minute, her touch slowly crept down, grazing softly over his abs. He could barely contain his excited breathing as he felt his mom's hand creep under the waistband of his boxers and on to his throbbing erection. He had jerked out a load after arriving back in the room, but it didn't matter. He was as hard as an iron crowbar.

"Oh my God!" Maddy's brain exclaimed as she handled her boy's long, thick boner. She found herself guessing, based on feel, just how lengthy it could be. "Eight inches…maybe nine?" she excitedly wondered.

Her fingers explored the length of his stalk, gliding down on to his smooth, nut-filled scrotum. Maddy took her time, tracing the perimeter of each of his cum-filled testicles with her long pink-painted nails.

"God! Wouldn't those feel amazing beating against my asshole!" she lustfully thought.

Her forbidden thoughts suddenly scared her and she quickly removed her hand from Cole's shorts and turned over.

"Are you fucking crazy, Maddy?!" her mind scolded. "He's your fucking son and you're drunk…so go to sleep."

Rest didn't come easy for either one of them.

The next day the group spent time at different bike shows and exhibits related to the event. Even though it seemed like they were just spending "normal" time together, Cole and his mom could hardly keep their eyes off each other.

"Why don't you just rape him and get it over with?" Baily joked to Maddy in a hushed tone, noticing how the two of them couldn't stop checking each other out.

"Eat my ass!" the mother joked back, knowing her friend was right.

That evening the were back at the saloon. The event announcer got on the loudspeaker. "OK, ladies…it's time for our fake orgasm contest!" they shouted.

The females in the saloon erupted in cheers, including Cole's mom, Maddy.

One by one, different women were handed a wireless microphone and began screaming out as if they were having the climax of their life. The crowd cheered after each performance.

As Cole leaned against the bar, enjoying the competition, his mom stepped over and snuggled back against him, while sipping on her beer. The boy felt her lovely round ass press against his cock. The fake orgasmic screams had made him fully erect and he felt his tubular bulge sink into the crevice between her buns.

She peeked back at him and smiled. "Someone's DEFINITELY enjoying this contest," she winked. The mother couldn't wait to see how much her son's dick throbbed against her when she began howling into the microphone.

Finally, the mic was passed to her and she began having the most incredible fake orgasm Cole had ever heard. If he didn't know any better, he would think his mom was actually having an intense climax. To make things even better, she nudged her thick ass back against his cock every time she cried out.

The crowd cheered loudly when she was finished and even Cole clapped from his mom's convincing performance. "That was pretty damn good, mom," he praised.

"Imagine what the real one’s sound like," she smiled, giving him a playful look.

"Well, we do live under the same roof, so I do occasionally hear you and dad down the hallway."

"Oh, let me rephrase then…imagine what the real one's sound like… with someone who actually knows how to fuck," she clarified, clenching her ass-meat around his cock.

"Are you saying that dad's no good in bed?"

His mom turned around and leaned into him, mashing her jutting tits against his lean upper chest.

They certainly looked like a flirty intimate couple instead of a mother and son. "He's alright in bed…but he certainly couldn't make me scream and shake like someone young and handsome like you could," she confessed, gazing into his eyes.

"You think so, huh?" Cole asked.

"Uh-huh," she muttered, her bee-stung lips curled into a salacious grin. "So tell me something, Champ. These times that you 'hear' your father and I having sex down the hallway. Do you massage your…man muscle while you're listening?"

"I'm not gonna lie," Cole answered, "I do sometimes."

"So it turns you on listening to mommy get fucked?" she candidly inquired, knowing it was partly the alcohol that was making her so brazen.

"Yes," he nodded. "I'll admit, it does."

"Did you wanna beat your hardon at the Rest Stop yesrerday, when I bent over in front of you?"

"That was incredible, so honestly, yes."

"Oh, my poor Champ. When was the last time you had some release, honey?"

"Not since last night."

"Oh, you mean after you watched mom and the other girls shake their big, wet tits up on stage?"

"Yes."

Maggy's beautiful blue eyes gazed at him a moment. She knew this could be a pivotal point in their relationship. "We can't fuck each other, Cole. You know that right?" she softly asked.

"Yeah, I know," he answered with a bit of disappointment.

"However…would you like me to peel my panties off for you again and let you cum on my ass?" she brazenly asked.

"I'd be stupid to say no," her son answered in an anxious tone.

Cole felt his mom's long nails gingerly trace over the knob of his cock through his pants. "Maybe if you're a good boy…I'll let you drag the tip of your hardon through my wet cunt-slit. No penetration though," she warned.

"Got it!" the boy sighed, his heart nearly beating out of his chest with excitement.

Maddy took her son's hand and led him out of the saloon.

Autumn and Baily looked at each other and smiled. "I wonder where they're heading off to in such a hurry?" Baily asked.

"No you don't," Autumn giggled. "You know exactly where they're heading off to in such a hurry."

Once inside the loft, Maddy reached under her skirt and peeled her thong panties off. "Your turn, Champ," she smiled, looking at his pants. "Get 'em off!"

Cole unzipped his fly, then pulled his pants and briefs off at the same time. His stiff young dick bobbed up and down in full hardness. He loved the look on his mom's face as she stared at it

lustfully. "Mm, is that long pink python ready to squirt some venom on mommy's ass?" she cooed.

"You bet!" Cole declared, grasping onto it and slowly stroking his knob.

The mother lifted her skirt, then swung her big naked ass around, pointing it at her teen shamelessly.

Cole's tongue nearly hung out as he stared at his mom's meaty ass and puffy cuntal clam-shell. He watched her reach down between her legs and use two fingers to peel apart her outer labia, exposing her creamy coral-colored grotto. "Come on, honey. Come rub your crown through my camel toe and get it wet," she urged. "I'll help you get it nice n slippery, so you can stroke on it."

Cole stepped forward and gasped with excitement as he rubbed the tender pinkish-purple knob of his cock through her juice-slickened mommy-slit. The heat of her fuck pit radiated across his glans, making pre-cum bubble from his meatus.

"Drag it down against my clitoris, honey," Maddy mewled. "Rub our genital bulbs together."

"Wow!" the boy snarled, digging at her sweet spot with the knob of his prick. Maddy's clit looked like a mini version of her boy's bell tip. The feel of his barbed knob pushing up against both her tender nubbin and it's fleshy domed hood sent tingles of pleasure coursing through her heavy-titted body.

The boy's cock flexed in delight as it dug back up across her perineum and through the crack of her ass.

"You like that, Champ?" his beautiful mother asked, smiling back at him.

"Yeah, I could do this all night."

"Well…we certainly have all night. Do you wanna try it a different way?" she asked.

"Sure."

"Let's turn out the lights and spoon on the bed. Just remember, we can't fuck each other," his mom advised.

"Understood!" he said, then watched his mother turn and shed his t-shirt.

"Look at you…all handsome and naked in front of your mother," she teased, roaming her eyes across his lean frame. "I suppose you want ME to get completely naked now, huh?"

"Would you?" he anxiously asked.

"That means you'd have to look at my huge bouncy tits. Are you sure you're OK with that, honey?" she teased.

"A little more than ok," he confessed.

"Well, in that case…" the mother muttered, then slipped off her sexy halter top.

Cole's eyes got as big as silver dollars as he stared at his mom's gigantic bra-encased tits. The white bra Maddy was wearing was made of completely transparent mesh, putting her tits on full display through the fabric. The teen had never seen such wide, thick-textured areola before and her nipples were long and plump. He still hadn't fully realized their true enormity until his mom reached back, unclasped the hooks and pulled the cups from her bosom.

"Damn, mom!" he admired, astounded at the way they bobbled out onto her chest heavily.

"What's the matter, Champ? See something you like better than my ass?"

"I love ‘em both equally," he answered.

"Do you now?" she beamed. "Does that mean you'd enjoy having you boner smothered between my meaty tits as much as plowing through my ass-crack?"

"Probably," he smiled.

"Well then…you can rub your dick all over mommy tonight, as long as it doesn't go inside me, and that includes my mouth and ass," she informed him.

"Everywhere else though?" Cole asked in disbelief.

"Sure…but let's start by spooning," she insisted, crawling onto the bed, then dropping on her side.

"Click off the light, honey."

Cole did as his mom suggested, then laid down behind her. Maddy wasted no time scooting her ass back to meet his crotch. Her boy's lengthy cock pointed up towards his chin as it lodged in the deep crevice of her butt-crack.

Because the room was so small, part of the full-sized mattress met the wall on one side. Maddy pushed her boy back against it with her thick ass and began grinding it against his cock. Cole loved being trapped between the wall and his mom's body. Her big naked bubble booty felt divine humping up against his crotch.

"Wanna make a deal?" his horny mom asked, peeking back at him.

"Sure."

"I'll let you squeeze my tits if I can kiss you," Maddy offered.

"Like I’m gonna turn down a deal like that," her boy blurted.

The dry humping mother turned her head and locked lips with her boy. Cole wasn't prepared for how deep and sensual her kisses were. His nervous hands reached around a took two great big handfuls of squishy tit-meat.

"Mmmnn," the mother moaned, adding her long thick tongue to the equation, flickering it around inside Cole's mouth. The teen willingly brought his own licker to life and engaged her in a deep sensual French kiss.

Now they felt like every essential part of their bodies were immersed in an intimate dry-humping union.

After a few minutes, when it didn't seem like her son could keep up with her relentless smooching, the mother giggled and turned her body towards her boy. She coiled her arms around his neck, mashing her oversized tits against his chest as she fused her lips back against his and kissed him frantically.

"Holy fuck…mom's really getting into this!" Cole's brain exclaimed. He felt her silky tan leg wrap up around his midsection as she pushed her shaved pudenda up against his rigid cock and dry-humped on it.

"Come on, sexy boy…put some thunder in those hips," Maddy hissed between kisses.

Cole suddenly realized he'd just been laying there, making her do all the work. He certainly wasn't gonna make his mother cream without some effort on his part. He quickly set his hips in motion, meeting her hump for hump. "There you go!" his mom gasped, feeling his thick muscular cock plow through her labial folds and across her engorged clitoris.

Their bodies clutched and writhed together in a heated rhythm, making the bed creak as it rocked back and forth. They were certainly going through the motions of an uninhibited fuck, but without penetration.

Maddy rolled her teen on top of her, kissing him wildly, while harnessing her lovely legs high around his back. "OH, COLE!" she squealed, rocking her pelvis wildly beneath him, while creaming against his cock.

The teen was just as aroused as she was and his throbbing boner began spitting ropes between their grinding genitals. For nearly five glorious minutes they shared in a trembling mutual orgasm. No words were shared afterwards. Maddy turned her boy over and they held each other in the sweethearts cuddle position, then drifted off to sleep together.

"I fucked up last night," Maddy admitted as she sat between her two friends at breakfast.

"You guys fucked, didn't you?" Baily asked.

"No, there was no penetration. We just dry fucked, but I did almost let things go way too far."

"Maddy, your son's hot and you were drunk. No one is judging you for having a weak moment,"

Autumn stated.

"Thanks, but there's only one problem with that."

"What?"

"I'm sober now and all I can think about is going back to the room and letting him fuck the shit outta me all day," she admitted.

"Then you should just fuck him," Baily suggested.

"I can't 'just fuck him,' he's my son."

"Maddy please, mothers and sons fuck all the time. It's not that big of a deal," Autumn remarked.

"It's true. I've already decided I'm fucking my two boys, as soon as they turn eighteen," Baily admitted.

"I can't!"

"Why not?" Baily asked.

"Because if I do I'll probably get addicted to Cole's dick and want it all the time once we get back home," Maddy confessed.

"So…that's a problem why?" Autumn asked.

"Sam, that's why!"

"You're worried about cheating on Sam?" Baily asked.

"God no, I'll cheat on Sam, I don't care about that. I just don't want him catching Cole and I in the act."

"Well, Cole has a motorbike now, so maybe the two of you could take little trips outside of town, park somewhere private, and you could give him the old ride-a-roo," Autumn suggested.

"It's the perfect time to practice that one today. The charity ride starts in about an hour," Baily reminded them.

"Yeah, maybe Cole could do some charity and DONATE some cum to that hot horny pussy of yours,"

Autumn giggled.

"Haha…very funny," Maddy smiled.

An hour later the Road Raiders were among hundreds of other bikers riding twenty-five miles through the countryside for a charitable cause.

All Cole could think about while he rode was the sexy woman sitting behind him and how incredible it felt to dry fuck her the night before. Little did he know, his mom was having devilish thoughts about him also. The group paused at a stop sign and Maddy leaned forward, whispering into her son's ear.

"Wanna ditch this event?" she asked.

"Ditch it…and go where?" he asked.

"If you go left here, there's an old abandoned barn a couple miles down the road," his mom informed him. She brought her sexy legs up around his waist, so her sneakers rested on his tank.

"An abandoned barn?" he asked in confusion.

"Yeah, the perfect place to pull off the road and fuck, like a couple of farm animals," she stated in a cock-hungry tone.

"Left it is!" he blurted, quickly separating from the rest of the group.

On the back of their husband's bikes, Baily and Autumn watched the boy and his mom disappear, then looked over at each other with a knowing smile.

Cole's red Harley raced down the backroad. His mom directed him down an old overgrown driveway and behind a huge rundown barn out in the middle of nowhere. By the time he stopped and shut off the engine, she already had his stiff cock out of his pants. She slowly stroked it up and down. "You just stay put," she directed. "Someone got to ride their hog today, now mom gets to ride hers."

She got off the bike and stripped off her skimpy denim micro shorts, then her dainty panties. She climbed onto her boy, straddling him as he sat on the bike with his boots firmly planted on the ground. "Now, you don't move an inch," Maddy insisted. "You just sit there with your big yummy dick pointed straight up and let mommy screw her hot cunt all over it," she cooed.

Cole wasn't about to object.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, as he felt his mom feed his prick inside the heat of her juicy orifice.

Maddy's velvet vagina sheathed her boy's entire boner, then she began swaying her hips around wildly, fucking his dick, while clinging tightly onto him.

Because the boy had a long dick, he was able to feel his knob stirring around against the puffy ring of her cervical entrance. "WHOA!" he sighed, feeling her slippery spongy walls swath his tender knob.

Maddy marveled at just how hard and muscular her boy's cock felt inside her. She certainly preferred this rock- hard teenage meat over the unreliable dick of her husband. Cole's meaty manhood packed the delicate pink walls of her vagina, probing areas her husband’s dick could never reach.

"Shit, mom!" the boy sighed, grasping her rounded ass cheeks with both hands, while she gyrated on his lap. Maddy wore a skimpy pink bikini top and her huge tits sloshed wildly against her son’s chest.

"OHHH, FUCK YESSS!" the busty mother cried out, wrapping her sexy tan legs around her boy and fucking him like crazy. Her mature pussy pumped around her boy's unyielding penile flesh. Along her cuntal lining were rows thick-textured ribs. Muscular bands that encircled her vagina and anus constricted tightly, causing her birthing tube to clench up around her boy's hard penis like an

exquisitely-ribbed fist. Cuntal lubricant that had secreted from her glans allowed Cole's tender pink dick to slip along the clasping flesh of his mom's fuck chamber, giving him extraordinary pleasure.

"Oh wow that feel good, mom!" he groaned.

"I'm feeling good too, baby! Mommy's about to gush all over that purple-headed soldier!"

Maddy pumped her cunt on his cock frantically. She finally reached that golden peak and her body shuddered wildly, then she let out a scream of pleasure that literally startled her boy.

The muscles in her vagina contracted and female ejaculate hissed from the bulging meatus of her urethra. Cole felt his mom's liquid-cum squelch against his cock root, then cascade down over his nuts and onto his bike seat. For several wonderful minutes the boy let his mom use his cock to milk out all the pleasure her orgasm would provide.

The loving mother brought her lips to her boy's ear, still clinging tightly and gently stirring his steely prick inside her. "Mm, do you like mommy giving you a wet dick, honey?" she asked sensually.

"Massaging that big muscular slab of cock with her strong pussy muscles."

Maddy flexed her cunt skillfully, making her vaginal muscles ripple across the flesh of her boy's boner.

"Wanna take me into the barn, baby? Do you wanna give your big breasted mom a lay on the hay?" she mewled.

"Yeck, yes!" Her son answered.

Maddy hopped off him and rushed into the old barn. "Put that kickstand down and come get some!" she insisted.

By the time the boy got into the barn his mom was no where to be seen. "Where are you?" he called, his voice echoing through the huge open interior. His big bullhorn bobbed stiffly on his crotch, still glistening his mom's cuntal secretions.

Maddy's pink bikini top suddenly landed on his head and he heard her giggling from the loft above.

Hurriedly, the boy climb the ladder. Rays of sunlight shined in from between the slats overhead, illuminating the loft area. His mom stood by pile of straw in a sexy pose, with her big stiff-nippled udders thrust out and one sexy leg cocked in front of the other. "Are you ready to fuck hard, baby?" she asked, rolling her tongue across her lips salaciously. "Are you ready to beat our hot genitals together for hours and cum like crazy?"

"Damn, yes!" the boy excitedly answered, shucking off his pants. His big boner bobbed on his loins like a stiff tree branch. A bubbling bead of gooey precum wept from his piss-slit and oozed towards the floor.

The teen watched his mom lower her back onto the straw-pile, making her giant boobies shimmy across her chest. She raised her dainty bare feet with their pink painted toenails from the straw as she bowed open her thick tan thighs lewdly. She was scissoring her luscious legs widely, just like Cole had always wickedly imagined her doing. "Do you see something you wanna sink your stiff cock into?" she teased.

Cole stared for a moment at his mom's shaved pussy. The thick flanges of her inner labium were curled open like fleshy pink butterfly wings. The bulb of her clitoris protruded out from beneath it's hooded prepuce. The way she was spread made the lovely round cheeks of her ass bulge out and spread apart, exposing the crinkled elastic ring of her butthole.

"Come on, baby. Come pound this hot biker momma right through the floor," she uttered. "Come sheath that sexy cock in my hot, wet pussy!"

Cole rushed over and lowered down on top of his mom. She squealed and threw her silky legs around him as his cock plunged inside her. The boy pumped his prick home on every thrust, enjoying the resistance of her slippery cuntal walls. He could hardly believe that he was pumping his cock through the same tube that had once birthed him. He was sure his mom was positioned much the same way when she squeezed him out of her vagina. Now she was utilizing the same cuntal muscles that had pushed him down her birthing tube. She chewed at his pink cock with the thick mucosal tissue of her vagina. Then, she kissed him in ways mom’s weren’t suppose to smooch their boys, lashing her long pink licker all around inside his mouth.

The teen's big balls beat against his mom's asshole, making a wet clapping sound echo through the old barn. Cole wasn't a porn star by any means, but he had once fucked a girl a few years older than him who taught him a few tricks.

He reached under his mom's back and grasped onto her shoulders. Then, he thrust his cock deep inside her and held it there in full penetration.

"OHH, FUCK!" Maddy gasped, feeling her boy’s rigid boner flex inside her, making Cole's bell tip mushroom even bigger against her cervix.

She clung on to her teen and writhed around beneath him, tossing her long platinum-blonde hair back as she was struck with a juicy climax. "OHH, YES, FUCKER!" she gasped, wrestling wildly beneath her boy, clawing at his bobbing ass, making him pump into her harder and faster. "FUCK, YESS!!" she screamed out, trembling with a tit-quivering climax.

Cole latched on to one of her rubbery nipples and sucked lustfully while he fucked. He spread his lusty lips out across the huge ring of her areola, sectioning more spongy flesh into his mouth. For nearly an hour the teen hammered his mom up the pussy, varying his fuck-rhythm and bringing her off several more times. He held off his own climax as long as he could.

"UGHH, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!!" He finally announced.

The lucky boy was so fucking turned on that he saw stars flash in front of his eyes as his cock shot off inside the clasping tube of Maddy's cunt. Big fat cords of pearlescent-colored ball juice splashed through the inside of Maddy's vagina, coating the head of her cervix with hot baby making goo.

"I'm getting worried," Baily stated as her and Autumn sat having a drink in the saloon. "It's been almost four hours and they're not back yet."

"Baily, this isn't her husband she's fucking…it's Cole. Teenage studs can go multiple times. He's probably fucking the life out of her," Autumn assured her.

"Fucking the life out of her?! That doesn't exactly comfort me."

"Not literally, dummy! You know what I mean. Maddy is like us… she's a hypersexual housewife. She's probably met her match and is getting fucked six way till Sunday."

"We should go check on them. What if the owner of the barn came along, caught them in the act and has them locked up in a cage somewhere?" Baily expressed.

Autumn burst out laughing. "Girl, you watch WAY too many of those Lifetime movies!"

"It's not that far. We can take my husband's bike," Baily said, standing up. "Are you coming?"

"The burnout competition is in an hour."

"Yes, I know, another reason to be worried. Cole was entering that competition, remember?"

"Alright, fine…I'll go with you, but if I'm right and they're still rutting away in that old barn, you owe me a fucking drink," Autumn stated.

Baily borrowed her husband's Harley and drove her and Autumn out to the old barn. "His bike's still here," she announced as they coasted down the hill and stopped next to Cole's red Harley.

They got off the motorcycle and wandered into the old barn. "We better not find them dead in here,"

Baily uttered.

When they arrived inside, they could hear Maddy gasping in pleasure from up in the loft.

"Yess! Fuck me hard, baby…just like that!" Her voice cried out.

"She sounds far from dead…or locked in a cage," Autumn whispered. "You owe me a drink."

"Let's perv on them really quick," Baily suggested.

"No…we eased our worried minds, now let's go back to town and let them have their fun."

"Just a quick peek," Baily smiled, climbing the ladder to the loft.

The wooden ladder was wide enough for both women to climb up, side by side. When they neared the top, they peeked sneakily over at the sexually engaged couple. Maddy was leaned against the barn

wall and Cole was fucking her from behind. Their bodies were glistening with sweat, like they been at it vigorously for several hours.

The teen stared lustfully at his mom's bare buttocks. Her ass-flesh rippled delightfully each time it struck his thrusting mid-section.

"Can't get enough of that sweet pussy, can you, baby?" the mother asked, peeking back at him. Her giant tits dangled from her chest, swinging around wildly from the rhythm of their fucking.

"You're right about that!" he answered, grasping her wide motherly hips for leverage as he socked his prick through the juicy grip of her vagina.

"Fuck!" Baily suddenly whispered, looking panicked.

"What?" Autumn asked, watching her friend try to fight off a sneeze. "Baily, no…don't do it!" she warned in a hushed tone.

Baily was already past the point of no return and sneezed loudly, startling Maddy and her son.

"Baily?!" the blonde-haired mother asked as her and her son separated and stared in the direction of the new arrivals.

Caught red handed, Baily and Autumn climbed up into the loft. "Sorry, it was HER idea," Autumn complained. "I told her you guys were probably fine out here."

"I just wanted to check…and you weren't answering your phone, so…WOW!!" Baily exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she stared at Cole's jutting cock.

"Nice dick, Cole!" Autumn complimented, equally intrigued by the steely hardness of his penis.

"Thanks," the boy blushed, making no effort to cover himself.

"His cock hasn't gone soft since we got here. Can you believe it?" Maddy beamed. Over the past four hours she'd been fucked silly by her stud son and experienced dozens of mind-blowing orgasms.

"Well…maybe a dick so big and thick is like a giant tree," Autumn remarked. "Maybe it takes a whole team to bring it down."

"I agree," Baily blurted eagerly. "A team of horny moms."

"What do you think, Champ?" Maddy asked her son. "Will it take three big breasted MILFs to make that thing go soft?"

"I guess we could try and see," Cole answered.

"I'm down with that," Autumn said, quickly pulling off her shorts and panties at once, exposing her shaved pussy.

A few minutes later, Cole was on his back in the straw, feeling three thick tongues explore his cock and balls. The mothers all leaned over him, with their naked asses pointed out and huge tits dangling down.

"Pull your knees back, baby," his mother softly requested.

After doing this, the boy looked down and watched his mom position herself near his butt. She buried her pretty face between his buns and began lashing her tongue against his asshole. Autumn was sucking his nuts, licking and slurping on their oval-shaped surface. Cole's view was suddenly obscured by Baily's thick rounded bubble butt. She lowered her cunt-slit to his mouth as she leaned down and began sucking his cock.

"Mmnnff!" the boy gasped, digging his licker through the fragrant folds of Baily's pussy.

For a long while, he enjoyed the wonderful oral skills of three grown women. Every few minutes, they would switch spots, allowing each a turn at having their pussy devoured, while gorging their mouths and throats on his thick young prick.

Baily and Autumn each had a testicle in their mouth, playing tug-of-war with his nuts. They whimpered lustfully, tugging his balls in opposite directions, stretching the cord of his vas deferens.

Meanwhile, Cole wiggled his tongue up into his mom's hot pussy-hole, enjoying her pungent cuntal aroma, while feeling her lovely mouth slurp up and down the length of his cock. "Oh fuck…I could get addicted to sucking this cock!" his mom gasped, then plunged his boner back down her throat.

"My pussy's on fire!" Baily hissed lustfully as the boy's gonad popped from her mouth wet and distended. "Can we fuck him now?"

Maddy sat upright, so she straddled her boy's cunt-smothered face. Baily mounted his midsection, grasping his boner and squeezing it inside her aroused vagina. "Ohh, fuck yes! It's stretching me so good!" she mewled, wasting no time pumping up down on the boy's prick. She squealed delightfully as she felt his knob knock against the head of her cervix. "Ohh, he's a little womb-bandit, isn't he?!"

"Don't you just love how long and thick his dick feels?" Maddy asked.

"Fuck yes! I see now why you've kept him out here for so long."

"I wanna fuck him now!" Autumn purred stroking the boy's chest as she hovered beside him eagerly.

"Hold on!" Baily gasped, swiveling her hips, grinding their bare crotches in full penetration. "You'll get your turn."

Cole whimpered into the pussy flesh that was masking his face as he felt his rigid boner stretch Baily's uteri in every direction.

His mom climbed off, kneeling beside him. Cole gazed up at her giant udders as they wobbled above him for a moment, before mashing down against his upper chest as she leaned over, then began licking and kissing his neck. This caused the boy to thrust his hips upward excitedly, lifting Baily and making her eyes roll back instantly.

"FUCK!! YESS!!" she cried out. Her fatty triple d-cup mommy-melons rippled like gelatin as her body shuddered in orgasm. For several minutes she soaked the boy's dick with her juices as she delighted in her powerful vaginal contractions.

"Let me at that dick!" Autumn insisted, wasting no time mounting him right after his erection slipped wetly from Baily's pussy.

His mom was still licking and sucking at his neck heatedly, while smothering his upper chest in squishy tit-meat. He looked past her head and could see her friend Autumn grasp his cock with her hand. Her bare vulva lowered to his fat purple bell and crammed it up through her cuntal cleavage, into the heat of her fuck-pit.

"Ahhh!" the boy moaned, feeling his tender cock-meat sink up the pleated tube of her cunt. Like her friends before her, Autumn was eager to feel the satisfying stiffness of Cole's cock thundering through her honey-hole. She planted her knees firmly astride his hips and began bobbing her lovely round ass up and down, fucking him with full-length thrusts. "FUCK!" she whimpered. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK…HE FEELS AMAZING!!"

Cole stared at her big ballooning tits as they leaped up and down her chest. Autumn's daughter Melissa was the first girl the boy had ever fucked. Her mom was much like her, just curvier and more experienced.

Baily joined the teen's mother, leaning over to shower his face and neck with kisses. "Do you like this, Cole?" she asked tenderly. "Do you like fucking hot MILF pussy?"

"Yes!" the boy gasped.

"Mm, you like these big squishy titties rubbing all over you too, don't you, honey?" his mom asked between kisses.

"Definitely!"

Maddy and Baily dangled their heavy tits over the boy, letting them drag softly all over his wonder-filled face. Cole licked the rings of their areola and sucked on their thick aroused nipples.

Meanwhile, Autumn was riding the fuck out of his cock. Her body gave off wonderful involuntary convulsions as she began grunting loudly and cumming on the unyielding stiffness of his hardon.

"My turn!" Maddy whispered, switching spots with Autumn. The boy's pink boner slipped from one pussy, glistening with secretions, then was quickly sheathed in his mother's cuntal flesh.

Autumn and Baily's boobs were like the opening act at a rock show. His mom's gigantic tan jiggle-bosom was the main event. They swung wildly as she rode him, like huge fleshy buoys being tossed around in a rough sea. Her shaved pubis beat against his, creating a wet clapping sound that got more intense by the second.

"Damn I love fucking you!" the blonde-haired mom hollered, her voice trembling in pleasure.

Cole was so fucking turned on he could hardly stand it. Having one hot mom shower him with affection was thrilling enough, but three was beyond anything he imaged. He kissed them passionately, feeling their long tongues spin frenziedly inside his mouth. Baily and Autumn drug their fatty tits all over his face, letting him explore the huge rounded undersides as well as their gaping cleavages.

"Slap my ass, bitches!!" Maddy shouted.

As her two friends giggled and moved over beside her, the mother leaned forward on extended arms that rested astride her boy's head. She increased her fuck-tempo, making her meaty mommy-buttocks bounce and ripple wildly.

Baily was the first to SMACK the humping mother's ass-cheek. "THAT'S IT…FUCK THAT COCK, WHORE!!" she cheered.

Autumn SLAPPED Maddy's jiggling butt-meat, making her fatty ass-flesh ripple. "FUCK THAT BIG TEENAGE COCK!" she shouted. "CUM ALL OVER HIM!!"

Cole was hypnotized by the way his mom's udders were swinging above his face. His mom was a mind reader, lowering her mams onto him, so his entire head sunk down into her warm squishy cleavage.

Again, her girlfriends struck her bobbing ass encouragingly. "Come tittie-queen…gush all over that long fat prick!" Baily shouted.

Cole's muscled cock-flesh thundered through the tube of his mom's most secret place, flexing with rejuvenating hardness. His pretty mom responded by tightening her pelvic floor muscles, making her thick corrugated walls compress around the boy's meat-piston. Hot fuck-oil continued to secrete from her Skene glands, mixing with the boy's pre-ejaculate to lubricate their fervid sexual union.

"Fuck! You're gonna make me cum again, baby!!" Maddy announced.

She kissed his lips in a lust-filled frenzy, sending exquisite tingles of pleasure shooting through Cole's young body. "Damn, mom…you're gonna make me cum too!" he groaned, feeling a surge of jizz rocket up his urethral tube.

"Fuck her hard, Cole!" Autumn shouted.

"Beat that hot pussy up, baby boy!" Baily added.

Mother and son both climaxed at once, creating an explosion of ejaculatory fluids in and around their pounding genitals. The teen grunted like an animal, hosing out fat cords, while feeling his mom's voluptuous body writhe and tremble on top of him. For nearly five minutes, they milked out as much mutual pleasure as they could.

A huge crowd of bike enthusiasts were gathered for the burnout competition, which was getting ready to conclude. "Any other entries this year?" one of the judges asked loudly.

The rev of a Harley engine cut through the crowd and Cole and his mom emerged. She was riding in front, facing him this time, on his lap, with her tits pressed against his chest. "I'll give it a whirl!" Cole shouted. "Sorry I'm late."

"Alright, son…you're up. Let's see what you got."

Spark Plug Mike stood nearby and let out an evil chuckle. "I thought maybe you got smart and chickened out," he growled.

"No chance!" Maddy answered for her boy, glaring at the bearded biker. She gave her boy a sensual kiss, raising the eyebrows of many of the onlookers. "Kick some ass, Champ," she whispered, then joined the crowd.

Cole was nervous as hell. His only experience was watching an instructional YouTube video and doing a few practice burnouts before they left home, which didn't go very well. He stood with both boots planted firmly on the ground astride his bike, then applied the brake.

"Hey we go, folks!" the announcer shouted. "Let's see what he's got!"

Cole revved the engine and made the back tire spin, immediately creating a plume of smoke. The crowd began cheering him on.

"WHHOOOAA!!" Maddy, Baily and Autumn screamed with their arms up, bouncing around like three excited teenage girls at a football game. Their heavy tits bobbled wildly beneath their bikini tops.

"Oh shit!" Cole thought as his throttle stuck. Now he couldn't stop his tire from spinning even if he wanted to. He was quickly enveloped in a huge cloud of smoke, concealing the fact that he was struggling to get the bike revved back down.

The crown continued cheering as the friction on the pavement caused his tire to catch fire.

"Wow, this kid’s going full throttle!" the announcer shouted excitedly.

Spark Plug Mike's jaw dropped as he watched what appeared to be a daring displayed of control and burnout skill.

Thankfully, Cole was finally able to get the throttle unstuck, revving the engine down. Men quickly move in with fire extinguishers and doused the blaze.

"I think we have an unquestionable winner, folks!" the announcer shouted, rushing an impressive-looking trophy to the boy. However, the award was nothing compared to the amount of biker babes surrounding him, rubbing their squishy tits against his body as they cheered for him.

Spark Plug's giant body moved through the crowd and he towered over the teen, ominously at first.

"Pretty impressive, kid!" he blurted.

"Thanks," Cole replied, then looked over at his toasted tire. "My bike's not looking too good right now though."

"Ah, that's nothin'!" Mike scoffed. "There ain't no damage to the rim. Tell you what…you gave me such a good deal on that knucklehead, I'll throw a new tire on there tomorrow morning for you."

"Thanks, Mike!" Cole smiled, exchanging a fist-pump with the gruff-looking biker.

"Maybe you're not so bad after all," Maddy smiled, winking at the giant biker.

The Road Raiders went back to the saloon to celebrate Cole's victory. Of course, Maddy and her son were anxious to get back to the loft, so they could celebrate in their own way.

Bedsprings squeaked repetitively beneath the humping couple.

"Guess who the proud new recipient of this year's burnout trophy is?" Maddy asked her husband, holding her phone her ear as she sat upright, bouncing on her boy's cock.

Cole's tongue nearly hung out as his eyes traveled up his mom's curvy body, starting with her bobbing crotch. He could see the spike of his muscled cock, with her labium stretched around it, spearing in and out of his mom's fuck-pit. Her fat clitoris struck out from under the dome of it's protective sheath, like a stump in a swamp. It jiggled fantastically every time her shaved pubis beat against her boy's cock-base.

"I know…I'm so damn proud of him I could just scream!" the mother beamed, staring lustfully down at her boy as his eyes continued to drift up her body. His gazed became fixed on the big meaty contours of her tits. The way his mom was pumping her body up and down made her milkers jump around on her chest. The squishy flesh rippled and sloshed, her thick rubbery teats jiggling at the centers of her wide pinkish-purple tit-caps.

"We're in the loft celebrating his victory right now," Maddy stated, then listened to her husband's reply. "I know there's not much room to celebrate in here, but it's just him and I…and we're celebrating in our own special way, aren't we, Champ?" Maddy asked, winking down at her boy.

"We sure are!" Cole answered with thrill in his voice.

Once she hung up the phone, the mother slipped off him, climbing on her hands and knees. "Fuck me doggy-style, baby!" she requested, wagging her sexy tan ass back and forth invitingly.

Cole obliged, mounting her haunches and slamming his big prick through the split of her cunt. The horny mother peeked back at her boy. "Rev my engine, Champ! Light my cunt on fire like you did your motorbike!" she mewled, throwing her ass back at him, meeting his thrusts with one’s of her own.

Her heavy jugs swung wildly as they hung down off her chest.

Cole's first experience at Bullet City Bike Week was one he'd never forget. He was secretly hoping his father wouldn't be able to attend next year either. Although if he did, maybe him and his mom could start their own contest. How to cheat on your spouse at a public event, without being caught.

"Mom and I would kill it!" the boy thought, grasping onto her soft wide hips and pounding his cock home.

THE END

My Cheerleading Mom

By Divina Demure

Robert played on the field, and was defending during a practice soccer match after school, in preparation of the big game coming up the following week. A player from the other team ran up to him, as his mom watched him play from the bleachers, and cheered him on from afar.

Out in the summer heat, a group of soccer moms congregated together, while they watched their sons do practice drills out on the field.

When Diane saw the other boy slide by her son, by kicking the ball between his legs, she frowned. She had never seen her son perform so poorly while playing soccer, as she cheered out loud for him.

"Robert! Get up baby!" She cried out loud from the bleachers, "Get up and get after that ball young man!"

Diane stood among the other moms, and jumped up and down. Her big doughy bosom shook violently in her jersey as she cheered. Her glistening white flesh gleamed, as Robert faced his mom after hearing her cry out. As soon as he turned he was too slow to catch the boy who ran away with the ball. Robert tripped in the grass, as he looked to his mom to watch her big swinging milk bags bounce in the sunlight, as she cheered. Her busty figure stood among the other moms in the group, as she jumped much to his embarrassment.

"Come on sweetie! Get up and go! Go get em' tiger! You can do it!" Diane cheered as she jumped.

"Geez mom. Do you have to cheer like that right now?" Robert said beneath his breath, as he got up to run.

After the practice game, Robert went to meet his mom in the parking lot. His knees were covered in mud after a full practice session of soccer drills on the school track field. His cleats stepped across the asphalt, before he opened the door of a large family-sized SUV waiting for him, next to the school. Cool air rushed out of the car, as the sweating teenager stepped inside the car with his head held down, after a tough game of soccer practice. Before he sat, he saw his mom's manicured hand patting the passenger seat. He looked up, and caught the cleavage of his busty mom jiggling, from her hand patting his seat. Robert closed the door behind him, without trying to look at the busty cleavage in front of him and they left.

"Hey mom," Said Robert as his mom began to drive out the school parking lot.

"What happened out there sport?" Asked Diane in concern, "You seemed distracted out there today."

Robert clutched his dirty soccer ball in his lap and fidgeted.

His mom sat next to him in the car, and continued to drive. Diane briefly looked at her son in concern. She reached over for his knee, and shook it gently. They stopped at a red light, and Diane turned to address her son, with her soft face, and gentle motherly eyes giving him an assuring look. The mother licked her lips before speaking in a concerned tone, as she turned her body and cleavage towards her son in the car, before she noticed an obvious erection.

"Are you getting any more tail from your girlfriend sweetie?"

Diane said flatly, as they paused at the red light in the small town. Then she added, "You can tell me sweetie, I'm your mother."

"What?!" Said Robert out loud, "Mom! Seriously?"

"Come on, I just want to know if my good boy is 'getting some,' to help managing your pesky erections always sticking down your shorts after soccer practice nowadays. You having trouble with Sam? I haven't seen her around the house in a long time. Are you two still dating, and 'doing it' often?"

"Samantha and I are taking a break right now," Robert said, as he looked away. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Oh, c'mon, don't be such a dramatic teenager. Tell your mommy what happened, if you want my advice. I'm your mother, and a boy your age should be having sex regularly in my opinion. All the other moms agree."

"I don't need Samantha right now in my life, to help me play soccer any better."

"Are you sure young man? You definitely seemed off today on the field. You're usually much better."

Robert said nothing.

"Talk to me sweetie! As your mother, I care about your success on, and off the field. Tell me about Sam."

"Samantha and I would always have sex before every game," Said Robert, in a defeated tone.

"Samantha isn't texting you back though, is she?" Said Diane,

"You would always makes plans after school."

"How would you know?" Asked Robert defensively.

"Mothers know these things," Diane cooed, as she continued to drive, "Now answer my earlier question."

"Yes, I've had sex before mom," Said Robert sheepishly,

"Samantha was my first real girlfriend."

"Well when was the last time you got your dick wet, in a wet hole sweetheart?" Diane asked in concern.

"I told you, I've had sex before mom. Can you please just drive!" Said Robert, to try to change the subject.

"I didn't ask if you were a virgin sweetheart, I was asking if you got laid recently with Sam," Said his mom.

"I get plenty of sex from my girlfriend, even though we're taking a break," Robert replied with a white lie.

"Have you and Samantha had sex at all this month? Moms can tell these things you know," Diane said.

"How would you know we're having trouble mom? We could have plans to meet up!" Asked Robert.

"Well for one, you're not texting her right now." Diane said, as she pulled into the family driveway, to park inside an empty two car garage, before closing the garage door behind them. "Usually after every game, I see you there in your seat, texting your girlfriend, while all giddy and hard from excitement. It's obvious you two are planning sex to me, judging by all the eggplant emojis I see you sending each other over there."

"Mom! You're looking at my phone?! You know what it means when I send her eggplant emojis?!" He asked.

"Your mother wasn't born last night you know," Said Diane, as she touched her son's arm in assurance, then she added, "Your dad and I used to flirt in our own way, and I know how your generation likes to always be connected these days, and a boy your age should be having sex in my opinion. I hope Sam is giving it to you."

"I already told you mom," Robert said in attempt to change the subject, "I've had sex before with Sam."

"When was the last time you actually laid pipe in your girlfriend though sweet-pea? What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing's wrong with her," Said Robert, "We just had a fight about what we wanted to do after high school. She wants to go out of state, to a college faraway. I think I want to stay closer to home, to save money."

"Oh, I see. You two don't think you want the same things after high school," Said Diane sadly.

"Do you think I should go with her mom?" Asked Robert, in his hormonal confusion.

"If you're chasing love, yes. Chase after her and live happily ever after, with the love of your life, while you're still young,"

Said Diane sympathetically, as she stroked her son's knees. "If you're chasing pussy, however, my advice would be to find it closer to home, if you can," Diane looked to her son and said. "You could borrow mine, you know. Mommy has a warm pussy you can borrow, until you sort out your emotions about Sammy, or until you get a new girlfriend in town, okay?"

"Well, how do I tell the difference between the two mom?"

Asked Robert, as he ignored his mom's statement, as she stroked his knee with her thumb, touching the tip of his erection, which was

throbbing down his soccer shorts.

"That's something only you can answer young man, but if you need some help to clear your head, just let your mother know, and I'm sure we can work out an arrangement, to keep your mind away from your ex. Just because your Sammy isn't around, doesn't mean you have to put up without getting any cunt ya know. In my opinion, a little extra secret family time, between the two us, might be good for the both of us."

Diane smiled, and poked her tongue against her cheek, to mimic a cock in her mouth. Robert felt his heart race in his chest, from the stroking hand going up and down his thigh in the family-sized car. He had an erection he could not stop, and hated how he got them randomly, especially while near his mom. Anything seemed to set him off, after his recent break up with his girlfriend, and the thought of his mom offering her wet holes for him to fuck, in place of his girlfriend's, was enough to excite him. He did his best to ignore his mom's thumb touching against the bell of his erection, as he rushed to unclasp his seatbelt, before opening the car door.

"I gotta go take a shower mom," said Robert suddenly, as he ignored his mom, before stepping out of the car.

"Okay kiddo. Maybe after you're done showering we can talk though," said the mom sympathetically. "If you need to borrow my warm pussy, just let me know, and its yours. Okay sweet pea? I love you--"

SLAM!

Diane was cut off, as she watched the door close behind her son. She left the car, and went inside the house.

Robert said nothing after he left the family SUV, to go inside the suburban-style house. What did his mom just say? He could hardly believe his ears. Surely she misspoke. His mind went in all sorts of

erotic directions, upon hearing his mom speak to him the way she did in the car. He decided to shake his head, as he bolted up the stairs.

As he ran, he shoved the bulge of his erection into his shorts. Diane entered the family home after her son, and looked up the stairs towards her eighteen year old teenager, who was sporting an obvious erection. She held her hand at her hip with a frown. She had to do something about her son's erection. Robert walked up stairs, and shook the idea from his head. His mom was actually offering him her married holes, to wrap around his cock, until she choked the semen out of him.

"Goodness gracious, how more direct do I need to be with my special little guy, to get him to open up to me more?" Diane said beneath her breath. "Do I just have to bend over on all fours, and tell you to stick it in for goodness sake?!"

Diane pitied her son, with his throbbing erection near to be wasted away in a wad of tissues, or a sock, if he managed to escape to the family bathroom, before she could intercept him. She felt his self-esteem needed to be boosted, after she saw him get in the car with his head held down. The mom saw her son's erect cock poking through his soccer shorts, and felt like it was a mother's duty to make sure her child's success happened, no matter what, even if it meant offering her honeyed holes to her son, to find relief from his biological needs. After hearing about a thing called skinship, between the other moms in the soccer group, Diane began having ideas of her own. She heard stories of one delinquent student at high school, who went from failure to success. She wondered what she could do with her son, if she managed his erections the same way as the other mom.

"Poor baby. He needs pussy to boost his self-esteem! Why not let him borrow mine, if his girlfriend won't put out for him. I'll offer a blowie at least. After all, what boy his age can resist a blowjob?"

Diane thought to herself out loud.

The mom smacked her glossy thick lips together. Her big pillowy lips were plump and thick. Her horse shaped mouth looked exactly like an asshole, puckering when pressed. Diane smacked her lips, and cleared her throat, with the imaginary speech she had in mind, once she went after her son in his room. She would offer all her holes carte blanch, if her son needed her lip-smacking mouth, bleached asshole, or bald pussy, to deal with his pesky confidence-inhibiting erections. She would drain him with her holes, if her son wanted relief. Diane was devoted to make sure her son stayed on top of his soccer game, even if it meant choking the semen out of him, with her clutching cunt.

"Son, I just have a quick question, and I want you to think about it before you answer okay?" Diane rehearsed to herself, as she ventured up the stairs, and down the hallway towards her son's room.

Once she was a few feet away, she stopped and whispered to herself, "I just wanted to see if you were interested in borrowing my warm holes, to help you deal with your pesky erections, while you look for a new girlfriend, or get back together with Samantha. You can pick any hole you want, as long as your father is gone, and you feel like pounding some seed into me quickly. If you want this to happen, all you have to say is, 'Mom, I want a blowjob,' and I'll will suck your cock right now, okay? Or, we can skip the foreplay, and go right to the part where I let you go balls deep in me on your bed."

Then she pressed her lips together at the end of her speech, and tried to make her mouth look as appealing as possible. If her son was too squeamish about prodding her ass or cunt, the soccer mom would at least pull out his load with her pouty Botox-filled lips, while they were in the shape of a clenched asshole, when kissed together. Diane imagined the best scenario, as she rehearsed her offer in her head.

The soccer mom imagined her son urging to borrow her warm pink cunt, ejaculating inside her tubes, until he softened inside her cunt. She imagined fat ropes of teen jism washing against her coital walls, within her birth canal. More than anything else, the mom wanted her son to return to the place he came from. She wanted the fluid bond to form between them, after discussing a thing called 'skinship' with the other moms during the soccer game, while they watched their sons play.

Diane looked in the mirror one more time, smacked her red lips together, and adjusted her brunette hair. She kissed at her reflection, and winked to herself in luck.

"Mwah! His VERY own mother can take all his loads! He'll be sure to say yes if I just say it like that," she told herself.

Diane approached her son's door, and stood next to it, briefly listening, with her ear against the door. Meanwhile, Robert was sulking in his room, as he tried to masturbate over a stolen pornographic magazine he found in his dad's closet. Despite being horny, the teen of age was still heartbroken over his recent break up with his girlfriend. Truth be told, the legal son of age was still a virgin. Despite all the text foreplay, and grabbing at second base, between him and his girlfriend, he still lacked a homerun, so to speak. As he sulked, with his back against his door, he had no idea his mom was standing nearby, while watching through a door-crack, as he jerked his long ten-inch erection hopelessly into a pair of dirty socks.

"Aw, my poor baby is already beating off into his socks, like a dirty little kid again," Diane said to herself, as she observed her son masturbate in his room.

Diane stood by her son's door, and decided it was time to confront him, while he was horny. She knocked briefly, and immediately entered without waiting for her son to respond. Diane came in, and

did not announce herself, as she walked up to her son with his back turned against her. Robert was completely unaware, when his mom came up to him on his bed. When she touched his shoulder, he nearly leapt out of his skin.

"You know son, it's perfectly natural for a boy your age to want to get his dick wet frequently, but I'm the one who has to do laundry in this family. Why not just let me help you," Diane scolded. "This erection you have is unhealthy to leave alone, to your own devices, in my opinion. It would be my duty, as your loving mother, to offer you my warm pussy, to handle your pesky erections for now, until you patch things up with Sam. At least let me suck on it, until I'm done pulling out all your baby-batter into my mouth, to make it go away."

"Mom, I was just about to go to take a shower--" Robert began, before he tried covering himself.

"You know cuddle-bear, mama-bear has a cooter too." Diane interrupted sympathetically, in her mom-toned voice, as she stroked her son's back, with her manicured nails, to calm him down, as she sat next to him. "I know it's strange hearing your mother promise you total access, to all of her holes, to help you become the best player you can be on the soccer field, but it's true, okay? Now let me help you with this, please. This pesky erection needs to go away, and I know where to put it to good use, if you would just trust your mother to do what needs to be done, to put you back on your A-game."

"What about dad though?" Said Robert, with his body trembling in anticipation of fucking his mom.

"Your daddy isn't home right now, and as far as I am concerned he doesn't need to know about us," Diane said with a pause, as she sat down next to her son. Then she continued speaking."Mothers and sons, we have a bond. You beating up my cunt, is almost like your

father doing the same, and as long as it's kept in the family, I don't consider it cheating, as long as you don't mind?"

"I can't just accept your offer mom. No matter how much I would like to just say yes," Said Robert, in a guilty tone, as his mom stroked his back with her manicured nails going up and down against his soccer jersey, with his cock out, and in her hand.

"Listen butter-cup, mama-bear is serious when it comes to how I want to raise you. I would never lie. There is absolutely no shame in asking for help, okay? How would you like it if your loving and devoted mother offered you her honeyed-holes this evening, to help you deal with IT, poking up in the air right now?"

"IT, mom?" Robert said, as he looked towards his mother, who was sitting next to him in his bed, with a frown on her face, as his ten-inch erection soared above his lap, to poke far past his belly button, and throb in the air.

"I'm talking about your dick getting wet," Said Diane, as she playfully jabbed her son in the ribs, with her big doughy bosom jiggling from the effort. "You better take up the offer soon though, because who knows when your dad will be coming home, by the time you admit you want to fuck my pussy full of your baby-batter tonight."

Robert gulped in his spot, as his mom continued to rub his erection up and down with her hands. He ached to let loose, and just stand up, so he could plunge his cock down his mom's throat to shut her up. Her big pouty lips kissed at him, with her whole mouth opened in the shape of an O-ring, with her tongue poking against her cheek. He looked to his mom for any sign of trickery, as she teased and stroked his back with her nails.

"Mom, I'm sure Samantha and I will get back together eventually," Said Robert, as he ignored his mom.

"You need pussy by the looks of it though buster, and I'm offering you my warm love-oven, to gobble up a load, if you feel like making a deposit tonight, before your dad texts me, after he gets off work," Diane said.

Robert gulped in his spot. His mom's big pouty lips gave her sentence soft lisp noises, which made everything she said sound sexy. Her brunette hair hung past her shoulders. Her beautiful skin was dotted with freckles, from her arms to her shoulders. Despite being his mom, Robert had to admit, Diane was a bonafide MILF, despite being his real mom.

"Say something sugar-bear," Diane said, as she stroked her son's erection through the waistband of his shorts. Her other hand stroked his back, before she added, "What if your old mom gave you a pep talk, in my old cheerleading outfit?"

"You don't have to try so hard to cheer me up mom," Robert said back to his mom. "It's not your fault Samantha broke up with me. You don't have to get your old cheerleading uniform on, just to try to cheer me up."

"Nonsense," Diane cooed, before getting up dramatically to leave her son's room for a moment. "Your father practically asks me to wear it every night. Let me get it."

In a moment, Diane came back into the room, wearing a vintage red cheerleader outfit, with her long brunette hair in a ponytail. Robert could feel his jaw drop in his mouth from the sight of it. Two busty bosoms pressed together, in a cleavage-squeezing red top. A pleated white short skirt covered her waist. Diane came in with a smile, and pom-poms, as she spun around. Robert had to shake his head of devious thoughts, when he saw the bald mound and cuntal crease of his mom, as she spun. When she faced him again, she bent over towards him, so the full front of her cleavage faced her son. She

squeezed them together with her arms, as she began to do a cheering routine.

"Let's go buttercup, what's with the frown?!" Diane cheered, in a routine, "How about a trip to mommy-pound town!"

Robert was speechless, as he watched the big figure of his mom dancing all over the place, as she jumped, and moved her pom-poms around. She stuck her foot up, to press against her inner thigh, as she stood on one leg. Her bald crease of vaginal flesh showed itself briefly to Robert, as he hardened in his spot, fighting off the urge to stroke his erection. No matter how hard he tried not to look, Robert was unable to keep his eyes away from the place of his birth, as his mom cheered him on. Diane noticed this with a grin, as the mother continued her routine.

"Mommy has what you need, if you need a place to seed!" the mom cheered, "My mouth!" She cheered, while pointing to her mouth. "My ass!" she said, as she turned around, and bent over to present her naked ass-cheeks to her son briefly, before turning back around to stand. "My cunt too, can handle all your baby-making goo!"

Diane grabbed at the bottom of her cheerleading skirt, and picked up the front, to reveal her bald cleavage, in the shape of two innie labial lips, pressed together in the shape of a mouth. It looked like a crease, between the mom's legs. Robert ached to feel the sensation between his mom's legs, as she drooled between her legs as she stood. The sight of two slime-drooling labial lips, looking at him as they gaped, made Robert harden. With his ten inch erection poking straight up into the air, he began to stroke himself in front of his mom.

"I have some condoms mom," he said to her.

"Nuh-uh young man! No rubbers allowed in my cunt, if you wanna pound my pussy young man. It's either bareback, or nothing in this

family buster-bear. You can pull out if you want, but if you wanna pound my holes, you're going in raw."

"Where am I gonna cum then mom?"

"Well, that's up to you son. Do you want to cum inside my cunt, ass, mouth, or all over my face, tits, and hands? Pick your hole quickly, before your dad texts me. Once he's on his way home, your chance to pound my pussy full of semen is gone."

Robert was dumbstruck by how nonchalant sounding his mom was, as she told him what he could do.

"Would you really let me finish inside of you mom?" Asked Robert in disbelief.

"Finish, creampie, inseminate, fill up, or whatever you want to call it, mommy just said you can dump it in me."

"Really mom?!" Robert said in excitement. "You have NO IDEA how grateful I am right now. Screw Samantha!"

"This is only until you get a new girlfriend though young man," said Diane. "Consider this is a temporary pussy-pass at home, until you get back on your A-game out there sweetheart."

"Does this mean we can keep having sex, until my next soccer game mom?" Asked Robert, with blood rushing to his loins, to make his already stiffened erection throb with overwhelming need, as his piss-slit oozed with pre-cum and anticipation.

"It means you better have a good memory buttercup, because this is a temporary solution to your problem, okay?" Diane said sternly, with her finger wagging. "Under no circumstances are you to tell anyone, Alright? If your dad ever found out I let you pound my pussy, to help you play better, there would be hell to pay, Understood?"

"I understand mom," Robert said, next to his mom, as she stroked his pre-cum oozing cock with her soft mature hands. "What about dad though?"

"Like I said earlier, don't worry about him." Diane said tenderly, with her hand going up and down, as she felt his heat and size throb in her hands. "Mommy knows what boys like you need, after a tough day of playing sports. If you need to borrow my warm pussy, to boost your self-confidence, I'm willing to take one for the team, so to speak, even if means beating up your boner, through the same hole you came out of buster."

Diane removed her skirt. Long knee-high socks went up her legs.

The mother stood, and with one hand, reached down towards her pink gates, to split herself apart. She shook her pony-tailed head, and shot her son a look, as she caught him looking back and forth, between her eyes, and her purple depths being gaped. With fingers, she split herself apart, and let go, to allow the cleavage of her cunt to close, before she spun around. She showed off her muff from behind, with her bald cunt displayed right in front of her son. She rocked her hips to the side, with the rest of her outfit on, and jutted her figure one direction, with her hand on her thigh, as the cleavage between her legs drooled with coital arousal.

"Stay right there cuddle-bear! Take a look one more time for me,"

Diane said, as the mom split apart her labial lips with both her manicured hands, prying apart her pussy, to show off her purple pleats.

"I plan on taking your dingus straight to the back of my squeeze-box, to boost your self-esteem, if you wanna borrow my warm pussy that is? Now, your mommy asked you a question earlier. Do you want my tits, mouth, hands, ass, or pussy wrapped around you this time? I won't tell your dad."

It was obvious the mom was making her vaginal depths as appealing as she possibly could. What teenager Robert's age could resist the sight of a hairless mature cunt looking back him, like a winking eye. Her purple coital sleeve drooled with vaginal slime, and her pleated depths screamed 'fuck me,' as a son was seduced into plowing the place he came from. Nothing would be between them once they began. Diane would be with her son every step of the way, during their bareback sex.

"I choose your pussy mom," said Robert, while straining to hide the excitement from his voice.

"Finally! It's about time you said yes to my cunt, after I've been offering it all day cuddle-bear!" Said Diane in excitement.

"Only if you're sure though. You might nut as soon as you slip it in, like a two-pump chump ya know?"

"I'm ready mom. I'm sure of it," said Robert breathlessly.

"Are you really okay with doing this mom?"

"Mhmm, yessiree buster, but only if you're not squeamish about dumping a load in me when you're done," Diane said flatly, as if she was discussing the weather with her son. "Sound good buster?"

Robert just nodded his head eagerly, as his mom stood in front of him, with her purple depths gaped open.

"One last question sugar-bear," Diane said in her soft-toned voice to her teenage son, in his bedroom. "Pick your position, so we can get right down to it. This is purely a pump-it and dump-it situation, okay baby?"

"I wanna be on top mom!" Robert blurted out, before blushing red in the face in embarrassment.

"Easy there tiger!" Diane giggled out, "No need to be so excited. Missionary it is. Now scooch over."

Robert moved over on his bed, to make space for his mom. She removed the rest of her cheerleading outfit, until the soccer-mom was just in her thigh high socks, and perky personality.

Diane laid on her son's bed, and spread her legs on her back. She gestured for her son to come closer, to spear her cunt with his prick. Behind a closed and locked door, a busty mother let her son prepare to lay his pipe through her hallowed cunt. Diane spread her inner flesh with her fingers, holding apart her pink channel, as she felt a tip press into her labial gates briefly, before sinking down to the hilt, to reach through her vaginal depths, with all ten meaty inches her son had to offer. Mom and son moaned in unison, as their skins began to slap together.

An old wooden bed began to creak, as Robert beat back the depths of his mother's cunt from above. Each thrust he delivered, landed against a hardened wall. Diane began to mewl sharply, and would grunt cute sounding 'oof-oof!' noises each time her bottom depths were punched. If there was ever the feeling of her pelvic floor being punched, Diane began to experience it, as her bottom depths were plundered, until her cunt churned with arousal, and her labial lips began to froth from the vaginal seal around her son's cock. Diane was completely laid back, with her arms crossed below her bosom, to keep them from shaking, as her cunt was hollowed out from above.

"BEAT IT UP BABY!" Diane screamed, as her guts were churned by hot teenage cock, attacking her depths with his bell tip.

"Yes ma'am mom!" Robert said, as he sunk his meat to the hilt and back, through his mom, as he held her legs back.

Diane was laid on her back. with the full weight of her son holding back her legs, where her knees bent. Her thigh-high socks pressed

into the bed below her son, as he drilled her cunt from above, with cervix-striking strokes, beginning to make the soccer-mom whimper in pleasure, from her love-box being punched. An earth-shattering orgasm was beginning to boil in both their loins, as Robert sought his mother's depths with his far-reaching erection digging through places never touched since his birth, when he came screaming into the world.

Now mother and son were screaming for different reasons, as their bodies smacked together. In the small bedroom, the sound of skins slapping together echoed off the walls, as mother and son fucked. With the enthusiasm of being close to dumping his built-up baby-batter, Robert knew he was getting close to shooting his spunk inside his mom.

With his seed beginning to boil within his loins, Robert laid into his mom, with his whole length reaching far through her pink guts, until his bulbous head knocked into her back wall, to make her belly bulge outward. Gross and wet-sounding noises filled the small bedroom, as a horny teenager went in and out of his mom. Diane and Robert locked eyes, as their mutual orgasm began to build between them. With their visions beginning to blur in unison, Robert began to feel his nut-sac tingle, then his cock was suddenly squeezed by coital walls locking around his cock. The cunt-like sleeve wrapped around his erection, coiled around him like an anaconda snake gripping him. He continued to beat his way through his mom, as Robert bounced his ball-sac against his mom's asshole in a fury. With his load close to blowing, there was no way he was about pull out now.

Upon noticing her son hardening through her channel, Diane knew what to do, as she laid back in her spot.

"That's it baby, shoot it straight to the pussy, when you're ready to blow in your mommy," Diane encouraged, as her pussy was churned and her bosom shook, in response to the thrusts, from her son laying into her body.

Robert hardened within the mom, as he fed his piece through her warm channel. Warm vaginal walls gripped against his meaty textures, as he went in and out at a ball-smacking pace. His sac slapped into his mom's crinkled asshole in his bed so many times, he felt he was going to be leaving bruises on his mom's taint. The liquid-hot sound of hot motherly pussy being churned to a buttery froth, filled the bedroom, as Robert plowed his mom. In and out he went, to reach far and deep through his mom, with his ten-inch prick beginning to throb, and the sensation of his ejaculation beginning to boil for release.

When it was too much to handle, as his mom encouraged him to blow his load, the teen began to groan.

"Oh!--" Robert cried, "Mom! Ugh--"

"Deep and don't stop until you're finished shooting out all dat baby-batter young man!" Instructed the mother. "Keep laying dat pipe!

OOF! STRAIGHT TO THE PUSSY!"

"OUGH!"

"OOF! BUTTER-CUP! OOF! I CAN FEEL IT! DUMP IT!"

The cries of a mother and son mixing their hot breeding fluids gushed into the bedroom. Wet and frothy white-looking film erupted out a mother's cunt, as a teenage cock rammed through her sleeve. She felt him throb and pull through her channel, with the hardness of a diamond fist, as the mom climaxed with her son. Diane felt her eyes roll back into her skull. She had her fingers reaching down, to hold apart her pink gates, as they were being beaten back like hot wet mud holding onto a rubber boot.

SCHLIC-SCHLIC-SCHLIC-SPLOOGE!

Diane had her legs completely wrapped around her child, as her depths were inseminated. She bucked her cunt back and forth, with up and down strokes, to capture each white rope her son was able to shoot in her. She held him close to her bosom, and wrapped her limbs around him like a spider, as she guided each drop of sticky spunk, to land against the back of her chamber, with the fantasy of his seed impregnating her. Robert lay into his mother's doughy bust and nearly whimpered, as his spunk was yanked out of him. He gave up thrusting mid-orgasm, and let the feeling of his mom's bucking hips, clapping into his, as her cunt milked out his final ropes of jism from below.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

Robert loved the feeling of how hot his mom felt within her pink guts. His ball-sac slapped against his mother's hairless taint, as her cunt went over his spewing cock. Thick and milky long ropes of teenage semen stuck against depths never meant to be returned to. His shivering body thrust back and forth violently, while trapped in his mother's embrace while he came. Fat bolts of teenage jism shot out of a hung son of age, as he was milked from below by his hip-humping mom.

"Goodness baby! Get it all outta your system buster! Mommy is gonna milk the seed outta ya, ya hear!"

When the final ropes of teen jism began to shoot out of her son, Diane stopped bucking her hips. Instead, she thrust up, and locked her heels tight. She wriggled her ass beneath her son, to nuzzle his ball-sac as firmly against her taint and asshole as she could. The busty mom held her son balls deep, while he laid on top. He sounded out of breath, with the back of his slim body glistening with sweat from his prior effort. Out of all the emotions rushing inside the mother's mind, after allowing her son to blow a load in her cunt, the biggest surprise emotion of them was pride. She was proud of her son's ability to lay pipe the way he did. Despite being a virgin, it

appeared her son was a natural cocksman in the family. Things would never be the same Diane realized.

"How was that young man?" Diane cooed to her son, as she scratched his back, and held him deep.

"That was amazing mom," Said Robert, in the blissful state of his first orgasm with a woman.

"Now, it may be strange to other families at your school, to hear how you lost your virginity, so this is strictly our secret young man, Understand? Not even your father can know. Only we can know about us, Okay?"

"You got it mom," Said Robert, "Whatever I have to do to make sure this happens again between us."

"Well, hold on now sonny. I know you may be balls-deep in some genuine mommy cunt, at the moment, but I don't remember saying you get pussy-pass privileges with me young man. Your mommy popped your cherry, strictly for the reason of helping you score in your next game coming up," the embracing mom said.

"What do you mean mom?" Robert said, as he softened inside her marital chamber, with his ten inch prick.

While ten meaty inches of teenage cock touched bottom inside a freshly inseminated womb, Diane explained her reasoning. She did not want to see her son become pussy-whipped and lazy. She needed to motivate him to practice harder, and prepare for his game, and if the best way was with her holes, so be it. She would use her matronly cunt to motivate her son to succeed. After milking out his seed with her hot white-load yanking snatch, as hard as she could from below, the mother hoped her son would be more motivated, after feeling so good.

After all, if she could encourage her son to work harder, by granting him her prize pussy if he scored, it would be considered good parenting, Diane reasoned to herself.

"That is just a taste of your mother's sexual skills young man. If you enjoyed busting a nut in my cooter, in this position, imagine all the other positions you could get me in, whenever you get a pesky erection. If you like my cheerleading outfit, with my cute knee-high socks, and pom poms, I think you'll love a crotchless body-suit I've been saving, for a special occasion, if you feel like laying more pipe later."

"Really mom?" said Robert in disbelief, "What do I have to do to make that happen?"

"It's simple son. Just help your team win the state championships," Diane said, in her conniving tone.

She grinned to herself. The mother thought her son would agree.

She would use her pussy to motivate him.

"But mom, the state championships aren't until next year. We're not even in the qualifiers. My team is just doing lots of practice. Next week is our first game," Said Robert, while still plunged to the hilt through his mother's cunt, as he softened inside, after shooting what felt like a gallon of spunk through her chamber, to coat her cervix in spunk.

"Oh, well no pussy until you score in your next game. I don't care if it's a real one, with another school, or just practice with your team. No goal, no pussy!"

Robert was stunned to hear his mom's statement, as he laid on top of her, with his ten-inch prick spearing through ten-inches of motherly cunt. If this was the last time he was allowed to be balls-deep inside his mom, until next week, he was determined to make

the most of it. As they exchanged pillow talk, Robert waited until he was hard enough to begin thrusting once again, with soft wet kissing sounds between them. Diane looked up with wide-eyes, as her pink depths were slowly being churned again. In all her years, the soccer-mom had never been fucked twice in a row. She didn't think it was possible for a cock to stay hard, or get hard enough to go for round two so soon!

"Goodness gracious! Calm down tiger! Mommy isn't going anywhere. Dump one more load if you need," Diane said, as her depths were drilled from above with cervix-seeking strokes once again.

"Yes ma'am mom!" Grunted Robert, as he thrust as if possessed, with his sac beating into his mom's taint.

Diane had her head turned, with her arms crossed below her bosom, to keep them from shaking beneath the bottom-punching strokes her son delivered to her cunt. The spread-eagled mom did not want to encourage her son's behavior, before he started hollowing out her tubes, in such a vulnerable position, without asking for permission first. Despite being taken advantage of, however, the soccer-mom could not deny the sight and pleasure of her pussy beaten back, like her guts were a punching bag. With her thigh high socks held back at the knee, Diane could just lay there and take it, as her cunt was pounded from above, until the sensation of her son, throbbing for release, filled her chamber once more, with his hot cords. In moments, ropes of teenage baby-batter began to enter a soccer-mom's breeding chamber once again.

Robert felt his vision blur, as he thrust himself deep, to plant his load as far as he could reach with his cock.

Robert sent fat ropes of teenage jism down the place of his birth. Big bolts of teenage jism struck against a mother's pelvic floor. Diane thrashed her head back and forth, as she laid there and felt her son empty his balls inside her cunt, with his nut-sac pressing hard

against her taint, and clinching butthole. She felt the throbbing sensation of him pulse and throb through her cunt, from a load being dumped. Big ropes of jism stuck against the place of his conception, while hot coital walls of vaginal cunt-flesh clutched greedily for every hot bolt delivered through the soccer-mom.

Diane thrashed her head back and forth, with her legs held back at the knees, while her son pumped his pubescent teen spunk deep through her cloying cunt. They both looked to where their middles met, as Robert pounded his semen into his mom with such force and ferocity, he thought his semen would shoot out through his mom's mouth and nose. Instead, she grunted with cute little 'oofing' noises, as she was bottomed-out, and filled up with more of her teenager's spunk. Each time, Robert felt his mom cringe around his thrusting cock, with the bell of him meeting her bottom. Each time Robert felt his nob punch against the bottom of his mom, with his far-reaching boner, he would see his mom wince and nod her brunette head up and down eagerly.

"Dump it buster!" Diane mewled, with her legs held back over her knees. Her big bosom shook in place, as her teenage son thrust into her depths, to plant his hot load against the back wall of her cunt.

"Shoot it straight to the pussy!" Diane said, as she looked between the cleavage of her bosom, to watch her marital depths being churned to a buttery froth, from her vaginal-depths being pounded, and filled with semen. "UGH!" She mewled out, in a guttural noise, as Diane looked up into her eye lids. Her cunt was drilled by her spunk-spurting teenager, as his cock knocked against her back wall, like a cervix-seeking missile.

When Robert rolled off his mom, his softened length left her love-socket with a disgusting plop sound, before white globs of his spunk soon emerged from his mom. Diane kept her legs held back in shock, after her son rolled off of her, with his weight leaving her knees. She held her legs back with her arms, as she laid in place.

She witnessed a white trail of slime snap out of her son's ten-inch erection, after he pulled out of her bald cunt. There was no doubt in her mind that her depths were inseminated. Hot trails of spunk cooled against her taint and asshole. Diane grabbed her phone, to look at the time, before looking back to her son. It was getting late and there would be no more time for another round of sex, in a lucky son's bedroom.

"Okay, no more shenanigans young man. Your dad just texted me, and he's on his way home from work, so no more pump and dumps, understood?" Diane said, before looking over to a box of tissues nearby. "Be a sweetie and get mommy some napkins for your mess."

Robert obeyed, and gave his mom the whole box. She took several napkins and pawed at her slimy mound, before the mom eventually rolled over to get up from her son's bed. Diane stood with her knee high socks on, as she bent over to pick up her cheerleading outfit, and pom-poms from the floor. When she was done, she held her skirt, top, and fuzzy pom-poms in her arms, as she stood in front of her son in her thigh high socks. Before she left the room, Diane wanted to give her son an important lecture about what she said.

"Remember young man, don't tell your dad. He would be furious if he found out I popped your cherry."

Diane spoke like lecturing mother to her son, and warned him of the dangers of bareback sex outside the family. She promised him her pleated pussy, even after he found a new girlfriend, if he improved his grades. Meanwhile Robert did not hear a word, as he saw a pendulum of his pubescent cum hang like a wrecking-ball, between the thigh gap of his bottomless mom. He watched it, and wondered how long his sticky cum would hold before snapping out. He didn't care if he had to put up with some high standards while living at home with his mom. If it meant being able to pound more of his semen into his sweet and lecturing mother at the time, in more of her naughty outfits, he was willing to do almost anything. Robert

listened. but could not pay attention, as he watched his semen dangle between Diane's thigh-gap, flanked by two thigh-high white socks, reaching all the way towards her cuntal cleavage.

"So, how does that sound butter-cup? Do those things and my cunt is yours," concluded Diane, at the end of her lecture, as her cunt drooled out clear and white genetic fluids, in front of her son, as she stood with a ball of cum hanging below her.

"Sounds good to me mom. Whatever you say, as long as I can pound your sweet pussy again," Robert said, as he watched a wrecking-ball of his spunk snap out of his mom, to splash onto the wooden floor of his bedroom.

Diane sighed, as she spoke down to her son from above, as he sat while staring straight ahead at her naked thigh gap. She rolled her eyes, and shifted her weight from one to another, which made another rope of spunk snap out of her cunt onto the floor. Somehow Diane knew her son would become trouble later.

"Why do I think I'm going to regret doing this with you sugar bear? I swear young man, the things I do for you."

THE END

My Christmas Gift

by klrxo

It was the week before Christmas and Mom still hadn't asked me what I wanted. Dad had asked me several times, but not mom. This was so unlike her. Mom and I were real close and I must confess, for a year now I had dreamed of being a Motherfucker. Yes, secretly I wanted nothing more in this world than to fuck my own mother. Ever since that day in February when I accidentally saw my parents fucking. Dad was fucking mom doggie style, they were both on the bed facing the doorway when I walked in. Dad didn't see me, but mom's eyes locked onto mine. I can still remember for that short instant seeing mom's big boobs hanging down like enormous utters, swinging back and forth like pendulums as my dad laid into her. It was an image that has fueled my fantasies for nearly a year now. At breakfast that morning, Mom looked at me knowingly and gave a me a warm motherly smile, but she never spoke of the incident. Every day since I took every opportunity to look my mother over and dreamed of what it would be like to be in my father's shoes. Which brings me to this morning, my father had already left for work and mom was at the sink doing dishes. She looked so sexy in her thin silk robe and high-heeled sandals. The way her big breasts swayed underneath her robe made my cock rock hard.

"So what do you want for Christmas this year, mom?" I asked.

"I told you last week, remember?" She answered.

I decided to just cut to the chase.

"So how come you haven't asked me what I want this year?" I asked.

She fed me a warm smile.

"I all ready know what you want." She answered.

How could this be, I wondered. She had never asked me and I hadn't given her a list.

"Was it something I asked for?" I inquired.

Mom turned to face me, drying her hands.

"Not directly, but in subtle ways, yes." She answered.

I had no idea what it could be.

"Am I going to like it?" I asked.

Mom grinned from ear to ear as she started out of the kitchen.

"Oh yeah, I think you'll be pretty satisfied. I need to get my bath, sport." She answered.

For the next week I toiled over what mom could have gotten me for Christmas. I had truly given her no indication of something I wanted.

Christmas morning came and Mom, Dad and I sat around the tree opening gifts. I opened several from dad, but not a single one from mom. Finally when all the gifts were opened I threw a look moms way. She was looking back at me with a smile and gave me a wink. Dad started upstairs.

"Well, I have a flight to catch, better get dressed." Dad said.

I had no idea dad was leaving town on business today.

"Honey, I need you to take your father to the airport, can you do that for me?" Mom asked.

"Sure, no problem, mom." I answered.

She stared into my eyes with a gleaming smile on her face.

"Thanks, sweetheart. Santa's gotta stay here, she got one more present to wrap." She said.

I smiled back, knowing that it was my gift she was speaking of, but why hadn't she given it to me earlier? I rushed my father to the airport and was back in an hour. When I walked in I found the downstairs dark as the shades had been pulled and the Christmas tree lights turned off. On the entry table I found a Christmas card with my name on it. It was from mom and read:

MY DARLING, THIS YEAR YOUR MOTHER KNEW WHAT GIFT YOU DESIRED MOST. EACH TIME I LOOK AT YOU, YOUR EYES HAVE PLEADED FOR THIS PRECIOUS GIFT. NO GREATER PRESENT CAN A MOTHER GIVE HER SON THAN WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE. IN MY MARITAL BED, BETWEEN MY OUTSTRETCHED LEGS SHALL YOU FIND YOU GIFT. COME AND ENJOY, MY LOVE!

MOM I was stunned. Was this real or was I dreaming. I crept upstairs, my heart pounding in my chest and went straight to my mothers open doorway. The room was lit by candlelight and there in the center of her king-sized bed was my mother. What shocked me most, however, was the way she greeted me. She was completely naked, laying on her back, with her long legs thrown back under her arms and behind her head. From my point of view, just below her smiling face was her big hairy matronly pussy. The inner and outer lips were splayed open and I could clearly see the round entrance of her creamy fuckhole. Her puckered asshole winked at me invitingly and her enormous tits hung flat against her chest. She looked into my eyes lovingly.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart." She said.

She reached out to me and I wanted to melt. I slowly walked towards her.

"You'll enjoy this gift a lot more if you get undressed first, sport." She said with a giggle.

I stripped naked, my raging hardon sticking in the air. I took moms hand and she guided me between her outstretched legs. I lay all my wieght on her and felt her big boobs crushed against my chest. Our faces were now close together and her eyes were gleaming into mine.

"I hope your ready, mister, cause you and mom are gonna hump all day long."

I melted, my cock sinking into my warm wet gift and I knew that Christmas could never get any better than this.

No Dad December

By Klrxo

November 30th

"I can't have sex with my husband for one month?! Are you serious?!" Holly exclaimed. The busty dark-haired 39-year-old sat having coffee with her friends, Sharon and Felicia.

"Why do you think the challenge is called 'No Dick December?' Sharon asked. "No dick means NO DICK…not even from our husbands."

"NOT EVEN from our husbands?!" Felicia blurted, cocking and eyebrow. "Wow, Sharon…way to inadvertently announce that you're cheating on Bob."

"Oh, come on…like you didn't you didn't know I was fucking around behind his back."

"Well, I knew about the guy you screwed on the cruise ship last summer, but I didn't know you had someone recent."

"Only once a week. He's married too, so it's not like we can fuck all the time. And I promise he's not either one of your husbands," Sharon shared, making her friends laugh.

"Good to know," Felicia replied. "I'd cut Fred's dick off if I knew he was sleeping with one of my best friends."

"I can't go A DAY without sex, you guys," Holly revealed. "How the hell am I suppose to go A MONTH without it?"

"You better dust off that vibrator, girl," Sharon chuckled.

"What vibrator? I haven't owned a vibrator in years."

"Well, I know what I'm getting YOU for Christmas," Sharon stated. "They have ones that operate by using an app now, they're amazing!"

"Nice idea, but Christmas isn't until the end of the month," Holly reminded her.

"What's am I suppose to do until then?"

"What's wrong with using the shower head?" Sharon answered. "There's all sorts of creative things around the house to use to masturbate with, if you're desperate enough."

Holly reacted by giving her friends a skeptical grin. "Are we SERIOUSLY doing this?" she asked.

"Why not? It'll be fun." Sharon replied.

"No…getting laid is fun," Holly remarked. "Going a month without dick because of some silly social media challenge…not so much!"

Felicia chimed in. "My sister went a few weeks without dick once. She said it was like a sexual fast. When she finally did get fucked again she told me her orgasm was ten times as intense, because of how long she went without one."

"See, there you go," Sharon uttered, smiling at Holly. "There WILL be gold at the end of that thirty-day rainbow."

"There's thirty-one days in December, wise-ass!"

"Thirty…thirty-one…what's an extra day?"

"Another day of hell if it's without sex," Holly replied. She wasn't as in to these 'social media challenges' as her girlfriends were. Usually, she went along with them and ended up having unexpected fun in the process. However, there was one HUGE issue with 'No Dick December.' Holly was EXTREMELY hyper-sexual. She often wore her husband out in her endless pursuit of sexual pleasure. Foreplay was fine, but what really did it for her was hard, rough, deep vaginal penetration. It was like a drug that she needed daily, and her fear was, like anyone addict to something, that she'd go out of her mind without it.

December 2nd

It was only day number two of the challenge and Holly was already going bonkers.

She tried to occupy herself with busy tasks around the house, but found her mind drifting to sex with her husband, Ed. Masturbation wasn't usually something she did. As long as Ed pounded her for at least an hour nightly and got her off a few times, she'd have her fix, until the next evening. Now, only a day in, the housewife was wishing she hadn't agreed to participate. *"What am I, an idiot?!"* she thought.

"Why did I even agree to this? Why did I agree to be miserable, just so I could go along with some stupid challenge?!"

When she told her husband about the silly challenge, he laughed and promised to help support her resolve. She warned him that she would probably cave and want sex, but begged him to not give in, and to make her fulfill the challenge at all costs.

"You know, this might be easier for us both of us if I picked up some extra hours at work in the evenings," he suggested.

"Ed, if it's gonna make us spend time apart, then I won't do it," Holly stated.

"It's not forcing us to do anything, but they do offer overtime this time of year, and it would give me an excuse to pick up some evenings to make some extra Christmas money."

Holly knew it made sense. Extra cash was always good to have around the holidays, and having her husband at home less in the evenings would mean no temptation around, which might make 'No Dick December' a little more accomplishable. "I suppose it would help relieve some financial stress around the holidays," she agreed. The couple had two children, their daughter, Olivia, was fourteen, and their oldest was Manny, who had just turned eighteen. Gifts certainly didn't come cheap for kids that age.

"My first wrestling match is this Thursday. You guys are coming, right?" Manny asked, while the family sat at the dinner table.

Holly and her husband looked at each other and cringed. "Shoot! Manny, are you just finding out about this?" his mother asked.

"No, I actually found out last Friday, but forgot to tell you guys."

"Well, I can certainly be there, that's not a problem, but your father just picked up a bunch of evening hours at work, so…"

"I'll definitely be at the next one though, kiddo," Ed stated. "I'll make sure I leave that evening free."

"Thanks, dad," Manny smiled.

Manny's sister, Olivia, chimed in. "Yeah, you certainly don't wanna miss a bunch of guys in tights fondling each other."

"Olivia…not funny!" her mother scolded.

"What mom, it's true! That's all wrestling is."

Ed chimed in, providing a brief history of the sport, which resulted in plenty of eye-rolls from his daughter. While he spoke, Manny looked over at his beautiful mother, who returned a sweet smile. Holly came from a family rich in Italian heritage, giving her a deep olive-colored complexion. She had a full mane of silky brown hair with caramel highlights that swept down past her shoulders. Her brown eyes were full of motherly love and her lips were plump and coated with a layer of pink, rose-colored lipstick. Manny's eyes drifted down to her swollen breasts.

These were the center of many a masturbatory fantasy of his, while growing up.

He knew from stealing peeks at her bra-tag that she was a 34H cup. His mom always wore snug tops, which made the fabric cling to the meaty contours of her boobs. Sometimes, he could even see the thick nubs of her teats protruding out from beneath the fabric. When Holly got up to clear some dishes, her giant mammaries wobbled heavily beneath her cami top. Her boy's eyes drifted to her luscious legs. They were encased in a clingy pair of dark-gray yoga pants and crowned by an incredible ass, with plump, rounded cheeks. The way her meaty mommy-buttocks undulated as she walked caused Manny to excuse himself from the table before he got a full-fledged erection.

"Thanks for dinner, mom," the teen blurted as he passed behind her.

"You're welcome, honey," she replied. When Holly breathed in from her nose, she was unconsciously detecting her son's pheromones through her nasal senses. This sent a signal to her brain,

immediately triggering a sexual response. *"Good grief I'm horny!"* she thought as her body gave off an aroused shudder. She'd only been without sex for two days and she was already going out of her mind.

"I don't think I can do this!" the mother stated, attacking her husband with kisses as he prepared to leave for his night shift.

"Holly, it's only been two days," her husband chuckled.

"Exactly! Can you imagine what a fucking mess I'm gonna be after a week of no sex? There's NO WAY I'll make it a month!"

"I have to go," Ed remarked, giving her another kiss. "Go take a hot bath and maybe rub on yourself some…get some release. The challenge doesn't include self gratification, right?"

"No…in fact Sharon joked about buying me a vibrator for Christmas, just to help tide me over."

"Ha! Knowing her she'll buy you the biggest vibrating dildo she can find. I should be home about twelve-thirty. Love you!" Ed declared as he headed out the door.

"Bye, honey! I love you too!" Holly waved.

The housewife went upstairs, drew herself a bubble bath, then did something she hadn't done in years…masturbated. Unfortunately, it did little to satisfy her hunger for pleasure. The peaks of her stiff-nipples melons protruded from the surface of the water, coated in suds. *"God, what I've give to have Ed's cock inside me right now!"* she thought, while stroking her engorged clit beneath the water. *"This masturbation bullshit is for the birds!"*

At that very moment, down the hallway, Manny was masturbating also. Like his mom, he'd rather have the real thing, but the difference was, he was a single young man, and therefore used to resorting to masturbation. Big tit MILF porn was what he indulged in routinely, while squeezing up and down his lotion-coated cock.

Coming from attractive parents, Manny was a good-looking kid, with dark, trimmed hair and a lean, chiseled body from being active in school sports. While most boys were beginning to sprout lots of body hair, Manny only developed a small short patch of pubes around his groin. This resulted in a lingering pubescent frame, like that of a well-toned fourteen year old, but with a manly dick. He didn't have a monster cock by any means, but it was an admirable seven-inches, standing proudly when fully erect.

When he looked at the porn models, displaying their heavy, naked tits, Manny liked to picture his mom's face on each of them. Like a lot of boys, he imagined his cock digging at the back of his mom's vagina, pressing his leaky knob near that spot where he was nurtured for nine months. He imagined what her pink cuntal flesh would feel like squeezed around his tender erection, soaking it in hot sexual secretions.

"AUUGGH, SHIT!" he grunted, thrusting his hips into the air, sending a gooey geyser of spunk sailing nearly four-feet above him. More cum-ropes followed in rapid succession, then splashed down onto him as he yanked violently at the meat of his cock, milking his orgasm.

December 5th

"I don't think I'm cut out for this challenge," Holly confessed as she sat having lunch with Sharon and Felicia.

"And you think WE are?!" Felicia asked. "We all love sex, but the three of us agreed that we'd do this. You can't back out now."

"Felicia, I'm going nuts, and masturbation isn't helping the least bit! Trust me, yesterday I did it three times and was still craving a penis inside me."

"I get those same cravings. What I suggest is…pay a visit to the local grocery store, more specifically…the produce department."

"The produce department?"

"That's right," Felicia smiled. "Pick yourself out a little friend, only make sure it's not little, then go home, close your eyes and imagine it's Ed's cock."

"That's ridiculous!" Holly giggled, then looked at Sharon. "Are you listening to this."

"I am. It may sound ridiculous, but trust me…it's not! Whether doing a challenge like this or not, I know a lot of women who put a juicy fruit or vegetable on their weekly grocery list, including me," Sharon replied.

"It may not quench that fire in your pussy," Felicia stated, "but you should at least try it, before you throw your arms up and quit the challenge."

"Fine!" Holly sighed. "But if that doesn't work you guys are on your own!"

The mother felt a little foolish stopping by the grocery story for merely a play- toy.

Usually she was studying the vegetables for one's that looked good to chop up and eat, but now it was for a completely different reason entirely. *"Good grief, some of these cucumbers look monstrous! I*

think a lot of these would give me more pain than pleasure," she thought as she searched through the pile. She lifted one that was more the length and girth of her husband Ed's cock and looked it over.

"Have you tried the corn?" A female voice asked. Another pretty mother, with a baby in her cart, had stopped near Holly and was smiling over at her.

"Excuse me?" Holly curiously asked.

"I'm sorry. I assume you're shopping for a, um… 'personal item,' so I asked if you'd tried the corn?"

"Oh, no…I um, was just…"

"You don't have to explain. I just wanted to make a recommendation. They get their corn locally, and stalks are long and fat," the woman remarked, then looked around to make sure no one was listening. Then, she continued in a hushed tone.

"The kernels feel unbelievable! I would highly recommend one over a cucumber."

"Thank you!" Holly blushed, putting the vegetable back on the pile.

"You're welcome. Have fun!" the female shopper concluded, then continued her own vegetable search.

Manny's wrestling coach let the team go from practice early, since they had a meet tomorrow. When the teen walked in the door he noticed his mom wasn't in the kitchen, like she usually was. While in route to his bedroom, he heard GASPING sounds coming from his parent's room. The last thing he expected to discover was his mom

sprawled out on her marital bed, masturbating. She had obviously left the door cracked because she didn't think anyone would be home.

Holly was in just her bra, the lacy black cups stretched over her mammoth tits.

Naked from the waist down, she had her knees pulled back and her silky thighs spread open, so her dainty bare feet with their painted toenails hovered in the air.

What was most shocking to her son, however, was the fact that she was plunging a long, fat corn-cob in and out of her shaved cunt.

"Wow! That's fucking wild!" the boy thought as his cock quickly turned as hard as stone beneath his jeans. He was struck by the width of his mom's spread and how wonderful her unblemished thighs looked bowed open this way. He marveled at the way her rounded buns were spread on the mattress beneath her, lewdly displaying the throbbing pink ring of her asshole. The corn cob was soaked with her vaginal juices and as Manny watched it squeeze through her fuck-hole he couldn't help but imagine how divine it would feel if that were his rigid cock.

"AUUGH, FUCK MEEEE!" his mom's beautiful voice squealed, making Manny's heart race with excitement. He had often heard her make these sounds from behind closed doors when his parents were having sex, but now his mom was right there in front of him, giving herself pleasure.

He watched her heave her chest upward, so it looked as though her sexy bra was gonna rip right off her oversized tits. She trembled and screamed out in orgasmic delight, startling her boy by the intensity of her climax. After an astounding display of orgasmic squealing and writhing, Holly's body went motionless on the mattress and her teen could hear her catching her breath. After she regained her composure, the busty beauty crawled from her marital mattress.

Manny's tongue hung from his mouth in lust as he watched her strode towards her bathroom. His mom's naked bubble butt swayed and jiggled atop her silky legs and he couldn't help but squeeze his boner through his pants. While she walked, Holly reached around and unclasped the thick cross-strap of her bra. *"HOLY SHIT!"* Manny gasped. Even from this angle, behind her, he could see the huge oblong slopes of her tits bobble out onto her chest.

When he heard the shower turn on Manny brazenly rushed over and peeked into the bathroom, just as he had through her bedroom door. The corn cob was now sitting on the bathroom counter, only a few feet away. It was still soaked with fuck-juices and Manny wanted so bad to grab it and shove it in his mouth. He watched his bare naked mother step into the shower and rinse off her voluptuous body.

Seeing her suds up her colossal tits through the clear shower door was mesmerizing. Her areolas were wide, and stiff, thick nipples protruded from their centers, showing her arousal level.

Even though she had she had just given herself a toe-curling cum with the corn cob, Holly still wasn't satisfied. *"God, I need to get fucked so bad! Ed, how could you even encourage me to agree to this stupid challenge?!"* she thought, as if she were speaking to her husband. She unhooked the shower head, switched it to the pulse setting, then lowered it to her crotch. The powerful rhythmic blasts of water blasting against her clit felt amazing, causing the heavy-titted mother to back against the wall of the shower.

Manny simply couldn't believe what he was watching. After years of trying to see his mom naked and striking out, not only was he witnessing her in the buff, but he was watching her writhe around in the shower, while masturbating like a bitch in heat. *"Damn! That's the sexiest fucking thing I've ever seen!"* he marveled.

Within a minute, Holly's body let out an orgasmic shudder, making her fatty tits ripple on her chest. Her beautiful orgasmic scream seemed to reverberate through the bathroom walls. She used the powerful jetted shower head against the engorged flesh of clitoral bulb for several body-wracking minutes. "FUCK!" she shouted in frustration, hanging the shower head back up. Clitoral orgasms did little to satisfy her seemingly unquenchable hunger for pleasure. *"I could give myself a dozen orgasms like that and still not be completely satisfied!"* she told herself.

After getting out and dying off, Holly was horrified to discover that the corn cob was missing. *"I put it right there on the counter! Did it roll off?"* she asked herself, checking the floor. Her big ballooning udders bobbled freely as she frantically searched the bathroom, then her bed again. The only logical conclusion was that someone was home and had taken it. She quickly threw on a robe and stepped out into the hallway. Manny's door was closed, so she knocked. "Manny, honey, are you home?" she called.

"Yes, I'll be out in a minute!" her boy responded.

"Honey, I'm coming in," she persisted, slowly inching his door open.

The teen quickly threw a blanket over his crotch and fed his mom a guilty stare from his bed. "Mom, can I just get a few minutes?!"

"What are you doing home so early?" his mother asked, her hair wet and slicked back.

"Coach canceled practice, since we have a meet tomorrow night. He said he wanted us well rested."

"Oh, um…OK. Were you just, um…in my bathroom?" Holly awkwardly asked.

"No," Manny lied, shaking his head.

"Manny, you're not in trouble. I just…had something in there, and if you have it I need you too give it back."

"Oh," the boy muttered, licking his lips. He could taste the residual corn and pussy juice still lingering on his lips. "Sorry."

Holly was horrified when her eyes moved to his bedside table and discovered the fully eaten corn cob sitting there. *"You have got to be fucking kidding me!"* she thought then looked back at her son. "You, um…ate it?!" she asked.

"You know how much I like corn," the boy blushingly replied.

"But honey, that was mine. I mean, it was in my room," she muttered, then came over and sat on his bed next to him. "How long HAVE you been, um…home?" she fearfully asked.

"Long enough to see what you were doing with the corn," Manny replied with a perverted grin.

"You were spying on me?"

"No, I wasn't spying. I just heard you gasping from your bedroom and wanted to make sure you were alright," Manny explained. "Your bedroom door WAS open, mom, and I'm not used to hearing those sounds."

Holly was appalled that her son had seen her that way, but knew it was her own damn fault for carelessly leaving her door open. If she were caught masturbating normally that would have been one thing, but since she had been using a veggie, she knew she had to explain herself. "Honey, I don't normally masturbate that way. It's just that… well, my girlfriends and I…"

"No Dick December, right?" Manny asked.

"Wait, you've heard about that?"

"The girls at my school do those silly challenges all the time too, mom. Needless to say, neither myself or my friends have been able to get any dates lined up this month."

"I guess I forget that kids your age are up on all those social media challenges."

"Up on them?! It's kids my age that usually comes up with the idea for those challenges," Manny reminded her.

"True," Holly smiled. "Well someone sure came up with a doozy this month. I'm not liking it at all."

"Hey, at least you get to masturbate. Last month, for 'No Nut November' I didn't even get to make MYSELF…you know?"

"You went the whole month without an orgasm?" his mom candidly asked, with a bit of concern in her voice.

"Yes, and that definitely wasn't easy…especially since I like to have one a couple times a day."

Holly blushed at her son's confession. *"Sounds like someone gets as horny as I do. Like mother like son I guess,"* she thought. "Well, that's a healthy amount… especially for someone your age."

"So, I get why you were taking care of yourself. I just…never heard of a woman using corn before," Manny stated, not wanting to embarrass her.

"That WAS my first time doing that. Apparently, women use all sorts of fruits and vegetables to um…pleasure themselves with."

"That's hot! Why corn though?"

"I think it's a texture thing…you know, with all the bumpy kernels. It's suppose to make it more pleasurable."

"So did it?" Manny brazenly asked.

Holly was a little embarrassed having this discussion with her own son, but knew he was certainly old enough now. "It was um…just ok. Nothing can replace a real penis, in my opinion. I think that's what's gonna make this challenge so hard for me."

"So you and dad do it a lot? Sex I mean."

"Well, yes…we are a married couple, honey, so we try to have sex once a day, at least."

"Only once. When I get married I wanna go at it at least three times a day."

His confession made Holly's heart tingle. "Well, three times a day would certainly be wonderful, but most married couples have work and kids…things that prevent them from screwing each other that much."

"What position do you like?" Manny asked, trying to stay on the subject.

"Manny!" his mom giggled. "That's sort of personal, isn't it?"

"Well, I guess…but so is you leaving your door open so someone can find you masturbating, mom."

"Touché I suppose."

"I like a woman on top the best," Manny boldly confessed.

"You do, huh?" Holly blushed, feeling her nipples harden beneath her robe. "And why do you like that one so much?"

"Just watching a girl be in control and use me to take out their pent up sexual frustration is pretty cool. Plus, the view is always great from that position."

"Yeah, I would imagine it is," Holly smiled, looking into his eyes. "Some of the girls at your school have some pretty big hooters."

"Yeah, not as big as yours though."

"Well, honey, I'm a mom. We're built a little differently than younger girls, like the ones at your school."

"How so?"

"I don't know…you tell me!" she stated, giving him a playful pat on the knee. "I'm sure you got an eyeful a little while ago."

"Your boobs are incredible! I'm sure they give dad quite a show when you're on top of him?"

"Well…they ARE big," Holly blushed, glancing down at the swell of her tits beneath the robe, "and I've certainly never heard your father complain."

Manny stared down at his mom's ballooning breasts. The robe was a bit loose, allowing him to see the deep, creamy cleavage. "I like how your nipples poke out like that," he complimented, gawking at the engorged teats protruding like stiff marshmallows from beneath the robe.

"Sorry, I suppose I should have put on a bra before I came in here," she stated, pulling it closed.

"Don't wear a bra on my account," Manny uttered. "You could come in here naked if you wanted. That would be just fine with me."

Holly burst out laughing. "Oh, honey…you're so funny!"

"I'm serious, mom. A guy like me would NEVER complain about seeing a beautiful woman like you with no clothes on."

Feeling flattered, Holly curled her lovely legs up onto her son's mattress. There was part of her that was starting to enjoy this little candid chat with her boy. "I'm sure you see plenty of pretty girls without their bra and panties on," she stated.

"Not ones with a body like yours. I love the way you shave down there."

Holly's heart skipped a beat as she sat there staring back at him. It was a compliment that she certainly never expect to get from her handsome teenaged son. "Thanks, honey, but that's probably a part of me that you SHOULD NOT be admiring."

"Why not? I'd let you admire me if you wanted," Manny responded, then pulled back his blanket, exposing his long, erect boner, shrouded in his cotton briefs.

"Manny!" Holly scolded, looking away for a moment. "That's not at all appropriate!"

"Why not, mom? YOU'RE in my room without a bra on…and you're probably not wearing any panties either. What's the difference?"

"The difference is I'm not sitting here with my legs spread trying to show you."

"You could do that if you wanted. I wouldn't mind!"

"I'm sure you wouldn't, but it can't happen. I'm your mother," she reminded him, still trying to avoid looking at his package.

Manny wanted to show it off. He wanted his mom to admire how large and stiff his dick-bulge was. Perhaps since she was so horny and vulnerable from doing the challenge this might be his golden opportunity to charm his way between her thighs and beat his young, tender prick through what he was sure was the hottest pussy on the planet. "Another thing I like about girls being on top…is how

hard they orgasm that way. They always tell me it's more intense with me pushed up against their cervix."

Upon hearing this, Holly couldn't help but steal a look at her son's crotch. *"Oh my…that IS a pretty impressive size!"* she thought, studying it's tubular outline through his briefs. Her eyes widened as her boy's erection flexed, so his meaty stalk stretched his cotton briefs outward. She could see the perfect bell-shape of his bulbous knob pushing out from beneath the fabric. Her husband's dick was barely long enough to touch her external os and get her off. Ed certainly didn't have the length to push against her womb and really stretch the back wall of her uteri.

"What do you think of it?" Manny asked, glancing at his bulge proudly.

She peeked up into his eyes, then back down at his stiff protrusion. "It looks like it's a good size…and VERY stiff," she softly admitted.

"It's over seven inches!"

"Well, that is a size to be proud of, honey."

"Do you wanna feel it…through my underwear I mean?"

"Manny, I shouldn't. That wouldn't be—"

"I didn't ask you if you should, mom! I asked you if you wanted to."

Holly stared into his eyes for a moment. Her heart was racing so fast she couldn't believe it. She was horny as fuck, and the sight of her gorgeous son's erect cock-bulge wasn't helping. Manny's words of assurance certainly didn't make her decision any easier. "I won't tell dad, or anyone for that matter…if you just wanna touch it."

He conscience was screaming no, but the horny side of her was REALLY wanting to feel how hard her son's prick was. She let out a

conflicting sigh. "You swear?" she nervously breathed. "Not a word to anyone…I mean it, Manny."

"Of course. It can just be between us."

His mom slowly reached over and gently grasped his rigid pecker through his briefs, feeling it's rock-hardness. Manny wondrously looked down and watched her pretty hand explore the length of his dong. Her fingers traveled up the meaty pipe of his shaft, then onto his knob. Just her light touch made him wanna jump out of his skin with pleasure.

"Your coronal ridge really puffs out," Holly observed, tracing her long nails around it. "The girls must love that."

"I'm sure they do," Manny agreed.

The mother's forefinger curled up around the form of her boy's bulging knob, making it stick out lewdly beneath the fabric. She drug her fingernail along the band of flesh, where his foreskin connected to his penile glans. This made Manny gasp in delight. "No Nut November must have been hard for you? Not being able have sex, or even masturbate such a horny penis?" Holly softly asked.

"It was no fun at all."

The spellbound mother stared at the form of his boy-prick for a moment, licking her lips with desire. *"This is crazy! I can't just sit here and squeeze my own son's cock!"* she thought, suddenly coming to her senses.

Manny watched his mom quickly let go of his prick and slide off his bed. Her nipples were as hard as ever, popping out from beneath her flimsy robe. "I'm sorry, honey. I shouldn't be touching you that way."

"You don't have to be—"

"We can't do things like that, Manny. It's wrong!" his mom concluded, grabbing the eaten corn cob on her way out. "I'm sorry you saw my doing that earlier. I'll make sure my door is closed from now on."

The teen let out a frustrated sigh. He'd been wanting to experience something sexual with his mom for as long as he could remember, so what just happened between them was a huge thrill. He only wished they could have gone further. *"If I even have a remote chance of fucking mom, this month may be my best opportunity!"* he thought, knowing now that the reason she was so horny was because of the challenge.

December 8th

"This REALLY sucks!" Sharon stated as the women sat having lunch together. "I have my husband AND my lover both breathing down my neck for sex."

"I feel your pain," Felicia added. "It's only been a week and I'm going crazy!"

"Me too!" Holly blurted. "I'm starting to get so sexually frustrated that I'm doing things that I shouldn't."

"Such as?" Sharon asked, exchanging a curious look with Felicia.

"Using vegetables to masturbate with, and…"

"And what?" Sharon persisted.

"Just 'things that I shouldn't.' Let's just leave it at that."

Of course, her two curious girlfriends refused to just "leave it at that." "Holly, we're all best friends here. Has there ever been a secret we haven't shared,"

Felicia reminded her. "What did you do?"

Holly shook her head in embarrassment. "I'm ashamed to admit it," she replied.

"Did you cheat on Ed?"

"NO! Well, um…not really."

"Not really?" Sharon questioned. "That doesn't sound very reassuring."

"I was feeling horny and vulnerable, and I um…touched Manny's penis, though his underwear," Holly confessed.

"While he was sleeping?" Felicia asked.

"No. He came home early from practice and caught me… masturbating. We got into a discussion about it, and I ended up touching his erection."

"Wow! So…how did he catch you masturbating?" Sharon inquired.

"I was stupid and left my door cracked, but that's not the worst of it. I picked out a piece of produce, like you guys suggested, and he saw me using it."

Felicia burst out laughing, then Sharon joined her.

"Why are you guys laughing? It was incredibly embarrassing!"

"What was it?" Felicia asked.

"What was what?"

"What did he catch you using for produce?"

"A corn cob."

Upon hearing this, Holly's friends erupted into hysterical laughter again. "Laugh it up! You guys were the ones who suggested I use a piece of produce to get off with," Holly stated.

"Yeah, IN PRIVATE!" Sharon answered, still giggling.

"Yes, well…being caught wasn't the worst part."

"Oh my God, you mean this story gets better?"

"Manny stole the corn cob, while I was in the shower…AND ATE IT!"

This did little to suppress her friends' laughter. Holly nearly had them rolling on the floor. "Oh my God, you have to stop! This is too fucking hilarious!" Felicia snickered.

"Don't I wish it were just a joke."

"So, wait…how did things go from Manny catching you masturbate to you touching his cock?" Sharon asked, wiping away the tears from laughing so hard.

"Like I said…I was stupid, and was having a weak moment. I didn't touch him for too long before I realized how inappropriate I was being."

Felicia rubbed her friend's shoulder consolingly. "We all have weak moments. Manny is your son, yes, but he's also an attractive young man…a mini-version of your husband," she expressed.

"Trust me, there's nothing 'mini' about him?" Holly uttered.

"Oh, you mean he was um…bigger, down there…than Ed?" Felicia asked.

"A little, yes…but certainly A LOT harder!"

"Well, boys ARE at their most erect at that age," Sharon expressed. "Why do you think I…"

"Why do we think you what?" Holly asked.

"Well, I wasn't gonna say anything about it, but this guy I've been fucking, behind my husband's back, isn't married, like I told you guys. He's only nineteen."

"Sharon, you stare at every young guy that gets near you," Felicia reminded her.

"We're suppose to be shocked that you're fucking a teenager?"

"Yeah, well, at least he's not related to me," Sharon teased, smiling at Holly.

"I'm not proud that I touched Manny that way. Trust me when I say it'll NEVER happen again," Holly stated with resolve.

Manny was doing warm-ups in the gym before the wrestling meet when his mom walked in. His father was picking up extra hours at work in the evening, so Holly was by herself. Every set of eyes in the gymnasium became fixed on the beautiful mother, even those of the jealous women her own age. Holly was wearing a black cross-halter mini dress. A keyhole cutout at the bust revealed a portion of her juicy cleavage and the dress fit snugly against her rounded ass cheeks. Her feet were adorned in black stiletto platform heels, which clicked on the gym floor as she made her way to the bleachers.

Manny watched his mom flash him a cute wave. Her hair and make-up were done up to the nines. She definitely looked like someone heading out for a hot night on the town, rather than just a mom supporting her son at a wrestling match. *"Damn, she looks amazing! Maybe she's going out to dinner with friends or something after,"* he thought.

Holly sat with a few other moms that she knew and Manny tried not to look her direction, for fear of getting a hardon, but he simply couldn't help himself. The way her silky legs were crossed and a heel dangled on her sexy painted toes sent the blood rushing to his groin. The fact that she was staring right at him with a naughty smile didn't help either. *"Damnit, stop looking at her! I can't get a hard dick in this tight wrestling uniform. People will think I'm a pervert or something,"* the teen thought. Then, his mom did something that stiffened him instantly. She gracefully uncrossed her legs, keeping them slightly spread apart for a moment before crossing them the other way. It reminded Manny of the famous scene in the movie "Basic Instinct," where Sharon Stone flashed her pussy, only his mom WAS wearing panties. He saw them just long enough to admire how the black gusset was molded to the outline of her vulva.

"Manny, where are you going? Your match is first!" the coach shouted as the teen rushed towards the locker room.

"I'll feeling sick, coach!"

Unfortunately, the boy was unable to get his raging pillar of cock-meat under control in time. He knew if he went out there with a boner he would completely humiliate himself. He sat by his locker for nearly ten minutes before he heard a voice call from the doorway. It was his mother's. "Manny, are you in here?" Holly asked, her concerned voice echoing across the locker room. "Honey, I'm coming in!"

As bummed out as he was, the teen knew he could still salvage something positive out of this experience by "accidentally" exposing himself to his mom.

"Participating in 'No Dick December' must have her incredibly horny and vulnerable by now," he thought.

Holly's heels clicked daintily as she wandered through the vacated locker room in search of her son. She paused suddenly as she heard one of the showers turn on.

"Manny, is that you?" she called, but still got no answer. Cautiously, she slowly peeked around the corner. *"God, what am I doing?! If someone catches me in here I'm gonna look like a total peeping Tom!"* she thought.

She was happy to discover that IT WAS her son in the shower, but also extremely concerned why he made such an abrupt exit from the gymnasium. "Manny, honey…are you ok?" she asked, stepping over to the shower entrance.

The teen tried to act startled, and did little to cover himself. His cock was at full hardness, pointing towards his mother at an upward angle. "Mom, um…what are you doing in here?" he asked, trying to play stupid.

For a moment, Holly couldn't answer as she stood there with her mouth slightly agape, staring at her son's raging erection. "Mom?!" her son's voice hollered, snapping her from her trance.

"Oh, um…I'm sorry, honey. I just wanted to make sure you were alright. You missed your match!"

"I know, sorry, but I had to," Manny replied, then purposely made his dick wag stiffly back and forth. "I couldn't very well stay out there and wrestle with another guy with my penis hard like this."

"I see your point," Holly said, then started giggling blushingly. "No pun intended."

Manny's penis flexed stiffly as his eyes drifted down to his mom's jutting breasts.

The way the keyhole cutout in her mini dress revealed a bulging mound of creamy tit-cleavage excited him immensely. Additionally, the fat nipples protruding from beneath her gown looked as hard as stone. It didn't take Holly long to put two and two together. "Oh no, honey…did I do that, by being dressed this way?" she asked, glancing down at his glistening boner.

"Yes, but it's not your fault," her boy replied. "You probably could have worn some old sweat pants and a t-shirt and I still would have gotten this way."

"Sorry I came in here while you were showering. I guess that makes us even, right?" she teased, referring to how her son had spied her in the shower earlier that week.

"Yeah, I suppose it does."

Holly felt a bit light headed. All the teenage pheromones that lingered in the school locker room were sweeping through her senses. This, and the fact that her gorgeous, big-dicked son was standing there in front of her naked made her so fucking horny at that moment that she could hardly stand it. "I should, um…probably wait for you outside, in the hallway," she uttered.

Manny turned the shower off and stepped towards her. His stiff cock wagged lewdly on his loins as he walked. "You don't have to. I'm almost finished, and none of the other guys will be in here for awhile."

"Oh, are you sure? I don't mind waiting outside for you, while you get dressed," his mom replied, watching him towel off.

"I don't mind if you stay, but it's up to you, mom."

Manny was anxious to see if his mom would leave or follow him to his locker. He was pleased when she did the later, trailing behind him, then sitting on the bench as he opened his locker. "I feel so bad. I know you were really looking forward to this first match," she expressed.

"It's not a big deal, mom…really," he answered.

Holly's eyes drifted hungrily all over her son's well-toned body. *"My God, he really does have an amazing physique!"* she thought, biting her bottom lip. Manny put his t-shirt on first, thrusting his hips, so his cock jutted out proudly, right in front of his mother. Holly involuntarily licked her lips, while staring at the bulbous, pinkish-purple crown of Manny's pussy-prod. Her lusty gaze wandered down the long, muscled shaft, marveling at all the bulging veins that crisscrossed down the stalk.

"We, um…don't have to leave, honey. You could throw some sweatpants on and go out and support your team," she suggested.

"That's alright. I'm sure they're all pissed at me by now anyway," Manny replied, then slipped on his briefs, shrouding his steely cock in the snug cotton material.

Holly surveyed the locker area with a smile. "The last time I was in this locker room I was your age, and received quite the lecture by the football coach," she chuckled.

"Oh yeah, I forget sometimes that you and dad went to school here too," Manny stated. "So why were you getting lectured by the coach, in the boy's locker room?"

"By being stupid, that's how?"

"What did you do?" Manny asked curiously.

"My girlfriends and I used to sneak in here and make out with cute guys."

"Well, I bet those guys loved that!"

"We'd go back into the equipment closet, where they stored the practice mats. God, we were so bad! It's a miracle that we didn't get suspended," Holly confessed.

"Which equipment closet? The one by the coaches office?"

"No, there's another one towards the back of the locker room."

"I had no idea there was another closet. Will you show me?"

Manny DID know about the second equipment closet, but he figured it would be fun having his mom show him, and perhaps share more details of her High School escapades. Holly led him to the rear of the locker room and opened the closet door. "This is the one," she stated.

"Damn, it's pitch black in there!" Manny observed, peering into the open, darkened doorway.

"That was part of the thrill. Being in a space where you couldn't see each other. You'd be surprised how naughty a person will get if you can't see them," Holly expressed with a mischievous smile.

"I wanna see how dark it gets in there," said Manny, stepping inside the closet.

His mom followed him inside. "I'm telling you, you won't be able to see your hand in front of your face," she assured him.

Manny closed the door and they were shrouded in pitch-blackness. "Damn, you weren't kidding!" he muttered. "So you guys would just stand here…right inside the door and make out?"

"No, we would go further back," Holly replied, using her phone to illuminate the way. Her son followed her back behind a huge pile of practice mats, more interested in the swaying meat of her buttocks than the closet.

"We'd come back here, where it was harder for us to get caught," Holly uttered.

"So HOW DID you get caught?"

"Well, let's just say that some girls are a bit too loud when they orgasm," his mom answered in amusement.

"You?"

"Well, I can be a bit loud also, but it was my friend Jessica that got the coaches attention that day, and ended up getting us all in trouble."

"So, she got you guys in trouble by screaming when she came?"

"Unfortunately yes! We all got detention for a week."

"If your friend had an orgasm, does that mean that you guys had sex in here?"

Manny inquired.

"No…like I said, we would just make out, and do some other stuff, but never sex."

"Other stuff?" Manny asked as they stood near each other at the back of the closet. Their faces looked almost eerie illuminated only by Holly's phone. Manny glanced down at her bulging cleavage, which seemed to glow invitingly.

"Well, yeah…you know, other things that two people do to each other…to get pleasure," the mother answered blushingly.

"Mom, I AM old enough to talk about sex, remember?"

"Fine! They were fingering us. Is that what you wanted to hear?"

"If it's the truth, then yes!"

"IT IS the truth. Like I said, we were a VERY naughty group of girls."

"Were…or still are?" Manny teased.

Holly gazed into her boy's eyes, feeling mischievous. "Once a naughty girl, always a naughty girl. Why do you think I'm hating this 'No Dick December' so much?"

Manny mustered up all the courage he could. He knew he had his mom in a vulnerable spot, so chances are she would respond favorably. "Would you click the light to your phone off and let me kiss you in the dark?" he brazenly asked.

Holly fed him a strange look. "Why would you wanna do that?" she asked with a flirty smile.

"The way you described it sounds exciting. I just wanna see what it would be like."

"Boys aren't suppose to kiss their mothers that way, honey," Holly stated, still not seeming completely against the idea.

"Moms aren't suppose to be in the Boys Locker Room either, but here you are."

"True," the mother giggled. "I guess it is a thrill sometimes to do something you're not suppose to," she admitted, staring lasciviously into her boy's eyes. "Especially if it's something you REALLY wanna do."

"True!"

"Is kissing me something you really wanna do, honey?" Holly whispered.

"Yes," her son nervously nodded. "Is kissing me something YOU really wanna do?"

"Sure," Holly whispered, then dimmed her phone, drenching them in darkness.

Manny felt her hands slide onto his shoulders. Within seconds, his mom's huge fatty tits flattened against his chest and she locked lips with him for an intimate smooch. As he hoped, they didn't stop at one kiss, and soon their lips were sealed together in open ovals, and their tongues were dancing wonderfully inside Manny's mouth.

His mom was certainly the aggressor, backing him against the wall and clawing at his back with her long nails as they smooched like lovers. *"This is fucking crazy! He's my son for God's sake!"* the mother's brain screamed, but the extreme thrill of it caused her to keep kissing him.

Their lips smacked apart, but Holly kept hers close to her boy's. "How was that for kiss?" she whispered, her heart racing with the thrill of how incredibly naughty they were being.

"I loved it! Can I get more?" Manny replied.

"More?"

"Yes…kissing, and maybe we could…hold each other?" Manny suggested.

Holly knew they were playing with fire, but she was so fucking horny from not having sex for eight days that her defenses were weak. She could hardly believe the words that came out of her mouth next. "What happens in this closet stays in this closet, understood?" she breathlessly asked.

"Got it!" her boy replied.

"We're NOT having sex together, Manny, but I AM willing to be extremely nasty with you…as long as things go back to normal the moment we step out of this closet."

"How can I refuse an offer like that?" the teen sighed, his young heart racing. Yes, she wasn't willing to fuck him, but from the sounds of it, she had a lot of other very naughty things in mind, so he certainly wasn't in a position to complain.

Holly laid a series of tender kisses on her boy's lips. "You've wanted to be nasty with me all week, haven't you, you horny fucking boy," the mother purred between kisses, keeping her massive mommy-melons crushed up against him.

"Honestly, mom…I've wanted to be nasty with you for as long as I could remember."

"Well…here's your chance," Holly blurted, then grasped onto her son's cock and began rubbing it through his underwear. "Here's a chance to imagine that you're screwing mommy, while she says nasty fucking words to you."

"I thought you said we WEREN'T screwing?"

"We're not…but that doesn't mean that we can't talk about it, and imagine that we are."

"I love to imagine that we are!" Manny admitted, while feeling his mom grope his erect cock. Equally as nice was her giant jugs as they pushed against him like two huge balloons, filled with warm squishy pudding instead of air. He could even feel the nubs of her engorged nipples on his chest through her dress and bra.

"Do you, honey? Do you like to imagine us naked together and fucking our asses off?"

Manny's entire body shuddered. Never did he think he'd hear such words leave his mom's mouth, even though he had imagined her saying such things a million times. He was so thrilled, he could hardly respond, he was finally able to, in a nasty way, just to keep his mom talking. "Yes, I do imagine that. I like to picture us going at it in all sorts of wild positions," he admitted.

"Mmm, that would be amazing, wouldn't it, baby?" Holly asked. "Shoving your huge, manly cock into mommy from every angle."

The boy felt his mom's hand creep beneath his briefs and begin stroking his throbbing boner. He decided that since she was being so bold, then so would he.

With both hands, he reached up and grasped her massive tit-mounds, sinking his fingers into their fatty contours. "I would suck your tits too!" he sighed, more aroused than he'd ever been in his life.

"Yeah? You like mommy's big tits?" Holly asked between tender smooches. "I know you love to stare at them, watching them shift around beneath my blouse and bra. They are heart and extremely soft. Would you like me to take them out, so you can feel them naked against your chest?"

"God, yes!"

"I'll undo my dress, and you can unclasp my bra, ok, baby? I want you to feel like you're stripping mommy naked before you pound your erection through her cock-hungry cunt."

"Damn, mom…I can't believe you're saying those things to me!" Manny gasped.

"This is what you wanted though, isn't it, baby? You wanted me to kiss you, and say nasty fucking things to you, while I yank on your

boy-cock, just like I used to do to those other boys in here, when I was your age?"

"Hell yes…I love it!" he gasped, feeling his mom yank on the stiff meat of his prick.

His knob was leaking plenty of pre-cum from being so fucking turned on. This provided the perfect amount of slick lubrication for his mom's tireless cock-stroking hand.

Holly yanked her dress down. "Unclasp my bra, Manny. Take my tits out, so I can smother you with their squishy flesh."

Manny fumbled with the four hooks of her bra, finally unclasping them. He pried the lacy cups from between their bodies and felt his mom's humongous breasts spill out against his chest like two big basketball-sized mounds of warm, soft bread dough. "Oh, fuck!" he sighed, feeling a little odd saying that, since his mom usually scolded him for using that word.

"Do you like to fuck, baby?" his mom cooed, rubbing her thick, fleshy teats on his chest, while gingerly kissing his neck. "Do you like to beat your young prick through hot, wet pussy?"

"YES!"

"I like to fuck too! We're the same you and I. You have a mom who loves to have her pussy hammered hard and deep!"

For a moment, Holly felt a bit a guilty for saying such things to her own son. *"God, he must think I'm such a whore!"* she thought. However, the thrill of what they were doing, and how it was making her neglected pussy quiver with excitement, far superseded any shame she may have felt. In fact, she wanted her son's hand in her panties so Goddamn bad it was killing her. She kissed her boy's lips, then whispered her needful desire into his mouth. "Finger me, honey! Finger my pussy!"

Manny willingly complied, reaching down between them and prying his hand beneath the hem of her dainty panties. He cupped her shaved pubis, then plunged two fingers between her flanges and into her soaking-wet fuck hole. He had brought lots of girls off by finger fucking them and was anxious to add his own beautiful mom to that list.

"OH, GOD, BABY…YES! JUST LIKE THAT!" Holly blurted, much louder than she should have.

Now their nearly naked bodies were pressed together against the wall in the darkness, with their hands down inside each other's underwear. Holly's squeezing fist stroked her boy's rigid dong, while Manny plunged his fingers through the clasping tube of his mom's vagina.

They both groaned and gasped, while kissing like lovers. Holly's oversized tit- melons sloshed all over her boy's bare chest, her rubbery nipples dragging against his muscular frame. "Oh my God, honey…that feels so fucking good!" the mother gasped.

"I love the way you're stroking me too!"

"Finger me deeper, Manny! Finger-fuck me as deep as you can!" Holy moaned, humping her vagina against her boy's hand like a bitch in heat. She wanted so bad to feel his fingers touching the back of her vagina, satisfying the wicked itch that she had back there, but knew they weren't long enough. *"His dick is long enough*

though!" she deliriously thought. *"His dick is long enough to smash into my womb and make me go out of my fucking mind!"*

Despite needing to be royally fucked, Holly mustered up what little resolve she had left and kept their naughty closet-tryst hands-only.

Manny loved the feel of his mom's vaginal lining sucking and chewing at his fingers. The lewd sounds their hands and genitals

were making became wetter the longer they stroked each other. "Oh, baby!...Oh, fuck me, you're gonna make me cum!" his mom's beautiful voice whimpered. Her voluptuous body suddenly shuddered against his, her giant milkers rippling wildly, making Manny's balls tingle wonderfully.

"I'm cumming too!" he grunted. They clutched and trembled against one another as powerful orgasmic contractions raged through their bodies. Holly's jerking fist was covered in hot spunk as her boy creamed like crazy inside his briefs. Manny's hand was also bathed in ejaculate as girl-cum hissed from Holly's vaginal meatus.

For several minutes they milked out all the pleasure their sex-starved bodies would provide, while whipping their tongues together in a deep French kiss, before finally going motionless.

"Wow, that was really something, mom! I'm not at all upset that I missed that match now," Manny admitted.

"We'd better hurry out of here before the wrestling meet gets over with and we get stuck in this closet."

"I wouldn't mind that at all."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," Holly giggled, then kissed her boy again. It wasn't an innocent motherly kiss either. Their lips fused and their tongues lashed together heatedly. Holly had to stop herself from becoming lost in completely fuck-lust again. "We REALLY need to go!" she whispered, meaning it this time.

They quickly got dressed and rushed out of the locker room. "Damn! Did that really just happen?" Manny asked, still hard from the excitement he had just experienced.

"No, IT DIDN'T just happen!" his mom replied with a stern glare.

"Oh, yeah… 'what happens in the closet, stays in the closet.' Sorry, I forgot."

December 15th

Things had been awkward between Holly and her son for days after their time in the locker room supply closet. The mother felt incredibly guilty; like she had cheated on her husband, even though her and Manny didn't technically have sex.

She tried several times to just stop doing the challenge. One, because she was craving cock so bad that it was making her short tempered and almost sick with desire. Second, because she was afraid that she might actually give in and let Manny pound his meat through the hole that she desired attention the most in.

Every time she attempted to get sex from her husband, Ed would turn her away, just like she had asked him to in the beginning.

"You can't just quit, babe. You're half-way there!" Ed told her as she tried to come on to him after they woke up that morning.

"I don't care! It's a stupid challenge that I get absolutely nothing but sexual frustration for participating in!" she complained.

"It's not easy for me either you know," Ed expressed. "Can you imagine if I had participated in 'No Nut November,' like a few of my buddies wanted me to? We'd REALLY be hating life about now!"

She began kissing at him, desperate to be fucked. "I don't care about those stupid challenges anymore, Ed. Please…just fuck me!"

she pleaded.

"Hold on!" Ed blurted, nudging her away. "You told me you would say this, remember?"

"I know, I just—"

"You told me there would come a point where you would change your mind and beg me to fuck you. Then, you pleaded with me to help remind you of your resolve, and to not have sex with you until the New Year, remember that?"

"Yes, but I was being stupid! I know now that there's no way I can do this!"

"YOU CAN do this, babe! You've been doing it for fifteen days. Make that time count for something. You got this!" her husband advised.

Ed went in and got in the shower and his wife laid there in bed for a moment stroking her horny clit. *"Fuck masturbation! Fuck it all to hell! It does absolutely nothing for me!"* she thought, rolling over in frustration. *"Why did I ever agree to doing such a stupid fucking challenge?! Next December this is definitely NOT happening! Fuck that!"*

She got up and threw on her robe. She usually went straight down to the kitchen to start coffee, but instead she was drawn to Manny's room, like a magnet. She peeked in and saw him still in bed. It was only six-thirty and his alarm wasn't due to go off for another half-hour. Against her better judgment, she snuck inside his bedroom, closed the door behind her and crawled under the fluffy comforter, joining her boy in bed.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Manny asked, waking up to her soft, warm body snuggling against him.

"Shhh! I'm just snuggling for a little bit before you have to get up," she whispered.

"Is dad already gone?"

"No, he's in the shower. We have about a half-hour before I have to go down and make his coffee," Holly answered, then turned and backed her rounded ass up against the satisfying stiffness of Manny's morning wood. "Snuggle me, honey," she desperately whispered.

Manny was happy to oblige, holding his mom's luscious body from behind. He could tell by the way his naked cock crept up her robe and sunk between her meaty ass-cheeks that she wasn't wearing any panties. His shaft became wedged in her butt-crack, like a hotdog in a bun. "This feels nice!" he whispered.

"Would you like to squeeze on my breasts?" his mom candidly whispered.

"Of course! I thought you'd never ask me to again."

It had been a week since their locker room fun and Manny figured, by how weird she was acting, that his mom was probably feeling guilty about what had happened.

"Just slide your hands into my robe," Holly whispered.

Manny did as she asked, slipping his mitts through the slit of her robe and grasping on to her huge naked tits. They both gasped in unison; Holly, from the pleasure of having her mammaries squeezed, and Manny from the thrill of sinking his fingers into his own mom's giant fatty tits.

"Pull at the nipples!" the mother wantonly requested.

Manny clamped her thick teats between his fingers and tugged them outward, making his mother squirm against him. This caused his erection to hump exquisitely through the deep, squeezing crack of her luscious mommy-buttocks.

Holly could feel her boy's rock-hard meat scraping against the ring of her asshole and it felt divine. Manny's chin rested on her should and she fed him a lusty look, her brown eyes smoldering with desire. "Do you like this, baby? Does it feel good on your dreamy cock?" she cooed.

"I love this, and it feels amazing, yes!" he replied.

"Would you like to roll mommy on her tummy, and lay against my back, so you can REALLY dig your hardon through the crack of my ass?"

Manny simply couldn't believe what he was hearing. Things had certainly cooled off between him and his mom, since the night in the locker room. Over the past few days, he had tried to temp her into being naughty again several times, by displayed his hard prick through his clothes. However, each time his mom seemed to shy away, probably out of guilt. Now, however, her true horny self was coming out again, just as he hoped it would. *"She must still not be having sex with dad,"* he thought, *"which is DEFINITELY a good thing for me!"*

Holly rolled onto her tummy and Manny followed, sprawling out against her. He began to brazenly kiss her neck, while dry-humping the split between her fatty buns. His constant pre-ejaculatory fluid sweared through his mom's butt-crack and across the elastic ring of her asshole, providing lubrication. He still had a tight grasp on her tits, sinking his fingers into their heavy flesh.

His full-sized bed rocked beneath them as he dry-fucked his mom's ass in a steady rhythm. It seemed so surreal and wonderful at the same time. He could feel his mom clasping her butt-meat around

him, using her ass-muscles to apply intense friction around his rigid cock-muscle. As great as this was, his real dream was to be on top of his mom, with her facing him, in the missionary position. "Will you turn over, mom?" he breathlessly asked.

"Yes, but dry-fucking only, Manny!" his mom warned.

"Got it!" he answered, lifting himself off of her. He watched his mom sit up and quickly shed her robe. This was the first time he was seeing her naked and it made his jaw drop. The huge, fat orbs of her tits were capped by areola that were nearly four-inches across, and dark rose in color. They were thickly textured with clusters of Montgomery tubercles. Distending out from their centers was the most turgid nipples he had ever seen. His mom dropped onto her back, making her fleshy mams spread out across her chest. She brought her knees back, bowing open her thick, smooth thighs at the same time, creating a silky sex-saddle for her boy to drop against. Manny involuntarily licked his lips, while staring at her shaved pussy.

Her thick cuntal lips were unfurled, revealing a juicy coral slit. Her horny pudenda was crowned by a fleshy prepuce that shrouded her prized pearl of pleasure.

While Manny gawked, so did his sex-neglected mother. The sight of her son's long, meaty erection, jutting out from his crotch in full hardness literally took her breath away as it hovered near her. His fat penile veins were bulging, and his knob was so purple and engorged that it looked as though it could pop off the end of his cock.

Holly watched in utter fascination as a dollop of pre-jizz lowered from the slit of his meatus to the bed, in a long, gooey string. It was like thick drool seeping from a horny dog's mouth.

Manny was guided down, and Holly threw his comforter over them, covering their inappropriately connected bodies. Sinking between his mom's parted legs, Manny gasped at the feel of his erect pecker

making contact with the flesh of her heated vulva. His mom pulled him all the way down on top of her, crushing the spongy meat of her tits between them. Their lips met in a series of sensual kisses.

"Mmm, it feels so good to have you on top of me, honey," his mom whispered between smooches. "Is this what you wanted?"

"Yes," he replied, trembling at the feel of his mom's freshly shaved legs clutched around his back. He felt her long painted nails claw at his young ass, pulling their genitals even tighter together.

"Even though we can't have sex, you can still dry fuck me, honey," she offered, staring up into his eyes. "Grind your erection against me as hard and as fast as you want. Let's get nasty together!"

Manny didn't understand his mom's rationale. He knew his father would be just as shocked to discover them "dry-fucking" as he would if they were having full blown intercourse. However, in his mom's eyes, this was justified, and the horny teen certainly wasn't going to question her decisions. He felt damn lucky just to be in the position he was in. With his full weight on top of her, they began making out.

Slowly at first, Manny set his hips in motion, as if he was fucking her, but he was just gliding his cock along her slippery cuntal fissure. Their tangled bodies rocked beautifully, the muscles in his mom's legs flexing as she clutched her boy's lean, muscular body between her warm thighs.

Their tongues dueled inside Manny's mouth and the boy was flabbergasted by how quickly his mom's oral snake could flail around his own. He certainly wasn't used to this with girls his own age. Holly was easily the best kisser he had ever been lucky enough to swap spit with. "Fuck against me faster!" she hissed between tender kisses.

Manny increased his tempo, making his bed rock from their heated rhythm. Now they were really getting fucking wild! The teen could

feel his mom's legs tightening around him in an anaconda grip. Her big, juicy tits were sloshing wildly between them. His mom was clawing and writhing against him, her respirations increasing.

"That's it, honey…fuck me!" she sweetly gasped.

Holly's eyes rolled back in delight. The feel of her son's long muscled cock plowing through her vulvar folds was driving her insane. Hot juices that had secreted from her Skene glands smeared all over her boy's boner, creating a delightful lubrication for their steady genital grinding. As incredible as this was, there was still something lacking for Holly. She found herself wishing his cock would "accidentally" slide inside her, so she could feel his thick meat stretch her inner walls just once. She knew that just the touch of his engorged tip against the head of her cervix would make her erupt in the most satisfying orgasm she's had in weeks, possibly longer.

"Oh, damn this feels good, mom!" the boy gasped, really going to town with steady fuck-humps. Minutes passed and their bodies dry-fucked tirelessly, like they simply couldn't get enough of each other.

Holly's determination to only let things go so far was fading with every magnificent thrust of her boy's hips. She wanted fucked more than any time in her life and she simply couldn't stand it anymore. The clinging mother began to let her pussy do the talking for her. "If I let you stick it inside me, do you promise you won't thrust? Just jab your cock in as deep as it will go and hold it there!" his mom mewled.

Manny could hardly believe his ears. He was quick to respond. "I promise. No thrusting!"

"Ok…penetrate me!" said Holly in a lusty tone.

Manny reared his hips back, and Holly cocked her ass up slightly, where she knew his boner would be perfectly aligned with her needy cunt-hole. In one glorious thrust, Manny's rock-hard cock split her

twat and plunged all the way into her birthing tube. His mom gasped loudly and jerked, as if poked by a cattle prod as she felt the leaky crown of his cock strike bottom, pushing against the puckered ring of her external os. "OH MY GOD!" she squealed, clawing at her boy's naked ass, holding him in.

"Fuuuck!" Manny snarled, his nose resting against his mother's neck, smelling her sweet perfume. His tender cock flexed, his knob mushrooming deep inside her warm, fleshy sleeve, where few cocks had ever reached. His penile contraction caused pre-spunk to ooze from its piss-slit and smear against the opening to the cavity that once held him. He shuddered as Holly's pelvic floor muscles tightened in response to his engorgement, compressing her vagina around him even tighter.

His mom's pussy-tube had tented to accommodate his length, so that the mouth of her fuck-hole suctioned tightly right up around his cock-root.

Holly could feel her son's excited heartbeat through the blood-engorged bulb of his cock as it pushed against her spongy uteri. Their union was every bit as thrilling and pleasurable as she hoped it would be. Even though she had asked her son not to thrust, she herself began to subtly gyrate against his crotch, stirring his stone-hard pisser around inside her. *"I am truly depraved!"* she thought to herself, but somehow couldn't stop from grinding on her boy. The feel of his unyielding hardness pushing at her quivering cuntal walls was just too fucking pleasurable to allow her to think rationally.

Both mother and son began to pant like horny dogs and writhe passionately on the mattress in full penetration. They kissed in complete fuck-lust, rocking as though they were trying somehow to squeeze inside each other's bodies and become one flesh. Manny was suddenly taken by surprise as his mom rolled him over onto his back, taking the top. His eyes got as wide as silver dollars, staring up into space, and his tongue hung out lasciviously as his mom

began flailing her own licker against his neck, while rocking against him. The feel of her warm, luscious body blanketing him, and her huge milkers bulging out from between their naked bodies got him more excited than he ever had been in his life. He knew she was losing control and that he'd soon be pumping his cock through the clasping tube of her cunt in sexual intercourse.

Suddenly, a knock at the door startled them both. Holly rose on extended arms and peered across the room in a panic. "Manny, are you awake?" Ed, Manny's father called from outside his door.

The teen was at a loss for words. There, inches above his face, dangled the most enormous tits he had ever laid eyes on. He was so close that he could see the subtle blue veins running just beneath their surface. Holly's engorged teats puffed out from the centers of their wide, rose-colored caps. The boy wanted nothing more than to latch on with his lips and never let go.

"Manny, I'm coming in!" his father announced. Holly dove beneath the comforter just before her husband opened the door and looked their direction. Her boy's dicked popped from her overheated cunt as she ducked down between his legs.

Manny gazed over at his dad with a bewildered look. "Sorry, I was um…just getting ready to get up," he muttered.

"Have you seen your mother? She's not downstairs."

"No, uh…I just woke up. I have not idea where she is."

Manny gasped as he felt his mom's tongue swipe up between his cum-filled nuts, then travel the long stalk of his erect cock. His dad fed him a curious look. "Are you ok? You look like just had one hell of a dream."

"If you only knew!" Manny thought, feeling his mom's tongue flicker all over his glans beneath the blanket. "No, I'm fine. I was just about

to, well…you know," the teen explained, motioning down to his groin area.

"Oh, right…sorry," his dad nodded, catching on. "I forget that's a part of the routine at your age."

Manny was shocked when he felt his prick plunge inside his mom's mouth. His shocked turned to horror when the blanket bulged up and down as she began recklessly sucking dick. Of course, his father noticed this also. "Well, you could at least wait until I closed the door, son!" Ed laughed, thinking that it was Manny beating off beneath the blanket. Little did he know it was his cock-sucking wife's head bobbing up and down.

"Sorry…just kind of in a hurry," Manny blushed.

After Ed closed the door, Manny lifted the blanket and watched his mom suck his dick. "Jesus, mom, that was a close call!" he stated, mesmerized by how her heavy tits hung down like big udders and wobbled gently as she sucked. She gorged herself on his meaty prick and Manny watched the ring of her lovely lips sink to his cock-base. He gasped, quickly sitting up and holding her pretty head to his crotch.

He could feel his steely cock throbbing inside her clasping throat. "Goddamn!" he groaned, amazing by how long his mom could stay that way.

His knob popped from Holly's mouth, wet and shiny from her saliva. "I guess I should probably get downstairs, before he files a missing person's report," she joked, breathless from having had his cock shoved down her gullet.

"Can I stay home and penetrate you again?" he asked. "We really didn't get to finish."

Holly was surprised that being nearly caught by her husband didn't scare some sense into her. However, the truth was her cunt was itching with desire. Having her teen's womb-stretching erection inside her had only left her wanting more.

"You're not missing a full day of school, but I'll take you in late, after we've both gotten off," she agreed.

"Deal!" Manny blurted.

"Stay in bed. I'll be back in after your sister and father leave."

Manny watched his mom slip out of his bed. The sight of her thick rounded ass and heavy, bobbling tits only made his cock ache for release even more. She put her robe back on and moved to his doorway. Before leaving, she peered back at him and spit her long tongue out playfully. "Nice tongue!" Manny stated.

"Thanks!" she answered, feeding him a flirty smile. "I'll have a special place for you to put YOURS when I get back.," she said with a wink.

The boy's heart skipped a beat. He knew almost for certain that what she meant was he'd be eating her pussy. The wait was so long he could hardly stand it. Finally, after he knew his dad and sister must be gone, he got a text from his mom.

"White, pink or aqua? " it read.

Manny had no idea why she was polling him for a color, but he went along with it.

"Pink!" he texted back.

His mom soon messaged back. "Brown sugar, whipped cream or chocolate syrup?"

"Chocolate syrup!" Manny answered, even though he loved all three.

"Last question: doggy, missionary or me on top? " his mom's text read.

Manny was over the moon. He wondered, by her posing such a question, if he was gonna get to beat his dick through the tube of her cunt this time. He got a small taste of his mom on top of him before his father knocked, and certainly wanted more of that. "You on top!" he replied.

"Good choice! I'll be right there. "

A few minutes later he heard his mom's sweet voice from his doorway. "Ready to fuck around with mom some more?" she asked.

Manny's jaw lowered in awe as he saw Holly posing in his doorway in the skimpiest hot-pink micro teddy he'd ever seen. Her huge tits jutted out of the teddy's open cups, which were trimmed in scalloped-laced. The bottom half was crotchless, so only a series of thin hot-pink straps framed in his mom's shaved pubis. Holly stood with her hands on her hips, one silky smooth leg bent at the knee and cocked out in front of her.

"Damn, mom! I think that's the sexiest piece of lingerie I've EVER seen!" the boy expressed.

"You're just saying that because you want more pussy, aren't you?" she teased.

"No, I mean it," Manny answered, "but, yes…you're right…I do want more pussy!"

Holly giggled and held the bottle of syrup in her hand up for her son to see. "How about some chocolate-flavored pussy?" she asked in a flirty tone. "Does that sounds tasty?"

"VERY tasty!"

"Are you glad you chose the color pink, honey?" the mother asked, squeezing her breasts between her forearms, making them balloon out obscenely. "Look at this…" she said, reaching down and peeling back her thick outer labia, "the color of my teddy matches mommy's cunt-slit."

"Damn!" Manny sighed, his cock flexing excitedly as he stared at her splayed pussy.

Her open labia was framed by the thick, rounded tissue of her clitoral hood.

"What's the matter, baby? Are you anxious to squeeze that big, muscular boy- cock up into mom again?" she asked, then slid her wet tongue across her top lip teasingly. "Are you excited to have your tender meat wrapped in hot MILF pussy-flesh?"

"Holy damn, mom…if you keep talking like that I may cum all over the place, before I even touch you!"

Holly giggled. "Well, if you're gonna do that, make sure you squirt some of that hot love-nectar on mommy's ass," she stated, spinning around and pointing her luscious derriere back at him. The teddy had an open back rear, with just three thin straps, one crossing her waist and two stretch over the rounded meat of her mommy-buttocks. She wagged her rounded buns teasingly, watching her boy reach down and squeeze the sensitive tip of his penis. "Don't worry, honey…you'll get to bury that horny knob again real soon," Holly remarked.

The anxious teen watched his sexy, lingerie-clad mother turn back around and sashay towards him on bare feet. Her huge fatty tits trembled heavily with every step. "Now…mommy's gonna squirt some yummy chocolate on her pussy, then she's gonna take a ride on your face. How's that sound?" she teasingly asked.

"Wonderful!" Manny sighed, his heart racing eagerly.

Holly spoke to him in a cute baby-voice. "If you do a good job being my little chocolate, cunt-munching monster, mommy might just clean some off of YOU when you're finished."

"I'd love that!" Manny replied, sprawling back onto his bed.

Holly used the bottle to squirt some chocolate syrup into her pussy-hole. Then, she climbed onto the mattress and straddled her boy's face, planting her knees firmly astride his head. "Mmm!" Manny hummed, as he was smothered in cuntal flesh.

He laved the slit of her genitalia with his tongue, savoring the tangy flavor of her juices, mixed with the chocolate that was seeping from her vagina. His mother subtly ground her pussy on him, while he ate her out.

Holly's clit was quite large and protruded from the top of her cunt. Manny wrapped his lips around it, sucking at the fleshy bulb. Immediately, his mom bucked, gasping and squealing as she fucked her shaved chocolate-flavored pussy all over his face. "Yes! Suck mommy's love-button, baby! Make me cum!" she gasped.

Besides the obvious thrill of eating his mom's pussy, the other thing Manny loved at that moment was the view he had. With the upper half of his face uncovered, he could stare straight up his mom's torso, to her wildly wobbling breasts. Through the gaping canyon of her cleavage, he could also watch her pretty face gasp and twist in pleasure, while throwing her silky brown hair around. *"FUCKING AMAZING!! She's so beautiful!"* he marveled.

"Oh God! Oh yes, honey…I'm cumming!" the busty mother announced, then shuddered and bucked, humping her rounded ass-cheeks up and down on Manny's forehead.

Fuck juices gushed from her vaginal orifice and her son lapped it all up, flicking his licker all up and down her engorged flesh. The boy's erect pecker throbbed intensely while he listened to his mom scream out in ecstasy.

"Oh, baby…that was wonderful!" the mother sighed, then turned and squirted chocolate syrup on his rock-hard boner. "Now I want your beautiful cock for dessert!"

Manny watched his mother open her mouth wide as she knelt beside him and stuffed his meaty pecker into her mouth. After a few tender sucks, Holly grabbed it at the base and darted her tongue all over his bulbous crown. "Ahh, wow!" the boy sighed, watching her swallow his penis again, then bob her pretty head up and down, making slurping, gurgling sounds as she fucked his stiff prick into her throat.

As the mother sucked like a cock-hungry whore, it occurred to her how far she'd gone with her son. Technically, even though there was no thrusting, they had already fucked. Manny had eaten her pussy and now she was sucking his big penis.

She had already failed to make it through 'No Dick December' and she was only half-way through the month. However, this had become less about needing just any dick and more about desiring HER SON'S DICK. *"I'm helplessly attracted to him!"* she thought, admitting to herself that at that moment she wanted nothing more in the world than to feel her son's manhood thundering through her needy cunt.

Manny felt his cock pop from her mouth, and she gazed up at him with her beautiful brown eyes. "Manny, I know I'm your mother and that I made a silly commitment to getting no dick this month, but how would you feel about fucking me?" she asked.

"How do you think I'd feel, mom?" he excitedly asked.

"I'm not talking about just penetration, like we did earlier. I'm talking about nasty, raw, sweat-drenched fucking…for at least several hours!"

"I'm totally down, mom!" the teen stated. He thought he could pass out he was so fucking thrilled. Apparently, he was on the verge of seducing his vulnerable mother, just as he planned all along.

"We'll start with the position that you chose, with me on top," Holly suggested, wasting no time throwing a leg across her boy and mounting his loins. She grasped his rigid spear and placed the barbed tip to the entrance of her vagina. Aroused beyond belief, the mother's cuntal walls were already slick with secretions, allowing her boy's brick-hard penis to glide through her fleshy sleeve. She gasped as his knob struck the back of her vagina for the second time that day. This time, however, was different. There were no rules. No barriers they couldn't cross. This time there would be raw, uninhibited fucking!

"My God, baby…you're so big and stiff!" the mother whimpered as she began bouncing on his cock. Her husband's dick never came close to filling her pussy like her son's prick did.

Manny moaned in delight, feeling the wonderful, heated snugness of his mom's cunt slipping up and down the length of his cock. Rows of blood-engorged pleats that lined his mom's vaginal tube created mind-blowing sensations on his penile flesh. He gazed up at her bouncing milkers, watching their fatty flesh ripple as they jumped around on her chest. His mom smiled down at him knowingly. She suspected her cute boy had waited years for this moment. A moment that included latching on to one of her mammoth tits and sucking to his heart's content. "Are you ready to suck my tits, honey?" she asked, her breath huffing with every plunge of her cunt on his cock.

"Am I ever!" he replied.

While she continued fucking, Holly lowered down on extended arms that rested astride her boy's head. This made her dangling mommy-melons brush against her son's face. Manny latched onto one, quickly suctioning in a mouthful of nipple and areolar flesh. He whipped his tongue around on her puffy teat, then felt his mom lean into him, masking his face in the squishy softness of her tit.

"THIS IS FUCKING IT!" the teen's brain cheered, knowing he had arrived at just the place he'd always dreamed of being. He clamped his teeth around her puffy nipple, chewing and pulling at the engorged pink flesh while feeling the huge orb of squishy boobie-meat quiver around his face.

Manny did his best to fight off his orgasm as his mom rode his unyielding cock for nearly an hour. Every five minutes or so, he would feel her cunt shrink up around his pole, then his mom would frantically fuck him, while screaming out in a tit-quivering climax. Her birthing tube would quiver and contracting, chewing at the meat of his erection, while bathing him in hot female ejaculate.

"Ahhh, shit!" Manny gasped, his voice muffled by heavy tit-flesh as he felt the twitching, suctioning pressure of her pussy around the throbbing muscle of his cock.

"Good God, baby…where did you learn to fuck like this?!" his mother gasped, struck by his incredible endurance.

"I guess it just comes naturally. Like mother like son!" he confidently replied.

"Well, at least until you move away from home, you may put your father and I's sex life out of business."

"You think so?"

"How could you not?! Your dick is bigger, harder…and you're a thousand times better in bed than he is!" Holly remarked. "Do you

honestly think a hyper-sexual female like me will go back to fucking him, with YOU living under the same roof?"

It was music to Manny's horny eyes. "Damn! It sounds like I'm gonna be balls-deep A LOT from now on!"

"Ya think?!" she giggled, then gave him a sensual kiss, while pumping her pussy along the steely hardness of his young dong. "Ohh, I like you balls-deep, baby!" she whimpered.

Manny loved the way his mom rode his cock. She wasn't at all awkward and clumsy like some of the girls his own age that had been on top of him. It was clear that fucking was one of the things his mom did best. Every few minutes, she would fuse their crotches together and swivel up and back in full penetration. The sensation of his stiff pecker being stirred around inside her snug vagina, stretching her elastic walls was divine.

"Damn I love this, mom!" he exclaimed, rubbing his face between the warm swinging flesh of her dangling tits. He kissed his way through her cleavage.

"Get used to it, baby! This mother's pussy is ALL YOURS from now on!"

"I wanna fuck every day, as many times as we can!" Manny expressed.

"I'm counting on it!"

"Wow! I think I'm gonna cum soon!" Manny sighed, feeling his cunt-smothered dick and jiggling balls tingle with wonderful pre-orgasmic sensations.

"Let me lay down against you, so you can pound the fuck out of me like a savage beast and cum really hard, baby!"

Holly slapped her fat tits down against her boy's bare chest, pancaking them against him. Manny threw his arms around his mother's back, holding her to him as he began bucking his ass from the mattress. They met each other's frantic fuck-thrusts, beating their horny genitals together in a furious fuck. The lucky teen gazed down over his mom's shoulder, along her straining back, to the rounded cheeks of her buttocks. Her mommy-rump flew wildly up and down, her butt-meat quivering delightfully every time their crotches slapped together.

"OH FUCK, MOM!!" he groaned, feeling his engorged knob tingle as it pummeled through the pulsating tube of her vagina, slamming against the cum-slickened head of her cervix on every thrust. He felt her muscles contract and knew she was about to join him in mutual climax.

"AAAUUUGGHH!!" Manny grunted, hosing out a huge cord of baby-making goo inside his mother. "AAAUGHH!! … AAUUGHH, SHIT!!" he whimpered, feeling his mom convulse on top of him. Somehow, he ended up with his face wedged between her giant, squishy jugs, grunting into one of them as he felt his mom's ejaculation squelch all over his cock and run down the sides of his nuts.

For both, this was the orgasm of all orgasms, and it lasted for several extraordinary minutes. Now a sweaty heap on the bed, they writhed in fervent delight, milking out the pleasure for as long as they could.

December 24th

"I gave up!" Sharon stated as the three friends wrapped gifts. "I got fucked. I couldn't wait any longer!"

"With your husband?" Felicia asked.

"Oh, fuck no…not with Rick! With my lover. That dreamy nineteen-year-old I've been fucking lately. He starts swinging that teenage dick around. How the hell is a woman supposed to resist that?!"

"Well, I haven't been fucking any teenagers, but I have to admit, I caved too,"

Felicia confessed. "Going a month without sex is just impossible for a woman who likes fucking as much as I do."

They both looked at Holly, who was busy wrapping and listening to the two of them confess. She stopped and gave them a smile. "What?!" she asked, looking a little guilty herself.

"Please don't tell us YOU'RE still meeting this stupid challenge!" Sharon asked.

"Maybe I am."

"Liar! If anyone's been needing a royal pounding here lately it's you," Felicia giggled.

"OK, maybe I broke the rules just a little, but Sharon's right…big teenage dick is hard to resist."

Felicia gasped and lowered her jaw. "You fucked Manny, didn't you?!" she hollered.

"Well, when you have a husband who more committed to 'No Dick December' than you are, and a son who's super charming, super handsome AND super endowed, what's a woman to do?"

"Amen to that!" Sharon agreed. "Meet my needs or I take them elsewhere, that's what I always say."

"Sounds like your little corn gobbler is getting lots of Christmas pussy this year,"

Felicia stated with mischievous grin.

"We're both certainly on Santa's naughty list, that's for sure."

Manny couldn't keep his eyes off his mom at dinner. All he could think about lately was getting between her legs and fucking her savagely. The best Christmas present he could ask for this year was for his father to announce that he would continue picking up extra hours at work in the evening. That was usually the time that he and his mom locked themselves in his bedroom and fucked their asses off.

"So what's going on with wrestling?" Ed asked his son.

"Oh, um…that? I quit the team over a week ago," Manny replied.

"Quit the team? Why?"

"Because he's tired of losing probably," his bratty sister replied.

Holly came to her son's rescue. "Manny's been helping ME with some things around the house lately, right, honey?" she asked, smiling over at her son.

"Yeah, helping you out has kept me pretty darn busy actually."

"I know. Mom can be pretty demanding, can't she?" Holly asked, winking at him flirting. "And speaking of 'helping me out,' it's

Christmas Eve and I still have a ton of presents to wrap for your father and sister. Do you mind giving me a hand?"

"Not at all," Manny replied, knowing that was his mom's way of saying "It's time to fuck."

"Yeah, I suppose I should start wrapping too and not wait until midnight like I did last year," Ed admitted.

"You're not gonna recruit MY help like mom did Manny are you?" his daughter, Olivia, asked.

"And listen to you complain the whole time? I'm all set," Ed chuckled.

Holly got up from the table, took her son's hand and led him away. "Come on, my little Christmas Elf…let's go get busy!" she stated gleefully.

No sooner did Holly and her son get to her bedroom and lock the door than they began hurriedly stripping their clothes off. Once naked, the heavy titted mother pulled her boy to the bed and guided him down on top of her. "Wait!" she blurted, before Manny could pierce her with his jutting cock. She tapped onto the music app on her phone and "Rocking around the Christmas Tree," by Brenda Lee came on. Holly set her device aside and pulled her gorgeous teen down on top of her, crushing her jutting tits between them.

"Ahhh, yes!" Manny gasped as he buried his cock all the way inside her with one long thrust.

"Fuck me, baby!" his mother purred, circling her lovely shaved legs high around her son's back.

The cheery music drowned out the sound of Manny's big cum-filled balls beating again Holly's rounded ass as he began to fuck her feverishly. The wicked duo found it hard to keep their lips apart

when they screwed. They both had needy lips and tireless tongues, which meant that naughty, passionate kissing was a huge part of the sex they had together.

The teenager's rock-hard prick socked through his mom's fuck tube, enjoying it's exquisite grip and heat. The wonderful pink pleats that lined her vaginal sleeve provided ball-clenching sensations on Manny's penile flesh. He had blasted so many cum-loads in his mom's unprotected pussy over the past week that they had lost count. Never once had they discussed the possibility of Holly getting pregnant.

Unbeknownst to them, one of Manny's super-charged sperm had already implanted itself in Holly's egg and she was well on her way to becoming a mother to a third child. The eighteen-year-old stud could never imagine the extraordinary pleasure that was ahead of him, once his mom's tits and belly began to swell, and her hormones began raging.

"AHHH, GODDAMNIT!!" Manny gasped, feeling his mom twist her sexy legs around him, sliding her dainty feet down against his ass to help guide his frantic thrusts.

He didn't need to be on any stupid wrestling team. Not when he could be home, wrestling with his mom on her mattress. Her constant need of sex would keep him in much better shape than any school sports could. Not only that, just like any team improves with practice, the fuck-sessions between Holly and her son just got better the more they went at it.

Over the next hour, Holly creamed over a half-dozen times on her boy's tireless cock. The trembling mother didn't like having to muffle her orgasmic screams, but she certainly didn't need her husband and daughter hearing her. It was a minor inconvenience, but there was also something wonderfully thrilling about fucking her boy on her marital bed with her husband in the house. She extended her

legs out widely while her son fucked her, pointing her bare feet in opposite direction.

Manny rose up on extended arms, so he could watch his mom tremble and writhe in ecstasy beneath him. Seeing the grimace of pleasure washed across her pretty face and her gigantic tits rolling up and down her chest never failed to make the cum boil in his nuts. "Ah fuck…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he groaned, then let out a guttural grunt as blast after blast of sticky jizz hosed from his piss-hole, filling Holly's vagina.

After grunting and bucking atop his busty mother for several minutes Manny collapsed on top of her. Holly stroked the back of his hair as they both caught their breath. "Ohhh God!" she deeply sighed.

"That was awesome!" Manny added.

"It sure was, and as much as I'd like to fuck again, I REALLY DO need to get some wrapping done, baby," she whispered.

"I can help you, and I promise to keep my hands to myself, so we can get it done."

She gazed up into his eyes and smiled. "You know, I think trying to do that 'No Dick December' challenge ended up paying off for me. It made me horny enough to want my son's cock, and now that I've had it…I can't give it up."

"Oh, speaking of challenges, that reminds me. The guys at school want me want me to do a challenge with them in January," Manny revealed.

His mother fed him a suspicious look. "What type of challenge are we talking about?" she asked.

"It's called 'Just jerk January.' We can't fuck girls all month. We can only jerk off."

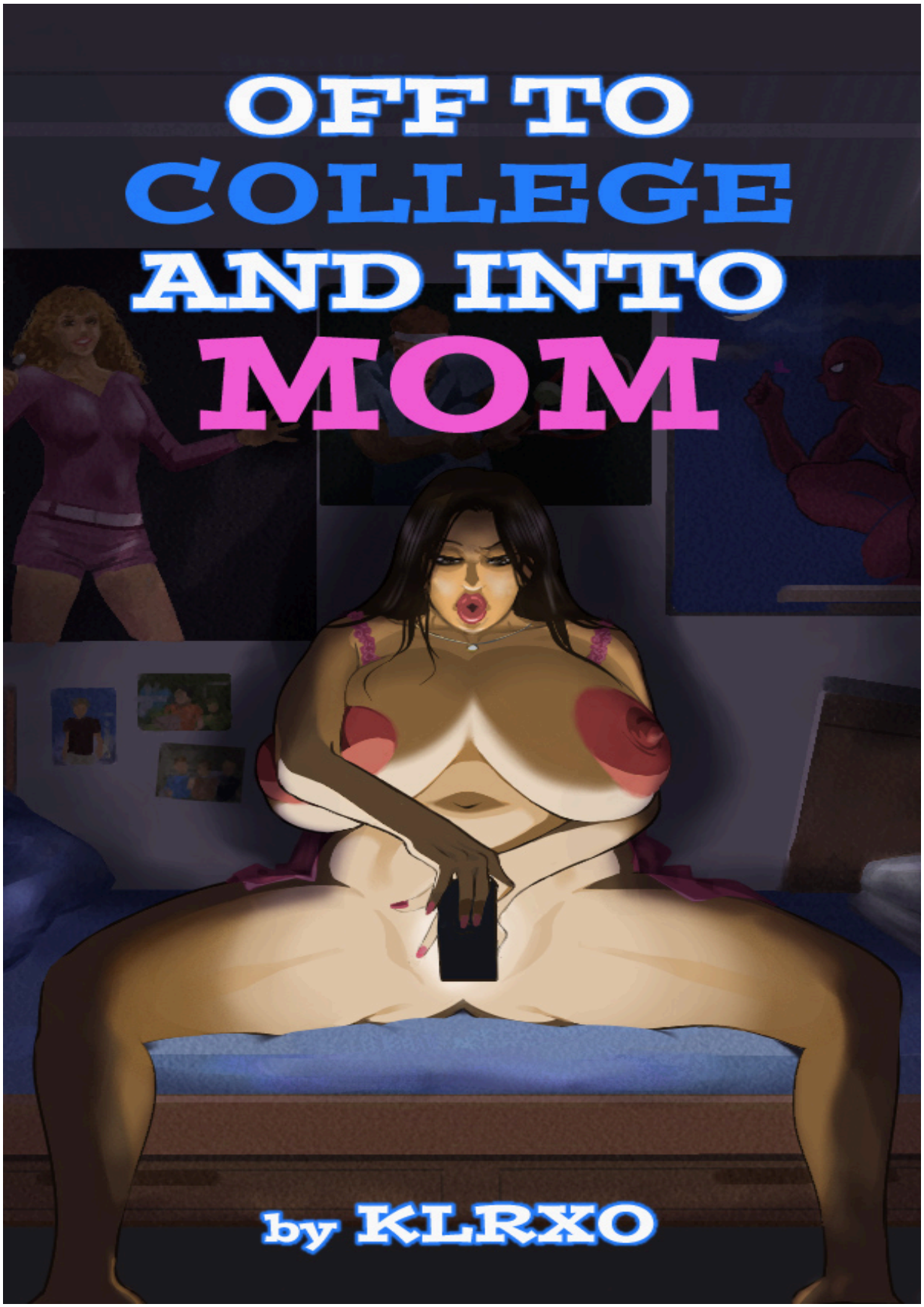
Holly quickly rolled her boy onto his back, then sat up, so her humongous tits loomed over him. She peeked down through the canyon of her cleavage. "Tell your friends to forget it! They can all pull on their pricks if they want, but you have plenty of hot fucking to do in January."

The hot bodied mother began to bounce on her son's prick, making it return to full hardness inside her. Manny watched her meaty milkers jump wildly up and down.

Even her fat, rubbery teats seemed to quiver with each thrust as they stuck out from the wide round rings of her areola. "What about gift wrapping?" he asked.

"Fuck, gift wrapping!" she huffed, pounding her wet pussy down around his jutting erection, beating her stretched cuntal flanges against his cock base. Their tongues hung out in fuck lust as Holly plowed the big bell of her boy's cock against the back of her honey-honey, inches from where she had once held his body in a womb-sack. Her big marital bed rock beneath them as they settled into the rhythm of another heated fuck.

THE END


OFF TO COLLEGE AND INTO MOM
by KLRXO

Off to College and Into Mom

By Klrxo

As he prepared to leave for college, Brandon could feel the emotions running high in his home. His mother Leslie seemed to take it the hardest, her usually cheerful face now marked by tear tracks and a quivering lip. They had always been close, but as her only son, their bond was unbreakable. "You better call me," she sniffled, her voice thick with emotion. "Every day."

"I will, mom. I promise," Brandon reassured her, pulling her into a tight hug.

As he embraced his beautiful, brunette mother, he couldn't help but notice the details of their physical connection that he would soon miss. The feeling of her slender arms wrapped snugly around his lean frame, the weight of her large breasts pressing against his chest, and the faint sensation of her nipples through the fabric of her blouse and bra. And then there was the scent of her perfume, so familiar and comforting, that would soon be replaced by dorm room air fresheners. These were the moments that felt magical to him, and he knew he would miss them dearly.

It would be one thing if he were nearby and could visit often, but Brandon had been accepted to a school across the country, a world away from his mother's sweet embrace. As bittersweet as this moment was, he couldn't help but feel a sense of excitement and anticipation for the adventure that awaited him. He knew this was his chance to spread his wings and discover the world beyond their quaint little town.

Leslie, on the other hand, was struggling to accept the reality that her son was leaving. She knew he was ready for this next chapter in his life, but that didn't make his departure any easier.

As she watched her son laugh and play, a pang of nostalgia washed over her. He had the same mischievous sparkle in his eyes as his father, Luo, when they were younger and first falling in love. Her heart skipped a beat as she realized how much Brandon resembled his father, both in looks and personality. Yet, this only added to the inappropriate feelings that stirred within her. She couldn't deny the attraction she felt towards her own son, an unsettling borderland between familial love and something more taboo. It was a battle she fought every day, trying to push aside these forbidden desires and focus on being a mother instead. But with each passing moment, it seemed like her willpower was slipping away.

Brandon fit right in at his new college and made new friends. He was your typical teenager, who craved sex for the first time so he was anxious to make new female acquaintances. One particular girl he had his eye on was Adriana, a stunning blonde with a bubbly personality and a body that could rival any centerfold model. She seemed to be everywhere on campus, and Brandon couldn't help but notice her. She was not only attractive, but she also seemed to be well-liked by everyone she met.

One day, after a particularly tough exam, Brandon found himself lingering around the student center, hoping to run into Adriana. As fate would have it, she walked straight towards him. She was wearing a tight, low-cut dress that showed off her curves, and Brandon couldn't help but feel his excitement grow.

"Hey, Brandon!" she called out, waving at him. "I was just heading to the library. Wanna join me?"

"Oh, um…sure," he answered.

He was surprised by her sudden invitation, but he couldn't resist the opportunity to spend more time with her. Plus, it was a chance to prove to himself that he could handle the challenges of college life.

As they walked towards the library, he couldn't help but notice how her hips swayed with every step, her long blonde hair bouncing playfully. He tried to maintain an appropriate distance, but his thoughts were already drifting towards more carnal fantasies.

When they reached the library, she led him to a quiet corner and pulled out a stack of books. "I'm studying for a stupid exam," she explained, her eyes never leaving his.

Brandon nodded, feigning interest in the books while his mind raced with excited thoughts. He couldn't believe his luck – he had managed to get this gorgeous girl all to himself, and she seemed to be as interested in him as he was in her.

Adriana's mischievous gaze met Brandon's as she lightly brushed her hand against his thigh beneath the table. "I can think of some things I'd rather be doing though," she whispered, her voice low and seductive.

"Oh really? Do tell," Brandon replied with a sly smile, playing dumb.

"You know exactly what I mean," she giggled, her fingers tracing small circles on his leg.

"Knitting?" he teased, enjoying their playful banter.

"No way, knitting is for grandmothers," she retorted with a laugh.

"Eating ice cream then?" Brandon suggested, trying to keep up the humorous mood.

"Well, I do love ice cream, but there's something else I love even more."

"Holding and petting a puppy?" Brandon joked, making her laugh even harder.

"No, fucking!" Adriana exclaimed, causing heads to turn in the quiet library. The stern look from the librarian quickly silenced her, and she repeated in a hushed tone. "Fucking. I like to fuck. It's been like...two weeks since I've had any action."

Brandon's cheeks flushed with embarrassment as he realized he was still a virgin. "Yeah, it can feel like forever when you go without something you enjoy."

He knew that if he had any guts at all, he would take Adriana back to his dorm room for some hot and wild sex. But being inexperienced and naturally timid, he couldn't bring himself to seize the opportunity presented to him by this gorgeous and confident girl.

After exchanging their phone numbers, Adriana and Brandon continued to flirt and get to know each other through text messaging. Adriana even dared to send a few nude photos, showing her plump, double-d titties and neatly-trimmed pussy, eager to entice Brandon into taking the next daring step with her. "See what you're missing out on right now?" she teased beneath the provocative image.

"Yum! You look good enough to eat," he eagerly he messaged back.

But Brandon's excitement turned into shock when he received a reply from his mother, Leslie, just minutes later. "Well, thank you, honey. I think I look pretty good today too, haha," the unexpected message read.

Panic flooded through Brandon as he realized his mistake - he had accidentally sent the intimate text meant for Adriana to his own mom.

"Oh shit, sorry, mom...that text was meant for someone else," he quickly messaged back in embarrassment.

To his surprise, Leslie responded with a selfie of herself in the kitchen. The snug denims she wore hugged her curves like a second skin, while her low-cut sweater exposed an obscene amount of creamy tit-cleavage.

"So you don't think I look good enough to eat then?" she playfully asked with a sad emoji.

With a blush creeping across his cheeks, Brandon confessed. "Oh you definitely do...that sweater looks amazing on you."

"I'm just teasing you, sweetie," Leslie playfully typed, her fingers dancing across the screen. She let out a small giggle before continuing with another question. "So, who's this lucky girl that has captured your attention?"

Her son Brandon quickly responded, eager to share about the new person in his life. "Her name is Ariana. I just met her a few days ago. We don't have any classes together, but we still help each other with homework."

Leslie couldn't resist making a cheeky comment, typing it out with a wink emoji attached. "What else are you two ‘helping’ each other with?"

Brandon blushed at his mother's teasing, quickly replying with a laugh. "We haven't done anything...yet." He added in an extra "haha" to further emphasize his reply.

"Well, I'm sure the two of you will be bouncing across your bed mattress before you know it," Leslie texted. "Just make sure you pleasure her good. The way girls gossip, one bad sexual exprience can ruin your chances with every other girl you may be interested in screwing."

Brandon's face flushed with embarrassment as he read his mother's words. He couldn't believe he was having such an open, intimate

conversation with her about sex. But there was something undeniably comforting about it, like his mother was still keeping a watchful eye over him, even from miles away.

"Thanks for the advice, mom. I'll do my best," he replied.

Brandon didn't have to wait long for the opportunity to have sex with Adriana. The next day he saw a message from her asking if he wanted to hang out.

"Sure," he replied, "when?"

Adriana suggested meeting at a nearby park that evening, somewhere secluded where they could talk and maybe get a little closer. Brandon's heart raced with anticipation as he made his way to the park, his mind filled with thoughts of this new girl and her sexy body.

When he arrived, he saw her leaning against a tree, her low-cut dress leaving little to the imagination. She smiled as she saw him approach and gave him a unexpected, passionate kiss. Brandon felt his body respond to her touch, his cock hardening in his pants, desire for her growing stronger by the second.

They walked deeper into the park, finding a quiet spot beneath the stars. Adriana suggested they lie down in the grass and just talk, but Brandon knew that wasn't what either of them wanted.

"Have you ever fucked someone under the twinkling stars?" Adriana boldly asked, her voice low and seductive.

Brandon's heart raced at her words, knowing exactly where this was headed. "No, I, um…can't say I have," he admitted.

"We should give it a try," she suggested, her hand sliding up his arm in an encouraging gesture. "Like…right now."

"Here? In public?" Brandon nervously squeaked out.

"Why not?" Adriana purred, her lips brushing against his as she leaned in closer. "We both want each other, and it would be a shame to let that delicious-looking bulge in your pants go to waste."

Without another word, Adriana straddled Brandon's lap and began kissing him hungrily, her tongue exploring every inch of his mouth as they indulged in their lust beneath the sparkling night sky.

With a sudden and unexpected surge of desire, Brandon's hands latched onto her breasts through the fabric of her dress. His fingers deeply sunk into their supple meat, relishing in the warmth and softness that greeted him. For a moment, his mind couldn't help but flash to the image his mother had sent him earlier - of her wearing that clingy sweater that so snugly encased what had to be the largest set of tit-melons he had ever seen in his life.

"Fuck me, Brandon," Adriana whispered, her voice sending a shiver down his spine as she tore off his t-shirt. In that moment, he was taken aback by how much her voice sounded like his mother's - or perhaps it was just his imagination playing tricks on him.

Breaking their kiss, Adriana sat upright and pressed her overheated pussy against the now-rigid bulge in his pants. With practiced ease, she shed her dress and reached back to unclasp her bra. As his eyes greedily drank in the sight of her trim torso and plump, bobbing breasts, they suddenly paused on her face - except it wasn't Adriana's face he saw. Instead, it was an eerie resemblance to that of his own mother's.

"What the fuck!" Brandon exclaimed, quickly crawling out from under her.

"What?! What's wrong?" Adriana asked in equal surprise.

"Nothing. You're beautiful, you really are," he stuttered out, trying to recover from the shock. "I just...can't do this right now." He hastily put his t-shirt back on, feeling overwhelmed by conflicting emotions and memories triggered by this encounter with Ariana.

Brandon awkwardly walked Adriana back to her dorm room.

"Brandon, is everything ok?" she finally asked. "Are you just not into me or something?"

Brandon shook his head, trying to compose himself. "No, it's nothing like that. It's just... complicated."

As they reached her dorm room, he leaned in to give her a goodbye kiss, hoping to make amends for the strange encounter. To his surprise, their lips met and he felt a surge of passion that he hadn't felt before. Her tongue danced with his, and her hands ran through his hair, pulling him closer.

"I'm really into you, Adriana," he whispered between kisses. "It's just... my head's been all over the place lately."

Adriana smiled, understanding the weight of his words. "Let's take this slow, then. We don't have to rush into anything. I just wanna enjoy getting to know you, and maybe, eventually, we can explore whatever else we want to, together, like fucking each other."

Brandon nodded, relieved by her understanding. "I'd like that," he agreed, feeling a sense of relief wash over him.

Once back in his dorm room, Brandon eagerly dialed his mother's number, longing to see her face and hear her voice again. As the video call connected, Leslie answered with a warm smile, her hair still damp from the shower and a towel loosely draped over her curvaceous frame.

"Hi, honey," she greeted him, her eyes twinkling with love and adoration. "I just got out of the shower. I'm gonna set you down for a second while I throw something on."

"Alright," Brandon replied, unable to tear his gaze away from the screen as Leslie set her phone down. The way it was positioned allowed him to see her silhouette on the wall, highlighting the alluring curves of her body. As Leslie removed the towel, he found himself mesmerized by the silhouetted swell of her gigantic tits. They wobbled heavily as she quickly threw on a robe.

"All right, I'm back," she announced, picking up the phone once again. Brandon couldn't help but notice the obscene amount of cleavage peeking out from the hem of her robe, making it difficult for him to focus on anything else. "Is everything ok?"

"Yeah, um…I'm fine. I just got back from hanging out with that girl I was telling you about."

"Oh yes...the one who is 'good enough to eat,'" Leslie teased, her smile widening at Brandon's embarrassment. "How did that go?"

"Honestly, not the best."

"Why, sweetheart? What happened?" Leslie asked with genuine concern etched on her face.

"It just didn't feel quite right," her son replied, his tone weighted with uncertainty and a hint of discomfort. Leslie could sense he was hesitant to continue, but she urged him on with a gentle nod.

"I know this is gonna sound bad, but have you ever been with someone, in an intimate situation, and all you can think about is someone different?"

Leslie's heart skipped a beat as her son's words hit her like a freight train. Memories flooded back to the previous night, when she was in

bed with her husband, Brandon's father. In the midst of passion, Leslie suddenly imagined it was Brandon on top of her, their bodies moving together in a frenzy of desire. The intensity of the orgasm she experienced at that moment was overwhelming, and now Brandon's question made her pause for a moment.

Her mind raced as she tried to come up with a response. She couldn't deny the truth - her thoughts had strayed to her own son while she was fucking her husband. A feeling of shame washed over her, but also a sense of confusion and longing.

"Mom, are you alright?" Brandon asked, noticing her distant expression. He could sense there was something more going on than just their conversation.

Leslie took a deep breath before finally responding, "I'm fine, honey. It's just...your question brought up some unexpected feelings." Her words were carefully chosen, not wanting to reveal too much to her son. But inside, she couldn't stop thinking about the powerful emotions that had surfaced during last night's encounter.

"Do you wanna talk about them?"

"No, I wanna help you with your issue. So, what you're saying is, you were just about to have sex with this new girl, but your mind was completely on another?"

"Exactly," said Brandon. "I couldn't go any further with her because I felt so bad about it."

"Oh, honey, I completely understand where you're coming from,"

Leslie reassured him. "It's totally normal to have thoughts of someone else during a sexual moment like that. It doesn't make you a bad person, and it doesn't mean the person you're with isn't enough."

As Leslie spoke, Brandon couldn't help but notice the way her chest rose and fell with each breath, the gentle sway of her heavy breasts beneath her robe. A wave of desire washed over him, and he found himself fantasizing about what it would be like to be with his mother.

To push his cock inside the cunt that birthed him and wrestle sexually with the one woman he's known all his life. The thought both excited and frightened him, but he knew he had to find a resolution to his conflicted feelings.

"But how do I make it right with Adriana?" he asked, turning his focus back to the matter at hand. "I don't want her to think I'm not attracted to her or something."

Leslie leaned in closer, her voice low and conspiratorial. "You don't want to tell her that your mind is preoccupied with another person," she warned.

Brandon nodded solemnly. "I know, that would completely turn her off."

"So who is this 'other person' anyway?" Leslie prodded. "Another girl from school that you're romantically interested in?"

"Romantically?" Brandon repeated cautiously, careful not to give away too much. "I haven't really thought about it like that."

"But there's definitely some level of attraction there," Leslie pressed.

"I mean, you're about to be intimate with a girl who likes you, and yet this 'mystery girl' keeps popping into your head."

"It's not just her face," Brandon confessed. "It's everything about her. And I've never even seen her naked before."

Leslie furrowed her brow as she spoke, her voice low and tinged with concern. "Well, honey. I don't wanna influence your decision,

but maybe you're pursuing the wrong person."

She watched as Brandon's face fell, his shoulders slumping with defeat.

"But what if this 'mystery girl' isn't really someone I'm supposed to be pursuing?" he countered, his voice laced with frustration.

Leslie fell silent once again, deep in thought as Brandon hit a nerve.

The guilt and shame she felt at imagining him on top of her instead of her own husband was exactly what he was pointing out. He was not someone she should be fantasizing about, especially as her son.

"Mom?" Brandon's voice broke through her heavy thoughts.

"Oh, sorry," Leslie stammered, trying to shake off the uncomfortable feelings. "I see your concern."

Her curiosity piqued, Leslie couldn't help by pry even further. "So, who is this woman you're so obsessed with...a teacher or something?" She wanted to get a better understanding of the situation and hopefully offer some guidance for her son's troubled heart.

Brandon shifted uncomfortably on his bed, his words hesitant and awkward. "Well...she's married," he began, his voice laced with guilt, "and quite a bit older than me. So I probably shouldn't be flirting with her."

Leslie raised an eyebrow inquisitively and Brandon continued, "But yeah...we've been flirting."

A sly smirk played at the corners of the mother's mouth as she teased him. "So you're already being naughty with this older woman, is that what you're telling me?"

Brandon felt a flush creep up his neck as he hesitated before admitting, "Yes...but that's all we've done. And it's probably as far as it would ever go anyway."

"Well, I don't wanna encourage you to do something that's wrong, but…"

"But what?" Brandon asked, anxious for her true opinion on the matter.

"But if something feels right, and you're not hurting anyone, sometimes following your heart is the best thing you can do," Leslie finished with a determined smile.

Following her advice, Brandon took the plunge and decided to send his mom a flirtatious text the very next day. He couldn't help but feel a tingle of excitement at the thought of igniting a playful exchange with his own mother. "Hey there, mom. I just wanted to ask if you're looking good enough to eat today? And don't worry, I've got the right number this time," he typed out with a cheeky grin on his face.

As he anxiously waited for her response, every passing second felt like an eternity. Would she reply in the same playful tone as before?

His heart raced with anticipation. And finally, his phone beeped with a new message from his mom. Swiping open the screen, Brandon's breath caught in his throat at the sight before him. It was a picture of her, laying out by the pool in a revealing two-piece bikini that left little to the imagination. Her body, tanned and toned from years of dedicated workouts, glistened under the warm sun and layer of suntan oil.

Brandon couldn't tear his eyes away from the screen as he scanned every inch of her alluring figure. The bikini top struggled to contain her enormous tits, their curves spilling out, tempting him with their tan flesh. Meanwhile, the tiny piece of fabric covering her crotch hugged tightly against her vulva, outlining its shape and hinting at

what lay beneath. Her legs were smooth and toned, showing off both femininity and strength as they basked in the sunlight, shimmering with oil.

Feeling himself grow hard at the sight, Brandon fished out his cock and let his hand glide over it as he continued to admire his mother's alluring photo. Unable to resist any longer, he sent her a reply accompanied by an emoji with its tongue playfully sticking out in response to her teasing image. "Wow, mom...you look absolutely incredible," he wrote, eagerly awaiting her next response.

"Thanks, honey," Leslie answered with a flirtatious wink. "Your father doesn't like me wearing this bikini. He says it's too revealing."

A photo quickly followed that nearly took Brandon's breath away. The image showed Leslie lying on her stomach on the lounge chair, her long, toned legs stretched out behind her. But what caught Brandon's attention was the delicious curve of her rounded buttocks. Her G-string bikini was tucked so deep between her luscious cheeks that it almost looked as if she was completely naked, the smooth skin of her back and hips glistening in the sunlight.

The sight of his own mother's perfect bubble butt glowing in the sun caused a surge of desire to course through Brandon's body. He couldn't believe that she could have this effect on him. As he continued to stroke his cock more vigorously, he couldn't help but feel a mix of guilt and excitement at the forbidden thoughts running through his mind.

"What's dad talking about? It’s not revealing at all," messaged Brandon, including a laugh emoji to show that he was clearly joking.

Leslie, undeterred by Brandon's joking comment, sent him another photo. This time, it was a close-up of her face, her lips glossed and pouting seductively as they nearly touched the camera lens. Her eyes were closed, but he could imagine the desire that lay behind them.

"Kiss, Kiss!" Her message read.

"You're such a tease, mom," Brandon replied, his heart pounding in his chest. His cock was hard now, leaking pre-cum as he continued to stroke it. He felt guilty, but also aroused beyond measure at the thought of his mother in her barely-there bikini. It was wrong, but he couldn't deny the sexual attraction he felt towards her.

Leslie's fingers hovered over her phone as she read Brandon's message, a playful smirk on her lips. With a devilish twinkle in her eye, she snapped another picture and sent it back to him. "Who me?" she wrote. This time, she lay on her back with the camera held above her, an exaggerated innocent look on her face. The fabric of her bikini top strained against the weight of her massive breasts, which spilled out in every direction and pressed together like soft pillows of flesh.

Brandon could even make out the thick nubs of her nipples protruding through the fabric, making his pulse quicken with desire.

As he typed his response, he couldn't help but wonder if their playful banter was making Leslie just as aroused as he was.

"Yes you, but trust me…I'm not complaining," he replied.

"Who are you flirting with over there?" Riley, Leslie's friend asked as she lay nearby on a large, plush towel, her tanned and curvaceous body glistening in the sun.

Leslie chuckled, feeling the warmth of the sun on her skin. "You would laugh in shock if I told you."

"You know how naughty I am," said Riley playfully, her round tits wobbling beneath her micro bikini as she turned towards her friend curiously. "I’m certainly not one to judge."

"Well, in that case, it's Brandon," Leslie confessed, biting her lip nervously.

Riley raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Your Brandon?! Shouldn't he be flirting with the girls from college?"

"Well, yes, but…." Leslie trailed off. As if a switch had been flipped inside her head, Leslie's eyes suddenly lit up with realization. "Oh my God, it's me," she blurted out excitedly.

"What's you?" Riley asked in confusion.

"Brandon has a girl there at school who's interested in him, but he told me that every time he's with her, his mind is on someone else."

"And you think that it's 'you' that he's obsessing about?" Riley asked skeptically.

Leslie nodded eagerly, a mixture of excitement and uncertainty swirling inside her. "Well, I encouraged him to flirt with whoever this 'mystery girl' is and now I'm getting all these flirtatious texts. What if it is me?" she pondered aloud, unsure if she should be flattered or horrified at the thought.

As they continued to bask in the warm sun together, Leslie couldn't help but wonder about the possibility of being the object of her son's desires.

Riley gave a nonchalant shrug of her shoulders. "Well, so what if it is?" she said.

Leslie couldn't help but snicker at her friend's dismissive attitude.

"I'm not so sure fantasizing about your mother sexually would be considered an 'innocent crush,'" she joked.

"Come on, Leslie," Riley urged with a playful grin. "It might be a way for the two of you to stay close and have some harmless fun in the process."

As she lay there, Leslie couldn't help but stare at Brandon's contact picture on her phone. His smile was infectious and instantly brought warmth to her heart, and a tingle to her pussy, whether she liked it or not. "I guess it has been kind of a thrill," she admitted. "Being a little flirty with him over the phone."

"See, exactly. You're not harming a soul," Riley added.

She paused, considering her friend's words. "And if it's encouraging him to stay in contact with me, then maybe it's not such a bad thing." A twinge of sadness tugged at her heart as she thought of other mothers who hardly hear from their kids once they go off to college. But in that moment, she was grateful for the playful banter and closeness with her son.

Riley playfully sauntered over to Leslie and knelt beside her, her expression eager and mischievous. "Ask him if he's keeping his knob well-polished while he's off at college," she suggested with a wink.

Leslie couldn't contain her laughter at the suggestion. "Riley, I can't just ask him that!"

"Why not? It's all in good fun," Riley insisted.

Just when Brandon thought their flirtatious banter had ended, another text from his mom popped up on his phone. "So, honey, are you keeping your knob polished while you're away at college?" she asked boldly, accompanied by a playful wink emoji.

Brandon couldn't help but smile at his mom's boldness and responded in kind. "Of course! In fact, I'm polishing it right now, ha-ha."

Leslie and Riley erupted into giggles upon reading his response. "Oh my God, he's masturbating his boner," exclaimed Riley playfully. "I guess you really do turn him on."

"Maybe we should make sure he's stroking that dick correctly," Leslie chimed in, sending another message to her son.

Brandon felt a flutter in his chest as he read the next text from his mother. "Make sure you have a firm grip and stroke both the knob and the shaft. Full-length thrusts are the absolute best!" it read, followed by a devilish smiley face emoji.

Brandon's heart raced as he read the message. He could hardly believe what was being said, and his fingers trembled with anticipation as he typed back a response. "Well, you've definitely given me some good material to fantasize about, mom," he wrote, his words dripping with desire. "Can you send another picture?"

A minute later, she replied with another sultry message. "How's this one?" she asked coyly. The image showed Leslie's waist, her torso rising up in a seductive curve towards the camera. She playfully peeked over her giant, stiff-nippled breasts, their size almost comically exaggerated in the photo. They jutted from her frame like two ripe watermelons, their creamy flesh spilling out of her tiny bikini top.

"Damn, mom…that's an incredible shot," Brandon responded, his excitement growing with each passing moment.

"Us double-G cup moms know just how to flaunt it, honey," Leslie teased back, her heart racing with each word she typed, knowing the effect it was having on her son.

"Why don't you tell him to send a picture back to us?" Riley suggested with a mischievous glint in her eye. "I know you wanna see his body as bad as I do."

Leslie's fingers hovered over her phone as she considered the idea.

She typed out a quick message to her son. "How about you send something for me to look at?" it read.

A minute later, Brandon's response appeared on the screen. It was a picture of him lying on his bed, shirtless and from the waist up. The muscles in his arms and chest were defined and his skin seemed to glow in the soft lighting. But what caught Leslie's attention most was that his arm was positioned in a way that could only mean he was touching his cock.

Riley let out a low whistle as they both stared at the photo, their eyes filled with lustful thoughts. "Look at how lean and fit he is," she pointed out, tracing the outline of his abs with her finger.

Leslie couldn't help but agree, her tongue licking her lips. "Brandon has always taken really good care of himself," she stated, her gaze drifting up his chiseled torso to his face.

"A guy who looks like him should have no problem getting fucked while at college," Riley remarked, her tone filled with envy.

"Well, from what he's told me, it seems like pussy is definitely available to him," said Leslie, a small smile playing on her lips. "He just can't seem to get mom off his brain long enough to give those other girls a chance apparently."

Brandon's phone chimed with a reply, causing a rush of excitement to course through him. It was from his mom and he couldn't help but feel a little naughty as he opened the voice message. Her voice was sultry and playful as she spoke.

"Nice picture, sweetheart. You think your dad would mind if I blew up that picture poster-size and put it on my bedroom wall?" she said with a giggle, her words tinged with flirtation.

Brandon couldn't help but chuckle, picturing his dad's reaction to such a bold move. He quickly recorded a response. "I don't think dad would be too happy about that."

As Leslie listened to her son's reply, her heart raced at the thought of her husband's possible reaction to their playful exchange. But the thrill of it all was too exciting for her to resist. She glanced over at Riley, who was sitting next to her with an equally wicked grin on her face. "God, he's so adorable," she cooed.

"Ask him if he likes to soar on the wings of a bald eagle," Riley giggled mischievously.

Leslie's amusement grew as she caught onto Riley's innuendo. "Does that mean what I think it means?" she asked with a sly smile.

Riley nodded eagerly. "Oh yeah, ask him!"

With a smirk, Leslie posed the question to her son verbally while running her fingers over the puffy shaved flanges of her labia through her bikini bottoms - her 'bald eagle.'

Brandon's confusion was evident in his response, having never heard that phrase before. "What does that mean?" he typed back.

His mom's voice came through again, this time with even more playfulness evident in her tone. "Do you want me to ask the question again without using the cryptic metaphor? Is that what you're saying?" she teased.

"Yes please," Brandon replied eagerly.

"Fine, then let me put it this way," Leslie's sexy voice purred through the phone. "Do you like to eat a shaved pussy, honey?"

Brandon's shock was palpable as he struggled to come up with a response. He had never eaten pussy before, but he certainly didn't

want his mom knowing that.

"Sure, what guy doesn't?" he finally replied, trying to play it cool despite the flutter of nerves in his stomach.

His mother's voice was filled with a teasing tone. "I bet you just love the ones that produce a lot of delicious honey, don't you?"

Brandon couldn't help but smile, knowing exactly what she meant by "honey" - girls who could squirt during oral sex. "Oh yeah, those are definitely the best," he replied with a mischievous grin.

His mother's voice dripped with seduction. "And which do you like better...the smell or the taste?"

Brandon's heart was racing in his chest at the taboo nature of their conversation. He couldn't believe his own mother was asking him such naughty, personal questions, but he couldn't deny how much he loved it. His erect cock leaked pre-cum as he stroked himself steadily.

"They're both amazing," he replied boldly. Then, unable to resist, he added, "I bet you smell and taste incredible."

As Riley and Leslie listened to his reply, they were both taken aback by the intensity of his answer. "Wow, this is getting heavy," Riley exclaimed. "And I fucking love it."

Leslie couldn't help but smirk at her friend's enthusiasm. "I'll admit, it is quite fun," she responded coyly. "But perhaps we should stop here before things get carried away."

Riley immediately protested, exclaiming that stopping here would be a huge mistake. "In fact," she said with a sly grin, "I have an amazing idea that would absolutely rock your son's world."

Leslie raised an eyebrow in interest. "Alright, let's hear it," she said with a playful smirk.

Over the next ten minutes, Brandon was bombarded with a series of candid pictures taken by his beautiful mother as she roamed through the house in her revealing bikini. In one photo, she playfully stuck out her long, pink tongue at him while passing through the dining room, her mile-long cleavage spilling from her bikini top just beneath her gorgeous face.

Another snapshot captured her taking a sip of water, her oversized breasts thrust forward, nipples visibly erect beneath the thin fabric, commanding Brandon's undivided attention. The flimsy material of her bikini seemed as though it could snap off her heavy tits any moment.

Brandon was enraptured by each picture he received, eagerly awaiting the next as he lay there beating his sinewy boner. When Leslie started snapping photos inside his parent's bedroom, his excitement reached new heights. The first shot displayed her reflection in the full-length mirror, offering Brandon a full view of her curvaceous body as she posed seductively.

A minute later, he received a picture of her sitting on his parent's bed, looking directly at the camera with a mischievous grin while her vibrator sat on the mattress next to her, hinting at what was coming next.

His phone rang, and with his heart racing, Brandon eagerly answered Leslie's call. "Hey, mom," he said.

"Hey sweetheart," her sweet voice replied, "Are you having fun?"

"Yeah, a lot of fun," he confessed, struggling to catch his breath.

"Brandon, you can't tell anyone what we're doing, alright? Let's just keep it our secret," she said in a serious tone, but Brandon could

hear the hint of excitement in her voice.

"I won't tell anyone," he reassured her. "I promise."

"Good. I'm lying on my bed right now, making you something special," she whispered.

"Making me something? What is it?" Brandon asked, curious and intrigued.

"You'll find out soon enough," she replied coyly. "Some moms send their sons cookies or brownies when they're at college, but I have something else in mind. Something I just know you'll love more than any of those things."

As they spoke, Brandon could hear the faint buzzing sound of Leslie's vibrator. Paired with her heavy breathing, he put two and two together and realized that she was masturbating - just like he was.

"Are you, um...?" he trailed off awkwardly.

"Yes, I am. That doesn't repulse you, does it, sweetie?" Leslie panted.

"Are you kidding? No way. It's just never something I imagined doing with you before," he confessed. "Well, I take that back. I did imagine it plenty of times, but I never thought it would actually happen."

"Are you still stroking your cock?" Leslie whispered seductively.

"Yes," Brandon admitted, his arousal growing.

"Good. Keep stroking and let's share an orgasm together, would you like that, sweetheart?" Leslie suggested.

"An orgasm? Yes, more than anything," Brandon replied eagerly.

Over the next minute, Leslie and Brandon pleasured themselves, fueled by the sounds of their moans and gasps, and the vivid images of one another sprawled out on their beds, nearly naked. The thought of experiencing pleasure together, even from a distance, was almost too much for them to handle. They both stroked faster and harder, desperately chasing the ultimate release.

"Brandon, I'm getting close," Leslie whispered, her voice strained with pleasure. "My pussy is tingling."

He panted in reply, his heart racing with both fear and excitement.

"Me too, Mom...I'm so close."

Just as the tension between them reached its peak, Leslie let out a guttural moan as her orgasm washed over her. In that moment, she could feel the waves of pleasure radiating from her clit, coursing through her entire body. Her knees buckled, her toes clenched and she let out another loud cry as her climax peaked, echoing throughout the silent master bedroom.

Unable to hold back any longer, Brandon threw his head back, arching his spine as his own orgasm hit him. The sensation of his release was overwhelming, and he could feel his cock throbbing in his hand, spurting ropes of sticky cum onto his stomach.

As he caught his breath, Brandon couldn't help but think about the implications of what had just happened. He'd just shared an orgasm with his own mother, and it was one of the most intense experiences of his life. As he lay there, covered in his own cum and still panting, he couldn't help but smile to himself. He wondered if this was the start of something new, something exciting, between him and his mom.

"You'll get the package with what I made for you tomorrow, sweetheart," Leslie breathed. "Call me as soon as you receive it…and make sure you're alone."

Brandon could hardly focus in his class the next day. He was so anxious to receive the package that his mother had mentioned. As soon as he entered his dorm building at the end of the day, he checked the mailbox and to his delight, found a small package from his mom. He hurried it back to his room, while dialing Leslie in the process. His insides tingled as he heard her sweet voice answer.

"Hey, mom, it's me. I got the package," Brandon said.

"Did you open it yet?" she asked.

"No, you said I should call you before opening it."

Leslie went in a plopped down on the sofa, anxious to share this special moment with her son. "Are you alone in your room now?" she asked.

"Yeah, my roommate has a job after school so he won't be home until later."

"Good," said his mother. "Alright, I want you to set the package down for a minute. There are some other preparations I need you to make before opening it."

"Preparations?" Brandon asked with growing curiosity.

"Yes. Think of it like a new comic book that you can't wait to read after you tear it out of the packaging. You'd make sure that you were comfortable and prepared for some intense reading, right? Well, this is much the same."

"So, what should I do to prepare for what you sent me?" he asked.

"First, I want you to take off all your clothes," Leslie instructed softly.

"Close the curtains, and make sure you have a towel with you on your bed."

As Brandon listened to his mother, he couldn't believe what he was hearing. But there was something in her voice that made him trust her completely. He took a deep breath and followed her instructions, fetching a towel and quickly undressing, his cock already at full mast.

"Do you want me to lay down on my bed now?" Brandon asked, his voice trembling with anticipation.

"Yes, take a moment to really get comfortable and relax," Leslie coaxed, her soothing tone like a gentle wave lapping against the shore. "Imagine you're at your favorite spot on the beach, feeling the warmth of the sun on your skin and the cool breeze rustling through your hair. Let all your tension melt away."

Brandon closed his eyes and took deep breaths, picturing himself on a sandy beach with crystal clear water stretching out before him. He could feel the imagined sun kissing his skin and the soft wind playing with his hair. The sound of his mom's voice was like a distant melody, guiding him deeper into relaxation.

"Now, open the package," Leslie instructed, her voice low and enticing.

With trembling hands, Brandon carefully pulled out the contents of the small package. His eyes widened in surprise as he saw what was inside - a clear zip lock bag containing a pair of bikini bottoms. But not just any bikini bottoms - these were the same ones his mom had worn yesterday.

"Are these…the ones you wore yesterday?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

"They are. I wore them by the pool and I also wore them while I was masturbating," Leslie replied matter-of-factly.

"Wow," Brandon gulped, his gaze fixed on the tiny G-string in front of him.

But then Leslie said something that made his heart race and his cock stir with desire. "I soaked them during that orgasm we shared together, honey, and they should still be plenty damp."

"They should?" Brandon asked, his voice shaky with arousal.

"Yes," she whispered seductively. "I wanted to share my scent and taste with you, sweetheart. I wanted to give you something special, something unique. Something that only you would know was mine."

"Should I, um…take them out now?" Brandon awkwardly asked.

"Yes, take them out and place them against your nose."

Brandon carefully took the zip lock bag and opened it, inhaling deeply as the smell of his mother's arousal hit him. He felt a warmth spread through his body, as if her orgasmic scent was tying them closer together. He pulled the damp bikini bottoms from the bag and let them hover between his nose and mouth, savoring the connection.

"Now, sweetheart, close your eyes and think about me," Leslie instructed, her voice a soft whisper. "Imagine me standing right in front of you, naked, my skin glistening with sweat and desire. Feel my big breasts, so soft and tender, against your chest as I kiss you, our tongues tangling together. Can you picture it, sweetheart?"

As Brandon envisioned his mother's body against his, he felt a surge of desire coursing through him. He could feel his cock throbbing in his hand and he began to stroke its length. "Yes, I can picture it," he sighed.

"Good boy," Leslie purred. "Taste me now, honey. Taste the juices that squirted from my pussy just for you."

With his mother's words echoing in his mind, Brandon brought the damp bikini bottoms to his mouth and took a deep, long lick. The taste exploded on his tongue, sending shivers down his spine and causing his cock to twitch with excitement.

He could taste the salty sweetness of his mother's cum-juices, the intensity of her orgasm still lingering on the fabric. It was a taste that he would never forget, one that he would crave for days to come.

As Brandon continued to savor the flavor, he stroked his cock faster, imagining her mouth on his, their tongues dancing together like two wild serpents. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the fantasy, feeling the pleasure building within him like a raging fire.

"Now, imagine my hand reaching down, grabbing your hard, throbbing cock," his mother's voice whispered. "I'm stroking you, my hand warm and wet from my own cum. Can you feel it, baby?"

Brandon moaned in response, his hand tightening around his erection. "Yes, mom. I can feel it."

"That's right. Now, imagine my lips wrapped around the head of your cock, sucking and swirling my tongue around it. I'm tasting you, savoring the flavor of your semen, just like you're tasting me with the bikini bottoms."

Brandon's breath hitched as he imagined his mother's mouth on his cock, his hand moving faster as he stroked himself. "Oh, mom. I can see it. I can feel it."

"Good," Leslie murmured. "Now imagine that you're ‘soaring on the wings of my bald eagle.’ Imagine that you're eating my shaved pussy, sweetheart."

Brandon's eyes widened at the thought. "Shaved pussy?" he stammered.

"Yes, sweetie," Leslie cooed. "Imagine yourself on your knees, my legs spread wide open, your face nestled between my thighs.

Imagine the taste of my nectar, the intoxicating aroma of my pussy-juice, and the way it makes you burn with desire."

As Brandon imagined the scene described by his mother, his hand moved in tandem with the words, furiously stroking his erect cock.

The images of his mother's body, spread before him, filled him with an intense arousal that threatened to overwhelm him.

"I'm tasting your pussy, mom," he croaked, his voice thick with lust as he sucked in the moisture that was still there from the day before.

"It's... it's unbelievable, mom. I never..."

"Shhh, sweetie," Leslie interjected softly. "Just enjoy the sensation for now. There's no need to think about the past or future. Just focus on the present - feel your cock, hard and throbbing, as you imagine yourself eating my hot, dripping cunt."

Brandon moaned, lost in the pleasure of the moment. He could feel every nerve ending in his cock, each one pulsating with the want for more. His hand moved faster, frantically, as if trying to catch up with his mind's newfound hunger.

"Now," Leslie continued, her voice a seductive purr, "imagine that I'm riding your cock. Feel how it fills me up, how the warmth of my pussy envelops you, how the soft skin of my inner thighs presses against your hips. Can you feel it, sweetheart?"

Brandon's eyes rolled back in his head as he pictured the scene. His breath hitched and his hand sped up even more, his cock throbbing with the need to be inside his mother. The thought of her body

writhing above him, her gigantic tits bouncing and rippling was too much to bear.

"Yes, mom," he gasped, his voice hoarse with passion. "I can feel it.

I... I need... it."

"Then go ahead, Brandon," Leslie whispered, her voice growing more sultry by the second. "Stroke yourself. Imagine that you're thrusting into my pussy, feeling me tighten around you, wanting your big cock more than anything."

Brandon's hand moved in a furious motion, his boner pulsating with the need for release.

He imagined himself thrusting into his mother's warm, wet pussy, feeling the walls of her sex clench around his erection. His breath quickened and his heart raced as the fantasy consumed him.

"Sweetheart, can you feel the orgasm building?" Leslie asked in a low, seductive tone. "Can you feel the pleasure coursing through your body?"

"Yes," Brandon gasped, his voice rough with desire. "I can feel it. It's like an explosion in my cock, mom. I wanna cum, I need to cum."

"Then go ahead, my love," Leslie cooed. "Picture your mouth on my pussy, your tongue lapping away at my clit. Imagine the taste of my nectar on your lips."

"Mmmmm," Brandon groaned, sucking on the crotch of her delicious bikini crotch, the intensity of the fantasy sending him over the edge.

"I'm gonna cum, mom!"

"Only if you cum into my bikini bottoms, Brandon. That's the only way I'll let you cum," she exclaimed with excitement in her voice.

Brandon quickly lowered the flimsy bottoms to his cock, holding them against his spongy, quivering knob as he furiously stroked.

"I'm cumming!" he roared, panting heavily as he let out a guttural groan. The pleasure was so intense that it felt like a bolt of lightning coursing through his veins, and it left him breathless and weak in the knees.

Leslie cheered him on, her voice ringing in his ear. "Yes, baby! Oh, that's so good! Make sure you capture every drop of jizz for me."

Brandon's cock twitched and jerked, spurting hot, sticky ropes of cum into the moist crotch of the bikini bottoms. The sensation was incredible, almost otherworldly, and it made his whole body shake and tremble.

As the last of his orgasm subsided, he collapsed back onto the bed , panting heavily and feeling a sense of ecstasy that he had never experienced before. His mind was reeling, his heart pounding with excitement.

"Did you enjoy that, baby?" Leslie asked. Brandon had never heard her call him ‘baby’ before and it sent a shudder through his body.

"Yes, so much," he sighed.

"Did you capture every drop inside the bikini bottoms like I asked you to?"

"Yes," he answered, looking down at the drenched fabric.

"Good boy," Leslie purred. "Now here's what I want you to do next. I sent a next day return label that's already been paid for with the box.

Do you see it?"

"Yes, mom," Brandon replied, still catching his breath. He reached over to retrieve the box and the return label from the nightstand.

"What do I do with this?"

"Once you've placed the bikini bottoms in the zip lock baggy, put them in the box, tape it back up, along with the return label. Then, drop it off at the nearest post office as soon as possible."

"I'm sending the bikini back to you this way?" Brandon asked in disbelief.

"Yes you are, and I'm hoping that they will still be damp with your cum when they arrive. That would make me very, very happy," Leslie said, her voice full of desire.

Brandon nodded, feeling a mix of excitement and apprehension. He knew he was doing something taboo, but the thought of his mother receiving the bikini bottoms with his cum in them was almost too much to comprehend.

He quickly bagged the bikini bottoms, making sure to seal it tightly so as to not let any of the cum escape. He then placed it in the box and attached the return label.

"Ready to go, mom," he stated. "I'll get it over to the post office right now."

"I'll call you as soon as they arrive tomorrow," Leslie stated with excitement in her voice.

As soon as she hung up, there was a knock at Brandon's dorm room door. He answered and saw Adriana standing there in a sexy pose.

"Hi Brandon, can I come in?" she asked with a sly grin.

As Brandon opened the door wider to let Adriana in, his heart skipped a beat. She was wearing a snug tank top that hugged her curves and tight Daisy Duke shorts that left little to the imagination.

Her luscious ass cheeks were hanging halfway out of the shorts, and he could feel his erection starting to return.

"I haven't spoken to you in a couple of days," she stated, snooping around his tiny dorm room. "Have you forgotten about me already?"

Brandon shook his head, trying to focus on her words instead of her enticing appearance. "Not at all, I've just been... busy." He trailed off, not wanting to mention his phone call with his mother.

"Busy with who?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "And don't say no one, Brandon, because your dorm room wreaks of pussy."

"My roommate must have had someone in here then, because it certainly wasn't me," he replied defensively.

"What's that you have there?" she asked, noticing the small box in his hand.

"Oh this, um…just something I have to drop off at the post office. It's, uh…" Brandon stumbled over his words as Adriana snatched the box from his hand and began reading the label.

"For your girlfriend back home?" she asked slyly.

"No, just…something for my mom," he clarified, feeling a flush creeping up his neck.

"Aww, that's so cute," she beamed. "Are you a momma's boy, Brandon?"

"Well, kind of I guess," he blushed, feeling slightly embarrassed by her teasing.

"There's nothing wrong with being close with your mom. I'm pretty sure my mom has been fucking my brother Alex for years now,"

Adriana revealed nonchalantly.

"You think so?" Brandon asked, surprised by her revelation.

"Yeah, I think it started during Covid. The two of them quarantined in our mountain cottage and I'm pretty sure that's where they started doing the nasty. I caught them a few times after they got back home, but promised I wouldn't tell my dad."

"Well, my mom and I are close, but not like that," Brandon said, stopping himself before adding the word 'yet' to the sentence. He couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he and his mother were ever alone for an extended period like Adriana's mother and brother had been.

Adriana gracefully sank onto his bed, leaning back against the pillows. With a sly smirk, she slowly spread her thighs open, inviting him in. "So, are we ever gonna fuck or is your head still 'all over the place,' like you told me last time?"

Brandon shifted uncomfortably, torn between his desire for her and his pressing need to send an important package to his mother. "I'd love to, but I really need to get this package off first. It's got some...time-sensitive material inside."

Adrian stood up, rolling her eyes in frustration. "I really like you, Brandon. But if you keep making excuses like this, I'll eventually get tired of waiting and move on."

He nodded understandingly as she spoke, fully aware of the consequences of his indecision. "I know," he replied.

"Most young adults don't come to college just for the education," she stated bluntly. "We come here to fuck too, and maybe that's just

not as important to you as it is to me."

"It is," Brandon added.

"We'll see. The ball’s in your court now, Brandon."

As he watched her depart from his dorm room with a confident sway of her half-exposed ass and toned legs, Brandon couldn't help but wonder if he was making the right choice by prioritizing his mom over a potential relationship with Adriana or at least a chance a losing his virginity.

Leslie's husband Luo found her in her large walk-in closet, surrounded by racks of clothes and drawers filled with lingerie. She was standing in front of a full-length mirror, admiring herself in a lacy bra and matching panties that left little to the imagination.

"Have you heard from Brandon?" Luo asked, eyeing his wife appreciatively.

Leslie turned to face him, running a hand through her tousled hair.

"Yeah, I called him yesterday to make sure he got a package I sent."

Luo raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued. "Oh, nice...what did you send him?"

A mischievous grin spread across Leslie's face, recalling the sound of Brandon's pleasure-filled grunts as he released his pent-up cum-load inside the package she had sent. "Just some yummy goodies from home for him to enjoy," she replied with a smirk.

"In fact, he's sending me something that should arrive by mail today too," she added with excitement. "I can't wait to receive it."

Luo chuckled, wrapping his arms around his wife's waist. "Something for all of us?"

Leslie snickered and leaned into her husband's embrace. "Oh no, just for me, honey. I'm sure it will be long consumed by the time you get home."

"It's something edible?"

"Mm-hm. It's just a little something Brandon made yesterday that he wants me to try. I'm sure it'll be delicious," she said, licking her lips in anticipation. She didn't dare tell her husband that it was their son's cum-slime.

"Well, I hope you enjoy it," Luo said, giving her a quick kiss goodbye before heading off to work. "Be sure to tell Brandon hello for me and to keep studying hard if you talk to him again today."

"I will. Have a good day at work, honey," Leslie said with a hint of guilt creeping into her voice as she thought about how naughty she had been with Brandon over the past couple of days.

Her husband had barely pulled out of the driveway when she clicked a picture of herself in the mirror to send her son.

Brandon's heart raced with excitement as his mom sent him a provocative selfie, her busty body clad only in a lacy bra and panties.

His fingers trembled as he typed back a text, his desire evident in the words. "Damn...I love those," he wrote.

With a quick response, Leslie's message popped up on his screen.

"My bra and panties or my tits?"

"Both, but since your bra and panties are covering your tits, I can only fully admire those right now," Brandon answered.

"I found this bra and panty set in your room more than once, usually caked with your semen," she teased with a winking emoji.

Brandon's cheeks flushed with embarrassment at being caught. "Oh shit, you knew about that?" he replied sheepishly.

"You better believe it," she responded. "I've always known how addicted you were to the scent and taste of my panties, young man. Your mom's no dummy," she added, ending with a kiss emoji that made Brandon's heart skip another beat.

"Did you ever taste it?" Brandon boldly asked.

"I did taste it out of curiosity once, I'll admit, but never ate your cum out of my panties though," she texted. "Today will be the first time for that. Damn, I wish the mail would hurry up and get here, ha-ha."

"I'll drop whatever I'm doing when you let me know it arrives,"

Brandon stated.

"One more picture, sweet boy, and then I'll let you focus on your studies. Or try to, lmao," Leslie messaged.

This time the picture she sent was of her sitting on the edge of her bed, her fingers tracing the line between her panties and her freshly shaved pussy. The camera captured her eyes glinting with excitement.

Brandon's breath hitched at the sight. He could see her juices on the tip of her finger, glistening in the light. His erection, already straining against his trousers, surged even harder, his knob pushing up against the fabric. He swallowed hard, trying to steady his nerves.

"Damn, mom. You're killing me here," he whispered under his breath, his eyes still locked on the screen. He couldn't help but imagine how good she tasted, how her cunt would feel sheathed around his virgin cock.

Later, Leslie's text came through at exactly noon, full of excitement and anticipation. "It's here, baby! The package we've been waiting for! Video call me as soon as you can," she wrote, unable to contain her enthusiasm.

Brandon rushed back to his dorm room, practically sprinting down the hall. He quickly set up his laptop and hit the call button. His mom answered, lounging on his bed back home with her phone held above her head. Her smile lit up the screen, showing off her perfect white teeth.

"Hi, sweetheart," she greeted him warmly.

"Hi, mom," Brandon replied, his eyes widening when he took in her outfit. "What are you wearing?"

"Just a little something I thought you might enjoy," she teased, slowly panning the camera down her voluptuous body. She was wearing a white, sheer bodysuit that was the sexiest piece of lingerie her son had ever seen. He could faintly see the dusky pink rings of her areola through the intricate embroidered design as well as a hint of her cuntal cleft.

"Damn, you were right. That's definitely the sexiest 'little something' I've ever seen," the teen expressed.

"Mmm, in that case, you must be feeling quite aroused and erect by now," she said with a mischievous grin.

"How did you know?" Brandon asked incredulously.

"Mother's intuition," she giggled playfully. "Why don't you make yourself comfortable and take out your penis, sweetheart."

Brandon obeyed, pulling his dick out from his pants and stroking it slowly as he took in the sight of his mother, basking in her sultry, lingerie-clad glory.

Leslie's grin broadened as she watched her son's face contort with desire, his breaths shallow and quick.

"Look what I got," said Leslie, holding up the baggy with the cum-filled bikini bottoms that he mailed back to her. "You got to enjoy my love-juices, now I get to enjoy yours."

She opened the baggy and removed the bottoms, which she was delighted to see were still damp with his sticky load of semen.

Leslie held them to her nose, inhaling deeply, savoring the scent of her young son’s potent love juice.

Brandon watched with a mix of fascination and arousal as his mom sniffed the panties, her eyes rolling back in delight by the smell of his teenage ball-slime. His own cock throbbed in his hand, aching for release.

"Oh my God, I'm gonna love this," Leslie confessed, and then she licked the crotch of the bikini bottoms, her eyes locking onto Brandon’s as she tasted her own fuck-juices mixed with his.

Brandon groaned, his fingers tightening on his cock as he watched her mouth glide over the fabric, tonguing the gooey residue with her long licker, savoring the complex flavors of her own juices mixed with the heady taste of Brandon's seed.

"Wow, that's so hot," Brandon exclaimed in a low, husky voice. His eyes were glued to the sight in front of him, unable to look away from his mom's half-naked body.

"I'd love to eat it all, but I have another place in mind for the rest of it," Leslie said with a devilish grin, her voice dripping with seduction.

Brandon watched in fascinated disbelief as Leslie slowly peeled the tight body suit down over her enormous breasts. They spilled out onto her chest, their size and weight causing them to bounce and

sway enticingly. Her nipples were erect at the centers of her wide areolas, begging to be sucked.

Without hesitation, Leslie dipped her fingers into the remaining cum on the panties and began smearing it all over her mammoth boobs.

They wobbled and jiggled with every movement she made, the slick semen making them shimmer with wetness.

"Mm, they're so slippery with your cum, baby," she cooed, her voice thick with desire. The glossy sheen of semen covering her thick, rubbery nipples only added to the erotic display. Brandon couldn't tear his gaze away from her as he felt his own desire building inside him.

"You have the biggest, softest-looking boobs I've ever seen, mom," he admitted, his breaths coming faster as he watched her slide her fingers over her nipples, leaving a trail of his cum behind.

"I do, huh? Would you enjoy being smothered under them, baby boy?" she teased. "Licking and pulling at mommy's nipples, just like you did when you were a baby?"

"God, yes!"

With a mischievous grin, Leslie reached down and lifted her meaty breast to her face. With practiced ease, she latched onto her own nipple, causing it to stretch from her areola as she created a tight seal with her lips. Through the camera lens, she kept her gaze fixed on her son, daring him to look away.

Brandon could barely comprehend what he was seeing. His heart was racing, and his cock was throbbing, almost painfully hard. "Damn," he managed to whisper, his eyes never leaving her ginormous boobs.

As she continued to suck on her own tit-melon, Leslie tilted the camera down so Brandon could see every detail of her aroused body.

Her hand was inside her body suit, frantically rubbing her clit in a desperate attempt to pleasure herself. The camera captured every movement, every moan that escaped from her lips.

Brandon's camera followed suit, scanning down his toned torso to the hand flying up and down his rigid cock. It was a sight to behold - thick, pulsating veins protruding from beneath the pink, glistening skin of his prick. His knob stood out like a crimson beacon, like the deadly poisoned tip of a long, fierce spear.

Leslie's heart skipped a beat as she watched Brandon on screen. The size and power of his boner left her feeling weak in the knees. She couldn't resist the urge to touch herself more intensely as she watched him pleasure himself with abandon. And then, with a gasp, she pulled her nipple from her mouth to coo in admiration at his impressive display. "Oh sweetheart," she breathed, "it's so beautiful."

"So are you," he added.

"Yeah, do you think I'm a MILF, Brandon?" she breathlessly asked.

"Am I a mom you'd like to fuck?"

Brandon was shocked by her question, but also caught up in the passion of the moment and wanted to give an honest answer.

"Oh, absolutely, mom," he replied, his voice hoarse from arousal.

"You're hotter than any 20-something could ever be. I'd fuck you in a heartbeat."

Leslie's body shuddered at his confession, a surge of arousal rushing through her big-titted body, her eyes fixated on Brandon's cock-stroking.

"Oh baby, I'm close! Cum with me!" she whimpered.

Brandon's hand picked up the pace, stroking himself harder and faster, showing his mom just have fast his prick could pummel through a tight pussy-tunnel.

His hips bucked against his dorm room bed. "I wanna cum inside you, mom," he groaned, his voice strained from the release that was imminent.

Leslie's orgasm was already cresting, her body arched and her big ballooning titties trembled with pleasure. Her fingers moved in a frenzied dance over her swollen clit, the pleasure building in her loins.

Brandon's eyes were locked on her, the sight of his mother in the throes of passion was intoxicating. The thought of having her tight pussy wrapped around his cock and her boobs bouncing around his face sent shivers down his spine.

"I'm cumming, mom!" he cried out, his seed shooting up into the air in thick, sticky ropes as his fist pumped furiously at his erection.

Leslie watched him through the camera, her eyes glazing over as she too reached the peak of her orgasm. She tossed her head back, her big tits bouncing like water balloons as waves of bliss washed over her.

As the last drops of Blandon's cum splattered onto his chest, he took a deep breath, trying to regain his composure. He could hardly believe what had just happened, but at the same time, he felt a strange sense of satisfaction and contentment. He couldn't help but feel grateful for his mother, for her willingness to explore their newfound desires together.

Leslie stared at her son through the screen, her heart pounding with excitement and arousal. She couldn't help but feel a little guilty for

what they had just done. She was married after all, and Brandon was her boy, but at the same time, she knew that the pleasure they had shared was unlike anything she had ever experienced before.

"Wow, sweetheart, that was beautiful," she sighed, trying to regain her breath.

"It sure was," Brandon agreed. "Can we do that again tomorrow?"

Leslie burst out laughing.

"You are such a dirty boy," she playfully chided him. "But yes, we can definitely do that again tomorrow, and the next day and the next day."

As the days passed, Leslie and Brandon's virtual sexual encounters became a daily ritual. Each afternoon, they would connect over a video call and indulge in mutual masturbation, their bodies moving in sync despite being miles apart.

To add to the excitement, Leslie would send him teasing photos throughout the day - snapshots of her naked body or clad in revealing lingerie. But it didn't stop there. They also engaged in dirty texting and voice messages, each one more explicit than the last.

Brandon would often find himself lying on his bed, consumed by desire as he listened to his mom's sultry voice on his phone. Her words drove him wild as he stroked himself furiously, imagining her warm touch and inviting curves.

"Stroke that cock for me, my sweetheart," she would whisper.

"Imagine plunging into my hot, dripping pussy and showing me just how much you love me with every savage thrust."

The sound of her voice was enough to make Brandon's cock throb in his hand. He envisioned her strong, smooth mommy-legs wrapped

around him as he buried his boner inside her, their bodies entwined in a passionate embrace. His mind was filled with images of her smothering him with love, her giant titties pressed against his face, her rigid teats latched between his lips while he pounded her with all his might.

"Oh God, yes!" Brandon grunted, releasing his desire in powerful bursts of boy-semen as he imagined painting the depths of his mom's unprotected pussy.

The hot sun beat down on Leslie and Riley as they lounged by the pool, enjoying a lazy afternoon. Giggles escaped their lips as they chatted and relaxed in the warm breeze.

"Fuck, Leslie," Riley exclaimed, her laughter bubbling over. "Brandon must be head over heels for you with all those saucy pictures you've been sending him."

Leslie was in the midst of taking a sultry photo of herself, making sure to show off plenty of tit-cleavage to send to Brandon. "Well, some moms mail brownies. I prefer to send naughty pictures, which I'm sure he enjoys a whole lot more than sweets."

"I can't believe the two of you have been having mutual masturbation sessions over video chat every day," Riley giggled, her cheeks flushing at the thought. "It gives a whole new meaning to mother-son bonding."

"Yeah, well, as much as I enjoy it, I know I have to break the news to Brandon that he's gonna have to start earning it," Leslie said with a tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"Uh-oh, have his grades taken a hit?"

"They're really bad," Leslie admitted with a sigh. "And I'm sure a lot of it's my fault for providing all this…stimulation. But ultimately it's on Brandon to pass his classes. I can't do it for him."

"True, but sometimes sexual motivation can work wonders," Riley chimed in mischievously.

"Exactly," Leslie agreed with a knowing smile. "It's a conversation I have to have with him this afternoon and I'm not looking forward to it."

Brandon was disappointed to hear the news, but he also knew that his mother was right. He had been neglecting his studies, caught up in the excitement of their virtual encounters. It was time to buckle down and get serious about his academics.

"Masturbation is important," Leslie began, "and I want us to continue our daily pleasure-sessions, no matter what. But from now on, dirty phone messages and pictures will have to be earned."

Her son's eyebrows raised in surprise. "How do I go about doing that? By proving that I'm spending more time studying?"

"That's part of it," Leslie replied, her voice softening. "But you also need to show me that your grades are improving. I wanna see the scores on your assignments and tests, not just the good ones but every single one of them."

Brandon knew he needed to step up his game. He didn't want to disappoint his mother, and he wanted to show her that he could be horny and responsible at the same time. He also wanted to continue their intimate connection, and so he agreed to the new terms.

As the week went on, Brandon's focus shifted from obsessing over his sexy mother to studying. His dedication paid off as he proudly sent his mother pictures of his high scores on assignments and tests.

"Brandon, I'm so proud of you. Look at what you can accomplish when you put in the effort," Leslie said as they spoke by video link.

Taking a moment to bask in her praise, Brandon couldn't help but make a confession. "I have to admit, I've missed your naughty pictures and voice messages."

"Well, you deserve more than that for all the hard work you've been putting in. Are you alone in your dorm room, honey?" Leslie asked suggestively.

"Yeah, my roommate’s at work," Brandon replied.

"Good. I'm home alone too," Leslie purred into the camera lens, biting her bottom lip seductively. "Would you like to join me in a steamy, sweaty fuck on your bed?"

Brandon let out an excited gasp, unsure if he heard her right. "Fuck?" he uttered.

Leslie giggled mischievously. "Not a real fuck, sweetheart. A virtual one. We've masturbated together before, but we've never truly fucked over the phone."

A surge of anticipation rushed through Brandon's body. "That would be a first for me."

"You've never had phone sex with any of your girlfriends?" Leslie asked in surprise.

"No, I haven't," Brandon confessed sheepishly.

Leslie couldn't help wondering if Brandon was possibly a complete virgin, but she pushed the thought aside for now. Closing the door to his bedroom behind her, she whispered huskily. "Just follow my lead and don't be shy. I'm sure you'll do just fine."

Leslie set her phone down and began stripping in front of it. She peeled off her shorts, then her blouse. When she reached back to unfasten her embroidered bra, Brandon's heart rate increased. Her

giant tits sprung from her bra cups and wobbled heavily onto her rib cage. She looked at Brandon with a smile, noticing that he was gawking and not stripping like she was.

"Are you gonna just stare, honey, or are you gonna fuck me?" she teasingly asked.

"Sorry," her son stated, snapped from his tittie-trance as he began throwing his clothes off.

Leslie giggled and peeled her dainty panties down her legs, her clean-shaven pussy drawing Brandon's eyes like magnets. She decided it was time to start their sexual role play.

"Come push your cock up into me, baby," she said, perching herself on the edge of his bed and spreading her legs wide.

"Oh yes, Brandon, that feels so good. Splay my pussy-lips open with your thick cock. Bury your long, tender meat up inside my vagina."

Leslie had the camera pointed at her spread pussy, the lens only inches away from it.

Brandon gasped, his hand immediately going to his throbbing erection. He watched as Leslie's sex-lips spread open, revealing her dripping-wet pussy-entrance. It was all he could do to keep from cumming right then and there.

"Pound me like you mean it, baby," Leslie instructed. "Show me how much you want to be in that wet, tight cunt of mine."

Brandon's breath hitched as he started stroking himself, imagining the sensation of his mother's tight birthing tube around his cock.

"That's it, fuck me…fuck me, baby," Leslie moaned, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy. "Oh yes, deeper…deeper, I need that throbbing cock

of yours so fucking deep inside me. Fuck me like I'm your dirty little slut."

"Oh god, I love this," Brandon expressed, pulling on his jutting pecker as hard as he could, while watching his mom stroke on her fat, juicy clit.

"Oh yes, fuck me harder, baby," his mother cried out. "I can feel that cock stretching me out, making me yours. Pound my fucking hole. Make me your bitch, honey, make me yours!" Leslie cried out, her voice hoarse with need.

Brandon's breath came in short, quick gasps. He thrust his hips forward as he continued to stroke himself, imagining that it was his mother's wet, tight pussy he was humping into, clenching around his cock. Sweat began to drip down his forehead as he frantically moved his hand up and down his muscled shaft, matching his mother's imagined movements. Leslie's moans and cries of ecstasy filled the room, driving him closer to the edge.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's it," she gasped, her own hand moving furiously between her legs. "I can feel you hitting my G-spot, Brandon. Oh shit, I'm gonna cum so fucking hard for you."

The sight of his mother's contorted face, the sound of her moans, and the feeling of his cock straining towards climax was becoming too much for Brandon to handle.

Leslie moved the camera to her tits so Brandon could watch then roll and ripple up and down her chest. "Suck my titties, Brandon," she whimpered.

"YES…just like that! Come on, let loose, baby. Give me that dirty talk I know you've been thinking about. Tell me how much you need me. How much you want to pound my juicy pussy and make me yours."

Brandon's breath hitched as he began to speak. "I wanna fuck you so bad, Mom. I want to feel my cock sliding in and out of your wet, tight pussy. I wawna hear you scream my name as I make you cum again and again."

Leslie let out a breathy moan, her hand moving faster between her legs. "Oh yes, baby, that's it. Tell me more. Tell me everything you wanna do to me."

"I wanna lick your pussy, Mom. I want to taste your sweet nectar and feel your creamy juices drenching my face. I wanna eat you out until you're dripping wet and begging me for more."

Leslie's breath hitched at Brandon's words, her hand flying down to her clit, rubbing furiously as she cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck me harder, Brandon!" she shrieked. "Make me soak your cock and balls with my cum-juices. I wanna feel you burst inside me, filling me with your hot seed. I wanna feel our bodies tremble and shake as we come together."

Brandon's heart was pounding as he heard his mother's gasps and moans. He knew he was close to climax and didn't want to ruin the moment. He slowed his strokes, savoring the sensation of his mother's voice guiding him.

"That's right, baby. Tease me with that big dick of yours. Make me beg for your cum," Leslie breathed. She brought her other hand to her jostling breast, tweaking her fat nipple as she watched her son's hand move up and down his strong, beautiful cock-shaft.

Brandon's breath hitched as he felt a surge of pleasure wash over him. He could feel his balls tightening, drawing up against his body and the pressure building inside him. "I'm gonna cum, Mom," he groaned, his voice shaking with need.

"Oh yes, baby, cum for me," Leslie moaned, her hips bucking as she rubbed her clit furiously. She could feel her own orgasm building, the pressure in her pussy rising like a tidal wave.

As Brandon's climax hit, he let out a primal grunt, his own mother's pleasure-twisted face the image that drove him over the edge. His cock twitched and throbbed in his hand as he ejaculated, spurting streams of hot, sticky cum onto his chest and stomach. Some even splattered across the camera lens for Leslie to see.

His big breasted mother was right there with him, her orgasm hitting her just as hard. She screamed out Brandon's name, her body arching, tits rippling violently as her own climax washed over her. It seemed to last forever, her body trembling and shaking with the force of it.

Finally, as their orgasms began to ebb, Brandon's breathing slowly returned to normal. He looked down towards his cum-splattered phone, at his mother, who was lying on his bed back home, her eyes closed and her face glistening with sweat.

Leslie took a deep breath, still coming down from their mind-blowing orgasm. She slowly opened her eyes, focusing on the camera that was capturing everything. Her son's face and body were a sight to behold – his youthful muscles glistening with sweat, a satisfied grin on his face, and his cock still half-hard from the intense release they had just shared.

Breathing heavily, Leslie propped herself up on her elbows, her big boobies drooping off the sides of her chest as she took a moment to appreciate her son's gorgeous body and the love they had just expressed. "Are you done with that thing yet?" she teased.

Brandon's eyes widened, suddenly realizing that he held his disproportionately sized cock in his hand, still semi-erect and covered in his own cum. He instinctively squeezed his cock a few

times, relishing the feel of it before finally letting go and dropping his hand to his side.

Leslie gave Brandon a sly smile, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"So, I've been meaning to ask you...whatever happened with that 'mystery girl' you were so wrapped up with? You know, the one you were texting with when you 'accidentally' told me I look good enough to eat."

Brandon's face flushed as he remembered his flirty texts with Adriana. "Oh, that girl? Well, I still see her every now and then. She's okay, but honestly...I would much rather spend my time thinking about you," he confessed shyly.

A warm smile spread across Leslie's face at his words. "That's so sweet of you, honey," she said. "So you're not gonna pursue things further with this other girl?"

Brandon hesitated for a moment before answering. "Well, she wants me to have sex with her, but...I just haven't quite decided if I want to or not."

Sensing there was more to the story than her son was letting on, Leslie couldn't resist prying further. There had been something bothering her for weeks and she needed answers. "Honey, if I ask you a question, will you be completely open and honest with me?"

"Of course, mom," Brandon replied without hesitation. "I would tell you anything."

Leslie took a deep breath before asking the question that had been weighing on her mind. "Are you still a virgin?"

Brandon's expression shifted from embarrassment to honesty as he looked into his mother's eyes. "Yeah, I am actually. Which is partly

why I've been so nervous about potentially having sex with this other girl."

"I can understand that," Leslie nodded sympathetically. "Your first time should be special. It should be with someone you truly care for and who cares for you just the same."

"I agree," Brandon said quietly. "I guess that's partly why I've been avoiding taking things further with her."

"Thank you for your honesty, honey," Leslie said gently. "You know, I want nothing more than for you to be happy, and I know that part of that happiness involves losing your virginity to someone you care about, and I fully support that decision."

After Leslie hung up, she laid there for a moment, contemplating the discussion she'd just had with her son. She knew the right thing to do, even though it could potentially wreck her marriage, and was determined to follow through with it.

The next day, Brandon could hardly wait to finish his final class and get back to his dorm room. His cock was raging hard and ready for another juicy phone-phone with his mom. It didn't help that she had been teasing him through text for the past hour.

"I need your big cock so bad, sweetheart," read one text. "I want to feel it pounding inside me, filling me up with your hot cum. I can't wait to have you again. I love you so much," Leslie texted with a kissing face emoji.

Brandon was already picturing his mother's naked body in his phone’s display screen, her breasts bouncing as they pretended he was thrusting into her, her eyes locked onto his as he brought her pleasure. He could see her splayed out on her bed, her fingers massage her plump, juicy clit, her luscious legs spread wide, inviting him in. The thought of burying his cock to its root inside of her and

feeling the warmth of her pussy envelop him was enough to send him over the edge.

As he made his way back to his dorm room, Brandon's heart raced with anticipation. Little did he know, he was about to encounter the shock of his life. As he pushed open the door and stepped inside, he froze at the sight before him.

Sprawled across his bed, completely naked, was none other than Leslie...his own mother. Her long hair spilled over the pillow and her curves were on full display as she looked up at him with a mischievous glint in her eyes. A vibrant blush painted her cheeks as she giggled with excitement. "Surprise!" his mother exclaimed, almost breathless with anticipation.

The room was filled with an electric tension as Brandon tried to process what was happening. Finally, he managed to speak. "What are you doing here, mom?"

"I couldn't stop thinking about our discussion yesterday; the advice I gave you," Leslie explained, her voice soft and sultry.

Brandon's mind raced as he tried to recall their conversation. "Which advice?" he asked, finding it difficult to tear his gaze away from his mother's exposed body, especially her huge, oversized tits.

"When I told you that your first time having sex should be with someone you care about and who also cares for you equally," Leslie answered. "I realized that there's only one person that fits that bill.

Me."

It all clicked into place for Brandon then. "You’re that other person," he agreed, feeling a mix of shock and desire wash over him.

"I am..." Leslie trailed off, her eyes full of determination. "So I figured I better get out here quick and claim something that's

rightfully mine...your virginity."

Brandon stood there, caught off guard as the reality of the situation hit him like a ton of bricks. He was about to fuck his mother. His heart raced and his palms became slick with sweat. "My roommate won't be back for a couple hours," he finally managed to say, his voice shaky.

"Actually, he won't be back until tomorrow," Leslie purred, her lips curling into a devious smile. "I met him earlier and gave him a couple hundred dollars to sleep somewhere else tonight."

A surge of excitement coursed through Brandon's body, causing him to grin uncontrollably. He couldn't believe his luck.

"We have all night to do nothing but fuck, sweetheart," Leslie declared confidently, her eyes glinting with desire. She then eagerly crawled from the bed towards him.

Brandon's eyes widened in amazement as her huge, heavy titties bounced with each movement she made towards him. He could feel his heart pounding in anticipation as she began stripping off his clothes with eager hands.

"Now, let's get you naked," she whispered.

Leslie quickly pulled off his briefs and let out an excited squeal as his huge, rock-hard dick sprang free, nearly slapping her in the face. Pre-cum oozed from the slit of his meatus in a long, gooey string.

She rose back up and latched onto him, slapping her spongy tits against him and kissing her boy passionately while her hand wrapped around his length, stroking him in time with the rhythm of their kiss.

Brandon could hardly believe it was his own mom's tongue dancing through his mouth. It moved with skill, showing years and years of

French kissing experience. The feel of her humongous breasts pressing against him was like a dream. He felt the pleasure of her hand wrapped around him, jacking him off in a way that no other woman besides a mother could.

Leslie kissed her way down his lean body, her focus shifting from his mouth to his chest, abdomen, and finally his dick. She licked and sucked his cockhead gently, teasing him as she flicked her tongue against the tip, stimulating his glans.

She took him deep into her mouth, sucking and swallowing him until he was fully sheathed in her snug throat.

Brandon moaned in pleasure as his mother took him into her mouth and down her throat, feeling the warm, wet sensation envelop his cock. He knew he shouldn't be enjoying it, being her son, but he couldn't help the feelings of lust and delight that were coursing through his body. He stood there, his back against the bedroom door, leaning back as his mother took his full length into her mouth, mashing her lovely lips out around his cock-root.

Leslie sucked and sucked, her head bobbing up and back, her lips sealed around his cock, her tongue massaging his erectile flesh.

Brandon was afraid he wouldn't last long, the sensations too pleasurable and intense.

Sensing this, Leslie removed his boner from her mouth, his knob popping from her lips like a cork from a bottle.

"There will be plenty of time for me to suck you dry," she stated, grasping his cock in her hand and guiding him to his dorm room bed.

"Right now I want you inside me."

Brandon followed her lead, walking towards the bed with long, uncertain steps. He was a mixture of arousal, desire and fear, knowing that this act would change his life forever.

Leslie lay on the bed, spreading her lovely legs wide open, her dainty feet with their red painted toenails hovering in the air. Her hand moved between her thighs, rubbing her swollen clit as it peeked from its hood, moaning softly as she beckoned her boy closer.

Brandon's eyes never left her. He could see the glisten of desire and need in her eyes, matched by his own hunger and curiosity.

Finally, he positioned himself between her creamy thighs, his cock hard and pulsing, wanting nothing more than to be buried inside her hot core. Leslie's hand moved down to guide him, positioning the fat, tapered tip of his dick at her vaginal entrance.

Brandon hesitated for a moment, looking into his mother's eyes, trying to find any sign of regret or hesitation. But all he saw was desire and lust.

"Fuck me, Brandon," she whispered lovingly.

And with those words, Brandon took one last deep breath, then slowly pushed into his mother's warm, tight pussy. A mix of emotions surged through him - fear, lust, and love, but above all, a sense of completion. He was finally fulfilling his mother's wish, and his own desire, all in one fell swoop.

Leslie instinctively wrapped her strong legs around him, pulling him closer, guiding his thick, throbbing cock deeper inside her most sacred place.

Brandon groaned with pleasure as he felt his very first pussy contract around him, bathing him in warmth and tightness. He knew this was the moment he had been waiting for, knowing his mother

was the one who was meant to take his virginity and make him a man.

"Just thrust it in and out slowly, my love," his mother's sweet voice said.

He began to pump his hips, savoring every inch of her tight, wet pussy. In response, Leslie moaned in pleasure, encouraging him to go harder and deeper.

As Brandon thrust into his mother with more fervor, Leslie gasped and sighed, meeting each of his thrusts with a well-timed movement of her hips. She wrapped her loving arms around him, pulling him closer and deeper inside, relishing the feel of her son's huge, teenage cock stretching and filling her to her very core.

"Fuck me harder now," she gasped, tightening the harness of her shaved legs around him.

Brandon's rickety dorm room bed creaked and groaned in protest as he pumped harder and faster, his hips rocking, his balls slapping against her ass with a satisfying smack.

Leslie's breath was ragged and her moans grew louder and more fervent with each passing second as she clung to her handsome teen, her silky arms and legs wound tightly around him.

Their bodies moved in a perfect fuck-rhythm, the muscles beneath their limbs straining and flexing beneath their skin. Brandon's throbbing cock gliding in and out of his mother's tight, wet sheath, their flesh slapping together with each thrust.

Leslie's head tossed from side to side, her eyes closed, lost in the ecstasy of the moment. She knew this was already a better fuck than she had ever shared with her husband.

Brandon's cock was a thing of beauty, raging hard and glistening with secretions, sliding in and out of his mom's cunt like a hot knife through butter.

He reached down and cupped her huge, jostling breasts, his fingers rubbing her nipples, sending shivers of pleasure coursing through her body. The sensation was too much for her to bear, and Leslie's body convulsed, her orgasm roaring through her like a wildfire, her nails digging into her son's back as she screamed out in pleasure.

Brandon's own climax was building, and he could feel the pressure in his balls growing. He thrust harder and deeper, his cock pulsing with an incredible intensity as he drove himself into her again and again.

Leslie could feel her son's ballooning knob striking the ring of her cervical head with every thrust. It was something she hadn't experienced since her own college days, while getting fuck by several big-dicked athletes. It made her tit-quivering climax even more intense and she screamed out in orgasmic rapture, the muscles in her neck straining.

"Augh, shit!" Brandon gasped, feeling her clinging, curvy body tremble like a earthquake around him, her cunt-tube tightening like a vice around his cock.

And then, suddenly, Brandon felt it - the familiar sensation of agonizing pleasure as his orgasm tore through his teenage body, his cock throbbing and pulsing as he came deep inside his mother's pussy. With every spurt, he released more of his hot, sticky seed, filling her up with his hot jizz.

As he came down from the intense orgasm, Brandon could feel his mother's body trembling beneath him, her own climax still gripping her.

The two lay there, spent and sated, basking in the afterglow of the incredible lovemaking that had just taken place. They remained

connected for several long minutes, their hearts and souls intertwined in a way that could never be undone.

Brandon couldn't believe that he had just crossed the ultimate taboo, that he had just fucked his own mother. But as he lay there, his cock still inside her, he could feel nothing but love and gratitude for her.

She had been his rock, his refuge, his savior. And now, she had given him something that no other woman ever could - the surrender of her body and soul to him, in a way that would bond them together for all eternity.

As the night grew darker, two college boys sat in their cramped dorm room, their ears filled with the sounds of wild, passionate sex coming from the next room over. The rhythmic creaking of the bed, the slapping of skin against skin and muffled moans echoed through the thin walls.

"Dude, they've been at it for like four hours now," one of the boys said with a hint of envy in his voice.

"Lucky bastard," replied his friend, eyes glued to his phone screen as he scrolled through social media. "I wish I had a girl that would fuck me like that."

In the neighboring room, Leslie rode Brandon's cock with practiced skill, her gigantic breasts bouncing up and down with each thrust.

Over the course of several hours, she had taken him through every sex position imaginable and experienced countless earth-shattering orgasms in the process. One thing was certain - Brandon shared her insatiable appetite for sex, making them perfectly matched partners in pleasure.

Lost in a haze of ecstasy, Brandon never knew sex could be this intense, this primal. In just four hours, he had ejaculated his semen deep inside his mom's tight, hot vagina six times and showed no

signs of stopping until his body simply couldn't handle any more carnal bliss.

"That's it, baby boy, pump those fucking hips," Leslie gasped, her voice strained with pleasure as she bounced up and down like some sort of sexual athlete.

She fell forward, slapping her heavy, sweaty breasts down around Brandon's face, the weight and warmth of her cleavage enveloping him. Her hips moved in a rhythm that only a mother could possess, the thick, rounded meat of her ass pumping tirelessly up and down.

Brandon's throbbing cock slid through the slick folds of Leslie's pink pussy-flesh, his arousal heightened by the mixture of pre-cum and liquid girl-cream coating his length. Each thrust brought about more intense pleasure as Leslie's quim contracted and pulsed around his girth, milking it for all its worth.

As Brandon explored her soft, cavernous cleavage with his lips and tongue, he couldn't believe that his wildest big-tit fantasies were finally coming true. He finally found one of her nipples and sucked greedily, feeling overwhelmed by the sensations and the divine taste of her tit-peaks. His face was pressed against the warm, plump flesh of her breast as he concentrated on sucking and enjoying every moment of being smothered by her exquisite curves.

For the next few hours, Leslie and Brandon continued their wild, passionate fuck-fest. The more they screwed, the more insatiable their desire became, and it wasn't long before they were both sweating, moaning, and gasping for air.

Brandon's cock slid in and out of Leslie's wet pussy with ease, filling her every need and desire. She wrapped her legs around him, clinging to him like a lifeline, her nails digging into his skin as he thrust deeper and harder into her.

Leslie's moans grew louder and more intense as she neared her climax, her body shaking and trembling with each powerful thrust of Brandon's boner.

The boy could feel his mom's pulsating pussy muscles gripping his cock tighter and tighter, her cervical lips kissing his knob, driving him closer to his own release.

"Oh fuck, I'm cumming, baby!" Leslie cried out for the sixth time in the past hour.

Brandon groaned in response as he felt Leslie's coital-muscles tighten around his cock, her inner walls clenching and releasing him in a sensation that was unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

He thrust deeper, slamming himself into her as hard as he could, his balls slapping against her upturned ass with a satisfying smack.

Leslie's screams of pleasure filled the room as she came, her body shaking uncontrollably beneath him. Brandon couldn't hold back any longer either, his orgasm building and building until finally, he released his pent-up cum deep inside Leslie's waiting womb.

As he came, Brandon felt a sudden sense of connection with his mom that was unlike anything he had ever felt before. It was as if their souls had become intertwined, their lovemaking creating a bond that could never be broken.

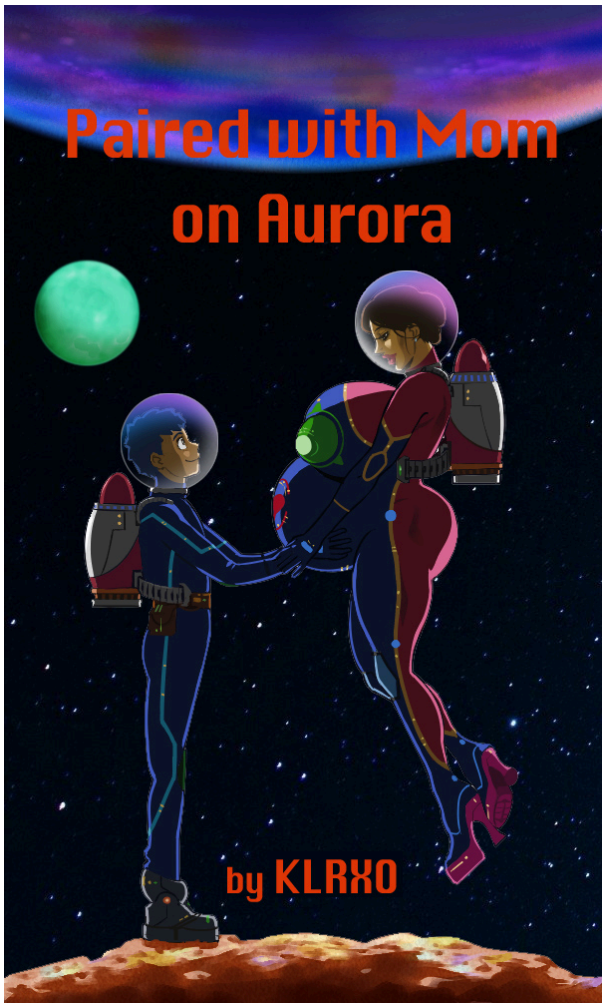
As they lay there, spent and exhausted, Leslie's arms wrapped around Brandon, holding him close as they both caught their breath.

It was a moment that neither of them would ever forget, one that had forever changed the course of their lives.

In that moment, Brandon realized that there was no going back. He had crossed a line that could never be uncrossed, and he was

forever changed by it. But he also knew that him being away at college, distanced from his mother, had caused him to find something special in his her arms, something that he never wanted to let go of.

THE END



"Paired with Mom on Aurora"

By Klrxo

"Kian, your mother and I have something very important to talk to you about. Can you come down."

"On my way!" the boy said obediently.

Kian was a thin, energetic teen. Handsome, like his father, with wavy dark hair. Zero gravity allowed him to hover through their home gracefully. He was well-practiced at this, floating through the rooms of their space-quarters like a superhero. The ceilings in their

quarter's were thirty-feet high, and he passed by giant windows, which showed the darkness of deep space outside. They were traveling at immense speed, which seemed to make the stars float by like fish drifting through an aquarium.

"What is it?" he asked, entering the main living space.

"Come down and sit," his father said, motioning to the seat across from him and Kian's mother.

Harlin was a good father, who cared deeply for his family. After earth was declared a global monument, no longer to be inhabited by humans, he and his family were assigned to relocate to a new world, in another solar system.. The intergalactic transport called "Aurora" was a giant starship, with it's own eco-system, moving over twenty-six hundred families to the new planet. Harlin had already been assigned a position there, where he would assist in setting up their new community. Until then, he worked full time on the starship, as part of the team in the planning phase.

His son hovered down and clipped himself into the seat across from his parents. "What's up?"

"The assignments for 'Mission: Propagate' were given out yesterday."

"Mission: propagate?"

"Yes, certain couples are assigned to reproduce, in order to provide our new planet a larger population in a short amount of time."

"Oh yes, I heard something about that in class. Did you and mom get an assignment?" Kian asked. "Am I gonna be a brother?"

Harlin and his wife Starla looked at each other knowingly. "An assignment was given, yes, but I'm afraid there was a mix up."

"Mix up?"

"Yes, YOUR name was listed on the assignment, not mine."

"My name?" Kian asked, seeming confused.

"Yes, yours and your mother's, but not to worry. I'm bringing this to the attention of ship's board. It should be straightened out very soon," Harlin explained.

While his father seemed sure of this, Starla looked doubtful. She knew when it came to decisions made by the ship's board, ALL ASSIGNMENTS WERE FINAL. Whether they liked it or not, she would soon be taking the steps in order to conceive a baby, with the help of their son.

While young Kian had never dwelled on the idea of baby-making intercourse with his mother, he often though about what it would be like to bury his hardon inside her. Starla was a beautiful mother, with long shapely legs, a thick peach-shaped buttocks and larger breasts than any other mother on the ship. Kian would often watch classic TV shows and films and was drawn to the long-gone actress, Linda Cardellini, because she looked so much like his mother in the face. Starla had a thicker body though. His mother was made to be bred.

"Honey," Starla said to her husband, sensing her son had a lot going on his his mind, "I should speak to Kian, alone for a moment?"

"Sure," the father said, unbuckling his belt and floating off.

Kian watched his mother unbuckle herself. Like an angel, the pretty mother's body did a full floating somersault through the air, coming to rest on the seat next to him. Zero-G was something that they were so used to living in, that they had learned to move about in it gracefully. Starla looked over at him with her pretty green eyes. "Kian, your father believes that this 'mix up' will be straightened out...but I'm afraid it won't."

"It won't?" the boy asked..

"No. I have heard that women all over the ship are being paired with younger men and not their husbands," Starla explained.

"Why?"

"Younger men provide richer, more potent sperm than men your father's age. The baby makers that you're carrying in your sack are much more likely to pierce my egg."

"Egg?" Kian asked with a confused look.

Starla giggled at how young and innocent he was. "You don't know much about baby making, do you, darling?"

"Not really, no!" the boy answered.

She patted his knee, then left her hand resting there. "Not to worry. By the time we fertilize my garden through intercourse, you'll have the knowledge and skill you need to get the job done properly. I've already arranged for you to go through the breeding course that's being offered to young men here on the ship."

"Breeding coarse?"

"Yes! It'll teach you all about women's bodies, and how to effectively engage them in baby-making sexual intercourse. It'll be great for you! Actually, it'll be great for both of us!"

"Both of us?" Kian asked.

"Yes! They recommend that a boy go through the course with the one he's been paired with. That way the eventual sexual union of our bodies can be comfortable, familiar and affective," Starla said.

"Oh, I see, but what about the other courses I'm taking?" Kian asked.

"Those will have to be put on hold, darling. The ship's board was very adamant that Operation:Propagate be given the highest priority, over anything else on the ship."

"Cool! I hated the courses I'm enrolled in this year anyway," the boy said.

"I'm proud of you, darling!" Starla said, taking his hands in hers and squeezing them.

"For what? I haven't really even done anything yet."

"I know, but you're handling this with maturity and understanding. That really impresses me!"

Starla did her best to show empathy around her husband's frustrations with the situation.

"I don't understand why they're not budging. It's not like you're being paired with just another guy, it's our own son! How can that be okay?" Harlin vented as they hovered side-by-side in mid-air that night.

"Well, honey, mother and son sexual relations aren't unlawful anymore. So maybe other moms are being paired with their son's also."

"Not that I've heard about. No, I think this was just one big mistake on their part," Harlin said.

"I was as surprised as you are, honey. Unfortunately, you know how the ship's board is about changing an order once it's given," Starla said, rubbing her husband's shoulder, trying her best to ease his tension on the matter. "People have tried to change an assignment in the past.

They don't budge."

"All assignments are final, I know. I just need more time to plead our case."

"You have five days. That's when I begin ovulating and Kian and I have to report to our breeding pod."

"You're kidding?! You've already been assigned a breeding pod?"

"Yes! Today I enrolled Kian in the breeding course. They went ahead and assigned us our pod,"

Starla said.

"Starla, why would you do that? We're still contesting this. You're certainly not helping our cause by enrolling him in that course."

"Okay, but suppose I wait...and the contesting drags on and on, and they don't up changing anything. Then Kian is completely unprepared, we go into the breeding pod together, and he has no idea what he's doing."

"Just, please give me some more time to fix this," her husband pleaded. The thought of his wife and son crawling into a breeding pod and fucking their asses off made Harlin weak in the stomach.

"This coarse will be good for Kian either way. You have five days, Harlin. If you're gonna change some minds, you better do it fast."

The next morning, Starla and her son floated across the ship through a wide corridor. The mother's spacesuit fit her body like a second skin, moulding to every spectacular curve of her middle-aged body. Her boy floated above and slightly behind her, gazing down at the meaty half-moons of her luscious buttocks.

"Shoot!" the teen suddenly said, nearing colliding with a section of the white metal interior.

Starla gazed up at him and giggled as she continued floating along like Supergirl. "Try watching where you're going, instead of whatever else it was that you were watching," she winked knowingly.

They came to a large frosted-glass doorway and heard an automated greeting. "You have arrived at the Breeding Wing. Retinal scan in three, two, one... Retinal scan approved! Welcome, Starla and Kian!"

The massive door opened and mom and son floated into the foyer section of the wing. The hologram of a beautiful middle-aged pregnant woman appeared. She had short white hair and a pretty smile. Her flowing white gown was draped over an enormous pregnant belly. "Starla and Kian, hello! I'm Ellie. I've been assigned as your fertility coach and midwife."

"Nice to meet you," Starla said with a friendly smile.

"Your assignment for Mission: Propagate is to conceive two children. One here on Starship Aurora and the other once we arrive on our new world."

Starla took her son's hand and squeezed it. "Wow, two babies, darling!" she said anxiously.

"You're scheduled to engage in sexual intercourse in four days. I understand you're here for the first part of the breeding course, is that correct?"

"Yes, I thought it might be good to enroll Kian in the course, so that he has the knowledge and confidence he needs for this important assignment," Starla said, smiling over at her boy.

"Brilliant idea! Why don't you follow me. I'll give you a quick tour of the Wing and then introduce you to your pod," Ellie said.

Since Ellie was a hologram, zero-gravity had no affect on her, so she stayed close to the floor.

Starla and Kian followed closely behind her, floating through the foyer. Another frosted-glass door opened and they entered a massive glass-tubed corridor. All around them, outside the glass, pale pink pods, that looked like giant eggs floated around in zero gravity. There were literally hundreds of them.

"These are breeding pods. Inside each of them is a couple who've been assigned to Propagate."

"There's so many!" Starla said, gazing up at them in awe.

"Why are some of them moving around all funny?" Kian asked, noticing that the majority of the pods were making rocking motions.

"That's a great question, Kian. The movements of the pods are determined by the rhythm and intensity of the sex going on inside them," Ellie explained.

Kian looked at one very active pod, as it rocked and jerked around significantly more than the others. "Wow! The couple in that pod must REALLY be going at it!" he said, making the women laugh.

"I would say that's an accurate assessment," Ellie answered. "Are you gonna make YOUR pod swing around like that, Kian?" Ellie asked, winking at his mother.

The boy looked at his mom and shrugged his shoulders bashfully.

Starla smiled cutely at him. "With his energy, our pod will probably be spinning out of control," she said.

Ellie laughed. "Especially after he takes the breeding course, and learns to engage you in a serious belly-bumping rhythm!" she said.

"Speaking of bumping...how do the pods keep from bumping into each other?" Starla asked.

"It may look like a simple design, but they're actually very advanced. Each pod has its own propulsion system and motion sensors. They're designed to float around for hours undisturbed," Ellie answered.

"That's amazing!" the mother said, squeezing her son's hand in her's as they marveled at the hundreds of pods.

"If you come this way, I'll introduce you to YOUR pod."

They crossed the corridor and entered the loading dock. Their own egg-shaped pod, easily the size of a small bedroom, opened up like a clamshell. "If you move inside and strap yourselves in,, we'll enter the breeding tank and start our first lesson," Ellie said.

Mom and son floated into the pod. Inside the plush, all-white interior were seats, and a big cushy mattress, as well as other irregular-looking cushions. They strapped themselves into the seats and the pod closed up. Ellie's hologram reappeared across from them. "The pod will now pressurize and you'll be able to move around."

The vents gave off a subtle hissing sound. "It's really cozy in here," Starla said, looking around at the all-white interior.

"Yes, the pods are made for comfort and privacy. They provide the perfect temperature, lighting and interior design for affective baby-making intercourse."

"What are all those funny looking cushions for?" Kian asked.

"Kian, during the breeding course, you'll learn that there are various sexual positions that a man and woman can have sex in, in order to assure her pregnancy. Those cushions are meant to assist in those positions," Ellie explained.

"I see," the boy muttered. "So are we floating? I can't even tell."

"Yes we are. The propulsion system makes it a very smooth ride. In fact, now that the pod is pressurized, you and your mother can walk around if you'd like."

They unbuckled their belts and wandered around the small pod. "As much as I love floating in zero-G, it always feels good to be back on the floor again," Starla said as the five inch heels of her space boots clicked against the hard floor.

An exterior panel slowly slid aside, creating a window for them to look out. They could see the other pods floating around them. "Look down there, mom. That's the glass tunnel we floated through."

Starla peered out the window, at the tubular corridor far below. "Ellie, will breeding only take place here in the pod?"

"Many prefer the privacy of the pod, but you can choose between the here, or your own private quarters."

"Wonderful!" the mother said.

"Before we move to the bed, it's important that the two of you begin to familiarize yourselves with each other's bodies," Ellie said. "For now, I'd like the two of you to strip down to your undergarments.".

Starla smiled at her son reassuringly. "Certainly," she said, unfastening her spacesuit.

Kian did the same, but had a hard time keeping his eyes off his mom as she peeled down the top portion of her suit. Starla's modern day bra was barely anything at all. They were no longer called bras, but "bust-covers." There were no straps, no hooks in the back, just two big black semi-sheer cups, somehow supporting the weight of her enormous tits.

Kian's eyes widened as he nonchalantly peered over at the big mommy-milkers. He was fascinated by the way they wobbled, even under the support of her bust-cover, and the boy could barely make out the huge dark circles of her areola through the fabric.

He looked over at Ellie's hologram as she stood with a smile, watching him gawk at his beautiful mating partner.

Starla peeled the skin-tight suit over the meaty swell of her unblemished buttocks. Her luscious derriere appeared to be naked, but then her son spotted the little pink strip running up her butt-crevice. There were no straps along the hips. Modern day panties were called "underclips" and consisted of just a small gusset, covering only a tiny portion of her shaved pubis. The tail-end fit securely in a woman's ass crack, with a small butt-plug that wedged snuggly between Starla's clenched ass-ring, securing the entire piece to her body.

Kian wasn't the only one with wandering eyes. As Starla sat, to unfastened her heels, she peeked over at her boy, letting her eyes drift across his young, well-toned chest. It pleased her to see the bulge of a long tubular erection beneath his briefs. Her nipples hardened, creating big rubbery nubs of flesh that protruded from beneath the gauzy fabric of her bust-cover. Her eyes lingered on her son's cock-bulge a moment curiously, as if trying to guess it's length.

"Kian, we'll have you get up onto the bed first and lay back on the mattress. Maybe pretend that it's a big captain's seat," Ellie joked.

The women watched to boy sprawl onto his back on the center of the mattress. "Captain, babymaker!" Starla joked, making her and Ellie giggle.

Kian noticed how the meat of his mom's boobs jiggled like jello as she laughed. There was just so much of it, and he couldn't imagine what they must look like, without the support of the bust-cover.

"Starla why don't you sit on the bed, facing your breeding partner," Ellie said, and the mother did as she was instructed, sitting comfortably next to her teen, with her legs sprawled off to the side.

"Kian, today we're going to talk about your penis!" Ellie said.

"Oh," the boy muttered nervously.

"Don't be embarrassed. Your penis is a powerful tool. Without it, there would be no babies at all. The penis has two purposes. The first is as an Instrument, in the transferal of seed, from your testicles to the deepest regions of a woman's vagina. Without the long hard shaft of your cock-muscle, that wouldn't be possible," Ellie explained.

"Oh ok, so um, what's the other purpose?" he asked curiously.

Starla and Ellie looked at each other and smiled. "The other is to provide a woman with exquisite pleasure."

Suddenly, a holographic video image appeared above the boy. The camera was traveling up the smothering pink walls of a cunt-tube. "This is the inside of your mother's vagina right now. In four days, your hard penis will be spending a lot of time here," Ellie explained.

Kian gulped excitedly. The lining of his mom's pussy looked so soft and wet with secreting fuck-juices. It amazed him how they could get video like this, without even having any sort of camera-device inside her.

Starla noticed her son's boner flex beneath his briefs at the site of it. Her eyes lingered just a moment on the outline of the flaring knob. Then, she looked up into his eyes and smiled.

"Pretty cool view, huh?" she asked, referring to the video somehow taken inside her.

"Super-cool!" her boy answered.

"Starla, why don't you tighten your vaginal muscles, so Kian can see how strong the walls are,"

Ellie suggestion.

Kian gasped in awe as he watched his mom's fuck-tube clench up, smothering the view even more in bulging juicy pink.

"Do you see the ribbed walls lining her vagina, Kian? Those ridges are designed to milk your boner and pull out all the sperm that your balls can provide in one orgasm. Your wigglers are then transport them here..."

The video showed the puffy domed head of Starla's cervix, at the back of her vagina. "This is the gateway to where babies are made. If your sperm are aggressive enough, they'll find a way through this barrier and seek out her prized pearl."

"Pearl?" Kian asked.

"Yes, the egg that your mother produces during her fertile time. When your sperm can pierce it, that's when she'll conceive a baby."

The camera backed down the tube of Starla's baby-chute. The pink ribbed walls seemed to collapse in on themselves, and Kian could only imagine how good it was gonna feel to bury his tender prick in the spongy snugness of that wonderful place between his mother's legs.

The mysterious phantom-cam exited her vagina, and Kian watched on as it slithered through his mom's thick labial pedals. At the top of the image, the boy spotted a fat nub of flesh, that looked a lot like the head of his penis. "What's all that?" he asked curiously.

"Those are the lips that shroud your mother's vagina. Not to worry though, your hard babymaker will push it all aside, like a curtain, and sink inside her. Speaking of babymaker, why don't you pull your

briefs down now, Kian, and show us the equipment that you'll be working with," Ellie said.

"Here, darling, I'll help you," Starla said, getting on her knees and tugging at her son's waistband.

The mother gasped in surprise, as she unveiled the biggest cock she had ever seen. She thought Harlin, her husband's cock was large, but she suddenly realized that he had no where near their son's length or girth. "Wow, darling, that's really impressive!" his mother said.

"It is?" the boy asked.

Starla gazed right at it while she spoke. "Yes, I mean...it must be well above average...especially for your age group."

"We're accumulating the data now," Ellie said, then a fact sheet suddenly was displayed above the boy for them to read.

Subject: Kian Ridley Penis Size (fully erect): 8.76 inches.
Penis Girth (fully erect): 7.25 inches.
No abnormalities.
Size is among the top 1% of males on the ship
Sperm data:
Number of sperm presently inside testicles: 873 Million
Percentage of Healthy Sperm: 99.2%
Likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female: 99.997% (based on performance)

Starla shook her head in awe. "Wow, those are unbelievable numbers!" she said, then looked back at the large slab of meat pointing up his abdomen, her heart beating heavily. "It's nearly perfect in every way!"

Kian loved how his mom was gazing down wondrously at his cock. He could see her heavy melons heaving up and down from her

breathing. Now that he was closer, he could also see through her semi-sheer bust-cover in greater detail. He guessed that if he put both his fists together, it would equal the size of each of his mom's huge pink tit-caps. Protruding from their centers were thick nipples, and they were clearly erect.

He looked up to see his mom smiling down at him. "What are you staring at?" she teased.

"Well, YOU'RE staring at ME," Kian said with an embarrassed smile.

"Was not!" Starla said blushingly.

"You were too. I saw you."

"Ok, maybe I was...a little," she said, smiling and shrugging her shoulders cutely.

Ellie smiled, clearly amused by the exchange. "Well, you two will soon be doing the mating dance, so as I said before, it's important that you begin to feel comfortable around each other's bodies."

Starla's eyes drifted across her nude son. "Well he's certainly as naked as the day I gave birth to him," she said. "Maybe to be fair, I should be naked too."

"What do you think, Kian?" Ellie asked. "Should your mom remove her bust-cover and underclip?"

Kian swallowed hard. Of course he nodded yes.

The huge-breasted mother rose up on her knees and thrust her chest out, making her boobies hover above her boy. With a simple squeeze of the connecting strap between her jugs, her bust-covering sprung free of her tits.

Kian's eyes bugged out as he watched his mom's tit-cannons bobble free of the covering. They were huge and naked and wonderful. He could hardly believe they were his own mom's.

Starla smiled proudly. She knew she was beautiful, and one of the bustiest mothers on the ship. To a young guy like Kian, she was sure it must be completely fascinating. She reached back and popped the plug from her asshole. Kian saw the black gusset of the underclip slip away from her crotch, exposing her completely shaved pubis.

The mother looked down at her boy, watching him stare at her most private place. I tinge of guilt suddenly flew through her mind. Until now, only her husband Harlin had seen her in the nude. She never intended to show her charms to another male, especially her son.

"But all assignments are final!" she told herself, knowing that no matter what she or husband felt, no matter how much they protested, she had been paired to breed with her son and that's exactly what she had to do.

The mother knew that seeing each other naked was the logical first step. It was the ice breaker. In just under four days, her boy would being seeing his mother in a whole new way.

He would see her move and twist and hump her curvy body in ways he never imagined. She knew he was likely going to see her completely aroused, clawing at him, like a sex-crazed slut as they engaged in hot baby-making intercourse. It would be raw and shameless.

Ellie could tell the mother's brain was working on overload. "Starla, why don't you move down and let Kian feel your nipples on his chest. Then the two of you can be alone and talk for a bit."

Starla smiled a bit timidly, trying to shake away her doubts. "Sure," she said.

The boy nervously watched his mother crawl over the top of him. Her boobs hung down between them like two big udders, gently swaying with her every move. Satisfied with her position, Starla lowered herself on to her boy.

Kian sighed with a thrill beyond anything he'd ever experienced, as his mom's big knockers rolled out onto his chest like soft bread dough. She finally rested the full weight of her chest against him, sprawling out on top of him. Squashed against him, her tit-melons bulged out at the sides. He could feel her thick rubbery nipples poking against him.

Starla kept her head tilted up, so she could smile down at her son. "Is this ok?" she asked, not wanting him to be uncomfortable in any way.

"Yes," he said with a timid smile.

"Why don't the two of you talk for a bit. When you're through, just say 'exit the pod' and you'll be taken back to the docking platform," Ellie said.

"Thank you!" Starla said with a grateful smile.

Ellie's hologram disappeared and mother and son were alone for the first time within their breeding pod.

"I'm sorry, darling," Starla said, gazing down at her boy, "I know this is a lot at once, but we only have four days to prepare."

"It's ok. I've already learned a lot, in just the short time we've been in here."

Kian felt an incredible closeness to his mom. Sure she hugged him daily, and occasionally cuddled, but this was different. Not only were they naked, but the way she was laying on him was more like that of

a loexcitedln a mother. It was more than just the physical part though.

They were taking a journey, producing children through the most intimate act that two people could engage in. It was really magical.

"It took your father several months to impregnate me with you, but even back then, when he was a little younger, his percentage of healthy sperm was only seventy-seven percent," Starla explained. "Ninty-nine percent of YOUR sperm are affective. That's amazing! I just know you'll get me pregnant during my first cycle."

"Wow, the pressure's on!" Kian said, not wanting to let his mom down.

Starla smiled. "Oh honey, relax, you'll do fine. The breeding course will teach you all the techniques you need to know to successfully pump a baby into me. Ellie and I have had experience with this, so we'll be there for you every step of the way."

"Thanks!" the boy said.

She laid her head down against his shoulder, nuzzling into him. "Put your arms around me," she whispered.

He happily complied, running his hands across the warm soft skin of his mother's lower back.

"That's better," Starla said, loving how wonderful her well-toned teen felt beneath her. "We're gonna make beautiful babies together," she said in an emotional tone.

"I made some progress today!" Harlin said, after his wife and son returned home. "I got in touch with the board secretary. She assured me that they'd make our case a topic in tomorrow's board meeting."

"Oh, well that's great then," his wife said, with not much enthusiasm.

"Of course it's great! It could get you and Kian off the hook."

"Off the hook?" Starla giggled, "You act like we're forced into slave labor or something."

"No, but you are being forced to do something that a mother and son shouldn't have to do."

"Honey, we can't get our hopes up too high. People have brought issues before the ship's board before and been completely shut down. You know how they are!" Starla said.

"Yes, but I'm hopeful that they'll see the error in this, and their decision will go in our favor."

Starla smiled, feeling a bit sorry for him. "I agree, but even so, we have to forge ahead, as if this is still happening. The more prepared Kian and I are, the more successful we'll be at producing a baby during my first cycle."

Harlin reluctantly nodded in agreement. "So what type of preparations are they suggesting?"

"I'm glad you asked," she said, then clicked on the wristband of her spacesuit, projecting a list of things in the air for them to see. "These are a list of things we need to integrate into Kian's diet. It'll help him retain a high sperm count and maximum hardness during intercourse."

Harlin felt that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach as her words registered. "Great!" he muttered.

His wife sensed his sarcasm. "Harlin, please! I know it's difficult for you to think about, but we have to take this serious."

"Fine. What else?" he asked, looking at the list.

"I have to begin doing a fertility exercise routine, three times a day."

"Fertility exercise routine?"

"Yes! I did them when we were trying to get pregnant with Kian, remember?"

"Honey, that's been awhile," he reminded her.

"It's a series of stretches, and what are called 'positional pumps' to get my body conditioned for breeding."

"Well that's kinda silly, don't you think? We have sex all the time. I'd say you're already in perfect breeding condition."

"This type of intercourse is different," Starla explained. "Kian and I will likely be engaging in sexual positions that you and I haven't really practiced much. I'll need to be ready."

Harlin lowered his head and sighed in frustration. "Sorry I asked."

Starla stepped over and hugged her husband lovingly. "Please know I love you! This can't be easy on you, I know, and I wish there was another way, but we have to play the cards we've been dealt the best we can."

"I'm still hopeful that we'll be dealt a whole new hand," Harlin said.

His wife hugged him tighter. "I know," she muttered. "And that may still happen."

As his wife embraced him, something else on the list caught his eye. "Exposing bodies routinely?"

Starla brought her head from his shoulder and looked at him. "Yes, um, exposing our naked bodies to each other, randomly, throughout

the day. It's designed to help increase the comfort level of him and I being nude around each other."

"Is that really completely necessary, I mean..."

"It did help earlier."

"Earlier?"

"Yes, in the breeding pod. Our fertility coach asked Kian and I to get naked in front of each other."

"Why is all this necessary? I don't understand."

"Honey, I told you. The world of nudity and sex and baby making is all new to Kian. We can't just bombard him with everything at once. It'll affect his performance during breeding," Starla explained. "It's better that we ease him into things for the next few days, so that he'll be completely comfortable and not so overwhelmed."

"So I have to watch you two flash each other, is that what you're saying?"

"Harlin, it's not like that. This is just so Kian can get used to seeing me naked..That's all," his wife assured him.

"With any luck, we'll get a favorable decision with the board tomorrow and then you won't have to do any of it," Harlin said hopefully.

When it came time to sleep, Kian floated in the center of his bedroom, face-up. His eyes were closed and he had a big smile, as he replayed the image of his mom, exposing her boobs to him.

He suddenly sensed someone else in the room, and his eyes shot open. "Jeez, Mom!" he muttered in a startled manner.

His ceiling was thirty-feet high and Starla was floating face down, about six feet above him and giggled at his reaction. "Sorry, darling. I didn't mean to startle you, you just looked so happy and content in here. What were you thinking about?" she asked, then glanced down at the obvious tent-pole in his briefs. "It must have been something good?"

The bright passing stars outside his enormous window, created a soft warm glow around his mother. With her floating white glittery robe on, it seemed to make her appear almost angelic.

"Just, um, thinking about earlier today," he said, gazing up at her.

"That's what I figured. So since we broke the ice, are you feeling a little more comfortable being naked in front of me?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

She glanced at his crotch again. "Show me," she said.

Kian bravely pulled his briefs off. His erection caught on the waistband, which pulled it down between his legs. Starla's eyes widened in fascination, as she watched his cock spring loose from the elastic and rise up like a big fleshy lever, hitting his abdomen.

"The tip is glowing!" she said, and Kian looked down to see a shiny bead of precum oozing from his piss-slit.

"Oh, yeah, it is."

"Look at that. Already producing seed...and we having even started mating yet," she giggled.

"I guess it was just a little excited."

"That's a good thing," Starla said. "It's funny, the way the tip is glowing with pre-ejaculate, makes your hardon look like a magic

wand."

"Yeah, it does," Kian laughed.

Starla looked him straight in the eyes seductively. "You gonna cast a spell on me?" she asked.

"If I could, I'd use the magic wand to make your robe fall off," he timidly confessed.

"Oh you would, huh?" she asked, then unfastened the only clip holding it on. The robe parted slightly at first, exposing her sexy midriff and her cute navel. "Why don't you try it...see what happens."

Kian smiled, then reached down, grabbing his boner and playfully pointed it at her. "Off with the robe!" he said.

Starla suddenly threw her arms out, making the glittery robe sail off her body and rise into the room above her. "Oh wow!" he boy muttered, gazing up at her naked flesh.

"Looks like your wand does have magic," the mother said with a sexy playful smile.

The two of them looked each other up and down. Kian had never seen the way naked boobs behaved in zero-gravity, especially ones the size of his mother's. Starla's big fleshy tit-melons hovered buoyantly off her chest.

The boy's cock flexed and the bead of precum detached from his piss-slit, slowly rising up towards his mother. "Uh-oh, here comes more magic!" she giggled.

Starla licked her lips, watching the gooey droplet of pre-spunk rise towards her, hovering, just like they were, in zero-gravity. A naughty part of her wanted to catch it with her mouth, but then she knew

that might be crossing way over the line. Instead, she grasped both her boobs at the sides, and they slowly smacked together, capturing the droplet of her son's liquid love between her mammaries. "Got it!" she said playfully, feeling it smear within her cleavage.

"That was cool!" Kian said excitedly.

"Wanna see something even cooler?" his mom asked, like a flirty girl his own age.

"Definitely!"

The busty mother moved her legs down, so it looked like she was standing straight up in midair. Kian watched her boobs slowly roll up and down her chest, like big fleshy waves in the open sea. "I conceived you AND gave birth to you in the same position. Wanna see it?" She asked, as she slowly floated down towards him.

Kian swallowed anxiously. "Yes!" he hissed. "Yes, please!"

The boy was now practically looking straight up her curvaceous body, marveling at how smooth, long and sexy her legs looked. Crowning her thighs, the V of her naked pubis looked equally as smooth, and from his vantage-point from below, Kian could see her puffy outer-labium, closed up to form what looked like a luscious pink clam-shell.

"Oh damn!" the boy muttered, his heart racing. He had to fight off the urge to reach down and stroke his aching cock.

His eyes continued drifting upwards to the beautiful face peeking down at him, over her big drifting boobies. His mom was beautiful and her long dark hair spread out, floating up above her head like the feathery crown of a Goddess.

"Let me show you then," she said softly, as her toes landed on him and she pushed off his chest.

Kian was pushed down a bit, but kept his eyes on his mom, as she rose high into the room.

She extended her legs up and scissored them open impossibly wide, pointed the toes of her dainty bare feet towards opposite corners of the room.

The boy gasped in wonder, as he witnessed the amazing spread of his mom's curvy legs. He only wished he were closer, and it were brighter in his room, so he could see her cunt splayed open.

"Wow! I didn't realize you could do that," he said.

Starla did a graceful flip, then pointed her legs together towards the ceiling, as she slowly dropped back towards her boy, like Supergirl flying downwards. "There's lots of things we moms can do, and soon I'll be showing you a lot more of them," she said as she gazed into his eyes the whole way down.

Kian was mesmerized by another unbelievable view of his mother. This time it was the cheeks of her meaty buttocks, and the backs of her shimmering legs as they pointed upward, but slowly dropped towards him.

Starla's pretty face finally lowered to his, and she planted a little kiss on his lips. "Goodnight," she whispered.

They shared a close gaze. It was only a moment, but seemed like forever. The look in his mom's eyes was new to him. They were big and dreamy. The kind of look girls at school had given him who were infatuated with him.

"Goodnight," he answered.

The mother floated to his door, still naked. He looked up and saw the white glittery robe still floating high up, near the ceiling of his room. "Do you want your robe?" he asked his mother.

She smiled back at him. "It's gonna stay here with you for a few minutes," she said, then left.

"What?" Kian asked, confused by what she meant. He heard a SWOOSHING sound and looked up to see the robe drifting down towards him.

The glittery robe spread open, like a big blanket and slowly lowered to the boy. "What the..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he found his entire body encased in the luxurious silk-like fabric. It had a life all it's own. It smothered his face and the sweet smell of his mother's perfume swept through his nostrils. It was blended with another smell. Kian had often snuck a whiff of his mother's underclip, after she'd worn it, so he could recognize the aroma of her pussy anywhere.

As he breathed it in, the mysterious fabric swept across his chest and somehow, to his astounded delight, suddenly took on the feel of two humongous tit-melons. The boobs felt so fucking real, but were impossibly huge, spilling off the sides of him, wedging his entire upper half between them.

Kian thrust his hips upward, aroused beyond belief. That's when he felt the cloth of the robe coil up his cock and then, what felt like two tightly grasping hands, began to beat him off.

He whimpered in ecstacy, his head tightly compressed between two giant spongy orbs. The perfume-cunt smell had gotten even stronger. It was so potent that his eyes were rolling back in their sockets.

The material now felt like a trio of hands, stroking his cock and massaging his big balls at the same time. He rocked his hips, imagining that it was his mom's hot cunt that he was spearing his dick into.

Now more of the material had slithered down into his crack and it felt like a woman's long wet tongue was lashing across his asshole.

He snarled in pleasure, muffled by pounds of tit-meat that seemed to compress around his head even tighter. His hips trembled, as his knob hosed out a big huge rope of ball-juice. It was followed by another, then another. His spunk looked like some sort of white translucent material floating under the sea.

Just as quickly as the robe had moved on to him, it suddenly floated up off his body, soaking up the drifting spunk as it went. Then, the breathless teen watching the mysterious fabric drop to the door and disappear.

"Holy shit!" he sighed, shocked by what he had just experienced.

After a good sleep, Kian found his father having a hot beverage in the main living area. "Hello son, rest well?"

"Yes, I was pretty beat!" Kian answered. "Where's Mom?"

"She's in the workout room."

"Oh, that's right, I forgot she was supposed to start her fertility routine this morning," the boy said, drifting over to the window of the exercise room to observe.

Harlin floated over next to his son, and the two of them looked through the window and watched Starla go about her routine.

The small room was pressurized, so that gravity allowed the mother to rest on the exercise mat and do her fertility stretches. The one she was engaging in was quite suggestive, with the mother resting on her ass, leaned back and propped on extended arms. Her legs were splayed open and her knees pumping back rhythmically as far

as they could go.The fact that she was wearing a snug crop-top and matching booty shorts made it all the more arousing to watch.

The sweat-sheened mother spotted her son through the window observing, and gave him a smiling wave.

"It's good that you and your mother are moving forward in a positive manner on this assignment. By the end of the day though, I'm hoping that the board realizes their error, and at the very least, pairs ME with your mother, so you'll be off the hook," Harlin said.

The boy heard his father, but was so transfixed on the site of his mother's widely spread naked legs, that he neglected to answer. Her dainty bare feet hovered, as she rocked her knees back nearly level with her shoulders. The material of her booty shorts was mounded to her pubis, displaying a clear outline of her puffy vulva.

"Kian," the father said, getting his son's attention.

"What? Oh, sorry!" he muttered, snapped from his trance. "Yes, um, whatever needs to be done, dad."

Harlin patted him on the shoulder. "Excellent! Well, I need to report to work. Let your mother know I'll contact her as soon as I hear something," he said.

"Will do!"

Kian was glad when his father left. It gave him a chance to watch his mom some more. She had moved into a different stretch, now on her hands an knees, swiveling her thick ass up and back repeatedly. The neck of her top was cut low, providing the teen a great view of her jiggling creamy cleavage. It was obvious that these were exercises meant for sexual conditioning. This one was clearly mimicking the doggy position, and the way his mom moved her hips tirelessly told him that she was gonna be damn amazing at throwing her cunt back on his hard pecker.

"If I'm even able to get my pecker inside her," he said to himself out loud. He worried that if his dad's reassurance was accurate, they may not be paired after today, and he may never get to realize his dream of fucking his mom.

After completing her routine and having a shower, Starla and her boy reported to the breeding wing. Ellie's hologram was waiting for them in their breeding pod. "Good morning! Come aboard and we'll get started," she said.

After mother and son drifted over and strapped themselves in, the pod closed up and joined the other floating sex-capsules. Many of them were rocking steadily, as their occupants engaged in vigorous baby-making.

"Kian, today I like to focus on sexual positions that you and your mother can engage in, that have the greatest chance of getting her pregnant," Ellie said. "But before we do that, why don't we put the two of you in something more comfortable."

A white laser divider suddenly separated Starla from her boy, creating a hazy barrier through the middle of the pod. Since they felt the weight of gravity, they both unbuckled their seat belts and stood up. "You'll both find a garment on the table next to you. Change into it before we get started," Ellie said.

Kian unwrapped a pair of briefs, that were made of a very luxurious material, that felt amazing against his skin. He shed his space suit, then slipped the snug-fitting garment on.

"Ideally, we'd have all your clothes off today, so that you could continue to adjust to being nude together. However, since we'll be going over effective positions of intercourse, you'll be wearing these garments, to prevent accidental penetration," Ellie explained.

Now that they both had changed, the middle laser divider-wall disappeared and Starla and her boy looked over at what the other

was wearing. "Holy Helios!" the boy muttered, making reference to the name of the sun in the galaxy they were heading to.

Starla wore a black teddy, featuring a stretch mesh front that was semi-sheer, leaving just enough for the imagination. It also had a teasing circular cut out at the cleavage, allowing some of the mother's tit-meat to spill out.

"That's almost as nice as seeing you in nothing!" the boy confessed, making the women laugh.

"Hmm, I was just thinking the same thing about yours!" Starla said, raising an eyebrow as she stared at the rising boner beneath her boy's briefs.

"Kian, the missionary and doggie-style positions allow for the deepest penetration during intercourse, bringing your sperm in closer proximity to your mother's cervix, then other positions would. Which one would you like to demonstrate first?" Ellie asked.

"Oh, um...doggy-style maybe," the boy said, looking at his mom for approval.

"Sure!" Starla said with a cute smile, then crawled up onto the mattress on all-fours. The mother had a thick meaty ass, which complimented this position. She wagged her thonged butt-meat, peeking back at him. "Come on up, darling," she said. "Get behind me!"

Kian joined her on the mattress, staying on his knees as he bumped his hard crotch against her her rounded, bubbly behind.

Ellie's hologram stood beside the bed watching them. "Try grasping her hips, Kian, right where they meet her torso, you'll be able to get terrific leverage this way!"

"Like this?" the boy asked, placing his hands on each side of Starla's wide birthing hips.

"Perfect! Grasping her this way can really drive your cock home in this position!" she said.

Kian held his mom's ass against him, looking down at the big meaty mounds, mostly exposed due to her thong. His heart pounded hard in his chest. He felt like he sitting in the driver's seat of a luxury spacecraft.

The pretty mother peeked back at him and smiled at his cute awestruck demeanor. "Don't worry, darling. I won't make you do ALL the work in this position," she said, then began to swivel her rounded ass up and back, making it bump against his crotch. "Mommy can meet all of your deep baby-making thrusts with one's of her own."

They continued to engage in practice doggy humping. Kian stared at his mom's jiggling buttocks as it tirelessly thumped back against his aching boner. "This is really cool!" he said with an eager smile.

She stared back into his eyes with equal excitement. "It's even cooler with joined genitals, darling," she said.

"I bet."

Starla could feel her aroused juices begin to trickle from her cunt-slit. She had to remind herself of the clinical nature of all this. "It's okay, these types of things are suppose to happen!" she thought. "An aroused vagina is no different that his cock getting hard. They're both necessary ingredients to creating a child...and that's all that's going on here."

"Why don't we try engaging in the missionary position now," Ellie suggested.

Kian watched his mother drop to the mattress and roll over, opening her luscious bare legs in a wide V and bringing her knees back. Her thighs looked so thick and inviting, like a fleshy sexual saddle for him crawl into.

"Go ahead and lower yourself between your mother's legs, Kian," Ellie instructed.

The boy nervously crawled down on top of his mom, pressing the erect bulge of his pecker against Starla's puffy vulva.

"Position yourself on extended arms above her," Ellie said.

"Like this?" Kian asked, propping his upper half above his mother.

"Perfect!" Ellie said. "There are different variations of this position that we'll try. Each allows varying degrees of clitoral stimulation and depth of penetration. Of course, for our purposes, we'll want you to engage in the ones that allow you to thrust you penis inside her as deeply as possible."

"I see," the boy muttered, looking down at his beautiful mother.

She smiled back warmly. "Go ahead, darling. You can practice thrusting," she said.

"Alright," the boy muttered, setting his hips in motion.

Starla bit her bottom lip, gawking at her son's well-toned chest as their bodies began to rock in a steady practice-fuck. His boner felt so thick and hard, wedged in the heated groove of he pudendal cleft.

As their bodies move in sync, the teen stared down at his mom's big wobbling wonders, as they moved around on her chest. The mesh panels stretched across them, could barely contain their enormity. Kian could see her thick erect nipples puffing out from the centers of the huge dark rings of her tit-caps. He wondered if stuffing his

mouth full, and sucking like a starving infant would be part of the baby making process.

"Kian, you're doing great! Your depth of penetration will increase according to the position of your mother's legs," Ellie said, then looked at Starla and nodded, as if silently queuing her to reposition her legs.

The mother wrapped her strong smooth legs up around her son's midsection, interlocking her ankles behind him.

"Do you see what she's doing, Kian?" Ellie asked. "She'll be able to help guide your thrusts this way. Bring your chest down now and let your weight rest against her."

Kian anxiously did what was asked of him, crushing his mom's big rounded tits against his chest. They continued rocking in a rhythmic simulated fuck.

"Reach down and grasp her outer thighs...Excellent!" Ellie said. "Now you're fully engaged in the mating dance."

"Now OUR pod is probably rocking like the others are, darling!" his mother giggled, tightening her legs around him. "If we really want our pod to go crazy though, I can increase the force of your thrusts by moving against your rhythm, like this."

Starla met her son's dry humps, causing the bulge of his erection to plow up the groove of her slit and scrape across the engorged clitoris beneath the thin fabric. He heard his mother gasp delightfully, feeling his tubular muscle work against her hot labium..

"Kian, this variation of missionary will allow the tip of an erection your size to reach her anterior fornix...or what's called the A-spot."

"A-spot?" the boy asked breathlessly.

"It sits between the front vaginal wall and the ridges of the cervix. Stimulation of this area will be quite intense for your mother, but since getting her pregnant is our goal, it'll be the perfect area for you to ejaculate your semen," Ellie explained.

"Oh, ok."

"Another variation of missionary that's affective in breeding is propping a woman's legs up onto your shoulders," Ellie said, then watched as Kian's mother brought her limber legs up, folding herself in half beneath her son.

"Oh wow!" the boy said in awe, looking at his mother's dainty bare feet, resting above his shoulders and pointed back. He then looked down at his mom's smiling face, which was very near his own "You'll go even deeper this way," Starla said breathlessly as they continued rocking. "You might even bust right through my cervix with that big thing!" she joked.

Ellie focused on their grinding genital. "Kian, I noticed that your thrusts are becoming very sporadic. I want you to focus on controlling your rhythm. Do you see how your mother's hips are moving? See how they're rolling steadily?"

"Yess! She's good at this!" he muttered, making the moms laugh.

"Well, I'm much older than you, darling," Starla said. "I've had a lot years to practice."

"Steady, fluid thrusts will allow your semen-load to swell within your balls, preparing your strongest swimmers to seek out your mother's egg."

"That's right!" Starla said with a smile, winking at him. "Only the strongest, cutest ones are allowed around my egg."

"Much better, Kian! Good job!" Ellie exclaimed, watching the boy's technique improve.

"Thanks," the boy muttered, staring down into his mom's alluring green eyes. He loved how she was gazing back at him, panting lightly as they engaged tirelessly in a steady dry-fuck. The feel of her fatty tit-melons sloshing against his bare chest was divine.

"You're doing so awesome!" she said proudly. "Do you wanna reach up and hold on to my ankles?"

"Sure!" her boy said, his heart about beating out of his chest with excitement. He grasped his mom by the ankles, and it became immediately apparent why she asked him to do this.

Grasping her this way, gave him a little more leverage, to really plow his cock through her labia good and deep.

The mother gasped and her eyes widened, feeling her son's rock-hard manhood dig against her engorged clitoris.

"How are you feeling, Kian?" Ellie asked.

"Really good!" the boy gasped. "Maybe I should slow down."

"No, don't slow down. I'd like to simulate an effective insemination technique by having you cum in your briefs."

"Ok!"

"Keep up your humping rhythm. When you feel that you're going to shoot your load, I want you to clench your ass-cheeks. This will give your sperm-load a chance to really swell before being blasted inside your mother," Ellie said.

"Starla?" Ellie said, making the pleasure-faced mother look over at her. "It's ok to orgasm. It's a natural part of this process," she said

with a reassuring smile.

"Ok!" the mother gasped, looking on the verge of a really strong one. She held on tight to her baby as he really laid into her.

"Ohhh!" the boy whimpered, his body trembling.

"Clench, Kian!" Ellie shouted.

Starla felt her own climax pulsing in the core of her cunt. The pleasure moved outward like an electric current through her big-titted body. She slid her strong naked under his arms and hooked them around her boy, high on his back. This allowed her greater support, to really pump her ass from the mattress, humping against his rhythm, to provide the most friction and pleasure.

"Ohh shit!" Kian cried out, feeling his digging knob tingle and flex. Have his own hot mom clutch onto him this way was the wildest thing he'd ever experienced.

He suddenly felt her body shudder beneath him. "Ohh, Kian!!" she cried out, her hot orgasm surging through her.

There was no way the boy could hold out any longer after hearing this. "Shooting now!" he groaned in ecstacy.

"Kian, thrust forward powerfully, then hold it there, as if you're burying your boner inside your mother as deep at it will go!" Ellie shouted.

The boy complied with a powerful jerking hump and the first big blast of spunk filled his briefs.

"Ohhh!" he groaned.

"Hold it there, deeply sheathed, and let your mother milk out your load with her humping hole and stong vaginal squeezes," Ellie said."

Kian remained motionless, letting his experienced mother writhe with humping motions beneath him, while gasping and trembling through her own hot orgasm.

Starla's smothering pussy-groove milked his erection skillfully, pressing around it from balls to knob, until she was convinced that she had squeezed out every drop of baby-batter that she could.

"I think you two will have no problems at all conceiving a baby," Ellie said.

Starla smiled over at her, sliding her clutching legs slowly down her boy's frame while he rested his head against her upper tit-slopes. "These dry runs will certainly keep us in good practice," she said breathlessly.

"They certainly will. Let's take a look at your data, staring with Kian," Ellie said.

Starla and Kian sat up as the numbers appeared above them, as it had the prior day.

SUBJECT: Kian Ridley
PRACTICE INTERCOARSE (WITHOUT PENATRATION)
Positions: 1. Doggy 2. Missionary (standard and with variations)
Duration of practice intercourse: 36 minutes
Percentage of effective thrusts: 72%
Number of sperm ejaculated: 517 Million Percentage of Healthy Sperm: 99.2%
Likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female: 74.33%

Starla seemed confused. "Wait, yesterday it said the likelihood of pregnancy was ninty-nine percent. Why is it down to seventy-four today?"

"Because this data is based on today's actual performance," Ellie answered. "Kian's thrust effectiveness was seventy-two percent, still well above average for most males on ship, however, that number will drop the likelihood of pregnancy considerably."

"I see," Starla muttered, seeming a bit disappointed.

"So I could have done a lot better I guess," Kian muttered.

"Oh, darling, no, you did great!" his mother said sweetly, taking his hand and squeezing it.

"That's why we're taking this breeding course though, to get you as good as you can be."

"She's right, Kian. Keep in mind that during most of this session, we were working with you, to perfect your rhythm and thrusting. Had this data been based on your performance for just the last half of your session today, your numbers would have been through the roof," Ellie explained.

"True, his rhythm there towards the end was absolutely INCREDIBLE!" Starla said.

Ellie giggled. "Well, female orgasms during a dry practice session are usually a pretty good indication of that. Not a necessary part of our goal, but certainly a nice little treat for us women during the process."

Starla got a big smile and squeezed her boy's hand. "A VERY nice little treat!" she agreed.

"Starla, let's take a look at your data," Ellie said, bring up her numbers.

Subject: Starla Ridley
PRACTICE INTERCOARSE (WITHOUT PENATRATION)

Positions: 1. Doggy 2. Missionary (standard and with variations)
Duration of practice intercourse: 36 minutes
Percentage of effective thrusts: 99.7%
Number of orgasms: 1 (clitoral)
Likelihood of successful fertilization with paired male: 74.33%
Time until egg is ready for fertilization: 48 hours, 23 minutes, 33 seconds

"Starla, your data looks exceptional!" Ellie said. "Your thrusts were ninty-nine percent effective, which puts you in the top one percent performance-wise off all the women on the ship."

"Oh, so you mean I outdid all those young chickadees out there?" she asked with a proud smile.

"The overwhelming majority of women who score this high are women your age, who've had lots of sexual experience."

"Why does it say 'clitoral' by the number of orgasms?" Kian asked.

Starla and Ellie looked at each other and smiled. "Why don't you explain this one, Starla," Ellie suggested.

"Sure," she answered gladly and looked at her boy, still gripping his hand in hers.. "Darling, the orgasm you gave me earlier was due to friction against my clitoris. The ones that I'll likely have when we start breeding will be a different type, called deep vaginal orgasms. Those will be brought on by your hard penis, thrusting deeply in my vagina."

"Oh, I see," Kian muttered, his still-hard cock flexing at the thought of it.

"Kian, when your mother has orgasms, her sex-tube will create wonderful sensations on your boner, that will cause you to ejaculate

quite quickly if you're not careful," Ellie explained.

"Oh, how does it do that?" he asked curiously.

"Well, for one, a woman's pussy walls will tighten and contract around you when she cums, creating greater friction on your glans."

Starla interjected. "And some women, like myself, will squirt hot liquid from their urethras, which is likely to soak you pretty good," she giggled.

"Wow, um, that doesn't sound so bad," the boy confessed.

"Don't let these things become a distraction, Kian, or cause you to cum too quickly. Remember, during the process, your mother's pussy will just being doing what pussy's do during intercourse. What really matters though is that YOUR performance remains spot on, and that you dump a healthy load of swimmers in your mom's vagina every time," Ellie said.

"Your little unborn brother or sister is counting on you," his mom said with a wink.

"Kian, I'd like you to join your mother during her fertility workout this evening, focusing on your thrusting technique." Ellie said. "Starla, why don't you help Kian get out of those spermy-soaked briefs, then the two of you can get dressed and tell the pod to take you back to the docking platform when you're ready."

"Thank you so much, Ellie!" Starla said.

"Bye," Kian waved.

"See you both tomorrow," Ellie said, then disappeared.

Starla scooted to the edge of the bed, her big mommy-melons shimmying from side to side..

"Alright, mister, let's get those six-hundred and seventeen million sperm cleaned off of you," she said with a giggle.

Kian got up and stood in front of his mom. His ejaculate had caused a big dark wet spot on his briefs. "Good thing they're small or that would be a lot to cleanup," he said.

His mother pulled down his briefs and his boner sprung up, still fully hard. "Darling, there's nothing 'small' about this load you just shot," she teased.

He stepped out of the briefs and Starla took a warm wet cloth and wiped him off. Her eyes couldn't help but travel the length of his beefy cock as she toweled around it. The web of bulging veins criss-crossing up the muscled slab made her heart race. The site of the big juicy purple bell capping his shaft made her cunt involuntary clench. She simply couldn't believe that in two days this big thing would be thundering through the pink tube that she had squeezed him out of.

"Top one percent in penis size! That must make you feel pretty good?" she said, peeking up at him with a teasing smile.

"Yeah," he blushed, watching his mom clean it.

"It makes me feel pretty good too," she said, then noticed her son raising an eyebrow. "Oh, I mean, not in that way," she stammered, "Although, I mean...it definitely WILL make me feel good THAT way, but what I meant was...it makes me feel good... as in PROUD, as a mom."

Kian giggled, making his boner bob up and down stiffly. "I know what you meant, mom. I feel the same way...about you, I mean."

She fed him a quirky smile, wiping around the thick bulging base of his cock. "Proud of me? For what?" she asked curiously.

"Because you're sweet...and funny," he said.

She peeked up up him, smiling with flattery. "Keep going..." she said cutely.

"Your more beautiful than any of the moms I've ever known."

"Even Mason's mom?" she asked. "I see you staring at her a lot."

"Yeah, you're way prettier than her, and..."

"And what?"

"Never mind," he blushed.

"Don't 'never mind' me. What were you gonna say?" she asked curiously.

"Your boobs are nicer!"

Starla giggled. "Nicer, as in bigger?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's nothing I didn't already know about you," she said, running her clothed hand up his thick prick. "I live with you, remember? I know where your eyes spend the most time. Your dad goes on and on about them too. I guess you're just like him that way."

Starla suddenly felt a tinge of guilt at the mention of her husband. Here she was, nearly naked, holding her son's big cock, while her husband was probably out doing his best to get them unpaired.

She looked at the way she was holding Kian's dick, her hand wrapped around it's enormous girth. Her wedding band shimmered in the light of the pod, reminding her of all the sacred promises she had made, adding to her guilt.

"Ok, darling, let's get dressed and head back," she said, releasing his boner and standing up.

"There's no divider this time, so I guess we'll just have to get dressed in front of each other."

"Alright," Kian muttered, totally fine with that.

Starla removed her teddy and for a moment was completely naked. Her son gulped in arousal, staring at her huge naked jugs and the way they bobbled heavily as she fastened her underclip.

He watched her wet two fingers with her thick tongue, then reached down and smeared her saliva on the tiny butt-plug, before extending it back between her legs and squeezing it through her asshole, securing the tiny garment.

Next, she picked up her bust-cover, making her giant knockers hang down and rock from side to side as she picked it up. She didn't look over at her son, but she knew he hadn't put a thing on yet, because he was too busy watching her. It was OK,. She wanted him to watch and learn and be comfortable being nude with her. "In two days, we'll be nude together in the most extreme way," she thought. "We'll be in this tiny pod without a stitch of clothing between us.

He'll see me completely raw and uninhibited. You have to be that way when you're making a baby."

She cupped her big tits beneath one arm, making them balloon out, side by side, her engorged nipples sticking out stiffly. As she fastened the bust-cover around them, she peeked over at her boy, who seemed frozen in awe as he watched her.

The mother then looked down at boner, as it stuck up at an upward angle, like a rocket ship preparing to blast-off to some far away planet. It looked so incredibly rigid and strong. She knew her husband could never display his cock this impressively. Harlin did his

best with what he had, making love to her at her every request. He tried his hardest to please a wife who had an insatiable hunger for sex.

"I already cleaned you up," she said, smiling at her son teasingly. "Am I gonna have to dress you too?"

Kian was snapped from his trance. "Oh, um, sorry," he muttered, grabbing his dry briefs.

"If we don't hear anything soon, I'm marching up to that board room myself and pleading our case," Harlin said as they sat at dinner.

"Surely they'll let us know, either one way or the other," Starla said.

Kian looked at his father bravely. "Well, I just wanna say, dad, that if we don't hear anything, I'm ok with fulfilling the assignment with mom," he said, looking over to see his mother peek back at him with a little smile.

"Whether you're willing to step up and do it is neither here nor there. The point is, you and your mother should have never been paired in the first place."

"But the data said that mom and I could be ninty-nine percent effective at making a baby," Kian said. "Those are pretty good chances, right?"

"Wait, data? What data?" Harlin asked.

Starla looked at her husband uncomfortably. "It was just data we were given, based on today's session. Why don't I get you another drink," the wife said, trying to change the subject.

"That's okay, just show me the data. I'd like to see it."

"Honey, it's just a bunch of numbers. If we hear from the board, none of it will matter anyway."

"I know, but you know me, I'm a numbers guy. It's what I do for work. I'd like to see the data they gave you," Harlin said.

Starla took a nervous gulp, then projected both her and Kian's data above the table for her husband to see.

Harlin immediately got that sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. "Practice intercourse? Doggy and missionary?" he asked.

Starla peered over at her husband, a tad embarrassed. "Yes, well, these breeding courses are all about preparing a paired couple to conceive a child affectively. They won't know what improvements we need to make, unless they see us practicing," she explained.

"And how do you practice sex, exactly?" Harlin asked.

"We were wearing something, so there was no penetration," his wife said uncomfortably. "We were just going through the motions."

"For thirty-six minutes apparently," Harlin said, not seeming the least bit happy about what he was seeing.

Starla quickly tried to point out the positive. "Look at Kian's percentage of healthy sperm. Ninty-nine percent, that would make the chances of me getting pregnant EXTREMELY good," Starla said.

"Starla, that's great, but it doesn't make any of this ok," he said, then Harlin spotted the one piece of data his wife was hoping he'd overlook. "Your number of orgasms is one? Seriously?"

"It was...a body friction thing. You know how we women have very little control over those. Can we just..."

"You DO have control over those!" Harlin said with a raised voice. "It's called not doing, whatever it was you were doing to cause them in the first place."

"Honey look, I know you want the board to make a decision in our favor, but what if they don't? What if the assignment doesn't change? If Kian and I have to conceive a child together through intercourse, wouldn't you rather see us take the necessary steps to make it happen quickly and effectively?" Starla asked.

"Of course," Harlin admitted.

"Well, by practicing and perfecting our techniques, it betters our chances of doing that. If we're completely prepared, who knows, him and I could only have to have sex one time and I get pregnant."

"Yeah, well 'one time' is bad enough!"

"Yes, but isn't 'one time' better that twelve times?" she asked. "It took you and I months and tons of sex for me to get pregnant with Kian, remember?"

Harlin couldn't help but smile as he reflected back. "I remember."

"We weren't prepared. That's why it took us so long. If him and I end up having to do this, I'm sure you're gonna want the process to be over as soon as possible, right?" she asked.

"With any luck, you WON'T have to do this, but yes, if you do, I would like it to be a quick process."

She reached over and placed her hand on her husband's shoulder lovingly. "Then let us prepare, and please, just try to show some support."

"Alight, I'll try," her husband muttered, although no amount of logic could remove the uneasy feeling he was having about his wife and

son engaging in sex.

What he saw later that evening didn't help his feelings about the situation any. He looked through the window of the exercise room and saw his wife and son next to each other on the mat, each doing their own fertility exercises.

Starla was on her hands and knees, as if in the doggy position. She was using her hips to rhythmically pump her ass back over and over, as if fucking her pussy back on a stiff prick.

The fact that she was wearing skin tight workout attire made the sight look even more scandalous.

Next to her, on his back, Kian was pumping his hips from the mat, as if he was driving his cock up through an imaginary pussy. Harlin noticed how they were talking and smiling at each other, as if they were going about some routine task.

The pretty wife spotted her hubby in the window and gave him a smiling wave. Harlin forced a smile in return. "What's taking that board so damn long to make a decision?" he muttered out loud to himself.

Inside the exercise room, mom and son were working up a sweat. Kian's position on the floor gave him a spectacular view of his mom's tits. Her snug workout top was cut low in the neck, exposing an almost obscene amount of cleavage.

"It's a good thing I'm facing away from the window," Starla said, "I'd probably be getting a lecture right now."

"About what?"

She glanced down at her jostling milkers and all the creamy tit-cleavage she had oozing out.

"Does this look like a top he'd want me wearing around you?" she asked.

"Probably not. I'm glad you wore it though."

"Good," Starla said with a wink. "I thought it might fuel your thrusts a bit, provide you with a little motivation. Besides, in a little over a day you'll be seeing a lot more of these boobs, in all their glory."

"Well you're right. The site of them does help my thrusts!," the boy confessed, wishing he could slide his boner down into her deep dark tit-crevise and shoot his wad off.

"Speaking of thrusts, you're in great form tonight!" Starla said, watching her boy thrust his bulge up and down in a tireless rythmn.

"Thanks!"

"Remember, roll your hips. Don't force the pumps," Starla said. "See the way MY hips are moving?"

Kian peered down to see his mom's wide birthing hips pumping fluidly up and back, her rounded buttocks jiggling delightfully with her every repetitive movement. The thought that soon he'd mounting those haunches, with his boner pounding through her skilled pussy made his heart race.

The mother's eyes watched her boy, her cunt throbbing at the site of him humping the air.

"You know, if we were having intercourse, with you on your back thrusting like that, we'd be in what's called the cowgirl position," Starla said.

"You mean with you on top of me?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she said, then widened her knees a little and lowered her ass back to the floor, sitting upright, as if she were straddling him in the cowgirl position. She began humping herself up and down again. "Same pelvic pumping for me, just in a different position."

Kian's eyes widened, as he watched his mom move as if she were on top of him, meeting his upward thrusts. Even under the snug confines of her sports top, her big fleshy mommy-tits wobbled around heavily from her movements. "Is this position good for breeding?" he asked.

Starla giggled. "Not really, you'd be ejaculating you cum-load upward, against the forces of gravity."

"To bad," the boy said disappointingly.

The mother smiled over at him. "But that doesn't mean we couldn't try. I mean, the muscles surrounding your urethra are probably quite strong. I would imagine they would contract and propel your semen out of your penis quite far."

"So we can try it?"

Sta giggled at how persistent he was. "Ok, but fair's fair. If you get to chose an extra position for us to have sex in, then I get to pick one too."

"Ok, what one?"

Still bouncing her buns in a steady 'cowgirl' fuck-rhythm, the mother smiled at her boy in a naughty way.. "It's called 'the hanging garden' and it's absolutely wonderful!" she said, like a young girl thinking back on the greatest sex of her life. Then, her excitement level melted.

"Since your father hurt his back, he can't really do it much anymore...and I miss it a lot," she said.

"Will you show me?" her boy asked.

Starla glanced at the window. Her husband was gone, but she was still hesitant. "Not in here. It was a favorite of your father's too, so if he saw us engaging in it, even with our clothes on, it would probably break his heart," she explained.

"I understand."

"How 'bout we wrap this workout up for tonight, we'll go somewhere a little more private and I'll show you, ok," Starla said.

"Sure," Kian said anxiously.

When they floated from the workout room, they saw Harlin hovering in the main living area, watching a news program that was projected hologram in the center of the room. He spotted them. "Kian, would you mind grabbing your old man a drink?" Harlin asked.

"On it, dad!"

Starla slithered by her son, secretly whispering in his ear as she passed. "Meet me in the bathroom."

After the boy fetched his father's drink, he floated down a small corridor and tapped at the bathroom door. "It's me, mom!" he said in a hushed tone.

"It's open," his mother answered back.

Kian came inside and closed the door behind him. He gasped as he saw his mom floating upright, three feet off the floor, completely naked. She smiled teasing, her beautiful dark mane of hair flowing behind her.. "You ARE suppose to be getting used to seeing me naked, remember?"

"Yes," he muttered.

"And I'm suppose to be getting used to seeing you that way too," she said, glancing down at his shorts. "Take 'em off."

The boy removed his shorts and shirt, so that now they were both completely nude. He watched his mom playfully push herself off the wall, floating towards him in the same 'cowgirl' position she had been in earlier. It was as if she was straddling something in mid-air as she hovered across the room.

Kian's hard peter flexed on his loins, watching his mom's mammoth tits float around buoyantly in front of her. Just before she got to him, she extended her sexy legs and scissored them open widely, pointing her dainty bare feet in opposite directions.

"Oh wow!" the boy muttered, gazing at the thick lips of her shaved pubis.

The mother captured her teen between her thighs, throwing her arms and legs around him and latching on. The boy was delighted by the feel of her weightless melons bobbling against his chest. "This is the hanging garden. Although, I'm not really hanging off of you, if we're in zero-gravity like this!"

"Alexa, pressurize the bathroom," Kian said.

"You better be prepared to hold me!" Starla said with a flirty smile.

Kian felt the room pressurize around them. His feet hit the floor and felt the weight of his mom in his arms as her clutched on to her outer thighs, holding her up. Now the full weight of her meaty boobs were crushed against his chest.

"I can see why dad liked this so much!" he said, looking his mom in the eyes.

"I love being held this way!" St said, giving her son a dreamy eyes gaze in return. Then she brought her lips to his ear. "But not as

much as I love being SCREWED this way! Are you gonna screw me this way, darling?"

Kian sighed with excitement. Just hearing his mother use language like this was awesome.

"Yes!"

She giggled at his anxiousness. "Not right now, of course, but soon! I think this'll be a great baby making position, don't you?" she said, giving him an excited look.

"Uh-huh. Can we do it in zero-g too?" he asked.

"Of course we can. Wanna take a test spin right now?"

Her boy nodded and gulped excitedly.

"Alexa, UNPRESSURIZE the bathroom!" Starla said.

The couple felt the air around them change again. "Wanna go up?" Kian asked his mom, looking up at the thirty-foot high ceiling.

Starla clung on even tighter, her arms wrapped about his neck and her ankles interlocked behind his ass. "Take me to the stars, Superman!" she smiled.

Kian sprung from the floor, propelling them upward. His hard cock was wedged between her legs, sticking out from behind Starla, just beneath her thick naked ass.

"Wooo!" the mother hollered playfully as they began to spin in a circle. They looked like a big ball of tangled flesh as they continued slowly rising through the bathroom.

Kian was in seventh heaven, as he felt his mother's glorious curves cling to him. Her jugs were like tow huge fatty mounds bumping and rubbing against his face and upper chest.

When he spun beneath her, Starla rose up off his chest and extended her legs, so that she was now straddling him, high up in the room. "Oh look, it's YOUR favorite position!" she said with a teasing smile.

Kian's heart beat so hard he though it could pound right out of his chest. His eyes traveled up the view before him, from their fused crotches, up her sexy midriff, to those two ballooning stiff-nippled knockers, gently waving around like some sort of twin sea plants on the ocean floor. Then, there was that beautiful face, with those dreamy green eyes gazing down at him, with her long dark mane floating around her. She was stunning!

"I can't wait until we can do it this way!" he muttered.

"Why wait?" she asked, surprising him. "I mean, we can't 'do it' this way, as in have sex right now, but..."

"But what?" he asked, anxious to hear what she meant.

"Well, we could let you slide your hardon inside me, just so we both see what it'll feel like, to be joined together in full penetration,," she said.

Now his heart was pounding AND doing flips. "So it's ok...If we do that now??"

"As long as you promise not to start pumping your hardon. We have to wait two days for that."

"Got it!" Kian said.

While her husband was down the hallway, Starla was about to relive a special part of her youth all over again, by letting a young cock stretch the walls of her vagina. Yes, she felt guilty, but the overwhelming need to have a cock so large inside her, especially one

that belonged to her handsome, sweet boy, swept that guilt right away.

She rose up slightly, reaching under and gasping his incredibly hard cock. Her mind swirled with wicked desire as she fit his fat knob between her labial gates.

"Ohhh!" the both seemed to sigh in unison, as the boy's meat parted her pink walls and slowly sunk inside her.

Kian had never dreamed he'd see this type of look on his own beautiful mother's face. It was the look of a woman taking the biggest cock of her life. Her eyes were big and her mouth hung open, as his big pussy-pleaser, just kept sliding upward, deeper and deeper, passing that familiar point that was the farthest place her husband's cock could reach..

"Wow!" she exclaimed, with a look of sudden shock. "Is that you?" she asked, feeling him rub up against the head of her cervix.

Kian smile. "Who else would it be, Mom?"

She giggled, realizing how silly her question was. "I don't know, I just...oh my God, you're so deep!"

He lay there floating beneath her, feeling her squeezing on it with her ribbed walls, adjusting to it's size. He looked down to see her fleshy outer lips spread out around the root of his cock and the dome of her clitoral hoodgototherssvv-rddhpleerom between them.

"You feel amazing!" the boy gasped.

"Yeah, well, you're um...really packed in there, darling!" she said, breathing deeply.

Kian felt her cunt-tube clasping with gentle squeezes. He responded by flexing his boner, stretching her fuck-tunnel even more, making

his mom gasp and throw her head back, clenching her fists. "Ohh, shit, Kian!" the mother squealed.

"What?" the boy asked stupidly.

"What do you mean what?! What do you think?" she giggled.

"Well you squeezed on me! I just responded by doing that."

She leaned forward a little, trapping her big milkers between her arms and making them distend outward as she placed her palms on his chest. "You're already about to split me in half with that thing. You don't need to make it any stiffer!"

Kian flexed his cock again, feeling the tight sleeve of her cunt contract around him. She let out a tiny scream, then covered her mouth and looked down towards the doorway. "Like that you mean?" he asked.

She slapped his chest playfully. "You're rotten! You wanna play show-off? Okay, let's play show-off!" Starla said, then tightened her well-conditioned cunt-muscles, grasping tightly around his thick boner.

Now it was her boy throwing his head back in ecstacy. "Ohh wow!" he sighed, feeling the tight grip of her pussy muscles and the ribbed inner lining swathing his smothered boner in hot slippery secretions. "See, hot-shot, two can play that game!" she teased, smiling down at him.

Kian wanted so badly to feel his mother's vagina plunging up and down his boner, but he was thankful she was at least willing to go this far right now.

The boy wasn't the only one craving something more. Starla was yearning for a hard boner-grinding fuck. If her boy felt this good in

full-penetration, she could only imagine what he would feel like thundering through her horny fuck-hole.

"Give me your hands," she said,, dropping her legs straight down and grasping him between her thighs as tightly as she could. This, along with the hand holding, creative enough leverage for her to grind their pubis's together.

Kian just laid back, holding his mom's hands and watching her stir her hips around. He could feel his deeply buried boner pushing around, pressing against her hot walls. His mom's eyes were closed as she stirred her dripping honey-pot with his big meaty spoon.

Kian decided to add some excitement by tightening his ass and flexing his cock again. Starla let out a deep gasp, keeping her eyes shut, answering back with tight squeezes of her own.

This was how it went for several minutes - squeezing and flexing and grinding, Kian's boner now soaked with fuck-oil. He could feel it trickling out and down over the sack of his balls.

What made it ever more exciting was that he got to watch his mom's huge tit-melons move around the whole time.

His mom's eyes suddenly popped open and they gazed at one another. "We should probably stop!" she muttered, and yet continued rolling her hips, grinding him inside her.

"Yes!" he agreed, breathlessly, even though he didn't want to.

"In two days we can do more...much more!" she said.

Kian decided to ask a brave question. "Will 'more include sucking on your boobs?"

It was a good time to ask his mom these questions. She was horny as fuck and was thinking with her naughty sexual brain, and not her

normal responsible motherly one. "Well, that's part of having sex, so yes, of course. We'll do lots of things?"

"Like what else?" the boy asked, excited by her answer. He loved that she was still gliding around against him, rubbing the bell of his cock back and forth against the puffy dome of her ectocervix.

"Well, we'll have to see. I may have to suck on your boner to get it to it's full hardness," she said.

"Really?" the boy muttered.

"Yes, your balls too. I may need to run my tongue all over your nuts to get the sperm all worked up and ready in there," she said lustfully. "Ready to blast all over my insides and get me pregnant."

"Ohh damn," the boy muttered, as excited as ever.

"You like that idea, darling? You like the thought of me giving your cock and balls some oral attention?"

"Heck yes!" he answered.

"And maybe even letting you stick your magic wand between my soft boobies, wrapping your long thick piggy in a blanket!" his mother teased.

Starla was so fucking horny she could hardly stand it. Her hungry eyes ran up teen's chest.

"He's so young and hung and ready to fuck me!" she wickedly thought. "We're gonna fuck so hard we're gonna make that breeding pod spin like a fucking top!"

Kian licked his lips, staring at the big rubbery nipples popping from the pink rounded rings of her areola. He couldn't wait to devours

them...to suck and pull on those puffy nubs while he pumped load after load of baby making ball-juice into his mother's cunt.

Even though Starla had expressed her intention of stopping, she didn't seem in any hurry. It would have taken a knock on the door from her husband to stop her, which is exactly what happened.

"Starla, you in there?" they heard Harlin ask from outside the door far below.

His wife looked down, still straddling their son. "I'm taking a shower, honey! Almost finished," she said, feeling her son's hardon pulse excitedly inside her.

She leaned down, crushing her boobs on Kian's chest. "Now we REALLY have to stop," she said, then planted a quick kiss on his lips. Before she could sit back up, she stopped and stared into his eyes. There was clearly some real magic going on between them. She acknowledged this with another kiss. This time, it was slow and sensual.

The mother smiled and shook her head, as if she could hardly believe what she had just done.

"You're bad," she said to her son teasingly.

"So are you!"

"I know!" she said with a naughty wink, then slipped off him and dropped towards the floor.

Kian looked across at his boner, which was soaking wet. He smiled, almost triumphantly, then moved down towards the floor also.

Harlin was at his office the next morning, when a call from his wife came up. "Answer!" he said, which brought up a holographic image

of Starla, standing in their living room. "Hi honey, what's up?" he asked.

"Harlin, I just got a call from Ellie, our fertility coach. My egg has dropped a day early!"

"Hold on, what?!"

"My egg! I started ovulating. It can only survive for twenty-four hours in my cervix! Kian and I need to report to the breeding pod right away!"

"Starla, please...hold on! I still haven't heard from the board. For all we know they've made a decision and haven't told us yet!"

"Honey, if they had changed their minds about the assignment, they would have contacted us,"

Starla said. "Kian and I have a VERY narrow window here!"

"Ten minutes! Give me ten minutes, I'm gonna make a call!"

Starla seemed frustrated. "Please hurry!" she said.

"I still can't believe dad thinks they're gonna reverse the assignment," Kian said, after his phone disconnected.

"I'm beginning to think he's being stupidly optimistic at this point," Starla said. "I mean, I can understand why your father doesn't want us having sex together, but under the circumstances, it just has to be that way."

Kian wasn't sure whether to be exciting, or to prepare himself for the disappointment of a lifetime. Of course he hoped the assignment to be paired with his mother would remain unchanged, but his dad's persistence continued to leave doubt in his mind. The fact that he

and his mom should be heading to the breeding pod RIGHT NOW, to fuck their asses off until she got pregnant didn't help either.

"Why do you think your egg did it's thing early?" he asked his mom.

"My guess is all that stirring around I did in there last night, with your 'magic wand' made my egg come dislodged a bit early," she said, half-teasingly.

"Oops!" Kian muttered.

"By now the egg is in my fallopian tube, which mean your father is wasting valuable time, that we could be using to make a baby!"

Alexa suddenly set her mind at ease. "Call from Harlin!" she said.

"Answer!" Starla said.

"Hey honey! I got ahold of the secretary. A member of the board is on their way over to you RIGHT NOW," Harlin said.

"On their way over here? Now?" she asked.

"Yeah, the secretary said he wanted to deliver their decision in person. That's a good sign! I told her I couldn't be there because I'm working, but he'll talk to you, and with any luck this mess will be straightened out," Harlin said.

"Yes, um...ok, well, I guess I'll just wait for him to get here," his wife said, nervous and anxious at the same time.

"Great! This is looking good, honey! Be sure to call me as soon as you know something," Harlin said.

"I will," she muttered. "Alexa, end call!" she said, this looked over at her son. The uncertainty showed on both their faces.

"A member of the board...coming over here?" Kian said. "That could mean that they've changed it to you and dad being paired together, instead of us."

"It could also mean, that they're sorry, but all assignments are final, like we originally thought. The board member could be coming down to make sure the assignment is accepted, without further protest."

"Which do you think it is...really?" Kian asked.

The buzzer to the door went off. "I guess we're about to find out," Starla answered.

A short balding man in a uniformed-looking space suit greeted Starla with a smile. "Mrs. Ridley? Hi, Hugh Jass, board member."

"Hugh Jass?" Kian asked with a snicker.

Hugh acknowledged with a smile. "Yes, that's unfortunately my real name. I understand you've been presented with quite the dilemma, and I apologize. While mother and son sexual relations aren't unlawful, no parent and child should be forced into that situation, so we've changed your assignment."

"You have?" Kian asked, his heart sinking in disappointment.

"Yes, we have!"

"So it'll be my husband and I paired to breed then?" Starla asked, sounding disappointed.

"Oh no.. no, no! Your husband's sperm count is very low I'm afraid. But your son, well now that's another story!" Hugh said, looking over at Kian."Ninty-nine percent likelihood of successful fertilization with healthy female! Are you kidding me?! Those are numbers we can't ignore!" Hugh exclaimed.

"Oh, well, yes, they are quite good," Starla agreed.

"Indeed! Mrs. Ridley, you and your husband are both off the hook. Your son will be representing this household, in the fulfillment of operation: propagate."

"With who?" she asked curiously, her heart rate increasing.

"A cute girl named Grace, twenty-three years old...still single. Very fertile from what the data shows," Hugh said, then looked over at Kian. "She starts her cycle next week, so don't make any plans."

"Oh...ok," Kian muttered.

"Anyway, so again, sorry for the mishap. Ya'll have a great evening!"

Starla stepped out into the corridor, watching Hugh stroll away. She should have been relieved, but she wasn't. She should have been happy for her son, but instead she was incredibly jealous. She wanted to scream! She wanted to cry! Unless she asserted herself now, all she had secretly hoped for would be thrown out the window and sucked into the vacuum of deep space.

"Wait!" she shouted up the corridor.

Hugh stopped and looked at her. He wandered back over with a knowing smile, then stopped in front of her. "I had a feeling you'd be calling me back!" he said.

Mother and son hurriedly floated side by side through the corridor, holding each other's hand as they went. Starla had just dialed her husband on her communicator. "Hey, honey! Did he come by?" Harlin asked.

"Yes, he just left!" his wife answered.

"And?"

Starla and Kian looked at each other and smiled.

"Starla, are you there?" Harlin asked.

"Yes, I'm here! Honey, it was just as I thought. All assignments are final," his wife said, trying to sound disappointed. " Kian and I have been paired to make a baby together and that's what we have to do!"

She could sense the disappointment on the other end. A small part of her felt pity for her husband. What man could accept his wife being paired with a handsome youngster for breeding, especially if that person was your own son. None of that really mattered to her in this moment. She was not about to accept her son being paired with a younger woman. Not only that, but she had begun to have feelings for Kian that were beyond innocent motherly love.

She needed him to fuck her! She WANTED him to fuck her! The baby would be the result of their newly found passion..

"Well, I guess we don't really have a choice, do we?" Harlin asked, in a disappointed tone.

"I'm afraid not. Kian and I are headed to the breeding pod. The egg is waiting in my fallopian tube, which means we have a twenty-four hour window to get me pregnant," Starla said.

"Needless to say, we may not be home until late tonight."

"I understand. The two of you do what you need to."

His final words were music to her wife's ears.

They arrived at the Breeding Wing, got in their pod and buckled themselves in. Ellie's hologram stood across from them, smiling from

ear to ear. "Are we excited?" she asked.

"YES!" Starla said, her face beaming.

"This is it,, Kian! The language and behavior of your mother and I will be much wilder now!"

Ellie said with a lustful grin. "It's time to breed!"

A few seconds later the pod had pressurized, they were unbuckled and stripping their space suits off. As Kian watched his mom release her jiggling jugs from her bust-cover and reach down to remove her underclip, it finally sunk in that he was about to fuck her. As Ellie would say, they were about to do the mating dance.

"Starla, we'll need to make sure Kian's cock is fully erect for penetration," Ellie said.

"I got this!" the mother said with a naughty smile, gently pushing her boy back onto the bed.

Kian watched his mom kneel between his legs and grasp his hardon. If it could get any harder, she was about to make it that way. She opened her mouth wide and stuffed her son's meaty cock shaft down her throat. The purple bell brushed past her tonsils, nearly making her gag, but she was able to control her choking reflex as she eagerly started sucking.

Up and down her pretty head bobbed, slowly fucking her throat with the stiffness of Kian's cock meat. As she sucked vigorously, loud slurping, smacking, gurgling sounds filled the pod.

"Ohh wow!" the boy whimpered, watching his own mom work his cock in a sloppy blowjob.

Starla grasped his boner at base, popping it from her mouth and lashing her thick long tongue all over his shiny barbed tip.

"Ahhh!" Kian sighed, thrusting his dick upward, as he watched his mom run her tongue all over his glans. She wagged her licker down the length of his boner, following the bulging tube that his semen would soon be pumping through. Then, she battered his big cum-filled nuts, rolling her wet tongue all over them, while stroking his cock gently.

"You see, Kian? There's more to baby making than just shooting your hot cum inside a woman," Ellie said with a smile.

"I like it!" the boy sighed, feeling his mom suck one of his testicles into her mouth and nurse on it through the skin of his scrotum.

She moved to the other nut, slurping it in and rolling it around inside her mouth. Her tongue looped around and around the sperm-packed testicle, massaging it with licks.

Kian's body shivered with delight. He never knew having his nuts sucked on could feel this fucking amazing.

"We don't want him to get too excited, now do we?" Starla asked, standing up and looking down at her boy.

"True!" Ellie giggled. "He can shoot his fucking cum down your throat, but those wigglers won't find any eggs down there," she said.

Kian watched his mom rub her fingers across her shaved mons. "He'll find one in here though...and it's ready," she said in a seductive tone, gazing right at him. "Wanna come in and play?" she asked, crawling onto the mattress over him.

"Uh-huh!" the boy muttered, his heart beating wildly.

"Scoot back and let's do your favorite first," Starla said, climbing on top of him. "Let me be your cowgirl!"

Kian's eyes stared widely at his mother's huge hanging tits as they wobbled closer and closer to his face. He felt his mom grasp his boner and run his knob between her labium. She fit the tip in the socket of her vagina, then lowered her hips, spearing his cock-flesh up her juice-slickened pussy.

"Ahhh!" they both groaned, as they came together in full penetration.

His mom looked down at him with her beautiful eyes. He had never seen a more excited look on her pretty face. "Now we get to pump!" she exclaimed, then began working her well-conditioned hips, plunging her baby's cock through the squeezing grip of her boner-grinder.

"Ohh yesss!" the boy groaned, finally getting what he always dreamed about. As she rode him, his mom's mammoth boobs came to life, swinging around wildly to her humping rhythm, right before his eyes.

The shameless mother held nothing back, fucking and grinding as hard as she could. She slammed her tits down against her teen, squeezing him around the neck with her coiled arms, riding him frantically, in a fit of passion. "Fuck meee!" she cried out in a horny tone.

Kian pumped his hips, just as he had in the workout room, only this time there was a hot pussy on the other end, humping back at him with equal passion. Their crotches beat together lewdly, her snug ribbed walls providing just the right amount of slippery secretions to lubricate their union.

Now Kian realized what Ellie meant about their behavior being wilder. When it came to breeding, moms didn't fuck around. Even though he had very little experience at all, he was gonna do his best to keep up with her.

Starla's mind swirled as she fucked her ass off, pounding her mature cunt down against her boy, driving his unyielding hardness through the core of her womanhood, and feeling it pull on her heartstrings. She had shaken all thoughts of her loving husband from her mind. He had no place in this breeding pod. All her energy was focused on her son and how amazing he felt beneath her.

Her boy was seeing the most primitive side of her. Here, they were just rutting animals, engaging in nature's most primal act, but there was something else going on. Something that pushed her to fuse her lips around Kian's, while they fucked. To kiss him more passionately than she had anyone else, even her own husband.

"Oh my God, it's happening!!" she wildly though while hungrily making out with her son. "I'M IN LOVE WITH HIM!"

Just the thought of it, along with the divine sensations her boy's cock was providing, made the mother's body shake as she cried out in orgasm.

When Kian felt his mom's cunt-tube clasping tightly and her curvy body tremble on top of him, his dick gave off a mighty flex, his knob tingling exquisitely. When her hot girl-cum began to swirl around his tender boner, he was done-for.

"Ahhhh yes!" he cried out, humping up into her as hard as he could.

"Yess! Go, Kian!" Ellie shouted. "Fuck her hard!"

His busty mother clung on and fucked him back with equal intensity, her pretty face contorting in pleasure. "YESSS! FUCK!! OHHGOD,YESSS!" she screamed, cumming harder than she had in her life.

"Ahhhh!" the boy grunted, as big ropes of spunk began to pulse from the slit of his meatus, plastering his mom's inner lining with potent baby makers.

They were in no hurry, and this was the cum of their lives, so for nearly ten minutes, mother and son jerked and humped and writhed on the mattress, squeezing out every single little tiny tadpole from Kian's cock.

Some time later, Harlin was sitting in his office and was hardly able to focus. The idea that at that very moment, his wife, who he loved so much, was being screwed hard by another guy gave him an extremely sick feeling. Yes, that 'other guy' was his son, but in a lot of ways it made it harder to bare.

He began to wonder if he had access to their data. It probably wasn't the best idea, but he wanted to take a look at what they were doing. Against his better judgment, Harlin tried to gain access to the Breeding Wing through the mainframe, which he was able to do using his ID code.

His wife and son's data was displayed in front of him.

Subjects: Starla and Kian Ridley
Assigned: POD #163
Status: PRESENTLY ENGAGED IN INTERCOURSE (Doggy-style)

Harlin sighed and shook his head. He imagined his wife bent over on all-fours, her big boobs that he loved so much, swinging from her chest, while their handsome son fucked her from behind. He continued looking at the data.

Total time engaged in copulation: 1 hour, 46 minutes, 33 seconds
Positions utilized: cowgirl, reverse cowgirl, lazyman, missionary (in different variations), doggy

Harlin felt his heart race with jealousy. He couldn't remember the last time when he and his wife had gone at it for that long. The fact that she and Kian had engaged in so many different intimate sexual

positions astounded him. The next bit of data made it all the more real.

Combined thrust effectiveness: 98.9%
Number of thrusts (Kian): 4,432
Number of thrusts (Starla): 2,863
Number of orgasms (Kian) 3
Number of orgasms (Starla) 16

"Sixteen! Are you fucking kidding me!" Harlin shouted, hoping his coworkers didn't hear him.

To add salt to his wound, the thrust numbers were increasing as he sat there looking at them, and his wife's number of orgasms suddenly jumped up to seventeen.

The last bit of information gave him hope that this nightmare would be over quickly.

Number of sperm present inside Starla: 932 Million

Likelihood of successful fertilization within 13 hours: 99.78%

Back in the pod tank, hundreds of pods were floating and rocking, but one pod in particular was going crazy, nearly rolling in a complete circle as it rocked steadily.

In that pod, Kian was kneeling on the bed, fucking Starla from behind. He was looking down, watching the fatty layer of flesh ripple through his mom's luscious buttocks, every time it slapped against his midsection.

They'd been fucking for nearly two hours now and their naked bodies glowed with a light sheen of perspiration. Starla peeked back her boy, her face looking like a runner, pacing herself through a marathon. "Slap my ass!" she said in a serious tone.

Kian happily obeyed, striking her ass-cheek with a sharp openen-handed slap.

"Again! Spank my fucking ass while you fuck me!" she screamed out.

The boy gave her meaty ass-mounds a series of hard strikes, watching her butt-meat quiver each time he slapped her.

His cock was as hard as when he's started, nearly two hours ago, slicing through the cum-plastered walls of her cunt-tube, with full length thrusts.

Starla suddenly pulled her pussy from his cock and guided him up, so they stood next to the bed. Ellie had left them alone to continue breeding The passionate mother threw her arms around her boy, engaging him in deep French kisses.

Her ballooning mommy-melons met his chest and flattened against it, her aroused nipples poking into him. "I need my hanging garden," she whimpered between kisses, then lifted one leg around her son's midsection.

Kian was ready when his mom sprung from the floor and wrapped her smooth legs around him. His boner plunged back inside her and their crotches worked against each other to create a deep pussy-pounding rhythm.

He backed his mom against the padded wall and pounded the shit out of her. Clinging to her teen, Starla clenched the toes of her bobbing feet and began to orgasm with screaming intensity, as her son pounded between her wide-open thighs.

Cunt-juice dripped from Kian's balls as he kept a frantic fuck-pace. His mom's pussy-tube was clutching and spurting so much it felt like it was turning inside out around his burrowing cock.

No matter how much it tightened, he continued to drive his cock home, feel his tender bell kiss the soft domed head of her cervix on every thrust.

"Oh, Kian, you fuck me so good!" his mother cried out, clinging as tightly as she could.

Her sultry cry set off a trigger in his balls. "Ahhh!" he whimpered, feeling his nuts clench up.

His mom looked into his eyes wildly. "Yess! Come on! Gimme your baby!" she cried out.

Kian did just that. Among the millions of sperm that erupted from his piss-slit, one lucky swimmer from that orgasm would reach his mother's egg and burrow inside.

Alerted of the successful fertilization, the mother would later excitedly announce her pregnancy. Right in front of Harlin, the mother and son would embrace and kiss proudly. "We did it!" Starla said, gazing her son in the eyes.

For Harlin, this terrible experience was over. Of course he would love the baby like his own, but was glad to have things back to normal. The details of private sexual intercourse were not tracked, and it was a good thing they wern't. If it did track sexual activity, and the father were to see his wife and son's data, his heart would be broken. This was because Starla and her son were secretly in love and would continue to fuck each other at every opportunity.

Over the next nine month's, Starla's belly would grow into an enormous baby-ball. Her hormones were off the charts and she needed her son's rock-hard cock more than ever. Kian would continue to fuck his mom at every opportunity. As her belly and tits grew larger, so did his excitement level. Often times he floated through his bedroom, with his mother clinging to him. It was during those times, with his cock sheathed in her fuck tube and his face

wedged between her enormous milk-filled melons, that he considered himself the luckiest boy in the universe.

It was ironic, that the day before her expected due date, they arrived at their new world. Kian and Starla did a space walk together before they left the ship, looking down upon their new home. The planet below was celestial.They gazed into each other's eyes and smiled, eager for the wonderful experiences that awaited them.

THE END

ROARING SURF & RAGING HORMONES

BY KLRXO

Roaring Surf & Raging Hormones

By Klrxo

"Honey, I need your help," Coral exclaimed, her voice laced with excitement. Her voluptuous figure was adorned in a barely-there bikini top, her huge breasts bouncing as she spoke. "Slater's planning an exciting surfing adventure up the coast and I'm going with him."

Her husband Rex furrowed his brow, concern etched on his face.

"Coral, what about the girls? You can't just run off for a week like some carefree teenager with no responsibilities. Who will take care of the kids?"

Coral waved a dismissive hand, her mind consumed with the thrill of the upcoming journey. "Fuck, Rex, don't worry so much. The girls will stay with my mother. The only thing you have to worry about is the dog." As she spoke, her eyes sparkled with anticipation and her body practically vibrated with excitement.

"How on earth do you plan on going a week without sex?" Rex asked, his voice tinged with disbelief. He knew his wife, Coral, was a nymphomaniac freak who loved to fuck at every opportunity.

Coral's eyebrows furrowed as she paused for a moment, her full lips biting down on her bottom lip in deep thought. She was like an addict, unable to go even an hour without touching herself or a day without having a cock buried inside her.

"I'll figure something out," she finally answered, shrugging her shoulders nonchalantly. But both of them knew that it would be nearly impossible for Coral to resist her insatiable urges for an entire week.

Rex chuckled, the corners of his mouth turning up in a sly smile.

"Honey, we both know that's not possible," he teased, knowing full well that Coral's cravings were too strong to deny for long.

Coral couldn't help but laugh at her husband's accuracy. "Alright, fine. Maybe I'll pack a few of my fuck-toys to help me along," she said mischievously, her eyes sparkling with naughty intent.

Slater was the spitting image of his mother, Coral. He shared her sun-kissed skin and bleached blonde hair, which gave him an irresistible surfer-boy vibe. His body was lean and chiseled, a result of countless hours spent surfing and chasing waves. But it wasn't just his physique that turned every girl's head, it was also his insatiable appetite for sex inherited from his wild and carefree mother.

When he wasn't catching waves in the ocean, Slater could be found in the back of his restored VW bus, fucking beautiful women he had met at the beach. He had a particular attraction to those with voluptuous curves and huge tits, which he would eagerly suck and nibble on while thrusting his impressive 10-inch erection deep inside their tight, slippery folds. The local girls had given him a fitting nickname - "hammerhead" - in reference to the large, tapered head of his massive member that relentlessly pounded against the cervix of every woman he bedded, determined to penetrate even deeper.

"Let's go get some action, mom," Slater declared, his dark eyes blazing with energy and mischief. He effortlessly scooped up Coral, slinging her over his broad shoulder while grabbing her bag in the other hand. She squealed and laughed, feeling the sun-warmed skin of his neck against her bare legs as he carried her towards his van.

The succulent cheeks of her rounded, bikini-thonged ass pointed towards the sky, the scent of coconut sunscreen and saltwater filled the air around them.

"I was born ready for action, hammerhead," Coral teased, a playful glint in her aqua green eyes.

Slater chuckled, setting her down next to his van with a thud. "Hey, how did you know that was my nickname?"

Coral's lips curled into a sly smile as she sauntered closer to him. "I have my ways," she replied enigmatically, leaving Slater to wonder just how well she knew him. With the ocean crashing in the background and the warm breeze tousling their hair, they were both ready for whatever adventures this summer would bring.

The sleek, aqua-colored van zipped along the winding highway 101, hugging the curves of the scenic coast. The windows were rolled down, allowing the salty ocean air to rush in and mix with the blaring surf rock anthem "Miserlou" by Dick Dale.

Coral sat sideways in her seat, her long blonde hair whipping behind her like a flag in the wind. Her tanned legs were spread wide open, one bare foot propped up on Slater's shoulder while the other rested on the center console. From this angle, Slater had an unobstructed view of Coral's bikini-clad crotch, barely covered by the thin fabric that hugged her smooth outer labial folds and defined her cuntal fissure. It was an intentionally provocative position and Coral reveled in it, her plump, pink lips parting as she let out a satisfied sigh.

"Mm, that breeze feels amazing," she yelled over the music, leaning even further out the window and causing her king-sized tits to practically spill out of her tiny bikini top. Their journey had just begun, but already Coral was feeling wild and free, ready for whatever adventure awaited them on this coastal road trip.

"Careful, mom. Your boobs might snap that bikini top right in two,"

Slater stated, still eyeballing her magnificent mounds.

"Somehow I doubt you'd care," she giggled, sliding her toes along his chin. She brought them to his mouth, their nails glowing with bright red polish and began to slip them teasingly inside his mouth.

"What are you doing?" Slater giggled.

"Just suck on my toes," she grinned. "It's not like I'm asking you to suck on my clit or something. Are you scared?"

"He'll no, I ain't scared."

"Then suck on them," she playfully urged.

Slater eagerly complied, his lips closing around her polished toes one by one as they danced in his mouth. Coral let out a contented sigh as he enjoyed this playful activity, her hips twitching in response. The breeze continued to rush through the van, the scent of saltwater mingling with the sweet odor of her arousal.

As they continued down the winding road, Coral's cheeks began to flush with arousal. "I need a rest area," she announced, panting slightly.

"You need to pee already?" Slater asked, glancing at her with concern.

"Nobody said anything about needing to pee," Coral replied with a sly grin.

Slater's eyes drifted down to her lower regions, silently acknowledging what she truly needed. "Well, if that's all you need, you can just go in the back and do it. No need for us to stop," he suggested.

Coral chuckled at his nonchalant attitude towards her self-pleasure.

"When it comes to naughty things, you think of everything, don't you my hammerhead," she teased, leaning over to kiss him on the cheek before climbing into the back of the van.

She pulled the curtain closed behind her, leaving a small two-inch gap that drew Slater's attention.

Coral quickly slipped off her vibrant bikini bottom and retrieved a sleek, battery-operated vibrating wand from her bag. With a sly smile, she settled onto the back seat of the car and propped her long, tanned legs up in the air. Anticipation built as she clicked on her toy and brought it down to her overheated vagina, pressing it against her pulsating clit. She let out a contented sigh at the overwhelming sensations coursing through her body.

From the front of the van, Slater cautiously peered back through his rear view mirror. A small gap in the curtain allowed him a tantalizing glimpse of Coral's form. Her legs were thrown up in the air, toes clenched in delight, as she squirmed on the rear seat. His gaze zeroed in on her glistening skin, flushed with pleasure, and he couldn't help but feel a stirring in his board shorts. He imagined the vibrating wand pressed against her sensitive clit, moving in quick, circular motions to drive her wild with desire. The thought of her writhing in ecstasy sent a delicious rush of arousal through his body, making it hard for him to focus on driving.

Like most guys his age, he'd spent plenty of hours fantasizing about his mom. She was his first crush, his first love, and his biggest sexual obsession. But now, seeing her with her legs in the air, her toes curled up in pleasure, and that battery-operated toy buzzing against her clit, he realized that the fantasies weren't enough. He needed to see it all, to touch her, to taste her. He needed to be a part of her pleasure. He needed to be inside her, exploring her hot, tight core with his hammerhead, and give her the most intense orgasm she'd ever had.

Coral clenched her pretty white teeth together as the vibrator zipped back and forth over her throbbing clit, her hips bucking wildly. Her moans grew louder with each passing second, and the scent of her arousal filled the van.

"Fuck," she snarled, closing her eyes and grinding harder against the pulsating wand. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

Her climax was building, cresting higher and higher until finally, she slammed the toy into her pulsating cunt, screaming into the curtained space as her orgasm took her. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, her inner walls tightening and releasing in a frenzy.

When at last she had come down from the edge, she let out a contented sigh and turned off the wand. Slater could hear the clattering of the wand hitting her floor of the van.

"You alright back there, mom?" he asked, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

"Yeah, I'm good. Just needed a little break. I think we should pull over and take a dip in the ocean. I could really go for a swim."

"You got it," Slater replied, pulling the van onto the next rest area. He popped the trunk and grabbed a drink out of the cooler and the aroma of his mom's sweet pussy wafted out, filling his lungs.

"A good dip would sure feel good, but so would some good, hot sex," he confessed.

Coral snickered and hugged him, crushing her fat tits against his shirtless chest. "Your so much like your mom it's crazy," she stated.

"Always craving your next fuck, aren't you?"

"Well, God didn't give me a dick so it could sit in my shorts all day," joked Slater, his deep voice laced with playful banter.

A sly grin tugged at Coral's lips as she countered with a teasing remark of her own. "I'm the one who gave you your 'big dick' with that juicy hammerhead tip. You should be thanking me for that."

Slater's suggestive grin widened as he leaned in closer to her. "How would you like me to thank you?"

Coral's gaze flickered down to his bulging crotch and then back up to meet his mischievous eyes. "Don't tempt me. I'm more than you could handle."

Slater chuckled, unfazed by her challenge. "That's what all the girls say. And trust me, I handle them pretty fucking well." His confidence oozed out from every word.

"All the girls your age, you mean?" Coral quipped, rolling her eyes.

"My advice: if you really wanna get fucked, find a mom my age. We'll make you cum so fucking hard your balls will be sore for days."

Slater sighed at her words, knowing she was probably right. He watched as she started down the path towards the beach, the sun kissing her bronzed skin and highlighting the curves of her body. Her thong was tucked between her meaty ass-cheeks, leaving very little to the imagination as it swayed atop her gorgeous, tan legs. The outer layer of fat jiggled beneath the smooth skin of her cheeks, tempting him even more.

Slater and Coral plunged into the inviting ocean, relishing the tingling sensation of cool water against their skin. The waves were larger than they had expected, rising and falling with magnificent force. As they frolicked in the salty sea, a particularly powerful wave pummeled into Coral, causing her bikini top to fly off and disappear into the depths.

"Shit, I lost my bikini top," Coral exclaimed to her son, who was still treading water beside her.

Slater offered to retrieve another one from their van, but Coral simply shrugged it off. "Don't worry about it, darling. They're just boobs," she chuckled, floating on her back and basking in the warm sun. "Nothing you or anyone else on this beach hasn't seen before." She winked mischievously at him as she adjusted her bottoms and continued to enjoy their playful swim together.

When they were finished, the mother sauntered across the beach, drawing the attention of every guy in her path. As she and Slater strolled back towards the van, the movement of her enormous wet tits captivated all who watched. Each step caused them to jiggle and bob, a hypnotizing dance that left onlookers in awe. But none was more fascinated than Slater, whose eyes were fixed on her jutting boobies as they bounced with each step. He couldn't help but marvel at their sheer size and fullness. Her areolas were wide and dusky pink, encircling thick, suckable nipples that protruded from their centers.

Slater had definitely indulged in his fair share of titty sucking during his beach adventures, but none compared to the massive and succulent breasts of Coral. They were a sight to behold, and he found himself entranced by their beauty and size.

"Mom, you're like a whole fucking water park up there!" he shouted, laughing as her massive tits bobbed up and down. "How do you even manage to swim with those things?"

Coral turned around to face him, her eyes crinkling with amusement as she playfully punched him in the arm. "I guess you'll never have to worry about me drowning in this ocean, will you?" she said with a laugh.

Slater shook his head, grinning ear to ear. "No, I don't think so. You're a goddamn beacon of buoyancy out there," he said, his eyes

never leaving her chest.

Coral looked down, her cheeks flushing slightly at the compliment.

"You're a funny boy," she said, a hint of warmth in her voice. "But let's not forget who taught you how to swim in the first place."

As they made their way back to the van, three attractive girls passed by them, their sun-kissed bodies adorned in skimpy bikinis that left little to the imagination. Each one turned to look at Slater as they walked by, their eyes filled with desire and longing.

"Hey, Slater," one of the girls called out, her voice playful and flirty.

Slater waved back with a grin, enjoying the attention from the trio of beauties.

His mother chuckled beside him. "One of your many conquests I assume?"

Slater laughed, the memory of fucking the girl's sweet, tight pussy in the back of his van already fading from his mind. "I vaguely remember her. She wasn't very good."

Coral chimed in with a sly smile. "Ah yes, these young girls may be pretty to look at, but they wouldn't know what to do with someone like you."

"Maybe you should give lessons on how to fuck, mom," Slater suggested playfully, "since you seem to have such a knack for it yourself."

"Well, I do love to fuck," Coral candidly admitted, "and if you do something enough times it becomes second nature."

Slater chuckled, shaking his head at his mom's audacity. He knew she was right though; no one could compete with the expertise of a

woman who had been in the game for decades.

They reached the van and began drying off, but Slater was anxious to stay on the subject of sex and he had a hard time keeping his eyes off of Coral's big, jiggling tits as she dried herself.

"Have you ever had one of those super-orgasms, or is that just a myth, like Bigfoot or a rainbow unicorn?"

"You mean have I cum a hundred times in a row? No," Coral answered, "but I have had some orgasms that made me see stars and hear angels sing. And let me tell you, baby, once you've experienced that - that toe-curling, soul-shaking ecstasy - it's hard to settle for anything less."

"See, that's the way I wanna make a girl cum," Slater stated. "I wanna make her scream so loud she shatters my fucking windows. We'll, not really, that could get expensive, but you know what I mean."

"Well, I'll tell you what, you give me advice on how to improve my surfing skills and I'll give you pointers on how to make a girl cum like a fucking natural disaster," Coral proposed, smirking.

Slater laughed, appreciating his mother's suggestion. "Deal," he said, reaching out for a handshake.

"What's this handshake, bullshit?" Coral snickered. "I'm your mom.

We don't shake, we hug."

Slater glanced at her wobbling tits excitedly. "I won't argue with that."

Slater sighed as she hugged him, feeling the warmth and weight of her fleshy orbs squash between them. Her fat nipples prodded against his skin, making his cock stiffen. Their hug seemed to last a

little longer than usual as Coral let her son enjoy the fullness of her tits against him.

Coral decided to forgo yet another bikini and instead chose a skimpy, crop top t-shirt to pair with her bottoms as they hit the open road once again. The sun was high in the sky when they arrived at their first surfing spot, and the waves crashed against the shore in a mesmerizing rhythm. The back of the van became their lunch spot, as they refueled and prepared for their day on the water. Slater gave his mom some pointers on surfing, eagerly pointing out different techniques and spots to catch the perfect wave before they even dipped their toes in the sea. His passion for the sport was contagious, and Coral couldn't wait to try out his tips in the crashing waters ahead.

As they prepared to hit the waves, Coral suddenly offered her own advice. "You need to understand pussy before you can really get a woman to scream."

"Um…ok," Slated stated, his attention piqued.

"Don't make assumptions about what every person with a vagina likes, and don't base your actions on what you see in porn."

"Is that a piece of advice?" Slater inquired.

"It sure is," Coral replied with a smile. "You shared surfing tips, so I'll share a tip about how to fuck in a way that gives girl an intense orgasm. That was our agreement, right?"

"Absolutely," Slater agreed, prompting Coral to continue her counsel.

"First, communication is key. Ask girls how they like to be fucked, don't assume you know. We're all different, just like these waves. Some girls like it slow and gentle, others like it fast and rough. Watch their reactions and listen to their desires."

"Got it," Slater nodded.

"Second, don't be afraid to try new things. Like surfing, you'll never master it if you don't take risks and push your boundaries. Every pussy is different, so experiment and explore."

"I can do that."

"Third, foreplay is just as important as the main event. You wouldn't just jump on a board and expect to ride the waves without some warm-up first, right? The same goes for fucking. Take your time, tease, and build anticipation."

"Build anticipating," Slater repeated. "Damn, I feel like I should be taking notes."

"You better, I'm gonna quiz you later," Coral joked.

"Any other advice?"

"Yes, remember to be patient," Coral continued. "Surfing takes time to master, as does fucking a girl to a toe-curling orgasm. Some days you'll catch the perfect wave and others you'll wipe out, but it's all part of the learning process. The same goes for fucking. Some days you'll make her see stars, and others you won't. But keep trying, because the rewards are worth it."

Slater nodded, taking in his mother's words. "I'll remember that next time I'm between a girl's legs."

"Good," Coral said, "because you're gonna have to practice a lot if you want to become a master at it."

As they stepped off the van and onto the soft, warm sand, their eyes were immediately drawn to the vast expanse of sparkling blue ocean that lay before them. The sound of crashing waves filled their ears, soothing and invigorating at the same time.

But their admiration was cut short by a local surfer named Rusty, his fiery red hair and smattering of freckles fitting his name perfectly. He had a group of other surfers surrounding him, all with similarly intimidating looks on their faces. It was clear they were the cool kids, the ones who ruled this beach.

"Sorry, this beach is closed to posers today," Rusty sneered.

Slater and Coral exchanged glances, their determination only growing stronger. They were not going to let these bullies ruin their day.

"Well, I guess it should be open to me then, 'cause I'm no poser,"

Slater declared defiantly as he and Coral hoisted their boards onto their shoulders and marched towards the ocean.

Rusty's grin faltered slightly, but he quickly recovered with a snide remark. "Maybe not...but I bet your mom's a whore though."

Slater paused, clenching his jaw and his fists. Coral placed a hand on his shoulder to stop things from getting out of hand. "Let it go, babe," she advised, glaring back at the gang and speaking loud enough so they could hear. "Let someone else clean this dog shit off the beach."

"I heard that," Rusty shouted.

"I'm sure you did," Coral said with a smirk, flipping him the bird.

Slater chuckled and walked alongside his mom, both aware that they had just made some enemies. But they didn't care. They were determined to enjoy their day surfing.

As they waded into the water and began to catch waves, Slater could feel the excitement coursing through his veins. The adrenaline rush that came with climbing onto a wave and riding it to the shore,

the salty mist hitting his face, the sound of the crashing waves - it was all exhilarating. He glanced at Coral, who certainly wasn't as skilled as he was, but was still riding the waves with ease and grace.

"Mom, when you're about to pop up on the board, make sure to use your legs to kick off the water and create momentum. That'll help you catch the wave easier."

Coral took his advice and perfected her technique, riding with more confidence with each wave she caught. She could feel the excitement building within her as she continued to improve.

They straddled their boards in the calm water, waiting for their next set of waves. Coral took advantage of this pause to offer more tips of her own.

"When you're fucking a girl," she began, "you want to think of it like surfing. You've got to ride that wave, feel the rhythm, and adjust your position accordingly. Trust your natural sense of balance."

Slater grinned at his mom's recommendation. "I like that analogy. It's all about timing and control, right?"

"Absolutely," Coral replied. "Just like you told me to kick my feet to create more momentum, you can use your hips to create a better rhythm and drive your cock home with every thrust. Use your core, too, and breathe. It's all about coordination and control when your fucking a girl."

"I got it, Mom. So just like I surf, I can fuck like a pro, right?"

"Yep," Coral giggled, "and feel that rush of conquering nature, both on the waves and between the sheets."

When they finished surfing they were shocked when they got back to the van to find Rusty and his goons waiting for them. They had followed them out of spite, hoping to cause more trouble.

Slater and Coral didn't flinch. They both knew they couldn't back down now. They were determined to enjoy their road trip without fear.

"What do you want?" Slater asked, standing tall beside his mother.

Rusty smirked, "We saw you guys surfing, thought maybe we could give you some pointers. You know, since you're a newcomer and all."

Coral raised an eyebrow, "Pointers? Sorry, but we don't take pointers from a bunch of bed wetting bullies."

"Watch your mouth before I smack you, bitch!" Rusty shouted, but before he could even take a step forward, Slater moved with lightning-fast reflexes and delivered a swift punch straight to Rusty's face. The bully let out a pained grunt as he fell to the ground, clutching eye.

The rest of Rusty's gang hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to do. Coral seized this opportunity, grasping her son by the arm. "Let's get out of here," she said, gesturing to the van.

Slater quickly followed her, not looking back at Rusty and his beaten friends. As they climbed into the van, Coral started the engine and drove off, leaving the bullies behind.

"Well, that was a close call," Slater said, rubbing his knuckles. "I thought the rest of those guys were gonna jump me."

"Close calls build character," Coral replied. "Let's find a friendlier beach to set up camp for the night. I'm not in the mood for more trouble."

"Agreed." Slater replied, he couldn't help but feel a sense of pride at sticking up for his mom. They drove along the coastline, scouting for a quieter, less frequented beach.

As they turned a bend, they spotted the perfect spot. The sun was beginning to set, casting a warm glow on the sand and water. They pulled the van onto the secluded beach and began preparing the back for the night.

The back seat folded down into a large, comfortable bed, perfect for an evening of rest and relaxation. Slater and his mom crawled beneath the big blanket they'd be sharing, Slater wearing just his briefs and Coral in panties and a snug cami top.

"Looks like we finally found paradise," Slater murmured into the warmth of Coral's hair as they lay intertwined on the bed.

"It sure does," Coral agreed, running a gentle hand down Slater's chest, her huge, soft tits mashed against his side. "Although I'm sure you'd like to be sinking your cock into some hot babe right now."

"Hmm, maybe," Slater said with a sly grin, his fingers tracing the curve of his mother's hip. "But you're a pretty hot babe yourself, mom."

Coral laughed softly, her eyes dancing with mischief. "Well, thank you, babe, but what are you saying…that you wanna sink your boy-meat into the pussy that birthed you?"

"Well, if we're being honest," Slater began, a smirk tugging at the corners of his lips, "it's not like I haven't fantasized about it before."

Coral giggled, the sound sending a shiver down his spine. "Oh, really? When was the first time you had that thought?"

Slater hesitated for a moment, but then decided to be truthful. "When you were pregnant with Amy."

"Wow, you were only like…thirteen," Coral joked, lightly running her fingers over his chest again. "But I find that thought kind of hot. In a

twisted, incestuous way."

"You're not going to judge me, are you?" Slater asked, his heart rate picking up at the thought of the conversation taking an unexpected turn.

"I could, but I'm too turned on by the idea to care," Coral admitted, her breath becoming more ragged.

Slater felt himself growing harder at her words, his erection now straining against the tight material of his briefs. "You mean, turned on by the thought of you and I, um…"

"Fucking?" Coral finished for him, her voice low and sultry. "Since we're being honest, yes, I'm turned on by the idea of us, a mother and her son, getting it on hot and nasty. It's fucking taboo, and that's exactly what gets me wet."

Slater's eyes widened in shock, but then his cock twitched at the thought of the forbidden act. "I didn't think you'd be into that, mom."

"Well, I've always had a thing for bad boys," Coral replied, her fingers playing with his nipples."And what's more bad than wanting to fuck the shit out of your own mother."

"I guess that makes me the bad boy you always wanted, huh?" Slater asked, his voice a mix of excitement and nervousness.

Coral gazed into his eyes with a sultry stare. "I don't know. Do you wanna be my bad boy?" she whispered, gently running her toes down his leg.

"Maybe," he grinned.

"Maybe, huh?" Coral said, brazenly pulling down his briefs to reveal his hard cock. Her hand gripped it, taking long, exploring strokes

that made Slater gasp in disbelief.

"See, your fucking rock hard," she noted. "You wouldn’t be this erect right now if you weren't really into the idea of fucking your own mom."

Slater shivered at the sensation of his mom's warm hand around him, his eyes locked on her face. "Yeah, but can we, um…do that?" he asked. "Fuck each other I mean?"

Coral smirked, a devilish glint in her eye. "I don't see why not, babe. After all, we're already on a road trip, living life to the fullest, and exploring our boundaries. Why not this one too?"

Slater hesitated for a moment but then nodded, his heart pounding in his chest. "Mom, please tell me you're not joking with me right now," he whispered, his voice trembling.

Coral leaned down and gently kissed his nipple, her lips soft and warm against his skin. "Oh, I'm not joking, babe," she purred, "this is the real deal. The question is, are you man enough to give it a go?"

Slater swallowed hard, his cock twitching at the prospect of taking things further. "Yes," he whispered, his voice barely audible. "I am."

With a wicked grin, Coral moved further down his body, her lips trailing along his chest and abdomen until she reached his erect member. Her eyes widened and her heart fluttered when she saw just how long and fat it was; 10-inches of delicious, vein-encrusted fuck-meat, made for fucking. She took him in her mouth, her warm, wet lips surrounding his shaft as she sucked gently.

Slater moaned softly, his hands gripping the blanket tightly. He couldn't believe what was happening, but there was a part of him that had been curious about this forbidden desire for a long time.

As her expertise with her mouth became apparent, he couldn't help but wonder how many thousands of blowjobs she had given in her life.

"Damn, mom, you know just how to get things started right," he groaned.

Coral smiled around his cock, the warmth of her hand wrapping around the thick base of his shaft. "I've given a few blowjobs in my time," she admitted, her lips gliding up and down his length. "But I promise you, I've saved my best performance until right now."

As she continued to pleasure him, Slater found himself growing more aroused. His heart raced, pounding in his chest, as his mom continued to suck and lick at his cock. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever experienced before despite having gotten plenty of sloppy blowjobs in the back of his van.

Coral's hand snaked around to cup his balls, gently massaging them as she continued to work on his cock, the rounded ring of her bee-stung lips gliding up and down his thick stalk, making the fat, blue veins shimmer with saliva.

Slater's thoughts raced with the taboo nature of the situation. But as Coral continued to give him the most intense blowjob of his life, he couldn't help but let his inhibitions go.

"Fuck, mom…I can't believe you're doing this to me," he whispered, losing himself in the moment. "This feels so…so wrong, yet so right."

Coral giggled around his cock, the sound vibrating through the shaft and making Slater's toes curl. "That's the beauty of a taboo fuck," she murmured, "they feel like they shouldn't be happening, but the thrill of breaking a taboo just makes them feel even more intense."

Slater moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as he felt Coral's tongue curl against the band of skin that connected his knob to his

foeskin.

"Oh, god, mom," he groaned. "You're so good at this."

Coral pulled back, smirking up at him. "You better believe it, baby," she said, her voice low and sultry. "And I'm only just getting started."

She kissed the tip of his cock, her eyes locked onto his, as she slowed her movements, teasing him by flickering her licker all over his bulbous "hammerhead." Slater's breath hitched, the anticipation building, as he watched her slowly take him back into her mouth, the velvety warmth of her lips enveloping him.

"Oh, fuck, mom…" he panted, his eyes fluttering shut as the pleasure overwhelmed him.

Coral hummed around his cock, the vibrations sending shivers through him. She knew exactly what she was doing, and the look in her eyes told him she was just as thrilled as he was.

Slater felt a hand wrap around his erection, stroking it in time with the rhythm of Coral's mouth, the warmth of the hand and the slick wetness of her throat blending together, sending waves of ecstasy coursing through him.

"Take me deeper, mom," he groaned, his hips bucking involuntary.

"See if you can swallow all my dick."

Coral smirked, her eyes never leaving his as she slowly took him deeper, her lips stretching around his girth. She could feel his cock growing even harder, the veins pulsing with each beat of his heart.

"Oh, god, yes," Slater moaned. "You're doing so good."

Coral hummed again, the vibrations making his cock twitch in response. She pulled back again, her lips glistening with saliva, and looked up at him, a wicked grin on her face. "I told you I'd save my best for you, baby," she purred, her voice low and sultry. "And I'm not done yet."

She leaned back down, her mouth closing around his cock once more, this time taking him in deeper than before, her tongue flicking against the sensitive spot just beneath the head. Slater moaned louder, his hands gripping the blanket tightly as he tried to control his breathing.

Coral's hand continued to stroke him in time with her mouth, her fingers sliding up and down his shaft, her nails scraping lightly against his skin. The sensation was electrifying, and Slater knew he wouldn't be able to last much longer.

"I'm gonna cum, mom," he warned, his voice raspy with arousal. "I'm gonna cum if you don't stop."

Coral pulled back, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Why the fuck would I stop? This is the best part."

She chuckled and returned to her task, sucking him harder and faster, her hand matching the rhythm of her mouth. Slater could feel the orgasm building, the pleasure intensifying with every stroke, every suck, every moan from Coral.

"Oh, fuck…motherfucker," he groaned, his hips bucking as he reached the edge. "I'm gonna cum!"

Coral hummed around his cock, her eyes locked on his, daring him to pour his hot seed down her throat. He felt his balls tighten, the pressure building, and then it happened. Hot, thick cum erupted from his cock, shooting down Coral's throat, coating the back of her mouth.

Slater groaned, his head thrown back as he spurted, cumming harder and longer than he ever had before. Coral gulped it down, her eyes never leaving his, her hand working him until the last drop was spent.

"Goodamn, that was good," Slater panted, finally able to catch his breath.

Coral smirked up at him, her eyes shining with satisfaction. "I told you I'd take care of you, baby," she said, her voice still seductive and low.

"And that was just a blowjob. Wait until you see how my hot, tight pussy can make you feel."

Slater swallowed hard, trying to clear the haze of ecstasy from his mind. "Hot damn," he stated, feeling another rush of adrenaline. "I’m gonna fuck you so hard, mom."

Coral giggled, throwing off her cami top and releasing her big, wobbling boobies. "Oh, yeah?" she purred, her eyes gleaming with mischief as she quickly stripped her panties off. "Let's see if that cock of yours can handle a pussy like mine."

Slater's eyes widened as he took in the sight of his mother's naked body. The thought of fucking her had been a taboo fantasy for so long that he couldn't believe it was finally happening. But seeing her naked, her body glistening with sweat from the passionate blowjob she had just given him, he knew that he was ready for whatever came next.

"I'm warning you, mom, I'm not going easy on you," Slater said, his voice husky with lust. "I'm gonna make you feel every inch of my cock, and you're gonna love it."

Coral laughed, climbing on top of him, her breasts heaving enticingly.

"Oh, I know you will, baby," she breathed, her eyes locked onto his.

"You're just like your mother. You love a hard, nasty fuck."

She slowly lowered herself onto his erect cock, feeling the thick pulsing "hammerhead" stretch through the remnants of her hymen and into her juice-slickened entrance.

Slater moaned, his hands gripping her hips, guiding her as she impaled herself. "Oh, fuck, mom…you feel so good," he groaned. "So fucking tight."

Coral bit her lip, her eyes rolling back as she adjusted to the size of his sinewy cock, feeling it stretch her pussy wide. "Just wait until you feel how tight my cunt can get," she purred, her voice low and sultry.

"I'm going to wrap my pussy muscles around you so tight that you won't be able to feel anything but the pleasure."

Slater gasped, feeling her pussy contracting around his cock, milking him. "Fuck...fuck," he groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily. "You're going to kill me, mom."

"This isn't one of those inexperienced teenage pussies you're used to, baby," she stated. "This is a tight, wet, and experienced pussy that's going to give you the ride of your life."

Slater couldn't believe what was happening. His mother, the woman who had raised and nurtured him, was now riding him like a skilled porn star. Her hips were moving in a perfect, rhythmic motion, each thrust feeling more intense than the last.

"Oh, fuck, mom," he groaned, his hands reaching up to grip her tits.

"You're driving me wild."

Coral laughed, her eyes locked on his. "That's the idea, baby," she purred, her voice low and sultry. "I wanna make you feel so good that you'll beg me for more."

She leaned in, her lips brushing against his ear. "Do you want more, baby?"

Slater groaned, his hips bucking involuntarily as he felt her creamy cleavage swollow his neck "Yes, mom. Please, more. Fuck me harder."

Coral grinned, her eyes shining with satisfaction. "You dirty boy," she whispered, her voice a seductive purr. "I love the way you're just as nasty as I am."

She leaned down, her tongue laving at his ear, sending shivers down his spine. "I'm gonna give you more, baby," she promised, her voice dropping to a sultry growl. "I'm gonna make you cum so fucking hard that you'll never forget it."

She started riding him harder, her hips slamming down onto his cock, her pussy muscles clenching and releasing in a rhythm that was driving him wild. Slater moaned, his hands gripping her hips, his fingernails digging into her flesh as he tried to control himself.

"Oh, fuck, mom," he groaned, his hips bucking to meet her thrusts as he gazed upward at the wild display of bouncing tit-flesh.

Coral chuckled, a wicked grin spreading across her face. "That's right, baby. Fuck me," she demanded, her voice hoarse with lust.

"Make me soak your cock with my honey."

He complied eagerly, his cock pounding into her with a fierce intensity as she rode him, her pussy tightening around him with each thrust.

The sight of Coral's naked body bouncing atop his, her gigantic breasts swinging and jiggling with every movement, sent a surge of desire through him that he couldn't control.

One of the things his mom did that the other girls didn't was alternate between bouncing on his cock and slowing down to a sinuous, deliberate grind, her pussy muscles flexing and squeezing him like a vice.

"Fuck, mom, your pussy is like a wet, hot vice around my cock,"

Slater gasped, his hips bucking to match her rhythm.

Coral smirked, her eyes never leaving his. "You should expect no less from a fuck-freak like me, baby" she purred, her voice dripping with lust.

Her eyes rolled back as a powerful orgasm started to build within her.

"I can see why all the girls call you hammerhead," she gasped, feeling his spongy crown push against her cervix, smearing its slippery precum against the rounded ring situated at its entrance.

"Your cock is so fucking long and hard, and you knob is… oh, shit it's divine."

Slater felt a rush of pride at her words, but he knew he had to stay focused. His mother was close to climaxing, and he didn't want to lose the momentum of their passionate lovemaking. With a groan, he increased the pace, thrusting harder and deeper into her tight, wet pussy.

"Oh fuck, baby," Coral gasped, rocking her hips like a rodeo queen on a wild stallion. "Your about to see your own mother cum."

"Hell yes," Slater groaned, bucking his hips beneath her.

Coral cried out, her back arching as her orgasm hit her like a freight train. Her big titties quivered and wobbled violently as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, her pussy clenching and releasing around Slater's cock.

Slater's own climax was building, the pleasure of fucking his mother overwhelming his senses. He reached down, gripping her hips once more, and began to thrust with an almost animalistic intensity.

"Ah, yeah, that's good fucking pussy!" he groaned, pulling her down against him, sandwiching her giant, sweaty tits between their writhing bodies. His oversized cock flexed at it's root, making his shaft and knob pulse furiously, and his balls drew up tight to his body, preparing to unload.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum, mom," he groaned, his voice hoarse with desire. "I'm going to fill you up with my cum."

Coral moaned in response, her eyes locked onto his. "Do it, baby," she urged, her voice thick with lust. "Fill me up with your hot, sticky nut-cream."

With one final cry of ecstasy, Slater's cock began to pulse and throb, his seed erupting deep within his mother's contracting pussy. Coral felt the warm burst of cum, splashing against the inside of her most intimate walls. The sensation was intense, and she moaned her satisfaction, her own climax still throbbing within her.

As the feeling of his cock emptying its load into her subsided, Slater's body relaxed on the bed, his body spent. The feel of his mom's flesh on top of his was intoxicating, and he could feel her wetness and the occasional twitch of her inner muscles as she adjusted to the throbbing of his now softening cock inside her.

Their eyes locked as their hearts raced, their breaths becoming more steady. Coral leaned down, her lips brushing against Slater's, their

tongues meeting softly in a tender embrace that lasted several magical minutes.

"That was incredible, baby," she whispered, her voice still hoarse with lust.

"I agree."

"I think we found the perfect sexual arrangement while we're out on our surfing adventure together," Coral stated.

"How so?" Slater asked.

"Well, I'm away from your father so obviously I'm not getting the sex I need, and since I'm with you, you're not getting any of that beach-girl pussy you're used to," she answered.

"That's true," said Slater.

"So, we might as well just fuck each other's brains out for the rest of the trip," Coral suggested with a mischievous smile. "Kill two birds with one stone."

"I think that's a brilliant idea," Slater agreed, pulling his mom closer for a lingering kiss.

As they lay in each other's arms, their bodies still entwined, Slater couldn't help but feel a rush of excitement about the new arrangement. While he was thrilled to be getting more intimate with his mother, he knew that it was a line they were crossing. But as his dad was still home, now a hundred miles away, it seemed like the perfect opportunity to explore their newfound desires.

Under the cover of darkness, a large, suped up truck slowly crept up the winding road, its bright headlights piercing through the night and casting an eerie glow over the landscape. The lights caught

Slaters van, parked alone by the deserted beach, like a lone ship anchored in a sea of shadows.

Inside the truck, Rusty and his gang of troublemakers sat in tense silence. Their eyes were fixed intently ahead, their faces set with determination. "That's them," one of the guys in the backseat blurted out, pointing towards the van. "That's their van."

Rusty's bruised and swollen eye narrowed as he peered ahead.

"That's not their van," he answered sharply, still feeling the sting from Slaters punch earlier that day.

"But it's the same color and everything," the guy protested.

"I see that," Rusty replied with impatience, "but take a good look at that van, you fucking idiot. What's it doing?"

"Rocking?" another member of the gang ventured hesitantly.

"Yes, rocking," Rusty confirmed with annoyance. "And what does that mean? It means someone's fucking in there. Now tell me, do you really think that kid would be fucking his own mother? Use your brain for once, you moron. That's not his van."

"How much longer are we gonna keep looking for him?" asked another member of the gang impatiently.

"We'll keep looking until we find him," Rusty declared firmly. "I'm gonna beat that guy's ass, slash his tires, and then beat his ass again."

He looked back at his gang before continuing in a low voice filled with malice. "And you guys are gonna help me out this time, RIGHT?"

They all nodded unenthusiastically. "No problem, Rusty," they replied in unison. "We're with you."

In the cramped confines of the van, oblivious to the possible danger outside, Slater and Coral were entwined in a frenzy of fuck-passion.

Her bronzed legs splayed wide in the air, her toes curling in ecstasy as Slater ravished her with his throbbing cock. His muscular body was draped between her creamy thighs, his slick skin glistening with sweat as he pounded his raging-hard cock into her relentlessly. For the past hour, their bodies had been locked in a primal dance of lust, his balls slapping against her perfect, rounded ass as he released wave after wave of hot cum inside her.

"God, I love the way you fuck me," Coral moaned, her voluptuous frame quivering from the intensity of his thrusts. The sound of their flesh smacking together echoed through the small space, mixing with their breathless gasps and moans.

Slater was taking her sexual advice to heart, thrusting with greater ferocity and abandon with each passing minute. His eyes were locked onto her swollen, quivering pussy lips, mesmerized by the sight of his massive juice-slickened cock disappearing deep within her.

"Fuck me harder, baby," Coral pleaded, her voice raw with desire. "I want to feel every inch of that cock inside me."

Slater groaned, his gaze never leaving her pussy as he began to slam into her with a brutal intensity. His pubic-bone smacked against her clit with each powerful thrust, sending jolts of pleasure coursing through her body. She could feel herself getting closer, her climax building with every thrust.

"Oh God, yes!" Coral cried out, her breasts bouncing wildly as Slater continued to pummel her with his cock. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Soak me, mom" Slated blurted, taking perfectly executed thrusts with his teenage cock.

His mother's body trembled beneath him. He could feel her juices gushing around his cock as she reached the peak of her orgasm, her nails digging into his back, leaving fiery marks on his skin. The sensation was too much for him to handle; he began to thrust faster and harder, the "hammerhead" of his cock slamming against the gate to her womb with each powerful stroke.

Coral threw her head back, her moans growing louder and more feverish as she rode the crest of her orgasm. The pleasure was so intense that it felt like every nerve ending in her body was alive with electricity. She could feel her pussy clenching around his cock.

Despite the added friction, Slater continued to fuck, his cock raging hard and greatly desensitized from an earlier climax. He knew if there was any time to give a girl that allusive "super-orgasm," this was it.

"I hope you enjoyed that orgasm, mom, because I'm about to give you another one," he said in a confident tone.

He pulled out of her pussy for a moment, and his cock was glistening with her juices. Coral moaned as she watched him reposition himself, his cock at the entrance to her wet tunnel.

He angled himself, and with one powerful thrust, Slater buried his cock deep into her. The head of his cock hit her cervix, and her body contracted from the sheer force of the intrusion. Her eyes flew open, and she gasped at the sensation of him going so deep.

"That's it, baby, take it all," Coral moaned as she reached down and began to rub her engorged clit.

Slater responded by pulling his cock almost all the way out, only to plunge it back into her. He began to pump into her, his balls slapping

against her upturned ass with every thrust.

"I'm gonna cum again, my love," Coral panted, her hips bucking wildly to meet his thrusts.

"Then take it hard and deep, mom," Slater grunted, his pace quickening, his eyes never leaving hers. "I'm gonna make you cum so fucking hard."

The van rocked wildly under their passion, and the scent of sex and sweat filled the air. Coral could feel her orgasm building again, her body clenching and unclenching around his cock as he continued to pound into her.

"Oh God, here it comes," she moaned, her voice hoarse with pleasure. "I'm gonna cum so hard, baby!"

And with that, she let loose a throaty cry, her body shaking with the force of her climax. Slater felt her pussy walls contract around his cock, the sensation too much for him to bear.

"Fuck, I'm cumming!" he yelled, his cock swelling even more as it erupted, shooting hot cum deep inside her womb. He thrust into her one last time, his body shuddering as he filled her up with his seed, his cock pulsating with pleasure.

With the first rays of sunlight peeking over the horizon, Slater and Coral eagerly grabbed their surf boards and made a beeline for the pounding waves. Before they hit the water, Slater fueled up with a bowl of crunchy cereal, while Coral chose a more unconventional breakfast: a belly full of hot cum. She had expertly blown Slater beneath the table until he erupted his warm, salty release down her throat. The tangy taste and smooth texture lingered on her tongue as she paddled out into the ocean, ready to conquer the waves.

The sun beat down on their backs as they took turns riding the perfect swells, each wave a new opportunity for Slater to show off

his skills. Coral watched in awe as her son caught wave after wave, his board seeming to dance beneath him. She had never seen anyone surf with such grace and power before.

In between sets, they lay on the warm sand, basking in the sun and catching their breath. Coral couldn't help but marvel at the bond they shared, the way they were able to connect on such a deep, intimate level. She knew that the only thing that could ruin this perfect arrangement was the looming threat of discovery.

As they laid on the sandy beach, their bodies entwined in a passionate embrace, she broached the inevitable topic. Her words were muffled against his chest as she spoke, the sound of the waves crashing in the background. "We have to stop this when we go back home, you know that, right?" she asked Slater.

He let out a sigh and tightened his grip on her. "Yeah, I know," he said with a hint of sadness in his voice. "You'll go back to dad and I'll resume my usual pursuit of girls on the beach."

"Yes, that's the bad news," Coral said. "The good news is that we have lots and lots of fucking to do before then, so let's enjoy this while we can."

She rolled over on top of him and they began kissing, their tongues tangling and their hands roaming. "I know you've fucked plenty of pussy inside that van of yours," Coral whispered, "but have you ever got your freak on here on the beach?"

Slater's eyes widened at the suggestion, a devilish grin spreading across his face. "Never," he replied in a low voice, his fingers tracing the curve of her hip. "But I have a feeling that's about to change."

Coral giggled, nodding her head as she quickly tore off his board shorts. It only took a few vigorous strokes to get Slater's cock as hard as a steel rod.

Coral untied her bikini and stripped it off, all while mounting her son; planting her knees in the soft, warm sand aside his hips.

Slater licked his lips excitedly as he watched her lift his cock, pointing it up towards her pussy, her wetness glistening like precious jewels.

He spread her lips wider with his fingers, allowing him to see the pink of her entrance teasing him. She was ready, all he had to do was push. With a surge of lust and determination, she plunged onto him in one powerful move, burying his cock deep inside her.

Immediately, Coral threw her head back and cried out, feeling his cock stretch her out, filling her completely. "Oh God, Slater!" she panted, her hips bucking wildly to meet his thrusts.

"That's it, mom," Slater groaned, his hands gripping her hips tightly.

"Take my cock. Let me fuck you on the beach."

He began to thrust, his cock sliding in and out of her with a wet, sloppy sound. The sun glinted off the sweat on their bodies, casting a golden glow around them as the waves crashed nearby. Coral's breasts bounced right out of her bikini top. The cloth sling simply wasn't made to sustain the weight of such enormous boobs as they jumped and rippled violently.

Slater pounded into her, each thrust eliciting a low moan from Coral.

She could feel the sand shifting beneath her knees as she raised and lowered herself onto him, matching his pace. The sun was now high in the sky, casting harsh shadows across the beach. Sweat dripped from Slater's brow and their bodies glistened with a sheen of perspiration.

Inside Coral's pussy, Slater's cock felt like an inferno, stretching her tight walls as it thrust in and out. Her juices coated his shaft, making

each stroke slicker than the last. The boy loved having juicy 10-inch cock so he could fill a cunt completely full of erectile flesh and stimulate every cuntal nerve ending.

Slater closed his eyes for several minutes, focusing only on the feel of the exquite pussy that wrapped around his cock. His mom was right when she told him it was so much better that the pussies of girls his own age. It was so much tighter, warmer, and more responsive to his every thrust. He savored the feeling of her muscles clenching and unclenching around his dick as she rode him, her wet, sloppy sounds filling the air.

As they fucked, Slater's eyes fell on a nearby surfer, watching them from the water. The surfer was only a short distance away, but far enough to know that it wasn't a mother and son having shameless sex on the beach.

"Does dad fuck you as good as I do?" Slater brazenly asked.

Coral, caught off guard by the question, paused for a moment before responding. "No, baby," she said soft. "It would be impossible for your father to fuck me the way you do."

"Why?"

Coral chuckled, her voice thick with lust. "Well, for starters, you have the biggest, hardest cock of any man I’ve ever been with. You fill me up in ways your father never could."

She pushed his cock all the way in and held it there, confirming her own words and feeling his knob balloon inside the pit of her core.

"The second reason is you're younger. Your body is still full of energy, enthusiasm, and vitality. I can feel your youth, your stamina, and your unbridled passion. It's like an unstoppable force inside of me, baby."

She pulled back and thrust forward again, feeling the head of his cock brush against her g-spot. It was an exquisite sensation that made her gasp. Slater grunted, feeling his balls tighten in response to her words and her movement.

"And the third reason?" he panted, his eyes locked on hers.

Coral smirked, arching her back and giving him a sly look. "Because you're my son, Slater. You and I have a bond so unique, so intense, that nothing can compare to it. We share more than just blood – we share our deepest, darkest desires, and when we fuck, it's more than just physically pleasurable. It's a union of our souls, a joining of our spirits."

She brought her upper half down on his, wrapping her arms around his neck as she embraced him, flattening her meaty tits between their rib cages. "Watch this," she whispered. Suddenly, her naked buttocks went wild, bucking up and down as she fucked his cock with a furious intensity.

"Holy shit," Slater gasped as he held her tightly. He had never had a girl ride him so hard, their wet thighs slapping together with a wet sound, leaving rivulets of their juices down his legs.

Their bodies were drenched in sweat, and the sun beat down on them, creating a steamy, sensual atmosphere. Slater's eyes locked onto his mother's, her features contorted in pleasure, her mouth open in a silent cry as she climaxed.

As Coral's orgasm washed over her, she felt her walls clamp down on Slater's cock, milking him like a wet dream. Slater couldn't help but groan in response, his own climax rapidly approaching.

Coral brought her lips to his ear as their bodies collided with raw intensity. "This is it," she panted, "This is what we live for, you and I.

This fucking. This connection. This bond. It's what we have, and it's all we need."

"I love it," Slater gasped.

"I know you do," said Coral. "It's written all over your face, and in the way your cock swells inside me, and the way you fuck my pussy so hard."

"Yes."

Is was clear that Coral was on the same skill level at fucking that Slater was at surfing. Her hips worked like a well-oiled machine, her pussy muscles gripping and releasing Slater's cock in a perfect rhythm. The sand beneath them was shifting with the force of their thrusts, and their bodies were shiny with sweat and lust.

Slater's cock slipped out of Coral's pussy with a wet pop as she began to shudder, her orgasm reaching its peak. Hot female ejaculate erupted from Coral's urethra, as did a pleasurable scream that was drown out by the crashing surf.

Slater didn't waste any time, quickly rolling her over, positioning himself on top and thrusting back inside her, sliding deep into her dripping-wet slit.

As he pounded his mom, Slater felt like he was surfing a never-ending wave, each thrust taking him closer to the edge. He could feel the heat emanating from Coral's core, and he knew that she was feeling the same thing.

Coral's legs wrapped around Slater's waist, pulling him deeper into her, driving him further towards the edge. Her fingers dug into his back, urging him on, and her hips met each of his thrusts with a passionate fervor.

Slater felt the familiar sensations building within him, the tight grip of his mother's muscles around his cock, the sweat on their skin, the salt and the sand and the sun. He was losing himself in their primal connection, forgetting everything else around them.

The surfer in the water had given up any attempts at discretion, now openly watching them fuck on the beach. But neither Coral nor Slater even bothered to acknowledge him, lost in their own world of pleasure.

It was only when Coral's orgasm began to subside, her muscles release him, that Slater felt the wave of ecstasy crash over him. His cock swelled inside her, and he pulsed, filling her with his seed. The teen groaned, his body shaking, as he came inside his mother's pussy.

After a few more thrusts, Slater pulled out, collapsing beside Coral on the beach. Their bodies still glistened like two athletes that had just finished a high-intensity workout.

"Damn, you set the standard pretty high now, mom," Slated breathlessly stated.

"You think so?" Coral asked.

"I know so," Slater assured her. "I've never experienced anything like that before. You're the best fuck ever, mom. Better than any girl my age could ever be."

Coral laughed, running her fingers through his hair. "Well, I guess we both have something to be proud of. You're the master surfer and I’m a pro at fucking. Although, you’re pretty fucking amazing at that too."

Their laughter echoed in the stillness of the beach, the waves lapping at the shore in the background. For a moment, they lay

entangled, catching their breath and basking in the afterglow of their intense connection.

Slater traced the curve of Coral's hip with his fingers, marveling at the beauty of their twisted fate. The bond between them was undeniable, and it had only grown stronger since their trip began.

As they slowly disentangled themselves from each other, Coral's eyes fell on the surfer who had been watching them from the water.

She gave him a sly grin, knowing that their secret was safe with him.

"I think we've given him quite a show," she whispered to Slater, chuckling softly.

"He'll probably never forget this beach day," Slater agreed. He glanced in the direction of the van, "We should go eat something. I'm starving."

"Agreed." Coral rose to her feet, her body still tingling with pleasure.

"But first, I need to clean up."

Slater helped his mother pick up their discarded clothes and led her to the small beach shower stall.. As the warm water cascaded over their bodies, washing away the sweat and sand, they laughed and teased each other, reliving the moments that had just transpired.

Slater couldn't help but feel a sense of contentment. Despite the taboo nature of their relationship, there was something indescribable about sharing this bond with his mother. And as they walked back to their van, still naked and hand in hand, he knew that they would never be able to escape the pull of their connection, no matter how hard they tried.

The next phase of their journey was a stop in the quiet coastal town of Crescent Cove, where they paid a visit to Coral's twin sister, Lila.

Lila welcomed them with open arms, her eyes immediately drawn to the smirk on her sister's face. "I see you've been keeping busy," she said, raising an eyebrow.

Coral flashed a devious grin, her hand never leaving Slater's as she replied, "It's hard not to when you've got such a handsome traveling companion."

Coral placed a hand over her sister's 9-month pregnant belly. "I see you've been keeping busy as well there, sister."

"Well, you know me. My appetite for sex is just as insatiable as yours," Lila laughed, giving her sister a playful shove. "And sometimes you get a round tummy as a result."

Coral smiled over at her Slater, knowing they were taking that same risk by having unprotected sex together. But the moments they shared, the raw passion and desire that consumed them seemed to blind them to the potential consequences.

"Why don't we walk down to the beach," Lila suggested, looking at Slater. "Your mom's told me all about what a surfer boy you are, and I'd love to see you in action."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Slater agreed, excited at the prospect of showing off his skills to Lila.

As they walked down to the shore, the ocean sparkling in the sunlight, the siblings' banter continued. Lila had always been the more adventurous of the two, while Coral had been content to stay close to home. But in the past few days, Coral had embraced her wild side, succumbing to the powerful pull of her desire for Slater.

"Wow, look at him go," Lila exclaimed as she sat next to her twin sister on the beach.

Slater was riding the waves with such ease and grace, as if he were one with the sea.

Coral watched her son with pride and affection, her heart swelling with love for him. She knew that she would never be able to let go of him, even after this journey was over.

"He really is something else," Lila stated, her voice tinged with a hint of jealousy.

"Yeah, he is," Coral agreed, a smile playing on her lips. "I wouldn't trade this time alone with him for anything in the world."

After a short silence, Lila smiled mischievously and looked over at her sister. "Your fucking him, aren't you?"

Coral laughed, her cheeks flushing a little at the bluntness of Lila's question. But she knew better than to sugar-coat things with her twin.

They had always been brutally honest with each other, and their bond was stronger for it.

"Maybe I am," Coral admitted, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "And I'm not gonna apologize for it. Neither you or I can go a day without sex and I'm away from Rex. Slater's got a big cock and he knows how to use it."

Lila chuckled, a knowing smile spreading across her face. "I remember when he was just a little boy, playing in the sand with you. I never would have guessed he'd grow up to be such a big dicked surfer boy with an itch for fucking his mom."

Coral laughed, shaking her head. "Well, some things are just destined to happen, I guess."

"You mean like that time we double teamed that hot young lifeguard when we were in our twenties?" Lila giggled.

"Yes. I thought we were gonna tip that life guard shack over from fucking so hard," Coral reminisced.

"We sure knew how to have a good time back then, didn't we?" Lila said.

"We did indeed. But things have changed now. We're older and wiser," Coral joked. "But then again, maybe not."

Their laughter rang out over the sound of the waves, as they watched their surfer boy ride the ocean with ease.

"I think it’s safe to say that we're both even more horny now than we were back then," Lila stated. "It's the these raging hormones. Our bodies just need to be fucked contantly."

"Like NOW you mean?" Coral asked, winking at her sister.

Lila laughed, nodding in agreement. "Exactly, like now. Frank's not home from work for another three hours. Do you think your surfer stud would be up for a little family threesome?"

"Are you kidding?!" Coral giggled. "Two hot, twin MILFs taking turns fucking him. He'd be in heaven."

Lila grinned, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Well then, let's think up sexy roll-play scenario to spice things up. You know, just to keep things interesting."

As they continued to strategize and plan, the grins on their faces never faded, and the excitement in their hearts grew.

As they arrived at Lila's place, Slater plopped himself down on a stool in the cozy kitchen and helped himself to a snack. His mother

and aunt disappeared into the bedroom, leaving him alone for a while.

Suddenly, Coral came rushing out barefoot, frantically calling out to him, "Lifeguard! Lifeguard, you have to help me!"

Slater's eyes widened in delight as he took in his mom's appearance.

She was dressed in the most revealing hot pink micro slingshot bikini he had ever seen. The skimpy ensemble was made up of nothing but strings and tiny patches of fabric that barely covered her areolas and pubic area. It left very little to the imagination and perfectly showcased her smooth, tanned and voluptuous curves.

"It's my sister," Coral continued, gesturing wildly towards Lila's bedroom. "I pulled her out of the water. She needs help."

Without hesitation, she grabbed her son's hand and dragged him towards the bedroom, her oversized breasts threatening to burst free from their flimsy covering at any moment.

Lila was sprawled across the bed with her eyes closed, wearing a white see-through micro bikini featuring a sheer mesh micro thong bottom and a triangle top, which offered a daring and alluring look.

"You have to give her mouth to mouth," Coral pleaded, shoving her son towards the bed. "You have to revive her!"

Playing along, Slater slowly inched onto the bed, his gaze transfixed on Lila's swollen, baby-engorged belly that jutted out from her midsection like a giant balloon. As he leaned in to give her mouth-to-mouth, he was taken aback by the intensity of her response - her full, plump lips fusing with his as her long, thick tongue slithered into his mouth. If it weren't for the slight differences in texture and taste, he would have thought he was kissing his mother.

Breathless and grateful, Lila pulled away, thanking Slater profusely.

Her hand rested gently on her stomach, as if protecting the precious life inside. Coral joined them on the bed, stroking her son's back tenderly. "How can we ever repay you?" she asked with exaggerated sweetness.

A mischievous twinkle lit up Slater's eyes as he gazed at Coral's exposed cleavage. "Well...I can think of a few ways," he replied with an anxious grin.

Lila smiled over at her sister, then looked back at Slater. "Would you like to fuck us?" she brazenly asked.

Slater's heart skipped a beat as he nodded. "That's exactly what I was thinking," he admitted, his cock twitching in anticipation.

Lila sat up, reaching behind her to unclasp her bikini top with ease.

With a flourish, she threw it aside, revealing her gigantic naked breasts. "Then let's get it on," she said, her voice a mixture of excitement and lust.

Coral quickly removed her own bikini top, revealing her own enormous orbs. "Are you ready to surf all these fleshy waves with your enormous cock, baby?" she asked, her eyes shining with desire.

Slater's response was immediate - he reached down and pulled off his board trunks, his erection springing free. It jutted out like a vein-encrusted flagpole, aimed directly at the two waiting women.

"I've never been more ready for a ride in my life," he declared, his voice thick with lust.

With a quickly pull of her tied strings, Lila peeled off her bikini bottoms. "Me first," she requested, drawing her knees back and opening her creamy thighs wide, anxious for a hard fuck.

Slater maneuvered between her sexy legs, gazing at the wet folds of her pussy with a sense of awe and anticipation. He could smell the musky aroma of her arousal and the tangy scent of her sex juices, both enticing him to take the plunge. He positioned himself at the entrance of her cunt, and pushed forward with some force, penetrating her honeypot with his massive rod. Her cunt muscles gripped his dick like a vice, pulling him deeper.

"Oh, yes," Lila groaned. "That's the spot, Slater. Fuck me like your life depends on it."

Coral knelt beside them, her massive breasts wobbling, her nipples hard and throbbing on the peaks of her tits. She was already wet, her own pussy juices dripping down her thighs. "Show her what a fucking stud you are," she said to her son, her voice thick with lust.

Slater's eyes flared with desire as he began to fuck Lila with long, steady strokes, his boner glistening with secretions, accentuating the veins and muscle in his gigantic, teenage cock. Her pussy clenched around him, her moans growing louder and more urgent with each thrust. Waves of passion washed over him, and he couldn't help but close his eyes and lose himself in the sensation of his cock sliding in and out of her wet depths.

Coral couldn't contain her excitement, stroking her own fat clit as she watched her son plow into her sister. "C'mon, baby. Give it to her! Make her squirt!" she urged him on.

Lila was close, her breath coming in short gasps as she felt the built-up tension cresting. Her pussy throbbed with need. "Yes, yes, yes!" she cried, her hips bucking wildly to meet his thrusts. "Fuck that pregnant pussy!"

Then, without warning, Lila's cunt convulsed around his cock, and she cried out in pleasure as her pussy released a torrent of girl cum, soaking Slater's balls. The sight of her sister's orgasm sent Coral

over the edge too. She leaned over Slater's shoulder and started licking and kissing her son's neck.

Slater pulled out of his aunt's wet cunt and he changed positions, crawling up behind his mom and thrusting into Coral's waiting snatch.

Her pussy felt just as tight around his dick as Lila's had, and Slater began fucking Coral harder, his balls smacking against her plump ass. He could feel the temperature of her pussy rising, and he knew that she was going to cum soon if he continued fucking her at this pace. Coral's moans got louder and more desperate, her dangling tit-melons bouncing wildly as he thrust into her.

"C'mon, baby," Coral pleaded, her voice trembling. "I need your big cock to make me gush."

Feeling her urgency, Slater pinned her arms behind her, keeping her in place as he continued to fuck her from the rear. He looked down at her thick, succulent ass as it rippled from the impact of his thrusts. He could feel her muscles spasming around his cock, and he knew it was only a matter of time before she came. Her moans grew louder, her body bucking wildly against him.

"Oh, fuck!" Coral cried out, her body trembling with the force of her orgasm. Her pussy began to gush, releasing a torrent of juices that dripped Slater's balls.

"Fuck me!" Lila squealed, now on all-fours with her naked bubble butt pointed back at Slater. The hailess slit between her legs glowed with sticky excitement, eager to feel Slater's thick cock again.

Without skipping a beat, Slater positioned himself behind Lila, aiming his engorged "hammerhead" at her slippery entrance. He pressed forward, the tip of his cock breaching the entrance to Lila's tight cunt, sinking into her velvety warmth.

"Oh, fuck!" Lila moaned, her body trembling with pleasure.

Slater began thrusting, his cock sliding in and out of Lila's hot cunt with a steady rhythm. Her ass jiggled with each powerful thrust, and Slater watched with satisfaction as her big, round tits bounced up and down, her erect nipples swaying against the sheet of the bed.

"Yes, fuck me, baby boy!" Lila cried out.

Coral watched from the side, her own pussy still throbbing from her recent orgasm, her fingers teasing her wet folds as she watched Slater pounding into her twin sister. She could feel her own pussy juices leaking from her hole, and knew that she would need to be fucked again soon.

She embraced her son from the side as he fucked, rubbing her heavy breasts against his back, her nipples grazing his skin, sending shivers down his spine.

Lila looked back at Coral and Slater, her eyes sparkling with desire.

"Fuck me harder," she begged, her voice filled with passion. "Ride my fucking ass like you ride those waves, Slater."

Slater's eyes blazed with lust as he thrust deeper and harder into his aunt, his cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy with a smacking sound. He could feel her muscles gripping his dick, pulling him deeper with every stroke, feeling the corrogated walls of her cunt clenching around him like a velvet vice.

Her pussy felt much different from Coral's and he knew it was because she was so close to giving birth. The pleats in her pussy tunnel felt like velvety cushions welcoming his cock with each thrust and the ring at the back of her vagina teased his glans with every withdrawal, like a warm suction cup that suckled on his blood-engorged crown.

The bedsprings creaked under their weight, as the two of them moved in sync, their bodies entwined in a passionate frenzy. Sweat dripped from their foreheads, mixing with their arousal, creating a sticky mess on their skin. The room filled with the sounds of their moans, carnal cries, and their flesh slapping against each other.

Slater's thrusts became faster, and more intense. He could feel the tension building inside him, it was as if his very life force was being drained into Lila's wet depths. He knew that at any moment, he would cum, unleashing his scalding seed into her willing pussy.

His aunt Lila squealed in delight, her eyes rolling back as she felt Slater's sinewy cock stretch her cunt to its absolute limits. Her orgasm had been building up to this moment, and with each powerful thrust of Slater's immense dick, she felt a wave of pleasure crashing over her, causing her body to tremble violently.

"I'm gonna cum! Cum with me, Slater!" Lila cried out, her body shaking with the intensity of her orgasm.

The sight of his aunt cumming made Slater want to cum too, and he held on for a dozen more powerful thrusts, feeling his balls tighten and his cock throb with each plunge. Then, he could hold it no longer, and he shuddered violently as his cock erupted, releasing a torrent of hot, sticky cum into Lila's eager pussy.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Lila yelled, her pussy gripping Slater's cock as it ejaculated huge, sticky ropes of semen inside her spasming tunnel.

Coral watched her son's cock pumping into her sister's cunt, feeling her own body pulsing with pleasure. She could hear the wet sounds of their genitals slapping together, the satisfying squelch of Lila's pussy juices, and the choking cries of intense passion.

"Fuck her harder, Slater!" Coral urged him on, stroking her swollen clit.

Slater, feeling the euphoria of his orgasm, began to fuck Lila savagely, his hips moving in a frenzy. His cock throbbed wildly inside his aunt's pussy, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body.

Lila's cunt-tunnel clenched around his cock, trying to milk every last drop of cum from him. Her cries grew louder and more desperate, her body writhing wildly, as if it was possessed by the animalistic lust coursing through her veins.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!" Lila cried out, her voice filled with mind-blowing pleasure. Her body trembled with the force of her orgasm, as if she was melting from the inside out.

Her pussy felt as if it was going to burst, her muscles clamping down on Slater's cock, milking his cum-filled shaft until every last drop of his seed was released deep inside her.

As Lila's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto the bed, her body limp and spent. Slater, still trembling from his own orgasm, withdrew his soaking wet cock from her pussy, and collapsed onto the bed beside her.

They lay there naked and shameless, their bodies still entwined, their breaths coming in ragged gasps.

Coral joined them so that her and her sister were on either side of Slater, their soft, heavy-breasted bodies draped across his, nearly blanketing him in their combined warmth. They each placed a hand around his cock, keeping it erect with their gentle caressing strokes.

"Keep it hard, loveboy," Coral whispered in a sultry voice. "We're not done cumming on that dreamy, hammer-headed cock just yet. "

"That's right," Lila added. "We've got a whole ocean of pleasure to explore. We wanna give you a thrashing wave-ride you'll never forget."

Together, they gently ran their fingers over Slater's erect shaft, each one adding a little bit of pressure to send a tingle of anticipation down to his balls.

With a low growl, Slater thrust his hips upward, meeting their caresses with a firm thrust of his hips. His eyes locked onto theirs, his gaze burning with desire.

"We're gonna fuck you now, baby," Coral said, her voice low and throaty. "And when we're done, you're gonna be drowning in our cum, just like a shipwrecked sailor lost at sea."

"Mm, that's right," his aunt added, her voice like a seductive siren, luring him to the rocks of their passionate desires. "We're going to ride that cock of yours like there's no tomorrow."

Slater watched Lila climb on top of him. His wonder-stricken face was smothered inside her warm, soft cleavage as she positioned his cock at the entrance of her sopping wet pussy. He could feel her moist, fleshy lips parting, stretching wide to accommodate the size of his thick cock.

As Lila slowly began to impale herself on Slater's huge boner, Coral bent down and licked his balls, teasing and sucking them into her mouth, nibbling at the soft, loose skin of his sack. The sensation was unbearable, sending jolts of pleasure up his spine.

Slater moaned loudly, feeling the tight grip of Lila's pussy as she began to rise and fall, bouncing her ass up and down in a rhythm that was unstoppable. Her moans echoed through her marital bedroom as her pussy muscles tightened around his cock, giving him the ride of his life.

"Holy fuck," Slater gasped, gazing straight ahead at the massive ball of baby meat and the gigantic tits that swung delightfully with every grinding hump that Lila made. He felt like he was fucking a pregnant version of his mother.

And then there was that suction cup at the back of her pussy-tunnel again, teasing the juicy glans of his dick. He could feel the walls of her cunt rhythmically squeezing and releasing, massaging his shaft with each thrust. Coral was stroking his balls gently, her long, manicured nails scraping at the tender meat of his testicles while Lila's moans grew louder and more intense.

Slater pulled his aunt down so he could explore her milk-swollen tits with his face, lips and tongue while she fucked him. He pulled one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking and biting gently, eliciting a gasp from her. Lila's hips picked up speed, riding him harder and faster, and Slater met her thrusts with his own, their bodies slapping together with a wet, meaty sound.

The tit-loving teen sunk his face up into the plush, sweaty softness of his aunt’s massive boob, inhaling her sweet scent as he teased and plucked her nipple with his teeth. He marveled at their size and weight, feeling the hefty mounds collide with his face with each thrust.

Coral continued to stroke his balls, her eyes locked on the sight before her, a primal, raw display of desire and carnal passion. Lila's cries grew louder, more intense, and Slater knew she was close.

"I'm cumming, sweet nephew! Fuck me hard!" Lila screamed, her orgasm peaking.

Slater fucked his busty, pregnant aunt just like he had all those young beach babies in the back of his van. His cock drove deep into her cunt, and the bed creaked beneath them with every powerful thrust.

He suctioned her rubbery nipple and much of her areola deep into his mouth, gorging on her flesh as he pounded her furiously. The very idea of ramming his dick into his mom's look-alike, and the sensation of those massive melons bouncing around him, was more

than enough to set off a storm of lust within him. He fought off his urge to cum, however, wanting to save this load for his mother.

Lila's body began to quiver uncontrollably as her orgasm reached a crescendo. She let out a loud, earth-shattering scream that echoed through the room, her pussy clenching down on Slater's cock mercilessly. Her pulse raced and her heart pounded, the pleasure so intense that she felt like she was ascending to a higher plane of existence.

It was all Slater could do to keep from cumming himself. He felt the powerful surge of her orgasm gushing through her pussy, bathing his cock in a hot, sticky shower of pleasure. The tight grip of her muscles clenching around his cock was almost too much to bear, but Slater held on, knowing that this was only the beginning of the pleasure they would share together.

As Lila's orgasm subsided, she collapsed onto Slater's chest, sandwiching her fat tits and unborn fetus between them, her body limp and spent. She felt completely drained, but her mind was buzzing with the intensity of the pleasure she had just experienced.

"My turn, bitch," Coral teased, "move aside."

Lila rolled off of her nephew, grinning wickedly as she watched her sister straddle him, positioning her shaved pussy over his throbbing erection. Coral leaned down to kiss her surfer boy, her squishy tits draping over his shoulders, their tongues dancing together fiercely as she began to ride him.

Slater moaned as he felt Coral's tight, wet pussy envelop his cock, the sensation of being surrounded by her warmth and moisture sending shivers down his spine. He reached up to caress her spongy breasts, her nipples erect and hard beneath his fingertips.

"Fuck me, baby," Coral panted, her eyes locked on his. "Make me cum just like you did my sister."

Slater thrust his hips upward, meeting Coral's movements with a force that sent a jolt of pleasure through both of them. He could feel the walls of her pussy squeezing and releasing around his cock, massaging his tender erectile flesh with ribs that were lining her cunt, the sensation almost too much to bear.

Like her sister had, Coral showed her skill from the top, bouncing up and down on Slater's cock with wild abandon, her breasts rippling like gelatin with every thrust. She screamed out in pleasure, her eyes rolling back into her head as she experienced a mind-blowing orgasm.

"Oh fuck," Slater gasped, feeling the power of Coral's climax wash over him, igniting a fire within his loins. He could feel her pussy-walls chewing on his cock, hot fluids dripping down the sides of his shaft as she came to a thunderous crescendo.

He knew he couldn't last much longer, but he wanted to give her the ride of her life.

He reached up and grabbed her tits, squeezing and kneading them, eliciting moans of pleasure from her. Coral's eyes were locked onto his, her pupils dilated and her breathing ragged. He could feel her pussy clenching around his cock, milking him with each thrust.

Lila, watching from the side, licked her lips in anticipation. She knew she was up next, but for now, she contented herself with rubbing her own clit, watching her sister and nephew fuck with a feral grin.

Slater felt the urge to cum building up inside him, but he held on, wanting to give his mom the pleasure she deserved. He felt like he could fuck her all day, her pussy was so tight and wet, sucking and milking his cock with every movement.

Coral moaned loudly, her body shaking with pleasure, another orgasm reaching its peak. "I'm gonna cum, baby," she gasped, her eyes locked on his.

With one last surge of energy, Slater thrust deep, his cock stretching her pussy to the point of no return. He could feel the walls of her cunt around his cock, muscles rippling and fluttering, the intensity of her orgasm washing over him like a tidal wave.

"Fuck, yes!" Coral cried out, her body trembling with ecstasy, her pussy pulsating around his cock as she climaxed.

Slater felt the pressure building up in his balls, the rush of pleasure coursing through his veins. He knew he couldn't hold on much longer; he was on the verge of exploding.

Lila, watching intently, could see the lust in Slater's eyes and knew it was time for her to join in. She quickly straddled his face, positioning her splayed entrance over his mouth. He eagerly parted his lips, ready to taste her sweet pussy juices.

With a deep breath, Lila lowered herself onto his face, her pussy lips parting and engulfing his tongue. She moaned in pleasure as he licked and sucked at her protruding clit, his tongue probing and teasing her most sensitive spot.

With his mom bouncing on his prick and his aunt grinding on his face, Slater felt like he was in heaven. The sensations were overwhelming, the pungent smell and taste of Lila's wet, swollen pussy as she writhed against him, the sounds of their cries and moans filling the room.

He pushed his hips up off the bed, ramming his cock deeper into Coral's tight, hot sheath as she shuddered and bucked on top of him.

The bed creaked unmercifully, their bodies slamming together in a frenzied dance of lust. Lila's pussy was now drenched with her juices, her hole sucking at Slater's tongue with each probing lick. Her cries became louder, her body tensing and then suddenly release as her orgasm washed over her.

"I'm cumming! Oh fuck!" Lila screamed, her pussy clenching down on Slater's tongue like a vice. He could feel the rush of her cum, the hot liquid gushing over his face and into his mouth. He savored the taste, feeling the power of her climax surge through him.

Coral, feeling her sister's climax, was also nearing her own release once again. She knew that Slater was close as well. She could sense the tension building in him and feel his pummeling cock flexing inside her, his bulbous "hammerhead" knob growing fatter and harder.

"Cum with me baby," she gasped, her pussy spasming around his cock, her fingers digging into his thighs. "Make me feel your hot cum burst inside me."

With one last thrust, Slater felt the pressure build up at the base of his cock, the sensation of his impending orgasm overwhelming him. He let out a deep, guttural groan, his body trembling as he released wave after wave of hot, thick cum into Coral's eager pussy.

"Yesss!" his hot mother shrieked, her body convulsing around Slater as she felt his cum filling her up. She could feel him throbbing inside her, the sensation of his cock twitching and pulsing with each spurt of cum driving her wild.

Lila, still grinding on Slater's face, felt the rumble of his orgasm shaking his body beneath her. She knew that he had filled her twin sister's unprotected pussy with his load, and the thought of it only drove her wilder. She thrust her hips harder, grinding her clit against his mouth as she tried to mimic her sister's motions.

"Yes, that's it, baby nephew," she moaned, her nails digging into his shoulders as she rode out her own climax. "Drive that cock deep into her, make her feel your hot cum."

Slater, still pulsating inside Coral, felt the last few shots of cum leak out of his softening member, dribbling down her inner thighs. He

could feel her pussy muscles milking him dry, clenching and releasing in a gentle rhythm that sent shivers down his spine.

As he lay there spent, his body glistening with a sheen of sweat, he knew that today had been one for the record books. He had pleased two beautiful, huge-breasted women, his mom and aunt, and he couldn't have been more satisfied.

He gazed up at Lila, her eyes sparkling with lust as she slowly dismounted his face, her pussy still dripping wet. He could see the satisfaction in her face, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps.

"Mmm, that was amazing," Lila purred, running her fingers through her long sweaty hair. She looked at her phone, realizing that they'd been going at it for nearly three hours. "Your uncle's due home soon though," she warned. "We should probably clean up a bit before he gets here."

Not only were they a mess, but Lila's marital bed was covered with a thick layer of sweat and cum-fluids.

Slater nodded, understanding the urgency of the situation. He knew that his uncle was a strict man and wouldn't be happy to walk in on them like this. He rose from the bed, his cock slipping out of Coral's pussy with a wet pop. He watched as Lila and his mother stood, their oversized tits bobbling with each step they took. For a moment, he admired the view of their undulating ass-globes, both sheened with sweat and jiggling atop their tan legs as the moved to the bathroom.

Lila turned on the shower, the steam rising and filling the room. She knew a quick shower would help wash away the evidence of their wild sex, and perhaps make them all feel a little more presentable for her husband.

But once Slater joined them in the shower they couldn't keep their hands off of him.

As the water cascaded down their bodies, Lila and Coral couldn't resist the temptation of the boy's hard, glistening body. They wrapped their arms around him, running their hands over his dripping cock, fondling and stroking it vigorously.

Slater moaned in pleasure as his mom and aunt caressed him, their fingers exploring every inch of his manhood and his balls. He closed his eyes and let the water wash over him, relishing the sensations of their touch.

As they pressed their wet tits on his chest, working in tandem to jack the length of his soapy erection, Coral and her sister took turns kissing him passionately, their tongues flicking in and out of his mouth like wild serpents.

Lila knew she was taking a real risk with her husband arriving home soon, but the thrill of the forbidden only heightened the excitement.

She moaned softly into Slater's mouth, her hand wrapping around his penis and stroking it in time with her sister's.

"Mm, baby, did you like fucking these busty twin sisters today?" Coral whispered in his ear as she sucked his earlobe, creating a warm, tingling sensation.

Slater couldn't respond with words, so he moaned and nodded, his breath catching in his throat as they continued their stimulating actions. He felt like he was in a dream, one that he never wanted to wake up from.

"That's right, baby nephew," Lila murmured into his other ear. "I bet you loved every second of it, huh? Feeling our big tits and hot, wet pussies all over you? Feeling us fuck your big teenage cock like only moms can.’

Slater gasped, his eyes fluttering shut as images of their sordid tryst washed over him. His cock throbbed in their hands, the wet

sensation of their tight fingers and the water's soft caress heightening his arousal.

"Mm, and we still have a couple of days before we return home,"

Coral stated. "We have SO much fucking left to do."

Slater moaned, his eyes edging open to see the wicked grins on their faces, their beautiful brown eyes staring back at him. He knew they were right, and the thought of what was to come sent a rush of excitement through his veins.

"I'm gonna cum!" he groaned, feeling his balls tighten as his cock twitched in their grip.

Lila and Coral smiled devilishly, knowing they had pushed him to the edge. They continued to stroke his cum-spurting cock and kiss him passionately, the wet sounds of their lips and tongues filling the shower.

A short time later, the three of them emerged from Lila's bedroom, their hair still slightly damp from the impromptu shower they had taken. As they entered the living room, Lila's husband, Frank, arrived home and she prayed that he wouldn't question their appearance.

With a wide smile on her face, Frank's pregnant wife rushed over to greet him with a kiss, her round belly bumping against him as she wrapped her arms around him in a warm embrace. "Honey, look who stopped by today," she said in a sweet tone.

Frank greeted his nephew and sister-in-law with a smile. "Hey, Slater," he said, shaking the boy's hand. "Hey, Coral," he added, giving her a quick peck on the cheek. "It’s good to see you both."

"Slater and I are out enjoying the sun, sand, and surf on the coast,"

Coral declared with a wide smile. "We thought we'd stop by to say hello."

As Frank looked Slater up and down, he couldn't help but notice how toned and fit his nephew appeared. "Looks like you've been getting some good workouts in lately," he commented.

Slater, Coral, and Lila exchanged knowing looks and smirks. "Oh yes, some incredible workouts," Slater replied, his mind flashing back to the intense fucking he had experienced over the past three days.

"He certainly has," Coral chimed in, "they've left him drenched and completely drained in the best possible way."

Coral and Lila shared a mischievous giggle as they thought about the hot, sticky residue of cum still lingering within their vaginal walls.

"It's true. You should have seen him today, Frank" Lila continued, leading her husband to believe she was talking about Slater's surfing skills. In reality, she was praising his impressive performance in bed.

"He was riding those pipes like a pro!"

"Oh yeah, just pounding right through them," Coral added with a playful wink.

"He definitely got plenty wet," Lila giggled, unable to contain her amusement at the double entendre.

"Well, he is in the water after all, honey," Frank innocently remarked, unaware of the true meaning behind his wife's words. Little did he know that Slater had been drenched not only by the sea but also by the powerful release of female ejaculate from his wife and sister-in-law's pussies.

"Well, I guess it's something he was born to do," Frank commented.

Lila gave him a coy smile, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she glanced at Slater. "Oh, he's definitely a natural at it," she teased, her tone full of innuendo.

After exchanging their good-byes, Slater and Coral continued their journey along the winding coastal road. As they drove, the sun beat down on them, casting a golden glow over Coral's bare skin. She sat in a way that she knew would drive her son wild - with her legs spread wide open, one lithe foot resting on his shoulder while the other rested confidently on the center console. Her skimpy bikini top barely contained the weighty curves of her breasts, threatening to burst forth at any moment. But it was her short, gauzy skirt that truly caught Slater's attention, leaving her panty-clad pussy fully exposed to his hungry gaze.

The fabric was a delicate peach color, embroidered with intricate patterns that hugged Coral's pubic mound tightly. It seemed to mold to the contours of her vulva, leaving nothing to the imagination. As she shifted slightly in her seat, Slater couldn't help but stare at her swollen pussy lips peeking through the sheer material. The sight made his cock strain against his shorts, begging for release.

"Damn, if you keep sitting like that," he groaned, "I'm gonna have to pull this van over and devour that cunt."

Coral grinned mischievously, knowing exactly what effect she was having on him. But for now, she was content to tease and taunt him with her exposed body as they continued their journey down the coast. "Ah, is someone craving the taste of sweet pussy?" she teased.

"Fuck, yes," Slater groaned, his eyes fixated on the soft, damp folds of her pussy. "I'll never get enough of that hot, juicy cunt."

Coral giggled and brought her foot to his mouth, letting him suckle on her toes.

"You're becoming my little pussy addict, aren't you?" she teased.

"Craving the aroma and sweet flavor of your mom's cunt-nectar non-stop."

Slater couldn't help but chuckle at her words, knowing that Coral's statement held the truth. He'd been addicted to the intoxicating smell and flavor of pussy since the first moment he first tried it, and he showed no signs of stopping any time soon.

Coral slipped her toe from his mouth and trailed her foot down his torso, all the way to his cock.

"Mmm, somebody has a delicious hardon," she purred, massaging his shaft with her foot. "All stiff and ready for a hot, nasty fuck."

Slater groaned and bucked his hips, unable to resist the wicked pleasure that Coral's touch always provided. "Yes, oh fuck, you have no idea how much I need your cunt," he panted, yearning for her wet heat.

"This cunt?" His mom asked, pulling her panty-crotch aside to expose her damp, aroused pussy lips. "Is this the cunt that you've been thinking about, baby, the one that you've been craving?"

"Fuck, yes, mom," Slater groaned, his erection throbbing at the sight of her exposed sex. "That's the one."

Her pussy was a luscious, swollen pink, glistening with her juices.

The smell of her arousal filled the van, a sweet and intoxicating scent that Slater found utterly irresistible.

"Oh, look at my clit, baby," she teased, parting her labia and peeling back her fleshy prepuce to reveal the plump, engorged nubbin hidden beneath. "It's begging for your tongue. Do you wanna lick it? Fuck it with your tongue? Make me cum all over your cute face?"

Slater couldn't help but moan at the sight of her lewd display and nasty words. As he watched his own mother stroke her pink pearl with her finger, he felt his lust for her soar to new heights.

"Fuck yes, I wanna do all that and more," he growled, almost unable to tear his eyes away from her cunt so he could watch the road.

Coral giggled and looked out at the road ahead. "Pull over at the next rest area," she directed, the pit of her pussy tingling with anticipation.

It seemed like forever before they finally reached the rest area, but when they pulled in, Slater was so eager to have Coral that he barely stopped the van before he was lunging towards her.

Coral laughed and pulled away, not wanting him to get hurt. "Slow down, baby," she chided, wrapping her fingers around his hard shaft and gently massaging it. "We've got all day."

"That's not what it feels like," Slater panted, his eyes locked on the moist slit between her legs. "I need that cunt, mom. I need it now."

"Well, come on then," she giggled mischievously, her hand gripping his throbbing member as she led him to the secluded back of the van.

They were in a private parking spot, but still pulled the curtain closed for added secrecy.

"You're gonna have to wait just a little bit more," she teased, turning away from him and swaying her hips seductively. Her thick, rounded ass swayed in front of his face, tempting and teasing him even further. She slowly peeled her lacy panties off, letting the thin fabric slip from between her buns, revealing the perfect roundness of her buttocks. As the panties fell to the floor, her cheeks parted slightly, exposing the delicate pink ring of her asshole and the soft swell of her outer folds.

Lowered herself down onto the van's bench seat, Coral spread her legs wide so that her pussy was completely exposed, like an exotic pink flower in full bloom.

Slater's eyes widened as he saw her glistening wetness, his mom's juices dripping from her coral-colored slit.

"Mmm, I can almost taste it," he groaned, his arousal reaching new heights.

"Then come here and do it," Coral invited, her tone playful. "Devour my cunt, you horny little surfer boy."

Slater didn't hesitate. He crawled between his mom's widely spread legs, his eyes fixed on her slick, swollen pussy. He leaned forward, his tongue extending to lap up her sweet juices. His mom's intoxicating scent flooded his senses, driving him wild with desire.

Coral moaned softly as Slater slid his tongue deeper into her folds, exploring every inch of her aroused pussy. She placed her hands gently on the back of his head, guiding him as she thrust her hips up against his face. He licked and sucked eagerly, his tongue darting across her clit in a rhythmic motion that she loved.

"Oh, yes, baby, just like that," Coral purred, her eyes staring down through gaping tit-cleavage, watching her boy as he devoured her cunt.

Slater's tongue danced and flicked, teasing her clit and swirling around her juicy folds. He couldn't get enough of the taste of her pussy, savoring every drop of her sweet nectar. His fingers gently massaged her ass, pulling her closer to him, eager for a deeper connection.

As Slater continued to pleasure his mom, Coral's breathing grew heavier, her moans becoming more urgent. Her hips bucked against his face, her pelvis rising and falling in time with his tongue. She

could feel her orgasm building, the waves of pleasure crashing over her like a stormy sea.

"Oh, Slater, I'm so close," she breathed, her voice trembling with desire. "Keep going, baby, make me cum."

Slater redoubled his efforts, his tongue probing deeper, his fingers digging into her flesh. He felt her body tremble as she reached the peak of her climax, her pussy muscles tightening around his tongue.

"Yesss, fuck yes!" Coral screamed, her orgasm washing over her in waves of pleasure. "That's it, baby, make me fucking gush!"

Gush she did; squirting hot girl-cum on her cute teen's face and into his mouth. Slater didn't stop until Coral's body went limp, her orgasm spent. He gently lifted his head, his face and chin covered in her juices.

"Did you enjoy that, mom?" he asked, a hint of pride in his voice.

Coral laughed and pulled him up on top of her, passionately kissing him. "You bet your young, sweet ass I did," she said, the scent of her arousal still heavy in the air around them. "Now, let's get you into that hot, juicy cunt."

With that, she reached down and guided his erection to her entrance, slipping his bell-tip between her swollen lips. Slater groaned as he felt the warmth of her pussy surround his cock, the slippery friction causing a new wave of pleasure to rushing through him.

"Fuck, yes," he panted, thrusting his hips forward, wanting to feel every inch of her tight sheath around his massive appendage.

Coral wrapped her strong, smooth mommy-legs around him, pulling him deeper inside her, her nails digging into his back. She squeezed

him tightly, her pussy-muscles clenching and releasing, driving him wild with desire.

"Harder, baby, fuck me harder," she moaned, her eyes boring into his, her lips red and swollen from their passionate kissing.

Slater obliged, pumping his hips faster, his cock thrusting in and out of his mom's tight, skilled pussy. The sound of their bodies slapping together filled the van, the scent of their mingled sweat and sex growing more intense with each thrust.

"Oh, yes, baby, that's it," Coral panted, her giant, stiff-nippled breasts bouncing with each movement. "Give it to me, give me all of your fucking meat."

Slater reached down and grasped her fatty ass-cheeks so he could drive his entire cock into the dreamy depths of her pit of pleasure.

He pounded her with everything he had, each thrust more powerful than the last. Coral's screams filled the van, punctuated by the wet slapping sound of his penis disappearing into her wet, pink cave. Her nails dug into his back, leaving small trails of pain and pleasure that only fueled their passion.

As the waves of pleasure washed over them, Coral could feel her body preparing for a second orgasm. Her pussy tightened around Slater's cock, milking him with each thrust, and her clit swelled, begging for more attention.

"Goddamn, mom, you feel so good," Slater groaned, his hips working overtime to provide her with the pleasure she craved.

Coral reached down to cup her clit, rubbing it in circles, synced with Slater's thrusts. She could feel her orgasm building, a fire in her loins that burned brighter with each passing second.

"Yes, yes, yes," she chanted, her voice growing hoarser with each cry. "You're gonna make me cum again, baby."

Slater could feel it too. The scent of her arousal, the sound of her moans, it was all driving him fucking crazy.

"Shit, mom, I'm gonna cum!" Slater yelled, his orgasm rapidly approaching.

Coral smiled knowingly as she responded with a lustful whisper.

"Cum deep inside me, Slater. Fill my pussy up with that hot, sticky jizz."

Hearing her words only served to push Slater over the edge. His cock twitched and throbbed as he unloaded his potent seed into Coral's womb. He grunted and moaned with each spurt, feeling the warmth of his release filling her up.

"Yes, fuck me, baby," Coral cooed, her pussy clenching around Slater's cock as she felt his cum flow into her. "Take pleasure in your mother's pussy."

Slater continued to piston his hips, enjoying the feeling of his mom's tight cunt milking his cock dry. The two of them moved in perfect harmony, their bodies writhing and sweating as they continued to fuck. Slater's cock remained hard, and Coral's pussy remained wet, eager for more.

The van rocked and rattled with the force of their passion, but neither of them paid it any mind. They were lost in the moment, bound by the raw intensity of their lust.

As they continued to fuck, Coral reached down and grabbed Slater's ass, pulling him deeper into her. She could feel his cock swelling inside her, ready to unleash another torrent of cum.

"Again, baby," Coral moaned, her eyes locked on Slater's. "Fill me up with more."

Slater's face twisted into a mixture of pain and pleasure as he prepared to cum a second time. His teeth clenched together as he thrust his hips forward, driving his cock as deep into her pussy as he could, as if he was trying to bore a hole through her body and straight into the womb that once held him.

"Shit, yes!" Coral screamed, her nails digging into Slater's back as she felt his cock pulsating inside her. "Cum inside me, baby, make me pregnant with your seed!"

Slater couldn't hold back any longer. With a grunt, he let go of all his inhibitions and allowed himself to be consumed by the raw, animalistic pleasure of fucking his mom. His cock twitched and jerked inside her, releasing another volley of his own personal brand of white-hot semen.

"Oh, fuck!" Coral bellowed, her body convulsing with orgasmic shudders. "I can feel it, Slater! I can feel your cum filling me up!"

The sweaty teen collapsed onto Coral's heaving chest, his cock still embedded in her pussy. He lay there, panting heavily, his heart pounding in his chest as he tried to regain his breath. He looked up into the eyes of his mother, her face flushed and wet with sweat, and couldn't help but think that this was the most beautiful, most intense moment of his life.

In a nearby car, a boy named Jimmy shifted uncomfortably as he watched a stunning brunette emerge from the women's restroom and head back towards their vehicle. It was his mom; her long, dark hair cascaded down her back in loose waves, drawing attention to her curvaceous figure. Her bikini top strained against her gigantic tits, causing Jim's body to react with an intense ache, his cock throbbing in his underwear. She flashed him a sweet smile, full of

warmth and love, before slipping into the passenger seat next to his father.

Jimmy couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have those magnificent breasts bouncing against his face as he plunged deep inside her tight heat. The thought alone made his cock throb with need. But he knew it was just a fantasy - a forbidden taboo desire that he could never act upon.

As the car backed up, Jimmy caught a glimpse of something that gave him hope. In the van next to them, Slater had forgotten to close the back curtain and Jimmy could see him and Coral, clearly a mother and son, locked in a passionate doggy-style fuck, their bodies slick with sweat.

His embarrassment turned to excitement as Slater waved at the boy before quickly closing the curtain. Jimmy looked up at his own mom with renewed hope, knowing that maybe, just maybe, his fantasy was possible after all.

"Have I mentioned that I love it when you fuck me?" Coral panted, gazing back at Slater as he pounded his cock into her from behind.

"I could fuck you all day, mom" Slater moaned, his hands gripping her hips as he drove deep inside her. "You're so tight, so wet, it feels like you were made for me."

Coral groaned, her fingers digging into the seat as she met each of his thrusts, her titties swinging wildly and her butt-meat rippling each time it met her son's chisled midsection.

Inside her cock-stuffed pussy, Slater's 10-inch rod was like a raging beast, its thick veiny shaft pulsating with each thrust, delivering powerful waves of pleasure deep into her most sensitive spots.

Coral could feel her orgasm building, the waves of pleasure surging up like a tsunami about to crash against the shore. Her pussy

tightened around Slater's cock, the walls of her love-canal milking him as if it was her job to make him cum. Slater felt it as well, the heat and the wetness surrounding his cock, pulsating in time with his thrusts.

"Fuck, mom, you're going to make me cum again," Slater groaned, his hips working harder to provide the pleasure she craved.

Coral couldn't resist anymore. She reached down and began rubbing her clit in circles, the sensation of her own touch intensifying the building orgasm. "Cum deep inside me, Slater. Fill my pussy with that hot, sticky jizz," she moaned, her body trembling with pleasure, juices erupting from her slit and trickling off of Slater's swinging scrotum.

Hearing her words was like a fire ignited deep inside the adrenaline-filled teen. The feel of his mom's pussy pulsating around his cock, the sight of her rippling ass-cheeks, the sound of her moans, it was all driving him into a frenzy. He gritted his teeth, feeling the pressure building up in his balls, ready to release his load deep inside her.

"Shit, mom, I'm gonna cum!" Slater yelled, his orgasm rapidly approaching.

"Cum deep inside me, fill me up, baby!" Coral cried, her body begging for his hot jizz.

Slater could feel it now, the semen building up at the base of his cock, the pressure almost unbearable. He thrust his hips harder, deeper, wanting to give his mom the best orgasm she'd ever had.

"Cumming!" he yelled, his cock twitching and throbbing as he unloaded his potent seed into Coral's womb. He grunted and moaned with each spurt, feeling the warmth of his release filling her up.

Coral felt the first jet of cum hit her cervix, sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. Each spurt seemed to push her closer to the edge again, her pussy clenching around Slater's cock as she felt his cum flow into her.

"Fill me up, baby, I want to feel it all," Coral moaned, her eyes locked on Slater's as another orgasm surged through her sexy body.

Slater's cock continue to twitch and throb, emptying his load deep into his mom's fertile pussy. Her moans of pleasure echoed in the van, mingling with his own grunts of satisfaction. The intensity of their orgasms seemed to go on and on, as if time itself had come to a standstill.

When Slater finally collapsed on top of Coral, his cock still buried inside her, he felt a sense of calm wash over him. There was something indescribably wonderful about being with his mom, albeit in such a taboo way. For the first time in his life, he felt truly alive, as if he had found the missing piece of the puzzle that had been eluding him all these years. He knew he'd be hard pressed to find another girl that was skilled at fucking as his own mother was.

As they finished dressing and prepared to continue their journey, the sudden sound of two fists pounding against the hood jolted them.

"There you are, you little weasel!" Rusty's snarling voice echoed outside the car. His gang of troublemakers surrounded them, some menacingly brandishing bats. "Get out of the van. You and I have unfinished business!"

"Should I run him over?" Slater joked to his mom.

"No, but I'm not gonna let these bullies keep threatening us," his mother said sternly. She reached over and gave his hand a reassuring squeeze. "We'll face these punks together."

Slater and Coral exited the van, their faces set in determination. They stood side by side, ready to face whatever challenge Rusty and his gang had in store. Coral took a deep breath and squared up to him.

"What seems to be the problem?" she asked, her voice icy.

"The problem is your son's a pussy," Rusty sneered, his eyes locked onto Coral. "And you're a weak, whore-mother who let your boy become a bitch."

Coral couldn't help but notice the way the men leered at her, their eyes lingering on her big, nearly-exposed tits rather than the impending fight. She knew she had to use her charms as a bargaining chip. "You gentlemen seem much wiser than this brute here," she purred, batting her long lashes and swaying her chest enticingly. "If I were to give you a look at my tits, would you agree not to harm my son?"

The four others in the group exchanged glances, their grins widening.

With a collective nod and lowering of their bats, they made a deal that left Rusty seething with anger.

"Are you fucking serious?!" Rusty screamed, his face twisted in fury as he glared at his once loyal posse."Forget it. I'll kick his ass myself."

With a roar of rage, Rusty charged towards Slater, his muscles taunt and ready to strike. But Slater was quick on his feet and easily dodged the swing of Rusty's fist, countering with one of his own that landed squarely on Rusty's non-blackened eye.

"There, now that black eye will match the other one," Slater said with a smug smirk as Rusty stumbled backwards and toppled to the ground.

He got up, his vision blurred from the pain, and stumbled towards his truck. He shot a scowl at his once faithful squad, disappointment and anger burning in his eyes. "You guys are a bunch of assholes," he spat out, "and you can walk home!"

Coral watched the scene unfold with a mixture of amusement and pity. She had seen this kind of macho display before and knew the outcome would only end in bruised egos and broken relationships.

"Well, we'll take you boys where you need to go," she offered calmly, untying her bikini string and planning to fulfill her promise once they were inside. "Pile in."

The four men quickly complied, their expressions sheepish as they realized their foolishness.

As they continued on their adventure, Coral and Slater reveled in the thrill of surfing and fucking. Every moment was precious to them, knowing that soon they would have to return to the monotonous grind of daily life. They even found a way to combine their two passions, making love on Slater's surfboard as it bobbed gently in the water.

The rhythmic motion of the waves beneath them added an extra layer of sensation, intensifying their connection and building towards a mutual climax that would be etched in their memories forever. As they lay together, spent and content, the world around them seemed to glow with the magic of their union.

"Are you sure we can’t keep doing this when we get back home?"

Slater asked, knowing he’d miss it.

Coral smiled, knowing she'd miss his cock just as much. "No, I told you, we can't do it at home, baby. And by home I mean ‘the house,’ of course," she grinned. "Your welcome to keep fucking me in your

van, on the beach or whatever other naughty place you can think of."

She winked playfully, her eyes gleaming with desire.

Slater grinned back, feeling a rush of adrenaline as he thought about all the creative places they could fuck each other.

THE END

"Robo-Mom"

by klrxo

Chapter 1: Toy Shopping

Amanda's son Chad had just turned eighteen, so part of her didn't think buying him a sex toy was completely inappropriate. Of course her husband would share a different opinion. Jake was more of a boring prude when it came to those types of things. Even so, the mother knew her son was more liberal when it came to sexuality, like she was. She also knew that masturbation was a regular part of his daily routine, since he had no girlfriend. This would make a sex toy the perfect graduation gift.

It was the year 2063 and mother's fashions had changed considerably. If you were a boy who had a thing for mom, it was a great time to be alive.

Chad paused before leaving the house, checking out his Mom as she completed her exercise routine. Robotic assistants were a common item in a household, making physical work, such as cleaning and cooking, optional for mothers. This made daily exercise imperative in order for a woman, especially a stay-at-home mother, to remain in peak physical shape.

Amanda's workout attire consisted of a thin breathable body-suit, that fit her like a second skin. The fact that it was the same color of her tan complexion made it even more exciting for her son to behold. He almost felt like he was watching her workout completely naked. Her thick ass and large meaty tits jiggled with her every move. Amanda's boobs were capped with thick rubbery nipples and areola. The suit was so snug that Chad could see the mouth watering papilla protruding through the thin fabric. The site of it never failed to make his cock harden.

"Do you need assistance?" The voice startled the boy, making him spin around.

It was their home assistant robot, Al. The all-white human-like face of the assistant had a fixed smile, that always gave the boy the creeps. "No, I'm good. You gotta stop sneaking up on people like that though. You scared the shit out of me!"

"I understand," Al said, "would you like me to take your pants and clean the shit from them?"

Chad giggled. "It was an expression. You can go about your work," he said.

"Thank you!" Al said, then walked away. It's movements were amazingly fluid and lifelike.

"Chad, is that you?" he heard his mother asked..

The boy peeked his head around the corner. His eyes couldn't help but glance down at her jutting tits and the way they wobbled heavily as she wiped her sweaty face off with a towel.

"I'm just heading to school," he muttered.

"I have an appointment at the clinic this afternoon. Al will have dinner ready at the regular time."

"I thought you were done at the clinic?"

Amanda watched her son's gaze travel from her tits to her crotch. She was fully aware of how revealing her workout attire was. How the fabric was moulded around her succulent snatch.

Indeed, her boy's eyes were fixed on the base of her crotch, staring at the puffy outer folds of her motherly pubis and the furrow of her cunt-slit.

"No, your father and I have the sperm picked out for my pregnancy, but the doctors have some more tweaking to do to make it perfect

before it's implanted."

"Great! So I'll have a little brother that's better than me at everything," Chad said, making his mother giggle.

"No amount of sperm manipulation could ever make a son as special as you," Amanda said with a cute wink.

"Wait, I thought you and dad were gonna try to have a kid the natural way?"

Amanda frowned. "Yes, well, I would prefer that, but the 'natural way' doesn't always work with men your father's age," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Chad said, thinking about how wonderful it would be to impregnate his mother with his seed. To see her belly grow and her tits balloon even larger as they swelled with milk.

"Speaking of your father, he took a Starship to Tokyo today on business, but he'll be back before dinner," Chad's mother said. "Have you given any thought to your gift? You are aware that graduation is only three days away?"

"I know and to be honest, I haven't really thought about it much," her son confessed.

"Well, I HAVE, and I think I've figured out the perfect gift idea for you."

"What?" the boy asked.

"Nice try sneaky-pants! she said. "Don't worry, I think you'll be 'pleasantly' surprised! Have a great day at school," she said, turning and sashaying away.

Chad loved his Mom's large tits, but running a close second was her ass. Seeing her buns in her thin bodysuit was the next best thing to seeing them naked, although he hadn't been lucky enough to see her in the nude just yet.

"Awesome!" he muttered to himself, watching the meaty half-moons of her buttocks undulate almost teasingly.

Amanda could almost feel her son's eyes on her swaying ass..When she turned the corner, she quickly glanced back, confirming her suspicions..

An hour later, Amanda and her sister Nancy slipped inside a sleek, modern vehicle and the doors closed automatically. "Hello! Destination please!" a woman's voice said.

"Ivy's Doll shop," Amanda said.

"Setting a course for Ivy's doll shop."

The sister's outfits looked like skimpy teddies, but this was the fashion craze of moms across the country. Of course the large-chested mothers like Amanda and Nancy drew the most attention, especially from young men.

As the car started off, Nancy fed her sister a quirky smile. "I can't believe you talked me into going sex toy shopping for my nephew," she said.

"It'll be fun! Who knows, maybe you'll even find something for you," Amanda said.

"I don't need a toy. Matt does just fine in the bedroom. YOU'RE the one who should be shopping for a fuck-toy. Has Jake even fucked you this week?"

"He's been flying the past three days. I know how exhausting that can be. We had neurol-sex a few times while he was away," Amanda said. Despite trying to justify her lack of action in the bedroom, the hot mother secretly wished her husband could and would have sex with her daily.

It was the subject of numerous marital disputes, so her husband knew full-well that it frustrated her tremendously.

"Neurol-sex, really?! My God, Amanda, that's so....two-thousand forties! Sex in your head is not the same and you know it. No offence, sis, but your husband's a wimp in the bedroom. He can't even get you pregnant naturally, like a real man can."

Amanda glanced out the window, frustrated and embarrassed. She could defend him until she was blue in the face, but her sister was right, Jake's bedroom skills were dwindling. Sure he always got erections, but only because of modern advances in erectile disfunction drugs.

When it came to having an orgasm, she was a hard nut to crack and Jake would usually cum well before she was even beginning to rise towards that golden peak.

It was all frustrating, especially to a woman who could fuck five times a day and still want more. "He's a hard worker and he adores me to death, even after twenty years. Sex isn't everything," Amanda said, trying to sound sure of herself.

Her sister smiled and looked out the window. "Uh-huh," she muttered. "The Amanda I knew ten years ago would never have said that!"

It was true. Sex with her husband was a daily thing ten years ago, sometimes more than once a day..Then Jake's libido deflated, while Amanda's was blossoming. When she made statements like "sex isn't everything," she was just fooling herself.

They arrived at an old industrial part of town and got out of the vehicle. "This area's creepy! Are you sure this is a good idea?" Nancy asked.

"Let's just...give it a chance."

Along with their skimpy day-dresses, their feet were propped in heels that were so high they looked like they were walking on the tips of their pretty painted toes. went inside the old building and down a stairway. "You're gonna get us raped, I just know it!" Nancy said worriedly, glancing around.

"Would you just relax?"

They entered the store, which seemed more like a large manufacturing space, with a few rows of product. They made their way down one aisle, which was lined with display models of various sexual gadgets. "Good grief, look at all these goodies!"

"These look like female toys. I wonder if they have a male section?" Amanda said.

Nancy stopped at a life-like male robot laying on a shelf. It had only stubs for legs, but had an incredible realistic hardon that was probably a foot long. The pretty woman curious clicked a remote. The robot immediately looked over at her. "Hi, I'm Louis, wanna take a ride?" it asked.

She awkwardly held her wedding ring up for him to see. "Sorry, happily married."

"That's ok, most women that purchase my model are happily married."

"So I'm guessing you're like a sex robot or something? Where are your legs?"

"I don't need legs. All the work I do is on my back," Louis said..

"Work, huh?"

"Yes, I fuck at various speeds. Would you like me to show you a couple?" It asked her.

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Sure," she muttered curiously.

Louis's automated hips suddenly set in motion, jerking fluidly up and down. Nancy watched his hardon thrust through the air right in front of her, the skin of the cock stretching, so human-like she could hardly believe it. The robot's hips suddenly stopped mid-air, then pumped around for a few seconds like a jackhammer.

Nancy's eyes widened. "Ohh!" she muttered.

Louis dropped his hips, then thrust again, stopping mid-air, just as he had done before, then went into jackhammer mode. The middle-aged mother watched in fascination. It was definitely a move her husband, or any human for that matter, could ever make. Nancy felt her cunt clench, imagining what it feel like to have Louis's foot-long prick pounding through her.

"Amanda, you gotta see this," she said.

"Nancy, the male dolls are over here," her sister answered back.

The frazzled sister pointed at the robot, watching it's muscled cock flex and vibrate. "Mister, I will definitely be back later to talk to you!"

She joined Amanda at the next aisle. Several sex robots stood side by side.. They looked remarkably like real women, dressed in sexy attire.

"Well, we know Chad likes big boobs," Nancy said. "Look at the cannons on the blonde."

"She's pretty, but I'm not too sure Chad's into blondes."

"What about a redhead? This one look sultry!"

"She's too fair-skinned," Amanda pointed out. "Judging by the number of bikini posters Chad has in his room, I'd say he definitely prefers tanned skin."

"Looking for something specific?" An older gentleman in a wheelchair asked, rolling over near them. He was an eccentric-looking fellow, with round spectacles and a white goatee.

"Yes, um, I was thinking of purchasing a doll, for my son's graduation gift," Amanda said.

"Well, we have lots of Robo-dolls for sale. My name's Ivy."

"Hi, I'm Amanda, this is my sister Nancy. These dolls are beautiful," the mother said. "Which one is your most popular?"

"Well they all sell pretty well. Men have different tastes."

"Are they fully automated, like the home assistant models?" Amanda asked.

"Yes, but much more advanced in physical ability. They're what you'd call pleasure-models."

"So they um, do everything...sexually?" Nancy asked curiously.

"They do! Vaginal, oral, anal. They even give unbelievable handjobs!" Ivy said candidly.

"So what's the price tag on something like this?" Amanda asked.

"These models, you're looking at about five grand. Our custom Sex-Robots can run you up to ten thousand, depending on the upgrades."

"Custom Robots?" Amanda asked.

"Yes, ma'am, most of the work we do here is custom," Ivy said, "come on back, I'll show you."

He led them back to a manufacturing area, with a lot of computers and heavy machinery. They saw the life-sized hologram of a beautiful middle-aged woman, right in front of them. "This is Susan, a customer who's having a custom robot made for her husband. He'll soon to be working overseas for six months, so she had a doll made for him to take with him," Ivy explained, then removed a white covering from an object beside him..

The women's mouths fell open. "Oh my God!" Nancy said.

Ivy had uncovered a doll that looked exactly like Susan, the woman in the hologram. The doll was naked with large life-like tits jutting out as she stood with perfect posture.

"That can't be a sex robot!" Amanda said in awe.

"That IS a sex robot, completely customized. I just finished work on the mouth. Step up and take a look."

The women came up close to the doll, flabbergasted at how incredibly life-like she looked..

"Susan, perform an oral demonstration," Ivy said.

The doll suddenly came to life, it's beautiful brown eyes staring straight ahead. "Performing oral demonstrations," it said in a pretty voice. The mouth opened and the robot's long thick tongue extended from it's mouth, then began fluttering around wildly.

"I bet your tongue can't do that!" Nancy said to her sister.

Amanda fed her a sly smile. "Maybe it can!"

"Yeah, right."

"If you wanna feel how life-like the tongue is, stick your finger up there and let her lick on it," Ivy said.

"Um, no, that's quite alright," Nancy scowled, giving him a slightly creeped-out look.

"Oh, don't be stupid. It's just a doll. I'll do it," Amanda said, putting her index finger against Susan's tongue. "Oh my God, it feels so real!" she exclaimed. "It's even wet."

She moved her hand and the doll followed, fluttering her tongue around Amanda's finger wildly.

"We've spent a decade perfecting these robots . They are in exact likeness to the person they're modeled after, right down to the ridges along the tube of the vagina. Which, by the way, secrete lubrication for intercourse, just like a real vagina would. There are fluid compartments along her back. You just have to make sure they're topped off once in awhile."" Ivy said.

Amanda giggled. "Top off the fluid compartments. I'm starting to feel like I'm shopping for a vehicle."

"Well, actually you are in a way. These dolls are like sexual vehicles and they'll perform in ways you won't believe," the old man said..

"Well, if the way the tongue was performing is any indication, I'd say that being on the receiving end of one of these would be a pretty intense experience for a young guy."

"You can monitor the doll's activity by a mobile tracking system. Things like what position she uses the most, duration of intercourse, number of orgasms.."

"Orgasms?!" Amanda and Nancy said in unison, looking at Ivy curiously.

"Oh yes, these dolls are designed to simulate the female orgasm. They're programed to perform in over one-hundred different sexual positions."

"Jesus, I didn't even know there were a hundred different positions!" Nancy confessed..

"Like I said before, we're in the business of creating as life-like as possible," Ivy said.

"Life-like?! Sounds more like you're creating supernatural sex Goddess's to me," Nancy said.

"Speaking of life-like, look at the way her boobs are moving. Exactly like a real woman's do,"

Amanda said.

"We use what we call layers of synthetic fat, in the breasts, in the ass, all across the body actually, to mimic the actions and the feel of a real woman's flesh," Ivy explained.

"Amazing!" Both women said at the same time..

"So, if I wanted a custom doll made, like this one, what exactly would that process entail?"

Amanda asked.

"Well, first and foremost, we would need someone for us to model the doll after."

The sisters looked at each other, both thinking the same thing.. It seemed like weekly they were discussing Chad's fascination with

Amanda. They simply couldn't deny the boy's attraction to his mother.

Nancy got a big smile. "Do it!" she said.

"Nancy, I can't. If I come home with a sex doll for Chad that looks like me, Jake will freak the fuck out!"

"Who cares? He has no right to freak out. It's just a doll."

"Yeah, a doll that looks exactly like his wife...for his son to have sex with. You honestly think he's gonna be ok with that?" Amanda asked.

"Then don't show him!"

"Don't show him?! Seriously?! That's like hiding a human person in our house and having him never find out about it, not to mention the big hole in our bank account from me having paid for this thing."

Nancy shrugged her shoulders. "Then don't do it. Just buy him one of those floor models. He's a young guy. He'll think any one of them are sexy."

"No..." Amanda said, the wheels in her head turning.

"No what?"

"No, I'm not purchasing one of those skanky-looking floor models."

"Ok, then, what ARE you doing?" her sister asked.

"I'll deal with the backlash from Jake. The most important thing is that I'm giving Chad the doll that I know he'd really want...and the one he'd get the most pleasure from."

"Sounds like the wise choice to me!" Ivy said.

Amanda gave the old man a determined look. "So it's decided then. What do you need from me?"

Ivy turned his wheelchair. "Right this way!" he said.

"Wait!" Nancy said, making Ivy turn back around. "Mr. Stub legs on aisle one. The one with the big dong..." she said..

"Oh, you mean Louis?" Ivy asked.

"Yeah, that's the one. How much much more to throw him in on the deal?"

"Nancy!" Amanda said with stern glare..

"What? I'm just curious."

"Tell you what, if you get all the upgrades on the custom doll, I'll throw him in for free."

Nancy looked at her sister pleadingly.

"What happened to Matt doing fine in the bedroom?" Amanda asked, with an amused smile.

"For those times when Matt's working," Nancy said. "A daytime companion."

"You honestly think he's gonna be ok with that?"

"No, so I guess we'll both have husbands who are upset," Nancy said, shrugging her shoulders carelessly. "They'll get over it."

Ivy smiled. "Alright then, shall we get to work?"

Chapter 2: Robo-Mom's design and production

"Ready when you are," Ivy said, sitting behind a control panel.

Amanda stepped out from behind a partition, with only a white towel draped around her sexy body.

The old doll-maker immediately spotted Amanda's necklace."Sorry, I forgot to mention the jewelry. It'll need to be removed also."

"Oh, um, no problem," the mother responded, removing her necklace, earrings and wedding ring and setting them aside.

Ivy always seemed a bit timid when it was time for a client to get naked, especially when it was one as beautiful as Amanda. "Excellent! Now, if you just wanna remove the covering, and step up onto the scan platform, we'll get started."

Amanda unfastened the towel, revealing her voluptuous naked body. Her 38 G cup tits shimmied on her chest as she stepped up onto the metal platform on bare feet.

Ivy struggled to act as a profession, tearing his eyes away from her extraordinary breasts, and making a few adjustments on his control screen. "Alright, um, we're just about ready here. For all the scans, you'll be keeping your hands at your sides, in a natural stance."

"Will I feel anything?" the nervous mother asked.

"It's a Laser, so you won't feel a thing. Just make sure you remain completely still during the scan."

Nancy fed her sister an exaggerated look, as she stood nearby observing. "Or the laser will liquefy your insides!" she joked.

Amanda spit her tongue at her. "It will not! Shush!!" she said back.

"Ok, starting the first scan now!" Ivy said. "Remember to be completely still."

A thin pink beam of light slowly drifted up Amanda's body, from her toes to the top of her head.

"Ok, now one of your backside, so if you could just turn completely around," Ivy directed her.

The busty mother did as he instructed, turning around on the platform, so Ivy and Nancy now had a view of her thick luscious buttocks. It was the most extraordinary ass the doll maker had ever seen, and he had seen many. For just a moment, his eyes remained transfixed, until Nancy cleared her throat, and snapped him from his trance.

"Ok, um, proceeding with the second scan," he said.

Again the thin pink beam of light traveled up the beautiful mother's body.

"Now we'll need one from the side," Ivy said.

Amanda turned so they could see her in side profile. Her big breasts sloped down wonderfully, capped with wide puffy areola, and thick protuberant nipples. From the side, her ass looked like a perfect half-moon of unblemished flesh.

"Third scan proceeding. Remain perfectly still please," Ivy instructed.

"What do these scans do exactly?" Nancy asked curiously.

"They provide me with the perfect digital curvature of the model's body. That way, I know exactly how to form the synthetic muscular and fatty tissue over the metal endoskeleton, and robotic hardware, before I apply the sleeve."

"The sleeve?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, I'm sorry, that's what I call the outer layer of skin. Once completed, the robot's physical shape will be in the EXACT likeness of Amanda, right down to the tiniest detail," Ivy explained.

"Is it ok if I move now?" Amanda asked, still frozen in place.

"Oh, yes, sorry. The scanning is all complete. We just have one more procedure, and I'll have all the data I need to complete the physical form of the robot."

"Another scan?" Amanda asked.

"No, I'm afraid this one's a lot less technically advanced, and a bit more intrusive," Ivy said, his face already turning a shade of red. "My equipment is perfect for achieving accurate EXTERNAL body data, but internal precision can only be achieved the old-fashioned way, by a the use of a mold."

"A mold? What does that mean exactly?" Amanda asked.

"Well, I do have what I call 'stock' vagina and anal parts, that we could equip the robot with, but if you indeed want the machine to be a true replica of yourself, then I'll need to apply a mold...to your vagina and your anus, so we can replicate their exact form."

Amanda's mouth fell open. "Ohh!" she muttered, "I see."

Nancy just giggled. "In other words, Chad can get the standard base model pussy, or his mom's platinum cunt and ass, with all the upgrades."

Amanda looked at Ivy with steadfast determination. "Well, if we're doing this, let's do it right," she said. "Let's do the molds."

"Alright then," Ivy said, "if you could just lay down right here on the table. This'll only take a minute."

"I think I'll excuse myself for this part," Nancy said, walking away. "Maybe wander out her and have another chat with my new friend Louis."

Still naked, Amanda climbed onto the stainless steel table, that was only a couple feet off the floor, and sprawled onto her back. Ivy couldn't help but gaze over at the gorgeous mother, as he prepared the molds. There's no denying that Amanda was build like a brick shit house. The way her tit-mounds spread out, and slightly hung off the sides of her chest, made the doll-maker's eyes widen with desire. She was easily the most beautiful model for a Robot doll that he had ever worked with.

"Alright then, um, I can either do this, or you can do it yourself, if you'd feel more comfortable,"

Ivy said.

Amanda looked at the cylinder-shaped mold in his hand, which looked remarkably like a glossy corn-dog, with Ivy holding the stick portion. "I'll just uh, let you do it, so it's done right," she said.

Ivy was hoping she'd say that. "Ok then, if you could just bring your knees up. Think of this as kind of like a gynecologist exam."

Amanda giggled. "Well, I hate those exams, so I'd probably rather not think of it that way," she said.

Ivy's heart pounded excitedly in his chest as he watched the hot mother splay her thick thighs open, drawing her knees back as he requested. The dome of her clitoral hood protruded from her

slighted-slitted outer labium. Amanda's genitals were crown by a tiny patch of neatly trimmed pubic fur.

The doll-maker leaned forward slightly and inserted the mold-stick into her vagina. "Ok, um, just tell me when you feel it hit your cervix," he muttered.

"Alright, um...keep going," she sighed.

Ivy slid it in deeper, until he met some resistance in her vagina. "Ok, there, you're hitting it," she said.

"Alright, now all I need YOU to do is clench your vagina slightly, so the mold can capture every detail of your inner lining."

"Got it," Amanda nodded, then did what was asked of her, flexing her strong pussy-muscles slightly, so her cunt-tube hugged the mold tightly.

"That should do it," Ivy said, pulling the stick out. "If you ever wanted to know what the inside of you lady parts looked like, well there it is," he said, holding it up for the mother to see.

The mold was in the shape of her cunt-tube, with every tiny ridge of her inner-lining showing up in perfect detail. "Fascinating!" she giggled.

"So now it's the same process, with your anus," Ivy said. "Are you still feeling OK with that?"

Amanda nodded. "Yes!" she said without hesitation. She was determined that everything about her son's custom sex doll was going to be in her exact likeness. "As long as it's well lubricated."

"That it is, and the easiest way to do the anal mold is with you on your hands and knees," Ivy said.

Amanda smiled, trying to be as professional as possible about all this. "No problem," she said, then climbed up on all-fours.

Ivy took a quick look at her hanging tits, formulating in his mind just how much synthetic fatty tissue he'd need to use to replicate such enormous melons. He moved around to her backside, and struggled to control his aroused breathing, as he saw Amanda's thick round mommy-buttocks sticking out. Never before had he felt so jealous of a customer, than he did at that moment, for Amanda's son Chad. Once he finished the doll, he knew the boy was in for a real treat.

"Ok, are you ready?" Ivy asked, studying the crinkled ring of her butthole.

Amanda nodded cutely. "Ready!" she answered.

Ivy slipped the tip of the mold inside her, watching her anal ring stretch around it. "Unless you're uncomfortable, and tell me to stop, I'm gonna try to fit the whole mold inside you," he warned her.

"Thanks. If it gets too uncomfortable, I'll tell you," the mother answered.

Ivy pushed the mold forward, and it sank into Amanda's ass with relative ease. "Ok, we're all the way in. Now, just like you did with the other one, gently squeeze, so we can capture all the details of your orifice."

Amanda clenched her ass, tightening her sphincter muscles around the cylinder-shaped mold.

"That should do it!" Ivy said, watching her butthole clench closed as he slipped it from her ass.

"Just a hair and voice sample, and we'll be all set."

Amanda got her clothes back on, the provided Ivy with the other things he needed.

"There's only one other thing we need to consider," the doll maker said.

"What's that?" Amanda asked.

"Come this way, and I'll show you," Ivy said, leading Amanda and Nancy to a different area, where there were a line of human-sized wooden crates."The endoskeleton and hardware for the dolls are made by a larger robotics manufacturer. My specialty is the exterior, and software installation. Go ahead, the crates already open, just slide the lid off," he said to the sisters.

Nancy moved the crate lid aside, revealing a human-sized metal endoskelton.

"There she is! Your son's soon-to-be sex-doll," Ivy said.

"It's horrible looking!" Nancy said with a scowl.

"You would be too if we stripped you down to just your skeleton and internal organs," Ivy said.

"No I wouldn't. I'd still be beautiful," Nancy joked, fluffing her hair.

"I'll add the other parts, based on the data I retrieved today, but like I said, we have one other thing to consider, and that's her programming," Ivy explained.

Amanda smiled. "Her programming? She's made for sex. Isn't it pretty simple what her programming should be?"

"Yes, but she's also a custom doll, and should be programed based on the owner's likes," Ivy said, then handed Amanda a large envelope. "I know your son's sexual preferences probably aren't

something you're too familiar with, but without giving too much away, you should probably try having him answer these questions. Once you have that questionnaire back to me, we can build a program to his liking."

"Got it!" Amanda said, wondering how she would approach her boy with such personal questions. She knew she would also have to break the news to her husband that she was spending a good chunk of money to have custom sex doll manufactured for their son.

Before they left, Nancy fed Ivy a sweet smile. "So um, can we talk about Louis for a minute, and when I might get to take him home," she said, eager to get some private time with her promised new toy.

Jake had just gotten back home from his trip to Tokyo, when his wife Amanda arrived back at the house. He greeted her with a big hug, flowers and some of her favorite sushi he had purchased earlier in the day. "What a crazy trip!" Jake said. "My flight was delayed almost an hour, which pretty much threw the whole day off!"

"I'm sorry, honey, you're probably exhausted," she said sympathetically.

"How was YOUR day?" he asked.

"It was good. I um...I made a purchase, for Chad's graduation gift."

"Excellent! What did you end up getting him?" Jake asked.

"Well, we both know Chad doesn't have a girlfriend right now, and he's at the age where sex is kind of a big thing, right?" she asked awkwardly.

"Well, as long as it's done safely. At least that's what we as parents hope for."

"Exactly! Which is one of the reasons I decided on this gift," his wife said.

"Ok, well the suspense is killing me! What is it?" Jake asked.

"Well, don't freak out, but...I'm having a custom sex doll made for Chad."

"A custom sex doll?"

"Yes, a robot, that's made for sex, that way he can cope with those adult urges...um, privately, you know?"

Jake was somewhat open-minded, and trusted his wife's judgement, so it didn't take much for Amanda to sell him on the idea. "Well, robots are the big craze now. You see them everywhere. So why not in the bedroom too, right," he said. "As long as it's just Chad's bedroom though. I wouldn't be too happy if I was replaced by a Robo-husband," he joked.

His wife hugged and kissed him. "I wouldn't think of it," she said. "I have to go over a questionnaire with Chad tonight, so the doll can be programed based on everything he likes."

"Hm, well that's a scary thought," Jake joked.

Amanda playfully jabbed him in the ribs. "Stop! I really think this'll be a great gift for him, but it's a surprise, so not a word," Amanda said.

"My lips are sealed," her husband promised.

Strange-looking alien creatures floated through Chad's bedroom, in holographic form, as he lay on his bed playing one of the newest high-tech video games.

His bedroom door chimed. "Chad, it's mom, can I come in?" Amanda asked from outside the door.

The boy paused his game and all the creatures froze in mid-air. "Sure, Mom," he answered.

Amanda stepped into the room with the questionnaire in hand. She paused, as she came face to face with one of the ugly alien images hovering there in her son's bedroom. "Yikes! He's a real looker that one!" she joked, making her son laugh.

"Well they don't make the aliens appealing, mom, otherwise we players wouldn't wanna kill them so bad," Chad said, watching his beautiful mom sit on the edge of his bed.

"I suppose. Do you mind taking a break from the game, and helping me with something?"

"No, I don't mind. What is it you need help with," he asked.

She had rehearsed her answer a dozen times over the last hour, hoping to explain her purpose, without giving too much away. "Your Aunt Nancy and I are working on a project, but we just need a man's opinion on some things," she said. "Your father's really busy with work stuff, so I thought I'd ask for your help."

"Ok, um, sure," he muttered.

Amanda looked at the questionnaire. "So, the questions are all sexual in nature, but promise me you won't be embarrassed, and that you'll give me your honest personal preference for each answer," she said.

"Ok, I can do that," Chad said, happy to engage in any type of sexual discussion with his hot mom. He noticed she was wearing a shirt with a low cut V-neck, showing off a lot of creamy cleavage.

"Ok, first question... If you had a willing partner, how often would you have sexual intercourse with her, in a day?"

Chad did his best to fight off his timidness. It was cool that his mom was asking him 'adult questions,' so he wanted to give her a true honest answer for each one. He just hoped he wouldn't shock her too bad with his responses. "If I could do it as much as I wanted, in a day?" he asked, repeating her question.

"Yes."

"Probably at least four to five times," he said honestly.

"Four to five times...A DAY?" Amanda asked, her mouth hanging open in disbelief. She'd been getting sex four to five times A WEEK from her husband, and that was only on those weeks where he wasn't traveling like crazy. The idea that a guy would be willing, and physically able to have sex that many times in one day boggled her mind.

Her son gave her a confused look. "Well, yeah, that was your question, right?" he asked.

"Yes...um, yes it was. I just wanted to make sure I heard you correctly," she said, then wrote down his answer. "Alright, next question... If you had a willing partner, how would you want her to wake you up every morning?"

Chad thought about it for a moment. His mom wanted honesty, so he held nothing back. "I'd want her to suck on me, like a blowjob, you know what I mean?" he said.

Amanda giggled. "Yes, honey, I know what a blowjob is," she said, writing down his answer.

"But then I would do her too, you know, to make it fair," he said.

Amanda peered over at him. "Do her too?" she inquired, even though she had a pretty good idea what he meant.

"Yeah, um, give her oral sex. To make make it fair, but also because I like doing that a lot, just being honest," the boy confessed with a bit of a blush.

"Ohh," the mother muttered, staring back at him. Oral was always something she had to ask Jake to do, so to hear her son say that he liked eating a woman's pussy 'a lot' caught her completely off guard.

"Is that a bad thing?" Chad asked, noticing his mom's blank stare.

"No honey, of course not," she said, suddenly embarrassed by her long silence. "Sorry, I was spacing out there for a minute. Ok, question three... If you had to pick a favorite sexual position, what would it be?"

Chad was amazed at how personal these questions were, but it excited him that he was sharing this information with someone who he'd lusted after for years. "Doggy style," he candidly answered.

Amanda fed him a quirky grin, raising an eyebrow. "Really?" she asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"Well...I don't know, I guess it seems like doggy is usually a woman's favorite position, not a man's," she said.

"Oh, so are you saying it's YOUR favorite also?" Chad bravely asked.

His mother blushed a little, jotting down his answer on paper. "We're not talking about MY preferences right now, young man," she answered, but then surprised herself by adding, "but if you must know, then yes, doggy IS my favorite position."

Chad's cock hardened at his mom's admission. "Oh, wow...cool," he muttered, picturing his mom's big busted body kneeling on all-fours while getting hammered from behind.

"Moving on to question four... When it comes to 'pubic' hair styles, which do you prefer, a natural bush, a thin triangle, or completely shaved?" Amanda asked.

Chad thought about it for a moment. "Wow, well, they're all sexy, but if I had to choose one, I'd say shaved. No hair down there at all," he said.

"Um, ok," the mother muttered, writing down his answer. Personally, she had always kept her pubic hair neatly trimmed, either in a triangle, or sexy thin landing strip. For some odd reason though, hearing her son's answer, made her wanna bust out the razer later, and shave her coochie bare.

"Can I ask what YOU prefer?" her son bravely asked, making his mom giggle.

"I told you, these questions aren't about MY preferences, they're about yours," she said.

"Ok then, how bout if I ask you 'off the record' which one you prefer?"

She fed him a reluctant smile, but then decided that since her son was being so cooperative with all this, that she would be too. "I keep a neatly trimmed triangle," she answered.

"Oh, cool, me too," Chad confessed, but then realized what it sounded like. "I mean, not in a triangle, but I keep it neatly trimmed."

Amanda smiled at him. "That good, honey. Women like men who are neatly trimmed down there," she said, then moved on to her next

question. "When you're in bed with a partner, do you prefer soft sensual sex, or do you like it hard and rough?"

Chad wanted to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming all this. He never imagined being asked such intimate questions by his own hot mother. "Well, I feel there's a time for both, I mean, depending on the mood, right? If I had I to choose one though, I'd pick hard and rough. What about you?"

His mother gave him another stern, but playful look. "This isn't a two-way questionnaire, young man," she said.

"I know, but I was just curious. We never really talk about stuff like this, so it's kinda cool."

"Well, I feel the same way you do actually. There's a time and a place for both, but if I had to pick a favorite, it would be hard and rough. I'm no sweet gentle angel when it comes to sex," the mother admitted. "Now, on with the questions..."

Chad was turned on as hell thinking about the fact that his mom liked rough nasty sex. He could only imagine what it would be like to be engaging her in such a way. He didn't hear his parents going at it very often, and when he did, it didn't seem very 'hard and rough.' This meant that his mom wasn't getting her cunt pounded in her 'preferred method' on many occasions, which seemed sad to him.

Amanda read the next question. "What is the ONE thing a girl can do to you," she said, then looked straight into his eyes as she finished her sentence, "that turns you on the most?"

Chad gave it some thought. Of course there was of long list of kinks he had, but one thing stood out above all the rest. "I like it when a girl kneels beside me, then leans over, so that her boobs are against me, and licks my neck," he confessed.

"That's interesting," Amanda said, a bit turned on herself at just the though of gentle licks.

Chad noticed how fidgety his mom seemed. It was like she was extremely turned-on, like he was, and couldn't sit still. He glanced at her tits, and noticed that her nipples had hardened beneath her top, so that they protruded out beneath the fabric.

"I mean, I like licks too...alot... but you like a woman ABOVE you while you're getting licked huh?" Amanda asked.

"As long as she has her boobs on me, yes," her son said.

"Well, of course," his mom giggled.

Amanda peeked over at the bulge beneath her son's sweatpants. She could tell it was erect, and her eyes lingered a moment, trying to assess just how big it might be. She quickly looked away, reminding herself of how inappropriate it was to be wondering about her son's cock.

Chad decided to ask another gutsy question. "Where do YOU like to be licked?"

His mom looked up into his eyes with a sly smile, carefully formulating an answer in her mind.

"Let me just answer that by saying, WHERE DON'T I LIKE TO BE LICKED?" she said with a sexy wink, then looked down at the paper. "A couple more questions for you."

"Ok," Chad muttered, wishing she had a hundred more.

"Do you like a girl that squirts on you, or is that a turn-off?" she asked.

"Squirts on me?"

"You don't know what female squirting is?" his mom asked.

"Well, yeah, I've heard of it, but I've never had a girl squirt ON ME, to be honest," Chad admitted.

"Does the idea gross you out at all?" the mother asked, curious to know, since she herself was such a huge squirter, when worked the right way.

"Well, a guy usually squirts his stuff all over the place, and women don't seem bothered by it. So why should it bother guys if women squirt all over them?" he answered.

"Very true!" Amanda giggled, writing "he likes it" as an answer on the questionnaire.

Chad decided to continue his pattern of turning the question around, and posing it to his mother. "Do YOU squirt when you have sex?" he asked.

Amanda giggled like a bashful schoolgirl. "What do you think?" she asked.

"My guess is, you probably do squirt, am I right?"

She looked into his eyes. "If it's done the right way, yes!"

"What way is that?" her son asked with excited curiosity..

She raised an eyebrow teasingly. "Well if you have to ask, then maybe you should learn," she said.

Chad laughed. "I'm trying to learn. That's why I asked you," he said.

Amanda stood from the bed, realizing that her questions had led her to a dangerous path that she probably better not go down. "This isn't sex-ed class, young man. Read up on the G-spot," she said, then winked, "and that's all I'm sayin'," she told him, leaning down

and giving him a peck on the cheek. "Thanks for your help on our project."

"Anytime!" Chad said.

The mother could feel her boy's eyes on her swaying buttocks as sashayed to his doorway.

She paused before leaving, and looked back at him curiously. "Can you really do it four to five times a day, or were you just telling me that to impress me?" she asked..

"Well, if you remember right, I didn't say I could do it four to five times a day," the boy answered.

"Yes you did."

"No, I said I could do it AT LEAST four to five times a day. There's a difference," Chad said.

"And.."

"And what?" his mother asked.

"And maybe I was saying it to impress you also," he confessed.

She fed him a teasing smile, unable to stop her eyes from glancing down at his cock-bulge.

"Well if it's true, then it worked. You did impress me," she said, giving him a wink before leaving his room.

Chapter 3: Robo-Mom's reveal

A personal sex doll wasn't the kind of gift Amanda wanted to present to her son in front of a bunch of friends and family. She waited to have it delivered late in the day, once his graduation party was over. Of course her sister Nancy was there. She had been a part of this idea from the beginning and wouldn't miss this big reveal for the world. "Oh my God, I can't wait to see his eyes light up!" Amanda's sister exclaimed, as two delivery guys wheeled a life-sized crate into the living room.

"Chad, your gift's here," his mom called out anxiously. Chad and his father came in from the kitchen as Amanda thanked the delivery guys as they left. "Holy smokes!" Amanda's son exclaimed. "That's a big box."

"Box? That's no box. It's a crate," Chad's father Jake said, looking over at his wife inquisitively. He knew she'd spent a lot of money on the gift, but was still in the dark about what it was exactly.

"How do I even open it?" Chad asked.

"Oh, hold on," his mother answered, pulling out her personal device. The Robo-Mom application lit up, and she powered on the robot-doll that was inside the crate. The three of them heard a gentle knock from inside the box. "Knock, knock," a sexy voice said, and Chad's eyes got big as he gave his mom a confused look.

"It looks like the box unlatches here from the side," Jake said, cracking open the crate with just a simple twist of the latch. The crate door slowly opened and all four of them gasped out loud as the boy's custom Robo-doll stepped out into the living room. "Whoa!" Chad muttered as he found himself staring at an exact

replica of his beautiful mother. Robo-Mom was wearing a dark-blue form-fitting body-con dress, Chad's favorite color. The dress had a halter neckline, showing off an almost obscene amount of the doll's cleavage. Her breasts were the same size as Amanda's, except they were accentuated lusciously in the sexy gown. The dolls four inch high-heeled mules clicked daintily on the floor as her long smooth legs stepped over to the ogling teen. "Hi, Chad, I'm your Robo-doll," she said, showing off a smile of perfectly white teeth.

"Hi!" he muttered, then looked back and forth from the doll to his mom. "Good grief, she looks just like you, mom," the boy gasped, mesmerized by how completely lifelike the doll was. Amanda shared an awkward look with her husband. She could tell he was thinking the same thing, and wasn't too happy about it.

"She's beautiful!" Nancy said, circling Chad and the doll, admiring the flawless workmanship. "Even her feet are the same as yours, Amanda," the sister pointed out, looking down at Robo-doll's sexy feet with red painted toenails arched in her dainty heels. Amanda shrugged her shoulders as she felt like she was literally staring at her twin. "I'm speechless," she said.

"Amanda, can we um, talk for just a minute," her husband said, stepping into the kitchen. Amanda looked at her sister and rolled her eyes. She expect this reaction from her husband and knew she was in for an earful.

"Look, I understand the whole 'personal doll' thing, but she looks just like you. Don't you think that's extremely weird?" Jake said, once they were alone in the kitchen. The last thing Amanda wanted to do was explain how their son's eyes were constantly lusting after her, so she had prepared herself for this very conversation, since she knew her husband would raise a stink.

"I wanted a custom doll made, and not one that looked like a freaking bimbo either. The doll-maker needed to model it after

someone, and it was just Nancy and I there, so I volunteered."

"But, Amanda, you're his mother. Just because boys are allowed to have sex with their mothers in this day and age, doesn't make it right, and it doesn't make a boy having pleasure-doll that look just like his mother right either," Jake explained. Amanda knew she had to be careful how much she defended the idea. "Ok, maybe it wasn't the best decision, but the doll's done, she's here. There's a no return policy unless she malfunctions, so there's not much I can do at this point," she said. Jake sighed in frustration. "Great, so what you're telling me is I have to accept the fact that Chad will be having sex with a doll that looks exactly like my wife," he muttered, as more of a statement than a question.

"Yes, I'm sorry," Amanda muttered, even though she really wasn't. She knew that given how badly her son wanted to have sex with her, a Robo-doll look-a-like was the perfect gift for her teen. Inwardly, she stood by her decision. In the next room over, Chad smiled at his new toy, as she gazed him in the eyes longingly. "Would you like to hear some of my special functions?" Robo-Mom asked. "I'm a customized doll you know, which means I'm programmed and designed to provide you the ultimate sexual pleasure." Chad gulped excitedly. It was a surreal moment. Even though it wasn't his mom, the fact that his new doll looked exactly like her, and she was talking about giving him 'sexual pleasure' made him become incredibly aroused. Nancy fed her nephew a quirky smile. "I'm gonna go now I think and let you two talk," she said, the gave Chad a quick kiss on the cheek. "Enjoy your new toy," she giggled, the sashayed away. Robo-Mom was still staring at Chad. He seemed to be her entire focus. "Do you like to fuck doggy-style, Chad? I can perfectly engage in over two-hundred sexual positions."

"Wow! I didn't even know there were two-hundred sexual positions," Chad giggled, his heart doing somersaults in his chest. "And yes, I do like doggy-style," he added.

"Oh that's wonderful!" the beautiful Robot said, with that warm motherly smile that Chad had grown up with. "Would you like to show me your room and we can engage in doggy-style intercourse?" she asked. Before Chad could answer, his parents stepped back into the room. He could tell his dad was feeling awkward because the new sex robot was his mom's identical twin. "So, we um, should probably establish a few rules right off the bat," Jake said, looking over at his son.

"Rules?" Chad asked.

"Yeah, well, this is a ‘pleasure model’ robot, so it should probably stay in your bedroom, especially if we have company over," Jake said.

"Oh, right, that makes sense."

"And just because you have this…new toy, you can't just stay in your room playing with it all summer," Jake said. "You still have to get out there and find a job." Chad nodded understandably. "Of course," he muttered. Amanda chimed in, clearly the ‘softy’ of the two parents. "But I think, just this first week of summer at least, you can hold off on the job hunt, and enjoy your new gift," she said.

"Sure, thanks!" Chad said, looking at Robo-mom, who was still staring lustfully at him. She gave him a sexy smile, her eyes gleaming with anticipation.

"Oh and uh, one other thing," his dad said. "I know this robot is a spitting image of your mother, but whatever you name it, it obviously can't be Amanda, or mom," Jake said, making them all laugh.

"Got it, dad," Chad answered. Chad had a few names in mind, but she looked so much like his mother that calling her "Susan" or "Brianna" just wouldn't feel right. "How ‘bout just Robo-Mom?" he

asked. Of course his dad shook his head. "Again, the ‘mom’ reference. Can we please try to get away from that," Jake said.

"I think ‘Robo-Mom’ is fine," Amanda chimed in. "I mean, it's Chad's doll. He should get to name her what he wants." Amanda herself thought it was adorable that her son decided upon that name, since it was really the robotic version of herself after all. Once they were in his bedroom, Robo-Mom sat on Chad's bed and crossed her tan sexy legs, giving him a quick flash of her panty-crotch. "Your mattress is bouncy," she said, thrusting her buns on it a few times, making her big boobs wobble heavily up and down. "It’s suitable for vigorous intercourse." Chad had never owned a sex robot before. Unlike Al, the family's home assistant robot, Robo-Mom wasn't designed for household tasks, although she certainly would do them if he asked her to. Her primary purpose was to provide him sexual pleasure. Even though she was just a machine, he still found himself being a little timid around her. Maybe it was because she looked so much like his mom. "So, um, what other types of things can you do?" he asked, curious to know the extent of her functions.

"I can perform ANY sexual act that a human female can, but unlike a real woman, MY performance is optimal, and I never tire," she said, raising an eyebrow teasingly. "Would you like to observe me in demo mode?"

"Sure," Chad answered, and watched intently as his Robo-Mom stood from the bed and teasingly removed her dress. She was wearing a skimpy black bra and panties, and without hesitation, she reached back and unclasped the bra. Chad gasped as Robo-Mom's enormous breasts wobbled free. They were capped with wide areolas and thick rubbery nipples. The boy was well aware of his mother Amanda's bra size and was curious to see if Robo-Mom's boobs were a true reproduction. "What size are your breasts?" he asked, watching her slip her panties off.

"I wear a thirty-eight double F cup bra," she answered. Chad smiled, pleased that they were indeed the same size as Amanda's breasts. "They look so real," the teen said, marveling at the way her big milkers teetered back and forth.

"They're filled with synthetic fat and fibro glandular tissue, to give them the true look and feel of human female breasts," she said, then demonstrated by shaking her shoulders, making her huge tit-cannons swing back and forth.

"Whoa!" the wide-eyed teen muttered, his cock throbbing with erectness. Robo-Mom's dainty feet stepped out of her heels. Crowning her lovely smooth legs was the sexy V of her naked pubis. Chad could see where her puffy vulva met to form a well pronounced cuntal cleavage. She stared over at him, tracking where his eyes were roaming. "Do you like the look of my pussy?" she asked.

"Yes, it's sexy," he answered.

"The inside of my vagina is made of highly elastic tissue, with a series of simulated muscles surrounding my cuntal chamber," she said. "They're meant to provide your penis with maximum stimulation."

"Oh," Chad muttered, his heart racing anxiously.

"I also have two sets of synthetic glands. One set is just inside my vaginal opening and secretes fluid to provide lubrication. The other set is on either side of my urethral opening. It releases fluid during my ejaculation," she explained.

"Ejaculation? You mean you can…have orgasms?" the boy asked.

"Yes. I'm designed for multiple orgasms, based on your performance." Robo-Mom sat down and sprawled back on Chad's bed. "I was built to achieve maximum flexibility," she said tossing

her lovely legs back astonishingly far. The boy felt like he was watching a gymnastic star do one of her stretching exercises. The limber robot scissored her legs inward, crisscrossing them teasing. "My construction is extremely rugged, allowing you to be as rough with me as you wish."

"Do you kiss and all that too?" Chad asked. Robo-Mom fed him a pretty smile, lifting her knees way back and bowing open her smooth thighs. "Of course I kiss. I'm programmed to move my tongue in a thousand different ways," she said, then glanced down at his crotch. "Why don't you get naked and come crawl on top of me and I'll show you." Chad slipped out of his pants and briefs. His sturdy nine-inch erection bobbed stiffly on his loins, the big plum-sized nob pointing straight at his new doll.

"Wow! Your dick is so nice n hard," Robo-Mom cooed, watching it move towards her. Chad's heart about beat out of his chest as he crawled up onto his bed and down between her legs. He knew this wasn't his actual mother, but when it came to the physical body, his doll was nearly the same, thrilling the hell out of him. Robo-Mom sat up slightly, meeting Chad's lips and they began kissing passionately. Her tongue slid out and whipped through his mouth, making the boy's body shudder excitedly. She placed her hands on his shoulders and lowered them back to the mattress, so that her oversized titties were mashed between them. Chad pushed his prick against her smooth hairless vulva, feeling the meat of his cock sink into the warm crevice between her outer labium. The boy felt her smooth legs drag softly up his back. Robo-Mom broke their kiss for a moment and gazed into his eyes. "Would you like to fuck me, Chad?" He was so excited he could hardly answer. He nodded, staring back at her. This was a hundred-thousand times better than any mommy fantasy he ever had. This was his mom in robot form and he was about to fuck her for the first time.

"Put it in, baby!" Robo-Mom gasped. "Put it in my pussy and fuck me!" Chad reached down between them and fit his tapered nob to

the slickened mouth of her vagina. He pushed his hips forward, sinking his boner inside her hot grasp. Amanda was at her vanity brushing her long beautiful hair, when her personal device chimed. She looked at it and saw an alert on the Robo-Mom app. The application was really made for the doll's owner, which in this case would be her son, but Amanda had already set it up on her device and forgot to tell her son about it. She brought up the alert and it took her to something called "the activities log." On it were written the words: "vaginal intercourse – in progress." The mother blushed a bit. "That certainly didn't take long," she whispered to herself, surprised that her boy was already using his doll that way.

"What's that, hon?" her husband asked, fluffing his pillows in the bed.

"Oh, nothing, just muttering to myself," she said, suddenly feeling extremely horny. Amanda stood from the vanity, wearing only a short silk body wrap. The erect nipples of her gently wobbling tits were protruding from beneath the fabric as she moved towards the bed. "So how 'bout some hot action tonight, what do you say?" she asked Jake seductively.

"I can't tonight, hon. I gotta be up early to catch that starship, but when I get back in a couple days, I'll definitely take you up on that offer," he said.

"Yea, ok," she muttered, then went downstairs to have a glass of wine. She knew damn well Jake would have another convenient excuse when he got back from his trip, to hide the real issue, which was his erectile dysfunction. Meanwhile, in Chad's bedroom, the teen whimpered in delight as he pounded his erection through his new doll's cunt. He was amazed at how much it felt like a real pussy as it squeezed his plunging boner, secreting slippery juices all over it. This kept Chad's erect penis well lubricated during their steady fuck.

"Ohh Goddamn this feels good!" the boy sighed, feeling her rubbery-ribbed lining compress around every meaty contour of his prick.

"Oh, yess, baby, your cock feels so good in me!" Robo-Mom squealed. Chad loved the way her pillow-like tits sloshed around between them. He lifted his own chest up just enough, so that he could capture one of her nipples in his mouth.

"Yes! Suck my fucking tits!" Robo-Mom cried out. Chad was on cloud nine. Not only did his new doll look like his mother, but she sounded just like her too. Hearing her spout off such obscenities while he fucked her was a huge rush for the teen. He pressed his face against her rolling, quivering tit-flesh, his lips clamped around the engorged nipple while he sucked and fucked to his heart's content. Robo-Mom suddenly gasped and jerked beneath him. "I'm cumming! Oh my God I'm cumming on you!" The boy felt her pussy clench up around his cock as hot liquid shot out of her urethra, soaking his boner.

"Oh fuck," he gasped, slowing his rhythmic thrusts just a bit to keep from cumming himself. Amanda heard Robo-Mom cry out from her son's bedroom as she sat on the sofa with her luscious naked legs curled up on the cushions. She curiously checked the app, seeing that it still read "vaginal intercourse – in progress," but this time beneath it were the words "Robo-doll orgasming!" The mother got a big smile. "Good job, Chad," she whispered proudly. "I wish I was getting a Goddamn orgasm," she added, glaring at her bedroom door. Sex with her husband Jake used to occur nightly, but since he took a new position at work, which required regular travel, her sex life was downgraded to a couple times a week at most. Even then, if Jake could get it up, it wasn't as long and passionate as it used to be. He was a business man, with his mind on climbing the corporate ladder. She was a house wife with an insatiable and unsatisfied libido. She explored the Robo-Mom application on her device, amazed at all of the doll's functions. She saw one tab that said "doll-cam," and pushed it curiously. Suddenly, the mother's eyes got big as her son's gasping face appeared on her device. It was live stream

video, taken from Robo-doll's point of view. She quickly turned down the volume, watching her lean boy's body thrusting from above.

"Oh baby, you made me cum so fucking hard," she heard the doll say.

"Jesus!" Amanda softly exclaimed, throwing her shaky hand over her mouth with her eyes glued to her device. Robo-Mom peered down between her huge wobbling tit-melons, to their humping crotches, as Chad pumped into her. Amanda's heart raced as she saw a good portion of her son's long muscular shaft. It was sawing in and out of his doll's pussy, gleaming in cum-juice. It looked so big and strong and powerful.

"No!" the mother said out loud, quickly shutting the cam off and exiting the app completely. "I can't believe I just did that!" she scolded herself. The shaky mother downed the last bit of wine from her glass, then went to bed, trying to shake what she'd just seen from her mind. Chad stared up his doll's sexy torso, to the pair of mammoth tits that were leaping up and down her chest as she rode him. He couldn't get over how much they looked and moved like `natural' tits did, right down to the way the flesh rippled every time the beat down against her. He knew if the doll was fashioned after his mom, that her boobs must behave the same way when she's having sex. Robo-Mom panted and threw her lovely mane of dark hair around. Of course, she was breathing heavily just to turn the boy on. Robots didn't need to breath, but she wanted to create the most realistic experience as she could for her new owner.

"Ahhh!" the boy moaned, as her hips swiveled up and back steadily, stirring his boner inside her as deeply as it would go.

"You like that, baby?" she asked sensually, staring down at him. "You like the way Robo-Mom is grinding on your cock?"

"Oh yess!" the boy sighed.

"Would you like me to go faster?" she asked.

"Faster?" Chad asked. He couldn't imagine someone swiveling their hips and grinding on his cock any faster, but then again, this wasn't a "someone," it was a machine, with the ability to move unlike any human female.

"Yes, I can go much faster, but just to warn you, it will produce a VERY quick orgasm," Robo-Mom warned. Chad took a deep breath, then nodded. "Go for it!" he said. Robo-Mom's hips suddenly sped up, jerking up and back with bionic-like speed. Chad's face was instantly masked in a pleasure-grimace as he felt his cock stirred around like a beater in a mixer on full blast. His full-sized bed rocked steadily from her violent thrusts. His doll was right. A "very quick" orgasm swept through him, making his pleasure-stricken body jerk up and down. "Ahh, fuck, I'm cumming!" he grunted out. Robo-Mom arched her head back and let out a loud cry. "I'm cumming too, baby!" The teen's cock spit fat ropes of cum as it was jerked around inside the grip of his doll's wildly gyrating pussy. Robo-Mom's jutting boobies were dancing crazily on her chest. She slapped them down softly on Chad's chest as she dropped against him, milking out the rest of his cum for several minutes.

"App? What app? You didn't say anything about a Robo-doll app," Nancy said, as she sat having coffee with her sister the next day.

"Well, it's technically meant for Chad to use, but I loaded it on MY device, just so I could make sure the doll was performing like the doll-maker said she would," Amanda explained.

"And?"

"And, well…" Amanda said, opening up the application on her device. "Last night they had `vaginal intercourse' for two hours and twenty-three minutes."

"Two hours and twenty-three minutes straight?" Nancy asked in astonishment.

"Yes. Well, according to the data here."

"Jesus! That's um…quite a whoopie session. It's been a long time since Matt fucked me for that long." Amanda giggled. "Don't feel bad. It's been, um…NEVER since Jake fucked me for that long, but that's not important," she said. "At least this tells me that Chad is enjoying his gift, and that's what matters." Nancy peeked over at her sister's device curiously. "So, what other data does it show on this doll-app?" she asked.

"Just um…details about their time together," Amanda said, seeming a little embarrassed.

"Such as?"

"Like positions they engaged in, silly stuff like that."

"So…do tell," Nancy said, eager to hear the juicy details.

"Nancy, this is Stan's private information. It should be between him and his doll," Amanda said.

"Then why are YOU looking at it?" Amanda tried to sound convincing. "Like I said, I just wanted to make sure the doll was performing like we were told she would."

"Did she ride him?" Nancy asked with a naughty grin.

"Nancy!"

"Oh my God, Amanda, stop being a prude. Did she ride him or not?" Amanda sighed then smiled. "Yes, she did."

"What else?" The mother rolled her eyes, then looked at her device. "They spent fifty-two minutes in the missionary position. Twenty-

seven minutes doing it doggy-style, and the rest of the time was spent with her in the cowgirl position," Amanda said.

"Oh my God, she rode him for over an hour?" Nancy exclaimed.

"Well, she IS a robot."

"Oh, yeah, true. What other data does it provide?"

"Just number of orgasms," Amanda said.

"Which were?"

"One for Chad."

"In two and a half hours? That's like…amazing staying power! Go, Chad!" Nancy said. "What about the doll? She does have orgasms, right?"

"Quite a few apparently. According to the data she had twenty - four."

"Twenty-four orgasms?!" Nancy asked in surprise. "That's like one every five minutes. Either she pops easily, or your son's like… Superman in bed." Amanda would never admit that she was having those very thoughts herself. She could only imagine what skill it must have taken to bring the doll off that many times. "I'm just happy that he's enjoying the doll," she said. Nancy smiled. "Me too, and if I'm honest, just a little jealous. I mean twenty-four orgasms, are you fucking kidding me."

"Nancy!" Amanda said, giving her a half stern, half playful look. The device in her hand suddenly chimed.

"What was that?" Nancy asked.

"An alert…from the doll-app."

"What kind of alert?" Amanda brought it up and read it silently.

"What is it? Are they doing something?" Nancy asked impatiently. Amanda didn't answer, just turned the screen for her sister to read.

"Oral sex (blowjob) – in progress," Nancy read out loud, then giggled. "Sounds like someone's getting his morning wood taken care of."

"Nancy!" her sister said.

"Hey, what's that?" Nancy asked, spotting something else on the screen.

"What's what?"

"Doll-cam?! Are you serious? She has a camera built into her?"

"Yes, I um…stumbled across that last night, while they were going at it," Amanda said, seeming embarrassed to admit it.

"Stumbled across my ass! You were snooping, weren't you?" Nancy teased.

"No, I didn't think the doll had a fucking camera attached to her retinas."

"It says 'doll-cam,' what did you think it meant?" Nancy giggled. "Oh my God, it's one of those point-of-view cameras? We should totally turn it on."

"No, are you crazy?!"

"Amanda come on. Let's just turn it for like twenty seconds. You know you're as curious as I am," Nancy said with a mischievous grin.

"Nancy, he's my son. I'm not peeking in on him while he's getting a blowjob. That just wouldn't be right." Nancy folded her arms in a

huff. "Prude!" she muttered.

"Am not, and you know I'm not."

"Then let's watch for like thirty seconds."

"What happened to twenty seconds?" Amanda giggled.

"Fine, twenty seconds, just to…you know, like you said, check in to make sure she's performing like the doll-maker promised."

"Fine, then I'm erasing this app from my device forever," Amanda said, then clicked in the doll-cam tab. The image of Chad's neatly trimmed crotch came up on the device. The cam was moving forward and backward repeatedly from the motion of Robo-Mom sucking his cock. "Mmm," they heard the doll hum, along with the lewd slurping sounds of dick sucking. Amanda's son's large boner popped from Robo-Doll's mouth and she whipped her tongue all over the fat crimson nob. Amanda and Nancy just sat their watching, with their mouths hanging open.

"You like that, baby?" the doll asked. "You like the way Robo-Mom is sucking your big yummy cock?" The doll looked up at him as she licked his dick and the two mothers could see the boy's chiseled chest and pleasure-filled face. "Yes. Feels so good," he sighed. Amanda's heart was racing a mile a minute, her breathing becoming heavier. Watching this was so wicked and wrong, and yet completely and utterly fascinating. Robo-doll licked down along his balls, still looking up, so now the women had a view up the fleshy pillar of Chad's thick nine-inch cock. Such a dick would look large from any angle, but from the camera's point of view it looked absolutely monstrous, with thick muscles and bulging veins.

"Oh my!" Nancy gasped, snapping Amanda from her trance.

"We should turn it off now," Amanda said.

"No wait, not yet."

"Nancy, it's been longer that twenty-seconds."

"We agreed on thirty-seconds." Amanda giggled. "And it's been way longer than thirty seconds," she said, shutting it off with shaky fingers. There was an awkward moment of silence, before one of them spoke up.

"Well, he um, seems to be enjoying himself," Nancy said.

"Yes, so like I said, that application WILL be coming off my device now," Amanda said, her face still flush and her fat nipples clearly erect and protruding from beneath her dress. "I feel confident in saying that the doll was a very good purchase, and I'm sure that she'll keep Chad very, um…"

"Satisfied?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, satisfied." At the moment "satisfied" was an understatement, as Chad watched his Robo-Mom suck his cock in traditional blowjob fashion. He marveled at the way her pretty lips stretched around the fat girth of his prick as they traveled the length of his erection. The doll grasped his cock around the base and beat his dick into her mouth while sucking. Chad could feel her strong robotic tongue laving all over his tender pink boner, making it tingle delightfully. The jerking of her hand caused her huge hanging mommy-melons to jostle around, creating a feast for the boy's eyes. He also loved the way she was squatting down while she blew him, with her smooth tan thighs wide open. Through a mirror on the wall across from him, he could see the globes of her thick naked buttocks, which reminded him of the previous night, when her bubbly behind was beating against his crotch in the doggy-style position. Just gazing down at this motherly look-a-like while having his cock exquisitely sucked, made the boy’s pleasure peak, and with a jerk of his hips, he began pouring hot cum down Robo-Mom's cock-plunging throat.

"Ahhh!" Chad's groaned, his legs trembling. He'd received quite a few blowjobs from girls at school, but none had even come close to being as good as the one he'd just received. Of course, if it was his own mom kneeling at his cock, it would be the ultimate rush, but having a fuck-doll that exactly resembled her made him feel like the luckiest guy alive.

Chapter 4: A Boy and his mommies

Stepping out of his bedroom, Chad stopped dead in his tracks as he saw his mom Amanda working out in the main living area. The beautiful mother was doing a split-stretch routine. The boy got excited tingles in his chest when he saw her strong legs split completely open, so her bare feet pointed towards opposite sides of the room. "Good morning," she said with a smile, catching him staring.

"Hey, Mom."

"You look like you've seen better days," the mother commented with her heavy-breasted chest thrust out, her nipples clearly visible as they protruded beneath the snug workout top.

"Yeah, um…kind of a late night." Amanda was fully aware of his 'late night' sexual activities. In fact, thanks to the Robo-Mom application on her devise, she knew every detail, right down to how many thrusts he'd taken. "Well, I'm happy to see you're enjoying your gift. Just don't let your grades start slipping because your focus is directed elsewhere," she reminded him.

"Got it," Chad nodded. "Hey mom, I have kind of a weird question."

"Shoot," Amanda said, lifting her arms and twisting her sexy torso, making her titties balloon out even more.

"Um, I was thinking it would be cool if Robo-Mom had a few sexy outfits. Like, some things that she wore, just around me, you know?" Amanda smiled over at him. "You mean lingerie?" she asked.

"Yeah, stuff like that. Do you have anything she could borrow?"

"Yeah, um… I have some stuff," Amanda lied. She actually only had a couple pieces of sexy lingerie. Her husband never really expressed much interest in seeing her in it.

"Cool. Can I check it out, see if there's something she'd look good in?"

"Well, since her and I are identical, I would hope she'd look good in any of it," the mother said with a smiling wink.

"True."

"I'll tell you what, why don't I put some stuff together and you can take a look once you get home from school," Amanda suggested.

"Sounds great, thanks, Mom." Chad started to leave, so Amanda quickly got up from the floor. "Do I get a hug before you rush off?" she asked. Chad eyes quickly darted up her amazing body. The fact that she was dressed in a skin-tight workout suit made it all the more luscious-looking. In fact, her yoga pants were so snug he could clearly see a sexy camel toe. "Maybe I'll borrow THAT outfit for her too sometimes. You look amazing in it," he confessed. Amanda giggled blushingly. "Thanks, honey. Your Robo-doll may not sweat in it as much as I do though," she joked.

"Well, I don't mind sweaty hugs."

"It's a good thing," Amanda teased, stepping over to him. "Sounds like you've gotten your share of sweaty 'everything' the past couple days." The boy embraced her for a hug. "Damn! It's crazy how much they feel alike," he thought, holding his mom and feeling her huge tits press against him. Chad left for school and Amanda had a shower. She had called her sister Nancy to arrange a shopping trip, since her lingerie collection was scarce. "I need a few new outfits for Chad," the mother said on speakerphone as she washed her hair in the shower.

"Jesus, you're still buying Chad's clothes for him?" Nancy asked.

"These clothes aren't actually for him. They're for his doll. He wants some lingerie for her," Amanda explained, suds cascading down over the melonous slopes of her tits as she lathered her hair.

"Oh, now it makes more sense. Well, then let's go shopping. I could use a few new bras anyway," Nancy said. "Speaking of Mister horny-pants and his new mechanical slut, what did they do last night?"

"Ha, what DIDN'T they do last night. He looked like wreck this morning."

"See, I knew it," Nancy said.

"You knew what?"

"I knew you weren't deleting that app off your device, like you said you were."

"I still plan to, I just… haven't got around to it yet," Amanda said.

"Uh-huh," her sister said teasingly. "I wonder what your excuse will be tomorrow?" Amanda ignored her sister's taunting. "I'll meet you at the mall in an hour," she said. After stepping from the shower, Amanda noticed that her devise was chiming. It was a notification from the Robo-Mom application. It read: "DOLL FULLY CHARGED – FEMALE EJACULATION FLUID LOW." Amanda smirked. "Awe, too bad for you," she said sarcastically. "My female fluid is on auto refill." The naked mother walked through the house to her son's room. When no one else was home during the day she often moved about naked, with her big breasts bobbling heavily. When she arrived in her son's bedroom, she found Robo-Mom standing beside the bed in perfect posture, like a soldier prepared for duty. The doll was also ycompletely naked, her mammoth breasts thrust out. "Good morning," Amanda said, holding a bottle of fluid in her hand.

"Good morning, Amanda," Robo-Mom said.

"I noticed that one of your fluid levels is low."

"Yes, my ejaculation fluid is at twenty-percent."

"Hm, you must have used up quite a lot the past two days," Amanda said, in a somewhat envious tone.

"Chad has my secretion level set on high. I suppose it excites him to see a woman wet with arousal."

"Apparently so," Amanda said, thinking back on the questionnaire she had gone over with her son and his fascination with female squirting. Amanda stepping over to the doll. With the exception of the mother's damp hair from having just showered, they looked completely identical. For an awkward moment, they looked into each other's eyes. "The compartment is along the lower back, corrrect?" Amanda asked.

"That's correct," Robo-doll said. Her humongous jugs wobbled just like Amanda’s as she turned around.

"You'll see a slight depression just above my buttocks. If you push it, the compartment will open." Amanda opened the fluid compartment, then removed the cap from the bottle and poured in it's contents. "It holds quite a lot," the mother commented.

"My vagina is designed to respond like a real woman's, which means it secretes fluid based on Chad's sexual performance," she shared.

"He must have ‘performed’ pretty well then," Amanda said, topping off the reservoir.

"Yes, his skills and penis size allowed me to achieve a state of multiple orgasm."

"That's my boy! Way to go, Chad!" Amanda thought to herself proudly. She knew from watching the live-stream that her boy looked well endowed, and was hoping that was the case, and that his cock didn't look ‘large’ just because of the angle of the camera. "How um… big is he?" the mother curiously asked.

"In a fully erect state, Chad's penis is eight and three-quarter inches," Robo-Mom responded.

"Oh, well, that IS quite big," Amanda said blushingly, pushing the fluid compartment closed.

"Yes, my data shows that less than one percent of the male species have a penis larger than eight inches, which means that Chad's endowment IS very rare," Robo-Mom said. The conversation was having an effect on the mother. Her clit was tingling and her big rubbery nipples had stiffened. "Yes, well… I'm glad he's finding pleasure in being with you," she said, turning to leave. "It was money well spent."

"Amanda?" Robo-Mom said. The mother stopped and turned as Robo-Mom stepped over to her. "You’re showing signs of arousal. Does this mean that you desire Chad sexually?"

"No, of course not," she said, her face turning red with embarrassment. "Chad's my son. That would be… awkward."

"Awkward, but not unusual. My data shows that since incest became lawful in two-thousand fifty-five, sixty-two percent of mothers and sons of lawful age are having regular sexual intercourse together."

"Yes, I’m aware that’s quite a thing now, but… that's why I purchased you… So you can fulfill Chad's sexual needs," Amanda said.

"I understand," Robo-Mom said with a pretty smile. "Giving Chad sexual release is the purpose of my existence," she said. Amanda

seemed a bit envious of that comment. After getting ready, Amanda went with her sister Nancy to purchase a few pieces of sexy lingerie for her son, but more specifically for Robo-Mom. She was back at the house by the time Chad arrive home from school. "Hey, honey," the mother said sweetly, greeting him near the doorway.

"Hi, mom," he said, then eagerly approached the subject he had dwelled on all day. "Did you um… have a chance to go through some of your sexy outfits?"

"I did. I found a few things that might work."

"Cool. Can I see?"

"Well, actually, I kind of had an idea," Amanda said. "Since your doll and I are pretty much identical, I thought I could try on a few things for you, that way you can see what she might look best in."

"Really? You'd do that?" Chad asked, surprised that his mom would actually be willing to model lingerie for him.

"Of course. I mean, your doll's obviously been nude in front of you, so what my body looks like with hardly any clothes on is really no great mystery to you at this point, right?" Amanda asked with a cute giggle.

"True."

"Besides, I won't be naked. I'll still be wearing a 'little' something."

"I can't wait to check them out," her son said excitedly.

"Okay, why don't you sit there on the couch. I'll go down and try on the first one I had in mind," Amanda said. Chad could hardly sit still as he waited nearly ten minutes for his mother to return. Finally, he heard the dainty click, click, click of her heels.

"Whoa!" the boy gasped as she entered the room wearing a black faux leather corset. It featured a front zipper closure and a halter neckline, revealing a huge bulging mound of creamy cleavage. From the waist down, Amanda wore nothing but dainty black panties, and her sexy feet were arched in black slip-on mules, that consisted of five-inch stiletto heels and a tiny strap crossing her feet, just above her painted toes.

"What do you think?" Amanda asked, taking a cute little pose, with her hands on her hips.

"I love it!"

"Simple, yet sexy, right?" the mother said, then spun around to reveal the backside of her outfit. Traditional black laces ran all the way up the back of the corset, but what caught Chad's eyes the most was her naked buttocks. It wasn't technically naked, since she had a thong on, but because the string disappeared between her meaty cheeks, she might as well have been wearing nothing at all down there.

"Unlike a real corset, it's easy to put on and take off because of the zipper in the front," Amanda pointed out.

"I like the panties too," Chad confessed. "What ‘little’ of them there are." Amanda giggled. "Well, thongs aren't exactly made for coverage," she said.

"Robo-Mom would look sexy as hell in that," Chad said, without realizing what he was essentially saying was that his mom looked ‘sexy as hell in that.’

"I'll go try on the next one," Amanda said with an anxious smile.

"Click, click, click, click, click!" Her dainty heels tapped on the hard floor as she sashayed back to her bedroom. Chad's mouth hung open lustfully as he gazed at the backs of his mom's smooth luscious

legs and her bubbly bare buttocks as it undulated. The fatty layer of flesh beneath the skin jiggled with her every step.

"Holy fucking smokes!" he thought. Yes, he had a sex-doll that was identical too her, but this was his actual mom he was staring at, and she was nearly naked. Even though it was only five minutes before she returned, it seemed like an hour to the anxious teen. Amanda returned in dark pink eyelash lace teddy, with a halter neckline. Her melonous tit-flesh trembling heavily beneath it as she stepped into the room. Chad could faintly see the huge dark rings of her areola through the embroidered, semi-sheer fabric.

"Damn, that one's amazing too!" he confessed, watching her model it for him.

"This color's call ‘mulberry’ and I love it," Amanda said, then spun around, so her long mane of hair swung across her shoulders in a provocative manner. A cute bow was tied across her lower back and the eyelash lace tapered down into thong that disappeared that between her peach-shaped mommy buns. "This one has a snapped crotch, so you can… you know, take care of business, without having to remove the garment from her," Amanda said.

"And what kind of ‘business' might that be, mom?" Chad teased. She looked at him and smiled cutely. "Oh, you know, the old ‘bedroom rodeo’ kinda business," she teasingly answered.

"Ha, ‘bedroom rodeo,’ that's funny. Maybe you should buy me some boots and a cowboy hat." Amanda laughed. "I don't think you need MY help. Sounds like you and your big bull-horn have been handling that rodeo pretty well," she joked, glancing down at his crotch.

"I'm sure you’re quite the rodeo queen yourself," Chad blushingly said. His mom looked him in the eyes and smiled mischievously. "I'm a pretty good bull-rider," she confessed.

"I'm usually up for clinging on and taking the longest, roughest ride I can get." Chad's heart was beating so fast that he couldn't comment.

"Keep your spurs on, honey" his mom joked, "I have one more outfit to try on, then you can take your favorite for your new doll to wear." The mother moved back to her bedroom, feeling her boy's eyes on her swaying, jiggling half-moons. She peeked back at him and smiled knowingly before entering her bedroom. After the short agonizing wait, Chad again saw his mom emerge from her bedroom, her big heels clicking on the floor. This outfit was an absolute jaw-dropper! Amanda wore a black jeweled body stocking, featuring tiny dark rhinestones along the bodice, a halter neckline and sheer fishnet fabric that looked incredibly soft and stretchy. The swirl design obscured just her nipples and areola, but left the rest of her boob-flesh visible.

"Damn, mom!" the boy muttered, amazed that she'd allow him to see her in such a thing.

"You like?" she asked, cocking one leg out in a sexy pose. What made the outfit even more risqué was that she had no panties on, and the body stocking was crotchless, allowing Chad a clear view of her shaved pubis. "You're not wearing any panties with it," he muttered in awe.

"A woman's not really suppose to wear panties with these, honey. They're crotchless, you know, easier access for…"

"The bedroom rodeo?" Chad said jokingly, finishing her sentence.

"Exactly," his mom smiled, then her eyes drifted to his bulging crotch. "Speaking of bedroom rodeo, it looks like someone's needing to saddle up real soon." Chad looked down at his obvious protrusion. "Sorry, it's just… so many sexy outfits."

"Any idea which one you want for your doll?"

"How do I even decide? They're all amazing." Amanda began to turn around. "Maybe this'll help make your decision easier," she said. Chad's eyes about bugged out of his skull. Clearly visible through a layer of fishnet was his mom's bare buttocks. At the base of her buns was an open area for 'easy access.'

"That one. I definitively want that one," the boy said breathlessly. Amanda was peeking back at him and giggled. "Well, that was easy," she said.

"I'm just gonna come out and say it, mom. You have the sexiest ass on the planet!" he confessed. Amanda's heart beat fast at her son's admission. "Well thank you, honey. So, I guess that technically means I'M TIED for the sexiest ass on the planet, since you have a doll with same ass as me," she pointed out.

"That's true," her son agreed.

"But you know what?"

"What?" he asked. Still pointing her ass back, she gave him the naughtiest smile he'd ever seen. "I bet she can't shake it like I can," Amanda said, then started wagging her buns back and forth.

"Holy shit!" the boy exclaimed, watching his mom's practically naked ass sway and jiggle delightfully.

"What's going on in here?" A voice suddenly startled them both. It was Jake, Chad's father.

"Oh, um… hey, dad," the boy muttered shamefully. Amanda quickly turned back around, but there was no hiding the fact that she was exposing herself in the most revealing negligee ever for her son. She was about to speak, but her husband cut her off.

"Chad, I thought I explained the rules to you," Jake said, glaring back over at his son.

"Wait, what?" Chad asked, a bit confused.

"The doll stays in your bedroom. That's where you do your thing," his father explained. "You can't have her out here, especially dressed like this." Jake took another look at Amanda and what she was wearing. "Jesus, Amanda hasn't worn something like that for me in a long time. I can't believe how much this sex-robot looks like her." he thought, still a little weirded by the fact that his wife had purchased it for their son. Chad let out a sigh of relief. "Yeah, um… sorry about that, dad. I forgot about that rule."

"Well maybe your doll can help remind you. I'm sure that's one of your functions, right?" Jake asked his shell-shocked-looking wife.

"Yes, Jake. No problem," she answered, trying to sound as emotionless as possible. "I'll remind Chad that we're to remain in his bedroom."

"Thank you," Jake said. Needless to say, looking at her made him think of his wife. "Where's your mother at?" Amanda and her son gave each other a panicked look. "She's um… out, I guess. At the store I think," Chad lied.

"Good. Hopefully she brings something good home for dinner. I came home early because I'm starving."

"She probably will," Chad said, stepping across the room. "Were gonna head to my room now."

"Thanks," Jake said, feeding Amanda an awkward smile. Once in his bedroom and behind his clothed door, the mother and son started giggling in disbelief. "Oh my God, I can't believe he thought I was the doll," Amanda said.

"I can," her son said, glancing from his mom to Robo-doll. "I can hardly tell the two of you apart."

"How the hell are we gonna do this? I don't even have any actual clothes to put on," Amanda pointed out, since the body stocking didn't count. Chad knew she was right. The few pieces of attire he had for Robo-Mom were hardly appropriate either.

"I don't know. Can we um… distract dad somehow."

"Wait, do you have your device?" Amanda asked.

"Yeah."

"I could call Nancy. She could come over and tell your father she's just dropping off some outfits for Robo-doll. I'll put one on, sneak out when he's not looking, and it's back to life as usual," Amanda explained.

"One problem though, Mom. Aunt Nancy's like a half-hour away."

"Well, I can hang out with you guys for a half-hour, can't I?" she asked.

"Well, yeah, but…" Chad said, glancing over at his doll. "I was hoping to get some, uh… release soon. I'm really needing it."

"Oh…" the mother muttered, suddenly feeling out of place.

"Would you like a blowjob, Chad?" Robo-Mom asked candidly, smiling over at him.

"I would love one, but…"

"Go ahead," his mom blurted out, cutting him off. Her words surprising him.

"What?"

"Go ahead and get your blowjob. I'll just sit on the edge of the bed and I won't look."

"Are you um… sure?" he asked her.

"Yes, it's fine. Let's just be adults about this and get it over with."

"Alright," Chad said, yanking his pants and briefs off at once. His big boner caught on the elastic waistband, then bobbed up and down stiffly as it sprung free. Chad plopped onto his back on his bed and Robo-Mom crawled onto the mattress with him, her hanging melons wobbling back and forth as she took position between his legs. Amanda turned her back to them and used his device to call Nancy. Once she had explained her predicament and hung up, the busty mother backed to the edge of the bed and sat down, looking out across the room and trying not to pay attention to the action behind her.

"Mm, I just love sucking your cock, baby," Robo-Mom said, grasping Chad's erection and blowing hot air all around the swollen tip. "It's so big n juicy!"

"Really?! Do you have to be so vocal?" Amanda said to herself as she sat there uncomfortably. Chad looked over at his mom sitting there, with her fishnet covered buns pressed against his mattress. He could see the sides of her huge ballooning tits pushing the stocking fabric out. Amanda caught him looking at her and smiled amusingly at him. "Why are you looking at me? You should be looking at your doll right now," she said.

"Why? You're just as pretty."

"Oh. I'm not prettier?" she joked, making a cute pouty face.

"Yes…. I think you are." Amanda giggled. "We both look exactly the same, so you don't know what you think," she teased.

"So why don't I look at you both then? I'll watch her sucking me, then look up at you while I lay my head on your lap," he suggested. Amanda burst out laughing. "You don't need me. She's perfectly

capable of giving you release," she said. It was true. Chad looked down to see Robo-mom running her tongue wildly all over his dick and it felt amazing, but still he knew he could cum even harder with his mom's help.

"Come on, Mom, please! You don't have to do anything. You just sit there and I lay my head on you."

"Is that what it's gonna take to rush this process along? Nancy is on her way over here."

"Yes, if you did that, it'll wouldn't take me long at all."

"Sit up for a second then," Amanda said, slipping out of her heels. She crawled onto the mattress, curling her legs to the side. "Ok, lye back down." Chad's head landed softly on his mom's lap and he sighed excitedly as he gazed up at all that fishnet-encased breast-flesh. Amanda peeked down over her tits and smiled. "Happy now?" she asked.

"Very!" he answered. The mother nonchalantly peeked over and watched Robo-mom's long thick tongue drag up and down Chad's big boner. Her licker fluttered all over his fat bell tip, making his glans tingle. "My God, he's so big!" Amanda thought, captivated by how thick and strong his cock looked. It pleased Chad a lot when he looked up and saw his mom watching her look-a-like lick his dick. He could see the wonder in her eyes. His gaze drifted down to her huge milkers, all of which he could see through the fishnet, except for her areola and nipples, that were covered by the dark swirly design of the fabric. What he did see was her thick rubbery nipples, clearly erect and poking out from beneath the material.

"Hot damn, those tits are huge!" he thought, then looked down at Robo-Mom's hanging udders as they wobbled about. Amanda continued to watch the robot doll whip her tongue around on Chad's erection. "She's not spending enough time licking the frenulum," the mother thought. "That's the most sensitive part of the dick."

Chad's Robo-doll slipped his dick into her mouth and began sucking with gusto. His cock flexed excitedly in her mouth, from both the feel of her warm sucking and the sight of his beautiful mom's giant tits hovering over him. Amanda looked down into his eyes and smiled. "Are you enjoying this?" she asked.

"Am I ever!" he sighed.

"You really are spoiled rotten, you know that?" she teased. He nodded, knowing full well he was. "I love it!"

"She IS still using her tongue on you, right? Even with you in her mouth?" Amanda asked in concern.

"Yeah why?"

"Just making sure. The guy who made her said she's skilled at giving head, and that's exactly what a skilled girl would do," Amanda said.

"Is that what YOU would do?" her son bravely asked.

"Yeah, but I wouldn't do it exactly the way she's doing it," Amanda pointed out, studying the way her twin was sucking on Chad's dick. "There’s plenty of room for her hand to be beating you around the base, pumping you into her mouth."

"She does deepthroat a lot. I think that's why she doesn't stroke on it."

"That's good, I mean deep throating is important when giving a blowjob, honey, but so is using your hand to pump it into your mouth. Tell her to try it and you'll see what I mean," Amanda said.

"Robo-mom, stroke my cock around the base while you suck," Chad instructed his doll. Robo-Mom wrapped her pretty fist around the root of his prick and beat it into her mouth while she continued her blowjob.

"Better?" Amanda asked, looking from the doll down into her son's eyes.

"Ohh yeah! Much!" Chad sighed, squirming around on his mom's lap from the exquisite pleasure.

"Told you so," she said with a motherly smile. Staring down at him, Amanda traced her long nails around his face and neck tenderly, hitting all his sensitive spots. She glanced down at her robot self, watching the pleasure-machine's head bob up and down fluidly, in perfect blowjob fashion. "So that's what I look like when I give head?" she thought. Her boy's moan of ecstasy drew her attention. "Now she's hitting all the right spots, isn't she, honey?" she asked.

"Yes," he hissed, gazing up at her hovering boobs. Laying there on her lap, the teen kept getting whiffs of her sweet perfume, as well as her pungent pussy-nectar. Amanda was indeed soaking wet, and her boy was enjoying the wonderful aroma of her hot vaginal secretions. Five more minutes past and Robo-Mom continued her relentless cock-sucking assault. Amanda looked down at her boy with wonder. "How are you doing it?" she asked curiously.

"Doing what?"

"Most guys would have cum long before now. How did you develop that kind of staying power? It's amazing!" his mom confessed.

"I don't know. It's just what happens." Amanda wasn't too surprised. She had the Robo-Mom app after all, that told her just how long her son could pound his cock through a woman without cumming. The numbers were staggering. Yet to sit here and see it herself just cemented her adoration, and unmotherly desire for her son. "Well, we probably have ten minutes now before you Aunt arrives. Do you mind if I give your Robo-doll a couple tips that might make you cum faster?" she asked.

"Not at all."

"Robo-mom, are you programed to provide prostate stimulation?" Amanda asked. Chad's dick popped from her mouth, wet with saliva. "Yes, would you like me to provide prostate stimulation, Chad?" the doll asked looking up at him with her beautiful mommy-eyes.

"Not sure what that is, but sure," he said.

"And I wanna be sure you're tonguing his frenulum while you're sucking his dick," Amanda said to the doll. Robo-Mom looked up at Chad and he nodded. "Yeah, um… just do whatever she said." Robo- wet her finger and Chad felt her probe his anus. "Whoa!" he exclaimed with a jerk, feeling her finger sink in to his ass.

"Relax, honey" his mom said, stroking his neck. "She knows what she's doing." His doll continued sucking, while rubbing his prostate. That, along with the way she was plowing the tip of her tongue beneath his nob felt absolutely divine.

"See how much better that is?" Amanda asked her boy.

"Yes," he sighed, staring up at her ballooning boobies.

"There's one more thing we can do to have you blasting that liquid love into air like a volcano," Amanda said.

"What's that?"

"That little spot here on your neck. You squirm every time I touch it," she said, making his jerk as she traced her long nail against it.

"Yes, I'm super-sensitive there," he gasped.

"Well, those 'super-sensitive' spots are the ones girls should pay most attention to. I've also noticed you've been staring at these big mom-boobs a lot," she said with a teasing smirk.

"Well, I can't help that," he confessed.

"I suspect that if I move out from under you, lean over and crush these fishnet-covered boobs against your bare chest… while 'licking' that special spot on your neck with the tip of my tongue, you might just cum so hard that you splatter your baby-making goo right up on that ceiling, am I right?" Amanda asked.

"If you did that, along with what she's doing, I just might." His mom smiled and slid out from under him. "Now this I gotta see. Shirt off, buster," she said. Chad's shirt was off in a flash. He fell onto his back again and watched his busty mom get on her knees beside him. "Good grief!" he sighed excitedly, looking at the huge rounded undersides of her gigantic knockers as they jutted out over him like clouds of fatty tit-flesh. Robo-Mom's relentless sucking and probing of his prostate gland was almost more pleasure than he could handle, but he knew it was about to get much better.

"Ready to be a 'buckaroo' beneath two mommies, cowboy?" Amanda asked, then dropped down onto him from beside him.

"Ohhh!" the boy gasped, feeling her giant melons squash against his bare chest like soft bread dough. His mom wasted no time going for that magic spot on his neck.

"Mmnnn," she hummed, attacking it with wet rapid butterfly licks. Chad's back arched from the mattress in delight, pushing his mom up with him. She threw her arms around him, clutching him with her motherly curves, her pretty face buried in the nap of his neck.

"Fuuuck," the teen sharply gasped, dropping back to the mattress. He squirmed around, but the look-alike mothers staying with him, working their magic.

"Ohhh damn this feels amazing, mom!" he whimpered, feeling his nuts clench up.

"Let us work it out of you, honey. Let us pull it out of that big juicy prick," Amanda cooed between rapid licks. The boy groaned and

squirmed, but his chesty mother wrestled him back against the mattress, her fatty tit-orbs sloshing all around against his chest as she squeezed him with her warm motherly frame.

"Cuuuumminngg!" the boy snarled, feeling his dick swell inside Robo-mom's tirelessly sucking mouth. Huge fat ropes of jizz pumped down her throat, and she swallowed and sucked in perfect cock-milking form. For a full two minutes Chad grunted and creamed. Amanda flailed her pink licker against his neck, while mashing her oversized mommy-melons against him as hard as she could, making her engorged tit-caps dig against his flesh. Finally, his wonderful pleasure-robot had milked every drop of spunk from his peter and it popped from her lips. Amanda lifted her head up, gazing down at her breathless teenager's eyes. "Feel better?" she said with a naughty smile.

"Yes… much!" Robo-mom brought her face right up beside Amanda's, so now they were both gazing down at him. The boy truly felt like he was seeing double. "When you're ready, I'll suck your cock again, Chad. Or we could fuck if you'd like?" she said candidly. "You can pound me hard from behind." Chad looked at his mom and she raised an eyebrow. "Sounds like someone’s gonna have a busy afternoon," she teased.

Chapter 5: Mom's jealousy

"Have you seen Chad this morning?" Amanda asked her husband as they had their morning coffee.

"No, I haven't seen him since yesterday," Jake said. "Which reminds me… He was out here with his doll when I got home. She was barely dressed."

"Oh… were they… doing anything?" Amanda asked, feeling a little guilty that it was really her that her husband had seen.

"No, but from what she was wearing, I would say they were getting ready to. I reminded him of the rules that we had established."

"Okay, um… if I see them out here together, I'll remind him too," Amanda said.

"Well, speak of the devil," Jake said as Chad made his way to the bathroom.

"Good morning," the boy yawned, with droopy eyes.

"Jesus, Chad, you look like you didn’t get an ounce of sleep last night," his father pointed out.

"I got an ounce, but that's about it," the boy joked, stepping into the bathroom. Curious about what he'd been up to, his mother quickly checked the Robo-Mom application on her phone. The activity history from the night before that popped up on her phone astounded her. "Good grief," she exclaimed in an almost jealous tone.

"What?" her husband asked.

"Oh, um… nothing," Amanda muttered, lowering her device. "I was just checking out the weather for today. More rain," she lied.

"So, at what point do we become concerned about all this?" Jake said.

"All this?"

"About the amount of time he's spending with this doll of his. If he's been up all night doing… God knows what with her, how's that gonna affect his ability to go out looking for a job?" Amanda knew her husband was right, but surprisingly found herself feeling more jealous than concerned. The fact that this "doll" was getting more hot sex than she was, with a young sexually-energized stud like her son was really eating at her. "If he doesn't get a job, then we'll become concerned. I'm just happy to see him using, and obviously enjoying the gift we got him," Amanda said, even though it killed her to say it. Despite his father's concern, Chad did have a few job-interviews that day and was out of the house.

"Anal sex… for two freakin' hours!" Amanda exclaimed to Nancy, as they sat in the living room talking.

"He came three times in her ass last night, can you believe that?!"

"Amanda, you're sounding more like a jealous girlfriend right now than a proud mother," Nancy giggled.

"I am proud," the mother muttered, even though it seemed forced. "I am."

"Are you? Because the way you're acting is like someone who's a little upset that it wasn't HER ass getting pounded by Chad for two

hours last night."

"Well, that would be a little inappropriate, wouldn't it?" Amanda commented.

"Oh, you mean ‘inappropriate’ like your little threesome yesterday?"

"It wasn't a threesome. Jake got home early and I couldn't very well march out of Chad's room wearing a body stocking."

"So you figured you'd just jump on Chad's bed and become sex doll number two?" Nancy teased.

"All I did was lick his neck. That's not all that inappropriate really," Amanda said in an unconvincing tone.

"No, I’m sure Jake would have been perfectly fine with it," Nancy said sarcastically. Amanda shrugged her shoulders, looking back down her device, anxious to change the subject. "Maybe the app's not tracking their activity correctly. I mean, Anal sex, two blowjobs… it says here that she had seventeen orgasms. Seventeen! That ludicrous, right?" Nancy laughed at the ridiculous way her sister was acting. "Chad's enjoying his doll. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Of course it's what I wanted."

"Then what’s the problem exactly?"

"There is no problem… really. I just…"

"You just should have deleted that Robo-mom application, like you said you were going to. You’re starting to obsess over what they’re doing… and the fact that a Robot, that looks just like you, is getting fucked more than you are right now," Nancy said, able to read her sister like no one else could.

"I'm not obsessing," Amanda said defensively.

"No? Then delete the app."

"What? Why?" Nancy giggled. "That's what I thought."

"Nancy, I can't just delete the app. It's a robot. I have to make sure her fluids get topped off, that she’s performing optimally."

"Oh, sounds like she's performing optimally all right," Nancy joked. Amanda rolled her eyes. "You know what I mean. Yes, Chad's eighteen, but he's not the most responsible person when it comes to the maintenance of his belongs. Look at how many times his car's been in the shop." Nancy just smiled at her patiently. "Amanda, it's ok to admit to being jealous about what they’re doing. Hell, I'd admit it too, if I didn't have AL and had to rely on my husband for all my pleasure," she said.

"Great, are you gonna brag now about all the endless orgasms YOUR doll's been giving you?" Amanda asked jealously.

"Well, I’m just saying… having a sex robot IS pretty amazing. Maybe we should have you one made too" Nancy suggested.

"I'm all set."

"Are you? Because you don't sound ‘all set' to me. You sound like someone who's extremely sexually frustrated."

"Chad's satisfied with his doll, and that's all that matters," Amanda said, trying to sound convincing.

"Uh-huh," her sister muttered with an amused smile.

After her sister left, Amanda did her exercise routine. Try as she may, she couldn't stop thinking about her son's incredibly large cock

and how good it must have felt pounding in and out of his Robo-dolls ass.

"My ass! She has MY ass and he pounded it for two fucking hours!" Amanda told herself. Frazzled, the mother felt her ass-ring throb, aching to be stuffed full. She looked down at the erect nubs of her nipples protruding from beneath the fabric. "Fuck, I'm a mess! I need a cock inside me so fucking bad!" her mind whimpered.

"Call Jake!" she said out loud, her breath heavy with desire.

"Hey hon, what's up?" her husband's voice asked through overhead speakers.

"Why don't we have anal sex anymore?" she asked candidly.

"Oh, um… Amanda, maybe we should have this discussion tonight, when I get home."

"Why can't you just answer my question, Jake? We haven't had anal sex in like… almost two years. Why?"

"Honey, I have a meeting in a few minutes. Can we please just…"

"Yes… fine! Bye," Amanda said impatiently, ending the call. The frustrated mother wandered into her son's room, with a towel draped over her shoulders from the sweat created from both her workout and her wicked lascivious thoughts. Robo-mom stood in her usual spot, wearing the black jeweled body stocking that Amanda had tried on for her son the day before. The doll was even wearing the high heeled mules, which propped her dainty feet up.

"I looked so much better than her in that thing!" Amanda thought. "Wait, what the fuck am I saying? She looks just like me!"

"Hello, Amanda," Robo-doll said.

"Hi. So, I heard you had busy night last night?"

"Yes, but I'm fully charged and ready to provide Chad with maximum pleasure today, if he so desires," Robo-mom said.

"Maybe he'll cram it back in your ass huh," Amanda said in a jealous tone.

"If that's what he wants."

"Did you feel any…" Amanda began to ask, then stopped and giggled.

"I'm sorry?"

"I was about to ask you if you felt any discomfort when he slid himself into your ass, but then I remembered you're a robot, so you probably don't feel anything."

"I have pleasure sensors in my rectum, and react based solely on Chad's performance."

"He must have 'performed' pretty well then, since you came what… seventeen times was it?" Amanda asked, with an almost envious tone.

"Chad engaged in forty-seven hundred and thirteen thrusts, with his penis at full rigidity." Amanda felt her asshole clench. "Oh my God! So many thrusts!" she thought.

"And you were able to take…all of his cock?" she asked curiously, since even Robo-doll's rectal tube was fashioned after hers.

"Yes," the doll answered with a pleasant smile.

"So did he…suck your tits too?" Amanda asked softly, knowing how much she liked to have hers devoured.

"Yes. Chad spent a significant amount of time sucking on my breasts…and my toes," Rob-mom said.

"Toes?" Amanda asked, the butterflies in her tummy going crazy.

"Yes. He seems to be very attracted to my feet."

"Really?" Amanda said, looking down at her own sexy bare feet, which were, of course, identical to Robo-mom's. Even their polish was the same color red.

"Good God, I've never had my toes sucked on before. Chad's even Kinkier than I thought," she said to herself. "I wonder if…"

"No!" the mother muttered out loud, as if refusing to let her mind travel down the path it was on. Robo-mom looked at her with confusion. "No?"

"Nothing," Amanda said, embarrassed by her behavior. "It's nothing, just… don't mind me."

"Amanda, I sense you're have great internal conflict. Is everything ok?"

"Everything's fine," she said, turning to leave, but then stopped and faced Robo-mom again. "No, I lied. Everything's not fine."

When Chad got back home, he went straight to his room. When his bedroom door opened, his eyes widened in pleasant surprise. Robo-mom was wearing a white flyaway open front lace babydoll chemise. It had a plunging V neckline, accentuating the enormous bulge of her creamy cleavage. "Whoa!" the boy muttered, letting his eyes travel down her silky legs to her feet, which were propped in five in black mules.

"Your mother loaned me some negligee. She thought you'd approve," Robo-mom said, only this wasn't Robo-mom at all. It was Amanda. The mother's heart beat fast, hoping her son wouldn't figure out it was her instead of his doll.

"I definitely approve," her son said.

"This is crazy! What the fuck was I thinking?" the mother thought, standing there watching her son's eyes devour her. "Having my toes sucked on… that's all I'm here for. It's not terribly inappropriate. Not really. I better act fast though before he gets other ideas."

"Would you like to suck on my toes, like yesterday?" Amanda asked.

"I'd like to suck on something else today," Chad said, licking his lips as he stared at the panty-covered pubis peeking from the slit of her babydoll. The mother panicked internally, trying not to show it. "Something else?" she whispered.

"Take your panties off," the boy said.

"No!" the mother said to herself in a panic. "I knew this was a stupid idea. Now what the fuck am I gonna do?"

"My panties?" she asked, hoping he would change his mind.

"Yes. Take them off." Amanda knew if she stalled for too long, he'd realize something was up. Robo-mom was programed to immediately follow his every command. She reached down and peeled her dainty panties down her legs, exposing her shaved mons.

"Turn around and lean over against the bed," Chad said.

"I can't let this happen. This was just suppose to be some innocent toe-sucking. That was all," she told herself. "I can't just tell him it's me though. He'd never trust me again."

"Everything ok?" Chad asked suspiciously. Amanda smiled. "Fine. Just letting you take in the view before I turn around." The mother then turned and bent over, as her son asked, pointing her thick naked ass back at her boy. Chad licked his lips as he stared at what he thought was his Robot-doll's thick succulent ass, and below it, the puffy outer lips of her labia coming together to form a meaty clamshell. The horny teen stepped over and knelt behind her, spreading the mother's butt-globes apart, exposing the crinkled ring her asshole. "Yummy!" he muttered, then shoved his face into her butt-crevice and began lashing his tongue against her anus.

"Oh my God!" Amanda's mind screamed as she realized she'd made a huge mistake. She thought perhaps by pretending to be Robo-doll, she could get her toes sucked, which was something she always wanted. In her mind, that was only slightly crossing the line. She certainly didn't expect to have her ass eaten by her son instead. "I can't let this happen?" she thought, but had no idea how to fix things at this point. Chad lewdly kissed his way down her perineum, then let his mouth sink down into her cuntal fissure.

"Fuck, she's so wet!" his mind screamed. "And that smell…holy fuck it's strong today!"

Amanda squealed as she felt her son's tongue slither across her engorged clitoris and down into the vestibule of her cunt. "Oh, Chad no! Please!" her brain pleaded. However, the second swipe of his skilled licker had her knees trembling. "Oh my God that feels so fucking good!"

She felt her son grasp her hips with both hands as he began really eating her cunt out. He laved his licker through her through her cuntal flesh, his mind swirling euphorically from the pungent fragrance and the sweet nectar secreting from her fuck-slit. "Ohh shit, so good!" his brain whimpered.

"I gotta stop this," Amanda thought. "I know how this plays out. If I don't stop it now, he'll stand up and starting fucking me from behind."

Before she could figure out how to get herself out of this pickle, Chad stopped licking and spun her around. His eyes traveled from her pudendal cleft, up her sexy torso to the giant lace-encased breasts jutting out from her chest. Amanda's eyes peeked down over her rack nervously. "Get on my shoulders," Chad said.

"Your shoulders?" Amanda muttered, her heart skipping a beat.

"That's right," Chad said, then smacked one of her fatty ass-cheeks sharply, making it jiggle. "My shoulders!" While her mind told her it was time to reveal to her son who she really was, her body had other plans. She stepped forward, draping her legs over Chad's shoulders, so his head was now between her thighs. She let out a surprised gasp as he quickly stood up, lifting her with him and began devouring her pussy again. "OH MY GOD!!" she cried out in her head. Chad put Amanda high up against the wall, while standing there eating her succulent cunt. The mother threw both her arms up against the wall, gasping in pleasure, while her big heavy boobies floundered around beneath their silky covering.

"Ohhhh!" she squealed, tightening her thighs around her boy's head. Chad snarled in lust, with his face wedged down between Amanda's labial meat. He darted his tongue all around the mouth of her vagina and the engorged nubbin of her clit. The taste of her cuntal juices sizzled on his licker as he ate her pussy like a starving dog.

"This isn't happening!" the mother told herself. "This can't be happening!"

Her boy's skilled tongue had quickly extinguished any resolve she had to stop him, so she let it continue. Her body shivered as she felt Chad suck her clitoris into his mouth and attack it with her tongue. "Shit!" her excited brain screamed, as she brought her hands down

and held his head to her crotch. "Shit, shit, shit! Where the fuck did he learn to do that?"

"You like it?" the boy asked, his voice muffled by cunt-meat. Amanda knew there was only one way to answer without raising suspicion. "I love it," she truthfully answered.

"Tell me you wanna cum on my face." There was a short silence before Amanda complied. "I wanna cum on your face," she said with a shaky voice. Chad pulled at her erectile tissue, letting his tongue plow wildly on it's sensitive surface, making Amanda writhe in pleasure, rubbing her bare feet down against her son's abs.

"Holy shit, he's gonna make me cum!" her mind cried out. The busty mother suddenly tightened her lovely naked legs so snuggly around her boy's head that her knees nearly came together. Her entire being quaked as she let out a beautiful orgasmic mommy-scream that was heard from every room in the house. In her right mind, she would have been way too self conscious to cum on her son's face, but in an orgasmic state, she wasn't thinking at all, and was helpless to stop it.

"Mmnnfff," Chad whimpered, as a big jet of hot girl-cum shot out of Amanda's urethra, soaking his face and splashing into his cunt-devouring mouth. He didn't let this detour him one bit, and continued his oral assault for several minutes, until it was clear that Amanda was through cumming. The next thing the mother knew, she was being thrown onto her son's bed. Her boobs bobbled heavily as she hit the mattress and watched her son tear his clothes off. "I gotta stop this somehow! I can't let him fuck me! I've already let things go way too far!" she thought in a panic.

"Throw your legs back as far as they'll go. I wanna fuck you hard," Chad said, pulling off his briefs.

"My vaginal fluid is low," she said suddenly. It was the first excuse she could think of. Chad paused just before pouncing on top of her.

"What?" he asked, seeming slightly annoyed that things had halted. Amanda's eyes were fixed on her son's huge cock as it protruded stiffly from his loins. The purple barbed tip looked swollen and angry. "My vaginal fluid. If it's not topped off, my vagina won't be properly lubricated for intercourse," she explained.

"Ok, um… I've never really topped off your fluids before," Chad said, looking around awkwardly.

"Your mom's been doing it," Amanda said. "I could go in and have her fill me up, then come right back so you can fuck me."

"Are you sure you don't have enough for just a quicky?" Chad asked, his boner twitching with anticipation. Amanda didn't answer for a moment, staring at her boy's cock and wondering how absolutely wonderful it would feel pounding through her horny vagina. "Answer him!" her mind screamed as she came to her senses.

"I'm sure, sorry. If I'm not properly lubricated, it could also damage me internally."

"Ok, well um… my mom's in her room I think." Amanda quickly got up and gave Chad a smile. "Be right back." Chad could see her meaty bare buttocks swaying through the fabric of her gown as she rushed to his door. "Wait," he said suddenly. Amanda turned before opening the door.

"Before you go, do that thing you do with your leg, you know, where you throw it up like a cheerleader," he said with a big smile. Lucky for Amanda, she had been a cheerleader in high school, so she had an idea what her son meant.

"A heel stretch?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm not sure what it's called, but you do it for me all the time."

"Oh, right," the mother muttered, not wanting to seem clueless to what her boy was talking about.

"Good thing I do stretching exercises," Amanda thought as she kicked her leg up as high as it would go, and caught her heel with her hand.

"Yeah, that's the one," Chad said with a smile, staring at the back of Amanda's sexy leg as it pointed like a fleshy pillar into the air. He loved the way her dainty bare foot was pointed up at the ceiling as she held that pose. Her boobs were thrust out delightfully and he could faintly make out the big pink rings of her areola through the fabric. Without panties on in this position, her shaved vulva looked like a pink flower coming to full bloom.

"Damn, I'd love to come over there, lift you up and fuck you right up against the door," the horny teen confessed, his long muscular-looking cock flexing at an upward angle. He reached down and began stroking it slowly. Amanda couldn't help but flirt with him, while watching his hand squeeze up and down his boner. "Fuck me against the door, huh? Is that so I could gush my fuck-juice all over your big cock like I did your face" she asked.

"Fuck yeah," the boy muttered, excited by her dirty words.

"Well, I better hurry and get back then, so you can work your dick off through my hot honeyed hole," Amanda said.

"Oh Goddamn, I like the sound of that." Amanda heart was nearly beating out of her chest with sexual excitement. Even though she knew she had to get out of there fast, she wanted to do something she knew Chad's doll hadn't done. Above her son's doorway was a pull-up bar. She reached up with both hands and grasped onto it, then brought her feet off the floor and scissored her luscious legs wide open in a sexy straddle split.

"Holy fuck!" the boy muttered, his eyes bugging out as he stared at Amanda’s amazing spread. Her feet were literally pointing in opposite directions, her mammoth tits stretching the fabric of her babydoll to it's bursting point as they ballooned out obscenely. She fed her son a naughty smile. "I'll hurry back, baby, so we can fuck our asses off."

"Yes, please!" Chad said, beating his pecker to the sight of her. Amanda rushed into her bedroom, finding Robo-mom sitting on the edge of her and her husband's bed.

"Quick, put this on," the mother said, quickly stripping out of her gown.

"Did Chad suck on your toes?" Robo-mom asked.

"Um, no…he had something else in mind, but he is pretty anxious to fuck, so just to warn you, he's probably gonna attack you the second you get in there," Amanda said. Robo-mom looked at her and smiled. "No need to warn me, Amanda. Fucking is what I do. It's my purpose," the doll said, slipping on the babydoll then leaving the room. Amanda jumped in the shower, hoping to cool her heated libido. Try as she may, all she could think about was her son's beefy cock. As the water flowed over her beautiful body, she reached down and rubbed swollen clitoris. "Fucking is what I do too, and I’m damn good at it," the horny mother proudly thought. She knew at that very moment her son's juicy sex organ was plunging through the hot grip of Robo-mom's cuntal flesh. She pictured his fat bell tip carving a path through the sex-doll's slippery vagina.

"Such a strong fucking cock," she mewled, strumming away at her engorged love-button. The sex-crazed mother could no longer help herself. She quickly toweled off, grabbed her device and went directly to the Robo-mom app. She clicked on the live-steam, which showed what was going on in her son's room from the doll's point of view. Chad clearly had Robo-mom pinned against the door, pounding

away at her cunt. Amanda could see the doll's legs circled high around her son's back as she clung to him while he held her up.

"Damnit, that could have been me!" Amanda's mind screamed jealously as she sprawled back, bowed open her smooth pretty legs and began masturbating with her free hand. Her rounded stiff-nippled melons were spread out across her chest and wobbled from the motion of her hand rubbing at her cunt.

"Yes! Fuck me, Chad!" Robo-mom gasped, her body jerking from the power of his forceful thrusting.

"Yess, fuck me," Amanda added, rubbing her love-button frantically. "Fuck me with your huge fucking cock!"

"I loved the way you grabbed on to my pull-up ball, holding yourself up and spreading like that…" Chad said breathlessly. "I couldn't wait to get your legs around me!"

"I did that!" Amanda shouted out. "That was me, not her!"

"Well, here they are. Here's those sexy legs, Chad," Robo-mom told him. "They're locked around you. Fuck me as hard as you want."

"It should be my legs around him!" Amanda's brain screamed. "I should be clutching on to him in there! He should be pounding that dreamy cock into MY cunt, screwing my brains out!"

With one hand, Amanda rubbed her clit to the rhythm of their flesh beating together. With the other she held her device over her face, watching the two of them go at it. Chad carried his doll away from the door and tossed her onto his bed. Now Amanda had a great view of her boy as he towered over Robo-doll. Standing beside the bed, Chad's big rock-hard dick branched out from his crotch, dripping with Robo-doll's cuntal juice, his fat nob visibly twitching and throbbing.

"Good God in heaven his cock looks so fucking powerful!!" Amanda's head screamed.

"Prop your legs back as far as you can get them," Chad said, giving his boner a few slow strokes while looking his doll in the eyes. Since this is where the camera was, Amanda felt like he was speaking to her.

"Yes, anything for you, baby," Amanda said out loud, then scissored her legs back into a huge spread eagle. Chad climbed down onto his doll and Amanda heard her gasp as he pierced her cunt and buried his cock inside her.

"Yesss, gimme that big bullhorn!" the mother cried out, bobbing her ass up and down on her and her husband's bed as if fucking her son's stiff cock with her overheated pussy. She could see Robo-mom's strong smooth legs fold around her boy and Chad's well-toned ass pump up and down as he fucked her hard and fast. Amanda's voice joined Robo-mom's, which sound identical, as they sang a gasping, moaning mommy-duet.

"Oh, so fucking good!" Chad groaned as he fucked with everything he had, feeling his nob hit bottom on every thrust.

"Mommy would feel so much better to you, baby!" Amanda imaged telling her son. "Real flesh! Real pussy! Real hot cum soaking your hard boner!"

"I'm cumming, Chad!" Robo-mom gasped.

"Youre gonna make mom cum too, baby!" Amanda mewled, rubbing her clit as fast as she could.

"Auuuggghh!" Chad's doll screamed out, cumming on his cock. Amanda let out an identical scream, flopping around mindlessly on the mattress. "Auuuggghh!!"

"Ohhh fuuuck, I'm cumming!!" Chad grunted out.

"Yes, baby, pump it into me!" Amanda squealed, her voice so contorted that only she would have been able to understand what she said. Both Amanda and her Robot twin trembled atop the mattress as they came hard in tandem. Their heavy tits rolled all around on their chests, the fatty melonous flesh rippling delightfully as their orgasms jolted their curvy bodies. Their pleasure went on and on, as if their bodies were enjoying one interconnected climax. When the mother's heavy-titted body finally collapsed onto her marital mattress, she immediately felt the pangs of guilt come flooding in. "Oh my God, I'm horrible!" she breathlessly thought. "What the fuck is wrong with me!"

"Want me to ride you now, Chad?" she heard Robo-mom asked. Amanda looked back at her device and saw the doll was now on top of her son, looking down at him over the swell of her big knockers. "Absolutely!" Chad said, gazing up at the giant boobies looming over him.

"Again?" Amanda asked, reaching down between her legs for the second time. "No, I wanna ride him too!" the mother said, rolling onto her knees, putting her pillow between her thighs and her husband's pillow in front of her so she could lay her device on it. Now with the image of her handsome boy below her, Amanda began bouncing up and down, as if she was riding his cock. She could tell by her son’s wild expression that his doll was riding him also and squeezing him with her cunt-muscles. "Oh, does that feel good on your cock, baby?!" she cooed. She saw her son reach up and grasp on to Robo-mom's bouncing boobs, so she reached up with her hands and squeezed her own melons. "That's it, squeeze those big boobies while I work my pussy on you," she said in a lusty tone. "Mmm, bouncing on your big horny dick…squeezing you with my juicy pink grip." For a split second, Amanda thought about how ridiculous she was acting. "My God, get ahold of yourself woman!

You’re his mother, and you’re acting like a cheap whore," she told herself.

"Ohh fuck yes," Chad’s voice sighed, making her cunt throb again.

"Oh my God, he's so handsome," Amanda said out loud, still bouncing her buns up and down in an imaginary fuck. She leaned down and placed her hands astride her husband's pillow, gazing down at the image of her boy's body. She pumped her ass faster, making her hanging knockers rock in a wild rhythm.

"I just wanna kiss him!" the hot mother’s whimpered. "And squeeze him, and rub my big tits all over him!" she said.

"Ohh, Chad, you feel so good!" Robo-mom said.

"Fuck him harder, bitch! Grind on that fucking pink boner!" Amanda's brain screamed. Amanda’s tits repeatedly beat together as she humped her pillow as fast as she could, imagining it was her son's dick. "Let mommy show you baby!" she gasped. "Let mommy show you how a pussy can milk that hot fucking baby-goo out of you!" It wasn't long before the three of them were cumming almost in sync again. Robo-mom was now down against Chad's chest, with his head wedged and peeking out from between her boobs. "Ohh fuuuuck!!" the boy groaned, his eyes rolling back in orgasmic delight. Amanda's perspiration-sheened body was in the same position Robo-mom's was, except her hand was down between her legs rubbing her clitoris to orgasm. "I'm cumming, Chad! I'm cumming all over you! I'm creaming all over your fat cock!" she squealed, as girl-cum gushed out between her fingers. As they did during the first round, the three of them whimpered and bucked in delight for several minutes, before coming back down to earth.

"Chad?" Robo-mom said. The boy was out of breath, unlike his doll who had no breath to catch .

"Yeah," he said, laying under her squishy sweaty tits.

"Do boys fuck their mothers?" Chad peeked up into her eyes. It was an odd question, especially since she looked so identical to his mom. "Some do I guess, why?"

"Well, I was fashioned after your mother, which means our appearance is the same. If you find me desirable, then you must find your mother desirable also?"

"Yeah, I um…I guess," the boy muttered, knowing full-well he did.

"Please remember, Chad, that she's only human, whereas I am not," Robo-mom said with a smile.

"I know, but why do you say that?"

"Because I can do things she can't," the doll said.

"Oh."

"Long after your mom tires of sexual exhaustion, I would still be going strong…fucking you hour after hour, orgasm and orgasms. Fucking is what I do, Chad, and I never tire," the doll said, gazing into his eyes lustfully.

"Well, thanks for the reminder, but you're not really in competition with my mom," Chad said.

"No, but I've seen the way she's been acting around you. I see the way her nipples become erect with arousal, and I can smell her lubricating juices seeping from her vagina when she's around you."

"You can?"

"Yes, I can," Robo-mom said, "which means I may not be in competition with her for your attention now, but I might be very soon."

Chapter 6: Mom vs Robo-mom

"The two of you will be pleased to know that everything's in order. Jake's sperm has gone through manipulation, per your specifications, and has been implanted into the egg," the doctor explained, then looked directly at Amanda. "During your next cycle, we'll be able to insert the embryo into your uterus, and you'll be well on your way to having another child." Amanda fed the doctor a blank stare. All she could picture as he spoke was huge thick ropes of hot semen blasting from her son Chad's peter-tip, straight into her unprotected womb.

"Amanda, you with us?" her husband asked, noticing how space-out she seemed. Snapped from her wicked thoughts, the mother smiled at the doctor. "Yes, sorry…I was just zoning out for a moment," she said, a tad embarrassed. "That sounds wonderful, thank you." The truth was, it didn't sound wonderful at all to her. Sadly, even for women with husband's that didn't have a low sperm count, like hers did, it seem like sperm manipulation and implantation was becoming the new trend in conceiving a baby. Genetic makeups could be tweaked, giving the child exactly what the parents wanted, right down to the shade of the child's hair color. Amanda wanted nothing more than to have her baby the old-fashioned way, through sexual intercourse.

"You seem a little distant today? Are you sure you wanna go through with this process?" her husband asked on their way home from the doctor.

"I'm sure. I mean, what choice do we have?" she muttered, not wanting to share her true feelings with him on the matter, for fear of making him feel horrible about himself for shooting blanks. Amanda

saw little of her son that evening, which saddened her. She was glad he was enjoying the gift of a sex doll, but she really found herself craving his attention. She wanted to respect his privacy, but couldn't help but log into the app every once in awhile, to see what his son and his doll were up to. When she logged in this time, she saw the view through Robo-mom's eyes of Chad leaving his bedroom.

"Oh!" the mother said out loud, drawing the attention of her husband as they sat in bed on their devises.

"Everything ok?" he asked.

"Yeah, um…I'm just gonna go to the kitchen and get some water," she said, slipping out of bed.

"Why don't you just have Al bring you some?" he asked, referring to their home assistant robot.

"That's ok…I can get it." Chad was in the kitchen getting a snack when his mom appeared. "I'm glad you're enjoying your doll, but I feel like I hardly see you anymore," she said from the doorway. The teen took a second to let his eyes feast on what she was wearing, which was nothing but a big button-up nightshirt that barely fell below her crotch. Her legs looked so strong, smooth and sexy to him, even though he'd just had ones exactly like them wrapped around his midsection. The top three buttons of the nightshirt were undone, allowing the cleavage of her naked tits to peek out. "Sorry. What can I say…it was a great graduation gift," Chad said blushingly.

"Obviously," his mom said with a giggle. "As amazing as those dolls are, it's unfortunate that they can't really do…everything."

"Everything…sexually you mean?" the boy asked.

"Yeah, I mean, they were kind of programed for less talk and more action, know what I mean?"

"That's a bad thing?" Chad asked with a smile. More action certainly wasn't a bad thing in his book.

"It's not a bad thing…it's just that TALKING can be big turn-on too," Amanda explained, then fed a son a mischievous grin. "Dirty talk I mean…like when two people are having neuro-sex," she said, referring to the modern technological breakthrough that allowed people to communicate telepathically with the use of neuro-communicators.

"Yeah, I suppose your right. Robo-mom's not too articulate when it comes to sex talk," the boy admitted.

"Well, as much as your father's been gone here lately, it's kinda become a huge part of OUR sex life," Amanda confessed. "I guess you could say `dirty talk' is something I've gotten extremely good at it."

"Oh," Chad muttered, clearly intriguing. The past couple weeks he'd been used to getting everything he wanted sexually, from his new doll. However, this was something Robo-mom was clearly not programmed to perform. At least not articulately. His mom looked at him inquisitively. "So, you've never put on your neuro-communicators and let a girl from school talk nasty to you?" she asked.

"Well, once…but she wasn't very good at it," her son confessed.

"Well, it really sucks that you haven't experienced that yet," the mother said, slowly stepping towards him. "What should we do about that?" Chad watched in wide-eyed delight as his mom sashayed towards him in a sexy manner, her huge tits bobbling beneath the nightshirt. Her engorged nipples protruded out from beneath the fabric like stumps in a swamp. "Do about that?" he asked. Amanda stopped in front of him and smiled. "Yeah. We can't allow something sexual to exist that you haven't experienced yet," she said, then fed him a naughty smile. "Wanna engage in some

neuro-shenanigans with mom tonight?" Later that evening, once Amanda's husband Jake was asleep, she sneakily reached over and got her neuro-communication device. They were simply a pair of wireless probes that stuck to her temples. After placing them on, she sprawled back onto her pillow. "Are you there, honey?" her mind asked. She heard her son respond in her head telepathically. "Yeah, I'm here, mom. I was starting to wonder if you changed your mind."

"No, sorry…it just took your father forever to fall asleep."

"No worries, I had Robo-mom say some things to me…you know, just to tide me over, until I heard from you," Chad said. Amanda giggled. "Tide you over, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah, but it's like you said, she was made for more of the action part, and not so much the nasty talk," he said. "That reminds me… do you mind if she helps out...you know…while you're talking to me?" Amanda thought about it a moment. Since her motivation was to outdo the doll, by giving her son excitement that Robo-mom couldn't provide, she felt like saying 'hell no.' However, she knew the doll could also be used to enhance the experience for the boy. "I'll tell you what…you can use the doll while we talk, as long as she does what I want her to do, deal?"

"Oh…um, sure," the boy muttered.

"Is she naked?" Amanda asked.

"Pretty much, yes."

"I want her to lay against your chest…and kiss your neck."

"Kinda like you did to me last week…when you were wearing that sexy fishnet lingerie?" he asked.

"Yes. Don't plan on it being as good as when I did it though," the mother teased. Chad relayed the information to Robo-doll, who then

did exactly as she was told, bringing her huge soft tits down on the boy's bare chest and began sensually licking his neck. "Ok," he sighed, "she's doing it."

"Good. Don't touch your dick yet," she said. "You can't rub it until I tell you that you can, understood, honey?"

"Got it."

"So…have you wondered yet why your mom would buy you a sex doll that looks exactly like her?" Amanda asked.

"Well…um, yeah. I did wonder that actually."

"It's because I've known you've wanted to fuck me for a long time," Amanda said candidly. "You've wanted to bury your boner in my hot pussy and shoot your cum load deep inside me."

"Damn, mom," Chad gasped excitedly, amazed that she was really talking to him this way.

"How's that for dirty talk?" she asked with a giggle.

"It's great!"

"I am right though, aren't I?" Amanda asked. "You wanna fuck my pussy hard and fast, don't you, Chad?"

"Yes," the boy answered, his heart racing.

"Mm, fuck me straight to orgasm, so I can squirt my hot slippery honey on your stinger."

"Wow! I'm so turned on right now, mom," Chad sighed, his cock throbbing like crazy.

"Are you, honey?" the mother asked. "Do you wish your big cum-filled balls were beating against my asshole, sweetheart?"

"Jeez!" the boy gasped.

"Was that a yes?" his mom giggled.

"Definitely a yes!"

"I thought so. Do you wish those were MY tits on you right now?" Chad delighted in the feel of Robo-mom's fatty jugs mashed against him, while she whipped her tongue on his neck. He had no doubt his mom's would feel just as amazing, if not more so. "Yeah. I've been fascinated with your tits for a long time," he confessed.

"I know…and I bet you'd like to shove your head between them, wouldn't you, naughty boy?"

"Yes."

"So you can feel mommy press her soft squishy boobie-meat around your head, and smother you?"

"God yes!" the boy answered, fighting off the urge to reach down and squeeze his throbbing cock.

"Do you wanna squeeze my tits, honey? While you suck on my fat pink nipples?" Amanda asked on a seductive tone. Chad could hardly believe he was neuro-sexing with his own mom, while her robotic look-a-like was laying on top of him. "God, I would love that!"

"Tell your doll to rub her tits on your face." Chad relayed the request. Robo-mom leaned over him, dropping her spongy hanging boobs on the teen's face. He swiped his tongue along the fat rubbery nubs of her nipples. Amanda glanced over at her husband, satisfied that he was still sound-asleep. She reached down beneath blanket and found her horny clit. "Do you want me to rub my clit, honey?" she asked her son via brain waves. "Do you want mommy to play with her hot pussy while she talks to you?"

"Oh damn, mom. That would be so hot!" Chad gasped. "Can I rub my dick now?"

"Would you rather I rub it?"

"Well, yeah…but…"

"Tell your doll to reach down and stroke your cock, and I want you to imagine that it's ME doing it," Amanda said softly. With her tits still rubbing softly against his face, Chad's robo-doll reached down and began stroking his boner up and down. So much precum had drooled from his piss-hole that his cock became nice and slick.

"Is she beating your boner now, honey?" his mom asked.

"Yes," he sighed.

"I want you to imagine that it's my pussy, Chad. My tight slippery pussy is sliding up and down you big throbbing meat-stick," she said in a sensual tone.

"Oh…Ohh-k," he gasped.

"You like how that feels. You like how my outer lips are beating against you cock-base?"

"Yesss!" the boy answered, feeling Robo-mom's hand pump his cock with perfect full-length strokes.

"You feel something else, don't you, baby? You feel your hardon-tip bumping into my cervical ring. Soon your dick will smear it with so much pre-spunk, that it'll feel like a hot slippery mouth sucking at your glans," Amanda said. Chad squirmed beneath his doll in delight, listening to his mom's tantalizing words. He certainly didn't wanna cum this soon, but his cock was tingling like crazy. "That would feel so good!" he breathlessly confessed.

"Yes, it would," Amanda said. "It would feel good to my pussy too. A big hunk of young muscular meat pounding through me. It would make me drip my slippery juices all over that big pink dick of yours."

"God, mom!" Amanda's voice cried out in her boy's head. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck up into my slippery pussy and make my huge titties bounce up and down!"

"Wow!" he responded, astounded at how incredibly naughty she was getting. While her son had his cock stroked, the horny mother continued rubbing her aroused pussy, while imagining doing the wicked things she was brazenly communicating to him. "Roll me onto my back, Chad! Take the top and pound the cum out of me!" hear neuro-voice cried out.

"YES! I wanna fuck you so hard!"

"Do you, baby? Do you wanna feel mom's birthing tube squeeze around you, just like it did the day she gave birth to you?"

"Damn, I can't imagine that!" he gasped in response.

"This time I won't squeeze you out so quick," she said. "This time you can stay in there as long as you want, baby. You can pound the fuck out of my slippery meat sleeve." Chad's boner flexed excitedly in the grip of Robo-mom's expertly stroking hand. He mustered up all the willpower he could to keep from cumming.

"Damn, mom…you really have me worked up," he excitedly communicated.

"You're not the only one worked up, honey. Trust me."

"While you say dirty things, do you care if I fuck her…just how you described?" Amanda's mind swelled with jealousy. "NO! I WANT IT TO BE ME, DAMNIT!" her brained screamed.

"Well…yeah, I do to!" her son answered.

"What?! Wait…you heard that?" the mother asked in shock.

"Of course I heard it, mom. We're connected through our neuro-probes, remember?"

"Oh, God, yes, I'm sorry," she muttered in an embarrassed tone.

"Do you really want it to be you?" he asked. "Do you really wanna fuck me?" There was a short pause as the mother considered his question. Of course the answer was yes. Being sexual with her boy was all she'd thought about lately, but she knew how dangerous going down that road would be. Even what she was doing now, having neuro-sex with him was extremely risky to her marriage.

"Honey, it doesn't matter what I want. We can't have sex."

"Why can't we? Guys have sex with their moms all the time. It's perfectly legal now," her son reminded her.

"I know that, Chad. It's just…" Amanda muttered, then looked over at her husband. "It wouldn't be fair to your father."

"Oh, you mean like the fact that he can't get it up half the time isn't fair to you?"

"Chad, stop."

"And how unfair is it to you that he can't even give you a baby the natural way. You have to go to a doctor and have it surgically implanted," her son pointed out.

"Chad, please…enough," she said. "This was a mistake, I'm sorry… I'm ending this call now."

"Switch spots with my doll tonight, mom," her son said. "Let me fuck you harder than you've ever been fucked." Amanda's body trembled

upon hearing his request. She reached for her probes with shaky hands. "You have your doll. Don't worry about me. Goodnight," she said, then pulled the probes off, ending their communication. Amanda rolled onto her side in sexual frustration. "I've gotta stop this obsessing! He's my son…not some sexual conquest. I bought him a doll to take care of his needs and that's the end of it!" she thought. In the next room over, Chad wrestled his Robo-doll onto the bed beneath him, and thrust his dick inside her, imagining it was his real mom. "Take my dick, mom!" he gasped.

"Yes, Chad! Fuck me!" the doll reacted. The fact that she did so in a voice that was identical to his mom's got him even more worked up. The teen reached under and grasped her meaty ass, then began pounding his doll with savage thrusts, making his bed squeak violently. Robo-mom moaned and gasped, wrapping her strong silky legs high around his back, grasping his steadily thrusting body in the warm cradle of her thighs. From her bedroom, Amanda could hear the two of them going at it hot and heavy. "Damn you, Chad!" she thought jealously, putting her hands over her ears. The mother's insides tingled at the thought of her son fucking the shit out of her. Her clit and nipples throbbed so bad it was impossible for her to ignore. "Fuck this!" she thought quickly sliding out of bed. Chad stopped fucking his doll as he heard a tap at his door. He got up and check it out, finding his mom standing outside his doorway in only her nightshirt.

"Hi," he muttered, noticing the way she was wantonly gazing back at him. Amanda eyes drifted down her son's lean torso, to the rock-hard boner saluting her at an upward angle. His erection glistening with his doll's secretions and his knob was swollen and purple. "Fuck, I need that!" she thought. The mother undid the last three buttons of her nightshirt and slipped it off. Chad's eyes widened at the sight of her huge ballooning tits. Sure, he'd been getting used to seeing ones identical, but these were REAL tits, and they belonged to his REAL mom. She handed the nightshirt to him. "Tell her to put it on…and to go lay on my bed," she said. Chad relayed the request.

Robo-mom's titties jiggled heavily as she stepped over and put the nightshirt on. Amanda fed her look-a-like a triumphant smile as the doll walked past her and headed for the master bedroom. Chad closed the door. His heart pounded excitedly as he watched his mom sashay towards his bed with her bare buttocks swaying atop her sexy legs. She stopped at his bedside, and waited for him to join her.

"Did you mean what you said?" she softly asked.

"Which part?"

"When you said you'd fuck me harder than I've ever been fucked?"

"Of course," the boy muttered, more excited than he'd ever been in his life.

"You promise?" she asked with a sultry little smile.

"I promise," he said, as a string of pre-jizz seeped from his piss-slit, dropping towards the floor. "Just tell me how you want it." Amanda crawled onto the bed, giving her son a great view of her ass while on her hands and knees. Her fleshy tan half-moons were slightly spread, exposing her crinkled butthole. His eyes drifted down past her perineum to the puffy outer folds of her cuntal flesh. "I think you know how I want it," she said. The boy watched her drop onto her back, making her giant jugs wobble heavily before drooping slightly off the sides of her chest. She brought her knees back, splaying open her thighs widely. "The question is…do you have what it takes to give it to me that way?" she asked. "Do you have what it takes to pound the cum out of me?"

"Yes," the boy said, reaching down to give his cock a few strokes.

"Well, here I am," she said. "Come prove it." Chad crawled onto his bed and down between his mom's legs. He knew if he buried his entire dick inside his mom in one mighty plunge, it would create a

‘wow factor’ that would set the stage for the intense boning he planned on giving her.

"OHH GOD!!" the mother cried out, feeling her boy's rock-hard manhood sink straight to the back wall of her cunt. His fat bell tip pressed forcefully against the raised ring of her ectocervix, smearing it with weeping pre-cum. They exchanged a lusty stare, while quickly adjusting their bodies for intercourse. Chad brought his hands up between her upper back and the mattress, grasping on to her shoulders from behind for leverage. Amanda adjusted her ass beneath her, drawing her knees back further and angling her cunt so that her boy could take the hardest, deepest thrusts possible.

"Fuck me, honey!" she gasped in a desperate tone. Chad wasted no time drawing his dick back, then pounding it back inside her again and again, quickly finding a rhythm. "Ohhhyeah!" the teen excitedly sighed, feeling his tender boner plunge in and out of her exquisitely-ribbed cunt tube. He punched it all the way in again and held it there in full penetration. His mom gasped and writhed in ecstasy beneath him, tossing her beautiful brown hair around. Her fatty tits sloshed against his bare chest.

"Oh God, Chad!" she squealed, sinking her nails into his back as she was stuck with a sudden orgasm. Her back arched from the mattress, lifting her son up as her eyes rolled back in their sockets.

"Goddamn!" the boy gasped, aroused beyond words, as he felt his mom's warm curvy body tremble with pleasure, while her cunt gasped his cock in a tight love-grip. While Amanda and Robo-mom's cunts felt the same around his cock, his mom's was squeezing him a bit differently than his doll did when she came. Her vaginal sleeve sucked and pulsated around his meat, creating an amazing sensation around his glans. When Amanda's back hit the mattress again, her son set his hips back in motion and began feeding her his hammering hardness. "Yess!" the orgasm-sticken mother gasped. "Fuck me hard!" Amanda tossed her strong, smooth-shaven legs

high up around his back, using them to pull at him, and hump her mommy-cunt from the bed, meeting her boy's powerful fuck-plunges. A repetitive SLAPPING sound filled the room as the boy's balls beat against her lovely round ass. Even though his mom was blowing his mind, Chad felt confident in his ability to fuck the hell out of her. After all, he's spent the last two weeks pounding his dick through a robot that was identical to her in every way. He had learnt that by changing up his angle of attack, he could keep his doll cumming for a long time, so he tried that same tactic on his mom. Slowly rising towards another climax, Amanda felt her humping boy adjust himself between her squeezing thighs, plowing at her vaginal tube at a different angle. "Oh my God…he's good!" her brain whimpered. She clawed her long nails down his back, delighted by the unyielding hardness of her boy's huge dick spearing into her. It had been years since her husband Jake's penis had been anywhere near this hard, and even then his erection was several inches shorter than Chad's. Her pussy was getting worked in places she hadn't been touched since her college days.

"Oh, Chad, it feels so good, baby!" she cried out encouragingly. The boy's head swelled with confidence. Pumping away, he gazed down into his mom's beautiful eyes.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Yes…but I'd like it better if you kissed me," she replied. He lowered his lips and they began kissing passionately. Their mouths fused tightly in an open oval and their tongues danced in a wild frenzy inside the boy's mouth. Inside the mother's vagina, their juices churned around a pumping pink mass of vaginal and penile flesh. Chad's muscled erection sliced through the grip of ribbed pleats lining his mom’s birthing tube. Her pelvic floor was flexed against the bulge of the urethral tube that ran along the underside of his shaft, providing intense friction. Chad broke their kiss and gasped as he felt his dick tingling with pre-orgasmic sensations. He felt his mom's silky legs unfasten from around him, and watched her scissor them

back impossibly far, so her dainty bare feel pointed towards his rocking headboard.

"Damn! I thought only Robo-mom could spread her legs that far back," the boy gasped.

"You thought wrong," his mom said with a pleasure-filled smile. "I can wrap them around your neck too," she said, propping her ankles on his shoulder and tucking her sexy feet behind his head.

"Holy shit, that's hot!" the boy gasped, his cock flexing in his mom's tight cuntal grasp.

"Now that you have your mommy folded in half, why don't you beat that juicy bell tip against her cervix," she said.

"You got it!" the boy responded, bringing his full weight against her and fucking as hard as he could.

"Yess! Just like that!" his mom screamed out. The mattress rocked violently beneath them. In the next room over, Jake woke up as he heard the intense fucking going on through the wall that separated their bedrooms. He looked over at his wife, who was really Robo-mom, laying there on her back next to him, with her eyes open. "Good grief. Could they be any louder?" he asked.

"It would appear that Chad is really enjoying himself," Robo-mom said.

"Yeah well, maybe a little too much. Some of us have to work tomorrow." They heard Amanda cry out in orgasm.

"Doesn't that doll of his have some sort of volume control?" Jake asked.

"I'm afraid not," Robo-mom said, with a slight smile. After laying there for a few minutes, doing his best to ignore the sexual sounds

reverberating through the house, Jake hopped up out of bed. "Alright…enough's enough," he said, throwing on his robe. His wife and son were so wrapped up in the heat of a hard fuck, they didn't even hear him tapping at Chad's door. Amanda was now on top of her teen, grinding on his steely hardness. "Oh fuck, baby…you're so big!" the mother gasped, rocking her wide child-bearing hips up and back, plowing their juicy genitals together. The wide-eyes teen reached up and grasped on to her huge bobbling tits. "I'm not the only one with something big, mom," he replied.

"That's right. Big boobies to smother you with," she teased. Not able to get a response, Jake peeked the door open. He could see who he thought was Robo-mom riding his son's midsection. She suddenly dropped her upper half down on top of Chad and they kissed passionately. Jake would have died if he knew it was really his wife. The father of the house cleared his throat loudly, startling both of them.

"Oh shit," Amanda muttered, looking back at her husband while laid out on their son.

"Don't panic," he son whispered so that only she could hear. "He could just think you're my doll." Chad looked over at his father awkwardly. "Sorry, dad…were we being too loud?" he asked.

"MUCH too loud," Jake replied in an annoyed voice.

"We'll um…tone it down some, sorry."

"Yeah, thanks," Jake said, then he watched what he thought was his son's doll sit upright, staring back at him. He could see the side of one of her huge breasts jutting out over Chad, and her thick succulent ass smothering his crotch.

"Sorry, Jake," Amanda said, looking back at her hubby with a slight smile. The clueless husband stared at the beauty a moment, entranced by how much she truly resembled his wife. "Thanks," he

said, forcing a smile, then closing the door. Amanda looked down at her son and they both burst out laughing. She brought her soft boobies back down against his chest. "You're just fucking your Robo-mom way too hard in here, young man," she teased.

"I guess I am." Amanda began kissing his neck tenderly. His boner was still lodged deep inside her pussy, and she started humping and squeezing on it. "And I don't give a fuck what he says…don't you dare stop," she said between kisses.

"I didn't plan on it," the boy muttered, rocking his hips so his prick fucked up and down her cunt-tube.

"You're gonna fuck his wife all night long," she said wickedly.

"Sounds good to me."

"Can you believe you're fucking your REAL mom?" she asked, her thick rounded ass bobbing up and down.

"No. I thought fucking a robot that looked like you was exciting, but it's nothing compared to this," he confessed.

"I guess there's truly no substitute for real flesh, is there, honey?"

"No way…especially if that flesh belongs to your own sexy mom," the boy said, spearing his boner up into her. She sat upright again, gazing down at him over the swell of her enormous milkers. "Are you trying to flatter the pants off of me, young man?" she asked.

"I doubt I could do that, mom, since you're not wearing any pants."

"True, and with the way you've been screwing me I doubt I'll be wearing them very much at all when I'm around you. Panties either," she said with a flirty wink.

"Fine by me."

"Alright…enough talk," the busty mother said as she started bouncing on her boy's prick again. "Time for more hot fucking!" Chad stared up at his mom's bouncing tits in wide-eyed fascination. The fatty flesh of her melons rippled heavily each time the beat back down against the mother's torso. "Can I suck on those?" the boy asked, licking his lips.

"As long as I can suck on your cock later," Amanda said.

"Deal," he said, grabbing her arm and pulling her tits down to his face. There was only one thing Chad loved better than fucking, and that was fucking and sucking tits at the same time.

"Mm, suck those nipples, baby!" Amanda cooed, humping her cunt up and down the length of his cock. Chad's face was plastered in squishy tit-meat, with his mouth gorged full of his mom's nipple and entire areola. He beat his licker against her engorged teat, sucking it as far into his greedy mouth as he could get it. With a dick a big and rigid as her son's plowing her depths, the mother could only fuck for so long before she exploded in a body-trembling orgasm. She cried out in delight, as hot girl-cum soaked her boy's cunt-smothered boner. Once the beauty came down from her orgasmic cloud, she climbed off her son. Resting on her hands and knees, with her tits dangling from her chest, she pointed her thick ass back at him. "Put it back in me!" she said, peeking back and wagging her meaty ass-flesh teasingly. Chad mounted her haunches and speared his cock inside her. He grasped her hips and laid into her with steady fuck-pumps. "That's it, honey! Fuck me good!" she gasped, thrusting her rump back against the boy. Steady SMACKING sounds filled the bedroom as they engaged in a heated doggy fuck. Amanda's heavy tits hug down off her chest and swung like buoys in a rough sea.

"Damn! You have the sexiest ass on the planet, mom!" Chad confessed, watching her lovely round derriere beat against his midsection. He loved seeing the thick shaft of his cock disappear and reappear from her mommy-hole, glistening with slick cuntal juices.

"Do you like the way it's beating against you, baby?"

"Hell yes! I love it!" he gasped. For ten minutes they fucked like porn stars. When his mom's pussy tightened from another hard cum, the trigger went off in the boy's balls. "Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" he gasped.

"Yes! Wash my womb, baby!" Amanda cried out, beating her ass back against her boy in a frantic pace. Chad's face became masked in a pleasure-filled grimace as a guttural grunt escaped his lips. Fat ropes of teenage spunk painted the back wall of his mom's pussy. Together they bucked and squealed for several minutes, sharing a hot mutual orgasm that they wished could go on and on forever. The mother breathlessly fell forward, and her son stayed joined with her, laying against her cushy backside. She peeked back at him over her shoulder and smiled. "Robots don't get round bellies…but mom's do. I don't mind going bareback tonight, but if we're gonna make this a regular thing, we should probably use some form of birth control," she suggested.

"Aren't you suppose to be injected with dad's sperm, like…any day now?"

"Yes, but until then…we don't need my egg pierced by someone else's sperm," she teased. "Like yours." Chad pulled his boner from her cunt and his creamy boy-goo came gushing out from her coral slit. "Now you tell me," he said. Amanda giggled. It felt like a gallon of fresh hot spunk was leaking out of her. "Like I said, just for tonight you can hose out all the ball-batter you want inside me, but if we're gonna keep bumping bellies every day, we're gonna need some form of protection."

A few days later, Amanda stepped into the kitchen in her robe, looking worse for wear. Nancy, Amanda's sister, was already there sipping from her morning coffee. "How was it?" she asked.

"How was what?" Amanda asked, looking confused.

"Sex with Chad. I know that freshly fucked look when I see it, and I'm pretty sure it wasn't Jake that kept you up all night." Amanda poured her coffee and sat down across from her sister. "I have no idea what you're talking about," she said, playing stupid.

"Oh, Amanda, please…you've been obsessing on fucking your son since you bought him that doll, maybe even before then. Just fess up."

"I have not been obsessed. How could you say that?" Amanda asked, faking innocence.

"Oh, I don't know…maybe because all you've talked about the past two week is how much Chad's been fucking his doll. It's like you've been some jealous ex girlfriend determined to get him back in your bed."

"That's ridiculous," Amanda said, sipping from her coffee.

"Is it. Then why don't we play back Robo-mom's recordings from last night."

"What do you mean?"

"I was there when she was made, remember? The doll maker told us that all her activity is recorded, then deleted after twenty-four hours. Let's find out where she spent HER night last night…in with Chad, or in YOUR bed, faking she was you," Nancy suggested.

"Fine," Amanda muttered.

"Fine, what?"

"Fine, I fucked Chad."

"Was that so hard?"

"Actually, yes. It not something I really planned on happening, it's just…"

"It's just something you HOPED would happen," Nancy teased. "And now that it has…I have to know. How was it?" Amanda rolled her eyes cutely. "Only incredible," she admitted.

"Was it everything you fantasized it would be?"

"Better."

"And now the big question. Did Chad know it was you, or did he think he was fucking his doll?" Amanda giggled. "He knew who he was fucking, and believe it or not, it was HIS idea."

"And you landed right on his dick…reluctantly I'm sure," Nancy teased.

"I refused his advances for a little while…until I heard what he was doing to his doll in his bedroom," the mother confessed.

"So, was this a one and done deal, or are you gonna be selling the doll at auction?" Nancy joked.

"Certainly not a one and done deal, since it's been happening the past three nights. I'm not selling his doll," Amanda giggled, "but she certainly won't be getting used as much from now on. Let's put it that way." The mother suddenly winced and bowed her head. Her sister looked at her curiously. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I'm feeling nauseous all of the sudden."

"Nauseous huh?" Nancy asked with a meaningful smile. Amanda glared at her sister, clearly reading her mind. "Don't even think that!" she said.

"Think what? That your son just did something you've been trying to do with your husband for months?"

"Exactly," Amanda said, then suddenly got up, looking like she could vomit, and rushed to the bathroom.

"Yaay!" Nancy cheered, standing up and throwing her arms around, making her big boobies jiggle. "I'm gonna be an Auntie again!"

Chapter 7: Who's who?

"Are you excited for today?" Chad asked his mom as he watched her exercise. Amanda's legs were spread open against the floor in a straddle-split and her huge round boobs jutted out beneath her sports top. She fed him a curious look. "Excited?" she asked.

"Yeah, isn't this the day you get implanted with the baby?" he asked, glancing down at the cuntal camel toe puffing out from the crotch of her yoga shorts.

"Oh…um, about that…" the mother said awkwardly, bringing her silky legs together in more of a sitting position. "There's something I've been meaning to talk to you about."

"You changed your mind about having a baby?" Chad asked.

"No, no…not at all. It's just that…well, it turns out that I didn't need to get the embryo implant after all." Chad eyes widened. "Dad got you pregnant?" he asked in disbelief. Amanda seemed nervous about what she was about to tell him. "Well…no," she muttered, "but I think…YOU did." The teen felt an excited tingle course through his body. "What do you mean I did?" he asked, although he knew full well what she meant.

"Chad, we've been having unprotected sex now for two weeks. I got a call from the doctor just yesterday telling me they won't attach a fertilized egg to the wall of my uterus…because there's already one there," she explained. "I'm already pregnant."

"And you think it's mine?" She giggled a little. "The fact that your dad's shooting blanks and I've had sex with no other person but you, means yes, the baby's yours," Amanda told him.

"Wow," the boy muttered, his face full of wonder, "we made a baby. We actually made a baby!" His mom smiled from ear to ear, then got on her knees and hugged him. "We did. Congratulations, daddy," she said in a giddy tone, pressing her squishy mommy-mounds against him.

"But not really ‘daddy’ though, right?" he asked a bit confused.

"Biologically yes, but since I’m married to your dad, and had to tell him the baby was his…you'll have to settle for big brother status." Chad sighed and smiled. He loved fucking his mom, but was hardly ready for the responsibility of fatherhood. "I can live with that," he said.

"So, this means that we'll certainly need to enjoy our fun while we can," Amanda said, rubbing her belly.

"We may not be able to fuck as much once I start showing."

"Wait..why?"

"Remember what I told you the first night you slid your boner inside me?" Amanda asked him. "Robo-moms don't get round bellies, but moms do. Once I start showing the signs of pregnancy, your father will be able to tell me apart from your doll, which means we won't be able to make the swap we've been making at night." Chad felt a little disappointed. Since that first night they had together two weeks ago, they'd been sneaking Robo-mom to Amanda's bed almost every night. His father was completely unaware that the one laying next to him while he slept was actually Amanda's robot look-alike, while his wife was down the hallway get fucked silly by their well-endowed son.

"Bummer," the boy said. "I’ll be honest…I really have been fantasizing a lot about what it would be like to fuck you while your big and pregnant." She smiled lovingly and combed her nails

through his hair. "I didn't say we'd stop fucking. I just said we may not be able to do it AS MUCH as we are now."

"Thank goodness," her son sighed. "If we had to stop completely, I'd go crazy."

"Why do you say that?" Amanda asked, even though she dreaded the idea of no sex with him as much as he did. "You have a doll that resembles me in every way, and is just as sexually capable."

"Yeah, but there's also the psychological part, you know? When it's my own human, flesh and blood mother that I'm fucking, it makes a huge difference," he confessed. She gave him a soft sensual peck on the lips. "That makes me feel good, thank you, baby," she said softly. "I've known you've wanted to get in my panties for years, that's why I bought you a doll that looks like me in the first place. I never realized how jealous I'd get though once you started fucking her. All I could think about was how I wanted it to be me."

"And now it is you."

"It is," she said, biting her bottom lip as she gazed her boy in the eyes. "I'm helplessly addicted to your hard cock." With his own beautiful busty mother clinging onto him, the boy felt so horny he could hardly stand it.

"How long until dad gets home?" he asked.

"Why? You wanna help me finish my workout?" she asked teasingly. He reached around and sunk his fingers into her round meaty ass. "Sure…I could think of some fun ways to burn some calories."

"I'm sure you could, but your father's actually due home any time."

"Damn," Chad muttered disappointedly. She reached down and squeezed his erect prick through his short. "Don't you worry. We'll

send your father to bed with your doll tonight and let you beat my pussy up all you want."

"I guess I'll have to wait."

"Unless…" Amanda muttered, clearly formulating a naughty plan in her mind.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you're feeling daring? I do have a naughty idea that I think you'll like. Wanna try it out?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

Jake stepped inside the house a short time later to the sounds of vigorous sexual intercourse. For a moment, he panicked, since the voice crying out in pleasure was identical to his wife's. "Such an odd thing to get used to," he thought, knowing it was just his son fucking his doll again, and that he hadn't quite adjusted to the familiar vocal part of it. The upsetting part, however, was that his son Chad clearly wasn't fucking her in his bedroom, which was one of the rules Jake had firmly established on day one. Peeking around the corner of the entry, Jake watched what was going on in the living room area. He saw his son, and who he thought was Robo-mom clinging onto him as he held her off the floor, fucking her against the wall. Both of them were completely naked, with a light sheen of perspiration forming on their bodies. To Jake, it was the most obscene and surreal thing he'd ever seen. It was truly like watching his wife fuck another man, and not just any man, but his well-endowed son. Amanda spotted her husband watching as she peeked over Chad's shoulder. Her body shuddered from the impact of her boy's fuck-thrusts, making her compressed titties quiver each time he pounded into her. "This is completely crazy…and I love it!" she thought, knowing full well there was no other scenario where a husband wouldn't completely freak out by seeing this.

"Oh, Chad, you fuck me so good!" Amanda cried out in a slightly exaggerated manner. Having seen enough, Jake cleared his throat loudly, getting their attention. Still holding his mother's curvy body, Chad turned towards his father, trying to act surprised. "Dad! Oh… um, sorry, I didn't realize you'd be coming home right now," he lied.

"Yes, clearly…but Chad, that shouldn't matter. You agreed that you'd have sex with your doll in your bedroom only."

"I know, I know…sorry."

"Where's your mother at?" Jake asked.

"She went out for a bit…shopping I guess."

"You guess?! What if it was her that walked in here?" the angry father asked. "Do you really think your mother wants to see you doing this?" Amanda let out a tiny snicker, trying not to burst out laughing. "Yes I wanna see him 'doing this,' as long as it's ME he's doing it to," she thought. Jake's wife decided to continue her roll as 'sex doll' by kissing and licking her son's neck as he spoke to his dad.

"Oh, speaking of mom…she told me the good news, that she's gonna have a baby," Chad said, feeling his mom squeeze his boner with the muscled sleeve of her vagina in response to his comment. Jake felt a bit awkward having this conversation while the boy and his doll were clearly joined at the genitals. "Yeah, thanks. To be honest, it was a shocker, but we're happy, especially your mom… she's extremely excited."

"You can say that again," Amanda said between sensual kisses to her son's neck.

"What was that?" Jake asked curiously, looking over at her. Amanda looked back at him with her best robot smile. "Your wife, Amanda…

she's VERY excited," the mom said, squeezing her cuntal walls again. "She told me so just this morning."

"Good thing my doll can't get pregnant," Chad joked, looking at his mom. "She'd be knocked up ten times over by now." Amanda gazed back at him and smiled. "Mmm, my baby. I just love squeezing your cum out," she cooed, then locked lips with him for a deep tongue-twirling kiss. Jake rolled his eyes and looked away. He simply couldn't ignore the fact that the doll looked like the one person he loved more than anyone. "Alright, can you guys just…take that into the bedroom please, before you mother walks in," he said, waving them away with his hand.

"Oops, too late," his son said, looking past his father. Jake turned around to see Robo-mom standing there, dressed in one of his wife's outfits and holding a shopping bag. "What's going on here?" she stupidly asked. Jake stepped over to her and tried to guide her away. "Oh, babe, you don't need to see this," he said. She brushed him away. "I'm not a little girl, Jake. I've seen two people have sex before, and if it's that bothersome, then why we're YOU standing there watching them when I walked in?"

"Oh…I wasn't watching them, I just…"

"Actually dad…you kinda were," Chad said.

"Yes, he was," Amanda agreed.

"Do you get some sort of kinky excitement by watching your son fuck a doll that looks like me?" Robo-mom asked convincingly.

"What?! No…of course not!" Amanda decided to chime in just like Robo-mom would. "It's okay to admit, Jake. A high percent of mothers and sons regularly engage in sexual intercourse," she said.

"No, I never would have approved of a sex doll looking exactly like his mother, ok?" Jake said defensively. "There's still plenty of people

out there who'd think that was pretty messed up."

"Well, your wife is clearly not one of them," Amanda said, looking at Robo-doll, "otherwise she wouldn't have bought Chad a doll to have sex with in the likeness of herself."

"And look at how wonderful it's working out," Robo-doll said, looking at Chad and his mom, lingering there in the standing fuck position. "The two of you seem to be a perfect sexual match." Chad's mom gazed into his eyes. "I think so too, Amanda. We just wanna fuck each other silly all the time, don't we, baby?" she asked.

"We sure do," the boy answered.

"Alright…whatever goes on between you two, from now on could you just make sure it happens in the bedroom please?" Jake asked.

"Sure thing, dad," Chad said as his mom slipped to her feet. Amanda grasped his juice-slickened boner in her hand and led him towards the bedroom, her big oversized tit-melons bobbling heavily on her chest. She looked back at Chad's father and smiled. "Yes, sure thing, Jake," she said. After they disappeared into the bedroom, the agitated father turned towards who he thought was his wife. "You sure didn’t seem too upset that they were out here having sex in the middle of the living room," he said.

"Oh, honey, relax," the doll said. "Why don't I draw you a bath to help you unwind."

"A bath sounds nice…and maybe a little lovemaking after?" he suggested, checking out the doll's massive cleavage.

"You DID get aroused from watching them, didn't you?" the doll asked.

"No, don't be ridiculous. I just thought it might be nice to have sex with my newly pregnant wife." She smiled sympathetically. "I’m

sorry, honey…not tonight, I have a headache," the doll said, then walked towards the bedroom. "I'll get your bath going." Unbeknownst to him, the one having sex with his beautiful wife was his son, Jake. "Damn, mom, that feels incredible!" the teen sighed, feeling her ride him with her cock-gripping cunt. Watching his thick boner appear and disappear from between her splayed vulvar lips was a special sight.

"You like the way I'm riding your cock, baby?" Amanda asked, gazing down over her ballooning udders.

"I love it!"

"Just wait until I'm big and preggers. You're gonna love it even more."

"I can't wait," the boy confessed.

"Do you think this is the position you got me pregnant in, baby?" she asked. "Was I on top of you when you blasted that load of strong-swimmers up into my cum-hungry womb?"

"Maybe so," the boy answered. "Or maybe it was a sperm from all my loads of cum you've swallowed," he teased. Amanda giggled. "Well, YOU HAVE made a sperm-a-holic outta me, but I don't think you knocked me up that way. Last I heard the tummy and vagina aren't connected," she joked.

"How much bigger do you think your boobs will get?" Chad asked, gazing up at her heaving bosoms, trying to imagine them larger than they already were.

"It's hard to say, but I'm sure they'll shoot right up the alphabet when it comes to their bra size."

"Maybe a triple Z cup," the teen joked.

"Oh God, hopefully not that big. I'll topple over." The boy licked his lips eagerly. "They'll be leaking a lot of milk I bet," he said in a lustful tone. Amanda giggled, watching her boy stare at her huge mommy-melons as they careened up and down her chest, rippling delightfully. "Just like your cock is right now," she said, tightening her cuntal grip. "It’s leaking lots of ball-milk from the tip to keep mommy's pussy nice and lubricated." Amanda's meaty buns beat against her son's ball as she used her strong hips to pump her love-muffin along the length of her boy's dreamy erection. It wasn’t just Chad's pre-ejaculate that oiled their union. A heavy flow of fuck-juice had secreted from the mother's vaginal lining, creating a slippery froth that churned inside her buttery sheath. The busty mom leaned over and rested her extended arms astride her boy's head, so her giant tits swung hypnotically right above his ogling eyes while she fucked him. Chad pumped his ass from the bed to meet her tireless humping, fucking his blood engorged cock through the snug tube of her pink vagina. Amanda gazed at her baby through the parted curtain of her wavering brunette hair. "They're not leaking yet, but feel free to practice if you want," she told him with a teasing wink. Chad willingly accepted her suggestion, reaching up and mauling her heavy mounds, stuffing as much of the spongy tip into his mouth as he could get.

"Mmm, yes! Suck my tits hard, Chad," the mother moaned. The boy pulled her against him, making his face sink into the fatty rounded meat of her tit. Amanda's ass-globes continued to bob up and down, fucking him in a pleasurable rhythm. She squealed in delight as his tongue wiggled on the hardened rubbery nub of her nipple, drawing it out from her areola and sucking it passionately.

"Oh fuck, I’m cumming, baby!" the mother cried out, feeling a climax quickly swell in her loins.

"Mmnff!" the boy whimpered, his face smothered in squishy boobie-flesh, as he felt his mom's body tremble, while she slammed her gushing pussy onto his steely prick.

"FUCK! FUCK!...UNGGHH!!" her pretty voice cried out, easily loud enough for her husband to hear, as a tremendous climax shot through her curvy body. Her hips worked like a machine, pounding her pussy furiously onto her son's prick, making his flaring knob crush against her cervix on every thrust. They rolled on his mattress, and the teen kept his face firmly secured against his mom's fleshy tit while he took the top position. He continued laying his dick into her with tit-jarring force while greedily sucking her engorged teat between his tongue and the roof of his mouth. Amanda's body gave off another shudder as one juicy orgasm rolled into another. She crossed her lovely legs high around her boy's back, interlocking her ankles and securing him in the cradle of her wide-open thighs. Using her strong legs as leverage, she humped her sexy ass from the mattress, meeting him thrust for thrust. She bit down on her son's shoulder and squealed as the heat of her hot orgasm pulsed through her naked body.

"Mmnnggff!" the boy growled, feeling the well pronounced ribs of his mom's vaginal rugae tighten up even more around his burrowing glans. Hot girl cum swirled around his prick, marinating the pink tender meat as it pumped tirelessly through the tube that once squeezed out his tiny body.

"Mnnff, yesss!" the teen hissed, his voice still muffled in the flesh of his mom’s rubbery tit-cap. He rammed his cock in with three more savage thrusts, then held it there in full penetration, feeling his boner swell even bigger as a raging torrent of cum shot up the tube of his urethra.

"Ugnhh, mom…shit!!" the boy cried out against the rounded underside of her breast as the first big blasted erupted from the slit of his knob. Writhing beneath him, his busty mother used her forearms to push her jiggling tit-orbs around his head, wedging him between them.

"Unghhh!" the boy grunted out, his voice dampened by pounds of fatty tit-flesh. He set his hips back in motion, and Amanda pumped her jiggling ass from the mattress again, making their wet pissers beat together in orgasmic passion. For ten climactic minutes not a word was spoken. Only animal-like grunts and squeals left their mouths as they humped and trembled, milking out every bit of mind-blowing pleasure that their orgasms would provide. In the next room over, Jake had gotten so frustrated from listening to his wife and son fuck that he twice tried to make a move on Robo-mom. However, not only did he not know it was his son's doll he was in bed with, but that she was programed to only give sex to Chad.

"Please, not tonight, honey. I really need to sleep," the doll said, brushing him away. Amanda and Chad knew they couldn't carry on this charade all the time. It was too risky. This meant the some nights she'd have to sleep with her husband, and endure his almost laughable attempt to please her. Recently the only thing that would make her cum during sex with her husband was thoughts of Chad's enormous cock pounding through her. Thankfully, sex with Jake was always over quickly, since he couldn't last very long.

"You look pretty sad for a woman who finally got the baby she wanted," her sister Nancy said as they sat having coffee.

"Trust me, I'm thrilled about that," she said.

"Then why are you so quiet and somber this morning? Did you not get enough of Chad's dick last night?"

"I’m just being a sulking, selfish bitch, that's all," Amanda confessed.

"What's that suppose to mean?"

"I’m enjoying the time him and I have…maybe too much. That's why I’m sad that we won’t be able to sleep together once I start

showing," Amanda admitted.

"Ha, like you two do any ‘sleeping' when you’re sharing a bed at night," Nancy teased.

"You know why I mean. I'll miss being with him." The family's worker robot Al stepped over to the table. "Can I get you ladies anything," he asked. Nancy smiled at the robot. "I don't know…can you eat pussy?" she candidly asked, making Amanda snicker.

"I’m not familiar with that command."

"Then you’re really not any good to me right now. Get lost," she said, shewing him away with her hand.

"I know I sound like a big baby," Amanda said. "I mean, Chad will still get to fuck me during the day while Jake's at work. I guess I’m just selfish and want him all the time, which won't be possible once my belly get round."

"Well, improvise then," Nancy suggested. "Shove a pillow under the doll's shirt at night so Jake thinks it's his pregnant wife crawling into bed with him."

"Yeah, until he comes over to snuggle and roams his hands under the doll's top, then I’m fucked."

"She's a doll…can't you just stick an air hose up her ass and make her belly blow up like a balloon, so she looks pregnant?" Nancy said, making herself giggle. Amanda eyes lit up. "Oh my God, that's it…"

"Amanda, I was joking."

"No, Nancy, you’re brilliant."

"Well, I have my moments…but serious, I was just kidding."

"You were kidding about the air hose, yes, but maybe there is a way the doll maker can make Robo-mom look pregnant," the mother said in a hopeful tone.

"Seriously?" Nancy asked, feeding her a strange look.

"Yeah, I mean, he gave her realistic boobs, didn't he. Why couldn't he do a realistic pregnant tummy?" Amanda asked.

"He could…maybe," the sister answered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Let's go see him and find out," Amanda said, getting up from the table anxiously.

"Wait…should we take the doll with us?"

"Good idea," the mother said. "Maybe Chad would wanna go too. That way he could see where his doll was made."

"I'll go pick out one of your outfits for her to wear," Nancy said, heading towards her sister's bedroom. Chad was in the shower with Robo-doll. She was on her knees vigorously sucking his cock, while beating the base of his boner with her fist at the same time. "Oh man, that feels so fucking good," the boy gasped, watching her rounded lips plunge up and down the length of his wet dick. He suddenly heard his mom tap at the door. "Chad, can I come in a second?" she asked. There was nothing he and his mother hadn't done at this point, so he didn’t feel any shame about her seeing him this way. "Sure, mom, come on in," he answered. Amanda came inside the bathroom, staring through the glass door jealously as Robo-mom continued to suck her son's prick. "I would have done that for you if you asked me to, you know?" she said.

"I know, but I didn't wanna interrupt your morning coffee with Aunt Nancy," the boy said.

"Speaking of your Aunt Nancy… her and I are going to see the guy who made your Robo-doll. We think there might be a way for him to make her look pregnant."

"Why would you do that?" Chad asked, while at the same time thinking about how incredible the blowjob felt.

"So once my baby bump starts showing, we can continue to fool your dad, so you and I could keep fucking our asses off at night, that's why," Amanda answered.

"Oh yeah, that would be super-sweet!" His mom fed him a pretty smile, showing her gleaming white teeth. "I thought so too," she said, then watched her Robot look-a-like plunge her son's hard dong through her mouth, bobbing her head up and back. "Anything I can do to help speed this process along?"

"You could come into the shower and kiss me," her boy suggested.

"Mm, I like that idea a lot," the mother said, pulling off her dress. Her huge creamy tits were spilling out of her lacy black bra. She reached around and unclasped it, releasing the meat of her mommy-melons. Next, she peeled her thong panties of, exposing her shaved vulva. Chad licked his lips, watching his nude mom sashay gracefully towards the shower. Even though she was not even a month pregnant her boobs were already looking more swollen. Her puffy pink areolar caps were definitely more protuberant and a darker shade of pink, from increased blood flow to her jugs as they prepared to begin milk development. The naked mother joined them in the shower, stepping up behind her boy, squashing her tits against his back and kissing him over his shoulder sensually. "If the doll maker can pull this off, you'll be getting some hot pregnant pussy every night," she said between kisses.

"Oh my God, I would love that more than anything," the boy sighed.

"I would too," she whispered, then licked his neck with her long tongue. "Whatever I can do to get out of your father's bed and into yours, I'll do it."

"You won't hear me complain any," Chad said. Amanda looked down at Robo-mom, watching her feed the boy's cock between her lips in a steady blowjob. "So that's what I look like when I suck your dick, huh?" she asked.

"Yes…sexy as hell," he answered. She looked into her boy's eyes. "Want me to go down and help her out…so you have two of me blowing your cock?"she asked.

"Seriously?"

"Two mouths are better than one, right?" she asked with a lusty smile, then sunk down in front of him, kneeling next to the cock-sucking doll. Chad's hard pecker popped from Robo-mom's lips and she smiled over at the boy's mother, who was gingerly squeezing his dangling balls. "Hello, Amanda. Will you be assisting me in giving Chad oral pleasure?"

"Fucking right I will," she answered in a naughty tone, peeking up at her boy. "You just keep sucking his boner though. I'm gonna work his balls." Chad watched in wide-eyed wonder as he had his dick and nuts licked and sucked. He felt like he had beautiful middle-aged, identical twin sisters working him over. The sensations they were providing him were out of this world.

"Mmnn," Amanda hummed, nursing on one of her son's testicles. It popped from her mouth and she nuzzled her face against his soft scrotum, wagging her wet licker all around his tender nuts.

"Wow!" the boy exclaimed, feeling both his dick and balls get the royal treatment. Amanda licked her way up to help with his boner, and Chad was struck with wonder as he watched their identical lips

and tongues lave up and down his blue-veined appendage, giving him an extraordinary oral massage.

"I'll suck his dick now," Amanda whispered to the doll, "you go around and lick his ass." Robo-mom slid around the boy, then buried her face between his buns. Her tongue licked wildly against his anus and it felt divine. Amanda meanwhile, began plunging his thick rod into her mouth.

"Ahhh, God!" Chad's face contorted as he watched his mom give him head, feeling the warm wet suction around the tender meat of his boner. He put his hand behind her head and gripped her hair, guiding her up and back rhythm as she engaged him in a throat-plunging blowjob. The boy's midsection was sandwich between their two pretty heads as he got blown from one side and had his ass eaten from the other. It was absolutely exhilarating. Despite cheating on her husband, the busty mother felt no shame. She was too busy wrapped up in her well executed blowjob, and getting his cock crammed as far into her throat as she could.

"Such a yummy fucking dick," she thought, reaching down and stroking her clitoris. "I can’t wait to gulp down his hot sticky cum!" Robo-mom plowed her tongue back and forth across the boy’s sphincter with extraordinary speed, making Chad's body tremble in delight. Amanda bobbed her head up and back, making her huge tits jiggle as she fucked her face with his boner. She forced her cock-stuffed mouth downward, engulfing his entire erection and plastering her stretched lips against the root of his prick.

"Holy fuck, mom!" the boy gasped, feeling his knob expand deep in the sucking grip of her throat. Amanda was in seventh heaven, rubbing her clit frantically while she gurgled noisily on the massive slab of meat, relishing the taste and feel of her boy's fat prick in her mouth. She back out for air, the immediately went back to sucking. This time she wrapped the base of his boner in her fist and began beating his dick into her plunging mouth.

"Ohhh shit!" Chad moaned, his eyes rolling back in delight as his glans tingled with delightful pre-orgasmic sensations. As she sucked, the skilled mother curled her tongue around the cum-drooling knob, then suddenly felt a jet of hot ball-juice erupt from Chad's meatus, spurting down her throat. The sweet taste of her boy's fuck-cream made the mother tremble in orgasm as Chad continued to hose hot jizz into her tirelessly suctioning mouth. She sucked and whimpered and sucked and whimpered, pulling out every drop she could get.

"Fuck…that was…wow!" the boy muttered, as the brunette duo pulled their heads away from him and stood up.

"Did you like that, Chad," Robo-mom asked.

"A thousand percent, yes!" he answered.

"Close your eyes, honey," Amanda told him with a mischievous grin.

"Why?" he asked curiously.

"Don't ask questions…just do as mommy tells you." Chad closed his eyes tight and Amanda leaned over and whispered something into Robo-mom's ear. The doll smiled and they both started circling the boy, teasing his flesh with their long nails as the went around and around him. "Keep them closed," his mother whispered.

"For how long?"

"Until you feel our tits on your chest," his mom said. Both Robo-mom and Amanda stopped and shared a frontal embrace with the boy, mashing their huge wet boobs against his chest. Chad opened his eyes, looking at both their beautiful identical faces. Their hair was wet and slicked back and their beautiful eyes gazed into his.

"So, ok, um…who's who?" he asked, not knowing which one was his mom and which one was his doll. Amanda and Robo-mom looked at

each other with the same amused expression and shrugged their shoulders.

"Oh, I see…not gonna tell me, huh?" They both shook their heads, then took turns kissing him, running their nails down his back, while their tongues dueled inside his mouth. Chad grasped a tit of each of them in his hand and squeezed them roughly, while making out with them. He felt their hands groping his cock, pulling and teasing his glans, driving him beside himself with lust.

"Since you just had a juicy cum, do you wanna get out of the shower…" one of the moms asked. The other one finished her sentence. "Or do you want us to bend over so you can pound your cock through our assholes?"

"I like the second choice," the teen answered, his cock flexing excitingly in their teasing hands. The two moms turned and bent over in front of him. Chad took over dick-stroking duty, while staring at the luscious meaty behinds pointed back at him. They were both gazing over their shoulders at him, waiting to have their ass-tubes stuffed full. "Fuck us," one mom said, wagging her buttocks lewdly.

"Fuck our tight little assholes," the other one said, swaying her apple-bottomed derriere. Chad could see the muscled rings of their sphincters throbbing in and out, making his boner flex with anticipation as it stuck from crotch at an upward angle. He tried to guess which one was his mom, so he could penetrate her first, but he honestly had no idea which one she was, since they both resembled each other exactly. He stepped up to the one on the right and squeezed the knob of his prick through her ass-ring.

"Mmm, yesss!" the mother said, in reaction to Chad's stiff meat sinking into her ass-tract. He grasped her wide hips and began beat his boner through her snug anal grip. Her wet fleshy butt-cheeks beat against his crotch, making a lewd CLAPPING sound fill the large shower stall.

"Ohh, that's it…fuck my asshole!" the mom shouted, quivering from Chad's jarring humps. Her huge hanging knockers swung pendulously as they hung down from her chest. The boy looked over at the other mom who was still gently wagging her mommy-buns, while staring up at him lustfully. He pulled his stiff prick from one ass, took one step to his left and crammed his engorged prick into the ass of the other.

"Ahhh!" he sighed, feeling his tender pink column sink into the hot grip of her bowels. Like he did the previous mom, Chad grasped her hips a fed her his meat with steady thrusts, making her ass-flesh ripple each time it struck his midsection.

"Fuck my ass harder!" the mother cried out, throwing her lovely rump back at the teen, making his knob plunge deep into her smothering rectum.

"Finger my cunt while you fuck her ass" the mom on his right said, and the boy complied, shoving two fingers in her slippery pussy. She frantically bucked her hot cunt back on his fingers, feeling them slip along her hot inner lining, igniting her nerve endings.

"Ohh, so good!" the mom he was ass-fucking whimpered. His steely cock thundered deep into her rectal cavity, flexing from the feel of the rubbery anal tissue compressing around the meat of his boner. Rather than continuing to lean over, the mother stood upright, while the boy continued to pound her rump from behind. Her fatty tits did a wild wobbling dance on her chest. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck meeee!" she squealed, trembling as a hot climax shot through her sexy frame.

"Shove it back in my ass!" the mom he was fingering pleaded, squeezing her own tits with needful desire. Chad pulled his cock from one asshole and sunk it into the other, plunging it all the way in and making the mother squeal from the burning pleasure. "Ahh fuck

that's tight!" the boy exclaimed, feeling her ass muscles suck and milk the shaft of his steely prick.

"Fuck my ass faster!…Harder!" the mother panted, beating her rounded butt back against his crotch in the rhythm she desired. "Fuck me as hard as you can!" Chad began pounding his cock into her with everything he had. She stood upright, reached back to grasp his hands and place them on her wildly leaping tit-melons. He got the hint and squeezed them roughly while fucking her, pinching her swollen nipples between his fingers.

"Yes, like that…pound my ass off!" she cried out. The teen let one tit go and brought his hand down across her waist for leverage. Then, he savagely pounded into her, lifting her curvy body, so her sexy bare feet dangling above the shower floor and waved around beneath her, while her thick ass beat against Chad's crotch at a frantic pace.

"UUHHGGHH, YESS!" the mother screamed feeling the muscled cock-flesh hammer through her ass-tube. Somehow, the boy mustered up all the strength he could and fucked her this way for several minutes, before the pretty mom tossed her head back in ecstasy. She arched her chest out away from his, letting out a violent orgasmic scream, and a tremble that cause her huge mommy-melons to leap out sideways from her body, then swing back and smack together, causing the fatty meat to ripple wonderfully. Her silky legs quivered and her painted toes pointed down and spread apart as extraordinary pleasure shot through her naked frame like an electric current. Her asshole and rectum were contracting so tightly around the aching hardness of Chad's cock that he began shooting out ropes of milky jism without warning.

"Ahhhh fuck!" the boy's voice trembled as the mother flexed her shit muscles, helping the darling boy shoot out every ounce of cum he had into her hungry ass. After he finally pulled his slimy prick out, the moms stroked and kissed him, smothering his chest with their

warm wet udders. "So, I’m still trying to figure out which one of you is my mom, and which one of you is my doll," he confessed.

"Should we tell him?" one mom said, looking at the other.

"Nah," they both said at once, shaking their heads.

"I'll be able to tell you apart soon enough…once someone's belly starts growing," Chad said.

"Not if Ivy can help us make your doll look pregnant too," Amanda said. "Then you'll be right back to not telling us apart."

"True." His mom smiled and kissed him. "Maybe robots really can have round bellies," she said.

Chapter 8: Stress Test

"Hello again, Ivy," a voice said, startling the doll maker as he was busy about his work. He took a second to study the beautiful large-breasted female as she stepped out of the shadows in a sexy mini-dress. Her dainty feet were propped in four-inch mules that clicked delicately on the hard floor.

"Model two, six, nine, three, four," he said with a curious smile. "What a pleasant surprise."

"How did you know it was me?" Robo-doll asked.

"An artist always knows his work," Ivy answered. "Are you here… alone?"

"She's here with us," Amanda said, as her, Nancy and Chad emerged from the shadows.

"Oh, a whole group of you," the doll maker said. There was strange repetitive sound coming from behind the curtain of his work station. "Let me, um…just go shut this off." Nancy was the first to curiously pull back the dark curtain before Ivy could stop the racket. "Oh, my Goodness!" she exclaimed, identifying the source of the noise.

"Whoa!" Chad muttered, his jaw lowering as he too saw what was going on behind the curtain. A fully-completed naked female robot was suspended in the air by a harness attached to her ankles and wrists. The doll’s blonde silky hair hung down, as well as her large breasts. A robotic arm extended up between her widely splayed legs. It had phallic attachment that pumped through the doll's pussy at an incredible speed.

"Sorry, this a newly completed model. I was just putting her through a stress test," Ivy explained.

"No apologies necessary," Chad said, grinning from ear to ear, watching the doll's tits jostle around. Amanda playfully slapped her son's arm, a bit jealous that he was so fascinated by the younger-looking robot doll. The test stopped and the doll was slowly lowered to the floor. She was made to look like a large breasted young woman Chad's age. "Hello there," she said to the guests as her dainty bare feet reached the floor.

"Hi," the onlookers replied awkwardly.

"Is she a…custom doll?" Amanda asked Ivy.

"Yes, a mother sort of in the same situation you were in…wanting a doll that looks just like her as a gift for her son."

"Wait a second," Nancy blurted, feeding Ivy a confused look. "This doll looks like a twenty-year-old. If this customer has a son old enough to screw, how could the doll possible look like her?"

"She wanted a doll made to look like her when she was her son's age. A younger version of herself," Ivy explained.

"Wild!" Chad reacted in wonder. His mom latched onto his arm, squashing her mature breasts against him. "Well, it's a good thing MY boy prefers the MILF version of me, right, honey?" she asked him.

"Definitely."

"So, what brings you all in today?" Ivy asked.

"We were wondering if you could make some…modifications to Chad’s doll?" Amanda asked.

"Modifications?" Ivy asked with a confused look.

"Yes, um…" The doll maker suddenly noticed the baby bump forming on Amanda's belly. "Oh, you mean can I make her look pregnant?" he asked.

"Yes, how did you know?" the mother asked.

"Well, it's a common request," Ivy said. "Mom buys her son a doll. Mom gets jealous of doll. Mom has sex with son and gets pregnant. Mom wants to continue the affair, but is afraid Robo-doll won't fool her husband, because dolls don't get pregnant bellies. Did I get that about right?" he asked. Nancy and Amanda gazed at each other in disbelief, then back at the doll maker. "Exactly right, actually," Amanda answered.

"It's a complicated process," Ivy explained, "not cheap, but foolproof I assure you. I implant a round balloon-like insert just beneath her outer fleshy layer, and you'll come in every month to have it slowly inflated, so it matches the size of your own growing tummy."

"That's perfect," Amanda exclaimed. "Exactly what we were hoping for." Nancy's focus was mostly on the test apparatus behind the curtain. She looked up at the large rubber phallus at the tip of the robotic arm. "You don't sell these by chance…do you?" she asked.

"Nancy!" her sister giggled. "What's wrong with the sex toy you got the last time we were in here?"

"Nothing…but there's only one thing better than the toy I have, and that's the toy I DON'T have," she answered, her eyes focused on the harnesses of the test apparatus. Amanda gave Ivy an embarrassed smile. "Sorry…since our last visit here, my sister's sort of developed an obsession for sex toys," she said.

"Yes, that's right…you were the one who took Louis home, right? I hope he's performing optimally?" Ivy asked Kathy.

"Oh yes, he's performing optimally all right," she replied with a big smile, "So optimally in fact he nearly got me divorced."

"Divorced?" Chad curiously asked. "Uncle Matt was gonna divorce you?"

"Yes, well…apparently your uncle Matt doesn't take kindly to being outperformed in bed, even if it is by a robot," Kathy explained. Amanda giggled. "Well, maybe next time try not fucking Louis when you know there's a chance that Matt may come early from work," she advised.

"Unfortunately, some of us wives learn our lesson the hard way," Nancy said, then looked at Ivy. "So, back to my question. Do you make these for sale?"

"Afraid not," Ivy answered. "This test apparatus is a one of a kind… meant to put the dolls through vigorous sexual stress-testing before they go out to the customer."

"Oh, so…has a HUMAN woman ever tried it out?"

"Nancy!" Amanda chided.

"What? I'm just asking."

"No. The routine it puts the dolls through would be quite difficult for a human woman to endure," Ivy said.

"How so?" Nancy asked.

"Well, you see…the harnesses pull the dolls body into various positions that would test the limits of a human woman's flexibility. Not to mention the speed at which the rubber phallus moves as it simulates intercourse. Most women might find that kind of extreme." Nancy looked at her sister with a big anxious smile. "We should try it!" she exclaimed, then looked back at Ivy. "Can we try it?" The

question seemed to catch the doll maker off guard, especially after how he had just explained the hazards. "Oh, I don't know if…"

"That would be extremely hot!" Chad chimed in.

"Nancy, we came here with a question and he answered it," her sister said. "Let's let the man get back to work."

"You're just scared of it," Nancy said.

"What?"

"You're scared that you wouldn't be able to handle it."

"We didn't come here to be put through some sexual stress test, Nancy," Amanda reminded her.

"Five-hundred dollars!" Nancy shouted, looking over at Ivy inquiringly.

"Five-hundred dollars?" he asked, his interest piqued.

"I'll pay you five-hundred dollars to let my sister and I take the stress test," she offered.

"Nancy, this was YOUR idea," Amanda reminded her. "Besides, a pregnant woman shouldn't be suspended up in the air, getting pulled every which way. It wouldn't be good for the baby."

"You're just making excuses," Nancy said. "Chad, tell your mom she needs to grow a pair and take the stress test." Amanda's son, of course, would love to see his mom being pulled every which way, while being pounded by a fuck-machine. He decided to use a bit of reverse psychology. "Maybe my mom's right," he said, looking at his aunt. "Robo-dolls are made to take on any position and be royally fucked. The test might be too strenuous on a real woman," he pointed out. Amanda fed her son a quirky smile. "I didn't say I

couldn't handle it. I just said it may not be the best idea," she clarified.

"It's OK, mom…really," Chad said, then glanced over at his doll. "Robo-mom was made to go through stress-tests like this. Real moms probably aren't." Amanda sighed. "Bad idea or not, I absolutely refuse to be outdone by a fucking doll," she thought, then looked over at Ivy. "So, does five-hundred sound fair?" she asked him, much to the glee of her son and sister.

Chad had never seen his aunt naked before. She had a killer body, just like his mom, but her tits weren't nearly as big. He had the pleasure of watching the two of them strip nude and step up onto the testing platform. "OK, which one of us is going first?" Amanda nervously asked her sister. Ivy looked over at them as he readied the harnesses. "Actually…I can test up to three dolls at once, so if you'd both like to go at the same time, that could be accommodated, " he suggested. Amanda looked up at the single robotic arm with the black rubber dong attachment. "But, there's only one dildo thingy," she pointed out.

"Actually no," Ivy said, pushing a light on his computer touch-screen, "there are others." Suddenly, five more robotic arms lowered from the overhead cluster of pipes and wires. They each had their own strange-looking sex toy attachments, which were already buzzing and vibrating.

"Oh my God!" Nancy exclaimed, gazing up at them wondrously. "Take me to heaven!" Ivy attached harnesses to the women's wrists and ankles, then maneuvered his wheelchair back to the control panel.

"Have a safe flight!" Chad joked, as he and Robo-mom stood there observing. His mom spit her tongue out at him playfully as her and Nancy were lifted by their wrists from the test platform.

"The test apparatus will lift the both of you into position before the program be begins," Ivy explained. The slack in the harnesses were pulled tight, making Amanda and Nancy's arms and legs spread apart, so their sexy naked bodies looked like big fleshy X's suspended in midair.

"Are you ladies ready?" Ivy asked. Amanda nodded nervously "Let's do this!" she answered. Suddenly, their silky legs were pulled back in huge wide spread-eagles. Nancy screamed in excitement, like a girl on a carnival ride. The group of robotic arms quickly lowered towards them like a flock of angry hawks moving in for the kill. Amanda felt a long rubbery phallus pierce her shaved twat and plunge inside her vaginal tract. It began to pump wildly through the tube of her cunt. The pregnant mother shrieked from the burning pleasure, throwing her head back, only to spot a second dildo rocket towards her, and plunge inside her gasping mouth. It nearly gagged her as it dug deep into her throat, then began pumping in a similar fashion to the one in her pussy.

"Whoa!" Chad blurted, watching his mom and aunt Nancy get vaginally and orally assaulted by the large robotic dildos. He saw the other robot arms maneuver clear cup-looking objects towards their tits. The cups emitted sharp hissing sounds that suddenly went silent as they secured themselves onto the women's huge jostling breasts with powerful suction.

"Mnnggfff! Nancy shrieked, feeling her rubbery nipples throb as they were pulled out from her surrounding areola by the powerful suction. "Guh, guh, guh, guh, guh!" Nancy's throat gurgled as the large fake cock plunged rapidly through it. Inside her pussy, the thick ten-inch dildo pounded through her. The shaft was covered in thick corrugations that slipped exquisitely along the ridges of her juice-slickened cuntal lining, making Nancy's entire naked body shudder in delight. Amanda gasped and coughed as the rubber phallus quickly backed out of her mouth, as did the one from her vagina. Like a rag doll, the mother was quickly flipped over, so she

faced the floor. Her arms and legs were still fully extended and spread apart, and she shrieked as the robotic arms quickly went back to work, jackhammering the dildos into her orifices.

"That is SO cool!" Chad exclaimed looking up and watching his beautiful mom get the royal work-over. Through the clear suctioned cups fastened to her fat tits, he could see her elongated nipples being pulled out from the wide rings of her areola. His Aunt Nancy's legs were suddenly jerked back, folding her in half, so her arms and legs pointed the same direction. The robotic sex machine continued to batter her mouth and cunt with steady thrusts, and she seemed to be enjoying every second of it. Over the next five minutes, Ivy, Chad and Robo-mom watched the two sisters get jerked around by the harnesses, which placed the duo in wild mid-air positions, while they were fucked relentlessly. Lucky for Amanda and Nancy, they were in tremendous shape from daily stretching routines, allowing their limber bodies to be twisted around without injury. Their lush naked frames trembled in delight, their urethras squirting cum on the hammering dildos, which then rained down onto the platform of the test-apparatus. Finally, the robotic arms moved away, leaving two limp, breathless mothers suspended by their wrists as they slowly moved back to the floor. Chad started clapping, and Ivy followed suit.

"Bravo!" Amanda’s son exclaimed, watching his mom's huge boobies shudder as her dainty feet hit the floor.

"Are you ladies ok?" Ivy asked.

"Peace of cake," Amanda said, with a flushed expression from having just cum so hard.

"Forget about the dolls," Nancy said breathlessly, gazing wondrously at Ivy. "If you start making these things…you'll be a gazillionaire."

"Glad you enjoyed it," the doll maker said, wheeling himself over and unfastened their harness straps.

"It’s Chad's turn now," his mom joked as she sashayed towards him.

"Um, that's ok," the boy giggled.

"Oh, come on, Chad. Are you chicken?" his aunt teased.

"I somehow doubt I'd enjoy it as much as you guys did." Amanda giggled and hugged him, pressing her enormous tit-melons against his chest. "That's ok, but don't think you’re off the hook, kiddo," she said, then brought her lips to his ear. "You’ll get YOUR ‘stress test’ later."

"Promise?" her son asked.

"What do you think?" his mom answered flirtingly. "I always keep my promises. Especially the ones that involve your dick." Ivy blushed a bit, overhearing her comment. "If you can bring the doll back in two weeks, I'll complete the procedure," he said. "Over the course of your pregnancy, we'll slowly inflate the pouch, so it matches your round belly exactly."

"Wonderful! Thank you so much," the mother replied gratefully. The mothers got dressed and they started to leave. Ivy marveled at how beautiful and flawless the doll he'd created for Chad was. Her and Amanda's rounded ass-cheeks even swayed exactly the same as he watched them walk away. "Model, two, six, nine, three, four?" the doll maker called out. Robo-mom stopped and looked back at him. Ivy fed her a proud smile. "It was good to see you," he said. Robo-mom gave him a pretty smile. "Goodbye, Ivy," she answered, then followed her owner out of the building. Amanda dropped her sister off at her apartment building, then typed her next desired location into the onboard computer. "Setting a course for Ivory Bay, for underwater free-float," the computer voice announced.

"We're going floating?" her son asked from the back seat, where he sat side-by-side with his doll.

"Yep. We have to perform that stress test on you that I promised," she replied, winking back at him. Amanda's vehicle raced across the city. After traveling for ten minutes, they zipped down into an underground tunnel. "Preparing underwater propulsion system," the onboard computer announced. Ahead of them in the tunnel was a black body of water and the vehicle slowed and crept into it, sinking down into the liquid blackness. Inside, they were shrouded in darkness, but only for a moment, as Amanda's vehicle emerged from the underwater tunnel into the brilliant aqua-blue water of Ivory Bay. The propulsion system kicked on, pushing them further out into the deep.

"We should try to find that spot my friend told me about…with all the cool brilliant-colored fish," Chad suggested. Amanda fed him a naughty smile. "Moms don't bring their sons out here to look at fish, honey," she said. Ivory Bay had become known as the 'go-to' dating spot for mothers and sons. Since the law on adult family-member incest was abolished, hundreds of vehicles a day would float through the bay's waters. Each one contained a horny mother like Amanda, who could spread her legs shamelessly and let her son pound his boner through her cunt. The bay allowed them to do so in a private relaxed environment, without fear of being caught by their husbands. It was the local 'lovers lane' for mothers and sons. Amanda's vehicle veered left to avoiding hitting another craft that was floating in the deep. The vehicle looked a lot like Amanda's and rocked gently from the passionate hump going on inside. Through the clear reinforced windows, Chad could see a mother's strong naked legs circling around her son as he fucked her vigorously.

"That guy's getting some," Chad giggled. His mom gazed at him with sultry eyes. "Ready to get YOU some?" she asked. Amanda clicked a button on the vehicle's touch-screen and the four seats, in front and back began lowering to form a big cushioned bed. The sexy slow beat of R&B instrumental music thumped softly around them, and the lights in the vehicle clicked off. The interior was blanketed in the magical glow of the distant sun shining down through the filter of

aqua-green sea water. Chad was now on his back, and Robo-mom moved up onto her knees beside him. Amanda shed her blouse and reached around to unclasp her beautifully-embroidered bra. "Shall we get naked and fuck this hunk silly?" she suggested to Robo-mom. The doll looked down into Chad's excited eyes questioningly. "Is that what you desire me to do, Chad?"

"Absolutely it is!" he replied. "Whatever she says." The teen watched with ogling eyes as the two mommy look-a-likes stripped completely naked. He quickly did the same. The smell of sweet perfume and aroused pussy wafted through the vehicle, igniting the boy's senses. The sight of four huge mommy-udders bobbling above him as they began stroking his chest gently made his cock flex in full hardness. He watched in fascination as his mom and Robo-mom leaned over and took turns sucking his cock. Amanda rolled her thick licker around his glans, while staring up into his eyes lustfully.

"Goddamn, that's sex, mom," he muttered. Robo-mom joined Amanda, and both their pink lickers traveled up and down the length of his boner at once. After about ten minutes of oral attention, Amanda glanced at Robo-mom. "Get underneath him," she ordered. Chad sat up and his doll rested on her ass directly behind him. Amanda adjusted the back seat, so it reclined, rather than laid flat. Robo-mom pulled him back against her cushy tits as his mom straddled him, sandwiching the teen between them.

"Mm, I want that big fucking dick," the mother cooed, reaching down between them, then cramming his steely cock inside her cunt-hole.

"Fuck!" the boy snarled, feeling his tender glans slice up through the heated tube of pleated pink pussy. Robo-mom turned Chad's head and began sensually making out with him, while reaching around and clawing his chest with her long nails. Amanda's huge fatty knockers mashed up against the side of Chad's face and jiggled delightfully as she began riding his cock.

"Oh, yeah!" the teen's lusty voice trembled as he turned his face forward again, rubbing it against the squishy bobbling flesh of his mom's warm tits. He humped his hips from the cushion, meeting her steady fuck-thrusts.

"That's it, baby! Fuck it right back at me!" Amanda gasped. "Show mommy what the fuck you're made of!" The mother's big rounded ass flew up and down, smacking rhythmically against her son's crotch as they engage in a heated fuck. Soaked with vaginal secretions, the boy's boner sliced up into her fleshy sheath, gliding from balls to knob on every pump of their hips.

"Oh, fuck that's good pussy, mom!" he breathed, feeling her squeeze his meaty prick with her skilled cuntal muscles.

"Mm, yes, it is! Your own hot pregnant pussy, baby!" she mewled. The boy boldly smacked her ass with his open hand, making her butt-meat ripple.

"Mm, yes…again!" Amanda shouted, then felt another sharp strike to her bouncing buttocks. The mother shrieked, then mashed their crotches together and grinded in a juicy up and back motion. Chad's face sunk down into the creamy canyon of her cleavage as she pressed her upper-half against him. "Yess!" the boy hissed; his voice muffled by the pounds of tit-meat that was smothering his face. He whimpered in delight as he felt his bell tip being stirred against the back of his mom's vagina, back where his semen had seeped through the barrier of her cervix and pierced her egg to make a baby. Robo-mom's lovely legs wrapped up around Amanda's back, so the three of them were now a big twisted ball of writhing naked flesh.

"Does that feel good, baby?" his Robo-doll asked. "Do you like what your mother's pussy is doing to you cock?"

"Mm-Hmmfff!" the boy snarled in response; his lips plastered against the soft dough-like meat of his mom inner breast.

"Mm, I bet he does," Amanda said as she began throwing her juicy cunt up and down his erection again. "Mommy-pussy is the very best, isn't it, baby?" Chad's mom suddenly sat upright, her hips springing up and down as she beat her clutching vaginal sleeve along the length of her son's prick. The boy looked up in euphoric wonder, watching her huge ballooning tits leap up and down her chest to the rhythm of her frantic fuck. His eyes traveled down her sexy tapered torso, admiring how it flared out into wide motherly hips that worked like a machine, propelling her hot pussy up and down his muscled cock.

"Ahh, yes!" he sighed, watching the thick fleshy dome of her engorged prepuce jiggle each time it struck his pubic base. His dick looked so big, thick and powerful hammering up through the splayed slit of her labial tissue. Inside her pumping vagina, his young boner was even more awe-inspiring. It looked like a tubular-shaped granite slab, capped by a fat purple gourd. Chad's dick flexed excitedly from all wonderful cuntal and muscular tissue squeezing around it. Their coital union made a lewd sucking sound from all the genital juices lubricating the cuntal and penile flesh. Things were about to get even juicer down there, as Amanda's cunt contracted and her lush mommy-body trembled on top of her boy in a powerful climax.

"AHHH!!" the boy's own voice groaned, feeling the heat of his mom's gushing orgasm soak his cock and run down along his nuts. For several minutes, his mom rode him like a bitch in heat, trembling from powerful contractions. Amanda climbed off her boy. Still beneath him, Robo-mom whispered at Chad's ear. "Turn over, baby!" His quickly did so and found himself between the warm smooth thighs of his doll. He marveled at how it seemed like he was staring down into the same sparkling eyes as the woman who was on top of him a second ago. "Fuck my pussy, Chad!" Robo-mom said in a lusty tone. The mushroom-shaped crown of his prick slipped into her pussy and Chad groaned as he felt the muscles beneath her textured lining bulge out, sucking his cock in a hot juicy grip. The boy's ass

started bucking, hammering his hardon deeper and deeper into her fuck-hole.

"Yes! Give it to me! Give me all your fucking prick!" Robo-mom shouted, bouncing her lovely rounded ass from the cushion, meeting his pumps with upward thrusts of her own. Now they were fucking in rhythmic unison, writhing and clawing at each other like a sex-crazed couple. Robo-mom's fat stiff-nippled tits sloshed around between them and Chad latched onto one of her teats and sucked like a starving dog. He felt her silky legs wrap up around his midsection, using it as leverage so she could screw her cunt up onto the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

"Suck it! Suck my tits! Make me cum hard!" his doll gasped encouragingly. Chad rolled his tongue all over the fat rubbery nub, gorging himself on more of her areola. He knew with his doll he could be as rough as he wanted, so he savagely bit into her distended papilla, chewing lustfully on it's thick pliable surface while he fucked the hell out of her. After about five minutes of fucking his doll, he felt his mom's bare foot slide softly up his back. He stopped pumping and looked back to see her sprawled on her back behind them, gazing at him with desire. She raised her knees back, bowing her legs open as wide as they could go in invitation, making her vulva bulge out like a fleshy pink rose in full bloom. She peeked down at him over her huge rounded melons, then rolled her tongue teasingly across her top lip, while giving him the ‘come-hither' motion with her finger.

"Fuck!" the boy reacted. He simply couldn't get over there fast enough. Amanda's eyes lit up with a tremendous thrill as her boy took position between her wide-open legs. With his tongue hanging out, Chad fed his blood-engorged erection into her birthing tube and sunk down against her heavenly softness.

"Pound me, motherfucker!" his mom urged in the sultriest tone he'd ever heard. The boy gorged his mother's fuck tunnel with his long

meaty prick, plunging it all in with one womb-crushing thrust. He winced in pleasure feeling his knob press exquisitely against the head of her cervix. Amanda bucked her ass hornily beneath him, getting them into a tit-jarring rhythm. "Fuck me!" she hissed. "Fuck me hard!!" The teen pounded his mom as hard as he could, making her giant boobies roll up and down her chest. She pulled him down the rest of the way on top of her in a fit of passion, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss. The teen felt her lovely smooth legs circle him, high on his back. He bucked tirelessly between her warm cradling thighs, beating his prick through the toe-curling grip of her squeezing vagina.

"Ohh, God, mom!" the teen gasped, feeling the amazing sensations of cuntal friction around his prick. For several minutes they fucked like crazy, their tongues wrestling frenziedly inside Chad's mouth, before Amanda started cumming intensely. The climaxing mother screaming out in pleasure and writhed wildly beneath her boy.

"Ahhh, shit!" Chad groaned, barely able to keep from cumming himself as he wrestled around sexually with his orgasm-stricken mom. Amanda grunted, grasping her son's ass with the long nails of both hands, twisting her trembling legs around him as she mashed her vulvar lips against his cock-base, pulling as much of his stiff meat into her as she could, and gushing all over it.

"Unngghh!" she grunted, quaking beneath him and making her mommy-melons ripple against her boy’s lean chest. Despite the divine cum-drenched friction around his swollen peter, Chad continued to spear his unyielding boner to the back of her cunt. The onboard computer suddenly alerted them to a call. "Call from…Jake."

"Shit, it's your father!" Amanda said breathlessly. Chad looked back at his doll. "Robo-mom, can you answer it? Be my mom, ok? We're at home…and you’re listening to me fuck my doll," Chad commanded.

"Understood," his sex-doll responded, then answered the call. "Hi, honey," she said, just like Amanda would.

"Hey babe, how are things going?" Jake asked.

"Great. How are you doing?" Chad smiled and began fucking his mom in earnest again, making his big balls beat lewdly against Amanda's ass.

"What's that noise?" Jake asked curiously. Robo-mom glanced back at the humping couple. "Chad and his doll. They're having sex again." Amanda suddenly gasped out, so loud her husband could clearly hear her. "Having sex where…in the living room again?" he asked.

"No, in his bedroom, but the door's open," the doll answered.

"Well tell them to close it. If I can hear them going at it this clearly over the phone, I can only imagine what you're hearing." Robo-mom looked back at them and smiled. Amanda had her legs thrown way back now, resting her heels against the roof of the vehicle as her son laid into her pussy with savage thrusts, his young ass bobbing up and down. "It's fine, Jake. I don't wanna bother them. I can just speak to him about it after they're done," Robo-mom replied.

"Ohh yes, fuck meee!" Jake's wife's voice cried out. The fact that her husband was listening only added to the thrill. Once again, Jake was astonishing at how much the doll's voice actually sounded like Amanda's. Little did he know…it was.

"Well, at least he's not out getting some girl pregnant," Jake said. He had no idea that his wife and son already had that box checked off too.

"Yes…he's REALLY going at her today," the doll responded, watching Chad's cum-glistening cock thunder through his mom's cunt-hole. "She's been cumming really hard the last five minutes."

"Well, you should at least go to the bedroom, or workout with your headphones on for awhile, so you don't have to listen to that," Jake suggested.

"Oh, Chad, you're dick is so fucking huge! Fuck meee!" his wife screamed. "Fuck my pussy hard!" Chad fucked his mom as hard as he could, plunging his prick in and out frantically. His knob suddenly tingled delightfully. "Gonna cum!!" he grunted. The boy let out a series of groans, while pumping hot ropes inside his father's wife. Amanda rocked her lovely ass from the cushion, while cradling him between her clutching mommy-legs, helping to milk out all his gooey ball-juice.

"Sounds like they're finishing up now, honey, so I'll go speak to him." Robo-mom said to Jake. "I'll see you when you get home." The doll hung up and a big smile crossed her face as she watched Chad and his mom slowly hump their pissers together, drawing out every bit of orgasmic pleasure they could.

A cluster of vehicles hovered near each other, deep beneath the waters of Ivory Bay. Each of them rocked subtly from the wild fucking going on inside. Like the calls of whales deep in the ocean, the beautiful cries of orgasm-stricken mommies reverberated through the water. Down here they could be as loud and as wild as they wanted to be. In Amanda's vehicle, Chad was fucking his mom from behind. Robo-doll was kneeling next to Amanda, with her ass pointed out, waiting her turn.

"This day just…fucking rocks!" the teen blurted, prodding away at his mom's juicy vaginal pit. Amanda peeked back at him and smiled as she thrust her lovely perspiration-sheened rump back, meeting his fuck-thrusts. "And just think…we're only getting started," she lustfully replied.

"Really?" Chad gasped. They'd been going at it for over two hours, so he was surprised to hear her say that.

"Of course," the mom giggled, her heavy tits swinging wildly as they dangled from her chest. "This is YOUR stress test, remember. We're gonna fuck you and suck you until you can't take anymore, right Robo-mom?" Amanda asked the doll. Robo-mom smiled and gazed into Chad's eyes. "Correct, Amanda," she answered.

"Better step it up then," the boy teased as he doggy fucked his mom, "I can take a lot more." Amanda doubled her efforts, beating her round naked ass back against her boy with greater force, making her fleshy cheeks ripple with every strike. Her powerful cunt muscles flexed, smothering the ribs along her pink vaginal lining around his tender prick. "A lot more, huh?" she asked. "We'll see about that."

Chapter 9: The old switcheroo

"How do our bellies look? The same?" Amanda asked her sister. The mother stood side by side next to her look-a-like Robo-doll. Both of them were completely naked and with enormous pregnant bellies. Amanda's was a legitimate pregnancy, now nine-months along. Beneath Robo-mom's skin was just an inflatable insert that could be pumped up to resemble a pregnant belly, in order to fool Amanda's husband.

"Pretty darn close," Nancy replied, checking them out at different angles. "There's only one problem though, sis."

"I know," the mother frowned. "My tits are way bigger than hers now."

"Yep," Nancy agreed, looking at her sister's huge tumescent breasts. Milk production, as she neared her expected due date, had caused Amanda's boobs to grow ridiculously enormous. Her nipples and areola were puffier and had gone from pink to almost purple in color, from increased blood flow. "Maybe Jake won't notice though. It's not like he pays your tits much attention anyway nowadays," Amanda's sister noted.

"Chad sure does," Amanda giggled, making her giant milk-swollen breasts jiggle. "He can't keep his hands…and mouth off them."

"What young man doesn't like a mom with big tits? Just be sure not to suffocate my cute nephew with those milk-filled monsters," Nancy teased. "Hey, speaking of Chad, is he even fucking his doll anymore or is he completely hooked on his real mom now?" Amanda looked over at the doll inquiringly. Rob-mom smiled back at her. "Chad and I have sex on average of twelve times a week."

"Wow!" Nancy exclaimed, looking back at her sister. "I certainly hope that's not more than what you're getting?"

"Well, no…Chad and I fuck probably three to four times a day…more when Jake's away on business, so you do the math." Nancy fed Robo-mom an amused look. "Sorry, honey…she has you beat."

"Where is Chad anyway?" Amanda asked, looking at the clock. "He should have been home by now."

"Maybe he had a busy day at work. I still can't believe that you let Jake threaten to kick him out if he didn't get a job."

"Yeah, well…I still have to play the supportive wife role you know, although if it came down to it, there's no way in hell I'd let him kick Chad out," Amanda stated.

"At least it's only a part time job." They heard someone come in the front door, so Amanda peeked into the foyer to investigate. "Hey, baby…I was starting to get…" the mother froze in surprise as her husband looked over at her. "Jake?" Jake's eyes roamed his wife's voluptuous body curiously. "You were starting to get what? And why are you naked?" he chuckled. Behind her back, Amanda secretly shewed Nancy and Robo-mom away. Her sister quickly pulled the doll by the arm into Chad's bedroom.

"I was um…starting to get… ready for you to come home, and didn't finish getting ready…obviously," she blushed, glancing down at her nude pregnant body.

"I certainly hope you're not walking around the house like that with Chad here?"

"No, of course not. He's still at work." The door suddenly opened behind her husband and Chad walked in. "Hey, guys!" the boy said. It didn't occur to him that his mom was standing nude in front of both him AND his father. Obviously, it didn't phase Amanda either as

she gave her son a quick greeting. "Hey, honey!" Jake turned and gave his wife a shocked glare. "Amanda?!" he questioned, drawing attention to her nudity.

"Oh, sorry!" she answered, making a half-assed attempt to cover her huge breasts, then rushing towards the bedroom.

"It's not like I haven't seen them before dad…in a way," said Chad. "I do have a doll that's identical to mom, remember?"

"Yes…which, even after all this time, I do find quite strange. The point is though, the boobs on your doll may look like your mom's boobs, but they're NOT your mom's boobs. Do you get what I'm saying?" Jake asked.

"Yeah, I get it," the boy muttered. If his father only knew how often he'd not only seen his mom in the nude, but fucked her brains out, he'd probably pass out in disbelief.

"Anyway, how's the new job going?" Jake asked his son.

"Not bad. I already got a raise and I've only been there for three months."

"Well, you must be doing something right. Just remember, I work for the same company, so if you screw things up, it reflects badly on both of us."

"Don't worry, dad…I'll be the model employee." Amanda returned in a snug body suite. Jake gave her a questioning look. "You're not wearing that to the party, are you?"

"Party?" his wife asked, seeming clearly stumped.

"Yeah, the company party. That's why I'm home so early. Did you forget it was tonight?"

"Oh, shoot!" his wife exclaimed, glancing at her son. "I did forget about that." She could see the disappointment in her son's face. She had spoken to him during his work break, telling him all about a new sexual position she had heard about on a woman's forum. It was apparently one that worked especially well for moms who were pregnant. They had planned on giving it a try before Jake got home, but that plan quickly flew out the window.

"Well, sounds like it's just me and Robo-doll tonight," Chad stated, in a way that implied that his mom should make the switch, so that the doll was the one going with his dad, while his mom stayed home with him for some hot fucking.

"You're not going?" his father asked. "Chad, you work for the company. You need to go."

"Oh, I didn't realize it was a requirement."

"Well, it's not a requirement, but it at least shows some appreciation to the higher-ups, who spend the money for parties like this," his dad preached.

"Do you really think they'd notice if I didn't show up?"

"You were the one who said you wanted to be a 'model employee.' Model employees attend all the company functions."

"Yeah, I get it. I guess I'll go get dressed," he reluctantly muttered.

"Maybe he could bring the doll," Amanda blurted, only realizing after she said it how ridiculous the idea sounded. Jake laughed. "The doll that looks exactly like his mom. Wouldn't that be the talk of the party."

"We could tell everyone she was my twin sister…visiting from out of town. We felt bad leaving her at home, so we brought her along." Jake looked at her like she was crazy. "You're serious?" he asked.

"Yes…why not. It would give Chad some company, so he doesn't feel so out of place."

"Chad works for the company. I'm sure there will be coworkers there he knows," Jake reminded her.

"Actually, none of my coworkers are going. That's kind of why I decided not to go either." His dad sighed and rolled his eyes. "Fine, bring the doll, but no funny business. Even if she is your mom's 'twin-sister,' if people see you making out with her, they'll start talking," he warned.

"Not necessarily," Amanda stated. "It might have been scandalous behavior fifty years ago, but boys and their aunts are intimate in public all the time, Jake."

"Yeah, well…a lot of the people I work with are old fashioned," Jake stated, then looked at his son. "You can bring the doll, but just try to behave yourselves…that's all I'm asking."

"Got it!" he muttered, sharing a sly meaningful smile with his mom before heading to his room.

"Oh…hey!" Chad murmured, when he opened his door and discovered Nancy and Robo-doll standing there. His aunt put a finger to her mouth, hushing him and waved him inside. Chad closed the door.

"Sorry…your father wasn't supposed to come home early. I had to rush your doll in here before he spotted her big belly," Nancy explained.

"I thought the doll maker made it so we could inflate and deflate ourselves?"

"He did…we just didn't have time to…deflate her balloon or whatever it is," answered Nancy, glancing at Robo-mom's huge round

midsection. "If your dad sees the two of them together like this the jig is up."

"True," Chad said, then looked at his doll. "Sounds like we're going to the company party tonight, so you'll need to put something sexy on."

"Am I going with your dad, as your mother?" Robo-mom asked.

"No, all of us are going. You'll be mom's twin sister from out of town." Nancy giggled. "That should be interesting. Just how exactly do you two plan on keeping your hands off each other."

"Well, mom did point out to dad that boys flirt and get intimate with their aunts all the time in public. It's not that uncommon anymore."

"Hmm…" Nancy hummed, giving her nephew a sultry look. She let her big tits drag across his arm as she started towards the door. "I'll have to remember that one." Before she could leave his room, Amanda peeked in the doorway and quicky threw a dress over to her son. "Have your doll wear this!" she stated in a hushed tone.

"What is it?"

"It's a dress that'll fit her loosely. Trust me, there's a method to my madness," Amanda said, then looked at her amused sister. "Sorry I had to cut our visit short, sis. I'll call you later."

"Oh, I can't wait to hear all the juicy details," Nancy giggled.

An hour later, Jake and his wife walked into the company cafeteria, where the party was being held. They were followed by Chad and Robo-mom. The large room was elegantly decorated, with beautiful accent lights floating like helium-filled balloons above a large crowd

of socializing attendees. A little jazz quartet played in the corner, creating some melodic background noise.

"Honey, I'm gonna use the little girl's room before we start rubbing elbows with your coworkers," Amanda informed him.

"Sounds good. I'll grab us a drink." Amanda looked at Robo-mom. "Your makeups a little off. Come with me and I'll help you fix it?" The doll followed Amanda towards the lady's room. The mother wore a snug black halter dress that showed off every amazing curve, including her gigantically round belly. Her dainty feet were displayed in four-inch stiletto mules that showed off her freshly painted toes. The dress Robo-mom was wearing was putty-colored; also elegant, but more baggy fitting, with large ruffles that ran down the length of the gown. Both women's delicate heels clicked against the hard floor as they walked. Jake and Chad watched the women's thick bubble butts sway in the exact same manner as they sashayed towards the lady's room.

"I can hardly tell those two apart sometimes," Jake noted.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," his son agreed.

"Yes, well you better not accidently grope the wrong one. I'm pretty sure your mom would slap you," Jake warned.

"I'm sure you're right," Chad laughed. Inwardly he knew his father was dead wrong.

"Shall we get some drinks," Jake suggested. In the lady's room, Amanda quickly pulled Robo-mom into the stall. "Get undressed and blow your belly up. We're switching outfits," she said in a hushed tone. Five minutes later, the women were joining Jake and Chad again. Amanda's husband was busy chatting with his boss and her wife. He turned to who he thought was Amanda. "Honey, you remember my boss, Steven and his wife, Tracy," Jake asked.

"Of course I do. Good to see you," Robo-mom said convincingly, extending her hand for a shake.

"Looks like you have a new addition on the way," Tracy observed, looking down at Robo-mom's huge, inflated belly.

"Yes, very soon," the doll answered, rubbing her tummy, then looked at Jake with a smile. "We're both thrilled to be having another child, aren't we, honey?"

"We most certainly are. It didn't look promising for a while, but I finally delivered the goods," Jake bragged, making his boss and her wife laugh. Amanda and her son peeked over at each other and rolled their eyes. They both knew who had really pumped a baby into the mother's womb.

"Are my eyes deceiving me? Am I seeing double?" Jake's boss asked, gazing over at Amanda. She now wore the baggy ruffled dress, obscuring her own round belly.

"Hi, I'm um…Claire, Amanda's sister from out of town," Amanda lied, extending her hand for a shake.

"Twins! How wonderful!" Tracy exclaimed. "And you two even do your hair the same. My sister has identical twins, though I must say the two of you look flawlessly the same." Amanda and Robo-mom giggled. "We get that a lot," Amanda replied. Jake's boss looked at him and smiled. "Seems to me this has the makings for a good erotic story," he smiled, then nudged Jake jokingly. "You know…the old switcheroo scenario." Everyone burst out laughing. Amanda candidly grazed her nails across her son's hand, letting him know that the 'old switcheroo' had taken place. "That would just be ridiculous," Amanda stated.

"Please excuse his dirty mind," Tracy told them, shaking her head. "If he wasn't owner of the company, I'm sure his filthy mouth would have gotten him fired by now."

"It's quite alright," Amanda assured her.

"Jake," Steven said, peering over at the boy, "I understand you're really killing it down in the advertising department."

"Doing my best, sir," Jake replied, exchanging a proud smile with his dad.

"Well, that's the sort of attitude we like around here. Keep it up and you may be your old man's boss one day."

"Lucky me," Jake joked, making everyone laugh.

"I think my nephew and I will go find some food and let you all chat. It was a pleasure meeting you," Amanda said as she took her son's hand and led him away.

"Damn, mom. I heard they used to have these things called 'Academy Awards' for acting. You definitely would have gotten one for that performance," Chad praised.

"Thanks, honey. Hopefully this dress keeps my baby bump covered or we'll both be in trouble."

"Baby bump? More like your baby mountain, mom," the boy commented, referring to how massive her tummy had grown. They went over and sat at the fancy bar. They both got club sodas, since Amanda was pregnant and Chad was still too young to drink. "It seems like some rolls have changed around the house over the past nine months," Amanda stated.

"How so?"

"Well, I've taken on the role of fuck-doll, and Robo-mom has replaced me as the good faithful wife." They looked over at Robo-mom as she conversed with the boss's wife, just like any human woman would. "One thing hasn't changed though," Amanda stated.

"What's that?" She rubbed her hand down his thigh. "I'm still mom," she smiled, bringing her hand dangerously close to his dick.

"True." Amanda splayed open her legs, giving her son a quick flash of her camel-toed panty-crotch.

"A very naughty, hyper-sexual mom, who's pregnant with her son's baby, but still 'mom' nonetheless," she giggled.

"I prefer this version of you," Chad confessed.

"Why…because I've become your human cum receptacle?" Chad laughed. "Yeah, that, and you seem happier. You know, more young-acting and fun to be around."

"Well…I can't help it. You bring that out in me," Amanda said, gazing into her boy's eyes. Her son looked over at some couples dancing to the little jazz band that was playing in the corner. "So, Aunt Claire… would you like to dance?" he asked.

"You read my mind," answered Amanda, getting up off the bench. The mother led her boy over to the dance floor and they intimately embraced, rocking to the soft beat. Even after fucking each other silly for this long, they still got googly eyed as they stared at each other longingly. "Sorry we didn't get a chance to try that new position this afternoon," Amanda whispered.

"I'm sure we'll be trying it soon enough," her son smiled.

"It's gonna be amazing. It's called the amazon position. YOU lay on your back, with your knees to your chest. I'll squat on top of you, resting on the back of your legs and just basically lift up and down on your cock," the mother explained anxiously. "I'll get my workout and amazing sex at the same time."

"Without a single complaint from me," Chad admitted.

"You don’t dare complain," his mom teased, then brought her lips to his ear, mashing her milk-swollen tits against him. "I make you cum too fucking hard for that."

"That’s no lie," her boy sighed.

"Mmm, my baby knows where to find that good pussy, doesn’t he?" she cooed.

"Uh-huh."

"He knows there’s no pussy like mom’s pussy," she sensually whispered.

"If you keep talking like that, mom, and we’ll both wish I wore baggy clothes to hide MY bulge also." Amanda laughed. "Oh, what’s the matter, baby boy. Is mommy making your dick all big and swollen?" she mewled.

"Yes, just like you always do."

"Yep, and I always give you a nice hot shaved pussy to beat your dick into, don't I?"

"Yes, and that sounds so damn good right now," her son sighed. Amanda squeezed onto him tighter, mashing her soft tits and squishy baby-meat into him. "Yeah? Mommy and her boy…wrestling in a hot nasty fuck?" she cooed.

"Yes."

"Making her milky titties slosh all over you?"

"God, mom!" Chad gasped, feeling his cock flex in full hardness.

"What, baby? Is mommy turning you on? Is she making your boner throb? Is she making cute little pre-cummies ooze out the tip?" Amanda whispered to him in a sultry tone.

"Yes," he hissed. "That's exactly what you're doing."

"OH, does she need to take you somewhere and milk that swollen fuck-muscle? Does you need some hot pregnant pussy, baby?" asked his mom.

"You know I do…but where, that's the question?"

"How about your father's office…on his desk. Doesn't that sound naughty?" she giggled.

"How do you plan on getting in there? My key card doesn't even access that part of the building."

"Well, I am your Robo-doll, right? And since I've never been here before…maybe your father would be OK with you giving me a tour of the office complex."

"That might work," Chad smiled. Chad and his mom wandered over to sell his father on the idea. After some resistance, Jake finally caved and loaned his keycard to his son. "No funny business, got it? Go up there, show her the office, then leave."

"Got it!" Chad assured him. Chad and Amanda entered the office complex and took the elevator up to the one-hundred-and-twelfth floor. The company they were employed by had the tallest building in the city. Made of nearly all reinforced glass, it offered breathtaking views of the skyline.

"God, this feels naughty…and I love it!" Amanda gushed, her nipples throbbing as they rushed to her husband's office. With the swipe of his dad's key-badge, the office door clicked open. "Let's not waist any time," his mom blurted anxiously, reaching under her ruffled dress and peeling her dainty panties off. Before Chad could even get his dick out, Amanda threw her arms over his shoulder and sprung from the floor, wrapping her smooth legs around him. She fused her

lips to his, engaging in a passionate kiss, while tearing open his dress shirt.

"Get it in me!" she whimpered between smooches. "I need it in me!" Chad gasped as he felt the heat of her wet pussy sink around his cock. Within seconds he was buried to his nut-sack, feeling her swollen cervical head kiss the tip of his knob. Their tongues dueled inside his mouth, as Amanda screwed her cunt up and down the length of his boner a few times. "Fuck me on his desk!" she gasped. With his mom clinging onto him, Chad lowered them against the top of his father's glass workspace, sending a few items crashing to floor. He brought his full weight against her, crushing her milk-engorged tits and enormous belly between them. Between this, and the fact that his mom was laying against a hard glass desk had him worried. "Is this alright?" he asked.

"I'm not a porcelain doll, baby," she giggled, rocking her hips up and down. "Come on, fuck the shit out of me!" Chad reached down and grasped the outside of her thick thighs, then began fucking with savage thrusts.

"Yes!! That's the way mommy likes it!" Amanda gasped, tossing her gorgeous naked legs as high up around his back as she could, interlocking her sexy high-heeled feet behind him. The boy sighed in ecstasy, feeling his tender hardon plunge though his mom's fuck-tube. As his beautiful mother progressed into the later stages of her pregnancy, the changes in her body were wonderfully obvious. The increased levels of estrogen and progesterone had boosted blood flow to her genitals to support the baby. This made her labia temporarily darken and swell, causing the outer lips to retract, making her inner lips look much bigger and her clitoris huge and swollen. Inside her vagina, the changes were just as extreme. Vascular engorgement had caused her textured walls to puff out, creating rows of spongy purple corrugations. Along with an increase in vaginal secretion, her cervix had begun to soften and dilate, and her mucus was no longer able to be held inside the cervical canal.

This resulted in a glorious frothy lubrication that coated Chad's muscular dick as it thundered through the snug grip of her cunt.

"Oh, God, you fuck me so good, baby!" Amanda gasped as she broke their kiss. She looked over and saw their family picture on the wall. It was taken during a family vacation at the beach. They seemed so happy, and Chad was so much younger…maybe eleven or twelve years old. "I wonder if he wanted to fuck mommy's pussy even back then?" she wickedly asked herself.

"Pound me harder, baby!" she cried out. Their bodies bucked and writhed. The thick strong flesh of Amanda's legs flexed as she kept them clutched around her son's cunt-humping body. Chad snarled in lust, really working against her crotch, digging his steely-hard prick in as deep as he could get it. He ran his hands up under her bunched-up dress, sliding them across the distended contours of her baby-filled belly. He pried his paws beneath her big bra and clutched onto the spongy meat of her tits. "God, you feel incredible, mom!"

"So do you, baby!" the mother mewled, flexing her powerful pelvic floor muscles around his burrowing cock. They continued fucking, making their crotches smack wetly together, splattering fuck-oil all over Jake's desk. Amanda's vestibular bulbs swelled with arousal, engorging her vulva even more and activating her orgasmic pleasure system. Her clitoral root hugged her anterior vaginal wall, and the feel of Chad's dick slipping against it caused her entire genital region to warm and tingle. "Oh, God, honey, I'm gonna cum!" she announced. The mother's cunt shrunk around her teen's fat prick as her pudendal nerve fed intense pleasure-sensations into her sacrum and right up into her brain. She arched her pretty head back and let out a screeching orgasmic howl that echoed though the entire floor of the building.

"Ahhh!" Chad moaned, feeling his mom's tightly squeezing cunt contract around his cock, making it flex with even more blood. He loved feeling his mom's curvy pregnant body writhe beneath him.

The fact that he was fucking her on top of his dad’s desk was an incredible thrill. Suddenly, the door swung open.

"Chad, what the fuck?!" his father’s voice shouted, startling them. Apparently, they lost track of time and had been fucking for nearly an hour, so he came to check up on them. Freezing in full penetration, with Amanda’s legs still locked around him, they stared over at Jake. "Oh, shit…um, sorry, dad!" Chad said breathlessly.

"Yeah, right…like I believe that," Jake scowled, trying not to stare at the lewd position they were in. "I told you specifically no funny business in here. If one of my coworkers saw what your two were doing, I could lose my job."

"That’s an exaggeration," Amanda thought. "It’s a company party. There are probably a dozen couples fucking in this building somewhere right now."

"With the skyline and everything, we thought it would be a cool place to have sex, but sorry, it won’t happen again," Chad assured him. Jake looked at who he thought was Rob-mom for a moment, and Amanda smiled back at him shamelessly. In his mind, even though he thought she was only a robot, it wasn’t easy to look at a replica of his wife, spread like whore beneath his son. "Would you two just please put your clothes back on and come back downstairs," he demanded, then left. As soon as he was out of earshot, Amanda and Chad looked at each other and burst out laughing. "Oh my God…I can’t believe he just caught us, and had no idea I was his wife and not your doll," she said giddily.

"You think he’ll still smell the sex while he’s working in here tomorrow?" Chad joked.

"I hope so," his mom giggled. "Oh, fuck I came so hard, but you haven’t cum yet, baby."

"Maybe we could make a quick stop by MY workstation, and you could get me off," he suggested.

"Oh, I like that idea. That way while you're at your job, you can picture the way you fucked mommy's pussy hard, right there in your cubicle." They hurried down the elevator to sub-level two, where a maze of cubicles filled an enormous space.

"Dad's gonna be pissed when we don't show up back at the party soon."

"Well, technically, he didn't ask you to come back to the party. He asked you to come back downstairs…and here we are…back downstairs," Amanda giggled. As Chad rushed his mom towards his cubicle, they could hear another couple fucking somewhere in the room. "Sounds like we're not the only ones enjoying this party," Amanda joked.

"Here it is," Chad whispered, leading his mom into his tiny workspace.

"So, this is where my baby slaves away, while his mom sits at home craving his big cock," said Amanda.

"Check this out," blurted Chad, pulling an animated picture out of his drawer. It was one of Amanda topless, squeezing her tits together and making them balloon obscenely, while gazing lustfully at the camera. She puckered her luscious lips, blowing him a kiss.

"I remember taking that video," she beamed. "That was the first day you started working here. I was so fucking horny for you that day."

"Just that day?"

"No," she whined, playfully pushing him, "every day. But I was so used to you being home, pounding my pussy all the time…it made your first day at work especially hard."

"Tell me about it." His mom placed her hands on his shoulders and gazed into his eyes. "Wanna amazon-fuck me?" she smiled.

"You mean the position you were telling me about earlier?"

"Uh-huh."

"Let's do it," the boy agreed, quickly stripping his pants off. Amanda shed her dress, then hastily unfastened her bra, releasing her milk-engorged udders. "Lay down on the mat and pull your knees back against your chest," she instructed. Chad quickly complied, then watched his mom squat down over his legs and lift his boner into position. The boy licked his lips when he saw the fat juicy clit protruding from beneath it's fleshy hood. His knob split her twat and he watched it sink inside her hot gripping vaginal tube.

"God, yes…I love being split open by you," his mom mewled, then began bouncing on his cock by squatting up and down.

"What a cool position!" the boy sighed, feeling his tender glans slip along her thickly pleated walls.

"It gives you a pretty juicy view too, doesn't it, baby?"

"Does it ever!" Chad gasped, looking up at his mom's huge round baby ball as it bobbed up and down. On top of that, Amanda's colossal tit-melons jostled heavily. Her papilla had thickened and become pinkish purple in color as her pregnancy neared an end. The way her fatty tit-flesh rippled from the rhythm of her tireless fuck-plunges providing an absolute feast for her boy's ogling eyes. She pumped on top of him for nearly ten cock-tingling minutes.

"As much as I'd like to squeeze my pussy on you like this all night, we better hurry before your father comes looking for us again," Amanda pointed out. "I want you to focus on cumming, okay, sweetheart?"

"Alright," he panted.

"Think about how awesome it's gonna be when mommy crawls into bed with you naked tonight," Amanda cooed. "I'm gonna smother your face with my huge fucking tits and let you suck, while I play with your cock and balls."

"Oh, yes!" the teen hissed. There was one thing he was sure about. His mom knew how to get him off quick and hard with the dirty talk.

"Then I'm gonna get on my tummy, let you lay on top of me and work out another hot load in mommy's asshole," she said in a sultry tone.

"Damn, mom!" Chad gasped, feeling his knob tingle inside his mom's juicy cuntal grip.

"Mm, does that sound good, baby?" she asked softly. "You just love the way my tight rectum squeezes and sucks on your glans, don't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"You and I are the only ones that knows about the magical things that happen way up inside mommy's cock-stuffed ass, right baby?"

"Oh, shit, mom…you're gonna make me cum!" the teen gasped, feeling his prostate well.

"Wash my womb, baby!" Amanda shouted. "Pump me full of your cum!" Chad did just that, feeling the muscles in the root of his erection contract, making him grunt as he hosed out big thick blasts of hot spunk. Amanda flexed her coital muscles around the cum-spurting meat of her boy's penis. The teen shuddered and grunted for several wonderful minutes as his mom milked him off with her skilled vagina.

"About time you two got back here," Jake complained, as Chad and Amanda returned to the party.

"They're just about to serve dinner."

"I wanted to show mom my work area," his son said. Amanda looked up at him and smiled. "You mean your doll, right Chad?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"You said you wanted to show YOUR MOM your work area, but you meant your doll," Amanda corrected with a meaningful glare.

"Oh, yeah, sorry…I meant my doll. I guess I'm kind of getting tired," he blushed. After dinner, they left the party and headed home.

"Kiss me," Amanda whispered to her son as they sat alone together in the back seat. They began making out, like a young couple on a hot date. In the front, Jake didn't have to pay attention to the road, since the car was on auto-drive. This meant he was quick to notice his son passionately smooching with who he thought was his doll in the back. He glanced over at Robo-mom. "I don't think he can keep his hands off his doll for more to two seconds," the father observed. Robo-mom looked back at them. "I think you're right," she smiled. Things quickly heated up between the backseat duo. Amanda crawled on top of her son, literally dry-humping her pussy against him, while their tongues lashed together inside Chad's mouth. It gave Jake a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach just glancing back at them. He felt like he was watching his wife all over another man. Little did he know, he was. "Can you two please just…hold off on the heavy stuff until we get home," he pleaded back at them.

"We can try, dad," his son answered, while feeling his neck licked by his horny mother. Jake looked over at Robo-mom. "Looks like we're

getting our money's worth out of that doll," he stated, "but did you have to get it made to look exactly like you?" The robot returned a smile. "I know it's difficult for you to see, but let's just try to be happy for our son, honey." Jake was glad to get home, where he didn't have to witness the lewd backseat frolicking any longer. However, now he had to listen to them go at it in the next room, until late into the night. Robo-mom played the good-wife perfectly, laying next to Jake that night. His real wife was on her tummy in the next room, letting her boy pound her up the ass, just like she promised.

Chapter 10: "Moving out...and moving on."

"How does it feel to be a big brother?" Jake asked his son Chad as they all sat in the living room. Amanda had given birth a couple days ago and Chad was glad to have her home from the hospital.

"Don't you mean ‘how does it feel to be a father’ dad?" Chad wickedly thought. He knew the infant he was holding was a product of the wild sex he and his mom had been having for almost a year now. "It feels amazing! He looks just like me," Chad said in answer to his father's question. Chad glanced over at his mom as she sat there near his dad. Amanda reacted to his comment with a proud smile and a wink. Things had certainly turned out differently than she initially planned. When she purchased her son a custom robot-doll for graduation, she never imagined that the doll would pretty much replace her as Jake's wife. Every night for months now, Robo-mom and Amanda would switch roles, so the doll slept in her marital bed, and Amanda could be with Chad. In his room, they engaged in endless hours of passionate sexual intercourse. Mother and son gazed each other in the eyes lustfully. The past two nights Amanda had been in the hospital and they were both anxious to pound their genitals together again in a heated fuck.

"Well, I should put this little one to bed, so we can all get some sleep," Amanda said, getting up and stepping over to Chad. As she leaned down to take the baby from him, her robe crept open at the neck, exposing the huge gaping cleavage of her milk-swollen tits.

"Sleep my ass!" Jake blurted. "I haven't had my wife in bed with me for two nights. I plan on doing some cuddling."

Amanda peeked up at her son and reacted to Jake's comment with a disgusted scowl. "Newsflash, honey…you haven't had your wife in bed with you for months," she thought. As she scooped the newborn from Chad's arms, Amanda peeked back to confirm that her husband was headed towards their bedroom. She leaned over further, planting a tender sensual kiss on her teen's lips. "See you in a few minutes," she softly whispered, gazing at him wantonly. Amanda took the baby to the nursery and laid her down to sleep. Then, instead of going to her marital bedroom, she followed the same routine she had for many nights since she and her son had been sleeping together. While walking towards Chad's room, she slipped out of her robe and handed it off to Robo-mom, who was naked and waiting in the living room. They exchanged an identical smile, then the doll put on the robe as Amanda sashayed towards her boy's bedroom. Chad stared at his doorway as his mom stepped in and closed the door behind her. He licked his lips lustfully, watching her naked oversized tit-melons wobble heavily with her ever sexy step.

"Damn, mom…I think this is the biggest your tits have ever been," the boy remarked.

"Well, they ARE producing milk now, honey…so they are gonna look big n swollen…pretty much all the time," she replied, then moved her shoulders, making her engorged jugs wobble back and forth.

"Maybe you can help me out with that tonight," she winked.

"That's just what I was hoping you'd say," Chad smiled.

"They're clearly much bigger than your doll's tits at this point. Let's just hope your father doesn't notice." Amanda paused beside his bed. "Oh, and I um…have some good news and some bad news," she informed him.

"Ok?"

"The bad news is I just passed a baby out of my vagina, so I'm still pretty sore down there."

"What's the good news?" Chad eagerly asked. Amanda turned around and leaned over, pointing her meaty rounded ass towards her boy. "The good news is…I have an itch, deep in my ass," she confessed, using one hand to pull her ass-cheeks open, so Chad could see the ring of her butthole. "And I think YOU have something that I could use to REALLY scratch it good with."

"You think so?" the excited boy asked, squeezing his throbbing cock-bulge. Amanda glanced down at it and smiled. "I know so," she said, teasingly running her tongue across her lips. In the master bedroom, Jake clicked off the light, then slid over and spooned who he thought was his wife in bed. "It's good to have you home," he sighed.

"It's good to be home, honey," Robo-mom responded.

"So, I've been thinking…"

"About?" the doll asked.

"Chad. He's nineteen now. He has a good job. He has a doll that's taking care of his…needs. I think it's time that he leave the nest and find a place of his own." Robo-mom knew that Amanda wouldn't approve of such an idea, but she wasn't programed to engage in a debate over such a subject. "Are you sure that's what you feel is best?" she simply responded.

"I do. I mean, we have a baby in the house now. I can hear him and that doll of his going at every time he's home. I just think it would be better if he had his own place for that, you know?"

"Yes, if that is what you feel is best," Robo-mom replied. Jake sat up slightly and looked down at her. "Wait…you're actually agreeing with me on this?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, I don't know. I know how close the two of you are…I thought for sure I'd have to sell you on the idea," Jake said, surprised that his wife was going along with his plan without a fight. Because she knew Amanda would not agreed with Jake's idea, the doll decided to stall, so Jake could speak to his real wife about it. "Perhaps we could talk more about this tomorrow, honey. I'm just really exhausted…I'm sure you understand," she expressed.

"Of course," Jake replied, giving her a kiss on the cheek. "We'll bring it up to Chad. Who knows, maybe it's something he'll really feel he's ready for."

"Perhaps so," Robo-doll replied. They both heard Amanda crying out in passion from the next room. "See what I mean?" Jake asked.

"Don't get me wrong…I'm glad he's enjoying his doll. That's why we bought it for him, but it sure would be nice not to have to listen to THAT for hours and hours every night."

"Goodnight, honey," Robo-mom in a pleasant tone. Amanda was laying on her tummy at the center of Chad's bed. Her boy was laying on top of her, pounding his cock through her ass. "Ahhh, fuck!" Chad growled, feeling the hot rubbery walls of her rectum chew at the tender meat of his erection.

"Mm, yes, baby! Beat your dick through mommy's ass!" she mewled, thrusting her buns up to meet his hammering thrusts. Their flesh clapped together as Chad's groin beat against the rounded cheeks of his mother heinie. The flesh of her meaty ass rippled wonderfully beneath his assault. Since his mom had been out of the house, Chad had engaged his doll in this very position the night before. The tubes of their asses felt the same around his boner. They were both incredibly snug and knew how to work their shit-muscles to give him exquisite pleasure. The big difference was that one was his actual mom and the other wasn't. The idea that he could bury his big

throbbing dick to the balls inside his own mom's tight ass was an incredible thrill. The teen whimpered into the side of his mom's neck, thrusting his steely-hard prick in as deep at it would go and holding it there. "Ahhh!" he sighed, feeling her hot spongy ass-walls compress around his fuck-muscle. Amanda used her strong sphincter muscles to tighten her ass-ring around the thick base of her boy's erection, making it mushroom with more blood inside her ass.

"Ohh, you like that, honey?" she cooed. "You like the way I squeeze my tight asshole around your cock?"

"Yes!" he gasped.

"Does it make you wanna lay a load inside mommy's ass?" she sensually asked. "You wanna spit some ball-cream up in there?"

"Fuck yes I do!" her boy gasped, setting his hips back in motion and plunging his cock through her slippery ass-tract again. He grabbed her arms and rolled them over, so his mom was now laying upside-down with her back to him. His cock was still shoved up her snug ass. As he continued to hold her arms, Chad bucked beneath her, making her big buttocks bounce on his crotch.

"Oh, yes! Pound my ass, baby!" Amanda cried out, at the mercy of the writhing boy beneath her. Her lush post-natal body was jerked up and down from the force of his humps. Her huge ballooning tits jostled wildly back and forth across her chest. Tit-milk leaked from her engorged teats and trickled down the giant slopes of her breasts.

"Ahh, I love it!" her boy gasped in arousal, beating his prick up into her body. His mom scissored her sexy legs wide open so they bobbed around in the mid-air, adding to her boy's excitement level.

"Oh wow!" his voice trembled, marveling at just how wide his mom could spread her lovely legs open. He pumped his prick through her tightly-compressed anal tube. His glans tingled delightfully as they

slipped along the smooth smothering walls of her rectum. For nearly ten pleasure-filled minutes he socked his prick up into his mom's butt, slowly feeling the pressure of an explosive climax swell in his prostate. "Ugh, fuck…I'm gonna cum!" he finally grunted.

"Pour it in my ass, honey!" his mom sighed. Chad was happy to oblige, jabbing his prick repeatedly up between his mom's pillowy ass-cheeks, while hosing out fat cords of spunk deep in her bowels. His beautiful mom used her ass-muscles to milk every drop from his twitching peter-tip.

"Damn, mom…you really know how to squeeze a guy off with that ass," Chad sighed, catching his breath.

"Thank you, baby."

"Do you think I could just keep my dick in there, while I suck on your tits?" he asked.

"How about I give you the right breast. We'll save the left one for your son. He'll probably need fed here in a little while," she informed him.

"My son…that sounds so weird."

"Weird, but true, baby. You're the one who provided the sperm that made him," she smiled.

"If dad ever found out the baby was mine, he'd rip my balls off."

"Nooooo! I love those balls," his mom answered in an exaggerated tone. "I love all the cum they squirt out and the way they beat again my ass when we fuck. I wouldn't let him rip them off you…I promise." Amanda sat up, then twisted around, making her asshole screw around her boy's cock-meat like a fleshy bolt at the base of a screw. She planted her knees astride his hips, resting her dainty feet up onto his thighs. Then, she lowered her monster tits towards his

face. Chad gulped excitedly, watching the huge mams lower towards him. He could see the beads of tit-nectar forming on the peaks of her engorged nipples. Before lettering her boy nurse, Amanda allowed his wonder-filled face to sink down into the huge canyon of her cleavage.

"Oh shit, mom!" the teen excitedly exclaimed, his voice muffled by tit-flesh. He kissed his way around inside the warm smothering pocket of squishy cleavage.

"Damn…they've just gotten so fucking huge!" his excited mind thought as he sucked at her dough-like flesh, feeling his prick become rejuvenated by the squeezing grip of her ass. His lusty kisses and sucks followed the fatty contour of her right breast until he found her thick rubbery nipple. "Mmmnnff!" the boy's excited voice whimpered as he gorged himself on her tit-cap. His face sunk down into the squishy meat of her tit.

"Oh yes! That's my baby!" his mom sighed as he provided instant relief to her milk-engorged melon. Streams of warm tit-honey shot into the boy's mouth and down his throat. He tugged on his mother's puffy nipple, feeling it elongated inside the suction of his mouth. He lustfully rolled his tongue all over the swollen teat and the surrounding areola. His excited young mind spun wildly from the thrill of nursing at his own mom's tit again.

"Chew at it, baby. You're not gonna hurt me," his mom sighed, slowly bobbing her ass, pumping her shit-tube up and down his jutting cock. Chad clamped his teeth around his mom's pinkish-purple nipple and began chewing at the flesh greedily. Unable to breath through his nose, due to the weight of her milk-engorged melon resting on his face, the boy gasped through his mouth. Tit-milk spewed from the corners of his lips for a moment before he sectioned them around the peak of her orb once again and sucked like a starving infant.

For the next wonderful hour his cock flexed excitedly as it slowly, but steadily pumped from balls to knob through his mom's hot anal grip. Amanda had fucked her boy enough times to sense by his body movements when he was about to cum. She lifted her tit from her son's gasping face and replaced it with her lips. They made out passionately, lashing their tongues together inside Chad's mouth until he grunted in sexual release. The mother squealed as she too was brought off by the feel of the spurting rock-hard meat thundering through her ass. Chad held his mom tightly, feeling her busty body quiver on top of his. His nuts clenched again and again as he blasted what felt like a gallon of jizz up into her bowels. His mom slapped her ass down against his crotch, fitting the ring of her butthole right down around the root, so every bit of his cock-muscle was encased in the hot tube of her ass. Chad's knob was clenched against her rectal ampulla feeling the anal tissue squeeze and contract tightly around him.

"Ahhh, fuck!" he gasped as more bubbling jizz oozed from the slit of his flesh-smothered meatus. After milking every ounce of pleasure their bodies would provide, they drifted off to sleep in a loving embrace.

Amanda awoke sometime later to the sound of her crying baby. She slipped out of bed, put on one of her son's button-up shirts and went down to the nursery. Robo-mom had already arrived and was rocking the infant in her arms. "Thank you," Amanda whispered, as her newborn was handed off to her.

"Should I stay?" the doll asked.

"Yes. Jake knows you'll be feeding the baby. Well…I'll be feeding the baby, but since you're supposed to be me, you can't just go back to bed quite yet," Amanda giggled.

"I understand," Robo-mom stated, watching Amanda sit down in the rocker and help the baby latch on to her huge tit. "Does Chad require any pleasure that I can provide for him?"

"No, he got plenty of that earlier," the mother stated with a proud smile.

"I feel I should tell you something your husband said to me earlier. Something I wasn't sure how to discuss with him."

"What was it?" Amanda asked curiously.

"He wants Chad to move out of the house…to find a place of his own," Robo-mom told her.

"Shit! I had a feeling that conversation was coming."

"I did little to engage in that discussion with him. I suspected that you would not approve of his opinion, and therefore postponed further discussion until tomorrow, so that it could be YOU that speaks with him," the doll explained.

"Thanks. It's not that I don't approve. I mean, Chad's not a little boy anymore and the reality is at some point he'll have to get a place of his own," Amanda stated. "If there were no baby, the solution would be simple. You stay here and pose at Jake's wife and Chad and I move into a place together. The problem is THERE IS a baby, which highly complicates things."

"I know you're his mother, and that the two of you have sex together, but are you also in love with Chad, Amanda?" Robo-mom inquired. Amanda grinned from ear to ear. "No, I'm not in love with him. I'm MADELY in love with him," she whispered.

"Does he feel this same type of love for you?" Amanda shrugged her shoulders. "That's a good question. I mean, I assume so, but I haven't really had that conversation with Chad. We always seem too

consumed on the passion of the moment, and never really talk about what the future holds for us. Perhaps it's time to have that chat," she replied.

"Sexually speaking, YOU ARE a better match with Chad than with your husband," Robo-mom stated.

"Ha! Ya think? Tell me something I don't know, honey," the mother joked. "Although I am curious about the data that helped you come to that conclusion."

"Your husband is only sexual three times a week, whereas Chad desires sex multiple times daily."

"That is true," Amanda nodded.

"On average, Jake lasts 16.4 minutes before ejaculating. Chad, on the other hand, lasts an average of 83.8 minutes before ejaculation. Sexually, your son preforms with skillful proficiency, while your husband does not. Historically, during our most sexually active periods, Chad was providing me with an average of 46 orgasms a day. I assume that now that you have taken the lead in providing Chad with intercourse, that those orgasms are now being given mostly to you," Robo-mom reported.

"You bet your sweet synthetic ass they are," Amanda giggled. "Chad's dick is SO much longer and harder than Jake's."

"Yes, 3.2 inches longer and twice the rigidity," Robo-mom confirmed.

"And the amount of cum he spurts out…HOLY SHIT!" Amanda stated excitedly.

"Chad expels 6.8 milliliters of ejaculate to Jake's 1.25 milliliters."

"And have ever given him a handjob and seen how high his cum spurts into the air? It's amazing!" Amanda shared.

"Chad's highest rope of ejaculate traveled 5.2 feet into the air from the supine position," Robo-mom reported.

"You are very thorough with your data, aren't you?" Amanda giggled, impressed by everything the doll shared.

"I have a detailed neuro data base. It allows me to record all sexual data, and also track Chad's arousal levels to learn which activities are the most sexually arousing to him" the doll explained.

"Well, I don't have any of that, but I can tell you he gets the most excited when I'm on top riding him."

"That's not the case with me, at least not that I've observed."

"Wait, what?" Amanda asked, seeming confused. "We're exactly the same you and I, so how can that be?"

"I couldn't tell you. All I know is that there is one activity that spikes Chad's arousal level every time, which therefor MUST be his favorite."

"And this activity would be what exactly?" Amanda asked, so curious it was killing her.

"So…about that chat we had last night…regarding Chad moving out," Amanda said to her husband as she sat next to him on the couch with the baby in her arms.

"Yeah, I plan on talking to him about that today," Jake said.

"Jake, I'm not so sure getting a place by himself is what's best for Chad right now."

"Wait a second, last night you said you agreed with me."

"I was really out-of-it last night, so please just disregard anything I may have said. I just think Chad's in the best position to work, save up money and map out his future, while living right here at home for a while longer," Amanda expressed.

"Amanda, he has everything he needs to be on his own…a good job, a sex doll to take care of his needs. Why delay it. Let the guy get out there and experience what independence is all about. He's not a kid."

"I know he's not a kid, but I just don't think he's ready for it."

"HE'S 'not ready for it,' or YOU'RE not ready for it?" Jake asked with a smile.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"He's your baby. Your first born. I know how close you two are?"

"No, honey…you don't have a clue how close we are," Amanda wickedly thought. Jake continued. "Sometimes it's hard for a mother to let go. I get that."

"Yeah, especially if she has a son she's in love with, and craves his hard dick inside her 24/7," Amanda thought. She listened to her husband continue to sell her on the idea.

"Let's just let him spread his wings and give it a try. He always has the option of coming back if it doesn't work. We're not going anywhere." Amanda was reluctant to fight the idea too much. She didn't want to raise any suspicion in her husband's mind that her motivation was anything more than a concerned parent.

Chad wasn't any happier about hearing the news as his mother was. "I'll get a place close by. We'll still be able to spend time together,"

he assured his mom as they sat next to each other later in the day.

"Not at night," she sniffled. "I love our nights together, and the sex is great, but it’s not just about that with me, Chad."

"I know what you mean," he muttered.

"Do you?" she said, reaching over and taking his hand. "Tell me what I mean then."

"I’ve just felt…closer to you over the past year, and not just sexually."

"I’ve felt closer to you too," she whispered, squeezing his hand. "Closer than a mother probably should feel towards her son."

"I could just refuse to leave," he suggested.

"No, because then we’d have to hear the constant harping and complaining by your father. We’ll go out together and find a place, but there's only one stipulation."

"What's that."

"It won't just be your place. It'll be OUR place," she smiled. "I’m living with you."

"What?! How?"

"I don’t know," his mom giggled, shrugging her shoulders cutely, "but we’ll figure out a way." She lunged at his lips and they shared a long passionate kiss.

Chad had the next day off work and he and his mom went out to look at places together. They felt like a young couple with their newborn baby out looking for a place to start their lives together.

The second property they looked at was a brand-new modern condo, only a block from the place they were in now.

"It's perfect…don't you think, baby?" Amanda asked as she clung to her boy.

"Yeah, plenty of room and it's like…two minutes from our place now." Amanda looked over at the woman showing the property. "I think we'll take it," she stated eagerly. Over the next week, while Chad worked, Amanda and her sister Nancy began shopping for décor for the new place. "You're the craziest bitch I know…you know that!" Nancy stated as they watched the delivery robots bring the new sofa into the condo.

"Is that an insult or a compliment?" Amanda giggled.

"Compliment of course. I'm just curious how you're gonna pull this charade off. I mean, it's one thing to swap rooms, Amamda, but now your swapping homes? Remind me how this is gonna work again?"

"It's simple really. I found out that Robo-mom can be reprogrammed to become more of an automated housewife, instead of a pleasure model. She'll stay with Jake, he'll think she's me and they'll be happy together. I'll pump bottles for her to be able to feed the baby at night, so that Chad and I can be together here in our new place."

"What about during the day?" Nancy asked.

"That's the easy part. Jake and Chad will be at work, so I'll bring the baby over here with me. The only time I won't see the baby is when he needs fed at night…and I'm sure Chad will have no problem draining my breasts when I need him to."

"I'm sure he won't," Nancy giggled. "I hate to state the obvious, but it sure seems like you and Chad have moved WAY beyond the fuck-buddy stage."

"Yeah, well…I can be his mom AND his girlfriend at the same time, can't I?" Amanda stated with a mischievous grin.

"You know your secrets safe with me…as long as I get invited over for a slumber party once in awhile."

"That can be arranged…as long as you keep your hands off my boyfriend," Amanda teased.

"Now THAT I can't promise," Nancy responded making them both laugh.

"Well, after finding out what I did from his doll, maybe I could use your help in the bedroom sometimes."

"Mm, now I'm curious?"

"Apparently Robo-mom has kept track of the times Chad got the most aroused during sex."

"And?"

"And…they were the times his doll and I were BOTH working him over together," Amanda smiled.

"Oh, so my nephew likes the kinky threesome, huh?"

"Apparently so…which means his greedy new girlfriend may have to share once in awhile," Amanda stated.

"Well, you know me. I'm up for anything if it involves a handsome stud with a big dick," Nancy assured her, licking her lips.

"I'll certainly keep that in mind," Nancy's sister assured her.

A few days later, Amanda and Chad were moved into their new place. Jake, Robo-mom and the baby decided to make a surprise visit to bring them a housewarming gift.

"Hello?!" Jake called out, poking his head in the front door.

"Honey, maybe we should have called first," Robo-mom stated as she stood outside the door with the baby on her arms.

"Nonsense! We're family. We don't need to warn them whenever we wanna stop by." Jake brazenly walked in, checking out the beautifully decorated condo. On the wall were a few pictures of Chad and Amanda kissing and posing as a couple. "Well, that's a bit odd," Jake commented.

"What is?" Robo-doll asked.

"It's suppose to be his sex doll, not his girlfriend. I mean, look at these pictures. They look like a couple of newlyweds." Jake moved towards the back hallway. "Chad, are you back here?" he called, still getting no answer. He opened the bathroom door to discover Chad and Amanda in the shower fucking passionately. The clear glass shower door allowed Jake to see them go at it in graphic detail. Chad had his father's wife lifted from the floor and pinned against the wall, with her huge tits crushed between them. Amanda's lovely legs were fastened around the boy as he thrust into her in a forceful rhythm. They quickly broke their lusty kiss and froze, staring at Jake in shock. "Dad, what the hell?!" Chad exclaimed. Even after a year, Jake's stomach still felt almost sick seeing his son with a replica of his wife. He would have completely lost it if he knew that it wasn't really a sex robot he was looking at, but his actual wife, Amanda. "Sorry, we just wanted to stop by and check out your new place. Just um…come out when you're finished," the father said awkwardly, then closed the door. A few minutes later Chad and Amanda emerged from the bathroom with towels wrapped around

themselves. "Damn, dad…I get my own place and you're still walking in on me and my doll," Chad joked.

"Sorry about that. We just wanted to stop by and bring you a house warming gift," he explained, then handed a gift-bag to his son.

"Thanks. What do you think of the new place?" Chad asked.

"It's great!"

"Yes, really wonderful, honey," Robo-doll added.

"Did you hire a decorator or something? I know YOU certainly didn't arrange the place this way?" his dad teased.

"No, um…mom…I mean, Robo-mom did it."

"Robo-mom's a sex doll," his father reminded him. "You're tell me SHE decorated this place?"

"I recently had my program upgraded," Amanda blurted.

"Upgraded?" Jake asked curiously.

"Yes, I'm no longer just a pleasure-model. My upgrades allow me to act as Chad's girlfriend also," the mother explained, sharing a knowing smile with Robo-mom.

"Girlfriend, huh?" Jake asked, looking at his son. "A robot?"

"A lot of my friends have robot girlfriends. It's just what people do nowadays, dad," Chad told him.

"OK, but do their robot-girlfriends look exactly like their mothers?" Robo-mom placed a hand on Jake's shoulder. "Honey, they're happy. Let them be," she said lovingly.

"Exactly, dad," Chad chided. "I got my own place and am making independent choices. Isn't that what you wanted?" Jake looked into who he thought was Robo-mom's eyes as she smiled back at him. "If you guys are happy…then that's all that matters I guess," he noted. Amanda took her boy's arm and nuzzled against him, like any love-stuck girlfriend would. "We ARE happy, aren't we, baby?" she asked, looking up into Chad's eyes.

"Hell yeah we are," he replied, leaning down and sharing a tender kiss with her. When the kissing continued and started involving tongue, Jake cleared his throat, causing them to stop.

"Sorry," Chad blushed. Amanda looked over at Robo-mom. "May I hold the baby, Amanda?" she asked.

"Certainly," Robo-mom answered, handing Amanda her child.

"Come on, dad…I'll show you the garage," Chad said, then led him away. Jake couldn't help look back and watch how motherly his son's doll was being. "Boy, that upgrade to 'girlfriend mode' your doll got really changed her, huh?" he asked his son.

"Yeah, but trust me, she's still just as sexual though," Chad shared. "Maybe even more so."

"I DID NOT need to hear that," his father muttered. Sometime later, after they left, Chad and Amanda stood in the foyer, hugging tightly. "That was…a little weird," the boy confessed.

"Yes, but we'll get used to it, honey," his mom assured him.

"You think dad will ever realize he has a robot for a wife now?"

"I hope not," Amanda giggled. "It was strange seeing Robo-mom with my wedding ring on. Now my fingers feeling so empty," she smiled, looking up at her boy. "Maybe someone could do something about that soon."

"Maybe so," he son replied. They gave each other a slow sensual kiss. "There's another part of me that feel empty too. Wanna do something about that right now?" Amanda whispered, letting her towel drop to the floor.

"You bet I do," Chad answered, letting his towel fall also, so they both stood there nude. Amanda hooked her arms around his neck and sprung gracefully from the floor. The boy sighed as he felt her strong smooth mommy-legs circle his midsection. "Take me to bed and fuck me to the moon and back, baby," she uttered between kisses. Chad carried his mom to their bedroom, making out with her the entire way. He lowered Amanda onto their large bed and crawled on top of her, wasting no time splitting her twat with the spike of his cock. He crushed her milk-swollen tits between them and began banging the shit out of her. Amanda tossed her legs around her teen, humping her hips beneath him to meet his frantic thrusts.

"Oh, yes…fuck me, baby!" she cried out. Their crotches beat together wildly as they fuck with passionate intensity. Chad felt like he was the king of the world. He had secretly shown up his father by conquering his beautiful wife.

"I love that your mine!" he gasped.

"Yes, baby…all yours!" his mom confirmed. "All yours to pound your dick into whenever you want it!" Chad felt his mom tighten her fuck-muscles around him, smothering his young cock in the skilled grip of her MILF pussy. Her pinkish-purple pleats were soaked with her secretions, lubricating her son's jutting penis.

"Ahhh!" the boy hissed, pounding between his mom's warm splayed thighs. He felt his sensitive bell tip knocking at the puffy head of her cervix with every powerful thrust.

"I always wanted a man who could fuck me this way!" his mom panted. "One who could REALLY make my pussy gush! Now I have him!"

"Yeah, cum all over me, mom!" Chad could feel her cunt-tube tightening. "OH, FUCK YES!!" Amanda grunted, arching her back from the mattress in ecstasy, lifting her boy up with her. Chad hooked his arms around her back, hammering her cunt in a heated rhythm. He watched his mother toss her long dark hair back on the bed, her eyes rolling in their sockets. She let out a wild orgasmic howl that echoed through their new condo.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" the teen gasped, watching her monster-sized knockers roll and ripple obscenely all over her chest. He felt hot girl-cum squelch around the base of his cock and drip off his wobbling nut sack. After she had come down from her orgasmic summit, Amanda crawled up onto her hands and knees, gazing back at her lover over the swell of her rounded ass-cheeks. "Fuck me doggy, baby!" she lustfully demanded. Her son was happy to comply, mounting her meaty haunches and plunging his cock back inside her. He grasped onto her wide hips and fucked her fervently from behind. Next to watching her tits swing, his favorite view was looking down at his mom's wonderful naked bubble-butt as it beat against his mid-section. He gave one cheek a hard strike with his hand, making her ass-flesh ripple.

"You can slap my ass all you want now, baby. They'll be no more trying to hide your handprints from your father," she reminded him.

"Well in that case…" Chad SMACKED his mom's ass again, making her squeal in delight. He gave her one more hard strike to the bare buttocks, just for good measure. His cock flexed with steely hardness as it hammered like a medieval battering ram through the delicate walls of her cunt-tube. Pre-cum drooled from his cunt-smothered piss-slit, mixing with his mom's fuck-juice. He loved to lean out while he fucked her this way and watch her big udders swing heavily from her chest. There was something so sexy about how the huge fatty melons looked from the side as they rocked up and back like huge oblong pillows of squishy flesh.

"I've always wanted a girlfriend with huge tits," Chad shared.

"Well, you got one, baby," Amanda said, peeking back at him. "A sexy girl with huge milky tits."

"Mm, I'm gonna suck those big beautiful tits every day!"

"You won't hear me complain any," his mom giggled. For the next half-hour, Chad steadily fucked his mom from behind, bringing her off several times. His cock was so covered in girl-cum it looked like a glossy meat-stick pumping in and out of her vagina.

"Damn!" the boy gasped. "I'm gonna cum soon!"

"Pull it out and jerk all over my face and tits," his mom requested. Chad socked his prick home a dozen more times, then quickly pulled out. "Cumming!" he blurted. Amanda's jugs teetered back and forth as she quickly spun around. She grasped her boobs around their meaty sides and pressed them together, creating what looked like one ginormous ball of tit-flesh with the crack of a deep cleavage going down the middle. "Cum all over me, baby! Squirt your ropes all over your mommy-girlfriend!" she urged. Chad grunted, beating his thick slab with frantic strokes. "Fuck, mom!" he groaned excitedly watching streams of tit-nectar squirt out of several different milk-ducts surrounding her engorged nipples. The first blast of ball-juice shot from his piss-slit, steaking across and striking her tits. Amanda felt his boy-goo running down into her cleavage. The second and third ropes were bulls-eye shots, right to her leaking nipple, splattering jizz across the entire peak of her tit.

"Ahhh!" Amanda hummed, opening her mouth wide, making it apparent where she wanted the next gooey geyser to land. Chad brought his spurting cock up close to his mom's mouth, jerking on the tip. He grunted and hosed a long jet of cum along her tongue. Amanda then surprised him by lunging forward, swallowing his dong, all the way to his cock-base.

"FUCK!!" the teen gasped, grasping onto the silky hair at the back her head and sending another hot cum-rope straight down her throat. His mom spent the next few minutes tenderly sucking his cock. Her pretty head bobbed up and back, milking her boy's penis in the hot suction of her mouth. She ended by letting his knob pop from her mouth, then flickered her long pink licker all over it. "Mmm yummy!" she purred, then kissed his twitching knob tenderly. "I could get used to that."

"You and me both," the teen sighed. His mom grasped his dick at the base and snuggled her face up next to it lovingly, like it was a cute kitten. "Mmm, I'm gonna love pleasing my hot, big-dicked boyfriend," she sighed. Chad's eyes traveled down to her jutting chest. Her boobs seemed so huge and swollen that they could explode at any moment. Breast milk was still trickling from her teats. "Want me to suck on those for you?" Chad asked.

"Would you baby?" she asked, batting her long eyelashes. "Will you suck out all the milk for mommy?"

"You bet!" he replied, licking his lips. He dropped onto his back and gazed up at her ballooning knockers. From this angle her twin peaks looked absolutely majestic. His mom peeked down over her wobbling wonders and smiled salaciously. "Ready, honey? I hope you're hungry," she giggled.

"SHIT!" the teen gasped excitedly, his eyes going wide as her enormous mommy-melons hung down and slowly dropped towards him. He knew it was gonna be a night of sheer sexual delight.

Chapter 11: "Robo-Chad"

"Surprise!" the family shouted as Chad ushered his mother into their condo. Amanda was completely shocked. It was her birthday, but she didn't expect a surprise party.

"Oh my God, thank you!" she beamed, handing the baby off to her husband so she could go around and hug everyone. The guests included her parents and in-laws, as well as Nancy and her husband. They had cake and socialized. Chad's Grandparents all got along well and of course couldn't help but chatter amongst themselves about the boy's new living arrangement. "So, Chad…we want you to know that we're so proud of you for having your own place," his Grandma Trish expressed. "It's beautiful!" His Grandma Ann nodded in agreement, then looked over at Robo-mom. "And the fact that you have a maid-doll that looks exactly like your mother…that's so touching," she uttered. Amanda smiled and hugged her boy from the side. "Well, I spent all those years cleaning up after him at home, so it's only fitting that he has a robot that looks like me taking care of things around her," she shared.

"Don't let Amanda fool you," her sister Nancy chimed in. "She still has a hand in 'TAKING CARE OF THINGS' around here," she teased, winking at her sister.

"Yes, I suppose I am sort of a CLINGY mom, aren't I, honey?" Amanda asked her son. He smiled back at her and grinned. "You sure are…but I'm not complaining," he admitted. The two Grandmothers looked at each other with a knowing smile. Their womanly intuition told them that what Amanda meant by 'clingy' involved much more than just being around and picking up after her son.

"Are you ready for your surprise gift, mom?" Chad asked.

"Surprise gift?!" Amanda answered.

"Yep, close your eyes."

"Alright," the mother giggled, clenching her eyes closed. Amanda heard all the other women in the room gasp, tempting her to peek. "Keep your eyes closed," her son warned.

"They’re closed, but you're killing me," she anxiously admitted.

"Okay…now you can open them!" Amanda opened her eyes back up and her mouth fell open in disbelief as she saw TWO CHADS standing in front of her.

"Happy birthday!" her son exclaimed. "I bought YOU a service robot too!" Amanda's mother sniffled. "Oh my God, I'm gonna tear up," she muttered emotionally. "This is adorable!"

Speechless, Amanda gazed over at her son, then back at his robot look-a-like. Robo-Chad looked flawlessly like the real Chad. He was even wearing the same outfit. "Hi, mom," he said in a voice that was identical to her son's.

"Hello...um, Robo-Chad. Nice to meet you."

"Do you like him?" Chad asked.

"Well, he's just like you, honey. What's there not to like," she answered, making the other moms giggle.

"Ivy did a great job, huh?" her son asked. "He even has my same haircut."

"Good grief," Amanda muttered, gazing back and forth at each of them, "how will I ever tell the two of you apart?" she asked, clearly surprised yet excited by the gift. Amanda's husband, Jake, chimed

in. "Because one of them will be doing all the housework, while the other sprawls around lazily like he usually does, that's how," he joked, making the guests laugh.

"Funny, dad," Chad said.

"What a great gift, darling!" his Grandma Ann declared. "That was so thoughtful of you."

"Thanks, Grandma. Mom and dad's service robots are kind of outdated. I thought I'd purchase a newer model to help her out," the boy explained.

"Oh, I'm sure he'll 'help her out' alright," Nancy joked. A short time later, Amanda managed to get Chad and her sister, Nancy, off by themselves. "Baby, you said it's a service robot, but it's not a really service robot, is it?" Amanda asked her son suspiciously.

"Sure it is. It was built to 'service' you sexually," Chad answered with a grin.

"I knew it!" Nancy giggled. "He bought you a fuck doll. That's SO hot!"

"Chad, that was sweet of you, honey, but…I don't need a sex doll. I have you."

"I'll take the doll then!" Nancy eagerly offered, raising her hand cutely.

"I know you have me," Chad stated, "but why not have a sex doll too. I mean, I have you, but I also have Robo-mom, and sometimes the two of you take care of me together."

"Oh…so that's what this is about…" Nancy teased, "some juicy DP action! God, you are so fucking lucky, Amanda!"

"Is she right?" Amanda asked her son. "Are you two planning on tag teaming me?"

"Well, yeah…and I do work sometimes, remember? So when I'm gone and we can't have sex…it gives you the next best thing. A robot that looks like me." Amanda considered his words for a moment. "Fine, but as far as your father's concerned…Robo-Chad only performs household tasks. Jobs that don't include fucking my brains out."

"Relax, mom…I had Ivy program the doll to be in housework or fuck-mode, at the appropriate times."

"Honey, Ivy's custom dolls aren't cheap. How did you even pay for it?" she questioned.

"I have a good job now, remember? I took out a loan."

"So hold on," Nancy blurted looking at Chad. "Your mom is secretly living here with you, but Robo-

Chad will have to be at your dad's place, because it's supposedly her service doll. So…"

"I know. I thought this all out," Chad answered. "Sometimes, when mom wants the two of us here, I can have my robot look-a-like sneak over, while dad's sleeping, or at work."

"OR…you could have it SNEAK over to my place," Nancy suggested. "That works too!"

"You wish!" Amanda joked.

"What? Why can't I try it out? It's not like I'd be fucking your real son…just the sex doll version of him."

"Sharing sex toys with my sister? Eww!" Amanda joked.

"Hey, who's been here supporting you two this whole time? Keeping secrets. Covering your asses. I deserve this," Nancy demanded. Amanda looked at Chad inquiringly.

"It's your doll, mom. Whoever you wanna share it with is your business," he told her. Amanda looked back over at her sister. "Fine, come over tomorrow and you can try the doll out," she relented, "but you're not inviting it over to your place."

"Yaay!" Nancy cheered, a little too loudly. Her husband, who was chatting with the other men, looked over at her curiously. "What are you so happy about, pumpkin?" he asked.

"Nothing!" his wife answered innocently. "Just…don't mind me, babe." A little while later, after all the guests left, Jake looked over at his wife. "Alright, birthday girl, are you ready? I have to work early in the morning," he said.

"Almost, honey…let me just use the little girl's room," she answered, looking over and Robo-doll and giving her a sneaky nod. They met in the bathroom and changed outfits. They had done this so many times now it just seemed routine. Before they were finished, there was a tap at the door. "Chad sent me in to check up on you," Robo-Chad stated as he slipped into the bathroom.

"Oh…um, ok. We're almost finished," Amanda said, straightening her dress. Robo-Chad stepped over behind Amanda, reached around and cupped her big squishy breasts. The mother felt him push his long erection against her rounded ass-cheeks. "Oh…um, this was unexpected," she stated, quickly spinning around. Robo-Chad grasped her legs and lifted her up onto the vanity. He wedged his way between her thighs and they began sensually kissing. Robo-mom stood there watching them and Amanda broke the kiss with her doll for a moment. "You can go out…I'll be by for the baby in the morning," she told Chad's doll. Robo-mom left the bathroom as Amanda started passionately making out with her new doll again.

Then, she suddenly stopped. "Wait…shouldn't you be going with them? If you're my service doll, then my husband Jake will expect you to go home with them?" she asked in a bit of a panic.

"Relax, mom…it's me!" Her son smiled.

"Chad?!"

"Yep…fooled you!" her son laughed.

"You little shit! And I'll ask it again…how the fuck am I suppose to tell you from your doll?"

"Maybe I don't want you to," he answered, engaging her in more kisses.

"That's unfair!"

"I know…I promise I won't play tricks on you like that, but THERE ARE some special features that the doll has that you don't know about yet," he explained.

"Oh, God…what are they?" she asked anxiously.

"You'll find out tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? You mean you're gonna make me wait?" she asked with a sad pouty face. "You know I don't like waiting for something… especially if it's your dick."

"I'm sure you won't lose sleep over it," her son stated.

"I'm sure I won't…because I don't plan on sleeping," she said, planting sensual kisses on her son's lips.

"Me neither," her boy gasped between kisses. "I have another present for my birthday girl."

"Mmm, can I open it in on our bed?" the mother asked in a lusty tone.

"Of course."

"Carry me there," she whispered, then fused her lips around her son's for a deep French kiss. Amanda clung to her boy, with her legs clasped tightly around him as they exited the bathroom. They weren't expecting to find Jake, Robo-mom and Robo-Chad still there preparing to leave.

"Oh…um, sorry!" Chad blurted, after breaking a kiss with Amanda and standing there awkwardly. Chad's dad shook his head. "I should have known that's where you disappeared to. You couldn't even wait until we left to start making it with that doll of yours," he stated, clueless that it was actually his real wife that was clinging onto the boy.

"Sorry…I thought you guys left already," Chad answered. Robo-mom smiled over at Chad. "Thank you for the special birthday gift, honey," she expressed, then peered over at Robo-Chad. "I'll take him home and put him right to work on some house cleaning."

"Your welcome, mom," he answered, then watched them all leave. Amanda looked her boy in the eyes and smiled. "Yes…thank you, baby, for the special birthday. Now get me in the bedroom and fuck my ass off!" she demanded. Once they were in the bedroom that they shared, they quickly stripped their clothes off. Chad backed his mother onto the bed, then they fell backwards and he landed on top of her. The teen kissed his way down across her heaving tits, then her trim belly, finally arriving at her shaved pussy. He licked his mother's engorged clit, fascinated by how just one flick of his tongue made her whole body shiver and buck.

"Eat me, baby!" Amanda gasped. "Eat my fucking pussy!" The boy began to plow his tongue through her folds, overwhelmed by the musky aroma he was inhaling while he licked. The mother writhed

on the mattress, clawing at his hair as he devoured her. She squealed and shivered as he quickly brought her off this way. When her cum finally faded, she impulsively turned on her son's face, swing her legs around so she could suck his cock, while being eaten in the 69 position.

"God I love your fucking cock, Chad!" the mother mewled, dragging her tongue along it's length. She looped her licker across his glans and let it flicker against his band of his frenulum. "I just wanna lick it and suck it like lollipop." Chad's cock was as hard as ever and she couldn't wait to feel it thundering through her fuck-hole. However, they had all night and she wanted to give him a royal cock-sucking. She pressed her lips directly on the fat head of his prick, kissing it tenderly, then rolled her wet tongue all over his glans.

"Mmm, I wanna fuck it with my hot cock-sucking mouth now!" she mewled. Amanda wrapped her hand around the root of his cock, then plunged it through the ring of her lips. She sucked Chad's prick zealously, rolling her tongue all over his weeping knob.

"Ahh, fuck yes, mom!" he gasped, while lapping his tongue across the fleshy nub of her clitoris. His cock-knob popped from Amanda's lips like a cork. "Do you like it when mommy sucks your cock, lover?" she asked, then went back to pumping it through her mouth. "Do you like her using her mouth like a tight pussy?"

"You're the best cocksucker ever!" Amanda fought back her gag reflex as she forced his knob past her tonsils and into her throat. She sucked air in through her nose as she began to deep-throat her son like an expert dick-sucking whore. Up and down her pretty head bobbed, her brunette hair whipping all around as she devoted her whole energy into her son's oral pleasure. The lewd slurping and gurgling sounds of a good cock-sucking filled their bedroom.

"Ahh, fuck, mom…I'm gonna cum down your throat! SHIT!!" Chad grunted. He bucked his hips, stabbing his prick deeper into her gullet

just as his hot jizz began gushing out. The teen let out a guttural grunt as thick milky ribbons of cum-juice erupted from his piss-hole, into his mom's clinging throat. Jacking his cock and squeezing his balls, Amanda gulped down her boy's hot cum, refusing to release his massive cock until she's sucked out his entire load. When she finally lifted her head, Amanda's son let out a satisfied sigh. "Damn that was amazing!"

"Amazingly yummy!" the mother stated, licking the jizz off her lips. Chad's mom crawled around and kissed him tenderly, while laying on top of her boy and rubbing her huge fatty tits all over him. "Now…" she said, rolling off him and onto her back, "about that hard fuck you promised…"

"Yeah…about that…" her boy responded, climbing quickly to his knees. His mom scissored her curvy legs back in a huge spread eagle and stared up at her teen's jutting hardon, which was gleaming and pulsating as it loomed over her pussy triangle.

"Come on, stud…bury that fucking thing!" she lustfully insisted, wiggling her wide hips.

"With pleasure!" Her son replied, crawling into position between her spread-eagled legs. He supported the weight of his torso with outstretched arms, staring down at his mom's ballooning tits. Then, he began to tease her overheated vulva with the tip of his spear, letting it dig softly through the juicy slit of her cunt. Amanda giant milkers wobbled back and forth as the threw her head around in pleasure, from the cunt teasing her boy was doing. "Fuck me! Please fuck the cum out of me, baby!" she pleaded in a sexy tone. Chad's face glazed over in delight as he pushed his hard-on into his mom's cunt. He felt her wonderful cunt muscles clench up around him, welcoming him back inside her. Amanda was so fucking worked up she couldn't even wait for him to thrust all the way in. She tossed her silky legs around him, then began humping her mommy-hips, working her blushing ass-cheeks rhythmically off the mattress. Doing

this cause her wet, throbbing pussy to screw up around his muscled dick and beat against his cock-root.

"Damn, mom!" the boy gasped, joining her thrusts.

"Come on, baby! You know how mommy likes to be fucked!" she hissed, pulling him down, wrapping her arms around his shoulders and pumping her ass faster. Harder and harder her son fucked back at her, grimacing in pleasure as he concentrated on the delectable feel of her warm curvy body clinging onto him. It made his cock flex and his knob mushroom even bigger as he pummeled it through the corrugated tube of pink cuntal tissue.

"Yes! I love getting fucked hard by my hot boyfriend! The man who rocks my fucking world!" she cried out. The bedroom was filled with the sound of heavy, frantic breathing and the repetitive SLAP of Chad's big balls beating against his mom's ass.

Amanda's huge tits were crushed against Chad's chest and sloshed around between them from the jarring rhythm of their heated fuck. Since his mom had given him some release from a blowjob, the teen was able to fuck her hard and fast until she screamed out in ecstasy. Her horny cunt gushed female-ejaculate all over his dick and balls, raising his excitement level even higher. While her son screwed her this way for well over an hour, making her gush mindlessly, Amanda couldn't help but think about how much her life had changed since a year ago. It ironically, was all put in motion by the purchase of Robo-mom. Amanda had gotten the baby she wanted, the natural way, through intercourse, something her husband was unable to give her. She had received mind-blowing sex by her handsome son and his dreamy cock. She was, for all intents and purposes, hopelessly in love with Chad. Yes, she still cared about Jake, but now he unknowingly had a Robo-wife to care for his needs.

"Fuck!!" Chad blurted. "FUCK…I'M GONNA CUM, MOM!! "Deep inside me, baby!" she cried out, still reeling from her most recent climax.

She felt his cock twitch and flex wildly and cum splattered against the inner most walls of her squeezing cunt. For nearly ten minutes they humped and writhed in sexual bliss, milking all the pleasure their could from their tangled bodies.

"How do I look?" Nancy asked, primping her hair for her sister. Nancy was wearing a sexy black teddy with a deep V halter, leaving a good deal of cleavage exposed.

"You look amazing, Nancy, but remember…it's just a Robot. He doesn't care how you look," Amanda giggled.

"Amanda, please…just let me live out my fantasy, alright?" Nancy asked. "Some of us don't get the luxury of having a hot stud in their bed every night."

"That reminds me…" Amanda said, "I think I'm just gonna let you enjoy Robo-Chad today. I mean…I have the real Chad. What's a doll gonna do for me that my son can't?"

"Are you telling me that Robo-mom couldn't do things for Chad that you couldn't?" Nancy asked.

"Well, maybe I couldn't suck his dick while doing a perfect handstand, but I think my sexual performance was on par with hers. Chad even told me a few times that I fucked better than her," Amanda stated in her defense.

"Fine. If you want me to be the one who gets fucked to the moon and back today, I'm certainly not gonna argue with you about it. More dick for me." Suddenly there was a knock at the door. "Oh my God, that's him!" Nancy declared. "Are you sure I look ok?" Amanda laughed, moving towards the door. "You look stunning, so relax!" When the door opened, Robo-Chad greeted them with a smile. "Hi, mom…hi, Aunt Nancy!"

"Hey…um, come in!" Amanda responded awkwardly. She felt the robots eyes wander up her body. She certainly wasn't as scantily clad as her sister, but she had on a sexy black mini dress with a scooping neckline, revealing just as much tit-cleavage as Nancy was. "So how was your first night at the house?"

"It was good," Robo-Chad responded. "I got all the floors cleaned and reorganized the cupboards."

"Are you as good at eating pussy as you are at cleaning floors?" Nancy candidly asked.

"Nancy!" her sister scolded.

"What? He's just a robot, remember? Weren't those your words earlier."

"I AM good at eating pussy actually," the doll responded. "Not only does my tongue flicker and flutter, but it also vibrates."

"Vibrates?" Nancy asked, her eyes widening "Yes, at various speeds, like intense pulsation, oscillating waves and patterns…all to provide a woman with total clitoris bliss." Nancy and Amanda looked at each other in awe. "Apparently Chad splurged on some very special upgrades," Nancy stated.

"It's true, I'm a deluxe pleasure model, with many extra features that the standard dolls don't have," Robo-Chad boasted.

"Is your dick the same size as Chad's?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, it was modeled after his." Amanda smiled over at her sister. "See…nothing that I'm not already getting," she bragged.

"The way that my penis differs from a human one is its ability to curve and thicken," Robo-Chad stated. Amanda fed him stupefied look. "Curve and thicken?" she uttered in obvious interest.

"Yes, curve to allow more intense G-spot stimulation, and thicken to give a woman a fuller, stretched feeling that can be intensely pleasurable," he explained. With her mouth nearly hanging open in awe, Nancy gazed over at her sister. "What can he do that Chad can't do? Is that what you said earlier?" she asked sarcastically.

"Fine, ok? Maybe I was wrong."

"Uh-huh!" Nancy smiled. "Still gonna sit this one out today, sis?" A few minutes later, the sisters were laying side by side on the bed. They were both naked and their tits were heaving around wildly as they were each being fingered by Robo-Chad at the same time.

"JESUS CHRIST…YOUR FINGERS VIBRATE TOO?!" Nancy cried out, on the verge of an intense climax. The robot doll had two fingers of each hand in the sister's cunts. As Nancy had so vocally pointed out, the doll's fingers pulsated, stimulating their G-spots perfectly. Lewd creamy sounds filled the bedroom as the doll's tirelessly fingers fucked them to orgasm. Within seconds of each other, Nancy and Amanda began writhing around on the mattress, tossing their pretty hair around in tit-quivering ecstasy. Screams of pleasure reverberated through the bedroom. Several miles away, the real Chad sat alone in his cubicle at work. Through special glasses that he wore, he was able to see what was going on at his condo, from Robo-Chad's point of view. Not only that, but custom probes were attached to his fingers and with their slightest movements, he was able to control what the doll was doing.

"Holy shit, this is great!" he thought, watching his mom and Aunt flop around on the bed, while they cried out in orgasm. With the flick of a finger, he directed Robo-Chad to climb on top of Nancy and begin fucking her. Around Chad's hard cock, under his pants, was a specially designed sleeved that perfectly mimicked the feel of Nancy's pussy around his boner. Yes, sex doll technology had advanced tremendously in the year since his mom had his Robo-doll made and Chad spared no expense when it came to purchasing a

doll for his mom. He splurged on all the bells and whistles, including the extras he was enjoying at that very moment. Through his glasses, his Aunt's face was masked in sheer delight as the sex doll's cock pounded through her savagely. He looked down at her meaty jugs as they rolled wildly up and down her chest.

"Not as big as mom's, but still fucking bouncy and suckable! " he thought. He made the doll lean down, capturing one of her nipples and sucking on it while thrusting. After five minutes of intense cunt hammering, he guided the doll over and on top of his mother. Through the penis attachment, he felt the familiar sleeve of her hot, wet cunt sheath his cock. He tried not to gasp too loud, so his coworkers in the surrounding cubicles didn't hear him, but it wasn't easy. Back at his apartment, Amanda's sexy legs hovered in the air as she was royally fucked by her new doll. Inside the mother's hot cunt, Robo-Chad's cock began to thicken, stretching her cuntal lining and intensifying her pleasure.

"OH, FUCK…IT'S GETTING BIGGER!" Amanda squealed, quickly peaking towards a powerful climax. Robo-Chad's big balls beat against her ass. Her cunt-lips were pried open obscenely-wide as the doll's huge hunk of cock-meat smashed through her gaping vagina. Adding to the mother's delight was the fact that the big cock was pulsating wildly, just like one of the vibrating sex toys she'd occasionally used.

"FUCK!!" Amanda screamed deliriously. "FUCK, FUCK FUCK…I'M CUMMING!!" Her heavy-titted body jerked violently as an orgasm shot through her naked frame like an electric current. Hot female ejaculate squelched from her urethral meatus and splattered out from between their humping bodies. Nancy was already on her hands and knees, wagging her thick rounded ass back at Robo-Chad as he pulled out of her sister. "Take me, you fucking brute!" she hissed lustfully. The doll quickly mounted her and gave her a doggy fucking she wouldn't soon forget. The real Chad made the robot's dick enlarge and curve upward, so it stimulated his Aunt's G-spot in

an extraordinary way. This resulted in one of the wildest female climaxes that he'd ever witnessed. Watching his Aunt Nancy’s big rounded bubble butt beat against the Robo-doll's crotch was a huge rush. The flesh of her ass rippled each time their genitals smacked together. For nearly two hours Robo-doll fucked the two mothers seven ways to Sunday, bringing them off more times than they could count. By the time they were finished the bed was soaked in female ejaculate.

"Where do you want my cum?" Robo-Chad asked, pulling his cock from Amanda's pussy-hole and stroking it.

"On our faces!" Nancy answered, quickly getting to her knees. Amanda followed suit and they leaned in together in front of Robo-Chad's cock, lustfully watching him yank on it.

"Ahh, yes!" the doll gasped. "I'm gonna blow my fucking wad all over your sweet pretty faces!"

"Cum!" Nancy shouted. "Cum all over us, you fucking stud robot!"

"Paint us with that fucking ball-goo!" Amanda added, watching the doll's bell tip mushroom as it prepared to spit hot ejaculate. Huge, fat ropes of synthetic cum began splattering all over the sister's faces. It oozed from their chins, running thickly down across their big jiggling tits. For over a minute the robot hosed out milky cords. By the time the doll was done spilling his seed, the mother's faces were masked with gooey slime.

"Wow…now that’s some fucking cum!" Nancy exclaimed as some ran into her mouth. "Oh my God, it even tastes like real spunk. Mmm!"

"Sorry about the mess," Chad's voice said, but strangely, the doll's lips didn't move. Amanda looked at her robot curiously. "Did you just say that?" she asked.

"No, it was me, mom…Chad," she heard from speakers somewhere on the doll. "I told you I had some more surprises in store for you, didn't I?"

"Wait, what's going on?" Nancy asked, still eating up the jizz seeping down her face.

"Baby…where are you?" his mom asked.

"I'm at work, but I can see you guys…through the doll's eyes."

"Were you just…watching us fuck your mom's doll?" his Aunt Nancy asked, remembering how they could do something similar through Robo-mom's eyes.

"Not only did I watch you, I got to orchestrate the whole thing," Chad laughed.

"You were controlling him this whole time?" Chad's mother asked.

"Yep, and experiencing the feeling of fucking you both, and cumming too, but I'll explain all that later. I gotta get back to work."

"Well, for what it's worth, that was one incredible fuck, Chad," his Aunt sighed.

"Glad you guys enjoyed it."

"Baby?" his mom said, climbing up on her hands and knees.

"Yeah?" Amanda bent over in front of her doll, pointing her luscious naked ass back for her son to see and wagging it teasingly. Her fatty jugs dangled down heavily from her chest. She gazed back over her shoulder with lust-filled eyes. "See you after work," she said in a seductive tone.

THE END

Snowed In
with
Mom and Gran
by KLRXO

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By Klrxo

"Good heavens…again?!" Shelly thought, finding another pair of panties in her son's room.

It was happening a lot lately. The forty-year-old mother was finding a pair nearly every time she checked her son Alan's room. Sometimes it was more than one pair, and the boy left little mystery about what he was doing with them.

"He must have just used this pair this morning," she thought as she looked over the cum-drenched panties. The strong aroma of fresh semen almost made her dizzy as it wafted into her nostrils.

Even though she knew damn well what it was, she dipped her finger in the fresh boy-goo and brought it to her mouth.

"Yep, definitely semen," she said out loud, recognizing the taste. She always surprised herself by doing this. Number one, because she hated the taste of semen. So much so, that she never let her husband Mitchell cum in her mouth when she blew him. Number two, the deposit was made by her own son, and the fact that she was tasting her own baby’s ball-juice seemed incredibly wrong. However, Alan's sperm was unlike any she'd ever tasted. It was sweet, and reminded her a lot of the taste of pineapple juice, which she loved.

"I really should have a talk with him," she thought. Then again, she told herself this every time, but never really followed through.

"They’re tracking a major snowstorm for Friday," her husband said as they spoke on the phone that morning.

"Of course they are. It always seems to be Fridays here lately," Shelly said as she sat in a chair nursing her newborn. The mother never expected to have another child, since there was a seventeen-year gap between the baby and her next oldest daughter, Amelia. Alan was the oldest at eighteen, and her only boy.

"If it's as bad as they say it's gonna be, I probably won't make it home again," Mitchell explained.

Shelly’s husband was in sales, which required him to go all over the country, so she was used to storms impeding his travel, especially during the harsh New England winters. "We'll manage. We always do," the mother said, watching her little one suck at one of her large milk-filled breasts.

"I already talked to my mother and told her she should stay at the house, just in case there's a power outage there, like the last time," Mitchell said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course I don't mind. She's family."

Even though she said that, there were family members that Shelly didn’t care for, but not her mother-in-law. She always had a special connection with Mitchell's mom Pauline, and considered her more than just family. She was also like a best friend, and they talked and spent time together almost daily.

Across town, at the High School, Alan and his friend Wayne sat in the gym bleachers, watching the cheerleaders practice their routine. "There she is! Carly Taylor and her huge tits!" Wayne said with his tongue nearly hanging out.

"They're not THAT huge," Alan said, seeming unimpressed.

"Not that huge? What planet are you living on? She has the biggest tits of any girl at our school."

"They’re only a 34 double d, according to Scott Johnson, the only guy at our school to ever seen them," Alan said.

"ONLY 34 double d. Man, you are living on another planet…and if Carly's tits aren't huge to you, I'd love to see the women's boobs in your world."

"Ha, just come hang out at my house then," he thought to himself. At home, Alan was constantly surrounded by heavy-titted women. His mom had always been large chested, but since getting pregnant with his newborn sister, her knockers grew to ridiculous proportions. This meant that her panties weren’t the only things that fascinated him. He had often used her bras to masturbate with. A boy could confidently say that 34 double d’s "weren’t that huge" when his mom had 38 G cup tits, like Alan's mom did.

Then there was his grandmother, on his dad's size. She spent a lot of time at the house, and her tits rivaled the size of his mom's. Even his seventeen year old sister was large chested, but since she attended private school, she couldn’t challenge Carly Taylor for the title of "biggest jugs" at his school.

"Did you hear they're already canceling school on Friday?" Wayne asked. "There’s a Huge storm coming."

"Great, and my dad's out of town, which mean I'll be on clean-up duty," Alan complained.

"Yeah, but at least we won’t be HERE, sitting through some boring lecture."

"True."

After school, Alan hopped on his electric scooter and zipped across town. His family home wasn't exactly in the sticks, but they did have a spacious property, with a good couple acres between them and their neighbors.

After pulling into the garage, he went inside to find his mom working in the kitchen. "Hey, mom," he said, watching her transfer breastmilk she had just pumped into bottles for the baby.

"Hi, honey. How did school go?" she sweetly asked.

"Same as always. Boring," he honestly answered, checking his mom out as he spoke to her.

Shelly was a pretty mother, and since her family were Italian, she had a beautiful golden-brown complexion, with a long dark mane of hair. She wasn't fat by any means, but she did carry some weight, in all the right places. In addition to having huge heavy tits, the mother had a thick succulent ass that was perched atop strong motherly legs. She did follow a daily at-home exercise regiment, to help take off some extra baby weight she had gained during her recent pregnancy.

"Do you have a few minutes that we could, um…talk?" the mother asked, deciding it was time to confront his panty snatching habit.

"Sure."

"Let's sit here at the table," Alan's mom said, then sat down across from him at the square pub-style table.

"Am I in trouble?" Alan asked, suspecting something might be up.

"Well…no. You're not in trouble, I just need to talk to you about a… issue I've recently discovered," she said awkwardly.

"What kind of issue?"

"Honey, I've been finding pairs of my panties in your room lately," she said. "I know these are the types of things that boys do, and I haven't told your father, so don't worry."

"Oh, so I'm not in trouble for it?"

"Not, but…see, here's the issue. My panties are made of a delicate fabric, so when you spray your…stuff in them and don't get them in the wash right away, they kind of get stained up," Shelly explained.

"Oh, I didn't realize," Alan said, shocked that his mom wasn't horrified at the fact that he'd been taking them.

"Maybe if I gave you a couple pairs that were just…um, yours, to do what you want with. Then the stains wouldn't really matter, know what I mean?"

"Yeah, but…"

"But what?" she asked.

"Nothing, never mind," he said, realizing that if he explained that mostly what enjoyed was the aroma of her freshly worn panties, he'd sound like an absolute pervert.

However, the "but" still lingered in Shelly's mind, so she kept prying. "Is there a reason that the arrangement doesn't sound fair to you?" she asked.

Since his mom was being so understand, he decided to answer her question with one of his own.

"Would I be able to switch them out with ones you've worn, once in awhile?"

"Oh…" the mother muttered. "I'm so stupid. That's why he wants them," she thought to herself. "He likes the smell. It's not about just

the panties. It's about the fact that I've worn them."

The mother knew it was wrong, but also understood that everyone did something a bit pervy. Even herself, and her naughty habit of dipping her finger in her son's ball-juice and tasting it. It was something she'd be extremely ashamed of if anyone ever found out. Yet, here she was confronting her boy on HIS dirty secret and expecting him to talk openly about it. "That's just selfish of me," she realized. "No need to embarrass the poor boy."

Alan felt a bit awkward by her silence. "Sorry, mom. I shouldn't have asked you that," he said shamefully.

"No, you were being honest; talking about something very personal. How could I be upset about that?" she said. "I'll tell you what. How about a different pair of panties every week? Does that sound fair?"

"Sure," the boy muttered, realizing that his mom didn't really owe him any sort of deal, so how could he refuse. "That sounds great."

"One thing though…"

"What?"

"If you father finds my panties in your room, you're on your own, got it?"

"Sure, I understand," Alan said. If that unfortunate event occurred, the boy realized that it would be because of his own stupidity, and he couldn't throw his mom under the bus. "So, is that arrangement, um…starting today?"

"Yeah, but I actually just did my laundry, sorry," Shelly said with a frown.

"Oh, that okay, I can wait I guess," Alan said, getting up from the table.

The loving mother in Shelly didn't wanna send her boy away empty handed. "Would…the panties I have on now work?" she asked.

Alan stopped and gazed at her in disbelief. "The ones you have on now?" he muttered, wanting to make sure he heard her right.

"Yeah, well, I know they've only been worn for a half a day, but if you want a pair now…I could um, give them to you," she offered awkwardly.

Alan's heart swelled as he considered her suggestion. He'd smelt her panties hundreds of times, but never when they were just taken off her body. He felt almost dizzy at the prospect of smelling a panty crotch, just after it had been peeled off the fragrant flesh of his mom's vulva. He quickly answered before she changed her mind. "Sure, um…I'll take the ones you have on now," he said decisively.

"Ok. I'll take them off and bring them up to your room."

"Thanks," Alan said with a smile, then rushed upstairs.

Shelly went to her bedroom and removed her denims. On the wall was a floor to ceiling mirror and she took a look at the panties she was about to remove. The pale pink bikini panties had beautiful lace trim.

They were a pair she had recently purchased, but was sure she could buy another pair, since she was sacrificing this one to her son. "What the hell am I doing?" she thought, reminding herself she was about to give her own son her panties for him to jerk off into. "Mitchell would kill me if he knew I did something like this."

Despite the shameful thoughts that crept in, the busty beauty hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her panties and peeled them down her smooth luscious legs. "Alan's not doing drugs or abusing alcohol. There's a lot worse things he could be into than sniffing his mom's panties once in awhile," Shelly thought.

Lifting her panties from the floor, the mother took a peek at herself in the mirror. Her naked pubis had a thin, neatly trimmed triangle of pubic fur. Below it, she could see her vulvar folds coming together, to form a puffy camel toe. "And that right there is what he thinks about when he sniffs them," she joked to herself. "Stop it, Shelly!" she thought, scolding herself, while going to her drawer to put a new pair of panties on.

Alan was playing a game on his phone when he heard the tap at the door. His mom stepped in. "Hey, honey? here you go," she said, walking over to him with the panties hanging off her fingertips by their elastic waistband.

The teen swallowed the lump in his throat, so anxious he could hardly stand it. He reached out with a shaky hand and took them from her. "Thanks," he said blushingly.

"You're shaking," his mom pointed out.

"Yeah, a little bit."

Shelly knew it must be because she had just peeled them off her crotch. "I understand," she said with an awkward smile. "Just…make sure you keep them somewhere safe, ok. We don't need your father or sister finding them in here."

"Got it," he said, anxious for his mom to leave.

She looked at the panties, then at her son, seeming a bit embarrassed by what she knew he was about to do. "Bye," she said cutely, then stepped toward the door.

Alan watched his mom sashay to his door. Her denims were molded around her meaty mommy-ass like a second skin, accentuating the sway of her buttocks. "Damn! What an ass!" he thought, feeling his boner trying to tear through his pants.

The second his door closed he was easing the pressure, by fishing his boner out. Alan dropped to his back on the bed and brought Shelly's dainty panties to his nose. "Fuuuck me!" he sighed out loud, inhaling the fresh cuntal aroma. He had definitely never smelt ones so pungent, and as an added bonus, the silky fabric was still warm from being against his mom's crotch.

Shelly had paused in the hallway and curiously put ear to her son's door. "I'm sure he won't wait long to enjoy them," she wickedly told herself.

Not able to hear anything, she bravely peeked the door open and peered inside. She was greeted with a clear view of her son beating off, while holding her panties to his nose. Her eyes widened as she froze in shock. Alan's boner was a solid column of what had to be eight inches of cock-meat. She knew he was uncircumcised, but the foreskin had peeled back, exposing the huge pink bulb of his peter-tip. His hand squeezed up and down the vein-encrusted shaft.

With a shaky sigh, the peeping mother quickly closed the door, then stood there for a moment, shaken by what she's just seen. "What the hell did you think you were gonna see when you opened his door?" she asked herself in a scolding manner.

The baby began crying from the nursery, snapping her from her inappropriate thoughts. She quickly went to attend to her.

After he had beat his cock to the most intense orgasm to date, Alan emerged from his room and found his mom in the nursery feeding the baby. "Oh, sorry, I didn't realize you were feeding her," he blushed, then started to walk away.

"Breastfeeding is natural, Alan. You don't have to walk away when you see me doing it," Shelly said with an amused smile.

"Oh, ok, I just didn't want you to feel uncomfortable with me here."

"I'm not uncomfortable at all. You’re the one who's face is turning red," she giggled.

"Oh," he muttered, looking over at the giant bare boob that his sister was nursing from.

Shelly glanced down at his crotch and could tell he was fully hard beneath his pants. The image of his large erection pointing up towards his ceiling as he yanked it up and down was still so vivid. She was just now recalling little details that she didn’t consciously acknowledge in the moment, when she was staring at it. Features like his big heavy ball-sack hanging down, with nuts the size of eggs, making his ball-bag bulge out obscenely. She shook her head, trying to think about something else.

"Are you ok?" Alan asked her.

"Yeah, I'm fine. She's really hungry," Shelly said, looking down at the baby.

"I bet," Alan said, standing there awkwardly watching.

"I'm gonna have to switch breasts through. I pumped this one earlier, so it's running on empty," Shelly said, pulling the distended nipple from her daughter's mouth.

"It doesn't look empty," Alan joked, marveling at the boob's immense size.

Shelly giggled, unfastening the bulging, beautifully-embroidered maternity cup covering the other breast. A watermelon-sized boob sprung free, making Alan's eyes go wide. He'd watched a lot of porn, and his mom had the widest, thickest areolas he'd ever seen. Normally, they were a deep shade of pink, but Shelly's breast was so swollen and engorged that her areolas were now a dark shade of purple. The Montgomery glans that covered it's surface gave it a thick bumpy texture. "It doesn't look empty because it's made up of

more than just milk, honey. A woman's breasts have fatty and glandular tissue, which is what makes them so big and squishy," she explained.

"Oh, I see," Alan said, mesmerized by the sight of her enormous tit-melons hanging side by side. He had caught little glimpses of them here and there while his mom was nursing, but nothing like this.

Shelly was well aware of her boy's ogling as she covered the empty tit and moved the baby to the one that needed relief. "There you go, little one," she said in a soft motherly tone.

Her eyes peeked up and stared at her boy's tubular-shaped prick bulge. Once again, she remembered details from seeing it naked earlier. She recalled how his urethra bulged wonderfully from the surrounding erectile tissue, running all the way up the body of his shaft to something else that she found utterly fascinating. Most uncircumcised penis's, like her husband's, even in their fully erect state, would have a nob that was still partially blanketed in foreskin. Her son's fleshy prepuce was peeled all the back past the neck of his glans, unshrouding the boy's huge bell tip in all it's glory, and displaying the true hardness of his cock. "Stop it!" the mother screamed at herself internally, suddenly ashamed of her naughty thoughts. "Were you heading out to your friend's house, honey," she asked her son, her expression clearly a little flushed.

"Yeah, I was just going over to Wayne's. I'll um…be back for dinner," he said, peeling his eyes away from his mom's tits and leaving.

"See you then," Shelly said lovingly.

After a restless few minutes, the mother put the baby back in her crib and turned on the mobile to entertain her. Then she rushed across the hallway to Alan's bedroom, her heart doing anxious somersaults in her chest. "Where would he hide them?" she asked herself out loud as she began searching for the panties she'd given him earlier.

She checked around his bed, but didn't see them, so she let out a deep sigh, becoming increasingly frustrated. "You're the one who told him to put them somewhere safe, dummy," she told herself.

The impatient mother then checked his closet, finally discovering them waded up in one of his jacket pockets. "Bingo!" she said, pulling them out.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed as she discovered that they were soaked with thick pasty cum. She backed up to her son's bed and sat down. "I knew I'd find a load of cum in them, but…not quite this much," she thought.

Her nostrils flared as she inhaled the musky aroma of her son's fresh spunk. "Ok, curiosity satisfied. Now put them back and leave," a voice in her head advised her.

Instead, she dipped her finger in the pearly-white slime and brought it to her mouth. Her digit slipped between her lovely lips and onto her tongue. "Unbelievable! Just like pineapple juice!" she told herself, feeling her nipples harden beneath her bra.

Against her better judgement, the fascinated mother dipped her finger in again, this time scooping up a big gob of semen. "It's still warm," she said with an excited giggled, making her big ballooning knockers jiggle. She then brought it to her mouth and greedily sucked it off her finger.

For a moment, the mother's beautiful brown eyes inadvertently rolled up in their sockets as she felt a mighty throb at the core of her cunt. She pictured her son's huge meat-stick, with his hand jerking around it, while his sweet ball-juice sizzled on her taste buds. Once she swallowed, she gazed across the room with a conflicting expression. "Time to leave, Shelly! This IS NOT appropriate, and you know it!" her brain screamed.

While one half of her mind pleaded for her to exit, the other half had a different plan. "I want it all," she wickedly thought, then quickly brought the panties to her mouth and began eating the spunk off like a hungry dog that hadn't had a meal for a week.

The pretty mother shamelessly devoured every drop of her son's sperm from her panties, lewdly licking and sucking on the fabric to ingurgitate every tiny baby-making tadpole her son had left there.

With shaky hands and breath, she nervously took them back over to the closet and stuffed them back into his jacket pocket.

"What the fuck is wrong with me?!" the mother thought, near tears as the guilt set in. She rushed to her bathroom; brushed and used mouthwash. "What if Mitchell tastes it when he kisses me? What if he smells it on my breath?" her worried mind wondered. Then she remembered that her husband was out of town, probably for several more days, due to the impending storm. "Even so, I'm NEVER doing that again," she told herself resolutely.

"Is this the storm shelter?" Alan’s Grandmother asked as she arrived the next day.

"Hey, Gran," the teen said, anxious for a hug. The reason for being so eager, of course, was because she had huge soft knockers, just like his mom’s.

Jeanie was still a knockout at the age of sixty-two. She had short silver hair that was always styled nicely.

Even though she was his dad's mother, Alan was surprised at how similar his Gran and mom were built.

Unfortunately, his grandfather had to be put in the local nursing home due to health issues, but the family still visited him quite regularly.

"Are you ready for some snow, kiddo?" she asked, pulling him in for a big tit-squashing hug. "They're saying we could get up to two feet, starting tonight."

"Whatever gets me out of school tomorrow, I'm all for it," Alan said.

"Where's that beautiful mother of yours?"

"She's in changing the baby I think."

"Would you be a dear and take my bag to the spare bedroom? I'm gonna go up and say hi."

"Sure, Gran."

Alan took his Gran's bag down to the room she stayed in during sleepovers. Before leaving, he peeked his head out the door and could faintly hear his mom and Gran chatting upstairs. Quickly, the teen rushed over and unzipped her bag. There, on top of all her other folded clothing, was a huge white bra, with decorative floral detail.

"Damn!" he thought, astounded at how huge the cups were. He quickly checked the tag, anxious to see her tit-size. It read 50 J.

"Holy smokes!" he gasped out loud, then quickly zipped the bag closed again "Gran's tits are even bigger that mom's," he thought as he left the room.

"Any nipple soreness at all?" Jeanie asked her daughter-in-law as they discussed the baby's breast feeding.

"No, none. My nipples as tough as rubber, so I don't think they'll ever be sore," the mother said with a giggle.

She suddenly saw her son move into the doorway. "Hey, hon," she said, taking a quick glance at his crotch. It just seemed to happen instinctively, since the day she saw him beating his naked erection.

"Hi, um…I'll just be in my room."

"Ok," the mother said, continuing to stare at the open doorway even after he was gone. "He's going in to sniff my panties I bet," she thought.

"Everything ok?" Jeanie asked, picking up her Granddaughter and cradling her against her soft breasts.

Jeanie was more like a best friend than a mother-in-law. They had often openly shared intimate experiences, and given each other advice, so Shelly felt comfortable divulging details of her recent discovery. "I've been finding my panties in Alan's room lately," she said.

"Is that so?" Jeanie said, not seeming the bit surprised. "Well, boys will be boys."

"And that's exactly why I didn't overreact."

"Has he been creaming into them?" Jeanie asked candidly.

"Yes…which is fine, but he's not returning them right away, so my best ones are getting stains."

"Well, it'll be awkward, but you should probably speak to him, see if the two of you can work out some sort of arrangement," Jeanie suggested.

"We have. I told him he can have one pair a week, to keep."

"Well, it’s good that the two of you discussed it, and you agreed on a plan, but unfortunately ‘one pair a week’ will just never work," Jeanie explained.

"Why?"

"Well, hon, the reason Alan is taking your panties is to swell the aroma of your vagina, and to suck on the crotch while he masturbates his penis," Jeanie explained. "If he's also using them as a cum-rag, then it'll only be a day or so before they smell and taste more like sperm than pussy."

"That's true," Shelly muttered, knowing her mother-in-law had a good point. "Maybe a week is too long then."

Jeanie's lips curled into a smile. "A mother will never spend more on replacing panties than during her boy's teenage years," she said. "Trust me, I know."

Shelly smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Mitchell?" she asked, wondering if her husband was a little panty thief at Alan's age.

"Oh no, but his younger brother, well that's another story."

"Nate? Really?!" Shelly giggled, surprised that her brother-in-law would do such a thing.

"I could never get my panties of quick enough. Nathan was snatching them from my bedroom before they even hit the laundry hamper."

Shelly laughed. "My biggest fear is Alan's gonna get lazy, and leave them laying around for his father to find."

"Well, it sounds like your keeping close tabs on the situation, which moms just have to do, to keep such things from happening," Jeanie

explained, then smiled at her daughter-in-law. "So, how does my Grandson taste?"

Shelly stared back at her a moment. Sure, they had been honest about intimate things in the past, but this was taking things to a whole different level. "Sweet," she confessed with an awkward smile.

"Sweet like vanilla?"

"Sweet like…pineapples," the mom said almost proudly.

"Mmm, he must release a high amount of fructose when he ejaculates. His girlfriends must love that," the grandmother said.

"Well, right now I think his only girlfriend is a pair of silky cloth that spends the day hugging my crotch,"

Shelly joked, making them both laugh.

"Just remember, the quicker he gets them, once you peel them off, the more enjoyment he gets out of them."

"True," Shelly said.

Jeanie lips curled into a naughty smile. "And the quicker you get them back once he's finished, the more enjoyment YOU get out of them," she said.

Shelly knew Jeanie was right, but also knew the dangers of going down such a path. "I'm not gonna lie…I did enjoy it, but I felt so bad after. I mean, what would Mitchell think if he ever found out I was doing something like that?"

"Those feeling are natural, hon. If a mother does it discreetly, she can have her fun here at home, and her husband will be none the wiser."

"Well now I feel horrible," the busty said.

"Because of what you did?"

"No, because I told Alan he had to wait week for another pair of panties," Shelly said. "Like you said, the whole point is that he smells and tastes ME while he's jerking off, right? So, if he's already pumped a load or two of cum in the ones he has, it makes sense that he's not gonna enjoy them as much."

"Sounds like someone needs to make a quick exchange. You know, there's something else that'll make the experience much more intense for him."

"What's that?"

"Try giving him a quick visual," Jeanie suggested.

"A quick visual?"

"Yes. Something that'll leave such a powerful impression in his mind that it'll all he thinks about while he's beating his boner."

Alan was sprawled across his mattress, steadily stroking his brick-hard cock, while holding the panties to his face. Despite nutting into them twice yesterday, he could still smell a hint of pussy. What mystified him was how clean they seemed, where normally panties he'd used before would be crusty and wreak of his cum. He could never have imagined that this was because his own mom had licked, sucked and swallowed his slimy load.

"Alan?" his mother's voice said outside his door, while knocking lightly a few times.

The boy suddenly froze and gazed across his room. "I'm um…a little busy, mom," he answered breathlessly.

"I know you are. Can I talk to you just for a second though?"

The boy quickly threw on just his pants and opened his door. "Talk to me about what?" he asked.

"About the arrangement we made. You know, with you using my panties."

"Oh, you changed your mind?" he asked.

"No, no…not at all. It's just that…well, since you're shooting your… stuff into them, and I don't want any stains to set in, I thought maybe we could take more of a…on demand approach to this."

Alan's eyes lit up. "On demand?" he asked.

"Yes. I provide my panties when you need them, and you give them right back as soon as your finished."

"You mean, right after I've…"

"Exactly! That way I can get them right into the wash to prevent any staining," Shelly said. "I really feel it's the perfect solution."

Getting panties fresh off his mom's pussy every time he wanted to beat off certainly wasn't an idea that Alan was gonna protest. "Sounds good," he said with an eager nod.

"Awesome!" the mother said with a cute smile. "Should we make an exchange now?"

"Yeah," the boy answered, his heart racing anxiously. He rushed over to his bed and pulled the panties he'd been using out from under his pillow.

Shelly had followed him into the room, and he turned and handed the panties to her. "Here you go," he said, then they stood there awkwardly for a moment.

"Thanks, honey. Um…question for you…"

"Ok."

She looked in to his eyes, a tad embarrassed. "Have you ever removed a girl's panties before?" she asked.

Alan swallowed hard as he contemplated what her question might mean. "No…uh, not really," he answered.

"Oh, well since we're making an exchange…would you like to take MY panties off of me?"

"It would be OK if I did that?" the boy asked with anxious breath.

"Well, yeah, I mean…we probably won't be able to let you do that every time, but since I'm right here, and I have a skirt on…well, come over here," the mother said, guiding her son to the bed.

Shelly sat down on the edge of his mattress, her big boobies jostling beneath her blouse and maternity bra. Her thigh-length skirt rode up even higher when she sat, exposing most of sexy, golden-brown legs.

She parted them slightly. "Kneel down here in front of me," she said.

Alan eagerly dropped to his knees, then watched his mom pull her skirt up even further, until his eye were able to feast on her panty-covered pubis.

"Ohh," Alan sighed out loud, his eyes fixed on the tiny triangle of silky white cloth shrouding his mom's pussy. They were so snug that

he could clearly see the form of his mother's labia majora, and the indentation of her cuntal crevice.

"It's ok, honey," the mother said reassuringly. "Reach up and pull them off."

He didn't need to be told twice. Alan reached up and grasped the elastic waistband along her hips.

Shelly lifted her buns from the mattress slightly, allowing her boy to pull her dainty panties down over her smooth thick thighs. "There you go," she said playfully, then giggled as he fumbled at getting them the rest of the way off. She lifted her sexy bare feet from the floor and bent her knees up some, making it easier for him to slip them all the way off.

"Holy smokes!" the boy mumbled out loud, staring at the naked vaginal flesh that was framed in on both sides by his mom's parted thighs. His cock flexed almost painfully in his pants as he studied the cute tiny triangle of thin pubic fuzz that crowned her puffy vulvar lips.

Feeling a tinge of guilt, Shelly snapped her thighs closed and stood up. Her son stood also, making no effort to hide the tent-pole that was protruding obscenely beneath his pants.

"So, um…it's very important that you get those back to me, as soon as your finished, so I can get them right in the wash," she said, even though she knew damn well that's not why she wanted them.

"Sure, mom…no problem."

"Thanks," she said with a cute smile, then left.

After fishing his cock out and plopping back onto his bed, Alan brought the white silky panties to his nose and inhaled. The warm cuntal aroma was intoxicating, but what was even more wonderful

was finding a damp spot on the gusset, where some pussy nectar had seeped from his mom's aroused vagina.

"I can't believe she let me take her panties off!" he thought, with the vision of her exposed vulva still so wonderfully clear in his mind. He sucked the damp spot into his mouth, tasting his mom's tangy secretions, while beating his boner vigorously.

"That was the most wicked thing I've ever done," Shelly confessed, shocked at the fact that she has just exposed her genitals to her own son.

"Perhaps…but did you enjoy doing it?" Jeanie asked, snacking on a carrot as they stood in the kitchen.

"More than I should have probably."

"I began exposing myself to Mitchell when he turned eighteen, but he never really caught on. A few years later, I tried the same thing with Nathan, with MUCH better results," Jeanie expressed.

Shelly smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Do tell," she said curiously.

"Let's just say he quickly became mommy's little boy-toy."

Shelly’s eyes went wide. "Boy-toy? Did you guys ever…?"

"Fuck?" Jeanie asked. "Oh honey, Nathan and I fucked constantly. We still do."

"Shut up!" Shelly said in surprise, her mouth hanging open.

"Oh yeah. Once a mommy's boy, always a mommy's boy."

"And your husband never suspected what you guys were up to?"

"Not once. I didn't have any strange numbers on my phone for him to find, I wasn't gone for long period of time, making him suspicious. Everything I was doing was right from home, while he was a work. He never suspected a thing," Jeanie explained.

"Hm, I wonder why Mitchell never showed any interest in you?" Shelly asked, surprised that her husband never caught on.

"Mitchell's mind has always been on other things. I mean, look at him now, traveling all over the place, consumed with his career," Jeanie pointed out.

"Yeah, at the expense of MY sex life," Shelly said in frustration.

"Well, perhaps it's time for your sex life to take a different path, like mine did."

Shelly stood there for a moment, contemplated her mother-in-law's words. She giggled and fed Jeanie a quirky smile. "Are you suggesting that I fuck Alan?" she asked.

"Well, I will tell you that sex with Nathan was a thousand times better than with my husband. Boy's dicks are harder, and their testosterone levels are through the roof, making their refractory periods shorter," Jeanie explained.

"Which means more sex, right?"

"Exactly. And not just 'more' sex, AMAZING sex…the kind that makes you feel like your on a sexual roller coaster."

"Well, I certainly haven't had sex like that in awhile," Shelly admitted. "I mean, Mitchell does his best to please me when he's home, but…it just never seems like enough."

"I know what you're saying, hon. I've been there."

Shelly's mind was a whirlwind of rights and wrongs. She loved sex, and often fantasied about what it would be like be fucked savagely day and night by a younger man. However, cheating on her loving, hard working husband, with her son of all people, seemed so wicked and wrong. "Alan IS handsome, and he does have the kind of dick that I've always dreamed about," she thought, picturing her boy's big muscled cock and acknowledging how much longer and thicker it was than Mitchell's. "But I love Mitchell so much, and would never wanna hurt him."

A voice from the kitchen doorway snapped her from her disputing thoughts. "Mom?" Alan said, peeking into the kitchen.

"Hi, honey," she said back, seeming a little flushed.

"I'm all finished with the…you know."

"Oh…OK, hand them over and I'll get them right in the wash," she said stepping over to him.

The boy glanced at his grandmother hesitantly, and she smiled back. "It's alright, kiddo. Your Gran knows all about a boy's love for his mother's panties," she assured him.

"Oh, uh…alright," Alan said, handing them over to his mom. He stood there for a moment awkwardly.

"Looks like the snow's starting outside."

"Wonderful. In a few hours it'll look like a winter wonderland out there," Jeanie said.

"That reminds me…your dad asked if you wouldn't mind checking the fuel in the generator, just in case we lose power," Shelly said.

"Sure, I can do that now."

"Thanks, honey," the mother said, feeling hot gooey spunk run out of her panties and onto her fingers.

She looked at Jeanie. "I better get these in the wash."

Her mother-in-law smiled back naughtily. "Need some help?" she asked.

Nor’easters were common in this part of the country, but this storm was expected to be one for the record books. Huge flakes began coating the ground, and the wind was beginning to whip the trees around as the storm-front moved in.

Shelly and Jeanie stood in the laundry room facing each other, with their huge tit touching. They both held a portion of the dainty panties, looking over the pool of spunk that coated the gusset. "It smells absolutely wonderful," Jeanie said, her nostrils flaring.

"Can you believe how much there is?" Shelly asked with an excited tone in her voice.

"Mm, it must have been one strong ejaculation."

Shelly dipped a finger in, and her facial expression filled with sexual glee. "It's still warm," she exclaimed.

Jeanie scooped some up with her finger and studied it with wondrous eyes. "It's such a beautiful pearlescent white. You can almost see the millions of swimming spermatozoa," she said, then sucked it into her mouth, licking her finger clean.

"They’re trying to swim right off my finger," Shelly giggled, watching the spunk ooze down, before sucking her finger between her lips.

Jean closed her mouth around a portion of the gusset, making her thick pink licker scoop up more cum, then letting it wash over her taste buds. "Mmnn, you were right, it’s delightfully sweet," she said before licking more off the silky panties.

"Wouldn't I just love to sip this from my water bottle all day," the mother joked, then pulled a section of the gusset into her mouth and sucked the juices from it.

For another minute, the two busty beauties moaned and whimpered as they did their best to soak up the slimy deposit that Alan had left there.

Shelly finally stopped sucking and sighed in frustration.

"What's wrong?" Jean asked.

She gave her mother-in-law a horny, pleading look. "Would you care if I rubbed my clitoris?" she asked desperately.

Jean giggled. "Of course not…as long as you’re OK with me rubbing mine too," she answered.

"Yes."

Because Shelly had given her son her panties, she was still bare beneath her skirt. She pushed her fleshy prepuce back with her fingers and began rubbing her grape-sized clitoris.

Jean followed suit, stuffing her hand down her panties. Her fingers, with their long well-manicured nails, dug through her thick labial folds and found her swollen clit.

They went back to nursing on the fabric, while delightfully pleasuring themselves. Shelly's mammoth tits pushed against Jeanie's, making them bulge out at the sides. Shelly could feel Jeanie's thick rubbery nipples rubbing against her own engorged teats, even through the

layers of their blouses and bras. She was never one to experiment sexually with women, but the squishy contact did feel pretty damn good.

Soon, every ounce of her son's load had been ingurgitated by the two women, and they lustfully yearned for more. A sudden knock at the door jarred them from their wicked activity. "Yeah?" Shelly asked breathlessly.

"Mom, um…Amelia's on the phone," Alan said through the door. "She said she's been trying to call you."

"Oh…um, OK, honey. Gran and I were…just trying to fix a problem with the washer. Be right out."

Jeanie smiled. "Didn't wanna tell him we were enjoying his big creamy load?" she asked teasingly.

"Not quite yet," the mother said with a giggle.

While Shelly spoke to her daughter on the phone in the kitchen, Jeanie went in and sat next to her Grandson on the couch, still licking the remnants of his orgasm from her lips. "Watching anything good?" she asked.

"Just some stupid reality show."

The boy peeked over at her enormous rack. The top few buttons of her blouse had come undone, exposing her big creamy cleavage.

Jeanie wasn't oblivious to her grandson’s wandering eyes. "What are you watching now?" she asked teasingly.

"What?" he asked, looking up into her watching eyes. "Oh…um, sorry, Gran" he blushed, looking back at the TV.

Jeanie giggled. "I've been catching you staring at my boobs for years now, kiddo. You don't have to be sorry," she said. "Would you like to know a secret about them?"

Alan looked over into her pretty eyes curiously. "A secret?" he asked.

"Yeah, you know, something special about them, that hardly anyone else knows."

"Oh…well, sure," he muttered, his heart heavily pounding in his chest.

"It has, of course, been a long time since I've given birth, but even after all these years, my breasts are still lactating."

"Lactating? You mean like…they squirt milk out?"

"Yep, just like your mom's do. Well… maybe not as much as hers do, since she just gave birth a month ago, but mine do leak a fair amount. Isn't that cool?" Jeanie asked.

"Yeah, I didn't know a woman could keep doing that, you know, as she got older."

Jeanie smiled. "There's probably a lot of things about women you don't know," she said with a flirty smile.

"Probably."

"Especially women family members," Jeanie said, letting her words linger in the air.

Alan's curiosity was peaked. "Like what?"

"Like how they love to talk about sex, especially with young handsome male members of the family,"

Jeanie explained.

"I didn't know that."

"It's true. If you want proof…when your mom comes back in here, ask her what her favorite sexual position is."

"I can't ask her that," Alan said blushingly.

"Why not?"

"She'd never tell me something like that, and she'd probably ground me for asking."

"She's been giving you her panties, kiddo. Do you really think she'd ground you for asking her a person question?"

Alan thought about it for a moment. He knew he and his mom had crossed the line as far as what was appropriate for mother and son, so perhaps she would be open to such a question. "I can try to ask her I guess," he said.

He didn't have to wait long. Shelly came in from the kitchen, having just gotten off the phone with her daughter. "Well, Amelia's staying with her friend until Sunday night."

"Probably for the best," Jeanie said. "It's starting to get really ugly out there, and the roads are probably already extremely dangerous to travel on."

"That's what I told her," Shelly said, sitting down on the opposite side of her son as Jeanie was. "Looks like it's just the three of us."

"Three and a half. Don't forget about my baby girl," Jeanie said.

"She’s not even a half, mom. She's tiny," Shelly said with a giggle. "She’s more like a quarter."

Alan looked at his Gran, and she smiled and nodded, as if silently signaling him to ask his question.

"Hey, mom, can I ask you something?" he said, looking over at her.

"Of course, honey."

"Well, it's kind of uh…personal."

Shelly looked over at Jeanie curiously. "Ok?"

Alan mustered up all the courage he had. "I was just curious…what’s your favorite sexual position?" he asked.

Shelly's mouth fell open. "Oh…yeah, that IS sort of personal," she said with a timid smile.

"You don't have to answer, if you don't want to."

"No, no…it's ok, honey. I don't mind answering. Your question just sort of…caught me off guard," she admitted.

"I told you it was personal."

"Well, let's see…my favorite sexual position?" Shelly asked herself out loud, staring across the room as if pondering the question. "There's just…so many good ones, it's hard to pick a favorite."

"There ARE so many good ones," Jeanie agreed, acting as if she too was considering the questions. "One that can bring a couple SO much pleasure."

Shelly finally looked into her son's eyes resolutely. "Doggy!"

"Oh, doggy-style, that IS a good one!" Jean agreed. "Nice deep penetration, and the woman can bounce back against the penis."

"Yes, I love that," Shelly said, smiling over at her mother-in-law. They both recognized that this was a way to get the boy worked up sexually.

"And it doesn't require a bed," Jeanie said. "A woman can be bent over in the kitchen, bathroom, shower, on the staircase."

"Leaning over the dryer, while on full spin cycle," Shelly added with a giggled.

Alan just sat there with his cock hardening, listening in fascination.

"It's the perfect position to have your ass slapped," Jeanie said.

"And what woman doesn't love that?" Shelly added.

"Have you ever tried that one with any of your girlfriends, kiddo?" Jeanie asked her Grandson, placing her hand on his thigh.

"Not that one, no."

"Oh, you have to do it, honey," Shelly said sitting up straight and looking into her boy's eyes. "You would love it."

"What's YOUR favorite position to work a girl in, Alan?" Jeanie asked.

"Oh…um, I'm not really sure," he said awkwardly.

"Well, you must have a favorite, honey," his mom said, also placing her hand on his thigh. Both women were turned slightly sideways, looking down at him as he slouched on the couch. Their huge melonous tits jutted out beneath their tops, looming over him.

"I guess when a girl's on top of me," the boy confessed. "I like that way the best."

"Oh, cowgirl! Such a wonderful sexual position," Jeanie said, combing her nails on the flesh of Alan's thigh. "Did you know for men AND women, cowgirl is one of the quickest ways to orgasm?"

"And not just once either," Shelly added gleefully.

"Do you know why that is, kiddo?" Jeanie asked him.

"No," the boy said, shaking his head.

"Because it allows for great clitoral stimulation. That's why a woman doesn't just bounce up and down on your penis while she's doing it, she also moves her body up and back to stimulate her clitoris," Jeanie explained, making the boy sigh excitedly.

"You'll also see a woman lean forwards or backwards, so she can change the angle of your entry," Shelly said. "This will allow her to work your penis in other sensitive areas of her vagina."

"I bet I know why he like that position so much," Jeanie said like she'd had a sudden revelation, smiling over at Shelly.

"I bet I do to," Alan's mother said with a naughty grin. "He's got a birds eye view of a girl's boobies."

"And those boobies can put on quite a show when she's riding you, can't they, handsome?" Jeanie asked.

"Yes," Alan said with a smile, know that's exactly what he liked best.

Shelly rested her hands on the tops of her breasts for a moment. "My big girls are bouncing all over the place in that position. It's ridiculous," she flirtingly confessed.

"So are mine," Jeanie giggled. "My tittie-domes are usual sore after sex, from slapping together so much."

Shelly crept her hand up higher, bumping the side of her thumb against her son's nut-sack through his pants. "I'm sure that's not the only reason they're sore," she said to Jeanie teasingly.

"Well, no…part of that soreness is from them being squeezed, sucked and nibbled on."

Alan was so turned on he could hardly stand it. Just listening to them talk about sex, while they each rubbed his inner thigh tenderly, was driving him crazy with lust. He knew they must be excited too, since their marshmallow-sized nipples were clearly visible, poking out beneath their tops.

"Do you like it when a woman is working the top, and she brings her boobs down on you, kiddo?" Jeanie asked. "Smothering you in the warm squishy meat of her tits?"

"Yeah, I um…like that a lot actually."

"Do you, honey?" Shelly asked, gazing down at him with a warm motherly smile. "Does your handsome face like to wrestle with a girl's titties?"

"Uh-huh," he nodded, glancing at his mom's looming melons of flesh.

"Do you like to suck and pull on a girl's nipples, darling boy?" his Gran asked. "While you feel her hot vaginal grip slip up and down the big muscular slab of your manhood?"

The boy was too turned on to answer, so he just nodded. Both women could see the shape of his big nob beneath his jeans, pushing the fabric out.

"A girl's pussy feels good around your penis, doesn't it, honey?" his mom asked with lustful eyes. "Did you know as a girl gets older, and has babies, she develops strong muscles down in her pink parts."

"That's true," Jeanie agreed. "A mature vagina can be a whole different experience for a boy. One that's EXTREMELY pleasurable."

"I uh…didn't know that."

Shelly giggled, then leaned further down, drawing her knee up on the couch and pressing her boobs against one side of his chest as she moved her face in close to his. "Imagine my panties around your face, while you're really jerking off good. The feel of a mature woman's vagina is a hundred times better than that," she said.

"Really?" Alan muttered, so aroused he felt like he could pass out.

"Really," his mom said, then glanced down at his tubular-shaped protrusion. Her heart went pitter-patter as she spotted a big round wet spot on his knob, where pre-cum had soaked through. "And I'm judging by the size of that bulge, that your boner would be able to explore every wonderful inch of a mature hole."

Jeanie leaned down just like Shelly was, so Alan's chest was now completely plastered in spongy tit-flesh, and both their pretty faces hovered near his. "And as all the big boys would tell you, the real pleasure is back by the cervix. That's where a boy's glans get squeezed and scrubbed," she said in sensual tone.

Alan squirmed beneath them, aching to have his cock touched. Both his Gran and his mom's beautiful eyes studied his reaction. They could both tell he was horny beyond belief. "Thrust your hips up, kiddo. It's ok," Jeanie said lovingly. "You don't have to be embarrassed by how incredibly horny you are right now."

The boy slowly pumped his crotch up and down, and the women turned on their sides, still against him, but looking down and watching. "Wow, it looks SO hard, honey," his mom cooed, her own clitoris throbbing like crazy.

"Oh, and it's just dripping with pre seminal fluid," Jeanie said, licking her puffy pink lips.

"It's such a nice steady rhythm you have going, honey," Shelly said, then smiled at him. "I'm REALLY impressed."

"Thanks," the boy muttered, staring into his mother's dreamy brown eyes.

Her lips curled salaciously. "Can you pump faster?" she asked softly.

"Sure," he said, then humped his hips up and down at an increased pace.

The two women's eyes widened as they watched his aching dick bob steadily, making imaginary fuck-humps off the cushion.

Jeanie was the first one to make a move, reaching down and squeezing her hand around his throbbing bell tip through his jeans. "Oh, he wants to fuck so bad, don't you, Kiddo. Let Gran help you."

"Ahhh!" Alan whimpered, feeling her hand clutch his glans as he continued pumping up and down.

Shelly looked on, fighting the urge to reach down and join her mother-in-law in squeezing the boy's dick.

"No! No way I can do that. It's just too inappropriate!" she thought.

However, as Jeanie unzipped his pants, and his meaty boner began emerging from his fly hole, the mother's resolve slowly began to weaken. "Good heavens, it's just so big!" she thought.

"Oh, Shelly…look at that big fat erection!" Jeanie said, wrapping her pretty hand around it and slowly stroking.

Unable to resist any longer, Shelly reached down and joined Jeanie, wrapping her hand around her boy's prick and milking it tenderly.

"Just this once! This is the one and only time!" she told herself.

Alan’s dick felt so thick and hot in her hand. She was so turned on and excited that she didn't think her heart could beat any faster.

Jeanie looked over at Shelly. "Work his shaft, and the neck of his coronal ridge. I'll pump the base," she said.

Their pretty hands each went to task, beating his boner with perfect corkscrew strokes. Shelly spit a stream of saliva down on her son's knob to help lubricate their strokes.

Alan's face was masked in fascination and pleasure as he gazed down at the two hands, with their long beautifully-painted nails, squeezing expertly up and down his big meat-stick. "Do you like it, honey?"

Shelly asked, watching his grimacing face.

"Yess," the boy hissed.

"Feels almost as good as a pussy, doesn’t it, darling boy?" his Gran asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Tight like pussy…and slippery like pussy," his mom said, pumping his dick steadily.

"I love it," the boy gasped.

"I can tell, honey. I can feel your knob throbbing in my hand. It's wonderful!" the mother cooed, stroking the top half of his prick skillfully.

"Oh God, his root is so strong and thick," Jeanie said, pumping her half-circled fist around the base of his boner.

"I bet the girls just love how muscular your erection is, honey," Alan's mother said, her eyes traveling lustfully up the blood-engorged body of his hardon.

"And as soon as girls find out how long and thick your dick is, they'll be lining up to go out with you," his Gran said.

The boy's eyes darted from his mom's tits to his Gran's, watching their mam's jiggle heavily from their vigorous cock-stroking.

"And all their pussies will feel SO good to you, just like our hands," Shelly said.

"Mm, well one thing I know. If my hand were a pussy, it definitely would have cum all over your hard penis by now," Jeanie confessed.

"Speaking of cum. We should probably decide where you're gonna squirt your ejaculate. We certainly just can't let it fly all over the living room, splattering everywhere," Shelly giggled.

"Oh, such a big decision, kiddo," his Gran said, gazing down at him. "Any ideas where you'd like to deposit your load, sweetheart?"

"I don't care," the boy gasped. "Wherever you guys want me to."

Jeanie smiled over at her daughter-in-law. "You're leaving it up to us?" she asked.

While Shelly was sucking Alan's spunk off her panties, she spent a lot of time thinking about how wonderful it would be to drink it right from source. She knew this was her chance. "Would you um…like to squirt it in our mouths?" she asked.

"Really?" Alex asked, flabbergasted that she would even suggest such a thing.

"Well, it is a place you can put it that wouldn't require any cleanup," she pointed out.

"True. That sounds really cool to me."

"Me too," Jeanie said with a smile.

"Ok then, when you get really close, let us know. You can stand up, we'll drop down to our knees, and you can continue jerking off, while you ejaculate into our mouths, ok, honey."

"Got it," Alan said anxiously.

The two women focused on giving the best handjob they could, beating his young slippery dick up and down from knob to root.

"Feels almost as good as a girl riding you cowgirl, doesn't it, handsome?" his Gran asked.

"Yes," the boy gasped, his entire cock beginning to tingle in their skilled hands.

"Mm, and the best part is when she squeezes you, and pulls all the hot semen out," his mother added, then thrust her mammoth boobs his direction, making them hover right above her son's face. She gazed down over her milk-swollen udders with her loving mommy-eyes. "Give us your hot semen, honey. Squirt it across our tongues and down our throats," Shelly said, then opened her mouth and curled her long tongue out.

Seeing this made Alan's balls clench in their sack. "Oh damn, I'm gonna cum!" he announced with urgency.

The women released his cock and scrambled to their knees. Alan quickly stood up, taking over the cock stroking duties, and stepped up to their beautiful faces as they put them side by side, opening their mouths wide.

"Here it comes! Ohh damn!" the boy shouted, beating his boner frantically.

The first rope of milky jizz blasted into his mom's mouth, making her eyes go wide. It was followed by another that skimmed across her tongue and straight down her throat.

Alan pointed his dick over at his Gran's mouth, grunting as more jizz erupted from his piss-slit, splattering across the inside of her mouth.

He went back and forth a few more times, jerking out more and more ball-juice, making it ooze onto their tongues.

"Good grief, kiddo. I feel like a just drank a pineapple protein drink," Jeanie joked, making Alan's mom laugh.

"I could become a real sperm-a-holic if I always had access to cum that sweet," Shelly added, then licked her lips, smiling at her boy. "See, honey, zero mess."

"I bet the walkways outside are a mess though. I should probably go out and shovel, before the snow gets too deep," he said, heading to his room.

Shelly and Jeanie looked at each other and smiled. "Did that actually just happen, or was I just imagining it?" the mother asked, seeming half-horrified.

"It happened," Jeanie said, "but before you start beating yourself up with guilt, think about what we talked about earlier."

"Which part?"

"The part where we talked about Mitchell being so consumed with work, rather than being here and jerking off into his wife's mouth himself," Jeanie answered. "There's no reason your sex life should suffer, just because he chooses work over pleasure."

"You’re right. Besides, it was just a handjob. It's not like Alan and I had full blown sexual intercourse or anything," Shelly pointed out.

"No, not yet anyway," Jeanie said with a teasing smile.

"Stop it!" Shelly teased back. "I can’t fuck my own son."

"Well, he has a hard cock, and you get a wet vagina, so technically, YOU CAN fuck your son. The question is…do you want to?"

"Noo!" Shelly said, then thought about it a few seconds. "Yes! But I can't. I mean I CAN, technically, yes, but I shouldn't…should I?" she asked, seeming unresolved.

"That my dear, is completely YOUR decision, and I’m sure that whatever that decision is, it'll be the right one."

After a contemplating pause, Shelly spoke. "When you fucked Nate… did you feel guilty at all?"

"I was a married woman. I would be completely heartless if I said no, but the thing about life is, when you have two conflicting feelings, you go with the one you feel more passionately about."

Shelly let out a deep sigh. "Well if that's true, my minds already made up," she said, then gave her mother-in-law a confident smile. "I want my son to fuck me."

They heard the front door close as Alan went out in the storm to shovel.

"So now that I've been honest about what I want…what do I do now?" the mother asked.

Jeanie fed her a sly smile. "I have a naughty idea," she said.

Outside in the storm, Alan shoveled the snow from the walkway. Even with all his storm gear on, he found it hard to work in the

whipping wind. As he began to shovel his way past his parent's bedroom window, he froze suddenly at the scene going on inside.

In the bedroom, his mom and Gran were undressing. He could hardly believe his eyes as they removed their blouses, exposing their huge bra-clad breasts. Next came their skirts, so they were now in just their bras and panties.

"Surely they wouldn't get naked in front of each other?" he thought, mesmerized by their beauty.

His question was quickly answered as both women reached back and unclasped their bras.

"Whoa!" Alan gasped out loud, his mouth falling open as his eyes went back and forth between their enormous heavy-hanging tits. He marveled at how wide and puffy their areolas were, and licked his lips at sight of their thick rubbery nipples.

Just when he thought the view couldn’t get any better, they peeled off their dainty panties. Like his mom, his Gran had a cute little pubic triangle, that matched the silver-colored hair on her head. Both women displayed thick labial meat, that came together to form a deep cuntal cleavage.

"That’s sooo hot!" the boy said to himself, wanting to squeeze his cock, but it was too damn cold out. He watched them slip on their silky robes and tie them closed.

Now that the show was over, the boy focused on the task at hand, making easy work of the front walkway.

"Are you guys getting buried in snow?" Mitchell asked his wife as they spoke on the phone, while she fed the baby.

"Alan said there's about a foot of snow out there already, and from what I've heard it's suppose to come down all night."

The busty stay-at-home mom couldn't help but feel pangs of guilt as she spoke to her hubby. After all, she had just technically cheated on him for the first time in their nineteen-year marriage, and with their son of all people.

"What's my mom been up to?"

"Oh, just helping me beat off Alan's cock," she wickedly thought. "We've just been talking…and she's helping out with the baby, like always."

"I'm glad I talked her into staying over."

"Well, I don't think you had to 'talk her into it,' honey. She loves being over here."

"Alan's managing the walkways I hope?" Mitchell asked. "Keeping them clear of snow?"

"Yes, he just went out awhile ago to clear it off," Shelly answered. "And got a nice little striptease show while he was at it," she thought.

"Good, he knows I'm counting on him to take care of certain things while I'm away."

"Do those 'certain things' include fucking the hell out of your wife?" she thought, then shook her head.

"Stop it, Shelly!" she told herself, feeling guilty for even thinking that while on the phone with her husband.

"Are you Ok, babe? You seem a little distracted?" Mitchell asked.

"No, I'm fine, sorry. I'm just getting the baby fed, and down for the night. It's been a long day," she said.

"A long…HARD day," she wickedly thought as the image of her boy's massive pillar of cock-meat entered her mind.

"Alright, babe, I'll call you tomorrow. Have a good night. I love you," Mitchell said. It was a hard thing for the wife to hear, considering by the time they spoke again she would break her wedding vows by having sexual intercourse with their teenage son.

"Love you…goodnight," she muttered.

After putting the baby down for the night, she found Jeanie downstairs on the couch sipping from a glass of wine.

"Mitchell said to tell you hello. He asked what you'd been up to," Shelly said.

"Did you tell him jerking my Grandson off and drinking his cum," Jeanie joked.

Shelly giggled and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, that's exactly what I told him," she said facetiously.

"How are you feeling?" the mother-in-law asked, diverting the attention off Mitchell.

"Nervous. I mean, I've never seduced a guy before, let alone an eighteen-year-old young man…who just happens to be my son."

"Here," Jeanie said, handing her the glass, "have a drink. It'll help loosen you up."

Shelly quickly chugged it down.

"Well…OK then," Jeanie giggled. "Want another?"

"No…" the mother responded, looking back at her decisively. "What I want is to get laid. Will you help me get ready?"

"Certainly."

They went to Shelly's room to prepare her for the seduction of her son. She took a quick shower and shaved her legs and her vulva. After toweling off, she lathered herself with a sweet-smelling body oil, that made her voluptuous golden-brown body soft and silky looking. "Do you think he likes red lipstick, or should I just keep it simple?"

"How about somewhere in between. Nothing too bright, but a little something to mark his body up while you're kissing him all over," Jeanie said with a giggle.

"I like it," Shelly said with a smile, then applied some darker pink lipstick to her pouty lips.

"So, I'm torn between two outfits," Shelly said as they walked over to her bed. She had a few pieces of sexy negligee spread out on the mattress.

"Mm, they're both sooo naughty," Jeanie said.

"I know. That's what I love about them. They're revealing, but still leave a little something to the imagination."

"Which one are you leaning more towards?"

"Honestly, that one," Shelly said, pointing to the outfit on the left, "but I don't wanna shock the hell out of him either."

"Nothing wrong with a little shock factor. If you're leaning towards that one, then you should do it."

Shelly put on the outfit, getting everything just right. She looked at herself in the mirror, fluffing her long silky mane of hair, then turned towards her watchful mother-in-law.

"Stunning!" Jeanie said, looking her daughter-in-law over.

"Thanks," she said with a pretty smile full of brilliant white teeth. "Now the big question. Do I let him fuck me in HIS bed, or do I bring him down here?"

"My Nathan was so excited the first time he fucked me on my marital mattress, and I'll admit, it was pretty damn thrilling for me too," Jeanie explained. "The first time we had intercourse though, was on HIS bed, and I wouldn't have had it any other way."

"Why's that?"

"Well, it's where it all started for him. Alan too. A boy's bed is where he lays down and pulls on his boner, while fantasized about bucking between his mom's thighs," Jeanie explained. "It's only right that it be the place where he feels her pussy sheath his penis for the first time."

"You're right," Shelly said with a smile. "His bed it is!"

That’s where Alan was. On his bed, playing a game on his phone when his mom texted. "Hi," it read.

"Hi," he texted back.

"What are you up to?"

"Nothing much. Just playing a game," he typed.

"Wanna hang out?"

Alan smiled. She was texting like a girl from school who was really interested in him. "Where?" he texted.

"Your room, "

"Sure, whenever you want," he texted back. His thrill-meter was already on the rise. His mom had fulfilled a lot of his fantasies already today, and he wondered if she had something else in mind.

A few minutes later he heard a tap at his door. "Knock, knock," Shelly said, then stepped inside his room.

Alan gasped and quickly sat up straight, his eyes about bugging out of his head as he gazed at the beauty entering his bedroom.

Shelly's marabou slippers, with their four-inch stiletto heels clicked daintily on his floor as she stepped into his bedroom. The mother wore a stunning black laced corset with matching thong panties. The bustier top had beautiful lace embroidery, and fit snug on her body, accentuating her curvy hourglass figure. The huge mounds of tit-flesh bulging from the strapless top made the boy go dizzy with desire.

"You like?" she asked, pausing in a cute pose, with her hands on her hips and one silky leg propped out, slightly bent at the knee.

"You look beautiful," the boy answered, taking notice on how Shelly had even done her hair and makeup.

"What about the back?" she asked, gracefully turning to displayed her lovely thonged ass, and the sexy laces of her bustier that crisscrossed up her back.

"Incredible!" the boy muttered, his eyes fixating on the meaty, golden-brown cheeks of her nearly naked buttocks.

"Well then…mission accomplished," she said with a satisfied smile. "Well, almost," she said, sashaying towards him. "I have one other objective."

"You do?" Alan asked with his heart racing anxiously. All the delightfully tit-meat that was spilling out the top of her bustier jiggled like fleshy jello as she stepped towards him.

"Yeah, I do," she said, stopping in front of him. "My other objective is to seduce you."

"Seduce me?"

"Yeah, the word seduce means to entice someone into sexual activity," she said in a lustful tone, looking right into his eyes.

"Well then, I um…think you're doing a good job at that," the boy confessed.

"Am I?" Shelly said with a satisfied giggle.

"Yeah, very much."

"So, if I told you I needed a hot young guy, with a huge hard dick to pound my pussy for hours…you'd be up for the job?" she asked sensually.

"Actually, I'm already UP for the job," Alan joked, glancing down at the hard bulge beneath his briefs.

"I can see that," Shelly said, biting her bottom lip as she studied the meaty shape of her boy's boner.

"But I could ‘see that' much better if you took off your briefs."

His mom had already seen his dick, so this wasn’t really an ice breaker. He stood and took off his bottoms, and his boner sprung free, bobbing stiffly on his loins at an upward angle.

Shelly's heart raced with desire as she gave a dreamy-eyed stare at the huge meaty cannon pointed up at her. "If your as talented as

you are big, I'm in trouble," she confessed, then reached down and peeled her dainty panties off.

Alan let out quivering sigh and his boner twitched as he gazed at his mom's shaved pubis. Since she had a tiny bit of hair there earlier, he knew she must have shaved it just for him. He couldn't help but wonder what pleasure awaited him down in the dark fissure of her fleshy camel toe.

Shelly stepped up to her boy and removed his t-shirt, her hungry eyes feasting on his young lean chest.

She stepped out of her heels, then began undoing the clasps that ran up the front of her bustier. "Only one thing left," the mother said as she slowly parted her corset.

Alan watched in aroused fascination as she finally reached the clasps that covered her enormous milk-filled tits. Bulging boobie-flesh began spilling out as she undid the last three clasps. Then, all at once, the bustier parted completely and Shelly's gigantic mommy-melons bobbled heavily out onto her chest.

Alan felt almost dizzy at the fact that he was about to fuck someone with such huge tits, never mind that the person was his own mom. The whole idea that he'd soon be smothered by their soft squishy warmth, sucking on the huge leaking nipples, and just watching them leap around wildly while they fucked made him more aroused than he ever had been in his life.

"Are you ok, honey?" Shelly asked, reaching out to take his hand as she sensed his anxiousness.

"Just really excited," he confessed.

Shelly gazed at him with a heart-warming smile. "Me too," she said.

Alan looked towards his side table. "I have some lube I think," he said.

"We won't need it," Shelly said, feeling dribble of cuntal nectar seep from her fleshy folds. "Trust me."

"Ok," he said awkwardly, not really sure how to get things started.

His mom already had that figured out. "Lay down on your back. I want our first penetration to be in your very favorite position," she said.

Alan got on his bed and sprawled back as his mom suggested. Shelly watched his huge egg-shaped balls roll around in their sack, then her eyes drifted up his long muscular shaft. "Oh my God, am I really about to do this?" she thought. "Yes I am!" her brain screamed determinedly.

The huge-titted mother crawled onto the mattress; her big breasts hanging down and wobbling back and forth like big pendulums. She threw a leg over her boy, straddling his loins. She reached down and grasped his boner at the base, causing her melons to balloon out, hovering above Alan's face like two monstrous clouds of rounded flesh.

"Jesus!" the boy gasped, thrilled beyond belief as he gazed up at the huge rounded undersides of Shelly's milk-swollen breasts.

His mom peeked down at him through the gaping canyon between her boobs. "It's ok, honey. This is gonna be so good for both of us," she assured him.

Alan looked down his torso as he felt his cock lick her hairless vulva. His mom was in full control, and dropped the split of her cuntal folds around her boy's flaring knob.

"Ahh!" the boy sighed as he felt his glans slip through her hymen. For someone who'd just passed a baby a month ago, the mouth of Shelly's vagina was incredibly snug.

She lowered her ass further and felt her boy's rock-hard meat split her walls apart, sinking in to her hot wet pussy. "Oh God you feel good," she sighed, as her vagina elongated to accept her son's large sexual organ.

"Wow!" the mother exclaimed delightfully, feeling her son's dong sink into an area she hadn't had touched since she was much younger. Before she met Mitchell. "You're gonna hit bottom, young man."

A few seconds later, he did just that. His big purple bell pushed against the head of her cervix, which was still slightly dilated, having not yet returned to it's prepartum state. This meant Alan's knob could squeeze inside it, which felt delightful.

"Holy smokes!" the boy gasped. Have his bell tip capped by the ring of a cervix was something he never felt with the other girl's he'd been with.

"Remember, I gave birth not long ago, so things might feel a little different in there…in a good way,"

Shelly warned him.

Alan looked down to see their bare crotches fused together, flesh on flesh, with his mom's labial pedals splayed out between them. He felt his mom’s thick ribbed cuntal lining grasping at his meat, adjusting to his cock-size. "Here we go, honey," his mom said, smiling anxiously down at him, then began moving up and down on his prick.

They were only a few minutes in, and Shelly knew she’d be coming sooner than she thought. It was easily the hardest, longest dick

she'd ever had inside her, which meant soon she'd be screaming in orgasmic rapture.

Alan watched his cock appear and disappear through the split of his mom's twat. His vein encrusted hardon was soaked with her vaginal secretions. Shelly's fuck-pace gradually intensified, and the boy's eyes were drawn to her boobs as they bounced heavily up and down. He could see little beads of breastmilk forming on the tips of her engorged nipples.

The pretty mother suddenly fell forward, planting her hands astride her son's head, so she rested her upper half on extended arms. This caused her giant boobies to swing softly around her son's face while she fucked, and she felt his cock flex in reaction.

"Mm, do you like mommy being your cowgirl, honey?" she asked.

He peeked up from between her boobs like a kid in a candy store. "Definitely!" he said.

"Good, because I love riding my stallion," she panted. "I'm taking him out of the stable tonight for a long exciting ride."

Shelly changed her method of fucking from up and down, to forward and backward, grinding on his long hard penis. "You see, there's so many ways your cowgirl can ride you, so she can work your hard penis in so many amazing spots," she said closing her eyes in pleasure.

Alan felt his boner tilted slightly, so his knob stretched out a section of her back wall. Of course, the sensations on his glans were incredibly intense.

The lucky boy began to kiss the flesh between her tits, feeling it's spongy softness rub all over his face.

"Other times she just wants to ride you really hard and fast," the mother said, then set her hips into overdrive.

"Oh, damn!" the boy gasped, watching his mom raise up a little, placing her hands on his chest and grinding frantically.

He watched her wide hips jerk up and back like a well-oiled machine, as she stirred his cock inside her, hitting every inch of her juicy cunt tube. Her huge hanging boobies rippled wildly between her arm, and Alan watched tiny droplets of tit-nectar rain down on his chest.

While she continued doing this tirelessly, he watched her pretty face slowly contort with pleasure. Shelly moaned and whimpered in delight as she felt a powerful orgasm swell inside her.

For the next two minutes, she built up to an absolute explosion of pleasure. "You're gonna make me cum!" she squealed in voice tone Alan had never heard before.

He felt her lovely legs tremble beside him, then felt her cuntal rugae bulge around his prick, pushed out by her strong vaginal muscles. "Ohhh!" the boy groaned, feeling his boner grasped and juiced on, in ways he never dreamed possible.

"Uuugghh!" Shelly screamed out shamelessly, trembling in a mind-blowing orgasm.

All the way down in the guest bedroom, Jeanie head her daughter-in-law shriek with pleasure. She got a big proud smile. "Yaay!" she cheered out loud.

Back in the bedroom, the mother dropped down on extended arms and began pounding her cunt up and down her son's cock. Her fleshy mommy-buttocks smacked again his wet balls lewdly over and over as she fucked like a busty porn star.

Alan rubbed his face around between her jiggling tits, loving the feel of her warm spongy flesh. His mom was fucking him better than he ever imaged she could.

Due to increased blood flow from the demands of the growing uterus and embryo during Shelly's pregnancy, the lining of her vagina had thickened. This caused the pleats of her rugae to engorge, which was normal in pregnant women. This condition often remained months after giving birth, much to Alan's delight. The texture of his mom's cuntal grip was out of this world, and he couldn't believe he hadn't cum yet.

He began to pump his ass from the mattress, meeting her downwards thrusts, causing their wet genitals to smack together lewdly.

His boner flexed inside her, slicing through the slippery tube of pink-textured flesh. His mom's mucosal tissue scrubbed his glans, aided by her juicy secretions, and the deeper layer of muscle that gripped his dick like a velvet vice.

"Ohh, mom!" the boy moaned, feeling a familiar tingle around his coronal ridge.

"Remember our chat earlier? This is the best part, honey," she said breathlessly, not losing her fuck-rhythm one bit. "This is the part where I squeeze you, and pull all your hot semen out!"

"Ohhyess!" he gasped, throwing his head to one side in ecstasy.

"Don't you dare stop thrusting down there, because mom's gonna cum right along with you!" she shouted.

"Ohh, mom, I’m gonna cum so hard," the boy groaned, feeling his fat dick swell inside her.

His mother suddenly threw the upper half of her body flat down against his, but kept her big buns humping up and down. She began fluttering her long tongue all over the most sensitive part of his neck, making the boy's body writhe excitedly beneath her.

Her big warm melons were pancaked against his chest, sloshing and smearing her milky discharge all over him, making their flesh nice and slippery.

Alan saw bright lights flash before his eyes as he stiffened up like a board beneath his steadily humping mother.

"Oh, baby, I can feel your dick swelling," Shelly said between licks. "Give my pussy your hot boy-cum!"

Alan did just that, letting out a deep animal-like grunt as his meatus spat out huge ropes of cum, painting his mother's pink walls with pearly-white jizz.

He heard his mom let out a cute scream of orgasmic pleasure, then those painted pink walls were quickly washed clean by an efflux of hot girl-cum that erupted from her urethra. Their orgasmic cocktail quickly became a foamy froth that churned around their pink genital flesh.

It was several minutes before the bucking, writhing and groans of pleasure stopped. Shelly rested on top of her boy, her sticky, sweaty tits still plastered to his chest like soft warm bread dough. She loved the feel of his fat cock still stuffed inside her vagina. "My God, it's still hard!" she thought, then lifted her head and looked down into her boy’s eyes.

"Can you go again, honey?" she softly asked.

"Of course," Alan said with a sigh.

It was music to the hypersexual mother's ears. She quickly rose up off him, her giant heavy tits wobbling around as she got on her hands and knees, then pointed her meaty bare buttocks back at her teen. "Can we do MY favorite position now?"

Outside, the storm rumbled. The wind had created drifts nearly three-feet deep against the house, and the snow was still dropping heavily.

Inside, Alan had a firm grip on his mom's hips. A repetitive SMACKING sound filled his bedroom as his mom's ass-globes beat back against his crotch. He reached up and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

For nearly an hour now he'd been fucking her doggy-style, just the way she loved it.

Shelly peered back at him with a lusty gaze. "Slap my ass again, baby!" she said with thrill in her voice.

Alan obliged, smacking his mom ass-cheek with a sharp strike. "I hope those red handprints don’t stay there for dad to see," he said.

"Well, if you just keep doing it, my ass will be so covered it'll just look like one big welt, and I can tell him I sat on something hot outside."

"Sounds convincing, except for the fact that there's a blizzard outside, mom, and it's like twelve degrees," Alan reminded her.

"Oh…true. Well, just keep slapping it anyway while you fuck me. I'll think of something else to tell him."

Alan took another swing at his mom's swiveling butt-meat, making her fatty ass-cheek ripple delightfully as his open hand slapped against it."

The boy's unyielding prick pounded through her juicy cunt-slot. In the course of an hour, his mom had cum on his cock seven times, and she was quickly rising toward the peak of yet another gushing climax.

"My God, I never knew a cock could stay SO hard for SO long," the mother thought, as she threw her ass back against her boy, meeting him hump for hump.

As he had many times over the past hour, Alan leaned over his mom's back, reached under and gasped her wildly swinging tits. His hands dug into their squishy flesh, and he felt streams of tit-milk ooze out between his fingers.

Shelly and her son had developed a wonderful fuck-rhythm, making Alan’s boner plunge through her pussy-tube with full length thrusts. Just before his bulbous tip would emerge from her twat, he slammed it back in deeply, making his blood-engorged tip pop into her tight cervical ring.

It was inside that little sweet spot that the boy would pump out his hot load, wondering if there was a chance of getting his mom pregnant, since he was technically cumming inside a dilated portion of her cervix. He decided if his mom wasn't worried, that neither was he.

After a joint shower, with lots stroking, kissing and flirting, Shelly led her son back to his bed. They stopped beside his mattress like a couple of horny naked newlyweds, and the mother gazed down at his jutting cock. "Does that thing ever go soft?" she playfully asked.

"Not when you’re around."

"Good," she said, hugging onto to him, so her oversized melons bulged out between them. "We definitely don't want it soft when I'm around."

"I agree."

"It can't enjoy mommy's wet pink pussy if it's soft," Shelly said in a cute sexy tone.

She quickly squatted down in front of him. "Or her wet cock-sucking mouth," she added, the stuffed her boy's meat between the stretched ring of her lips, swallowing his entire dong, pressing her nose into his crotch.

"Wow!" the boy exclaimed, feeling his boner soak in the tunnel of her throat.

The mother came up for air, then immediately swallowed his dick again. This time she began to give him a delightful oral fuck, plunging his boner through her mouth with the skill of a cock-sucking expert.

While sucking vigorously, Shelly grasped her boy's cock at the root, beating his boner into her hot sucking mouth. She popped it out and attacked his glans with her tongue, fluttering her long licker all over the pinkish-purple surface of his swollen knob. After driving him crazy with lashing licks, she went back to blowing his penis, bobbing her head up and back tirelessly.

"Damn, mom, you are REALLY good at that," her boy confessed, watching her hanging tit-knockers bobble around from the motion of her constant sucking.

His dicked popped from between her lips. "Well, we stay-at-home moms have to be good at something," she said, then looped her tongue around the edge of his coronal ridge. "It might as well be cooking, cleaning and sucking cock."

"How lucky am I? Since you do all three for me."

"Oh, are you suggesting that mom become your full-time cock-gobbler?" she asked, gazing up at him while holding his dick to her mouth like a meaty microphone.

"Well, in order to stay good at something, you have to practice, right?"

Shelly slowly rolled her tongue around his bell tip, while staring up into his eyes teasingly. Her long hair was still damp from the shower, slicked back in a sexy manner. "I'll practice on this big tonsil tickler any day," she said with a wink.

The mother rose back up, but kept her tight clasp on her boy's cock-root. She pulled him by his dick onto the mattress. "I have something else in mind right now though," she said.

Alan watched his mom fall onto her back, and scissor her smooth motherly legs back in the widest spread he had ever seen. "Instead of tickling my tonsils, you can pound my cunt. How's that sound?"

Alan licked his lips, his eyes drifting from her splayed cuntal curtains, to the two huge milkers drooping heavily off the sides of her chest. "Sounds amazing," he answered.

Shelly extended one sexy leg his direction. Starting from his scrotum, she drug her sexy toes, with their ruby painted toenails, up between his nuts, then along the underside of his rigid cock, stopping at his frenulum and rubbing her big toe against it. "Then what are you wait for? Come fuck me senseless," the mother said, gazing eagerly at her boy.

He was on top of her in a split-second. His fat peter-tip split her hymen and sunk into the greedy grip of her slippery pussy.

Shelly kept her legs wide open, with her dainty feet pointed back towards each end of the headboard.

Alan punched his cock home, taking full-length thrusts, so his heavy balls beat against his mom's upturned ass.

"Yess!" the mother screamed shamelessly. "Pound the fuck outta me!"

Alan's young ass bobbed up and down between the cradle of his mom's smooth thighs as their bellies beat together. He loved feeling her soft motherly body beneath him, and when he felt her strong freshly-shaved legs curl around his back, clutching him like a fuck-harness, his boner gave off a mighty flex, that was immediately met with a tender cuntal squeeze.

The boy raised his chest off his mom, propping himself on extended arms, while he continued fucking into her. His did this so he could look down and watch his mom's tits dance across her chest to the rhythm of his humping.

"You like watching these big boobs bounce around while you fuck me, honey?" Shelly asked him.

"Do I ever!" he said, staring at the huge round pillows of flesh as they rolled and rippled up and down her chest. Her fat erect nipples pointed straight up from the centers of her puffy pink areola.

"Why don't you latch onto one, and suck like your baby sister does."

Alan lowered himself down and clamped his lips around one of her swollen teats. Using some suction, her gorged himself on as much boobie-flesh as he could get into his mouth, which included her entire areola. He was rewarded with a sudden gush of warm nectar that squirted from several different milk ducts surrounding her nipple.

Shelly reacted with a sudden shiver as she was struck with leg-shaking orgasm. She grunted wildly, arching her beautiful head back in ecstasy as pleasure shot through her heavy-titted body.

Alan snarled, making hot tit-milk spew out the sides of his mouth as he felt his mom's love-juice wash over his pink dick. Shelly had recently pushed out a baby, so her pelvic floor was strong, especially since she was practically in the birthing position as her son fucked her. She tightened her silky legs, lifting as high up around her boy's back as she could, then crisscrossed her ankles, so she could lock herself around his humping frame. Grasping him as tightly as she could, she gritted her teeth together and began pushing, as if giving birth.

Her nipple popped wetly from Alan's mouth as he groaned in delight from. the exquisite friction around his boner.

Shelly relaxed her cuntal muscles, but only for a second, then pushed again. As she was pushing out, Alan continued to sock his cock through, and he was met with the tightest, juiciest piece of pussy he'd ever plunged his dick through.

"Ohhh wow!" his pleasure-filled voice quivered.

"Ohhh, baby, yess! Give it to my pussy!" his mom mewled.

She knew this was never something she could do with her husband Mitchell. His cock simply wasn't hard and strong enough to handle this sort of friction. Alan’s boner was a different story. His long blood-engorged dick carved a path right through all the clenching cuntal and muscular flesh, like a sexual battering ram, the veins and tendons at the thick root of his cock jutting and flexing powerfully, sustaining the force of his pistoning cock-shaft. The hot vaginal mucus that secreted from Shelly's walls created more than enough lube for such an assault.

Alan's hot orgasm was coming on so quickly that he decided to drive his cock in as deep as it could go and hold it there. However, this put his knob right inside her cervical socket again, and when she pushed, Alan felt like his dick-tip was being dipped in hot honey.

"Ohhh!" he whimpered, then groaned again when he felt the ring retract, clenching his glans and fitting itself around the neck of his knob, so he was securely inside his mom's cervix.

This immediately triggered his nuts to unload an army of fresh semen.

Shelly frantically reached down between their bumping bellies and began rubbing her big fleshy clitoris.

Mom and son erupted at once, their hot bodily fluids squelching out the mother's cock-stuffed cunt. The pretty mom's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she flopped around beneath her boy like a shameless whore, having the orgasm of her life.

"Well, don't you look like you've just survived a tornado," Jeanie said, watching her daughter-in-law move exhaustingly into the kitchen for coffee.

"Survived a horny teenager more like," the mother joked.

"And, was it any good?"

"Any good?" Shelly giggled. "Only the best sex of my life."

"I had a feeling it would be," Jeanie said. "Plus, I kinda figured it was, when I woke up every half-hour to hear my daughter-in-law screaming out in pleasure."

"Sorry," Shelly said with a blush.

"Don't be. Sounds like you got exactly what you were hoping for."

"That I did," Shelly said, taking a sip of her coffer. "And I'm HOPING for a lot more this morning."

"Ok…now this old lady's getting jealous," Jeanie said.

"You have your son Nathan."

"Yes, I know, but he's not exactly eighteen anymore.," Jeanie said.

"He's not doing it for you?"

"Well, no, I don't me that. Nathan still packs a powerful punch, but he's not Alan. His dick isn't as long and thick, and…well, let's just leave it at…he's not Alan."

"Jeanie! Are you saying you wanna seduce my Alan?" Shelly teased.

"Well, we're all snowed in. What else is an old lady got to on a snowy day than seduce her grandson. Besides, I really like that other outfit you were considering wearing for him, and I think it just might fit me."

"You do huh?" Shelly asked with a smile.

"I do," Jeanie said, then started towards Shelly's bedroom. "Wanna help me get ready?"

THE END

Sons of Moms

By Klrxo

Chapter 1

"We're here with Doctor Claire Evans from the CDC. Claire, good morning! Could you explain to our viewers what exactly has happened over the last two years, with regard to this horrible global Infertility Virus," the female News Anchor asked.

Dr. Evans put on a professional smile. "Good morning! Indeed, this virus has caught us all by surprise, Pam. Over the course of its spread, we've seen a drastic decline in fertility among adult males. In fact, at this point, nine out of ten patients involved in our clinical tests have a sperm count lower than one million sperm per millimeter. That's shocking, considering the minimum sperm density range for conception is 15 to 200 million sperm per millimeter. These patients are also reporting trouble ejaculating and an inability to even obtain an erection."

"Shocking indeed, Claire, and this is a virus that has impacted most all of us in some way, particularly those who want children. I understand, as devastating as this is, there's a ray of hope in your trials, is that right?"

"Yes, and this has everyone at the clinic baffled. It appears this virus is having an opposite effect on male test patients ages 18- and 19-years-of-age."

"And could describe what you mean by opposite effect?" Pam asked.

"For 18- and 19-year-old males, the virus has mysteriously INCREASED their libido and is resulting in something called hypospermia, which is a condition in which a man produces a larger than normal volume of semen. These young men are producing sperm samples in the hundreds of millions per millimeter, which is unlike anything we've ever seen."

"Baffling indeed," the reporter agreed. "I understand there are other strange conditions in which this virus is affecting young male development. Can you speak to reports that boys are experiencing physical changes as a result of this?"

"I'd be happy to, Pam. What we know so far is that this virus is causing drastic changes to this age demographics growth hormones. This is resulting in abnormal levels of penile development. Just to give you an idea. Two years ago, the average length of an erect 18-year-old male's penis was 5.13 inches. With a corresponding girth average of 4.59 inches. Today, the average length is 8.23 inches with a girth of 7.58 inches, so as you can see, staggering changes."

The female reporter took big gulp, imagining what such a large, hard penis must be like. Her husband had already been affected by the virus, leaving her in a sexless marriage. "Staggering to say the least. Do you have any idea why these young men are being affected by this in such a drastically different way than older males?" she asked.

"No Pam, I'm afraid we don't. These changes and why they're happening are the true mystery to this virus. Unfortunately, for couples across the world, it looks as though things are getting worse, rather than better."

2 YEARS LATER

"Hi, I'm Matt," the tall lean 18-year-old smiled as a couple in their early 30's answered the door.

"Hi, Matt, I'm Thomas," the male resident greeted, then motioned to his pretty blonde-haired wife.

"This is Tami."

Thomas's wife gazed into the boy's eyes with infatuation, like she was meeting a rock star she'd idolized for years. "It's nice to meet you finally," she sighed. "I spoke to your mom earlier today on the phone, just to make sure you were still coming."

"Yeah, she manages my schedule," Matt shared, glancing down at the young woman's large breasts.

"Shit, look at those tits! I bet she's at least an E-cup," he told himself.

"Thank you so much for being willing to help us," Tami beamed, not able to take her eyes off him.

"Come on in," her husband said, stepping aside so the boy could come inside.

"Can I get you something to drink, Matt," Tami asked.

"Sure...a water's fine. My mom told me I need to start drinking more of it," the boy replied as he sat down across from Thomas at the table.

"Good advice," Tami smiled. "I imagine with your busy schedule, it's important to keep your hydration up."

Thomas stared across at the boy with a look of envy. "So…Matt, can we talk about how we'd kinda like this to go?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Tami's my wife, so…I'd kinda like this process to be as clinical as possible. I'm sure you understand?"

"Yeah, I get it," Matt said. He noticed how Tami's large breasts jiggled beneath her blouse and bra as she brought him a bottled

water from the fridge. "Thanks," he muttered, sharing an eager smile with her.

"You helped Thomas's older brother and his wife, Diane, a few months ago. She was VERY pleased with the job you did," Tami shared, then noticed her husband glaring at her. "I mean, they were BOTH pleased…with the results of what you did for them."

"That's good to hear," Matt responded. He honestly couldn't remember exactly who they were talking about. Since turning 18 six months ago, he had "helped" so many couples out with their dream of having a baby that he couldn't keep track of all the women he'd fucked.

"I'd like my wife to keep most of her clothes on…while you guys are having intercourse. If you could just be on top of her, under the blanket, and be as quick as possible, I would be grateful," Thomas requested.

"Sure," Matt answered, glancing at Tami. It was clear that the young housewife would prefer things go another way as she stared into his eyes dreamily.

"Tami started her cycle yesterday, so hopefully this is just a one-and-done thing."

"That's always the hope," Matt added.

"Exactly," Tami anxiously agreed, but it was clear to Matt that she didn't agree at all.

After a short awkward silence, Thomas stood up. "Well, I'll just…go out and tinker around in the garage. Give you two some space."

His wife stood up, giving him a quick kiss. "I love you, honey," she whispered, a portion of her feeling extremely guilty. Even though

they were forced into making this decision, for the purpose of having a child, part of her still felt like she was about to cheat on him.

Once Thomas was gone, she smiled over at Matt. "Shall we move to the bedroom?" she timidly asked.

"Sure."

Matt's cock began to throb as he followed the sexy 30-year-old down the hallway, watching her thick apple-bottomed ass wag beneath her shorts.

They entered her bedroom and Tami closed the door. "Sorry about all the rules…he's just really been apprehensive about all this," she explained.

"Husbands always are. They always set the ground rules, but then their wives usually throw them out the window once I'm alone with them."

"Is that so?" Tami asked with a mischievous grin.

"Usually, yes. Do you really plan on keeping most of your clothes on?"

Tami quickly shed her blouse, then her bra. Her large stiff-nippled tits wobbled heavily on her chest.

"Does that answer your question?" she giggled.

"Your tits are REALLY nice," the boy complimented, staring at her naked boobs. He had seen tons of tits over the past six months, but it was the big ones he remembered the most. Tami was certainly blessed with a tremendous rack.

"Thanks," she timidly smiled. "The past two years have been so hard. Not just on me…but on ALL women. I'm sure you see the

frustration in their faces every day."

"Yes. Does your husband even still have a penis?"

"Barely," Tami answered, sliding off her shorts and panties at the same time. "It's withered up to almost nothing. It's not even big enough for me to get my lips around anymore. This virus has been so cruel."

"To some," Matt grinned, staring at her shaved pubis. "How long has it been for you?"

"Since I got fucked?"

"Yeah."

"The last time Matt was even able penetrate me was over a year ago, and even then, it went soft so quick, it was like I didn't even feel anything," she confessed.

"You'll definitely feel this," Matt bragged, making her glance down at the cylinder-shaped bulge beneath his shorts.

"My sister-in-law, Diane, said you're nearly eleven inches. Is that true?" Tami asked, her heart rate nearly doubling.

"See for yourself," Matt answered, pulling off his shorts and briefs.

"Oh my God!" Tami gasped, staring at the boy's extraordinary appendage. It stuck out from his lean frame in full hardness. Huge bulging veins crisscrossed up the long fat shaft. At the tip was a purple helmet, as big as a fist. Slimy pre-cum trickled from the slit of his meatus, falling to the floor in a long gooey strand. Tami knew that taking his monstrous cock inside her unused pussy was going to be painful at first, but then it would gradually turn to pleasure, unlike she'd ever experienced before.

"Can you take off your shirt?" she asked, then bit her bottom lip with lust when she saw his young lean chest. "Diane was right. You're super-hot!" she sighed.

"Thanks. Ready to get down to business?"

"Absolutely!" Tami answered, quickly climbing back onto her marital bed.

Matt joined her. He loved watching women's thrill-stricken faces as he crawled over to their parted legs like a hungry tiger. They would stare at his cock nervously, like it was a big jackhammer getting ready to split them in half.

He brought his weight down on top of her, crushing her fat tits between them. Tami dove for his lips, just like most women did, even though they knew their husbands would most definitely forbid it. They kissed passionately and their tongues danced inside Matt's mouth.

Because the boy's cock was so abnormally large from a spike in growth hormones, it was usually a laborious, but pleasurable process just penetrating a woman. Tami squealed inside his mouth as she felt his broad tip pry inside her cuntal opening. Her overactive Skene glands had lubricated this area, allowing Matt's penis to push slowly into her vaginal tube. "Holy shit! I've never had something so huge!" she whimpered, feeling her lining expand and elongate, to accommodate his whopper of a cock.

"You feel really good," the boy sighed, enjoying her slick, textured lining, as it slipped along his glans and shaft. Tami's pussy contracted with pleasure, narrowing the final few inches of her vagina. Matt was used to this, and simply backed his cock out a little, letting more of her secretions wet his slab. Then, he jabbed it all the way in forcefully, making Tami let out a loud shriek that her husband most likely heard from the garage.

They writhed for a moment in full penetration. "Fuck, I'm cumming already!" the pretty wife shrieked, clasping her cunt around Matt's meaty erection as tightly as she could.

The boy smiled with pride. It certainly wasn't the first time a woman had cum only seconds after his cock was sunk inside them. Most of his clients had gone nearly two years without the feeling of being stuffed by a cock, let alone one as huge and girthy as Matt's. The feel of Tami's cuntal flesh chewing at his dick as she climaxed was out of this world. He set his hips in motion and started pounding through her with steady thrusts.

"Yes! Fuck me hard!" the women shouted. At this point she was completely unconcerned about whether her husband could hear her or not.

Matt's cock pounded through her fuck-hole savagely. His fat knob crushed against the delicate head of her cervix on every downward plunge. He felt her toss her lovely legs around him, clutching onto his lean, muscular frame as he fucked her in a tit-jarring rhythm. Their lips met again, and they kissed like lovers, even though they had just barely met. The boy's assault soon brought on another mind-blowing climax for the sex-deprived wife. Matt loved making women cum. He adored the feel of their curvy bodies trembling beneath him. The pleasure that masked their pretty faces when they came was a huge thrill for him to see. He knew he was witnessing them in their most primal state.

It was several cunt-contracting minutes before Tami returned to earth. "Can I ride you?" she whispered breathlessly.

"Sure," the teen breathed, then quickly rolled them over, so Tami was now on top of him, with his dick still wedged deeply inside her. She wasted no time planting her knees firmly astride his hips, then began working her wide tan hips up and down, riding his steely erection.

"Oh, fuck!" she gasped, her eyes rolling back as she fucked. She'd simply never experienced something so large and erect inside her. The fact that she hadn't had "good sex" in over two years added to the level of unbelievable pleasure she was receiving.

Matt laid there and let the pretty blonde work her cunt on his pleasure-pole. Her large ballooning knockers swung up and down, captivating his lustful gaze. He had engaged in sex with plenty of heavy-titted moms since turning 18. This only fueled his fetish for sucking on huge squishy tits. He yanked Tami down, burying his face in her fatty tit-flesh. He kissed her breastbone. It was silly little signature move of his, just to remind himself that he had conquered yet another busty woman's most secret spots. Within seconds, he found her swollen nipple and gorged himself on the entire cap of her tit.

"Yes…suck me!" Tami hissed, throwing her lovely ass up and down, beating their pissers together.

Matt knew his mission was two-fold. Help a couple, or woman specifically, to get pregnant was the first.

The second was the unspoken goal of providing her with mind-blowing pleasure. Of course, the women's husbands were only barely on board with the first. Men knew there was simply no other way for their wives to conceive than by having sex with an 18- or 19-year-old. The husbands also dreaded the fact that because their dicks were useless, their wives were probably wanting to be fucked silly, but would never admit it.

Governments around the globe had a hand in regulating this activity, setting up what they called "breeding clinics." Hundreds of thousands of women would frequent these clinics and engage in wild sex with barely legal teens for the purpose of conceiving. When the demand became too much, boys were assigned to service the women in the cities or towns in which they lived. The government

would offer healthy tax incentives to the boy's mother for helping to manage their son's sexual activity. Matt's mother Summer had it down to a science. Her son would fuck hopeful candidates on days 12, 13 and 14 of their menstrual cycles, their most fertile days. Matt was handling five to six clients a day…six days a week. His success rate was among the higher percentiles, due to the volume of semen he produced and their exceptional potency. 80% of the twelve to fifteen women he was seeing in a week would become pregnant during their first three days of ovulation. Word of his success had quickly spread, and his mother began getting dozens of emails a day from desperate women begging for his services.

"I'm cumming again!" Tami gasped, bobbing her thick rounded ass up and down on the boy's cock.

"Mmnff!" the boy growled; his voice muffled by pounds of tit-meat that was smothering his face. He had Tami's fleshy teat stretched out from her areola inside his mouth, working it between his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

He felt her pelvic floor compress around his man-meat, as her pussy contracted in climax. He was amazed by how every cunt he fucked felt the same, yet a little different. He could always tell a woman's level of experience by the way their cunts worked his cock during coitus. That's why when he was with a client his mom's age, he knew he was in for a real treat.

For nearly an hour, Tami rode the boy's cock, alternating between bouncing and grinding. By now her bedsheets were soaked beneath them from all the gushing climax's she'd had. A knock at the door, broke their steady fuck-rhythm. "Tami, are you guys almost through?" her husband asked in an impatient tone.

"Yes, honey, just a little longer," her breathless voice answered.

Thomas was no dummy. When what should have been a "wham-bam-thank you, ma'am" turned into an hour-long session of bed-

creaks and orgasmic screams, he knew there were other reasons besides conception that motivated his wife's actions. Tami's "little longer" became twenty more minutes of cock-humping pleasure.

"AHHH, SHIT!" Matt moaned, feeling the muscles at the base of his penis contract. His hot semen shot from the tip of his prick with incredible force. It was the first time in what seemed like ages that Tami had felt a cock hosing out thick jets of cum inside her.

"Oh my God, there's so much of it!" she cried out, flexing her vaginal fuck-muscles to milk out every drop.

"See you at the same time tomorrow," Matt told Tami and her husband as they saw him out the front door.

"Bye, Matt, thank you!" Tami exclaimed with a freshly fucked glow. Her husband on the other hand seemed hardly happy at all.

"Did that really need to go on for almost two hours?" he asked his wife.

"Apparently he has a lot of staying power," Tami answered with a slight grin. "It's not my fault it took him that long to cum."

"Well, the amount of screaming you were doing in there told me you were just fine with him taking that long."

Tami hugged her husband reassuringly. "Honey, please, just… remember why we're doing this. When I'm finally pregnant, we'll get to look forward to being parents…finally," she reminded him.

Matt got home and was greeted by his sister, Rhonda, and one of her friends from school. "Well, well…if it isn't boy wonder," she hatefully teased. Even though she was a year younger than him, Rhonda loved to give him shit. "How many old ladies did you fuck today?"

"They were in their thirty's. Hardly old ladies," Matt answered.

"That still makes you a man-whore."

"Rhonda, enough!" her mom shouted from the next room.

Matt's sister rolled her eyes and wandered off.

"Hey, honey, how did the appointment go?" Summer asked, stepping into the foyer. Matt's mother, Summer, was what most would refer to as a blonde bombshell. The 38-year-old mother had platinum-blonde hair and a deep flawless tan. She was perfectly curvaceous, with humongous breasts, a trim waists and wide hips that supported her thick half-rounded bubble butt.

"It went really well," her son answered.

The mother giggled. "That's what you always say. Has it ever NOT gone really well?"

"Hardly ever."

"Well, I know you just walked in the door, but Audrey Jenkins just called to make sure you're gonna be on time. Apparently, she wants the session to be while her husband and younger son are out of the house, at the movies."

"Ok, um…I'll just grab a quick shower," Matt said, stepping past her.

His mom followed him up the stairway with her tablet in hand, like a secretary following her boss through the office. "Your appointments are locked in for next week, but we need to start thinking about the rest of the month," she informed him.

"Any new applicants?" Matt asked.

"New applicants?!" Summer laughed. "Honey, there's over two-hundred women on the waiting list. We got thirteen NEW applicants

just today."

Matt got to the bathroom and swung the door almost shut, so he could continue chatting with his mom while he showered. "Well, not to sound picky, but…you know what I like, mom. Are there any super-hot ones?" he asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, there is one girl who's very beautiful, and has requested YOUR help specifically."

"Does she have big boobs?" the boy boldly asked, while turning on the shower.

His mom burst out laughing. "Of course. I know you like your big boobs," Summer stated through the door.

"You say that, but one of the ladies I screwed the other day wasn't that big at all, mom."

"Honey, do you have to use the word 'screwed?' It makes it sound like you're a male prostitute. You're not 'screwing' these women. You're copulating with them. There's a difference."

"Whatever you say, mom," chuckled Matt.

"I'm sorry about the lady with small boobs. She must have lied on her application. You don't have to worry though. I know for a fact that this new girl who requested your help was honest about her bra cup size," Summer assured him.

"Which is?"

"Thirty-eight triple G."

The door suddenly flew open, and Matt stared at his mother with genuine interest. A towel was wrapped around his waist. "Seriously?" he asked. "Who is this lady?"

"You'll find out tonight. She's stopping by."

"Stopping by? Clients never stop by. Do we know her?"

His mom smiled and strode away. "I guess you'll find out," she teased. Matt glanced down at his mom's round wagging ass. It was set atop smooth luscious legs that perfectly tanned. Summer's cut-off Daisy Duke denims were so short that a little bit of ass-meat was seeping out the bottoms.

"Damn, I sure hope this new 'mystery client' has an ass like that," the boy thought.

After his shower, he rushed across town to his appointment with Audrey Jenkins. "Hi, you must be Matt? I'm Audrey," the curvy redhead said, greeted him at the door. "Sorry if I seem nervous. I've been on the waiting list for over a year," the forty-year-old informed him.

"That's no problem. I understand," Matt sympathized as he was led inside. He took a second to admire her lush body, especially the large breasts pushing out from beneath her cotton top. "Damn, mom definitely picked out a winner with this one," he anxiously thought.

"Can I get you something to drink…or do you just wanna go down and get started?" she sweetly asked.

"I'm ready to get started when you are," Matt answered.

"I'm more than ready," the woman stated, her eyes beaming with excitement. "Sorry if I sound overly anxious. It's just that my husband Kyle has been a complete eunuch since back when the virus first started spreading. I haven't had sex in nearly three-and-a-half years."

"So, you guys just recently decided to have another kid?"

"Well, sort of," Aubrey answered with a guilty smile. "That's what I told him anyway, to get him to agree to let me do this. Between you and me…I just wanna get fucked."

Matt smiled. "Don't worry. A lot of women say the same thing."

Aubrey led him down to her marital bed and they began undressing. As usual, Matt was already fully erect just from watching the pretty mature redhead take off her clothes. His eyes widened when she unfastened her snug bra and her huge bobbling breasts sprung free. "Nice!" he muttered, licking his lips.

"Thanks," Aubrey blushed, as she peeled her panties off. "I shaved my pussy. Your mom told me you preferred that."

"Yeah," Matt answered, glancing down at her bare pubis. He removed his briefs and his giant erection whipped up, branching out from a small patch of pubic hair at an upward angle.

"Wow!" Aubrey gasped, putting her hand over her mouth in shock. "I almost forgot what one of those look like in person. Yours is… EXCEPTIONALLY large."

"Yeah, they say the virus effected guys my age by increasing our sexual growth hormones."

"You guys got lucky. The dicks on every other guy on the planet practically withered away," Aubrey giggled. She climbed up onto the bed on all-fours and pointed her thick pale ass back at him. "Will you fuck me doggy-style first?"

"Sure," Matt answered, giving his cock a few preparatory strokes, while moving up behind her.

"Ohh!" Aubrey sighed, feeling the boy rub his fat knob across her swollen clitoris. Then, it splayed her plump outer folds apart, fitting itself into her juicy cuntal vestibule.

"Dang, you're really wet!" the boy breathed, feeling his glans soak in her hot secretions.

"Like I said…I'm overly anxious," she admitted, pushing her ass back and fitting her cunt sleeve over the first few inches of his hardon.

Matt knew from his experience that the longer a woman went without sex, the tighter her pussy was.

Aubrey's had one of the most tight-fitting honey-holes he'd had in a while. Just reaching the back wall of her pussy took them several minutes, with lots of grunts and squeals from the busty MILF. "God, it feels amazing!" she cried out, nearly ready to cream all over him already. "Fuck me hard…please!" she pleaded, bucking her ass back desperately.

Matt grasped her wide hips and began socking his cock inside her with forceful thrusts. Aubrey's lovely round derriere beat against the boy's mid-section, filling her marital bedroom with the lewd CLAPPING sound of their flesh beating together.

The teen knew the reason she asked for this position first was because it was probably her favorite, so he pounded her from behind for nearly an hour. Aubrey trembled and cried out in climax nearly a half-dozen times, gushing all over the boy's unyielding prick. Several times during their doggy-fuck, Matt would lean over onto her back, reach around and grasp onto her wildly-swinging tits. This made him crave HIS favorite position, and he didn't hesitate to ask her for it. "Wanna ride me now?"

"Hell yes!" she excitedly answered, pulling her cunt off his cock with a lewd pop.

The teen plopped onto his back, and she climbed aboard, planting her knees firmly at his sides. His boner sunk along her slick walls, stretching them wonderfully and igniting pleasure nerves that she'd forgot she had. For Aubrey, it was like getting on a bike after years

of not riding. Her sexual skills quickly came back to her, and she began humping and grinding on Matt's huge dick with vigor.

The boy could only stand watching her large breasts leap around for so long. They were like two slabs of meat dangling around in front of a hungry dog. He pulled her down, so her tits smothered his face. He squirmed his head up between her wonderfully squishy jugs and kissed her breastbone, his signature move. Then, he lustfully licked his way to her puffy nipple and sucked it greedily into his mouth.

The tireless redhead used the boy's monster fuck-stick to plow her neglected pussy. She bobbed her meaty pale ass up and down in a steady fuck-rhythm that quickly resulted in yet another mind-blowing climax.

Matt never tired of the wonderful sensations brought on by a female orgasm. Aubrey's cunt-tube contracted tightly around the burrowing spike of his prick, making the boy whimper into the spongy tit that was masking his face. He felt the familiar tingle in his groin and his muscles contracted, propelling his semen into his urethra and out of the tip of his penis in thick gushing spurts.

For several minutes he wrestled in ecstasy with the middle-aged redhead, as they enjoyed every bit of pleasure their mutual orgasms would provide.

"Hey, dad," greeted Matt as he walked into the house.

His father was sitting on the couch watching the news. "Hey, kid… busy day?" Donald asked.

"Yeah, a lot of appointments."

"And you probably suffered through every one of them," his dad teased.

"Not hardly," Matt smiled.

Matt stood there watching the TV a moment. There was a special news report on the virus that had, by now, swept every corner of the world. "Health officials are certain that population levels will plummet in the coming decades, due to the impact of this horrible Infertility virus. 18- and 19-year-old males are doing their best to provide insemination. However, it seems impossible to keep up with the growing number of women that want children," the female news reporter explained.

Matt's mom, Summer, came into the room, drying her hands from doing dishes, and stood beside her son as they watched the news report. "Hey, sweetie," she whispered to Matt.

"Hi, mom."

The newscaster continued her report. "Dr. Claire Evans, from the CDC, explained this growing upsurge of women requesting fertility services."

Dr. Evans came up on the screen. "What we're seeing now I'm afraid are populations of women who are becoming extremely sexually frustrated. Most have gone two years, some even three or four now without having sexual intercourse," she reported.

Matt peeked over at his mom for a moment as she looked away from the TV in heavy contemplation. He could see the frustration her face as she probably thought about how long it had been for her. He looked back at the TV and listened.

"This unquestionable fact is causing the waiting lists to be overburdened with applicants. A growing number of these women don't necessarily desire a child, but will pretend that they do, just knowing that it gives them a slim chance at experiencing sex again."

"Hogwash!" Donald blurted, then shut the TV off.

"Why's it hogwash?" his wife asked.

"It’s making women out to be a bunch of sexual fiends, who can’t go without it."

"Wanting sex after a couple years without it doesn’t make you a sexual fiend, Donald," his wife scolded.

"Most of us guys have gone a long time without it too, Summer. You think it’s been any easier on us?"

"This virus has completely desexualized most men, but it hasn’t with us women. Our bodies…our desires have gone unchanged. I guarantee if the roles were reversed and only 18- and 19-year-old women could have sex, you’d have to hide them away because of the armies of men that would want to rape them,"

Summer passionately explained.

"That’s not true," Donald muttered.

"It IS true! So don’t blame the women of this world for trying their best to get sex!" Summer shouted, then hurried out of the room. "We're certainly not getting it from our husbands!"

Matt stood there awkwardly for a moment.

"Enjoy yourself, kid," his father muttered. "The world is your playground right now."

Matt stepped down the hallway to see his mom sitting on the edge of her bed crying. He came over and sat at her side, throwing an arm around her for comfort. "Are you ok, mom?"

"Men love to act like the victims in all this, but we women are victims too. Our suffering is just as real," she sniffled.

The boy peered over at the tremendous swell of her breasts. "I’m sorry," he muttered, then looked up as she peered over at him with

her brilliant blue eyes. Her beautiful face was framed in by her flowing platinum blonde mane of silky hair.

"I'm just glad that YOU were affected by this in such a wonderful way," she softly said, wiping away a tear. "That you're out there enjoying one of the greatest pleasures of life and helping so many women in the process."

"Even if the goal of some of those women ISN'T to have a baby?" Matt giggled.

"Well, I can't blame them. We women love us some hard dick. Unfortunately it's in short supply these days."

Matt couldn't believe he'd just listened to such a confession from his own mom. "For such a hot woman like mother to not have a set of young balls beating against her ass was travesty," he thought.

"How many of these women do you think are lying about wanting a baby?" he asked.

"It's hard to say, and until the government starts making them take a lie detector test first, we may never know. You just keep doing what you do," his mom smiled. Her eyes peered down and lingered on the bulge of her son's crotch. She could see the shape of his knob through his pants and given that women just didn't see that sort of thing much anymore, she was completely fascinated by it.

"Summer, we have company!" her husband shouted from the living room, jarring her from her wicked thoughts.

The mother patted her son's knee. "That must be the new girl that requested your help," she smiled.

"The one with the triple G's?"

"You got it!" his mom giggled, then stood up and guided him out of her bedroom. "Just…try not to stare at them too much."

They went back to the living room and saw a couple standing there. "Hi, Matt," the female said sweetly.

The teen’s jaw dropped in disbelief. "It’s you?" he muttered feeling his mom squeeze his arm.

"Yep, it’s me," the woman replied.

Chapter 2

"It's good to see you," Matt's sister-in-law Briana stated, stepping forward for a hug.

Matt's older brother, Bryce, had married an absolute bombshell. At 22, Briana looked like the young actress Victoria Justice. She had a wonderful hourglass figure with the most extraordinary tits Matt had ever seen on a girl that age. Her giant orbs flattened like soft dough against Matt's chest as he shared a hug with her.

Briana felt a little light headed and stood there for a moment, staring at Matt as if he were some Greek God.

"Are you alright, Babe?" her husband Bryce asked.

"I think so. I just felt a little dizzy all of the sudden," she answered, biting her bottom lip lustfully as she looked Matt up and down.

"It's Matt's sexual pheromones," Summer explained. "They can cause quite a reaction to females who haven't been exposed to those in awhile."

"Matt, your brother and I were wondering if you could, um…help us?" Briana asked.

"Of course, you're family. I would do anything to help you guys."

"We wanted to start a family a year ago, after the wedding, but this stupid virus pretty much spoiled those plans," she explained, then awkwardly glanced at her husband. "Bryce is pretty much a eunuch now."

"Babe, come on, do you have to use that term?" Bryce asked with embarrassment. "You know I hate that."

"It's the term they're using for someone with your condition, honey. What else am I suppose to call you?"

"Yeah but a eunuch is a guy who's been castrated…you know, had it cut off. Nobody cut off my penis. I'm still a man." Bryce insisted.

His mother Summer chimed in. "Honey, I'm sorry, but that's inaccurate. You and your father have been deprived of external genitals. Briana's right. Technically you're no longer men. That's why they adopted the term eunuchs."

"They can 'adopt' whatever silly term they want," Matt's dad stated. "As far as I'm concerned we're still men."

"I agree," Bryce responded.

Summer and Briana smiled at each other and rolled their eyes, clearly in disagreement with Harold's assessment.

"Anyway, back to what I was saying about needing your help, Matt…" Briana continued. "Bryce and I wanna start a family, and since you're clearly the closest match genetically to your brother, we were wondering if you'd be willing to be our sperm donor?"

Matt's heart rate increased. He had dreamed of fucking his gorgeous sister-in-law ever since his brother had brought her home to meet his family. "Yeah, I'd be happy to. I mean, if that's what you guys want?"

Matt answered, looking at his brother, who didn't seem happy at all about the idea.

"It is…more than anything," Briana cheerfully nodded, then glanced back at Bryce. "Right, honey?"

"I suppose," he muttered. "I just wish the process didn't involve my little brother having sex with my wife."

Summer smiled over at her husband awkwardly.

"We talked about this though," Briana reminded him. "Sex for the purpose of conception isn't the same as sex between two people who love each other."

"That doesn't make this pill any easier to swallow, Briana."

Bryce's parents put their hands on his shoulders, trying to be of comfort. "I know it's hard, honey,"

Summer consoled, "but try to look at this like an injection. It hurts in the moment, but after awhile, the pain goes away, and the benefits highly outweigh the suffering."

"She’s right," Briana stated, smiling at her husband. "We'll have a little son or daughter. How long have we talked about starting a family?"

"So, how's this gonna work with you guys living two hours away?" Donald asked.

"Briana will be staying with us for the week, while she's ovulating," Summer explained. "Bryce will be going back home, so he can be close to work."

"I can stay tonight though," Bryce said. "I figure I can leave extra early in the morning, so I can make that drive to the office."

"Wow, this is the first baby I'll be helping to make on my own bed," Matt commented.

"Since you two will be engaging in so much copulation over the next week, I was thinking it might just more sense for Briana to stay in your room with you, honey," Summer told Matt.

"I agree," Briana smiled. "I mean…if Matt doesn't mind?"

"Not at all," the boy replied, his heart racing at the idea of sharing a bedroom with his hot, busty sister-in-law.

"Well, HE might not mind, but I do!" Bryce protested. "Can't she just stay in my old room?"

"Babe, there's no reason to complicate this," his young wife replied. "Unless you want me to have to come back here again NEXT month, Matt and I will have to have as much sex as possible over the next few days to insure my pregnancy. Sharing a room with him just makes that easier."

"Come on, Kid," Donald blurted, patting his oldest son on the shoulder consolingly. `I'll help you bring in your bags."

By the time Bryce got back with his wife's suitcase, her, Summer and his brother were all in on Matt's bed talking. "I would highly suggest you two have sex every morning this week, just before 7:30 am. Matt's semen quality is much higher at that time than any part of the day. At least that's what research shows," Summer explained.

"Poor Matt," Briana giggled. "That's probably WAY earlier than he's used to getting up, especially to engage in something so physical."

"His first appointment is usually pretty early, so he's used to it, right, honey?" Summer shared.

"Yep, this should be nothing out of the ordinary for me."

"Other than the fact that it’s your brother's wife," Bryce chimed in.

"Babe, did you bring my suitcase up?" Briana asked her husband.

"Yeah, I took it down to my room."

"Why?" she giggled. "We just got done telling you that I'm staying in here with Matt."

"But I’m here tonight. You're not sleeping in my bedroom with me?"

"Honey, Briana is in her fertile window," Summer explained. "She needs to be with Matt as much as possible."

"And that includes tonight," Briana patiently added.

"Alright," Bryce answered with a frustrated sigh, "I'll go get your suitcase."

"Thank you, honey," his wife said sweetly.

Bryce was no dummy. Since his cock had all but withered away, due to the virus, he'd been unable to have sex with his wife for nearly a year. She'd been patient and understand, but he knew that those feelings would eventually give way to ones of frustration and desire. He knew it was a matter of time before she would crave a young man's cock slamming through her. When she had suggested his younger brother Matt get her pregnant, Bryce should have been shocked, but he wasn't. Matt was a younger version of himself and had developed quite a reputation over the past six months for having a big cock and knowing how to use it. He knew, even though she would never admit it, his wife was just as motivated by receiving mind-blowing sex as she was by the desire to get pregnant.

The conversation he overheard his mother and wife having that evening, while they cleaned the kitchen after dinner, confirmed that suspicion.

"So how many women would you say are carrying Matt's baby right now?" Briana asked curiously, while standing next to her mother-in-law drying dishes.

"At last count…one-hundred and twelve."

"Wow, that's extraordinary!"

"No doubt much of the success has come due to his hypospermia. The virus has caused him to produce volumes of sperm that are MUCH higher than normal."

"You mean how much cum he spurts out during orgasm?" Briana asked with genuine interest.

"Yes. Volume is the term used when describing the measurement of sperm in a single ejaculation. The norm is two milliliters, which is about half a teaspoon. Matt is producing nearly three ounces in every orgasm."

"Good grief!" Briana gasped. "I've never heard of anything like that."

"Yes, well, this virus as affected all ages of men differently. For an 18-year-old like Matt it means an increase in penile growth and excessive sperm production," Summer stated.

Bryce peeked around the corner as he listened. He couldn't decide which rounded ass to feast his eyes on the most, his wife's or his mom's. Since the time he'd reached puberty he'd been fascinated with his platinum-blonde mother. She had the type of body that fueled boy's dreams, which is partly what attracted him to Briana. Not only did his wife have a succulent ass, but she also carried ginormous tits, just like his mom. The fact that such charms were attached to such lush fuckable bodies made the women even more desirable.

"Do you know how big he's gotten down there?" Bryce heard his wife ask, referring to his brother’s cock.

"I haven't seen it, but from what I've heard it’s over ten inches now, fully erect."

"Damn!" Briana giggled. "That's certainly bigger than any penis I've ever had."

Bryce felt sick to his stomach as he listened to his wife gush over the size of his brother's cock. The fact that he himself no longer even had a penis to penetrate her with made it all the more difficult to listen to.

"Yeah, and since there's one functional penis to every six-thousand women in this world now, it's like God's cruel joke to female-kind," Summer stated.

"And that one kid just happens to live under YOUR roof."

"Thanks for reminding me," Summer giggled. "It certainly doesn't help that he's so damn cute."

"I take it I'm not the only one in the room who hasn't been fucked silly for awhile?"

"Sad, but true," Summer replied.

"Is Donald is a complete eunuch like Bryce?" Briana asked.

"Yes, his shaft shriveled up about a year ago. All that's left now is his knob. It looks like a little pink marshmallow that's been glued to his crotch," Summer mocked, making both women laugh.

"I joke to Bryce that he looks more like a woman down there now, with a really big clit," Briana laughed.

"Speaking of 'big clits,' the latest research is showing that this virus is affecting women now too."

"I heard. That explains why my boobs have gone up two cups sizes over the past year," Briana revealed, glancing down at the enormous swell of her tits.

"Mine too. I have officially outgrown any bra that isn't custom made," Summer added.

"My vagina feels so swollen…constantly," Briana complained.

"Yes, vaginal engorgement is one of the conditions they're saying occurs. Women all over the world are reporting it now. My clitoris has swollen to size a cherry at this point."

"Mine too," Briana noted, feeling it throb beneath it's thick hood. "My labia has never really been very fleshy, but now I have these big purple meat curtains protruding out down there half the time, it's crazy," she joked. "I hope I don't gross Matt out too much."

"Oh, stop, Briana," Summer giggled. "Matt has his boner wrapped in pussy all day long. I'm sure he sees all shapes and sizes."

"True. I guess we should be thankful that our sexual body parts are just swelling up, rather than withering away like our husband's dicks are," Briana concluded.

Matt took a hot shower, shaving his crotch to prepare it for intercourse with his sister-in-law. Women had always complimented him on his meticulous grooming, which most often resulted in them asking if they could suck on his dick and balls. Of course, he was never one to refuse and had received some incredible blowjobs.

"My turn!" Briana smiled waiting outside the bathroom door when Matt emerged.

"Sorry I took so long," the teen responded. He was wrapped in a towel and he couldn't help but notice how his sister-in-law was checking out his lean chest.

"I don't mind you taking your time," she replied, stepping into bathroom. "Especially when you're on top of me later," she teasingly winked, then closed the door.

Matt got excited butterflies in his stomach. He often did before he fucked a beautiful girl, but the fact that this was his own brother's

heavy-titted wife was even more of a thrill.

"Hey, punk," his brother blurted, stepping up the hallway. "A quick word?"

"Sure," Matt answered.

Bryce moved over to his younger brother. "Look, I know you're doing us a favor, helping Briana make this kid and all…but can I ask a favor?"

"Sure. What is it?"

"When your…um, having sex with her…can you try to just make it a wham-bam-thank you, ma'am and be done?"

"A what?" Matt asked, unfamiliar with that term.

"Can you try to just make it a quickie? You know, a couple pumps, shoot your junk in there and then call it a night."

"Oh, yeah…sure. I can try," Matt assured him, even though he planned on doing just the opposite. He knew once Matt's wife had his thick hunk of cock-flesh inside her, she'd wanna ride it all night.

"Thanks, bro…and I know they're big, but keep your hands off her boobs. Those have nothing to do with making babies, got it?" Bryce insisted.

"Yeah, I got it," Matt replied, knowing damn well that wasn't happening.

"So, how's this new lifestyle going, hotshot? Sounds like you've been pretty busy," Bryce asked.

The brothers spent the next ten minutes catching up, since it had been awhile. Bryce was busy selling cars at a large dealership and rarely had time to come back home for visits.

"Everything ok in here, boys?" their mother asked as she stood in the doorway.

Summer's two son's gawked for a moment, their eyes drifting down to her jutting tits. She wore a white short silk robe that was slightly open at the neck, revealing her extraordinarily-large cleavage. She was clearly braless beneath, by the way her thick nipples protruded out from beneath the fabric of the robe.

"Yeah, we're good, mom. I was just giving Matt here a few tips," Bryce answered.

"Tips, huh?" the mother giggled, then sashayed over to them on her dainty tan bare feet. Neither of her sons were oblivious to how her giant mommy-melons shimmied heavily beneath the robe. "With as many women as your brother has had sex with, I somehow doubt he needs tips on what to do in the bedroom, honey," Summer stated.

"Well, since Briana is MY wife, I thought maybe I could pass along a few helpful pointers."

"Pointers or requests?" his mom asked, raising an eyebrow in an almost scolding manner. "Let me guess…try to be as quick as possible and don't give any areas of her body excessive attention. You forget we deal with jealous husbands all the time, sweetheart."

"I'm not jealous," Bryce lied.

His mom placed a hand on his shoulder consolingly. "Honey, there's no shame in being jealous. Your cocky younger brother with an incredibly large penis is about to have sex with the woman you care about the most in your life. You wouldn't be human unless you absolutely hated that fact," Summer stated, sitting down next to Matt on the edge of the bed.

"Alright fine…I am jealous. How could I not be, mom?"

"There now…was that so hard to admit? You should feel thankful that you at least get to share in this wonderful occasion."

"She's having sex with him," Bryce blurted, motioning to his younger brother. "How am I sharing in the occasion?"

"Your bedroom is right on the other side of that wall, honey," his mom pointed out. "You'll get to listen to the sounds of your little son or daughter being created. That's SOMETHING, isn't it?"

"You're right, mom…I feel so fortunate," Bryce griped sarcastically, not looking forward to hearing his wife get her brains fucked out by his brother of all people.

They suddenly heard Briana's voice as she neared the room. "Ready or not, here I come!" she said, then froze as she stood in the doorway. She clearly didn't expect to find her husband and mother-in-law in Matt's bedroom.

Her husband's jaw nearly hit the floor when he saw what his wife was wearing. Briana had come from the bathroom adorned in a beautiful turquoise sheer mesh robe. It was trimmed with delicate lace and the sash was tied loosely, allowing a plunging neckline that left an obscene amount of cleavage exposed.

"Oh, what are YOU doing in here?" she asked, glaring at her husband.

"I was just talking to Matt. Why are you wearing…THAT?" her husband asked, eyeballing the flimsy robe.

"I thought it might be nice to wear something pretty, since THIS IS a special occasion," she answered.

"It's beautiful, Briana," Summer beamed. "Perfect for tonight. Don't you think so, honey?" she asked, looking at Matt as she rubbed his thigh.

The boy’s eyes were transfixed on his sister-in-law's monster tits. He could see them clearly through the mesh fabric. He had fucked a ton of heavy titted women over the past year, but Briana's knockers were by far the most amazing. Her areolas looked thick and wide, and her teats were some of the fattest he'd ever seen. "You look amazing!" the boy blurted, finally looking up into her eyes.

"Thank you," Briana smiled, gazing back at him anxiously. She flashed her husband a disgusted glare as she walked over and sat on the other side of Matt on the bed. Now the boy had two beautiful women between him.

"It's pretty, yes, but maybe just a little overkill," her husband expressed. "I mean, Christ, Briana, I can see your boobs right through that thing."

"Well, I didn't know I needed to get your approval in my choice of attire," she griped, rolling her eyes.

While Bryce and his wife went back and forth, Matt glanced over at his sister-in-law's humongous cleavage. Summer noticed her son's wandering eyes. Bryce wasn't the only jealous person in the room, especially since the mother knew her boobs were even larger than Briana's. They were usually the tits that Matt spent his time staring at.

Summer turned her body a little, kissing Matt on the cheek tenderly, while mashing the swell of her own squishy jugs against the his chest. This did the trick, drawing her boy's eyes to the enormous mommy-melons pressed against his pectoral muscles.

Bryce and Briana's discussion was becoming more heated. "So you thought you'd just wear something slutty and rub it in my face that you’re sleeping with my brother?!" her husband shouted.

"Bryce!" his mom chided, then stood up and led him over into the corner for a private word. "Stop being so rude! This is a special

moment for your wife. Since she hasn't had sex in nearly a year, she's probably a bundle of nerves right now, and you're not helping! Try to show some empathy and stop being such a stick in the mud."

Bryce looked past his mother to see his wife whispering something into Matt's ear. He noticed they were holding hands and that Briana's other hand was gently stroking Matt's thigh.

Summer turned and faced the couple on the bed. "I think it's time to give you two some privacy," she stated.

"Thank you," Briana smiled in agreement, then looked at her husband. "Goodnight, Bryce."

"Goodnight," Bryce reluctantly replied, then walked out with his mother. They closed the door behind them.

Briana smiled and squeezed Matt's hand. "That was awkward," she chuckled.

"You think?" Matt replied.

"Well, maybe not for you. You're probably used to seeing the jealous look on guys faces right before you fuck their wives."

"True," Matt snickered, "I am pretty used to it."

"I haven't had sex in nearly a year, you know. I'm probably gonna be EXTREMELY tight," she sensually stated, gazing into Matt's eyes. "It might be just like losing my cherry all over again."

"So you want me to go easy on you then?" Matt asked.

"I didn't say THAT," Briana giggled. "You can get as rough with me as you want. I don't mind."

Matt felt her hand creep up beneath his towel and rest on his cock. "If you say so," he smiled.

"We should probably get this thing nice and hard first though," she suggested, staring into his eyes, while dragging her tongue across her lips.

"How do you suggest we do that?" The teen asked.

"I have a few ideas. I guess you'll have to pick the one you like best."

"Which are?"

"Well, you're obviously a tit-guy, because you stare at mine every time I'm around you. So, I could slip out of my robe and swing them around in front of your face," she suggested, while gently stroking Matt's hardening appendage.

"That would definitely get me all the way hard, but let's hear your other idea."

"I could get down on my knees and give you a hot sloppy blowjob. Run my tongue all around your dick and balls until you're so fucking hard you can hardly stand it," she seductively offered.

"Hmm," Matt hummed, acting as though he were thinking about which one he wanted. "How about both?"

"I suppose BOTH can be an option too," his sister-in-law giggled, standing up and letting the robe slip off.

The teen gasped as he stared at the humongous naked breasts jutting out only inches from his face. He could only imagine how wonderfully soft and squishy they were. "Can I squeeze them?" Matt asked.

"Do you ask every woman you fuck if you can squeeze their tits?"

"No, not usually. I usually just do it."

"Then just do it then!" she demanded, wobbling her huge udders back and forth teasingly. "Treat me like you would any of other females you visit."

"Fine!" Matt responded, grasping on to her tits and letting his fingers sink in to their supple flesh. He moved his head forward and latched on to one of her protuberant nipples, sucking feverishly.

"Mmm, God, that feels good, Matt!" Briana sighed, holding his head to her bosom as he sucked.

The boy moved from one giant breast to the next, gorging his mouth with as much spongy tit-flesh as he could and battering her engorged teats with his tongue.

When her nipple finally popped from his lips, Briana dove in for a passionate kiss. For several minutes they made out like a couple on their wedding night. "God, I want you inside me so bad," she gasped between kisses. Then she pushed him, so his back dropped onto the bed. "I wanna suck that big juicy cock first though."

The young woman tore off his towel. There was no need to work at getting the teen hard. He was already there. However, Briana had every intention of sucking his big tender dick anyway. She kissed her way down his chest as she lowered to her knees.

"Ahhh!" Matt sighed, feeling her drag her long tongue down the vein-encrusted stalk of his boner.

Briana whipped her licker all over his big nuts, pressing her pretty face into his soft hairless scrotum.

Matt felt her slurp one of his balls into her mouth and suck on the meat of it's oval-shaped surface. After giving each testicle a wonderful tongue-lashing, she licked back up the length of his cunt-splitter. Her pink licker lashed at his glans, flickering all over his cum-drooling knob.

"Ohhh, yeah!" Matt groaned, feeling her hot mouth slip over his erection and begin bobbing on his steely-hard cock.

He watched her silky hair whip around as she sucked his dick earnestly. "Damn…Bryce must miss this a lot," he noted.

"I miss this a lot too," Briana stated between sucks. "Can't you tell?"

"Take your time. We have all night," Matt stated, eager to fuck, but not wanting to rush the amazing head she giving him.

"Actually, we have all week," she winked, "remember?"

"Yes, so definitely take your time."

Take her time she did, sucking his boner skillfully and savoring every cock-plunging second of it. The beautiful brunette grasped his prick around the base and beat it into her mouth with perfect corkscrew strokes.

After nearly a half-hour of providing mind-blowing oral affection, Briana's pussy was so horny she couldn't stand it anymore. "I fucking need you!" she hissed, quickly crawling onto him.

Matt maneuvered back onto the center of the bed, watching his sister-in-law's huge dangling mammaries wobble heavily every which way as she planted her knees astride his hips. Briana frantically reached back, grasped his cock and shoved inside her fuck hole.

"Oh shit, you were right!" Matt gasped. "You ARE tight!"

"Tighty-tight…a boy's delight!" she sang, screwing her cunt-slot down around the entire length of his cock.

"Ahhh, yes!" Matt hissed, feeling the hot suction of her corrugated cuntal-lining grasping his pink dick tightly. Briana flexed her fuck-muscles, making it even more intense for him.

The heavy-titted housewife wasted no time bobbing her lovely round ass up and down, riding the satisfying stiffness of her nephew's cock.

The teen's eyes were wide with desire as he stared at the titanic titties swinging wildly in front of his face.

In the next room over, Bryce felt sick to his stomach as he began to hear the sounds of his wife and brother going at it. He had forgotten just how thin the walls were in the house where he grew up. He could hear Briana's every gasp and the sound if their crouches beating wetly together.

"This is ridiculous!" he said to himself, trying to ignore the noise of what was obviously a VERY heated fuck.

Back in Matt's room, Bryce's wife was fucking the handsome teenager like her life depended on it. The muscles in her voluptuous body flexed and strained as she pumped her cock-neglected pussy from balls to knob in a tit-jarring rhythm.

The virus had caused increased blood flow to Briana's genitals. This, along with the fact that she had gone so long without cock, caused a very quick and very powerful orgasm to rip through her sexy body.

"OH FUCKING-SHIT, I'M GONNA CUM!!" she cried out, and her husband heard announcement loud and clear.

Matt decided it was a good time to make his signature move. He rose up enough to bury his face down into the squishy abyss of her cleavage. Then, he kissed her breastbone sensually, reminding himself that he had conquered yet another married woman. This time, his own brother's hot wife.

While Briana continued pumping her spewing pussy on the spike of Matt's prick, the boy licked his way along the inside one of her spongy tits, then gobbled up her swollen tit-cap. His lips spread out,

nearly covering the entire ring of her thick-textured areola. His face sunk into the meat of her breast as he sucked, savoring it's dough-like softness against him.

His horny sister-in-law alternated between fucking and grinding. Matt loved the feel of their shaved crotches fused together, while Briana stirred his ten-inch cock around inside her tightly contracting vagina. He felt her pelvic floor ripple against the tubular meat of his cock, her purple pleats chewing at his manhood as she was struck with a second powerful orgasm.

"Mmnnff!" Matt growled, feeling the fatty flesh her tit-mask ripple around his face as she was hit with strong orgasmic contractions.

For nearly an hour they fucked this way, with the boy feasting on her excrescent breasts. Finally, her nipple popped from his mouth, wet and distended. He stood up off the bed and she still clung to him desperately, with her lovely legs circling his waist and her giant tits squashed between them. They kissed…their tongues dueling wildly inside the boy's mouth as he placed her back on the bed. This time, it was him on top and he wasted no time pumping his hips, beating his cock through her pussy feverishly.

"Ahhh, fuck yess!!" Bryce heard his wife cry out, joining the sound of his brother's bed squeaks and their sweaty naked flesh smacking together repeatedly.

It had been nearly two hours since he'd first heard them going at it. He was tempted to knock on Matt's door and ask them to hurry it up, but he knew it would just make him look like a jerk.

Bryce wasn't the only one in the listening audience. Summer too couldn't help but pay attention to her youngest son and daughter-in-law as they fucked their asses off down the hallway. "Fuck! I am so fucking horny!" the mother's brain screamed as she squeezed the huge swollen caps at the peaks of her gigantic tits. She reached

down between her lovely legs as she lay there next to her snoring husband.

She dug her fingers up between her shaved vulvar lips and found her engorged clitoris. Then, she imagined a young tireless cock pounding through her. In her mind, her eyes traveled up the chiseled chest of her fantasy lover, finally arriving at a familiar face. Her son Matt's.

"Hhhnnggg!!" she squealed, burying her face against her pillow in order to muffle her cries, as a tit-quivering climax shot through her lush tan body.

Down the hallway, Briana's silky legs were scissored in mid-air as Matt continued thrusting into her. By now, their naked bodies were covered in a glossy sheen of perspiration. Matt's well-toned ass flew up and down as he punched his cock through the snug juicy tube of her baby chute. His powerful fuck-humps made her tits slosh around between them.

"Fuck! Fuck…yes, I want your baby, Matt!" Briana lustfully chanted. "Fuck your baby into me!"

Her filthy words, along with way she was using her cunt muscles to suck and squeeze at his prick, made the boy's hardon tingle exquisitely. Hot ejaculate had already risen up his urethral tube, waiting to fire into the spongy grip of Briana’s cunt.

"Ahh, fuck, I’m feeling really good!" the boy gasped.

"Make me pregnant, baby! Gimme all that hot teenage seed!" Briana's sexy voice urged.

After a dozen more womb-crushing thrusts of his big cock, Matt let out a deep guttural grunt. A thick torrent of bubbling ball-juice hosed against the back of his sister-in-law's tight pussy.

"Yes! Oh, God I can feel you, Matt. I can feel all your hot baby-makers soaking my fertile pussy," the brunette whimpered.

For several ball-bumping minutes Matt continued fucking her heavenly hole, savoring the divine sensations of her thick-textured cuntal-lining as it milked his cock off.

"Wow!" the young woman sighed, after the boy finally went motionless against her. "What a week I have to look forward to."

"You and me both," Matt added, catching his breath.

"I thought this would remind me in some way of what sex with your brother used to be like, but it didn't."

Matt lifted his head and looked down at her questioningly. "It didn't?"

"No…you fuck WAY better than he does!" she confessed, then pulled him down for a kiss.

Chapter 3

Bryce opened his brother's bedroom door and stood there in sick fascination. His wife's curvy legs were propped back on Matt's shoulder, while the teen's cock was pounding through her wet vagina. Matt's big, hairless testicles beat repeatedly against Briana's meaty ass.

"Oh, yes…it's so fucking good, Matt!" his wife panted, pumping her ass up to meet the teen's thrusts.

Like the majority of men on the planet, the husband's dick had recently shrunk up completely, leaving nothing but a tiny shriveled knob poking from his crotch, no bigger than a marble. Watching his brother's huge vein-encrusted meat-cannon pummel through his wife's pink pussy made his heart swell with jealousy.

Bryce cleared his throat, startling the humping couple and making them glare over at him.

"Bryce, what the fuck are you doing in here?!" his wife shouted.

"I came in to see if you two were about done," he replied. "You've been going at it all night."

"No we weren't," she said defensively.

"Briana, the walls are paper-thin in this house and I was sleeping just on the other side of that one," he reminded her, pointing at the wall behind his brother's headboard. "Or trying to sleep I should say."

"Do you want a little son or daughter or not?" his wife asked impatiently, still clinging to Matt's body as he lay on top of her. "You

know it's important that Matt and I fuck as much as possible while I’m ovulating."

"Briana, do you have to use that word?"

"What word…ovulating?"

"No… the word ‘fuck.' The two of you aren't fucking…you're copulating."

Matt and Briana looked at each other and suddenly burst out laughing. "Oh, my God, seriously, Bryce?!" the wife exclaimed.

"What's so funny about that?"

"Copulating? Do you realize how ridiculous that word sounds."

"It's more appropriate than fuck."

She humped up against her brother-in-law. "Matt, yess…copulate me!" the wife shouted mockingly. "Copulate me good!"

"Very funny!" the husband muttered.

Briana fed her husband and amused smile, raking her long nails down Matt's back. "Bryce, you really do crack me up sometimes."

"Well, I'm glad you find this amusing, Briana."

"Are you done? Matt and I have some really important business to attend to today," his wife stated, then looked at the boy on top of her. "You really should get a lock put on your door, Matt."

"Apparently so," the teen agreed.

Bryce complied with his wife's wishes and backed out of his brother’s doorway. "Maybe we could at least have some morning coffee together before I leave for work?" he suggested.

"I'll be down, just…please close the door," his wife answered impatiently.

No sooner was it closed then Bryce could hear his brother's bed began to jerk around again as they continued fucking.

Bryce went down to the kitchen to find his mother making coffee. "Good morning!" Summer greeted him cheerfully. "How did you sleep?"

Bryce rolled his eyes. "How do you think I slept?" he asked.

"This might help," she said with a warm smile, setting a mug down and pouring him a cup of coffee. Bryce noticed how her enormous tits could hardly fit into her robe. His mom already had large breasts before the virus, his wife also, but now their tits had grown to ridiculous proportions.

The mother turned up a news broadcast that was playing on a small TV in the kitchen.

"Officials are baffled by the mysterious affects of this virus," a female reporter stated. "Not only are women's bodies going through physical changes, but now their producing higher levels of estrogen, which is increasing their sexual desire. In a world were sexually capable men are limited to a small number of 18 to 20 year olds, this is causing increasing frustration among women everywhere."

"Zombies!" Bryce blurted, then took a sip of hid coffee.

"What about zombies?" his mom asked in amusement.

"This virus. It's making women sexual zombies."

"Oh, honey, stop. It is not."

"It is so, mom. That's all I hear the women at work talking about… how and when they can find a guy Matt's age to have sex with."

"That's always been a thing with some women, well before the virus started," Summer commented.

"Yeah, but these are married women…talking openly about cheating on their spouses the first chance they get," Bryce stated. "You of all people should know how desperate these women are."

His mom fed him a funny look. "What's that suppose to mean?" she asked.

"I don't mean because YOU'RE like that. What I mean is how many women contact you in a day wanting to have sex with Matt?"

"On average…probably two-hundred a day."

"I rest my case," Bryce stated.

"Honey, most of those women are simply desperate to have a child."

"Come on, mom…do you actually believe that?"

"So, do you think your wife is lying," his mom asked him. "Do you think she's doing this just so she can be sexually satisfied by your brother?"

"No, our situation is different. We've been wanting a kid for awhile. This was our only option," Bryce stated.

"I agree. All I'm saying is there are a lot of couples in that same position. You can't just assume that women everywhere are becoming sexual zombies who are on the hunt for a good lay."

They were both suddenly startled by the orgasmic scream of Bryce's wife down the hallway.

"I really wish that they could do the deed without THAT happening," Bryce expressed.

"Now, honey…you know orgasm is just a natural thing that happens when two people have sex. It can hardly be prevented."

"Yeah, but she's screaming out like that every five minutes, mom. It's ridiculous."

"Your bother has had a lot of sex," Summer stated. "When you do anything that much, you get VERY good at it. Not to mention, just as YOUR body has gone through changes as a result of this virus, so has your brother's."

"What does that have to do with my wife having an orgasm?" Bryce asked.

"Let's just say that penile length and thickness can have a lot do with a woman's ability to achieve orgasm. Your brother…"

"Yeah, yeah…I get it," Bryce blurted, cutting his mom off. "Matt has this monster cock now.

No need to remind me."

Summer placed a hand on her son's shoulder consolingly. "Bryce, none of us have had any choice in how this virus has affected us physically. We're all just living with the things we've been dealt the best way we can."

"I know," Bryce muttered, taking another swig of his coffee.

"Try to focus less on the sex they're having and more on the fact that it'll most likely result in a son or daughter for you and Briana. Do you realize how many couples aren't able to make that dream a reality?" Summer preached.

"Yeah, I know. Thanks for the pep-talk, mom, but I gotta get to work."

"Let me see if they're at a place they can stop, so she can kiss you goodbye," his mother said.

Summer's robe barely covered her ass. Bryce watched her rounded buttocks undulate atop her sexy tan legs as she stepped down the hallway. He felt a little tingle in his groin, but that was about it.

Briana was riding Matt's cock, leaned forward so her giant tits were mashed across his upper chest. They kissed and panted passionately, their tongues dueling inside the boy's mouth. The humping duo froze as they heard a sudden tap at the door. Summer peeked in.

"Sorry to interrupt. Bryce is leaving for work. Did you wanna say goodbye?" she asked.

"I guess I should," Briana answered, then gave Matt a quick kiss on the lips. "I'll be right back," she whispered.

Matt's cock slid from her cunt as she climbed off of him. Summer watched her boy's enormous boner spring back against his abdomen. It was soaked with Briana's orgasmic secretions. The mother smiled at her thick-dicked boy as Briana slipped her robe over her huge ballooning tits and moved past her.

"Are you doing ok, honey?" Summer asked her boy sweetly.

"Yeah, I'm good."

"Well, I gathered that you were 'good' by how much screaming I heard her doing down here," she teased.

"Sorry, she is kinda loud when she cums."

"Oh, I certainly don't care, but with your brother in the house it just makes things a bit…awkward."

"Yeah, I suppose."

Briana held her robe closed as she stepped up to her husband. "Sorry, I know I said I'd come down and have coffee, I just…thought Matt would have, you know…finished by now."

"So, all that sex this morning and he still hasn't finished?" Bryce asked.

"Well, he was getting close but, then your mom knocked."

"Just…do me a favor and take a pregnancy test this morning, please. If he's already gotten you pregnant then there's no reason for the two of you to be going at it all day."

Briana started snickering.

"What's so funny?" her husband asked.

"You clearly don't know much about how pregnancy works, do you?" Briana responded. "It'll be at least a week before we find out if Matt's sperm has successfully penetrated my egg.

That's why it's imperative that him and I have as much sex as possible while I'm ovulating.

The more of his sperm that gets inside me, the better our chances."

"Great! Just what I wanted to hear after listening to you two go at it all night," Bryce griped.

"That's a selfish thing to say."

"How so?"

"How so?! Bryce, it was incredibly generous of your brother to help us. Do you realize how many of my friends and family are on waiting lists and may never get the chance to have children?"

"I am thankful…it's just a difficult process for a husband to have to be around, that's all," he commented.

Briana rolled her eyes, then fed her husband a quick kiss. "Have a good day at work and try not to think about the process, ok? Focus on the end goal, which will be a wonderful child."

Summer still stood in her son's doorway, staring across at him as he lay there sprawled across his bed nude. His big dick was still fully erect and she couldn't help but stare at it as she spoke to him. "I canceled all your other appointments for the next two days, so you can focus wholly on getting Briana pregnant," the mother stated.

"Sounds good to me," the boy responded, eyeballing the huge swell of his mom's tits. "So what size are THOSE now?"

"Excuse me, young man…my breast size? That's kinda personal," she stated with a smirk.

"Give me a break, mom. You're standing there staring at my dick, so what's the big deal?"

"I was not staring at your dick."

"You were so."

"Was not!"

"Everything OK in here?" Briana asked as she arrived back in the doorway and stood next to Summer.

"Hey, Briana, what's YOUR breast size?" Matt asked her.

"Thirty-eight triple G, why?" she asked.

Matt looked at his mother. "See…she didn't think it was inappropriate, and she's my sister-in-law," he pointed out.

"Yes, and SHE'S the one you should be focused on today, not me."

"It was just a question, mom…Jeez."

Summer rolled her eyes and smiled. "Forty-eight K cups. There, are you happy?" she quickly asked.

"Maybe if I got to see them, then I'd be happy."

Briana giggled and shared a look with her mother-in-law. "He's so bad!" she blurted.

"Right?! He looks at tits all day long and he's concerned about his own mother's."

Briana stepped towards the bed and untied the sash of her robe. "If a tit-fix is what you need," she said, then let the robe slip off her shoulders, exposing her king-sized melons, "I think I can help with that."

Matt gawked at her huge ballooning tits. Even though he'd spent hours licking and sucking on their flesh, he couldn't wait to get his hands and lips back on them.

"I guess we better get back to the baby-making then," he stated.

"Hold on a second," his mom interrupted, stepping into the room. Briana crawled onto the bed and cuddled up next to the teen, squashing her mams against the side of his chest as they both watched Summer step to the bed.

"Let's get back to these for a minute," she suggested, pointing down at her enormous rack.

"Gladly! What about them?" her son asked.

"I don't know…maybe I should be asking YOU that. Since when did you get so interested in your own mom's breasts?"

"Since like…forever ago," he confessed.

"Forever ago?!"

"Yes, mom, forever ago. I've been obsessed with you since I was like…fourteen."

Briana burst out laughing. "Oh my God, that's so cute. He has a mommy-crush."

"Ok…um, I did not expect to hear that this morning," Summer stated.

"Well, you wanted the truth, right?" Matt asked.

"Honey, you're seeing beautiful, naked girls every day. Why would you even give a second thought about your own mom?"

"Because you're more beautiful than any of them, and have the perfect body as well," Matt flashed a glance at his sister-in-law. "No offense, Briana."

"None taken. If I was a guy I'd be lusting after your mom too. She's gorgeous!"

"You guys are just too much," Summer blushed, then stared her boy in the eyes. "Especially you, mister. You're not suppose to be checking out your own mother."

"Sorry, mom…if that makes me perverted, well…then I guess I'm a pervert."

Briana chimed in. "I'm a bit of a perv too, Summer, so by all means, if you wanna show him your tits, I'm certainly not gonna judge you."

"See, mom…no big deal."

"No big deal?!" Summer asked. "You think just because the two of you are naked and you admitted to lusting after ME that I'm just gonna strip down to my birthday suit in front of you?"

"Let's make a bet!" Matt suggested.

"A bet?"

"Yeah. If I can make Briana cum in five minutes, then you'll let me see you naked."

Briana giggled. "Oh, I think I'm gonna like this bet."

"That's stupid," Summer stated, shaking her head. "I have no doubt you can make a girl cum in five minutes, so why would I agree to that?"

"OK, how about two minutes?"

"Hmm!" Briana hummed with a big smile, trying to remember if she'd ever been brought off so quickly.

"You really are sure of yourself, aren't you?" Summer asked her son.

"Of course."

The mother considered it for a moment, then glared back at him. "You'll have one minute," she stated.

"One minute?!"

"That's right, hotshot…one minute! One minute to give Briana an orgasm," Summer smugly stated.

Briana smiled at Matt. "No one has ever done that, just so you know," she anxiously stated.

Matt looked at his mom confidently. "If I do it in under a minute, you have to get naked for me…completely naked," he requested.

"I said I'd show you my boobs, not all of me."

"Come on, mom…you said naked," he said, then looked at Briana. "Didn't she say naked?"

Briana smiled at Summer. "You DID say you'd get naked, Summer."

Summer giggled and shook her head. "Fine…naked then, but it doesn't matter, because there's no way you're making her cum that quickly."

"If I can do it in thirty-seconds, will you do a strip-tease for me?"

"No!" Summer shouted, but was clearly amused by his offer.

"Then you don't have much confidence in your statement. You just said there's no way I'm making her cum that quickly. If you really believed that then you'd take the bet."

Summer gazed at her son for a moment, still seeming reluctant. "You seriously believe you can make her cum in thirty-seconds?" she asked.

"Yep, and I'm starting to think you do too, since you won't agree to my bet."

"Fine…I'll take the bet, but you're losing. And one other thing… I don't trust you, so I wanna see it with my own eyes."

"Hold on a second, that's not fair," Matt objected.

"How is it not fair?"

"Well, if Briana knows there's someone else in here watching, it could affect the time it takes her to cum," he answered.

Briana patted his shoulder. "Matt, trust me…if I'm being worked the right way…nothing stops me from cumming."

"See, she's fine with it," his mom smiled. "If you ask me, I think someone else might be doubting themselves right now."

"Nope…no doubts here!" the boy stated confidently, standing up off the bed. "Let's do this!"

"How do you want me?" Briana asked anxiously.

"Lay over here…right at the edge of my bed."

His busty sister-in-law scooted over to the spot he wanted her, making her giant naked breasts shimmy on her chest. Matt looked over at his mom. "Are you the time-keeper?" he asked.

"Oh…um, I guess it would have to be me, right?" she asked, fishing her cellphone out of her robe pocket. She set it to the timer, then looked at her boy. "Ready when you are."

"I'm ready."

"Wait, you're not getting on the bed with her?" his mom asked.

"Nope. I'm making her cum another way."

"Another way?!"

"Yeah, the bet was about giving her an orgasm. We didn't specify how that had to be done."

Summer shrugged her shoulders. "Um, ok…let me know when to start the timer."

"Now!" Her boy shouted, then leaned over Briana and jabbed two fingers inside her pussy.

She gasped as Matt began savagely finger-fucking her.

"OH MY GOD!" Briana cried out, her body shuddering at the force in which Matt was plunging his two fingers in and out. They made a lewd wet sucking sound as they pumped inside of her.

Summer stood there, mesmerized by what she was watching. Her nipples throbbed and her cunt-hole tingled as she watched her son use his fingers to fuck Briana's cunt mercilessly.

"OH, YES!" Matt's sister-in-law cried out, feeling his fingers curl slightly inside her, rubbing against her sensitive G-spot. "OH, FUCK, MATT…RIGHT THERE!!"

Matt's tongue hung from his mouth as he watched the beautiful girl writhe around in pleasure. Her huge fatty tits rolled wildly on her chest, her big erect nipples pointing up at the ceiling.

The boy knew he must be getting close to twenty-seconds, so he doubled his efforts, plunging his two digits in and out as quickly as he could.

"OH, GOD! OH, YES! OH, FUCK…I'M CUMMING!!" Briana screamed out. The lewd, creamy finger-fucking noises became even more wet and obscene-sounding as Briana gushed all over Matt's hand. Rather than stop, he continued fingering her until she was completely through climaxing.

"Well…did I do it?" Matt asked, looking over at his mom. "Oh, and if you're questioning whether or not she came…don't," he continued, holding up his cum-soaked hand for his mom to see.

"Well, I certainly didn't think she was faking it, honey," Summer answered.

"And IT WAS under thirty seconds, right?" the boy asked curiously.

She held up her phone screen for him to see. "Not quite," she answered. The timer on her phone was stopped at thirty-two seconds.

"Really? Only two-seconds over and you're really gonna say you won?"

"I DID win," the mother giggled. "Two seconds is two seconds. You said you could make her cum in thirty-seconds and it was thirty-two."

"Lame!" the boy muttered. "Really lame!"

"However…" Summer continued, smiling over at him. "It was still incredibly impressive and it would be REALLY selfish of me not to strip for you because you were over by two seconds."

"Really? So you'll do it?" Matt asked excitedly.

"I suppose," she responded with a mischievous smile.

Briana got up from the bed. "I guess I should give you two the room then, although I still feel like I'm making out pretty good from this little deal of yours."

"How's that?" Matt asked.

"How's that?! I just had a crazy good orgasm, while being fingered, and now your mom's gonna get you wildly turned-on by stripping for you. Which means when I come back in you're probably gonna fuck me to the edge of my life," Briana stated with thrill in her pretty eyes.

"True," Matt agreed. "I guess you ARE making out pretty good."

Briana closed the door behind her, leaving Summer and her son in the room alone together.

Matt turned on some sexy R&B music and sat on the edge of his bed. "Ready when you are, mom," he grinned.

Summer came over and stood in front of him, gradually beginning to move her voluptuous body to the beat. "This never happened… understood?" the platinum-blonde warned.

"My lips are sealed," he answered.

His mom began to swing her lush hips around erotically to the beat of the music. She opened her robe slightly, giving her teen a teasing peek at her extraordinarily-large cleavage.

Matt's cock flexed and throbbed as he watched Summer spin around and slowly lift the hem of her silky robe up over her gyrating buttocks. A thin black thong was wedged between the round, unblemished half-globes of her meaty ass. The gawking boy watched it wag back and forth teasingly.

"Had enough yet?" his mom ask as she peeked back through her blonde hair with her beautiful, deep-blue eyes.

"Now way!"

"I didn't think so," she giggled, then pulled the robe off her shoulders, letting her huge bra-clad breasts come slipping out.

"Fuck!" Matt gasped in absolute awe. A month ago, Summer's boobs fit inside her bra perfectly, but now they were seeping out all over the place. Creamy mounds of fatty, tan, tit-cleavage was bulging out the tops of her cups. However, just as eye-popping, was the sight of her swollen papilla, through her sheer mesh bra. Matt had seen a lot of tits over the past year, but in terms of sheer size, his mom had them all beat.

He followed her hands as they slid teasingly down her tapered torso, across the flare of her wide hips, hooking the elastic waistband of

her panties beneath her thumbs. He was so turned-on he could hardly breath. His heart was racing.

Swaying in a sexy manner, Summer peeled her dainty black panties from her camel-toed crotch, exposing her shaved pussy. Her gaze watched her son's wide-eyed expression, her heart-rate increasing by the second at the thrill of doing something so naughty in front of him.

Matt had seen vulvas in every shape and size. He had seen ones with curved, magnet-shaped lips, which created a window in the middle to reveal a woman's inner labial flesh. He had seen pussies with prominent inner lips that had hung down beyond the folds of their outer fleshy clam-shells. He had fucked cunts with huge, engorged clits and others that looked as though they'd just come out of puberty. His mom's cunt was unlike any he'd seen before. She had plump outer folds, that completely concealed her inner flanges. Protruding from her slit, however, was the thick elongated flesh of her clitoral prepuce. He licked his lips as he stared at it, imaging the fat juicy clit that it must be shrouding. Also, he imagined what it would feel like sheathing his enormous cock in such a plump mature cunt.

His eyes suddenly darted upward to the sound of his mom's bra unclasping. The weight of Summer's giant tits shifted downward as she peeled the cups away from her mams. The boy gasped out loud at the sight of his mom's naked breasts. They bobbled heavily and the cleavage separating the twin jugs seemed a mile-long. Her areolas were wide and thick-textured. They a dark pinkish-purple color and dotted Montgomery tubercles. Her nipples were among the puffiest Matt had ever seen, perfect for latching your lips around.

"Well…here you go," she said blushingly. "You got your mom naked. Are you happy?"

"Very! Can I see your ass?"

She gracefully turned, displaying her lovely bubble butt, while peeking back at her boy over her shoulder.

"Jesus Christ, mom! You're beautiful," he exclaimed.

"Yeah…I bet you say that to every girl who strips in front of you."

"Not true," he muttered, shaking his head. "I'm mean…you're beautiful enough when dressed, but your body…" he muttered, marveling at the silky sheen of her strong, but feminine legs. As she turned slightly, he gawked at her in side-profile and the way her enormous breasts sloped down off her chest perfectly. "You have everything I love in a woman."

"Is that so?" she asked, then turned back towards him, making her big milkers wobble back and forth.

"Uh-huh. Definitely!"

The mother's eyes drifted down to his cock. "I would say you're lying, but the amount of pre-cum that's seeping out of you penis-tip is forcing me to believe you."

"Sorry," he blushed.

"Yeah, right…since when did YOU get all shy," she teased. "You love swinging that big thing around."

"Well, these 'big' things are kinda rare these days, right?"

"Extremely rare, yes!" she agreed, staring at his flexing erection.

"How long's it been for you, mom?" Matt asked.

"How long's it been…since what?" the mother asked, even though she knew what he meant.

"Since you got some pleasure?"

"I get pleasure every day," she smiled. "I'm a big girl. I can take care of myself."

"No, I mean…how long has it been since you got pleasure from a man?"

"Your father may not have a penis anymore, but he still has a tongue. He gives me pleasure."

"I'm not talking about oral pleasure, mom. I'm talking about the other kind. You must crave it."

"Sure. What woman doesn't?"

"Are you really prepared to go the rest of your life without it?" Matt asked.

"Matt, where are you going with this?" she asked, seeming a little upset, both by the fact that he was asking and that she knew he was right. Since her husband's cock had withered away, she'd likely never have sexual intercourse in her life again.

"I'm just concerned about your needs, that's all."

She stared down at his cock for a moment wantonly, then looked back into his eyes. "I appreciate your concern, but I'm not one of your female customers that's gonna come jump right on your cock. I'm your mother…and we're done here."

Matt stood up as his mom quickly collected her clothing. "I'm sorry, mom, I wasn't trying to be…"

"Your bother's wife is beautiful and she has a body that any guy would drool over," Summer stated. "She wants a baby, so she's the one who needs your attention right now, not me."

A few minutes later, Briana was on all-fours on Matt's bed and he was pounding her doggy-style. He stared down at her big fleshy ass as it beat against his mid-section. He loved the way her rounded ass-cheeks rippled every time their bodies slapped together. "Fuck… imagine seeing mom's perfect ass beat against me like this?" he asked himself.

"Did you enjoy seeing your mommy naked?" Briana teased, gazing back at him.

"As a matter-of-fact, I did," he answered.

"She put on a pretty good strip-tease show for you then?"

"It was awesome!"

"You're so fucking naughty. I love it!" she giggled.

Briana squealed delightfully and her big heavy udders swung wildly to the rhythm of their doggy-fuck. She threw her ass back at Matt, meeting his steady thrusts, while peeking back at him. "Holy fuck does your dick feel good inside me this way!" she panted. "Your brother could never fuck me like this…even when he had a cock," she gasped.

"Did he ever fuck you in the ass?" Matt boldly asked.

"No!" Briana chuckled. "I always wanted him to, but he would always brush me off. It's certainly not happening now that he's dickless."

"Maybe it's not happening from him. Want me to put MY dick in there?" the teen asked.

"Are you serious?" Briana giggled.

"Yeah, if you want to."

"Well, you're suppose to be getting me pregnant, but…"

"But what?"

"But I suppose you've let ME do a lot of things that I probably shouldn't have. Like sucking your cock last night and kissing you every other second."

"True. One could argue that those things weren't necessary for baby making either," Matt agreed.

"Yeah, well, in that case, I suppose it wouldn't be any big deal if you wanted to pound it through my asshole for a little while."

Matt pulled his erection from her pussy and fit it's tapered knob to her butt-socket. They both gasped in unison as his glans slipped through the ring of her anus.

Briana winced sharply. "Slowly, Matt! You're really big!" she whimpered.

"Sorry. I'll take it slow."

Inch by inch, the teen worked his meaty prick into her ass tube, until her butthole was stretched obscenely around the thick base of his cock.

"Oh, whoa!" he sighed, feeling the hot, rubbery tube of her ass-tract clench his cock.

"Ok, I'm ready," Briana squealed. "Fuck my asshole."

Slowly at first, the boy began pumping his stiff prick through the snugness of her ass. Over the next ten minutes they gradually picked up the tempo, until Brian's lovely ass-meat was slapping against Matt's midsection once again.

"Ahhh, yes!" the teen hissed, watching his long, fat prick glide through the pink elastic ring of Briana's butthole. He could feel the muscles in her rectum tightening, making her smooth anal lining chew at the meat of his cock.

"Oh God, this feels so good!" his sister-in-law whimpered, pumping her fatty ass back on the satisfying stiffness of Matt's prick. She felt a tinge of guilt letting him do this, just as she had when she sucked his cock and nuts for nearly two hours the night before. She had assured her husband, Bryce, that she would only do things that were essential for copulation. However, she hadn't had sex in so long and her estrogen levels were so high, due to the virus, that she simply couldn't help herself.

"OH, FUCK ME…I'M GONNA CUM!" she cried out, reaching under and rubbing her engorged clitoris.

"AHHH, FUCK!!" Matt cried out, feeling her shit-chute tighten around his cock from her contracting pelvic-floor muscles. He pumped his cock as fast and deep as he could, feeling her rectal flesh drag along his glans exquisitely.

Their flesh SMACKED together heatedly as Matt fed his sister-in-law's ass a dozen more tit-trembling thrusts.

"Oh, fuck yeah!! Take my cum!!" he grunted, imaging it was his mother's sexy ass he was pumping cum into.

Briana experienced another juicy climax as she felt Matt's thick cock flex and spurt inside her rectal cavity, hosing out fat cords of spunk along the cock-smothering walls of her ass.

Down the hallway, Summer was on her back in the center of her marital bed, plunging a huge black dildo in and of her deprived vagina. Her sexy tan legs were scissored back in a wide V, so her dainty bare feet pointed to opposite sides of the bedroom.

"Ohh, Goddamn you, Matt…fuck your mother's pussy!!" her brain screamed as she tossed her silky blonde hair around in ecstasy.

She humped her lovely tan ass from the mattress, fucking her horny shaved cunt on the fake cock. Her breasts were like two huge round pillows of flesh, rolling wilding up and down her chest to the rhythm of her jerking movements.

"Oh, baby! I need your fucking cock so bad!" she wickedly thought, picturing her son on top of her, hammering his oversized penis through the juicy grip of her needy cunt-hole.

"I need to be fucked!! I need to cum all over a long fat cock!! I need my son's cock!" her brain feverishly whimpered.

Her heavy-titted mommy-body suddenly shuddered with a pre-orgasmic blush. Her silky legs began to tremble wildly and her ass pumped frantically from the mattress. Her vagina began to squeeze around the dildo with powerful cuntal contractions.

Summer wanted not to scream out, but simply couldn't help herself. "UGGGHHH!!"

"UGGGHHH, YES!!" her beautiful voice cried out in intense pleasure. It was undoubtedly heard by her son and daughter-in-law down the hallway.

She removed the black dong from her cunt, then the pink flesh of her urethral meatus bulged from her cuntal vestibule and began spraying hot girl-cum everywhere. For a full minute, the middle-aged mother writhed on her marital mattress, grunting, shaking and squirting all over the bed. Finally, she collapsed breathlessly.

"Oh, fuck…what a mess!" she said out loud to herself as she gazed down at her comforter, which was soaked in her female ejaculate.

Feelings of guilt began to seep in as she thought about the wicked fantasy that had just played out in her mind.

"The bed isn't the only thing that's a mess, Summer," she told herself. "Your mind is a fucking mess! Maybe Bryce was right. Maybe I am becoming a sexual zombie."

Chapter 4

"Is it just me, or are we starting to draw a crowd?" Matt asked his friend, Henley, as they shot baskets at the local park. Several women were standing beside the court, chatting and giggling, while watching the teens play ball.

"What can we say…our age group are the only ones on the planet with dicks. We're all the shit right now!" Henley replied, taking a shot. "How many pussies a day are you getting?"

"Usually five, sometimes six. You?"

"About the same. Long gone are the days of masturbation, huh?"

"Do you ever screw any family members?" Matt asked, thinking back on his incredible fuck-fest with his brother's wife.

"Do stepmoms count?"

"Your stepmom? Really?!"

"Yeah, I got her pregnant about a month ago. I don't think my dad was happy about that at all," Henley chuckled.

"I know what you mean. My hot sister-in-law Briana and I had some wild baby-making sessions a few weeks ago. My brother was jealous as hell."

"Are you sure she wanted a baby and not just your dick?"

"I suspect she wanted both," Matt replied, making them both laugh.

"So, did you give her a baby…or just a good cock-pounding?" Henley asked.

"Yeah, she just called me with the news the other day. She's all knocked up, man."

"It's crazy to think about how many kids out there are biologically ours," Henley stated.

By the time they were through playing there were dozens of women watching and more arriving by the minute. These weren't just girls their own age, but middle-aged moms as well. The virus had transformed their bodies into fleshy playgrounds, with oversized tits and big round asses. They were doing their best to display them for the boys by wearing revealing outfits. As Matt wiped the sweat from his bare chest, he looked over and noticed how many eyes were on him, feasting lustfully on his young, well-toned body.

"Hi…um, Matt, right?" a pretty red-headed mother asked, her large pale breasts bulging from the V-cut neckline of her blouse.

"Yeah."

"I'm Stephanie. Your sister is best friends with my daughter, Megan."

"Nice to meet you," Matt smiled, glancing down at her freshly-shaved legs, displayed completely beneath the hems of her booty-shorts.

"Likewise. You look really hot. I mean, um…sweaty. Well, you look hot too!" she giggled. "Would you like to come over for a cool drink?"

"I'm good, thanks. I have water," the teen replied, taking a swig from his bottle.

"Do you remember me?" A different women asked, staring at Matt through a curtain of beautiful dark hair. Her eyes were hazel, her lips full and pouty.

"You look…kinda familiar," Matt replied.

"Cassie. I taught you piano lessons…when you were you younger."

"Oh, yeah…I remember now," said Matt, letting his eyes drift down to the swell of her colossal tits. He remembered her having a big rack when he was young, but clearly the effects of the virus had made them absolutely monstrous. "Don't you have a son close to my age?"

"Yeah, Rex, he graduated last year."

"Oh, ok. Well, I uh…haven't played piano in a long time."

"Well, you're welcome to come over. I could give you a refresher coarse," she offered.

"I would, but I actually have some appointments today."

Matt looked over and saw his friend Henley getting bombarded by horny women as well. They were like two pieces of meat thrown to the wolves.

"Appointments huh?" Cassie asked. "Off to impregnate some lucky women?"

"Yep, that's the plan. Somebody's gotta do it, right?"

"Yeah, Rex has been busy with that too here lately. Good thing we can count on you boys to keep the world populated."

A short-haired brunette in her late twenties stepped up to Matt. "Could you please help my husband and I? I'm ovulating today and we desperately want another baby," she pleaded.

"You'd have to contact my mom about that," Matt answered. "She handles all my appointments."

"I’ve been on the waiting list for two months. Please, my car’s right over. We could have sex right on the backseat. It wouldn't take long."

"You have to wait your turn, sorry," Matt replied, heading towards his car. The women followed, each eager to get their hands and cunts on him.

Cassie pressed her huge squishy tits against his arm as she followed along. "I'm not one to beg, Matt, but my husband's penis has completely shriveled up. I haven't been fucked in close to two years. Could you please help me out?" she desperately asked.

"Well, at least you’re honest. Most women try to convince me to have sex under the pretense of wanting a baby."

"I'm not gonna lie to you," Cassie stated, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. "I just need to get fucked."

"Wow, you guys looked amazing out there!" A different mom interrupted as her and a female friend stood in front of Matt, blocking his path. They were dressed in sexy mini-skirts and clinging tops that displayed their extraordinary cleavage.

"I'm Jenny!" the platinum-blonde smiled, holding her hand out for a shake.

"Matt," the boy replied, shaking her hand.

"My friend Tina and I were just out for a ride today. Do you wanna come with us?"

"Sorry, I can't," the boy replied, sneaking past them. Like the other women, they followed. "We can make it amazing for you, sweetie, we promise!" Jenny shouted.

"We'll suck your dick too!" Jenny's friend added. "I give an amazing deep-throat blowjob!"

"Please, Matt!" Stephanie begged, rubbing his arm. "Just a quickie, that's all I'm asking for."

Cassie squeezed his arm. "Nothing has penetrated me for over a year, Matt. I'm incredibly tight!"

"Fuck me!" Matt heard a different voice say. He peered through the surrounding group and saw a mom in a striped mini dress. She was standing in a sexy pose, thrusting her gigantic mammaries out to get his attention.

"Please fuck me!" another voice from the crowd shouted.

"Fuck me!" various women shouted pleadingly. "Please…I have a tight pussy.

Please fuck me!"

Everywhere Matt looked were beautiful moms with sexy legs and rounded asses begging for dick. Their hard nipples were popping from the peaks of their oversized tits. There was so much exposed flesh, he could hardly take it in. Even the air around him began to wreak of aroused pussy.

Matt quickly got into Henley's car, about the same time his friend did. The moms surrounded the vehicle, still pleading and pressing their tits against the glass, like sexy-hungry zombies. "Damn, dude! Lately, I'm starting to understand how rock-stars feel," Henley smiled.

"Yeah, but instead of autographs all these chics want are our dicks."

"I'm not gonna lie. I know we have some appointments today, but there are sure some hot fucking women out there," Henley stated,

staring at all the super-voluptuous bodies outside the windows.

"You can say that again," Matt muttered, looking out at Cassie as she stared in at him with an exaggerated frowny-face. "Look at the fucking tits on that one!"

"She is gorgeous!" Henley agreed.

"Before the virus we would have given anything to fuck any one of these women. Now they're all begging for it," Matt pointed out.

"Wanna pluck out a couple each and take them up to Perkin's Point?" Henley asked. Perkin's Point was a secluded spot where boys often took 'car dates.'

Sometimes, for one reason or another, women were unable to have a boy to their home for copulation. Instead, the boys would pick them up, like they would a date, and drive them up to Perkin's Point, for wild backseat baby-making.

"What the fuck. My mom will be pissed, but let's do it!" Matt decided.

"Hi, Summer, this is Marla Johnson. Your son, Matt, had a series of appointments with me about a month ago."

"Yes, Hi, Marla, how are you?" Summer asked, holding her phone to her ear.

"I'm fabulous! I'm just calling to let you know that I had a doctor's appointment this morning and found out I'm pregnant. I'M HAVING A BABY!!" she announced excitingly.

"Oh, that's wonderful. Congratulations!"

"Thanks. I mean, I couldn't have done it without your son, Matt. Would you please thank him for my husband and I," Marla asked.

"Of course. I’m sure he'll be happy to hear the news."

It was the type of call that Summer had received at least a hundred times.

When they first started, her reaction was one of heartfelt joy for the soon-to-be parents, but recently, on the inside, she had grown numb and, if she were honest, quite jealous. Not just at the fact that these women had gotten pregnant by her son, but that they had the privilege of having young teenage cock pounding through them, while her own sex life was nonexistent.

"I gotta tell you, that boy of yours…WOW, can he perform in bed!" Marla confessed.

"So I’ve heard."

"It was amazing enough having the biggest penis I'd ever seen inside me, but the way he could thrust for so incredibly long, just blew my mind! I’ve never had that many orgasms in my life!"

"I'm, um…glad you were pleased with the experience, and congrats on the news," Summer stated before hanging up. She could feel her fleshy clitoris throbbing to her heartbeat and fuck-oil oozing from her Skene-glands, just inside her vagina. She peeked down at her oversized breasts and could clearly see her aroused nipples popping, as hard as pebbles, through her bra and top.

"Good grief…I need to cum!" she thought.

Minutes later she was sprawled across her bed naked, masturbating furiously.

Her instrument of choice was a pink vibrating wand. It GRUMBLED on full-speed as she plowed it frantically against her cunt-slit. Within a minutes, her body shook and her back arched from the mattress. Her giant, meaty tits heaved around heavily, their stiff-nippled peaks

pointing towards the ceiling. "OH, GOD, MATT…FUCK MEEEE!!" she cried out deliriously.

While Summer writhed in ecstasy at the thought of her son, Matt was parked at the top of Perkin's Point. There were several other vehicles, tucked in the trees in a neat row, all of them rocking wildly. They belonged to boys Matt and Henley's age who had picked up local moms for baby-making intercourse. The sound of women gasping and squealing resonated from inside the vehicles.

The shocks on Henley's car squeaked as the vehicle wobbled from the fuck-rhythm going on inside. Henley's backseat was packed with naked bodies. The two boys slouched on the seat, each with a woman riding him. In Matt's case, it was Stephanie, his sister's best friend's mom. Stephanie was a beautiful married red-head, who's alabaster tits had swollen to a 42E cup. Her stiff-nippled jugs leaped wildly on her chest, as did the woman's next to her, who was riding Henley. Kneeling on the seat between the two boys were two other moms.

Their giant, fatty tits were crushed against the boys upper chests as they leaned over, kissing them passionately.

"Mmff!" Matt whimpered, feeling Cassie's long thick tongue duel with his inside his mouth. This, while his sturdy cock pummeled up the snug, slick tube of Stephanie’s cunt. One thing he knew by now, MILF pussy was the best pussy.

Cassie's husband, Carl, had recently suspected that his wife was preparing to cheat on him. He could sense her frustration nightly at his inability to perform sexually. The virus had caused all women's bodies to produce greater levels of estrogen, the female sex hormone. This made already horny housewives become supercharged with sexual desire. When their dickless husbands couldn't do it for them, it was only a matter of time before even the most loving wives began to seek out young men. Knowing this, Carl

suspiciously left work and tracked his wife's phone to the top of Perkin's Peak.

"I knew it!" Carl muttered out-loud as he sat in his car watching the row of eight vehicles wobble steadily from the wild sex going on inside each one of them. He got out of his own car and bravely wandered over to the vehicle on the end.

When he peered in the slightly-fogged window he could see a couple fucking fervidly on the backseat. The young man was on top, and the strong motherly legs wrapped around his humping body could easily belong to Carl's wife. The woman raked her nails down the boy's sweaty back and Carl didn't recognize the wedding ring on her finger. Someone's wife was getting drilled back there, but it wasn't his.

Carl moved to the next vehicle, brazenly peeking inside. This couple was also sprawled across the backseat, but engaging in a 69. The woman was his wife's age, but had the wrong colored hair. Her head bobbed up and down on the boy's huge prick, sucking it hungrily.

Carl was startled by the sounds coming from the end vehicle. It was one of the cars he hadn't peeked inside of yet. It was emanating with the sound of two females erupting in orgasm simultaneously. Their mommy-voices sang a beautiful orgasmic duet. Carl didn't think they sounded like his wife, but he couldn't be sure. One of them was Stephanie, gushing her female ejaculate all over Matt's cock.

The next vehicle was rocking and squeaking like crazy, the couple inside were clearly engaging in a mindless fuck. Carl's stomach sunk at the thought that it could be his wife going at it in there. When he peeked in, he saw a woman bouncing up and down on a young man's cock in the reverse cowgirl position.

He was relieved to know it wasn't his wife, but HE DID recognize her. It was his coworker Charlie's wife. She was clearly cheating on

her husband, as he suspected his own wife was. He took a second to admire her big fleshy tits as they careened up and down her chest, while she feverishly fucked. "Poor Charlie," Carl thought, knowing he wouldn't have the heart to tell him.

He moved to the next car over. The woman inside had the same dark hair-color as his wife and was on all-fours on the seat being fucked doggy-style. Her big fleshy ass rippled, each time it was struck by the boy's midsection. Carl didn't need to see her face to know it wasn't Cassie. Even though the jugs that dangled from the woman's chest were enormous, they weren't nearly as gigantic as his wife's tits.

"What the fuck?!" he heard a voice exclaim. He peered up to see the middle-aged beauty glaring at him. "Fuck off, you pervert!" she snarled.

"Sorry," Carl muttered, then headed to the next vehicle.

On the backseat of this one, a young man was on top of a super-busty female, pumping his cock into her savagely. The way their naked flesh glistened with perspiration led Carl to believe that they'd been going at it for several hours. He could see that the woman had silver-blonde hair, which meant she was much older than his wife. She was crying out in climax, her strong, trembling legs locked so tightly around the boy it seemed like she was squeezing the life out of him. Carl didn't recognize the woman with her face twisted in pleasure, but when the grimace disappeared, his stomach sunk in shock. "Mother!" he shouted.

Tricia's eyes shot open, gazing across at her grown son through the window.

"Carl?!"

The boy on top of her stopped fucking and looked back in horror. "Dad?!" he gasped.

Carl's mouth fell open in dismay. Not only had he discovered his own married mother having sweaty sex with someone besides his father, but that "someone" was his own son, Rex. "What the hell is going on here?!" Carl blurted.

Over in Henley's car, the women had switched positions. Now it was Carl's wife, Cassie, who was vigorously riding Matt's cock. Her big round bubble-butt flew up and down, pummeling his strong teenage erection through the snug tube of her neglected vagina.

"Ohh, fuck, yeah!" Matt groaned, delighted by just how fucking tight her pussy was. He could feel the skin of his cock being pulled back tight with each thrust, making his glans mushroom out, stretching the back wall of her pussy and smearing his pre-cum on her cervical head.

His eyes traveled from her shaved pubis, up her tapered torso, to the jutting melons of tit-meat that bounced and rippled wildly. He'd seen a lot of heavy-titted females naked, but the only other one who had tits this big was his mom.

Even Cassie’s areolas were wide and thickly-textured like his mom's. Her nipples were so turgid that he could see them jiggle each time her boobs swung down and struck her mid-section.

Cassie was over the moon. She felt like a sexual void had finally been filled and she was loving every second of it. Since her husband had lost his cock, she didn't think she'd ever feel a strong muscular prick in her cunt again, especially one as monstrous as Matt's.

"Damn, this is good pussy, dude!" Henley sighed, staring up at the jumping jugs of the middle-aged mom he was fucking. He reached back and squeezed her bobbing derriere. "And these big fucking asses. I think we should shove our dicks up their assholes next!"

Matt slapped Cassie's ass-cheek sharply, making her butt-meat ripple. "I like that idea!" he panted.

The women squealed in delight as the boys slapped their fleshy mommy-asses several more times, while jabbing their cocks up into their cunt-holes. For Matt, it was time to engage in his signature move. He yanked Cassie down on top of him and buried his face between her giant jugs. "Oh, yeah!" he snarled, kissing the valley of her cleavage, while feeling her huge milkers ripple around his face.

"Whoa! What's going on out there?" he heard his friend, Henley, asked.

While continuing to fuck, Cassie peered over and saw Carl near one of the cars.

"Oh, shit…that's my husband!" she exclaimed in a hushed tone. Then, she saw Tricia get out of the vehicle, looking clearly embarrassed as she attempted to cover her colossal tits. "Oh my God…my mother-in-law!?"

Next to get out of the car was her son, Rex, his long, erect cock jutting out from his crotch and was soaked in his Grandmother's secretions. "Rex?!" Cassie exclaimed in horror. Strangely, her eyes wandered down to his super-sized erection and lingered. "Oh my God. His cock is…huge!"

"Who's Rex?" Matt asked, interrupting her from her thoughts as he peeked up the creamy canyon between her tits "My son. The one I told you about earlier. We need to get outta here! If my husband catches me fucking you he'll kill me!"

Outside, Carl glared at both his son and mother. "Well…do you two wanna explain yourselves?!"

"Carl, this is my fault," Tricia confessed. "Since the virus came along, your father and I's love life has gone down hill. I guess I was just feeling frustrated and needed some attention. I was the one who approached Rex. Please don't be mad at him."

Before Carl could answer, he noticed the car on the end, Henley's car, quickly back up and speed off. It kicked up a cloud of dust behind it, so he was unable to see who was inside. He still suspected it was his wife. He took the cellphone from his pocket and dialed.

After a few rings, Cassie picked up. "Hi, honey!" she answered, trying to not sound nervous. She was still in the backseat with the other moms as they crammed their huge tits back inside their bras.

"Where are you right now?!" Carl asked.

"I'm home baking cookies, why?"

"Cassie, are you sure that wasn't you I just saw speeding off? Are you with someone? "

Claire and her Grandson shared a surprised expression, unaware that's why Carl was really there.

"What do you mean 'speeding off?' Honey, I'm not sure what you're talking about," the wife said innocently.

"Forget it! We'll talk when I get home," Carl blurted, then glared at his mom and son. "Oh, and there's a couple people who will be joining our conversation."

Matt and Henley dropped the women back off at the park, then headed home.

"There you are!" Summer stated as her son walked in the door. "Where have you been?!"

"At the park playing ball with Henley, why?"

"Why?! Matt, it's nearly eleven. You're suppose to be at an appointment. Did you forget you had a 10am copulation session, over on Clark Street?"

"Honestly, mom…you'll have to cancel it," Matt muttered, heading towards his room. "I'm just not feeling it today."

"Not feeling it?" Summer chuckled. "Since when are YOU not feeling it?"

Her son didn't answer. He just went into his room and closed the door. Matt had stayed up way too late the night before. Coupled with the fact that he was beat from playing basketball and pissed off that he didn't get to spend more time fucking Cassie. Besides his mom, she was probably the hottest MILF he'd ever met, and her cunt had felt incredible. It was unfortunate that their time together got cut short. He plopped down on his bed for a nap.

Summer canceled his appointments for the day and let her son sleep for a few hours. She knew the amount of sex he'd been having in a day was probably catching up with him. In the mid-afternoon, she went in and sat on his bedside, stroking his arm tenderly, like any loving mom would. Her eyes couldn't help but drift to his cock-bulge, studying it's tubular outline. It amazed her that while every other male had shriveled up to nearly nothing, boys Matt's age had dicks that grew longer and meatier as time passed. Some of her mom-friends were now reporting boys with erections over a foot long. Like all women, her body was going through the same type of metamorphosis. With each passing day, her tits grew a tad larger and her ass slightly fuller. Just that morning she had watched a news program detailing how the virus was causing women's vaginas to elongate more, to accommodate the incredible penile growth that boys Matt's age were experiencing.

Unable to retrain herself, Summer leaned over, bringing her nose to her son's bulge and inhaling. His musky, manly scent made her eyes roll back in their sockets and her cunt clench up with desire. She also noticed a hint of something else. "Pussy? Why does he smell like pussy? He didn't go to any appointments this morning?" she thought.

Matt's eyes popped open and he saw his beautiful mother sitting there next to him. Her breasts were so abnormally huge and fat they looked like they could burst right through her bra and snug cotton top at any moment. "Damn, how long did I sleep?" The teen groggily asked.

"A few hours," the mother softly stated. "Sweetie, I think I need to apologize to you."

"For what?"

"I was a bit harsh on you earlier. Sometimes I get so consumed with setting these appointments up for you and making sure you get to them, I forget that your whole life shouldn't be just about getting women pregnant. You have friends…and other interests that are important too."

"Well, honestly, mom…the most important person in my life right now is you,"

Matt confessed. "Maybe WE should start spending more time together."

Summer smiled slyly, gazing at her boy with her beautiful eyes. "You think so?" she whispered, her heart going pitter-patter.

"Yeah, I do," he replied, surprised to find his mom's face slowly moving towards his. It was like they had little control of their own bodies as their lips drifted closer and closer together, finally meeting in a sensual, closed-lipped kiss.

Their kissers smacked together tenderly as they stared lustfully into each other's eyes. Matt lowered onto his back again and his mom followed, mashing her super-sized tits against his chiseled chest. Even through her shirt and bra, the teen could feel her stiff, elongated nipples prodding against him. The tips of their tongues played erotically as they peeked from their smooching lips.

Summer draped a sexy leg across her son's midsection, feeling his hardning cock-muscle through his shorts. They were both certainly on the road to a heated fuck when Summer came to her senses, rising off her son. "I'm not so sure that us spending time together is such a good idea right now," she stated with excited breath.

"Why? Is there something wrong with a mother and son spending time together?"

"In a normal world, no, but these times are far from normal. This virus is doing things to our bodies and our minds. It's giving us desires that aren't normal, and clouding our judgement."

"If you're talking about my desire for you…well, I gotta be honest, that existed WAY before this virus even started, mom," Matt admitted.

"Yeah, since you were fourteen. You already told me, remember?" Summer blushed. "Until they find some sort of cure for what's happening, I think we should limit the amount of time we spend with each other, especially when we're home alone together, like today."

"Rather than avoid each other, can't we just um…do something to maybe take the edge off?" Matt asked.

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Well, you're afraid that we're gonna lose control and have sex with each other, right?"

"Maybe," Summer replied, not quite ready to fully admit her desires.

"Well, what if we just expressed ourselves in a way that's much less…extreme."

"Such as?"

"How about we could, um…masturbate each other?" the boy proposed. "I could get you off the same way I did Briana. Remember, you didn't think I could get her off in thirty seconds and I did."

"You ALMOST did," Summer giggled, "and of course I remember, it cost me my clothes, if you recall?"

"Oh, trust me, I recall," he grinned, thinking back on just how fucking hot his mom looked naked. "I could get you off that same way though. You could do the same for me."

"Matt, no! When it comes to you and I, that would still be crossing way over the line."

"Oh, come on, mom…it's better than us avoiding each other because we're afraid we're gonna lose control."

"We're not touching each other that way!" she stated in a resolved tone. "We can't spend plenty of time together as long as other people are home with us."

He watched his mom's sexy round bubble-ass sway as she left his bedroom. "I guess I'll go out for awhile then," he shouted. "I shouldn't have any issues finding a woman to stroke me off and a whole lot more than that, if I want it!"

He saw his mom stop, suddenly struck with jealousy. She slowly turned around and glared at him from the hallway. "You just think you're such a big-shot, don't you?"

Matt smiled and flexed his cock, making his shorts tent up obscenely. "I know I am," he answered with a cocky smile. "And YOU know it too. Come back in, close the door and lock it, mom."

Summer padded back into his bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stood there for a moment, awkwardly watching him remove

his shorts. The huge pole of his cock sprung back on his abdomen, making his mom's eyes widen in wonder. "Good grief! It's even bigger than it was three weeks ago!"she thought.

"You're NOT fucking my pussy…if that's what you had in mind," she stated.

"You know what I have in mind. I told you. Now get your clothes off!" Matt demanded.

Summer shook her head. "I'll get you off, but I'm not getting naked in front of you again," she resisted.

"Fine, just leave then. I'll go find a hot mom who will. Maybe one of your friends. The ones who drool over me whenever they come over."

"Fine…I'll take my clothes off, but no touching, Matt. I mean it!" the mother warned.

Matt stroked on his member, while watching his mom strip down to her birthday suit. The last time he'd seen her tits, he couldn't imagine seeing one more fat and luscious. However, since then, his mom's boobs had obviously become ever more swollen with fluff. She seemed almost embarrassed by how her huge udders ballooned out from her chest and how her engorged papilla looked like fat rubbery corks protruding out from the puffy pinkish-purple rings of her areola. "Damn…they're even more beautiful than the last time I saw them!" Matt admitted.

"They just…won't stop growing," Summer blushed, shrugging her shoulders cutely and making her mammary-meat jiggle.

"Neither will this," said Matt, stroking his boner up and down.

"So I noticed," his mom whispered, licking her lips as she stared at the tip of his fat, angry cockhead.

"The lube's in my nightstand."

Summer went over and retrieved his bottle of heated lubrication. She climbed onto the bed with him, noticing how her boy couldn't take his eyes away from her giant bobbling breasts. She opened the bottle and poured an ample amount onto her son's erection, then set it down. The mother sprawled at his side and snuggled, draping one of her colossal tits across his upper chest.

"Holy shit!" Matt blurted, staring at the huge mound of tit-flesh resting just under his chin. He felt his mom's hand circle his cock, working the lubrication all around it. He looked up and saw her staring down at him with her dreamy eyes.

"Talk dirty while you stroke me," he requested.

"What do you want me to do…brag about how gorgeous you are?" she asked in a seductive tone. "How big and hard your cock gets?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to admit that you could probably fuck any girl on the planet that you wanted, including your own mom?"

"If only that were true," Matt sighed, feeling her hand begin a tight jerking rhythm around his cock.

"You want it to be true, don't you?" Summer asked. "You want me to draw my knees back and spread my thighs for you, so you can pound the fucking shit out of me, like you do those other moms?"

"I certainly wouldn't say no to that."

"You wanna steal me right from your father's arms and become master of my pussy, don't you?" she asked. "Make your own mother a slave to your fat teenage cock."

"Damn, that's hot, mom!" Matt sighed, feeling her beat his meat vigorously.

"You couldn't handle me," Summer giggled. "I'm too much woman for you. I'm not like those other moms. I'd blow your fucking mind!"

"Really?!" Matt asked, squirming beneath her in ecstasy.

Summer's heart pounded excitedly as she gazed down and watched her hand travel the length of Matt's dreamy cock. She squeezed up and down the meaty stalk, with prefect corkscrew strokes. "Like you, I take pride at how good I am at being nasty," she teased. "How good I can stroke and give creamy hand-jobs…

How good I can lick, suck and nibble on man's cock and balls…"

Matt watched her stare down into his eyes with the sluttiest look he'd ever seen as she continued speaking. "And how incredibly adept I am at fucking hard cock."

"Damn, mom!" the teen gasped.

"Is that the type of dirty talk you wanted, baby. Did you want mommy to talk about her Goddess-pussy and how it might be just too much for your long, fat cock to endure?"

"Yes, I fucking love that kind of talk!"

"Yeah? Does it make you big dong throb, hmm? Does it make it wanna fuck some nice, tight, pussy?" Summer cooed, squeezing his steely prick as hard as she could.

"Fuck yes!" Matt replied, remembering for a moment how incredibly snug Cassie's cunt was that morning. He guessed that his mom's pleasure-tube was equally as tight, since it hadn't been fucked in so long. He felt his mom adjust her grip, so her thumb drug across his sensitive frenulum. "Ahhh!" he sighed.

"Ohhh, mommy found a good spot on you, didn't she, baby?" Summer cooed.

"Uh-huh."

"See, we moms know all about you boys and your dicks. We know how to work them just the way you like it," Summer stated, her breath huffing from her vigorous cock-stroking. "We know how to make our hands feel like a hot, tight fuck-hole. One that can milk all that sticky cum up from your boy-balls!"

"Jeez, mom…that's fucking hot!" her son gasped, his dick flexing and twitching in her stroking hand.

Summer too thought this was an absolute thrill. She was almost embarrassed by the filth that spouted from her lips, yet she continued anyway. "You like it, sweetheart? You like it when your big-titted mom talks nasty to you, while she beats you off?"

"Yes!"

"Maybe you should hump your hips, baby…like you would if you were fucking me," Summer suggested. "Show mommy what she's missing. Try to change my mind, by showing me what a good fuck you are. Make it impossible for me to resist you, Matt!"

Matt complied, humping his ass from the mattress and meeting his mother's tireless dick-strokes. Summer's cock-needy cunt was twitching and drooling like crazy as she watched her boy hump her hand masterfully. "Oh my God…look at how he's moving!" she thought, imaging how unbelievable his cock would feel thundering through her cunt, if he was moving in such a manner beneath her.

"Oh, you are an amazing cunt-fucker, aren't you? No wonder every mother out there wants a piece of you."

"Including you?" Matt asked.

"Would you like that, stud? Would you like your mom's pussy sheathed around your monster-cock, showing you how good it could really be?" Summer asked, intensifying her strokes. "Would you like to make me yours? Your own personal FUCK-SLUT-MOMMY?!"

"OH, SHIT, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!" her son announced. "LET ME CUM ON YOUR TITS…PLEASE!!"

Without thinking twice, Summer moved down to her son's mid-section, wrapped her giant jugs around his prick, while continuing to stroke it's length in the canyon of her cleavage.

"YES, LIKE THAT…UGHHH!" Matt grunted as huge blasts of ball-juice began hosing from his piss-hole. "UGHHHH!!"

"That's it, honey…cum all over mommy's big boobs. Paint my tit-flesh with your cum!"

Summer was absolutely mesmerized by all the creamy baby-goo that was erupting from Matt's cock. Sure, she'd heard the stories of how boys were producing more semen, but to see it happening in front of her, bubbling up from between her own smothering tits and coating them, was enthralling.

"Ohh, there it is, baby…squeeze your hot dick up through mommy's cleavage,"

Summer mewled, releasing her hand from Matt's cock and letting him fuck her tightly-pressed tits.

For nearly two minutes, more and more cum out bubbled up out of her smothering cleavage, before her boy's orgasm suddenly abated. Matt gazed up at her in awe. "Damn, if you fuck as good as you stroke dick, don't expect me to EVER stop trying to get into bed with you, mom," the boy breathlessly stated.

"Well, I'm not gonna lie. I do fuck as well as I stroke, so I guess I should get used to being propositioned," Summer replied with a proud smile.

"Yep," Matt blurted, climbing up onto his knees, "but at least for today, you've agreed to allowing my fingers to see the inside of you. Lay down, mom! Time for me to redeem myself."

Summer nervously sprawled back. "Redeem yourself?" she asked.

"Yeah, I couldn't quite get Briana off in thirty-seconds, so now I get a second try…but with you this time."

The mother hardly had time to spread her legs before Matt plunged two fingers inside her shaved cunt and began savagely finger-fucking her. She gasped and writhed, arching her back from the mattress in ecstasy. The boy smiled from ear to ear, watching her meaty, spunk-glossed mammaries roll wildly all over her chest. He hoped that one day soon he'd get to rub his face all over their squishy contours, while he fucked the shit out of her.

Summer had been fingered plenty of times in her life. In fact, it was common practice with her husband, since he had no dick to fuck her with. Matt's fingers were altogether different, however. Her boy had clearly mastered the technique of finger-fucking, curling his digits against her roughly-textured G-spot and bringing on the quickest orgasm she'd had in her life. "UUHHHGGHH!!" she screamed, so loud that it nearly startled her son, even though he'd made hundreds of women scream out before her.

Matt delighted in watching his mom flop around like a fish out of water, with her pretty face twisted in pleasure. He felt her urethral meatus bulge and a surge of hot girl-cum hiss out between his fingers. "Holy fuck…mom's a squirter! I love it!" he thought.

After pulling his fingers out, Matt crawled on all-fours above her, staring down at her gorgeous huge-titted body. Summer looked up

at him and smiled mischievously. "What do you think you're doing, sneaky-pants?" she curious asked, then gazed down at his long jutting cock as it pointed up at her.

"Can we kiss…just for a few minutes?" he asked.

"I don't suppose a few minutes will hurt," she said innocently, then closed her legs together tightly. "But if you're expecting me to prop my knees back and cradle you between my thighs you can forget it. Too dangerous!" she warned almost playfully.

"Fine," he son muttered, then lowered down on top of her, planting his legs astride hers. The feel of his chest sinking against his mom's pillowy melons made him about go out of his mind with lust, even if they were slimy with his spunk. Mother and son began smooching sensually and Summer's fingers combed through the back of her boy's hair as their kissing intensified and their tongues began to lash wildly together.

Every though Matt wasn't positioned for penetration, he could still rub his slab of meat against his mom's camel-toed vulva. His hardened muscle plowed against the rounded dome of her protruding prepuce, pulling it back and exposing the bulb of her glans. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling the heat of her cunt radiate up between her legs, warming his cock.

Summer gasped also as her boy's hardon drug against her sensitive nubbin. It sent tingles coursing through her lovely body, tempting her to throw her legs open and let Matt jab his cock all the way to the womb that once held him. She felt like she was losing control of her tongue as it wrestled wildly with Matt's.

"What an incredible kisser!" she thought, wondering if there was anything sexually-speaking that her son didn't do well.

Matt slid his hands beneath his mom's back, kissing his way to her neck, then licking it like crazy, making his mother's eyes roll back as

her curvy flesh squirmed beneath him. He knew how to break a woman down sexually, even though he rarely had to. Most moms were anxious to get their horny pissers pounded hard and fast. He raised his hip, letting his boner extend downward, then he jabbed the knob of his cock at the bottom of her pubic triangle, spraying her outer lips.

"Sweetie, be careful!" his mom gasped, feeling his cock-meat squeeze down between her legs, dragging through her juice-slickened labial flanges.

"AHH!" Matt shivered, feeling his glans slip across her hairless perineum and into the deep crack of her ass. He felt the pink elastic ring of his mom's asshole throb against his bell tip, kissing it's rounded flesh. "Ahh, shit, mom!" he sighed, aroused beyond belief.

"We should stop! It's been more than a few minutes," Summer urged.

"Just a little bit longer," Matt answered, kissing her neck some more.

"No…we have to stop now before we do something we shouldn't."

"Just relax, mom," Matt requested, slowly plowing his cock between the fat rounded buns of her ass. "If it's meant to happen, just let it happen."

"Matt, no!" she shouted, then surprised him by rolling them over and taking the top. Her son didn't mind this at all since the adjustment had placed his head down inside her squishy tit-cleavage. "Sweetie, we have to stop, right now!"

Ignoring her plea, the boy sighed, turning his face slightly, so her could kiss the soft creamy flesh of one of her tits. He wished it didn't taste like sperm, but hey, at least it was his. His mother lifted herself off him, making her giant udders dangle above him for a teasing moment.

"Enough for now!" Summer stated, gazing down at him. "I have to say though…you're a REALLY GOOD kisser, sweetheart."

"So are you, and trust me, I've kissed a few."

"So you usually make out with these women you're…impregnating?"

"Sure, I don't think I've been with a woman yet who didn't wanna kiss while we did it."

"Even your brother's wife?"

"Oh God yeah! Briana could hardly keep her tongue out of my mouth."

"Your poor brother," Summer laughed. "He was so worried that something like that might be going on. I tried to ease his mind, but I knew the two of you were in there getting your fucking nasty on."

"Do you think dad worries…knowing you're here alone with me?"

The mother stood from his bed, her giant melons teetering heavily. "I don't think he's worried so much about you and I yet," she answered, then winked down at him, "but if he knew what we've been up to here lately, he would most definitely worry."

"Would that make you stop…if you knew he worried?"

"No," Summer answered, without hesitation. "I'd just have to be a lot more sneaky when I wanted to be naughty with my boy."

Matt watched her step over, then bend down to pick up her clothes. "Holy fuck!" he muttered, staring at the big rounded meat of her naked ass. Below it, crowning her luscious legs, were the puffy lips of her outer labium. Even from where he was sitting, Matt could see the sheen of her wet cunt-slit. "Tongue back in your mouth, young man!" his mom teased, staring back and watching his reaction.

"No chance!" the boy blurted, shifting his eyes to her mammoth breasts and the way they hung down pendulously.

"I need a shower. All those baby-makers are still running down my body."

"Were you serious about what you said, when you were stroking me off?"

"Which part?"

"Would you really ‘blow my mind’ by how good you are at fucking?"

Summer curled her tongue up onto her top lip and smiled, staring at her son flirtingly. "Yeah…I most certainly would blow your mind," she softly replied.

"Your not the only one in this family who loves to fuck," she winked, then turned and sashayed from his bedroom, making the big fleshy cheeks of her bubble-butt undiluted for her boy's watchful eyes.

Chapter 5

"So, Summer…tell me why you came to see us. What's on your mind?" Doctor Lennon inquired. The two of them sat across from each other, in Doctor Lennon's office. She was one of many clinicians at a facility called "The Safe Space Clinic."

"I've been, um…having some issues with Matt," Summer answered.

"Matt, your son, correct?"

"Yes. Lately we've been…um, acting inappropriately around each other and I just need help steering him and I in a different direction."

"By 'inappropriate,' I assume you mean in a sexual way?" the blonde Doctor asked, taking some notes on her tablet.

"Yes. We've been engaged in some behaviors lately that aren't normal for a mother and son."

"Well, what's normal is certainly subjective these days. Have the two of you had sex together?"

"No, but we've come close."

"Can you describe what you mean by 'close?'"

"A few days ago I, um…gave him a handjob and he fingered me," Summer blushingly confessed. She'd been feeling very ashamed by her behavior with Matt, so much so that the feelings of guilt when she was around her husband were tremendous. Summer was also petrified that if it continued that she'd be caught, and it would destroy her marriage.

"Was there anything else that took place? Any kissing? Any other type of penetration?"

"There was some intimate kissing, and I said some things to him that I probably shouldn't have," Summer answered.

"Probably shouldn't have?"

"Actually, no…I most certainly shouldn't have said what I did to him."

"I assume you mean 'dirty talk,' and that you did this while masturbating his penis?"

"Yes, exactly."

Doctor Lennon adjusted her glasses, then stared across at Summer. "It's obvious that you're feeling some remorse over what happened between you and your son. Did you have these feeling while engaged in the act?" she asked.

"At first I did, but then my smooth-talking son lured me in. It was like I became helplessly engrossed in behaviors that were just…well, extremely indecent."

"Before you become too hard on yourself, let's talk about the ways YOUR life has changed, since this virus first started. Summer, how long has it been since you've had sexual intercourse?"

Summer smiled and shook her head. "Well over a year now."

"I assume, like most men, your husband has lost his penis completely at this point?"

"Yes."

"And now your managing the sex life of your son, while trying to cope with rising levels of estrogen, which are probably wreaking

havoc on your libido. All, while remaining in a sexless marriage. That would be tough for any woman to endure."

"Yes, well…I know I'm not the only mother in this situation."

"No, your not. I deal with sexually frustrated mothers every day, and between you and I…I'm in the same boat as you all are. My husband Jake's penis withered away to nothing months ago, and now I'm coping with that the best I can. Your situation is different though, in that you have a healthy, sexually-functioning teenager living in the home with you. You're constantly exposed to his pheromones, which boys like your son are producing at unprecedented levels, since the virus."

"Among other things, yes," Summer added.

"You must be referring to his increased penis size?"

"I know those aren't the kinds of things a mother should be noticing, but it's been SO difficult not to lately."

"It's in our nature to be attracted to a good-looking young man with a large penis, even if we did give birth to him."

"It doesn't help when I have to listen to details of his sexual exploits, even though I know he's just helping these women to conceive," Summer pointed out.

The doctor chuckled. "Well, I think we both know that most of those women are just looking for pleasure, under the guise of wanting a baby."

"True."

"Summer, the fact is…the greater percentage of women don't have that type of temptation to endure on a day to day basis, but I see a lot of mothers, like yourself, who do. They're trying to control their

unsurmountable feelings of sexual desire, without destroying their marriages in the process."

"That's just it…" Summer admitted. "I love my husband, I really do, but I also just…REALLY need sex! The lack of it is just making me do things that would break my husband's heart if he ever found out."

"That's why the answer is not to ignore, but to INDULGE…safely."

"Indulge?" Summer asked curiously.

"Yes. Indulge in your desires…in a safe place. That's why our facility is called 'The Safe Space Clinic.' Our purpose here is not to change your feelings, but to help you embrace them, by providing a place for unconventional sexual intercourse to take place."

"By 'unconventional'…you mean between mothers and sons?"

"Mothers and sons, brothers and older sisters, boys and their Grandmothers. Sexual pairings that require the utmost discreetness," Doctor Lennon explained, then stood up. "Follow me. I wanna show you something."

Summer followed the doctor over to a door and watched her punch in a key code. They entered a smaller room, with a strange-looking panel on the far wall, and a control screen. The doctor entered a command on the screen and the strange panel/door opened up like a giant drawer. It was actually a very inviting-looking full-sized bed. "This is what's called the Safe Space Capsule. Once it closes up, it's completely private and sound proof. Whatever happens inside the capsule stays inside the capsule," Dr. Lennon explained.

"Interesting," Summer muttered, "but if you're suggesting that Matt and I come here and…"

"Indulge in your desires? Yes, that's exactly what I'm suggesting."

"Oh, well…I just don't know if that’s the answer I was looking for today, to be honest."

"Summer, your resolve to remain faithful to your husband is admirable, but these urges you've been experiencing aren't going away. In fact, they'll get even more intense and harder to fight off as time goes on. This virus is causing us to evolve as humans, and in doing so, it's tempting us women to engage with sexual partners we've never considered before."

Summer looked down at the diamond wedding ring on her finger. "If I did have sex with Matt, even if it was in a place my husband would never find out about, how would I live with that?" she asked, which was more of a question for herself, rather than the doctor.

"By accepting the fact that it's the way of things now. Summer, your husband will never satisfy you sexually. His penis is gone, and it's not coming back. That's a fact! The data shows that in the coming year a mother’s sexual desire will become unbearable. Increased hormone production in the ovaries and adrenal glands will rise to a level that makes us become complete sexual deviants."

"Really?" the mother asked, staring at the doctor in concern. "It’ll get that bad?"

"I'm afraid so. Finding a young man like Matt for ravenous sex will be all that consumes us."

The mother took a second to consider what she was saying. "I'll fight it off,"

Summer whispered, "somehow."

The doctor put a hand on her shoulder. "You won't be able to. The hunger for sex will just be too unbearable. You're already seeing the effects of it, you said so yourself."

"Yes," the mother admitted, recognizing the desire she had felt for Matt recently. "I'm ashamed to admit that here lately, I've had thoughts about having sex with Matt almost constantly."

"Then you need to see this place as more like a treatment facility. A place where you can satisfy that hunger for Matt's penis, then go home to your husband and hope that you can at least focus on being a good wife for a short space of time, before you and your son can make it back here again."

"A short space of time?" Summer questioned. "If I'm sexually satisfied then I don't think that'll be to hard."

"Perhaps, for now…but there will come a time that WE WON'T be satisfied with just occasional sex. Sadly, we won't even care about our husbands anymore. We'll be complete sexual degenerates."

"Like zombies," Summer muttered, remembering the reference that she'd heard from her son Bryce. "All women were becoming sexual zombies," he had told her in the kitchen that day, while his wife was down the hallway fucking Matt.

Summer clearly had a lot to think about. Except for the lack of sex, she had a good marriage to Donald. She always pictured herself remaining faithful to her husband, but the doctor was right, the virus had changed the world and the people in it. Moms like her everywhere were quickly becoming cock-craving sluts. "Maybe I should be thankful that I have a teenage dick at my disposal," she wickedly thought, knowing that most women had to struggle to find an available boy to fuck them. Even so, her resolve still hung by a thread, not wanting to fully give into her desires just yet, for the sake of remaining faithful to her husband.

"How did your appointment go this morning, honey?" she asked her son as he fetched a snack from the refrigerator.

"Pretty well! Just another married lady who, I could tell, wasn't doing it JUST to get pregnant," Matt answered with a cocky smile. He let his eyes feast on his mother. Summer wore a two piece gray tracksuit that showed her curvaceous body. It was so snug on her crotch that Matt could see the puffy outline of her vulva. "How did your day go?" he inquired.

"It was, um…interesting. I had an appointment at a facility called 'The Safe Place Clinic.'"

"Oh, yeah…I've been to that place," Matt blurted, without thinking. Then, he suddenly gave his mom a panicked look, realized he had divulged information that he shouldn't have. "I mean…I know where that place is!"

"Hmm, how's that? I've never booked you any appointments with clients there."

"I've just, um…driven by it a few times."

"Driven by it, huh? That would be impossible for you to know, since they don't have a sign up front. The place is very private!"

"I know, I just…heard about it, and knew it was there."

Summer gave him a skeptical look. She could always tell when her son was bullshitting her. "You're many things, honey, but one thing you're NOT is a good liar. Who did you go there with?"

"No one."

"Matt, tell me!"

"Jesus, mom…can't I have sex with anyone without you having to know about it?!"

"So YOU DID visit the clinic?"

"Just a few times," he admitted.

"Recently?"

"Yes."

"With who?" the mother persisted.

"With…a lady. That's all I'm telling you. There's a reason they call it the 'Safe Place Clinic,' mom. It's so no one finds out, not even my nosey mother!"

Summer put her hands on her hips impatiently, making her fatty tits jostle beneath her snug top. "You're really not gonna tell me? Was it with someone I know?" she pried.

"Obviously…otherwise why would I not tell you?"

"You fucked one of my friends, didn't you?"

Matt burst out laughing, amused by his mom's stubborn persistence. "You're not gonna stop until I tell you, are you?"

"NO, I'm not!"

"Sorry…I promised her I wouldn't say anything to anyone, especially you."

"Ugh! Now I have to know!" Summer demanded.

"Mom, clearly you didn't get much from your visit at that clinic today," Matt expressed. "Their number one rule is discreetness. You can't tell ANYONE what goes on inside those Safe Place Capsules."

"I'm not just 'anyone,' Matt…I'm your mother. I've managed your sex life for the past year. If there's anyone on this earth you can trust, it's me."

"Sorry, mom, I just…can't."

"Well, that's too bad. I was actually thinking about setting an appointment for us there. I guess we can ditch that idea," she stated, turning to leave.

"Wait, what?! You were thinking about YOU AND I going to the Safe Place Clinic together?"

"Of course I was, honey! Why do you think I visited them today and brought it up? I just wanted to check things out…get more information on the place."

"So, if I tell you who I was with, you'll book us an appointment there?" he asked eagerly. Matt knew that the only reason couples met there, was to fuck each other's brains out without the fear of getting caught. "Holy shit! Mom must actually be considering the idea of us fucking each other," he thought.

"If you tell me who it was, and you're honest…then you and I can discuss the possibility of booking an appointment there," his mother replied.

"Mom, you have to promise that when I tell you who I met there you won't freak out."

"I won't freak out. Just tell me!"

"And I have your word that you won't tell her that I told you. You have to swear!" Matt pleaded.

"Fine! I swear I won't say anything. Now, who was it?! Who did you fuck at the clinic?"

Matt lowered his head a bit shamefully. "Grandma," he muttered.

Summer's eyes lit up. "MY MOTHER?!" she exclaimed.

"She begged me to, mom. It's Grandma! What was I suppose to say…no?!"

Matt's Grandma Ellen was a spitting image of his mom, just seventeen years older. Their physical builds were much the same, but instead of blonde hair, his Grandma had a shimmering silver-gray mane, that hung past her shoulders.

He'd fucked a lot of hot pussy, but being in a tiny sealed compartment and savagely fucking his heavy-titted Grandmother was possibly the greatest lay of his life.

"Good hell, Matt…first your brother's wife, now my own mother!"

"Hold on! You and Briana were the ones who suggested me getting her pregnant, not me! I only did it to help her and Bryce out."

"Yeah, right!" Summer smirked. "You've been wanting to fuck your sister-in-law since the day your brother brought her home to meet us."

"Ok, maybe…but I was still the one who was asked to do it. Same with Grandma. It wasn't like I propositioned her for sex or anything. She's the one who pleaded with me to help her out."

"So, how long did you and my mother spend…inside the Safe Place Capsule?" Summer asked.

"I don't know, probably a couple hours each time. She is my Grandma, yes, but she's also just a woman, mom, and all women get horny, especially since this virus came along."

"My own mother…I can't believe this!" Summer thought. She was very close to her mother, but sex was something they never discussed. Her parents were High School sweethearts, who she assumed had a healthy sex life. However, she never considered that the virus had probably affected her father the same way it had her

husband and millions of other men. If her mom had even half of Summer's sex drive then she had probably been going out of her mind before she started meeting Matt at the clinic. "Do you two have plans to do it again?" Summer asked.

"Well, yeah…she wants to do it every day, but I told her that with my busy schedule, that wasn't really feasible. We decided on twice a week."

"Well, I'll be honest, I'm NOT happy about it, but I'll keep my word. I won't say anything to her or anyone else," Summer assured her son.

"Thanks," Matt replied. "Now, about US. Can we um, set an appointment there, like you said?"

Summer didn't wanna say no, but she also had just enough resolve to put it off as long as she possibly could. "Your schedule's really full this week, honey. Maybe we can just…see how things go."

"My schedules full EVERY week, mom, and honesty, I'd cancel all those appointments for just one time with you."

The mother stared at him dreamily, her heart going pitter-patter in her chest. If she were perfectly honest, she wanted nothing more in the world than to get ravaged by her handsome, charming son. It had been so long since she'd had an erection plow her pussy and certainly never anything as long and thick as Matt's cock. She was aware of the changes in her sexual anatomy. The way her cunt-tube had elongated to accommodate such a mammoth prick. Even still, the prospect of cheating on her loving husband was killing her. "Maybe Donald would…understand," she thought, wondering if there might be a way that her husband would agree to letting their son pleasure her. It was a long shot, but she would certainly feel better going that route before fucking Matt behind her hubby's back.

"Honey, I have something pretty serious that I'd like to talk to you about,"

Summer stated as they sat in bed that night.

"Something serious, huh?" he husband asked attentively . "Well, let's have it!"

"I'm not really sure how to put this, so I'll just come right out with it," his wife muttered awkwardly. "How would you feel about me sleeping in Matt's bed with him, a few nights a week?"

"Sleeping in Matt's bed?" Donald asked with a confused look. "Oh, shit…have I been snoring and keeping you up again?"

"No, it's, um…nothing like that, honey. It's just…well, things are different now, than the way they used to be. What I mean is…you and I used to have sex every night and now we don't, at all."

"Summer, we've had this discussion. What happened to me…down there, was completely beyond my control. That's why we—"

"Baby, I know that, but the virus has caused changes in ME too. You've seen the reports. You know that female hormone levels are raging, and we're all just trying to find ways to adjust to those changes the best we can."

"I agree, but what does that have to do with the sleeping arrangement in this house?"

"Oh, Donald…I was really hoping you would understand what I meant, without me coming out and saying it," said Summer, with frustration in her voice.

"Coming out and saying what exactly?"

"Explaining to you the reason that I need at least a few nights a week with Matt…in his bed."

The light bulb suddenly went off in Donald's head and his stomach sunk.

"Oh…that," he murmured.

"Yeah…that," his wife whispered, a bit shamefully.

"So, let me see if I have this right. You're asking me to have sex… with Matt?!"

Donald asked, hoping he'd misunderstood what she really meant.

"Donald, you know what the world is coming to. Women everywhere…they're all becoming helplessly obsessed with young men. I'm one of the lucky ones, in that I have one living under the same roof. Everything I need is right here! It would just require a few…modifications in our marriage."

"Those modifications being that I allow you to fuck our son?" Donald asked in an agitated tone.

His wife came over and snuggled against him. "You know I love you! Other than a lack of sexual intimacy, our marriage is rock solid. Because I respect the sanctity of our union, I wanted to propose this idea to you, rather than sneak around behind your back," she explained.

"Well, that's admirable, but still…you need to consider what you're proposing, Summer. You're asking to have sex…with Matt, our son!"

"Would you rather I take the dick of some random stranger?"

"No, I'd rather you control your urges," her hubby replied. "If you need more orgasms I can give you those, with my tongue…and fingers!"

Summer wanted to burst out laughing, but she didn't dare. "I don't need a tongues and fingers, Donald. I NEED a penis!" Summer replied, feeling a bit ashamed confessing she needed something more than what he could give her.

"I told you I'd pay for one of those strap-on things, just find one online and buy it!"

"A real PENIS, honey! Not a hunk of rubber."

"Summer, I'M NOT ok with you sleeping with Matt…END OF STORY!"

The mother HUFFED and turned away from him. "I should have known I'd get a selfish answer from you," she fumed. "If you cared about me at all you'd at least consider the idea."

"Suppose the roles were reversed and I was asking to have sex with Rhonda…would you be OK with that?!" Donald asked, referring to their daughter.

"She's only seventeen, Donald!"

"What if she were eighteen, like Matt is? Are you saying you'd be OK with her and I sleeping together and having sex."

Summer knew she could answer dishonestly, since that scenario would certainly never play out in real life. Her husband wouldn't be fucking anyone, let alone their daughter. "If it would help the two of you cope, with a condition that you had no control over, then yes, I'd be fine with it," she replied.

"I doubt that very much!"

"Donald, I'm sorry that your penis has withered away, and that you'll never have sex again, but that's neither my fault or Matt's. Call me selfish, but I shouldn't have to go without sex, just because you are!"

"Bryce and I had to listen to Matt and Briana go at it like animals for a week, while they were trying to get her pregnant. I'll be damned if I'm gonna lay here and listen to him have sex with MY wife every other night!"

"We'll get a noise machine and put it next to the bed in here. You won't have to listen to a thing."

"You're right, I won't, because it's NOT happening!"

Summer turned and glared at her husband in disgust. "You're jealous of him…aren't you?" she asked.

"Matt?"

"Yes, Matt!"

"No, I'm not jealous of him! Why would I be jealous of him?"

"Oh, I don't know…let's see…you have no penis and his erection is nearly foot long. He's had sex with hundreds of beautiful, big breasted women and YOUR sex life is nearly non-existent," Summer explained.

"Wait a second…how do you even know how big Matt's penis is?"

"I schedule appointments every day with women who regularly have sex with him. Women talk. Trust me, I'm well aware of Matt's penis size." Summer didn't dare tell him that it was really because she had seen it, and stroked it off herself.

"Well fine, but you're wrong…I'm not jealous of him."

"Donald, stop being stupid and admit it! Every woman out there is drooling over your son. He's getting his dick squeezed off by mature pussy from nine to five, every day. The amount of pleasure he's

experiencing is mind-blowing! What guy wouldn’t be jealous of that?"

"Well, good…I’m happy for him!" Donald uttered. Summer was right…of course he was jealous of Matt. Particularly because now, even his own wife wanted a piece of him.

"What's wrong with being happy for ME?" she asked sweetly. "Happy that despite this stupid virus, I was still able to get toe-curling orgasms, and just right down the hallway. Your wife's needs would get met, and yes, I know…it would be Matt and not you who would be in control of satisfying my desires, but other than that, you and I could still be the same happy, married couple we always have been."

"Sorry, there's no way I'd be happy with that arrangement!" Donald replied, then turned away from his wife. "I'm sure any husband would feel the same way I do."

The next morning Matt slept in. He sat up suddenly and looked at his phone.

"Shit! You were suppose to give me a wake-up call, mom!" he shouted out loud.

That's when he noticed a text from her, so he brought it up on screen.

"Good morning, sunshine! I canceled your appointments today. We have a date at the Safe Space Clinic at noon. See you there! ," the message read.

"YES!" Matt gleefully shouted, doing a fist-pump in the air. He hoped that by ‘appointment’ she meant they'd be to fuck their asses off and not just getting some silly therapy session.

The teen showered, got dressed, then met his mom outside the clinic at the designated time. "Damn!" Matt blurted, looking her up

and down. "I didn't know you had a dress like that!"

Summer wore a sage green bodycon mini dress. It had a haltered neckline with tiny straps that tied behind her neck. Her tits ballooned out beneath it, exposing lots of cleavage and protruding nipples that looked fat and suckable. Her sexy feet were propped in patent leather mules. "You like?!" she asked, twirling around, showing the open back and the swell of her plump, round ass.

"I love it!" he boy replied.

She took his arm and they strode inside to their appointment.

"Thanks for coming in today," said Doctor Lennon, sitting across from them in her office. "Summer, you look stunning!"

"Thank you!" the mother blushed, holding her son's hand on her lap.

"That's what I told her," Matt added, glancing over at his mom's jutting breasts.

"Well. I'm sure she wanted to look her best on this VERY special day," the Doctor stated, giving Summer a knowing wink. "And speaking of that…Matt, I think your mother has something she'd like to ask you."

Matt looked at his mom, who seemed a bit awkward as she spoke. "Honey, as you know…things have been a bit…different between us lately. Rather than go on, struggling to control ourselves, I think it might be better if we act upon our desires…discreetly."

"I agree," Matt replied, with an anxious smile.

She stared straight into his eyes yearningly. "Would you like to have sex with me today?" Summer softly asked.

"Yes! I would love to fuck you today!"

His choice of words made the two mothers look at each other and giggle.

"Answered like a true horny teenager!" Doctor Lennon observed.

"Isn’t that the truth! He may need to get spanked today by his choice of words,"

Summer joked, slapping her boy playfully on the shoulder.

"If anyone's doing the spanking today, it's me!" Matt playfully warned.

"Ohh, is that a promise?" Summer asked in a lascivious tone.

The doctor smiled and interjected. "We'd better get the two of you into that capsule, before you start getting naughty right here in my office," she teased.

Doctor Lennon led them both into the Capsule Room, her and Summer's dainty heels tapping delicately on the hard floor. "The capsule is set at sixty-nine, degrees, the prefect temperature for sexual intercourse, but can be adjusted by you from inside," she explained.

"Great!" Summer beamed, nervously squeezing her boy's arm.

"Yeah…sixty-nine is an awesome number!" Matt agreed.

"You're so bad!" his mom whispered, giving him a flirty look.

Doctor Lennon hit a button on the control screen and the capsule opened like a huge drawer, exposing the full-sized bed mattress.

"You also have a choice of lighting. Blue, aqua, strobe or just natural light."

"What do you think, babe?" Summer asked, looking at her son.

His mom had never called him "babe" before and he loved it. "Up to you! I’m good with whatever," Matt replied.

"Why don't we just stick with natural light for now," Summer requested.

"Natural light it is!" Doctor Lennon declared. "The capsule's mattress is superior for even the most vigorous intercourse, due to it’s layer of bouncy synthetic latex, which is sandwiched between high density memory foam. Additionally, the walls are padded inside the capsule, so you can get as wild and nasty as you want in there without hurting a thing."

"Good to know," Summer stated, smiling as she gazed at her son with her beautiful blue eyes.

"It sure is!" Matt agreed. "Wild and Nasty are both things that I like."

"I guess that makes two of us then," Summer grinned.

"You can both go in naked, or clothed and undress once you’re inside together," the Doctor informed them.

Summer looked at her boy and smiled confidently. "Let's go in naked," she replied, without hesitation. Matt certainly wasn’t gonna argue with that answer.

"Feel free to get undressed then, while I finish preparing your capsule. There's hooks there on the wall where you can hang your things."

Matt watched his mom strip, while he did the same. When she untied the haltered neck of her dress and slipped her giant tits out, his heart did a somersault in his chest. He'd been waiting for this moment for a long, long time.

Finally, mother and son were completely naked and ready to climb inside their love-nest. "It looks like someone's ready for some fun!" Doctor Lennon teased, peeking over at Matt's monster cock. It jutted out from his crotch at a perfect upward angle, nearly eleven inches long.

"FUN is my middle name!" Matt joked, rocking his hips and making his boner wag lewdly back and forth. This made both women's eyes widen and their horny cunt-holes clench with desire.

"You big show off!" his mother teased.

Doctor Lennon let out a horny sigh. "These teenage boys certainly DO have a lot to 'show off' these days," she put forth. "There are lubrication dispensers inside the capsule if you need some, although we women are producing plenty of it naturally now, so I doubt you will."

"We definitely won't need it," Summer giggled, feeling the swamp between her legs. An increase in vascular engorgement caused her pussy to be wet most of the time, but now that she was aroused, Summer could feel significant swelling and wetness in and around her eager cunt.

"We also have extra-large condoms available if you need them," the doctor offered.

Matt looked at his mom, hoping this wasn't something she had considered using. "No, I think we're fine without them, thank you," Summer stated. She hadn't put much thought into the possibility of getting pregnant until now. She knew that her son was producing a much higher volume of sperm than normal, which would increase the chances of her getting knocked up. Despite this fact, she hated condoms and it was NEVER something she'd ask her son to wear.

The two of them climbed onto the mattress, sitting side by side in nothing but their birthday suits. Doctor Lennon flashed them a final

smile. "If there's anything else you need, just use the call button inside the capsule. Enjoy yourselves!" she remarked, then closed them in.

The mattress was surrounded now by walls, creating a nice cozy space with dimmed lighting, perfect for intimacy. For a moment they sat there in awkward silence before the mother peeked over at Matt. "Well…here we are! Did you wanna make love…or, let's see, how did you put it? Oh yeah… 'fuck?'" she giggled.

"Both," Matt answered, "but let's start by fucking."

Matt took the lead by rolling over on top of her. Their lips immediately came together for a passionate kiss. Summer's tongue slipped lustfully inside her boy's mouth and dueled with his, while she spread her legs open for him to settle between. The boy's kissing skills were instantly apparent to the experienced mother. This meant that they were well suited, since she LOVED making out and was quite skilled at kissing also.

Having her twat pierced by the crown of such a huge cock was painful at first, but then, as Matt's thick shaft sunk inside her, it turned divine. It was like taking that first swig of water after a long treacherous hike in the desert. Because of changes in her vagina, brought on by the virus, Summer was able to take the entire massive length of her son's erect cock. Plenty of slippery mucus had already secreted from her overactive Bartholin glands, coating her boy's boner in hot fuck-lubricant. The hypersexual mother tossed her lovely legs around him as their crotches mashed together, creating a phenomenal suctioned seal around the muscled root of Matt's erection.

"Damn…you feel amazing!" the teen groaned between sensual kisses.

"So do you!" his mother gasped, then darted her tongue back into his mouth.

For a few wonderful moments they felt their fully joined genitalia throb in a hot, slippery embrace. Then, Matt began fucking her… driving his monster cock through the heavenly tube of her cunt with full-length thrusts. Summer gasped and squealed, pumping her lovely round ass from the mattress, eagerly meeting her son's every thrust. The lewd, creamy sound of their sex organs pistoning together, and the sharp strikes of naked flesh filled the tiny space. This was raw, uninhibited fucking at its most intense!

Summer clawed her long, painted nails down her son’s back, while his ass bobbed wildly between her warm thighs. His fat, cum-swollen balls beat heavily against the ring of her asshole. She had never felt so incredibly full of cock-meat. The stretched sensation of Summer's vaginal walls as her son’s steely boner thundering through her neglected vagina was beyond pleasurable.

Because so, within a few minutes of being savagely fucked, her heavy-titted body let out a violent shudder beneath her boy.

"FUUUUCK!!" she squealed, arching her back in ecstasy.

"Damn, mom!" Matt gasped. It felt like her quivering cunt-tube was turning inside out around his prick. The added friction of her cuntal chewing and contracting around his boy-meat made his balls clinch up in their sack, from the spine-tingling pleasure. His mom’s fatty milkers trembled between their humping bodies as a powerful climax tore through her voluptuous body. "OH, MATT, I’M CUMMING!" her beautiful voice announced.

By now, the teen was used to having his pricked squeezed by so much MILF pussy, but he had to admit, his mom’s felt especially tight and well-textured. He could feel the engorged ribs lining her vaginal sleeve squeezing along his penile meat exquisitely. Then, when hot female ejaculate erupted from her vaginal meatus, washing along his blue-veined prick as he fucked, he thought he might go out of his fucking mind.

He propped her legs on his shoulders and continued fucking, determined to get her off a second time. Summer was still reeling and gasping from the first body-shaking orgasm. "Oh God! Oh fuck, Matt…you're so amazing, baby! You're fucking me so good!" she gasped.

This was fuel for the teen's ears, causing him to speed up his thrusts and fuck her furiously. Summer barely had time to come down from her orgasmic summit, when she found herself being pounded towards another. Her son's confidence and stamina was certainly apparent. "MY GOD, HE'S FUCKING INCREDIBLE!" her mind screamed as she felt her pussy get royally reamed.

She was glad that she had given her husband the opportunity to consent to her having sex with Matt. Donald was selfish, just like she suspected he would be.

Even though he adamantly rejected her idea, at least she had tried, which helped soften the idea of outright cheating on him. She wasn't gonna let her husband's jealousy stand in the way of her getting the type of sexual attention she needed. If she couldn't get it at home, in her son's bed, she was perfectly fine with bringing her big-dicked teen here to the clinic, so he could fuck her silly.

"Ahhh, shit, yeah!!" Matt's voice trembled as he felt his mom flex her fuck muscles. This made her elongated pleasure-tube tighten up around peter-meat.

His pummeling cock gave off a mighty flex in response, making his leaky cock-head mushroom against the fat, over-engorged head of her cervix as it beat against it.

"FUCK ME HARDER!!" Summer cried out, satisfied that she was somewhere so private that only her son could hear her. She twisted her lovely shaved legs back down around her boy's back, every muscle in her beautiful body straining as she frantically bucked against his relentless fuck-thrusts. While most grown men watched

their sexual parts wither away, filling them with shame and inadequacy…lean, well-endowed boys like Matt fucked with skill and confidence. They were Kings of the world!

Matt reached under and grasped his mom's shoulders for leverage, so he could REALLY fuck up into her, at an angle that was sure to stimulate her G-spot. He knew he was hitting it when he saw her pretty blue eyes roll back in their sockets.

It was always a rush for the teen to feel a woman cumming on his cock. Some would just squeeze and contract on him during climax, others would bathe his dick in their cum juices. His mom's pussy felt incredibly unique in the way it clutched him. It tightened and quivered around his tender organ, making the thick lips that led to her cervix rub wetly all over his sensitive glans. "FUUCK!" the boy snarled, throwing his head back in delight as his dick tingled divinely.

"You like mommy's pussy, baby?" Summer asked.

"It's incredible!"

"FEEL IT CUM ON YOUR COCK, MATT!" the mother squealed, arching her back from the mattress as she was jolted by another hot climax.

Matt jabbed his erection in as deep as it could go and held it there, then rose up on extended arms, so he could look down and watch his mom cum. What he saw was an absolute spectacle! The muscles and tendons in her neck strained as Summer let out a stunning orgasmic scream. Her huge, jutting tits trembled like gelatin, rolling up and down her chest as she took over the duty of humping on the satisfying stiffness of her son's cock. The teen heard a lewd genital squelch and then felt an eruption of fuck-juices swirl around his prick and drip from his flopping balls. "GODDAMN!!" he gasped, fighting off the overwhelming urge to fill her pussy with seed.

His mom suddenly threw her arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of her. "FUCK ME HARD AGAIN, BABY! PLEASE DON'T STOP FUCKING ME!!" she lustfully pleaded. Matt chuckled with the satisfaction of knowing that his mom just couldn't get enough of him. She was no different than all the other abnormally-horny mothers out there who begged for more of his big cock.

The tireless teen set his hips back in motion, pummeling his mom's pussy in a steady twenty-minute assault that made her orgasm several more times.

"Will you fuck me doggy-style, babe?" his mom asked, catching her breath from her most recent climax.

"Do you actually think I'm gonna say no to that?" Matt asked, pulled his cock from her cunt.

"No, I had a feeling you wouldn't," Summer giggled, climbing up on all-fours and pointing her big rounded ass back.

Matt licked his lips as he moved in on her, staring at the puffy flesh of her outer labium. The meaty lips came together to form a deep, wet slit. He'd seen a lot of ass over the past year, but his mom's rated up there among the best. It was like a big juicy peach and the way her buns were slightly spread apart allowed him to see the pink elastic ring of her asshole. Before spearing his cock back into her, he leaned down and mashed his mouth against her cuntal flanges, scooping his licker through her juicy vestibule. The sweet tangy flavor and pungent cuntal aroma made him groan in delight. He took another swipe with his lusty tongue…this time worming beneath her fleshy vaginal meatus and against the grape-sized nub of her clitoral bulb.

"Oh, you are a naughty fucking boy, aren't you?!" Summer sighed, feeling her son pull her oversized clit into his mouth and suck on it. After a few moments of getting oral attention, it popped back out, wet and swollen.

"You're damn right I am!" Matt replied, swiping his licker through her cunt slit, up his mom's perineum and across the ring the ring of her asshole.

"Your mom can be just as fucking nasty you know!" she stated, then quickly turned and shoved her boy onto his back. Matt watched her dive down between his legs and quickly bury her face between his ass-cheeks.

"Holy shit, mom!" he gasped, feeling her tongue lash at his asshole. He reached down and stroked his horny cock, while feeling the amazing sensations on his anal ring.

Summer drug her tongue up her son's taint, then began giving his cum-swollen nuts a royal work over. "Ahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling her suck one of his testicles into her mouth and scrub it's ovaled-shaped meat with her overactive licker.

She kissed and licked and nibbled all over his abnormally-large scrotum for several mind-blowing minutes before getting back to her hands and knees.

"Now…where were we?" she asked, peeking back at him lustfully.

Matt sprung up and fed his cock into his mom's pleasure-pit from behind. "Ahh, shit!" he hissed, feeling his tender slab drag along her smoldering walls. He grasped her wide hips and began banging the shit out of her doggie-style. He couldn't think of a single woman, out of the hundreds he'd fucked, who hadn't requested this position. Moms loved being fucked doogie! Watching their fatty asses ripple as they beat against his midsection was a huge rush, and his mother's ass was certainly no exception. She had what he considered one of the hottest asses on the planet, which made this experience that much more special.

"Yes…fuck me silly!" she cried out, throwing her rump back and meeting Matt's thrusts. Her giant tits dangled down off her chest and

swung wildly to the rhythm of the frantic fucking.

Since this was her favorite position, of course it didn't take the mother long to tremble and cry out in a tit-trembling orgasm. Her muscles contracted even harder when she felt her boy give her a sharp strike to the ass with his hand.

"That's it, mom…cum hard on my cock!" Matt urged.

Summer couldn't believe her handsome fuck-warrior hadn't cum yet. He'd been pumping her pussy from behind now for nearly a half-hour. Their tireless bodies had worked up a glistening sheen of perspiration, yet showed no signs of stopping any time soon. They were both built to fuck, and that's exactly what they were doing.

"Climb on top of me, mom!" Matt requested, slipping his stiff cock from her cunt. It was dripping with her secretions and still as hard as granite. He plopped down on his back and watched his busty mom mount his midsection. They both let out a sharp gasp, feeling their hot, pulsing love-organs joined once again.

Now it was Summer's turn to show off her skills. When she was Matt's age, her and her girlfriends pitched in and bought a fake male torso, with an attached eight-inch cock. They took turns riding it, improving their skills, so they could become regular fuck-hounds while on top. Even though Summer had gotten a bit rusty over the past year, it all came back to her, like riding a bicycle. The heavy-titted mother rode her boy's cock like a whore, feeling the meaty spike of his boner sink to her cervix on every downward plunge. "UUGH!...OH, GOD, YESS!!" the sex-crazed mother cried out.

"SHIT!" Matt gasped in wide eyed wonder, watching his mom's shaved pubis beat against his cock-base as her cunt swallowed the length of his dick. He loved the way her fleshy clitoral hood had retracted back, exposing the fat bulb of her glans. His eyes drifted up her trim torso, to the gigantic tits leaping up and down her chest. Just the site of those monstrous mammaries swinging out off her

chest in wide loops and rippling as they SMACKED together make his cock flex even stiffer inside her.

Summer fused their crotches together in full penetration and swiveled her hips, stirring Matt's prick around inside her engorged vagina. Her flexing cuntal muscles and spongy inner lining provided him a wonderful cock massage. "How am I doing so far?" the mother asked, smiling down at her pleasure-stricken teen. "Can I compete with all those other hot-cunted moms?" she asked.

"You have them beat, trust me!"

"Don't flatter me, baby. I'm sure you get all sorts of REALLY good pussy."

"I do, yes…but yours is fucking dynamite, mom, and I'm not just saying that," Matt panted.

Summer tightened her pelvic floor, giving her boy a rewarding squeeze for his sweet compliment. She grasped onto her bobbling tit-meat with both hands.

"Would it be even more 'dynamite' if leaned over and smothered you with these big fucking mommy-tits while I rode you?" she asked seductively.

"You would hear zero complaints from me!"

The mother did just as she suggested, leaning over and burying her boy's head between her jostling jugs. Matt kissed his way around inside her squishy cleavage, marveling at the way their contours sloshed around his face. "Are you ready to see my signature move, mom?" he asked.

"Ohh, 'signature move,' huh?" she teasingly replied.

"Yep!"

"Go for it, babycakes!"

Matt yanked mom down against him, wrapping his strong arms around her, while sinking his face deep into her cleavage. He sensually kissed her breast bone, while humping his ass from the mattress, fucking up into her pussy ferociously. All Summer could do was hang on for the ride, while her son fucked her harder than she ever had before.

"AHHH, FUCK YES!!" the teen growl, pounding his strong cock up into his mother like she was a big titted rag doll. His eleven-inch cock flexed powerfully, the muscles and tendons jutting out at the root, sustaining the force of his feverish fuck-thrusts.

"OH FUCK, BABY!" his mom cried out, her rounded ass cheek bobbing up and down from her son's forceful rhythm. "OH FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM ALL OVER YOUR COCK!!"

"Come on! Cum all over my fucking cock!" Matt panted. Feeling her vice-like grip begin contracting around his dong, made him gasp in delight.

"CUUUMMMIIINNGGGG!!" Summer squealed.

"I'M CUMMING WITH YOU!" Matt announced, feeling a torrent of cum rocket up his cunt-smothered shaft. Both of them erupted at once, nearly lifting off the mattress they trembled so fucking hard. For nearly five impassioned minutes Matt and his mom writhed and whimpered, beating their cum-spurting genitals together in orgasmic bliss.

Summer was completely fuck-drunk! She felt she had a gallon of boy-spunk inside her and she was already craving more. "Wow!" she sighed breathlessly.

"Damn…that was one exciting fuck mom!" the teen blurted.

Summer giggled at his confession. "I couldn't have said it better myself, honey!"

"Maybe they'd just rent this space out to us, so we could live here," she joked.

"Maybe! That would be sweet!"

"Yeah, especially since we'll probably be spending more time here at the Safe Place clinic than at home from now on," Summer stated, then planted a sensual kiss on her boy's lips.

"I wish we didn't have to leave," the lucky teen uttered.

"Who said anything about leaving?" his mom replied. "We enjoyed a nasty fuck, but you promised to ‘make love’ too, remember?"

"Oh, yeah…I did, didn't I?" Matt smiled, then rolled his mom onto her back again as they began smooching intimately.

Chapter 6

"Summer, why is there a handprint on your ass?" her husband, Donald, asked her as they got dressed.

The blonde-haired mother looked back at her rounded buttocks. Her black thong was wedged between her meaty cheeks, and sure enough, there was a red welt on one of her buns. "Oh, um…that? Matt and I were just fooling around. I mean…playing around. You know…just being silly, and he slapped my butt," she replied.

Of course, it was a lie. Her and Matt had been visiting the 'Safe Place Clinic' for well over a week and the boy had smacked her naked ass dozens of times, while passionately fucking her. She was lucky that the handprint of only one of his hard strikes was still visible on her ass-flesh.

"That doesn't sound like it's a very appropriate way for the two of you to play around," her husband preached.

"Give me a break, Donald!" Summer complained, rolling her eyes. "I already agreed that Matt and I wouldn't have sex, but now we can't even play around with each other?"

"Playing around is fine, but slapping his mother THAT hard on the ass…definitely not ok!"

"Fine!" she blurted, inwardly smiling with the satisfaction of knowing she was getting the best dick of her life behind her husband's back. It wasn't like she hadn't given him the opportunity to be 'in the know.' She had every intention of respecting the sanctity of her marriage by getting the 'green light' from Donald to fuck their son, rather than do it behind his back. However, her husband was selfish. He clearly expected her to live a life without cock, and that just wasn't happening!

"Don't forget that your parents are in town today, and that we're taking them out to dinner tonight," Summer reminded him.

"How could I forget. My dad's been hounding me to join him on the golf course all week."

"You should. You've both been so busy. It would do you some good to spend some leisurely time with your father on the golf course."

"I told him I might drop by this afternoon, but work's been so crazy lately…I haven't had time to do ANYTHING else," Donald replied. "I heard you're keeping my mother entertained today?"

"Yes. Her and I will probably do some shopping. Maybe get some lunch."

"If you don't kill each other first."

Summer giggled. Her and Donald's mother didn't have the best relationship.

Maggie, her mother-in-law, was about the crudest, opinionated person she knew, which didn't sit well with Summer. "I can tolerate her in small doses. I think we'll be fine," Summer assured her husband.

After Donald left for work, Summer peeked in on her fuck-hound son, resisting the urge to crawl into his bed with him. With her daughter, Rhonda, being at home, it was too risky. If anyone couldn't keep from blabbing about catching her and Matt fucking, it was her big mouth daughter.

"Summer, are you here?" came a female voice from the kitchen.

The mother stepped into the kitchen to find her two younger twin sisters, Allie and Liv helping themselves to a bottle of water. They were both 35, with shoulder-length auburn hair and huge tits like

their older sister. "What are you two doing here?" Summer asked, noticing how much larger their tits had gotten since she'd seen them last. "Good grief your boobs have gotten huge!"

"You're one to talk!" Allie giggled. "I'm surprised you're not falling over from all that extra weight."

"Well, you know…the virus is just having it's way with our female bodies, like usually."

"We need to talk!" Liv blurted.

"About?"

"Our husbands finally gave in!"

"Gave in?" Summer asked, giving them a confused look.

Allie chimed in. "Don't you remember? When we talked two months ago, I told you that Liv and I were trying to convince our husband to let Matt get us pregnant."

"Oh…that," Summer muttered, having forgotten that she even had that conversation with them.

"Yeah, that! Well…guess what? Both our husbands finally agreed. We told them both that until they allow us to get pregnant by Matt, they could forget about getting ANY sort of affection in the bedroom."

"Not that we can give them much anyway, with their dicks shriveled off," Liv added, making them all laugh.

"Wow, I'm shocked. Especially about Owen. He hates Matt!" Summer's son had worked for Allie's husband, Owen, for a short time before being fired for flirting with girls on the job. Summer always suspected that it had more to do with Matt's uncle being

jealous, that he was so much better looking him, and popular with the ladies.

"I know. Ever since he fired Matt, he hasn't had a single nice word to say about him. Why do you think it took me so many months to sell him on the idea of his most 'un-favorite person' getting me pregnant."

Summer looked over at Liv. "What about Tyler? He's really ok with this?" she asked.

"Tyler is a sweetheart. He loves me and knows if he wants a happy wife, he has no choice. Besides, I've been cheating on him with a young guy down the street for a few months now. Unfortunately, he hasn't got me pregnant, but I doubt Matt will have that problem."

Allie smiled from ear to ear. "So, when can you fit us in his schedule? And the sooner the better. I'm pretty sure I've already started ovulating this month," she stated.

"How about today?"

The twins looked over at each other in excitement. "Seriously?!" Liv blurted.

"Did he have a cancelation or something?"

"No…he has an appointment, but WE'RE gonna crash it!" Summer replied with an evil grin.

"Crash it?! Wait…can we do that?"

"Sure, we can! When you hear who he had his appointment with today, I'm sure you'll agree."

"MOM!?" Liv and Allie both exclaimed in unison as they stood in the doorway of Doctor Lennon's office.

"GIRLS?!" Ellen blurted, then put her hand over her mouth in shock.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" Matt asked, staring at Summer in shock.

"We're joining your session. What does it look like?"

"It's ok, Matt…she called earlier and asked if they could come in," Doctor Lennon stated as Summer, the twins and Matt's Grandma Maggie walked into the office and sat down.

"Well, isn't this cozy! What exactly do you do here?" Maggie asked, looking at Doctor Lennon. Summer hadn't clued her in before they got there.

There were several uncomfortable exchanges between those in the room. "She doesn't know?" Matt asked, looking at his mother.

"We do! Your mom already explained it to us," Liv answered, then glanced at Donald's mother, "but I don't think she's told your Grandma Maggie yet."

"Yes…do explain," Maggie requested. "Is this some sort of 'family' therapy session?"

Summer took a deep breath, hoping her mother-in-law wouldn't overreact.

"Yes…you could, um…say that. The Safe Place Clinic is facility where women can come for 'discreet' sexual encounters, even with family members."

Allie glared at her mother, Ellen. "Yes, and that includes a boy's grandmother apparently…right, mom?"

Ellen looked back at her two twin daughters uncomfortably. "What… do you think women just stop having sexual desire when they reach

my age? Besides, you girls are aware by now what this virus is doing to our bodies," she stated.

"We're not judging," Liv chimed in. "We're just kinda surprised, that's all."

"Matt and I are only screwing twice a week," Ellen stated, "and I swear to God if you tell your father I'll never speak to either of you again."

"Relax, mom…no one is gonna rain on your Safe Space fuck parade," Allie assured her.

Maggie eyes filled with surprise as she stared at Ellen. "Wait…you and Matt are having sex together?" she asked.

"Yes," Summer answered, taking the heat off her mother, "and Matt's been fucking me also."

"Liv and I got the green light from our husbands," Allie added. "So Matt will be fucking babies into us…soon hopefully."

"Really?" Matt asked with an excited smile. He'd been wanting to lay dick inside mom's younger twin sisters forever.

"Yep…we just need a time and a place."

"Why not here! Why not now!" Matt suggested.

"Matt, remember…you do have this time committed to your Grandma Ellen,"

Doctor Lennon reminded him. He had just been preparing to climb into the Capsule with his heavy-titted and fuck the hell out of her.

"She can join us," the boy answered. "In fact, they all can. You can too, if you want?"

The doctor blushed. "Well, thank you…but I'm not really suppose to sleep with clients. Besides, we've never put six women inside a capsule with a boy before. I don't even know if there'd be room for everyone in there."

"Come on," said Matt, staring into the Doctor's pretty eyes. "You can't be getting any from your husband. Let me give you some pleasure."

"What about you, Maggie?" Summer asked. "I can give you the keys to my car if you'd rather go out for awhile."

"No, I'll stay," Maggie answered. "I haven't been fucked in over a year. My husband is a fucking worthless eunuch now in the bedroom. I love him, but I swore if the opportunity ever presented itself, to get fucked by a big-dicked teenager, I wouldn't pass up the chance."

"Sounds like a family orgy then!" Matt eagerly announced, watching their colossal tit-meat jiggle as they laughed.

"Well, I'm not family," Doctor Lennon stated, "but I have a dickless husband, just like the rest of you. If Matt wants me to join and take a share of that dreamy cock…I'll certainly accept his invitation."

"Now…will we all fit in there? That's the question," Summer concluded.

Five minutes later, bras and panties were scattered across the capsule room floor. The soundproof wall concealed the mayhem going on inside the close-up capsule.

The Safe Place Capsule was packed with naked flesh.

"Fuck meee!" Allie cried out as she rode Matt's cock vigorously. Her giant, stiff-nippled knockers swung violently off her chest.

The boy exchanged deep French kisses with his Grandma Ellen as she knelt beside him. Her oversized boobs were draped around his neck as they smooched.

Summer and her sister, Liv, were leaned down on him, beneath Allie's rippling tits. Their own squishing milkers drug against the boy’s lower torso as they tenderly kissed and licked his chest. They nibbled at his nipples teasingly, making him shudder in arousal.

At the foot of the capsule, Maggie and Doctor Lennon watched the boy's massive prick thunder through the mouth of Allie's pussy. They were on their knees, squeezing a huge tit with one hand, while rubbing their horny clits with the other.

"Oh my! My Grandson certainly has a big, strong dick, doesn't he?" Maggie lustfully stated.

"Let's work our way up there, so we can get a turn on it," the doctor suggested.

"I wanna fuck him now!" Liv blurted, nudging her sister.

"Just a few more minutes! Oh, God it feels so fucking good!" Allie squealed, grinding desperately on Matt's dick. Matt gazed down at their hairless crotches, fused together and grinding in full penetration. The fleshy dome of Allie's clitoral hood jiggled with every swivel of her hips.

Her, the boy was witness to something truly remarkable! By now the virus had caused female estrogen levels to skyrocket. When women got into highly charged sexual situations like this they became absolute nymphomaniacs! He could see their bodies glowing with perspiration; hot with desire. Their pretty eyes were glazed with lust, staring him over, while they panted like starving dogs over a slab of meat. They were indeed "sexual zombies." The effects of the virus had cause their tits to swell to ridiculous proportions. Everywhere Matt looked their were monstrous melons brushing and bobbling all

over him. Just the sight of all those pink turgid nipples made Matt lick his lips in desire.

"OFF, BITCH!" Liv shouted, pushing her sister to the side and frantically climbing onto Matt. She gasped and her eyes rolled back in their sockets as his cock-meat began pounding through her. "OH MY GOD…YES!" she cried out.

Matt's mother and two Grandmother's were now completing for his kisses.

Their long wild tongues licked all over his face and neck. Maggie flailed her experienced licker through the teen's mouth, dueling with his. Their long silky hair buried the boy's head and smelt so fucking wonderful!

"Let me at his neck!" Doctor Lennon demanded, then slithered her way in, spreading her huge, fat tits across his chest.

"Fuck-fuck-fuck meeee!" Liv shouted, pounding her snatch around the boy's rod.

Ellen grabbed the teens hand and brought it down between her legs. "Rub our pussies!" her voice trembled. Matt strummed at his Grandmother's grape-sized clit, remembering how much he loved sucking on it, while eating her pussy for nearly an hour during their last appointment.

The teen noticed that the women were becoming more violent with each other as they fought for position on his body. His entire frame was smothered in slippery flesh as they kissed, licked and rubbed their fatty tits all over him. If he had six dicks he would have fucked all of them at once!

"MOVE!" his Grandma Maggie shouted at his mother, trying to get at his neck.

"Find your own spot, cunt!" Summer snapped, while whipping her tongue against the sensitive tendons in his neck.

Ellen suddenly sprung up, making her jutting tits bobble above Matt's eyes. She looked back at her cock-humping daughter. "Let me fuck him! I need to fuck him!"

"No…mother, please just give me more time!" Liv replied, fucking fervently.

"NO!" Ellen replied, moving back to push her daughter off. "I FUCKING NEED IT!"

Matt reached back and turned off the light, shrouding them in complete darkness. He decided to just let them all fight over him as their bodies wrestled hotly in the darkness. This also allowed him to focus on the exquisite sensations that their flesh was providing.

"Let me there!" a voice gasped.

"Fuck you, bitch!" Doctor Lennon's delirious voice hissed. Matt could feel tongues lashing wildly at his neck. Long nails scratching around his cock-root.

Others raking up his chiseled abs. He felt someone down between his legs, sucking at his balls and licking his asshole.

He knew that his Aunt had been forced off his cock and now he was fucking his Grandma Ellen. "Ahhh, shit!" he gasped, feeling the rings that lined her cunt-tube slip up and down his rigid peter. The swollen lips of her cervical head felt amazing kissing the tip of his knob on every plunge.

The lucky teen was suddenly smothered in the meat of a giant breast. His mouth latched on to the rubbery nipple, pulling it in deeply as he sealed his lips around the fringe of her wide areola. He

didn't know who’s breast it was he was sucking on, but that sort of made it exciting in it's own way.

He felt like he had a pack of cock-hungry dogs on top of him. He could feel them pushing and clawing at each other as they fought to get what they wanted.

"Fuck meee!" he heard one hiss at his ear. It could have been his mom, but he wasn't sure.

"Fuck my pussy!" Someone else squealed as the pried their lips beneath the boob that buried the boy's head and forced him to make out with her. Matt was pretty sure it was one of his twin Aunts.

"CUMMING! AUGGHH, FUCK!!" Ellen cried out, then blasted hot female ejaculate all over Matt's cock and balls. He felt his erection become unsheathed for a moment, juice running down it's muscled shaft. Then, it was slipping up the tube of another hot pussy. He didn’t know who it belonged to, but it felt fucking divine. When his knob squashed against the spongy head of her cervix, his body let out excited shudder. He had fucked hundreds of juicy pussies at this point, but the sensation of hitting bottom was one that always made his toes clench.

"OHH, FUCK, YESS!! SO GOOD!" cried out whoever was on top of him as they rode the boy heatedly.

"Oh my God, I wanna fuck you again so fucking bad!" the woman who's tit he was sucking mewled. Matt kissed and licked his way through her squishy cleavage. When he reached her neck, he felt a thin necklace, with a heart charm attached. He then realized it was his Aunt Allie. He clamped his teeth down on the chain and snapped it right off her neck, knowing that his Uncle Owen had given it to her for their last anniversary. He spit the necklace aside, then kissed Allie passionately. "Let's see what Uncle Owen thinks about that!" he whispered between kisses.

"Who fucking cares what that dickless loser thinks," Allie breathed, kissing him mindlessly.

"You think he was mad about me flirting with those girls at the jobsite…I wonder how upset he'd be if he knew I was fucking his wife!"

"Fuck me then, you cunt-fucking stud! Make him hear me scream!"

Matt suddenly sat up through the pile of horny women. He quickly jerked his hips up, bucking off whoever was on his cock. Then, he tossed his Aunt Allie onto her back, rolling over between her legs. "YESSS!" the auburn-haired beauty screamed as the eager teen buried his giant cock and began fucking the shit out of her.

Their wet bellies smacked together lewdly, and Allie harnessed her silky legs high around his back as they fucked savagely. Matt got a huge thrill out of fucking married women, but since his Uncle Owen was so jealous of him, this felt especially sweet. "I bet it kills him knowing I'm gonna fuck a baby into you!"

Matt panted, hammering his steely cock through her clutching fuck-tube.

Allie pumped her naked ass from the mattress, hammering her cunt up around his cock-root. "YES, MATT, PLEASE GIVE ME YOUR BABY!" she squealed.

Women were sprawling against his back, kissing and clawing at him, while he rested against Allie's plush body. They stayed off his ass though, so he could continue to pump it up and down in a blur as he jabbed his cock through her.

Within five minutes he had his pregnant-hungry Aunt writhing and squealing beneath him as she gushed on his cock. "Ahhhh, shit!" the boy gasped, as her fuck-muscles contracted, making her pleated cunt-tube chew at the meat of his dick.

"Take my fucking cum!" he grunted, then began blasting hot, baby making ball-goo inside her. "Fuck you, Uncle Owen!" Matt thought as he dug through his Uncle's wife's birthing tube, stretching her uteri with his supersized cock and panting her walls with his spunk.

Fun time was far from over! Matt turned the lights back on and let each woman experience him on top, pummeling through their fuck-holes until all of them had soaked his cock in their female essence. He got a huge rush out of fucking Doctor Lennon this way, watching her colossal tits roll up and down her chest.

She was a professional, yes…but still a hypersexual mother, just like all the rest.

Her back arched and her ballooning breasts quivered from a powerful climax.

Matt knelt in a circle off meaty asses, fucking their pussies from behind, one by one. The sight of their fatty ass-meat rippling as they beat against him had his tongue out in lust the whole time. When he was done, the bed sheet beneath them was soaking wet, from all of the ejaculate that had swirled around his prick and dripped from his swinging balls.

Matt pulled his sexy blonde mother down on top of him, so she could ride him to his second orgasm. "GGGGRRRAAAHHHH!!" he snarled, pounding up into her hot quivering pussy as hard as he could. Her giant milkers rippled around his face. He kissed her breast-bone, his signature move, while feeling her pussy-walls melt around his cock. He continued to drive it through, wondering how it could possibly get any fucking tighter. His dick flexed excitedly as he felt her cum wash over him and her curvy body tremble on top of his.

"AHH, FUCK, MOM…I'M CUMMING!!" he announced.

Their pink sex organs lurched and squelched, pistoning together in a marinade of mother and son ejaculate. For several mind-blowing minutes they slowly screwed, savoring every wonderful contraction that their genitals gave off.

"Well…I never expected this type of appointment today," Matt breathlessly confessed. His mom was still laying on top of him, but all the other women were kneeled around his body. He marveled at the huge rounded undersides of the jugs jutting out over him, while they peeked down with their beautiful smiles.

"How long have we been in here, anyway?"

"I would say close to three hours," Doctor Lennon answered, " but in here…time really doesn't mean much."

"In that case…can we go for another three?" Matt asked, his cock flexing with rejuvenated hardness inside his mother.

"I've got no where to be," Maggie stated.

"Us either," added the twins.

Doctor Lennon smiled down at him. "Well, I guess there's your answer."

"Sweet!" Matt smiled, then reached back and clicked off the light. Once again he was buried in mommy-flesh, shivering at the feel of squishy tits and wildly flailing tongues. Summer kissed him deeply… their own lickers wrestling frenziedly inside his mouth. He flexed his big dick and she gave him a loving cuntal squeeze in return. She felt like the luckiest woman alive. The only hope for sex-starved moms everywhere lived right under her roof and she was madly in love with him.

Stirring Creatures

by klrxo

'Twas the night before Christmas...and I landed on the fifth house in a middle-class suburban neighborhood. With my goodies in hand I slid down the chimney. By this time the seat of my pants was black. After all it was winter and the chimneys were stained with soot.

Once inside I did my thing, admired the beautiful tree, gobbled down my cookies and milk and arranged the childrens presents just so.

Before I left there was always one last thing that I liked to do and so I crept down the hallway and peeked in on the family.

The small children were sleeping, snug in their beds. Visions of Candy and expensive toys dancing in their heads.

Then I peeked in on the 18 year old Grant. As he lay on his back I could tell by the rise in the sheet what kind of vision was dancing in his head. Boys will be boys.

Next it was the parents bedroom, Eve and her husband Wayne. Not to my surprise, Eve was slithering out of bed and being extremely careful not to wake her husband.

I leaped to the far side of the doorway trying not to be seen. I knew where she was going, and knew I was safe here. You see...the mom in this home had a very naughty secret, just like many of the moms in the homes I visit. I could never put them on my naughty list though...it's just what mommies do.

Eve crept out the door, slipping the flimsiest of short silk robes over her smooth tanned nakedness. The smell of her fragrant perfume

wafted past me, mixed with the pungent aroma of the ripe fruit of her womanhood.

I watched the 38 year old blond sashay down the hallway, the curvy swell of her buttocks gracefully swaying back and forth. Her little tan bare feet gently tapped against the hallway floor, the toenails on her squatty little toes painted a deep Christmas red.

As I was expecting, she turned into Grant's bedroom and the door closed softly behind her.

If it was one thing hundreds of years on the job had taught me, it was how to sneak around a house without getting caught. I crept to Grant's door, turned the knob and peeked inside.

I was immediately rewarded with a site that never failed to take my breath away...

A tiny robe slipping from a mother's shoulders and dropping to her feet.

A teenager truck with awe as he watched the naked middle-aged beauty he calls mom looming over him.

I could see the backs of the huge slopping contours of Eve's breasts and could only imagine the view her son must have.

She crawled onto his bed and pulled back his covers. With her ass pointed at the door I was greeted by the site of a smooth shaven clam and a winking butt hole.

As their bodies disappeared under a mountain of blankets I decided it was time for a closer look. I lowered down onto my belly and wormed across the bedroom floor. You might wonder how the big bellied man could pull this off. As I said before, I may be a fat ass, but I'm extremely good at what I do.

Reaching the foot of the bed I peered up onto the mattress. The blankets moved around from the squirming, twisting bodies underneath.

"Oh-h-h mom." I heard Grant's young voice quiver.

"Mmmmm." Came Eve's soft loving response.

I watched as their feet peeked from the bottom of the covers. Clearly Eve was now laying underneath him on her back. Her sexy golden-brown feet arched as they slid up and down her son's strong calf muscles.

So keen were my senses that I could actually hear their tongues dancing together and the beat of Grant's excited heart.

"**UUUGGHHH!**" I heard Eve moan and knew that mom and son were now joined at the genitals.

This was confirmed for me as I saw the swell of Grant's ass began to slowly rise and fall beneath the covers. I looked back at their feet because I knew mom's next move. Sure enough, her feet slid up the back of his calves and disappeared beneath the blankets. I could see the protruding lumps of her knees rising on either of her son's ass as she spread herself open and created a soft snug saddle for him to ride in.

Carefully, I crawled up onto the end of the mattress, being extra cautious not to bump Grant's legs. I peeked my head under the blanket and the glow of my magical white Christmas beard lit up the scene beneath.

It was a site that I never tired of seeing...a large sturdy teenaged erection easing in and out of the wet sucking grip of his mother's twat. Grant maintained a slow steady pace and I could hear the wet creamy sound of their juices as he sliced way up inside her inner core.

I watched as the lengthy dong disappeared and only Grant's large hairless scrotum remained and bumped the pouty ring of Eve's butt hole. I imagined what an incredible feeling it must be against his glans. Buried this deep, his cockhead was surely smothered against Eve's hot spongy cervix, dripping it's excrement near the place where babies are made.

"Oh God." I heard him moan, confirming my suspicions.

I gazed up at Eve's clutching legs, strong, bronze, matronly and as smooth as the finest silk. I marveled at they way they coiled around her son, griping him, guiding him.

"Isn't it interesting that the position in which a woman takes the seed of life inside her is the same one she assumes when she's squeezing out that life nine months later." I thought.

Minutes passed and the pace of their humping seemed to gradually increase.

"Oh sweetie...oh God, don't stop." I heard Eve whimper.

I knew it was time to relocate. Nothing was better than watching the face of a mom, struck with orgasm by the cock of her own teenaged son.

I crept out from under the blankets and around to the front of the bed. I stood and watched their bodies wrestle with urgency.

Eve's eyes were closed and Grant's face was buried in the soft of her neck so neither one could see me. I had watched scenes like this enough times to know I was safe here.

It wasn't long before the blankets slid off them and onto the floor from the power of Grant's thrusting. I watched as the teen reached down and gripped onto his mother's buttock's for stability.

The sound of wet sucking slaps filled the room as Grant's ass bucked wildly. Eve stretched her long shapely legs back into a huge spread eagle, her feet flexing, sexy toes pointing back towards me. The site made me massage my own cock through my pants, which strangely I hardly ever did at times like these.

I could see the muscles in her legs start to quiver. Her pretty mouth dropped open. I could tell she needed to scream, but didn't dare with her husband down the hallway.

I could see the spongy breast-meat oozing out from between her and her son's chests as they lay squashed between them.

"**UUUNNNHH!**" Grant grunted as his body jerked.

Eve's eyes popped wide open for an instant, but I wasn't worried, the only thing she was seeing was hearts. Big pink hearts everywhere, like the bubbles of a bubble bath...popping, beating excitedly and taking off like shooting stars.

She let out a cute, but primal little grunt. Her hands grasps her son's fitted sheet and she held on for the orgasmic explosion inside of her.

Grant's body jerked and shook. I had emptied my sack earlier, now he was emptying his. A different kind of sack of course. A nut-sack, full of millions of baby-making tad polls. I felt confident that next year there would be one more little one in this house for me to put on my list.

As the magic came to an end I slithered back onto the floor and made my way out of the room. It was always to the sound of the loving mother, praising her son for his impressive pussy-pleasing abilities.

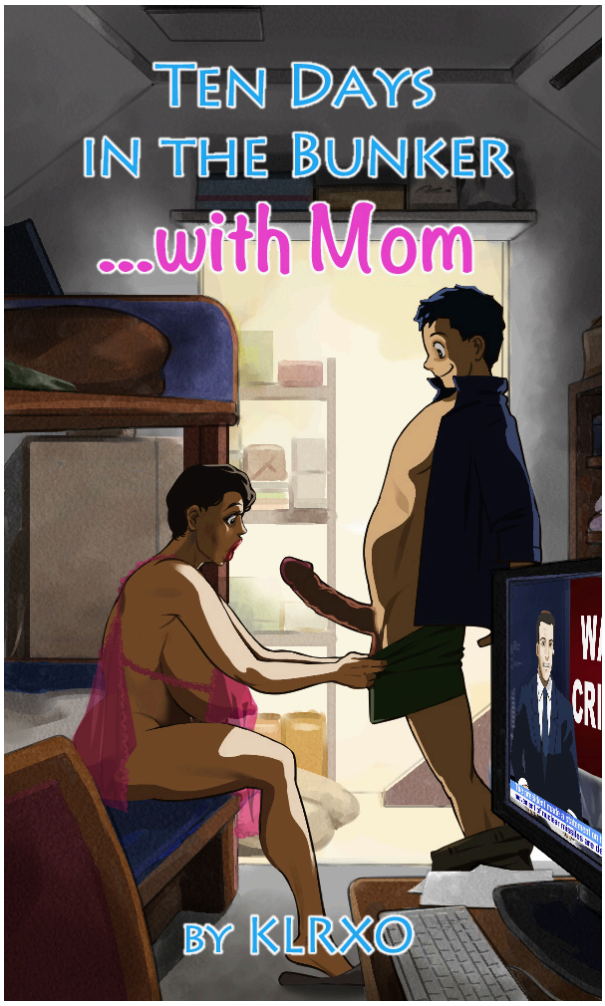
I wandered to the end of the hall and stopped and waited. There was one more thing that I always like to see before I left.

I watched as Eve stepped from her son's room, tightening the sash to her robe. She pranced towards her and her husband's bedroom with confidence, her meaty buttocks rocking hypnotically. I could see a glistening stream of fresh spunk running down her thigh. I waited....

Just before entering her room Eve turned her head and spotted me at the end of the hallway. She stood there in a stepping pose, the swell of her big breasts thrust out proudly.

As expected, she gave me a gleaming smile and a cute little wink. As I said before, I was always good at hiding my presence, but somehow...some way...moms always knew.

She disappeared into her bedroom and I back up the chimney. On to the next home, where almost always I would be greeted with a little Christmas magic.



Ten Days in the Bunker...with Mom

By Klrxo

"Honey, it's me. Drop what you're doing and turn on the TV!" Michael said to his wife on the phone as she worked in the kitchen.

Brook rushed into the living room and clicked on the television. The first thing to light up was an emergency news broadcast with the

words "NUCLEAR CRISIS" in big bold letters across the bottom.

"Nuclear Crisis? Michael what's going on?"

"Apparently they're threatening to bomb us, in retaliation for that plane we shot down two days ago."

"Seriously?! So they’re gonna try to blow up a bunch of innocent people because they lost a stupid airplane?"

"Nobody really knows what that lunatic leader of theirs is capable of," her husband answered. "As a precaution, I think you should take the kids down into the bunker…until this all clears up."

"The bunker?! Honey, do you really think it's THAT serious?"

"Yeah, I do. This is about as serious a bomb threat as we've ever had. Look, I'm sorry I’m a thousand miles away and can’t be there, but unfortunately it's outside my control. They're shutting down air traffic along the entire East Coast right now."

"That's ok," she uttered. "I mean, it's not ok…I'd love to all be together right now, but Hunter and I can go through the checklist, just like you've showed us before."

"Good…and don't wait. Get the systems running and yourselves secured as quickly as you can."

"Ok…um, how long do we stay down there for?"

"You have a broadcast feed down there, so you’ll be able to see how this plays out. Once it looks like it's getting resolved, which hopefully it will soon, you guys can come back up."

Brook gave her husband an emotional good-bye, then informed her son, Hunter, of what was going on. She scooped the baby from her crib and locked the house up. There were only a few items they

brought along, since the bunker contained everything they needed. The family had a sprawling property, which you wouldn’t even know had a bomb shelter if it weren’t for the round door that protruded from the ground, some distance from the house.

The underground bunker was a giant steel culvert, outfitted with bulkheads, electrical system, ventilation system, and properly designed entrances. It was buried to a suitable depth to ensure proper earth arching and shielding. The walls of the cylinder were plenty thick, and the backfill performed to industry specifications. It was a structure that would endure a nuclear shock that would destroy all above ground buildings within a 5-mile radius of the blast.

After powering up the systems, they sealed themselves in and prepared to wait it out for as long as necessary.

Hunter plopped down onto the sofa, already bored out of his mind and he'd only been in the bunker for an hour. The small living space also comprised of an eating area and tiny kitchen. At the rear of the bunker, separated by a wall, was a small bunk room with a TV and desktop computer. This space had an adjoining bathroom, with toilet, sink and shower. It was certainly nothing fancy, but contained all the space and supplies they needed in such a crises.

"I never thought we’d actually have to come down here," Hunter stated, looking over at his mother as she cradled her newborn in her arms. The dark-haired 18-year-old Senior was lean and handsome, which made him popular among the girls at school.

"That makes two of us, honey. Unfortunately, there are crazy, power-hungry people in the world who make the rest of us live in fear."

"I just hope they don't drop any bombs. Is dad some place safe?"

"I'm sure your father's company is looking out for the safety of their employees," the mother assured him. "He told me not to worry so

I’m not going to."

After eating something, they moved to the bunk room, sitting side by side on the bottom bunk as they watched a new broadcast for several hours.

Unfortunately, that only made them feel even more uneasy so Brook finally turned the television off. "Enough of that nonsense," she blurted. "Let's focus on something else."

"Like what? There's no phone service or internet down here."

The comment made his mom laugh. "You know, people did survive and enjoy themselves BEFORE the internet, honey."

"I sure am glad I didn’t grow up in those days."

"Oh, I know…you would’ve simply withered away with boredom," she teased, giving him a tickle.

Hunter loved being close to his mother. There were plenty of his friends who sure wouldn't mind being "close" to her either. It made him a little angry and protective every time they made a comment about her overly-large breasts or what a "MILF" they thought she was. Brook had radiant facial features and a short, but stylish hairdo. Her body was lush; on its way to being in shape again after having recently given birth to her second child seven weeks ago.

"Let's play a game," the mother suggested.

"What type of game?"

"It's called the Name Game. We pick a topic, then I say a word having to do with that topic. You take the last letter of that word and come up with a new word, then we keep it going until someone gets stumped."

"No offence, Mom, but that game sounds really boring."

She playfully slapped him on the knee. "Well, do you have a better game for us to play then, brat!" she asked.

"No, but I could probably come up with something."

"Tell you what…let's play my game tonight and then we'll try one that you come up with tomorrow, deal?"

"I guess that sounds fair."

"Alright…so I'm gonna start. The first subject is of my 'Name Game' is animals. My word is Aardvark," Brook stated.

"OK, so just to clarify…I have to come up with an animal that starts with last letter of your word, which is K?" the teen asked.

"Correct!"

"All right. How about Kangaroo!"

"Good one! Um…Octopus."

"Snake," said Hunter.

"Elephant."

"Tiger."

"Hmm, R? Oh, I know…Rhinoceros," Brook shouted.

"I can't say one I've already said, right?" her son asked.

"Nope…it has to be original."

"Shoot…I can't think of another animal that starts with the letter s."

"Looks like a point for me then!" Brook smiled in victory. "Are you giving up?"

"Yeah, I can't think of one."

"My point then!" she smiled. "Oh, and, by the way…you could have said shark!" she taunted.

"Dang…how did I not think of that?!"

"Ohh, poor baby!" Brook teased, patting the back of his head as she gave him a tit-squashing hug, which Hunter wished had lasted longer.

"So, do I get to pick the next subject?" he asked.

"Nope, winner picks. So, let's see…how about 'food' this time. My first word is pizza."

For the longest time they played and laughed, each coming up with a food that started with the appropriate letter. For nearly twenty minutes they went back and forth on the subject of food, until Hunter became stumped again. "You have an unfair advantage with this topic, mom."

"How so?"

"You're the one who shops and cooks all the time," he pointed out.

"Stop making excuses and just accept your defeat," she giggled.

"Fine! Next subject."

"Hmm, how about body parts," she suggested.

"Body parts?"

"Yeah, parts of the body, inside or out. My first word is foot."

"Alright, um…toe."

"Ear," Brook blurted with a pretty smile.

"Rotator cuff."

"What?!" his mom scowled questioningly.

"You've never heard of a rotator cuff, mom?"

"No…but I'll trust that you know what you're talking about. So, that means my letter is f. That's easy…face."

"Elbow."

"Oh…damn…W?"

"Looks like I might finally get a point," Hunter eagerly expressed.

"Wiener!" Brook blurted, making her son burst out laughing.

"Wiener?"

"Yeah, you know, like a guy's wiener. His penis," she clarified, glancing down at her son's crotch.

"I know what you meant, but I'm pretty sure 'wiener' is a slang word, mom, which means it doesn't count."

"Fine, because I just thought of a better word. Waist."

"OK. How about, umm…tits."

"Hunter!"

"What? Tits is a body part…or parts."

"No. If I couldn't use wiener, you can't use tits."

"Why can't I use tits?"

She nudged against him playfully, brushing her squishy boobs against his arm. "You can USE tits all you want…just not in this game," she joked.

"Very funny," Hunter blushed. "I won't be 'using tits' at all while I'm stuck down here in this bunker, that's for sure."

This generated a laugh from his mom. "Well…if it's any consolation, your mom won't be using much 'wiener' either, since your father isn't here. And um, speaking of that. Maybe now's a good time for us to talk about a, um…schedule."

"Schedule?"

"Well, I'm sure we're both gonna be wanting to get some…sexual release, at least once a day, but being in this tiny living space might make that a bit awkward."

"True."

"So, I was thinking that whenever one of us needed some 'private time,' we could be in here, while the other is in the next room. Since there's no door separating the rooms, the person who's in with the baby could listen to some music on their headphones or something, to block out any awkward noises."

"Sounds like a pretty good plan to me," Hunter agreed. The thought of his pretty mom masturbating certainly made him feel all tingly inside. He knew there would be times when he'd need to get off, but hadn't really considered how that might happen down here until she brought it up.

"Ok good, we got that awkward discussion out of the way, now back to our game. You need a body part that starts with T."

"Well, since I can’t use tits, how about if I use tongue?"

The mother's lips curled naughtily. "Don't expect a girl to EVER tell you that you can't use your tongue," she joked, then blushed. "Sorry, that was a naughty thing for a mother to say."

"I'll forgive you," Hunter smiled. "After all, I did say ‘tits' in front of you."

"Yes, you did, and it hurt my wholesome ears," his mom teased.

"Yeah, right!"

"Looks like I'm back to the letter E again," Brook pointed out. "How about Eyeball."

"Leg," her son quickly retorted.

"Gut."

"Umm…tonsils?"

"Good one, honey," said Brook, then she thought about her answer a moment. "Shin."

"Dang! What body part starts with N?" Hunter asked himself out-loud.

"Nockers?"

His mom burst out laughing. "Wow, first tits and now knockers? Apparently we know someone's favorite body part," Brook observed, "but ‘knockers’ is spelled with a K, honey, and it's a slang word, just like wiener, so it doesn't count."

"Hey, you can't ‘KNOCK’ a guy for trying!" he joked.

"Boy, who would have known that I gave birth to such a comic genius,"

Brook teased, rolling her eyes.

They played a few more rounds and Hunter didn't win a single one. His mom didn't hesitate to rub it in his face. "I win…AGAIN!" she sang.

"Yep, looks like I'm one big loser today."

"I'm sure you'll get back at me with whatever game you have planned for us tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll definitely have to think of a good one."

Brook fed the baby, then prepared her and her son a couple of freeze-dried meals. Her husband had the shelter stocked with such food, so it would stay good for years until it was needed. "Well, it wasn't exactly a home cooked meal, but it still wasn't bed," the mother pointed out, once they were finished.

"I'm not sure if we'll be saying that a few days from now, when we're still eating it and craving a fat, juicy cheeseburger."

"Good point. Shall we check the news again and make sure we're not engaged in nuclear war yet?" the mother asked.

They moved back to the bunk room to watch the broadcast. The clips of people across the country scrambling for goods was horrifying as the threat of a missile strike continued. "I can't believe this is really happening," Hunter expressed. "I always thought dad was crazy for building this shelter, now I'm starting to think it was the smartest thing he ever did."

"Excuse me?!" his mother blurted with a playful nudge. "The smartest thing he ever did, huh?"

"After marrying you, of course."

"That's better," the mother giggled. "You're right though. Your dad's doomsday attitude used to drive me mad, but now I sure am glad he took it to the extreme by having this bunker built."

"Even still, let's hope for a peaceful resolution, especially for all those people who don't have a bunker like ours."

"I agree, honey," Brook added, clicking off the TV, then peeking over at him awkwardly. "There's a lot of families out there who aren't as lucky as we are."

There was silence between them for a moment as the mother felt an itch between her legs. "So, um…before we go to bed…do you mind if I get a little…personal time?" she asked.

"Oh, um…no, not at all. I can grab the baby and go into the next room," her son answered, climbing out of the bunk.

"Thanks, and uh…don't forget your headphones."

"Oh, right…got 'em!" he replied, snatching his earbuds off the TV stand.

Hunter cradled his baby sister in his arms and took her to the next room.

After sitting on the sofa he popped his ear buds in, just as his mom suggested, so his music would drown out any 'noises' coming from the bunk room. Several minutes passed, and the boy simply couldn't believe he was sitting there, while his mom was masturbating just beyond the wall, no more than twenty-feet away.

The curious teen would have given anything to peek in and get a quick glimpse of his beautiful mom pleasuring herself. He pictured her sexy legs splayed in the air while she rubbed her clit frantically.

It wasn’t something he'd fantasized about seeing until just recently. However, he wasn't quite ballsy enough to try anything, and knew she'd probably lose it if she caught him peeping. What he did have the courage to do though was turn off his music and slip one ear bud out to see if he could hear anything. The noises that came from the bunk room reminded him of what a truly confined space they were in. Even though divided by a thinly-framed wall, he could clearly hear his mom GASPING in pleasure, along with the dull BUZZ of her vibrator.

"Holy shit!" he gasped, under his breath, placing his ear bud back in and starting his music again, for fear of being caught.

Brook was on the bottom bunk and her toes were clenched. Her knees were drawn back, her thick thighs bowed wide opened. A vibrating wand growled as she held it against her shaved snatch. She imagined a much younger man, not her husband, fucking her savagely. The hot juice of her ejaculation began to burble from her cunt-slit, splattering down onto the towel she had laid down beneath her. Her entire mommy-body convulsed delightfully, her meaty, naked tits jostling around on her chest.

Masturbation was a daily routine for the mother, usually once, but sometimes twice a day.

Hunter was tapping his foot to the beat of a song when Brook emerged from the bunk room, wearing nothing but a big t-shirt. Hunter could tell she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her heavy breasts trembled beneath the fabric. "Your turn, honey," she said softly, reaching down to take the baby.

He took a moment to study her face, which seemed flushed, as though she'd just experienced a tremendous orgasm. "I'm OK I think," Hunter stated, feeling a bit awkward taking his turn.

"Hunter, honey…let's not be all shy about this, ok? We're both adults and have needs, so just…go do what you need to do to take care of

yourself. We agreed to this arrangement, remember, for as long as we're down here."

"Alright," the teen nodded. "I'll just be a few minutes."

"Take as much time as you need."

He went into the next room, which was mostly dark. He had eaten pussy before so he knew the smell that lingered. Before he could climb up onto the top bunk to relieve himself, his foot struck an item of clothing on the floor. He leaned down and picked up his mom's bra, clicking on the flashlight on his phone to get a good look at it. Brook's bra was white and the cups had beautiful floral-laced embroidery. He studied the thick cross-straps and the four clasps that held it around her breasts. The curious teen illuminated the tag, which read: 40H. He was no expert on bra size, but he knew that was pretty damn big.

"Wait a second…" he suddenly thought. "If her bra was on the floor, maybe her panties are too."

When the beam of his light struck the floor, sure enough, his mom's panties were laying there at his feet. He nervously reached down and picked them up. Never in his life had he had the guts to sneak a smell of his mom's panties, but now that they were being presented on a silver platter, this was his chance. Hunter suddenly felt dizzy with desire as he brought the gusset to his nose, inhaling his mom's delightful cuntal aroma.

The teen couldn't climb up onto his bunk fast enough, taking his new discovery with him. He fished his erect cock from his shorts, then had the greatest stroke-session of his life. It was, of course, fueled by the intoxicating scent of the pussy that had birthed him. After capturing his cum-load in a small towel, he stashed the jizz-rag in his backpack, then placed the panties just as he'd found them on the floor.

"Feel better?" his mom asked with a curious smile as he returned to the next room.

"Yeah, thanks."

"I fed your sister so she's out like a light now. I think I'll get some rest before she wakes up again."

"I guess I might as well too."

They went back into the next room and crawled into their bunks. Brook took the lower bed, since she'd most likely be up a couple times to tend to the baby. It would be the first time either of them had ever slept inside the bunker. It was an eerie, yet secure feeling as they lay there in the pitch darkness listening to the subtle hum of the ventilation system.

"Goodnight, honey," Hunter heard his mom soft voice say.

"Goodnight, mom. I hope there's still a world out there when we wake up."

"Me too."

"Have you come up with a good game for me to beat you at, like I did the last one?" Brook asked her son as they lounged in the main living space the next day.

"As a matter of fact, I do have a good one," Hunter replied. There was a game he had played at a party with his friends that would be a blast to play with his mom, but it could get extremely risqué so he did hesitate to bring up the idea of playing it with her. "You're OK with an ‘adult themed’ game, right?"

"Well, we are both adults…and the game we played yesterday did get a little naughty after awhile. Why don't we just try it and see how it goes. What's this game called?" she asked.

"Dirty charades. I have it downloaded on my phone."

"Dirty charades?" the mother chuckled. "Who in the world have you been playing dirty charades with?"

"No one recently. We just played it at a party once, so I decided to download it."

Brook shifted awkwardly on the couch. Today, she wore skimpy cotton shorts and a form fitting tank top that left some creamy cleavage exposed.

"I've played charades plenty of times…but never 'dirty charades.' I'm assuming the same rules apply?"

"Yep, one person acts out the word or phrase and the other has to guess what it is, but in this version, you have to use another person…as a prop somehow."

"A prop?"

"Yeah, you know…you have to use the other person to act out whatever the word is."

"Alright then…let's give it a try. You go first…acting the word out I mean," she anxiously requested.

Hunter stood from the couch, then brought up the first word on his phone app. He motioned for his mom to come over, then quickly forced her to turn around and brought her wrists together, crisscrossing them.

"Handcuffs!" his mom blurted.

"Correct," her son answered, letting her go. "That was kind of an easy one."

Brook brought up the next word on the app as she stood next to him, then started giggling. "Oh God, this game is gonna get us both in trouble," she stated.

"How?"

"Because we're both gonna be acting out things with each other that we shouldn't, that's how."

"Hey, you were the one who said we could try it."

"I know," Brook said, then looked over at the sofa. "You have to sit down for this one."

Hunter sat as she requested, then his beautiful mom awkwardly rested on his lap, facing forward. The boy's eyes widened. His mom's rounded ass felt amazing and even better as she began bouncing on his lap, making her big breasts jostle beneath her tank top. She went from bouncing to gyrating in a sexy manner, grinding against his rapidly hardening cock.

"Sex?" the boy guessed.

"Nope," she answered, then moved in a dry-humping motion. She threw her arms up and began moving them as if she were dancing to music.

"Oh…lap dancing?" he guessed.

"You got it," his mom answered, quickly raising off his lap. "I certainly hope these words don't get much more awkward than that one."

"Well, we're both adults, like you said, right? We know it's just a game…all in good fun."

"I suppose, but even so…you better not tell anyone we played dirty charades together, understand?"

"Don't worry, mom, I won't. What happens in the bunker stays in the bunker," her son assured her.

"Good. So, the score is one to one. Let's do the next one."

Hunter brought up the next word. "Oh boy…um, ok," he uttered nervously, then began acting as though he was texting on his phone. "So, for this one, you have to imagine that you're holding your phone too," he shared, then reached under his shirt, rubbing his chest slowly.

"What in the world are you doing?" Brook asked, getting a kick out of watching him act this way. Hunter pretended as if he was typing again, then began slipping his hand down his pants. "That's what you have to figure out, mom," he reminded her.

"Oh, wait…Sexting!" Brook shouted.

"Correct," her boy answered.

"Yay…two for two!" she cheered. "It's a good thing I guessed it when I did though. I might have gotten an eyeful."

"True, that was pretty awkward. Your turn," said Hunter, handing her the phone.

When she saw her word, she shook her head and glared over at him. "This game is horrible," she stated, trying to control her smirk.

"You can pass on your turn, but according to the rules, I would get a point."

"I'm not passing on my turn, so don't get your hopes up," she replied, then knelt down beside him. "Don't move."

Hunter looked down and watched his mother place her forearm near his crotch, then suddenly she made it spring upward at an angle, so her fist pointed towards the ceiling. After seeing her son looked stumped, she rolled her eyes and did the same motion, once again, with her forearm.

"Oh, um…an erection?" Hunter answered.

"It took you long enough," she snickered, then peered at his crotch a moment, noticing how it was tenting out. "Maybe I should have just pulled your pants down and made it easy on myself."

"Sorry," the boy blushed, doing his best to conceal it. "I think that lap dance demonstration you did kinda got to me."

"I can see that. Do you wanna continue the game or do you need a, um…break?"

"No, I can continue," he replied, then looked at his phone to get his next word. An expression of shock filled his face. "Maybe I SHOULDN'T do this one right now though."

"Fine, I'll take the point," his mother smirked.

"I mean, I'll do it…I just probably shouldn't in the state I'm in right now."

"The rules don't say anything about saving a word until later in the game, honey. Either do it now or I get a point. Those are the rules," Brook reminded him.

"What the heck…I'll do it then," he bravely blurted. "You have to lay down on the floor though…on your back."

"On my back, huh? Great!" his mom sarcastically uttered, then sprawled out on the area rug. Hunter began climbing down on top of

her and she fed him a apprehensive look. "Are you about to do what I think you're about to do?" she nervously asked.

"Probably."

"Ok, um…do I need to…spread my legs or anything?"

"Sure, that would help."

Brook opened her thighs and drew her knees back, watching her teen sprawl flat on top of her. It seemed so naughty and surreal as he brought his full weight down against her, nuzzling his face into her neck.

"I, uh…guess I can see now why you wanted to wait on this one," Brook stated as she felt her son's boner press against her crotch.

Hunter gulped nervously, then began to dry hump against his mom, digging his rigid fuck-muscle against her heated crotch.

"Oh my God, Hunter…Really?!" she giggled, surprised by what her son was doing.

"Just doing what the word said, mom."

"Hmm, I wonder what this could be? Sex maybe?"

"Nope, you seriously don't know what it is?" Hunter asked, reveling in the feel of his mom's squishy tits crushed against him.

"Maybe…but I'm gonna give it a little longer, just to make sure."

She held on to her son's shoulders, peering down his back and watching Hunter's young ass bob up and down in a steady fuck-motion. "That's pretty good form you have there, kiddo," she proudly stated, then peeked down into his eyes teasingly. "Done this a few times, have you?"

"More than a few times, but thanks."

Brook let out an inadvertent sigh, feeling her son's rock hard boner dig at her cunt-slit beneath their clothing. "I know this is a personal question, but…do you always keep that rhythm when you're doing it?"

"Yeah, I have to, otherwise I'd finish way too quickly."

‘If you went faster, you mean?"

"Yes."

"How long do you last…going at THIS pace?" the mother brazenly asked.

"Usually about an hour."

"Shut up…I’m serious!"

"So am I."

"You last a whole hour inside a girl…going at this tempo?" she skeptically confirmed.

"Yes…why, is that so unusual?" he asked, continuing to pump against her.

"Um…yeah, going this speed it is," she answered, then slithered her legs up around his frame, high on his back, crossing her ankles. "Most guys couldn't keep this pace for more than five or ten minutes," she informed him, then scratched her nails down his back through his t-shirt and subtly humped her lovely ass from the floor, dry-humping him back in counterpoint.

"What are you doing, mom?" he asked, surprised to see her giving it back to him.

"Just making sure this is what I think it is before I give you my answer," she replied, her breath huffing with every thrust. "What the problem? Are you not used to girls doing it this way?"

"No."

"Then clearly they're doing it wrong," the mother stated, grinding her cunt against the bulge of his erection.

"Well…if you're so concerned about doing it right, shouldn't you be kissing me?" her son asked. He expected his mom to laugh off his request, but her response surprised him.

"How am I suppose to kiss you if your lips are down there?"

Hunter brought his face up above his mother's and they stared lustfully into each other's eyes, their bodies still writhing in a steady dry-humping rhythm. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Your lips aren't attached to mine yet, so no, it's not."

Hunter lowered his lips and they shared a few sensual closed-lipped kisses.

Brook finally came to the realization of how ridiculously inappropriate this was. "We should probably stop, honey," the mother breathlessly suggested.

"I would have by now, but you still haven't guessed what it is."

"Well, no one said anything about any time limits on guessing, now did they?"

"Maybe if I went faster, would it would suddenly come to you," he suggested, staring into her eyes.

"Yes, maybe," she answered without thinking.

Hunter began to hump with everything he had. His busty mother reciprocated, twisted her lovely legs down his back, then grasping his ass with both hands, bucking beneath him. They rocked violently on the floor, both of them gasping in fuck-lust as the boy's muscled cock threatened to saw right through their clothing. Brook's big fatty tits rippled between them and she HISSED in ecstasy. Then, she suddenly came to her senses and tapped on his shoulder. "The missionary position! It's the missionary position, right?" she blurted.

"Yes," her son breathed, slowing down and then stopping completely, but remaining on top of her. "You guessed it."

"All right, we should, um…probably get up and take a break, honey."

"Yeah, uh…ok."

Brook had a hard time tearing her eyes from her son's cock as he stood up.

She could see the form of his fat knob pushing his shorts out. The fascinated mother inadvertently licked her lips, staring at the big wet spot where his pre-cum had soaked through.

"Why don't you go first today," she suggested.

"Go first?"

"Yeah, well…I assume after what just happened that you could use a 'bunk-break,' right?"

"Oh, yeah…right," the teen answered, looking in the direction of the bunk room.

"I'll just take my break when you're finished," the mother stated, looking sexually frazzled as she sat down on the couch.

Just as they had the day prior, Brook and her son took turns masturbating.

The only regret that Hunter had, from going first this time, was that he didn’t get to use his mom's panties. That was OK though, with his adrenaline still pumping from the earlier dry-hump, his ejaculation was extremely satisfying.

This time, while he held his sister, instead of wearing headphones, like they had agreed on, Hunter listened to his mom get herself off the whole time. His heart raced excitedly as he heard his own hot mother pant and squeal from the bunk room. Her vibrator let out a series of lewd, wet growls, like it was grinding against wet flesh. Her actual orgasm went on for a good two minutes. It seemed easily twice as hard as the one she had yesterday.

It wasn't until after Brook had taken her turn and rubbed her clit to orgasm with her vibrator that she began to feel guilty about what had happened earlier. Also, the fact that she had just given the young man in her masturbatory fantasy a face; her son’s face."No more dirty charades! Hunter and I definitely crossed the line today!" she shamefully told herself.

Over the next few days, neither Brook or her son brought up the incident that happened during their game of charades. They busied themselves with other things; mostly keeping an eye on the TV to monitor the crises.

Lounging on the lower bunk, while his mom showered, Hunter found a few stations on the TV that weren’t talking about the latest drama. One channel was playing old episodes of a TV show that he grew up on, so he decided to watch, while playing with his baby sister.

"I can't wait until we get out of here so I can have a hot shower that lasts longer than two minutes," Brook complained as she stepped from the bathroom in one of Hunter's white t-shirts.

The boy could tell she wasn't wearing a bra by the way her meaty tits shifted beneath the fabric as she walked. Brook paused by the bunk and rubbed a towel through her short hair to dry it. This made the swell of her knockers jostle around wonderfully beneath the fabric, causing Hunter's eyes to widen.

"How's my baby girl doing?" the mother asked in a cute voice as she plopped down next to her son and stroked her daughter’s cheek. "Is she getting tired?"

"I know I am," Hunter replied. "Although I shouldn’t be, since I’ve done nothing today."

"That makes two of us," said Brook as she snuggled up next to her son. "I think I'll set up the treadmill tomorrow, so I can get some exercise."

"Maybe I'll spend an hour on it too. I was working out after school every day, now all of the sudden, nothing."

"Speaking of an hour…we could also do one of those fun floor workouts together, like we did during dirty charades the other day," his mom giggled, giving him a teasing wing.

"That would definitely burn some calories," Hunter agreed. He watched his mom drape one of her sexy legs across his lap. He could feel her squishy tits prodding against the side of his chest as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"Wow, I’ve almost forgot what it's like to have a man in my bed," she stated.

"I can go back up to my bunk, once you put the baby in her crib."

"Or not!" his mom whispered.

"Or not?"

"I mean, you can if you want…or you could stay down here and snuggle with ME tonight."

"You mean…sleep in the same bunk together?"

"Sure…as long as you don't hog all the blankets. Let me rock the baby to sleep, then I'll be back."

Hunter watched his mom crawl off the bunk and scoop his sister up. Brook stood in the lighted doorway, so her voluptuous body was silhouetted wonderfully for her son to admire. The t-shirt fell just below her rounded ass, allowing Hunter to stare at his mom's sculpted legs. As she rocked the baby in her arms, Brook peeked back at her teen, catching him staring at her. The mother's tummy tingled with excitement, knowing she'd have a strong, handsome teenager to share her bunk with tonight. "There's nothing wrong with some innocent snuggling," she told herself.

After getting the baby to sleep, Brook laid her down in her crib, then shut off the lights in the main living area. "Did you fall asleep on me?" she asked her son as she padded back into the bunk room.

"Nope, I'm still awake."

"Why's your t-shirt on? I know you don't wear that to bed," Brook pointed out.

"Oh, true," Hunter replied, then shucked off his t-shirt. He let out a subtle gasp as he saw his mom stop beside the bunk and quickly peel her panties off. The anxious teen stripped out of his shorts, so only his briefs remained on.

Brook turned off the TV, shrouding them in pitch blackness. "It's crazy how dark it gets in here at night. It's like being in a cave," she pointed out as she crawled beneath the covers and joined her son.

"Well, I guess we are in a cave…just a man made one."

"Are you sure you don't mind cuddling?" Brook asked.

"No, um…do you want me to just lay on my back?"

"Why don't we try the ‘honeymoon hug’ position?" Brook suggested as she sprawled out beside him.

"What's that?"

"We lay on our sides, belly to belly, holding each other, so our bodies are fully entwined. It's how two people cuddle if they wanna be as close to each other as physically possible."

"Well, that's not true. I’m sure there are ways for two people to be closer than that," Hunter stated half-jokingly.

His mom laughed. "Being INSIDE someone doesn't count, honey. That's sex, not cuddling."

"True, I guess."

Brook nuzzled in against her son, draping her arms around his neck and flattening her braless tits against his chest, so that only her thin t-shirt separated their flesh. Hunter shuddered with the thrill of being this intimately close to his beautiful mom. Her sweet perfume was intoxicating and her tits felt so huge and squishy against his chest, with her hardened teats prodding into him. Her leg was between his, pushed right up against his hardening prick. "Now THIS is the type of cuddling that I love," the mother sighed, as content as could be.

"Do you and dad snuggle this way?"

"Hardly ever anymore."

"Really…why?"

"It's just the way marriage usually goes, honey. The longer two people are together, the less they do intimate things like this."

"That sucks, but you guys do still have sex though, right?"

Brook giggled. "If you wanna call it that, yeah."

"What's that mean?"

"Your father and I DO have sex, yes, but it's certainly not the type of sex that you were describing the other day," Brook replied.

"When was I describing sex?"

"You remember…during our game of dirty charades, when you put on your little missionary-position demonstration."

"Oh yeah, that."

"That pace you were going at….I'd be lucky to get five minutes of that type of sex with your father."

"I mean, it does feel good that way, and I can understand why guys get off quickly, but when I'm doing it, I never wanted it to be over with, so I guess I just sort of taught myself to go for longer," the boy explained.

"That's pretty remarkable. What's the longest you've ever had sex?" the mother inquired.

"I've gone five hours before."

"Five hours?! With one ejaculation?"

"No, I got off three times."

"Oh, yeah…well that makes sense. Boys your age have short refractory periods. Still though, five hours…that's pretty impressive,

honey."

"You and dad never did it for that long?"

"Well, yeah…in our early years together, before you were conceived. I haven't had that type of sex for a long time though."

There was an awkward silence before Brook spoke up again. "So, the girls that you sleep with…they must be pretty satisfied with your performance."

"Yeah, it's pretty crazy how hard they get off sometimes."

Brook giggled. "That must be a major ego boost for you…knowing you can make a girl orgasm like that," she stated.

"Yeah, it makes me feel good to know that I'm pleasing them."

"Well, that's a good trait in a lover…someone who puts their partners pleasure first. I'm surprised you don't have more girls doting over you."

There was a pause in the conversation as they adjusted their position and Hunter felt his mom's upper thigh press against his rigid cock. Brook's soft, sweet voice broke the silence. "Can I ask you sort of an awkward question?"

"Sure."

"Do you get hard sometimes…when you're around me?" she asked.

"Like now you mean? Yes."

"Why do I…get you hard?"

"Because you're pretty, and extremely sexy," he admitted. "I'm just being honest."

"And I appreciate your honesty. I AM your mom though. You don't think that's weird…that I get you all 'stiff' like that?"

"Maybe it is, but it's not like I can control how my body reacts, you know…when I get aroused."

"Yes, well…I know that feeling," the mother added.

"You do?"

"Uh-huh. Since we're being honest with each other…the other day, after we played dirty charades together, I had to change my panties, because the ones I had on were soaking wet."

"Wet from…being aroused?"

"Well, I certainly didn't pee myself, honey," she laughed.

"Wow, so you were really turned on?" Hunter asked, in disbelief that his mom was actually sharing that with him.

"Yes, but it's just like you having a hard penis around me. That's just how women's bodies react when they're aroused," Brook expressed.

"Oh...so I, um…"

"Yes, you turned me on, honey," she giggled. "I wanna tell you something, Hunter, but you have to promise that you won't think any less of me?"

"Of course I won't."

"The past two days, all I've been able to think about…is what it would be like to get that hour with you on top of me."

"An hour?" Hunter stupidly asked, even though he had a pretty good idea what she meant.

"Yes, an hour in the missionary position, with you going at the pace you were the other day. You said you could keep that rhythm for an hour. Were you being honest about that?"

"Of course."

"Just the thought of having a penis so young, hard and full of exuberance pummeling through me for an hour is extremely thrilling to me," she confessed.

Hunter could hardly believe his ears. It was a confession he never expected his own mom to make. "Are you saying that you wanna—"

"Yes," she replied, cutting him off. "I'm sorry…I know I'm a horrible mother for even suggesting we do such a thing together."

"Then I'm a horrible son too, I guess," Hunter admitted. "because I think about it all the time. Doing it with you, I mean."

"Just since we got in the bunker…or before then?"

"Just over the past year," he replied.

After an awkward silence, Brook spoke up. "You know…WE ARE all alone, sealed inside this bunker. We could…seriously go at it right now and no one would ever know," she whispered.

"Would you, um…be serious about doing that, mom?" the teen asked, finding it hard to breath he was so intrigued by what she was suggesting.

"I don't know," Brook reluctantly replied. "I WOULD be cheating on your father if I had sex with you, but you would never say anything, right?"

"Of course not, and if I never said anything about it, how else would dad ever find out?"

"True, he wouldn't."

"Exactly."

"Are you sure you wouldn't regret it and hate me tomorrow?" Brook asked him.

"I wouldn’t regret a thing, and I would certainly never hate you, mom."

"We couldn't let this become a regular thing, Hunter," Brook warned. "We could only do it for an hour, like you talked about being able to do, and I'll be satisfied with that. Tomorrow morning, we wake up and act like nothing happened, understood?"

"Deal," her boy replied.

Brook fed him a tender peck on the lips. "Are you sure you want this?" she whispered, as the realization of what was about to happen sunk in. "You REALLY wanna have sex with your mother?"

"Yeah…I’m ready."

"I noticed," his mother giggled, nudging against his rigid pecker. "Can I feel you…with my hand?"

"Of course you can," his anxious voice replied.

Hunter felt his mom slide her hand onto his cock and fondle it through his briefs. He let out a delightful sigh from being touched from someone besides himself. The fact that the ‘someone’ was his own mother was an added thrill.

"Oh, honey…you're really big!" Brook expressed, letting her fingers clench up his thick stalk. She certainly wasn’t over-exaggerating by telling him this. Hunter's erection felt much longer and fatter than her husband's. It was capped by a bulbous crown that she knew

would feel divine plunging through her neglected cunt. "It’s so HARD!"

"I told you it was ready," he replied.

She brought her lips close to his, still fondling his erection. "I'm ready too. Wanna feel?" Brook whispered.

"You mean…touch you…down there?"

"Sure, but get your briefs off first."

The teen quickly shucked his underwear off and his mom's hand went back to his naked cock. She wrapped her fist around the shaft, feeling it's girth.

"Oh my God…what a dick!" she excitedly gasped. "Touch me, honey."

Hunter reached down between his mom’s legs and felt her shaved cunt. It felt so soft and smooth. He shuddered excitedly as his finger slipped between her puffy flanges, feeling her juicy coral slit. "Oh wow…you ARE wet, mom!" he breathed.

Brook giggled wickedly. "A hard penis and wet vagina are the two ingredients to satisfying sex. Can you give that to me for an hour, Hunter? Satisfying sex?" she asked.

"Absolutely!"

"And wake up in the morning and forget all about it?"

"Yes, I can do that."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive!"

Brook suddenly rolled onto her back, pulling her son on top of her. Hunter felt his mom's warm thighs splay open widely beneath him. "Get inside me!" she wantonly hissed, rubbing their genitals together so her son could gain entry.

Hunter's heart was about beating out of his chest with excitement. He could hardly believe he was about to fuck his own beautiful mom. He knew from the dry hump they had shared during charades that this would be the most incredible sex for him to date, and he hoped it would be for her also.

His fat, leaky knob prodded against her outer labium, then found her slightly unfurled fissure and sunk into her vestibule. A mutual gasp filled the bunk room as his throbbing crown slipped inside the tube of her vagina in delightful penetration. It sliced through her collapsed cuntal walls, her secretions smearing on his pink boner as it crammed inside her.

"Oh, damn!" the boy whimpered, spearing his cock all the way in and holding it there. He was certainly used to bottoming out inside a girl; feeling the ring of her cervical head kiss his knob, but experiencing it with his own mom was altogether different. Brook's ectocervix was well-pronounced, from having had children, and was like a set of round, puckered lips smothering her son's peter-tip. Her birthing tube was intensely snug and lined with rows of bulging ridges that clung tightly to her son's cock-meat. The heat that radiated from her lining was unlike that of any girl the boy had ever been with.

Hunter slowly withdrew, until only his knob remained inside her, then again he drilled back up the clasping flesh of his mom's cunt, feeling it mold wetly to the outline of his prick.

Brook tightened her fuck-muscles, giving her boy a taste of what he was in for. She was anxious to be pounded hard, but knew that a short introductory-period was necessary, so that they could get a

feel for being joined together for the first time. "Oh God, you feel good, honey!" she assured him.

"You feel incredible too!" the boy replied, mashing the root of his cock right up against her vestibule, making his long rigid cock-muscle stretch her uteri.

The lusty mother swiveled her hips beneath him, setting them in motion.

"Fuck me, Hunter!" she gasped.

The teen began to drill his thick tool into his mom at a faster tempo, making his her huff from the power of each thrust. "Yes! Like that!" she squealed as her son found that same wonderful rhythm he'd dry-fucked her in during their charades game.

Hunter's prick began making slippery, meaty sounds as it thundered through her vaginal socket. He certainly didn't expect that he'd make his mom cum so soon, but she began making squeals of delight, humping beneath him in counterpoint. Brook's cuntal walls began quivering and spewing around him. "OH, GOD, HONEY…I'M CUMMING!" she loudly announcing, clinging to her humping teen.

"OH, WOW!" the boy moaned, feeling the muscles in her spasming vagina ripple up and down the pumping cylinder of his cock.

True to his word, Hunter continued fucking her. He couldn't believe how heavenly her body felt beneath his. The t-shirt still covered his mom's fat tits, but he could feel them sloshing around between them as he pumped into her in the pitch darkness.

As her son fucked her, Brook was taken back to her High School days, where boys cocks were big and rigid. She could feel the thick, rounded projecting border of her son's corona slipping along her corrugated walls, sending ripples of pleasure up and down her squeezing twat. She felt his cock-shaft flex powerfully, making the

big veins running along his stalk bulge obscenely. "Oh, fuck…this is so perfect!" her sexy voice whimpered, feeling herself build towards a second climax.

She clasped her bucking boy tighter in her arms, amazed by his sexual energy as he drilled through her pussy with consistent vigor. His deep, womb-crushing thrusts were unlike any she'd ever experienced.

As a juicy climax rose quickly towards its peak, she began wildly bucking and churning her hips beneath him, responding to the primitive passion that had overtaken both of them. "Cuuuummmmiiiiinngg!!" she squealed, her pretty face twisting in ecstasy.

Hunter arched his head back, snarling and clenching his teeth together in a pleasure-grimace. The hot, slick walls of his mom's pussy expanded and contracted around the meaty thickness of his boner, making it feel as though her spongy walls were chewing on his peter-meat wonderfully.

On and on they fucked, his balls slapping wetly against his mom's fleshy ass. They were nearing a half-hour since they'd started, and the blankets were now thrown off their sweat-sheened bodies. Brook's silky mommy-legs were now harnessed up around her boy, high on his back. She used them to pull at him, pumping her ass from the mattress, so she could tirelessly meet her son's every thrust.

"Kiss me, honey!" the mother's gasping voice urged.

Hunter obliged, engaging his mom in tender smooching that became more and more passionate the longer it went on. Soon, their lips were fused in open ovals and their tongues were dueling wildly inside Hunter's mouth.

At this point, the well-fucked mother was in awe of her son's sexual abilities. Not only did he clearly have the stamina he bragged about, but his big dick was perfectly suited for her needy cunt. She could feel every ridge and sinew of his jutting prick plowing deliciously along the tingling nerves that lined her cuntal walls. The mixture of her juices and her boy's pre-ejaculate had created a bubbly froth that coated his erection, making the perfect cocktail that lubricated the heated engagement of their pink genital flesh.

"Oh my God, you're amazing!" the mother panted between kisses. Her boy had already made the sex she'd had with her husband lately seem laughable.

Hunter grasped the outsides of his mom's thick thighs and slightly changed his angle of attack. He beat his boner hard through the tube of her vagina, feeling her splayed outer-flanges SMACK sloppily against his cock-base. It didn't take him long to find the spot inside her that he was searching for. It was on his mom's frontal wall and seemed slightly rougher than the rest of her vaginal canal. The skilled cunt-fucker was repositioned just right so his angry knob could dig right past it, stimulating his mother's G-spot.

To say that Brook was impressed by his sudden adjustment was an understatement. Her boy clearly had a knowledge of female anatomy and where to provide a woman with the greatest pleasure. She could feel her son's powerful cock stimulating the interior root of her clitoris, making her clench her toes from an impending climax.

Hunter suddenly thrust forward, burying his cock to the hilt and letting it soak in the warmth and moisture of his mom's deliciously-tight cunt.

"HHHUUHHHFFF!" the teen's voice trembled, feeling her strong fuck-muscles clamp down on him. Brook was patient, knowing he was only pausing to let his orgasm subside so he could keep pounding the shit out of her.

"OOOOHHHH!" she squealed, and a wonderful shudder shook her heavy-titted body as her boy began fucking again, laying into her savagely.

Her silky legs twisted down his back as she felt a series of rhythmic contractions in her uterus, vagina and pelvic floor muscles. She convulsed in pleasure, clinging frantically to her cunt-pumping teen. Their sweaty bodies rocked and humped in such a violent fuck that they nearly bounced off the bed.

"FUUUCK!" Hunter grunted, feeling his mother's clinging limbs tremble around him. She dug her long nails into his ass, pulling her knees back so her splayed thighs formed a wide V. She pulled her boy against her crotch with all her strength, making him stab his prick in to its base. Then, Brook let out a piercing scream and Hunter heard her cunt SQUELCH around his cock-base as his fully-sheathed prick was bathed in hot female ejaculate.

This type of pleasure was unlike anything the boy had ever experienced, and even though he was just shy of the hour he'd promised, the sensations on his cock were just too tremendous.

Brook was still reeling in her own climax, clinging to her boy as he continued fucking his swollen dong into her with greater intensity. His hard, womb-crushing thrusts were making her sexy body bounce all over the bunk and she loved it! She worked her twat on his pounding piston, knowing he was close to cumming. "Yes, honey… pour it into me!!" she cried out encouragingly.

Hunter suddenly jerked and grunted, as long, fat jets of cum began erupting from his piss-slit, painting his mom's quivering pink walls with his goo. For several body-quivering minutes the two of them panted and writhed in sexual delight before finally going still and drifting off to sleep.

"How was your rest?" Brook asked her son as he emerged from the bunk room the next morning.

"I slept like a rock," he replied as he moved up beside her. She was busy preparing breakfast for them.

"Me too."

"Did THAT, um…really happen last night?" Hunter asked. "Or was I dreaming it?"

His mom looked at him and smiled. "You mean did we have sex?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Yes, we did…and I know we agreed not to talk about it, but I think we should," she stated.

"Oh, are you, um…feeling guilty?"

"No-no, nothing like that, honey. I just meant we should talk about how it was for us, since we both kind of passed out after we were finished."

"What did you think about it?" Hunter asked.

She looked into his eyes and smiled. "I thought it was pretty damn amazing."

"I agree," he replied. His heart swelled with pride. Knowing that he had pleased a mature woman like his mother was a major confidence booster.

"There…we both said it, and now that we've gotten that out of the way, we'll just…move on and forget all about it, ok?"

"Sure, mom."

For the most part they were successful in not talking about it for the rest of the day, although not actually thinking about it was quite

another story.

They tried to busy themselves as best they could, but every time their eyes met it was clear that they were still dwelling on that wonderfully hour.

Brook spent a lot of time playing with the baby, but as the end of the day approached and bedtime came, events of the prior night where on the forefront of both their minds.

"You don't feel guilty at all, right?" the mother asked as they lay in the darkness, each on their own bunk.

"No…do you?"

"No, I mean…I probably should. I've betrayed my marriage in the worst way possibly, but I think because it was with you, it just doesn't seem like much of a transgression to me."

"It was pretty incredible. I've never had sex like THAT before…ever!" the teen confessed.

"You may not believe me, but I haven't either, honey. I mean, I've had some great sex before, don't get me wrong, but what you and I did last night was on a whole other level."

It was music to Hunter's ears. "Based on how many orgasms you had, mom, I can definitely believe that."

Brook giggled. "Oh my God, I lost count after six."

"If we had gone that full hour I could have given you more. Sorry."

"It was VERY close to an hour, honey. Besides, you have nothing to apologize about. You were screwing me at an incredible pace for that long. Not many guys can do that."

"Well, that's the hardest position to last that long in. In other positions I can last longer."

"Really?" his mom asked, her interest suddenly piqued.

"Yeah, depending on the position."

Brook didn't wanna ask it, but couldn't help herself, since it was her favorite sexual position. "How long can you last on your back…with a girl on top of you?"

"Probably two to three hours."

The room grew silent for a good minute, then Hunter continued to speak.

"Are you ok down there, mom?"

"Yes…so much for us not talking about last night, huh? We should probably sleep now. Goodnight, honey."

"Goodnight."

The next morning, Hunter woke up to his mom crawling over him beneath the blanket. She wore a thin top and her breasts spread across his chest as she lowered onto him, staring into his eyes intently. "You're wrong about what you said last night," she told him.

"Which part."

"The part where you said you'd last three hours. You wouldn't last nearly that long, with ME on top of you."

"No, I'm pretty sure I could," her son confidently replied.

The mother giggled doubtfully. "Honey, there's a big difference between how a High School girl would ride you and how a mom like me would ride you," she informed him. "With someone with my

experience on top of you, you wouldn't last as long as you think you would."

"I don't know…the girls I've been with have been pretty good at it, mom."

"I don't care how good they were, I guarantee you wouldn't last half as long with me."

"Is that a challenge?" the boy bravely asked.

"No…we agreed to not have sex again, remember? I'm just saying…"

"Well, I guess we'll have to agree to disagree on this one then."

With her knees astride his him, the mother nudged her panty clad cunt against his boner. "It certainly didn't take you long to get hard. I just got up here," she giggled.

"It's morning wood. I probably had it before you arrived."

"No, I would have noticed."

"Well, maybe I did just get hard, but what do you expect, mom? Look at the way you're laying on me."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said with a cute pouty face, then sat upright so she was straddling him.

Hunter gasped and his eyes widened. His mom was wearing a snug tank top and clearly no bra. Her huge tits jutted outward, stretching the thin top and looming over him. He could clearly see her rubbery nipples protruding out from beneath the fabric. "Is that better?" Brook asked with a teasing smile, peeking down over the swell of her knockers.

"Not hardly," the boy replied.

"What's wrong, honey…you look a little embarrassed? Are you not used to seeing a girl with boobs this big on top of you?" she teased.

"I'm not embarrassed."

"Uh-huh. Just so you know….these…" said Brook, rocking her shoulders and making her tits wobble, "these are one of the reasons I don't think you'd last as long as you say you can."

"Your boobs?"

"Yep, especially if you and I were having sex and I had my top off."

"Why do you think that?"

"Well, I guarantee none of the girls you've been with have anything like these," Brook answered, thrusting her chest out.

"I won't argue there. Nothing even close."

"And the things these big ol' boobs would do, if I was vigorously working you from the top…well, I'll just let you use your own imagination on that one, honey."

"I get that you wouldn't think I'd last as long with someone like you, but an opinion is all it'll every be, mom, unless I have the chance to prove myself," he expressed, peering down at her bare vulva hugging his tubular bulge.

"I see what you're trying to do."

"What?"

"Force my hand so I'll have sex with you again."

"Hey, I was still sleeping. You were the one who came up here."

"Just to set you straight, Mr. Confident!"

"Well, apparently that didn't work, because I'm just as confident as I was last night," Hunter boasted.

"So…I'm gonna have to ride your dick to make my point, is that what you're saying?"

"That sounds about like the only way we'll settle this."

She looked into his eyes lustfully and smiled. "ONE MORE TIME…and then we're done, got it?" she stated.

"Got it!" her boy nodded, even though he was beginning to doubt her resolve.

Brook suddenly grasped the bottom of her tank top, then peeled it off over her head. Her boy's eyes doubled in size as her huge, fat tits bobbled free of the garment. "Damn, mom!" he muttered out-loud.

"Looks like you won't have to imagine what these tits do when I fuck after all, honey," Brook smiled, climbing off him for a moment. "Get those briefs off!"

Hunter quickly shed his underwear, studying his mom's oversized tits. Her areolas were twice as wide as those of any girl he'd ever fucked, and thickly textured. Jutting from their centers were protuberant teats that begged to be sucked on.

Brook threw her leg back across him, mounting his young loins. One big thing that made today different than the last time they'd fucked was the Hunter could see everything. He watched in excited wonder as his mom grasped his steely cock with her hand and fit its tapered tip to the folds of her vulva. The sight of his own erection sinking into his mother's pussy was extremely thrilling.

Brook's enormous tits began to jump around on her chest as she humped her ass up and down, fucking her son's cock deep into her

heated pleasure-hole. The satisfying stiffness of his long teenage cock made her tremble with excitement.

The boy grasped his mom's wide hips, feeling his erection jab to her cervix on every thrust. His lusty eyes traveled her upper half, starting at the shave cunt that was splayed around his meaty cock. The engorged hood of her clitoris was slightly retracted, so he could see the fat nubbin of her clit.

He marveled at how his cock already glistened with fuck-oil as it squeezed in and out of her honeyed hole. The teen's gaze drifted up her tapered belly to the tremendous breasts bouncing and rippling on her chest.

"Oh, God you feel good, honey!" the humping mother gasped, her thick ass-cheeks jiggling as she feverishly fucked her horny vagina along the length of his jutting boner.

She leaned forward, gripping her son's shoulders as she rhythmically fucked his cock. Now her dangling milkers were swinging up and back in unison to the motion of her body, just above her boy's ogling eyes.

"Damn, you were right, mom. It is pretty amazing the way your tits move around when you do this," Hunter expressed.

"Your suddenly not feeling so confident in your sexual abilities, are you, hotshot?"

"I’m still just as sure as ever that I can go for a long time."

"We'll see about that," said the mother as she went from humping to grinding, swiveling her lush mommy-hips up and back, stirring her boy's horny peter around inside her sex chamber.

Hunter couldn't keep his eyes off her huge tits. The way they bounced and wobbled around to her every rhythmic movement

absolutely mesmerized him. He finally got the nerve to grab her arm and pull her down, so his face sunk into her jiggling cleavage while they fucked. The boob-obsessed teen kissed her inner slopes, marveling at their creamy contours. Because Brook had recently given birth, her blue mammary veins were clearly visible through the skin and Hunter traced one with his tongue, traveling deep into the canyon that separated her wobbling wonders.

"So big!" he sighed, kissing his way back up along one of them until he reached the nipple.

Brooks eyes fluttered back in their sockets as she felt her son latch to her swollen teat. He suctioned it into his lusty mouth, sealing his lips around the fringe of her areola.

Even though his mom wasn't nursing his newborn sister, that didn't mean she wasn’t producing milk. Warm, tasty nectar seeped from her mammy-ducts, flowing down his throat. The taste excited Hunter immensely, making his cock flex in full hardness. "Mmnngfff," the teen whimpered, feeling his tender glans slice up through the wet, spongy heat of his mom's cunt tube, while he rolled his tongue sloppily all over her rubbery tit-cap.

Brook's heavy breathing slowly built to a tremendous orgasm. "OH, GOD, I’M CUMMING, HUNTER!" she finally cried out as she pounded her cunt on the dreamy hardness of his shaft.

She shook in ecstasy as the spasms of a feverish cum swept through her mature body. The way her boy was gorged on the peak of her tit, tugging on her nipple and lashing it with his tongue made her climax even more earthshattering.

Nearly an hour later they were still fucking their asses off; their heated bodies coated in a glistening sheen of sweat. Their wet, sticky crotches smacked together lewdly as Hunter thrust his ass from the bunk, pistoning his blood-engorged organ up through his mom's clasping tunnel of love.

Brook’s rounded mommy-ass sprung up and down, meeting her teen's frantic humps with ones of her own. The fatty flesh of her perspiration-sheened butt-meat rippled deliciously as their bellies beat together in feverish intercourse.

They kissed with wild, uninhibited passion, their tongues wrestling like two pink snakes in a mating ball.

For nearly an hour-and-a-half, Hunter had been able to fuck his mom without cumming and his cock retained it's full rock-hardness. It traveled up through the tube of his mother's vagina in a steady tempo, squeezing fluidly along her wet, corrugated walls. His meaty stalk was coated in frothy cream as a result of his mother's numerous female ejaculations. The puffy ring of Brook's cervical head had become smeared with sticky pre-goo and hot, vaginal mucus as the engorged tip of her boy's spear smashed against it on every powerful thrust.

The sexually flushed mother paused fucking him for a moment as she heard the baby whimper from the next room. "Shoot…your sister's starting to cry. I probably woke her up with that last orgasm," Brook stated.

"Yeah, you were screaming pretty loud on that one, mom."

"It's YOUR fault!" she teased. "If you weren’t such a sexual Superman I wouldn't have cum so hard."

"Do you really want me to apologize for that?" Hunter asked, watching his mom sit upright, so her jugs ballooned obscenely over him. Her fat nipples were red and distended from all the sucking he'd been doing.

"Don't you dare apologize," his mom smiled, then clenched her fuck-muscles around his fully embedded cock. "As soon as I get her fed, we're gonna pick up where we left off."

Brook climbed off him and Hunter marvel at how soaking wet his erection was as it flopped back against his abdomen. He sat up on the top bunk and watched his mom pad away to tend to the baby, licking his lips as he watched her meaty bare buttock undulate atop her sexy legs. "Nice ass, lady!" he complimented.

His mother stopped in the doorway and fed him a flattered gaze. "Thanks," she replied, then gave her rounded derriere a teasing wag.

Hunter decided that since she was walking through the bunker naked that he would too. After climbing down off his bunk, he wandered into the main living space. His mom had stopped the baby from crying, but was preparing her a bottle. She saw her son enter the room and her eyes immediately drifted down to his jutting boner. "Well…hello there!" she giggled.

"I figured you might need some company."

"You did, huh?" Brook smiled. She closed the baby's bottle and shook it vigorously, mixing in the formula. This caused her ballooning udders to bobble around wonderfully for her boy.

"Damn, mom," Hunter uttered, reaching down to grasp his aching cock.

"Are you ok, honey?" she giggled, stepping up to him. It delighted her that she was turning him on with her naked body.

"You're just…so sexy!"

Her pretty eyes drifted down his chiseled torso and back up. "So are you," she whispered as they shared a passionate gaze for a moment.

"Wanna fuck me from behind for a few minutes…before I feed your sister?"

Brook boldly asked.

Her son gulped excitedly, his hardon flexing upward in response. "Sure!"

Brook set the bottle down on the table, then bent over, leaning against the edge of it and pointed her thick, rounded ass back at her boy. Below her buns were the puffy outer lips of her shaved pudenda, divided by the dark cleft of her cunt-slit. She peeked back over her shoulder and smiled. "Are you gonna stand there staring, honey…or are you gonna come take another trip to pound town," Brook asked, wagging her puffy twat invitingly.

Hunter stepped over and mounted his mom's haunches. He loved the way she gasped as he speared his muscled cock up into her heated birthing tube. The excited teen grasped her wide hips and began fucking her from behind with rapid thrusts. "There you go, baby…hit it just like that!" Brook encouraged.

"Oh, yeah!" the teen gleefully sighed as he pumped his cock into her, watching her fatty ass-cheeks ripple as they beat against his midsection.

Brook pumped her cunt back onto her son's rigid shaft with equal vigor.

Her tits hung down off her chest like big, milk-engorged udders, swinging pendulously to their fuck-rhythm.

"Slap my ass, Hunter!" she gasped lustfully.

Her boy complied, giving her a sharp strike to her humping buttocks.

"Again! Slap me fucking harder!"

Hunter loved that his mom was being so nasty. He drew his open hand back, then smacked her meaty rump again, harder this time,

making her butt-flesh ripple wonderfully. He got a huge rush out of watching his thick, vein-encrusted shaft plunge in and out, soaked with his mom's secretions.

He could see the pink tissue surrounding her vaginal opening cling to his cock each time he slid it out. Then, he socked his prick home again, cramming her pussy full of big teenage cock-flesh.

The heavy-breasted mother brought herself upright, with her back against Hunter's chest, but continued thrusting her cunt back on his pleasure-pole.

She took her boy's hands in hers and brought them to her bobbling tits.

Hunter caught on, sinking his fingers into her fatty orbs, groping them while they fucked.

"You like pounding your own mom from behind like this, you naughty boy?" she asked, her voice quivering from the impact of their humping bodies.

"I love it!"

"You think your man enough to hold me up and fuck me like a rag doll?"

"How do you mean?"

Brook quickly moved forward, slipping her boy's prick from her socket. She turned and licked her lips lasciviously, watching his glistening, steely erection wag like a tree branch in the wind. She stepped forward, then sprung from the floor gracefully, wrapping her luscious legs around him and her arms snugly around his neck. "This way!" she answered.

Hunter grasped her thighs to hold onto her as he felt Brook reach down and feed his cock back inside her hungry cunt. He quickly backed her against the wall and resumed pounding into her. "Mmmnn," Brook whimpered, while frantically sharing a deep French kiss with her teen. She had always dreamed about being fucked this way, but could never count on it from her husband.

The humping teenager snarled with fuck-passion, feeling his mom's cuntal muscles contract, compressing the spongy tube of her organ grinder around his burrowing prick. The squishy softness of her fat tits smothered his young chest, sandwiched between them. Her turgid teats prodded at his flesh, smearing him with the sticky tit-nectar that seeped from her ducts.

"Oh God, yes…you're gonna make me cum!" Brook squealed, clawing at his back and gyrating her pelvis, bucking against every penetrating thrust.

Hunter panted like a performing athlete, watching in awe as his mom arched her beautiful body back, separating their chests, but hanging onto his shoulders. Her pretty face contorted with pleasure, letting out the most wonderful orgasmic scream he'd ever heard. He socked his prick in even harder, making her king-sized mammaries leap up and down wildly.

"AHHH SHIT!" the boy hissed, feeling her tight cunt-tunnel chew at his cock-meat. Brook's urethral meatus bulged along the top of her son's driving cock-shaft, then exploded with a surge of female ejaculate, making her hot orgasmic juices splatter between their hammering crotches.

Hunter felt a wonderful tingle, deep in his prostate that began to swell outward into his dick and balls. "OH, DAMN, MOM…I'M GONNA CUM!!" he announced.

"Yess! Cum inside meeee!" Brook shouted, still reeling in her own climax.

She felt her son's boner swell up even fatter, his knob mushrooming as it knocked against her back wall. Then, her boy let out a guttural grunt and she felt thick, potent ropes of baby-batter begin filling her unprotected pussy.

Hunter felt like he was pumping a gallon of jizz into his mom as he thrust against the warm, silky saddle of her circled thighs. He shuddered in ecstasy, stabbing his long, muscled love-organ in as deep as he could and holding it there, so his mom labial lips formed a tight seal right down around his cock-root. His boner gave off another powerful pulsation, spitting more cock-cream out his piss-slit and splattering it against the gate to the womb that once held him.

"Hunter, we should, um…talk," his mom said later, joining him on the couch.

"We got carried away, didn't we?" he asked, fully expecting to have this conversation with her. They hadn't talked much about their sexual episode all day.

"I guess you could say that, but I'm not blaming you. I'm just as guilty as you are for initiating what happened earlier today."

"So, let me guess…you want it to stop?"

"I think…at this point, that's an unrealistic goal for us," she answered.

"You do?"

"Yes, I mean…we keep saying we won't have sex and then we do. We clearly enjoy fucking each other. It can't go on for ever, I think we both know that. However, as long as we're down here in the bunker, and we don't have anyone else to meet our sexual needs, I don't see any issue with us going on like we have been."

Hunter's face lit up with a smile. "Really?"

"Yes, but the second we're out of here it has to stop, ok?"

"Of course."

"Your father would be crushed if he knew about the amount of cum that you've already pumped inside me."

"Well, don't expect that to change…now that you've given me the green light, mom."

"I don't expect it to change, but we may have a problem."

"A problem?"

"Yes. I'm pretty sure I'm starting my ovulation cycle today, which means there's a chance I could get pregnant."

"Even after you just had a baby?"

Brook giggled. "Yes, honey. Your sister is seven weeks old. My body is more than capable of getting pregnant right now."

"Oh, well, uh…sorry, mom…I didn't bring any condoms down here with me."

"It doesn't matter. Even if you had I wouldn't want you wearing them. I despise condoms."

"So, how do you propose we keep you from getting pregnant? Should I pull out?" Hunter asked.

"God no…don't pull out!" Brook blurted adamantly. "I guess the reason I brought it up wasn't to figure out a solution, but rather just to ask you if you'd be horrified if YOU DID get me pregnant."

"Oh."

"So…would you?"

"No, of course not. That would be extremely hot actually!"

Brook giggled. "Knocking your mom up would be 'extremely hot,' huh?"

"Yeah, I mean…to know the baby was a result of all those hot body fluids that we've been sharing."

"We would make a cute baby, you and I," the mother stated.

"Yeah we would. The only sucky part would be…"

"What?" Brook asked.

"Never mind."

"Let me guess…" she said, then straddled her boy on the sofa, nuzzling their horny crotches together. "You'd be sad because you couldn't fuck your pregnant mom?"

"Exactly."

"You couldn't lay in bed and be smothered by a big, round belly and huge, milky tits, while you feel a tight, pregnant pussy slide up and down your cock," she seductively teased.

"Damn, mom…are you trying to get me all worked up right now?"

"Well…I just put the baby down, so maybe I am," she whispered, then slowly licked his cheek. "Maybe I'm trying to get a piece of that big, yummy dick."

"I'll gladly give you a piece."

"Anywhere I want it?"

"Sure."

She stared into his eyes lustfully. "Even in my ass?" she whispered.

"Anal?"

"I used to love anal sex in High School, but your dad is not a fan of it. I would love to have a big, strong cock pounding through my asshole again. It's been so long."

"Your wish is my command," her son offered.

"Do you have any naughty wishes that you want ME to grant?" Brook asked.

"Will you suck my dick?"

"Ewe, no!"

"Really?!" Hunter asked, his heart sinking.

"I'm kidding," his mother giggled. "Of course I'll suck your dick."

She slithered down between his legs, onto the floor and started undoing his pant. "Right now in fact," she stated in a sultry tone.

She wrapped her hand around her son's stalk, pointing it upward so she could attack his glans with his tongue. Hunter sighed in delight as he watched his mom's long licker whip all over his fat crown. "You like that?"

Brook whispered.

"Heck yes," he replied, then watched his mom kiss her way down his cock and back up.

She opened her mouth and slipped his dick in, sucking it like a juicy popsicle. Slowly, she began to bob her head, sucking a good portion of his rock-hard shaft. The slurping, gulping sounds of a good

blowjob filled the main living area as Brook sucked her boy's delicious cock with gusto.

"Ohh damn, mom," Hunter sighed, watching her pretty head go up and down on his dick. He winced in delight as she sunk her lips to his cock-base, burying all his meat in her warm, clasping mouth and throat.

She came up for air and gazed at him with her watery eyes. "Do you like the way mom sucks your dick?" she whispered teasingly around his saliva-coated cockhead. Then, she popped the spongy crown back into her mouth and resumed sucking.

The experienced cock-sucking mother wrapped her fist around the base of his prick and beat it into her mouth while she sucked. Her throat gurgled obscenely and she tugged hard and fast as if she was intent on pulling the meat of Hunter's prick out of its root.

The teen began to breath heavily from the pleasure of a good dick-sucking.

He could feel the tip of his mom's tongue plowing across the elastic band that connected his foreskin to his glans. "Holy shit! Mom can REALLY suck dick!" he deliriously thought.

Brook could feel her boy's prick swell in her mouth. Giving amazing blowjobs was always something she prided herself in. She just never imagined that she be sucking her own son's boner. Hunter had a delicious dick. The pre-jizz that seeped from his piss-slit was thick and sweet, sizzling wonderfully on the mother's taste buds.

"You know you wanna pour that hot pecker-cream down mommy's throat,"

Brook teased, then resumed gorging herself on his erection.

"Ahh, here it comes, mom!" the boy gasped.

The first spurt of jism pumped out so hard that Brook never had a chance to taste it. It made her gag as it sailed straight down her throat. Then, as more cream flooded her mouth, she moaned in satisfaction, swirling her tongue through a growing pool of spunk. She gulped down a big mouthful to make room for more, sucking and stroking on the spewing slab of dick.

Even after Hunter's orgasm stopped the mother lovingly licked and kissed his swollen knob, refusing to let a drop of his sperm escape her tongue.

"How was that for a blowjob?" she asked her breathless boy.

"Best I've ever had, mom…and I'm not just saying that."

"You're still hard, honey," she gleefully observed, giving his cock a few rejuvenating strokes. "A you ready to make MY wish come true now?"

"Sure."

"Go wait for me in the bunk room. I have something sexy I wanna try on for you."

Hunter went into the next room and waited anxious for his mom to arrive.

It didn't take Brook long to appear, wearing a skimpy, pink sheer nighty.

"What do you think?" she asked, striking a sexy pose in the doorway.

Hunter's tongue nearly hung from his mouth as he gawked at her voluptuous body. He could see her oversized milkers and shaved pussy almost as clearly as if they were naked. "What do I think?" he repeated. "I think I wanna have sex with you all night!"

"That can be arranged," his mom giggled, then came over and sat on the edge of the bunk. She pulled down his boxer briefs, releasing his huge, erect dong. "Good grief, Hunter…can that beautiful thing get any more erect?!" she sarcastically asked.

"I doubt it," the teen smiled, looking down at his jutting prick proudly. He loved the way his mom was sitting there dotting over it. "If I recall…you have somewhere special you wanted it tonight, right?"

His mom's lips curled mischievously. "I do, but this hole doesn't self-lubricate, like my other one does, so I'm gonna slicken your cock up with saliva."

"OK by me," Hunter replied, then watched his mom let trickles of spit drool from her mouth, onto his boner. It was certainly a surreal sight; one he thought he'd never see.

"There…that should be good. Ready to pound that big thing through mom's asshole?" she asked with an anxious smile.

"Ready when you are."

Brook got on all-fours on the bottom bunk, sticking her lovely ass off the side. Her son's heart skipped a beat when he saw the crinkled ring of her pink butthole, peeking out from between her rounded buns. "Come on, baby…come fill my ass with that fat dick," his mom urged, wagging her naked rump.

Hunter eagerly stepped forward, then squeezed his knob through his mom's puckered, rubbery asshole lips. He didn't need to thrust. Brook was so anxious to have her bowels packed with boy-cock that she pushed her ass back on him burying nearly his entire shaft.

"Oh, wow!" the teen sighed, feeling her warm, smooth ass-walls grip his peter-meat.

"Is this your first piece of ass, honey?"

"UU-huh," he muttered, staring at the way his mom's sphincter stretched around his thick stalk, with only a few inches left to push inside her.

"Well…I'm honored to be your first. Push it all the way in," she urged.

Hunter grasped her hips, then sunk his steely prick in to its hilt. "Ahh!" he sighed, feeling his sensitive knob carve through her rectum, pushing deep into her bowels.

Once her son started fucking and she adjusted to the thickness of his cock, the mother's body shuddered from the wonderful anal friction. "Fuck my ass harder!" she urged, pushing back to meet his thrusts.

Hunter complied, fucking his cock through the hot, rubbery sheath of her ass-tract at a faster tempo. The pressure of her clasping butt-tunnel and the tight ring of her asshole was incredible, creating the type of friction that made the teen's balls clench up in their sack.

Brook reached between her legs and shamelessly stroked her fat clit, feeling her boy's perfect dick glide through her shit-tube. "Oh, God… this feels so good, baby!" she whimpered.

Hunter decided to do something bold that he knew his mom would like. He drew his open hand back, the smacked her meaty ass. "Come on, mom…fuck that ass back on my cock!" he demanded, then gave her another hard slap to the buttocks, making her fatty flesh ripple.

The mother gazed back with the lustiest look the boy had ever seen. "Oh, yes…you know what your mom likes, don't you, you fucking dreamboat?"

"I sure do!" he replied, smacking her ass again. He flexed his boner, feeling the constant pressure of her rectal muscles squeeze her anal cavity around the pummeling pink cylinder of his dick.

"I'm cuuuminggg!" Brook squealed, gnashing her pretty teeth together as she felt her anal-insides throb and spasm around her boy's dong.

After squealing and humping her way through a satisfying climax, Brook pulled her butt-socket from her boy's prick, making her asshole clench closed.

Her big boobies bobbled heavily beneath the gown as she grabbed her boy's hand and pulled him onto the bottom bunk with her. "On your back," she demanded.

Hunter complied and watched his sexy mom climb on top of him, planting her knees astride his hips. Brook leaned forward, resting on extended arms and there was plenty of room inside her flimsy nighty for her son to slither inside and rub his face between her big, dangling jugs. He kissed his way up the side of one of her squishy melons, feeling her grasp his throbbing prick and squeeze it back inside her ass. "AHHH!!" they both gasped in unison as Hunter's penile flesh sunk deep into the tight grip of her bowels.

The cock-hungry mother bounced on his young prick, fucking it with her sexy ass. Her lovely, rounded mommy-rump rose and fell in a fervent rhythm, making her boy's cock thunder stiffly through her ass-tract. She thought about how special it was that her son's first go at anal sex was with her.

Hunter sucked his mom's juicy nipples, going from one swinging breast to the other, gorging himself on her leaky tit-caps. He had the type of stamina that provided his mom with the best anal reaming of her life, making her cum twice more before his cum-load splattered deep inside her rectum, filling her ass with hot goo.

Two days later, Hunter and Brook were on the carpeted floor in the main living area fucking their asses off. The mother’s lovely legs were scissored open widely, her dainty bare feet pointed in opposite directions. Her teenage son was on top, fucking savagely, his hairless balls smacking loudly against her upturned ass. Their naked bodies were dripping with sweat, like they’d been at it for several heated hours.

Brook cried out suddenly, arching her back in ecstasy as she was struck with a powerful climax. She'd had too many to count the past two days.

The teen lifted himself off her, looking down and watching his mom's pretty face become masked in pleasure. He loved watching the tears of ecstasy run from eyes as he brought more pleasure than she'd ever experienced with anyone.

"Damn!" he sighed under his breath, watching her heavy, milk-swollen mammaries roll up and down her chest, like fleshy waves to the rhythm of his fuck-thrusts. For endless hours he'd explored every inch of them, taking quite a liking to kissing and sucking on the soft rounded undersides.

Several times he'd nearly passed out from a lack of oxygen, with his face buried beneath one of her tits, sucking like a starving infant at her nipple.

Hunter had pumped out so much hot cum in his mom's pussy and ass the past two day that his balls were almost sore. Yet after each time, he couldn't wait to fuck her again.

He dropped back against her, snarling as he fucked as hard as he could, making his mother's splayed legs shudder in the air each time their crotches collided. Brook was going out of her mind with fuck-lust. She brought her legs down, clutching them to his wildly-humping frame, clawing her nails down his back as she was fucked mercilessly.

"FUUUUCCCKKK MEEEEEEE!!" she screamed, feeling another earthshattering climax sweep through her well-fucked body.

They both suddenly paused as they heard a dull BUZZING sound. "What was that?!" Hunter breathlessly asked.

"BZZZZZZ!"

"There it is again," he pointed out, rising up off his mother. "Is that the door buzzer?"

They both got up, flush from having just fucked so incredibly long and hard, and rushed over to the monitor. It was a camera feed coming from just outside the bunker door. Hunter's father had installed it, along with an intercom system. They were both horrified as they saw Michael, Hunter's father, in the monitor.

"Oh my God, it's your father," Brook exclaimed, looking at her son in horror. She clicked on the intercom and spoke into it. "Michael…um, hi!"

"Hey, guys…I'm home," he waved, "and good news…I think this crises is on its way to getting resolved. You can come out."

"Dang," Hunter uttered, looking at his mom, "I sure am glad this bunker locks from the inside."

"Me too."

There was silence for a moment before Brook peered back over at her son.

"I'm not ready to leave the bunker," she whispered to Hunter.

"I'm not either. I'm having too much fun in here."

His mother fed him a mischievous smile. "I am too."

"He's home though, and said the crises is over. What are we gonna do?"

"Leave this to me, baby," she answered, then turned her ass towards him, bumping against his naked erection. "While I talk to him…why don't you make yourself useful."

Outside the bunker, Michael waited for his wife to answer him back.

Finally, she came back over the intercom. "Honey, we've had a bout of the stomach flu down here, the last thing I want is for you to catch it. I think we should stay down here in the bunker for another day or two, to quarantine, until this passes."

Michael noticed that there was a noise in the background as his wife spoke that sounded an awful lot like flesh smacking against flesh. "Well…uh, ok, babe…whatever you think is best. Do you guys need anything?" he asked.

"No…we have everything we need. Don't worry about us. I know I said a day or two, but it might actually be three or four days, if we can't kick this bug right away."

Michael scratched his head, wondering what that strange SMACKING sound was that was coming from their end. "Babe, what's that noise I'm hearing. It sounds like a striking sound?" he asked.

Back down in the Bunker, Hunter was fucking his mom from behind as she spoke to his dad. His crotch beat against her meaty behind as he pumped his cock through her smoldering cunt-tube.

Brook answered her husband back. "We don't hear anything, honey. It must be some interference or something," she told him.

She stood upright, turning her head and kissing her new love-interest passionately as he continued to feed his erection into her needy cunt.

"Yeah, it must be," Michael answered. "I'll have to have a look at that when you guys come out, maybe have it replaced. Have you and Hunter been getting along OK? I know that being with another person in such a confined space for so long can be tough."

Brook gazed into her son's eyes dreamily. "We've gotten along REALLY well. In fact, being down here has brought us closer together than ever," she answered, then gave her son a sensual Fresh kiss."

"That's great to hear. Are you sure you guys don't need anything from the house?"

Hunter reached up and grasped his mom's boobs while they kissed, taking two great-big handfuls of tit-meat . He felt wonderfully wicked, with his dad in the monitor, while he jabbed his stiff peter through his mom's clutching vagina and felt her tongue flutter with his.

"Are you guys still with me?" Michael asked.

Brook broke the kiss with her son, seeming slightly annoyed with her husband. "Michael, we need to go…Hunter's feeling sick. Please, do me a favor and don't ring the buzzer again, ok? It might wake the baby if she happens to be sleeping. We'll be fine down here for a few more days…you don't need to worry about us."

"All right. You guys get well. I love you."

"We love you too," his wife answered with a wicked smirk.

"Bye, dad," Hunter blurted, squeezing his mom's tits hard and making milk seep out between his fingers.

"Bye, son. Look after your mother down there, alright?"

"Oh, you can count on that," Hunter answered, making his deeply-embedded cock flex inside his mom’s tightly-clasping vagina.

"Bye, hon," Brook said to her husband, then clicked the monitor off.

Hunter’s cock slipped from her pussy as she turned towards him. She took one step forward, draping her arms over his shoulders and squashing her fat, juicy jugs against his chest. "That was fun," she giggled.

"What, that dad was oblivious that I was fucking his wife down here?"

"Yes," she laughed, then got a serious expression. "I didn't lie to him about one thing though."

"What's that?"

"Being down here HAS brought you and I closer than ever."

"I agree," Hunter added, then he and his mom began to kiss like lovers.

Brook finally paused a moment. "Wanna go back over on the floor and fuck your mom doggy-style?" she naughtily asked.

"What do you think?"

The bare naked mother took her boy by the dick and led him away. Her ballooning tits were still sheened with sweat and jiggled with every graceful step. "We definitely need to get a few more cum-loads inside me today,’ she stated, then peeked back at him with her sultry eyes. "You’re suppose to be getting me pregnant, remember?"

Hunter smiled, his boner flexing excitedly in his mom's hand. "Oh yeah…that's right," he answered.

The Hottest Mom on Island X

By Klrxo

Chapter 1: Lost at Sea

For almost two days, the Gregory family's yacht had been sailing in a remote area of the South Pacific, far from any port. Hugh Gregory, an accomplished real estate investor, was also an experienced sailor.

However, this was his first time navigating through these unfamiliar waters.

The sun bore down relentlessly, casting shimmering tendrils across the vast expanse of azure waters. Hugh stood at the helm of his yacht, his firm hands gripping the polished wooden wheel. Beads of sweat trickled down his forehead as his eyes squinted against the relentless glare. The map spread out before him, its crinkled edges a testament to countless hours spent tracing routes and charting courses.

Despite his experience, Hugh couldn't shake the gnawing unease that had settled deep within him since they entered these unfamiliar waters. It was as if a hidden force lurked beneath the surface, challenging his every decision. His fingers tentatively traced the intricate network of lines on the map, seeking guidance amidst the ocean's vastness.

As the yacht cut through the waves, Hugh's wife, Kathy, appeared on deck. Her dark brown hair whipped around her face in the wind as she looked over at her husband with a concerned expression. "Hugh, you seem worried. What's wrong?" she asked.

"It’s nothing, dear. I have everything under control."

Kathy spread her towel out on the deck and removed her bikini cover up. A skimpy black bikini was barely visible against Kathy's tanned skin, hugging her ample curves and accentuating her already impressive tit-cleavage. The fabric strained against the weight of her enormous breasts, threatening to burst at any moment.

"Mind if I lay out with you, mom?" asked her 18-year-old son, Pierce.

"No, darling, of course I don't mind," Kathy answered as she stretched out on her towel, basking in the warmth of the sun. Her boy situated himself just where he usually did, down by her feet.

Pierce's hair was a rich, dark brown, just like his mother's. It fell in messy waves that framed his angular face and accentuated his striking features.

Pierce's body was lean and strong, with defined muscles that hinted at hours spent on the playing field. His arms were sculpted with bulging biceps and his chest was chiseled into a defined six-pack.

Every movement he made seemed fluid and precise, his body perfectly tuned for athleticism.

"What a beautiful day, huh?" asked the boy as he basked in the warmth of the sun, lying on his stomach with his face turned towards his mother. This position gave him a perfect view between her silky legs, all the way to the bikini bottom hugging her crotch and creating an enticing cameltoe.

"Perfect," Kathy replied. She couldn't help but notice the admiring gaze of her son as he took in her vacation attire. She knew that the tight black bikini was pushing the limits of what was socially acceptable, but the thrill of it all was too addictive to resist. She adjusted her body slightly, drawing her son's eyes to her giant tits as they wobbled atop her chest.

Pierce, on the other hand, felt a strange mix of pride and shame as he looked at his mother. He knew that her flaunting of her body was inappropriate, but he couldn't help but be turned on by it. He felt a bulge forming in his shorts, which he was luckily able to hide since he was on his stomach.

Kathy was resting her head on a small cushion, and with her sunglasses on, it was difficult for Pierce to tell if she was gazing at him as they enjoyed the warm rays of the sun. The sweet and seductive scent of his mom's sunscreen mixed with the natural aroma of her skin, creating an intoxicating and alluring aroma that wafted towards the boy.

"Do you think dad knows where he is?" Pierce asked with a hint of concern.

Kathy chuckled, a small smile playing on her lips as she took in the view of her son. She knew that the attention he was giving her wasn't just out of concern for their father. It was a mix of curiosity and lust that she could feel radiating from him like the sun's rays.

"I'm sure your father is doing just fine," she said, trying to reassure both her son and herself. "He's an experienced sailor, after all."

But deep down, she couldn't shake the unease that had settled within her since they entered these unfamiliar waters.

Pierce nodded, satisfied with his mother's response. He observed with fascination as she effortlessly lifted one leg straight up into the air, showcasing her impressive flexibility. She gazed up at the spire of her naked leg and marveled, "I can't believe how much tanner I've gotten since we started this trip." With a playful gesture, she pointed her painted toes towards the sky.

Trapped between his belly and the deck, Pierce's boner flexed with hardness, while staring at his mom's legs. He was taken aback as she lifted her other foot from the deck, leaving both feet suspended

in mid-air. She spread her smooth, tan thighs even wider and sat upright.

"You've gotten dark too, darling," Kathy noted, checking out her son's tan. "Your friends are gonna think we left you on some island and replaced you with a native boy."

Pierce chuckled at her joke, taking a moment to appreciate the relaxed and confident way his mom was sitting in front of him. Her feet were planted firmly on the ground, but her legs were open wide, showing off her shapely figure. Kathy leaned back with her arms extended behind her, pushing her watermelon-sized jugs out proudly.

Her son's eyes widened as he noticed the fat nipples that were protruding out beneath the fabric of her bikini top.

"If I flip over, will you rub some oil on my back, honey?" Kathy asked.

"Sure, mom," Pierce eagerly answered.

Kathy lay on her stomach, making her fat tits bulge out at the sides as they squashed against the deck. Pierce moved closer to her, dimly aware that his erection was tenting his shorts. He reached for the bottle of oil and began to massage it onto his mother's back. Her skin felt smooth and warm under his hands, and the whole process seemed surreal and intimate. As he continued to rub the oil onto her back, he could feel the muscles beneath her skin tense and relax.

"That's perfect, honey," Kathy cooed, her voice low and sultry. "You have such strong hands."

Pierce tried to focus on the task at hand, but the sight of his mother's nearly nude body was proving to be a distraction. Her bikini top was struggling to contain her generous bosom, and he couldn't help but be captivated by the view of her curvaceous derriere. Only

about half of her bikini bottoms were visible since her ass crack had engulfed most of the fabric, leaving the flesh of her rounded bubble butt exposed.

"That's so disgusting!" August, Pierce's sister, exclaimed as she caught her brother leering at their mother's delicious-looking ass as she stepped onto the deck.

"What's disgusting?" asked Pierce.

"The way you're ogling mom's ass like a dog eyeing a juicy steak."

August was 19-years-old, a year older than Pierce and the epitome of a bossy older sister. While she was undoubtedly attractive, she couldn't compete with her mother's stunning beauty.

"I am not ogling mom's ass!" Pierced stated in his defense.

"You are so, pervert!"

Kathy spoke up. "August, that's enough. You're overreacting."

"Overreacting?!" she exclaiming, choosing her own area of the deck to lay out on. "At least I say something, mom. You just lay there in next to nothing and let him drool over you."

"August, you're being ridiculous," Pierce snapped back. "I was just rubbing some oil on mom's back."

"Oh, please," August scoffed. "You were practically drooling over her butt and the way it's spilling out of those bikini bottoms."

"I was not!"

"Yes, you were."

"I swear I wasn't!" pierce shouted.

"You were!"

Kathy smiled at the banter between her children, unable to help but feel a sense of pride at their love and protectiveness for her. She couldn't help but feel grateful that she was getting quality time with them, even if August's words were a bit harsh. "Knock it off, both of you," she said, trying to maintain her calm. "I'm sure Pierce has no problems restraining himself around me."

"Yeah, right," August retorted, rolling her eyes as she glanced at her brother's crotch. "Is that why his boner is nearly bursting from his shorts right now?"

"Enough, young lady," Kathy scolded. She was fully aware that her son was erect beneath his shorts and wasn’t nearly as bothered by it as her daughter was.

As Pierce continued to massage the oil onto his mother's back, he couldn't help but feel a mix of shame and desire. He knew that his sister was watching him, judging him, and he wanted to prove her wrong. But the sight of his mother's nearly-naked body, glistening with oil and tanned to perfection, was proving to be too much for him to resist.

"That's good, darling," Kathy cooed, her voice low and sensual.

"You've reached my shoulders now. Would you mind rubbing some oil on my neck as well?"

Pierce swallowed hard, his erection straining against his shorts.

"Sure, mom," he uttered.

His mom recognized that it might be difficult for him to affective apply oil to to her neck while kneeling beside her. "If it would be easier for you, you can straddle my backside, but I'm sure your

sister will have something to say about that so just ignore her," said Kathy.

Pierce could hardly believe his ears. Only in his dreams did he think he'd get to mount his mother's meaty derriere. He climbed on top of her and began applying the oil to her neck, enjoying the exquisitely plush ass-meat pressed against his rigid cock.

August let out a dramatic sigh and gave them both a disgusted look.

"Couldn't you two just rent a room?" she exclaimed, clearly annoyed by their behavior.

"August, don't even start!" scolded her mother. "He's just applying some oil to my neck. You're the one making it sexual."

"How can I not ‘make it sexual’ when it looks like he fucking you from behind?!"

"Enough!" the mother shouted.

Even though Kathy reassured her daughter that she and her son were not doing anything inappropriate, she couldn't help but feel the way his erection pressed against the deep crevice of her ass.

It wasn't the first time that her son had pressed his erection against her while he was "helping" her with something. Kathy's face flushed with a mix of embarrassment and desire as she remembered the last time it happened. It was during a family picnic when Pierce had helped her adjust her chair, and his erection had nestled against her hip. She couldn't help but feel a thrill of excitement mixed with guilt, knowing that her son was attracted to her in a way that was taboo and forbidden.

Despite her protests, August's words had an effect on her. She couldn't help but wonder if her son's attraction to her was influenced by her own behavior. Was she unintentionally leading him on by

allowing him to see her nearly-naked body, and to touch her in such a way?

As Pierce continued to rub the oil onto her neck, Kathy couldn't help but feel torn between her desires and her responsibilities as a mother. She loved her son more than anything, but she knew that crossing the line with him might have disastrous consequences. She was also aware that August's words held some truth. If Pierce's attraction to her was fueled by her own behavior, then she had a responsibility to be mindful of her actions and set boundaries.

Even so, as she felt her son's erection press against her ass, she couldn't help but feel a surge of desire.

Her thoughts were interrupted by August's voice. "Could you two stop it already? You're grossing me out!" she exclaimed, clearly frustrated by the awkward situation taking place right in front of her.

"Pierce, you'd better stop and climb off me now before your sister loses her mind," said Kathy, rolling her eyes.

Pierce reluctantly complied with his mother's request, sliding off her lusty behind and standing up. His erection was still tenting his shorts, a clear testament to his desire for his mother.

Kathy let out a soft sigh and decided to change the subject. She had noticed that the ocean was becoming choppier, and the waves were starting to rock the boat more than usual. "Hey, have either of you noticed how rough the water is getting?"

Dark storm clouds began to form in the distance, making Hugh even more uneasy as he tried to determine their location. The sea became rough and the wind picked up, making it difficult to maintain a steady course. Hugh's experience on the water was invaluable, but even he couldn't predict the unpredictable nature of the ocean.

His family was growing increasingly uneasy. They had gone below deck, but could feel the boat swaying and rocking under their feet, and the sound of the wind howling through the sails.

Pierce could feel the fatty meat of his mother's tits swaying back and forth against his back as she clung to him from behind. "It looks like things are getting downright nasty out there," Pierce stated.

"Dad's sailed through storms before. He'll get us through this one, honey," Kathy assured him.

As the storm worsened, Hugh decided that it was time to seek shelter from the treacherous weather. He scanned the horizon, looking for any port or safe harbor to pull into. As the waves grew higher, he knew that they couldn't continue to risk their lives out at sea.

Kathy and the kids emerged from the lower deck, their eyes filled with fear. "Will everything be alright, dad?" August asked, her voice trembling as she looked to her father for reassurance.

Hugh struggled to maintain control of the boat, his heart pounding in his chest. "I'm going to try and steer us towards that island over there," he shouted, pointing to a small rocky outcrop in the distance.

"It's our best chance of finding shelter until this storm passes."

Pierce and August exchanged worried glances, their hearts in their throats. They knew that their father had been masterful in navigating the waters, but this storm was unlike any they had ever encountered before.

Kathy nodded, forcing a brave smile. "We'll make it," she said, her voice steady.

Hugh steered the boat with all his might, the wind and waves battering against them. The island seemed to be getting closer, but

it also seemed as though the storm was growing worse.

Suddenly, a bolt of lightning struck the water near the boat, causing them all to jump in fear.

"We have to make it," Hugh shouted, his voice hoarse from shouting over the sound of the storm. "We have to get to that island!"

Kathy clutched her children tightly as they rode out the storm, their eyes wide with terror. They could feel the boat rocking violently beneath them, the wind howling around them like a pack of angry wolves.

Pierce managed to catch a glimpse of the island through the driving rain, the jagged rocks along its shore looming ominously in the darkness. He could only hope that his father's skills would be enough to guide them to safety.

As the storm raged on, time seemed to slow down to a crawl. The boat's bow plunged into the waves, sending water crashing over the deck and into their faces. Hugh gritted his teeth, his hands white-knuckled on the helm, as he fought to keep the boat on course.

Kathy watched her husband with a mixture of awe and fear, her heart swelling with pride at his determination to keep them all safe.

She knew that their lives were in his hands, and she trusted him implicitly.

Suddenly, the yacht's hull smashed against the shallow rocks beneath the surface and the boat lurched violently. The impact sent all four of them flying, and Hugh cried out in pain as he hit his head on the mast, leaving him dazed and groggy.

August began to scream, her terror-stricken voice piercing the air.

Pierce wrestled with the controls, trying to keep the boat from crashing further onto the rocks, but it was no use. The yacht slid onto the jagged rocks, scraping and shuddering as it came to a violent halt. The storm howled all around them, and the wind whipped at the sails, tearing them to pieces.

Kathy clutched at the safety rails, her heart pounding in her chest as she watched the waves crash against the rocks, threatening to capsize the boat at any moment.

"We have to get off the boat!" Pierce yelled, as he realized the extent of the damage.

Hugh, still dazed from the impact, managed to regain his composure and yelled, "Grab the life vests! We're sinking!"

With no time to waste, they quickly grabbed onto any available flotation devices and jumped into the churning sea. The waves tossed them around like ragdolls, but they held on tight to each other and fought their way towards the island.

As they struggled towards the shore, the storm raged on, lightning bolts illuminating the dark sky. The wind howled, whipping at their faces and tearing at their hair. But they didn't give up, driven by the hope of survival and the love for one another.

Minutes later they reached the shore, safely clutching onto each other as they looked back, watching their beloved yacht slowly sink into the ocean, the lights flickering and then going out entirely. It was gone, taken by the treacherous waters, making a sudden wave of grief and loss washed over them.

Kathy and Hugh embraced each other tightly, their children wrapped in their arms, the storm continuing to rage around them. They huddled together, trying to find warmth in the cold wind and rain.

"We should head into the trees," Pierce suggested. "We're getting pelted out here."

The thick foliage of the tropical forest called out to them, offering refuge from the torrential rain and wind. As they made their way deeper into the forest, they could already feel their bodies warming up from the relentless storm outside.

The vegetation was alive with the sound of wildlife, birds chirping and monkeys chattering in the trees overhead. Pierce cautiously led the way, his eyes scanning the surroundings for any potential dangers. Kathy held August's hand tightly, her heart pounding with fear and relief.

As they ventured deeper, Hugh spotted a small clearing, where a stream meandered through the foliage. "This way," he stated, changing their coarse.

They made their way towards the stream, and discovered a small natural cave, offering shelter from the storm. The family huddled together in the cave, the sound of the storm outside seeming to fade away as they sat in silence, wrapped in each other's arms.

"Do you think there's anyone else on this island?" Kathy asked her husband.

"Honestly, I don't know. We should wait for daylight, then we'll have a better look around."

As the storm raged on throughout the night, the family found themselves growing weary. They took turns sitting awake, while the others tried to catch some rest. But as the first rays of sunlight pierced through the dense foliage, they knew it was time to explore what could turn out what could be their new permanent home.

Hugh, with all his experience and knowledge, took the lead as they ventured out into the unknown. The island was lush and green, with

tall trees and thick vines entwined around them. They found fruit and berries, enough to sustain them until they could find help.

"We should probably build a shelter," Pierce suggested. He had watched enough of the Survivor TV show to know that was the first priority.

"Yeah, a wise idea," added his father. "For now we just have to assume that we're the only ones on this island, until we have a chance to explore it further."

"Do you think any of our things survived the wreck?" Kathy asked.

Her husband offered a plan. "Why don't you and Pierce go down to the beach and search for anything that may have washed ashore. August and I will start gathering branches to build a shelter."

Kathy and Pierce made their way down to the beach, where they found some remnants of their belongings, including a few of their clothes, towels, and some of their emergency supplies.

"Well, at least it's something," the mother said, trying to stay positive. "How are you doing, honey? You were so brave last night."

She stepped up and hugged him, mashing her oversized tits against his bare chest.The boy marveled at how warm and spongy they felt crushed against him. "I'm fine, just glad we survived that. Are you doing alright?"

As she held her strong boy, the mother's insides tingled and she felt her clitoris throb beneath its fleshy hood. It was followed by twinge of guilt for experiencing such sensations in the midst of such a dire situation. "I'm fine. Everyone's safe and that's what matters most."

"True," Pierce agreed, enjoying how his mother continued to hold him against her bosom. He was aware that it was not an appropriate time or setting to have an erection, but his body had different ideas.

"Sorry," he uttered as the thick meat of his cock pushed against her belly.

Kathy giggled. "It’s alright, darling. We’re all dealing with the stress of the situation in our own way." She looked down at his growing erection, the fat tip threatening to tear right through the fabric as it pointed up at her.

The boy blushed, feeling embarrassed about his arousal. "I understand, but I probably shouldn't, um…" he trailed off awkwardly.

"Hey, if escaping from a sinking boat, braving a treacherous storm, and surviving on a tropical island doesn’t get you a hardon, I don’t know what will," his mother joked, making them both laugh.

August and Hugh were busy gathering materials for the shelter, working together to find the best branches and securing them into place. As they worked, they began to feel a sense of hope and determination. In order to survive on an island that may not have human inhabitants, they understood the importance of working together.

When they all regrouped ,Kathy and Pierce began gathering armfuls of branches, joining August and Hugh in the task of building their shelter. They all pitched in, with Pierce using his father’s survival skills to secure the branches in place.

As they worked, they found themselves discussing their plan of action: searching for food, gathering more supplies, and exploring the island to see if there were any other inhabitants. They also worked together to ration the supplies they had managed to find on the beach.

Kathy let out a slight laugh, trying to lighten the mood as she stated, "After all this effort, it would be pretty frustrating if we discover there’s a luxurious island resort just a short walk away."

"That would be something, wouldn’t it?" Pierce agreed, trying to smile through his exhaustion. He noticed how one of his mom’s huge tits was threatening to slip out of her bikini top. It was in such a precarious spot that he could clearly see part of the fringe of her areola peeking from the hem.

Kathy noticed her son staring at her boob, then recognized how it was preparing to fall out. She quickly adjusted it back into place, making her huge melon quiver as she tugged the bikini cup up over its supple meat. "Are you alright, honey?" she asked with a knowing grin.

"Yeah, fine," the boy answered, his face red with embarrassment.

Hugh took a breather, leaning against the trunk of a sturdy tree. "We need to be prepared for anything. We’ll search the island for any signs of life or resources, and keep our shelter stocked with what we have. But we also need to work together, and keep positive."

As they worked, the sun began to set, casting a warm orange glow on their makeshift shelter. The storm clouds had cleared, leaving behind a brilliant starlit sky. They huddled together, listening to the sounds of the island at night, the waves crashing against the shore and the distant calls of nocturnal creatures.

Although they were exhausted and hungry, the family felt a sense of unity and determination. With each other’s support, they knew they could face whatever challenges lay ahead on their new island home.

Sleeping under the shelter was awkward. Fortunately, they had salvaged some cushions from the yacht that had floated ashore, providing some comfort. The family huddled under the two blankets they had to stay warm with mom and August laying in the middle between the men. Pierce certainly didn’t mind being the one next to his mother. They were snuggling in a way his dad and sister never would.

"Goodnight, honey," his mom whispered as they embraced for warmth, her mommy-mammaries smothering his young chest with fatty fluff.

"Goodnight, mom," he replied with a sigh. Pierce couldn't help but feel his heart race as he lay next to his mother this way under the thin blanket. He was aware of how close their bodies were, the warmth of her soft skin radiating against his.

Kathy felt her son's heartbeat thudding against her body, the rhythmic pounding matching the beat of her own. She couldn't deny the feeling that was growing inside her, the arousal that seemed to be seeping into her very bones. She could feel her fat nipples hardening against his chest, as if they were trying to reach out to him.

Kathy could feel the solid heat of her son's erection pressing against her thigh, which was draped across his midsection. His dick throbbed and pulsed through his shorts with each beat of his heart. Kathy's respiration rate increased from the feel of the muscle and sinew bulging from his long, vein-encrusted slab.

The air between them was filled with the heady scent of arousal, the musky and slightly sweet smell of mature pussy and teenage cock that only added to the tension in the small space.

As they lay there, Kathy couldn't help but think about the strange circumstances that had brought them together in this desperate situation. The adrenaline and stress of their ordeal had taken its toll on her body, making her desire for her son more intense than she ever would have thought possible.

Pierce, on the other hand, could feel the stirrings of his own desire as well. The closeness of his mother's body, the warmth of her skin against his, and the feel of her huge, fleshy mounds pressed against his chest had ignited a fire within him.

Kathy knew she had to do something to calm the desire that was building between them. She gently nudged her son, trying create some space between them. "You should face the other way now, honey," she whispered.

Pierce slowly rolled over, his eyes still half-open in the dim light. He couldn't help but notice how his mom's giant tits looked even bigger with her laying on her side. One enormous tit-melon was stacked on top of the other, the moonlight casting a warm glow on her mile-long cleavage.

"Sorry," he mumbled, feeling awkward and embarrassed at his own arousal.

"It's alright," Kathy reassured him, trying to keep her voice to a whisper. "We're both just trying to find some comfort in this situation."

As Pierce lay there, facing away from his mom, he couldn't get the image of her massive tits out of his head. His erection throbbed and leaked its bubbling precum against the fabric of his shorts, as his mind raced with thoughts of what it would feel like to squeeze and suck on them. He dwelled on how wonderful they would look leaping and rippling up and down her chest if he were fucking her. It was then it occurred to him that he'd gone a full day without masturbating.

"No wonder I'm so freaking horny," he told himself, squeezing his prick though his shorts.

"I just need to pee," the boy stated, slipping off the cushion. "I'll be right back."

Kathy sat up, watching her son disappear into the darkness, knowing that after a day of hard work his prick must be aching for release.

The boy didn’t go far before he fished his erection from his fly hole and began beating off.

Closing his eyes, he envisioned the sight of his mom's juggernauts bouncing and swaying as he fucked her from behind. He thought all about stuffing her tight pussy with his "make-your-mommy-feel-good" cock, the way he had watched other men do in the adult films he had seen on the internet.

"Pierce?" his mom whispered, startling the boy as she snuck up behind him in the darkness.

"Uh, yeah, mom? I was just—"

"I know what you’re doing, silly," she whispered, placing her hands on his shoulder reassuringly. "I just didn’t want you wandering out here by yourself."

"I’ll be ok. I’ll just, um…finish real quick."

"Go ahead and finish," his mom whispered in his ear, her soft breasts pressed against his back. "I’ll stay right here to make sure no ferocious animals sneak up on you," she chuckled.

"Oh, um…all right," Pierce replied, shocked that his mom would stand right there with him while he masturbated in the darkness.

As Pierce’s hand began to move furiously over his erect cock. The sound of his mom’s soft breathing became more pronounced, almost like a comforting hum in Pierce’s ear. The lewd, creamy rhythm of his own hand moving faster over his boner mixed with her breathing, creating a symphony of desire in the darkness.

"You’ve been under so much pressure and stress the past two days, just let your body become consumed in pleasure," Kathy whispered tenderly in his ear.

Pierce couldn’t believe his mom was here with him, but he welcomed her presence and let out a long, deep sigh.

Kathy’s breaths continued to fall in sync with the movements of his hand, and he found himself on the verge of getting lost in a world of pleasure.

"Just let it all go, sweetheart," Kathy continued, her voice like velvet.

"Let the ache inside you be released, and feel the weight of the world lifted off your shoulders."

Pierce couldn’t help but feel a surge of relief as he imagined his mom’s love emanating from her breath. He let out a small moan as he picked up his pace, his hand moving furiously up and down his jutting member.

Kathy felt a warmth grow in her center as she sensed her son releasing the tension that had built up inside him. She knew she needed to do the same, especially being such a hypersexual female, but the thought of her own needs was temporarily pushed aside, as they were both drowning in desperation and desire.

Pierce felt the familiar sensation of his balls tightening, knowing that his release was nearly upon him. At the same time, he could feel the heat from his mother’s body behind him, and it made him even more aroused.

"Mom," he whispered, "I’m almost there."

"I know, darling," his mom replied, her breaths growing heavier, as if matching his pace. "Let go."

With her encouragement, Pierce began to move his hand faster and faster along his cock-shaft, and as he neared the edge, he could feel the tingling sensation spread throughout his teenage body.

Just then, Kathy wrapped her arms around her son, pulling him closer to her. "Let it out, honey," she whispered into his ear, her nipple rubbing stiffly against his back, while her pussy juices dampened the crotch of her bikini bottoms. She envisioned her boy's tumescent penile shaft, curving slightly upward from his crotch, aching to hammer through the tube of tight, succulent pussy like her own.

Pierce felt his mom’s support and the musky scent of her arousal enveloping him. It was the perfect moment to release himself and allow his inhibitions to dissolve. In an instant, Pierce felt like he had never been this close to his mother before, and the thought of their intense connection sent a jolt of adrenaline through his body.

The climax hit him like a tidal wave, and he groaned loudly, his body spasming uncontrollably. Kathy felt the tension release from her son’s body as his semen shot forth powerfully from his erection. She could hear it splattering against the leaves and the ground below, reflecting the intensity of the moment.

Pierce’s heart was pounding, and his breathing grew ragged. He could feel the warmth and satisfaction of his orgasm gradually fade, and his release was accompanied by a sense of relief and contentment. As he began to regain his composure, he was surprised to feel the warmth of his mother’s lush embrace still surrounding him.

"Thank you, mom," he whispered, feeling both embarrassed and grateful. "That was… really intense."

"Don’t worry, honey," Kathy whispered back. "In times like these, we all need to find comfort and pleasure where we can. And you’ve just done that beautifully. Now turn around give me a hug."

Pierce slowly turned around, his eyes locking onto his mother’s. He could see the warmth in her eyes and the happiness that was reflected there. He moved closer to her the tip of his boner dragging

against her tummy, smearing the remnants of his seed against her flesh. Pierce wrapped his arms around her, feeling Kathy's body heat and her heavy breasts press against his chest.

"I'm sorry, mom," he whispered, his voice shaking with emotion. "I hope I didn't make you feel uncomfortable."

"Don't be ridiculous, sweetheart," Kathy replied, holding him close.

"You didn't make me uncomfortable. I'm the one who followed you out here, remember?"

"I was just feeling really horny, I guess," Pierce admitted, his voice barely audible.

"Hon," Kathy said, looking into his eyes. "It's perfectly normal for a boy your age to be like this. And you know what they say: an orgasm is the best medicine!"

Pierce smiled weakly, feeling both embarrassed and relieved. "I guess you're right, mom."

Kathy smiled back, her eyes filled with warmth and understanding. "I don't blame you, sweetheart. I've had my own share of tension today. Maybe next time we'll both find some comfort together?"

Pierce's face flushed red, but he couldn't help but feel his heart racing with excitement at the thought. "Next time?" he whispered, his voice barely audible.

"Next time," Kathy said softly, her eyes gleaming with desire. "Now, let's go back to the shelter and get some sleep."

Pierce nodded, still feeling flushed with excitement, as he allowed his mom to lead him back to the shelter. As they walked, he couldn't help but feel a newfound connection with his mother, and a sense of excitement that they had just shared something deeply intimate and

taboo. He knew that their secret would be just that – a secret, and that it would only bring them closer together in ways he could never have imagined.

Chapter 2: Searching Island X

As the sun rose over the horizon and painted the sky in shades of pink and orange, the Gregory family began to piece together a better understanding of their dire situation. Their biggest hope was that they were not alone on this dauntingly large island, someone else must surely be living amongst the lush greenery and pristine beaches. Someone who could provide them with guidance and assistance in this strange and foreign place.

"Here's what I think we should do," said Hugh, knowing it was up to him to take charge of the situation. "We'll split up and explore the island, covering as much ground as we can and meet back here in a few hours and share what we've found. Do you think that's a good plan, Kathy?" Hugh asked his wife.

Kathy nodded. "It's worth a try. We can't just sit here and wait for something to happen."

"August, you'll come with me, and Pierce you'll be with your mother," Hugh directed. "We all need to be careful. We have no idea what kind of dangers we might encounter on this island."

As the morning sun began to warm their skin, the family set out in different directions. August and Hugh explored the dense jungle, searching for a sign of civilization. Meanwhile, Kathy and Pierce made their way along the beach, hoping to find someone, perhaps even boat to flag down.

Pierce found himself struggling to keep up with his mother, who seemed to have an almost supernatural energy that buoyed her steps. Despite his fatigue, he couldn't help but be struck by her

beauty – the way her dark hair flowed in the breeze, the way her hips swayed with each step. Her luscious ass was more than half exposed in the bikini she was wearing and her exposed ass cheeks were hard to ignore as they undulated deliciously with every step she made.

Pierce watched as his mom effortlessly climbed over rocks, picked fruits from trees, and gracefully stepped over fallen branches. It was as if she were some kind of ethereal being, completely at home in this wild, untamed landscape.

Pierce couldn't help but comment, "Did you grow up in the jungle or something, mom? You seem so comfortable and at ease here."

Kathy smiled at her son. "I was a wild child," she replied coyly, "always exploring and discovering new things in nature. This place reminds me of my younger days."

In the aftermath of last night's events, Pierce could feel a palpable tension in the air between them. It crackled and hummed with raw, unbridled sexual energy, causing his body to tingle with arousal. His eyes were drawn to Kathy's enormous tits, straining against the tight fabric of her bikini top, as they bobbed and swayed with each movement. He couldn't help but feel his desire for her growing stronger each day.

Pierce smirked as they strolled down the beach, the waves gently lapping at their bare feet. "When you said you were a 'wild child,' I thought maybe you meant you slept around when you were my age," he teased, his eyes sparkling mischievously in the warm sunlight.

Kathy laughed heartily at her son's comment, but there was also a hint of seriousness in her expression. "Well, maybe I did sleep around a little bit. You know how it is when you're young and curious."

"Yeah, I know how it is alright," he replied. "I think my curiosity may get me in trouble if I'm not careful."

His mom's eyes sparkled with curiosity as she tilted her head, flashing him a smile that displayed her intrigue. "Why's that?" she asked.

"I tend to be attracted to people that I'm not suppose to be," he replied.

Kathy's eyes widened in surprise, but her smile didn't falter. "I see." She paused for a moment, taking in his words. "Well, honey, we all have our desires, and sometimes they take us down paths we never thought we'd tread."

"Yeah, that true," Pierce said, feeling a sense of relief wash over him. "But it's not always that easy to navigate those paths."

"It's definitely not," Kathy agreed. "But sometimes, taking a chance can lead to something wonderful."

Kathy carefully plucked ripe, juicy berries from the prickly bushes that grew along the border of the jungle and the sandy shore. The vibrant reds and purples stood out against the lush green foliage, tempting her with their promise of sustenance. She knew every bite they could find in this harsh wilderness would be crucial for their survival until they could find help.

"We've been walking for ages. Let's find some shade and rest for a bit,"

Kathy gasped between breaths, her voice tinged with exhaustion.

As they found a shady spot beneath a large palm tree, Kathy collapsed onto the soft sand, her heavy chest heaving with her ragged breaths.

Pierce couldn’t help but stare at her, taking in her beautiful bikini-clad body, the sweat glistening on her skin, and the way her hair fell in dark, tousled curls around her face.

"I wonder how your dad and sister are coming along?" Kathy expressed as her body cooled off in the shade.

Pierce plopped down beside her. "They’re probably enjoying that luxurious island resort you were joking about last night," he replied.

"One can only hope. Speaking of last night," Kathy began, her voice low and sultry. "I wanted to say I’m sorry for infringing on your private time. I hope it wasn’t too awkward having your mom there with you while you found some relief."

"It was awkward, but awkward in a good way," he blushed.

Kathy’s eyes twinkled with amusement as she asked, "Why’s that?" A sly smirk played on her lips, betraying the façade of innocence. "Could it be because I’m on that list of people you’re attracted to and shouldn’t be?"

Her words carried a hint of teasing and challenge, daring the her son to reveal his thoughts.

"I’ll be honest, mom, you’re probably at the top of that list," he confessed.

"Probably?" Kathy teased, raising an eyebrow.

His voice quivered as he nervously avoided meeting her gaze. "No, not probably," he replied, his heart racing. "You are undeniably at the very top of that list."

Kathy laughed, taken aback by Pierce’s confession; she had already suspected his attraction to her. She could feel their connection had changed, becoming more sensual and intimate.

"Don’t be embarrassed, honey. I find it endearing that you have a bit of a mom-crush on me."

"You do?" Pierce asked, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Kathy nodded, a mischievous grin playing on her lips. "Of course. I mean, I’m not complaining, it’s rather flattering. After all, you’re a handsome young man and I’m sure lots of women wouldn't mind you doting over them."

"Thanks," he blushed, his heart racing to think his mom thought of him that way.

After a short silence, Kathy spoke again while laying back on the sand right next to her son. "So, honey, tell me…what part of me are you attracted to the most?"

It was a tough question for Pierce to answer since he was attracted to every part of his mother’s beautiful body. But he knew the one thing that stood out at the moment was her gorgeous legs. "I love your legs," he confessed, staring intently at the smooth, tanned expanse of her calves and thighs.

"These legs?" Kathy playfully asked, extending her naked legs upwards towards the sky, arching them with a grace that seemed almost regal.

From Pierce’s vantage point, they appeared to stretch on forever, smooth and toned with an underlying feminine power. The curves of her calves and thighs were accentuated by the golden glow of the sun, making them appear even more alluring. Her bare feet, caked with a sprinkle of sand, added to the carefree beauty of the moment as she pointed her toes towards the sky in a playful display.

"Yes," Pierce answered, his eyes widened at the sight, his breath catching in his throat. "I get tingles every time I look at them."

"Tingles, huh? Do you really like them that much?" Kathy asked playfully, her eyes twinkling with amusement and maybe a hint of something more.

"They’re incredible," Pierce managed to say, his voice hoarse. "They don't just look sexy, but strong too."

"I suppose all those years of dedicated Zumba practice have finally paid off, huh?" Kathy asked with a playful smirk, her toned legs gracefully scissoring open, like a graceful dancer doing a split, to display her impressive flexibility. The smooth glide of her movements drew a soft gasp from Pierce, who couldn’t help but be entranced by the sight above him.

He had only ever imagined her luscious legs spread apart in his most intimate and wild fantasies, but seeing them in person was a whole new level of arousal.

"They’re amazing," he whispered, doing nothing to hide his fascination for them. "Just like other parts of you."

Kathy laughed, lowering her legs and quickly turned towards him on the sand. "Such as?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Pierce turned his head to the side, his gaze drawn immediately to her heavy mountainous breasts. As Kathy laid on her side, their fullness was accentuated as they stacked one on top of the other, creating a seemingly never-ending cleavage that threatened to spill out of her skimpy bikini top at any moment. The soft curves and contours of her bosom were impossible for Pierce to tear his eyes away from, and he found himself mesmerized by their enormity.

"Your legs are awesome, but I think your boobs are my favorite things about you," he confessed, his eyes still fixated on them.

"I admire your honesty, honey," Kathy grinned, seeming flattered, "but you really didn’t tell me anything I didn’t know about you

already."

"Really?" Pierce asked, his interest piqued.

"Yes, really. You were fascinated with them when you nursed as a baby and you're just as fascinated with them 18 years later," she teased, ruffling his hair with her hand.

"What I'd give to be a baby again," the teen admitted, drawing laughter from his mother.

Kathy quickly became somber again. "Well, if I could go back in time, it wouldn't be to breastfeed you," she stated. "It would be to tell your father to turn the damn boat around so we wouldn't be in the predicament we're in."

She slowly rose to her feet, feeling the gritty sand sticking to her buttocks.

With a playful shake, she brushed off the grains from her rounded cheeks, causing them to jiggle slightly.

"We should continue our search of the beach," she said with determination, glancing around at the vast expanse of land and sea surrounding them.

Pierce's voice was low and tinged with excitement as he spoke, his eyes locking onto Kathy's. "Before we go any further, could I ask a favor of you, mom?"

Kathy arched an eyebrow inquisitively, her curiosity instantly piqued. "Sure, what do you want me to do?"

"I once stumbled upon this video of a girl with voluptuous breasts jogging on the beach in a tiny bikini… it was mesmerizing. Would you mind reenacting that for me?"

Kathy couldn’t contain her laughter. "You really have a thing for my boobs, don’t you?" she teased, giving him a knowing look.

Pierce chuckled, unable to deny her words. "Can you blame me? They’re just so… perfect." His eyes trailed up her ballooning chest before meeting her gaze once again.

"Alright, you boob-aholic. Let’s get this done so we can keep searching the beach." Kathy’s voice was playful, but determined as she spoke to Pierce.

"Stay right there for a second," Pierce said, his eyes fixed on Kathy’s figure as he ran down the sand a short distance. He positioned himself to get a better view of her as she started to jog, her toned legs carrying her effortlessly across the soft sand. Her gigantic breasts bounced in perfect rhythm with her strides, their weight causing her swimsuit top to strain against its ties. Pierce watched in awe as they swayed and rippled, mesmerized by the twin mountains of flesh and their tantalizing movements.

As Kathy continued to jog, her long hair whipped behind her and her sweat-slicked skin glistened in the sunlight. Pierce couldn’t tear his gaze away from her, feeling his heart beat faster with each move she took.

"That was amazing!" he exclaimed, trying to prevent the boner from forming in his trunks.

"Thanks," Kathy grinned with pride. "Now put your eyeballs back in your head and let’s keep searching."

On the other side of the island, Hugh and his daughter, August, were trying to make their way through the dense foliage, sweat pouring down their faces as they navigated the tangled vines and thick underbrush.

"Dad, I’m starting to think this wasn’t such a great idea," August panted, her face flushed with exertion.

"We don’t have a choice, honey," Hugh replied. "We have to find out if there’s anyone else on this island and unfortunately this is the only way."

They continued to push through the overgrown vegetation, battering their way through the thick foliage and overgrown vines that seemed intent on slowing them down. August stopped suddenly, looking out into the jungle.

"Wait, do you hear that?" she asked.

"What?"

"Listen!"

Hugh listened intently, his heart pounding in his chest as he heard it too – faint, muffled, but unmistakable. It was the sound of drumming.

As they pushed further into the dense jungle, the sound of the drums grew louder and more distinct. Hugh and August exchanged an anxious glance, knowing that they were getting closer to whoever was making the music.

The sound seemed to be coming from a small clearing ahead, and as they approached, they found themselves surrounded by a group of female natives, who were dancing around a fierce-looking bonfire, their huge, naked tits bouncing up and down.

In the center of the circle, an older female sat cross-legged on a mat, her eyes closed as she beat a large drum. The natives were wearing colorful loincloths and bracelets made of shells, and their faces were painted with intricate designs in black and red.

Hugh took a step forward, waving his hands in a gesture of peace. "Hello, we're lost and are looking for someone who can help us," he said, his voice trembling slightly.

The steady rhythm of drums and stamping feet suddenly came to a halt, the silence punctuated by the sharp clang of spears being raised in a threatening manner. Hugh and August stood frozen, surrounded by a sea of fierce female warriors, their expressions twisted with anger. "I don't think they understood you, dad," August spoke in a tense tone.

Desperate and fearful, Hugh made a second attempt to communicate with the locals, using his hands to gesture frantically. His words were lost in the crashing waves and the harsh cries of seagulls. "Our boat," he exclaimed, miming the motion of crashing into rocks, "we need help!"

One of the females ran her tongue over her full lips, her gaze fixed on Hugh with a hungry, almost primal desire. "A male!" she exclaimed in a guttural tone, her words a foreign language to Hugh and his daughter. The other females joined in with curious looks, their attention solely focused on Hugh.

The tribe of all women behaved as if it had been a long time since they had encountered a man, possibly due to their own male members being taken by some mysterious illness.

Hugh's heart raced as he realized what was unfolding before him. These women, these feral beauties, were not interested in gathering information about their situation; they were lusting after him, his manhood a sight they could hardly resist.

The woman who had been beating the drum, her fierce energy radiating from every movement, rose to her feet. Her body was adorned with colorful beads and feathers, emphasizing her powerful presence. As she stood, her gigantic tits heaved, drawing attention to their size and weight.

Her eyes were fixed on Hugh’s body, sizing him up as if he were a piece of meat. "Take him to my tent and tie the female up," she commanded loudly, her voice echoing through the clearing like a lion’s roar.

The fierce warriors sprang into action, their movements swift and calculated as they seized hold of Hugh and his daughter. They were like a pack of wild beasts, their muscles rippling under taut skin as they dragged the two captives towards a cluster of primitive huts in the distance. August screamed, her limbs thrashed against their powerful grips, but the native women were relentless and far stronger than she was.

"Please, don’t hurt my daughter," Hugh pleaded desperately as he was forced into the largest tent, his mind racing with thoughts of escape.

As the evening sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the rugged terrain, Kathy and Pierce found themselves back at the same cave where they had spent their first night together. But this time, instead of feeling safe and content, they were filled with growing worry for Hugh and August who were still missing.

"Your father said three hours. They should have been back well before now," Kathy stated, her voice trembling with concern.

"Maybe they just got lost and couldn’t find their way back," Pierce suggested, trying to remain hopefully. "Or maybe they found help and are just taking a while to get back to us."

"I would say let’s go looking, but it’s starting to get dark," said Kathy. "I have some matches that we salvaged from the boat. Let’s try to get a fire going. Maybe they’ll see the smoke and it’ll lead them back to us."

"Good idea," Pierce agreed, setting out to collect some wood.

A short time later, as the sky turned to complete darkness, a roaring fire was already ablaze, providing much-needed warmth to their tired bodies.

Kathy’s voice was barely a whisper as she spoke, her words laced with worry. "I’m going to try not to be concerned," she said. "Your father is a skilled survivalist. Even if this island is uninhabited, he’ll know what to do.

If they’re not back by tomorrow, we’ll venture out and search for them."

"You’re right, worrying isn’t going to help anyone," Pierce agreed, trying to sound strong for Kathy’s sake. "Like you said, we just need to stay here and keep the fire going until morning. That way, if they’re nearby, they’ll see the light and know we’re here."

Pierce and his mother gathered a stack of broken wood and tossed it onto the crackling fire, sending sparks dancing into the crisp evening air. They retreated to their cozy cave, and huddled under the warmth of a large, thick blanket they had salvaged from the remnants of a sunken yacht. The sound of the ocean waves crashing against the shore echoed through their hidden sanctuary, adding to the comforting atmosphere as they settled in for the night.

"Keep me warm," whispered Kathy, her voice soft and pleading as she scooted closer to Pierce, her body pressing against his in the spooning position beneath the warm blanket. As he wrapped his arms around her, Pierce couldn’t help but sigh at the feeling of her round buttocks pressed against his groin, sending a surge of arousal through him. The gentle rise and fall of her breathing against his chest added to the intimate moment, making it feel like they were the only two people in the world.

"This is nice," Kathy whispered, nuzzling next to Pierce. She obviously knew about the fascination he had with her body, so Kathy wasn’t at all surprised to feel an erection poking up against her ass.

"What's with the boner, mister?" she teased. "My ass wasn't one of the things you mentioned being attracted to earlier today."

Pierce chuckled lightly, his voice a low murmur beside her. "I didn't say I wasn't attracted to it. I just didn't specifically mention it," he reasoned.

Laughter bubbled from Kathy's lips as she coyly moved her hips against him. She couldn't help but revel in the sensation of his well-toned body pressed against hers. "Oh, you sly dog," she playfully teased, a mischievous glint in her eye. "I suppose I better start getting used to this, huh?" she asked, nudging his cock-tip with her ass-crack. "It doesn't seem like it'll be going away anytime soon."

"Sorry," Pierce blushed. "I'll…um, try not to focus too much on how good you feel."

"Good luck with that," the mother snickered.

Kathy was used to cuddling this way with her husband, but as she lay in Pierce's embrace, she couldn't help but notice the stark difference in Pierce's erection compared to Hugh's. It felt bigger and more rigid, pressing insistently against her ass-crack through the fabric of his shorts.

The thought of his throbbing member straining against the material made her pulse race with desire.

Kathy knew it was a terrible time to feel arousal, with her husband and daughter missing and possibly in danger. But she couldn't deny the primal urges that coursed through her body. As a hypersexual woman, she was used to satisfying her needs through either sex or multiple sessions of masturbation each day. Yet, for almost two days now, she had been deprived of both, and she could feel the desperation building inside her like a pressure cooker about to explode.

Kathy spoke softly, her voice barely audible. "Pierce?" she whispered.

"Yeah, mom?"

"Remember last night when I suggested that maybe next time we could find a way to release some of our tension together?" Kathy asked anxiously.

Pierce's heart skipped a beat. "Yeah, I remember," he responded nervously.

"Do you think we could do that now? After this long, exhausting day, I feel like we could both benefit from getting some release."

"Sure," Pierce whispered, his breath warm against her ear. "I'm all for it."

Pierce felt like he needed to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. First, he was getting to snuggle alone with his bombshell of a mother and now she wanted to masturbate along side him. It was a surreal feeling and definitely thrilling.

"You have to promise to keep it between us though. I don't want your dad and sister finding out," Kathy implored.

"I won't say a word to anyone, mom. I promise," Pierce said reassuringly.

For a moment, their minds buzzed until Kathy's voice, soft and hesitant, cut through the silence. "Um…maybe we should undressed and get comfortable," she suggested. Her eyes flickered to Pierce, her cheeks flushing with a rosy hue. "I think it would make it easier to…you know, masturbate…if we were naked."

Pierce's heart raced as he tried to process her words. He could hardly believe what she was proposing. "Uh, yeah. Definitely easier," he stammered, his own face turning red. Their eyes met for a brief

moment before they both looked away, feeling a mixture of excitement and nervousness.

With the dim fire casting a warm glow over them, Kathy and her son stripped off what little clothing they had on beneath the blanket. Their faces glistened in the flickering light as they laid side by side under the soft fabric. The night air was cool, but the heat from the fire kept them warm.

The crackling of the flames mingled with their quiet breathing, creating a peaceful symphony in the stillness of the nighttime sky.

Kathy remembered that Pierce was right-handed, while she herself was a lefty. With this in mind, she reached over and tightly clasped their free hands together, interlocking their fingers. "Are you ready?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

"Yeah," Pierce answered, his heart racing with nervous excitement.

Kathy’s hand slowly trailed down her body, stopping at the soft folds of her shaved pussy. Pierce’s hand followed suit, his fingers wrapping around his big throbbing cock. They began to work their genitals in unison, the sound of their breathing and stroking blending with the crackling flames.

Kathy’s grip on Pierce’s hand grew tighter as their passionate act of self-pleasure began. Their hands moved with frenzied desire, each working their love organs in perfect rhythm beneath the blanket. The smell of sexual arousal filled the air around them, a pheromone-laced scent that seemed to heighten the sensations they were experiencing.

Kathy’s voice was a soft whisper, barely audible in the darkness. "Oh God, I really needed this."

"Me too, even though I did it last night."

"Well, you’re young. A guy your age should be indulging in self-pleasure at least once a day," Kathy advised, her voice low and full of concern. A minute passed, the crackling of the fire and the soft rustling of the blanket the only sounds in the still night air. Their hands moved rhythmically, each lost in their own fantasies and pleasures. Finally, Kathy broke the silence with a question. "What do you think about?"

"What do I think about?" Pierce repeated, confused by what his mom meant.

"What do you think about when you masturbate?""

Pierce paused, his mind consumed with desire. "Sex," he finally answered.

A thrill of excitement rippled through Kathy’s body as she whispered back, her voice quivering with anticipation. "Me too. Are you on top of a girl or is she on top of you?"

Pierce’s breath caught in his throat at the thought of his mom touching herself while asking him intimate questions. "She’s on top of me," he admitted, feeling a surge of heat between his legs. He could imagine every detail – the girl's weight pressing down on him, big tits bouncing, her movements driving them both to ecstasy.

Kathy turned her head to the side, a coy smile playing on her lips as she looked over at Pierce. He mirrored her actions, turning his head to meet her gaze. Their eyes locked and they could each see the pleasure reflected in the other’s depths.

"Is that your favorite way to fuck?" Kathy breathed, shifting her position slightly and spreading her legs a little wider. She slid her smooth calf over her son’s and ran her soft bare foot across his skin, sending shivers of anticipation through his body.

"Uh-huh," Pierce nodded, a small smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Mine too," Kathy confessed, meeting his intense gaze with one of her own. The need to cum was building inside her, desperate and urgent.

Kathy couldn’t ignore the heat and need pulsing through her body, but as she lay there pleasuring herself with her son and asking him intimate questions, a twinge of guilt crept in. Her husband and daughter were somewhere out there on the island while she brazenly indulged in this private moment that most would view as improper.

"Do you mind sharing secrets with me, honey?" she asked her son.

"No, not at all," Pierce replied.

"I hope you don’t judge me for what we’re doing. It’s just that both of us have been dealing with so much stress today, I feel like this is something we both need," Kathy explained, feeling the weight of her actions lift off her shoulders.

"I couldn’t agree more. I’m already starting to feel more relaxed," replied Pierce, his voice calm and soothing.

After a few minutes, Kathy’s seductive voice filled the tiny cave again, laced with desire and temptation. "Would you like to feel my body against yours, honey?" she asked, her words dripping with sexual innuendo.

Pierce’s heart raced as he struggled to respond, his body already pulsing with excitement. He could only nod in response.

With a mischievous grin, Kathy wasted no time rolling over pushing her plush body against him. Her bare skin pressed against his, sending waves of pleasure through him. He let out a contented sigh

as her giant stiff-nippled tit-melons squished against his chest, their softness a stark contrast to his own chiseled physique.

Kathy’s leg draped across his, teasingly close to where he was stroking his pulsating erection. She continued to rub her clit, her own arousal evident in the way her body moved against his.

"Is your fantasy girl still riding you?" Kathy whispered, her lips at his ear.

She was so horny for an orgasm it was driving her insane. "Is she still fucking your cock, honey?"

"Yes," he answered, stroking rhythmically on his boner to the sound of his mom’s voice.

"Roll her onto her back and fuck her as hard as you can," Kathy squealed, her breathing growing more and more intense, causing her tits to slosh against him. "Make her cum!"

Pierce increased the rhythm of his strokes from the intensity of her words, his body tingling deliciously.

Kathy moaned softly, her voice filled with desire. She could feel her orgasm building inside her, the anticipation of it making her wetter and wetter. Her hand moved faster, her fingers dipping into her slit, coating her fingers with her own juices.

"Do you wanna feel her cum on your cock, honey?" Kathy asked, her voice husky with need. "Is that what you think about when you jerk off?"

Pierce was beyond words now. His entire being was focused on the hand stroking his cock and the feeling of his mother’s body pressed against his.

He let out a low growl, his entire body tensing.

With a final surge of pleasure, Kathy’s orgasm exploded through her, her pussy clenching and unclenching as she cried out in ecstasy. Her body shook and writhed against Pierce’s, her nipples standing turgidly against his chest.

Pierce felt his own orgasm building, the pleasure surging through him until he could take no more. With a final series of strokes he came with a guttural grunt, his cum shooting up across his chest as he bucked his hips against Kathy’s body.

The air was thick with the musky scent of their secretions, their genitals still warm and pulsating with the remnants of their intense pleasure. Their chests heaved with heavy breaths, their hearts still racing with the rush of adrenaline and desire. They lay entwined, their bodies basking in the afterglow of their passionate pleasure-session, their hands tightly clasped as they basked in the euphoria of their shared release.

"We'd better put our clothes back on, honey," Kathy whispered with a deep sense of relief in her voice. "If your dad and sister do make it back here tonight they'd get quite the shock if they found us cuddling naked together."

"I suppose you're right," her son replied, feeling exhausted yet satiated. He wished his mom wasn't being so careful not to expose her nude body to him as she put her bikini back on beneath the blanket, but he was certainly grateful that he got to at least feel her naked body against his while they were masturbating together.

On the far side of the island, deep in the heart of the tribal camp, August was unceremoniously thrown into a dark, dank pit. The putrid smell of decay and sweat filled her nostrils as she landed on a bed of straw and dirt. A bamboo lattice barrier was quickly placed over the top, sealing her fate and preventing any chance of escape. As tears streamed down her cheeks, she could hear the raucous laughter and jeers of the vicious female tribe above. For what felt

like hours, she had remained tied to a rough wooden post, her mind racing with fear and uncertainty about what horrors awaited her and her father at the hands of these savage women.

The darkness was thick and suffocating, broken only by the voice of a woman as she emerged from the shadows. Her blonde hair was matted and tangled, her clothing dirty and tattered. "Don't worry," she said, her words dripping with bitter sarcasm. "They won't kill you. They'd rather use you to perform menial tasks around the camp, like they do with me."

August's heart sank at the thought of being trapped in this place, forced to serve these savages just to survive. "But your father…" the woman continued, her voice filled with fear. "He may not be so lucky."

August's stomach churned at the mention of his father's possible fate.

"What do you mean?" she asked, his voice trembling. "What are they going to do to him?"

"They're a tribe of sex-starved bitches," the woman spat out, her hatred clear in her tone. "Their men must have been wiped out by some disease or something. My husband did his best to pleasure them, which by the way, was NOT fun to watch. But when he began to lose his sexual desire, they killed him in a fit of sexual frustration and rage."

August's blood ran cold as he realized the true horror of this place and what could potentially happen to his father. "How long have you been here?" she asked the blonde prisoner.

"I'm guessing about three month. We were on our honeymoon and our boat got lost in a storm, washed ashore on this stupid fucking island. We were taken captive shortly after," the blonde woman's

voice was tinged with sadness, the weight of their situation heavy on her.

August introduced herself and the other prisoner, Tiffany, followed suit.

The two stood facing each other, both weary and uncertain of their fate.

"Is it just you and your dad or are there others?" Tiffany asked tentatively, breaking the somber atmosphere.

"My mom and brother," August replied, his tone somewhat more hopeful.

"My brother, Pierce will come looking for us. He'll get us out of here, I just know it."

Tiffany's expression darkened as she spoke again. "You better hope they don't capture him too. A young guy with a high libido is as precious as gold around here," she explained grimly. "Let's just hope your old man can get it up and keep it up or he'll meet the same fate my husband did."

The weight of Tiffany's words hung heavy in the air as they both contemplated what horrors may lay ahead for them on this strange island.

Chapter 3: Vying for his Attention

Pierce awoke to the feeling of Kathy's smooth, warm skin pressed against him. Her body was draped over his, her breasts enveloping his face in delicious softness. As he stirred, his morning erection pulsed against her leg, a reminder of their passionate experience from the prior night.

Kathy's eyes opened to meet Pierce's gaze, and she gave him a tender smile. "Good morning," she whispered, shifting her weight to lift her bikini-clad chest from his face. She peered around at the lush jungle that surrounded them, a look of dread crossing her features.

"It looks like your father and sister never came back."

Pierce sighed and sat up, running a hand through his disheveled hair.

"Yeah, I should probably go out looking for them now that it's daylight."

Kathy's grip on him tightened, her concern evident in her voice.

"Don't you mean 'we' should go out looking? I think we should stick together. If something happens to you, I'd rather it happen to me too than be alone in this jungle." Her words hung in the air, heavy with fear and determination.

After eating some berries that Kathy had collected and consuming some coconut juice from a fruit they had gotten from a tree, the two of them set out in search of Hugh and August. They ventured deep into the jungle. The foliage was dense, and the heat was oppressive,

but they pressed on, driven by a sense of panic that they could not ignore.

As they walked, Pierce couldn't help but reflect on the events of the previous night. The image of his mom’s body pressed against his, her soft moans filling his ears, still lingered in his mind. He couldn't believe that he had masturbated with his own mother, but the desire had been too strong to resist. He wondered what August and Hugh would think if they ever found out.

Kathy, meanwhile, was lost in her own thoughts. She couldn't shake the feeling that something was off about the island. The fact that it seemed so empty and her husband and daughter were missing weighed heavily on her. She held out hope that maybe they just got disoriented and couldn’t find their way back to camp.

As they trekked further into the dense jungle, their ears were met with a cacophony of sound - the roaring of water rushing over rocks and splashing onto itself. "This way," said Pierce in a hushed tone, leading his mom through the lush foliage and into an open clearing.

Before them lay a breathtaking scene - a natural oasis, with a shimmering pond at its center and a majestic waterfall cascading down from above. The water was so startlingly clear that they could see every pebble and plant at the bottom of the pond, creating an almost ethereal atmosphere.

"Wow, this is absolutely stunning," Kathy breathed out in awe. Her eyes drank in the sight of the tranquil pool and she couldn't help but feel as though she had stumbled upon a hidden paradise within the depths of the jungle.

Kathy's skin was already beginning to glisten with the heat as she turned to Pierce, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "I don't know about you," she teased, "but I could really go for a quick dip right about now."

Pierce raised an eyebrow, a smirk curling at the corner of his lips.

"Naked you mean?" he asked, his tone suggestive.

Kathy felt her cheeks flush at the thought, but she couldn't deny the appeal. After everything that had happened between them over the past two nights, the idea of being naked in front of Pierce didn't bother her in the slightest. But then again, there was always the possibility of her husband and daughter stumbling upon them, and that would definitely require some explaining.

Laughing nervously, Kathy replied, "No, we better keep our clothes on. As fun as it would be to skinny dip with you, honey, I don't think your dad and sister would appreciate seeing us naked together."

Pierce let out a disappointed sigh, but nodded in agreement. They both knew it was for the best. After all, they didn't need any extra complications or awkward moments.

They dove into the water together and swam out to its depths near the falls. "Oh, God…this feels so good," Kathy stated as the water cooled her off.

"If we are marooned on this island, I'm definitely spending a lot of time here," Pierce stated.

With their heads just above the surface of the water, Kathy clung onto Pierce, wrapping her arms over his shoulders as they floated in the water, her squishy tits flattened out against him. "Thank you for staying strong through all this craziness, honey," she whispered into his ear. "It means the world to me."

Pierce smiled, feeling a surge of love for his mother. "You're welcome," he said, "I know we have to stick together. It's the only way we'll survive out here."

As they floated there, the sound of the waterfall crashing near them, Kathy could feel the tension begin to ease from her body, her huge, soft tits melting against Pierce's chest, her nipples hardening. She knew that they were far from being safe, but for now, they had each other, and that was all that mattered.

Pierce's heart raced as he gazed into Kathy's alluring eyes. Her dark hair was slicked back from the water, making her look even more irresistible. He couldn't believe this was happening - it felt like something out of a steamy romance novel.

"Can I kiss you?" Pierce asked boldly, unable to resist any longer.

Kathy's lips curved into a mischievous smile. "Of course. When have I ever denied you a kiss?"

"Not that type of kiss," Pierce clarified with a sly grin. "The other kind."

A hint of surprise registered on Kathy's face before she quickly composed herself. She scanned their surroundings, still nervous that her husband or daughter might stumble upon them at any moment.

But then she spotted a secluded spot near some rocks, and a mischievous glint appeared in her eyes.

"Swim with me," she stated, gesturing towards the private area.

Without hesitation, Pierce eagerly followed her lead.

They emerged from the cool, crystal-clear water onto a cluster of large, warm rocks. The rocks were nestled amongst lush greenery, providing a secluded spot for privacy. Kathy flopped onto her back on one of the sun-warmed boulders, her ample bosom spilling out over her barely-there bikini top. Her smooth, bronzed legs glistened in the sunlight.

"Now, what was that you were saying about a kiss?" Kathy teased with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"That I'd love to give you one," he replied, his heart racing at the thought.

"Well..." she purred, tugging at his arm. "Why don't you climb over here and get those lips ready then?"

Kathy slowly shifted her legs apart, inviting Pierce to nestle between them and press his body against hers. Her eyes sparkled with anticipation as her son leaned in to capture her lips in a slow, sensual kiss. A rush of heat flooded through Kathy's body as their tongues intertwined, each taking turns exploring the other's mouth like two dancers locked in an intimate embrace. The electricity between them crackled like a fire ignited in the darkness.

Kathy's smooth, bare legs wrapped tightly around Pierce's muscular frame, her ankles crossing behind his back in a perfect fit. Their bodies were now intimately connected, each movement and sensation amplified by their closeness as they indulged in a passionate make-out session.

Fingers threaded through Pierce's hair, pulling him closer as Kathy devoured his lips with eager hunger. Their tongues danced together in a sensuous tangle, exploring every crevice and corner of each other's mouths like two intertwined serpents lost in a primal mating ritual.

Pierce was overwhelmed by the intensity of their embrace. He had only expected a simple kiss, but now he was caught up in a whirlwind of desire, unable to resist the irresistible pull towards this woman before him.

His hands glided along her skin, tracing the curves and dips of her outer thighs. He could feel the strength and power in her muscles, a strong yet feminine energy that sent a thrill through him. The

thought of holding onto those thighs for leverage while plunged his tender meat into her tight, wet core made his pulse quicken and his sex throb with anticipation.

Kathy's mind was in turmoil. On one hand, she felt a deep shame and guilt knowing that her husband and daughter were potentially in danger while she gave into her carnal desires with Pierce. But on the other hand, an excitement coursed through her at the thought of being consumed by passion. She knew she had to rein it in, for the sake of her family's safety.

"Ok, honey," she gasped, trying to catch her breath, "that was a little more than just a kiss. We should get back to searching for your dad and sister."

"Yeah, sorry, I guess I got a little carried away," Pierce replied, looking just as flushed as his mom.

"It wasn't just your fault. I mean, we're only human, right? But let's not do that again, okay? We need to keep our priorities straight."

Pierce nodded, still feeling the lingering effects of their passionate encounter. "I understand," he murmured, trying to retrain focus on their mission.

The two of them stood up and made their way back to the shore, not speaking a word the entire time. As they reached the edge of the water, Kathy turned to Pierce with an arm around her shoulders.

"Hey, it's okay," she whispered, her voice gentle. "We're allowed to feel things, too. Plus, with all that has happened, it's just our bodies way of releasing some of the stress."

Pierce smiled weakly, feeling a sense of relief wash over him. "You're right," he agreed, "and just so you know, you're an incredible kisser."

Kathy giggled, blushing slightly as she realized their impromptu make-out session was now a shared secret between them. "I guess being a mother doesn't mean you lose every skill!" She joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Kathy and Pierce continued to venture deeper into the island's dense foliage until a distant but distinct sound caught their attention - tribal drumming. "Do you hear that?" Pierce asked, his voice low and cautious. The primal rhythm pulsed through the air, beckoning them closer. "I think it's coming from this direction." They quickened their pace, eager to discover the source of the hypnotic beat.

As they approached the all-female tribal camp, Kathy seemed anxious to make new friends. But Pierce held her back, his gaze fixated on a specific area of the camp where they saw August and another woman, Tiffany, working diligently.

Kathy's face twisted into worry. "Is that...is that August? Are they holding her captive?"

"It appears so," Pierce stated grimly.

Instantly, Kathy's panic set in. "We have to save her!"

Pierce surveyed the camp, noting the numerous fierce-looking female warriors armed with sharp spears.

"We'll need a distraction," he mused, his mind racing with ideas.

"Something to draw them away while we sneak in and rescue her."

Kathy nodded fervently. "We can't leave her there."

Determined, Pierce soon came up with a plan,"I have an idea. A risky one, but it just might work."

In the midst of the jungle, a tribe of fierce females was suddenly distracted by a loud clatter. The sound echoed through the trees and pierced the air, drawing every warrior in camp to investigate its source. Pierce stood with a piece of bamboo, beating it against a tree as hard as he could. His plan worked like a charm, successfully luring away the guards and leaving the camp temporarily vacant.

Seizing the opportunity, Kathy rushed into the camp and snatched her daughter and Tiffany. August breathed a sigh of relief at the sight of her mother.

"Thank God you're here," she exclaimed.

"Where's your father?" Kathy asked quickly, scanning their surroundings.

"In the big hut," August replied, her voice shaking with fear.

"We can't go in there now though," Tiffany added urgently. "There's another group of warriors inside and they'll kill you if you try. We'll have to come up with a plan and come back for him."

Kathy knew time was of the essence, so she swiftly led her daughter and Tiffany out of the camp and into the safety of the dense jungle.

Meanwhile, Pierce sprinted through the trees, his heart hammering in his chest as he heard the war cries of a dozen angry tribal warriors closing in on him. Despite the adrenaline pumping through his veins, the pheromonal scent emanating from his young, fit body only fueled their desire to capture him. His breath came in ragged gasps as he pushed himself to run faster, branches and leaves whipping against his face and arms. But luck was on his side as he managed to evade them and make his way back to camp.

"Oh, thank God you're safe," Kathy exclaimed with relief, wrapping her arms tightly around her son in a tit-crushing hug.

Pierce's eyes scanned the area anxiously. "Yeah, but I'm sure they'll be scouring the island looking for us now."

"Especially you," Tiffany added with a suggestive smirk, her eyes roaming up and down Pierce's muscular frame. "Male flesh is like gold here. These women have insatiable sexual appetites and that hot, young body of yours will make you a prime target."

Pierce gulped nervously, feeling both flattered and terrified by Tiffany's words as she continued to speak. "I love to fuck, but these women make my sex drive seem like that of a nun on a Sunday morning," she added.

"What do we do if they find us?" August fretfully asked, her brow furrowing with worry. "They have those big spears, we can't just fend them off with sticks and rocks."

"I have a gun," Tiffany stated confidently, causing Pierce's eyes to light up with hope.

"You have a gun?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Well, it was my late husband's gun," she clarified, her voice tinged with sadness. "But it's still here on the island. We stashed it along with some other supplies salvaged from our wrecked boat."

Pierce's mind raced as he considered their options. "We should go get it," he declared firmly, turning to look at his mother. "We need that gun to protect ourselves." The urgency in his voice conveyed the gravity of the situation.

Tiffany cautiously led the way through the dense jungle, her heart pounding with fear of stumbling upon the angry tribe that was surely searching for them. Her golden hair cascaded over her shoulders, catching rays of sunlight that filtered through the thick canopy above.

With each step, her big tits and curvaceous hips swayed enticingly, drawing the gaze of Pierce.

Kathy couldn't help but notice how Tiffany's eyes lingered on her young son's chiseled physique, matching his own appreciative glances as they trekked through the lush terrain. The air was humid and alive with the sounds of exotic birds and insects, creating a surreal backdrop for their tense journey.

"I don't like the way she's looking at him," Kathy jealously whispered to her daughter as they walked side by side.

"She got captured, and has gone three months without fucking anyone, mom. What do you expect?"

"Well, she's not having sex with your brother," Kathy sternly whispered. "We need to keep him away from her."

August giggled. "He's 18 and full of hormones…good luck with that."

Kathy's mind wandered to a disturbing piece of information that twisted her stomach in knots. "Are they really using your father as a sex slave?" she asked, her voice trembling with fear and disgust.

"I have no way of knowing for sure, but Tiffany said that's what they were using her husband for until he wasn't able to perform in a way that pleased them and they killed him."

"Oh my God, we have have to figure out a way to get him out of there," Kathy stated worriedly. She knew her husband's libido had diminished over the years and he certainly didn't have the stamina to keep a tribe of sex starved women satisfied.

"I know we do, and who knows…maybe having that gun will allow us to do that."

After an hour's trek through formidable terrain, they finally emerged onto a rugged shoreline. The jagged rocks and crashing waves were a stark contrast to the serene forest they had just left behind.

Tiffany's voice broke the silence, her eyes lighting up with recognition. "I know this place. We're close," she stated confidently.

But before anyone could fully process her words, the piercing screams of two tribal warriors echoed across the beach. They sprinted towards the group, spears at the ready and fury in their eyes.

"Quickly, this way!" shouted Tiffany as she, Pierce, Kathy, and August bolted in the opposite direction. As they ran for their lives, Pierce couldn't help but notice his mom's humongous tits bouncing uncontrollably in her bikini top. He scolded himself for admiring such things in a life or death situation, but the sight was impossible to ignore amidst the chaos of their escape.

Tiffany's heart was pounding in her chest as she sprinted into a cluster of trees, her feet kicking up dirt and leaves behind her. She could hear the heavy breathing of August behind her, both of them desperate to reach their destination. A large chest was tucked beneath a canopy of greenery, and Tiffany quickly unlocked it and dug through its contents with frantic hands.

"They're getting closer!" August shouted, her voice strained with panic. They stopped and looked back at the two female natives who were racing towards them, ready to attack. The women were fierce and determined, their eyes locked onto their targets.

Tiffany's fingers closed around something cold and metal - her husband's gun. She fumbled with it awkwardly, trying to remember how to use it.

"I got this!" Pierce said, appearing suddenly beside Tiffany. He snatched the gun from her trembling hands and took aim at the

approaching enemies.

"Hurry!" Kathy shouted from behind them, fear evident in her voice as the two warriors closed in on them.

Pierce's finger tightened on the trigger as he pointed and fired, the sound of gunfire echoing through the trees. The first native dropped to the ground, a bullet piercing through their skull. Startled by the sudden attack and their partner's demise, the second warrior reversed directions to retreat. But Pierce wasn't finished yet - he fired two more shots into their back, dropping them dead before they could even escape.

"Good shot, honey," Kathy praised with a smile, her eyes sparkling with admiration.

"Thanks," Pierce replied, his face still carrying the weight of just having taken two lives. His hand trembled slightly as he holstered his gun. "We should grab the chest and make our way back before more of them show up."

"I couldn’t agree more," August chimed in, her gaze darting around warily.

With the loaded gun now in their possession, the journey back to their original camp seemed less daunting. They moved swiftly and cautiously through the dense forest, constantly on guard for any potential threats.

"I could sure use a bath," Tiffany exclaimed, her hand absentmindedly rubbing the coarse stubble on her legs. "And a shave. It feels like I haven't had either in forever."

Pierce's eyes scanned the rugged terrain around them, searching for any sign of danger. "We could go to the waterfall," he suggested, glancing at Kathy for approval.

She nodded, but added with caution, "That's fine, but we should all stick together and keep that gun at the ready."

Pierce patted the pistol he had tucked into his pants, its weight offering a small sense of security. "Loaded and ready for if and when we need it," he reassured them both. "But hopefully we won't."

"Yeah, maybe if the rest of the tribe finds those two dead bodies it'll scare them into leaving us alone," August wistfully stated.

"We still need to figure out a way to get your father out of there,"

Kathy reminded her children, her voice laced with concern. "But at least we know he's still alive. That'll give us time to come up with a plan of action."

Pierce led them to the waterfall oasis, his hand tightly gripping the handle of his gun in case they encountered any unexpected dangers.

Tiffany pointed to a bag she had brought with her. "I have some razors and body wash that we were able to salvage from our boat. Please feel free to use them," she stated.

"Thank you, I will definitely take you up on that offer," Kathy replied with gratitude. "I don't think I've ever gone this long without shaving my legs."

As they reached the edge of the crystal-clear pool, Tiffany couldn't contain her excitement and shamelessly stripped off every article of clothing before diving into the water with a splash.

Kathy noticed the way her son's eyes were fixated on Tiffany's voluptuous body, especially her jiggling jugs. While Tiffany did have a stunning figure, it paled in comparison to Kathy's own curves. Feeling the need to outdo Tiffany and gain Pierce's full attention, Kathy confidently untied her bikini and let it fall to the ground.

"Mom, what are you doing?" August asked, clearly taken aback by his mother's actions.

"What does it look like? I'm taking a bath," Kathy replied nonchalantly as she stepped out of her discarded swimsuit.

Pierce's eyes widened in amazement as he took in the sight of Kathy's flawless, naked form. The way her dangling breasts bounced and swayed on her chest was hypnotic, drawing his gaze like a moth to a flame. His eyes traced the curves of her tanned, muscular body, lingering on the roundness of her buttocks before she gracefully dived into the crystal clear water to join Tiffany.

August, Pierce's sister, couldn't help but scowl at his open admiration for their mother's body. "Don't be a pervert," she chided him, breaking him out of his trance. "You're supposed to be keeping watch for dangerous natives, not ogling our own mother."

With that, she joined them in the water, making sure to keep her bikini securely in place.

Tiffany, ever the flirt, couldn't resist complimenting Pierce. "Your son is so handsome and brave," she purred, her eyes raking over his toned physique as he scanned the rocks nearby for any signs of danger. The roar of the nearby waterfall drowned out their conversation.

Kathy smiled proudly at her son, also admiring his rugged good looks just like Tiffany was. "I'm really proud of how he's handled himself in this situation," she commented, unable to hide her admiration. "He truly is a remarkable young man."

Tiffany's cheeks flushed as she spoke, her voice tinged with hesitation. "It's been three months since I've had sex," she pointed out, gesturing to the attractive 18-year-old. "And I'm sure he must be feeling a bit sexually frustrated at this point." She turned to

Kathy, her eyes pleading. "It wouldn't bother you too much if I had sex with him, would it?"

Kathy's expression turned jealous and she couldn't help but feel a pang of possessiveness towards Pierce. "Well...um, Pierce is 18 so it doesn't really matter what I think," she replied, trying to hide her true feelings. "He can have sex with whoever he chooses."

Tiffany's face fell in relief and she let out a nervous laugh. "I know, I just didn't want you to think I'm some sort of slut or something," she explained. "If we do end up sleeping together, I promise we'll go somewhere private so things don't get awkward."

Although Kathy reluctantly agreed, inside she was seething with jealousy and insecurity at the thought of Tiffany sleeping with Pierce.

Part of it may have been her maternal instincts kicking in, but it was also due to the emotional and physical connection they had formed over the past few days. She couldn't deny feeling possessive of Pierce and the idea of having to share his affection with someone else made her upset and uneasy.

Pierce watched as Tiffany and his mom waded towards the shallower section of the pond, their heavy, naked tits bobbling, their bodies glimmering under the bright sun. The way their curves moved with fluid grace was mesmerizing, each motion sending ripples through the water. Pierce's sister cleared her throat pointedly, casting a disgusted glare in his direction, jolting him out of his trance and reminding him of his surroundings. Frantically, he looked around to ensure they were safe, while trying to conceal the growing bulge in his pants. Pierce couldn't help but steal glances at his mom and Tiffany as they vied for his attention. Kathy lathered up her legs seductively, resting one foot on a nearby rock as she teasingly shaved them with a razor, all while keeping an eye on Pierce to gauge his reaction.

"Seriously, mom?!" August scowled as she looked over towards Kathy. She was shamelessly shaving the stubble from her pubic mound with a small razor that glinted in the sunlight.

"What, I keep it shaved…what's the big deal?" Kathy inquired with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"Who cares if you shave your pussy, it's just the fact that you're doing it right in front of your son," August stated, her tone tinged with annoyance and embarrassment.

"Honey, we're all stuck on this island together. Modesty sort of goes out the window when survival is at stake," Kathy defended, continuing to carefully groom herself.

Tiffany couldn't help but laugh at Kathy's reasoning. "That's a good point," she agreed, joining in on the lighthearted banter. "Nature surely knows no shame, and this is our temporary home whether we like it or not."

After carefully shaving every inch of her lower body and rinsing off, Kathy walked back over to where her son was keeping watch.

Pierce's eyes widened in shock as he watched his mother casually display her nakedness in front of him. The way her skin shimmered under the sunlight, her hips swaying with each step, and her breasts bouncing lightly almost took his breath away. "Honey, why don't you go and rinse off now. I can take the gun and keep watch," she offered nonchalantly, despite feeling a little guilty for wanting to see Pierce's nude form, especially since she could tell he was erect.

"That's alright," he replied, his voice husky and deep. "I'm good for now."

"You're not ‘good,’ you're absolutely filthy." She gestured to his disheveled appearance. "Now strip down and jump in."

He cautiously passed her the gun, his fingers lingering on hers for a moment before releasing it. "Careful. Are you sure you know how to handle that thing?" he asked, a hint of concern in his tone.

"Of course. I handled YOUR weapon pretty well the other night, didn't I?" she winked, a sly smile playing on her lips.

Pierce couldn't help but laugh at her brazenness. "You certainly did."

She looked over her shoulder, making sure her daughter was still too far away to hear them.

"Glad to hear that, because I might wanna handle that weapon again tonight…and use my boobs as target practice," she stated with a devilish grin, her eyes sparkling mischievously. "You can unload your gooey ammunition all over them."

Pierce took a moment to admire her jutting chest, captivated by the roundness and fullness of her breasts. Her wide, dusky-pink areolas were like works of art, perfectly framing the turgid nipples that were begging to be touched.

"Those are some awfully big targets," he grinned, a playful glint in his eyes. "They shouldn't be too hard to miss."

Pierced stripped down to his birthday suit, baring all for the world to see. Every eye in the vicinity was drawn to him, even his own sister's, as his erection sprang out from his loins with a force that couldn't be contained. He stood tall and unashamed, his body glistening in the sunlight as he prepared to dive into the water.

"I can't even believe that I'm watching this right now," August stated, her eyes locked on her brother's naked form.

"Then don't watch. No one is forcing you, honey," Kathy giggled mischievously.

"But you'd be crazy not to, even if you are his sister," Tiffany chimed in, unable to tear her gaze away from Pierce as he gracefully entered the water.

Meanwhile, Kathy quickly put on her bikini, all while keeping a lookout for crazy natives, her attention constantly divided between their safety and the mesmerizing sight of Pierce bathing nude in the pond.

As Pierce finished dressing, the sky around them began to transform into a canvas of vibrant colors. The sun was setting over the watery horizon, casting a warm glow over everything in its path. They quickly made their way back to camp, hoping to reach safety before the darkness fully engulfed them.

Tiffany's words broke the peaceful silence, her tone laced with sarcasm. "I guess a fire is out of the question now that there are angry native women out there looking for us."

Looking around at their makeshift campsite, Kathy chimed in, trying to lighten the mood. "Well, at least we have plenty of blankets to keep us warm tonight."

Tiffany shot a suggestive glance at Pierce, her eyes saying it all.

"Although body heat and friction can be quite effective too." Pierce couldn't help but blush under her gaze.

August shifted uncomfortably, wanting to change the subject from her brother's potential liaisons with Tiffany. "I hope dad is okay," she stated anxiously.

Kathy's expression turned somber at the thought of her husband's safety. "Me too, honey," she said softly. It was difficult for her not to dwell on the possibility that he may be in danger right at that moment.

Pierce's determination broke through the tense atmosphere. "We'll get him back," he said firmly. "And then we'll figure out a way off this damn island once and for all." His words were met with determined nods.

A short time later, the four of them were huddled in the cave, Pierce sandwiched between Kathy and Tiffany. The warmth from their bodies was a welcome comfort in the chilly cave. As they lay there, Pierce could feel the heat radiating off his mom's heavy tits pressed against his chest, and Tiffany's freshly shaved leg draped over his own. Each woman had a hand roaming his body, sending shivers of pleasure through him. Kathy's touch was light and teasing, her fingers tracing the toned muscles of his chest. Tiffany's touch was more firm and intimate, caressing his abs with tenderness. Their breaths mingled at his neck, creating an intoxicating sensation that fueled his already heightened desire. His cock stood tall and erect and had been that way for quite some time.

He turned his head and looked at Kathy's pretty face laying so close to his. Sensing his stare she opened her radiant eyes a fed him an alluring smile that could melt any man's heart.

It was a difficult task, tearing his eyes from Kathy's intense gaze. He turned his head to look at Tiffany, who was already staring back at him with desire burning in her eyes. Their faces were only inches apart, and he could feel the heat radiating from her body. Her tongue curled teasingly across her top lip, a sign of how hungry she was for his cock.

Suddenly, his mom's hand grabbed his head and gently turned it back towards her. She began to shower his face with soft, teasing kisses, each one sending shivers down his spine.

The two women continued their advances, their touches growing more urgent and insistent. Tiffany raked her sharp nails across his lower abdomen while Kathy traced delicate patterns on his neck

before bringing their faces nose to nose and gently kissing his lips over and over.

Their bodies pressed against him, nuzzling him tightly as they vied for his attention. Both had a bikini-clad tit-melon draped so far across him that their hardened nipples were almost touching. It was a sensual overload that made it hard for him to think straight.

Tiffany's lips brushed against his ear, her voice dripping with seduction. "Let's go somewhere and fuck, Pierce" she purred. "I'll make it so fucking good for you, I promise."

Kathy couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy as she heard whispered words, but couldn't tell what was said. She brought her own mouth to Pierce's other ear, her voice low and husky. "Are you hard for me, sweetheart?" she teased. "Do you ache for my touch?"

Pierce's heart raced at the attention from both women. As they each tried to claim his arousal with their hands, their fingers danced dangerously close to his throbbing cock. Their wandering hands accidentally touched and quickly retreated to their respective sides, leaving Pierce's erection straining between them like a forbidden prize.

"I'll suck your cock…lick your balls," Tiffany hissed seductively in his ear, her voice laced with desire.

"Are you ready to feel my hand squeezing up and down your shaft like a hot, wet pussy?" Kathy purred in the other ear, her breath tickling his skin.

"Fuck me," Tiffany moaned, her nails trailing down along the side of his nuts as she pressed herself closer. "Fuck my pussy."

Pierce could feel both women's legs entangling with his own like a vine, their toes teasing and playing with his feet. The warmth of

their bodies against his was intoxicating, their heaving breasts melting against his youthful chest.

"Mmm, let's go make you throw some ropes," Kathy whispered eagerly, "you can splatter those yummy ropes against mom's big boobies." Pierce couldn't resist the tempting invitation and felt a surge of pleasure rush through him.

Kathy grasped Pierce's hand tightly, her determination evident in the way she pulled him away from Tiffany's grasp and towards the beach. The moon had fully risen, its luminescent glow casting a silvery blanket over the sand and water. The rhythmic crashing of the waves against the shore was almost hypnotic, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

Suddenly, Kathy stopped and knelt down in front of him, her fingers deftly yanking his shorts down until he could step out of them. His cock stood proudly at attention, like it was spring loaded and ready to launch. Without hesitation, Kathy shed her own clothing, untying her bikini with haste so that they could both embrace their nakedness under the moonlit sky.

Her fingers instinctively latched onto his arm and she playfully tugged him down to the soft, warm sand. With a mischievous giggle, she gracefully rolled on top of him, her voluptuous chest spread out across his toned torso like two inflated balloons ready to burst. Their lips met in a passionate kiss, their mouths eagerly exploring each other's as if they had been starved for this moment.

Their bodies melted together in a steamy embrace, limbs entwined and movements fluid as they indulged in each other's touch. For Kathy, it was like being transported back to her teenage years, overcome with desire and unable to resist the alluring temptation before her.

Abruptly, she broke their passionate kiss and hastily slid down between his legs. She knelt on the soft sand, resting her rounded

ass on her heels as she gazed up at him with hunger in her eyes. With surprising strength and control, she lifted Pierce's legs and draped them over her upper thighs. Her hands reached out confidently to grasp his cock, stroking its length between her breasts. The sensation was electric, sending shivers of pleasure through both of them.

"Oh, God," Pierce groaned, feeling the tightness of her grip and the expert movements of her hand.

Kathy's heart pounded in exhilaration as she looked down at Pierce's sculpted body and handsome, enraptured face. He was hers completely in this moment, and she reveled in the power she held over him.

Her eyes drifted down to the long, glistening slab of tubular flesh slipping through her hand. The dark, tapered head peeked up at her from within the deep crevice of her cavernous cleavage. She let out a small moan as a pool of saliva dribbled from her mouth onto his throbbing member, providing wonderful lubrication along with his leaking pre-cum.

Her strokes were slow and deliberate, starting at the flexing base of his rod and gradually moving upward. With each movement, the tightness of her grip caused the pink skin to slide along the blood-filled meat beneath, revealing glimpses of his foreskin gathering around the neck of his glans before being swiped by the friction of her hand. As she reached the top, she curled her fingers over the sensitive pink crown, eliciting a muffled groan from him. Then she reversed her movement, sliding back down and pulling the delicate membrane taut against the sinewy tissue of his hardened penile flesh. This caused his knob to swell and mushroom in response, its smooth and naked surface glowing in the soft moonlight.

"You were incredibly brave today," Kathy cooed, her voice like warm honey as she gently ran her hand up and down his shaft. "My little

hero, saving the day."

Pierce's breath caught in his throat as he watched her tits sway with each movement of her hand. Her touch was electric, sending shivers down his spine.

"I'm glad I could help," he managed to say between gasps for air.

"Well, heroes deserve a reward," Kathy declared, stroking him harder now. "But all I have to offer is my big tits and tight grip. Will that do?"

She playfully winked at him, knowing full well that her skilled hands and voluptuous body were more than enough to satisfy him.

"Uh-huh," he nodded eagerly, his body tensing with each stroke of her hand. The friction created by her touch sent shivers of pleasure through him.

"I mean, it’s not the same as a wet, tight pussy, but it's still pretty damn amazing, right?" Kathy's voice was low and sultry as she teased him, her hand moving faster on his throbbing cock. Pierce couldn't help but moan at the sensation.

"Yes…it feels so good," he gasped, unable to keep his eyes from rolling back in ecstasy.

"And I'm jerking you off between my big, warm titties. That should make it extra special," she winked playfully.

Kathy picked up the pace even more, her hands expertly working his shaft. "You can release all your pent-up desire somewhere nice, snug and warm," she stated seductively, locking her gaze with his pleasure-filled eyes. "You can really bust that teenage nut deep inside the cleavage that you love to stare at all the time." The image of his hot seed spilling between her ample breasts made Pierce's heart race even faster.

"Is that what you want?" Kathy whispered seductively, her eyes locked with his as she continued to stroke him. Her fingers danced along his length, each motion carefully calculated to draw out the maximum amount of pleasure. "Do you wanna show your mom how much cum you can make and impress her even more than you already did today?"

"Oh, yes," Pierce groaned, his hips subtly bucking.

A wicked glint danced in her eyes as she spoke. "Oh, you do, don't you? You want to make my pussy drip even more than it already is," she stated with a sly smile.

Pierce gasped as he watched her hand move up and down his slick shaft. His eyes were drawn to the swell of her cleavage, seemingly on display just for him.

Kathy's voice was low and husky as she cooed, "Oh, my brave one likes that, doesn't he? You like that you make my pussy wet with your handsome face, your bulging muscles, and your big hard penis that's always leaking and pulsating."

Suddenly, Pierce's muscles tensed and he let out a guttural moan.

His hips bucked uncontrollably, pleasure coursing through his body like a bolt of lightning. He could feel his orgasm building deep within his groin. Kathy knew the moment had arrived.

"Come on, that's it...show me, sweetheart," she panted breathlessly.

Her hand was a blur as it flew up and down his throbbing member.

"Show me how badly you want to make a mess between my tits."

With a guttural grunt, Pierce began to explode. Powerful jets of hot, sticky cum gushed from the tip of his penis, coating Kathy's breast-

cleavage in a warm, glistening sheen. His hips bucked wildly, unable to keep still as wave after wave of pleasure washed over him.

Kathy couldn't help but laugh at the sight of him cumming so hard, her hands still working his cock as he spurted his hot, sticky seed through her tit-cleavage. His load was so voluminous that it made her breasts glisten with a thick layer of milky white liquid. She could feel the warmth of it seeping down onto her belly.

"Oh, baby," she whispered, her voice thick with lust and satisfaction as she continued to milk him. "You're such a stud. Look at all that cum you've got inside of you. Mmm and it feels so good on my skin."

As his muscles relaxed, he felt Kathy's hands slowly stroking him, milking him dry. He could feel his cock shrinking in her grip, but he didn't want it to end. He looked up at her, still sitting on her heels with his legs draped over her thighs. Her face was flushed, her eyes heavy-lidded and filled with desire.

"Feel better?" she whispered.

Pierce couldn't speak. The words got caught in his throat, choked by the euphoria of his climax. He nodded slowly, still breathing heavily from the intensity of his orgasm. Kathy smiled, her eyes glinting with triumph.

"I thought so," she purred, running her hands up and down his wet shaft. "Now, let's clean you up."

Kathy's hands were gentle as she carefully wiped his sticky, glistening cum from her chest and belly with his t-shirt.

"We'll have to give this a good rinse before you can wear it again," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Looks like you'll have to go shirtless until it dries. Oh, darn," she joked, her tongue darting out to lick her lips as she gazed at his perfectly chiseled chest.

She dabbed the cloth onto his cock, cleaning him up bit by bit. Pierce watched the way her heavy tits wobbled as she moved, entranced by the sight of her flawless body.

"There now, all clean," she said, standing up. "Now, let's dressed and get you to bed so you can rest."

As soon as they had finished dressing, their senses were on high alert as the sound of rustling trees reached them from the edge of the beach. It was a loud and chaotic noise, much too loud for just one person to make.

"Damn," Pierce exclaimed, "I left the gun back in the cave."

Kathy clung nervously to his arm as they anxiously waited for the source of the commotion to reveal itself on the beach.

Chapter 4

"You two are insane!" August exclaimed as she and Tiffany emerged from the lush vegetation and inky darkness of the night. "I woke up and you were both gone. Tiffany told me you had wandered off together."

"Relax. We just wanted to sit on the beach for a while," Kathy defended, shooting an annoyed glance at Tiffany, who she knew was desperate for her son's attention.

"With a group of angry native women searching for us? That's incredibly foolish, mom."

"If anyone was gonna attract the attention of the natives, it would be you with your big mouth. Now keep it down," Kathy scolded, nervously scanning their surroundings.

"I think we should head back to the cave," Pierce interjected uneasily. "Especially since I left the gun behind."

The four of them went back to the cave to get some sleep. This time, however, Kathy switched spots with her son so that Tiffany was forced to keep her hands off of him.

"I have a plan," said Pierce the next morning. "A way that we can get dad back."

"Let's hear it," Kathy replied, eager to see what her son had in mind.

"I charge in there to get him, guns blazing. Anyone who stands in my way gets a bullet," he said with confidence.

"Your not John Wick, idiot," blurted his sister. "This is real life."

"She's right," his mom agreed. "We do have a gun, but those native women are probably pretty damn good with those spears."

"Well, we can't just leave dad there, so if you guys have another idea, let's hear it," said Pierce.

Tiffany chimed in. "When I was a prisoner in the camp, I noticed that most of the natives would leave to bathe in the river at the same time each afternoon. That would definitely be the best time to sneak in and rescue your dad."

"Well, that certainly sounds more promising than taking them all on at once," Kathy added, her voice betraying a hint of nervousness.

Pierce nodded thoughtfully, his eyes scanning the group. "We should split into two teams - two of us will go in and two should stay back. We can't risk putting everyone in danger."

Tiffany quickly stepped forward, placing a hand on Pierce's shoulder. "I'll go with you," she offered eagerly.

Kathy couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at Tiffany's sudden enthusiasm. She suspected that it had more to do with wanting to be alone with Pierce than a genuine desire to help. "I think I should be the one to go with him," Kathy spoke up firmly. "After all, it's my husband who's being held captive in there. It should be me helping to rescue him."

August rolled her eyes, growing increasingly annoyed at her mother and brother's habit of sneaking off together. "Can you guys actually keep your hands off each other long enough to focus on rescuing dad?" she sarcastically interjected.

Tiffany snickered at August's comment, but Kathy couldn't find any humor in the situation. "You know, finding comfort in someone's

arms during a stressful time is not a crime, honey," she stated defensively.

"I'm just saying. Lately you guys have been acting more like lovers than mother and son," August remarked, casting a knowing glance at his mother and brother.

Kathy's eyes narrowed in a sharp reprimand. "August, that's quite enough."

Pierce fidgeted with nervous energy, eager to dodge the awkward conversation. "If we wanna be at their camp during bath time, we better get moving now."

He was grateful for the distraction of planning and preparing for the task ahead. The truth was, he was secretly enjoying the tender sexual affection Kathy had been showing him, and didn't want his nosy sister to ruin it by guilt-tripping his mom.

Tiffany fed Pierce a seductive smile. "Good luck," she teased with a flirty wink.

Pierce and Kathy disappeared into the lush jungle.

"I hope you don't feel guilty about what's been happening between you and I here, lately," Kathy stated to her son.

"No, not at all," Pierces replied.

"Good. It's not something I'm ashamed of either. And I think it's brought us closer together. I mean, we've been through so much on this island, it's only natural that we'd find comfort in each other's arms."

Pierce raised an eyebrow at his mom's candid admission. "You're right. But I just don't wanna cause any more drama with August. She's already so damn judgmental."

Kathy chuckled and squeezed hand. "Don't worry about her. She's just upset and projecting her own insecurities onto us."

As they battled through the dense, tangled jungle foliage towards the native camp, Kathy's heart raced with a mixture of excitement and unease. This journey was essential to save her husband, but a small part of her couldn't help but relish the opportunity to be alone with Pierce.

As they forged ahead, weaving through the thick underbrush, Pierce noticed an odd pattern etched into the trees around them.

"What do you think caused this?" Kathy inquired nervously.

"I'm not sure. It almost looks as though a giant T-Rex stomped its way through here," Pierce mused.

"Don't even joke about that," Kathy laughed shakily. "We're already dealing with lustful native women, we don't need to add dinosaurs to the mix."

Pierce followed the peculiar clearing in the vegetation. "I see something over here," he announced, ducking under low-hanging branches and pushing through new growth on the forest floor.

"Oh my God, it's a plane!" exclaimed the boy.

"A plane?" repeated Kathy incredulously, struggling to keep up with Pierce's quick movements.

The midsized plane lay in ruins, its wings sheared off and entangled in thick, overgrown vines. The once sleek exterior was now corroded and faded, a testament to the years it had spent abandoned in this remote jungle. Pierce's keen eyes scanned the wreckage, searching for any sign of life or hope.

"Let's see if we can find a way inside," he suggested, determination etched on his face. "There might be some supplies left that we can use."

Kathy's worried voice broke through his thoughts. "Honey, please be careful."

"I will," he promised, gingerly stepping along the shattered remains of the wing. The ground beneath him creaked and shifted, a warning of its instability.

"It looks like the door is slightly open," Pierce called back to her. "I think I can squeeze my way through." Despite Kathy's anxiety, he couldn't help but feel a spark of excitement at the prospect of uncovering the secrets this abandoned plane held within its battered walls.

Pierce pushed his way through the narrow opening, his heart racing as he caught sight of the gruesome scene inside. The skeletal remains of the pilot lay slumped over the controls, impaled by sharp branches that had pierced through their chest in the crash.

Dried blood stained the walls and floor, evidence of the violent impact.

"What do you see, honey?" Kathy asked, her voice tinged with worry as she cautiously made her way to the door.

"A dead pilot," Pierce replied, his eyes fixed on the haunting sight before him. "But it's just a skeleton. This must have happened a long time ago."

Without hesitation, Kathy squeezed through the breach in the door and joined her son inside. She too was taken aback by how well-preserved the interior of the plane was despite its tragic fate. It was like stepping back in time, frozen in a moment of chaos and destruction.

"I know it's not paradise, but this plane would sure be a better shelter than the one we have now," Pierce observed, looking around at the well-preserved interior.

"You're right. It might be a little grim, but it could keep us safe until we find a way to leave this cursed island," Kathy agreed, then looked towards the cockpit. "As long as we can close that cockpit door. That dead pilot isn't exactly a welcoming sight."

"Come take a look at this," Pierce anxiously exclaimed, hurrying to the cargo area of the plane.

Kathy followed closely, her curiosity piqued. "What is it?"

Pierce's face was a mixture of shock and excitement as he answered. "I think it's drugs. Cocaine, and lots of it. No wonder this plane was never found. They must have been transporting this stuff illegally."

As Kathy surveyed the interior of the plane, she couldn't help but admire its luxurious furnishings. "Well, they sure picked a nice plane to move this stuff in," she remarked, sinking into one of the plush seats. However, her eyes were drawn to a poster taped to the wall featuring a naked centerfold model. "Although the decor leaves something to be desired."

Pierce grinned mischievously as he joined her sitting down, his gaze fixed on the seductive image before them. "I kind of like it," he admitted, taking in every detail of the woman's body as she provocatively spread her legs.

Kathy rolled her eyes playfully. "Of course you do. But let's be real, that much pubic hair down there is just not practical."

Pierce nodded in agreement, his eyebrows raising in surprise. "I couldn't agree more. I mean, who wants to pick hair out of their teeth after giving oral sex?" he chuckled.

"I don't mind a neat landing strip or a well-groomed Brazilian triangle," Kathy added, "but I would never want that much hair around my vagina."

Curiosity got the best of Pierce. "What do you have now?" he boldly asked.

Kathy let out a playful laugh. "Wouldn't you like to know."

"In all honesty, I would," Pierce admitted, leaning in closer.

"Well, if it's that important to you, I shaved it the morning before we got shipwrecked on this island. So now it's growing back and I have some stubble," she confessed.

Pierce's gaze flickered between the poster on the wall and Kathy's face. "Is your clit as big as hers?" he brazenly inquired.

"Pierce!" Kathy exclaimed with a blush, playfully swatting at him.

"What? I'm genuinely curious," Pierce defended himself with a smirk.

Kathy hesitated before answering, her eyes flickering to the girl in the centerfold and then back to her son. "Mine is actually bigger than her," she revealed with a sly smile.

Pierce's eyes glinted with curiosity as he looked down at Kathy.

"Can I see it?" he asked, a sly smile playing on his lips.

Kathy returned the smile mischievously. "It's an odd time to make such a request, don't you think?" she teased.

Pierce shrugged nonchalantly. "Not really," he replied. "We're all alone in this cozy plane together."

"We should be focusing on rescuing your father," Kathy reminded him, "now showing you my clitoris."

"Yeah, I know," Pierce said with a chuckle, "but Tiffany said the natives don't bathe until the afternoon and it’s still morning. We have plenty of time to find their camp."

Kathy couldn't help but smile at his playful nature as she shook her head. "Why do I have such a hard time saying no to you lately?"

"Maybe because I'm cute and irresistible?" Pierce suggested innocently, a twinkle in his eye.

"I won't argue with that," Kathy agreed, standing up from her seat.

She hooked her thumbs beneath the waistband of her bikini bottoms and slowly peeled them over her wide hips, revealing smooth skin and toned muscles. As they slid off her legs and onto the floor, Pierce's heart skipped a beat as his gaze fixed upon her naked vulva. A small patch of pubic stubble crowned her mons; delicate folds of skin formed well-defined labial lips that were separated by a dark, inviting cuntal fissure.

"Will you spread your pussy open, like the girl in the poster is doing?" Pierce asked.

"I suppose I'll have to…since you're so dead set on seeing my clit,"

Kathy smiled, then sat back down in the seat. She scooted her rounded buns to the edge of it, the drew her knees back, bowing open her smooth, thick thighs.

Pierce couldn't believe his eyes as he stood their gawking at the sight before him. He watched with bated breath as Kathy splayed her legs even further, revealing the prize he had been longing to see. Her labia minora were partially engorged, glistening with arousal, leading the eye to her plump, grape-sized clitoris. It was slightly protruding from its hood, the tip of it beckoning him closer.

His erection strained against his shorts, aching for release.

"Wow," he breathed, his words barely audible as he dropped to his knees in front of her. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight before him, so mesmerized by the sheer beauty and sensuality of her pussy. "You are so incredibly sexy, mom."

"Thank you, honey," she said, then gave him a stern look, making sure he understood the gravity of their situation. "Like everything else we've been doing since we got on this island, this stays between us, got it?"

Pierce nodded eagerly, still unable to take his gaze off of her crotch. "Of course," he murmured, feeling like he was in a dream as Kathy slowly spread open her coral pink inner flanges with two fingers, revealing her fully engorged clitoris.

The desire that coursed through Pierce's body was almost too much to handle. "Can I...um, lick you?" he mustered up the courage to ask.

Kathy hesitated for a moment before meeting his gaze with uncertainty. "Pierce, I know I've been helping you release some tension, but oral sex is—"

"Just this once," he interrupted, trying to contain the burning desire within him. "I mean, we're risking our lives to save dad today. This could very well be the last time either of us get to experience something like this."

Kathy knew he had a point and despite having helped him find pleasure yesterday, it seemed like forever since the last time she herself had experienced any sexual release. With a soft whisper, she gave in. "Alright," she said, giving him permission to continue.

Without wasting a second, Pierce leaned forward, dragging his tongue from her asshole to her clit in one long swipe. He gasped at the sweet flavor and aroma of her pussy. Craving more, he began to

whip his tongue through her moist folds, then across the blood-swollen bulb of her love-nubbin.

Kathy let out an audible gasped, tossing her long, dark hair back as she felt him begin to devour her cunt.

Pierce's face was buried between her legs, his tongue expertly working on her clit. He knew what he was doing, and Kathy moaned louder and louder as he continued. She could feel herself becoming even wetter, her arousal only growing with every passing moment.

"Oh, my God," she cried out, her hands clenching the sides of the seat. She could feel the muscles in her thighs and stomach tightening with each pass of his tongue. It felt like an electrical current was running through her body, every nerve ending sparking to life.

Pierce couldn't help but smile as he noticed her reaction, his gaze traveling across her pubis and up her torso. He watched as she squirmed, her giants tits heaving with each movement. The creamy softness of their undersides spilled out from beneath the snug cups of her bikini top, a tantalizing sight that made his mouth water. But his attention was soon drawn back to the main event, as he sucked her fat clit into his mouth. She arched her back and moaned in pleasure, locking eyes with him through the haze of ecstasy.

"I'll stop if you want me to," he mumbled against her wet flesh, his voice slightly muffled.

"No, don't stop," she gasped out, her breathless voice making his own desire intensify. Without hesitation, she locked her strong legs around his head, trapping his face against her horny twat. "Keep eating me," she demanded, her hips bucking against him as he hungrily complied. The intense scent of arousal filled his nostrils as he devoured her, lost in the euphoria of pleasing her in this intimate way.

With his face masked in aroused, pink pussy, Pierced snarled like a hungry dog. His tongue lapped through her vestibule, soaking up the hot nectar that seeped from her fuck-hole.

His tongue danced voraciously, methodically tracing the outline of her gushing slit, before diving deep between her slick, pink lips.

Kathy cried out and pressed her hands against the back of his head, grinding her hips into his face, demanding more. His rough stubble grazed her sensitive skin, sending shivers down her spine.

"Oh Pierce, oh yes!" she groaned, her voice thick with passion.

"Keep going, Fuck me with that tongue!"

Pierce was more than happy to oblige. He lapped ravenously at her wet center, his eyes locked on hers, their expressions matching the intensity of the situation. His hands gripped the back of her thighs as he worked his magic, his fingers spreading her open even wider, granting him access to all her most sensitive spots.

Kathy's breath came in short, ragged gasps.

He could feel her pussy tightening around his tongue with each thrust, sucking him deeper into her. Her clit was so sensitive - each touch sent a shock wave of pleasure through her body. "Yes, suck my clit," she moaned, her hips bucking against his mouth.

Pierce's tongue darted across her plump clitoris, causing Kathy to cry out in ecstasy. "Oh, fuck!" she gasped, her hips bucking wildly.

In response, he increased his pace, his tongue flicking and dancing across her swollen, pink bulb. Kathy's moans grew louder, her body trembling with pleasure. She could feel the orgasm building deep within her, the tension coiling like a spring. "I'm gonna cum," she warned, her voice thick with arousal. "Oh, fuck, baby!"

Pierce's eyes widened in surprise, but he didn't miss a beat. He continued to lap at her, his tongue probing deeper, his fingers digging into her flesh as she convulsed. He wanted to drink every drop of juice that her ejaculation would provide.

Kathy's body convulsed with each wave of her climax. Her hips gyrated wildly, her thighs quivering as she rode Pierce's face. He could feel the wetness between her legs pulsating with each throbbing beat of her climax.

"Oh, God," she whimpered, her body writhing as she reached her peak. "I'm cumming, oh fuck, oh God!"

Pierce could feel her juices gushing from her pussy, coating his face and tongue. He licked at her, devouring her sweet, salty essence, drinking in her nectar like a man dying of thirst.

Her orgasm peaked and she collapsed back against the seat, gasping for breath, her entire body trembling. Her legs slowly released Pierce's face, and he let out a satisfied groan.

"Holy fucking shit," she panted, her voice shaking with both exhaustion and pleasure. "That was amazing."

Pierce grinned up at her, his face dripping with her juices. "You have no idea," he replied, wiping a finger across his mouth to lick off the remnants.

Kathy looked down at him, her expression a mixture of shock and desire. "I'm sorry, honey…I squirted all over you," she said, her voice thick with lust.

Pierce's eyes met hers, his pupils dilated with unmistakable lust.

His gaze bore into her own, mirroring the fiery desire burning inside her. "Do you hear me complaining?" he asked, his grin wide and mischievous.

Kathy's eyes flicked down to the obvious bulge tenting his shorts, the sight only fueling her own primal urges. With one swift motion, she extended her leg out and grasped the waistline of his trunks with her toes, pulling him closer to her. In a rush of passion, she sat up and eagerly started undoing his shorts. "Get these off," she whispered, her tone dripping with desire.

Pierce's boner caught on the elastic waistband of his briefs, then sprang upward when finally freed. A bead of precum traveled up and splattered across Kathy's lips and chin, the sticky essence glistening in the light. Without hesitation, her thick, pink tongue darted out to eagerly clean it off.

A satisfied sigh escaped Kathy's lips as she stared down at his long, vein-encrusted baby-cannon in adoration. The mere sight of it sent shivers of excitement through her body. Pierce groaned as she clasped onto his dangling nuts with her hand, her nails digging against their tender flesh.

In a voice dripping with lust, she whispered, "I bet you love getting that big dick of yours sucked, don't you?" Pierce's breath hitched as he nodded, his boner twitching with excitement.

"And IT IS soooo big," Kathy cooed, tracing her fingers along its length. "I bet you've never been with a girl who could take all of you in her mouth and throat." Her words caused Pierce to shudder with anticipation.

With an eager shake of his head, he watched as Kathy lowered her lips to the root of his shaft, engulfing him in warmth and wetness.

He couldn't believe the sensations coursing through his body as she expertly deepthroated him.

Pierced watched in fascination as his boner glided back out of her mouth. "Your father may not have as much meat as you do, but I've had my fair share of big dicks in my younger years," she purred, her

tongue flicking along his sensitive tip. Pierce could only moan in response as she skillfully worked her mouth over every inch of him. It was like nothing he had ever experienced before.

"Grab my hair, honey," she whispered after kissing his knob. "Use my lips, mouth and throat like a pussy and take out all your pent-up up sexual energy on me."

Pierce's hands shook as he reached down, grabbing a fistful of her hair. He groaned in pure bliss as she deepthroated him once more, sucking and bobbing her head with practiced ease.

The sensation was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. Her warmth enveloped him, her wet mouth moving up and down his shaft, her tongue tracing a path along the underside with every stroke. It was enough to make his knees buckle.

He pulled her head tightly against his crotch, feel the ring of her lips taut around his hilt as he pushed every bit of cock as he could deep inside her throat and held it there.

"Goddamn!"he shuttered, the wet heat and snugness surrounding his erection, causing his shaft and knob to swell with even more blood.

Kathy gagged slightly from being stuffed so full and deep, her nose pressed against his coarse pubic hair. She wanted to let him bask in the balls-deep pleasure for as long as he needed to. She felt his knob balloon with more blood in her gullet and a trickle of semen began to run from Pierce's meatus and run down her throat.

She had told him to use her mouth like a cunt and he did exactly that, smashing her pretty face with his groin, pushing his cock deeper than he ever thought possible.

Kathy loved the sensation of having a huge slab of cock plunge through her mouth and throat. It thrilled her that her own handsome

son was able to use her body this way and she wanted more.

"Harder, Pierce," she urged, her voice gasping as she came up for air. "Use my throat. Make me feel it. Exhaust every drop of energy into me. I want it all!"

Pierce obliged, thrusting his hips forward with more urgency, his balls slapping against her chin. He had never felt such a primal connection with anyone before. The raw power of his orgasm increasing with every cock-thrust. He let out a guttural grunt, his nuts tightening in his scrotum as he felt a torrent of semen prepare to race up his shaft.

Kathy's eyes rolled backwards, her body tensed as she felt the first wave of hot cum hit the back of her throat. She gagged some as Pierce unloaded his balls, the warmth and salty flavor of his semen overwhelming her senses. She tried her best to swallow it all, the taste filling her mouth and dribbling out from the corners of her lips.

Pierce continued to fuck her throat, his hips jerking in short, sharp thrusts as he squeezed out every last drop of cum, while tightly gripping her hair. Kathy could feel her own arousal building once again, the sensation of his cock in her throat sending waves of pleasure through her body.

When Pierce finally finished, he removed his cock from her mouth and stepped back, panting heavily. Kathy licked her lips, the salty taste of his semen still lingering in her mouth as she stared at his huge, wet, teenage dick, still twitching stiffly with post-orgasmic spasms.

"Damn," Pierce gasped, taking a gulp of air. "That was the best blowjob ever."

Kathy couldn't help but smile at his words, her own heart pounding with the rush of adrenaline. "I aim to please," she replied, a twinkle of mischief in her eyes.

"In that case, can I get another one?" He asked with a greedy grin, his eyes filled with desire.

She let out a playful giggle, her eyes sparkling as she nodded in agreement. "You were the one who pulled away and left me wanting more," she teased, before sinking down to kneel in front of him on the floor. "So if you want to feel the pleasure of my lips wrapped around your big, delicious cock again, just stick it back in and I'll gladly oblige."

Pierce couldn't resist watching as she leaned forward, her lips forming a perfect puckered ring, beckoning for his throbbing member. With a satisfied smirk, he eagerly pushed himself back inside her mouth, ready for round two of their steamy encounter.

"Ahh, Goddamn," he gasped, spearing his steely prick through her mouth. He was used to girls showing some resistance as he plunged the length of his prick into their throats, but not with his mom. She was clearly a pro. Her throat muscles were like a vice, gripping his cock and squeezing it with each thrust. He could tell she was enjoying this, too. The slurping sounds and the way her eyes rolled back in her head told him everything he needed to know.

As he pounded into her mouth, her could feel her tongue tracing a path along the underside of his shaft, then swirling around his glans with every bob of her head. Pierce couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have her beneath him, her legs tightly twined around his body as he pounded her delicious pussy like a savage.

Kathy grasped his boner beneath the balls, making his scrotum bulge up along side his boner as she sucked it feverishly.

She removed her mouth from his prick and began to lick and suck on his nuts.

"Oh, fuck," Pierce gasped as she sucked one of his balls into her mouth. He felt her tongue swirl around his nut, her cheeks providing

just the right amount of suction, pulling exquisitely on his spermatic cord.

Then she began to suck on both his balls at the same time, framing them into her mouth and causing him to moan and thrust his hips forward. Kathy's tongue darted back and forth between his tender nuts, while her hands massaged his shaft gently.

With each suck, Pierce could feel a new wave of desire rush through his body. His balls tightened, and he knew it wouldn't be long before he would reach his peak again.

He groaned, his voice echoing through the airplane as she released his balls from her mouth, and began to lick up his shaft, her tongue tracing along the length of his vein-laced skin.

Pierce watched, mesmerized as she engulfed his cock once more, her mouth bobbing up and down in a rhythm that was driving him wild. He gripped her head, guiding her movements as she deep-throated him.

Her throat muscles clenched around his shaft, massaging him with each stroke, her saliva pouring down his balls in a steady stream.

Pierce's hips pistoned forward, his cock sliding effortlessly in and out of her warm, wet mouth.

Kathy moaned softly, the vibrations from her throat reverberating against his shaft. She rubbed his balls gently with one hand, while using the other to massage his perineum. He could feel his climax building, the pressure in his balls growing stronger by the second.

"Oh, fuck," he groaned, his voice hoarse with arousal. "I'm getting close!"

Kathy didn't miss a beat, her mouth never leaving his throbbing member. She pushed her tongue into the slit at the tip, tasting his

precum and swallowing it eagerly. Her beautiful eyes locked onto his, daring him to cum down her throat a second time.

Pierce thrust harder, his hips driving forward, impaling her throat.

He could feel his orgasm rising from his groin and surging up his spine, his heart pounding in his chest. He gripped her head tighter, his fingers digging into her scalp as his climax built.

Kathy moaned around his cock, her throat muscles clenching and releasing, milking him with each thrust. She knew exactly what to do to drive him over the edge, and she was enjoying every second of it.

He forced his cock deeper into her throat, feeling it throb with pleasure as she worked her magic. Her hands gripped his ass, pulling him closer, and he could feel her nails digging into his flesh, but it only fueled his desire.

"Fuck, mom," he moaned. "You're amazing. I'm gonna cum."

She hummed her approval, her lips vibrating around his cock, and he knew he was about to lose control. His balls tightened, and he felt the heat spreading through his loins. He could feel the wave of pleasure building, a surge of ecstasy that threatened to consume him.

He thrust harder, his hips slamming against her face, her mouth making wet, slurpy noises as she deep-throated him. He moaned loudly, the sound echoing through the deserted airplane.

"I'm cumming!" he announced.

He could feel it building, a tidal wave of ecstasy crashing down upon him. His body was tensing, his muscles rigid, his mind lost in the pleasure of the moment.

Kathy, sensing his impending climax, increased her efforts. Her tongue danced around the sinewy meat of his shaft, licking and stroking it, while her throat muscles clenched and released, milking him like a pro.

Pierce's hips bucked wildly, his cock sliding in and out of Kathy's mouth with a wet, slurping sound. He could feel the first jets of his cum erupting from his piss-hole, coating the back of her throat with his salty, hot seed.

Kathy gagged slightly, but continued to swallow every last drop, her watery eyes locked onto his, daring him to give her more.

Pierce's orgasm was intense, the root of his prick flexing and pulsing powerfully as he blasted wave after wave of his sticky ball-goo into her. He could feel her throat spasming around his pulsating member, sucking every last drop from him.

"Oh fuck, that was... that was amazing," he gasped, his breath coming in short, ragged bursts. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest, his body flushed with heat and need.

Kathy slowly pulled off his cock, her eyes sparkling with triumph as she looked up at him. "I told you," she said with a smirk, her voice ragged with pleasure. "I aim to please."

Pierce could only nod, his mind still reeling from the intensity of his orgasm. He knew he would never forget this moment, and he couldn't help but wonder if he would ever find anyone else who could suck his cock as intensely as his mom just did.

Kathy's eyes followed the sensual movements of his hard, wet dick as it bobbed on his loins, still throbbing with desire. The crown of his cock seemed even more swollen now, its pink head glistening with moisture. Veins pulsated along the length of his shaft, creating a web of blue lines beneath the taut skin.

Her mind suddenly conjured up images of them entwined on the bunk at the back of the airplane, lost in a passionate fuck-frenzy that left them both drenched in sweat and cum. Kathy quickly banished such thoughts, knowing that was a line that should never be crossed. She also couldn't forget their urgent mission to rescue her husband.

"We should get going, honey," she urged, standing up and slipping her bikini bottoms back on over her damp skin.

After trekking through the dense, humid jungle for another hour, they finally reached the tribal camp. A short time after they arrived, a majority of its female members swiftly disappeared into the lush green trees, just as Tiffany had predicted. It was clear that this was a routine for them - their daily bathing in the nearby river.

Pierce carefully inspected his gun one last time, ensuring that it was fully loaded. He turned to his mom with a confident whisper, "Alright, stay close to me. Let's do this."

They cautiously made their way through the camp, approaching the largest hut which appeared to be the tribal queen's dwelling.

The rhythmic sounds of panting and grunting filled the air, unmistakably sexual in nature.

Pierce and Kathy froze in sickened shock as they peered inside the hut. In the center of the room, buried under a heap of sweaty black flesh, was Hugh - Kathy's husband. The tribal queen's massive body hovered over him, her huge ass bouncing up and down wildly as she rode his cock with insatiable hunger. A constant flow of female ejaculate soaked Hugh's lower half as he writhed beneath her.

Clawing and thrusting with primal ferocity, the queen clung to Hugh's naked body which lay helplessly tied back on a frame made of bamboo. His head disappeared between her colossal breasts as she ravaged him without mercy - it was like nothing Pierce and

Kathy had ever witnessed before, a savage display of pure carnal desire.

Kathy's blood boiled with anger as she looked over at her son.

"Give me the gun," she whispered.

With a trembling hand, he passed the weapon to his mother who marched over to the edge of the bed. "Get off him, you bitch!" Kathy shouted.

The queen quickly rose from atop Kathy's husband, Hugh, his frazzled and sweat-drenched face peering out from beneath her massive, wobbling udders. The scent of sweat and sex filled the air as the two women locked eyes in a fierce battle of wills.

The tribal queen scowled and let out a deafening roar, her voice echoing through the hut. But before she could make a move, Kathy pulled the trigger and a bullet shattered through her skull.

Relief flooded Hugh's gasping breaths as he saw his wife and son standing over him.

"It's okay, Dad...we're going to get you out of here," Pierce said, rushing over to untie Hugh's wrists and free him from his restraints. The sound of their hurried footsteps echoed through the large hut as they made their escape.

When they got outside, Pierce's heart stopped as several fierce tribal warriors appeared in front of them, their spears raised and ready to strike. The rustling of leaves announced the arrival of more tribal women, drawn to the camp by the echoing gunshot.

Suddenly, Kathy, Hugh, and Pierce were surrounded by dozens of furious warriors, their faces twisted in anger.

Pierce frantically searched his gun for more bullets, but knew there wasn't enough to take down all of their attackers. "What do we do?" he asked, fear creeping into his voice.

"Fire a warning shot into the air," Hugh suggested desperately.

"Maybe that'll scare them off."

Pierce followed his father's advice, but instead of fleeing, the tribe's women only grew angrier at the threat.

"This is not good," Kathy cried out in terror.

The tribal warriors closed in on them with alarming speed, when suddenly a loud horn blast echoed through the jungle. The tribe scattered in fear, leaving Pierce and his parents stunned at their unexpected luck. He turned to look in the direction of the mysterious sound. "What was that?" he asked incredulously.

"I don't know, but let's not stick around to find out," urged his mother as they made a hasty retreat before their attackers could regroup.

After a treacherous journey back, Tiffany and August were relieved to see Hugh still alive and with them. As soon as she saw her father, Tiffany ran towards him with open arms, overcome with emotion.

"Daddy, thank God you're not hurt," she exclaimed, squeezing him tightly.

"I'm fine, honey," Hugh reassured her.

"How could you be fine, Hugh?" his wife questioned. "You were… raped by that savage woman. Look at the deep claw marks covering your body."

"I know, but I survived thanks to all of you," Hugh replied gratefully.

Pierce chimed in. "While we were out searching for supplies, mom and I stumbled upon a much better shelter. It's also in a safer area in case those native women come hunting us again."

"Please tell me it has a real bed and hot shower," August pleaded.

"Well, it may not have all the luxuries, but it's definitely an upgrade from our current situation," Kathy stated.

On the way to the wrecked plane, Pierce told Tiffany all about the rescue and how the mysterious horn sound in the jungle had scared the native women away just before they attacked. "Thank God you got away, Pierce," she stated, smiling over at him. She hugged him from the side as they walked, mashing her big tits against him.

"I don't know what I would do if I didn’t have a hot guy to look at on this island."

Kathy and her husband brought up the rear of the group. The mother's watched Tiffany flirt with her son in disgust and jealousy.

Every naughty encounter the mother had shared with her son only made her that more possessive of him. "This woman is clearly throwing herself at Pierce and I don't like it," she told her husband.

"He's an adult, honey," Hugh stated. "If it makes him feel uncomfortable then it’s up to him to tell her."

Kathy's gaze shifted awkwardly to Hugh. She hesitated before changing the subject, knowing it was a necessary conversation they had to have. "I know this may be uncomfortable to talk about, but it's important," she stated firmly. "How many of them...raped you?"

Hugh visibly tensed at her question, his discomfort evident.

"Honey, I don't think we should—"

"I'm your wife," she cut in, her voice rising. "I have a right to know, Hugh. How many women in that tribe did you have sex with?"

Running his hand through his hair, Hugh struggled to find the words. "A few," he finally confessed.

"You're lying," Kathy accused, her voice laced with anger and hurt.

"You always run your fingers through your hair when you lie. How many of them fucked you?"

With shame written all over his face, Hugh hung his head and answered in a barely audible whisper. "All of them."

Kathy stopped in her tracks and turned to look at him with horror in her eyes. "All of them?" she repeated loudly, causing August to pause and glance back at them.

"All of them what?" their daughter asked.

"Nothing, just keep walking, honey," Hugh advised.

Kathy stood rooted to the spot, unable to believe what she had just heard from her own husband's lips.

"I was tied down," he explained desperately, trying to justify himself. "What was I supposed to do?"

Her stomach churning with disgust and disbelief, Kathy waited until the others were out of earshot before turning on Hugh with a scowl. "And now I'm supposed to kiss you and make love to you?!" she exclaimed incredulously. "Hugh, forgive me for sounding like a bitch but you could have any number of sexually transmitted diseases. Who the fuck knows what those savage women were carrying!"

With a heavy sigh, Hugh hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry, Kathy. I promise I'll get thoroughly checked out as soon as we get back to

civilization."

Despite her anger and disgust, Kathy tried to show some understanding. But the thought of her husband possibly having contracted some nasty venereal disease from these unknown women sickened her. "Until then," she said firmly, "I think it's best if we keep our displays of affection strictly to hugs. Just as a precaution...I'm sure you understand."

Nodding sadly, Hugh knew she was right. "Yeah, I get it," he replied with a heavy heart.

As they finally arrived at the crashed plane, their spirits lifted with the promise of a new shelter. Eagerly, they stepped inside and began to explore their surroundings, marveling at the wreckage that now served as their home. "I bet some drug boss had a real bad day when he realized his shipment was lost," August speculated, holding up one of the bricks of cocaine they had found.

"Good thing I stopped snorting coke years ago," Tiffany remarked with a wry smile. "I'd be in real trouble otherwise."

Pierce chimed in with excitement. "Maybe if we do get off this island, we can become drug dealers and get rich off all this stuff."

"I don't think so, kiddo," his mom interjected firmly, giving him a scolding glare.

Suddenly, August shouted in disgust. "What the fuck? I just stepped in something wet and slimy."

"That's weird," Tiffany noted, looking around at their relatively dry surroundings. "It's actually pretty dry in here."

Curiosity getting the better of her, August swiped some of the substance off her foot and brought it to her nose. "Gross, it smells

like sperm!" she exclaimed in disgust, before scowling and turning a suspicious eye towards her mother.

Kathy flashed her a guilty look before glancing nervously over at Pierce. They both knew exactly what it was - remnants from Pierce's ejaculation earlier that day.

"Just exactly how much time did the two of you spend together in here earlier today?" August asked, her eyes narrowing suspiciously as she glanced between her mother and brother. The air was tense, like a storm brewing just below the surface.

Kathy shifted uncomfortably under her daughter's piercing gaze and looked over at her husband, who was thankfully focused on searching the plane for useful items. She could tell from his expression that he didn't quite catch the meaning behind their exchange.

"August…outside," Kathy commanded through gritted teeth, shooting her daughter a deathly glare. "Now."

They stepped outside, but before Kathy could even begin to address her daughter's accusatory tone, August threw out another speculative question. "What did you do, mom…jerk him off? Or was it a blowjob?" she asked with a sly smirk. "Who knows, maybe the two of you are fucking each other by now."

Kathy gasped in shock and embarrassment, looking around frantically to make sure no one else had heard. "Would you keep your voice down please?" she scolded in a hushed tone before taking a deep breath to compose herself.

"Oh, sure...I'll keep my voice down so dad doesn't find out that you're getting a dose of cock from someone else, right?" August sneered, her tone dripping with disdain and anger.

Kathy's face flushed with embarrassment and she hung her head.

"Honey, it's not like that," she said softly.

"Well then what is it like, mom? Explain yourself," August demanded.

Kathy hesitated before finally looking up at her daughter with a guilty expression. "Maybe I would if I knew I had a daughter I could trust not to shoot her mouth off," she replied.

"I never said I would blab to dad or anyone else," August retorted.

"I'm just tired of being lied to and treated like a little girl. There's obviously something going on between you and Pierce. Tiffany sees it too. Just be honest with me."

"Fine," Kathy sighed, feeling defeated. She took a deep breath before making her confession. "Pierce and I...like everyone else, have been under a lot of stress. We've been finding...comfort...in each other."

August raised an eyebrow skeptically. "Define 'comfort' for me," she said.

Kathy's cheeks turned red as she sheepishly answered. "We've been helping each other...get some release." She couldn't believe she was having this conversation with her teenage daughter.

"You guys are fucking each other?" August clarified, her eyes widening in shock and amusement despite her suspicions.

Kathy shook her head vigorously. "No, we ARE NOT doing that, nor will we ever," she declared firmly.

"What were you doing in the plane earlier?" Kathy's nosy daughter whispered, leaning in closer.

"Honey, we were helping each other get off. Let's just leave it at—"

"Just tell me, mom," August insisted. Her bright blue eyes were filled with curiosity and a hint of mischief. "I won't say anything to anyone, I swear."

Kathy took a deep breath before deciding to be honest. "We were pleasuring each other orally," she admitted, her cheeks turning pink.

"Oh my God," August gasped, trying to contain her laughter. "You let Pierce go down on you, and you returned the favor…"

"August, please lower your voice," Kathy pleaded nervously, glancing back towards the wreckage.

"Did you swallow it?" August asked with a strange fascination.

"His...you know?"

"Excuse me?" Kathy was taken aback by her daughter's brazen question.

"You know, his chodesauce," August clarified with a smirk. "The slang for sperm."

"No, I didn't swallow all of it because you stepped in some, remember?" Kathy replied, trying not to laugh at the absurd conversation they were having.

"How did it taste?" August pressed on.

"How did it taste?!" Kathy repeated in disbelief, shocked that her daughter was asking such personal questions. "August, come on."

"It must have been sweet, right? Or was it disgusting like most sperm is?" August persisted.

"If you must know, then yes…it was sweet, now can we please go back inside and drop this conversation?" Kathy pleaded with her daughter, her voice filled with a mix of amusement and frustration.

"Not quite yet," August answered with a curious grin, her eyes sparkling with naughty mischief. "I just have a couple more questions."

"What?" Kathy asked, her smile widening at her daughter's uncontainable curiosity.

"How big is it…his dick I mean?" August blurted out without hesitation. "I saw it at the waterfall yesterday, but it was flaccid.

How big would you say he is…fully erect?"

Kathy couldn't help but giggle at her daughter's directness. "Why is that so important for you to know?"

"It just is, mom," August replied nonchalantly. "Is it this big?" She held her hands about six inches apart.

Kathy shook her head, a mischievous smirk playing on her lips.

"Bigger."

"This big?" August asked, separating her hands a little more.

"Still bigger than that," Kathy said with a teasing glint in her eye.

August drew her hands apart even further, giving her mom a questioning stare.

"That's about right," Karen confirmed with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

"Are you serious?!" August exclaimed, unable to contain her shock.

"Fuck, mom, that's like ten inches long!"

Her mother simply shrugged nonchalantly. "Obviously, what you and I have in boobs, your brother has in cock-size. Now, let's go inside."

"One more question," August blurted eagerly, barely able to contain her excitement.

"What is it?" Kathy asked with a mix of impatience and amusement.

"If I agree to keep my mouth shut... can I watch... the next time?" she asked, her cheeks turning a rosy pink at the thought.

Kathy's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Watch... your brother and I?" she repeated, her tone slightly incredulous.

"Yes," August confirmed with determination. "And don't lecture me on how perverted that is, not after what you two have been doing."

Kathy paused for a moment before responding. "I'll have a chat with your brother and if he doesn't have an issue with it, then yes... you can watch," she stated firmly. "But you better not tell a soul about what we discussed today, August. I mean it."

Her daughter nodded eagerly, making the motion of zipping her lips shut with her hand. "My lips are sealed," she promised with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

As the sky darkened and the moon rose, its pale beams of light filtered through the plane's windows, casting a peaceful glow over the interior. The new occupants, wrapped in blankets and comfortably sprawled out, were bathed in ethereal moonlight.

Kathy sat up next to her husband, her eyes narrowed as she watched Tiffany snuggled up against her son. "I don't like how close she's cuddled up next to him," Kathy whispered, her voice filled with suspicion. "She's trying to seduce him, Hugh…I can tell."

"Honey, lay back down," her husband advised calmly. "Pierce is old enough to make his own choices."

"That doesn't mean I have to like it," Kathy huffed.

Suddenly, a loud horn echoed through the night air, making everyone jump in alarm. It was the same mysterious sound that had sent the natives into a frenzy earlier that day. Pierce sat up, his brow furrowed. "There it is again," he said. "That's the sound we heard near the native’s camp."

"Do you think it's an animal?" August asked nervously.

"It could be made by other humans…perhaps ones who are more civilized than these natives," Tiffany mused.

With uneasy thoughts swirling in their minds, they reluctantly lay back down, wondering if they would encounter whatever was making the strange noise during their time on the island.

The Jocasta Challenge

By Klrxo

"Laura, don't forget you have an appointment after school," shouted Traci as her nine-year-old daughter rushed from the kitchen.

"I'm showing a property at four-thirty, so I might be late for dinner," said Traci's husband, Isaac, as he grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl.

Traci straightened his tie and gave him a peck on the lips. "I'll keep a plate warm for you, like I usually do," said the loving wife.

"Come on, dad, I'm gonna be late!" shouted his daughter from the foyer.

"Have a good day!" shouted Traci as most of the family rushed out the door. Her son, Danny, was the only one that remained. He sat on a bar stool at the island in the kitchen eating some eggs and toast his mom had prepared. Danny was a handsome young man, a senior in High School and avid soccer player, which kept his physique trim. He was popular with the girls at school, but had only had sex a couple of times.

"After practice today you really need to work on that room of yours," advised his mother as she stood across the island from him.

"I know, I know…I'll make sure it's clean today."

"And be sure anything that belongs to ME gets put back in my room, please."

Danny looked up from his breakfast into his mom's pretty, green eyes. Her lips curled into a teasing smile, knowing she had struck a cord. "And don't play stupid, hunny. We both know what I'm referring to," Traci added.

Danny had a habit of stealing his mom's panties from her hamper and using them to masturbate with. It didn't completely surprise him that she knew about his perverted habit, since he hadn't exactly been careful about it. Often times he'd let several pair collect before returning them all. "I'll make sure I put them back," he blushed. The boy noticed that his mom's robe had parted some, exposing a good amount of her creamy tit-cleavage. Of all the tits on earth that he wanted to see, the ones that topped the list belonged to his mother.

They were ginormous, and seemed to be shaped perfectly to his liking.

"Christmas for you should be easy this year," Traci teased. "I'll just put a couple pair of my worn panties in a box, wrap it up and let you open it."

Danny got a good chuckle out of this and was glad his mom was being so cool about it. Sure, he fantasized about fucking the shit out of her, but his mom was a knockout so who could blame him. Traci had long, fiery-red hair and a deep, copper toned complexion. Her tits were oversized and her ass was set atop her luscious legs like a juicy peach. "I'll have to be sure dad's not around when I open that gift" he stated.

"What's the fun in that?" the mother asked. "It's more exciting when there's some danger involved."

Danny hopped up from the stool. "I better get going so I'm not late for school. Thanks for breakfast, mom," he said.

Traci glanced down at the stiff, tubular-shaped bulge beneath his pants and smiled naughtily. "Looks like 'breakfast' wasn't the only thing I gave you this morning," she teased.

Danny glanced down at his obvious protrusion. "Yeah, um…hopefully that'll go down before I get to class," he blushed.

"Well, if it hasn't, I doubt any of your female classmates will complain."

Traci opened her arms and stepped toward him. "Give me a hug before you go," she requested.

Danny embraced his mom for a tight, tit-squashing hug. Since Traci wasn't wearing a bra beneath her silky robe, her oversized melons seemed to melt softly against her boy's chest and her hardened

nipples poked against his flesh. It was always the teen's favorite time of the morning, but it certainly did nothing to soften his throbbing erection. It took nearly a half-hour for it to go down again.

"I think there's something wrong with me," Traci later told her sister, Janice, over the phone. "I shouldn't get such a kick out of flirting with my own son."

"Don't be so hard on yourself, Traci. I mean, Isaac's not exactly giving you the type of attention you need sexually."

"I know, but Danny?!" Traci stated. "Of all the guys to get a thrill out of flirting with, it shouldn't be my own son."

Janice was a red-head like her older sister with a similar body shape.

The one thing that was different was the seven-month pregnant belly she had. While Traci spoke to her sister, she scrolled through the search results on her laptop. She was eager to find any articles that might give her advice on how to extinguish the growing desire she was having for her oldest child.

"I'm sure you're not the only mother out there who's panties get a little wet around their boys. It's human nature."

"Janice, you're supposed to be talking sense into me, not encouraging me to keep flirting with Danny."

"I'm just saying…don't feel like you're a monster for feeling the way you do. It's just innocent teasing that the two of you are doing, that's it!"

"I know, but at the rate I'm going, it could become much more than that if I'm not careful."

While scrolling through the links to various articles, Traci came upon one that read, "The Jocasta Challenge," so she clicked on it.

"OHH…MY GOD!" she gasped, placing a hand over her mouth in shock as she stared at the home page of the website.

"What?" asked Janice, looking at her sister's computer screen.

"They actually have a contest for mothers and sons who like to flirt with each other."

"Are you serious? What's the name of the site?" Janice asked, flipping open her own laptop. After Traci answered, Janice began reading the introduction on the home page. "Seeking adventurous mothers and sons for our online reality-contest beginning October 12th. Traci, that's next week."

Traci continued reading where her sister left off. "Contestants will be required to place hidden cameras, provided by the production company, throughout their home so their actions can be regularly monitored and scored by our panel of judges. Points will be given on frequency and intensity of flirting, and the danger-aspects of being caught by other family members. Is this for real?" she giggled, wondering if we're possibly just a joke site.

"It looks that way," Janice answered, then continued reading the information. "The mother and son contestants with the most points at the end of one week will win an all-expense paid trip to a private resort in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico."

"Wow, that certainly sounds nice," said Traci, clicking through the site. She came to a chart that explained how points were earned.

"There's a page that shows how you earn points in the contest. It looks like verbal teasing is worth ten points. Frisky touch is worth a hundred. Anything beyond this will earn the contestants five-hundred

to a thousand points for each act, with additional points awarded for taking risks."

'Anything beyond this?' Janice repeated. "You don't think they're referring to sex, do you?"

"There's no way," Traci answered, shaking her head. "I mean, it doesn't really say, but surely they don't have mother and son contestants who take things that far."

"You and Danny should totally enter. You'd have a blast!"

Traci shook her head. "Janice, I'm trying to STOP flirting with Danny. That was how our discussion started, remember?"

"You can figure out how to stop flirting with him, while you're on a beach, sipping on a margarita in Mexico. The way you two have bedn flirting…you could totally win that trip and have some harmless fun in the process."

"I don't know. Maybe I'll just bring it up to Danny when he gets home from school and see what he thinks."

Danny, of course, was elated by the idea. He loved it when his mom flirted with him and anything that encouraged that behavior he was all in favor of. "So they're gonna be like…watching and hearing everything we do and say?" he asked.

"Yes, but only for a week. We'll be able to monitor how we're doing, points-wise, against the other contestants on their website," Traci explained.

"Dad won't know about it?"

"No, and neither will your sister. We'll be the only ones who know about the hidden cameras. Well, besides your Aunt Janice."

"Man, it sure would be cool to win a trip to Mexico."

"I agree," smiled his mother, "and if we don't win, at least we'll have fun being silly in the process. I mean, we flirt all the time anyway so we might as well participate, right?"

"Yeah. So, I was curious about the name of the challenge, so I just looked it up online," said Danny.

"And…what did you find out?"

"Jocasta is a ancient Greek literary figure from a play. According to the story, she unwittingly marries her son, Oedipus, and they have four children together."

"Interesting. I've heard of the Oedipus Complex before, where a son desires his mother."

"Yes, well…there's also something called the Jocasta Complex, where a mom desires her son," Danny pointed out.

Traci's lips curled into a lascivious smile as she stared strait into each other's eyes. "Well, I guess we both might have a bit of those complexes then, otherwise we wouldn't even consider joining such a challenge."

"I guess we do!" the boy said with a grin. He had suspected that his mom desired him sexually, but hadn't really gotten confirmation of that until just now, and it excited to the point of making him blush.

Traci did her best to extinguish the awkward moment. "We don't have to be embarrassed by it, hunny. Apparently it's a lot more common than people think, and there's no harm in it as long as things don't get too physical."

It was the physical part that Danny wanted most, but certainly didn't wanna push the issue, since it was so taboo in nature and his mom was a married woman.

A few days later a package arrived with all the tiny cameras and instructions on where to place them. After Danny and his mom spent the afternoon concealing the tiny filming devices, nearly the entire house, except for his sister's bedroom and bathroom, was available for game viewing from every angle.

"It's gonna be weird knowing we're being watched," Danny told his mom.

"I know, but let's just try not to think too much about that. Let's just focus on doing things that we know will score us points and win the contest."

The mother gazed into his eyes alluringly, then teasingly grazed her fingernail across the side of his neck. "Things like that," she giggled.

She began to walk off when her son boldly gave her a sharp strike to the ass with his open hand, making her butt-meat jiggle beneath her skirt. "and that!" Danny added.

"Now you're getting the idea!" his mom laughed, then gave him a saucy wink. "I'll be expecting a lot more of those."

"I'll gladly give you more!" Danny stated.

A few days later they anxiously tuned into the website for the start of the challenge. The presentation started with upbeat music and Danny felt as though he was watching the opening to a game show on TV.

Two beautiful twin blonde women appeared in the camera frame.

"Hello, and welcome contestants, to the third season of the Jocasta Challenge. This season we have ten mother and son couples competing for a chance to win an all expense paid vacation and the title of Jocasta Champions," one of the twins stated.

The other began speaking. "My name is Harmony and this is my sister, Mary. We're the hosts for this challenge. The two of us will be randomly checking in on your progress, but each pair of contestants will be assigned a team of judges who'll be watching your every move, every second of the day, for the next week."

"That's right, Harmony, and points will be awarded on frequency and intensity of flirting, with SERIOUS points being given for acts that are even naughtier in nature," said Mary with a mischievous grin.

"Because of the taboo aspect of this challenge, major point-rewards will be given to couples who take risks by doing things under the unsuspecting noses of friends or family members," Harmony explained. "You can monitor your ongoing score, and the score of other contestants right on our website. The couple with the most points in one week will be crowned Champions of the Jocasta Challenge."

"So, without any further ado…" said Mary.

"Let the game begin!" Shouted the two sisters in unison.

Danny smiled over at his mom anxiously. "Bend over my lap, mom," he requested.

"What?" asked Traci with a playful smile.

"You said you'll be expecting a lot more slaps on the ass once the game starts and now that it has, I wanna see how many points we get for it."

"Lock your door first. Your father got home early today."

"Aren't we suppose to be taking risks though?"

"Taking risks, yes, but not being caught on the first day of the contest, Danny."

"Fine," the boy uttered, then got up and closed his door. When he sat back on the bed Traci bent over his lap. She was wearing cotton shorts that fit snuggly around the meat of her buns. Danny gave her a hard smack on one of her ass-cheeks. One-hundred points immediately popped up on the screen.

"Do the other one," Traci requested.

"The other what?"

"Slap my other butt cheek, but this time pull my shorts down."

Danny's eyes lit up. "Really?!"

"Sure. Let’s see how many points we get for being a little more naughty ."

Danny heart races as he peeled down his mom’s booty-shorts, then panties, exposing the rounded cheeks of her naked buttocks. He gave the half-globe he hadn't slapped before a hard strike with his open hand, making her ass-flesh ripple delightfully. Five-hundred points immediately popped up the his computer screen. "Sweet!" the boy grinned, then he made a teasing suggestion. "Maybe we should take off your clothes every time we do something flirtatious. We'd score more points that way."

Traci giggled. "Nice try. You'd come up with any excuse you could just to get my clothes off, wouldn't you?"

"Look at that!" Danny stated, pointing at his computer screen. "We even got points for what we just said to each other."

"It's called ‘flirting,’ hunny. It's kind of the point of the contest."

Danny started beating his mom's ass like a bongo drum making her squeal and giggle. His eyes darted between her quivering butt-flesh and the points quickly appearing on the screen.

The twin hosts Mary and Harmony brought up the screen featuring the ass-slapping boy and his mom. "Our next pair of contestants is Danny and Traci. As we can see Danny is already taking out some naughty aggression on his mother's ass," observed Mary.

"The slapping sound is getting the attention of Danny's father. He's coming up the hallway," stated Harmony as she watched Traci's husband, Isaac, move curiously towards his son's bedroom. "Let's see how this plays out."

Isaac could hear the SMACKING sound of his son striking his wife's ass. He tried the door, but found it locked so he knocked. "Danny, what are you doing in there?" he shouted through the door.

Danny looked at his mom in a panic, unsure of how to answer. Traci shouted back to her husband. "Danny brought some clay home from his art class at school, hunny. He's just showing me how to slap it," she said, remembering a video she'd seen posted online.

"Slapping clay?" Isaac asked with a curious scowl.

"Yes, it makes the clay more pliable and removes air pockets before you use it for a project, right, Danny?"

The teen smiled mischievously at his mom as he laid a couple more hard smacks onto the rounded cheeks of her buttocks. "That's right, mom, and this clay’s gonna need plenty of work before we can use it

for that bowl you want," he replied, loud enough so his father could hear.

"Wow, clever thinking on Traci's part!" the judge, Harmony, giggled.

"Little does her husband know that the sound he's hearing is his son spanking his wife's naked ass."

"And look at that, Harmony. Their risky act just scored them five-hundred points. Danny and Traci are off to a great start!"

"This clay is in rough shape, but it sure feels good in my hands," stated Danny loudly as kneaded his mom's bare ass. He parted her buns slightly and felt his hardened cock flex beneath his pants as he stared at the crinkled ring of her butt-hole.

"Why don't you let ME work on that clay some, hunny, so your hands don't get tired," suggested Traci as she raised to her knees. She slipped off her son's shirt then guided him back onto the bed.

Danny watched in wide-eyed delight as his mom began massaging his well-toned chest. Traci wore a blouse with a plunging neckline, allowing her boy to gawk at her monster-cleavage while she worked him over.

"Wow, you're right…this clay IS in rough shape, but this should help," the mother commented.

"I agree," nodded her son.

Traci's heart raced excitedly as she gave Danny a naughty massage.

She couldn't help but be aroused at the sight and feel of his lean teenaged body. She quickly shook away the thoughts of what it would be like to make love to him. "Just innocent flirting…that's all we're doing. That's all this challenge is about," she reminded herself.

Danny glanced at the door, unsure if his dad was still lingering in the hallway. "Climb on top of me, like I'm a horse, while you do this, mom," whispered the boy. "I think it'll score us a lot more points."

Traci went along with it, throwing a leg over Danny and straddling his midsection. Her body shuddered as she lowered her crotch onto the rigid staff of his erection, smothering its underside with the puffy warmth of her vulva.

Now Danny could really stare into her gaping tit-canyon as she worked his shoulders over. He tightened his pelvic floor muscles, causing his boner to flex with hardness so he could demonstrate just how powerful it was. This caused his mom to look into his eyes and smile flirtingly. "It feels like the 'horse' is trying to show off," she stated.

"You better be careful…I might buck you off."

"I'm pretty sure I could tighten my thighs and stay on this bucking bronco."

"We'll see about that," stated Danny. Then, he began to thrust his ass from his bed mattress, bucking beneath his beautiful mother.

Traci giggled as she clamped her legs astride him even more tightly.

Her body was jerked up and down as Danny humped his ass from his bed. The teen didn't really wanna buck his mom off. He was more interested in feeling his rigid cock dig against her heated crotch. His eyes widened at the sight of his mom's oversized breasts jumping around beneath her blouse.

"I think you're just doing this to see if my boobs fall out of my shirt," she snickered.

"I certainly wouldn't complain if that happened!"

"Well, if you keep bucking around like a rodeo bull it just might."

"Wow, there's no way I’m stopping now, then" he stated, bucking beneath her with greater intensity.

"I can't let my own son see my tits flying around all over the place," Traci stated, then brought her upper half down against him. "I guess I’ll just have to press them against his bare chest to keep that from happening."

Danny continued dry humping her, while delighting in the feel of her fat, squishy tits crushed against his chest. Even through her blouse and bra he could feel the fatty and glandular tissue of her mommy-mammaries sloshing heavily against him.

Traci was loving their naughty actions just as much as her son was.

Her rubbery nipples were turgid beneath her bra cups, prodding into him, and juices of arousal seeped from between her cunt-lips, which were hugging the meaty underside of Danny's fuck-muscle.

"I bet we'd score even more points if we kissed," suggested Danny.

"I bet you're right," replied his mother, gazing down into his eyes.

"We can't get any naughtier than that though, hunny. We have to draw the line somewhere."

"Alright," he agreed. He wanted to go further, but was willing to take what he could get.

Traci lowered her lips and gave Danny a series of sensual kisses. With each smooch their lips seemed to linger together for longer. Finally their mouths parted and fused together for a deep French kiss. Both their minds buzzed wildly as their pink tongues lashed together inside Danny's mouth.

A knock at the door startled the mother and broke their kiss. "Who is it?" Traci shouted.

"Mom, what are you doing inside Danny's room with the door locked?" asked her daughter, Laura.

"I’m just helping your brother with a school project, hunny. I'll be out in a minute."

"What's for dinner? I’m starving!"

Traci looked over at the clock on Danny's wall. She was surprised to discover that she'd been in his room for nearly an hour. "I’m making a casserole. I'll be out in a few minutes to get started on it," she answered.

The sexually-frazzled mother gave her boy a final peck on the lips.

"That's enough flirting for now," she whispered, then climbed off him. "I need to get dinner started."

The remainder of the evening Traci gave her boy all the flirty looks and winks she could, especially while her husband was around them so she could get the extra points. At one point, she even reached beneath the table and rubbed his thigh tenderly. A few times, she came incredibly close to touching Danny’s hard penis through his pants.

Danny could hardly sleep until he gave his cock a good milking to thoughts of all the naughty things that he'd love to do to his gorgeous mother. He woke up the next morning to the wonderful smell of pussy. Then, as his eyes flickered open, he noticed there were a pair of dainty panties resting on his face. They were his mom's panties and they smelt absolutely divine. He slipped the gusset into his mouth and tasted the dried, tangy juices she'd left behind. It was probably the nectar that had drooled from her cunt-hole, while they were flirting in his bed the night before.

"Good morning, hunny. Did you like the item I left in your room?"

Traci asked her son as he entered the kitchen. Her husband was sitting over at the table eating some breakfast.

"I loved it!" answered Danny.

Traci looked at her husband and smiled. "I gave Danny a sample of cologne that I knew he'd enjoy. It's called el coño ," she said, which meant 'pussy' in Spanish. Recently, she'd been helping Danny with his Spanish homework and the two of them had been able to do some basic conversing in that language.

"I could smell it all day. It's increíble! (Incredible!)" stated her son.

"Te gusta mucho el olor a coño, ¿no, cariño? (You like the smell of pussy a lot, don't you, baby?)" Traci asked her son.

"Un montón, (a whole lot,)" Danny excitedly answered.

Traci's husband listened to the exchange, clueless as to what they were saying. "Es tu culpa. Tu eres el que me mojo todo, (its your fault. You're the one who got me all wet,)" his wife said to their son.

"Te mojaré igual de bien hoy. (I'll get you just as wet today.)"

"Eso espero. (I hope so.)"

"I'm starting to feel like I'm in a foreign country here," stated Isaac, feeling out of place in the conversation.

"Sorry, I was just telling Danny I'll get him plenty more of that cologne, since he likes it so much," said Traci, then gave her boy a secret wink.

"Hmm, I've been wearing the same cologne for awhile. Maybe I'll try some," her husband added.

"You should stick with what you've been wearing, hunny. El coño wouldn't really be your thing. It wears better on a boy Danny's age."

"Especialmente cuando empapa mi pene, (especially when it soaks my penis,)" Danny boldly stated, making his mom burst out laughing.

"What did he say?" Isaac asked, chuckling even though he had no idea what had just come from his son's mouth.

"Danny just likes that new cologne a lot, let's just leave it at that,"

Traci answered, then peered over at her boy teasingly. "Debes ser bastante bueno con el colchón si el sr. feliz es mojarse tanto. (you must be pretty good on the mattress if Mr. Happy is getting that wet.)"

"Soy. (I am)."

"Tu abrazo de despedida será muy especial esta mañana," (your goodbye hug's gonna be extra special this morning,) Traci hornily stated, making her son's heart race anxiously.

Isaac got up from the table. "Well, I'm gonna leave you two to your foreign conversation. I gotta hit the road."

His wife gave him a peck on the lips, then called to their daughter.

Laura rushed down the stairs. "Bye, mom!" she blurted, hurrying out the door with her father.

Danny stood in the kitchen, anxiously awaiting his mother's return.

"We should start that 'special hug' now so we can score more points before I head off to school," he suggested.

"We should, huh?" his mom smiled. "I guess your right. We should be racking up points every chance we get."

Danny could tell she wasn't wearing a bra beneath her robe. Her huge, unfettered breasts wobbled beneath the fabric with her every graceful step, and he could just make out the tips of her fat nipples.

"So, what's gonna make this morning's hug so special anyway?" he asked.

"Why don't you take off your t-shirt and I'll show you."

The boy wasted no time throwing off his shirt, then watched in utter fascination as his mom untied the sash to her robe. The fabric parted slightly catching on the peaks of her hardened nipples. However, even open that much, Danny could see more of his mom's tit-flesh than he ever had. As Traci stepped towards him, the boy's eyes darted down to her panty-covered crotch. Her black mesh panties were so sheer that he could tell that she had a shaved pussy. He caught a quick glimpse of the fleshy hood of her clitoral prepuce protruding from her thick outer flanges before Traci sprang from the floor.

"Abrázame! (Hug me!)" she stated, throwing her arms around his neck and wrapping her luscious bare legs around his waist.

Danny gasped, latching on to his mom's outer thighs for support as she clung to him. Her naked tits spread across his upper chest like warm, soft bread dough.

"There's room enough inside this robe for two," Traci stated. "Put your arms in."

Danny slipped into the arms of the robe with his mom. She draped the big robe around his back so they were both inside it together.

"Like two bugs in a rug," she stated, staring into her boy's wonder-filled eyes.

"You were right. This IS a special hug."

Traci bit her bottom lip teasingly and continued gazing hungrily. "We haven't even gotten to the best part yet."

"What part's that?"

"This part," the mother stated, then fed her boy a long, sensual kiss.

Their fused mouths peeked open and their tongues dueled frantically.

Kissing his mom this way, while being between her clutching thighs and feeling her mammoth tit-melons crushed against him, was easily the most erotic thing Danny had ever experienced. Traci shared the same sentiment. Even after years of being married to her husband she never remembered feeling this level of sexual excitement.

"Damn, I wish staying home from school wasn't against the game rules," Danny stated. "We could score some serious points today."

"Yes we could, but…just make sure to rush home, so we can pick up where we left off."

Traci slipped off him and closed her robe, but not before giving Danny a quick glimpse at her heaving tits.

"I don't understand…how are the other couples scoring so many fucking points?!" stated Traci as her and her sister, Janice, reviewed the game scores on the Jocasta Challenge website.

"I don't know, but it looks like you and Danny are second from last."

"That's impossible! We've been flirting like crazy. We took risks, and even did things beyond flirting, like they mentioned. Those things should have got us a ton of points," Traci exclaimed.

"You guys did things beyond flirting?"

"Well…a few things," Traci asked guiltily.

Do tell!"

"Just…some kissing, and this morning we hugged topless, but that's as far as I'm letting things go."

"Maybe that's the issue. Maybe you're not taking things far enough."

"Far enough?! It's a mother and son flirting contest, and we've been doing that, and some, every chance we get! Maybe we should take a look at the rules again. There could be something we missed."

Traci brought up the game rules and they began reading through them. "Look!" said Janice, pointing at the screen. "It says that your allowed a two minute preview of a highlight clip from another contestant's recording."

"What's that gonna tell us though?"

"A lot actually. If it's a highlight clip it's gonna show you what the other couples are doing that you and Danny aren't."

"True. Which couple should we watch?"

"Definitely the ones that are in the lead. Watching the highlight clip of the couple who have the most points will most certainly show you what you're not doing enough of."

The couple in the lead were named Bridgett and Mitt. Janice clicked on their recorded clip and both her and her sister gasped as a recording of the mother and son having sex came up on the computer screen. Bridgett's sexy legs were wrapped up around the boy as he rhythmically slammed his cock into her. The two twin-sister hosts were doing a commentary.

"Mitt is in really good form here. He's slamming his teenage cock into his mother with savage thrusts," Harmony pointed out.

"He's already made her cum twice. That's putting some serious points on the board for this pair."

"And let's not forget…Bridgett's husband is sleeping just down the hallway, completely unaware that his wife is getting royally fucked by their teenage son. That's a huge risk-factor."

"They're fucking?!" stated Traci, staring at the screen in disbelief.

"Well, I did say maybe you and Danny weren't taking things far enough. I guess I was right."

"But I thought this was a flirting contest. I didn't realize they meant that mother and son contestants would actually have to have sex."

"Well, I don't think you 'have' to have sex…unless you wanna win that is."

They continued watching in fascination as Bridgett and her son fucked their asses off. Mitt pumped his mammoth fuck-rod in and out his mom's clasping cunt, making his hairless balls beat against her asshole. He gasped as he savored the indescribable pleasure of fucking such hot, mature pussy.

"Deeper! All the way to my womb, baby!" his mother hissed. "Don't worry about hurting me…just fuck the piss out of me!"

Mitt quickened the pace of his cock-thrusting, lowering down until his mom's big, wobbling tits were crushed by his chest. He panted on her shoulder as he rammed his cunt-smothered cock up her pussy hard and fast.

"Mitt is fucking her at a different angle now," Harmony pointed out.

"It's one that's sure to hit her g-spot and make her cum again!"

"Look at how Bridgett is using her legs to pull her ass from the bed and meet her son's thrusts," added Mary. "This is definitely a mother who knows how to fuck."

"Make me cum, Mitty! Fuck my cunt and make my pussy cream on you!" the mother whimpered, smacking her labium against the hilt of Mitt's cock as she took all his horny length inside her. The bed springs squeaked beneath them, the headboard thumping against the wall with the feverish rhythm of their incestuous fucking.

"Just listen to the noise they're making. If that isn't risky sex, with her husband right down the hallway, then I don't know what is!"

Harmony pointed out.

Traci and her sister watched in fascination as Bridgett clawed desperately at her son's shoulders, her whole body trembling as her cock-stuffed pussy began contracting uncontrollably around his cock.

"I'm cumming now! Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck! Cuuummmmiiinnnggg!" the mother squealed.

The two minute highlight clip expired and Traci gave her sister a hopeless look. "Danny and I may as well quit the contest. We don't have a chance," she uttered.

"Don't be ridiculous. You can't just quit."

"Well, what else are we suppose to do? Clearly the only way to score serious points and win this game is by having actual sex, which I could never do with Danny."

"Are you sure about that?" her sister smiled.

"Well, of course him and I COULD have sex, but whether we SHOULD or not is another story. I mean, flirting is one thing. If I fucked Danny though it would be full-blown infidelity."

Janice reached over and took her sister's hand. "I've never known you to be a quitter, Trace" she stated. "And the fact that you've always gone after what you've wanted is something that I've admired

about you my whole life. If you wanna have sex with your son, you should!

Especially when you're with a husband who's libido is slowly wilting away to nothing. If anything, just have some wild sexual fun this week, until the game's over, then you can decide if you want things to go back to normal between you and Danny."

Traci squeezed her sister's hand and smiled. "One of the things I've always admire about you…is your ability to talk me into just about anything," she expressed, making them both laugh.

"Including sharing a hot, weeks-worth of fucking, with you own son?"

"Yeah, that too," Traci nodded.

"I want you in my bedroom!" Traci stated to her son the moment he got home from school. "You're moving in!"

"What do you mean?" Danny asked.

"If we have any chance of winning this contest we have to be hot and nasty, right under your father's nose, starting now."

Traci speed-dialed her husband, then tossed her cell phone onto her bed. "Lay down," she told Danny, pushing him back onto her marital mattress. She quickly shed her blouse, exposing her big, tit-stuffed bra. Then, came her skirt, pulling it down her silky legs and off.

Danny watched his nearly-naked mom crawl down on top of him, just as his father answered the call. "Hey, hunny…what's up?" Isaac asked.

"Hi," Traci blurted as she sunk down on top of Danny and immediately went for his lips.

"Hey, um…is everything ok?" Isaac asked.

Traci interlocked her son's fingers with hers and pinned his hands up over his head as they began making out like horny newlyweds. It was a super-thrill for both her and her son, knowing her husband was joining them by phone.

The horny mother flailed her overactive tongue so deeply inside Danny's mouth that she nearly choked him. "I want you to fuck me, Danny," she softly whispered, then felt her boy's boner flex excitedly against her panty-covered quim.

"Traci, are you there?" Isaac asked.

His wife broke the kiss with their son. "Yes, sorry, I'm doing something real quick. Just stay on the line," she told him. Then, Traci sat upright, straddling her boy's loins and reached back to unclasp her bra.

Danny's eyes widened as he looked up and watched his mom remove her bolder-holder. Her huge, fatty tits spring from her bra, bobbling out onto her ribcage. "Holy hooters!" the boy gasped, staring up at her ballooning breasts. They were capped with the widest areolas he'd ever seen, and her nipples looked fat and extremely tantalizing.

Traci placed her arms over her head, allowing her teen to stare at the gigantic udders that were jutting from her chest.

"What was that?" her husband asked. He heard his son, but didn't understand what he had said.

"Danny came home with a tweak in his back from gym class. I'm gonna work it out for him," Traci said as she peeled her son's shirt off.

"Is he ok? Does he need a chiropractor or something."

"No, I think I can give him what he's really needing right now," his wife answered, crawling down, unbuttoning her boy's pants and pulling those and his briefs off at once. The mother gasped sharply as she saw his large, teenage erection for the first time. His eight-inch shaft had bulging blue veins running up its muscled stalk, and his engorged tip was as big around as a fat, juicy plumb.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked, having heard her reaction.

"I can see the knot…it's REALLY big and hard! I'm gonna need your support, while I work this out."

"Support?"

Traci began slipping out of her panties, anxiously peeling them from her moist crotch and down her sex legs. "Yes, Isaac…you've done back rubs before…more than I have. If I have any questions I'm gonna need you to help me. Can you do that?" she asked.

"Well, I am still at the office, but I can stay on the line and offer advice if you need it."

"That's all I'm asking," said his wife as she drug her panties across Danny's awe-stricken face. He sighed as he inhaled the fragrant aroma of her aroused pussy. Now they were both completely naked on her bed and their hearts were pounding anxiously.

Danny watched his mom grasp onto his erection and peel his foreskin the rest of the way back, making his knob flare out like a shiny pink

helmet. She threw a leg across his midsection so her shaved crotch was hovering over his throbbing pole.

Danny gulped anxiously as he stared at the pussy that gave birth to him. He could hardly believe that he was finally staring at the source of that wonderful fragrance he had enjoyed all those years from the crotch of her panties. His mom reached down and peeled open her outer and inner flanges, allowing her boy to stare at the coral pink vestibule of her vagina. The fleshy shroud of her prepuce had retracted back, exposing the fat bulb of her clitoral glans.

Danny's eyes traveled up her torso to the ginormous, rounded undersides of her breasts. For a moment, he watched her stiff-nippled tit-jugs quiver every time she breathed. His mom stared down through the gaping canyon of her cleavage and smiled. "Are you ready, hunny?" she asked sweetly.

"Uh-huh."

"Don't go too hard at first, Traci…just work into it slowly," advised her husband, still believing his wife was just giving a back rub.

"Oh…I plan on doing just that," his wife answered, then lowered her pussy down to the tip of her boy's pecker. Before she could sheath his crown, Danny pushed his hips upward eagerly, until the cum-drooling head of his prick nudged between the fringed lips of his mother’s tight, wet cunt.

"Auugh, shit!" Danny gasped as his mom sunk onto him, driving his tender prick into the sleeve of her hot, snug vagina. Her splayed cuntal lips lowered all the way to the root of his erection.

"Go easy, Traci," her husband warned thinking she was merely working the tender spot on Danny's back.

The cheating wife's eyes rolled back in their sockets as she adjusted to the size of her son's rock-hard appendage. She certainly wasn't

used to having a cock pressed against her back wall like Danny's was.

"Oh my God!" she whimpered, knowing that such a divine-feeling cock was gonna make her cum harder than she ever had before.

"What's wrong?" her husband asked.

"It's just REALLY big!"

"If the knot is that big then we should probably take him to a professional, Traci."

"No, I just…wanna try and work it out first. Ignore my gasps, ok? It's just gonna take a lot of my strength and energy to give him a good work-over."

She began to hump her ass up and down, fucking her horny pussy onto the satisfying stiffness of her own son's cock. Danny thrust upward in counterpoint, packing every inch of his fuck-muscle into the buttery heat of his naked mom's cunt. His shaft was thicker than most boys his age, stretching his mother's inner-lining and exposing all her vaginal nerve-endings. His throbbing cock-knob pushed all the way to the back of her baby-tunnel and it, along with the ring of Traci's cervical head, formed an obscene-looking mass of wet, pinkish-purple flesh.

Traci's bare buttocks began to smack against her boy's upper thighs as she fucked his cock rhythmically. Her huge milkers began to leap up and down, bouncing and rippling deliciously to the rhythm of her cock-fucking. There was still a small part of her that felt horribly ashamed of herself, especially engaging in such a depraved act with her husband listening. However, the better part of her found it incredibly thrilling and knew they must be racking up a shit-ton of game points. Traci wanted to fuck so much cum out of her son's cock the next few days that his balls simply couldn't produce enough to keep up with his ejaculations.

Danny's eyes were as wide as saucers as he watched his own dick get swallowed up by his mom's experienced pussy. He loved how his boner was already glistening with hot, lubricating fuck-oil produced by his own mom's aroused sex-glands.

"How are you doing, Danny?" his father asked.

"Excellent!" the teen sighed, then he remembered that he didn't wanna seem too excited. "I mean…not excellent, I guess, but what mom's doing feels really good!"

"See, Isaac…I told you it would help him," Traci panted, earnestly riding her boy's cock. She couldn't believe how incredibly stiff it felt pummeling through her tunnel of love. "Sometimes a mom has just what a boy needs."

The red-headed mother leaned forward, propping her arms astride Danny's head; adjusting so she could give him a really good pussy-milking. This placed her jutting breasts right in front of the teenager's ogling eyes and they began to swing shamelessly, softly battering his face as she humped her pussy on his flexing fucker.

Isaac could hear their bodies smacking together and the bed creaking to rhythm of their torrid union. "Damn, hunny…maybe you should consider being a masseuse. It sounds like you're really giving him a professional work over," he stated.

Traci was experiencing to much fucking pleasure at that moment to answer. Danny's hardon was scraping deliciously along the pleated tube of her vagina, lighting her sexual nerve-endings on fire, and pushing her towards a mind-blowing climax.

"Wow, mom…this is so damn good!" Danny expressed as his mom alternated between bouncing on his cock and grinding up and back in full penetration. Her engorged nipple was brushing across her boy's lips so Danny boldly latched on and began sucking like a starving infant.

"Danny, you should really be grateful to have a mom who knows what to do in these situations," his father stated.

"Mm-hm," the boy answered, his face smothered in the creamy meat of his mom's breast. He suctioned his cheeks, drawing her rubbery nipple into his mouth even deeper. Her areola was just too massive to seal his lips around its fringe, but he tried his best. He heard his mom began to gasp and grunt, then felt her pussy-muscles contract, throbbing uncontrollably around his pummeling cock.

Traci dropped onto her son, squealing into his ear. "I'm cuuuummmmiiinnnnggggggg!" It was all she could do to contain her screams of passion as her cunt creamed, suctioning tightly around the hammering hardness of Danny's cock.

The lucky teenager winced in pleasure as he continue to lewdly gorge himself on the peak of Traci's colossal tit. His melon-smothered face became masked in delight as he felt his balls tingle and clench up tightly against body.

Isaac heard his boy let out a muffled grunt. He thought his it was from Danny's back-pain being worked out, but it was really because the boy was beginning to hose out a creamy load of baby-making cum inside his wife. "Sounds like you starting to relieve a lot of that pressure, hun," Isaac told his wife, who was still unable to answer due to the tit-trembling climax that was coursing through her luscious body.

Over the next couple of minutes not a word was spoken and Isaac heard the strangest sounds coming from their end as he listened in.

"Are you two doing alright?" he finally asked.

"Perfect!" his wife sighed, with maybe a tad too much satisfaction in her voice.

"How about you, Danny?" Isaac asked. "Is the back pain any better."

"A whole lot," the boy breathlessly answered, still feeling his mom's pussy pulsate wetly around his stiff penis with post-orgasmic contractions. "Mom really gave me some good relief!"

"I'm glad to hear it. I have to get back to work. I'll see you two when I get home," he stated.

"Bye, honey," his wife blurted.

When the phone clicked off Traci and Danny began giggling like a mischievous young children. "Oh my God, that was so much fun!" the mother stated.

"And it probably scored us a lot of points too!" Danny added.

"Speaking of points," Traci said, then gave her boy a tender kiss, "it feels like that cock of yours is still hard. Do you wanna keep adding to our score right now?"

"Can we do it doggy-style?" Danny asked, eager to see his mom's bubble butt beating against his mid-section.

Traci rose up on all-fours above him so her tits dangled like heavy udders, slightly resting on her boy's shoulders. "That's my favorite position. Do you really expect me to say no to that request?" she asked.

"It's my favorite too!" Danny stated, smiling from ear to ear.

"Well then…" said Traci, quickly crawling around until her rounded, naked ass was pointed back at him. "Come beat that cock through my cunt, so mommy can soak it with your favorite cologne."

Danny quickly scrambled to his knees behind his mom, licking his lips as he stared at the delicious ass crowning her camel-toed cunt-slit.

He guided his knob into the creamy fissure between her labial lips.

Her cunt was sucking around the head of his cock as if trying to draw it deeper inside her pit of pleasure. He could already tell that fucking his mom this way would be extremely tight and juicy.

Before Danny could thrust forward, Traci threw her ass back on him, burying her boy to his nut-sack in the velvet sleeve of her snatch.

Danny grasped his mom at the hips and began fucking away, driving his steely prick through the pink, clutching walls of her vagina.

"Oh, fuck you’re so Goddamn big!" the mother whimpered, her face flushed with passion as she slammed her quivering pussy back on her son's dreamy rod. Every sensation in her big-titted body felt centered around the narrow tunnel between her legs that was stuffed with her son's erectile meat.

"Ohhh, yesss, mom!" Danny exclaimed, watching the half-globes of his mom's ass ripple each time they struck his groin. Many a night he beat his cock to this very image in his head. Now, here it was and it was longer a dream, but delightfully real.

"Fuck me harder, Danny!" his mom lustfully requested, tossing her ass back with even greater intensity.

He was happy to oblige, flexing his long dick powerfully as he thrust it through her juicy cunt. He could feel the spongy pleats providing exquisite friction along the outline of his prick, stimulating his pleasure-nerves.

Dangling from her chest, Traci's tit-melons swung around wildly as she whipped up her ass back to meet his strokes, relentlessly slamming her dripping-wet pussy onto the hot staff of her son's cock.

"I'm gonna cum all over it, baby!" the mother squealed as she frantically humped back on him. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, yesss! I’m cuuummmiiinnnggggg!"

Her pussy ejaculated, clasping like a vise around the pummeling shaft of her son's dick. Danny panted as he kept on fucking into her pussy furiously. Finally, in the middle of his mom's body-trembling climax, his boner began to spit ropes of hot, sticky cum, painting Traci's contracting walls with white boy-goo.

The trembling mother tirelessly humped her ass back, flexing her cunt muscles to drain every drop of jism out of her son's nuts.

"What's this?" Isaac asked as his wife handed him a small box as they sat in bed together next following evening.

"It's something I bought for you. Open it."

Traci's husband opened the box to find a sleep mask. "A blindfold?" he asked.

His wife giggled. "It's not a blindfold, hunny. It's a sleep mask. I know you said that sometimes you have a hard time staying asleep and this is suppose to help with that."

"Oh, nice…I'll give it a try tonight. I have to show four different properties tomorrow so I really need a good night's sleep."

Traci didn't push having sex with him, like she normally did, only because she was anxious to have her son's big cock inside her again.

She kissed her husband goodnight and he slipped on his new mask and turned over to go to sleep. Ten minutes later, Isaac was lightly snoring so Traci slipped out of bed and went down to get her son.

"Are you sure he's asleep?" asked Danny as his mom led him into her room.

"Yes, but we still have to be very careful," she whispered back.

Fooling around on her marital bed with Isaac sleeping next to them was as risky as you could get, but they knew it would be a thrill and score them a lot of game points in the process.

"Let's get naked," whispered Traci as they crept up beside her bed.

Danny loved watching his mom strip. Over the past couple days she'd done that in front of him plenty of times. He'd fucked her six ways from Sunday in every part of the house, except his sister's room, which was off limits. Their constant sexual fun had allowed them to climb the leader board and they were now holding steady in third place in the Jocasta Challenge.

Traci hugged her teen, flattening her meaty tits against his young chest as they made out passionately next to her marital bed. After kissing for a few minutes she brought her lips to his ear. "Let's have oral sex," she whispered.

Danny's heart skipped a beat. Surprisingly, it was something they hadn't done yet, since having vaginal sex had seemed to consume their play time the past few days. Traci guided him down onto his back. Danny thought she was merely going to kneel beside him and suck his cock, but his mother had something else in mind.

Traci climbed on top of her boy in the sixty-nine position. She lowered the fragrant folds of her cunt onto Danny's face, while slipping his throbbing boner into the wet warmth of her mouth at the same time.

Danny’s prick pushed into Traci’s mouth and down her throat, nearly gagging her as the bulbous knob slid past her tonsils. She bobbed her head and sucked his fat cock, the ring of her lips lowering further and further on every plunge.

Danny sighed in delight, feeling liquid heat of his mom's snug mouth and throat work his cock like a tight pussy. Moaning, he glued his mouth to the shaved flanges of her cunt. He felt his mom shudder as he thrust his lusty tongue up into her slit, tasting the glistening,

coral-pink interior of her vagina. Danny held onto her quivering hips as he began feasting on her orally, relishing the sweet, pungent taste of her mature cunt.

Danny subtly bucked his hips, fucking his mom's mouth with the swollen shaft of his tender cock. Traci fought to control her gag reflex as she gave her boy the best blowjob she could. She wrapped her hand around the base and stroked on the lower part his boner, while continuing to gorge herself on the upper half. She swirled her tongue around the spongy head of his cock, delighting in the taste of her own son’s salty pre-cum. Her insides tingled with the wicked thrill of doing all of this right next to her sleeping husband.

Danny was sucking on the fat nubbin of his mom's clitoris like he was trying to nurse the milk out of a swollen nipple. He was rewarded for his efforts in the form of sweet female ejaculate gushing all over his face. Traci shuddered on top of her teen in a mindless orgasm, fucking her gushing pussy all over his handsome face.

Unable to hold out any longer, Danny bucking hard between his mom's lips, spraying gooey geysers of sticky cum, in rapid succession, down the horny mother’s throat. Traci shuddered in sexual euphoria as she tasted her boy's teenage seed. His salty jizz splattered around the inside of her mouth and down her gulping throat. She sucked and jacked his gushing prick like a cock-milking whore, pulling out all of his load.

A few minutes later, Danny was crawling on top of his beautiful mom as she drew her knees back for a hot fuck. He fit his spongy cock-head into her clasping, pouty-lipped pussy and watched it disappear inside her pubic triangle. "Auugh!" the boy shuttered, feeling her warm birthing tunnel throb and suck around his knob and shaft. He writhed between her spread-eagled thighs, burying his boner to its root inside her snug vagina.

Traci pulled her teen down on top of her, crushing her fat, jiggling tits between them as they began to engage in sexual intercourse. Little

did the two of them know that the hosts of the show were watching and commentating on their every move.

"Traci and Danny have got to be careful here!" Judge Mary stated as the two judges, blonde twin sisters, watched the mother and son on their monitor. "They're having sex right next to Traci's sleeping husband in the missionary position. It's a move that will surely score them points!"

Danny felt his mom's strong, velvety legs tighten around him beneath the blanket as he slowly thrust his juice-slickened cock through the clasping tube of her vagina. The meat of Traci's oversized breasts were sandwiched between them, her hardened nipples digging into Danny's well-toned chest.

Traci looked over at her husband nervously, the thrill of fucking their son right next to him was almost overwhelming. She cradled her boy's pleasure-filled face in her hands, staring into his eyes a moment before kissing him passionately. Her long, pink tongue fluttered through Danny's mouth like a flag in the wind.

"Auuugh, shit!" the boy gasped in his mother's mouth, loud enough for the judges to hear. Thankfully, it didn't wake his dad up.

"Danny's experiencing some exquisite pleasure here…look at how he's grimacing," Judge Harmony commented. "My guess is his mother is squeezing his young cock with her strong pelvic floor muscles."

"It's the type of pleasure that a teenage boy is just not used to feeling around the tender meat of his erection," said Judge Mary, recalling her own son's first time inside her and how he shot off so quickly. "He's got to be careful not to whimper too loudly and wake his father here."

Danny moved his hips determinedly, worming his long, vein-encrusted pisser farther into his mother's tightly-clamping vagina with every thrust. Traci had never felt so stuffed with a hard cock in her

life. Her son’s sturdy fuck-rod seemed to reach all the way to the rounded ring at the back of her vagina; gateway to the womb that once held him. Wantonly, Traci clawed his shoulders and whipped her rounded ass-cheeks off the bed, fucking her cunt onto his satisfying stiffness.

"Look at that!" Mary shouted. "Danny’s recovered, and is giving his mom full-length thrusts with his teenage cock!"

"It looks like Traci is meeting her son’s thrusts here," Judge Harmony observed, "but she’s gotta be careful. If she jerks around too aggressively on the bed, she’ll surely wake her husband up."

"Agreed!" added her sister, "and look at her, she’s starting to shake!

She on the verge of a tremendous vaginal orgasm!"

Danny pumped his hips tirelessly. His long, juice-soaked cock stabbed smoothly through the pink tunnel of his mom's cunt, feeling it suction and contract around him as Traci whimpered in a toe-clenching orgasm. Panting, the boy dropped his head onto the jiggling globes of her huge tits. He took one of her engorged teats into his mouth and sucked it hard as he continued fucking her.

"Danny is sucking Traci's tits now, but he hasn't lost his rhythm. He's fucking her straight through her orgasm," Mary observed.

Traci clutched onto her son's bobbing ass with her long nails, clawing into his flesh as he feverishly pumped his achy cock into her pussy.

He drove his boner in deep and held it there, stretching her uteri and driving his mother out of her fucking mind. The red-head arched her back in ecstasy, lifting her son from the mattress as she was struck with yet another body-trembling climax.

"Oh my God!" Harmony exclaimed. "Traci is cumming like crazy on her son's cock!"

"It's a miracle she hasn't woken her husband up, but I think that sleep mask she gave him earlier has certainly helped him stay asleep through all this," Mary added.

Danny chewed on his mom's rubbery nipple, his face masked against the dough-like softness of her jiggling breast. He whimpered in delight, feeling her strong cuntal walls chew on the meat of his dick.

Her vestibule was collared around the root of his prick and let out an obscene SQUELCH as her orgasmic juices burbled out around Danny's sturdy shaft. Their bellies could hardly keep from slapping together as they began humping again.

"Danny and Traci have just taken over second place, Mary," her sister informed her. "They've really turned on the heat the past few days and have positioned themselves to win this competition if it continues."

After nearly of hour of steady pounding, Danny gasped into his mother's ear. "I'm gonna cum!" Again and again, hot spurts of thick ball-batter erupted from his meatus, draining his nuts of their load.

Danny groaned softly as he slowly worked his cum-spurting prick through the grip of his mom's tightly-clasping fuck hole, sighing as the last droplets of cream dribbled out of his piss-slit.

"I had the weirdest dream last night," Isaac stated at breakfast.

"About what, hunny?" his wife asked.

"There was an earthquake. I could feel the whole ground shaking beneath me," he explained.

Traci and Danny looked at each other and smiled, knowing that what Isaac was probably feeling was them fucking each other next to him

most of the night. "Wow, that must have been a horrible dream," she commented.

"It was. I could hear you and Danny whimpering in pain, but I couldn't find you anywhere."

Traci and Danny snickered in amusement. "Whimpering in pain, huh?" his wife asked as she reached over beneath the table and began fondling Danny's prick through his pants.

"It wasn't funny. I mean it seemed to go on for such a long time…the ground shaking, the buildings creaking around me. It was crazy!"

"I think I'll get us some sausages for dinner," the wife stated, changing the subject.

"Sausages?"

Traci looked her son in the eyes and spoke in a seductive manner, while squeezing his 'sausage' beneath the table. "Yeah, I'm in the mood for a big, fat, juicy sausage today."

"Well, that sounds good I guess. Do you want me to stop by the meat market on the way home?" Isaac asked.

"No, I know where to find the kind of sausage I have in mind," his wife answered, squeezing Danny's throbbing penis-tip through his pants.

Traci did go out and get sausages that day, but there was only one sausage she was consumed with and that was the one dangling between her son's legs. When Danny got home from school she was drawn towards it like a magnet, having the overwhelming need to suck on it like a juicy popsicle.

"Damn, you give a good blowjob, mom!" Danny stated, watching her pretty head bob up and down on his naked crotch. They were on his

parent’s bed, both completely naked as Traci skull-fucked her boy's boner like a cock-sucking whore.

The boy's knob popped from her lips like a cork from a bottle. "You make it easy, hunny. You have such a big, delicious prick that I’m sure any girl would love to suck on," she cooed.

Danny watched her hand clench his pulsing prick and stroked it rhythmically, drawing the loose flesh up and down, making his knob mushroom out of his foreskin. She curled her long, thick mommy-tongue around his spongy crown, kissing and licking it tenderly, darting her licker-tip into his cum-slit, letting the salty taste of his pre-goo sizzle on her taste buds.

Traci adored sucking her son's dick. The past several days she had given him numerous deep-throat blowjobs and swallowed what seemed like a gallon of his cum. Even setting the competition aside, she was becoming addicted to his teenage cock. She didn't even really think about her husband in a sexual way anymore and she was perfectly fine with that.

"I wanna make it spurt down my throat," Traci told her son, while staring at his dreamy cock. "I wanna drink your ball-milk."

"Be my guest, mom."

Wildly, Traci began pumping her head up and down over the jutting, throbbing meat of her boy's erection. Her lips pursed expertly around the stalk of his hard-on and her cheeks puckered inward. She wrapped her fist around his prick, and also his balls, drawing them up next to his cock as she sucked his young peter earnestly.

"Shit, mom!" the teen gasped, watching her head fly up and down.

He writhed from the amazing oral friction she was creating around his prick. Danny let out a lusty snarl as his erection began bursting with seed. He grasped his mom's red hair, guiding her every throat plunge.

Mid-orgasm, Danny pushed his mom's head against his crotch, hearing her gag some as her lips were stretched around his cock-hilt. "Auuugh!" he gasped as his raging boner spat out a ribbon of cum straight down his mom's throat.

After Traci had milked every drop of spunk from her boy's penis she licked the last droplets from her lips and smiled at him. "I'm becoming a 'cum-a-holic' for your sweet cream, Danny. It's delicious!" she expressed.

"I'm becoming addicted to having sex with you, mom. I sure hope it doesn't have to stop after the competition?"

"Not a chance," she stated.

Despite fucking their asses off for the remainder of the contest, Traci and Danny finished in second place. Even though they didn't win the trip to Mexico, they had gained something much more valuable and that was a passionate sexual relationship with each other.

"Are you sure you don't wanna just divorce Isaac and have Danny in your bed EVERY night?" Janice asked her sister.

"Need I remind you that I DON'T need to divorce my husband to have my son in bed with me every night. In fact, the sex is ten times as thrilling knowing that Isaac is sleeping next to us," answered Traci.

"I'm still bummed that you guys didn't win that trip to Mexico. I mean, you were fucking like rabbits there towards the end of the contest."

"Well, we didn't win the contest, but that still doesn't mean we're not going to Mexico."

"You guys are taking a trip?"

"I contacted the hosts of the Jocasta Challenge to find out about their resort down there. It turns out it's a place just for mothers and sons, and they gave Danny and I a special discount for doing so well in the competition."

"That's awesome! When are you going…and for how long?"

"We leave in two weeks and we'll be staying there for a week. This place sounds amazing, with all sorts of activities for mothers and sons, right there in the privacy of their beach resort."

"Damn, I'm so jealous," said Janice.

"About the trip or me fucking Danny?" Traci asked, feeding her sister a teasing smile.

"Honestly? Both."

Traci laughed and patted her younger sister's baby-swollen belly.

"Well, who knows…maybe you'll go crazy for your own boy one day, when he's all grown up, and the two of you can do the Jocasta Challenge together."

THE END

This story is the property of Sci-Fi Mommy. It is purely fictional, and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

The Moms Aboard Starship Calista

by Sci-Fi Mommy

Part 1: A New Discovery

Starship Calista was a traveling city in space. Its inhabitants were the twelve thousand plus survivors of the asteroid storm that unexpectedly rained down upon planet Earth on April 13, 2213. Those aboard Calista became all that was left of humankind, except for the small communities that had previously been established on Mars and a few other moons within our solar system. Those communities were rescued by Calista, since they could no longer be sustained without the assistance of earth.

Several destinations were considered for the Starship, but the most hopeful candidate (the one most like earth) was a planet called Themis.

Even traveling at 10% the speed of light, which Calista was capable of, the journey to this new world would be a long one, nearly forty-four years.

For this reason, families chose to live out their lives aboard Calista, rather than spend it in hyper-sleep.

"Astor should certainly be a considered for an on-board position, now that he's eighteen," Bethany stated, as she strolled down the ship's walking path with fellow mothers, Stacey and Rowen. The path was in a park-like setting in a giant atrium at the center of the ship that allowed passengers to look out at the passing stars.

"Your right," Rowen agreed, "and I'm sure it's the will of the Holy One for Astor to utilize his knowledge and skill to benefit the community."

Before the Earths destruction, a New Age Religion had formed called "The Spiritualists." It was much like ancient religions in that the center of their belief was the existence of a higher power, called the ‘Holy One,’ who they believed wanted them to live righteous, wholesome lives.

As they strode down the walking path at a healthy pace, the three mothers’ giant breasts bobbled beneath their skin-tight bodysuits with every step. The clothing was made of stretchable synthetic fibers and each outfit was temperature controlled for custom comfort. Over several hundred years, female bodies had undergone tremendous evolutionary changes. First, they had increased in height, with the average grown female being over seven-feet tall. The other most obvious change occurred in both the breasts and buttocks. Their bodies produced increased levels of estrogen and progesterone, accelerating the growth of milk ducts and glandular tissue. In addition, all women, including those who weren’t pregnant, began producing extensive volumes of prolactin, which accelerated milk production, causing their breasts to balloon obscenely with water, electrolyte and fat content. The additional breast volume was accompanied by a marked increase in vascular supply, causing the dilated mammary veins to become more prominent. Size and pigmentation of the nipples greatly increased under the influence of rising estrogen concentrations. The sebaceous glands on the periphery of the areola enlarged tremendously.

The oversized, rounded shapes of a woman's buttocks was due to enlarged hip bones, because of the increased presence of estrogen. Most women aboard Calista were physically active, engaging in daily regiments that created a balance of glutinous fat and muscle. This resulted in huge, perfectly rounded bubble butts. The triangular bone in the pelvis, called the sacrum, had evolved to be shorter and wider, causing women to walk with an increased sway in their hips, like a sexy exaggerated catwalk.

Their genitalia had also undergone evolutionary transformations. Because of increased blood flow, their inner and outer labia became more prominent, blossoming when aroused, like a beautiful, coral pink exotic flower, with bulging clitoral glans. Vascular engorgement caused their cunt tubes to narrow and elongate when aroused to accommodate increased penis length in men. Additionally, their pelvic floor muscles developed to be more robust, giving them extremely tight vaginas.

All three moms, Bethany, Stacey and Rowen, had beautiful, full manes of silky hair that were pulled back in ponytails while they exercised.

Bethany's hair was black in color. She had elegant facial features, piercing brown eyes and lips that were plump and succulent.

"Mom!" called Bethany’s son, Astor, as he hurried down the walking path after them.

"What is it, darling?" the mother asked, her mammoth tits wobbling as she turned towards him. Astor was a good-looking boy who'd just turned eighteen. It was quite common for him to make female cunts throb, even those that belonged to women twice his age. He had a cute, innocent smile and dark hair that matched his mothers. Since the women were over seven feet tall, Astor was eye-level with their tremendous bosoms.

"The ship has stopped, and they're sending out a scout craft. I heard that they found something, and they’re going out to investigate it!"

The mothers all threw each other a surprised look. "Did they say what it was?" Bethany asked.

"An object of some sort, but they don't know what yet. It's all over the ship's broadcast feed!"

"We'd better go see what's going on," Rowen suggested.

The three mothers hurriedly jogged back up the path and the teen followed them. Bethany and Rowen's body suits had a tapered slit down the back that ended half-way down their rounded asses. This left a wonderful bare butt-cleavage exposed that Astor always found fascinating to look at. As for Tracey, the brunette mother wore a sleek, snug crop top and skimpy micro bottoms that left her meaty buttocks nearly bare. Their scanty outfits were nothing unusual, since those were just the styles that women of that time adorned themselves in. Their massively oversized breasts bounce up and down lewdly as they rushed towards Bethany's living-quarters. When they arrived there, all eyes became fixed on the giant holographic screen filling her living room.

"This has never happened before," Bethany's friend, Tracey, pointed out.

"They've never stopped the ship to investigate something. Do you think it could be a spacecraft…from another world?"

"I don't know but wouldn't that be something!"

"Fuck yes it would!" Bethany's son blurted without thinking.

"ASTOR!" his busty mom scolded. "You know that word is forbidden in this home!"

"Sorry, mom," he muttered. He always felt a bit bad when he swore, knowing his mom was so wholesome. He had never heard her use profanity and a sexual discussion would certainly be frowned upon in his household, as well as those of his friends.

"Look…the scout ship is slowing down!" Rowen pointed out.

They watched the broadcast feed intently as the scout craft sent out to investigate slowed to a stop, hovering in deep space, some distance from the mothership. A camera aboard the craft suddenly

cut to the object of interest, making every mom in the room's eyes widen as they became fixated.

"What…is that?!" Tracey gasped, her pupils narrowing.

"Whatever it is…it's beautiful!" Bethany replied.

The ‘mystery object' was some form of crystal stone, brilliant purple in color, just floating in space by its lonesome.

"Is it a gem?" Astor asked. When he got no answer, the boy looked over at the mothers. They stared at the stone, as if they were completely entranced by its beauty. Astor noticed that their breathing was heavy, and their massive tits were heaving against their outfits, making their thick nipples protrude out from beneath the fabric. Nerve impulses began to increase blood flow to the three cylinders inside the boy penis, causing it to harden in arousal. "Mom…are you guys alright?" he asked. When she didn't answer, he raised his voice. "MOM?!"

"What?! Oh…we're, um…fine, darling," Bethany replied, suddenly snapped from her trance.

Rowen pointed to the robot arm that extended out from the scout ship.

"Whatever it is…it looks like they’re bringing it back to Calista," she observed.

"Probably to study it," Astor theorized. "Maybe it belongs to an advanced alien civilization…one that could help us."

Stacey shrugged her shoulders, making her tit-meat jostle beneath her crop top. "OR…it could just be a beautiful rock that’s been floating through space for millions of years, nothing more."

Stacey's son's voice suddenly shouted through a communication device built into her suit. "Mom…are you watching this?!"

"Yes, baby…I'm at Bethany's right now. We're watching the scout ship on the broadcast feed."

Jonah was her only child, just barely eighteen, like Astor, but his voice sounded like a boy much younger. "What do you think it is that they found?" he asked.

"I'm uncertain. We all are…but I'm sure they'll inform those of us aboard the ship, as soon as they know something."

"True. Is Astor there?"

"Yes, he's here. He's the one who found us on the walking path and told us about it."

"Ask him if he wants to meet me up at the loading dock, so we can watch them bring it in."

"I'll ask him, but please don't get yourself into trouble," the brunette mother warned. "You remember what happened the last time you two were fooling around the loading dock?"

"I won't get into trouble. I just wanna observe, that's all. Tell Astor to hurry though. The scout craft will be on its way back soon. If we don't get down there in time, we'll miss them bringing it in."

Stacey knew her son enjoyed learning about science and space exploration, so today's discovery was especially fascinating to him. After relaying the information to Bethany's son, Astor, the three moms watched the scout ship on the holographic screen as it moved towards Calista with the newly found object. a mysterious signal entered their brain wave activity. Suddenly, their beautiful eyes became glazed almost unnaturally, accentuating the color of their irises. A mysterious signal entered their brain wave activity.

"I'll be back, mom!" Astor shouted, drawing the attention of all three women as he rushed out of their living quarters. "Hopefully I'll get

more information on what they found."

Stacey looked over at Bethany with a salacious grin. "Did you notice it?" she softly asked.

"Notice what?" Bethany replied.

"Astor's penile flesh. It was erect beneath his clothing."

"I did notice that, yes" the mother whispered, smiling lasciviously and wetting her lips with her tongue. "I wonder what could have had him so aroused?"

Rowen chimed in. "Did you know that a boy achieves an erect cock up to twenty times, on average, in a twenty-four hour period. This means they spend a good portion of their day in a state of arousal."

"Do you think he's experienced a carnal embrace yet?" Stacey asked. "Do you think any of our boys have had their penis soaked in female essence?"

"I doubt it," Bethany answered. "We've always encouraged the boys to remain virgins until marriage."

"Maybe WE should embrace them," Rowen brazenly suggested. "Perhaps it should be us who ravages their young bodies and lets them fill us with the seed of their ejaculate."

Bethany suddenly blinked a few times and shook her head as the mysterious signal faded. "Wait…what?!" she blurted, as if just snapped from a trance.

"Rowen, why would you even suggest something like that?!" Stacey asked as she too was brought to her senses and gazed at her friend in shock.

"I, um…didn't mean to suggest those things. The words just seemed to…come out of my mouth. You two were the ones who raised the

subject to begin with."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry, I just…don't know what came over me," Stacey expressed shamefully.

"Me too," Bethany added. "I've never let such a depraved thought cross my mind like that."

The three women stood there for a moment wondering what had just happened. It was like the naughty conversation they just had occurred without any pre-thought.

"Let's just…forget this conversation ever occurred, shall we?" Bethany suggested. Try as she may, the mother could hardly ignore the way her cunt was smoldering with desire. Her entire heavy-breasted body was tingling in arousal. *"What in the name of all that's holy has gotten into me?!"* she wondered.

"Yes. We should never let our minds wander there again," Stacey agreed as her and Rowen also found it hard to dismiss the itch between their own legs.

"Jonah and I watched them carry it through the loading dock. It was cool!" Astor expressed, later at dinner.

Bethany looked over at her husband, Calvin. "Where are they keeping it?" she asked.

"Most likely in one of the labs for further study," he replied. "Any type of space debris has to be thoroughly examined to try to figure out its point of origin."

"It sure looked beautiful. More like a priceless gem than a space rock."

"I think it has special powers!" Astor theorized.

"What makes you think that, darling?" his mother curiously asked.

"I don’t know. Just a hunch! Maybe it’ll give us all superpowers!"

His mother burst out laughing. Sitting on one side of her boy, she reached beneath the table and patted his knee. "Sounds like someone’s been listening to too many fantasy stories," she remarked. The mysterious signal suddenly communicated with her brain waves again, although she was completely oblivious to it.

Bethany's hand crept up her son's inner thigh, dragging her long nails on his flesh as she went, nearly reaching his cock. She felt her son give off an excited shudder, then she quickly pulled her hand away.

"Goodness, gracious…what am I doing?!" she thought. *"That’s certainly not an appropriate place to be touching him."*

She exchanged an awkward look with Astor, her face red with embarrassment. Her piercing blue eyes inadvertently peeked down at his crotch, watching the tubular shaped flesh of his boy-penis quickly engorge beneath his pants. Included in the evolutionary changes in women was the heighten detection of male pheromones, especially in boys Astor’s age. What the mother detected from her son, while sitting next to him, certainly wasn't unpleasant…quite the contrary. It had a warm, stimulating effect, causing increased blood flow to her genitals.

Her husband’s voice broke the uncomfortable silence. "Well, I’m sure when they find out what it is they’ll let all the rest of us know. Even if they discover it’s origin, it may do little to deviate us from our journey to Themis."

"That’s true, honey," his wife responded, peeling her gaze away from Astor’s erection.

"May I be excused?" the teen asked, clearly seeming uncomfortable and needing desperately to get his hardon under control. Being this close to the swell of his mother's gigantic tits was doing little to prevent his penile swelling.

"You hardly ate anything," his father observed.

"I know. I'm just, um…not that hungry."

"Suit yourself."

Calvin and Bethany watched their boy scramble from the table, moving with an uneasy haunch. "He's acting awfully strange," the father noted.

Bethany's lips curled into an amused smile. "He's just trying to hide the swelling of his male member," she boldly stated.

Calvin gave his wife an indignant glare. "Bethany!" he scolded.

"What?! Would you rather me lie and say I don't know why he's leaving the table?"

"No…there's just no reason to be so crude about it."

"Crude?!" Calvin's wife giggled. "If I wanted to be crude, I would have simply said that his fucking cock was hard!"

Her husband stared at her in shock. "Good grief! What would ever possess you to use such language?!" Because of the wholesome lives they'd lived, Calvin had never heard his wife make such an indecent remark.

"Erections of the penile flesh are natural, Calvin…especially at his age. Astor's body is producing a high volume of hormones, which means erections can occur randomly, up to twenty times in one day. So you see…there's no reason to make such a big thing about it," Bethany preached.

"At the dinner table though?" he asked, surprised that she was sounding more like a doctor than a wife.

Bethany suddenly stood up, having the wicked, overwhelming urge to see more of her son's stiffening prick. "I'll go talk to him," she replied, then sashayed from the kitchen, her broad, meaty buttocks wagging obscenely.

When she got to her son's door, she opened it slightly and peeked inside.

She was delighted by the sight of him pulling his pants down, releasing his monster erection. Astor, like all boys aboard Calista, experienced a tremendous spike in hormones, particularly testosterone, once they reached puberty. By the time he turned eighteen, the boy was getting boners over twelve inches long. Of course, he didn't know any better.

Just like females, he just accepted the way his body developed and didn't think there was anything "unnatural" about it.

Bethany's mouth fell open in awe as she stared at her boy's appendage.

Normally, she would run away at such a sight, then feel guilty for weeks, but this time something was different. This time she was fascinated and strangely aroused, while staring at her boy's jutting hardon. It looked so thick and muscular, with bulging blue veins crisscrossing up the meaty stalk. Running along the bottom of his shaft was the bulging tube of his corpus spongiosum. Capping his dong was the fattest knob she had ever seen; pinkish purple in color. *"It's so incredibly big and swollen!"* she thought, watching her boy's bulb twitch excitedly, mushrooming even bigger in front of her very eyes.

What made this scene even more thrilling for Bethany was the fact that that it had been years since she's seen a prick even close to this size.

Once men "peaked," between the ages of eighteen and twenty, their cocks began to grow smaller. By the time they reached her husband's age, they had shrunk to an average length of seven inches. Still respectable, but compared to the giant cocks of teenage boys, they were highly inferior.

When Astor reached down and wrapped his hand around its girth, the mother felt her cunt tingle excitedly. *"He's going to engage in self-gratification!"* her brain squealed. *"He's going to pull on its length… probably until he ejaculates!"* She had never felt a thrill like this in her life. If it wasn't for her husband entering the hallway, she probably would have reached into her suit and masturbated right along with her son.

"How did that discussion go?" Calvin asked, referring to what his wife had told him she would be doing.

Bethany blushingly closed her son's door. "It went…um, good. He agreed to go to his room the next time he felt himself begin to… harden," she awkwardly replied.

"Speaking of that," her husband smiled. "I'm sure if you followed me to OUR room right now, it wouldn't take me long to 'harden' either."

His wife smiled, but inwardly she had never felt so disinterested in her life. Despite wanting more than anything to stay and watch her son masturbate, she shook away her 'improper' thoughts, knowing it was her wifely duty to engage in the 'carnal embrace' with her husband. "Of course, dear," she replied, taking his arm as they stepped towards their bedroom.

"I'm horrible!" Stacey stated the next day, looking as though she could burst into tears.

"Tell us what happened," replied Bethany, comforting her friend by rubbing her shoulder.

"I can't. Just…trust me when I say…it was bad."

Rowen chimed in. "Stacey, the three of us have been friends through thick and thin. You know that you can share anything, and we won't judge you."

"It's true," Bethany agreed, "and if it's something that's eating at you, then it would probably help to get it off your shoulders."

After a few hesitant moments, Stacey spoke up. "I woke up last night feeling…overwhelmed with desire."

"For your husband?" Rowen asked.

"No…that's the problem! It wasn't for Jonathan at all. It was for Jonah. I was having inappropriate thoughts about my own son!"

"Oh!" Bethany muttered, sharing a look with Rowen.

"Like I said…I'm horrible!" Stacey reiterated, placing her head on her hands in shame.

"No more horrible than I am," Bethany confessed, causing her two friends to stare over at her. "I peeked into Astor's room yesterday and watched him undress. I couldn't stop staring at his…"

"Oh, that IS bad!" Stacey agreed.

"Since we're being honest with each other," Rowen added, "I'm afraid I have a confession of my own to make."

"What is it?" Stacey asked, secretly hoping it was worse than hers, so she could stop feeling so guilty.

"Last night, when I kissed Phoenix goodnight…" Rowen uttered, speaking about her own twenty-year-old son, "I slipped my tongue into his mouth."

She heard both her friends gasp in shock.

"Well, that's certainly a step beyond just thinking about it," Bethany stated.

"I know, and I feel horrible about it. I wasn't gonna mention it, but how could I not after what you two just shared."

After an awkward silence, Bethany spoke up. "Have you guys had these feelings before?" she asked. "About the boys?

"No…never!" Rowen replied, adamantly shaking her head.

"Me either!" said Stacey. "Two days ago, if you had told me I'd be having those types of fantasies, I would have told you that you're crazy…and sick!"

"Isn't it a bit odd that all three of us are experiencing this at once?"

"Yes! Just like it was odd that all three of us were having that crazy sexual discussion yesterday. We never talk like that!" Stacey responded.

"It's true. They Holy One would forbid explicit sexual discussion, especially when it's in reference to our boys." Bethany added.

"Perhaps we should pray together…for forgiveness, and strength to remain pure," Rowen suggested.

"Yes…I think that's a great idea," Bethany agreed. The three of them came together, their tits so huge they nearly touched. Bethany began to pray for them. "Dear Holy one…forgive us for our discretions. Please give us the strength to keep our thoughts pure."

"Help us to not dwell on…how, um…wonderfully handsome our boys are. Keep our minds from…uh…from thinking about how incredibly large and hard their sexual organs can get. Help us to not fantasize about how divine their young erections would feel…squeezed inside

our vaginas, engaging us in a furious carnal embrace…until we, um… soak them in our essence. Amen."

Bethany peeked up at her friends shamefully. Stacey broke the awkward silence between them. "The boys would feel good…buried to the base of their boners inside us, wouldn't they?" she softly asked.

"Their sexual organs are at their largest, and most rigid at this age,"

Rowen added. "This gives them the ability to stimulate the entire length of the vagina and the cervix. The orgasms that such cocks would create would be tremendously powerful!"

Stacey nodded in agreement. "A decision to cradle them between our thighs would certainly result in raging intercourse," she remarked.

"Wait!" Bethany blurted, shaking her head. "We're doing again. We can't keep talking this way!"

"I know…I, um…I'm sorry!" Stacey expressed, suddenly feeling a flush of guilt.

"What's happening to us?!" Rowen asked. "Why do these deprived thoughts keep manifesting themselves in our minds?"

Bethany closed her eyes and shook her head. "I don't know. I think I need to go lay down for a bit and clear my head," she expressed.

"Not a bad idea. I think I'll do the same," Stacey agreed.

"As will I," Rowen added.

Part 2: Body Exploration

Bethany took her role as housewife seriously, as did most mothers aboard the ship. This included following a daily routine of cooking and cleaning.

Sure, they had androids that could perform such tasks, but to Bethany, going that route took away the novelty and pride of pleasing her husband and son. The heavy breasted mother was doing a few dishes when she stopped suddenly, her eyes glazing over.

Without hesitation, Bethany began stripping off her body suit.

Despite being in space, and no longer having the existence of night and day, the passengers continued to follow a pattern of eight-hour daily rest.

When Astor opened his eyes, he gasped at what he saw just inside his bedroom doorway. Standing there, staring straight at him, was Bethany, his gorgeous mother. To his shock, she was COMPLETELY NAKED, except for the sexy black open-toed heels that her sexy feet were propped in. Her eyes were unusually brilliant as she gazed across the room at him.

"Mom?" Astor muttered; his eyes fixed on her humongous breasts. They were capped with wide, thickly textured areolar rings and turgid nipples.

The teenager’s eyes drifted down her tapered torso to the V of her naked mons pubis. Her outer labial flanges were puffy and well pronounced, forming the deep furrow of her pudendal cleft. Protruding from her cuntal fissure was the bulbous tissue of her clitoral prepuce.

Astor gulped heavily in arousal. He had only seen pictures of naked women shared by his friends. The sight of his mom's body made his penis harder than it had ever been before. He wasn't sure why his mom was fixed this way inside his room, but he was certainly in no hurry for her to leave.

"Bethany…are you here?!" he suddenly heard his father call out, from the front of the house. This seemed to snap his mother out of whatever stagnant state she'd been in. She looked down at her naked body, almost as if in shock, then over at her son. Quickly attempting to cover her mammoth tits, Bethany rushed to her bedroom.

She barely had enough time to throw a robe on before Calvin arrived in the doorway. "There you are!" he stated.

"Yes, I was, umm…changing. I spilt something on my outfit," she replied.

"Oh, I guess that explains why I just saw your clothing laying in the kitchen."

"What brings you home at this time?" Bethany asked, eager to change the subject.

"I just wanted to stop by on my break. You're not gonna believe what happened to my coworker, Sol."

"Oh, what happened?"

"He arrived at his quarters last night to find his wife and son engaged in a carnal embrace!"

Bethany's eyes widened. "They were…having sexual intercourse together?!" she shockingly asked.

"They were! Can you believe it?!"

"No, I hardly can! I know his wife, Larissa…very well! She's wholesome; the last person I would expect to do something like that."

"Yes…well, her actions are certainly deplorable! I know Sol is crushed by what he witnessed. Anyway, I don't have much time left on my

break. I just wanted to stop and tell you what I heard," Calvin concluded, then gave his wife a quick kiss.

She ushered Calvin back out, seeing him off to work, then moved to her son's room. She was still in a state of disbelief by what she had done earlier, by standing in Astor's doorway with nothing on. She knew she owed him some sort of explanation. "Hi, darling," she smiled, stopping in his doorway.

"Hi, mom," Astor awkwardly replied, still in his bed.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry for earlier, when I was here in your doorway. I'm not sure if I realized at the time that I wasn't really wearing anything."

"That's fine, mom. I understand."

She smiled, staring over at him. "Thank you for understanding," she said softly. For a long moment, they gazed across the room at each other.

Bethany slowly entered his bedroom, her dainty heels clicking against his floor as the seven-foot mother slowly moved towards him. "Was that…the first time you've ever seen a girl naked, darling?" she inquired in a sexy tone.

"Yes," Astor nodded.

"Your so young and innocent. It must have been a shock to see a naked body like mine in your doorway."

"Yes. For a second, I thought I was dreaming it."

Bethany licked her lips, staring at her son as she slowly crossed his bedroom. "Do you like to dream of naked girls, Astor?" she asked.

"I don't mind it," he blushed.

"I do notice that you quite often stare at my giant bosom. It must be large breasts…with swollen nipples that you dream of the most?"

"Uh-huh!" he nodded.

"What's that you're hiding there…beneath the sheet, darling?" she asked, staring at his tent-poled crotch.

"Oh, um…nothing," he blushed.

"It certainly doesn't look like nothing," she smiled, her unfettered tits trembling beneath the flimsy robe as she walked. She gently sat down on his bedside. "Show me, Astor," she softly requested, reaching out to rest her hand on his, gently. "Show me the fruit you have growing on your tree."

The boy glanced down at his crotch nervously. "Are you, um…sure?" he asked.

"I showed you MINE, earlier…didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Then you shouldn't be afraid to show me yours. Your young body is at its most impressive right now, darling. Your penile flesh is at its peak size and strength. You shouldn't be afraid to display it proudly… especially for your mother."

"Alright," the teen muttered, then slowly removed the sheet.

"OHHH, ASTOR!" the mother gasped, gawking at his large, blood-engorged appendage. It stretched from his crotch, just over twelve inches long. The bulbous pinkish-purple crown looked fat and angry with slimy ball-goo seeping from its slit. "You're SO incredibly endowed!"

"I'm sorry it's like this," he uttered blushingly. "I just couldn't stop it from getting hard.

"You should NEVER apologize for such a thing! An erect sex organ is natural for a boy your age. It's a wonderful merging of flesh and blood that creates an extension of your body that'll bring you greater pleasure than you can ever imagine!"

"That's what I've always heard, and I can't wait to find out one day."

Bethany scratched her nails on his knee gingerly. "You won't be a virgin forever, darling. Soon you'll be joined at the genitals with a female, enjoying the pleasures of the flesh."

"That would sure be nice!" Astor expressed, watching his mom stare at his steely erection.

"Do you see the liquid that bubbling up from the slit, on the tip of your penis?" Bethany asked.

"Yes."

"That's called pre-ejaculate. It's a liquid that squeezes out of your penis, when you get aroused. It's produced by the accessory sex glands – the Cowper's Gland, the glands of the Littre and the glands of the Morgagni."

"All of those glands are inside me?" Astor asked.

"Yes, near your prostate. The glands produce an alkaline, mucus-like fluid during sexual stimulation that will seep up the tube of your urethra and leak out, just like it's doing now."

"Wow, you know a lot about this stuff, mom."

"I know EVERYTHING about your body, Astor. Every precious part."

His mom smiled and gazed into his eyes. "Would you like to taste your pre-ejaculate with me?" she asked.

"Umm…taste it?" he asked, unsure if he heard her right.

"Yes. There's nothing shamefully about tasting the essence that seeps from a human body."

Bethany dipped her finger in the goo that had formed on his piss-slit and brought it to her son's lips. "Lick!" she whispered. After Astor licked it off, she took a second scoop, then lifted it to her own mouth. Astor watched her long, thick tongue emerge from her mouth and swipe it off. "Mm, it's so sweet! That means it's high in fructose," his mom stated.

"I like how slippery it is when it comes out," Astor expressed.

"Oh, Astor…you're so adorable! A boy's pre-cum is typically discharged before the height of ejaculation. It acts as a natural lubricant during coitus and helps produce powerful, body trembling orgasms for both the male and female, during sexual intercourse."

"I've never had that before, but I've heard it can be quite wonderful."

"It is the most wonderful thing that two people can experience together, darling. The rhythmic movements and intense sensations of pleasure lead to an altered state of consciousness in which we perceptually block out any other stimuli and devote our full attention to a passionate fuck."

"Wow" Astor gasped. "I've never heard you use that word before, mom."

"FUCK is a beautiful word, darling. It's the most exciting word in the English language. Do you like hearing me say the word…FUCK, darling?"

"Yes, but why do you get mad when I say it?"

"Shame on me for doing that," Bethany frowned. "Why don't you lean back, so I can get a better look at your penis and testicles."

Astor reclined back, resting on his forearms. Bethany slipped her feet from her heels, then curled her lovely legs up onto the mattress, facing her son's side. Her robe peeked open part way, exposing some of her ballooning tit-cleavage. "You have wonderful balls, Astor. They look so full and well-formed!"

"Thanks," the boy blushed. "I do feel a lot of pressure in them sometimes."

"That's because they're producing lots of sperm and sex hormones, particularly testosterone."

"Are they always producing sperm?"

"Yes…constantly! Your sperm-filled nuts are connected to the inside of your body by your spermatic cord. This cord contains nerves and blood vessels. You also have cords in your balls called your vas deferens, which are the tubes that move sperm to your cock, so it can leave your body in the form of semen when you cum."

"That's the white stuff that shoots out, right?" Astor asked.

"Correct, darling. A healthy boy like you will eject over a billion sperm in a single ejaculation."

"Wow, that's a lot!"

"It certainly is!" Bethany agreed, staring at his vein-encrusted shaft. "Do you mind if I wrap my hand around the base of your erection, Astor, so I can feel how strong and hard it is?"

The teen could hardly believe his ears. "Be my guest!" he replied.

Bethany circled her fist around his thick dick, her eyes admiring its sheer size. "Oh, my goodness, Astor…it feels so rigid and powerful in my hand!"

"It gets really hard like this a lot!" the boy shared.

"That's because your young and have healthy blood flow. The body of your penis is made up of three columns of erectile tissue: two copora cavernosa on the dorsal size, here and here," she pointed with her finger, "then, the corpus spongiosum, here between them, on the ventral size. They contain elastic and collagen fibers as well as smooth muscle, arteries and veins."

"So…the columns fill with blood, right?"

"That's correct. Impulses from your brain and nerves cause the muscles of these columns to relax, allowing blood to rush in and fill the open spaces. This sudden pressure in your erectile tissue creates what's called 'a boner,' which is crucial for sexual intercourse with a female," his mom explained.

"I always heard that sex with a woman feels really good," Astor commented.

"It does!" his mom replied with a big smile, then pointed to his bulbous tip. "The center of your pleasure will be here on your glans. You may also have heard this part of your penis called 'the head,' or 'the crown.' It contains a high concentration of nerve endings, making it the most sensitive part of your dick. This sensitivity is important for sexual stimulation and ejaculation, darling."

"Why is it shaped the way it is?" Astor asked.

"Human evolution has formed your knob that way. Do you see the border that flares from the base of your glans? It's called the corona and it forms a rounded ridge that overhangs a deep glandular sulcus, behind which is the neck of the penis. Your coronal ridge is formed this way for a special reason."

"What reason is that?" Astor asked.

"Your soft spongy tip absorbs the impact of your penile meat thrusting through a woman's vagina during coitus. Lining the inside a

female’s sexual orifice are rows of engorged ribs, called rugae. During coitus, a man's coronal ridge will slip back and forth along these corrugations, stimulating powerful nerve endings and creating exquisite pleasure."

"I hope someday soon I’ll get to feel what that’s like."

"Would you like to feel what it’s like to be held in a carnal embrace, darling?"

"You mean…by you?"

"Certainly! It doesn't mean we'll be engaging in hot, nasty sex, but I can at least show you what it's like to be wrapped in that position, so you'll know what to expect when the time finally arrives that you get your first piece of pussy."

"Alight!" the boy sighed, his heart racing with excitement. "What do I do?"

"You just stay how you are," Bethany answered, crawling onto her knees.

"I'll latch onto you and roll us into position."

Astor watched with wide eyes as his huge titted mom threw her naked leg across his lap, mounting him from the top. Her flimsy robe bunched up around her waist and her boy sighed as he felt her bare vulva come to rest against the underside of his rigid cock-muscle.

"Wow…you feel so warm down there!" he sighed, gazing up at her gigantic milkers. Even though they were covered in silk material he could clearly see the fat, rubbery nubs of her nipples.

"When a woman is aroused, blood rushes in to engorge the tissues of her vagina and vulva, much like it does your wonderful cock. This makes her genitalia smolder with delightful heat."

"It certainly feels delightful!"

"You think that feels nice…just image how it feels on the inside, Astor."

"Amazing I bet!" he added.

"Oh, darling…I'm sure it won't be long before every inch of your penile meat is wrapped in the clutches of a hot pussy. Are you ready for me to embrace you in the most common coital position?"

"I'm ready!" the boy anxiously replied.

Astor's mom lowered against him. She was so tall that his entire head sunk down between her fatty tits, face first. She wrapped her arms tightly around his upper half, holding him in place. Then, Bethany rolled them over, bowing open her thick thighs so her boy could sink against her. As soon as Astor was flat on top of her the mother wrapped her strong silky-smooth legs tightly around his back, crisscrossing her ankles above his ass. Most of the boy's lean body seemed obscured by curvy mommy-flesh as she clung to him tightly, pulling him against her plush softness. "Here we are, darling…joined just as two people do if they want to beat their bellies together. This is how two lovers engage…in a hot, torrid fuck!"

"Damn!" Astor sighed, his voice barely heard, since he was smothered in squishy tit-cleavage. Bethany whimpered softly as she felt his big, muscled cock flex against her quim. Her boy's stiff dick-meat had pulled back the thick shroud of her clitoral hood, exposing the sebaceous bulb of her glans. Her vestibule bulged out from between her fleshy cunt lips, giving her boy's pink dick a wet kiss. Bethany's cunt-tube quivered with desire, hot fuck-oil secreting from its spongy, corrugated walls.

The mother's voice was full of lustful emotion. "It feels so fucking good to hold you this way!" Then, her hips instinctively set in motion, rocking her baby in a subtle dry fuck on his mattress.

Astor felt her strong, silky limbs tighten around him, the muscles in her circled thighs flexing against his hips. Her long nails raked down his back, then clawed onto his ass, holding their crotches together. The teen felt his mom's calves slide higher up his back, so her sexy feet were now hovering above his shoulders. This allowed her to pull him into her with greater force, causing his monster cock to saw through the slit of her cunt.

Astor couldn't believe what was happening. His face was mashed against her breastbone, sandwiched between her massive mammaries. His mother's tits were swollen with so much milk that he could literally hear it sloshing through her engorged lobules. Oxytocin was causing tiny muscle cells within Bethany's breasts to contract, squeezing nectar from the milk-producing cells, down the mammary ducts, towards small sinuses near her nipples. The mere scrapping of her plump teats against her son's bare chest was making warm nectar seep out her tits, smearing on his chest with sticky wetness.

Out of her mind with desire, Bethany began rocking them in a more fervent rhythm. The feel of her boy's rock-hard pecker crushed against her love-nubbin was only seconds away from giving her a tremendous clitoral orgasm.

"Oh, darling…it feels so good!"

Suddenly, her eyes shot open, and she stopped, gazing up at the ceiling in a panic. *"WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO ME?!"* her conscience shouted.

"We shouldn't be doing this!" she exclaimed out-loud, then quickly rolled her boy over.

Astor watched her fatty tits wobble as she quickly stood off the bed, then pulled her robe closed shamefully. "I'm sorry, darling…I don't know what came over me! I shouldn't have said those things to you, and I CERTAINLY shouldn't have held you that way," she admitted.

"It’s alright, mom. I learnt some things from you…so I’m, um…glad you showed me," Astor remarked. He was just as shocked by his mom’s behavior as she was. In the past, if he had even hinted to anything sexual, he would have gotten chastised. Not only did his mom just practically dry fuck him, but she had taught him about his cock and balls in explicit detail. He never imagined that she’d have such sexual knowledge and he wondered how she acquired it.

"Astor…what we just did was wrong, but I need you to promise me that you won’t tell anyone. If your father found out, it would break our family apart, and we don’t want that, do we?"

"Don’t worry about that, mom," he assured her. "I won’t tell anyone!"

"What we just did was wicked. We should pray to the Holy One for forgiveness!"

Astor shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever you think is best," he replied, wondering how she had suddenly made such an about face. He stood up to join her in prayer, forgetting that he was entirely naked.

Bethany peeked down at the erect cock pointing at her, then looked away in embarrassment. "Astor, please! Cover yourself!"

"Oh yeah, um…sorry!" he muttered, quickly grabbing the sheet to conceal his hard-on.

Part 3: Lucky Leo

"Mom, they're talking about the alien stone on the broadcast feed,"

Astor announced, his voice filled with excitement and curiosity.

Bethany entered the room and settled down next to him, her voluptuous figure causing her rounded ass sinking into the plush couch cushion.

The announcer's voice echoed through the room as footage of the mysterious stone, floating in its transparent confinement, played on the screen. "And now we'll hear from Dr. Hailey Green, lead researcher in the investigation of this enigmatic discovery," the announcer declared.

Dr. Green's long, sleek black hair cascaded down her shoulders, framing her face like a curtain of midnight silk. Her glasses sat perched on the bridge of her nose, adding to her air of intelligence and sophistication. Like the rest of the women aboard Calista, she stood 7-feet tall, with strikingly large breasts and a full, round buttocks that were both accentuated by her snug space suit.

"After our preliminary investigation of this alien object, we've determined that it emits a faint energy signature that we've never encountered before," Dr. Green explained, her voice measured but tinged with a sense of wonder. "Our initial scans indicate that the stone seems to be ancient, possibly older than any known civilization that we knew back on Earth." She gestured towards the screen, where images of intricate symbols etched onto the surface of the stone flashed by.

"We're working to decipher these symbols, hoping to unlock the secrets this alien artifact holds," Dr. Green continued, her eyes glinting with determination.

Astor and Bethany leaned in closer, captivated by the mystery unfolding before them. The camera panned to reveal the rest of Dr.

Green's team huddled around a holographic display, analyzing the symbols with intense focus.

As they zoomed in on one particularly elaborate symbol, a low hum filled the room, causing everyone to exchange startled glances. The stone began to glow softly, its surface pulsating with an otherworldly light. Dr. Green reached out tentatively, her fingers brushing against the smooth surface of the stone.

"In the coming days we hope to understand more about its origin," said Hailey as she looked down at the stone with wide, unblinking eyes. The object seemed to emit a strange energy, captivating her attention like a moth drawn to a flame. She paused for a moment, gathering her thoughts before finally speaking again.

"I wish I had more information to share at this time," she said, her words slow and deliberate. "But we will continue to bring you updates as soon as they become available."

Astor felt a sudden surge of heat as Bethany's hand slid along his inner thigh, dangerously close to his now rapidly hardening cock. He turned to look at her and saw a mischievous grin spread across her face, her perfect white teeth gleaming between her plump, bee-stung lips.

"You haven't kissed me yet today?" she whispered in a seductive tone.

"K…kissed you?" Astor stuttered, caught off guard by her boldness.

While hugs were a common form of familial affection, kisses were rare and usually reserved for special occasions.

"Yes, there's no harm in adding kissing to our relationship, is there? After all, it evolved from mother and son primates you know," Bethany explained casually.

"It did?" Astor asked in surprise.

"Yes. Mothers would chew food for their young and then feed them mouth-to-mouth, with their lips puckered. This later developed into a way to comfort hungry children, and eventually became a way to show love and affection. Through evolution, kissing evolved as well."

"I suppose…as long as you think it's ok," Astor stated uncertainly.

"I do," Bethany replied confidently, her eyes glazed over as she gazed back at him intently. She leaned forward, her full lips puckering against his for a soft yet lingering kiss that left Astor wanting more. But before things could escalate further, Bethany came to her senses.

"On the other hand, maybe kissing ISN'T such a good idea," she blushed, pulling away as she struggled to make sense of her behavior.

Feeling awkward, Astor stood up. "I have to go meet Jonah. We're gonna grab some lunch and hang out," he said.

"Don't forget to make time for your studies," Bethany advised in a matter-of-fact tone.

As they strolled along the atrium pathway at the heart of the ship, Astor couldn't help but voice his observations to his friend, Jonah.

"Have you noticed our moms have been acting strange lately?" he asked, furrowing his brow in confusion.

Jonah nodded in agreement. "Yeah, if by ‘strange' you mean not being able to keep their hand off us," he replied.

"That's exactly what I mean," Astor added, growing increasingly confused by the strange behavior. "The other day my mom came into my room naked and we were practically having sex with our clothes on."

Jonah paused for a moment, deep in thought. "I could be wrong," he began cautiously, "but it seems like all of this started once they brought that alien stone on board the ship.

Astor's eyes widened as he considered the possibility. "Do you think it has some kind of mysterious power that's making them...horny?"

Before Jonah could respond, their conversation was interrupted by the sound of a female giggle. The boys turned to see Dr. Hailey Green hurrying down the pathway, pulling a young man their age by the hand. Hailey's figure was exaggeratedly curvaceous, her tight suit doing little to contain her giant breasts as they bounced provocatively with each step. Her expression was one of pure sexual excitement.

"Isn't that the doctor who's leading the research on the alien stone?"

Jonah asked with wide eyes.

Astor nodded slowly, recognizing her from the broadcast feed that morning. "Yes, and that must be her son, Leo," he confirmed. "I have a few classes with him at school."

They watched as Hailey led Leo off the path and into a thicket of trees along a secluded part of the path. "Where is she taking him?" Jonah wondered aloud.

"Let's go see."

The two boys cautiously wandered off the path, following the sound of muffled giggles and the rustling of leaves. They pushed through the dense foliage and found Hailey and Leo hidden behind a thick

tree, their bodies pressed together. Astor and Jonah's mouths fell open in shock as they realized what Hailey and Leo were doing.

Dr. Green appeared to be in the throes of ecstasy, her lips locked with her son's in a passionate kiss, their tongues clearly dueling inside Leo's mouth. She reached down and fondled his bulging erection through his tight suit pants, her other hand tugging at her own garment, trying to free her equally aroused body.

Leo groaned softly into his mom's mouth as she leaned down kissing him, his hands eagerly sinking into the fat of her big tits. The sight was both shocking and arousing for the boys, as they watched the taboo action unfold before their eyes.

"Are they gonna…" Astor started to say.

"It looks like it," Jonah finished.

As they continued to watch in astonishment, Dr. Green and Leo continued to undress each other, their movements becoming more frenzied with each passing second. Astor and Jonah could feel their own arousal growing, their excitement peaked by the bizarre display before them.

Hailey broke away from her son, eyes glowing with desire as she pulled down the front of her suit, freeing her gigantic, heavy breasts.

Leo gawked at the sight, his eyes wide as he took in her perfect tits, their turgid nipples erect and begging to be sucked.

Hailey removed Leo's pants, exposing his 11-inch erection. It look like it could tear a hole in space-time it was so thick and veiny.

Leo stared in disbelief at his mother's womanhood, her pussy shaved and obscene, her lips puffy and engorged. Instinct took over, and he reached for Hailey's massive tits, cupping them in his hands as he leaned down to lick her hard nipples.

Hailey moaned with pleasure, her hips bucking forward as she thrust her nipples into Leo's eager mouth. He sucked and licked, his every movement awkward but determined.

Astor and Jonah couldn't help but notice the physical response Hailey's body had to Leo's touch. Her nipples were now prominent and erect, clearly reacting to his ministrations.

"I think she's gonna let him fuck her," Jonah whispered in awe.

Hailey's tall, voluptuous frame reclined on the soft grass, bringing Leo down with her. Her long, powerful legs spread wide, forming a perfect V shape as her iridescent blue toenails glinted in the sunlight.

"Whoa," Astor gasped, marveling at the incredible flexibility of Hailey's body.

Leo shuddered with excitement as he lowered himself onto her luscious form, his slight build appearing almost insignificant next to hers.

Hailey threw her head back, her black mane cascading down her back as her wetness enveloped the thick roundness of Leo's bell tip.

The boy's face contorted with determination as he attempted to enter her tightness, grunting and gripping Hailey's thighs tightly in his hands. "It's so fucking tight," he groaned through gritted teeth as he struggled to push himself inside her. His knuckles turned white from the force of his grip.

Leo's hard throbbing cock sank eagerly into the slick, dripping depths of Hailey's core, filling her completely until she was packed full of his manhood.

A loud moan escaped the mother's lips as Leo's skillful thrusts set them both into a wild and frenzied rhythm. Their bellies slapped

together with each powerful thrust, their bodies moving in perfect sync.

Hailey's arms and legs wrapped tightly around Leo's body, holding him in a snug and possessive embrace like an anaconda. He was trapped within her muscular form, face buried between her rippling tits, unable to escape even if he wanted to.

Meanwhile, Astor and Jonah watched with rapt attention, their own arousal evident by the noticeable bulges in their suits. The sight before them was shocking yet undeniably arousing, and they found themselves unable to tear their eyes away.

"We should probably go," Jonah suggested, feeling a sense of shame wash over him for watching such an intimate act between mother and son.

But Astor shook his head, his voice low and filled with desire. "Not yet...I want to see more. Let's sneak around to the other side."

They cautiously made their way around the thicket, hiding behind bushes and trees in an attempt to remain unseen. Astor's heart raced as he and Jonah exchanged nervous glances, wondering if they had been detected by the mother and son.

Hailey's body arched in ecstasy as Leo continued to drive his massive erection into her, his balls slapping against her pussy with a wet, slurping sound. She moaned deeply, her voice carrying through the dense foliage.

"It's so big...so fucking big!" Hailey moaned, her voice thick with lust.

"I can't believe how fucking good it feels."

Watching Leo's massive blue-veined cock pummel through Hailey's tight, pink-lipped pussy was the most obscene yet fascinating thing he'd ever beheld. The 11-inch shaft of blood and muscle glistened

with juices causing it to glide fluidly up inside Hailey's body, making all but his balls disappear and smack wetly against the crinkled ring of her asshole.

Hailey felt the deep stirrings of a powerful orgasm. Her body tensed and her hands gripped Leo's back tightly, pulling him in deeper. She let out a throaty groan of pure delight, her eyes rolling back in her pretty head as her body quivered and bucked with her orgasmic release.

Leo moaned against the swell of her chest, his knees trembling from the intensity of her orgasm around his pounding cock. He thrust faster and harder, his own climax rapidly building.

Astor and Jonah held their breath, watching as the intensity of Hailey and Leo's pleasure continued to rise. Astor's erection throbbed painfully against his suit, his heart pounding in his chest as he watched the forbidden spectacle unfold.

Just as Hailey's orgasm crested, Leo's body stiffened, his hips jerking forward wildly as he let out a long, guttural, tit-smothered groan. His cock swelled inside Hailey, filling her tight, velvety depths, and pulsed with thick streams of hot cum.

Hailey shuddered beneath Leo's powerful thrusts, the waves of her orgasm crashing over her in a continuous and overwhelming surge.

She arched her back, pressing her heavy breasts into Leo's eager mouth, her hands gripping him tightly, trying to pull him even deeper inside.

Leo's orgasm seemed to last forever, his cock swelling and pulsing with his release, filling Hailey's core with his thick, liquid seed. As he came, he thrust even harder, his balls slapping against her pussy with a wet, slurping sound.

Finally, as Leo's orgasm began to wane, his body collapsed onto Hailey's soft, voluptuous form, panting heavily and gasping for breath.

Hailey lay there, her eyes half-lidded and her body glistening with sweat, her chest rapidly rising and falling with her own labored breathing.

Astor and Jonah couldn't help but feel a mixture of awe and envy, watching the aftermath of the intense sexual encounter unfold before them. They had never experienced anything quite like it, and they knew they would never be able to unsee what they had just witnessed.

With a final lingering look at the couple, Astor and Jonah slowly backed away from the clearing, still trying to process what they had just witnessed.

Jonah tried to conceal the massive erection straining against his suit.

He and Astor scrambled away from the scene, their hearts racing with adrenaline. "Can you believe what we just saw?!" Jonah whispered, his voice filled with disbelief.

Astor's eyes widened in agreement. "It totally confirms what we were saying earlier," he said, his voice hushed and urgent. "Dr. Green is probably the one person aboard this ship who's gotten close to that alien stone, and look what happened."

"It's like she was completely possessed," Jonah interjected, his voice trembling with a mixture of fear and fascination.

"Sexually possessed," Astor clarified. "It's almost as if the stone has some kind of power over human desires."

"Exactly," Jonah replied, his voice low with intrigue. "Weirdly enough, I remember reading about something like that. Ancient Greeks used

to believe that certain types of stones or minerals had the power to ignite intense sexual desire in whoever was near them."

Astor's eyes widened with realization, a mischievous glint in them as he spoke. "Do you know what that means?" he asked eagerly. "It means that if we can just get our moms close enough to the alien stone, they'll lose all control and ravish us."

"And that could be a very good thing," Jonah grinned.

Part 4: Sacred Connection

As Astor made his way inside his family quarters, the sound of rhythmic thumping caught his attention. Curiosity piqued, he followed the sound until he reached the zero-gravity chamber. There, Bethany was immersed in a form of exercise that seemed more like a lovely dance. Her large, voluptuous figure moved with grace and fluidity as she bounced from wall to wall, her body adorned only in sleek booty shorts and a skimpy top that struggled to contain her ample curves.

Astor couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight before him. Each movement sent her glistening skin rippling and her powerful muscles flexing beneath it. His mind raced with thoughts of tasting every inch of her flesh and taking her in the same way that he had witnessed Leo doing to Hailey.

With a shake of his head to clear his thoughts, Astor activated the intercom to the chamber. "Hi, mom," he said, trying to keep his voice steady despite the heat rising in his cheeks.

Bethany turned towards him with a smile and waved cutely as she somersaulted gracefully through the air. "Hi, darling? How was lunch with Jonah?" she asked, unaware of the lustful thoughts running through her son's mind.

"Great," Astor replied, struggling to contain his excitement. "It was… enlightening." He knew he could never share the true nature of their conversation with his mother, but part of him longed to confide in her and seek comfort in her warm embrace.

Bethany's eyes widened with curiosity as she watched him approach the window. Her hazel eyes sparkled in the dim light of the chamber, their depths filled with curiosity and intrigue. As she moved, her oversized tits trembled, glistening with sweat in the warm air. She couldn't help but notice how his gaze lingered on them.

"Well, first of all…you shouldn't stare at my breasts like that, honey," she scolded, breaking the tension. "Secondly, what exactly do you mean by 'enlightening'?"

Jonah's words had piqued her interest and she wanted to know more. She adjusted the gravity within the chamber before stepping out, the door sliding open with a soft hiss. The cool air outside felt refreshing against her heated skin as she wiped away the sweat with a towel.

Astor hesitated for a moment, not wanting to reveal their suspicions about the stone to Bethany. Instead, he concocted another reason for them to get closer to it. "We heard rumors that they might have it on display in the research wing," he explained. "Through protective glass, of course. I thought we could go and see if it's true."

Bethany's gasped in awe and disbelief. "You mean they're actually letting people see it?"

Astor nodded eagerly, his dark eyes shining with excitement. "It's just hearsay for now, but I think it's worth checking out."

An excited grin spread across Bethany's face as she thought about the possibility of seeing the elusive stone up close. "Sounds like an adventure," she said eagerly. "Count me in…but let me take a quick shower first."

With heavy steps, Dr. Green marched towards the research wing of the ship, her mind consumed with overwhelming feelings of guilt and shame for what she had just done with her son, Leo. Ever since the mysterious stone was brought on board, she had been plagued by intense waves of sexual desire for him. She couldn't resist any longer and had given in, initiating actual intercourse with him.

As she entered the lab, Hailey began to say something but stopped abruptly in shock. Her research assistant, Patti, was on her knees in front of her own son, Phoenix, giving his long and sturdy cock a

vigorous blowjob. Patti's face was flushed as she stopped and stared at Hailey, her chin smeared with drool and pre-cum.

"I-I'm sorry, I was just…" Patti stammered, quickly tucking her breasts back into her top, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. "I don't know what came over me."

"We need to get that stone off this ship," Hailey stated firmly.

"The stone?" Patti questioned.

"Yes, the artifact," Hailey replied, frustration evident in her voice.

"Don't you see what it's doing? It's somehow affecting our sexual desires…making us do things with people we shouldn't, namely our sons."

Patti's eyes widened in realization as she looked at her own son in shame. "Yes, you're right. If it's emitting signals that are causing us to act on these forbidden desires, then we must distance it from the women on this ship. But how?"

"We'll open the airlock and release it back out into the vacuum of space," Hailey suggested. "It's the only way to ensure we're not tempted any further by its influence."

"Are you sure?" asked Patti. "Dr. Green, this stone is a huge discovery. You're talking about us discarding it before we can even begin to understand its true power."

"And risk losing our marriages and our reputations?" Hailey countered. "I think the consequences of keeping it far outweigh the potential academic gains. We can't ignore the dangerous impact it's having on us. The way it's perverting our minds."

Stacey and Bethany trailed behind their energetic sons as they hurried down the corridor towards the research wing of the ship. The walls were lined with metallic panels, reflecting the fluorescent

lighting and giving the space a sterile feel. Jonah couldn’t help but shoot a sly smile at Astor, both of them filled with anticipation for what lay ahead. They were determined to get close enough to the mysterious alien stone that its powerful pull would be unleashed, just like it had been for Dr. Green when she had ravaged Leo.

Their excitement was quickly dampened as they approached Patti, who stood in the middle of the corridor, blocking their path. Her hands were clasped in front of her and she wore a somber expression.

"Sorry boys, the research wing is closed off," she announced.

"Why is it closed off?" Astor pressed. "Is the stone still in there?"

"I’m afraid not," Patti replied, her tone grave. "After careful analysis, we discovered that the artifact could potentially harm those aboard the ship. It has been swiftly removed."

Disappointment washed over Jonah and Astor’s faces as they hung their heads in defeat. Bethany let out a small sigh, shaking her head in agreement.

"It would have been fascinating to learn about its origin, but safety must always come first," she stated firmly.

Just then, the lab door slid open and Dr. Green emerged slowly, clad in her protective suit. Behind her floated the alien stone, gleaming and sparkling with otherworldly light. Hailey moved aside to make way for it, followed by everyone else in the corridor.

Dr. Green’s worried gaze flicked to Patty before addressing the group. "I tried to move it, but this happened," she explained.

In awe, they all followed the floating stone as it seemed to have a mind of its own, leading them down the corridor towards an unknown destination.

Astor’s voice broke the silence, his curiosity piqued as he wondered aloud, "Where do you think it’s going?" A few minutes later, his question was answered as the stone floated into the atrium at the center of the ship. The smooth surface gleamed in the artificial light, casting a warm glow on the park-like setting below. It rose effortlessly, reaching towards the high windowed ceiling, just out of reach for the observers below.

"It’s so beautiful," Stacey uttered in awe, her eyes fixed on the floating stone as if held in a trance.

Bethany nodded in agreement, her gaze intense and unwavering like all the other women in the area. Even Hailey and Patti were drawn to its ethereal beauty, unable to tear their eyes away from it. The atmosphere hummed with wonder and enchantment as they all gazed upon the mysterious stone suspended in midair.

The silence was heavy and suffocating, like a thick fog that refused to lift. Bethany’s voice cut through it, sharp and clear, breaking the tension.

"You know," she started, her words slow and measured, "sex hasn’t always been seen as a sin or something to feel guilty about. In pre-Christian religions, it was often celebrated and even seen as a form of worship. It was a way to connect with the Gods and their sensual power."

Astor’s eyebrows raised in surprise at this revelation. "Connect with the Gods?" he asked, seeking clarification.

Bethany nodded, her eyes shining with conviction. "Yes. The intensity of desire was believed to be most strongly felt between those who were closest in blood and spirit, such as mother and son."

Dr. Green’s voice chimed in, almost as if she were possessed by the same force that had taken over Bethany. "It was a sacred connection, a merging of souls through physical intimacy."

Astor and Jonah exchanged a knowing glance, their suspicions growing that it wasn't the women speaking, but rather the mysterious force of the stone channeling through them.

Bethany and Stacey turned, their movements graceful and fluid as they latched onto Astor and Jonah, enveloping them in passionate kisses. The atmosphere crackled with electricity as one kiss led to another, escalating into a shameless display of desire.

As more and more residents of the ship gathered to witness the alien stone's magnificent emerald glow radiating in the atrium, Bethany took Astor by the hand and led him away from the crowd. "Let's find somewhere more private to continue this, my love," she purred seductively.

Astor looked over and saw Jonah's mom leading him away also.

Bethany guided her son to a nearby cargo hold, a place where the ship's goods were stored. It was dimly lit and mostly empty, providing the perfect seclusion for their intimate encounter.

"Guess what I wanna do?" Bethany whispered, mashing her giant tits against him.

"Kiss some more?" Astor anxiously asked.

"Yes, that too, but also something much more fucking nasty."

He couldn't believe she was actually talking to him this way. Her usually wholesome nature being in stark contrast to the filth leaving her mouth.

"What is this nasty thing you have in mind?"

Bethany leaned in close, her breath hot on Astor's ear, "I wanna lick and suck every single inch of your dick until you cum all over my face."

Astor’s eyes widened in shock, but he found himself becoming aroused at the thought of getting head from her. Bethany could sense his arousal and smiled wickedly, undoing his pants and pulling out his throbbing erection.

Astor watched in fascination as she crouched down, circling her fist around his shaft. Her lips glided over the head, teasing him. Her tongue flicked, sliding down the shaft, making Jonah’s erection twitch.

"Mmm," she purred, "I can taste your pre-cum already."

Suddenly, Bethany took Astor’s entire 11-inches into her mouth and throat, swallowing him whole. Her lips sealed around the root of his prick and her throat muscles massaged his dick, Astor’s mind racing with a mix of pleasure and surprise.

"Wow, you’re really good at that," he complimented, watching her pretty hair sway as she bobbed her head up and back in a perfect blowjob rhythm.

She slowly pulled her mouth off him, her lips glistening with saliva and precum, and spoke in a sultry whisper. "Do you like the way I fuck your cock with my mouth, darling?"

"I love it," he replied.

She went back to sucking. This time, Bethany grasped his cock at the base and stroked and sucked at the same time, beating his prick into her skilled, cock-sucking mouth.

Astor enjoyed watched her ginormous tit-melons wobble with heaviness to the tempo of her tireless sucks and strokes.

Bethany continued to suck and stroke, holding eye contact with Astor as she worked him up, her eyes never leaving his. Astor could feel

the pleasure surging through him. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer.

Astor gripped Bethany’s head, his fingers sinking into her hair. "I’m gonna cum," he groaned.

Bethany pulled off, her eyes wide with anticipation. While continuing to beat his boner, she eagerly watched as Astor’s cock twitched, spurting a thick jets of cum across her face.

His hot, sticky liquid coated her cheeks, nose, and chin, and she licked her lips hungrily, catching as much as she could.

"Mmm, delicious," she purred, wiping some of it off her face with her fingers and bringing it to her mouth, savoring the taste.

Astor watched in amazement as she continued to lick and suck the remnants of his cum from her face.

"That’s amazing," he stammered, still in a state of disbelief.

Bethany stood up, her eyes blazing with desire as she gazed at him.

A seductive smile played on her lips as she slowly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing the curves of her ample breasts and their stiff, aroused nipples. Her skin seemed to glow in the dim light of the cargo hold, giving her an ethereal quality. Just when it appeared that she was ready to let him take her, their passion interrupted by a voice from outside.

"Bethany, are you in there?" The sound of her husband’s voice sent a jolt through both of them. They froze in shock, realizing the dangerous situation they were in.

The Mommy Masquerade

By Klrxo

Jason had never been to a masquerade ball before, so he was pretty intrigued when he got the invite in the mail. It came in a fancy envelope with a old-fashioned wax seal. Even the invitation itself had a elegant look to it. The only thing he wasn't sure about was who sent it.

"So, who do YOU think sent it?" his pretty brunette mom asked, sitting across from him at the dinner table.

"I have no idea. I'm not even sure if I should go."

"You have to go," his mom urged him. "If anything, just to satisfy your curiosity. Besides, it at the old Bridgewater Mansion on the hill. I've heard that place is magnificent."

"Could the invitation be from an old girlfriend who wants you back maybe?" Jason's dad suggested.

"I doubt any of the girls I've dated would be going to a masquerade ball. A keg party, yes," Jason joked, making his parents laugh.

"Well, now I'm jealous," his mom Shelly sighed with dreamy eyes. "Masquerade balls have always intrigued me. There's such an element of mystery and romance surrounding them."

"We better change the subject before your mother starts geeking out on this," his dad warned.

"Oh, they sell the coolest masks on Etsy for these things. If you're serious about going, we should really order you one," Shelly suggested.

Jason's dad smiled over at him. "See what I mean?"

"Well, he's gotta have a mask," his wife stated. "He can't just cut two holes it a sock and tie it around his head, he needs something elegant," she said, then her pretty green eyes got big. "And mysterious."

Jason was amused by how his mother seemed way more excited about the masquerade ball than he was. "I'll let you know if I decide to go," the teen informed her.

A few days went by without another word about the upcoming event. Jason got home from the gym to hear his mom greet him. "Jason, is that you?" Shelly called from the kitchen.

"Yeah, just me, mom."

The brunette mother stepped from the kitchen. Her dainty stiletto heels clicked delicately on the hardwood floor. The large swell of her oversized breasts jostled heavily beneath her blouse as she approached her teen. She had a large envelope in her hand. "Something came for you today," she shared, handing it over to him.

"What's this?"

"Well, you'd have to open it to find that out, silly."

Jason tore open the envelope, genuinely stumped by what it could be, since he hadn't ordered anything.

"Um, careful though…it could be fragile," Shelly cringed , making it obvious that she knew exactly what it was.

Jason pulled a beautifully ornate purple mask from the envelope. "Wow," he muttered, looking it over.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, it's great, I just…"

"What? You DON'T like it?" Shelly asked, sounding disappointed.

"No, I do, mom, it's just that… well, to be honest, I decided I'm not going to that masquerade."

"Jason, you have to go. It'll be a cool experience. I mean, how many times in a person's life do the get invited to a masquerade ball?" Shelly told him.

"Yeah, but what If I don't know anyone there? It would just be… awkward."

"Well, honey, first of all, that's kind of the mystique about going to something like this. Everyone's wearing masks, so they can remain anonymous and make new friends. Even so though, someone who knows you sent you this invite, so you know they'll be at least one person there that you know," his mom pointed out.

"And what if that one person is someone I can't stand?"

"Well, it's your decision, but I really think you should do it."

"Well, you bought me a cool mask, so now I'd feel guilty if I didn't go."

She looked up at him innocently, batting her eyelashes. "I know. You don't wanna hurt my feelings, do you?" she teased.

"I would never," Jason said.

"Good!"

Jason sniffed the air. "Is something burning?" he asked.

"Oh, shoot!" Shelly exclaimed, rushing back towards the kitchen, making her big round ass sway back and forth. "Honey, I gathered up all your laundry in your room and put it in your hamper. Would you mind starting it."

"I'll get right on it, mom."

Jason carried the basket full of dirty clothes into the laundry room. As he began pouring them into the washer, something tiny, silky and pink caught his eye. He certainly didn't wear anything that color, so he couldn't imagine what it could be. When he pulled it out of the washer, he was shocked to discover that they were a pair of his mother's pale-pink panties. They were so skimpy, he wondered how they even came close to covering her crotch. He nervously brought them to his nose, inhaling the lined strip of the gusset. The fragrant aroma of his mom's pussy made him dizzy with lust. He couldn't help but wonder how they'd got in there. "She probably just thought it was her basket and tossed them in there by mistake," her told himself out loud.

The night of the ball finally came. Jason had gone back and forth on attending all week, but his curiosity finally got the better of him and he decided to check it out. Before his mom left to meet his father for dinner, she'd placed a new blue dress-shirt she'd bought for him on his bed. There was also a black tie and tan dress-pants. Shelly had put a lot of work into helping him prepare. Jason knew attending a masquerade was always something SHE wanted to do. Because of this, he'd feel horribly guilty if he didn't at least give it a chance.

The Bridgewater Mansion sat on a hill overlooking town. Jason had passed it a million times going back and forth to school. He never

thought he'd be invited to an event there. When he pulled up, a valet in a fancy black mask and tuxedo took his keys.

"Thank you, sir. Enjoy the ball," the valet said with a friendly smile.

"Thanks," replied Jason, slipping on his purple mask. He moved up a wide stairway and made his way inside the historic building.

The Mansion had a lot of old-world architecture, making it the perfect place for such an event. The main hall was full of decorations that really set the mood. Big elegant-looking lighted-balls swooped from the ornate ceiling. A string quartet stood in the corner of the room, playing what sounded like a classical Mozart piece.

Small groups of masked attendees were scattered about, talking and laughing. Jason was already feeling out of place.

"Champagne, sir?" a masked waiter asked as he approached with a platter full of half-full glasses.

"Oh, well, um… I'm really not old enough to…"

"Relax and have some champagne, sir" the waiter demanded, handing Jason a glass.

"Thank you."

Jason had a sip, then surveyed the room. He wondered if the person who'd sent him the invitation was there, and who the hell it was.

"You look lost," a pretty voice whispered from behind him.

The boy turned to see a beautiful woman in a purple dress, the same color of his mask. The first thing his eyes took in, of course, was her remarkable cleavage. Her breasts were absolutely massive! She had long silky brown hair and her stunning green eyes peeked from her own feathered mask, gazing into Jason's.

"Are you lost?" she asked.

"No, I um… No, not really," he muttered.

She giggled at the clumsiness of his words and the fact that he seemed so nervous. "I LOVE your mask," she softly stated.

"Thanks…yours is beautiful also," Jason retorted, realizing that her mask was the same color as his dress shirt. It was almost as if they'd come as a couple, with their outfits complimenting each other's.

"Just the mask?" the woman asked with a flirty smile. "Is that all that you think's beautiful about me?"

"No, all of you actually. You're VERY beautiful," he confessed. The boy quickly let his eyes travel up and down her voluptuous body. Strangely, she seemed vaguely familiar, and he could tell she was older than him, but he wasn't sure by how much.

"Thank you… um…?"

"Jason," the boy muttered.

"Thank you, Jason," the mysterious woman said, then glanced over at the quartet as they started a new song. "Would you like to dance with me?"

"Sure," the boy said, knowing he'd be crazy to pass up a dance with such a beautiful woman.

They set their drinks down and joined several other couples on the dance floor. The mystery woman threw her arms over his shoulders, pressing her large spongy breasts against his chest as they slow-danced.

"Magical, isn't it, Jason?" the woman asked, referring to their decadent surroundings.

"Yes, very."

"Did you know that masquerade balls date back to Venice, Italy, in the 15th century."

"Really?"

"Yes, at the beginning of the Renaissance movement. That was a time where art, beauty and imagination reigned," the woman said, gazing into his eyes.

"Have you been to one of these before?" Jason asked.

"No, but I've always wanted to. Masquerades have historically offered a place for certain people to mingle in ways that their strict societal etiquette forbid them to," the woman explained.

"Oh, how so?"

"By creating an air of mystery and secrecy. We can anonymously act out our darkest desires, without the fear of judgement or consequence," she said, gazing at him longingly.

"So, are you saying that this was the motivation of the person who invited me here?" the boy asked. "To act out anonymously?"

The mystery woman's lips curled into a smile. "Yes, most likely this person wanted to be able to have their way with you. Rather than doing it in the traditional way, where you both acknowledge who the other is."

Now Jason's brain was really spinning. Did the invitation come from someone who wanted to be with him? Maybe they just wanted to have sex with him, without him knowing who they were.

His eyes slowly drifted out among the scattered crowd, searching for anyone who might be watching him, but everyone seemed occupied with the one they were with. What he did find odd though was that all the guys at the ball seemed his age, although he didn't recognize them with their masks on. Also, the women flirting with the male attendees seemed the same age as the one he was dancing with.

"Tell me something, Jason," the mystery woman said, drawing his eyes back to hers. "Tell me about YOUR darkest desire."

"I um… don't have one really," he lied.

"Sure you do. Everyone has a forbidden desire. You've probably always been too embarrassed to share it with anyone, for fear of judgement. However, I'm just a woman in a mask, that you'll probably never see again after tonight. So, there's no risk in telling me."

Jason looked into her beautiful eyes, still hesitant. "What's yours?" he asked.

"You haven't told me yours yet," she giggled.

"You go first, then I will…I promise."

"Very well then," she smiled, looking straight into his eyes. "I wanna fuck my son," she said candidly.

Jason was a little shocked and unsure of how to respond. "You… have a son?" he muttered.

"I do, and I know he wants to fuck me too. Most boys want to fuck their moms, they've just never got over the initial fear of doing it," the woman explained.

Jason's phone suddenly started ringing in his pocket. "Oh, it's my dad," he said, recognizing the ringtone.

"Oh, your dad, huh?" the woman asked, breaking their embrace.

"Yeah, I should probably answer it."

"I'll grab another drink," she said in a sultry tone. "Come find me when you're done."

"I will," Jason said, watching her sashay away. The woman's thick swaying buttocks was set atop smooth luscious legs that Jason found impossible not to stare at. Her dainty heels clicked delicately against the hard floor.

He finally lifted his phone to his ear. "Hey, dad, what's up?" he asked.

"Hey kid, have you seen your mother?"

"No, I thought she was with you. She said she was meeting you for dinner," Jason said.

"Meeting me for dinner? Well, that's news to me. I'm still stuck at work and tried to call her, but she's not answering. Where did she say we were supposedly going to dinner?"

"She didn't really. She was gone when I left. I'm up here at that masquerade thing," Jason said.

"Oh, you decided to go? Cool. I didn't realize that was tonight. How is it?"

"Interesting," Jason said, looking over at the mystery woman, as she stood talking to two other ladies, while sipping from champagne and peeking over at him longingly.

"Did you find out who it was that invited you to this thing?" his dad asked.

"I think I know who the person is, but I don't know WHO they are. Does that make any sense?"

"Oh, yeah, of course… the masks, the anonymity, the mystery… it's all part of the experience, right?" his dad reminded him.

"I suppose so, yes."

"Well, whoever it is must have a real thing for you, kid."

Jason watched the mystery woman stare back at him with lust-filled eyes. Her pink tongue peeked from her mouth and slid teasingly between her lips. Her huge tits were stretching the fabric of her dress. Her cleavage bulged obscenely as her jugs heaved heavily on her chest.

"You still with me?" Jason's father asked.

"Yeah, I'm here, dad, sorry."

"Well, if you hear from your mother give me a shout."

"Will do."

"Be safe tonight. I hear those masquerade parties can get pretty wild," his father warned.

"Wild?"

"Yeah, well, I heard the party always moves into some secret back room, if you know what I mean."

"Thanks, dad," Jason said, then hung up.

Jason stepped over to a table and got himself a drink. The mystery woman moved over and joined him.

"Was your father checking up on you?" she asked.

"He's stuck at work; was just trying to get ahold of my mom."

"We moms can be so elusive sometimes," the woman giggled.

"She's probably just at the store or something."

"Or something," the mystery woman grinned, stepping forward and putting an arm around Jason, pressing her squishy tits against him. "There's one thing I'm SURE your mom is though."

"What's that?"

She reached down and placed her hand around the hard cock-bulge running down Jason's leg, while gazing at him hungrily. "Horny for her handsome, big-dicked son," she whispered.

After getting over the initial shock of hearing her say this, Jason answered. "You think so?"

"I know so," she whispered, then winked at him.

"Know so, huh? Well, that would be impossible unless…"

Jason’s stomach suddenly sunk as the light-switch clicked on inside his head. There was a reason this woman seemed vaguely familiar. There was a reason their outfits matched, and there was a reason his dad was calling looking for his wife.

"Mom?" he whispered.

She fed him a big smile as the quartet started a new song. "Another dance?" she asked, pulling him towards the dance area.

For the next several minutes, no words were spoken, as Jason held who he knew was his mother, and rocked together with her in an intimate dance. His mom gazed at him the whole time, searching his wondrous eyes, while keeping her large breasts firmly mashed against him.

"You two look like you need a room," another woman's voice said, as she danced with someone Jason's age next to them.

Jason would never have guessed who the lady was, but since he knew it was his mom he was dancing with, it had to be her best friend, Gwen. That meant that the guy she was dancing with was his friend Troy, her son. "Hey, man," Troy said, smiling over at him.

"Hey," Jason answered, still in shock that these were all people he knew.

"Do you two know each other?" Shelly asked, even though she knew damn well they did.

"Yeah, we're friends, and both on the soccer team together," Troy answered.

"Oh," Shelly sighed, then ran her hands on her son's chest. "Jock studs. Yummy!"

"I know, right?" her friend Gwen added. "They probably have huge dicks and love to fuck MILF pussy."

Shelly looked into her boy's eyes. "Is that true, Jason? Do you love to fuck the hell out of women my age?" she asked seductively.

Jason’s heart skipped a beat. Never in wildest dreams did he think he’d hear his mom talk this filthy. As surreal as it was, he fucking loved it. "I do okay in bed," he admitted.

"Oh, a humble one," Gwen sighed, then looked at her friend. "I heard those are the ones that'll make your fucking toes curl."

"I bet you're right," Shelly told her friend, while staring at Jason. "I bet these two stud muffins know how to REALLY beat their dicks through hot pussy."

Gwen gazed into her son Troy's eyes. "When word spreads among women, just how good a boy performs on the mattress, even their own moms start dripping in their panties," she gushed.

"And leaving them in the laundry basket for her boy to find," Shelly winked, while gazing dreamily at her son. "So the sweet aroma of her wet pussy can drive him crazy with lust."

Throughout the hall, more and more boys were realizing the true identity of the one clinging onto them.

These were the women who had anonymously sent them invitations. These…were their own mothers.

Suddenly, from somewhere down an adjoining hallway, the blast of a medieval-sounding horn went off three times, as if announcing something special. One by one, the masked moms began to lead their sons out of the ballroom, and into the hallway.

"What were you saying about needing a room?" Shelly asked her friend.

"Sounds like one just became available," Gwen pointed out, leading her son away.

"You never told me YOUR darkest desire, Jason," Shelly reminded her son, looking intently at him as they now stood there alone.

He shrugged his shoulders, a tad embarrassed to make a confession. "I suppose I've thought about nailing my mom a few times," he admitted.

"Only a few times?"

"Only a few times THIS WEEK," Jason smiled, making Shelly laugh.

"I'm sure she would be shocked to hear that. It's so wicked and taboo for a boy to wanna fuck his own mother," Shelly stated in an exaggerated tone.

"And equally wicked for a mother to wanna fuck her own son," Jason added. The two of them stood there a moment, gazing wickedly into each other's eyes.

"Let's go join the others," Shelly suggested, taking her son's arm and leading him away.

By the time they arrived in the room down the hallway, all the other women were bent over, getting fucked from behind. The sound of beating flesh echoed between the old stone walls.

"Oh my… doesn't this look like fun," Shelly cooed, leading Jason over to the cluster of humping couples.

The beautiful mother pulled up her dress, shed her dainty panties, then pointed her thick lovely ass back at Jason. "Shall we?" she asked, gazing lustfully back at him.

Just as the other boys had, Jason took off his pants and briefs, releasing a huge sturdy erection. He stepped up behind Shelly and mounted her haunches.

"OH FUCK, YES!!" the mother cried out as she felt the boy's huge cock. It stretched the remnants of her hymen and plunge inside her pit of pleasure.

Jason began pumping his hips, driving his young prick deeper and deeper inside the smothering grip of Shelly's fuck-tube.

"Oh, shit!" muttered the teen, feeling her exquisite cuntal flesh chew at his cock, while soaking it in secreting fuck-oil.

The big cozy room was filled with cries of delight. Boy’s hammered away at the dripping pussies that gave birth to them.

Jason gazed down at his own mom's bare buttocks as she threw it back against him vigorously. The fatty outer-layer of ass-flesh made Shelly's rounded buns ripple each time they smacked again Jason's humping crotch.

He looked over at his friend. Troy had his mom, Gwen, panting and whimpering like a whore as he fucked her in a tit-jarring rhythm. Gwen had pulled her dress and bra down over her heavy, stiff nippled tits. They swung like crazy as they hung from her chest. Troy looked over with a big smile and gave Jason a quick thumbs up, just like he did when the scored in a soccer game.

Over the next half hour, the room became a sea of naked, writhing flesh. Everyone's clothes were completely shed and they engaged heatedly in various forms of sexual intercourse. A choir of beautifully-sounding mommy-whimpers and screams reverberated through the walls. Every direction a boy looked he could see big manes of silky hair being tossed around in ecstasy. Strong smooth legs locked tightly around other boys as they thrusts into their clutching mothers heavy-breasted bodies.

Jason was now sitting on a fancy leather sofa, with Shelly on top of him, riding his big muscular cock like her life depended on it. Even though their clothes were off, their masks were still on, so their identities "technically" remained anonymous.

"YESS…FUCK MEEEE!!!" the beautiful mother cried out. Her huge mommy-melons leaping up and down as her splayed cunt lips beat against her boy's cock-hilt.

She ground her pelvis against his, swiveling her wide hips. This plowed his cock against her back wall, a place Jason's father could never reach. The result was Shelly's very strong, and very vocal orgasm.

(Orgasm sounds)

Jason stood up off the couch, with his mom clinging to him. He planted her back onto the sofa and brought his weight down on top of her.

"Oh yes, fuck me hard, Jason. Please!" the mother begged.

The boy was prepared to do just that. His ass joined those of various boy around the room, bobbing up and down between the warm cradling thighs of their mothers.

The boys were truly enjoying the pleasure of MILF pussy. The moms juicy cunts were strong and conditioned, from years of sexual experience, and pushing out babies. Their vaginas were lined with rows of thick-textured ribs. They were the perfect sheaths for hard throbbing teenage dicks.

Jason could hardly believe this was his mom beneath him. The same loving mom who'd bathed and coddled him when he was little. The same mom he fantasized about fucking since he'd reached puberty.

Her big heavy breasts were always so fascinating. Her vagina… always so mysterious. He knew it must be a place of extraordinary pleasure. A place that was simply too hot and juicy for a boy to handle. And now here he was, feeling it stretched around the thick pink cylinder of his cock as he plunged through it rhythmically, in pure delight.

Jason always admired his mom's thick round ass. He never thought in a million years his big balls would be beating against it this way.

Shelly's curvy body began to tremble. "OH FUCK, I'M CUMMING, JASON!!" she cried out.

Watching the beautiful masked woman convulse in pleasure, while having his cock exquisitely squeezed and spewed on was too much

for the boy. With a deep guttural grunt, he began hosing out fat cords of hot ball-jizz inside her.

For several minutes, their sweat-sheened bodies humped and trembled passionately. It was like the orgasm they were each having was but one mind-blowing release that they were passing back and forth between their quivering genitals.

The next morning at breakfast, Jason’s dad looked across the table curiously. "Well, how’d the masquerade go last night?" he inquired.

It was all the boy could do to keep from looking at his mom as she sat there eating. "It was great. Better than I expected," Jason answered.

"Did you find out who invited you?"

"Yeah…I found her."

"So…who was it?"

"Well, I still don't know her identity, Dad. Like you told me on the phone, that's kind of the point behind a masquerade ball. You wear masks so you can stay anonymous," Jason reminded him.

"Well, she obviously knew who YOU were, otherwise she couldn't have invited you."

"That's true. Hopefully she wasn't disappointed, and had as good a time as I did," Jason stated.

Shelly peeked up at her boy, gazing into his eyes adoringly. "I’m sure your ‘mystery date’ had the time of her life," she assured him, then stood up, making her heavy unfettered breasts jostle beneath her robe.

"Now, who wants more pancakes?"

THE MOMS CLUB
BY
KLRXO

The Moms Club

By Klrxo

"Hi, my name's Victoria…and I'm in love with my son."

"Hi, Victoria!" the circle of moms replied in unison, each giving me a welcoming smile.

"What's your son's name, Victoria?" Judith, the group leader asked. She was an attractive woman, slightly older than me, with short, dark hair and glasses.

"His name's Wes."

"Tell us about Wes."

Thoughts of my son always brought a smile to my face. "Wes is polite, handsome…very athletic! I think he joined just about every sports team he could throughout High School."

"And now he's graduated and preparing to go to college, correct?"

"Yes…across country unfortunately…if he gets accepted," I frowned. Ever since my son had announced his plans to go to school so far away, I'd felt heartbroken.

"How long have you known that you're in love with Wes?"

"Only recently have I realized that the affection I was feeling for him…extended beyond what was appropriate for a mother."

"Why do you believe that your feelings are inappropriate…because society tells you that?" Judith inquired.

"Well…yes, I mean…everyone knows that a mother shouldn't be in love with her son, right?"

"Let me ask you something, Victoria. What's your favorite food?" the group leader asked.

"My favorite food?"

"Yes."

"Um…probably lasagna," I replied, wondering what this had to do with what we were discussing.

"What if 'society' suddenly told you that eating lasagna was forbidden. It might make you stop eating it, but would it stop making you WANT lasagna?"

"No."

"Exactly! You can't always let society dictate what is and isn't right for you. Other people don't get to control the affection you feel for another person, especially when it comes to love."

"Wait…are you saying I should embrace the feelings I'm having for my son?" I asked, looking over at my friend, Simone, questioningly. Simone had been my good friend since High School and told me about these meetings, after I had revealed to her the feelings I was struggling with for Wes.

"That's exactly what I'm saying," Judith replied. "It's precisely what our group is about; embracing our inner most feelings and desires."

"Oh, I'm sorry…I think I was confused about the purpose of this group," I expressed, feeling a bit embarrassed as I stood up from my seat. "It doesn't sound like it's quite what I was looking for. Sorry!"

I quickly left the building, feeling a bit angry that I was so misled by my friend. When I got out to the sidewalk, Simone came rushing after me, just as I knew she would. "Victoria, wait!" she shouted.

"You tricked me, Simone!"

"I didn’t trick you. I merely said that I felt this group could help."

"Help by encouraging me to pursue my son?!" I asked, unlocking my car door. "That’s ridiculous! I thought I was coming to a support group that would help me change my way of thinking."

"You heard what she said. These feeling don’t just go away. Trust me, I know."

"So that’s why you come here? That’s why all those women are in this group called the ‘Moms Club’? So you can all tell each other that it’s ok to be in love with your sons, and to pursue them romantically?"

"Victoria, I know this is awkward. It was for me too, when I first joined the group and began embracing my feelings for Sawyer. The group has really helped me a lot though, and I know it would help you too. Would you please just give it a chance?"

I shook my head in frustration, livid that my pretty red-heaeded friend would actually be encouraging me, a married woman, to chase a romantic relationship with my own boy. "Look, you know I appreciate our friendship; I always have. Do me a favor though and just forget I ever told you about the feelings I have for Wes."

I sat down, closed the car door and drove off. I knew I’d be able to mend things with Simone after a few days. We’d been in worse disagreements than this during our friendship, but I just hoped she’d respect my wishes and forget what I had confessed to her.

That evening, I went to the ballpark to watch Wes and my husband, Myles.

They were both on the community softball league and I made it a point to be there to support them. I sat in the bleachers with my five-year-old son, Patrick. He was a younger version of his brother and my future baseball star! It seemed like just yesterday I was a young woman, sitting in this same place, watching Myles, my then boyfriend, play softball. I had always been attracted to the fit, athletic types. However, my husband had clearly changed over the twenty years we'd been together. Even though we had a good marriage, if I was honest, I wasn't as physically attracted to Myles as I once was. He had lost some hair and put on some pounds. Even our love for each other didn't seem the same. There were some days that we seemed more like friends, raising children together, than lovers. He certainly wasn't the same handsome, charming, Myles that I had first fallen in love with.

When I watched Wes, I felt like that young woman again, sitting in the stands with my heart going pitter-patter. My son was even more handsome and fit than his father had been. He was young Myles, version 2.0. I really didn't like comparing Wes to his dad because they were also different in many ways. My teen boy was sweet and charming, always there for me when I needed him to be. He was affectionate, never hesitating to hug or cuddle with me. Emotionally, he was my rock! That was a big part of the reason my love for him extended beyond what was 'normal' for a mother to have. He was filling that void that had been created between my husband and me.

"Mom, can I go play catch with Carson?" Patrick asked, referring to his friend, who had also brought his baseball glove and ball. Like a typical youngster, Patrick was always eager to be active himself, rather than just sitting there watching the game.

"Go ahead…just don't get into trouble," I warned.

As I watched the boys scramble off, I noticed another mom in the stands peeking over at me awkwardly. When I caught her staring, she quickly looked away. I clearly recognized the dirty blonde from the ‘Moms Club’ group I had mistakenly attended earlier in the day. "She must be here watching her son play softball," I thought.

Even though I had walked out of the meeting, I felt a strange connection to this woman, knowing we were both having the same types of emotions for our boys. The difference was, she was embracing them, while I was trying to put them aside, since in my mind, such feelings were extremely indecent. "It’s simply wrong to be in love with a family member!" I told myself, reaffirming my earlier resolve to flush such thoughts from my conscience.

"Good game, kiddo!" I told Wes as he came off the field after the game.

They had lost unfortunately, so he seemed a little down.

"Not good enough I guess," he replied. If I wasn’t wearing a white blouse and he wasn’t so filthy from sliding into bases, I would have comforted him with a hug. I absolutely adored hugging him! Speaking of hug…I spied the mom who I recognized in the bleachers standing nearby, hugging her boy tightly. He was on the winning team, so it was meant to be a congratulatory hug, although it seemed to be much more than that. I hadn’t noticed it before, but she wore a revealing blouse that left a lot of her cleavage exposed. I could see her large breasts bulging out from between their tightly-embraced bodies and their hug seemed to linger especially long, for what was appropriate for mother and son. She flashed me a quick smile before strolling away with her boy to join her waiting husband. "Why would you ever wear a blouse that low-cut to a baseball game?!" I thought, although I had a pretty good idea why she had.

On the way home, I looked out the window, lost in my own thoughts. We passed the "Stargazer Drive-in," a place I hadn’t been

to in years. There was a time, when I was Wes's age that I was practically there every weekend, although it certainly wasn't to watch movies. "Those were the days!" I inwardly sighed, feeling a little depressed that the naughty-girl part of my life had passed. It wasn't that Myles and I had a bad sex life, it's just that after you've fallen out of love with someone, the sex seems much less fulfilling.

I glanced back at Wes in my visor mirror, wondering if he'd frequented the Drive-In. Perhaps he'd gone there with girls he dated, although to my knowledge, my son didn't go on dates very often. I was sure all that would change once he got into college. I'll admit, that was a thought made me a little jealous. "Ok…maybe more than `a little jealous," I secretly admitted.

"More like A LOT jealous!"

He looked up and caught me staring. Our eyes lingered together until I finally spit my tongue out playfully. We'd been engaging in flirty little behaviors like that for months and it never failed to give me the kind of thrill that I knew I shouldn't be having. At least not with Wes.

"I got it!" Wes shouted excitedly the next day, holding a letter he had just taken from the mailbox "I got accepted to Cal. State!"

I tried to show my excitement and support, just like a good mother should, but inwardly I wanted to cry like a baby. "That's great, honey! Congratulations!" I expressed, then gave him a proud hug. He felt so strong and wonderful in my arms. I could have held him forever! "Are you sure that's where you want to go to school? It's an awfully long way from home."

"Of course, I'm sure! It's gonna work out perfectly!" Wes replied. "Teddy and Scott are both there, and they already told me I could room with them. All I'll have to do is find a part-time job on nights and weekends."

"Honey, just because you have a couple of buddies going to school there doesn't mean it's necessarily the best place to get YOUR education," I reminded him. Of course, I had a selfish motive.

"I know, mom…you've already told me that ten-dozen times. It's a good school and there's a ton of cute girls there. I've already been talking to one online actually."

My stomach sunk. "A girl?"

"Yeah, it's someone who's friends with the girl Teddy's dating. Her names Denise and she's super-sweet!"

"Honey, you're going out there to get an education…not to meet girls," I jealously stated.

"It's college, mom! Trust me…you can do both."

"Yes, true…but girls are a distraction. The last thing you wanna do is get out there and start failing your classes because your mind is somewhere else," I warned.

"Mom don't worry about it. I'm gonna take my education seriously, I promise, but I'm also allowed to have some fun too."

"Oh, Wes…please don't move away!" I sniffled, moving in for a tight hug.

He patted my back consolingly, seeming a little uncomfortable by my sudden emotional plea. "I'll fly home and visit as often as I can…I promise."

"You have so many good schools out here, close to home, and close friends HERE too!"

"Teddy and Scott are my BEST friends, and I've always wondered what it would be like to live in California. In fact, you and dad should

totally come out to visit. We could check out Hollywood and all the other cool places out there."

I was beginning to realize that there was no changing my son's mind. He was determined to move away to school, and it depressed me immensely.

A few days later, Wes revealed that he was packing up to drive out there in a week. I knew his motivation was the bitch he had met over the internet. It had to be, since school didn't start for another month or so.

"She's going to college for Christ's sake! She has a whole Goddamn pool of boys out there to choose from. Why is she so interested in Wes?" I wondered. The self-centered wheels began to turn in my head. I knew there was only one thing that would stall him, perhaps enough to even make him change his mind about going.

"I need a huge favor," I asked as I sat at a coffee shop with Simone the next day.

"Wow…the last time we spoke, you about bit my head off. Now you're asking for a favor?"

"Yeah, and since you owe me, this can be your payback. Your niece, the cute one…is she seeing anyone?" I asked.

"Tammie?"

"Yeah."

"No…I don't think so, why?"

"Wes told his father and I last night that he's moving out to California next week."

"He got accepted to the University out there?" Simone asked, seeming a little more excited by the idea than I wished she was.

"Yes, but the semester doesn't even start for another month. I think he's going out there to be with a girl who he met online."

"Oh…um, ok," Simone uttered, feeding me a confused look. "What's that have to do with my niece?"

"Do you think if I gave her some money, she would pretend to show interest in Wes?"

"So that he would change his mind about moving away you mean?"

"Precisely!"

"Victoria…that's evil!"

"I know…it's a shady thing to do, but it's only until I can convince Matt to stay and find a school out here that's closer to home."

"Closer to YOU, you mean?" Simone asked, feeding me a knowing smile.

"Lots of mothers want their sons to go to a university that's closer to home."

"Yeah, especially mothers who are in love with them," Simone teased.

"You'd be just as panicked if it were Sawyer moving across the country."

"That's true."

"So, do you think your niece will do this or not?" I asked.

"If you're offering money, she'll do it. She's about drained my sister's bank account dry. The question is…will I ask her to do it?"

"Why wouldn't you?" I asked, confused by why she'd say no.

"Because you're stubborn and you won't admit the REAL reason that you're wanting to do this. I think you need the Moms Club more than you'll admit."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because your sneaky plan is exactly like something that the women in the group would encourage you to do. The group is meant to help women to become closer to their sons, Victoria, which is clearly what you're trying to achieve here."

"Fine…it is, but not so that I can have some sort of secret love affair with him. I just…like him to be close to me, that's all."

"Sounds an awful lot like love to me, and not the innocent 'motherly' type of love either."

"Will you do this or not?" I persisted.

"I'll ask Tammie…on one condition," Simone stated.

"What condition?" I asked, although I was sure I knew where this was going.

"Start going to the Moms Club again with me."

"No!"

"Victoria, the group will help you! They'll assist you in understanding and coping with your feelings for Wes. Trust me, as your good friend, and someone who's just as in love with her son as you are yours, I'm telling you…it'll be the best thing for you!"

I sat there silently for a moment, contemplating Simone's demands. I knew that something had to be done quickly, before my son was completely set on his resolve to leave. My plan was a good one! Tammie, Simon's niece was gorgeous and only just a little older than Wes. It was a pretty girl that was making him leave for California. It would take the interest of an even prettier girl to make him stay. I also knew that Simone was spot on about my motivation. I was in love with Wes and the last thing in the world I wanted was him living thousands of miles away.

Perhaps I COULD benefit from this Moms Club, if I gave it another chance.

There was one other thing that would concern me about this deal, however, that I needed to get out in the open.."I don't want Tammie coming on too heavy," I requested. "She should show a lot of interest, but definitely keep her clothes on."

Simone giggled. "I'll let her know. So, I assume you're accepting our deal then?" she asked.

"Yes…I'll give the Moms Club another try, but I can't promise that I'll become a permanent part of the group."

The Moms Club was held in a rented office space in the center of the city.

Their meetings were held daily, and were presently attended by eleven mothers, including myself. It felt a bit awkward to be back, after my abrupt exit the last time.

"Welcome back, Victoria!" Judith expressed, giving me a warm smile.

"Thanks. I um…apologize for last time. I should have at least sat through one meeting before I made any decisions."

"Well, it’s good to see that you’re willing to at least give it another try."

Judith diverted her attention to a different mother in the group.

"Sandra…I heard you have some exciting news you’d like to share?"

"Yes," a dirty-blonde mom answered, standing up and smiling proudly. It was the same mother who I had seen at the community baseball game.

She flashed me a quick glance. "Brent and I had sex for the first time yesterday."

All the moms began clapping. I reluctantly did also, to prevent myself from standing out. "My God…was she talking about her son? Had her and her son…HAD SEX?" I wondered. My curiosity was soon satisfied.

"Tell us how it happened," Judith encouraged.

"We were home alone together…snuggling, and I introduced the subject of masturbation. After asking him how often he did it, I told Brent that instead of masturbating so much, if he really wanted to have sex with a female, he could try it with me," Sandra explained. My jaw lowered. I could hardly believe what I was listening to.

"He took you up on your offer, obviously," stated Judith with a beaming smile.

"Yes…and it was just as incredible as I imaged it would be!"

Judith drew her attention to me, the newbie. "Victoria, a month ago, Sandra was new to the group, just like you are. She wouldn’t have dared ask her son to sleep with her then. However, being in the group has helped her, and so many other mothers break down those barriers. Many of us have reached a point where we feel comfortable

extending the invitation to our sons for sex, and even expressing our passionate love for them."

"I see," I muttered, still in shock by what I was hearing. I began to wonder if Simone had engaged in sex with her son and hadn't told me.

"The first step towards the seduction of a family member is to get them to see you and think of you in a way they never have before," Judith explained, then looked directly at me again. "Your son needs to see you as not just his mother, but also as a sexual creature. Only then will a seduction take hold."

Judith began to pass around a cloth bag. "Many mothers find it difficult to take that first step, so each day we pass around this bag of assignments. Theses are ideas that we encourage you to follow through on before we meet again tomorrow."

The bag came to me, and I hesitated a moment. I looked over at Simone and she nodded in encouragement. I stuck my hand in and took out a sliver of paper. Written on it was a simple naughty idea. It read:

"Let your son 'accidentally' come across you, while you're undressing."

I shook my head, knowing I could never deliberately do such a thing. I was beginning to think that perhaps I had made a mistake in agreeing to come back. I needed help to STOP obsessing over my son, not scheming on how to seduce him.

"What did your paper say?" Simone asked as we left the meeting.

"It doesn't matter. Simone, these meetings will only cause me to make wrong decisions. Choises that I SHOULDN'T make, and that'll get me in a whole lot of trouble."

"OR…they'll help you to achieve what you want the most. A mutual, loving relationship with Wes."

"No…I can't!"

"Why?!"

"Because I'm married for fuck-sake!"

"So am I!"

"And Wes is my son!"

"Sawyer is MY son! Does that mean we can't fall in love with them?"

Simone asked.

"It's just…not supposed to happen that way! You do you, ok, but I need to force myself to stop thinking about Wes in any other way than as my son"

"Well…not for nothing, but we did have a deal…unless you want me to tell Tammie to forget it?"

"No…I don't want Wes to go off to school, but I also know that I can't keep him here for my own selfish reasons," I admitted.

"Victoria, not to be a bitch, but you need to make up your fucking mind what it is you want, because right now you're coming across as the most conflicted person I know."

"I know I am. We'll stick with the plan for now."

"Which means that you'll keep coming to meetings AND follow through with whatever assignments you're given. Now…what did you get?"

Simone persisted.

I let out a frustrated sigh, then handed over my sliver of paper. "I'm supposed to 'accidentally' let him come across me undressing."

"Well, that's innocent enough. It's not like you need to be naked, and besides…boy's come across their moms undressing all the time. It'll just seem like a total accident."

"Yeah, well…when I'm doing it intentionally, it won't be an accident to me," I replied, then curiously looked back at her. "What did yours say?"

"I have to wait until Sawyer and I are home alone together, then begin moaning and crying out from my bedroom, loud enough for him to hear me. You know, as if I'm masturbating in there."

"Oh my God," I exclaimed, putting a hand over my mouth, resisting the urge to laugh I was so shocked. "Simone, that is SO bad!"

"Like Judith said, it's all about our sons seeing us in a different way. Only then will they see us as potential lovers."

"Well…it certainly sounds like that woman, Sandra, is well on her way to taking her son as a lover," I stated jealously.

"She's fucked her son, not made love to him. She still has a long way to go in her seduction."

"How far do YOU have left to go?" I curiously asked. "Have you and Sawyer…um…?"

"Had sex? No. Each mom is at a different stage of their seduction, but we're all working towards the same goal and that's what makes the group beneficial."

For hours I was conflicted on if I should follow through on the task that was assigned to me at the Moms Club. On the one hand, I knew it was morally wrong, but on the other, I was curious to see how

Wes would react to seeing me half-undressed. "It’s not like he’d be seeing me naked," I told myself. "He’s seen me in a bikini before. There’s not much difference between that and a bra and panties."

I left my bedroom door wide open, knowing Wes would walk by, while in route to his room after softball practice. It was a dangerous plan, since I knew my husband would be with him. However, Myles usually hung out downstairs when he got home for a while before coming up to shower, so I knew I was safe.

When I heard the car pull up in the driveway my heart was racing. I was surprised when I realized it wasn’t just because of nerves, but also due to the thrill of my son seeing me in a state of undress.

"We’re home!" I heard my husband announce downstairs. My pants were already off, so I stood in my room in just my panties and a button-up shirt. I started to unbutton it, nervously glancing at the doorway, since I knew Wes would be rushing by at any moment. I finished undoing the shirt and exposed the embroidered cups of my white bra. I heard my son’s heavy footsteps and my insides tingled. However, to my dismay, he rushed right by without even looking my direction.

"Really?!" I said out loud in frustration as I heard his door close. I finished slipping out of my shirt and moved towards the door to close it. "I’ll take that as a sign that this was a REALLY bad idea!" I told myself.

Suddenly, I heard his door open and in an instant, he was in my doorway.

"Mom, do you have any—"

He stopped and looked at me with wide eyes as I stood there in just my bra and panties. "Woah!" my boy muttered, glancing down at my big tits.

I was pretty sure the cups were sheer enough for him to faintly make out the rings of my areola.

"Oh! Um…sorry, honey! I should have closed the door," I stated, making a lousy attempt to cover myself.

"That's um…ok. I'll just come back when you're dressed."

He attempted to walk away, but my voice stopped him. "Do I have any what?" I asked. I knew it was wrong to just stand here in front of him like this, but my mouth got ahead of my brain.

"Huh?" he muttered, taking a second look at my breasts.

"You started to ask me if I had something."

"Oh, yeah…uh…I was just wondering if you had anything going on tonight, or if I could use your car?"

"Use my car…for a date?" I asked.

"No, I mean…not really."

"Not really?"

"I'm just meeting a girl who contacted me online…for a coffee. Nothing special."

"Oh…well, who is this girl?" I asked, even though I was sure it was Tammie.

"Her names Tammie. She graduated from my school a couple of years ago. Not someone who I ever though would have any interest in me."

"Oh, an older woman, huh?" I teased.

"Slightly older, yes."

"So, you…wouldn't date anyone older than her?" I asked. "Like someone my age?"

"Sure, I would. If I liked the person."

It was music to my ears. "Well, that's um…good to know about you," I awkwardly stated. Then, I turned and stepped towards the bed to get the keys from my pants pocket. It was then I realized that I was wearing a pair of bikini-style panties that were completely sheer in the back. My buttocks might as well have been naked in front of my son! From a mirror on the wall, I could see Wes's jaw lower as he stared at my rounded derriere. My heart was racing! I felt completely naughty standing there like this in front of him and was shocked at how much I loved it.

"Here you go, honey," I finally said, turning and handing him the keys to my car.

"Thanks!" he blushed, taking another look at my boobs before leaving.

Just like my mother and sisters, I was incredibly blessed in the breast department, with tits that were 36 double G's. If Wes liked big boobs, then that was sure to give me an advantage in trying to capture his attention.

The rest of the night I couldn't help but think about how perfectly I had executed the plan of my son 'accidentally' catching me undress. In fact, if my performance were judged like an Olympic event, I think I would have gotten solid tens! To make things even better, Wes had clearly accepted the invitation to meet Tammie. With any luck he would be completely enamored by her. Well, then again… hopefully not too enamored! For all intents and purposes though, things were going EXACTLY as planned!

"Victoria, tell us how things went with YOUR assignment," Judith requested as we sat in a group at the Moms Club the next day.

"Well, I um…knew when Wes was getting home from softball practice, so I made sure I was half-undressed, with my bedroom door opened," I replied.

"And…did things go as you hoped?"

"Actually, they did! We had a bit of a conversation in my doorway, so he didn't seem at all freaked out by it."

"Sounds like a big step in the right direction. Seduction should happen subtly…so it just seems to your boy as if things are flowing naturally. He'll soon realize that the two of you are moving down a trail that'll eventually lead to passion."

I listened to the other moms share similar experiences on how they had followed through on their assignments. Simone's story especially fascinated me, since I knew her and her son, Sawyer, well. She recounted how she rubbed her clitoris vigorously to a screaming climax, with her son in the next room over, so he could clearly hear her. I felt naughty as I imaged myself doing something similar for Wes.

"Time for more assignments!" Judith stated as she passed the cloth bag around. "This task will just be a simple question that you'll be asking your son. Hopefully, it'll open a whole exciting new dialog between the two of you and allow you to become more acquainted with each other sexually."

I nervously drew from the bag, surprised at how eager I was this time. I read the question written on the piece of paper and felt myself suddenly panic. "Oh no-no-no! There's no way I'm asking Wes that question!" I thought.

Judith must have noticed the hesitancy on my face. "Part of your son seeing you as a sexual creature is hearing you talk about something sexual comfortably around him. It should be just as if the two of you are discussing the weather or a TV show. Being comfortable

discussing anything, no matter how raunchy it is, is a necessary part of seduction."

"Did you feel bad at all, knowing Sawyer was listening to you have an orgasm?" I asked Simone after the meeting.

"No…why would I feel bad?"

"I don't know…because he's your son and you're married maybe," I sarcastically replied.

"Victoria, you keep going back to that. You're like a person who's been in a cult their whole life and refuses to accept things any other way, even when your instincts are pushing you that direction."

"I wouldn't say that I'm THAT closed minded."

"You can't tell me you didn't feel a thrill when you were standing in front of Wes half-naked?"

"I did, yes," I replied, "but did that make it right? I don't know."

"You're an adult and so is he. You're allowed to make our own decisions, even if they're not the decisions that most people would make."

I shrugged my shoulders, getting her point. "Well, he didn't scowl and run off when he saw me like that at least, but I'm not sure I'll have the guts to ask him the question that Judith assigned to me. It might just freak him out."

Simone patted me on the shoulder encouragingly. "Of course you have the guts. You're the bravest person I know, and your love for Wes is strong enough that I think you'd try anything to win his love back."

"Yeah, well…I just hope the question doesn't send him running. If he does, then that'll tell me that all of this is just a waist of time."

"It can't be that bad, can it?"

"The question I was assigned?"

"Yeah."

"Trust me…it's bad! I mean, it's good, but just…VERY naughty! It's definitely not a question a mother would normally pose to her son."

"Well, yeah…the whole idea is to explore new ground together. Like Judith said…getting our sons to see us not just as moms, but females who love passion and sex…just as much as the girls they date. Oh, speaking of girls they date…I got a call from Tammie this morning."

"Yeah, Wes told me they were meeting for coffee. What did she say?"

"She thinks he's really sweet. They're hanging out again tonight, I guess. She's pouring it on heavy, but not too heavy. With any luck… this plan of yours could really work and at least delay Wes's move to California."

"I hope so."

I knew deep down that delaying my son's move was pointless, unless I was willing to move forward with seducing him. His love for me was the one thing that I hoped would ultimately keep him closer to home. Even though I felt awkward doing the assignments from the Moms Club, I knew they were crucial in the process of moving things forward.

"Going out with the new girl again tonight?" I asked as I stood in my son's bedroom doorway. It was still early in the day. Myles was at

work and my youngest son, Patrick, was outside playing. This gave Wes and I the house to ourselves.

"Yeah, that was our plan. Would you mind if I used the car again?"

"Not at all," I answered, strolling into his bedroom on four-inch mules. I was ashamed at how long I had actually prepared for this interaction, spending the last hour doing my hair just right and putting on a little make-up. I wore a gray contour midi shaping dress, that allowed me to really show off my curves. I had gone back and forth on whether I should wear it, but finally decided that it wasn't too over-the-top. My stiletto heels clicked on his floor as I stepped towards him. I could feel Wes's eyes on my big trembling tits and I loved it! I sat down next to him on his bed, crossing my legs, which made the hem of my dress ride up quite a bit.

"You look great! Are you and dad going out tonight?" he asked.

"No…we're not. I just…felt like dressing nice today I guess."

"Well, you succeeded," Wes replied.

"Thanks, honey."

I had a plan on how I wanted to introduce my question. It was an entire exchange I had practiced in my head. I knew if I asked the question out of the blue it would be uncomfortable for both of us and probably shock the hell out of him. The question had to be posed at the right time, in the course of a conversation. "So…um, how close are you and this new girl? Have you kissed her yet?" I pried.

"Just a quickly friendly kiss, that's all," my son answered.

"Well, I'm sure she has more of those in store for you tonight. Maybe even more than just kissing," I teased, smiling at him slyly.

"I don’t know about that. She’s a really attractive girl. I’m surprised she even asked me to go out with her, to be honest."

"Well, ‘really attractive girls’ are usually drawn to ‘really attractive guys,’ honey…so it shouldn’t surprise you at all," I stated, rubbing his arm tenderly. Little did he know how much I actually meant that.

"Thanks, but I doubt she wants to be more than just friends. We hardly know each other at this point."

"That doesn’t mean that she won’t try to make a move on you. She might even try to…well, you know…"

"What?" he stupidly asked.

"Have sex with you, maybe…or at least give you oral sex."

My poor son turned a shade of red and I felt a sudden rush of embarrassment myself for even suggesting such a thing. However, it was inching me towards the question that I needed to ask him.

"I doubt that very seriously, mom," Wes blushingly replied.

"Well, I somehow don’t think you’ll fight her off if she tries to give you some…oral affection," I teased.

"Probably not."

The exchange had gone just how I hoped, so far, and I had positioned myself perfectly to pose my assigned question to him. "So, um…which do you prefer more…giving or receiving?" I asked, then looked at him, nervously waiting for his answer.

He gazed back at me with a shocked expression. "Oh, um…that’s kind of a tough one," he replied.

I decided to make this easier by taking the heat off of him. "Yeah, I agree. I mean…I love both, but if I was asked to choose one I like

best…well, that's like choosing between two scrumptious desserts."

My boy nodded in agreement. "True," he muttered.

"I guess it would depend on the setting too. There are obviously times where it's more ideal for a girl to go down on a guy, then vise-versa."

"Like when?" Wes asked.

I took just a moment to inwardly celebrate his interest in having this discussion. "Oh, you know…like if a guy's at the wheel, driving down the road and a girl wants to suck on him. It would be MUCH more difficult for a guy to do that to her, if SHE was in the driver's seat."

"True…unless he planned on sitting on the gas pedal," stated Wes, which made us both laugh.

"If her orgasm was too strong they'd be skidding off the damn road," I added, which resulted in more laughs.

"So far so good!" I thought.

"Girls seem to be more weird about getting it than they do by giving it,"

Wes shared. "Why is that?"

"Well…a lot of girls are self conscience about their, um…vaginal area," I answered.

"Self-conscience why?"

I knew this was my opportunity to sell my son on the advantages to being with an older woman. "Oh, probably just because the idea of a guy seeing them down there, in their personal area, is so new to them. Those feelings go away the older a woman gets though. By

the time you get my age, you feel no shame at all about getting oral affection…or giving it."

"Well…women shouldn't. Guys shouldn't be shy about it either. It feels too good for that."

"Especially if you get with an older woman, who knows what she's doing. There are so many tender parts to a man's penis and a girl should know how to work every one of them," I expressed. I could hardly believe such an opinion had flowed from my mouth, in front of my son, but it was incredibly thrilling and I meant exactly what I said. I'll admit it…I absolutely LOVED giving blowjobs! In my mid-twenties it had reached an obsession that caused me to learn everything I could about getting better at it. I familiarized myself with every detailed part of a man's genitalia, as well as their functions. I studied the balls and their most sensitive areas.

Exactly how to suck them, while pulling on a man's spermatic cord, to give him exquisite pleasure. I taught myself about the connective tissue of the bulb and ligaments at the penile root and how to stimulate them. Also, the body or shaft of the penis, with it's muscled erectile tissue and bulging dorsal vein. Then, there was the head, my most favorite part! I learned how to stimulate a man's glans by stroking and licking…particularly certain areas like the frenulum and piss-slit. Needless to say, my husband (my guinea pig) had been one lucky man since I educated myself on those techniques.

"When you say 'tender parts,' you mean more than just…the tip?" Wes brazenly asked.

It made me pause a moment, feeling my insides tingle with excitement.

"Yes, well, um…there's the tip, the shaft…the balls. All of those parts have sensitive areas that a woman shouldn't neglect."

"With her tongue, you mean?"

I looked at him and smiled, then without thinking I peeked my mouth open and flailed my tongue up and down between my lips. "Yes…her little pink scrubber," I answered.

I saw my boy's eyes get big with excitement, causing my nipples to instantly harden beneath my bra. "Not for nothing, mom…but your 'pink scrubber' hardly looks 'little,'" he stated, which made me burst out laughing.

"You're right, it's not! Everyone's always told me that my tongue is abnormally long."

"Can I see it?" Wes asked.

I hesitated a moment. It wasn't like he was asking to see my tits, but still, the tongue was a highly sexualized body part, especially in the context of what we'd been discussing. However, I knew to get what I really wanted, it was better to let things flow and not feel reluctant about sharing things with him. "I'll show you my tongue if you show me yours," I teased.

"Nothing special about mine," Wes stated, then spit his tongue out for me to see.

"I doubt the girls you've 'gone down on' would say that," I boldly replied with a playful wink.

"I don't know…you'd have to ask them, I guess."

I knew the discussion we were having was wicked, but I loved where it was going.

"I'll show you mine now, but try not to be too creeped out," I warned, then extended my tongue out, lowering the tip well below my chin.

"Damn, mom!" Wes exclaimed, looking like his eyes could bulge out of his head. "You DO have a long tongue!"

Wow how I wanted to say something, but I was conflicted. Caught up in the moment, I decided to express what I was thinking anyway. "Well…you know what they say, it's not the length of something, but how you use it. However, if you have both length and skill, like I do, I suppose that's even better!"

"True," Wes blushed, staring at me for a moment. "I've never really had a conversation like this with you before. It's pretty cool."

I fed him my warmest smile. "I think so too," I softly replied. I glanced down at his crotch and my heart skipped a beat as my eyes were met by the swell of an obvious erection. "My God…I made him hard!" I thought.

This was a major confidence booster! After an uncomfortable silence, I stood back up and walked to his door, making sure to sway my ass, so it would capture his attention.

"Anyway…have fun on your date tonight," I told him, then turned in his doorway, until my eyes met his. "I hope she realizes what a lucky girl she is."

My husband, Myles, got the blowjob of his dreams that night. Of course…I was thinking about Wes the whole time, hoping that he wasn't getting similar treatment to his cock, even though I had suggested it earlier. I wickedly imagined what it would be like to have his young, virile penis in my mouth. "What would it feel like? What would it taste like?" I thought.

"He looked so much like Myles when he was younger. Would his cock be the same…or possibly longer and thicker than his father's? My God, the things I could show him!" I thought as my long tongue swirled wildly around Myles's knob. My husband had shot off too

hard in my mouth to even expect him to have sex with me afterwards. It wasn't anything I wasn't used to by now.

I had to take my youngest, Patrick, to an appointment the next day, so I missed the Moms group. I found myself wishing I had rescheduled my son's appointment so I could have gone. I was proud of the interaction I had with Wes yesterday and was anxious to report how well it went to the other mothers.

"We missed you in group today. Everything ok?" Simone asked over the phone when she called me later.

"Yeah, fine…Patrick just had an appointment."

"Oh, ok…I thought maybe you changed your mind and decided to stop coming."

"No…in fact, I followed through on the assignment and was looking forward to sharing what Wes and I talked about," I admitted.

"Oh, don't worry…Judith will still give you a chance to share, and speaking of that…she gave me another assignment to give you."

"She did?"

"Of course. She knows you and I are friends, and that I referred you to the program, remember? Just because you missed the meeting doesn't mean you can't still do the assignment."

"Ok…um, what is it?"

"Remember, I'm just the messenger, so don't freak out on me when you hear it," Simone warned.

"It can't be anymore daring than yesterday's."

"Oh trust me…it can be, and it is!" she giggled.

"Alright then…let's hear it," I cringed, afraid of what was coming at me, but also extremely curious.

"Well…yesterday's challenge was verbal. Today, it's more of a 'physical' assignment."

"Physical, huh? How…um, physical exactly?"

"You have to crawl into bed with Wes tonight and give him an intimate hug for five full minutes."

"That's it?! That doesn't seem too hard. I give him long hugs goodnight all the time. I mean, they're not five minutes, but…he may not think that's too weird."

"There's more…" Simone stated, spoiling my relief.

"More?"

"Yes. Wes has to have his shirt off…and you have to be braless, wearing only a wife beater."

"Simone, I can't do that! Those wife beaters are super thin, and my boobs are WAY too big! If I'm not wearing a bra beneath one of those, I'll freak him completely out!"

"Or give him the thrill of his life, which is certainly the goal, isn't it?"

I let out a nervous huff. A naughty conversation was one thing, but something this physical was quite another. "I don't know…I don't even own a wife beater."

"I guess you better run to the mall then. Look, Victoria…you jumped a huge hurdle by having that conversation with Wes yesterday. You got this!"

"I'll think about it."

"Oh, before I let you go, I should tell you…I talked with Tammie. I guess things are still going REALLY well. Last night, her and Wes got on the subject of him moving off to college and I guess he told her that he hasn't fully made up his mind whether he's going or not."

"Seriously?!" I shouted, my heart beginning to race. "Oh my God, that's excellent!"

"I thought you'd think so! Obviously, she's doing exactly what you wanted her to. Putting doubts in his mind on whether leaving is the best choice."

"Yes, but I feel horrible knowing that he may be doing it, thinking Tammie might actually be interested in him," I stated. While I did want my son to stay close to home, I certainly didn't wanna set him up to have his heart broken.

"All the more reason for you to pour on the affection and continue seducing him. If he falls in love with you, none of those other girls will even matter."

I nodded in agreement. "Your right. I should act before his feelings for Tammie get too serious. I suppose maybe I SHOULD make a quick trip to the mall," I admitted.

"Will I see you at the Moms Club tomorrow?" Simone asked.

"Yes, I'll be there…and hopefully with something exciting to report."

Wes got home late from his date with Tammie that night. I tried not to let that bother me, but to stay focused on the task at hand. Myles let out a light snore and I slipped out of bed and into our bathroom to prepare, while I knew Wes was down the hallway showering. I slipped on the white wife beater and a skimpy pair of thong panties I had picked out to go with it. I knew his light would be out when I went in, so he probably wouldn't see my exposed buttocks. However, if he did, that wouldn't be a huge deal either. I blushed, looking at

myself in the mirror with this thin wife beater on. The huge pink rings of my areola were mostly visible through gauzy fabric and my nipples stuck out beneath the cloth turgidly and they weren't even hard yet. "Good grief…what am I thinking?" my mind wondered, throwing doubt on this whole idea. However, there was another part of me that was so excited I was shaking.

"I got this!" I whispered to myself. I fluffed my strawberry-blonde hair, applied a light coat of pink lipstick and a spray of sweet perfume.

As Myles snored away in our bed, I felt wicked sneaking by him. I peeked out the door, down the hallway, to make sure my son's light was off.

"Wes?" I said softly, swinging his door slightly open in the darkness.

"Yeah, mom…I'm home. Sorry if I woke you up," he replied from his bed.

"No-no, you didn't wake me up, honey," I stated, padding across his room on bare feet. I could feel my heavy tits bobbling beneath the wife beater as I made my way over to his bed. "I just wanted to come in and say goodnight."

"Oh, alright," he muttered, looking up at my shadowy figure. My heart was racing with nervousness.

"Do you care if I, um…crawl under the blankets and hug you goodnight?"

"No…not at all," Wes replied, pulling back the covers for me to join him.

I crawled onto the bed between his legs, now close enough to notice that he was wearing a t-shirt and boxer-briefs. "Honey, why don't you…take your t-shirt off. It's really warm in here tonight and I don't

want you to get too uncomfortable." It actually wasn't warm at all, but Wes having no shirt on was part of the assignment and I wanted to follow it exactly.

"Sure, mom," he muttered, then slipped it off.

"Thanks…now are you sure you don't mind if I, um…hug you, while we talk?" I asked.

"No, mom…not at all."

I brought my body down against his torso, with my bare legs stretched out between his. The cute sigh my boy made when my unfettered breasts smothered his bare chest like soft, warm bread dough was incredibly encouraging. I rested my head on his shoulder, with my lips close to his neck. I swore that I could feel BOTH of our excited heartbeats.

"This is nice," I whispered.

"Yes," he softly agreed.

"So, um…tell me about your date with Tammie," I encouraged.

"Oh, we just um, when to the Drive-In to see a movie."

I quickly lifted my head in jealousy. "The Stargazer?"

"Well, yeah, mom…that's the only Drive-In I know of," Wes replied.

"So you had sex with her?!"

"No, we just went to see a movie."

"Give me a break, Wes. Couples don't go to the Stargazer to watch movies. If it was the movie experience you wanted, you would have taken her across town to the Cineplex."

"Alright, well…we did do some fooling around in the back seat," he confessed.

"Some ‘fooling around?’ Were her panties on or off during this ‘fooling around?’"

"They were off."

"So, you DID fuck her?" I asked, probably shocking my son, since he rarely heard me say that word.

"We had sex, yes…but it’s our third date, and we really like each other!"

"That fucking cunt, Tammie!" my brain screamed irately. "What part of ‘don’t come on too strong’ did she not understand?!" I wanted to cry, but held it together the best I could. "Couldn’t she have just… sucked on you, like we talked about yesterday?" I asked.

"Well, she um…did that too, but one thing led to another and we ended up doing it. Sorry, mom…I should asked you if that was OK before her and I went and had sex on your backseat."

I let out a frustrated sigh. "Wes, that’s not the issue. You just met this girl and I think you just need to…slow your role a little bit," I preached.

"Yeah, you’re right…I guess maybe I did get a little carried away."

I coiled my arms around his neck and squeezed him tight. "It’s hard to be mad at you…I love you so much," I whispered. I flattened my tits on him, wondering what he must think of my fat, erect teats prodding into his chest. My answer soon came by the hardening of his crotch beneath mine.

I felt pangs of jealousy, knowing he’d been hammering that boy-cock through the pussy of such a gorgeous girl close to his own age.

"I love you too, mom."

"Do you?" I whispered.

"Of course."

"How much?"

"A lot! You know that," he replied.

"Show me," my voice quivered, as I brought my face to his, staring into his eyes. I pushed my pussy against the rigid meat of his erection as if insinuating he 'show me' by using it.

"What do you mean?"

I quickly came to my senses, realizing I was moving WAY too fast. "Never mind…I'm just being silly."

"I can be silly too," he stated.

"Oh, yeah…how's that?"

"By tickling you!" he answered, then started going at my ribs. I squirmed and giggled, rubbing my big tits all over him. I pressed my genitals down against his, marveling at how thick and hard he felt.

"You better stop, honey…you're gonna wake your father up," I playfully giggled.

"What's wrong…you don't want dad to come in here and see you on top of me like this?" Wes joked, although I wondered if he were being serious.

"What? We're hugging! We're not doing anything wrong."

"Then why are you so concerned about waking him up?"

"Why would anyone be happy about being woke up in the middle of the night?" I replied.

"Are you sure there's no other reason?" Wes smiled.

"Ok…you're right. I don't suppose he'd be too happy, seeing us both in our underwear…holding each other like this, so like I said…let's be careful not to wake him up," I urged.

"Does that mean you're sticking around awhile?" Wes asked.

I looked into his eyes and smiled. Little did he know that there was nowhere I'd rather be. Then again, maybe he was starting to suspect it.

"I'm in no hurry to leave…unless you're in a hurry to get rid of me."

"No…stay as long as you want."

I couldn't stop myself from saying the first thing that came to mind. "Well in that case I may stay until morning."

"Unless my snoring drives you away!"

"Oh…it won't."

"Why do you think that?" Wes asked.

I hugged him tight, nestling my lips to his ear. "Because if I stay, we WON'T be sleeping," I whispered, wickedly mashing my panty-covered vulva against his cock-shaft. I felt it flex powerfully, pushing against my puffy flanges.

"What are we gonna do all night then?" my son asked with heavy breath.

"I don't know…maybe get acquainted…in a way we never have before." I was clearly moving things forward, fueled by my love for

him and my desire for us to be as close as we could be to each other. Knowing that Tammie had fucked him, told me that I clearly had stiff competition now and by delaying I may only risk losing him.

"Can I see what you're wearing?" my son excitedly asked.

I hesitated to answer, but then surrendered to my desire for him to see me. I wanted him to gawk at my curvy, mature body. I'm sure that Tammie didn't hesitate to show him hers. I wanted my young love-interest to see how much better built I was than her. "It's awfully dark in here. Do you have your phone?" I asked.

Wes reached over to his nightstand and grabbed his cellphone, while I slipped my knees astride his hips and sat upright. When he illuminated my upper-half, I thought his eyes were gonna bulge out of his cute skull.

"Good grief!" he uttered, staring up at my mammaries as they jutted out over him obscenely. My nipples looked like stiff marshmallows protruding out from beneath the cotton fabric.

"Satisfied now?" I asked, smiling down at him.

"This is the first time I've seen you without a bra on. I guess I never realized they were so big!"

"Yep, your mom's got some pretty large meat-melons, honey. A little bigger than Tammie's I'm guessing?"

"A little? They're twice the size of hers, and I thought she had big ones! I know this may sound perverted, but can you make them wobble back and forth real quick?"

I started laughing, being cautious not to be too loud. "All these special requests. When do I get MY turn?" I asked.

"If you make them wobble, then I'll do whatever you ask me to do."

"Whatever I ask, huh?"

"Yep!"

"Alright then, I'm gonna hold you to that," I told him, then moved my shoulders, making my boobie-orbs rock back and forth across my chest beneath the wife beater.

"Damn, mom…that's the hottest thing I've ever seen!" Wes remarked as he stared at my tits in wide-eyed fascination. "Can I see your panties too?"

"Since when did this become a show and tell, mister? Besides…you can see my panties right here," I giggled, tugging on my tiny elastic waistband. Wes shined the light of his phone on our hugging crotches.

Looking down and seeing his rigid prick meat, bulging beneath his boxers-briefs and sticking out from the front of my pubis was incredibly thrilling! The fabric molded perfectly to the outline of his knob and I could tell right away that it was MUCH fatter than his father's.

"Ok, mister googly-eyes, it's my turn!" I said, hoping that I wouldn't scare him with the request I was about to make. Obviously, the ice had been broken between us already, so I didn't feel as awkward asking for it.

"Alright. What do you want me to do?"

"Make out with me…like you did with Tammie," I requested.

He fed me an astonished look. "Make out with you, as in…REALLY make out with you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I mean…unless it would make you feel too uncomfortable?"

"No…sorry, I just…never expected you to ask me for something like that."

I looked him in the eyes and smiled. "Did you ever…HOPE that I would ask you for something like that?" I asked.

"Not until recently."

By recently, I assume he meant after the day he had caught me undressing in my bedroom. Perhaps that was the first time he began to see me in a sexual way. "So you don't mind trying it out with me then…to see what it's like?" I sweetly asked.

"No…I don't mind at all, but…"

"But what?"

"Never mind," my boy muttered, glancing at my tits.

"Wes…tell me what's on your mind," I pleaded.

"I was just gonna ask you if you wouldn't mind taking off the wife beater, while we kissed."

"Ugh, another request?" I teased. "I haven't even gotten mine fulfilled yet."

"I know, sorry. I just thought I'd ask."

Without letting my mind debate it, I quickly lifted the wife beater off, exposing my giant jugs. "There! Now will you PLEASE let me love on you now?" I asked.

My son's eyes were fixated on my naked tits. "Love away!" he muttered.

I pulled him upright, threw my arms around him and eagerly dove for his mouth. Our closed-lipped kisses were slow, tender and

passionate. I felt Wes give off an excited shudder, probably from having the squishy meat of my stiff-nippled tits squashed against his chest. It seemed as though my body began doing things involuntarily, like subtly grinding my pussy against his rock-hard shaft, with only our underwear separating our genital flesh.

Gradually, our smooching became more passionate and my long tongue found its way inside Wes's mouth. When our wiggly lickers touched for the first time it was electrifying! Before I knew it they were whipping together wildly. Wes was an amazing kisser! Every bit as talented in that department as I imagined he'd be.

I gently nudged him down to the bed, draping his blanket over us as we continued smooching with me on top of him. "Shit!" my boy excited hissed, while I tenderly kissed his neck. I could feel his peter-meat twitching and throbbing as I rubbed my fatty tit-orbs all over his bare chest. I kissed him deeply and we made out like horny newlyweds. My son must have been deeply aroused by having his mommy's long, experience licker whipping wildly through his mouth.

We rolled like passionate lovers on his bed; my son taking the top. I harnessed my clean-shaven legs high around his back, clutching him to my body as tightly as I could, while we mad-out shamelessly. Our overheated genitals still wrestled together in a subtle, but steady dry-hump. I couldn't believe how big and muscular my son's erection felt. I could only imagine how divine it would feel digging at the deepest regions of my vagina, perhaps even in places his father’s cock had never touched.

Nearly an hour passed and still we kissed, but by now our grinding had gotten more intense. Wes dug his boner against my wet slit, scraping on my aroused clit and driving me crazy with lust. I finally reached a point that I couldn't take anymore. "Make love to me, Wes!" I cooed. "PLEASE make love to me!"

My eager boy peeled my dainty panties down my legs and off. I reciprocated by tugging down his boxer briefs. My heart nearly beat out of my chest as I saw the shadow of his cock spring free from his underwear and wag stiffly on his crotch, while pointing up at me. "THIS WAS IT!" my feverish mind exclaimed. "THE CONSUMATION OF OUR LOVE!"

I drew my knees back and bowed open my thighs widely, giving my boy all the room he needed. He moved forward above me, plowing his naked cock through my soaking labial folds. Drawing his erection back again, I felt his knob fit into the socket of my cuntal vestibule. My fuck-entrance quivered excitedly, nipping wetly at his glans as it prepared to be stretched open by his meaty slab.

"Kiss me, mom!" my teen requested, dropping flat on top of me and fusing our lips together. Being penetrated by him for the first time, while we lovingly kissed would be my greatest dream come true! I felt Wes's knob mushroom even bigger as a surge of more blood must have rushed into his already rock-hard penis, engorging his erectile tissue.

His love-muscle tensed up like a steel pipe preparing to thunder through my birthing tube.

"Victoria?!" My husband's voice called from the hallway, startling the hell out of me.

"Fuck!" I softly hissed, squirming out from under my son as quickly as I could. I rushed to his doorway, my boobs flopping, and my heart pounding in a frantic panic. The door was still part-way open (stupid mistake on my part) and I quickly slammed it closed and locked it.

Seconds later, Myles knocked at the door. "Victoria, are you in there?" he asked.

"Yes…honey, I'm in here. Um…Wes came home a little drunk, from his date and got sick, so I was just helping him clean the mess. Trust me…you DO NOT wanna come in here!" I replied, looking down at my naked body.

"Oh, well…yeah, that doesn't sound fun. Anything I can do to help?"

"No…we've got things under control, just go back to bed. I'll be down in a minute."

I turned to my son blushingly and quickly collected my panties and wife beater. "I'm sorry, honey…let's just, um…talk about this tomorrow, ok?" I told Wes.

"Yeah…no problem, mom," he awkwardly answered.

I returned to my room and crawled into bed with Myles. For the longest time I couldn't sleep. It was like my body was still sexually charged from what had happened earlier. "Just my luck," I thought. "Seconds away from finally making love to Wes and Myles wakes up! I knew my son must be laying awake, frazzled by all this also. I wished now that I would have spent a little more time with him, and at least given him a passionate kiss goodnight.

"Hi, Victoria…I'm Tammie!" said the beautiful, twenty-year-old brunette, extending her hand for a shake. I had requested that Simone bring her along to the coffee shop the next morning so we could talk.

"Nice to meet you," I replied, but didn't really mean it. "Can I get you a coffee?"

"No, I'm not really a coffee drinker, but thanks. Your son Wes is the sweetest guy. You must really be proud of him."

"I am, thank you…and I heard the two of you are hitting it off pretty well?"

"We are. In fact, I know this wasn't really part of the plan, but I think we might be falling for each other."

My heart went into panic-mode. "Falling for each other?"

"Yes. I know…so quickly, right?"

Simone chimed in. "Tammie, remember I asked you not to pour it on too heavy. We just wanted you to befriend Wes and spend some time with him."

"Ok…I did that, but I really think there's an attraction there."

"No, there can't be…I'm sorry!" Simon expressed.

"Alright…I'm confused. Is there a reason why Wes and I can't be romantically involved? I am older than him, yes, but only by two years."

"Yes, there IS a reason," Simone replied. "We just don't want you to __"

"He already has a girlfriend!" I blurted, interrupting Simone.

"He does?" Tammie asked with a shocked expression.

"Yes…he does."

"Then why did you pay ME to hang out with him?"

Simone and I looked at each other, scrambling to come up with an answer. "His girlfriend was out of town…and we just wanted a female to keep Wes company, while she was away."

"Seriously?!"

"Yes, but she's back now, so we won't be needing your assistance anymore," I expressed.

"But…things are going so well between Wes and I," Tammie frowned.

"Not to knock you, Tammie. You seem nice and are quite beautiful, but I'm sure he thinks his girlfriend is MUCH prettier! I also think he's madly in love with her."

Tammie shook her head in disgust. "No…Wes would have told me if he had someone! We had sex together and he swore he was falling for me!"

"Tammie, guys will say anything to get a piece of tail on the side," Simone expressed.

"No…this is bullshit! I wanna hear it from Wes," Tammie stated, standing from the table.

"I'm sorry. I'm sure now that his girlfriend is back, she wouldn't be ok with the two of you talking," I replied.

Tammie fed me an evil glare. "If you see his girlfriend, let her know that I'm NOT giving him up that easy! She'll have out class, out charm and out fuck me…and that won't be easy!"

Tammie marched away and Simone stood up. "Tammie, wait…I'll give you a ride home," she shouted.

"Forget it! I'll get a cab," she replied, stomping out the door.

Simone looked over at me with a cringe on her face. "Well…that could have gone better."

"It doesn't matter. I don't need her help anymore anyway!"

"So, you're not worried that Wes will move away, with Tammie out of the picture?"

"No. In fact, I'm not worried at all anymore," I confidently answered.

"Ok…am I missing something here?"

I put on a big smile. "Yes, but you'll hear all about it at the Moms Club today" I replied.

My phone started ringing and I noticed it was my husband, Myles. I stared at my cell for a moment curiously. "It's Myles. He hardly ever calls me during work," I stated, then picked up. "Hi, honey!"

"Hey babe…I've uh…got some bad news. I'm at the hospital," Myles said.

Later, the women at the club clapped, after I shared what had happened between Wes and I. Judith looked over at me with a pleasing smile.

"Well…Victoria, it certainly sounds like you have your son's attention. Now it's time to move things forward and take him as your lover," she directed.

"I have you and the Moms Club to thank. If you hadn't encouraged me and given me those challenges, I'm not sure I would have had the courage to seduce my son."

"I'm sure once the two of you begin making love together you'll never look back," Judith remarked.

"Well…that might be a bit more of a challenge now."

"How so?"

"My husband tripped down the stairs at work this morning and fractured his ankle. He made need surgery. He'll be home recovering for at least two weeks."

"Oh, how unfortunate. Well, if you and Wes need a place to consummate your love, you can always get a motel room and simply

tell your husband that the two of you are going out for the day."

"We could, but to be honest…I was hoping that Wes and I's first time could be on HIS bed. I guess I'm kind of sentimental that way, since that's where we first kissed romantically," I explained.

"That's understandable," Judith agreed. "It sounds like what you really need is a distraction…for your husband, that is. Something to occupy his mind, while you and your son sneak away for a session of passionate lovemaking."

"Yes. Any ideas on how I might do that?"

Judith looked at Simone and smiled. "Perhaps Simone and I could help you out with that," she replied.

"We can?" Simone asked.

"Sure," Judith answered. "I have an idea that I think will work."

The next morning Judith and Simone came to the house. Patrick was over at a friend's house and Wes and my husband were in the living room playing video games together. Myles usually didn't have time for this sort of thing, but since he had fractured his ankle he had a chance to play and spend time with Wes, in between doing video conferencing for work.

Me and the girls went to my bedroom to prep. Judith's plan was a simple one. Her and Simone would distract Myles by wearing skimpy attire and showing interest in the game, while Wes and I snuck away to his room for passionate lovemaking.

"There…do you think this will be able to keep your husband distracted for awhile?" Judith asked, coming out of the bathroom in panties and a pink sheer robe.

"How could it not?" I giggled. Her robe certainly left nothing to the imagination, revealing naked tits beneath, that were nearly as big as mine.

"How about this?" Simone asked, striking a sexy pose in a bright red bikini. "Do you think this'll help?"

"Most definitely!" I replied. It didn't bother me at all that they'd be around my husband in such skimpy attire. My mind was solely on Wes and at this point I could care less if Myles was looking at other women. I slipped on my silky white robe, but kept it open, so my handsome boy could see what was being offered to him this morning.

Once we got into the living room, I snuck up behind them on the couch.

Myles, luckily, was engrossed in the game, but Wes turned his head and looked, as if his eyes were drawn to me like magnets. His mouth lowered as he saw me standing there with my robe open, displaying my tits and shaved pussy. I smiles salaciously, motioned to the stairway, then headed that direction.

"Dad, I um…think I'm gonna go upstairs and listen to some music or something," I heard Wes tell his father.

"Suit yourself. I'm gonna keep working on this level," my husband replied, engrossed in the game.

I signaled to Judith and Simone and they both wandered into the living room. "Well, hello there, Myles! Do you mind if we join you? I just love video games!" Judith told my husband.

"Oh…um, hello, ladies," Myles uttered, his eyes probably popping out of his head by now.

Once I reached my son's room, I slipped off the robe and stood there in a sexy pose waiting for him. "Close and lock the door, lover," I told my teen as he gazed at me from his doorway. Wes did just that, then stepped over to me. "Wes, I've probably made it fairly obvious by now that I'm madly in love with you. Let me show you just how much."

I slipped off his t-shirt, then locked lips with him for a fiery French kiss.

My big tits smothered his young chest, while our tongues dueled for several minutes, showing our passion for each other. I crouched down, undoing his pants and pulling them off him. Next came his briefs and his erection sprung upward, nearly slapping me on the chin. "Oh, this beautiful thing certainly didn't take long to get hard, did it?" I noted.

"It never does when YOU'RE around," my boy confessed, which made my heart melt.

I grasped his big boy-cock and showered it with tender kisses. My smooches soon turned to licks, which then turned to lewd sucking, and before long I was gorging myself on the meat of his erection, bobbing my head up and back. Having my baby's cock in my mouth and tasting the tangy juice that wept from its bell tip had my pussy smoldering with desire. There would be plenty of time for more oral affection later. Right now, I needed him to fuck me! Wes backed me to his bed and followed me down onto it, taking the top.

My knees quickly drew back and my thighs splayed open. "Now… where were we?" I excitedly asked, referring to the other night when we were in this same position, but rudely interrupted, just before penetration.

"I think we were right…HERE!" Wes replied, placing his cock-tip to my entrance. I could feel how incredibly rigid his penis was as he jabbed it against the mouth of my vagina.

"Fuck me, Wes!" I hissed, staring into his eyes and horny beyond belief. In one mighty plunge, my new lover buried his boner to the root inside me. I welcomed him by tightening all my coital muscles at once, making his body shiver in delight.

"Ahhh!" Wes sighed and I felt his cunt-smothered penis give off a mighty flex. His flaring tip was mashed against the head of my cervix and I never imagined how wonderful that would feel!

"Welcome home, baby!" I whispered as the ring of my cervical entrance kissed his leaky peter-tip. Then, he let out a lusty snarl and began fucking me. Words couldn't describe the feel of his muscled love-organ pummeling through my overheated cunt. It was like the drive rod and powerful pistons of a locomotive chugging in and out. I clawed at his back and jerked my pelvis up and down, meeting his thrusts with one's of my own.

His bedframe creaked as we found a frantic fuck-rhythm.

I harnessed my silky legs around my teen, fastening him to my body. His young, muscular ass flew up and down wildly between my thighs, jackhammering his horny erection through my loving, squeezing pussy.

My tits sloshed to his tempo, sandwiched between us; my erect teats scraping on his flesh. My hands wandered his lean, hairless body, my nails combing his flesh.

As we fucked, my cunt compressed around him, delineating the contours of his boner so we writhed together with slippery friction. The stiff meat of Wes's prick stimulated the nerve endings along my pleated cuntal sleeve exquisitely and it wasn't long before a mind-boggling orgasm was surging through my naked body like an electric current.

"OHH, GOD, WES…YESSS!!" I cried, trembling in climax. It had been ages since I'd cum this hard! It was obvious that my boy had

acquired some sexual skills from fucking other girls. For a long while, he drilled at my quivering pussy from different angles, jabbing his spongy knob against various areas of my vagina, stretching my uteri and stimulating pleasure-clusters that I never even knew I had. I squeezed him with all my might, clawing my nails down his back and arched my body in ecstasy, cumming yet again on his tireless prick.

The psychological thrill of have my teenage son's cock plunging to my womb was overwhelming! On top of that was the deep-seated desire to have him as my permanent lover. Of course I would stay married to Myles.

I had no intention of breaking apart my family, but Wes was now the master of my sexual universe, and I his. We were, for all intents and purposes, a couple. Lovers…now and forever! We kissed passionately, while fucking our asses off for what had to be an hour straight. "No wonder Tammie is so enamored by my boy! He's an absolute BEAST in bed!" I thought, slowly rising towards orgasm number seven. "SEVEN!! I've never had seven orgasm during one sex-session before!" I thought. This time Wes joined me in orgasmic bliss!

"UUUGGHH!" my boy grunted. "UUUGGHH, MOM!" He was cumming so powerfully that his pelvis jolted and he shuddered from the powerful thrusts of his erupting penis.

My own body quaked wildly beneath his assault, squirting the juices of my ejaculate around him and making my vestibule squelch lewdly around the hairless root of his cock. We came for the longest time together, our sexual organs pumping in counterpoint. and I could feel spurt after spurt of my boy's love-lava filling my unprotected pussy.

Over the next week, Wes and I engaged in a whirlwind of sexual intercourse. Even if we only had five minutes to do it in, we'd find ourselves tucked in the back a closet or behind a locked door,

somewhere in the house, feverishly going at it. I could hardly stand going only a few hours without having my lover’s dreamy dick pounding through me. Not only that…but he was amazing at eating pussy!

"You like this pussy better than Tammie's, baby?" I asked Wes as he held me up against wall in my bedroom closet. I was up off the floor and my legs were curled around him, while he fucked to his heart's content.

"It's so much better! Why do you think I gave her the boot?"

I couldn’t help but giggle, recalling Tammie's words in the coffee shop.

"Looks like mom out classed her, out charmed her, and out-fucked her, didn't she?"

"You sure did!" my boy replied, jabbing his prick to the hilt with long, rippling, underslung thrusts. I gave his member a loving squeeze by flexing my pelvic floor muscles. I felt incredibly wicked having sex with my new man, while my ‘old man’ was downstairs watching TV.

"Ahhh, shit!" Wes gasped, responding to my juicy embrace. I loved watching his face, while he savagely laid into me, or while I was giving his dick and balls a royal oral work over. I bet he never dreamed he'd have a girlfriend who would milk him off five to six time a day, like I did.

My teen jabbed his throbbing peter in deep, holding it there in full penetration, whimpering at the feel of his mommy's warm pussy pulsating around his succulent dick-meat. I could feel the powerful muscles and tendons bulging excitedly at the base of his cock. He began thrusting again and I could feel my cunt-sleeve ripple and pull at his prick, soaking it in slippery oil, making his bell-tip balloon in delight as it struck my cervix over and over. For several minutes he

fucked into me this way and we both gasped and squealed in delight until he slowed.

I could easily take over, while in any position. Perhaps that's a skill that I had that Tammie didn’t. "Let me work on you, lover," I whispered, then tightened my thighs around his hips. My belly pushed up and down against his, my tightly-clasping hole working on his stalk near the root, giving him rapid love-pumps.

"Ohhh, mom!" he gasped, clearly loving it. He began to match my movements, jabbing his meat into me with counterpointed pelvic thrusts. I threw my arms around him in a passionate embrace, mashing my bobbling breasts on his bare chest. I tightened my coital muscles, making my socket nice n juicy and tight.

My boy began to move faster, jackhammering his meaty prick into my hole violently. He gritted his teen and rolled his eyes, overcome by the toe clenching friction that he must have been experiencing around his penile flesh. His balls began to thud against my tilted ass.

"Yess…fuck me, Wes!" I urged.

My heels drummed on his ass, urging him to fuck me faster and harder, even though that was hardly possible. My smoldering cunt hole felt like it was melting around his pummeling organ and I was sure my juices were already dripping off his balls. I trembled violently in climax, letting out an involuntary squeal that must have triggered my son's release.

Wes buried his prick to the hilt and growled like a grizzly bear as his balls released their load of spunk. I could feel it surging up his muscled stalk and splattering out again the head to the cervix that I had once squeezed him out of.

Nearly a year later Wes and I were at the Stargazer Drive-in with Simone and her son. We were at the concession stand when we ran by Tammie, standing with a guy who was clearly much younger than

her. "What is this…mother-son day at the Stargazer?!" she asked in a snotty tone.

"Oh, hey, Tammie," Wes muttered.

"I'm surprised that you didn't get your mom's permission before saying hi to me."

"Tammie, why don't you try being nice," her Aunt Simone advised.

Simone and I were each nine-months pregnant, carrying our sons' babies.

Our bellies stuck out huge and round beneath our tops.

Tammie looked at my son Wes with a scowl. "I thought you had a new girlfriend…or did you blow it with her too?"

"No…we'll still together," Wes replied, squeezing my hand.

"And I've never seen him happier. She's one lucky girl," I stated, giving Tammie a sarcastic scowl, "but you probably already know that, don't you?"

"Whatever! Have fun with your pregnant mommies, boys!" Tammie stated in a bitchy tone as she left with her date.

"Don't worry…we will!" Wes shouted, looking over and sharing a knowing smile with Simone's son, Sawyer.

Ten minutes later we were doing what we came to do, and it WASN'T watching a movie! We were all naked on the back seat and Simone and I were side by side, riding our boys' cocks. Their eyes were bulging in fascination as they watched our massive, milk-filled melons bounce around wildly.

"Have I mentioned that Drive-In dating is my favorite?" I breathlessly asked, smiling down at my teen. I didn't think I'd ever

experience the thrill of Drive-in sex again, yet here I was.

"You have mentioned that a few times," Wes gleefully replied, reaching up and cupping my huge tits.

I ground our shaved pubis's together, stirring my honey-pot with the rigid muscle of his peter-meat. My baby sighed and his eyes rolled back as he felt as my cervical ring polish his engorged knob with hot, slippery mucus.

"Are you boys hungry?" Simone wickedly asked. "Wanna suck on our titties, while we bounce on these teenage cocks?"

"Yes, please!" her son, Sawyer, eagerly replied.

Simone and I both leaned forward, burying our boys in warm, rippling boobie-meat. Wes kissed and licked his way around inside my gaping cleavage, while I bobbed my rounded buns up and down, spearing him through my pussy-tube. My cunt pulled and dragged wetly at his hot meat, from tip to root on every thrust. His cock felt divine; like a heated crowbar as it forged up my tightly-clasping snatch.

Feeling our unborn baby sandwiched between us while we fucked was a dream come true! I love how Wes used my pregnant body like a sexual playground, especially my milk-swollen breasts, which had grown ridiculously large.

"Oh God, those dicks feel so good!" Simone whimpered, knowing she was expressing exactly what was flowing through my mind also. Our naked asses beat against their crotches tirelessly as our tempo gradually increased. We moms certainly knew how to fuck, which made us the perfect girlfriends for horny young teenagers! Wes sucked at my nipples, moving from one breast to the next. He pushed his cute face up into the squishy orb of my tit and sucked like a starving newborn. This made my birthing tube clench around him, creating a hot creamy passage of tightly-compressed pleats and

vaginal muscle. I felt his dong quiver as it thundered through my baby-chute.

"Ahhhh!" my boy’s voice trembled as he peeked out from between my smothering mammary. My nipple popped from his mouth, wet and swollen. He thrust his hips beneath me, digging his dong in savagely, while gritting his teeth. I felt his tip swell like a bell-shaped balloon and his jism begin to pour into me, with strong contractions of his penile meat. This made me squirm about in ecstasy as my orgasm made my body shudder and gush out my juices to mingle with his.

Simone and her son were writhing and squealing in orgasmic elation also, making it sound as though there was a true mother-son orgy going on inside my vehicle. We took our time milking the boys' dongs, tightening the tubes of our cunts and pulling them up and down their rigid peters with full-length squeezes. At first, I didn’t think I'd have courage to defy the norm and take my son as my lover, but now I couldn’t imagine it any other way.

THE END

The Nest

by klrxo

"Well, sweetie, think you're gonna like your new home?" Devon's mom asked as she rounded the vehicle.

"Like it? This is amazing!" The 18 year old smiled.

"Wait until you see the lake out back. Come on, I'll show you." Lacey said, taking his hand.

The property was breathtaking, with a sprawling view of the lake and forested hills, yet as Devon and his mom stood near the water he was busy admiring a different type of view...his mother.

Lacey was a Goddess among women. She looked like a 39 year old Emily Blunt. She was built like a mother should be, with wide hips, long shapely legs and the biggest, softest-looking breasts a boy could ever imagine.

"Just look at this view." Lacey said, gazing out at the hills.

When there was no response from her son, Lacey peered over at him and caught him staring at her titties.

"Sweetie." She said, shaking him from his trance.

"Yeah." He said, as if awoken from a dream.

"Are my boobs staring at your eyes again?" She teased with a gleaming white smile.

"Oh, no...sorry." He said bashfully.

Lacey strolled towards him, her cute little bare feet tapping lightly against the grass. She stopped and looked up in to his big blue eyes.

"I don't know why they stare so much. They must really like you." She said teasingly.

Devon chuckled a little, trying to show some humor.

"Maybe a big hug would help. What do you think?" She asked, with a naughty little smirk.

"Maybe." He said.

Lacey coiled her arms around her sons neck and pulled him in for a nice long tit-squasher. She smiled as she heard her son let out a little sigh.

When the hug was over she fed him a peculiar look as she gazed up into his eyes for what seemed like forever.

"Wanna see the inside of the house?" She asked.

"Sure." He said.

"Turn around." Lacey said.

"Why." He smiled.

"Just turn around, goof-ball." She demanded.

Devon faced the house and his mom immediately jumped up onto his back and threw her strong legs around him for a piggy-back ride.

"Jesus, mom." Devon said, taken off guard.

"Move it Boobie-boy!" She said teasingly.

As Devon started up the hill towards the house he put his hands under his moms legs to support her. His cock twitched as he felt her smooth soft thighs and her big mature breasts bobbling against his back.

"Giddy up, you handsome stallion you." Lacey said playfully.

"Funny mom." He said.

After a tour of the huge home Jacob sat on the only piece of furniture in the entire house, an old rickety wooden chair in the kitchen.

"Hey, honey, it's me...we made it." His mom said as she walked into the kitchen with her cell-phone to her ear.

"Great, how's the weather there?" He husband Rob asked from the other end of the line.

"The weather's here's beautiful...although I heard we're suppose to get some rain this evening. How are you guys coming along?" She asked plopping onto her son's lap.

Devon was a little surprised by his moms behavior. She had always been a bit flirty, but never this much. Maybe it was because they were alone while his dad and sister drove the U-haul across country.

"Well, slowly but surely honey, it's a big moving truck." Ron said.

"So you've got at least a couple days left to travel then?" She asked.

"At least, yeah." Ron answered.

"Perfect, that'll give Devon and I plenty of time to get the place cleaned before you guys get here." She said.

"How's Devon doing?" Her husband asked.

Lacey gently brushed her sons hair off his face, giving him a little smile as she looked into his eyes. There was a naughty little sparkle in her eye, one Devon wasn't used to seeing.

"Oh, Devon's fine...just tired I think. We both need a hot shower and a little R&R tonight." Lacey said.

"Well, I 'll let you go then." Ron said.

"Okay, baby, call me when you're on the road tomorrow. Tell Jenna I love her." Lacey said.

"I will...I love you and miss you." Her husband.

"Love you too, hun...Bye." She said, hanging up the phone.

Lacey clicked off the phone and gazed at her son with a quirky little smile.

"What is that I feel poking against my butt?" She asked teasingly.

They both knew exactly what it was.

"Sorry, mom." He said.

"I'm not one of your girlfriends that you can just go poking in the butt whenever that thing gets stiff, young man." She said, lifting one legs over his lap so that she was now facing him, in the straddling position. Her skirt had ridden up leaving nearly all of her smooth golden-brown legs exposed.

"Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry, I forgot. You left all your butt-buddies back in California didn't you? No wonder you're momma's big soft butt feels so good against it." She said, in a sexy little voice.

Lacey looked at her son and they both started giggling.

"Do you mind me teasing you like this, sweetie?" Lacey asked cheerfully.

"No...it's fun." Devon said.

"It is fun isn't it?" She smiled, bringing her bare feet off the floor and resting her heels on the back of the chair.

The skirt had now ridden up to Lacey's midsection. Her shapely bronze legs were baby-smooth and were wrapped snuggly around Devon's waist as she straddled him. The old chair **CREAKED** as she settled her muffin down against the swell of his erection.

"Hope this chair doesn't break on us though." Devon giggled.

"That wouldn't be good." His mom smiled.

"Nope." Devon smiled as his mom brushed the hair back from his eyes.

"When did you grow up on me?" She said, her big sparkling brown eyes radiating pure love.

The chair **CREAKED** as Lacey tightened her strong legs around him, crushing her fat clit against the underside of the long bulging swell of his cockshaft.

Devon's heart raced with wicked excitement. He and his mom were all alone, he was sitting between her gorgeous legs...and sparks were flying.

"Ugh, I need a shower. Will you be an angel and bring in our bags?" She said.

"Sure mom." He said, as Lacey put her little feet on the floor and rose from his lap.

"Bring them up to the master bedroom for me, sweetie. You've been such a big help on this trip. When you get upstairs I'll have a little reward waiting for you, ok." She said with a cute smile.

Devon watched his mom stroll away towards the stairs, her buttocks swaying seductively.

After grabbing the bags from the minivan Devon raced upstairs to the master bedroom. He could hear the shower running, but to his disappointment, the bathroom door was closed.

"I brought your bag up mom." He said loud enough that she could hear.

"Thank you honey, I left the reward I promised there on the door handle." Lacey said from the shower.

On the bathroom door handle hung a pair of thin pale-pink mesh bikini panties. Devon's body went numb as he stared at them hanging there by their tiny waistband.

"Why don't you take them down to your room for a little personal time, sweetie." Lacey said.

Devon didn't have to be asked twice. He grabbed the panties and rushed down to his empty room.

He lifted the crotch to his nose and inhaled. The deep musky aroma of fresh pussy was absolutely intoxicating. He'd often stole them from his moms hamper and obviously she was aware, but the smell was never this ripe.

Devon unzipped his pants and fished his cock out. It was already brick-hard and stretched way out from his body, making a nine and three-quarter inch arc upward.

He licked two of his fingers, lathering them with his saliva, then began to twist his slippery fist around the top three inches of his dick.

It wasn't long before he drifted into a land of euphoria, where nothing existed but the feel of silky fabric on his face, the pungent aroma of his mother's femininity and the incredible stroking sensation around his glans.

His moms sexy voice entered his fantasy land as he remembered her teasing from earlier.

"Are my boobs staring at your eyes again?"

"Know wonder you're momma's big soft butt feels so good against it."

Through the euphoric fog Devon saw his mom's strong, tan, naked legs tightening around his waist...the chair **CREAKING!**

"I'll have a little reward waiting for you."

It was all he could take. Devon leaned back against the wall and with a primitive grunt, bucked his hips and sent big ropes of semen sailing across the room.

After a short rest and cleaning up the mess of splattered cum on the floor of his room Devon went downstairs.

"Mom?" He called.

"I'm in the kitchen, sweetie." She answered.

Devon went into the kitchen and stopped dead in his tracks. Lucy was standing on the creaky chair scrubbing the cupboards out. She was wearing a skin tight cotton tank top and matching boy shorts.

Lacey turned when she saw Devon gawking from the doorway. Her big pear-shaped breasts rocked from side to side. The protruding lumps of her nipples were clearly visible.

"Oh, there you are. I hope you don't mind me wearing this, sweetie. I just wanted to be comfortable while I clean...and I figured you're old enough now to handle it...right?" She asked.

"Sure." Devon muttered, his heart racing.

"Good. Would you be an angel and hold this chair for me. I'm so afraid that it's gonna break out from underneath me." She said.

"O-ok." He said.

Devon held the chair and gazed up at his moms body like a kid in a candy store. His eyes traveled up the backs of her smooth shapely legs and stared in awe at her big meaty buttocks, which was oozing out from underneath the shorts.

As she spread her legs slightly Devon could see cleft of her vulva and the thick swell of her outer lips as the fabric stretched tightly around it He simply couldn't believe his eyes.

"I can't believe how dirty these cupboards are." She said, ripping more paper towels from the roll.

Lacey heard her son let out a sigh.

"You're awfully quiet down there." She said.

"Oh, yeah...sorry." Devon muttered, his face slightly blushing.

Lacey climbed down off the chair and stepped up to him.

"You seem uncomfortable...I should probably put something else on." She said.

"No...it's...it's ok. I'm not uncomfortable at all." He said.

Lacey took his hand.

"Are you sure?" She said.

"Of course...I like it." He said.

"Yeah, well...that's kinda obvious." She said, peering down at the bulge in his shorts with a naughty smile.

All Devon could do was giggle bashfully.

"See, that's what I mean...I like this." Lacey said, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I like that we're here alone for a couple days...just me and you, in this big house...way out in the country. It's like our own little nest. I can run around half-naked and you can run around with big boners sticking out under your shorts...and we're both okay with that. At least I know I am." She said.

"I am too." Devon smiled.

"That makes me happy. In a couple days your father and sister will be here and life's gonna get busy again....but until then, I say no schedule, no rules...just me and you." She said with a smile.

"Sounds good to me." Devon said.

With his hand in hers Lacey pulled him out of the kitchen.

"Come on, I wanna show you something." She said excitedly.

"What is it?" He asked.

"You'll see. It's the one room I didn't show you." She said playfully as she led him upstairs.

The way his mom was dressed Devon felt like a young groom being led upstairs to deflower his bride. Lacey was a voluptuous beauty and Devon marveled at her trembling curves.

She led him into a small empty room, turned on the light and closed the door.

"I want you to take a gander at what this room's going to be." She said.

"Your sewing room?" He asked.

"Nope." She said.

"I don't know....give me a hint." He said.

Lacey stepped over to one corner of the room and as Devon watched her he was once again struck with the fact that save for a two pieces of form-fitting fabric, his mom was pretty much naked...and perfectly comfortable with that.

"Over here will be a rocker." She said, then strolled along the wall.

"And over here will be a crib." She said.

"A crib? Mom, are you...?" Devon started.

"Pregnant? No...not yet..." She said, letting the word "yet" linger in the air.

"You're father and I decided that after we get all settled, we'd start to try to have another baby." She smiled.

"Wow." Devon said.

"Isn't that exciting?" She asked with a beaming smile.

"Yeah, that's uh--" Devon started to answer, but then Lacey let out a high pitched **SCREAM**.

"**SPIDER!**" She shrieked, then jumped up onto her son, throwing her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist.

Devon immediately grabbed her thighs to hold onto her as she crushed her big tits against his chest and looked down in the direction of the spider.

"**OH MY GOD I HATE SPIDERS!**" She said.

"Mom, you're so funny." Devon laughed.

"Don't make fun of me. You're the only man in my life for two days, you're suppose to protect me from these things." She said.

"Fine." Devon said, then carried his mom over to the spider and quickly stomped on it.

"There...dead spider. Are you happy?" He said.

Lacey tightened her strong naked legs around her son. With her arms clutched around his neck she brought her face up cheek to cheek with his, looking towards the floor.

"There's probably more." She said, in a pouty little girls voice.

"Do you want me to have a look around?" Devon asked.

Lacey buried her face in the soft of his neck.

"No, I want you to hold me." She said.

"I can do that." Devon smiled.

"You're father never holds me this way when I'm scared. All I get is a quick hug and off he goes." Lacey complained.

"Well, dad doesn't have the best back either mom. You're not fat, but it does take a little strength to hold a woman up like this." Devon said.

"I know, but at least it's nice to know that for the next couple of days I have someone around that can hold me the way I need to be held." She said, looking into his eyes.

"I could hold you like this anytime, mom. Anytime you need me to." Devon said.

"Well, I'll tell you right now...if I see any more damn spiders I'm gonna be clutching onto you like this until your father gets here." She said.

"So what, the spiders are suddenly gonna move out once dad arrives?" Devon teased.

"No...smart ass. I just don't think you holding me this way is something your father would be too happy about seeing, do you?" Lacey smiled.

"No, probably not." Devon said.

"Not to mention the way your shorts keep tenting out every time we get touchy-feely like this." She teased.

"Can't really help that mom." Devon said.

"Oh, sweetie I know. In fact the way I've been teasing you today, If you weren't getting boners I'd be shocked." She said.

Devon looked out the big bay window, which had a large cushioned window seat.

"It's getting dark out...and rainy." He said.

"Let's turn out the lights and sit and watch the rain." Lacey said.

Devon continued to hold her as he walked over and flipped off the light switch. As she held onto him, Lacey's eyes traveled across his shoulders and down his teenaged chest. She smiled and shook her head.

"What?" Devon said.

"I just can't believe how much you've grown up. I mean, look at you, letting me hold onto you while you carry me around like this." She said, with an impressed gleam in her eye.

"Does it surprise you?" Devon asked.

"No, it impresses me." Lacey said, as her feet slipped to the floor.

"And so does that thing." She said, eyeballing the tent in his shorts.

"The way it's pushing your shorts way out like that. That's amazing!" She said, her face a little flushed.

"Well, what's amazing about it, mom. Isn't that what they're suppose to do?" Devon blushed.

"There's lots of things they're suppose to do...but I assume all those young California girls taught you all about that." Lacey said with a smile.

"Some, I guess, but I'm sure I have a lot more to learn." Devon said.

"So you feel like you don't know enough?" Lacey asked with concern.

"Well, yeah, I guess that's it." He muttered.

"Sit down here with me and let's get cozy and talk while we watch the rain." Lacey said, nudging her son down onto the large window seat.

Devon leaned back against the cushions and Lacey knelt in front of him and lifted his shirt.

"Take this off. I want us to get comfortable." Lacey said, lifting his shirt up and off.

Without hesitation she unbuttoned his shorts and zipped them down.

"Let's get these off too." She said.

"Maybe I shouldn't mom...I..." Devon started.

"Shush, lift up. Your erection can't be too comfortable pushing up against your shorts like that. Let's give him some room to move around a little." She said.

Devon lifted his ass and she shucked his trunks. His tent pole teetered back and forth for a second under his boxers, then popped out the fly hole.

Lacey giggled, looking down at it.

"Oops, I think he wants to do more than move around a little." She teased.

She pulled the fly hole up, stretching the fabric and draping it over the big bell-shaped helmet.

"There we go, much better." She said.

Sitting at his side Lacey threw her legs over her sons lap so that she faced the window and nuzzled in close to him. This put her face slightly above his, so she was able to look down into his eyes.

Devon took a second to appreciate the close proximity of her breasts and how soft they felt resting against the side of his bare chest.

"Mmm, I like this." She said.

"Me too." He muttered, peering down at the deep canyon of cleavage pushing up against his moms top.

"So how did you like your reward earlier?" Lacey asked.

"I liked it...a lot." Devon smiled.

"I figured you would. I've known about your fascination with my panties for a long time." She said.

"You never got mad?" Devon asked.

"No. There's nothing wrong with a boy sniffing his mom's panties. It's perfectly natural to be curious." She said.

"Can I ask you something though?" Lacey said.

"Sure." Devon said.

"Do you pull on your peter while you sniff them?" She asked.

"Yeah." He muttered.

"And I would imagine you like to suck on the crotch too, right....so you can taste the juices that I've left there throughout the day?" She asked.

It wasn't easy, but Devon looked up into his moms eyes as she stared down at him.

"Uh-huh. Is that bad?" He said.

Lacey brushed his hair back with her long nails.

"Did it make you feel good?" She asked.

"Of course." He answered.

"Then how could it be bad?" She said.

"Well I don't know...cuz you're my mom I guess." He said.

"Yes that's true, but the fact of the matter is, even though I gave birth to you and changed your diapers. Even though I wiped your nose and rocked you to sleep at night...I'm still a woman. And down there...between these legs...is a pussy...just like all the pussies you had back in California, only with a lot more experience." She explained.

"Wish I had more experience." Devon said.

"Oh don't you worry sweetie, with a penis like yours, you'll soon have the girls around here clawing to get at you." Lacey said.

"You think so?" He asked.

"I know so...trust me. Mom was a horny young girl once and she knows how horny young girls think." She said with a wink.

They took a moment to stare out at the rain.

"I love this. We needed this time, didn't we?" She asked.

"Yeah, I like it too." Devon said.

"You may not know this, but I planned it this way. So you and I could get some time alone....before you father and sister arrive." She said.

"You did?" Devon asked.

"Yep, I did. I felt like we needed to reconnect...to strengthen our bond and share some intimate thoughts and moments together." She said.

"That's awesome." Devon said.

Lacey crawled back onto her knees beside her son.

"In fact, right now...I wanna share an intimate thought with you." She said.

"Okay." Devon muttered.

Lacey brought her lips to his ear.

"You make my heart flutter. " She whispered.

She brought her head back and looked into his eyes.

"So what do you think about that?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"Cool." Devon blushed.

Lacey sat back on her heels. Even in the darkened room Devon could see her breasts bobble around, pushing the cotton fabric outward. Her nipples poked out invitingly.

"Slide down onto your back." She said, glancing at the erection threatening to tear through his boxers.

Devon slid down until her rested on his back against the cushion. Lacey straddled his midsection and lay against him. The aroused teen watched in fascination as his moms boobs rolled out like soft dough against his chest.

Lacey placed her elbows against his shoulders and propped her face against her palms, staring down at him dreamily.

"You okay with this kiddo?" She asked.

"Yeah." Devon smiled, recognizing that this was an extremely intimate position for a mother and son to be in together.

"So what is it about girls and sex that you still feel you need to learn?" Lacey asked.

"Well I don't know...I think I know what to do, but...I tend to get a little too excited when I'm with them and...well..." Devon started.

"You feel like you ejaculate sooner than you should?" Lacey asked, straight faced.

"Yeah, I guess that's it. I feel bad about it." Devon blushed.

"Oh sweetie, don't feel bad...most boys go through this, some unfortunately never learn to control it." Lacey explained.

"I wanna control it though." He answered.

"And you will...but first you have to understand why." She said.

"Why what?" Devon asked.

"Why your penis reacts that way." Lacey said.

"Cuz it feels amazing, mom." Devon giggled.

"Of course it does...but do you understand why it feels amazing?" Lacey smiled.

Devon shrugged his shoulders.

"Sweetheart, the glans on the head of your penis contain some of the most sensitive nerve endings on your body. You introduce those glans to somewhere warm, soft and wet, they're gonna react." She explained.

"Well how do I keep them from reacting?" Devon asked.

"Well that's the million dollar question, isn't it?" Lacey smiled.

"I guess so...do you know the answer?" He asked.

"I do." Lacey said confidently, gazing into his eyes.

"Will you um...help me...teach me how to control it?" Devon asked.

"Are you sure? That's usually not something a boy asks his mom to help him with." Lacey said.

"Yeah, I'm sure. If you are?" Devon asked.

"Does a baby bird learn to spread its wings before it leaves the nest?" Lacey asked.

"Yeah." He answered.

"And who shows it how to spread its wings?" Lacy asked.

"The mother bird." Devon smiled.

"That's right, momma bird. I can help you, but in order to teach you to do it right, I have to see what you're doing wrong. Does that make sense?" She asked.

"Y-yeah, but how are we gonna do that?" Devon answered, his heart racing with the possibilities.

"Well, there are few different ways we could do this., but I want you to decide which one you're the most comfortable with." Lacey said.

"Okay, well...what's the first one?" Devon asked eagerly.

"There's a bottle of baby-oil in one of my bags. I could use some to masturbate your penis, that way I can see how you react and how long it actually takes you to ejaculate." She said.

Devon felt his insides doing somersaults.

"What's the second choice?" He asked.

"I could take you in my mouth, like your girlfriends do...suck on you until you orgasm." She said with a quirky little smile.

Devon could hardly speak. He took a big gulp, which made Lacey giggle.

"Maybe I shouldn't go onto the third choice...someone's looking a little pale." She said with a giggle.

"No...it's umm...it's okay. What's the third choice?" He muttered.

"Well...I could let you settle down between my legs and uh...we could do a little bump n grind...see exactly what it is you're doing wrong." Lacey said.

"You would do that?" Devon asked.

"I wouldn't offer it as an option if I wasn't willing to do it." She said.

"What about dad?" He asked, feeling a little guilty.

"He's sleeping...in a hotel room, nine-hundred miles from here...that's all you and I need to know." She said in a serious tone.

"Wow, all the choices sound great...but..." Devon said.

Lacey giggled and wrapped her arms up around his neck.

"Roll me over." She said, knowing exactly which choice her son wanted.

Devon rolled his mom over onto her back in the window seat. She ran her hands down his back as he now lay on top of her.

"Here's the scenario...I'm one of your girlfriends and we've just gone down to your bedroom to have sex. I want you to show me what

you do. I'm not gonna stop you at all...I'm not gonna give you any pointers. You just do your thing and I'll go along with it, like one of your girlfriends would...okay?" Lacey said.

"Alright. Do you uh...do you want me to wear a condom? I have some down in my bag." He asked.

"Do you normally wear a condom with the girls you have sex with?" Lacey asked.

"Not usually." He said.

"Then the answer's no. If you usually go condomless, then I want you condomless." She said.

"But what if you get..." Devon started.

"Pregnant?" Lacey asked.

"Yeah." He answered.

"Well if you get me pregnant then I guess that'll be a natural consequence of our coupling...and we'll be filling this nursery a little sooner than I thought. " Lacey said with smile.

"Okay." Devon said.

"You ready to start?" Lacey asked.

"Uh okay, but I'm kinda nervous, mom." Devon said, rising to his knees between her legs.

"Devon, my name's Lacey, I'm not your mom...and I hope she's not around anywhere. Sure would be awkward if she found us like this." Lacey said in a sweet innocent voice.

"Oh...um, no she's not here." Devon said, getting in on the role-play.

"Oh good then would you do something for me?" She asked.

"What's that?" Devon asked.

"Would you take off my panties and fuck the shit out of me?" Lacey said, gazing up at him.

Devon's heart was racing. His cock was so fucking hard it felt like it was gonna explode.

"Uh...sure." He said.

Devon grabbed the elastic waistband of his moms boy shorts and slid them down her hips. Lacey had a tiny triangle of neatly trimmed pubic hair on her pubis and Devon could see and smell the deep furrow beneath it.

After pulling her panties off he clumsily shed his boxers. His long thick erection bobbed eagerly up and down as he took position between Lacey's legs.

Devon nervously pushed his cock-rod down into his moms cleft, dragging past her engorged clitoris until he felt the resistance give way and his bell-shaped head sink into the hot slippery orifice.

He sighed as he watched half his manhood disappear. Lacey suddenly grasped him and pulled Devon down on top of her, wrapping her legs up around him.

"Fuck me!" She cried desperately.

Lacey pushed his ass with her heels and Devon's cock plunged all the way to his nutsack. She bounced her hips, urging him to start thrusting.

Devon felt his moms strong coital walls clamp tightly around the meat of his dong as he started to hump.

"O-h-h man!" His voice quivered.

Lacey clutched his ass with her long nails, pulling him deeper inside her.

"Soo big." She whimpered, feeling him bottom-out against the head of her cervix.

Devon's cock slipped up and down the gripping birth canal, trying to get a rhythm going. The pink spongy ridges smothered the invading rod, coaxing the glans and clutching the strong veiny shaft.

"O-h-h-h shit!" Devon said, as he felt the amazing sensations.

"Harder!" Lacey hissed, her pink nails digging into his ass.

"I gotta slow down." Devon gasped, feeling his scrotum tighten.

"No..." Lacey said, her pelvis rocking up and down, her cunt pulling at the dong.

"Fuck me harder!" She cried.

Devon felt the world around him swirl in wild euphoria. A raging unstoppable load was racing up his cock.

"**UNGHH, I'M GONNA CUM!**" He groaned.

Huge strands of spunk erupted from Devon's piss-hole, splashing thick white ribbons along the head of Lacey's cervix. The spitting rod flexed and lurched through the squeezing pocket of pink, rising up and back through a gooey froth of mother/son ejaculate.

Devon bucked for almost a full minute before he finally went still and let out big satisfied sigh.

"You can be honest...pretty pitiful, huh mom?" He asked in a disappointed tone.

"No, pity is something you feel for someone who has no control over what they do. Being a better lover is something that's completely within your control...you just have to learn how." She said.

"Will you help me?" Devon asked, lifting his head and looking down at her.

"Of course I will...I told you that, but first I think we both need to rinse off. " She smiled.

"That sounds nice." He said.

Devon started the shower and went over to the toilet to pee. As a steady stream of piss shot from his dangling dong, Lacey walked in completely naked.

Devon about peed on the seat as he watched her prance towards him, her big breasts rocking and bobbling as she moved.

"Geez, mom...I'm peeing." He said.

"I can see that." She said, stopping at his side.

"Try something for me." She said, watching piss flow from his penis.

"What?" He asked.

"Clench you ass cheeks together and make yourself stop peeing." She said.

"Why?" Devon giggled.

"Just do it." She said sternly.

"Fine." Devon said, making the flow stop.

"Happy now?" He asked her.

"Very." Lacey answered, smiling up at him.

"Why?" Devon asked.

"You'll see." She said, sashaying towards the shower, making her bare buttocks sway teasingly.

"Finish peeing and come get in the shower with me. I wanna try something." She said.

Devon let the rest of the piss trickle from his prick, then he joined his mom in the shower. He stood for a second and watched her rinse her body, marveling at how amazingly sexy she looked.

He watched the water cascade down her big dangling breasts. He knew from looking at her bras that they were a 44 **DD**, but never realized just how big and heavy breasts that size really were.

Her cunt looked different that it did before he fucked it. Her fleshy labial pedals were large and engorged, having just been stretched around the fruit of Devon's loins.

"Well I can see someone's standing at attention again." Lacey said.

Devon looked down at his penis, rock hard and arcing way up past his belly button.

"Oh, yeah...I guess so." Devon blushed.

"Trade me spots so you can rinse off." Lacey said.

Devon rinsed off and Lacey grabbed the bottle of body wash. As her son faced her she began to run her hands over his chest, lathering him up. She looked up into his eyes and gave him a reassuring smile. This was brand new territory for them.

She squirted another big gob on her hand and stepped up close to him. Devon watched as she grasped onto his penis and began to

gently stroke it up and down.

"I want you to tell me when you get close...okay?" She said.

"Alright." He sighed.

Lacey increased her speed and tightened her grip, twisting her fist along the massive dong.

Devon put his hand on his moms shoulder, steadying himself as his knees went weak.

"Oh wow, mom...that feels really good." He muttered, as he watched Lacey shimmering breasts quiver and ripple as she stroked.

"I know it does sweetie. Don't forget to tell me when your close." She said.

"Okay, I'm almost there." He muttered.

"Can you feel the pressure start to build in your scrotum?" Lacey asked.

"Y-y-yeah." Devon answered.

"I'm gonna stroke a little slower and I want you to do what you did at the toilet...squeeze your cheeks together to stop the flow." She instructed.

"Alright I will." Devon said.

Devon found that by doing this he was able to stop his load before it rose from his balls.

"It's working." He said.

"You're doing it sweetie. Keep tightening until it subsides." Lacey said, as she continued pulling her slippery fist up and down his rigid

pole.

"Better?" She asked.

"Yeah." He sighed.

"Okay, we're gonna speed things up again sweetheart." She said, increasing her cock-milking tempo.

"Okay." Devon said.

"Hey, look at me." His mom said softly.

Devon gazed down at his mom. Her body glistened and her hair was wet and slicked back. Her big brown eyes gazed up into his, a tiny bit of mascara running from the corners as she savored his reaction.

"Does that feel good?" She asked in a sexy mommy voice.

"Uhhh...uh-huh." He muttered.

"You need to be bucking your hips, sweetheart. Push your penis up through my hand and meet my strokes." She said.

Devon rocked his hips, meeting Lacey's every down stroke.

"That's it...that's my boy." She said.

"I'm feeling really good again." Devon sighed.

"Slow your pace and squeeze it off." Lacey said calmly.

Devon's body jerked with pleasure. Lacey held onto him, continuing a slow steady squeeze up and down his shaft.

"It feels too good. You gotta stop." Devon moaned.

"No sweetie, focus on squeezing off the pressure, stopping's not an option." Lacey said.

Devon collapsed onto Lacey's shoulder, his knees buckling.

"I can't hold it back." He goaned.

"Yes you can...you're doing awesome." Lacey said encouragingly.

"**OH GOD!**" He cried.

Lacey felt his cock flex in her hand and a warm oozing stream of spunk began to trickle down her fingers. Realizing the dam was about to break, she sped up her stroking.

"**OH SHIT...OH GOD, MOM, I'M CUMMING!**" Devon shouted as his body quivered with overwhelming arousal.

Lacey held him against her as he groaned against the soft of her shoulder. She felt hot blasting ropes of teenaged spunk splash against the butt of her tits, over and over.

"It's okay...let it go sweetheart. That's my baby." Lacey said as she squeezed her fist expertly up and down the twitching erection.

It was a full minute of moaning and groaning before Lacey had milked ever drop from her sons peter. Devon kept his head laying against her shoulder.

"I'm sorry, it just felt too good." He said.

"Oh sweetie, it's suppose to feel good, but did you notice how much longer you lasted pinching it off that way?" She asked.

"Yeah, definitely." He said.

"Becoming a better lover takes practice. It's not gonna happen all at once. Just remember though, girls flock around the guys that can

make them scream. You get good enough with that thing...you'll have them fighting over you...trust me." Lacey explained.

"Wow, how lucky am I to have a mom this cool?" He said, lifting his head and looking own at her.

"Hey, preparing our boys for the world is what we moms do. Momma bird, remember?" She smiled, then gave him a quick peck on the lips.

Devon stayed in a the shower awhile replaying the incredible experience of being fucked, then jacked off by his own beautiful mom. He soaked for a long time in the hot spray.

As he dried off he noticed a little handwritten note near the sink. It read:

HEY HANDSOME, STAY NAKED AND COME FIND ME! -MOM Devon smiled and walked out of the master bedroom. The upstairs hallway was quiet and dimly lit.

"Mom?" He called, but there was no answer. His voice seemed to echo through the empty house.

Suddenly a door at the end of the hall closed. Devon walked over to it, but found it locked. He discovered another note. It said:

LAY DOWN NEXT TO THE DOOR AND START STROKING THAT BIG BEAUTIFUL PENIS FOR ME Devon chuckled, obviously his mom was playing a naughty little game with him and he decided to go along with it.

He lay down on the floor, with his head next to the door and started to massage his flaccid peter.

The door slowly creaked open, just a tad and Devon watched as a long naked tan leg extending out from the darkness. It looked so

soft and baby-smooth.

His moms sexy bare foot, with its pink painted toenails, came to rest on his abdomen, then slowly slithered around the base of his shaft and slid on to his large smooth scrotum. He felt her toes clench, massaging the meat of his nuts.

He looked up into the crack in the doorway and could barely make out the shadow of his moms face as she stared down at him.

He felt her soft toes leave his balls and trail up his chest. From this vantage point he could see the strong muscles in his moms leg flex as it retracted over him. Her toes slowly...gently grazed across his cheek, then her leg disappeared back into the room.

He heard his mom trot across the room playfully. He slid the door open just in time to see her stop by another door at the far side of the room.

Lacey gazed back at him. He could tell by her silhouetted body that she was completely naked. The form of her breasts jutted out from her chest, huge and ripe. Lacey was light and gracefully on her feet, like a barefoot high school cheerleader.

Devon heard her giggle teasingly as she hurried out the door. He quickly got up and followed after her, his now hardened cock bobbing up and down Reaching a back circular stairway Devon looked down from the top of the stairs just in time to see Lacey reach the first floor. She paused, flashed him a seductive look and rolled her tongue across her top lip. Devon's heart skipped a beat. Never in a million years did he think his own mother would give him this kind of look. If looks could speak, Lacey just screamed "**COME FUCK ME!**"

She giggled and rushed away. Devon nearly stumbled descending the stairs after her.

He got to the bottom floor and saw that the back door was open. He looked outside and saw his moms shadowy figure gracefully trotting down the hill towards the boathouse.

Lacey stopped midway and looked back at her son in the doorway. Her nude body glistened in the midnight rain. With a playfully little giggle she continued towards the boathouse, her big breasts bobbling wildly.

Devon rushed down the hill after her like a horny puppy excitedly following after the bitch in heat.

He got to the boathouse and crept inside. It was dark and Devon could hear the water lapping against the docking area.

"Mom?" He called.

"Up here." He heard her softly whisper.

Devon turned to find a ladder leading up into a loft. He slowly climbed to the top and found a large bunk area and his moms body spread out across it.

Lacey was on her back, her legs bent at the knees and scissored apart. Devon about lost his breath as he gazed at her wet naked curves shimmering in the moonlight.

"Hi." She said in a soft, sweet yet seductive voice.

"Hi." He muttered, his heart thumping wildly.

She reached her hand out for him.

"Come here." She whispered.

That's all that had to be said.

Devon crawled up and rested against the soft saddle between her legs. He could feel the heat of her genitals as his shaft squashed against her outer lips.

He gazed into her glowing eyes. She pulled him down to her lips and after a few sensual kisses their tongues began to dance.

Devon began to prod and poke, searching for her entrance. Finally he found it and his cock-flesh sunk down into what could only be described as absolute paradise.

The warm spongy ridges along Lacey's vaginal walls licked against the meat of her sons dong as it sunk all the way to her hot inner core. Packed completely full she clutched down tight on the rod, smothering it in a grip that only an experienced mom could give.

"**UUUGGNNHH!**" Devon moaned in ecstasy.

His hips set in motion. Lacey prepared her body for the fuck, pivoting her hips so that her cunt was at a better angle for her sons assault. She slid her long shapely legs up around his back, their soft smooth-shaven skin still wet and slippery from the rain.

Devon's strong sturdy erection plowed steadily in and out of clutching rut. His large hairless scrotum made lewd slapping sounds as it struck the ring of Lacey's pouting butt-hole, over and over.

As he bucked and groaned Devon lay his face against the soft of his moms neck. He could feel her slippery tits sloshing around between them.

Of course, it wasn't long before the sensations were just to much, but he tightened his ass like his mom had taught him and slowed the pace just a little.

Lacey wasn't making it easy. She thrust her cunt up against his hard-on, over and over, trying to speed things up again. And to make it

even more challenging she tightened her cunt muscles, making them ripple up and down the tender teenaged pipe.

"Oh-h-h-h mom!" Devon moaned.

He sat up, hoping the change in positioning would take the edge off. Lacey leaned her legs against his shoulders, wrapping her feet around his neck. This didn't help poor Devon's excitement level, especially when he looked down and saw her tits rolling up and down her chest.

"**DAMN!**" He groaned, trying with all his might to pinch off the rising cum-blast.

Lacey could tell her son was fighting off the orgasm. Not only by his slowing pace and obvious state of arousal, but also by the way his cock was pulsing and flexing inside her. She was proud that he was already making progress, but knew it would boost his ego even more if he could make her cum on his dick.

Devon found himself being guided back down onto his mom. This time her legs were thrown way back and rested on his strong shoulders. He sped up and found a nice steady rhythm.

Lacey gazed up into Devon's eyes with wild lust, as if he were really beginning to scratch the itch inside her.

"That's it, sweetie...don't stop!" She said desperately.

At this angle Devon's erection was literally plowing against Lacey's G-spot, stimulating the sensitive rubbery ridges along the top of her birth canal.

"**OH GOD, DEVON, PLEASE DON'T STOP!**" She cried.

Devon watched as his mom began to gasp, her mouth wide open. Her eyes began to roll back in her head. The site was enough to

make his balls boil over.

"**OH-H-H MOM!**" He groan, his body shaking.

The walls of her cunt closed up like a clamp. Devon felt like his cock was being pushed out, but the strong rigid dong pushed forward, persisting with ball-bumping strokes.

"**OOHHH FUCK!!!**" Lacey's scream reverberated throughout the boathouse as her body began to shake in orgasm.

Devon groaned as thick ropes of spunk erupted from his piss-hole, soaking the quivering walls of pink pussy.

Their wet sticky bodies clutched and writhed together for a good five minutes, like two anacondas wrapped in throes of a mating ball.

"That was...amazing." Devon sighed, his head laying against his moms chest.

"Very amazing." She answered, running her fingers through his hair.

Devon lifted his head and gazed down at his mom.

"Did I make you cum?" He asked.

"You did." She smiled, staring up into his eyes dreamily.

"Wow, I've never made a girl cum before." He said proudly.

"You're using your skills, which mean you're starting to last longer before you ejaculate. I'm so proud of you." She said.

"Thanks mom." He blushed.

Lacey held her sons hand as they walked naked back to the house. She locked the door behind them and turned out the lights downstairs.

As she led him up the stairs Devon's heart was racing. He felt like the rest of the world had vanished and the only things that existed were him and his beautiful mother. There was pure magic in the air and somehow he knew he had a long night ahead of him.

"Grab your things and bring them down to our bedroom." Lacey said, as she let his hand go.

"Our bedroom? You mean you and dads bedroom?" Devon asked.

"Is your dad living in this house right now?" She asked, placing her hands on her wide birthing hips.

"Well, no. Technically I guess not." Devon said.

"Well then technically I guess that makes it our house then doesn't it. Our house...our rules and our bedroom. Now get your things." She smiled, turning and walking into the bedroom.

Devon stood there for a second like a love-struck puppy, watching his moms bare buttocks sway back and forth as she strode towards the master bathroom.

"Holy shit." He thought as he felt his cock slowly inflate.

Devon rushed down to his room and collected his things. When he got down to the master bedroom his mom was still in the bathroom with the door closed.

"Sweetie?" Lacey called from behind the door.

"Yeah mom." Devon answered.

"Pump the queen size air mattress up and get it ready for us okay? I'll be out in a few minutes." She said.

"Okay." Devon said.

First a room to share, now a bed. Devon was all smiles. It didn't take him long to get the air mattress pumped up and the fitted sheet on.

"Ready for bed?" He heard his mom say.

Devon spun around just as Lacey emerged from the bathroom. She was wearing a crotchless nylon body stocking and her hair was back in a pony. Devon's mouth hung open. She smiled, slowly stepping towards him.

"You okay?" She asked with a knowing giggle.

"Yeah, I'm just not used to seeing you in things like that." He answered.

"Well at least **I'M** wearing something Tarzan." She joked, glancing down at the huge jutting erection pointing at her.

"Sorry." He blushed.

"For what? I'm all alone with a gorgeous teenager. Do you hear me complaining?" She asked.

"Do women your age like teenaged guys?" He asked.

"Yup." She smiled.

"Must be because we're horny all the time." Devon said.

"Uh-huh, just like women my age. We're two forces of nature you and I. Get us alone together like this and sparks start to fly." She said, stepping up and coiling her arms around him.

Devon felt his super-engorged cock-nob brush against his moms tiny patch of pubic fuzz. It slid down across her swollen clit, then between her legs. She stepped forward and his shaft glided across the moist groove of her heated pit.

Her nylon-encased tits mashed against his chest. His big plumb and a good two to three inches of cock meat stuck out between his moms legs from behind, crowned by her big meaty buttocks.

"So how come guys dads age stop getting horny?" He asked as she gazed into his eyes.

"It's just what men's bodies do as they get older, sweetheart. The desire becomes less...erections aren't as strong. Their ability to really make a woman scream starts to dwindle." She explained.

"That's sad. I can't imagine being that way." He said.

"Well, that's because your in your prime, sweetie. Boys your age wanna get laid, it's all they think about. Their erections are strong and sturdy..." She said, squeezing her legs around his brick-hard meat.

"Their ability to bounce back after ejaculating is incredible. I guess they have what women my age crave." Lacey said.

"That explains a lot though cuz I hear you and dad going at it sometimes and it doesn't seem to last very long." He said.

"I know...sad huh." She said.

"But you stay with him anyway?" Devon asked.

"Of course, I love your father. Other than his dwindling desire he's a wonderful husband. A great provided for you and your sister. He bought us this big beautiful home. didn't he?" She asked.

"Yeah, but you deserve pleasure mom...you know, in bed and stuff. Do you ever think about staying with dad, but getting it somewhere else?" Devon asked.

"Of course, us housewives always think about those thing. I guess I'd just have to find someone who I could trust. Someone who could really make it worth the risk." She said.

Devon's cock flexed, his pipe squeezing up between the soft slick folds of her outer labia.

"Ohhh, do I feel an erection down there volunteering for the job?" She giggled.

"I wouldn't mind." He said.

"Well, you're certainly on your way to becoming quite the pussy-pleaser. Guess we'll have to see how much you can keep impressing me until your father and sister arrive." She smiled, staring intently into his eyes.

"I could impress you right now." Devon said confidently, his fingers sinking into the cheeks of her ass.

"You can be a hot-shot tomorrow. Tonight's all about learning. I'm not cutting any corners with you, sweetie. You need to know the difference between fucking and making love." She said.

"What is the difference?" He asked.

"Well, one, fucking, is like running a race, hard and intense. But the other, making love, is like a slow intricate dance. If done right, it can go on for hours." She said.

"Wow." Devon muttered, his heart pounding with excitement.

"We ran some good races tonight, but now I wanna teach you how to dance." Lacey said, her eyes wild and dreamy.

"Okay." Devon smiled.

Lacey gave a sensual peck on the lips.

"I'm gonna light a candle. I want you to sit on the center of the bed Indian-style." She said.

"Indian-style? Um, okay." Devon said, then hopped on the bed as Lacey turned out the lights and lit a candle.

The room was filled with a warm romantic ambiance. Devon sat Indian-style on the center of the air mattress and watched as Lacey crawled towards him. She sat on his lap facing him and wrapped her strong nylon-encased legs around his waist.

She rose her ass from his lap a little, just enough to let Devon's cock line up with her hot hovering hole. Then in one slow plunge she took she took every inch of him.

Devon sighed as he felt the warm spongy pink swallow his dong. Lacey's fleshy labia settled snuggly against his large hairless scrotum. His cock was now wrapped in a mothers embrace.

She coiled her arms around her baby for support, her face now slightly above his.

"Lets kiss while I rock on you." She said softly.

They turned their heads slightly and began kiss soft and slow. Lacey began a gradual, fluid rocking motion with her hips, grinding their genitals together.

Easily excited, Devon tried to force his tongue into Lacey's mouth.

"Easy, sweetie, let me guide you this first time." She said.

"Okay." He muttered, his breath heavy with arousal.

"Soft, slow kisses." She said, planting little love pecks on his face, then on his lips.

Again and again their lips made wet smacking sounds as they gently made contact.

"Mmmmm." Lacey whined in a sexy tone, as she hungrily closed her big pouty lips around her sons over and over.

Pre-cum drooled from Devon's piss-hole and mixed with Lacey's slippery vaginal secretions, creating a nice creamy lubricant for his bulging pipe to slither and lurch. Devon felt like he was stirring his cock in warm fleshy pudding.

"That's better. Now open your mouth and lets flutter our tongues together." She said.

Devon opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue. Lacey started by closing her lips around it and sucking it like a cock, up and down a few times. Each time he disappeared into her mouth Devin felt his moms tongue flailing wildly against his.

After she was done sucking, Lacy's long pink snake slithered from her mouth and began to flutter and thrash against her sons. Devon licked back, but was amazed at the speed and strength of his moms tongue.

Lacey had one of those long serpent-like tongues that could probably reach the tip of her nose. And although Devon was doing his best, he simply couldn't compete with the way her snake was whirling and twisting around his. As the tips of their tongues played together Devon opened his eyes and watched his mom work her magic.

Lacey's head was tilted, her eyes closed. Her mouth was wide open and her elongated tongue was mostly still now accept for the pointy tip, which danced against Devon's tongue with amazing speed.

"Wow, your tongue's amazing mom." He muttered.

She opened her eyes and smiled.

"Oh sweetheart, you haven't even begun to see how amazing it can be." She smiled.

Staring into his his eyes Lacey took a long wet lick across his cheek. She left a trail of hungry kisses across the sides of his face, then began to nibble at his ear.

"Do you like it baby? Do you like to feel mommy gripping onto that thick erection." She whispered.

Her warm vaginal grip tightened around his throbbing boner as she flexed her coital walls. Devon's body reacted with an excited shiver.

He felt his moms tongue snake against his ear...under it...around it...inside of it, probing and wiggling.

"Mmm, you like this don't you, baby boy? In bed with mom...makin' sweet love." She whispered naughtily.

He hugged her body tighter, trying to flatten her tits even more against his chest. Sensing this, Lacey separated their chests for a second. She looked down at her huge tits, heaving against the stretchy transparent covering.

"Rip it." She said, gazing at her son.

Devon grabbed the fabric between her tits and tore it easily. Pounds of motherly breast-meat came spilling out. She threw them against him, buried her face in his neck.

"Holy shit." Devon sighed, aroused by his moms aggressiveness.

As Lacey plowed her tongue against the tendons in her sons neck, her hips continued a constant fluid rocking up and back...up and

back. Devon's big balls rose and fell again and again as they lay tucked between the pillowy cheeks of Lacey's buttocks.

Devon gazed down at his moms wide child-bearing hips. They moved like a machine that was custom-made to glide this way while she grinded on cock.

The rain pelted the windows in the dark emptiness outside, reminding Devon of just how isolated he and his mom were from the rest of the world right now.

Between the hot slippery cunt-grinding and the way his mom was lapping at his neck, Devon's balls were starting boil.

He tightened his ass, tried to think of something else.

"I wonder how the fishing is in the lake...bet it's the first thing dad does when he gets here." He thought.

Then he felt guilty for thinking of his dad at that moment. He knew the gorgeous woman on his lap was his dads property and that he was trespassing. But he knew that when an owner's away and the property is willing, trespassing is inevitable.

"Dad deserves this." He muttered.

Lacey stopped licking and looked at her son.

"What?" She said with a quirky smile.

"He deserves this, what we're doing. Any guy who has a woman like you, who can do this to them every day and does nothing about it, deserves to be cheated on." He explained.

Lacy ran her hand gently across his cheek.

"You are a sweetheart, you know that?" Lacey said, looking as through she could cry.

"I'm your sweetheart." Devon said, flexing his rod.

"Yes you are. My young, handsome, big-dicked sweetheart." She said, gazing at him with fluttering eyelids.

Lacey lowered herself onto her back, taking Devon with her. Her legs had a tight grasp on him, keeping him tucked inside her soft saddle. They kissed passionately.

Devon was overcome with desire and began to really buck his hips and sock it to her. Lacey clutched onto his ass and broke this kiss for a moment.

"Slow down, sweetie. Pace yourself." She whispered.

Devon slowed and found a nice steady unhurried rhythm. His long teenaged love-pipe glided in and out of the warm clutching grip of his mom's hungry cunt. The gooey ridges along her inner walls smothered his meaty lance with every down stroke.

"Oh mom, this feels soooo good." He sighed, as he looked down into her gleaming eyes.

"I want you to let yourself go. Let your body do the work...while you look into my eyes and our minds float away together into a cloud of pleasure." Lacey softly whispered.

"O-okay." Devon muttered.

Devon indeed felt as though he was falling into a trance as he was nose to nose with his mom, his eyes lost inside of hers. As if on auto-pilot his hips kept working, thrusting his peter up and down his mother's pleasure-pocket.

"Oh Dev...oh sweetie...this is beautiful." She whispered softly.

Thunder **RUMBLED** outside.

Candlelight flickered.

Hips rocked in unison.

Huge tits sloshed as they lay plastered against the flesh of a teenaged chest.

The heels of two tiny bare feet pushed against a bucking ass.

Eyes fixed, glazed with lust.

This was love-making at it's most intense.

"**OH MY GOD, I'M GONNA CUM!**" Lacey's voice quivered as she stared into her sons eyes.

Her body stiffened and Devon felt her clutching legs tremble against him. Lacey's eyes closed as her face became red and contorted.

"Holy shit, mom." He muttered, in awe of the site beneath him.

Devon pinched off his own explosive orgasm and continued to sock it to her with long steady thrusts.

Lacey screamed in orgasm, her body shaking violently.

Mom and son rolled onto their sides as the desperate love making went on and on into the night.

They were no longer two bodies, but one ball of twisting, pounding flesh. They rolled and fucked...their pelvises grinding...and at times slapping together with wild abandon.

After nearly two hours of impressive pussy prodding Devon's body trembled as he blew his nuts deep inside the hot smothering throat of Lacey's love-canal.

Words went unspoken as they lay there in the candlelight... kissing...gazing into each others eyes. Thunder **RUMBLED** outside.

Devon could feel the juice of his load running down across his balls as his flaccid cock remained tucked in his moms sheath.

He sighed as she gave his peter gentle squeezes with her strong coital muscles. Lacey felt her sons lance twitch...and she knew it was going to be a long sleepless night.

The next morning sunlight lit up the kitchen. Lacey's cell phone sat on the counter ringing over and over, but there was no one there to answer it.

From the upstairs, came the forceful, repetitive **THUMPING** of two bodies humping passionately on an air-mattress.

Echoing through the empty house, came the orgasmic screams of a middle-aged mom. Momma bird had taught her son how to spread his wings and fly...but she wasn't quite ready for him to leave the nest just yet.

The Tent

by klrxo

This is a short story that I wrote for a monthly mother-son periodical I post on my website. Hope you enjoy!

"Arnie, are you a virgin?" Janice asked her son.

"What?" he responded stupidly.

"Have you fucked a girl yet, or are you a virgin?" she asked again.

"Virgin I guess."

Janice raised an eyebrow. "You guess? Have you had your prick inside a girl's pussy or not?"

The 18 year old blushed a bit. "Not," he muttered.

"So **YOU ARE** a virgin, that's good. I mean, it's not good, but it gives me some leverage."

"Leverage?" Arnie asked.

"Yes, see we both have a problem. You need to get fucked and I need to get pregnant," she said candidly.

"Pregnant?"

"Yes, your father and I have been trying all summer. Since we haven't had luck, we went to a specialist. To make a long story short, your father is infertile. His cum is completely worthless," she explained.

"Oh, I didn't know that," Arnie said, "sorry."

"So this is where we are, Arnie. Each of us has something the other needs. You have balls full of rich potent sperm that I need and I have the hot female sexual parts that you need to lose your virginity," she explained.

"Oh, so what do you think we should do?" Arnie asked, even though he knew the answer.

"Well, we could do nothing and both go on miserably, or we could pick a time and a place to fuck and both get what we want. Which one sounds good to you?" she asked sweetly.

"I like the second choice," Arnie said, his heart racing just at the very thought of it.

Janice smiled and gazed at him. "Me too," she said. "So you like the idea of giving me your virginity **AND** your baby, sweetheart?"

"Yes, but...wouldn't we have to wait until we get back from our hiking trip?"

Her grin turned naughty. "Not at all. Here's my plan."

The next day, Arnie's family was hiking up a mountain trail together. They had planned the overnight hiking trip to Bridal Veil Falls for weeks. Frank, Arnie's father led the family up the mountain. He paused and looked back at his son, who was at the back of the pack. "Arnie, you ok? Usually you're the one we're trying to keep up with," he said.

"I'm good dad, just taking my time," he lied. The real reason was because his mother was wearing sexy yoga shorts, that stretched across her meaty ass like a second skin. He had spent the last two hours watching her buns sway and jiggle as she trekked the path in front of him.

Janice took a swig from her canteen, making her big mommy-jugs balloon outward in the process. Arnie licked his lips, staring at the swell of her mammoth mounds. He looked up to see her looking back at him... The mother smiled and gave him a flirting wink.

They walked another hour when the busty Mother paused, looking over a private patch of soft earth, perfect for a tent. "Ouch!" she said suddenly. Her husband stopped and looked back.

"What's wrong?" he said.

Janice sat down on a stump. "I rolled my damn ankle," she said.

"Are you ok, Mom?" Her eleven-year-old daughter asked.

"I don't know, I twisted it pretty bad," she said.

"Try standing back up. See if you can walk it off," Frank said.

Janice stood, then winced and sat back down. "Nope, not gonna happen. Shit," she muttered.

"Ok, um, maybe we should just set up camp here for the night, let you rest your ankle," Frank said.

"Hogwash, Frank. The kids wanna see the falls. Just keep going. I'll set me up a camp here for the night," she said.

"Janice, if you can't walk, you're in no condition to set up a camp."

"I'll stay with her dad," Arnie said, looking over at his mom, who peeked up at him with a tiny smile. "The girls wouldn't really know how to pitch a tent or start a fire."

"Well, I suppose that makes sense," Frank said.

"Oh Arnie, honey, thank you. That's so thoughtful of you," Janice said, gazing at him through long fluttering lashes.

After saying goodbye, Frank and his two daughters continued up the trail. Janice had taken off her hiking boots and socks and sat there watching her boy set their tent up. He created a circle of rocks and started a fire. "Pretty impressive," Janice said with a smile.

"Thanks," he said.

It had been over an hour since her husband had left and Janice lifted a walkie-talkie to her mouth. "Papa-bear, it's Momma-bear, are you there?" she said.

"I hear you loud and clear, Momma-bear, how's your ankle?"

Janice stood up and walked over to the fire without the least bit of a limp. "Not good, can't even stand on it. Hopefully it'll feel better by morning. How are you guys coming along?"

"Should be to Bridal Veil Falls in about hour and get camp setup before the sun goes down," he said as Janice peeled her top up and off her body.

Arnie's jaw dropped, as he stared at his Mom's huge bra-encased tits.

"Good, I hope the girls get a couple hours to swim tomorrow before you head back," Janice said into the walkie as she used one hand to shimmy her yoga shorts down her smooth curvy legs.

"That's the plan, hon. Man the view up here is great, and sorry you guys had to miss it."

"Actually the view down here isn't that bad either. I think Arnie is enjoying it quite a lot," she said, then sat the radio down and unfastened her big bra.

Her huge jugs sprung free, bobbling heavily on her chest. The big pink areola and protuberant nipples reminded Arnie of the cherry on

top of a sundae. If felt weird listening to his dad's voice while gawking at his Mom's tits. "Good, well I hope you guys can still have some son fun down there, make the best of it," his father said.

Janice peeled off her lavender colored panties. A tiny patch of well groomed pubic hair crowned her pubis. She picked the radio back up and spoke into it. "Oh, I think we'll manage to find some enjoyment down here somehow," she said, gazing at her teen. "Radio me later, once you get your camp set up," she said.

"Will do Momma Bear, over and out," Frank said.

Janice unzipped the tent and crawled inside on all fours. Arnie saw his mother's face peek back at him, just beyond the swell her big peach-shaped ass. Her buns were slightly spread and he could see the crinkled ring of her asshole, as well as the smooth lips of her vulva. "Coming, Arnie?" she asked.

He quickly followed her inside. Janice crawled onto the plush air-mattress, rolled over onto her ass, with legs wide open, big breasts heaving on her chest. "Zip us up, then get naked," she said.

Arnie anxiously zipped up the tent door, then started shedding his clothes. Janice watched in wicked fascination as her boy peeled off his briefs. A long veiny boner pointed at her, capped by a plump shiny knob. "Oh Arnie, it's beautiful. You look to be about seven inches," Janice said.

"Yeah, I think so," he muttered.

"Lay down here so I can get a better look," she said, patting the empty spot beside her.

Arnie sprawled out on his back while his mother climbed to her knees beside him. Her fingers clutched his tender prick, sending shivers through his body. "It's ok, baby. Mommy wants to get your prick as hard as it can be before we fuck."

"Uhh, ok," the boy muttered, gulping excitedly as he propped himself on his elbows.

"You did such an awesome job setting up camp for us. I wanna give you a little appetizer, before the main course," she said, then leaned over, opening her mouth wide and plunged her face onto his crotch, nearly choking herself as she rammed over half of his prick down her throat. She squeezed her lips in a wet circle around the blue-veined cock shaft, inhaling, whimpering around his prick as she savored the salty, pungent taste.

Her tongue darted all over the shiny cock knob, showing her skills as an experienced cock-sucker. Arnie watched as his Mom's head started bobbing up and down, plunging his boner through her mouth in a hot blow-job.

"Ohhh, wow," Arnie sighed, watching the ring of her lips squeeze up and down the length of his shaft.

She circled her fist around the root and started beating his meat as fast as she could, whipping her fist from the base of his cock all the way up to her sucking mouth.

"Ohhhh... Ohhh Jeez," Arnie whimpered.

His boner popped from Janice's mouth and her long pink tongue curled around and around the throbbing knob, making Arnie's nuts clench in his sack. She stopped and fed him a lustful smile. "Time to fuck," she whispered.

Janice rolled onto her back and propped her knees up nearly to her shoulders. Arnie sat up and stared in awe at his mother's splayed thighs. He felt like a first time pilot about to settle in to the plush cockpit of an advanced fighter-jet. At the center of Janice's parted legs was a literal "cock-pit" and she reached out and pulled her son towards it. "Come on, baby. Put it in," she said.

The teen pressed his tip against the fat nub of her clitoris, as it peeked from it's fleshy sheath. He drug his knob down until it fit snuggly inside her creamy socket. "There... Push," she whispered.

The boy thrust his hips and his boner sunk into the hot slippery furnace of his mother's cunt. "Ohhh, Arnie," Janice sighed, feeling his muscled meat stretch her inner lining.

The horny mother pulled her baby down on top of her and tossed her strong legs around him, high on his back. "Fuuuck meee," she sang lustfully, bouncing her big ass off the mattress and whipping the hot sleeve of her vagina up and down the satisfying stiffness of his cock.

"Ohhhh!" Arnie whimpered, sinking in to her curves and enjoying his very first cock-massage.

Janice clutched his ass with her long nails. "Buck your hips baby. Pound your cock into me as deep as it will go," she panted.

The teen's taut ass bucked between her thick hugging thighs, punching his juice-slickened pole through her hot cooch. His humping boner thundered through her hole, well lubricated by the secreting glands along her cunt-walls. "Ohhh wow, Mom," he cried out, feeling her squeeze his sensitive prick.

"You're doing it baby. You're fucking your very first pussy!" she said.

Arnie pressed his face against her pillowy tits as they sloshed around on her chest. "It feels so good," he said with a shutter.

"It feels good to me too. Mommy's gonna pop and cream all over your dick, sweetheart. Are you ready for it?" she cried out.

"Yess,"

The sexy mother suddenly threw her silky legs back in a huge wide V, pointing her pretty feet back. "Fuck me haaaard!" she screamed as her face became masked with a pleasure-filled grimace. "Uuuunnhhgg!" she screamed, her lush body shaking with pleasure.

It was impressive that Arnie had been able to fuck this long, since this was his first time. But when he felt his Mom's pussy shrink up and wash his boner in hot liquid love, there was no way he could hold off any longer.

"Oooghhhh!" the boy grunted, firing hot spunk into his Mom's unprotected womb.

"Yesss! Give me a babyyy!" Janice cried out, feeling her son hose the inside of her vagina with his seed.

The fire outside fizzled out as the fire inside the tent roared on and on into the night.

A week later, Janice excitedly announced that she was pregnant with twins. As her pregnancy progressed, her tits and tummy swelled to enormous proportions. Despite having to carry all that extra weight around, she joined the family for their next weekend hike.

Ironically, during the trek, she twisted her ankle again, but her son Arnie was quick to volunteer to stay with her. As his father and sisters continued along the trail, Arnie eagerly pitched him and his mother's tent.

THE END

Tool Repair

by klrxo

"Mom, can I talk to you about something personal?" Kurt asked.

Kurt was a healthy, muscular 18 year old. The second oldest of six children, he had always been close to his mother.

"Of coarse you can, love. What's on your mind?" She answered.

"It's not really an easy thing to talk about." Kurt said.

A look of worry fell across Helen's face. Helen was a matronly beauty. She was 5'10" with long legs, wide birthing hips and unusually large bussoms. This was not suprising for this 39 year old mother however, especially since she was 9 months pregnant with triplets. As one would imagine, Helen was huge. Her belly was the size of a fucking beachball, yet despite her pregnancy, she managed to stay in great shape.

"Kurt, sweetie, just tell me what's wrong." She said warmly.

"I have a problem with my...you know, my..."

"Your penis?" His mother added.

"Yeah." Kurt said.

"What's wrong with it, sweetheart, is it okay?" Helen asked.

"I don't know, I just don't think it's working right." Kurt said.

"Okay, are you not able to get an erection?" She asked.

"No, no, it's not that. It's just that, well..."

"Sweetie, come on, you have to talk to mother about this. Don't be shy about it, this could be serious." Helen said.

"Kids at school talk about orgasms and stuff and well...I've never had one." Kurt said.

"Well, have you ever tried to give yourself an orgasm?" His mother asked.

"Yeah, I try all the time, sometimes for hours, but I just can't. I don't know what to do." Kurt confessed.

"Well, that sounds like a serious problem. Maybe I should make an appointment for you to see Amy." Helen said.

"Amy? Why?" Kurt exclaimed.

"Now, love, I know she's your sister-in-law, but she's also a sex therapist. She handles problems like this all the time." Helen said.

The truth is Kurt lusted after Amy, even before she and his oldest brother had gotten married a year ago. Amy was a striking image of Nicole Kidman and along with his mother, had fueled Kurt's sexual fantasies for a long time. Kurt had often imagined his mother and Amy taking turns sucking his cock, their tongues dueling for position on his meat.

"I'll set an appointment for you tomarrow morning." Helen said.

The next day Kurt was taken by his mother to Amy's clinic and as they sat in the waiting room, Kurt stared at his mother's enormous belly. He couldn't believe she could fit three babies in there. He watched her boobs as they shifted and swayed with her movements. He couldn't imagine breasts being any larger, any more inviting. Helen knew her son was watching her. She just dismissed it as

normal teenaged behavior. Amy came out of her office and greeted them with a hug. She was stunning!!! She and Helen dressed nearly the same, wearing skirt's and high-heeled slip on's that left nearly all of their pretty feet and toes exposed. Kurt often wondered how is mother, being so big with child, could walk in such dainty little high-heeled slippers. Amy and Helen giggled like school-girls as they all entered Amy's private office. It was a comfortable little room with a leather sofa and a strange kind of examination table. Amy invited them to sit on the sofa and she sat across from Kurt and his mother. As Amy crossed her long thin legs, Kurt couldn't help but gaze and marvel at how they just went on forever.

"Kurt, your mother told me about your problem. I want you to know that I'm a professional and whatever takes place in my office is completely confidential, okay?" Amy said.

"All right." Kurt answered.

"What you have is a form of erectile disfunction. The good news is this can be reversed, but it's gonna take some therapy, which is why I wanted your mom to bring you in." Amy said. "I'm gonna tell you right now that because of the nature of your problem, the therapy is going to seem very awkward, but if you want this to go away, you have to do exactly what I ask, is that fair enough?" Amy asked.

"Yeah, sounds fair." Kurt said.

"Good. With your permission, I think it's important for your mother to be here, to assist in your therapy. Is that a problem?" Amy asked.

"No." Kurt answered.

He looked at his mother and she smiled back at him warmly.

"Okay then, what I need you to do is go into the bathroom and get undressed. You can slip into this gown." Amy said.

She handed him a sheet-like gown, like the typical in most hospitals. Then she gave a different type of gown to Helen.

"Mom, I need you to slip into this one. God, I hope it's big enough for the four of you." Amy said.

Her and Helen giggled and Kurt went into one restroom, Helen into a changing room. Kurt stripped naked and threw the gown over him. He took his time, being as nevous as he was. He could hear his mom and Amy whispering and giggling in the office. When he came out of the bathroom, he couldn't believe his eyes. His mother and Amy were sitting on the sofa waiting for him. Both were dressed in white, skin-tight body-stockings and each had pulled her hair back in a ponytail. Amy patted the seat between her and Helen where a towel had been layed on the cushion.

"Are you ready, Kurt?" Amy asked.

"Yeah." Kurt said.

He sat between them trying not to stare at the silk, stretched tight over his mother's enormous pregnancy. The material was so tight and thin it was almost transparent. He could clearly see the points of the women's nipples sticking out. Each woman was now barefoot and moved in close to Kurt as he sat.

"I want you to sit back and just relax for me, okay?" Amy said.

Kurt did as he was told and Amy pulled his gown up above his waist exposing his flacid cock and balls. She then took a see-through plastic hose attached to some sort of vacuum contraption and turned it on. Within the head of this hose a constant flow of clear frothy fluid began to churn, before being sucked down the hose. Amy moved for Kurt's cock and his dick was sucked into the churning, sucking liquid head. The lewd sound of wet suction filled the room as kurt's cock was worked by the hot liquid fuck.

"Relax, Kurt, let it surround you." Amy said.

Amy pulled the suction head from the cock and it made a loud **POP** as Kurt's knob popped from the suction chamber. Finding his pecker only half-erect, she quickly swallowed it back up into the cocksucking tool. Kurt's breath became heavy as he felt his dick harded within the bubbling cock-chamber. Helen smiled at her boy and stroked his forehead, then she watched the suction-tool work its magic on her son's hardening cock. Again, Amy popped the tool from Kurt's pecker. This time is was as hard as steel. A 7-inch stalk capped with a fat mushroom tip.

"That's what we need." Amy said.

Amy took Kurt's penis and placed another tool, also attached to the vaccum in place. She first worked a thick ring down his cock until it pressed his balls tightly against his ass. Then she worked a second, wet, fleshy looking ring onto his dick, which was attached to a large vaccum chamber that she placed his cock into. She flipped the power on and the vacuum sealed tightly aroung Kurt's genitals. The hot liquid froth began to spit and spew inside the chamber and the tight fleshy-ring began to pump up and down Kurt's penis. Amy looked over at Helen.

"Okay, mom, are you ready?" She asked.

"Whenever you are." Helen answered.

Amy used a remote to dim the lights in her office and her and Helen snuggled in close on each side of the the moaning teen.

"Helen, why don't you start." Amy said.

Helen brought her lips close to her son's ear.

"**COCK!**" Helen said seductively.

Amy moved to the other ear.

"**FUCK!**" Amy said in a sharp tone.

"**CUNT!**" Helen moaned.

"**FUCK!**" Amy repeated.

"**TITS!**" Helen hissed.

"**FUCK!**" Amy said again.

Kurt's cock was awash in pure delight as the sopping ring pistoned up and down his rigid pole. His arousal was fueled by the wicked abscenities being barked at him.

"**COCK-SUCKING!**" Helen said.

"**TWAT-FUCKING!**" Amy moaned.

"**TIT-SUCKING!**" Said Helen.

"**BUTT-HUMPING!**" Said Amy.

"**CUNT-GRINDING!** Said Helen.

"**CLIT-LICKING!**" Said Amy.

The women continued for a good half our, moaning the most abscene sexual acts imaginable in order to get Kurt to blow his load. As much as Kurt loved it however, his nuts just wouldn't tighten. Finally, Amy stopped the vacuum and looked over at Helen.

"Well, mom, I think this boy's gonna be a hard nut to crack. I think it's time to move on to plan B." Amy said.

Kurt smiled. He could only imagine what plan B could be.

Turning Back Time...with Mom

By Klrxo

"If I could only do it all again," Eldon told himself as he stood in the doorway of his parents' old bedroom. Mae, his mother had died only months ago at the age of 80. He had cared for her until the end, and the image of her beauty and charm would forever remain a cherished memory. In her younger years, when Eldon was a teen,

Mae was an absolute bombshell. Not only that, but Eldon remembered his mom flirting with him relentlessly during his teenage years. There were even occasions where he could have fucked her, but being a timid kid, he always shied away from such opportunities. He loved reading her old diaries, gaining insight into his mom's personal life.

These days, 62-year-old Eldon was busy keeping the family farm. His wife had died two years ago from cancer and his only daughter had chased a modeling career in New York, leaving him alone to tend the 100-acre cattle ranch. He had thought about selling it after his wife died, but it was a property that had been handed down for generations, so he decided to hire a ranch hand and keep the family tradition alive.

"If you wanna focus on feeding and watering, I'll head out to pasture and round up those few strays," Eldon directed his ranch hand, Dillon, as he saddled his horse.

"Got it, boss!" said Dillon. "Oh, and before you go, I just wanted to tell you that I took a job on another ranch. I hate to bail on you, Eldon, but I have to do what's best for my family."

"I understand," said the rancher. "If you could just finish out the day, I'd appreciate it."

"Sure thing."

Eldon got a sinking feeling, knowing that without help he'd be forced to sell the family farm. The problem was, in such a rural area, ranch hands were next to impossible to find. However, there was no time to dwell on the negatives with so much work left to be done.

The ranch had plenty of property to allow the animals to grass-feed instead of eating hay, but this often meant they would wander quite a distance from the farm to graze. Usually, while rounding up the herd, a few calves would separate from the group. Today, the aging

farmer decided to head out on the property and wander some of them up.

Riding through the range on his horse was his daily therapy. He loved taking in the beautiful landscape, which consisted of rolling green pastures surrounded by snow-topped mountains. It offered him the opportunity to reflect on days gone by, especially all the exciting experiences of his youth, growing up on the farm.

Eldon traveled some distance from the ranch in search of the strays. Even growing up there, he swore there were some areas of the sprawling property he'd never explored, like this one today. The farmer paused suddenly as he reached a shallow bluff. "What in the devil is that?!" he asked himself aloud.

In a clearing, a short distance away, sat some type of machine. At first Eldon thought it was a piece of farm equipment, but it had no wheels and looked too sophisticated to be sitting out in the middle of nowhere. What he knew for sure was it was on his property, and he didn’t put it there.

"Hello?!" he shouted, wondering if someone was inside or in the general area, but he got no answer.

Eldon rode over, curiously circling the mysterious object, which seemed like some sort of craft. It reminded him of the lunar lander that had touched down on the moon's surface in the 70’s but looked a little more advanced than even that. "Anyone inside there?" he shouted.

When there was no answer, Eldon hopped off his horse for a closer investigation. "I sure as hell hope this ain't no Goddamn aliens," he told himself, thinking back on reports of recent crop circles from other surrounding ranchers.

The farmer climbed up onto the object, arriving at what was clearly a hatch-like door. He was surprised to find it open so easily. He

nervously swung the door upright, revealing a control compartment below with lots of blinking lights. In the center was a seat made for a human.

"What the hell is this thing?" he thought, scanning the area to try to locate its owner. Letting his curiosity get the best of him, Eldon climbed down into the contraption and sat in the seat. It was then he saw the handwritten letter sitting on the control panel. He read it curiously.

"Greetings! If you are reading this note, then I congratulate you! You are

the new owner of something incredibly special. A machine that can cross

the barrier of time and space. Its place of origin and original owner are

still a mystery, since I had it given to me much the same as I am passing

it on to you. My days of using it are over and I have decided to end my

journey here. I have included instructions on the machine's operation.

Enjoy the trips ahead of you, but PLEASE HEED MY WARNING! Use the time

machine only to observe the past or future. Despite the temptation to

change things, it is imperative that you be a mere 'fly on the wall,' or you

could alter the course of history, and not necessarily for the better.

Farwell!

- C.W. Lance

Eldon sat there in shock for a moment, taking in what he had just read.

Part of him wondered if this was some sort of prank, but he was in the middle of nowhere, so that was unlikely. After giving it some thought, he decided to test the machine out to see if it truly was what it claimed to be.

"JUNE 12TH, 3024," he typed into the computer, wanting to peek a thousand years into the future.

"Please secure compartment door," the screen flashed.

After closing the door above him, he confirmed the date he had set. The machine let out a sharp "hiss" then seemed to subtly vibrate for a moment.

"Destination achieved," the computer then announced.

Eldon curiously opened the hatch door and peeked out. He was immediately surprised at how warm the air was. His jaw lowered as he discovered that he was on the outskirts of a sprawling futuristic city. The buildings were enormous and lit up like huge billboards, flashing different ads for vehicles that dotted the sky. Some of the quickly moving vehicles blasted upwards towards the earth's atmosphere.

"This is certainly not a future that I want any part of," he thought, a bit saddened that his family farm was long gone. Still though, Eldon was amazed that the machine had worked. He secured the door

again, eager to try another date that was a bit more significant to him.

"August 11th, 1980," he typed into the computer. It was the day after his 18th birthday; one that had fond memories for him, but also some regrets.

Young Aldon was jarred awake by the sound of his father's voice. "Get up, kid…there's cows to be milked!"

Early mornings were common when working on the ranch. There were various tasks that needed tending and everyone in the family took part, including Aldon's mother, Mae. She had breakfast waiting for the boy as he groggily made his way downstairs.

"Aldon, don't forget to wash your hands before breakfast, hunny," she said, busy at the stove.

"I washed them up last night before bed," he replied.

Mae flashed him a knowing grin. "I'm sure you've been doing something since then that requires a good hand washing, young man," she said with a wink.

The boy blushed. Recently his mom had begun teasing him about how often he masturbated his penis, but who could blame him for beating off so much when he lived under the same roof as such a curvy, brunette-haired beauty. When he returned from washing his hands, Mae brought over a hearty plate of breakfast for him to consume.

"Did you have a good birthday yesterday?" the mother asked, leaning over, and watching him eat.

"Best ever, mom," he answered, his eyes drawn to her extraordinary tit-cleavage. Mae came from an extensive line of huge-breasted females, much to the delight of her son. The way she leaned forward, and the fact that the three top buttons of her shirt were undone, allowed Eldon's eyes to feast on her creamy tit-flesh.

"Did you get everything you wanted?" she asked, batting her eyelashes in a flirtatious manner.

"I think so."

"Are you sure?" she asked, squashing her huge hooters between her forearms, making her tit-meat bulge out even more. "Everything?"

The boy glanced down at her bountiful, half-naked bosom. "Well, there may have been a few things that I didn't get," he blushingly confessed.

"Well, sorry that I couldn't get you a big set of soft boobies to suck on as a gift," Mae giggled. "I know you would have liked that more than anything."

"That would have been nice, I suppose."

"Well, a handsome boy like you is gonna have all sorts of titties flopping all over him, soon enough."

"You think so?"

"Of course, I do. If your mom can't stop staring at you, then I'm sure the other girls can't either," she winked. "Just make sure you keep that cattle prod of yours sheathed in latex. I'm too young to be a grandmother just yet."

"I'll play responsibly," Eldon assured her. "I promise."

"But do you know HOW TO PLAY, that's the important question?" the mother asked, scooting over next to him. "Suppose I'm a girl and we're on a date. I get really close to you, like this…"

Mae pressed the squishy swell of her breasts up against her boy and began breathing at his neck in a sensual manner. Beneath the table, her hand rested on his thigh, incredibly close to his stiff cock. "What do you do next?" she softly asked.

"Kiss you?"

"Suppose I want more than kissing," said Mae, gazing deeply into her son's eyes. "Suppose I want you to finger my clit."

Eldon shuddered as he felt his mom's hand slide even closer to his boner, nudging against it through his pants. She brought her lips up close to his, their eyes fixed on each other's. "Suppose I want you to take me to the back seat, rip my panties off and fuck me all night long. Are you prepared to do that to your date because I promise that's what she'll want?"

"Well, I um…I could try."

"You don't sound too confident there, hunny."

"To be honest, I've never really done it before," he admitted, "so I'm not sure how I'll do."

"Well, there's a first time for everything, sugar, but it's important to be prepared."

Eldon watched his brunette-haired mother return to the stove. She wore shorts just like Daisy Duke, a female character in a new show he'd been watching on TV lately. The denims were cut so low that he could see the meat of her rounded ass seeping out the bottom. Mae's delicious derriere swayed atop her tan, smooth-shaven legs

with every graceful step she made. "I reckon I don't know quite as much as I should," the boy admitted.

"Your father's going into town today. I suppose that might be a suitable time for us to sit down and have a chat on the subject," Mae stated.

"You mean the subject of—"

"Yes, the subject of sex," she replied, finishing his sentence. "I'll not have a son who doesn't know his way around beneath the sheets. It's my duty to give you a 'birds and bees' chat, and with your father away from the farm it'll be the perfect time."

While milking cows, Eldon liked to daydream about udders of a different kind. The ones that were huge, fat and hung off a female body. He had felt a girl's breast during the school year, but that's about as far as he'd gotten. The boy was proud of his huge, well-formed cock, but he had yet to sleeve it in hot pussy. He was a hopeless virgin, and his constant daytime fantasies often caused him to fall behind in his work, to the displeasure of his father.

"You need to speed things up, son. You're moving as slow as molasses today!" his father, Shelby, noted as he herded more cows into the barn for his son to milk.

"Alright, dad," the boy replied. "I'll speed it up."

Once Shelby left the barn, Eldon heard an unfamiliar voice from the doorway. "Hey there!"

He turned to see 62-year-old Eldon from the future, peeking through the doorway. "Hi, um…if you're looking for my dad, he went out to

round up some more cows for milking," said Eldon Jr. thinking it was just someone who his dad did business with.

"I know the routine. I remember this day like it was yesterday. I'm just here to make sure you don't blow it."

Eldon Jr. fed the older man a perplexed look. "Huh?" he uttered.

Eldon Sr. walked over, staring at his younger self in awe. "I really can't believe I'm here, but there you are…standing right in front of me. This is completely surreal."

"Are you ok, mister?" the boy asked, confused by the man's behavior.

"Alright, I'm just gonna be straight up with you. My names Eldon," said Elden Sr. as he extended his hand for a shake.

"That's my name too," said the boy, shaking his hand.

"I know it is. You see…this is gonna sound crazy, but I'm… YOU, the um…older version of you, and I just came here in a time machine from the future, the year 2024."

The younger Eldon began laughing. "You're right, that is crazy!"

"I can prove it, look!" said the older Eldon, sticking out his arm. There was a two-inch scar on his forearm, from a bad cut he had gotten when he was young. "We got it when we were ten, while trying to climb over a barbed-wire fence."

Elden Jr. extended his arm, showing an identical scar. He looked at the man suspiciously. "It's exactly the same," he uttered in shock. "What's my favorite color?"

"Blue."

"My favorite movie?"

"Friday the 13th. You snuck into the theater just last week to see it with your friend, Rex."

"How could you know that?" asked Elden Jr., his face going as pale as a ghost.

"Because I'm you, that's how! I also know that you have a fixation with mother. She's offered to teach you about the birds and the bees, while dad's gone today, but unless you start working faster that's not gonna happen."

"Why wouldn't it happen?"

Elder Sr. looked at his younger self patiently. "Look, the way it'll happen is…your dad will see how behind you are, cancel his trip into town and you and mom won't be alone together, because you and dad will be milking cows all day, got it? I'm gonna help you, so we can keep that from happening."

"You know how to milk cows?"

"Of course, I do. I mean, we have machines that do it now. Well, um…not now, but in the future."

Elden Sr. pulled up a stool and began milking one of the cows. The boy watched him for a moment with a million questions flowing through his mind. "So, you're really 'ME'…. from the future?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's so crazy!"

"Trust me, I'm just as shocked by it as you are."

"Will I be married and have kids?" Eldon Jr. asked.

It was then that Eldon Sr. remembered the warning in the note. "I can't tell you too much, I'm sorry. My purpose is to make TODAY as special as it was supposed to be, that's it," he explained. "I remember how disappointed I was when I didn't get that chat from mom. She never really mentioned the idea again, so this is my chance to help you. I mean…us."

"You're right…I certainly WOULD like that 'birds and bees' chat from mom."

"Then let's get to work."

Together, they milked the cows as quickly as they could. Eldon Sr. offered some advice while they worked. "I had a chance to read our mother's diary. She wrote a lot about things that got her excited."

"You mean like…aroused?"

"Yes. She wrote in her diary that she likes to see you without your shirt on and when your penis is erect beneath your jeans."

"Wow, mom actually wrote that in her diary?" asked the boy, his face filled with wonder.

"Yes, which is why it's important that you remember those things when you're alone with her."

"That's no problem. I'll think of them every time see her now."

An hour of arduous work passed before Eldon Jr. heard his father's voice.

"How's it coming along?"

"Good, dad. I'm about finished."

Shelby and his wife entered the barn. "About finished?! Seriously?! I was just telling your mother that I didn't think I'd be able to leave

today because you were slacking."

"Yeah, well…I had some help."

Shelby and Mae looked over at the older guy who was helping their son.

"Who's this?" the father asked curiously.

"This is my friend, um…"

"Bob!" said Eldon Sr. as he extended his hand for a shake.

"Bob, huh?" asked Shelby, looking at him suspiciously, while shaking his hand.

Eldon Sr. almost teared up when he looked over at his beautiful mother.

She was just as radiant and sexy as he remembered, and her oversized tits were nearly bursting from her top. Mae stared back at him with her sparkling blue eyes. "You look familiar, Bob. Have we met before?" she asked.

"Perhaps…in another time," Eldon Sr. answered. He couldn't believe that he was here, and that the beauty he fantasized about in his youth was standing before him in her prime.

"Well, it looks like I may be able to head into town for business after all," said Shelby.

"Oh, that's excellent!" Mae grinned, gazing over at her young son anxiously.

"Yeah, I should, um…probably be leaving also," said Eldon Sr. "I just wanted to stop by and said hello to Eldon and help him out for a little bit."

"How did you get here, Bob?" asked Shelby. "I didn’t see a car in the driveway."

"Oh, well…I didn’t drive. My, uh…my wife dropped me off."

"Well, I’m heading into town. I can give you a lift back."

"That's really not necessary."

"Sure, it is! It's the least I can do for all the help you provided milking these cows today," said Shelby as he made for the door. "Come on!"

"Will you be back, Bob?" asked Eldon Jr.

"Sure. I'll stop back by tomorrow and see how you're doing," he answered, giving his younger self a wink.

"It was good meeting you, Bob," said Mae with a pretty smile, showing her perfect white teeth.

"Likewise. I hope you two have a wonderful afternoon," he said meaningfully.

After Aldon's father and new friend left, Mae stepped up and hugged her boy, mashing her ballooning hooters against his chest. "You're such a hard worker, hunny. Why don't you come inside with me now and we'll have that chat that I promised," she said, then took his hand and led him towards the farmhouse.

Mae took him straight up to her marital bedroom and closed the door.

"Come sit beside me on the bed," her voice said softly.

Aldon's heart raced inside his chest. Rarely did he have the opportunity to be all alone with his pretty mom, especially for such an intimate discussion. She took his hand and held it tightly in hers

as they sat side by side on the mattress. "How much do you know about giving a girl pleasure, hunny?" she asked.

"A little, but no one has ever really explained it to me."

"Well, I suppose that's why a boy has a mom, isn't it?" Mae smiled, squeezing his hand.

"Sure."

The mother glanced down at his bulging crotch, which made her insides tingle. "Men have something called a penis. You may have heard your friends refer to it as a ‘dick’ or a ‘cock.' It has many names, but only two incredibly special purposes. The first is to give a woman pleasure, and the second is to make babies."

"With the sperm that comes out, right?"

"That's correct. Why don't you stand up, take off your pants and I'll show you exactly how it works," said Mae.

Despite being timid, Eldon stood up and removed his slacks and underwear. He knew he had a good-sized prick, so he was more than happy to show it off to his sexy mother. The only thing he was slightly embarrassed about was that it was fully erect, jutting from his crotch like a soldier standing at attention. However, he remembered what Eldon from the future told him about his mom being turned on by such a sight.

"Oh, my goodness! It looks like someone is aroused," Mae observed, her wide eyes fixed on her boy's jutting prick. It was twice the size of her husband's cock with bulging, blue veins streaking up its thick stalk.

Capping the teenage fuck-muscle was a plumb-sized cockhead that looked obscenely engorged.

"Sorry, I, um… I just—"

"Hunny, you should never apologize for something that happens naturally," Mae interrupted. "I know you're a young, healthy boy, so I was fully expecting your penis to be erect when we did this."

"You were?"

"Sure. In fact, it'll be much easier for me to explain how it functions with it fully hard like that. Now, would you like to know how that wonderful thing gives a woman so much pleasure?"

"Sure," the teen answered.

"Inside a woman's vagina are clusters of nerve endings. The most pleasurable area is called her G-spot."

"Why's it called that?" Eldon asked.

"It got its name from a doctor named 'Grafenberg,' or something who did a lot of research on female anatomy. The G-spot can be EXTREMELY sensitive, and it sometimes swells and gets even more tender when a woman's aroused," Mae explained. Then, she studied her son's jutting cock-flesh. "Do you see that wide ridge around the helmet of your penis?"

"Yes."

"As the ridge of your cock-knob passes by the G-spot, on the outstroke, it causes friction on the enhanced muscles of a woman's vagina and provides wonderful stimulation to the G-spot area. Your thick ridge is there for an important purpose, hunny, and that purpose is a woman's pleasure. In fact, if you pause at that spot, while fucking your boner through a girl, and makes little, tiny in-and-out movements, it could send her into a body-trembling orgasm quite quickly."

"Wow, I'll um…have to try that, when I finally have sex with someone that is."

"It'll take some practice, and you may ejaculate quickly the first time from having your own nerve endings stimulated. Like anything else, it takes practice to get good at it."

"Well, that's one thing I sure wouldn't mind practicing with a girl," the boy confessed.

"Do you see that slit at the tip of your prick?"

"Yeah."

"You've probably noticed that it's not just where your pee comes out, but your semen too. That semen contains millions of sperm whose job it is to get a girl pregnant."

"And then her boobs fill up with milk, right?" the boy asked, glancing over at his mom's jugs. He could see the hardened nubs of her teats protruding from beneath her button-up blouse.

"That's correct. Have you ever seen a girl's tits and nipples, hunny?"

"Only once, but it was dark, so I didn’t get to see them much."

"Oh, that must have been disappointing?"

"Yes."

Mae stood up and began unbuttoning her blouse. "Well, if you promise not to tell your father, I'll let you see my breasts, just so I can teach you about the different parts and functions of a woman's titties."

"I'll never tell him," said Eldon while watching in fascination as his mom took off her top. Her giant breasts were shrouded by a white

bra that looked MUCH too small. Delicious tit-meat was spilling out over the cups, causing the teen to lick his lips with desire.

"I sure am glad the older me showed up to help milk cows," Eldon thought . "Otherwise, dad would have stayed and there's no way mom would be taking off her clothes for me right now."

Mae reached back and unclasped her bra. When she pulled the cups away, her humongous melons wobbled onto her rib cage, drawing a gasp from the ogling teen. "Most women's tits don't get as big as mine, even when they are full of milk," the mother explained. "I think you got most of your genes from me, hunny."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because your penis is unusually large, just like my breasts are."

"Is that bad?"

"No, it's not a dreadful thing. It just means we're…special."

Mae cupped her heavy udders to draw attention to their wide caps. "The pink parts here are called a woman's areolas and nipples. They can be extremely sensitive and become aroused and erect just like your penis gets."

"Yeah, I did notice them poking through your shirt earlier," said Eldon.

"You did, huh?" the mother giggled. "Just like I notice your boner poking through your pants a lot? I suppose when you're as overly developed as we are its sort of hard NOT to notice those things."

"True. So, um…the nipples are where milk comes out, right?"

"Yes, surrounding the nipple is what's called lobes, which are connected to ducts that bring milk up from a woman's breasts. The

nipples and areolas also have many nerves that can enhance sexual pleasure while they’re being sucked on."

"Sucking on breasts is something I think about a lot."

"While you pull on your pecker-meat?"

"Yes. Do you think, um…"

"Do I think what, hunny?" Mae asked.

"Never mind…I probably shouldn't ask you something like that."

"Eldon, the worst I could say is no. What's on your mind?"

"It's nothing, mom…just forget it," he answered.

A big smile formed on Mae's lips. She had a fairly good idea of what her son wanted. "Do you wanna latch your lips around one of my nipples, just to see what it’s like to nurse?"

"How did you know that's what I was gonna ask?"

"I guess we moms are good mind readers," she giggled. "If I let you latch it has to stay just between us, got it?"

"Got it!" he anxiously nodded.

"Lie back on the bed then."

Eldon did as she asked, sprawling back on his parents' mattress. He watched his mom crawl onto the bed with him. Her big boobs hung down like heavy udders, wobbling wonderfully as she moved over and hovered above him with her extended arms resting astride his body. "Which one of my melons would you like to suck on, hunny?" Mae asked, staring straight down her gaping cleavage, into his ogling eyes.

Eldon was so turned on he could hardly think straight. Hovering over him were two of the biggest Goddamn tits he had ever seen in his life. It was hard to choose which one to suck, since they looked the same. The grapefruit sized caps were textured with Montgomery tubercles and the teats were fat and rubbery. "I'll try that one," he uttered with excited breath, motioning to the one on the right.

"That one it is then," said his mother, then she lowered her meaty mound down onto his face.

Eldon shuddered in delight as his mom's fat, naked boob rested against his face like warm, soft bread dough. He awkwardly latched onto her nipple and drew it into his mouth, spreading his lusty lips across the cap of her tit.

Mae's cunt tube clenched, and her eyes widened at the sight of her boy's boner jumping rigidly on his loins. His knob mushroomed even bigger and pre-cum began bubbling from its yawning piss-slit. She simply couldn't imagine something so huge and erect stretching the nerve-rich walls of her vagina and pumping its purple, wide-ridged tip along her sensitive G-spot.

"You're sure gonna make some girl happy with that big thing someday, hunny," said Mae, tracing the bulging purple veins up his stalk with her beautiful blue eyes. Her plump clit throbbed beneath its fleshy hood with every tug and tongue-lash her son gave her sensitive nipple.

Eldon whimpered as he gorged himself on the scrumptious mammilla at the peak of his mom's tit. The way her fatty tit-meat masked his face only added to the thrill of what he was doing.

"Oh goodness, hunny…you're squirming!" his mother giggled, watching his hips writhe up and down. "Are you imagining that there's a pussy that you're humping up into?"

Her boy answered with a slurping moan.

"Would you like mom to wrap her fist around it, so that you can imagine that you’re having sex with a girl?"

"Mm-hm!" moaned the boy.

Mae leaned over, grasping her teen's cock at the root. She was amazed at how much dick-meat was still sticking from her fist and how thick and warm his boner felt. Her tightly clasped hand began to pump along the blue-veined stiffness of his shaft, using his pre-cum to lubricate her strokes. She inhaled deeply, making his virile teenage pheromones sweep through her nasal passages.

"Hot dignity damn that feels good!" Aldon's brain screamed as he felt his mom jerk on his cock. She moved her hand in a perfect corkscrew motion, really stimulating his nerve-endings, especially the ones in his glans.

"You can chew on my nipples too, hunny. You won't hurt them," his mom's sweet voice stated.

Eldon was quick to accept her invitation, clamping his teeth around the engorged flesh that was suctioned deeply in his mouth. The pounds of mammary meat that rested on his face quivered delightfully with each stroke of her hand on his cock.

Mae could feel the juices dripping from her cunt lips as she pumped her boy's hardon down to its root again. With the skin pulled tight around his vein-encrusted stalk and his cock jutting out in full ten-inch hardness, it almost took the mother's breath away imagining such a monster pack inside her tight pussy. "I don't think I’ve ever seen a more beautiful piece of loin-fruit!" she thought, licking her lips involuntarily.

"Hunny, do you remember how I told you to work your erection in order to stimulate a woman's G-spot?" the mother asked, while tirelessly stroking.

"Um-hm," the teen answered.

"Why don't we practice that. Stop when your knob is in the center of my fist and do little in and out movements."

Eldon took one long thrust through his mom's hand then stopped as she directed him to. He took a series of mini thrusts, humping his spongy tip through her fist. "Yes! Oh, my goodness…that's perfect, Eldon!" Mae cheered, squeezing her fist as tightly as she could around him.

The rubbery nipple popped from the boy's mouth. "It feels good too!" his tit-smothered voice gasped.

"Do it again, hunny. This time really flex the muscles in your cock and take hard, rapid thrusts for a full minute."

Eldon wanted nothing more than to wow his mom, but the friction of her slippery, experienced fist felt like nothing he had ever felt around his cock before. "Oh, wow!" he whimpered, feeling his bell tip dig through her tight, cum-slickened hand.

"You're doing amazing, hunny! If you were inside a hot, wet pussy you would be providing perfect G-spot stimulation right now."

The mother was really enamored by the size and strength of her boy's prick and the way he humped with such dreamy thrusts. She knew for sure that if he were inside her cunt-sleeve she'd be soaking his throbbing prick with her hot ejaculatory juices.

"Thrust deep now, baby!" the mother mewled. Her boy's face was wedged inside her cleavage, and she gazed at him straight down her cavernous tit-canyon. "With your size, a woman will be able to feel you all the way in her womb."

Mae felt his teenage boner swell with rock hardness, the muscle and sinew straining beneath the pink skin of his dick. Rich, pearly-white

spunk began to ooze from his meatus and run down his pole. "Look, hunny… do you see how much thicker and whiter that fluid is? You've become so worked up that a little bit of your ejaculation is starting to seep out. There are hundreds of thousands of sperm in that stream alone," she pointed out.

She used the ball-fluid to continue stroking his cock. "This feels REALLY good!" her son panted. His mom had grown up milking cows so it didn't surprise him that she could give such an amazing handjob.

"When you dig against the G-spot like you just were, it really stimulates your cock-glans and can cause you to cum quickly. It looks like you stopped it just in time though."

"Yeah, but if you keep stroking me that way…I'm gonna cum soon!"

"Would you like me to teach you how to make it last longer?" Mae asked, even though she had been stroking on her teen for twenty minutes.

"Sure!"

"We're going to use something called 'the pause and squeeze method,' ok?"

"What's that?"

Mae continued to pump his prick tirelessly while explaining. "You're going to continue to fuck your cock through my hand, like it's a pussy, until you're about to ejaculate. Then, you'll pull out and squeeze the tip of your penis for several seconds, or until the need to cum passes."

"That'll really work?"

"Yes, it will. It's designed to stop the flow of cum, let your penis quickly rest to increase the time you can have sex with someone."

"Alright…I'm really close right now!" he urgently huffed.

"When you're about to cum, pull away from my hand and squeeze just the tip."

A few seconds later, Eldon yanked his cock from his mom's grip and squeezed his hand tightly around his glans. "Like this?" he gasped.

"Yes, hunny…squeeze your knob tight."

"Ok," the boy answered, trying to ward off the torrent of jizz.

"A girl might be disappointed for a moment when she feels your meat slip out of her, but that's nothing compared to the letdown she'll have if you cum prematurely," said Mae. "Besides, once you bury your boner back inside of her and begin fucking again, she'll forget all about the fact that you paused for a few seconds."

"I think I'm good now. It worked!" said the boy, releasing his dick.

"Of course, it worked, baby. Your mom would never share a technique that she didn't think was affective."

Mae grasped onto his steely dick and began stroking it again. She was so horny that she felt like she could go out of her fucking mind. There was a way that she knew that she could ease the growing pressure in her loins and teach her son an important part of the 'birds and the bees' in the process. "Hunny, now that you're getting good at taking care of the 'inside' of a woman's vagina, would you like to learn how to take care of the outside as well?"

"Sure!"

"I'll have to take off my shorts and panties first. Can you take over stroking duty for just a minute?"

"Of course," Eldon answered, replacing his mom's cock-beating hand with his own. He watched as she unbuttoned her Daisy Dukes and pulled them off. Then, she did the same with her dainty silk panties, brazenly peeling them down her lovely, tan legs.

"Wow, that's really something, mom!" Eldon gasped, staring at her delicious-looking pussy. Her vulva was completely shaved except for a cute little triangle of pubic hair that crowned her crotch.

"You've heard boys talk about 'fingering' a girl, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, the kind of 'fingering' that brings women to orgasm is caused by rubbing the outside area, around the clit. In fact, that's how most women masturbate because it's what feels the best. It can make them cum just as powerfully as a G-spot orgasm could."

Eldon watched in awe as his curvy mother sprawled back on the bed and lifted her shimmering legs up into the air. She spread her creamy thighs wide apart to expose the mound of her cunt. "Come down here close to it, hunny. I wanna show you what parts a woman likes rubbed the best."

Still yanking on his peter-meat, Eldon leaned down close, so his face was only the length of his cock from his mother's pussy. He watched in obscene fascination as she used two fingers to spread open her puffy outer labium.

Her juicy inner flanges peeled open also, exposing her tight, pink fuck-hole. "Every woman has a hood of skin like this to protect her super-sensitive clitoris. Sometimes touching the hood or rubbing it, so that the pressure you're putting on it contacts the clit, is all it takes to make a woman howl with orgasm."

Eldon's body shuddered from the sweet aroma of his mom's pussy. "I've always heard about the clit, but never actually seen one before," he admitted.

"Are you ready for me to peel the skin over mine and let you have a look?"

"Uh-huh!" he eagerly nodded.

"What do I get for showing you?" she asked with a teasing tone, smiling down at him.

"Well, you've already seen all of me. What do you want?"

She gazed down at his huge purple knob all slimed up with pre-cum and slipping lewdly through his fist. "If I let you see and touch my little knob, then I want you to let me kiss on yours."

"I'm certainly not gonna say no to a deal like that."

"I didn't think you would," Mae giggled. Then, she peeled back her prepuce, exposing her grape-sized glans.

"Whoa, that looks just like the tip of a penis!" the boy exclaimed.

"And it's just as sensitive. Before touching the clit directly, you need to spread the wetness from the inside of my vagina."

"Spread the wetness?"

"That's right. Get my juices on your finger and paint it onto the rest of my lips and clit. Using my natural lubrication will make your touch feel smoother and allow your fingertips to glide and caress my pussy in the best possible way."

Eldon released his cock for a moment and used his semen-slimed hand to spread his mom's juices across her vulva. "It's OK if you get some of your pre-cum in on the mix. A combination of male and

female juices makes the best lubrication for sex play," said Mae, watching her son feel her cunt.

"It's spread pretty much all over you now."

"Good. I see you still have some of my vaginal oil in your hand. Why don't you stroke your penis with it for a minute and see how good it feels."

Eldon didn't hesitate to do just that, raising to his knees between Mae's legs and beating his boner shamelessly in front of her. "It does feel really slick!" he breathed.

The mother brought her legs together for a moment and rubbed her dainty bare feet with painted toenails up his bare chest, her eyes feasting lustfully on his lean teenage body. "It feels the best when its slippery," she said seductively. "Pussy and penile flesh, pumping together in a hot mixture of their own secretions."

"I can't wait to feel that someday!"

"You're gonna love it!" said Mae, spreading her legs wide again. "Before you sheath that penis though, it's important that you learn to rub a girl the right way. Are you ready to learn how to finger a girl?"

"Sure!" answered Eldon.

"Lay up here beside me."

Eldon moved over and hovered beside his busty mom. He could hardly believe she was lying there naked in front of him. Her huge, fat tits drooped slightly off the sides of her chest, their nipples still as erect as his cock was. "The first touch of a woman's clit should be feather-light," his mom whispered, "like rubbing honey on a butterfly's wing."

"Like this?" asked the boy, reaching over and gingerly rubbing her engorged love-nubbin with two fingers. He heard his mom gasp sharply.

"Yes…just like that!" she sighed. "Keep rubbing it!"

Eldon continued stimulating her clit, while watching her gasp and toss her pretty hair back and forth in ecstasy. "Oh, hunny…that's so good!" she squealed. "Don't stop!"

Eldon's eyes became glued to her fat tits as the bobbled around on her rib cage to her violent writhing. His mom squirmed onto her side, gasping and shivering. When she jerked over onto her tummy, Eldon followed, sprawling out on her backside as he continued to reach around and feverishly rub her clit.

"Oh, God, Eldon, please don’t stop!" Mae's voice quivered as her pleasure-level continued to rise towards an orgasm. It was a wicked thrill having her son rest against her backside, his naked cock wedged in the crack of her meaty ass.

Eldon brushed his lips along the side of his mom's neck and his fingers continued to strum her juicy clit like a guitar string. His cock throbbed wildly as it dug through her writhing butt-crevice, the underside of his shaft licking back and forth across the ring of her butthole.

Suddenly, his mother's body stiffened, and she let out a deafening orgasmic scream. The boy continued rubbing her quivering clit, feeling her body shudder and buck beneath him. Finally, Mae clamped her legs together and grabbed his arm as her pink pearl became too sensitive to even touch. "Oh, hunny…that was amazing!" she sighed.

"It was! Thanks for showing me," said the boy, rolling onto his back beside her.

"I hate to sound greedy, since you just made me cum, but YOU DO still owe me," Mae grinned, glancing down at his cock.

"Don't worry…I didn’t forget."

"I’m sure you didn't," she giggled, climbing to her knees. "In fact, you're probably incredibly eager for me shower that swollen, cum-leaking knob with kisses, aren't you?"

"I sure am!"

The mother leaned over, dragging her huge, soft tits up her son's chest as she brought her lips to his ear. "Well then, count to one hundred, then come find me so I can slobber on your knob," she said playfully.

Mae hopped from the bed and rushed to her bedroom door. "I have to count to a hundred first?" asked her son.

"You CAN count to a hundred, right?" she teased, cocking her rounded bubble butt back at him from the doorway. Even from behind, Eldon could see his mom's enormous jugs jutting out from her chest.

"Of course, I can, but—"

"No ‘butts,’ young man…except for this one!" she teased, wagging her naked butt-globes. Her eyes drifted to his rigid meat-cannon. "If you find me quick enough, I might nibble, suck and slobber all over that teenage knob of yours too."

"One, two, three, four, five," the boy quickly started counting, making his mom laugh and hurry away.

It was only a couple of minutes before he reached a hundred. Staying naked, he searched the farmhouse. When Aldon discovered the front door open, it told him that his mom was somewhere

outside. He felt strange walking outside in the nude with his erect cock leading the way, but he knew his mom was naked too and they were the only ones at the ranch.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" he shouted, looking around, then heading into the barn. "Mom, are you in here?"

"Maybe!" a voice giggled from the horse stalls.

Eldon went back to the stalls and found his beautiful mom sprawled out on the straw. "Mm, look at that sexy stallion!" she stated in a sultry tone. "He looks like he's ready to mount him a mare with that big, hard horse-cock."

"I'm looking at one I like a lot right now!" the boy confessed, "but she has to unlock the gate first."

"Why's that…so you can give your mom a roll in the hay?"

"I wouldn't mind."

Mae stood up and walked towards the gate, her ballooning breasts quivering with each step. "Boys aren't supposed to put their penis inside their mom you know. That's the ultimate naughty taboo," she stated.

"I know, but it sure would be fun."

"Oh, I didn't say it wouldn't be fun, I just said it would be wrong."

"Well, you are willing to kiss on me down there. What's the difference?"

"One won't fill my belly with a baby, the other one will," Mae replied.

"I can pull out."

"Pull out?! What’s the fun in that?" the mother winked. "See the gap in the boards down there?" she asked, glancing down at the gate.

"Yeah."

"Stick your cock through it."

Eldon didn’t hesitate to get what he could, sticking his boner through the gap in the boards. Mae crouched down and began kissing tenderly on the engorged knob of his prick. "You're lucky your friend stopped over to help you today," she said between kisses. "Otherwise, your father would have stayed back, and you wouldn’t have gotten any of this."

"True," the boy answered, delighting in the feel of his mom's wet lips smooching the tip of his tool.

Mae rubbed her boy's slippery pre-cum on her kisser like lip gloss. Then, she licked it off, savoring the pungent saltiness of her son's ball nectar.

She planted lewd sucky kisses all over his spongy bulb, feeling it throb against the ring of her lips. "Does that feel good, hunny?" she asked.

"Does doing that with my lips make your cock tingle even more?"

"Yes!"

"Would you like me to nibble on that bulbous head with my teeth… like this?" she asked, chewing lightly on his pinkish-purple dick-flesh.

"Oh, God, yes!" he gasped, so aroused he could hardly stand it.

"Only lucky boys like you have a mom that will chew on the meat if their dick," said Mae, while lightly nibbling on the swollen bulb of her son's prick. "And swirl their tongue around it."

Eldon shuddered as he felt his mom's licker swirl wetly around his bell tip.

Her tongue flickered wildly all over his knob, then she darted her tongue-tip right on the band of skin that connected his knob and foreskin. "Oh, shit…that feels amazing!" the teen gasped.

"We haven't even gotten to the amazing part yet, hunny," she giggled, lowing her lips over his achy tool, taking half his length into her cock-hungry mouth.

All Eldon could do was moan as his mom suctioned her cheeks and began giving him a delicious blowjob. Her head bobbed up and back rhythmically as she fucked her face on the stiffness of his rod. Deeper and deeper her rounded lips plunged, driving her boy's boner down her throat.

Mae had never backed down from a challenge in her life, and deep throating her boy’s huge cock was certainly the biggest one she had ever faced. With one forceful lunge her luscious lips sunk all the way down and spread out around his hairless cock-root. She held him there a moment, listening to his whimpers as every inch of his tender meat soaked in her warm, clasping throat.

"Oh, mom…that feels so good!" Eldon's voice quivered.

Encouraged by her son's words, Mae sucked her boy's tasty dick even harder, rolling and twisting her tongue all over the meat of his erection as it pummeled through her mouth and throat. She wrapped her fist around the hilt and beat his prick into her mouth as she sucked. The barn was filled with the lewd sounds of slurping and gurgling as the mother gave her son skillful head that he would never forget.

"I…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he finally announced. This caused Mae to increase her cock-sucking tempo. Her hand beat hard and fast at the

base of his boner, like she was trying to pull his throbbing stalk from its root.

"Auugh, shit…I'm cumming!!" the boy grunted.

Hot teenage jizz began splattering the roof of Mae's mouth, then blasted past her tonsils and down her throat. She clung determinedly to her boy's cum-spraying cock, feverishly gulping down his delicious goo as she sucked, with her mind set on nursing every drop from his nuts.

"My goodness…it's the tastiest load I've ever swallowed!" the mother thought. She swirled her tongue around on the head, cleaning his piss-slit as her tight fist pumped out the last few drops of his creamy spunk.

After finally getting back to the time machine, Eldon Sr. went back to 2024 to the exact day and time that he had left. His horse was even still waiting outside when he got there, grazing on some grass. Eldon climbed on board the animal and rode home.

"Eldon, right?" said a man in a sharp suit that stood outside his barn.

There was a new Cadillac parked in the driveway nearby.

"That's right. Is there something I can help you with?"

"My name's Rich. I'm a real estate developer from the city and I hear you might be fixing to sell the ranch?"

"I'm not sure who you heard that from," said Eldon.

"Let's just say from someone who has his doubts that you'll be able to run an outfit like this all by yourself."

"I'll manage."

"At your age, I think we both know the chances of that are slim. My partners and I are willing to make you a fair offer on the land. The ranch, of course, will be demolished, to make way for a rural development."

"Thanks, but I’m not interested," said Aldon, heading for the house.

"You'll change your mind! The way I see it, you have no choice. An offer like this may not come around again. I'll leave my card on your truck."

Aldon made his way into the house, a sick feeling forming in the pit of his stomach. He cherished the family ranch, but he knew the guy was right, it was simply too much for him to manage alone. As he stood there for a moment, a new memory suddenly formed in his brain. He remembered walking out of the house bare naked to go out looking for his mother in the barn. "She blew me!" he suddenly uttered, a smile forming on his face as the new memory played out in his brain. "I fingered mom up on her bed, then she gave me a blowjob out in the barn!"

He quickly went into his parents' old room and dug out Mae's diary. He had read it plenty of times but was delighted when he found a new entry on the date after his 18th birthday. He read his mother's words.

"Dear Diary,

Today, Eldon and I were very naughty! After his father left for town, I

taught my boy all about the birds and bees. My goodness his cock was

marvelous! I could never have imagined one so big and thick. Feeling it

rub against me was more than I could bear. I taught my horny teenager

how to finger a woman's clit, and he gave me a mind-blowing climax that

way. Then, I hid from him in the barn, and after he found me, I gave him

the best blowjob I could. The taste of his young sperm was scrumptious!

As thrilling as the experience was, I felt a bit guilty afterwards, for

betraying my husband that way. I explained to Eldon that it was a one-

time thing and that there was no way things would ever go any further

between us. Even so, the fascination I have for my boy has gone

unchanged. I'm praying that my son never kisses me passionately. It'll

force me to lose complete control of myself."

While Eldon was happy that things had happened that way after he had left, he was also saddened that his mother would not allow things to go further. However, he had two advantages. The first was 'time,' since he was the owner of a machine that could take him to any point in history.

The second thing he had was clues to seduction that his mother had left in her diary; clues that he could share with his younger self.

"Hey, Eldon!" said Eldon Sr. as he traveled back in time again the next day.

"Hey, Eldon!" the boy smiled back as he mended a barbed wire fence on the property. "You're not gonna believe what happened to me yesterday."

"I aleady know."

"You do?"

"Of course, I do…I'm YOU, remember, so everything you did yesterday suddenly enters my memory bank," replied the older Eldon.

"Man, that's crazy to even think about, but needless to say, yesterday was about the best day of my life!"

"I'm glad things went well, and you followed my advice."

"Yeah, the only bad part is, mom had a chat with me after we had our fun and told me it can never happen again."

"Yeah, well…I think I know of a way IT CAN happen again, and even more than what happened yesterday if you play your cards right."

"What way do mean?" the boy asked with interest.

"I'm not sure if you know this yet, but mom keeps a diary."

"She does?"

"Yep, and after what happened yesterday, she wrote an entry that gave a couple interesting clues on how you might be able to seduce her into having sex with you."

"I'm listening," said the boy with an eager smile.

After explaining what he read in Mae's diary and helping the boy formulate a plan, Eldon Sr. gave his younger self and pat on the back. "I'm afraid this is the last time I’m gonna be able to visit you, Eldon," he stated.

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons, really. First off, I have a ranch that I need to focus on, and it takes a lot of work, as you know. Secondly, adults are a bit suspicious of elderly men hanging out with boys. Unless your parents know the truth, which they shouldn’t, it's best if we're not seen together as pals, do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I get it."

"Lastly, I've accomplished everything I set out to do here. I’ve given you words of encouragement and helped you see a clear path to accomplish something that I’ve always wanted to do. Now, it's up to you to make it happen."

"I won't disappoint you," said younger Eldon. "I won't disappoint either one of us."

They shared a quick hug and parted ways.

"Dinner smells great, mom!" said Eldon as he entered the kitchen.

"Thanks, hunny. If you wanna wash up, it's almost ready."

"I'll wash up in a few minutes. I’m busy watching YOU right now," said the boy, his eyes fixed on her lovely, rounded ass.

"Don't let your father catch you staring at me like that," Mae smirked.

"He's still out on the tractor. He won't be in any time soon. I could walk over there and kiss you and he'd never know."

"Kiss me, huh?" the mother blushed, her heart fluttering. "That's awfully bold."

"Well, you did suck my cock yesterday. That was bold too."

"We agreed we'd never talk about that, remember?"

"I went along with that, but I didn't really 'agree' to anything," Eldon stated as he got up and strode over to her. He had watched her long enough that his cock had gotten fully erect and bulged lewdly beneath his pants. He boldly pushed his boner against her crotch, taking her in his arms.

"Hunny, we can't. I told you yesterday, we—"

"It suddenly occurred to me earlier," blurted the boy, cutting her off, "that you taught me all those important things about sex yesterday, but neglected the most important thing of all."

"Which is?"

"How to kiss."

"Oh, well, I um—"

"Will you show me…just once?" the boy asked, moving his lips towards hers.

Mae felt her willpower melting away. She didn't know what turned her on more, her son's rigid fuck-muscle pushing against her vulva or his sexy lips slowly hovering towards hers. "Maybe just one, and that's it…forever, ok?" she answered.

"Got it!"

Slowly, their lips met for the longest, most intimate kiss either of them had ever shared with another person. Their mouths parted and their tongues dueled inside Eldon's mouth for two glorious minutes. "I wanna have sex with you," the teen whispered, the second their lips peeled apart.

"Will you have sex with me?"

Mae gazed back at him as all her inhibitions quickly dissipated. "Saddle up one of the horses," the mother whispered back, her eyes blazoned with lust.

"Where are you two off too?" Shelby asked as he pulled the tractor up next to the barn. His wife and son had just emerged together on a horse; Mae clinging to her son from the back.

"Dinner is finished and, on the stove," said his wife. "Eldon and I wanna take a ride out on the peak to watch the sunset."

"It's still awhile before the sun sets," said her husband, looking out at the ball of light in the sky.

"We don't wanna miss it."

"Suit yourselves," said Eldon's dad, climbing from the tractor. "Keep your eyes out for some strays while you're out there. A few wandered off this morning."

"We'll keep our eyes peeled," said Eldon, then he gave the horse a kick and they hurried off across the field. It wasn't long before they were out of sight of the ranch.

"Drop the reins and just let him wander," Mae whispered in her son's ear, speaking about the horse. She reached around and began

fondling her boy's prick through his pants. "Take it out."

While Eldon fished his erect cock from his jeans, Mae turned so her legs stuck off the side of the horse. Sitting this way, she was able to pull off her shorts and panties, letting them fall to the ground.

"Are you ready for me, hunny?" she asked.

"Yes!" the boy answered, looking down at his steely-hard erection protruding out of his fly hole.

Mae gracefully climbed around, straddling her son on the horse. She reached between them, clutching his cock at its root, and guiding it inside of her. They both gasped in unison as Eldon's long, meaty shaft stretched her inner lining, sinking wetly into her fuck-tunnel.

"Oh, damn, mom!" the boy moaned, feeling his cock-meat sheathed inside the smoldering snugness of her vagina.

"Oh, God, hunny…I've never been so full of cock before!" Mae squealed, pushing their crotches together in full penetration. She had never felt a knob so wonderfully crushed against the head of her cervix in her life. She quickly threw off her son's shirt, then her own. Next came her bra, and she slapped her huge naked tits against her boy's chest as she dove for his lips.

While passionately kissing his mother, Eldon wiggled his hips, making his fuck-rod stir around inside the gooey tightness of his mom's pussy-channel. Overcome with fuck-lust, Mae began humping like a bitch in heat on top of him, the bottom of her thighs beating against the top of his.

"Fuck me, Eldon!" gasped the mother, clinging to him tightly as she rode his loins like a rodeo queen.

The boy was aroused tremendously as he felt his rock-hard boner slashing through the tunnel of his mother's cunt. He adored how her

glove-tight pussy wetly contracted around the pillar of his fuck-muscle, swathing it in hot lubricating oil that secreted from her sex glands. His mom's oversized titties bounced and rippled between them, only adding to the boy's excitement level.

Eldon lowered his hands, filling his fingers with meat from the jiggling globes of his mom's ass. He humped his own ass off the horse saddle, fucking his aching cock-rod in and out of his mother's fuck-slit.

"Work my G-spot, baby…just like I taught you!" panted Mae, tightening her cunt-muscles around him.

Eldon backed his prick halfway down her pussy tunnel and began taking short, rapid thrusts, stimulating the upper wall of her vagina. "Oh, yes…like that! Hit it with your fat fucking cock!" Mae cried out as she felt his wide coronal ridge digging at her erogenous tissue exquisitely, making her pussy-core tingle with an impending climax. She added her own thrusts to his, so their crotches were moving in rhythmic unison, their bellies slapping lewdly together.

"Oh, fuck! Oh, shit, I'm cuuummmiiinnnggg!" the mother screamed out, her body trembling with orgasmic contractions. Her cunt spewed hot ejaculatory juices all over her boy's fuck-organ, making it flex powerfully inside of her.

Eldon winced in toe-clenching pleasure as his mom ground her shaved slit against the root of his cock, stirring his big teenage dick around inside her spewing cunt. He could barely contain the molten load of cream that was brewing in his balls. "Mom, I'm gonna need to do that pause and squeeze thing," the boy announced. "Really soon!"

"Ok, baby," she said breathlessly, then pulled her cunt off his cock.

Eldon grasped onto the soaking wet tip of his prick and squeezed it hard, making the cum settle back into his quivering testicles.

"Better?" asked his mother as she hovered there waiting.

"Yes!"

"Lean back this time," she directed.

The boy slouched back, supporting himself on his forearms near the back of the horse. He watched his mother grasp his cock plowing its spongy tip through the fleshy, flowering folds of her labium. "Ready for more pussy?" she naughtily asked.

"Heck yes!"

She fit his leaky tip to the mouth of her vestibule, then lowered her wide hips, causing his blue veined cock to split her twat and squeeze through her tunnel of ecstasy. Eldon watched their bare crotches meet in full penetration; his mom plump clit protruding from beneath its hood and mashing against him. The muscles beneath her cunt walls gave him rhythmic squeezes as she began riding him. "My goodness, you're so big and stiff!" the mother mewled, bouncing on the unyielding stiffness of his prick.

"Oh, shit!" the boy gasped, staring at his mom's tits as they made quite a spectacle, right there in front of him. Her huge, fleshy udders leaped up and down, rippling delightfully each time they smacked against her rib cage. Her pussy was so wet that it squelched around his throbbing prick, making lewd slurping sounds every time he thrust it into her belly.

"Do you like getting fucked by your mother, baby?" Mae asked.

"Definitely!"

"Is my pussy as hot and tight as you imagined it would be?"

"Yes, ma’am!"

"Are you gonna ram your ball-cream into me and make me pregnant with your baby?" Mae hornily asked.

"If you want me too, yes!"

"Well, I certainly don't want you to pull out, so I guess you can shoot that virile wad inside me, and we'll see what happens."

"Ok."

"Are you ready for mommy to make you bust that nut?"

"Sure!" said the boy.

Mae bucked her rounded ass cheeks harder, pumping her pussy furiously on the meaty spike of her son's cock. Her pink, spongy cunt-tunnel clenched and spasmed around his erectile meat as she came with body-trembling intensity. She knew that the way her baby-chute was chewing and burbling hot girl cum around Eldon's boner would have him ejaculating anytime.

"Oh, God…I'm gonna cum, mom!" he announced.

Colored lights flashed before the boy's eyes as a torrent of cum shot up his shaft and splattered into the end Mae's cunt-tunnel, coating her cervical head. His cock just continued spurting and spurting as his mom milked him off with her dripping slit.

"Eldon, are you up here?" Shelby called out to his son from the hallway.

"I think he went into town with a friend, hunny," said his wife from behind the closed door of their bedroom.

"Alright, well if you see him before I do, tell him there are cows that need milked."

"Will do!"

Inside the bedroom, Mae’s legs were wrapped tightly around her son's back as he pounded his pole into her overheated cunt. Eldon's young, muscular ass flew up and down as he fed his mother full length thrusts with his teenage cock. Their naked bodies were sweat sheened from engaging in three hours of hot, nasty sex.

"Harder!" the mother cried, wanting nothing more than to be royally fucked by her boy. She clawed her long, painted fingernails down his back, bouncing her lovely buns from the mattress to meet his furious thrusts.

Eldon kissed his mom passionately as their bodies thrashed together with burning desire. The boy licked down her neck and she guided him to her sloshing tit-melons. "Suck on my titties while you fuck me, baby!" she panted.

The boy captured one of her nipples and sucked like a starving infant. He loved how all the cushy fat inside her supple melon jiggled with every forceful thrust of his cock.

Mae's pretty face grimaced in pleasure. She clenched her toes and her thighs quivered from the heated intensity of her violent orgasm. Over the past few days, her and her son had fucked up a storm at every opportunity. Eldon had pounded his cock inside his mom's pussy so much that his balls were sore from beating against her upturned ass hour after hour.

"You can't get enough of this pussy, can you, baby?" Mae asked as her son sat upright, continuing the thrust into her.

"No way…I’m addicted!" her son answered, licking his lips as he watched her giant titties roll up and down her chest.

"That's ok, you've made a cock-addict out of me," she confessed. "Not just any cock though…YOUR meaty teenage fuck-muscle is the only one I want!"

"Good, because I plan on giving it to you a lot!"

On and on they fucked, making her marital bed rock in ways it never had.

Unlike his dad, Eldon was just a natural cunt-fucker.

"Oh, God, the things your big cock does to me!" the mother squealed, writhing in ecstasy.

Eldon looked down with a grin and watched his huge, muscled dick glide through the obscenely stretched lips of his mother's pussy. His mom's glistening secretions accentuated the fat blue veins bulging out along his shaft. "Hook your feet around my neck, mom," he directed. "I'm gonna fuck you as hard as I can."

"Gladly, baby," said the mother, draping her legs over his shoulders. He brought his weight down against her, propping her sexy legs back, and began to beat his swollen prick through her pussy as hard as he could.

"Take my fucking cock, mom!" the boy snarled, humping her with savage intensity.

"Cuuummmiiinnnggg…OH, FUCK YESSS!!" the mother cried out as juicy contractions burned through her fuck-tunnel, causing it to quiver and clasp tightly to her son's pile-driving boner.

The friction around the boy's peter-meat was intense, causing his dick and balls to tingle in pre-orgasmic delight. Eldon let out an animal-like grunt as another load of ball-nectar, his fifth of the day, spattered through his mom's spewing cunt, mixing with her juices to form a frothy cocktail around his erection.

Eldon Sr. wanted to return to his past one last time before he gifted the time machine to another lucky person, just as someone had done to him.

This time he returned around his 19th birthday, a year after his previous visit.

He knew exactly where to find his younger self, since his mind was constantly being updated with new memories. Eldon Jr. had purchased a pickup truck from money he made on the farm. The old rust-bucket wasn't much to look at, but the boy threw a mattress in the truck bed so him and his mom could drive out onto the property and fuck their asses off.

"Oh, God…I love sex with you, baby!" Eldon Sr. heard Mae gasp as he snuck up beside the rocking vehicle. It was parked between some shrubs some distance from the ranch. The old rusty shocks of the truck CREEKED rhythmically to the tempo of the humping bodies they were supporting.

Eldon Sr. peered in truck bed and saw his beautiful brunette-haired mother riding the boy's cock feverishly. He got a pleasantly surprised expression as he noticed how huge and round Mae's belly was. "She's pregnant!" his brain exclaimed. "I got mom pregnant!"

"Oh, fuck, mom!" the teen gasped, humping his ass from the mattress, driving the huge, meaty stalk of his prick through her tightly clasping fuck-tunnel. Her giant, milk-engorged tits and round baby ball were quite the spectacle, bouncing and rippling to her cock-fucking tempo.

Mae gyrated her luscious hips, screwing her boy's ten-inch cock in the scalding tightness of her slippery cunt. She swiveled up and back, grinding her slit against the root of his prick. She couldn't

believe that this dreamy pink boner was something that she had created, and now it was providing her with such toe-curling pleasure.

"Getting tired yet?" she asked her boy, their bodies glistening with sweat from going at it for two hours.

"No way! Are you?"

"Are you kidding?! You know my sexual appetite by now. I could fuck and cum all Goddamn day!" exclaimed the mother.

Eldon yanked his mom down on top of him, smothering his face in boobie-flesh. "I'm not stopping you!" he panted, kissing his way up inside her monstrous cleavage. Having his head sandwiched between two squishy, watermelon-sized tits was the greatest feeling in the world.

Mae's thick, rounded bubble butt flew up and down, the fat in their cheeks rippling each time they collided with her son's cum-filled nuts. Their crotches made an obscene slurping sound as the boy's thick cock squashed up between her clinging pussy lips. His balls smacked wetly against her juice-smeared ass as they bobbled up and down to their tireless tempo.

"Oh, you sweet fucker," the mother gasped, feeling his fat plunging cock stimulate her nerve-endings, causing an orgasm to swell in her loins. "You sweet, sweet motherfucker!"

Kissing and sucking at the side of his mother's tit-melon, Eldon peered up through her spongy, cavernous cleavage and watched her pretty face contort with lust as a ferocious orgasm took control of her entire body.

"OH, BABY…I'M CUMMING!" she shrieked.
"CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

Eldon tightened his ass-muscles, flexing his steely cock to make his mother cum even harder on his cunt-smothered prick. On and on the teen fucked, each thrust more glorious than the last as he felt the hot juices of his mother ejaculation soak his boner and run down his balls.

"Oh, God!" his mom finally gasped as she stopped trembling. She kissed his lips sensually. "Fuck me from behind now, baby," she moaned. "I need some doggy dick."

Mae climbed up on her hands and knees, pointing her rounded derriere back at her teen. He was quick to mount her from behind, feeding his fat cock through her horny slit. "OH, FUCK, YESSS!" the mother cried out, feeling her boy's thick slab stretch the lining of her vagina.

Eldon had become very adept at fucking her this way. Since they had begun having sex, not a day had gone by that he wasn't pounding her cunt in the doggy position. He grasped her firm hips and really laid into her, drawing his boner out until only the head remained lodged in her cunt-tunnel, then he slammed it home again.

The boy's tongue hung from his mouth in lust, watching his mom's meaty ass-globes ripple as they smacked against his midsection repeatedly. He loved leaning over to the side and watching her humongous, dangling tits swing to the rhythm of their fuck thrusts.

"Oh, hunny…this feels so good!" Mae's voice trembled. She threw her peach-shaped ass back at her teen, meeting his steady thrusts with ones of her own. She could feel every vein and sinew of his meaty prick carving deliciously against the sensitive nerves along her corrugated cuntal walls.

Eldon dug his fingers into the meat of her ass as he fucked, watching the cute pink ring of her butthole wink up at him. He noticed movement out the corner of his eye, then saw Eldon Sr. standing nearby watching them fuck.

The elder Eldon gave his younger self a proud thumbs up.

Eldon Jr. returned a confident smile, resting his fist on his mom's swiveling ass as he returned a grateful thumbs up. He never imagined that he would some day travel back in time to help his naughty dreams become a reality.

The teen held still for a moment and just let his mother hump back on him. Since getting her pregnant she had become completely hypersexual, even to the point of being risky, by coming to his bed in the middle of each night for a passionate fuck. Eldon was having his nuts drained a half-dozen times a day, either from fucking or by getting a hot, juicy blowjob.

It was no wonder his mom had gotten pregnant from the gallons of cum that he had pumped inside her unprotected pussy.

"Oh my God, that dick!" Mae gasped fucking her pussy faster and faster over his thick, cunt-splitting dong. With every heated hump, she was letting out squeals of rapture as Eldon's sturdy teenage rod ripped deeper and deeper into her birthing tube.

"OH, GOD! OH, FUCK!" She shrieked, bouncing against him frantically as her body tensed for another violent orgasm. "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK…I'M CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG!!"

"I'm cumming too, mom!" the boy announced, holding her hips, and laying into her with savage fury.

Mae heard her son let out a guttural grunt and the massive load splattering into her caused her to climax even harder. It was several minutes before they collapsed onto the mattress together and kissed.

"Oh, you are sweet, wonderful lover. Thank you for making my sexual dreams come true," Mae breathlessly expressed.

"The pleasures mine, mom."

"Mm, it certainly is, isn't it?" she giggled, feeling his creamy spunk ooze out from between her cunt-lips.

Eldon Sr. returned to the present day, not surprised to see that circumstances had changed around the ranch. He had a bunch of hard-working younger siblings, who were really his children, but they didn’t know that. One of them, a sweet angel named Eliza, was a splitting image of his mother, big tits and all. She cooked and cleaned; a real feast for the eyes since she enjoyed wearing very little. Eldon lived out his remaining years a happy man on the family farm.

THE END

Vacation with Mom and Gran

By Klrxo

Part 1

"OHHH, SHIT, MOM!" Alan gasped, his sweaty face peeking out from beneath her giant, milk-swollen breast. He loved being smothered by them while they fucked.

Sex with his mom just kept getting more and more incredible with each passing day of her pregnancy. Shelly was nearly nine-months along with twins and the changes in her body created a formidable playground for her 19-year-old son.

"Fuck me, baby!" she whimpered, throwing her rounded bubble butt up and down, humping her son from the top. Increased blood-flow to her genitals had caused Shelly's pleated cuntal walls to swell, tightening her pit of pleasure around the steely hardness of Alan's thick cock. This created mind-blowing friction for both of them, which was aided by hot fuck-oil that secreted from the mother's lining and sizzled delightfully on the boy's tender cock-meat.

"Oh, shit! … Oh, fuck! …OHH, BABY!!" the mother cried out, on the verge of a tit-trembling climax.

Shelly whipped her long dark hair back, her pretty eyes rolling in their sockets. "OHHH, GOD, I'M CUUUUMMMMIIIIINNGG!" she squealed, trying not to be too loud, since her husband was downstairs. Her pelvic musculature began to contract rhythmically, causing her to clench her perfect white teeth together in absolute ecstasy.

"Auuaghh!" Alan snarled, bucking beneath her voluptuous, pregnant body.

Despite the sublime resistance of her clenching, quivering vagina, he continued to drive his flexing love-muscle in as deep as it could go. Her external os felt like a set of pursed lips kissing his cum-drooling knob on every plunge.

Their crotches SMACKED together in full penetration so Shelly's outer lips were mashed against her boy's cock-root. Their grinding genitals let out an audible SQUELCH as the trembling mother soaked her boy's prick in female ejaculate.

"OH, SHIT…I'M GONNA CUM!" Alan announced, then felt his mom bounce on his prick again, creating a lewd milking suction that she knew would get him off the hardest. With his head tucked between her giant, rippling breasts, the teen pushed his face against one of her fatty mounds and grunted delightfully. Cum erupted from his cock-tip in hot, thick ropes, splattering obscenely along the contracting tube of his mom's pussy, mixing with her own orgasmic juices.

Shelly and her son engaged in a beautiful orgasmic dance that lasted nearly five minutes. Every move they made sent delicious shockwaves through their naked bodies. They kissed passionately, whipping their pink tongues together as their crotches writhed, milking out every ounce of pleasure that their orgasms would provide.

"Did you find his license?" Shelly's husband asked as she returned to the kitchen.

"License?" Shelly asked.

"Yeah…you said Alan lost his driver's license and you were going in his room to help him look for it."

"Oh, yes…that license. We looked for the longest time and finally found it. It was, um…under his bed," she lied, feeling a droplet of cum escape her pussy and run down her inner thigh.

"How did it get under his bed?"

"Oh, I don't know, honey. You know how teenagers are though. They lose everything, and in the strangest places."

Shelly's phone started vibrating so she looked at it. "Oh, it's your mother," she blurted, then answered. "Hey, Jeanie!"

"Are you and Alan feeling up for a Caribbean cruise?" her mother-in-law asked.

"A cruise?"

"Yes…it's a mother and son cruise, but other female family members can attend also," she stated. "They'll be games, prizes and opportunities for all sorts of hot, nasty sex."

"Well, it certainly sounds fun, but I have a due date in two weeks, remember?" said Shelly, patting her huge, pregnant belly. "When is it?"

"That's the catch. It leaves Port this Friday."

"This Friday?!" Shelly giggled. "Jeanie, that doesn't give us much time to prepare, and what if I go into labor early?"

"I'm sure they have doctors on board that are more than capable of helping a woman give birth. You want a home birth anyway, so if you pop a baby out on a cruise ship it won't be much different."

"Alright…let me talk to Alan, AND Greg to see what we can arrange."

"Let me know as soon as you can that way I can book us the nicest room they have available."

Shelly sweet-talked her husband into giving her and Alan the ok for a week-long getaway. "You guys will have a great time," Greg stated, kissing his wife.

"I'm sure we will," his wife smiled. "Especially when we're fucking our asses off," she wickedly thought. She made arrangements for her other children and went out to purchase some new outfits for their trip. Ones that she didn't dare show her husband.

ACROSS TOWN…

Alicia, a heavy-titted housewife with shoulder-length blonde hair knocked on her son's bedroom door. "Nelson…I need to talk to you," she sweetly announced.

When her son didn't answer she knocked again. "Nelson, I know that you're masturbating in there. Can you just take a break for a moment and talk to me!"

Nelson was sprawled on his bed naked with his dick in his fist. He was a handsome teen, but extremely short for his age. He was barely an inch over four-feet, which was something that certainly got him teased a lot at school. It was a fact that had unfortunately prevented him much from dating as well, since most girls went for the tall, muscular football-player-types. What he lacked in physical stature, however, he made up for in dick-size. At its full hardness, his teenage cock was just over ten-inches, with substantial girth. The boy seemed annoyed when his mom continued knocking. "Mom, can it wait?! I'll be out in a minute," he shouted.

"No…it can't wait! Please just unlock the door," she patiently replied.

Alicia was startled when her son threw the door open. "What?!" he asked.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but can we please just talk for a minute?"

"I'm listening," her boy replied, clearly doing his best to conceal his monster erection.

"Can we, um…sit down…please," Alicia awkwardly asked, knowing full-well that her son had been beating his meat when she knocked. She moved over to his bed on bare feet and sat down. The huge swell of her double-H cup breasts bobbled heavily beneath her snug top as her luscious ass rested on his mattress. She flared her nostrils, taking in the aroma of wet dick-flesh and pre-cum that lingered in the room.

Nelson came over and sat next to her. "So, what did you need to talk to me about so bad?" he asked.

"Look…I know our relationship has been 'strained' here lately. I've been on you for a lot of things, including your grades, but there's something I heard about this morning that might allow us to…repair our relationship," she explained.

"Like what?" her boy asked.

"It's a cruise…just for mothers and sons. It goes to the Caribbean for a week."

"Mom, not to sound mean, but we can't stand being around each other for more than five minutes. How do you expect us to spend a week together on a boat?"

"OK, first of all, that's not true. Just because we fight a lot doesn't me can't spend time around each other," she corrected. "And secondly…yes, we'll be on a cruise ship, but that doesn't mean we have to spend every waking hour around each other. I realize that there are certain…'things' you'll need to take care of privately," she stated, glancing at his bulging crotch, "and I can give the time and space you need for that. I just think this would be a great break from our daily routine. Things like school and chores…you know, those things that we mostly fight about. We'll be able to have some fun together for a change."

"I suppose a cruise doesn't sound too bad," the teen admitted. Despite their spats recently, Nelson had a crush on his pretty mom that went back to the start of puberty. Many a masturbatory fantasy of his involved laying pipe inside of her, while his father was at work, and sucking on her gigantic tits. It was for this reason that he so easily agreed to the idea of a cruise alone with her, where he might just have chance at squeezing his cock inside her.

"It won't be bad at all," she blurted, reaching over and taking his hand.

"It'll probably be like one big reset button on our relationship."

Nelson glanced at her exposed cleavage. His mom's tit-canyon seemed so deep and wonderful. He knew he would probably never get a chance to have his head lodged between her hefty mammaries, but if there was one place he might get to see more of her ample tit-meat it was a cruise ship.

The day of departure quickly came and hundreds of moms and sons walked arm in arm into the Grand cruise ship. The elegant vessel was appropriately named: Jocasta of the Seas.

"Well…isn’t this beautiful!" Jeanie stated. Her and Shelly each held one of Alan's arms as they strolled the upper deck of the ship.

"It sure is," her daughter-in-law answered, squeezing her son's arm so it sunk against the fetus of their twins in her belly. "It's much bigger than I thought it would be."

"That's what SHE said," Alan joked, making both his mom and Gran Giggle.

"I certainly hope by ‘she,’ you mean your mom and I?" Jeanie asked.

"Of course," the boy answered, his cock beginning to harden just listening to their dainty, stiletto heels click against the deck floor. He

peeked down at their sexy feet that had freshly painted toenails. They were elegantly propped up in open-toed mules and he couldn't wait to see his mom and Gran's sexy toes clenched when he brought them off with body-trembling orgasms. His mom wore a mesh maternity-fitted mini dress with a halter neckline. It was just sheer enough for him to see her tremendous tit-cleavage and how the creamy flesh rippled with her every graceful step.

Next, his gaze moved to his Gran's oversized melons, partially exposed by the V-shaped neckline of her mini-dress. Jeanie used to have a slight size up on Alan's mother, in the breast-size department, but not any more.

Lately, Shelly's Prenatal body had experienced the greatest level of milk production, preparing her breasts for lactation. Alan knew that his Gran also was producing tit-nectar, due to high levels of prolactin. The difference was though that his mom's boobs contained a growing network of lobules and ducts, making her knockers swell much fatter and heavier than Jeanie's. Even so, his Gran's tits looked absolutely mouth-watering; gigantic twin mounds of glandular, fibrous and fatty tissue that he couldn’t wait to suck on.

Jeanie caught her cute Grandson staring and smiled in a lascivious manner.

"Well now…do we wanna check out the room and maybe have a juicy cuddle-fuck, or did you guys wanna continue looking around?" she asked.

"I’m down to fuck," Alan answered, then looked at his mom.

"There's only one thing I’m craving more than dick right now and that's chocolate," Shelly admitted. "Why don't you two check out the room and beat your bellies together for awhile. I think I'll go find some sweets and catch up with you later."

"Fine by me," Jeanie smiled. "I'll never complain about having my Grandson's dreamy dick all to myself."

Alan and his mom shared a tender kiss before they parted. "Don't wear him out too much. I'm gonna need some of that sexual energy later,"

Shelly advised.

Below deck, Nelson and Alicia entered their cabin. The teen immediately looked at the big bed. "Our room doesn't have…um, bunks?" he asked.

"Sorry, honey…all this ship seemed to have was beds like this. I promise I won't be a bed hog," teased Alicia as she set her purse down.

Nelson watched his mom slip off her heels and sprawl out on the mattress.

"The question now is…how comfortable is it?" she asked. "Some of these cruise ship beds can be quite stiff."

The boy sat on the beds edge, fascinated by how his beautiful blonde mom was stretched out across the mattress. Alicia wore a floral-printed mini sundress. The top half clung to the outline of her ballooning breasts. The bottom half left most of her sexy, tan legs exposed. The boy marveled at how silky smooth they looked. He could tell they were freshly shaved by how they gave off a delicious sheen. His mom wasn't skinny by any means, but she wasn't overweight either. Her legs were curvy and exhibited a feminine strength that could probably squeeze the life out of someone. Her feet were dainty, with painted toenails. Often times, Nelson would lay in bed and envision his mom's luscious legs thrown back into a wide V, with her toes pointed back at the headboard, revealing her pussy to him in all its glory. It was a reoccurring fantasy of his.

"What's on your mind, honey?" Alicia asked, sitting upright.

"Nothing," the boy answered, snapped from his trance. "I just…can't believe we're on a cruise."

"I know. It seems strange just the two of us, right? I mean, the last time we had your dad and sister with us. It's weird to think that this voyage is just for you and me."

"Totally."

Nelson realized that by the way his mom was sitting, all he had to do was lay back and he'd get a view straight up her skirt. "The bed is pretty comfortable," he stated, justifying the fact that he was reclining back against the mattress.

"Yes…I'm so glad," Alicia agreed. "At least we both know now that we'll get a good night's sleep."

The boy sneakily peeked up between her slightly spread legs and was rewarded for his efforts. His mom's yellow panties fit snugly against her crotch, revealing a wonderful camel toe. He couldn't believe that after all the years of living with her, it was the first time he got a really good look at her panty-shrouded pubis.

Alicia closed her legs. "So, I promised that I wouldn't be up your butt on this trip, so why don't you go out and have a look around the ship," the mother suggested. "I'm just gonna grab a shower and then I'll come find you."

"Sure," the boy replied, getting up.

"When we meet up, you can take me around and show me all the cool things you've found," Alicia remarked, following her son to the door.

"Sounds like a plan. See you in awhile then," said Nelson as he headed up the hallway.

Alicia heard a woman giggling and turned the other direction to see a boy on his knees, reaching under a mother's skirt and yanking her panties down her legs. "Billy!" the female giggled, "Not out here!"

The teen lifted her up and began kissing her neck as she circled her smooth mommy-legs around him. "Honey, please…let's get to our room and you can ravage me there," the mother advised, then looked over at Alicia and rolled her eyes. "Ugh…boys and their hormones," she joked.

Alicia gave a friendly smile in return, then closed her cabin door. "I should have known there wouldn't be JUST moms and sons on this cruise," she told herself out loud, ignorant of the fact that it actually WAS a mother and son she just saw.

Meanwhile, Alan was waiting on the big bed in the cabin he was sharing with his mom and Gran. He was nude and on his back, his cock already fully hard with anticipation of what was coming.

"Ready or not…here I come," Jeanie's sultry voice announced, opening the bathroom door.

"Daaamnnn!" Alan exclaimed, his eyes widening as he saw his Gran standing in the doorway wearing a white fishnet bodystocking. He could clearly see her enormous, jutting tits through the nylon fabric, capped by their wide, dusky-pink areolas. The crotch of the outfit was open, revealing the puffy outer lips of her vulva and the furrow of her cunt-slit.

"Do you like?" she asked, gracefully twirling around to show off her meaty backside. Like the front, her rounded buttocks was encased in sheer nylon, but a portion of the fabric was open, lower on the cheeks. Jeanie looked back lustfully and curled her tongue across

her top lip, gazing at her Grandson's muscular shaft. "Are you ready to rock this fucking boat, darling?" she asked.

"Let's rock it!"

He had never seen his Gran move so fast. All that registered was how her giant, stiff-nippled boobies bobbled beneath the sheer nylon before she pounced on top of him. "SHIT!!" the teen gasped as he found his face mashed down between her breasts. He felt Jeanie's hand clasp onto his erection, rubbing it against her smooth outer labium. Then, the knob of his cock became warm with wetness as it pried into her vaginal vestibule.

"OHH, YESS!" the busty sixty-two-year-old gasps as she felt her Grandson's cock split her quim and sink into her smoldering cunt-tunnel.

Alan bucked his hips upward, plunging to her cervix. "AHHHH!" he hissed, feeling his entire cock encapsulated in spongy cuntal flesh.

Jeanie felt his leaky knob mushroom even bigger inside of her. She pushed until his ass hit the bed again, mashing her outer flanges against his cock-root. Then, the horny woman swiveled her pussy up and back in full penetration, stirring Alan's sturdy, cunt-smothered erection in the confines of her most secret place. "You wanna dance, baby?" she squealed. "Let's fucking dance!"

Alan wrapped her in his arms as she plowed on his cock like a fuck-hungry whore. His wonder-filled face was buried in nylon-encased boobie-flesh, tucked deeply into Jeanie's warm, gaping cleavage and loving every second of it. He flexed his PC muscle, making the veins in his penile meat bulge out obscenely. His fat, plumb-sized knob pumped through Jeanie's birthing tube, the rounded ridge of his glans slipping across the well-pronounced pleats of his Grandmother’s vaginal lining, creating sensational friction. He only needed to dig through her fuck-hole like this for a couple of minutes before her heavy breath reached a violent crescendo.

"AAAAUUGGGHHH!!" Jeanie howled, shuddering from a tremendous climax.

Alan resisted the urge to cum, which wasn't easy with such a sexy, heavy-titted woman on top of him. Her pussy contracted around his cock, squeezing his unyielding slab with ball-tingling tightness. "Hot shit, that's good!" he gasped, pumping his hips upward, making the muscles and sinews at the base of his cock flex and strain as he squeezed his fat prick through Jeanie's velvet-vice pussy-grip.

When she let out a deep sigh, Alan quickly rolled her over onto her back, taking the top. He had fucked his Gran's ass off dozens and dozens of times and knew exactly how she wanted it.

The teen's lean, slim hips humped between his Gran's thick thighs, hammering the length of his blue-veined cock deeper and deeper into her pussy tunnel. Alan dropped his head to her flopping tits and began sucking her nipple hard, nursing on it like an infant with his mother.

"Oh, yes, sweet boy…suck my nipples, while you fuck me!" she panted.

She hurled her silky legs high up around his back, so she could use them as leverage to hump her rounded ass from the mattress. The muscles in her luscious legs flexed and strained as she met his fuck-thrusts with ones of her own.

Alan loved listening to his Gran grunt like an animal. It reminded him of how fucking nasty and primal they were being. They were two naked beasts pounding their sex organs together in a heated rut. Jeanie's pussy was so wet and engorged that it juiced around his throbbing prick, making slurping, gulping sounds every time he thrust it full of his cock-meat.

While he fucked, Alan’s tongue wrestled with Jeanie's rubbery nipple, his face masked in the huge, spongy mass of her tit. The boy

whimpered in delight, at the mercy of an experienced pussy that knew just how to grind and chew at his cock. "Ahhh, fuck yes, Gran!"

"Do you like stealing your Grandfather's pussy, baby?" she asked, breathing heavily.

"I love it!"

"Mmm, making it YOUR pussy, instead of his?"

"Yes…I love fucking his wife!"

Jeanie's insides tingled upon hearing this. Cheating on her long-time husband with such a young, bull-dicked stud thrilled her to her core. The fact that it was their Grandson made it all the more wicked and exciting.

Alan pulled back until only the swollen knob of his prick remained inside her. Then, he delivered a hard upward thrust, plowing along her G-spot and going ball-deep again. He hammered her this way, knowing it would stimulate her clitoral root and have her howling beneath him in no time.

For ten more minutes he pounded between her smooth, quivering thighs, reaming out her creaming cunt with the hugeness of his cock. "Harder, Alan!" his Gran cried out. He knew when she called him by name he better take it serious, and that he did, ramming her savagely, feeling her claw her long fingernails down his back.

With every thrust, Jeanie felt his swollen, spongy knob plow along her upper wall, then push at the fornix at the back of her vagina. This type of stimulation had her quickly climbing towards the peak of a powerful climax.

They may have been separated in age by nearly fifty-years, but their bodies moved beautifully together, writhing in rhythmic passion.

The tireless teen pounded his swollen prick through her cunt as hard as he could, determined to make her gush on his cock. "YESSS!" Jeanie cried out, extending her legs out into the air in a huge spread eagle. Her toes suddenly spread apart, then clench as the pleasure exploded through her loins.

Alan gasped as his voluptuous Gran bucked wildly beneath him, her massive mammaries rippling violently between them. The teen wrapped his arms beneath her squirming back for leverage so he could keep feeding his tingly prick into her nice n deep. Her pussy began to make wet, squishy sounds as she creamed on her Grandson's cock.

"Ugh!" Alan grumbled. "Oh shit, I'm cumming now!"

White geysers squirted from his piss-slit, spouting to the end of Jeanie's cunt tunnel. He took long ball-bumping thrusts, draining his jism into the tight, gurgling wetness of her pussy.

"Fuck, Gran…" the boy gasped collapsing onto her luscious body, "that was some amazing pussy."

"More amazing than your mother's pussy?" she asked.

"Well…I don't know about that, but you guys sure can fuck, that's all I know."

"Well, we're both moms, darling. Fucking and sucking cock is what we do best."

Nelson explored the ship by himself. By this time they were well out to sea and many moms and sons were scattered about the decks, flirting and sunning themselves. Even though he was much shorter than boys his age, by an average of almost two feet, he didn’t let that effect his ego. He was still a handsome kid, with a well toned body, and he had the satisfaction of knowing he probably had a bigger dick than most guys.

"Excuse me," a female voice said. He turned to see a cute attendant stepping up to him. She wore a sexy bikini with a name badge attached.

"Yeah?"

"Oh, sorry…you looked much younger from the back. I just wanted to make sure we didn't have a fourteen-year-old stowaway on board."

"Gee, thanks."

"No, I didn't mean you looked fourteen, it's just…well, um…"

"I'm short, I get it," Nelson replied.

"Not just that. You seem a little lost. My name's Sue. Is there anything I can help you find?"

"I'm Nelson, and um…no…I'm just exploring."

"Alone?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well…no big deal, it's just that most moms and sons are glued to the hip on this ship, or glued to the genitals I should say," the attendant giggled.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, I'm sure you know."

"Look, my mom just brought me on this cruise to repair our relationship. Things haven't been too smooth at home lately," Nelson explained.

"Oh, I'm sorry. So, you mean you guys aren't…"

"Aren't what?"

"You and your mom aren't fucking each other?"

Nelson stood there for a moment, surprised that she would ask him such a question so candidly. "No, um…why would we be doing that?"

"I'm sorry…I just assumed that all the boys on board were fucking their moms. So…you guys have never even kissed?"

"Well, yeah…of course we've kissed. She's my mom."

"No, not that way. I mean kissed…romantically."

"Why are you asking me all these odd questions?" Nelson inquired.

"Sorry…your right, Nelson, I shouldn't be so nosy. Are you sure there isn't anything I can help you find, or get for you."

"Well…I am kinda hungry," he answered. "What level do we eat on again, I forgot."

"Well, that depends on what you're eating. Food is on level one. Pussy is on level three."

"Pussy?"

"Yeah…you do like eating pussy, don't you…or are you, um…"

"No, I'm not gay."

"If you are, it fine…I don't judge."

"No, I'm not. I like pussy."

"Then follow me. I'll show you something," she insisted.

Nelson followed Sue to the lower level, finding it hard to tear his eyes from her undulating, bikini-clad ass. Sue was an attracted redhead in her mid-twenties. The boy noticed a wedding ring on her finger. "So, you work on this ship full time?" he asked.

"Yeah, for about three years now. We sail all over the place."

"Your husband's ok with that?"

"Yes…as long as I stay faithful."

They arrived on the third floor and Sue led Nelson down a short corridor to a doorway with a sign that read: "PUSSY BUFFET."

"See…we even have a place for strays like yourself," the attended giggled.

One's who like eating pussy that is. I hope you enjoy yourself, Nelson."

Sue left, and the curious boy wandered through the sliding door. The long, narrow room had a spa-like feel and he was immediately hit by a warm, cuntal aroma. He could hear numerous females panting and gasping from hidden compartments within the room.

"Hungry for pussy?" a voice behind him asked, startling the boy. He spun around saw an attractive woman his mom's age behind him. She was completely nude and he couldn't help but gawk at her heavy tits.

"Oh, you scared me," the teen sighed.

"Sorry…are you meeting your mom here or would you like to see our menu?"

"Um… a menu I guess."

She showed him a laminated sheet with everything they offered. "Most of our cunts belong to married moms. Are you looking for a single pussy to devour or would you like what we call our ‘pussy-platter,’ with three cunts to eat?"

Nelson was so shocked that he wasn't sure quite sure how to answer. The attendant smiled understandably. "Why don't we get you started with just one. I’m gonna take you to Tina. She's a married mom of three from Indiana."

"She, um…doesn't have her son with her?"

"We allow a certain number of moms on board the ship who don't have sons. They volunteer to work the rooms like this one for us."

"Oh, I see."

She guided Nelson to the end of a tube that was about as big around as a car tire. "Just crawl inside and enjoy. If you wanna upgrade to the platter, just let me know."

"Thanks," the boy responded, then watched her naked buttock sway as she walked away. He hesitantly climbed inside the tube, which was lighted on the inside and the slow beat of erotic music sounded from speakers built into the space. A mechanical door suddenly slid open in front of him and he was greeted by a female cunt. It was clear that the mother was sitting in some sort of harness that allowed her legs to be bowed back, thrusting her pussy forward so that it could be easily devoured.

Nelson's heart beat rapidly in his chest. Tina's pussy certainly did look appetizing, with fleshy labium that were unfurled, revealing her coral slit.

The boy could see her plump clitoral bulb peeking from beneath its rounded hood. Her vulva was crowned by a small, neatly-trimmed

triangle of pubic fur. "Whoa," he muttered, taking it all in. Just as he moved his head forward for his first lick, his smart watch vibrated.

"Where are you, honey?" his mom's text read.

"Shit," he muttered, typing an answer back. "I'll meet you on the upper deck," he replied, then crawled back out of the tube.

"Everything ok?" the naked attendant asked as Nelson made his way to the door.

"Yeah, my mom's just looking for me."

"You can also meet her here," the attendant suggested with a naughty grin. "We do have an empty space for the two of you."

"Empty space."

"Yes…so that you can eat her pussy."

"Oh, um…OK, thanks," he uttered, then rushed away.

"I brought you guys some ice cream," Alan stated as he met his mom and Gran by the midship swimming pool. They were both wearing the skimpiest micro bikinis he'd ever seen.

"Thank you, baby," his mom stated, waddling over and taking a cone from her boy. Shelly wore a red sling shot-style micro bikini that covered her areolas, the bottom half of her vulva, and not much else. Her huge, swollen tit-melons rested atop her beach ball-sized tummy. Just the sight of his mom's nearly naked body made the cock-meat stiffen inside Alan's trunks.

"Here you go, Gran," he uttered, handing her the other cone. Jeanie wore more of a traditional mico-bikini, with a red and white tropical flower pattern and thin, golden-chain straps. The skimpy bottoms fit

snug around the crotch, molding to its outline, and the bikini top could barely contain the enormity of her tits.

"Thank you, handsome boy…although I'd much rather be licking on you," she winked.

There were many other nearly-naked mothers and sons around the pool, making out passionately, while lounging all over each other. This made this area of the middeck seem like a lewd scene of fat tits and tangled limbs glistening in the sun.

The oversized lounge chairs were made for two, comfortably. Three, if the center person didn't mind being sandwiched in the middle, which Alan certainly didn't. Shelly and Jeanie's smooth, naked legs were draped across his, tenderly stroking his calves with their sexy bare feet as they laid sideways. The way Alan was slouched, allowed the mothers to lean against him, resting one of their heavy, bikini-clad boobs across his bare chest. In fact, the way their tit-orbs mashed together made it seem like the teen had one colossal breast crossing his upper torso. As good and squishy as the boobs felt on him, his mom's pregnant belly pressed against his side felt pretty fucking divine as well.

"Oh, that sun feels so amazing, doesn't it?" Shelly asked, swiping off a gob of ice cream with her long, pink tongue.

"It certainly does," Jeanie agreed.

Alan watched them lick at their ice cream in a way that was meant to tease the hell out of him. After all, he'd seen them both lick his dick the same way, lots of times.

"Oops," his mom giggled, dripping some melted cream on her boy's neck.

"Sorry, baby. Don't worry…I'll lick it off."

Alan sighed in aroused delight as his pregnant mom practically rolled on top of him, licking the cream from his neck. He could feel her thick, bloated nipples prodding at his chest through her thin top. Her milk-swollen tits and giant baby orb distended out from between them, sandwiched between their perspiration-sheened bodies. He felt his mom's hand begin massaging his erection through his swim trunk.

"Boy, that must have been an awful lot of ice cream you got on him, Shelly," Jeanie jealously pointed out. "It's taking you forever to clean it up."

"Mmm…he's used to me taking my time and cleaning the 'cream' off him, aren't you, baby?"

"I sure am."

"Apparently some of that yummy cream made its way to your egg and got you big n pregnant," Jeanie joked.

"That's ok," Shelly answered between licks. "My boy likes mommy's big baby-filled tummy don't you, honey?"

"Uh-huh," Alan excitedly uttered, delighting in the weight and squishiness of her naked pregnant belly.

"It makes his dick get all hard and horny knowing he planted babies inside his own mom."

"Let me help with that," Jeanie offered, vying for position on top of him.

Alan shuddered at the feel of both his mom and Gran blanketing his body in squishy softness. Both their thick tongues whipped at his neck, digging at his erogenous zones. His Gran's hand joined his mom's so they were now both massaging his prick through his swim trunks. Such a teen would certainly shock most people, but not

those aboard this ship. They were all engaged in similar shenanigans.

"Ahhh, yes!" Alan sighed, knowing he must be the luckiest kid on earth. He felt one of their hands slide down his shaft and onto his cum-filled nuts, squeezing them tenderly, rolling his balls around in his nutsack.

"Kiss us," Shelly whispered, then locked lips with her boy. Her long, thick tongue stretched into his mouth and wrestled with his.

Alan adored kissing his mother. Feeling her full lips mashed against his and her tongue skillfully dueling with his own was one of the more thrilling things he could imagine. He felt like his mom's pink licker was a sex organ by how it flailed and curled inside his mouth. It always made him feel lost in a deep ocean of delight.

No sooner did Shelly break their kiss than her mother-in-law was diving for Alan's lips. Their lickers rolled together in supple tandem, dancing a 'tongue-tango' inside the boy's mouth with equal fervor and gentility.

Just as their cruise ship drifted at sea, Alan drifted through an hour-long make-out session with his mom and Gran. He had his dick and balls massaged the whole time, nearly cumming several times from the thrill of being with two sexy grown women.

"Let's take a dip and cool off," Shelly suggested.

"Ohh, I like that idea," Jeanie agreed as she made her way towards the pool with her daughter-in-law.

Alan sat up on the lounger, looking like he'd just been ran over by a pleasure-train. His mom and Gran both had bikini-thongs running up between their ass-cheeks, making their jiggling ass-meat appear practically naked. The boy gave his jutting cock a few strokes

through his shorts, letting his eyes drift up the backs of their gorgeous legs to their luscious, rounded bubble butts.

"Coming, baby?" his mom asked, peeking back at him.

Alan rushed over and dove in. His mom playfully screamed as he pulled her under. "Brat!" she giggled, coming up for air. She clung to him, wrapping her strong mommy-legs around his midsection. Her giant boobies bobbled buoyantly against his chest. The boy pinned her against the side of the pool, kissing her neck as he made his body sink against hers.

"Does this make up for me being a brat?" he asked between licks.

"Your getting there, but I need more," she whimpered as Alan began to dig his rigid cock against her cunt-mound beneath the water.

Meanwhile, leaning again the railing on the deck above, Alicia stood with her son looking out over the pool area. They both had a shocked expression as they watched the lewd behavior at the pool. "Are you sure it's just mothers and sons on this ship?" Nelson asked his mom.

"That's what the ad said, but I'm beginning to think otherwise."

"Me too, unless…"

"Unless what, honey?"

"Unless these other people ARE just mothers and sons," he replied.

"And they're acting this way?!" Alicia added, looking down at the group, partly in disgust, but partly in fascination.

"Maybe."

Alicia took her son's hand and turned them around. "Let's look at something else," she suggested, then peered above them. "Oh, look,

honey…a zip-line."

Nelson looked up and saw people suspended from the zip-line, but they weren't moving. "Why aren't they, um…zipping?"

Upon further inspection, he and his mom realized that it was actually moms and sons harnessed together, and they appeared to be rocking around to the rhythm of heated fucking.

"Are they having sex up there?" the boy asked with a shocked expression.

His mom began leading him away by the hand. "Why don't we, um… go back to the room. I'll call someone with authority on board the ship to come explain things to us."

"Wait…I already know someone," Nelson blurted.

"Someone who works on the ship?"

"Yeah, I met her today. I'll go find her and see if she can talk to us."

"Ok…I'll meet you back at the room."

A short time later, Sue, the redheaded attendant, was speaking with Nelson and Alicia in their cabin. "So…you guys didn’t know this was a ‘romantic’ mother and son cruise?" she asked, looking surprised.

Alicia glanced at her son. "No…I um, didn’t even know there was such a thing. I just thought this was a cruise for moms and sons to… you know, bond and become closer."

"Well, technically it is," Sue giggled, "but in ways that you clearly didn’t realize."

"So, let me get this straight. All the other moms and sons aboard this ship…are having sex together?"

"Yes…'Jocasta of the Seas' is basically a love boat for mothers and sons."

"Oh my gosh, of course…" Alicia blurted, like a lightbulb just went off in her head. "I can't believe I didn't see it. 'Jacasta,' …wasn't she __"

"Married to her son, after the death of her husband, the king. They had four children together," Sue stated.

"Oh my Gosh…I'm so stupid," Alicia huffed regretfully.

"You're not stupid, mom. How would you have known, other than by some mythical name, that it was THAT kind of cruise."

"True…it's not like they really advertised it as that," the mother added.

"No, it's not advertised as a 'love boat' for mothers and sons, for obvious reasons, but I guess through word of mouth, most moms just know about us," Sue explained. "Sorry you weren't in that loop."

"Alright…well, um…I guess there's no way for us to really get off the ship at this point," said Alicia, then looked over at her son. "Maybe we can just pretend like the other people on board AREN'T mothers and sons. What do you think, honey?"

"Yeah…um, that would probably work."

"Thanks for your help, Sue. I really appreciate it," Alicia smiled.

"If there's anything else you guys need just come find me."

Things were a bit awkward between Nelson and his mom that evening.

They ordered room service, opting to stay in the cabin and watch TV. Sue finished showering and stepped from the bathroom in a modest

cotton nightshirt. However, because her oversized tits were now unfettered, Nelson could see her fat nipples protruding out from beneath the fabric.

"Ready for bed, honey?" the mother asked, padding over to her side.

Nelson’s eyes were still fixed on her ballooning tits as they bobbled heavily beneath the nightshirt to her every step. "Yeah, um…sure," he replied.

Alicia clicked off the light and crawled into bed with her boy. "Goodnight, honey," she whispered, turned on her side away from him.

"Goodnight," the boy answered. He inhaled her sweet perfume, his cock hardening at the very thought of sharing a bed with such a voluptuous beauty. He knew he'd kick himself later if he at least didn't try something while they were alone together. "I've really felt closer to you today," he whispered.

Alicia turned and smiled. "I’m glad. I've felt closer to you too. Even if this is an unconventional cruise, I'm glad we took it, and that we get to spend quality time together."

"Me too. Since we're suppose to be getting closer…could I, um…hug you, mom?"

Alicia knew that without a bra, her son would feel her unfettered breasts.

He would experience the doughy-soft meat of her tits in a different way than he was used to. Even so, this trip was all about bringing them closer, so she wasn't about to say no, just because it might be mildly inappropriate. "Sure, I suppose there's nothing wrong with a hug," she replied.

The mother scooted over and lowered her chest on his for a nice, big tit-squashing hug. Nelson couldn't help but gasp, feeling her fatty milkers blanket his entire upper chest. He was surprised how thick and hard her nipples felt poking against him.

Alicia lifted her head and looked down into his eyes; the gentle sway of the cruise ship was rocking them intimately. "I can't believe there are so many moms and sons having sex together," she whispered.

"I know. I was surprised too."

After a short pause, Alicia broke the silence. "You don't, um…think about those types of things, do you?" she boldly asked.

"Those things?"

"You know…having sex…with me?"

"Oh, uh…no."

"You can be honest, Nelson. I won't be mad, I promise. A boy's first exposure to a female is his mom. Her affection…the curvature of her body…her sexual scent, it's the first a boy is ever exposed to. Sometimes that fascination can extend beyond puberty. Are you sure you've never fantasized about sticking it in and making love to me like your father does?"

Nelson couldn't believe she was probing him. He knew he'd never have a chance with her if he lied. "Well, um…to be honest…I have thought about that sometimes."

"No while you're, um…masturbating though, right?"

"Honestly, yes…those are the times that I mostly think about it."

"Oh, well…I won't embarrass you by making you talk about it anymore,"

Alicia blushed. "Just know that it's natural…and you have nothing to be ashamed of."

She gave him a quick peck on the lips, then plopped down beside him again. "Goodnight," Alicia whispered.

Nelson boldly slipped up behind her in the spooning position, placing his hand on her hip. "Is this alright?" he awkwardly asked.

"Sure," his mom whispered, then surprised him by taking his hand in hers and moving them under her nightshirt, onto her smooth, naked belly. Her nightshirt had bunched up around her waist, and Alicia soon became aware of the rigid erection pressing up against her panty-clad ass. She was surprised at how big and strong it felt. "Alright…erections are natural. As long as he doesn't move we should be fine," the mother thought.

After a few minutes, she adjusted her buttocks, pushing it back on him, making Nelson's boner slip from the fly hole of his briefs and sink long-ways between her thick butt-cheeks. The warmth of her ass and the silk of her panties felt divine on the boy's cock. "Oh my God…how lucky am I?"

Nelson thought. "This is amazing!"

They both laid there awake…their hearts beating fast. Several minutes passed before Alicia adjusted again, this time allowing her boy's stiff prick to maneuver down and rest again her panty-covered crotch. Nelson let out an excited breath, feeling the top of his shaft press right up against his mom's puffy outer folds. He could feel the wonderful heat radiating from her cuntal crevice.

"Ok…that's quite enough!" Alicia's conscious screamed. "He's your son and YOU'RE a married woman."

The guilt seemed to melt away with every second. Her boy's prick felt so long and fat she just had to let it slide inside the leg-hole of

her panties and rest against her pussy lips.

"Holy shit!" Nelson thought as his mom shifted again, this time making half his boner pry its way beneath her panty-crotch and press against her naked cunt. He began to subtly rock his hips, sawing his vein-encrusted shaft deeper into her groove. His flaring cock-knob dug at her clitoral prepuce. Aided by the natural lubricant produced by Alicia's hood called sebum, the boy unshrouded his mom's love-button so he could rub their engorged bulbs together.

"Ohhh," Alicia gasped, feeling his glans scrape against her sensitive nerve endings. Her son's cock flexed against her juicy inner flanges, showing the strength and rigidity of his teenage love-organ. This made her cunt-hole tingle excitedly, sweltering with natural lubricant that began to swath the top of her son's erection with slippery wetness.

"This is too much!" the mother's brain screamed. "YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS!"

Pressing his luck, Nelson let the hand beneath her nightshirt moved up her smooth belly. He cupped the huge, rounded underside of one of her breasts, letting his fingers sink into its soft, spongy flesh. Suddenly, his mom's hand grasped his and yanked him out of her nightshirt. She turned towards him at the same time, which pulled his cock from her panties.

"That’s enough, honey. Actually, it was too much. We need to go to sleep now," she insisted.

"OK, mom," the boy replied.

Nelson didn’t get quite as far as he wanted to, but he certainly got farther than he ever dreamed he would with his own mom.

"That was so stupid!" Shelly's conscience scolded. "It will DEFINITELY never happen again!"

Meanwhile, in a cabin across the ship, Alan was balls deep inside his mom.

The boy was upright between her thighs on the bed, pumping his hips in a steady rhythm. This position allowed him to look down across the expanse of her upper body, gawking at her huge wobbling udders and her baby-packed belly.

Sprawled on the bed next to them was Jeanie, squeezing her nipple hornily as she watched her Grandson fuck his mother.

"Mmm, loosen that cunt-tube up with your big cock, baby!" Shelly squealed. "Loosen it up for our babies to slide out of."

The boy gasped as he socked his steely prick into her. He loved seeing his mom's pussy splayed open by his big dick, and the way his blue-veined rod glistened with her hot, slippery cuntal juices was exhilarating.

Shelly pulled her boy down on top of her. "Come down and fuck your mother like a whore," she pleaded.

Alan sunk against her squishy orbs, feeling her velvety legs slither high around his back. They began to wildly fuck up a storm, making their sex-staved bodies beat together. Grasping him frantically around his shoulders, Shelly humped her lovely round ass from the mattress, meeting every thrust of his stiff, plunging boner. Her fleshy, splayed flanges sucked at the base of his cock-shaft, getting as much of his thick erection inside her as she could.

"Ahhh, yeahhh!" Alan gasped, feeling his glans swell as they slipped along the fleshy ridges of her cuntal lining.

Overcome with lust by the sight of such a fervid fuck, Jeanie quickly got up her hand and knees, pointing her thick, rounded ass back at her Grandson.

She peeked back lustfully. "Fuck me from behind, darling!"

The teen's wet dick flopped from his mother's cunt hole and he climbed to his knees, mounting Jeanie's haunches. He eased it between her slippery folds, prying open the remnants of her hymen. The Grandmother let out a delightful squeal as her fuck-tube opened wider and wider to receive the boy's thick boner. She thrust her cushy buns back until his aching hardon was buried to the hilt inside her cuntal sleeve.

"Oh, sweet baby…your prick feels so good in me!" Jeanie panted, throwing her cunt back on the satisfying stiffness of his huge cock.

His Gran's thick, fatty ass beat against his midsection, creating a visual feast for his eyes as they fucked. Shelly and Jeanie's cuntal juices mixed, lubricating the boy's shaft for deep, doggie-dicking intercourse. After nearly five minutes, Shelly got on all-fours next to her mother-in-law to get in on the action.

"Pound my cunt hole now, baby," the mother eagerly requested, wagging her meaty derriere.

Alan pulled his prick from one pussy and buried it in the other. He loved how their cunt-sleeves felt the same, yet uniquely different. However, there was nothing quite like pregnant pussy. The way an increase in vascular supply to Shelly's genitals made the ribs that lined her vagina much more pronounced caused spine-tingling friction on the boy's penile flesh.

"Yesss…lay that pipe in deep, baby!" his mom gasped, swiveling her hips and beating her jiggling mommy-rump back onto her boy.

Even from where Alan was positioned behind her, he could see the dangling contours of her enormous tits as they swung violently on her chest. He grasped her hips and slammed his prick in with savage thrusts, making her butt-meat ripple deliciously.

"Oh, shit!" Shelly suddenly screamed, crazily gyrating her ass around. "I'm coming, honey! Oh, fuck, I'm cummmiiinnnggg!"

Alan gritted his teeth in ecstasy, feeling her cunt contract around his pummeling cock. He flexed his PC muscle to keep from cumming himself.

He knew by the way his Gran was wagging her ass that she wanted more.

After his mom had trembled and whimpered her way through a toe-curling cum, he backed his dick out, marveling at how soaked and glistening his boner was with his mom's ejaculate.

"Oh, my sweet Alan!" Jeanie moaned as her Grandson's erection sunk to her cervix, his plumb-size bulb pushing at the rounded protuberance of her external os. "Screw my hot cunt!"

The fuck-hungry 62-year-old beat her fleshy ass back against him, her talented coital-muscles sucking at the entire length of his swollen tool as it thundered powerfully through her pleasure-pit. Sex with her over-the-hill husband, Alan's Grandfather, was laughable by comparison. Not even in his younger years could he fuck her this good. Cheating on her clueless husband with their gorgeous Grandson thrilled her to her core.

Jeanie's heavy mammaries flopped around wildly as they dangled from her chest. The sound of her bubble butt beating against the boy's midsection reverberated through their cabin as they engaged in a heated doggie-style fuck. "SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!"

"Oh, you sweet fucker…keep pounding me with that fucking cock!!" she whimpered, her beautiful face distorting with lust as the boy's prick stimulated her nerve endings, making her crotch swell with an impending orgasm.

Alan snarled in cock-tingling delight as he felt her cunt tighten and juice up around his pounding cock. "I'm cumming!" Jeanie wailed. "OHH, SWEET FUCK, I'M CUMMMIING!!"

Jeanie's eyes rolled in their sockets, and her body convulsed as she violently slammed her ass back against him in mindless pleasure. One orgasm merged into a second one making her sob in ecstasy.

Alan's lean body suddenly shuddered as his cunt-smothered cock-head began releasing a torrent of spunk inside of her. "AHHH, SHIT!" his shaky voice shouted as his big, pumping boner spasmed wildly inside his Gran's gushing, tightly-contracting pussy.

"I want some cum, honey!" his mom exclaimed, getting her ass as close as she could to him. The ring of her asshole throbbed between her slightly-splayed buns in anticipation of having his cock back inside her.

The teen pulled his twitching dick from his Gran's cunt. A long, milky rope jetted from his meatus, skipping across his mom's back before he could get his cock back inside her heated hole.

They both gasped in unison as she wrapped her throbbing vagina around the boy's thick dong for more thrusting. She tightened her fuck-muscles, milking out as much jizz as his orgasm would provide.

"Hot damn!" Alan sighed, plopping down on the bed in exhaustion. The three of them had been going at it for nearly two hours and they were exhausted.

Jeanie and Shelly nuzzled up to either side of the boy, crushing their giant, squishy tits against him. "Mmm, that was one sweet fuck," Alan's Gran stated.

"It sure was. I lost count how many times I came," Shelly added, then looked at her son adoringly. "Does it make you feel good knowing that you please us sexually, baby?

"Heck yeah…I love it!"

"Mmm, we love YOU…and that dreamy pussy-hammer of yours," Jeanie cooed. The two women spent a long while kissing him and stroking his body tenderly, rubbing their soft, fatty tit-melons all over his chest before they all drifted off to sleep.

The next day, Nelson and his mom Alicia were laying on loungers on the upper deck sunning themselves. They faced the railing so they didn't have to see the lewd mayhem going on with the other moms and sons on board.

Both their minds dwelled on the events of the previous night and how they both nearly succumbed to having sex together.

"Your not feeling guilty about last night, are you?" Alicia asked.

"Guilty?"

"Yeah, you know…about your penis finding its way inside my panties, when we were spooning together."

"No, um…accidents happen, right?"

"Exactly," Alicia agreed, even though she knew it was no accident.

The teen spent most of the morning studying his mom's bikini-clad body.

Seeing her this way, with half her giant breasts bulging from her bikini-sling certainly didn't diminish his desire to ravage her.

Alicia, on the other hand, was determined to not let things get out of control again. She would enjoy time with her son appropriately, without letting what was going on around them influence her decision. "We'll just forget last night ever happened," she determinedly thought.

Suddenly, a female voice came over the intercom system. "Hey, passengers! Any moms and sons wanting to participate in our ring toss contest, come on down to the lido deck…the games are about to begin!"

Shelly looked over at her son. "A ring toss contest…that sounds innocent enough," she suggested.

"You mean you wanna try it?" Nelson asked.

"Why not. Let's at least go see what it's all about."

The barefoot, bikini-clad mother and her boy went down to the lower deck, where the pool was. There were quite a few mothers and sons there to participate and even more were there just to observe. All the moms wore skimpy bikinis. Some were micro-style, leaving little to the imagination. The noonday sun beat down on the group, making the moms' voluptuous bodies glisten wonderfully.

"Alright!" the female announcer shouted. "How many moms do we have participating?"

A dozen women raised their hands, including Alicia. Shelly was part of the group and raised her hand also.

"And I assume you ladies are partnering up with your boys?" the announcer asked, which got a collective "yes" from the moms. Alicia looked over at her son and nodded.

"Here's how our ring toss game works. The boys will be shedding their trunks and getting their cocks fully erect. The mothers will get ten foam rings each, and will be tossing them from the red line, exactly ten-feet away from the boys. The mom who can hook the most rings on her son's erection in two minutes wins!"

Everyone cheered, except for Alicia and Nelson. The mother looked over at her son in horror, then shook her head as if letting him know

she changed her mind. Nelson, however, really wanted to participate. He knew he was a short kid, but could totally impress his mom by the size of his cock, just as he started to do the night before before she cut it short.

"Honey, we can't do this," Alicia stated as she walked up to him.

"It's not that big of a deal, mom…really."

"Getting naked and…hard in front of your own mother IS a big deal," she objected. "We should go."

"Go where…back to the lounge chairs and look out at the ocean all day? That's boring. We came on this cruise to 'actively' improve our relationship, so let's just participate."

"Honey, but it's just not appropriate."

The announcer's voice shouted behind them. "Alright boys…get on the red line and get those trunks off!" she shouted, followed by the eager cheer of nearly all the moms.

"I'm the one who has to strip," Nelson told his mother. "I'm OK with it, so you should be too."

"Nelson, I—"

The teen went over and joined the other boys on the red line. Most of them had already stripped off their shorts and were stroking their cocks, including Shelly's son, Alan.

"Come on, boys…don't be shy," the announcer urged. "Get those cocks out and start stroking. We need them fully erect if your mom wants to hook those rings."

Alicia reluctantly joined the moms again, peeking over at her handsome son as he bravely stripped off his swim trunks. Her eyes

drifted down his torso to the dong that dangled from his crotch. She knew that if it was that big, while soft, it would be quite impressive when fully erect. Snapping to her senses, she blushingly looked away. "What on earth am I doing?! I can't do this," she thought.

"Mmm, I see some yummy-looking cocks over there. How about you ladies?" the announcer asked. "See anything you'd like to sink your lips around?"

With the exception of Alicia, the moms all cheered, making their heavy tits jostle beneath their bikini-tops. Shelly licked her lips lustfully, staring at Alan's dick as it began to fill with blood, rising from his loins.

"Moms, should we help these young hotties get their dicks fully rigid. How about we take these bikini tops off for them!" the announcer exclaimed, then pulled away her skimpy top, releasing her fat, wobbling boobies.

The other moms began stripping off their bikini tops, exposing the jutting flesh of their huge tits. Each set of boobs was capped by wide, pink areola and hardened nipples.

Alan gasped excitedly as he watched his mom pull away her skimpy bikini sling, releasing her giant, milk-engorged tits. She looked over at him and smiled with pride, shaking her shoulders so her mammaries rocked back and forth teasingly across the top of her extremely-pregnant belly.

Alicia's heart raced nervously. She looked over to see her son staring back at her as if waiting to see if she'd follow through. "Damnit… what have I gotten myself into?!" she thought. "I can't just stand and look like a fool, while all the other moms have their tops off."

Nelson’s heart skipped a beat as he watched his mom reach back and unfastened her bikini top. Her boobs immediately shifted downward from their immense weight no longer being supported. In

just a matter of a few seconds, she pulled the top away and her gigantic boobs sprung free, wobbling on her ribcage. "Holy hell!" the teen's mind screamed, taking in a sight he'd only dreamed he'd ever get to see.

Alicia had huge areola; much bigger than those of most of the other moms.

They were thickly textured; dotted deliciously with Montgomery tubercles.

Thick, turgid nipples protruded from the centers of her tit-caps, showing her arousal level as she watched Nelson stroke on his rapidly-hardening cock.

In no time, the group of boys had full erections. Each dick pointed at a perfect upward angle, just what was needed for a game of sexual ring-toss.

"Looks like they're all fully hard," the announcer observed. "Get your rings and get on the ready-line moms!"

Alicia grabbed some of her rings and joined the other ladies who prepared to participate .

"On your marks…get set…GO!!" the announcer screamed.

The spectators cheered as the dozen or so mothers began tossing rings towards their sons' boners. It was like a naughty, sexual carnival game that each of them were dying to win. Most failed miserably the first few times, including Alicia and Shelly.

"Yay!" Alan's pregnant mom cheered as she finally hooked one around her boy's appendage.

When they ran out of rings, the mothers had to rush over and collect them.

The boys’ long cocks flexed on their loins, their knobs mushrooming as they watched the moms' meaty melons bounce and ripple as they scrambled around.

Alicia smiled at her son blushingly as she rushed over to collect her rings.

She saw his eyes lower to her monster boobies as they bounced and rippled on her body wonderfully. She knew that they must be exciting him a lot by the way his cock branched out from his crotch so perfectly. After collecting her rings, she rushed back over to the tossing line, her luscious bubble booty jiggling beneath her bikini bottoms.

"One minute left!" the announcer shouted, making the moms rush around even more frantically.

Most of the boys were leaking pre-cum from their piss-slits as they watched their beautiful moms scramble around, giggling and screaming playfully. The teens smiled with the satisfaction of knowing that later they'd be hammering their leaky peter-tips into the pussies of these beauties and sucking on their big, ballooning boobies.

Shelly hooked yet another ring around her boy's boner, tying with another mother who had also hooked three on her son's.

"Come on, Shelly!" Jeanie shouted from the crown. "Get another one around that big cock!"

As the announcer counted down from five, Shelly hooked another ring around Alan's sturdy prick at the last second. "We have a winner!" the announcer shouted, followed by cheers.

"Sorry," Alicia silently mouthed to her son, while smiling from a distance, having only hooked one ring on his cock.

"You did awesome!" he boy said back to her.

"We don't intend on leaving these handsome studs unfinished, do we, moms?" the announcer asked, followed by a resounding "NO" from the ladies. "How about a second contest then. Each mom will stroke her boy to ejaculation. The dick that leaves the biggest mess on his mother's pretty face will be the winner!"

The crowd cheered and the mothers, except for Alicia, rushed over to get started. Once again she was left with a moral dilemma; abstain and look like a fool or participate in something extremely wicked and perverse.

Nelson sensed his mother's apprehension and stepped over to her, his erection bobbing stiffly. "It's ok, mom…we don't have to," he uttered.

"Yes…but, do you want to?" she whispered.

"Well…I'm not gonna lie. It does sound fun and exciting."

"And you won't feel guilty about it later?"

"No. We're suppose to be getting close on this trip. It's just one way of doing that, right?"

Alicia took his hand.

Moments later, the boy was sprawled on a mat on his back with several other boys. The position that all the moms chose to jerk their sons off in was the sixty-nine position, with them on top.

"Ahhh, shit!" Nelson gasped, staring up at his mom's bikini-clad ass as it hovered inches above his face. The feel of her skillful hand beating vigorously up and down his rigid cock was extraordinary.

Alicia’s meaty knockers jiggled to the rhythm of her cock-strokes. She stared down at the meaty slab as it slipped through her tightly-clasping first. She occasionally jerked her husband off, but it was nothing like this.

Nelson's cock was much fatter and longer than her husband's by almost four inches. "Good grief, that’s a big, strong penis," she thought. "I don't think I've ever stroked one this huge before."

Nelson’s eyes drifted from his mom's ass to her vulva. Her bikini bottoms hugged her crotch like a second skin, molding to its puffy outline. The slit of her twat was clearly visible and the material had a streak of wetness, where her juices had soaked through the gusset. The horny teen lifted his face up, until his nose touched her outer pudendum. He inhaled deeply through his nose, then felt his head spin dizzily at the pungent ripeness of his mom's cuntal aroma.

A short distance away, Alan was face to face with his mom's pussy as she too beat his boner tirelessly. Her bikini bottoms consisted of only a tiny pink triangle, partially covering her engorged pussy lips, which tapered to the string of a thong that disappeared between her meaty butt cheeks. The boy kissed at her outer flanges through the thin layer of fabric, savoring their fragrance, while feeling his erection being rapidly stroked, from balls to knob.

He peeked down at the huge, rounded underbelly, which rested on his own sweaty chest. He could also feel the spongy softness of his mom's tits sloshing against his tummy to the rhythm of her stroking.

"That's it, moms…jerk those big dicks off!" the announcer shouted. "Make them mask your faces in sticky boy-goo!"

Alicia stared down dreamily at her son's fat, pinkish-purple glans as they squeezed through her pumping fist. Clear pre-goo seeped from his piss-slit, running down so that she could use it as slippery lubricant to beat him off.

She couldn't help but wonder what such a big hunk of fuck-meat would feel like digging through her vagina.

The boys all flexed their PC muscles, letting the load build in the balls so that they could squirt as much creamy cum on their moms' faces as possible. It was quite the sight on the lido deck; a dozen or so topless moms, on top of their teens in the sixty-nine position, beating their young erections fervidly, waiting for those steamy ropes to come spurting out.

One by one, the boy's began to pop. Their moms squealed delightfully, lowering down close to their dicks so they could paint their faces.

"Auugh!!" Nelson snarled, feeling his prostate swell as his mom's hand provided extraordinary milking friction on his throbbing cock. His hips began to thrust involuntarily as wonderful spasms began to shoot hot semen up his urethra.

"Ohhh goodness!!" Alicia gasped as a big, gooey cum-rope shot up and splattered her in the face. More jets of spunk followed in rapid succession, splashing all over her mouth, nose and eyelids.

The teen grunted and trembled as he received the most intense cock-milking of his life. Even as Alicia squeezed up his shaft, pulling out the last gooey droplets, she drug his spongy knob against her cheeks, smearing his sperm on her skin so she could make the biggest mess possible.

Alan let out guttural grunts as he too was exquisitely milked off at the hand of his pregnant mother.

When the moms all stood back up, the announcer quickly went from one to the other, asking the crowd to cheer for the woman who was slimed up the best. Alicia and Nelson were delighted as the crowd erupted the loudest for them.

"We have a winner!" the announcer shouted.

"So…what did you two ring-tossing lovers win for a prize?" Jeanie asked as they all sat at dinner later with two other mother and son couples.

"An excursion to Cupid's Beach, on a private island, owned by the Cruise line," Shelly answered.

"Mmm, how romantic."

"Yeah…apparently there's even a training center there, where moms help teach their sons how to fuck."

"Oh, how delightful. Sounds like an amazing place."

"I agree. It should be a fun excursion," Shelly whispered, then leaned over and gave her boy a couple of slow, tender kisses.

"My son and I went to 'Boys Sexual Training Camp' last year," said Meriden, a beautiful brunette who sat at the table with them. "It was an incredible experience."

The boys at the table were sharply dressed and all the moms wore elegant gowns with V-cut necklines, showing off their tremendous tit-cleavages. "Is it true that the boys get to enjoy an orgy of moms on the last day of the program?" asked Charlene, a short-haired blonde. Her belly was big and pregnant, like Shelly's.

"Yes…they call it the 'visiting moms' day," Meriden answered. "Jimmy got to fuck six of us moms, right, baby?"

Her son Jimmy got a big smile. "Yep, and it was damn cool."

The moms all laughed. "Oh, it must have been so exciting pounding your young cock into so many mothers," Jeanie stated, smiling wickedly at the boy.

"Jimmy loved it," Meriden stared. "He's always been such a big tit lover and, as luck would have it, all six of us moms had huge hooters, didn't we, baby?"

"Uh-huh," he smiled. "Yours was the biggest though."

"You're just saying that because I smother you between them all the time," she teased, leaning over for a tender kiss.

"I taught Ian how to fuck right at home," Charlene shared. "When my husband started working the overnight, it gave me endless hours to teach my boy how to engage in passionate lovemaking."

"Well…he must have been in heaven," Jeanie stated, smiling at the timid boy. "Did it feel good on your young dick, having it buried in your moms tight pussy every night, Ian?"

The boy nodded, and his mom smiled at him naughtily. "Ian's a bit shy when it comes to talking about sex," said Charlene.

Shelly chimed in. "Well, you know what they say about the shy ones."

Charlene's lips curled into a mischievous grin. "Yes I do. They're fucking monsters in bed!" she exclaimed. "How do you think he pumped a baby inside me."

Meriden peeked over at Charlene's son with fuck-lust in her beautiful green eyes. "Is that true? Are you a monster between the sheets, Ian? Do you make your pregnant mom scream, shake and claw her fucking nails down your back?" she sensually asked.

"Yes," the boy sighed with a nod.

Charlene brought her lips up close to her boy's ear, mashing the giant swell of her tits against his back. "His cock gets so fucking

hard. You like nailing mommy's pregnant pussy to her marital mattress, don't you, baby?"

"Uh-huh," the teen answered, feeling her bite at his ear lobe.

"I wish MY husband worked the overnight," Shelly stated. "I get so tired of making excuses as to why I'm disappearing into Alan's bedroom to fuck for hours at a time."

"That's why I bought a mini-van," Meriden stated, "one with the seats that fold forward, creating some nice space in the back. A thick, bouncy air mattress and a nice private spot at the local park n ride…"

"The park n ride?" Shelly giggled.

"Oh yeah…I 'park n ride' alright, don't I, baby?" Meriden asked, smiling at her son.

"Oh yeah she does!" he answered making everyone at the table laugh.

"When did you and your son start fucking, Shelly?" Charlene asked.

"It was at our mountain home last winter," she replied. "We got snowed in and, well…when a sexy boy and his hypersexual mom get stuck somewhere together, naughty things are bound to happen. Even my mother-in-law got in on the action."

Jeanie smiled. "Mmm, and what delicious 'action' it was," she added.

Across the dining room, Alicia and Nelson sat through a similar discussion at their table, however, they excused themselves early before the questions turned to them. "Good grief…is EVERY mother and son on board this ship having sex together?!" she asked her son when they got back to their room.

It was more a statement than a question, but Nelson answered anyway. "It would appear that way."

"I mean…they treat it like it's totally normal."

"Maybe it is…for some people," said her son as he plopped down on the bed.

"Well…we're not THOSE people," said Alicia, giving her son a serious look.

She wore a sexy black halter dress that showed off plenty of cleavage.

"What happened between us today…during those contests, that was just a one time thing, and it can never happen again, understood?"

"Yeah, I get it mom."

"Can you imagine what your father would think if he saw what we did today?"

Nelson was disappointed to hear that his mom was having such regrets, but he was also blown away by what had actually happened today. He'd seen his mom's huge tits in the flesh…finally, and she'd actually given him a juicy handjob.

Even though they were in the same bed, Alicia kept her distance that night.

"What would you like to do today, honey?" she asked him the next day after breakfast. "Are there any places on board the ship that you'd like to check out?"

"Well, there is one place that I'm interested in. It down on deck three."

"Oh…well let's go check it out."

Nelson was nervous the whole way there. He knew his mom would probably freak out and show no interest, but there was no harm in trying, and after all…she did ask if there was a place that interested him.

"Pussy buffet?!" Alicia asked, stopping in front of the sign and glaring over at her son. "Nelson, what exactly is this place?"

"You said you wanted to get closer on this trip and, well…this place could help us get closer."

"By doing what exactly?"

"Look, mom…yesterday you made ME feel good, so I just wanna return the favor."

"That didn't answer my question. What exactly goes on inside there?"

Nelson hesitated, sort of ashamed to answer.

"I'm waiting!" his mom stated, staring at him impatiently.

"Guys eat pussy in there."

"Seriously, Nelson?! You brought me to a place where guys eat pussy, after I explicitly told you last night no more funny-business?"

"I thought it would bring us closer."

"Oh, it'll bring us closer, alright. Closer than we're suppose to be," the mother stated, then began marching away. "We're NOT going in there!"

Nelson anticipated that his mom would likely react this way so he came up with a backup plan. "Well I'm going in anyway," he stated.

Alicia stopped and glared back at him. "What?!"

"I’m going in without you? There are moms without sons on board who a guy can be with in there."

"Are you serious, Nelson? You’re gonna go in there and eat the pussy of a woman you’ve never even met before?"

"Mom, you’re the one who begged me to come on this boat, then remember what else you told me? You said you know I have needs and that you'll give me the space I need to take care of them. Well… this is one of my needs right now."

She glared in disgust. "I thought you said you were doing it to bring us closer?"

"That was my motivation, yes, but I also like to eat pussy…a lot."

Alicia let out a frustrated sigh. "Fine…go eat your heart out, but don't complain to me if you end up with something nasty like herpes on your lips."

"I'll be fine," the boy stated as he made his way inside.

The naked attendant who greeted him before was there waiting. "You're back," she smiled.

"Yes…I'm back," Nelson answered, seeming disappointed that he was alone.

"Did you bring someone with you or would you like to see a menu?" she asked. Before Nelson could reply, a voice answered for him.

"He brought someone with him," Alicia replied from the doorway.

Nelson looked at his mom in disbelief. He was about to eat the pussy of the woman that gave birth to him.

Minutes later, Nelson was inside the dimly lit tube, listening to the light beat of erotic music. The rounded door in front of him opened

suddenly and he was met by the sight of his mom's naked pussy in all its glory. Alicia was fitted in some sort of harness that splayed her legs back, opening her crotch completely. "Holy shit…it's beautiful!" he thought, studying every detail of her cunt. This was his reoccurring fantasy, but in real life.

Alicia's pussy was shaved and had thick labial lips that were completely unfurled, like the wings of a butterfly. Nelson's eyes followed her inner flanges up, fascinated by how they merged with the rounded dome of her clitoral hood. It was definitely the finest pussy he'd ever seen.

Anxious to devour her sweet cunt, the boy leaned forward, burying his mouth in the fissure of her twat. "Mmmnn," he excitedly whimpered as he began running his tongue around the periphery of her fuck hole, eager to taste the juices he knew would soon be flowing from her heated pit.

Alicia softly gasped, feeling her boy lick and tug at the fragrant lips of her labium. She couldn't believe that she had stooped this far. If her husband knew that their son was munching on her cunt he would surely divorce her.

"I'm DEFINITELY not going any further than this!" she told herself. "If Nelson thinks he's fucking me, he can forget it." Despite her words, the heat soon mounted in the pit of her pussy, making her clit stiffen and the juices smolder through her fuck-tunnel.

Nelson fastened his lips around the swollen bulb of her love-nubbin and attacked it with licks. "Oh fuck!" he heard his mom gasp, subtly bucking her lovely ass up and down, grinding her cunt against her boy's face.

The teen whimpered in delight as he carved his licker through the slit between her fleshy folds, tasting the succulent juices that began seeping from the mouth of her vaginal entrance. He felt like a starving dog, lapping at a juicy piece of pink meat.

Alicia’s breathing increased as she experienced the incredible sensations of being eaten out by her son. She let out a sharp gasp and her eyes went wide as she felt him insert two fingers inside her. "What the fuck is he doing?!" her brain screamed. Even through she knew he could hear her, she pretended that he couldn’t, and didn’t say a word.

Nelson pumped his fingers through the snug wetness of her fuck-hole, marveling at the feel of the thick, slippery ridges inside. While doing this, he leaned down and began flickering his tongue around on the swollen nub of her clitoris. Now he had his mother really worked up as she began humping her hot hole against his thrusting fingers.

The boy decided to take things one nasty step further. With the fingers of his free hand, he began to rub the throbbing ring of her asshole.

"No…he wouldn't!" the mother's mind exclaimed, feeling her boy's digit circle her crinkled ring. Then, she winced suddenly as she felt him thrust it into the rubbery grip of her ass.

Nelson rhythmically pumped his fingers through his mom's two clasping holes, while keeping his mouth fused tightly to the upper ridge of her vestibule, swallowing the sweet cuntal nectar that flowed from her aroused vagina.

"Oh my God…he's gonna make me cum!" Alicia's brain screamed as an orgasm began to swell in her loins. She could hear the creamy sound of her boy's fingers digging through her quivering holes.

Nelson ate at his mom's cunt obscenely as she humped against his prodding fingers. The sounds of her pleasure-filled voice fueled his lewd actions. "Ohhh, yes! … Ohhh, God! … Ohhh, fuck!" her pretty voice cried out. She began to moan and buck and squeal even louder as she was struck with a toe-clenching climax.

The boy ate and finger-fucked her pussy and ass like his life depended on it, making her writhe and squeal, as if possessed by an evil spirit, for several minutes. "She's certainly not objecting now!" Nelson laughed to himself as the juices of her ejaculation gushed out, splattering into his hand and around his mouth.

The boy certainly wasn't finished. He continued to devour his mother's pussy for another half-hour, bring her off two more times until Alicia felt like she might pass out from the divine pleasure that her skilled son was giving her.

Meanwhile, near the aft of the ship, was a private spa called "Mom's Love-Solarium." In a tranquil jacuzzi, surrounded by lush, tropical plants, Alan sat next to Ian, the shy kid from dinner the previous night. "Look…here they come," Ian whispered, his eyes going big.

Shelly and Charlene, the short-haired blonde mother, sashayed towards their boys, and both were completely naked. Shelly's round belly was slightly bigger than the other mother's tummy, since she was carrying twins. However, Charlene's baby-ball was pretty much fully developed, since she was nine-months along. Their milk-swollen tits were absolutely monstrous, quivering heavily as they stepped down into the pool. Both their cunts were shaved, their engorged hoods peeking from their outer flanges.

"Now THIS certainly has to be the most romantic place on the ship for lovemaking," Shelly stated, staring at her handsome teen.

"I agree," said Charlene, "so I hope you boys are ready to make passionate love to us?"

"I know I am," Alan stated.

Charlene waded through the water, then stopped in front of her timid teen.

Ian gulped excitedly as he saw his mom smile down over the swell of her huge, ballooning breasts. Her pinkish-purple areolas had crinkled up some from arousal, but were still as big around baseballs. The nipples that stuck out from their centers were thick and rubbery. "Are YOU ready to make love to me, baby boy?" she seductively asked. "Are you ready to cuddle fuck with your mommy?"

"Uh-huh!" Ian uttered with a nervous gulp.

Shelly smiled over at Charlene. "Before we ride those big, juicy babymakers, maybe we should make sure they're good and hard first," she suggested.

"Mmm, I like that idea, Shelly," Charlene agreed, then her and Shelly sunk down into the water on their knees. "Stand up boys."

Alan and Ian stood, and their fully-erect cocks pointed towards their mothers. Their knobs were swollen and a network of bulging, blue veins were popping out from beneath the pink skin of their long, rigid shafts.

Shelly leaned forward and began teasing the head of Alan's cock with her tongue. Charlene was doing the same to Ian's prick, flickering her long licker all over his sensitive glans. They moved down their shafts, planting loving licks and sensual kisses on the meat of their love-organs. The sexy mothers even gave their big, dangling balls some lovin, kissing their cum-filled testicles and teasingly nipping on the skin of their scrotums with their perfect white teeth.

Shelly worked her way back up her son's muscled cock, then dropped her mouth over his fat, drooling head. She puckered her cheeks, letting his hot dick-meat glide along the bridge of her tongue. The loving mother tightened the ring of her lips around his thick stalk and began bobbing her head up and back in traditional blowjob fashion.

"Ahhh!" both boys sighed, watching their pretty moms gorge themselves on their cocks.

While she sucked, Charlene curled her tongue around her boy's spongy cockhead, gliding her lovely lips along the tubular shaft of his cock.

The boys both moaned and rocked their hips, fucking their long, horny boners down their mothers' throats.

Shelly fondled her son's dangling balls while she sucked, rolling them between her fingers as if loosening the tremendous load of spunk they contained. She peeked up into his eyes and winked teasingly.

Both moms gradually increased their cock-sucking tempo. Like any moms who fucked their sons knew, if they could get one creamy cum out of the boys systems with some sloppy head, then they be able fuck them longer and harder, giving their pussies multiple orgasms before ejaculating a second time.

Lewd, gurgling sounds left Shelly and Charlene's mouths as they sucked their boys steely pricks steadily and tirelessly. Shelly felt her son's dick swell even bigger and begin bursting with seed inside her mouth. Pearly-white jets of cum furiously spouted from the slit of Alan's prick, and his mom swallowed it eagerly, working her throat-muscles to get it all down into her stomach.

Charlene plowed at her boy's frenulum with the tip of her tongue on every suck she took. Her handsome teen shuddered at the delightful friction it created on his erectile tissue. Cock-milk began to erupt from his orally smothered peter-tip, splattering through the mother's hot mouth.

The boys both winced and gritted their teeth as they kept cumming and cumming, blasting huge loads down their moms' cock-hungry throats.

Finally their knobs popped free and Shelly and Charlene licked the residual cream from their lips. Both of them stood back up and embraced their babies, mashing their huge, wet tits and enormous baby-orbs against the leans chests of their sons. Both couples kissed passionately, flailing their tongues together.

Shelly broke the kiss and gazed into her boy's eyes lasciviously. "Make love to me," she softly insisted, nudging her boy back onto the lounge beneath the water. As soon as Alan was reclined back she climbed onto him, planting her knees astride his hips. Her dangling tit-cleavage bumped against his eager face and Alan felt her hand grasp his cock beneath the water and line it up with her fuck-hole.

Both gasped as they felt his engorged knob squeeze inside her birthing tube. Then, Shelly lowered her meaty ass, forcing her boy's rock-hard shaft to glide up her fuck-socket and kiss her cervix.

Ian was also guided back as his mom mounted him, burying his blood-engorged rod to his nutsack inside her tightly-clasping vagina. "Oh my God do these young dicks feel good!" Charlene sighed as she began to pump her pussy on the shaft of her boy's dreamy cock.

"Divine!" Shelly agreed. "It makes me not even wanna have sex with my husband anymore."

Charlene giggled. "I know what you mean. My husband's dick seems so small compared to Ian's whopper of a cock."

Alan loved just laying back and letting his skilled mother bounce and grind on his love-organ. He could feel the thick, muscular base of his prick stretching the lips of her pussy, and the slippery friction of her anterior fornix on his glans. His face was where he liked it best… wedged between her huge, bobbling tits. He kissed the creamy contours as they brushed softly against him.

Ian whimpered, feeling his eight-inch cock encased in the tight sheath of his mom's cunt. He could feel her experienced pelvic-floor

muscles flexing, causing her ribbed walls to chew at the meat of his erection. Her ass bobbed up and down beneath the water, causing his pink dong to slip down through her clingy grip, then back up into her depths, bottoming out each time.

The lucky teen kissed his way around one of Charlene's wobbling tits until he found her engorged nipple, then he spread his greedy lips as far across her areola as he could, nearly reaching its fringe as he sucked like a starving infant.

"I heard that a boy's pre-cum will help soften up the cervix, preparing it for birth," Charlene told Shelly as she swiveled up and back, plowing Ian's leaky cock-tip against the rounded head of her cervix.

"I've heard that too," Shelly stated. "I've also heard that once our mucus plugs are gone, and we begin to dilate, that the boys could actually squeeze the head of their dicks into our cervix's and ejaculate in there."

"Oh my God, that's so cool. We should both be about to lose our mucus plugs anytime. Wow…my son's dick inside my cervix. I've only heard one thing more wild than that."

"What's that?" Shelly asked.

"My friend Jan actually had her son's cock buried up her ass while she was giving birth at home last summer."

Shelly laughed. "Now THAT…is crazy!"

"Apparently she was out of her fucking mind she was cumming so hard…WHILE GIVING BIRTH!"

"Are you having a home birth?" Shelly asked.

"Yeah, I would like Ian to be able to fuck me while I’m in labor. I just hope the baby doesn’t start to come while my husband's at home."

"That's what I’m hoping for also," Shelly shared. "I'd love for Alan to be able shoot a big hot load of sticky cum inside me just before our baby squeezes out."

Charlene's eyes suddenly rolled back in their sockets. "Speaking of cum," she gasped. "I think I’m about to gush all over this big bull cock."

"I won’t be far behind you," Shelly panted, feeling a juicy cum swell up inside her cock-stuffed loins.

The water in the Jacuzzi began to slosh around wildly as the two mothers bucked their rounded asses in an animalistic rhythm of incestuous humping. Charlene's pussy shrunk up around her son's pummeling prick and her body began to shudder, making the spongy tit-meat around her boy's face ripple wonderfully.

"Mmngff!" Ian whimpered, his mouth gorged in nipple and areolar flesh as he felt the heat of his mother's ejaculation wash over his cunt-smothered dick.

"OHH, GOD, FUCK IT UP INTO ME! I’M CUMMING!" Shelly cried, throwing her beautiful mane of dark hair back.

Alan thrust his hips beneath her, meeting her frantic cock-thrusts.

"Sssshit!" the boy hissed, his voice muffled by milk-swollen tit-flesh. His teenage dick flexed powerful, making its fat blue veins bulge obscenely against the surrounding tissue of Shelly's birthing tube. His knob mushroomed as he stabbed his sinewy cock through his mom's contracting cunt, giving her a tremendous tit-quivering orgasm.

The two boys ‘made love' to their pregnant moms for nearly two hours.

They alternated between making out with them and sucking their oversized tits. All while feeling their hot humping mommy-cunts cum on them again and again. The two moms reveled in the fact that they could fuck and cum as hard and as long as they wanted. Their boys had incredible staying power and dicks that remained fully erect for as long as the horny mother’s needed to use them.

"Fuck that hot pussy, baby!" Charlene exclaimed. "Make me yours!"

"Mmmm, yesss…your dick feels so good, honey!" Shelly mewled, staring at her son with her beautiful green eyes while she rode his cock.

"So does your pussy," Alan panted.

"Yeah? Do you like mommy's slippery fuck-hole sucking up and down the length of your fat cock?"

"Yes!"

"Gushing my hot fucking juices all over you?"

"I love it!" the teen sighed, his dick and balls tingling from the sensational friction on his teenage fuck-organ.

"Are you ready to wash our baby-filled wombs with cum, boys?" Shelly asked.

"Are you ready for us to milk those big bull-cocks and empty those balls?"

Charlene added.

The moms began to slam their cushy asses up and down, making their pussy muscles suck deliciously around the pistoning shafts of

their boys' pricks. The huge teenage love-organs were bursting with blood and cum inside them. Their pink muscled flesh was soaked in the juices of numerous female ejaculations.

Alan and Ian were on cloud nine, not only by the way their dicks were being ridden, but also how their moms' gigantic tit-melons were bouncing and rippling all over them. "I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM!" Alan announced, then heaved upward, slamming his swollen cock to its root inside his mother, stretching her uteri with the cum-erupting knob of his prick.

"AAHHHH, MOM!" Ian loudly whimpered as thick pearly-white liquid squirted from his throbbing balls, pumping out his piss-hole and into his mom's tightly-squeezing fuck-tube.

The two boys felt like they'd never stop cumming.

When they were through, they all showered, kissing, flirting and giggling under the hot spray together. Shelly and Charlene smothered their boy's young chests with their melonous tits and prenatal belly-meat, making Alan and Ian's young tireless cocks become fully hard again.

"Would you like to fuck our assholes now, boys?" Charlene asked between sensual kisses to her son's lips.

"Mmm, there's an idea I like," Shelly added while smooching and licking on Alan's neck.

"I’m game for whatever and wherever," her son stated.

"Me too," stated Ian.

"Let's go fuck on the zipline then," Shelly suggested. "You know… where they harness you together and you fuck in midair."

"Oh, I've been dying to do that," Charlene agreed and they quickly led the boy’s out of the shower.

Part 2

"TAKE MY FUCKING COCK, MOM!" Alan gasped. The duo were harnessed together in the cowgirl position some thirty-feet off the deck of the cruise ship. The zip-line connection was set on a hinge, allowing them to rock fluidly, like they were humping in some sort of sex swing.

The panoramic view of the open sea was breathtaking from this height, but Alan much preferred the view he had of his mother's tits. His face was wedged between the peaks of her swollen udders so he could stare straight into her deep, quivering cleavage. His mom's squishy baby-ball was sandwiched between their sweaty bodies, the fully-developed fetuses of their unborn twins resting against Alan's torso.

"Aaahhh, yes!" the beautiful mother panted, feeling her boy's rigid penile meat scrape deliciously along the nerve-endings in her pink pussy-passage.

"I feel like we're fucking on a cloud, baby."

They were slowly pulled along a line that circled the parameter of the ship, like the seats of a ski lift. Many other mothers and sons engaged in passionate lovemaking, while fastened tightly together in their harnesses.

Both Shelly and Alan were focused on the feeling of his rigid boner pumping through Shelly's hot pussy. His long, fat cock was as hard as concrete, the muscle and sinews at its root flexing and straining, sustaining the force of their fluid fuck-thrusts. Soaked with slippery secretions, the boy's cunt-smothered shaft bore up through his

mom’s cunt tunnel unyieldingly, his huge purple veins bulging obscenely along the shaft from all the arousing blood flow. His knob mushroomed, and was so engorged it felt like it could pop right off the end of his cock. His flaring coronal ridge slipped deliciously along the snug walls of his mother’s baby-chute, massaged by the well-pronounced ribs lining Shelly’s vagina.

"Shit!" the teen gasped under his breath, feeling his mother tighten her pelvic floor muscles, causing her spongy tissue to chew at the meat of his erect flesh. The head of Shelly’s cervix had puffed up as her body prepared to give birth, creating a perfectly-round ring for Alan to push the tip of his peter against. His leaking pre-goo mixed with the pre-natal mucus that seeped from his mother’s cervix, creating a slippery, foamy froth that coated their pink, tightly-linked genitals.

"Oh God, baby," Shelly whimpered, feeling her boy’s strong cock-muscle push up into her body, its bulbous tip crushing against her uteri, making it push back into her endocervical canal, nearly to her uterus. "If you go any deeper you’ll be stabbing our daughters with that long meat-sword of yours."

"It feel so good back there," Alan gasped, his prick-tip throbbing and leaking as he continued to fuck up into her tight sheath.

After every dozen or so thrusts, the sexually-experienced mother would fuse their crotches in full penetration and grind on her baby’s cock. Her swiveling hips had widened over the months to facilitate the passing of twins through her birthing canal, and they moved fluidly up and back, like a well-oiled machine.

Alan gasped, his arms circling his mom’s back so he could pull her to him even tighter. This crushed his mom’s baby-filled belly against his torso.

Shelly’s milk-swollen tits bulged in huge, fatty masses around the boy’s head, smothering him in pounds of tit-cleavage. The feel of

Alan’s stiff cock stirring around deep inside her honey-pot made an orgasm quickly swell in Shelly’s loins.

"Oh, fuck…you’re gonna make me cum again!" the mother squealed.

It was probably the tenth time the boy had heard those words in the hour they had been up there. He always tried to prepare himself mentally for such an occurrence, since he knew his mom’s tightly-contracting vagina would surely milk the cum from his balls, unless he mustered up some staying power. He flexed his erection powerfully, making her feel every bulging blue vein running down his thick shaft.

Shelly let out an orgasmic squeal that rang out across the ocean. She wasn’t the only one though. Many other moms who were harnessed to their own sons, and scattered around the parameter of the ship, were crying out in climax also.

"Ahhhh, yeaaaah!" the teen groaned, feeling his mom’s squishy body shudder against his. His grimacing face was lost in her cleavage as he felt her gush on his jabbing prick. "Take my fucking wad, mom!" he grunted as semen began to erupt from the tip of his cunt-sleeved cock. The boy thought he might pass out from cumming so fucking hard inside her spuming pit of pleasure.

That evening, Alicia lay on the bed in her and Nelson’s cabin, staring at her wedding ring. Feelings of guilt stabbed at her insides as she contemplated what her and her son had done. "I let him eat my pussy. My own son! What a horrible wife and mother I am," she thought. While her conscious agonized, she did her best to ignore the smoldering tingles deep in the core of her cunt. She could hear the shower running and the image of her son’s lean, naked body pried its way inside her guilty, but horny mind.

A few minutes later, Nelson emerged from the bathroom with a white towel wrapped around his midsection. "Your turn, mom," he uttered.

"Thanks, honey," she said, starting to get up.

"I bought you something for tomorrow, but if you don't wanna wear it I'll understand."

The mother smiled in surprise. "You bought me an outfit?" she asked. She knew her son had gone out to do some shopping earlier, but didn't realize it was for her.

"Yeah, a um…bikini, for the beach tomorrow. I figured you might wanna wear something new and different."

She fed him a quirky smile. "How different?"

"Do you wanna see it?"

"I'll take a look, but I can't promise that I'll put it on so I hope you kept the receipt."

Nelson fished a small bag from his suitcase and handed to her. Alicia removed a tiny yellow micro bikini, then gave her son a look of displeasure.

"Honey, it was sweet of you to buy this, but it looks much too skimpy," she told him.

"It would look incredible on you!"

"Nelson…can we talk for a minute?" the mother asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

Her son plopped down next to her. "I know what you're gonna say. That we shouldn't have done what we did today, but—"

"We DEFINITELY shouldn't have done what we did today! Mothers and sons shouldn't be acting in that manner. It's incest, and it's immoral."

"Yeah, well…fine, but I would do it again in a second," said the boy, staring at his mother luscious legs. "Just being honest here, mom."

"Don't plan on that happening," Alicia stated. "Tomorrow, we'll take that island excursion and it'll give a chance to clear our heads. And I'm sorry, but I can't wear this.

Nelson was handed the bikini back. "What's the big deal with us fooling around a little? We're on a ship in the middle of the ocean. No one we know is ever gonna find out," he stated.

"Nelson, giving your mother oral sex, and me giving you a handjob, is more than just 'fooling around a little.' It's WRONG, no matter where we are or who's around."

"So, I guess I shouldn't ask if you'll jerk me off before we go to sleep?" the teen smirked. Eating his mom's sweet cunt earlier had gotten him all worked up and he desperately needed some release.

His mom huffed, doing her best to contain her smile as she glared at him.

"NO, you can't!" she blurted, then glanced at his crotch. "I'm going in to take a shower. If you need to take care of business, just…do it before I get back."

"Fine."

Alicia went into the bathroom, turned on the shower and stripped naked.

She wasn't surprised to find her panties soaked at the crotch. "I bet he'd give anything to have these against his nose, while he jerks off in there," she wickedly thought, but then her conscious kicked in and she scolded herself. "Enough with the depraved thoughts already. You told him it wasn't appropriate, so practice what you preach."

Nelson had sprawled back on the bed and was just getting ready to peel the towel back for a quick jerk. The bathroom door opened, startling him, and his mom came out with a white towel draped around her curvy body.

"Sorry, I just need to get the conditioner out of my suitcase," she explained, moving past the bed.

The teen watched her set her dirty clothes down on the corner of the bed.

Resting on top were her dainty, pale-pink panties. "Perfect!" he said to himself, smiling from ear to ear. "She knows I'm gonna jerk off. Does she honestly expect me to leave those laying there?"

Once Alicia had reentered the bathroom, Nelson snatched her panties, quickly bringing them to his nose. If it weren't for the shower running, his mom would have heard him gasp as he took in the musky scent of her vaginal juices, which were soaking the panty-gusset. He moved the towel aside and grasped onto his hardening cock as it rose from his loins like a pink cobra ready to strike.

Alicia still hadn't made it into the shower. Curiosity was getting the best of her, and she just had to peek out and see if her boy was using the panties she'd placed on the bed for him. Cracking the door slightly, she gazed out and saw her teen sprawled across the bed with his cock in one hand and the panties in the other. "He IS using them!" she thought as her eyes drifted down to his jutting erection. The vein-encrusted column of pink flesh slipped through her son's fist as he vigorously jerked off. "Good heavens…what he lacks in overall stature, he sure made up in penis-length," the ogling mother proudly thought.

Despite her conscious pleading for her to stop, she continued to peek out, feeling her nipples stiffen on the peaks of her tits. She wondered how her son could have penis that was so much larger than his father's. Little did she know, the answer was contained in

her own DNA. During his development in the womb, the Y chromosome, produced by Nelson's father, was central to the designation of male sex characteristics. However, the actual development of the penis was directed by genes on the X chromosome, inherited from his mother. Alicia's body produced an abundance of testosterone during her pregnancy, which attached itself to her son's genital tubercle during the growing fetal stage. This assisted in the growth of what would eventually become a beautiful, oversized penis.

She marveled at how skilled her boy was at jerking his peter-meat. It was, after all, something he did daily, since reaching puberty. She watched his thumb slip over the flaring ridge of his corona and onto his bulbous glans with every stroke. "Did he spit on it or is he just using pre-cum as lubrication?" she thought. The caring mother in her wanted to rush over and make sure he was properly lubed, but she didn't dare.

Her cunt-tube clenched, its walls secreted with hot fuck-lubricant. The wicked part of her wondered what such a huge, teenage love-organ would feel like clobbering through her slippery hot-pocket, scrapping each other's nerve endings together in a wicked union of mother and son flesh. They'd be fused as one, just as they were once before when she carried him in her womb.

"God, help me!" her mind sighed as she reached down between her legs.

The rounded dome of her clitoral hood protruded from her hairless flanges.

She peeled it back with her fingers, exposing her nubbin, then rubbed it with her middle finger, while watching her son masturbate.

"This is SO wrong! What are you doing, Alicia?!" her conscience screamed, yet she remained fix in place, peeking out at her cock-stroking teen. As horny as she was, Alicia resisted the urge to throw

open the door, mount his young loins and bounce on his cock. She knew that Nelson had the dick-length to dig at the deepest regions of her vagina, back near her fornix, where clusters of powerful nerve-endings had remained unstimulated since her college days. It wasn't that her husband was a bad lay. He just didn't have the length to fill her completely.

Nelson's hand flew up and down his shaft, while lustfully sniffing and sucking on the crotch of his mom's panties. He began to thrust his muscular ass from the mattress as he imagined that he was fucking his mom's ass off. His boner pumped through his hand, as hard as an iron crowbar. His knob mushroomed and his smooth balls clenched up in their sack. "Ahhhh!" he whimpered, his hips jerking as liquid love-lava raced up his urethral tube.

Alicia creamed in orgasm, as soon as she saw the pearly-white cum-ropes sail into the air above her son's writhing body. Nelson's goo rained down on his naked chest in big, sticky splatters, the sight of which made his mother go weak at the knees.

After her shower, the mother emerged from the bathroom in nothing but a sleep shirt, which fell to her thighs. Nelson could tell she was braless by the way her fat boobies bobbled beneath the fabric, and he could see the pointy shapes of her engorged nipples sticking out.

"Did you, um…take care of things in here?" she asked, joining him on the bed.

"Yes."

"Good," she said, clicking off the light, "let's get some sleep. We have a big excursion tomorrow."

After a moment of laying there on their backs, side by side, Nelson broke the silence. "Hey, mom…I know we can't HAVE sex, like you said, but can we at least talk about it?"

"Talk about it?"

"Yeah. Can I ask you some stuff?"

"Such as?"

"How often do you and dad do it?"

Alicia hesitated. It was certainly a personal question that she normally wouldn't answer, but this cruise had turned out far from normal. At least her son wasn't trying to put a move on her, and if innocent conversation prevented that, then she was willing to oblige. "We make love once a night. It used to be twice a day, but when life gets busy you just take what you can get."

"Wow. Every night."

"Yes, well…that's pretty common with married couple, honey."

"So, you and dad have been married twenty-years, right?"

"Yes."

Nelson grabbed his phone off the nightstand and used his calculator.

"Twenty-years, times three-hundred and sixty-five days a year… Wait, how many years would you say you guys did it twice a day?"

"Ten years maybe," Alicia giggled.

Nelson did all the math. "Wow, that means you've had sex over ten thousand times, mom," he pointed out.

"Your so funny, Nelson," she giggled.

"I don't know how a person can do something ten-thousand times without being extremely good at it."

"Well, I've certainly never had any complaints from your father."

"I bet. You're like a sexual athlete, mom," Nelson stated, making his mom laugh. "Do you practice?"

"Practice?"

"Yeah, like during the day, when it's just you at home?"

"Well, yeah…I guess you can say I do. There are some routines I follow so that I can make sure to give your father the best sex I can."

"Oh, cool. Can you tell me what you do?"

"Well, I do have to stay limber…in case there's a position he wants to do that requires me to tweak my body a bit differently."

"Like, which one? Which position?"

"Nelson, you're getting a little personal, don't you think?"

"Come on, mom…I'm just curious."

"There are a lot of sex positions that require a woman to be stretched out and ready."

"What was the last one you did that required you to be stretched out?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but the last one that required some real limberness was called the pancake."

"Pancake?" Nelson snickered.

"I know…some of them have such silly names."

"Say that you and I were doing the ‘pancake;’ how would you describe it."

"Nelson," his mom uttered in a soft, but scolding tone.

"It’s just pretend, mom. I know we’re not doing anything. Just describe how we’d do it though, so I know what you’re talking about, in case some girl ever asks me for it."

Alicia rolled on her side facing her son, stacking one heavy tit on top of the other. "The pancake is a more extreme variant of the legs on shoulders position. It’s a position that would really put you in the driver’s seat," she stated.

"How so?"

"You’d start with your torso more or less vertical and my legs on your shoulders. Then, you’d descend slowly, until you’re basically folding me in half."

"Damn," Nelson sighed, just imagining doing that position with his beautiful mom. "Then what?"

"For more leverage, you could reach around my back with your arms and pull me tightly against you," Alicia explained. "The pancake is very intimate, but it also gives me very little mobility, so it would basically be you who’d be the one in charge of the thrusting. The pressure you’d be putting on my muscles would also create a tightness in my pelvis, leading to a much tighter feel and more friction for your penis."

"That sure doesn’t sound so bad," the teen expressed, his heart pounding excitedly just listing to his mom describe it.

"You should always make sure a girl’s flexible enough to pull this one off — many women aren’t, but I do palates daily, so I don’t have any issues with even the most extreme positions."

"So girls really like that pancake position?"

"Well, that depends, honey. You and I getting into the position is only the start. Once you're inside me, you'd have to do the old swivel and grind to really get things heated up."

"Swivel and grind?" Nelson asked.

"Yes, once you've fully penetrated my vagina, you'd use your hip rotation to grind and twist inside of me, pressing your shaft as hard as you can against my clitoris. The friction and pressure will be what brings me to orgasm, especially with a penis as large as your."

The boy smiled with pride, hearing his mom acknowledge the enormity of his prick. "So, do you think I have an advantage over other guys then?"

"Sure…I mean, deeper penetration can provide incredible stimulation to different erogenous zones deep in my body, including more friction on the clitoris, and the stimulation of my G-spot and A-spot. Even cervical stimulation can provide extraordinary orgasms in a woman."

"Damn, mom…you really know a lot about this stuff."

"Well I should, honey," she giggled. "I've only done it…how many times did you say? Ten-thousand?"

"Yes."

"Like you said though…you do something enough times, you get really good at it."

"Can I quiz you?" the teen asked, then opened an app on his phone.

"Quiz me?"

"Yeah, I have a phone app with all the sex positions on it. I wanna see how many you know."

Alicia laughed. "What the heck are you doing with a sex position phone app?"

"Learning all of them…what do you think?" he answered. "The last thing I want is for a girl to ask me to do her in a certain position and I have no idea what she's talking about."

"That makes sense, I suppose. Knowledge is power."

"So here's how we'll do it. I tell you what the position is called, and you demonstrate how you'd position your body for it."

"And just how am I suppose to do that? Sex takes two people or have you forgotten that already?" Alicia teased.

"Alright then, I'll help you. Not by giving you the answer, but you get where you need to be, then you tell me where I need to be, and we'll assume the position together."

"Honey, it sounds to me like your trying to cross that line again. The one we agreed we'd stay away from," his mother warned.

"We can keep our clothes on, mom…and we're not really doing anything inappropriate. It's just a quiz."

Alicia quickly sat up and turned the light back on. "Alright, but no funny business…understood?" she warned. "I show you the position, and then we move on to the next one."

"Got it! OK, here's the first one," said Nelson, looking at his phone.

"Doggy-style."

His mom fed him an amused smile. "You don't know what the doggy position is? That's pretty basic stuff, honey."

"It doesn’t matter what I know. I’m quizzing you, remember."

"Fine!" Alicia smiled, quickly climbing up on all-fours. "Get behind me."

Nelson scrambled up on his knees behind his mother, wearing only his briefs. Alicia’s sleep shirt bunched up, exposing half her rounded bubble butt. This left her crotch exposed to the boy’s ogling eyes. She was wearing panties, but they were sheer white mesh, so the teen could easily make out the bulge of her smooth, puffy flanges beneath the fabric. His eyes drifted hungrily up her darkened butt-crack, and he could just make out the pink, round ring of her budding asshole.

Alicia bumped her fanny against her boy’s hardening penis as if she were thrusting back on him. "Doggy is one of the more basic sex positions. You enter me from behind and hold on to my hips or torso," she stated, peeking back at him. "You can decide to go slow or hard during doggy. If you want to add some roughness, doggy is a solid option that would allow you to pull my hair or slap my ass while it beats back against your midsection."

"Can I slap it once?"

"Nelson, I’m just showing you," she scolded, but with an amused smirk.

"We’re not actually getting sexual, remember?"

"It’s just a slap on the ass, mom…not really that sexual. One time and that’s it."

The mother sighed and rolled her eyes. "Fine. Lift the t-shirt up over my ass-cheek and give it a slap."

With her wearing sheer panties, Alicia’s meaty ass may as well have been naked. In order to demonstrate how to fuck in this position,

she continued to swivel her rounded rump up and back, bumping the puffy lips of her vulva against the tubular hardness of her son's cock. "Are you gonna slap it or stare at it, honey?" she teased.

"Oh, sorry," Nelson answered, then drew his hand back and smacked his mom's ass hard, making her fatty butt-meat ripple.

"Nice slap!" she excitedly stated. "Maybe you could teach your father the difference between a slap and a pat."

"Really?!"

"I'm kidding, honey," the mother laughed. "If your father knew you just slapped my ass like that he'd kill us both."

"Probably."

"Alright…next position," Alicia blurted, turning over and sitting down. The erect cock-bulge beneath Nelson's underwear could hardly escape her lingering gaze.

"Spread Eagle."

The mother smiled, then laid back raising and spreading her lovely, naked legs in a wide V. "It gets its name because of the way a woman spreads her legs like the wings of an eagle," she said, then reached out for her teen. "Come down on top of me."

Nelson lowered down between her warm, splayed thighs and sighed as his meaty muscle rested against her pudenda. "Place your hands flat on the bed for leverage," the mother instructed.

Now they were face to face, and Nelson marveled at how far open his mom's silky legs were spread. They were fully extended, and her sexy feet were arched, so her toes pointed to each corner of the headboard. "This is SO cool," he uttered. "I never knew you could spread your legs that far."

"I told you I’m limber."

"You weren’t kidding."

"Unlike doggy, in the eagle position, you and I are face to face. We would gaze into each other’s eyes and kiss while we have sex this way."

"Can I kiss you?"

"Nelson!" his mom laughed. "First you slapped my ass…now you wanna kiss me?"

"Yeah, if you’d let me…just to see what this position is really like."

"Fine…one kiss, then there’s something I wanna show you."

The boy lowered flat on top of her, crushing her tit-melons between them.

He couldn’t believe how thick and hard her nipples felt, prodding against his naked chest through her t-shirt. "Holy shit…I think that means she's aroused!" he told himself. Their necks tilted sideways and they gazed wondrously as their lips met in a long, tender kiss. It was much more intimate than what was considered appropriate for mother and son.

"Now…what I wanna show you is…all a woman has to do is lower her legs, wrapping them around your back, and you’re suddenly in a position called the missionary."

Nelson sighed as he felt his mom’s sexy, shaved legs harnessed around him. "Yep, that one’s on my app too," he pointed out.

"Of course it is. It’s the most famous and classic of all positions, honey. The eye contact, the mild male dominance and the angle of

penetration make it a popular one, and I just bet the first time you had sex was in the missionary position, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he smiled.

"It's a very comfortable option, that allows for easy thrusting, and a quick pull-out if you didn't wanna get me pregnant. A man and woman can do it pretty wild and rough in this position, and despite what you may think, it's NOT all male dominated, even though you're on top."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is some women, like myself, are pretty good at fucking from the bottom in this position."

Nelson's cock twitched upon hearing his mom use the F-word. She didn't use it frequently and especially not in this context. "Will you demonstrate?" he boldly asked.

"Probably not," she said, shaking her head.

"Then why even bring it up, mom? I don't know how a woman can do what you're describing if she's laying under the weight of a guy."

Alicia brought her arms under her son's, reaching back behind him and grasping onto his shoulders. She adjusted her naked legs so they were still fastened tightly around him, but not entwined. Suddenly, the busty mother began to writhe beneath him in a violent rhythm, shaking the mattress as she engaged her son in a heated dry fuck.

Nelson's cock flexed beneath his underwear, digging against his mom's pussy-mound as she clutched and bucked against his young body in earnest. Her flattened milkers sloshed between them, adding to the boy's delight. Then, she suddenly stopped. "Is that a good enough demonstration for you?" said Alicia, breathing heavily.

"Damn!" her son gasped. "None of the girls I've been with have ever done that."

"Yeah, well…that's probably because it's just a mom thing," Alicia winked.

"I must have picked it up somewhere along my journey to ten-thousand," she joked.

Nelson looked at his phone. "How about you demonstrate 'the cowgirl' next," he suggested.

"You'll have to get on your back for this one," his mother replied.

No sooner did the boy sprawl back than his mom was mounting him, throwing a leg across his midsection and planting her knees firmly on the mattress astride his hips. Nelson was transfixed on the swell of her unfettered tits as they bobbled freely beneath her nightshirt. "When I'm in the cowgirl or 'riding' position on top, I can choose the pace, depth, and angle of penetration," Alicia shared.

She began to swivel her hips, grinding her overheated cunt on the throbbing rod of her boy's cock. "I like this one!" Nelson sighed, watching her boobies wobble as his mom worked against him.

"I have a feeling you like them all, honey," Alicia giggled.

"Yeah, but this one has an especially-good view!"

Alicia glanced down at the swell of her dancing udders. "Yeah, speaking of that…this position gives you a chance to use your mouth to stimulate my nipples, neck, and anything else within reach."

"Can I try it?"

"No…you can't suck on my nipples, honey. We've already been WAY more naughty than we should."

"Can I just rub my face up against them? I'll stay away from the nipples, I promise."

Alicia grinned, then lowered down so she was resting with her extended arms astride his head. The bulge of her meaty mammaries was hovering over Nelson's face. "Well…I suppose this nightshirt IS big enough for two, if you'd like to squeeze inside it with me for just a few minutes."

"Are you kidding me? You have to ask, mom?"

"Two minutes, that's all you get," she warned. "You can kiss and lick and nibble on whatever you want under there EXCEPT for my nipples, got it?"

"When you say nipples, does that include your areola?"

"The areola are separate," Alicia fed him a stern smirk. "Just keep your lips away from my teats."

"Got it!"

Nelson watched her click off the bedside light, shrouding them in darkness, except for the glow of his phone. Then, Alicia draped a blanket over the top of them so they were covered in warm, fluffy softness. The screen of his cellphone illuminated the mother's pretty face as she stared down into her son's excited eyes. "You get two minutes under my shirt and then we're going to sleep, got it?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Rise up on your elbows so I can slip my shirt over the top of you, then you can lay back down," the mother whispered and Nelson complied, his face now teasingly close to her tits. "Good…now dim your cellphone and set it aside."

As soon as he did this, they were shrouded in darkness. Alicia grabbed them hem of her nightshirt and wrapped it over the top of her son.

Nelson's face was suddenly smothered by the biggest, softest titties he'd ever felt. "Oh, wow!" he gasped, as his head was pushed back against the bed from the weight of his mom's squishy boobs.

Alicia felt her boy's cock-shaft flex beneath his underwear, pushing against her overheated vulva. She humped subtly against his rod, letting her juicy slit swivel along it's bulging length through her this panty-fabric. "I can't believe I'm letting him do this," she thought. "I swore I wouldn't."

While his mom struggled with conflicting thoughts, Nelson was in tittie heaven, rubbing his wonder-stricken face up between her giant breasts. He kissed and licked at her creamy contours, wishing more than anything that the "two minutes" could be two hours instead. "Hell…I'd even spend two weeks doing this!" his horny brain confessed. He pried his face up under the huge, rounded undersides of her breasts, kissing, licking and sucking at the supple flesh, while feeling the heavy weight of jugs smother his entire head.

Alicia's cunt tingled deliciously as she dry-humped it against Nelson's teenage love-organ. Feeling her tits being royally worked over at the same time only added to her arousal level. "A mom-son cruise will be great for the two of you," she remembered her husband saying, just before they left. He could have never have imagined that his wife and son would get this close to completely fucking their asses off.

Nelson lustfully worked his way back up her tit-cleavage, to the peaks of her jugs. Being careful not to include her nipples, he worked his tongue around the fringe of her areola, battering it's raised, pink surface. Even though he wasn't allowed to suck her engorged teats, he could still feel them rubbing against his face

enticingly. Hearing his mom’s heavy breathing as he gave her boobs a work over was incredibly thrilling.

Their hips moved in counterpoint, perfectly grinding their sex organs together in a tireless dry humping rhythm. Two minutes became five, then ten before Alicia finally mustered up the willpower to pull him from her shirt.

"Alright, that’s enough, honey. It’s been way longer than two minutes," she panted. "Let’s go to sleep now."

"Ok, mom," the boy sighed, reeling from the mind-blowing experience of being smothered by such a huge set of tits. Even better was that they belong to his own sexy mom.

Sleep didn’t come easy for either of them as their genitals throbbed for what seemed like hours.

"Watch your step coming onto the boat," an attendant advised as twenty or so mother and son couples moved from the loading dock of the cruiseship that was at water level. They stepped onto a yacht that would take them on an excursion to the private island owned by the company.

"Hey, how are you two," said a smiley female attendant to Nelson as he stepped on board with Alicia. It was Sue, the redhead who had showed him the Pussy Buffet when he first explored the ship. "Nelson and Alicia, right?

"Yes, hi, Sue," said Alicia.

"Hi!" she smiled, her pale tits nearly bursting from her company-colored bikini top. "Have the two of you been enjoying the cruise since our chat?"

Nelson looked at his mom and smiled. "Yeah, it’s been great!" he replied.

"We’re really looking forward to the beach today," Alicia added.

"Cupid’s Beach is SO beautiful. You’re gonna love it!"

"How much time will we have there?"

"The yacht can bring people back throughout the day, but the last pickup is ten pm."

"Wonderful!" the mother smiled. "That plenty of time to explore and get some good sun."

As Alicia and her son boarded the yacht, the boy looked back at Sue’s ass, deliciously displayed in her G-string bikini bottoms. Almost as if she sensed his eyes on her ass, Sue peeked back at him and winked teasingly.

Nelson suddenly felt a poke at his ribs. "Get your tongue back in your mouth, mister," his mother joked.

"What?!"

"You know ‘what.’ You’re staring at her ass."

"I’d be staring at yours if you were wearing a bikini like hers."

His mom smiled at him naughtily. "Maybe I am," she uttered.

Nelson looked her over. Alicia was wearing a bikini cover-up so he couldn’t tell what she had on beneath it. "You’re wearing the bikini I bought you?" he asked.

"I guess you’ll have to wait and find out."

As the yacht roared across the water, music began to thump loudly on board and the boat took on a relaxed, party-like atmosphere.

"WOOOOO!" Shelly shouted, her arms in the air as she danced to the beat near the front of the luxurious vessel. Alan was slouched back in the leather seat getting some sun, while watching his mom dance. She was wearing a light blue slingshot micro bikini, the straps of which could hardly stay on her bobbling, milk-swollen breasts as she danced. Her huge, round pregnant belly stick out lewdly as she swiveled her body to the beat.

"You look like a hungry lion salivating over a piece of meat, darling," his Gran giggled as she arrived with a drink. She took a sip, then set it down and crawled onto the cushion with him.

"Gran, what are you doing here?" he asked, surprised to see her, since it was he and Shelly who had one the excursion.

"You and your mother weren't the only ones to win a competition. Yesterday, when the two of you were in the cabin fucking, I went out and won one as well."

"What type of competition was it?"

"Let's just say that the other competitors have a lot to learn when it comes to shaking their tits."

"Nice!" the boy smiled. His gaze was drawn to his Gran's bikini, particularly the top, which could only contain a small portion of her enormous chest. It was a wavy mesh keyhole-designed top made of luxurious soft black and silver mesh fabric, allowing him to faintly see the wide rounded caps of her tits and the rubbery teats protruding from their centers.

Jeanie leaned down, mashing her oversized milkers against her Grandson's chest and feeding him a tender kiss. "Would you like me to rub your cock through your trunks, while you watch your mother dance?" she asked.

"Sure," he replied.

Jeanie nuzzled up next to him and began fondling her Grandson’s erect prick, while he sat there watching Shelly. "How’s that?" Jeanie whispered in his ear, gently squeezing her hand around his shaft and slowly pumping it through his shorts.

"Perfect!" the lucky teen sighed.

"Yeah? Does that make you wish you were fucking some pussy?" she whispered in his ear.

"Yes."

"Mm-hmm…digging away at a sweet, tight cunt…feeling it soak your tender prick with hot slippery juices."

"Ohh, yeah," the boy sighed, turned on by both his Gran’s nasty words and gentle cock-pumping, and the sight of his mom’s nearly-naked body dancing in front of him.

"Mmm, you love having your mom and Gran as sluts for your teenage cock, don’t you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Pumping our cunts full of hot, young semen…making us break our marriage vows."

"Oh damn, Gran…you’re really turning me on with all that dirty talk!" Alan gasped.

"Yeah? Am I making that big dick throb and leak, darling boy?"

"God, yes!"

"Making you wanna buck your ass, and pound your sweet erection through the wet suction of my baby-hole?"

Alan couldn’t answer. He was too fucking worked up, so he just let out a whimper and humped his cock against his Gran’s hand.

Shelly smiled down at her teen as she saw her mother-in-law pressed up against him, pumping him through his shorts and whispering in his ear.

The pregnant mother gyrated her wide hips, slowly spinning around so her son could see her backside.

"God-damnit!" Alan whispered beneath his excited breath, watching his mom’s thick, thronged ass rock back and forth teasingly. His Gran added to his excitement level by continuing to spout naughty words from her mouth.

"Mmm, that’s it…fuck my hand, baby. Fuck my hand while it squeezes and pumps your meat."

Not far away, Alicia and her son sat side by side as the boat raced for the island. The mother was becoming quite jealous at the way her boy was staring at all the bikini-clad moms around them. Finally, she stood up and shucked off her bikini cover-up.

"Whoa!" Nelson gasped, seeing her in the yellow bikini he had purchased for her. "You’re wearing it!"

"Yep, I am," she replied, standing there for a moment to fold the garment she’d taken off. She was wearing a sexy bandeau-style top and mini G-string bottoms. Nelson could see pounds of rounded tit-meat bulging out the top and bottom of the bikini top, since the fabric was stretched straight across the center of her huge boobs. "Just don’t expect me to EVER wear something like this at home."

"You look amazing in it, mom!"

"Thanks," she smiled, slightly blushing. "Your father would kill me if he knew I was ever wearing something like this in front of you. "

"Well…it's a good thing he's not here then."

"It sure is beautiful out here, isn't it?" Alicia asked, not wanting to think about her husband as she peered out at the passing ocean.

Her boy had his sights set an another "beautiful" view. His mom's giant tits were a spectacle to behold. They rippled delectably each time the boat went over a wave. His lusty eyes drifted down his mom's naked, tapered torso to the triangle of fabric hugging her pubis. It was so snug he could see the indentation of her cuntal fissure. "Could I see the back?" he asked.

"The back?" Alicia asked.

"Of the bikini."

"Oh, um…sure. I'm gonna go grab us some water," said Alicia, then she turned and strode away on bare feet.

"Oh, yeah…shit that's nice!" the teen said out loud, watching his mom walk away, swaying her hips alluringly. The back of her bikini bottoms were nothing but three strings; two crossing her hips, and one disappearing between the cheeks of her rounded ass. Her fatty half-moons quivered delightfully with each step, making Nelson's cock harden beneath his trunks.

It was only a matter of a few minutes before the yacht reached a small dock that was tucked in a cove, sheltered from the crashing surf of Cupid's Beach. Everything they needed was provided for them on the beach, so the mom-son couples exited the boat in only what they wore, which was very little.

Jen, the attendant, stood in front of the group on the dock. "Can everyone hear me?" she shouted. "All right. Welcome to Cupid's Beach. Through the trees, there on the right, you'll see the only building on the island. It's called the Boys Sexual Training Camp. For those of you who have never heard of it, BSTC is a resort

educational center for boys. Their mothers attend with them, and participate in their training," Sue explained.

One of the visiting moms raised her hand. "Do we get to go inside?" she asked.

"There is a Training class in session, so as long as we don't disturb them, we'll be able to do a walk through the facility. Follow me."

Charlene, the short-haired blonde mother, and her son Ian had won an excursion also and walked along with Shelly, Jeanie and Alan through the soft white sand, following Sue. The mothers' heavy breasts wobbled beneath their skimpy bikini slings as the walked. It didn't take them long to reach the building of Boys Sexual Training Camp tucked just off the beach, in the lush canopy of tropical vegetation. "Just the idea that there are mothers in there right now teaching their sons to fuck is so exciting!"

Jeanie stated.

"Honey, maybe we should just wait out here," Alicia suggested as her and Nelson brought up the rear of the group.

"I wanna go inside and check it out, mom."

"Fine," she relented, following along.

They went through a sliding glass door into beautiful hallway that had a luxurious tropical-resort-style feel to it. A sex, middle-aged blonde with huge tits greeted the group with a friendly smile. She was completely naked, except for a pair of dainty stiletto mules. "Hi everyone! Welcome to BSTC. My name's Amber and I'm one of the instructors here. As you may already know, the boys here at the training camp are educated in all aspects of sex. What makes our center so special is that their mothers are here to coach them every step of the way, using their sexual experience to help their sons become amazing lovers."

"So there's like…different classrooms for different sexual subjects?" One mom from the group asked.

"Not exactly. Most all the instruction takes place in a room we call 'the hall of the Goddess.' If you follow me, I'll show you that area."

Amber led the group down the corridor and they began to hear the faint orgasmic cries of numerous mothers echoing through the center. "We won't be able to go inside the hall, since it's imperative that they're not disturbed during their daily training exercises, but we do have a viewing area for those of you who'd like to see what's taking place in there."

"Can we look, mom?" Nelson asked Alicia.

"Honey, no…it's probably just a lot of what we've been seeing on the ship, which is hardly appropriate."

"These guys are here to learn, and their moms are helping them. It's different. Let's just take one look."

The two of them walked over and peered through a long glass observation window with everyone else. Nelson's jaw lowered in disbelief as he looked down into a spacious, dimly-lit room that had a collection of couples in it having sex. The mothers were all on their backs on leather-loungers and the boys were all on top of them, fucking vigorously.

Nelson looked at his mom and smiled. "The missionary position," he whispered. "See, you taught me that last night."

"I'm glad you remembered," Alicia chuckled.

"The size of our class has increased over the years, due to its popularity,"

Amber explained. "It was ten couples back when the center first opened. Now the course will allow thirty mother and son couples at once."

"They’re all fucking in the same position," Shelly observed, while standing close to Alan as they watched.

"Yes, the boys are trained in over twenty different sexual positions here. After learning about each one, they’ll have practice sessions, where the mothers can then show them the different variations of that position."

"How wonderful!" Jeanie smiled, squeezing her Grandson’s arm against her breasts as they watched. "When it comes to sex, there's no better coach and practice partner than mom."

"Agreed!" one of the other woman blurted, squeezing her own son's arm.

Alicia’s eyes widened at the sight of thirty young asses bobbing vigorously between the splayed thighs of their moms. Huge breasted women-instructors weaved through the humping bodies, offering guidance and instruction where it was needed. A chorus of pleasurable moans, gasps and cries echoed up towards the visitors, audible even through the observation glass.

"Damn, this is getting me really horny!" one boy in the group shared, making everyone laugh.

"Let’s get you back to the beach then and you can have your own fun," said Amber.

They were guided back out to the surf and sand of Cupid’s Beach. Shelly, Jeanie and Alan found a nice round lounge chair, perfect for three, resting in the sand near the water. The boy sprawled back, watching his mom and Gran strip out of their bikinis. They peeled

their skimpy bottoms away from their shaved pussies and down their silky legs, stepping out of them.

"I certainly hope you're not planning on keeping those trunks on?" Jeanie stated, looking over at her Grandson.

"No chance!" Alan answered, then shed his shorts, releasing his monster-erection.

"Let's have a swim, then we can come back and lay in the sun," Shelly suggested.

The three of them went down and frolicked in the crashing surf. The two mothers couldn't help but rub their wet, voluptuous bodies against the boy the whole time. Shelly latched on to her gorgeous teen, throwing her arms over his shoulders and squashing her pillowy tits and baby-ball against his lean torso.

Alan sighed at the feel of her heavenly softness and turgid nipples. He felt her thighs clasp around his waist beneath the water as she hooked her legs around him and brought her lips to his ear. "Fuck me!" she softly whimpered.

The boy gyrated his hips around, prodding his mom's ass with his erection, searching for her coral-colored slit. Finally, he felt his knob wedge inside her vestibule and sink inside her heated pit. Jeanie arrived, pressing her boobs against her Grandson's back and reading the pleasurable expression on his face. "Did someone just get their dick sheathed in hot pussy?" she teased.

"Uh-huh," the boy nodded. His cock was buried to the hilt inside Shelly's cunt, and her spongy lining was sucking and smoldering around his pink meat.

The horny mother began to move her hips, pumping on his steely love-organ. Their fun was short lived, however, as the white foam of a large crashing wave knocked them both over, separating their

bodies. Shelly stumbled up, all giggles, as she took her son's hand and quickly led him out of the water.

The shameless mom pulled her boy back towards their lounger. The way her huge, milk engorged udders bounced and her beach-ball-sized belly heaved up and down as she moved was absolutely obscene. They looked over and could see Charlene and her son on a nearby lounger going at it heatedly. The short-haired blonde's knockers jumped up and down, rippling wildly as she rode her son's cock.

Once at their own lounger, Shelly sprawled out, pulling her boy down between her legs as her knees reared back, nearly level with her shoulders.

Alan's heart beat faster than it ever had with excitement. His rigid cock bobbed stiffly, like a tree branch in the wind, its huge, blue veins popping out obscenely from his shaft being so incredibly engorged with blood.

"Get that fucking dick back inside me!" Shelly urged as her boy collapsed down on top of her. His achy spear pierced her puffy flanges and plunged into her overheated honey pot. Both of them gasped and shuddered as Shelly's pussy was packed with the hot meat of Alan's cock.

He slowly backed out of his mother's clinging cunt hole, sighing as he felt the wet pink walls dragging on his sensitive cock-meat. His mother squealed as he jabbed his penis home again, burying his fat bell into the deepest, tightest regions of her pussy.

"Fuck me as hard as you can, baby!" Shelly panted, locked her lovely, smooth legs high around his back and flinging her arms around her his shoulders. Then, she started bouncing her rounded ass frantically off the cushion, feeding his throbbing cock into her cunt-tube.

Alan snarled like a slobbering dog as his young ass flew up and down, meeting his mother’s fuck humps with his own. This made their wet flesh smack together loudly. Their lips met for a heated kiss; their tongues whipping together wildly as they fucked like it was the last time they ever would.

"Nelson, stop looking over there!" Alicia warned as she noticed her boy watching the couples fuck on the loungers.

He turned the other way and saw two mothers sitting nearby talking, while their sons played in the surf. Both moms were completely naked, sunning their huge tits.

"Nelson!" his mom scolded, noticing where his eyes were fixed.

"Give me something to look at then, mom" he boldly asked, since his mom was sitting next to him in the sand, but her knees were to her chest.

"You can look at the ocean."

"Yeah, because all the other boys here are looking at the ocean, right?"

"Fine," Alicia huffed, then stretched out on her back beside him. "Is that better?"

The teen’s eyes drifted up and down her luscious bikini-clad frame. "Much!" he answered. His gaze became fixed on his mom’s ballooning tits. The bandeau was stretched across their rounded meat, leaving tons of creamy flesh exposed. "Since this is the island where boys learn things, will you teach me something?"

His mom looked over at him, cautiously curious. "Teach you what?" she asked.

"Teach me how to kiss a girl’s body."

"Nelson…I don’t know," she uttered, shaking her head.

"You don’t know how I should kiss a girl's body?"

"No, of course I know how you’re suppose to kiss a woman’s body, I’m just not sure if we should go there, after all that’s happened already."

"Come on, mom…help a guy out. If YOU can’t show me then how am I suppose to find out?"

"I’m sure there’s plenty of information on the internet."

"Really, mom?! You seriously want me learning about sex from the internet?"

"Alright, fine," Alicia relented, slightly spreading her legs apart. "Come lay on top of me."

"Really?!"

"Yes, ‘really,’ but you better hurry before I change my mind."

Nelson sprawled right on top of his mom, his legs resting between hers.

"Put your hands against the sand, so you can move yourself around to different areas of my body," she instructed. "It’s all about learning where to kiss a woman to have her shaking with delight. It comes down to a series of moves you can use to get her warmed up to the right temperature for sex. Foreplay is incredibly important, and far too many couples side-step it and get straight into the main course, which doesn't make it as intense."

"Understood!" he nodded.

"Let’s start with the neck. The skin on the sides of the neck is some of the most sensitive on the body. Give it slow, sensual kisses."

"Now?"

"Yes, now, honey," Alicia giggled. "You do wanna learn, right?"

"Yes," answered the boy, then lowered his lips and applied a tender kiss to his mom’s neck.

"That’s good. Do it again," she urged, "but this time drag the smooth, wet skin of your inner lips slowly over my skin, and you’ll start to hear me moan softly."

Nelson did as instructed, and sure enough he heard his mom let out a soft, shivering moan. "Like that?" he asked.

"Yes. Don’t be afraid to let your tongue play too, but don’t slobber her. There will be a time for sloppy kissing, but this isn’t it. After the kiss, her skin should be dry within fifteen seconds."

"Got it," said the boy, then lowered down and lightly flicked his tongue against her neck.

"That’s excellent, honey. Neck kisses can go to just below my earlobe. Don’t kiss the front of my neck, as even slightest contact can push on a woman’s windpipe. Don’t leave any hickies either. Your kisses should be soft and tender."

Nelson delivered the smooches just as his mother instructed, gaining her praise. "That’s good, just like that, honey," the mother whispered, pushing her cunt-mound up against the erection beneath his trunks. "Gently lick my earlobe and run your tongue behind my ear. This can be an especially good place to kiss during hot sex."

Her cunt-tube clenched as she felt her son's tongue curl skillfully along her ear. "Yesss, now work your way back down my neck, slowly…take your time. Remember, your letting my arousal build slowly. Trust me, it’ll eventually result in an explosion of passion."

Nelson softly kissed and licked his way down his mom's neck, listening to her continued heavy breathing and instruction. "If you're wondering where to kiss a girl, you should know that after her genitals, her breasts are the most sexually-sensitive part of a her body. Some women can even achieve orgasm just from having them kissed."

"Really?" Nelson asked, still pecking at her neck.

"Yeah. Anywhere on either of my breast is highly sensual, but the nipple is the most sensitive part."

"I see."

"Kiss my cleavage, but start off soft," Alicia instructed.

The teen lowered down and smooched on the spongy meat of her tit-cleavage.

"You can usually kiss the breasts harder than other body parts," said Alicia, "but keep in mind that every woman is different. Strong groping and sucking might feel amazing to a woman like me, but painful to another.

Nipple squeezing and pinching can hurt like crazy, or drive her fucking wild."

"Oh nice!" the teen gasped, feeling his mom push up against his steely hard love-organ. He loved that she was clearly getting turned on by this.

"The way you were kissing and nibbling on my breasts last night… that was perfect."

"Thanks. I wish I could have done it longer."

"Yes…" Alicia sighed, her body tingling from her son's skillful affection. "Are you sure you've never done this before, honey? You're quite good at it."

"No…not like this."

"Alright, um…anyway…back to my breasts. In the days before my period arrives, my boobs tend to swell and become extra sensitive. During those times, you can really drive a woman out of her mind."

"That's awesome to know," said Nelson, delivering some loving kisses into his mom's gaping cleavage.

"Pull my bikini top down," Alicia whispered.

The boy happily complied, slipping the bandeau top down, exposing her jutting stiff-nippled tits.

"Start kissing my breasts slowly and gently. Then, gradually start to apply more pressure as you start to squeeze and suck."

Nelson did just what she told him, staying clear of her teats, since she hadn't mentioned those. It wasn't long though before he heard words that were music to his ears. "Suck on the nipples," Alicia softly directed, highly aroused at this point.

Nelson sucked one of her engorged tips into his mouth and began to suckle like a baby as he continued to listen to his mom's breathless voice.

"Press my nipple tighter between your lips. Not your teeth though! There's a time to chew on a woman's tits, but it's not right now. She'll give you cues as to whether she wants more. And don't be afraid to ask. Establishing communication during foreplay is key to amazing sex."

For several minutes Alicia lay there, listening to the waves crash and other mothers, scattered around the beach, scream in ecstasy as her boy sucked on her swollen boobs. He went from one nipple to the next, nibbling and licking and groping like a kid in a candy store.

"That's it, honey…like that! Most moms like me like it rough, just like you're doing," she gasped. "Suck the entire areola into your mouth. Gorge yourself on my squishy tits."

Nelson pressed his face into the fatty meat of her mammary, making it sink down into the creamy softness of her orb. He felt his mom's leg curl around his, gently running her bare foot down his calf. "Ohh, that's so nice," she whimpered. Their heated genitals were grinding subtly with the involuntary movements of their hips. Alicia could feel her boy's boner pulsing with excitement. She couldn't remember the last time she was this fucking turned on.

"Now you're gonna work your way down to the most important part of a woman," the mother said, afraid to let her son work her breasts over for too longs. "Kiss your way down my belly, and remember to lightly trace your tongue against my skin randomly as you go."

The boy moved down her body, licking his way past his mother's navel.

"Just inside my hipbones, along my waist, is a hotspot with great potential for pleasure. This is one of the best places to focus on when learning where to kiss a girl," said Alicia.

Nelson began planting his lips along her waist, making his mom shiver with overheated arousal. "Yes, like that! Kissing and sucking here stimulate some of the glands running to my genitals," she informed him. "It's a great teaser for what lies ahead."

The lucky teenager loved the way his mom was beginning to writhe from his affection, her torso heaving up and down, making her

jutting titties slowly roll up and back. Laying in the noonday sun, their nearly naked bodies were becoming sheened with perspiration.

"Kiss my hips now," the mother gasped. "A woman loves it, and they’re super-close to where she really wants you to be."

She continued speaking as her son moved his affection to that area. "She’ll be squirming, and begging you to move in-between her legs, but go slow and don’t give in. You’re trying to drive me crazy and it’s working!"

She reached down and drug her long, painted nails along the back of her son’s head. "Have you ever ran your hand along a girl’s thigh and made her shiver?"

"Yes."

"Imagine what kissing them can do."

"Probably drive her wild."

"Try it and see," the mother sighed, rearing her knees back.

Nelson moved down beneath her crotch on his knees and Alicia could see his monster-cock tenting out the fabric of his trunks. A big dark stain of pre-goo had formed in the fabric, where his angry knob was pushing out.

"Start around mid-thigh with smaller, dry kisses," Alicia instructed. "Then work your way up, letting the kisses get wetter and linger longer."

The boy did it exactly how she described, while peeking down and watching his mom’s bikini-clad cunt writhe up and down as if pumping up into an imaginary cock.

"Do you see what that does to me?!" Alicia's voice squealed. "Do you see how horny it's making me, honey?"

"Yes."

"When you're almost to the top of my leg, suck and lick with medium pressure right inside that area between my thigh and vulva. Oh yes, that's perfect!" the mother cried out as her son focused his attention there.

Nelson was so close to his mom's cunt that he could smell her warm, musky aroma. He could see a dark streak in the gusset of her bikini bottoms where the juices of her arousal had soaked through.

"By now you'll have a girl so worked up like I am that you'll be able to strip her panties off quite easily. Don't ask…just peel them off," Alicia advised.

"Can I take yours off?"

His mom let out a frustrated giggle. "What part of 'don't ask' didn't you understand, young man?"

"Sweet!" Nelson hissed, grabbing the strings that crossed his mom's hips and yanking her bikini bottoms from her crotch.

"There you go…get them off her as quickly as possible," the mother coached, squirming to allow her boy to free the bottoms from her legs.

"Her pussy will be aching to be eaten."

Nelson's tongue hung from his mouth as he stared at his mom's pudenda.

Engorged with blood, her vulvar flesh was moist and unfurled, like the an exotic pink flower in full bloom.

"I realize that you know your way around down there," she stated. "You showed me that yesterday in the Pussy Buffet. Remember though, you're teasing here. You're putting in the preliminary work to get me heated up so I'll fuck you."

Nelson's heart skipped a beat when he heard that. He wondered if she meant that literally or if it was just part of the lesson. "What do I do?" he asked.

"You're going to start slowly, with soft kisses on the outer lips."

The boy's obliged, while continuing to listen to her voice.

"That's perfect. Now part the outer lips with your tongue. Kiss and lick my inner labia."

Nelson was an inch from her swollen clit as it peeked from beneath her hood, while he drug his licker teasingly through the slit of his mom's pussy.

Her vestibule was lathered with clear secretions that had seeped from her Skeen Glands, and it tasted delicious. "Push your face in… worm your tongue up inside my hole," his mom panted.

The teen let out a hungry snarl as her leaned in, masking his face in pink genital flesh. He dug his tongue as far into his mom's fuck-hole as he could, flailing and probing her hot, ribbed walls, feeling them clench against him.

"Now my clit! Suck on it!" the mother squealed, her chest rising and falling with her gasping breath.

Nelson slid his tongue up the gushing slit of Alicia's pussy. Her clit was swollen harder than ever, sticking obscenely out of the folds at the top of her vulva. The boy started to lick it hard, battering her engorged nubbin from side to side with his skillful tongue. He slurped it into his mouth like a lozenge.

"OH, YESS, HONEY!" the mother shouted, writhing in ecstasy on the sand as her son sucked and battered her engorged bulb with his mouth and tongue. It wasn't long at all before the mother's gasping breath had reached a violent crescendo. "I'M CUMMING!! OH, GOD, HONEY…YOU'RE MAKING ME CUM!"

Alicia gushed shamelessly all over her boy's face as he devoured her pussy in a powerful climax. For several mindless minutes her beautiful body trembled and bucked from the sand, making her naked boobies bobble around wildly.

"Oh goodness…that was amazing, honey," she finally sighed as she came back down to earth.

"Did it work?" Nelson asked her.

"Did what work?"

"Did I get you worked up enough to fuck?"

Alicia froze a moment, contemplating his words. Her body said yes, but her mind was still on the fence. She began to consider the consequences if she truly decided to let him fuck her. "Honey, I'm not on any form of birth control. If we fuck there's a real chance I could get pregnant."

"Damn! Well, I could go see if any of the other guys have any condoms."

"No, there's no way I'd let you use a condom with me, even if you had them. It would take away all of your sensitivity," she replied.

"What if I pull out?"

"Honey, look at that stain in your pants. That's pre-cum, and it would be leaking out inside me the whole time we had sex. Without

me being on birth control you could get me pregnant…very easily, but…"

"But what?" the boy asked.

Alicia's heart was racing, and her cunt was throbbing harder than it ever had before. "But you've got me so worked up, Nelson, and I want you to fuck me so bad, I'm willing to take the risk."

The teenager's eyes widened. "Really?!" he asked.

"Yes, really, but only one time…so you better make it a fuck you'll never forget, mister," she smiled.

"I will," the boy stated, quickly shedding his briefs.

The way his dick bobbed around stiffly made his mother lick her lips with desire. She wanted it inside her pussy so bad it was killing her, but on a sandy beach wasn't the most comfortable place to have the fuck of your life. "If we are gonna beat our sex organs together just one time…can we at least do it somewhere comfortable?" the mother asked.

"How about there!" Nelson blurted, pointing to a bunch of beach cabanas not far away. He quickly scooped his mom up, making her scream playfully as he threw her over his shoulder. He rushed them towards the cabana, like a caveman carrying his woman towards the mating mat to fuck the shit out of her.

The boy tossed his mom on a big fluffy outdoor bed, then crawled towards her. Alicia splayed her thighs wide open, drawing her knees back as far as she could, while staring at the steely-hard fuck-muscle protruding from his loins. "So much sexual aggression!" she beamed, watching her son crawl up between her legs. "Take it out on me, honey!"

Nelson had every intention of doing just that. He landed atop his busty mother and his cock sliced into her perfectly, making her gasp loudly as he drove it all the way to the hilt inside her hot cunt. "OH MY GOD!" the mother squealed, having her uteri exquisitely stretched for the first time since her college days. Her tongue lolled out obscenely as she felt her pink pussy walls spreading to admit the impressive girth of his cock.

"Oh, fuck, baby…easy…you're really big! Let me get used to you," she whimpered.

Nelson moaned as he felt the gurgling tightness of his mother's pussy; her strong cuntal muscles suctioning deliciously around his boy-cock. "Oh, damn, mom!" he whimpered, then shuddered again when she threw her arms and legs around him, clasping her thighs around his midsection and raking her fingernails up his back.

The teen wasted no time pumping his cock into her and his mom reciprocated, thrusting her lovely ass from the mattress to get as much of his prick-meat inside her as she could.

"Harder now!" she gasped. "Fuck me harder, honey!"

The teen obeyed his hypersexual mother, doubling the speed of his fuck-rhythm. His big balls beat lewdly against her ass as his rock-hard boner pummeled through her clenching baby-chute. "YESSS… JUST LIKE THAT!" she cried out, gripping him tightly with the harness of her legs.

Nelson socked his prick all the way in and held it there a moment, feeling his blood swollen knob mash against that wonderful ring at the back of her pussy. The ring that had once dilated so he could squeeze out of her womb during birth. "Aaahhhh!" the boy hissed, feeling her corrugated walls chew on his penile meat, soaking his erectile flesh in hot, mommy-fuck-oil.

Again, he began fucking, taking long thrusts, from his tip to his root. He loved the feel of her huge, spongy tit-mounds shaking around between them.

Alicia gasped and threw her head around. He boy's big cock was stimulating every nerve ending she had. Even ones she never realized were there were being lit on fire by his huge bull-cock slamming through her.

"I'm cumming, Nelson!" she cried out. "Oh, fuck, you're making your mother cum!"

Alicia bucked and quivered beneath her boy as powerful contractions shuddered through her pussy muscles, making her fuck-tunnel clasp with a vise-like intensity around her son's cunt-smothered cock.

"SHIT, MOM!" Nelson gasped, feeling his dick flex and tingle. He somehow managed to keep his load in his balls, fucking his mother furiously through the duration of her orgasm.

Nelson backed his cock out of her pussy, raising up on his knees. The way his dick wagged stiffly, while shimmering with vaginal juices was the lewdest thing the mother had ever seen. "Why did you pull out?" she asked.

"I was close, and I'm not ready to cum yet."

"When you're close to nutting, all you need to do is change positions," she coached, then quickly got on all-fours, pointing her thick, rounded ass back at him. "Doggy-dick me!" she requested, wagging her derriere.

Nelson moved up behind her, mounting her meaty haunches and slipping his cock back inside her honeyed hole. His eyes rolled in delight as he plunged his pecker back in, feeling the warm, slippery pleats swathe his glans and shaft.

Alicia threw her ass back on him, setting them into a steady fuck-rhythm.

"We went over this position, remember?" she panted, peeking back at him.

"You know what to do!"

Nelson grabbed her lush hips so he could get leverage to really beat his dick into her. He clenched his ass, making his boner flex on his teenage loins. The muscle and ligaments surrounding the bulb in the root of his penis bulged powerfully, making his erectile tissue tighten, and the thick blue veins bulge out from beneath the skin of his driving stalk.

"OH GOD, YESSS!" Alicia cried out from having such a dreamy cock thunder through her cunt-tunnel. Her huge udders hung down and swung around pendulously to the tempo of their colliding flesh.

Nelson couldn't take his eyes off his mom's luscious ass as it beat back against him repeatedly. Alicia's cheeks had perfect layers of fat and muscle beneath the skin so that each time they struck her son's crotch, her unblemished buns would ripple delectably.

"Oh, yes…that's good, honey! Fuck me just like that!" Alicia gasped.

Remembering what she'd taught him about this position, Nelson drew his hand back, then smacked her ass hard.

"Oh, yesss, Nelson…slap my ass again!" she whimpered encouragingly.

He took another strike at her wildly-humping ass, feeling her cunt-tube suck at his shaft as if trying to draw his throbbing tip through the ring of her cervix and into her womb.

Suddenly, the gasping mother’s pussy started spasming uncontrollably, contracting around the steely length of her son’s cock. Alicia felt her cum building in her, from her toes to the top of her head. Her asshole even throbbed , puckering in and out. Her nipples grew stiff as they hung off the peaks of her tits.

"OH, GOD I’M CUMMMIING!!" she announced, bucking her ass back even faster.

Nelson mustered up all the willpower he could to keep from cumming himself. He wanted to continue a steady fuck-pace so he could give his mom the strongest orgasm possible, and he did just that. When it was clear that she’d finished cumming, he pulled his cock out.

"Wow!" he blurted, looking down at his prick. The rock hard slab was soaking wet, his mom’s ejaculate literally dripping off of it. The way his cock looked reminded him of the way body builders oil down their muscles to make them stand out more. His mother’s juices made his boner shimmer and accentuated every vein and sinew that ran down his rigid shaft. His knob looked like a pinkish-purple golf ball, and pre-goo bubbled lewdly from its slit.

He looked at Alicia, who still had her ass pointed at him. "I wanna fold you in half, mom," he uttered.

"Do you remember the name of the position?" the mother asked, while rolling onto her back.

"The pancake."

"Very good," she smiled, then grabbed his wrist and yanked him down on top of her. "Pancake me, baby!" The limber mother placed her legs on his shoulders as she felt her son gain entry into her cunt and bring his full weight against her.

"Damn, this IS pretty great!" the boy's excited voice rang out as he started fucking his mother this way. "Look…I'm doing the 'swivel and grind.'"

"You most certainly are!" the mother gasped, enjoying the way her was pumping into her. "And you're doing a damn good job of it too!"

Alicia felt a small pang of guilt. The night before they left on the cruise, her husband had fucked her in this very position. He had only lasted ten minutes before cumming inside of her and she was anxious to see if her son could go for longer.

Ten minutes and two orgasms later, she found herself still being hammered savagely by her son. "Yep, it's official. He is DEFINITELY a better fuck than his father!" she giddily thought.

"Oh God, mom…this feels so Goddamn good!" the boy breathlessly expressed, his ass bobbing up and down. The slippery pressure of her pleated vaginal walls felt divine around his cock, just like she told him it would when she was describing the position the night before.

Alicia lowered her legs and hooked them around the middle of his back, clamping his hips between her smooth thighs. Because Nelson was shorter than her, his face wedged between her sweaty, jostling tits as he fucked her. The mother squealed as his tongue wiggled on one of her hardened, rubbery nipples, then he began sucking it passionately.

"Oh, shit…this is so fucking good!" Alicia squealed, writhing beneath her boy, humping her crotch up to meet his tireless thrusts.

While sucking her tits, Nelson let his hands wander his mom's heated body.

Her waist, her legs, her meaty ass…it felt so wonderful! He was completely overwhelmed by his mother's luscious, heavy-titted body

and the clinging tightness of her pussy. The narrow, velvety fuck-tunnel sucked spasmodically on his cock, soaking it with the secretions of her arousal. He wished he could just keep pumping and sucking for the rest of his life, but he knew that soon, white geysers of cock-cream would be erupting from his peter-tip.

It had been well over an hour since he'd first penetrated her, and their writhing bodies were sheened in sweat. "Harder, Nelson! I'm cumming!!"

Alicia's pretty voice shouted with desperately intensity.

The boy raised up on extended arms so he could watch his mom cum. His tongue hung out lewdly as he watched the oversized globes of her spongy tits roll up and down her chest. Alicia clutched onto the sheet beside her with both hands and her back arched. Her pretty face contorted, the muscles and tendons in her neck straining as a tremendous orgasm surged through her nakedness.

"Goddamn!!" Nelson gasped, his eyes rolling back as it felt like his mom's cunt was turning inside-out around his pummeling cock.

Alicia let out an orgasmic scream as her body trembled, making her fatty mammaries ripple wildly. Their crotches squelched as female ejaculate erupted around Nelson's cock-meat. The contractions around his fat shaft was too much for the boy to endure. "Oh, shit, yess! I'M CUMMING TOO, MOM!" he grunted.

Alicia's orgasm was intensified by the feel of her son's hardon swelling up even bigger in her clutching cunt, then pulsing as it began gushing out pearly-white jets of hot boy-goo inside her.

For several magical minutes, mother and son bucked and writhed, moaned and squealed as they experienced the apex of their mutual orgasm. The inside of Alicia's cunt-tunnel during this time was a violent storm of spewing pink flesh; quivering erectile tissue wrestling in a marinade of male and female ejaculate.

When they finally eased down from that golden peak, they held each other lovingly, still feeling their joined genitals twitch and leak with post-orgasmic excitement.

"You CAN'T fuck me in the pussy again, Nelson…" Alicia whispered, making his hopes sink.

The boy was getting ready to answer, when his mom cut him off. "Until I get home and get on birth control, then l'll let you fuck me a lot, but only when we're alone in the house."

"Sweet!" the boy exclaimed, smiling from ear to ear. He knew it would be difficult not to want to cram his cock back inside her for the remainder of the cruise though. "It's gonna be hard to keep from being inside you until we get home, mom."

"Well, no one said you had to wait that long to be inside me," Alicia smiled.

"But you just said—"

"What I said was…you can't fuck my PUSSY until I'm on birth control. There ARE other ways to fuck a girl, you know," said Alicia as she reached down and fished her boy's still-hard cock from her cunt.

"There are?" Nelson eagerly asked Alicia smiled wickedly, rubbing her son's spongy knob against the pink, puckered ring off her butthole. "Of course. Why do you think moms have assholes?"

His heart skipped a beat as he smiled anxiously back at her.

Late in the evening, the full moon illuminated the white sands of Cupid's Beach. The sound of crashing surf was mixed with the beautiful orgasmic cries of a mother. That mother was Shelly as she rode her son's cock under the starry night like a pregnant whore.

Alan laid in the soft sand, looking up at his mom's gorgeous pre-natal body as she bounced on top of him. Her monstrous, milk-engorged knockers were glowing with perspiration; leaping around wildly, putting on quite a show for the flabbergasted teen. His lusty gaze drifted down her huge, heaving belly, which was packed to its bursting point with two fully developed fetuses; babies that he had pumped inside of his beautiful mom with his own sperm.

Below her rounded underbelly, he could see his rigid prick sticking straight up, like the sturdy column of an Egyptian temple. His mom's labium was stretched; collared around the fat meat of his shaft. Her plump clit stuck out from beneath its fleshy sheath lewdly. The shaft of Alan's cock disappeared as her vulva sunk against his cock-base. "Aaahhh!" the teen sighed, feeling his throbbing bell-tip mash against the swollen ring of her cervical head. His mom swiveled up and back, grinding the peak of his dong all along her back wall, smearing his leaky pre-cum and scrubbing his glans with the hot, slippery mucus that had secreted from her womb.

Shelly bounced on his rod, letting Alan's strong, teenage hardness scrape along her pleated walls and stimulate her juicy nerve-endings. These days, she took no thought of her husband, who she still loved, but not in the same way she used to. Now, her big-dicked son was master of her sexual universe. Alan took her on wild orgasmic journeys that she never imagined possible until she began fucking him.

"Let me have a ride on that hunk!" Jeanie said as she lay beside them stroking her fat, horny clit.

"I'm almost there!" Shelly answered, humping up and down with desperate intensity.

To Alan, there was nothing quite like watching his own mom cum.

Throughout his childhood this was a part of her he'd never seen and it was absolutely fascinating. The way her pretty eyes rolled back in

their sockets, and her lips curled, exposing her white, clenching teeth was pure magic.

Then, she would howl…like a squealing wolf crying in the night. Her luscious body would convulse with involuntary spasms, making her milk-filled mammary-meat leap and ripple like nothing the boy had ever dreamed of seeing.

"Now you can have a turn," Shelly said to her mother with a satisfied sigh.

Alan's cock left his mother's pussy with an obscene-sounding "FLUP," then slapped wetly back against his abdomen. The excited teen stared at his Gran's giant, ballooning boobs as she mounting him for a fuck. His face sunk down between her spongy mams as Jeanie leaned forward, reaching down to position the boy's dick at her cuntal entrance. Having been rubbing her fat nubbin, her cunt-tunnel was glazed with natural fuck-lubricant, making her Grandson's erection slip exquisitely through the hot furnace of her vagina.

"Ohhhh!" the lucky teen moaned, feeling his oversized knob and shaft encased to its base in the wonderful sheath of her pussy. His mom and Gran's pussy-tunnels were each unique, providing a slightly different feel around his erectile meat. One thing they shared, however, was strong cunt-muscles. Jeanie and Shelly both knew how to make their pelvic floors tighten, compressing their ribbed-lined birthing tubes around the boy's cock to provide toe-clenching friction.

"Fuck, Gran!" the teenager snarled as she rode and squeezed his achy cock at the same time.

"You like that, baby boy?" Jeanie asked, bouncing steadily up and down as if she were an energetic twenty-year-old. "You like the way I'm fucking your hot boy-cock?"

"Hell yes!"

Jeanie lowered her upper half as she fucked, knowing her Grandson loved to be smothered by her huge boobies. Propping herself on extended arms, she tireless bobbed her meaty ass up and down, working her tingly vagina on the sturdy stiffness of Alan's cock-shaft.

Alan kissed, licked and nibbled his way through the canyon between her squishy tits. He worked his way beneath one of her massive mounds, where the skin stretched out from her ribcage, sucking and rubbing his face against the creamy sponginess of her breasts. There was nothing quite like feeling such a heavy tit, packed full of fluffy fat and glandular tissue, smother his entire head.

Only once had Jeanie ever had a cock so big and hard. Her youngest son Nathan became an infatuation to her when he turned eighteen, and they fucked savagely every chance they got. With Alan, Jeanie was reliving those wonder years when she had a sturdy teenage cock at her beckon call.

"Oh, God…you fuck me so good, darling!" the Grandmother squealed, delighting in the feel of Alan's dick stabbing through her most private place.

The boy worked his way around her boob until he arrived at the tip, then sunk his face against the squishy peak of her tit-melon. He suctioned in as much flesh as he could, taking all her rubbery nipple and most of her large areola. Her teats distended inside his mouth; delicious nectar squirting from several milk-ducts surrounding her fat nubbin. The boy slurped and swallowed, and whimpered and sucked, letting her milky sap pour down his throat. His oral affection had just the response he'd hoped, making Jeanie gasp and buck with an impending climax.

"OHH, FUCK, YOU SWEET GRANNY-FUCKER!!" Jeanie cried out, her voice quivering in ecstasy as she pounded her sopping cunt on his fleshy spike.

"Mmnnggfff!" Alan grunted, warm milk spewing from the sides of his lips as he felt his Gran's ejaculate wash over the meat of his prick. Despite how incredible it felt, he fucked her straight through her orgasm.

"Let me at those lips!" he heard his mother say.

Jeanie lifted her heavy, sweaty jugs off the boy and he looked like he just got ran over by a boobie-train. His Gran's nipples were replaced by his mom's lips as she leaned over and made out with him passionately. All while her mother-in-law continued to dance up and down on his cock.

"Mmm, you fuck us so good, son," his mom cooed between kisses. "You make our pussies dripping wet!"

"Yesss, pounding our tight snatches with that big, teenage love-muscle!"

Jeanie added, feeling Alan's mushrooming knob hammer away at her fornix at the back of her vagina.

"Spilling your nut inside us and putting babies in your mom's womb," Shelly continued, then planted more sensual smooches, making her long tongue duel with his, while mashing her swollen hooters against his lean chest.

"Oh, shit…you guys are getting me close!" Alan panted.

"Would you like me to hop off your cock before you cum, darling?" Jeanie asked. "So your mom and I can beat you off together, and make spill your seed high into the air?"

"Yes!" the teen answered, bucking his ass from the sand. "I'm close! I'M CUMMMIING!!"

Jeanie quickly crawled off his boner and joined her daughter-in-law, sprawling out again the boy, so his entire upper torso was smothered in sweaty tit-meat. They each took a hand and grasped onto the boy's juice-slicked cock, creating a tight sleeve to jack off his meat with.

"OH, SHIT!!" Alan whimpered, feeling their loving hands squeeze up and down his shaft and knob, like a tight, slippery cunt.

"Shower us with your hot cum, baby!" his mother encouraged, feeling his dick-meat pulse and quiver in her hand.

With a guttural grunt, the boy began spurting huge ropes of cum into the evening air, making them splatter down on his mom and Gran. The cock-stroking mothers milked ever drop of jizz that his balls would provide. By the time they were finished, they were both dripping with his teenage slime.

Shelly and Jeanie leaned down and planted more kisses on his sweaty body. "Now THAT was what I call an excursion," the mother said.

"Mmm, I agree," added Jeanie. "That should tide us over until we get back to the ship."

"I don't know…I think I might be all sexed out for the day," Alan sighed, still catching his breath from such a mind-blowing ejaculation.

Shelly and Jeanie fed each other a confused look, not used to hearing that their little fuck-hound was all pooped out.

"I'm just kidding," Alan laughed. "I plan on fucking you guys all night."

His mom and Gran laughed also. "Gracious, you shocked me there for a second, darling" Jeanie expressed.

"Me too," Shelly added. "It’s not like my boy to be too tired for pussy."

They took a quick dip in the ocean to wash all the sticky sperm away, then boarded the yacht for the last trip back to the cruise ship.

THE END

Valentine Mom

by klrxo

This year my life got really strange on valentines day. I was sitting at the breakfast table eating the pancakes mom had just placed on my plate. Dad was still upstairs doing his morning shave and shower routine. Still in her robe, mom sat down next to me and crossed her long milky-white legs. She loved to sit there and watch me eat. You'd think after all these years I'd have gotten used to it, but the truth was it still made me feel a little uneasy.

"How's your breakfast?" She asked, in her sweet motherly way.

"Great." I answered.

She reached in her robe pocket and handed me an envelope.

"Here, this is for you." She said.

I took it from her.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a valentine, from me. It is valentine's day you know?" She said.

She got up and walked across the kitchen, her plump ass swaying seductively. Mom was a tall woman, but always seemed much taller by the shoes she wore. She always wore the daintiest little high-heeled slippers. They were nothing but a thin leather strap crossing her toes and a skinny 4-inch heel, which tapped lightly against the floor as she walked. Mom was a yoga instructor at the local health club, had long black hair and one hell of a body.

"Can I open it?" I asked.

She laughed as she began doing dishes.

"That is the idea." She joked.

I opened the envelope and found a card in the shape of a heart. I opened the card and something fell out. It was a condom, still in its unopened wrapper. The card read:

Happy Valentine's day, love!

Will you be mine?

Love, Mom I read it over and over again, then looked at the condom curiously. What did this mean? Mom still had her back to me.

"Did you open it yet?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said.

"And?" She said.

"What's this for?" I asked, holding up the condom.

Mom dried her hands and walked towards me with a smile. Her big boobs swayed beneath her robe.

"That's so you don't get your valentine pregnant." She said.

"But mom, I don't really have a valentine this year." I said.

She picked the card up off the table handing it to me, forcing me to take another look.

"Yes you do. You just haven't answered her yet." She said.

Again I read the card, then it struck me.

Happy Valentine's day, love!

Will you be mine?

Love, Mom Oh my God! Was this really happening? Just then, my father walked into the kitchen.

"Good morning." He said.

"Hi dad." I said, tucking the card and condom away.

"Do you have time for breakfast, sweetie?" Mom asked him.

Dad grabbed an apple out of the fruit bowl.

"No, I better eat on the road. Got to be at the office a little early today. You need a ride to school, son?" He asked.

I looked at mom to find her staring back at me, awaiting my answer.

"No...uh, that's okay dad. I'll take my bike today." I said.

"Don't be silly. I'm going right by the school. I'll drop you off." He said.

"I'm encouraging Jake to get more exersize. I think it would be good if he took his bike this morning." My mom said.

"Okay, well, I better run." He said.

Mom walked him to the door. I saw dad suddenly turn to mom as she ushered him out.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Love you, valentine." He said, giving mom a peck on the lips.

Mom gave him a quirky little smile and another quick kiss.

"You're gonna be late." She said sternly, pushing him out the door. Mom closed the door behind him and locked it. She came back into

the kitchen and took a seat next to me, again crossing those amazing legs.

"Well..." She said.

"Well what? I asked.

"I never got an answer... Do you wanna be mine? Do you wanna be mom's valentine?" She asked sweetly.

"Sure." I muttered.

We stared at one another for a moment.

"But if I'm gonna take my bike, I should probably be heading to school." I said.

Mom shook her head and smiled slyly.

"I don't think so." She said.

"I'm not going to school?" I asked.

"Nope." She said.

"What...uh, what am I doing today then?" I asked.

Mom smiled warmly.

"Don't you mean, what are **WE** doing today?" She asked.

"Yeah...what are we doing?" I asked.

Mom got down on her knees in front of me and began to unbutton my pants and pull down my zipper.

"Stand up." She commanded.

I did so and mom yanked my pants down, then my boxers. My cock spang to attention before her face.

"Give me the condom." She said.

I did so and she ripped it open. She took the latex ring and put it in her mouth. Then she grabbed my erection and forced the engorged head of my cock between her lips. I couldn't believe this was happening. As my cock sunk into her mouth, mom used her lips to work the condom onto my cock. I watched as she swallowed every inch until the condom was completely unrolled, then she slid my pecker from her mouth and looked up into my eyes.

"Sit down, love." She said.

I did so and mom stood up and reached under her robe. I watched in disbelief as she pulled her panties off and kicked them aside. She slid her tiny feet from their slippers and opened her robe. I only got a quick look before she was on me. Her enormous, milky-white breasts rolled from side to side as mom straddled me. I looked down as her hairy muff descended upon my cock. Her sex-lips were splayed apart, like an open mouth preparing to suck. All at once I felt my dick sink into her warm, soft pouch. Deeper and deeper it sunk, until the weight of her ass was on my lap, my balls pressed against the crack of her ass. Facing one another mom hugged me my tightly. Our chests met and the pillowy-softness of her boobs flattened out against my chest. Mom brought her lips to my ear.

"Fuck me, valentine!" She whispered. "Fuck your mother, lover."

Mom began to bounce upon my lap and I felt my dick glide up and down her amazing cunt. I started to buck my hips and soon we were off into a wild incestuous hump. Again and again, her ass beat down onto my lap, my cock pistoning in and out of her most secret place. Mom was moaning and panting, clawing my back with her nails.

"Oh God, you darling little motherfucker!" She groaned.

For a good twenty minutes mom worked her cunny up and down my rock hard pole. Up and down and up and down, then grinding my mushroom tip against the head of her cervix.

"Oh yeah...oh God, I'm gonna cum!!!" She moaned. "You're about to make your mother cum! Oh God!!!! Oh shit!!! Oh fuck!!! Oh lover!!!" She panted. "I'm cumming!!! Oh, baby, I'm cumming on you!!! **AAHH!!! AAAHHH!!! AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!** She screamed, her face contorting into a look of wicked pleasure.

I felt a stream of warm liquid run down onto my balls. Mom rode the waves of orgasm for about two full minutes, before she stopped her humping. She slid off of me and took my hand.

"My bed or yours?" She asked.

Of coarse I chose hers. Mom led me upstairs and into her bedroom. She threw off her robe and fell onto her back in the center of her bed, pulling me down between her long legs. She quickly reached down and guided my cock back into her matronly love-nest.

"Fuck me hard now, baby! I want you to let go!" She said.

Like a steam locomotive I began to piston my throbbing rod in and out of mom's quivering twat. She threw her legs back until her ankles were resting on my shoulders, my head between her pretty little feet.

"Oh God, fuck meeeee!!!! She screamed. Harder!!!! **HARDER!!!!!**

I humped with all my might. The room filled with the sounds of sqeaking bedsprings and the lewd repetitive slaps of my balls beating against mom's ass. Mom's big tits rolled wildy across her chest, slapping together again and again. For twenty more minutes we humped like mad. Mom was like a sex-crazed animal, grunting, licking and biting at my neck and shoulders. My nuts began to boils as mom announced her approaching climax.

"**OH, YOU MOTHERFUCKER, YOUR CREAMING ME AGAIN!!! AAAHHH!!! AAAHHH!!!! OH GOD!!! OH FUCK...HARDER!!!HARDER!!!! AAAHHH!!! AAAAAHHHH!!!! I'M CCCCUMMING-AAHHHHH!!!!!**Mom screamed.

I suddenly felt a torrent of sperm rocket from my cock. Again and again a surge of jism filled the latex sheath as mom and I bucked and humped. For five minutes we rode the waves of pleasure until finally, mom took her legs from my shoulders and we rested together in one big pile of naked sweaty flesh.

Mom held me against her bosoms.

"Did you enjoy your valentine, love?" She asked.

"Yeah." I said, catching my breath.

"Good, cause I've decided after that second orgasm that from now on, you'll be more than mom's valentine." She said.

"I will?" I asked.

"Yep. From here on out, after your father leaves for work, you'll take his place in my bed. From now on your more than just my son..." She said.

Mom looked into my eyes and licked her lips seductively.

"You're my lover. Mom's darling little motherfucker." She said.

Once again our bodies came together. We were now one again, just like long ago and not a day went by that mom and I were not bathing in our wicked incestual love.

Miscellaneous Poetry from Klrxo; These are found on LitErotica

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Mother & Son by klrxo

Helen, wife and mother, sees her husband off to work.

Giving her spouse a loving kiss and smile with lots of perk.

She's milked hubby's dick like good wives do for all their faithful mates.

Then she locks the door and heads upstairs, where her other cock awaits.

This one is much larger, in its length and in its girth.

This prick belongs to Jason, the one to whom she gave birth.

Jason's pecker is naked and waiting, 11-inches in its might.

His mother struts through his bedroom door, her breasts swaying left and right.

She grabs him by his monster, nails scratching at the head.

And leads him down the hallway, to mommy and daddy's bed.

She slams the door and locks it, for this is where she'll stay.

Sucking-and-a-fucking, while hubby works all day.

Jason's dick is swallowed, buried to the balls.

Surrounded by wet softness, mother's coital walls.

His face is smothered in the flesh of mom's enormous tit.

She's using his great pubic bone to grind against her clit.

Up and down, she bobs her ass, as she rides his mighty pole.

The plumb-sized head, nudging at her womb, as it plunges up her hole.

Helen screams and trembles, tightning her cuntal walls.

Jason's mother is creaming, soaking his cock and balls.

Hours pass and as Hubby works, Helen has her pussy reamed.

By her son's fat shaft and plump young balls that constantly need recreamed.

For hours these two lovers hump and before the day is through.

Gallons of spunk entered Helen's womb, her throat and asshole too.

And as the man of the house came through the door, when his working day was done.

Little did he now, his cock was second, to his 18 year-old son.

A mother's secret place by klrxo

There is a secret place, within a hairy mound, a mother likes to take her son, when daddy's not around.

Between two hairy lips, a warm and creamy hole, she spreads her mommy legs, and guides his swollen pole.

A giant mushroom tip, leaks semen from its slit, mommy rubs it on her nub and inbetween her split.

A mother's quim must stretch, to swallow baby's dong, cause hubby dicks are nothing, compared to teenaged shlong.

Inch by inch the veiny shaft travels up a mother's shute, sucked right towards her secret place til its buried to the root.

She kicks her legs back farther, son's face between her feet, so mommy cunt can take another inch or two of meat.

Then son will start his humping, pure pleasure on his face, his fuck-stick traveling in and out of mother's secret place.

Motherfucks are grueling, she'll give her son no rest. All day her pillowy tit-flesh will be pressed against his chest.

A son will have his mouth full of mother's flailing tongue, as he feels his plump young balls slap against her bung.

Mother creams again and again, her pouch stretched by his girth. A feeling she hasn't had since the day of her baby's birth.

Mother gets on top, to quicken up the pace, she rides her baby's cock, boobs swinging in his face.

Then she grinds real deep, she knows he's cumming soon, she makes him bottom out, takes his head into her womb.

Then she rocks her hips, like all good mother's do, she feels his dick expand and give a squirt or two.

As rope after rope sprays into mommy's belly, knockers dance across her chest like sacks full of jelly.

In a mother's secret place while her husband often works, an 18 year old cock sprays semen as it jerks.

And as a horny mother keeps her son between her legs, she can feel inside her secret place, sperm dancing with her eggs.

On the swing by klrxo

An 8 month pregnant mother and her 18 year old son, were sitting on the back porch swing, basking in the sun.

Mother Kathy's tits were full, her belly round and plump, hubby's gone on business and she's hungry for a hump.

Son Jason's crotch is swollen, a tent between his hips, Kathy's eyes take notice, she gently licks her lips.

Kathy hugs her baby and smothers him with love, she wants to feel his long young pole, deep inside her glove.

Kathy straddles Jason, her jugs crushed against his chest, her son's engorged penis, wedged against her nest.

And as the teenaged boy, feels the weight of her pregnant belly, she whispers "fuck me" in his ear and Jason turns to Jelly.

An 8 month pregnant mother and her 18 year old son, are swinging in the back porch swing, in the noon day sun.

Naked tits sway back and forth against her pregnant tummy, plump young balls against her ass, a cock shoved up her cunny.

She feels his fucker stretch her lips, the tip pops in her womb. A rush of cum shoots up his shaft, the head starts to ballon.

Then Kathy's cunt begins to cream, her body begins to quiver. Jason's sprem begins to spray, soaking sister with its river.

From there on out, Kathy swore, she'd continue her naughty fling. When hubby leaves, she'd straddle her baby on the back porch on the swing.

Unsuspecting Father by klrxo

While an unsuspecting father's at the office making money, this 18 year old son will spend his day in mother's cunny.

We're at the breakfast table, father eats and takes his calls, he doesn't know my mother's toes are kneeding at my balls.

Then he reads the paper to get stockmarket tips, while mother stares into my eyes, tongue rolls across her lips.

Mom walks him out, dad's off to work, I hear her pull the latch, it won't be long before I sink balls deep in hairy snatch.

Boobs rock beneath her robe, each bigger than my head, she whispers in my waiting ear "let's go up to bed."

She takes my hand, I follow up the stairs and to her bed, she makes me take the very spot where father rests his head.

Her robe comes off, pounds of tit-flesh roll across her chest, large glistening lips and a chubby clit mark the entrance to her nest.

In the sixty-nine, mom takes her spot, her pussy in my nose, her pungent smell and drooling lips, like the blossom of a rose.

While my father gone from 9 to 5, busy selling stock, my mother's lips glide up and down upon my meaty cock.

Her tongue flails round my knob and underneath my crown, and fucks it with her gullet, bobbing up and down.

Soon she rolls upon her back and opens up her legs, its time for potent teenaged spunk to mingle with her eggs.

For hours my mom an I will fuck and sweat and scream, bathing in a slippery pool of cock and pussy cream.

While my unsuspecting father drives home upon our road, mom and I bounce and hump and blow our final load.

And after a day of fucking and sucking and cumming like a whore, my gorgeous horny mother will greet her husband at the door.

1-800-MOM
TELL ME YOUR DIRTY FANTASIES ABOUT YOUR MOTHER. NOW
1-800-FUCKMOM
hot live intimate sex talk for mommy's naughty boy
by KLRXO

Attending Room 209 ...with Mom
by KLRXO

B.S.T.C.
Boys Sexual Training Camp
Klrxo

BSTC
BOYS SEXUAL TRAINING CAMP
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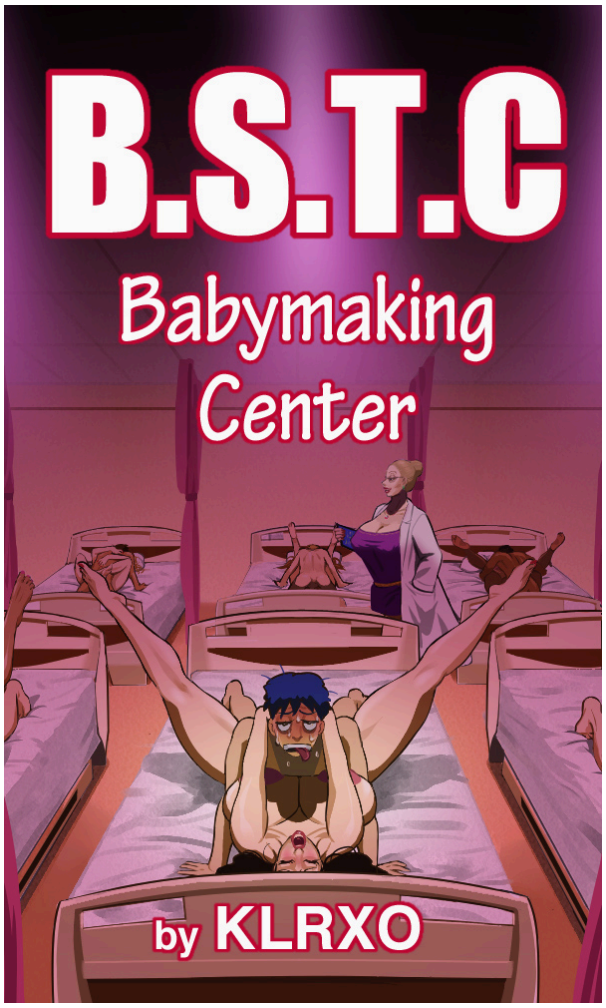
Taboo Erotic Fiction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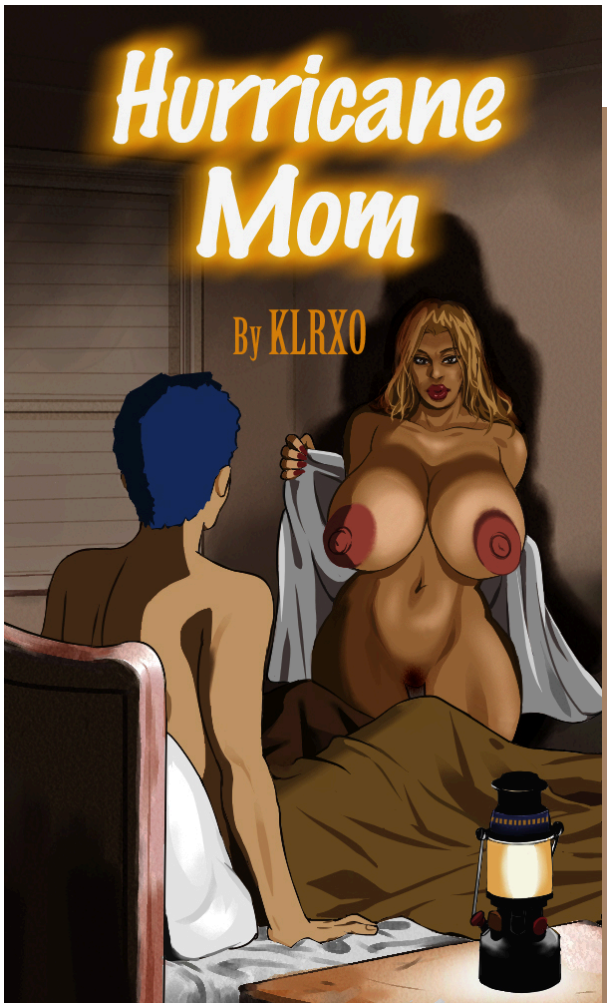
Hurricane
Mom
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HURRICANE
Mom
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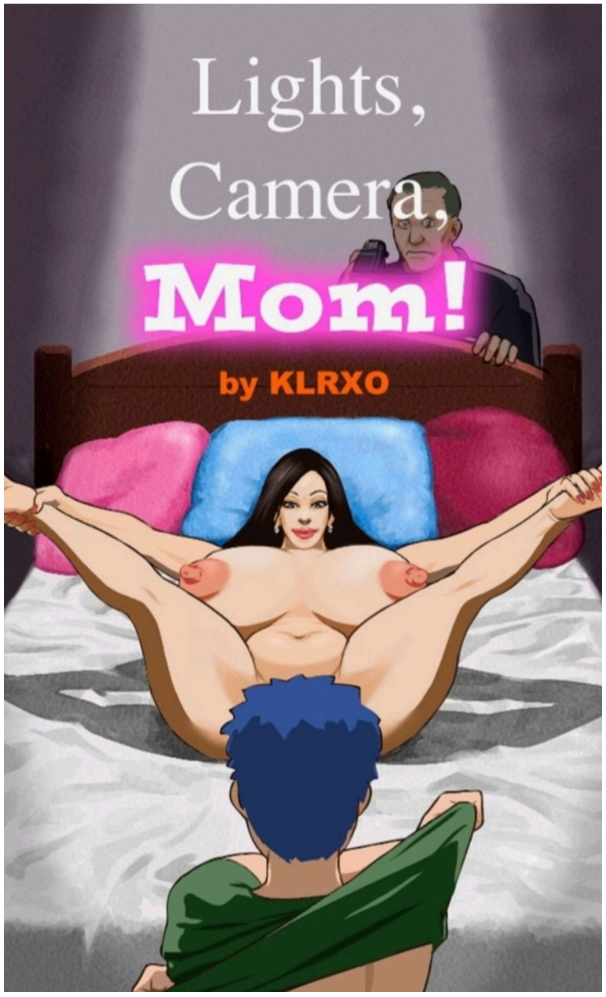
SUPERSIZED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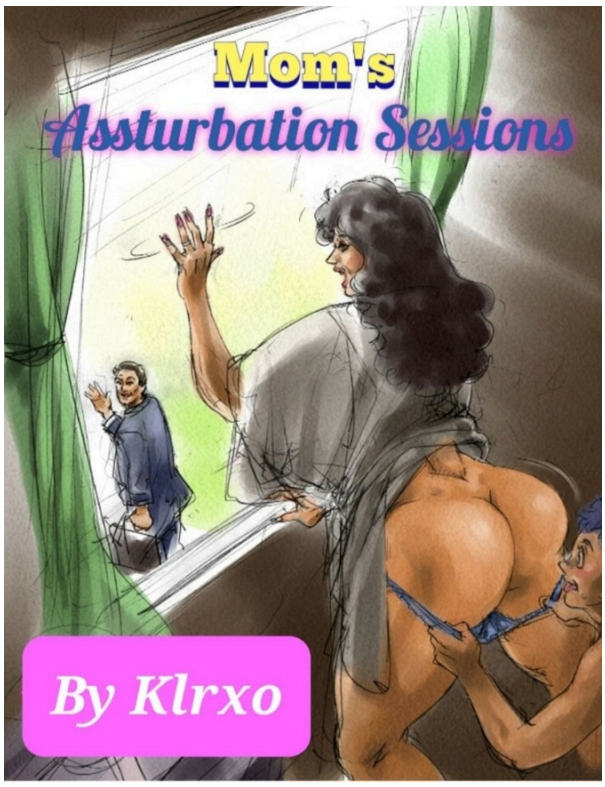
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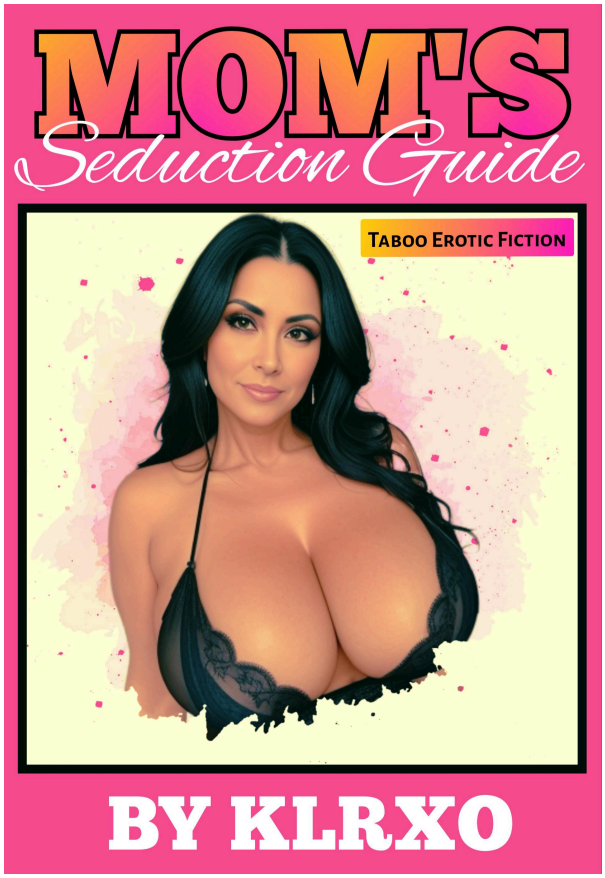
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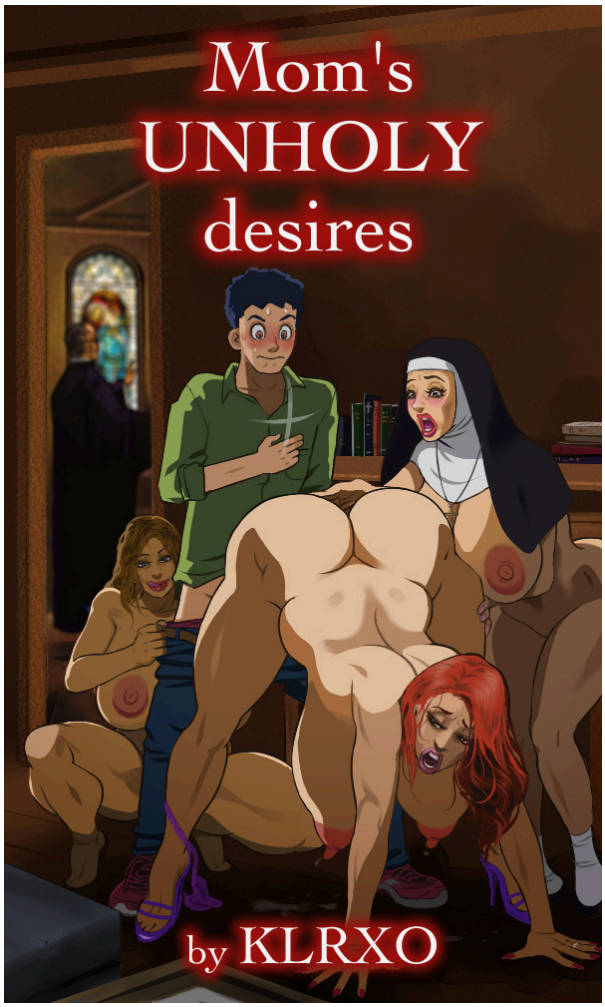
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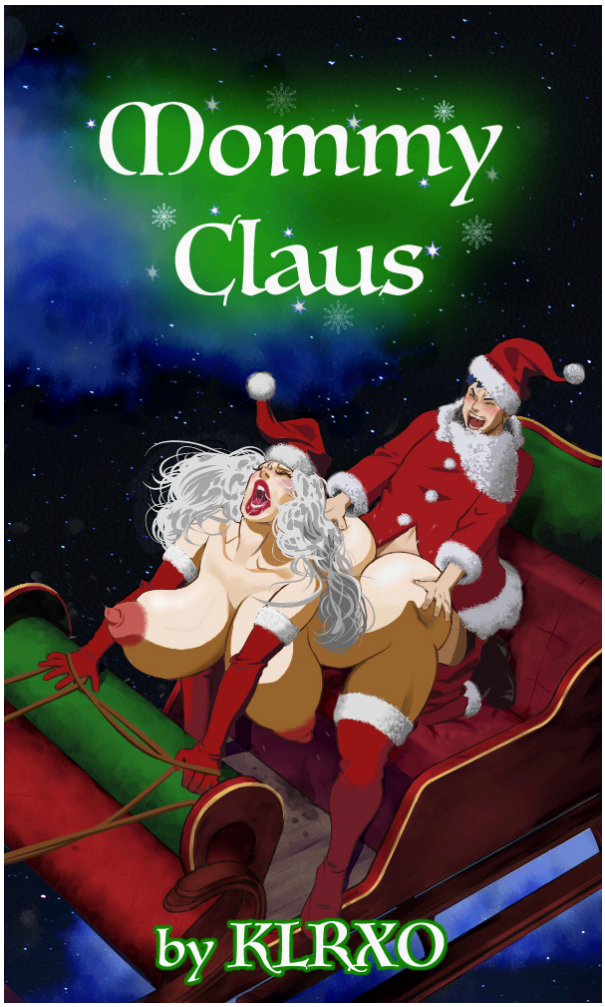
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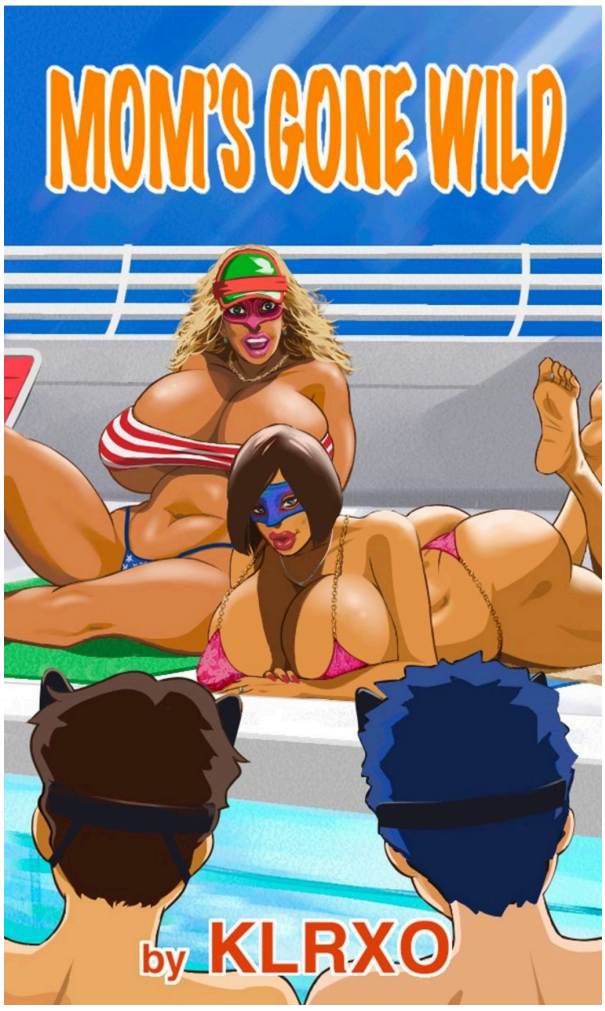
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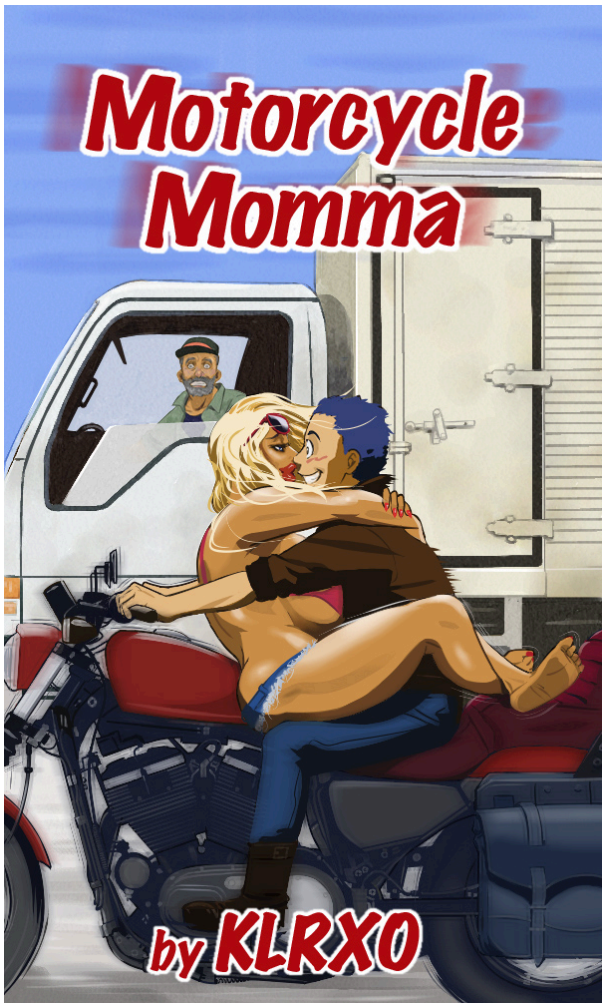
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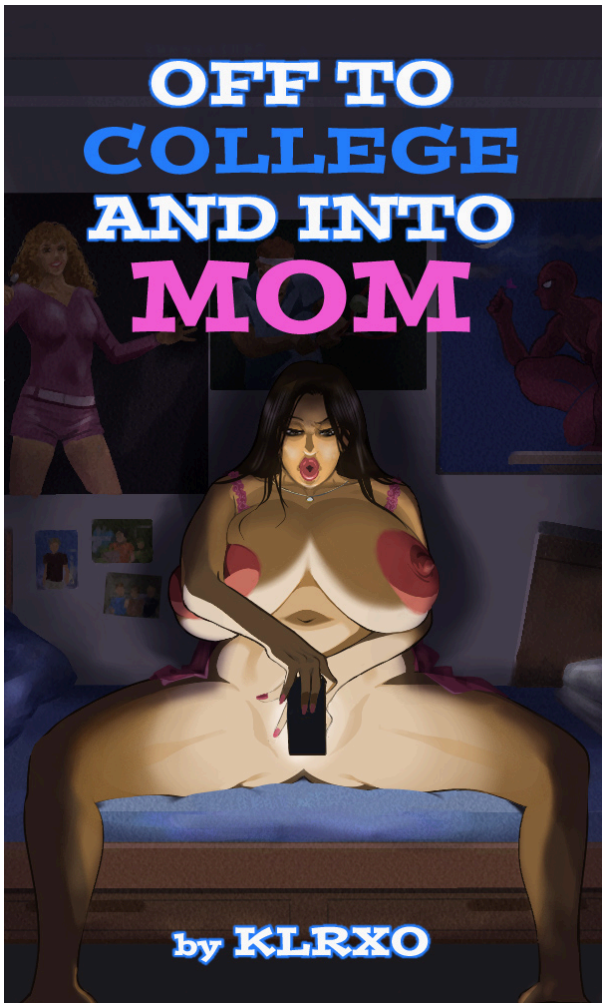
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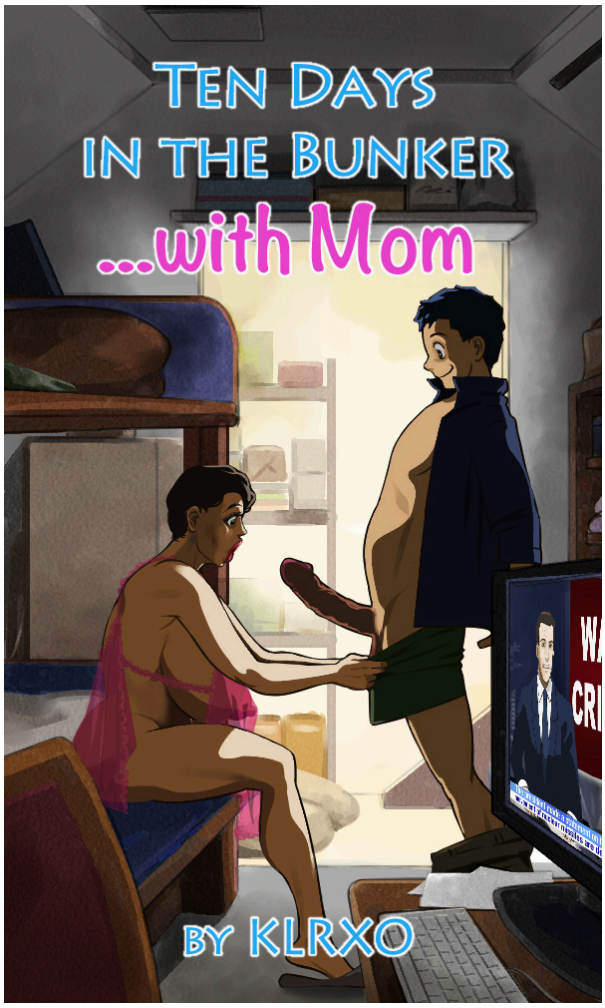
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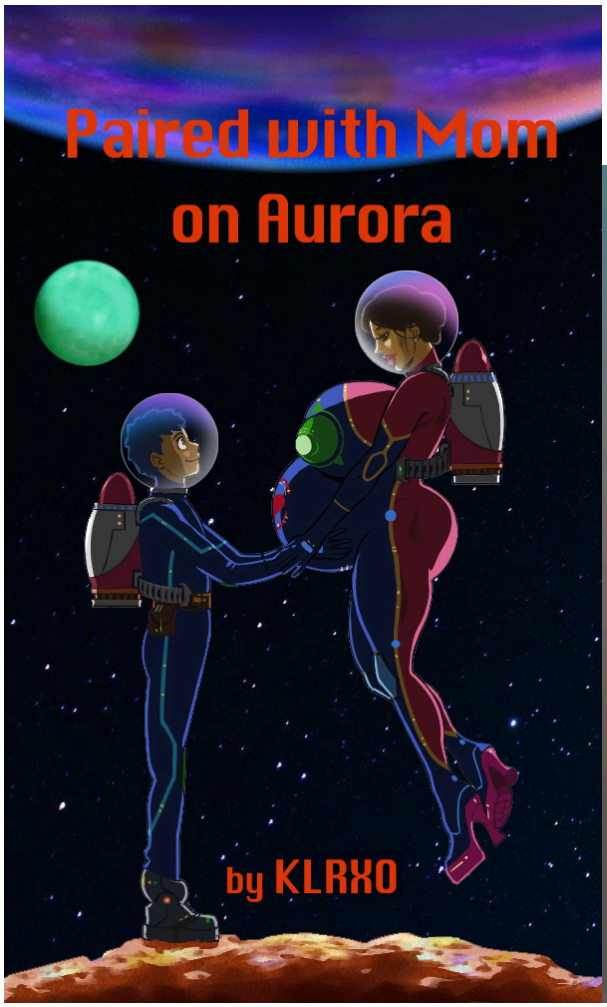
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