

My Cheerleading Mom

By Divina Demure

Robert played on the field, and was defending during a practice soccer match after school, in preparation of the big game coming up the following week. A player from the other team ran up to him, as his mom watched him play from the bleachers, and cheered him on from afar. Out in the summer heat, a group of soccer moms congregated together, while they watched their sons do practice drills out on the field. When Diane saw the other boy slide by her son, by kicking the ball between his legs, she frowned. She had never seen her son perform so poorly while playing soccer, as she cheered out loud for him.

"Robert! Get up baby!" She cried out loud from the bleachers, "Get up and get after that ball young man!"

Diane stood among the other moms, and jumped up and down. Her big doughy bosom shook violently in her jersey as she cheered. Her glistening white flesh gleamed, as Robert faced his mom after hearing her cry out. As soon as he turned he was too slow to catch the boy who ran away with the ball. Robert tripped in the grass, as he looked to his mom to watch her big swinging milk bags bounce in the sunlight, as she cheered. Her busty figure stood among the other moms in the group, as she jumped much to his embarrassment.

"Come on sweetie! Get up and go! Go get em' tiger! You can do it!" Diane cheered as she jumped.

"Geez mom. Do you have to cheer like that right now?" Robert said beneath his breath, as he got up to run.

After the practice game, Robert went to meet his mom in the parking lot. His knees were covered in mud after a full practice session of soccer drills on the school track field. His cleats stepped across the asphalt, before he opened the door of a large family-sized SUV waiting for him, next to the school. Cool air rushed out of the car, as the sweating teenager stepped inside the car with his head held down, after a tough game of soccer practice. Before he sat, he saw his mom's manicured hand patting the passenger seat. He looked up, and caught the cleavage of his busty mom jiggling, from her hand patting his seat. Robert closed the door behind him, without trying to look at the busty cleavage in front of him and they left.

"Hey mom," Said Robert as his mom began to drive out the school parking lot.

"What happened out there sport?" Asked Diane in concern, "You seemed distracted out there today."

Robert clutched his dirty soccer ball in his lap and fidgeted. His mom sat next to him in the car, and continued to drive. Diane briefly looked at her son in concern. She reached over for his knee, and shook it gently. They stopped at a red light, and Diane turned to address her son, with her soft face, and gentle motherly eyes giving

him an assuring look. The mother licked her lips before speaking in a concerned tone, as she turned her body and cleavage towards her son in the car, before she noticed an obvious erection.

"Are you getting any more tail from your girlfriend sweetie?" Diane said flatly, as they paused at the red light in the small town. Then she added, "You can tell me sweetie, I'm your mother."

"What?!" Said Robert out loud, "Mom! Seriously?"

"Come on, I just want to know if my good boy is 'getting some,' to help managing your pesky erections always sticking down your shorts after soccer practice nowadays. You having trouble with Sam? I haven't seen her around the house in a long time. Are you two still dating, and 'doing it' often?"

"Samantha and I are taking a break right now," Robert said, as he looked away. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Oh, c'mon, don't be such a dramatic teenager. Tell your mommy what happened, if you want my advice. I'm your mother, and a boy your age should be having sex regularly in my opinion. All the other moms agree."

"I don't need Samantha right now in my life, to help me play soccer any better."

"Are you sure young man? You definitely seemed off today on the field. You're usually much better."

Robert said nothing.

"Talk to me sweetie! As your mother, I care about your success on, and off the field. Tell me about Sam."

"Samantha and I would always have sex before every game," Said Robert, in a defeated tone.

"Samantha isn't texting you back though, is she?" Said Diane, "You would always makes plans after school."

"How would you know?" Asked Robert defensively.

"Mothers know these things," Diane cooed, as she continued to drive, "Now answer my earlier question."

"Yes, I've had sex before mom," Said Robert sheepishly, "Samantha was my first real girlfriend."

"Well when was the last time you got your dick wet, in a wet hole sweetheart?" Diane asked in concern.

"I told you, I've had sex before mom. Can you please just drive!" Said Robert, to try to change the subject.

"I didn't ask if you were a virgin sweetheart, I was asking if

you got laid recently with Sam," Said his mom.

"I get plenty of sex from my girlfriend, even though we're taking a break," Robert replied with a white lie.

"Have you and Samantha had sex at all this month? Moms can tell these things you know," Diane said.

"How would you know we're having trouble mom? We could have plans to meet up!" Asked Robert.

"Well for one, you're not texting her right now." Diane said, as she pulled into the family driveway, to park inside an empty two car garage, before closing the garage door behind them. "Usually after every game, I see you there in your seat, texting your girlfriend, while all giddy and hard from excitement. It's obvious you two are planning sex to me, judging by all the eggplant emojis I see you sending each other over there."

"Mom! You're looking at my phone?! You know what it means when I send her eggplant emojis?!" He asked.

"Your mother wasn't born last night you know," Said Diane, as she touched her son's arm in assurance, then she added, "Your dad and I used to flirt in our own way, and I know how your generation likes to always be connected these days, and a boy your age should be having sex in my opinion. I hope Sam is giving it to you."

"I already told you mom," Robert said in attempt to change the

subject, "I've had sex before with Sam."

"When was the last time you actually laid pipe in your girlfriend though sweet-pea? What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing's wrong with her," Said Robert, "We just had a fight about what we wanted to do after high school. She wants to go out of state, to a college faraway. I think I want to stay closer to home, to save money."

"Oh, I see. You two don't think you want the same things after high school," Said Diane sadly.

"Do you think I should go with her mom?" Asked Robert, in his hormonal confusion.

"If you're chasing love, yes. Chase after her and live happily ever after, with the love of your life, while you're still young," Said Diane sympathetically, as she stroked her son's knees. "If you're chasing pussy, however, my advice would be to find it closer to home, if you can," Diane looked to her son and said. "You could borrow mine, you know. Mommy has a warm pussy you can borrow, until you sort out your emotions about Sammy, or until you get a new girlfriend in town, okay?"

"Well, how do I tell the difference between the two mom?" Asked Robert, as he ignored his mom's statement, as she stroked his knee with her thumb, touching the tip of his erection, which was throbbing down his soccer shorts.

"That's something only you can answer young man, but if you need some help to clear your head, just let your mother know, and I'm sure we can work out an arrangement, to keep your mind away from your ex. Just because your Sammy isn't around, doesn't mean you have to put up without getting any cunt ya know. In my opinion, a little extra secret family time, between the two of us, might be good for the both of us."

Diane smiled, and poked her tongue against her cheek, to mimic a cock in her mouth. Robert felt his heart race in his chest, from the stroking hand going up and down his thigh in the family-sized car. He had an erection he could not stop, and hated how he got them randomly, especially while near his mom. Anything seemed to set him off, after his recent break up with his girlfriend, and the thought of his mom offering her wet holes for him to fuck, in place of his girlfriend's, was enough to excite him. He did his best to ignore his mom's thumb touching against the bell of his erection, as he rushed to unclasp his seatbelt, before opening the car door.

"I gotta go take a shower mom," said Robert suddenly, as he ignored his mom, before stepping out of the car.

"Okay kiddo. Maybe after you're done showering we can talk though," said the mom sympathetically. "If you need to borrow my warm pussy, just let me know, and it's yours. Okay sweet pea? I love you--"

SLAM!

Diane was cut off, as she watched the door close behind her

son. She left the car, and went inside the house.

Robert said nothing after he left the family SUV, to go inside the suburban-style house. What did his mom just say? He could hardly believe his ears. Surely she misspoke. His mind went in all sorts of erotic directions, upon hearing his mom speak to him the way she did in the car. He decided to shake his head, as he bolted up the stairs. As he ran, he shoved the bulge of his erection into his shorts. Diane entered the family home after her son, and looked up the stairs towards her eighteen year old teenager, who was sporting an obvious erection. She held her hand at her hip with a frown. She had to do something about her son's erection. Robert walked up stairs, and shook the idea from his head. His mom was actually offering him her married holes, to wrap around his cock, until she choked the semen out of him.

"Goodness gracious, how more direct do I need to be with my special little guy, to get him to open up to me more?" Diane said beneath her breath. "Do I just have to bend over on all fours, and tell you to stick it in for goodness sake?!"

Diane pitied her son, with his throbbing erection near to be wasted away in a wad of tissues, or a sock, if he managed to escape to the family bathroom, before she could intercept him. She felt his self-esteem needed to be boosted, after she saw him get in the car with his head held down. The mom saw her son's erect cock poking through his soccer shorts, and felt like it was a mother's duty to make sure her child's success happened, no matter what, even if it meant offering her honeyed holes to her son, to find relief from his

biological needs. After hearing about a thing called skinship, between the other moms in the soccer group, Diane began having ideas of her own. She heard stories of one delinquent student at high school, who went from failure to success. She wondered what she could do with her son, if she managed his erections the same way as the other mom.

"Poor baby. He needs pussy to boost his self-esteem! Why not let him borrow mine, if his girlfriend won't put out for him. I'll offer a blowie at least. After all, what boy his age can resist a blowjob?" Diane thought to herself out loud.

The mom smacked her glossy thick lips together. Her big pillowy lips were plump and thick. Her horse shaped mouth looked exactly like an asshole, puckering when pressed. Diane smacked her lips, and cleared her throat, with the imaginary speech she had in mind, once she went after her son in his room. She would offer all her holes carte blanche, if her son needed her lip-smacking mouth, bleached asshole, or bald pussy, to deal with his pesky confidence-inhibiting erections. She would drain him with her holes, if her son wanted relief. Diane was devoted to make sure her son stayed on top of his soccer game, even if it meant choking the semen out of him, with her clutching cunt.

"Son, I just have a quick question, and I want you to think about it before you answer okay?" Diane rehearsed to herself, as she ventured up the stairs, and down the hallway towards her son's room. Once she was a few feet away, she stopped and whispered to herself, "I just wanted to see if you were interested in borrowing my warm holes, to help you deal with your pesky erections, while you look for a new

girlfriend, or get back together with Samantha. You can pick any hole you want, as long as your father is gone, and you feel like pounding some seed into me quickly. If you want this to happen, all you have to say is, 'Mom, I want a blowjob,' and I'll will suck your cock right now, okay? Or, we can skip the foreplay, and go right to the part where I let you go balls deep in me on your bed."

Then she pressed her lips together at the end of her speech, and tried to make her mouth look as appealing as possible. If her son was too squeamish about prodding her ass or cunt, the soccer mom would at least pull out his load with her pouty Botox-filled lips, while they were in the shape of a clenched asshole, when kissed together. Diane imagined the best scenario, as she rehearsed her offer in her head. The soccer mom imagined her son urging to borrow her warm pink cunt, ejaculating inside her tubes, until he softened inside her cunt. She imagined fat ropes of teen jism washing against her coital walls, within her birth canal. More than anything else, the mom wanted her son to return to the place he came from. She wanted the fluid bond to form between them, after discussing a thing called 'skinship' with the other moms during the soccer game, while they watched their sons play. Diane looked in the mirror one more time, smacked her red lips together, and adjusted her brunette hair. She kissed at her reflection, and winked to herself in luck.

"Mwah! His VERY own mother can take all his loads! He'll be sure to say yes if I just say it like that," she told herself.

Diane approached her son's door, and stood next to it, briefly listening, with her ear against the door. Meanwhile, Robert was

sulking in his room, as he tried to masturbate over a stolen pornographic magazine he found in his dad's closet. Despite being horny, the teen of age was still heartbroken over his recent break up with his girlfriend. Truth be told, the legal son of age was still a virgin. Despite all the text foreplay, and grabbing at second base, between him and his girlfriend, he still lacked a homerun, so to speak. As he sulked, with his back against his door, he had no idea his mom was standing nearby, while watching through a door-crack, as he jerked his long ten-inch erection hopelessly into a pair of dirty socks.

"Aw, my poor baby is already beating off into his socks, like a dirty little kid again," Diane said to herself, as she observed her son masturbate in his room.

Diane stood by her son's door, and decided it was time to confront him, while he was horny. She knocked briefly, and immediately entered without waiting for her son to respond. Diane came in, and did not announce herself, as she walked up to her son with his back turned against her. Robert was completely unaware, when his mom came up to him on his bed. When she touched his shoulder, he nearly leapt out of his skin.

"You know son, it's perfectly natural for a boy your age to want to get his dick wet frequently, but I'm the one who has to do laundry in this family. Why not just let me help you," Diane scolded. "This erection you have is unhealthy to leave alone, to your own devices, in my opinion. It would be my duty, as your loving mother, to offer you my warm pussy, to handle your pesky erections for now, until you patch

things up with Sam. At least let me suck on it, until I'm done pulling out all your baby-batter into my mouth, to make it go away."

"Mom, I was just about to go to take a shower--" Robert began, before he tried covering himself.

"You know cuddle-bear, mama-bear has a cooter too." Diane interrupted sympathetically, in her mom-toned voice, as she stroked her son's back, with her manicured nails, to calm him down, as she sat next to him. "I know it's strange hearing your mother promise you total access, to all of her holes, to help you become the best player you can be on the soccer field, but it's true, okay? Now let me help you with this, please. This pesky erection needs to go away, and I know where to put it to good use, if you would just trust your mother to do what needs to be done, to put you back on your A-game."

"What about dad though?" Said Robert, with his body trembling in anticipation of fucking his mom.

"Your daddy isn't home right now, and as far as I am concerned he doesn't need to know about us," Diane said with a pause, as she sat down next to her son. Then she continued speaking. "Mothers and sons, we have a bond. You beating up my cunt, is almost like your father doing the same, and as long as it's kept in the family, I don't consider it cheating, as long as you don't mind?"

"I can't just accept your offer mom. No matter how much I would like to just say yes," Said Robert, in a guilty tone, as his mom stroked

his back with her manicured nails going up and down against his soccer jersey, with his cock out, and in her hand.

"Listen butter-cup, mama-bear is serious when it comes to how I want to raise you. I would never lie. There is absolutely no shame in asking for help, okay? How would you like it if your loving and devoted mother offered you her honeyed-holes this evening, to help you deal with IT, poking up in the air right now?"

"IT, mom?" Robert said, as he looked towards his mother, who was sitting next to him in his bed, with a frown on her face, as his ten-inch erection soared above his lap, to poke far past his belly button, and throb in the air.

"I'm talking about your dick getting wet," Said Diane, as she playfully jabbed her son in the ribs, with her big doughy bosom jiggling from the effort. "You better take up the offer soon though, because who knows when your dad will be coming home, by the time you admit you want to fuck my pussy full of your baby-batter tonight."

Robert gulped in his spot, as his mom continued to rub his erection up and down with her hands. He ached to let loose, and just stand up, so he could plunge his cock down his mom's throat to shut her up. Her big pouty lips kissed at him, with her whole mouth opened in the shape of an O-ring, with her tongue poking against her cheek. He looked to his mom for any sign of trickery, as she teased and stroked his back with her nails.

"Mom, I'm sure Samantha and I will get back together eventually," Said Robert, as he ignored his mom.

"You need pussy by the looks of it though buster, and I'm offering you my warm love-oven, to gobble up a load, if you feel like making a deposit tonight, before your dad texts me, after he gets off work," Diane said.

Robert gulped in his spot. His mom's big pouty lips gave her sentence soft lisp noises, which made everything she said sound sexy. Her brunette hair hung past her shoulders. Her beautiful skin was dotted with freckles, from her arms to her shoulders. Despite being his mom, Robert had to admit, Diane was a bonafide MILF, despite being his real mom.

"Say something sugar-bear," Diane said, as she stroked her son's erection through the waistband of his shorts. Her other hand stroked his back, before she added, "What if your old mom gave you a pep talk, in my old cheerleading outfit?"

"You don't have to try so hard to cheer me up mom," Robert said back to his mom. "It's not your fault Samantha broke up with me. You don't have to get your old cheerleading uniform on, just to try to cheer me up."

"Nonsense," Diane cooed, before getting up dramatically to leave her son's room for a moment. "Your father practically asks me to wear

it every night. Let me get it."

In a moment, Diane came back into the room, wearing a vintage red cheerleader outfit, with her long brunette hair in a ponytail. Robert could feel his jaw drop in his mouth from the sight of it. Two busty bosoms pressed together, in a cleavage-squeezing red top. A pleated white short skirt covered her waist. Diane came in with a smile, and pom-poms, as she spun around. Robert had to shake his head of devious thoughts, when he saw the bald mound and cuntal crease of his mom, as she spun. When she faced him again, she bent over towards him, so the full front of her cleavage faced her son. She squeezed them together with her arms, as she began to do a cheering routine.

"Let's go buttercup, what's with the frown?!" Diane cheered, in a routine, "How about a trip to mommy-pound town!"

Robert was speechless, as he watched the big figure of his mom dancing all over the place, as she jumped, and moved her pom-poms around. She stuck her foot up, to press against her inner thigh, as she stood on one leg. Her bald crease of vaginal flesh showed itself briefly to Robert, as he hardened in his spot, fighting off the urge to stroke his erection. No matter how hard he tried not to look, Robert was unable to keep his eyes away from the place of his birth, as his mom cheered him on. Diane noticed this with a grin, as the mother continued her routine.

"Mommy has what you need, if you need a place to seed!" the mom cheered, "My mouth!" She cheered, while pointing to her mouth. "My

ass!" she said, as she turned around, and bent over to present her naked ass-cheeks to her son briefly, before turning back around to stand. "My cunt too, can handle all your baby-making goo!"

Diane grabbed at the bottom of her cheerleading skirt, and picked up the front, to reveal her bald cleavage, in the shape of two innie labial lips, pressed together in the shape of a mouth. It looked like a crease, between the mom's legs. Robert ached to feel the sensation between his mom's legs, as she drooled between her legs as she stood. The sight of two slime-drooling labial lips, looking at him as they gaped, made Robert harden. With his ten inch erection poking straight up into the air, he began to stroke himself in front of his mom.

"I have some condoms mom," he said to her.

"Nuh-uh young man! No rubbers allowed in my cunt, if you wanna pound my pussy young man. It's either bareback, or nothing in this family buster-bear. You can pull out if you want, but if you wanna pound my holes, you're going in raw."

"Where am I gonna cum then mom?"

"Well, that's up to you son. Do you want to cum inside my cunt, ass, mouth, or all over my face, tits, and hands? Pick your hole quickly, before your dad texts me. Once he's on his way home, your chance to pound my pussy full of semen is gone."

Robert was dumbstruck by how nonchalant sounding his mom was, as she told him what he could do.

"Would you really let me finish inside of you mom?" Asked Robert in disbelief.

"Finish, creampie, inseminate, fill up, or whatever you want to call it, mommy just said you can dump it in me."

"Really mom?!" Robert said in excitement. "You have NO IDEA how grateful I am right now. Screw Samantha!"

"This is only until you get a new girlfriend though young man," said Diane. "Consider this is a temporary pussy-pass at home, until you get back on your A-game out there sweetheart."

"Does this mean we can keep having sex, until my next soccer game mom?" Asked Robert, with blood rushing to his loins, to make his already stiffened erection throb with overwhelming need, as his piss-slit oozed with pre-cum and anticipation.

"It means you better have a good memory buttercup, because this is a temporary solution to your problem, okay?" Diane said sternly, with her finger wagging. "Under no circumstances are you to tell anyone, Alright? If your dad ever found out I let you pound my pussy, to help you play better, there would be hell to pay, Understood?"

"I understand mom," Robert said, next to his mom, as she stroked his pre-cum oozing cock with her soft mature hands. "What about dad though?"

"Like I said earlier, don't worry about him." Diane said tenderly, with her hand going up and down, as she felt his heat and size throb in her hands. "Mommy knows what boys like you need, after a tough day of playing sports. If you need to borrow my warm pussy, to boost your self-confidence, I'm willing to take one for the team, so to speak, even if means beating up your boner, through the same hole you came out of buster."

Diane removed her skirt. Long knee-high socks went up her legs. The mother stood, and with one hand, reached down towards her pink gates, to split herself apart. She shook her pony-tailed head, and shot her son a look, as she caught him looking back and forth, between her eyes, and her purple depths being gaped. With fingers, she split herself apart, and let go, to allow the cleavage of her cunt to close, before she spun around. She showed off her muff from behind, with her bald cunt displayed right in front of her son. She rocked her hips to the side, with the rest of her outfit on, and jutted her figure one direction, with her hand on her thigh, as the cleavage between her legs drooled with coital arousal.

"Stay right there cuddle-bear! Take a look one more time for me,"

Diane said, as the mom split apart her labial lips with both her manicured hands, prying apart her pussy, to show off her purple pleats. "I plan on taking your dingus straight to the back of my squeeze-box, to boost your self-esteem, if you wanna borrow my warm pussy that is? Now, your mommy asked you a question earlier. Do you want my tits, mouth, hands, ass, or pussy wrapped around you this time? I won't tell your

dad."

It was obvious the mom was making her vaginal depths as appealing as she possibly could. What teenager Robert's age could resist the sight of a hairless mature cunt looking back him, like a winking eye. Her purple coital sleeve drooled with vaginal slime, and her pleated depths screamed 'fuck me,' as a son was seduced into plowing the place he came from. Nothing would be between them once they began. Diane would be with her son every step of the way, during their bareback sex.

"I choose your pussy mom," said Robert, while straining to hide the excitement from his voice.

"Finally! It's about time you said yes to my cunt, after I've been offering it all day cuddle-bear!" Said Diane in excitement. "Only if you're sure though. You might nut as soon as you slip it in, like a two-pump chump ya know?"

"I'm ready mom. I'm sure of it," said Robert breathlessly.

"Are you really okay with doing this mom?"

"Mhmm, yessiree buster, but only if you're not squeamish about dumping a load in me when you're done," Diane said flatly, as if she was discussing the weather with her son. "Sound good buster?"

Robert just nodded his head eagerly, as his mom stood in front of him, with her purple depths gaped open.

"One last question sugar-bear," Diane said in her soft-toned voice to her teenage son, in his bedroom. "Pick your position, so we can get right down to it. This is purely a pump-it and dump-it situation, okay baby?"

"I wanna be on top mom!" Robert blurted out, before blushing red in the face in embarrassment.

"Easy there tiger!" Diane giggled out, "No need to be so excited. Missionary it is. Now scooch over."

Robert moved over on his bed, to make space for his mom. She removed the rest of her cheerleading outfit, until the soccer-mom was just in her thigh high socks, and perky personality.

Diane laid on her son's bed, and spread her legs on her back. She gestured for her son to come closer, to spear her cunt with his prick. Behind a closed and locked door, a busty mother let her son prepare to lay his pipe through her hallowed cunt. Diane spread her inner flesh with her fingers, holding apart her pink channel, as she felt a tip press into her labial gates briefly, before sinking down to the hilt, to reach through her vaginal depths, with all ten meaty inches her son had to offer. Mom and son moaned in unison, as their skins began to slap together.

An old wooden bed began to creak, as Robert beat back the depths of his mother's cunt from above. Each thrust he delivered, landed against a hardened wall. Diane began to mewl sharply, and would grunt

cute sounding 'oof-oof!' noises each time her bottom depths were punched. If there was ever the feeling of her pelvic floor being punched, Diane began to experience it, as her bottom depths were plundered, until her cunt churned with arousal, and her labial lips began to froth from the vaginal seal around her son's cock. Diane was completely laid back, with her arms crossed below her bosom, to keep them from shaking, as her cunt was hollowed out from above.

"BEAT IT UP BABY!" Diane screamed, as her guts were churned by hot teenage cock, attacking her depths with his bell tip.

"Yes ma'am mom!" Robert said, as he sunk his meat to the hilt and back, through his mom, as he held her legs back.

Diane was laid on her back. with the full weight of her son holding back her legs, where her knees bent. Her thigh-high socks pressed into the bed below her son, as he drilled her cunt from above, with cervix-striking strokes, beginning to make the soccer-mom whimper in pleasure, from her love-box being punched. An earth-shattering orgasm was beginning to boil in both their loins, as Robert sought his mother's depths with his far-reaching erection digging through places never touched since his birth, when he came screaming into the world. Now mother and son were screaming for different reasons, as their bodies smacked together. In the small bedroom, the sound of skins slapping together echoed off the walls, as mother and son fucked. With the enthusiasm of being close to dumping his built-up baby-batter, Robert knew he was getting close to shooting his spunk inside his mom.

With his seed beginning to boil within his loins, Robert laid into his

mom, with his whole length reaching far through her pink guts, until his bulbous head knocked into her back wall, to make her belly bulge outward. Gross and wet-sounding noises filled the small bedroom, as a horny teenager went in and out of his mom. Diane and Robert locked eyes, as their mutual orgasm began to build between them. With their visions beginning to blur in unison, Robert began to feel his nut-sac tingle, then his cock was suddenly squeezed by coital walls locking around his cock. The cunt-like sleeve wrapped around his erection, coiled around him like an anaconda snake gripping him. He continued to beat his way through his mom, as Robert bounced his ball-sac against his mom's asshole in a fury. With his load close to blowing, there was no way he was about pull out now.

Upon noticing her son hardening through her channel, Diane knew what to do, as she laid back in her spot.

"That's it baby, shoot it straight to the pussy, when you're ready to blow in your mommy," Diane encouraged, as her pussy was churned and her bosom shook, in response to the thrusts, from her son laying into her body.

Robert hardened within the mom, as he fed his piece through her warm channel. Warm vaginal walls gripped against his meaty textures, as he went in and out at a ball-smacking pace. His sac slapped into his mom's crinkled asshole in his bed so many times, he felt he was going to be leaving bruises on his mom's taint. The liquid-hot sound of hot motherly pussy being churned to a buttery froth, filled the bedroom, as Robert plowed his mom. In and out he went, to reach far and deep through his mom, with his ten-inch prick beginning to throb,

and the sensation of his ejaculation beginning to boil for release. When it was too much to handle, as his mom encouraged him to blow his load, the teen began to groan.

"Oh!--" Robert cried, "Mom! Ugh--"

"Deep and don't stop until you're finished shooting out all dat baby-batter young man!" Instructed the mother. "Keep laying dat pipe! OOF! STRAIGHT TO THE PUSSY!"

"OUGH!"

"OOF! BUTTER-CUP! OOF! I CAN FEEL IT! DUMP IT!"

The cries of a mother and son mixing their hot breeding fluids gushed into the bedroom. Wet and frothy white-looking film erupted out a mother's cunt, as a teenage cock rammed through her sleeve. She felt him throb and pull through her channel, with the hardness of a diamond fist, as the mom climaxed with her son. Diane felt her eyes roll back into her skull. She had her fingers reaching down, to hold apart her pink gates, as they were being beaten back like hot wet mud holding onto a rubber boot.

SCHLIC-SCHLIC-SCHLIC-SPLOOGE!

Diane had her legs completely wrapped around her child, as her depths were inseminated. She bucked her cunt back and forth, with up and down strokes, to capture each white rope her son was able to shoot in her. She held him close to her bosom, and wrapped her limbs around him like a spider, as she guided each drop of sticky spunk, to land against the back of her chamber, with the fantasy of his seed impregnating her. Robert lay into his mother's doughy

bust and nearly whimpered, as his spunk was yanked out of him. He gave up thrusting mid-orgasm, and let the feeling of his mom's bucking hips, clapping into his, as her cunt milked out his final ropes of jism from below.

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

Robert loved the feeling of how hot his mom felt within her pink guts. His ball-sac slapped against his mother's hairless taint, as her cunt went over his spewing cock. Thick and milky long ropes of teenage semen stuck against depths never meant to be returned to. His shivering body thrust back and forth violently, while trapped in his mother's embrace while he came. Fat bolts of teenage jism shot out of a hung son of age, as he was milked from below by his hip-humping mom.

"Goodness baby! Get it all outta your system buster!

"Mommy is gonna milk the seed outta ya, ya
hear!"

When the final ropes of teen jism began to shoot out of her son, Diane stopped bucking her hips. Instead, she thrust up, and locked her heels tight. She wriggled her ass beneath her son, to nuzzle his ball-sac as firmly against her taint and asshole as she could. The busty mom held her son balls deep, while he laid on top. He sounded out of breath, with the back of his slim body glistening with sweat from his prior effort. Out of all the emotions rushing inside the mother's mind, after allowing her son to blow a load in her cunt, the biggest surprise emotion of them was pride. She was proud of her son's ability to lay pipe the way he did. Despite being a virgin, it appeared her son was a natural cocksman in the family. Things would never be the

same Diane realized.

"How was that young man?" Diane cooed to her son, as she scratched his back, and held him deep.

"That was amazing mom," Said Robert, in the blissful state of his first orgasm with a woman.

"Now, it may be strange to other families at your school, to hear how you lost your virginity, so this is strictly our secret young man, Understand? Not even your father can know. Only we can know about us, Okay?"

"You got it mom," Said Robert, "Whatever I have to do to make sure this happens again between us."

"Well, hold on now sonny. I know you may be balls-deep in some genuine mommy cunt, at the moment, but I don't remember saying you get pussy-pass privileges with me young man. Your mommy popped your cherry, strictly for the reason of helping you score in your next game coming up," the embracing mom said.

"What do you mean mom?" Robert said, as he softened inside her marital chamber, with his ten inch prick.

While ten meaty inches of teenage cock touched bottom inside a freshly inseminated womb, Diane explained her reasoning. She did not want to see her son become pussy-whipped and lazy. She needed to

motivate him to practice harder, and prepare for his game, and if the best way was with her holes, so be it. She would use her matronly cunt to motivate her son to succeed. After milking out his seed with her hot white-load yanking snatch, as hard as she could from below, the mother hoped her son would be more motivated, after feeling so good. After all, if she could encourage her son to work harder, by granting him her prize pussy if he scored, it would be considered good parenting, Diane reasoned to herself.

"That is just a taste of your mother's sexual skills young man. If you enjoyed busting a nut in my cooter, in this position, imagine all the other positions you could get me in, whenever you get a pesky erection. If you like my cheerleading outfit, with my cute knee-high socks, and pom poms, I think you'll love a crotchless body-suit I've been saving, for a special occasion, if you feel like laying more pipe later."

"Really mom?" said Robert in disbelief, "What do I have to do to make that happen?"

"It's simple son. Just help your team win the state championships," Diane said, in her conniving tone.

She grinned to herself. The mother thought her son would agree. She would use her pussy to motivate him.

"But mom, the state championships aren't until next year. We're not even in the qualifiers. My team is just doing lots of practice.

Next week is our first game," Said Robert, while still plunged to the hilt through his mother's cunt, as he softened inside, after shooting what felt like a gallon of spunk through her chamber, to coat her cervix in spunk.

"Oh, well no pussy until you score in your next game. I don't care if it's a real one, with another school, or just practice with your team. No goal, no pussy!"

Robert was stunned to hear his mom's statement, as he laid on top of her, with his ten-inch prick spearing through ten-inches of motherly cunt. If this was the last time he was allowed to be balls-deep inside his mom, until next week, he was determined to make the most of it. As they exchanged pillow talk, Robert waited until he was hard enough to begin thrusting once again, with soft wet kissing sounds between them. Diane looked up with wide-eyes, as her pink depths were slowly being churned again. In all her years, the soccer-mom had never been fucked twice in a row. She didn't think it was possible for a cock to stay hard, or get hard enough to go for round two so soon!

"Goodness gracious! Calm down tiger! Mommy isn't going anywhere. Dump one more load if you need," Diane said, as her depths were drilled from above with cervix-seeking strokes once again.

"Yes ma'am mom!" Grunted Robert, as he thrust as if possessed, with his sac beating into his mom's taint.

Diane had her head turned, with her arms crossed below her bosom,

to keep them from shaking beneath the bottom-punching strokes her son delivered to her cunt. The spread-eagled mom did not want to encourage her son's behavior, before he started hollowing out her tubes, in such a vulnerable position, without asking for permission first. Despite being taken advantage of, however, the soccer-mom could not deny the sight and pleasure of her pussy beaten back, like her guts were a punching bag. With her thigh high socks held back at the knee, Diane could just lay there and take it, as her cunt was pounded from above, until the sensation of her son, throbbing for release, filled her chamber once more, with his hot cords. In moments, ropes of teenage baby-batter began to enter a soccer-mom's breeding chamber once again. Robert felt his vision blur, as he thrust himself deep, to plant his load as far as he could reach with his cock.

Robert sent fat ropes of teenage jism down the place of his birth. Big bolts of teenage jism struck against a mother's pelvic floor. Diane thrashed her head back and forth, as she laid there and felt her son empty his balls inside her cunt, with his nut-sac pressing hard against her taint, and clinching butthole. She felt the throbbing sensation of him pulse and throb through her cunt, from a load being dumped. Big ropes of jism stuck against the place of his conception, while hot coital walls of vaginal cunt-flesh clutched greedily for every hot bolt delivered through the soccer-mom.

Diane thrashed her head back and forth, with her legs held back at the knees, while her son pumped his pubescent teen spunk deep through her cloying cunt. They both looked to where their middles met, as Robert pounded his semen into his mom with such force and

ferocity, he thought his semen would shoot out through his mom's mouth and nose. Instead, she grunted with cute little 'oofing' noises, as she was bottomed-out, and filled up with more of her teenager's spunk. Each time, Robert felt his mom cringe around his thrusting cock, with the bell of him meeting her bottom. Each time Robert felt his nob punch against the bottom of his mom, with his far-reaching boner, he would see his mom wince and nod her brunette head up and down eagerly.

"Dump it buster!" Diane mewled, with her legs held back over her knees. Her big bosom shook in place, as her teenage son thrust into her depths, to plant his hot load against the back wall of her cunt. "Shoot it straight to the pussy!" Diane said, as she looked between the cleavage of her bosom, to watch her marital depths being churned to a buttery froth, from her vaginal-depths being pounded, and filled with semen. "UGH!" She mewled out, in a guttural noise, as Diane looked up into her eye lids. Her cunt was drilled by her spunk-spurting teenager, as his cock knocked against her back wall, like a cervix-seeking missile.

When Robert rolled off his mom, his softened length left her love-socket with a disgusting plop sound, before white globs of his spunk soon emerged from his mom. Diane kept her legs held back in shock, after her son rolled off of her, with his weight leaving her knees. She held her legs back with her arms, as she laid in place. She witnessed a white trail of slime snap out of her son's ten-inch erection, after he pulled out of her bald cunt. There was no doubt in her mind that her depths were inseminated. Hot trails of spunk cooled against her taint and asshole. Diane grabbed her phone, to look at the

time, before looking back to her son. It was getting late and there would be no more time for another round of sex, in a lucky son's bedroom.

"Okay, no more shenanigans young man. Your dad just texted me, and he's on his way home from work, so no more pump and dumps, understood?" Diane said, before looking over to a box of tissues nearby. "Be a sweetie and get mommy some napkins for your mess."

Robert obeyed, and gave his mom the whole box. She took several napkins and pawed at her slimy mound, before the mom eventually rolled over to get up from her son's bed. Diane stood with her knee high socks on, as she bent over to pick up her cheerleading outfit, and pom-poms from the floor. When she was done, she held her skirt, top, and fuzzy pom-poms in her arms, as she stood in front of her son in her thigh high socks. Before she left the room, Diane wanted to give her son an important lecture about what she said.

"Remember young man, don't tell your dad. He would be furious if he found out I popped your cherry."

Diane spoke like lecturing mother to her son, and warned him of the dangers of bareback sex outside the family. She promised him her pleated pussy, even after he found a new girlfriend, if he improved his grades. Meanwhile Robert did not hear a word, as he saw a pendulum of his pubescent cum hang like a wrecking-ball, between the thigh gap of his bottomless mom. He watched it, and wondered how long his sticky cum would hold before snapping out. He didn't care if he had to put up

with some high standards while living at home with his mom. If it meant being able to pound more of his semen into his sweet and lecturing mother at the time, in more of her naughty outfits, he was willing to do almost anything. Robert listened. but could not pay attention, as he watched his semen dangle between Diane's thigh-gap, flanked by two thigh-high white socks, reaching all the way towards her cuntal cleavage.

"So, how does that sound butter-cup? Do those things and my cunt is yours," concluded Diane, at the end of her lecture, as her cunt drooled out clear and white genetic fluids, in front of her son, as she stood with a ball of cum hanging below her.

"Sounds good to me mom. Whatever you say, as long as I can pound your sweet pussy again," Robert said, as he watched a wrecking-ball of his spunk snap out of his mom, to splash onto the wooden floor of his bedroom.

Diane sighed, as she spoke down to her son from above, as he sat while staring straight ahead at her naked thigh gap. She rolled her eyes, and shifted her weight from one to another, which made another rope of spunk snap out of her cunt onto the floor. Somehow Diane knew her son would become trouble later.

"Why do I think I'm going to regret doing this with you sugar bear? I swear young man, the things I do for you."

THE END

