

Sons of Moms – Chapter 4

“Is it just me, or are we starting to draw a crowd?” Matt asked his friend, Henley, as they shot baskets at the local park. Several women were standing beside the court, chatting and giggling, while watching the teens play ball.

“What can we say...our age group are the only ones on the planet with dicks. We're all the shit right now!” Henley replied, taking a shot. “How many pussies a day are you getting?”

“Usually five, sometimes six. You?”

“About the same. Long gone are the days of masturbation, huh?”

“Do you ever screw any family members?” Matt asked, thinking back on his incredible fuck-fest with his brother's wife.

“Do stepmoms count?”

“Your stepmom? Really?!”

“Yeah, I got her pregnant about a month ago. I don't think my dad was happy about that at all,” Henley chuckled.

“I know what you mean. My hot sister-in-law Briana and I had some wild baby-making sessions a few weeks ago. My brother was jealous as hell.”

“Are you sure she wanted a baby and not just your dick?”

“I suspect she wanted both,” Matt replied, making them both laugh.

“So, did you give her a baby...or just a good cock-pounding?” Henley asked.

“Yeah, she just called me with the news the other day. She's all knocked up, man.”

“It's crazy to think about how many kids out there are biologically ours,” Henley stated.

By the time they were through playing there were dozens of women watching and more arriving by the minute. These weren't just girls their own age, but middle-aged moms as well. The virus had transformed their bodies into fleshy

playgrounds, with oversized tits and big round asses. They were doing their best to display them for the boys by wearing revealing outfits. As Matt wiped the sweat from his bare chest, he looked over and noticed how many eyes were on him, feasting lustfully on his young, well-toned body.

"Hi...um, Matt, right?" a pretty red-headed mother asked, her large pale breasts bulging from the V-cut neckline of her blouse.

"Yeah."

"I'm Stephanie. Your sister is best friends with my daughter, Megan."

"Nice to meet you," Matt smiled, glancing down at her freshly-shaved legs, displayed completely beneath the hems of her booty-shorts.

"Likewise. You look really hot. I mean, um...sweaty. Well, you look hot too!" she giggled. "Would you like to come over for a cool drink?"

"I'm good, thanks. I have water," the teen replied, taking a swig from his bottle.

"Do you remember me?" A different woman asked, staring at Matt through a curtain of beautiful dark hair. Her eyes were hazel, her lips full and pouty.

"You look...kinda familiar," Matt replied.

"Cassie. I taught you piano lessons...when you were you younger."

"Oh, yeah...I remember now," said Matt, letting his eyes drift down to the swell of her colossal tits. He remembered her having a big rack when he was young, but clearly the effects of the virus had made them absolutely monstrous. "Don't you have a son close to my age?"

"Yeah, Rex, he graduated last year."

"Oh, ok. Well, I uh...haven't played piano in a long time."

"Well, you're welcome to come over. I could give you a refresher course," she offered.

"I would, but I actually have some appointments today."

Matt looked over and saw his friend Henley getting bombarded by horny women as well. They were like two pieces of meat thrown to the wolves.

“Appointments huh?” Cassie asked. “Off to impregnate some lucky women?”

“Yep, that's the plan. Somebody's gotta do it, right?”

“Yeah, Rex has been busy with that too here lately. Good thing we can count on you boys to keep the world populated.”

A short-haired brunette in her late twenties stepped up to Matt. “Could you please help my husband and I? I'm ovulating today and we desperately want another baby,” she pleaded.

“You'd have to contact my mom about that,” Matt answered. “She handles all my appointments.”

“I've been on the waiting list for two months. Please, my car's right over. We could have sex right on the backseat. It wouldn't take long.”

“You have to wait your turn, sorry,” Matt replied, heading towards his car. The women followed, each eager to get their hands and cunts on him.

Cassie pressed her huge squishy tits against his arm as she followed along. “I'm not one to beg, Matt, but my husband's penis has completely shriveled up. I haven't been fucked in close to two years. Could you please help me out?” she desperately asked.

“Well, at least you're honest. Most women try to convince me to have sex under the pretense of wanting a baby.”

“I'm not gonna lie to you,” Cassie stated, gazing at him with her beautiful hazel eyes. “I just need to get fucked.”

“Wow, you guys looked amazing out there!” A different mom interrupted as her and a female friend stood in front of Matt, blocking his path. They were dressed in sexy mini-skirts and clinging tops that displayed their extraordinary cleavage.

“I'm Jenny!” the platinum-blonde smiled, holding her hand out for a shake.

“Matt,” the boy replied, shaking her hand.

“My friend Tina and I were just out for a ride today. Do you wanna come with us?”

"Sorry, I can't," the boy replied, sneaking past them. Like the other women, they followed. "We can make it amazing for you, sweetie, we promise!" Jenny shouted.

"We'll suck your dick too!" Jenny's friend added. "I give an amazing deep-throat blowjob!"

"Please, Matt!" Stephanie begged, rubbing his arm. "Just a quickie, that's all I'm asking for."

Cassie squeezed his arm. "Nothing has penetrated me for over a year, Matt. I'm incredibly tight!"

"Fuck me!" Matt heard a different voice say. He peered through the surrounding group and saw a mom in a striped mini dress. She was standing in a sexy pose, thrusting her gigantic mammaries out to get his attention.

"Please fuck me!" another voice from the crowd shouted.

"Fuck me!" various women shouted pleadingly. "Please...I have a tight pussy. Please fuck me!"

Everywhere Matt looked were beautiful moms with sexy legs and rounded asses begging for dick. Their hard nipples were popping from the peaks of their oversized tits. There was so much exposed flesh, he could hardly take it in. Even the air around him began to wreak of aroused pussy.

Matt quickly got into Henley's car, about the same time his friend did. The moms surrounded the vehicle, still pleading and pressing their tits against the glass, like sexy-hungry zombies. "Damn, dude! Lately, I'm starting to understand how rock-stars feel," Henley smiled.

"Yeah, but instead of autographs all these chicks want are our dicks."

"I'm not gonna lie. I know we have some appointments today, but there are sure some hot fucking women out there," Henley stated, staring at all the super-voluptuous bodies outside the windows.

"You can say that again," Matt muttered, looking out at Cassie as she stared in at him with an exaggerated frowny-face. "Look at the fucking tits on that one!"

"She is gorgeous!" Henley agreed.

“Before the virus we would have given anything to fuck any one of these women. Now they’re all begging for it,” Matt pointed out.

“Wanna pluck out a couple each and take them up to Perkin's Point?” Henley asked. Perkin's Point was a secluded spot where boys often took ‘car dates.’ Sometimes, for one reason or another, women were unable to have a boy to their home for copulation. Instead, the boys would pick them up, like they would a date, and drive them up to Perkin's Point, for wild backseat baby-making.

“What the fuck. My mom will be pissed, but let's do it!” Matt decided.

“Hi, Summer, this is Marla Johnson. Your son, Matt, had a series of appointments with me about a month ago.”

“Yes, Hi, Marla, how are you?” Summer asked, holding her phone to her ear.

“I'm fabulous! I'm just calling to let you know that I had a doctor's appointment this morning and found out I'm pregnant. I’M HAVING A BABY!!” she announced excitedly.

“Oh, that's wonderful. Congratulations!”

“Thanks. I mean, I couldn't have done it without your son, Matt. Would you please thank him for my husband and I,” Marla asked.

“Of course. I’m sure he'll be happy to hear the news.”

It was the type of call that Summer had received at least a hundred times. When they first started, her reaction was one of heartfelt joy for the soon-to-be parents, but recently, on the inside, she had grown numb and, if she were honest, quite jealous. Not just at the fact that these women had gotten pregnant by her son, but that they had the privilege of having young teenage cock pounding through them, while her own sex life was nonexistent.

“I gotta tell you, that boy of yours...WOW, can he perform in bed!” Marla confessed.

“So I’ve heard.”

“It was amazing enough having the biggest penis I'd ever seen inside me, but the way he could thrust for so incredibly long, just blew my mind! I've never had that many orgasms in my life!”

“I'm, um...glad you were pleased with the experience, and congrats on the news,” Summer stated before hanging up. She could feel her fleshy clitoris throbbing to her heartbeat and fuck-oil oozing from her Skene-glands, just inside her vagina. She peeked down at her oversized breasts and could clearly see her aroused nipples popping, as hard as pebbles, through her bra and top.

***“Good grief...I need to cum!”* she thought.**

Minutes later she was sprawled across her bed naked, masturbating furiously. Her instrument of choice was a pink vibrating wand. It GRUMBLED on full-speed as she plowed it frantically against her cunt-slit. Within a minutes, her body shook and her back arched from the mattress. Her giant, meaty tits heaved around heavily, their stiff-nippled peaks pointing towards the ceiling. “OH, GOD, MATT...FUCK MEEEE!!” she cried out deliriously.

While Summer writhed in ecstasy at the thought of her son, Matt was parked at the top of Perkin's Point. There were several other vehicles, tucked in the trees in a neat row, all of them rocking wildly. They belonged to boys Matt and Henley's age who had picked up local moms for baby-making intercourse. The sound of women gasping and squealing resonated from inside the vehicles.

The shocks on Henley's car squeaked as the vehicle wobbled from the fuck-rhythm going on inside. Henley's backseat was packed with naked bodies. The two boys slouched on the seat, each with a woman riding him. In Matt's case, it was Stephanie, his sister's best friend's mom. Stephanie was a beautiful married red-head, who's alabaster tits had swollen to a 42E cup. Her stiff-nippled jugs leaped wildly on her chest, as did the woman's next to her, who was riding Henley. Kneeling on the seat between the two boys were two other moms. Their giant, fatty tits were crushed against the boys upper chests as they leaned over, kissing them passionately.

“Mmff!” Matt whimpered, feeling Cassie's long thick tongue duel with his inside his mouth. This, while his sturdy cock pummeled up the snug, slick tube of Stephanie’s cunt. One thing he knew by now, MILF pussy was the best pussy.

Cassie's husband, Carl, had recently suspected that his wife was preparing to cheat on him. He could sense her frustration nightly at his inability to perform sexually. The virus had caused all women's bodies to produce greater levels of estrogen, the female sex hormone. This made already horny housewives become supercharged with sexual desire. When their dickless husbands couldn't do it for them, it was only a matter of time before even the most loving wives began to seek out young men. Knowing this, Carl suspiciously left work and tracked his wife's phone to the top of Perkin's Peak.

“I knew it!” Carl muttered out-loud as he sat in his car watching the row of eight vehicles wobble steadily from the wild sex going on inside each one of them. He got out of his own car and bravely wandered over to the vehicle on the end. When he peered in the slightly-fogged window he could see a couple fucking fervidly on the backseat. The young man was on top, and the strong motherly legs wrapped around his humping body could easily belong to Carl's wife. The woman raked her nails down the boy's sweaty back and Carl didn't recognize the wedding ring on her finger. Someone's wife was getting drilled back there, but it wasn't his.

Carl moved to the next vehicle, brazenly peeking inside. This couple was also sprawled across the backseat, but engaging in a 69. The woman was his wife's age, but had the wrong colored hair. Her head bobbed up and down on the boy's huge prick, sucking it hungrily.

Carl was startled by the sounds coming from the end vehicle. It was one of the cars he hadn't peeked inside of yet. It was emanating with the sound of two females erupting in orgasm simultaneously. Their mommy-voices sang a beautiful orgasmic duet. Carl didn't think they sounded like his wife, but he couldn't be sure. One of them was Stephanie, gushing her female ejaculate all over Matt's cock.

The next vehicle was rocking and squeaking like crazy, the couple inside were clearly engaging in a mindless fuck. Carl's stomach sunk at the thought that it could be his wife going at it in there. When he peeked in, he saw a woman bouncing up and down on a young man's cock in the reverse cowgirl position. He was relieved to know it wasn't his wife, but HE DID recognize her. It was his coworker Charlie's wife. She was clearly cheating on her husband, as he suspected his own wife was. He took a second to admire her big fleshy tits as they careened up and down her chest, while she feverishly fucked. *"Poor Charlie,"* Carl thought, knowing he wouldn't have the heart to tell him.

He moved to the next car over. The woman inside had the same dark hair-color as his wife and was on all-fours on the seat being fucked doggy-style. Her big fleshy ass rippled, each time it was struck by the boy's midsection. Carl didn't need to see her face to know it wasn't Cassie. Even though the jugs that dangled from the woman's chest were enormous, they weren't nearly as gigantic as his wife's tits.

"What the fuck?!" he heard a voice exclaim. He peered up to see the middle-aged beauty glaring at him. "Fuck off, you pervert!" she snarled.

"Sorry," Carl muttered, then headed to the next vehicle.

On the backseat of this one, a young man was on top of a super-busty female, pumping his cock into her savagely. The way their naked flesh glistened with perspiration led Carl to believe that they'd been going at it for several hours. He could see that the woman had silver-blond hair, which meant she was much older than his wife. She was crying out in climax, her strong, trembling legs locked so tightly around the boy it seemed like she was squeezing the life out of him. Carl didn't recognize the woman with her face twisted in pleasure, but when the grimace disappeared, his stomach sunk in shock. "Mother!" he shouted.

Tricia's eyes shot open, gazing across at her grown son through the window. "Carl?!"

The boy on top of her stopped fucking and looked back in horror. "Dad?!" he gasped.

Carl's mouth fell open in dismay. Not only had he discovered his own married mother having sweaty sex with someone besides his father, but that "someone" was his own son, Rex. "What the hell is going on here?!" Carl blurted.

Over in Henley's car, the women had switched positions. Now it was Carl's wife, Cassie, who was vigorously riding Matt's cock. Her big round bubble-butt flew up and down, pummeling his strong teenage erection through the snug tube of her neglected vagina.

"Ohh, fuck, yeah!" Matt groaned, delighted by just how fucking tight her pussy was. He could feel the skin of his cock being pulled back tight with each thrust, making his glans mushroom out, stretching the back wall of her pussy and smearing his pre-cum on her cervical head.

His eyes traveled from her shaved pubis, up her tapered torso, to the jutting melons of tit-meat that bounced and rippled wildly. He'd seen a lot of heavy-titted females naked, but the only other one who had tits this big was his mom. Even Cassie's areolas were wide and thickly-textured like his mom's. Her nipples were so turgid that he could see them jiggle each time her boobs swung down and struck her mid-section.

Cassie was over the moon. She felt like a sexual void had finally been filled and she was loving every second of it. Since her husband had lost his cock, she didn't think she'd ever feel a strong muscular prick in her cunt again, especially one as monstrous as Matt's.

"Damn, this is good pussy, dude!" Henley sighed, staring up at the jumping jugs of the middle-aged mom he was fucking. He reached back and squeezed her bobbing derriere. "And these big fucking asses. I think we should shove our dicks up their assholes next!"

Matt slapped Cassie's ass-cheek sharply, making her butt-meat ripple. "I like that idea!" he panted.

The women squealed in delight as the boys slapped their fleshy mommy-asses several more times, while jabbing their cocks up into their cunt-holes. For Matt, it was time to engage in his signature move. He yanked Cassie down on top of

him and buried his face between her giant jugs. "Oh, yeah!" he snarled, kissing the valley of her cleavage, while feeling her huge milkers ripple around his face.

"Whoa! What's going on out there?" he heard his friend, Henley, asked.

While continuing to fuck, Cassie peered over and saw Carl near one of the cars. "Oh, shit...that's my husband!" she exclaimed in a hushed tone. Then, she saw Tricia get out of the vehicle, looking clearly embarrassed as she attempted to cover her colossal tits. "Oh my God...my mother-in-law!?"

Next to get out of the car was her son, Rex, his long, erect cock jutting out from his crotch and was soaked in his Grandmother's secretions. "Rex?!" Cassie exclaimed in horror. Strangely, her eyes wandered down to his super-sized erection and lingered. *"Oh my God. His cock is...huge!"*

"Who's Rex?" Matt asked, interrupting her from her thoughts as he peeked up the creamy canyon between her tits

"My son. The one I told you about earlier. We need to get outta here! If my husband catches me fucking you he'll kill me!"

Outside, Carl glared at both his son and mother. "Well...do you two wanna explain yourselves?!"

"Carl, this is my fault," Tricia confessed. "Since the virus came along, your father and I's love life has gone down hill. I guess I was just feeling frustrated and needed some attention. I was the one who approached Rex. Please don't be mad at him."

Before Carl could answer, he noticed the car on the end, Henley's car, quickly back up and speed off. It kicked up a cloud of dust behind it, so he was unable to see who was inside. He still suspected it was his wife. He took the cellphone from his pocket and dialed.

After a few rings, Cassie picked up. "Hi, honey!" she answered, trying to not sound nervous. She was still in the backseat with the other moms as they crammed their huge tits back inside their bras.

"Where are you right now?!" Carl asked.

"I'm home baking cookies, why?"

“Cassie, are you sure that wasn't you I just saw speeding off? Are you with someone? “

Claire and her Grandson shared a surprised expression, unaware that's why Carl was really there.

“What do you mean ‘speeding off?’ Honey, I'm not sure what you're talking about,” the wife said innocently.

“Forget it! We'll talk when I get home,” Carl blurted, then glared at his mom and son. “Oh, and there's a couple people who will be joining our conversation.”

Matt and Henley dropped the women back off at the park, then headed home.

“There you are!” Summer stated as her son walked in the door. “Where have you been?!”

“At the park playing ball with Henley, why?”

“Why?! Matt, it's nearly eleven. You're suppose to be at an appointment. Did you forget you had a 10am copulation session, over on Clark Street?”

“Honestly, mom...you'll have to cancel it,” Matt muttered, heading towards his room. “I'm just not feeling it today.”

“Not feeling it?” Summer chuckled. “Since when are YOU not feeling it?”

Her son didn't answer. He just went into his room and closed the door. Matt had stayed up way too late the night before. Coupled with the fact that he was beat from playing basketball and pissed off that he didn't get to spend more time fucking Cassie. Besides his mom, she was probably the hottest MILF he'd ever met, and her cunt had felt incredible. It was unfortunate that their time together got cut short. He plopped down on his bed for a nap.

Summer canceled his appointments for the day and let her son sleep for a few hours. She knew the amount of sex he'd been having in a day was probably catching up with him. In the mid-afternoon, she went in and sat on his bedside, stroking his arm tenderly, like any loving mom would. Her eyes couldn't help but drift to his cock-bulge, studying it's tubular outline. It amazed her that while every other male had shriveled up to nearly nothing, boys Matt's age had dicks that grew longer and meatier as time passed. Some of her mom-friends

were now reporting boys with erections over a foot long. Like all women, her body was going through the same type of metamorphosis. With each passing day, her tits grew a tad larger and her ass slightly fuller. Just that morning she had watched a news program detailing how the virus was causing women's vaginas to elongate more, to accommodate the incredible penile growth that boys Matt's age were experiencing.

Unable to retrain herself, Summer leaned over, bringing her nose to her son's bulge and inhaling. His musky, manly scent made her eyes roll back in their sockets and her cunt clench up with desire. She also noticed a hint of something else. *"Pussy? Why does he smell like pussy? He didn't go to any appointments this morning?"* she thought.

Matt's eyes popped open and he saw his beautiful mother sitting there next to him. Her breasts were so abnormally huge and fat they looked like they could burst right through her bra and snug cotton top at any moment. "Damn, how long did I sleep?" The teen groggily asked.

"A few hours," the mother softly stated. "Sweetie, I think I need to apologize to you."

"For what?"

"I was a bit harsh on you earlier. Sometimes I get so consumed with setting these appointments up for you and making sure you get to them, I forget that your whole life shouldn't be just about getting women pregnant. You have friends...and other interests that are important too."

"Well, honestly, mom...the most important person in my life right now is you," Matt confessed. "Maybe WE should start spending more time together."

Summer smiled slyly, gazing at her boy with her beautiful eyes. "You think so?" she whispered, her heart going pitter-patter.

"Yeah, I do," he replied, surprised to find his mom's face slowly moving towards his. It was like they had little control of their own bodies as their lips drifted closer and closer together, finally meeting in a sensual, closed-lipped kiss.

Their kissers smacked together tenderly as they stared lustfully into each other's eyes. Matt lowered onto his back again and his mom followed, mashing her

super-sized tits against his chiseled chest. Even through her shirt and bra, the teen could feel her stiff, elongated nipples prodding against him. The tips of their tongues played erotically as they peeked from their smooching lips. Summer draped a sexy leg across her son's midsection, feeling his hardening cock-muscle through his shorts. They were both certainly on the road to a heated fuck when Summer came to her senses, rising off her son. "I'm not so sure that us spending time together is such a good idea right now," she stated with excited breath.

"Why? Is there something wrong with a mother and son spending time together?"

"In a normal world, no, but these times are far from normal. This virus is doing things to our bodies and our minds. It's giving us desires that aren't normal, and clouding our judgement."

"If you're talking about my desire for you...well, I gotta be honest, that existed WAY before this virus even started, mom," Matt admitted.

"Yeah, since you were fourteen. You already told me, remember?" Summer blushed. "Until they find some sort of cure for what's happening, I think we should limit the amount of time we spend with each other, especially when we're home alone together, like today."

"Rather than avoid each other, can't we just um...do something to maybe take the edge off?" Matt asked.

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Well, you're afraid that we're gonna lose control and have sex with each other, right?"

"Maybe," Summer replied, not quite ready to fully admit her desires.

"Well, what if we just expressed ourselves in a way that's much less...extreme."

"Such as?"

"How about we could, um...masturbate each other?" the boy proposed. "I could get you off the same way I did Briana. Remember, you didn't think I could get her off in thirty seconds and I did."

“You ALMOST did,” Summer giggled, “and of course I remember, it cost me my clothes, if you recall?”

“Oh, trust me, I recall,” he grinned, thinking back on just how fucking hot his mom looked naked. “I could get you off that same way though. You could do the same for me.”

“Matt, no! When it comes to you and I, that would still be crossing way over the line.”

“Oh, come on, mom...it's better than us avoiding each other because we're afraid we're gonna lose control.”

“We're not touching each other that way!” she stated in a resolved tone. “We can't spend plenty of time together as long as other people are home with us.”

He watched his mom's sexy round bubble-ass sway as she left his bedroom. “I guess I'll go out for awhile then,” he shouted. “I shouldn't have any issues finding a woman to stroke me off and a whole lot more than that, if I want it!”

He saw his mom stop, suddenly struck with jealousy. She slowly turned around and glared at him from the hallway. “You just think you're such a big-shot, don't you?”

Matt smiled and flexed his cock, making his shorts tent up obscenely. “I know I am,” he answered with a cocky smile. “And YOU know it too. Come back in, close the door and lock it, mom.”

Summer padded back into his bedroom and closed the door behind her. She stood there for a moment, awkwardly watching him remove his shorts. The huge pole of his cock sprung back on his abdomen, making his mom's eyes widen in wonder. “*Good grief! It's even bigger than it was three weeks ago!*” she thought.

“You're NOT fucking my pussy...if that's what you had in mind,” she stated.

“You know what I have in mind. I told you. Now get your clothes off!” Matt demanded.

Summer shook her head. “I'll get you off, but I'm not getting naked in front of you again,” she resisted.

“Fine, just leave then. I'll go find a hot mom who will. Maybe one of your friends. The ones who drool over me whenever they come over.”

“Fine...I'll take my clothes off, but no touching, Matt. I mean it!” the mother warned.

Matt stroked on his member, while watching his mom strip down to her birthday suit. The last time he'd seen her tits, he couldn't imagine seeing one more fat and luscious. However, since then, his mom's boobs had obviously become ever more swollen with fluff. She seemed almost embarrassed by how her huge udders ballooned out from her chest and how her engorged papilla looked like fat rubbery corks protruding out from the puffy pinkish-purple rings of her areola. “Damn...they're even more beautiful than the last time I saw them!” Matt admitted.

“They just...won't stop growing,” Summer blushed, shrugging her shoulders cutely and making her mammary-meat jiggle.

“Neither will this,” said Matt, stroking his boner up and down.

“So I noticed,” his mom whispered, licking her lips as she stared at the tip of his fat, angry cockhead.

“The lube's in my nightstand.”

Summer went over and retrieved his bottle of heated lubrication. She climbed onto the bed with him, noticing how her boy couldn't take his eyes away from her giant bobbling breasts. She opened the bottle and poured an ample amount onto her son's erection, then set it down. The mother sprawled at his side and snuggled, draping one of her colossal tits across his upper chest.

“Holy shit!” Matt blurted, staring at the huge mound of tit-flesh resting just under his chin. He felt his mom's hand circle his cock, working the lubrication all around it. He looked up and saw her staring down at him with her dreamy eyes. “Talk dirty while you stroke me,” he requested.

“What do you want me to do...brag about how gorgeous you are?” she asked in a seductive tone. “How big and hard your cock gets?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to admit that you could probably fuck any girl on the planet that you wanted, including your own mom?”

“If only that were true,” Matt sighed, feeling her hand begin a tight jerking rhythm around his cock.

“You want it to be true, don't you?” Summer asked. “You want me to draw my knees back and spread my thighs for you, so you can pound the fucking shit out of me, like you do those other moms?”

“I certainly wouldn't say no to that.”

“You wanna steal me right from your father's arms and become master of my pussy, don't you?” she asked. “Make your own mother a slave to your fat teenage cock.”

“Damn, that's hot, mom!” Matt sighed, feeling her beat his meat vigorously.

“You couldn't handle me,” Summer giggled. “I'm too much woman for you. I'm not like those other moms. I'd blow your fucking mind!”

“Really?!” Matt asked, squirming beneath her in ecstasy.

Summer's heart pounded excitedly as she gazed down and watched her hand travel the length of Matt's dreamy cock. She squeezed up and down the meaty stalk, with perfect corkscrew strokes. “Like you, I take pride at how good I am at being nasty,” she teased. “How good I can stroke and give creamy hand-jobs... How good I can lick, suck and nibble on man's cock and balls...”

Matt watched her stare down into his eyes with the sluttiest look he'd ever seen as she continued speaking. “And how incredibly adept I am at fucking hard cock.”

“Damn, mom!” the teen gasped.

“Is that the type of dirty talk you wanted, baby. Did you want mommy to talk about her Goddess-pussy and how it might be just too much for your long, fat cock to endure?”

“Yes, I fucking love that kind of talk!”

“Yeah? Does it make you big dong throb, hmm? Does it make it wanna fuck some nice, tight, pussy?” Summer cooed, squeezing his steely prick as hard as she could.

“Fuck yes!” Matt replied, remembering for a moment how incredibly snug Cassie's cunt was that morning. He guessed that his mom's pleasure-tube was equally as tight, since it hadn't been fucked in so long. He felt his mom adjust her grip, so her thumb drug across his sensitive frenulum. “Ahhh!” he sighed.

“Ohhh, mommy found a good spot on you, didn't she, baby?” Summer cooed.

“Uh-huh.”

“See, we moms know all about you boys and your dicks. We know how to work them just the way you like it,” Summer stated, her breath huffing from her vigorous cock-stroking. “We know how to make our hands feel like a hot, tight fuck-hole. One that can milk all that sticky cum up from your boy-balls!”

“Jeez, mom...that's fucking hot!” her son gasped, his dick flexing and twitching in her stroking hand.

Summer too thought this was an absolute thrill. She was almost embarrassed by the filth that spouted from her lips, yet she continued anyway. “You like it, sweetheart? You like it when your big-titted mom talks nasty to you, while she beats you off?”

“Yes!”

“Maybe you should hump your hips, baby...like you would if you were fucking me,” Summer suggested. “Show mommy what she's missing. Try to change my mind, by showing me what a good fuck you are. Make it impossible for me to resist you, Matt!”

Matt complied, humping his ass from the mattress and meeting his mother's tireless dick-strokes. Summer's cock-needy cunt was twitching and drooling like crazy as she watched her boy hump her hand masterfully. “*Oh my God...look at how he's moving!*” she thought, imaging how unbelievable his cock would feel thundering through her cunt, if he was moving in such a manner beneath her.

“Oh, you are an amazing cunt-fucker, aren't you? No wonder every mother out there wants a piece of you.”

“Including you?” Matt asked.

“Would you like that, stud? Would you like your mom's pussy sheathed around your monster-cock, showing you how good it could really be?” Summer asked, intensifying her strokes. “Would you like to make me yours? Your own personal FUCK-SLUT-MOMMY?!”

“OH, SHIT, MOM...I’M GONNA CUM!” her son announced. “LET ME CUM ON YOUR TITS...PLEASE!!”

Without thinking twice, Summer moved down to her son's mid-section, wrapped her giant jugs around his prick, while continuing to stroke it's length in the canyon of her cleavage.

“YES, LIKE THAT...UGHHH!” Matt grunted as huge blasts of ball-juice began hosing from his piss-hole. “UGHHHH!!”

“That's it, honey...cum all over mommy's big boobs. Paint my tit-flesh with your cum!”

Summer was absolutely mesmerized by all the creamy baby-goo that was erupting from Matt's cock. Sure, she'd heard the stories of how boys were producing more semen, but to see it happening in front of her, bubbling up from between her own smothering tits and coating them, was enthralling.

“Ohh, there it is, baby...squeeze your hot dick up through mommy's cleavage,” Summer mewled, releasing her hand from Matt's cock and letting him fuck her tightly-pressed tits.

For nearly two minutes, more and more cum out bubbled up out of her smothering cleavage, before her boy's orgasm suddenly abated. Matt gazed up at her in awe. “Damn, if you fuck as good as you stroke dick, don't expect me to EVER stop trying to get into bed with you, mom,” the boy breathlessly stated.

“Well, I'm not gonna lie. I do fuck as well as I stroke, so I guess I should get used to being propositioned,” Summer replied with a proud smile.

“Yep,” Matt blurted, climbing up onto his knees, “but at least for today, you've agreed to allowing my fingers to see the inside of you. Lay down, mom! Time for me to redeem myself.”

Summer nervously sprawled back. “Redeem yourself?” she asked.

“Yeah, I couldn't quite get Briana off in thirty-seconds, so now I get a second try...but with you this time.”

The mother hardly had time to spread her legs before Matt plunged two fingers inside her shaved cunt and began savagely finger-fucking her. She gasped and writhed, arching her back from the mattress in ecstasy. The boy smiled from ear to ear, watching her meaty, spunk-glossed mammaries roll wildly all over her chest. He hoped that one day soon he'd get to rub his face all over their squishy contours, while he fucked the shit out of her.

Summer had been fingered plenty of times in her life. In fact, it was common practice with her husband, since he had no dick to fuck her with. Matt's fingers were altogether different, however. Her boy had clearly mastered the technique of finger-fucking, curling his digits against her roughly-textured G-spot and bringing on the quickest orgasm she'd had in her life. “UUHHHGGHH!!” she screamed, so loud that it nearly startled her son, even though he'd made hundreds of women scream out before her.

Matt delighted in watching his mom flop around like a fish out of water, with her pretty face twisted in pleasure. He felt her urethral meatus bulge and a surge of hot girl-cum hiss out between his fingers. “Holy fuck...mom's a squirter! I love it!” he thought.

After pulling his fingers out, Matt crawled on all-fours above her, staring down at her gorgeous huge-titted body. Summer looked up at him and smiled mischievously. “What do you think you're doing, sneaky-pants?” she curious asked, then gazed down at his long jutting cock as it pointed up at her.

“Can we kiss...just for a few minutes?” he asked.

“I don't suppose a few minutes will hurt,” she said innocently, then closed her legs together tightly. “But if you’re expecting me to prop my knees back and

cradle you between my thighs you can forget it. Too dangerous!" she warned almost playfully.

"Fine," he son muttered, then lowered down on top of her, planting his legs astride hers. The feel of his chest sinking against his mom's pillowy melons made him about go out of his mind with lust, even if they were slimy with his spunk. Mother and son began smooching sensually and Summer's fingers combed through the back of her boy's hair as their kissing intensified and their tongues began to lash wildly together.

Every though Matt wasn't positioned for penetration, he could still rub his slab of meat against his mom's camel-toed vulva. His hardened muscle plowed against the rounded dome of her protruding prepuce, pulling it back and exposing the bulb of her glans. "Ahhh!" he gasped, feeling the heat of her cunt radiate up between her legs, warming his cock.

Summer gasped also as her boy's hardon dug against her sensitive nubbin. It sent tingles coursing through her lovely body, tempting her to throw her legs open and let Matt jab his cock all the way to the womb that once held him. She felt like she was losing control of her tongue as it wrestled wildly with Matt's. *"What an incredible kisser!"* she thought, wondering if there was anything sexually-speaking that her son didn't do well.

Matt slid his hands beneath his mom's back, kissing his way to her neck, then licking it like crazy, making his mother's eyes roll back as her curvy flesh squirmed beneath him. He knew how to break a woman down sexually, even though he rarely had to. Most moms were anxious to get their horny pissers pounded hard and fast. He raised his hip, letting his boner extend downward, then he jabbed the knob of his cock at the bottom of her pubic triangle, spraying her outer lips.

"Sweetie, be careful!" his mom gasped, feeling his cock-meat squeeze down between her legs, dragging through her juice-slickened labial flanges.

"AHH!" Matt shivered, feeling his glans slip across her hairless perineum and into the deep crack of her ass. He felt the pink elastic ring of his mom's asshole throb against his bell tip, kissing it's rounded flesh. "Ahh, shit, mom!" he sighed, aroused beyond belief.

"We should stop! It's been more than a few minutes," Summer urged.

"Just a little bit longer," Matt answered, kissing her neck some more.

"No...we have to stop now before we do something we shouldn't."

"Just relax, mom," Matt requested, slowly plowing his cock between the fat rounded buns of her ass. "If it's meant to happen, just let it happen."

"Matt, no!" she shouted, then surprised him by rolling them over and taking the top. Her son didn't mind this at all since the adjustment had placed his head down inside her squishy tit-cleavage. "Sweetie, we have to stop, right now!"

Ignoring her plea, the boy sighed, turning his face slightly, so her could kiss the soft creamy flesh of one of her tits. He wished it didn't taste like sperm, but hey, at least it was his. His mother lifted herself off him, making her giant udders dangle above him for a teasing moment.

"Enough for now!" Summer stated, gazing down at him. "I have to say though...you're a REALLY GOOD kisser, sweetheart."

"So are you, and trust me, I've kissed a few."

"So you usually make out with these women you're...impregnating?"

"Sure, I don't think I've been with a woman yet who didn't wanna kiss while we did it."

"Even your brother's wife?"

"Oh God yeah! Briana could hardly keep her tongue out of my mouth."

"Your poor brother," Summer laughed. "He was so worried that something like that might be going on. I tried to ease his mind, but I knew the two of you were in there getting your fucking nasty on."

"Do you think dad worries...knowing you're here alone with me?"

The mother stood from his bed, her giant melons teetering heavily. "I don't think he's worried so much about you and I yet," she answered, then winked down at him, "but if he knew what we've been up to here lately, he would most definitely worry."

“Would that make you stop...if you knew he worried?”

“No,” Summer answered, without hesitation. “I'd just have to be a lot more sneaky when I wanted to be naughty with my boy.”

Matt watched her step over, then bend down to pick up her clothes. “Holy fuck!” he muttered, staring at the big rounded meat of her naked ass. Below it, crowning her luscious legs, were the puffy lips of her outer labium. Even from where he was sitting, Matt could see the sheen of her wet cunt-slit. “Tongue back in your mouth, young man!” his mom teased, staring back and watching his reaction.

“No chance!” the boy blurted, shifting his eyes to her mammoth breasts and the way they hung down pendulously.

“I need a shower. All those baby-makers are still running down my body.”

“Were you serious about what you said, when you were stroking me off?”

“Which part?”

“Would you really ‘blow my mind’ by how good you are at fucking?”

Summer curled her tongue up onto her top lip and smiled, staring at her son flirtingly. “Yeah...I most certainly would blow your mind,” she softly replied.

“Your not the only one in this family who loves to fuck,” she winked, then turned and sashayed from his bedroom, making the big fleshy cheeks of her bubble-butt undiluted for her boy's watchful eyes.